

THE SEVEN STARS

BOOK ONE

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CHAPTER ONE

Sally Henderson stood by the bus stop peering hopefully down the street. It should be coming any minute. A slight drizzle had started and she had the feeling that any second the sky would open into a torrent. As usual, even though she had meant to bring it, her umbrella was sitting in the closet in her dorm room.

She seemed to be always running behind the time. She had been 5 minutes late for her first class. She had promised she would meet Frank for lunch, but she had been waylaid by Maria Chavez and Gilda Summers after English Lit and they had talked for about 20 minutes. Frank was pissed when she got to the little deli where they liked to eat just off campus, but he had calmed down after she had promised to come to the Delta Sigma frat party with him on Saturday. She knew that he expected her to get all liquored up so he could fuck her, but that was not on the agenda.

She had promised her mother that she wouldn't run wild, and she meant to keep that promise, especially her first semester. She didn't want to get a reputation as an easy lay. And she had kind of promised Teddy, her boyfriend from back home in Evensdale, that she would be true to him. At the time, she had kind of meant it, but he was at school almost 2,000 miles away at Washington State and now she wasn't so sure. Just yesterday he was saying that he might not be home for Christmas.

And now she had missed the 10:15 shuttle. The next one, the one she had spent the last 20 minutes or so waiting for, was due at 10:35, but the buses here always seemed to be running late, unless you were trying to catch one at the last minute, and then it always seemed that they were early. She wouldn't get back to her room until almost 11 and she had a paper to finish for Basics in Sociology which was due tomorrow.

The bus stop was well lit, but the haze of the rain made it difficult to see down the street. A couple of cars had passed while she had been waiting and she hadn't been sure that they weren't the bus until they were almost on top of her. It was cold and her legs, which were not given much protection by her fluffy, purple miniskirt, were shivering. Another mistake. She had thought it was going to warm up this afternoon, but it just kept getting colder and colder. She was thinking wistfully about her jeans lying draped over the footboard to her bed.

Her top wasn't much help either. She had worn the short sleeved turquoise one even though it was a little tight on her. Back in September she had gone to the Planned Parenthood clinic down on Regent's Street after a guy she had met at a party, she didn't even remember his name, had gotten her alone in one of the

bedrooms in the house where this party was and started kissing her on the bed. She had had too much to drink. She still wasn't much used to liquor or how it snuck up on you. The punch had tasted sweet and fruity. But they must have thrown a gallon of vodka in it. And, to be honest, she had let Marsha Winowski talk her into having a few hits of pot on the back porch. It was her first time and it went right through her head.

Anyway, this boy, she thought his name might have been Robbie or Randi or something like that, had kind of talked her into going with him upstairs. He was very good looking and well built. He said he played lacrosse. Something deep inside made her wonder what it would be like to kiss him, and so she went. They kissed and kissed and she got hotter and hotter and suddenly she found herself on her back on the bed, his weight on her chest. His hand was running up and down her thighs. She wanted him to stop, but her mind was all in a whirl from the kissing, the vodka and the reefer. He slipped his hand under her skirt and she felt him insinuate it into her underwear. She started murmuring an attempt to tell the boy, "No, no, no..." but the words hardly got out.

He paid them no mind. He started rubbing, rubbing, rubbing her mons, slipping a finger into her very slick crevasse and tickling her little nubbin. This was not like Teddy at all. She figured that this boy was a junior, or maybe even a senior, and his hand was confident, insistent, remorseless. Heavy and hot. Teddy's touch was gentle and a bit indecisive.

They had only gotten really hot and heavy over the summer. She had only let him fuck her once because she didn't want to go away to college a virgin. She thought that it would be embarrassing to confess to some sophisticated, experienced guy that she had never done it before.

And she had wanted to get some real experience around a cock. She had even put her mouth around his pole for a little bit. Mostly, she had given him hand jobs in his car. One night, the first time, back in April, a few weeks after her 18th birthday, he was a few months older than her, while they were sitting in his car making out after a movie, he had taken hold of her hand and placed it on his crotch. He had unzipped his jeans and his prick was all out there, bare and naked, and pointing upwards like a flag pole. She had recoiled at first, jerking her wrist back for a few seconds as if contact with the appendage had given her a huge shock. She had been so surprised. Teddy wasn't like this. He was from their church group after all. That was the only reason that her parents had let her go out with him, and she always had to be home by 10.

But it was a moment that she had thought and thought about a thousand times, "What would it feel like to take hold of a boy's cock?"

She knew that she would someday, but she had always been a little afraid of this moment. Without breaking their kiss, she reached her hand forward. She couldn't see it, but her hand bumped up against it. She steeled herself and surrounded it.

It was one of the most incredible things she had ever experienced. First thing, Teddy released a deep sigh and his body kind of shuddered. She didn't know that she could do that to a boy just by touching him. It gave her a sensation of immense power. And the cock, it was so hard, much, much harder than she had ever thought it would be. But it was soft too. Soft, and when she drew her hand down it, she could feel the rim around the head and the ridges of his veins. And it was hot, like all of Teddy's energy was pouring into it.

She had seen cocks on the Internet. Who hadn't these days? She hadn't been allowed her own computer, even though she had begged and begged and begged for it. The family computer was in a little nook off the living room. Her mother had caught her at it. She was watching, spellbound, as the beautiful, model quality woman knelt and had this huge, muscular man's cock in her mouth. They were both moaning and sighing. The man was standing over her, his shoulders scrunched, his knees seemingly sagging and his hands on her head. The woman was looking up at him and she could swear that she had a smirk on her face, like she was playing some kind of trick on the man, or that she thought that men were so stupid that they were so easily controlled.

It was the moaning that had done it. She had turned the volume way down, but not so she couldn't hear it. It was exciting. Her mother passed by. She panicked. In her haste she couldn't manage to close the window. Her mother came behind her and gave out a scream. She slapped her several times on the head and then grabbed her hair and tore her right out of her seat. She dragged her all the way up to her room and then gave her a big push that almost made her fall to the floor, and slammed the door shut.

There had been a big talk about it afterwards, about sin, and men, and what God expected of girls. And she was told, in straightforward terms, that what that woman had been doing was perverted and sick and a disgrace. And that any woman who did a thing like that would never be respected by any decent man. She moderated her diatribe a bit by admitting that sex was something that God had given us and we were allowed to have pleasure from it, but only between a married man and a married woman who loved each other. Any sex outside of marriage, even kissing and petting, was wrong because sex was a powerful force and any girl who started down that road would soon find herself overwhelmed with lust. And once a boy got what he wanted, he would never treat her like a decent girl again.

Boys were different. They had urges that boarded on the uncontrollable and it was the job of those dirty girls who had fallen to accommodate them. Anyway, it was better for a boy to have some experience when he got married so he could tell the girl what to do on their wedding night.

She wasn't allowed back on the computer for a week and she discovered that they had put one of the guard programs on it so she couldn't access porn sites. She was very unhappy about it, not only because her adventuring into adulthood was over, but also that her mother had certainly told her father. He was the only one who knew anything about computers and had made a strict rule that no programs were ever to be added without his permission. It made it hard to look him in the eyes at dinner.

But now she had one in her hand! Liz Donahue, who was just about her best friend, had told her that she jerked off Brian, her boyfriend, just about every time they went out on a date, and told her that in order to do it right, you had to be gentle and firm at the same time. She told her how she spit in her hand so there would be lubrication. Sally thought that that was about the grossest thing she ever heard and swore that she would never do it. But now that she was gently rubbing her hand up and down Teddy's crank, she understood how it might make it better.

She stroked and stroked and stroked and stroked. Meanwhile, her mind was reeling with the thought that she had passed over some threshold. Innocence was over! She would never have to wonder what it would feel like again. And she could tell Liz Donahue what she had done and they would laugh and giggle about it.

Teddy sighed and shuddered. He didn't last too long. She had been with him when he came before, because she had, a few months back, started to rub his cock through his pants, wondering all the while what it looked like, and he had moaned and shuddered and jerked then. But when he came this time, it was nothing like that. He broke their kiss and released a loud groan. And then he kept going, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" real loud. And he gripped her tightly in his arms. It was the most exciting part of something that already had been one of the most, no, not one of the most, *the* most exciting time in her life. His cock was throbbing and jerking in her hand. She gripped it tighter and started really going at it.

But then she realized that his stuff was being squirted out all over her hand. Liz hadn't talked much about that. She knew that there would be sperm. Despite her father's wishes, her mother had allowed her to take the sex education class sophomore year. She thought that there would just be a little dribble or something. After all, the actual sperm were teeny tiny little microscopic things and boys released millions of them when they came. So you wouldn't need more than a few drops to get the job done.

But Teddy had splurged himself all over. She yanked her hand back and leaned back in disgust. Her hand was covered with his slimy, gooey stuff. She quickly grabbed her little brown leather purse, with the nice shoulder strap, the one she had gotten for Christmas. She had to open it with one hand because she didn't want to get Teddy's gunk on it. Luckily, she always had some tissues and she wiped her hand dry. After, she gave her hand a little whiff and it smelled so strange!

Teddy had fallen back into the driver's seat and was sighing, his head tilted back. All of a sudden, he seemed to remember that she was still there.

"Oh, that was amazing, Sal," he told her excitedly. "It was great! Thank you for doing that!"

Sally didn't want to talk about it. She was having second thoughts about what she had done. Teddy would expect it now every time they went out, just like Brian. And then what would he want? To put his hand down her pants?

Well, of course, next time that was what he expected and what he tried to do. He unbuttoned the top of her jeans. She wondered how he got the concentration to do it because they were kissing like mad and she was giving his cock hard, swift strokes in her excitement. She let go of his cock and slapped his hand away. "Don't!" she yelled at him.

He was very apologetic. She made him take her home. By the time they went out again she had forgiven him. She felt sorry for him. She remembered what her mother had said about boys and realized that he couldn't help himself. So the next time they went out, she was the one who unzipped him and she dripped some goo from her mouth in her hand just like Liz had told her. Teddy liked it a lot.

But ever since that night when he had tried to unzip her jeans, she had been wondering about it. She stroked herself, of course, not often, but enough to know she really liked it, and she knew what it felt like to come (it was wonderful). But what would it feel like when a boy put his hand on it? And rubbed it and stroked it and massaged that little spot at the top that she knew was called a clitoris, but she thought of as her little man. Darlene Haber had called it the little man in the boat and they had laughed and laughed about it.

But how was she ever to get him to try it again? She had gotten real mad and slapped his hand away really hard. She was sorry about it now. But then, she thought, what about what her mother had said? Was she going down the road to perdition? Would she want more and more and become one of those dirty girls that boys used to relieve their uncontrollable lusts?

In the end, the urge to experience the sensation was too much to resist. One night, in the back seat of Teddy's car, they had shifted there because it was more comfortable because of the gear shift and the console in the front, while she was slowly stroking Teddy's pole, slowly and gently, but with the hot meat firmly in

the palm of her hand, she unbuttoned her jeans with the other. She didn't want to actually place Teddy's hand on it like he had done to her, she thought that was too slutty, but she hoped that he would espy that her zipper was down and that her panties were exposed, more underwear than panties though because her mother insisted on white cotton ones.

As she had hoped, he did notice it. His hand slid tentatively along the band of her underwear. It gave her such a thrill that she had to pull her tummy in. He rubbed and stroked her lower belly, slowly descending lower and lower like a sinking ship. She kept her strokes of him slow and light. She didn't want him to finish before he had done what she wanted. They were kissing and she pressed her lips harder down on his and released a moan as a signal of her approval. The hand sank lower and lower, until she felt his fingers dribble over her pudendum. It was the first time anyone had touched her there since she was a little child, except for the gynecologist her mother had brought her to in May, "because you are a woman now," her mother had said, but she thought that it was because she wanted to ask the doctor if she was still a virgin.

The hand slipped over her mons and began stroking lightly up and down, forming a little tent in her underwear. When he slid his fingers between her labia a thrill went through her. Oh, it felt so much better than when she did it herself! So much better! And he slipped his moistened fingers over her little man and she gasped. Oh, what a feeling! She broke their kiss and leaned her head over Teddy's shoulder. He was rubbing assiduously now, a little faster than she wanted, but she didn't want to say anything to discourage him.

She was overcome with emotion. This was what it felt like to be a woman, she thought. This was what her mother had warned her against. And her mother had been right. It felt so good, so good, that she would want to do it a hundred times, a thousand! And what would it feel like if Teddy put his cock into her little hole? What would that feel like? She bet that it felt a hundred times better than this or girls wouldn't be so severely warned against it.

Teddy's hand slipped down over her inner flesh and she felt a finger dip into the entrance of her chasm. Panicked, she released his cock and grabbed his wrist. She was terrified lest he break something down there. The next time she went to the gynecologist's, her mother would find out and she would catch holy hell.

"No," she whispered hoarsely in his ear. "Not there. Rub me like you were doing, only slower," she told him, surprised at her audacity. Teddy took the hint and he began rubbing her little man again, lighter and slower. She felt like she was surrounded by a trilling aura, that the whole world had softened into something wonderful and nice. She had resumed her stroking of Teddy's cock. He had started

to moan and groan, excited, no doubt, about touching her pussy. She knew that he wouldn't be able to hold himself back for much longer.

"Faster, faster," she whispered to Teddy. "Oh, it feels so good! Oh, Teddy, Teddy," she groaned. Something was rising in her womb, rumbling itself into existence and growing larger and larger. Her self-administered orgasms never felt like this! She had never felt her whole body begin to tingle and vibrate before. "Oh, god, Teddy, do it! Do it!" she groaned. Teddy started going, "Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah! Ah!" like he did before he was going to come. "Wait, Teddy! Wait Teddy!" she screamed to herself. And then he started going, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" and his cock began to throb and his slime was spreading all over her hand. It was just what she needed. She groaned and began ejaculating, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Her pussy's walls convulsed and throbbed sending fierce jolts all through her. She released Teddy and her whole body sort of crunched into a ball and she hugged him as tightly as she could while her pussy continued to throb and throb and throb and throb.

It waned slowly. Even after Teddy withdrew his hand and leaned back with a great big sigh, she still felt a few tremors. What had she been missing! This was incredible! She kissed him again and again, hugging him tight. "Oh, that was so nice, Teddy! That was so nice!"

She finally broke their embrace and looked at her cell phone. It was 9:55. They had 5 minutes to get her home.

"Hurry, Teddy!" she yelled as she zippered her jeans back up. She wiped her hand with one of the baby wipes she had brought and jumped into the front seat. Teddy was close behind her. He started the car and took off even without putting on his seat belt. They rushed down Sycamore, out of the park, and down Elm. Five blocks down to Eiger, then three more to Bryant, where she lived. They pulled up to the house at 10:01. She jumped out of the car without kissing him goodbye and rushed up to the house. She had to rummage around in her purse excitedly before she found the key. She opened the door, jumped in and then closed it softly behind her.

"Is that you?" she heard her mother's voice call from the kitchen.

"Yes, Mom," she answered. "Sorry that I'm late!"

She strolled uncertainly into the kitchen. Her mother, dressed in her robe over a pair of pink and white pajamas, was sitting at the kitchen table and drinking a glass of warm milk. They both looked at the clock over the bay window over the sink. It said 9:58.

"You're not late, honey," her mother said kindly. "You're right on time. Did you and Teddy have a good time?"

"Yes, Mom," Sally answered. "He's really nice."

“That’s nice,” her mother replied. “He’s a good boy.”

“Yes,” she said to herself, “a very good boy.”

She didn’t go out with Teddy again until the next weekend. They went to a party over Tommy Galucci’s house and didn’t get to leave until about 10 to 10, so there was no petting that night. She just gave him a little peck on the lips and said, “Sorry.”

But the next Friday night was Senior Prom. Her mother had bought her a, for her, somewhat revealing dress with a shorter skirt than she was normally allowed and thin straps, which displayed her entire chest and a hint of her breasts. It was yellow and pink and had little ribbons around the hem. Everybody in the house was nervous. When Teddy came in with his tuxedo, her father shook his hand vigorously and slapped him on the back.

“Take care of my little girl,” he told him half joking, half really meaning it. If her father found out that Teddy’s hand had been on her pussy, he would chop it off with an ax. And if he found out that her hand had been on his cock and that she had jerked him off a few times? He would beat her, she knew that. The last time had been two years ago when she had back talked her mother, yelling and screaming because she wouldn’t let her go to the mall. When he came home that night he dragged her up to her bedroom, made her pull down her jeans and strapped her bottom so hard that she screamed and screamed. When she looked later she discovered that her underwear had torn in a couple of places.

But tonight he was jolly and loquacious. He was asking Teddy all kind of questions about where he was going to college, what he wanted to study and stuff like that. Teddy stood about nervously, holding her corsage. Her mother came in and broke them up and told Teddy that he looked handsome. She urged him to put the corsage on her. She stood there shivering a bit while he tried to pin it to her bodice. His hands were so close to her breasts, breasts that he had mauled and groped more than a few times. She was afraid that their sexual attraction would be palpable, their expectation about what that night might bring.

Finally, her mother had to do it. They posed for pictures, and then they were gone. They didn’t speak much on the way to the dance. It was being held at the local country club. They held hands on their way in. For a while, they were overwhelmed by their friends, the girls admiring each other’s dresses and the boys kind of standing around goofily. The band was really good. During the slow dances she could feel Teddy’s hard-on through his pants and once, just to give him a thrill, she rubbed her hand over it and squeezed.

During the first break, Teddy asked her if she wanted to go for a walk in the garden. She said yes. As soon as they found a remote enough, dark enough spot, they were at each other like a pair of ferocious lions. It was so easy for him to

access her crux; all he had to do was put his hand under her dress. It felt thrilling to feel his hand running over her naked thighs, and she moaned when she took hold of his rigid cock. Her mother had drawn the line at stockings and she had absolutely refused to wear panty hose, for reasons she didn't want to disclose to her mother. They were done really quickly and then kissed and hugged and went back to the dance all aglow. They left the dance early and went to their favorite spot where they went at it hot and heavy. He pulled down the straps of her bodice and took out her breasts, mouthing and squeezing them. When he reached his hand under her skirt, she stopped him for a moment and slipped off her underwear. It felt so delicious to have his hand wandering all over her naked flesh. She undid his pants and pulled them to his ankles and touched his balls for the first time, another indescribable thrill.

She was almost tempted to do what that model had been doing on the Internet, but she was too scared to do it and of what Teddy might think. She knew that a few of the girls had done it, or at least said they had, and Lynn Tencza and Billy Kluver had been caught by Mr. Tunny, the assistant principal, in the boy's room in one of the stalls up on the second floor a few weeks ago during a varsity basketball game. They were going at it so hot and heavy they didn't hear Mr. Tunny come in. He must have seen the soles of Lynn's feet under the door because he slammed his body into it, tearing the lock free to find Lynn on her knees with her jeans pulled down below her buttocks and her face in Billy's groin.

They were both suspended and Lynn's parents grounded her for the rest of the semester, including for the prom. Billy's father had a talk with him about discretion and birth control and then slapped him on the back. Billy took Brenda Lavantini to the prom instead of Lynn and, on their way out, Sally and Teddy saw them off in the bushes near the parking lot. Brenda was on her knees, blowing him like all get out.

Billy spotted them and tapped Brenda on the head, telling her something. Brenda leaned her head back, her hands pulling and caressing Billy's rigid cock. Her bodice was down and her very ample breasts were out. She looked at them, gave them a sardonic smile, and went back to work.

And so, although her sexual experience with Teddy had been limited, except for that one time, essentially to heavy petting, she no longer considered herself a child when she went off to school. And she had meant to be good. Yet here she was on her back in a strange bedroom and a boy, a much older boy, had his hand in her underwear and was slipping his fingers into her. She groaned and weakly tried to push him off. But he just kissed her harder; it made her swoon. She didn't come back to life until her had her panties, she had gone out as soon as she reached college and bought ten pairs of multicolored bikini ones at the local Wal-Mart,

down over her knees. Someone had come into the room and she heard a boy's voice say, "Sorry," and a girl giggle.

She bolted upright and gave the boy a solid push. She pulled her panties back up and marched out of the room. She went up to her roommates and told them that she needed to go home.

So she had gone down to Planned Parenthood that week. She felt like such a slut when she obtained the prescription at the drug store and worried that it might show up on her parent's insurance bill. But hell, she was not going to risk getting pregnant and she knew enough about herself that she loved sex and the next time might not be able to stop. Or want to.

No one had told her that her breasts would swell up a few inches. And that was why her top was tight. Her breasts were normally just a tad over mid-sized, but this made them jut out just a little bit more and grow heavier. She liked it and had taken up the habit of admiring her bulbs in the mirror after her morning shower. She had areolas that she thought too wide and pale, and her nipples she thought too big for real grace. But nobody had to look at them but her, and Teddy had seen them mostly in the dark, except that one time they fucked.

It was in a cabin up at Lake Comfort that belonged to one of Teddy's friend's parents. There was a big, wide double bed and sheets and everything. They made themselves a little romantic dinner and then adjourned to the bedroom. Teddy went to put out the lights, but she stopped him. She wanted to get a good look at his cock and she needed the light to put on the condom that Liz had gotten for her. She had actually gotten her a whole box of 6. Four of them were in the top drawer of her dresser in her dorm room, she and Teddy having used 2 that night.

She marveled at the sight of it. She had seen some on the computer before she had gotten caught, so it was not a total surprise, but it was awe inspiring nonetheless. She held it in place, preparing to apply the condom she had unwrapped. She was astonished at how much blood it must take to fill it and wondered where it all came from. Liz said that it had to come from their brains since they were all so stupid when they got hard-ons. She believed her.

And so there it was. They had been petting hot and heavy for a long time and she was wet and excited. They had undressed brazenly, right in front of each other. She kept wondering what it was going to feel like when it went in her and how much it was going to hurt the first time. She heard one of the girls say once that it looked like a snake and she could see how you could say that. A rigid, powerful snake, whose job it was to bring delight to slutty little girls.

She brushed her hand up and down it softly a few times. Teddy moaned. And then she wondered what it would feel like in her mouth. What had made Brenda smile like that that night? What had Lynn found so compelling that she would risk

her reputation by sucking off Billy in a boy's bathroom at school when there were all kinds of people around? What had brought that snide smile to the model's face she had seen on the Internet?

She moved herself a little closer to it. She could smell his loins, an aroma that made her weak. There it was with its little helmet, the little slit with the fluid glistening inside it. It was all veiny and soft and hard at the same time, as if it had 2 personalities, one, the source of men's power, dominance and strength, and the other a point of immense weakness that made them moan and go limp when somebody touched it, that made them slaves to satisfying its wants and needs.

She leaned down and put her lips on it. No one turned her into salt. She spread her lips a little to let just the tip of it in. She gave a little shudder. It felt so strange there. Was this the actual fruit that Eve partook of in the Garden of Eden? Did God find out that she had sucked Adam's cock, reveled in it passionately, swallowed all his cum, and condemned them both of them to everlasting travail? Would she become a raging slut like her mother had said, feverishly seeking out more and more cocks to suck until she was so degraded that no one but the men who bought scurvy whores would want her?

And then she pressed on. She widened her lips some more until the head poked into her mouth. It was so exciting that she felt the whole world vibrating around her. In her mouth. A cock. A boy's rigid, hot cock, primed to explode. It felt much bigger than it looked, as if it had expanded once it got inside. What would it be like when it went in all the way? What would she feel? What would Teddy do or think? What if she just kept going up and down up and down, until it exploded in her mouth and it was suffused with his spume? What would it be like? Would she swallow it or spit it out?

She pressed her head down further. The head slipped over her tongue and her lips were around the stem. "Oh my god! Oh my god!" she thought. Teddy released a long moan and he placed his hand on her head. She was so full! So full! It dominated her existence. There was nothing in the world but her mouth and this cock! It was hot and salty and soft and big! "Ohhhhhhhhh," she thought, "I could just keep going!" Now she knew why the women had smiled, why Lynn would risk everything to do it, to get one in her mouth, to fill herself this way, unlike any other way that you could be filled. To feel the potency, the power, the raging blood inside it, to feel like it was a part of you and that you were a part of it. She had always wondered what made some men gay. But if they felt like she did now, with a hot cock in her mouth, she knew why. It was like nothing else on earth.

She brought her lips up slowly, felt the underside of Teddy's cock brush across them, and then lowered herself once more, all the way, until it nestled up against the back of her mouth. She felt like she could do this all night.

But then she remembered. She was here to get her cherry busted. If she sucked Teddy off, he might not get the job done. It was his first time too and he might blow his wad the instant he felt himself pressing inside her like she had heard Larry Edleman had done to Misty Grover. That had finished him for the night. Misty had been so disgusted that she dropped him and had one of the mechanics at Evansdale Automotive do it. They were still going out.

So she eased herself off. When it had passed fully her lips, she paused to relish the sensation she had just experienced. She knew she had to wait. Teddy was so excited he might pop. She leaned over him, brushed her hand over his taut tummy, nestled into him for a few moments, kissing his neck and murmuring endearments to him. Their skin felt so good together. After about a minute had passed, she rose again. His cock was still at attention, but she felt that it was safer to handle. She brought the rolled up condom to the head and then slowly rolled it down, watching the pinkish prong disappear behind the glistening sheath. She felt a little disappointed that she wouldn't have it naked inside her, but the last thing she wanted to do was get pregnant. Her parents would never let her get an abortion and she would be ruined for life.

When it was all the way down, she gave the head a little kiss and then rolled over onto her back. Teddy wordlessly got in between her knees. He edged himself up until he was leaning over her. She could feel his cock on her tummy. "Maybe I shouldn't be doing this," she thought all of a sudden. She saw Teddy's hand take hold of his cock and bring it down towards her sex. She felt the head slide along her crevasse, seeking its point of admission. She felt it lodge at the entrance. Teddy was raised above her.

"No, I shouldn't be doing this!" she thought unhappily. "Mom will kill me if she finds out! And it can never be undone! I'll never be pure again!" She looked up at Teddy's lustful, determined face. "What will he think about me when it's done? What would he say if I told him that I changed my mind? Would he hate me?" She wouldn't blame him. They had planned this for weeks. But he would walk away and still be him. There wouldn't be any change between the prefuck Teddy and the afterfuck Teddy. With her it would be different.

He moved his cock a little further in and she could feel herself expanding. She had always wondered how something so big could get into the little hole she had between her legs. They had explained it in Sex Ed, but she never felt real confident about it. Now that she felt her channel widen, she became terrified that he might rend her asunder. His arms were next to her, his hands on the bed for support. She grabbed his arms and said, "Wait."

He looked at her. His face softened. He was so nice. She really liked him. Did she love him? It felt like love, but who knew what love was? She couldn't see

spending the rest of her life with him. Or anyone for that matter. If he took her virginity, he might want to marry her. He might feel that he had to. She didn't want to get married! She wanted to go to college and have fun!

He leaned over and began kissing her face. He kissed her cheeks, her chin, her forehead, soft little kisses, gentle and sweet. He took her lips and slipped his tongue inside, sending a wave of want into her brain. Then he rose again. A look of determination came across his face. "No, don't do it! Don't do it!" she thought frantically. "No! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

She just got the sound "N..." out of her mouth when he jammed his hips forward and tore through her girlhood. She cried out as she felt a stab of pain. For a moment, she felt like wailing in dismay. But then he started to move. "He's in me! He's in me! He's in me!" she thought. She didn't know whether to celebrate or mourn.

Then the sensation overwhelmed her. "Ohhhhhhhhh, I never knew...." she thought. She closed her eyes and drew Teddy's body closer. She wrapped her legs around his and pulled him into her. "All the way! Go all the way! Deep! Deep! As deep as you can go!" she thought madly.

All of a sudden, Teddy's body tensed. He grimaced. He began moaning, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" His body shuddered and he collapsed onto her.

He was done. She had gotten no way near to getting off. But it didn't matter. All the fears and doubt about being deflowered had been torn away with the rending of that bar to free passage inside her. She was a woman in every way now. Childhood's end. It had been so good, so fine to feel him there. It was like a missing piece to the puzzle of her life had been supplied. It fit perfectly and gave a bright vibrancy to all the others.

She hugged Teddy tightly. It was so comforting to feel his warm body next to hers, to feel his chest pressed against her breasts. To feel his strength. She had to suppress a little giggle. For some reason she thought of that joke about the man with a fly in his soup. The waiter tells him to be quiet because everybody will want one. If men only knew what it felt like to have thick, hot hardness deep in your belly, they would all want cunts too. In psychology class senior year they had studied a little bit about Freud and everybody had laughed nervously about his theory about penis envy. She knew now how ridiculous the theory was. Why would anyone with a cunt want to give it up for a prick?

They had done it again a little later. Teddy lasted a little bit longer and she began to get an idea of what a thorough fucking would really feel like. So, you could say that she only slept with a boy once, although they didn't do any sleeping, but she had gotten laid twice.

The rain was coming down a little harder. Some other girls had come to the bus stop and a man, but the girls had left when a friend stopped to pick them up. She looked at the man. She hated being alone out here at night. A girl had gotten raped a few weeks ago. She had been out drinking and had gotten separated from her friends. She never wanted anything like that to happen to her.

The man was older. Clearly not a student. He was wearing a wrinkled, old, black raincoat that went down to his knees. She only looked at him briefly. He was taller than her. She was only 5'3", but a sturdy 5'3", not some skinny frail thing. It made her breasts seem more appropriate on her even though they poked out so prominently. She thought that he looked Asian, maybe Japanese or Korean. What was he doing here this time of night? He didn't look like a professor.

She looked down the street. She shifted the bright green backpack on her back nervously. A car came up and passed them, its tires swishing in the now soaked street. Her hair was getting soaked too. She wore it loose and down to just below her shoulders. She would have to spend time drying it and brushing it out when she got back to the dorm. She thought of the man again. He was standing about 5' behind her and a little to the right. Did he have a thing for blond girls? Most men did. Did it make it more likely that he was going to drag her into the bushes and ravage her? It made her shiver.

Lights came around the bend about a quarter mile away. The headlights looked big like those on the shuttle bus. Finally, she thought. But why couldn't it have been early? She was soaked!

The lights came nearer. She couldn't make out if it was a bus or an SUV. She prayed it was the bus. It began to slow down. As it got closer, she saw that it wasn't the bus, but a black SUV. The man stepped forward as if he had been waiting for it. It stopped. A heavyset man jumped out of the driver's side and came around to open the door to the rear seat.

CHAPTER TWO

Suddenly, she felt a fierce grip on her arm. The man in the coat moved forward, dragging her behind him. Her brain went into panic mode. She felt a painful sting in her right arm, just above where the man was holding her. The driver took hold of her other arm. All of her muscles collapsed and a heavy fog entered her head. She felt herself being pulled into the car. She tried to struggle, but next thing she found herself sitting next to the man in the raincoat who had gotten in before her. She felt the straps of her backpack being pulled down over her arms. Once they were off, the big man threw it into the rear compartment. He shut the door and ran around to get back into the driver's seat. She had been brought back up and was leaning against the seat listlessly. She couldn't move a muscle. Everything seemed to be happening slowly, and yet really, really fast. She felt the SUV pull away from the curb. She tried to protest, but nothing came out but a murmur.

The man in the back seat trapped her right wrist in something. She heard it ratchet closed. She looked down and saw that it was a handcuff built right into the seat. His body crossed hers, his chest pressing against her breasts, and he took hold of her left wrist. She cursed herself for being so stupid and not moving it around as steel encircled it. The man leaned down and she felt something going over her right ankle. She tugged at it, panicked, and it didn't move. She tried to move her left leg out of his reach, but he grabbed it firmly and that one was locked off too.

She was starting to get her wits about her. "What are you doing? What are you doing?" she screamed. "Let me go! Let me go!" But it came out more like, "Wawadoon? Wawadoon? Eh meh ga! Eh meh ga!" And not nearly as loud as she had wanted.

She saw the man draw something from his coat pocket. The SUV was speeding along as a good clip and they were getting farther and farther away from the bus stop. The windows in the back of the car were tinted and so she could only see out of the windshield. She saw them glide through a green light at the entrance to the campus and then make a right turn onto Broad Street.

"Sta! Sta!" she yelled, louder this time. "Eh meh ga! Eh meh ga!"

The man brought the object up to her mouth. It was dark in the back seat and she could barely make it out but it looked like some kind of spongy thing. He had it scrunched up in his left hand. His right hand came up and grabbed her cheeks, pressing on them fiercely, driving her jaw open. The spongy thing was pressed against her teeth. It held for a second, and then popped into her mouth. As soon as it passed her teeth, it expanded, filling her mouth's cavity.

She screamed, but all that came out was “Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!”, and faintly at that. There were no straps for the gag, but it was so expanded in her mouth that there was no way she could ever push it out with her tongue, which was jammed down by it anyway. When she tried to clamp her teeth together, they would just close a little bit. The shield on her face covered her distended opening completely.

A seatbelt, the old fashioned kind was brought about her waist and pulled tight. Then one down across her left shoulder between her breasts and into a receptacle on her right. Then one across her right shoulder down next to her on the left. She was pressed firmly back against the seat. Her breasts were bifurcated and accented prominently. He pushed her head back against the headrest and something went around her neck and pulled tight so that she couldn't move it. The last thing she saw was a pair of heavily tinted skiing goggles. The strap went around her head and the lens dropped in front of her eyes. She couldn't see.

The men seemed to relax. The radio was on in the front seat, a country western station. She sensed the man next to her leaning over the back of the seat. He came back with her backpack. She listened to the sounds of him rummaging around in it. He pulled something out. Her phone! It had to be her phone. The rear window on the driver's side went down, paused, and went up again. She sobbed as she realized that he had thrown her phone out the window.

The men started talking. It was harsh and guttural. Korean, she thought. Where were they taking her? Where were they going? She was sobbing and sobbing. How could something like this happen in the middle of a city, even a small one where her college was? What was going to happen to her?

The man in the front asked the man in the back a question. He chuckled and the next thing she knew, his hand was squeezing her right breast. He squeezed it hard and without concern for her sentiments. He said something that sounded like it was dirty and the men both laughed. He then pulled up her skirt and snuck his hand in her panties. She felt him exploring her mons. She screeched and tried to pull herself free of her bonds, writhing and squirming to no effect. The man said something else that sounded dirty and they laughed again.

After that, the man leaned back and he left her alone in her misery.

They drove on and on. She could tell it was still raining because she could hear the windshield wipers. The country music station kept playing twangy songs. The D.J.'s voice was so normal sounding that it made her heart ache. The commercials sounded surreal as they promoted things that seemed useless and trivial.

At one point, something came over her. Everything that was happening was so horrible she just couldn't stand it anymore. She started screaming and screaming as loud as she could. She twisted and turned in her bonds, yanking fiercely at her

wrist and leg confinements. She desperately tried to arch her body and break free of the seat belts. She pulled and yanked at the thing around her neck until she started choking.

She heard the men laughing. The man in the front said something and the man in the back agreed. A few seconds later, in mid scream, she felt that fierce pin prick in her arm again. Within seconds, she was slumped backwards, almost lifeless.

When she had gradually come back to life, she promised herself that she wouldn't do that again. The chemical that the man had put in her body made her feel so awful! To not be able to control anything in your body and have your brain short circuit was the worst thing she had ever felt. She couldn't stand to have that man do it again. So she just sat there and cried and cried and cried.

She sensed the car going so fast that she figured that they were on the Interstate. It gave her a sinking feeling in her belly since it meant that they were taking her miles and miles and miles away from the college. There was no way for her to figure out what direction. Route 248 went east and west of the city, while Route 299 went north and south. They could be on either of them and going in either direction.

The time went by slowly. She kept crying on and off and had a continuous dismal sensation throughout her entire body. The men talked a little bit. The man in the back cracked his window and lit a cigarette, which made her feel sick. Once in a while, she would break out into sobs again. The man on her right would say something snidely teasing to her and pat her thigh. Both he and the man in the front thought it funny.

It was a terrible sensation to be in the power of strange, ruthless men. The presence of the man next to her made her skin crawl. Every time she heard them talk she was reminded that they had evil designs on her and that what she thought or felt was totally inconsequential to them. She was just a pretty, little female body they had scooped up from the streets and they had the perfect right to make her their prisoner and do whatever they wanted with her.

And it was a horrible feeling to have her limbs confined. Normally they did all the things that she wanted them to do. They were hers to control. She could pick her nose, scratch her head, pat her tummy, get up and walk away if she didn't like where she was at. But these men had stolen them from her. The feeling of being confined was so horrible that every time she unconsciously tried to move her hand or adjust her leg, or even to change her position in her seat, she would be seized by a powerful feeling of woe when it proved impossible. The experience of being bound and blinded this way, hurtling at many miles per hour away from her point of origin, was so surreal, that her mind couldn't completely accept that it was really happening.

They had been going for a long time. The radio station faded out and they had to find a new one. It said it was out of Springfield, Illinois. That meant that they were travelling east. But she knew that sometimes radio signals travelled much further at night and so that could mean anything. About a half hour later that station faded and they found a station out of Topeka. That would mean that they had been travelling south. A little later and they shifted to a station that said it was from Denver. It played a lot of Hispanic music. So, were they travelling west? It was all so confusing and she was desperate to know where they were going.

She had to pee. She started to whine. She knew that if she peed on the men's seat they would hurt her really bad. She squirmed in her seat and started mumbling desperately, "...eee ...eee, ...eah eh oh ohah-oo!" The man gave her a cuff on the head and told her in sharp, accented English to shut up. Then the man in the front said something. A little while later, she felt the car swerve a little, and then slow down and stop. It made a right turn and started going again, but slower. They were on a local road. Did it mean that they had arrived at where they were taking her?

Her stomach soured and rolled over and she began sobbing again. What were they going to do to her? Had they arrived at their hideout where they would torture and murder her? Was that what was going to happen? She knew that she hadn't been kidnapped based on her personality. She didn't have some important skill they wanted her to perform or have some secret information that they wanted to get out of her. They weren't going to hold her for ransom since her family was almost as poor as dirt and she had had to take out loans up the wazoo to afford college. No, it had something to do with her body, the inviting breast the man had squeezed, and the pussy he had put his hand on. Something terrible was going to happen to her, she just knew it.

They made a sudden turn to the left. They went on a while and the SUV stopped. She began to moan and writhe in her seat. The seatbelt around her waist was released and a heavy belt was wrapped around it. It buckled in front. She felt her right hand being released and attached to a handcuff on the belt. Then they did her left one. The car door next to her opened and she heard the big man's gruff voice.

The other seat belts were released and the things holding her ankles were opened. Her neck was released. The big man took hold of her arm and dragged her from the car. She was trembling and shaking all over. Any second she expected them to drive a knife deep in her heart or to slit her throat. But then they would want to have their fun with her first, wouldn't they? She decided that it would be better to be killed outright so as to avoid all that suffering.

The other man got out of the car. The big man took hold of the hair in the back of her head and held her up strait while the other man reached under her skirt and

took hold of her panties. She whined when she felt them being lowered down her legs. The man pulled them over her Reeboks. Then hands went down on her shoulders. She lowered herself obediently. They were a few feet away from the car on some kind of a grassy surface. The thin man's hands spread her thighs, shuffling her feet wide apart.

Then the men stood there and waited. What were they waiting for? It had stopped raining hard but there was a drizzle coming down. The big man, whose hand was still in her hair, shook her head and ordered, "Piss, cunt!"

A wave of relief went through her. She wasn't going to be murdered. Not yet anyway. But now she had to pee in front of these cruel men. When she had been up at the cabin with Teddy, she had to use the toilet. She was all embarrassed about it for some reason. It wasn't like Teddy didn't know that girls peed. But she tried to pee as quietly as she could and she only flushed the toilet because she didn't want Teddy to see the yellowish water she had left behind.

When Teddy went in, he left the door open and she heard his steady stream make the water in the toilet gurgle. She couldn't help think about his cock in his hand and where it had been. She promised herself that if she ever put anyone else's cock in her mouth again, she would give it a good wash first.

So, with rabid unhappiness, she let her water flow. The only noises were the faint sound of the highway maybe a mile or so away and the splashing of her water onto the ground. She was mortified.

When she was finished, the thin man wiped her pussy with her underwear. When he was done, the big man pulled her to her feet. He pushed her up against the SUV and a moment later she heard his stream of water splashing. And the other man's too. They were saying something to each other and chuckling about it.

She thought about running. Her legs were free. She could do it. But she couldn't see a damn thing with the ski goggles over her eyes. She would get 10 feet and fall into a hole or something. She would be so easy to catch it would be ridiculous. And then they would hurt her for running away and being a pain in the ass.

But what if another car came by? She could run out into the road and make them stop. She could be rescued. Or if not actually rescued, they could call the cops. She concentrated her ears for the tell-tale sound of a car. There was nothing. The bus was supposed to have come at 10:35. They had driven what she supposed was 3 hours. Maybe more. It was after 1:30 in the morning. The chances of a car coming were practically nil. And if she heard the car, the men would hear it and they would just knock her to the ground here in the dark so that no one would see her. It was all useless. A useless rescue fantasy. Her despair deepened.

The men finished their pissing. They came over to her. One of them flipped up her skirt and said something to the other man. They both laughed. A hand went on her chest and her back was pushed against the car. It held her pinned in place. Her skirt went up again and she felt a hand grope for her crux. She squealed and forced her legs together. She tried to squirm away from the hand that was pinning her to the car, but it held her firmly down. The man who was holding her, she was sure it was the big man, growled something nasty at her.

Suddenly, there was an untelegraphed jab at her belly. It forced the air right out of her. She tried to bend over and started snorting and wheezing. The big man kicked at her legs and gave her an enraged order. Meekly, her chest heaving for air, she shuffled her legs apart about a foot. The man's boot snuck in between them and kept kicking at her feet until she moved them far enough apart for his satisfaction. The hand came back to her purse. It cupped it and squeezed it. The big man said something to the other man which revealed his pleasure at handling her flesh.

He mushed it and mushed it. She whined and sobbed as she felt two of his fingers slide up her divide and look for her opening. He placed his fingers just inside and made a circular motion as if testing its expansiveness.

The other man said something. The big man stepped a little to her left and removed his hand. Another hand was there an instant later. The thin man said something to the big man that sounded like he was very appreciative of the opportunity to handle an almost virgin pussy. He kept his hand there for a while, stroking his finger up and down her crease until it slid easily. She fought off the tingling feeling the hand was bringing her.

The big man said something softly to the thin man and he agreed. Yes, it was stupid to be standing here assaulting her when anyone could drive by at any minute. The thin man removed his hand and wiped it on her shirt. He went in the car first, pulling on her right arm, while the big man more or less pushed her in, using her left.

She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed as she was fastened into place again. Finally, the thin man gave her a fierce slap to the head and told her, "Yo shut da fuck up, girlie, or yo zee wa happy!"

She didn't want to see what happened. She took hold of herself, bit down on the thing in her mouth and settled into a noiseless vale of tears. The engine started up and they were on their way again.

She was right where she was before, but now she had no underwear on! The man wouldn't have to squish his hand into her panties, he could just flip up her skirt and there it would be anytime he wanted. Thankfully, for the rest of the ride he left her alone.

A few minutes after they got going again, the car stopped once more. The men had a conversation. They reached an agreement. The car traveled about a minute and a half again and then it stopped. The big man got out.

A few seconds later, she heard a noise on the side of the car. They were getting gas! There had to be people all around! It was late, but all she needed was just one. She started yelling and screaming again. She pulled and yanked at her confinements and squirmed and squirmed. A few seconds after she started, she felt that prick in her arm again. She passed right out.

When she came to, they were on the Interstate again. She started sobbing. The men ignored her. After a while, she just gave it up.

They drove for a long time. They pulled off of the Interstate again and she heard them drive up to what could only have been a fast food place. She heard a tinny female voice ask them what they wanted. She wanted to scream and yell, but she remembered the little pins that the man in the back seat carried. She just cried and shook as dismal feelings went all through her. The man in the front ordered “Tu bakon an chez. Tu coke.”

The woman’s tinny voice replied, “\$11.95. Please drive to the first window.”

They drove up to the window and the man paid. “Thank you,” a pleasant girl’s voice said. They pulled up a little further and she heard the rustle of bags. A young man’s voice said, “Thank you for coming to Wendy’s.” The man in the front grunted and they pulled away.

She couldn’t believe how brazen the men were. It was like they felt they could never get caught. It also made her believe that the men had done this many times before. Certainly the way the back seat was rigged implied that. They were professionals and the chance of them making a mistake and letting her get away was probably nil. She bit down on her gag and closed her eyes inside the darkened space over them. She had a sinking feeling that whatever trouble she was in she would never get out of it.

The men ate their cheeseburgers. She could smell them. They laughed and joked as they rode on. “How could people be so cruel?” she thought dismally. “What’s going to happen to me?”

She realized that they would be driving a long time with another full tank of gas. If they drove a total of six hours, how far could they go? 300 miles? 350? It depended on how fast they were going. At least 65, she thought. That was almost 400 miles. She would be far, far away from where they had caught her. The thought made her miserable.

She couldn’t help wondering if her kidnapping had been a random thing, a crime of opportunity. It was horrible to think of the arrow of fate turning round and round the wheel and finally coming to rest on her. Why her out of thousands and

thousands of young girls? Many were much, much prettier than her. And there were rich girls you could kidnap for money. And slutty girls who might enjoy being kidnapped and fucked by strange men. And girls who were dishonest and mean to everyone around them and who probably deserved it.

But the way that it happened seemed to make it more likely that it was planned. They had picked her out somehow and selected her. They had watched her and waited for their opportunity. While she had been walking around and living her life blithely, they had been keeping track of where she went and when. They knew that on Thursdays she had a late class and had to take the bus. The 10:15 bus was crowded and there were always a few people waiting for it. So they waited until she missed it and had to take the later one, when the chance of other people being there was much less.

She thought of the girls who had gotten a ride. If their friend hadn't shown up they would have still been there. The men would have lost their chance. But if they had gone to all that trouble, they would have probably just waited for another opportunity. She had been condemned the moment they had picked her out.

But why had they picked her? What was so special about her? She was young, true, but the college was full of young girls. She was pretty, or at least she thought so, but there were hundreds of pretty girls. She had hardly any sexual experience, but how would they know that?

If they had learned who she was, they would have found all that Christian stuff she put on her Facebook page, really so her parents could see it, so they wouldn't think that she was on the road to hell. And the pictures of her and Teddy and her expressions of affection for him. There had been no racy photos or links to spicy websites. If they followed her, they would have learned that she never spent the night at any boy's rooms or went out drinking or stayed late at parties, or left with strange boys.

The only thing had been that time with that boy at the party. She had refused his advances. Did he talk to her friends and find out that she was a prude? Did he turn her name over to some people who did things like this, who were looking for attractive, prudish girls with hardly any mileage on them? He seemed pissed when she pushed him off and ran out of the bedroom. And there had been something about him that seemed cruel. He had said something mean sounding. And later, when she asked around, nobody seemed to know who he was. She had met somebody from the lacrosse team and he had never heard of him.

It was all so unfair! She had a whole life to lead! She wanted to be a scientist. She was going to major in biology. She wanted to see her mother and father again. And Teddy. And all her friends. She didn't want to be here all bound up and blind

with these men. She didn't want whatever they had in store for her. A wave of queasy unhappiness and despair ran through her.

At some point, she fell asleep. She had very disturbing, terror filled dreams. She awoke all groggy and realized where she was and what had been done to her and she started to sob again. The man next to her said something to the man in the front that they both thought funny.

It wasn't long after she awoke that they pulled off the Interstate again. The wipers had stopped and she figured that it had stopped raining. They stopped at the end of the ramp and turned left. They drove along for several miles. They made a right, and then a quick left. The man in the back made a short phone call. They seemed to be driving along a bumpy road. They made another turn and drove for a while. Then they stopped.

The man in the front got out and the man in the back put that belt around her waist again and started to release her. A terrible iciness formed in her belly as she realized that they were at wherever they were taking her. They pulled her out of the car and her feet were on gravel. They each took hold of an arm and they dragged her along for maybe 30' or 40'. A garage door went up. They stepped onto concrete. A door opened in front of them.

She went down a hall. She realized that they were inside a house or something. They stopped and a door opened. They went down some concrete stairs. At the bottom they stopped. She heard a loud 'clack' and a door opened.

Before they moved her any further, one of the men crouched down and took off her shoes. She heard them tossed aside one by one. She shivered and started whining. They brought her forward. The door shut behind them with a loud 'thud' as if the door was large and heavy. There was something soft under her feet. Not a rug, but something that felt like a mat. They brought her ahead maybe 15 or 20 feet, maybe more. She heard a man's voice. A voice she hadn't heard before. Someone else was there! Where was she? What were they going to do to her?

Someone grabbed the hair on the back of her head again, standing her straight up. Her right wrist was released and brought up over her head and to the side. Something locked around her wrist and it was held there. Then they did her left hand. She felt whatever they had connected to rise up until she was on the balls of her feet. Then it stopped.

She was shivering and crying. Wherever she was was far, far away from where they had taken her. East? West? South? Who knew? She was in the basement of some building. The men were standing around in front of her talking that rough language. They all laughed. Someone came up and removed belt from her waist and the ski goggles from her head.

The light was low, but she still took a few moments to adjust. Three men were standing in front of her about 10' away. The two men who had brought her here stood on either side of another man. He was about 5'9" tall with a medium build. He looked very fit and muscular. His face was smooth but hard looking with steely eyes and a firm jaw. His hair was short and black. He was definitely Asian. He was dressed in a plain gray t-shirt and sweatpants. His feet were bare. The other men had taken off their shoes as well and were standing in their socks.

They were all eying her salaciously. She released a mournful sob and pulled at her wrists, but nothing happened. The man in the middle, the new man, said something to the other men and stepped forward. His body came really close to hers. He was at least half a head taller than her. He had a smell like a man, a slight whiff of perspiration and soap. His hands reached up to her gag. He went to pull it from her mouth but stopped first. He put his index finger to his lips and said, "Shhhhhhhhhhhhh...."

Her face cringed. She was deathly afraid of him and decided to do anything he wanted. He pulled on the leather shield over the gag firmly, with his other hand on her jaw. Slowly, but surely the spongy thing in her mouth drew past her teeth and then popped out. Her lips were trembling and tears were flowing down her face. He gave her a gentle smile and tapped her on her cheek. She was not consoled.

Holding her by the chin, he tilted her head back and moved her face from side to side murmuring something approving sounding. He released her chin and started to unbutton her shirt. When he got down to the bottom, he pulled it from the waistband of her skirt. She had bought a couple of sexy bras after she got to school, but they were expensive and she didn't have much money. They were reserved for special occasions. She was wearing one of the white cotton ones her mother had bought her. It had full cups that held her breasts in. Its only condescension to finery was a little lace trim that ran across the top and a little satin bow in the middle.

She whined and shook. The man lifted the cups of her bra, freeing her breasts. She grimaced and wanted to beg him not to touch her but the man's signal to be quiet was enough to stifle her. He held her breasts in the palms of his hand like he was weighing them and gave them a little pat from underneath so they would shimmer. She had always thought that her breasts had good 'hang'. They came out, round and fruitful, a little larger than a softball, and then curved up at the ends, just enough to make them seem eager and perky. And they were even bigger now with the birth control pills and all.

He looked pleased. He went behind her and released the catch to her skirt, lowering the zipper. It fell down to her feet. He rubbed his hand over her naked tush. She was staring at the two men who had brought her here. They were smiling

and staring back, but not at her face. The man's hand on her naked ass made her skin rise up in goose pimples all over. He didn't linger there, but squeezed each cheek as if testing them for firmness and moved on. He came in front of her and looked down at her crux.

She knew that other girls shaved themselves. One of her roommates, Carly, was completely bare. She had been tempted, because it seemed neat to be all clean and smooth down there, but she had been too afraid that some weekend when she came home her mother would see it and give her holy hell. She did regularly trim it a bit so that the hairs wouldn't show out the sides of her bathing suit, but otherwise left it as nature designed it. She wasn't very hairy anyway, just a blondish shroud of silky hair.

It mortified her for the man to see it. And for the other men to see it, as if they hadn't already. But that was in the dark and now it was brighter. She closed her thighs together as tightly as she could. The men all found this amusing. The new man pointed his finger severely at her face and shook it several times as if she were being a naughty girl. He squatted down in front of her and gently tugged at her thighs. She whined, released a sob and spread them apart as far as the skirt around her ankles would allow.

The man peered closely at her mons. He took his thumbs and spread apart her outer labia. Feeling his fingers on her puss gave her a stabbing pain in her chest. He looked for a few seconds and then began rubbing her little man. She felt a tingling there that she didn't like. He kept going and she bit her lip and grimaced. The other men were very amused. She felt her slickness when he ran his finger up and down her divide. He then, placing one hand on her hip, slipped two fingers inside her tunnel. She felt herself expand. She stared sobbing in earnest. He slid his fingers in as far as they would go, said something, and withdrew them. He wiped his fingers on her skirt.

Revulsion went through her. There had been only one person in the whole world who been inside her like that, and that was Teddy. And his entries had been with affection and passion and respect for her. And with consent, although the first time was with a kind of half consent. Now this strange man had probed her, sunk his fingers into her depths as casually as you might check the teeth of a horse, or lift a dog's tail to check its sex. Yes, her pussy worked. It moistened appropriately upon contact. She was all wet and soft and warm inside, just like regular girls. He was getting his money's worth.

And, he had confirmed that she was no longer a virgin, something only two people other than her in the whole world knew, Teddy and her friend Liz. And they had sworn never to tell anybody, although you never know. Sometimes things like that just got out. She had put a tampon in before they left the cabin, in the

bathroom, before she got dressed. She didn't want to have to explain any blood on her underwear to her mother. It had felt so strange sliding in, like her little hole went on forever and forever. And she used them now for her periods, although when she went home for Christmas, if it was that time of the month, she would have to go back to using pads or her mother would get suspicious. Even that might be an issue though, because since going on the pill her flow had gone way down.

But who was she kidding? She wasn't going home for Christmas! She wasn't ever going home again! She was in the power of this sinister man who had just probed his fingers deep inside her, and would do more, much more to her. She started to shake. Nobody seemed to notice.

He rose and stepped back. He seemed very satisfied. He said so to the men and they grunted. He said something to them and she got the impression that they were going to go. When he removed her gag he had handed it to the thin man. He had taken his raincoat off and was wearing a dark blue Izod shirt and crisp, new blue jeans. The heavysset man had on a plaid sports shirt and jeans that looked like they came from the same place. The thin man came up to her and gave her a heavy tap on her chin. He brought the gag up to her mouth. The spongy part was all scrunched up in his hand. She didn't want to open her mouth. She knew that she had to. She didn't want them to hurt her. But she just couldn't do it. She was filled with terror and couldn't move.

The new man came up to her and took the gag from the thin man. He came in front of her. He was holding the gag in his left hand. He paused for a moment, staring into her flooded eyes. His right hand flashed out so fast that she hardly even saw it move. Two fingers poked her very, very hard in a spot just under her armpit. Pain shot through her like she had been stabbed by a hot arrow. She screamed and started sobbing uncontrollably. The man took hold of her chin and held her face up to his. He presented the gag to her. Trembling, she parted her lips. He moved them wider with the fingers of his right hand. He brought the gag to bear and with a little effort, the spongy thing popped in past her teeth. The shield went up against her lips like she was wearing the mouthpiece to a snorkel or something. It ran all across her mouth and from just below her nose almost to her chin. The springiness of the ball in her mouth held it firmly against her lips. He patted her on her cheek, smiling warmly. All the men left. The lights went out.

CHAPTER THREE

She stood there sobbing and sobbing. It was terrible to be in the dark. It was like all the lights had gone out all over the world and she had been left in some evil lair, waiting for the beast to return to devour her. There were no sounds except for her sobbing. She pulled and pulled at her wrists, but it only seemed to make the confinements tighter.

Her breasts were bare and hanging freely. It didn't matter that there was no one to see them, since as soon as anyone came in they would be right out there for their view. All you had to do was pull the front panels of her turquoise shirt aside and there they would be. She could feel her upturned bra on her chest. Why hadn't the man made her completely naked? It seemed worse somehow to be like this, her bra up over her breasts, her skirt at her ankles, her dainty, little pink and white socks still on her feet. It was like they had caught her in the act of dressing or undressing and were punishing her for it, making her look foolish and slovenly. Or like she was suffering through some cruel initiation ritual from one of the sororities on campus and this was done to embarrass and shame her sufficiently to earn her place. She could feel her hair, all scraggly and knotted from the rain lying across her shoulders. She screamed as loud as she could, once, twice, three times and then broke down sobbing some more.

She could feel her skirt around her ankles. A part of her wanted to step out of it and kick it away. It was like they had placed some manacles on them and her legs were confined. She would have felt better if they were free. And it would have been an independent act, something done out of these men's control. An act of self-assertion. But another part of her was too afraid. The third man, the new man, looked cold and ruthless. He had hurt her fiercely when she had failed to open her mouth quickly enough. What would he do if he found out that she exercised some self-will? Would he poke her again, even harder and harder, or would he devise some other punishment? She bet he could think of some pretty horrible things. It made her knees weaken and her belly flutter just to think about it.

And then there was the thought that maybe the man would come back, straighten out her bra, button her shirt, pull up her skirt and apologize, saying that it had all been a mistake. Or a bad joke thought up by some of her friends. Or that guy from the party. Maybe she was in the basement of some place very close to where she had been picked up and they had drove and drove and drove all around just to confuse her. Maybe the police had this place watched and any minute they would come barging in through the door to save her. Maybe her guardian angel

would come down and wave a wand and free her from this place. Maybe it wasn't really happening, but was some terrible dream. Maybe, maybe, maybe. But deep inside she knew that all the maybes were not true. Nothing would happen and she would be in the power of that third man, the man the others seemed to respect.

Were they his minions, sent out to do his will? Or were they freelance and had peddled her to him by sending him her pictures from her Facebook page? Come to think of it, there was one picture of her in her modest, one piece bathing suit. It was from the church picnic that summer and had been taken some distance away. There were a bunch of girls lined up, their arms over each other's shoulders staring at the camera and smiling. She hadn't posted it. One of the girls she followed in the picture had and she had left it up. Was that the picture they saw?

She stopped crying and listened for the sounds of the building around her. There was nothing. During her brief time when she could see, she hadn't noticed any windows, although she had been a mite distracted. She had noticed that the room was large, about 60' by 40', maybe bigger. The floor was covered by a thick, blue mat like in a gym. The cinderblock walls were painted light blue. There had been a toilet. No stall, just a white, porcelain toilet seat up against the wall way to her right. There was a small matching sink with a mirror over it. There had been a large stand-alone closet, like an armoire, a small refrigerator and a large wooden chest.

In the corner to her right was a shower nozzle emanating from the wall with a drain under it. There were towels piled up on a shelf and something that looked like a hamper. She was straining to remember what she saw, even though her observations had been very brief and glancing. She had had other things on her mind. She was trying desperately now to reconstruct it. The exercise of her memory seemed to attenuate, to some little degree, the fact that everything was pitch black around her. She hadn't been transported to some lonely, empty spot in deep space trillions of miles from earth. She was in a room, in a building. It was maybe 400 or 500 miles from her college. There was a heavy door behind her with a big sounding lock. The ceiling was about 10' high with high hat lights built into it. They had been at a very dim setting. The man who had been there when they arrived was about 40 or so. He looked hard but, incongruously, seemed to have a softer side. He had smiled at her twice. Did that mean anything, or did it just indicate that he was psychotic?

And what was he going to do with her? He was almost certainly going to fuck her. The thought of it made her queasy and sent chills through her. And he would make her suck his cock, almost certainly. She definitely didn't want to do that. She trembled when she thought of it. She bit down on her gag and thought of her mouth being filled the way that it had been when she had put Teddy's crank in it. To have

a hostile member in there, wielded by some callous man who didn't care one whit for her was too horrible to contemplate.

Maybe he wouldn't do it. Maybe he would just fuck her. But then she thought of the look on Billy Kluver's face when Brenda had been doing him and that possibility just slipped into the sea. He would definitely fuck her mouth. Something told her that all guys wanted their cocks sucked, regardless of how perverted it was. She started crying again at the thought of it.

But what would he do with her after? Was the building some big whorehouse where she would be kept prisoner and be forced to service dozens and dozens of men? The thought of scores of anonymous men pressing their heavy bodies against her and slipping their tools up her channel made her feel sick. She pushed her thighs together as if somehow she could keep them all out.

Or maybe he wanted a sex slave and she would have to service him all kind of ways every day for months and months and months, or maybe years. Would he keep her here in his basement the entire time? Would she ever see the daylight again? Since the things that were holding her hands aloft had already been here when she came, that meant that there had been other girls before her. And the toilet and the shower and whatever else was in the room. The heavy door and the brutish lock. The mat on the floor, where he could make her lie on her back while he plowed her.

What had happened to the other girls? Were they trained as sex slaves and then sold to other people? Or did he just get rid of them when he was tired of them? Were there a dozen bodies of innocent girls out in his back yard? Someday, when the police caught him, would they find her remains out there, just her desiccated bones, her only means of identification her DNA? If they ever caught him that is.

The men had taken her from the car in what almost certainly was daylight, even though it was probably early morning. Could somebody have seen her? Were the police on their way right now? But the professionalism of the men who had brought her meant that they were probably in some really isolated spot where the chance of being seen was so low as to be nonexistent.

Those men who captured her, they must go all over the place kidnapping young women or they wouldn't have had their SUV set up that way. How many sobbing girls had sat in the seat they had put her in? Had any of them ever escaped? Did they once in a while muff the snatch and their intended victim report them to the police? If they got caught in the future would the D.A. make a deal with them if they revealed all the girls they had stolen and where they had taken them?

Her mind was snatching at any straw she could think up. Maybe if she were really nice to the man he would get to like her enough to let her go. She would

promise not to tell a single soul about anything that had happened to her. She would promise it on a stack of bibles, on her mother's life, on everything sacred.

Then the thought occurred to her, these men were Korean or Japanese or something Oriental, or Asian or whatever you wanted to call them. Had they kidnapped her so that they could ship her off to Asia where she would serve the rest of her life out as a whore? She had heard about things like that. They called it white slavery. Was she in the hands of an international slavery ring? The next thing she would know is being boxed up and flown to Seoul, or Shanghai or Macau. Maybe Bangkok or Manila or Jakarta. She would have to serve dozens of cruel Asian men every day. Or they would perform some cruel and heinous ceremony on her like the death of a thousand cuts, and rich, corrupt, sadistic men would watch, drinking scotch or sake or rice wine and smoking cigars while she screamed out her life, praying for death.

The uncertainty gnawed at her like a vile disease corrupting everything inside her.

It seemed about an hour later when she heard the lock on the door behind her open. A split second later, the lights came on, soft, but not dim. Just bright enough so that she could see everything clearly. She trembled and a fierce coldness went through her. She wanted to run away and hide in the worst way, but it was not possible.

The man passed by and went over to the wall in front. There was a little folding table there and he brought it nearer to her and set it down. He then drew his t-shirt up over his head and tossed it aside. He slid his sweatpants down over his hips and stepped out of them. He was totally naked.

She drew in her breath. The loose clothes had disguised how muscular he really was. It wasn't grotesque like some body builders were, but he exuded strength. A long, thick cock was emerging from a forest of thick, black pubic hair. Other than his loins, there didn't seem to be any other hair on his body except for maybe under his arms and on his head. He approached her immediately. He walked slowly around her. She felt his hand slide across her naked buttocks. Then he came around front again. He separated her unbuttoned shirt and took a long look at her breasts. He seemed to make a decision and then stepped away.

He went over to the armoire and opened its double doors. On the right side was a vertical compartment that went its full height. She saw some things inside that looked like whips dangling from their handles. She whined and felt sick. On the left were a series of wooden drawers. He opened the one second to the top and removed a pair of sharp looking scissors.

He came back and unceremoniously cut away her shirt, cutting up through the sleeves. He pulled it away and dropped it on the floor. He then snipped the middle

portion of her bra and the straps going over her shoulders. He tossed that aside. He went calmly back to the armoire and put the scissors away. When he returned, he crouched down and removed her skirt from around her ankles and then her socks, gently lifting up each foot in its turn. He went to his sweatpants and took out from a pocket a rolled up green plastic bag. He picked up all her clothes, stuffed them inside, tied off the bag and tossed it aside.

Now she was as fully naked as him. He stood right in front of her. She didn't know where to look. She turned her head to the right and looked down at the mat, ashamed of her nakedness and his. His hand came out and took hold of her chin and turned her head back. She blinked and looked down, avoiding his gaze. This wasn't a friendly, affectionate boy like Teddy. This was a full grown man who had supreme power over her. She bit her gag and whined.

He gave her face a sharp slap. She looked up, startled, releasing a shriek, her eyes brimming with tears. He pointed 2 fingers at her eyes and then his. She understood him immediately. She was always to look him in the eyes. She cringed and whined, but she did it, finding the courage she knew not where. He tapped her face again, lighter this time and placed his finger to his lips once more and said, "Shhhhhhhhh..." She understood. No whining.

He gave her a smile. He went behind her and she felt his hands on her shoulders. His hands were heavy, firm, determined. He rubbed her shoulders briefly and then drew his hands slowly down her back as if he was inspecting every inch of her skin. She shuddered as she felt them go down her lower back, over her rear mounds and down her legs. He brought them slowly up again. Heat followed them wherever they went. When he was standing again he paused to spread her rear cheeks and run his fingers up her divide, circling and poking on her rear hole and then moving on. He ran his hands up her arms until he reached her wrists and then down again.

He came to her left side. He took hold of her left breast with one hand squeezing it gently while he ran his right hand all over her back. Then he placed his hands on her side, one hand extending to her front and the other to her back, and slowly dragged them down, as if he were spreading something all over her. When he got past her hip, his hands circled her upper thigh and then worked their way all down her leg to her feet. He picked it up and ran his hand all over her sole.

He rose and shifted to her other side, his hands never leaving her, and did the same thing. He held and squeezed her right breast casually, as if it were some kind of handle, while he stroked her back again. He commenced his journey down her right side. The sensation of his hands on her body was excruciating. There wouldn't be a single part of her unsullied when he was done. No one would know her body more intimately than him. She felt like he was somehow stripping

something away from her, some outer coating so he could get down to the real, naked her. Her heart was thumping heavily and she fell like screeching at the top of her voice. But she still felt the sting of his slap on her cheek and limited herself to little gurgling noises of fear and distress which she found impossible to suppress.

Coming to the front, he started by running his hands slowly across her upper chest, then down her sides, down the outside of her thighs, down to her feet, which he caressed one by one. And then his hands came up again, following the same route. She stood there quivering and quaking, looking straight ahead, afraid to close her eyes.

His hands came to her breasts. He lifted them from underneath, circling his hands around them. He ran his hands over the tops. He pulled on her nipples and squeezed them. He started a gentle massage, pressing his iron-like fingers into them, squeezing them, pressing them up against her chest and mauling them. No one had ever handled her breasts like this before. Not Teddy, that was for sure. Her gynecologist had examined them for lumps, but that was not like this. Her body trembled as it received his caresses. The pressure on her breasts, the hot hands, the pressing fingers made something tingle down below. She didn't like it and tried to ignore it. But she couldn't ignore his clear intent to use her against her will.

Something about knowing that he would soon fuck her made her lower part start to warm and vibrate. She tried to suppress it. She wanted to close her eyes and drive it away, but he was staring directly into her face and she was staring back. There seemed to be deep pools inside his eyes, bottomless pools that were dragging her in.

But, what would it be like when he fucked her? It seemed like she was always wondering about those things. She knew it would be awful to have someone invade her against her will. Nobody should be able to do that. Men were sent to prison for years and years and years for doing that because it was so horrible.

But what about the other part, the actual fucking? Could he make her come? Could she stop herself? Would he roger her long and hard like she had hoped someone would do some day? Someone she cared for, or at least liked, not someone who had kidnapped her and was forcing himself on her. What would it be like? No, not what would it be like. What will it be like? But she knew what it would be like. It would be the worst thing she had ever experienced.

He certainly wouldn't be concerned about her pleasure. She had read an article in Cosmopolitan once, they had had a subscription to it in the library in high school until the school board found out about it, of women complaining about how men liked to get off as quickly as they could. The article, very scandalously as far as she was concerned, gave tips on how to convince the man to last longer, or to get the

woman totally ready through foreplay. At the time she didn't think she would ever do some of those things that the woman who wrote the article described, if it was a woman; sometimes magazines lied about stuff like that.

Now, she wouldn't have the choice about what she would do or wouldn't do. This man, or subsequent men, undoubtedly many, many, many of them, would decide those things for her. She wouldn't have a voice in anything. They would beat her and whip her and do all kinds of other unimaginable things to force her to do what they wanted. And she would do it. She knew she would do it. She was terrified of this man just after that one painful poke he had given her. After that she would do anything he said, no matter how scurrilous. And that was probably just a hundredth of what he was capable of.

The handling of her breasts was making her warm. Her mouth was dry and her heart was thumping madly. He kept going and going until finally, she couldn't stand it anymore. She closed her eyes and moaned and her knees went weak.

He moved on, as if he had obtained the desired reaction. He brought his hands down her tummy and crouched down in front of her. He moved her feet further apart and then caressed the insides of her thighs, up and down, up and down, all the way up to the joiner to down to her ankles. She could feel her pussy yearning to be touched. It was out there all alone and she could do nothing to help it. She was holding back her whine as firmly as she could.

Then his hands rose. He stood up, staring her in the face. His left hand was covering her mons, stroking it lightly. He ran his fingers along its sides tauntingly. He squeezed her outer lips, softly, then harder, and then harder, just to the edge of painful. She bit down on her gag as the unwanted feelings began to corrupt her. A finger slipped up and down her divide, gathering moisture. It paused at her little hole, teasing the entrance, and then rose to her little button. Her body shuddered when he touched it. She closed her eyes and then opened them again quickly, afraid of the man's wrath. The finger was doing a little, light rotating thing. Not like Tommy's touch at all, or that other boy's either. It was light, but knowing, as if a familiarity existed between his finger and her little man, like long lost friends reunited at last. The finger went on and on, pausing only to gather slickness from her crevasse and return. The feeling was agonizing, but, to her shame, all so, so good.

The man was evil. He harbored no love for her. He had no good intentions towards her. He was a person who had the power of ownership over her, and she was nothing to him but a young female body possessing attractive qualities. She was warm and animated and pleasant to look at. And her pussy worked. That was all that the man needed to know.

That surging feeling was growing in her lower belly, all around her sex. The man's eyes peered deeply into her, haughtily. She felt like he was peering directly into her brain, parsing out all her thoughts, seeing deep down how slutty she was.

When she went off to college, she had thought long and hard about what had happened with Teddy. Her mother had actually been proven right. It had started with kissing, then a little touching over the clothes, his hands on her breasts, first over and then under her bra, then rubbing his cock inside his pants until he came. At each stage she had said that that was as far as she was going to go. Quickly, though, each time, that wasn't enough. Her real downfall had been after he put his hand on her naked pussy. Touching it herself had never felt the same again. It was not as good.

And she had hungered and hungered and hungered after more touching, more climaxes. Until she desperately needed to know what it would be like to be fucked. And that had been so wonderful, she almost every night now had to rub herself to orgasm as she re-experienced in her mind the sensation of being filled. Like her mother had said, she had turned slutty. If she had never wondered what it would be like to kiss that boy at the party, maybe this might never have happened. But her pussy had given off a little glow as she imagined it, a glow that had started the first time Teddy had slid his tongue into her mouth.

And now she was here and the man was bringing her pussy to life. Her knees weakened again and she sagged. She tried to draw her pelvis back, but the hand pursued it. She tried to shake it off. She stood up on her tippy toes, she rotated her hips. She yearned to clasp her thighs together, to deny him access, but knew, instinctively that she would suffer terrible retribution for it. The feeling kept growing and growing. It was like he had inserted a vibrating wire directly into her little button and it was sending terrible trilling sensations of pleasure through her.

He shifted his hand. Two thick fingers slipped easily into her channel. The invasive gesture sent a wave of unhappiness through her. And then his thumb began to stroke her clitoris, not around in circles, but up and down up and down, like it was steel and her button was flint and he was attempting to ignite a conflagration. She moaned, she sighed, she took in deep breaths. His thumb went faster and faster. His fingers thrust in and out of her. The trilling was becoming maddening and she knew that something was coming that she had never felt before.

Suddenly, her crevasse exploded. Fierce, body wrenching contractions struck at her innards again and again. She released a long, plaintive wail and her body began to shudder. Her knees dipped and rose, dipped and rose as she tried to deny the undeniable. It was going on and on and on and it felt like it would never stop.

And then, mercifully, it crested. The throbs in her canal started to subside. He removed his hand and patted her on the cheek, smiling. He hummed, “Mmmmmmmmm...” as if in approval. Her whole being was overwhelmed with sorrow and shame. This man, this cruel stranger had brought her more pleasure than she ever thought possible. Her pussy had surrendered to his caresses like a wanton whore’s.

He held his fingers under her nose and the musky scent of her arousal wafted through her. She tried to turn her head away, but he grabbed the hair at the back of her head and held it firm so that she could not avoid it. She started to sob. His fingers smelt sinful, shameful. The man patted her cheek again. Then he leaned over and took first one nipple and then the other into his mouth and gave them long, firm suckles. It sent jolts of electricity to her womb. She sagged again. He smiled. He kissed her on the forehead and stepped away.

She watched him retreat. His cock was rock solid hard and projecting from his loins like a narwhale’s horn. It made her shudder to see it. He was going to put that thing in her, of that she was sure. It seemed very long and thick and she feared that she would not be able to accommodate it. Her poor little, barely used pussy would be ravaged.

He came back with a seamstress’s tape measure. He placed it around his neck and went in behind her. He gathered her scraggly blond hair back and turned it and turned it and then expertly fastened it onto her head in a bun. She felt him place two hair pins into it. He came back around and put the measuring tape around her neck. He went back to the armoire and opened the third drawer. She saw him looking at something glittery. When he came back, he had two silvery things in his hands together with what looked like a tool. He put one silvery thing and the tool down on the little table he had set up and brought the other one to her neck. He spread the thing open and then let it close around her. There was something soft on the inside of it, like gel padding. It was a collar! A silvery collar! He pressed it closed and she felt it tighten. She didn’t like this one bit.

When he pushed the thing closed she felt her throat constrict. He didn’t seem satisfied and went back to get the other one. That closed around her neck perfectly. He released it and it became loose again. He went back to the table and returned with the tool. He closed the collar again. She felt it sliding into itself. Then he took the tool, which looked like a heavy set pair of specialty pliers, and he brought it to her neck. He applied it to the collar at her left side. His left hand was under her chin, grabbing her face firmly and he tilted her head up and away to her right. She felt him pressing the pliers closed. He was using all of his might and straining. Suddenly, there was a solid ‘clack’ and he relieved his pressure. He pulled at her collar and tried to slip his finger between it and her neck, but he wasn’t able to do

it. He patted her on the face, smiling and then he brought the pliers back to her collar. She heard him snap something. He stepped away.

She couldn't help crying. The man was doing something terrible to her. The collar looked about 2" wide when he had it in his hand, and she saw rings dangling from it. With all the force the man had used to put it on, she would never get it off.

He did her ankles next. This time the joiner was in the back of her leg above her heel. There were rings on either side. Each time he strained mightily to force the object closed and each time she heard a loud 'clack' as if some lever had been sprung. He released her hands one by one and did her wrists, and then reconnected them to the chain above her, this time using the little ring on the inside of her bracelets.

When everything was on, he went back to the closet and brought out something that looked like a thick pencil. There was a cord coming out of its end. He took out an orange, heavy duty extension cord and plugged it into a socket by the armoire. He unraveled it and then plugged in the pencil like thing. It had a little stand and he placed it down on the little table. He went to the armoire again and he brought over a small spool with a thick, silvery wire around it. He brought the cloth over and draped it over her left shoulder, drawing it up to the collar. He went back to the pencil-like thing. Its tip had turned red.

Suddenly, she realized what it was. It was a soldering iron. He unrolled a bit of the silvery wire and approached her, the soldering iron in his right hand and the lead spool in the other. He leaned over, bringing the two implements close to where he had joined her collar. He used the side of his arm to force her head to lean the other way so he could have better access. She heard a little sizzling that went on for a few seconds and he leaned back. He took a close look at his handiwork and then he leaned forward again. There was more sizzling. A second later, he was done. He looked at her collar, satisfied.

He did the same thing to her ankles and her wrists. For her ankles he crouched next to her and brought her foot back. He placed the cloth over his thigh and placed her leg over it. He draped his left arm over the back of her leg, holding it firmly down. A few drops of the molten lead fell on her skin. She jumped and released a little squeal. He gave her a solid poke in her outer thigh. It seemed to go deep into her muscle there, making her groan with pain. After that she stood stock still.

For her wrists, he made her hold them out. He turned his back to her and put the cloth down on the mat. He then grasped her arm between his upper arm and his chest, holding it in place. He turned her wrist so that the joiner at the side was pointing up. Two little sizzles and he was done and then did the other side.

When he was done with all the soldering, he put the iron and the spooled lead away. She looked up at the glittering embellishments around her wrists. "They do

this to slave girls,” she thought miserably. Just seeing them on her would tell anybody that they could do anything they wanted to her. She released a sob and started to cry again.

He came back with what looked like a small drill. He connected it to the extension cord and put it down on the table. He had a little attachment for it, a kind of round, pad thing. He had brought something with him from the closet and she watched as he stripped the backer off of a round piece of coarse looking sandpaper and applied it to the pad.

He came up to her. First he did the neck. The grinding noise was right in her ear and sounded horrible. He did all the other joints. He took the round piece of sandpaper off of the drill and replaced it with a finer one. He did each one again. It didn't take him long. Each time he did something to improve her confinements, she got sadder and sadder. She would never be able to get them off. You would need something that could cut metal. The things were very shiny, shinier than just steel and she figured there was some kind of stronger alloy in them. They bespoke a permanency that brought home to her the unlikelihood that she would ever be free, that she would ever escape or be rescued.

The last thing he did was to fasten a soft, spongy thing on the end. He squirted some gritty goo on it. He proceeded to polish the things he had put on her, starting at where the joiner was and then all around. Then he wiped them clean with a cloth. If there had been any faint scratches or smudges, they would be all gone.

He put everything away. He went over to the little sink. There was a compartment under it and he pulled out a narrow pan. He approached her with it. Her legs were still spread wide, where he had left them. He put the pan under her. She looked at him plaintively. He reached out his free hand and gave her mons several light strokes. She knew what she had to do, what he was ordering her to do. She hadn't had anything to drink for hours and hours, but she knew that she should pee while she had the opportunity. God knows what he would do if she had an accident. And god knew what he would do if she disobeyed him now.

At first, she thought that there was no way she was going to be able to pee with this man standing over her and watching. At least with the other men it was dark and she really, really had to go bad. She looked at him and suppressed a whine. This was so shameful she thought she might dissolve.

His hand shot out and she received a fierce poke in her ribs. She groaned and started to cry. She looked up and he was just standing there implacably. She closed her eyes and tried to wish him away. She pressed down on her bladder. There was something there. If only she could get it out. She strained and strained. It kept coming closer and closer, but still seemed elusive. Then a dribble, then a spurt, and then a stream was released. She opened her eyes right away. She knew that the

man might give her an indulgence under the circumstances for not looking at him, but she didn't want to stretch her luck.

The pan filled about half way up. He waited until the last few drops fell and then he wiped her with a tissue he had brought. He brought the pan over to the toilet and emptied it. The flush made a gargling noise. He rinsed the pan in the sink, dribbling some liquid soap into it and washing it with a sponge he got from the compartment. He left them both on a little counter there to dry.

He came back to her. "This is where he fucks me," she thought miserably. But that was not in his plans. He crouched down and patted her thighs until she put them together. He fastened the rings on the inside of her ankle bracelets to short chains that led to a ring built into the floor and emerging between her feet through the mat. Without saying anything, he stepped over to the armoire. She saw his hand reach into the long, vertical section that housed the whips. She watched as he took out a long switch. The whine she issued she couldn't suppress.

He swung the switch in the air and it made a shrill whirring sound. He looked at her. She was frantic. She wanted to scream and yell and beg him not to whip her. She wanted to plead and plead and plead for mercy. She wanted to promise him that she would be the best slave girl he ever had. She would do anything he wanted. I'm only a young girl and you're a big, older man. "Pleeeeeeeeeeease don't do this!" her mind screamed, "Please! Please! Please!"

But, of course, he knew all that already. He knew that his mere existence terrified her beyond belief. He knew that she would obey him in everything, down to the letter. She would do her best to be the perfect slave girl. This wasn't about all that. This was to drive out any lingering hope she might have that she would retain her personhood. This was to instill in her a fear that went beyond fear. This was to ingrain obedience into her very bones. This was to make crystal clear that he could do anything he wanted to her, that she had no rights, that she was powerless and weak and had no chance of preserving a single iota of resistance. That was what this was about.

He strolled around behind her. She was shaking and sobbing. He let fly with a vicious blow. It lashed along her buttocks leaving behind a streak of red. There was a pause and she let out a screeching howl. Now the dam which had been holding back her pleas broke through and all kinds of forbidden sounds emerged in her mouth. "Please! Please! I'm begging you! Please stop! Oh god! Oh god! Oh god, please!" But the sounds did not emerge as words. They emerged as muffled half syllables and a series of "eeeeeeee's!"

He had paused. She knew there was another one coming. He wouldn't whip her just once. He was lurking behind, making the passing moments part of her torture. She heard the "hzzzzzzzzzz!" a second before a line of fire erupted across

her back. She gave up on speaking and concentrated all her effort on sobbing and screeching.

He went all around her slowly and deliberately. Each kiss of the lash was to be felt in its fullest and not meld into the fiery sensation of its predecessors. He lashed the front of her thighs, her belly, the back of her thighs, her rear buttocks several times in succession and her back again. Each time, she yelled and screeched and danced in place, pulling mightily at all her confines in a desperate effort to get away. Waiting for the next blow was agonizing. Part of her would hope that he was done, especially when he came the second time around. But then there would be this, ‘hzzzzzzzzzzp!’ and fire would break out wherever it landed.

He went around back for the third time and slashed her several more times there, pausing for about 20 seconds between each blow. Then he came around front, standing about 5’ away. Her face was red and sweaty and full of tears. He skin glistened all over. His lines of attack were clearly discernable. There was only one spot he hadn’t touched. She looked at him piteously, her screeches from the last blow dying out, leaving behind only sobs.

She looked him in the face. “What is he thinking?” she thought desperately. Then she saw his eyes flick to her breasts. Her soft, beautiful, innocent, defenseless breasts. They were, as yet, untrammelled. She wailed and shook. “Not there! Not there! Not there! Not there! Please! Please! Please! Please! Please!” her mind begged. She tried to form those thoughts into words but she was sobbing too hard and could not catch her breath. He reared back. Her eyes widened in terror. He let fly. “Hzzzzzzzzzippp!” it went as it struck her flesh. She screamed and screamed and pulled fiercely at her bonds. The blow had fallen across the tops of her breasts, leaving a long red line broken by her cleavage. She saw him rear back again. She was so frantic she thought that her heart might burst. “Hzzzzzzzzzzzip!” came the next blow. It struck the underside of her breasts, just below her nipples. She screamed and screamed and danced and screamed.

The man stood there for a minute or so. Her sobs were declining in intensity. Her eyes were red rimmed, her breath was heavy. Bright stripes ran all over her.

“Is he done? Is he done?” she thought madly. “Oh, God, let him be done! Please, I beg you!”

She watched as he turned back to the armoire. She saw him hook the handle of the switch and release it. A wave of relief passed through her. “It’s over! It’s over!” she thought. Her body stung all over, especially her breasts. It was like a million tiny creatures were eating at her. The man had taken everything away from her. “How often will he beat me?” she wondered miserably.

Her relief turned to concern when she saw him emerge from the armoire with two lengths of chain. He set one down at her feet and crouched down. He released

her left ankle from the ring and attached the chain to the ring on the outside. He lifted her foot off of the ground and started to raise it. It propelled her off balance. He raised her foot until it was about waist level to him. He then took the free end of the chain and lifted it way over his head well over to her left, spreading her leg out and raising it higher. He attached the free end of the chain to a hook in the ceiling.

As he did the same to her right leg, she shook and wailed and sobbed. He wasn't done with her! He was going to whip her some more! The concept of god just kind of blipped out of her head at that moment. God wouldn't permit this. And since it's happening, there cannot be a god, not a loving and caring one anyway. Not the god that she had learned about. It's God's will, people would say. God's will. But why would he will such awful things? Like what was happening to her now. Were her sins so severe that she had to be punished this way for them? It didn't seem proportional at all. And what about all the other girls who did the same things she did? And worse! What about them?

Her legs were spread and out. Her weight rested on her wrists and her ankles. Her pudenda was angled slightly upwards, her waist bent. She saw him pull out something with a wooden handle and long leather tassels. He shook it out. She groaned in dismay. Her thighs were shaking. Her heart was pounding. Snakes and lizards were tumbling over and over in her belly. He came over to her and draped the tassels across her lower belly, making her cringe. They were hard and scratchy, like they had been dipped into something that had dried on them. She looked him in the eye expecting an evil leer. But his face was almost neutral. If anything, it conveyed the seriousness with which he viewed his task. An important, essential step in enslaving young girls. And it wasn't done until it was all done. Until the girl received both barrels.

He stepped back. A second later the flail went over his shoulder and struck her fiercely across her lower tummy. Her body jerked and she howled. Next was her right inner thigh. It quivered and shook and a splash of bright pink broke out on it. Then her left thigh. She screamed and screamed. He wasn't pausing like he did the last time. The blows were coming one after the other in a steady, determined stream. There was just enough time between them for him to raise the instrument, pause and strike. He struck her belly three times in a row. It turned a deep red. Then her thighs, right, left, right, left, right, left.

Only her pudenda was unwounded. It stood out pale, surrounded by a sea of deep red. He paused to give her time to think. She realized what was next. She closed her eyes and readied her mind to receive the messages of pain. The flail rose and fell. He struck her tender tissues brutally, putting an extra ounce of effort into it. Her mind just exploded. She had never felt pain like that! Never expected to feel

it there! She was howling, but her mind had somehow disassociated itself from the sound, like she was listening to someone else. It was like her brain could not accommodate the tortuous sensations being sent to it by her pussy and at the same time record the intensity and loudness of her vocal responses. He struck her again. And again. And Again. And then he was done. She wailed and wailed while he put the flail away. He stepped over to his clothes and dressed. He took a moment to note her distress, her outward signs of agony. And then he left. The room descended into darkness.

CHAPTER FOUR

Sally didn't even notice it when the lights went out. She just knew that at some point she had opened up her eyes and everything was black. Her sex burned as if he had set it on fire. Waves of pain radiated from her battered thighs and belly. And where the switch had kissed her, there was burning.

She had never wished that she was dead before. Never. But she did now. Her life was over, wasn't it? There would be nothing in her future but shame and pain and degradation. She would never see a truly warm smile again. What was there to live for?

Before, when he left her in the dark, she almost felt like she was the victim of a sorority prank. Her feeling now as she hung there was more like she was an exhibit in a house of horrors. "Here is how slutty women were punished in the Middle Ages" the sign would say. "Aren't you lucky that this will never happen to you?" But it had happened to her. And for all she knew, when the man returned, in an hour or two or three, he might start all over again. To describe her situation as surreal was not to do it justice. She was naked and suspended like a deer after the hunt. Her body had been pummeled in the most dastardly way. She was miles and miles from any place familiar to her. A Korean man had her as his prisoner. A Korean man! Right here in the United States!

The sensation of being unable to move virtually not a muscle in her body was soul stealing. How could this be happening? Yesterday at this time she had probably been on her way to school, forgetting her umbrella and being late for everything. Her worst worry was the sociology paper that was due the next day. She could make her own decisions, like deciding to wear her purple miniskirt in what turned out to be very inappropriate weather. She could have a nice chat with her girlfriends, have lunch with Frank and wonder if maybe she should let him fuck her after all. Somebody was going to. She was firm on that point. Why not Frank?

Now, all decision making had been taken away from her. Except, maybe, the decision to obey or not to obey. But the man had made that decision for her too. She couldn't bear another tortuous beating like she had just received. Nor the thousand other devilish tortures he undoubtedly practiced.

Why couldn't she just blink herself out? One minute hell, the next minute maybe hell again, but of a different nature. But could God blame her if she wanted to end her travails? Would anyone be expected to live under these circumstances? She had read where people debated whether people in excruciatingly painful,

debilitating conditions should be able to take their own life, choose a dignified death over the indignity of suffering. Some people said it was wrong, especially her father. "Only God can take a life!" he would say. But say that to all the people who had been executed for crimes they didn't commit or for no real reason at all, or people killed in wars, which there always seemed to be plenty of, or to the baby who is dying because she can't get nutrition or medicine or treatment because her mother can't afford it while millionaires go sailing on their yachts. Aren't their lives precious too?

Apparently not, so the rule clearly wasn't absolute. So she couldn't see how it would be a sin if she decided to just blink out now. Everything was relative.

She hung there despondent and miserable. No, her circumstances were not surreal. They were unreal. Unreality oozed through the walls of her prison. It clouded and stained everything. It seeped into her lungs, invaded the pores of her skin. Entered through her ears and eyes and other places. It was floating in the air out there in the dark, several feet away from her. "Think this is bad?" it was saying. "This is nothing. Wait until you see what I have in store for you next!"

But the man apparently wanted her to live. There was at least that. He had adorned her with her pretty little silver jewelry for a reason. Otherwise why make it all sparkle and shine. But it was also clear that he wanted her to fear him. Fear him so much that it would permeate every cell in her body. It would be in the food she ate, the water she drank. It would contaminate the air all around her. It would lurk in her mind like an evil watchman, ready to call the alarm at any wayward thought. She would shit, piss and bleed fear.

Agony in her soul. That was what she had. Agony in her soul. She felt a misery so deep it felt like it was wrapped around her spine like a virulent cancer, writhing its tendrils through her heart, her belly, her brain, to the tips of her fingers and her toes. All this was because she had missed a bus! How fair was that?

The man let her hang for a good hour and a half, making sure that his message had sunk in. Sally was in the middle of a renewed crying jag when the door opened. The sound of it sent a bolt of terror through her. She heard the door close and the lock 'clack!' and her stomach rolled over.

He came over and looked at her for a few seconds. He was dressed in the same gray t-shirt and sweatpants as before. He was holding a tray with a big, plastic cover on it. He went over to where he had put the little table and put the tray on it. He came back to her and disrobed, tossing his clothing aside. His nakedness seemed fearsome to her. His long, thick cock hung soft and loose, for now.

He released her feet, one by one. She staggered as they found solid purchase once more. When the man touched her ankle so that the chain could be released, a chill went through her and her body recoiled.

He stood and reached around the edges of the shield across her lower face. He pulled and pulled at it until the spongy ball inside popped out. He walked back and put it in the little sink. He went over to the small refrigerator and removed what looked like a 12 oz. bottle of orange juice. He twisted off the cap and dropped it into a small trash can nearby, tore off the silvery cover to the opening and let that flutter down. He brought the bottle over to her.

Her lips were trembling. Her mouth was dry as a desert. She needed something to drink badly. She wouldn't resist him, but she was afraid that her nerves wouldn't let her drink. He stepped closer to her and ran his hand several times over her head, going, "mmmmmmm, mmmmmm," apparently what stood for a signal of approval. Despite her revulsion and fear, it did calm her down a bit. Maybe the beatings were over. Maybe if she was good he wouldn't do it again. She could at least hope so, couldn't she? If there was no hope of freedom, if there was no hope that she would be saved from this man's depredations, she could at least have that little, teeny, tiny bit of hope, couldn't she?

He brought the top of the bottle to her lips. She spread her mouth open. He tilted the bottle slowly. The burst of flavor and wetness made her swoon. He kept starting and stopping, giving her a chance to swallow it all and catch her breath. When the bottle was empty, he shook the last drops in her mouth as she tilted her head backwards. He patted her on the head and went, "mmmmmmm, mmmmmm," again. Somehow it made her feel better that she had pleased him.

He walked back, put the empty bottle on top of the refrigerator and returned. He reached up and released her right wrist from the chain above her and then her left. Although her hands were free, she was too afraid of doing something wrong to let them drop all the way and she held them above her head in the universal sign of surrender. This seemed to amuse the man. His slender smile only last a moment. He held out his hands in front of him, palm down and motioned downwards with them. Slowly, she let her hands fall to her waist.

It was strange to her to be free. She had been locked in the chains for what seemed many hours. Her shoulders were sore and she felt a little bit shaky. And it was strange to be unbound and naked in front of the man. Somehow, unlike when she had been bound, when she had been forced to be naked in front of him, now, for some strange reason it felt more like her own fault. Shouldn't she hide herself with her hands? Shouldn't she run away from him, grab the handle to the door and try to open it? Shouldn't she do something other than stand there naked in front of him? Somehow, it made her feel so much more naked and defenseless. A well of tears was building up inside her. What was he going to do to her now? What would he make her do?

He continued to make a downward signal with his hands and she suddenly got the gist of what he meant. Slowly, as if a sudden move might trigger a storm of abuse from him, she sank to her knees, looking up at him all the time. He held his hands out straight with his palms turned down perpendicular to the floor and pushed them downwards. She understood him. She dropped to all fours. He gave her one of his slight smiles and rubbed her head, giving her a little hum.

He turned and started walking to the corner where the shower was. He looked back at her and slapped the back of his thigh several times. She followed him.

When they arrived at the corner, the soft gym mat ended and there was a green, flat, 3' by 5' rubber mat on the floor. In the middle there was a little depression and a drain and a 2" high lip all around. There were rings at the four corners. He directed her onto it, pointing her head away from him. He crouched down behind her and used his hands to tap at the inside of her thighs. She spread her legs wider obediently. He locked her ankle bracelets to the rings with little chains, securing her in place. He came around in front and moved her hands apart until her wrist bracelets were near the rings and he affixed them the same way. She was looking at him, as much as she was able, the whole time. He rose up from his crouch and placed his hands on either side of her head, making her raise it high and fixing her vision forward.

He stepped away. She held herself steady, afraid to move. Across the way, on the other side of the room, 50' away or so, there was a tall, frameless mirror attached to the wall. It was about 6' high and 3' wide and went all the way down to the floor. She could see herself in it, a little, tiny figure far, far away. She could see the glint of the collar around her neck. The sight of it almost caused her to break out into sobs. She held it back, though. She didn't want to do anything to make the man mad.

Behind her, she heard the sound of a shower starting. While it was running, the man gathered some things. He put them down next to her. One of the items sounded like a steel pail. She didn't dare to look. The man stepped away again and there was a delay, as if he was testing the water and then the shower went off. He was down next to her, on her right a second later. She heard the sound of a spray of water hitting the bottom of the bucket. It lasted for a few moments and then stopped.

A second later, his left hand was on her bottom and she felt a spray of water hit her across her back. It startled her and made her jump. She realized that he was going to bathe her and it made her feel nauseous. "This is how you wash a dog, steel pail and all," she thought miserably. "But even a dog you wouldn't lock up," she whined inside.

He ran the water all over her back, her rump and over her shoulders. The hose had an attachment to it and she could feel the individual sprays of water. The flow was not exactly gentle, but not harsh either. And the water was wonderfully warm and felt good. It stung a bit where he had lashed her, but the stinging quickly went away. When he did her head, she closed her eyes and let the sensation run through her. He let the water run there for a little while, as if he sensed how much relief it was giving her. Then the spray came down her back again, over her rump and stopped.

He dipped a large, soft sponge into the pail, squeezed it and released it, filling it up with soapy water. He crept nearer to her and she felt the sponge rub across her back. He did her all over. The intimacy of the act shamed her. He ran the sponge across her shoulders and under her chin. He ran it over her breasts. As he moved about, his other hand was always in contact with her, on her ass, on her back, on her thighs. She felt herself all sudsing up. He dipped the sponge into the pail time and again. He rubbed her not hard, but firm. When he had her breasts all soaped up, he ran his bare hand all over them, making them slip and slide, as if they needed special attention.

He did her belly and then went behind her. He rubbed the sponge between her legs, washing her coosh, lingering over it, and then ran his bare hand over it, as if making sure it was especially clean. He did her thighs and then released her ankles one by one and lifting them so that he could do her shins and her feet and in between her toes. Once done, he locked them up again. He came around to her front and did the same things with her hands. He ran the sponge up and down her arms. He used his fingers to make sure that he got between hers and he took the opportunity to manipulate them as if he were counting all the bones.

He examined her nails critically. She wore a light pink shade nail polish, nothing too garish, but still feminine. Her mother had made her wear them short, but she had let them grow a little long since she had been at school. Her roommate, Janet, had hers done at a specialty shop downtown, off campus, and had been after her to get hers done too. She had to admit that her nails did look nice, but it sounded too expensive. The man finished his examination and relocked her wrist to the ring.

She accepted his ministrations meekly. What else could she do? How could she stop him? She was afraid to move a single muscle, never mind offer any resistance. It was awful to have him again be intimate with every single inch of her body. Everywhere he touched a message of shame and unhappiness was transmitted instantaneously to her brain, like a series of emergency broadcasts from a torpedoed ship. It was clear that he considered her body as his now and that he was

free to treat it as he pleased. It pleased him to have her clean, so clean she would be. If he wanted to cover her in tar and feathers, she would have to accept it.

Yesterday, because she woke up so late, she had skipped her shower. Now she rued not having taken it. It may have been the last opportunity she would ever have of being naked in a safe, private place and attending to herself, feeling her body and all its parts for the last time while they had still been hers.

He finished sudsing her. He ran the shower head all up and down her back again, over her arms, down her rump and down her thighs. He let it linger a bit over her sex and the drilling water made her organ tingle. It made her think of her pussy hanging out there behind her for him to see. Despite his instructions, she closed her eyes and said a prayer that she be relieved of this shame.

He dumped the rest of the water in the pail underneath her and it descended down the drain. He brought the shower head over her head again and he freshly wetted her hair, making sure that it was soaked through and through. He put it down and a second or two later his hands were in her hair. He was shampooing her.

“Be grateful for small favors,” she thought to herself sadly. She hadn’t liked the idea of her hair all knotty and scraggly. It went against years and years of indoctrination about how she should always look pretty. Between the ages of 12 and 16, her hair had been very long, almost to her waist. It had been quite a job to take care of it and shampooing it always took careful planning because it took so long to dry. Her mother liked to brush it out and would stroke it and stroke it, sitting behind her at her little vanity in her room. She would watch her mother’s dream like face in the mirror.

It had felt so good to be the object of such special attention. She was an only child and she knew that her mother regretted not having more children when she could. But her parents had married late in life and by the time they decided that they wanted a second child, it had been too late. One night her mother’s mood had turned blue and confessed to her the miscarriages and how heartbroken she had been. It had broken her own heart to see her cry like that. She always felt a special bond with her afterwards.

But now that bond was broken. Forever and forever broken. She wondered if she had even gone missing yet. She bet that her roommates had guessed that she had finally given in to Frank and spent the night with him. She probably wouldn’t be missed at class either, at least for a day or two. College was not like high school. You didn’t get detention for skipping class. Most professors didn’t even take attendance. Her friend Judy in English Lit might think it a bit strange since they were doing a project together and were supposed to talk about it today. But those things happened and she would probably just call her later. Of course, her

phone was somewhere on Broad Street after the man had thrown it out the window. It was probably all busted up. People would just ignore it. And when Judy called she would get voicemail, her pleasant voice promising to return the call, a voice that had no idea what was in store for it.

The man sudsed up her hair thoroughly, massaging her scalp. His fingers were hard and strong, but he did it fairly gently. She closed her eyes and wished his hands off of her, although she knew that it wouldn't work. But she had to do something, it was so repelling.

He rinsed out her hair thoroughly and then applied what she assumed was conditioner. He rinsed that out and then she felt him combing through her hair, working out all the knots that had not been loosened. Her head tugged and shuddered from time to time as he had difficulty passing the comb through, but she always immediately returned her head to the original position.

Her humiliation was not yet complete. He came in front of her and with his fingers drew her mouth open. He had a toothbrush with some greenish white toothpaste on it. She suppressed a sob while he ran the bristles all over her mouth, scrubbing her teeth meticulously. When he was done, he had her spit on the mat underneath her. He had a cup of water and he tipped about half of it into her mouth. She squished it about and then looked at him for permission to expel it. He nodded and she squirted it onto the mat. The rest of the water he let her drink down.

Before he dried her, he rinsed her back, rump and thighs once more. He released her wrists and indicated that she should kneel up and he rinsed her from her chest down to her sex. Then he proceeded to dry her with a large, fluffy white towel. He rubbed her softly over where he had wounded her. He patted down her hair. He did her breasts and belly and then, making her go back on all fours, did her back her thighs and between them. He lifted each leg, drying in between her toes.

He locked up her wrists and ankles again. She heard him run a little more water into the pail. He came over to her with a bar of creamy soap in his hands. He worked up a good lather and placed the soap aside in a little green plastic dish. He proceeded to massage the soap into her skin all over her face. She closed her eyes and tried to keep from sobbing. He wanted her to look pretty when he fucked her. And if he was really going to turn her into a whore, he wanted her to look pretty for all his customers. It was awful to have his hands on her face. She felt like he was trying to wipe away her identity, that when he was done there would be a different face and she would be a different girl. And that girl wouldn't remember a single thing about who she was beforehand, springing to life and awareness as his personal property, eager to please him in any perverted way he desired.

He dipped a soft facecloth into the water and wiped her face with it delicately, just soft enough to remove any excess soap, but to leave a sheen of skin softener behind.

He put everything away. He spread the towel he had used to dry her on the blue mat, perpendicular to where she was kneeling. After releasing her wrists and ankles, he patted his thigh a couple of times and pointed to the towel. Reluctantly, she crawled over to it. When she had crawled up on it, he manipulated her body until she was lying on her back, her hands up over her head. He attached her wrist bracelets to the ring that had entrapped her left ankle just a moment ago. He left for a moment and returned with a towel that had been folded upon itself several times. He knelt down at her feet, grabbed her ankles, and pushed them back until her knees were raised. He then spread them widely to the sides. He placed his hand under her and urged her to lift her behind. As she did, he stuffed the folded towel underneath her, raising her loins.

He released one of his little, enigmatic smiles and patted her pudenda lightly. It was still tender from the beating he had given it. He gave her a little hum of approval.

He walked away. She stared straight up at the ceiling. It was covered with soft, white tiles that looked like soundproofing. One of the high hat lights was right above her. She thought of her sex all posed for something, unprotected and alone down there. She tugged softly at her confined wrists, yearning to put her hands down there to protect it. His little pat had sent a wave of sadness through her. His casualness in handling her made her feel like he had owned her forever and ever. The four or so hours that she had been his prisoner, maybe five, stretched way off behind her as if it had been five weeks or five months or five years. The time when she had been free seemed eons ago, although it was only yesterday. And the future stretched out before her like a long, dark tunnel in which you could not see the light on the other side.

He came back and set some things down beside her. She shifted her gaze from the ceiling to him. He was between her outstretched legs. He had a shaving mug in his hand and he was running a little brush around inside it. When there was enough foam, he leaned over and brushed the lather all over her lower belly, over her pudenda and along its sides down to her perineum. He put the brush aside and picked up a plastic razor from a small steel bowl of water. He crept closer to her, put his left hand on the inside of her right thigh and began shaving away.

She wanted to turn her head away and cry, but knew that she couldn't. Tears, nonetheless, poured down her cheeks. It was one thing when she had contemplated doing it, but quite another when it was done by a cruel man who had whipped her brutally and was designing her to suit his personal preferences. She watched as he

scraped away all her fine, blond, mature hair. With each scrape, she felt a little bit of her personhood fall away.

He shifted his free hand to her lower belly, pressing down on it as he scraped. Every few moments he dipped the razor in the bowl of water to cleanse it. He made her spread her legs wider as he shaved between her labial lips and her thighs. He leaned way over and, spreading the base of her rear cheeks, used the corner of the razor to get the few hairs that grew there.

When he was done, he leaned back up. He dipped the corner of a towel in the bowl of water and used it to wash off all the remnants of soap. He ran his right hand all over her belly and sex, feeling for stubble. He found a couple spots that he was not satisfied with and ran the razor over them and then felt them again to make sure they were smooth. She cringed as he handled her. That hand, the one that softly ran across her belly and mons, that was the hand that had held a whip only a short while ago. It would almost certainly hold a whip again. His gentle touch didn't fool her. He was as cruel as any beast that ever lived. He was holding her prisoner. He was making her a slave. He would never let her go!

He gave her one of his half smiles. He rested his hand on her lower belly and drew his thumb up in between her now unshrouded labia and rested it for a moment on her little button. He gave it a little tickle and then he ran it back down again. He stroked her again and again, his touch as light as a feather. She bit down on her teeth and her body cringed. Her legs were spread wide like chicken wings. She wanted to close them desperately. She wanted to get up and run. She wanted the hand to go away.

She started to feel a little tingle there. She didn't want to disgrace herself again. It had been so horrible before when he had made her come. Couldn't he just use her anyway he wanted without making her complicit in it?

She could feel his thumb slide easily along her gap and she knew that she was lubricated. He started to press a little harder on her little button, tarry there a little longer. A tingling was spreading from her crux up thorough her belly and down her thighs. She shifted her hips to try and deny it, but it didn't work. He was staring her right in the face and she knew that he was looking for evidence of her arousal. "Please don't do this," her eyes begged. His eyes refused to answer, but just absorbed hers relentlessly. Finally, the tingling got so intense that she had to take in a deep breath and release a sigh. That seemed to satisfy him. He patted her mons. She turned her head and closed her tear filled eyes.

She felt him squeeze her labia together tightly and give it a shake. Her eyes popped open and she looked at him. He pointed two fingers at his eyes. She had committed a sin. She had looked away from him. He was to be the center of her attention at all times. Her lips curled and she tried to fight back her tears.

He spread lotion over her denuded loins, rubbing it in almost tenderly. And then he did something that truly alarmed her. He picked up a thick and wide glass jar. It looked like something a condiment might come in, or maybe face cream or something. It was clearly something that had been repurposed and whatever was in it was home made. The glass was clear and she could see a brownish, yellowish gunk in it, sort of what hot mustard looks like. He opened the jar, drew out a big glob with two of his fingers and put the jar aside.

He leaned over and put his fingers of his free hand on either side of her labia, spreading them open. She felt him spreading the glob over her inner skin. He slid his fingers into her little hole. She felt herself expand and it felt uncomfortable as being forced. The fingers slid right in and he spread the glob around on her inner walls. He retrieved more glob from the jar and spread it all over her mons. He took a little dab, leaned over, and spread it over her nipples and her areolas.

A tingling sprung up everywhere he had spread the glob. It was not intense, as in burning, but it was more than a little tickle. She squirmed and bit her teeth together to suppress the whine which arose in her throat. Automatically, she tugged at her bound hands to bring them to her irritated parts to soothe them. She had to fight the urge to bring her thighs together to try and squeeze the sensation away from her sex. She knew that if she tried to do it, at the least she would receive one of his painful pokes, if not worse. Anyway, he was between her knees and the attempt would have been fruitless.

He crept back a little and took hold of her ankles, bringing them together. He then pushed them towards her chest, causing her back side to rise from the towel. He held onto her ankles with one hand and spread a bit of the glob around her little rear star, making sure that he got all around the inside. She was chagrined that he would touch her there. No one ever had, at least since she was a baby. There could be only one reason that he was paying any attention to it and that reason made her quail and her stomach flutter.

She had read about things like that. There had been an article about it in Cosmo. It said that some women liked it, a thing she very much doubted. And she had seen a video of a man doing it to a woman on the Internet before her access to porn had been taken away. The woman had moaned and groaned in apparent delight. But she was an actress, of a sort anyway, and she had been paid to act like that. She had sworn she would never do it. It was dirty and disgusting and she couldn't think about what her mother would say if she ever found out. It was 100 times worse than cocksucking. But every part of her was owned now by the man running his finger around her little hole, even that part of her. "Please don't let him do it," she whined inside. "Please! Please! Please!"

He released her ankles and spread her legs like before. After putting the shaving and other things away, he came back with a little black leather case. He released her wrists and pulled her by her collar until she was kneeling in front of him. He connected one of her ankles to a chain and then put his hands behind his back. She hesitated for a moment, not understanding, and she saw darkness flit across his face. It came to her instantly and she did the same, her heart pounding because of her mistake.

His silence was maddening. Was he ever going to speak to her? Was she ever going to be allowed to speak? All this pantomime made her feel like she had become stupid since she had been kidnapped. Human beings understood language. Was he trying to teach her something? Was she less than a human being now? Was she some kind of pet which had to be broken to her new master. All this primping and preening. What did it mean? Was he some kind of fetishist? Was he going to dress her in little doll dresses and reduce her to infantilism? "What's going to happen to me?" she thought miserably. "What's going to happen?"

He was kneeling in front of her, no more than 2 feet away. She could smell him, perspiration and flesh. His face looked even harder close up. She cast her eyes down for a moment at his crotch, the lair of the weapon he would use against her. His cock was not hard, but it was thicker and heavier than when at complete rest. She couldn't get used to his nakedness and she couldn't help keep looking at his cock. She had only seen one male naked in real life and that had been Teddy. That had been fleeting and after they got the nerve up to strip in front of each other, they both seemed as shy about it as the other, especially after they had sex the first time. She had snuggled up to him and pulled the sheet over them so he wouldn't look at her.

Getting naked was one thing; hanging out naked was another thing completely. She had already seen far more of this man's naked body than of Teddy's. And he was a man while Teddy was just sort of a man, half man and half boy. And he was keeping her prisoner while Teddy had dropped her off at her house afterwards and given her a little kiss.

He put his right hand out and let it hang there. She did the same thing. He took a small bottle of nail polish remover from the case. He had brought a box of cotton balls with him. Slowly and surely, he dabbed some remover on a cotton ball and applied it to each of her nails, wiping them clean. After he did her right, he put his right hand behind his back and held out his left one. She did the same. After he had removed the polish from her left hand, he took a pair of nail clippers from the case. He proceeded to cut her nails very short, just past the tips of her fingers. She held her hand out listlessly as he did it. Not her hand anymore, his hand. He seemed to be remaking every part of her.

He made her lie down again and fastened her wrists to the rings while he did her toes. She usually polished her toe nails only during the summer when she wore sandals and went to the beach. But walking around her dorm room half naked meant that her feet were exposed every day and so she had kept doing it. Besides, she knew that eventually she would end up in bed with some guy, whether it be Frank or not. And she wanted to look good when she did it. Frank had a really good friend named Peter. He was really cute and seemed like a really nice guy. She sometimes wondered whether he could be the one, but he never really even looked at her. He had this beautiful girlfriend on the JV women's soccer team. She was in great shape and seemed kind of wild. She knew that as long as he was tapping that, he wouldn't have eyes for her.

Fingernails were hard enough to get right, but toes were something else. You had to bend over and put those things between your toes to separate them. It was a hassle, but the other 2 girls in her room had their toe nails colored and she wasn't going to be the only one who didn't.

He put away the nail stuff and he made her kneel up again. This time he connected her hands behind her back and her ankles to each other. From behind, he took hold of her head and positioned it so she was looking forward.

He went away and came back. He knelt right behind her. She could feel the heat of his body. Her shoulders were drawn back and it felt awful to have her hands confined this way. Why did he have to keep chaining her up, locking her to things, binding her? Didn't he know that she would as much disobey him as cut her own throat, smash her own face? What was he trying to prove? Was he going to treat her like this all the time?

He put his hand on her head. It was still damp. She felt him run a comb through it again, making sure that all the knots were still out. Then she heard the unmistakable sound of a hair dryer. He started to run it over her hair, fluffing it up with a small brush. He went all over her head. She started crying as she remembered her mother doing this. It was so unfair what he was doing. He was taking everything away from her, even those fond memories. Would she ever be able to put a hair blower to her head again and not think of this moment? Wasn't he going to leave her anything?

When her hair was dry, he brushed it all out so that it was straight and smooth. He put the brush down and she felt him draw her hair back. He pulled it into a ponytail and wrapped a hair tie around it.

The next thing she knew he was right up against her back. She was sitting on her haunches and he abutted right up against her. She cringed as she felt his cock brush up against her hands. It was hard now and he laid it in between her palms. She tried to avoid contact, but her hands were so close together that she couldn't. It

was the second cock she had touched, and it belonged to a cruel, heartless bastard. Part of her wanted to squeeze it and tear at it, twist it and turn it until the man howled. But she knew she couldn't do that. The instant he sensed any harmful intent from her he would lash out and make her scream. No, she just had to suffer it although it made her skin crawl.

She felt another crying jag coming on and she suppressed it. It only made things worse. He put his arms around her, pressing his muscular chest against her arms and back. She could feel his heat. Skin against skin. He was so much bigger than her, and stronger. She felt as if she were about to be absorbed by an amoeba. She would disappear inside him and be trapped there, a floating, unhappy consciousness amidst his remorseless flesh.

His hands took hold of her breasts. He had spread some kind of cream on them. From behind her he squeezed and massaged her mammaries, stroking them, owning them. His fingers slid along her skin. She closed her eyes. "This isn't happening," she thought. "I'm not here. I'm somewhere else. A strange man hasn't taken possession of my breasts. He's not mauling them as if they were his toys. It's not happening! It can't be happening."

But it was happening. His ministrations quickly became more than just a matter of tenderizing her heavy prizes. He massaged and massaged and massaged. He pulled at her nipples, which had become taut and hard. They seemed more sensitive than before as if that glop had tenderized them. She could still feel its glow in her lower place and in her rear. A slow burn was growing in her loins. "He's going to fuck me," she thought miserably. "He's going to fuck me and there's nothing I can do to stop him."

Finally, she issued a moan. It came from deep inside her, ran up her throat and out of her mouth before she could stop it. She heard the man behind her go, "Mmmmmmm, mmmmmmm." It somehow made what he was doing less horrible. As long as he was happy, maybe he wouldn't beat her. But again she felt ashamed that he was making her complicit in her own debasement. Didn't every cell in her body know that she was being abused against her will? Why didn't they unite in rebellion against it? Why didn't they repel the sensations his hands were bringing her? Why didn't they reject the heat of his skin, the sensation of his flesh against hers? Why was there something deep down inside her that resonated at his dominance of her, his strength and resoluteness against her weakness and submission? What was that?

She wanted it to go away, to negate it. It wasn't right! It was unholy! It went against everything she had been taught, everything that she believed. It was the devil inside her. The devil she had hardly believed existed, a fairytale. But he seemed real now. She was being confronted with an evil so repugnant and vile that

it made ill. It blotted out all hope, all goodness. She was sunk in a vast pit from which there would be no escape.

The thought crossed her mind, “Maybe I’m dead? Maybe that car I saw coming at the bus stop careened from the street and struck me down and killed me. And now I’m in Hell. I’m being punished for my sluttiness, just like Mommy said!”

CHAPTER FIVE

She started crying again. If this wasn't Hell, it was the next thing. She had never conceived of anything like this happening to her. She had read stories, seen the news about young girls captured and killed after suffering scurrilous torment. But those things happened to other girls, girls whose high school yearbook pictures appeared on the TV screen. The pictures seemed so artificial, false, posed smiles, that they hardly seemed real. It was like something that had been made up by the powers that be to scare young girls like her.

And then there were the odds. Hundreds of thousands of young girls grew up with nothing like that ever happening to them, millions, tens of millions. The odds of something like that happening to her seemed astronomical. And she always tried to be safe. She was always conscious of who was around her. She never went out alone at night. Just that one night, yesterday. She had missed the bus and she was all alone. One mistake! Just one! And here she was, locked up and bound, naked, collared, surrounded by the flesh of a cruel and conscienceless man who was abusing what she had kept private all of her life, making her moan with unwanted passion. How did this happen? Why was it happening to her?

The moan seemed to satisfy him. He released her breasts and stood up behind her. He released her ankles and then pulled on the ring at the back of her collar until she was on her feet. He moved her off the towel she had been lying on and picked it up. He left her there while he put everything away. She took a quick glance at the door. It was made from heavy wood. There was a huge deadbolt lock on it. There was a number pad built into the wall next to it. That meant no key. There was no key she could somehow grab and use to escape. Even if she somehow could overpower her oppressor, she would still be locked in this room. She looked around at the pale blue cinderblock walls. They were underground. She would have to smash through the cinderblock and tunnel her way out. She knew she could never do it. A sadness so intense that it made her swoon swept through her.

He came back over to her and took hold of the ring in the front of her collar. He escorted her to the center of the room. She was near where he had beaten her she could see the chains dangling from the ceiling, the ring through the floor. The door was to her left, the wall with the toilet and the shower to her right. What was he going to do to her now?

He came behind her and released her wrists. He came back in front of her, about 10' away. He stood there looking at her for a few moments. Then he clapped

his hand loudly once. She looked at him, startled. He made a motion for her to put her hands behind her back and he stretched out his legs. She followed suit. He came up to her and put his hands under her arms, pulling her up straighter. He tapped at her feet with his foot, making her spread her legs wider. He put one hand on her belly and one hand on her upper back and made her push out her chest.

He stepped back to where he had been. He looked at her for a moment. Then he put his hands out and motioned downwards. She sank to her knees. He clapped his hands once again. She looked at him and realized what he wanted. She rose to her feet and resumed the pose he had shown her. He went over to her and pushed out her chest further and made her stand up straighter. He tapped her feet again and she edged them out.

He came back to his original position and looked at her. He put out his hands again and signaled her to kneel. She obeyed. He clapped his hands and she rose. She was terrified at what he was doing. He was training her to be obedient. He was showing her how to present herself as a slave. A dark look crossed his face. He stepped over to her quickly and gave her a fierce poke in her ribs. She whined and bent over. He grabbed her by the ponytail and straightened her up. She was shaking.

He posed her again. She was crying. He made the motion for her to get down. She sank to her knees. Her lips were trembling and her stomach was churning. He clapped his hands again. She rose immediately. She thrust her breasts out as far as they would go and stood up as high as she possibly could. Her feet were spread about 4' apart. She looked at him hopefully. He gave her one of his slight smiles. He stepped over to her and brushed his hand across her head, giving her a little hum of approval.

He stepped back again. This time he clapped his hands sharply twice. She looked at him for direction. He put out his hands and motioned her down. He crossed his hands behind his back and she followed suit. He stepped over to her. She cringed, expecting a blow, but he had come over to pose her better. He made her rise as high as she could on her knees. He made her thrust her breasts out again. He tapped at her knees with his foot and made her spread them wider. He grabbed her head and made sure that her chin was high and she was looking straight forward.

Taking a few steps back, he looked at her critically. He clapped his hands once. She immediately rose to her feet and assumed the previous position. She strained to get it right. He gave her a slight nod and then clapped his hands twice. She fell to her knees, spread her thighs and assumed the position he had taught her. She was sweating and her body was trembling. The place where he had whipped her was right beside her. The armoire with the whips was just off to her right. The

silence of the room, but for her heavy breaths, oppressed her. She looked at him hopefully. He came over and adjusted her head slightly and then returned. He clapped his hands once and she rose. He clapped them again twice and she fell to her knees. This time she got it just right. He came forward and patted her on the head, issuing a little hum.

He had her stand again and then fall to her knees. He clapped his hands three times. She looked at him. He held out his hands as he had once before, his palms perpendicular to the floor. She guessed right away what he wanted. She sank to all fours. She spread her thighs and hands widely and looked ahead, her back rigidly straight, just like he had posed her before her bath. He gave her a slight smile. She was a very smart slave girl.

He made her stand, then kneel then go on all fours again. He made her stand, go on all fours and then kneel. He made her stand, kneel, stand and then go on all fours. Each time she did her best to assume the position he had shown her. Only once, when she was on all fours, did he have to correct her by pushing her hands further out with his naked toes.

A new signal issued forth. It was one clap followed by two quick ones. Clap, clap-clap. She was on her hands and knees. He approached her and eased her back until she was on the floor. He brought her hands up above her head and pushed them together so that her bracelets touched. He took her ankles and pushed them back and out like he had done when he had shaved her. He put his hand under her bottom and made her lift it slightly so that her crevasse was pointing slightly upwards. He stepped back.

She looked at him miserably. This was a fucking position. He would make her get like this and fuck her. Her pussy was so bare and defenseless. His eyes flashed towards it. He left her lying there for a few moments. Then up she was again on her feet, then on her knees, then on her back. He ran her through several permutations. He made her move so quickly that a couple of times she got it wrong. He came over and gave her fierce pokes in her thighs and her arms and her ribs, making her cry and moan.

He waited until she got it perfect three times running.

She was on her knees, her back straight, her hands behind her, bracelets touching. He gave her another signal. "Clap-clap, clap!" He turned her around and had her bend over, her forehead touching the mat. He placed her hands behind her back, bracelets touching, palms together. He spread her thighs and had her raise her behind so that her back was slightly arched. He stepped back.

This is another fucking pose, she thought miserably. She visualized her plump, hairless mons presented prominently behind her. And her little hole. The one that still itched from the glop he had put on it. Misery flooded her. He left her there for

a solid minute. It was the most embarrassing pose of all so far. He was letting its shamefulness sink into her.

And then she was up again. Now there were five poses she had to assume, five signals she had to follow. She earned a few pokes, which made her squeal. Once, she confused clap, clap-clap with clap-clap, clap. He snarled at her. He made her get head down and walked over to the armoire. He returned with a thick hickory cane. He gave her bottom one, two, three fierce blows, one after the other. She howled and sobbed. The strokes seemed to wound her to her very soul. Her backside started immediately throbbing painfully. She cried and cried.

He ran her through her paces again. She listened carefully to the claps and she set apart a special part of her mind to record and translate them. He brought her through them in various combinations, faster and faster. She was getting them perfectly. When she was on her back, her knees spread, he let her rest for a few moments. She was out of breath and her whole body had broken out in sweat. So much for her bath. She saw now that it was more of a ritual than a cleanliness thing, although there was that too.

She was miserable. He was treating her like an automaton that he could control at will. And she was slavishly obeying him like he was her lord and master. And again with the silence. Wasn't he ever going to speak to her? Would anybody? It was like she was a pet he was teaching tricks. Would he bring in his friends so they could watch her perform? She knew that she would obey him if he did. Her bottom still throbbed where he had struck her. It would almost certainly leave black and blue.

She had never been hit with anything like that in her life. But that goes without saying. She had never been a slave girl before either. She had rights and nobody could make her jump up and down at such a furious pace, except for her gym teacher in middle school. She had been as cruel as a Marine drill sergeant. But she hadn't been a slave then, or at least not technically, because people often treated young children as if they were. Eventually her gym teacher got fired for slapping a girl who had mouthed off to her. Everybody was happy. The next woman they got was really nice.

There was one more trick for her to learn. The man clapped his hands once to make her rise to her feet. Then he clapped his hands four times fast. He pointed to the floor. She got down on her knees, and then her hands and knees and he kept pointing. She got down on her belly and this pleased him. He came over to her and adjusted her. He put her hands behind her so that her palms were together and made her touch her ankle cuffs together. He went in front and adjusted her head so that she was looking up at him.

He gave her a thin smile and came over to her. He gave her a clap, clap-clap and she rose, turned, spread her legs and put her head down, aiming her vagina at him. He came closer, crouched down and put his hand on her mons. She cringed at the touch. He rubbed it up and down a few times and hummed. "Good girl," he was telling her. "Good little slave girl." It at once shamed and calmed her. As long as she was good she would not suffer. At least she hoped so. And although it was offensive and revolting and oppressive that he should feel free to touch her like that at his pleasure, she had to admit that there was something perversely affectionate in it. And despite herself, it gave her a little tingle.

He got up, clapped his hands twice and she rose, turned and knelt up facing him. He patted her on the head. He walked over to the refrigerator and brought her back an orange juice. She drank it down greedily. He put the bottle next to the other one he had given her and then clapped his hands three times. She fell to her hands and knees and looked forward. He patted the back of his thigh and she followed him to the toilet. He had her get up on it and pee. After he wiped her, he had her follow him back to the center of the room. He signaled her to kneel up. He went behind her and locked her wrists together.

He went over to the tray he had brought in with him and came back. He sat down in front of her kneeling on his haunches. He removed the cover from the tray. There were several blue and white porcelain bowls on it, a blue and white matching carafe and a handleless cup. Just like in a Chinese restaurant. There was a 12 oz. clear glass with a kind of green sludge in it, a napkin and a pair of chop sticks.

He put his hand straight out, palm out and motioned it towards her. She thought for a moment and then sat back on her haunches. This was apparently the right move. His knees were inches away from hers. He picked up the glass with the green sludge in it and brought it to her lips. She obediently leaned forward, opened her mouth and he began pouring it in. It tasted funny, like seaweed or something together with ginger and something else she didn't recognize. Some kind of green, leafy herb or herbs had been put in a blender and chopped into itty bitty bits. It was thick and slimy as it went down her throat. She worried what it was, but the thought of refusing it never crossed her mind.

He made her drink all of it and then wiped her mouth and chin with the napkin. He put the empty glass down on the tray and picked up one of the covered bowls. He took off the plastic cover and picked up the chopsticks. He brought the bowl to her and she leaned over. It was a chicken dish, The chicken had been cut up into little chunks. It was covered with a spicy sauce. He fed her a few bites of it and put it down. He picked up another bowl and it was filled with small bits of broccoli, carrots and green beans. They were covered with a brown sauce that tasted salty

like soy sauce only it was thicker. He gave her a few bites and then gave her a drink of green tea from the handleless cup.

The food was delicious. Of course it shamed her to be fed this way, Every time she leaned over to take some food, she could feel her naked breasts sway out from her body. A couple of times he reached out and gave them gentle squeezes while she chewed. It disturbed her when he did it, but not as much as she would have thought. It seemed only natural now that he could do what he wanted with her and each time it gave her a little pleasurable sensation.

She hadn't realized how hungry she was. He kept on feeding her from alternate bowls and giving her an occasional drink of green tea, just as if she were feeding herself at a restaurant. There was a bowl of brown rice with tiny, little mushrooms in it and little pieces of what tasted like scallions. Everything was still warm from the kitchen and she realized that the bowls were somehow heated. It was so incongruous that he would go so far to accommodate her. She saw that if she was going to be a slave, she would be a pampered one. He could have fed her dog food or mush or force fed her.

She actually had to catch herself. She should be burning with irremediable hatred for this man. But she had adapted to him already. She had been a slave for what, a day? Not even. And here she was meekly eating almost literally from his hand and being grateful for it. And his nakedness, and hers, why didn't it disturb her as much as before? Maybe it was like she and he were on an uninhabited island way off in the Pacific somewhere. She had been shipwrecked and he, the island's lone occupant, like Robinson Caruso, had swam out and saved her and was taming her to be his slave. She would be grateful that she had been saved from drowning, and from starvation. And that she had found human company, although she wouldn't be exactly happy to be a slave. But maybe if she proved useful enough to him he would grow to like her and begin to treat her better. In any event, it would have to do until some ship came by and liberated her.

But then she put that out of her mind. Resentment boiled up from deeply within her. He was cruel and evil. She wasn't on some island thousands of miles from civilization. She was in America, maybe hours away from her home depending on which direction they had taken. And she was fucking naked! And her arms were bound behind her. And he was touching her all over like she was his plaything! And he was going to fuck her! And he wouldn't even speak to her and was treating her like a dog!

She looked in his eyes and started to cry again. She didn't allow it to interrupt her feeding though. First, she was hungry and had to eat. Second, he would punish her. And third, eating was the first nice thing that had happened to her since she was kidnapped.

She finished up all the food. He made her eat every speck, even after she had filled up. He made sure she drank all the tea. He wiped her face with the napkin. There was another bowl that he hadn't opened yet. He brought it out now. He removed the cover and she saw that it was little pieces of pineapple. He held a piece out to her with the chopsticks. She leaned forward to get it. He pulled it away, smiling. He went to her, "Rupp, rupp!" It was the first time she had heard his voice since when she arrived. They weren't exactly words, but they were more than a hum. What did they mean?

He went again, "Rupp, rupp!" in a singsong voice, holding out the pineapple to her. She realized that he wanted her to say it. It sounded a little like the barking of a dog. Maybe Korean dogs sounded like that. Her lips trembled and she felt sick. A chill went through her. Here was a reminder that he was not her friendly slave master. He was out to humiliate and degrade her and he took amusement from it. Her eyes brimmed with tears. She dared not refuse him, but it was so degrading she couldn't get her mouth open. His eyes darkened. His voice got cold. "Rupp, rupp!" he snarled at her.

She was terrified. And ashamed. She was going to do what he ordered. She was going to abase herself, all for a little piece of pineapple. She opened her lips. "Rupp, rupp," she squeaked out.

This made him angrier. "Rupp, Rupp!" he shouted angrily.

She gathered all her strength. "Rupp, rupp!" she exclaimed as loud as she could muster.

He laughed and smiled. "Rupp, rupp!" he repeated. She barked back, "Rupp, rupp!" obediently. He laughed again. He proffered the piece of pineapple. She took it in. It was sweet and juicy and tasted like heaven. But it was soiled by her humiliation. She made a saddened face. He rubbed her on the head, chuckling. He gave her a nice, warm hum.

He held out another piece. "Rupp, rupp!" he said to her. She repeated it and he gave her the fruit. The next time he just held it out. She grimaced and went, "Rupp, rupp!" her voice high and squeaky. He made her do it for each piece, ten in all. Each time he seemed amused by it like a joke that never wore out. When all the pieces were gone, he let her drink the juice from the bowl. He then wiped her mouth and chin. He held out his hand, palm up and raised it. She returned to attention position, thrusting her breasts out as far as she could.

He took the tray over to the little table and put it down. He stepped over to the sink and she heard him washing something. When he came back he was holding her gag. She thought he had forgotten about that. Her stomach went queasy and her heart sank. It had been so awful to have it in and so good to have it out. He knelt down in front of her and proffered it to her mouth. Sadly, she opened her lips. He

pressed it past her teeth and it sprang back to its original size inside her. He made sure that the shield was tight against her lips.

He sat on his haunches and looked at her. He ran his hands down her widespread thighs. He ran them up again. He rose and took hold of her breasts, kneading them, teasing them. He slid his hands up and down her sides and over her rump, pressing his chest against her. He leaned back and took her left breast in his hand and began to suckle gently at the nipple. He swirled and swirled his tongue around it. Then he did the other. His free hand massaged her free breast each time, pulling and tweaking her nipple, cupping it, squeezing it, conveying his heat to it.

She was trembling at his assault. Her skin jumped into life wherever his hands went. She could feel the heat building in her loins. When he suckled her teats, a pleasurable sensation went straight down to her pussy, enlivening it. He raised his head, looking her in the eyes, and a hand went down to her crux. His fingers slid easily along her crevasse, their way lubricated by her discharge. He flicked at her little man and she sighed and closed her eyes.

He took hold of her collar and pulled her toward him as he sat back and spread his legs. He guided her torso over his left knee until she was leaning way over it, her forehead touching the mat. He splayed her legs wide open. He put his left arm around her waist, holding her down as his right hand started flitting all along her distended thighs.

She knew what he was going to do and her pussy already burned at the knowledge. He ran his hand lightly over her buttocks, down over her mons, across her thighs again. His touch was soft yet deliberate. His hand descended between her thighs again and he ran his fingers up and down, up and down on either side of her outer labia, tormenting, but not touching her inner sex. She released a moan and she squirmed on his lap, but she did not close her legs. They were held apart as firmly as if they were chained. Nothing but a command from him would spark her to close them, even though every little part of her brain wanted to.

Complicity. He was seeking her complicity in her enslavement. It wasn't fair. It made her grieve. She twisted her hands in their confines and she bit down on her gag. The hand kept going and going. It teased and teased and teased and teased. Her need grew greater and greater. She moaned repeatedly, low, short, almost anguished things. His left arm encircled her tighter.

And then he touched her. He placed a finger on her little man and rubbed it, as lightly as you might rub the nose of a sleeping baby. It sent a shudder through her. His fingers crawled up her crevasse and then down and then up again. He teased her little hole, circling his finger around its circumference. He brought his finger back to her little nub and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. She whined and moaned and her thighs trembled. She felt him slip his thumb inside her. His fingers started

a little tap, tap, tap on her bud. His thumb moved in and out. A surge of lust went through her. She wanted him to stop. Desperately wanted him to stop. All of her being wanted him to stop tormenting her puss. But not all of her, not yet. Not yet. "Oh, a little more," a little voice begged inside her. "Yes, a little more," her pussy joined in. "Oh, yes, yes, a little more!" cried out her little man.

The surge in her loins started growing larger and larger. Her thighs were shaking and she was pushing down on the mat with her toes. A cloud of lust passed across her mind. Something big was going to happen! Something big! It was coming! It was coming! Her whole body felt the electrifying immanency of something dreadful and wonderful at the same time.

And then her pussy exploded. Riotous convulsions erupted within it. Tidal waves of pleasure rolled through her. It went on and on. Pleasure flooded her brain. Her whole body felt like it was vibrating. She groaned and moaned and called out. The hand went on and on and her climax went on and on with it.

Finally, it slowed down. The hand and fingers eased their ministrations. Her body shuddered and her pussy twitched. An intense glow was going all through her. But when her mind remembered where she was, what had been done to her, she burst out into woeful sobs. He was a demon, a djinn, a corrupt, evil force and he had hold of her. He had all the control and she had none. He could punish her with whips, he could humiliate her, he could degrade her and treat her like a dog, and he could take her physical self to places that she hardly knew existed. Nothing had prepared her for the power of her orgasm. Nothing she had ever read in any book or magazine, or watched on the Internet, or heard from her girlfriends, and certainly nothing she had learned in Sex Ed.

She felt disheartened that he could control her like this. It was like his hand knew how to spark corruption in her. It grew from his tantalizing fingers through and down her channel and spread all over and inside her until she was immersed in it. A corruption which, as it built into a critical mass and exploded, left behind, driven deeply into her cells ineradicable shards which would poison her and reduce her to ultimate and complete whoredom.

His hand kept wandering her rear and thighs as if to console her. She had ceased sobbing. She yearned to be freed by him. "Please let me go," she whined inside. "Please let me go."

And then his hand brushed across her mons. His fingers lightly dribbled across it. He ran his fingers up and down her slick divide. They entered her, probing her deeply. He slowly ran them in and out. That immanency started to grow inside her again. It was a teeny, tiny kernel deep down in her belly, but it was growing. Her sex had never felt this sensitive. A shudder went through her. He was going to do it again! Her mind panicked and she began to struggle in his grasp. He gripped her

tighter. She wanted to close her thighs, but it was as if they were held in place by iron. He removed his fingers, swiped his hand across her rear mounds, down along the inside and outside of her thighs and then came home again.

There was no teasing this time. He mounted an all-out assault on her cunt. He rubbed and tweaked and pinched her poor little defenseless man until he screamed out in tormented pleasure. His finger flipped against him rapidly, again and again and again, on and on and on. It produced an excruciating flow of delight which permeated her. "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!" her mind called out. "Please! Please! Please don't let him do this!" she prayed to the god who had abandoned her. She shook and shuddered and moaned and whined as the finger went on and on and on. Suddenly, like a demon blasting out of a cavern deep inside her, her pussy's convulsions renewed. Thick, powerful contractions pulsed through her channel so strong that she feared it would wrap itself into a knot so tight that no human force could ever loosen it.

And then her pussy began to calm. His finger slowed to a delicate tease once more. It brought out several body shuddering aftershocks. And then it stopped.

He ran his hand once more over her rump and her thighs and then he ceased. His right hand rested on her left thigh, holding it calmly and peaceably as if it found the perfect place to rest. She was beyond sobbing. She was so desolate that she felt she might dissolve into a puddle of flesh and blood and bone. Her hands pulled gently on her confines in their need to comfort her somehow.

His left arm released her. She heard him clap two times. He took hold of the ring in the back of her collar and he assisted her rise. As soon as she could, she went to her knees and snapped to attention. She was less than a foot away from him. He rubbed her head and hummed.

He got up. She heard him open the door to the armoire and then one of the drawers. He clapped his hands once and she rose to her feet. He came behind her. She felt him draping something over her. She looked down and saw that it was a set of leather straps. He pulled it tight around her belly. He unlocked her wrists and put her hands on her head.

It was a leather halter. He tightened a strap that went just below her breasts. A strap ascended from it and rose between her breasts. It divided just below her neck and a strap went over each shoulder. They were attached to the strap from below her breasts and tightened. A strap went down the middle of her back, along her spine and connected to the one around her waist. A strap descended between her rear cheeks. It divided underneath her. Those straps rose up on either side of her pudenda and were attached to the belt in the front.

She felt like she had been encircled by a vicious anaconda and that it was about to squeeze her to death. Her knees were still weak from her ordeal and she

felt wobbly. Her pussy still glowed and sadness of what he had done to her filled her. What was he going to do now? Could it be any worse?

When he was satisfied that everything was nice and tight, he clapped his hands four times. She immediately slid to the floor and lay on her belly. She brought her ankles and wrists together. She felt him connect the rings on her ankle bracelets. He came up and crouched down on her, his knees on the mat next to her hips. His buttocks rested on the back of her thighs. He took hold of her left arm and started to raise it on her back. He kept raising it and raising it until she squealed in pain. She felt him fasten it off to something. Her heart panicked and her whole body went cold as she felt him lifting her right one. It went up and up until the pain erupted and then that one was fastened off as well.

He got up from her. She whined loudly. He gave her a solid poke in her right thigh and she groaned and then quieted, tears streaming down her face. Her shoulders ached already. What would it be like if her left her this way for hours and hours? She looked up at him desperately. He ignored her and walked over to the armoire. He came back with a wide, black belt. He ran it under her thighs. Then he belted it off tightly. She was bound so completely she wouldn't even be able to spread her knees.

She watched with growing despair as he dressed. "Please don't leave me like this! Please!" she begged in her mind. He looked at her casually as he pulled up his sweatpants. He went over to the armoire, pulled something small out covered in tin foil. He peeled the tin foil away and tossed it in the small trash can. He came over to her and stood over her, her legs between his. He bent down and she felt his fingers spread her rear cheeks apart. Something thick feeling slid into her opening. She felt him jam something else in that felt like a plug.

He went over to the sink and washed his hands. He took the two empty orange juice bottles and put them on the tray on their sides. He restored the cover and lifted it up. He stepped towards the door. She watched miserably as he pushed in the code. His body was covering it so she couldn't see the numbers he pressed. The lock released a 'clack!' He pushed the door open with his shoulder, flipping off the lights as he passed through the threshold. Darkness descended. The door closed and clacked again. Then there was silence.

CHAPTER SIX

Sally broke out into sobs. He was gone! She thanked God that he was gone! She needed time to think, to bring herself back into herself. The man had stolen so much from her. He had touched virtually, no, not virtually, actually, every part of her. From the top of her head to the soles of her feet. In between her fingers and toes, even her little private place behind her that not even she had ever seen.

And what he had made her do! She could still feel his hand tormenting her poor pussy, making her shout and holler. He had made her come twice! Right in a row! She had never done that. One orgasm seemed fine. She knew it was sinful, and she figured that God would forgive her if she only did it once a night maybe two or three times a week. She was good in just about everything else that she did. She was kind and obedient to her parents. She went to church every Sunday and listened to the Reverend give his sometimes boring sermons. And on that weekend she had gone camping with the Girl Scouts that one year she had joined, on Sunday morning she had gotten up earlier than all the other girls and gotten on her knees and prayed. She helped out at the church's Thanksgiving and Christmas dinners for the poor people in town.

So why was God punishing her for something virtually every girl she knew did? A whole bunch of the girls in her class had lost their virginity even before senior year. Marylou Evans had gotten pregnant that summer and had to give her baby up for adoption. And the stories they told about Lindsey Rumatowski were really wild, although she didn't believe half of them. But if even half of them were true....

It wasn't fair. Rev. Colsen had said many times that God sent us hardships sometimes to test our faith. But he also said that God never sent anything that we couldn't bear with his help. She had believed that fervently when she was growing up. For the last few years, though, she had begun to have her doubts. Those terrorists and bombers did awful things to people. And when there had been that big tidal wave a few years ago, hundreds of thousands of people died. Kevin Pavlik had caught leukemia in 5th grade and he had just died. His family lived on her block and she knew that they had never been the same. A year after Kevin died, Mr. and Mrs. Pavlik divorced and everybody moved away.

What did God do for all those people? What would he do for her now? Would he sunder the bonds that bound her so grotesquely? Would he part the walls that surrounded her? Would he send Angels to rescue her?

She had stopped sobbing and was now merely mired in misery. Her shoulders ached from her arms being so high. What was the point of this? Just to make her miserable? She realized that it probably was. He didn't have to whip her to inflict misery on her. All he had to do was this and her own body would work against her. Or something else heinous. She was at his complete and total mercy.

She wondered fretfully what he had put in her rear end. Was it something to increase her suffering? She knew that it couldn't be benign. It was almost certainly some kind of drug. What would it do to her? It made her frightened. Was he going to make her a drug addict? She would crave it and he would withhold it unless she did what he said. It would be a miserable existence.

And all that other stuff he did. Her pussy still remembered that goop he had put on it. And her nipples had a slight itch. And the drink? What were they all for? Was it to make her a better whore? More slutty? Clearly it wasn't just for his amusement.

She was lying on her belly. Her breasts were squashed beneath her. Her knees were jammed together and she couldn't move her feet. She had closed her eyes when the lights went out so that she wouldn't see the darkness, but she knew it was all around her. It was like she was underwater and she was holding her breath. The moment she opened her eyes the terrible darkness would flood in and drown her in desolation.

He hadn't fucked her yet. She was glad of it, mostly. But she knew he would and the fact of it was hanging over her head like the sword of Damocles. There were only two possibilities that she could think of. The first was that he was waiting until she was slutty enough. All this making her come and touching her, caressing her, making her moan, that was just the preliminary. He was waiting until she was acclimated to his use of her, to being aroused at his hands. When she was ripe he would do the deed and he would make her moan and cry out and the earth move under her feet. The second, related to the first, was that he was breaking her in gradually to her slavery. Having her know that he was going to fuck her and then not doing it was a power in itself. He had all the time in the world. She was going to be his slave for a very long time. There was no rush in despoiling her. Let her wait for it, anticipate it, fear it. Make the horror of its certain future occurrence grind on her, poison her mind, seep into her bones. It was an insidious form of control. When it finally happened, she would be kind of relieved.

It was probably a bit of both. The fear of that moment when he would poise his cock at her entrance and begin to slide himself forward was eating away at her. It was torture in and of itself. It was like being in a whirlpool. She was going round

and round and round, helpless to escape and it was only a matter of time when she would be drawn into the middle of the vortex and drowned.

There was that drowning metaphor again. Yes, she was drowning. While she was eating, he had caressed her breasts playfully. She had let it happen, or, if not actually let it happen, then she had acquiesced in it. She was letting him have his due. She had traded her integrity for chicken and pineapples. Didn't that make her a whore already? And when he had stroked her coosh when she was in the clap-clap, clap position, her head down and her bottom up, she had actually gotten some comfort from it. Would she do anything to have him act kindly to her? Give him carte blanche to use any part of her any time he wanted? Did she need his kindness that badly?

Well, the deep dark secret of her life, one that even she hadn't known, is that she did. She needed him to be kind to her in the worst way. There was a lurking need in her for someone to push away all of life's hardships and worries and uncertainties. And if you took everything else away from her, her pride, her integrity, her hopes for the future, all the love and friendships she had ever had or would ever have, that was what was left. Just that need.

And it was that knowledge that made her understand that she was doomed. He was going to win. It was not just that he had beaten her and brewed a terror so strong in her that she dissolved into fear every moment he was near her. That just made her obedient. He was seeking more than obedience. He wanted her to enter into the conspiracy of her own debasement. Just as she had surmised, he was making her complicit in her own degradation. "Come," he was telling her, "let me lead you down the dark ladder. You know you want to go. It's inside you. You're a whore and a slut by nature. Help me strip everything else away. I'll bring you pleasure you've never known."

She broke into tears again. "No! I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!" she screamed inside. "I'm not a whore! I'm not a slut! It's only because you're making me! I'm weak and afraid and so, so lonely. You're the only person I have in the entire world now and I need you desperately. I need your approval, your kindness, your affection and, despite everything I've been taught, I need your lust."

She tried to stretch out her hands on her back. She pulled at the bindings on her thighs and feet. Waves of desolation were running through her. "I don't want to go there. Please don't make me go there! Please! Please! Please!" she called out inside.

She got hold of herself and let it pass. She couldn't go on like that, it would drive her mad. She had to think about something else. Hatred! Yes, that was the thing! She reached deep inside her and drew out a torrent of resentment and anger and will. "I hate you! I hate you! I hate you!" she screamed, actually screamed,

although it emerged from her mouth as “Eyeyatooo! Eyeyatooo! Eyeyatooo!” muffled and low. She broke into sobs. Hate was so foreign to her, she just couldn’t find a reserve of it. Love, she had been taught, life is about love. Rev. Colsen said it, her mother and father said it, all the books she ever read said it, all the songs she had ever listened to. She didn’t know how to hate. And not knowing how to hate, she was doomed.

She groaned. She was so uncomfortable. She had tried shifting to her side, but that didn’t work. She couldn’t lie on her back because of the steel bracelets. They would jam into her. There was one thing she could do. She could still bend her knees, and if she could do that, she could kneel.

She raised her backside as high as she could and she walked herself back using her forehead. It strained her neck and was humiliatingly awkward. When she was practically folded in two, she pulled and pulled with her back muscles. Her tummy grew taut and strained. She gave a great yank, and she was up!

She felt at once victorious and defeated. She sat back on her heels. Since her thighs and ankles were together, she had a very narrow base to rest on. She had effectuated movement, exercised control of her environment, but what now? This was all she could do. She couldn’t stand. That was impossible. She would just fall over anyway. All she could do was kneel here in the darkness. The only thing she could say was at least she wasn’t resting on her breasts. But now she had to feel them hanging free in front of her, vulnerable and prominent, even though there was no one else in the room.

But all of her was prominent and vulnerable. She was naked. She had never spent so much time naked in her life. Usually it was strip down, jump in the shower and jump out. She would dry herself and either put on a robe or get dressed. She never slept naked. It just didn’t feel right. She wore bathing suits at the lake and such, but her mother still hadn’t let her have a two piece and much of her flesh was still covered up, especially the important parts. And now she had been naked for maybe six or seven hours. Maybe more for all she knew. It made the idea of clothes kind of a strange concept. Being naked was the new reality, the new normal.

She was getting drowsy. She remembered that thing that the man had put inside her. He was putting her to sleep. But she didn’t want to sleep. It was difficult enough as it was to keep track of the time she had been a prisoner. If she fell asleep, she wouldn’t be able to tell how much time had passed. Somehow she had a deep need to know. Like the bus she had missed, she had missed the ship of her life and it was sailing away. She wanted to keep her eyes on it for as long as she could, even as it broke her heart to see it receding. If she fell asleep, when she awoke, it would be gone over the horizon, and it would never be coming back. She was on

that boat, Sally of the past. She was looking forlornly back at the shore, mourning for her loss, the loss of Sally of the future. They were like twins being parted forever.

Her head had begun to spin. She had to open her eyes. She immediately knew it was a big mistake. The deadliness of the darkness poured into her. She closed them again and the dizziness got worse. She was afraid that she was going to fall over. She might wrench her shoulders even worse, or land on one of her steel bracelets. And it was becoming so difficult to kneel there. Maintaining her posture took more thought than she could afford. And wouldn't it be nice to sleep, sleep, sleep. All these horrible thoughts would go away. Maybe the darkness was her friend. It would soothe her and transport her to somewhere else.

She leaned over and put her forehead on the mat. She reversed the process, this time pushing her knees back. In the middle of it, she lost her balance and fell. She landed on her breasts and moaned. Misery flooded her. "Why is this happening to me?" she begged. And with that, she fell asleep.

* * * * *

It was, of course, still dark when she awoke. And it goes without saying that she didn't know how long she had slept. The suppository had put her into a deep sleep, but was actually designed to last about 3 hours, more for Sally because of her diminutive size and weight. The man had checked her after five hours and she was still sleeping. Stress will do that to you, and the fact that she had gotten little sleep the night before.

She was groggy at first, but when she went to pull on her arms and they stuck, she jumped right to alertness. She went miserably through the checklist. Mouth gagged. Arms bound. Legs bound. Total darkness. Room locked. Underground. Bad Korean man. Whips. Chains. Hands. Hands all over. Coming. Helpless. Prisoner. Slave.

She started crying right away. She pulled and tugged at her confinements uselessly. She peered into the darkness to try and see something, anything, but everything was pitch black. Reality had fled her when she had passed out, but now it was back with a vengeance. "The man is going to come back! He is going to do things to me! He is going to keep me prisoner all the rest of my life!" she thought miserably.

"It can't be true what has happened to me! It can't be true! Please don't let it be true! Please help me! Please! Please! Please!"

Panic and desperation ran through her. "I've got to do something! I've got to do something!" She knew she could do nothing with the lights out. Maybe there

was a way, a secret door, a hidden window! Doing something was better than doing nothing!

She thought of the door behind her. Maybe there was a way to get it open. She would need light in order to tell. She had seen the light switch right next to it. If somehow she could get there, maybe she could find a way to turn them on.

The way he had left her, the door was off to her left. If she could just crawl there she could try! She could do something!

She heaved her torso to the left. She heaved it again and again. She was mashing down her breasts, but she didn't care. When she had turned herself to be head towards the wall, she began to inch her way over to it. She used a combination of her forehead and her knees. She placed her forehead on the mat and drew her knees towards her head. Then she threw her torso forward, gaining a few precious inches each time. She did it again and again and again. She was sweating and her chest was heaving as she sought breath. After about ten minutes, when she heaved herself forward, her head hit the wall. She moaned at the blow, but her little victory heartened her.

She raised herself to her knees and hopped forward until her body was up against the wall. She put her head against it and pushed up with her toes. She started rising. With extreme effort, she climbed the wall inch by inch, jerking her head up and then pressing upwards with her feet. After a long struggle, she was upright, her body leaning against the painted concrete wall.

She took a deep breath. So far so good. She had a panicked thought that the man might come in before she could get to the door and started struggling frantically towards her right, where she thought the door was. She leaned against the wall with her forehead for balance and hopped sideways. After about two minutes of hopping, her head hit the wood of the door. She was joyous! The switch had been to the right of the door. She kept jumping and hobbling to her right. Her head hit the door frame and she could feel the deadbolt against her chest. The door knob was just above her waist. Just a few inches more!

She hopped and hopped and hopped. She was past the door. At her very next hop, she felt the switches against her breasts. Victory! It felt like there were several switches, probably to control different banks of lights. She leaned hard against the switches and then jammed herself upwards. Voila! The lights came on! Joy! Normality had been restored!

Everything was illuminated. Light was a blessed gift from God. "Let there be light!" he had said. She could see the bright brass of the deadbolt. The control pad was directly above the light switches. How many numbers did it take? What order did they have to be punched in? How would she do this? There were nine numbers

on the pad, each with its own little button, and a zero. There had to be a quadrillion combinations!

She used her nose. 3-5-7-#. No. 3-5-8-#. No. 3-5-9-#. No. 3-5-0-#. No. She started to cry. "This is impossible!" she thought. But maybe providence would be merciful. Maybe she would get lucky. She had to hurry! Why she had started with the number 3, she didn't know. Something had told her to. So she continued. 3-4-1-#. No. 3-4-2-#. No. 3-4-3-#. No. 3-4-4-#. No. 3-4-5-#.

The lock clacked! It had opened! She was free! She was free! "Oh my god! Oh my god!" she thought. God had saved her!

A second later, the door swung open. She hadn't done that! The man showed himself. He was wearing the same clothes, or clothes just like them. He was carrying a tray just like before. He looked at her quizzically. Terror raced through her. She became wobbly and lost her balance. She felt herself falling. She turned at the last second so that she would not land on her wrists. Thud! She hit the floor.

She started sobbing and sobbing and sobbing. Blackness entered her soul. She had thought herself so close, but she hadn't been close at all. It would have taken her hours and hours to go through all the possible combinations. But even if the lock had sprung open, she wouldn't have been able to turn the door knob. And if she had finally been able to get the door open, there were cement stairs on the other side. And they had passed through a door. And a garage door. And then the stone driveway. And then the unknown. It had been all so stupid! Why had she ever done it? Now she faced horrendous punishment!

The man calmly put the tray down on the mat next to her. The next thing she knew he had taken hold of her bound feet and he was dragging across the room. Her breasts scraped on the mat. She screamed and wailed.

He released her feet and let them drop. She felt him unfastening her ankles. Then she heard, 'clap clap!' She rose instantly to her knees. She turned to face him. Tears were pouring down her face in rivulets. She assumed the position. Her whole body was shaking.

He calmly stepped away. He returned with the pan he had made her pee in before. He placed it under her sex and stroked her three times. She did have to pee. Her bladder was bursting. But she was too terrified. He gave her one of his little smiles and caressed her head. It calmed her a bit. Maybe he wouldn't punish her. She closed her eyes and pressed. She pressed and pressed. The flow came. It went on and on. She almost completely filled the pan. When the last few drops had fallen, he wiped her and brought the pan over to the toilet where he emptied it. He washed it and his hands and then returned.

His hands clapped four times. She fell to her belly. He came to her ankles and reconnected them. He picked them up and dragged her across the floor until she

was under the place where he had whipped her. She started sobbing again. A virulent terror erupted within her. She was cursing herself for her stupidity. She had panicked and lost all rational thought. Just a sliver of hope had been enough to spark her herculean effort to get to the door and turn on the lights. If she had given it a moment's thought she would have realized that it was futile. He was going to beat her again! She had promised herself that she would obey him to the letter in everything so he wouldn't whip her again. And now look where she was!

She heard him draw down a chain from above fearfully as he stepped over to the armoire. He removed a little zapper and pointed it at the ceiling. Immediately a motor started working. She felt her ankles drawn up. They rose and rose and rose. She squirmed and moaned and jerked her body to defeat it, but it just kept going up and up and up. Her torso was dragged across the mat as her feet got higher. Then her head was in the air. It went higher and higher and higher, until her head was about 3' off the floor. Then it stopped.

She was swinging in midair. Everything was upside down. She was facing the man and the armoire. She watched as he drew out the flogger he had already used on her. She whined and bit down on her gag. Her body went cold and her stomach soured. Her brain kept saying, "This can't really be happening! This can't really be happening! This can't really be happening!"

He went around behind her. There was a deathly pause. And then he struck.

Fire broke out across her back and hands. Then across her rear cheeks. Then across the back of her thighs. Then across the back of her shins. One! Two! Three! Four! In rapid succession. She screamed and screamed and screamed. It felt like he had poured acid all over her. He came to the front. Her eyes pleaded with him, "No! No! No! No!" His eyes were cold and remorseless. One across her breasts. One across her belly. One across her thighs. One across her shins. Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! One after the other. She howled and screamed and her body twisted and turned and struggled. He returned to her back. One! Two! Three! Four! The pain made her whole body vibrate and her brain scream. Again the front! Again the back! Again the front!

And then he was done. She was still screaming and moaning as he put the flogger away. He turned and looked at her. There was almost a hint of sadness in his face. She had been a naughty girl. He didn't want to punish her, but he had to. It was for her own good. He didn't enjoy it, but it was his duty. Is that what his face said?

She didn't have time to ponder it. He quickly stepped away. She heard him walk over to the door behind her. There was a pause as he picked up the tray. A second later, the lock 'clacked!' He turned out the lights. The door slammed shut. The lock went, 'clack!'

If Sally had already taken the statistics course she was due to take in the spring, and if she had known that the code for the keypad was 5 digits, 2-2-7-4-8, the zip code of Wolftown, Virginia, where the man's sister and her husband lived, she would have known that there were 100,000 possible combinations. And it was *, not #.

CHAPTER SEVEN

The man sat at the small table in the kitchen. He was drinking a cup of coffee and smoking a cigarette. It was a little after 5:30 in the morning and a little bit of light was coming in through the barred window. A naked, pale, black haired girl was kneeling not far away in attention position. Like Sally, she wore silver accouterments around her limbs and a silver collar around her throat. Her hands were locked behind her back. She had black hair that went down to just below her shoulders and was cut in a kind of shag from around her round face. His wife, Jang-mi, who everyone called Judy, did all the girls' hair. His name was Gyong-gi, but he went by the name of Gary to westerners. All the Koreans he knew had adopted American names for convenience. The guards and all the other staff called him Gyong-ssi, a sign of respect.

The girl's collar was chained to a ring in the wall. She had just finished with the last customer of the night. He was a major player in the local *Chil Sung Pa*, a Korean gang known in English as the Seven Stars. He was sitting across from Gyong drinking brandy out of a snifter. He probably needed it to even him out. He had a fierce cocaine habit and had been up all night. The poor girl, who they called Poppy for the elegant blue flower tattoo she wore on her lower belly, looked ragged and tired. She would be useless for the rest of the day.

The gangster, whose name was Myong-Suk, but who everyone called Manny, was very large and strong but had a major belly. He was wearing a pair of white silk drawers and nothing else. Across his mighty chest were tattoos of seven seven pointed stars. He had various other adornments reflecting his status and some of his more infamous deeds. His face was round and was capable of assembling itself into the simulacrum of politeness, but usually he wore a practiced scowl. He was being beatific at the moment.

"Gyong-ssi," he was saying in Korean, "*when are you going to sell me this girl? I've been after you for months now. I'll pay top dollar.*"

Poppy was a tiny White Russian girl Gyong had bought about 2 years ago. She was very popular and Gyong was not quite ready to let her go. She had been sold to him by a Russian outfit out of Baltimore, recruited in the normal way, with promises of employment as a chambermaid or a restaurant worker, by a Byelorussian mafia which operated out of Minsk. They sent a steady stream of girls to the Middle East, Western Europe and the United States.

The Russians in Baltimore had realized, when she first arrived, that she was A-1, pristine stock, and rather than put her to work in one of their brothels had sent

her out to work as an actual chambermaid in a hot sheet motel that they used for their street girls out by the airport. They put her picture up on the dark net and Gyong had jumped on her.

The mobster who ran the motel called her into the office one afternoon. When she saw Soon and Yee, the men who had kidnapped the new girl, who Gyong had sent to collect her, the girl knew that something bad had happened. She probably had inklings of her fate anyway if any of the girls who worked the strip out by BWI had spoken to her, which was strictly forbidden, but couldn't be 100% prevented. They had taken her into the back room where the Russian made her strip out of her short, tight fitting, black chambermaid's uniform so that the Koreans could see what they were getting, no scars or other major defects, and to make sure that the Russians hadn't branded or otherwise marked her in any way, which they often did. Soon sent pictures to Gyong over his phone. He gave them final approval. She was about 5'2" and was very slender with elegant teacup sized breasts, just turned 19. Her face was angelic and she had a certain grace about her.

She cried and cried, of course, but didn't give them any trouble. When they were done with their inspection, they let her dress, sans the underwear and little girl's bra, Soon and Yee loaded her up into the SUV, handcuffing her in place. They didn't have to do anything else, the girl was so docile. They drove her directly to Gyong's, stopping several times for gas and bacon cheeseburgers along the way. There was no need to blindfold her or use the ski goggles since she would have no idea where they were going anyway, or even where she had been.

"I told you, Myong-ssi that I don't sell girls for local use. I don't want any escaping and going to the police. Besides, she is very popular here and a big money maker."

"I'll give you \$50,000," Myong replied. "And anyway, I'm returning to our homeland in a couple of months. My tour here is almost done and I've been promoted."

"Not a penny less than \$90,000. When you are ready to go, let me know then," Gyong said. "But shipping is extra, don't forget."

"That's a lot of money!" Myong protested. "Whores are cheap. We get Russian girls all the time back home. They're a dime a dozen."

"This one's not a dime a dozen," Gyong replied. "She's well trained and you want her, not some sad, dumpy Russian cunt who doesn't know her way around a cock."

"I'll give you 65," Myong said hopefully.

"I can make that off of her in a few months" Gyong answered.

"75, and that's highway robbery!"

"It's \$90,000 or nothing."

“\$80,000, and I tell you what, there’s a pretty Vietnamese girl I’ve had my eye on for a long time. She’s part American, born here. I showed you her pictures last week. He father owes me a shitload of money and he can’t pay. I’ll have my boys pick her up and throw her in. Whataya say?”

“I don’t want any trouble from any Vietnamese tongs,” Gyong said.

“No problem, a Vietnamese outfit sold the father’s debt to me last year. I can do what I want with him. He’s got 3 more daughters. Once this one disappears he’ll find the money somewhere, you can bet your life on it.”

Myong and Gyong laughed.

“Or you can bet his!” Gyong riposted. They both laughed again.

“So whataya say? Is it a deal?”

Gyong nodded.

“So I can have her?” Myong beamed.

“When you leave. Payment in bitcoin, in advance, value on Seoul market close of business today. And I want the new girl here before you pick this one up.”

“Done!” Myong barked.

Poppy had no idea what the men were saying. None of the girls were taught any Korean except a few words of command. She hoped that they were not talking about her. She had seen many girls come and go since Gyong had made her a whore, and knew that that would be her fate one day. But not with this man! He was brutal and insatiable. Her bottom, thighs and breasts were still aching from the caning he had given her. He had kept her up all night! She started to tremble because it was clear that *Abeo-nim*, which meant respected father, what all the girls were taught to call him, and the man had come to some kind of agreement.

“I’m so happy! I’m going to fuck her again before I go!” Myong announced.

Gyong just nodded.

Myong rose from the table and lifted his snifter to his mouth, draining the glass. He strode determinably over to the girl and disconnected her collar from the chain. He took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and brought her to her feet. Giving Gyong a gleeful nod, he marched her away. Poor Poppy was crying.

Gyong watched them go. Losing Poppy would disappoint more than a few of his customers, but he had never expected Myong to come up to \$80,000. He had made back his investment in the girl hundreds of times over. And he would get a new girl to boot! The half Vietnamese girl was very pretty and she was well built for an Asian girl, probably from her father’s genes. He would train her, keep her around for a year or so, and then sell her back to the Vietnamese tong which had sold her father to Myong. He could probably get \$40,000 or \$50,000 for her. They had a few first class places back east where they could use her, New York, Washington, Miami. And no girl had ever escaped from them.

His thoughts turned to the girl in the basement. She had been dangling from her feet for over an hour. He had been somewhat surprised at her resourcefulness at reaching the pin pad. No girl had ever done that before. It was a good sign that she had real spirit. The boy who had picked her out, the guy at the party, was a stringer for a dark group that always had a nice menu of girls on their website ready to be harvested. They did their research and had the girl's high school yearbook picture and screenshots of her Facebook page with all identifiers removed, and a few telephoto shots the boy had made around campus. The boy had made some discrete inquiries about the girl and had figured out her routines.

The way it worked was that the website sold you the exclusive rights to the girl and all her information, but you had to arrange the pickup. Soon and Yee were freelancers who he used often and always did a superlative job.

It was all the Christian stuff that had sold his wife, Jang-mi, who he always consulted. Madam Jang was a devout Christian, from a family of devout Christians going way back. The Christian theme of the girl's Facebook page convinced her that having her would bring good luck, since God always smiled on Christians.

He took another swig of his coffee. He looked at the clock. 5:45. He would wait another 15 minutes to go downstairs. An hour and a half of hanging upside down was probably enough. She had been due for her second whipping anyway, but she had presented him with the perfect occasion. It would be a good lesson to her as to the futility of escape and the ramifications of disobedience.

* * * * *

Downstairs, Sally was just about beside herself. She was finding it very hard to forgive herself for her foolishness. She was usually very smart about things, but this time she had lost her head. She had just been so desperate that she needed to do something. What if it had worked? It could have, maybe. Maybe he would have left the door open or the lock had malfunctioned and he hadn't noticed it. She was sure she could get up the stairs somehow. And while her hands were fixed behind her, there might have been some way she could turn the handle of the door at the top of the stairs and then the one to the garage. And who knew, maybe there were neighbors who would call the police if they saw a bound, naked girl hopping along outside. Or some driver might have passed. Or she could have been spotted from a helicopter. Or one of those spy satellites. Or by a little bird that would then fly off and tell the FBI or the CIA or one of those agencies.

Strange things happened all the time. Penicillin was discovered because some guy left his lunch out and let it get moldy, or something like that. Alexander Graham Bell had discovered the telephone because he had spilled some acid on his

desk and yelled out, “Watson, come here, I need you,” didn’t he? And the Titanic, which had allegedly been unsinkable, had the bad luck to run into an iceberg on its very first voyage and get damaged by it in exactly the right way that made it sinkable.

She could probably list a hundred things if she really thought about it. Things happened. Mistakes were made. Sometimes circumstances just occurred in the right manner. If she had never gotten up and gone to the door, she would never have known for sure that it was locked. Right?

But she knew that these were mere justifications for a stupid, stupid, stupid decision. The man had probably held dozens of women prisoner here. He would know to be careful. And the door at the top of the stairs was almost certainly locked. The door to the garage too. And when she had arrived she had the distinct impression that the men had no fear of exposing her in daylight. So there probably wasn’t any other sign of civilization for miles.

She had cried for a long time after the man had left. A despondency akin to surrender was lurking in her now. It was so horrid, what the man had done to her! It was horrid! Horrid! Horrid! And to leave her like this! That was horrid too! But there was no way to escape the man’s horridness. She had no choice but to adapt to her new reality, didn’t she?

She was surprised at how little distress she felt at being upside down after a while. Everything was as black as coal and the only real indicator that she was not right side up was the pressure at her ankles and the fact that, if she struggled, she would sway back and forth. It was mostly psychological. She felt like a small creature that the man had hung upside down prior to butchering it, so that when he slit its throat all the blood would fall out. Or maybe she was the prisoners of cannibals who would soon drop her in a boiling pot. Or a salami at a deli.

She tried not to think too much of the tragic loss of everything that she had been. That ship had sailed. But the unfairness of it all, the suddenness of it, the dismal future she faced instead, made those feelings creep up on her again and again and she would break out into tears and sob, sob, sob.

“How long is he going to leave me like this?” she wondered fretfully. And what was he going to do when he came back? Was her punishment over? Would he find another reason to whip her? What would he make her do? When was he going to fuck her? She couldn’t help thinking about these things. And to think about how she could convince him to never whip her again. She would have to be a good slave girl, the best. She would have to be eager and obedient and let him use her any way he wanted.

She had read about girls who had been freed after being held prisoner for years and years by men who had kidnapped them. Somehow they got out. All she needed

to do was survive and maybe God would help her. She had to keep faith in Him. But it was hard to do that when he was whipping her, or when he put his hands all over her, or when he ordered her about. Or even when he was present in the room with her. Then, God was nowhere and she was on her own.

She heard the ‘clack!’ of the door. The lights flooded on. She had spent a long time calming herself and she had almost achieved *sartoris*. The man’s presence, however, frazzled that all away. A deep chill went through her and she began to cry again. She shuddered and trembled when he came around in front of her, all dressed in gray. And as she watched him strip and toss his clothes aside, her heart began to pound in her chest. All of her coping strategies were out the window. They had all been straw houses built on sand, to mix a metaphor.

He stood there in front of her for a while. The world was upside down again. It made everything worse. The darkness had somehow turned from being her enemy to her friend. It hid away her monstrous surroundings. She could pretend that she was anywhere but here. Now that was taken away from her.

He moved towards her. He ran his hands down the outsides of her thighs, down over her hips and down her sides. He took hold of her upside down breasts and squeezed them, not harshly, but gently, almost as if trying to calm her. His hands were smooth and soft and warm. He went behind her and ran his hands down the back of her legs and over her rear mounds. He was reestablishing contact with her.

It did not calm her, but, instead, reminded her of how much she was at his mercy. She cringed at his touch, closing her eyes and wishing it away.

He stepped away in front of her and used the zapper to turn on the machine over her head. It started lowering her slowly. He came over and guided her down so that she would not land on her back. When she was flat on the blue mat, the machine stopped and he unhooked her ankles from the chain. He pushed the zapper again and the chain was raised high, out of the way.

He released her ankles from each other and the strap around her thighs and stepped away. When he had gone about 10’, he turned and clapped his hands twice. For one, instantaneous, teeny, tiny second, she considered refusal to obey him, but that passed in a flash, as if some machine in her brain had rejected that idea as malformed, and she scrambled to her knees, raising herself up and spreading her knees.

She looked at him. He was just standing there. A wave of unhappiness went through her. She was trembling, unable to bring her sorrow under control. While she had been hanging upside down in the darkness, she had thought of this very moment and how her heart would be guarded by a cocoon of indifference to her fate. “He can do what he wants to me,” she had promised herself, “but he’ll never

conquer me! I'll preserve that inner part of me and somehow, it will break free again!"

She didn't feel that way now. She felt like his eyes were burning deeply into her, shriveling up everything inside, like some kind of magic ray. One of his super powers. It could detect any unsundered aspect of her, any little cells still in revolt, that straggle of poorly armed refugees who had circled their wagons deep inside her to make a last stand against the attack of the savages. The ray just blasted aside their defenses and the hordes of cells which had traitorously joined the side of her oppressor, had pledged fealty to him, had forsworn their identity as elementals of her self-integrity, pride, honor, humanity, overran the enfeebled holdouts, stomping them out as a man might stomp out a colony of ants.

He stepped towards her and knelt down before her on his haunches. She looked at him, half expecting a blow. Instead, he made a pushing gesture with his right hand, a gesture he had made before, and she obediently sank back and down, mimicking his posture.

They were about a foot away from each other. He reached out his hand and rubbed the front of her thighs, up her sides and over her shoulders. He began stroking her head with his right hand as he drew her closer to him with his left. His gestures were so gentle and kind-like that she felt a well of sorrow open up deep inside her. Her skin was still red where he had whipped it, but now he was telling her that all was forgiven. Her sin was redeemed. He wouldn't hurt her. There was a sadness in his face as if he regretted what he had to do. "You made me do it," his eyes seemed to be saying. "It pained me, but I forgive you for it."

Suddenly, she broke out into virulent sobs. Her whole body shook. She was terrified that he would punish her for it, but she couldn't stop. Instead, he let her go on. He crept closer to her and drew her into him. She felt her breasts pressed up against his naked chest. He put his hand on the back of her head and let it fall over his left shoulder. He was comforting her. She tried to resist it, but she was in such desperate need of comfort that it swept her reticence, her pride, her reason away.

She began to sob even harder, harder than she had ever done in her life. She knew that she should rebel at the man's touch, that his act of consolation to her was false, a trick, something unholy and evil, a dastardly lie, but she couldn't help accept it. There was no one else to give her solace. There was no one else who would hold her tight and stroke her back. He was humming, "mmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmmmm, mmmmmmmmm," and it was the most blessed thing she had ever heard. He brought her back up again and his hands circled her head, his thumbs wiping away her tears. She looked into his eyes and saw her lost self within them. He had swallowed her and she was in him now. He had, like a magician, drawn her

essence from her and absorbed it into himself. Like a pickpocket, he had stolen it from her and she had not felt a thing.

Now that he had it, would he cherish it and hold it safe? Would he let her visit with it? It would stare out at her behind the thick glass of his eyes, like a convict in a prison visiting room. She felt empty and barren. Her sobs had slowed but not stopped. Her chest was heaving and she was having trouble catching her breath.

His fingers went to her mouth and he drew out the gag that had been in there for hours and hours. He tossed it to the side. He drew even closer, staring into her eyes. He leaned his head forward and brushed her lips with his. There was a warmth there that felt so good. He pressed his lips down on hers and she felt his tongue enter her. An alarm went off in her head, but like a dreamer awoken by a screeching clock, her psyche smashed it to pieces. Only the dream was important. Only the dream of comfort and solace and warmth and softness.

His tongue was hot and thick. His breath tasted manly. He hunted hers down and they swizzled together. Warmth flooded her. Her body began to glow. It felt so right. A trilling went through her as her sex awakened.

They kissed and kissed. His right hand wandered her body, stroking her sides, her breasts, her thighs, while his left hand took possession of her ponytail, holding it firmly, but not harshly, keeping her securely in place.

They were still kissing when his right hand went behind her and she felt it unhook her wrist from the halter. He brought it slowly around. Soreness shot through her shoulder and she moaned, but his tongue quickly washed that away. He shifted his hold on her ponytail to his right hand and his left freed her other wrist and slowly brought her hand forward. There was pain, but it rapidly faded when confronted by her growing lust.

Her head was swirling. This is so, so wrong, a voice was telling her. But the voice was weak, faded, as if it had lost confidence in its assertions. He broke their kiss and pulled her body next to his. Her hands were free. She didn't know what to do with them. Touching him without permission seemed blasphemous.

He leaned over her and she felt him undoing the straps of her harness. She had almost forgotten that she was wearing it. Her hands had seemed held up by a magic spell. As he slid the straps apart, her head was resting on his chest and she could hear his heart. It was a heart like any other. It beat in familiar rhythm. So, he was human after all, not a djinn or a demon. A man of flesh and blood. A powerful, remorseless man practiced at stealing young girls' souls.

He pushed their bodies apart so that he could draw the harness from her. It felt like he was removing a layer of her skin, or the remnants of a chrysalis that she had morphed inside of, emerging as a soulless wraith, ready to be formed into new flesh. He tossed the leather confinement aside and pushed her onto her back. He

drew her arms up and connected them to the ring to which she had been fastened when he had whipped her that first time. A wave of fear passed through her at being rendered helpless once more. He was lying at her right side and she could feel his flesh pressed against her. He was hot and his erection was pushed into her thigh.

“He’s going to fuck me!” she thought unhappily. His teasing charade would be over and she would be officially reduced to whoredom. She stiffened, steeling herself against the inevitable. He moved half over her. His hand ran down over her belly and down her thighs. She had spread them obediently when he had laid her on her back. His hand brushed across her mons, stroking it and she gave a nervous jump. He moved his hand up over her breasts, caressing them and then placed it on the side of her head, turning it towards him. He pressed his lips on hers again and she tasted his hot breath. When his tongue sought admission, she parted her lips and allowed him entry.

The spell that had been broken moments before was reformed. “This is my destiny,” she thought miserably. This man, this nameless man, owned her now. He was her whole world. She was small, weak, powerless, and he was strong, purposeful and intent on converting her to whoredom. Her passions rose. His tongue inflamed her. Her hands pulled at her bonds, her heels dug into the mat. His hand came down from her head and seized a breast, squeezing it hard. She moaned. The hand skirted down her tummy, took possession of her burning sex and passed over it again and again, like Aladdin rubbing his lamp. When the genie emerged from her crevasse, it would grant her assailant all his wishes.

The man broke their kiss and moved between her legs. She looked down at his cock. It was rigid and ready for use. He leaned over her and kissed her lips, then her chin and her neck above and below her confinement. His chest was pressing against her breasts and his cock was resting on her belly. Her skin raged at their points of contact.

Her lips trembled as she prepared for his assault. But what he did, instead, surprised her. He kept kissing and kissing her as he pulled his body away from her. He kissed her nipples, swirling his tongue over and around them, suckling them softly, and then harder and harder until she moaned. His head descended further and he was kissing her belly, his hands massaging her breasts above him. And then his kisses went lower and lower. His hands ran down her sides. Her whole body felt inflamed.

When he started kissing her lower belly and running his hands up and down the insides of her extended thighs, she realized what he was doing. What he was going to do. The realization startled her as she had not even considered that as being on the man’s agenda. She knew that people did that, of course. One of the

men on the Internet had been doing it to a woman. The woman moaned and groaned and you couldn't really see what the man was doing since his head was in the way. Sally figured that the woman was putting on an act and that nothing could be that overpowering.

Cassie Kramer and Alma Reynolds were the lesbian pair in her class. They were always smooching and stuff and Mr. Kramer, people said, had threatened to sue the school if they wouldn't let Cassie and Alma go to the prom as each other's dates. She and Teddy had passed them and saw them making out like mad, their hands up each other's skirts in the garden when they were coming back from their own bout of passion. Sally figured that Cassie and Alma did it, licked each other like that. She often wondered what it was like and what they got out of it, at least for the deliverer of the service. The idea of it kind of grossed her out. She had never even thought of asking Teddy to do it. It just seemed something shameful that lesbians did to each other, and she wasn't one of those.

And now this man was going to do it. She squirmed her hips and released a whine. The prospect of the man putting his lips on her sex seemed so personal, so intimate, that it chagrined her that he was going to violate her this way. His hands were on her thighs, just below her knees, maintaining them apart and he started kissing the insides of her thighs, all up and down and even to the edges of her outer labia. His lips were tantalizing, causing shivers to go through her. Her mind reeled at this new violation, one that she hadn't had on her list of dismal expectations.

He ran his flattened tongue over the outsides of her labia. She shivered at the heat it conveyed. He did it again and again, hovering over her sex like a man who was going to consume her. She trembled, bit her lips. She squirmed her hips and tried to move her thighs together. He just gripped her legs all the tighter. Then he paused, as if steeling himself for a mighty task. A few seconds later, she felt his flattened tongue invade her gap and troll upwards, laving against her inner flesh.

A wild sensation went through her. Nothing had prepared her for this! It was as if some magic had been performed on her pussy. It sent a wave of delightful, powerful sensation through her.

Now she was panicked. What was the man going to do to her? He was going to do something intolerable. Something intolerable that she would have no choice but to tolerate. It was so wrong, wrong, wrong to have the man supping at her very private place. His eyes were inches away from it. His steely hands gripped her firmly, cementing his control of her. Her hands strained at their confinements. There was no way she was going to avoid the upcoming torment, she knew that, but she closed her eyes and pleaded, pleaded, pleaded to the All Merciful to spare her.

His tongue moved again. She released an unhappy moan. He did it again. And again. And again. Tremblors of ecstasy ran through her, making her body shudder. He pointed his tongue and rimmed her entrance. "Don't so this! Don't do this! Don't do this!" she screamed in her mind as the sensation rushed through her. She felt him enter her, go down deep, deep, deep, his tongue wriggling and squirming inside her. There was something awful about it and at the same time so delicious that she moaned again, deep and long.

He slid his tongue up again. He used its pointy end to flick against her trilling bud, again and again and again. Her hips shifted and squirmed. She released a long, anguished whine. Electrical signals were dancing all over her sex, into her belly, down her thighs. She gritted her teeth and prayed and prayed and prayed for the sensation to go away. She could feel her lusts growing deeply inside her. She feared the moment of its impending crest, lest she dissolve into nothingness.

The trilling stopped. The pause relieved her and she took a deep breath. A moment later she felt his mouth encompass her little man, subsuming it within him. A terrible warmth went through her. When he started to suckle at it, her body shuddered as thick pulses of pleasure erupted within her.

He went on and on. His lips sucked at her bud. His tongue ran over it and around it. He drifted his tongue down along her gash again and up and down and up and down, and then seized her bud again. She felt like her whole body was spinning around it, that a terrible life force was emanating from it, permeating every cell. He had released her legs. There was no need to hold them. She was spreading them as widely as she could. She was thrusting her loins up at him, at his tormenting mouth. She was shuddering and moaning. It was wrong, wrong, wrong that he could do this to her. But the part of her mind that protested against it was being smothered into silence by the heavy, expanding force within her. His hands were on the insides of her thighs, rubbing and stroking them. His mouth resumed its place on her nubbin and the tortuous sensations began again.

Suddenly, he started flicking his tongue against her nubbin faster and faster. Wild currents of suffering pleasure shot through her. A giant wave was building inside her. It went higher and higher and higher. Panicked, she sensed its impending crash. It would flood her innards, storm through her belly, invade her breasts, rise up her throat and permeate her brain. Oh, please, please, please, don't, don't, don't!" she begged no one. It was coming! It was coming! It was coming! She released an anguished cry.

And then it came. Her pussy throbbed and convulsed and tremored. Painfully exquisite sensations surged through her. Her hands yanked hard at their confinements. She spread her legs wider and wider and wider, thrusting her loins up against the devilish mouth. Her back arched and her heels dug deep into the

mat. The tongue kept going and going and going and her pussy's convulsions went on and on and on.

Then they slowed. The tongue slowed. It swirled around her bud, drawing out every last ounce of her climax. She realized that she was crying, wetness all down her face, and she burst into sobs. Nothing she had ever read, ever heard, ever imagined had prepared her for this. If the man did this to her every day, she would be turned into a devotional slave, eager to suffer its intolerable exquisiteness again and again and again.

CHAPTER EIGHT

He rose from between her legs. She felt him rubbing her pussy. He was releasing one of his deep hums of approval. She was a good little girl. She had displayed a sluttishness that she hadn't known was within her. Her whole body was suffused with a kind of glow, as if a comforting wave had passed over her, penetrating her skin and sinking deeply within her. For a few golden moments, there was no man, there were no chains, there were no whips. There was only a delicious sensation running through her body and brain. Her eyes were closed. The darkness was comforting. All that mattered was her still vibrating sex.

The man let her lie there for a couple of minutes. Gradually, the knowledge of where she was and what he had done to her seeped into her consciousness. She looked up at him. He had that half smile on his face. His hand was still stroking her pussy gently. A wave of despair went through her as she contemplated the fact that he could do this to her anytime he wanted. He could make her moan and squirm and shout out and there was nothing she could do about it. She was in a new reality as foreign to her old as Mars was to Earth. There was a gap between them of more than two hundred million miles. And there was no spaceship that would ever take her back. She was marooned. Her only companion was a vicious, alien life form whose purpose was to feed on her lusts, drawing them out of her again and again until, inevitably, she would be no more than a conduit for the passionate emanations of her lower organ.

He leaned over her and reached up for her hands. His chest pressed hard against her breasts. His cock was still hard and it pressed against her belly. He released her hands and knelt up again. He clapped his hands twice. She scurried to her knees as fast as her sluggish body would permit. She knelt up, knees spread wide, her back arched and her breasts thrust out towards him. He was sitting on his haunches and he reached up and tweaked her nipples playfully, holding onto them and shaking her breasts, making them shimmer.

He got up and came back with the little pan and instructed her, with three little strokes of her pussy, to pee into it. He wiped her, emptied and washed the pan and put it away. He came back to her and went around her back, clipping her wrists together. Coming back to the front again, he knelt before her. The tray he had brought in with him, twice now, once when he had found her standing near the door, and then this time, was sitting a little behind him and to his right. He signaled her to rest back by pushing in her direction with the flat of his hand. He reached

out and brought the tray nearer and then removed the lid. As before, there was a covered dish on it and a glass full with that herbal liquid.

He made her drink from the glass first. She swallowed it dutifully, leaning forward and tilting her head back so that he could pour it into her mouth. She dreaded finding out what it would do to her. Maybe it was neutral, full of vitamins and such that were good for her. And maybe it was something else, something that would make her brain go all soft and make her forget about ever being a free person before, or make her pussy burn with uncontrollable lust, making her yearn for someone, anyone, to touch it.

Actually, she was not far from the truth. Madam Jang's family had been in the brothel business for more than two hundred and fifty years. Her grandmother had run a special whorehouse for high officers in the Japanese Army before and all during World War Two. Her two great aunts had helped recruit comfort girls for them, going to various villages and promising young women work in a factory in Pusan. Once the women got there, they turned them over to the Japanese for a considerable profit.

So, the formula had been in his wife's family for eons, developed from secret, dark formulas passed on from generation to generation for centuries. It was tried and true. After about ten doses, Sally would begin to experience an almost unquenchable urge in her loins. It was not so strong that she would go rabid or mad. It was more subtle. To her it would be more or less inexplicable, but very real. On days when business was slow, Madam Jang let the girls go at it with each other to provide them with some release.

He put the empty glass down on the tray. There was only one bowl and another glass that looked like it was filled with milk. He took the lid off of the bowl, stirred its contents with a spoon and placed it on the mat between them.

He looked at her. She looked at him. He had placed the spoon back down on the tray. How was he going to feed her? He ran his right pointer finger over his lower lip a few times and then indicated the bowl. Yes, she knew it was for her. But what did he mean? Suddenly, his right hand flashed out and he struck her with his fingers in her ribs, about half way up. She groaned as the pain shot through her. She started to cry. What did he want? As soon as she knew, she would do it!

He pointed to the bowl again and rubbed his lips. He leaned over, placing his face about 6" above the bowl and then rose, his jaw making an eating motion. Suddenly, she understood. He wanted her to eat from the bowl. Directly from the bowl! Like a dog or a cat. Like a pet. She was his pet, barely a human anymore. Her lips trembled. Here was yet another degradation. She had been deprived of all language. He had whipped her, used her, chained her, abandoned her in the dark for hours and hours. She was his slave and now he was making her do yet another

slavish thing. She looked at him miserably. "Please don't make me do this," her eyes pleaded.

His left hand shot out, striking her in the ribs on the other side. It seemed even harder than the first blow and she squealed in pain, doubling over. When she raised her head she was sobbing and tears were flowing down her face. He looked at her for a moment. He reached out his right hand. She cringed, expecting another blow, but his hand came to the side of her face and began stroking her softly. "Mmmmmmmmm," he hummed. "Mmmmmmmmm."

She stopped sobbing, calmed, despite herself, by his gesture. "You're a good little slave girl," he seemed to be saying. "Why do you make me punish you?"

He leaned back again, placed his finger on his lower lip and pointed to the bowl once more. She knew that the next step would be the whip. She didn't want that. Sadness flowed through her as she moved her head forward and down. She placed her lips in the mushy substance and gobbled up a small lump.

It was actually delicious. It was oatmeal, still remarkably warm, laced with raisins and bananas. Cinnamon had been stirred into it. In ordinary times, it would have been a repast she would have wolfed down with great enjoyment. But now she was being forced to eat it like an animal and its taste seemed incongruous to her circumstances.

She continued to eat. She had to spread her knees more widely so that she could bend down low enough to scoop up the mixture with her lips. Each time she got a mouthful, she rose up and looked at the man while she masticated it. He had one of those smiles. It made him look slightly bemused and pleased with her obedience. There was nothing sneering or demeaning in it. It was not mocking or cold. Of course it took some time to break in a new slave girl. Of course there would be some bumps along the road. But the process was not intended to be cruel and harsh. She would see what a gentle and pleasurable life she would enjoy once she was fully inured to her slavery. That is what it seemed to be saying. "Don't you know I have to drive all the self-respect and dignity out of you?" it said to her. "Don't be ashamed. It's all a part of the process. You'll see. You'll be a much happier slave when your slate has been wiped clean and all those foolish ideas of who you once were are gone."

She ate and ate. Her belly was becoming full. She cringed each time she lowered her head, straining at the waist. The glop was spreading all around her mouth. She remembered when she was a human and ate at a table and fed herself. It was not too long ago, wasn't it? Was it yesterday, or maybe the day before, she was unsure of how long she had been a prisoner, she had had lunch with Frank in that deli. She had had a huge hot pastrami sandwich, which she hadn't even finished. Half of it had been wrapped up and placed in her backpack for dinner.

She thought of her backpack. What had they done with it? What did they do with her books and her clothes? What was going to happen to her? How long would he keep her here? Would she ever be permitted to wear clothes again? When was he going to fuck her? How many more humiliating things was he going to make her do?

She finished the oatmeal, licking the bowl completely clean. She leaned up and looked at him. He took the glass of milk and poured it into the bowl. He made the eat gesture again. She released a single sob, bent herself over and started lapping it up.

When it was all gone, she knelt up and looked at him again. He smiled, patted her on the cheek and hummed. He took a napkin from the tray and wiped her mouth and chin clean. He made an up gesture with his hand and she rose into attention position.

After replacing the top, he picked up the tray and carried it a few feet away. He came back with a little padded bench and sat down on it. It was about 2' high. He leaned over and released her hands behind her back. He held out his right hand in front of him with his longest finger pointed out. She did the same.

He took her wrist in his hand and brought her finger to his lips. He opened his mouth and placed the finger inside. He started sucking at it gently. He moved his head up and down on it, swirling his tongue around it. He suckled at the tip, running his tongue along the top. He gave it long, slow strokes with his mouth and then faster and faster ones.

She was amazed at his performance. What was he doing? And then it occurred to her. A fierce coldness went through her. He was teaching her how to suck a cock. His cock. Now. Soon. As soon as he was finished. She would have to put his cock in her mouth and suck him. He would shoot his jism inside her. She started to cry again. She knew that this moment would come, and here it was. Waves of self-pity went through her. Why did this have to happen to her? Why was this happening? What if she just stood up and told him that she didn't want to play anymore? That she wanted her clothes back and wanted to go home. Maybe that's all it would take. Maybe this was some kind of test, a science experiment or something, and they wanted to see how long it would take her to realize that it all wasn't real. That things like this didn't happen to people.

She would receive a huge apology. There would be some kind of award. They would pay her a huge fee. She would be written up in journals all over the country. Oprah would have her on and she would tell the audience that she had suspected all the time that it was just a joke or something, but she had played along for the fun of it. Teddy would come and see her and she would teach him a thing or two about

how to handle a cunt. She would teach him that mouth thing on her pussy and he would do it whenever she wanted.

They would make a movie and she would play herself. And the Korean man would play himself and they would go all through the things they had already done, even the whipping thing, although they would fake that part. All up to this very moment when she would stand up and announce that she had had enough. The music would swell up. It would turn out that they were on a huge stage and the audience would get up and cheer. "Brava! Brava!" they would call out. Someone would bring her a silk robe and a big bunch of beautiful flowers. She would make several bows, alone and holding the Korean man's hand. The men who had pretended to kidnap her would come out and the audience would have a special round of applause for the realism they had conveyed. The girls who had been at the bus stop would come out too and take a bow, even though they only had had bit parts. But she was generous. Everyone could take a bow and share in her fame and in the world's adulation of her. There was plenty to spare!

The man released her finger. Her momentary fantasy withered. No, this was all too real. In a moment, his cock would be in her mouth. She couldn't think of anything more horrible. She would rather have him fuck her and get it over with. She remembered Teddy's cock being in her mouth, how fun that seemed. It had filled her and her mouth had become a vortex of passion and desire. It had seemed to grow in size as it entered. She knew that with the man, she would experience the same thing. It would fill her whole existence. But there would be no fun in it. It would be the grossest thing she could imagine.

He put his right hand behind his back and she followed suit. He made a motion for her to lean over. He pressed her head down to the mat and reconnected her wrists. He tapped her on the head as a signal to rise. He took hold of the ring in her collar and pulled her closer. He spread his legs. He rubbed his lip again, like he had done before, and then touched it to his limp but tumescent cock.

She looked down at his cock and then up to his face. His look was implacable. She was trembling. A sourness erupted in her belly and her whole body felt like pins and needles. She remembered when he struck her a little while ago. She didn't want it to happen again. Cringing at her duty, her mind swimming with shame and unhappiness, she bent her head over, circled her lower lip under his rubbery cock and took it between her lips.

She held it there for a moment, unsure of what to do. It lay there in her mouth. Her tongue recoiled from it. She had only gotten the head in so far and, just like that time with Teddy, it seemed to have enlarged magically as it passed the plane of her lips. She whined and shifted on her knees. A second later, she felt a fierce poke at the side of her head. She groaned and started to cry. She knew that he

wanted her to get on with it. But she had never done this, not like this anyway. The pain in her head reverberated throughout her. She desperately didn't want another blow. Instinctively, she drew the rest of his cock into her mouth, as much as she could get, and started to suckle on it.

His hand went on her head and he started to stroke it. She heard him hum, "Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm." It made her sick to hear it. She was a good little cocksucking slave girl. She continued to manipulate the soft flesh with her mouth and tongue. It started to harden.

She didn't understand anything about cock sucking. I mean, not just about the act itself. The man had given her a start on that. But if it was so great, if men liked it so much, why did they denigrate everything about it? People they didn't like were cocksuckers. Things that were bad were said to 'really suck'. A cocksucker was about the worst thing you could call someone. Maybe it was a gay thing and when they called a man that they meant that he was a fag or a homo, and that was the worst thing that you could possibly call them. Or that they were weak and powerless and could be made to suffer the humiliation of servicing the stronger, more powerful man. But she understood it sometimes to just mean that the other person was an asshole, but worse. Someone who did nasty, underhanded things.

But if they wanted women to suck their dicks, why did they make the act seem so dirty? You would think that being a good cocksucker would be a good thing, not something nasty. Women could then wear the badge with honor. Men would tell their friends, "Yeah, my wife is a great cocksucker!" or, "My daughter won the best cocksucker award her freshman year at college. I taught her everything she knows!" Women would wear shirts with it emblazoned on their chest, "World's Best Cocksucker!" They would take cocksucking classes and they would teach their daughters all about it. Instead of a kissing booth, they would have a blowjob booth at the church fundraiser and every woman would be proud to take her turn. Especially the pastor's wife, who would earn a premium for the charity and do it in front of a whole crowd of appreciative people to kick the whole thing off, the place of her blowee taken by the winner of a special raffle.

If they enjoyed it so much, why did they make it sound so demeaning?

Maybe it wasn't demeaning when a woman did it for somebody she really liked, or to get her own rocks off. But nobody could tell her that this was not demeaning. She was naked and on her knees, her hands forced behind her back. It was clear that she had no choice in it and would suffer terrible consequences if she refused. And the man didn't care a whit about her or her feelings. He wouldn't say, "Sally, that was great," like Teddy had done when she had jerked him off the first time. He wouldn't give her a hug and a kiss and then take her home. No, he would just dump his load in her and then move on to the next shameful, humiliating thing.

And he would do it again and again and again. Or somebody would. Maybe hundreds and hundreds of men. She would become the blowjob specialist and all the customers would want one from her. Or when the Korean man sold her to some Asian gang who would take her overseas, he would have the buyer sample her mouth as an indication of her worth.

She suckled and suckled as these thoughts ran through her brain like wildfire. It was growing and growing. She had to back herself up a little bit so that she could run her lips around the head. She closed her eyes. It felt so awful in her mouth, like some alien being had forced its thick tendril into her prefatory to unloading a stream of poison, or sucking out her innards, or overwhelming her conscious thought and making her its slave.

Everything in the room had shrunk to insignificance beside the thick, hard, soft object between her lips. She was moving her head back and forth now. It slipped over her lips, in and out, in and out. She kept her lips pressed against its stem. When she went down, she could feel it butt up against the rear of her mouth. When she drew back, she swirled her tongue around it like the man had shown her.

The man's hand took hold of her ponytail, gripping it tightly. He patted her on the face with her other hand, pointed two fingers at her eyes and then at his. She was to look him in the face. She would not be permitted the cover of darkness to shade her humiliation, her shame. He started to move her head back and forth at his own pace. She cried and cried as she felt the cock slipping over her lips only to have her head pressed down on it once again.

He drew her back until just her lips were on the tip. She took the occasion, as he had shown her, to lick all around the head, to suckle on the end, to lick the tiny opening. And then down again she would go. He pressed her head down hard, further than she had gone before, jamming the head of his probe past the entrance of her esophagus, making her gag. Then up again, long and slow as if he was just sporting with her, seeing how long he could last without coming.

She could hear his low grunts and sighs. The thought that her humiliation and degradation was bringing him such pleasure nauseated her. It wasn't fair. Nothing was fair. The whole world wasn't fair. She looked up at him each time he drew her head back, rolling her eyes up as far as they would go. His eyes were closed to slits. His face was tense as if she were doing something horrible to him. His sighs and moans though told her that she wasn't.

It went on and on. Did all men take this long to come, she thought miserably. And what would she do when he did? Her mouth would fill with his jism. She remembered the first time Teddy had creamed on her hand, how much there was. She would have to swallow all that. She had read in Cosmo, before the school board took it away, that all men expected that. It was like women had to show their

ejaculation some kind of respect and not reject it like sour milk. It would go deep inside her and be processed along with the stuff she had just eaten. It would be broken down into proteins and enzymes and distributed all throughout her body. It would take years and years for traces of it to exude from her, the cells which had absorbed it finally dying off. But then there would be more and more and more, probably for years and years and years. Her whole body would become saturated with cum. In any blood test they did, the technician would be able to look at it and see the whitish tinge. "Yeah, she's a cocksucker all right," he would say. "Here's proof positive."

The man started to move her head faster. His cock was pistoning in and out of her mouth. He started to groaning and the expression on his face became tenser. It was coming! It was coming! He was going to dump his load in her! Her bound hands strained to come forward and protect her, to push off this cruel man who had invaded her. She prepared for her mouth to be inundated. What would it taste like? How much would there be? What would it be like to have his pulsing, throbbing meat in her mouth as he came? Why was this happening to her? How was she ever going to get free? Why wouldn't God help her?

He released a loud grunt. His cock exploded in her mouth. He had slowed down her pace as if he wanted to prolong his delight. The cock throbbed and throbbed within her, like some snake that had come to life. His jism flooded her, warm and salty and sour tasting, like nothing she had ever known. She couldn't get it all down and she was choking and sputtering. She could feel it drooling down her chin. She felt so debased, so shamed, so miserable that she prayed for the whole building to come down around her, to crush out her life, to extinguish the man and her, God striking them dead as if they had done something unholy and had made the heavens tremble.

The motions of her head wound down. The man's body shuddered a few times and the meat in her mouth throbbed almost gently. It was softening when he withdrew it. She made sure that she kept her lips tight as he passed over them, obedient to the last.

He pulled her head back and released her ponytail. He made a motion with his hand for her to kneel up again. He sat there for a few moments enjoying the aftereffects of her service to him. She knelt there, his taste still in her mouth, sobbing quietly.

He rose. He patted her on the head and gave her an appreciative hum. He picked up the little bench and returned it to the side of the room where he had gotten it. He came back with a wet cloth and cleaned her face. His cock was limp and dangling, swaying to and fro when he walked.

He stepped away again. When he came back, he had a jumble of leather straps in his hands. She watched as he straightened them out. There was a thick prong set in the midst of what looked like a shield. A dismal feeling went through her. The prong looked just like a cock, bulbous head and all. It was jet black and looked like it was made from hard rubber. He proffered it to her lips. She frowned and whimpered, but obediently opened them a moment later. He pressed the prong forward. It entered her, filling her, and went all the way to the back of her mouth. It was thick and veiny. She continued to whimper as he distributed the straps around her head. Two straps came from the corner of the shield and joined at the top of her nose and then travelling over her head. There was a piece that cupped her jaw. Straps went along the side of her head to the back. He attached them all there. When he pulled it tight, it made her mouth close tightly around its invader, just as if she were sucking it. The shield covered her lips completely up to her nose. She could see the straps coming up the sides. She felt him tighten the straps another notch or two and the prong sank deeper into her mouth, making her gag.

He stepped back and looked at her. He was giving her that half smile he had. He rubbed her leather covered cheek and hummed at her. "Good little cocksucking girl. You did such a good job that now you can have a cock inside your mouth all the time," he was saying. A wave of misery went through her. Yes, she was a cocksucker now. And if his new installation seemed an incongruous punishment for the pleasure she had brought him, then all to the better. She felt like she should be punished. She was one of those dirty girls her mother had always talked to her about. She did dirty things. How could she ever go back to her life, knowing what she had just done? She had sucked the cock of a strange, cruel man and she had not struggled or protested one iota. She had given in, succumbed, surrendered without a fight. She had swallowed his slime as if it was nectar. She deserved to be punished and reminded what a slut she was.

He clapped his hands once and she rose to her feet. He took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and he escorted her to the side of the room, the same side that the shower was on, to the left of where he had whipped her. On the way over, he took the thin whip he had used on her out of the armoire. He released her bound arms and turned her to face him. She immediately spread her legs and placed her hands behind her back. He gave her a smile and patted her on the head, giving her a little hum. "Good girl," he was telling her.

He stepped back about ten feet. He pointed two fingers at her eyes and then at his. Suddenly he began to thrust his knees up into the air, one by one, performing a little march in place. He went on for half a minute, raising his knees high with his hands behind his head, the whip held prominently in one of them. Then he stopped and pointed to her. She suppressed a whine. She leapt into life. She raised her

knees one by one. He started going, “Hutt, hutt, hutt,” counting cadence for her. He put his hand out, palm up, and lifted it, signifying that she should raise her knees higher. She did the best that she could. She was already running out of breath, breathing through her nose.

He gave her an angry look. The whip slashed out, striking her on her upper thigh. She screeched through her gag and began to raise her knees higher. He slashed her again from the other side. Fire broke out on her thigh and she screeched again. She lifted her knees as far as she believed they could go, and even higher. He was calling out, “Hutt, hutt, hutt, hutt,” his tempo quickening. She strained to keep up. He circled around her. “Hutt, hutt, hutt, hutt,” he called. She felt her thighs becoming as heavy as lead. She couldn’t keep up with the pace. She heard a, “whrrrrp!” and fire broke out on her behind. She released a muffled sob and strained with all her might to make her legs go faster. He circled in front of her again, “Hutt, hutt, hutt, hutt.” Her thighs were screaming with pain and her chest was heaving. She couldn’t get enough oxygen through her nose and she was getting dizzy.

Then, just as suddenly as he started, the ‘hutts’ stopped and he held out his hand palm down and made a downward movement. She blessed the creator. She was struggling to get her breath. Her heart was pounding fiercely. Her thighs felt rubbery. The places where he had slashed her still burned. She looked at him desolately.

He let her catch her breath. After about a minute, he did that finger to her eyes bit again and then to his. He put his hands at his sides. He lowered himself by his knees, holding his arms straight out. Then he came up again. He went down, arms out, and then came up again. He did it one more time for effect.

He started in with the ‘hutts’. At the first one, she lowered herself, arms out like he did. On the next ‘hutt’ she rose. On the next she went down. On the next she went up. The ‘hutts’ started going faster. Her breath was starting to strain again. Her knees and thighs were sending fierce complaints to her. She started to slow down and missed a beat. The whip slashed across her breasts. She screamed and strove to catch up. Again and again and again he made her do it. She was crying and sobbing. She strained herself, using every ounce of determination to keep up with the beat so as to avoid another stroke of the whip.

Finally, he let her stop. Again her chest was thumping and her lungs heaving. He placed her at rest, legs spread, hands behind her back. He waited about a minute. He went down on his knees and signaled for her to watch. From a kneeling position, he flung his ankles back. He did a push up, thrust his ankles back and stood. He did it again. And again. And a fourth time.

Then the 'hutts' started. She sobbed and cried and moaned as she tried to keep up with him. Twice, when she was fully extended, pushing up with her tired arms, he slashed her across the back, signaling his displeasure. She screeched and moaned and made sure next time that she lowered herself all the way so that her breasts were touching the mat, and then rose again, rising, rising, rising until her arms were all straight out.

It was horrible to be exerting herself so fully with the prong in her mouth. Her mouth squeezed at it each time she took a belabored breath. It was an evil presence that she could not ignore, even as she strained to pay attention to the man's remorseless commands.

He stopped her after maybe the twentieth or so thrust. The last pushup was so painful that she thought she might collapse. She stood there breathing heavily, sweat pouring off of her body. She wanted desperately for her exercise routines to be over. It was like torture. She knew what he was doing. He wanted her in tip top shape for his enjoyment and other purposes. She had never really exercised regularly, except for going for walks and things. She had been lucky that she never seemed to gain much weight, and when she did gain a few extra pounds, she had always been able to shed it easily. In high school, she had felt somewhat guilty about not going out for a sport of some kind. A lot of her friends did. Liz was on the tennis team. She had earned three varsity letters in it. Sally had thought that she might try her hand at track, but after the first day, in which the dike coach, everybody said that about her, kept her and the others running sprints for 2 hours, she had quit. Nobody was going to treat her like that!

Jumping jacks were next. She could feel her breasts flopping up and down as she strained to keep up with the 'hutts'. She seemed to do okay, as the man didn't whip her.

The man let her catch her breath for a minute or so and gave her the watch me signal. He took off at a run. He ran to the far wall and then the length of the room. He made a square turn and ran along the width. He made another square turn and ran the length again, made another square turn and came back to the place of beginning.

Before he began the 'hutts' he came behind her and connected her wrists behind her back. Then he gave her backside a fierce swipe of the whip and shouted out three times loudly, "Hutt! Hutt! Hutt!"

She took off like a shot. It was difficult to run with her hands behind her, never mind the plug in her mouth, but she did the best that she could. The man followed her around the room, keeping ten or so feet away from her and calling out, "Hutt, hutt, hutt, hutt." She made two courses around the room. She made three. She made four. Her heart was pounding and she was heaving for breath. After the fifth

course, she felt herself slowing down a bit. The man stepped forward and gave her a harsh swipe across the back of her legs. She screeched and picked up her pace.

Around and around she went. She lost track of her circuits. She was praying, praying, praying for him to let her stop. Each time she passed the shower and made the turn there, she could see herself in the full length mirror on the far wall. She would grow bigger and bigger in it as she approached it. She had to struggle to keep from collapsing into a bundle of sobs and tears as she took note of the cruel gag that distorted her face, the shiny collar she wore, the sparkly confinements on her ankles, her hands locked behind her like some kind of hostage, her breasts flopping up and down as she ran. She fell once and he was on her in an instant, slashing at her three times as she struggled to her feet, screeching and wailing.

Finally, he clapped his hands and pointed to a spot in front of him. She dashed there, overjoyed that her travail was ending. She stood at the spot and spread her legs. Her chest was heaving so badly that she had to bend over. She was snorting through her nose. She was as sad as she had ever been in her life. The man was a cruel demon. She wanted so badly to hate him. But she just couldn't. Something inside her wouldn't let her. What the man had had her do was three times as bad as what her dike track coach had done. Maybe she should have gone out for track after all and not quit.

What would have happened if she had changed that little bit in her life? If she had continued in track, right now, in the fall semester, they were running cross country. If she had become a cross country runner, she probably wouldn't have gone to the frat party as drinking would have been a no, no. She wouldn't have been alone at the bus stop because all the sports girls hung together wherever they went. She might not have even gone to the same college, if she had been good and gotten a scholarship somewhere.

What if she hadn't stopped to talk to Carmella Moriella after her last class and hadn't missed the earlier bus? What if she and Teddy had gotten married and she had gone to Washington State with him? Or she had gotten pregnant when they fucked and made to stay home and care for the baby? What if she had fattened herself up until she was 200 lbs. so that nobody would think of making her a slave? What if she had just screamed and ran when she saw that man in the rumpled black raincoat lurking behind her? What if the moon and the stars had been in different positions? What if her mother hadn't met her father and fallen in love, but had met someone else and she had been born to them in a different city, in a different state? What if, what if, what if, what if?

He let her catch her breath for a minute or so and then he clapped his hands. She rose up straight, her legs spread. He came over to her, patted her on the cheek and hummed. What a smart little pet she was. How easy it was to teach her tricks.

Did he have a treat for her? He would have to take out the gag to give it to her. Maybe he could give her a little poison pill that would make her collapse and die. That would be okay. It wouldn't be like she committed suicide. He would make her take it. The fact that she would take it gladly didn't count, did it?

She was sweaty and she felt like every muscle in her body was wrung out. He took hold of her collar and led her to where he had shaved her pussy near the shower. He left her standing there while he got out one of those huge bath towels. He placed it on the floor in front of her and clapped his hands four times and pointed to the towel. She was so miserable she thought she might be able to stop her heart from beating. She sank to her knees, knee walked over to the towel and laid down on it on her belly. She put her legs together so that her ankle bracelets were touching. The man walked away and came back a few seconds later. He put something down beside her and released her wrists from each other. He made her raise them over her head and he affixed them to the same ring he had used during their last session.

He crossed his right leg over her and knelt down with her legs between his. He reached over for whatever he had brought and then put it back down. A second later, she felt something cool and oily on her back.

He proceeded to rub it into her. The oil burned slightly at first and then created a welcome warmth. He kneaded her back expertly, isolating her muscles, going down her backbone and massaging each vertebrae. It was the best back massage she had ever had. Not that she had had many. Dorothy Carmichael and her had done each other's naked backs in 7th grade. Running her hands over her bare skin and hearing her moan with delight had perturbed her and brought a tingle to her loins that she didn't like or fully understand. When Dorothy did her, she was as nervous as a kitten the whole time and it gave her feelings she didn't like.

Eddy Vanderhouse had given her a back rub one summer up at the lake after 10th grade. That she had really liked. Eddy was her boyfriend before Teddy, but not after that day. Eddy's mother caught them at it and screamed and yelled in front of everybody. Eddy was forbidden to go out with her any more, not that they had gone out much, maybe to a movie or two with his or her parents driving them each way. When her mother heard about it she gave Sally a big slap that rocked her teeth and ordered her to never, ever do that again.

So she didn't have much to compare the man's skills to, but they seemed very accomplished to her. All the tension went right out of her. Her mind drifted off into haziness. He did her shoulders, squeezing them so hard it hurt, but a good hurt that left her muscles grateful. He worked his way all down her back, adding oil here and there. He scooted back and did her rear mounds, which felt good. Nobody had ever touched her there like that, although Mr. Gillespie had grabbed her buttock

once in junior year. She had been so shocked and embarrassed that she never told anyone. She stayed away from him after that. One of the sophomore girls reported him later that year and he was fired.

He worked his way down her battered thighs. It felt so good to have him massage them. It made her weak. He worked his way down to the back of her shins and did them. He even did her ankles and her feet, rolling her tarsals and metatarsals through his fingers expertly.

He brought himself next to her and tapped her on her side. She understood that he wanted her to roll over, which she did obediently. He crawled back over her legs and started doing her front. He did her arms and her shoulders again. When he smoothed the oil over her breasts, she drew in her breath at the tingling sensation, but then sighed with relief as she felt them warm. He massaged them almost lovingly. Her eyes were closed. She knew she was violating a rule, but she just couldn't keep them open. Her whole body felt relaxed and at rest. He did her belly and the fronts of her thighs. It felt wonderful. Even when he put his hand on her mons she didn't flinch. He rubbed it and stroked it like it was the most natural thing in the world. The tingling that she felt there seemed simpatico with the rest of her body which felt so alive and at the same time so relaxed that she thought she might melt like butter.

He came off of her and made her turn over again. He was behind her. She felt him lifting her hips and urging her forward. She rose, only semi-conscious of what she was doing. Her rear was up and her head was down. Her hands were locked above her. She didn't think much of it when she felt him pull her thighs apart. His hand trolled her soft mons, once, twice, three times and then a finger, or was it two, ran up the length of her moistened crevasse. She didn't mind. She was too relaxed to mind anything. She had even, for the time being, accommodated herself to the thick prong in her mouth and the nest of straps tightly bound around her head.

There was a pause. His hand left her. He came up closer behind her. She felt something slide up her crevasse and lodge at her entrance. Her mind didn't register what it was until his cock glided into her.

Her mind suddenly sprung to wakefulness. He was in her! From behind! He was in her! She whined. A terrible feeling went through her. She had expected that his first penetration of her would be a moment of high drama. She would be on her back, her legs spread, him towering over her as he tauntingly rubbed the head of his cock up and down, up and down until it found her hole. Then he would sneer like some cartoon villain, chortling to himself. She would whine and stare into his face pleadingly. "Please don't mister! Please don't!" her eyes would say. And then he would push forward and she would be overwhelmed with passion.

But it wasn't like that. She couldn't even see him. And he had snuck in without her knowing, without warning, without letting her prepare herself for this ultimate degradation. He was lodged fully within her, down to the hilt. He wasn't moving, just letting her experience the fullness of his penetration. She felt like she was pinioned, pierced. She squirmed her hips and tried to think of a way to dislodge him, but he was buried too deep. She tried to move forward so that he would slip out of her, but he gave her a fierce poke in her side, making her groan so she stopped.

He was going to fuck her! Had already started! She realized that this was far worse than having his cock in her mouth. He was in her to her very depths. The head of his cock was deep within her belly. She felt herself expanded around him. She could feel his heat. She closed her eyes again and pleaded within, "Please get out! Please get out! Don't do this, please!"

And then she felt him move. He drew himself way, way back, ever so slowly and then forward, giving her a long, slow stroke. It felt so good that she cursed herself for her sluttishness. He did it again. And again. And again. Her hands yearned to grab his organ and stop it. It seemed so unfair that he could do this without her wanting it. It seemed so unfair that she should be here so that he could fuck her. It seemed so unfair that she couldn't just get up and run away. It seemed so unfair that she couldn't stop the slow abrasion of her inner tissue and the unhappy emanations that were flowing from it.

His hands were on the sides of her buttocks, holding her firmly in place. He stroked her a few more times long and slow and then picked up the pace. His movements in and out, in and out, created a trilling down there that she wished would stop. It didn't seem fair that she couldn't stop it somehow, clamp her pussy's walls together and hold it in place. But it kept moving, moving, moving and her pussy was getting warmer and warmer and warmer. She bit down on her gag and released a moan. She didn't know where it came from. It just erupted inside her. He was moving even faster now and she felt the blood in her loins surging.

Pleasure was wafting all throughout her body. She started to get into the rhythm of the thing. She caught herself thinking what a wonderful thing a cunt was. A wave of self-revulsion went through her. It wasn't something that she wanted to enjoy. It wasn't something she could let herself enjoy. It was a terrible, terrible thing that the man was doing. She whined and she was filled with self-pity. Why had this happened to her? Why was this happening to her? Why couldn't she stop that awful, delightful unwanted and yet craved sensation trilling in her cavern. "No! No! No! No!" she repeated again and again in her head, but the man's instrument just kept plowing her.

She felt something rising in her lower belly. Her whole body tingled. She didn't want what was coming. She didn't want what was coming. She didn't want what was coming. The man was fucking her hard now, ramming his belly up against her buttocks. He was giving out little grunts. She moaned and sighed as her climax approached. Her hands tightened into fists, she tried to grit her teeth. "Go away! Go Away! Go Away!" she called out in her mind. Her pussy was vibrating with unwanted delight. "Make it stop! Make it stop! Make it stop!" she pleaded, but no one heard her.

And then he did stop. She issued a great sigh of frustrated passion. She had almost been there. And despite all of her misgivings, her revulsion at her lack of control, her anger at her disobedient organ, her whole body wanted the orgasm it had been promised. She sighed again and shuddered. His cock was just lying inside her, parked in a convenient place. It was like she was teetering at the edge of an abyss. A foreign, uninvited object was deep within her and there was nothing she could do about it. There was no power in the world able to free her of it. Only the man's power, his desire, his want. That was all that mattered. She was nothing. A receptacle. A tunnel of hot flesh. A being to use and subjugate and besmirch. A prize possession perhaps, but one valued only for the pleasure it could bring.

She started to sob. How many times would he have her like this? She couldn't even see his face and, what's more important, he couldn't even see hers. Her personality, her personhood, her individuality weren't important. They were negated. She was being fucked like a dog in heat. Animals fucked like this, not face to face like humans. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" she whined.

And then he started again. Slow and long, slow and long. She released an agonized moan. The pleasure was intolerable. She wanted it to go away. He went faster and then faster and then faster. Soon he was slamming himself against her again. She moaned and cried and sobbed as the trilling stood every nerve in her body on edge. She was huffing and puffing and moaning and writhing. Her orgasm was so close she felt like she could reach out and grab it.

And then he stopped. She moaned and sobbed. He was torturing her. He was going to make her want to come so badly that every ounce of decency would be swept away. She would be reduced to raw need. "It isn't fair! It isn't fair!" she protested madly. And then he started again. Slow and long, slow and long. She moaned and cried and sobbed. It was too much to suffer. No one should have to go through this. When Teddy had fucked her she had thought herself so blessed to have a cunt. Everybody would want one, she had thought. But now she knew that she was cursed to have one. If she didn't have one, she never would have been

kidnapped. She wouldn't be held prisoner here. This man wouldn't be fucking her and causing excruciating rivulets of pleasure to surge through her.

He sped up. He went faster and faster. He pumped against her hard, again and again. The trilling ecstasy was too much for her to bear. She felt her climax coming like a grizzly bear tearing through the forest in heat. Unbridled forces would be released. A force so powerful that no young, pretty, innocent girl like her could withstand it. It was coming closer and closer. "Don't stop! Don't stop!" her mind screamed.

And then it came, Fierce explosion racked her cavern. Wrenching pulses permeated her. She cried out as loud as she could, screaming her pleasure. Her orgasm crested, but there was another one following close behind it. Her pussy erupted again and powerful pulses of pleasure surged through her. She could hear the man grunting. His hands were gripping her hips as if he were holding on lest he fly away. And then he grunted, loud and strong, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" She realized that he was pumping his spume into her and she groaned with misery. And yet he kept thrusting and thrusting and thrusting. Her pussy erupted again and she forgot about the dismal fact that she was being besmirched by his seed beyond all recovery. He gave out a final, anguished sounding grunt and then he relaxed.

He was spent. His cock kept moving back and forth inside her though, slow and long, slow and long. Her pussy gave out several shudders and then came to rest. He stopped and bent over her as he caught his breath.

She hardly realized it when he slipped from her. He rubbed her sloppy cunt and hummed. "What a good little pussy. I'll just have to fuck it again sometime soon."

He rose. Her eyes were closed and her whole body was simmering. He stepped away for a moment, putting away the lotion he had used on her. He came back with the jar of green salve he had put on her before. She felt him smear it all around and in her still steaming cunt. It caused a surge of sensation to go through her so strong she almost fainted. He rubbed a dollop on and in her little ring and then came under her and applied it to her nipples. They started to tingle and burn right away.

He put the salve away and came back to her. She hadn't moved. She was still kneeling there miserably. He had done something terrible to her. He had fucked her like an animal and made her scream with pleasure. After she and Teddy did it, she had often wondered what a real fucking would be like and now she knew. It was so terrible and so wonderful all at the same time. Her mind felt confused, deadened. What had just happened? Why couldn't she resist him? Why had God made her such a slut?

He clapped his hands four times. Slowly, cautiously, she edged her knees back and sank to her belly. She didn't react when he released her wrists. She was

thinking of his slime oozing inside her. She felt like she had been injected with poison. She started sobbing again.

The man drew her hands behind her and locked them together. He locked her ankles. She just lay there, dejected, disconsolate, ashamed, while he stepped away. He came back and wrapped the belt he had used before around her thighs, just above her knees and fastened them tightly together. He picked up her ankles and dragged her across the room, to its center, where he had whipped her. Her breasts and belly skidded across the mat and she released a little squeal. When he had her at the center, he dropped her ankles and went over to the armoire. He pulled something out of a drawer. He came back to her. A moment later, she felt her ankles rise. He lifted her bound arms until they met and he joined them together with a small chain with a clip on each end. As soon as he released them, she felt a terrible strain in her shoulders. She looked up at him. "Please don't leave me like this," she pleaded with her eyes. He just leaned over, rubbed her on her head and hummed. "What a good little fuck toy! But now it's time to put you away for a while."

She watched him as he dressed. He tossed the towel in the hamper. He picked up the tray and brought it to the door. Without looking back at her, he punched in the numbers and the door 'clacked'. The lights went out. The door closed behind him and 'clacked' again. She hung her head and cried.

CHAPTER NINE

When Gyong went upstairs, the house was in a bustle. It was about 10 a.m. and the girls were busy cleaning the place, dusting, vacuuming, cleaning ash trays, gathering up glasses and bottles and other detritus from the night before. Three girls worked the parlor, or reception area, two girls worked the club room where the men played cards and drank. Two did the larger dining area where the men could eat meals and the room for special parties. The maids helped out and did all the work upstairs where all the bedrooms were. The girls were supervised in their tasks by the guards and the two bulky, middle aged Korean women he employed. They were not whores. They were cousins of his wife. They worked long hours and weren't paid much, but they loved pussy. More importantly, they knew to keep their mouths shut.

He brought the tray into the kitchen. They employed a congenial, fat Korean chef. He made all the meals. He made a good salary, but he worked from sunup to about 10 at night when the kitchen closed. He always left prepared snacks in the refrigerator for guests who became hungry after hours. One of the maids would stick them in the microwave and deliver them to the customer's room and be happy if she escaped unscathed, there being no such thing as rape here. Her use would be added to the guest's bill. A young Korean apprentice assisted the chef and did all the cleanup work. An older Korean man and his wife did all the grounds keeping.

There were always three or four young American maids on staff, daughters of men who were deeply behind in debt to Korean shylocks and held as hostages. They ran room service and served as waitresses in the dining room, the club room and the special party room. They also did some of the cleaning and other miscellaneous chores. They were not strictly whores either although on Friday and Saturday nights when the trade got very heavy they sometimes helped out with blowjobs for guests who had been forced to wait too long. And since they were generally very attractive, and wore tall, shiny 4" black high heels and skimpy little black maid's outfits with flouncy, fluffy skirts and white lace trimmings, some of the guests were so enticed that they insisted on fucking them. Madam Jang would reluctantly accede, like she was doing them a big favor, and charge them double the going rate.

Their 'salaries', such as they were, were paid directly to their fathers' creditors to help offset interest on their debts. Their parents were allowed to visit with them once a month on a Sunday afternoon via Skype for five minutes, so they could see that they were still alive. One of the Korean mistresses would oversee it to make

sure the girl did not say anything out of line. If the men fell too far behind or defaulted, the girls were sold off by Gyong and the proceeds, less the considerable commission paid to the house, applied to the debt. The vig on the debts being so high, it was rare that one was actually returned to her family.

After hours they were made available for use by the three beefy Korean guards he maintained, who were not allowed, generally, to fuck the regular girls. Gyong and Madam Jang fucked them occasionally, as the mood struck them. They had their own, separate dorm on the third floor. They were not accoutered in the shiny, metallic confinements worn by the slave girls, but were adorned with black leather collars with rings front and back. The guards and the mistresses all carried leather thongs in case any of the maids became unruly or needed to be disciplined. Except for disciplinary purposes, they were not allowed to be whipped by the customers, although that was a difficult rule to enforce. They were not tattooed with flowers or given names other than Maid No. 1, Maid No. 2, etc. Their numbers were displayed in bold black letters on white tags on the front of their collars.

One of the current maids, Maid No. 2, a beautiful brown haired 22 year old girl with delicious breasts and sensuous hips, previously named Linda, was the favorite of the local Seven Stars' second in command, and they were keeping her around for his occasional pleasure even though her father had already been bled dry. He had sold his business, his house, depleted all his bank accounts, exhausted all his credit with friends and relatives and turned over everything that he could steal. He and his family had fled, but they caught up with them at a motel just outside of Tulsa, Oklahoma. The husband paid the price right then and there. The wife, in her early 40's and, lucky for her, was still quite attractive. After a week down in the cells below the whorehouse, at the pleasure of himself and the guards, and a few privileged guests, she was sold as a clubhouse whore to the local chapter of the Rogues, an outlaw motorcycle gang. Their other daughters, one 20 and the other 19, had spent some time down there too, in neighboring cells, and then been sold to the Spanish Lords, who ran a string of brothels across the southwest and Southern California.

Linda couldn't quite understand why her mother and father had stopped calling to see her.

Profits were very high. They charged for the girls by the hour, one hour minimum at \$750 a throw. The girls worked approximately 10 hours a day, between 2 p.m. when the whorehouse opened, and 12 p.m. when the last customer was supposed to leave, although they often stayed later. Optimally, it was over \$50,000 a day. But there were slow times and the girls needed some time off between bouts so they could freshen themselves. And ten men a day was a lot of whoring. They tried to limit the girls to 6 or 7 a day, spreading the work around,

although, naturally, some girls were more popular than others. On Friday and Saturday nights they worked harder. On Sundays, they were only open from 6 p.m. to 10 o'clock so as to give the girls a little break.

Most of the men were very wealthy and they often rented the girls for more than a single hour, sometimes all night, like Myong. All in all, each day, the take was usually between \$25,000 and \$30,000, all in cash. There were separate charges for meals, bar service and other refreshments, but he was happy if he broke even on those things. The two bartenders worked mostly on tips.

Out of that was payroll, operating expenses and the 10% he paid to the Seven Stars. He paid \$10,000 a month to the local police chief and \$15,000 to the county sheriff. It was all worth it. The local chief of the Seven Stars made sure that his boys did not wreck the place and paid their bills when due. The law enforcement guys kept nosy people away. They only allowed guests who had been vetted by the Seven Stars or law enforcement, another worthwhile benefit.

And with the Seven Stars' protection, they would not fall prey to other gangster organizations. In fact, his place had been declared neutral territory and he sometimes had members of other groups as guests, although they usually used their own places. His party room was often used as a place to work out beefs.

Sometimes members of the Seven Stars or other local gangs would come and park their girlfriends there for a few weeks or so, for a substantial fee, if they had to go out of town for a while, as punishment for this or that, or just to teach them obedience, it being clearly understood that they would be put to work as maids and that there could be no exceptions for them as it pertained to their duties. Either they came willingly, usually without awareness of the purpose of the trip, or Soon and Yee, the men who had kidnapped the new girl, would pick them up.

One delightful, delicate little Chinese-American girl from Topeka, Kansas, Maureen Chung, had been left there for a year and a half by her heroin dealing boyfriend. He ultimately decided he wasn't coming back for her after all and that she knew too much about him just to cut her loose. One of the guests, a Nicaraguan businessman, had liked her so much that he came by to fuck her whenever he was in town, sometimes several nights in a row, at premium rates. Once he learned that she had been abandoned, he bought her and took her home with him on his private jet to his *finca* about 75 miles southwest of Managua, the capital, to serve as his slave.

Seven Star members all knew that if they were sent up river for any stretch more than 18 months or so, their girlfriends would be picked up and shipped off to Korea where they would be dealt out to Seven Star whorehouses around the country. Anything less and Gyong would take temporary care of them. The philosophy behind it was simple. If the girl were left on her own, she might be

poached by another member of the gang, realizing her availability. The girl wouldn't have much choice about it herself, most gang members not knowing the meaning of the word no. Or she might pick up another 'civilian' boyfriend. In any case, there would be needless conflict and bloodshed when the gangster got out of prison.

And then there was the distress the gang member would feel not knowing what she was doing or who she was fucking. Having the Seven Stars pick her up assuaged all that. Sure, as a whore she would be fucking like a rabbit, but there was little likelihood she would form any emotional attachments. And the gangster boyfriend would not suffer from the injustice that she was running around all over the place a free person while he was locked up.

When the gang member came home, if he still wanted the girl, Gyong would release her or she would be shipped back from Korea, as the case might be, although they rarely did. Gyong would job out the forlorn, abandoned girls entrusted to him to a local broker and the girls in Korea would just stay where they were or be sold off to brothels in Manila, Jakarta or Bangkok. One consoling benefit was that a portion of the profits on the girl would be paid out to the member upon his release to get him back on his feet.

Wives, on the other hand, were sacrosanct, unless they were foolish enough to get out of line. Wives who dishonored their husbands were a dishonor to the whole organization and were treated accordingly by being dropped into holes somewhere or in punctured and sealed, weighted down steel barrels way out at sea. Gang members with serious charges, desperate to spare their girlfriends from the ordeal they unknowingly faced, would sometimes ask for permission to marry them. Consent by his superior to any marital union was strictly required. Usually it would be denied. If the guy hadn't saw fit to marry her up to that point, why let him make a mistake of judgment now?

Officially, for tax purposes, Gyong ran a very successful restaurant, and he was able to clean some of the money that way. The rest was funneled, for a fee of course, to offshore accounts in Panama, the Isle of Man and the Seychelles via the Seven Stars. That money was then processed as 'dividends' from various shell companies to legitimate but unquestioning banks in South Korea.

He got himself another cup of coffee and sat down at the kitchen table. He kept his iPad there and he used it to check the openings on his varied stock holdings and the news. He read the Times every day and several Korean papers. He subscribed to the Economist and Harper's Weekly. There were 200 or so books downloaded on his Kindle account, novels, biographies, history. He had a varied literary appetite. He had a library full of art books up on the 3rd floor. He often caught independent films at the local university and attended public lectures there.

Of course, there was always the issue of time. He had to keep a keen eye on things at the brothel, management wise. His wife supervised the girls and did all the discipline. But he got away often enough. He stayed up late almost every night, to 3 or 4 in the morning and slept to ten. When he was breaking in a girl though, his schedule got kind of topsy-turvy as he had to go down and work on her every few hours. Usually it took a good 2 weeks to make a decent whore, at least one up to his standards. This girl was coming along fine, but you never could tell when a girl had really succumbed to her fate or was just pretending in the hopes that she could get away. So he always kept them down there for the full 2 weeks no matter how good they were doing.

For the new girls brought in as maids, usually three or four days down there at the mercy of the Korean guards were enough to make them obedient and compliant.

At about 11 it was time for the maids and the girls to go back to the third floor and get themselves ready for their day's work. Showers, makeup, perfume and lubrication were all in order. They would all get their daily dose of the salve that Gyong had used on the girl downstairs. The Korean women would put on their traditional Korean outfits.

They were expected to all be ready no later than noon. Madam Jang would inspect all the girls, note errors and omissions, such as smeared makeup or a smudged collar or bracelet, and, based on their appearance and on any negative reports she had received from the Korean women, set down the punishment list for the next morning. From noon to 1:15, they would all go to the common room where Madam Jang would lead them in a half hour's meditation, poetry and other readings. Before they went downstairs for lunch, each slave girl would have her gag removed, rise, face her, bow and promise to be "*aju joh-eun changnyeo*", a very good whore. The Korean women would hook them all up again, lock their arms behind their backs and Madam Jang would order them out. As they passed her, they would all bow and kiss her hand and their gag would be reinstalled. The maids would follow and do the same.

Gyong went to the office on the first floor and went over their investments online and checked a couple of websites looking for girls. He checked them out regularly even when they weren't necessarily looking for one in case he came across a star. Like when they had picked up Tulip. She had been posted on one of the dark web sites.

She was a performer at Aquaworld in Santa Barbara. Someone had come across her at one of the dolphins' performances, standing around in her tiny two piece bathing suit, smiling to the crowd and feeding the dolphins fish after each of their displays. He had taken a close up video of her with his cell phone. She was

outstandingly pretty and vivacious. She had nice sized breasts for her somewhat diminutive frame. She had been investigated and the website had her particulars, 19, about 5'5", 120 lbs., a year of community college, living with two girlfriends in an isolated old farmhouse in Mission Canyon near the state forest. Her name was Betsy Pistello and she had grown up near San Francisco. There were some more pictures, each one as stunning as the last. He had shown her pictures and data sheet to Madam Jang and they had jumped on her right away.

It was a long way for Song and Yee to travel to go get her, but it was worth it. They used a noodle truck that they borrowed from a local Korean purveyor. About 3 in the morning they had let themselves in to the old cabin and had the girl bound and gagged in her bed before she really knew what was happening. They had gotten the roommates too, a heavyset, large boned blond haired girl and a black haired tall and skinny one. Soon and Yee made some quick calls and they were able to deal the other girls to a Spanish Lords crew operating out of West L.A. who came and picked them up. They drove Betsy cross-country in a crate in the back of the van, letting her out a couple of times to drink water, eat some crackers and pee. She trained very well and had replaced their then current Tulip. She had developed a following right away and had remained very popular since.

A little after 1, he went back to the kitchen to get some lunch. He was sitting at the small table reserved for himself and Madam Jang when the girls were all shuffled in. His wife liked to keep them chained as much as possible for psychological as much as security reasons. They all had their hands bound behind them, with a chain running from one girl's collar to the next, front to back. An 18" long chain connected their ankles. It might not prevent a girl from running, but it would certainly slow her down. And it left her with just enough mobility to do her work. The chains would stay on until the girls were in their rooms ready to service guests, when they would be taken off so they could spread their legs.

The cook had prepared seven platefuls of very fine and nutritious food for them. At Madam Jang's sharp, crisp order, the girls stopped and turned so that their backs were towards the far wall. Another order and they knelt in attention position on the rubber mats that were kept there for them. The Korean mistresses went down the line disconnecting the girls' collars from each other, attaching a rather lengthy chain that led from the wall and removing their gags. The assistant cook rushed over and placed a plate in front of each girl. He had already placed down a large bowl of milk for each one.

Madam Jang issued another sharp command and all the girls bent over and started to eat. The cook had also prepared a plate for her. She retrieved it from the steel counter that ran the length of the cooking area and brought it over to the table. The two Korean women who served as the girls' guardians and supervisors

retrieved plates and sat down at a separate table. They wore long, calf length housedresses and had quirts connected to leather belts that ran around their waists. Madam Jang didn't like it if they used them too often, but sometimes a correction had to be made immediately rather than at punishment time, which was every morning at 8:15 A.M. And it was good for the girls' morale to know that someone eager to inflict correction was watching over them so closely.

The girls ate wordlessly. Their food was the same as everybody else's. It was just that they had to eat theirs like slaves. Madam Jang considered herself a softee and, to her mind, treated the girls well. It was too bad that they had to be slaves, but someone had to. That was just life. Better them than Korean girls. Anyway, as far as she was concerned, any girl who got herself caught deserved it.

The maids and the guards came in too. They had their separate table. The maids, dressed in short, sleeveless, bluish gray housedresses and black slippers, were usually sad and morose. The guards would tease them, feeling their breasts or putting their hands up their skirts. If they got out of hand, Madam Jang would bark an angry command and they would knock it off. There were five maids currently, more than they usually carried. Gyong had been given word that one, formerly named Denise, a skinny, blond haired thing, had been released by her boyfriend who was just finishing up a six months stretch at the federal minimum security prison upstate in Tylertown, and who needed the money. She would be picked up by a broker in a few days, after the gangster came down and gave her one last fuck. Kyung-ho, one of the guards, would be disappointed since he had been fucking her almost every night.

Madam Jang and Gyong chatted, in Korean, of course. They purposely didn't teach the girls much Korean for obvious reasons, although they needed to understand some words so that they could be ordered around. They were never allowed to speak, except on some minor formal occasions, in response to a supervisor's question or to thank Madam Jang for a whipping, even to the guests, or, rather, especially to them, and if any girl was caught, she suffered severe repercussions.

"How's the new girl coming?" Madam Jang asked.

"Good," Gyong replied. *"She was a good pick. I just got done fucking her for the first time. You should have heard her cry and wail."*

"Is her pussy hot?"

"The best," Gyong replied. *"She'll be very popular."*

"That's good. I'm ready to give Lotus the heave ho. She's just about worn out."

Gyong looked over at the tall brown haired girl who was kneeling fifth down from the line. Her hair was very long and wispy. She had an ethereal face and

small breasts, but very long legs. For some reason, men liked to whip her a lot. There was an extra charge for that. And it had put a lot of mileage on her. Her breasts were still rosy from last night. She was older than the other girls, about 27, if he remembered.

She had been working as a temp secretary. It was easy. All Soon and Yee had to do was to call her agency and ask for her personally, based on a recommendation, they said. She was sent directly to the abandoned office building they had set up in. They had one of their stringers sit at a desk in front dressed in a security uniform, like he was the concierge. They were using the first office on the right. The girl entered the office on her own steam. Soon, dressed in a suit and tie, reached out to shake her hand and Yee pinned her. She collapsed to the floor. The rest was easy.

Her name had been Doris or Darlene, or something like that. He couldn't remember. She had been betrayed by a boyfriend she had just jilted. The guy was connected and pissed as hell when she got a restraining order against him. Just for slapping her around a little bit. The guy liked to gamble and he often played poker at a place run by the Seven Stars in Dayton. He gave the manager her details and received a \$5,000 commission. \$5,000 to the organization, \$5,000 to Soon and Yee, and the girl was his. They had renamed her Lotus and she wore on her loins a bright blue tattoo of the flower atop a beard of green leaves. All the slave girls were named after flowers, Rose, Carnation, Chrysanthemum, Poppy, who we met earlier, Daisy and Tulip. They wore little medallions with the ideogram of their flower on the front ring of their collars.

They always had seven whores and now that they had a new girl, one of the old had to go. Lotus had only been with them eleven months and Gyong would have liked to keep her around longer, but Madam Jang made all those decisions. He would call the broker he used and the guy would come over to sample and inspect her. She still had a few years on her and would do someone very good service. She was just not top notch anymore. Too many whippings will do that.

Due to her age, Gyong had had second thoughts about buying her, but Madam Jang had been adamant, encouraged, no doubt by her cheap price tag. Now fully trained as a whore, she would go for maybe \$35 or \$40 thousand, less the 20% broker's commission, still more than they had paid for her. And that didn't include what she had made for them in the meantime. A minimum of five guests a day for 11 months was well over a million dollars, not including whipping charges. In a few years, given her age, she would probably get sent off to Mexico or Africa where she would disappear forever.

They could have had more than seven whores. There was room upstairs in the slaves' dormitory for more. Madam Jang was superstitious though, and seven was

a lucky number. Also, she felt that seven was the most that one woman could manage properly. It had worked out for the last 15 years and they had done quite well. So who was he to question?

The girls finished their meals quickly and knelt back in at ease position when they were done. The cook's assistant went down the line and wiped all of their faces before picking up all of their sparkling clean bowls and plates. Madam Jang made them wait. She was discussing with Gyong a new decoration plan she had for the reception room. Gyong listened carefully. He didn't really have a say in it, but she would quiz him on details later. If he didn't remember she would be pissed.

Finally, she got up. She clapped her hands once and the girls all rose to their feet. The two Korean women went behind them, disconnecting them from the wall and reconnecting them to each other. At her command, a Korean word that the girls all understood, they all turned to their left. Another command and they began shuffling out of the room, one mistress leading them, one trailing from behind. The maids got up and followed.

Gyong decided to go upstairs for a nap. He trudged up the stairs to the third floor. The stairs leading to the 2nd floor, where all the entertainment rooms were, was wide and covered with a thick maroon rug and had ornate, highly polished wooden banisters. The stairs to the third floor were narrower and just had rubber treads. At the top of the stairs was an iron gate. The same code as the door to the room in the basement controlled it. They changed it every three or four months. There was a fingerprint reader for added security. Gyong entered the code, placed his thumb in the reader and the lock sprang open. He closed it behind him, making sure that the lock clicked.

The slave girls' dormitory was off to the right. The rec room, which was also used for discipline and the girls' daily exercise, was down the hall to the left. His bedroom and Madam Jang's bedroom were off at the far end of the hall. He hadn't shared a bed with Madam Jang for many years, for sleeping anyway. Some nights she would give his door a knock and she would creep in and they would fuck, maybe once or twice a month at most. If he had one of the girls with him, which was most nights, he would place her in a cage at the foot of the bed until Madam Jang left and either fuck some more, or if Madam Jang had worn him out, return her to her dorm.

Madam Jang preferred using the slave girls. It gave her a chance to make sure that they were properly enthusiastic and orgasmic. If it took a girl too long to come, she would double her dose of the special formula they gave them for a few weeks. If that didn't work, along with the whipping the girl would receive for lack of responsiveness, she would be marked for sale and moved on. Her guests were entitled to and expected girls who loved to fuck.

She was just 41 years old and had a very compelling figure, nice legs, just so wide hips and rear and more than adequate, one might say perfect breasts. She was handsome rather than pretty, with business-like eyes and mouth. She kept her shoulder length black hair elegantly coiffured with a weekly trip to the hairdresser's, usually Tuesday mornings, Monday being usually an early night.

Gyong turned right and went through another gate and then a locked door to where the slave girls slept. The girls were busy touching up their hair and makeup, and having one last pee before they went back downstairs to work. The sleeping room was about 40' x 80', a little bigger than the training room downstairs. There were seven cages, three on one side and four on the other. They were each about 10' wide and 10' long, and went up to the 10' high ceiling. In each cage was a full sized mattress set on a small wooden platform. Each bed was tightly made with white bottom sheets. The slave girls were not allowed to cover their bodies, even at night. There was no foot or head boards. A chain was built into the wall and was gathered in a little pile on each, white, fluffy pillow. Another chain, piled up at the bottom was connected to the bed frame. There was a small night table with a little lamp next to each bed.

On either end of the room were the supervisor's beds. They were double sized, covered with pale blue sheets and thick, dark blue blankets. Each bed had two large, fluffy pillows and a down bedspread decorated with a floral pattern. Next to each of the supervisors' beds was an armoire where they kept all their clothes. There were no windows, but the room was well cooled in the summer and heated in the winter.

The floors were hardwood covered by a wide oriental style runner that ran down the middle of the room. Hardly noticeable at first, in the far corner, was a chain dangling from the ceiling. Very near the chain, at the side, was a 5' x 3' chest. Presently lying on the chest was a well-used flogger with a bright red handle.

Lotus was sitting on her bed, the cage door open. She was brushing out her long, silky, chestnut colored hair. He ordered her to put the hairbrush away and to come with him. After he locked her hands behind her, she shuffled along behind him obediently down the hall to his bedroom. He opened the coded lock and ushered her in.

His bedroom was large, 30' by 40'. In the middle, against the far wall was a queen sized, four poster bed. It had a maroon duvet and crisp white sheets. There were three fluffy pillows. He had his own well-appointed bathroom off to the right, and large, heavy, dark stained, mahogany furniture. The headboard to the bed contained two shelves of books and a nightlight over the middle. There was a nightstand on either side with large lamps on them. The one on the right had a

telephone and intercom. There was no outside line. On the right side of the bed, connected to the headboard, was a 3' long chain. Another 3' long chain was connected to the right side of the footboard. The cage sat at the foot of the bed.

Opposite the bed, on the wall, was a large, flat screen TV. To the left of the bed was a bank of three double insulated windows surrounded by baby blue curtains. There were bars on the outside. The walls were painted dark blue. The floor was dark stained hardwood and was covered by a deep green area rug with blood red swirls woven into it. There were various prints and paintings on the walls. One was a large poster for the movie 'Ran', autographed by the director. There was a small Caravaggio he had picked up at an auction in New York and several lesser known originals that had caught his fancy. The large original Rothko he had purchased through a private dealer hung in the reception room downstairs.

He removed the chain from between Lotus's ankles, released her wrists and ordered her up onto the bed. She drew down to the foot of the bed the duvet and the soft, light brown blanket beneath underneath along with the top sheet. She got up on the bed on the right hand side, lay on her back and raised and spread her long, elegant legs. She looked at him expectantly.

Lotus was actually one of his favorites, although he didn't want to say that to Madam Jang lest she think that he was getting attached to her. A wife was a wife and no matter how liberal she was on the question of sex with other women, even considering his business reasons for doing so. There was always an element of the green eyed monster to the relationship. He suspected that the determinative reason for Lotus's upcoming departure was his frequent choice of her as a bedmate.

He figured that he had fucked her over 100 times since she had become their whore, an average of almost two times a week, not including her training and not including occasional bj's. On the other hand, even 2 times a week was not that out of proportion to how often he fucked the other girls since he usually got laid at least three times a day. Carnation, a slender blond haired girl with short hair, cut into a page boy, had been with them far longer, over two years. Rose, Daisy and Tulip had also been here longer. The long and the short of it though was it was not worth Madam Jang's hostility to try and convince her to keep her. She would have just taken it out on the girl and that wouldn't have been fair.

Since she would be leaving in the next 2 weeks, Gyong was determined to fuck her as often as he could without raising Madam Jang's ire before then. She would certainly notice that Lotus had not appeared downstairs for work and would draw the appropriate conclusion. He stripped off his gray t-shirt and sweatpants along with the brown leather slippers he had donned when he left the training room and climbed up on the right side of the bed. He nestled up against the girl and ran his right hand down her body, from her dainty, but fleshy breasts, over her belly and

down her long, elegant thighs. Her body relaxed as she accepted the caresses. He leaned over and took a breast in his mouth, suckling hard at the nipple while his hand found her crux and stroked it gently but firmly. She took in a deep breath and sighed.

He suckled the other breast and then took her mouth, ranging his tongue deeply inside and dueling with her own duly responsive one. She moaned and squirmed her hips. It had been probably more than 12 hours since she had been laid and she would be feeling, thanks to Madam Jang's potion, a growing need in her loins. Taking hold of the ring in her collar, he broke their kiss and turned to his back, propping up on his pillows behind him, Lotus obediently followed him, very attuned to his routines and habits. She rose to her knees, her hips by his shoulders, ran her soft, long hands along his belly and thighs and then subsumed his thick, rigid pole in her mouth.

She had a very creative mouth and she soon had him moaning. Her hands wandered his body, caressing his thighs, cupping his balls, running over his belly. One of the rigid rules of the house was that while giving oral obeisance, only a girl's mouth and lips were to touch the cock. No whore's tricks of beating a man off while nibbling on the cock's head was permitted. If a girl couldn't get a man off with just her mouth, she was seriously in need of discipline and retraining and would end up giving each of the Korean guards three blowjobs a day until she improved.

Lotus and the other girls had been taught that, unless they had been instructed to get between a man's spread legs, they were always to keep their pussies within the man's reach. It was as much for their benefit as his as he would undoubtedly play with it and she would be more than ready for penetration if he desired it. Gyong ran his right hand down her back, over her rear cheeks and seized her pussy. He squeezed it and massaged it, slowly and delicately, slipping his fingers in her hot, gushing tunnel and toying with her little button. Their moans interspersed as they each received their particular enjoyment. Lotus knew better than to bring him off quickly and unless he signaled her otherwise with his hand buried in her loose, flowing hair and guiding her to accelerate her efforts, she would keep him burning and burning as long as possible.

Gyong liked to make the girls come while they had his cock in their mouths since it inevitably caused them to react with accelerated, excited moans that would reverberate down his pole, and they would draw their mouths tighter around him. He began to excite Lotus's button with determination. She began to moan and squirm and whine as her orgasm grew inside her. When she came, she groaned and moaned and gripped his pole tightly with her mouth as if it were a lifeline

preventing her from being washed off the deck of a ship in a storm. The pleasure washed over him and he groaned deeply.

As soon as she was finished coming, he took hold of the rear of her collar and signaled her to get on her back. She obeyed instantly and spread and raised her knees as he crossed over between them. Without any preliminaries, since none were necessary, he slipped his thick cock in her channel and began giving her long hard strokes. Her hips thrust back hard against him and her long legs encircled his. Madam Jang insisted that the girls perform their Kegel exercises continuously throughout the day, and Lotus's pussy gave him a heavy squeeze, making him groan.

He took her mouth. Her arms embraced him, stretching across his back and pulling him in. They were both groaning and moaning heavily. He was holding himself back and waiting. When her body shuddered beneath him and her pussy erupted into thunderous convulsions, he let himself go and began to jet his spume deeply within her. His cock throbbed and throbbed, sending jolts of intense pleasure all through him. He was fucking her wildly, slamming his hips down again and again, as she fucked him back just as vociferously.

When his spasms wore down, he slowed and slowed and then came to a halt. His heart was beating heavily. And yet a wave of relaxation and satisfaction passed through him. Lotus was still huffing and puffing and sighing deeply. He let himself soften within her, enjoying her post orgasmic throbs and the heat and softness of her flesh, and then slipped himself out. He rolled off to her right. She didn't have to be told. She automatically rolled to her belly and placed her shiny, silvery wrist bands together, palms in. He connected them, connected the ones on her ankles and then applied the chain from the headboard to the back of her collar. He pulled up the top sheet and the blanket and fluffed up his pillows. He looked at the clock. It was 2:40. He would sleep for 2 hours and then attend to the girl downstairs.

CHAPTER TEN

Sally had cried herself out. Time was crawling by like a turtle on a cross country stroll. The ache in her shoulders had lessened, but still glowed. The prong in her mouth and the straps around her head were so much more than discomforting. It was as if some demon had wrapped itself around her head and thrust its thick sexual appendage into her. If there had been a real cock in there, at least it would eventually come and soften and withdraw. This cock, faux as it was, kept itself rigid and thick within her, demanding her mind's sole attention.

Unless it was distracted by her bound limbs. The man had turned her body against her again. Her feet had captured her hands and her hands her feet. They were engaged in a mighty struggle against each other that neither could win and, unless remediated by the man's intervention, would go on and on and on for all eternity. It was so horrible to have them pinned together behind her, more than just useless. They were imposing the man's will. They, like her pussy, had betrayed her and joined the man's forces.

And the darkness. Solid, black, eternal. It was like she was the lone occupant of another dimension. She knew there was a whole building above her. She had passed through part of it. But it seemed more like she had passed through some kind of portal that had closed up as soon as she had come out the other side. Only the man knew its secret, how to make it appear and disappear. No sound was emerging from the other universe. The room was floating along in a deep void. There was no light unless the man, like a supernatural being, entered, bringing it with him, the rays emanating from his pores.

Sorrow. Sorrow. Sorrow. Sorrow. Sorrow. That was all she felt. There was not an ounce of hope within her. He was making her into a whore, she was sure of that. Somewhere upstairs, girls like her were sucking and fucking dozens of strange men a day. It was what she would be doing. And he wanted to make sure that she would do it with alacrity and skill and forget about any hope of escape or rescue. Forget about her prior life, its hopes, its aspirations. Her time in this room was a dark process designed to drive all ideas other than obedience and service from her.

The terrible thing was that she knew it was working. Already she had such a viral fear of the man that she would do anything he said, serve him in any way he pleased. And more than that, more than just fear had arisen in her. He was building a bond between them, a conspiracy. She had cried and cried in his arms, yearning for his comfort. She would probably do so again. He was a lord and she was a minion. He had taken her soul and was holding it prisoner within him. If she

defaulted in her worship of him he would crush it out, destroying it forever, leaving her permanently amputated from her own inner core.

So she waited, waited, waited. Hours and hours were slowly creeping by. She at once dreaded and yearned for the 'clack' of the lock behind her. It bothered her dreadfully that she didn't know what time of day it was or how long she had been a prisoner. How long had she slept? Three hours? Four? Five? More? And how long had been their sessions or the times she had been kept in the dark alone and forlorn? Was it light outside or dark? Had anyone discovered yet that she was missing? Who would contact her parents? How would her roommates react? How long would they wait until they cleared her stuff from the dorm room and made room for some other girl? She hoped that they would be thoughtful enough to remove the condoms and birth control pills from her top drawer so that her parents wouldn't see them. Would they miss her? Would Teddy? How long would it be before the police gave up the search for her?

She knew that her kidnapping was probably on video tape. There were security cameras all over the campus. She assumed, though, that the men had almost certainly used false, untraceable license plates, if they were even discernable in the rain. They had acted quickly, their faces down and away from the camera. She had seen security footage on the TV several times when the news was reporting on robberies or murders or other kidnappings, or just the last moments of some girl before she vanished off camera forever. They were grainy and you couldn't see much detail. The only consolation was that her parents would know that she had been forced into a car and not run off with some drug dealing college kid. Poor as they were, she knew that they would anxiously hope to receive a ransom demand. They would raise the money somehow. But there would be no demand. They would never hear from the kidnappers. It would be as if she disappeared off the face of the earth.

And what was it going to be like to be a whore? What would it be like to fuck dozens of men a day? Were men that callous and cruel that dozens and dozens could use her every day and not one would take mercy on her and call the police or the FBI or someone to come and free her?

If she just flat out refused to be a whore, refused to be obedient and obsequious, defied them to beat her and beat her and beat her as much as they liked, what would happen then? When they finally decided that she would never surrender, what would they do then? Would they bury her alive somewhere out in the woods? Would they burn her over a slow fire so that she screamed and screamed and screamed her life away? Would they peel off her skin, slice and dice her or devise some other demonic torture that would last days and days and days so that she would regret her rebellion and yearn for the peace of death, beg them for

it? They would probably videotape it. If they couldn't make money off her one way, then they could make it off her by another. There were people out there who bought that kind of stuff and they probably paid good money for it.

So, in the end, even if she could tolerate the beatings and whippings and other discipline they could enforce on her, she knew that she couldn't tolerate what would come next. And that was assuming that she wouldn't lose her resolve and go through all that pain and torture for nothing, succumbing anyway. She desperately didn't want to get whipped again. And even the sharp and painful, but otherwise harmless pokes he gave her terrified her and made her feel sour and helpless and defeated each time he did it.

So she waited and waited and waited, for hours and hours and hours. He would be coming back. Her training as a whore would resume. And she would sink deeper, deeper and deeper into his spell.

* * * * *

Gyong awoke. He looked at the clock. It was almost 4:30. He had slept longer than he had intended. The girl had been hogtied and in the dark for over 6 hours. Well, that didn't make much difference. It was good for her.

He released Lotus from her bonds. She had been sleeping too. The girls didn't get much sleep. Usually they were ready to be put to bed around 1 a.m., after showering and removing their makeup. But the Korean mistresses usually each used one of them for an hour or so first and they often had to spend time with him or Madam Jang. On Sundays, the guards were allowed to fuck them in their cages after work. And guests, usually one of the Seven Stars men, would sometimes keep them way past 12. Madam Jang had them woken each morning at 7:45 so they could use the bathroom and be ready to be taken to the common room to suffer or witness punishments. It was good for them to have a little sleep deprivation. It made them less prone to rebellion and a little dispirited, although Madam Jang's potion had a little mood elevator in it. She had used Adderall for the longest time but she had read about some of its side effects and decided to change to Wellbutrin.

Lotus snapped to attention. He released her bound ankles, drew her off the bed and reapplied her ankle chain. He used the intercom to buzz downstairs to have one of the Korean mistresses come and get her. He brought her out into the hall and connected her collar to a chain built into the wall near the main gate.

He went back into his room, used the toilet and then showered and shaved. He dressed himself in a clean gray t-shirt and sweatpants and put on his leather slippers. Once outside, he saw that Lotus had been picked up and, after being

permitted to refresh herself, was probably at work. He knew that Chen Lee and his crew were due this afternoon and Lotus was usually his whore of choice. It was too bad for Lotus since Chen was particularly brutal, as was the case usually with men who had great arbitrary power over other people. He ran a string of sweat shops across the region and sometimes sent them troublemakers to dispose of. Gyong sent the young and pretty girls to his broker after letting the guards use them for a few days downstairs. The others were picked up by one of the Seven Stars teams and made to disappear.

In the kitchen, he had a little snack and then prepared the girl's tray. He made a selection from the steam table, deep fried pork in a honey sauce, some crisp green beans and some roasted potatoes mixed with caramelized onions. For dessert he chose some fresh blueberries which he mixed with heavy cream and sugar. He prepared a large carafe of tea and a glass of Madam Jang's formula. He placed the pork and other dinner dishes on battery operated warmers and then placed the large lid over the tray. He hefted the tray up on his shoulder and went out the door to the back hall. He passed two security doors, the one from the kitchen and the one to the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs he stepped out of his slippers and punched in the code for the lock. The door 'clacked' and he pulled it open. As he entered the room, he switched on the lights.

The girl was, of course, right where he had left her. He placed the tray down a bit away from her and pulled off his clothes. He came over to her. She was looking up at him with a forlorn face and reddish eyes. She was so sad looking that he felt a little sorry for her. He wasn't an animal. He didn't beat and abuse the girls for pleasure, like some of the customers did. He made sure they were well fed and kept healthy. Madam Jang often let girls who had had a very bad night sleep late in their cages.

This was just the business he was in and he had a constant need for fresh young girls to keep up their reputation. It was a business that had existed from the dawn of history. As far as he was concerned, the quality of its whorehouses was a good indicator of the health of a culture and he ran one of the best. People flew in from all over the country to spend a few pleasurable evenings with them. Major companies brought important clients there. Tomorrow night, Bill Haddock, owner of Haddock Construction, one of the area's premier roadbuilders, was bringing two state senators and the head of the state transportation department for a three day jaunt. They would stay at a local four star hotel, spend the day golfing at the best of the local private country clubs and come by for an elegant dinner and a few hours of relaxation with one of the girls. Haddock had reserved Poppy, Rose, Chrysanthemum and Tulip from 9 p.m. on for the next three nights. It would put

pressure on the other girls, but Madam Jang would probably call on the maids to pitch in.

So his whores had to come from somewhere. There weren't many girls who would volunteer to be sex slaves. And girls who tended voluntarily to whoredom usually had too many miles on them for him to consider. They were often heavily involved with drugs and alcohol and would expect high salaries, vacations, holidays. Many had abusive boyfriends and they would show up at work with black eyes or bruised faces. Or not show up at all. Once they had made a little pile they would take off on a bender for a week or so. Not to mention that most wouldn't put up with being whipped. He couldn't run a really first class place if the girls couldn't be whipped, now could he?

But he did have some sympathy for the girls. It was especially hard, he knew, at the beginning. None of the girls had had aspirations to be sex workers, never mind sex slaves, and the adjustment was difficult. He tried to put those things away somewhere in a corner of his mind. He couldn't train the girls properly if he gave in too much to sentimentality.

As Madam Jang often said, this was these girls' fate and there was not much that could be done about it. They just had bad *ming* from a previous life and were doomed to suffer, if not at their hands, then at someone else's. In fact, they had probably saved them from much worse fates, such as being tortured and murdered, or dying in a raging fire, or catching some terrible disease. It was their destiny to suffer and the fates would make sure that they did it one way or another. And, as she also always said, it was better than using Korean girls who mostly came from good families and lived virtuously. Most American girls lived whorish lives anyway and he couldn't remember the last time that any girl they had picked up had turned out to be a virgin.

He pulled idly at his cock as he looked down at her. He had to admit that she was especially appealing. She was not the prettiest they had had. She had, rather, an innocent quality and exuded health and well-being. She was clearly not very sexually experienced. He doubted that she had ever had a really decent fucking before or ever had a cock in her mouth. She had a dreadful fear of punishment and thus would be an enthusiastic worker. And there was just something that he liked about her. He would have to be careful once she got upstairs or Madam Jang would really take it out on her.

But enough time for idle thought. It was time to get to work.

Sally had indeed been peering up sadly at the naked man. What was he going to do to her now? It was a relief to be in human company again after so much time lost in that dark dimension, to have light again, but she knew that he was not here to comfort her or liberate her, but rather, to work more of his nefarious will on her.

He crouched down in front of her, rubbed her head, giving her a little hum, and undid the buckles to her gag. He eased it out of her mouth. She felt like bursting into tears. But what he did next did not assuage her unhappiness. He knelt down in front of her and then eased himself up closer to her, spreading his knees on either side of her face. He had been pulling at his cock and it was not hard, but had begun to become blood filled. He placed his left hand under her chin and lifted her face. He took his cock in his right hand and presented it to her. It was inches away from her mouth. She closed her lips and gritted her teeth in dismay. He gave her an impatient tap on her face. She knew she had no choice if she didn't want to get beaten. He presented her with his cock again. Sadly, she spread her lips and let him place it inside.

It was hot and rubbery. Her bound wrists and feet straining up behind her, she closed her mouth upon it and began to suckle. Her eyes were pointed at his belly. She rolled them back to look up at him. He had that half smile on his face.

As soon as it was hardened, he began to rock gently back and forth easing it along her lips. She was filled with revulsion at his invasion and he could not have better emphasized that she was merely a convenience for his lusts. She had hoped to be freed, no matter what else he did to her, and to remain this way was a great disappointment. But not as great an importunance as having his conscienceless prick in her mouth.

It eased back and forth as if he had all day. It rode across her pursed lips, over her tongue and all the way to the back to her throat. Again, there was little for her mind to focus on except for the monstrosity between her lips. It drew all of her unhappy attention. It was strange how it seemed to expand from merely an ominous thing to something so huge and dominating as soon as it passed into her mouth. The gag she had worn had prepared her perfectly for it. Her mouth was in the exact configuration in which it had been held for hours and hours, her jaw pressed up, her mouth narrowed around it.

His hand was still under her chin, cupping it firmly, as if to ensure that she gave the passage of his tool the soft, warm, wet abrasion that it sought. After a while, he pulled his cock so that the head was just inside. She was so distressed that she just let it lay there. He suddenly backed it out and a second later she felt a slashing blow to her face from his right hand. She shrieked. He took hold of her hair, yanked her head up and pressed the bulbous helmet inside her once again. Immediately, tears flowing down her face, she began to give it the attention that it demanded, washing her tongue around it and along its tender underside, suckling at it. The man hummed and patted her on the head.

He started a routine. He would plunge his rigid probe deep within her in three long, slow strokes, and then pull it out so that only the head remained inside.

Dutifully, she would suckle at it and wash it with her tongue for a few moments, and then he would plunge inside once more. One, two, three, and then an energetic suckle, one two three, and suckling again, one two, three, and it would again be stilled demanding her obeisance.

She couldn't help but fret and wallow in self-pity as he so rudely used her. Teddy would never have used her this way. Only a mean, callous man would. How many mean and callow men would she meet in her life to come? Would there be those who would want this particular form of service? Undoubtedly. Men, she was learning, were conscienceless bastards who would do anything to you if it pleased them.

Fuckface. She had heard that term used by boys on the playground in middle school and later, on occasion later from especially crude boys in high school. She had wondered what they meant. Was it the face you made when you were being fucked? Or doing the fucking? Or when you wanted to be fucked or to fuck? But now she knew. The man was fucking her face. He was using her mouth like a cunt. She was now a fuckface. And she saw how demeaning the term really was.

He speeded up, discarding his routine. She whined around his meat as she realized that his moment of climax was approaching. "Please let it be over! Please let it be over! Please let it be over!" part of her begged, while another part recoiled at the prospect of his spume jetting into her mouth again. It was so horrid, incongruous to her prior life, to have the bulky, demanding tube of flesh scouring her tongue and the roof of her mouth and not be able to refuse it. It made her belly cold and a sourness pervade her flesh.

Her mind screamed to beg him to stop the incessant flow of his prick for just one moment, just a few seconds, so that she could buck herself up and steel herself. But, of course, she couldn't speak with the man's probe in her mouth, and she knew that he wouldn't listen anyway. To have it going on and on and on and on, with no ability to ameliorate it made her feel powerless and weak and unhappy. She should be doing something to resist it. She could bite down hard on it. She guessed that she could really make him scream. But she was too terrified of the consequence of such an act, a fact that made her feel low and cowardly.

He began to groan. His cock was pistoning in and out of her at an alarming rate, pumping into her mouth like it was a cunt. She readied herself for the onslaught of his fluids. He gripped her hair tightly. He began to grunt. His left hand pressed her jaw closed tighter. And then it erupted. Her belly soured and coldness swept through her. As he came, he slowed his strokes as if to prolong his enjoyment. She could feel his cock pulsing in her mouth. It was flooded with his essence and she desperately swallowed it, afraid of the consequences if she failed to do so.

His thrusts got slower and slower and slower, and then stopped. He did not withdraw though, preferring to let his pole soften within her. He was towering over her and she felt so weak and small and powerless. She detested herself for her meek obedience, her failure to resist. And she pitied herself for her helplessness, her degradation, her shame.

When he pulled himself out he held the head there for a moment or two. Dutifully, she kissed and suckled at it, like a worshiper at a cardinal's ring. He patted her on the head and gave her a hum.

He scooped up the tangle of straps that contained her gag. He presented the protuberance to her lips. Sadness coursing through her, she obediently spread them. The rubber hardness slipped in and filled her once more. He leaned over, tightening the straps behind her head. It felt like his cock had never left. Her stomach turned and a coldness swept through her. Her sucking exercise over, her mouth had been returned to its training position, firmly encircled around a prick. As he rose up on his knees, she sadly shook her head and tried to work her jaw free. The straps held fast. She looked up at him with pleading eyes. "Please don't do this," she thought sadly. He just gave her one of his semi-smiles.

He rose and then came behind her. He released her hands and feet from each other and then brought her legs down slowly. Her muscles ached when he stretched them, but it felt so good for them to be liberated. Once her legs were down, he massaged her thighs, restoring circulation. She was, despite herself, grateful for that. She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on it, but the sensation of his cock running in and out of her mouth was still with her. The taste of his jism still reverberated on her tongue. She could almost feel it sliding down into her belly. "Cocksucker! Cocksucker! Cocksucker!" she screamed at herself. "You're a filthy, fucking cocksucker!" she ranted. She hung her head and sobbed.

She didn't have much time to mourn. She heard him clap his hands twice and she scrambled to attention on her knees. He walked over to the sink and came back with the pan he used. She peed into it, relieved at least to not have befouled herself over those many hours of confinement. He wiped her, emptied and cleaned the pan and returned. She was kneeling there morosely and was sagging a bit. He clapped his hands again together twice. She realized her error and straightened her back, thrusting out her breasts. It was too late though. He strode calmly over to the armoire and returned with the switch. He gave her one, two, three strokes across the front of her thighs in rapid succession. She shrieked and howled and her body flinched, but she immediately drew herself back to attention, tears flowing down her face.

He calmly returned the switch to its hook and returned. He stood there examining her for a moment or two. He approached her and tapped at the insides

of her knees with his foot. Trembling, she spread her knees wider. He took hold of her nipples and tugged gently at her breasts. She pressed them out farther until her back curved awkwardly. He considered her for a moment, issued one of his half smiles, patted her on the head and went, "Mmmmmmmmmmmmm."

She suppressed the sobs that were roiling inside her.

He came around and knelt back behind her. He pushed gently down on her shoulders until she was resting on her haunches. He pressed himself closer until his chest was pressed against her bound arms. His cock nestled up against her bound hands. He took her hands and pressed them around it. She shuddered shamefully. It was soft and rubbery, but she felt it begin to grow almost at once.

His hands came around her and gently took hold of her breasts. He cupped them and gave them kindly squeezes. It did not comfort her.

His hands commenced wandering all over her body, across her shoulders, down her arms, across her belly, across her thighs. His touch was gentle, slow, patient. Heat followed them wherever they went. He returned to her breasts again and again. He massaged them, squeezed them. His fingers tweaked and squeezed her nipples. He went on for the longest time. A warmth started arising in her loins. She closed her eyes and tried to oppose it. But when his hands started to wander her body again, the warmth slipped past her defenses.

His cock was now rigid and fully elongated in her hands. Its presence there repelled her, but she didn't dare let it go. A little while ago it had been in her mouth, where its simulacrum was now. Soon it would undoubtedly pierce another part of her body. It was his weapon and her god. Everything he was doing to her sprung from its need. It was like his consciousness was down there and not above in his head. Maybe that was what happened when all that blood flowed there. His consciousness flowed there with it and would not flow back until his cock, the true master of his body, was satisfied.

The hands went on and on. No one had ever paid so much attention to her breasts. Of course, no one had ever touched them with passion except Teddy. He had groped them like they were dials he had to turn to make her hotter. This was different. The man kept spending longer and longer time massaging them. They were sending a message to her loins which her loins liked very much. It was actually somewhat comforting. A heavy relaxation spread throughout her body. At its center was the tingling in her loins, like a sparkling candle on a birthday cake.

She groaned. "Let it happen. Let it happen," a small, kindly voice inside her said. "Yes, let it happen," she moaned inside her mind. His right hand dropped between her outstretched thighs and she felt two fingers slip up along her lubricated grotto. The fingers spread her moisture over her little nubbin and began

to stroke it slowly, like they were trying to gently awaken it. It wakened and a trilling went through her.

But the other hand maintained its work on her breasts. While the one hand stroked and tapped and rubbed at her little man, the other hand massaged, squeezed, kneaded her breasts. She felt like she was sitting placidly in a wonderful, warm, sunlit glen while a vortex was building all around her. She was absent mindedly squeezing and stroking the member in her hands. It seemed the right thing to do to someone who was bringing her so much pleasure. The man hummed in her ear and this time it did comfort her. She had forgotten the blows across her thighs, the cruel and perverted use of her mouth. There were only the hands, her breasts, her skin and the little button the man was playing with.

Her need became greater and greater. "Oh, let it come! Let it come!" she thought fervently. Wasn't there something right about this after all? Her voracious lusts had lain dormant so long. This man was forcing them out of her where they belonged. "If I'm a slut, let me be a slut!" she thought as the pleasure grew and grew and grew. She moaned. She widened her knees. She grasped harder on the cock behind her. She bit down on her mouth's intruder, all but forgotten. The hands just went on and on like something magical, disconnected from any reality. Just floating, gentle, lust inspiring hands, like someone had uttered a spell and she was lost inside it.

The hand in her puss became more active. It cupped her pudenda, thrust two fingers into her roughly, probing deep, deeper, deeper, and then emerged and began a battery of assaults on her nubbin. She groaned. She squirmed. She curved her back and hung back her head. The hand on her breasts kept rubbing and squeezing and kneading. It pulled and twisted her nipples harshly, making her draw in an anguished but ecstatic breath. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!" she moaned through her gag. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhh!" Her pussy erupted. Heavy, pleasure laden throbs jolted through her. She groaned, "Arrrruuugh! Arrrruuugh! Arrrruuugh! Arrrruuugh! Arrrruuugh!" as the contractions caused her whole body to shudder.

They wound down. Her heart was pounding in her chest and her breathing was deep and labored. She was holding on to the man's cock for dear life. The hands continued a gentle, soft caress of her, her thighs, her belly, her breasts, her shoulders, her arms. It was like the theme for a symphony which you heard at the beginning and the end. The hands slowed to a stop. They circled her and pulled her in deeply against the hot body behind her. She was dazed and it felt so wonderful.

And then, suddenly, she remembered where she was and what had been done to her. The man had played her indeed. She had succumbed to his devilish wiles yet again. She was becoming sluttier and sluttier by the hour. She started to cry and

tried to struggle from the man's grasp, but he held her too tightly. She gave up and fell back into him, defeated.

He released her and came around to her front. He came close and stroked her head, looking softly into her eyes. She started sobbing like she had done the last time. And, like the last time, he pulled her in, let her hang her head over his shoulder and hugged her. She felt the world slipping away. Another one had been substituted for it. It was this horrid world which only had her and the man in it. And he could make her moan and cry out and shudder and thrill anytime he wanted to.

He let her go on. Finally, when her sobs had subsided to whimpers, He pushed her back. He wiped her tears away with his thumbs and the patted her on the head, humming.

The tray with her meal was not far away. He retrieved it and then drew her harness off of her head and the penile gag from her mouth. He made her drink her potion first and, like the first time he fed her, he picked up little pieces of food with a pair of chopsticks and brought them to her mouth. Or not to her mouth, but in its vicinity. He held it out far enough away so that she had to lean way over each time to get at it. Her breasts swung free of her chest, bobbing and weaving. He would grab a breast with his free hand and squeeze it firmly each time.

When she had eaten everything from the big bowls, and drank all the tea he presented to her, he removed the top to a smaller one. She saw immediately that it was blueberries and cream. He laid it on the floor between them and made the hand to lip gesture and pointed at the bowl. She remembered what it meant and what had happened last time she exhibited reticence to eat this way. She had to back herself up a bit, and then she was able to spread her legs to form a base and lean over far enough to put her mouth in the bowl. The blueberries tasted wonderful and the sweetened cream was heavenly. She almost forgot that she was eating like a dog. When she was finished, she licked the bowl clean. He wiped her face with a napkin and patted her on the head.

He moved the tray away and returned with her head harness. It went back on and the probe when deep into her mouth. A chilling despondency went through her as it went in. She wondered fretfully whether the apparatus would now be a permanent part of her existence. Her mouth would be free for eating and sucking and at no other time. Is this what life would be like when he brought her upstairs, once he had her good and trained? Would she be allowed any humanity at all?

He sat back and looked into her tear glistening eyes. He gave her that half friendly smile. Then he clapped his hands, 'clap, clap-clap'. It took her a second to remember what it meant. She quickly turned, placed her forehead on the floor, spread her knees and arched her back, presenting her rear view to him. She thought

of her poor little hairless pudenda peeking out, so vulnerable, so alone. She had no way to protect it. She steadied herself for another assault.

He leaned over and gave her mons a few friendly strokes. He rose and stepped away. She heard him come back and place something down on the mat behind her. She heard something like a tea cup being placed down on something and some liquid being poured. She heard the tea carafe being placed back down on the tray. And then there was silence.

Gyong had taken out his little desk. It was just big enough for him to kneel in front of comfortably. Inside was the Henry James biography he was reading. He had read several of his major novels, *Portrait of a Lady* being his favorite and was fascinated at his clear eyed understanding of people and their relations. He could have used the iPad, but he didn't like to bring that downstairs because of its access to the Internet. Besides, he like the feel of a book's heft in his hands. He had taken this one out from the local library. He opened it to the place he had left off, putting the book mark aside and began to read.

Sally waited for something to happen. But there was only silence behind her. What was he doing? Why was he making her wait? What was going to happen next?

She heard what she thought was the turning of pages in a book. Was he reading? The thought seemed incongruous and bizarre. When she heard a page turn again, she knew that was what he was doing. A wave of sadness went through her. He was teaching her something. When not in use, she would be parked. She was just an object intended to please his senses, just like the book he was reading. He could make her wait and wait and wait until he was ready to use her again. The second thing was the relative importance of portions of her body. She was flashing the most important part at him right now. She imagined his eyes flitting up from his book from time to time to take in the salacious view. And it didn't matter whose cunt it was. You couldn't tell who it belonged to from this view. It was a cunt like millions of other cunts.

The third thing was the reiteration of her utter and complete lack of privacy. She had no right to put her private parts beyond his sight. Her pussy wasn't hers anymore to deal with, it was his. And if he wanted to have a pretty little view of it while he relaxed and read and drank tea, then that was up to him. It was her job to bring him pleasure even if it was only by the way she presented her body to him.

And, finally, it was a reminder of her duty to be always open and available. She was in the same position she had been in when he fucked her. All he had to do was mosey up behind her, loosen her a little bit, and he could slide right in. In fact, it was an invitation. "Here I am, master, please fuck me!" her bare pussy was declaring. It was clear whose side it was on. It had developed a definite affinity for

him. “Look at me! Look at me! Look at me!” it was saying. “Touch me! Feel me! Use me!” it was screaming. She closed her eyes in despair.

Gyong often came down here to read even when there were no girls to train. It was quiet and it was clearly understood that no one should ever disturb him. It was the only place he felt totally alone.

He had not grown up wanting to be a pimp in a salacious whorehouse. He had never thought that he would ever come to think of women as merchandise. He had graduated high school with honors in English and History and achieved advance placement credit in both. He had been living with his aunt and uncle and had obtained citizenship through them. He had fallen in love with an American girl his third year at Bucknell. But then was when his father called. He was ordered to come home to Korea. At the time, the last thing he would ever do was to disobey him. When he got home, his father announced that he had decided he should marry Madam Jang, who was, at 23, two years his senior. She was pretty and seemed amiable enough, but he resisted. It was strictly a business arrangement, although he was sure that it included gratis treatment for his father at the brothel that Madam Jang’s mother owned. It seemed the Madam Jang’s family was branching off into America. Madam Jang needed a man who was a citizen to help her run it and set it up.

He was adamantly opposed to it and had several very heated exchanges with his father. However, when Madam Jang’s mother told him how much money was in it, and after he had had the run of her brothel for a week or so, he changed his mind. He spent the next year learning everything he could about the business, and getting laid a lot. Madam Jang’s mother used mostly Filipino or Southeast Asian girls from Pakistan, India and Bangladesh enticed to Korea on one or more of the usual dodges.

He never saw his American girlfriend again and never looked back. That was 20 years ago. They had started small with a five bedroom apartment in San Francisco. They had two Pakistani, two Chinese and one African American girl. The Seven Stars paid them a visit soon after they opened. It had been expected and was actually part of Madam Jang’s plan. It wasn’t actually a bad deal. They got protection and the Seven Stars members started coming by. A year later, they bought a small run down hotel in the tenderloin and started operating with ten girls. When the girls proved troublesome, or tried to run away, the Seven Stars would straighten them out.

One thing led to another and soon they were in the trafficking business. They broke the girls down for a couple of weeks and then they were peddled to other brothels around the city. Their market was expanded to Oakland and LA. The Seven Stars took care of any beefs with Hispanic, Black or other ethnic gangs and

did all the acquisition and delivery. Madam Jang had the idea to move into the county's heartland, buy this place and turn it into a premier specialty house. It was run more or less on the model of the one that her grandmother had run for the Japanese Generals. The main difference was that they used American girls instead of Korean ones. That was 15 years ago. Her younger sister and her husband took over the San Francisco operation.

Sometimes he wondered what he being doing now, where he would be if he had stayed at Bucknell and married his American sweetheart. He would probably be living in suburbia somewhere with three kids and a dog. He would be an executive somewhere, reporting to some asshole boss, doing pretty much the same thing day after day, anchored, no, not anchored, chained to an office. His wife would probably be teaching. They would have to count every penny they earned. He would be scraping by to pay for their house and cars and all that, trying to save something for the children's college and for their retirement and wondering when the next time he was going to get laid, which would probably be never since after the third child his wife would have given up on all that. And after 20 years, he would have been sick and tired of fucking the same woman all the time anyway.

One night, when drinking with one of the Seven Stars crew late at night, he had confessed to his affair of the heart. A week later, he was presented with a folder showing her as she was at that time. There were a number of surveillance photos and a short account of her status and habits. She was still very beautiful and svelte, if a bit more mature. Sure enough, she had three kids, was teaching high school and was married to a guy who worked in construction and had a huge cocaine habit. They had a small Cape Cod just outside of Camden, New Jersey that was in foreclosure.

The guy offered to have her picked up and delivered to him. He thought about it a while. He would probably be doing her a favor. In the end, he thanked the guy but decided against it. He just didn't have a sufficiently cruel streak in him he guessed. And, after all, she didn't do anything to him; he had broken up with her with a terse, three line letter from Korea. If anyone had a beef, it was her.

Two years later he was having drinks with the same guy. They were both pretty loaded. The subject of his old girlfriend came up again. Somewhat sheepishly, the guy confessed to having had her picked up anyway and sold to a Salvadoran gang that operated out of Philly. He just couldn't see all that prep work going to waste.

Gyong thought about it for a few moments. A casual mention by him had resulted in a terrible fate for his college sweetheart. Maybe Madam Jang was right. She was Christian, but actually believed in a host of other superstitions from other religions. The concept of *ming* was that your life was controlled by a host of

different forces at work at the time of your birth. Few people could ever escape it. His ex-girlfriend's *ming* had come up and bitten her in the ass. Apparently something horrible was going to happen to her one way or the other. This had just been the one that had come up. He was lucky to have avoided her.

He shrugged his shoulders and just filed it away.

So, instead of the life he might have led, he was here. There were a dozen pussies upstairs, not including Madam Jang's, that he could choose from and there was new pussy all the time as the old stuff was circulated out. They were making money hand over fist. In a couple years they might even retire, according to Madam Jang at least. But he knew that he wouldn't even think of retiring until his pistol stopped shooting. Once there was no more lead in his pencil, then, well, it would be time to hang up his balls and live on reminiscences.

He came to the end of a chapter. He had been reading for about 40 minutes. His glance had risen to the girl's proffered cunt from time to time. He would get a twinge when he saw it. But a guy in this business learned to pace himself. He tried to spread his climaxes out during the day. When he was training a girl that wasn't always easy. They needed thorough rogering.

He closed the book and put it back in the little desk. He finished off the cup of tea sitting there and put it and the carafe back on the tray. He rose and put the desk back where he had gotten it. He went over to the armoire, retrieved something and came over to the girl. He knelt down next to her with his right hip just past her proffered rear. He reached down and began to stroke her.

Sally had heard him close the book. She had heard him get up and then come back. She knew something was going to happen. Her body tensed as he knelt down next to her. She prepared herself for the feel of his hand on her mons, but when it happened, she still gave a little jump. She had been in this position so long! She had tried to keep her mind off of her ludely displayed sex, but it was impossible. Her mind kept seeing it from his point of view and each time she did a wave of unhappiness washed through her.

The time went on and on and she began to yearn for something to happen. And then she would rue her desire, knowing that whatever happened next it would be unpleasant and humiliating. She assumed that he would fuck her. He had already used her mouth this session and that was the logical next step. When she felt his hand stroking her, she realized that she had guessed right. It didn't take long for him to have her crevasse sloppy and wet. He tweaked and tweaked and tweaked on her little man until she moaned.

He centered himself behind her. This time she would not miss the moment of penetration. She would experience the whole thing. Every nerve in her body was on edge anticipating it. When she felt his hardness slide up and down her slice, she

shuddered. She felt the tip find her entrance. He lodged himself there, placed his hands on her hips, and slowly, slowly, slowly entered her.

The sensation of her expanding tunnel was almost too much to bear. He plunged himself deeply inside. She had never thought of her canal as being so long before. She hadn't given it much thought. But now she did. It felt like his cock would keep going on forever and forever as he slid in slowly to his hilt.

Her forehead was pressing against the mat and her arms were bound up behind her. Her whole body trilled at the sensation of being so deeply penetrated. When he began his movements she couldn't restrain a groan.

He fucked her slow and steady. It created a buzzing in her tube that sent a steady stream of pleasure to her. Again, she had the sense of powerlessness and shame as the remorseless cock kept going and going. There was nothing she could control about it. Not the length or speed of his strokes, not the long pauses he took at the top and bottom, making her pussy yearn for its return voyage. Not the trilling across her little button. She couldn't control her pussy's joy at being used, or the waves of soft pleasure that went through her as he plowed her so leisurely. She couldn't control the groan and moans and deep sighs that emanated from her throat. She couldn't control the shame and humiliation she felt.

Then, at the perigee of his stroke, his pause lasted longer than before. He was buried deep within her. She felt his hands wander her buttocks, her thighs, the small of her back. Every cell in her body screamed for him to keep going despite her shame and sorrow at being so used. His hands left her. A few seconds later they came back. One rested on her left buttock and the other pushed against her daintier entrance. She felt him apply something greasy all around and in her ring. It was so strange a sensation that it took her mind a few seconds to record and interpret it.

"Oh my god!" her mind shouted. "He's going to fuck me there! Oh, god, please, no, no, no! Please don't do that, no!" The hand that had lubricated her left. His cock slowly but surely withdrew from her pouch until it slipped entirely outside. His hands pressed down on her hips, lowering his target. She felt his cock travel up her gluteal divide until it found her little hole. "Ohhhhhhhhhhhh! Please don't do this! Pleeeeeeeeeease!" she screamed inside. She tried to yank her body forward, but the man had circled his hands around her thighs and he held her fast. The cock, however, slipped out of its lodgment.

There was a pause. The hand on her right thigh left. He shifted back. A second later his hand came down on her right rear mound with exuberant force. Fire erupted there. She screamed. Three more fiery blows followed, one right after the other. She screamed and sobbed and cried.

A second later he was right up behind her again and she felt his cock slide up. It poked the tip of its head in her hole. She was trembling and sobbing, but she didn't move a muscle. His right hand resumed its position on her right hip and then the cock started to move forward.

She groaned and sobbed as she felt herself stretched. There was a tearing feeling and a stab of pain flowed from back there. She was sure that he was breaking her apart. Then a fullness she had never conceived filled her bowel. And it was going deeper and deeper and deeper. She felt it abrade her sensitive little ring.

As part of her Internet adventure into adulthood, she had seen a video of a man fucking a woman this way. After that, she skipped right by them. The whole idea revolted her. She would never, never, never, ever let anyone use her that way! What was the point? It was solely for the man's pleasure: that seemed obvious. And she hadn't liked the idea of being fucked from behind in the first place. Love making should be face to face, staring into each other's eyes, kissing, engaging totally with your partner. Getting fucked from behind was like being fucked from a remote location, like mailing it in. And to be fucked there in her private, private, private place was the worst thing that she could imagine.

Except now she knew that there was something worse. It was being fucked there against your will. To have no say in the matter. To risk severe and immediate punishment for resistance. All those things were much, much worse.

He sank all the way in and she felt his belly push up against her tush. Then he drew himself all the way back until just the head was inside her. And then all the way down again and then up. It was slow, slow, slow, as if he wanted to extend her agony and shame. Her aching pussy was feeling desolate and abandoned. It seemed to yawn empty and open behind her. "Here! Here! Put it here! Here!" it was shouting.

The movements went on and on. His hands wandered her back, her buttocks, her thighs. The pain from penetration has waned and now she was feeling something else. As the thick cock abraded her poor little cracked ring, a trilling arose that descended into her belly and down to her loins. She was biting down hard on the thick probe in her mouth and her little hands were joined into fists. Her whole body was tense and on edge as she mentally revolted at this use of her. But the trilling sneaked between all those things, all those defenses. Like a meandering streamlet, it sought its own course, trickling, trickling, trickling down into her pussy.

Woe and grief filled her. All her life seemed to come down to that single instant when the man had jabbed her at the bus stop. Since then, it had been filled with calamity, with this being just the most recent instance. Hundreds and

hundreds of men would be able to do this and she wouldn't be able to stop them. She wanted to shrivel up into a ball and die, but she knew that the man would never give her that option.

The man's pace picked up. The trilling increased. She was repelled by the idea that this act could bring her even a tinge of pleasure. He started going faster and faster. "Please let it be over! Please let it be over!" she begged the world. A dismal thought passed through her mind. "Maybe I deserve this," she rued. She had lied to her mother and father about what she and Teddy had been doing. Well, if not lied directly, at least lied by omission. She had pretended that she was pure and innocent and that nothing bad had been going on, which was, as we know, a complete lie.

And then she had let Teddy fuck her, something that would have mortified her parents. And that was sin no. 2. She had been instructed to be a chaste and moral young woman. She had disobeyed them. So lying to your parents and disobeying them was among the worst things you could do. There was a Commandment against it. And the fact that millions of girls did it without paying the same price as her, well, that was a choice that God made. Maybe she would wipe out her sins by her travail, a fierce kind of penance. If God didn't love her, would he impose such a terrible consequence for her sins? This was her chance at redemption and she needed to suffer through it with the proper humility and gratitude. When she came out the other end, she would be as pure as snow.

Wouldn't she? But would she ever come out the other end? What would be the end? What would they do to her when she was old and ragged and used up? "It can't happen! It can't happen! It can't happen!" she thought madly.

As before, she wanted to be the man just to stop for a few seconds, let her catch her breath, let the trilling stop. If you put your hand into a current of electricity, you would pull it out. It was like that. She couldn't pull herself out. The awful current kept flowing, flowing, flowing from her anus to the rest of her body.

The man leaned over on her back. She felt his hand circle her belly. It moved down until it found her crux. Two of his fingers began rubbing on her little button. It was just like it had been waiting for it. Pleasure erupted from it and cascaded through her entire body. She moaned and shuddered. Now the trilling was coming from two sources. Their streams of sensation seemed to meet somewhere in her belly, compound, and then spread out all over.

The fingers went on and on. The cock went on and on. Something huge was growing in her. She bit down on her gag and cursed herself. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!" she ranted inwardly. She wasn't of course, trying to send mental messages to the man. She knew that nothing she could ever say would deter him for an instant. She was calling out to her treacherous nubbin. Couldn't she turn it

off somehow? Couldn't she just form a wall of will around it, damming up the sensations until they evaporated harmlessly? She tried and tried, but the wall kept collapsing as fast as she could build it, washed away like a little sand castle on the beach.

He pushed his hand further in and his fingers slid into her cavern. His thumb commenced rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, while the fingers slid in and out, in and out, in and out. The sensations had built up a force so strong that she couldn't stand it. Like an object travelling at the speed of light it had achieved terminal velocity.

A switch turned within her. A cascade of lust poured forth from her pussy and it exploded. Debilitating throb after throb convulsed it. She moaned, long and hard. And the cock kept going, going, going. Its bulk within her, its abrasion of her sensitive ring, the expansion she felt, and the shame and the sadness, all swirled together like a pornographic goulash. It provided a reverberating receptor for her pussy's throbs, amplifying it beyond any ability to accommodate it.

Then she heard him groan. He was slamming his hips against her buttocks. He was groaning intently, as if he was experiencing horrible, disabling pain. Then he grunted out loud and rough, "Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!" She knew that he was pumping himself into her. The dismal realization only served to make her orgasm more piquant. It was an illicit, perverted, nasty orgasm. The stream of trilling from her rear entrance seeped into the purity of the other, polluting it, rendering it vile and disgusting. "I'm vile and disgusting!" she thought. That she could get any pleasure from an ass fucking filled her with self-revulsion. Only someone vile and perverted could find any pleasure in what the man had done. "That means that I am vile and perverted," she thought sadly as her climax wore down.

The man had slowed. His hand had withdrawn from her purse. He was kneeling back up and his hands were sliding over her rear, her thighs, her lower back. His cock was moving slowly back and forth. She released several shudders.

When he withdrew, he gave her backside a little pat and rose to his feet. He stepped past her and went to the sink. She heard the water run and surmised that he was cleaning himself off. Her rear entrance still gaped from its penetration. She could almost feel the cock still in there. She was fighting off the sobs of woe that were arising from deep within her. The man came back. He had a little tissue and he wiped around her ring, cleaning the gel he had used off of her. He stepped back to the sink and washed his hands. When he returned, he stood over her for a moment. She quailed beneath his gaze.

He clapped his hands once. Shaking off her torpor, she rose unsteadily to her feet. He stroked her head a few times and then kissed her on the forehead, giving her an approving hum. "You're a good sport," it seemed to say, "for letting me

cornhole you. Thanks! Let's do it again real soon!" He took hold of her ring and pulled her into the center of the room where the chains and the rings were. He clapped his hands, 'clap, clap-clap.' She fell to her knees, her back to the door and reassumed the position she had been in a few moments ago. She felt him affixing her ankles to rings he pulled through the mat. They were spread wide apart. He took her by the rear of her collar and pulled her back until she was in a crouch, her breasts on her knees. He went around front and connected her collar to a ring just outside her knees. It pulled her neck down hard.

He went over to the armoire and returned with a length of rope. He tied one end to the joiner between her wrists and then tied it off to a ring about 3' behind her on the floor. He tugged it until it was very, very taut.

She was compressed into a crouch. She could hardly move a muscle in her body. She couldn't raise her head, but her eyes looked up at him pleadingly. He took no notice. He went over to the armoire and returned. He crouched down behind her and she felt something probing at her little ring. He put pressure on it and it started sliding in. She groaned and bit into her gag. There was a little lip near the end of it. Her ring expanded around it and then closed on the object again. She would never be able to force it out.

He washed his hands again and dressed. Sally yearned to beg him not to leave her like this, but she couldn't speak. She could only see him if she pushed her eyes all the way to her left, and then just from the corner. She watched him pick up the tray. He marched out as if she weren't even there. When the door 'clacked' shut, she released a doleful howl.

CHAPTER ELEVEN

Gyong watched as the whores and the maids scurried about cleaning up the detritus of the night's activities. It was about 12:45, a little over six hours from when he came back up from downstairs. Rose and Daisy were still at it upstairs with a couple of their regulars. The bulk of the cleaning would take place tomorrow, but he hated coming down in the morning and seeing empty bottles and glasses strewn around like forlorn casualties. It had been busy. Thursdays usually were. The week built up from a sloth-like torpor on Monday nights all the way to Saturday, when it would be all hands on deck.

It had been a good night, a little over \$35,000. Chen Lee and his four henchmen had really gone to town. One of them was starting a four year bid tomorrow and it was a going away party. After finishing a two hour round with the whores, after they had eaten and drank some more, they decided they wanted to adjourn to the party room and fuck the maids. Madam Jang acceded and Gyong really couldn't say no. He let them have three of them. "Maybe we should always keep five on staff instead of four," he thought as he watched the gangsters drag the three young women away. He would speak to Madam Jang about it. The five men kept at them for four hours, drinking and carousing the whole time, passing the unhappy young women around back and forth. Gyong had looked in on them from time to time to make sure that they didn't get out of hand. Each time, the now naked maids had been busily fucking or sucking. That was over \$12,000 right there. Chen paid his considerable bill, no questions asked, and left sizable tips for the bartenders and the Korean mistresses.

The guy's girlfriend would be picked up in a few days, as soon as transport to Asia could be arranged. She was a dancer at a go-go joint at a club downtown in the nearby city and was quite attractive. He had already indicated that he wasn't interested in retrieving her when he got out. She would be sold off right away and the guy's cut would be used to help support his wife and children while he was gone.

He retrieved the cash box and brought it back to the office. He did it several times a night depending on how much cash was flowing in. There was about a zero percent chance that there would ever be a robbery, it would be tantamount to suicide for the robbers, but it was better to be safe than sorry. You never knew. Desperate people can be so stupid.

Madam Jang was seated at the desk going through a few bills and talking on her cell phone to her mother in Korea where it was early morning. She was

wearing a short, yellow shift dress that accented her figure nicely and a pair of matching 4" pumps. She had a string of pearls around her neck, with matching pearl earrings, and was wearing several golden rings, including their modest wedding band, and a large diamond ring, an anniversary present. She gave him a nod as he opened the safe and put in the cash. The week's take would be picked up by the Seven Stars courier on Monday morning. By Wednesday it would show up in one of their offshore accounts less 10%.

He opened the top drawer of the filing cabinet and quickly leafed through the files until he found what he was looking for. He pulled it out and sat down in the chair next to the desk. He laid the folder down on the desk and opened it. In it were roughly 20 or so brightly colored, artist quality 8" by 10" prints of Lotuses in full bloom. He started going through them.

It was time for the girl to be marked. He didn't like to wait too long to do it and in the morning she would have been here two full days. The picture on the top was the one he had used as the model for the current Lotus, Lotus #11. It was yellow with light, open petals that seemed to be floating on air.

He never liked to use the same picture for a girl two times in a row. The customers wanted a new girl, not a retread of the old. Still, he had used some of the pictures in the file more than once. They usually kept a girl there anywhere from 18 months to three years. Some even shorter if she didn't work out or some bigwig like Myong wanted to buy her. It depended on her popularity and if she could maintain an adequate level of enthusiasm for her work. Whores need a change of scene every once in a while too, and a girl who was getting a little run down at his place would perk up when sent to a new house with a new master and a new hand on the whip.

He picked out three. The first was a delicate, pale lavender blossom with a glow of white in the middle and a yellow pistil set amidst dark green leaves. It was quite striking. He didn't remember when the last time he had used it. He looked at the back. It had three date ranges next to a listing of Lotus #2, Lotus #6 and Lotus #9. Lotus #2 was from June 1998 to April 2001. Lotus #6 was from January 2004 to March 2006. Lotus #9 was marked from April, 2009 to January, 2010.

The second shot was from above of a yellowish-white flower with small, deep yellow pistil at the center. That one would be a little difficult due to the detail. He looked at the back. He had used it twice, once on Lotus #3 from June 2003 to November, 2003. She had had a very short stay. He remembered her. She was a dark skinned Hispanic girl, with large breasts and a frequent habit of breaking out into sobs. Despite repeated disciplines, they never cured her of it. One of the Seven Stars' Board of Directors members had been visiting from Korea and he fell in lust with her. He had been touring the country shoring up the loyalty of the American

branch and formulating plans for long range opportunities. It was his last stop before returning home. They shipped her out with him on his private jet a few days later. Characteristically, she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed when she realized she was leaving with the dark souled Korean man who had abused her for three days running. It amused and pleased the director, who lived on other people's fear.

They never did get paid for her, but considering the good will he had earned, Gyong had gladly written it off. A few weeks later, he received a case of 24 year old single malt scotch and a box of premier Cuban cigars together with a personal note from the director thanking him for his hospitality. Gyong had it framed and hung it in the reception room.

The other was on Lotus #8. She was, if he recalled correctly, a voluptuous, jet black African American girl. The white and yellow tattoo had gone very well on her, a nice contrast to her skin. She had lasted almost 2 years, from June, 2007 to April, 2009.

He leaned back a moment and reminisced. She had been very beautiful, although she tended a little to heaviness so they had to watch what they fed her and she was put on extra exercise every day. She was feisty too, and he had to bring her back down to the basement once for retraining, which was always more intense than the first time around and involved considerably greater use of the whip.

He put down the flower photos for a moment and went back to the cabinet. In the same drawer as the flower photos were seven folders marked 'Lotus', 'Poppy', 'Rose', etc. He picked up the folder marked 'Lotus'. In it was subfolders marked 'Lotus #1', 'Lotus #2', etc. He selected the folder for 'Lotus #8'. On the right were her data files, height, weight, hair color and so on. There were the surveillance and other photos that were obtained during the background search of the girl. On her data sheet was a note from Madam Jang approving her purchase. There was a short narrative of the circumstances of her selection.

Sheila Thompson had lived with her family in a third floor walk-up in the south side of Chicago. She lived with her mother, who was a secretary for a cleaning company, and her father, who worked as a conductor with the Chicago Transit Authority. Her two sisters, Emily, 22, and Liz, 16, lived with them along with her two brothers, Ned, who was 22 and just about to go into the Army, and Elvin, 14, who was a freshman in high school. It was a very crowded apartment.

She was just 19 and was attending Ryerson Technical Institute, just finishing her first year. She wanted to be a civil engineer. She had recently broken up with her boyfriend, Jason, who she had been dating since junior year of high school. He had been arrested on a burglary charge and her father told her in no uncertain terms that she was not allowed to go out with him anymore. "Not while you're living under my roof!" he had said.

Sheila had been sad about it at first, but in the last six weeks or so she had opened her eyes to the available black male students at the Institute and had seen one boy, Cal, once or twice, depending on whether you considered lunch in the cafeteria a date. Besides, things had been going downhill with Jason for a long time. She stopped having sex with him about 6 months earlier in an effort to get him to get off drugs and straighten his life out. She had hated anyway all the subterfuge and conniving they had had to go through to find nice places to make love. Neither of them had much money, and she refused to go to any the hot sheet places near their neighborhood. Jason didn't put much effort into it and was mostly content to get blow jobs from her in the back seat of his brother's car, when he let him use it. And a few other girls, she had suspected, near the end.

She had been coming down the front steps of the building at about 9 p.m. Takisha Williams, the new ward leader, had gotten City Hall to refurbish the lighting on the streets in the neighborhood and it was bright enough. She was going to the convenience store on the next corner for a half gallon of milk at her mother's request.

Delvon Simpson and one of his runners were camped out on their stoop. Delvon owned the local corner and he was the *bête noir* of the area. Her father had called the police once to try and get them to stop loitering there, which was three doors down from the corner. A local squad car had roused Delvon and two of his boys. A week later a car with three young toughs in it intercepted Elvin on his way home from school. They drove him around for a few hours and let him go way over close to the old Comiskey Park, in the middle of a big empty field of trash, discarded needles and the homeless. That was the last time her father had called the cops.

As she came down the steps, Delvon turned to her and said, "Hey, Sheila, what up?" They had been in the same class until 9th grade when Delvon dropped out to start dealing heroin. She ignored him and continued to proceed down the steps. When she got to the bottom, he sidled himself in front of her and blocked her way.

"C'mon, Sheila, when's you and me going to hook up?" he said to her. Although it was night, he was wearing a pair of aviator sunglasses and a black do rag. He had on what looked like a very expensive designer silk shirt and fancy, crisp, bright orange pants over his \$400 sneakers. He wore several large rings of silver and gold and three gold chains around his neck. There was a big, oversized, gold watch on his wrist.

She was just about to tell him where he could go when a car screeched to a halt in front of her house. There were three black men in the car. The windows were all down. It all happened in a flash. The man in the back passenger seat said, "Hey, D-man, suck on this!"

Delvon turned to look. Luckily, he turned away from Sheila because the next thing she knew a fusillade of nine millimeter bullets came at him. Five shots were fired. Three of them hit him, tearing right through him, one in the right arm, one in the left leg, and, the one that killed him, in the center of his chest. Sheila heard a bullet whiz by her head and strike the stoop behind her. Something deep inside her told her that she shouldn't look, but it was just basic instinct. When she did, she recognized the guy in the front passenger seat. It was Tommy Watkins, known on the street as 'Waco.' Her eyes met his and his eyes met hers. She knew him from school too. The car screeched off.

When the police questioned her, she denied recognizing any of the men in the car. She said that she couldn't describe them either. Or the car. Within the week, the investigation was over and written off as just another act of gang violence, unsolved. Waco knew that Sheila hadn't said anything to the police mostly because he hadn't been arrested. But why take the chance?

He put out some feelers and made contact with the local Seven Stars crew that supplied him with Pakistani heroin. He didn't want to have any of his boys do it. It would just have created more complications.

Since school was let out for the summer, Sheila had started keeping longer hours at the restaurant where she worked. It was a little bit farther away from home than she would have liked. She had to take two different buses to get there, but it had been on the way to and from school and so it was convenient. It was late in June, four months after the shooting. D-man's boys were working for Waco now and it was usually the same guys out on the corner every night.

The No. 47 bus usually had a nice crowd on it at 11:30, when she got out of work. But the 130, which took her near her house, was not. There were only four other passengers, an older black woman, two young black kids and a man who was sitting way in the back who she didn't get a good look at. By the time they got to her street, the black lady had gotten off and two white kids, a guy and a girl, probably on a drug run, had gotten on. She pulled the cord at her street. She noticed the man in the back getting up too. The bus came to a stop at the corner and she got out. The man was right behind her.

In the inner city, you need to keep a good look out for what's around you. All kinds of dangers could be lurking. So when she got off the bus, as it pulled off, she took a couple steps and looked around. If she had just kept on walking she would have made it more difficult for them and might even have gotten away.

She immediately noticed something funny. None of Waco's crew was out. The corner by the liquor store, where they usually hung out, was empty. She looked up and noticed that the street lights were out. Something was happening. She panicked.

A second later, a black van screeched to a halt right next to her. The sliding door on the passenger side flew open. She turned to run, but the man who had been on the bus, she never got a good look at his face, but she had the distinct impression that he was Asian, seized her in a massive bear hug and lifted her up off the ground. He rushed her towards the yawning door where a man wearing a black woolen ski mask was ready to receive her. They dragged her in. She had dropped her pocketbook and it was thrown into the van after her. The man with the mask pushed her to the floor on her stomach, piling himself on top of her, while the other man slid the door closed. The van peeled away from the curb.

She struggled and screamed frantically, but they made short work of her. Before she even knew what was happening, her hands had been drawn behind her back and handcuffs had gone over them. They were ratcheted really tight. Her ankles were crossed and she felt them joined by what seemed to be duct tape. She had been wearing low high heels, sheer, black pantyhose and the shiny, light and dark brown, rayon dress uniform with the knee length skirt from her job. A strong hand went under her chin while another pressed down on her head. Her mouth was jammed closed and a wide piece of duct tape went over it. It was followed by a second and a third, which overlapped each other. When that was done, a black bag was pulled over her head and gathered together around her neck.

She assumed, of course, that she was about to be murdered so that she couldn't give evidence against Waco. Her mother had been after her to move to St. Louis where her aunt lived, but Sheila wasn't about to give up her schooling and her friends, and everything about her life, so she had refused. Now she realized that she had made a mistake. But it was way too late. She stopped screaming and struggling and just sobbed and prayed. She could hear the men laughing and joking all around her. They were definitely speaking something Asian.

When they got where they were going, she was stripped and locked in a cage in the basement of some building. They kept her handcuffed and gagged with duct tape the whole time and kept the black bag over her head. She was only let out to eat and use the bathroom, a little portable toilet they kept down there. Whenever they took off her hood, they would be wearing masks.

About three days after she was kidnapped she was tied down in the trunk of a car and driven the twelve hours to their place. She had been cheap too, \$10,000 all in all paid to the snatch team who kicked a percentage up to the organization. Waco had paid them another \$10,000 from his end. But her price had nothing in relation to her value. She turned into a very good, very attractive whore.

He looked at her pictures. There were several street photos, one of her turning and laughing at something, her eyes all alight and her mouth upturned into a broad smile. High school yearbook pictures were standard, although he never knew why

since they were usually so awful. Then there were the pictures they had taken, the best being of her kneeling at attention, her thighs spread and her arms locked behind her back, her whitish-yellow lotus tattoo brazenly displayed. Her face evidenced an enticing combination of fear and spirit. She had dark red areolas and broad lips, wide hips and strong thighs. She had been hard to train. Her courage in the face of her hopeless circumstances was admirable. He had to keep her constantly under the whip and she physically resisted when he was using her. She refused to take his cock into her mouth.

He had ways around all those things and he enjoyed the challenge that she presented. On the fifth day, after spending about twelve hours bound into a strenuous position, much like the girl downstairs was now, and after ten fierce strokes of the switch on her already fiercely striped derriere, she had finally broken down sobbing. When he removed her gag so that she could be fed, she started pleading desperately to be set free, vowing never to tell the police anything about Waco, promising that she would do all kinds of salacious things for him. He hadn't replied to her, of course, and he whipped her brutally with the flogger for having spoken.

When he was finished and had her back down on her knees in attention position, her arms locked behind her, he stood above her and presented his cock. She sobbed once, hesitated, leaned over and then closed her mouth around it. He noted her already well developed skills. After that there had been no problems.

When she had been with them for about six months Waco brought three of his gang down with him. Between them, they used her almost continuously for three days. Waco wanted her put in a hole and offered him \$25,000 to have it done. Gyong demurred and assured him that she would never see Chicago again. She was finally sold off to a Filipino banker over the Internet through their broker. The Seven Stars delivered her to him at his mountain estate in Luzon about two weeks later.

He looked at her picture and recalled her adventurous mouth and hot, passionate cunt. One of the other girls, a Chrysanthemum he believed, had developed a thing for her. These things sometimes happened. She became so distraught when she found out that Lotus was gone that they had to sedate her for a couple of days. He gave her a little tune up in the basement and she was back to work again almost but not quite as enthusiastic as ever. Sadness and moroseness being contagious, they decided to ship her out anyway and a month later she was gone.

Also in the folder was the DVD of the interview Madam Jang did of Lotus #8 when she was first graduated to whoredom. She started doing that for all the new girls back in 2004. A copy of it went with the girl wherever she was sent when

they were through with her. Madam Jang said it was important to know all about a girl so as to better control and discipline her. Gyong thought that it was more from Madam Jang's morbid curiosity. She would have the girl kneel down on her haunches, back straight, legs spread and her hands bound behind her. She would be the only one in the shot, which would be taken from slightly above her, looking down. There was a neutral, baby blue colored wall behind her. The girl's tattoo and her shiny steel collar with her name tag on it could be plainly seen. Madam Jang always sat directly behind the camera, a little to the right, so that when you watched the video it would look like the girl was talking directly at you.

Madam Jang had a protocol of questions she always asked, family history, important events, hobbies and interests, romantic history, girlfriends, sexual awakening. She would ad lib the rest, pursuing this or that aspect of the girl's life if it interested her. Sometimes the girls would reveal really interesting stuff, a lesbian encounter, sexual abuse, bondage and/or kidnapping fantasies. If the girl refused to be fully cooperative, she would be taken back downstairs and beaten by one of the Korean guards and then brought directly back up, all red eyed and black and blue, to start over again. They rarely had to resort to that. After two weeks of silence the girls' answers often came out in an unstoppable stream. They wanted to tell their side of the story to someone. And, he guessed, they probably thought that if they could somehow establish their humanity, they might be treated better or maybe even released.

The girls always had a hard time getting through it without breaking down into sobs from time to time. It was compelling to watch, true, raw human emotion. They didn't know it, but it was their last chance to talk freely for maybe years and years. In the middle of their stories sometimes they would break out into desperate pleas to be set free, promising that they would never, ever tell anyone what had happened to them. Madam Jang never responded to those outbursts, but just calmly waited until the girl was done and then resumed the questioning.

At the conclusion of the interview, Madam Jang would advise the girl as to her new status, that she was now a slave and that she would never, ever be going back to her prior life. She gave her an outline of the rules and how the house worked, what punishments were in store for her if she failed in her duties. Any complaint by a guest about resistance to use, lack of enthusiasm, or doleful attitudes would be severely punished. She would tell her that it had always been her fate to become a whore and that she shouldn't blame herself or anyone else for that matter for what had happened to her. It was a simple matter of enforcing the will of God, who had, for his own reasons, determined that she should be enslaved. She assured her that she would be doing God's will if she was enthusiastic about her new life.

She emphasized that she was never, ever to question their right to own her or have her do anything that they wanted, or impose any rule or regulation, condition or punishment on her. There had been slaves since the beginning of time and just as girls like her were destined at birth to be slaves and whores, some persons were destined to be masters and owners and that she and Gyong were among this latter category. And if the girl was doing God's will by being a slave and a whore, she and Gyong were doing God's work by enslaving her and forcing her to do her duty.

The girls would always cry during this explication. In the end though, they nodded their heads sadly when Madam Jang asked them whether they would commit to being good, obedient whores. It was either that or back to the basement.

Afterwards, the girl would be taken directly to the reception room and trained in her new profession. Madam Jang would have the guards pose as customers and teach the girl how to be properly whore-like for them, how to pose salaciously to encourage them to fuck her. The guards would each give the girl a round fucking, one right after the other. That night, the girl would be kneeling in line at attention with her sisters in the reception room ready to satisfy her first real customer and to start earning them money.

He put the folder back. Madam Jang was wrapping up her call with her mother. Of the three pictures, he put the first aside. He looked at the other two. Of the other two, he preferred the third. It was all fluffed up and depicted the bloom slightly from above and from the side. The petals were sharp and oddly angled. They were shocking pink around the edges and underneath. On the top, the bright pink faded into white. One thing he liked about it was that it was somewhat asymmetrical and would look more real. He would leave it up to Madam Jang though who was always the ultimate authority about what happened to the whores.

"How's your mother," he asked when she rang off.

"About the same," Madam Jang replied with a sigh. *"The doctor says her arthritis is getting worse. She needs more exercise. Her blood pressure is still way too high. The good news is that the spot on her lung has not grown as far as they can see."*

Gyong nodded. It was the kind of question you asked out of politeness and to which you didn't want a long and involved response. She had given him just enough information.

"How's business?"

"Very good," Madam Jang responded. *"Their new place is up and running and my cousin Shi is in charge of it. Mama says she is doing a very good job. They are very happy with the three American girls we sent them last month."*

“Just make sure that they reimburse us for the cost. It was a windfall to come into possession of them, but I had to pay Soon and Yee \$3,500 to transport them and I paid the Sheriff \$7,500 apiece. The Seven Stars charged me \$10,000 for shipping. That’s almost \$30,000.”

“I don’t see why you can’t be more generous to my family,” Madam Jang spat back hostilely. *“They underwrote all our startup costs and kept subsidizing us until we started making a profit. We wouldn’t even have this place if my mother hadn’t given us half of the renovation money!”*

Despite his ongoing resolve not to engage in any arguments with his wife, he was annoyed. *“We have paid them back for that money many times over. I could have made at least \$20,000 on each of those girls, and probably much more for the blonde. And that’s net, after expenses. Instead, all I got was expenses!”*

The Sheriff had shown up with them in the back of his cruiser. The three young college girls had been stopped late at night out on old Route 463 by one of his deputies for speeding. They had been drinking beer and he smelled pot in the car. He handcuffed the three of them and had them sit by the side of the road. They were all dressed in t-shirts and jeans. It seemed that they were from Connecticut and heading for California for an adventure. They had gotten off of the Interstate to try and find a motel to stay at. It had been full up and they were on their way back to the Interstate so they could try the next exit.

The deputy knew an income opportunity when he saw one. He hadn’t called the stop in and his video camera had been off. There would be no record of it. He called the Sheriff on his private line, waking him from a dead sleep. He sprung to alertness when the deputy told him that he had three young, good looking, out of state college girls handcuffed by the side of the road. He told him to wait right there.

45 minutes later, he pulled up in his cruiser. They piled the girls in the back. Gyong had always made it clear that he wanted to deal only with the Sheriff and not any underlings, so the Sheriff had to deliver them. The girls were all upset at having been sitting on the side of the road so long. The deputy had searched the car and found a small bag of pot. He told them all that they were under arrest for felony possession, even though it was really only a minor charge these days. And the driver was under arrest for drunk driving. He had told them, when they begged to be given a break, that only the Sheriff could let them off the hook and that they would have to wait for him. Once he brought them into headquarters it would be too late because he would have to book them.

When the Sheriff told them that they had to get into the back of his car, they started getting nervous. It was explained to them clearly that either they got in or they would all go to jail tonight.

It was a little after 3 when the Sheriff pulled up at their place. Gyong had wakened the 3 Korean guards and they were all waiting. They took them right downstairs where they were stripped. Once they were naked, they were hung where Sally had been on her first day and whipped one at a time. Gyong used the flogger because he didn't want to mark them up. He had taken full body shots of them with his phone camera, front and back.

The girls were all in their early twenties. The black haired girl was svelte and fit, with apple sized breasts. She was about 5'7" and had shaved herself bare. She had a gold ring in her labia and several tattoos. They weren't too bad, a bluebird on her upper back on her shoulder blade, a line from an Omar Khayyam poem across her lower belly, and a cat on her lower left leg.

The brown haired girl was taller, about 5'9" and a little on the heavy side, not quite fat, but certainly plump. She had a tattoo of a blue unicorn surrounded by a swirling rainbow on her belly. In the middle of her lower back she had what he guessed was supposed to be the Chinese ideogram for luck. Whoever had applied it to her had instead put the ideogram for whore. She doubted that the girl realized it, or anyone else for that matter, unless they knew Chinese, except for maybe the artist who had either made a big mistake or gotten a big laugh out of the joke. When Gyong saw it, it made him think of all of Madam Jang's arguments about *ming* and fate. It certainly had foreshadowed, like some perverse Freudian slip, her new, upcoming role in life.

She had an ugly appendectomy scar near her right hip and her face was definitely on the plain side. She had very nice breasts though, maybe a little over plump, and would thin out pretty good under proper supervision.

But the blonde girl was the prize. She was short, about 5'4" and very petit. Her skin was almost pure white and her blonde hair, which went down to the middle of her back, was pale yellow and very fine. She was strikingly beautiful and there wasn't a single tattoo or blemish on her body. Her breasts were just a tad over medium sized, perfect for her frame, two roundish bulbs on her chest. Her thighs were graceful and her ass just the right amount of plump. She was the one who cried and sobbed the most and her distress was enticing.

He had had the brunette and the black haired girl, bound, hooded and gagged and put in the cells next to the training room. He placed a leather belt around the blonde girl's waist, captured her wrists in the attached cuffs and fucked her for three hours, off and on. Her mouth was a bit small and she had a little trouble taking his full length, but she was enthusiastic, once he had given her several stripes on her ass with the switch. Her pussy, covered with a flimsy shroud of pale colored hair, was plump and tight and juiced wonderfully when she was stroked.

She wouldn't stop crying at first, but with a few slaps, he got her to stop. She shrieked wildly when she came. He licked her pussy for 20 minutes, starting and stopping and making her beg him to stop all the while she was squirming and moaning and shuddering with physical delight. She gushed when she came. He made her lick her juices up off the mat.

He wanted to keep the blonde girl around for a couple of weeks and send the others to the broker right away after the guards had their turn with them. Little did he know that that morning, after he had shown their pictures to Madam Jang, she had sent them off to her mother. Around 11, she announced to him that the girls would be shipped to her mother's place and that all the arrangements had been made. They were going to be picked up that night.

Gyong was pissed as hell. He grouched all afternoon and continued grouching as he applied the seven stars tattoos to them, which they did to any girl who passed through their hands, even the maids who were only supposed to be there temporarily. He took the opportunity to fuck the blonde girl again and to have her suck him off. She cried the whole time. He seethed with anger later as they were loaded, naked, hooded and bound, into Soon and Yee's van for transport to the small airport they used just outside of Kansas City.

The airport was small, but it had a jet sized runway which had been built especially for the Seven Stars and they were able to make flights directly from there to Korea. The South Korean government had a small consulate in Kansas City, on the Kansas side, and the flights were registered as diplomatic and not subject to inspection. Almost all of their Asia bound pussy went out through there, even from as far away as California and New York or Florida. The girls would be delivered by small cargo planes and loaded directly onto the jet.

The jet would fly into Incheon International Airport where the Seven Stars had their own terminal. Girls destined for Korean brothels, like these three college girls, were transferred to puddle jumpers and flown around the country. Girls destined for other Asian countries would be housed until flights were available and sent out directly from there.

Other girls, the cream of the crop, would be shipped by air to the Seven Stars' Board of Directors compound on *Ganghwado Island*, directly to the north, near a little village named *Jang Jeong*. Venerable captains of the gang were permitted to vacation there three times a year. The best of all the amenities would be there. There was a very challenging, lush 18 hole golf course, deep sea fishing excursions from the nearby port town of *Changhu-Ri*, several first class restaurants, well-appointed lounges where they could play cards or shoot pool, first run movies and a fabulous night club with top notch bands and well trained, beautiful Western slave girls to dance and flirt with and then take back to your room to fuck.

There was a regular brothel staffed by Western girls which was open 24 hours a day. You could fuck the girls there or take them back to your room. And, it goes without saying, you could do anything you wanted to them. There were usually 30 or 40 girls on staff at any one time and the facility was limited to 20 to 30 guests, so there was never any problem finding a beautiful girl to fuck. To make sure all the girls got regular and frequent use, they all spent one or two days a week in the brothel maintained for the security and senior staff where they would be busy all day.

The Directors, seven of them, each had their own mansion where they kept their private girls. Operations were run from an office building on site in which each director had an office and ran their particular patches. There was an elegantly decorated board room with all the latest electronic amenities. All the secretaries were local Korean girls who had been more or less drafted into service. No one said no to an invitation from the Seven Stars, especially on *Ganghwado Island*, even though the girls were often subject to the sexual depredations of their bosses. Their very liberal pay went directly to their families who as a result encouraged the girls in their work despite their hardships. They were allowed home 3 times a year for a week. If they did not return, they would be hunted down and dealt with appropriately, usually by being shipped off to a brothel somewhere, where they would get some real fucking. Their nearest and prettiest young female relative, very often a sister, would be drafted to take her place. Payments to the parents would be terminated since they were ultimately responsible for the girl and had let her run off.

There was a high tolerance for the Seven Stars' activities by the South Korean government and they ruled *Ganghwado Island* as a kind of fiefdom. The gang was an accommodating pass through for bribes and graft, had access to worldwide dark economy banking. They kept peace in the factories and other industrial activities, controlled and regulated all the red light districts, served as a conduit for stolen technology from around the world and illicit trade with the North. Each year, over a thousand pretty, young North Korean girls were sent south to be traded for western currencies or goods and then shipped to brothels all over Southeast Asia and Japan. The Seven Stars didn't pay any taxes, of course, but their inflow of illicit cash from around the world, which included a percentage of *Gyong's* contributions, for example, helped prime the economy.

The government did have to put up with the gang's other cottage industries, loan sharking, extortion, arson, murder, etc. As long as those things were kept to a reasonable level and didn't generate too many headlines, they didn't make waves. Occasionally arrests and convictions had to be made for public consumption, but

things would work out and the gang members would serve short sentences at a 'prison' run by the organization.

"Are we really going to argue about this again?" Madam Jang demanded.

Gyong took a deep breath. She was right. It wasn't worth it. Family relations were very important. When they retired, their place would be turned over to one of Madam Jang's female relations and they would expect a steady stream of income from it.

"No, I guess not," Gyong replied. He paused to let Madam Jang contemplate his surrender. She never gave him any shit about how often he fucked the girls and she was a very valuable partner. And she never questioned any of his decisions when it came to relations with the Seven Stars.

"Here are the pictures I have picked out for Lotus #12," he told her, laying them before her. Madam Jang looked at them. She tapped on the computer and pulled up the file on the new girl. Gyong liked to rely on paper files, but Madam Jang was technologically savvy and now put everything on their hard drive. It backed up in the Cloud every day and was accessible through a code that only she knew. Any attempt to enter the program without the proper password would cause all the files to self-destruct. She had been after Gyong to get rid of the paper files, but he liked the sensation of having them in his hands and didn't want to fuck with the computer. It was an argument Madam Jang was slowly winning.

Madam Jang flipped through the pictures they had gotten before they bought her and the full body shots Gyong had taken when the girl had first arrived while she was still blindfolded. She considered each flower picture in its turn. *"I think I like the pink one,"* she opined.

"It's my choice too," Gyong informed her. *"Her skin has a pleasant pinkish tone to it and the mark, being darker, will stand out but also blend in nicely."*

"I agree. Are you going to do it tonight?"

"As soon as I leave here."

"Won't you be too tired?"

"No, I'm fine. I had a nice nap this afternoon. If I need to take a break, I will, but I want it done tonight. The girl is ready."

"Okay," Madam Jang replied. *"I want to do some shopping tomorrow afternoon, so will you take care of things until I get back?"*

"No problem," Gyong answered.

Madam Jang signed off the computer and rose to her feet. *"I've got to get the girls to bed. I'll see you tomorrow."*

Gyong nodded. He rose and gave her a goodnight kiss. She strode out of the room. He watched her ass as she left. It had been a couple of weeks since they had

fucked. She knew all his buttons and it was nice to have a nice, comfortable, familiar fuck once in a while. And, after all, she was his wife.

CHAPTER TWELVE

Sally had run out of the energy to sob a long time ago. All she could manage was tears. This seemed the longest that the man had ever left her. She wondered if maybe it was night and everybody upstairs was asleep.

Needless to say, the position the man had left her in was highly uncomfortable, agonizing even. In fact, but for her fingers and toes, she could hardly move a muscle. She was posed in a position of high tension. The chain to her collar forced her head down, while the rope on her wrists pulled her back, pulling her head up. If she tried to lower her head to take some tension off the chain, her hands would pull hard against her confinements. If she tried to edge herself back in order to take some pressure off of her wrists, it would pull the chain to her collar taut.

Her feet were spread widely, but her thighs were just under her breasts, which were mashed into them. The rope from her hands ran along the divide between her rear mounds. It had the effect of pressing in that thing the man had put in her rear opening.

Yes, and to add to her misery, she had this huge probe in her intestine. It was unignorable. Her anal ring was forced open widely. As with her mouth, which suffered from a plug of its own, once the man had used it, it was now like he could claim ownership of it and assert his dominion over it any way that he chose. The bulk of the probe, deep in her recesses, made her feel bloated and ready to defecate. She knew that the man was desensitizing her rear opening. Now that she had had the experience of this huge thing in her, how could she ever object to the presence of a cock?

After the howling and the sobbing had run its course, she had tried to stay calm. It wasn't easy. She would go along for a while, just miserating to herself, trying to deaden her consciousness, trying to deny the existence of time, and then, all of a sudden, her whole being would erupt in revolt against what was being done to her. She would experience a fierce need to free herself somehow and would pull and tug at her confinements. A terrible vibrancy would go through her and her body would sicken. She would feel that if she had to experience a single minute more of her confinement she might just explode. Fierce panic would go through her. "I've got to escape! I've got to escape! I've got to escape!" her mind would shout frantically.

Then the crying would begin again. She would rein it in as soon as she could. It made her feel horrible, weak and helpless, a feeble weapon against her hopelessness.

She had to pee, of course. She held it off as long as she could. It got to the point that her whole body was straining with the effort. And then, finally, she couldn't hold it back any longer. There was a brief moment of relief as her bladder emptied, and then a rush of terror at the thought that the man would surely punish her. And besides, it stank.

She slept some, but very, very lightly. She would nod off and then wake in a panic, not knowing why she couldn't move. She would realize quickly why and would have to fight off a new round of tears.

She had plenty of time to think about what the man had done to her so far, and to wonder what he was going to do next. And to go over, virtually second by second, her last day of freedom, especially the last couple of hours. Why she had stopped to talk so long she didn't know. She knew she had to catch the bus. She knew that it had started to drizzle outside. Why? Why? Why had she been so foolish? Frank had wanted her to come over to his place after class. He wanted them to meet in front of the library and then walk to his dorm, which was a lot closer than hers, Frank being a junior. She knew that he wanted her to come over and screw, so she had said no. She hadn't decided about him yet, she had only known him a couple of weeks, and she thought that she should be really careful about who she slept with, who would be her second lover.

That all seemed so ridiculous now. And it was ironic that her effort to preserve her virtue had ended up like this. Her virtue had been torn away from her like a soiled tissue and flushed away. She didn't even know the name of her second 'lover', if you wanted to call him that. She had never even spoken a word to him and he had never spoken to her. He had never bought her lunch or told her how pretty she was or told her funny jokes or invited her to his room. He had smiled at her, she had to give him that. But it was a half demented smile that she didn't know whether it meant that he was enjoying her distress or thinking of something amusing.

One of the things that distressed her the most was how she had collapsed in his arms, not once, but twice. She had poured her heart out to him, conveyed a hundred times more emotion and need than she had ever shown Teddy. And Teddy, it goes without saying, had never whipped her, or tied her up, or made her bark like a dog, or eat like one. He had never pressed her face down so hard on his cock that it had popped into her throat and made her gurgle. He certainly had never fucked her in the ass. And he had never made her run around the room at the point of a whip until she was exhausted beyond her ability to bear it. He had never put a collar and bracelets on her, or given her any of those hard pokes, or made her kneel with her head down and show him her hairless cunt.

It disturbed her that she would never see Teddy again, but not for the reason you might think. She had definitely decided that she was not in love with him. She would miss him, but not as a lover. He was more of a transit between her girlhood and her adulthood. She felt kindness and sweetness towards him, and gratitude for showing her so many things about her body and helping her explore sex for the first time without shame. She knew that he felt that way about her too. He left for school the week before she did and they had sat in his father's car the night before he left and cried and cried and cried.

Nobody would ever feel that way about her again. The man certainly wouldn't. He had obviously trained other girls before her, turned them into whores. His prime concern was to rewire her brain, break all the old synapses and establish new ones. Instead of independence, she was learning obedience. Instead of wonder at the world, she was learning fear. Instead of love she was learning lust. Instead of privacy and self-integrity, she was learning ludeness and obsequiousness. Instead of learning to give herself to a tender lover, she was learning to moisten at the mere touch of a callous stranger. Instead of pride and dignity, she was learning shame and humiliation.

And ok, she got it! She would do anything he said, follow him wherever he would lead her. She would suck him off and show him her cunt, let him put his cock wherever he wanted. Let him play with her breasts, manipulate her into torrential passion. She would do all these things. So why did he have to treat her so meanly?

That was when she felt the most sorry for herself. She was powerless to control his cruelty. Nothing she could do would abate it. It would go on and on and on no matter what she did.

The only power she had was to make it worse. She could probably make him whip her anytime she wanted. Or give her one of those fierce pokes. Or slap her across the face or slam his hand into her ass. She could make him do any one of those things. Or all of them, or worse. All she had to do was be disobedient, be slow to react, to fail to look at him, to not let him put his hands all over her, to not spread her legs or open her mouth or show him her cunt. Or to bite and scratch and fight him as hard as she could, scream and yell, rage and rebel. To stand up for herself. To go down fighting and then come back for more and more and more. To never surrender!

But she didn't have the courage for all those things. She was cowardly and weak. She was willing to surrender everything, give him everything that she had to avoid his punishments, or even his disdain. But if she was willing to give him everything, what else did he want?'

She, of course, knew the answer to that. He wanted more than mere surrender. He wanted more than mere obedience. He wanted to strip away everything she had ever been, to pierce deep down into the core of her psyche and tear it out. To keep pushing, pushing, pushing her until that person she had been would be so remote, so distant, so as to be irrevocably unrecoverable. Like the boat she had missed that was her past self that had sailed away into the distance to disappear over the horizon, he wanted that future person who had been behind on the shore to fade away, like a wisp of smoke, to dissipate into the ether. And what would replace it? She had a vision of that person, someone who obediently and energetically sucked a hundred cocks a day, someone who relished the idea of a long line of callous, perverted men waiting with their cocks in their hand for their opportunity to stick it in her. But she couldn't quite fathom it. How would she get from here to there? It was like a coat that didn't quite fit, that was several sizes too small.

But he would make it fit. He would reduce her in size until it fit her perfectly, so that it would be as natural to open her mouth to a prick as it would be to take a deep breath. As natural to spread her legs as to take a walk in the park. As natural to present her naked tits or her hairless cunt to strangers as to show them her face.

She had plenty of time to think about these things, and to cry, and to miserate, and to fret about her future. And to worry about what the man would next do to her.

* * * * *

It had taken longer than Gyong had anticipated for him to get ready to go downstairs. At about 1:15, after he had changed into his grey t-shirt and sweat pants and gotten her tray all ready, Myong had shown up banging on the door. He buzzed up to the guards' bedroom, but apparently they were all off fucking the maids. He let Myong in and poured him a sizable drink, telling him to wait a bit and he would go up and get Poppy.

The slave girls were all showered and getting ready to be chained into their beds for the night. Madam Jang had apparently retired having made sure that everything was in order, probably with one of the maids since the slave girls were all here. It was not unusual for him to show up at odd hours and take a slave girl away to fuck so his appearance did not at first signify much. Poppy already had her hands chained to the ring in her collar and her left ankle chained to the foot of the bed. She had been fitted with the spongy gag that Sally had first worn that the girls were forced to wear at night so that they would not try and talk to each other while the Korean mistresses were sleeping. Chrysanthemum and Tulip had already been chosen by the mistresses as their fucks for the night and were waiting bound and

gagged on their beds. The mistresses had shed their traditional Korean costumes and all they had on was their underpants. Neither of them went to hide their breasts; Gyong had seen them dozens of times. Half naked you could really see how powerful they were.

He instructed Mi-jung, the older and meaner of the two ladies, to unlock Poppy's cage and get her up. Poppy sheepishly let herself be led out. She looked at him shyly, smiling slightly. He had trained all of them and they all still felt and needed the special bond he had created with them, which he reinforced on a regular basis.

Her happy response to being selected however was dashed when he ordered her to turn around and he locked her hands behind her back. If they were going to his room, which was just down the hall, he would have merely taken hold of the ring in her collar and led her there. Having her hands bound together meant that they were going downstairs. And there was only one reason to go downstairs, and that was to fuck someone. And the only person who she knew who would show up late at night and ask for her was that cruel mountain of a man who had kept her up all night the day before and who came to abuse her at least three times a week.

She broke into sobs. Gyong patted her on her cheek as if to comfort her, but she was having nothing of it. Mi-jung sprang into action. She clapped her hands loudly, clap-clap, clap! Poppy, startled, looked at her and then dropped to her knees. She put her head to the floor and raised her behind. Mi-jung stepped over to her bed. Her many tasseled whip was hanging on a hook right next to it. She strode purposely over to where the sobbing Poppy knelt and flailed her ass mightily, once, twice, three times. Poppy screamed and screamed through her gag. Mi-jung clapped her hands once. The girl sprung to her feet. Mi-jung came to within a few inches of her. She yanked the gag from her mouth.

"What duty, fucking whore!" she screamed in her heavily accented English directly into her face.

Poppy, still sobbing, her lips trembling, eked out, "To serve all that want me."

"And dis how serve?" Mi-jung screamed.

"*A-aniyo, Mi-jung-nim*," Poppy replied miserably. "No, Mistress Mi-jung."

"And dis how you dishonor house?" she screamed again.

"*Aniyo, Mi-jung-nim!*" Poppy protested desperately. Dishonoring the house was a terrible offense which carried extreme punishment.

"Go down, fuck guest! He make complaint, I whip ass raw, unnerstan!"

"*Ye, Mi-jung-nim*," Poppy whined.

"*Hwal-eulhada!*" Mi-Jung screamed.

Poppy bent her waist and bowed her head obsequiously, almost to her knees.

“*Jjog-eulo!*” Mi-Jung barked out crisply. Poppy raised herself, her cheeks full of tears.

And then, again, Mi-Jung spat out, “*Hwal-eulhada Gyong-ssi!*”

Poppy turned and bowed to him. Mi-jung ordered her up again. She ordered her to open her mouth and jammed the gag back in forcefully. She turned to Gyong and gave him a respectful half bow as befitted her more elevated status than a slave girl. Gyong inclined his head slightly in return. He never interfered with the mistress’ discipline of the girls, even when they seemed a little harsh. But, in the end, Mi-jung was right. Order had to be ruthlessly maintained and no girl had the right to refuse her duty, as unpleasant as it may be. Especially when all the other slave girls were watching. Absolute, immediate obedience was required and no grousing or protests or expressions of dismay were permitted.

All the girls were staring at the spectacle. They all knew that Mi-jung was not exaggerating. When they had recruited Poppy she had seemed to hardly know a word of English. She stumbled and bumbled through her interview. Madam Jang, adamant that she wanted her testimony, brought in a Russian translator. She made Poppy suck him off before he left. Now, 2 years later she at least knew some standard phrases. And a mish mash of Korean.

The other mistress, Seong-ja, had a leash ready for him. Poppy was still crying, but had stopped sobbing. Gyong affixed the leash to her collar and her ankle chain and led her shuffling from the room.

On the way out, he stopped at the maids’ room. Sure enough, the three guards were in there fucking like mad. They didn’t even notice that he had come in. He tapped the nearest one on the shoulder. He had been fucking Maid No. 5, a somewhat scrawny red headed girl. They had been trying to put weight on her for weeks, but she just kept shitting it out. She was skinny but she had nice round, fat tits. She had been one of the maids he had sent in to amuse Chen and his boys. Now she was getting boffed by one of the bear-like guards and yet still screaming away in passion. It just showed that you never could tell.

The guard looked up, startled. “*Oh, Gyong-ssi, a thousand pardons! I didn’t hear you come in!*”

“*Never mind that,*” he told him coldly. “*Finish fucking that whore and come downstairs. Myong is here and he needs babysitting. And bring the whore with you. Make sure she dresses. She may have to serve him hor d’oeuvres. And clean up her cunt in case he wants to fuck her too.*”

“*Ye, Gyong-nim,*” the guard replied. The other two guards had paused in their efforts. Gyong looked at them. “*Carry on,*” he said.

They went back to fucking. The girls went back to moaning and crying.

Gyong brought Poppy down to the first floor and handed her leash off to the salivating Myong.

"Don't hurt her too badly," he told him. *"Tomorrow's Friday night and she has to work."*

"Surely," Myong replied eagerly if not sincerely.

"Take room five," Gyong said crisply.

Myong was off like a shot tugging poor Poppy behind him. Gyong watched them disappear at the top of the stairs. A few moments later, the guard, whose name was Wook, came down. He was tucking his shirt into his pants. The maid had thrown on her short skirted, black, lace trimmed uniform. Her hair was scraggly and she had no make-up. She stood unsteadily on her somewhat scuffed, black high heels. One of her straps had slid down her shoulder and a breast was out of her bodice. She saw Gyong look at it and she looked down. She tucked it in. Her face was flushed like she had been just fucking, which she had.

"Lift your skirt," he ordered her curtly.

Using two hands, she raised it. Gyong reached in his hand and fondled her pussy. It was all gooey.

"I thought I told you to clean off her pussy!" Gyong spat at Wook.

"I-I'm sorry, Gyong-nim," Wook replied worriedly. *"I forgot."*

The pay here was good and there were terrific side benefits, even if the hours were long. Wook wouldn't want to lose his job and have to go back to shoveling shit in Sheboygan.

Gyong turned to the maid. *"Go into the refreshment room and clean off your pussy. Wash your face and brush your hair. If Myong wants any snacks, you are to serve them to him, but get out of the room as soon as you can. On the other hand, if he wants to fuck you, let him fuck you and do anything else he wants. Just make sure you tell Eomeo-nim tomorrow so we can bill him."*

"Ye, Abeo-nim," the girl said meekly. Her tone was meek, but she had a saucy smile. She gave him an obsequious bow. Gyong had wondered about Maid no. 5 since she had arrived. She knew that she was a hostage and that if her father didn't pay his debt that they would sell her as a whore. She apparently didn't care. She had only been around a month and he had only fucked her once when she first arrived. There had been nothing shy about her and she sucked him fervently. He wondered if she wanted to be a whore. You could never tell about things like that. She should be careful what she wished for, he thought. If the wrong people got a hold of her, she would end up fucking 20 or 30 men a day. That might not be so much fun.

The girl ran off. Gyong turned to Wook. *"No fucking on duty,"* he said sternly.

"Ye, Gyong-ssi," Wook replied. He gave him a half bow.

He went back to the kitchen and retrieved the tray. On it in a manila envelope to protect it was the photo of the lotus he had selected. He passed through the two security doors and walked down the concrete stairs. He slipped off his slippers, entered the code and swung the door open. He flicked on the lights.

He could tell that she had peed right away. You could smell it. It was expected. She had been bound up for seven hours.

He put the tray down some distance from her and stripped. He went over to the shower area. He took out the pail and ran the shower until it was hot. He poured in some detergent and filled it up about half way. In the cabinet was a large sponge. Not the one he had used on the girl, but an industrial, more coarse one.

He brought the pail and a dry rag over to where the girl knelt and went behind her. Her eyes followed him dolefully everywhere they could. He released the rope that had confined her hands and tossed it aside. Her hands rose and she issued a moan of relief. He wiped the mat all around and under her. The detergent had a lemony scent. After wiping the area dry with the rag, he brought the pail over to the shower area and dumped its contents down the drain. He rinsed out the sponge, squeezed the water out of it and left it to dry. He hung the rag on a rack.

From under the sink he took out a pack of baby wipes and pulled out two sheets. He went back to the girl and wiped down her pussy and the insides of her thighs. After dropping the used wipes in the garbage can, he went to the armoire and retrieved the flogger. He came up and approached the girl from the front. Her head was tilted up as far as it could get and her eyes were rolled back, watching him. When she saw the flogger she released a doleful whine.

He went behind her and, after a moment's pause, let fly.

Sally's heart had jumped when she heard the lock 'clack' open and the lights came on. Like before, she had been steeling herself for this moment, but her confidence and equanimity immediately melted away. Her heart thumped madly as she watched him assemble the tools to clean up her mess. She shuddered and began to cry when she heard him cleaning the mat under her. When he wiped her, she felt like breaking out into sobs.

She saw him go to the armoire and knew what he was going to do. His nakedness made it seem like he was going to perform some ancient, devilish, Neolithic rite on her. She expected punishment and had resolved to bear it stoically, but her strength just left her when she saw the tasseled whip dangling from his hand. She moaned in distress and started to sob as he walked behind her.

The first blow sent a radiant fire all across her buttocks. The second followed shortly after that and then a third and a fourth. The fifth was the most excruciating of all. She screamed and squirmed and sobbed and sobbed. She strained and pulled at her confinements. Her rear cheeks were on fire! She prayed and prayed that

there would not be a sixth and her prayers, for once, were answered. The man calmly stepped over to the armoire and replaced his weapon in its lair.

He returned to a spot right behind her and knelt down. She felt his hands run lightly across her wounded buttocks. He had placed some cream on them and the burning sensation eased. Then he ran his hands down her thighs, across her lower back and then down again. She felt him pull on the plug in her rear and he slowly eased it out. Her anal ring spread wider over the lip, making her whine. He stepped away again and she watched as he stepped to the sink, washed the thick, black, bulbous probe with soap and water and then set it on the counter to dry. He washed and dried his hands and then returned. A few seconds later, she felt his hand on her puss.

He rubbed and stroked it, slowly and tenderly. She knew what was coming and she resigned herself to it. There was no sense in trying to stop it. Her mind went to where the hands were and concentrated on the growing glow that was emanating from there. She closed her eyes and let the trilling shoot through her as he began to rub her awakened nubbin. She moaned when she felt his two fingers probe her canal and slide easily in and out and in and out.

But when she felt the head of his cock slip along her crevasse, searching for her entrance, a well of resistance surged through her. "He shouldn't be doing this!" her mind protested. "He has no right to do this!" her mind declared bravely. And then, "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" it began to plead as all its courage and braggadocio left it.

The head lodged in her opening and then pressed forward. She felt her tube expand and a surge of unwanted lust flowed through her. She started to cry even as his motions began to drive her excitement higher and higher.

He fucked her slowly and leisurely. Her pussy burned and burned. "Like a dog! He's fucking me like a dog!" her mind complained. Would it be always like this? Would he ever fuck her like a human being? The shame at her powerlessness and her humiliation swirled around and around her mind. It mixed with the messages of unwanted and growing pleasure that her pussy was sending to her. When he started fucking her in earnest, her feelings of chagrin and misery melted away like butter tossed into a pot of hot soup, tingeing and flavoring her lusts. They would always be there, she knew. She would never be able to separate the act of fucking from the fiercely disabling emotions the man had induced. She would always think of being here, bound into shameful submission, unable to mount even a token resistance, powerless to ameliorate the sensations that the invading, remorseless cock was sending her.

His hands rubbed over her ass and she felt a stab of panic. Was he going to butt fuck her again? She prayed no. Instead of wishing and praying that the remorseless, machinating cock would leave her, she pleaded with it to stay.

“Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” her mind called out. “Don’t leave! Don’t stop! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!” her mind screamed. She was moaning and groaning now and so was he. She wished she had the ability to push against him, to maximize his pleasure so that he wouldn’t pull out, but she couldn’t move. She tried to squeeze her pussy’s walls, but it achieved little. She had read about what they called Kegel exercises, in Cosmo, of course, and she was sorry now that she had never taken up the habit. She could squeeze him and he would never want to leave her pussy.

When he started slamming against her hard, she knew that she had been victorious. “Oh, yeah! Do it! Do it! Do it!” she screamed within herself. The heat in her loins surged and she began to groan, repetitively and loudly. Her pleasure became so piquant that she felt like her whole body was on a razor’s edge and that the ecstasy of her coming climax would slice right through her.

He started coming first, grunting loudly, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” It immediately triggered hers and her pussy erupted into a series of disabling throbs and contractions. She shuddered and groaned, “Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!”

As soon as her lusts began to abate, her shame and unhappiness began to grow again. He had fucked her like an animal and she had responded as one. “A dirty, slutty, filthy animal!” her mind screamed. “I’m not! I’m not! I’m not!” another part of her protested. “He made me! He made me! He made me!”

As the man’s cock finally slowed to a stop and several post coital throbs shook her pussy, she realized that it was a combination of the two. The man had uncovered base desires in her, desires that had only been hinted at in her sessions with Teddy. It was like a rising cone of igneous rock, forced up by the rumbling of the ground beneath it. With Teddy, its tip had peaked out and found the sun. With this man, it had emerged as a virtual massif, bursting remorselessly through the feeble crust of soil which had hidden and constricted it.

She tried not to cry when she felt the man’s probe slip out and leave her empty. He gave her pussy a couple of rubs and patted it. “Good girl,” he was saying. “You’re a good little fuck.”

He got up and released her collar from the ring. He released her ankles and then slowly, slowly, slowly pulled her back so that she was lying on her belly. He pulled her ankles and edged her back from the ring by her head. Her muscles complained loudly. He released her wrists from behind her back and connected them to it. He knelt over her lower legs and put his hands on her.

Her muscles celebrated as he massaged them. He seemed to know just where to place his hands, where to dig in between her sinews. Her thighs, her back, her arms. He distributed a welcoming warmth and ease to them. She just closed her eyes and enjoyed it.

She had been bound a long, long time. She had begun to believe that he had forgotten about her, or that maybe there had been some disaster upstairs and that the building lay in ruins. It would take days and days for the rescuers to sift through the wreckage. They would find her emaciated and lifeless. There would be a grand funeral for her. All the college and her home town would come out and mourn her. Her parents would be wracked with grief but comforted that they had found her and recovered her remains. Teddy would be inconsolable. She would have a nice headstone and people would come by and leave flowers and tell their daughters that they had to be very, very careful or something like this might happen to them.

When he stood up, she awoke from her daydream. The man released her from the chain over her head and clapped his hands. She rose groggily to her feet and placed her hands behind her back, spreading her legs. He took her by the ring in her collar and led her over to where she had done her exercises. He turned her to face him and then walked over to the armoire where he took out the switch. He stepped back and placed himself in front of her. He began pumping his legs, uttering, "Hutt, hutt, hutt, hutt."

He led her through all her exercises. She huffed and puffed and groaned. He switched her fiercely several times when she lagged or was not doing them properly, making her screech. He locked her hands behind her back and made her run, run, run around the room, faster and faster until she thought her lungs would burst. Each time she approached the full length mirror on the wall near the corner on the far wall from the shower, a stab of grief and self-pity pierced her as she saw her gagged and glittering self approach it and then turn away to her left.

When he let her finish, by clapping his hands loudly and patting his thigh, she stumbled over to him, her chest heaving, her heart pounding. She had to bend over to catch her breath, but gradually was able to stand at attention. He came over to her and patted her on the cheek, giving her a little hum. He put away the switch and went to the refrigerator. He brought her a large bottle of juice and removed her gag. She drank it down hungrily.

He bathed her after that, subsuming every inch of her body with soap as she knelt there on all fours, affixed to the rings. He washed her hair and brushed her teeth. When he dried her off, he got her up off the mat and had her kneel up while he blow-dried, brushed and, this time, braided her hair. He had her lay back, affixing her wrists to the ring above her, made her spread her knees wide, and

shaved her loins, clearing away all the stubbles of growth. He applied the greenish brown unguent to her pussy, in and out, to her little rear hole, outside and in, and to the tips of her breasts.

When done, he had her crawl to the middle of the room, brought her to her knees, locked her arms behind her back and fed her.

There were three bowls and a blue and white flowered carafe with two matching cups. And the glass of the goop he was making her drink. He fed her that first, the thick ooze flowing down her throat. He uncovered the first bowl. It was filled with oatmeal, flavored as before. She obediently bent over and ate it under his watchful eye. When she was done, he pulled the bowl away and produced another one. That was filled with oatmeal too. She looked at him, confused, and then looked down again. When she looked up again at his face, he put his finger to his lower lip and pointed to the bowl. She bent over and forced the meal down. When she rose up, the bowl licked clean, he put the third bowl in front of her. It contained oatmeal too. She frowned and looked at him. She felt overstuffed already. He touched his lower lips and pointed to the bowl again.

It took her a long time to finish it. She kept having to take breaks and deep breaths. When she waited too long, he tapped her cheek firmly and pointed to the bowl. When she was finished, she felt her stomach was going to explode.

He gave her several cupful's of tea to drink. When she had consumed them, he patted her head and hummed.

He got up and moved the tray to the side of the room. He came back with his little stool, placing it a foot or so in front of her. He touched his lower lip and then his cock. She grimaced, suppressed a whine, lowered herself and took it in her mouth.

It became hard right away. Her belly felt sick as she sucked it, moving her head up and down, swirling her tongue around it. This was the third time he had made her blow him, she thought miserably. She knew there would be a hundred or a thousand more. And if not him, somebody else. She tried to put away her misery and concentrate on her work. His hand wrapped around her braided blonde hair and guided her head up and down at his preferred speed. He pulled her head back so that she could wash the head of his prick with her lips and tongue, and then plunged her head down again. He put pressure on her head, slowly, slowly, slowly, pushing her head down further and further until the head popped into her throat again, making her gurgle and whine. He jerked her head back quickly and then gave her face a solid slap which made her shriek. He pushed her head down again all the way. This time she gurgled but did not whine.

When he was ready to come, he started moving her head up and down rapidly. Then he let go and she had to do all the movements herself without assistance. She

raged her narrowed mouth up and down his crank, her lips tightly held against the shaft. Her neck and back began to ache. Her jaw was sore. He was taking a long time to come and she prayed for him to pop. When he did, he groaned deeply and her mouth flooded with his spume. She swallowed it readily, almost joyful that her ordeal was over.

He grabbed her braid again and kept her head in slow motion while he urged out every last spasm of his cock. When it had begun to soften, he withdrew it. Her gag was nearby and he slipped it back into her mouth. He was done with it for now. He clapped her back up to attention position.

She watched morosely as he put the stool away. He brought over the pan and made her pee into it. After he had emptied and washed it, he went over to the wall by the door and returned with a large wooden structure. It had two hinged, slanted wings and he opened it in front of her. It was on a solid wooden base and the wings were supported by polished and lacquered 1" by 2" boards that anchored in the base. The structure was painted white. There was a padded seat and backrest. There was an amalgamation of straps and belts built into it.

Sally didn't like the look of this at all. It was clear that he intended to strap her into it, but what for? It couldn't be good or he wouldn't have to confine her like that. She thought of all the women who had come before her and saw their ghosts sitting in that chair. Her back was straight and her breasts were thrust out, but she felt like collapsing to the floor and begging for him not to hurt her. Coldness swept through her and her belly turned sour.

He went behind her and released her wrists. He tapped her on the head forcefully and pointed to the contraption. She had a moment's thought of resistance, but rejected it. She dolefully crawled over to the structure and mounted it.

He locked her wrists to rings on the wings, fully extending her arms. Straps went around her arms above and below her elbows, fastening her arms down flat. The ring in the back of her collar was placed through a slot and fastened off so that her head was pressed back against a headrest with no play to move it. A strap went around her chest, just above her breasts and was pulled tight. Another went around her upper waist, just under her breasts, and was tightened too.

Her ankles were forced against the wings and locked to rings, spreading her legs. He pressed her legs against the side boards until they lay flat and straps went around her legs above and below the knees. Two more straps went around her upper thighs holding them firmly in place.

He stood up and looked at her. She was splayed in front of him. She was trembling and crying. She couldn't fathom what he was going to do, but it terrified her, whatever it was.

Whatever it was he was going to do, he was apparently not ready to do it. He went over and retrieved the little desk he had used in their last session, placed it down near her, looking at her. He opened the top and took out a large sketch pad and what looked like a box of artist's chalk. He went over to the tray and picked up a 9" x 12" manila envelope that had been lying under the bowls. He knelt down at the desk, opened the envelope and put a photograph next to the sketch pad. She only got a glimpse of it since her head was tilted upwards, but it looked like a picture of a deep pink flower.

Gyong leaned back and stretched. He interlaced his fingers and stretched them too. He had brought over the tea carafe and he poured himself a cup. He drank it slowly as he perused the picture, trying to get a good feel for it. He looked up at the girl. She couldn't look at him directly because of the backwards tilt of her head, but he could see her straining to see what he was doing. The important thing was that although she was squirming and straining, she couldn't move a single inch.

He placed a little soft black dot in what he considered would be the center of the drawing. He matched a piece of chalk to the color in the picture and began to draw. Glancing back and forth to the picture, he soon had the jagged outline of the petals, jutting out to all sides. He filled in the pinkish base and then feathered the chalk down the insides of the petals that could be seen. He brought out the white chalk and colored the bottoms of the petals. He did the roundish green leaves that were floating underneath it in the picture. He stopped and looked at it.

It looked perfect. He had picked up drawing at Bucknell his first year and had found himself talented at it. He had kept at it during the years and some of his sketches were mounted around the house. There was a large, empty field behind the building and he liked to go out there and draw. The sun rose and fell across its eastern and western boundaries and he had drawn quite a number of sunrises and sunsets. He liked to do the girls too and he seemed to have a knack for capturing their expressions and the individuality of their bodies. He would sometimes do a kind of montage in colored pencils with several views of the girl on the same page, her pussy from behind, her breasts, her mouth circled around a cock, her face in passion, around her figure kneeling submissively in the center. Madam Jang loved them and often sent them out with the girls when they were sold for their new owners.

He always drew the flower out first. It gave his hand practice at shaping the forms and allowed him to establish the proper dimensions. He tore the drawing from the sketch book, folded it down around the edges and brought it over to the girl. He laid it on her outstretched tummy and stepped back. He would have to make it a smidgeon larger, he thought. It needed to fill her whole lower loins and almost up to her belly button. It was not just a decoration. It was a proclamation of

her being a thing of beauty and an instrument of pleasure. Her personality would be dissolved into it. It was not just that she no longer had a human name; it was as if she had never had one. She had grown around the flower, emanating from it. That's why he took such care in doing it. He could have slapped a simple image of a flower on them. He could probably knock one off in fifteen minutes. Their girls were special and deserved to have something special, almost magical, appended to them. And appended in the real sense. Magritte had said, "This is not an apple." The same could not be said of the marks he applied to the girls. They were not just figures of flowers. They were flowers, given actuality by the living breathing flesh that surrounded them.

And since the marks would adorn their flesh for the rest of their lives, and they after all, before he was done training them, worked so hard to become proficient, first class whores, they deserved something that they could be proud of. When men looked at their bellies admiringly, they would feel exalted, transformed. No longer a human being, but rather something new, something more precious, something virtually beatified, an offshoot of the human species that had left behind any notions of pride and self-will and all the false codes and ethos that had been forced upon them by a cold, rigid culture.

Anyway, that was how he felt about it. The customers could feel as they liked. But he felt some comfort in the fact that when the girls went away they would remember their time with him as somehow liberating. And their tattoos as emblems of their new selves.

He decided he needed a break before doing the actual work. He placed the drawing back on the desk, stretched and dressed. He left the girl where she was. He wouldn't be gone long.

When he came upstairs, Wook and Maid No. 5 were still in the reception room. Myong was still upstairs with Poppy. When he looked at Maid No. 5, she gave him a little smirk. He looked at Wook, who looked all embarrassed. He suspected that they had been at it while he was downstairs. He bet that if he felt the girl's pussy it would be all sticky and gooey again. Well, there were some things you couldn't control. He passed by them and went up the stairs.

In his room, he stripped down and took a quick shower. He dressed in fresh clothes. There was a veranda off of his and Madam Jang's rooms, connecting them. He always kept a bottle of single malt scotch in his room and he poured himself a couple of fingers. On his bureau was a small humidifier containing an assortment of his favorite cigars. He picked out a smaller one, unlocked the iron gate that led to the veranda and stepped out.

It was a bit cold, but cold had never bothered him. He stepped to the edge of the veranda, next to the rail and placed his scotch down on it. He nipped the end of

the cigar off with his teeth and lit it with the small propane lighter Madam Jang had given him for Christmas last year. It had his name inlaid in gold in Korean and a sparkling diamond. It gave a good flame and was perfect for cigars.

He sat down on one of the lounging chairs and took a good drag. The smoke curled up around his head and then vanished as he exhaled it. He felt suffused with contentment. There was a broad canopy of brilliant stars above him. It was amazing how quiet the nights got in the fall and winter and how bright the stars. They were just far enough away from the city that its lights did not tarnish their view of the heavens at night. He could see its glow over the horizon off to the north. The nearest building to theirs was at least four miles away. They were just on the edge of a state forest and special regulations strictly limited building in a five mile radius. Their place had been an old hunting lodge and they had been grandfathered in.

He was a little concerned about the expansion plans he and Madam Jang had discussed. She wanted to extend the rear of the building and add four more bedrooms for servicing guests and other amenities. They would bring the slave girls up to eleven, another lucky number. As far as he was concerned they were fine just as they were. Why mess with something that was working so well?

He took another drag of his cigar and put those conflicted thoughts out of his head. Instead, he thought about his past and how lucky he was that he had ended up here on this particular veranda on this particular night, with that particular girl downstairs awaiting him. There were many streams and eddies his life might have taken. Who knew, maybe he could have been an artist. Not a famous, genius one. He knew he didn't have that in him. But just a man whose life was dedicated to creating beauty. He would be shown in small, out of the way galleries and maybe have a certain following. Or he could have become the professor of literature or history that he had once thought of being. He could have had regular, intimate friends and maybe a series of fulfilling and enriching love affairs. He could have travelled and seen the world.

He and Madam Jang had had three children, one girls and two boys. They could have grown up with him. But this house was no place to raise them and so they grew up with his mother in Korea. His daughter, the eldest, was 18, the same age as the girl downstairs. She was attending college in San Francisco, freshman year. Madam Jang had gone out to see her for a week in September. He had stayed here and minded the store. They had had frequent arguments about their daughter coming into the business. Madam Jang wanted to hand it off to her at the appropriate time, in line with her family's traditions. He was dead set against it. But it was inevitable, he supposed. His children had spent frequent holidays and vacations with Madam Jang's mother in Korea and he suspected that his daughter

had been taken aside and let in on the family secret long ago. She and Madam Jang had lately been having frequent long, animated, secretive phone conversations.

Right now the big argument was whether she and the boys should come for Christmas. He had refused, but was sure that Madam Jang would ultimately get her way. She wanted to rent a house up by the lake for a week. It was about 30 miles away so he could still come by and check on things. He had been kind of breaking in Chu-li, the smartest of the three Korean guards, into becoming an assistant to him. He was very eager and the short times he had left him in charge had handled things very well. He was just 24. He came from a very good background, not like the other two guards who had come up from the streets. The boy's uncle was a frequent visitor and had asked Gyong if he would give his nephew a start in the business. The uncle was related by three degrees to his father, which made him practically Gyong's uncle as well. He couldn't say no. He had been with them for six years having started out as a kitchen assistant. He was promoted to guard four years ago on an emergency basis when one of the then current guards had been killed in an auto accident.

Madam Jang had intimated that she wanted her daughter to meet him. He knew she would get her way. What would come of that who knew? Maybe it was fate.

It suddenly occurred to him why Madam Jang had been after him about an expansion. She would need an assistant, or more likely an apprentice. And she had been encouraging him to promote Chu-li. The park director, who was one of their guests, had told them that he thought he could swing an approval, but that the permitting process would probably take two years and a lot of people would need to be greased. Another year or so to arrange for and complete construction and their daughter would be graduating from college. She had said that she wanted to ultimately get an MBA. The local university had an excellent program. It looked like Madam Jang had it all planned out. She was always miles ahead of him.

He took a long sip of his scotch and it warmed him. He thought of the girl downstairs. He had been against acquiring her. There had been a girl in Texas that he had been looking at. She was blond as well and was more well-built. She was an outdoorsy type and was in great shape. Madam Jang thought she looked a little wild. There were pictures of bikini parties on her Facebook page and in a few of them she had had a drink in her hand. This girl's Facebook page had nothing like that. But she seemed kind of prissy as far as he was concerned. He had suspected that she would not possess the lustfulness needed for first class whoredom and that her religious background would make her recoil from the things she had to learn to do, making her hard to train.

Some girls just didn't have it in them to give a good blowjob. It was like in baseball. Some kids could hit the ball, and some just couldn't even put wood on it.

Not everyone had the same skills. You could train someone at something for hours and hours and days and days and they would never improve. He had no doubt that the Texas girl gave a great blowjob. She had just that kind of mouth, puffy lips that always seemed open.

The final straw as far as Madam Jang was concerned was when they saw the photo of her with the little ball on the top of her tongue. She was sticking it out and laughing. Madam Jang declared that she was too slutty to be one of her girls. Let someone else recruit her. In two years she would be a worn out, slovenly strumpet. Not to mention, who knew who had been in her pussy or had spurted their spume down her throat.

This girl, Madam Jang had explained, had strength of character. You could see it in her face. If anyone had ever been in her pussy, she was sure it was just the boyfriend she highlighted in her social media. He was clean cut and not somebody who had whored around. And, as said before, there was the Christian thing. This girl clearly came from a good family who had taught her proper virtues.

As far as passion, well those things were hard to measure from just a picture. But they had the report from the boy who had tried to abuse her at that party. He related how quickly she had gotten hot and heavy with him and also how she had leapt up and pulled up her panties when she realized what was happening. According to Madam Jang's observations, the girl was just about to blossom. She had strong, pent up lusts that would soon explode into a passionate love affair. She wasn't the kind of girl to ever sleep around, but she would latch onto someone, someone as straight arrow as her high school sweetheart, and they would fuck like bunnies.

So she was at the perfect time in her life to be harvested, as Madam Jang liked to call it. And she had been right, as she usually was. They had had a few duds over the years. But he had developed the finesse to be able to sort those girls out right away. Some in the very first session. If they didn't respond to the finger tease, the same test he had given the girl downstairs when she arrived, he would tell Madam Jang that in his opinion they should just write her off and not waste any more time with her. In this respect, Madam Jang's faith in his judgment was supreme.

But the girl downstairs had responded beautifully. And in every way since. It was another confirmation of Madam Jang's ideas about destiny. If this girl wasn't designed to be the perfect whore, then nobody was. She had just the right amount of reticence to avoid being slutty. She had just the right amount of rebelliousness to remain lively. As she got older, her well-proportioned body would just improve. And, she would learn to love to fuck. Already she was straining to fuck him back. As to the blowjob thing, he had been wrong about that too. She was still learning,

but he knew that she would develop her own inimitable style that would keep customers always coming back for more. He had never been wrong about that.

CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Gyong felt very refreshed when he came back. The scotch had loosened him perfectly. After undressing, he came over to the girl and looked at her. She clearly knew that something was going to happen and had probably guessed what it was. He would do his best to do it quickly so as to limit her distress. But you had to take time with these things. It wasn't like a drawing where you could tear the sheet away and start another if you didn't like it. Any mistake here would be permanent.

He had learned tattooing back in San Francisco when they were just starting out. He had been taught by an expert, an old Chinese guy who had been doing it for 40 years. He started out small, doing simple designs, or coloring in outlines that the old man had done. After about a year he had graduated to doing dragons and tigers and other complicated drawings. When they got their first lock down facility, where the girls were owned by them rather than rented, he had begun to put little logos on their ankles, a picture of a snow capped mountain. He had expanded into all kinds of erotic drawings. Some of the other brothel owners brought their girls over so that he could do them. When they came here, he had started doing the flowers, just like at Madam Jang's grandmother's place.

Every once in a while, when an appropriate girl came into their hands, he would keep her for a week or so and fill her body with his designs, voluptuous whores pleasuring themselves, beautiful females sucking off muscular, callous men. He did tigers and snakes and panthers, elaborate floral designs that ran all the way down their backs or over their chests and breasts. Sometimes just intricate designs, some things he got from his art books. He did it mainly to keep his skills up, but also to satisfy his artistic urges. Seven Stars members often brought their girlfriends by so he could do them. Sometimes the girls resisted, crying bitter tears at the prospect of being marred. But they always knuckled under after a session with the whip.

The girl was looking up at him desperately, tears glistening in her eyes. It was time to get to work.

He brought over the pan and made the girl pee into it. He didn't want an accident while he was working on her. Sometimes the girls did that just from fear. He brought over some baby wipes and he cleaned her belly and sex thoroughly. She flinched when he touched her. He would do something for that. He went back to the sink and washed his hands. He went to the closet where he kept his kit and brought it out to the girl. He connected the cord to the electric pen to the long orange extension cord and plugged it into the wall. He brought the little desk over

closer to the girl so that he could use it as a work table. He knelt down in front of her, opened his case of inks and brought out the ones that he would use. Red, white, green, black, yellow. The white in the picture had just a little tinge of blue to it and he brought that out too.

He mixed the red and white first. He started out with red and then kept adding white to it until it turned the shocking shade of pink that matched the drawing.

He looked at the girl. She was shaking and trembling. He had tried giving the girls a soporific while he was working on them, but when their bodies relaxed it made their bellies go soft. He liked to have it nice and taut. That was the reason for the three bowls of oatmeal. They were lodged in her intestine now and gave her lower belly just a slightly rounded shape. He ran his hands over it. It felt perfect. You wanted the skin expanded so that the drawing didn't stretch out and deform when her belly was full. Madam Jang didn't like skinny girls and she always made sure that they put a little weight on. It made them round and soft and filled out the breasts a bit.

He got up and went behind the girl and lowered the back of the platform a bit so that her tummy was at a more level angle. The base was about a foot and a half thick so that she was at the proper height when he was kneeling in front of her. He went around tightening all the straps. He went back to the armoire and brought out the thing he needed to keep her absolutely still. He came back to her and slid the thick, silver tube into her rear. It had a cord that went to a battery pack. There was a little red button on it. He switched the battery pack on. After a second or two, a little light glowed orange. He looked up at the girl, the battery pack in his hand. She looked at him frantically. She tried to say something which was muffled by her gag. He pressed the button.

The girl's whole body jerked and she screamed. She looked at him, her eyes wide as saucers. She started sobbing virulently. He was sure she got the message. Don't fight me, keep absolutely still. There's nothing you can do about this, so just resign yourself. He got up and leaned over her so that she could see him. He held his finger to his mouth and said, "Shhhhhhhhh." She quieted down right away.

He put on a pair of blue surgical gloves. He loaded the bright pink paint capsule into the pen and turned it on. It commenced a loud buzzing sound. The girl wailed. He bent over to his task.

* * * * *

It had taken Sally a little bit of time to figure out what the man was going to do to her. At first she thought that she was going to go through some kind of cruel Oriental torture. That was why she had to be strapped down so securely. She would

be writhing and screaming so much that it would interfere with the man's fun. When she saw him kneel at his little desk and start drawing she began to get an inkling of what was in store. It terrified her to think that he was going to tattoo her. But she didn't see any tattooing things around. There was the possibility that it was just one of the man's quirks, like when he had read for so long while she was showing him her pussy. It would take a strange, perverse man to do what he had done to her already and who knew what was really inside his twisted brain.

It was when he put the picture he had drawn down on her tummy and perused it for so long that she became convinced that what she had suspected was right. He was going to draw that picture of the flower on her. It would become a permanent mark. And it wasn't just a little thing like some of her girlfriends had gotten when they turned 18. And it wasn't going to be in some discrete place where you could see it only if you became intimate with someone like the bumble bee Dolly Shevack had had done just below her panty line.

She had to struggle hard to hold back her sobs when the certainty of her upcoming defacement became clear to her. She had sworn to herself, and her mother when she had pressed her on it, that she would never get a tattoo. You never knew how you would feel about it when you got older. Some guy you really liked and who you agreed to go to bed with might recoil when he saw it, even if it was in a really private place, and then he would drop you after fucking you because he thought you were a skeeve. He would tell all his friends about it and they would look at you differently. They would try to make dates with you because they figured you were a slut and would put out for them.

And now this man was going to do it to her! Couldn't she plead and beg with him not to do it? Wasn't there anything she could do to avoid her fate? Why were these terrible things happening to her? In the unlikely event that she was ever rescued, something she wasn't ready to give up entirely on, what would her mother think when she saw it, or, worse yet, her father?

And if he was in fact training her to be a whore, wouldn't it convince the men that she was someone you could do anything you wanted to? Wouldn't they treat her worse if they thought that she was a slutty girl who allowed herself to be adorned with a grotesque tattoo? Or would men pick her out because they found her adornment especially attractive or because they became lustful when they saw how degraded she was?

She had expected him to begin right away. When she saw him getting dressed she realized that she would have to wait some long tortuous time period all bound up like this dreading the reappearance of the light. She would have plenty of time to consider her upcoming scarring. She would be able to wallow in self-pity to her heart's content.

Then the man had left and the light went out. She released the sobs she had been holding back and wailed and wailed and wailed in misery.

She had struggled and struggled and struggled to get free. Nothing had worked to even loosen any of her bonds. And what if she did get loose, what would she do then? She would never be able to figure out the code for the lock. The man would see that she had been disobedient and rebellious again and he would torture her even harder than he did the last time, figuring that she hadn't learned her lesson yet.

No, she would have to disable him as soon as he came in the door, before he got the chance to lock it again. She would have to hit him with something. There were the whips in the armoire, but they would hardly disable him and he would probably just rip it out of her hands. And then where would she be? No, it had to be something metallic and hard. What about the pail? That was metallic and hard. But it would be a very unwieldy weapon and it probably wouldn't knock him out even if she struck him in the head with it with all her might. Was there anything else in the room? It was dark and she was lying almost flat on her back, so even if the lights were on she wouldn't be able to see anything. She had never gotten the chance to look around the room really closely because he insisted that she always keep her eyes on him. She tried to think if she had seen anything when she had been running around the room.

And then she thought of it! There was the mirror! She could smash it with something and stab him with a broken piece, springing at him like a tiger when he opened the door. And she could keep stabbing and stabbing and stabbing until he was dead. She would stab him in the neck so that he would bleed like a stuck pig. She would take great joy in it even if she never got away. The door at the top of the stairs was probably locked too. But when he didn't come upstairs again, someone would come looking for him and if she stood there in just the right place, so he couldn't see her when he opened the door, she could attack him too and kill him.

Well, she had a plan, which was better than nothing. It all depended on her being able to get out of the chair. But at least she had a reason to try now.

She pulled and squirmed, pulled and squirmed. She cried and sobbed as she didn't seem to be getting anywhere. She knew that the man could come through the door any minute. She would struggle and struggle and struggle and then hopelessness would overwhelm her and she would break out into sobs. She would gather her courage again and fight and fight and fight at her bindings. Did her left arm seem a little looser? It was hard to tell. Her right arm? She thought so, if even by a little bit. She concentrated on her right arm, pulling and pulling at it until her muscle strained. Her wrist bracelet was hooked onto a ring in the board, but maybe she could pull it out. Maybe dozens of girls had sat in this chair and pulled and

pulled and pulled at it fruitlessly, but had weakened it just enough that all it would take would be one more time. All she had to do was get one arm free and she could take care of the rest. She strained and roared and screamed and yanked and yanked and yanked, and then burst into sobs again when it seemed to do nothing.

Utter helplessness flooded through her. “Why is this happening to me?” she demanded to know. It had occurred to her that maybe there was no whorehouse upstairs. Maybe the man was just playing with her until he decided to torture her to death. Maybe it was all a cat and mouse game he played with his victims. Or maybe, after he had all the fun with her that he wanted he would get the men who had kidnapped her to blindfold her and drive her somewhere remote where they would let her go. Hadn't she seen a movie like that on TV?

But the fact that he was going to tattoo her, especially with something so intricate, meant that he intended to keep her a very long time. Why else would he do it? Would she spend years and years in his basement as his fucktoy? Or would he take her upstairs and keep her for years and years and years as a whore. Or maybe once she was trained sufficiently he would sell her over the Internet or something and she would be much more attractive to a buyer with a beautiful flower tattoo on her belly.

But no, she didn't want any of those things! Her rage at how she had been stolen and abused and whipped and confined rose up in her like some terrible bile, and she roared back into desperate activity again, straining, straining, straining to get anything, something loose.

Then the lock ‘clacked’ and the lights went on again. The man reappeared and she knew that any chance that she had was now lost. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed as she watched him make his preparations. She whined and squirmed and struggled as she watched him prepare the ink. When he lowered her back, a terrible iciness went through her. He put something in her rectum. In a second he would start. She never had felt so desperate about anything in her life. She overcame her fear of punishment and broke one of the cardinal rules. “Pleeeeeeeeease don't do this to me! Pleeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeease! Pleeeeeeeeease!” she screamed out. It came out dully, sounding like, “...eeeeeeeeehooihooee! ...eeeeeeeeee! ...eeeeeeeeee! ...eeeeeeeeee!”

She could hardly see the man, only the top of his head. What was he doing? Then a terrible, maiming pulse erupted in her rectum. She screamed as fiercely as she ever had. Rabid pain flooded her and her whole body contracted. Then it stopped. She burst into sobs. The message had been given. “Don't make me fuck this up! Don't struggle, don't fight! I am the master here and you have nothing to say about anything I want to do to you! You haven't begun to feel the agony I can inflict you with!” He leaned over her and signaled her to stop.

She lay back still. She stopped her sobbing and held her breath. Then the buzzing started. A few second later, she felt like a million tiny pins were piercing her belly and she knew that it had begun.

Gyong worked slowly. He would work a little bit, pause, look at the picture he had drawn and then go back to work. He drew the entire outline first, a jagged, dark pink line all around her lower belly. The girl was cooperating, although she would tremor from time to time and he would stop until it subsided. Her breathing was heavy, and that made it harder, but there was little he could do about that. He knew that she was frightened and terrified and had limited control of herself. As long as she didn't get out of hand it would be okay.

It took him about 40 minutes to get the petals and base of the flower fully outlined. He leaned back and liked the look of it. It was slightly lopsided to the left, like a real flower might be, beautiful, but not perfect. He put the pen in its holder and poured himself a cup of tea. He was sweating, so he got up and wiped his face and chest with his t-shirt. He stretched. He stretched his fingers. Now that he was standing he could see the girl's face. It had about as miserable a look on it as he had ever seen. None of the girls liked this, it went without saying. But they got used to having the designs on their bellies soon enough. It actually seemed to make them more docile, more accepting of their fate. There couldn't be a clearer statement of the fact that their bodies didn't belong to them anymore. And the permanency of the marks helped to acclimate them to the fact that they would be whores now for the rest of their lives.

And even if they somehow escaped, the tattoos would be impossible to remove without causing massive scarring that would be a hundred times worse. Their bellies would look like someone had dragged an ice pick across it.

He came back to the girl, holding his teacup in his right hand. He looked down at her stomach. This was the perspective he really needed to see if he was doing a good job. Unless they were munching her pussy, most customers would never see it as close up as he did while he was doing it. They would see her when they came into the reception room kneeling next to the other whores, up at attention, her belly brazenly displayed. It was what it looked like at that distance that really mattered. That was one reason for making it so big.

He tossed back the rest of the tea, stretched himself again and got back into position. He lifted the pen from its holder and turned it on. He bent over and got back to work.

He filled out the bottom of the flower and the outside of the petals. They were all the same shade of pink. He left room for striations. On the petals that you could see the inside of, he colored the tips and a little bit down. Once that was done, he turned off the pen and removed the paint capsule. He injected it with just a little bit

of white and mixed it. This was the most tedious part. He brought his head close and did just a little bit more of the inside petals. He stopped and added more white. Then he did a little bit more. He added white again and did a little more. He added more white and the ink was a very light, very faded pink, almost bordering on white. He did a little bit more. Then he used the same ink to fill in the striations on the outside of the petals.

He changed capsules to all white. He dropped just a little bit of blue in it, just enough to tint it almost unperceptively. He finished the very interior of the flower quickly. You had to be careful using white ink for tattoos since the surrounding flesh was, at least on white people, so pale. Even on Hispanics and other people with tawny skin, it had to be bright, bright white or it wouldn't really stand out. On African Americans it depended on how dark their skin was, which ranged from butternut to coal black. All this white was surrounded by pink and it stood out great.

In the middle of the white, he tattooed a little hint of yellow where the pistil of the flower would be.

When he was done, he turned off the pen again and rose. He looked down. The flower looked perfect. The colors had worked out fine. The bolder pink faded perfectly into white, looking entirely natural. She should be proud to wear this tattoo, he thought. It was among the best he had ever done.

He still had to do the leaves underneath. He had been at it for about an hour and a half now. He needed a break. The green of the leaves would be a little bit difficult too. Some parts of leaves are always darker than others. It wouldn't look natural to have them all one shade. The differences needed to be subtle though. He would do the light parts first and then add a little black to darken it. And he needed to do the veins, which would be very detailed work.

He had capped the pink and white plastic canisters in case he wanted to do a little touch up when he was done. He took off the gloves and put them in the trash. He took the pan he had been using over to the girl and stroked her pussy three times, placing it up against it. Obediently, she let a little stream flow. She had started sobbing again. He let it go. He wiped her off, dumped her pee in the toilet and washed the pan and then his hands. He went to the center of the room and dressed. A few seconds later, he was out the door and the lights were back off.

When he went back upstairs, Myong was in the kitchen. He was sitting at the main table. There was the half consumed carcass of a baked chicken on a large plate in front of him. He had a drumstick in his hand and he was biting into it. There were a few dumplings in a bowl which had probably contained many more, a half full bowl of quartered tomatoes with strands of red onion seeping in oil and vinegar which looked like he had made himself, a bowl of rice that was still

steaming and three empty and one half full bottles of Korean beer. The door to their large, steel industrial style refrigerator was half open. Myong was naked.

Wook was sitting there sheepishly next to him. He had a bottle of beer in one hand that looked like he had maybe taken a few sips from. Wook certainly knew that drinking on the job was forbidden. He couldn't really blame him though. Myong was not a guy you said no to and he had undoubtedly pressed the beer on him so he wouldn't have to drink alone. Standing on Myong's other side, looking very much the worse for wear was Maid No. 5. Her hands were behind her back bound together with a leather strap and she was standing at strict attention. It was clear that she had been crying. Her bodice was folded down to her waist and her little, round breasts were all striped and inflamed. She looked at him unhappily. "So, you found out that being a whore is not all peaches and cream," he thought. Especially with a guy like Myong around.

Myong was looking at him happily. "*Sit down, Gyong-ssi, have a beer!*" he blurted out.

It was a good thing that Myong was leaving soon. He was trouble. He would pay for all his pleasures, even for whipping the maid, but that was not the point. Order was the point. And respect. The problem would be when other gangsters took Myong's example and started running wild around the place. He would have to speak to the boss and see if he could get Myong to tone down a little bit until he left.

"*No thank you, Myong-ssi,*" he replied. "*I'm still working.*"

Myong laughed. "*What are you doing, making another new whore downstairs? Maybe you need some help. You could have a rest and I'll go fuck her and teach her a thing or two.*"

Gyong ignored the taunt. "Myong-ssi," he said, "*you know that you're not supposed to whip the maids. That's what the whores are for.*"

Myong looked at Maid No. 5. She looked at him and trembled. Not knowing Korean, she had no idea what they were saying. Maybe he was telling Myong he could have her, take her with him. That would be a fine kettle of fish.

"*I didn't like the way she looked at me,*" Myong said sternly. "*She has to learn politeness. You've been deficient in teaching her manners, Gyong-ssi, that's not like you.*"

Myong was drunk and almost certainly high on cocaine. He was a very dangerous man. He was probably right though. Somebody should have knocked that sauciness right out of the girl right at the git-go.

"*A thousand pardons, Myong-ssi,*" he replied. "*I will discipline her later. But you have made a mess of my kitchen.*"

"All they would give me to eat were those little appetizer things," Myong complained. "How do you expect a man to fuck on that? The boiler needs steam and to make steam you need fire."

"If you had called ahead. The cook could have made something for you."

Myong gave him a hostile glance. *"I was busy,"* he spat out. *"And I don't report to you!"*

Gyong just stared at him. This was turning into the direct confrontation he didn't want. Any response he gave now would either be obsequious, and cause him to lose face, or challenging, and Myong might go off the deep end. He decided to say nothing and just stare.

Myong stared back and then, after a few moments, his face relaxed. Myong knew that Gyong paid the boss a nice piece of change for protection and wouldn't want him to fuck up his good deal. And Gyong might bar him from the place and he wouldn't get to see Poppy. Or he might renege on the deal to sell her to him.

This was the thing with these gangsters, especially the successful ones. They might look like they were all fucked up, but their brains were constantly scheming and calculating. Myong had done the math in a split second. Myong's face broke out into a grin.

"I respectfully ask your pardon Gyong-ssi," he said jovially. *"I had a late night working on this asshole of a guy who owes me big money. It took us all night to convince him to tell us where it was. This guy was tough and we had to beat him for hours until he broke. Something like that can work up a big appetite. I fucked sweet little Poppy for an hour and then this bitch came in. When I fucked her ass, she screamed and cried. I had to teach her a lesson. I'm sure it's not your fault that she was so disobedient. She is obviously a very bad girl, very stupid."*

"No offense taken, Myong-ssi," Gyong replied. *"Yes, she is a big trouble maker. She will get a big beating tomorrow. Please accept my apologies for her unworthiness."*

"No problem," Myong returned. He tossed the gnarled and now desiccated drumstick down on the plate. He seized his beer bottle and drained it all at once. He put the bottle down and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Time for more fucking," he announced in English. He rose from the table with a loud grunt. He reached over and took hold of Maid No. 5's collar ring. She released a little squeak.

Gyong had a moment's pause. He really didn't want Myong to take the girl back to his room where Poppy was undoubtedly waiting all bound up on the bed. But was it worth the confrontation? He had already faced down one. Myong wasn't the kind of guy you did that twice to in one night. In the end it didn't matter. The girl was only a whore, if not technically, at least practically.

Gyong looked at Wook. His face was ashen. Something was going on between him and the girl. He had probably fallen for her. That was not good. He decided that he would have Wook whip the girl tomorrow. And then he would make him watch while the other two guards fucked her. If that didn't knock it out of him, he didn't know what would.

Myong gave Gyong a respectful nod of the head as befitted equals and then pulled the girl from the room.

Gyong turned to Wook. *"Clean up this fucking mess. When he's done with the maid, lock her up in the cage in the punishment room. You're going to whip her tomorrow, five strokes with a cane. And I better see her all black and blue afterwards. Understand?"*

Wook rose to his feet in a jump. "Ye, Gyong-ssi!" he replied excitedly.

"And before you clean up I want you to go upstairs and wake Mi-jung. Tell her to come downstairs and make sure Myong-ssi doesn't wreck the place. I need someone to handle him since you obviously can't."

"Ye, Gyong-ssi," he replied somewhat dejectedly. He raced off.

Gyong went over to the refrigerator. He took out a hunk of aged goat cheese, brought it over to the counter and cut off a few slices. He got an apple from the fruit basket and cut that up. He poured himself a glass of cider and sat down at the other table.

Mi-jung came in a little later. She was wearing a heavy, red, ankle length bathrobe. She gave him a half bow. Then she retreated into the reception room. Wook came in and started cleaning up. Gyong told him to go out and wait until he was finished eating.

He came back downstairs about 20 minutes later, refreshed if not relaxed. The food had done him some good. Myong was right; you can't get steam unless there's fire in the furnace. He looked at the girl. She was covered in sweat. That meant that she had spent the whole 40 minutes or so he had been away trying to break out of her bonds. She had a miserable look on her face. See, he was right. She did have just the right amount of rebelliousness in her. He wouldn't punish her for it. No harm, no foul. And it was a good lesson for her that her bondage was implacable. She could struggle and fight all she wanted for all the good it would do her.

He doffed his clothes and stretched his back and hands. He came over to her and knelt down. He looked at his handiwork. The girl was squirming a little and her belly was undulating. It seemed to bring the flower alive. Right now it was reddish and inflamed. By tomorrow most of that will have gone down. It will look beautiful.

He prepared the capsule for the green ink. The green he had was so called 'true green' and he needed it a little darker so he added just a little black. When it was just the right shade he put the capsule in the pen. He put on another pair of gloves, turned it on and it started buzzing. The girl's belly flinched. He paused for a moment seeing if she brought herself to a standstill. He didn't want to zap her if he didn't have to. He wasn't a sadist. He put his left hand on her belly, just above the tattoo and pressed down gently. It seemed to calm her. He went to work.

Twenty minutes later he was done. The leaves had come out very well. There was just enough color variation on them to make them look real. And the veins, which he did with a yellowish green, looked very realistic too. He was almost finished.

He took out the blue ink and dripped some into the capsule. He added just a bit of black to darken it. He had a tape measure in his kit and he used it to make markings all around her pussy on her outer labia. Hers were nice and plump and there wouldn't be any difficulty. He measured a spot about an inch above the apex of her crevasse and marked it off with a little blue dot. Then he marked six little dots, three along each side, even across from one another and spaced evenly between them. The last dots were about $\frac{3}{4}$'s of the way down her outer lips.

The girl was trembling. She knew what he was doing. It was probably the last place she had ever thought of having tattoos. But all the girls sported them and she was no different. He loaded up the capsule on the pen, changed over to a small nib, leaned over and went to work.

The girl had remained mostly silent when he had been doing the flower, but now she started moaning and sobbing. Her whole body tensed. It didn't matter much since he wasn't working on her tummy. Everything stayed pretty still down there. It didn't take him long. You just had to be careful. The designs were not meant to be big, but just the right size so that they would be noticed right away. He was sure it hurt like hell to have your pussy lips tattooed, but it was not the worst thing she would ever suffer. And he was done in about half an hour. He had drawn them a thousand times and he could almost do them in his sleep.

When he was done he leaned back. There were seven deep blue, seven pointed stars arched around her pussy. They were each about the size of a dime, maybe a little bit bigger. She was now a Seven Stars whore. Not that he didn't own her. She belonged to him and Madam Jang body and soul. But everywhere she went from here on in she would be an advertisement for the power and prestige of the Seven Stars *Pa*. Anyone who used her here would know that the place, and therefore she, was under the Seven Stars' protection. And the gang members and affiliates who came here would enjoy piercing her there, seeing their emblem so prominently and exquisitely portrayed.

And if she ever escaped, something wholly unheard of, and she ever exposed her pussy to a new lover, he or she would immediately know that she had been, and would always be, a whore.

He went to the sink and took a bottle of ant-bacterial ointment from the cabinet underneath it. He washed his hands and came back to the girl. He delicately spread it all over her new tattoos. He then took out some gauze and laid it out across her belly, using white medical tape to hold it in place. He covered her pussy as well.

He cleaned up, washing all the canisters in turpentine and then rinsing them in the sink. He left them out to dry. He cleared the nibs in the same way. He placed the drawing into the desk. He withdrew the silver tube from her rear, brought it over to the sink, washed it, dried it and put it away, washing his hands afterwards. He put his desk back by the side of the wall where he had gotten it. He took out 2 bottles of juice from the small refrigerator. He noted that it needed to be restocked.

He came over to the girl and tilted the seat up so that she was not lying down. Her eyes were swollen from crying. They looked so pitiful. She was trembling. He put his hand on her head and hummed. "You were a very good, very brave girl," he was telling her. He removed her gag and opened the top to one of the bottles of juice. He put it to her lips. He saw her, for a moment, consider refusing. Well, they would work on that tomorrow. Then she opened them and he began to pour some in. He did it a little at a time and he had to stop in the middle because the girl broke out sobbing again. He let her go on for a while, it was good to let these things out, and then tapped her head firmly and put his finger to his lips. She looked up at him and brought herself under control.

She drank the rest of the juice and he restored her head harness and gag. He pulled it especially tight to remind her to be obedient. She had, after all, tried to talk and that was very naughty. Her eyes widened and she looked at him dolefully.

He opened the other bottle of juice and he downed it quickly. It was very good and refreshed him. He placed the empty bottles lying flat on the tray which had held her food and then covered it. From the armoire, he retrieved a suppository and the little rubber plug. He went over to the girl. She saw what he had in his hand and her unhappiness seemed to increase by a degree or two.

After opening the package, he crouched down and slid the long green cylinder into her rear opening and then sealed it with the plug. He took the foil and put it in in the garbage. He would send one of the maids down along with a guard. They would bring down a case of juice and the maid could empty the garbage while the girl was asleep. He had used one of the thicker suppositories and he expected that she would be out 6 hours or so and probably more since she would be exhausted from her ordeal. He would leave her in the chair so that she didn't roll on her

stomach and disturb the tattoos. By midday tomorrow the ink would have settled a little bit and the redness and irritation would subside.

He washed his hands again, dressed and then came back to the girl. He stood there for a few minutes, drinking in her despair. She was such a sweet little thing. Madam Jang had been so right in selecting her. She looked like she wanted to say something to him in the worst way. Her confusion and indecision and fear were exquisite. The tattoo had not reached the zenith of its beauty yet because of the redness and swelling, but it still looked beautiful. And the seven stars were delightful on her pussy.

He never felt like the girls were truly theirs until he put the seven stars on them. That's why he tried to get the markings done as soon as possible. It was important though to get the girl feeling like a slave before she was marked so that it would really sink in. It was subtle, but important. It was not the seven stars that made her a slave. They denoted, rather, that she had become one and in a sense, through her obedience and submission, had earned them, deserved them, proved that it was appropriate that she be marked as a whore. And once she had them she could never become anything else. It was as if the stars acted like a magical seal, trapping the whoredom inside her and sealing the person that she had been out.

He could see that the girl wanted to beg him to release her, to set her free, to promise never to tell anyone what had happened to her. Her desperation was appealing. It was all useless, of course. They would never let her go, especially now that she had been marked. But it was pleasing to see the girl all distressed and unhappy. Every emotion had its own beauty: love, hate, anger, and sorrow. And he knew that her sorrow was truly and powerfully felt, rendering it pure and untrammelled. The girl had probably never felt an emotion so strong. It was the essence of sorrow itself. It would help deepen her soul and make her more complex and interesting. He felt like he could stand here and watch her for hours.

He could see that she was calming. The suppository worked quickly. Her eyelids started to flutter. A moment later, her distressed face was rendered soft and peaceful. "Good night, Lotus No. 12," he thought.

He picked up the tray, walked to the door, keyed in the code and left, shutting the lights behind him.

CHAPTER FOURTEEN

When Sally awoke, she knew that she had been sleeping for a long, long time. She came to consciousness slowly, as if emerging from a gelatinous pool. It took her only a moment to gain her bearings, to realize where she was. The second she did, she wished that she could go back to sleep again.

After the man had beaten her the first time, she had wished that she was dead. That thought came back to her now. The man had ruined her. She was irrevocably maimed. Before this, if she had been freed or rescued, the only permanent damage would have been on the inside.

She didn't even try to struggle with her bonds. What was the use? She just lay there for the longest time in the darkness, waiting for the man's next move.

During the actual administration of the tattoos, she had sunk deeper and deeper into sadness as the process wore on. The buzzing on her belly was painful. Not so much that it couldn't be endured, but enough that her brain protested it. As it went on it was less and less so, as she became inured to it.

But when she realized that he was going to tattoo something on her vagina, her fear and distress went ballistic. What was he going to put there? Something like "Fuck me here!" or "Here's my hole!" or "I'm a whore!" Nobody she knew had a tattoo on their pussy. Carolyn Bostock had a little flower on her breast. Her mother had found out about it and given her holy hell. But only someone really slutty would have one down there.

And it really, really hurt! She had lain still while he was doing her belly, too afraid to move an inch because of that thing he had put in her rear. But while he was doing her pussy she hadn't been able to stop weeping and squirming. Apparently it didn't interfere with what he was doing since he didn't do anything about it.

And now she lay here in the darkness, still bound into immobility, and she didn't even know what he had put there. She was afraid to find out. She knew that he had done a flower on her belly, but what kind and what did it look like?

She was so unhappy that all thoughts of resistance to her plight had gone right out of her, not that there had much left in the first place. But also all inclination to go along with the man's program. Why should she cooperate when things kept getting worse and worse? She didn't have the energy to do all the things he made her do. Stand up. Lie down. Run around the room. Jump up and down. Suck his cock. Let him do whatever he wanted to her. She was finished. And if he killed her or tortured her to death, well, so be it.

He came back about an hour after she had woken. She looked at him dolefully as he put down the tray with her food and stripped. He came over to her, carefully removed the gauze coverings from her belly and loins and looked at them. He seemed satisfied.

He let her pee and then freed all the straps that had held her in. He stepped back and tapped his thigh. Slowly, morosely, she climbed down from the platform and got on all fours. He led her near the center of the room and clapped his hands twice. She looked up at him dourly. Why she should obey him, she thought. He was just going to do something miserable to her. Why not let it all end right now? Let him see that he had no more power over her.

He stared down at her, glaring. He clapped his hands again. She sat down on her heels and glared back up at him. If her mouth had been free, she would have told him to go fuck himself. For the first time she began to really feel what hate was. His face turned neutral. He stepped away from her and went to the armoire. He returned with the switch. Her belly turned over when she saw it, but she held her ground. "You're not going to frighten me with that thing," she thought, even as her skin erupted into goose bumps from her fear. He reared his hand back and let the switch fly.

It struck her across her left upper arm and she squealed. Her body was trembling. He came behind her and calmly delivered a stroke right across her back. She squealed again and tears started flowing from her eyes. He came around. She saw him looking at her breasts. She tried to raise her hands to ward off the blow, but he was too fast for her. She screeched as fire erupted across her mounds. And then, while her hands were up, he laid a scorching blow across the front of her thighs. She screeched again and her hands went down. He laid another blow across her breasts. She howled and began to sob.

And then, he went wild. Like a whirlwind he circled her and circled her, landing excruciating blow after blow. She screeched and turned and twisted to try and avoid the conflagration. She curled over with her head down to protect her front. He just lashed her back and rear again and again. She turned to her back and lifted her hands to ward off the blows, but he just struck across her palms, making her hands burn.

She was howling and sobbing. She tried to crawl away from him, but he just pursued her, striking her thighs and lower legs. Finally, she just crawled into a big ball. He struck her again and again and again.

Then he stopped. She was wailing and sobbing. She looked up at him. His eyes stared at her piercingly. He stuck the switch under his right arm and he clapped his hands again twice. She looked at him miserably. He slid the switch out from under his arm.

Terror ran through her. He had shown that he would whip her and whip her and whip her till his heart's content as long as she could stand it, and then more, much, much more. Fire burned all over her body. She jumped to her knees. Sobbing bitterly, she spread them, placed her hands behind her back and thrust out her breasts. He stood there for a moment, staring at her, as if contemplating whether to whip her some more. Something raw and primal had overcome her, some deeply buried instinct for survival which overcame all her pride and resoluteness. Her whole body was shaking. Her heart was pounding and sweat had broken out all over her. "Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me! Please don't whip me!" her mind was screaming. "I'll be good! I'll be good! I'll be good!"

He contemplated her for a long time. She withered under his gaze. When he stepped closer to her, she flinched. He reached out his hand and rubbed her head, humming, "HMMMMMMMMMMMMM." A wave of relief poured through her. She looked up at him gratefully.

He turned and replaced the switch in the armoire. He came back to her and drew the harness off of her head and slid the hard rubber prong from her mouth. He tossed it aside. He came up to her again, towering over her. Her lips were trembling and her body was shaking. He took his cock in his hand and presented it to her. She felt sickened as she looked at it. She inched herself forward and subsumed it into her mouth nonetheless.

This time he let her do all the work.

It hardened quickly. Her revulsion at the act was swallowed by her need to please the man. She never wanted him to go after her like that again. She had been right. She could make him whip her anytime that she wanted. But she would never revolt again. She didn't have the courage for it. She was just a poor little girl who had got herself captured. No one would expect her to hold out more than she already had, would they?

She addressed his crank almost lovingly. While he was in her mouth, she could control him. As long as she pleased him, he would stand there, swaying slightly, giving out his little, appreciative moans. His hands were resting lightly on her head as if for balance. He was giving her mouth little thrusts as she moved on her mouth's downward journey. She nibbled at the head, ran her tongue under it. Kissed him the length of the pole. She did everything that she thought might please him. She felt him press her head back, until his pole slipped from between her lips. She looked up at him expectantly. Had she done anything wrong?

He pulled his rigid stem up against his belly. He put his hand to his mouth and then rubbed it over his balls. He wanted her to put them in her mouth. She had never considered such a thing. She had never seen any of the women on the

Internet do it. None of her girlfriends ever mentioned it. A wave of nausea passed through her. Here was one more degradation.

She paused, though, only momentarily. She leaned her head down under his cock and spread her lips. His balls were big and hairy, man sized. She circumnavigated her lips around his stones and then brought them inside.

Her mouth was somewhat small and his testicles filled it. She had to take a deep breath in through her nose, which was pressed up against the base of the man's cock. He smelled heavily of sweat. She was trying not to cry. Of all the things that she had to do so far, this was the most humiliating. She knew that for the rest of her lifetime she would have the mental image of herself on her knees, his sweaty, hairy balls filling her oral cavity.

The man moaned. She knew that men's balls were very sensitive and that if they suffered any injury there it was very, very painful. She had gone to a JV baseball game in sophomore year with Liz. She had a crush on the catcher, a junior named Doug Powers. All was going along smoothly, or as far as she could tell since she didn't know a thing about the sport, when a pitch came in low. She had been amazed at how hard they threw and how fast the balls went. The batter swung at the ball but had only tipped it, if that was the right term. It went under Doug's glove and bounced up underneath him.

Doug collapsed like a bag of potatoes. She could hear him groaning. The coaches came running over and circled him so you couldn't see anything. He lay on the ground all curled up for a long time. Then finally he got up. The fans in the bleachers, there weren't many of them this being JV after all, clapped heartily as did the other players and coaches. Doug limped around a bit and then he got back behind the plate. They threw him some practice pitches and then started up the game again.

So she wanted to be very careful about what she did with the man's balls in her mouth. She held them there motionless for a long time. The man was pushing her envelope again. He had beaten her into submission and now he wanted to see how deep that submission ran. So he made her do something new and revolting. She could feel his hairs in her mouth and spread all around her lips. His hand was on her head, encouraging her. She felt him pull her head back gently again. His balls popped out of her mouth. He pointed her eyes up. He pushed out his cheeks like he had somebody's balls in his mouth and moaned loudly. Then he stuck out his tongue and waved it all around.

She got it. He pressed her head down below his cock again and she gently gobbled up his stones. Shamed and humiliated, she issued a deep hum. She held it for maybe ten seconds or so and then she twirled her tongue around the tender, soft globes. She heard the man groan. She repeated it several times, each time feeling

more and more distressed. Finally, he pulled her head back by her long, blond braid, took his cock in his other hand and pointed it at her mouth. She spread her lips and took it in.

She really went to work. She suckled him fervently, moving her head up and down at a rapid pace. He was thrusting back at her. It occurred to her that if he liked when she hummed with his balls in her mouth, he might like it if she hummed on his cock too. She started moaning and groaning. He seemed to appreciate it as his thrusts started coming faster and harder. She was all attuned to her task, having determined that she would bring him as much pleasure as she could. But a little voice way out from somewhere up behind her kept saying, "Slut! Whore! Slut! Slut! Slut!" She got a vision of her from that position, down on her knees, as subservient as she could possibly be, her hands held behind her back, not by chains or by force, but willingly, obediently. Her mouth was working assiduously, as if she were seeking to draw out from the man her life's sustenance.

She remembered when she had taken Teddy's cock in her mouth. She had felt like she was sharing in the power of his maleness, his strength, his innate aggressiveness. She felt like she had become a part of him, had melded with his manhood and all his maleness was flowing down his thick, rigid stem, passing through her mouth to be diffused all around the inside of her body. She felt that way now, despite the voice behind her calling out, "Whore! Slut! Strumpet! Slattern!" The man was powerful. He was looming above her. His hands were gripping her head now, guiding it. He cock was counter thrusting hard against her lips.

It was like she had finally found the remedy for that kernel of self-doubt and insecurity she had always felt, no matter what she did. Here was her place. Here was where she belonged. There was no doubt that she was performing just as she was supposed to. Her mouth had discovered a purpose way beyond the mundane functions of eating or talking. She was privileged, honored that the man would deign to dwell in it, to use it, to allow her to hold him inside her and to give him pleasure.

Suddenly, his cock exploded. His hot jism flooded her mouth. She drank it down greedily. "More! More! Give me more!" she thought rabidly. To feel the throb of his stem overjoyed her. Her mind swirled with delirium.

And then he wound down. His thrusts slowed. His cock gave out a few desultory throbs. She kept her lips pressed around his pole until it softened and he pulled it free. He patted her on the head and hummed.

She watched as he scooped her gag up from the floor. He washed it in the sink and came back with it. He presented it to her lips and she sadly spread them. As the

prong slid across her tongue, the memory of what she had just done and how she had just felt ran through her.

It was devastating. She had become totally immersed in pleasuring the man. It had seemed so right at the time. But now she just felt sorrow that she had stooped so low. Was that her natural self that had responded that way, that had believed her mouth and his organ a perfect match, had believed that her place in the world was on her knees servicing a master? Or was it the person the man was creating? No more than maybe 15 or 20 minutes ago, he had beaten her within an inch of her life, brutally, callously, remorselessly. And then here she was, ecstatic at the opportunity to perform the most degrading acts on him. Something was wrong with her. Somehow the man had found a way to poison her very DNA, change her whole cell structure, rewire her. She had sensed it coming, but now it was here. He had shrunk her down to fit the coat of subservience, degradation, obsequiousness. Everything had become inverted so that what should have been a shameful, perverted act had become one of beneficence. He had given her his blessing by shooting his essence into her mouth and she had received it as nectar, lifeblood, ambrosia.

She started to cry again. The man short circuited it by clapping his hands once, signaling her to stand. He dragged her over to the side of the room and commenced her exercise routine. She jumped and hopped and thrust and pushed herself up and down. He kept her going at a maddening pace, until she burst out into sobs. Then, round, round, round the room she ran madly, her hands bound behind her, encouraged by his switch.

When she was done, he led her over to the shower, but instead of having her kneel, he had her stand and place her hands on her head. He washed her with a face towel, careful not to spill any water on her decorations. When he was done, he had her kneel head down and he covered her intimate parts with the greenish brown salve. He led her to the center of the room and fed her, making her drink her potion first. When she was done, he led her back to the platform where she had been mounted. He signaled for her to get up on it again. She suppressed a sob and dutifully climbed up. When he had her fully mounted, he leaned her back and tenderly washed her tattoos with a soft soap and then rubbed cream all over them. He left them open to the air this time. He raised her to a semi-sitting position again and crouched between her legs. He placed a single finger on her little button and started to rub, rub, rub on it very lightly like he had done the first day. It wasn't long before he had her moaning and squirming in her need. When she came, she squirmed and pulled at her bonds, issuing great moans from behind her gag.

Once she was spent, he rose, dressed and left, closing the light as he stepped out the door.

He came back every four or five hours or so. He checked on her tattoos, made her kneel and blow him, led her through strenuous exercises, washed her with a cloth, fed her, restored her to her pedestal and cleaned her belly and cunt. Each time before he left, he made her come just through the use of his finger.

She still hadn't seen her tattoos. She lay there in the dark wondering what he had placed there, what horrible things she would have to carry with her for the rest of her life. Each time that he made her kneel up and take his cock in her mouth, she promised herself that she would perform her task perfunctorily, without passion or obsequiousness, but each time, after feeling his hot thickness scour her lips, run along her tongue, slide across the roof of her mouth, the feeling kept coming back. He deserved her worship. She deserved her degradation. Being possessed by him provided her with a justification of her existence. The sensation of his power running through her mouth, inebriating every part of her body, made her joyous. And then, when she was done, she castigated herself for her self-abasement, for being a slut, a whore, a slattern, and all of that. They had read about the Stockholm syndrome in psychology back in junior year of high school. She knew that was what she was feeling. But she couldn't help it. It got so that when he stood over her proffering his cock, a thrill would go through her as she spread her lips and received him.

Sometimes, when he left, he made her sleep, and then she had no idea how much time had passed.

She became inured to the routine. It got so that she looked forward to each stage of it, the enlivening blow job, the physical satisfaction of her workout, the almost loving, gentle way he washed her afterwards, the delight of the meal and his attentions toward her, the caresses to her breasts, the approving hums, the pats on the head, and, at the end, the rewarding orgasm that made her moan and shudder and want it to go on and on and on. Even the act of smoothing lotion on her belly and mons seemed a beneficence. If he thought that the markings made her more beautiful, more desirable, then she was all for it.

It was clear to her that she had passed some boundary. There was before the beating he had given her and after. Something had been torn away from her as she cringed against the torrent of blows. She knew it. It wasn't like she didn't know what she was becoming. She had a memory of when she had rebelled against her use, raged against her fate, mired herself in self-pity and sadness. She just couldn't recover any of those feeling. The programming in her mind that produced those emotions had been wiped clean. New programming had taken its place.

Lying in the dark, awaiting the man's return, inklings of what she had lost rose up, regurgitated from somewhere deep within her. She would even cry and sob at

times. But those acts seemed more like necessary rituals in the process of her transformation. They became empty of real meaning.

When she thought of her prior life, she just didn't see how she would ever fit into it again. That silly girl who was reticent to give up her virtue seemed childish and foolish. If she ever escaped, she would make sure that she got laid every day, twice a day, three times. And she wouldn't care what anyone thought about it.

If she allowed herself to slide into misery when she was all alone in the dark, she sprung to life when the man entered. She looked up to him expectantly as he loomed over her. She shuffled eagerly to the middle of the room, rose to her knees proudly when he clapped his hands, joyfully consumed every drop of his cum. He was light. He was life. He was purpose. He was meaning. He was everything.

It was a full three days after her marking, of course she didn't know that. She just knew that there had been ten or twelve intervals since then, some of them short and others very, very long when she slept. There was a change. The redness and scabbing of her markings had pretty much fallen away. After her exercise, he gave her a full washing while she knelt on all fours on the mat, just like the first time. She felt privileged to be the subject of so much of his attention. When he washed her hair, rubbing her scalp thoroughly, she closed her eyes and let herself experience the comfort of it. When he dried and brushed her hair, she lost herself in a phantasmic zone where pleasure flowed all around her. When, after shaving her loins, he caressed and stroked her quim until she was moaning and squirming, she delighted in the feel of his hand on her, fulfilled that he took pleasure in stroking her, touching her, watching her shudder and groan.

He didn't bring her to completion, but left her burning. He fed her from the tray, little bits of delicious, marinated beef, crisp, fresh vegetables and afterwards a bowl of strawberries which he made her bark, "Rupp, rupp, rupp, rupp," before he let her have each one. They were juicy and flavorful and she felt delight that he would want to give her such pleasure.

When he was done feeding her, she expected to be remounted in the platform. Instead, she knelt up while she watched him fold it up and put it away. He got out his desk and placed it in the middle of the room. He clapped his hands three times and she dropped to all fours. He tapped his thigh and she followed him to the far corner of the room. He had her stop in front of the mirror. Suddenly a great wave of woe went through her. She had never really seen herself since the 'operation' as she had come to think of it. She had seen glimpses of it in the mirror when she ran around the room, but she had mostly averted her eyes. It was easier for her to pretend that her markings didn't exist. She wanted to remember her body the way it was.

He clapped his hands twice and she knelt up. He locked her hands behind her back. She was averting her gaze from the mirror, afraid to look. She looked up at him instead as he came to her side. He pointed two fingers at his eyes and then at the mirror. She cringed inside and bit down on her gag, which had had reinstalled after her meal. She turned and looked.

There she was. Her collar glinted in the light. The gag that she wore was hideous and made her seem like some kind of alien creature. She still bore faint red lines from her whipping. And there, in the middle of her lower belly, bright pink, larger than life, was a beautiful, beautiful flower. It was beautiful, yes, but its beauty was terrible, evil, full of menace and dreadful portent. And there, on her pussy lips were dark blue stars. There was one at the top of her pussy, and the rest cascaded down her labia. They were unignorable. They transformed her hairless pussy from something innocent and girlish into something slutty and demeaning. She had been indelibly marked as a slave. She didn't know the significance of the seven stars, but she knew that they had some deep, dark meaning.

The equanimity she had experienced about her fate was rudely stripped away. "Look at what I've become," she thought miserably. She started to cry, real, doleful tears. It was as if she suddenly remembered that there was a time not long ago when she wasn't a whore. When she had had the right to possession of her own body. When no one had ever used her against her will, had never shoved rude, thick prongs in her mouth, or made her blow them. When nobody had ever fucked her ass. When she had the choice of who would fuck her, or not. When no one had ever beaten her.

She began to shake. She shifted her eyes to the man. "Please don't make me see this," they begged him. "I'll be your slave, I'll suck your cock, you can do anything you want to me, but don't remind me of my degradation, my shame. Don't remind me that I was once a person, that there was a time when my orifices were my own. Please! Please! Please!"

He leaned down and gave her a fierce poke in the side. She moaned and bent over. He clapped his hands sharply. She immediately rose up again. He pointed his fingers at his eyes and then at the mirror. She turned her head and looked. She began to sob.

He left her to her devices. He went to his desk, knelt down and removed his biography of Henry James. He poured himself a cup of tea from the large carafe her had brought and settled down for a read.

Sally knelt before the mirror, still as if she had been a statue rather than a human being. She was trembling, ruing what had been done to her, ruing the loss of her freedom, ruing her future as a whore. The pleasures of the last several sessions evaporated like dew drops in the desert. She had been tricked again. The

man had tricked her. She meant nothing to him. She was just a slut he was turning into a whore. The recollection of the satisfaction she had gotten from blowing him made her nauseous. She had gotten caught up in a dream, a simulacrum of reality. But here, right in front of her was the real thing. She was a poor little girl who had been enslaved, stolen from everything that she knew, from everyone that she knew.

She tried to concentrate on looking anywhere but at her tattoos. She couldn't look at her face. The grotesqueness of her harness and leather shielded mouth horrified her. She couldn't stare at her breasts without remembering how the man had handled them, and how they had been bare naked for what seemed like days and days and days so that it had become almost natural to show them to him. And below that was the bright pink flower. It looked like a lotus. She would stare at it until it took on an aspect of actuality. The man had done such a good job of it that it looked real. When her belly undulated, it looked like it was floating on a pond.

And below that, her marred pussy. The seven stars seemed ominous and dreadful. She was sure they meant something. Would she ever find out? Maybe it was the logo or trademark of the whorehouse upstairs. Maybe it had some meaning as a portent of good luck in Korean culture. But whatever it was, it was a clear designation of her as a sluttish whore. This is what men would see when they looked at her. They would see her decorated body and know that she was a slave. They would pass their pricks under the penumbra of stars and into the heavenly, moist warmth of her interior.

So there was nowhere to look that didn't carry some dismal connotation. He left her kneeling there for a very long time. She could hear the pages of his book turning and the sound of his teacup as he placed it down on the desk after drinking from it. It was surreal to have such normalcy in the same room with her grotesqueness.

She couldn't stop crying. She was so unhappy at being wrenched from the protective aura she had built up around her enslavement. If only he had let her go on and on without disturbing it. But he was in the business of destroying illusions. He had destroyed her illusion of herself as a human being with pride and self-respect and rights. That had been dashed away. Now he had destroyed her illusion that she was immersed in a fantastic dream, elevated to some higher plane where service to the man was the highest good. In the end, what would he leave her? She had to have something, didn't she?

Gyong let a good hour go by. He had been watching the girl carefully, making sure that she didn't close her eyes. He waited until he was at the end of a chapter and then closed the book, marking his place. He put aside the tea cup and the carafe and placed the book back inside the desk. He got up and moved the desk back to the side of the room.

He went over to the girl. She glimpsed up at him and then back at the mirror. He released her hands from behind her back and then patted his thigh. She followed him on hands and knees to the center of the room. He clapped his hands twice and she rose up. He went behind her and knelt down.

She felt his heat behind her. She knew what was coming. She knew that he was going to draw his spell around her again. He was going to make her moan and groan with passion. She hated the idea of it. Her sense of the unfairness of everything that had happened to her had been reawakened. She couldn't get the image of her painted belly and mons, the glittering collar around her neck out of her mind.

He drew up close to her. She shivered as she felt his heat. He pressed down on her shoulders and she lowered herself so that she was kneeling on her heels. Her hands were behind her, although not locked together. He took them and placed them around his cock.

And then his hands went to work.

It seemed like days and days since he had done this to her, but her body responded immediately to his caresses. Like before, he concentrated on her breasts, squeezing and caressing them, pulling and pinching at her nipples. His hands would leave them and float around her body, across her belly, over her thighs, over her shoulders, down her arms, and then return to their point of origin. She began to become mesmerized. "Why should I care," she thought as the flow of the hands brewed a comforting warmth all over her. "What if I am a whore? There's nothing I can do about it. I should let it go, let everything go. Just let the hands warm me, comfort me."

She couldn't believe the pleasure the man was drawing out through her breasts. She had been proud of them when they started to develop, and very satisfied when they grew to prominence and shapeliness. But she often thought of them just as something that got in the way. Men didn't need a bra, or have to make sure that their top buttons didn't show too much. When they ran they didn't have something bouncing up and down on their chest. When it was hot, on the beach, they could go topless and nobody thought anything about it. She was constantly tugging at the top of her suit to make sure too much didn't show. And when she came out of the water, her suit would coalesce around her breasts, making them stand out. Men would look at them, even older men, much older than her, even when she was younger. Most would look and then quickly look away when you noticed them. But some just continued staring, or made rude gestures or just smiled evilly.

But the way the man was handling them made them feel blessed. Men couldn't experience this. They didn't know what it felt like to have your breasts caressed and kneaded and massaged like this. She was sure that many women didn't either.

The man seemed expert at what he did. He had probably handled hundreds of tits. How many of them had belonged to women he had turned into whores, she wondered. How many had knelt like this, the man at her back, experiencing the mesmerizing nature of his touch?

Her pussy was burning. She was holding fast to his stiffened cock behind her. A hand drifted down over her belly and a finger trolled up and down her slit. She shuddered at the contact. The finger slid up and down, up and down and then settled on her little man, agitating and rubbing him. She squirmed and released a deep moan.

The hands left her and she felt them releasing the belt to her gag. He pulled the harness off of her head and drew the plug from her mouth. He tossed it aside. Before she knew what he was doing, he had her on her back. He took her hands and placed them over her head. He kissed her mouth, pried open her lips and entered her there. She gave a great sigh and swirled her tongue to match his movements. His right hand floated down her chest, over her belly and seized her mons. A tremor went through her.

“You’re a whore! You’re a whore!” a voice deep inside her intoned. She knew that she should be resisting him, but she didn’t have the strength. Her body’s lusts were too strong. She wanted to be lost in the fog of desire. She wanted to erase the vision of the whore in the mirror. She wanted her mind to steam over and to have everything but the yearning for pleasure pushed out.

He moved up and between her legs. Soon he was travelling down her body, kissing her breasts, her belly. He wrapped his arms around her thighs, lifting them and placed his mouth on her pudenda.

She moaned and squirmed while he stroked her with his hot tongue. She arched her back and dug her heels into the mat. She had the strongest urge to move her hands and placed them on his head to encourage him. She felt like she needed to do something with them. A second later they were there, running her fingers through his hair, caressing his head. His lips seized her nubbin and suckled at it. She groaned.

Something huge was building inside her. “This is the meaning of life,” she thought as wave after wave of pleasure wafted through her. “This is its purpose, to experience pleasure like this.” The man had opened a door for her that could never be closed. She had fallen through it and was hurtling through the air at a fierce pace, tumbling and turning, completely helpless.

She was tottering on the pinnacle of desire. His tongue and lips were pushing her higher and higher. She felt like she was about to burst. Then his mouth left her. She had barely the time to register it when she realized that he had moved up, above her. Her eyes had been jammed shut and now she opened them. His cock

was lying on her belly. He stared into her eyes. Her pussy yawned, craving attention.

“He’s going to fuck me,” she thought as the heat and weight of his body pressed into her, stoking her want. Up to now, he had always fucked her from behind. Her cunt could have been any cunt. It could have been a warm hole in the wall. But now they were face to face, the way humans did it. A wave of desire flooded her. “Do it! Do it! Do it!” she thought madly.

He reached down and lifted up his hips. A second later, she felt his cock run along the line of her crevasse and find her entrance. He lodged himself there, poised to enter her. She spread her knees as wide as they could go. After this, she would really be a whore, she thought. She thought of the archway of stars surrounding her cavern. She imagined them now as a salacious halo. “Enter here and find your joy,” they said to all comers. And to her they said, “Open yourself and joy will enter you.”

He pressed himself forward slowly. She felt herself expanding and a surge of lust seized her. After he had buried himself inside her to the hilt, he started his motions. She moaned and her body shuddered.

He fucked her and fucked her and fucked her. The first time she came, it was like her pussy had been dynamited. Fierce pulses of pleasure erupted within it. She moaned and called out. He found her mouth with his lips and smothered her ejaculations, swirling his hot, thick tongue inside. When he had fucked her before she had been deprived of the sensation of his bigness, his strength, his power. But she was indubitably experiencing it now. He felt huge, like a demonic beast. Her hands sought him out, ran across his back and pulled him in. Her legs intertwined with his. She was thrusting hard up to meet him.

She came again and still he fucked and fucked and fucked her. She had always imagined herself carried away with pleasure as some big, strong man plowed her channel. But this was beyond anything that she had ever imagined. Her whole being was subsumed with lust and pleasure. If somebody had called out that the building was on fire, they would have to finish first before they fled. It was as if she were on a runaway train that was careening down the tracks to what could only be an explosive end. You couldn’t stop it, you couldn’t throw yourself off. All you could do was to try and hold on for dear life and brace yourself for the inevitable.

The man started groaning and his thrusts were getting harder. Each time he descended to his hilt, he ground his pelvis against hers. His tongue was swirling madly in her mouth. She could feel another climax growing. It loomed within her like some lumbering beast. He was groaning steadily now and she knew that he was close to eruption. She wanted it, wanted it more than anything she had ever wanted in her life. “Give it to me! Give it to me! Give it to me! Give it to me! Give

it to me!” she called out in her brain over and over and over again. Then he stiffened. He pulled his mouth from hers and roared. She visualized his crank pulsing and jerking and pumping his seed deep within her. She groaned and clasped him tightly. Her pussy erupted again, stronger and harder than those that preceded it. The pleasure was so intense that she was overcome and her whole body went limp, helpless to diminish the onslaught being wrought by the pistoning cock. Each contraction sent a powerful wave through her as her pussy cramped almost painfully.

When he slowed his thrusts, she was completely limp. Her pussy gave off several more powerful shudders and then came to rest.

They laid there together for several minutes. His weight was on her and she felt it difficult to breath. Her pussy glowed and glowed. “So that’s what a real fucking is like,” she couldn’t help thinking. It was something she could never imagine Teddy doing. Not in a million years. A guy who fucked like this would have women lined up at his door. If he were her boyfriend, it would be a secret she would never let out.

But, as her senses returned, she recalled that he was not her boyfriend. He was someone who had enslaved her. He had whipped her. He had fucked her mouth and her ass. He had marked her as a whore. He would leave her here soon, all bound up and in the dark and he wouldn’t be back for hours and hours and hours. And when he returned she would have to fuck him or suck him again. Or both.

She held back her tears. She was so confused. The man had the ability to make it seem natural that she had been enslaved, that it was her inner nature to be a whore. And yet, she knew it wasn’t. If she hadn’t been kidnapped, she probably would have lived a relatively normal life. She would have had a lover or two, and then she would have settled down with someone she really cared for and been loyal and faithful all of her life.

But all that was gone. This was her life now. And the sooner she accommodated herself to it, the better off she would be. God would hopefully forgive her for the pleasure she received, for the lusts that emanated from her. She really had no choice in that.

He rose off of her. As he rose, he suckled one breast and then the other, sending resilient pangs of pleasure through her. He got up and left her laying there, her arms spread out, her thighs widespread. He went over to the toilet and she heard him pissing into it. It reminded her of when she had heard Teddy pissing up at the cabin. She had promised herself that she would make sure the next cock that entered her mouth was clean. She would have no choice about that now. The toilet flushed and the man returned. He clapped his hands twice. She rose up slowly. Her whole body felt weak. She assumed the attention position, pressing her breasts out

at him. He was looking at her. She was proud of herself. She had made the man groan and growl with pleasure. She would be a good whore, he would see. All the men would want to fuck her. And him, especially him. She would spread herself open for him anytime he wanted her. Every day and every night.

He went over to the refrigerator and took out 2 juices. He opened one and let her drink it down and then he drank the other. He brought over the pan and let her pee. She knew that their time was coming to a close and that she would be in darkness soon. She didn't care. He would return. She would fuck him again. He could fuck her any way he wanted and she would take delight in it.

He washed off her gag and brought it over to her. She accepted it meekly. He had her lay down and he fastened her wrists behind her back. He clipped her ankles together and then brought them up to meet her hands. He locked them together. She watched him dress and pick up the tray with the empty bottles. He hoisted it and passed from her view. The door behind her 'clacked', the lights went out, and it 'clacked' again. She was alone.

CHAPTER FIFTEEN

Time passed. She knew it was passing, but not how fast or how slow. Did he make her wait three hours this time or five? Did she sleep for six hours or eight? Did their session together take one hour or two?

It disturbed her a little that she didn't know how long she had been a captive. But only a little. She thought less and less about her prior life, about how her parents would agonize about her disappearance. She felt bad about it, but no longer bad for herself. She tried to imagine it like she was on a grand adventure, that she had been kidnapped by a strange alien. They were aboard his ship now hurtling through space to an unknown destination. Every hour that passed ten million more miles were put between her and Earth. They had already passed by all the planets and were nearing the edge of the solar system. There was no going back, ever.

And she didn't mind anymore that time was passing out there in the real world without her. Her only concern was that her time with the man go on and on and on. There was something terrible at the end of their journey, something dark and dismal he was preparing her for. She had no eagerness to discover it. She could keep this up indefinitely.

Every time the man came now, they spent a long time fucking. He would plunge himself into the orifice of his choice and use her thoroughly, shifting from one to the other as it pleased him. He would hold himself off from coming for a long time, driving her to one glorious orgasm after another until he finally discharged into her. Then he would make her suck him until he was hard again and start all over.

He would start off by unbinding her from whatever position he had left her in. Sometimes she wore the halter with her arms up behind her back and he would leave her lying on the floor with her ankles bound and a belt around her thighs. He didn't repeat the mistake from when he first left her this way. Now he always made sure she was anchored to a ring before he left. He left her hogtied a lot. Sometimes he left her standing with her halter on, her arms raised up on her back. He would connect the overhead chain to a ring in the back and raise it until she was on the balls of her feet. Then he would either spread her legs, attaching them to rings at the sides, or connect them to each other. Or he would use the position with her all crouched down, her breasts on her thighs, her neck fastened to a ring below her, her hands drawn back by a rope.

Sometimes, usually after he had ass fucked her, he would restore the big, black rubber prong to her rear.

The method to his madness was very clear. She had no freedom, no life, except through him. If he chose to leave her unbound while he fucked her, that was his choice. If he used her mouth while she was lying on the floor hogtied, that was his preference. If he let her run madly around her little prison, that was for his pleasure.

She would spend hours and hours and hours thinking of him. She wondered what his name was, although she acknowledged that part of his power over her, of what enabled her to worship him, was that he had none, that he was a cipher, a sort of demon whose sole purpose in life was to subjugate her. If she depended on him for the essence of life itself, then he depended on her subservience, her obsequiousness, for his. She was tethered to him and he was tethered to her. Her need was for his approval, his attention, his service to her body, and his need to feed on her soul.

There were still times that she would sob and wail at her misfortune, but they were farther and farther in between. Mostly, she lost herself in reverie about how he had used her and how right it felt to be his slave, anxious for their next session to begin and vowing to learn how to serve him better and better. There was a certain glory in giving up yourself to serve something greater than you. And the man was greater, much greater. He was teaching her so much. How would she have ever learned these things in her regular life? Would she trade her knowledge for a return to her pedestrian existence? Basics in Sociology? Jane Austin? European History? Teddy? Frank? She wasn't sure she would.

If she really thought of it, she recognized it as a form of insanity. If you looked at it on paper, it would make no sense. He was, in essence, forcing her again and again and again. He had taken all her prior life away from her. She was a prisoner. He beat her, tied her up, treated her cruelly. You wouldn't really call her decision to find joy in his embondment of her an exercise in free will. But you had to look at it from the inside. There was a new world she had to live in and she had to accommodate herself to it. She was shedding those parts of her which were inappropriate to her new condition, the ones that caused her turmoil and sadness. Wasn't it better to live in joy than to live in dourness and sorrow? There was no question but that her conversion to a whore would be permanent. She had to continue to live somehow. From this point of view it wasn't madness at all.

She loved it when he placed his hands on her. He would crouch behind her as she knelt and caress, caress, caress her. She had never conceived of receiving so much pleasure from her breasts. It got to the point where he would draw out her lusts until the need for completion was dire within her. He would abandon her puss and squeeze and massage and caress her breasts until her orgasm came roaring

down her pussy and coursed all through her. She had never known that something like that was possible.

She had gotten used to his silence and hers. The only real sounds they made were when they were fucking and they would groan and moan and call out their passions.

He had whipped a few times too. She didn't know why. She couldn't figure out anything she had done wrong. He just strung her up and beat her, long and hard, making her scream and dance and sob and sob and sob. He always was especially kind to her afterwards, hugging her and letting her cry on his shoulder, petting her, releasing his approving hums, and then bringing her to a particularly delicious and exquisite orgasm.

He would lie down and allow her free use of his body, kissing him all over, handling his cock and his balls. She had seen Teddy's, of course, but that had been fleeting. She had become familiar with each wrinkle and vein of his. She would lie by his side, stroking him, sucking him while he recharged. She loved the feel and weight of his testicles and often put them in her mouth so that she could absorb their magical powers.

He taught her to climb on top of him and absorb his cock in her pussy, moving up and down, up and down, using it to jerk him off. She got to love the sensation of it deep in her belly and that she had control of her pleasure, although always keeping his in mind first.

She had worried about birth control once they had started fucking regularly. She figured though that there was something in the potion that he made her drink. And as to the potion, she had realized early on that its purpose was to make her more lustful. She didn't have much to gauge its success on since she had never fucked like this in her life. But as she lay in the dark, waiting for the man to appear, her pussy would begin to burn with need. An aching would break out in her body as if it had been denied some needed drug.

As to the stuff that he put on her pussy and other erogenous tissues, she definitely knew that that was working. Her pussy had never been so sensitive. It always seemed to have a faint itch which she need scratched. She had never been so conscious of her nipples and the rings around them and when he kissed them and licked them and suckled on them, vibrating sensations of pleasure coursed through her body. Her anal ring seemed to have a glow to it and when he fucked her there, the tendrils of delight that it sent her seemed to grow more exquisite as time went on. She had even come a couple of times.

She had put aside all her reticence about ass fucking. Her rear aperture had grown more pliant from its use and she experienced only a mild discomfort when he pierced her that would quickly fade. Aside from the pleasure she received from

it, there was something exciting about serving him this way. There was something right about it, although intellectually she knew it was so wrong. It was an act of pure dominance and was, in a way, a negation of her femininity. It made her cunt feel empty and neglected. But it fit in with the new personality he had constructed for her. It drove home his mastery of her which in turn mined a deep vein of shame and humiliation which he had taught her to feed on. Like when she serviced his prick on her knees, her hands joined behind her back, it was an act of absolute obeisance, an acknowledgment of his total and complete ownership of her.

He made her pose for him for long periods of time while he read at his little desk. She would show him her cunt, either by kneeling with her head on the floor, her legs spread wide, her back arched, or on her back, her knees spread and her behind slightly lifted. Or she would kneel up at attention before him for the longest time, hungering for his glance. He made her kneel before the mirror for long periods of time. It had turned from something sad and distressing to something else. She would stare at her beautiful tattoo and fantasize about sultry summers, brilliant cotillions with beautifully bedecked ladies, wonderful, lush gardens. She would stare at her pussy and its seven stars and wonder at their meaning. They seemed appropriate now to her slutish self.

Their sessions went on and on. She knew that they covered days and days and days. It sometimes felt like centuries had passed. And then something different happened.

She was lying hogtied with her head away from the door. She heard the door 'clack' and the lights came on. He came in holding her tray. He placed it down a bit away from her. And then she realized that someone was with him. His free hand held a leash, and the leash led to a silver collar just like hers. Above the collar was a hooded head. Below it was a naked young woman. She was thin but had a graceful figure. Her breasts were beautifully shaped, like heavy hanging fruit. There was a tattoo of a brilliant yellow flower on her belly, which she believed was a chrysanthemum.

The man released the leash from the girl's collar and clapped his hands twice. She fell to her knees, spread her legs and thrust out her breasts. The seven stars were prominently displayed on her sex. He whisked off her hood.

She was beautiful. She had black hair that was cut short, just above her shoulders. Her face was somewhat long, but her features were delicate and spread out on it nicely. She had brilliant blue eyes that were made up perfectly and she was wearing bright red lipstick. Her skin was very pale. She was wearing a white disc on her collar that had a Chinese style ideogram on it etched in red.

The man stripped and then removed her gag and freed her from her bonds. He clapped his hands twice. She immediately assumed the same pose as the girl. He

brought over the pan and let her pee. When he came back from dumping it he first released the girl's hands from behind her back and then hers. They were facing each other, maybe three feet apart. He knelt down off to their side, about four feet away.

Sally marveled at what she saw. She had been right all along. There was a whorehouse upstairs and this was one of the whores. How long had she been a whore? How many men did she fuck a day? What was her life like? What was her life going to be like?

She was dividing her attention between the girl and the man. What was going to happen, she wondered fearfully.

The man turned to the girl and said something harsh sounding. She was a little shocked at hearing him speak. She looked at the girl to gauge her reaction. She turned to him slightly, gave him a deep bow. Then she turned to her.

Her face had been neutral in its expression, but now it turned to something soft and welcoming. She edged herself closer to her, until their knees touched. She reached out her hands and ran them up and down her thighs. Her touch was very gentle. Sally's arms were still behind her back. The woman leaned over, running her hands up her sides and over her shoulders. Tingling followed them.

Sally hoped that what was happening was not what she thought it was. She had never thought of herself as having any tendency that way, when she thought about it at all. She just knew it was wrong and that only twisted girls did it. She wasn't a twisted girl, no matter how slutty she had become. She didn't want this at all. She looked at the man. He was staring at her intently, as if poised to act in the event of disobedience. She didn't want to be disobedient. That would go against everything she had become in the last few days.

The girl leaned over further. She was wearing a wondrously scented perfume. Her nails were painted lavender. Her skin looked smooth and soft. Sally looked at her face, only inches away. Her stomach went cold. The girl placed one hand at the back of her head and the other on her chin. She brought her lips closer, closer, closer. Sally was trembling. She fought off the urge to get up and run away. Then their lips touched. It was very light. She caught a taste of the girl's breath and a tingle went through her.

Then the girl started kissing her all over her face, on her cheeks, on her chin, over her eyes, on her forehead. The kisses were light, as if she had been brushed by a butterfly's wings. Her hands were on her shoulders, holding her in place. She brought her lips back to hers. Something was happening deep down within her. She recognized it as the nascence of lust. She didn't want this. It was perverted. There used to be laws against it and she didn't really understand why there weren't any more.

The lips pushed softly against hers. She tasted the other girl's breath again and it sent a chill down her. She felt her lips spreading open. The girl's tongue brushed along the inside.

"No! No! No! No!" her brain shouted. "I won't do it! I won't!"

The girl edged closer to her. She could feel their breasts touching. She could feel the man's eyes on her. Something was swirling all around her, making her dizzy. The tongue slipped further and further into her mouth. The girl's hand was pressing on the back of her head. Her mouth sprang open. The girl's lips pressed down harder. The tongue was in her. "It's in me! It's in me!" she screamed inside. It found her tongue and began interweaving with it. Sally tried to hold it back, but it sought, on its own, the new source of warmth within her.

They kissed and kissed and kissed. Warmth spread all through her body. It was not like kissing a boy or a man at all. There was something especially sweet about it. It was like tasting vanilla after having had chocolate all your life. It was pure and untrammelled and delicious.

The girl's hand slipped down from behind her head and brushed across her right breast. It went down her side, across her thigh and back again. This time, when it reached her breast, it took a tender hold on it, dribbling across it with its fingers, squeezing it ever so gently.

Sally released a deep sigh. This shouldn't be happening, she knew that, but she was becoming aroused. The heat of the girl's soft body against hers made her loins ache. She was holding her hands close together behind her back, but she had a desperate urge to place them around the girl and pull her in.

Then, she felt herself falling, falling, falling back. The girl was pressing herself on her. She pulled her hands out from behind her just in time as her back hit the mat. The girl climbed aboard her, pressing their chests together while maintaining their kiss. Her hand flowed down her side, up and down up and down. Sally's hands hung out next to her listlessly, unable to defend herself and unwilling to join in the fray. The girl insinuated herself between her thighs and pressed their pussies together. There was something unholy about it that made Sally's brain cry out in distress. But when she started grinding it against her, pressing down on her now energized button, she moaned and cut off her psyche's rejection.

When the girl started working down her torso, stopping to mouth and caress her breasts for the longest time, kissing her belly, running her hands down her hips, she knew what was coming. Her hips squirmed and a protest formed on the inside of her lips. She looked at the man who was peering at the tableau with great interest. If she spoke, he was liable to shove the girl aside, drag her over to the chains, mount her and belabor her unmercifully. If she struggled or fought, he would bring out the cane and land soul deadening blows all over her.

The girl kissed her lower belly, just at the spot of her topmost star. Her hands were flowing over her belly and breasts as if performing an ancient incantation. Then the girl's head descended lower and lower and lower. She seized Sally's button with her lips and drew on it hard. Sally let out an anguished sounding moan.

She licked up and down her crevasse. She thrust her tongue into her hole. She lathered over her little button until Sally felt that she needed to scream. Meanwhile her hands flowed up and down over her thighs, her belly and even up to her breasts. She was performing very much the same actions as the man did, but there was definitely something different about it. The hands that caressed her were smaller and lighter. The tongue flitted more delicately. She suckled gently on her clit for the longest time. When she ran her active tongue into her opening, it felt like she was kissing her there, as if her cunt were another mouth to explore.

Finally, Sally could tolerate it no longer. She was grinding her pussy against the girl's face. Her hands were intertwined in her hair. She was moaning and grunting and her heels were sliding up and down up and down on the mat as if she were trying to jump.

She screeched and howled when she came, the ecstatic convulsions of her cunt's interior sending wave after wave of pleasure through her.

The girl kept kissing her until her pussy's throbs wore down. She gave her breasts two little kisses and then she knelt up.

All Sally wanted to do was lay there and luxuriate in the pleasurable glow that suffused her. Yes, she decided, it was perverted, but so was just about everything else she did. Perverseness seemed a quaint concept where there were no limits on the scurrilous acts she had been made to perform.

She heard the man clap his hands twice. She immediately rose to her knees and into attention position. The other girl had done the same and was again opposite her. The man looked at Sally. He gestured towards the girl. It took Sally a second to understand his meaning. Then it struck her. It was her turn.

She turned towards the girl. She was kneeling there expectantly. Sally wondered what her name was, where she had come from, how long she had been a whore. She wondered if she would ever find out. Was the rule of silence as absolute upstairs as it was down here? What was it like to be a whore, to fuck many men a day, to have absolutely nothing to say about how they used you?

She seemed to be frozen. She looked down at the girl's sex. It was dilated and moistened. She would have to put her mouth on it. She didn't think that she could do it.

She felt a harsh pain in her side. She bent over and whined. She looked up at the man. He had poked her, reminding her of more drastic measures that could be taken, would be taken, if she was derelict in her duty. For all her reticence to

commit her first act of sisterly love, she knew that once the whip came out she would perform the task readily. So if she was going to do it anyway, why get beaten in between?

She moved forward on the girl. She leaned forward and took her shoulders in her hands. She leaned her face close and covered her lips with her own. The girl's mouth opened readily. She slipped her tongue in and they were off.

The girl pulled her down on top of her. Sally ran her hand all over the girl's chest, seizing and squeezing her mounds. It was so strange to be holding another woman's breasts. They felt like hers, but were different. The girl seemed to like it as she squirmed and moaned underneath her. When she had lowered herself between the girl's knees and her cunt was right in front of her, Sally paused. She had never seen a cunt from this point of view. There was a strange beauty to it, like a flower in bloom. The girl's inner lips seemed fleshier than hers. Her slit seemed to go higher. The outer lips were not quite as thick.

And it was the first time that she had gotten a good look at the seven stars. She saw that they were seven pointed. Didn't Asian people consider seven to be a lucky number? This was seven on seven. But lucky for whom? Lucky for those that used them, but not lucky for the girl to whose cunt they were appended. And appended was the right word. You couldn't say the girl who owned it because they didn't own their cunts anymore. The seven stars, if they meant nothing else, meant that.

She brought her face forward, the stars getting bigger and bigger as she approached. She had her hands on the girl's tender inner thighs. She stuck out her tongue, flattened it, and dragged it slowly up the girl's crevasse, from her perineum to its apex.

The taste was strange. It was musky and pungent. It was not quite sour, but off just a little bit. It reminded her a little bit of bourbon. She had tasted it once at a party. It had brought her right to attention. The taste was hearty, good even, but powerful, like a fruit just past ripeness.

It was exhilarating. She pushed her head closer and began licking and kissing and suckling like mad. She knew that the girl probably wanted it nice and slow and easy like she had done hers, but she couldn't control herself. It was like something wonderful had been hidden from her all these years and she had just discovered it. It was like a flavor and texture and odor that she had hungered for all her life, and now it was here. She tossed aside all thoughts of perverseness. She didn't care if she would be condemned to hell for it. This was just something so amazingly sensual and pleasurable that she doubted whether from now on she would be able to live without it.

The girl moaned and squirmed and groaned. When she came, she cried, "Awwwwgh! Awwwwgh! Awwwwgh! Awwwwgh! Awwwwgh!"

Sally sloshed around the girl's cunt while she wound down. When she heard the man's hands clapping, she reluctantly knelt up. She eyed the girl as she rose. "What wonderful flesh," she thought. She remembered her mouth and hands on her breasts, what it felt like, what it tasted like. And she remembered the girl's delicate working of her own body. "When am I going to be allowed to do this again," she thought wildly.

The girl knelt there stoically while the man led Sally in her other routines. She was a little embarrassed to do her exercises in front of the girl, Ashamed and humiliated when the man had her run around the perimeter of the room like a chicken scrambling to avoid the farmer's axe, but, she figured, she had probably been through the same thing. When the man washed her, Sally's eyes kept flitting to the girl kneeling there so stilly. When he shaved her loins, she kept thinking of the girl's mouth there and how it had felt.

After the man fed her, he brought out his stool. He sat on it and urged her over. He proffered her his cock. Her eyes went to the girl for an instant and saw her looking back. How many times had the girl sucked this cock, Sally wondered. Fifty? A hundred? More? She was chagrined that the girl would see her do it, but she was a whore now without the right to do anything in private or to show any reticence as to her tasks.

Her hands bound behind her, she addressed the man's tumescent appendage. A sort of glow went through her as she pleased him. He had shown her yet another source of wondrous pleasure. She doubled her efforts at pleasing him as if in thanks. He was cruel and callous and brutal, but he had opened so much up for her.

There should be a course you could take, run by guys like this, she thought. You could go there practically virginal, like she had been, and then be taught the things that the man had taught her. You would have to be under extreme discipline, like she was or it wouldn't work. All the falsities about sex had to be scrubbed away, at the point of a whip if necessary. You would emerge from the course ready to live a lusty and rewarding life. You would be able to sign up for refreshers, because she doubted that guys who fucked as good as the man did were a dime a dozen. Maybe the guys should have their own schools run by demanding 40 year old mistresses, who would show them how to really use a cock.

When he came, she received him blissfully.

The sessions went on. The girl came down a few more times. She learned how to mount her, breasts to belly, mouths reversed. It was like she was sucking on her own pussy the whole time. The man made her get between the girl's knees and pleasure her while he fucked her from behind. When she came, she roared into the girl's chasm.

And then, something more ominous occurred. She was lying on the floor, her wrists joined up behind her back. She was facing the door. The light flicked on and the man came in. But after him came three more men. They were huge and beefy. They seemed callous and cruel. They were all Korean and wore blue jeans and sports shirts. Their shoes were off and they were wearing white socks. One of the men was carrying a tray. He placed it down on the floor and all three men proceeded to strip. The man unbound her and then clapped his hand twice, making her kneel up. He drew the gag from her mouth, unlocked her hands and removed her harness, tossing it aside. He turned towards the men. They half bowed to him and said something in Korean. The man nodded in response, turned and left.

She didn't know how long they used her, but it seemed hours and hours. When one was done, another would take his turn. And when he was done, it would be the third man. They fucked her fore and aft. They had her suck them off. They even whipped her with the flogger, her head down, her ass up, making her scream and yell and sob.

While one was using her, the others knelt by the tray they had brought drinking what she assumed was sake or something like that and eating snacks. They laughed and joked between themselves. Sometimes they used her two at a time, one at each end. They made her kneel with her head to the floor, her legs spread and her rear up so that they could look at her cunt while they recharged, eating and drinking and laughing. One of the men eventually came over and knelt beside her. His thick, heavy hand ran over her rear cheeks and then slipped between her thighs. The hand rubbed and stroked and teased her mons until she moaned with lust. It seemed so wrong for the man to touch her in this way. This was the way the man touched her and he had paramount rights to it. The big man, hearing her moan, laughed and then moved behind her. A few seconds later, she felt his cock slip in.

She was obedient to the three men because the man would have wanted her obedient. She opened herself because the man would want her to be open. She sucked energetically and artfully because she knew that's what the man would have required. But for every moment of it, her mind rebelled and protested. When their cocks were running along her canal, scouring it, driving her to unwanted pleasure, she just wanted them to stop, willed for them to stop, begged for them to stop in her mind. When she had them in her mouth, she felt a sickness in her belly and chills throughout her body as the old feelings of hopelessness and powerlessness came roaring back. And when they used her rear, she sobbed and sobbed and sobbed at the humiliation.

She didn't come every time they fucked her, but she came often enough. She was surprised that she could orgasm while being used so brutally and callously by

the strange men. But she welcomed it as a sort of saving grace for what she was going through.

Finally, the door clacked open again. The man had returned. One of the men was sitting on his stool and she had his member in her mouth. Her arms were locked behind her back. She cringed when the man saw her this way and stopped what she was doing. The man she was blowing pulled her head from his loins, gave her a great slap, and forced her down again. It took a long time for him to come. He finished off in her throat, making her struggle and gurgle and sob.

She heard two claps of the man's hands and she rose to attention. The three other men were dressing. She was shaking and trembling, sourness pervading her. Now she really was a whore. Was this what it was going to be like? She realized that she must be near the end of her training. She didn't want it to be over. She didn't want to go upstairs and fuck endless rows of men one after the other. She wanted it to be just her and the man, and the girl, if he wanted to bring her. She would stay down here forever, constantly at his disposal, constantly at his pleasure. She would never lag at her duties or complain. "Please! Please! Please, don't make me go up there!" she begged silently.

The three men left. The man came over and patted her on the head, giving her a little hum. She broke out into sobs again.

He crouched down in front of her. He reached up and held her head. He kissed her on the forehead, her cheeks, her lips. She just sobbed all the harder. He pulled her toward him and nestled her head over his shoulder. She just collapsed into him, crying and crying, sobbing and sobbing.

He reached behind her and loosened her wrists. He pushed her down on the mat on her back. He centered himself between her thighs. He rode his cock up and down her sloppy crevasse and then he entered her. He lowered himself softly above her and began to fuck her long and slow. She reached up and hugged him. Her sobbing had ceased, but tears were still flowing down her face. His lips found hers and he kissed her strong and deeply.

A wave of relief went through her. She had thought that he had abandoned her, that he would consider her impure and spoiled now. To feel his cock stroking up and down her canal, his bulk atop her, his tongue in her mouth made all her fear and sorrow go away. "This moment," she thought, "all I have is this moment. Let it last, let it be good. Hold me tightly, give me your cock, your tongue, your seed and I will give you everything."

He gave her two soft, gentle, soul restoring orgasms and then poured himself into her. When he was done, he washed her thoroughly, using a nozzle to cleanse her insides. He brushed her teeth and gave her mouthwash. He did her hair and braided it. He applied lotion to her tattoos and the unguent to her pussy, rear and

nipples. He massaged and applied lotion to her breasts. When he brought her over to eat, he teased her playfully, bringing the food in and out of her reach, making her laugh. She “rupp, rupp” gleefully when he held out the little pieces of white chocolate he had brought her. When she was done eating, he stood above her and let her serve him with her mouth. She suckled him long and lovingly.

It was a number of sessions later that he brought her upstairs. The periods between his uses of her seemed shorter and shorter. The big Korean men came back again, now alone or in pairs. He wasn’t with them. After fucking her roundly, they would leave her hogtied and gagged and she would cry, cry, cry until the man came down again and soothed her.

This time the man didn’t fuck her or play with her when he came in. She had had a long sleep. He immediately took her over to the shower and bathed her. He shaved her loins and applied the unguent to her. He braided her hair. She definitely knew something new was going to happen when he applied pink polish to her finger and toe nails.

When he was done, he let her eat. But there was no teasing or playfulness. When she was done eating, he reinstalled her gag and made her pee again. Then he had her stand up.

She was trembling. Was their time over? Was he taking her upstairs to be a whore? Would he still be there, or was he someone whose job it was to train the girls? How many men would she have to fuck today? How long had she been a prisoner?

He stood before her and gave her one of his kindish looks. He stroked her cheek and hummed. Somehow, it made her feel better. He went over to the armoire and came back with a black hood and an 18” long chain. He put the hood over her head and applied the chain to her ankles. A coldness pierced her. She was going to leave the room. It had become her sanctuary. She was leaving the space ship. They had arrived at their destination.

She felt him attach a leash to her collar. He gave it a firm tug and she began to shuffle forward. They stopped while he punched in the code. She heard the door ‘clack’ open. He pulled her through. There was cement under her feet. She started to cry.

He led her up the stairs carefully. She had to take one step at a time. They came to a landing and another lock clicked. He led her through. The floor under her feet was wood. They walked about 30’ or 40’. Another lock ‘clacked’. Then she was in a room. A soft rug was under her feet. There were people around. She could sense them and there were a few voices. Men’s voices. The man led her along for a while until they were in another room. It was quiet there. She was trembling and shaking. The leash came off and the man removed the chain from

her ankles. He clapped his hands twice. She sank to her knees, spread her legs and assumed the attention position. Another chain, one that she somehow had the impression was long and attached to something else in the room was affixed to her right ankle. He left.

She knelt there for a long time. She could hear men's voices from the next room. They sounded merry and at play. Some people came in and it sounded like the room was being set up for something. She heard the click of plates and the tinkling of glasses. She couldn't really tell, but it seemed to her that there were women in the room. Then she heard a harsh woman's voice say something angrily. There was a slap and a girl's voice cried out. Then the people left.

There was another long period of silence. She was becoming stiff from being in the same position. She thought of her naked body and how the people had all seen it. She thought of the tattoos on her belly and loins and she felt shamed.

After a while people started coming in again. She could hear happy, pleased men's voices. The men seemed to congregate in front of her. They laughed and talked in their harsh language. Women came in again and she sensed that they were serving the men. There was the sound of plates being laid on a table, glasses clinking. She smelled tobacco smoke.

The door opened behind her and all the men went silenced. Someone stood behind her and there was a light round of applause. The person behind her knelt down. A body came up next to her. Hands pressed on her shoulders, bringing her down to her haunches. The same hands came down her bound arms and circled her hands around a cock.

It was the man. He was here with her. The dourness and sickness she had been feeling at being so exposed and so lonely, washed away. Her hood was removed.

Kneeling before her in a semi-circle were seven Asian men. They looked harsh and were all staring at her. They were wearing baby blue robes or kimonos. On the front, over their hearts, was a set of arching, blue, seven pointed stars. Some of the men were bigger than others, some older and some younger. The older and more distinguished seemed to be sitting in the center. Before the men was a semi-circular, low table draped with a white table cloth. It was covered with glasses and dishes and several small bouquets of blue flowers set in vases. The men had been eating and she could see a couple of them munching on something.

The room was about 30' by 30'. On the wall behind the men was a large mural in an Asian style, of a rugged landscape, tall, rocky mountains, a broad river between them. Exquisitely detailed trees and bushes were spread about and there were birds flying in the air.

The walls were off white. A large chandelier sat over where she knelt and high hats were strewn across the 10' ceiling. She was kneeling on a wide, circular, blue

mat like the one downstairs. The rug everywhere else was deep piled and burnt orange.

Off to the side stood three pretty young women in black, short skirted maid's uniforms. One was blond with long hair, one pale with mid-length black hair and the third African American with short, kinky hair and butternut skin. Standing next to them was a large, cruel looking Asian woman dressed in what looked like a traditional type outfit. She had black hair piled up on top of her head. On her belt was a leather quirt. One of the Korean men who had fucked her was standing off to the other side.

Someone turned off all the lights in the room except the one above her, which was turned down soft and low. The man loosened the straps to her gag and pulled it from her mouth, setting it aside. She could feel the heat of his bare chest. She was trembling and had started crying. His hands went on her shoulders. His cock had become hard and she was gripping it tightly.

And then he went to work. Like he had done dozens of times downstairs, his hands started wandering her body. They slid down her sides, across her thighs, over her belly. She closed her eyes and let the warmth suffuse her. He took hold of her breasts and started massaging and manipulating them. She tried to ignore the presence of the fourteen hungry male eyes staring at her and lose herself in the sensations. The man was putting on a show for the other men. He was advertising her beauty and sexuality. She wanted to make him proud of her.

He went on and on. From time to time, he would hum in her ear, something which was designed, she supposed, to make her feel comforted. She couldn't get over the shame of having her body so exposed, to have the men watch while the man worked her, played her. Would their hands soon be on her breasts, their cocks in her body? Would she have to fuck them and suck them and suffer their slobbering and groping and receive their spume in her mouth?

She grew hotter and hotter. The man slipped his fingers along her crevasse and started rubbing her little button. She shifted herself and moaned. She couldn't keep her eyes closed. She seemed to have a desperate need to know who was looking at her, what their faces would show. Would it be disgust and contempt? Would it be pity? Would it be scorn? No, it didn't seem to be any one of those things. What she saw was lust and desire, hunger for her flesh, a yearning to touch it, to fuck it, to possess it.

She could feel her orgasm growing. Suddenly, the thought of displaying herself in the throes of climax repelled her. She didn't want her slutiness advertised to the world. She squirmed and whined, but the man just pressed his chest harder against her and his hands just picked up their pace. It was growing, growing, growing. The man was flitting his fingers over her nubbin again and again. His other hand circled

and massaged and kneaded her breasts. She moaned and took a deep breath. Her eyes closed again and she leaned her head back. Her passions were on the verge of cresting.

His hands shifted both to her breasts. He squeezed and mauled them, pulled and pinched at her nipples, massaged and kneaded them. Her need overwhelmed her reticence. Suddenly, her pussy erupted, sending pulse after pulse of excruciating pleasure through her. She called out, "Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh! Oh!" Her voice reverberated around the room. She felt eyes piercing her flesh. She felt shame and remorse and sadness, even as her body's pleasures elevated her joy. The hands went on and on, drawing everything out of her.

Finally, her pussy calmed. Her shoulders shrugged. She drew in a deep breath. There was silence in the room and then there was a burst of male laughter and applause. The man stood up behind her and she sensed him give the audience a brief bow. The lights came back up. The men started talking and laughing again. The maids went into action, clearing away and bringing plates out of a side room. Large pitchers of beer were set out. The man crouched behind her and picked up her gag from the mat. He reinstalled it, fastening it tightly as if in a reminder for her obedience. He clapped his hands twice and she rose into attention position again. The hood went back over her head.

She could hear the men eating dinner. They talked while they ate, although not as much as when they weren't. Once in a while she heard the squeal of one of the young woman as one of the men probably pinched her or grabbed her. She could almost feel the men's eyes crawling over her naked, exposed flesh. She could almost see herself, her flowered belly, her trembling breasts, naked, hooded and presented submissively and artfully. She seemed to be kneeling there for the longest time. Dinner seemed to be concluded when she heard the clearing of plates and utensils. The maids seemed to be running to and fro carrying, no doubt desert dishes and after dinner drinks. She smelled cigar smoke. After a while, she heard the tinkling of a utensil on a glass. A second later, the man was back behind her.

She had been swaying from fatigue. Her body was drenched in sweat from the tension. She was afraid that she might faint and that she would be severely punished. The men before her were undoubtedly important guests. When she sensed the man behind her, she didn't know how she knew it was him, but she did, a wave of relief went through her. No matter what happened now, she would be in his hands. It wasn't that she trusted him not to harm her. It was just that if she was to be tormented, she preferred it to be at his hands, who she worshipped as a supreme being.

There was silence in the room. The man came up behind her and placed his cock in her hands. She took hold of it nervously. The hood was whisked off. The

men were all looking at her expectantly. She felt her gag being loosened and it was drawn slowly out of her mouth. Hands circled around her and covered her breasts.

He started to caress and stroke her much like before. She resigned herself to the pleasure he was bringing her. The men had all seen it already, so what did she have to hide? Whatever was going to happen to her tonight was going to happen regardless of anything that she did. She knew that the man was counting on her responsiveness and she wanted to please him. The last thing she wanted to do was to embarrass him in front of all these important men.

The hands went on and on. She just let the sensations flow through her. She was worried that she might have to fuck the men who were watching and she quailed at the prospect of being used by so many. There were seven of them and that would more than double the number of men who had fucked her so far.

The man's hand found her crevasse and was stroking, stroking, stroking it. He flicked and rubbed her little button as he pinched and pulled at her nipples. She gripped his cock as if it were a talisman which could prevent her from coming to harm.

When she moaned, the man withdrew his hands. He clapped them, 'clap, clap-clap'. Immediately, she released his cock and bent herself over, her head touching the mat. For some reason it didn't occur to her that he was going to fuck her. He spread his hands over the small of her back, under her bound hands, over her rear globes and over her thighs. A hand dropped below and it ran across her sensitized mons. Fingers slipped along her crevasse, up and down, up and down, spreading her moisture. They plunged into her cavern, running back and forth back and forth. She groaned as the sensation sent a trilling warmth all through her.

The fingers left. There was a pause. A few seconds later, she felt his cock slide up her ravine. It lodged at her entrance. Suddenly, the prospect of being fucked in front of all these men like some degraded porn star made her quail and tremor. "Please don't do this! Please don't do this! Please don't do this!" her mind called out. She made a motion to move away, but the man had a firm hold of her bound wrists and kept her in place. She whined.

She looked up at the assembled men as if seeking for someone to help her. Someone to rise up and condemn the proceedings. He would rush down, shove the man aside and take her in his arms. He would rush her out the door to his waiting limo. The FBI and state police and the local vice squad and maybe a brace of Eagle Scouts out to earn a merit badge would come rushing in to arrest everybody. CNN and Fox News would have reporters at the ready with lights and cameras and direct feeds to news outlets all over the country. There would be a press conference and she would be dressed in a wonderful new dress her parents had bought when they learned she was to be liberated. She would thank all the members of law

enforcement and all those people who had prayed for her and kept candlelight vigil day and night outside her house in Evensdale. The president of her college would announce that the rest of her classes would be waived for the semester and that she would receive an automatic 'A' in all of her courses. Hundreds and thousands of sympathy letters would pour in, each one containing a small contribution of cash to get her on her feet once again.

And they would let her visit the man in prison so she could fuck him once a week.

But none of the men looked like they were going to do that. They were all leering at her lustfully. There wasn't a glint of sympathy for her in any of their eyes. She thought she saw a small video camera at the center of the table and she realized that she was being taped. The man pushed his cock forward and she felt herself expand. A wave of shame laced pleasure passed through her and she released a deep moan.

She bowed her head while he man fucked her. She tried to blot out all the eyes taking in her degradation. All the lights had gone out except the one centered on her. The man's cock was plunging back and forth at a furious rate as if he wanted to drive her to orgasm as soon as possible. She could feel the familiar pressure growing in her loins. She tried to wish and wish and wish herself and the man back to the room downstairs where she could feel safe and protected. Where her shame was for the man's eyes alone. Where she would give herself to the man gladly. But the plowing cock just went on and on and her lusts kept growing higher and higher.

The man's hand took hold of her braid at the base of her head and she felt herself being pulled up. Pain shot through her as her follicles strained to support her. Her face was now turned directly at the men and she heard someone call out what could only have been a salacious comment and all the men laughed. She could feel her breasts swaying and jumping as they recorded the collisions of the man's thighs and hips against her.

The grating friction in her tunnel went on and on and she could feel the immanence of her conclusion. She fought and fought and fought to contain it. She knew that the fourteen eyes that were peering at her were making little recordings in the men's brains that they would be able to play over and over again as they relived the moments of her disgrace. Their cocks were undoubtedly hardened and eager to find a warm, wet place within her.

The electrified tension in her pussy sent wild, powerful signals of lust all through her. There was an immense bubble deep inside her that was growing, growing, growing and getting ready to burst. It was filled with a poisonous treacle that would be blasted all over her innards contaminating her with shame and

humiliation and degradation. "Please no! Please no! Please no!" her mind screamed.

And then it burst. Raging delight erupted in her as her pussy contorted and contracted and pulsed and throbbed. She groaned and called out, "Auuuugh! Auuuugh! Auuuugh! Auuuugh!" Her voice reverberated back at her shouting, "Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!" Something broke in her and a viral despondency invaded her bloodstream and was carried to every cell in her body.

Her pussy's convulsion peaked and started waning. The cock had mercifully slowed. She gave a thanks to heaven that her ordeal was over.

The man loosened his grip on her hair and allowed her to lower her head. His cock was still rocking back and forth and she realized with dismay that he hadn't come. The show wasn't over.

He fucked her slow and long, slow and long. The trilling vibrance produced was making her pussy burn. "Please stop, please stop, please stop, please stop," she whined inside her head. But the cock kept going. He was running his hands over her rear, over her back, over her thighs. She felt like she was in some demon's caldron and she was being dissolved so that her flesh could be molded into a succubus condemned to do the demon's bidding. She squirmed and moaned as her need started to arise again. Her hands turned into fists as she tried to resist the sensations. But they kept coming and coming and coming.

He speeded up again and she released a groan of dismay. He took hold of her braid again and lifted her face to the crowd. The climax that was rising portended to be stronger and more powerful than the last. She closed her mouth to suppress her moans, but they were too forceful to be suppressed and a buzzing sound began to emanate from her throat. She looked at the men helplessly. How could they be so cruel? How could they be so callous? They could see that she was a prisoner. They could see that she was being used against her will. They could see the shame and humiliation she was experiencing as the man forced her to commit the most private act in public, for 14 remorseless, depraved eyes.

Were all men like this? Under their veneer of civility and supposed honor and righteousness, were beasts lurking beneath? These men who were enjoying her violation clearly thought themselves beyond the reach of all law. They would never be called to account for their part in her shame. Is that all it took? If all the mores and ethos and law of society were abandoned, would all men be like this and all women slaves?

She was trying not to break into sobs, to deny the men that satisfaction. Her orgasm kept growing bigger and bigger. The more she fought it, the bigger it grew. She knew that she should just let it go, but she was desperately trying to hold on to

one last ounce of self-respect and pride. It was like some huge force was surging towards her brain. She was using all her strength to hold it back. It kept growing nearer and nearer and it was dragging her along with it. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!" she yelled to it. "Don't! Don't! Don't! Don't!" she screamed.

And then she lost her footing; the monster she had been restraining burst forward. A split second later, it reached her brain. Her pussy erupted and began issuing disabling pulses of pleasure that made her brain overheat. She felt her eyes rolling back and she uttered, "Uuuuugh! Uuuuugh! Uuuuugh! Uuuuugh! Uuuuugh!"

Her pussy's throbs had barely begun to wane when she felt him pull himself out of her. His hands clapped twice. The sound barely registered and she felt a violent blow to her buttocks from his mighty hand. She screeched. He clapped his hands again twice and she scrambled up to her knees. She turned to face him. He was holding his cock out for her. She knew that she had no choice. She opened her mouth and took it in.

She cried and cried and cried while he used her braid to pump her mouth up and down his pole. He had turned to the side so that all of his guests could get a view of her widespread lips upon his stem. She gurgled and sobbed, but she kept her mouth narrow and her lips tight against his flesh. The better she did, the sooner it would be over. Suddenly, the man slowed her down. He started drawing her head back slowly, slowly, slowly. He made her suckle and lick at the head. He pushed her all the way down so that the helmet popped into her throat, her nose jammed against his pubic bone. He would speed up and slow again, speed up and slow again. She knew that he was prolonging her agony and, thereby, prolonging the delight of his guests.

His cock was a conscienceless animal, probing her, probing her, probing her. She remembered how she had delighted in the act, but now she was filled with revulsion. Her mind rebelled against her treatment and she felt a swelling sorrow and self-pity within her.

"How did I get here?" a voice within her screamed. How did she get here, naked and bound, forced to accept the most rude and despoiling use of her mouth, in front of strange men who were delighting in her debasement? How did she ever become a prisoner? How did God ever allow this to happen? What did she do wrong? Why did she deserve this?

He had started going faster and faster and faster. He was striking the back of her throat and she was going, "Ga! Ga! Ga! Ga! Ga!" She was sobbing and crying. She knew that he was about to burst and that the men would witness her acceptance of the man's foul discharge.

But then, he suddenly yanked her mouth off of his tool. He clapped his hands, ‘clap, clap-clap.’ She responded immediately, without thought and she scrambled to place her forehead on the mat, raised her rear, spread her thighs. The man knelt behind her. He ran his hands over her globes and then pressed her hips down. A second later, before she could react, she felt the head of his cock press against her most private entrance. He pressed it in, forcing her anal ring into expansion. She screamed as much from shame and dismay as from pain. He started fucking her hard, hard, hard, hard, like he was punishing her somehow. She was turned to the right, parallel to the table, and all the men would be able to see the man’s cock rogering in and out of her little hole.

He grabbed her braid again and lifted her torso up. His other hand snuck under her and found her pussy. His fingers commenced an all-out assault on her little nubbin, rubbing, rubbing, rubbing, flicking, flicking, flicking. She was sobbing and crying as the sensations electrified her. “No! No! No! No! No!” she screamed inside. The trilling from her anal ring was sending a vibrating, buzz-like sensation to her chamber.

Her orgasm burst into being without any presage. She called out again and again and again as the man continued to fuck her. Then he groaned, once, twice, three times. His body tensed and he was slamming himself against her.

As if upon some signal, the man stopped. He withdrew his hand, released her braid. She could feel their mutual sweat as their thighs slid against each other’s. His hands roamed her back, he gave her one, two, three more thrusts, and he withdrew.

He stood behind her and turned to the table. There was heavy applause and strong voices of approval.

Her chest was heaving from sobs. Her rear hole still trilled from its use. Her pussy was still simmering. She heard the man clap his hands once. She struggled to her feet, facing him. He took her by the arm and turned her so that she was facing the men. Her lips trembled and she cringed as they stared at her wantonly. The man said something to the men. He took hold of her braid and bent her at her waist, giving the men a big, obsequious bow. There was another round of applause.

Her gag and hood were restored, the chain replaced between her ankles. The leash was reattached to her collar. She sensed the man dressing behind her. There was a pull on her leash and he led her from the room.

She shuffled along sadly. They reversed their course from when he had brought her upstairs. As she stepped carefully down the concrete stairs, a despondency arose inside her that grew heavier with each step she took downwards. At the bottom of the stairs, she heard the ‘clack’ of the door lock and the man led her into the room. She felt the familiar mat beneath her feet.

Her leash was detached and she heard the man undressing. She felt like she had been kidnapped all over again, like everything that she had gone through with the man was going to be repeated. What had been a dreadful fantasy about what was going to become of her had become a stark reality. Any reserve she had had about her fate, any remnant of who she had been had been smashed to pieces. She could not get out of her head the vision of the men's hungry eyes devouring her as the man fucked her.

The man clapped twice. She sank to her knees and thrust out her breasts. The man left and came back. She felt him stroke her mons three times and place the pan under her. Obediently, she peed. She tremored as she listened to him empty and wash the pan, the gurgle of the toilet as he washed away her wastewater. She felt like some barrier had arisen between her and the man, like their bond had been broken. He had made her feel special, even worshiped, but now realized that to him she was just another whore to be used and to profit from. How much had the man charged the men upstairs to witness her humiliation, she thought sadly. She sensed that the party had not been over when she was removed from the room, that there would be more fucking and sucking for the men, if only to relieve them of their passions after the salacious show they had witnessed.

The man came back. He clapped his hands four times. She lowered herself to her belly. He was going to leave her here. There would be no comforting humming in her ears. There would be no reassuring strokes. She had served her purpose for the moment and needed to be put away.

Her ankles were connected and the belt went around her thighs. The man took hold of her ankles and she was dragged across the mat toward the center of the room. She yearned to have her hood removed so that before the man left she could at least reacclimate herself to her surroundings. When she felt the chain being affixed to the joiner of her ankles, her belly turned sour as she realized that he was going to hoist her into the air. A few moments later, she heard the winch above her start to grind and her ankles started to rise. She was slowly, inexorably dragged upwards. Her head slid across the mat as her torso was raised. She kept going up and up and up, her body swaying. She knew that something terrible was going to happen. An intense sickness flashed through her, the sourness of fear.

She was right. She heard him go over to the armoire and return. She wanted to scream and shout and beg him not to whip her, but she was too terrified even to attempt speech. She heard a whooshing sound and then fire erupted across her breasts.

He belabored her unmercifully. She screamed and twisted and moaned and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. Why was he beating her? Had she failed in her

duty, put on a poor showing? Had she been insufficiently obedient? Insufficiently lustful?

But these thoughts only simmered in the background as fire erupted all over her body. He just went on and on and on. Her rear, her thighs, her breasts and belly, her back. He flogged her everywhere.

Finally, he stopped. She swayed back and forth and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She heard him replace the whip in the armoire and dress. She heard him walk to the door, heard it 'clack' open and heard it 'clack' closed.

To be continued...