

# **THE WAGES OF SIN**

**BOOK THREE**

## **THE CASTLE**

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## CHAPTER ONE

Mabel Grayner had been flying for over 30 years. The hefty, muscular woman ran all kinds of stuff. Stolen computer chips, large cartons of money, fugitives. This black lady who did wet work out of Detroit called her all the time. She even once smuggled in a pair of endangered cockatiels from Mexico. She flew in all kinds of weather. Her motto, "Truth or Dare" was decaled on her door. Over the years she had plenty of planes. This one was purchased used 8 years ago. She maintained the engines herself and though the plane looked like it had seen better days, it ran like a thoroughbred.

She had five crashes to her credit. One had landed her in the hospital for 6 months in traction. She still walked with a little waddle. She had walked away from the others. Back in the day, she had been married to a two-fisted steel worker in Pittsburgh. They fought like grizzly bears and although he had a harder punch, she was usually able to get in a few good blows herself.

Raymond could fuck as good as he could fight, and they spent eight years together. Eight years and three whippersnappers. When Raymond had a load of steel fall on him, she dropped the kids off at her mother's, took the worker's compensation money and hit the road. She had always wanted to learn to fly. She hooked up with this guy who flew advertising banners along the beach in Atlantic City. He taught her how. Soon she had her own license. Soon she had her own plane.

She got a job puddle jumping executives from this big oil company. She made good money. One day, one of them needed to fly up to Winnipeg. It was a big hush hush thing, and he didn't want to cross the border. For an extra \$2,000, she said, "Sure."

She had switched to girls by then. She had gotten drunk once with this waitress she had made friends with from the local Denny's. She was about her age, pushing 35. They closed the Athena Tavern and ended up at her place. One thing led to another. Once she got a taste of pussy, she swore off cocks forever.

After she successfully brought this executive guy back and forth from Winnipeg, word just sort of got around that she was on the bent side. All kinds of people sought her out. Once, when she was flying twenty kilos of cocaine to this field outside of Lubbock, Texas, as soon as she touched down a dozen cop cars, lights ablaze, ran out onto the field. She just revved the engine and took back off.

She barely cleared the treetops. Her call letters were all covered up, so she wasn't afraid of being traced. That was the closest she had come to getting nabbed.

She flew plenty of legitimate flights as well. Lately, she had been taking hunters way north into upper Canada. They were usually these really rich guys and so they paid really well. Somehow Shateeka had learned of her, and she occasionally picked up or dropped off girls for her around the country. Last week she had flown the girl Ron and Chuckie had delivered to Martha's down to Mexico. Sometimes, she flew in high rollers. She would fly them to this little airfield outside Grayton, Montana and the chopper would bring them the rest of the way.

Her home base was just outside of Rib Lake, Wisconsin. She lived with her girlfriend, Doris Wheatley, as mean a woman as you'd ever want to know, who raised and trained German Shepherds for a living. Not the nice ones you could have the kids play with, but the unkind ones that would eat them for lunch. They usually had a sweet young thing to play with that they kept in the basement. They knew a guy who cruised bars and bus stops looking for wayward creatures. When they were tired of their girl, they shipped her back to him and he would have a new one for them within a few weeks.

It was a long flight from Finley Field to Kellias Lake, Manitoba. She would refuel at this small airfield she knew. They knew her pretty good and never asked her any questions. And they never inspected her cargo.

You would think that an 8-hour flight would be kind of boring, but Mabel just loved to be up in the air. She had a boxful of cassette tapes that she played, mostly Chicago blues bands. She kept a pint of Jameson on the seat next to her. She had a spittoon on the floor of the passenger seat. She sometimes missed, and it made quite a mess. But there was always some wino dickhead at the airfield willing to clean it up for a few bucks.

About 3 hours into the flight, the girl in the bodybag started whining and crying. She had a remedy for that. She switched on the overhead light and then turned and lowered the zipper until she could see her well. She reared back and gave her a mighty blow on her thigh. The girl squealed. "Shut the fuck up or I'll give it to you real good!" she snarled. The squeal lowered to a modest whine. She struck her again. "I said shut the fuck up!" she repeated. The girl moaned and then was silent. "That's better," she told the girl.

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," she said to no one. "What a pain in the ass!" She zipped the bag back up and turned out the light.

After a refueling stop at a small strip outside of Kelsey, Manitoba, she flew due north. When they took off, the girl started whimpering and crying again and she had to give her another couple of thumps. Her GPS kept her pretty well located, but there were dozens and dozens of lakes, and she had to make sure she got the right one. About 250 miles out, her GPS started beeping. She came down to 500'.

There were three lakes nearby, and it could be any one of them. She had been told that it was about 20 miles long and at the northeast end made a dogleg to the west. She spotted the likely candidate and circled it to make sure. About ten miles up the lake, on the western shore, was a large house. It had a dock and a boathouse. The house was flying a large blue flag from a tall antenna jutting up from a tower in the middle of the roof. The roof was covered by solar panels. The house was surrounded by a considerable yard containing numerous flowers and greenery and bordered by a tall cyclone fence topped off by razor wire.

It was the right place. She turned south and then came in from the south side. The landing was a little rough, and the plane shook as she glided onto the water. She overran the dock and had to come back around. She cut the engine and let the plane drift up. She quickly and nimbly hopped out and tied the plane down. She hefted the lime green bodybag from the back seat and dropped it on the dock. It made a loud, 'thump!' and the girl inside screeched.

"Make all the noise you want now, honey," she told the bag.

She waited for about fifteen minutes for someone to come down from the house. It sat on a large hill and there was a long set of broad wooden steps, with two landings, leading up to a gate. No one came. "Fuck it," she said and spat. She untied the plane, climbed back inside and revved up the engine. She coasted away from the dock on the gently lapping water, took a long pull of whiskey, opened the throttle, and away she went.

Yolanda listened as the noise from the plane's engine faded away. After a minute, there was absolute silence. She burst into sobs.

She had known that she was going to be sent somewhere when she came out of her cell and saw the bodybag there. Ice had gone through her veins. She realized that resistance was useless, but she wanted desperately to be told who had bought her and where she would be going. Wouldn't that be the decent thing to do? Why did they have to keep her in torment?

She tried not to cry. She couldn't help herself. Feeling that slick tube slide into her rectum had made her belly turn sour and she released a loud whine despite herself. Bob had slapped her hard on the ass and told her to "Shut the fuck up!"

And the thought of being in that bag again just caused her whole being to revolt and so she struggled when they went to put her in. When Mistress Jean threatened to mount her on the whipping stand and give her 'what for', she relented.

She desperately tried to stay awake, but it was useless. One minute her brain was fading away like chocolate melting in the sun and the next thing she knew she was groggily coming back to consciousness. It took her a few moments to realize where she was. "I'm in a bag. They've sold me. I'm a slave, I'm a slave, I'm a slave!" she thought miserably. And then she realized that the vibration and noise that had entered her dream shortly before she became conscious, where she had

dreamt that she was in a motorboat buzzing her way to freedom, had been the engine of a plane. She was in a plane! She was in a plane! She was in a plane! “Where are they taking me? Where? Where? Where?”

All she knew was that it had to be somewhere far, far away. She had no idea where they had taken her after Mrs. Lim’s, although Mistress Jean and the rest seemed to have Midwest accents. But that could mean anyplace within a thousand square miles. And now she was going somewhere where it was more efficient to fly her there than to take her in a truck, or in somebody’s car trunk.

Could it be Mexico? Or Central America? Or further south still? The noise she heard didn’t sound like a large plane, so it probably wasn’t Africa or Asia or Europe. But then again, what did she know? Maybe she would be taken to some place where there would be a larger plane and she would be put in their freight compartment and flown to Nigeria or Botswana, or Egypt or Saudi Arabia? Or Hong Kong, or Singapore? Or Manila? Or a thousand places she couldn’t even think of?

That was when she broke into sobs. Because she was gagged, she didn’t think anyone would hear her. But then the bag was unzipped, and she felt a disabling blow to the back of her left thigh. It felt like a horse had kicked her. And then that lady’s voice telling her to shut the fuck up, and then her hitting her again when she was slow to obey. She held everything in then with all her might. She didn’t want to get hit again. She was used to being obedient. She had been trained to be obedient. She would be obedient.

So, she remained absolutely silent, suppressing all noise. Perfectly quiet. Even though her heart wanted to beg and plead for mercy. For freedom. To not be a slave.

She had been successful for a long, long time, a time of boredom and fear, fear that permeated her whole mind and body, until the plane had landed and stood still for about an hour and took off again. She had hoped that she was wherever they were taking her, that her voyage was finished, and she would soon know her fate, but she was wrong. Her fervent hopes dashed, she broke out into sobs again, only to be given two more vicious blows to her thigh. “I told you to shut the fuck up!” the woman snarled at her. She stopped sobbing.

What kind of woman would do something like this, she wondered unhappily. Women were supposed to be the softer sex, the kinder sex. But there was nothing soft or kind about this woman. Or Mistress Jean and Mistress Cathy. Or Mrs. Lim. Or, for that matter, Chamile, her scumbag mother. Her world had been turned topsy turvy. Would anyone ever be kind to her again?

She tried to banish those thoughts from her head. Fate had taken a hand in her life, and she would never be the same. Did God plan this for her? For all the other girls Mistress Jean and Master Bob had enslaved? If he existed, he sure allowed

some terrible things to happen. Maybe Earth had gotten lost like a lone marble in the back of his sock drawer and he had forgotten about it. Had she done something in a previous life that she had to pay for in this one? Maybe she had been someone who had slaughtered hundreds or thousands of people like the Nazi's did. Or maybe committed some horrible crime on just one person, since that would be evil enough for the worst punishment.

But she didn't think of herself as capable of anything like that. And, of course, all that stuff about prior lives was just hooey. And God and heaven and souls and angels and saints and prayer and kindness and love and joy and beauty and mercy, all those were just hooey too. There was only the here and now. And her here and now had turned into just about the most horrible thing you could imagine. Except maybe being tortured to death, or dying of starvation, or some terrible illness, or being hurt in an accident and becoming totally paralyzed for life.

Well, maybe some of those things were more horrible, but being a slave was way up there with them. Being beaten and used and sold and branded. Being totally at someone else's mercy. Never having a kind word again. Never again curling up with a good book or watching one of those old movies with Granny. Or going to the lake and having some fun with some friends, or going to that outdoors camp Granny had wanted to send her to. Or just waking up in the morning and knowing that you could do anything that you wanted.

She tried her best to calm herself. She was a valuable commodity, after all. Whoever bought her probably paid thousands of dollars. Unless she had been purchased by some maniac who just wanted to torture her to death. Who would stop him? Her mangled body would just be buried in some swamp somewhere, or burnt up in a furnace, or maybe fed to dogs or pigs. In the long run, maybe that was better, rather than spending years and years and years as somebody's sex slave. But deep inside she knew that that would be more horrible. She wanted to live. She wanted to avoid as much pain as she could. Maybe, maybe, maybe she could escape. And she couldn't escape if she was dead, could she?

She tried to meld her consciousness into the vibration of the plane and the noise of the engine. And the incessant music the woman was playing. She slept a bit and was sorry when she returned to consciousness. Generally, her mind sat on the borderline between sleep and wakefulness, just like when you were on some long train ride and the rhythm of the rails coaxed you into somnolence.

Her stomach had fluttered when the plane lost altitude. She felt it make a long arc. The plane jolted and glided to a stop, and she knew that they were on water. Her stomach went sour when the woman dragged her from the plane and plopped her down on something hard. The woman said something to her that she missed. She was too upset to register it. Then the plane had left and there was silence.

She suppressed her sobs and started listening for some sound that would mean that someone had come to get her. Where was she? North or south or east or west? Maybe on some secret island. A private island where only cruel and callous people went.

She waited and she waited and she waited. Why were they taking so long? What would she discover when she was unzipped and liberated from her bag? Who had bought her? How mean would they be? How was she ever going to survive it?

It was about twenty minutes before she heard what sounded like the opening of a gate. There was a pause, and what was definitely the sound of heavy footsteps on wood. Were there stairs? Was somebody coming downstairs to get her? What would they be like? How badly would they hurt her? What would they make her do?

The steps came closer and closer. Whoever it was he was in no hurry. And it sounded like a man from the heaviness of his footfalls. And then the steps were right next to her. Her whole body went cold, and she peed into her diaper. She was trembling. Her stomach was twisted into a knot.

And then she felt the foot end of her bag lifted up. The man started to drag her. The board on the bottom of the bag began thumping, thumping, thumping as if being dragged up steps. She started to whine even though she knew that it was better for her to keep quiet. Bump, bump, bump, it went. Then she was dragged a few feet and then there was bump, bump, bump again. She was being dragged like some cargo that had been left on the dock. They stopped and there was the sound of a gate opening again. She was moved a short distance and the gate clanged shut. She was dragged a few more feet and then bump, bump, bump up some more stairs. A pause and then dragged again, as if entering a doorway. Up some stairs, a pause before another door and then over the transom and dragged about another 15 to 20'. And then dropped again. She had arrived.

Colonel Roger Fuller stood hovering over the package at his feet. He was about 6' tall, bulky chested with thick arms and legs. He was wearing a dark green ribbed sweater over camouflage cargo pants. The sweater had black leather patches over the elbows. His face was clean shaven. His nose was thick and prominent, his chin bold and confrontational, his lips thin. He had on a pair of dark brown, rugged hiking boots. He was 58, but he looked and carried himself as would a much younger man. His hair was cut short, more or less buzz cut, and still its original dirty blond color.

He had been busy when the plane had landed at his isolated lake. His rough-hewn mansion was the only building on it, in fact, the only building of any sort for 150 miles. It was part of a 20,000-acre parcel which included the entire lake and miles of forest around it. It was in the middle of a 2500 square mile national preserve. He didn't own it although he laid sole claim to it. It was technically



owned by Her Majesty's Government, MI6, to be precise. But he had so much dirt on so many people, and tentacles into so many secret and confidential ops, that no one would ever challenge his exclusive rights to it.

The house was three stories high with a large ground level walk in basement. It was constructed by the Royal Corp. of Engineers twelve years ago. Its exterior was covered with heavy, dark brown, winterized siding, with tough metal roof tiles. It had double pane windows and R45 insulation. The interior floors were light oak, and heavy, light stained logs served as beams across the 12' high ceiling on the 1st floor. The living room was expansive with two long beige fabric couches set at a 90-degree angle, with matching hammocks and side tables, and three easy chairs. Several large soft, white deep shag area rugs covered the floor strategically. There was a large, rough stone, well used fireplace. The walls were eggshell white. There was a large, well-appointed kitchen and what Fuller called his sunroom with a large picture window facing south. To the rear on the first floor was his confidential office with various computer and communication equipment. Next to it was a conference room with a long dark maple table.

A 4"x4" cage sat in a corner to the room adjacent to a whipping stand with an array of whips mounted on the wall. There were convenient steel rings set in the floor at various points. There was a display frame for mounting his 'guests' as he called them and a small, windowless room he used for isolation. There was a nice sized bathroom with rose colored tiles.

A 70" TV screen was mounted on the wall opposite the couches. Lighting was from several high hats mounted in the ceiling and sconces along the walls. A bank of windows was set along the southern wall.

In the basement were laundry facilities and other specialized rooms. There was a large storage room with a wide garage door used for receiving supplies.

Yolanda was lying in a small anteroom by the main door. It was covered with a black rubber mat. The door was steel reinforced with a coded lock on both sides. He had been engaged in a secure video conference with an agent in Malawi when the plane arrived, which it took him some time to finish. The agent ran a number of informers in the north where there was an ongoing rebellion and various payments and plans for operations needed to be discussed. He looked at his watch. It was 1:15 p.m. At 2 he had an international video conference with high level personnel from British Petroleum and agents of the Nigerian security service. A gaggle of reports were waiting in his secure email and the agent in charge in Pakistan was scheduled to deliver a report on proposed covert operations near the Afghan border at 4.

He had to get the girl all cleaned up and give her her welcome reception. She probably needed to be fed, but that could wait. He needed to get some fluids in her too. He had special routines he would have to train the girl for. It was always a

problem when he changed ‘guests’, which was why he usually held onto them for a couple years or so. The last guest, Antonia, had lasted about two years. She had been well trained and disciplined and took the whip well. Her mouth had been imaginative once he had her fully trained, and she had been very responsive. These things had a tendency to tail off though over time and she had begun to be disappointing.

He would give this new girl three weeks to get into shape or she would be sent off as Antonia had been and he would get a replacement. Money was no object since he had a large discretionary budget and a substantial allowance for what was termed ‘staff’. Jean’s reports had been encouraging and the videos engaging. The girl had an alertness that he liked. Bob had been enthusiastic about her oral skills, which was important since he was sometimes very busy during the day and often didn’t have the time for a full session.

He heard the girl whine. It couldn’t be helped, of course. She had been confined for a very long time and was understandably discomfited about her current status. That shit would stop, though, right away. He bent over and unzipped the bag. A very young naked female with pale white flesh and shoulder length auburn hair was revealed. A slight odor of urine rose from the bag. She was squirming and whining. Her hands were joined behind her with leather cuffs. Her fingers were fluttering in distress.

Reaching down, he released the straps that attached her to the board at the bottom. He circled his hands around her middle and lifted her out. He placed her on her feet. She wavered and her knees buckled. He held her facing away from him until she steadied. He turned her so that she was facing him. As advertised, she stood at 5’3” in her bare feet. He towered over her. Her eyes were widened with fear, and she trembled. He briefly ran his hands over her just right, plump breasts and gave them each a squeeze. There was a black ball gag in her mouth, distending her lips. She looked somewhat fragile, but Bob had assured him that she stood up to a whip rather well. Time would tell.

He didn’t have time to dawdle. He took hold of the ring in the front of her leather collar and escorted her into the main room. He took her down to the bathroom and brought her inside. He had her stand by while he turned on the shower and let the water heat up. While it was warming, he drew her diaper down her feet and dropped it in the waste can in the corner. The shower area was large, about 6’ by 6’ and there was plenty of room for two people in it. When the water was somewhat hotter than warm, he dragged her in and forced her under it. She released a shriek as it cascaded over her. Her white skin gleamed under the water.

Pulling her from under the stream, he took a large sea sponge, wetted it, squeezed some liquid soap into it and commenced washing her body. She continued to tremble and whine as he slid the soapy sponge over her chest and

breasts. He washed her belly, giving her loins and inner thighs special attention. He went all the way down her legs, made her turn, and washed her buttocks and the back of her thighs. He ran the sponge underneath her bound arms to get her back and did her shoulders and neck. Replacing the sponge on the built-in shelf on the side, he took the shower spigot off the stem and rinsed her all over. She kept trembling and whining. Her eyes, when he caught a glance at them, were widened and fearful. She shut them as he washed her face with foam from a creamy bar of soap.

He shampooed her hair and then brushed it out straight. Satisfied at her cleanliness, he rinsed her again and then shut off the water. He pulled a large, fluffy, cream-colored bath towel from the rack outside and rubbed it all over her. He patted down her hair to remove excess water.

He worked silently. There was no need, as of yet, to give her orders. She clearly was already aware of the need not to fuck with him. He drew her out of the shower. He removed the ball gag and pulled down her chin so that her mouth was open. Taking a new toothbrush, he brushed her teeth thoroughly. He had her spit and then gave her water from a cardboard cup. Without being told, she rinsed out her mouth and spit into the sink. He returned the ball gag to her mouth and buckled it tightly behind her head, sinking it in deeply.

Taking the ring on her collar, he dragged her out into the living room and took her down to the corner of the room near the whipping stand. He released her and tapped the floor with his foot. She looked at him and then understood. She sank to her knees and looked up at him fearfully. He kept tapping it until she got the idea and lowered herself to her belly. Once down, he clipped her ankle bracelets together. He drew the chain from the whipping stand down and connected it to her ankles. He went to the side, and using an overhead pulley, drew the chain down towards him, raising her feet. He kept pulling until she was well into the air, her breasts at the level with his waist. He affixed the chain to a hook in the wall.

The girl clearly knew what was about to happen. She had started sobbing heavily. She writhed in desperation and her body swung slightly from side to side. He took down the flogger from the wall. He stood before her for a full minute, letting what was about to happen sink in. The girl looked up at him pleadingly, sobbing steadily.

He reared back and struck her with the leather thongs across her breasts. She screeched and her body jerked. He struck her belly and the front of her thighs. She wailed and sobbed. He went around the back and flailed her buttocks and the back of her legs. He did her upper back. She jerked and twisted and screeched. He tempered his blows somewhat. He was well above average strong, and he didn't want to terrorize the girl into apoplexy. He would save that for the appropriate

time. This was just a little getting to know you exercise. Call it getting off on the right foot.

He struck her repeatedly, circling around her, pausing between each blow to give each one its full effect. Her skin was turning a mottled red. Her breasts swayed and jerked nicely. Her muffled screams were well satisfying. His cock had gone rigid, as it always did when he administered a beating and he had worked up a little sweat. After the fifteenth blow, he paused. He didn't want to get carried away with the thing. He looked at his watch. It was quarter to 2 and he had to review some notes before the meeting. "Five more," he thought to himself. He administered them quickly and brutally, bringing the girl a whirlwind of pain. She howled and screeched and sobbed, jerking and writhing her body.

When he was done, he took a deep breath. Bob was right, she did take the whip well. And now she would be voraciously obedient.

He remounted the whip on the wall. He didn't say anything to the girl. It wasn't necessary. The message had been delivered. She was moaning and sobbing quite pleasingly. She looked up at him with fear-filled eyes. "I think she'll do very nicely," he thought. As advertised.

He turned, stepped over to his communications room and shut the door.

Yolanda swayed back and forth as she sobbed and sobbed. It was just as she had imagined it would be. Actually, worse. The man was fearsome. His silence was ominous. Mistress Jean and Master Bob and the others had almost continuously talked to her, whether to cajole her into greater obedience and alacrity, to admonish her for deficiencies or just call out in pleasure. This man had no need for language. His fearsomeness was enough. And she was his prisoner! His slave! She didn't know where she was, but she was sure it was somewhere remote and isolated. He could do anything he wanted to her.

She had seen the delight in his eyes while he whipped her. They seemed feverish. She knew that this was not the only time she would be whipped. Her whole body soured in deep unhappiness. How did this happen? Why did she deserve this? How would she ever be able to escape?

Her sobbing wound down. Her whole being was immersed in dismalness. It was horrid to be upside down and lifted in the air. And he had just left her there. He didn't say a word to her. Just walked off. When he came back, would he beat her some more? Or was there some other fiendish torture he would impose on her? She looked around the room. It was furnished like any other well-appointed living room, except for the whips on the wall and the nearby cage. And the rings in the floor.

Her body continued to burn. Even Mistress Cathy, who clearly enjoyed it, never hit her this hard. A virulent woe encircled her. She closed her eyes, "Please let it not be true! Please let it not be true!" she begged the void.

Fuller's conference last about an hour. Security arrangements and payments were discussed. It seemed that the general in charge of security had his heart set on a new, shiny Mercedes. Fuller talked him into accepting a Jaguar, a fine British machine. BP would foot the bill.

He emerged from his secure room and stretched. The girl, of course, was dangling upside down where he left her. She gave him a mournful look. He went into the kitchen and took a can of Foster's from the fridge. He brought along a bottle of yellow vitamin water for the girl. He put the vitamin water down on one of the end tables and strolled over to the girl. She looked delectable. Her misery was inspiring. She had a nice sheen of pinkish flesh. He took a long drag on his ale. It didn't do to do too much drinking and he usually limited himself to one or two a day. It was a nice way to celebrate the arrival of his new guest.

He perused the girl for a full ten minutes. He then chugged back the rest of the brew and returned the empty can to the kitchen. He came back, approached the girl and lowered the chain that had held her suspended. He did it slowly so that she wouldn't conk her head on the floor. When she was supine, he unhooked the chain and then drew it up out of the way. He released the girl's ankles, stepped back and snapped his fingers. The girl looked up at him dolefully. He motioned her up. She struggled to her knees and came erect, pushing out her delightful breasts. He took hold of her collar and raised her to her feet. He pulled her over to the front of one of the couches, snapped his fingers again and pointed down. She immediately sank to her knees. He sat down on the couch and urged her closer until she was almost between his thighs. He patted her on the cheek playfully.

Pulling her head forward, he released the straps to her gag. She dutifully raised her head and he pulled it out. He reached over for the bottle of vitamin water, opened it and brought it to her lips. She tilted her head back and he slowly poured the contents into her mouth. She drank it down greedily. When it was emptied, he put the bottle back on the end table and looked at her. Her lips were trembling, and her eyes peered at him fretfully. He took hold of her chin and turned her head to the right and left to get a fuller view of her face. It was satisfyingly pleasant and attractive. Her features were fine and delicate. He reached down and encompassed her breasts. They filled his hands nicely. He massaged them and then drew his fingers down to her stiffened, nicely plump nipples and twisted them, harder and harder until the girl issued a little squeal. Her eyes were tear filled.

He ran his hand over her taut belly and slipped it over her just plump enough denuded mound. He ran his fingers up and down her cleft until she moistened and squirmed, keeping his eyes focused intently on her face to watch for nascent signs of pleasure. He manipulated her little button until she released an involuntary sigh. He pushed her over until she was on her back, her buttocks raised up on her bound hands. He spread her thighs and brought her knees up. Her hairless cleft glistened.

Her inner lips were not bulgy and overflowing but nestled nicely between her outer labia. He had seen pictures of it sent to him by Jean, but it was delightful to see it in person. He lowered himself to his knees and, spreading her thighs, placed his mouth on it. He worked his tongue over and in it. He suckled on her button, teased it with his tongue and then ran his tongue up and down her gash, pausing to slip it inside her little hole. He continued until he detected her panting and she released a mournful sounding moan.

He flipped her over so that she was kneeling with her head down and her thighs spread. He ran his hands over her reddened buttocks, reveling in their plumpness and firmness, noting the angry red brand that had been applied. He examined her little star. He released her wrists and slid his hands over her arched back. Her skin was soft and tight. He rebound her hands and crept up beside her. He placed one hand on her neck, holding her head down firmly and insinuated the other between her thighs. He caressed and stroked her conch. He went on and on. He tickled and pinched her bud, slid his fingers up and down her gash and delved them into her tunnel. Within a minute, the girl began moaning and squirming. He increased the intensity of his caresses. Her fingers fluttered in her confinement. Her moans became long and deep. Her body started to quiver. She started groaning, "Uuugh! Uuugh! Uuugh! Uuugh!" She tried to rise, but he held her down fast. She gave a great groan and began to utter staccato ejaculations, "Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh! Augh!" Her body shook and tremored.

When her groans subsided, he slowed his manipulations. When they had ceased, he withdrew his hand and sat back up on the couch. He checked his watch. Four minutes. Not bad. But he would teach her to get off quicker. He took in her supine form. She had performed well. He snapped his fingers and the girl rose and looked up at him. He snapped his fingers again. She turned and returned to her erect position between his thighs as if she knew what he wanted. He drew his cock from his pants. She nudged a little closer and took the stiffened wand between her lips.

She worked him slowly and expertly. Her eyes looked up to his face to better detect his wants. She rose up and down, her lips clamped tightly on his stem. She twirled her tongue over his glans and tickled the little opening. She lowered her head until her forehead touched his belly, taking him into her throat. He let her go on and on. He had worked up a ravenous passion, but he wanted to prolong her delightful ministrations. Bob was right. She had learned her skills well. Antonia's mouth tended to be a little loose and sloppy towards the end. This girl's was tight and firm.

He ran his hand over her auburn hair. His need was rising. He closed his eyes and let the pleasure wash over him. Finally, the urge to ecstasy grew too strong. He grasped her hair tightly and began guiding her head back and forth, faster and

faster. He released a great groan and his body tensed. He was subsumed in a shimmering pleasure almost too exquisite to bear. His loins exploded and his cock commenced the familiar and so, so welcome spasms. He moaned loudly and began pushing himself into the girl's throat. She went, "Gaa! Gaa! Gaa!" at each of his thrusts.

His cock's spasms waned. He continued to stroke her head up and down his cock until they had faded away. The warmth of the girl's mouth was soothing. When his reveling surceased and his meat went limp, he eased her head back until it slipped from between her lips. She looked at him hopefully. He smiled and patted her on the cheek.

He motioned her back until she was clear of his knees and he got up. He went to a finely stained oak armoire on the wall, opened a cabinet and removed a tangle of straps. He returned to the couch and sat back down in front of the girl. The straps were attached to a long, thick leather prong. He tapped her face and she opened her mouth dutifully, if a bit fretfully. He slid the prong in deeply. It spread her lips widely. He pulled her head down and draped the straps over it. A cup went over her chin. He pulled the straps as tightly as he could and fastened them. He pulled her head back up. The cup pulled her jaw firmly closed around the prong. The straps from the prong ran up the sides of her nose and met between her eyes and then a thicker strap went over her forehead.

Her eyes peered at him dolefully. He chuckled. She was cute. He took her by the ring on her collar and took her to a set of rings just beyond the area rug that sat in front of the couches, about halfway to the TV. He went back to the armoire and removed three leather thongs. He tapped her thighs wider apart with his foot and fastened her ankles to two widely separated rings. He came to her front, tied one end of a thong to the ring in the front of her collar, forced her head down until her it was almost touching the floor, and tied off the other end to the ring. He stepped back. She was crouched down, her back arched and her hands bound atop it. She could raise her head slightly. She was facing the couch. Her eyes began to tear again, and she released a muffled whine. He gave her a fierce slap that made her squeal. She looked up at him, tears streaming down her face, but remained silent. He patted her on the cheek.

He had some notes to go over before he met with the Pakistani *charge d'affaires*. He decided to have a little snack beforehand. He stepped back into the kitchen.

## CHAPTER TWO

Yolanda was trying not to sob. It took all her might. That slap had been a signal. “Cut the crap!” as Master Jimmy had said many times. One thing was crystal clear: this man was a cruel motherfucker. Even crueler than Master Bob, who she had been terrified of. More callous than Master Jimmy, who had used her with a disdainful ferocity. Fiercer with a whip than Mistress Cathy. More intolerant of disobedience than Mistress Jean. She had been dropped off in hell and this man was the demon assigned to torment her.

She strained at her bonds. Her arched back ached. She could barely move a muscle. The man had gone off somewhere and she was alone in this big room. She could see the cage and the whipping stand in the corner. If she turned her head to the left, she could see deep blue sky through the windows. Directly in front of her were the two couches. They looked comfortable, but she doubted that she would ever be allowed to enjoy them. There was a set of well-polished oak stairs to her right that went up. The armoire where the man had gotten the head harness that she wore and the straps he had used to tie her down was off to her right. What other nefarious instruments did it harbor? There was a long, tall breakfront next to it with two shelves on the top containing various books, two, long, wide doors and a long drawer at the bottom.

She had known that he wanted to make her come when he held her down and started caressing her coosh. She had been well trained, and she put away her resentment and sorrow and let the waves of pleasure flow through her, let her passion build until release beckoned, and then gave in to it, her pussy, with a mind of its own, contracting and throbbing and pulsing messages of ecstasy to the rest of her body.

She had known that he wanted her to suck his cock when he had placed her in front of him again. His cock was long and thick, thicker than Master Bob’s and his had been a whopper, compared to the other men who had used her at least. She had resolved to do her best. She was glad, now, of Master Bob’s instruction. When the man gave out his great moan and had pressed her face down and thrust himself into her throat, she was gratified that she had pleased him despite her revulsion at receiving his yuck, and thankful to Master Jimmy who had taught her all about throat fucking. She didn’t want to get whipped again.



The vitamin water the man had fed her had been a welcome relief. All of her sustenance would come from him now. She would be utterly reliant. Would he feed her mush like Mistress Jean had done, or would she get real food? She was ravenously hungry. And she had to pee. What would be the terrible repercussion if she peed on his nice, shiny wooden floor?

She strained at her bonds again. She knew it was fruitless, but she couldn't help trying. And what would she have done if she had gotten free? Surely the house was locked up like the most secure prison. She would never be able to get out. She could run around and make him chase her, but he would certainly eventually catch her and impose a torrent of retribution on her. She was filled to the brim with sorrow and self-pity. The plug in her mouth was offensive and rude and unignorable. She tried to bite down on it, but it was thick and tough. The ball gag that Mistress Jean had used was bad enough, but this was way more horrible. She felt like some monstrous entity had clomped down on her head and had thrust its prong in her mouth, like that thing in the movie *Alien* which clomped down on people's faces.

She could hear the man moving about in the next room. She had caught a glimpse of it when he was using her, and she assumed it was a kitchen. What would he do to her when he came out? Would he bring her food? How long would he leave her like this? Were there other people here as well, people who she would have to service and please and from whom she would have to suffer their own inventive torments? Or would it be just her and the man, locked into their own private universe?

She heard the man emerge. He stepped up behind her. He crouched down and gave her pudenda a little rub until she was slick and unhappy and then he made a sound as if he was amused. He walked away and came back. He placed something beneath her from behind, under her pussy. He gave it several strokes. It took her a second to get the idea. She strained and released her water. She could hear it forcefully strike the pan. It went on for a while. When her stream ceased, the man removed the pan and gave her pussy a wipe with something soft. He stepped away. She heard the toilet in the bathroom flush. He came back out. He stepped past her wordlessly. She saw him go off to the back of the room, code open a door, and then go in, shutting it behind him. He left her as she was.

He was in there a long time. What was he doing in there? Was he ever going to speak to her? Was she ever going to be allowed to speak herself? Mistress Jean and them had let her speak. Only when they wanted her to, but at least that was something. This man seemed to want utter and complete silence from her. Unless he was whipping her, of course. Or when he was using her, making her choke and gag on his cock or driving her to oblivion with his hand. He had given her a vicious slap just for whining. Clearly, here she was not going to be just a slave. She

was going to be something subhuman. A pet you could fuck. A totally obedient and silent pet. That no ASPCA would ever prevent him from tormenting. She closed her eyes and wallowed in her misery.

The conference with the embassy representative went overtime. These bureaucrats like to talk and talk and second guess you on everything. It was like they were too afraid to fart and irritate the powers superior to them. But he knew that you had to take chances. And you had to act decisively. And if he had to employ crapulous scumbags to get the work done, well that was just the way things worked. And if innocent people got in the way, well no one was really innocent, were they?

He switched off the computer and sat there for a moment. He'd been with secret ops in MI6 for over 35 years. He was recruited out of Brinsley Gaol where he was doing a term as Her Majesty's guest for a series of robberies and one measly old killing. The fact that the guy had had it coming didn't seem to impress the geezer who sat up on the bench. 40 to life.

Of course, they didn't know about the three other hits he had done, or the six other robberies.

He had been in about a year when the guy from MI6 had shown up. It had been a tough year, even by his standards. Bucky Squire, the bloke who had run the Beaker Street boys for 25 years and was doing his own life bid, had put out a hit on him. He had been cornered in his cell by three mugs with iron pipes, but he had cleaned up the cell with them, breaking two arms and putting the third guy in a coma. He had done 3 months in the hole for that.

The MI6 guy was a college type, professorial, with a posh accent. He made it clear that they had a use for his brand of expertise. He knew all about the other jobs he had pulled and some jobs that even he had not remembered. He would get some training in ju jitsu and stuff like that, codes, drop boxes and other what he called 'trade craft', and then be put in the field.

He did a two-year stint in Northern Ireland, dealing with stone cold IRA guys and gals, and some of the Orange boys who wouldn't play nice and follow orders. While he was there someone had checked his file and learned that he spoke a smattering of Pakistani gibberish; his mum had shacked up with one after his father bugged off, and he had learned it from him. They sent him off to school again, this time to bone up on the jibber jabber, and he was sent to Pakistan. From there he was sent to Malawi, where he picked up their jibber jabber well enough. Then the Sudan. Then Nigeria. He had done a stint in India where he had picked up some Hindi.

His operations all seemed to work out nicely. And if there was some collateral damage on the way, well, it was to be expected. They found out that he hobnobbed well with the muckity mucks, and he kept on getting promoted. Soon he was

running the whole African show. He did a stint at the Asian desk. He spent some time in the US doing some black bag work for the cousins.

Most importantly, he had a knack for being in the know. He could eke information from a stone. He learned about the flow of cash all up and down the service. He learned who in the high stations at Downing Street were getting their palms greased and how 'overseas investment' actually worked. He made secret pacts with local tribal and gang leaders wherever he went. He made friends with upcoming colonels in various security services and did a lot of favors.

Finally, they had taken him out of the field. He was doing his job too well. He insisted that they find him some place private and isolated where he could monitor his worldwide network without interference. He had a penchant for pussy and had enjoyed himself at some rather harsh brothels in Jakarta, Phnom Penh, Manila, Abu Dubai and Nairobi, among other places. And he wasn't looking for some street harlot from Charing Cross Road. He wanted a sweet young thing he could do anything he wanted to.

He had so much on so many people, that they had to give him what he wanted. They knew that if anything happened to him it would all spill out. The Royal Engineers had built him this place here about twelve years ago. He was supplied monthly by a Royal Canadian Airforce helicopter which dropped off a 12' by 12' container on the concrete pad behind the house, and as needed, a 55-gallon drum of petrol. It also took away the trash. The solar panels on the roof supplied the house with electricity which powered the well, the hot water, the air-conditioning and the heat. There were warmers on the panels which melted any snow on them, although he often had to go up and clean them off, and he had enough batteries to store sufficient power for a week. There was an electric generator for emergencies. The large antenna on the roof connected him to the internet via satellite and by short wave radio to the Royal Canadian Airforce base near Hudson Bay. It also serviced his cell phone. When not in use, of course, he kept it locked with a six-digit alphanumeric code.

He led a tranquil, peaceful life. He had learned to hunt and fish while on his various travels and he often took the benefit of the wildlife in the woods and the abundant trout, bass and other edible fish in the lake. The flow of the lake was east to Hudson Bay and in the spring, he got salmon coming up the river to spawn. They had brought up a Land Rover for him and he was able to take it in deep in the woods for deer and elk. Three years ago, while on a hunting trip with General Whittaker and a dude from the Foreign Office, they had been attacked by a big black bear protecting some cubs. He was able to get off a lucky shot with a .30/06 right between the eyes just before it mauled the foreign office guy, who, unfortunately, shit his pants. He let General Whittaker take the head for mounting at his estate in Shelbourne and make up whatever lies he wanted about it. He gave

the foreign office dude one of the claws to remind him how close he came to annihilation and kept one for himself. He ate bear steaks all winter.

He had visitors every few weeks. Sometimes official visitors like the general and the foreign office dude, sometimes operatives he needed to confab with and some old buddies from his down and dirty days. He made them at home and granted them the hospitality of his 'guest'. The Foreign Secretary had been coming up lately every three months or so, a 45-year-old conservative MP named Elizabeth Barkley. She didn't hunt or fish, but she liked girls who couldn't say no. And although she didn't like this to get around, she gave a mean hummer.

He had spoken to her a few days ago. She had been enthralled with Antonia and was disappointed that he had given her the old heave ho. He assured her that she would like the new girl. She was due in a few weeks, and he wanted to make sure that the new girl, Miranda? Sandra? Brenda?, he had already forgotten her name, was up to snuff.

He rose from his chair and wandered into the living room. The girl looked up at him forlornly. The shield gag over her mouth and the straps around her head and up her face made her look somewhat grotesque. He wished that he could remember her name. He would have to look it up. Maybe he would tattoo it across her chest. He had made friends with an old Inuit from a village up on Hudson Bay who did nice needlework. His name was Panuk, and he seemed to be anywhere from 60 to 80 years old. Tough as barbed wire and leathery. He had brought Antonia over bound up in the back of the Land Rover and draped by a tarp. He had left her there for a month. He wasn't afraid that the old guy would let her get away. The village was a hundred miles from nowhere and he had a set of dogs who could easily track her down. And the young men in the village really enjoyed a hunt.

Panuk had done some fine, intricate work over her chest, breasts and belly. A long winged arctic tern across her chest, colorful Inuit style doodles over and around her breasts, and on her belly a large humpback whale being hunted by a bevy of Intuits in kayaks, its body twisting in mid leap, harpoons jutting out all over its body. An intricate blue latticework over her lower belly and her pudenda and two ferocious, gnarly demons on the insides of her thighs. Across her back was a huge, snarling polar bear.

One day while out on his canoe fishing for char, Panuk came across a trio of young Japanese tourists from a cruise ship who were out on a lark in an inflatable boat powered by a small outboard. It seemed that the engine had conked out. The trio, a young man and his attractive, blushing new bride, and her comely younger sister, brought him aboard. It was the middle of July, and the weather was, if not balmy, at least warm and sunny. The boy, he was not much more than a boy, was wearing a pair of canvas shorts and an orange t-shirt with a happy face on it. The girls were wearing tube tops and bikini bottoms. They didn't speak a word of

English and there was no such thing as cell phone service way out there. He realized that the fuel line was clogged. He disconnected the fuel line with a wrench from his fishing box and cleaned the filter. He put everything back together and hit the electronic starter. The engine roared to life.

The Japanese boy was in the process of thanking him when he gutted him, from his lower belly to his sternum. He tied up the two hysterical young women with fishing line and brought the boat the thirty miles to his village, towing his canoe.

He sank the boat and the engine. The boy's body was dragged way out in the forest where the wolves could get him. A search party came by looking for them, but nobody knew nothing. He kept the girls in a long house he had built about 10 miles up the river. He had taken them 5 years ago and they were still there. They were minded by this old shaman woman who kept them confused and enthralled with a combination of potions and spells. \$20 and you could spend all day with them. Young bucks came from miles around.

So Panuk knew a more than a little about keeping hold of a prisoner.

Once or twice every summer Roger came over to do some hunting and fishing. He left his guest in a room in the basement with a week's supply of food. He would fuck one or two of Panuk's granddaughters or grandnieces and they would spend a night or two up in the cabin, drinking and carousing with the Japanese girls. Their names had been Yua and Yui, but Panuk had renamed them Availuk, meaning sweet one, and Piguttuk, meaning flower. After a year or so of confinement and being under the sway of the old woman's potions and spells 24/7, they were kind of manic, but they fucked and sucked with glee. Who knew what the old lady got up to with them when there was no one around?

Nobody had ever said anything to him, but there were a couple of Inuit kids around the village that looked a lot like him.

Antonia was somewhat morose when they arrived back at the house. An extended session in the basement had taken care of that.

The girl was staring back at him. Yolanda, that was her name. He couldn't afford to get sloppy. Usually, his memory was sharp as a tack. He would have to bone up on his memory exercises. Part of it was that he had been on a field operation in Surinam, formerly British Guiana, for 2 weeks. They had blown a Cuban network and he stayed to make sure that they had rolled them all up. Toughest of the lot had been this sharp looking female major who had run their op. She spat in his face and cursed him while they were 'urging' information out of her. She ultimately cracked, like most of them did, and joined her compadres in a hole.

He was only back a few days, which is why he had so much work backed up. He would get to it.

He sauntered over to the girl. She was eyeing him nervously. He felt that familiar urge; he had been without regular pussy for almost 3 weeks and felt like he needed to catch up. If you were in shape and really worked at it, you could come 5 or 6 times a day. But you had to keep your edge.

He came around to her back. She squirmed nervously. He crouched down and ran his hand over her proffered rear globes. Her little star yawned and beckoned, but that was for later. The urge became a twitch. He slipped his hand down to her slash and began giving it a few rubs. She rotated her hips. She was sensitive all right. He worked her crevasse until she was nice and soft and mushy. She was issuing little piteous sighs. He lowered his zipper and drew out his instrument. He knelt down, placing one hand on her right thigh and using the other to direct himself to her shaft. He lubricated the end by running it up and down her slit several times and then lodged himself in her hole. Her body gave a little shudder.

It was good for the girl to get somewhat excited before you used her. He didn't want to just thrust himself in when she was dry. Her channel would get all raw and irritated and he would have to lay off her puss for a week until the rawness subsided. It was off-putting to have a girl screeching with pain as you sawed away at her. And there was always the possibilities of infections. Sultan Hamad bin Said had taught him that early on when he visited his palace in Western Oman. His man servant always trained a girl to be responsive for a week or so before she was placed in rotation.

Besides, he liked to have his girls huffing and puffing with passion and it made them so much more amenable to fucking.

He closed his eyes and reveled in the warmth surrounding his manhood as he slid himself in. He placed his hands on her buttocks and began his movements. His session with the Pakistani *charge d'affaires* had been tense and he needed some release. He fucked her with long, slow strokes. She was issuing little whimpers. He didn't mind if they made a little noise when he used them. Their unhappiness made the whole thing more piquant. Too much complaining or struggling and trying to fight him off was another thing altogether and always brought a quick, harsh response.

He stroked her for a long time. She had commenced groaning. His lusts were starting to grow. He could go on and on, but this was more of an interlude than a general, round fucking, which she would get later. She had to get used to the feel of his cock and being penetrated several times a day. This is what she was here for, after all. It was good to get her started right away.

He increased the intensity of his thrusts. Long and slow became short and hard. His immanency was growing and growing. Memories of a thousand wet, hot pussies floated through his brain. He began to grunt as he pilloried the girl's slash. She was moaning and whining and thrusting her hips back at him. Suddenly, the

urge for completion overwhelmed him. He relaxed himself into acceptance. His cock began to throb and jerk. He let out a shout. He plunged and plunged and plunged and plunged as the jolts of his climax ran through him.

The pulses of pleasure faded. He slowed his efforts. A last few pulses meandered through him.

The girl was still rotating her hips and attempting to thrust back against him. It was clear that she hadn't gotten off. That was okay. She would learn to work harder at it if she wanted completion. And for whose pleasure was this anyway? Not hers, for sure. Hers was only pertinent if it amused him. And it amused him sometimes to leave them all frantic and needy. He sometimes denied them release for days at a time, just to emphasize whose pleasure was important here.

He slipped from her crevasse, gave her buttocks a grateful caress and rose to his feet. It was time to get dinner ready. He had another meeting at 8. Then he would be through for the night.

The man went off to the kitchen. Yolanda's pussy burned with need. Why had he left her like this? Master Bob and the others, except for Chuckie who pumped maybe 15 or 20 times and then exploded, had always finished her off. It wasn't fair. The man had gotten her all excited and just left her here. A repository for his spume. A resource to be used. A creature to whom you owed nothing.

He had excited her, yes, but she had been filled with revulsion nonetheless when she felt his cock sliding home. A strange, cruel man was possessing her. She didn't even know his name. She was not permitted to deny access to him. No acquiescence was needed. A few strokes of the hand and she moistened. And then a conscienceless plug of flesh entered her. She felt that awful fullness. And then it moved and stroked and stroked and stroked and she was powerless to stop it.

And just as she could not insist that she be brought to apotheosis, she could not deny the stoking of her lusts.

When he was done, and sated, he just got up and walked away. She had been bound like this now for hours. Was this how he was always going to keep her? Wouldn't she have any freedom? Was her life going to be one cruelty after another? She fought off her tears, knowing that an audible sob might bring her retribution. Was she ever going to be able to sob and sob and sob, as her situation called for? How was she ever going to survive?

The man spent about 40 minutes in the kitchen. She could hear the clatter of pots and pans and the clink of dishes. Finally, he came out with a steaming plate some cutlery and a carafe of red wine. There was a room off to the side she hadn't taken note of before. There was no door, and it was open to the living room as if it was an extension. In it was a long dining table. The man entered the room and he placed the plate and other things at the end. On the other side of the table there was

a sideboard with candles and a large, gleaming silver bowl on it. There were cabinets at both ends and three shelves in the middle.

He came back out to the room. He opened the top drawer under the breakfront cabinet. He looked like he was going through something and then he removed an old-fashioned record album. Did people still use them? He opened the doors to the cabinet. There was a turntable on one shelf with a receiver next to it. He took the album out of the sleeve and put the sleeve on the shelf leaning against its side. He held the record in both hands, careful not to put his fingers on the grooves. He put the album on the turntable, hit a button and the armature with the needle came out and gently descended on the record. A crisp, sonorous piano concerto emerged from two speakers hanging in the upper corners of the room. You could hear that there were speakers in the dining room as well.

He returned to the kitchen and brought out a wineglass and a napkin. He went back in and returned with a silver bowl. A large doggie bowl. He set it down next to her. He released the tie that had kept her neck confined and slid it under her chin. He unstrapped the cruel head harness and eased the thick prong from her mouth, placing it aside. "Eat," he told her sternly, the first word he had spoken.

His rough voice rattled her spine. It startled her. She looked down in the bowl. There were cubes of meat with tomatoes and peas and potatoes mixed in. The bowl was steaming. She watched the man sit down on the chair at the end of the table. He poured himself a glass of wine and took a sip. His eyes glanced sideways at her. He gave her a harsh look. A queasiness erupted in her belly. She turned to look down at her meal and then delved in.

The pleasant music was a stark contrast to her misery. She tried to let the pleasure of it assuage her grief. The stew was hot, and she had to carefully pluck out bits of it and cool it with her mouth open before she began chewing. It was actually delicious, a stark contrast to what Mistress Jean had been feeding her. The meat was slightly gamey, and the sauce had a hint of red wine.

"Maybe I should refuse to eat," she thought to herself. She could starve and starve and starve and then fade away. But the man would certainly have a remedy for that. First and foremost, he would beat her again. And if that didn't work, he would probably have the means to force feed her. There had obviously been girls here before her. He was clearly used to enforcing obedience. But at least she would preserve some self-respect. And if she could endure it long enough, maybe he would give up on her and throw her on some trash heap. That would be better than living a life as a subhuman, wouldn't it? But no, it wouldn't. She wanted to live. Somehow, she would get away. She would look for the least little opening and plunge through it. But that was what the other girls probably thought too. And just the fact that he was still here meant that they had failed. How could she succeed when they had not? But there had to be a way! There had to! There had to!



She finished the bowl. Mistress Jean had always insisted that she lick the bowl clean, and she did so now. She cast a glance at the man. He had finished his meal and was just sitting at the table sipping the last of his wine, apparently reveling in the music. He didn't look at her, as if he had put her away in his mind for the moment. She looked away from him and stared down at her bowl. Her neck was not confined, and she knelt up, her breasts thrust out like she had been taught. She closed her eyes and tried to wish everything away.

She heard his chair scrape on the floor. She gave him a quick look and saw that he was getting up. The record had reached its end. She stared straight ahead as he brought his plate and other things into the kitchen, passing behind her. There was some noise in the kitchen and he came back out. He came in front of her and poured something into her bowl. She kept her eyes focused straight ahead. When he was done, he stood there expectantly. She looked up at him, at those cold, stern eyes. He didn't need to speak. She bent over and applied herself to the bowl.

It was a thick, creamy, brown liquid with flecks of green herb in it. It had a tangy taste and was laced with honey. She licked and slurped it up dutifully. The man went away and she heard him back in the kitchen. She cleaned the bowl like before and then knelt up. It took a while before he came out again. He crouched down, slipped the sparkly clean bowl out from under her and wiped her face. He picked up the tangle of straps and addressed the prong to her mouth. Unhappily, she spread her lips and accepted it. When he had the cruel harness fully reapplied, he paused and squeezed and mauled her breasts. He pulled at the nipples until they were fully extended. Then he patted her on the cheek again and forced her head down, tying it off like before. He returned her bowl to the kitchen.

He sat on the couch and picked up what looked like an I-Pad from the side table. He began scrolling it and reading whatever was coming up. The room was silent, except for the sound of her own strained breaths. She heard what must have been the refrigerator in the kitchen turn on and then off. Her belly was full, but she felt lightheaded. Her body was all tingly. Her conch became needy. She wondered what was in that stuff he had made her drink. Was she being drugged? How long was he going to leave her like this?

He was reviewing some newspapers from around the globe. The New York and London Times, The Washington Post, an English language Indian paper. He was just scanning them. He needed to know what was going on around the world and how the press was treating it. He never looked at anything secure on his I-Pad. Even though you needed a code to open it, who knew if somehow the girl might get access to it? The Hindus and Moslems were at it again in Bombay. The British Prime Minister had had to answer some sharp questions in Parliament about a financial scandal involving one of his ministers. The presidential race in America was heating up. That shit in Syria was still going on and the Israelis had bombed

what they called a terrorist training camp. There was another coup in Southern Sudan.

He liked to do the London Times crossword puzzle and had gotten quite good at it. He didn't get all the literary illusions, but he got some of them. He was taking an online course in nineteenth century British literature. Galsworthy, Dickens, Thackeray, Austin. Last semester he had done a course on poetry. He was reading a novel by Gabriel Garcia Marquez, *A Hundred Years of Solitude*. He liked mysteries and had just finished a book about the Boer War. He had a lot of time on his hands, and he liked to fill it. You had to keep your mind sharp. His youthful education had been spotty at best.

From time to time, he looked at the girl. She looked dispirited. It was to be expected. The formula he had administered to her was given to him by Panuk's shaman woman. It made the girls somewhat fog headed and docile. And increased their receptiveness, making them needy. He liked the guests to be somewhat alert, but you didn't want them scheming all the time and the potion made it hard for them to put complicated thoughts together. And it made their fucking more enthusiastic.

He checked his watch. It was 20 to 8. He put the I-Pad aside. He would read some reports and get ready for his meeting. He got up and stepped over to his office.

Yolanda watched him go away again. She felt dizzy. Was she always going to be like this? The sadness she had been feeling had kind of softened and she wondered if it was because of that glop he had made her drink. She wanted to keep her wits about her in case she ever saw a means of escape and being dull witted was not going to help. She closed her eyes and let the room spin around her.

He came out a long time later. He came over and looked at her for a minute or so and then went to the armoire. He came back with a little black bag. He placed it over her head and drew it closed around her neck, plunging her into darkness. She withheld a whine of unhappiness. She heard him move around the room a bit and then go over to the couch. The TV behind her turned on. There was music and then a show started. It sounded like some kind of action movie or something. Why couldn't she watch it?

It was *The Wire*. He had watched it all the way through once already, but it had been so good he wanted to watch it again. He had hooded the girl because looking at her face during the show was distracting. He had gotten himself a snifter of Remy Martin. It was just the thing at the end of a busy day.

He watched two episodes. Then he flicked on the BBC news. Not much interesting, but he had to keep caught up. There was more on the financial scandal, some footage of the PM taking tough questions. There had been a major fire in

Liverpool. An apartment house had burned down. There was a story about a dog show. He checked his watch. Quarter after 11. Time for bed.

He switched off the TV. He brought his glass to the kitchen and started the dishwasher. He came out and looked at the girl. It was time for some round fucking.

He loosened her ankles and then her neck from the rings. She didn't move but gave an involuntary groan. It was ok. She had been in that position for a long time. He took a leash from the armoire and came over to her. He snapped his fingers. She rose to her knees. She was a fast learner. He removed her hood and put it back in the armoire. He came back to her and unhooked her wrists from each other. He attached the leash to her collar and gave it a little tug. She went down on all fours and looked up at him unhappily. He gave the leash another tug and he led her over to the stairs.

He brought her up the stairs slowly. She wouldn't have to spend all her days crawling along like a dog, but he would strictly enforce it for the first couple of weeks so that he could really drive home her subservience. She followed him cautiously. He brought her up to the landing and turned right. The master bedroom was on the end. On the other end were two guest bedrooms, with another on the third floor. The hall was like the downstairs with an oak hardwood floor. It had a light brown runner along its length. Mahogany deacon's tables with elegant vases on them. Some prints on the walls. He brought her to his room. A code was necessary to open the door. He keyed it in and the lock popped. He pushed the door inwards and dragged the girl after him.

The room was large. The four-poster bed was king sized with a dark maple headboard. A chain leading to a ring on it was on the right side. The master bathroom was on the left, white walls with light blue tiles. There was a large, heavy dresser on the right as you came in and a long, narrow matching table on the left with a mirror running its length. Its centerpiece was the claw of the bear he had shot. There was a closet with a long mirror on it. On the opposite wall there was a large, framed print of the Battle of Omdurman, at which Lord Kitchener had defeated the Mahdi after the slaughter of General Gordon and other British forces at Khartoum the year before.

The room had a double set of windows framed by dark blue curtains.

In the corner was a 4' by 4' cage matching the one downstairs. Hung above it on the wall was a riding crop and a flail like the one he had used on the girl previously. A chain hung down from the bottom left post of the bed where he could connect the girl if he felt that she needed encouragement in her duties or sometimes just for his pleasure to get his blood up between bouts.

The bed was covered by a red and gold duvet, with three fluffy pillows encased in light blue sheets at the head. He released the chain from the girl's collar and set

it down on the table. He drew the duvet and the light blue top sheet to the foot of the bed. He undid the straps to her head harness and placed it next to the leash. He snapped his fingers and the girl quickly climbed up on the bed. She laid on her back on the right side, by the chain, raised her hands over her head and spread and raised her knees. He smiled. "Well trained," he thought.

He undressed quickly. There was a chair next to the bed and he placed his sweater and pants down on it. He deposited his used boxers and socks in a hamper in the bathroom, took a piss and brushed his teeth. He looked at himself in the mirror. His chest was well muscled. There was a scar from a bullet wound near his left shoulder. A long, thin scar ran from his right hip over his belly, a souvenir from a 6" long blade that just nicked his intestine. He had to spend four weeks in hospital. His chest was covered with a modicum of light brown hair.

He came back into the bedroom. He turned on the tall table lamp on his bedside table and turned off the overhead. He closed the door and double checked that it was locked. If anyone broke in while he was sleeping the house alarms would go crazy, but a locked bedroom door gave him a little more time to prepare to defend himself. A fully loaded Walther PPK was in the locked bottom drawer of the nightstand. There was a hidden panel in the wall that led to a chute which took to you right down to the basement. From there he would take his chances in the woods. The alarms downstairs automatically set at 10 p.m.

The girl was where he left her and eyed him nervously. She was a delectable piece of ass. Not buxom and shapely like Antonia had been, but delicate and lithe, yet still full breasted. He climbed up. The girl gave a little shudder. He moved close to her so that his already rigid cock brushed up against her right hip. He pushed down her right thigh. He reached up and fastened her wrists to the chain in the headboard.

The girl took a deep, nervous breath. He ran his right hand over her breasts, caressing and cupping each one, teasing her already fear stiffened nipples. He ran his hand down her belly, which jumped at his touch. He covered her naked mons with his hand and caressed it and then ran it up her left thigh. He leaned over her, bringing his face close to hers. He placed his lips on hers. Her mouth opened. He delved in his tongue.

The girl kissed him back obediently and ardently. His tongue intermingled with hers as his heat began to rise. He seized a breast and mauled it, pinching the nipple hard, and then harder, and then harder, until the girl's body writhed, and she squealed lightly into his mouth. He lowered his hand down her belly and captured her sex again. He gave it several firm strokes and then ran his two long fingers along her gash. It was moistening, and after a few strokes his fingers slid along her divide easily. He ran his hand up and down her thigh again, over her belly, taking

repossession of her breast. This time he massaged and caressed it softly. They were still kissing. He was becoming feverish and knew he needed to slow down.

He broke their kiss and lowered his lips to her right breast. He subsumed her nipple into his mouth and gave it a long, firm suckle. He twirled his tongue around it again and again, and then drew his head back and flicked at it rapidly with his tongue. He leaned further over and gave the other similar attention. His right hand had slipped down to her belly again. He slid his fingers along her divide, this time rimming the softening entrance. He found her button and spread her moisture over it, running his fingers over and around it again and again. The girl moaned.

He crossed over her right leg and centered himself over her. He laid against her lightly, found her lips again and they kissed hotly and intently. He slavered at her breasts again, suckling hard on her teats until she released a heavy sigh. He lifted his hips. The girl's eyes sprung to attention. She knew what was coming. He drew his cock up and down her slit and then found her entrance.

Holding himself up by his hands on either side of her, he slowly, slowly, slowly began to enter her. He watched her face. Her eyes widened. Her mouth downturned. He could see her dismay. It thrilled him to see it. If only she stayed this way, obedient, passionate, but always mourning the loss of control of her body, her right to deny him entry.

He slid all the way down until their bellies met. He held himself there. The girl's knees were spread and up. Her wrists squirmed in their confines. Her eyes brimmed with tears. Her lips trembled. Oh, it was so exquisite!

He began his motions then. He rode her slowly and gently. He drew his cock almost all the way out and then traversed it forward again, slowly, slowly, slowly until it was fully buried in her once more. Her hips quivered. Her nostrils were flaring. Her mouth was open, and her eyes had begun to fog. He did it five, six, seven, eight, nine times, reveling in the moist heat surrounding his tool. And then he began a rhythmic thrusting, faster than before and harder. Her chest was rising and falling, and her breasts shook lightly. He went on for a while. He could see that the girl was fighting it, but she was losing the battle. Her hips were squirming, and she was thrusting back at him. He kept going and going. When he started thrusting at a feverish pitch, the girl began moaning and her eyes fluttered. She tilted her head back and her mouth opened. She groaned and ground against him.

And then he stopped. Her eyes popped open, and a look of disappointment flashed across her face. He began again, long and slow, long and slow, slowly picking up speed and intensity. He was rogering her now hard, pounding their hips together. The girl was issuing little moans, "Ahmmmmm! Ahmmmmm! Ahmmmmm! Ahmmmmm!" She peered at him intently as her hips met each of his solid thrusts. And then he stopped again. She released a mournful sigh and a barely perceptible whine. He smiled at her. She frowned. He began his motions again,

slow, slow, slow and long. Her moans started up again almost right away. Her cunt was hot and was grasping him like a fist. He went faster and faster and faster. Her groans became louder. Her eyes closed and her face tightened. He continued his thrusts. Suddenly, the girl gave a shout, and her pussy began to convulse around him. She issued grunt after grunt. Her hands tightened into fists. Her eyes popped open. She released a loud moan and her hips shifted. She was breathing heavily.

He slowed his thrusts when he sensed her orgasm subsiding. He kept up a desultory movement. Her face calmed, her breath relented, her body seemed to relax. She looked at him foggily. And then he began fucking her again. She grimaced, knowing that her exquisite torment was not done. This time he built up to speed quickly. She was grunting and groaning again. Her knees gripped his thighs tightly. She was pushing up with her feet as if to topple him off her. She started to come again, groaning, “Augggggggggh! “Augggggggggh! “Augggggggggh! “Augggggggggh! “Augggggggggh! “Augggggggggh! “Augggggggggh! “

Her groans stopped and she was grasping for air. This time he didn't slow down but just pressed on past her second orgasm. She was soon grunting and groaning again, this time plaintively, as if begging him to stop. He began grunts and groans of his own. His need was rising, rising, rising. And then he could hold it back no more. His cock started to jerk and spasm. The girl began groaning and quaking again. He pounded at her hard again and again, growling and groaning.

As he came down from his pinnacle, he slowed his thrusts. His cock gave out a few lazy throbs. The girl's pussy pulsed a few more times. He lowered himself so that his chest was covering her breasts but kept his full weight off her with his arms. He slid himself backward and forward a few times and then withdrew. He came to a stop, just holding himself there.

The girl was recovering. He raised his head so he could see her face. Her eyes were flooded, and a stream of tears was trailing slowly from the corners of her eyes. She looked at him dolefully. “Yes,” he said to himself as if he was speaking to her, “every night. As long as you are here. And more besides.”

He rolled off her and onto his back. He felt his balls which seemed to hum. He would have to tell Jean tomorrow how much he was pleased with the girl. She was just what he was looking for. If she fucked like this, he would keep her a long time.

The trick was to maintain that state of fervent unhappiness she was experiencing tonight. She would have to be constantly reminded that she was his slave to do with as he pleased. He would keep her on a razor's edge of terror, beating her randomly as if for no reason at all. She would have to dread faltering in her duty and displeasing him. Her life would have to be a continuous one of woe.

It wouldn't be hard. He had had enough practice at it. Antonia had not lost her edge until the very end when she experienced some kind of inner collapse and just

didn't care anymore. And as to the random beatings, that was no problem since he always got enjoyment out of it.

His gave his cock a few pulls. He could go again. It was rubbery, but still long and thick. The girl lay next him softly sobbing. He let it go. It was actually kind of cute.

He rose and released her wrists from the chain above her head. He pulled on the chain on her collar until she was sitting up. He grabbed her arms and reconnected her wrists behind her. He fluffed up a pillow behind him and then, taking hold of a nice clump of her hair, guided her between his thighs. He held out his cock to her and she understood.

Yolanda bent down and captured the man's meat with her mouth. He was a monster. He had fucked her harder than any of the other men had ever done. And made her come three times. And then splurged his yuck into her. Why had God done this to her, she asked the ether. Being possessed by the man's cock had made her nauseous and want to throw up. It just slid, slowly, slowly, slowly, remorselessly inside of her. His tongue had been hot and thick. His hand all over her body, her breasts, her belly, her puss, just like he owned her, which he did. His mouth on her breasts had sent an unwanted thrill through her. His weight on her was viciously offensive. But his cock, oh, that was the worst part. She could barely catch her breath. Was he going to do this to her night after night after night?

And here was his cock again. It was in her mouth. His hand was resting lightly and possessively on her head. His digit was soft and rubbery, but she could feel it getting hard again. This was the second time he was in her mouth. How many more times would there be? A hundred? Two hundred? Five hundred? A thousand? How long would he keep her before she went the way of the other girls? And what had happened to them? Were they buried out there somewhere behind the house? Did he sell them off to someone else?

His cock was getting harder. She was giving it as much loving attention as she could. Her back was bent, like it had before. It started to ache. She tried to ignore it. She yearned to pull her bound wrists apart. She brought her head up and down, up and down, clamping hard on the shaft with her lips. She tried to keep her tongue lively, running it over his knob, under his glans, tickling the little opening. He had started releasing pleased sighs. All that had happened to her had been horrible, terrible, unfair, unjust. But it could all be made worse if she was not good at her task. She had learned that the hard way. The man seemed so terrible that he might whip her until her skin was flayed into ribbons. He might do worse. He seemed capable of anything.

On and on she went. Her jaw was getting tired, but she didn't relent. She suckled on the end. She drove her lips to its very base, popping it into her throat.

She lathered it with her tongue. His breath was getting harder and harder. He gripped her hair tightly.

“Just a little more! Just a little more! Just a little more!” she kept saying to herself.

And then, to her surprise, he popped her mouth off his stem. Grasping her hair tightly, he maneuvered her until she was next to him again. She was on her knees, her head lowered to the pillow. He rose and got behind her. “Oh, fuck! No! No! No! Please don’t!” she cried out to herself. She knew her prayers had been denied when she felt him nestle up against her and his cock seek out her entrance. If only there was some way she could close it! Slam it shut! Bar his way! But there was none, and she felt his probe enter and widen her channel, sliding easily in.

He heard the girl whine. It made him laugh. He placed his hand on her neck and pressed her head down hard. He slid from her and moved to the side. He came down hard on her right buttock. One! Two! Three! The girl squealed. He spanked her hard again twice and she started blubbering. He pressed her face down harder. “Quiet, quiet, quiet,” he growled at her ominously. She suppressed her sobs. He moved back behind her. He found her tube. He slid himself directly in all the way to the hilt.

He took his sweet time. He varied from long and slow thrusts to short and fast ones. Every time it sounded like the girl was coming closer to the edge of satisfaction he slowed. She huffed and puffed and groaned. He kept at her. Twice, he neared completion, but held himself back. Her puss was all mushy and overflowing with her fluids. She had started to release a piteous hum. He sped up and pushed her closer and closer. Just as her moans seem to approach a pinnacle, he pulled himself out. He pressed down her rear and positioned his rod at her smaller hole. He pressed himself in without ceremony, strong and hard. The girl shrieked and struggled. He began rogering her in earnest. Her entrance grasped his cock tightly. Her depths were murky and hot. He went on and on. The girl gave a little cry each time he sank himself to the hilt. His balls were tight. His body was tingling. It was coming! It was coming! It was coming! And then it came!

He groaned and shouted as his essence jetted into her darkness. He pounded and pounded and pounded until his cock’s spasms surceased. He took a deep breath and draped himself over the girl. She was sobbing again, but he didn’t mind that. It was the whining that got to him. She would cut that shit out or she would suffer.

This time when he removed his cock, it was limp as a dishrag. Her little star winked closed. A little cum dribbled out of it. He raised himself and released his grip on her neck. He took hold of her hair and shook her head. “Quiet!” he growled. She went silent.

He rose from the bed and went into the bathroom. He cleaned off his cock and balls and then came back into the room. She was silent but shivering. He grasped



her hair again and pulled her to the side of the bed. He pulled her off to her feet and guided her into the bathroom. He released her hair and indicated the toilet. She sat down on it. It took a few moments, but she released her water. He stood her up and wiped her. He pulled her to the sink and, using another new toothbrush, proceeded to brush her teeth. He made her spit and flush out her mouth with water.

Back in the bedroom he indicated that she should get up on the bed. She laid on her back like before. Her cheeks were tear stained and she looked most unhappy. Her hands were over her head. He took a short chain from the top drawer of his nightstand, pulled down her right hand and fastened one end to her right wrist. He ran the other end through the ring in her collar and brought the other wrist down and affixed it. He had her raise her head and he fastened the chain from the headboard to the back of her collar. He reached under the bedclothes and drew out a light chain that was connected to the footboard and attached it to her left ankle. He ran his right hand over her breasts, her belly, over her conch and back again. He leaned over and gave each of her nipples a slurp.

He rose up and reached into the top drawer of his nightstand again. He brought out a black ball. It had a tab on one end. He presented it to her mouth. She widened her lips and accepted it, dismay on her face. It bulged out her cheeks lodging behind her teeth. It was too big for her mouth to close over it. The tab stood out from the center of her mouth for easy removal. You could see that she wanted to whine, but she was fighting it off. Her eyes filled again with tears.

He tapped her cheek and smiled. He leaned over and turned out the light. It was a full moon and the light streamed in through the windows. He drew up the bedclothes and covered them both. He rolled to his side facing the girl. He ran his hand up and down her torso again, over her slightly bulging belly and giving each of her breasts a hard squeeze. Yeah, he would have to call Jean tomorrow. This one was a gem. Jean had told him that they had been fattening her up and he agreed that she could use a few more pounds. She would need it if she was going to withstand his abuse. Brenda, or Miranda, or Melinda. He had forgotten her name again. Well, it didn't matter. No one would ever be calling her by her name. He rolled back over and within a minute was fast asleep.

### CHAPTER THREE

She rolled on her side away from the man. She was too sad to cry. Her misery permeated every cell of her body. Her pussy still hummed, and she pressed her thighs together to try and still it. The man had driven her just to the edge of completion and then denied her again. Her bottom burned. When she realized that he was going to assault her there, she tried to relax herself like she had learned to do with Master Jimmy, but the man's cock spread her little aperture beyond its limit and the pain had been torturous. It only lasted a minute though and then the shame, the sorrow, the dismalness of being possessed this way pushed all other thoughts away.

The cock abraded the rim of her portal again and again and again. It was just like when Master Jimmy did it. The most horrible thing about it was the tingle she got in her pussy each time the ring passed along the man's length. "Go away! Go Away! Go away!" she tried to tell it, but it went on and on and on. The cock filled her in a way that was obscene and perverted. It was like the ultimate way to degrade her. And the man seemed to get so much pleasure from it she was sure that he would do it again and again and again.

She drew up her knees, pulling the chain on her left ankle taut. All day long she had been attached to something. Except for the brief time he had used her by the couch. She was double attached now, her ankle and her neck. Her hands were at her neck in an attitude of prayer. But she refused to pray. God, if there ever was one, had abandoned her. Even Job in the Bible hadn't suffered like she was suffering. Days and days and days and days of this were ahead of her. She had caught his look that first time he fucked her tonight. He would do this to her every night. And she would have to sleep next to him! Within the reach of his arms. Vulnerable to his hands, his mouth, his tongue, his cock.

He was snoring lightly. The sleep of the just, they called it. Well, there was nothing just about him. No, everything about him was unjust. He had the feel of a killer. There was a deadness behind his eyes. Master Jimmy had that same look. Cold, ruthless, callous.

She re-experienced, for a moment, being hung upside down and suffering the rain of blows he administered. Her body shivered. She had done nothing wrong. But that was the point, wasn't it? Violence here would be random and brutal. She remembered the fierce pain and the feeling of hopelessness. She would have done anything to avoid it, to make it stop. She had tried to release words of supplication,

but she couldn't catch her breath between the virulent sobs. She knew it wouldn't have made any difference. And he was so cold and ruthless. He didn't exhibit one speck of emotion, although it was clear that he enjoyed it. He was as tightly wrapped as a sausage. His only demonstration of any human trait was when he chuckled as he used her, the wry, self-satisfied smile he had given her a sort time ago when he observed her dismay, her wroughtness.

She could feel the heat of his body and she tried to edge away from him. When she moved her head, her neck was jolted by the chain that connected her to the headboard. She had forgotten about that. Suddenly, all the horror and sadness and fear she had experienced during the day rose up in her breast all at once. Being packaged again by Mistress Jean and Master Bob. Being forcibly put to sleep. Waking up in the plane and having that woman strike her so brutally. "Shut the fuck up!" she had snarled at her. And she had remained silent, except for that one time, and had been struck again. Waiting on that dock, helpless and terrified. The beating, the hours and hours of being fastened to those rings. Being fucked brutally and callously, and giving in to passion despite her self-revulsion. And now laying bound and helpless, that ball expanding her mouth, silencing her just like that prong he had put in her. She started to sob, sob as she never had before. But quietly, softly, terrified lest she wake him.

Somehow, she fell asleep. A viral tiredness had overcome her. She knew she had been asleep when she felt his hand run over her hip and down her right thigh. She was laying on her side, away from him. She shuddered into wakefulness. His touch was soft and hot. She realized that her day's torments were not yet at an end.

She tried to ignore the touch, but the hand insinuated itself under her thigh and lifted it. It slid down the inner surface and took possession of her quim. It stroked it softly, softly, softly. She wanted to lower her leg and block it, but she knew that that would be unwise. She felt his body slide up next to hers. His chest was on her back and his hardened cock was against her rear. His other hand, his left, snuck under her neck and across her chest, pulling her into him. She bit down on the ball in her mouth and suppressed the whine that wanted to come out.

He held her tightly against him as his hand worked her puss. His touch was light and delicate. He drew his fingers across her labia so softly it felt like it was her imagination. He touched her little button so gently it felt like a butterfly had landed on it. He worked it and worked it and worked it, like he had all the time in the world. The moon must have fallen below the horizon because the room was absolutely dark. She knew she was lost when she released a long, luxurious sigh. He drew her in even tighter and his hand became more active.

Her right foot was on her left knee. It would take a single motion to close her thighs upon his hand and capture it. She could squeeze it so hard that it would break all the bones. It would suppurate and wither away and die. His blood would

poison, and his heart would fail. His death rattle would sound like a choir of angels. Somehow, she would get free and find some clothes and burst out of the house. She would run and run and run and never get caught. She would get a gun and blast Tiny and Mrs. Lim away. She would put one between Chamile's eyes. She would find where Mistress Jean and Master Bob had kept her and make them all beg for their lives, and then she would shoot them anyway. She would run off to the mountains and find a cave where no one would ever find her.

But she couldn't close her thighs. She couldn't run away. And as for shooting all her tormentors, they were all probably at least a thousand miles away. And she didn't know how she would ever find Mistress Jean and her gang. And Tiny. You would probably have to shoot him two or three times, and even then he might keep coming.

No, dread, fear and hopelessness kept her thighs open. Fear he had instilled from her very first moment here. She had to let the hand continue. She had to let the heat build up in her loins. She had to let the moans escape her lips. "Please don't do this," she wanted to beg. But even if she had tried, all that would emerge would be garbled, muffled sounds, like the complaints of a madwoman who had lost her speech.

He slipped his moistened fingers over her bud. He stroked it, stroked it stroked it. A terrible pleasure flooded her body. It was like the highest, sweetest note that a violinist could play, but one that went on and on and on until it became unbearable. Like an incessant sound, the flow of pleasure wouldn't stop. Her right thigh trembled. She gripped her hands into fists. She released a long, mournful moan. His fingers were flicking her clit a million miles an hour. "Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Please stop!" she wanted to shout. The note became higher. It reached the edge of human tolerance. It was unbearable. It has to stop! It has to stop! It has to stop!"

And then something broke. Her puss began to pulse and throb. Wonderful, awful beams of pleasure shot through her. She grunted and groaned, and her body shuddered. She tried to close her thighs, but he raised his arm and captured her leg under her knee and held it up. The fingers went on and on, wringing every ounce, every gram of painful pleasure from her.

And then it slowed. Her heart was thumping like a drum. The hand slowed. It caressed her mons and her inner thighs. She was grateful it was over. Somehow, she had survived.

And then she felt him shifting beside her. The arm around her chest withdrew and seized her right leg, raising it higher. The man edged his loins closer to her. She felt his cock at her entrance. "No! No! No! No! her mind screamed. And then, artfully, he shifted his hips and he was within her.

He thrust and thrust and thrust. Her mind fogged over. The trilling of the violin string was back, only louder and shriller. She tried to close her legs, but it was

fruitless. She didn't even know you could fuck like this. How many different ways would he fuck her? He was limited only by his imagination, for surely, she had no right to protest.

And then all thinking went out of her brain. There was only the thrusting, thrusting, thrusting, the sawing, sawing, sawing. They were becoming harder and harder, faster and faster. The man was grunting. In her mind she was holding back a crumbling dike. Water was seeping everywhere. She fought with all her heart. And then the man released a grand groan and started pounding at her. The dike burst and she was inundated by wave after wave of horrendous pleasure.

She didn't even know when her cunt's contractions stopped. She came to foggy consciousness. He was moving in and out of her slowly. Her body was so limp that it was somehow comforting. He released her leg and slipped from her. Her leg fell. His right hand snuck around her, and he caressed her breasts, her belly, her thighs. He gave her hip a friendly pat and he rolled away from her. Almost immediately, his breathing became long and rhythmic. She realized he was asleep. Her pussy seemed tired. A numbness came over her. She was still on her side. She drew up her legs and the left one caught on the chain. Woe overwhelmed her. Mercifully, she fell asleep.

She awakened when he was releasing her left ankle from the chain. He had pulled down the covers. A dour sourness went through her. A soft light was flooding the room. It was early morning. This would be her first entire day under his reign. He brought her to her back, massaged both of her breasts and then released the chain affixed to her neck. He grabbed the ring in her collar and dragged her from the bed. Taking hold of her hair and bending her over, he pulled her into the bathroom and sat her on the toilet. To her mortification, she did more than pee. It didn't seem to faze him. He just wiped her and washed his hands. He took hold of her hair, bending her over again and pulled her to the other side of the bed. He undid the lock on the cage with his free hand and pushed her in. A 4' by 4' cage may seem big, but not when you're inside it.

He shut the door and removed the key. He went around the bed and put it on the nightstand. She had turned around, crouched over, sitting on her legs. She watched him pull an athletic strap from the drawer and put it on. He put on a grey t-shirt and matching shorts. He sat on the bed and put on some white socks. He retrieved a pair of athletic shoes from the closet and put them on. He stood and stretched. Without looking at her, he went to the door and coded the lock. The lock clicked open. He pulled the door towards him and went through it. The door closed and the lock engaged.

She presumed that he was going for a run. He was in superb shape. She guessed that he did this every day. That meant that every day she would spend time in this cage. It had a soft bottom. The bars, stiff, thick wires really, were about 4" apart.

When she looked out the whole room was divided into little squares. Her heart sank. She was really here. She was really a slave. She was really his to do whatever he wanted.

He did his stretching exercises in the living room downstairs. When he was satisfied that his muscles were all warmed up, he coded himself out the door, descended the inner steps and coded himself out the outer door. Down the steps to the gate and out. He trotted into the woods.

He had a couple paths laid out. They were both about 5 miles. As his joints eased, he picked up speed. He usually ran an 8-minute mile. Not racing class, but a good workout for him. He sped past the conifers and evergreens. From time to time he startled a hare or a squirrel and they darted away. The thud of his footsteps and his easy, deep breathing was complemented by the early morning excitement of the birds. He liked to get finished before 7:30. The air was slightly chilled, but his body was warm. He thought about his day. More conferences, more planning, more reports to read. He had some work to do on the girl. He recalled with satisfaction last night's bout with her. Having a fresh girl was always exciting. He would mold her subservience. When he thought she was ready, he would soften her regimen and train her to be of some help around the house.

The sun sparkled through the trees. It was a bright, sunny, cloudless day. There was a storm brewing to the west, and he knew that the sunny day would not last. He was glad that he was able to get his run in. The days seemed all too bland without it. Three times a week he did both courses. Today was Tuesday, one of the days for his 10-mile trek, but he wanted to get the girl set and so he would cut it short.

He came to his favorite part as the course skimmed the lake. The water was shimmering in the morning light. He might just have some time for a little fishing before the storm hit. It would be nice to have fresh trout for dinner.

About 45 minutes later, he completed his circle. He stopped to catch his breath. He always sprinted the last mile or so. When his breathing had subsided to normal, he did some more stretches to ease out the buildup of lactic acid in his joints. He came back inside and poured himself a glass of reconstituted orange juice. It was refreshing. He went up the stairs to his bedroom to collect the girl.

Yolanda jumped when she heard the lock to the door clack. She trembled when she saw the man enter the room. He went to the bathroom and took a long piss. He came out and looked at her. She cringed. She knew that being the subject of his attention was never a good thing. He came over and opened the cage. He urged her out. He had taken up the jumble of straps. He removed the ball from her mouth and plunged, instead, the thick prong deep inside. He affixed the leash to her collar and released her hands. He gave the leash a tug and she followed him on her hands and knees.

Going down the steps on all fours was a bit harrowing, but the man was patient. He didn't want her tumbling down them after all. He brought her towards the back of the living room up to a door. He coded it open and led her through it. There were more stairs. These were not nice and shiny and polished like the stairs leading to the second floor, but rough and stained dark. He led her down them carefully. They opened to a corridor. The walls were whitewashed cinderblock. There was a commercial grade carpet on the floor that scratched her knees. He led her to another door and coded it open. He brought her through.

It was a large room, about 50' by 50'. The ceiling was low. It was lit by two lines of fluorescent lights. There were no windows. A mattress lay up against the wall to her right. There was what seemed like a little kitchenette. There was another whipping stand in the opposite corner alongside another cage. Near the wall off to her right was a weightlifting machine and a treadmill. Directly to her left, on the wall next to the door, a large TV monitor was mounted on the wall. The floor was covered by a dark brown rug somewhat softer than the one in the corridor.

In the middle of the room a chain dangled from the ceiling. Its end was in a little pile on the floor. There was a track that went down the middle of the ceiling. He guided her to the center of the room. He removed her leash, dropping it on the floor, picked up the end of the chain and affixed it to the back of her collar. He removed her head harness. He left her there while he retrieved a 2' by 3' green plastic platform with a black tread on it from the side of the room. He placed it about 15' away from the TV. He snapped his fingers and motioned her over. The chain ran along the track. When she was near him, he snapped his fingers and motioned her to her feet.

On a long credenza under the TV was a DVD player. There was a little rack of DVD's next to it. He looked them over and selected one. He put it in the player and stepped away from it. He had a remote in his hand and he turned on the monitor. It flashed white and then blue. He hit the remote again. A legend came on the screen. In florid letters it said, "*Jamie Austin Aerobic Workout No. 1.*" Energetic music came on. The scene shifted to a blond woman dressed in black workout tights and a light pink leotard. She was smiling brilliantly. "Good morning, ladies," the woman said gaily, "are you ready for some fun? Get your step ready and follow me." She began a dance, arching her body, thrusting her arms from side to side, stepping on and off the stool. Yolanda looked at the man. He gave her a fierce look. She edged herself over to the small platform and started doing what the lady said.

The workout lasted about a half hour. She tried to keep up as best she could, but she was quickly winded. The man had taken up a long switch from somewhere and very time she faltered he gave her a crack across her buttocks as encouragement,

which made her yelp. The lady kept calling out her own merry encouragement, smiling gaily.

It was so bizarre to be doing this workout routine naked and in chains. Of course, the man would want to keep his investment in shape. Of course, the man would want to keep his slave healthy. Would she have to do this every day? She fought off tears. Her thighs were getting heavy; her chest was heaving. She kept praying, praying that the workout would end. The inane, almost martial music went on and on.

After about 20 minutes she was exhausted and could barely follow the woman's commands. The man struck her several times to give her encouragement. She shrieked each time and struggled mightily to comply.

Finally, it came to an end. The woman stopped and called out, "Great job ladies! See you tomorrow!" Credits rolled and the screen went blue again.

She bent over, placing her hands on her knees to try and catch her breath. Her body was leaking sweat. The man let her go on for a few minutes. Then he snapped his fingers. She looked up at him unhappily and sank to her knees. She remained erect as she had been taught. The chain dangled from the back of her neck. She put her arms behind her back.

He went over to a small refrigerator and removed a bottle of orange vitamin water. He came back to her, unscrewed the top and presented it to her lips. She drank it down greedily. He dropped the empty in a little trashcan. He came back and reinstalled her head harness. He attached her leash. He pulled her towards the door, coded it open and led her through it.

Upstairs he led her to the bathroom where he had washed her yesterday. He brought her to her feet, removed her head harness and brought her into the shower stall. He washed her thoroughly and then himself. He brushed out her hair again after patting it dry. He brushed her teeth and reinstalled her harness and then snapped his fingers until she was on her knees again. He made her wait there while he shaved and did his own teeth. He wrapped a towel around his waist and led her into the living room. He brought her over to the rings. He had her lay down on her back, this time her feet towards the couch, and affixed her wrists over her head to the ring that he had used to lock down her neck.

He left and came back with a shaving mug, a plastic razor, a towel and a small steel bowl full of steaming water. He put them down near her feet, went away and came back with a pillow in the shape of a wedge. He slid the pillow under her rear, raising it, and had her draw her knees back to the side and spread her legs. To her chagrin, he applied a light layer of shaving cream across her pudenda and lower belly. She closed her eyes in mortification as he scraped away the shaving cream, pausing to rinse the razor in the small bowl of water. Mistress Jean had always done this back at her place, but it seemed different with the man doing it.



Somehow, she felt more exposed, more vulnerable. And it shamed her to have him looking directly at her hairless conch, a place which a few short weeks ago nobody had ever looked at except her doctor. The way her legs were spread, it was like she was offering it to him. Only a depraved whore would proffer her cunt to a man in a way like this. No chains bound her ankles, but she knew that she dared not move them. The simple gesture of closing her thighs could bar his way, but she could no more do that than get up and run away.

He manipulated her mons so that he could get along the sides and up to the crease of her thighs. Scrape, scrape, scrape. Each traverse of the razor brought her more shame, more humiliation.

He had brought out a pump bottle of skin cream. When he was done shaving her, he wiped her belly with a towel and proceeded to rub the lotion all over her pudenda. The cream was cool, but his hand quickly warmed it. He rubbed and rubbed and rubbed, much more than was necessary to work in the lotion. He slipped his fingers over her nubbin and began to gently rub it in a circular motion. Her hips squirmed as the nascent tingling went through her. He slid his fingers down her slit and up again, again and again until she was slick. She tried to fight off the tantalizing sensations. "Yes, this is the part of me that is the most important," she thought unhappily. It must be cared and tended for. It's what he paid for, after all. The rest of her was surplusage.

Except for her breasts, which he now proceeded to lotion up and massage. "Yes, my breasts and my cunt. Maybe if I could just leave them here, I could go home," she thought. She could detach them and leave them behind. He could do whatever he wanted to them. Just leave the rest of her out. But no, there were irredeemably attached. She would have to carry them around for him. She would have to eat what he fed her so that their cells could be replenished. She would have to present them to him for his enjoyment. For his pleasure. They were not hers anymore, but his.

When he finished massaging her breasts, he put the lotion side. He ran his hand down her belly to her crux. He stared in her face as he began to tickle her little bud again with his thumb. She tried to ignore it, but it was unignorable. He slid his fingers up and down her crevasse again, staring at her face, watching for her reaction like he was testing it out. He had fine-tuned it and wanted to see if it hummed along smoothly. Her heat started to build. Her hips shifted. He just kept going on and on until finally she released a long sigh.

He shifted himself back. He rubbed his hands along her inner thighs. He kissed her belly and kept kissing, kissing, kissing all along her loins, in the crux of her thighs. There was no doubt about what was coming. Cathy and Mistress Jean had used her this way often. And even though they engendered in her the hottest passion, forced her into receiving wave after wave of delicious, exhilarating

feelings, concluding with an outburst in her channel that cause her mind to fog, afterwards she had always been ashamed that she was so easily reduced to a mass of needy flesh. That her mind would urge them on and on, “Yes, oh, yes, oh, yes,” her mind would race wildly. Her puss would turn into a vortex of need that whorled her body and mind around it.

And now he was doing it. He had done it yesterday, although he had not brought her to completion, and it had shamed her, and here it was again. She was a toy to be played with. He could do anything he wanted to her.

When his lips captured her button, she moaned. He suckled at it, flicking his tongue over it. He licked up and down her divide. He had locked his arms around her thighs, holding them in place. She could feel her lusts rising. She knew that she had to put on a good performance, yet everything in her wanted to deny it to him. But she was like a well-trained pet. Or her cunt was. It had a mind of its own. It had needs of its own. It welcomed his ministrations like a lapdog eagerly accepted its master’s caresses.

Her lusts built and built and built. Her hips pushed back at him, feverishly encouraging his efforts. She tried to pull her thighs together, but he was too strong. She dragged her heels along the floor as if trying to inch herself away from his demanding lips, his demanding tongue. She groaned and squirmed. Her back arched. She pulled hard at her wrists’ implacable bindings. When he subsumed her bud with his lips and began trilling his tongue over her nubbin a hundred miles an hour, she released a great moan and her puss exploded into powerful pulses that wracked her whole body. “Oh, god, oh, oh, oh, oh, oh,” her mind went. “Oh, please stop, please stop, please stop, please stop,” her mind called out. But he kept going and going and going, urging out pulse after pulse after pulse of unwanted ecstasy.

He finally wound her down. She was gasping for breath through her nose. Her chest was heaving.

He removed his towel. He brought himself up until he was looming above her. She felt his cock slide along her gash and then enter her. He wasn’t finished with her. She groaned and her hips lifted. He sawed and sawed and sawed. He was panting energetically, like he needed to get done quickly because he had things to do.

Her crisis was building again. She pulled at the bonds that joined her wrists, she scraped her heels on the floor. Her legs were spread widely, as widely as they would go. Like she was an offering for a sacrifice. She bit down on her gag and closed her eyes. It was building, building, building and then everything collapsed on her. Her pussy pulsed and convulsed. He was grunting, grunting, grunting, his body tense and she knew that he was spilling his yuck in her again. How many gallons of it would she have to absorb? How many gallons would she have to

swallow? His cells would mix with her cells, and he would irretrievably become a part of her, poisoning her very innards, tainting her soul.

He was finished and so was she. Her pussy gave out a few more reminiscent throbs as he continued to saw himself slowly and softly. He slipped from her. He drew back and raised his head and patted her on her belly. Yes, it had all checked out. Her pussy ran like a charm. It was ready now for a full day of torment.

Her heart sank. He released her wrists and had her kneel up and he fastened her wrists behind her back. He made her shift herself until she was facing the couch on her knees. He retrieved the straps from the armoire and tied off her ankles. He had her bend over and he affixed her neck. He walked off and went up the stairs.

She felt like she had just run a marathon. Would he do this every day? Her pussy still burned. She was conscious of its exposure behind her. "Ready, willing and able. Her cunt was ready, willing and able. It would betray her again and again and again. It was her enemy. It had no conscience. It yearned for the touch and feel of hands, fingers, lips and tongue. It craved the abrasion of a cock. It called out, "Here I am! Here I am! I'm your wanton slave. I'll perform for you again and again and again. Please use me! Please! Please! Please!" Misery and fruitlessness wafted through her.

She wanted to go to sleep, but there was no hope of sleep in this position. How long would she be here today, she asked herself unhappily. She raised her head as best as she was able and looked over at the corner of the room where she had been whipped. The chain there dangled ominously. Would he whip her again today? She hadn't done anything wrong, had she? He had spanked her last night when she whined. Was she going to get punished again for that today? What was her life going to be like? Would she ever survive it?

The man came down about ten minutes later. He was dressed as he was yesterday. Only his sweater was brown, not green. He passed behind her wordlessly. He rattled around in the kitchen for a while she heard the popping of something in a pan frying. After a while, he came back out and placed a plate and a mug of coffee on the dining room table. He went back to the kitchen and brought out her doggie bowl. He freed her head and placed it under her. She looked up at him for permission to eat. He just gave her a little nod and went to the dining room.

She looked down. It was a mass of scrambled eggs with pieces of sausage in it. Not what she would have picked. Back at Granny's she mostly ate muesli with some raisins mixed in. But it looked good and looked better than that mush she had been eating. She delved in. Eating like a dog again brought up a whole new round of sorrow. Wasn't she ever going to be able to eat like a human being again? Apparently not. She chewed her food glumly. She cast her eyes towards the man from time to time. He was ignoring her. He already knew that she would be

absolutely obedient to any of his commands. Even those conveyed by just the nod of his head or a snap of his fingers.

How many words had he spoken to her? “Eat!” and “Quiet!” were the only ones she remembered. Although he did say ‘quiet’ four times. Five words in almost 24 hours. That amounted to 35 words a week. 150 words a month. Maybe 2,000 words in a year. She might forget how to talk. Lose all her English. And maybe there wouldn’t even be that many words. He didn’t have to tell her to eat today. He just nodded his head. And if she stayed nice and silent and didn’t emit any whines, he might not even have to tell her to be quiet.

She tried to put all that out of her mind. She would do her best to stay in the moment. She wasn’t being beaten and she wasn’t being fucked. That should count for something. Don’t think about the march of endless days which confronted her. The endless nights of abuse. He would beat her again. You could count on that. He had gotten too much enjoyment out of it yesterday for him to forgo that pleasure. She would survive it somehow. She was learning. The thing about being beaten is that it had to stop. I couldn’t go on forever. Even though at the time it might seem like it would. And he seemed to want to keep her healthy. Beating her every day would seem to be somewhat inconsistent with that.

She had just finished when the man came by her with his plate and coffee cup. He went behind her. He came back out and poured some more of that glop in her bowl. She lowered her face to it immediately as if she was just yearning to get another taste of it. It tasted kind of sweet. He stood over her while she lapped it up. When she had cleaned off every last spot in her bowl, he took it away and wiped her face. He went into the kitchen. She heard him doing the dishes. He came back. He came over to her. She was kneeling upright, her breasts presented. He pulled down his fly and freed his cock. He stepped closer and presented it to her. She subsumed it without hesitation. “Not again!” she thought miserably.

It took about 15 minutes for her to get him off. He kept starting and stopping her. The fact of his cock in her mouth was sickening. But she didn’t let on. She slurped and licked and sucked as if she was enjoying it. Would she ever get used to having a cock in her mouth? She didn’t think so. It was rude and offensive. Some of her girlfriends did it regularly to their boyfriends, but she considered it disgusting. On the other hand, if she had a boyfriend who she really, really liked, and she wanted to give him ecstatic satisfaction, and maybe encourage him to like her a little bit more, she might do it. Guys seemed to kind of expect it. But she wouldn’t like it.

She worked and worked and worked. His hand was in her hair. He was rocking his hips slightly, encouraging the up and down of her motions. He began to breathe heavily. His knees sagged. She was doing her best to look up at his face. “Come on! Finish! Finish! Finish!” she instructed him in her mind.

But then he did something unusual. He withdrew his cock and took hold of it with his right hand. He took hold of her chin with his left and held her head steady. Her mouth was open and round and she knew that she shouldn't close it. He began pumping his meat strenuously. After about 30 seconds, his cock began to throb. It spurted his jism out like it was a squirt gun. It went directly into her mouth with some piling up on her lips and chin. He groaned and groaned and pumped his cock furiously. His ejaculate just kept coming and coming. She tried to move her head, but he held it too firmly. She suppressed the whine that had been creeping up her throat. It was the most disdainful thing she had ever experienced. Yesterday, she had been unhappy as being the depository of his yuck. Well, this was even worse. She felt her eyes filling with tears.

His spurts slowed. The last full one landed directly on her chin. With her mouth open she couldn't swallow. His cum just lay there in her mouth. He released his wand, but he gripped her chin harder and leaned her head back. He pulled on her chin. She opened her mouth wider and displayed the pool of yuck on her tongue. Her lips were trembling. He looked at it for a moment, smiled, and then pressed her mouth closed. She swallowed as quickly as she could. He smeared the jism that had missed her mouth all over her face. She felt like sobbing. He patted her on the cheek and smiled. He crouched down and retrieved her head harness. He applied the prong to her lips and pressed it home. He buckled the straps behind her head. He snapped his fingers and she bent over so that her head was near the floor. He tied off her neck. He walked away.

He came back a minute or so later with another mug of coffee. He sat down on the couch and put it on the end table. He picked up his I-Pad and turned it on.

He sat there for about 20 minutes. She stared at him dolefully. Her humiliation still burned inside her. Yes, she was just a thing. She was the lowest form of life on earth. She would do anything to avoid being beaten. If he took a dump in the middle of the floor and told her to eat it, she would. She was despicable. She deserved to be a slave. She deserved everything that had happened to her. Everything that would happen. "No, no, I'm not!" something deep in her mind protested. "I'm not! I'm not! I'm not!" the voice urged. But she remembered how disdainfully he had dumped his load into her. She hadn't protested. She hadn't resisted. She just kept her mouth open and received it. Then she showed him his yuck. She waited for his approval before she swallowed it. If he hadn't closed her mouth, she might have stayed that way all day. And now she was wearing his yuck on her face. No, she was the lowest of all lows. The lowest person on earth.

Roger finished his reading. He looked at his watch. Quarter to 9. He had a meeting at 9 o'clock with the Ghanian secret police. He had some good news for them. His people had located a meeting place for the President for Life's current chief opponent. If they acted fast, they could sweep them all up. There was a

meeting tonight 9 o'clock local time. It was 4 'clock there now. Plenty of time. There would be a \$50,000 dollar payment into his slush fund that nobody knew about.

He finished off the last of his coffee and brought the mug into the kitchen. When he came out, he decided that his guest needed some attention. He crouched down next to her and ran his hand over her proffered buttocks. She shifted her hips slightly. He lowered his hand between her thighs. He dribbled his fingers over her conch. She gave a little shudder. In about 3 minutes he had her huffing and puffing. Her hips were squirming, and her rear cheeks were clenching. She started to release little grunts as if she was a steam engine churning away. He went on and on. She released a loud moan. Her body began to shudder, and she pulled at her bonds. She was going, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" He continued until her shuddering wound down and her grunts converted into a low, unhappy moan. "That's the girl," he told himself. He removed his hand and patted her on the ass in approval. He went into the kitchen and cleaned his hand and then strolled to his office.

Yolanda watched him wander nonchalantly off. Suddenly a wave of anger flowed over her. "How can he do this! What gives him the right! You bastard! You fucking cock sucking bastard! Ahhhhhhhhhggggghhhhhhhh!" she groaned. She pulled and yanked at her bindings. She rocked and tried to contort her body. She bit down hard on the prong in her mouth. She shook and growled and cursed and roared.

She went on for a full two minutes. A mountain of rage had built up inside her and it was exploding. "Fuck Mistress Jean! Fuck Master Bob! Fuck Mistress Cathy, and Jimmy and Ron and Chuckie! Fuck Tiny! Fuck Mrs. Lim! Fuck Chamile!" Especially Chamile. "I hope you rot in the lowest, fiendish, excruciating hell!" her mind screamed. "Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you all!" she yelled. It emerged from her gagged mouth as, "Uh oooooou! Uh oooooou! Uh oooooou! Uh ooooooh ahh!"

She burst into virulent sobs. Her chest heaved. Tears flooded her face. She shook and shook her body. She pulled and pulled at her bindings. She roared and quaked and shook and raged.

And then, it just ended. All she had left was her sorrow. She looked at the door the man had gone through. "Soon he'll come back," she miserated. "He'll do something mean and cruel to me. He'll use me and hurt me and shame me and humiliate me. And there's nothing I can do to stop it. Nothing! Nothing! Nothing! Nothing!"

When he came back out, her heart was so laden that she was ready to accept anything that he did. Somehow, this what fate had ordained for her. So be it.

He stopped and looked at her for a few seconds and then he moved off as if he had made a decision. He went into the bathroom and came out with a pair of scissors, a long black comb, a spritzer bottle and a towel. He brought them into the kitchen. He came out and removed some things from the armoire and put them in his pocket. He released first her ankles and then her neck from the rings. He snapped his fingers and she rose obediently. He released her wrists from behind her and attached the leash to her collar. He gave it a tug and she fell to all fours. He gave it another and she followed him into the kitchen.

There was an aqua blue linoleum tile floor. A breakfast nook sat in the corner. There was a long island with a white marble top. The cabinets were stained dark oak. There was a modern oven and broiler built into the wall. The ordinary things sat on the counter that ran between the steel fronted refrigerator and the electric range. A toaster, a coffee maker, several canisters for flour, sugar and whatnot. A spice rack. A dishwasher. All the ordinary things. He had pulled one of the chairs from the breakfast nook to the center of the room. It was steel framed with light blue padding.

He brought her to the chair and gave the leash a tug. She rose to her knees. He kept tugging and she rose unsteadily to her feet. He motioned for her to sit. She uneasily placed herself in the chair. He used the straps from outside to tie her ankles to the feet. The top had a bar that circled up with a gap between it and the padded back almost like a handle. He tied the ring in the back of her collar to it. He had a small chain like the one he had used to confine her hands to her collar in his pocket and he fastened her wrists below her chin. He removed the harness from around her head, pulled out the prong and put it on the kitchen table. Placing his hand again in his pocket, he produced a black rubber ball like the one he had used last night. He proffered it to her mouth, and she sadly took it. Her cheeks bulged and her lips were spread. The black prong jutted out of her mouth.

The towel was draped over a chair. He wrapped it over her shoulders and around her neck. He took the spritzer bottle and proceeded to wet her hair. He picked up the comb and ran it through her hair until it was straight. He picked up the scissors, snapped them open and closed a few times, and then went to work.

Long hair was a pain in the ass to take care of. Short hair was more appropriate for a prisoner. And especially for this girl, it would make her look more delicate, more ephemeral. He was skilled at cutting hair. He had had a total of seven girls over the twelve years. And their hair needed to be cut. And he would never trust any of them with a sharp object like a pair of scissors.

He snipped and snipped, using the comb to lift it so that it could be cut evenly. He cut it fairly short in the front. There was no need for cute little bangs. He cut it short on the sides. He left the top and back about 4" long.

Yolanda let him do what he wanted. She couldn't stop him anyway. And what did it matter to her what her hair looked like? She didn't care about her appearance. She had nobody to impress. He controlled everything else about her, why not her hair too?

When he was done, he put the comb and the scissors aside. He removed the towel from around her neck and shook it out on the floor. He used it to dry her hair and then combed it out again. He draped the towel over a chair and looked at her. She looked perfect. It was almost a military style cut. He reached out and grabbed a clump of hair on top of her head. There was just enough for a firm grasp. He shook her head as if to emphasize it. She looked up at him. She got the message. Her hair could still be used as a method of control. Like this morning when he had dragged her out of bed.

He grabbed a clump of hair at the back of her head. He shook her head again. Yes, he could still use her hair to control the pace of her oral servicing. Control, control, control. It was all about control.

He put the tonsorial tools away. When he came back, he swept up the cut hair from the floor. He released her from the chair and motioned for her to get down. He attached the leash again and drew her out to the living room. They passed the rings, passed the couches, passed the whipping stand and approached the stairs to the basement. He led her down. They passed the door to the exercise room and stopped at another door on the opposite side of the corridor. He coded himself in. She followed.

It was a large workroom. There were all sorts of tools mounted on the wall. There was a long wooden workbench with a vise on the end. There was a large, brown steel cabinet. There were steel frame shelves in the back with assorted tools and supplies. Way out here you had to be prepared for emergencies and he had insisted on a full workshop.

A long, padded cart sat near the workbench. There was a stool in front of it. He pulled the leash until she was standing. He motioned her to climb up on the cart. She climbed up cautiously and lay on it belly down. Her feet stuck out over the edge about 2'. She wondered fearfully what he was going to do.

First, he removed all her accouterments. The collar, the wrist bracelets, the bracelets around her ankles. He tossed them aside. He got out a measuring tape and measured the distance around her wrists and ankles, writing them down on a piece of paper. He measured her neck. He pulled her arms behind her back and tied off her wrists with one of the straps from the kitchen. He crossed her ankles and tied them off too. He raised her ankles towards her hands. There was just enough lead on the tie to her ankles to connect them to her wrists. Now she fit nicely on the cart. At some point he had placed a black bag in his pocket. He pulled it out and draped it over her head, fastening it around her neck.



For the next hour or so, there was a lot of clanking and cutting of metal, drilling and hammering. It didn't take a rocket scientist to know what he was doing. He was manufacturing bonds for her, bonds that were more permanent and suitable to his needs than the leather ones she had been wearing. At one point, he removed the bag from over her head and the plug from her mouth. He measured the area around her mouth. He cut out a piece of thick cardboard and put it over it. He curved it so that it pushed against her cheeks. Dissatisfied, he did some more cutting to the cardboard. He held it up again, nodded, and put the cardboard piece on to the workbench. The black ball and the black bag were reapplied.

For the first couple of girls, he had used confinements purchased online from a boutique S&M store. But he had seen a video on YouTube that had shown you how to make your own and sold kits. He ordered a dozen. He had now made them four times. So, he knew what he was doing. The kits supplied everything you would need and came with instruction booklets.

When he was finished, he lined them up on the workbench. Four bracelets, one collar, one specialized gag. All made out of gold alloy. He went over to the girl and released her wrists and ankles. He released her wrists from each other. He took her left wrist and circled it with the left bracelet. It had a pad on the inside that let it lay firmly against the skin. He pressed it closed. It had a clamshell shape and fit her perfectly. He placed her wrist down on the side of the cart. Using a rubber mallet, he gave the bracelet several sharp blows. The fasteners clicked into place. He tugged on it, shaking her arm. It stayed on fast. He tried to slip it down her arm and it stayed in place. Perfect.

He did the right arm. The bracelets had clasps on the inside of the wrists, and he easily clipped her arms together behind her, wrist to wrist. They had a special feature. Like a car door, they could be opened remotely. He took the zapper and pushed the button. The rings released and her wrists were freed. He pressed them together and they locked again. When ordered to, she would be able to lock them herself by clicking them together. He made her practice locking them together, first in front of her and then behind her. She was able to do it easily. He left them locked.

The ankles were a little harder to do and had to take one back and make an adjustment. Bang! Bang! Bang! And that one locked in place.

The collar too fit perfectly. He made her get up off of the cart and lay her head down on the workbench. Bang! Bang! Bang! And that was too locked irretrievably. The girl released panicked squeals when he hammered the collar, but he let it go. It was only natural.

He picked her up by the hips and sat her on the cart. He whisked off the bag and removed the black plug. He picked up the gag from the bench. It was connected to a large rubber ball. He presented it to her. She was crying. She opened her mouth.

“Wider,” he growled at her. She spread her lips some more. The ball, with some effort popped in. There was a little ridge between the ball and the front of the gag and her teeth sank into it nicely. He strapped the gag into place. Like the other, it had a cup for the chin and straps that led up on either side of her nose, meeting between her eyes. He pulled the brown leather straps tight. They were shiny and new and had gold buckles. He looked at her. Where the leather shield had been which covered her mouth was now a shiny golden, padded plate. It was contoured to fit her face exactly, pressing down on her cheeks on either side of her mouth. Her eyes looked piteous. Tears were dribbling down from them.

“Well, you haven’t seen nothing yet,” he told her in his mind. The front of the plate had a dial. He turned it once, twice, three times to the right. The girl’s eyes widened, and she shook her head. He laughed. He gave the dial another turn. She moaned and released a whine. He would punish her for that later. He patted her on the cheek and smiled.

The dial was connected to a rod that ran into the rubber ball. If you turned the dial to the right, the ball expanded. If you turned it a couple of times, it expanded a lot. The ball was soft, and it filled every contour. You could beat her to within an inch of her life and all you would hear was a dull murmur.

She started to sob. He slapped her hard. A barely perceptible squeak was emitted from her mouth. She stopped, but her chest was heaving, and the tears were flowing. The gag was programmed to release automatically as well. He tried it a couple of times. The dial on the front would have to be turned to the left so that the rubber ball in her mouth could come out, so he could only use the automatic lock when her hands were free. It also clicked closed automatically when the clasps in the back were pushed together so she could put it back on herself. It was a little difficult since the straps were so tight in order to seal the gag in deep and have the plate lie flush against her face. He made her do it three times to make sure she knew how.

The collar had a small chain dangling from its ring in the front to make it easy to attach the wrists. He took a moment to look at her. She looked perfect, all forlorn and confined. In place of her mouth was a gleaming golden plate. The collar glittered nicely, melding well with her pale skin. She was sobbing softly, making her breasts shimmer. He tweaked one nipple and then the other. She looked as unhappy as a girl could be. It was exquisite.

He attached the leash to the end of the chain on her collar. He gave it a pull and she slipped off the cart and onto her feet. He released her hands from behind her back and snapped his fingers. She went to her knees. He snapped them again and she went to all fours. He pulled her from the workroom. He led her up the stairs to the first floor and then up the stairs to the second. He led her to his bedroom, coded it open and led her in. His closet had a full-length mirror. He brought her to it and

gave the leash several tugs to get her to her feet. Removing the leash, he attached her wrists in front and then to her collar. He turned her so that she could see her reflection.

The accoutrements gleamed nicely. They stood out, yelling slave, slave, slave. The dial on the mouth plate was inlaid with a florid, garnet pair of crossed whips. The girl just stood there and stared. She was sobbing silently. She looked a lot different than when she arrived. Her short hair was a little mussed, giving her a bit of a wild appearance. The plate over her mouth said, "Silence! Silence! Silence!" There could be no doubt in her mind that she was owned and controlled. You would need a metal saw to take off the bracelets and the collar. The golden plate said permanency too. You wouldn't go to all this trouble for someone you weren't going to keep for a very long time. The bonds separated her from all of humanity. You could do anything you wanted to someone outfitted like her.

She stood there trembling. He had one more thing to show her. He reattached the leash to the chain on her collar and pulled her from the room. There was no need to make her crawl. He wanted her on her feet for this one. He took her up to the third floor. It was smaller than but outfitted much like the second. There was a set of circular metal stairs that led up to the tower. He brought her up. At the top there was a platform. There were windows on all sides. You could see for a hundred miles. He brought her to the edge of the window towards the back of the house and made her look. All you could see were miles and miles of trees. A range of purplish mountains were way off in the distance. He motioned for her to look down in the yard. There was the 12' high, razor wire topped cyclone fence. She took in a shuddering breath. He brought her to the right window, facing north. Same thing. Trees, trees, trees. Fence, fence, fence. He brought her to the left. More trees. Nothing but trees. Except fence. Through the window pointing to the front of the house you could see the long, cold, empty lake. And trees, trees, trees.

He made her look at him. "Get the idea?" his eyes said. Tears streamed down them. She clearly had. Despair was written all over her. Her shoulders were slumped. No, there was no escape. Even if you could get out of the house and over the outside fence, where would you go? The next building was 150 miles to the east. There was nothing to the west until you reached the mountains. Forget the north. Two hundred miles that way was the tundra. Southwards, there was a mighty river to cross. It ran hard all year.

He led her down the stairs. When they got to the second floor, he released her wrists and made her get on all fours. He led her down the stairs to the first floor. At the bottom, near the couch, on the soft, white rug, he made her get on her knees. He locked her arms behind her. He removed her harness. He brought out his cock. Her lips quivered; her body tremored. She was defeated. She hesitated. He slapped her three times hard. She squealed and then looked up at him. Her eyes were

awash with tears. She held herself for a second, then leaned forward, spread her lips and captured him.

There was a certain piquancy to this blowjob. She sucked him delicately, slowly, attentively. Something had broken in her. It was good for her to know that her fate was hopeless. He would make sure that she didn't fall off in her enthusiasm. Tonight, before bed, he would whip her again. That would liven her up. For now, he was content to take obeisance from the defeated.

His lust was rising. She stroked him softly, softly, slowly as if conveying her love. He knew it wasn't love, though. It was resignation. Her collar glittered nicely. He could see the golden circlets on her ankles. He needed to finish off. He had things to do. He took hold of her hair and started pumping her head. She issued a little moan, but kept her lips tightly clamped around his stem. He moved her head backwards and forwards faster and faster. He could feel his upcoming ecstasy in his balls. His hips were counterthrusting. His cock exploded. He issued a series of loud grunts. His cock jerked and spasmed. Her mouth's hot warmth sent thrilling tendrils all through him.

When he was done, he pushed her head back. She looked up at him sadly. He picked up her head harness from the floor, pushed the rubber ball in her mouth, fastened the straps tightly and turned the dial until he was sure her mouth was fully sealed. He brought her over to the rings. There was no need for straps now. He spread her legs about 3' apart and clipped first one and the other ankle to the rings. She bent her neck down without having to be told. He connected the chain. He looked at his watch. He went into the kitchen and warmed up a cup of coffee in the microwave. He brought it with him to his office. He coded the door open and went in, leaving the girl all alone with her sorrow.

## CHAPTER FOUR

Everything had set into a kind of macabre normalcy. After the first three weeks, weeks of terror and harshly enforced discipline, he started giving her chores. The first was to clean the kitchen. She had cleaned Granny's kitchen many times, so she knew what to do. Using a bottle of kitchen cleanser, she spritzed all the counters, making sure that she moved everything so as to get whatever was behind it. She used a glass cleaner to wipe the glass on the oven door, inside and out. She wiped down the table and all the chairs. He had given her a mop and after she swept the floor diligently, she washed it.

While she was working, she kept looking for some kind of sharp object that she could use for a weapon. There were glasses in one of the cabinets, but even if she broke one, it wouldn't be much of much use. Its sharp edge would probably do more damage to her than him and he could easily take it away. No, she needed a knife. A really sharp, long knife. She would pounce on him when he came in the door, hiding it behind her back while she knelt and waited for him to come in and inspect her work. She would plunge it into his chest. She would plunge and plunge and plunge until his blood spurted out in multiple streams. She would figure out how to get out of the house somehow. And over or under the fence. There had to be a shovel somewhere. She would take her chances in the wilderness.

But all the knives were locked up. And who was she kidding? He was probably all trained in some kind of martial art like wong fu or ding mao, or whatever you called it. It would take a flick of his wrist to disarm her.

She could plunge it into her own heart. She could do that. Or she could cut her wrists with broken glass. But despite all that he had done to her, she still wanted to live.

In spite of her best efforts, when he inspected her work, he lifted the toaster and there were a few crumbs under it. He made her crawl tearfully out to the whipping stand where he had her place her forehead on the floor and he gave her five whacks with the flogger on her buttocks, making her scream and cry. He left her on the rings all afternoon and into the evening with the bag over her head, although he pulled it off twice to use her mouth.

She was extra careful after that when he gave her anything to do, although he often found fault with her work and punished her for it.

She figured out that he was some kind of secret agent. She had caught a glimpse into his secret room once when she was mopping the living room floor, and it was filled with electronic equipment. And he occasionally talked on a cell phone while he was sitting on the couch and she was bound up to the rings. Sometimes he talked in foreign languages. But sometimes in English and it sounded like he was planning horrible things. Mostly, though, when he had a call, he went into his secret room to take it.

She had figured out a rough idea of where she was. A very rough idea. Canada. That was the place with all the trees and forest. On the maps of Canada, she remembered there were cities and stuff in the southern portion, but up top, everything was blank. Just wilderness. No cities. No towns. No roads. Maybe a little village here and there, but they weren't on the maps. She tried to remember all the provinces of Canada. There was Quebec and Ontario. She remembered Saskatchewan and British Colombia. Nova Scotia, but that couldn't be it. That island up there, Prince something. But that was all. She knew there were more, but she couldn't remember them. She could be anywhere in the vast north. Far, far away from civilization and the operation of the law.

About two weeks in, he had visitors. She had heard the plane landing in the lake. She had been mounted in his little frame, her hands pulled behind her, her ankles and knees spread and bound, her collar affixed to the top. There were three men. One was English or British. She could tell from his accent. Two of the men were black and talked in deep, musical voices. They had all admired her in her frame, played with her breasts, tickled her conch. They complemented him on her attractiveness and the attractiveness of her bonds. They had lunch and then they all fucked her on the living room floor. One man, one of the black men, knelt over her face and rammed his cock in so far that she thought she was going to die. The British guy used her 'bum', as he called it. "What a nice bum," he said as he stroked it while she was on her knees, her head down and her arms locked behind her. The other men chatted nonchalantly while he fucked her there.

Afterwards, the man affixed her to the rings, and they all went off to the conference room and shut the door. They were in there a long time. When they came out, it was another round of fucking and blowjobs. They did it to her right there while she was attached to the rings. One of the black men was fascinated by the little dial on her face shield and he kept turning it right and left, making the ball in her mouth expand and contract. The man, she heard them call him Colonel, fed them dinner, and her from her doggy bowl, some nice, broiled chicken all cut up into parts mixed in with wild rice. After dinner they whipped her. He let them all have turns. They watched TV for a while, leaving her standing there, hooded, sobbing and moaning in her chains, and then drew lots as to who would have her overnight. It was the shorter of the black men. He was shorter, but better built than

the tall man. He used her savagely, slapping her around and pounding away maniacally at her puss.

The second day, he took them fishing. He left her locked in the cage in the living room. When they came back, they had several large trout with them. The man cleaned and cooked them in the kitchen while the others played with her. After dinner, a beating again and she went off with the British guy. He was a little more gentle than the African man.

They left the third morning after all collecting oral obeisance from her. She heard the plane land and take off. The man hadn't used her while his guests were there, and after he gave her a thorough cleaning, he made up for it right away, taking her up to his bedroom and plowing her fore and aft for 2 hours, thrusting himself deep in her mouth.

He left her bound to the rings the rest of the day.

She was trying to keep away the deepest of her unhappiness. It was hard. That day that he had shown her all the forest around the house and the big, foreboding fence, she thought that she was going to dissipate from misery. He had made his point well. No policeman would ever come barging through the door. She wouldn't be able to sneak somehow out of the house and run to the authorities.

He had beat her savagely that second night with the long steel whip, leaving a latticework of long red welts on her. She had thought the first beating was bad, but this was far worse. After he had given her more than a dozen blows, he paused and said to her, "And this is for whining," and he gave her three more as she screamed. The sound barely emerged past her gag. She fucked him that night like her pussy was on fire and only his cock could put it out. All of her moroseness was wiped out, replaced with rabid fear. When he woke her up in the middle of the night, she gave him the best, most fervent and dedicated blowjob she had ever given anybody.

The next day he had led her around the house on her hands and knees. He brought her near the door to the outside. When they got about 10' away, a buzzing developed at the back of her neck. As they got closer, it got worse and worse. When she got about 5' away it became intolerable, and she collapsed and started weeping and weeping. He brought her away. It was the same thing with the door to his little room, although the electric shock didn't start until she was 5' away. It was the same with the door to the basement, although he could turn it off with his phone which you needed a code to access. He brought her to the middle of the living room. He motioned for her to kneel up. He pointed his phone at her and pressed a button. She screamed in pain. He let it on for about 5 seconds. She knelt there sobbing. He just stared at her ominously. She got the message.

Sometimes he went out the entire day, hunting or fishing. Or sometimes when he was too busy and couldn't be bothered with her, he would leave her hogtied and

hooded in this little room with no window. She would lay there alone and disconsolate for hours. Or he would lock her in the big room downstairs, her collar connected to the overhead chain, leaving her with a plastic container for her lunch or dinner. He would turn the TV on so she would have something to watch. Some kids' channel. Tom and Jerry, a lot of really corny, annoying stuff. A Disney movie. Sometimes, when he came home, he just left her there, even overnight, or his project would go on into the late hours of the night, and the TV would go into the evening. Then it would show The Simpsons, South Park, Ren and Stimpy, and stuff like that. Her favorite was Futurama. That was much better. There was a digital camera on the top of the monitor, and he would come on the screen. She would have to come and kneel there looking at his big face. Sometimes he wouldn't say anything. He would just look at her as if he was reminding her that he was her god.

She had to wait for his permission to eat her meal and, in order to do that, he had to unlock her wrists from each other. He would order her to turn around by circling his finger. There was a modem on the credenza under the monitor. Once she was turned, he hit something on his phone and the rings on her bracelets and the lock to her gag popped open. His face would go away, but she knew that if he wanted to he could still see her. She would go and pop her meal in the microwave, or if it was something to eat cold, just take it out of the refrigerator. There was a little mat there and she would put her meal down on it after putting it in a dog dish. She would put her hands behind her back and eat. One time she forgot, and he caught her at it and punished her with the zapper on the back of her neck, making her scream. He gave her three long blasts. When he came down some hours later, he beat her. She came to believe that the camera recorded everything and that he would go through it to check up on her.

When she was done eating, she would wipe her face, clean and put away the doggie bowl, kneel in the center of the room again, reapply her gag and click the wrist bracelets together behind her back. Sometimes, he came back on and made her show him that the bracelets were locked. The dial on her mouth shield had a little divot on it and a red mark on the plate. That marked when the ball in her mouth was fully extended. He would look to see that the divot and the mark were married. If they weren't, he would give her a blast, making her screech, and then release her hands and order her to turn the dial more to the right. She would then lock her hands up again. She couldn't see the marks, so she would keep turning the dial until her mouth felt like it was going to explode. That usually did the trick.

Having the gag in almost all the time was grossly debilitating. Her jaws were always extended and her lips separated. The ball seemed to push up against the back of her throat and sometimes it felt like she was going to choke. It frightened her since she knew that if she ever regurgitated while she was wearing it, the



product from her stomach would go right down her esophagus and she would choke to death. The man seemed willing to take that risk.

The times she espied her reflection, like in the mirror in the bathroom when she was cleaning it, or when she caught a glimpse of herself in the mirror in his bedroom, the gold plate made it look like she had no mouth. Human beings had mouths and she didn't have one. That meant she wasn't a human being. She would look in the mirror sometimes when she was upstairs making the bed and stare at it. It sparkled. All of her bonds sparkled. He polished them every day after she took her shower. The collar, the wrist bands, the ankle bracelets. And especially the shield over her mouth.

Why did she have to wear it all the time? She almost never violated his rule of silence. Sometimes, she could think of nothing else but how filled her mouth was and she would feel sickened at the man's cruelty. It was as if he had to keep her mouth dammed up so that the evil inside her would not escape. It was maybe the cruelest thing of all. Crueler than the whippings, the constant invasions of her body, being locked down for hours and hours and hours every day. Crueler than having her hands bound behind her almost all the time. Crueler than the zapper behind her neck.

She was aware of the real reason for it. It was not merely to keep her quiet. A simple order would do that. It was to dehumanize her. Her voice had been taken away. Even when she was alone, she couldn't speak a single intelligible word. Not even to herself. And it made him always present. Even when he was away hunting in the forest, or out on his boat. He was always there, jammed into her mouth. The gag seemed to emit a terrible message of misery to her entire body. Sometimes, when alone, of course, she would cry and cry and cry about it.

Occasionally while in the basement, for no obvious reason rather than cruelty, he would come on the big screen and order her to get into the cage. She would pull it closed behind her with her bound hands. It was a little tricky. It would lock by itself. Then he would remotely turn off the TV and the lights, leaving her in utter darkness.

When he was doing one of his projects, he would put her in the basement and come down sometimes several times during the day and fuck her on the mattress, or on the floor on her knees, bent with her head down, or make her blow him, and then just go back upstairs.

The chain was always on her neck. It was too short for her to reach the door or the controls for the TV. Or the light switch. It was long enough for the bathroom and the limited kitchen facilities. The lights and the TV went off automatically at night. She would have to feel her way over to the mattress and lie there on her belly, whether she was sleepy or not.

She wasn't allowed to touch herself without his permission. He caught her at it one afternoon. He had been teasing her cunt all morning, but not letting her come. He put her in the basement about 11 a.m., just before lunch. She knew that it was wrong, even though he hadn't said explicitly so. But it made sense. Since it was essentially his pussy, she had no right to use it without his say-so. She just couldn't resist it. The yearning was too powerful. He had come on the big screen, released her wrists and gag through the modem and told her she could eat. He had left her hands unbound so she could prepare her meal. She had finished it and put away the doggie bowl. She knew that he could see her if he looked, but maybe he wasn't looking. He couldn't watch all the time, could he? She knelt down, placed her hand on her conch and rubbed and rubbed and rubbed. All of a sudden, his face came on the TV. "What the fuck are you doing?" he demanded. She didn't answer him, of course, since she was not allowed to talk. He rushed downstairs. He beat her viciously at the whipping stand in the corner of the room. He just left her there hanging with all the lights out all night.

He came down in the morning, made her do her workout and brought her upstairs. He didn't let her come for a week, although he tortured her puss unmercifully. He brought her into his workshop later that day where, after measuring her pudenda carefully, he devised a wire mesh that could fit right over her sex, including her little button. It was attached to a belt around her waist by two straps at the top and one strap that ran from the bottom up the middle of her back. There was a little ring that sat between her rear cheeks over her little hole so she could still evacuate if need be. The straps were really tight, and you couldn't squeeze a finger or anything else under it. He made her wear it all that week and from then on whenever she was downstairs, even when he left her hands bound behind her or to the chain below her neck, so she couldn't rub her pussy up against the edge of the mattress or a pillow and get herself off.

It was only removable with a key he kept in his pocket. During the sometimes days long periods of orgasm denial he imposed on her, he would make her wear it and then take it off and tantalize her pussy for long periods of time, making her writhe and moan. When he wore out that game, he would have her blow him and then lock her back up. He had a sixth sense about when she was ready to come, and he would fuck her pussy, long and slow, long and slow, stopping each time she neared climax. He could go on for a half hour, driving her into maddened distraction. When he had tortured her enough, he would push himself just over the border of ejaculation and squirt his load into her and then pull out, leaving her squirming and moaning. Or he would make her get up on her knees and bend over so he could fuck her mouth. The screen would go back on.

The time spent in the basement was dismally enervating. It would drag on and on. All alone and bound up. Hours and hours. Often the cartoons would repeat

themselves. The fluorescent lights made it unnaturally bright. She would just think and think and think about her miserable situation. Or recall his rabid fucking. Or the various times he beat her, often for no reason. He didn't put her down there every day, sometimes she would go as long as a week or 10 days without having to bear it. Sometimes he put her there several days in a row. A couple of times when a plane came, as soon as he heard it, he would put her downstairs for a whole day or more as if it was people he didn't want her to see, or he didn't want to see her.

People came every couple of weeks or so. Some came alone. Sometimes two, a few times three. Some were repeats but most came only once. Some seemed to be there for business, and they would lock themselves in the conference room for a couple of hours or so. Some seemed to be more like social visits. The man would be excited to see them. They would laugh and joke and he would take them out fishing or hunting. Those people liked to use her a lot. They were rough looking characters and were particularly mean.

Once there was a guy who she thought was Pakistani or something. He talked that jibber jabber with him the whole time, as if he didn't speak English or he didn't want her to know what they were saying. That guy only stayed for a day, and he didn't use her even once, although he stood by with obvious relish as the man whipped her.

Sometimes there were women. Tough, hard women. Some younger, some older. Her pussy licking skills came in handy then since those women were always very demanding and short tempered. She got her pussy licked a lot too and that at least was some compensation.

He made her do her workouts every morning. When he was sure she wouldn't dog it, he started using the weight machine while she was doing it. She could hear his grunts and strains as he pushed himself to the maximum workout. No wonder he was so strong. After about a month, when she had started being able to complete the workout without too much distress, he added a second step, which made everything much harder. After a while, she got used to that too. Then he added small bell bar shaped weights for her to hold in her hands while she was jumping and moving and swaying and waving her arms all over to match what the lady did. They left her arms and hands sore and tired. She got used to it though after a few weeks.

She had to admit that she was in the best shape of her life. She had put on some weight. She could tell when she looked in the closet mirror in his bedroom, and, except for her breasts, which had grown heavier and fuller, it all seemed to have gone to muscle.

He would shave her pudenda every morning after their shower. No matter how many times he did it, she never got over the shame and the humiliation of exposing herself to him in that way. He always mouthed her to completion when he was

finished. Her pussy would burn and moisten in anticipation as he manhandled it and drew the razor over her intimate flesh. Then he would fuck her, sending her mind into oblivion. Except when he was in the mood for orgasm denial. Then he would mouth her until she felt like screaming and then leave her there.

The potion he gave her had a real effect on her and she always drank it with reluctance, although she never refused, which would have been unthinkable, and always licked up every drop. Her thinking seemed to be confused all the time. She would be remembering something from her past, or something that he did to her, or just having sorrowful musings about her plight, trying to figure out a way to escape, or if not escape, to figure out some way to kill or disable the man, and her mind would just wander off and she would find that it was on something else entirely. And although she hated it when he used her, her lusts always seemed to sit just below the surface, and she was easily aroused and seemed to be always ready for him or whoever was using her. Even when he wasn't fucking her, he made her come several times a day, either while she was fastened to the rings, or he would make her come over to him, bend over and present her rear to him. He would place his hand on her neck, keeping her down, and manipulate her into a crashing orgasm from behind.

If he didn't think her responsive or energetic or subservient enough, he would give her a taste of the zapper. Or sometimes just for fun. She couldn't always tell. He hardly ever said anything to her, like someone was charging him per word. He just snapped his fingers, ordering her around.

He liked to watch her do herself, the only time she could touch her pussy or her breasts. He would have her kneel in front of him, her legs spread and massage her breasts and caress her conch until it was all messy and she was all hot. Or kneel and bend over so that she was facing away from him, raising her rear so he could get a good view, and reach under herself, frigging and caressing and stroking until he told her to stop. He would make her start and stop, start and stop.

Sometimes, he let her come. Sometimes he didn't. She would never know which. And she couldn't come unless he told her to. She would have to stroke and rub and stroke and rub, holding desperately back. Sometimes it seemed like he was just looking for an excuse to punish her. He would make her go on and on until she couldn't control herself anymore. She would hold on, hold on, hold on, and then her resistance would collapse, and her pussy would start throbbing and convulsing. Even as the ecstasy was shooting through her, her mind would be filled with a sense of dread because she knew what was coming afterwards.

When he was working, he often came out, released her neck from the ring, remove her gag and copped a quick hummer. Or he would fuck her quick and hard, leaving her panting in need. He would bind her back up and return to his room. Usually without saying anything to her. She spent hours and hours affixed to the

rings. At night, when he watched TV, he would place that bag over her head as if her face distracted him somehow. Sometimes, in the evenings, he just read his I-Pad and listened to music. He liked classical stuff and opera, but also more popular music. He would play classical country western, like Patsy Cline, Johnny Cash, Hank Williams or Patti Page or Loretta Lynn. She knew all those songs because Granny used to play them. Sixties music like the Kinks, the Rolling Stones, Crosby, Stills and Nash, Joni Mitchell. Some stuff she didn't know.

Or he would listen to the radio. His antenna caught signals from a long way away at night. Sometimes from Winnipeg or some place called Saskatoon. The Winnipeg station was classical. The Saskatoon station was country western. She liked it when the music was on. She could just close her eyes and pretend she was somewhere else. Sometimes the news would come on and she would find out what was happening in the world. Like on the TV when he watched that BBC channel, even though she couldn't see the picture. She would wish she were in the places they talked about, London. New York, Paris or Egypt, India or some place in South America. Anywhere but here. When the news was about the US, she got particularly homesick,

Sometimes, in the evening, or during the day if he was taking a break, he would have her come over to where he was sitting and either drape her over his lap or have her sit on his thigh and play with her. He would make her slit all mushy, getting her all hot and bothered, and keep her there for the longest time. If she moaned too much or squirmed too much, he would give her a mighty slap or two and then start over. Usually, eventually he would let her come, sometimes more than once. Sometimes, he just left her burning and forced her to the floor and had her service him with her mouth, or he would use her rear. That always left her unhappy and edgy. With him, you could count on nothing.

Except at night, in his bed. Each night, as he led her up the stairs on her hands and knees, her belly would turn. She knew she was in for a round of intense use. One of the things he liked to do was to torment her puss with his mouth and lips. Her hands would be locked above her and she would be wearing that black ball he kept in her at night. He would go on and on, making her groan and moan, starting and stopping, or going through one orgasm right to another. He liked to have her suck him for the longest time, on her knees, between his legs, her hands bound behind her. Sometimes he would come in her mouth, but often he would just have her take him to the edge and then he would have her kneel with her head down and finish himself inside of her one way or the other. But what he liked most to do was fuck her pussy. He would fuck and fuck and fuck her until she thought her brain was being frazzled. She was amazed at how many times he could come and almost every night, after he was done with her, she would find herself in a little puddle as his yuck drained out of her.

He liked her ass too, although not as much as her cunt. He started training her to come that way. He would enter her nether region; she quickly got used to him and he was able to slide right in. He would roger her and roger her, and that tingling would start in her purse. Then he would pull her back until she was sitting impaled on his lap, and he would play with her pussy and breasts until she was grunting and moaning, then push her over and begin fucking her again. It took about 6 weeks, but after that, if he rogered her there for long enough, and didn't just poke himself in and shoot, which he did sometimes, she would feel a bubble of lust expand in her quim. She would fuck him back earnestly as it got bigger and bigger. And if he kept on going and didn't stop, it would burst and she would have a powerful orgasm, grinding her rear against him and trying to push him further and further in.

He would wake her up in the middle of the night most nights and go another round. He would diddle her with his hand until she was really hot and then pierce her cunt, her ass or her mouth. He would make her come with his hand, sometimes more than once, and then have her blow him or fuck her in her pussy or her ass. Sometimes, when he did that, afterwards she would lie awake until morning came floating in the windows, ruing her fate. Especially when he declined to let her come.

It was dreadful sleeping next to him. She would try and edge away from him, but sometimes he would roll over and put his arm around her. She would lie awake for the longest time, wishing him away.

She was almost always chained to something. Even when she was cleaning, doing the living room floor, vacuuming upstairs, making the bed or doing the laundry, he would put a chain between her ankles to limit her movement. Try coming down the stairs with a basket of laundry that way!

He liked to sit in his sunroom and look out the large bay window. He would have her kneel next to him, just for company she assumed. Sometimes he would drape her over his knees and play with her. Sometimes not. He would take her into the living room and fuck her on the soft, white rug instead.

She loved looking out the window, especially when there was a violent storm. The rain would come battering against the window like someone had shot it out of a firehose. Or she would watch the snow come down, sometimes for hours and hours.

He would mount her on his frame, especially when someone was coming. Or he would read his book or watch TV, glancing at her from time to time. When it was the TV, she always wore the black bag. Sometimes he just left her there while he was doing other things, so he could fondle her breasts or pussy as he walked by. He made her come there too and her body would shake and rattle the frame.

The worst was when he would put this belt on her that had a cup that covered her pussy. He would turn it on, and a vibrating knob would roll up and down along

her slit. It had another, stationary, vibrating knob that sat on her little button. He would leave her there for long periods of time. She would be driven to hysterical levels of lust. She would come hard, her body shaking, and it would go on and on and on, making her come repeatedly, like that thing that Mistress Jean had put her on. Sometimes he would do it for his amusement as he was reading or watching TV, or for the amusement of his friends. But sometimes it was just to torment her, and he would go off to his office, or outside, or up to his room or the basement. She would groan and moan and cry out. She would be driven to tears. He would walk by on a mission to here or there and maybe give her a little nod, or not look at her at all. She would be frantic, desperate to be released. When he finally turned it off, he usually had her blow him.

When in his presence, she was always on edge. Always keyed to obey him to the letter. Always ready to service him enthusiastically. Always fearful that a ton of bricks was going to fall on her.

He started talking to her more. Ordering her around or letting her know why he was whipping her. He had a British accent, but not sophisticated like the British guy who had come, but more of a cockney one. She could tell that he tried to disguise it, but there was always the hint of it there.

There was this woman who came every few months. She would stay for three or four days or maybe a week. She was tall and shapely, in her early forties, from her best guess. Her skin was dark brown. She was a bit thick, but not in unseemly way. She was elegant and clearly well educated. It was a bit incongruent for Yolanda to hear someone with brown skin talk in a sophisticated British accent. The man called her Elizabeth, or sometimes just Liz. They seemed to be famous friends. She would arrive with a big suitcase which he would carry up from the dock for her. She usually wore classy blue jeans, tall leather boots and an elegant silk print blouse. Yolanda would be in her frame. First thing, she would tickle and play with her a bit, asking her as she mussed her hair, "How are you today, Yolanda? Are you ready for a little fun?" She was the only one to call her by her name and it would be a bit disconcerting, like she knew a secret about her or something. Then he would pour her and himself a glass of scotch. They would talk and laugh on the couch for a while.

Ultimately, they would kiss and smooch. One thing would lead to another, and she would end up on her knees in front of him. She would suck him for the longest time, bringing him up and down, making him moan and groan. When she finally let him come, he would release loud grunts, placing his hands on her head and holding on for dear life. They would kiss and go upstairs. They would come back down about an hour later, she in her panties and him all dressed. He would give her a kiss and go off to his secret room. She would release her from her frame and take her upstairs on her hands and knees, tugging and pulling on her leash impatiently.

The first time was about two months after she arrived. The week before there had a woman who had accompanied her husband; she had large diamond ring on her left hand. They were Middle Eastern. They had used her together in one of the guest bedrooms. They came about 11 in the morning and in the afternoon, after they had lunch, while the men were ensconced in the conference room, the woman, tall and lithe with long black hair, maybe 30 or a little more, her husband was much older, played with her while she was mounted in her frame, teasing her conch until she was huffing and puffing, massaging her breasts. The man had left the flogger with her, and she belabored her breasts with it on and off. Yolanda, out of spite, I guess, or a sense of false bravery, held back her tears and sobs with all her might, but the lady kept going until she had been defeated and started wailing.

Once she broke her down, she rewarded her by letting her come, gave her about 10 minute's rest while she had a cup of tea, and then started all over again.

She and the man chatted amiably after dinner while Yolanda sucked off her husband. The man offered to let them watch him whip her, but they declined, to Yolanda's relief, and brought her up to their room. The husband fucked her in the rear while she serviced the woman's black-haired, mushy conch and then the woman returned the favor, making Yolanda squirm and groan while he played with her breasts. They locked her in the cage in the corner and then fucked like demons for an hour. In the morning, Yolanda blew the husband again on the bed while kneeling all scrunched over, her wrists locked behind her while the wife brought her off with her hand. They were gone by noon.

So, she had serviced a woman before while the man's slave, but there was something about this woman that frightened her. Her fear proved prescient for when she got Yolanda up to one of the guest rooms, she made Yolanda kneel on the bed, her head down, her rear exposed, and gave her ten vicious blows from the flogger, making her howl.

Afterwards, she made her kneel up and mussed her hair, asking, "Are you having fun yet, Yolanda?" She made her lay on her back and mounted her. She kissed and kissed her hard while she rubbed their pussies together. She was rough and actually pounded away at her as if she were trying to meld them together. That was just to take the edge off.

When her violent climax subsided, Yolanda's was almost as intense, she lay next to her, playing and suckling at her breasts for the longest time, caressing and stroking her purse, tickling her clit. She had fine, sturdy breasts with large, dark brown areolas and she made Yolanda pay obeisance to them while she had her hair firmly in her fist, shifting her from breast to breast as her needs and wants dictated. She had Yolanda kneel and pray at her crevasse, mushing her face down, riding it up and down ordering her to, "Suck harder! Suck harder, you fucking cunt! Harder!" She pulled Yolanda's head up by her hair and gave her a great slap. "Get



the point, Yolanda?” she growled at her. She slapped her again and forced her head back down. When she came, she pressed Yolanda’s face down so hard into her mushy divide that she thought that she was going to suffocate.

She leaned on a pillow against the headboard with her draped across her lap, face down, while she rebuilt her lusts, playing with her pussy from behind tantalizingly. When she started sighing and moaning, squirming her rear, the woman began to taunt her in her posh, English voice. “Do you like that, Yolanda? Does that feel good? You’re a slutty tart, Yolanda. I think that you’ve found your calling in life. You’re a naughty little girl with a hot, messy cunt. Don’t come, or I’ll tan your hide.”

Yolanda strained and strained not to come. She believed what the woman said. She moaned and groaned and squirmed, but she kept the floodgates closed. Finally, the woman tired of their game and flung her on her back. She put one of those black balls in her mouth and chained her wrists to the headboard. She arranged herself between her thighs and spread and lifted them. She had a cruel, demonic look on her face. “Now you can come as many times as you want, Yolanda,” she advised her breathlessly as if sucking cunts what was she lived for. “Show me what a good little whore you are.”

She had her going for a long, long time. Being gemauched by a woman is so much different than having your cunt licked by a man. The woman knows exactly what feels good. She has a more delicate touch, a softer suckle, a more tender and tantalizing lick. Madam Secretary Barkley was an expert. She had her own cute little girl at home, who was at that moment spending a week in a very strict whorehouse for ladies in the East End. Nineteen-year-old Marvis Condon had a twin brother doing time in a Kenyan jail for drug smuggling. Secretary Barkley had a good relationship with the justice minister there and Timmy Condon’s ten-year sentence could be hell or not. Thus, Marvis was always eager to please. Timmy had only one year in and so Marvis still had a long way to go.

When the justice minister visited London, Elizabeth let him have Marvis for the weekend.

Elizabeth drove Yolanda past one orgasm, which had been clamoring at the gate due to the delicious pussy taunting she had been suffering. The second one was long in coming. Madam Secretary Barkley teased her enflamed clit with the tip of her tongue. She dragged her tongue lightly along her divide, flicking it and the round entrance amidst it. She kept Yolanda teetering, teetering, teetering. She stopped and caressed her outstretched thighs ever so lightly, planted dainty little kisses on her belly and outer labia. She rose up and suckled her distended teats, swirling her tongue around them, giving her little nips and then returning to her task. When she finally let Yolanda come, the girl’s body contorted. She groaned.

She tried to push her thighs together to alleviate her torment, but the Foreign Secretary just kept going.

When her pulses ebbed, Elizabeth gave her a short respite. She flitted her hand over her breasts, belly and thighs, as if in comfort. Yolanda's breathing restored to normalcy and her body relaxed. Her pussy felt tired.

But then Elizabeth got back to work. This time, she was brutal. She sucked hard at her bud. She forced her tongue deeply into her shaft. She rose and gave Yolanda's conch several hard slaps. She pinched her love lips together hard, harder, harder until Yolanda squealed. She dug her teeth into her thighs, leaving deep marks. She rose up and slapped her breasts fiercely, three, four five times. She pinched hard at her nipples and twisted them brutally. She slapped her face, two, three, four times, making her eyes wobble. Then she went back to her nubbin and suckled and licked and bit at it hard until the poor girl could bear no more. She came hard, as hard as the Secretary's slaps. As hard as a knee in the groin. As hard as Foreign Secretary Barkley's heart.

Yolanda fought back her sobs. She looked at the woman. She had a disturbing grin on her face. "That's all for now, Yolanda," she said evilly. "After dinner, I'll give you a proper lashing and then I'll fuck you with my big, black dildo until your cunt bursts into flame!"

When she brought her back down, she mounted her back on her frame. The man was reading his I-Pad with a violin concerto playing. The lady secretary was still naked. One thing led to another, and she and the man were soon fucking furiously on the rug.

After dinner, she kept her promise. She had dressed herself in a silken paisley kimono. She whipped Yolanda until the girl was desperately pleading through her gag for mercy, although the sounds emerged as, "Uh um uh um ummmmm!"

When sated, she gave the man another passionate blowjob that made him grunt and groan loudly, and then took Yolanda upstairs for an evening of abuse.

She mellowed a bit over the next few days. A couple of nights, she and the man used Yolanda brutally on his bed, making her grunt and scream and yell and howl, and then put her in the cage, after which they fucked and sucked for a good hour.

Yolanda was, naturally, glad to see her go, but shivered when the brown skinned lady told her as she was kneeling in place in her frame, "You're a great whore, Yolanda. I'll be seeing you again soon." Six weeks later, she kept her promise. Yolanda burst into sobs when she saw her. The man and the lady had a great laugh.

## CHAPTER FIVE

The winter was harsh, very harsh. Way below zero. Snow like Yolanda had never seen before. He kept the house warm, but she still always had a chill. He gave her a pair of grey woolen leggings to wear that came up to her hips and down to just above her ankle bracelets. He gave her heavy woolen slippers with rubber treads on them to keep her feet warm. After measuring her carefully, he ordered her a heavy lambswool sweater that had cut outs over her chest that left her breasts free.

He cut down on the hunting and fishing. During the summer and the fall, he would bring back to the house whatever he had killed. He usually used a bow and arrow when he went for deer, since he felt it was more sporting. There would be venison, or grouse or rabbit. And fresh fish, usually broiled to perfection, although he did make a pretty good fish stew. She probably had never eaten as good in her life. Sometimes he would let her have ice cream after dinner. He liked to bake chocolate chip cookies and sometimes he would feed them to her while she knelt near him by the couch. He would proffer them to her and then say, "Bark! Bark!" and she would have to go "Ruff! Ruff!" in her loudest voice. It always made him laugh. It humiliated her beyond belief, but at least she was able to use her voice to make sure it still worked. And the cookies were delicious.

Afterwards, he would pile her over his lap and make her puss all mushy.

During her first weeks there, Yolanda wondered how the man got all this stuff, the food, the things he kept around the house, way up here deep in the north with no roads or anything. Her question was answered about a month in when she heard the helicopter as she was making the bed up in the man's room. Firm tight corners, not a wrinkle. The bedspread smooth and flat. The pillows properly fluffed and tucked in. He had whipped her three days running until she got it right. Her ankles were connected with a small chain that made her walk like a geisha girl, or one of those footbound Chinese ladies from before the revolution. Her hands were temporarily freed, naturally, so that she could make the bed and bring the old sheets and the man's other dirty clothes down to the basement.

She would have to kneel straight up, her hands behind her, a little more than 5' away from the basement door for him to come out of his computer room, or decide to get up from whatever he was doing on the couch, to let her down. He would

leave the door open and give her two minutes to accomplish her task and come up. Otherwise, she would be in deep shit.

She brought up the clean clothes in a white, plastic laundry basket and folded them on the spanking clean floor, she washed it every other day, and waited for him to inspect her work. She would have to hop up each step because of the shortness of the chain between her ankles. If he thought her work sloppy, or maybe just to remind her to keep doing a good job, he would give her a powerful four or five second blast from her collar. She would shriek, I mean you couldn't help it, but she wouldn't sob or cry. That invited further retribution. She would wait until she was out of his presence. And besides, she liked to think that sometimes she could stand up to the cruel man. Once in a while, he would zap her again and again until she did break out into sobs just to show her who was boss. Or for fun, she guessed.

She looked out the window and saw the helicopter with military markings, a big, red maple leaf on it, lower a big, red metal container on a wooden pallet onto a concrete pad outside the fence. The man was there to guide it down. When it was settled, he released the chains that had held it and applied them to an identical box right next to it. He helped guide it into the air while the helicopter pulled it up and then flew away. She watched as the man used a pallet jack to haul the new container back inside the fence. He locked the fence up and brought it into the basement.

It contained canned goods, house supplies like toilet paper and hand soap. Paper towels. There was a large cooler that contained frozen meats. Another one was loaded with fresh fruits and vegetables. Eggs. Cartons of Parmalat milk that didn't need refrigeration. There were files and dossiers for him to review. Things he had ordered on the internet. Liquor, beer and wine, as needed. Everything you could want. Later, when she was well trained and sufficiently cowed, he had her come with him into the garage and help him unload it. She always cast furtive glances at the garage door wondering what it would take to open it. She would help him carry stuff upstairs, taking tiny little steps, hopping along behind him, careful not to drop anything, and put it away or put it on shelves in the storeroom.

Whenever she heard the helicopter, she would shuffle to the window if she could, and look out. She would try and wave and signal it. "Help! Help! Help! I'm a prisoner here! I've been kidnapped! Please help me, please!" she would call out in her mind, and bang feverishly and uselessly on the window, the most she could do because of her gag. But either the pilot didn't see her, or he didn't care. He just flew away.

Mostly, though, when she heard it, she was locked up in one way or another, as she usually was, and couldn't go see it. Her soul would darken as she knelt there fastened to the rings or ensconced in a cage, hog tied on the floor in the living

room, or dangling from the chain at the whipping stand after a beating, thinking unhappily of it flying away without her. Sometimes it came when she was locked in the basement, and she would never even hear it. She knew though how she would escape if she could ever get free long enough to do it. She would hide in the empty container and let them haul her away to freedom. Surely whoever was at the other end would help her, set her free! Wouldn't they?

There was no way for her to know this, of course, but one of the girls did manage to climb into a container before it was taken away. He had been distracted by a crisis in the Congo where a British company ran a gold mine and had gotten a little sloppy. He had hired a company of Russian mercenaries to protect it and he had his fingers crossed that they would get there before the rebels. He had to airlift them from Rwanda, and they parachuted in just in time to slaughter the motley crew who tried to storm the main gate. They chased the rest of them into the bush and annihilated them.

Problem was, when the rebels were done with, they raided and looted a local village. They insisted that all the comely young girls they had captured be airlifted with them back to Rwanda where they had their base camp. The higher ups debated it for a few days while the Russians had their fun with the girls and terrorized the villagers. Ultimately, they caved, on Roger's insistence. After all, the girls were spoils of war and boys will be boys. Besides, he might need them again. The Foreign Office blamed the looting of the village on the rebels thanks to then Undersecretary for Africa, Elizabeth Barkley. That was when they first met. She had heard about his little pleasure dome. He invited her to come and stay any time she wanted.

It was early on, before he had the stingers in the collars. He felt like a fool when he went looking for her and couldn't find her. There was only one way she could have gotten away, and he kicked himself for his carelessness. Within an hour, he got a call from the airbase. They had found the girl and were sending her back. The girl was very unhappy when she arrived. He convinced her never to do anything like that again.

He did use the container to send girls off, though. Just a few weeks before Yolanda arrived, just before his trip to Venezuela, by prearrangement, he had crated Antonia and she was taken away. At the airbase, she was transferred to a Royal Air Force C-130 and flown to an Indian airbase near Mumbai. She was delivered to a local industrialist as a sweetener for a contract with a British machinery manufacturer. The contract was worth £3.5 million and was later cited by the Prime Minister at a very private fundraising luncheon as a good example of the British Government and private enterprise working hand in hand. The Prime Minister received a gratifying round of applause from the business leaders, and many large envelopes of cash. The Indian industrialist installed the colorful,

unhappy, big breasted girl in a brothel he maintained for local government ministers. Word got back to Roger that Antonia quickly, albeit reluctantly, became acclimated to her new station in life and was very popular.

The American consul in Mumbai got wind of an American girl being locked up in a local, high-class brothel and sent a complaint to the local governor and a report to the American Ambassador in New Delhi, both of which were ignored.

People still came, but not as many. The planes would be equipped with skis instead of pontoons. The brown skinned lady came around Christmas. The man set up a small tree with gay lights. He had received a dozen brightly wrapped presents in the big red container. Some books, a couple of record albums, a statuette of the Buddha that looked like it was real gold. Somebody sent him a large box of cash with a Christmas card in it.

He cooked a large dinner: roast beef, roasted potatoes, asparagus with hollandaise sauce, while Elizabeth played with Yolanda in the living room. It was so good that Yolanda almost came when she ate it. He had cooked an apple pie and he served it still warm after dinner with *Haagen-Dazs* vanilla bean ice cream. He fed it to Yolanda all mashed up in her doggie bowl. She thought she was in paradise.

They had a little party while watching the logs in the fireplace blaze away. Elizabeth gave him a large, expensive watch and he gave her a pair of diamond earrings and a nice, white, fluffy terry cloth robe with her initials embroidered on it in gold. She had brought some presents for Yolanda too. One was a bright golden nose ring with a large, shiny ruby in it. It came in a nicely decorated jewelry box. When Elizabeth showed it to her, Yolanda cringed. The other was a large, thick black plastic vibrator. It came with a belt so you could use it by hand or fuck her with. His presents were a 2' long, well-polished and shiny, thick, dark stained riding crop. It had an ergonomically correct, soft, kid glove black leather handle. The other was a large, bright green porcelain doggie bowl with bright red diamond shapes on it. Christmas colors.

They used the new riding crop on her that night, while she screamed and sobbed and screeched and moaned, and danced and writhed, desperately trying to form the words in her gagged mouth that would get them to stop. In the morning she had deep purple welts. They abused her with the vibrator for a long time after they dragged her off to bed. Elizabeth fucked her with it for a good half hour. After making her bring them both to oral delight, and him fucking her long and hard, making her come repeatedly, Elizabeth lowered her head to her loins, gave her an evil smile, and said, "Merry Christmas, Yolanda," before supping at her until she screamed.

Afterwards, they caged her and fucked for at least an hour.

The man was very pleased with the nose ring, and he did the surgery in the morning right away, after shaving her loins and fucking her while Elizabeth drank coffee sitting cross-legged on the couch wearing her brand-new robe and reading the London Times on her I-Pad. He brought her downstairs to make the hole in her nose and allowed Elizabeth to make the actual puncture, which made Yolanda howl. He put in a round placeholder that came along with the ring and waited until the last day of the lady's week-long stay to actually install it. He had to make her place her neck on the workbench downstairs so he could carefully force it closed with a small steel hammer. It looked so pretty and matched her collar and bracelets. The lady tugged at it playfully as she was leaving. Her septum was still sore, and Yolanda grimaced in pain. After she left, the man took her downstairs to the workroom where he made an adjustment to her golden face plate so that it would not interfere with the ring.

The winter lasted a long time. It got dark really early and when they rose in the mornings it was still night outside. When the snow was too heavy, the man would do his run on the treadmill downstairs. He had to go outside several times to clear the landing pad for his boxes of snow and the steps to the dock. Or the solar panels. When he went into the forest, he used snowshoes. They spent a lot of time in front of the fire. For the first time in her life, she got to see the northern lights. He took her up to the top of the tower to see them. She was amazed at how colorful and miraculous they seemed. It could almost make you believe that there was a god after all.

And the people kept coming. Every couple of weeks there would be one or two or three. Sometimes there were these hard, no-nonsense women, who used her coldly and callously, but it was mostly men. Some of them used and ravaged her, some were gentler, almost kind. Occasionally, one would decline to use her at all, but just give her disdainful looks as the others used her, or while she was kneeling at the rings or ensconced in her frame. Like it was her fault that she had been made into a sex slave.

Once, these three Malaysian people, at least she assumed they were Malaysian, black hair, tawny skin, singy accents, an older man, very refined and stiff, and two young, fashionably thin, attractive and sophisticated ladies, got snowed in for about 10 days. The wind kept blowing and blowing and the snow kept coming and coming. She heard the man tell the people that it had snowed more than 3 feet.

Whatever business they had was finished the first day. They just hung around like it was a snow day from school. They watched TV, played cards, listened to music. The man wouldn't accept more than an occasional blowjob from her, but the young women were just enthralled with their ability to do to her anything they pleased. They would play with her while she was attached to the frame; they would fuck her and gemauch her right there in the living room with the men watching and

make her return the favor. Despite the cold, they walked around most of the time in just their panties like it didn't affect them.

Yolanda could never figure out their relation to the man they had come with because they didn't sleep with him, sleeping instead together in one of the guestrooms and using her all night. They spoke in clipped, musical, broken English with the syntax all mixed up. One called herself Linda and the other Betty, which obviously were not their real names. They called her Rolanda. "Rolanda, suck Rinda twat! Rolanda kiss Betty breasts! Rolanda, roll over! Rolanda spread legs!"

They whipped her every day, not too hard, but enough to make her weep and moan. They fucked her with the dildo that the brown skinned woman brought her. They worked her at either end, one kissing her fervently, her able tongue scouring her mouth, the other licking and kissing her conch, laving her lips and tongue over her button. The girl on the bottom would make her go on and on and on without coming and then finally let her explode in a powerful cascade of pleasure. Then they would trade places. At night, when they were done with her, they would put her in the cage and then go at it for a while longer.

She started to imagine that they had been let out of some madhouse for the sexually insane and were making up for lost time.

The man let them supervise her morning workouts. They would stand behind her and encourage her with the switches the man let them have, shouting out at her sharply in their native tongue, making her screech and wail. Her ass would be a fiery mess when she was done. They showered her, three naked ladies under the water at the same time, washing her thoroughly all over and making her wash them. And he let them shave her afterwards. They would take turns. One would shave her, her legs splayed like a spread-out chicken, and then the other one would kiss and lick her to a shattering crescendo. They would wait and tease her pussy and breasts until the man came out of his shower and fucked her while they watched. The next day they would switch.

They let the man fuck them too, which Yolanda resented. Right there in the living room on the rug while she was bound at her rings, or in his bedroom with her locked in her cage watching the three of them cavort. Or they would blow him on their knees while he sat on the couch, taking turns, on and off, until he deigned to come, the recipient celebrating with a gleeful exclamation. Then she would share his come with the other, kissing her deeply. And they liked to watch him use her rear, giggling and laughing while they kissed her and played with her breasts.

When they weren't using her or watching TV, they would lay on the rug, gently caressing each other, kissing and moaning. One would get on top and they would lick and suck at each other's pussies until they were both temporarily sated. The man they had come with would just watch, a thin smile of amusement on his face.



They had small, dainty, pointed breasts, but that didn't stop them from demanding that Yolanda suckle on them for long periods of time. And they loved hers, caressing them, massaging them, kissing them, suckling at her nipples, pinching and pulling them. Giving them special attention while she danced at the whipping stand. They weren't really mean to her, except for the whipping part, but giggled and laughed and had a grand old merry time as they used her.

Finally, the weather broke. The girls kissed and stroked her at her stand on the morning they left as they were going out the door to their plane dressed in their L.L. Bean overcoats, colorful woolen hats with pompoms and thick scarves, giving her a powerful goodbye orgasm, which made them laugh and laugh. They put on their thick gloves and promised to come back which, thankfully, they never did.

But mostly, it was just her and the man, like they were marooned on an island or something. She would pray and pray and pray and wish and wish and wish that somehow she could get away from him. But like Granny had often said, "If wishes were horses, even beggars would ride."

When the spring came, he let her go out into the backyard. Wonderful spring wildflowers had shot up. Several of the bushes had bloomed. He would leave her out there for an hour or so, chained to a stake in the middle of the lawn, bound, of course. She would stretch the chain to its extreme. It would not let her get closer than 10' away from the fence. She would sometimes walk around in circles, her hands bound behind her, her mouth plate gleaming in the sunshine, imagining that she could somehow burst free.

Mostly, she would kneel there and just revel in the clean, crisp air, the beauty of her surroundings, if you ignored the tall, ominous chain link fence. Sometimes she would look at the razor wire at the top and wonder if she would ever have balls enough to tear up her body to get over it. Or she would look at the base of the fence and wonder how far down below the soil the fence went and what it would take to burrow under it with her bare hands and run, run, run, run away as fast as she could. She knew, though that her bound hands and the chain between her ankles made anything like that impossible.

Sometimes forest animals, deer, rabbits, squirrels and one time an elk with a mighty rack, would come up to the fence and stare at her. She fantasized about turning herself into one of them and spending the rest of her life out in the woods free and wild.

Most of all, it was near to heaven to not be chained to the rings or in a cage. Or in the man's company. Or being fucked or whipped or abused. It was peaceful, the only sound being the chattering of the birds.

His abuse of her had seemed to tail off a bit. It was like she had gone through some form of bizarre boot camp and had graduated to private first class. It tailed off a bit but didn't go away. At least every other week she received a fierce

beating. Usually for no reason other than his pleasure, because she was rabidly obedient. He would leave her dangling from her wrists sobbing, or hanging upside down, her body swaying.

That doesn't include the many times she would get zapped.

His use of her had not tailed off though. The nights in his bed were always torrid. It was like some bestial passion built up in him during the day that he needed to relieve. Except when he was tormenting her by denying her release, she would lay there limp and wrung out when he was finished with her, which was a good thing because it helped her sleep. Still, though, there were many nights that she just lay there bemoaning her fate, crying softly so as not to wake him, edging as far away from him as she could.

She thought a lot about the ring in her nose. She cursed the brown skinned lady for bringing it. When she gazed at it in the mirror in the bedroom, it made her look bestial. The little ruby sparkled conspicuously. And he had started leading her around with the leash attached to her nose, like some pig or cow. It made her wonder what other bestial things he would do to her.

One day, late in the spring of that first year, he hooded her and brought her outside. He piled her in the back of some kind of vehicle, strapped her down and tied a tarp down over her. They drove about 10 hours. He stopped a couple times to let her pee and feed her. She was terrified that he was going to sell her. Not that life with him was a bowl of cherries, but the unknown was always fearful. You couldn't know if you were going from the frying pan to the fire.

When he finally stopped and got her out, there were all kinds of people around her. She could hear their voices speaking a strange, guttural language. She could hear kids laughing and calling out. The ground under her feet seemed muddy. She was hauled a short distance and brought through a doorway. A loud, older man's voice shouted a greeting. She heard the voice calling the man Ah-er.

Her bag was whisked off. There was a hefty, grizzled man with a short greyish beard and wrinkled face. He was wearing a dirty woolen sweater and blue jeans. He smiled at her widely and she could see that he had teeth missing. All that remained of the hair on his head was some gray wisps. The room was dark, lit by a pair of lanterns on either side. A fat old woman, maybe 5'5" tall, stood next to the man. She was grinning too, although she seemed to have more teeth than the man. She was wearing a knee length red and black checkered woolen dress. There was a pink and white Formica table with some aged chairs around it. A wood stove sat on one side, and it radiated warmth into the room. The floor was dark stained wood that looked like it had seen better times. The room smelled of fried fat and sweat. The walls were pale yellow 12" boards.

The old man and her man hugged. He presented her to him. The old man approached her and squeezed her breasts hard with his boney hands. He reached

down and stroked her pussy. He had her man turn her around and bend her over so he could stroke her buttocks. The old man laughed and joked with him in their guttural tongue. The old man invited the old woman to inspect her. She massaged and pulled at her breasts. She took her and brought her over to a daybed covered with a bright orange blanket and pushed her down on it. She gathered her ankles in her hands and pushed them up over her head, making her knees bend. She took both of her feet in a vice-like grip and inspected her hairless mons. She rubbed it and rubbed it and rubbed it until, to Yolanda's chagrin, it began to warm. She bent her head down to it, spread her tongue and drew it up the length of her gash, giving her nubbin a little suckle. Yolanda fought back a whine, which she knew would be punished.

She was leaning painfully on her bound hands. Three other people, all roughly dressed, younger than others, two young men and a beautiful young girl, had come in and were watching with great interest. The woman kept licking and licking, making the burning in her quim get hotter and hotter. Suddenly, she could bear it no more and moaned behind her gag. The woman released a great laugh and gave her pudenda several hard pats. She dropped her legs and stepped back. The old man was leering at her as if he couldn't wait to stuff her quim. The man was looking at her approvingly.

The old man started yelling at the youngsters and chased them from his cabin. He brought out a bottle of vodka and set it down on the table. The old woman brought over three short glasses. They all sat down, and the old man filled all the glasses three fingers high. They each took one, clinked their glasses together and threw the vodka back. The old man pounded the table and laughed.

They continued drinking and laughing for a while talking half in that guttural tongue and half in English. The man asked the old man about some people named which sounded like Avtuk and Pigtuk. The old man laughed and then said something that made them all laugh again.

They went on for hours. Yolanda had risen off her hands and squirmed herself back on the daybed to make herself more comfortable. What was going on was a terrible mystery to her. Was she being sold to the old man and woman? Her mind raced with horror filled thoughts about that eventuality. But the man had not seemed to have become disenchanted with her. He was fucking her as much as he ever did, maybe more. She hadn't done anything wrong that she knew of. What was happening, and what were these people in relation to the man?

At one point, the man looked at her scornfully. He snapped her fingers and tapped his foot on the floor. She immediately fell to her knees and became erect. He went back to the drinking and laughing.

After a while, the old woman turned to the stove. There was a big, brewing pot on top of it. She brought out three wooden bowls, filled each one with the whitish

stew and set it down on the table with steel spoons. She asked something and motioned to Yolanda. The man shrugged.

The old woman filled a fourth wooden bowl with the mush and put it on the floor in front of her. She released the harness behind her head but had some difficulty pulling the gag free. The man came over, showed her the dial, turned it a couple of times to the left and pulled the rubber ball from her mouth. The old woman laughed. She patted Yolanda on the head, almost friendly and said something that she understood as an invitation to eat.

Yolanda looked at the man first. He nodded. She bent over and delved in. It was about the grossest thing she ever ate. It had an acute sourness, almost rancid tasting. It was oily and had some form of bitter herbs in it. The fish chunks were almost unchewable. She looked at the man. He and the old man and woman were eating the stew with great gusto. She looked down at it. She knew that she had to eat it. Eat every last morsel. The injustice of everything that had been done to her came to her again, as it often did. She tried to suppress it. She knew that she would never escape, and she just had to wait until the wheel spun again. Eventually, the man would tire of her, and she would go the way of all the others. Where that would be, she had no way to tell. Whether the grave or off to another form of hellacious existence, who knew? She didn't see how it could be worse, unless he left her here with these people. "Please don't! Please don't! Please don't!" she begged silently.

She managed to get it all down. Her stomach felt curdled. She looked at the merry trio who just kept drinking and laughing. The woman saw that she was done. She got up and retrieved her bowl and dropped it in a large bright red plastic bucket filled with soapy water. She went to a tall white metal, rusted cabinet and opened it. She pulled out a translucent plastic gallon jug filled about three quarters up with brown liquid. She brought it to the pink and white Formica counter and took a large glass jar from a white steel cabinet above it. She filled the jar with the viscous brown liquid. She came over to Yolanda and presented it to her mouth. Everything that Yolanda had learned and experienced over the last 10 months or so just went out of her head. She tightened her lips together and shook her head no. The woman reared back and gave her a mighty slap which rocked her teeth. She started crying but kept her mouth closed and refused to open it.

The man got up and looked at her sternly. "No way! No way! No way!" she thought frantically. The old man got up and nudged the man aside. He came behind her and circled her head with one arm. He placed his hand on her chin and started pressing down. Yolanda squirmed and screeched and moaned and yelled, but the man was too strong. Shortly her mouth was open despite her most fervent wishes. The old man tilted her head back. Seeing she was ready, the woman began pouring

the substance in her mouth. It tasted like dirt. She started to gag. She closed the back of her mouth. "No way! No Way! No Way! No Way!" her mind screeched.

The old man pressed her mouth closed. The old woman pinched her nose and started rubbing her throat. Yolanda panicked. She couldn't breathe! She strained and strained and strained to hold her breath and not swallow the goop. They were all watching her intently. Finally, she couldn't take it anymore. She opened the back of her mouth and swallowed. The goop descended. She took a frantic breath through her mouth. She started to sob. In a flash, the man had her jaw depressed again, forcing her mouth open. It took them four times to get it all down her. She fought and fought and fought to the very last.

The man released her head. He said something and everybody laughed. The women capped the jug and put it back in the closet. She came back with a large leather ball. She presented the ball to Yolanda's mouth. The old man was standing over her, ready to jump into action. The old lady waited. The man glared at her. The math went quickly through her head. If she couldn't stop them from pouring the gunk into her, there was no way she would be able to stop them putting the ball in her mouth. She had earned a hellacious beating from the man. Why should she make it worse? Her lips trembling, she opened her mouth. The old lady didn't wait until her mouth was fully open to start shoving it inside. It filled her whole cavity. It tasted like rotted wood.

When it was seated, the old woman returned to the tall white cabinet. She brought out a 2" wide leather belt between 2' and 3' long. It had a buckle on one end. She stepped behind Yolanda and wrapped the belt around her head. It went between her distended lips, jamming the big ball in further. She buckled it behind her. Yolanda, despite all that had been taught her, whined loudly. The man stepped up and raised his hand. The old man grabbed his arm and said something softly to him. The man relented. The old man tousled her hair and went back to the table and sat down. The man and the old lady joined him, and they were soon laughing and joking again.

It was the last clear recollection she had. Everything became foggy. She seemed to remember a very attractive girl, maybe 18 or 19, coming into the room. She was lanky and wearing a thin floral cotton dress. Very full breasts. She had long black hair that went almost to her waist. The old man announced something and the girl smiled engagingly. She came over to the man and took his hand. She drew him from the table and guided him into another room, shutting the door.

She dully watched as the old man and woman set the kitchen area straight. Then she was pulled into another room. While the old man disrobed, the woman applied a leather harness to her torso. It went around her belly just below her breasts and across her chest. A band ran down between her breasts and around her throat just below her collar. Another band ran down the middle of her back. It was tightened

behind her. The old woman struggled to get it as tight as she wanted it. The old man came over to help her and he quickly had it tight enough that she felt she was enclosed in somebody's fist. They put her face down on a bare queen-sized mattress

They released her bound wrists. They brought them up high on her back until she squealed. They tied the rings to a buckle between her shoulders. She whined and moaned. She screeched when they tied her elbows together. The next thing she knew, she was flat on her back on the bed, laying on her bound arms. The woman disrobed. She lay down on the bed and started playing with her sex. Yolanda tried to close her legs, but the old man kept them apart. She was moaning and squirming when the old man lay atop her. After that all she could recall was the old man fucking her and fucking her and fucking her. She came again and again. She didn't remember how it happened, but then the old woman was between her legs and was mouthing her pussy. She remembered her pussy exploding and the woman going on and on. She didn't come aware again until she was kneeling on the bed face down and the man was fucking her from behind. She remembered coming and then blacked out.

She struggled to alertness in the morning. She was on her belly. Her feet and thighs were bound together, and she had a hood over her head. She kept trying to remember the whirlwind of events last night, but her mind kept spinning off. She wanted to get up desperately. She wanted to beg and beg and beg and plead with the man not to leave her here. She had been laying there a long time when the old woman came in to get her. She muscled her outside and they walked a while. She forced her to crouch down and gave her a stern order. Yolanda didn't need to be told twice. She released a long stream. When she was done, the woman dragged her back to the hut. She could tell there were people around. There was a definite chill in the air, and she shivered.

The hood came off once she was inside. She was forced to her knees. The old woman placed a bowl of mush in front of her on the floor. She undid the belt that kept her gag pressed in and then removed the ball. She gave Yolanda another order, which she obeyed.

While she was eating, the man emerged from the other room. The girl was behind him. She was naked except for a pair of panties. She had broad, dark red areolas. She was holding on to the man's arm. He came to the table and sat down. The girl took the seat opposite him. The old lady put two bowls of mush in front of them, and they began to eat. The girl kept eyeing the man lasciviously.

Yolanda finished her bowl. Her mind was not yet fully clear and everything around her seemed to be in a fog. She didn't notice the old woman getting the jug out again or her pouring it out. She kept wondering where her arms were and why she couldn't use them. When the old lady came back over with the jar of glop,

Yolanda cringed. She remembered that much. She shook her head and started to cry. The man looked at her savagely. The old woman patted her face softly and cooed to her. She knew that she had no choice. She opened her mouth unhappily and the woman slowly poured it into her. When she was done, she restored the gag and the belt. She put the bag back over her head. She was forced to rise and brought back into the bedroom. The old lady placed her face down on the bed, fastened her thighs and her ankles to each other and left the room. Yolanda made a sound of protest, and everything went foggy again.

She spent the day all dazed and confused. The man and the old man were nowhere around. The lady kept her face down in the bedroom. She brought her out to use their outdoor bathroom and to feed her. Laughing, merry voices of children seemed to follow them. Every time the old woman fed her, she made her swallow more of the gunk. Things were getting hazier and hazier. Several times during the day she would come into the bedroom, untie her legs, make her kneel face down on the bed and make her come with her hand. She remembered the attractive, black haired girl in bed with her, kissing and stroking her, mounting her and grating their pussies together until they both reached completion. They made the two-backed beast. She slept with the old woman at night, and she would lodge her head between her thighs and bring her to tortuous climaxes. Sometimes after she fed her, she would leave her mouth free, sit in one of the kitchen chairs and have her return the favor.

She remembered that the man came back. He was obviously pleased about something. The three of them sat around the kitchen table again, drinking and laughing. The girl came in and the man went off with her again.

In the morning, after she had eaten and been fed her glop, the old lady kept her kneeling there. The man came out of the bedroom with the half-naked girl and had breakfast with her. When done, he got up. Yolanda could tell he was leaving. She panicked. She started to cry. Her mouth was free, and she felt the urgent need to beg and plead with him not to leave her there. He eased his cock from his pants and presented it to her. She gave him the most intense, most loving oral caresses she could muster. Everyone was watching, but she didn't care. Maybe if she was good enough, he would change his mind. He came hard, grunting and groaning. She drank his cum down as if it was nectar. When he was done, he withdrew and patted her on the cheek. The old woman came over and restored her gag. She started to sob. The man drew some papers out of his pocket and showed them to the old man. They had a conversation about them. A couple of items looked like pictures, the others rough drawings. The old man nodded his assent.

The man shook the hand of the old man, gave the old lady a kiss on the cheek, turned and walked out the door. She heard the engine to his vehicle start up. And then it was gone.

She stayed there for days and days and days. Her mind refused to focus. The three of them, the old man, the old lady and the attractive young woman used her many times a day. The afternoon after the man left, she was hooded and dragged outside on a leash. It was a sunny day, and it made her flesh warm. Her harness was removed, and she was mounted on a frame. They left the hood on. She was lying on her back, tilted back. Her neck was tied down. Her arms were uplifted and tied off on either side of her. Straps went about her waist and her thighs. Her legs were spread widely. She was tied down as tightly as a laboratory specimen. She had been given an extra-large dose of the gunk after she had eaten lunch and all she could do was just lay there, the world spinning around her.

She sensed the old man getting between her legs and leaning over her. It felt like he was making markings on her chest. She squirmed, but she could not move much. The old man insinuated a finger in her canal and placed his thumb over her nubbin. He gave her a fierce squeeze that brought stars before he eyes. She squealed. He kept pressing and pressing and pressing, his grip vice-like. It felt like it would go on forever. He finally released her. She was sobbing. She got the message. No more squirming. He began stroking her mons tenderly. He cooed some words to her in his strange tongue. He waited until she calmed. Then he went back to marking her chest.

People were standing around. They seemed to be waiting for something. There was a pause. She heard what sounded like a generator starting and begin chugging. The man leaned over her again. Something was humming. She felt a pin prick her chest. And then another and another and another. They were going on as rapidly as a hummingbird's wings. And then she realized what the man was doing. He was tattooing her! She screamed inside and tried to arch her back to throw him off. His hand went down to her quim again and he gave her another fierce squeeze. This time longer and harder than the first. She screeched loudly. She heard the sound of laughter around her. When he stopped, he calmed her again. When she had stopped sobbing, he returned to his task.

Every morning, except when it rained, and in the afternoons, she was brought out to the frame, and he worked on her. He completed what he was doing on her chest, and he went to her belly. She would lay there, coming in and out of awareness. After a while, the pin pricks didn't hurt as much. Except for when he was doing her breasts and her quim. It stung like blazes, and it was all she could do to stay still. He did all down her thighs. When she was brought back into the hut, he would make her get on her knees and he would use her mouth. It was like she had gotten him all hot and bothered and he needed relief.

When she wasn't on the frame, they would keep her on the bed, but on her back, not her front. Whenever she came to awareness, she cried and cried about what the old man was doing to her. She dreaded to imagine whatever he was



painting on her. She imagined all kinds of grotesque, obscene things. People would stand around and watch him. She could hear them make approving sounding statements. After every session, the man would stroke and stroke and stroke her puss until she was in the height of passion and then make her come, as if rewarding her for her enforced cooperation.

Days and days went by. She began to pine for the man to come back and save her. Which was incongruous since she knew that whatever the man was doing was at his direction. Sometimes the old man would go away for a couple of days. But he would come back again and go right to work. When he finished with her front, he took a little break. She found herself in a small boat, covered by a large fur. She could hear the buzzing of the outboard behind her. They traveled for a long time. When they reached their destination, she was brought inside a cabin. Her hood was whisked off. An old woman, who she had to describe as a hag, was standing in front of her. She was wearing scrofulous fur robes. Her hair was long, grey and stringy. Her nose was pronounced, and her face was as wrinkled as some weathered granite escarpment.

She examined the man's designs and made appreciative sounding noises. There were two Asian young women kneeling in the middle of the room wearing flimsy, floral housedresses. Their hair was long and black. Their faces looked eager and pleased. They looked identical, as if they could be sisters. She guessed that they were Japanese. What were Japanese women doing way up here, she wondered briefly.

She didn't have much time to wonder. The old lady said something to the girls. The immediately doffed their dresses and gaily dragged her over to a wide platform covered with what looked like bear fur. The loosened her bonds and removed her gag. They laid her down and went to work on her. She was soon groaning and moaning. One of them would mouth her crux while the other thrust her tongue in her mouth. They caressed and slurped at her breasts. They kissed and stroked her all over her body. They played with her nose ring, laughing as they pulled and tugged at it. One lay down with her thighs spread and raised, holding her head firmly to her puss, slapping and pinching her when she, at first, refused to lick her. The other one gave her several sharp slaps to her rear. Ultimately, she complied and quickly had the girl, she seemed the older of the two and was a bit taller, squirming and calling out in Japanese sounding language. The other girl, who had larger breasts and as a little bit thicker, stroked and stroked her mons from behind until she was groaning and moaning into the other girl's quim.

They switched places. The old man and the hag sat on wooden stumps watching and drinking. The hag was smoking a pipe. The man was smoking self-rolled cigarettes. They were drinking from a jug. After about an hour, the girls relented. Yolanda was exhausted, having come many times. The old hag gave the girls an

order. They dragged Yolanda to where the old man and the hag were sitting. One of them dragged out a frame. They made Yolanda kneel and place her back against it. They tied off her neck and her thighs. They locked her bracelets behind her. The man got up, undressed. The girls dragged him happily over to the platform and they went to work.

The old hag crouched down in front of Yolanda and gave her designs a closer inspection. She ran her hands over her chest, her breasts and her belly. She played with her puss until she was groaning and then laughed. She retrieved a plastic jug like the one that the old man's wife had. Poured some goop into a battered tin cup and made her drink it. It was similar to what the old lady made her drink, but it was laced it seemed with different and stronger herbs. It had a not unpleasant tartness to it.

When she finished it, the withered old lady brought out a large leather bag and shook out what looked like ground roots and bark into a small brass dish. She restored Yolanda's gag. She struck a kitchen match and set the roots and bark on fire. A thick waft of smoke arose from the bowl. She grabbed Yolanda's hair at the back of her head and held her firmly still. She placed the burning concoction under her nose. The old guy and the girls were making considerable noise.

Yolanda held her breath for as long as she could. Then she had to take a deep breath through her nose. She inhaled a stream of smoke. She choked and coughed. The old hag let her take a few untrammelled breaths and then brought the smoke under her nose again. Again, Yolanda held her breath as long as she could, but ultimately had to succumb. She coughed and choked again, and the hag let her take a few normal breaths. Then she readministered the smoke.

She did it until the dried bark and roots were all burned up. Yolanda's head was swimming.

Whatever was in the old hag's potion was stronger the old lady's. The smoke turned her brain into a cauldron of strange, taunting ideas. The whole world was whirling. Her body started vibrating fiercely.

The man and the girls were squealing and laughing and groaning and moaning. After a while, they took a break. The old lady fed them all some kind of meaty food and something that tasted like mead or ale. The girls ate from bowls on the floor while the old lady and the old man sat on the stumps and ate with wooden spoons. The old lady fed Yolanda by hand.

When the meal was done, the old man sat and smoked while the old lady fed the Japanese girls some potion and had them breathe in the fumes from the burning concoction while she uttered some incantations. The girls drank and beathed in the fumes eagerly, laughing and giggling. The old lady hog tied them on the floor and hooded them. After restoring Yolanda's gag, she hooded her as well. She heard the woman and the man leave the cabin.

They came back about two hours later. Yolanda's mind seemed to have come to rest on some plateau of dizziness and psychic burning. She had a needy feeling in her crux. The girls were freed and Yolanda's hood removed. The man had three trout hanging on a fishline. He sat down Indian style by a cutting board and started cleaning the fish. The woman ordered the girls to take Yolanda out and let her pee. They brought her about 50 yards away from the cabin and made her squat. They took their own turns, one of them always holding on to her. Yolanda toyed with the idea of breaking away and fleeing, but where would she go? Her arms were locked behind her. The gag was in her mouth. She was naked and barefoot. About all she could do was throw herself into the river and drown. The more heavysset girl was holding on to her arm. A sudden impulse came over Yolanda to do just that. She gave her arm a slight tug to test the girl's grip. She just tightened it and gave Yolanda three fierce slaps. That was the end of her rebellion.

Back in the cabin, there was another session of drinking potion and breathing smoke and the girls took her back to the fur covered platform. The man took a turn with her, fucking her hard, driving her to voracious completions and then spilling himself in her mouth. Her pussy seemed to be burning like it never had before. They ate fish. All the young females lay hooded and hogtied on the floor while the old man and the woman smoked and drank. They traded stories. They went on and on like old friends or long-time conspirators.

There was another session on the fur covered mattress. The old lady made her come several times while affixed to the frame while the old man and the young girls cavorted, laughing heartedly whenever she came to completion.

They slept on pallets. Yolanda and the girls on their bellies with their wrists affixed behind them and their thighs and ankles joined.

They stayed for three days total. Yolanda began to have wild dreams and hallucinations from the potion and herbs. Sometimes strange, rough, monstrous men were fucking her. Sometimes she lay in a bucolic open field and enjoyed the workings of the sun on her naked body. Sometimes the visage of the old hag loomed in her mind, cackling like some cartoon witch. She dreamt about virulent orgasms, the explanation for which came when once when her brain struggled to consciousness, she found that she was mounted on the frame and the old lady was stroking her puss madly.

About noon on the fourth day, the old man took her out to the boat, covered her with the fur and took her back downstream. She felt worn out like a rag. Just as they were going to get in the boat, another boat landed. Two hefty young men climbed eagerly out. The old lady collected some money from them, and they went directly into the cabin.

Once back at the village, she was given a day's rest. The next morning, she was escorted out to the frame and placed on her belly. The man started to work on her back.

She didn't know how long she had been there. It seemed like a long time. Weeks and weeks. She had come to believe that the man was never going to come back and get her. The old man had been done with her for a few days. People kept coming in and he would show her off. She would be hooded, so she couldn't see them. Some stroked and caressed her, cooing in admiration. Some just stood there and gawked.

A rough looking native man arrived with a young girl in tow. She was a white girl, about 18. She had straw colored hair done into a tight ponytail. How the man had come up with her, there was no way to tell. Maybe traded off for some walrus ivory or a polar bear skin. She had her hands tied behind her with a thong and there was a noose around her neck. The new man explained something to the old man. They made the girl strip off her dress and the rough man pointed some things out to the old man. The old man assented. The old lady retied the girl's hands behind her back and dragged her into the bedroom. Yolanda could hear her virulent sobs. The rough man handed the old man some money and left.

The man arrived that night. He was immensely pleased with her decorations. He handed some money to the old man. The old man seemed to protest that it was too much, but the man made him take it. He spent the night with the lithe, young black-haired girl again and Yolanda for the last time with the old man and woman. The young girl who the rough man had brought slept hogtied, gagged and hooded on the floor. The old lady had dosed her twice.

They had her kneeling out in the kitchen, all fed and ready to go when the man emerged from the bedroom with the girl. The young white girl had refused to eat at first. The old lady held her down on her knees, bent over, while the old man gave her five fierce lashes. Afterwards, she ate readily, and she was dosed again. After the man ate breakfast, he gave a warm goodbye to the old man and the woman. Her usual gag was applied to her head with the shiny golden faceplate. It felt strange to be wearing it again. The man took hold of the chain to her collar and pulled her out of the cabin. She was rejoicing that her horrible travail was at an end. Now she would only be subjected to the man's normal reign of terror. She was saddened by the idea of being all marked up and she wondered fearfully what the old man had put on her.

Once at the end of the man's vehicle, which she saw was a grey Range Rover, the girl came out dressed in her housedress and gave him a deep, passionate kiss. Yolanda looked around. All the times she had been brought outside before she had been hooded. There were a number of huts scattered around. Some dirt bikes and motorcycles. A dozen or so children, who crowded around her, laughing and

poking her with sticks. The yard between all the buildings was packed down earth. Some men and women standing around, smiling. There was a dock with about fifteen boats with outboard engines. A number of rusted steel barrels of what she assumed was gasoline. A large elk was suspended upside down between two trees. What looked like beautiful wolfhounds were lolling around the compound. Some young ones, chasing and playing with each other.

She saw the old lady dragging the hooded white girl to the frame where the old man had worked on her. The girl struggled and the old lady called out to one of the older women to come and help her. They quickly had her mounted. She was sobbing and moaning, trying to twist and turn. It was a bright and sunny morning. Good light for the man to do his work. The old woman had the flogger the man had used earlier on the girl, and she gave the girl's puss several hard blows. The girl screamed woefully. Then the old lady issued a stern warning. The girl's sobbing quieted and her struggling ceased.

The black-haired girl finally let the man, her man, go. She smiled at him sadly. She wasn't sure about how she felt about him using other young girls. The brown skinned lady was one thing. She was older and no direct competition. She could imagine this girl dancing at the whipping stand, screaming her heart out, being prepared for a round fucking. It was funny, but there was something deep inside her that told her that she didn't want to be replaced.

Yolanda was staring at the black-haired girl, imagining her in chains, when the man pulled the hood over her head and fastened it at her neck. He piled her into the back of the Rover and strapped her down. He covered her with the tarp. He fired up the engine and they were on their way home.

## CHAPTER SIX

All the way back to his 'castle', as he thought of it, he kept running through his mind the beautiful designs Panuk had applied to the girl. It was better even than what he had hoped for. The old man was a real artist. If he lived in some more accessible place, people would be lining up outside his door. He was superb at fine point work and had a real gift for color. A steady hand despite his age.

Sometimes airmen from the Royal Canadian air base managed to trek the 100 miles or so by boat to get inked. They willingly paid big bucks for it. Panuk always gave them the option of an evening or so with the Japanese girls. He charged native men \$20 a night, but he charged the kabloonas \$250.

It was good to see the merry old bandit. They managed to communicate through a combination of pidgin English, the few words of Inuit he knew and hand gestures. He was the economic mainstay of the extended tribe, the closest they had for a chief. They were on a very nice government dole. Several of Panuk's sons and grandsons acted as guides for rich hunters that flew in. They usually landed via seaplane at Takatuk, 75 miles or so south of them, the closest thing to a town on the west coast of Hudson's Bay. Panuk's sons or grandsons would motor down on one of their skiffs and a helicopter would take them deep into the woods.

The guys and gals from the airbase partied there and Panuk owned one of the more popular brothels. All his female descendants between nineteen and thirty not bulging with child had to spend four months a year there, and there were plenty. In his heyday he was cock of the walk and the young girls all competed to spread their legs for him. If you scored and got a baby, so much the better since Panuk always had an open hand for his kids and the government allotment would go up. Girls from villages all up and down the coast were always being volunteered by their families to gain access to the small salaries they would earn. He only took the best.

Most of the girls were eager to do it, because they got to dress nice, sleep on fresh sheets, wear makeup, drink, dance and fuck and they didn't have to carry water or clean fish, which is what they did mostly at home. The airbase guys were usually clean and polite. He always put a couple of the more good-looking girls in the tourist hotel where they were available by appointment to officers and to well off passengers on the cruise ships that stopped there every few weeks, or to cruise the hotel's somewhat upscale bar.

A Taiwanese millionaire from Toronto on an arctic cruise fell head over heels in love, or in lust if you will, with an elegant girl named Tapesa, a little old for the skin trade, 29. She had dark, sultry eyes, thin hips and long legs and fingers, blondish hair, unique for an Inuit girl. She was almost certainly the product of the union of her mother and a crew member of one of the Danish cruise ships. Few of the women practiced birth control. Fucking the white men was their way of bringing new blood into the tribe.

Panuk was actually thinking of retiring her so she could come home and make some more babies. The distraught man jumped ship and rented her every day for 2 weeks. He then proposed marriage and the girl, rightly, said that he would have to speak to Panuk. After much haggling, Panuk brought the girl back to the village for a week just to taunt him. He ultimately wrangled \$20,000 out of him. Tapesa was very happy to escape the north and looked forward to leading a Western style life. Besides all the luxuries the man provided her, she demanded that he supply her with \$5,000 a month, no questions asked. He hesitated, but when she withdrew access to her cunt and very able mouth for three weeks, he gave in. She sent the money directly to Panuk.

He and the mayor split the skim off the government money, and he provided him with a new mistress every six months. He supplied the military base commissary and his boys occasionally drove off with some piece of valuable military hardware, which the mayor helped him fence.

All their girls' earnings, other than a small allowance, were turned over to him, which he doled out to his extended family as he saw fit. He really didn't have any use for money himself except to buy liquor and staples and household supplies and once in a while clothes and gas for his outboard.

He had two 45' inboards at the Takatuk Marina that he chartered out. He ran a rundown boarding house with 25 small, dingy rooms where the service workers in the town slept, sometimes 2 or 3 to a room.

The town was a good source of pussy too. Most of the Anglo women who found themselves stuck there were not what you would call prime material. Sometimes there was a boozy broad drifter that nobody would miss who would cut the mustard. One of his boys would invite the girl to party on one of the inboards with him and his buddies. A couple of the girls from his brothel would go along with them to make things look innocuous. There would be plenty of drinking and some heroin laced blow.

The girl would go out like a light. Out of sight of shore, they would transfer her to Panuk's outboard, and he would tie her up and take her to his village. Somebody would go by the girl's room and haul away her things. Everybody would just assume she moved on.

Outfits that serviced the mining and lumber camps way to the south and west were always looking for cheap pussy. Tankers and freighters which plied the bay were always looking for girls. Sometimes hunters liked to take a whore along. Most villages had a men's hut, and they were always looking for girls to staff them. The brothels that serviced the naval base on the eastern shore were always looking for whores they didn't have to pay. He would keep the girls long enough to do some nice artwork on them.

Any real good-looking ones he kept for himself for a year or two. It was convenient to have her on hand for when the government boys came snooping around. He would let them use her free of charge.

The rule was that anyone who was not a tribe member, or a special friend like Roger, was a legitimate target. And even he counted his fingers after he shook their hands.

Roger's visit with the Japanese girls had been a gas. He needed to break out once in a while and a couple days with Panuk up there usually did the trick. Someday, he thought, those Japanese girls will wake up to where they were and what they've been doing, and they will be very unhappy. Business was kind of slow. Panuk was thinking of starting to take them out to meet fishing trawlers. Those boys were usually as horny as toads, and they paid top dollar.

He had taken advantage of his girl's absence to get out and see the world. He went to Whitehall to meet with his masters and a spent a couple days with Elizabeth in her luxurious flat, fucking her girl, Mavis. Elizabeth raised the idea of bringing her up to the castle to stay with him for a month or two. Mavis was getting a little dilatory in her duties. He said that he would think about it. He really could only deal with one girl at a time. But it could be fun. He told Elizabeth about sending his girl to see Panuk and she got all excited. She suggested that he could maybe bring Mavis there. He replied that that could work.

Elizabeth said that she would start thinking about some good designs.

He spent a few days in Indonesia helping negotiate a defense security contract that a British black bag company was trying to work out. He had some stock in the company and was paid a nice stipend. The Minister of Defense invited him to take advantage of a very exquisite brothel run by his agency in Jakarta, staffed mostly by wayward Australian girls arrested in Bali or Timor on drug smuggling charges. Seduced by the promise of easy money by gang members in Australia, they would bring in suitcases with false bottoms filled with cocaine or heroin. Greedy, the girls usually got tagged on their third or fourth trip because the immigration authorities would be on to them. The gang back in Australia just wrote it off as the cost of doing business. The girls usually got 20- or 30-year sentences.

The slight, cute, chestnut haired girl named Marianne that he was given to use, who couldn't have been more than 21, pleaded with him tearfully to contact her



family in Sidney. He slapped her and told her to shut the fuck up. He reported her to the madam, who promised to give her a good beating. He came back the next night and used her again. She was covered with stripes. She was very subdued and obedient, yet highly energetic. She was hands on better than the night before. And no weeping.

He did a stint in South Africa where the ANC government was still upset about support the British Government had given to the apartheid regime. He agreed to find a way to help party leaders transfer money out of the country. He spent some time in Zambia, Kenya, Argentina and Sri Lanka where they were negotiating about the Royal Naval base there. He was organizing a special squad of really good, bad guys to help deal with the Tamils.

The colonel he was working with brought him to an exotic house where some delightful Tamil girls were serving sentences imposed by a military tribunal for sedition and what was called “bandit activity”. They were mostly pretty, young, brown skinned girls swept up in raids in the north who almost certainly had nothing to do with the rebels. He spent three nights enjoying them. A nightclub down the street was blown up by a terrorist bomb while he was there. He was with this sweet young girl with luxurious, long black hair and a pearl in the middle of her tongue when he heard the explosion. He jumped up and reached for his pistol, which was not there because they made him surrender it at customs. After he ran out naked to make sure that the whorehouse had not been bombed, he went back into the girl’s room where the sad girl recommenced a wondrous blowjob.

He and the colonel had a nice laugh about it later.

So, he had had a very busy itinerary. Two days here, three days there, five days somewhere else. He was glad to be back.

There was no real road between his place and Panuk’s. He just had to work himself between trees and take advantage of any clearings that he found. Early on after he moved into the castle, he decided that he needed an escape route should any of the bad guys manage to get up there to take him out. The Iranians, for example, had put a price on his head, which was ridiculous since he often did business with the Revolutionary Guard. One hand often didn’t know what the other was doing.

He had marked the trail with bright pink, fluorescent ribbons tied to trees. He had taken them down since. There was no sense in keying anybody chasing him as to which way to go, or to which way he would go. He had done the trail so many times now that he knew it by heart. He had been to Panuk’s maybe 25 times or more over the 12 years he had been here. A few times, when he had caught a rainstorm on his way back, he had to camp out a day or two until what had been a stream and now was a torrent, subsided.

The Rover was great for climbing up and down rocky ridges. He always carried some jerry cans because the rover was quite a hog.

He had studied topographic maps and satellite photos and mapped out a probable route. He hiked it first. You didn't want to run out of gas way out there. He followed several dead ends and had to backtrack quite a few times, sometimes miles. He was about halfway to the coast, about 75 miles in, it had taken him 5 days to get that far, when he came across a campsite. It was just after dawn and there was a soft, yellow light. He heard some women screaming and men's sharp voices. He had already entered the clearing and he saw seven men in the process of subduing four women. They were all dressed in checked flannel shirts, jeans and boots. Two were holding shotguns. Three of the women were already down on their bellies hogtied and two of the men were roping the fourth one up.

It wasn't really any of his business, but it was too late to move off because he had been spotted. He came into the camp with his hands up. His .30/06 was slung over his shoulder and he had his Walther PPK on his belt. He walked slowly to the middle of the camp. All the men watched him carefully. All of the men were armed. There were four bright orange and yellow nylon solo tents set up around the clearing and two of the men had already started rifling through them.

He realized right away that they were Innuits. He also knew that somehow he was going to have to talk himself out of a bullet in his head. The man he would come to know as Panuk was there, clearly the leader. He barked an order and two of the men approached him and stripped him of his weapons. He was brought closer to the center of the camp. The old man spoke to one of the men. He turned and spoke to Roger.

"What the fuck are you doing out here?" the man asked him threateningly.

"I'm looking for pussy, just like you guys," he replied. The man laughed. He spoke to the old guy. He broke out into a guffaw.

"Yes, pussy!" he exclaimed. "You like?"

"Well let me take a look at them," he answered. The young man translated. Panuk showed him over to the women. All belly down, their booted feet in the air. None of them too happy. Three of them were young, maybe 19 or 20. The fourth was older, maybe 35 or so. The older one spoke to him.

"Please! Please help us. We're...."

One of the men gave her a quick kick in the ribs. She groaned. "Shut the fuck up!" he told her.

Roger looked the girls over. Two brunettes and a cute little blond. They were all in great shape and decked out in hiking boots, khaki shorts and t-shirts. The men had been dragging their backpacks out of the tents and were dumping their contents on the ground. He pulled back the head of the blond girl. She was crying.

“I like this one,” he told the man. The younger man translated. Panuk guffawed again. He said something to the younger man.

“Panuk says you can fuck her if you want.”

“Okay” he replied. He figured if he said no, they would slit his throat and leave him for the wolves. He slipped off his backpack and he approached the girl. “Please don’t, mister,” she begged.

He ignored her. He flipped the girl to her side and undid the button on her shorts. He lowered the zipper. The girl was sobbing now. He pushed her back on her belly and pulled her shorts down to her knees. He untied her hands from her ankles. Her feet were still bound together, and he loosened them. She tried to get up to run away, but he pushed her down. He gave her a shot in her side which made her moan. She was still long enough for him to draw her shorts and underwear down her legs and over one boot. She got up to run away again and he tripped her. She thumped down on the ground. He pulled out his hunting knife and got on top of her. He took hold of her hair, yanked her head back and put it up against her neck.

“Do you want to make it through this alive?” he asked her. Her lips were clasped tightly together. Tears were running down her face. She did her best to nod ‘yes’.

“I want you to get up on your knees and put your head down. Then I want you to spread your thighs. Got it?”

She nodded ‘yes’ again.

He lifted himself off her. She got into position, sobbing heavily. He crouched down next to her and placed his hand on her crux from behind. She groaned and shook her hips. He drew his hand back and gave her three solid slaps across her pale white, plump, naked buttocks. She screeched. “Cut the shit!” he told her.

She put her head down and gave no resistance when he returned his hand to her puss. He started rubbing it. You can’t say that he got her excited. It would be hard to do in this situation, but her divide watered defensively. When he could slide his fingers up and down her path, he got behind her and drew his weapon from his pants. He put one hand on her rear and guided his pole to her puss. He slipped it up and down her channel a few times and then introduced it to her hole. She released a piteous wail.

He ignored it. He pressed himself in slowly, waiting for her entrance to expand. He pushed slowly, slowly, slowly. It began to give way. When he was about a third of the way in, he started running his cock back and forth, probing just a little bit deeper on each thrust. He went further and further in and then her tunnel surrendered, and he glided himself the rest of the way in.

She moaned and sobbed while he fucked her. Her pussy was nice and hot and sweet. The older woman started shouting, “You bastard! You fucking bastard! You’ll never get away with thi...”

She received another kick and she moaned. One of the other men tossed the man who had kicked her a pair of heavy wool white socks from one of the backpacks. He unrolled them, dropped one, and scrunched the other all up. The woman’s head was down and she was gasping for breath. He took hold of her hair and jammed the sock into her mouth. She went, “Ugggggggggh! Ugggggggggh! Ugggggggggh! Ugggggggggh!”

All the men laughed.

Roger just kept plugging away. He hated doing it to the girl. She was just some stupid kid out on a nature hike. But he was a national security asset of the highest order, and he couldn’t let Her Majesty’s Government down by getting himself offed by some aborigines out for a lark. Besides, he rationalized, there was no way he would be able to convince the Native Americans to release the girls, and, no doubt, they’d be fucking their brains out sooner or later, so it didn’t make sense for him to risk his life just to prevent this girl from getting some early cock work. He could have mercy on the girl and get it over quickly, though. He pounded and pounded and pounded. When he felt the telltale sign, he built on it, thrusting and thrusting and thrusting. His cock exploded and he groaned. He kept on pumping until he was done. He paused a moment to enjoy the last few twitches, and then he slipped himself out.

The girl was sobbing heartily. Panuk came over and slapped him on the back, laughing. “You good! You good!” he exclaimed.

Well, the danger that they would slit his throat was over. The man who had kicked the older woman picked up the sock he had dropped and stuffed it into the mouth of one of the younger brunettes. One of the other men got the idea. He drew his own pair of socks from a pile of clothes spilled on the ground. The other brunette fought him as he tried to stuff it into her mouth, and he had to call over one of the other men to help him. The blond girl didn’t resist, and she was caught in mid sob.

Panuk retrieved a pint of whiskey from one of their sacks, screwed off the top and handed the bottle to him. He took a nice pull. Panuk did the same and slapped him on the back.

The two of them sat off by the side drinking and attempting to communicate as the younger men worked to gather what they thought was valuable. The girls had cell phones. Useless out here. These were rejected. There was a GPS device. Some usable clothes. The sleeping bags were good. They pulled off all the women’s shoes and put them in a big blue laundry bag. There were a couple of books. They

were considered useless. Some money, all of which was given to Panuk. Compasses, knives, cooking kits, a few things like that were all secreted away.

The men had shovels. Two of them walked a way off into the woods and started digging a hole. They kept at it for a while. It was rough going. There were thick roots that had to be hacked away with an axe. Large rocks. A couple of them took two men to lift out. One of the other men switched off with one of the diggers. Roger removed his shirt and spelled the other guy. They all took turns. In about two hours they had a whole about 20' in circumference and about 10 feet deep. Roger was the last one digging and one of the younger men pulled him out. They proceeded to dump everything that weren't taking into the hole. All the tents went in. The empty back packs. The women's i.d.'s. Everything.

They dug up the burnt evidence of the fire the women had built and put it in the hole. They scattered the ring of rocks the women had put together.

The older woman had been stowing a 9-millimeter Glock. They handed that to Panuk. When everything was in the hole, they filled it in. They stomped on the pile to make sure it settled and added some more dirt. They scattered the extra dirt and covered the disturbed earth with leaves and foliage. As soon as it rained, everything would look normal.

They stopped to take a break. It was about noon. They had some dried meat which was distributed. Everybody ate. The young men had large canteens with water in them. The whiskey was reserved for Panuk and him. The girls stayed mostly quiet, eying them warily.

After the break, the men went around cutting down saplings. They stripped them and cut them into 10' poles. They cut 3' long branches to hold the poles together. They lashed them all up and manufactured five travois. They tied long thongs to one end. One by one, they tied the women to them. They were quite unhappy and put up quite a struggle. But they were no match for men who had worked outdoors all their lives. They tied their own backpacks, but two, to the fifth travois.

They were ready to go. Panuk called over the man who had translated in the beginning. He had the man ask Roger what he was really doing way out here. Roger explained who he was and that he was trying to find a way to drive his Range Rover to the coast. Panuk understood right away. He spoke to the other men. They all assented to whatever he told them. Five of the young men hoisted the travois and marched off into the forest. The women were all moaning and sobbing. One went off in the opposite direction with the GPS device and the phones. He would leave everything in a little pile somewhere for the searchers to find. Panuk picked up his pack and motioned for Roger to follow him.

They walked until dusk. They camped by a stream. To Roger's amazement, Panuk stood in it, waited carefully, and with a sweep of his arm plucked out a large

trout. He cleaned it and cooked it. They ate and finished off the whiskey. Panuk did a lot of laughing and exclaiming. Roger didn't always know what he was saying, but his laughter was contagious.

They broke camp just before sunrise. Panuk kept leading him through pathways adequate to run the Rover through. At about 2 that afternoon, they came to the bay. Two hours later, an outboard appeared. Panuk waived it down.

The boat took them north about 40 miles. They came to Panuk's village. He spent a wild three days. They had locked the women up in a cabin and all the young men were taking their turns with them. He fucked the blond girl again, this time with her naked and on a pallet. She was reticent to take his dick in her mouth, but with a few slaps he convinced her to do it. She was pretty good; she had clearly done it before. He did the others too. The professor was a little bit of a hard case, but once they had her tied up face down over a stool, he took a piece of her. It took ten or twelve hard strokes with a dog whip to make her open her mouth, but she eventually did. She wouldn't really close her mouth around his cock. After a few hard slaps, he got her to comply. Two of the men who had kidnapped her were waiting for their turn and they were most appreciative of his efforts.

He got really drunk and woke up to find himself in bed with a naked, chubby black-haired girl. She laughed, sucked him off and then disappeared. Somebody explained to him that it was Panuk's granddaughter. Panuk didn't seem to mind.

He left 2 days later. They boated him down to where he and Panuk had emerged from the forest. It had taken him most of a week to reach the bay. It took only 3 to trek his way back.

He drove back a few days later, while the trail was fresh in his mind. The coast had a small shingle that was adequate to take the Rover's weight so that if he followed the path Panuk had shown him he could drive right up to the village.

The disappearance of the women was on the news. All their details were in the Toronto papers, which he read online. Pictures from their university i.d.s were shown and a map which had an 'X' on what was thought to be their last known location. It was off by a hundred miles. The older woman was Professor Linda Hayes, from the Women's Studies Department who ran a kind of outbound program for female students. She was a quite accomplished woodswoman and had climbed Mt. Everest. The blond girl was named Dorothy Strindberg from Alberta, nice Norwegian stock. The brunettes were Haley Anderson, from Toronto and Jean Leclerc from Quebec.

Several search parties had been organized and were out looking for them.

When he arrived back at Panuk's village, Panuk was in a bit of a quandary about what to do with them. He was used to picking up a girl here and there, but this was a bonanza. A pair of his grandsons had spotted them while they were out for a caribou. One of them stalked them, leaving signs, while the other went back

to the village. The one who stayed trailed them for three days as they marched through the woods. Panuk had a good idea where to intercept them.

He told Panuk that he could help him. Once back at the house, he contacted some people he knew in Vancouver, who knew some people who might be interested. It was an export company which dealt with the Chinese. Arrangements were made for an old World War II Catalina to fly up to Panuk's village. Panuk met them about 5 miles out in the bay in one of his inboards. The three younger women were loaded up and they were flown away, stopping at an airfield in Kelsey, the same one that Mabel used twelve years later, to refuel. They rendezvoused with a freighter carrying British Columbian timber to Qingdao in Shandong Province, about 100 miles out to sea.

The blond, Dorothy Strindberg, who was the cutest, went to a vacation facility run for high party officials in Hainan. One of the brunettes went to a Chinese People's Army senior officers' recreation barracks in Wuhan. The other, Ms. Leclerc, went to a very exclusive brothel in Shanghai.

Panuk kept the older woman, Professor Hayes, for himself and the other males in the village because he believed she could take a lot of wear and tear. After a year or so, he sold her to an outfit which ran a permanent hunter's camp near Yellowknife out in the Northern Territories.

He cleared \$45,000 American for the deal, a small fortune for him. He used it to buy up more property in Takatuk and a couple of jet skis for the youngsters to play with.

Roger arrived back at the castle after nightfall. He had made two stops to feed and water the girl. Once back, he fed her and left her in the cage in the living room for the night. He was pretty pooped, too pooped for fucking. Besides, the girl needed re-acclimation and he figured her would start that process in the morning.

About 7 a.m., he pulled her out and took her downstairs for her workout. She was a bit sluggish, and he had to encourage her with the switch. He brought her upstairs and showered them both. He had her lie on her back and affixed her to the ring as he usually did every morning. Panuk wasn't too meticulous about these things, and he had to shave a month's worth of hair off of her pudenda, under her arms and her legs. When done, he gave her her usual morning oral relief and then fucked her nice and slow for a long time with her legs splayed wide. She groaned and moaned and sobbed. He fed her breakfast, three scrambled eggs and sausage, she had lost some weight, and then brought her out to the middle of the living room to give her a good inspection. He had her kneel upright with her hands behind her head.

He marveled again at Panuk's artwork. He had written in florid blue letters her name, *Yolanda*, in an arc on her upper chest. Now he wouldn't forget it.

Surrounding and below that was an assemblage of beautiful and varied wildflowers, red, blue, green, yellow, pink, that descended to and covered her breasts, over and under, up to within an inch of her areolas. The gaps were filled with scarlet circles, making her nipples look like bull's eyes. Below her breasts, on her belly was the head of a noble and magnificent grey wolf, from the level of her waist up, against a background of small, shiny, realistically shaded, dark green leaves and brown branches. The wolf's eyes stared out at you mesmerizingly.

The leaf and branch design continued over lower belly, down to mid-thigh. Tiny triangles of her pale, white skin showed through here and there so you could believe that there was a real woman underneath. The foliage continued over her shoulders and down her arms to the elbows. Just above the apex of her divide, in the midst of the gentle looking flora, in bright red italicized, block letters, were his initials, *RF*, about 2" high, inside a golden circle. He made her lay down on her back and spread her legs. Panuk had tattooed a beautiful butterfly on her mons, the wings extending to her thighs. Thin little black lines for antennae climbed up from her clitoral hood. It was colored soft pastel lavender, turquoise blue, lemon yellow and a brilliant green. It looked like it had just landed and spread its wings. He ran his hand over her lovingly. He squeezed and suckled her breasts. He played with her puss until it was wet and dilated.

The girl looked at him forlornly. Her eyes were tearing. She was wearing her gag, the golden shield glittering. He was sure she was frowning inside. It amused him and he patted her cheek. He made her kneel up again and turn around.

It was the back that was the masterpiece. Panuk had drawn the glimmering northern lights from her upper left shoulder to the middle of her back. They fell away diagonally toward her left hip about a third of the way down. There was the full spectrum of colors. There was a dark blue, almost black sky with some points of stars shining, extending the rest of the upper third. Below was a large lake surrounded by dark green pine trees to scale. The lake was a greyish blue with small ripples, making it seem like it was in motion. The light from an unseen moon glittered on it. It all went down to the small of her back.

It was glorious. It felt like you could walk along its shores. He had gotten the idea that night he had taken her up the tower to see the northern sky. She had seemed fascinated by the display. Now she would wear it.

He realized that she probably had not gotten a good look at her artwork. He took a picture of her back with his cell phone. He brought her upstairs on her knees, leading her with a leash, to the bedroom, where he ordered her with a few snaps of his fingers to stand in front of the mirror. Her eyes widened. She began to shiver. Nothing could emphasize the loss of her human rights more than that. She stared at it for a long time. She started crying. He turned her away and showed her the design on her back on his phone. She started to sob. He patted her on the cheek.



Her knees weakened and he had to hold her up. He let her go on for a minute. She couldn't take her eyes off the display.

Finally, he put the phone away and snapped his fingers, tapping his foot on the floor. She looked at him and he could see the idea of disobeying him in her eyes. She only hesitated for a moment though. Once she was down on all fours, he led her downstairs again and directly to the whipping stand. He mounted her, her hands over her head. She was still sobbing. "Well, I'll give you something to sob about," he thought.

He lit into her with the flogger. All along her front and her back. Her thighs and the back of her legs. Just about every inch of her. It was wonderful to see her colorful body dancing. She screamed and sobbed and writhed and twisted. He put a little extra into it. "Welcome home," he thought.

He had a lot of catching up to do. He left her dangling there. He did some conferences, skimmed his emails for important ones; he had tried to keep up when he was on the road. He went through some reports. He came out of his room about 2. He detached the girl from the whipping stand and had her crawl out to the middle of the living room and kneel up on the white rug. He locked her arms behind her. He removed her head harness and gag. Fear scoured her face. He knew that Panuk didn't like beating girls unless he had to, so it had been her first real discipline in about a month. She trembled. He brought out his cock. At his signal, she inched forward and took it in her mouth.

He made her go on and on. He stopped and started her. She was putting her all into it. He was near bliss. The familiar warmth around his cock that was unlike any other feeling. The soft friction of her wetness. The tightness of her lips. He had missed her. It was funny, but he had started to get attached to her. He had never gotten attached to the other girls. When he sent them off, it was just like turning off a light. Here now, gone tomorrow. He would already have the new girl in his mind. The idea of sending this girl off gave him a little twinge. Especially now that she was all marked up as he desired her. His ownership was embroidered on her, deep into her skin.

He held himself at the pinnacle as long as he could. She was working him assiduously, releasing little grunts of effort. Her eyes looked up at him. "Yes," he thought, "I am your master, your lord and your god. I own you body and soul. There's nothing of you left that belongs to you. And I have turned you into a beautiful creature, whom I will adore."

He came hard. He grunted and thrustled maniacally along her mouth. He grabbed her hair and mashed her face on his belly, entering her throat. She coughed and gurgled. His cock's throbs electrified his body. When his ecstasy was on the downward cycle, he pulled back and eased himself back and forth more

softly. The girl was panting through her nose to catch her breath, but she kept her lips firmly clamped to his tool.

He finally eased out of her. He patted her on the cheek and then affixed her ankles to the rings and hand signaled her to kneel up. He took some venison stew out of the freezer and stuck it in the microwave. When it was ready, he scooped some out for him into a blue china bowl and into her green and red porcelain doggie bowl. He got himself a tall glass of iced tea. He put her bowl in front of her and gave her a nod. He waited until she started eating. He took his into the dining room and chowed down. When they were both finished, he cleaned her up and brought the bowls and glass into the kitchen. He washed them and put them in the drying rack. He put the plastic container in the dishwasher.

He poured out some of her formula from a plastic jug, Panuk's wife had given him six more gallon bottles of it and made her drink it. He would have to build up her levels again. When she was done, he wiped her face, restored her gag and harness and, making her lean over, connected her collar to the ring. He stood over her for a while, admiring her back. He made a decision. He released her hands from behind her back, brought them in front and then connected them to the ring in the back of her neck. Her elbows were out. The feathered leaves on her upper arms made them look like bird's wings. He stood up. That was better. Now he could see all her back. She would be spending a lot of time like this. He admired her for another moment or two and then went off to his room to do some more work.

## CHAPTER SEVEN

Yolanda knelt there in deep despair. She had seen glimpses of the work the old man had done on her, but she had never seen the whole thing. She was marred for life. She knew that there were ways to remove tattoos, but that would leave her body all scarred. Besides, whoever did the job would have to work on her every day all day for a year.

The one thing that she was grateful for was that the old man hadn't tattooed designs of naked women or people fucking or cocks and cunts. That would have been even more awful. Or words like "Let me suck your dick." Or "I'm a hot little whore." But didn't the designs say the same thing? Who but a whore would let anybody do this to her? All over her breasts and her puss! The inviting red rings around her nipples. The butterfly which solicited touch and penetration. The people who came to visit would be awed by her appearance and, no doubt, complement the man on how beautiful she looked. They would use her harder and with more enthusiasm. The brown skinned lady would torment her even more intently.

The thing on her back, she conceded, was a real work of art. Painted on a canvas and hung on the wall it would have been most admirable. But to wear it on you 24 hours a day, 365 days a year for the rest of your life, that was something else. When she was a little girl, Granny took her to this festival where there were artists who helped you paint tiger faces and things like that. It had been fun. She had gotten a bear. All the kids loved it. But when she went home, Granny took a picture of it and then washed it off. The bright, colorful picture with her eyes beaming in happy pleasure had been mounted on the wall in the living room with a bunch of other family pictures. She wondered if Granny looked at it now from time to time in sorrow, wondering whatever happened to her.

It was clear that she could never confront her granny with something like this. It would be mortifying. The flowers came up her neck right to the edge of her gleaming golden collar. Even the highest necked shirt would not conceal it. She would have to wear turtlenecks all the time. And she would never be able to wear a short-sleeved shirt, or a bathing suit, or short shorts. And she would have to see herself every time she took a shower or undressed. And any boy she slept with, not that she would ever want to have sex with anybody ever again, would see it and think that she was some kind of weirdo.

And she was back in the man's clutches. Being with the old man had not been a picnic. It had actually been horrible. She had spent hours and hours befuddled with

the potion the old woman had administered to her. She had lost days and days in a thick fog. He had fucked her hard several times a day. And she had to service the old lady too. That was weird, because she had never thought about old ladies wanting sex. She couldn't imagine Granny spreading her thighs and having some young girl suck at her twat. But who knew what old people were really all about? Somehow the idea of randy old men did not disturb her as much and seemed more normal.

Those days up in the cabin with the Asian girls had been bizarre. Who were they and where did they come from? They seemed crazed with sex. They laughed and giggled like they were demented. And the one had slapped her like she was a drill sergeant, although she realized that drill sergeants were not supposed to do that to recruits anymore.

And the old hag. She was the most frightening person she had ever come across. There was something demonic about her. The only good thing was that she had not joined in the fun.

The old man had never whipped her though. The old lady had strapped her ass quite a few times, but that was only maybe three or four strokes at a time and only when she was being uncooperative. The old man had given her mighty slaps from time to time, but that had been for the same reason.

And who was that old man? He looked like he was maybe a hundred years old, but he was as strong as an ox and as virile as a bull. He drove her to mind numbing heights of ecstasy. And the woman with her tongue. It made her vibrate like a jet engine.

She was grateful that they didn't make her service all the other people in the village. That would have been hell. She only got a good look at them when they were about to leave, and they didn't look like they would be too kind.

That poor blond girl that mountain of a man had brought. She felt pity for her. What had put her in that man's power? What was he going to do with her? Did he have a castle where he kept her prisoner like the man who owned her? What was the old man going to paint on her? What was going on with the world where men could hold you prisoner and make you a sex slave? And with such apparent impunity! The men who patronized Mrs. Lim's place certainly knew that the girls were prisoners. Why didn't somebody report her? But then Tiny's girls were prisoners of a sort too and his business was as public as a shopping mall. Why didn't the cops bust him?

And how could Mistress Jean and the others maintain a production line for kidnapped whores? Didn't any of the girls ever escape? Could that be possible? Well, she knew that she would never escape. Unless the man sold her to someone who got careless. He was certainly not careless. His rule was like iron. Literally, like the irons he kept her in.

Every window she had seen was made of very thick glass. She assumed that they were unbreakable too, so if she smashed a chair at it, or if she could batter it with a hammer, if she could ever get one that is, it would probably just bounce off. Or leave some telltale evidence for the man to see so that he would know that she tried to escape and impose a fiendish punishment on her. She couldn't get anywhere near the door. Sometimes she thought of rushing it, like when she was sweeping or mopping the living room. She would steel herself and brave the awful messages of pain that it sent her. She would grit her teeth and push on regardless of how much it hurt. On the other hand, its message of pain had been literally disabling. It would be like telling a person whose head was under water just to breath in and she would be fine.

And what would she do if she got to the door? It had this big forbidding lock. It was steel reinforced. It had no window. She would go all through that pain and suffering for nothing, not to mention if the man ever learned that she did it.

And that all assumes that once she got out the door she could get away. She would have to get over the razor wire fence. She would have to go through miles and miles of forest. She would have the chain on her ankles so she would have to take tiny little steps. It would take her an hour to go even a mile. She would be naked. Her mouth would be sealed so that she wouldn't be able to eat anything, even if she found something to eat, or even take a drink of water. The man was an accomplished outdoorsman, and he would almost certainly be able to track her down easily. She would have to kill or disable him first. And not disable him like knock him out. She would have to break his leg, or shatter his head, or stab him in the gut.

It was useless to think of these things. The bitterness of being returned to just where she started was unbearable.

And he had whipped her again. One moment he was running his hands all over her reveling in her beauteous body paintings, touching her almost lovingly, and the next he was beating her as if it had offended him to his core. And he had hit her hard. About as hard as he ever had. Even that time he had caught her playing with her cunt he hadn't beat her that hard or for so long. "Welcome back!" That's what he was saying. "Don't forget who your real master is! You've been on vacation and now we need to get back to normal! In case you forgot, I'm the boss here and I can do anything I want to you! Don't think that because you're all pretty that it changes anything!"

She got the message all right. Her psyche still burned.

And now here she was again. Chained to the rings. It had been at least an hour since he went away. Loneliness and fear. Those were his weapons. For it was lonely, awfully lonely, to be fastened motionless, powerless, silenced, degraded. At least when he was using her it was stimulation. Or even when she was mounted in

her frame, he would usually be watching her. There was another human being near her, if you could call him a human being. There would be touch, sensation, sound. The only sound she heard now was the fridge turning on and off now and again.

And to speak of watching her, she guessed that this would be her new position. It was bad enough to have her hands locked behind her, but at least that was a natural position. This way she felt like she was going to take a nosedive into the floor. Or like in those cop shows, when the bad guys were coming out of their hideout. "Throw down your weapons and put your hands behind your head!" the cops would shout. Well, she had no weapon to throw down. And those men were dangerous, criminals. She wasn't a criminal, and she was about as dangerous as a fruit fly.

"You're nothing without me!" That's what he was saying to her when he locked her up like this. Or when he made her spend hours and hours of debilitating isolation downstairs. "You're nothing without me!" And he was right. She didn't even have the right to pee by herself or do the other thing. She couldn't pick her nose or scratch an itch. Or toy with her pussy or touch her breasts. She couldn't sit down and have a cup of coffee. Turn on a light. Get out of bed. Walk across the room. Brush her teeth.

He was right. She was nothing without him. She depended on him for everything.

This was her first day back. Tonight, it would be her first night back. She wasn't looking forward to it. He had weeks of fucking to get caught up on. And it would be more fun to use her now that she was all decorated like a nature book. He would sup at her butterfly. He would suckle at her flowery breasts. When he had her bend over on her knees so he could fuck her from behind, he would bind her hands like this so that he could enjoy looking at her back while he plowed her.

There was one thing she could do if she ever got out. She would be freed from him forever. She could jump into the lake, swim as best she could out to the middle, and wait for her body to sink. Darkness, darkness, darkness all around her. They said that once your lungs filled with water it wasn't too bad. You just kind of float along until you lose consciousness. You just had to get past the first stuff, the instinctive desire to live, the gasping for breath, the sense of impending doom, the hope that despite everything you might still be able to save yourself.

Could she do it? Or would she run to the water's edge and chicken out? They had taught her in catechism class that suicide was the one unforgivable sin. But maybe she already was in hell. Who could tell what hell would be like? All they said is that you would suffer forever. It looked like she was going to be suffering forever. It made sense that everybody's hell would be different. And that you would be all alone, to suffer without the relief of anyone's sympathy.

Maybe when she and Chamile were riding in that taxi supposedly on their way to the park the cab got into a big crash and she was killed. The big question was, though, what had she done to deserve to be in hell? She didn't think she had ever hurt anyone. She had lied to Granny a few times, mostly about having done her homework or where she had really been when she said she was at a friend's house. She never killed or maimed anybody. She never stole, anything big that is. She didn't hate anybody, except, that is, for Gina Locatelli for what she did to her in fourth grade. What it was we won't get into. She didn't really hate her though. She just wanted her to suffer the way she had suffered. Was there anything wrong in that? She never did anything to get even. Can you be sent to hell just for your thoughts?

No. She wasn't in hell. She didn't deserve hell. Not by any method of calculation. So, she was alive and what was going on around her was real. Her suffering was real. Being made to come six, seven, eight times a day was real. Her bindings were real. The gag in her mouth was real. The beatings were real, the feel of his cock in her mouth was real. Swallowing his gunk was real. Feeling him slowly, slowly, slowly entering her puss was real. When he entered her in the other place, that was real, sure enough. Being all bound up was real; the horrid, lonely, sorrowful dismal thoughts she had were real and, beyond that, all entirely justified.

But the most important thing was that he was real. An actual, living, breathing human being, as cruel as a scurvy pirate. As vicious as a murderous psychopath. As cold and indifferent to suffering as a statue.

She heard the door to his office open. He came strolling towards her. It was getting dark outside. Maybe 6 or 6:30. Dinner soon. At least that was something to do. And her neck would be unbound, her mouth freed. She would be able to kneel up when she was done. Maybe there would be dessert today.

He came and stood over her. She looked up at him unhappily. What was he going to do? He came around to her back and crouched down. She felt his hand on her rear. She knew what he was going to do! "No, no, no, no, don't do it! Please! Please! Please! Don't touch me, you fucking bastard! You fucking cocksucker! Leave me alone! Leave me alone!" And then, "Oh, oh, oh, oh, he's touching me! His hand is hot. He's tickling my button. Stop! Stop! Stop! Oh, oh, oh, I don't want that. Oh, oh, oh, that feels so good! No! No! No, it doesn't! It doesn't! It doesn't! Stop! Stop! Stop!"

His fingers slipped down her divide. "Oooooooooou! Don't so that! Don't do that! He's doing it again! And again! And again! Please, please, please, please, please don't do this! Please, please, please! I'm wet! I'm wet! I can feel it! It's getting warm! My pussy's getting warm! Oh, stop it, stop it, stop it! Oh's he's stroking. Ohhhhhhhh, that feels good. Ohhhhhhhh, yes, that's nice.

“No, it’s not! No, it’s not! No, it’s not! I’m a whore! I’m a slut! I’m disgusting. I’m shameful. And shameless. Oh, if I move a little bit, will it feel better? Maybe I can shake him off! Make him go away? Oh, god, that feels nice! That feels nice! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

He began to twiggle her clit. “Oh, oh, oh, don’t do that! Don’t do that! Don’t do that! Ohhhhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhh. Ohhhhhhhh. Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Please! Please! Please! Oh, I feel something. Its growing and growing. Oh, my cunt is burning! Oh god, stop! Please stop! Please stop! Please stop! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh! I can’t stand it. It feels so good! It feels so good! But no! No! No! No! No! No! No! No! Don’t do it! Stop! Stop! Stop! Oh, why can’t I make him stop? Just for a minute! Just for a few seconds! Oh! Oh! Oh!

“It’s building, building, building! I’m a slut! I’m a whore! I’m a sleaze! I’m a cunt! Yes, a big fat, juicy cunt! Oh, yes, do that! Do that! Do that! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, it feels so good! No! Stop, stop, stop. Why can’t I make him stop? It’s not fair! It’s not fair! Oh, ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! It’s coming! It’s coming! It’s coming! Please don’t stop! Please don’t stop! Please don’t stop. Oh, where’s he going? Where’s his hand? Don’t leave me like this! Please! Please! Please!

“Oh! It’s his cock! His cock! He’s going to fuck me! Oh, no, don’t, don’t, don’t, don’t! Please! Please! Oh, he’s sliding in! He’s sliding in! He’s in! He’s in! He’s in! It went right in! Oh, he’s fucking me! He’s fucking me! He’s fucking me! It’s so awful! It’s so awful! Why can’t I stop him! Why can’t I stop him! He’s moving! He’s moving! He’s moving! Oh! Oh! Oh! Yes! Yes! Yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me! Don’t stop! Don’t stop! Don’t stop!

“No, no, no, please stop! Please stop! Please stop! Oh, my puss! My puss! My poor puss! I can’t stand it! Oh, oh! Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm! Ummmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm!

“Don’t think about it! Don’t think about it! Oh, he’s going on and on! My cunt’s made of iron! It’s made of steel! You can’t make me come! You can’t! You can’t! You can’t! I won’t let you! I won’t let you! Oooooouu! Oooooouu! Oooooouu! Oooooouu! I can’t stand it! I can’t stand it! You fucker! You bastard! You’re a cocksucking bastard! Why won’t it obey me? Here it comes! Here it comes! Here it comes! He’s fucking me! Fucking me! Fucking me! Why won’t he stop! I want him to stop! Stop! Stop! Stop! Oh, no, it’s coming! It’s coming! It’s coming! He’s shooting his gunk in me! Oh, yes! Oh, yes! Oh, yes!”

She started going “Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!. Her pulsing, contorting canal drove all thoughts from her brain. There was only this raging freshet of pleasure washing through her whole body. Each stroke of the cock sent her further into oblivion. “Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!” she moaned.



“Oh my god! Oh my god! Oh my god!! It’s over! It’s over! He’s done! I’m done! Oh, it felt so good! It felt so good! It felt so good! He’s still in me. He’s still moving! Slow, slow, slow. Oh! Oh! Oh! There’s another one! Oh! Oh! Oh!

“He made me come! I’m a whore! A worthless, disgusting, fucking whore! He dumped his yuck in me! Oh, it’s so terrible to feel him in there! He’s still in there! He’s still moving! He’s still moving! Oh, he’s out! He’s out! He’s out! Thank God! Thank God! Oh, I’m such a cunt! I’m a big, fat cock hungry cunt! Ohhhhhhhhhhhh, why is this happening to me? It’s so cruel! It’s so cruel! It’s not fair! It’s not fair!”

After his cock slid out, Roger knelt there for a moment spreading his hands over her broadened back. “That was just what the doctor ordered,” he thought. “She’s got a great cunt, I’ll say that for her.” She was crying. It was so exquisite. She didn’t want it, but she couldn’t stop herself from coming. “I think she’s the best I’ve had. Better than that girl Sonja. And she was hot! Number three. Or was it four? Lindsay, Marylou, Arabella, Sonja! Yes, number 4. She burnt out like a meteor crashing to earth though. 11 months maybe and she was done.” He wondered what they did with her. Maybe all she needed was a little rest. But this wasn’t a vacation resort. Maybe he should have given her to Panuk. He would have had a use for her.

He reached under the girl and stroked her quim. She jumped. He laughed. “I bet I could get her going again,” he thought. “Let’s see how unhappy I can make her.” He slipped two fingers along her gash. She moaned and shifted her hips. “No, I’ve got things to do. Miles to go before I sleep.”

He rose. He went into the kitchen. He made a pot of coffee. He sat at the kitchen table as it brewed. “How did I ever get here?” he wondered idly. “I bet I’ve had the best pussy in the world. I bet that there’s guys out there who would give \$10 million to be me.” He remembered Leslie Groves who practically spit on him in high school. What would she think of him now? He should look her up. She was probably as big as a cow with a cunt so stretched from having puppies that you could drive a truck up it. She wasn’t even that pretty. He just had a thing for her. Maybe he could have her picked up. Give her a good whipping, make her suck him off, and hand her over to Panuk. He would find a use for her. Make her clean fish and haul water and suck everybody’s cock. Nobody would want to fuck her.

The coffee pitcher was half filled. He got a mug out of the cabinet and poured it full. He put the pitcher back and the dripping started again. He didn’t take milk or sugar.

He walked back in the living room. He looked at the girl. Yes, he was a lucky motherfucker. And she was beautiful. The best he ever had. He hoped she lasted and didn’t poop out. It was exquisite how much she hated to get fucked, and yet couldn’t help being driven to distraction by it. The trick was to keep her unhappy and fearful. That’s why a good beating every few days or so was so important. And

keeping her all bound up. Enforcing rigid discipline. That time he caught her playing with her pussy, he almost broke out into raucous laughter. He really had to hold it in and keep a straight face when he confronted her with it. It was good that she was becoming rabidly sexual. And it gave him the opportunity for him to impose yet another humiliation on her. She was so dismal when he installed the screen over her puss for the first time, it made his cock stiff. Now it will look like he had caged a butterfly. A perfect metaphor for her predicament. A caged butterfly.

He needed to get her back up to snuff. Panuk fucked her a lot, he was sure, but he didn't know how to really torment a girl. To Panuk, a female body was just a convenience. To him it was a temple. A temple where he worshipped. All blessings to the cunt! Like all gods, it needed to be stroked and adored, and stoked and given satisfaction. Like in a church where they lit candles and knelt and prayed. I kneel and pray at the cunt. Gods sleep if they are not given attention. I awaken it. I stroke it. I make it rage and howl. Like any good priest. And the mouth is like an altar, an altar where I lay my sacrifice, my cock. And I pay my obeisance to it. I give it my essence, which is the most you can give a god. I pump it in and it feeds on it.

The girl had to learn that. Like an acolyte, she had to make her cunt and mouth available for fucking. A priestess of the high and holy order of the cunt.

He wondered what she was like before she had been taken. He sensed that she had been really happy. Probably admired by all around for her sweet disposition. Jean never gave out any background information on her girls, and he really wasn't interested in her details. But the thought of her innocently going on with a happy life, blissfully ignorant of what lay in store for her, gave an edge to his delight in having her.

He sipped his coffee. He had the urge to play with her some more, but he had things to do. Maybe just a little bit.

He came back behind her. He put his coffee down. He ran his hand over her buttocks. She gave just a little, barely perceptible whimper. "Yes, it's me again," he thought amusedly. He wouldn't punish her for it. As long as she didn't issue one of those forlorn, piteous whines. He hated that.

He ran his hand under her again. She shifted her hips from side to side as if she could evade him, which, of course, she couldn't. He ran his fingers along her line. It was still messy. He slid them up and down, up and down, up and down. He was able to slide them easily into her channel. She released a loud huff and she tried to raise her behind to get away from him, but it was useless. She knew that by now, he was sure. But there was no other way for her to express her disapproval of his caresses. Maybe it made her feel that at least she had tried.

He sawed his fingers along her traverse. Her cunt was getting mushier. He slipped his fingers out and brought them to her nubbin. He tickled, tickled, tickled

it. You could tell that she was fighting off moans. He wouldn't stop until she gave him a good one. He slid his fingers up and down her gash again. And again. And again. He returned to her button. He began rubbing it assiduously. Her hips shifted and started rotating. She huffed. She drew in a deep breath. She groaned. He kept going. Her body quivered. She whimpered again. She took a deep, deep breath. And then it came.

“Ohhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh!”

He laughed. “That’s the ticket!” he thought.

He withdrew his hand. He patted her buttocks. He retrieved his mug and stood up. She was squirming and her thighs were quivering. He laughed again. He smelled his hand. Heavenly!

He walked off to his room.

They had dinner about 8. He had defrosted some chicken cutlets and he cooked them in a lemon and garlic sauce. Her served it with couscous. A light Chardonnay. He cut her meal all up and put it in the doggie bowl. After they both ate, he made her drink some more of the potion. He had her blow him, her dismal, sad eyes peering up at him. He tied her down and went back to work.

He emerged about 11:30. Tomorrow was another day. He had had a long talk with Prince Abdul bin Abdullah, one of many grandsons of Sultan Haji Hassanah Bolkiah, the ruler of Brunei. Prince Abdullah had taken training at Sandhurst and had completed the commando course. He was a colonel in the country’s small, but efficient armed forces. He headed the anti-terrorism unit. He was as cold as a shark and ran a god-awful prison. Two years ago, Roger had helped him roll up a network.

Although there was no Royal Harem, the Sultan was a great modernizer, there was what could only be called the Royal Brothel, although they called it, “The Garden of Earthly Paradise”. It sounded much better in Malay. They had girls from all over the world, delivered as secret cargo on the many large oil tankers that came to take away their liquid gold. Beautiful, youthful girls. The best that money could buy. The Kingdom was, per capita, one of the richest countries in the world. And a staunch British ally.

There had been a much-publicized kidnapping of a gorgeous, young, up and coming British movie starlet, 23-year-old Gloria Kinsley, about ten years ago. Gloria had made a few soft porn flicks, and had recently been named lead actress in a prime-time action drama in which there was going to be a lot of t and a. Her disappearance, right in the middle of shooting, had been on the first page for weeks. “*No News in Disappearance of Glamor Girl!*” the Daily Star headline screamed. On the front page they ran the picture of her from when she was a page three girl, but with black stars over her nipples.

The British Ambassador, who was an oft-honored guest at the Garden, often deep in his cups, despite the official ban on alcohol it seemed always readily available, about three months after her disappearance, was aroused from his stupor one evening to find her sucking energetically on his cock. He was not so shocked so as not to let her finish, tapping her on the cheek afterward and saying, "Good girl." She frowned. He made a pro forma complaint about a British subject being held prisoner to the head of the Royal Household, which ran the brothel, but the man just laughed. "She's cute, isn't she?" he remarked. "One of the Crown Prince's favorites." And that was that.

Afterwards, he always used her when she was available.

So, the prince and he were old friends. He had told him the story. He had taken him to the Garden one night. It had been a stupendous evening. He selected a girl who had been a top Paris fashion model, named Béatrice, that's it, no last name, who had had fashion spreads in Elle, Vogue and GQ. Tall and languid. At the Prêt-à-Porter fashion show that ran every spring in Paris she had been featured by one of the more important designers to show his wares.

The last time she was seen, she was strolling slowly and seductively on the runway wearing a daring over the shoulder, midriff baring, red glitter top, and an orange, black and gold knee length skirt, chartreuse high heels. Everybody, and I mean everybody, the show was streamed online, saw her glide gracefully to the entrance to the dressing rooms when she finished her trek along the runway, and cross the threshold. Nobody, including all the frantic and busy people in the dressing room, ever saw her again. There was, naturally, a hullabaloo in the press. But then stories leaked of her wild life-style, cocaine and champagne parties, threesomes and foursomes, and some intimations that she was known to rent out her pussy to the well-heeled, and I mean very well-heeled. After that, the press lost interest. Who cared what happened to a drug addled whore?

It was all untrue. She was all of 19 and had had only one real boyfriend in her life. She lived with her mother in an apartment in the 10<sup>th</sup> arrondissement. She watched her like a hawk and went on all her shoots. The picture of her with a Russian billionaire showing one breast hanging out of her blouse and a joint in her hand had been Photoshopped. It was her head, but the tit was somebody else's.

She was lanky and tall and small breasted. By the time Roger got access to her, she had been the Sultan's guest for over 2 years. She was wearing a black mop-top hairdo and black high heels with gold trim when he saw her. She was in what they called 'the Salon', which was where all the whores waited to be picked out. A bevy of lovelies that he knew he would never see the like of again. She was stark naked, and she had black trim around her outer labia. Legs all the way up. She was wearing shiny gold pendant earrings and had a diamond in her nose. Thin lips, a slightly boney face. It was the stark uniqueness that made her so beautiful. So

desirable. There were millions of beautiful girls in the world, but none that looked like her.

He didn't know her story until later when Abdullah told him all about her. She was standing next to a dark brown divan on which perched two other beauties. They were wearing pink and orange sheer teddies. But his girl was naked, as if daring anyone to choose her. She towered over them. She had a disdainful mien about her, like some models do. One of the girls, a very attractive blond, if he remembered correctly, said something and all three of them laughed. Her face alit. Gone was the studied aloofness. For just that one second, it was the face of a beautiful, carefree woman. He was sold.

And she was good, very good. She was on her back, and he was between her thighs, fucking her, and she wrapped her mile long legs almost all around him and pulled him in. She bucked at him when he came, and he thought that he was going to be thrown off the bed. After his cock withered, he slid his body off her and onto his back to try and catch his breath. Her mouth was right on him, capturing his deflated manhood, and she worked it and worked it and worked it until it was hard again. When he started to groan, she released him, crawled up on him and slid him into her conch. She fucked him long and slow. Her pussy gripped him like it was another mouth. He bellowed when he came, his voice intermingled with her shrieks of pleasure.

It was a one off. Even though he was in country for another 8 weeks or so, the prince never invited him back. He had become somewhat obsessed with her, although he knew better than to test his host's patience. There were other delectable houses of pussy worship that Abdullah showed him, full of delightful girls. But none like Béatrice.

That was about 8 years ago. She was long gone. He asked Abdullah about her about 2 years after his *tête-à-tête* with her and he said that she had been sold. He tried to find out to whom, but Abdullah wouldn't tell him. "Forget her, Roger," he said kindly, "she's out of your league."

Tonight, they had discussed some rumors that Abdullah had picked up about a possible terrorist operation in London. His people had snagged a guy who had come into the country to do some recruiting and gather 'donations'. After about 10 days of 'questioning' he had finally told them something worthwhile. Roger said that he would pass the information on.

He had invited the prince many times to come for a visit. He had always respectfully declined. This time, to his surprise, he said yes. They talked about a late August date. It depended on what was going on at the time.

August was more than two months away. Thus was the here and now. He had been looking forward all day to having the girl in his bed. He released her from the rings, released her hands from her neck and attached a leash to her collar. He could

tell from her skittishness that she knew what was coming next. He led her on her hands and knees slowly up the stairs, down the hall and into his bedroom. He had her use the bathroom before ordering her to hop up on the bed. She assumed her standard pose, on her back, legs spread, knees up, hands over her head.

He undressed and relieved himself. He slid up on the bed next to her. The overhead was off. He had lit the table lamp next to the bed. It bathed her in a soft light. He decided that he would install a small spotlight on the headboard so he could see her charms better as he used her.

He ran his hand up her belly. She quivered. He made her sit up while he removed her gag. He made her lie down and affixed her wrists to the headboard. He ran his hand down her again. She was watching him warily. He took hold of her left breast, squeezing it gently. It was so beautiful with the flowers all over it, like something you might grow in your garden. Carefully tending it until it was all plump and round. The tiny tip reaching for the sun. Then, when it was fully matured, you would pick it, let it marinade in honey and ginger for a few days and then bake it until it was about to burst. Serve it with the marinade, laced with Cointreau, heated into a nice sauce. There, at the table, it would stare up at you deliciously, almost too delicious to eat. The knife would slice through it like butter. The inside would be like sponge cake with a sweet, creamy taste.

He laughed. He looked at the girl. "What would she think if she knew that I was thinking about eating her tit?" he wondered merrily. "Don't worry, er...." he had to look at her chest. "Don't worry, Yolanda," he thought as he read her gracefully inked name. "I won't eat you. You're too precious."

But he could do the next best thing. He leaned over and took her teat in his mouth. He gave it a long, hard suckle. He lathered it with his tongue. He covered her areola with his mouth, sucking it in as far as the end of the red ring.

He shifted his attention to the other. As he suckled it, his fantasy resumed. He could feed the other one to Elizabeth. She would enjoy it to no end. Then they would fuck, her warm sweetness in their bellies. If only they would grow back, he might consider it. But they were too wonderful as they were, attached to a squirming, sighing, helpless young woman.

He ran his lips down her belly, over and around the fierce wolf. Panuk had drawn it with its lips just a bit curled, its incisors peeking out. It looked like it could launch itself at you at any minute. His hand had found her mons and he was stroking it lightly. Was the wolf guarding it? How dangerous that would be. Too bad for the girl that it wasn't. Nobody would touch her pussy then. At least not from in front. It pointed out the convenience of there being two ways to use a girl. He would have to flip her over and fuck her from behind.

Her sluice was moistened. He slid his fingers up and down it as he brushed his tongue and lips over her belly. He rested a finger on her nubbin and gave it a little

tickle. She shifted her hips ever so slightly. He lowered himself, spreading her thighs. When his head was between them, he gave her nubbin a little lick, and her thighs tremored.

He took hold of her legs just beneath the knees and folded them back, lifting her loins. He stared down at the beautiful marvel over her pudenda. It looked like if you were not careful, it might flutter its wings and fly away. He took her ankles in one hand and pressed her legs back further. Her pussy was pointing straight up. "Careful, careful, careful," he said to himself. "Don't disturb it. Don't frighten it." He leaned his head down slowly. Her inner labia glistened, making the butterfly sparkle. Carefully, carefully, carefully, he lowered his lips. He lay his tongue gently on the lower meeting place of her divide, just above her perineum. He let it glide upwards, slowly, slowly, slowly, resting it gently on her inner flesh. She pulled at her ankles, not too hard. Just enough to record her unhappiness, her fervent desire to close her legs, to deny him access. He looked up at her and smiled. "Don't you dare," he warned her mentally. It was enough. A shadow of unhappiness flitted over her face. He went back to his task.

He licked and suckled her gently, gently, gently, softly, softly, softly. He took her button between his lips and sucked on it gently but firmly. The aroma of her arousal wafted over him. Musky, dark, like a great bog that had to be crossed before you could reach the tree from which hung the golden fleece. A hint of danger, mystery, fecundity. It made his loins stir.

Before he could enter the forbidding murk, he had to please the fairies that guarded it. Only the grunts and groans of the womanly beast that harbored the mystery could please them. Only then, would he be granted admission.

He kissed, he suckled, he licked. Every once in a while, he would raise his head and examine her bedecked portal with lustful admiration. He would place his thumb on her button, rubbing and teasing it. Her outer labia yawned invitingly. She was moaning and her hips were rotating. He was looking for that great groan, the magical sound that would trigger the opening of the gate to admit the intrepid adventurer.

He could tell that she was holding back. "Good for you," he thought. "Hold on as long as you can. Your defeat will be so much more exquisite."

Kissing, licking, suckling caressing, he went on and on. Her legs were shaking under his grasp. Her pussy yawned, begging to be fed. She released a mild, high pitched series of whimpers, "iiiiigh, iiiiigh, iiiiigh, iiiiigh." She was almost there. He started flicking her nubbin with his tongue, as fast as he could manage. Her chest was heaving. He paused and gave her bud a great suckle, wafting his tongue over the stiffened pimple of flesh. The whimpers were becoming more imperative, "Iiiiigh! Iiiiigh! Iiiiigh! Iiiiigh! Iiiiigh!" He resumed his tongue's machinations. She was holding back with all her being. "Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmmm!"

Mmmmmmmmm! Mmmmmmmmmgh!” she moaned. It was not enough. He wanted a bestial grunt, one that shook her to her core. One that signaled the raging forces within her.

And then it came. “Uuuuuuuuuuurgh! Uuuuuuuuuuurgh! Uuuuuuuuuuurgh! Uuuuuuuuuuurgh! Uuuuuuuuuuurgh!”

He rose from her loins. His cock was stiffened in rabid anticipation of its pleasures. He guided it to her entrance. She looked at him. Dejected, defeated, overcome, her will brushed aside as if it were made of tissue.

He didn’t enter her slowly. He just plunged right in. His lusts were upon him, and his body yearned for the ecstatic blasts of joy that he had earned for himself. He thrust and thrust and thrust madly. The girl groaned and her body shook. She released staccato groans of anguishing pleasure, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” It was too much for him. His cock began to jerk and throb and pulse. He felt himself draining into her. He pumped and pumped and pumped, the girl going, “iiiiiiiiiih, iiiiiiiiih, iiiiiiiiih, iiiiiiiiih, iiiiiiiiih,” as if on the brink of madness.

His orgasm waned. His rutting slowed. Reminiscent pulses of his member sent messages of pleasure flitting through his body. The girl was winding down too. Her face, which had contorted as if she were undergoing torture, softened.

He came to a stop. He released her ankles and let her legs fall. He rubbed her belly. The wolf seemed somehow more at peace, as if its nascent growl had turned into a smile.

He rolled over her right thigh and lay on his back. That had been worth waiting for. All day he had been thinking of fucking her in his bed. All the month that he had been away, frankly. Fucking whores was fun, don’t get me wrong, but it was nothing like fucking someone who was your own property. He lay there for a while, stroking his cock and rubbing his balls. The girl was lying quietly beside him, no doubt embroiled in a reminiscence of her own, although of a different nature. He would give her a few minutes breather and then she would have to get back to work.

Yolanda was fighting off a misery so sublime and complete that she thought she might sicken and die. She had anticipated just this but anticipating it and experiencing it were two different things. You could anticipate being tossed into a fiery pit, but once you were in it, it was another thing entirely. Her legs were limp, and her pussy still burned. Well, not really burned, more like it was humming in satisfaction. The beast with the vertical smile. Voraciously hungry for pleasure. Rebellious and disobedient. A turncoat, a traitor, her own very Benedict Arnold. Or more like Judas. Judess, that’s what she should call it. Judess! It was a betrayal so fundamental, so despicable, so shameful that it could never be forgiven. It was a



name that should not be spoken, but, rather hissed. “Judessssssssss! Judessssssssss!”

And she had to carry it around. It was like one of those insects she had seen on the Nature Channel, which bored its way into a host to live there and suck out all of its life. When it came, it was like a powerful vortex, a raging vortex, which threatened to suck her in and spit her out of her own body.

The man had abused it several times today. Sometimes granting its most fervent wish: to convulse and contort and twist and turn in ecstasy. Other times, he had merely awakened it from its slumber, a slumber she did her best not to disturb, only to leave it yawning, growling, gnashing its teeth in enraged frustration. As the man walked away, she could almost hear it call out to him obsequiously, “Master! Master! Master! Please! Please! Please! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me!”

Its voice would go on plaintively long after he left, slowly, slowly, slowly returning to slumber.

She had known that her drawings would engender a ferocious lust in him. Yet he had, at first, handled her tenderly, almost as an object of, if not love, then maybe affection. Or maybe reverence. She had fought and fought and fought not to give him satisfaction. She knew that she should just give in. After almost a year of his depredations, you would think that she would have learned to give in. If she did that, though, she felt as if her inner self, the girl who had lived happily with her family, had grown up happy and secure, with so many hopes for her life, would vanish forever. No, she had to keep up the fight.

No matter how many times he defeated her, she had to keep Yolanda of the past alive. Maybe she would return from the far off, unseen shore she had sailed away to. Hope had dwindled to a little, tiny kernel deep inside her. But it was still there. He hadn’t been able to beat it out of her, fuck it out of her, degrade it out of her. And right next to hope, was the shrunken remnant of her pride. It was shrunken but had not disappeared altogether. It was like they were miniscule replicants of herself, Pride and Hope, holding hands in mutual comfort, each providing what solace it could to the other.

A dozen times she wanted to surrender herself to the bliss. A little voice inside her whispered, “Ohhhhhhhhhh, it’s so nice! It’s so nice! Give in! Give in! Give in!” And she would struggle to hold on as if she were on the deck of a storm-tossed ship, grasping tightly to the mast, ferocious winds and waves pummeling her, knowing that if she released her grip she would be lost. Then, her grip would loosen and loosen and loosen, her fingers would start sliding away from each other. Her feet would be lifted into the air, rendering her parallel to the deck, ready to fly off. She would dig her fingernails deep into the wood of the mast, exerting every last ounce of her strength in a desperate attempt at preservation.

But the man knew her. He knew just how to torment her. He knew her cunt better than anyone in the world. It was his ally, his co-conspirator, his minion. He knew just how to make it work, to please it. He would give it a wink and a nod, and her cunt would start prying her fingers apart, grinning maliciously, ready to celebrate its victory.

When he entered her, and he had entered her hundreds, if not a thousand times since she had come to be his captive, a sourness always swept through her, a misery so profound that it made her very cells sicken. It was like he had slipped a thick prong of plutonium in her and its poison was radiating through her body, making every iota of her vibrate with dismay.

At least tonight it had been quick. He had plunged right into her receptive hole. She hated it when he slowly, slowly, slowly pressed into her. It was excruciating. Like a monstrous, viscous, evil snake cautiously probing, looking for its prey. And then, slowly, slowly, slowly would he fuck her. Each stroke was like a thousand deaths, a thousand lashes of the whip, a thousand hours of exquisite torture.

The thought of his splurge languishing inside her, seeping slowly, slowly, slowly into her cells, sickened her. It was in her now. The zillions of little creatures swimming around in a fruitless search for what might seem to them to be eternal life. But the formulas they she had been fed, first by Mistress Jean, and now by the man, had rendered her infertile, a barren ground for his seed. She was thankful for that one thing. The thought of bearing his evil offspring revolted her. She would find some way to end hers and its existence. She would not bring another demon into the world. Another demon to capture and torment women as if it was a sport.

She knew that the man's inactivity was merely a respite. He would go at her again. He would release her hands and bind them to the back of her neck like he had done downstairs, bring her between his legs and present his cock to her. And she would subsume it. Readily and with apparent enthusiasm. The slightest hesitation would bring immediate retribution. A mighty slap, or two or three, and who knew what else. He might whip her tomorrow for it. She wouldn't really know if it would be for that or something else, or nothing at all, since he rarely explained himself to her.

He had dozed off. Not really asleep, but drifting on a soft, comfortable raft on a gently undulating ocean. He opened his eyes. He didn't want to go to sleep. He wasn't done.

As Yvonne had surmised he would do, he released her hands from the headboard, took hold of her hair and dragged her between his thighs. He made her lean over and he attached her wrists to the back of her collar. With the bright green, feather like leaves running down her upper arms, she looked like a little bird ready to fly away. He bent her over and presented his cock to her. She looked up at him like a condemned prisoner begging for mercy. She hesitated just long enough

for him to get the urge to give her a mighty slap, but then she opened her lips, moved her head forward and encompassed his crank.

It took a little bit for it to get to hardness. To her credit, she worked at it dutifully. He ran his hands over her beauteous back. It was upside down and it looked like he was at a great height and could dive in. He bet the water was cold. Or was it warmed by the heat of her lusts? As comfortably warm as the warmth of her mouth. He was getting hard now and she had turned to stroking rather than nibbling. She kept her lips taut against his stem and slowly, slowly, slowly rode herself up and down, up and down. Every few strokes she would pause at the top to wash his glans with her tongue, or nibble and suckle at the end. Or run her tongue over the little entrance. Or, more properly, exit.

He leaned his head back in revelry. He must have had twenty blowjobs while on his trip. When that little Tamil girl had finished, he made her blow him again. The Australian girl had been top notch. Elizabeth's girl, Marvis, was a little sloppy and needed training. In the end, all those mouths had been this mouth, all those lips, these lips, all the saddened little eyes that had peered up at him had been these eyes. And now his cock was back where it belonged. God could have formulated a thousand different designs for someone to take food into their body. He had chosen to pick the perfect one for cock sucking. How fortuitous! How providential! When God had created Eve, he had given Adam a little nudge in the ribs and said, "Wait till you see what she can do with her mouth."

Or maybe that was the knowledge that the devil had given to Eve. Adam had said, "Okay, let's try that!" It was a double betrayal, one because God got pissed off and threw them out, and two, little did Eve know, but she'd be sucking Adam's cock on her knees for the rest of her life. And according to the bible, back then people lived hundreds of years.

She had a tendency to release little moans while she sucked him. Moans that had a little high-pitched squeal at the end, like, "Mmuuiii.... mmuuiii.... mmuuiii.... mmuuiii," but only at the bottom of each stroke. He wondered if she knew that she did it. Probably not, or she would stop. He was sure that she hated him so fervently she wouldn't want to do anything to provide him amusement. It was a sign that she was really concentrating on her work. Putting her heart into it. He sometimes wondered whether she had ever sucked a cock before Jean had gotten her hands on her. Somehow, he doubted it. She didn't seem the type. You never could tell, though, girls will surprise you.

He remembered being out on a date with Ginny McIntyre, a sweet young thing, just after they had both turned 18. She lived with her folks, and they kept a tight rein on her. She was lovely and he desperately wanted to get into her knickers but knew that he hardly stood a chance. He was with the bully boys by then and he had fucked plenty of the cows that hung around them hoping to get a decent session of

in and out with a guy who knew what he was doing. But Ginny was in a separate class than them, or so he thought.

He had 'borrowed' a nice Honda Accord from down at Fleet Street. He had taken her to a posh movie theatre. He didn't know what else to do with her. He couldn't take her to the kinds of joints he usually hung out in. They had parked down a little from her family's flat. He turned to say good night to her, hoping for a little peck, when she moved her whole body towards him and pressed him down in the seat. Next thing he knew her tongue was in his mouth, dancing around in a lively manner. He put his arm around her in encouragement. Then he felt her hand on his crotch. It seemed to be searching for something, and then it found it. He felt his zipper being lowered. Her hand went in the opening and fished around. A second later, she had his rubbery, yet hardening wanker out. She broke their kiss, bent her head down, and took it in.

And she was good! A lot of the girls were sloppy like nobody had really taught them how. Ginny was a pro. Why hadn't he ever heard this about her? Things like this had the tendency to get around. He closed his eyes and forgot all that. She worked him slowly and surely, like she had all day, even though her da had told her to be in by eleven and it was a quarter past. Finally, as he groaned and moaned in a near stupor, she accelerated her strokes, grabbing his cock with her hand and jerking him off into her mouth. It took him a few moments to recover. She was kneeling on the passenger seat, smiling, wiping her chin with her sleeve. "Tomorrow night?" she asked merrily.

He said, "Sure."

He saw her about every other day for about 4 weeks. He took her dancing, to restaurants, to some upscale clubs where he wouldn't have gone otherwise. Every night ended with a BJ. He wanted to fuck her so badly, but she wouldn't do anything but blow him. And after each one, she would kneel on the passenger seat, wiping her mouth with her sleeve or the back of her hand, smiling, and say, "Will I see you again soon, Roger? How about tomorrow night?"

Now he had jobs to do and, by the nature of his tasks, worked mainly at night. He saw her as often as he could. Then he got pinched for beating this guy who owed him some money. He got 90 days in the cooler. When he came out, Ginny was dating Tommy Tuppen, which they called him because he was so cheap. He lost track of her, but someone told him in the nick that Tommy had put her on the game and that she worked out of bedsitter a few blocks from where she grew up.

So, like he said, you never could tell. But he doubted it. This girl didn't seem like the type that would blow you, wipe her mouth with her sleeve and ask you what you were doing tomorrow.

Anyway, she had turned into a bit of an artiste. Very skilled. Very able. She probably sensed that the better job she did, the easier her life would be. To some

extent it was true. Once in a while when he was trying to remember the last time he had whipped her, “Was it last Friday or last Thursday?” and was contemplating putting her up in the chains, he would remember the nice hummer she had given him that morning and relent. He would go put a notation on his I-Pad diary to make sure he did it tomorrow.

His passion was rising. She had picked up a little steam. He had wanted to fuck her again, but he was past that point by now. He took hold of her hair, grasping it tightly. He began to raise and lower her head at a pace that suited him. He would do her hard and fast for a few strokes, then slow and drag her head languorously up and down. She would keep tight hold whatever he was doing, making a nice, soft, hot tunnel for his meat. When he banged her head hard, she released cute little whimpers. Then he would slow again, slow, slow, slow, and then hard, hard, hard. He felt ecstasy looming over him like a mountain. He growled and started stroking himself with her head slowly, as if to extend his rising bliss, but hard, hard, hard as if trying to ignite a fire. Slow, slow, slow on the way up, and then, suddenly hard on the downward stroke.

When he came, he felt like his brain had become stultified. His grip loosened as fibrous jolts of pleasure shot through him. The girl didn’t relent though. She kept pumping her head up and down, giving him that delicious, exquisite friction. He released loud grunts as he emptied himself into her mouth.

He let her suckle him for a little while, she never pulled off until he gave her permission. When he pulled her head back, his cock popped from between her lips. She gave him a forlorn look. He would never tire of it. He leaned over and reached into the top drawer of the nightstand. He took out the rubber ball he used as her night gag. He presented it to her lips. She spread them and accepted it, her eyes watering. He patted her cheek. “Don’t cry now, Yolanda,” he thought, “or I’ll give you something to cry about.”

He took a hold of her hair again and moved her out from between his thighs. He moved her hands from the back of her collar to the front. He forced her to lie on her back and he chained off her neck. He reached under the covers and fastened her left ankle to the chain. He came back up to her. A little tear had escaped from her left eye, and he watched it run down the side of her face. He smiled and patted her on the cheek again. He ran his hand down her belly one more time, seized and squeezed first her puss and then her breasts, and took a last look at her wondrousness. He would order the spotlight for sure tomorrow.

He pulled up the upper sheet and blanket. He leaned over and turned out the light on the nightstand. He lay down on his pillow. A minute or so later, he was asleep.



## CHAPTER EIGHT

Yolanda didn't sleep. At least not for a long while. No matter how long she had been a slave, no matter how much he tormented her, no matter how much sadness and woe he brought her, she could never get over the feeling that what was happening to her was not real. How in the world could she have ended up somewhere in the vastness of northern Canada, prisoner of a rabidly cruel, sexually voracious man? How could that be? It had never been on the menu when she was growing up. She never remembered any of her teachers asking the class, "And now, how many of you girls want to grow up to be sex slaves? Raise your hands. Oh, I see you, Yolanda. What makes you want to be a sex slave?"

She would have gotten up from her desk and meekly addressed the class. "I want to be a sex slave so that I can suck and fuck all day long. I want to be whipped and I want to spend all of my time in chains. I want to be made to fuck all kinds of strange men and women. And most of all, I want all my human rights taken away."

"Very good," the teacher would say. "And how many other of you girls want to be a sex slave?"

All the other girls' hands would go up. They would have waved them madly. "And you, Cathy, why do you want to be a sex slave?"

"I want strange men to shove their pricks down my throat and I would like to be treated like the lowest animal on earth," Cathy would say. All the other girls would give their reasons. "I want to be a tissue that men can use to wipe their asses with," one would say. "I want to be fucked up the ass until my eyes bulge out," another would proffer. "I want to be made to come again and again and again against my will until I scream for mercy."

"Those are all very good reasons, girls," the teacher would say approvingly. "Slave girls provide a very important function. I'm proud of you all and hope that you all get your wish."

But it was only Yolanda that got her wish. Or not. She could never remember wishing that. Not even a little bit. But maybe she secretly did. Maybe deep in her heart she wanted to be degraded and abused and used in the most shameful ways. Maybe God had known that. He would have sat with his little circle of advisor angels. "Next up is little Yolanda. What have we got for her?"

"I think a nurse would be nice," one angel would suggest.

“Or a teacher. I think that she would make a great teacher,” another would offer.

Various suggestions would be made. Until Archangel Michael spoke up. He was flipping through his I-Pad. “No, no, I don’t think so,” he would say, interrupting the others. “I saw that Yolanda was a special case and so I’ve looked into her psyche in depth. What Yolanda wants is to be a sex slave.”

All the angel’s eyes would pop open. “A sex slave?” one would have asked. “Why would a nice young girl like Yolanda want to be a sex slave?”

“I can’t tell you that,” the archangel would have said. “But I’m rarely wrong about these things.”

God would have looked at him askance. “A sex slave? Are you sure? Did I make some kind of mistake?”

“No, sir, not a mistake,” Michael would have assured him. “It’s just that certain forces coalesced as you were making her. An element of brimstone, I believe, mixed with a pinch of something from Pandora’s box. It was bound to happen sooner or later. You can’t really prevent these things.”

“Okay,” God would have said thoughtfully. “If that’s what she wants I guess I have to give it to her.” He would have made a notation on a little pad with Yolanda’s name on it, tore off the sheet and handed it to one of the clerk angels. “Take this down to Fate and have them work something up,” he would have told him. “Okay, who’s next?”

And that was how she got her secret wish.

But she knew she never had that secret wish. And yet, here she was. It didn’t seem real. Was she really bound and gagged and in bed with a man who liked to torture her? Had he really just used her mouth as a cunt and jetted his yuck in her? Had she really spent most of the day fastened to rings, unable to move a single inch, gagged with a big ball in her mouth and a golden plate across her face? Had this been going on for months and months and months? Almost a year?

When she tried to move her hands, she knew it was very real. When she tried to pull her leg up only to find it confined by a chain, she knew that that was real. When she tried to cry out and ask God, or someone, or anyone to save her, and her voice was stifled by a big ball in her mouth, she knew it was real.

She lay there in misery. She knew that it would be bad tonight, but, like she said, thinking about it and suffering it were two different things. There had been some worse nights. But this had been up there. Maybe because it was so long since she had been in his bed that made it seem worse. The old man had fucked her and fucked her and fucked her, and that was that. That’s all he was interested in. The pussy of a hot young girl. He didn’t plow her with evil intent. When she blew him, he didn’t machine her head up and down on his crank. He took hold of her hair and guided her from time to time. But he didn’t seek to deprive her of her humanity.



The same thing with the old lady. When she erred, the old lady treated her as a recalcitrant pet, scolding her and giving her what for. There was no meanness in her.

The man was all meanness. All meanness. Even when he was being kind to her, and that was not often, it was like he wanted to give her a benchmark to measure how cruel he could be. "See, I can be nice if I want to," he would be saying to her. "I just don't want to."

"How long will he keep me?" she thought miserably. He got rid of the other girls. "How long will it take before he gets tired of me? And where will I go?" Maybe she should just stop obeying him. Lie down on the floor and not get up. Let him beat her and beat her and beat her, and never give in. When he took out her gag, she should spit in his face. When he put his cock in her mouth, she should bite into it deeply and try and chew the thing off. She should refuse to eat. Piss and shit on the floor. And never, never, never let him know that he was getting the best of her. Never complain. Never whimper. Never call out in pain. Never cringe in fear. Stare at him with hatred in her eyes. Not fear. Hatred. Red hot hatred. Hatred so hot it would burst the room into flames. Shoot at him with her death ray eyes. Use her brain to form a gigantic psychic fist and squeeze the life right out of him.

But she could never do any of those things. All it took was a few blasts of his zapper and she would be sobbing in pain. All it would take was one of his deathly looks and her courage would crumble like a stale saltine cracker. Tonight, when he held her ankles in the air, she instinctively tried to pull them apart. He had looked at her with that look he had. A chill had gone up her spine. And then he smiled, as if saying, "Just give me one little excuse and you'll be sorry that you were ever born."

She was already on the verge of being that sorry. But like her pride and her hope, she just couldn't give that up yet. She was holding firmly onto her memories of the love and affection she had experienced. Granny, from her viewpoint at least, was the most kindest and loving person in the whole world. In fact, if you put together a line of kindness and loving at one end, and meanness and cruelty on the other, Granny would be way off at the end on the right and the man would be at the extreme left. Would things balance out? Would her eighteen years of happiness now be offset by eighteen years of misery?

A virulent desire to be free overwhelmed her. She pulled at her confined wrists. She bit down on the ball in her mouth. She pulled hard on the chain that confined her leg. She released the most forlorn, muffled wail you could utter. A fierce coldness went through her. "This can't be happening! This can't be true!" It was so inapposite to her desires, so bizarre, so strange!

She had gone into a fortune teller once. It had been at the county fair. She had been with Susan Miller, who she used to hang out with until she started hanging

out with the sharp looking girls and had dropped her. It had really hurt her feelings because they had been friends for years. Why didn't the fortune teller warn her? She had been right about so many things. She should have warned her like the soothsayer in *Julius Caesar*, which they studied in ninth grade, who told Caesar, "Beware the ides of March!" "Beware of your fucking dirt bag mother!" she should have said. Of course, Granny had said much the same thing and she had ignored her. Was she being punished for her naivete? Being stupid? Carol Spencer had been stupid. Everybody warned her that Jimmy Dwyer had the clap, but she had fucked him anyway. She had tried to keep it a secret, but she told a friend who had told a friend who had told a friend and it got all over the school. Everybody avoided her in gym class after that and if she sat on a toilet, nobody would use it until somebody washed it with Lysol.

Carol hadn't been turned into a sex slave. Not last time she checked. But she had to give out a lot of blowjobs until Desmond Cummings, the class dork, agreed to be her boyfriend.

So why was she being punished for one single act of stupidity. There ought to be a rule that you were allowed at least one. All of a sudden, the world would stop, and a bell would ring. Everything would be rewound back to where you fucked up. A voice would come down from above. "That was stupid, Yolanda. Don't ever do that again. This will be your only warning!"

That day, on the porch, waiting for Chamile to show up. She remembered having second thoughts when she was late. Why didn't she listen to the inner voice? It was like that robot on *Lost in Space*. "Danger! Danger! Danger, Will Robinson!" Only it said, "Danger! Danger! Danger, Yolanda Perry! Danger!"

She wailed again. Bitter tears descended her face. Bitter tears for the ten hundredth time.

She heard the man moan and he stirred. Icey cold went through her. Had she awakened him? What rabid punishment would he devise for that? She lay there absolutely still, afraid to breathe. She kept herself stiff as a board until she heard him snore. She released her breath. Why did she have to live on a razor's edge of terror? Why couldn't she have a regular life?

She did finally fall asleep. She only knew it though when she felt a fierce crack on her rear. Her eyes bolted open. "What was that?" she thought frantically. Then she received another and another. It stung like she had sat on a bee's nest. She felt the man's hand take hold of the back of her collar. She was on her side facing away from him. He yanked her hard and she scrambled to follow his lead. He had already released her ankle from the chain. He pulled her and pushed her until she was bent over on her knees, her head down on the pillow. She received one, two, three more cracks on her ass. She wailed and wailed. His hand came down forcefully on her neck, pushing her down. "What did I do? What did I do?" she

thought frantically. “Why can’t I beg for forgiveness? Please! Please, don’t hurt me.”

He held her stiffly down. There was a pause as if he was trying to get control of himself. Or letting the blows he had given her sink in before administering more, as he often liked to do. It lasted a while. Her heart had been pounding in panic, and it started settling down. “Please don’t hurt me again! Please!” she thought frantically.

So much for her courage. So much for her pride. She was foolish to think that she could stand up to him for a single second.

He took a deep breath. Something had come over him. He was trying to figure out what it was. Then he remembered. It was a dream. All a dream. She had been kneeling before him. Her hands behind her. She was not wearing her tattoos. It was before that, or somehow they had disappeared. Her harness and faceplate were off. He had given her an order. He didn’t remember what it was. She had refused to obey. He gave it to her again and again. She just knelt there with a contemptuous smile on her face. He exploded into rage and wanted to assault her. But when he went to move, he was frozen. He wanted to slap her so hard it would rock her teeth, but he couldn’t budge his arm an inch. She just kept smiling and smiling and smiling, disdain all over her face.

He had awakened in a rage. There she was, sleeping, ignorant of the great sin she had committed. He needed to strike out at her, teach her a lesson. He had to dispel the powerful remnant of the dream. He lashed out at her. Again and again. He yanked her into position to receive more. He struck her again and again.

He realized that he had done her an injustice. She was innocent of any wrongdoing. He was remorseful. She was sobbing and shaking. He took a deep breath. He rarely lost control of himself. Almost never. Not for many, many years. He couldn’t remember the last time it happened.

He reached over and turned on the light. Her beautiful, peaceful picture came alight. He stared at it for a moment. It was soothing. Here was proof positive that his dream had not been real. She wore his markings. The chances that she would ever disobey him were practically nil. He held supreme power over her. He realized that there was a part of him that was fearful that he would lose her. That she would slip away. He didn’t want to lose her. He had to be rigid and forceful. To never let up on his control over her. To make the idea of disobedience a fearsome taboo. To make the idea of displeasing him feel like she would be stepping out into a hellacious storm of woe.

It wasn’t fair what he had done to her. He knew that. But what relevance was fairness when you were talking about a slave. What he had done was cruel and callous, but cruelty and callousness were necessary if he was to retain his hold on her. On the other hand, he didn’t want her blubbering in fear every time he

approached her. Over the winter, she had kind of settled into her slavery. Accepted who she was and what she had become. They had had some moments that were, if not tender, at least warm. A kind of bonding. Like when he had taken her up to see the northern lights. He just wanted her to have some delight. Or when he fed her ice cream or cookies. Or when she was draped over his knees and he was slowly, slowly, slowly and gently stroking her quim, sending her a mesmerizing flow of warm pleasure. Then giving her a soft, gentle, rolling orgasm that left her calm and content.

Well, he couldn't apologize. He wouldn't go down that rocky road. Besides, it was the principle of the thing. You didn't apologize to a slave. But he could calm her, make her believe that all was forgiven. She wouldn't know what sin she had committed, but she had to know that she was by nature guilty. That she woke up every morning guilty. Guilty of something. Some wayward thought. Some resentment. Some yearning for freedom. Yes, and even hatred. Hatred of him and everything he did to her. And that's what made it so perfect. Every day she would commit the same sins. She had that look she gave him, momentary, true, but he had seen it often. If her eyes could shoot daggers his whole body would be punctured, like a bull at the penultimate stage of a bull fight, lanced by picadors, ready for the matador's knife.

If he filled every second of her life with terror, she would lose that. She would become dull and lifeless. That was what happened to that girl, Sonja. She just couldn't take it. Her whole personality collapsed. And eventually Antonia too. All of them. They would go so far and then accept absolute, total defeat. He never wanted her to accept total and absolute defeat. He wanted her to keep fighting him. Never to lose that flash of resentment. Never to lose that look of dismay when he possessed her.

He began to rub her back, the way you would calm a distressed animal. He ran his hand over the Acadian style drawing. He rubbed it over her rear. He did it again and again. Her sobbing relented. Her body lost some of its tenseness. He knew that he had to treat her like a delicate clockwork. Just enough tension, and not too much, or the spring would break. Too little and she would stop ticking. She had to be fine-tuned. Like a guitar made by a master craftsman. Each strum had to be clear and true. Every chord honest and beautiful.

He continued to hold her head down firmly. She had to feel his control, his power. He was easing her fear, not comforting her. He lowered his right hand to her quim. She gave a little spasm and her thighs strained. "Shhhhhhhhhhhh," he hissed to her. "Shhhhhhhhhhhh. Shhhhhhhhhhhh." She released a little whimper, but her body seemed to relax. He stroked her softly and gently. He trailed his fingertips along her flesh. He gently probed between her outer lips, slowly, lightly,

calmly until he could glide his fingers up and down easily. She made a movement to raise her head and he tightened his grip on her neck and kept her still.

“Shhhhhhhhhhhhh, Shhhhhhhhhhhhh. Shhhhhhhhhhhhh,” he hissed again. He stroked and he stroked and he stroked. He spread some of her moisture over her button and tenderly caressed it. He went on and on. She released a heavy sigh. He probed her channel, easing his two longest fingers in and out, slowly, slowly, slowly. After a while, she issued a long, soft moan.

He quickened his efforts, not by much. Just enough to build her passion. The lake on her back seemed to glimmer in the light. It was in motion and yet still. That’s what he wanted to create for her, a sense of stillness, every muscle of her body frozen in place, as if his command had turned her to stone, but her inner self would be stirring, softly flowing like some lazy stream.

She groaned and her body shuddered. She was getting close. He pushed her just a little more, his caress of her button just a mite heavier, his strokes of her puss a bit firmer. She started moaning, soft and mellow, like the lazy purring of a cat. “Ummmmmmmmmm, ummmmmmmmm, ummmmmmmmm.” He began a soft tickling of her nub. He started slow, and then went faster and faster. Not flicking at it maniacally. Just enough for her lusts to gently rise, like the leavening of bread. Her thighs seemed to widen. Her hips started a slow rotation. Her breath was becoming heavy. She tried to pull her head up again, not forcefully, not in resistance, but in response to the soft passion he was inducing in her. He held her firmly. Her body suddenly gave out a heavy shudder. Her hips started grinding with more urgency. He just kept his machinations soft and gentle and moderate, like he was urging her to orgasm rather than driving her. Then she went, “Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph!” Not loudly, not fervently, but like the soft release of energy from a child’s toy. “Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph! Ouuuuph!”

He kept her going for a brief time after her soft ejaculations ebbed. Her body gave a few more shudders and she groaned softly, “Ughhhhhhhhhhh, ughhhhhhhhh.”

He withdrew his hand. He rubbed her buttocks. He rubbed her back. He loosened his grip on her neck. His cock was rigid and demanding. She would have to satisfy it, since she had engendered it. He didn’t want to use her puss. He wanted to leave it gently glowing. He pushed down on her rear to bring her smaller aperture within his range. Her body tensed slightly. He rubbed her back several times, “Shhhhhhhh, shhhhhhhh, shhhhhhhh, shhhhhhhh,” he hissed at her again. He took hold of his rod and addressed it to the inviting hole. He pressed against it. It expanded. Then he slowly, slowly, slowly slid himself in until his belly met her rear. She uttered a little chirp of protest. He took hold of her hips and started a slow but steady abrasion of her little ring. Her tenseness abated. He sawed on and on. His hands were on her hips, gently rocking her in time with his thrusts.

From time to time, he spread his hands along her curved back, caressing it softly, as if he were dipping his hands in the magic pond. Then he would take hold of her hips again and his thrusts would increase in urgency as if he had absorbed energy from the magic waters. His lusts got the better of him, and he began to fuck her fervently. He stroked and stroked and stroked. She started to moan. He had taught her to come this way and he was determined to bring her to fruition. He took hold of her collar and drew her back until she was sitting impaled on his thighs. He rubbed and caressed her breasts. He stroked her quim. He friggled her button. She started moaning again. This time with an urgency that he had denied her before. He pushed her back down and stroked and stroked and stroked. He was doing his utmost to rein himself in. To keep the stopper in the bottle, the lid on the pot. She groaned loudly and her body shuddered. She started going, “Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!”

He could hold it in no longer. He grunted and groaned as his cock throbbed and jerked. He could almost feel his balls draining. He pounded and pounded and pounded. She grunted and grunted and grunted, and he groaned and groaned and groaned.

He halted his thrusts. His cock made a few more desultory throbs as it leaked the last of his jism into her murkiness. His heart was throbbing heavily in his chest. “One day, I’ll just drop dead,” he thought satisfyingly. The girl was issuing soft moans. He rubbed her back in gratitude for the use of her flesh. Her cooperative grunts and groans. She was the best. There was no doubt about that. Tomorrow, he would give her a good beating. It might seem unfair to do it two days in a row, an incongruence to tonight’s tenderness. But every act of tenderness had to be offset by an act of cruelty. Everything need to be in balance. Like a well-oiled apparatus.

He slipped from her. He patted her behind. He got up and went to the bathroom to cleanse himself. He came back to the bed. The girl was still in place. He slid in next to her. “Good girl,” he thought. He gave her backside a sharp slap. She knew the drill. She lowered herself and turned until she was lying on her back, her legs flat but still spread. She never had the right to bring them together. He leaned down and restored the chain to her left ankle.

The chain to the headboard was still affixed. He looked at her. If she wasn’t the perfect whore, then he didn’t know what was. He leaned over and seized her left breast. He sucked on it while he gave her puss a series of soft strokes. He shifted to the right, laving his tongue along the red ring. He brought his hand up and rubbed her belly. He looked at her face. There was that look. He loved it! Tomorrow, for sure, he would beat her. In the morning so that she would have the rest of the day to think about it. Not too much though. Remember, balance, balance, balance. But enough to watch her dance and squirm, enough to hear her wails and sobs. Maybe he would leave her gag off so that she could really let go.

He patted her on her cheek. He pulled the cover up over them, rolled away from her and was swiftly asleep.

Yolanda was afraid to go to sleep. She didn't know what had caused the man's outburst of rage, but she didn't want to trigger it again. She didn't know it, her ability to read the man's thoughts was practically nil, but his sense of her guilt was spot on with his. She did feel guilt whenever she thought of stabbing him until he bled like a pig, smashing his face with a mighty boulder, crushing glass and putting it in his food so she could watch him moan and sob in horrendous pain. It was not that she thought that if she did those things she would be wrong. After all, look what he had done to her. Or even that the thoughts were wrong. I mean, who could blame her? She hoped that she never stopped feeling them. That would mean that her psyche was defeated, her inner core would be dead.

Her hope sprung from two beliefs. The first, the most obvious one, was that all of her who had been her would be gone. Even if she escaped, her soul would be deadened for the rest of her life.

The second was that she would never be able to serve him with the enthusiasm he demanded. Somehow, her hate of him facilitated her ability to comply with his demands, like she was obeying him out of spite. Proving that she was not defeated. Not that it was her deep dark desire to subjugate her will to his, but because she knew a diminution in her enthused performance of her duties would precipitate a hell storm of abuse.

And, as a corollary to that, he would tire of her and send her off to what could be an even more heinous fate. Sell her to that Eskimo, or whatever he was, so that he could keep her like those two Japanese girls. Maniacal, spellbound, deluded. Eagerly anticipating her use by strange men, prostituted. And put her in under the dominion of that witch. She too wondered what the old hag got up to with those girls when nobody was around. Or keep her as the village whore. Locked in a hut 24 hours a day, subject to the sexual needs of all the men, getting fucked 15, 20, 25 times a day. And his woman would keep her under the power of that potion she had made her drink. She would be befuddled, addled, unable to formulate a cogent thought.

Or put her in the ground. He would certainly make her pay first for failing him. Burn her over a fire. Peel off her skin. Make her suffer the death of a thousand cuts, whatever that was, but she could imagine that it involved cutting away her body parts one by one, her nose, her ears, her breasts, just to start. He would do it over days and days so that she would experience the full terror of each slice. Or to sell her to someone who would do those things. He would not leave her unpunished. After all, it would be a form of escape. Just as if she had climbed the fence outside and scooted away into the forest.

No, her guilt didn't spring from those thoughts themselves. It was the idea of being found out. He seemed to be able to read her mind. She would experience a dark foreboding whenever she was thinking those thoughts and he was anywhere around her. Like when he was finished beating her. He would stand there for a while as she hung in her chains, trying to halt the sobs that she knew gave him so much pleasure. She would look at him and wish that a bolt of lightning would strike him. Or that the house would fall in on him and crush him. Or that some wolf or bear from the forest would burst into the house and tear him to shreds. But then she would stop. A dreadful chill would go through her body. The whip would still be in his hand. "No, don't think that! Don't think that! He'll know! He'll know!" she would think, panicked. Of course, sometimes he resumed beating her anyway, as if he had been merely contemplating whether she had been given enough. Whether the demon in him been fully sated.

Or when she was locked to the rings and had been left there for hours and hours while he did what he did in his little room. She would think of ways to repay him for his cruelty. Boiling him in oil, excising his male equipment, putting it in the blender in the kitchen and feeding it to him. Dipping him in the most corrosive acid. Locking him in a cage and watching him slowly starve to death. And then he would come out. Sometimes he would just go into the kitchen and get himself another cup of coffee and go back, or use the bathroom, or go downstairs for some reason. But most times, even if he didn't have the impulse to impose some indignity on her, he would just stand there for some moments and stare at her. And she would think, "He knows! He knows! He knows what I have been thinking!" And she would tremble.

Tonight, just before he had assaulted her, she had been dreaming of freedom, as she often did. She had gotten out of the house, vaulted the fence. A beautiful white horse with wings had been waiting for her. She climbed on its back, and it had lifted her into the air. She felt a wondrous joy as she looked back and saw the house fading away.

Had he read her dream? Could that be possible? She knew that he was just a man, like any other, although more cruel, more depraved than anyone she had ever met or imagined. Even Tiny didn't beat his girls for no reason. They weren't kept bound for hours and hours and hours all day. He didn't keep them naked and chained. He subjugated them, but they were still human. They could move around, stand on their feet. Wear clothes. Even talk. She had gone out to his corner once, compelled to see how Chamile lived. To confirm for herself her mother's corruption. She had peered around a building so she wouldn't be seen. She had seen Chamile there and the others. While they were waiting for customers they hung around and talked to each other. Sometimes they even laughed.



And yet, sometimes the man assumed god-like proportions in her mind. Like when he came on the monitor downstairs. His face would fill the whole screen and he would stare at her imperiously. Sometimes when he used her, sitting on his couch, she on her knees servicing him, her hands locked behind her, his hand grasping firmly to her hair, stroking himself with her mouth gain and again and again, starting and stopping, letting the warmth of her mouth linger around him for the longest time, she felt like she was some form of temple whore worshipping her god.

And like a god, he had all power over her. Determined every moment of her existence. Pervaded her soul. Controlled every twitch of her body. He stood unchallenged in his castle, his will permeating every nook and cranny, extending far out from the house, for miles and miles and miles. The forest which encompassed his Olympus seemed to exist to serve him. Each single tree out there his creature and all of them dedicated to keeping her prisoner. If she ran through the forest, they would stand in her way, block her every move, reach out and capture her and hold her for their master's pleasure. The people who came were like his acolytes, come from all the corners of the world to pay obeisance to him. He conjured gifts from the sky, some unknown tribe of worshipers delivering their offerings to him.

So, if he was a god, he could read her thoughts. And if he could read her thoughts, he could read her dreams. And he would know that she constantly sinned against him. If his torments of her seemed at times to be random and for no reason, she knew that she was being punished for the unseen sins, the inner sins, the ones that lurked in her heart.

His explosion tonight seemed to confirm all that. She had ever seen him so enraged. Normally, he punished her with the coolness of an assassin. Was this the harbinger of things to come? Had she entered a new phase? She had been away from him for the longest time. Was he enraged because she had had an existence outside of him? The fact that it wasn't her fault would not matter. She had been outside his zone of control. New, fiendish and drastic measures needed to be taken to bring her back.

And yet, there had been an element of tenderness afterwards. He had stroked her as if to calm her. He had shushed her like you would a sad child. And he had stroked her softly, softly, softly, so softly that her orgasm had seemed to roll over her, like a beam of summer sunshine peeking out from the clouds. And then he had used her almost demonically, as if he needed to reclaim her, prove his mastery of her, used her in that way that most repelled her. Forcing her to experience pleasure from it, injecting his spume in her as if he were branding her with it. Marking his property, as a dog would mark a tree within its territory.

Her hatred of him was no mystery. What was a mystery was the feeling of rightness she felt at being reunited with him. It wasn't overwhelming by any means. She didn't feel like celebrating. She knew what being back in his ambit would entail. She had sampled it today when he had beat her. When he used her so callously. When he left her moaning and squirming after having teased her into passion. Like he was testing some apparatus that had come back from the repair shop.

No, it was a feeling that was almost subliminal. It was something that seeped from her unconscious. She had fought it all day. It contravened her rebellion and rage. It diluted her sense of injustice. It was like she was a peg that had been put back in its hole. A cog returned to the machine. A puzzle piece that had been recovered and lodged into its place.

Months and months and months she had been his slave. Every day she suffered some form of abuse. Even locked away in the basement, she would look over at the door anticipating his return. And yet, the days had passed. You would think that they would have trudged by like saddened refugees, bereft, lost, alone, without hope. But they had almost whizzed by. When Christmas had come, she had been shocked how quickly the time had passed since she had become his prisoner. She had been seized a few days after her birthday in mid-July. She had spent at least 2 weeks as Mistress Jean's captive. On the first night she was here, as he watched the TV, the BBC announcer said it was August 5th. She would never forget it. From August 5th to December 25<sup>th</sup> was almost 6 months. Where had all that time gone?

And now it was spring. He hadn't watched TV last night, but she guessed that it was well into June. She remembered kneeling in the sunroom, watching the snow fall for hours like it was yesterday. Her 1-year anniversary here was less than 2 months away. How did everything go by so fast?

She knew that part of the reason was that virtually every day was filled with something. Being fucked, sucking his cock, being whipped. Her constant fear was like a sluice that made the days slip away. There was not a single moment that her being was not electrified by her sense of danger, her sense of foreboding. Even in the room downstairs, he was constantly present.

How would she ever live a normal life again? The days would crawl by like a tortoise. They would be bland and tasteless. And she had become addicted to his use of her. Sometimes, when mounted on the rings, or kneeling downstairs, or locked in a cage, her loins would start to ache. Well, maybe not ache. They would yearn. That was the best way to describe it. When he placed his hand on her puss, part of her would rejoice. Even if he did not let her come, at least her passions would be brought to life. He had given them his attentiveness. And when he penetrated her, although it always brought her sorrow and dismay, there would be a little part of her that would trill with delight.

She thought of her puss sometimes as being apart from her. One with its own wants and desires. A disobedient creature intent on debasement. She knew, though, that that was just a defense mechanism. She needed to cast the blame for her lasciviousness on something other than her. Her lust on something she had no control over. But, of course, her body was, like everyone else's, fully integrated. The brain was merely an organ receiving impulses from all the others. Deep in her mind were synapses she had constructed all on her own. When her brain received the signal that her cunt had been touched, that it was being stroked, that a hot probe had invaded her, it sent the signal to her libido. The little men in there would get all excited and run around pulling levers, stoking fires, sending radiograms to the rest of her body. "Alert! Alert! This is an all-points bulletin! Get ready to feel something really, really good! This is not a drill!"

She had rejected the idea that she had some secret obsession to become a whore, to be ruled by dominant cruel men, to have her will rendered subservient to their lusts. But she had remembered when she read *The Story of 'O'* in sophomore year. Debbie Flanagan, who later turned out to be the biggest whore in the whole school, had given it to her one day. "Here," she had said, "this'll warm your panties." And it had. She didn't know a woman could abandon herself to lust like that. Sex was something women were supposed to dole out in small doses. O had surrendered herself seemingly without a single hesitation. When she was kneeling in Sir Stephan's living room, face down on the couch, her skirt drawn up on her back, displaying herself ludely, she thought to herself that the same gesture which would bring her to her feet would return her privacies to concealment, and yet she couldn't do it. She was in the presence of a total stranger to whom her lover was turning her over like a prostitute from the street, and she didn't utter a single protest.

The book never explained why O felt this way. What had made her deviate from so called 'civilized' norms. She had managed all on her own to get the sequel, *Return to the Chateau*. And although she understood it to imply the negation over everything in its prequel, that Sir Stephen treasured her, even loved her, it contained the only moment in which O's inner workings were revealed. Alone, chained in her bed, the evening of her first night there, she pondered her fate. Why, she asked herself, "...whether or not she derived any pleasure from it, someone, no matter whom, from the fact that he penetrated her, or simply opened her with his hand, beat her, or only made her strip naked, had the power to make her submit to his will."

She had gone over that passage a hundred times until she knew it by heart. Yes, why? She couldn't explain it in herself either. But it applied to her just the same. Every time he touched her it was like some switch had been pulled. Some gears had been shifted. Some paradigm triggered. She knew that ultimately she would

surrender. And yet, everything that had happened to her repelled her. She had no desire to be this man's slave or any other's. Nothing held O as a prisoner in the chateau but her own psyche. Anne Marie had made it clear at the end of the book. You can go, or you can stay. She had often pondered what O had done. Deep inside though, she knew that she had stayed. She had found her place in the world. There was no going back.

She was terrified by the thought that if she was given the option of leaving, she would feel compelled to stay. Had she, like O, found her place in the world? Her secret destiny? If so, it was one that was selected for her. Not, like O, one she chose.

She supposed that by now Granny had found those books, buried under her rarely used clothing in the bottom drawer of her dresser. She was saddened at what she must have thought when she found them. Maybe she thought that she had run away to become a whore like her mother. She would put it down to bad blood. An evil nature. It would make it just that much more easy for her to forget her.

And here she was. Bound in chains next to her tormentor. She had, in fact, become a whore just like her mother. Even worse. Whenever he touched her or penetrated her, she fell to pieces. Her pussy still hummed from his use. "My poor, poor pussy," she thought sadly. She wanted to touch it, to comfort it, to reclaim it from the man. But that was forbidden. She didn't even have the right to wash herself. Or to wipe it after peeing. To fondle it gently like she used to like to do when she was alone in bed, even on the nights that she didn't stroke it into celebration. The only time she could touch it was with his permission, while he was watching. She would curse and berate herself for so readily obeying him. When he ordered her to do it, her belly would sour. But she frigged and frigged herself nonetheless. When he ordered her to make herself come, she felt like he was compelling her to conspire in her own debasement. Each pulse and contortion of her channel would scream, "Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame! Shame!"

Anytime she was alone and her hands were free, he covered her puss with that basket. It was medieval. Like her guardian had gone off to the crusades and wanted to ensure her chastity.

At least he had not entombed her breasts. When her hands were free for that short period after she had eaten downstairs, she often had the urge to hold them, to comfort them. To let them enjoy the warmth of her hands. But ever since he had caught her stroking her pussy that one time, the hellacious beating she had received made her tremble any time she considered it. It was like her hands were burning coals that would scorch and burn her treasures. Everybody else could touch them, caress them, massage them, pinch them, bite them, beat them. And they would do so even more now that they were so prettily decorated. The man seemed to really like them. She was sure that that woman who came regularly, the brown skinned

women he called Liz, would really like them. She would delight in devising some unique torture for them.

All this buzzed around in her head as she lay there. Sometimes, she wished that she could stop her brain from working. She was only tormenting herself. She was where she was, and was what she was, and nothing but divine intervention would ever change that.

She lay there despondent all night. She watched the light break in through the window. When she heard the man stir, her heart sank. It was the start of another day as his slave.

## CHAPTER NINE

He did beat her the next morning. He stroked her like the straps of his whip were the flails on a threshing machine. He had taken her gag off and the house resounded with her screams and screeches. Her moans, her violent sobs. She did beg him once to stop. It was during one of his pauses. "Please, sir, please don't hurt me anymore," she had managed to eke out in the most piteous voice you could imagine. It was the first time she had ever spoken to him. He was astounded. His face crinkled in anger, and he stroked her again and again even harder than before.

When he was done flailing her, he gagged her. Then he came around to her rear. He took the slasher down from the wall. "This is for talking," he growled at her. He gave her ten lashes across her bottom. She danced and shrieked and sobbed and groaned. It was like a dragon was drawing its claws across her rear. When he was done, he came around in front of her. "Get the point?" he asked her coldly. She didn't think he was actually asking for an answer. Only a complete moron would not have gotten the point. She was still sobbing uncontrollably and couldn't even muster enough self-control to nod her head.

It was first thing in the morning. He had skipped her workout, her shower and all the rest. It was like something he had been planning all night. She remembered the tenderness with which he had stroked her. Was this the same man who had done that? Was he a Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde?

He hooded her and left her there all morning. He came by twice to tickle her pussy and make her pee. She heard him coming and going. He would go into his hideaway and there would be complete silence in the house. Except for her sobs. She would bring them under control for a while, maybe 10 or 15 minutes or so. And then they would burst out again. If she heard the lock on his little room clack open, she would immediately cease. And then start again when he went back in.

When he eventually let her down, he took her to the shower and washed off her sweat. Her skin burned. He brought her out to the rings and had her lay on her back, her hands locked above her. He made her spread her legs like a roaster chicken on its back as he usually did. He shaved her thoroughly and gently. Her inner self was, as it always was, shamed at presenting herself to him this way. The idea of the butterfly design on her mons somehow made it more distressing.

When he was done shaving her, he pushed her thighs even wide apart, leaned his head down and began to service her. She closed her eyes and tried to suppress

her revulsion. Her revulsion faded as her lusts rose higher and higher. As the latter went up, the former went down. The need for completion overwhelmed her. She arched her back and dug her heels into the floor. His efforts were not rabid and imperative, but slow and soft and yet determined to drive her to bliss. Even as her mind begged, "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!", her body reveled as wave after wave of pleasure ran through her. When she came, she groaned and writhed and flailed her legs.

He had stripped down for the shower. He slipped off his towel from around his waist, drew himself over her and then slowly, slowly entered her. She was still recovering from her pussy's contortions and wasn't fully conscious of his penetration until he was fully seated. She groaned and shook her hips, trying to drive him off. She pressed her thighs against him to try and pry herself loose. But when he commenced his motions, she forgot about all that and let the trilling of her conch flow to every fiber of her body.

He fucked her long and slow, driving her to near apoplexy. Every time he sensed her nearing completion, he stopped and waited for her fires to bank before resuming. By the time he started to accelerate his thrusts and began to issue grunts and groans of his own, her mind was begging him to let her come. Her orgasm was ferocious, her pussy throbbing madly and violently as he pounded against her, jetting his slime into her.

He left her there with her legs splayed as he went upstairs to dress. She was flailing herself for her wantonness. She wanted to close herself, to hide away her shameful puss, but she dared not move her legs. When he came down from upstairs, he got himself a cup of coffee and went off to his room, leaving her just as she was.

All afternoon, she re-experienced the cyclone of violence he had unleashed on her. She berated herself for her weakness in breaking down and begging him for mercy. She had paid the price for it. The dreadfulness of her sin was measured by the fact that it drew actual words from him. Seven whole words. Two complete sentences. Sometimes she counted the words that he used with her. It was usually no more than 30 a week, usually 10 to 15. One week had gone by in which he had uttered only 5. Seven words all within 5 minutes of each other. She realized how enraged she had made him. What a fundamental breach of their unholy pact she had made.

She maintained her legs splayed as if they had been locked into place, conscious all the while of her obscene display, the vulnerability of her organ. The angled cushion beneath her rear elevated her conch so that it was prominent and you could get a good look at it. Any alteration of his unexpressed but very clear instruction to her to remain still might mean more words, more pain.

She vowed for the hundredth time never to displease the man. She didn't know if it would stem his reign of violence, but that was the only method of amelioration she had. What had Mistress Cathy said as she prepared to whip her for the first time? "You can only make it worse." That had to be her guide stone. She couldn't expect to dissuade him from violence and brutality, she could only make it worse. When would she ever learn that lesson?

Why was this happening to her? Why did God permit it? How would she ever escape?

He came back and forth a few times. He would stand over her, admiring her, staring at the creature on her mons. Once, he crouched down and stroked her proffered crux until she, holding off as long as she could, finally moaned piteously, and then left off. He finally let her up around dinner time. He brought her over to the couch, locked her hands behind her back, removed her gag and had her service him. It would be a misnomer to say that she did her best. You could only do your best once. And she tried to do her best every time. The few times she flagged, he popped her head off his cock and gave her three mighty slaps. Not one. Three. Like he always did when he slapped her, as if she were stupid and wouldn't get the point with only one.

She tried, though, to make it among her best, to show that she had learned her lesson. The lesson taught to her a thousand times. One reinforced on her literally 24 hours a day. Her mouth was for sucking and eating. And releasing audibles of passion or pain. Nothing else. All the other human functions had been taken away. Words were for human beings, and she wasn't one.

Afterwards, he affixed her ankles to the rings and had her kneel up while he heated up some dinner. He fed her and himself and then locked her down. He fucked her from behind, short and hard, coming long before she could, and then left her there burning.

He hooded her and watched TV for a couple of hours and then brought her up to bed. She fucked him back with desperate enthusiasm as he plowed her, shouting out her own pleasure when she crested; sucked him with fervent dedication. When he woke her during the night to use her rear, she squeezed her sphincter as hard around him as she could and matched him thrust for thrust.

He didn't force an orgasm out of her; he left her pussy tingling. He dropped back off to sleep almost immediately. She fretted, steeped in misery, almost all of the night.

And the days progressed. He didn't beat her again for another 2 weeks. He didn't have any real reason to except for the belief that it would keep her on her toes. Not that she really needed it. She was dutifully enthusiastic in all her duties, even more so than before he sent her away. He continually admired her artwork, making her display herself to him for hours at a time. Often on the frame.



There was something about it though that was less than satisfying. No matter how he mounted her, he could only see one side at a time. He did some thinking about it and research on the internet. About three weeks after he ordered them online, he received the materials he needed. A few hours in the workshop and he had it ready. While he had been waiting for his kit, he had set an electrical plug in the floor just off to the left of the couches.

She watched him put it together while mounted on the rings. There was a wide, round, dark, well-polished mahogany platform. He set a 5' tall mahogany 2"x4" board vertically on each side. He placed rings in the base and on the inside of the boards. Another 2"x4" shiny dark board went across the top, connecting the two vertical ones. The boards were all well braced. It was all very sturdy. It would take a gorilla to pull it down.

He released the girl and brought her over to it. The platform had 2 pads on it for her knees. He fastened her ankles to rings in the platform. He made her raise her hands and he attached them to the insides of the vertical boards about the level of her head. He attached a chain dangling from the top board to the ring in the back of her collar. It was the perfect length to force her to kneel up as high up as she could go. The last thing was to attach straps at the base of the vertical boards around her knees, pulling them about 3' apart. This lowered her posture a bit, making the collar press harder on her neck. He examined it closely and decided that it was within tolerance.

He stepped back. The girl was posed perfectly. Her eyes were full of distress. It made his cock stir. You could see all the designs on her front. Her chest proclaimed her as '*Yolanda*'. The flowers on her chest and breasts were delightfully colorful. The wolf seemed pleased at his new home. The beautiful butterfly seemed peaceful and content and was displayed nicely between her foliage covered, spread thighs. It seemed to be nestling happily amidst the greenery of her lower belly. His monogram, **RF**, stood out nicely.

But like they say in those TV advertisements, "And that is not all!" There was a steel base under the mahogany platform. An electrical cord ran from it. He plugged it into the new receptacle he had mounted. He came back to the front and ruffled the girl's unhappy head. He patted her on the cheek. The steel base came with a zapper. He pointed it at the base and hit the button. The platform shook briefly and then began to turn slowly to the left. He let it make several full revolutions. Each one took about 45 seconds. Her body would turn, turn, turn, until her back was displayed. A prettier picture you couldn't see. Then her front would come around. The rotary in the base jerked a little as it rotated the mahogany platform, and it made the girl's breasts jiggle nicely. Tears were streaming down her face. Her faceplate gleamed prettily. A sadder girl you would never discern.

He let her rotate for a while. She seemed sadder each time she came around. It was exquisite. He needed to get dinner ready. He left the platform running when he went into the kitchen. He needed to make sure that it would run efficiently when in prolonged use. It took him about 40 minutes to put everything together. When he came out, the girl was still spinning. He beamed with satisfaction. She was sobbing. She would have to cut that shit out, but he decided to give her a break for the first day.

The base was on wheels. He shut the rotator off and wheeled her over to the dining room. He put it in a position where he could see her from his chair and plugged it into the wall. He turned on the spinner again. The girl released a whimper. She spun slowly to the left.

He watched her all through dinner while he listened to a Bizet opera. He knew that he would have to take her out and feed her sooner or later, but he wanted to put that off as long as possible. He was enjoying her unhappiness too much. The rotator turned at the perfect pace for you to get a good view of each side before it rotated away.

He finished dinner and lingered at his wine. It had all turned out even better than he expected. It had been unclear how fast the motor would turn the platform, but it was at the perfect speed.

He cleared his plates and brought her back to the living room. She was facing straight ahead, looking up at him forlornly. He decided to give her a reward for being such a good sport. He crouched down, ran his hand over her belly and breasts and then brought it to her crux. He toyed with it for a long time until it was very messy and the girl could no longer restrain her moans. When she came, she jerked and shook in the frame, tugging desperately at her bound hands, straining to bring her knees back together. Other than experiencing a little shaking, the platform held up well.

She sobbed and sobbed. He had to laugh. But enough was enough. He snapped his fingers and gave her a look. The sobbing subsided immediately. She was shaking when he took her out of the frame. He brought her over to the rings and mounted her, her hands bound behind her neck. He fed her the same beefaroni he had eaten and made her drink some of her formula. He bound her neck down, brought her bowl into the kitchen and washed it, leaving it in the drainboard. He washed the pot and put his dish and utensils in the dishwasher.

He came back out. She looked at him piteously. It amused him and was satisfying to him as well. The platform, and her dire chagrin at being mounted there, was just one more instrument of her oppression. One more instrument of his control. She would always have to know that if things were bad, they could always get worse. He wouldn't use it too often. It would lose its power to humiliate her. And he wouldn't always spin her. She could be mounted this way or that. If he got

tired of looking at her back, he could hit the button and spin her until she was facing him for a while.

He had a raging hard on just by thinking of her spinning around so forlornly. He needed to alleviate it before his next conference. He went behind the girl and drew out his stiffened wand. He stroked her until she was nice and loose and issuing deep sighs, and then he penetrated her. He fucked her long and slow, running his hands over her beautiful back. He kept going past her first orgasm. She gurgled and grunted and shook. When it wound down, he picked up his pace. He started thrusting hard and harder until both he and she were groaning and moaning. He held himself back until she crested again, calling out, "Urgh! Urgh! Urgh! Urgh!", and then permitted himself relief, the image of her slowly spinning, sad form in his mind.

He primarily utilized the platform when he was sitting on the couch going through his I-Pad, reading a book or watching TV. While he watched TV, he always hooded her so he wouldn't be distracted by her unhappy face. Sometimes he left her in just one position, displaying her back or her front. Sometimes he let her spin. Sometimes, in the afternoons, for his amusement and hers, when he needed a break, he would put the belt with the agitator on her pussy and make her go round and round, groaning and shaking and sobbing. When she came, the platform would rattle.

He added some new rings to the floor. He decided that having her kneeling with her wrists attached to the back of her neck wasn't aesthetic. He installed two more rings to the back of her, to the sides, between her ankles and her knees. He measured the distance carefully to get it just right. When he had her kneel at the rings, after he affixed her ankles, but before he fixed her neck down, he drew her arms back to the new rings and attached her wrists to them. When he locked down her neck, they were pulled taut behind her.

The first time he mounted her that way, he decided that it made her look like a swan. A swan about to glide across the beautiful, inviting lake on her back. He was pleased with it. She clearly was not. When he tried her out in this new position, he was even more pleased. As she struggled to defeat his effort to drive her to completion, her hands tugged and yanked at their bindings. She pulled desperately at them, seeking fruitlessly to get away. Her hands clasped and unclasped, her fingers fluttering. He enjoyed it immensely.

He kept her downstairs a lot because he seemed to be especially busy and she could be a distraction. He would go down and use her from time to time to take off tension. She would always sniffle and tear up when he put the chastity screen back on.

But it wasn't all meanness and cruelty. The times that he whipped her, he would beat her with the flogger until she was dancing and sobbing and wailing and then

just a little bit more so she would get the full effect. He very rarely used his full force and afterwards often gave her a nice orgasm, either by hand as she stood there sniffing in her chains, mouthing her on the rug in the living room, or binding her in the rings and giving her a good fuck from behind.

He gave her ice cream and chocolate pudding from time to time. He fed her cookies from the couch, making her bark for each one. He never tired of it and often burst out into laughter. She seemed to get into the spirit of the thing and would exhibit a forlorn smile. When he was especially pleased with her, he would give her a cream filled milk chocolate candy from a box he kept around for guests.

As before, he would make her kneel up in front of him and stroke herself, or lie on her belly with her hips up and thighs spread, frigging herself from underneath. He started bringing out the foam wedge he used in the mornings when he shaved her, having her lay down on her back with her pussy facing him. He would place it under her bottom, have her draw her knees up and off to the side and stroke herself very slowly, lightly circling her pointer finger around her nub, making her inner flesh glisten, her outer labia swell and separate. He was usually reading or using his I-Pad, so he forbade her to sigh or moan. If she disturbed him, he would call her over, make her present her bottom and give her three or four solid whacks with his hand, and then order her back into position to resume her self-torture. Her puss would look so delightful, so mushy and flush, that he was almost always eventually enticed into using it.

Or he made her just lay there giving him the delightful view of her colorful mons.

He loved to play with her beautifully flowered breasts. He often gave them a playful tug or pull as he passed by when she was kneeling locked in her frame. He would break in the midst of whipping her, enthralled as he watched them sway and jerk as she squirmed in futile attempts to evade his blows. He would massage them and suckle them and then watch them bob and weave and shudder as he struck them with the flail. He never used the slasher anywhere there were tattoos. He didn't want to mar them. This made her pale, nicely plump bottom vulnerable and he always liked to keep some long red lines on it. When he saw them fading, he would order her to kneel and present herself so he could give her three or four hearty strokes.

He had her kneel across his thighs, facing him with her hands locked behind her so that he could play with them. He would twist and turn her nipples, squeeze them hard until he urged a convincing sob from her. It was very intimate, with her face only a foot away from his. Her position would make her crux handy too, and he would stroke and caress it while he sucked on her teats or squeezed and mauled her breasts. Sometimes he let her come. It almost always excited him enough to decide to probe her with his cock somewhere.

Except when he was denying her, he made her come multiple times a day. One day he had her up to twelve just so he could see if she could do it. But usually, it was four or five during the day and whatever he could get out of her at night. He never tired of watching her strain and squirm and shake while she was firmly locked into immobility. He never tired of hearing her sob and moan and grunt and groan as he forced her into ecstatic misery.

He used her for his own satisfaction multiple times. He would fuck her in the morning after he shaved her and then get a blowjob about 10 o'clock. He often fucked her after lunch and then again after dinner. Other times too as his desire arose. Sometimes he would let her come and sometimes not. Oral servicings during the day were steady but irregular, more or less as needed. He couldn't get enough of her. Sometimes he played with her a little bit, just until she got all excited and twitchy, and then left her to simmer.

From time to time, he would have an hour or two free. He liked to get her up on his knee while he sat on the couch and tease her pussy until she was almost in tears and then let her have a roaring climax. Or he would drape her over his lap while he listened to a Brahms or Beethoven symphony, or perhaps some Mozart or Bach, and lazily stroke her quim, making it all mushy. He loved opera, especially Maria Callas. He would hood her first to enable her to concentrate better on his manipulations. He kept his right hand firmly pressed down on her neck to keep her still and gently agitated her puss with his left. He wouldn't tolerate more than a barely perceptible groan or moan from her. Sometimes, between movements, he would frig her frantically to completion, making her shake and squirm on his lap, and then start her over again. Then he would fuck her long and hard on the rug, making her shriek and convulse, leaving her there hogtied and hooded as he went back to work.

You would think that with all that sexual release during the day that he would be satiated by the time they went to bed. But it had the opposite effect. Once he got her in his bed, her wrists affixed to the headboard, all the passion and lust he experienced throughout the day would come reverberating through him. He would remember an exquisite blowjob. Or making her dance at the chain. Or making her blubber and sob as he worked her with his hand to her third climax in a row. Or the hotness and eagerness of her cunt. Watching her frig herself. Or watching her going round and round on the platform seemingly getting more unhappy with each revolution.

The 25-watt mini spotlight he mounted on the headboard made her drawings leap into life, which was very enticing.

He used her other entrances but loved using her cunt best. He would fuck her on her back for as long as he could without coming, making her gurgle and howl, and then flip her over and do her that way, practically pounding her face into the

mattress as he came. When he was in the mood, he would groom her for a long time, bringing her up and down, until her thighs started to vibrate with need and her body start to writhe desperately. Sometimes he would let her come, and sometimes he wouldn't, spilling himself in her mouth or rear instead. He would use her rear entrance when she was in a denial stage, although he sometimes made her come that way too. He thought it piquant to use her that way when he woke her for another round during the middle of the night, leaving her all quivering and shaking. Sometimes, after evacuating her little bung hole, he would watch her for some moments rotating her hips in need and issuing little whimpers and then finish her off with his hand. The point was to always keep her guessing, to always have hope of apotheosis, which sometimes he would dash and sometimes he would grant. Everything came from him and was subject to his will alone.

Having had the benefit of multiple oral servicings during the day, he mostly used her mouth to start him off or get him hard again after the first round of fucking.

From time to time, he woke to hear her crying and sobbing softly after a particular brutal night. He would listen for a while, enjoying the sadness he had induced, and go back to sleep.

Yolanda struggled to bear up. Every morning when she woke, she miserated at the thought of another day of bondage. Sometimes, after he woke her and used her again, she wouldn't sleep at all, just lay there and ponder her strange fate. When he didn't let her come, she would try and squeeze her burning conch with her thighs. The sense of unreality of the whole thing never left her. Nor the unfairness, the injustice. The fear. The dread.

She hated the new way he mounted her on the rings. It made her feel as if she were poised to take another jump in leapfrog. Because her hands were not joined together, it often felt like they were tantalizingly free. She spent half her time on the rings twisting and turning them, yanking and pulling on them as if somehow she could liberate them.

When he mounted her on the merry-go-round, as she thought of it, her heart would sink. It made her think of herself as a thing. An *objet d'art*. She would kneel there filled with woe, her hands uplifted as if in surrender. Sometimes she wished that there was a way to surrender, to end his ceaseless war on her. "Okay, I give up, you win," she would say. They would shake hands and he would let her go home.

Spinning round and round was fervently dismaying. It was almost macabre. She thought of the movie, *The Hunchback of Notre Dame*, where they mounted Charles Laughton on that platform and made him go round and round to the amusement of the crowd. Maybe some hunchback could sweep in like he did with Esmeralda and

deliver her into some tall, majestic church, where he would call out, "Sanctuary! Sanctuary! Sanctuary!"

She knew that he reveled in her distress, and she tried not to show it. She wasn't very successful, being on the edge of tears almost all the time. She wondered why she didn't develop ulcers or something, but figured that there was something in the potion he gave her every morning and evening which forestalled that. He was thoroughly experienced in keeping a prisoner and had seemingly thought of everything.

Sometimes he left her spinning round and round even when he wasn't there, like he neglected to shut it off or something. She knew though that he rarely did anything without forethought. It was just to deepen her humiliation. She couldn't decide which was worse, spinning round and round, or being still and showing him her front or her back. When she was sitting still, it was almost as bad as being on the rings. Utter helplessness. Unable to move a single muscle. Staring at the same view for hours on end. When she was facing him, she tried not to look at him, but her eyes were drawn to his face in the hope that if she looked forlorn enough he would free her. "Wouldn't you like to fuck me?" she would say to him telepathically. "Wouldn't you like me to suck your dick?" "I'll frig myself for your enjoyment!" "I'll show you my cunt and you can lick it all you want!" Sometimes, it seemed to work. Or maybe it was just coincidence. Mostly he would glance at her and give her a sardonic smile and go back to what he was doing.

Sometimes, instead of affixing the back of her collar to the board above her, he would tie off her nose ring instead and all she would have to look at would be the ceiling for hours on end. Like a goose displayed in some butcher shop's window.

When he approached her, and crouched down in front of her, her hopes would rise that he was going to free her. Usually, though, it was so he could play with her breasts, or stroke her puss. When he made her come that way, she would just want to explode. "See, you played with me too much and I burst into a thousand pieces!" she would imagine saying. When he just teased her into excitement, she would twist and turn her hips for the longest time, trying to shake off the yearning and burning of her cunt.

You might think that one day would meld into another, but it felt like every day was different. Some days he would whip her, some days he would not. Some days, every time he came by her on the rings he would make her come with his hand. Some days all she got was teasing. He fucked her after her meals as if she was at some strange restaurant where she had to pay with her pussy for her fare. Also at random times during the day. And in the mornings after he shaved her. He almost always fucked her then. He used her mouth frequently. Her belly would sour as he scoured it with his prick. The big tube like a poisonous slug. When he crouched

down behind her at the rings, she would go cold, knowing that some form of tortuous use was coming.

And when he entered her, she felt like dissolving. He would look up and she would have disappeared, converted herself into a spirit and flown away, or a puff of smoke, or into a pile of dust. Feeling his prick at her entrance, lodging there, he almost always paused before he sank into her, she would grow nauseous. "Here it comes! Here it comes! Here it comes!" she would think fraughtfully. And then it would come, slowly, slowly, slowly, widening her, filling her.

Why did God make it so men could fuck you against your will? There ought to be a little shutter there, an iron gate. The man would have to pause before it like a knight sitting on horse outside a castle. "Who goes there?" the woman could say from up on the ramparts. "Sir Fucksalot," the man would answer. "What seekest thou?" the woman would ask. "I beg entrance good lady," he would reply hopefully. She would either say, "Depart and be gone knight. Today's not your day!" or "Step forward and be thee welcome, noble fellow!"

Or something like that.

He seemed to relish her struggle to resist him. Whenever she would decide to give into fate, and seek to accelerate his use, maximize her pleasure, fucking him back readily, he would hold back. He would stop until she settled down. It was when she most yearned for completion that he left her there burning. He had a second sense about it. He knew every nuance of her passion. It was like he had a Ph.D. in pussy. She would struggle hard, hard, harder to get off and he would abandon her. Sometimes giving her a hard slap on her buttocks and laughing. He wanted her to fight him. He wanted her to resist him. He took great joy in defeating her.

She would achieve some success. Sometimes, she would steel her will, conceive of her cunt as made of stone. Like a Buddhist monk, she would produce absolute calm in her body. Tune out all sensations, take her mind to someplace peaceful. He was almost always able to overcome her though. All of a sudden, the earth would fall away beneath her and she would land in a raging ocean. Tempest tossed, her inner peace and fortitude would wash away. He would stroke and stroke and stroke relentlessly, or suckle and toy with her little bud until her resistance just melted. On a rare occasion, she would successfully elude him. He would withdraw, give her four, five, six strokes of the whip and start over. Her opposition would collapse.

Sometimes he could be gentle too. He would stroke her softly and coo to her. He would feed her delights. Sometimes he would have her kneel near him by the couch while he read or played music, or just idly spoke on his phone. He would turn to her from time to time and give her soft caresses of her head or her cheek, or lean over and give her breasts a comforting massage. She hated kneeling across his



knees, facing him. His leering face would be only inches from hers. It was like staring into the face of a monster about to eat you. She liked it best when he draped her over his lap and listened to some classical music while playing with her. The lady opera singer's voice was sweet and soothing. Her head would be hooded enabling her to block out everything but the pleasurable sounds and the gentle, mesmerizing stroking. She would pretend that she was somewhere else. She was in the possession of some beneficent Greek god, totally in his power and he was giving her the gift of pleasure. Like Zeus did to all those ladies. Or Pan, or Apollo. Afterwards she would fuck or suck him gratefully. When he left her hogtied and hooded on the rug when he was done with her, she would fondle the pleasant memory in her mind and be at peace.

The random beatings grew less frequent, and he mostly did it to hear her wail and sob for a while, reveling in her sounds of dismay as if he was listening to one of his symphonies. Sometimes he left off her gag so that her sounds would reverberate throughout the house, as if it were some ritual designed to drive away evil spirits. Sometimes, though, he beat her as if he really meant it, needed to re-impress her with her subservience, renew her devotion to obedience, keep her on the fine edge of dread and terror.

About two weeks after she returned from Panuk's, they had their first guests. It was a man and a woman. They were a Lebanese team he frequently used for terminations. They easily made their way around the Arab world and were not wholly out of place in Europe or the US. They had just finished a job in Libya, putting to sleep a rather nasty guy whose coterie of bandits was interfering with oil shipments. He was tall and slender, and she was shapely and beautiful. Black eyebrows, a tad longer than shoulder length black hair, olive skin. They posed as a husband and wife, but their relationship was purely professional. Jalila liked girls. Faïd was more inclined to boys, but in a pinch, he would substitute the able mouth or rear of a woman.

They marveled at Yolanda's decorations. Faïd took oral service from her right away. Jalila took her upstairs. He passed by the guest room on his way to check out a fritz on his antenna, and he could hear Yolanda wailing and sobbing.

Jalila had brought along her own supply of spices and a cooler filled with freshly slaughtered lamb. She worked up quite a feast. After dinner, as he and Faïd discussed old times and their various escapades, Jalila gave the girl a turn on the chains. She would pause and start, pause and start. The girl released a constant stream of blubbering, sobs and wails.

They had cognac in the living room. Faïd and Jalila related some of their adventures. Roger told them some stories from his old days. They discussed old mutual friends. The girl continued to sob and moan until Roger had to get up, give her a few more strokes and warn her with a gesture of his hand to stop it.

As they were getting ready for bed, Faïd placed a black bag over the girl's head and butt fucked her right there in the living room. Roger told him that he could make her come that way if he worked at it hard enough, but he wasn't interested. Jalila took her upstairs for the night.

In the morning, Jalila came downstairs with them and watched Yolanda go through her workout. He gave her the switch and she gave the girl much encouragement. Roger had progressed her to the level three workout and it was quite strenuous. She wasn't quite up to it yet, so she gave Jalila plenty of opportunity for correction.

He let Jalila shower her and shave her pussy. She mouthed her for the longest time, making her squirm and moan and sob. After breakfast, they watched Aljazeera. The Libyan hit was still news. Jalila kept Yolanda writhing and moaning for a long time on the rug in the living room while Roger and Faïd went to the conference room to discuss future plans. When they came out, Jalila was sitting in one of the easy chairs with her skirt pulled up to her lap and Yolanda was giving her oral delight. She had fresh stripes on her buttocks. Faïd waited until she was finished and took a blowjob from her.

They left in the early afternoon. Yolanda was, needless to say, very happy to see them go. He gave the girl the rest of the afternoon off down in the basement. He fucked her on the rings after dinner, left her circling hooded on her platform while he watched TV and read, and then took her upstairs to bed where he gave her a through workout. Watching her service Jalila's cunt had really made him hot.

Her birthday was soon approaching. There had only been only one additional visitor since that thin man and the crazy lady. He was a rather taciturn, formal, older man. He seemed that he might be some superior of the man's. He kept addressing him as "Fuller". Almost a year had gone by, and she hadn't learned his last name. She figured it started with an F since that was tattooed on her belly. The first letter was R and she knew that that stood for Roger, since that was what that lady who he called Liz called him. Now she had the full name. Col. Roger Fuller. Now she would be able to tell the police who had committed hundreds of acts of sexual assault on her. Who had beat her and confined her. "Can you describe the gentleman?" the copper would ask. "Yes," she would reply, "he's the meanest son of a bitch who ever walked the earth."

"I'll put an APB out on him right away, miss," the copper would assure her. "He couldn't have got far."

But the cops were almost certainly on his side. If there were any cops within a thousand miles of this place.

The two men spent most of their time in the man's little room. The man just called the older man, sir. He didn't use her. He just looked at her disdainfully. "Well, fuck you too," she thought. He didn't mind looking at her naked body. His

eyes were all over her. She guessed that the man just didn't think that abusing a young woman against her will was 'on'. It didn't bother him enough to do anything to help her. He left the next day. Her tormentor seemed relieved.

Hooded and on her little platform, she could hear the BBC announcer recite the days. July 1, July 2, July 3. Her birthday was July 14. Bastille Day. Granny had a little Cajun blood in her. She liked all things French. On her birthday she would put little French tricolors on the cake. She taught her and her brothers to sing the Marseillaise. They would all stand around the dining room table and belt it out and then all burst out laughing. She never knew how bloody the lyrics were until they studied the French Revolution in high school. How that could be a country's national song she would never know.

And then, the day came. When she awoke in the morning, her heart grew dim. Dimmer than usual. As she knelt in her cage waiting for the man to come back from his run, she just cried softly. She had turned 19. Virtually all of her 18<sup>th</sup> year had been spent as a slave. Now all of her 19<sup>th</sup> year would be. And her 20<sup>th</sup>. And her 21<sup>st</sup>. And ad infinitum. Until she would be no more use to anybody and placed on the scrap heap.

When the man came back, she did her exercises downstairs dismally, while the man grunted and groaned on his weight machine. She accepted his mouthing of her to crisis dismally. During mid-morning, she sucked at the man's cock so dismally that he withdrew and gave her three hearty slaps across the face. She looked up at him as if to say, "Is that the best that you can do?" But then she saw that deadly look he sometimes had in his eyes and her blood ran cold. She didn't want to endure a session on the chains. She opened her mouth, leaned her head forward, captured his meat and went to town.

After lunch, he kept her on the spinning platform, her nose up in the air all afternoon, while he came in and out of his office seemingly intent on something. She kept going round and round. He came over to it twice and manipulated her into completion, making her writhe and shake and groan.

In the late afternoon, he released her and fucked her long and hard on the rug. He left her there hogtied as he sat on the couch and read from his I-Pad. His cell phone kept ringing and he would go into his little room to take the call and then come out distracted looking. She figured that there was some kind of crisis brewing in his secret agent world. Well, good for him, she thought. "I hope enemy agents come here and swarm over the fence like those guys did at the end of *Scarface* and come in and fill you full of lead." Maybe tortured him to get all his secrets right here in the living room where she could watch. Maybe let her help. She would put burning cigarette butts in his eyeballs. Or shove a glass rod up his dick and then stomp on it so the broken glass would agonizingly torment him. She would hope that he never talked, so the torture could go on and on.

He got up to make dinner. While it was cooking, he came out, knelt in front of her, removed her head harness and used her mouth. As she sucked his hard meat with as much alacrity as she could muster, she imagined enemy agents slicing it into little pieces.

He mounted her on the rings and fed her. It was penne with a thick, pink vodka sauce. She drank up the gloppy potion he fed her twice a day. She was kneeling straight up, thinking, "Happy fucking birthday to me. Happy fucking birthday to me," when he came back into the room. To her surprise he was carrying what looked like a cupcake with a burning candle on it. He brought it over to her and knelt in front of her. He presented it to her. She felt like she was going to break out into hysterical sobs. He gave her one of those half smiles that seemed to be the best that he could manage. "Happy birthday, Yolanda," he said to her. It was the first time in a year he had used her name.

Her lips trembled. It was all too macabre. How could she have a happy birthday? If he wanted to make her happy, he should let her go. Give her a hundred million dollars as compensation for everything he had done to her, put her on a plane and let her fly away. Or pour gasoline on himself and set himself on fire.

The cupcake was about a foot from her face. "Blow out the candle, Yolanda," he said to her softly.

"Like hell I will!" she thought at first. But then she remembered the whipping stand in the corner of the room. She could see it from where she knelt. She suppressed her urge to rebel. She leaned forward, pursed her lips and released a strong breath. The candle fluttered and died. He patted her on the chin. "Good girl," he commented.

He broke the cupcake into small parts and fed them to her by hand. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. The cupcake tasted good, though. It was vanilla cake with chocolate icing. When she was done eating the chunks, he had her lick the crumbs off the plate. She cleaned the plate completely. He patted her on the chin again. After bringing the plate into the kitchen, he came back and restored her head harness. He affixed her collar to the ring underneath her. He came behind her and started stroking her quim. He stroked it softly and gently. She tried to drive the tingling sensations away, but it was no use. She decided to give in to them. He kept her burning, burning, burning for the longest time.

When she was panting and moaning, his hand abandoned her, and she felt his manhood probe at her entrance. She frowned inside as it slid slowly into place. He fucked her long and slow. She surrendered to it. She had a soft, flowing orgasm as his staff kept slowly running up and down her energized tunnel. She felt a second one building. She tried to gasp and stifle the growing bulb of lust building within her, but it just kept getting larger and larger until it overflowed her imaginary hand. This orgasm was harder, more intense as he had picked up the tempo of his thrusts.

And then he started to go faster and faster as if drilling a rivet into her. Her mind became befogged. Her body vibrated. He was matching her grunts and groans. Suddenly her channel exploded as if somebody had kicked it. She groaned and groaned and counterthrust as he kept pounding, pounding, pounding. He released a great groan, and she knew he was shooting his spume into her. She didn't care! She wanted her orgasm to go on and on and on until she melted.

They both wound down. She tried to catch her breath. He sawed his meat within her slowly for a while, causing her purse to vibrate with post orgasmic spasms. And then he withdrew. He gave her buttocks a rub and then patted them. "Good girl," she heard him say in his mind. "Happy birthday!"

He got up and went back to the kitchen where she soon heard the clatter of dishes and pots and pans.

How had the man known it was her birthday? Mistress Jean must have told him when it was. How she found out, she didn't know. She didn't want a happy birthday! She didn't want any kindness from the man! She didn't want to be seduced into acceptance of her fate. She wanted to rage and burn with hatred! Her pussy still hummed. It had been the weirdest birthday present she had ever received. He had pushed her into delirium.

She had, as a teenager, often wondered what sex would be like. In her senior year she kept reviewing the boys in her class as if selecting a suitable candidate. She had settled on Tommy Hutchinson. He was of slender build, in good shape. He ran cross country in the fall and ran track in the spring. His specialty was the 10K. He was all-county. He had a shock of restless dirty blonde hair and a mirthful, wrinkled smile. She sometimes walked down the hall behind him, admiring his taut ass and his confident stride. His girlfriend was Sally Nielson, a well-built athlete in her own right, who did soccer and softball. Sometimes she had the urge to go up to Sally and ask her what Tommy's cock was like and whether she could borrow him for an afternoon.

Her conception of their afternoon's delight was that it would be passionate, and yet comforting. He would be hard when it was good to be hard, and gentle when it was good to be gentle. Afterwards, he would thank her gratefully and they would kiss, and she would return him to Sally.

She had never conceptualized fucking like the man fucked her. She imagined several pleasing and exhilarating climaxes. The man made her rage like a steam engine. A bull getting ready to charge. A 100' wave crashing onto a rocky shore. Sometimes she wondered where she would ever have gotten fucking like that. She would have gone through her life ignorant of the soul crushing pleasures her little puss could bring her. When she and her friend Brad had watched those X-rated videos on the Internet, she had thought that all the women had been faking it. Now she knew that in many instances that probably wasn't true. Mistress Jean had made

videos of her fucking Master Bob, and he had driven her into celebration. But that had been nothing compared to what the man could induce in her. It made her feel sometimes that maybe she wouldn't mind being his prisoner if she could live out her life as well. Maybe spending her summer vacations with him, four weeks every July. Except for the whipping part, of course.

He came out. He went to his office for a while. He returned, mounted and hooded her on the revolving platform, poured himself a liberal snifter of cognac and turned on the TV. One of the movie channels was playing, *Lives of a Bengal Lancer*, one of his favorites. From when the British Empire was the largest in human history. Large pink spots all over the map. Concededly, Gary Cooper was an odd choice for a British army officer, but sometimes you had to suspend disbelief and go with the story.

As the movie progressed, his eyes drifted over to the girl. She was rotating slowly on her platform. He had gotten her birth date from the data sheet Jean had sent him when he was mulling her purchase. Somehow, he had remembered it a couple of weeks ago. He thought he should do something for her. She'd been such a good sport about everything. Absolutely the best he had had. He was developing a soft spot for her. That didn't mean that he would let up on his use of her or his reign of terror. Just that maybe there would be some nice spots in between.

The movie ended. He watched the BBC news. He finished off his cognac. Before going back to his office to check messages and monitor that Malaysian thing going on, he stopped the rotating platform long enough to stroke the girl into virulent passion. He turned the platform back on and left her burning.

That night, after fucking her furiously fore and aft, he laid next to her toying with her colorful breasts and pussy. He recalled using her name tonight. That was unusual for him. He didn't think he had ever done that before. Her name was prominent on her chest with the little light above her shining down. She was eying him warily. "Poor little Yolanda," he thought. "You're a sweet little thing. I hope we have many birthdays together. And when we're done, all good things have to come to an end, I won't sell you off to some horrendous fate. I'll put you to sleep as softly and gently as I can and bury you out in the forest where I can visit you from time to time."

He put out the light, pulled up the covers and went to sleep. When he woke up, about 3, he made her come with his hand as she was laying on her back, while kissing her and suckling at her breasts and then had her mouth him for a long time, letting her go at her own pace, until he spilled himself gratefully and pleasurably into her throat.

He whipped her, of course, the next morning after he had fucked her on the floor and before breakfast. Every good deed had to be punished.

## CHAPTER TEN

Roger had a big problem. That Malaysian thing had been suppurating all the rest of the summer and into the fall. Way back in the Fifties, there had been a rebellion way in the north which had gone on for a few years. Then it had been local reds, supported by China. Elite British armed forces finally broke the back of the uprising. It had been brutal and would shock the conscience of the world if the true story ever got out. Now it was the Jihadists. Armed by the Iranians.

He had recruited some ruthless mercenaries to help the bungling Malaysian Army, but that had not been enough. A number of savage bombings in Kuala Lumpur had made worldwide news. Whitehall was after him to take a more active role. A British honeymoon couple had been kidnapped. A week later a video emerged on the Internet of the rebels decapitating the young man with a hunting knife and of the girl, quite pretty and the daughter of a major British financier, performing several sexual acts with hooded Jihadists. It was believed that she was still alive and serving in a brothel maintained for the organization's leadership.

The Russian outfit he had recruited to help in the Congo many years ago was still around but were busy suppressing rebels in Syria. It was their kind of show, where anything goes. And nobody minded if they kept good looking wives and daughters of rebels from reconquered areas as slaves in their compound instead of shooting them. They hoped that the war would go on forever.

He had recruited a ragtag bunch of South Africans, Belgians, Danes and a hodgepodge of other nationalities, but they had to be trained into a cohesive group. Taught jungle tactics. Interrogation techniques. Communications. He had retained a former IRA captain, Sean Collins, a remote relation to the famous, or infamous, depending on your point of view, Michael Collins. He was as solid as iron, ruthless and an experienced commander of men. He had been serving as a colonel in the Irish Defense Force and was bored to tears. Collins would whip his conglomeration of bad guys into shape, but he needed to be on site to manage relations with the Malaysian government, coordinate logistics and in the field strategy. He would have to be away for months. What would he do with the girl?

It was just getting into winter season. Early November and they had already had two major snowstorms. Elizabeth had come by in early August. She loved the girl's decorations. She brought Mavis with her. She wasn't what you would call chunky, but a little thick of build. Her straight black hair came down to just below

her shoulders. She had very nice sized breasts, which were really her best asset. Her face was plain in that horsey way that upper class English girls sometimes had. As soon as they got in the house, Elizabeth ordered the unhappy and uncertain girl to strip. She did so tearfully while gazing trepidatiously at the girl mounted in her platform. Elizabeth ordered her to the floor where he hogtied her with leather thongs and installed the leather prong gag that the girl had worn when she first got there a year ago. He and Elizabeth went upstairs to do some catching up.

After dinner. He fucked Mavis on the floor of the living room and then Elizabeth mounted her in the chains and gave her a thorough thrashing while Yolanda spun round and round in her platform. He took Mavis to bed with him for the night and Liz took Yolanda. Yolanda's dismay as Elizabeth hauled her off was exquisite. Mavis's performance with him was a little lackluster so he hung her in the chain dangling from the post at the foot of his bed and gave her some encouragement. She became much more energetic afterwards.

He rose around six, fed and watered the unhappy girl and then piled her into the Rover to take her to Panuk.

Yolanda was surprised when the brown lady brought her downstairs in the morning. The man was nowhere to be found. The thought of being alone with the brow-skinned lady was not pleasant. Where had he gone? And where was the girl that the lady had brought with her yesterday? Yolanda had been shocked to see her. She wondered unhappily whether she would have to fuck her. She had watched her undress while kneeling on her platform. The poor thing was really frightened, as she knew she should be. She watched the man and the lady go upstairs. The gagged and bound girl watched them too and then began to sob.

She felt some sorrow for the girl when the man fucked her on the floor of the living room, but the girl would probably be leaving with the lady when she went and wouldn't have to endure months and months and years of abuse at the man's hands. She felt more sorry for her when they whipped her. Part of her was just glad that it was not her. But hearing the girl scream and yell, and plead for forbearance, they had left her gag off, was heart rendering. Now she knew what she sounded like. And she felt less shame about how the man made her wail and screech and writhe and groan. This girl sounded even worse.

The brown skinned lady brought her down to the basement where she made her do her workout. She brought her upstairs and showered her and then made her lie on the floor with her legs spread like the man did.

"What a pretty pussy, Yolanda," the woman told her as she stroked it with the razor. "We're going to have a fun couple of days together. So, make up your mind right now that you are going to be obedient."

She was obedient. She served her several times during the day and was serviced in return. She stood and let the lady affix her to the whipping chain without



resistance. She thought of maybe fighting her off, maybe hitting her with something and knocking her out. But the lady was bigger and stronger than her and gave the impression that she could handle herself pretty well. In fact, Elizabeth had taken a rather rigorous self-defense course and was just short of a brown belt in Taekwondo.

Somehow, the day seemed extra longer than usual. The lady kept her spinning on the platform while she read some things on her iPad. She had a Mac notebook and she typed furiously on it for a while at the dining room table while a Bach cantata played on the stereo. She had numerous calls on her cell phone. Sometimes it was subordinates who she gave nasty orders to, and sometimes it was someone she had to be nice to.

For dinner, she made medallions of veal with a nice, light sauce and vermicelli as the side dish. Hers was all mashed up in her bowl. She gave her a light thrashing before she brought her to bed. "Now, this is to get you all warmed up, Yolanda," she told her while she was holding the whip, readying it for its use. "To remind you to be a good little energetic whore." She was.

The man came back late the next night. He hadn't brought back the black-haired girl. She wondered if he had delivered her to that Eskimo guy who had done the tattoos on her. The lady gave him a wonderful blowjob while he was sitting on the couch and then they took her upstairs to bed with them. They had fun using her. She fucked and sucked energetically, not wanting to generate their ire. She was actually a little glad that the man was back. He would ameliorate the lady's depredations somewhat.

After the man had fucked her royally, the lady got between her knees, took hold of her ankles and raised and spread them, looming over her. "I understand that today is your one-year anniversary, Yolanda," she told her, leering. "Why don't we have a little celebration?" She lowered her head to her loins and tormented her for the longest time. When she came, it felt like her puss was going to explode. When she was done, she lifted her head, smiling. She patted her softly on her tummy. "You're a delicious whore, Yolanda," she told her. "Now turn over and get up on your knees. Roger's going to fuck you in your ass."

She did what she was told, and the man did what she had predicted. They ensconced her in the cage for the night and they fucked for a long time.

She had lost track of the days. She hadn't realized that today was August 5th. One whole year she had been the man's slave. What would she be doing now if she hadn't been kidnapped, she wondered sorrowfully. She was going to go to the city college and study literature. She would have one year under her belt. She would have picked out some nice guy to relieve her of her cherry. They might still be going together. Granny was going to buy her a car for school. She wondered if Brad had finally come out. Coming out in high school would have exposed him to

untoward cruelty. But after high school it was different. You could hang out with other gay guys. You could get a boyfriend. Brad was such a nice guy. She hoped he was happy. She really missed him.

The lady left the next morning. Things went back to normal. Or what stood for normal. At the end of the month this Asian guy came with an entourage. She could tell that he was someone special by the respect the man gave him. She was mounted on her platform when she heard the plane arrive. The man went outside to greet whomever it was. About fifteen minutes later, they all came up. The main guy was about 5'9" tall and slender. He had bronze skin. He carried himself with an air of gentle authority. As if his wish was everybody's command. He had short black hair and a pleasant face.

He had brought three people with him. One was a tall fellow, at least 6'2", with a hard face and wide shoulders. He carried himself serenely, but you could tell that he was capable of violence. He was wearing a white cotton jacket that buttoned all the way to his neck, loose white pants and shiny black shoes. On his head was a mauve colored turban. He was carrying a large blue cooler in his right hand and a large wicker picnic basket in his left. Following him was a smaller man. He was carrying two large suitcases. He had short black hair and had an alert but clearly subservient look about him.

Bringing up the rear was a young, diminutive girl. She was wearing an orange and yellow sarong which clung tightly to her delicate hips. She had a translucent silk shawl over her head that went way down past her shoulders. There was a shiny gold ring in her left nostril. Her features were child-like, soft, and carried a sad tinge. Or maybe not sad, but at least thoughtful, like she was in her own universe. She moved gracefully and wore black slippers.

The man directed the small fellow to the bedroom the regal man would use. He left and brought the suitcase upstairs while her man invited the regal man to inspect her. He seemed delighted at her decorations. "What a pretty little girl," he commented amusedly as he hefted and squeezed her breasts. He ran his hand down to her loins and caressed them until she couldn't hold off a sigh, staring into her face. "Very nice, very nice," he said, clearly pleased. "I can't wait to fuck her."

The big man brought his burdens directly into the kitchen. Shortly afterwards, there was the sound of opening and closing cabinets and the opening and closing of drawers as if he was inspecting the facilities. The girl stood there demurely. The regal man gave her a short, sharp command in their language. She obediently and gracefully started to discard her clothes. She draped them neatly on one of the chairs. She had a neatly trimmed black bush. Her breasts were small, but nice and round. Larger than baseballs, but smaller than grapefruits. Her areolas were dark, almost black. Her belly was flat, her thighs lithe. Her black, straight shiny hair

went down past her shoulders to almost her waist. On her belly, just above her mons, was what looked like a coat of arms that had been tattooed in bright red.

She was about to sink to her knees when the princely guy gave her another command. With her head bent, avoiding her man's gaze, she presented herself to him. He and the prince were sitting on the couches. The girl came and stood in front of her man and leaned forward, thrusting out her breasts. He took hold of them and gave them firm squeezes. The prince gave her another command. She sank to the floor and laid on her back, spreading and raising her knees, proffering her conch. "Very nice," her man complemented the prince. "What's her name?"

"I call her Minah," the prince answered in his smooth, clear voice. "She's from Sumatra. A gift from the governor there. I think that you will enjoy her."

"I'm sure I will," her man responded.

The tall man brought out two cups of tea. He proffered the first to the prince and then gave the other to Roger. He went back into the kitchen and came out with two plates with a sticky dessert on them along with forks. The two men ate them, chatting amiably about people they knew, and how was the trip and other pleasantries. The girl remained as she was. The small man went back to the dock and returned with more baggage. He brought them upstairs. He made a third trip and returned with two long gun cases over his shoulder. The colonel directed him to leave them near the basement door.

After they finished their snack, the prince nodded at her. "May I," he asked pleasantly.

"Of course," her man responded quickly. He got up and released her from the platform. He affixed a leash to her collar and led her over on her hands and knees to the graceful man and handed it to him. The man stood and gave a little tug on her leash. "Come along, Yolanda," he told her. "Let's go and play."

He was gentle but firm with her. He examined every inch of her, running his soft hands and lips over her breasts, her belly, across her back and along her outspread thighs. "Very pretty, very beautiful," he kept murmuring. She felt like he expected her to be pleased and honored by his complements. He used her slowly, seeming to relish every moment of it. After fucking her once on her back, he leaned up against the headboard and had her suck him for a long time, her hands bound behind her. He moaned softly as he stroked her hair. When he was ready to come though, he grabbed her hair at the back of her head and began thrusting her mouth up and down urgently. When he was satisfied, he draped her over his lap and made her come with his hand.

He showered while she lay on the bed hogtied, her head harness restored. He dressed himself in a light powder blue shirt and black slacks. When they came downstairs 2 hours after they came up, the man mounted her on the rings. Minah

was laying belly down on the floor hogtied with leather thongs. There was a black ball in her mouth that showed between her spread lips and bulged out her cheeks.

The two men sat laughing and chatting while the big man prepared dinner. He set the table and announced in a deferential voice when it was all ready. As the two men ate, without needing to be told, the big man prepared bowls of food for the two women. He released Yolanda's neck from the rings and placed her green and red bowl under her. He untied Minah's feet from her hands and released her ankles. After removing the black ball from her mouth, he indicated a spot next to Yolanda with a couple of sharp words. Minah knelt her way there. When she was kneeling next to Yolanda, facing the same way, the big man put a brightly decorated dish in front of her. It had 'Minah' written on it in ornate gold letters. She waited for permission and then bent down and ate.

It was some kind of meat, chicken Yolanda believed, served in a delicate, tangy sauce and accompanied by fried peppers and onions and some other vegetables that she didn't know what they were. It was actually delicious, and Yolanda happily consumed it. Licking the bowl clean as usual. Her man instructed the big man on where to find her potion and he filled her bowl with it. They were all served small, delicious sugary cakes with pink icing on them.

They watched TV for a while with Yolanda hooded and circling on her platform and Minah kneeling attentively near them. The prince took her upstairs for the night and her man took Minah. This time, before using her, the prince gave her five brutal strokes of the stiff tasseled whip, making her shriek and wail. He used her for a long time, not quite as gently as the first time, plowing all her orifices. He didn't have her sleep with him but locked her in the cage in the corner for the night.

She woke with him rattling the cage open. He made her crawl to the bathroom and let her pee. He used her mouth, shouting loudly as he came and then put her back in the cage, her hands bound behind her.

It was very early in the morning. The dawn's soft light was coming in through the window. She tried to go back to sleep but couldn't. The prince guy was clearly a wealthy, privileged man. She wondered where he came from. She imagined herself a wealthy princess, able to command a host of obsequious servants in her very own palace. She knew that it was less than useless to think about those things, but she couldn't help it. Sometimes she imagined herself free and happy and leading a wondrous life. Boyfriends and parties, walks in the park, concerts, fancy restaurants, a sleek, fancy car. Supplying Granny and her brothers with all kinds of luxuries. It was somewhat tortuous, but she needed to hang on to something.

It was the big man who brought her downstairs. As if he had received instructions, he led her to the basement and had her do her exercises. He showered her and placed her on her back with her hands bound above her. He shaved her in a

business-like manner. Minah was already there in the living room, kneeling on the rug serenely, her hands behind her. After he had lotioned her mons and breasts, he gave Minah a sharp order. She nodded dutifully and crawled over between Yolanda's widespread thighs. She gave her several soft pats on her belly and then lowered her head to her loins. The man stood over them, watching, as if monitoring Minah's obedience. Yolanda shrunk in shame when she put her lips and tongue on her crux. She kept her going for a long time with her little, active tongue. Yolanda arched her back and practically roared when she finally gave her her completion.

There was another sharp command and Minah retreated. The big man lowered his zipper and released his tool. It was long and thick. He pulled it for a while until it was hard and then positioned himself between her thighs. She felt like getting up and running away, but of course, she couldn't. She cringed when he entered her and sobbed softly as he used her. The small man had emerged from somewhere and he was watching. He said something that amused himself and laughed. The big man kept at her, plunging and plunging, sawing and sawing. She fought it off but couldn't resist it. He stared down at her blankly as if he was performing a task that brought him no pleasure. When she was moaning and groaning in her excitement, he circled his arms under her thighs and pushed them up so that he was plunging down into her. He fucked her almost maniacally. She came against her will, grunting and moaning. He stiffened, released some grunts and then finished.

The day was like her normal day except that the man was not there. The big man left her on the rings almost all day coming over to her several times as if on a strict timetable and made her come with his hand.

The men came back at about sunset. They both seemed pleased. They went off and showered. The big man went downstairs and came back a little later with a pair of skinned and disemboweled grouse, holding them both by the neck. She watched Minah service her man with her mouth, kneeling before him, her hands tied behind her back with a thong. Then she did the prince. She had spent the day mostly kneeling on the rug serenely, her legs tucked under her, and her hands held palm up on her knees. At one point the smaller man had ordered her upstairs. She came back about an hour later none too happy.

After dinner they had her and Minah caress and mouth each other on the rug in front of them for their amusement. Minah was lustful and she called out her pleasure loudly. Her hands were soft and delicate, her mouth tender but insistent.

They stayed for the whole week. A plane came by and delivered some more supplies. The big man made them a different scrumptious and exotic dinner every night. The men went fishing several days and brought back plump trout or bass. The big man did wonderful things with them. One day it rained heavily. She cringed in shame as the big man, after shaving her and having Minah service her with her mouth, fucked her while her man and the regal man sat on the couch

chatting and drinking coffee. The men spent the day playing with the women, chatting, watching TV. Her man had to go into his little room a few times and work on his I-Pad. The prince would tumble her over his lap and toy with her conch until she was ready to scream and then order Minah to give her relief on the floor. Afterwards he would have the delicate young girl service him.

The smaller man took Minah upstairs every day that the men were out. He made Yolanda service him with her mouth. She thought of refusing because she thought that the smaller man was off his patch, but she was too afraid to.

The best thing was that, apart from the five or six strokes that the prince-like guy gave her every night as encouragement to enthusiasm in serving him, no one whipped her.

As they were getting ready to leave, the two servants carried their things to the dock. Her man took one more oral service from Minah, all dressed up prettily in the sarong and shawl that she came in, while she mouthed the prince-like guy into and past crisis.

It was strange when they left. All of a sudden, the house was silent like it usually was. The man hadn't used her while the guests were here. He took her upstairs and fucked her long and hard. Afterwards, he brought her downstairs and whipped her, as if he needed to recalibrate her obedience and restore normal order.

The man left for a couple of days. It was the most boring three days of her life. He had left her some pre-prepared food which she dutifully ate from her bowl, casting her eyes on the camera above the monitor, wondering if the man was watching. The DVD player was programmed to come on every morning, and she obediently went through her workout. She didn't mind it. It made her body feel all energized and was a break in the boredom. All the rest of the time the cartoon channel played. She got to watch *The Lion King* and *Aladdin*.

He had left her hands free, but her neck was attached to the chain that led down the center of the room. He had also put the screen over her puss. It let her pee, but doing the other thing was kind of messy. There was a shower there and she washed herself once a day, as per the man's instructions. Otherwise, she just sat or knelt around all day, or lay on the mattress. Time crawled by like a slug.

It was nice not to be attached to the rings for hours and hours or to be mounted on the platform. Also, nice not to be whipped. He made up for that as soon as she came back.

When he returned, he had the black-haired girl with him. She was clearly very upset. She wondered whether she had to spend any time with the Japanese girls. She was covered in colorful tattoos from her neck to her ankles. The brown skinned lady hadn't chosen a nature theme like hers. Instead, the girl's body was covered with 4" long, red, green, yellow and blue diamonds like a harlequin's costume. The Eskimo had even inked big red buttons down her front. Around her

neck was a bright red collar with long points coming out of it, like it was a flower. Over her mons he had etched a large, yellow sunflower.

The girl stayed for a few days. The man used her brutally. He placed leather bindings over her limbs and around her neck and she spent most of time circling around on the platform while she was attached to the rings. The man paid attention to her too, making her come several times each day and teasing her into excitement. He whipped the black-haired girl every day. He didn't fuck her in his bed, though, reserving that privilege for her. He would lock the girl in the cage in the living room and take her upstairs.

She didn't see the black-haired girl go. She had been locked down in the basement and didn't even hear the plane. When the man brought her back upstairs in the late afternoon, the girl was nowhere to be seen. It was funny, but she felt some relief that her rival for the man's attentions had gone.

No one came for several weeks. She preferred it this way. Although he was still brutal, she received some kindnesses from him from time to time. One weekend, two hard ladies came, mid-thirties, short, military styled haircuts, jeans, boots and t-shirts. One was blond and the other brunette. They spoke what sounded like French to the man. The brunette was the harsher of the two. She did the whipping while the blonde woman stood by entranced. They used her roughly on the floor of the living room while the man was in his little room, hogtied her and then did each other.

After dinner they sat on the couches watching a movie. When it was done, they drank some cognac while she was spinning around and around. The man said something challenging to them. They laughed nervously. He was clearly their superior. He brought out a deck of cards and they cut them. The brunette woman produced an 8 while the blond pulled a 3. She grimaced, but then smiled as if good naturedly. She came over and knelt in front of the man. She pulled down his zipper and drew out his tool. He said something to her which made her stop. She gave a little frown and then pulled off her t-shirt. Her braless breasts were magnifico. Large and round and firm, with her long nipples pointed up. The man reached down and fondled them for a while and then leaned back and let the woman accomplish her task. He stopped and started her several times. She kept groaning unhappily. The brunette thought it was funny and laughed and joked with the man. Finally, the man let her make him come. When she was done, she still had his splurge in her mouth. She ran into the kitchen and spat it out into the sink. This amused the man to no end.

The blonde woman was particularly harsh to her that night, slapping her and punching her in her thighs and arms, as if were her fault that she had to blow the man. The brunette woman fucked her long and hard with the black prick the brown

skinned lady had ‘gifted’ her and slapped her several times when her oral attention to her crux lagged.

She got her revenge though. The man made the brunette blow him on her knees with her shirt off while he stood over her just before they left. The blonde girl kept up an amused commentary. The brunette started to get up to run to the kitchen to rid her mouth of his yuck. He gave her a sharp order. She looked up at him unhappily and swallowed it. The blonde girl laughed heartily.

It snowed heavily in mid-October. And then again just after the 1<sup>st</sup> of November. She and the man watched it fall and fall and fall in the sunroom. He made some hot chocolate for them both, serving hers in her bowl while he drank his from a mug. He seemed to her to be very preoccupied with something.

One morning, soon after, he didn’t take her downstairs for her exercises. He didn’t shower her and shave her like he did every morning. He served her a large breakfast of cut up sausage and eggs. He had her service him while he stood over her, stroking her head softly. When he was done, he regagged her, not with her head harness, but with a big black ball gag, hooded her and put her in the cage by the whipping stand.

She knew that something was wrong. Was there someone important coming that he was afraid of? She couldn’t conceive of him being afraid of anything. Why was she wearing the ball gag? Was something going to happen?

She knelt in her cage for a long time. She heard a plane landing about 2 hours after he had put her in. Some men came in the door, and he spoke to them brusquely. He came over and got her out of her cage. Still hooded, he made her knee walk across the room to where the men were. He made her lie on her belly. He connected her ankles to each other.

It was when she felt a hand spread her rear cheeks and a slimy tube slide into her rectum that she knew what was happening. She released a long, bitter wail. A plug went in. She started sobbing and sobbing. Why was he sending her away? Hadn’t she been good? Hadn’t she been obedient? Didn’t he care for her even a little bit? Was he tired of her and now was throwing her away? Where would she go? What would happen to her? Even though her life here was terror filled, and every day she yearned for freedom, she didn’t want to leave. The future she saw was dark and murky and ominous.

She was still conscious, but heavy and lethargic when they placed her in the body bag. She tried to resist, but her muscles wouldn’t respond. She felt the straps being tightened around her. She hadn’t even noticed when they put the diaper on her. She was still hooded. Wasn’t he even going to say goodbye? “Please don’t do this! Please don’t do this?” she begged him in her mind. “Pleeeeeeease ohhhhhhhhn oooooooooou...” And then she was asleep.



She awoke several hours later. She was in a plane, a larger one, it seemed, than the one that had brought her to the man. It sounded like she was in a large cargo compartment. She was just coming out of her grogginess when someone unzipped her bag. Her diaper was pulled down and the plug in her little entrance removed. She felt another slimy tube slide in. She protested with a pitiful wail. It was ignored. The plug went back in, the diaper was pulled up and the bag was rezipped. A few minutes later, she was back asleep.

The sedative was administered two more times. Each time she had been coming back to groggy consciousness. Each time she was plunged back into a thick treacly sea. When she awoke after the last time, she realized that she was in a truck. The wheels hummed underneath her. She knew that she was near wherever she was going. Her heart sunk. Why did he send her away? Where was he sending her? What would her life be like?

She lay there for what seemed like hours. Finally, the truck slowed down and stopped. The rear door was opened. She was dragged to the tail of the truck. Each end was lifted in the air. They carried her for a short while and went up some steps. A voice came on an intercom. A man's heavy, stern voice. "Who is it?" the voice demanded.

"Delivery," one of the people carrying her replied. It was a deep, fearsome sounding voice too. A lock clacked open, and she was brought into something. A house? A prison? Somewhere where they would chop her up and dispose of her?"

She was carried a short distance. "Just put it down," the original man's voice spoke. "We'll take her from here."

Her bag was dropped unceremoniously on the floor. The men went away. The original man spoke as if he was on the phone. "It's Ivan. The girl's here.....All right." He hung up the phone.

About 15 minutes later her bag was picked up again. She was brought through another door and carried a long distance. Up three flights of stairs. The man who was carrying her in front said something in Spanish. A woman's voice replied. She was brought into a room. From the echo of their steps, it seemed like a bathroom. She was lifted from the body bag and stood on her feet. Her ankles were released and the diaper was pulled down. The men went away. She stood there shivering in fear. She heard the woman's voice. It sounded like, "Onna de knees." She knelt obediently. A strong hand pushed her head down until her forehead was on the tile.

There was a pause and then fire erupted across her buttocks. One, two, three, four more. Her screams echoed in the room. Her head was pulled up. Her hood was removed. There was a heavy set, black-haired older Hispanic woman standing in front of her. The flail she had used was dangling from her right hand. Her arms looked muscular. She was wearing a puffy white blouse that her heavy breasts

pushed out and a red ankle length skirt with a black border on the midriff and the bottom hem. The woman looked at her sternly.

“You be good girl!” she shouted at her. “You do what you tol’! You ne’er do nottin’ you no tol’! You bey all de time! *Comprende?*”

Yolanda nodded frantically.

“*Levantarse!*” the woman screamed.

“Levartse?” Yolanda wondered fearfully. She knew that she was being told to do something, but what?

The woman’s right hand moved in a flash. The flails of the whip struck her across her breasts. She screeched. Before she could react, the angry woman struck her twice more. She screamed and bent over, trying to cover her burning mounds.

“*Levantarse! Levantarse!*” the woman screamed at her twice more. “Up! Up! Get up, *estúpido puta!*”

Yolanda finally got the gist. She rose to her feet fearfully and steeled herself for the next blow. Instead, the woman smiled. She approached her and patted her on the cheek with her left hand. “*Cara mio,*” she said to her sweetly. “We be big *amigas*, yes?”

She nodded frantically.

“Here *tu lavas*, you wash. Den you go see Elena, yes?”

Yolanda nodded again. Who was Elena?”

The woman placed the flogger on a hook on her belt. She removed the ball gag from her mouth. She ooooued and ahhhhhhhd over her designs and her golden accouterments and said some things that sounded complementary in Spanish, running soft, fat hands all over her, squeezing her breasts, caressing her coosh. She played with and pulled on the golden ring in her nose. She released her hands from behind her back. There were four shower spigots. She turned one of them on and waited with her hand under it until the temperature was to her satisfaction. “*Tu lavas*, you wash,” she invited her sweetly.

Yolanda hesitated. She hadn’t had the right to wash herself for over a year. It was anathema for her to touch herself. And yet this mad woman was inviting her to. She stepped gingerly over to the flowing water and eased herself under it. It was delightfully warm. She stood under it and let the water flow down over her head and down her body. She closed her eyes and imagined herself a million miles away from wherever she was. She heard the sound of a loud clap. She opened her eyes and looked at the woman. “*Apurarse!*” the woman snapped at her. “Hurry up! You make Elena mad, you sorry!”

There was a bottle of liquid soap and a sponge on a shelf next to her. She retrieved them, wetted the sponge and poured some soap on it. She returned the bottle to the shelf and began wiping herself all over. Shamed by her nakedness, she turned her back on the woman to soap her breasts and puss. She received a fiery

blow cross her back. She screeched and turned to the woman. She smiled and made a circling motion with her finger. Her back burning, Yolanda faced her and went back to work.

There was some shampoo, and she did her hair. While she was rinsing it out, the door to the bathroom opened. Another large Spanish lady was leading a young girl in by a leash. There was a shiny steel collar around her neck and similar shiny bracelets around her wrists and ankles. She had pale white skin and strawberry blonde hair pulled behind her head. She stood about 5'5" or 5'6". She had heavy breasts with pink areolas. She didn't look too happy. She had a nice hourglass figure with prominent hips. Her love lips were denuded. The new lady, with a red handled flogger affixed to her hip, and dressed in similar fashion to her own minder, except that her skirt was canary yellow, undid the leash from the girl's collar and gave her an order. There was a gold brassard hanging from the girl's collar on which, etched in black, her name was denoted as Chloe.

The new Spanish lady said something sharp to the girl and she got under one of the shower heads, facing out towards her chaperone. Yolanda had finished using some cream rinse on her hair and her minder urged her out. She handed her a fluffy, cream-colored towel. She was unused to drying herself but remembered how. The two ladies watched her intently, exchanging merry comments. When she had finished drying her hair, her lady took her towel from her, dropped it in a hamper and then made a motion for her to raise her hands and put them behind her head. When she had complied, she invited the yellow skirted *mamasita* to inspect her.

She merrily hefted her colorful breasts and gently squeezed them. She took hold of her nipples and gently shook them, making them wobble. The two women were exchanging a running commentary. The yellow skirted lady crouched way down and made her spread her legs so she could inspect her conch. She tickled it a bit, clucking gleefully. She rose and made her turn around. She ran her hand over her back and hummed her appreciation. "*Muy beuena, muy bonita,*" she exclaimed approvingly.

She looked over at the blond girl, Chloe. She was staring at Yolanda too, slowly soaping up her breasts. The yellow skirted lady said something sharp to her and she looked away and made more energetic her efforts.

The red skirted woman indicated with her hand that she should turn around. Yolanda complied, her hands still behind her head. The woman seized her wrists and brought her arms down behind her, locking her wrists together. She spun her around again and spat out, "*Abra la boca!*"

Yolanda had no idea what she meant. The woman lashed out with her hand, striking her across the face. "*Abra la boca!*" she shouted at her. She opened her mouth wide. Yolanda was on the verge of breaking down into virulent sobs.

Instinct told her that this would be severely punished. When the woman opened her mouth, she got the idea and spread her lips. The woman reached into her dress pocket and produced a blue ball. She addressed it to Yolanda's mouth and popped it in. She took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and gave it a harsh tug. She dragged her towards the door, pushed it open and led her into the hallway. Yolanda looked briefly to the right and left. There was a long line of open doors on each side. The woman didn't give her a long time to look. She dragged her off to the left. As Yolanda passed the doors, most of them were closed, but one was open. She got a glimpse of several steel framed beds.

At the end of the hall another hefty Spanish lady was sitting on a chair. Her skirt had a swirl of colors. She was holding her whip on her lap. A mid-sized, naked young woman was kneeling at attention to her right. Her arms were behind her back. Her breasts were full and were reddened as if someone had paid negative attention to them. A crescent of a blue ball peaked out of her mouth. She had light brown hair that was pulled into a ponytail. Her eyes were glistening, and she had a very worried look on her face. Her name plate said "Irena".

Her lady brought her to a halt. Next to the sitting lady a peg board held multiple leashes with bright red handles. Her lady pulled one off and attached it to Yolanda's collar. She was having an animated conversation in Spanish with the sitting lady. The sitting lady made a gesture to the girl. Her lady laughed. The girl seemed to be trying to fade into nothingness. The sitting lady said something caustic to her. In a flash, she backhanded the flails of her whip across her breasts. The girl screamed. The sitting lady said something harsh to her. The girl strained to kneel up as straight as she could and thrust out her breasts. Tears rolled out from the corners of her eyes. Both the Spanish ladies laughed.

She was pulled towards a door. It had a large, brass deadbolt lock on it. Her escort reached into the pocket of her dress and withdrew an oversized skeleton key. He put it in the lock and turned it. The lock clicked and she pulled the door open. She led Yolanda through it, locking the door behind her. They were on a landing to a narrow stairway. The walls were faded white like the last time they had been painted was many years ago. The steps were chocolate brown with gray rubber pads on them.

The lady led her down the stairs. They descended to another landing with another locked door and kept going. As they approached the next landing, the door opened. Yet another large sized Spanish lady emerged. She was towing two young women dressed in short, flimsy pastel negligees. Their hands were behind their backs. She was holding a leash that went to the collar of the first girl, a slender, doe eyed girl with coffee cup sized breasts and black hair pulled behind her head. Behind her, her collar connected to chain that led to the back of the first girl's collar, was a more voluptuous red headed girl with very pale skin and blue eyes.

Her minder pulled Yolanda over to the side to let the other lady pass. Her skirt was bright lavender. She stopped to admire Yolanda. The two women had a nice chuckle. The new lady tweaked Yolanda's nipples and dropped her hand to her crux, stroking it. She said something to the red skirted lady and they both chuckled again.

The lavender lady pulled her prisoners up the stairs. They continued to go down. At the bottom of the stairs was another door. The lady used her key to open it and guided Yolanda through.

They entered a busy kitchen. Gray haired women in kitchen whites were cooking on a griddle, stirring pots, easing a tray under a broiler. There was a long steel counter in front of them with heat lamps. A couple of full plates were there waiting. A slender, young Hispanic girl with long black hair and dressed in a tight, short skirted black uniform, rushed in through a pair of swinging doors announcing something loudly. She put a yellow dupe onto a spindle, cast Yolanda and her escort a quick glance, then grabbed the waiting plates and rushed from the room.

Yolanda was escorted through the kitchen. They exited, not through the swinging doors, but through an open doorway to the side. There was a short hall and then another door. Her escort pushed it open and led Yolanda through.

They emerged into a large atrium. The walls were dark paneled. The ceiling was about 12' high. A broad set of dark maple stairs led up on their left. Large color photo portraits of scantily dressed beautiful young women in various inviting or lascivious poses lined the walls. Their names were etched into brass plates under the pictures, Briana, Lorena, Patricia, Bridgita, etc. There was a bar with several men sitting or standing in front of it and a red vested bartender standing behind. The men all whistled and issued catcalls as Yolanda was towed past them.

There were several long, brown settees along the wall in front of them and along the wall to the right. A dozen or so young women, a mixture of white, black, Hispanic and Asian, dressed in frilly, translucent coverings sat on them, their right ankles chained to rings in the floor. They all had blue patches showing from their mouths and were wearing red high heels. Their hands were behind them. There were random spaces between them like a mouth that had lost some teeth. Large men with dark blue t-shirts, black pants and black boots were scattered through the room. One had a young blond-haired girl standing on her tip toes, pulling her up by her ponytail. Her hands were locked behind her. A large man in a blue dress shirt had her sheer camisole up and he was perusing the girl, feeling her round breasts. Her name plate said, Brenda.

They scooted past the trio. Yolanda heard the blue shirted man say, "Okay, she'll do." They went past the line of unhappy looking women to a door. Her lady unlocked it. She pulled her through. There was a long hall with several doors and a

door at the end. It was nicer than the other doors, ornately carved. There was another lock. The lady used her key and escorted Yolanda through.

It was a large room with a very high ceiling. A large dark oak desk sat to the left. It was covered sparsely with office regalia, a phone, a closed laptop, a green desk pad, stapler, etc. Behind it was a high backed, black leather chair. On the wall was a 7' by 5' print of demons and other devilish figures tormenting very unhappy looking people, burning them in fires cutting them up, leading them into a pit with smoke and fire billowing from it.

In front of the desk were several armchairs with blood red leather padding. A 1' high platform sat against the right wall. A hooded, naked woman hung from a chain on it, her toes barely reaching the floor, her arms extended above her. Two brutish looking men were in the room wearing dark blue t-shirts, one of whom was standing on the platform holding a flogger with 2' long leather tassels. The other was overwatching a long, burgundy colored leather couch with an elegant, black-haired lady sitting on it, facing the whipping platform. She wore a dark green dress with deep yellow swirls on it. The dress had panels which engulfed two heavy looking breasts. The woman's face was regal, with a noble nose, full, plump lips painted red, well decorated eyes. Her eyes were closed, and her head was tilted back, her lips spread slightly. Her tawny arms were bare. The dress was pulled up to the woman's waist. A naked young woman with a long, chestnut colored ponytail was kneeling between well-toned thighs which were covered by light beige self-supporting stockings with lacy tops. The girl's head was buried in a thick, black bush and she looked like she was assiduously at work. Her steel braceleted hands were locked behind her and the toes of her bright red high heels were lodged against the floor.

The woman was sighing heavily. The *mamasita* brought Yolanda directly in front of her, about 15' away. The woman's eyes opened to slits, taking them in and closed again. Her hands were on the head servicing her and had bright red, longish nails. A thick gold chain circled the woman's neck with a large emerald pendant. Her fingers were encircled by a number of glittering rings. On the floor between the platform and the couch was a charcoal-colored area rug, about 15' by 20' with a black crest in the middle. The crest consisted of a large, snarling puma head with branches of thorns extending in curves upwards along the sides. Under the puma head were the words, '*Poder Permite Sin Piedad*', the meaning of which Yolanda was to learn later.

They waited there about fifteen minutes. The elegant lady was clearly in command of the room, even as her passion distracted her. This was, Yolanda assumed, the Elena she had been warned against.

The woman's breaths were growing deeper and deeper. Her hands tightened on the girl's head. "That's it, slut," she pronounced heavily. "That's it, that's it.

Suckle it hard! Use your tongue! Ohhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss! Ohhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss! Give Elena your best, Carlotta, or I'll warm your behind! Faster! Faster! Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh! Ohhhhhhhhh!"

The woman commenced issuing deep grunts and her body seemed to shake. Her face tightened and her eyelids fluttered. Her thighs closed around the head buried in her loins and she shoved it down hard against her. The heels of her shiny black high heels dug into the rug. Ohhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss! Ohhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss! Ohhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss! Ohhhhhhhhh! Yesssssss!" she exclaimed loudly.

She issued a deep sigh and her body seemed to relax. "Easy now, Carlotta, easy now," the woman murmured. "Let me down nice and easy." The chestnut-haired woman's efforts seemed to slow. Her hands, which had been grasped together tightly behind her, loosened. After about a minute, the woman pushed the head away. The furrow amidst her bushy black hair was widened and glistening. She took several deep breaths and her eyes gradually opened. The girl, her mouth and chin smeared with the woman's juices, looked up at the woman apprehensively. Elena looked down on her with a satisfied smile. She patted her cheek. "Very nice, Carlotta," she complemented her. "You get better all the time. You still owe me ten strokes of the whip though. Mr. Hawkins was not very satisfied with you. He said you seemed lethargic and negligent of his pleasure. If you don't shape up, I'll have you beaten every day. *Comprende?*" The woman nodded fervently.

Elena reached down next to her and picked up a blue ball. "*Abra ahora, mi pequeña coño,*" she ordered sternly. The girl spread her lips widely and Elena pushed the ball into her mouth. She patted her on the cheek again. She turned to the hovering man, "*Alberto, poner a mi amiguito en una jaula. Me ocupare de ella en un rato. Parece que tengo negocios*" she instructed him.

Alberto gave the girl's head a heavy swat. "*Ven vaca!*" he spat at her. The girl raised herself unsteadily to her feet, her face distraught. Alberto took hold of the ring in the front of her collar and pulled her to the side of the room. There were three 4' by 4' black steel cages. He brought her to the middle one, forced her to her knees and opened the door. Carlotta quickly crawled in as if it were some kind of refuge. He slammed the door shut.

Elena closed her eyes and took several deep breaths. She pushed down the skirt of her dress and straightened it, bringing her thighs together. She opened her eyes and looked at Yolanda. "And what have we here?" she asked coolly.

The *mamasita* started to speak, but Elena waved her off. "I know who she is. *Tu puedes ir.*"

The heavy women gave a little curtsy and replied, "*Si, Señora.*" She unhooked the leash from Yolanda's collar, gathered it in her left hand and gave Yolanda's breast a squeeze. "*Hasta luego, belleza,*" she told her, and walked off.

“Kneel here in front of me, my little friend,” Elena said to Yolanda in a soft yet stern voice. “I want to take a good look at you.”

Yolanda was quaking. The last thing she wanted was to get close to the woman. But she had seen the mounted, hooded woman and heard the threat issued to the ponytailed girl. She shuffled herself forward and knelt close to the woman, assuming an attentive position.

Elena reached down and took hold of her breasts. “Very lovely,” she intoned. She took hold of her nipples and stretched her breasts out and then released them. Her breasts quivered. Elena seemed to be amused. She took Yolanda by the chin and turned her head to the right and left. “Very pretty,” she observed. She flipped her nose ring up and down a few times. She poured her gaze over the wildlife on her belly. She rubbed her hand over it. “Such a ferocious beast for such a pretty, little girl,” she commented. “Very nice work. Turn and let me see your back,” she instructed.

Yolanda knelt herself in a half circle. Elena released her wrists and placed her hands behind her head. “Very, very nice, my pretty. We’ll be charging a nice premium for you. Now lie down and show me your cunt.”

Yolanda suppressed a whine. She turned and lay down on her back. She spread her knees and raised her backside from the floor. “Oh, that’s so lovely,” Elena observed merrily. “I can’t wait to get at it. Now, kneel up again and show me our back.” Yolanda obeyed. Elena brought her hands behind her back and reaffixed them. “Turn around,” she ordered her sharply.

Yolanda quaked at the news about being used. She was no fool. She had realized at once that she was in a whorehouse. You’d have to be stupid not to realize that. If she hadn’t been a whore in a technical sense while the man’s slave, that was not true now. Mistress Jean’s prediction was coming true. She imagined countless unknown, harsh men fucking her every day. She turned to face the lady again. She was trying not to cry, but her eyes had moistened.

Elena patted her cheek. “There, there now, *bonita*,” she comforted her falsely. “You will have a good time, I’m sure. Colonel Fuller assured me that you enjoy fucking.” She smiled at her gracefully.

“Now I have some simple instructions for you. You will remain absolutely silent, except of course when you are fucking. Bashfulness is not allowed, and the clients like to hear sounds of passion. Screaming and sobbing when you are whipped is permitted, of course. It is amusing to hear it. But no words are tolerated. You will be absolutely obedient. Any reluctance will be swiftly and firmly punished. You will please the guests no matter what their demands as if your heart was entirely devoted to your tasks. Do you understand?”

Yolanda nodded her head fearfully.



“Colonel Fuller has asked me to take care of you while he is away for a little while. He told me to make sure that your cunt gets a lot of work. He doesn’t want you to fall out of practice. I’m told that you have a very good mouth. We shall see. You’ll be staying with me tonight and I’m very demanding. As are our clients, who always expect the best. I’d have you do me now, but my pussy’s all worn out.”

She seized her breasts again and gave them heavy squeezes. “Usually, I have my new girls given a taste of the whip before I put them in service, but the colonel assured me that you are very compliant. Is this true?”

Yolanda nodded vociferously.

“That’s good. But I will whip you tonight for my amusement.” She turned to Alberto, who had resumed his hovering position. “Get Yolanda something to eat and then put her in my room. You may sample her mouth if you wish, but I don’t want anyone else to touch her for now.”

“*Si, señora,*” Alberto replied.

He gave Yolanda a harsh slap to the back of her head. “*Levantarse, puta!*” he spat out at her. Yolanda had learned what that meant the hard way. She immediately struggled to her feet. He affixed a leash to the front of her collar and hauled her away. They went through the big room where the scantily dressed girls were and back into the kitchen. There was another large room off it and Alberto led her into it. There were three long tables with chairs on either side of them. A long fluorescent light flooded it. A steel table was off to the right. A compartmentalized tray sat on it containing plastic knives, forks and spoons. There was a paper napkin container. A large, clear fountain was next to the table half filled with an orange-colored liquid. Next to it were stacks of paper cups. There was an opening with the kitchen on the other side with a steel counter. A stack of trays was on the right. The floor was speckled red linoleum.

Alberto detached the leash from her collar and removed the blue ball from her mouth. “On your knees, *coño,*” he said to her harshly. Yolanda sank sadly to the floor. She watched him draw out his cock. “Do a good job, or I’ll whip your tits ‘til they burn,” he warned her harshly.

Yolanda believed him. She leaned forward and captured his meat. It was already long and rubbery as if in anticipation of its upcoming delight. She soon had it hard. “I’m a whore! I’m a whore! I’m a whore!” she thought to herself miserably as the tubesnake rasped along her lips. She was fighting off tears. The man sighed deeply as she worked him. “How many cocks will I have to suck?” she wondered unhappily. “How many men will fuck me?” That woman, Elena, had said that the man had sent her here “for a while”. Where had he gone? How long would he be away? Was it better to be here, or there? How badly were they going to treat her?

She had already experienced the brutality of the *mamasitas*. How brutal were the men in the dark blue t-shirts? The *mamasitas* carried those floggers on their

belts. The men wore what looked like electric prods on their hips. What would it be like to be zapped with one of them? How was she ever going to be able to survive her life here?

She was working the man assiduously. “Come on, come, you cocksucker!” she thought angrily. What right did the men have to do this? How could she really be here sucking a strange man’s cock? Why had God done this to her?

She saw from the corner of her eye a *mamasita* enter the room. She had three young women in tow dressed in sheer nighties. When they were all in the room, she disconnected their chains and removed the blue balls from their mouths. She released their hands from behind their backs. The girls shuffled off to the right and got in line by the trays. The *mamasita* approached the steel counter. There was a bell on it. She slapped her hand down on it several times, causing it to ring. One of the grey-haired kitchen ladies came by the opening. “*Tres*,” the *mamasita* told her. The woman went away and came back with a tray with three white porcelain bowls on it, each with a steaming pile of what looked like chili in it. She placed the bowls on the counter and walked away. The *mamasita* gave a nod to the three waiting, scantily clad girls. One by one, they picked up a tray, moved forward and placed a bowl on it. They crossed the room, drew utensils from the steel table, filled a paper cup with the orangeade, and took a napkin. They sat at one of the tables, not next to one another, but separated by an empty chair. Silently, they began to eat.

Yolanda was mortified to be seen on her knees with the man’s cock in her mouth. The tears she had been fighting off began to flow. The *mamasita* stood over her, watching her. She said something to the man and they both chuckled.

“Please, come! Please, come! Please, come!” she thought desperately. But the man was in no hurry. He held her head still a couple of times to prolong his enjoyment. Finally, he started rocking his hips and moaning. Yolanda speeded up her efforts. He grabbed her hair tightly with both his hands. His thrusts became feverish. He groaned and went, “Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!” His cock pulsed in her mouth. Her mouth was flooded with his slimy spume. She was close to heaving, but she swallowed it dutifully. He gradually slowed his thrusts and released his grip on her hair. His cock’s spasms waned. He released a great sigh and pushed her head off his cock.

He looked down at her. “Not bad, *coño*,” he told her, patting her on her cheek. “Now get up.”

Yolanda rose unhappily. The girls at the table had seemed to take no notice of her. They had probably witnessed similar tableaux many times. They had almost certainly learned to mind their own business. Don’t draw attention to yourself. Be as quiet as a mouse. Keep your eyes down. Block everything out except what was right in front of you.

The *mamasita* made her turn around several times so she could get a good look at her. She and Alberto exchanged merry comments. She took hold of the ring in her nose and pulled it up, forcing Yolanda to stand on her toes. She laughed. She said something to Alberto and they both laughed.

Alberto made her turn around and released her arms from behind her. "Go get a tray," he told her gruffly. She walked over and took up a tray and waited, keeping her head down and her eyes on the floor. Alberto rang the bell. A gray-haired lady came over. "*Uno*," Alberto told her. She left and came back with a bowl, placing it on the counter. Yolanda looked at Alberto, waiting for permission to take it. "Come on! Come on!" Alberto spat at her impatiently. "Don't just stand there, *estupida!*"

Yolanda placed the bowl on her tray. She walked reluctantly over to the orangeade machine and filled a paper cup. She took a plastic spoon from the bin. She took a napkin. She turned to look where she should sit. Alberto gave her a slap on her head. "Over here, *estupida!*" he directed her. He pulled out a chair opposite the three young women. Yolanda sat on it and he pushed her in. "Don't take all day," he told her curtly.

Yolanda stared down at the food. Except for those times she was in the man's basement, she hadn't fed herself for over a year. And never with an actual spoon. She was reluctant to start, as if the man might appear at any moment and erupt in a paroxysm of rage. She picked up the spoon and dipped it slightly into the bowl, removing a tiny bit of meat. She looked at Alberto. He and the *mamasita* had gotten themselves drinks and were sitting at the far end of the table, talking and chuckling. She put the spoon in her mouth. It was spicy, but not bad. She glanced up at the three women. They were eying her surreptitiously. "I'll bet you never saw anyone who looks like me," she thought unhappily. She put her head down and ate.

All the while she ate, she kept thinking about the food mixing with Alberto's yuck in her belly. She finished quickly. Each time she brought a spoonful to her mouth she felt like she was committing a great sin. Each time she picked up the paper cup and took a drink from it, she cringed, expecting retribution. If life with the man had been like being in a bizzarro world, she had been restored to about 5% of normalcy. She had cleaned herself. She was feeding herself. They hadn't made her crawl around on all fours, yet. She was sitting in a chair at a table. Was she going to be able to shit and pee by herself too?

The girls in front of her had finished. They just sat there silently, looking down. The *mamasita* took notice. She rose and clapped her hands. The girls all rose and picked up their trays. They brought them over to near the counter. There was a stand there with trays on it and a pink plastic basin. They put their bowls in the basin and tossed their used implements, napkins and cups into a large, brown plastic garbage can. The *mamasita* clapped her hands again and they all turned

their backs to her. She locked all their wrists together. She clapped again and they turned around and formed a line. The heavyset woman returned the blue balls to their mouths and connected them all by their collars, restoring the leash to the lead girl. She led them from the room.

Alberto rose from his chair. Yolanda had finished and, like the girls, remained there silently looking down at her tray.

“Come on, get up!” Alberto snapped. She rose, picked up her tray and did what the other girls had done. She faced Alberto and awaited further orders. He motioned for her to turn around and connected her wrists. He turned her around to face him and pushed the blue ball into her mouth. He connected his leash to her collar and gave it a heavy yank. “Let’s go, *imbécil!*” he ordered her curtly.

He marched her back out into the kitchen and up the stairs she had come down when she had come down from her shower. He took her up to the top floor and brought her back to the large bathroom. There was a line of toilets to the right of the room which she had taken no note of before. No stalls, just toilets. The girls she had sat with in the cafeteria were washing their hands. Alberto released her hands and indicated that she should take a seat. She performed dutifully for him and then washed her hands at the sink. He locked her back up and led her back to the stairs. The big woman who had been sitting there was gone. He led her down one flight of stairs and opened the door with a skeleton key. He led her through.

It was a long hallway. There were doors on either side. The floor was covered by a dark brown rug. The walls were dark beige and there was a couple of half tables along the sides with vases of flowers on them. Alberto led her to the end of the hall. There was a large single door there. There was a plaque on it with the same emblem that had been on the rug downstairs. A brass plate under it said “*Elena*”. He opened it with the key and led her into the room.

Off to the right, between two barred windows was a queen-sized bed with a large dark maple headboard. It was covered by a red and gold duvet and had three pillows. A matching dresser and makeup table with a large mirror stood off to the left. An ominous whipping stand sat in the corner. A door led off to a bathroom. The walls were light blue and the wall to wall rug a slightly darker shade. Cream colored curtains draped the barred windows. There was a dark green easy chair. Framed prints of beautiful woman in dishabille filled the walls. The room was lit by a crystal chandelier. There were double doors to what she presumed was a large closet. A credenza was against the left wall with a long gilt framed mirror on it. It was covered by what looked like jewelry boxes and various knick-knacks and mementos. A stand-alone 7’ high mirror was off in one corner. On either side of the bed were nightstands with tall, elegant, cream-colored shaded lamps on them. At the foot of the bed was a six foot long 3’ high cage with black bars and a

padded bottom. The door to the cage, which ran its length, was designed to swing up.

Alberto led her directly to the cage. He opened it, disconnected her leash, and told her to get in. She knelt down on the floor and kneed herself into it. She had to lie down on her belly. He connected her ankles to each other. He drew down the door, which locked. He didn't say anything to her, just walked away. As he went out the door, he shut off the light.

Yolanda burst into tears. The room was completely dark. No moonlight shined in through the windows. It was the dark of night outside. She had left one form of misery only to arrive at another. It was hard to tell which was worse. At the castle she had been treated cruelly, but specially. Here, she was going to be just one of God knew how many whores. There, she had usually been alone with the man, and used only by him, except for his bimonthly guests, and they usually only stayed a couple of days or so. Here she was going to be used by strange man after strange man, who knew how many a day, day after day after day. There she had one master. Here there seemed to be at least a dozen, probably more, men and women who she would have to obey assiduously. Whips and zappers at the ready.

And Elena too. She seemed as fierce as the puma on her coat of arms. And tonight, she was going to whip her. Not because she did anything wrong, but just for fun. And she would have to service her. She would be demanding and ruthless and cruel. She would have dozens, it seemed, of compliant mouths to compare her to.

She lay in the dark for hours. There was absolute silence all around her, absolute darkness. She slept on and off. She miserated at her fate. There was a huge building all around her in which there was going on all kinds of involuntary fucking and sucking and all kinds of brutality. Callous men and women, unhappy, enslaved young girls. How could they get away with it? How could a place like this even exist?

It was many hours later that she heard a key turn the lock in the door. It swung open and the overhead light went on. She looked. Elena came in, her green skirt swirling. She didn't look at Yolanda. Stopping at the credenza, she removed her jewelry from her neck and hands. She seemed to be humming a tune. She went to the green chair, kicked off her black high heels and stepped out of her dress, draping it across the chair's back. She was not wearing a bra. She sat on the chair and drew off her stockings. She pulled down her mauve, lace bikini underwear and tossed it on the floor. Naked, she strode into the bathroom. Yolanda could hear her performing her ablutions. The toilet flushed and water ran in the sink. She emerged.

Elena stood about 5'10". Her shoulders were a bit broad, and she had wide, but yet delicate hips. Her thighs were well toned. Her breasts were heavy, but not low.

Her areolas were dark maroon and wide. Her nipples short and thick. Her belly showed a slight bulge but was generally flat. She had long, neatly trimmed black eyebrows and long eyelashes. Her nose was Roman and sat admirably amidst her strong, attractive, patrician face. It had a natural grace to it, a haughtiness that bespoke being accustomed to command. Her lips were plump and now devoid of the bright red lipstick she had worn downstairs.

She paused as if she had just remembered something. There was a phone on the nightstand. She picked up the receiver, waited a second and then spoke into it. "This is Elena. Tell Juanita that Lavinia is due 10 strokes tonight before she goes to bed. Also, I neglected to put it on the schedule, but Deputy Mayor Alonzo is coming by tomorrow at noon with a party of five of Mayor Filko's largest supporters. Have a table ready for them in the dining room. Mr. Alonzo specifically asked that Camellia, Gabriela, Barbarella, Dominique, Leila and Marguerite be reserved. They're all to have three good strokes beforehand to remind them to be on the top of their game....No, the regular charges to the mayor's account. I'll discount them later. After all, we're not a charity. Got all that?....OK. Good night."

She hung up the phone. She paused, as if recollecting herself. Then she stepped over to Yolanda's cage. She looked down at her. "Good evening, Yolanda," she said sweetly. "Ready for a little fun?"

Yolanda just looked up at her sadly. Elena unlocked the cage and swung the door up. She released Yolanda's ankles and wrists. "Okay, out," she commanded sharply.

Yolanda hesitated for a moment, and then obeyed. She emerged from the cage and rose to her knees, coming to sharp attention. She was trembling. Elena gave her head a stroke. "You're a pretty little whore, Yolanda. You're going to have a lot of fun here." She told her as if kindly. "Now follow me."

She strode off to the corner which held the whipping stand. Yolanda's belly churned and her blood ran cold. She tried to remember whether Elena had relocked the door when she came through. Maybe she could get up and run out of the room. But where would she go then? Even if she could somehow find her way to an exit from the building, it was certain that someone would see her first. None of the girls seemed to go anywhere without an escort. Just the fact that she was alone would give her away. And it goes without saying that all the doors would be locked.

She followed Elena towards the dangling chain as if off to her doom. When she reached it, Elena had turned and was waiting for her. "Up, up, Yolanda. Let's not make a big deal of this. I'm not going to kill you, just make you dance and scream for a while."

Yolanda fought off the urge to break out into sobs. She rose to her feet slowly, but dutifully. She cooperated when Elena brought her hands in front of her and

locked them together. She sidled under the dangling chain as Elena pulled her over. She didn't resist when Elena raised her hands over her head and connected them to the chain. She watched dismally as Elena made an adjustment that brought her to her tippy toes.

"Now, you wait just there, Yolanda, I'll be right with you," the steely hard woman told her. She went over to the closet and opened one of the doors. She went in and emerged with a black leather handled whip with 2' long, knotted tassels. She put the whip down on the credenza. From a cabinet underneath, she pulled a dark green bottle and a short, crystal glass. She put the glass down on the credenza and poured some of the bottle's golden hued liquid into it. She capped the bottle and took a deep sip of the liquor. She put it down on the credenza. She walked over to the left side of the bed and turned on the lamp. She went to the door and turned off the chandelier. She came back over to where Yolanda stood and, flicking a switch on the wall, turned on a spotlight in the ceiling directly above her, bathing her in light. She looked at Yolanda and smiled. Returning to the credenza, she picked up the flogger in her right hand, the glass in her left, and wandered slowly back as if in a contemplative state.

Yolanda was quivering and quaking. Part of her told her that she had endured the worst that the man had doled out to her, and she should be able to withstand anything Elena could do. Unfortunately, it didn't work that way. Each session with the whip stood on its own. Each was its own unique torment. There was really no difference if you stepped into a 200-degree or a 250-degree oven. It would burn just the same. And what you could withstand on a Tuesday would cause you to break out into the most heart-rendering screams on Thursday. And today seemed like a Thursday, not a Tuesday.

Elena approached her. She stood there observing her for a minute or so, sipping on her drink and tap, tap, tapping the whip on her thigh, like it had a mind of its own and was yearning to get to work. Yolanda's belly was in a knot, and she was sweating heavily. She was suppressing her sobs and resisting the urge to release a torrent of word approximations beseeching mercy. She knew that she would get no mercy. The only thing that could stand between Elena and her pleasure would be a meteor striking the building. She could almost feel Elena's eyes scouring her belly, her thighs, her defenseless and inoffensive breasts, deciding which she would strike first. She could almost hear Elena's voice in her mind as she weighed how many strokes would be enough. How many would it take to satiate her bloodlust? How many would it take to sufficiently stoke her passions?

Elena tossed back the remnants of her drink. There was a small table near the whipping stand, and she placed the glass down on it. She shifted the whip to her left hand, apparently her dominant one. Something seemed to come over her. What dark demon drove her? What combination of chemicals and neurons in her brain

generated her mania? What events in her past had left her heart devoid of empathy? What perverted logic caused her to believe she had the right to keep women in bondage, buy and sell them like animals, use them and discard them when all used up? What searing acid had scoured away her soul, her conscience, her humanity? There was no way to know. And Elena would never tell.

She reared back the whip. She paused. Yolanda released a piteous sob. The whip came forward rapidly, as rapid as a beast intent on its prey. Vicious fire erupted over her breasts. She screamed. Although muffled, the sound filled the room. Elena hit her again and again. Her belly, her thighs, her breasts again. With each blow her face grew more intent as if each one drove her further from satiety rather than closer to it. She went around her and struck her back, upper and lower, her buttocks and the back of her thighs. Yolanda screamed and screeched and moaned and writhed and danced. She came around front and gave her three more blows, breasts, belly and thighs.

And then she paused. Her face was flushed, and she was breathing deeply. Her heavy breasts fell and rose with her chest. Her naked body too had broken out into a sheen of sweat, making her heavy breasts shine. Her green eyes were fiery. The whip hung at her side. Was she done? Had she finished? "Please, God, please let her be finished, please!" Yolanda prayed.

She placed the whip on the table and picked up her glass. She returned to the credenza and poured herself another 3 fingers' worth. She took a deep pull. From where she was standing, the tall mirror in the corner sent Yolanda her reflection. It was like there were two of them in the room. The elegant woman turned back towards her. She sauntered over, sipping her drink. This is a woman who had all the time in the world to enjoy her pleasures. This was a woman who never cut her pleasure in half. She always drank the whole cup. And if she wasn't satisfied, she just poured herself another one.

Yolanda imagined the wheels in Elena's brain turning. Like the inner workings of a slot machine. When it came to a halt, what would it read? Three whips straight across, or three soft, fluffy white clouds of tranquility?

She took another long pull at her drink. She put the drink down on the table. She approached to a foot away from Yolanda. The spotlight above her made her feel like a laboratory specimen under the microscope. Yolanda begged her with her eyes, sending her the strongest mental transmissions she could muster. "Have mercy! Please! Please! Please! I'll do anything you want! I'll serve you like a saint serves her god!"

Elena reached out and took her breasts in hand. She squeezed them softly and then harder and harder and harder as if intent on ripping them off. She leaned over and took a nipple in her mouth, swirling her tongue over it, sucking at it lustfully. She did the other and reached her hand down to seize her crux. She ran her fingers



up and down her divide, again and again and again, until she was slick. She meandered behind her, ran her hands over her rear and her back. She brought her naked body against her, circling her hands to the front, seizing her breasts again, kneading and mashing them as she planted impassioned kisses on her neck and shoulders.

She came around to the front again and peered deeply into Yolanda's eyes. What did she see there? What was she looking for? Fear? Despair? Hopelessness? Misery? Yolanda had a surfeit of them all.

She stepped back. She had seen what she had wanted to see. Yolanda's font of misery was not yet quite full. She stepped to the table and retrieved the whip. "Just a little more, Yolanda," she told her coldly. "I want to make a good impression. Colonel Fuller sounded like he had gotten a little soft on you. You won't find any softness here."

She reared back and laid again into her breasts. Yolanda screamed and squirmed and writhed. She paced herself this time around, as if the torment had gone past the passion phase and now had entered into the instructive. She waited 10 or 15 seconds between each blow, letting each one sink in. She struck her belly and her thighs, her back. Her rear, the back of her thighs. Yolanda's sobbing had reached the tidal wave stage. All of her psyche was being driven to a stiletto point of intolerance. She felt like all it would take would be one more blow to make her heart stop. To cause her innards to explode. To make her body fall apart into a thousand pieces. And yet, as the blows kept coming, her heart continued to beat, her tortured skin continued to enclose her churning insides, her body stayed frustratingly together.

Finally, the woman stopped. She paused to consider her handiwork. Yolanda could not stop sobbing. Her leering eyes burned into her skin. "I'll give you to three to cut the crap, Yolanda," she told her sternly. "Or I'll give you ten more."

Panic seized her. She had to stop! She had to stop! Please, please, stop! She called into command central.

The little men in her head were scrambling around madly. Steam pipes were bursting all over the place. The floor was buckled. Dead and wounded men lay everywhere. Two, three, four men were pulling desperately at the lever that would halt her convulsions. "Heave! Heave! Heave!" one of the men called out. "For God's sake, heave!"

"One," Elena intoned. One of the men produced a tackle. They connected one end to a large steel ring in the wall. Another man fastened the other end around the lever.

"Now heave again, men! Heave with all your might as if your life depended on it!" They heaved and heaved. Other men pulled on the line from the tackle. There were eight powerful men at work. "Heave! Heave! Heave!" the leader shouted.

“Two,” Elena counted coldly.

Yolanda just kept sobbing and sobbing and sobbing. She couldn’t stop. All of her soul wanted to stop, and she just couldn’t.

Two other men joined the scrum. The rest of the men were fleeing, scrambling desperately for the bomb proof shelters in her psyche. “Once more, men!” the leader shouted. “Heave! Heave! Heave! Heave!”

“Three,” Elena announced coldly.

The lever budged and then broke free of the jam. It swung all the way down, sealing the sob inducing miasma of self-pity and sorrow off from Yolanda’s consciousness. The men shouted and cheered. Some broke out into sobs of their own.

Miraculously, her sobbing ceased. It was like something had turned it off. She sniffled and whimpered but didn’t sob.

Elena smiled. “Good girl, Yolanda. I knew you could do it.” She put the whip in her right hand and picked up her drink. She threw its contents back into her throat. She walked away, put the empty glass down on the credenza and returned the whip to the closet. She returned, striding purposefully, as if not wanting the lustful passion she had induced in herself to diminish. She turned off the spotlight and released Yolanda’s hands from their confine. Her knees buckled and she almost fell. “*Manos y rodillas!*” she snapped. “Hands and knees.”

Yolanda sank to the floor and looked up. “*Sigueme!*” she snapped again. “Follow me!”

She strode over to the bed. She drew the duvet to the foot of the bed along with the top sheet and blanket. She looked at Yolanda who had followed her like a puppy looking for a treat, snapped her fingers and spat out, “*Jarriba!*”

Yolanda didn’t need to be told what that meant. She climbed up onto the thick mattress. As on the man’s bed, there was a chain leading from the headboard and lying on the pillow underneath it. Unlike the man’s, this one was in the middle not on the side. She scrambled to a place under the chain, lay on her back, lifted her knees, spread her legs and placed her hands over her head.

Elena chuckled. “A well-trained whore, I see,” she said to her caustically. She went over to the other side of the bed and turned on the table lamp on that side. “I want to get a real good look at you, Yolanda,” she said. “It’s not often we get a real work of art like you.”

She crawled up on the bed, her heavy breasts swaying. She lay down next to her, leaning towards her. She ran an elegant, soft hand over her chest and breasts. “*Muy agradable,*” she murmured softly. “What pretty little flowers. A pleasing bouquet.” She gave her breasts a squeeze. “You have such fine breasts for such a delicate girl, Yolanda,” she commented, her voice a sultry whisper. “It’s like you were made to be a whore.” She ran her hand down over the wolf’s snarling head.

“And such a ferocious beast. Does it come alive when I tickle your *coño*?” she asked, dribbling her long fingers over her labia. “Does it bite? I’ll be it gives the men a thrill when they pierce you. Like they were great, fearless hunters challenging the beast. But you and I know that men are all really just cowards in the end. Only women are capable of real hearts of steel. Only women really understand cruelty. Only women know how to make little girls like you really suffer. And if you are not a good little whore, I will make you suffer, Yolanda. *Comprende?*”

Yolanda’s blood turned to ice. She believed everything that the cold-hearted woman was saying. The man had made her suffer, but he had not been nearly as cruel and heartless as the brown skinned woman. Every time she had seen her walk through the door her belly had soured, and she had begun to tremble. She didn’t know whether Elena expected an answer from her, but she nodded her head vociferously. “*Si, comprendo!*” she exclaimed inwardly. Then and there, she promised herself to be the best whore she could be.

Elena lowered herself, slid between her legs, grabbed her ankles and lifted them until her backside was raised. “Your pussy is delightful, Yolanda,” she said excitedly. “It looks like it could just leap into life and flutter away. But we won’t let that happen, *mi pequeña flor*. Without it you would be useless. I’d have to bury you out back with all the other naughty little girls who couldn’t learn to be good whores. Let’s see how it tastes.”

She lowered her head to her conch. She broadened her tongue and licked her divide from its bottom to its top. She did it again and again, holding on to her ankles tightly. She captured her little nubbin with her lips and gave it a gentle suckle. She ran her pointed tongue over it again and again. She lowered her tongue and rimmed her little entrance. She licked her again and again until her puss began to simmer. She suckled her clit again, long and hard until her hips shifted of their own accord, and she released a heavy sigh.

She lifted her head and looked Yolanda in the eyes. “It’s good to see it’s not just for decoration, Yolanda,” she said satisfyingly. “Now turn over and let me see your back,” she ordered, releasing her ankles.

Yolanda struggled to her belly. Elena ran her hand over the design. “What a peaceful looking place,” she said admiringly. “Is this where you go when men are fucking you? I bet that you’d like to escape there. Dip yourself in the cool waters. And such colors! I’m sure that it gives men inspiration when they are using your behind. Lets them lose themselves in their pleasures.” She gave her back some gentle pats. “I’ll be charging them extra to fuck you, Yolanda. I better not receive any complaints. Tonight, you received just a taste of what I can do. Now get up on your knees.”

Yolanda rose, quaking. The woman took hold of her wrists and joined them behind her back. She removed the blue ball from her mouth. She maneuvered herself so that she was laying on her back, her long, black hair spread across a pillow. "Come and give me your mouth, Yolanda. You've got me all worked up. Suck my cunt like it was your life's blood."

She slid herself over the woman's right leg. She raised her knees and lifted her buttocks slightly. Her divide was already glistening amidst her black, wiry bush. Yolanda lowered her head and arched her back trepidatiously. She placed her lips on the woman's mons and went to work.

She licked up and down her crease; she suckled her nubbin. She toyed with her opening. Elena placed a hand on her head, murmuring, "Nice and slow, Yolanda, nice and slow. We have all the time in the world."

Yolanda took her time. She addressed the woman's conch as if her life depended on bringing it ultimate ecstasy. Elena began to moan and squirm. "Niiiiiiiiice, niiiiiiiiice, niiiiiiiiice," she hissed. "Keep going, keep going. Oh, that's so nice, so nice."

She went on and on. The woman's passion seemed to grow, but she kept it just short of boiling. She moaned and squirmed and grasped her hair tightly. She spread her thighs widely and her heels dug into the bed. She lifted her hips and thrust them forward, pressing her conch hard against her face. Her lusts seemed to be growing. "Now faster, harder, harder!" she exclaimed. "*Ràpidamente, puta! Ràpidamente!*"

She redoubled her efforts. She licked harder and harder, suckled her clit more urgently. She washed it hard with her tongue. Elena was thrusting her hips at her hard. Her grasp on her hair tightened as if she were trying to pull it out. She grunted and groaned. "*Màs dura! Màs rapidà! Dura! Dura! Rapidà! Rapidà! Oh, si! Si! Si! Si! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh! Argh!*" she exclaimed.

Her thighs pressed hard against her head, and she pushed it down hard as if she were trying to shove her inside. Her hips bucked and she groaned and moaned and uttered wild ejaculations.

Her bucking slowed; her voice softened. "*Màs lento, màs lento, ahora, mi pequeña flor,*" she hissed.

Yolanda slowed her efforts. The woman's softened the pressure on her head. She was releasing great sighs. After a while, she pulled Yolanda's head from her loins. "*Muy bonita, Yolanda,*" she uttered. "I guess we won't need the whip again tonight. You're a good little whore, *una buena putita*. Do a good job like that every time and we will be great friends."

She lay there for a while, reveling in reminiscence of her pleasure. Her left hand maintained its hold on her head. She finally rose to a sitting position. She turned to the right and stuffed a pillow behind her and edged herself back so she could lean

on it, pulling Yolanda with her. “Come lay across my lap, *cachucha*, so I can play with you.”

She pulled Yolanda up and draped her over her lap. She pushed her torso down so that her rear was raised. “*Abres tu piernas y déjame llegar a tu coño!*” she ordered sharply. Yolanda spread her legs. Elena insinuated her left hand between them and began to stoke her mons. The same sensation she had experienced a thousand times with the man ran through her. Sourness spread through her even as the active hand, stroking, stroking, stroking, commenced a tingling and a burning in her conch. She closed her eyes and tried to inure herself to her dismay. She knew the woman would want a fervent display of her lusts. She could sense the whipping stand in the corner.

She worked her delicately and expertly. She was holding her head down by the neck with her right hand. She teased and rubbed and pinched and stroked. Soon a river of passion started to build up in her. When she tickled her little bud, electricity flowed through her. She started to moan and groan. She tried to wish the hand away, tried to resist the growing passion. Something inside her could not just let it go. She had to resist the cruel woman somehow. Had to show her that she was not wholly defeated. That she wasn’t a cringing coward that you could impose humiliation and shame upon. But her pussy wouldn’t cooperate. It had a scheme of its own. “More! More! More!” it screamed. “Keep going! Keep going! Keep going!” Even as her mind was screeching, “Stop! Stop! Stop! Stop!”

Ultimately, as it always did, her resistance crumbled. She felt her orgasm building, building, building. Now, nothing could stop it but the cessation of the woman’s hand. And that seemed more determined and more energized than ever.

“Come on, Yolanda,” the woman urged, her voice husky and impassioned. “You know what I want. Show me what a lustful whore you are. Show me that you are happy to be at the House of Elena, where you’ll get more fucking and sucking than you’ve ever imagined. Show me the lusty, needy whore that the colonel told me about. Let me hear you groan and moan.”

Something about the woman’s words triggered something in her. Her lusts grew higher and higher. She began to groan and moan as if on command. There was no sense fighting them, they arose forcefully and escaped her lips of their own accord. She wanted desperately to close her thighs on the tormenting hand. “Go away! Go away! Go away!” she begged it, but the hand was ruthless. She felt her crisis coming. “Oh, god, yes! Yes! Yes! Yes!” her pussy exclaimed. Deep within her the pumps were churning, the furnace was building.

“Get ready! Get ready! Get ready, boys! Grab a hold of something! This one’s going to be a doozy!” the commander inside her head shouted amidst the pounding of the pressure on the pipes, the hissing of steam, the groaning of steel plates. “We

can't hold on much longer!" a voice on the intercom exclaimed. "This cunt is hotter than a forest fire!"

"Okay! Okay! Okay! Just a little longer! A little longer! A little longer!" the commander replied excitedly. And then, "Okay, now!"

Her puss exploded in a paroxysm of raging ecstasy. It pulsed and convulsed and throbbed and contorted. She released a stream of terrible groans, "Ugggggh! Ugggggh! Ugggggh! Ugggggh!"

"That's the girl! That's the girl! Give it to Elena! Give it to me!" the woman shouted as she trilled her button at a hundred miles an hour. "Show me what a good whore you are!"

Her pulses began to slow. Her body's shudders weakened. A soothing but terrible calmness swept through her. The woman had made her perform. Like a well-oiled machine. Tormenting agitation in, raging lust out. Sadness subsumed her. How many nights would she have to endure this evil woman's depredations? How long would she be a whore that you could do anything you wanted to? How long was she going to live this dismal life?

The hand withdrew. "I've got to get some sleep, Yolanda, I have an early morning. A new shipment of whores is coming in and I want to be there to welcome them. Some night soon I'll really get you going and see what you are capable of. For now, welcome to Elena's. I think you have a bright future with us."

She maneuvered her off her lap. When she was on her knees next to her, she forced the blue ball back into her mouth. She pulled her from the bed. She led her by her hair to the foot and ordered her to get into the cage. When Yolanda was lying on her belly inside it, she clasped her ankles together and closed the door, locking it. "Sleep tight, *mi pequeña putita*," she uttered to her. "I'm going to put you to work first thing tomorrow and you will need your rest."

She got back in the bed and turned out the lamps. Yolanda could hear the covers rustling as she pulled them over her. Then there was silence. She closed her eyes and quietly sobbed.

## CHAPTER ELEVEN

She had terrible dreams. A vicious, faceless woman was pursuing her. She tried to run and run and run, but her legs felt like they had been turned into lead. In another, she was held prisoner in a room. There was a large, steel door. It had no handle. She knew that someone or something was going to come in that door and devour her. She was strapped down to a large chair, the kind they have in barber shops. She had something over her mouth. She was trying desperately to scream, but nothing would come out. Suddenly she awoke and she was screaming through her gag. Luckily for her, the sound was muted. She held her breath for the longest time, listening for any sign that she had awoken her abuser. When she felt sure there was only silence, she broke out into soft sobs.

She must have sobbed herself to sleep. When she awoke, it was early morning and soft light was coming in through the windows. She could hear the shower running in the bathroom. She took stock of her surroundings. Today was the day Elena was going to put her to work. She would be a real whore now, for sure. She was on her belly and had raised her head. She put it back down. There was nothing she could do. Like Mistress Cathy had said, she could only make things worse. She would do whatever she was told today. She would fuck and suck all comers. Every day would be full of humiliation and shame and unhappiness. But if she thought of all the days together, she would go mad. She had to think of each day as separate. Take them one at a time. Today had a start. She had woken up. It would have an end. She would go to sleep. Nighttime would be her haven, her oasis. A peaceful interlude.

The shower stopped. Elena came out, tall and naked. She was wiping herself with a fluffy white towel. She didn't even glance at her. She tossed the towel onto the floor and retrieved panties from the dresser. She put them on. She sat at the makeup table and blow dried her long hair, brushing it out straight and smooth. She applied mascara and eyeliner. She painted her eyelids burnt orange. The way she was seated, Yolanda could see her reflection in the mirror. Once, she glanced in it and must have seen her watching. She smiled and went back to her task.

She went into the closet and selected a flowing red dress. It had swirls of orange and dark green and blue on it. She sat in the chair and pulled sheer beige stockings up her legs. She went into the closet again and came out with a pair of bright red high heels. She put them on. She looked at herself in the stand-alone mirror. She

paused for a moment, smoothed out some wrinkles in the skirt of her dress, smiled, satisfied, turned and walked out the door.

The door opened about a half hour later. A somewhat chubby Hispanic girl with long, straight black hair and wearing a tight black maid's outfit came in. She was pushing a cart. She retrieved Elena's panties and stockings from the day before, which she had dropped on the floor, and put them in a hamper on the end of the cart. She took the dress which Elena had draped on the green chair and brought it into the closet. She stripped the bed and put on fresh, crisp sheets. She fluffed the pillows and restored the light blue blanket and the red and gold duvet. There was a vacuum on the other end of the cart, and she proceeded to run it all over the dark blue rug.

She cast only an occasional glance at Yolanda. Yolanda assumed that there was probably a different girl in the cage at the foot of the bed every morning. "Would you like to trade jobs?" Yolanda thought as she watched the girl busy at her work. "You would get to fuck and suck all day," she told the girl in her mind. Maybe they could alternate. One day the chubby girl could be the whore and she could be the maid and vice versa. She remembered the attractive waitress she had seen in the kitchen yesterday dressed in her short, tight, black waitress's uniform. "I could do that," she thought. "I would be a good waitress, polite and efficient. Yes, sir, no sir, thank you, sir," she would say demurely. She wondered whether the guards got to fuck them. They probably had access to all the pretty enslaved women, and you would think that that was enough. But most men when they saw a woman saw a walking, talking cunt. She imagined the chubby girl on her knees servicing that guy Alberto who had used her yesterday. She might be chubby, but her mouth was certainly as warm and comfortable as the good-looking girls'. All you had to do was close your eyes and it could be the most beautiful woman in the world kneeling before you with your cock in her mouth.

The chubby girl looked around as if she were double checking her work. Yolanda wondered what would happen to the girl if she fucked up. Would Elena make her get down on her knees and show her ass so she could give her some stripes? She didn't doubt it. The girl looked nervous enough.

Once she was satisfied she had done everything correctly, the chubby girl wheeled her cart to the door, opened it and left.

A *mamasita* came by a little while later. She brought Yolanda out of the cage and towed her upstairs to the dormitory floor. Naked girls were dashing to and fro. She brought her into the bathroom, let her pee and told her to shower. All four spigots were being used and she had to wait for a couple of minutes. It was almost like being in gym class except there was no friendly chattering between the girls. She showered quickly and then dried herself. All of the other girls stared at her as if she was some kind of freak which, of course, she was. They were all being



overwatched by two *mamasitas*, who were making sure that they all behaved and didn't dilly dally. Once she had dried herself, she followed the other girls out of the bathroom. They formed a line in the hallway in the direction of the door to the stairs. The line crept forwards. Near the stairs was a bin with a jumble of white cotton panties in it. As each girl went by, she took out a pair and put it on. At the door to the stairway, a *mamasita* joined their wrists behind their backs and coffled four girls together. She then led the coffle down the stairs.

Yolanda was coffled second in line behind a shapely black-haired girl. It felt strange to be wearing panties. It seemed to make her more naked than without them. A *mamasita* led her coffle down the stairs to the kitchen and into the cafeteria where she had eaten yesterday. The tables were full of girls eating their breakfast. There were no gaps between them. Two of the t-shirted guards were minding them. Once her wrists were freed and she was released from the coffle, she got in line so she could get her meal. When she reached the counter, she placed a heavy, white ceramic plate on her tray. It contained two fluffy pancakes and two large breakfast sausages. When she went to get her utensils, there was even a small pitcher with maple syrup in it. She sat down at an open space and commenced to eat.

It was strange to be in a room full of women with nobody talking. Strange to be in a room of half-naked women. They were all attractive with breasts of all sizes and shapes. She ate quickly. As the girls finished, they brought their trays to the side of the room, deposited their dishes, trays and utensils in the appropriate places and formed a line. A *mamasita* would coffle four of them together and march them away.

Upstairs, they were brought to another room. It was about 40' long and had makeup tables on each side. There was a set of racks on the side as you came in with little bins with girls' names on them. Under each bin there was a little shelf with a set of bright red high heels in it. Yolanda stood there for a few moments. There was none with her name on it. One of the *mamasitas* pulled her aside. After a couple of minutes, a tall woman wearing a light blue dress that came down below her knees and swayed when she walked came in. She was carrying one of the bins. This one did have her name on it. She was mid-sized, about 5'6", pretty in a handsome kind of way. Her face was well made up and she was wearing black high heels. She looked about 40ish.

She tapped Yolanda on the cheek. "My name is Dolores," she told her. "I'm the supervisor of all the workers. I'll be taking you in hand this morning. Have you used makeup before?"

Yolanda nodded sadly. She had put it on a couple of times for dances at school.

"Then come with me."

She led her to one of the tables. "Have a seat," she told her. She sat in the chair. There was a mirror in front of her. On the table was a box of tissues. Dolores put the bin down on the desk in front of her. "There's foundation, mascara, blush and lipstick. Let me see you put it on."

Yolanda blanched at the idea of making herself more beautiful for the men, but she had little choice than to obey. She applied the foundation first. It made her face look smooth and, to her, unnatural. The women grabbed her chin and turned her face to the right and left. "I'm not sure that this is your best shade," she said thoughtfully. "Tomorrow we'll try something a little lighter. And you put it on a little thick. Don't use so much the next time. Okay, now the rest."

She applied the mascara to her lashes. It made them seem longer and brightened her blue eyes. There was an eyeliner pencil, and she drew a dark line under her eyes. She applied the lipstick. She had never used blush before and didn't know how much to put on. She decided that less would be more. When she was done, she took a long look at herself in the mirror. She didn't see herself but saw a made-up whore. "Turn around and let me see your face," Dolores instructed her. Again, she took hold of her chin and turned her face from side to side. "Not bad," she murmured. "Use a little more blush next time. And your lipstick is a bit too wide. We don't want you looking like a circus clown. Take a towelette from the Neutrogena box and wipe it off and do it again."

Yolanda removed the lipstick and dropped the soiled sheet into a little wastebasket on the floor between her desk and the next. There was a blond-haired girl sitting next to her peering into the mirror carefully applying her eyeliner. She cast a sideways glance at Yolanda and went back to her task.

She carefully reapplied the lipstick, making sure that she didn't exceed her lips. When done, she pressed her lips together to make sure it was spread evenly and then turned to look at the woman again.

"Much better, Yolanda. Although I'm not sure about the shade. I think we'll get you something a little more subtle for tomorrow. But this will do for today. Now put everything back in the box and come with me."

She put everything away and rose from the desk. Dolores showed her where on the shelf to put it with her name showing. She told her to take off her underwear and drop it in a hamper. Girls were rushing to put their boxes away, putting on their shoes and then exiting the room quickly, their heels clickity clacking. Dolores led her towards the door. There was a *mamasita* standing there with a large box of blue balls. As each girl went by, she opened her mouth and the hefty woman shoved one in. Yolanda cringed as her mouth was filled.

The woman led her into the hall. She kept her hands behind her back. She stopped by a door and opened it. It was a closet. There were six or seven shelves all filled with dull green shoeboxes. She turned to Yolanda. "Lift your foot," she

snapped at her. Yolanda obeyed. Dolores grabbed her ankle and examined it. "You look to be about a '6'," she said. "Is that right?" she asked. Yolanda nodded her head. She let go of her foot and looked up and down the closet. She pulled out a box and drew out a pair of red high heeled shoes. She put them down on the floor in front of her. "Slip your feet into these," she instructed her.

Yolanda pushed her foot into the left shoe. It fit easily. The heel was about 3" high and there was a pronounced arch. There was a layer of padding inside. The toes fit comfortably into the little compartment in the front. The shoe left most of the upper foot bare. She had a little difficulty balancing on her left foot while putting the right one on, but she managed it. She had only worn high heels about four or five times in her life and they hadn't been as high as these. The heels were a little thick which made things a little easier, but she wobbled all the same.

Dolores looked at her. "Very nice," she commented. "They make your tits stand out nicely. Your legs are a little short and this will make them seem longer. Now, walk up and down the hall for me."

Yolanda turned and walked about six steps down the hall. She teeter-tottered a bit, but she didn't fall. The pronounced arch made her feel like she was walking on her tippy toes. She walked slowly back. "Good," Dolores commented. "You'll get used to them." When Yolanda was standing back in front of her, she grabbed her nipples and shook her breasts. "Very, very nice," she said to herself. "A very nice package. Come with me."

Girls were still streaming out of the makeup room. They went up and down the hall and entered what Yolanda assumed were their bedrooms. Other girls were emerging dressed in various scanty clothing and lining up by the exit to the stairs. *Mamasitas* joined their hands behind them and coiffed them into groups of four before leading them away.

Dolores showed her a wide semi-circle on the floor next to the wall. "You won't be wearing anything since you are decorated enough. Every day, when you're done with your makeup and put on your shoes, stand here with your hands behind your back and wait. Someone will come to get you. The other girls will be going downstairs to the reception room. We have a special room set aside for you where you will wait for clients. Understand?"

She nodded her head dolefully. Dolores smiled. She patted her cheek. "Cheer up, Yolanda," she told her. "You're going to do fine. And if anyone catches you moping around, they'll give you something to be really unhappy about. *Comprende?*"

She nodded again.

Dolores went away.

She waited about 20 minutes. All the other girls had disappeared. She looked up at the ceiling. There was a camera mounted there. There were other cameras up and

down the hall. She hadn't noticed them before. She imagined that there would be cameras in all the bedrooms too. The girls were under constant surveillance. There was probably a control room somewhere where somebody's job was to switch between cameras all day long trying to catch the girls doing something naughty. Dilly dallying or talking, or maybe even crying. Elena didn't seem like the type to tolerate maudlin whores.

She stiffened her back, thrust out her breasts and spread her legs about two feet apart. She didn't want to be disciplined on her first day. Or any day. The *mamasitas* seemed to be ever ready with their whips. She stared straight ahead. Her belly churned. Today she was going to be a whore. A real whore. Men were going to pay money to fuck her. And since they would be paying extra, they would be very demanding and expect her best. How was she ever going to do it? How did her life turn out like this? How long would she be staying here? How cruel was her life going to be?

There was a *mamasita* sitting at the end of the hall by the exit to the stairs. She tried not to look at her. There was a little spot on the wall opposite her and she kept her eyes on that. "Please, God, please! Get me out of this!" she thought.

She heard the door to the stairs open and a young woman's voice. The voice said something to the *mamasita* by the exit and they both laughed. Then she heard the clickity clack of a pair of high heels walking towards her. Her belly soured.

A tall, shapely girl came up in front of her. She was wearing a very tight pastel lavender dress. It came about halfway down her thighs. Her wide hips spread the dress across her flat belly. Her ample, roundish breasts were held up by half cups that left the tops bare. Small straps at the sides held everything up. It was the kind of dress you might wear to a nightclub or a discotheque for a night out on the town. Her wavy black hair descended down over her shoulders down to the bottom of her breasts. She wore large, long teardrop silver earrings. Her face was voluptuous with plump, kiss me lips. Her face was expertly made up, with reddish orange lipstick and matching eyeshadow. Her bare shoulders and chest were shiny and tawny. She was wearing tall, lavender high heels.

She looked Yolanda up and down. Her eyes were cold. Around her hips was a belt with a flail like the *mamasitas* wore. She reached out and hefted her breasts. "Very pretty," she commented. Her voice was smooth and heavy. She flipped her nose ring up and down a few times. "Charming," she said. "Turn around," she snapped. Yolanda turned so that her back was towards her. "Put your hands on your head," she ordered. Yolanda complied. "Very, very pretty," she murmured. "Someone did a very nice job on you. My mother said that you were special, and I see that she was right. Put your hands down."

When Yolanda complied, she locked her wrists together. "Now face me," she told her. Yolanda turned again. She wobbled a bit on her heels. "Spread your legs,"

the girl instructed her. Yolanda spread her legs about three feet apart. The girl crouched down. She put her hands on the inside of her thighs and peered at her mons. "Very compelling," she observed. "It's so lifelike it looks like it's going to fly away. The clients will get a big kick out of it." She ran her thumb up and down her slit. Yolanda stiffened at the contact. The girl rose and gave her a vicious slap. Yolanda cried out.

"Don't ever do that again!" she barked at her. "Anyone who wants to can touch you in any way they want! That thing down there doesn't belong to you, *comprende?*" she barked sharply.

Yolanda felt the tears coming. She fought them off. She nodded her head. The girl crouched down again. Her thumb renewed its assault. She kept rubbing, rubbing, rubbing until her divide turned slick. She leaned forward and put her lips over her little button. She suckled at it, swirling her tongue around it again and again. She kept going until Yolanda's body shuddered and she sighed.

The girl rose again and laughed. "You're going to be a good little whore, Yolanda. Your pussy was just made for fucking," she told her. She patted her on the cheek. "My name is Isabella. I'm going to be in charge of you downstairs. Don't ever make me mad or I'll fuck you up, *comprende?*"

Yolanda nodded her head.

"Okay, come with me," she ordered. She followed her down the hall to the door to the stairway. Their heels clickity clacked on the bare wooden floor. When they reached the door, she removed a leash from the rack on the wall and attached it to the front of her collar. She took a skeleton key from a side pocket on her dress and opened the door. She pulled Yolanda through.

They went down two floors. She opened the door at the landing and led Yolanda though it. They entered a long, wide hallway with doors on either side. They had plaques with numbers on them. The floor was covered by a plush, blood red rug. Small half tables stood between the doors with vases of colorful flowers. There were framed prints on the walls of beautiful, scantily dressed women in lustful poses. The ceiling was high and small chandeliers ran down it spaced about 10' apart.

Isabella pulled her down toward the other end. As they passed a cut out that led to the head of broad dark maple stairs, a tall man dressed in crisp, new blue jeans, a dark green chamois shirt and tall, black cowboy boots emerged at the top. He was leading a short red headed girl dressed in a pale blue, translucent baby doll that went down to the middle of her thighs. There was a nameplate attached to her collar that said, 'Cassie'. The girl seemed distressed.

"Howdy, Isabella," the man drawled when he saw them. "What have you got here?"

Isabella stepped aside so that he could get a better look at Yolanda. “Isn’t she pretty?” Isabella replied sweetly. “She’s brand new. By appointment only. Elena says that she’s very, very good. Talk to her when you’re done with Cassie.”

“You bet I will,” the man drawled.

“And don’t be too harsh on the poor girl. She’s got a long day ahead of her.”

“Oh, I guess I’ll let her dance a bit before we get started. I won’t mark her up too bad.” He looked at the girl. He pulled on the leash until she was standing on her toes. “Cassie likes it when I whip her,” he remarked jovially. “Don’t you, Cassie?” he asked her tauntingly. The girl issued a suppressed whine and her eyes moistened.

The man laughed as he let her down. “Well, anyway, I like it. And that’s what counts.”

“*Es verdad*,” Isabella told him. “Have a good time,”

“I intend to,” the man replied. “And when will I get a shot at you, Isabella? I’m sure I can make you moan and wail.”

Isabella laughed as if she had heard it a hundred times. “\$10,000 and I’ll let you have my pussy for a half hour,” she returned mirthfully.

“Whoa!” the man drawled. “That’s too pricey for my prick, but I bet it would be worth it!”

“*Es verdad*,” Isabella replied, amused. “But you’ll never know.”

Isabella gave Yolanda’s leash a tug and led her further down the hall. The man went the other way. They came to a heavy, ornate door at the end. Isabella put her key in the lock and pushed the door open. She led Yolanda into the room.

It was a large room, about 40’ by 30’. Thick golden curtains draped large, barred windows. A king-sized bed was head into the far wall with night tables on either side bearing tall, shaded lamps on them. A dark stained armoire was against the left wall. A long credenza was off to the right. It had several liquor bottles on it with a couple of crystal old fashioned glasses and a covered, silver colored ice bucket. The rug was plush aquamarine, and the walls were ivory. The bed was covered by a deep blue duvet with light blue pillows at the top. A bathroom was off to the left just past the armoire.

In the right-hand corner, there was a wooden circle in the floor with a ring in the middle of it. Above that a chain dangled from the ceiling. The circle of wood was all cuffed from the scrape of high heels. Yolanda shuddered when she saw it.

The bed had a dark mahogany frame. A chain was connected to the middle of the headboard. At the foot of the bed was a dark red circle. A golden chain led from a ring on its edge closest to the bed. Isabella closed the door behind them.

She disconnected the leash from Yolanda’s collar and hung it on a hook by the door. She turned to Yolanda and ordered her to get on her knees, her forehead to the floor. Yolanda obeyed trepidatiously. There was a pause, then a swish, and then

fire erupted across her buttocks. She screeched. Three more mighty blows followed rapidly as if the young woman was trying to stoke a conflagration. Yolanda howled and sobbed.

“Turn around and present!” Isabella ordered her sharply. Yolanda turned on her knees and rose to full height, thrusting out her breasts. Tears were flowing down her face, and she was shaking.

“Control yourself, *puta!*” Isabella shouted at her.

Yolanda struggled to end her tears and bring her shaking to an end.

“That’s better,” Isabella told her, her voice calmer, almost sweet. “Mama said you were well-trained. That’s good. Do you get the point?”

Yolanda nodded her head vociferously.

“If I get any complaints, you’ll get some more of that. And I won’t pull my punches next time! *Comprende?*”

Yolanda nodded sorrowfully.

“Okay, here’s the drill,” Isabella told her. “You’ll wait for clients here in this little circle. When one comes in you will snap to attention and present yourself. After that, you’re to do whatever you are told. And our clients expect enthusiasm, so you better get that in your head right away. If they want to whip you, they will bring you over to the corner. If you hesitate or struggle, word will get back to me and you’ll get two whippings instead of one. Most of the time, the guests will just want to fuck you. They just like the idea that they can whip you if they want to. Others, well, you’ve met Mr. Jenkins a moment ago. Poor Cassie is his favorite and he’s here two or three times a week. But he usually just likes to get her to the point where she’s wailing and screaming, and maybe a little more. I expect that you’ll see him within the week. Just remember, nobody will whip you the way I will if you fuck up.”

She ordered her to rise and brought her over to the bathroom. “After a guest is through with you a *mamasita* will come in and bring you in here to freshen up. Pee or shit or do whatever you need to do. Then she’ll bring you back out so you can be ready for the next guest. Come with me.”

“Kneel in the circle,” she told her. When she had complied, she affixed her right ankle to the golden chain. “You can kneel back on your heels while you’re waiting for a guest to arrive. The moment you hear a key in the lock, you’re to snap to attention. Make sure you spread your knees wide so they can see your pretty pussy. The guests are instructed to leave you bound up on the bed when they are through with you.”

Isabella stepped back. “*Atencion!*” she snapped. Yolanda kneeled straight up and thrust out her breasts. “Don’t ever let me see you like that again when I’m in the room!” she warned her. She still had the whip in her hand. She dribbled the

stiff tassels over her breasts. “You’re so pretty and whipping you would give me immense enjoyment. So *en garde!*”

Yolanda looked up at her sadly. Isabella turned and stepped from the room. The door thudded shut.

She knelt back on her heels. Woe ran through her. She looked over at the window on her left. She fantasized for a moment at making herself skinny enough to get through the bars. It was bright and sunny outside. A beautiful day out there, but a miserable one in here. She looked at the door. Who will it be? What will he be like? Would he whip her? How brutal would he be? She didn’t want to enthusiastically fuck anybody. The man had never insisted on that. But he had known how to drive her into frenzied lust whenever he wanted to. These men would be indifferent to her pleasure.

The image of the cruel Isabella came into her mind. The beating she had received from Elena the night before. The strokes she had received from the *mamasita*. She knew that she would have to keep those memories fresh in her mind at all times. That was the only way she could do it.

She waited about a half hour. There was another one of those cameras in the corner of the ceiling and she couldn’t stop looking up at it. Somewhere on the other side of it was someone who was enjoying her distress, taking in her servile form. Would watch over each of her sessions. Would make sure she knelt up properly at attention whenever anyone came into the room. She was on the edge of tears for all the time she was waiting. She wanted to sob and sob and sob and sob, but she knew that she couldn’t. That woman Dolores had warned her about ‘moping around’. If she could be whipped for just looking sad, what would happen if a guest saw her actually sobbing?

She heard the key in the lock. Fierce coldness swept through her. She snapped to attention. She tried not to look at the door. She looked straight ahead. She caught a man walking in from the corner of her eye. She couldn’t help looking at him.

He was about 6’ tall and heavily built. He had short, well-manicured black hair tinged with gray at the sides. His face was pleasant looking, but he had steely grey eyes. He was wearing black cotton slacks over brown boots and a green and black pullover shirt with a round neck. He looked to be in his late forties or early fifties. Her stomach soured and she began to shake. She was fighting off tears.

“Well, well, well,” the man said jovially. “What have we here? Stand up so I can get a good look at you.” His voice was smooth and a bit high in tone.

Yolanda struggled to her feet. She thrust out her breasts and spread her legs.

“Very pretty! Very pretty!” the man exclaimed. “I can’t wait to get at you. Stay as you are so I can get undressed.”



He moved off to the left side of the room. He leaned over, untied his boots and slipped them off his feet along with his white socks. There was a chair-like clothes caddy there. He drew off his slacks and carefully hung them over the brass horizontal pole in the back. He was wearing dark blue knit boxers. He pulled off his shirt first, leaving it draped over the back of the caddy. He drew off his boxers and laid them down on the padded seat.

He was well muscled. His thighs were thick and firm. There was no fat on his midriff. His back was broad. He stepped off to the bathroom. Yolanda heard him pissing into the toilet and then heard it flush. The faucet in the sink ran and he emerged a few seconds later. He stepped in front of her. His chest, like his back, was broad and firm. There were a few sparse strands of black hair on it. His belly was flat and tight. It tapered down to a thick forest of black curly hair and an already elongated and rubbery cock.

She didn't know where to look. At him? At the floor? At his cock? At some spot on the wall? She felt herself sweating. Her knees had turned weak. She felt like she was going to lose her balance on her high heels. She decided to look just past him at the wall. It was apparently an error, since he gave her cheek a heavy tap and said to her, "I'm over here, Yolanda. Let me see those pretty eyes."

She looked him in the face. Their eyes locked. A chill went through her. "That's better, Yolanda," he told her. "Never look away from me. Now, I'll be with you in just a minute."

He stepped over to the credenza. He placed two ice cubes into a glass and poured an amber liquor over it. He swirled the liquid around a few times and took a sip. He came back over to where Yolanda awaited his pleasure.

He stood in front of her, staring at her body and sipping his drink. She felt like his eyes were searing her skin. He crouched down to get a better look at her conch. He reached out his hand and stroked it a few times. "Very pretty, Yolanda," he told her. "Very nice."

He stood up and ordered her to turn around. She turned her back to him. She could feel his eyes scouring over her back. "Impressive," the man said to himself. "Very impressive."

He stepped closer to her and ran his hand over her upper back. "Nine, nice," he hissed. Yolanda had only gotten a clear look at her back when the man showed her picture on his phone. And even then, she had only glanced at it, too overwhelmed to take it all in. So, she wasn't intimate with what people saw when they looked at her there. It seemed unfair that there should be something dyed into her skin that she couldn't even see. She knew it was beautiful, though, since everybody uttered compliments when they saw it.

"Turn around again," the man ordered. When she was facing him, he reached out with his free hand, his right, and took hold of her left breast. He squeezed it

appreciatively. He pinched the nipple. Not hard, but a bit sharply. He did the other breast as if assuring himself that they were both the same. Yolanda had always thought that her left one was slightly bigger than her right, but when she used the seamstress tape from Granny's sewing kit to measure them, they came out exactly identical.

He stepped back again. He tossed back the rest of his drink. He stepped over to the nightstand on the left and put it down. He came back and released her ankle from the chain. He had her turn, and he released her wrists from each other. He had her turn back and he removed the blue ball from her mouth.

"Okay, take off your shoes and get up on the bed," he told her.

She scrambled to be obedient even as her belly churned. She kicked off her heels and then drew down the duvet without having to be told, along with the light blue top sheet. She climbed up on the mattress and lay down on her back in the position Mistress Jean had taught her. The man put the blue ball down on the nightstand and climbed aboard.

He lay down on his side facing her on her right. He drew his right hand down over her chest and breasts lightly, as if stroking the flowers embedded in them. He ran his hand down her belly, caressing the fierce wolf's head. He slid his hand over her mons, slipping two fingers along her divide, up and down, up and down until she moistened.

He brought his hand back up and seized her left breast. He leaned over her and, while squeezing it gently, placed his lips over her nipple and gave her teat a gentle suckle. He did it for about ten seconds and then he addressed the other one. Yolanda felt a twingle in her loins. She didn't want it but couldn't prevent it.

Raising his head from her teat, he brought his face up to hers. He stared at it for a moment or two. She stared back at him forlornly. He leaned over and placed his lips on hers. She opened her mouth obediently, and he slid his thick tongue right in.

It was hot and delved deeply. It chased her tongue relentlessly. She kissed him back as best she could. Her hands were above her head, and she had to resist the impulse to use them to push the man's head away. His right hand drifted over her breasts again, squeezing each one harshly, then fluttered down her belly to her mons. He slid his fingers up and down her already slick crevasse, played with her loosening entrance and then began to circle them lightly over her bud, making it trill, and sending pulses of need all through her. After a while, he raised his head and stared down at her face. His hand continued to torment her. Her hips were shifting, and her spread thighs were trembling. She knew what the man was looking for and she wanted to deny it to him, but the incessant worrying of her crux was building a steamhead of lust within her. She resisted, and resisted and

resisted, but finally released an anguished sounding moan. Her eyes fluttered and her face grew slack.

It seemed that that was what he was waiting for. He slid himself over her right thigh and centered himself. He reached up and affixed her wrists to the chain above her head. He took his cock in hand, his right, and propping himself up with his left, ran the crown of his stem along her slick divide a few times. Then he placed the head at her entrance, lodged himself there and then slowly, slowly, slowly entered her, releasing a soft sigh as he sank himself home.

Yolanda gasped as the meat expanded her. Another man had entered her. She imagined a thousand teeth down there sunk into the tender flesh of his tube and then crunching them down on the offending slug, tearing it into shreds. She imagined the man howling and attempting to pull out of her, but the teeth would keep him excruciatingly sunk inside her while they took their time in devouring him. When his foul member was fully consumed, the man, howling and sobbing, would run from the room and warn all the others not to fuck her. Devouring the man's member would give her superpowers and she would burst through the door to her room, rage down the stairs, fiercely mangling anyone in her way. She would burst through the outer doors, grow wings and fly away. Away to some mountaintop where she could rule over the world.

But she didn't have teeth down there. She had no way to stop the man's slow but determined thrusts. No way to assuage her humiliation and shame. "I'm a whore! I'm a whore! I'm a whore!" she decried herself viciously. And as her lust rose higher and higher, she railed at her powerlessness, her shameful inability to prevent and forestall her arousal, her cowardly succumbing to the orders of her masters, her mistresses.

The man's head was over her right shoulder. Their bellies were touching. Her thighs were spread widely. He stroked and stroked and stroked, all the while sighing and moaning. Despite her deepest, fiercest, most rabid resistance, she could feel herself building toward apotheosis. "No! No! No! No! No!" her mind called out to no one. She pulled at her bound wrists. She closed her thighs upon his hips to try and compel the surcease of his now frantic, pounding thrusts. She compressed her lips attempting to stifle the great groan that was building inside her. It came out anyway. The "auuuuuuughhhhhhhh!" rose from her throat and resounded throughout the room. The man was grunting loudly, and she felt him stiffen. But even her disgust at the thought of the man pumping his slime into her could not suppress her excitement. Her pussy erupted into wild convulsions. She groaned and moaned. She thrust her hips back at his with all her strength. She arched her back and dragged her heels along the mattress.

Their passions cooled. Yolanda's cunt felt like it had been twisted into a great knot and had now been released. The man was still sawing slowly inside her. His

invasive presence dismayed her. His yuck was inside her. She wanted to use her hands to shove the man off, but they were bound into uselessness. He raised his head and captured her lips again. He thrust in his tongue and lathered it all along the inside, sliding it along her own. He withdrew. He looked down at her. He was still lodged within her.

“Not bad, Yolanda,” he told her smiling. “Elena was right about you. You’re a natural born whore.”

He slipped his cock from her and slid off. He lay on his side facing her and he ran his hand over her breasts and belly. He slid his fingers along her cleft and probed her channel, running them in and out a few times. “You’ve got a wonderful cunt, Yolanda,” he told her grinning down at her. “It hot and tight. The fellow who drew the butterfly should have drawn a tiger’s head instead.”

He rolled away from her and retrieved the blue ball from the nightstand. He turned back and presented it to her lips. “Open up, Yolanda,” he told her snidely. She spread her lips and he thrust the ball in. He patted her on the cheek. “We’ve got to keep that naughty mouth occupied when we’re not using it,” he taunted her.

He rolled off the bed and picked up his glass. Moving to the other side, he put some more ice in it and filled it with three fingers of amber liquor. He came back to his side of the bed, sipping gently at his drink. He stood there looking at her for a long time. He put the half-emptied glass down on the nightstand and got back on the bed. He unfastened her wrists from the headboard and pulled her up to a sitting position.

“Let’s get a closer look at you, Yolanda,” he told her. He brought her body close to his, running his hand and his lips seemingly over every inch of her. He examined her golden bonds. He spent a long time, playing with her breasts and then turned her over to more minutely inspect her back. He ran his hand all over it. “You’re truly a work of art, Yolanda,” he told her. “I wonder how much Elena would want for you.”

She shuddered at this suggestion. Yes, she was property. And property could be bought and sold. Maybe this man didn’t have enough to buy her or a place where he could keep her prisoner, but someone else might. Some cruel and heinous man. Worse even than the man who had kept her prisoner for so long. But she still belonged to him, didn’t she? He wouldn’t sell her, would he? He had had other girls before her. Maybe he would decide that it was time to get a new one. What was worse, being subjugated by him, or to some potential fiend who would torture her to death? She knew that she wouldn’t feel safe until she was back at his castle. Being his slave was like being in hell on earth, but as Granny used to say sometimes, “Things could always be worse.”

The alternative was to somehow to get free, and she knew that that was never going to happen.

He thrust her down on her back. He got between her thighs and spread them outwards. He ran his lips and tongue over her verdant thighs as if he could consume the green foliage there. Holding on to her ankles, keeping her thighs wide apart, he looked down on her crux. She was deeply ashamed to have it so exposed. She knew that all the men would want to get a good look at it. She would have to raise her knees and spread her legs for all of them. Her puss was an alluring work of art, and they would all want to peruse it.

He worked himself down the bed and lowered his lips to her belly. They were hot and it sent an unwanted thrill through her. She knew what he was going to do. She didn't want it. Didn't want it with all her might. She wanted to close up her crevasse and seal it tight, but she could not do that. He lowered his lips down and down and down, until they were atop her nubbin. He gave it a gentle suckle and a thrill went through her.

He worked her for a long time. He brought her up and down but would not give her relief. She instinctively placed her hands on his head to feebly try and push it away. He merely raised his head and affixed them again to the chain in the headboard. "That was very naughty, Yolanda," he told her sternly. "I think Isabella will want to punish you for that."

She cringed inside. Her first 'guest' and already she had earned a punishment! "Please don't tell her! Please don't tell her! Please don't tell her!" she begged the man silently.

He lowered his head again and resumed his assault.

She was moaning and groaning and writhing. All of her wanted to resist, to fight off the horribly pleasurable sensations. All of her except her cunt. Her cunt reveled in his attentions. "More! Do me more! Do me more! More! More!" It shouted out at him. It pressed itself hard against his face. It sent her shiver inducing rivulets of tingling pleasure as his tongue twiggged at her button. When he suckled on it, her whole body seemed awash in excruciating, ecstatic sensations.

He circled his arms around her thighs and went to work on her nubbin. He flicked at it with his tongue a million miles an hour. He sucked on it hard. He lapped up and down her divide, twirling it inside her entrance. And then back again as if determined to drive her to ravenous pleasure.

Her whole body seemed to expand as he drove her closer and closer to explosion. She groaned and moaned, making muffled sounds through the ball in her mouth. It was coming closer and closer. She had stopped resisting it. "Come on! Come on! Come on! Come on!" her mind shouted. Her pussy was feverish with excitement.

And then it broke. She arched her back, mashing her raging cavern against the man's face. She shouted and groaned. She pulled harshly at the bonds that

connected her wrists above her. The man continued his excitations until he had coaxed every last drop of passion from her.

When he finally lifted his head, she was still struggling for breath. She looked at him unhappily. Would they all do this to her? Would they all make her mad with raging lust? How would she endure it?

The man smiled at her and patted her on her belly. "I think your little wolfy friend got a kick out of that, Yolanda," the man told her. "It looks like he's smiling." He laughed. "Now roll over and get on your belly."

She obeyed. He released her hands from the chain above her, drew down her arms and fastened them behind her back. He fluffed up some pillows on the headboard and then, taking her by the ring in the back of her collar, drew her between his widespread thighs. His cock was half hardened. He leaned back onto the pillows. "Do a good job, Yolanda, and I might forget the bit with your hands," he told her.

He reached out and removed the blue ball from her mouth, tossing it down on the bed next to him. Yolanda leaned over, arching her back and sucked his prick into her mouth.

She worked him with the most enthusiasm she could muster. Maybe he was lying and would rat on her anyway. But maybe he wouldn't. She drove her head down and up, down and up, laving her tongue along the shaft. She pushed him deeply into her throat. His groans became louder and louder. She pursed her lips along the crown of his staff and tickled the little slit at the top. She licked all around the glans, making him issue deep sighs.

This time, when she pushed his stem into her throat, he grabbed her hair at the back of her head and held her down. "Oh, yeah, Yolanda, yeah! Your mouth is hot! Oh, yeah, that feels good."

She was beginning to panic at the lack of fresh air when he finally pulled her head up. She took several deep breaths and he forced her down again. He held her down for a long time, until she began to struggle and whine in desperation, and then he raised her head again. He did it three more times. Each time, her mind would scream for air. She tried with all her might to pull her head back, but his grip was vise-like. He pulled her head up and off his cock. He gave her a great slap. "Don't fuck with me, Yolanda," he growled at her.

He pressed her head back down. She resisted and resisted and resisted the urge to fight him off. Each time, when he finally lifted her head, she gasped desperately for air. Then, like a switch had been pulled, he began forcing her head up and down at a startling speed. His groans get deeper and louder. His grip in her hair grew tighter. She kept her lips tightly around his prong. Suddenly, he gave out a great shout and his cock began to jerk and pulse within her mouth. She swallowed

as best as she could, but the movement of her head made that difficult. She sensed his come frothing around her lips.

He then gave a great sigh and slowed his thrusts. His grip on her hair loosened. He brought her head to a stop. She felt his tool softening. He waited until it was fully limp before he drew it from between her lips. He pulled her head up so he could look in her face. "I'd give that about a B+, Yolanda," he told her sharply. "Don't ever try and fight me off again! You just stay where I want you until I let you go. I don't care if you pass out. You don't get a vote about how I use you!" He gave her another great slap, rocking her jaw. She shrieked. He shook her head violently. "And you've got my come all over your chin! I don't like a sloppy blowjob, Yolanda. Next time, I'll whip you myself! Got it?"

Yolanda tried to nod her head, but he was holding onto it too tightly. He picked up the blue ball and shoved it violently into her mouth. He stared down at her face again. "Listen, cunt, I paid a lot of money to fuck you! I'll be back in a few days. If you fuck with me again, I'll whip you so hard you'll think that you've been dipped in lava!"

Yolanda was desperately fighting off sobs. She knew that if she didn't control herself that the man would go ballistic. She realized now what an awful hell she had been transported to. She had been warned though. Both Elena and Isabella had told her how demanding the men would be. How was she ever going to endure it? The chance that this man would not inform on her was virtually nil!

"Get on your belly, whore," the man snapped at her. She crawled over his thigh and lay down. He leaned over and snapped her ankle bracelets together. He reached into the top drawer of the night table and drew out a small chain. He pulled up her ankles and attached them to her wrists. He seemed to have calmed.

"I want us to be friends, Yolanda," he told her softly while rubbing her buttocks. "You started out so good. Make sure you do better next time, okay?"

She looked up at him. Was he insane? Friends? She didn't want to antagonize him any further, so she nodded her head dolefully.

He got off the bed and dressed. He didn't say anything more to her, but just left. As soon as the door closed, she broke out into virulent sobs.

She had sobbed herself out when the door opened. One of the *mamasitas*, the one who was wearing the yellow dress yesterday, came in. Today's dress was dark blue. She released her hands and ankles and brought her into the bathroom. She directed her to the bidet, which she used to clean out her puss. She took the opportunity to pee. There was a small shower stall there and she washed herself off, careful not to wet her head. She came out and dried herself under the watchful eye of her minder. There was a hairbrush on a ledge, and she ran it through her hair.

When she was done, the *mamasita* indicated that she should wash her face. She poured some mouthwash into a little cup and told her to clean out her mouth. When she was done, she restored the ball. She locked her hands behind her back.

When they emerged from the bathroom, Isabella was there. She looked steaming hot. "You know what to do," she snarled at her. Releasing a forlorn sob, Yolanda sank to her knees and put her forehead on the rug, proffering her rear. A second later, fire erupted on it. Isabella gave her five vicious strokes, harder than the last time. Yolanda sobbed and wailed. When her torture was over, the young woman called her to attention.

"What, are you stupid, *críca*? What did I tell you? *Señor* Martin is one of our best guests. You'll be lucky if my mother doesn't tan your hide!" she shouted at her. "If there are any more complaints about you, I'm going to let the boys take you down to the basement and let you dance for a couple of hours tonight when you're through. And, believe me, you won't like that, although they will. *Comprende?*"

Yolanda nodded her head fervently.

The cruel young woman softened. "I'll make a deal with you," she continued, "if you do a good job for the rest of the day, we'll keep this between ourselves. Okay?"

Yolanda nodded again.

Isabella said something to the *mamasita*. She pulled Yolanda over to the red circle. She made her stand and put her high heels back on and then ordered her back to her knees. She confined her ankle. Isabella came closer and stroked her hair. "If you're a good girl, *conchita*, I'll bring you to my room tonight and mouth you until you scream. Okay?"

Yolanda nodded again, although the prospect of having her cunny sucked at until she screamed did not brighten things for her.

The young girl and the *mamasita* left the room. Yolanda was too sad to cry. How was she going to make it through the day?

Well, she did make it through the day, and well into the night. After Isabella and the *mamasita* left, the door opened again. It was a young Hispanic girl like the one that had cleaned Elena's room that morning. She had the same kind of a cart. She dutifully cleaned the room, replaced the sheets, put a new glass on the credenza. She went in and checked the bathroom. She didn't vacuum, although she did spray some pleasant air freshener about the room.

Her next guest came about 20 minutes later. He was not as rough or demanding as the first man. He examined her closely as the first man had done, laid her on her back and fucked her hard, his thick tongue scouring her mouth. He didn't make her come, but that was no big disappointment. When he was finished with her, he



hogtied her on the bed and left. The only words he had spoken to her was when he told her to get up on the bed.

He must have been satisfied, since Isabella did not come back to beat her.

This time when the *mamasita* came in, she was carrying a tray. On it was a covered bowl and a paper cup. After she washed her, she had her kneel and ordered her to eat from the bowl. It was chicken in a creamy sauce. When she was done eating, she poured a whitish concoction into the bowl from the paper cup. Yolanda dutifully lapped it up. It reminded her of the potion the man gave her every day and she assumed it had the same purpose.

She had four more guests before the end of the day. She spent long times just kneeling there, waiting for something to happen. She was almost glad when she heard the key in the lock. Almost, but not quite. One of the men was obesely fat. His belly protruded so much that she had to fuck him from on top. Like the first man, he licked her for a long time, making her grunt and writhe and moan. Unlike the first man, when she blew him afterwards, he didn't thrust his cock down her throat.

Dinner was the same as lunch, except it was lamb in a dark sauce with broccoli and carrots mixed in. She was given another bowl of potion to drink.

This time, though, when she was finished eating, the *mamasita* brought her over to the bed and made her sit on her lap. She insinuated her hand between her thighs and stroked and stroked and stroked until Yolanda was grunting and groaning, all the while cooing at her and saying sweet sounding things in Spanish. She kissed her hard, filling her mouth with her tongue and pinched and squeezed her breasts, but always came back to her conch. Yolanda had a ravaging orgasm.

When her pants of passion subsided, the old woman released a hearty laugh. She pinched both of her nipples hard then pushed her off her lap. She connected her ankle to the chain at the foot of the bed and then ruffled her hair. "*Tu es una buena puta,*" she told her sweetly.

A thin, short, wiry man came in almost as soon as the *mamasita* left. He was about 28 or 29, maybe 30. His brown hair was cut short, and his frame was scrawny. He had a long, thick cock though and he fucked her steadily for about an hour, making her come three times and coming twice himself. He didn't say much either, although he complemented her on her designs and examined her intimately. He pulled playfully at her nose ring. When he left, he told her, "I'll be back tomorrow."

The last man had cruelty written all over him. He made her stand and mauled and pinched at her breasts until she thought she was going to scream. He brought her over to the chain and mounted her. He went over to the armoire and drew out a flogger. He kept her wailing and sobbing for a long time, starting and stopping, drinking what looked like gin on ice in between.

Finally, he released her from the chain, connected her hands behind her and used her mouth viciously. When she whined, he pulled her head off of his cock and gave her a great slap, making her shriek. He said something in a foreign tongue that sounded maybe Russian, shook her head and put her back to work. When he was done, he hogtied her on the floor. He didn't have to tell her. She knew he would be back.

## CHAPTER TWELVE

Yolanda knew her day was over when a *mamasita* came and got her and led her out of the room. She brought her down to the girls' cafeteria off the kitchen where all the girls coming off duty were served vanilla ice cream. She was led up to the fourth floor in a coffle with three of the other girls. They were brought into the bathroom and allowed to pee or do whatever. They all washed off their makeup. The other girls dashed out of the bathroom and flitted down the hall either way, headed to their bedrooms. She was told to stand in the same semicircle she had stood in in the morning. Her hands were fixed behind her.

A few of the male guards were patrolling the floor. One of them stopped a very voluptuous black girl and ordered her to her knees. She was still dressed in a translucent peach colored teddy. He drew his cock out of his pants. The girl, without hesitation, placed her arms behind her back and took it into her mouth as the other girls raced by her trying not to look. Another guard stopped a slightly plump, blond-haired round breasted girl who was rushing to her room. He attached a leash to her collar, connected her wrists behind her and led her away.

A third guard came up to Yolanda. He stood about a foot away from her, perusing her artwork. He was tall and heavysset, like the others, and had longish, sandy colored hair. His face was boyish, but with a touch of cruelty in it. He seized her breasts. "Alberto said that you are off-limits for now," he told her coldly, "but I want you to know that as soon as the ban is lifted, I'm going to fuck the shit out of you." He squeezed her nipples harshly. "Turn around," he ordered. She showed him her back. "Very nice," he told her. "I like to do a lot of ass fucking and that will give me something to look at while I drill you," he said snidely.

He ordered her back around, slipped his hand over her conch and stroked her until she moaned. He laughed. He pulled at her nose ring. "Sorry to leave you, but I've got to decide who I'm going to fuck tonight." He wandered off. He entered the third doorway down. She heard him say something rough and then a feminine voice screeched.

Meanwhile the first guard had finished with the black girl and a second, who had wandered over, was taking his turn. *Mamasitas* were herding the rest of the girls into bedrooms and following them in. Yolanda could just see into one of the bedrooms from where she stood. She watched as the *mamasita* affixed the wrists of a naked dark-haired girl to her collar and had her lay down on the bed. She

connected her neck to a chain that led from the steel frame headboard and then one to her ankle. She walked off to attend to the other girls.

Yolanda stood there for a while. The two guards had finished with the black girl, and she fled from them. They both came over and gave her a perusal. They were speaking in Spanish to each other, sounding quite amused. They squeezed her breasts and made her turn around so they could see her back and spread her legs wide so they could examine her conch. They walked off and exited through the door to the stairs.

The hallway turned silent. The *mamasita* who had been chaining up the girls in the room opposite her came out. Before she stepped out the door, she used a dimmer switch to turn the lights in the room down low. She walked past Yolanda, smiled at her, and went down the stairs.

A *mamasita* sat perched by the door to the stairs. Three more guards came up and entered bedrooms. One entered the room opposite her. She heard him give a sharp order to one of the girls. A minute or so later, Yolanda could hear grunting and groaning coming from the room. Two *mamasitas* came out of the door to the stairs and walked down the hall past her. They went into a bedroom. They emerged a few moments later with a tall, lithe blond-haired girl in tow. She didn't seem too happy. They took her to a room down at the end of the corridor and disappeared into it. About thirty seconds later Yolanda heard the screeching of a girl in distress. Last night, Elena had called downstairs to make sure a girl was disciplined before she went to bed. She assumed it was the lanky girl's turn tonight.

She waited about another twenty minutes. She tried to keep her focus on a spot on the wall in front of her. She stood at attention. She remembered that Isabella had 'promised' to mouth her tonight until she screamed. All she wanted was her day to be over. It had been a horrible day. Long periods of boredom interspersed with sessions of frantic fucking and sucking. She had had six men today. If today was a normal day, she assumed that she would have to fuck 42 men a week. If she was here a month that would be close to 200. Within six months she would have to fuck more than 1,000.

The sandy haired guard said that she was off limits to the for the time being, but how long would that last? Would guards be stopping her in the hallway to give them a quick hummer? When she was eventually allowed to go to bed, would a guard come by while she was chained there and fuck her? She guessed that they were all itching to get at her, to fuck the exotic inked-up girl. How many guards had she seen since she had gotten here? At least ten. That was more than enough for her to be busy every night of the week. At least when she was not servicing Elena or her depraved daughter Isabella.

Speaking of whom, she finally came. She hooked a leash to her collar and brought her to her bedroom on the third floor. It was not as elegantly outfitted as

Elena's, but it was still luxurious. She had Yolanda stand by the bed while she undressed, casting her stylish, lavender mini dress aside. She turned down the bed, unlocked Yolanda's hands from behind her, removed the ball from her mouth and told her to get in. She followed right behind her.

She caressed Yolanda to excitement, kissing and slurping at her breasts. She had her suckle at her own very plump and firm breasts and then lower herself to her conch and service her there. Unlike Elena, who was cold and hard, Isabella had a bit of sweetness to her, and she whispered Spanish endearments to her as they coupled. Her caresses were soft and almost comforting.

After Yolanda made her come with her mouth, she seemed to get even more excited than Elena did, she had Yolanda lay on her back with her legs spread. She posited herself between them. She looked at her hungrily. "Now's your turn, Yolanda. I'm going to make you scream. I've had a lot of practice sucking cunts and I like it a lot. Put your hands above your head. If you move them, I'll whip you. Now here goes!"

She bent her head to her loins and went to work. She started slow and easy and soon had Yolanda releasing low keyed moans. After a while, she speeded up her attentions, giving her nubbin special attention, but also washing her inner and outer labia, running her tongue up and down, up and down. She brought her to the edge of euphoria several times but refused to let her go over the top. And then she did, and Yolanda groaned and moaned and writhed as her pussy's convulsions shook her.

She let her wound down and then started again. She brought her to completion three times, each time prolonging her tantalizing ecstasy before allowing her release. The last time was the longest. Yolanda wanted to beg and plead with the young woman to stop and struggled to hold her tongue. She wanted to seize the black-haired head between her thighs and push it from her loins, but she had already tasted Isabella's whip twice and she knew that her threat was not an idle one. She did, in fact, scream when she came the third time.

After the girl let her wind down, she raised her head and smiled at her. "That was fun, Yolanda," she told her. "You're everything my mother said you to be. Tomorrow night, if my mamma doesn't want you, I'll fuck you with the dildo. We'll see how many times I can make you come with that."

She raised herself and gave each of Yolanda's breasts a little suckle. She drew her off the bed and fastened her hands behind her and restored her blue ball. She had a cage like Elena's at the foot of her bed and she made Yolanda get in on her belly. She fixed her ankles together and shut the door.

She put out the lights. She got into bed. After a few moments, Yolanda heard her groaning and moaning as she got herself off one last time.

And so, her days went by. Over the first three weeks, Elena had her in her bed several times, as did Isabella. They tapered off after that. Each time Elena had her, she gave her a vicious beating first. Yolanda got to sleep in one of the steel framed beds like the other girls when she wasn't with either of them. The downside was, after the first week she was no longer off limits to the guards and one or two of them came every night to fuck her. Although the other girls suffered depredations during the night, and she could hear them moan and groan and call out when they were forced to come, none of them seemed to get as much attention as her. She would be mortified, thinking of the other girls listening to her moan and grunt when the men fucked her. A few of them would just ram inside her, stroke a few times and then release their splurge, but most of the guards were expert coxmen, with lots of practice and no need to hurry. She would shout out her pleasure unwillingly and then roll to her side and cry after the man left, ashamed and miserable.

She had to do the *mamasitas* too, although they were more furtive about it. They would have her service their *cricas* between her sessions with the men in her special room, or either in the mornings or at night when she was brought upstairs. They would sneak her into their dormitory and make her fuck them on their beds.

They whipped her too every chance they got. It seemed that they needed little excuse. They would have her get down on her knees with her rump up and, 'Crack! Crack! Crack!' give her three quick ones.

The guards slipped into her special room sometimes too, when they knew that she didn't have an appointment. They didn't use the bed but fucked her right on the floor so they wouldn't have to change the sheets. That guy she met on the first day, Alberto, was the worst offender, fucking her at least three times a week. He liked to mount her on the chain and go at her with his zipper. She would scream and yell as the fierce electrical charge exploded on her puss, on her breasts, her belly. After, he would fuck her long and slow while on her knees and elbows. He wouldn't be satisfied until he had made her come, and then he would grunt and groan as he unloaded his spunk into her.

The sandy haired man, he reminded her of a beach bum, showed up in her room at night at least twice a week to use her rear. He would start and stop and start and stop, reveling in her murky depths, running his hands over the beautiful scenery on her back or circle around her and play with her breasts. She would try not to get excited, but the man had trained her well. Most times the man just left her burning, squeezing her conch with her thighs to try and urge out some satisfaction. But other times, he would go on and on and on so long, and her fires would build and build and build, until her puss erupted in ecstatic convulsions. He would laugh when he was done, give her a heavy slap on her rear and tell her, "Gotcha that time, Yolanda. You were born to ass fuck."

Some days, she was escorted down to Elena's office. Elena would have her placed in a cage until she was ready for her and then she would have to assume the position she saw the girl assume on her first day and service her while she sat on the couch. She always had one of the guards give her a few strokes of the whip first to get her warmed up. Or she would have a guest or two and she would have Yolanda show herself off and then have her blow them. Usually, a day or two later, the men would show up in her room and make full use of her.

She had little contact with the other girls. On a few occasions, she was compelled to couple with one for Elena's amusement or her guests in her office. There was one older man who always brought a girl with him into her room. He would sit in a chair next to the bed and watch Yolanda and the girl go at it while he stroked himself. It took him a long time to come. When he finally did, he would end the session and have her and the other girl kiss his cock. He would leave Yolanda hogtied on the bed and drag the other girl out of the room.

She had five or six men a day, but sometimes more. Most of them didn't whip her, and most of them that did didn't really go to town on her. But that Russian guy from the first day showed up a lot and he always beat her brutally. She would break out into sobs when she saw him come in the door and he would laugh.

The men were very demanding and used her each way that you could. Few of them were satisfied with one orgasm. She often found herself draped over a man's lap with him playing with her conch until his fires relit. She would moan and burn. Sometimes they made her come, sometimes they didn't.

It didn't happen often, but there were occasions when her efforts did lag. The men would give her fierce slaps or make her get head down on the floor so that they could administer some strokes. Or they would complain to Isabella who would come in and administer a corrective. After that, she would be more enthusiastic.

A couple of the men didn't like to whip her but liked to watch. Isabella would come in, all dressed to the nines in some hot dress, and belabor her for the man's pleasure. She never held back and lit into her with enthusiasm to make sure the man got a good show. After the man left, she would come into the room and comfort her and make her come with her mouth.

On very slow days, a *mamasita* would come by and have her kneel with her head to floor and make her come with her hand so that she stayed in practice.

She was, it goes without saying, miserable the whole time. The days went on and on. Many of her guests were repeats, so she assumed that they had achieved satisfaction. She got to know their preferences. The days with the man at the castle had seemed to go by fast, even though she spent so much time bound up and motionless. But the days here were slow. When her first week had gone by, it felt like she had already spent two there. A month seemed like three. How long would

the man keep her here? She constantly wondered. She realized that he was probably off on some secret mission. What if he was killed, what would happen to her then? Would she become Elena's property? A couple of the men had intimated to her that they were interested in buying her, including that first man, *Señor* Martin. The thought of it made her shiver. But if the man died or otherwise forsook her, and she were offered the right price, she was sure that Elena would sell her.

Twice, when she was awaiting Elena's pleasure in a cage in her office, a girl had been brought in and displayed to men who ended up, much to the girl's dismay, buying her. The first two men were Asian, and it seemed like they were interested in taking the girl overseas. The second two were tall, heavysset black men with musical accents and Yolanda, and apparently the girl, very innocent looking and petit, assumed that she was bound for Africa. The girl wailed and sobbed when the transaction was completed, and it took both men's best efforts to force her into the leather case they had brought. Elena had a great laugh about it. She offered the men the use of Yolanda's mouth before they left. As she sucked their cocks, she could hear the cute little blond girl continue to sob and wail inside her case.

She constantly fantasized about escaping. She imagined a great earthquake which split open the walls. She would leap out and run and run and run. They would never catch her. Or one of the *mamasitas* would get careless with a key. She would sneak out of her room, turn invisible and just walk out the front door.

Or maybe all the girls would revolt. She would be the ringleader. They would somehow get knives and one by one they would slit all the *mamasitas'* throats. They would stab the men in the chest and cut off their balls. They would build a big bonfire and burn Elena on it, laughing and joking while she screamed and screamed and screamed at the stake. She hadn't decided what they would do with Isabella. She was the only one who treated her somewhat nicely. Maybe something nice and clean, like a guillotine, or a silk garotte.

But then she would hear the lock on her door turn and she would have to rise quickly to her knees. Or one of the guards would be shaking her awake in her bed so he could fuck her. The fantasy would evaporate, and reality would resume.

She didn't bother to count the days. At the castle, the BBC news announcer would always say what day it was when it came on. But here, there was no TV. The days just ran into one another. She had come here in the beginning of winter and now she could see from the windows in her special room that the trees were growing their leaves back. So, it had been months and months. She couldn't decide whether she wanted to go back to the castle or not. Here she had some semblances of being a human. There, definitely not. And all those hours of enforced immobility and silence. Being treated like a pet, although no one would treat a pet the way the man treated her.



Here, if by some remote chance she was able to get out of the building, she could probably find her way to civilization. There must be roads and highways nearby or else how would all the men be able to get here? There, there were just miles and miles and miles of forbidding forest. Unless she killed the man before she left, he would just hunt her down.

On the other hand, at the castle, she was the focus of one man's attention. He treated her like a prized possession. And there was the occasional, if not tender, at least soft moment. The man delved into her mind and she into his. They were like symbiotic creatures feeding off each other. And he desired her. I mean, really desired her. That was clear. Here, although she was treated as a special creature, if she were not available, the men would always be happy to fuck somebody else. No one cared a fig about what she thought.

The man saw to it that she was constantly thinking the things that he wanted her to. Fear, isolation, lust, despair, loneliness. And she knew that she was constantly on his mind, making plans about how he was going to manipulate her into subservience and obedience. Here, as soon as the men left her, they might think later about how they enjoyed her cunt or her mouth or her rear, or watching her dance to the whip, but they wouldn't be thinking about her mind or what they had induced in it. With the man she was like no other person in the world. Here, she was just another whore.

Here the days were mostly bland. For the most part, if she fucked well, was obedient, she was pretty much left alone. She got to sleep alone in her own bed most nights, at least once the guards were done fucking her. No one concentrated on inducing terror in her on a daily basis. No one made a point of shaming and humiliating her. She wasn't left immobile for hours and hours and hours. Her life was 5% of what a normal person's would be, but at least there was that 5%.

At the castle, there was nothing normal about her life at all. And she was always on a razor's edge. She was constantly in disbelief about what was happening to her. It was like she had gone insane and was trapped in some distorted diabolic fantasy. A bizzarro world. Been teleported into a different dimension where normal human rules didn't apply. A fierce need to revolt, to somehow to force herself to wake from her nightmare would seize her. Her whole body would vibrate with hate and anger and virulent dismay over her predicament, over what cruel twist of fate had placed her in the man's clutches. At least here there were other girls whose fate was somewhat like hers. She couldn't talk to them, but they commiserated with each other by glances and looks. They all had pity for each other. They had shared experiences. They all fucked the same men. They were all subject to the depredations of the same guards. Were whipped by the same *mamasitas*. All under Elena's ultimate thumb. At the castle, she was the only person in the universe to suffer her fate. For days and days and days there would be no friendly glance, no

soft caresses, no empathy or sympathy. Just her and the man populating their own reality.

Here she had some control over her own body. She got to piss and shit by herself, take a shower on her own. Feed herself while actually sitting in a chair at a table. Like at the castle, her mons and other body parts needed to be constantly denuded of hair, but she got to do that herself.

And she knew that she should hate the man with all her heart. Look what he had done to her body! He had turned her into a freak! And he treated her like she was subhuman. He hardly ever talked to her at all. Here people spoke to her, although, like the castle, she couldn't reply. Some days at the castle he wouldn't say a single word to her. And he beat her. At any moment she could be subjected to a hellacious assault. It was clear that he enjoyed it, but he did it mostly to ensure that terror was always lurking in her mind. It was like he could detect when her level of terror was diminishing. One moment she would be on the rings trying to acclimate herself to her fate, to feel that somehow she could bear his scheme of torture and control of her, that someday it would end and she would be free, and the next moment she would be on the chain, dancing and howling and begging the universe to just let it stop, pledging desperately in her mind to be obedient and voraciously diligent to his pleasures and wants and needs, promising that she would never have a rebellious thought again.

There was always the chance though that if Elena sold her, she could end up with someone who would treat her more like a human being. Really think her special. Grant her some kindness. That *Señor* Matin, for example. He didn't seem to have a need to humiliate and degrade her. As long as she did what he wanted, was obediently passionate, he treated her okay. In all these months he had only whipped her once. It was nothing that she had done. He just seemed to need to strike out at someone, to ameliorate some rage. Afterwards he was tender and almost apologetic. She could take an occasional beating if he were kind to her afterwards. Maybe he could buy her. Or that man who had told her his name was Estaban. He really liked her. He came two or three times every week, sometimes more. He had joked about, "taking her away from all this," and keeping her on his private island. Maybe he meant it. Maybe he did have a private island. She could serve him.

But then the thought of never seeing the man again would create a sickening maw inside her. Mistress Jean had stripped her down. He had re-formed her. She was not who she was. She was not the Yolanda who had stood on Granny's porch that day waiting for Chamile to show up. The idea of leading a so called 'normal' life terrified her. No one would want her after what she had been through. Her fault or not, she had become a whore. She fucked all comers. Ever since Mistress Jean had brandished a whip at her, she had succumbed to whoreishness. She had refused

nobody. She had not displayed one iota of rebellion. How could she ever explain to a normal person what she had gone through, what she had felt? What would she do? Would she become a cute little housewife who served tea and grew flowers and welcomed hubby home every night? What kind of job could she work at? She would be responsible for herself, with no one to rule over her. To whom or what would she be obedient? If nothing else, the man had baked the need to be obedient deep into her brain.

But those thoughts would pass. Of course, she wanted to be free. What had happened to her hadn't been her fault. Anyone else would have done the same things she did. Look at all the girls here. They were obedient and docile. They all fucked strange men diligently and with passion. Elena said that they buried naughty girls out in the back. She didn't want to be buried out in the back, and neither did the other girls. Nor any of the girls that Mistress Jean and the others trained. They all succumbed. Or almost all of them. She could recover. She could regain her self-respect. She could go on to live a free and wonderful life. Couldn't she?

One morning, months and months following her arrival, after she had spent the night with Elena, she had been especially brutal and demanding that night, no one came to get her out of her cage. At one point a *mamasita* let her out, but that was only to pee, and then she put her back. She started to get really nervous. Any change in routine is disturbing to a slave. What new, cruel thing had the master devised for you? Finally, it was Isabella who came and got her. She kissed and stroked her when she got her out of the cage. Yolanda sensed that something was wrong. This had never happened before.

Isabella fastened a leash to her collar and led her downstairs. When they emerged in the atrium, the other girls were sitting in position with a couple of them missing. Men were standing around the bar, one with an unhappy girl on a leash. Isabella led her to the corridor that led to Elena's office and then into the office itself. Two men dressed in workmen's clothes, blue jeans and t-shirts, black boots were sitting on chairs off to the left of the couch. As usual, there was a girl mounted on the whipping platform. She was stepping back and forth on her feet nervously. Her eyes were brimming with tears. Elena was on her couch outfitted in an elegant salmon colored dress.

"Ahhhhhhh, here she is," she announced when Isabella brought her in front of her. "Today's a travel day, Yolanda. You're going home," she informed her gaily. "We've all loved having you as our guest, but Colonel Fuller wants you back. I tried to buy you and offered him a very good price, but he declined. I told him that when he gets tired of you that he should give me first dibs."

Yolanda felt a chill go through her body. "No, no," she thought. "No, I don't want to go back there." She had still been tossing the issue back and forth in her

mind for weeks, but now she definitely decided. She felt faint and her knees buckled. Isabella took hold of her arm and held her up.

“I’m going to miss you, Yolanda,” Isabella told her sweetly. “You have such a delicious cunt. But there’s nothing we can do about it. A deal’s a deal.”

Yolanda started to sob. Her stomach turned sour. Crazy, futile thoughts kept running through her mind. “Maybe if I run around and around, they won’t be able to catch me.” She looked at the door. “Maybe it’s open. Maybe I can run to it and escape.” She looked at the two rough men. “Maybe if I cry enough, they’ll change their mind about taking me. Maybe if I held my breath long enough, I could suffocate myself and die right here. Maybe if I close my eyes and wish and wish and wish, all this will go away, and I’ll find out that it all just a terrible dream.”

The men got up from their chairs. The green bodybag she had come with was lying on the floor in front of them. One of them was holding in his hands the black ball gag the man had put in her mouth when he shipped her off.

She did her best to oppose them. She wriggled and contorted, tried to pull away from them. When they pulled out her blue ball, she bit the hand of one of the men viciously. He growled and gave her a resounding slap. The one man held her head firmly, his other hand pulling down her chin while the other man struggled to shove the big, offensive ball into her mouth. She shouted and screamed.

It was all useless. One of the men held her ankles together while one of the guards held her torso down and the other man slid the slimy green tube into her rectum. The plug went in. They just held her there until the soporific took effect. She hardly knew it when the slid the diaper on her. Her ankles were fastened together. She was brought to her knees and presented to Elena. The elegant woman said something to her softly, but Yolanda couldn’t decipher it. She tapped her on the cheek and smiled.

She had no energy left to oppose them when they placed her in the bag and fastened her to the board at the bottom. She sensed the bag being zippered closed. “No, no, no, no, no.....” she murmured in her mind, and then everything went blank.

She awoke in the plane. It was the small one again and from the music that was playing, she assumed it was the same gruff woman who had first brought her to the castle flying it. It went on for hours and hours. She remained deathly silent. Her mind tortured her with recollections of how the man treated her, of what she could expect on her return. That first day, he had hung her upside down and beaten her. Would he do that again? He would certainly want to reestablish their relationship. Him the lord god, her the measly beast who served him.

When the plane landed, this time she didn’t react. She desperately didn’t want to be abused by that woman again. They took off again about 40 minutes later. She imagined them flying over miles and miles and miles of forest, with not a road or

other sign of civilization to be seen. Deep, deep, deep into the north. The last part of the trip, the plane lurched and shuddered, and she imagined that they were flying through a storm. Maybe they would crash? She decided that that would be a good thing. Death seemed preferable to being under then man's rule again. She saw herself affixed to the rings. She imagined herself kneeling and servicing his cock. She recalled her nightly torment with him, sleeping within arm's length of him. At Elena's, night had been a sanctuary. Once the men left her alone, she could sleep through the night alone in her private world. At the castle, she would have no private world. Every iota of her existence would be controlled. Every moment of her life would be underlaid with terror, like a steady, ominous drumbeat in the background, like in those old jungle movies where the white adventurers would hear the angry natives drumming out a foreboding beat way off in the distance.

Every once in a while, during the long flight, she would be overcome with a fierce need to rebel against her predicament. To rage and rage and rage about the great injustice of it all. To protest virulently against the cruelty of it all. "Why me? Why was I selected for this fate? Why not somebody else? Some mean, sinful girl who deserved punishment," she would angrily demand of the universe. She would miserate at her powerlessness, the feeling getting stronger, stronger, stronger, until she thought she would explode.

And then the uselessness of her remonstrances would overwhelm her and she would cry and cry and cry.

She slept too, drifting in and out of consciousness, deep unhappiness suffusing her when she awoke and found herself in the same predicament. A few times she tried to force the think ball in her mouth deeper and deeper inside her, to force it into her throat so she could choke. Was there a heaven? Would God forgive her? Surely these weren't normal circumstances. Men were considered heroes when they voluntarily submitted themselves to certain death for God and country. Wasn't that a form of suicide? Weren't they forgiven? Like that guy in *A Tale of Two Cities*. He had chosen certain death to free that other guy. "Tis a far, far better place I go to," he had said. Couldn't she go to a far, far better place?

When she felt the plane circle, she knew that they had arrived. It was still storming outside, and the plane lurched and weaved while it descended. She could hear the rain battering on the fuselage. "Easy, easy," she heard the woman murmur. They landed with a big "thump!" The plane bobbed on the churning surface of the lake. It coasted up to the dock. The plane struck the pilings hard.

When the engine reduced to idle, her belly soured, and her heart began to beat heavily. "Please, please, please, don't leave me here," she begged the woman in her mind. She started to sob. The woman ignored her. She heard the plane door open. Her bag was dragged out of the back of the plane and then dumped on the

wooden dock. She heard the man's voice. "You want to come in until the storm passes?" he asked the woman.

"Nah," she replied gruffly. "I'll get up all right. I gotta get back. Another job to do."

"Okay," the man returned. "It's your funeral."

The plane door opened and shut again. The foot of her bag was picked up and she felt herself being dragged up the stairs. Rain was battering against the bag. She heard the plane's engine rev and then fade away. Her whole body cringed. Despite its futility, she pulled and yanked at her bonds in a desperate attempt to get free. "Bump, bump, bump, bump," her head jolted as the man pulled her up to the house. "Please, no! Please, no! Please, no!" she begged no one.

She heard the gate open and close. She was dragged up some more stairs, through a door, up some more stairs and then into the house. The man dropped her bag on the floor. She steeled herself for the opening of the bag and the man's touch on her body, but she heard him walk away. Then there was silence. The moment of truth was to be delayed.

The colonel went into the bathroom and dried himself off with a towel. "Well, she's back," he thought as he looked at himself in the mirror. It had been almost seven months, much longer than he had anticipated. He had checked in on her several times while she was at Elena's. He was assured each time that she was fine and being obedient. He had been at a loss for what to do with her when he learned he would be away. If he couldn't find a place for her, he would have to send her off, and that was the last thing he wanted to do. He had called Jean and she had suggested Elena's. Elena was glad to have her. It took a bit of effort to obtain the transportation, but he had let it be known to his superiors that unless they agreed to make arrangements to fly her to the States, he would let certain things be known in certain circles that would make certain people unhappy. After that, he got cooperation.

The Malaysia thing had been down and dirty. The jihadist rebels had fought tenaciously. They seemed to spurn death. He had lost a lot of men and they had to be replaced. That meant recruitment and training. When they had finally captured the leadership, they had shot them out of hand. There would be no trials, no publicity. They found the brothel where they had kept the "infidel" women they had captured, including the industrialist's daughter whose kidnapping had sparked the whole thing. But the rebels had slit all their throats as the building was being raided.

He had maintained a bevy of captured jihadist's wives and daughters, the ones who didn't blow themselves up, for the men. They were hard nuts to crack, and the men had a lot of fun with them. When they finally shut down the operation, he sold the bunch to a broker in Kuala Lumpur.

He had been back about three weeks. It took him a while to make travel arrangements to bring the girl back. He had the feeling that Elena didn't want to let her go. She had offered \$100,000 for her and upped it to \$150,000 when he said no. She sent him a picture of a lovely, delicate Hispanic girl she offered to throw in with the deal. He wasn't even tempted.

He spent a week over at Panuk's so he could unwind. The Japanese girls were as crazy as ever. He fucked the niece he had been with last time. One night, she brought along a sister that he did a threesome with. It was delightful, but no substitute for his girl.

And now she was back. She would have lost much of the training he had instilled in her. He was a little worried that all that fucking at Elena's may have ruined her. He would have to make sure that there would be a clear demarcation between her existence there and her existence here. He tossed the towel in the hamper and came back out to the foyer. The bag was lying on the black rubber mat in front of the door. The rainwater had drained off it and formed a little puddle.

The girl was silent. That was a good sign. He had some calls to make and a video conference with the new Foreign Secretary. The conservative government had fallen, and Labor was in. He knew that he wouldn't be seeing much of Elizabeth. That was a shame. Since she had lost her hold over the servile girl, Mavis, she had told her that she had made arrangements with the Kenyan Justice Minister for her to see her brother. She had flown down on a Royal Airforce jet and was turned over to Ministry of Justice security as soon as she arrived. She was whisked off to a special whorehouse in Nairobi. The Justice Minister was very pleased, and he sent Elizabeth a nice gratuity.

He would leave the girl where she was for a little while. Let her return to his castle sink in. Build up her apprehension. He was anxious to get a look at her, but he didn't want to seem so. He didn't want to give her an inkling of how much he missed her, how much he desired her. He had to maintain the coldness and the brutality of their relationship. He had to bring her back up to that fine edge of terror and fear. Restore her fervent obedience.

He went off to his office.

Yolanda lay there a long time. The man had been right to leave her there. Her fear and unhappiness were swelling up inside her like rising bread. She tried to pull at her bonds, but she knew it was fruitless. Here she was again, bound into immobility, awaiting the man's pleasure. His callous abandonment of her was typical. Didn't he care that she had been bound up in this bag for hours and hours and hours? That she was thirsty and hungry? That her body shimmered with trepidation?

But of course, he cared. It was just what he intended. To say he didn't care would bespeak indifference. He was never indifferent to her suffering. Rather, he

enjoyed it. And at this moment, wherever in the house he was, probably in his little office concocting evil schemes to foist upon the world, part of him was reveling in her dismay. At Elena's nobody cared that she was chained to the floor in her room, gagged and bound. Unless somebody wanted to use her, they didn't give her the slightest thought. Here it would be different. He would ensure that every moment in his house she would be subsumed in unhappiness.

It took him about an hour and a half to wrap up what needed to be done. The girl had been in the back of his mind the entire time. He was mulling over what would be the best way to begin reacclimating her to his rule. A good whipping was in order. That went without saying. But he sensed that something else should go first. Something that would really impress in her mind that she was home again. That her life at Elena's was just an interlude. To wipe from her psyche all the unlearning of his lessons.

He got up from his chair and coded himself out of his room. He went into the kitchen and got himself a cup of coffee. He brought it out and checked on the girl. She was still there, motionless and silent. He watched her as he sipped at the brew. Then, he realized what was needed. What would wash from her memory all those cocks that had punctured her, all the commands she had received by her overlords. All the limited liberty she had enjoyed.

He threw back the rest of his coffee and put the mug back into the kitchen. He walked over to the bag and unzipped it. The girl shuddered and whined. He grabbed her by her middle and set her on her feet, looking away from him. He crouched down and released her ankles from each other. He took hold of the hair at the back of her head, bent her over and dragged her over to the bathroom. He drew her diaper down and put it in the trash basket. He left the gag in. He turned on the shower, waited for it to heat, and then shoved her under it. He stood outside the water and soaped her up quickly and roughly. He rinsed her off. He didn't bother with her hair, which had grown longer than he liked it.

He turned off the water and dragged her from the shower. She was shivering and blubbering. He gave her a fierce slap that made her shriek. He dried her off quickly and brought her into the living room. The long abandoned mahogany platform was sitting off to the side of the couch. He brought her to it. She realized what he was going to do, and she began to resist. He gave her three more forceful slaps. She started sobbing, but her resistance ceased. She docily let him strap her in. When she was all mounted, her hands up on either side of her like she was declaring, 'alleluia', he looked at her. She was prettier than ever. He had really missed her.

He stepped away and went to the armoire at the side of the room. He removed his special toy. When she saw it, she moaned and began to shake. He quickly had it



strapped around her waist, placed the cup strategically over her mons and buckled it up tightly to the belt behind her back.

He stood back. He looked at her. Her upper chest proclaimed, *Yolanda*. Her breasts' flowers gayly greeted him. The wolf leered, almost challenging him to reassert his authority over it. The verdant green flowed down her belly and her thighs. His initials set forth in bold red. Her butterfly was smothered by the instrument. She was whining and crying. She would get over the whining again really fast. He approached her. She swung her hips from side to side to frustrate him, but he easily reached the switch that turned the device on. It started buzzing right away. The plastic cover seemed to pulse as the ball inside commenced rolling up and down her divide.

He stepped back again and took her in. Her distress was immensely satisfying. The zapper for the motor to the platform was on the side table to the couch. He retrieved it and came back to her. Her eyes pleaded 'no!' to him. He hit the button and the platform began to turn towards the left. She began to turn. He watched her go around three times. The device on her puss was clearly getting the best of her as she was rotating and thrusting her hips, desperately trying to shake it off. She was crying. It was exquisite.

He watched until her back was turned to him again and then moved off. He went back to his office and closed the door.

Yolanda fought and fought and fought the manipulations of her conch but was losing the battle. She rotated and shifted her hips. She closed her eyes and concentrated, screaming, "No! No! No!" in her brain. She pulled at tugged at the bonds that held her, bonds that she very well knew were implacable from her many times mounted there. Her need built and built and built. A horrible frission grew in her body. She bit down on her gag. The awful moment of truth came closer and closer and closer, until her mind could do nothing more than focus on the terrible, exquisite trilling on her bud.

And then, the battle was lost. She groaned and writhed and shuddered. Her pussy throbbed and throbbed and throbbed. Unwanted pleasure subsumed every cell of her body. She screamed in agonized frustration.

Her orgasm waned. The tension in her body released. It was over. It was over. Her breathing was heavy, and she tried to recover it. She opened her eyes to the slowly spinning room. But the buzzing on her clit and the agitation of her mons did not relent. "Oh, please, please, please, stop!" she begged the ether. "Please stop! Please stop! Please stop!"

But it didn't stop. Her need started to build again right away. It was like she, and not the platform she was kneeling on, had been plugged into the socket. She shook her hips again, pulled and pulled on her bonds, and burst into tears.

It took longer each time for her to build to crisis. What resulted were long periods of tantalizing excitement. Her body was immersed in sweat. She felt like if she had to endure her torture for a single moment more, she would burst apart. But that moment was followed by another and another and another.

The man was right. It was a good way to reestablish his dominance over her. A good demarcation from one status of being to another. As she went round and round, she refamiliarized herself with her surroundings. She rotated past the ominous whipping stand. Then the stairs to his upper abode came into view, where she knew he would later ravish her. Then the rings where she had spent countless hours bound into tortuous immobility. The TV which she could never watch but only hear. The kitchen where he concocted the formula he made her drink. Then the window she had spent innumerable hours looking out of, with its view of the sky she wished she could fly away into. Then his office, the door of which she had watched with trepidation for him to emerge, knowing that when he did, some indignity would be imposed on her. The door to the basement where he kept her in isolated bondage for untold hours. Then back again to the whipping stand and the cage where he often confined her.

This was her prison. Where she would spend days and days and weeks and weeks and months and months. Maybe years. Men and women, his friends and associates would come here and abuse her. At Elena's she had compatriots in her misery. Here, she was all alone. No one would share her burden. Way, way, way away from civilization. The thought of it made her so miserable, she wanted to dissolve.

But it was only during her postorgasmic lulls that she could think of these things. The agitation of her puss was something that could not be ignored. It pulled her mind to it like a magnet. Its terrible dominance of her consciousness would build and build and build until there was nothing else in the world but her cunt. Her cunt and the evil intent that had condemned her to this torture.

It was only an hour later that the man emerged from his sanctum, although it seemed much longer. She was in the midst of building to another pinnacle. He stood there and watched her. Her mind and her eyes begged him fervently to release her. His face was implacable. His gaze was fierce and proprietary. He was invulnerable to her pleas. Her face would turn away from him and she could feel his vicious eyes scouring her back. Then he would come back into view and she would recommence her silent, frantic begging. But it availed her not.

He was, of course, waiting for one more explosion of lust. He watched her go round and round. His lust was like a raging forest fire. But he knew that he had to control himself. He needed to ratchet up her subservience one turn at a time. Every step he took would force her to descend further and further into despondency. More and more firmly under his dominion.

She began writhing and squirming. She began to whine and cry. Her whole body shook. Her face grimaced as she fought to deny him his pleasure. It was useless. He and she both knew it. It was like a ritual they had to go through though. She the helpless victim; he the remorseless oppressor.

Her moans and grunts became louder and louder. Her body glimmered with perspiration. She issued a forlorn, agonized groan. He used the zapper to stop her so that she was facing him. He didn't want to miss a moment of this. She released a great groan and commenced a series of rabid groans. "Ugggggh! Ugggggh! Ugggggh! Ugggggh! Ugggggh! Ugggggh!"

When her orgasm waned, she burst out into sobs again. He let her go on for a few moments and then stepped closer to her and snapped his fingers. She immediately stopped, eying him with undisguised fear. He bent down and removed the oppressive instrument from her loins. She gave a great sigh of relief. He put it back in the armoire and returned. He undid the bonds connecting her to the platform, stepped back and tapped his toe on the floor. She crawled off the platform, came to the spot and rose into presentation position. She put her arms behind her back. She was trembling.

He looked down at her for a moment. She was back, she was really back! He could hardly contain his excitement. He tapped the floor again. She obediently leaned over and put her forehead to the floor. He bent over and connected her golden bracelets together. He snapped his fingers and she rose again. He had decided to impose the rule of absolute silence again. She needed to be attuned to the slightest nuance of his wants. He placed his hand on her head and forced it down. He unlocked the gag from behind her head, urged her head back up and removed the big black ball from her mouth. Her lips turned immediately into a frown. There was only one reason to free her mouth, and she knew it.

Lowering his zipper, he removed his already hardened cock from its lair. He presented it to her. Her lips trembled and her eyes watered. She edged herself closer to him. She looked up at him forlornly and then down at his cock. Her true master. She spread her lips and subsumed it.

His cock was back in her mouth. She had thought of this moment a hundred times on her trip here. She had imagined herself refusing it, pressing her lips closed. Enduring all the pain and terror he could inflict on her, but never again succumbing to this gross indignity. She had sucked hundreds of cocks at Elena's. Each one, as it crossed her lips, had made her belly sour. She had tolerated it though. Isabella's whip was never far from her mind. But this was different. The man's cock represented a far deeper oppression. At Elena's she had been an enslaved person. Here she was no more than an intelligent animal. Her role as a whore at Elena's had been demeaning. Here her entire existence was demeaning. This was the first step in her return to servility. Once she had crossed this

threshold, there was no going back. Once again, she had done the math and calculated that demeaning obedience was far, far better than experiencing the full weight of the man's wrath.

She was not courageous enough to endure all the travail the man could impose. She would give in eventually. She had long ago learned to suppress her pride into a tiny, tiny kernel deep inside of her. As his hot meat filled her cavity, she did so now. She would keep it alive though. Her hatred of the man would sustain it. Someday, somehow, she would let it grow again. It might take a hundred years, the rest of her life, but she was determined that someday she would be free. She couldn't give up that hope. And that hope was alive too. It was hidden in a deep cavern within her. As her pride descended, hope greeted it. They embraced and held onto each other like long lost family members torn from their home by some calamity, separated, but reunited once again. She would keep them there, sustain them, and someday free them.

She worked the man's prick dutifully. Once she had succumbed to obedience and taken it within her, it made no sense to not bring all her skills to bear on it. That would only bring on the punishment she had already determined to avoid. She rode her lips up and down his crank. She wriggled her tongue. She suckled at its head; she teased the opening. She circumnavigated his glans with her tongue. She pressed his cock past the edge of her throat. His satisfied hums rewarded her efforts. She wondered if he knew he did that. It seemed to be something he did unconsciously. The deep, soft vibrato of his voice was like a beacon she could follow. As long as he was humming, she knew that she was on the right wavelength. He wouldn't yank her head back and give her three resounding slaps. Not one. Always three.

It was almost like she was playing a musical instrument, a trumpet perhaps. Her little brother Danny had taken trumpet lessons and she had taken it up one day and tried to make the sounds that he did. She learned that you had to purse your lips in precisely the right way to make the sound come out true. Put them wrong and all you got were screeches and sour notes. Put her lips wrong on his cock and the man would make sour notes indeed. Put them right, and the man hummed and sighed.

He was immersed in satisfaction at the feel of his manhood lodged in the girl's mouth. It had traveled around the world, seen all kinds of sights, but was now home again. It had taken a huge effort to get those jihadist girls to finally submit to giving oral pleasure. There was one he had really liked. Her name was Farah. She was delightfully curvaceous, with full round, a bit oversized breasts. Long black hair. A pleasing face. Not much more than 19. It had taken him two weeks of abuse to convince her that succumbing to his demands was better than continuously enduring his displeasure. She had never learned to do it without tears flowing all down her face though. He usually wouldn't tolerate a thing like that, but with her it

was somewhat piquant. He let the other men fuck her. She was very unwillingly passionate, maybe the best of the lot, and he couldn't deny his men that pleasure. But he had reserved the use of her mouth exclusively to him. He didn't want her to become inured to it. When he presented his cock to her, she always grimaced and produced a delightfully forlorn frown. The tears would start to flow, and her lips would tremble.

But her mouth, no matter how obedient and compliant it became, was not home. It was like the old saying, it was a nice place to visit, but he wouldn't want to live there. Now he was home. The warm, soft friction of the girl's lips, the deep murkiness of her interior, the familiar sounds of her little squeaks as she lodged his crown along the edge of her throat, brought him an exquisite reward.

He placed his hands lightly on her head. He began to rock himself gently to meet her efforts. He let his pleasure build and build. There was no rush. It was like when you spooned ice cream into your mouth. The taste was so exquisite you wanted it to go on and on. He would take his pleasure here again and again. He would keep the girl a long, long time if he could. He knew that she wouldn't last forever. Human endurance was not infinite. He had already picked out the spot where he would bury her. It was a nice glade where the sun produced a pleasant dapple of light and shade. He would pass it every day on his run. And each time recall her perfection.

But now, she was alive. And she was here. And she was his. His property. His obedient servant. The fulcrum of his lusts.

His need was building and building. He began to yearn for completion. He took a grasp of her hair. He began to thrust himself with more determination. The girl picked up his cue and redoubled her efforts. His pinnacle came closer and closer. It rose higher and higher. All of his body hummed with excitement. His cock's demands grew stronger and stronger. He began to grunt and moan.

And then it came. His grunts grew louder and more ebullient. His cock pulsed and jerked. Powerful jets of mind-numbing ecstasy tore through him. He could feel his juices flowing down his stem. He released a great shout and pressed his cock all the way home, deep into her throat. Its celebration went on and on.

Finally, it waned. He pulled his cock from her throat and commenced an almost desultory series of thrusts. He loosened his grip on her hair. He had been afraid that her interval as a whore had ruined her. But all doubts of her continued efficacy had resolved. She was home.

## CHAPTER THIRTEEN

Their life together resumed. After the blowjob, he gave her a great beating and left her hanging upside down on the chain for an hour while he listened to a Mozart symphony and caught up on his reading for his online literature course. They were reading *Tess of the d'Ubervilles*, and he was almost finished with it. The poor girl sure went through a lot of problems, he thought.

He brought the girl down from the chains and affixed her to the rings while he made dinner. When he brought out her bowl, he stood there and admired her for a moment, her arms pulled back behind her like she was going to take a big jump. She had been sniffing and crying the whole time, but he had decided to let it go for her first day back. Tomorrow things would get back to normal. He had reinserted the golden gag he had constructed for her. She had given him a little trouble when he went to put it in after the blowjob, but three fierce cracks from his hand had cut her rebellion short. It sealed her mouth admirably. He had polished the bright brown leather straps to the harness in anticipation of her return and they encased her head beautifully.

She ate without trouble while he consumed his meal in the dining room. He fed her the glop that Panuk's wife supplied him with, regagged her and fastened her neck down. He crept behind her, manipulated her sweet crux to readiness and then eased himself in. He went on for a long time, bringing her to the edge of ecstasy several times before allowing her and himself release. She tried to fight it off, but in the end, shuddered and groaned and writhed magnificently. When he had emptied himself, he knelt there for a long while, drawing his semi-tumescent cock slowly along her traverse while rubbing the exquisite drawing on her back.

He hooded her while he watched the BBC news and a couple of episodes of *Reilly, Ace of Spies*, one of his favorites and which he had watched a hundred times. He had a conference call at 10 with a colonel from the French *Sécurité Extérieure* and an agent from Interpole about some wire intercepts from a terrorist cell in Oran. Before he went into his office, he manipulated her into a high fever and then left her burning.

Yolanda slowly brought her burning crux under control. She heard but could not see the man go into his little room. She pulled at her bonds instinctively. She knew that they were implacable, and there was only the remotest chance that somehow the man would have been careless and not fastened one of her limbs

down properly. It was the hands that she pulled on most. Getting an ankle free wouldn't do her much good. With a hand free, she could free herself from the rest of the rings. Which was silly really. Then what would she have done? Maybe grabbed a plate or something heavy from the kitchen and smash his head with it as he emerged from his lair. But even then, she would have to hit him pretty damn hard. And he was alert and fit and there was at least a 50% chance that he would see it coming. And then all hell would break loose.

So, she knew it was silly. But something always made her test her bonds when he left her alone like this. If there were even a 1% chance of disabling the man, maybe she should take it. It was her only possible ticket out of here. That and whatever he was going to do to her when he was tired of her.

He was clearly not tired of her yet. She had seen the fire in his eyes when he had whipped her. He was clearly enjoying it. He had probably been fantasizing about it for months. She had known she would be whipped. Her only surprise was that he had not done it right away. But having that device on her cleft and spinning around and around and around had been torture enough. Enough to cement in her mind that she was under his control again. That his treatment of her would be as cruel and vicious as before. That there was no sense in resisting him.

The beating had been harsh enough. Even Elena had not hit her as hard. While it was happening, her mind was engulfed in a whirlwind of terror and fright. He went on for a long time. She had moaned and screamed and screeched and contorted her body. At first, she had been determined not to give him the benefit of her frantic dismay. To hang there, lifeless and silent. It would be like beating a gunny sack. But her resolve had only lasted through the first few blows.

Her cries and shrieks were muted by the infernal gag he had restored to her mouth. It was perhaps her keenest dread when she knew she was on her way back here that she would have to wear it again. She had rebelled when he brought it over to her and presented the big rubber ball to her lips. He had made short shrift of that. His trademark three slaps. She had shrieked and wailed, of course. His hand was as heavy as a brick. She had looked up at him, fighting off the sobs, when he was done. He looked ready to give her three more. He would just keep giving her more and more until she eventually succumbed. She had opened her mouth dolefully and he had shoved the ball in hard, buckled the harness tightly around her head and then turned the dial on the golden mouth shield that made the ball expand. She had coughed and gurgled when she felt it press up against the beginning of her throat. He had just smiled at her and then patted her on the cheek.

Then he tapped his foot on the floor. She had gone immediately into the head down position. He kept tapping and she laid on her belly. He fastened her ankles together, then grabbed them and dragged her like a big bag of potatoes over to the whipping stand. Her breasts had scraped along on the fluffy, white rug and then the

smooth, cold hardwood floor. When he released her ankles to draw down the chain, she had tried to wriggle away, but he just grabbed her ankles and pulled her back. Then, with a few strong tugs, he had her lifted upside down in the air.

When he had finished with the flogger, she lost count of how many times he hit her, he grabbed the slasher and gave her five hearty strokes across her buttocks. She had screeched and screeched. She knew that he liked to keep her marked there. Another routine started anew.

She had brought her wailing and sobbing under control as soon as she could after he was done with her. Instead of giving her relief, her violent and forlorn vocalizations of dismay seemed to drive her deeper and deeper into despair. She needed to be as stoic as she could manage. It was the only way to preserve her sanity. Keep that kernel of pride alive in her.

Now, mounted on the rings once again, it was hard to keep that despair at bay. Darkness and silence all round her. Bound into agonizing motionlessness. Her mouth filled; her pussy exposed. She had tried to resist him when he had fucked her. You would have thought that her cunt had had enough after being mounted on the platform subject to that excruciatingly exciting agitation. But it had responded obediently, like it was welcoming the return of an old friend. "Hello, Mr. Cock! It's been a long time! So nice to see you!"

And he had made sure she came, driving, driving, driving along her canal. And then again after dinner. Teasing her crux into delirious want. And then abandoning her. She had control over nothing. Nothing! Her powerlessness made her belly sour and her skin grow cold.

Now it was wait, wait, wait. Not to worry. He'll come out sooner or later. Probably, anyway. She had often wondered what would become of her if he suddenly had a heart attack and died. If she was affixed to the rings like she was now, she would starve to death in place. She wouldn't be able to free herself in a hundred years. How long would it take until his co-conspirators realized that something had happened to him? How long would it take them to come and free her? Or, if not free her, do whatever they did with his girls when he was done with them. Maybe ship her back to Elena's.

This time, she would be able to sell her to whoever she wanted to. What if those African men came back? They had seemed particularly pleased with her designs. She thought of the little blond girl in the box. That would be her. They would fly her far, far away, further from home even than she was now. Across an uncrossable ocean. In some corrupt dictatorship where no one would ever question how you ever got hold of a white girl. When they were done with her, they would bury her out in the jungle in an unmarked grave. Or maybe stake her out on some hill where the lions or hyenas would get at her. Afterwards, the vultures would pick at her



bones. Or those vicious ants she had seen in a movie once would devour her tiny piece by tiny piece, consuming her down to the bone in a matter of minutes.

On the other hand, he seemed as healthy as you could be. He got plenty of exercise and he led an idyllic existence. Ate good food, except maybe too heavy on the red meat. He could live another 20 or 30 years, way past her use-by date.

She heard the door to his room open and the soft thud of his boots on the floor. He came up to her and looked her over. What dastardly deed was he contemplating for her? Although she couldn't see, she knew it was nighttime. Time for bed, and the shameful and humiliating suffering she would experience there. He removed her hood. She looked at him unhappily. He freed her from the rings and had her kneel at attention. He went to the armoire, removed a leash and fastened it to her collar. He gave it a solid yank and moved off. She scurried off behind him.

To her surprise, he used her almost gently. He mouthed her languidly for the longest time, keeping her just on the edge of completion, until he finally induced a long, hard rolling orgasm. Then he fucked her long and slow, long and slow, driving her virtually into a coma of want and desire until he decided enough was enough, and began to pound away on her puss, producing two virulent climaxes in her.

He had her suck him, but didn't piston her head as was his want, but let her do all the work, merely resting his hands softly on her head until the very last, when he grasped her hair tightly, pressed her face down, releasing a series of bellicose grunts and moans, and jetting himself down her throat.

When he was fully satisfied, he made her lay down on her back, installed the fiendish black ball and chained her off. He fastened her wrists to her collar. Rather than rolling over and plunging into somnolence, he stroked her belly, breasts and thighs for a long time. The mini spotlight over her head gave him a wonderful view of her designs. He pushed aside her elbows and suckled at her teats like he couldn't get enough of them, while worrying her cleft into excitement once more. As her passion built, she dreaded having to go one more round with him, but he eventually relented, giving her cheek several firm pats, smiling down at her. He turned out the spotlight, rolled over and went to sleep.

Her pussy was disappointed, and it let her know it, burning and aching for a long time. She eventually dozed off, turning away from him. She awoke to him running his hand down her torso, down her thigh. He soon had her up on her widespread knees, her head down, and he manipulated her into crisis and beyond. Then he used her rear savagely. He didn't bother to make her come. When he was done, he patted her on the rear cheeks and went back to sleep. She lay awake, fretting, until dawn.

For the next two weeks or so, he seemed especially harsh with her. She was never allowed on her feet. When he left her in the basement, he applied short

chains to her ankles and affixed them to a leather belt he placed around her waist so she couldn't rise to her feet when he was gone. He didn't speak to her at all. And if she didn't interpret correctly the snap of his fingers or the tap of his toe, she would get three sharp slaps, one right after the other.

After that, though, things got back to normal, or what qualified as normal in her relationship to the man. The first guests came about a month after she had returned. Two strong and rough men who abused her savagely. Then guests every two weeks or so. The brown skinned lady didn't come, and of that she was glad. But a regular parade of women and men. Some abused her, some used her gently. Some used her disdainfully. She fucked them all as best she could. Once a guest complained about her, and he beat her brutally. That was encouragement enough.

His regular beatings of her kind of tapered off after the first two weeks. For some reason he began to treat her more gently, more tenderly. He fed her treats and petted and caressed her after he used her. He let her take the lead when she blew him, only grasping her head firmly and rudely at the end.

They went through their usual routines of the past. He shaved her every morning after her exercise and a shower, then giving her oral delight and fucking her until her eyes rolled back. He cut her hair back to regulation length. She spent a lot of time on the rings or on the revolving platform or posing for him while he sat on the couch and read from his iPad. They listened to music together with her draped over his lap and playing with her and at the end of the program giving her release.

It was after about the third month that she realized that she had become entirely re-acclimated to her life with him. She would look at herself in the mirror up in the bedroom while she made the bed and wonder where the old Yolanda had gone. She didn't exactly become enamored of her body's drawings, but they seemed to offend her less. She realized that they made her a prized object. She would turn her back to the mirror and try to look over her shoulder at the design there. It looked like such a peaceful place. Sometimes when kneeling in her chains she would close her eyes and imagine herself walking along the lake, dressed in moonlight, gazing up at the colorful display. Or she would think of the wolf on her belly as a companion, a loving and lovable animism. When she looked at it in the mirror, sometimes she would stroke it tenderly as if it were real.

She began to think of her time at Elena's as a dream. Something that wasn't real, that didn't really happen. Although she continued to detest her bondage and yearn fervently for freedom, rebel mentally at his still cruel if less voracious treatment of her, she sometimes felt like she was in the right place. That she was where she belonged. She had settled into a niche that fit her to a 'T', like she had been designed for it and it for her.

The weeks went by almost without notice. One night, in mid-September, the man did something unusual. Late in the afternoon, just as the sun was setting, he locked her hands behind her and brought her outside. He had let her go out in the garden once in a while, but this time, he took her out the front door. It was nippy out and he had dressed her in her woolen leggings and sweater with the punched-out holes for her breasts. He put on her slippers.

He took her out into the woods, leading her on a leash. She stumbled around a bit, unused to walking on uneven ground, and without her hands to balance her. He was tolerant, starting and stopping from time to time to give her rest. He had adorned himself with a green backpack. They walked for a long time. Several miles. Her mind kept sifting through the possible explanations. She imagined them coming upon a hole he had dug in the forest floor meant to be her final resting place. What else could it be? She started to cry silently. She didn't resist him though. What was the sense. If she proved too much trouble, he could just strangle her and then heft her dead body across his shoulder.

He was following a narrow path. The twilight light was just about gone. There was a full moon and it cast a soft, bright light onto everything. They came to a clearing. It was a well laid out campground. There was an orange nylon two-man tent and a camp stove. A long, heavily weathered wooden crate sat off to one side. He had hammered a 4' high iron pole in the ground in the middle of the clearing. He pulled a 12' long chain from the backpack and fastened the back of her collar to the pole. He tapped his foot, indicating she should kneel. He connected her ankles with a 2' chain. He pulled two 12 oz. bottles of orange vitamin water from the backpack. He removed her gag and let her drink one down. He drank the other. He replaced her gag.

There were several poles with thick, round citron candles on them and he went around and lit them. He went over to the crate, which was locked, produced a key and opened it. He pulled out a half of a cast iron Dutch oven. He brought it over to the stove. He opened the top and, turning the handle on the small propane cylinder, lit one of the burners. He went to the backpack and pulled out a clear quart plastic bag filled with what looked like stew. He emptied the stew into the Dutch oven and put it on the lit burner. He had taken a small wooden box out of the crate. He opened it and withdrew a long wooden spoon. He gave the stew a few stirs.

He sat there, cross-legged, watching her intently while the stew heated. She shifted nervously. Had he taken her out for a cook-out? She had the feeling that it was much more than that, but she couldn't fathom what it would be. Did he have an altar built in some nearby clearing where he was going to sacrifice her to the god of the forest, tying her down and cutting out her beating heart like the Aztecs used to do? Would he leave her body out here for the wolves to consume?

While the meal was cooking, he took her a short distance into the woods, made her squat. She realized at once what he wanted her to do, and she released her water thankfully. He stood a few feet away from her and relieved himself as well.

They went back to the clearing, and he reaffixed her to the pole. He stirred the pot a few times, sampling the mixture to see if it had gotten hot enough yet. When he was satisfied, he went to the crate and pulled out 2 steel bowls. He spooned the stew into them. He placed her bowl in front of her, removed her gag and tapped his foot. She obediently bent down and started eating.

He sat down a little distance away from her. He took a steel tablespoon from the small wooden box and began to eat. They ate in silence. The stew was good, if a bit hot, and she had to take small bites. "Even here, out in the forest, I have to eat like a dog," she thought to herself miserably. The one good thing, aside from assuaging her growing hunger, was that if he was feeding her, it was unlikely that he was going to sacrifice her to the forest god, unless the god liked sacrifices with full stomachs. She put out of her mind the question of why they were out here and just ate.

When they were done, they finished two more bottles of vitamin water. He put the empty bottles in the backpack. He took the bowls and the empty and cooled Dutch oven with him and left the clearing. He had also taken a gallon sized empty plastic jug. She knelt there all alone. It had grown dark, although the soft light of the full moon still flowed. She looked at the iron bar. Could she pull it out of the ground? She could pull it out and run, or rather, waddle away. She knew she wouldn't be able to get far. And where would she go? There was no place to go. She put the thought out of her mind.

The woods around her were filled with the sound of crickets and other chirping insects. She began to get nervous that a bear or a wolf would come into the clearing and attack her. What a way to go, to be eaten by a wolf. She guessed that maybe 10,000 years ago some far off relative of hers might have gotten eaten by a wolf. But that was probably the last time. She heard the hoot of an owl. There was some rustling in the woods not too far away from her. The citron candles shed an eerie light.

After about 20 minutes, the man came back. He had washed the Dutch oven, the bowls and the utensils. The gallon jug was full of water. He put the cooking and eating utensils away. He came over and looked at her pensively. He tapped his foot on the ground. She obediently leaned over and put her forehead on the grass. He came behind her. She heard him undressing. He came up behind her, unlocked her ankles and then spread her legs. He ran his hand over her rump and then down between her thighs. He waited until she was dilated and mushy. He drew closer to her, ran his cock along the line of her divide, found her entrance and then slowly, slowly, slowly sank himself within her.

There was something about her surroundings, about being out among nature with any signs of civilization miles away, that sparked her lusts. Instead of fighting him, she let herself revel in the abrasions of his member. His hands were warm on her cool rump. His grunts broke the relative silence of the night. She went back to her 10,000-year-old ancestors. This is how they probably fucked. Out in the middle of nature, not really humans in the modern sense, but, rather, still part of the natural world. They would have thought nothing of it. She could be a prisoner captured on one of the tribe's raids. Her hands bound behind her with a leather thong. Her passions started rising. His stroking had started out slow but was now picking up speed. She began to thrust back as best she could. She groaned and moaned. He groaned and moaned.

She imagined all the animals of the forest gathered around their little glade some deer, some squirrels a fox, a wolf, a big black bear, a whole menagerie, all looking in on them. "Look, it's some humans fucking," one of them would say. "You don't see that every day," another would respond. "I bet I could fuck her," the bear would say. "I bet my cock is bigger than that guy's."

"Go ahead," the deer would challenge him. "You're all talk and no action."

"Ahhh," the bear would respond. "I'd probably tear her all up."

"Who cares?" the fox would interject. "Then we could eat her."

"I bet she's all tender and juicy," the wolf would add wistfully.

"You meat eaters," the deer would say reprovingly. "That's all you think about. Let them have their fun. It's kind of neat to watch. Unless you want to fuck her," the doe would say to the bear. "I'd pay to see that!"

"Maybe when the man is done," the bear would reply somewhat uncertainly.

Her need was becoming acute. It pushed all of her fantasies out of her head. She felt her lust growing, growing, growing. She was holding it back, waiting for the tell-tale sound of the man's shout. It was becoming harder and harder. Every cell in her body was screaming for release. Her cunt was begging, "Please! Please! Please let me come! Please!"

His hands tightened on her hips. His motions grew frantic. He growled and then released a loud groan. And then, "Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh! Ugh!" That was her signal. She released the flood gates. Her pussy throbbed and contorted. Jets of pleasure pierced her. She was releasing heavy grunts of her own. She could almost feel his gunk jetting into her. She welcomed it as something she had earned, something that she deserved. He was doling out to her a sampling of his strength, his endurance, his ruthlessness. Once she absorbed it, it would be hers. Her strength, her endurance, her ruthlessness, which she could use against him. Like judo, using the other person's strength against him.

Their passions waned. Her mind began to focus again. She half expected the bear to come tumbling out of the forest. What would it be like to be fucked by a

bear? She bet he would scratch her all up. And his cum would be so voluminous it would come pouring out of her nose and mouth. She bet none of her ancestors ever fucked a bear. She would be the first and only. Or maybe when she got back to civilization, she would tell all the other girls how great it had been, and they would all crawl through the forest looking for bears of their own. It would make all the she bears mad as hell.

He slid along her traverse a few more times, letting the wonderful sensations linger. He exited her and rose to his feet. The soft light made her body glow. He left her as she was and moved over to his backpack. He removed a silver flask and sat down cross legged. He unscrewed the cap and took a long gulp. He had filled it with brandy. It made a pleasant burn down his throat and warmed his insides. The temperature had dropped, but the liberating sensation of being naked in the wild made him refrain from getting dressed. He had left on his watch and he checked it. It was a little after 9. He would wait another hour.

The night was absolutely still. Above them, no clouds marred the view of the heavenly display of stars. The moon had sunk a bit in the west. The citron candles flickered. It was like they had performed some pagan ritual. He half expected wood nymphs to come dance along the perimeter of their campsite. Or maybe Pan himself, half goat, half man, would emerge from the trees and take his turn with the girl. He had left her bent over facing away from him. Her colorful pussy glistened with his cum. The chain that led from the back of her collar to the iron bar he had embedded sparkled.

He often came to this place during the night. He would leave whatever 'guest' he had at the time overnight in the basement. He would sit here naked, as he was now, and just let the peace of the place meld with his body and mind. It was good to get away from the stress of all the machinations he had to manage around the world. All the responsibility. He sometimes thought of giving it all up, of returning to civilization. But the solitude suited him. And where would he ever get a girl to use as he did here. What he did here was a crime that would end him back in Brinsley Gaol for life several times over. He couldn't do it forever. He knew that. But he thought he could manage it for maybe another 10 years or so. Unless MI6 decided that they had had enough of him. They would send a team of nutcrackers up here and he would get a bullet in the neck. They would bury him out in the woods. It would be all right if they buried him next to the girl. She would be within arm's reach for all eternity.

The time went by. The girl remained silently still. He wondered what was going through her mind. She probably thought that it was merely one of his eccentricities. But he had something special in store. Something that would awe and inspire her. It would remain in her memory for the rest of her life.

He checked his watch again. Time had gone by quickly. He had finished about half the flask. The alcohol accentuated his excitement. He rose. He retrieved the leash and went over to the girl. He disconnected her collar from the chain. He snapped his fingers and she rose immediately to an attention position. He snapped them again and she rose to her feet. He turned her and affixed the leash to the front of her collar. He retrieved a torch from his backpack and then gave the leash a tug. The path they had come up led out the other side of the clearing. He led the girl along it. He went slowly to accommodate her.

The path went on for about another half mile. It descended a little slope. The trees obscured the view until the very last moment. They came into another clearing. He stopped, pulled the girl up next to him and pointed out the view.

He didn't have to point it out. It was all laid out there before her. She was astounded. If she were allowed words, she would have been speechless. There it was. The very scene that she carried on her back. There was a wide, long lake with bullrushes all along the edge. The water glimmered from the light cast by the retreating moon. A brilliant cascade of stars spread out over the sky. And there, way, way up, were the shimmering northern lights.

She stood there, mesmerized. This is why he had brought her out here. Her heart was exhilarated. She had never seen anything like it. It was exactly like the drawing. It was awe inspiring. In a way, it made the whole thing worth it. Her almost 2 years' worth of bondage. All the travails she had suffered. All the terror and pain and humiliation and shame. There was no way that she would ever have seen anything so beautiful in her formerly mundane life. She would never have experienced the soul lifting sensation it generated in her. She had never imagined that there could be places like this.

She had seen awe inspiring pictures before, even of the northern lights. Beautifully sharp pictures in magazines or on the Internet. But they could never reproduce the experience of being right here, exactly here. Why had he done this? Why was he showing this to her? She had sensed something different in him since her return. Was he in love with her? Had he come to see her as something more than a pet, a fulcrum of his lusts?

For her, too, something had changed. She lived in a perverse world. Her existence was bizarre. No one ever would select her fate for themselves. Nor would have she. Maybe her soul had turned bizarre and perverse. But there was something which felt right about it. She knew that she could never go back to the world. Every moment she spent with the man was filled with vibrancy. You would think that his treatment would produce a deadness in her. On the contrary, it made her feel more alive than she had ever felt. Her whole being revolted against what the man did to her, but the electrification of her senses whenever she was in his presence was something she would have never experienced in a regular life.

And now he had shown her this. She had never known such beauty could exist in the world. She would have gone through her whole lifetime without experiencing it. Something had made the man want to share this with her. She understood that he had come to treasure her like he treasured this view. That was why he had had it recreated on her. Every time he saw it on her, it brought him right back here. She would never think of the display on her back the same way again. Its recordation of this beauty would sink into her, permeate her. Whenever she looked over her shoulder at it in the mirror in the bedroom, she would re-experience this moment. Whenever he had her display it to him, whenever he ran his hands over it, whenever he reveled in it, she would revel in it too.

He let her stand there for about 20 minutes. They were both naked to the world. She wondered if ancient aboriginals had ever come here and seen the same thing. Science had explained all this to the 21<sup>st</sup> century man. But to them, it would have appeared as the work of the gods. As inexplicable as the wind or the sun. She was sure that they would have experienced the same awe that she did. An awe that somehow connected her to them. Was that what separated humankind from the animals? The capacity to experience awe? The need to provide explanations for what they saw? Ancient men and women had invented gods. Myths. Part of the deep need to know why. Why did this exist? What was their relation to it? And despite all the science humankind had developed, it still begged the question, 'why?' Out of all the quadrillion, zillion planets in the universe, why were we here and where did this love of beauty come from?

Finally, he rubbed his hand over her head affectionately. He pulled her towards him, pressed their bodies together and kissed her. He delved his tongue into her mouth and swirled it. Her tongue met his fervently and willingly. Their bodies' heat mingled. There would never be a moment again like this one. She knew that in her heart. This would be the pinnacle of her life. It was a jewel she would preserve in her heart.

They kissed for a long time. Then he broke them apart. There was a peacefulness in his face. Something she had never seen before. Finally, he tugged at her leash and he led her away. Up the slope, along the path. She had been liberated for a short while. All the chains and whips and indignities and pain and suffering had been eclipsed. Now she was heading back to her life as his slave. He had given her a gift though that no one would ever be able to take away from her, something she would treasure all her life. She would keep it down in that secret place where she harbored her pride and her hope. She would preserve it there forever and ever.

They returned to the little circle of lights. The mundane had returned, at least to the extent that there was anything about her life that was mundane. He had her squat and pee in the woods. He emptied himself. He brought her over to the tent.



He removed the leash, placing it on the ground and then released her hands from behind her back. He drew off her sweater and leggings. He attached her wrists to her collar in front. He motioned her to get into the tent. She crawled in on the soft pad on the floor. She got on her back and spread and lifted her knees. He followed her. He rubbed his hand over her belly and breasts. It was dark in the tent; she could only see the dark shadow of him. She had the sense that he wanted to say something to her. What would he say? What could he say?

They were master and slave. She knew that there would always be that distance between them. His and hers existence could not have been more different. He, free and liberated, able to do anything he wanted. Ruling god-like over his domain. She, with no ability to choose what she would experience, virtually unable to take a solitary voluntary action. Tonight, their worlds had intermingled. The lines had blurred. Tomorrow they would be brought again into focus. His iron rule of her would return. They both had their immutable natures. Hers was her yearning to be free. Her virulent resentment at her treatment, her hatred of everything he stood for. His, imperious, cold, untouchable. But now she knew that somewhere deep inside him was a kernel, just like the kernels she preserved, a kernel which begged for human contact. The melding of souls. She saw that his entire conscious being sought to deny it, to crush it, to bury it under a pile of immutable stone. She was no psychologist, but she sensed that that was at the root of his rage. His need to strike out. His need to control every iota of his world.

But she had a kernel too which she fought to suppress. The kernel which told her that this was the fate that she deserved. That deep inside her there was a yearning to be punished. To have some original sin in her expiated. That she belonged here. Like a pinball, she had led her life amidst the shining, blinking lights and ringing bells, jolted from one bumper to the next, but all along her ultimate fate was to sink into that deep hole at the bottom and have her freedom exterminated.

He rubbed his hand along her divide. He too was ruminating over their shared experience. Why had this been so important to him? What was he feeling for the girl? He knew that he had to suppress it. Exterminate it. His whole world depended on it. All his life he had fought weakness. He had had to fight and struggle from day one. And he had mastered it all. His strength had seen him through. His iron will. No one had ever bested him. He was as steady and sturdy as Gibraltar. As permanent and cold as a pyramid. No one could topple him. Least of all this girl. He could not let that happen.

For tonight though, he could let a glimmer of his humanity shine through. All the might have beens of his life he knew were packed down deep inside of him. His mind went back to Leslie Groves. How would his life have been different if she had shown the slightest affection for him? He had yearned for her desperately.

If only she would smile at him, offer him her hand, bestow some of her glow on him. Maybe he could have loved. Been a whole instead of half a person.

He slipped his fingers along her crevasse. She was slick and ready for him. What was going through her mind? What did she think about all this? He knew that tomorrow he would have to restore their relations. He was what he was. She was what she was. Never the twain would meet. Except, perhaps, for tonight. Tonight, he would be a human being, not a god.

He slipped between her legs. He couldn't see her face, but he heard her sigh in anticipation. Was it this way for her too? For tonight, would she fuck him willingly? Passionately? Would she celebrate union with him? He sensed that she would. She had kissed him back more fervently than she ever had before back at the lake. Maybe tonight was as special for her as it was for him.

He centered himself at her entrance. He pushed the head forward. The girl's body tremored. He eased himself slowly, slowly in. She seemed to raise her hips to meet him. He began to stroke her slowly, steadily. The pleasure of her soft, warm, welcoming trough pulsed through him. He lowered his face to hers. He found her lips in the dark. She spread her lips and he entered her. They kissed slowly, mesmerizingly. She wrapped her legs around his thighs and pulled him in. Her hips thrust in counterpoise to his. She groaned and her legs gripped him more tightly. He groaned and sped up his thrusts. His passion was building steadily. He wanted to prolong this bliss, maybe make it last forever. His chest mashed down on her breasts. She began to wriggle and squirm. Their lips parted and he dropped his head over her shoulder. She groaned and started to release oral ejaculations. He could feel her purse tighten around him. He kept going on and on and on. He knew that there would only this one meeting of souls between them. Tomorrow they would be in their separate worlds. He wanted this moment to last and last and last.

Her orgasm waned and then started to build up again. Her groans became more fervent. Her grip on his thighs became more urgent. She was thrusting back at him madly. It was too much for him. He was losing his grip on his passion. "Just a little more! Just a little more! Just a little more!" he urged himself. His mind pleaded with his cock. Then she gave out a great groan and started to buck wildly beneath him. It was too much. His cock started to jerk and pulse and send ecstatic jolts all through him. He groaned and shouted. She moaned and exclaimed. It was a moment he would encase in gold.

Their passions waned. Her legs' grip on him released. Both of their chests were heaving. Her breasts were all slick against him. He was sawing himself desultorily within her. She gave out a shudder. Then he withdrew. The moment had passed. She had morphed back from a lover to a slave. But what a slave! The best he had ever had! He wanted her to last forever. But he knew that she wouldn't. He imagined her lying on his white rug, hogtied and gagged, peering up at him

forlornly. He, the center of her world. He had to be careful, preserve her fine edge. Treat her like a prized mare. Keep her constantly focused on him. Dominate her every moment. Tomorrow, he would whip her. He almost had to after the tenderness of tonight. She would expect it. And maybe in the afternoon he would make her display herself for him, circling her fingers around her little bud until her thighs trembled with need. And then he would fuck her long and hard.

He rolled off her. He had brought the little black ball that served as her night gag. He installed it now. She released a little whimper. He connected her ankles to each other. He couldn't have her wandering off in the night. He ran his hand over her belly and her breasts possessively. "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow," he thought. A thousand tomorrows. He would want them to creep in their petty pace from day to day. Not sadly, like in the play, but full of rewarding delight.

He drew the heavy, opened sleeping bag he had brought over them. He moved against her. She turned to her side and snuggled into him. Within moments, they were both asleep.

He awoke first. He drew back her covering. She was on her belly. He had zippered the entrance to the tent closed when they had entered it and orange tinted sunlight illuminated the girl's body. He looked at, but did not touch, the marvelous drawing on her back, reminiscing about their special night. He knew that it would never be repeated. It had established a bond between them which would never be spoken. Never again acknowledged. But it would be there all the same. When she looked up at him helplessly from the rings. When he slid into her at night. That impregnated moment when she was mounted at the whipping stand, just before he commenced her instruction.

Quietly, he lowered the zipper to the entrance and slipped out. He stepped about 50 feet into the woods and relieved himself. The air was cool, and his stream steamed as it descended to the ground. The morning birds were chirping and singing. The early morning sun cast a soft light on everything. He gave his tool a couple of shakes and returned to the clearing. His clothes were where he had left them. He quickly dressed. He drew the Dutch oven from the crate, fired up the stove. He had a bag of oatmeal in his backpack. He used the water from the stream to mix with it, the wooden spoon to stir it. When it had reached the proper consistency, he took it off the fire and placed the lid of the cast iron oven on it to keep it warm.

When he pulled back the flaps to the tent, the girl was awake. She had moved to her back. Her designs melded nicely with the foliage outside. He disconnected her ankles and with a snap of his fingers, ordered her out. He brought her into the woods and made her squat. When she was done, he took her by the hair and escorted her over to the center of the clearing. He had her readorn herself with her sweater and leggings. He had her kneel and connected the chain to the back of her

collar. He spooned the oatmeal into two steel bowls and laid one in front of her. She looked up at him. There was something different about her gaze. He patted her on the cheek in acknowledgement and removed the black ball from her mouth. He tapped his foot and she bent down to eat.

He watched her as he sat crosslegged and ate his meal. A whipping today for sure, he thought. She would need it to shake off the aura of last night. He would need it too. The divide that separated them needed to be re-established. He finished first. He had a thought. He got up and walked into the woods. It took a few moments for him to find what he was looking for. Using his pocketknife, he cut off a long, thin branch from a sapling. He stepped back into the clearing while he trimmed it. The girl had finished eating. She looked at the branch he was holding and then at him. She shivered. He took away her bowl and tapped his foot on the ground. Her eyes filled up with tears and she leaned over, placing her forehead on the ground. He came behind her. Her backside was presented to him attractively. He reared back and gave her a vicious stroke. She screeched. Her voice pierced the relative quietude of the woods around them. One, two, three more strokes he gave her. She shrieked at each one. When he had her kneel up, she was blubbering. He snapped his fingers and she stopped. He took a paper towel from the roll he had brought and wiped her mouth. Her lips were trembling.

He lowered his zipper and drew out his cock. She looked at him sadly and the subsumed it. He let her go on and on. Her efforts were duly enthusiastic. He closed his eyes, bent his head back and let the morning sun wash his face as the pleasure washed through him. As he came, he gripped her hair firmly, but let her do all the work. He kept her going until she had drawn every last pulse from him.

Retrieving her golden gag, he presented it to her mouth. She spread her lips and accepted it. He turned the dial until her mouth was filled.

He went around cleaning up the camp while she knelt erect, knees spread. Her wrists were affixed to her neck as if in an attitude of prayer. He went down to the stream and cleaned the Dutch over, the bowls and the utensils. When he came back, she was still as she was. Her eyes followed him as he put everything away. He folded up the tent and put it in the crate. The stove and the utensils followed it. He policed the grounds to make sure he had not forgotten anything. The leash was on the ground in a little pile. He came over to her and released her wrists from her neck. He tapped his foot on the ground. When she leaned over, he connected her arms behind her. He snapped his fingers and she rose up again. He released the chain from her collar. He placed it in the cabinet, closed the lid and locked it. He hoisted the backpack over his shoulders and connected the leash to the girl's collar. He gave it a tug and she rose. He tweaked her breasts playfully. Then, giving her leash another tug, they moved off.

Yolanda dreaded the return to the house. The night with the man had been idyllic, but she knew that when they returned to the house she would pay the price for it. She followed him abjectly. A couple of times when he became impatient at her pace, he gave the leash solid yanks. It was as if he were anxious to put the night behind them.

When the castle came into view, her heart sank. In close to two years, she had never been so far away from it. Now she would be hermetically sealed inside it once again. Her world would again be circumscribed. Discipline would be reimposed. Her dreadful existence would renew. She knew that she would yearn to be in the presence of the beauty of the night before, but that it would never be repeated. Something had changed though. There would always be the before and after. When she had seen the man return from the woods with that switch in his hands, she knew that he was about to re-establish their relations. It had burned like fire when he stroked her. In a way, she felt like a fool for how she acted last night. How willingly she had accepted him. How virulent her passion had grown. But there had been something special about it. For one night she had been a human being again. She had exercised choice. And that was something. And she had a new kernel to preserve inside her. Her memory would go back to that moment of glory beside the lake a thousand times.

They came back to the house after a long walk. It loomed in front of her. She stood by while he coded the lock to the gate open. She glanced to her left and looked down the set of wooden steps to the landing below. That way freedom lay. Or not. She had never seen the place where she had landed. It made her yearn for home.

She followed him up the short set of stairs. He coded open the ominous door and brought her inside. Another set of steps, another door and they were in the foyer. He disconnected her leash and left her standing there while he removed the backpack and placed it by the door to the cellar. He came back and brought her into the bathroom. He stripped her and then cleaned both her and himself. He removed her gag and brushed her teeth and then reinstalled it. He brought her into the living room, had her lay on her back and fastened her wrists to the rings above her head. She didn't need to be told. She spread her knees, exposing herself. He went off and retrieved the shaving kit and a bowl of hot water. He knelt between her thighs, soaped up her loins and began shaving away her one day's growth.

He left her there after he had completed their ritual, mouthing her into unwanted bliss and then fucking her until she groaned and moaned and squirmed. He went upstairs and dressed. He went into the kitchen, and she heard him making a pot of coffee. After a while, he came out with a steaming cup. He stood over her, perusing her while he drank it. He was dressed in his olive colored, ribbed shirt, his black jeans and heavy black boots. She wanted to dissolve right there in front of

him, or at least somehow cover up her shame. She lay there still though, proffering her loins to him. He moved off and went into his room.

She lay there exposed for a long time. She wanted to close her legs desperately, but she didn't move her raised and outstretched knees an inch. When he came out, he released her and made her crawl to the chain. He mounted her, her hands locked above her. He paused, and then lit into her.

He didn't want to push her too far. He struck her hard but relented after he had gotten her to the point of screaming and writhing and sobbing, and then just a little bit more. He gave each of her teats firm, delightful suckles, and then administered three more blows to her breasts. He left her there for the afternoon, coming over several times to tease her conch into flushness. He brought over a pan to let her pee. He mounted her on the rings while he cooked dinner. After she ate, he rewarded her with a bowl of vanilla ice cream. When she was done, he affixed her neck back down and gave her a round fucking, waiting to come until he was sure of her involuntary release.

He hooded her and read for a while, to the sound of Fauré nocturnes. At a little after 10, he brought her upstairs. He mouthed her to several completions, making her squirm and buck and cry out, and then fucked her long and hard. He had her bring him back to hardness and then he used her rear aperture, leaving her moaning with need. About 3 a.m., he woke her, manipulated her into and past crisis, used her mouth and then spilled himself in her sex from behind.

They settled easily back into their routines. His joy at using and abusing her had seemed to grow exponentially. She seemed twice as passionate as before. Sometimes, as she was kneeling up, her ankles affixed to the rings, her lips spread in anticipation of his use, their eyes would connect and the bond they had established that night would re-emerge for some moments. Then he would plunge himself into her mouth and ravage it.

He had fewer guests. He seemed to get resentful when other people used her. He often whipped her when they left as if punishing her for the very deeds he compelled her to. The snow came and they spent hours in the sunroom watching it fall. At Christmas, the brown skinned lady came up and spent a week. It was the only time that he seemed eager to share her. The woman was especially brutal, apparently in an effort to make up all her lost time with her. She brought the man a leather-bound edition of the *Hundred and One Nights*, and a pair of diamond earrings for her. She squeaked as he poked the holes in her ears down in the workroom. From then on, he always left them on her, cleaning the holes with alcohol every morning and then putting them back in. She had to admit, when she looked at herself in the bedroom mirror after she made the bed, that they were quite attractive.

The winter tuned to spring. He went away for a week, leaving her in the basement with a supply of food. She was glad to see him when he returned. She had gotten used to coming multiple times a day and her pussy seemed to burn the whole time he was gone. He made up for it right away.

Her psyche vacillated between an almost willing acceptance of her fate and raging rebellion at the injustice of it all. Home and Granny and all that seemed so fade away, receding steadily from her ability to recall it, that it was as if she had never been there at all. That her life had begun that day that the gruff woman had dropped her on the dock. She barely recalled her time at Elena's. It came into her mind mostly when she fretted about how long it would be before the man sent her away. She never got over her revulsion when he penetrated her, but she accepted it as his right. And when he made her come, all her queasiness would fade away. When he teased her into passion and left her burning, her mind would rage at the injustice of it, and she would devise all kinds of exquisite tortures for him. She never got over her terror at being whipped, wallowing in self-pity when he left her hanging there afterwards, but he seemed to do it less and less.

One afternoon, the unspeakable happened. She had been laying across his lap, receiving his desultory attentions to her crux, burning and squirming, moaning and groaning while some soprano lady belted out glorious arias. He had to give her rear several mighty slaps to make her stop. It was midsummer. Her birthday was coming up and, with that, her third anniversary as the man's slave. She roared when he made her come finally. He made her kneel down on the floor, her head to the rug, and he gave her a rabid fucking from behind. She matched his enthusiasm and they grunted and groaned in unison when they reached apotheosis at the same time. He reveled in her for a little while afterwards, sliding himself lazily back and forth. Her pussy released comforting post coital pulses.

He sipped from her and rose. There was a pause. Suddenly, he released a great groan. She heard him hit the floor. She waited for a while, locked into position. It went on too long. He was absolutely silent. Finally, she turned to see what had happened. He was sprawled out on his back. His eyes were glassy. His chest was still. She panicked. She went over to him. Her hands were locked behind her and she was wearing her gag. There was nothing she could do. He was clearly dead.

She burst out into sobs. It was hard to tell if they were sobs of relief to be finally freed of his tyranny, or sobs of dismay in losing the only human being who had cared for her over the last three years. When her sobs subsided, she realized that she was in a fucked-up mess. She was all alone. How would she eat? How would she drink? How would she live? She had tried to force open her wrist confinements ten thousand times without success. She would starve! She would die of thirst! The man had been a towering presence in her life. What would she do without him?

She knelt there for a long time. What was she going to do? The only hope was that somebody would miss him when they didn't hear from him for several days. But sometimes he went away for a whole week. Would she have to wait a whole week before somebody realized that something was wrong?

And then rage came over her. She rose to her feet and gave him a great kick. She kicked him again and again and again. She stomped on his chest. She growled and roared behind her gag. All of the cruel things he had done to her boiled over. Years of oppression! One indignity after another! His callous use of her! And now this! He had gone and died on her, leaving her helpless! "You bastard! You bastard! You cocksucking bastard!" she screamed. All that released were muffled imprecations.

She tired of that after a while. She sat down cross-legged on the floor. "What am I going to do? What am I going to do?" she fretted. She sobbed and sobbed and sobbed. She had always yearned for freedom, but she never imagined it being like this. But then, she wasn't really free. He had locked her into one final bondage. She remembered the stories in ancient history how the Pharaohs would be buried with their slaves so that they could serve them in the afterlife. Or in India, where the Hindu wives joined their husbands on the funeral pyre. Would she have to join him in the afterlife? An eternity of fucking and whippings and cruel confinements? He had burned himself into her psyche, sure enough. Even if she lived, he would always be there. She would never be sure that she wouldn't wake up all confined with him lying next to her in bed. Or that he wouldn't appear in her dreams, ready to punish her for some offense.

She tired of looking at him. If she had hands, she could drag him off to his conference room and shut the door. But she didn't have hands. He would be like the elephant in the middle of the room. The 800-pound gorilla. How long would it be before he started to smell? How long would it be until her hunger and thirst became unbearable.

She wandered the house like a ghost, haunting it. The time went by like a slug crawling the length of a football field. When night came, she went up and lay on the bed. She couldn't even turn on the lights. During the day, she would spend hours up in the tower looking wistfully over the forest. Miles and miles and miles of nothing. She got hungry that first evening. Hungry and thirsty. It stayed with her. Sometimes all she could think about was how she was going to eat. She was able to force the refrigerator open with her foot. All that food so tantalizingly close and yet so far away. Every once in a while, she would go over to him and give him furious kicks. Shout at him as loudly as she could. Or sit next to him and stare at him. His face looked strange with his eyes wide open, peering at nothing.

She stopped coming downstairs. She lay on the bed all day. Face down so she wouldn't have to lay on her hands. She felt herself grow weaker and weaker. One



day went by. Two days went by. Three days went by. Nobody came to save her. She listened for the tell-tale sounds of an airplane, but it didn't come. Five days. Hunger gnawed at her belly. Her throat was parched. It got so she didn't even want to move. She stopped having to use the bathroom. She reconciled herself to her death. She tried to chew at her gag, but that did nothing. Sometimes she looked in the mirror at the horror of what he had done to her. The last time she had wandered downstairs, his body had started to get bloated. His skin was wan and waxy.

She lost count of the days. It got so she couldn't tell the difference between being asleep and lying there near comatose. She didn't hear the plane when it landed. She came to consciousness when she heard the voices downstairs. She became frightened. Who was coming? What would they do with her? Would they blame her for his death? Were they coming to save her or to kill her? Or would they just leave her here? Bury his body out in the forest and then leave her to die? Torture her and abuse her?

She curled up on her side and began to sob. She was terrified at what was going to happen. Someone was coming up the stairs. She heard his boots pounding away like an ominous drumbeat. Someone was at the door. She closed her eyes, wishing him away. Then there was a voice. "Here you are," it said.

She felt strong hands tugging at her body. She laid there as if deceased. The man picked her up in his arms. He carried her downstairs. She couldn't bring herself to open her eyes. "There she is," she heard another man's voice say. She was placed on the floor. She curled up. Someone released her wrists. Her head harness was unfastened, and it was drawn off her. There was difficulty getting the gag out of her mouth. Someone crouched down beside her. A hand petted her head. She couldn't stop sobbing.

"That's okay, Yolanda," she heard a voice say in a smooth British accent. It sounded familiar. "Come on, Yolanda," it said. "Open your eyes. No one going to hurt you."

She opened her eyes. A man was leaning over her. She had seen him before. He had come as the man's guest many times. He was tall and lean, but very powerful. He had short cropped black hair and was wearing a dark blue t-shirt over blue jeans. He was stroking her head again and again. "Poor little Yolanda," he was saying. "It's going to be okay. You're going to be all right."

The voice told the other man, "Get something for her to drink."

A few moments later, the first man pulled her up to her knees. She felt a bottle being pressed to her lips. She opened her mouth and let the liquid pour in. It felt heavenly.

"Not too much now, Yolanda," the man said. "A little bit at a time."

When he pulled the bottle away, she grabbed his arms and tried to pull it back. He gently pulled her hands off. "I'll give you more in a little while," he told her.

She gradually came around to full awareness. They gave her some chicken broth. It was served in her special bowl, and she lapped it up on her knees. When she was done, she looked around. The second man was blonde, short and a little bit heavy. He was wearing a dark green pullover shirt. He crouched down next to her. She was kneeling up with her hands behind her back. He rubbed her hair and felt her breasts. "What are we going to do with you?" he asked her. She was afraid to reply.

"Come on, Alex," the first man said. "We've got to do something with old Roger here."

"Let's take him outside for now," Alex replied.

The first man stood over her. "we're going to put you away for now, Yolanda. We'll be back in a little while. Follow me."

She obeyed him like it was her second nature. He led her down to the cage by the whipping stand and told her to get in. Before she got in, he locked her hands behind her back.

"Now be a good little girl, Yolanda," he told her, and stepped away.

She watched while they muscled the man's body up and took him out. They were outside for a long time. They finally came back. They left her in the cage. The guy, Alex went into the kitchen to prepare some food. The first man, who she seemed to recall the man calling Tony, went over to the man's secret room. He coded himself in. She figured that the man probably had some contingency plan in case anything ever happened to him and had given Tony the codes. He spent a long time in there. Alex came over and knocked on the door to tell him that dinner was ready.

They ate in the dining room. Tony affixed her ankles to the chains and fed her from her bowl. He kept her hands locked behind her. Food! There was food in front of her. They had given her half a bowl of grilled chicken cut up into pieces. It was so strange to have the taste of food in her mouth. When she was done, the man Tony wiped her mouth and gave her another bottle to drink. He released her from the chains. "Let's get you all washed up," he told her. He brought her into the bathroom. He released her hands behind her, stripped off his shirt and washed her. She stood here passively, letting him do whatever he wanted. She looked at him warily. Was he going to be her new master? He didn't seem cruel enough to replace the man. Didn't he know she needed an iron clad rule? Sternness. Callousness. She couldn't be a slave without it.

And then there was hope. Maybe they'll take her away. Maybe the man had left instructions about what to do with her. He had been so efficient, she had to believe that he had dealt with this contingency. Back to Elena's? Better to go to the known than the unknown. She had been treated special there. But how long would Elena keep her? Those men had wanted to buy her. What kind of hell would they take her

to? Or the Asian men? Or the Africans? Elena seemed to have a soft spot for her, but it was clear that profit was her overwhelming fixation.

When they were done with the shower, Tony locked her hands behind her again and brushed out her short hair. He brushed her teeth. He took her back out into the living room where Alex was watching TV. Tony sat down on the opposite couch and had her kneel in front of him. He took his cock out of his pants. "Now do a good job, Yolanda," he told her sternly. "I don't want to have to whip you."

She did as best a job as she could. It appeared that she was still a slave. She didn't want to be whipped. She hoped and prayed that all that was over. But Tony had been here before. He had witnessed the man's cruelty. She remembered that he had whipped her twice. Not as bad as the man, but bad enough. And he had fucked her roundly in his bed in the guest room. Which one of the men would she have to sleep with tonight?

Tony moaned and groaned when he came and then it was Alex's turn. Tony had let her do her work at her own pace, but Alex was a little rough. He forced himself into her throat when he came, making her chortle and gag. Afterwards, Tony presented her golden gag to her, affixed the accompanying harness to her head and then had her lay belly down on the white rug where he hogtied her. He went over to the armoire and found her black hood, which he drew over her head.

The men watched TV and chatted. They drank the man's brandy. After about an hour, the man Alex came over to her. He released her hogtie and had her kneel up. He manipulated her this way and that, admiring her artwork. "She really is a beaut," he mentioned to Tony. He had her kneel with her head to the floor, manipulated her crux to softness and then fucked her from behind. He was quick, which she was grateful for.

Tony, who seemed senior in rank, took her to bed for the night in one of the guest rooms. When he was done with her, he caged her.

She slept fitfully. In the morning, he let her pee and brought her downstairs, making her walk on all fours. Downstairs they both had her service them with her mouth and then mounted her on the rings. They fed her oatmeal for breakfast. Tony wiped down her face, regagged her and bound her neck down.

"Now let's take care of Roger Doger," Tony told Alex.

They left her there for several hours as they went outside. She raged and cursed them for their callousness. It seemed that no one would ever treat her like a human being again. When they came back, Alex cooked lunch while Tony fucked her on the floor. After lunch, it was Alex's turn. They left her on the floor hogtied. Tony went off to the man's room. Alex watched TV. After a while, Tony came out.

"I've spoken to the boss," he told Alex. "Seems the new F.S. wasn't up to speed on this place. He was hot as a volcano. He's sending someone up to deal with the

girl. We've got to burn all of Roger's files and destroy all of his equipment. They're going to shut this place down."

The rest of the day, the men spent taking the man's paper files outside to burn. Then the equipment, the computers, the monitors, all the other gizmos. They paused for lunch and bj's, and then went back to work. Tony put her down in the basement for the afternoon. She knelt there chained to the ceiling, watching cartoons. Somebody was coming to 'deal' with her. What did that mean? Deal with her like putting a bullet in her head and burying her next to the man? 'Dealing' with her by taking her away? What was in store for her?

She was brought up for dinner after which the men used her again. She obeyed them the best that she could. Obedience was her second nature now. They were not as cruel and harsh as the man even though they treated her like a slave. Nobody had mentioned whipping again.

This time, she spent the night with Alex, who was a little brutal. She was lying on the rug the next morning, gagged and hogtied, when she heard the plane. The person who was to 'deal' with her had arrived. She waited fearfully for his appearance. When she heard the front door opening, her stomach turned, and she began to tremble. It did not go as she had supposed.

It was a woman. She was about forty, dressed in a blue poplin shirt and a black skirt that came to her knees. She had chestnut, straight, shoulder length hair. She was carrying a small, blue suitcase.

When she saw her laying hogtied on the floor, she erupted.

"What the fuck are you guys doing?" she barked. "Release her at once!"

Tony sheepishly came over and released her bonds. She was trembling. The woman seemed fierce. She lay there, not knowing what to do. The woman came over to her. She rubbed her hair over her head. "We're all done with all that," she told her softly. "Get up and come with me."

Yolanda hesitated. Done with all that? What did she mean? She started to cry. The woman patted her on the head again. "Don't cry, Yolanda," she told her. "I'm going to take care of you. Come on upstairs. I'm going to get you dressed."

She took hold of her arm and guided her to her feet. Yolanda meekly let her escort her up the stairs. The woman brought the suitcase with her. They went into one of the bedrooms. She placed the suitcase on the bed and opened it. She drew out some clothes. Yolanda stared at them.

"I didn't know your size, so these may not fit you all that well. We'll get you fixed up later. Now put these on."

She proffered her a pair of white cotton panties. Yolanda was afraid to take them. Was it really over? Was she really going to be treated as a person? She hadn't worn clothes for close to three years. What would it be like?

“Come on, Yolanda. No need to be afraid. No one’s going to hurt you.” The woman told her.

She struggled to put on the underwear, having almost forgotten how. There was a dark yellow t-shirt that was somewhat big on her. There was a khaki skirt that went down past her knees and was too big for her waist. It had a belt and the woman tightened it around her diminutive waist so that it wouldn’t fall down. She had her put on some white socks. There were canvas flat shoes that were a little tight. Yolanda cried the whole time. Was it over? Was it really over? Would she be able to go home? See Granny? See her brothers? See Brad? Sleep in her own bed? How was she going to live? How would she ever fit into the routines of everyday life? What was Granny going to think when she saw her tattoos? Were they going to remove her bonds? Her nose ring? She just stood there, sobbing and sobbing. The woman embraced her. “It’s going to be all right,” she told her sweetly. My name is Mrs. Smythe. I’m going to take care of you. We’re going to be leaving here in a little while and I’m going to take you someplace nice. I don’t know what horrible things Col. Fuller did to you, but that’s all over now.”

Mrs. Smythe brought her down to the first floor. Tony and Alex were sitting at the dining room table, eating lunch. The each had a can of the man’s Foster’s beer. She couldn’t help think about her whorishness, her slavishness, her degradation. They stared at her as if she were an apparition. Mrs. Smythe sat her down at the opposite end of the table from them. When she stepped away, the men kept looking at her for a moment or two and then went back to their sandwiches. Yolanda didn’t want to look at them, so she kept her eyes downcast. She recalled their use of her. All that was now over. Or was it? What was Mrs. Smythe going to do with her? Was she telling her nice things so that she would remain docile? Would she be delivering her to a new tormentor? To Elena? But if that was the case, why did she dress her? The green bodybag that had served as her confinement when she had been transported had to be around somewhere. Maybe what seemed to be happening was really happening after all.

She looked at the men again. She hadn’t resisted them when they had abused her. What they had done to her was a crime anywhere that civilization existed. When she arrived at where Mrs. Smythe was taking her, would there be police there who she could tell her tale to? Would they believe her? Sitting at the table, dressed in clothes for the first time in nearly three years, all that had happened to her seemed like a horrible dream. Was she going to be able to be Yolanda again, the Yolanda of her previous life?

Another man had come in, dressed in a dark blue t-shirt and jeans and heavy black boots. The pilot, she assumed. He gave her a lascivious look as if he knew all about her. He drifted off to the kitchen and he heard him exchange some words with Mrs. Smythe.

Mrs. Smythe came back with two plates with sandwiches on them. The man was following with his own plate in hand, a can of beer in the other. He sat down near the men and they started an animated conversation as if they knew one another. Mrs. Smythe laid a plate in front of Yolanda and one at the place next to her on her right. She went away again and came back with two glasses filled with iced tea. She sat down. Yolanda was waiting for permission to eat. She looked at the woman. She had picked up a half of her sandwich and was about to take a bite. She looked at Yolanda. She grimaced. "It's okay, Yolanda," she assured her. "You don't have to wait for permission. All that is over now. Eat your sandwich. After lunch, I'm going to take you out of here. I'll be taking you somewhere nice. Don't worry."

Yolanda hesitatingly picked up half of her sandwich. She looked at it. She hadn't eaten a sandwich in years. At Elena's she had been allowed to sit at a table and eat, but she and the other girls had mostly eaten bowls of one kind of mush or another. She looked at the sandwich. It looked like chicken salad. Granny had used to make her chicken salad sandwiches. Was she going to be able to see her again? What would that be like? What would the rest of her life be like? Would she ever feel really free? She didn't feel free yet. She was still wearing her golden confines. The jeweled ring was still in her nose. She was still wearing the diamond earrings that woman had given her. She was still here, the scene of her debasement.

She ate the sandwich in small bites. It took her a long time to eat. She didn't finish it. Mrs. Smythe brought the plates and glasses back into the kitchen. She had brought her little blue suitcase with her when they came downstairs. The men had gone back to their chores of dismantling the colonel's electronic equipment and files. The pilot had gone outside. She was sitting there dejectedly awaiting instructions. Mrs. Smythe stood next to her for a few moments. Finally, she said, "Come on and get up, Yolanda. The plane is waiting. I want you to use the bathroom before we go. It's a long trip."

She felt the urge to break out into sobs again, but she held back her tears. She dutifully rose and stepped over to the bathroom. She sat on the toilet and peed. It was strange to be in there without the man present. All alone. Mrs. Smythe waited outside. When she was done, she went to the sink to wash her hands. She looked at herself in the mirror. Her auburn hair was in the military type cut that the man had prescribed for her. She could see the shiny, golden collar around her neck. She had never really gotten used to the ring in her nose, but now it looked more demeaning than ever. Her diamond earrings sparkled. She began to shake and sob. After a minute, she stopped. Mrs. Smythe knocked on the door. "Are you all right in there, Yolanda," she asked.

Yolanda wanted to reply, but she couldn't force any words from her mouth. She edged herself to the door. She looked at the handle. It had been three years since

she had been free to touch a door handle. To open a door by herself. She felt like she was about to commit a terrible sin. That the man would be waiting on the other side and he would punish her for it. She hesitated. She couldn't do it. A minute went by. Then the door opened. Mrs. Smythe looked at her. "Poor Yolanda," she intoned. "You'll get used to being free again. I promise."

She took hold of her arm and pulled her out. "My turn," she said almost gaily. She went in.

Yolanda stood there, immobile, waiting for the woman to come out. The man, Tony, was coming back into the house. He saw her there and stopped. He reached out and pinched her left teat and gave her breast a shake through her t-shirt. "You were a great whore, Yolanda. You really had a gift for it. I'll miss you." He laughed and then walked away.

Mrs. Smythe came out. She retrieved her suitcase and guided Yolanda to the door. She recalled the debilitating shock she had gotten from her collar whenever she came near it. She held back. Mrs. Smythe took hold of her arm. "It's all right, Yolanda," she consoled her. "No one is going to punish you. You're a free woman now. You'll never have to come back here. I promise."

Yolanda looked at her. Was it true? Was it really true? She felt more sobs coming on, but she fought them off. The woman coded the door open. She held it open, urging her through. They went down a few steps and came to the outer door. Mrs. Smythe repeated the procedure and held it open while Yolanda hesitatingly stepped through.

She led her through the gate to the fence and then over to the stairs that led to the lake. She had been up and down them twice, but never walking. The steepness of the wooden steps seemed treacherous. She took them slowly. The plane was floating next to the dock. The pilot was standing next to it smoking a cigarette. He tossed it away when he saw them. Mrs. Smythe assisted her in getting into the back seat. "Buckle up," she instructed her sweetly. She couldn't bring herself to do it, so Mrs. Smythe did it for her. She patted her on the cheek. "It's going to be all right," she assured her.

She put the small suitcase on the floor next to her. She got into the front section and scooted herself over to the passenger seat. The pilot got in. He turned the engine on. He let it warm up for a couple of minutes. Yolanda stared out the window up at the castle which had been her prison. It towered over her. It was an evil place. Virtually medieval. Like something out of Edgar Allen Poe. How many girls had been confined within it and what had happened to them? Why was she the lucky one who was being freed? The building seemed to be alive. A dreadful monster. It was beckoning her. "Come back, Yolanda, come back," it seemed to be saying. "You know you belong here. You can never really leave. I'll be waiting for you. I'll be watching you. I'll always be with you. You will never escape."

She tore her eyes away. There was truth in what it was saying. It would always be with her. She would never really be free of it. It had insinuated itself into her soul. If only she could see it engulfed in flames. “Stop,” she wanted to tell the others. “Stop! I need to set fire to it! I need to destroy it! Please! Please!”

The plane moved away from the dock. The pilot brought it to the middle of the lake and pointed its nose south. The engine roared and then was in motion. It skimmed the surface of the water as it gained speed. Yolanda closed her eyes. Was she really leaving? Was she really free? It seemed impossible. She felt herself pressed back in her seat. She felt the plane lift off the water. She opened her eyes again. She looked at the window. The ominous trees which had been the god-like man’s allies sped by. “You’ll be back, Yolanda,” they all told her. “We’ll be waiting.”

The plane lifted up. They rose above the trees. It gained altitude. She could see for miles and miles and miles. The forbidding forest. The trees had been like the bars to her cell. Now they were receding. They grew smaller and smaller. They passed by the end of the lake. She looked up ahead through the cockpit window. All she could see was deep blue sky. She was free! She was free! She was really free!

## POSTSCRIPT

After a very long trip, during most of which she just stared out of the window and cried, they landed at a military type airport. A silver fighter jet with a big, red maple leaf on it was taking off. A big Canadian flag was rippling on a 100’ high flagpole. Mrs. Smythe ushered her from the plane into a waiting ambulance. The lady EMT, wearing a white shirt and pants, had her sit down on a gurney while she took her temperature, pulse and blood pressure. She was kind and spoke to her softly. There was a red cross on her upper left arm. She made her lie down and strapped her in. Yolanda whined and squirmed in a feeble effort at resistance. “There, there sweetie,” the woman coaxed her in a flat accent. “It’s for your own safety.”

Mrs. Smythe got into the front passenger seat. The lady EMT sat on a jump seat. They drove for about forty minutes. Yolanda kept her eyes closed the entire trip. She couldn’t really accept the apparent beneficence of her treatment. When they finally stopped, the driver came around and opened the back door. Her gurney was wheeled out and its legs extended. They wheeled her in through a set of



automatic doors. It was a hospital-like setting. An efficient looking nurse wearing maroon scrubs was waiting. She and an orderly took custody of her and wheeled her down the hall. They got on an elevator and went up two floors. She was wheeled down the hall and into a private room. The orderly left.

Yolanda demurred when the nurse told her to get undressed. She was ashamed at what the nurse would see. The nurse smiled at her and told her, "That's all right, Yolanda, we'll take care of that later. Now, please climb up on the bed."

She looked at it. She checked to see if there were any confines. She didn't see any. She looked at the nurse. She seemed nice. She looked about thirty. Her chestnut-colored hair was tied off behind her head in a ponytail. "Come on, Yolanda," she said to her sweetly. "We're going to take care of you for a little while. Everything's going to be all right."

The top sheet had been pulled down. Yolanda climbed up. She kept her shoes on. When she was laying on her back, the nurse drew the sheet and a light white blanket over her. The nurse went to the door and spoke softly. The orderly came back in. He stood there watching her as the nurse left. Yolanda turned to her side so that she wouldn't have to look at him. The nurse came back about five minutes later. She coaxed Yolanda to her back. She had a hypodermic needle. Yolanda drew away from her.

"This is just to make you sleep for a little while, Yolanda," she told her. "No one's going to hurt you."

Yolanda started to cry again. Terrible things had happened to her while she had been sedated. They had put her in a bag and flown her away for hundreds of miles. Every time she had ended up somewhere terrible. She flinched when the nurse wiped the crux of her elbow with an alcohol pad. As the nurse held the needle up and squirted a tiny bit of liquid out of the point, she started to tremble. When the nurse went to jab the needle in her vein, she had to fight off the urge to get up and run away. The needle went in though and the nurse pressed down the plunger. She withdrew it and put a small Band-aid on the puncture. She patted Yolanda on the head. "Have a nice sleep," she told her. "Don't worry, I'll be checking on you."

She went around the bed and pulled the guardrails up. To Yolanda it was too much like being in a cage. A familiar, sour emptiness went through her. The nurse went away. The orderly sat down on a padded chair a little ways away from the bed. He was swarthy. He looked like he was Asian, Pakistani or something. He was dressed all in white. He smiled at her. Suddenly she felt very tired. Her eyes went out of focus. A moment later she was asleep.

When she awoke, she realized that they had stripped her while she was out. She was wearing a white hospital gown. There was an i.v. in her arm. There was a different orderly in the room. A heavyset black woman. She was doing something on her cell phone. When she looked up and saw that Yolanda was awake, she got

up and left the room. A different nurse came back. She took her temperature, blood pressure and pulse. She examined her eyes. She was not as pleasant as the first nurse. When she was done, she entered the data on a chart at the foot of the bed. She picked up a remote and turned on the TV which was hanging from the ceiling opposite. A comedy show came on. She recognized it. It was *Family Ties*. Granny used to like to watch it.

“The doctor will be in to see you in a little while,” the nurse told her. “I’ll have some dinner sent up.”

Before she left, she used a button on the side of the bed to put her in a sitting position.

Yolanda sat there dully, watching the program. The man had watched TV, but he had never watched stuff like this. She had never been able to see what he was watching. It was nighttime outside. Someone had brought in a large bouquet of flowers and set it on the mantle by the window. The orderly sat there playing with her phone and looking up at her every once in a while.

The doctor came in about twenty minutes later. He shooed the orderly out. He was about 6’ tall. His skin was dark brown. He was wearing a white lab coat that went down to his knees. He looked about 45 or so. His black hair was short and receding. He had a stethoscope pushed into the chest pocket of the jacket. He approached her and smiled. “How are we doing, Yolanda?” he asked her. She didn’t answer.

“We’re going to keep you here for a few days until we are sure that you are all right. A counsellor will be in to see you later. I want you to know that you are a patient here, not a prisoner. We’re going to take good care of you. Tomorrow, we’ve scheduled for someone to cut off all your bonds. Mrs. Smythe will be back to discuss with you arrangements that are being made. I examined you while you were out, and you don’t seem to be injured in any way. Make sure you eat well and rest. I know that you have been through quite an ordeal. It’s over now. You have your whole life ahead of you. I’ll be checking on you from time to time. Do you have any questions?”

She had a million questions. But she couldn’t force any of them out. Was she free? Was she really free? Were they going to let her go home? How soon? Did they contact Granny and let her know that she was here?

The doctor smiled again. “That’s all right,” he told her. “we’ll talk tomorrow.” He turned and left. The orderly returned and assumed her station.

Another orderly brought her dinner. The tray was put in front of her. It was what looked like turkey covered in a yellowish gravy. There was a scoop of mashed potatoes. A small container of juice. A plastic knife and fork. Some cookies wrapped in cellophane. She tried to eat. She was hungry. She got through about half of the turkey. She drank the juice. She left the cookies. Her hands were

trembling. A different sitcom came on. The orderly came back and removed her tray. The second nurse came by and took her vitals again. She was given a couple of pills. She took them without question. The nurse lowered the bed and turned off the TV. She turned off the overhead lights. She left the door to the room open. The light from the hallway shone in. she felt drowsy. She fell asleep.

A third nurse, Asian, dressed in maroon scrubs like the others, woke her early in the morning. It was a sunny day outside. She escorted her to the bathroom and then back to bed. The male orderly had come back. She had pancakes and a fruit cup for breakfast. And coffee. She finished everything. She had begun to feel a little better. The TV was on again and she watched some morning shows.

Mrs. Smythe came in about mid-morning. She was wearing a mauve colored pants suit. She shooed the orderly away and brought the chair nearer to the bed.

"How are you doing, Yolanda?" she asked merrily.

Yolanda paused. She knew that she would have to speak sooner or later. She hadn't cried all morning, but she started to cry now. "How am I doing? How am I doing? What a stupid question to ask! I'm doing horrible! Horrible! How do you think I'm doing?" she thought. She struggled and struggled and finally forced out a word.

"Fine," she squeaked.

"That's good. I know that you probably don't want to talk about what happened to you, but I want you to know that the British Government is going to take full responsibility. As you are probably aware, Col. Fuller was involved in highly classified work. We can't afford to allow any publicity about his little fortress up there to get out. You are going to be taken care of, but the Foreign Office will deny any allegations that you may make to the press or anyone else. I'll be frank. Once you are released, you will be closely watched. If you try and make any public outcry, measures will be taken. There are some who argued that you knew too much to be set free. A course of action severely prejudicial to you was discussed. Saner and more compassionate voices triumphed. Mine among them. Don't ever make me regret it. Understand?"

Mrs. Smythe's tone grew harsher as she went on. At the end, she was staring at Yolanda sternly. A chill went through her. She had an idea what prejudicial meant. She nodded fretfully.

"You are in a private hospital. A very discrete hospital. There will be no record of you ever having stayed here. In a few days, you will be flown home. I'm sorry to say that things at home are not as you left them. Your grandmother passed away last year. A heart attack. Your brothers are in foster care. Your grandmother's house has been sold. Your share of the proceeds is being held in trust. I'm very sorry."

Yolanda was crushed. Granny dead! What was there to go back to? How would she live? She broke out into sobs. Mrs. Smythe let her go on. After a few minutes she rose. "I'll be back, and we'll talk about the arrangements that have been made for you. Again, I'm very, very sorry. And I'm sorry to give you the bad news. But I thought that you should know right away. I don't want you to be under any delusions."

She came over and gave her a pat on the head. "Poor Yolanda," she said softly. "Things will work out for you. You'll see." She left.

A nurse came in a few moments later with some more pills. She was still silently sobbing. She didn't want to take them, but she realized now that although they said that she wasn't a prisoner, in actuality she was. If she didn't cooperate, would they reconsider their determination not to deal with her 'prejudicially'? She took them.

It calmed her down. She became very drowsy.

A counsellor came in in the afternoon. She asked her all kinds of questions, none of which Yolanda answered. An orderly came in with a wheelchair. A nurse came in with him and they helped her into it. They put a blanket over her lap. A young guy, built like a soldier, was walking down the hall wearing a white hospital gown and a white robe. He was on crutches, and he was trying out his prosthetic leg. He did not look happy.

She was wheeled to the elevator and then taken to the basement. There were a bunch of doors. The hallway was white. The orderly brought her into a room. There was a long silver table in the middle. The orderly and nurse helped her get up on it. The hospital gown was very short and she tried to prevent them from seeing her decorated thighs. She sat on the table and waited. About fifteen minutes later, a man came in. He was wearing a green workman's uniform. He was carrying what looked like a rotary saw. There was a toolbox in his other hand. He put the saw down on the table and the toolbox on the floor.

He examined her collar and bracelets. "This is going to be tricky," he observed. Yolanda shivered. She would rather wear her confines forever rather than get all cut up and scarred. He saw her look of worry. He smiled and tousled her hair. "Tricky, but not impossible," he told her. She started to cry.

He made her lay down on the table. He plugged in the saw using a thick, white extension cord. He re-examined the bracelet around her left ankle. "We'll do this one first and see how it goes," he commented to himself.

She jumped when the saw went into action. The nurse pressed down on her shoulders from behind to steady her. The blade made a fearsome sound as it cut into the brass confinement. Her whole body was tense. She wanted him to stop, but she still had no words. The sound went on and on. Then it stopped. The man had

been bent over, peering at his work. He raised his head. "Almost through," he observed.

He put down the saw and opened the toolbox. He pulled out what looked like a giant pair of scissors with a very sharp tip. He leaned over her ankle again. "You might feel a slight nip," he told her off handedly. He put the point of the scissors in the gap he had made. She heard him strain. Then there was a sharp pinch on her ankle and she jumped.

"Got it!" he announced happily. He pulled the bracelet off. He showed it to her. "See?" he queried her proudly.

The nurse hurried over. She took a small gauze pad and wiped the wound. She pulled it back and Yolanda saw blood on it. She started to cry again. The nurse looked at her. "It's just a little nip, honey," she told her. "Don't worry."

She finished cleaning up the wound and covered it with a bandage. The workman had gone to the other side and was ready to do her right ankle. He sawed them all off. Each time, she felt a little pinch and the nurse would dash over and bandage it. The man threw the disconnected bracelets in a large trash can. She could hear them clink as the second, third and fourth one went in. The difficult one was her collar. She shied away from him when he went to do it. He leaned back. "I'm not going to hurt you, honey. You want it off, don't you?"

Did she? She remembered when the man had put it on. It was like he had cast a spell on her. As long as she wore the collar, she would be under it. What would she feel like when it came off? Would it make her feel free? Would her normal self come back? Would her status as a slave, a person upon whom everything is imposed and of whom nothing is asked finally, really be over? Would she wake up and discover that it had all been a dream? Like Rip Van Winkle waking up after a hundred years?

She nodded hesitatingly. He pushed her head back, exposing her throat. When the blade began to whirr, she pulled away again. The man had formed her into a special creature. She was the only one of her kind in the world. Somehow, she had been elevated above the mere human. Like the Sphynx, half beast, half human. She would kneel at the rings, silent and still like the Sphinx in the desert. Once the collar was off, she would become only a normal person. "No, no, don't take it off," her mind screamed. "Don't! Don't!"

"A little help here," the man said to the others. The orderly came over. He was about 6'2" and barrel chested. He took hold of her head. He held it fast. She squirmed and struggled. The nurse took hold of her legs and made her still. The buzzing started again. That ferocious whine. She could feel the vibration in her throat. She wanted to beg and plead to be left alone, but her language center was deadened. When the man had gone as deep as he dared, he stopped the wheel, put

it down, and used the pincers. She felt a sharp pain in her neck, just under her left ear. And then it was off.

She sobbed and sobbed while the workman took it away. She heard it clink in the trash barrel. The nurse bandaged the wound. Somehow, she felt like everything she had gone through, she had gone through for naught. She had earned her collar through obedience, pain and suffering. It was like a badge of her fortitude. And now it was gone!

“How about the nose ring?” the man asked. Yolanda finally found her voice. “Nooooo!” she screamed. “Leave it alone! Leave it alone! Don’t touch it! Don’t touch it!”

“Maybe we better leave it to another time,” the nurse suggested.

The workman relented. The nurse and the orderly helped her back into the wheelchair. She sat there morosely as they wheeled her back to her room. Once there, she climbed up onto the bed, pulled the covers over her up to her neck and rolled to her side with her back to the door. She was too depressed to sob.

She went through the next few days morosely. The counselor came in every day and tried to engage her in conversation, but she refused to talk. Her diamond earrings had been removed. The nurse showed them to her in a small box in the top drawer of the nightstand next to her. She ate listlessly. She would have preferred not to eat at all, but she knew what hunger was and it wasn’t pretty. She ate just enough to maintain life.

The day after her collar was removed, Mrs. Smythe came back. She pulled the chair over like last time. “How are you feeling, Yolanda?” she asked in her sweet voice. She didn’t answer.

“I’ve come to tell you about the arrangements that have been made. The British Government has awarded you a pension of £10,000 a month. That’s about \$13,000 a month in US dollars. You will receive it for the rest of your life, depending, of course, on your behavior. No talking to the press. No blogging. No secret memoirs. You can never tell anybody, not even your closest friend or your husband if you should ever marry. We will provide you with a counsellor who you can talk to if the need arises. She’s on our team and she’s very good.

“Also, Col. Fuller left several secret bank accounts totaling about \$750,000. There may be more. We’re still uncovering them. He has no heirs so we’ve decided that the money should go to you. We’ve set up a special account in your city which you will have access to. There’s also your share of your grandmother’s money which is about another \$200,000 after counting the house, her life insurance policy and her bank accounts. You will never want for anything in your life. We’ve arranged for a very comprehensive medical insurance policy. For the time being, we don’t want any travelling. We’ll see as time goes on. Later, if you want to

travel internationally, you'll be given a British passport, so we'll always know where you are. Any questions so far?"

Yolanda was stunned. She had been wondering how she would live. She would never have to work. Maybe she would want to do something eventually, but for now, knowing that she didn't have to was a relief.

"We've arranged for a suite at the Breckingham Hotel, one of the finest in your city, for you to live for the time being. You will be entitled to six months at our expense. All expenses paid. You will be given a clothing allowance of several thousand pounds to help you get on your feet. We've already arranged to have some clothes in your sizes put in your suite. When you leave, we'll have a set that will fit you better than the ones I gave you back at Col. Fuller's.

"We are going to assign you a minder to help you adjust. She'll be your shadow and you are not to have any secrets from her. Remember, we'll be watching you all the time. And, I almost forgot. The nose ring comes off tomorrow. It's not attractive and will raise too many questions."

Mrs. Smythe paused. "I guess that's everything for now. I will give you my cell phone number. You can contact me at any time. We can't give you back what Col. Fuller and others took away from you, but this is the next best thing. If you think of anything else, just let one of the nurses know and she'll get in touch with me. Today is Wednesday. You'll be leaving on Saturday. Lt. Babcock will come by on Friday to make your acquaintance. She's very nice and she's been told all about you. I'm sure that you will become very fast friends. So, goodbye for now. I'll probably come and visit you from time to time to see how you are doing. Try to put everything behind you. I know that that will be difficult, but you have to do it if you are to lead anything like a normal life."

She rose. "Goodbye, Yolanda, and good luck." She turned and left.

The days went by slowly. The nose ring was excised the next morning, bright and early. After prying it open with two rubber tipped, needle nose pliers, the workman handed it to her. "A souvenir," he explained.

Her flowers were replaced every other day. An aide, a pretty, young girl outfitted in a pink pinafore dress came by with a little cart with books and magazines and proffered them to her. She was going to decline, but she had gotten sick of the TV. She needed to get her mind off things. "What have you got?" she asked the girl.

"Oh, lots of stuff," the girl answered sweetly. "Take a look."

She shuffled herself out of bed. She looked over the books. There were some trashy novels, but also a couple of good ones. She picked out *My Antonia* by Willa Cather. They had read one of her books in her advanced placement literature class and she had liked it.

She read it desultorily. She spent a lot of time staring out the window. It was not like looking out the windows of the castle. The hospital was somewhat isolated, but she could see some buildings off in the distance. There was a road and telephone wires. Sometimes, she just lay back, thinking, reminiscing. Had it all been as bad as she remembered? Here, she had to drag herself through the days. There, every day was new, different. Her terror was like a live wire shimmering throughout her body, making her feel fully alive. You never knew what would come next. And the fucking! She guessed that the man had made her come five thousand times while she was his slave. Multiple times a day, dozens per week. And even when he left her unfulfilled and burning, the whole world went away as her pussy screamed out its lamentations.

No one would ever pay attention to her the way the man had done. You could tell that she was never far from his thoughts. He often came by and just looked at her. There was something supernatural about it. Like a god looking down on a minion, an offering, a sacrifice, judging whether it was worthy. Sometimes she was worthy of his attentions. Sometimes not. She hated it when he used her, derided him in her mind, prayed for an archangel to come down and mete out justice to him. But when he left her alone, a vast disappointment would open up in her belly. “No! Use me! Fuck me! Beat me! Let me suck on your cock! Don’t leave me here like this!” Afterwards, she would berate herself in her mind for her whoreishness, her sluttiness, her obsequiousness, her self-abasement.

And the nights. Somehow, she felt unsafe not to be bound. And her pussy would burn with need. She would wake up anticipating his closeness, his use of her, but he would not be there. While his prisoner, she had awoken every morning and dreaded another day as his prisoner. Now, when she woke up, she dreaded another day of deadening normalcy.

Friday came and she met her minder. She was about 5’6” tall, with a slender build. Her hair was straw colored, and all pinned up. She seemed to be in her late twenties. She was wearing a military uniform, a light blue shirt, dark blue pants with a stripe. Glossy, spit shined, black shoes. There was a silver bar on each side of her collar. In her left hand was a military service type field cap. In her right was a box of chocolates. There was a golden set of wings pinned on her blouse along with a few, small service ribbons. She seemed sweet, as Mrs. Smythe had said, but she detected a bedrock of steel in her too. She would tolerate no foolishness. No deviance. She would undoubtedly keep a diary of everything she did, everything she said. It would be sent off to Mrs. Smythe, or to whoever’s job it was to keep track of her. To make sure that she didn’t deviate from the plan.

“Call me Cathy,” she said smilingly.

“Cathy? Not another Cathy!” she thought. The last one hadn’t been too good for her. Maybe she would let her call her Helen or Doris or Winnifred.



“A gift,” she said, smiling as she held out the box of chocolates. Yolanda didn’t react. She put them down on the side table. There was a silent pause between them. The lieutenant spoke up. “I know you’ve been through a lot, Yolanda,” she said somewhat gravely. “I’m going to take care of you. We’ll have a lot of fun.”

Yolanda didn’t react. “Fun? What was fun? What does it mean?” she thought. She didn’t think she would ever have fun again in her life. The man had obliterated the word out of existence. She just stared at the woman.

“Okay,” the lieutenant finally said, drawing out the end of the word. “I’ll see you tomorrow.” She left.

They released her the next morning. They had some nice clothes for her: a blue satin blouse, a hip multicolored skirt, a very comfortable pair of sandals with 2” heels. Despite her coldness to the lieutenant’s gift, she had eaten five chocolates from the box she had given her. She gave the rest to the nurses.

The lieutenant was in civilian clothes, a tan, striped dress shirt and chocolate-colored slacks. Her hair was in a ponytail. She was still wearing her spit shined shoes. They took a cab to the airport. They landed at Sheridan Airport near her city. Cathy showed the immigration man their British passports and he let them both in. Yolanda wondered where they got the picture for it. They went directly to the hotel. It was very elegant as was her suite. Her bed was humongous and soft. The walls were colored a muted gold and the plush, fluffy rug was a light tan. There was a living area with a big TV on the wall. A small kitchenette. A dining area. A very fancy chandelier. A hospitality cabinet. She immediately went over to it. When she opened it, she saw, lined up like little soldiers, the tiny bottles of liquor. She picked up one. It was squarish and said ‘Johnny Walker’ on it. It had a red label.

She looked at Cathy. Cathy had been the only one with a suitcase and she had put it in the smaller bedroom. She had been given a little case. In it were the little box with the diamond earrings and the book she had been reading. All the things she had in the world. Cathy looked back at her. “Go ahead,” she told her. “You’re 21 now.”

“That’s right,” she thought. Her birthday had passed without notice. She was 18 when she was captured. Three years later, she was 21. She twisted the top off the bottle. She smelled it. Granny hadn’t gone in much for drinking, but when she did, it was ‘Old Grand Dad’. This smelled different. She tentatively put the bottle to her lips. She took a sip. It was strange tasting. Sharp. But yet, somewhat murky. “Fuck it,” she said to herself. She opened her mouth fully and poured it directly down her throat. It burned like nothing had ever burned. Its taste was heavy, something you would never mistake for anything else. She broke out into a fit of choking. She coughed and coughed. When she recovered, she felt just a little bit of dizziness like she had never felt before. It felt good.

She crouched down and took another red labeled bottle from the cabinet.

“Hold on! Hold on!” Cathy told her. “If you’re going to drink scotch, at least drink something good. Let me call room service.”

She made the call. “Send up a bottle of Glenlivet,” she told the desk. “Founder’s Reserve.....All right. We’ll wait, but do it right away.”

She put the phone down. “They’re sending out for it. It’ll be about a half hour. Why don’t we look at all your clothes?”

They went through the drawers in the master bedroom. Everything she might need was there. Bras, panties. T-shirts and pullovers. Very nice jeans. Socks, nylons. Not panty hose. Actual nylons, like Elena used to wear. Shorts; even some sweaters. In the closet were several dresses. They were beautiful, but when would she ever wear them? Several pairs of high heels. Black flats. A pair of pink and white Reeboks.

“Let’s try on some of the dresses,” Cathy suggested. She tried them on. She went into the bathroom to change so that Lt. Cathy wouldn’t see her tattoos. Some were short and daring. Some were elegant and a bit longer. She settled on one she really liked. It was dark red with tiny little sparkles on it. It went down to just above her knees. It had a steep neckline and the edges of her breasts showed. Just enough to see their flowery decorations. And her chest. And her neck. She realized, sadly, that she would never be able to hide her markings totally.

The door buzzed. Lt. Cathy went to answer it. It was a bellboy dressed in a blue and white uniform. He looked about 16. He held out a brown bag with a bottle in it. Lt. Cathy took it from him and signed the chit he presented. She told him to hold on, put the bottle down on the coffee table in front of the elegant, off-white couch, and retrieved her small, brown leather purse. She drew out a \$10 bill and handed it to him. He smiled broadly. “Thanks, lady,” he bubbled.

Lt. Cathy closed the door. She looked at Yvonne. “That’s so we get good service,” she told her. “They’ll be knocking each other over to bring us our stuff. Don’t worry, it’s on my expense account.”

She went into the kitchen and retrieved two short, wide glasses. She put a little ice in the bottom of one. She invited Yolanda to sit down on the couch. She sat next to her. She took the green bottle from the bag and twisted off the top. She poured about 2 fingers worth in each glass. “You really should drink this stuff neat, but I put a little ice in your glass, so it’ll be easier on you going down.” She invited Yolanda to pick up her glass. She raised hers in a toast. They clinked their glasses together. “Here’s to you and me and fuck everybody else,” she announced. Yolanda smiled. That was exactly how she felt. “Now sip it. Don’t shoot it back,” the lieutenant advised her.

Yolanda took a sip. The taste was still sharp and murky all at the same time, but it was smoother than the one with the red label. She smiled.

Lt. Cathy turned on the TV. She surfed until she found a movie. It was *Oceans 11*, and it was in the middle. They both leaned back and started to watch it.

Yolanda tried to lose herself in the movie, but her circumstances were so bizarre compared to her recent life that it was hard to get it out of her mind. She half expected the man to come through the door and order her to the floor. But as the movie went along, and she got further along in her drink, her apprehension started to fade.

They drank for a while. The movie ended and the lieutenant found another one. It was a comedy with Bill Murray. She had finished a third glass and was getting quite tipsy when the lieutenant announced that they should order dinner. There were menus on the dining room table. She ordered a sirloin, medium rare. Yvonne had a hard time deciding, but eventually ordered the veal marsala.

The food came up about a half hour later. Lt. Cathy handed out another \$10 tip. They ate there in front of the TV. After the Bill Murray movie, they watched something else. Yolanda was getting quite drunk. It felt good to have all her feeling deadened. She remembered leaning back and the room spinning. The next thing she knew she was waking on her bed. Lt. Cathy had put her to bed with her new clothes on. She had removed her shoes and stocking. She had a terrible headache. She struggled out of bed and went to the bathroom. After releasing a long stream of water, she went to the sink and washed her face. The cool water felt good. She looked up in the mirror. There she was. No nose ring. Actually dressed in clothes. Her decorations exposed. "How am I ever going to get through this?" she asked herself. "What's going to become of me?"

She went into the bedroom and took off the dress and her bra and panties. There was a floor length mirror on the closet door. She took a good look at herself. She looked grotesque. She started to cry. She had carried the nose ring in her hand all during the flight here and she had placed it on the bedside table when they came in. She picked it up and looked at it, fondling it. The red ruby sparkled. She recalled when the man had put it in her nose. The brown skinned lady had done the piercing. She felt like she wanted to sob but held it back. She crawled back into the bed, pulled up the covers and curled up on her side, clutching the ring in her fist. Then the sobbing started. Eventually, she went back to sleep.

The lieutenant came in sometime later and woke her. "Rise and shine, Yolanda," she told her merrily. "It's a brand-new day."

She waited until she left the room to get up. She decided that she didn't want to get dressed. There were two white, fluffy terrycloth robes hanging on the back of the bedroom door. She put the smaller one on. She went into the living room. The lieutenant had already ordered breakfast. She invited her to sit in front of a covered plate. It was French toast with three plump sausages. There was a carafe of coffee, a small cream pitcher and a bowl of sugar. She sat in front of her meal and stared at

it. She realized that she would never have to eat from the floor like a dog again. There was a tall glass of orange juice with two white pills next to it. She looked at the lieutenant. "Aspirin," she told her. "For your hangover."

She popped them in her mouth and took a big gulp of juice. She looked at the lieutenant and smiled. "Thank you," she said.

The lieutenant smiled. "You're welcome, Yolanda," she returned. "Anything I can do for you, just ask."

They spent the rest of the day watching TV. Yolanda went into her bedroom after lunch and slept. She barely spoke to her minder, except one or two words here and there. What did they have to talk about? The weather? Current events? Sports? They had absolutely nothing in common. She was sure the lieutenant had never been a sex slave. Had never spent hours and hours cruelly confined. Had never had to suffer a thousand acts of unconsented use. Had never been whipped to within an inch of her life.

She thought a lot about Granny and how she would never see her again. She wondered where her brothers were and whether they would ever tell her where they lived. Did Brad still live at home with his parents?

She spent the next three days dressed in her robe. The lieutenant asked her several times whether she wanted to go out, but she declined. She wasn't allowed to drink the scotch during the day but did every night until she was in a stupor. The lieutenant matched her drink for drink but never showed any signs of intoxication. Finally, on the fourth morning, the lieutenant was insistent that she get dressed and go out with her. She wore a pair of jeans, a nice green and red flowered top and the Reeboks. The lieutenant wore black slacks, a blue, man-style, button down dress shirt and flat black shoes.

They took a cab to the main city park. It was a bright and sunny day. They strolled around it. There were scads of people there. Children ran around everywhere playing and shouting. They sat on a bench and ate hotdogs for lunch.

They barely talked. After lunch, she took her to an elegant clothing store. There were a lot of nice things, but she couldn't get up the desire for anything. The lieutenant bought her a thick, gold necklace with a silver heart shaped pendant on it. It was very expensive. She allowed her to drape it around her neck.

They got back to the hotel around three. Yolanda went right to bed. She cried herself to sleep. She came out dressed in her bathrobe after evening had fallen. She ate another delicious dinner, drank scotch until she was woozy enough to fall asleep and went back to bed.

She woke in the middle of the night. She slept naked, the nose ring in her hand. She had been dreaming about the man. They were in his bed, and he was fucking her. She had been fucking him back eagerly. When she awoke, she was terrified that he was actually there. Her pussy burned. It had been burning every night, but

she had been able to ignore it. Tonight, the yearning was so intense, it was agonizing. She tossed and turned, squirmed and writhed. Her hand went to her crux several times, but she could not bring herself to fondle it. It was forbidden. She had shaved it every day and it was smooth as a baby's. She thought of the lieutenant alone in her bed. She got up, went into the living room and over to where the lieutenant slept. The door was open.

The lieutenant kept a dim light on at night in the living room and it cast a faint glow on the bed. She was curled up on her side. She trembled as she watched her. She needed comfort. A human touch. She had been used to getting off multiple times a day and by now it had been much more than a week since she had her last orgasm. The last one had been just before the man had dropped dead. She had been bound and gagged with her forehead on the floor. He had fucked her and fucked her and fucked her. She had groaned and moaned and fucked him back. It made her puss burn to think of it.

The lieutenant stirred. She awoke and looked up at her. Yolanda started to cry. She had never shown herself naked to the other woman and she was shamed to have her see her this way now. The lieutenant rose to a sitting position. She was naked on top. Her breasts were pert and firm. Her shoulder length, wheat colored hair was loose. There was a pregnant pause. Yolanda fought off the urge to run back to her room. Finally, the lieutenant spoke. "Come here," she said softly. Yolanda hesitated and then came forward. The other woman threw back her covers. She was wearing a pair of light blue bikini panties. When Yolanda reached the bed, she opened her arms and invited her in.

They made love gently. It was heavenly to Yolanda for somebody to touch her body. Lt. Cathy took the lead. She suckled at her breasts, kissed her gently but firmly. She mouthed her puss languidly until Yolanda shouted out her joy. She returned the favor. The lieutenant groaned loudly when she came, arching her back and jamming her sex hard against Yolanda's mouth.

After multiple climaxes, they went to sleep. The lieutenant held her in her arms until she dozed off. When she awoke, the woman was caressing her breasts, snuggled up against her. Her hand went south to her divide. Her mouth went to her teat. When Yolanda was groaning and writhing, she mounted her. Yolanda spread her thighs so that their pussies married. They ground at each other fiercely. Yolanda came first and the lieutenant quickly followed.

They laid in bed for a long time. The lieutenant caressed and stroked her. They kissed lovingly. At one point, the lieutenant pulled the covers all the way back and made a minute inspection of Yolanda's flesh. She rose over her, made her spread her thighs and studied the butterfly on her mons. "It's beautiful, Yolanda," she told her softly. She made her turn over and examined her back. "Oh, it so lovely," she cooed. "You should never be ashamed of it, Yolanda," she told her. "You're a

work of art.” She had her turn back and ran her hand over her flowered chest and breasts. She suckled on both of her nipples. She caressed the smiling wolf. She ran her hand over the dark red ‘RF’ below her belly button. “If you want, we can get this removed,” she told her.

She edged herself down the bed, lowered her head and ran her able tongue the length of her slit. She tickled her bud. She quickly had Yolanda in the throes of passion once again. Yolanda shouted when she came. When her passion was spent, the lieutenant lowered her torso over her body. Their breasts touched. She kissed her softly. She lowered her head over her shoulder and whispered in her ear. “This will not be in my report,” she told her. They both burst out laughing.

There was a bond between them now. They spent every night in the lieutenant’s bed. They drank scotch every night, trying different brands of single malt. Sometimes, they made love in the afternoons. They started going out more. They went to museums and art galleries. They ordered take out from seemingly every fancy restaurant downtown, each time giving a big tip. They went to movies and shows. They went to restaurants. Once or twice, they went to rock and roll bars, but Yolanda could not take the crowds. They bought matching opal rings.

The time flew by. Yolanda still had bouts of sadness, but they were irregular. She decided to leave the initials on her belly the way they were. They had a merry Christmas and got drunk on very expensive champagne on New Year’s Eve.

It was getting on to six months. Yolanda knew that Lt. Cathy would soon have to leave, and she dreaded being alone. The lieutenant asked for an extension of her stay, but it was denied. On the day that she packed up, they both hugged each other and cried and cried. When the lieutenant went through the door, her suitcase rolling behind her, Yolanda ran into her bedroom and sobbed and sobbed and sobbed.

The next week or so went by drearily. She never got dressed. She barely ate. Lt. Cathy had given her a debit card drawn on the account where her British MI6 pension was deposited, and she had to go downstairs to the lobby in her robe to refresh her stash of cash to tip the bellboys and bell-boyettes. Mrs. Smythe came by in the third week. She was very stern and told Yolanda that she would have to, “snap out of it.” She hired a realtor who would show Yolanda some apartments. She made her go up to the gym in the hotel penthouse and work out. She stayed a week. Yolanda didn’t dare approach her room at night. Mrs. Smythe must have had some inkling of her dilemma and bought her a vibrator.

Yolanda agreed to the second place the realtor showed her. It was a small, one bedroom apartment in a rather new and modern building about a half mile from where she used to live. Mrs. Smythe had suggested that the realtor show her places near her old neighborhood. It had all the amenities. Mrs. Smythe hired an interior decorator who supplied all the furnishings. Movers were hired to move her clothing. Yolanda made sure that she didn’t lose track of her nose ring. She carried

it around with her during the day like it was a talisman. She started wearing the diamond earrings again.

Moving into an apartment just made her more isolated. Lt. Cathy had gotten her a cell phone and she had called her several times. After the first few times, Yolanda stopped answering it and turned it off.

She started wandering the city. She would go to parks and sit there watching the children play. It was the middle of winter, and all the trees were bare of leaves. "Just like my soul," she would think. She took long walks through the shabbiest neighborhoods as if she was daring somebody to mug her. All of the money that she had gotten from Col. Fuller together with her granny's money was being held by an investment firm. Mrs. Smythe had set it up so that she needed permission from a trustee in order to use it. She didn't touch it, living instead on her pension.

On days it snowed, she just sat in her apartment looking out the window, just like she and the man used to do. She thought about him and her ordeal often. Sometimes, she raged in hatred towards him, hoping that he was burning in the hottest part of hell. Other times, she thought of him wistfully. She thought of the night he had shown her the lake and the northern lights. The intense kiss that they shared. She remembered his use of her, the feel of his cock in her mouth, his prick slowly, slowly entering her and her dismal helplessness. The raging orgasms he administered. At night, she tossed and turned, not being able to get used to being alone in the bed. She woke often in the middle of the night, half expecting him to be there, yearning for his touch and despising herself for it. She used the vibrator that Mrs. Smythe had bought her, sometimes several times a day. Always at night before she went to sleep.

She filled her apartment with random doodads she bought here and there. She picked out a nearby diner where she ate her breakfast and dinner every day alone in a booth, way in the back, usually just picking at it and hardly ever finishing. She didn't really want to eat, but she had a desperate fear of going hungry. Sometimes, in the parks she went to, guys would try and pick her up. She rebuffed them, except once, when she let this handsome, broad-shouldered guy take her to a hotel. When he saw all her tattoos, he marveled at them, but she had the sense that he saw her as some kind of freak. She let him fuck her listlessly. She gave him a desultory blow job. He ran off after his second orgasm and left her there with \$200 on the nightstand. She stayed in the room overnight and in the morning resumed her wanderings.

Several times, she took a taxi to the area of town where Mrs. Sim's place was. It took her a while to find it. She would have the taxi park outside, across the street, and just watch the building. She saw the men come and go. Every once in a while, one of the girls would peer out of one of the upstairs barred windows. It would be

just momentary, and Yolanda could only detect it when she saw the curtains ruffle slightly.

She wanted for nothing, but wanted for everything. There was nothing she could get joy from. Mrs. Smythe came by once in a while. She tried to get her to go to counselling. She set up an appointment and brought her to the first session, but Yolanda never returned. Sometimes when she walked around the city, she had the distinct impression she was being followed, but she was never able to detect anybody. They were probably too skilled to be caught.

She went by Granny's old house several times. A large family of Hispanics had moved in. She would just stand across the street and stare. Finally, someone in the house called the cops on her. After an intense interrogation, they shooed her away and warned her off. She never went back.

It became harder and harder to get up the motivation to go out. She spent many days listlessly watching television. She slept a lot. She came to the realization that she would never be normal again. She would wake up in the night, screaming. Her pussy yearned for attention. She had a good recollection of the terror of her life at the castle, but somehow, she missed it. She missed being under command and not having to make decisions. She missed the attention that the man had given her. She missed being callously and rigorously used. She didn't miss the beatings, but she missed the focus that the beatings brought her. All of her psyche attuned to the man's desires.

One day, in the late Spring, on a bright and sunny morning, she had a taxi drive her to Mrs. Lim's. She stared at the dull gray clapboard of the building for an hour. It was nearing noon, and there were only a few customers. She got out of the taxi and sent it away. She approached the door. She stood there for a few minutes, steeling her resolve. She was afraid, but knew that she was doing the right thing. She hit the buzzer. A woman's harsh voice answered. "Who is it?" it demanded.

She could hardly get her voice to speak. The voice demanded again, "Who the fuck is it?"

"Y-yolanda," she eked out.

The door buzzed. She opened it. A large, tall white man dressed in a dark blue t-shirt and black jeans was by the door. He smiled at her and stepped aside so she could come in. Mrs. Lim, dressed in an orange and black housedress was standing by the open door of the steel gate.

"I heard you were back in town, Yolanda," she advised her gruffly. "I've been expecting you. Come on in."

Yolanda hesitated. She knew that there was no way the big man would ever let her go back out the door. "What am I doing?" she asked herself. She knew what was on the other side of the steel bars. But then the sense of the rightness of her decision rose up in her. She edged herself forward. Mrs. Lim stepped aside to make



way for her. She stepped inside. Mrs. Lim closed the gate. It clanged with the sound of finality. She had been expected. Of course, she had been expected. Where else would she go? Who else would understand?

“Well, I always say, once a whore, always a whore. Welcome home, Yolanda. Take off your clothes so I can get a good look at you. What’s that in your hand,” she asked her pointedly. Yolanda showed her the nose ring. Mrs. Lim laughed. She took it and held it up to her nose. We’ll have to get that back up on you, Yolanda. It makes you look like a cow.” She put the ring in the pocket of her housedress. “Now get undressed like I told you!” she barked.

She was wearing a cerise blouse and a tan and black skirt. She hesitated.

“Let’s not start off on the wrong foot,” Mrs. Lim told her sternly. “You know I don’t take no shit.”

Her hands fumbled as she started to undo the buttons of her blouse. Mrs. Lim grew impatient and seized it. She gave it a great yank and tore off the buttons. When Yolanda started crying, Mrs. Lim gave her a great slap that made her head jerk. She screeched. “Come on, dimwit!” Mrs. Lim snarled. “Get on with it!”

Two of the guards, a heavyset mean looking black man and a similarly built and miened white one, had approached and were standing just off to the right of her. That big, ugly, fearsome woman who had fed her while she was down in her cage approached from Mrs. Lim’s left. She had a leer on her face. She was dressed in her black, tightly fitting housekeeping dress. Tearfully, Yolanda drew off her blouse. She reached behind her and unfastened her bra, removing it.

“Very, very nice, Yolanda,” Mrs. Lim commented admiringly. She reached out and seized her breasts, mauling them. “You’re a nice piece of work, honey. The guys’ll get a nice kick out of you. Now off with the skirt,” she snapped.

Yolanda, her hand shaking, lowered the zipper on the side. She drew the skirt down and stepped out of it. Mrs. Lim took it from her and handed it off to one of the guards. She recognized him. It was the one called Lou. He was grinning eagerly at her. She pulled down her panties and worked them over her 2” tan colored heels. Mrs. Lim took that too and handed it off.

“Nice, nice,” she hissed. “Spread your legs and let me see your pussy!” she instructed her sharply. “Hands behind your head!”

Yolanda obeyed. Mrs. Lim crouched down so she could get a good look. “Very pretty,” she remarked, stroking it several times. She stood up. “Turn around!” she ordered. Yolanda obeyed. She ran her hand over her back. “Very pretty, very pretty. The clients will have something to look at when they fuck your ass.”

She removed her hand. “Turn around again,” she ordered. Yolanda turned slowly around so that she was facing her. “Stay there!” she snapped. She went away. The guards and the ugly lady made a semi-circle in front of her. She wanted to run away. But it was too late. Way too late.

Two attractive young women poked their heads out of the kitchen. They were wearing sheer negligees. Pink and baby blue. They were wearing collars. The ugly lady looked at them. “What the fuck are you looking at?” she growled. “Get back in the kitchen and mind your own fucking business!”

Shadows of fear crossed the girls’ faces and they disappeared.

Mrs. Lim came back with a silver collar and two silver bracelets. She handed the bracelets to the big, ugly woman. She unceremoniously placed the shiny collar around Yolanda’s neck. It connected in back with a ratchet and she pushed it closed. “You give me any shit and that’ll give you a crack that’ll jerk your spine,” she told her sharply. She took the bracelets one by one back from the big, ugly woman and placed them around Yolanda’s wrists, ratcheting them closed. Each time, Yolanda placed her hand back behind her head. Tears were streaming down her face.

Mrs. Lim ordered her to turn around again. She seized her wrists and joined them behind her back. She spun her around to face her. She spoke to the big woman. “Take her downstairs and give her ten good whacks with the flogger so that we get her attention. Then bring her up to my room and put her in the cage. I want to fuck her.”

And then to Yolanda she said, “After that, we’ll put you right to work. You might as well start earning right away. In the meantime, after we’ve had some fun with you, I’ll put you up on the Net and see if we can get a good price. I know a Japanese outfit that would just love to have you.” She patted her cheek heavily with her right hand. “Ever been to Japan, honey? I hear it’s nice. You’ll love it. They really know how to teach a slut like you her place.

“Okay, take her away,” she ordered Mable. “Make sure you beat her nice and hard, so she gets the right idea about who’s boss around here.”

Yolanda looked at the big lady and shuddered. She was grinning. She was at least a head taller than her and built like a tight end. She took a grip on the ring in the front of her collar and gave it a heavy yank. “Come on, cunt,” she growled. “Let’s go.”

She pulled her over to the door that led to the basement. Yolanda quivered in fright. The big woman unlocked the door and pulled it open. “See you later, Yolanda,” the guy, Lou, told her menacingly.

She was pulled through the door and led down. Her high heeled shoes clunked on the wooden stairs. Strangely, a wave of relief passed through her. Mrs. Lim had said she was home. It felt just like that.

The end.

