



To The Highest Bidder
Reece Gabriel

Sold!..To The Highest Bidder

By Reese Gabriel

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Chapter One

My name is Dr. Emerald Tallow and up until a month ago I was a psychologist specializing in female rehabilitation. If you'd asked me at that time what I thought of women who desired to sell themselves into slavery, I would have said they were suffering from severe ego displacement, most likely in response to some childhood trauma such as abuse or rape.

All that, however, was before I met Gustav Rainier, the man who changed everything in my life. It is a direct result of his influence that I am crouching at this very moment in the cargo hold of a transatlantic jet, my chained and naked body confined in a small steel cage. In a few moments the plane will take off and I will be en route to my new master, a man whom I have never met by the name of Tolliver Khan. An agent of Mr. Khan's purchased me at an auction last night for the sum of ten thousand American dollars. I am told this is a good price, given the glut of nubile female flesh available on the market these days.

Gustav did not bother to stay for the auction. He left me at the door. I cried at his feet, begging him to keep me for himself. He declined, which was his right as my owner. I know I will thank him one day, but for the moment I am too filled with dread and excitement to think clearly on such matters.

Truly, I have only myself to blame for my lack of mental preparation. Gustav told me this day would come; he spoke of it often, and each time I rejected the idea.

"I shall sell you one day, Emerald," he would say while we lay together in bed after love making, my head on his magnificent chest, listening to his heartbeat, or again when we were strolling hand in hand beside the lake, my bare buttocks chafing beneath the chamois as I walked, the skin red hot from the beating he'd given me with his belt less than half an hour before.

I shall sell you one day, Emerald.

It was in fact, the first thing he said when I first offered myself to him, conceding his victory over me body and soul.

"You will become chattel, Emerald, do you understand what that means?" His hands were on the flesh of my upper arms as he

compelled me to look up into his eyes. I was weak with need and desire; I would have told him anything.

“Yes,” I’d lied, allowing his ice blue eyes to peer deep into my soul. “I understand.” My soul that belonged to him would have forced me to give him any answer he desired, whether or not I agreed or understood.

The truly amazing thing is that I have never felt more alive in my life as I do at this moment. Every inch of my captive skin tingles. Manacles cinch my wrists and ankles; chains of steel caress my sweat-sheened curves. My senses are sharp and crisp; I hear the myriad hums and clicks of the airplane as it prepares for takeoff, as well as the soft breathing of the girl beside me, a slender blonde in a matching cage. And next to her, a brunette, softly whimpering, her chains scraping over the metal floor as she tries to find a comfortable position in her own cage.

The blonde has curled herself into a ball; as near as I can tell that is the only feasible alternative to squatting or sitting head tucked to chin. I prefer to keep the pressure off my buttocks, owing to the tenderness of the bandaged area where I’ve been branded. This was done to me before dawn, after I’d been sold and placed in the small holding cell in the auction house’s dungeon.

I’ve not seen the mark, though my handlers seemed pleased with the results. Several of them became quite aroused at the sight of my seared flesh and I was heavily used prior to being taken to the airport. It is, of course, a permanent inscription on my flesh and it will mark me for life as to what I am.

A female slave.

I overheard Gustav say once that marks on a woman’s skin are the greatest aphrodisiac. Welts from a cane. Stripes from a whip. The kiss of a branding iron. I only wish he could see mine. I hope he would be pleased.

“She’s easier than a lot of ‘em that come through here,” one of the handlers had commented as he drove his tumescent cock in my mouth, my hands and knees pressed to the cold, damp floor of the holding cell just before they took me to the airport.

One of the others, who was busy thrusting himself in and out of my tight buttocks, had laughed. "That's Rainier, for you. It ain't for nothing he's known as the best in the business."

"Damned straight," added a third, who had exploded in my pussy a few minutes earlier and was now occupying himself with his zipper. "Rainier can take the toughest, most resistant bitch in the world and have her collared and licking milk from a saucer in under twenty four hours."

"Not just milk," crooned the man whose cock was in my mouth.

All three had laughed heartily.

This was the same three who took me to the airport. I was loaded in the back of a paneled van and made to lie on the floor. The leader, a bearded fellow with a hooked nose and horrific breath, had a baton with him that he used on me in a number of creative ways. He informed me this would be excellent practice for serving in the slave harem of Tolliver Khan. The Khan is a warlord in a certain lawless area of North Africa and he has many mercenaries. He also entertains powerful guests, government officials and top executives of arms manufacturing companies. Men such as these require playthings, of which I am to be one.

It was on the auction block that I heard my assets announced, my suitability to be the toy of a master like Khan. Dazzling white lights blinded my eyes, floodlights. The smoke of a dozen cigars, the raucous tones of wealthy, comfortable clothed men clouded my vision and assaulted my ears. I smelled alcohol and sweat, and the fear that emanated from other females like myself.

"Item number 56-D," drolled the auctioneer. "Five foot four inches, one hundred twenty pounds. Measurements 34, 27, 36. Firm breasts and ass. Only one owner. Sucks like a dream, juices easily. Excellent training potential. Do I hear a thousand to start the bidding?"

"A thousand!" had bellowed a voice from the rear of the room.

The handler had slapped my arse then. "Stand up straight. No slouching. Put some gusto in it; if we don't clear five grand, I'll whip you till you bleed."

Was it all a dream? I've asked myself this question a million times, though, truly, how can I deny my current state? The metal holding collar, attached by chain to the manacles, the ankle rings. The invoice clipped to the corner of my cage. The pan of water in the opposite corner, from which I may drink with my lips, and beside it a second pan, empty, meant for whatever fluid I may need to release along the way. It isn't my urine I'm concerned with at the moment, but something else. Closing my eyes, I move my trembling hand between my legs. I am sopping, and not only from the handler's numerous injections of sperm. I have needs, desires of my own. I crave to be had—thrown down in chains and taken; violated, used.

I ask again, is it a dream? If it is, then count it as the most vivid one ever recorded. Are you skeptical still? Perhaps if I tell my story to you, in its fullness, you can judge for yourself. You may find it amusing, even arousing, perhaps, if your inclinations go this way.

I must tell it quickly, though, for I hear the flight crew speaking among themselves; I have interested them, and I am told they have a key to this cage.

"Did you get a load of the little black haired slut? She's dripping, for crissakes," one of them chortled. "And those nipples; Jesus, they're like little bullets. Look at her eyes—you can tell she wants it."

"I know what you mean. Some of 'em just seem born for this shit, don't they?"

"What the fuck do I know? All I'm saying is I'm shoving my Willie so far up her hole she ain't gonna see straight for a month."

"You'll have to stand in line, pal. I saw her first."

Their laughter echoes in the metal hold. Soon, all too soon, I will serve them. In the mean time, why not pass our time with the tale of Emerald's awakening?

My story begins the day I first heard the name of Gustav Rainier. It was through a patient, a girl named Krissy. Krissy was a

nineteen-year-old runaway who'd been sentenced to counseling by a judge in lieu of a prison sentence for a repeat prostitution conviction. Judge Kellogg often called on me to help rehabilitate girls like her. He knew I had a soft spot in my heart for her kind as well as a hardnosed determination not to give up on a single one of them.

Krissy was a bright girl, a vivacious brunette with a heart of gold. She'd left an abusive stepfather and a drunken mother. Her only crime was being too pretty, with a grown woman's voluptuous body by the age of fifteen. Turning tricks was the only way she'd found to stay alive on the mean streets of the city. With her natural good looks and sensuous ways, she had no trouble at all finding customers. I was turning all that around, of course, convincing her to get her GED and go to college so she could really make something of herself.

The way I saw it, now that she was over eighteen, she had her whole life ahead of her to re-create herself.

All that was put in jeopardy, though, when she started missing her appointments. Three weeks went by and I became concerned she'd end up in jail if the court found out she was skipping her counseling. I knew where she was living and so I went to find her myself. Krissy herself answered the door, wearing nothing but panties and a pushup bra.

"Sorry, doc," she giggled, excusing her appearance. "Indoors is pretty much the only time I get to wear underwear now, so I take advantage whenever I can. If you know what I mean."

I didn't, but decided to let the point go. When I asked where she'd been, she told me she was doing well and that she'd found a steady job working at a strip joint downtown called the Girly Girl Club. She then invited me in to the apartment, which she shared with three roommates, preceding me to the couch. It was then I saw the marks on her back and buttocks. They were red welts, deep and angry. It almost looked as though she'd been struck repeatedly with some kind of whip.

"Who did this to you?" I cried.

Krissy smiled shyly and began to blush. "It's nothing to worry about, doc. I was just a little naughty last night, that's all."

“A little naughty?!” I exclaimed. “Krissy, you’ve been badly abused. We need to get you to a hospital.”

Krissy looked at me like I was the teenager and she was the thirty-year-old. “Have a seat, doc. I need to explain a few things to you.”

It was then that the scantily clad prostitute-turned-Girly Girl told me all about Gustav Rainier and an organization called Girls, Limited. It was a play on words, she said, because not only was it the organization’s legal name, it was also descriptive of its purpose: controlling and dominating beautiful women for the pleasure of strong, powerful men.

“Gustav is in charge; he’s the greatest,” she told me, her eyes wide with lust and passion as she described her accidental meeting with the tall, dark and handsome man outside a classy over twenty-one nightclub she was trying to sneak into. “You should meet him; he’s been all over the world and he knows everything about life and love and about us females, too. He was so cool that first time, he bought me drinks and later he took me to his hotel suite and made love to me; no pressure, no bull shit, just pure sweet love. He made me come and come, doc. Nobody ever did that. And he went down on me, too.”

Krissy was cross-legged on the red velvet couch, her ample, youthful breasts spilling out the top of the pink bra. I noticed that she sported a gold belly ring on her flat abdomen as she sat wringing her pretty fingers and chattering like it was a prom date. I had no doubt why an older man would be interested in her; she exuded life and smooth-skinned sensuality. A wholesome, sweet girl next door with only a few battle scars to her name; that was Kristine.

“I wanted more the next morning, you know? But that’s when Gustav got tough with me,” she bubbled. “He told me I wasn’t ready for more and he kicked me out of his bed. Literally. I cried and cried. I had nothing but a bedspread wrapped round me as I begged for him to touch me again, to make my body sing.

“He got annoyed finally and gathered my clothes so he could throw me out. You should see him naked, doc. He’s, like, my step dad’s age at least, but he’s so gorgeous. And strong, too. He turned

me on so much. I pleaded for another chance to be with him. I was in the doorway already, my arm locked in his iron grip when he relented.

“There was only one possible way,” he told me. And that was to become one of his girls. I said I wanted to, no matter what the cost. He sat me down, still naked and had me watch a special video—one he shows to his investors and stuff. Doc, it was the sexiest thing I ever saw. Girls being treated like real women. Being protected and made to obey. And they were so hot, too. There were these guys in the video, with whips and and they wanted the girls so much it made me hurt inside. Before the tape was over I was all over Gustav, telling him I wanted to be a Girly Girl, too, no matter what.

“He just smiled and told me the first rule was not to speak unless spoken to. That’s when he hauled me over to the desk chair and made me grab the front legs with my hands so that my belly was pressed over the seat. If I moved without permission, he said, I’d be sent away and never allowed to see him again.

I said I’d do what he told me. Next thing I knew, he was smacking me hard with his leather belt. On my naked, upturned bottom. It was incredible. It stung like anything, but it was so, so hot. My juices were actually dripping out of me, down my leg and onto the chair as he beat me. I almost came, right there.

When he was done teaching me my first lesson, he entered me. Just like that, totally dressed. He unzipped his fly, took out his cock and put it in my sopping wet hole.

“Don’t move,” he reminded me, giving my butt a smack with his hand for a reminder. I exploded right there, stuffed full of him, my body helpless and exposed. Gustav controlled me totally, grabbing my hips in his hands and pumping. ‘From now on, no orgasms without permission,’ he told me

“S—sorry’,” I slurred, still very much impaled.

“Have you been used anally?’ he asked.

“I shook my head, awestruck.

“Answer ‘yes, sir, or no, sir,’” he told me, his hand smacking my hip.

"I told him, 'no, sir,' and that's when he informed me he would now be the first. It hurt like hell, let me tell you, but he stopped a couple of times to lather himself up with the pussy juices that kept flowing out of me. Eventually, it felt pleasurable, but when he came, I was left hanging.

"I will be taking a nap now,' he said. 'While I am sleeping, you will clean the room, thoroughly. There are supplies in the bathroom for that purpose.'

"I wasn't sure if I could put my clothes back on, so I didn't. For the next two hours, I totally cleaned the man's room, stark naked. It was more chores than I'd done in my whole life. I even cleaned the toilet bowl. The whole time he slept naked on his back, totally peaceful. I tried to keep quiet so I wouldn't wake him. Afterwards, I took a shower and then I just curled up into a ball at the foot of the monster-sized bed.

"I must have fallen asleep, because the next thing I remembered, he was pulling me to my feet, his hands in my long, still-damp hair. He had a cross look on his face and he informed me I was never to get into his bed like that again without permission.

"Tears in my eyes, I apologized up and down. I was hoping he'd see all the work I'd done and be pleased with me, but all he wanted was to sit on the edge of the bed and have me go down on him. Happily, I knelt between his legs and gave him the best servicing I knew how. At a certain point I figured he would want me up on the bed so he could put his cock in me, but it turned out my mouth was all he was looking for.

"Swallow it,' he said roughly, pinning the back of my head with his hand. I lost myself in his pleasure as he came into my mouth. It was the greatest joy I'd ever felt and from that moment on I knew I would do anything Gustav Rainier told me to do, no matter how much it degraded me.

"Afterwards he told me, 'I'm going to take you to the club, now. Put on your clothes.' When I went to put on my white lace bra, though, he came up from behind me and smacked my ass hard.

"No underwear'," he commanded me. Immediately, I let the undergarment fall to the floor. For a moment he just stood there

breathing. I was afraid to move. At last he grabbed my breasts, pawing them casually, insolently. 'You're going to learn what this body of yours is for, Krissy. We're going to teach you to be a woman.'

"He had me moaning. I arched my neck back for a kiss and tried to run my fingers through his hair. Gustav just shoved me forward and told me not to keep him waiting. Trembling, aroused and confused, I pulled my pink tank top over my bare, aching breasts and fished on the floor for my panties. Gustav's loafer toe pressed down on the silk before I could retrieve the bottoms and that's when I knew I was not to be allowed covering down there, either.

"Left with no choice, I slipped into the skirt, praying I wouldn't visibly drip down my leg.

"'You'll wear this for now,' he said, showing me a silver choker with a tiny lock on the front of it. 'Hands in your hair, back straight.'

"I was given a moment to assume the position. He then instructed me to thrust out my breasts and widen my stance. Sliding my bare feet on the plush carpet, I opened my legs. A draft of air immediately vented my pussy. 'Head down,' he commanded as he approached with the tiny metal chain. I felt like a prisoner; I was so aroused that when he touched the back of my neck I nearly leaped to the ceiling. Rainier's firm hand on my backside reminded me to keep still.

"He put the chain on me and we both knew it was a whole lot more than a pretty piece of jewelry. 'Turn around,' he told me when he was done. I did so, my hands still twisted in my hair like they were chained there.

"'I own you, now, Krissy,' he said, not unkindly. 'But this is only the beginning.'

"'Yes, sir,' I responded, knowing that was the right thing to say.

"My little gesture earned me a slight smile from the man and a gentle stroke of my cheek with the back of his fingers. 'Will you work hard to please me, Little Krissy?'

"'Yes, sir,' I nodded eagerly. 'Yes sir.'

"That's when we went to the club and I started learning how to be a woman, the kind of woman he meant, just like he said I would.

I'm good, doctor, I really am. By summer, Gustav thinks I may even be ready to be in one of his magazines. Can you imagine that?"

I couldn't imagine it, truly, because it was too horrific. Further questioning confirmed my worst fears. By saying she was being a "good" girl, Krissy meant that she was earning good marks from the droves of customers she was nightly made to perform with sexually. When I pointed out that these acts were both illegal and immoral, she got a very serious expression on her face.

"Gustav knows what he's doing," she declared. "It's not about laws or morals. As a woman, I was put on this planet to please men, and that's what I do. I'm not one of those dick teasers at the other clubs, doc. When I arouse a man, it's so that he can get the best out of me. I'm not some cheap whore, either, charging for what's between my legs. I belong to Gustav, and he shares me as he sees fit."

There was simply no reasoning with Krissy. She was too far-gone, too deeply entrenched in what I was sure was some heavy-duty brainwashing. Deciding to drop the matter for now, and pretending to share her joy over having learned her "womanhood," as she put it, I said goodbye, responding half-heartedly to her hug and wishing her the best.

As I was excusing myself, however, I heard an old fashioned alarm clock go off in the bedroom. Krissy gasped, a look of wonder and trepidation on her face. "It's time," she told me. "I have to get ready for Gustav."

I stood there and watched as sexy Krissy scrambled to tear off her underwear. By the time I could blink, it seemed, she was on the floor, nude, her legs wide apart and her head down on the floor. The little choker jingled as she moved. Whatever she was getting ready for, it was obviously sexual.

"I don't understand, Krissy," I spoke up. "He's not even here."

"He will be," she assured me as though speaking of some god. "He will be."

What more could I say to her? As you can imagine, it was with a dark sense of foreboding that I left Krissy that day.

Of course I had no intention of leaving her to the man's devices. Little did I realize, though, exactly what, or whom I was going up against in the person of Rainier. My first call was to Judge Kellogg. To my astonishment, I was informed that Krissy's counseling sentence had been commuted and that I need no longer concern myself with the matter.

When I asked who was responsible, the judge told me curtly the request had come from the governor's office and that was as much as he was at liberty to say.

But, I asked him then, was His Honor aware of Krissy's affiliation with one Gustav Rainier, a man of apparent ill repute; a virtual pimp, as it were?

The judge was silent for several moments.

"Doctor Tallow," he asked at last. "We have worked with one another a long time, have we not?"

"Of course," I replied.

"In that case, I can assume you have some level of trust in my judgment?"

Again, I responded enthusiastically in the affirmative.

Judge Kellogg cleared his throat. "Well then, I know I'm not wasting my breath then, Doctor Tallow when I say that it is in your distinct self interest to drop this matter and return to what you do best; helping runaway girls."

"But Krissy—" I protested.

"Krissy is out of your hands, doctor. End of story."

I was left with a dead receiver in my hand. Dumbfounded, I decided to do some research. To my surprise, there was tons of information about Gustav Rainier. It seemed he was a well-known magazine publisher and cable television mogul. Soft-core porn was his specialty. That certainly figured. What didn't show in my search was the man's links to an underground empire of white slavery, as pervasive as it was deadly.

It was this lack of information on my part, combined with a good dose of arrogance that would eventually lay the groundwork for my undoing. Pumped up with righteous indignation for Krissy and feeling not a shred of fear, I determined I would take the man on

myself. As I look back on it, I think there was a bit of curiosity in this, perhaps even a subconscious desire to fall into his web of power as had Krissy.

In my limited experience—I'd had a total of three lovers in my life, all bland and passionless—sexual enthusiasm of the sort Krissy had displayed was a novelty. A mystery. Deep down I had to know: was the girl really deluded or could a sane woman actually find pleasure in subjugation? More to the point, could I find such pleasure myself?

As I said already, I see this all clearly only in hindsight. At the time I thought I was on a moral crusade and nothing more. For years I'd seen girls like Krissy exploited by cruel men, and I had had enough. Gustav Rainier, I had decided, was about to meet his match. A woman with brains and guts, a mature female creature, not a wounded child of whom he would be able to take easy advantage.

Using my title, and passing myself off loosely as an 'officer of the court', I managed to get through to the man's private office at Girls, Limited. A rather stern personal assistant informed me that Mr. Rainier was indisposed at the moment, but that she would take it upon herself to inform him of the situation.

"Tell him it's urgent," I stressed. "It concerns the safety of a Miss Krissy Washburn. What? Yes, of course he knows who she is. Just tell him, that's all."

Fifteen minutes later I got a call on my cell phone. "Mr. Rainier has graciously agreed to meet you tomorrow twelve noon at the Ambassador's Club," the assistant informed me. "It's a private club, but they'll be expecting you. I wouldn't be late, Miss Tallow. Mr. Rainier does not appreciate tardiness."

"It's Doctor Tallow," I corrected, but she'd already hung up on me.

Very well, I told myself. Tomorrow I would stare down the demon. At twelve noon. Precisely.

Chapter Two

I had disturbing dreams all during the night. Over and over I saw Krissy being hurt and exploited. Men were making her dance in her underwear, laughing at her when she couldn't do it to their liking. One of them took off his belt and began to flail at her as she moved. She made no effort to protect her bare skin, but seemed to be enjoying the pain, moaning and gritting her teeth, eyes shut as she moved barefoot in the skimpy panties and revealing bra.

Then they were taking pictures of her, centerfold pictures like in one of Rainier's magazines. A photographer was yelling at her, telling her she wasn't being sexy enough.

Krissy was naked, lying on a bear rug on her back.

"Forgive me," she kept saying as she worked desperately to arouse herself, one hand alternately tweaking her nipples, the other furiously working between her legs.

"Cut!" shouted the photographer. "This is no good."

"Please," whimpered Krissy, scrambling to her knees and putting her head down beside the snarling toothed bear head. "Give me another chance."

A thickly armed man stood over her now with a whip.

"No," the photographer. "The marks would show in the pictures. Bring in Thor. He'll handle her."

"Please," Krissy cried, scooting forward to shower the photographer's shoes with kisses from her pouting red lips. "I can be sexier. I promise."

The photographer put his foot on her shoulder and shoved her back. When she looked up Thor was there. He was bald and unshaven. A huge belly hung over his waist. His arms alone were like tree trunks. Looking down at Krissy he grinned, ear-to-ear, pure malevolence as he moved his ham-like hands to his belt, slowly, very slowly opening his trousers.

A man in a business suit standing beside me elbowed my rib cage. "Ever wonder why Girly Girl centerfolds always have that just-fucked look? It's because they were!"

I plugged my ears against his laughter, which was reverberating off the walls like thunder. I blinked for a moment and when I opened my eyes, Krissy was on her back again, her legs flung up over the shoulders of Thor as he pummeled her full force with his huge cock.

Her small, smooth body was at his mercy, his smelly, hair covered flesh eclipsing and drowning her out.

"I want multiple orgasms, Krissy, or else I'll let him have you all day," the photographer said. And then, to the man standing next to me. "Fred, get some film of this, for me; we'll release it as porno."

Fred looked at me and winked. He had my father's face.

I started screaming and men came running up to me, slapping me to calm me down. I was flailing at them and then they threw me down on the floor, which was covered in mats now, just like in my high school gym class.

Hank Meaney, a bully from the ninth grade was over me, pinning me. "You got titties now, Em," he was saying, his voice cracking. "That means we get to rape you."

It was at this point I woke up. The clock read half past five and I was quite certain I would not attempt any more sleep this night. Taking a long, cold shower, I did my best to collect myself. I have herbs that I take for nerves—an entirely natural curative—and I treated myself to a double dose.

Four times I dressed myself, each time rejecting the chosen outfit. The pantsuit seemed too severe. The knee-length dress, on the other hand, was too feminine. On a whim I tried jeans—which I could get away with since I only had one appointment this morning and no court appearances—but when I looked in the mirror I saw they sent the wrong message entirely.

I finally settled on a dress suit, navy blue, a smart pink blouse and pearls, and earrings to match. Let him see I wasn't afraid of my womanhood, but that I was also every bit as strong as any man, I thought. In short, he'd know I was a grownup, his match in every way.

A dash of my Seascape perfume was the right accompaniment. I've been told it's a heady scent, but subtle enough not to rouse the dead. With stockings and black pumps, I was quite confident I'd get

off on the right foot with the man. Hair up, that was the way to go, too. Not too severe, but definitely up and out of my face and off my neck. Again, all business.

I'm not sure my heart rate ever slowed that entire morning. I'm ashamed to say I remember only ten words from my session that morning with a recovering kleptomaniac.

"And you say it was a brassiere?" I'd asked.

"Yes," he'd replied, wiping his damp palms on his lap as he recounted his near theft of a coveted item. "A blue one. C cups."

My own underwear was blue. From a catalog. Not that Gustav Rainier would get within a country mile of them. From there it was a blur until I walked into the dining room and saw him, already waiting for me.

"Doctor Tallow," said a silk-suited Gustav Rainier, rising to his feet as I approached the charming table he'd already secured for our lunch.

I moved with precision and determination toward him, trying to ignore his obviously commanding presence. Fear of being late had haunted me for hours, and with it a countervailing determination to show my independence by being fashionably late. As a result I'd arrived forty minutes early then proceeded to hide in the bathroom till nearly quarter past noon.

"Sorry," I offered curtly by way of a greeting. "I was caught in traffic."

Rainier held my chair for me, pushing it in with perfect accuracy as I sat. "Think nothing of it. Your profession, as I understand it, is both a busy and an important one. It is I who should apologize for taking up your time."

"That's all right," I managed. "It's part of my job."

This was going to be harder than I thought. I'd counted on him being a bastard; his obvious gentility and good breeding was catching me off guard.

"May I order for us, Doctor Tallow? I come here quite often."

I laid my hand on the leather-covered menu. "It makes no difference to me, Mr. Rainier. I didn't come here to eat."

He smiled very slightly and inclined his head. "I'll take that as a yes, doctor."

"You can take it however you like," I answered crisply. I hated men like him on sight. Age fifty or so with the kind of good looks that only improve with age. Like some damned bottle of wine from an impossibly good year. There were tiny lines on his face, which danced as he spoke. His hair was jet black, elegantly streaked with silver. The jaw was cleft at precisely the right place and he had dimples. The shoulders were broad, tapering to a narrow waist. It was the eyes that really got me, though. Sea blue, sky blue, cobalt blue. Electric blue. Infinitely deep, intelligent and very, very dangerous. I could easily see where a hair's breath of attention from a man with eyes like this could bewitch an eighteen-year-old kid.

"I know all about you, Rainier," I told him when he'd finished his little banter with the waiter in flawless French. "You apparently have lots of people fooled, but not me."

He waited till the wine arrived to respond. "And how would you characterize me, Doctor Tallow?" he asked, the waiter just behind him to his left as he sniffed the tiny sample of burgundy for his approval.

I eyed the waiter, who was half eying me. "I would characterize you as a...as a..."

"This is an excellent vintage," Rainier nodded to the white-coated man with a deep smile. "It will do nicely."

I flushed red as the waiter walked away after a crisp bow. I'd nearly been tricked into insulting the man in front of a witness; a move which would have been grossly impolite, not to mention grounds for a later lawsuit on his part. As it was, he'd reduced me to helpless stuttering.

"You're little more than a pimp, Mr. Rainier," I told him, throwing caution to the wind.

Rainier poured me a glass of wine. "I gather this is about Kristine," he noted, filling the delicate goblet precisely to the three-fourths point. "You are aware, are you not, that she has reached the age of consent in this jurisdiction?"

I took a gulp of the inviting liquid, dark red. It heated me instantly from my throat to my belly. "I know how old she is, Rainier. And I don't know what *jurisdiction* you come from, but in my book,

when a fifty-year-old is fucking an nineteen-year-old and getting her to strip and pose nude and God knows what else behind closed doors, there's something seriously wrong happening."

Rainier's eyes shimmered very slightly. He was studying me with a calm and a precision I did not like one bit.

"Stop staring," I blurted. "I'm not going to swoon or beg you to rape me, so don't waste your time trying."

"Is that what you want? To be raped?"

"What?! Of course not. Don't twist my words," I pointed a trembling finger. "I have friends in the legal system. And you'd be very, very sorry if you tried to lay a hand on me."

Rainier sipped his wine in silence. It was only after the first course arrived, some sort of creamy vegetable soup, that he continued the conversation, much to my discomfort and aggravation.

"Are you so very afraid of me, Doctor Tallow?"

I laughed contemptuously. "It took you all that time to think up such a stupid response?"

He ignored the insult. "Suppose I make a wager with you, Doctor Tallow," he offered pleasantly, his eyes on the carefully balanced spoon he was now maneuvering toward his perfect lips.

"What do you mean?" I stiffened. "A wager?"

"It's very simple. If you win, I will release Kristine to your custody. And with her as many girls as you like who may be on hand on that particular day."

"On hand?" I parroted contemptuously. "And how many would that be, on a *particular day*?"

He shrugged incidentally. "It depends. Forty to fifty are attached to this particular club franchise on a given day."

I clenched my fists, fighting visions of all those women in his clutches. Exploited. Used. Dancing and fucking for his profit. "You'd—you'd just let them all go?"

"Release them," he corrected. "Along with any females on hand for processing at the relocation center."

A shiver went down my spine. He was alluding to his infamous white slavery ring. The world wide organization which reduced healthy, free girls like Krissy to cringing slaves, naked objects of

male lust begging for the smallest attentions, craving the most abject abasement. Compared to them, the club dancers and whores were living like queens.

"Relocation center," I snorted. "We all know what *that* means. But tell me what is the bet, and what happens if I lose?"

He dabbed at the corner of his luscious mouth with the linen napkin. His fingers, I noted, were perfectly manicured. A single ring graced his finger, gold with a three spiraled inlay of silver. I recognized it as a symbol of male supremacists. As far from a wedding ring, I gathered, as one could get.

"It is a wager I think you'll find hard to resist, doctor, as it concerns your own ongoing ego formation."

"Stop trying to be a psychologist, Rainier. Just spit it out."

The fire blue eyes settled on mine, their intensity rising the tiniest amount, just enough to make me squirm. What these things would be like full force, I had no idea. "For the next month, Doctor Tallow, you will avail me every opportunity to convert you to my world view. If I fail, the girl goes free. If I succeed..." He leaned back in his chair, the line of muscles evident under the striped jacket. "If I succeed, then it won't matter. You will no longer care about Krissy or anyone else."

"You mean I'll be a zombie, a little robot like Krissy? No thanks, Rainier." I rose to my feet, no longer interested in the next course. "How about if I see you in court instead?"

"You'll lose, Emerald."

I froze. The man was right, though I refused to let it show. "I don't recall giving you permission to use my first name," I spat back. "*Gustav*."

His eyes danced. "I'm disappointed. I would have thought you'd relish the opportunity to laugh in my face, to fend off the best of my methods, disproving entirely my theories on human nature and sexual relations."

"And what theories are those?" I demanded, my buttocks unwittingly returning to the seat. "Do tell me."

"Nature is a battleground, Doctor Tallow. Both among and within species. Every creature is designed by nature to triumph or to

submit.”

“On second thought, don’t tell me,” I interrupted with a roll of my eyes. “You think women are made to submit to men.”

“Your words, Doctor Tallow, not mine.” He leaned forward, his voice lowering to a seductive, ominous timbre. “You are curious, though, as to what would happen if you and I went head to head. I am, too. Enough so that I will sweeten the pot. If after one month of following my program you are unaffected, I will fund rehabilitation programs for young women along your guidelines in every city in the country. Furthermore, I will close every one of my clubs, shut down my magazines and retire from public life.”

“You can’t be serious,” I scoffed. “No man would do such a thing.”

“I am that convinced of my methods, Doctor,” he retorted. “Are you?”

I dabbed at my lips. Sweat was collecting along the top edge. Desperately, my eyes sought some refuge, my mind some turn in the conversation. There was none, no way out from the penetration of his gaze. He would sit like this, I knew, for hours if need be awaiting my response. My serious response.

I clenched the napkin I still held in my hand. “It’s complicated,” I said, intent on the folds of the white linen. “There would be . . . I mean to say, wouldn’t we . . .”

“Have sex, Doctor Tallow? Yes, most certainly. Is that a problem? I assume you aren’t a virgin?”

“No,” I snapped. “Not that it’s your business.”

“I can promise a hundred percent safety, doctor. Complete protection, no risk of disease, no lasting complications, injuries or traumas. Everything, furthermore, will be at your own pace. I will not move you past the point you are ready to go.”

“How sporting of you.”

Rainier shook his head. “Don’t be so quick to dismiss me. I shan’t make this offer again. This is your only chance, doctor, your only chance ever to experience something you have wondered and fantasized about your whole life.”

"You know nothing about me, Rainier. What makes you think you can guess my fantasies?"

"Because," he replied, draining the remains of his glass, "you are a woman."

"Fuck you," I said, regretting at once my loss of control.

Rainier smiled and it was at that moment I knew he had me.

"I'll take your bet," I declared, thrusting out my hand. "On one condition. My work comes first. My appointments won't be interrupted."

"I agree to your terms," he nodded. "Your hand, however, is not required."

"And why is that?"

"Because a handshake is an agreement between men. A bond of honor no female could comprehend."

"You're a pig," I spat at him, not caring that the waiter had returned with soufflé and could hear my every word. "I hardly know you and I already hate you."

There was no further conversation for the rest of the meal. I was grateful this, as I was past the point of speaking. It was all I could do to hold my fork steady. I'd never been so angered, so excited in my entire life. No sooner had he dismissed himself at the end of the meal, than I ran straight to the bathroom to tear into my throbbing sex. The underwear was soaking wet to the touch. Pushing it hastily aside, my legs straddled wide over the toilet seat, I began to frig myself, not even sure why I needed this sex so badly.

Was it a mark of my own control—a promise to myself that I'd never surrender my own power to gain or give pleasure? Or was it something deeper? Was the Rainier charisma already at work, battering my defenses, forcing me to find heat and need in his rough, trivializing treatment of me? Deep down did I want to be made a fool of, to be put in my place by a strong man, if possible in full view of other men?

I know now the answer was 'yes,' but at the time, I still imagined I'd initiated a war that I would win, hands down. The fact that he hadn't tried anything overtly sexual with me at lunch, in fact, I took to be a sign that I held the upper hand, right from the start.

How little I understood the man. How greatly I underestimated the subtlety, the patience of his training methods. Because, indeed, that's what was happening. Gustav Rainier was training me. Training me as a slave.

The first time I heard from him after our lunch was at six o'clock. I was curled up on my couch still in my work clothes, happily eating a microwaved dinner, enjoying one of my favorite old movies on cable. I'd had several deep and draining but productive sessions that afternoon, and frankly, I'd very nearly succeeded in forgetting about the man and his foolish bet.

"Tell me what you're doing, Emerald," he said as soon as I picked up the phone.

"Having supper."

"What are you eating?"

"Chicken Kiev for one. Braised potatoes. Baby carrots."

"Do you often eat alone?"

"Yep," I quipped, determined not to get defensive or argumentative. "Can't beat the company."

"Go to your freezer, Emerald. Describe the contents to me."

Annoyance washed over me. I liked this movie a lot. But a bet was a bet. "Three Super Gourmet dinners, a bag of peas, two trays of ice and a box of rocky road," I announced, having traipsed to the kitchen for an impromptu investigation.

After a few moments silence, I barked, "Hello? Anyone there?"

"Are you wearing shoes, Emerald?"

I looked down at my stocking feet, wiggling my toes for good measure. "Nope."

"All right, Emerald. That will be all for now."

I couldn't resist laughing into the receiver of my mobile phone. "That's it? That's your Svengali-like technique? At this rate, I'll win this bet without breaking a sweat."

"Good night, Emerald."

I went back to the movie but for some reason I couldn't concentrate. For the next two hours I stared at the phone, terrified that it might ring. Finally, I went to bed and fell into a fitful, restless sleep.

The next night he called again at precisely six. He hadn't said he would, but I'd been ready. "It's Beef Wellington tonight," I announced, a note of pride and whimsy in my voice.

"I want you to keep your door unlocked tonight. You needn't fear for your safety. You are under my protection. Also, when you go to sleep, you will leave your bedroom door open. Do you wear pajamas?"

"I . . . yes," I stuttered, my knuckles white on the receiver.

"That won't do. For tonight you may wear pajama tops, no bottoms. I shall have more suitable garments sent to you in the morning. Be in bed by eleven, and I would like you freshly washed and perfumed. Good night, Emerald."

I stood there for what felt like an eternity, the phone in one hand, my rapidly defrosting dinner in the other. In one fell swoop the viciously clever Rainier had managed to knock aside my sense of security and privacy forever. Gone was my initial smugness, my smooth confidence. I had agreed to be sexually available to the man and he was taking me up on the offer. Enforcing my availability, in fact, with a carefully worded set of instructions.

Fear gripped my heart. I had yet to unlock my door. How long had I been standing there? Dropping the phone and the dinner both, I ran barefooted to my front door. My heart thudded as I slid the dead bolt open and popped the chain. For a single girl, locks were life and death, her best friends in a pinch. Would Rainier really take care of me? If a burglar came or a rapist

Pushing the thought from my mind, I released the final lock, rendering myself officially helpless. By the time I got back to the kitchen it was nearly seven. I had no appetite, but decided to complete my dinner anyhow. I'm not sure why I felt rushed, but for some reason it seemed important to start right in on preparations.

Laying out my various comfy pairs of pajamas, I picked what I thought was the right top. Pale blue and button down. That was good, wasn't it? He'd want to undo the buttons himself probably, as a kind of foreplay. There was an instant throbbing in my nipples as I thought of his hands on me, doing to me precisely what he wanted to, in perfect accord with the bet I'm made.

I was his. By my own agreement. How, I wondered, was I any different from Krissy or any of the others? In a panic, I shoved the remaining pajamas back in my drawer. It was then that a question occurred to me: should I throw out my other pajamas—the bottoms at least? He hadn't said so, but what if he looked? Would he expect me to anticipate him in this regard?

Rationally, I told myself it didn't matter. So what if I had missed his meaning? You could never please a man like that, any way. It goes back to the paternal relationship, to his insecurities and my own. In my case, I had a hard, emotionally unavailable father who . .

God, now I was psychoanalyzing myself. Gathering up all the pajamas, I decided to put them in a bag by the door. That way, I could go either way, depending on his wishes. His wishes.

The phrase had a kind of dark power that radiated down my chest and into my belly. Shifting in my jeans I became aware of a rising dampness. Disturbingly familiar. For reasons I didn't understand, I had to have my clothes off. Frantically, I pulled at them till I was naked. A shower. I needed a shower.

Was I allowed to masturbate? Again, he hadn't said.

Damn it, why was I having to figure everything out for myself? He was supposed to be the dominant one.

I decided on one small orgasm, the handle of the back scrubber between my legs as the shower water beat down on my throbbing breasts. It was a mistake, because I was left, paradoxically, wanting more. A man. A man's cock.

Rainier's cock.

God, the things I'd said to him. I'd been so rude and now, tonight, he was going to be with me. In me. On top of me. As close as a man and woman could get.

For the next two hours, I cleaned the bathroom and bedroom, even washing the sheets and changing the dust ruffles. I also made the decision to wear a different top, a pink, silky one without buttons. It was low cut and there was a little flower between the breasts. For some reason, it was important to look feminine.

By ten I was pacing like a caged tiger. I couldn't watch TV. I couldn't read. Probably, I should just lie in bed, but what would that be saying? That I was so eager, so horny, I was laying myself down a full hour early?

That made me wonder if Rainier could see me right now. Would he put cameras in someone's apartment? I'd heard it was easy enough to do nowadays. But no, that was being paranoid. How about a magazine? I could get in bed with one or two professional journals I'd been meaning to get to, and that way I could kill two birds with one stone.

Throwing back the covers, I looked at my flower-patterned sheets like an alien landscape. For years I'd prided myself on my bed, my independence. And now...now, I was getting into it on a man's terms, to be used for his own purposes. Sexual purposes. Fresh panic washed over me. No man had ever been in this bed. My few amorous encounters had been in someone else's house and once at a hotel during a conference on cognitive therapy.

I had to call off the bet, I had to stop this before . . .

The clock! It was ten fifty nine. Nauseous and light-headed I leaped up, my body hitting the silk with a shudder. So this was it, I thought, laying my head down tentatively, half expecting electric shock. I was now officially a prisoner, a virgin, or semi-virgin sacrifice awaiting the marauding dragon.

Minutes drifted by in silence. Along with little nagging questions: What if I needed to use the bathroom? Should I have supplied condoms? Would he stay the whole night or just do his business and get right back up? The latter would be far preferable, I decided, though I did wonder what it would be like to sleep with the man, actually sleep and have him wake up beside me.

I was on my back, my legs apart. Did that seem too eager? Maybe he would like to find me on my side, so he could surprise me, sweep me in his arms and roll me over. Clutching the covers between my legs, I turned, back towards the door. I'd left the living room light on. I'd wanted to be able to see who was coming in. Again, I thought what might happen if some stranger got in. What if Rainier wasn't watching closely enough to prevent attack? Didn't he

know about the crime in my neighborhood? Someone could burst in and force himself on me. He might have a knife or a gun. He might tie me down or simply tell me to cooperate or pay the price. Having no choice, I would have to open my legs. I'd be wet, of course, not because of him, but on account of Rainier. He'd misinterpret that, though, the rapist, and I'd be in for even more abuse.

Round and round went my thoughts. My dark sex fantasies. Still, I was alone.

By midnight, my heated fretting began to turn to anger. Who was he to keep me waiting? I'd half a mind to get up and . . . and . . .

And what? The truth is, I didn't get up. By one a.m. I was re-running every word of our phone conversation through my mind to see if I'd made a mistake. Was I missing something? Fear set in. Was he waiting somewhere else? Had I misunderstood? Or, worse still, had I displeased him in some way and now he wasn't coming?

My rational self tried to hold onto the notion that I was really only scared for Krissy, and the others like her and that was why I was behaving so submissively. I had to re-focus. Winning this bet would make all the difference for Rainier's hapless slaves, and I couldn't afford to lose for their sake's. There was no telling with a man like Rainier, though. He could welch on the whole thing based on some technicality.

My veneer of reason lasted until one thirty. There was a stain on my sheet by now, my own juices. I couldn't take it anymore. I ran to the window, risking disobedience. There was nothing out there. Dejected beyond measure I crawled back to bed. Hugging my pillow, overcome by stress, I began to cry. Like a little girl I cried myself to sleep.

It was all I could do to wake up the next morning. I had to hand it to him, I thought as I pancaked makeup over the circles ringing my eyes; Rainier was a master of the human psyche. He'd played me for a fool. Stood me up. The perfect male is what he was. No doubt, he was telling the story to his buddies right now of how he'd fooled the ditzy little psychologist.

Well, two could play at that game. I could tease, too. I could play on fears and expectations. And who better for such a game in fact than a licensed professional such as myself. By the time I got to my office and parked the car in my nice little designated spot, I didn't feel half bad. Once again, I'd survived an assault, and found it pitifully wanting.

In other words, I was still on my feet. Still spitting nails, determined to bring him down.

Little did I realize, though, that Gustav Rainier had not yet begun to fight.

Chapter Three

A man was waiting for me outside my office door. He had beady eyes, a brush cut and a tall, lanky physique. The hair was light blond and the eyes seemed faraway. As he handed me the note, he looked over my head, off into some unknown dimension.

I nearly toppled as I read the words. If not for the wall, I'd have gone down for sure. Twice I read it and still I couldn't absorb the implications of the tightly squeezed, type written note.

Emerald—You will invite this man into your office and seat him on your couch. After removing all your clothes in his presence you will fellate him to orgasm. You may swallow if you wish, or else spit the contents into your hand. The choice is yours. --GR

I could scarcely fit the key into the lock. My forehead was cold and clammy, my icy hands were trembling. Blood pounded through me as I stalled for time. What were my options? I could run, scream, fight. What if I opened the door and jumped inside shutting him out? Then I could call the police.

And say what? That a man had come to collect a sexual favor based on a bet I had made with a third party to the effect that I could resist his efforts to turn me into his sex slave in one month's time? Yea, that would go over real big with the joyless gendarmes of our fair city.

Maybe I could plead with the man, buy him off. Appeal to his conscience.

"Come in," I said, my tone carefully muted.

The big man, dressed in a turtleneck and an old fashioned striped suit nodded at me without looking. I noticed now his eyes were different colors, one brown, one blue. The brownish one, on his left side, seemed skewed somehow.

I had to tell him to sit. I think he'd have waited like that all day, standing on my rug. He was huge. What would that mean, I

wondered, when it came to his intimate self? God, was I really going to do this? Suck off a stranger at Rainier's command—this after the bastard had left me high and dry all night, rendering me so horny I couldn't see straight?

The leather cushion formed a huge pocket under his arse. Keeping his legs apart, he put his palms down on his thighs, that faraway look still on his face. It occurred to me now he might not even know what the note said. I swallowed hard. Would he think this was my idea? That I was some kind of slut?

The first step is the hardest, they say. One by one, I stepped from my flats. I'd been in stocking feet on my rug before, but this was different. Tentatively, I wiggled my toes. I was doing a good job stalling when the words echoed in my mind.

After removing all your clothes you will fellate him to orgasm.

The jacket was the first thing to go. Under it, I had a smartly crisp, white blouse. Before this, though, I'd go for the slacks. Chills went down my spine as I slid them down my legs. I had nothing on my legs, just a pair of stocking footies under the shoes. Pulling these off along with the discarded pants, I took a deep breath. Wearing nothing but blouse, bra and panties, I crossed my arms over my chest.

"Say something, dammit!"

The man sat like a statue, unmoved by my near nudity. He might as well have been watching mold grow.

My lip began to tremor, the way it always did before I cried. Fighting the urge, I concentrated on opening the blouse, taking it off and putting it neatly over the credenza. Never mind that the pants and jacket were in a heap; clearly I wasn't thinking straight.

The bra and panties were pink, frilly. If Rainier had even a smattering of decency, he'd have let me leave them on while I performed the act. For a split second I entertained the idea of cheating. What if this were a mute, a mentally challenged person who wouldn't know the difference; what if he'd never be able to report back what I did or didn't do?

No, Rainier would never be that sloppy.

Defeat and dejection such as I have never known settled over me as I reached behind me for the clasp of my bra.

Naked. I had to be naked, in my own office, in full sight of my photos, books and diplomas while I did something only whores do.

Actually, it was worse, because I'd never collect a nickel.

"I—I don't usually do this sort of thing," I prattled, smiling nervously at the man as I took my breasts one by one from their protective covering. "I hope you don't think that . . . that . . ."

My foolish, self-accusing words petered out, falling uselessly to the floor like my designer brassiere. Instinctively now, I crossed my hands over my crotch. It was a last stand, a stubborn rebellion doomed to failure. Looking directly ahead, focusing on the white-yellow top of his head, I tucked each of my thumbs into the waistband of the panties. Slowly, with as much dignity as I could muster, I removed my final garment and stepped from it.

I, Doctor Emerald Tallow, PhD, was now naked in my own office, prepared to service a mute, blank eyed giant. The next line of Rainier's note came to mind now, and I whimpered softly to myself as I repeated them to myself.

You may swallow if you wish, or else spit the contents into your hand...

Step by step, I closed the gap between us. For the first time I thought about his pants, and having to open them. Somehow that seemed worse than the sex.

"If you could help with this part, I'd really appreciate it," I pleaded, hating myself for the coy, nervous smile I was plying.

Nothing.

"Why am I not surprised?" I muttered as I lowered myself into position.

Freeing the lanky giant's cock was harder than it might seem. For one thing, I was reticent of every touch. Also, he was long enough and curled under enough that I had to risk pulling and tugging.

At long last, after great effort, I was rewarded with a slender drooping snake in my hands. Its single eye seeming to focus on me in eager expectation.

Tears welled in my eyes, even as juices began to collect below. It was the most exquisite mix of shame and desire. "Could I use just my hand?" I sniffed. "Would that be all right? Please, could I just use my hand?"

You will fellate him to orgasm, Rainier weighed in, and I knew I was past the point of no return. Resting my tender breasts on his trousered legs, I applied the first tentative dab of my tongue. I'd only done this once before, briefly, while very drunk. It had ended very badly, with me never speaking to the man again. As if by magic, the stranger's penis stirred. So there was life in the man after all. Taking a deep breath, I went for a longer lick, along the shaft where I know it is very pleasing for a man. The giant made no response, but he was swelling, so I must have been doing something right.

This time I took the round, thickening head in my mouth, closing my lips over him. The smell was overpowering, re-enforced by the pungent, slightly acrid taste. Deciding to speed matters along, I slid my mouth forward, taking about half of him. He was huge and I had no intention of absorbing much more.

The problem was, the terms were not mine. I had to make him come and so far, he seemed like a statue. A stiff-cocked statue to be sure, but one seeming to be otherwise responsive to the situation. Repressing the urge to gag, I took him further. Some men, I knew from my research, enjoyed using a woman's mouth like a cunt. It was a power thing.

The giant began to hiss. My cunt hummed in response; it was turning me on to be turning him on. Grabbing his legs, I dove deeper, needing more of him, needing to hear him cry out in pleasure.

"No!" boomed a voice, deep and rumbled, as if from afar. "Not yet. First dance."

The giant was pushing me off him, rejecting my servile efforts. "I—I don't understand," I looked up at him meekly.

The truth was I did understand. He wanted me to arouse him with my body. He wanted a show. "That isn't possible," I shook my head vigorously.

The giant frowned at me and moved to get up.

“Wait, please!” I cried, pressing myself against him to hold him down. “I’ll try. I will.”

Now what? Stand in front of him and...perform. I’d seen strippers before; I had a number of them as patients. But seeing and doing were two different things. Closing my eyes, I yielded to a deep sigh. Somewhere within me, something must have come. I was aware, without actually seeing, that I was touching myself, moving and swaying. It was hard and awkward and I felt ashamed. Was I pretty enough? What if I couldn’t turn him on?

Would the giant go back to Rainier and say I wasn’t good enough, that I couldn’t do it for him, as a woman? I couldn’t bear that, truly I couldn’t. I was a woman, dammit, more woman than Rainier could handle; I’d show him, I’d make him sorry he ever tried to beat me down.

“Enough!” the man bellowed in some kind of foreign accent. “Suck now.”

He was pointing to his rock hard cock, angled straight up at me. Gratefully, beyond all reason, I fell upon it. This time, I set no limit but took him all the way. He was groaning in pleasure. Encouraged I doubled my efforts and in a matter of moments was rewarded with a warm, pulsing spray. I’d meant to spit, but it all happened so fast.

Before I knew what had happened, I was drinking him down, taking his sperm down my throat into my belly.

I could feel the inner eyes upon me, the disbelief that would come from the prostitutes I knew over what I’d done. Swallowing had symbolism. Intimacy and servitude. The giant went on shuddering and then, when he was finished with me, he pulled his cock from between his lips and stood up. Stepping over me, he went to the door and walked out. Without a word, he left me, crumpled on my carpet, degraded beyond all measure. And the worst part of it was I’d come perilously close to begging him to stay so he could quell the fire between my legs by fucking me.

I must have lain like this for longer than I’d realized. There was a knock on the door; it was my ten o’clock appointment. “Just a moment,” I called, my voice raspy. “I’ll be right there.”

I had the rest of the day to calm my nerves. It wasn't long enough, though, not by a long shot. My eleven o'clock appointment was a nightmare and my two o'clock actually came out and asked if I was all right. All right? I'd just committed an intimate act with a stranger, a man whom I found repulsive. How could I look at anyone sitting on that couch in the same way again? How could I look at myself in the mirror? Was I right?! That was a laugh.

The most disturbing part was that it wasn't only disgust that I felt. I was also deeply aroused. It was as if Rainier had had me through the stranger; in fact I could still feel his invisible presence somehow on me and in me. Palpable. Dangerous. I couldn't even look at my phone without thinking of him, couldn't hear a knock on the office door. And always, always, the longer the silence, the more I wondered.

What would he do next? What would he have me do?

A million times in my mind, even as I dispensed my usual advice and counsel, I was thinking what I would say to him. I was angry, of course. He'd get a piece of my mind. A bet was one thing. But he was playing mind games. In fact, he'd violated the one rule I'd laid down. He'd interfered with my work. And I'd tell him this, to his face.

I couldn't wait for my last appointment to be over. I wanted to go him at once. First, though I would have to change my clothes. It wasn't that my outfit was dirty; I simply couldn't let him see me in the same clothes I'd had on while giving a blowjob to the man he'd sent. I have a small shower in my bathroom and I generally keep a change of clothes for emergencies. The thin blouse and skirt were not my first choice. They were too sexy, far too revealing. Unfortunately, they were my only option.

Turning the water to full blast, I let the hot, steamy spray assault my tender flesh. From experience I know that rape victims frequently report a feeling of dirtiness afterwards and require numerous, intense showers to restore even a minimal sense of normalcy. I hadn't been raped, but I felt violated. Unlike the victims I

counseled, however, I had no recourse. Everything I'd done was voluntary in the eyes of the law.

I couldn't bear to touch my sensitized nipples. My sex lips were swollen. The shower was hell. I nearly masturbated to relieve the tension, but such an act would only shame me further, confirming Rainier's view, that girls were automatically aroused by male control, even male humiliation.

A girl. I'd called myself a girl. But I was a woman. An angry, wronged woman. Finishing my ablutions, I put on the fresh clothes, the short gray skirt and clingy blouse. At least it was professional I told myself as I locked the office and headed for my car.

It was time to draw a line in the sand. To set the boundaries I should have in the first place.

This is the thought I held fast to as I drove to the offices of Girls, Limited. Enough was enough, I decided. He'd broken the rules, and now the bet was off. He could keep his development money and all the other girls, I just wanted Krissy back. She was like a daughter to me and I wouldn't bear her abuse any longer. She was a lovely young girl; she should be dating and teasing, breaking boys' hearts, not offering her body to strangers at the whim of a depraved madman.

It was repulsive to me, that a man like Rainier could control such a creature, that he could dress her and undress her, forbid her underwear, mark her buttocks with a belt or whip for being "naughty." What had Krissy done, anyway, to warrant punishment?

Most likely she had displeased Gustav and had paid the price. But what was it exactly? Had she refused him some act or favor? Had she been slow to obey? Did she mouth off to him? And what about afterwards? Was she more pliant then, more obedient? Had he used her, bringing her to helpless orgasm in spite of—or even because of her punished behind?

Furious at my own weakness, I gave in to the heat between my legs, allowing myself to squirm on the leather seat. Traffic was slowed to a crawl down the wide, office-lined street and all I could think of was what would happen if Rainier chose to do that to me. Could I refuse the whip or belt, under terms of the bet, or would I be

compelled to offer up my behind, my virgin flesh for the unlashings of his wrath?

Resisting the urge to shove my hand down under the waistband of my panties, I gripped the wheel till my knuckles were white. As it was, it didn't matter, for just as the Girl's Limited building came into view, I came. Untouched, unloved, I orgasmed, my juices soaking my panties, spilling onto the seat as though a man were on me. In me.

And that man was him. Rainier. The miserable, infuriating bastard.

I stormed through the revolving doors, my heels clicking on the marble floor. The ornate accoutrements were wasted on me. The fountains, the statues, the mammoth palm trees in the lobby. Marching straight to the front desk, I demanded to see him. An athletic looking man in a blue blazer, an earpiece in his ear, came immediately to the support of the shapely little receptionist who was very politely trying to send me away.

"Is there a problem?" the man asked the girl, his shoulders framing the bronze wall behind the large, circular desk. In the middle of the wall I noted an absurd company logo of a woman in silhouette, profiled on her knees, reaching up to touch the circle in which she was contained. Like a prisoner. A slave.

"I tried to tell her, sir," the girl said meekly, "that Mr. Rainier is not available at the moment."

She was a brunette, pretty, with a ribbon in her hair. She wore a blue blazer herself, with the same logo on the breast pocket. The way she looked up at the guard, attentive, deferential, told me two things. Number one, he'd had her sexually. Number two, she was afraid of him.

"Who are you?" the man asked me, his eyes scanning my sexily clad body with blatant efficiency.

Fighting the rush of blood to my cheeks, I said my name, indicating I had urgent personal business with Rainier.

The guard took another look at my obviously erect nipples under the blouse and touched the earpiece. He was getting some kind of message. "Come with me," he said after a moment's listening.

It wasn't an order, but it didn't feel like a request either. I fell in step behind him, trying to keep up as he took me to the elevator. My mind was consumed with the receptionist. Did she have underwear on under her smart blue skirt suit or wasn't it allowed her? Did Rainier make her do things the way he had me? Would he beat her if she were naughty the way he did to Krissy? Or would the guard do it for him?

As horrible as all this was, I thought to myself, why didn't the girl run away? On the way out I must find a way to help her. Slip her the name of a shelter, perhaps, or at least give her my card. There are laws, after all, to protect girls from predatory males. We didn't have to be mere sex objects, toys to be played with, possessions to be given and traded. We didn't have to be afraid. We didn't have to suck and strip on command. On and on it went, each idea only arousing me further than the last.

I nearly leaped to the ceiling when the elevator beeped to signal our arrival at the top floor. I was flushed; my cheeks were red. I'd half expected the man to hand me some kind of a note in the stifling, confining elevator.

Something like, "you will get on your knees, Emerald and fellate the bearer of this note. You will turn around, lower your pants and bend over, hands on the railing allowing him to take you, any way he wishes. You may come or not. As always, the choice is yours.

"Are you coming or not?" The guard was outside, giving me a cross look. Apparently I'd blanked out.

"I—I'm sorry," I said, hustling off the elevator. He continued to glare at me and I lowered my eyes. The action was instinct on my part, I supposed, though it was a gesture fraught, I feared, with submissive connotations.

The guard led me through a set of double doors at the end of the hallway. They were made of a rich mahogany. Inside, there was a row of leather armchairs lining the far wall of what appeared to be yet another reception area. A beautiful blonde secretary sat at a desk, in front of another door at the rear. She stood at attention as soon as she saw us, arms at her sides, back straight as a rod, breasts thrust against the cotton of her short, clingy dress.

“The boss wants to see this one here,” the guard said, reaching out to caress one of the secretary’s full, perfect mounds as he indicated me over his shoulder. It seemed an idle gesture, incidental on his part, though I could scarce imagine its effect on the young woman.

“Yes, Mr. Thomas,” the girl replied, making no move to dislodge him.

“So, buzz her in already,” the man identified as Thomas said, his voice containing a hint of impatience.

It was amazing how much more attuned I was becoming to the nuances of men’s voices, their subtle gestures. No doubt for these girls, subject as they were to male power, quite a lot hinged on their being able to correctly interpret such little signs.

Her manicured finger dropped automatically to a button on the desk. “Yes, Mr. Thomas. Sorry, Mr. Thomas.”

The door was humming now and I knew I should go through it while the electronic lock was disengaged, but I couldn’t move. I was watching Thomas who had grabbed the girl by the upper arm and hauled her like a rag doll from behind the desk. She went instantly slack as he subjected her to a full and probing kiss. Her arms were limp at her sides as he ran his hands over her, squeezing her breasts, hips and buttocks. A little moan was heard from the blonde as he took her mouth, his tongue forcing itself rudely between her lips.

Seductively, obediently, the girl’s body conformed to his hardness. A single leg popped into the air, calf flexed prettily, painted red toes extended back, plainly visible through her open toes shoes. She wanted to please him; it was obvious.

Thomas released her at last. Bracing herself on the desk behind her, she did her best to keep from falling at her feet.

“Take your fucking clothes off, Josie,” he rasped. “And you.” He turned his head long enough to eyeball me. “Get in that office, now.”

I made a beeline for the doorknob. Josie had to hit the button again to reopen it. She’d already slid her dress over her head and was working on the plum colored bra. Gratefully, I left the outer room behind and with it the unfolding sex scene. In a matter of moments, I was quite sure, a naked Josie would be kneeling or lying down for the fearsome Mr. Thomas.

“Doctor Tallow.” Rainier did not get up for me this time, nor was his voice filled with the solicitude of our first meeting at the restaurant. “I must admit,” he replied with unnerving calm. “Your arrival here surprises me.”

I tensed immediately, strangely perturbed by his seeming unhappiness with me. “As did the arrival of your ‘friend’ at my office this morning,” I countered icily, attempting to re-gain the initiative. “Or had you forgotten?”

Rainier frowned, his expressive lips thinning very slightly as he put down the silver pen he’d been writing with. “We had an agreement, Doctor Tallow. You are to be subject to my sexual protocols for the period of one month. If you are planning to come running to me whining every time I employ some minor training technique, this will end up being a most unpleasant experience for the both of us.”

I stared open mouthed. It was like hearing another man. A, surly, hypocritical, one at that. Incredible as it sounded, the smooth talking son of a bitch was actually sitting there in his polo shirt and Rolex watch trying to make me out to be the bitch.

Instinctively, I put my silk-covered back up for a fight. “Do you have any idea what kind of man you are, Mr. Rainier? Last night you make me get all dolled up for you, and then you stood me up. As a result, I lose a whole night’s sleep, and then, the very next morning I turn around and what do I get? Roses? Candy? An apology? Hah! No, I get some joker with a note, a man you sent for me to—to suck off, in my own office!”

“I never indicated I would see you last night.”

I blinked. The bastard was right. He hadn’t. “Well you implied it!” I accused.

He shook his head, maintaining perfect equanimity. “I implied nothing of the sort. It seems what we have, on your part, is a case of wishful thinking.”

My hands balled to fists. “Don’t you dare talk to me like that! You broke our agreement and you know it!”

“How?”

“You sent someone to my office—you interrupted my job.”

Rainier leaned back, templeing his fingers thoughtfully under his chin. "Were you not finished fellating Mr. Jones prior to your first appointment?"

My head swam under his sudden cross-examination. "Technically, yes, but—"

"And did I in any way disturb you from the time of your first appointment up until now? In other words, did I in any way contact or demand anything of you during those intervening working hours?"

"No," I admitted reluctantly, "you didn't."

"Whereas you, on the other hand," he pointed out, "have come here and disturbed me during my working day. Isn't that true?"

"I want to call off the bet," I decided, not liking the direction of the conversation. "This isn't funny anymore."

"That is your decision."

"Yes," I said with as much contempt as I could muster. "It is."

He went back to his work without comment, and after a few moments of feeling small and foolish in front of him, I turned to leave.

"So I assume then, since you've called off the bet that Krissy is mine?" he asked waiting till I had my hand on the knob.

I said nothing.

"I intend to sell her, you know."

"S—sell?"

"Through a small import-export house affiliated with my relocation service, yes." The words rolled matter-of-factly off his tongue as I stood there, my forehead resting against the wood grain of the door. "She'll fetch a decent price," I heard him say, his voice hitting me from behind. "She's young enough and eager, though she still has much to learn. Most likely some wholesaler will grab her up."

He was baiting me and we both knew it. Powerless to resist, I set myself up for his next blow. "Where?" I whispered, unable to look him in the face. "Where will she end up?"

"That's hard to say. We have a large number of Mexican buyers. She might well find herself on her back chained to a cot in a brothel in Tijuana or the Federal District. Then again, the Asians

have been well represented as of late, too. If we play up the wholesome American angle, put her in a cheerleader's costume, maybe, we might interest a private collector or harem stocker."

"Don't," I hissed, my voice barely audible. "Don't do it."

"I can't hear you. Kindly turn and face me."

I did so, leaning heavily against the door with my back. Unable to make eye contact, I stared at the toes of my white pumps.

"Please," I began, my voice cracking from word to word, "don't...sell...Krissy."

"Look at me, Emerald."

Rainier examined me, his eyes probing, testing. "Krissy is happy; you should know that. She's found joy in giving herself, unconditionally."

"The bet," I gasped, reaching for my only ace in the hole. "I have a month to win her back."

The man nodded. "That's true. Are you saying, then, that you desire the terms of the wager to continue?"

Despair fell upon me. I couldn't take much more of the man's 'terms' today and he knew it. And yet if I threw in the towel, Krissy would end up a slave whore in a stinking brothel or a doll in some harem. "It isn't fair," I blurted, on the verge of tears. "It isn't fair."

"Fair or not," he said dismissively, "those are my conditions. Surrender now and Krissy will be branded and sold while you walk away scott free. Continue with the wager and the possibility of victory will still be yours. I'll give you ten seconds to make up your mind."

He was looking at his watch. My head was pounding; I was confused and stricken with fatigue.

"Eight," he announced. "Nine."

"The bet is on!" I cried as he opened his mouth for ten.

Rainier acknowledged my heart rending concession with a small nod and went back to signing his papers. Once again, I was left without direction or purpose. Was the man trying to drive me crazy?

"What do I do now?" I blurted at last, unable to bear the silence any longer. "Tell me, damn it!" I slapped my palms on his desk to get his attention. "I'll bet you don't like that, do you—when I rattle

your cage for a change? Why don't you punish me, then? Take off your belt and beat me, like you do poor little Krissy!"

I was treated to a cursory glance. "Go and stand in the corner, Emerald. By the flag, facing the wall."

"Ooh," I snapped sarcastically. "There's a tough punishment."

Actually it was the worst punishment he could give me at that moment and he knew it. Were he to take me up on my challenge to beat me, he would have been allowing me to take subtle control. Likewise, if I'd been sent away from his presence, or even sentenced to some sexual ordeal, that would be a kind of victory, too for it would have been me calling the shots. Instead, he made me feel like a child. As if my entire outburst was irrelevant, nonsensical.

Within minutes, my thighs were chafing with need. Hands at my side, I counted seconds, craving his attention, his anger, anything to engage me as a person. For the better part of an hour he left me like this, exposed, unable to see him or protect myself. At any point I knew he could come and flip up my skirt, subjecting me to the belt or even his own cock. In this regard, without once touching me, he'd done his worst, capturing my imagination.

"You may go home now," he declared at last.

Mounting loud, pouting protests, I huffed my way to the door. I was halfway across the threshold when he called my name. "Emerald, I would prefer you to leave your panties with me."

The blonde was at the desk again, alone, working busily at a computer screen.

"Leave the door open on your way in," Rainier added, insuring the secretary would be witness to my humiliation.

Rainier didn't even bother to watch as I slid my hands under the waistband, gliding the underwear over my hips and down my bare legs. The panties were damp to the touch and fragrant.

"Put them on the corner of the desk," he instructed.

As gracefully as I could manage, I surrendered my intimate covering and made my exit. The secretary, who a few moments had been moaning loud enough to be heard through the door, remained stoic, completely ignoring my departure.

Chapter Four

So now he knew it was turning me on.

The rough treatment, the humiliation. If he'd needed firm evidence, he certainly had it in the proof of my sex juices, saturating the panels of my underwear, the tiny, feminine bit of material that now graced the corner of his formidable desk.

Rainier was beyond a bastard. He was the epitome of cruelty. The height of male brutality. My only motive had been to protect an innocent girl—indeed, a whole slew of them, and all I had to show for my trouble were perpetually slick thighs and a constant state of panic.

The note was waiting for me when I got home, taped to my front door. A piece of cellophane tape covering folded legal paper. Before I opened it, I knew it would be bad, though I had no idea the depths the man was willing to go to debase me.

Emerald: Your task for this evening is to find a stranger and allow him

to make love to you. Inside you will find the clothes you are to wear,

no more, no less. –GR

The first thing I did was laugh out loud. As a psychologist, I recognized it as a stress induced reaction; as a woman, it terrified me beyond all measure. My emotions were coming unglued. Rainier was succeeding in brainwashing me, creating optimal conditions to remake my behavior in accord with his wishes.

Dependent on him is what he wanted me. Vulnerable. Submissive. Sexy.

You can take a guess what sort of dress had been left on my bed for me to wear. I dropped my pocketbook the minute I laid eyes on it. It was blue sequin. Low cut, short, with high-heeled silver shoes. Questions sifted through my mind. How had his operatives gotten into my apartment? And how did he know my dress size? And above all: where were the bra and panties to go with it?

The dress slid wickedly over my lean body, hugging every curve, leaving nothing to the imagination. I nearly fainted when I looked in the mirror. There was no way people wouldn't mistake me for a whore, not in this get up. Would that discourage men from following me home or encourage them?

I put my feet into the open toed silver heels Rainier had picked for me. It was like he was touching me himself.

Fear gripped me. Suppose I couldn't get laid at all?

Shuddering feverishly, I doused myself in perfume. A good smelling woman attracted attention, I knew that much. So did a sexy one; the more revealing her clothes and obvious her attitude, the better. I'd never gone out to a bar to meet a man before, much less with orders to find one for sex. Where did one go for such things? I'd been to a few strip bars at the invitation of some of the girls I worked with, but I'd hardly been in the market for a man. A stranger to whom I would offer my body.

According to Rainier's note, I was not to get away with a blowjob this time. The man would be making love to me. He'd be fucking me, in other words. Unwittingly, my hands traversed my hips, down to the hem of the sequined dress and onto my nude thighs. I had no stockings, nor any other form of undergarment. The bodice of the dress was tight and designed to push my breasts up and outward. Both nipples pressed piteously excited against the material.

How would I sit down? How would I walk? How would I—

The phone. It was ringing. Not my regular one, but the cell phone in my pocket.

"Hello," I whispered, my hand shaking.

"Are you dressed?"

"Yes."

"Are you wearing exactly what I left for you?"

"Yes."

"How does it make you feel?"

I closed my eyes. "Like a cheap hooker."

"Feel between your thighs. Are you wet?"

"Please, Rainier, don't. . . ."

"Now, Emerald."

My hand dropped below my waist, scooping under the slutty material. My knees were weak. Subtly, I parted my thighs, dipping tentative, timid fingers. Fingers that felt like his and not my own.

"Well?"

"Yes," I stammered. "I am."

"Yes, what?"

"I—I'm wet."

"Good. You will keep your hand inside yourself while we talk. Massage yourself vigorously."

I tried to keep my breathing steady. My mouth was half open, slack with desire. I wanted a man. I wanted Rainier.

"Listen carefully, Emerald. On your kitchen table you will find a pair of earrings. One contains a tiny microphone, the other a receiver. I will communicate to you through the former, while you will keep me apprised with the latter. We will use these to guide your every move tonight, step by step. Do you understand?"

"Oh, yes. God, yes." My affirmation came out more as a moan. Between what he was saying and what he was making me do, I was ready to explode. Combined with this was an inexplicable sense of relief, peace almost, in knowing that Rainier wasn't going to send me out there alone.

Instead he was going to be controlling me, like a doll.

"Oh, Gustav," I moaned. "I'm so close."

"No coming, Emerald. Take your fingers out of your cunt right now. Lick them completely clean."

"I—I can't," I whimpered. "It's too disgusting."

"You can and you will."

I had never tasted my own juices before. To me it was a revolting act, unfit for a self-respecting woman.

"You didn't come before, did you? Answer 'yes or no, sir'"

"No," I croaked, the pussy juice on my lips and tongue, sharp and pungent. "No, sir."

"Good girl," he crooned, the approving tone of his voice doing wicked things to my belly. "I promise you, when you finally do come tonight, Emerald, it will be under very different circumstances."

A dark chill passed through me as I tried to imagine what 'circumstances' the man had in mind.

"Go to the kitchen, Emerald, find the earrings."

"Yes, sir."

They were smaller than I'd expected. Diamond studs, bearing no resemblance to anything remotely electronic.

"Do you have them? Good. Put down the phone and put them on. They are already activated."

The tiny posts were cold on my sensitive, blood filled ear lobes. Everything felt so alive to me now, so vital. I could hear the tiny click as I secured each one. Like tiny bonds. Metal, pinching, holding me fast.

"Can you hear me, Emerald?"

I turned off the cell phone. The tiny voice was reverberating directly in my ear. "Yes, sir, I can."

"Good. There's a cab downstairs, waiting for you."

I went to the closet to get a coat.

"No. You may not cover yourself."

A terrible dread filled me. So he could see what I was doing after all; there must have been cameras here, hidden ones.

"Downstairs, Emerald. Now."

Zombie-like I walked out my front door and down the hall. Exercising as much normalcy as I could manage, I hustled past the doorman.

"Doc Tallow?" he asked, the shock in his voice painfully evident. "Is that you?"

"Ignore him. Keep walking. Slower, more sensuously."

I did as he told me, playing the part of a hooker to a tee.

"You are going to the Rusty Nail, Emerald, it's on 40th and South."

My buttocks settled into the worn vinyl seat of the taxi. "The Rusty Nail," I told the bearded driver.

Disbelieving brown eyes filled the rear view mirror. "Say again, lady?"

I repeated the name of the bar that no lady in her right mind would go to alone.

"It's your life," he snorted, putting the cab in gear.

"I want you to masturbate on the way over, Emerald. Bring yourself right to the edge and then hold it."

My lower lip retreated between my teeth. What he was asking was impossible and yet how could I argue under these circumstances?

"So," the driver pried, still trying to figure my angle. "You got a boyfriend at the Rusty Nail? The owner or bartender maybe?"

I slid forward in an effort to hide what my hand was about to do. "Just a friend," I smiled, allowing my fingers to slide into my moist hole.

"Tell him you're going to get a man, Emerald. Any man. You're horny and you need to be fucked."

I was going to pass out. My lips were parted, but nothing was coming out.

"Take off your shoes, dig your toes into the carpet. Then rub your clit and tell him you are off to the Rusty Nail to find a real man to satisfy you."

I slipped off the slutty shoes, placing my feet on the sticky, gritty floor mat. Pressing hard on the balls of my feet, I slid my hips forward, far enough to clench my vaginal muscles against the bones of my fingers.

The words slid out now, hot and easy. "Honestly, sir," I confessed, letting the dirty talk heat me to boiling. "I'm looking for sex tonight. I need—a man—any man."

The driver's eyes bugged. "You're shitting me."

"No," I gasped, my hips rocking on the springy seat. "I'm so horny I could die."

"Tell him," the demon voice whispered. *"Tell him what you're doing."*

"I—I'm masturbating. Right now. See?"

He whipped his head around so fast we nearly had an accident. "Holy cow, you really are. Damn, what are you on, ecstasy?"

"If you only knew."

“Don’t be rude, Emerald. Sit back. Put your feet on the divider screen; let him see everything.”

I planted myself like I was in stirrups at the gynecologist’s office. The juices were so thick I could feel them dripping down the crack of my arse. The divider was dirty. My left foot half covered the picture on his professional license; my right attached itself to a ketchup smear.

“Spread your nether lips, Emerald. Tell him you wish you could lay for him.”

“Charlie,” I heard myself say, using the name on the license. “I need you bad. Do you have a hard cock for me?”

“You’re improvising without permission. Take your other hand, grab your nipple through the material of your dress. Twist it, hard. Consider it punishment.”

I winced from the pain. There’d been no question in my mind of my obeying this cruel command and that frightened me. How far was I sinking into Rainier’s world of depravity?

“Jesus, lady? What freakin’ planet are you from?” The driver looked close to apoplexy.

Out the left window I heard honking. My, God, I’d forgotten; the show wasn’t only visible from the driver’s seat. I turned my head right. A pair of young men in a late model sports car were leering.

“Don’t stop, Emerald.”

“But—but I’m going to come,” I wailed.

“No, you’re not. You know how to stop it.”

I shifted my fingers, easing up on the clit. Gritting my teeth I rode the fine line of pleasure and denial. I no longer saw the other drivers, or even my own. His continued stream of profanity was mere background. So, too the omnipresent electronic sting of Rainier, like a fly buzzing in my ear, nipping at my soul, biting me with forbidden lust.

“I could make you do anything, Emerald. Think about that. And no matter what it was, you’d enjoy it.”

Lower and lower I sank, down in the seat and into deeper into moral turpitude, my cunt greedily sucking at my hand, wrestling with

it, fighting for an orgasm. On and on it went. I've no idea how long it lasted. All I know is, eventually I heard Rainier say we'd arrived.

"Pull yourself together, Emerald. You've a Kleenex in your purse. Use it to wipe your hand. Then get out. Forget the fare; the driver will be taken care of."

My hand was drenched. It took three tissues not one. Putting my shoes back on, I popped open the door. The driver was yelling at me about his missing fare, but I had my work cut out for me just standing upright. I was weak as a kitten. And scared. Were I stark naked, I couldn't have felt more vulnerable on that dingy street corner.

Eyes coveted me from every direction. Men sat on the hoods of beat up cars. Girls in leather and fishnets made hissing noises. Sirens wailed somewhere off in the distance. On the sidewalk, just in front of me, a wino was retching.

"Rainier," I whispered into the greasy night air. "I'm frightened."

"I told you I'd be with you every step of the way. Obey me and you'll be protected."

"Yes," I sighed gratefully. "I understand, sir."

Steeling myself, in my skintight dress, my tits and arse fully advertised, I made my way towards the marked red canopy beneath which lay a doorway with jukebox noise spilling out of it.

It was the Rusty Nail, voted by the editors of *City Vamp*, the underground tongue-in-cheek newspaper as the "Best Place for a Girl To Go if She Wants To Be Raped." A bouncer was sitting on a stool, plenty of muscle still visible under his three hundred or so pounds of fat.

"Hold it up there, sweetheart." His huge hand was out, stopping me. Meanwhile, his eyes roamed up and down, putting me through paces in his mind.

"I want to come in," I said at last, my face beat red.

"You gotta have your name on the list," he winked.

There was no list, obviously.

"Watch yourself, little lady," he cautioned me suddenly, tugging my arm.

I stepped back just in time to avoid being hit by a man's body as it hurtled out the door onto the sidewalk.

"If I see your face again, you worthless piece of shit, I'll deal with it permanently!" bellowed a man in a grimy tank top, with tree trunk thighs and a Mohawk hairdo who'd single-handedly tossed the man out the door. "Hey you," he pointed, his attention shifting to me. "Get the hell out of here; we don't need no more ho's in here tonight. I got enough fights as it is."

The doorman saw the mortified look on my face and laughed. "Don't mind him, sweet heart," he leered at me. "Zack's a real pussy cat underneath. Just get over here and give me a little kiss and I'll let you in." He had his hand on his crotch. I knew full well where he wanted me to kiss.

"No," Zack called out from the doorway, his hands rubbing his own crotch. "Come and kiss me first."

"Tell them to stop fucking with you, Emerald. Tell them you belong to the Cartel and if you don't get first class treatment tonight, they're both going to wake up in the morning minus their testicles."

I bit my lip, hoping to hell Rainier knew what he was doing. After a deep breath, word for word I repeated his not-so-veiled threat.

The two behemoths exchanged nervous glances. Whatever this "cartel" was, it packed a pretty big wallop.

"Come on in," the man at the door grinned. "We was just playin' with you."

"Yea," the other echoed, hopping off the stool to help. "No harm done, right?"

"No harm done," I nodded numbly allowing the two giants to clear the way into the smoke filled bar.

"Get the fuck out of the way!" the Mohawked Zack screamed at a slouching biker blocking their way. "We got a lady coming through."

"Tell them you're all right now. Tell them to leave you alone and not to tell anyone you're Cartel property."

"Sure thing," the doorman enthused when she'd relayed Rainier's latest command.

"Consider us ancient fucking history," Zack added with a fresh grin.

"Now what?" I whispered fiercely, looking about the room full of leather jacketed toughs.

"Now's the part where you help me, Emerald. Tell me what you see."

I described as best I could the bar full of bikers, the leather-clad babes, the bearded, pot-bellied toughs and black-booted thugs.

"Pick out a loner, Emerald. Don't think about it, just do it. You've already seen the one. You're scared of him. You're repulsed. But you're drawn to him, too."

My eyes darted to and fro. Three times I passed him over, but at last I came back. Could Rainier be reading my mind on top of everything else? A deep sense of resignation filled me, a wicked knowledge that I would soon surrender to what I most reviled.

"I see him," I whispered. "Sir."

"Describe him to me."

My mouth went dry. The man leaning over the bar was a baldheaded ape, in black leather pants, chains hanging from his belt. On the back of his head was a tattoo, a disgustingly racist symbol. More tattoos, crude, prison drawn, most likely, lined his hairy, exposed arms. The back of the white T-shirt bulged from well-defined muscles. Using as much detail as I could stomach, I tried to convey what I saw.

"He'll do nicely. Go up to him and say hi."

My silver heels clicked over the wooden floor, the sound drowned by the din of the Rusty Nail. Hands on all sides of me pressed, along with male hips. The way to the bar was a gauntlet now as more and more of them vied for a piece of the action.

"They're. . . touching me."

"Yes, Emerald, that's why you're here."

I was never so happy to make it to a brass rail. "Excuse me?" I muttered to the man at the bar. "I was wondering if . . ."

The huge man slid his arm across and grabbed me by my ear. Tugging just hard enough to hurt, lowering my head to a side ways position, he induced me to immediate silence.

"What the fuck is your problem, bitch? Where's your old man?"

"My . . . old man?"

"Tell him your old man sent you out for a little rumble; to teach you some humility."

te words brought a wicked grin as soon as they came out of my mouth.

I don't understand," I blurted, forgetting the biker could hear me as I talked to Rainier.

What's to understand, slut?" The man must have thought I was talking to him. "The only thing you need to worry about," he crooned, pulling a pair of silver handcuffs from his belt, "is making me real happy, so's I give your old man a good report on you. And I will report, too, babe; fucking pass or fail, right on your perky ass."

"Bikers sometimes order their women to fuck strangers, Emerald. It's a kind of discipline. It's also a way for a gang member to show his power and generosity to other gangs. This one here will use you sexually then return you to your old man. The severity of the markings will indicate how pleasing you were."

"Markings . . . on my . . . arse?"

"You're just an object to men like this, Emerald. Chattel. They'll apply the belt, even the whip to insure your compliance."

The biker grabbed my hands and slapped on the cuffs. The steel was cold and it bit hard. "How about if you shut the fuck up and save your little mouth for sucking my wang?"

"Please," I wheedled. "I think there's been a mistake."

A brazen crew-cut blonde in a short black skirt and mesh shirt over huge, bare breasts sidled up now and put herself on the biker's arm. I noted the single handcuff on her left wrist as well as the elaborate wheel tattoo on her right breast. It was the same design as on Rainier's ring. Clearly, the purposes of these things went far beyond jewelry.

"A mistake?" the girl mocked looking up at the biker. "Listen to that mouth. Losing your touch, are you, Mongo?"

The biker shoved the girl back and growled at me. "Submit, bitch."

"This is your cue, Emerald."

"But what do I do?" I asked my invisible tormentor.

“Either run and hope to God you get away or else stay and let him know you’ll be a good girl.”

“How?” I cried, not caring that the biker and his girl would think me insane for talking to myself. “How do I show him I’ll be good?”

“You get on your knees and rub your face over his crotch. Kiss him where he’s hard. If that doesn’t work, you put your head to his feet and beg for mercy.”

Tears clouded my eyes. I was clearly trapped. Whatever form of protection Rainier was offering, it did not appear designed to prevent my imminent humiliation. Yielding to the inevitable, I bent my knees, lowering myself, inch by inch. The wood was harsh on my bare knees. The bikers towered over me now. I feared they’d crush me any minute.

Desperate, having no alternative, I impressed my cheek to the leather pants, gently at first, then with more vigor. The hulking Mongo rewarded me with a thick swelling that I could now adore. It thrilled me more than a little that I was actually turning him on with my servile performance.

Aiming for maximum contact and preserving minimal pride, I moved myself over his pocketed erection, using my face as a cock toy, a minor stimulatory device.

“My grandmother could do better,” the blonde snorted.

I heard the sound of skin cracking on skin. Mongo must have slapped her arse pretty hard. “Your grandma does do better, you fucking cunt. I had her last night, so I should know.”

Raucous male laughter filled the room.

“Sweet Tits, are you back-talking Mongo here?” This demand came from a new voice also male.

“But, Master,” the blonde offered hastily. “I thought you and Mongo’s gang were at war.”

“That was yesterday’s news, bitch. We just signed a peace treaty.” Something whistled through the air, fast and vicious. The blonde, Sweet Tits, squealed and seconds later she was down at Mongo’s feet alongside me.

“Forgive me, Master Mongo,” she cried earnestly, pressing her lips to his dust-covered leather boot.

"You, too," Mongo pointed at me. "Get down."

Placing my cuffed hands on the floor, palms down, I joined the blonde girl, taking the open place at his left boot. I was fairly certain Sweet Tits had just been lashed with a whip. On her thighs, probably. Below the hem of her skirt.

"You're doing well so far, Emerald. You're a natural."

As always, Rainier seemed aware of my moves even before I was. Did he have eyes everywhere? I'll admit, it gave me peace of mind to think he did. Without his support, I was unsure I'd ever leave this bar alive, let alone with my spirit intact.

The boot tasted dry and unpleasant. My mouth felt like cotton against its grit-covered roughness. My nose, meanwhile, was assaulted with the smell of dirt and leather. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Sweet Tits, eagerly attending to her own labors. She seemed experienced at this, but if her nervousness was any indication, we were both in for a long night.

"Get up, sluts," lashed Mongo with his tongue. "Time to meet your maker."

"The maker is a penis, Emerald. You are going to be penetrated now."

Rainier's superfluous commentary was a penetration in itself. A voice of arousal and violation with perpetual access to my inner ear, my soul.

"Good," I whispered for benefit of my invisible audience. "If I don't get fucked soon, I'll go out of my mind."

"Hey, this bitch is talking to herself. She's crazy," Sweet Tits declared.

Mongo put his hands in both our hair. Pulling our necks back. "Shut up, both you bitches."

"Here, Mongo, pass me my slut. I'll deal with her."

Sweet Tits was thrown now to a large, dark-skinned man who apparently was the leader of the gang that owned her. I, on the other hand, got to stay with the talking mountain of a man.

"Let's go somewhere a little more private, huh?" Mongo asked rhetorically, lifting me to my feet and dragging me through the crowd.

I had to run to keep up with him. His hand was down at his waist now, which meant I was bent over quite painfully. On the way, I lost one shoe then the other. By the time we reached the men's room, I was whimpering and panting.

"In!" he growled thrusting me through the swinging door. There was a young guy inside who took one look at Mongo and me and ran straight out.

Mongo just laughed as he hauled me over to the urinal. It hadn't been flushed and the stench made me want to throw up. "No," I begged. "Please don't. . ."

"Relax, cunt." He slapped my arse hard enough to make me stumble. It was his hand on my head that held me up. "I ain't gonna make you drink it; I just need something to hold you still."

He took a short length of chain, one of the many hanging on his belt. Pulling it between the links of my cuffs, he wrapped the other end round the pipe just below the flush valve. With a padlock—apparently he came equipped with his own torture kit—he secured me in place. It was ingenious as a method of humiliation. As far as I stretched my arms, I was still bent over the ceramic bowl, my arse conveniently positioned for various forms of mayhem.

"That's better," Mongo crooned, yanking my dress up to my waist. "Oh, yeah," he whistled, seeing the lack of panties. "Now that's what I call a cooperative little pussy."

I was nude to the touch now and thoroughly helpless. I couldn't even close my legs, lest I lose my balance. There was nothing I could do but wait, staring into the sickening bowl, my bare feet planted on the bathroom floor, my chained hands braced on the cold metal fixture.

"I won't expect you to talk anymore, Emerald. Don't worry, I won't miss anything. There's a camera. I'm home watching you right now. Krissy is with me. Would you like to know what she's doing?"

No. I didn't want to know. I couldn't bear it. And yet, at the same time, I needed it, needed to hear about my former patient's ordeal, even as I suffered my own.

Mongo's hand swatted my vulnerable cheeks. "Look alive, cunt, I'm coming in for a landing."

I felt the tip of him between my thighs. Without preamble, he shoved himself to the hilt, filling my already slick canal.

"Krissy is on her knees, Emerald. She's gotten quite good at this; she gets a fair amount of repeat business at the club. They call her the Little Vacuum."

Mongo's hands were at my hips, pinioning me. "Oh, yeah, slut, that's it. Grind it, baby."

I didn't want to respond, but there was no way to avoid it. My body had a mind of its own, and it was obeying the crude biker, not me.

"That's it, bitch, shove it against me." He was slapping my thigh like a horse, controlling my motions. With the other hand, he moved to my breasts, slipping down my left shoulder strap to get a large handful of my pendulous tit. My nipple throbbed in response, pulsing in tune to my spasming cunt. I was almost there, but I couldn't do it without Rainier's permission.

"I—I need to come," I announced to anyone and everyone.

"No, not yet. Tell Mongo you want it in the ass first."

"G—god, no," I wailed.

"Do it, Emerald."

In short, stabbing gasps, I begged for my own anal violation. Words I'd never formed, even in my imagination, now poured out in a public toilet for the benefit of a biker who'd chained me to a urinal.

"You're a little freak," he chuckled pulling himself out of my vagina. "You know that?"

For the moment I was left empty. A gaping chasm opened inside me now, as I felt for the first time in my life what it truly meant to be dependant on a man for my pleasure, my happiness.

"Mongo, I need you. . ." I panicked.

Sausage-like fingers parted my arse cheeks. "Relax, sweet cheeks, ya got me."

My groan reverberated off the tile walls. I'd no idea it could feel like this. The fullness, the nastiness, the sense of being pronged,

invaded. “F—fuck me,” I hissed, teeth biting into my own lips. “I need. . . I need . . .”

What exactly did I need? It wasn’t just sex, it was the mastery, the feeling of being held, against my will, and yet with my own tacit consent and surrender.

“Yeah, bitch,” Mongo panted, working my arse as hard as he had my cunt. “Submit to me; give me all ya got.”

“H—how?” I cried, my mind dissolving in a submissive haze.

It was Rainier who answered on behalf of both men.

“Verbalize it, Emerald. The truth shall set you free.”

My voice lowered to an intense hush, unearthly, a female confession, primordial and somehow universal. “I—I submit to you. Take me, Mongo. Take my arse. Use me. Hurt me, make me your slut. I’ll do anything—anything you say.”

The man was like a pile driver. My words seemed to have put him into overdrive. With each phrase of his response came a fresh assault, plummeting to my secret depths. “Damned, straight, bitch. ‘Cause I’m staking a fucking claim. You hear me?” His fingers twined my damp, ruined hair, pulling back my neck. “When I’m done with you in here, you’re gonna take off that dress and you’re gonna walk out there naked. So’s everyone can see how I tamed you. Then you’re gonna go table to table and offer your services. Free fuckin’ blowjobs for everybody, on the house. Whaddaya say to that?”

“Ask him what happens after that.”

“Tell me more,” I begged. “Please, Mongo?”

Mongo was huffing and puffing. From the grunts, he had to be close to orgasm. His sporadic, fantasy-driven speech reflected his state of mind well. “You go on my leash, cunt; you know the drill. The thing is, I won’t be like your current old man. See, I’m old school. A purist. No talking unless spoken to. No clothes for the first six months. Plenty of time on your back. I got a nice little mattress for you in the basement. Lots of visitors, your very own shackles.”

His cock seemed to be growing again. Pushing hard against me, he came to an abrupt halt. “I’m gonna shoot this load so far up

your butt," he promised. "Your eyes'll be swimming in the stuff."

"Let's throw a little monkey wrench in the works, shall we, Emerald? Kindly inform Mongo you're Cartel property. Tell him if he ejaculates inside you, he'll be pissing blood for the next month."

"Mongo," I cried. "Don't come, please. You have to stop. I—I'm —"

"Say the words."

"I belong to the Cartel. You can't ejaculate inside me, or my old man says you'll be pissing blood for a month."

"The Cartel?!" The cock whipped out of me so fast I had to steady myself or fall into that foul-smelling pit. "Holy shit! Why didn't you say that before? Christ, I'm a dead man!"

He was falling all over himself to get collected and out the door.

"But Mongo, the handcuffs!" I reminded him.

"Take 'em off yourself, you crazy, cock sucking bitch!"

The door slammed shut behind him. Now what?

"It appears you have a dilemma, Emerald."

"Rainier, please get me out of here!"

"I'm a bit tied up. Or should I say, Kristine is a bit tied up. To my four-poster bed actually. I'd put her on the line, but I have her rather efficiently gagged. Have you ever seen a penis gag, Emerald? It's a clever piece of hardware. Not only does it silence a girl, it improves her fellatio skills besides. Kristine loves hers; she's to the point now where she comes and asks for it. Although, I still intend to employ it as punishment, to keep her from certain other oral activities."

"Rainier, aren't you listening? Anyone could walk in," I practically shrieked, "Don't you realize they'd take one look at me and want to fuck?"

"That's what you're here for, isn't it?"

I swallowed hard. What was I here for? How had I sunk to this point? Whatever happened now, I probably deserved it. "Rainier," I tried again, my tone more subdued, respectful. "Please, I need help."

"Two men will be in shortly. They will not speak to you. They will release you and take you home. You'll be safe with them. They represent the Cartel; one of my subsidiary organizations."

I waited for the other shoe to drop. "Is that...it?"

"Are you expecting more?"

"I . . . no."

It was a lie. I'd expected to be told the men would be having sex with me. Truth be told, I was almost hoping for it. My arousal had passed the point of all control.

"I am entering Kristine now. She's quite a treasure, really. Eager, tight and wet."

I pictured the beautiful teenaged girl, spread eagled and naked, her mouth silenced by the cock-shaped gag, her eyes wide and expectant as her mentor—her master—cleaved her opening with his erection. Was Rainier a large man? As a lover, would he be gentle or forceful? I shuddered, imagining me in the girl's place. For a split second, I felt a wave of jealousy. Why wasn't it me tied in that bed, being ravished? Why was it always games between us, with Rainier fucking me only by proxy?

The bathroom door swung open. I clenched my buttocks instinctively, utilizing my only defense. Hard soled shoes clicked on the tiles, two sets, just as Rainier had promised.

"They're here," I whispered, my voice containing a silent plea for more information.

"Excellent."

Well-manicured hands worked at the chains and locks. One of the men had some sort of tool with which he opened the handcuffs. The other was there to help me straighten up. His hands were large and firm and I felt safe in his arms. The embrace was short lived, however. Their main intention, it seemed, was to help me put on the long coat one of them had over his arm. It was elegant and clearly female, designed to cover my semi-nakedness.

"Thank you," I smiled looking into each set of eyes. They looked like policemen, with square jaws, short hair and blue suits. Neither looked much over twenty-five.

"Thank you," I repeated.

The faces remained expressionless. I was not a person to them, just a job.

The one man pulled something from his pocket. It was a pair of latex gloves. One by one, he put them on, snapping each in place over his wrist. The other pulled a small kit from his pocket containing small metal tools and some sort of vial of what I thought might be antiseptic. After setting the kit down on the sink, he came behind me and pinioned my arms.

The coat was still open which meant the gloved man had easy access to my female opening under the short dress.

“Oh,” I exclaimed, squirming helplessly. “What are you doing?”

The gloved man seized my pussy and began probing. I’ve no idea the purpose of this, though from his face I couldn’t imagine he was gaining any pleasure from the act. After a few moments manipulating me, I began responding. Leaning back against the other man, I felt my breath quicken. My head was on his neck.

Twice I was brought to orgasm, though in neither instance was there joy for either of the two men. It was a strangely humiliating, yet thrilling, experience. Being reduced to a panting, moaning sexual object in a men’s room, in the company of two suited males, completely disinterested. To this day I am not sure if there was any hygienic purpose, or if it was all part of Rainier’s master plan to drive me mad with lust.

“My tits,” I pleaded arching my back to proffer them. “Touch them, please?”

The man had no interest. When I’d quieted down from my second release he went to the kit, bringing back a silver rod-like device and the antiseptic. In a matter of seconds it slid up my rectum, and I was poked internally with the rod, and then wiped down. Scoured, actually.

The bizarre cleansing continued awhile and then the man stepped back and took off the gloves. After disposing of them in the trash he came back and buttoned my coat, carefully avoiding any semblance of eye contact.

“Rainier?” I whispered, sorely missing my trusty guide in this journey of degradation. “Are you there?”

Silence.

I watched the gloved man zip up the kit and hand it to the other.

“May I have a chance to use the bathroom?” I asked meekly as they began hustling me to the door.

One of the stalls was opened for me. I was allowed to sit down, though the door was left open. One of the men watched me as I squatted to pee. My face flushed red. I had never gone in front of anyone, not since I was a tiny child. At last the first drops came and then a cascade, a noisy splashing sound that I’m quite sure both men could hear quite well.

To my astonishment, the man guarding me lifted me from the seat when I was done and held me by the upper arms. Using some kind of cleaning wipe that he had in a package he proceeded to sponge clean my vaginal area. He had no gloves now and the touch felt far more intimate than before.

I closed my eyes against the renewed feelings of heat. Damn it, I thought as they took me out of the bathroom, was I going to be moved to near orgasm every time a man touched me now?

The Rusty Nail was quiet now. Only a few of the bikers were left. A girl in a red skirt, her legs spread obscenely to reveal a shaved pussy, was sitting at the end of the bar. She gave me a look; the kind one girl gives another when she thinks she’s a little higher on the slut pecking order.

I ignored her. The only one I was looking for—or rather hoping not to see—was Mongo. I didn’t think I’d be able to look him in the eye. Not only because of how he’d degraded me, but also on account of the trick Rainier had played on him, encouraging him to fuck me, then scaring him off.

I’d learned a lot about Gustav Rainier tonight, I realized as I was led to the waiting limousine. Number one, he was every bit as dangerous as I’d feared. If fearsome looking bikers cringed at the mere name of his organization, what would it be like to deal with the man’s wrath? I’d also learned that Rainier was a man who’d stoop to any level to win. There was nothing he wouldn’t do to conquer me, no matter what the cost.

The limo was black with tinted windows. One of the men took the driver’s seat while the other held open the back door for me. It was the man who’d held my arms as I was caressed with the glove.

My heart beat a little faster as he got in next to me and closed the door.

I had a feeling the evening wasn't over. Like I said, Rainier was a man who got what he wanted. And right now, he wanted me. For some reason the notion filled me with a perverse warmth. I knew it was part of his re-conditioning of me, but I couldn't help it. There was something biological making me respond. Could what Rainier had told me really be true, namely that women really were most aroused by the strongest men—the ones able to best protect and dominate them? Could it be in my heart I wanted to submit, in fact, and had only been waiting for the right man?

I was seated just a few inches from my escort. Unable to help myself, I stole glances at his crotch, again and again, only to turn my head away each time in fear and disgust. He was muscular, I could tell. He was strong and vital. If he wanted, he could easily force me. Did he smell my arousal? I wondered. If so, would he do anything about it?

The car hummed silently in the thin, late night traffic. My mind was drifting; I was somewhere far away. A million questions raged. Where would they take me? Did they plan to fuck me? Would I meet their expectations? They'd had lots of women, surely, with much more experience. Suppose I failed to please them? Would they beat me, whip me? I would try hard, certainly, to avoid that. I would be good for them, servile. I'd use my lips, my cunt. My tits. My arse. Uneasily I shifted on the seat. Was I soaking through the dress?

It was with a mixture of relief and disappointment that I saw the car turn onto my own street. So the ride was going to end quietly after all. The limo stopped directly under the awning. The doorman stood dutifully waiting to let me in. My eyes were on the guard's. Should I get up? Should I speak?

Seconds ticked by, the engine in park. At last, I moved to rise. "Thanks again," I blurted awkwardly. "For . . . everything."

A hand pushed down on my shoulder. Another seized my wrist. "I don't understand," I shook my head, my posterior firmly back in place on the seat.

The only sound was the man's zipper opening. Stupefied, I glared at the huge cock unfurling from his underwear. In a few seconds it looked as if it topped off at nearly ten inches!

"You—you want me to suck you?" I offered helpfully.

He shook his head as he guided me onto my knees in front of him.

"I'm sorry," I stammered. "But if it's not a blow job you want. . ."

He put my hand on his cock. It was thick and pulsing, red and purple veins standing in ridges along the shaft of it. A hand job; he wanted me to caress him. Eagerly, I circled the width of it with two fingers. He was huge, bigger even than the man in my office whom I'd blown on the leather sofa. Mr. Jones.

Much thicker as well. Taking my time, I rubbed up and down the length of it, very gently.

"Is that good?" I asked, my eyes looking deferentially into his.

He frowned, motioning for me to go faster. I obliged, though the power of the thing frightened me. It was silky smooth, but rock hard underneath. I could only imagine what it would be like to have the thing between my legs or in my mouth or arse.

The fact that he could have these things from me made me more diligent somehow. More attentive. Pleasing him became my world. I searched his face for tiny signs I was doing it right--some twitching of the lips, some movement in the eyes. There was none, even as I caressed the sensitive underside, along the vein I knew drove all men wild.

If only I could kiss him, I thought, suck him a little, I knew I could make him happy. "May I?" I begged softly. "May I touch you?" My head moved forward, eyes closed as though permission were already obtained. My inner thighs burned. It was all I could do to keep from rubbing my legs together till I orgasmed.

"Please," I repeated again, wondering, hoping, fearing Rainier was still listening.

Pain gripped the back of my head. My eyes popped open. He was pulling back my head and now he was taking my hand off his cock to replace it with his own.

"You're hurting me," I protested.

The man grit his teeth and began to stroke himself hard. His eyes were keen and sharp like a predator's. Pushing down my head, he put it in direct line of sight with the tip of the thing. He was going to come on me. I shrieked as the jism burst forth like a geyser. His aim was perfect, dousing my cheeks and nose, my lips and even my eyelids. It was hot and assaultive and when he was done he didn't bother to comfort or clean me.

Reaching across, he opened the rear door and proceeded to push me out, his hand shoving my rear end hard. I was propelled out onto the street. I heard the door shut behind me and then the limo took off. They'd left me, in the middle of the night, covered in come in front of my own building. . . . like a tawdry whore, a spectacle for anyone to see.

The doorman, I realized in a panic; how would I get inside without his seeing me? Fishing in my bag, I searched for a tissue to clean up with. It was then I heard the voice in my ear, almost forgotten and yet somehow closer to my soul than anything I'd ever known.

"Leave it, Emerald. Walk inside now, just as you are."

Chapter Five

The next day was Saturday. I slept till one in the afternoon. I recalled no dreams, nor was I even aware of having crawled into bed, my mockery of a dress still hanging from my aching, soiled body. Every muscle screamed as I tried to rise. Putting the shower on as warm as I could stand, I allowed the water to permeate my skin, permeate my soul. There are ions in the pulsing spray that enliven the human nerves; I'd read this somewhere and it is the real reason a shower wakes us up in the morning.

In my case, it was the flow of liquid to my parched senses. I felt like I'd been in a desert, or on the bottom of someone's shoe. . . . Mongo, the motorcycle gang leader's maybe, or that of that Mr. Jones who'd come to my office. So many humiliations to choose from!

Had it really only been two days since I'd met Gustav Rainier? Could he have changed me so much already? Layer after layer of lather held no answers. No matter how much I scrubbed, no matter how far back I leaned to allow the water full access to my swollen breasts and my gaping cunt, I understood nothing. Who was I? What was I becoming? And why, in spite of everything I'd been through did I feel now a profound sense of loneliness without Rainier?

It had been nearly twelve hours since he'd called. The earring receiver seemed dead, or inactive. There were no messages on my phone. No activity on the cell. What did that mean? Was he busy or had I angered him in some way? I ran through the night's events in my mind for any evidence of disobedience or rebellion. I'd gone to the Rusty Nail, I'd approached Mongo and said everything Rainier told me to say. I'd taken his cuffs on my wrists, gone without complaint to the toilet. When he'd touched me, I was wet and ready. Even when he took me anally, I made no complaint.

All night, I was good. And when it was time to go I'd let two strangers take me home, one of whom raped me with his fingers, and the other of whom had put me on my knees in the car so he could spurt himself on my face. Surely I'd done *that* right, stroking him to hardness? I'd balked at nothing, not even when—in a final act of cruelty and control—Rainier had commanded me to leave the sticky jism on my face.

A warm, forbidden pleasure passed over me as I recalled the look on the doorman's face. How his cheeks turned red and how he'd cleared his throat and tried to avoid eye contact.

"Tell him good night, Emerald," Rainier had coached in my ear.

"Good night," I'd smiled as naturally as possible, a large gob of the stuff hanging from the left corner of my lips.

And that was the last I'd heard of Gustav. Now I was panicking.

For those of you not familiar with brain washing techniques, the man was breaking down my defenses, creating in me an utter and complete dependence upon him for everything. The end result is a cringing slave, a girl who will eagerly crawl to her own beating, who will begged to be raped by her master. This is what I am now, and what I was even then, though I did not yet realize it.

It was when the hot water ran out that rebellion began to swell in my breast. The cold water seemed to waken in me something of my shattered pride. What was the matter with me? Had I lost my mind? Still naked, a towel wrapped around my shivering body, I ran to the kitchen table where I'd placed the earrings. I hated the thing for all they represented and for all that Rainier had made me do through the use of them. I'd made myself his bonded slave, putting them on, allowing him to say horrible things to me.

What kind of a demon tells a woman he is fucking her patient? Former patient, at any rate. For that matter what kind of a man ties and screws a nineteen-year old girl while in conversation with her doctor—former doctor—whom he is allowing to be raped in the bathroom of a biker bar?

All right, not rape. I wanted it. I was wet and hot and I'd even begged. But still. . .

The earrings shattered under the blow of the wooden kitchen mallet. For good measure I dropped the pieces down the garbage disposal. I was declaring my independence, an early victory in my month long ordeal of a bet.

Come to think of it, why did I have to put up with this bet thing at all? The things Rainier had been telling me weren't just cruel and unusual, they were criminal. He'd told me he was going to sell a human being—mentioning Krissy by name. And there was the whole Cartel thing that scared those bikers so much. That had organized crime written all over it. My heart was pounding in my chest as a plan began to formulate in my mind. It was a gamble, of sorts, for me and for Krissy, too, but I liked the odds a whole lot better than what Rainier was offering.

The telephone number was in my phone book. He was a detective, on the metropolitan police sex crime investigation unit. He dealt with hookers, johns and pimps as well as some of the more high profile cases involving—ironically enough—white slavery. We'd worked together on a couple of cases last year. He was as gung ho as I was about getting girls off the streets. He had a heart, and he really worked hard for justice.

He'd also been interested in me personally, though I hadn't been up to a serious relationship at the time. We'd dated a few times casually and parted on good terms. The point was, I could use all of this now to good advantage. I rarely played on my femininity to accomplish my goals, but this was an emergency. Besides, it was for a good cause.

His name was Randy Meyer. He was sandy haired, age thirty-four, divorced with two children, a boy seven and a girl ten. His brown eyes were compassionate. He was a cyclist and a marksman, taking top prize each year at the police Olympics. Under different circumstances, were I not so involved in my job, I could even have fallen in love with the man.

It was a lucky break—or so I thought—that I still had the man's card, with his cell phone number scribbled on the back. He answered on the second ring, sounding out of breath.

"I'm training," he told me. "Right now, I'm half way up the Crager Canyon Road. Can I call you back?"

"This is important, Randy. An emergency."

"What is it, Emerald?"

I felt instant relief at the sound of his cop-like voice, full of authority and concern. "I'm in trouble. I—I can't talk on the phone. Can we meet?"

"Where are you?"

"Home," I breathed, closer to tears than I cared to admit.

"Give me an hour," he said without hesitation. "I'll meet you at the Galleria, at that coffee place we went to once. Do you remember the one?"

"Yes, yes," I cried, betraying my total trust in the man. "I do. But Randy, I'm scared."

"You want me to send a cruiser?"

For a moment I considered the offer. It would be an easy out for me, but the arrival of uniformed police would tip off Rainier and give the man a chance to send Krissy off God knows where. "No, thank you, Randy. I'll be all right. I can make it."

As soon as I hung up, I threw on a pair of jeans and a T-shirt over a basic set of white underwear, utilitarian and decidedly not sexy. If anyone had told me I would be having sex with Randy that day I wouldn't have believed it. Nor would I have accepted the other things that would also happen.

In my mind, I was half way to victory and closing fast. I even started humming as I combed out my long tresses and tied them back in a ponytail. I was downright giddy as I put on my tiny socks and trusty running shoes. It was like being a spy, or a private detective. It was when I picked up the purse with the cell phone in it that I remembered that Rainier might be able to track me. So far he'd known my every move. How would I get out of the building without him knowing? If I were followed, the whole plan could blow up in my face.

I had to sneak out some other way. But how? I had my car and I could go out the garage entrance with it, but still, I'd be a hard target to miss. That's when I remembered my elderly neighbor Mrs.

Collins and her 1987 Buick which she had me drive for her once a week to keep it running smoothly. She'd given me a set of keys. I could take the vehicle and no one would know, not her, and certainly not anyone whom Rainier might have spying on me.

Was it ethical, though? Again, I told myself it was life and death. Mrs. Collins would understand. When this was all over, in fact, I'd invite her to dinner, she and Krissy. We'd dine at the Wyatt House, sipping champagne and laughing over the crazy, scary story about a dastardly white slave trader. It would be a story with a happy ending, were the villain gets his just reward.

Donning dark glasses and a baseball cap to complete the disguise, I headed downstairs. I was alone in the elevator and saw no one in the garage. Saturdays are usually cool like that. The faithful old car, still shiny as new with only eight thousand miles on it, started like a dream. My luck had changed, I decided as I slipped nice as can be out onto the street and down to the mall.

Near as I can tell, I wasn't followed. There certainly was no sign of any evil bikers or men with whips. Just your regular Saturday mall crowd. Randy was waiting for me at the coffee shop. He was looking better than I'd remembered with his faded jeans and Hawaiian shirt. As he hugged me I felt the outline of his gun, and I got that warm, safe feeling all over again. I remembered how he'd told me once that cops liked Hawaiian shirts because you could wear them untucked, easily hiding a pistol beneath them.

"Em, thank God you're okay." His breath went right into my ear. I started melting at once. I'd forgotten how he always called me by that silly nickname. Generally I detested diminutives of my name, but coming from him somehow it had always seemed sweet. Appropriate, somehow.

I looked into his eyes, more overcome with emotion than I'd anticipated. "I am now, Randy."

His hand went to the small of my back, instinctively guiding me to the wrought iron chair at the tiny round table. "Sit down," he coaxed. "Tell me what's been going on."

There was a double latte waiting for me--my beverage of choice. "You remembered," I smiled.

Randy took his own seat. "I remember everything about you, Em. A woman like you is one in a million; don't you forget that."

I could feel my cheeks pinkened. Despite my terror, I was enjoying the attention, the flirting. "I remember you, too, Randy; a man among men."

He sipped from a cup of black coffee, cop plain. "Talk, Em."

I proceeded to explain everything from the beginning. From my meeting with Gustav Rainier and before that what I'd learned of him from seeing Krissy half naked and at his obvious sexual disposal. I didn't pull a single punch, not even when it came to the things Rainier had manipulated me into doing. There wasn't any shame in it, and certainly not any impropriety. The man had coerced me. He'd been in a power position over me and compelled me into sexual activities against my natural proclivities. He was depraved, a virtual rapist. Not to mention a complete cad.

Randy's features altered subtly as my story unfolded. Dark concern clouded his eyes. His brow knitted tighter and tighter. He sat back, too, his attitude becoming more clinical and reserved. I'd chalked it up to him putting on his 'game face' as a cop in preparation for going after Rainier. In my mind I fancied him a white knight, preparing to mount up and ride into battle with the man of blackness, the cold and cruel abuser of maidens everywhere.

As I alluded to before, however, I was in for a rude awakening.

"Tell me again about this bet," Randy asked when I'd finally wound down.

"It's hard to believe, isn't it?" My hand reached out to his, only to have him slide it back out of range. "He—he gave himself one month to 'convert me' as he put it to his way of life. He said he'd make me a slave."

"And you agreed to those terms."

"I did," I replied, though it hadn't seemed like a question.

Randy took a long swallow of his coffee. "I know of this Rainier," he replied, setting down the empty container. "He's as dangerous as you say. More so, in fact. In this country he is limited in his actions, both as a leader and as a master of females. There are other places, though, where arrangements are, shall we say, looser."

“So you’ve been after him, then?” I queried hopefully. “You’re planning to bring him in? My information is helpful, right? You can use it to stop him? I mean, you should see Krissy. She’s such a sweet little thing. Pretty as a picture and so naïve. She has no idea what she’s let herself in for. Last night he even told me what he was doing to her—how he was using her. It was awful.”

“What did he do to her exactly?”

I described the penis gag and the ropes and how she was spread eagled on Rainier’s bed while he took her. It was graphic and painful for me, but the man needed evidence, or so I assumed. After all, he was a law officer, a police detective.

“I’ve seen that type of mouth restraint,” he nodded gravely. “It’s a typical punishment used on white slaves. Although it can be an aphrodisiac as well. There are also ball gags, which fill a female slave’s mouth the way, say a handball might. They are strapped on behind the head. There’s also such a thing as an ‘O’ ring which is clamped in place behind a girl’s teeth by means of a clamp. When it’s in place, she can’t close her mouth or swallow. After just a few minutes in such a device, she’ll be soaked in her own drool. Not to mention being completely available for whatever a master might want to put down her throat. I’ve even seen penis gags of the type you described where the shaft is hollow. A tube can be run directly into it and any number of liquids can be delivered to the slave girl’s stomach without her being able to resist in any way.”

I squeezed my legs together. Randy’s words were unnerving me, confusing me. “Liquids?” I repeated stupidly. “What liquids?”

He shrugged, his shoulders moving very slightly beneath the Hawaiian shirt. I’d seen his naked torso once; it was impressive. Corded muscles, a ribbed abdomen and smooth biceps were among his many good features. “Use your imagination, Em. What would you make a slave girl drink if you were a master—a man?”

I cocked my head. “I couldn’t be a master as a girl—as a woman, I mean?”

Randy’s lips curled into a private smile as he noted my attempt to correct his ongoing diminution of my gender. “You tell me. Do you think you’re my physical equal?”

“No,” I admitted. “I don’t.”

Randy leaned forward and put his hand on my arm. “You did the right thing coming to me, Em. You were more right than you knew when you said you were in over your head. I can help you, but you’ll have to trust me. You can’t let things stay as they are. What you’ve seen so far of Rainier and this so-called Cartel is the tip of the iceberg. Will you come with me for a ride? There are some things I’d like to check out.”

His firm gaze held me, like a butterfly under a pin. “I do trust you, Randy, of course. Whatever you say. But what if he’s following me, what if. . .”

A single finger to my lip silenced me. “You let me worry about all that, okay? You came to me; now I’ll handle the rest. Okay?”

Wide eyed, I nodded. It was all I could do to resist kissing at his strong finger, licking it even. He was a man, a real man and he knew how to take care of me. If only I could show him how thankful I was.

“Good.” He rose to his feet, snapping me from my reverie. “Let’s go then. We haven’t a moment to waste.”

Randy had me follow him in his SUV. It was a big beige vehicle with a blue light built into the dashboard. I’d ridden in it once and it had made me uneasy, thinking of all that power under the hood—a perfect analogy for the man himself. I still didn’t know where we were going. I’d assumed it would be the police station, but we ended up at a downtown hotel instead.

Randy had both vehicles valet parked as he hustled me into the main lobby.

“Keep your head down,” he warned as we approached the front desk. “Let’s not draw attention to ourselves.”

It must have been some kind of witness protection, I thought as we entered the elevator, the key to room 809 handily extracted from Randy’s front pocket. It seemed we might be there awhile, because he had a nylon bag over his shoulder, the kind men often carry to the gym. He didn’t say a word the whole way up. His face was all business and I was quite sure he considered himself ‘on duty’ from this moment forward.

I looked at him with grateful eyes. He was my hero. Only shyness prevented me from offering him my thanks up front.

"Come on," he urged as soon as the doors opened.

The hallway was quiet. No one seemed to be about. Randy fit the key into the door and opened it. "Ladies first," he winked.

I giggled, pleased to have a release from all that building tension. "Oh, Randy," I exclaimed, noting the quaintly decorated room. "It's lovely. There's even a view."

Randy said nothing as he put the 'Do Not Disturb' sign on the knob and clicked the dead bolt in place.

"Do you think we could order room service?" I called to him from the balcony, still clueless as to his real intent.

"Come inside, Em."

"Hmm? Oh, yes," I nodded. "The balcony isn't safe is it? You know I could almost forget that. . ."

I did a double take as I saw Randy standing there waiting for me, his leather belt in hand, the end of it trailing down to the multi-colored carpet. He'd removed his jacket, revealing the lines of his muscles under his shirt as well as the shoulder holster in which rested his semi-automatic pistol. His eyes were cold, calculating. His expression was darkly somber.

I gulped. He was scaring me. "Randy?!"

"Get undressed, Em."

I took a step backwards my hand at my breast. "What did you say?"

He shook out the belt, letting it drag across the floor. "Your clothes, Em. Take them off. I want you naked."

"But—but I don't understand."

"What's to understand, Em? I'm a man, you're a woman; I'm laying claim to you."

My eyes looked desperately over his shoulder to the door. Could I make it in time? "Randy, this is nonsense. I don't understand. You've always been such a gentleman," I smiled as charmingly as I could manage under the circumstances. "I know you can't mean what you're saying."

Randy caught me by the wrist as I tried to run past him. "On the contrary, Em," he grinned savagely. "I mean every word of it."

The pressure on my wrist was like a vise. There was nowhere for me to go but down. "Please," I whimpered as he brought me to my knees. "You're hurting me."

"You think this is pain?" he laughed, caressing my cheek with the edge of the leather belt. "You haven't seen anything yet."

The tears were welling in my eyes. "Why, Randy?" I blubbered. "Why are you doing this to me?"

His eyes began to glow more brightly. He looked like a cat about to spring a trap on a canary he'd been taunting. "Because, my dear," he said very quietly. "Your friend Gustav Rainier also happens to be a friend of mine."

The blood drained from my face. "No—that's not possible."

"It isn't just possible, sweetheart," he grinned, leaning in close, eye to eye. "It's a fact. I've been working with him for years. He knows how to get delinquents off the street, Emerald. And he knows how to teach women respect."

I searched his features for some explanation. Some sign of a joke. "But you helped me; we rehabilitated Martha and Cindy."

"I let you think that, Em. I had a crush on you. I wanted you to like me. The truth is, Martha was arrested in Albuquerque six months ago for prostitution. The judge commuted her sentence to a Cartel work camp. Last I heard she'd graduated to a Girly Girl club in Phoenix. Happy as a pig in mud, too; all the sex she wants and no personal responsibilities except to make her masters happy. As for Cindy, she'd a film star now, with Girly Girl Studios. They say she does her best work with German shepherds."

"I—I don't believe you."

"Really? When's the last time you heard from either one of them?"

My lower lip compressed my teeth. "Six months," I said in a small, girlish voice.

Randy slapped me hard across my cheek. My head whipped to the side; I lost my balance and fell at his feet. The scent of his leather shoes made me lightheaded.

“That’s for calling me a liar, Em.” His voice was perfectly calm, completely even, just like Gustav’s always was. “Now I’m going to give you one more chance to take your clothes off before I tear them off your cringing body. Is that what you want?”

I tasted the blood at the corner of my mouth. “No,” I looked up at him piteously. “I’ll do what you say.”

He stepped back, giving me room. My head spun as I went to all fours then rose to my feet. This couldn’t be happening, I kept telling myself. My hero, my protector couldn’t be turning out to be in league with *him*. My hands tugged at the hem of my shirt. I pulled it overhead, revealing my white, utilitarian bra. The shoes were next, and the tiny socks. I swallowed hard before going for the jeans. One last time, I looked in his eyes for mercy. Finding none, I unzipped the material and tugged it down over my hips.

A moment later I stood before the handsome detective clad only in cotton bra and panties. I was ashamed, infuriated, and yet, at the same time, I had never felt more feminine, more desired. Reaching behind my back, the man’s gaze cool and appraising, I undid the clasp of my bra. Pulling the straps one by one, I shrugged them off my swollen mounds, bearing the pale white, coral tipped flesh.

The bra fell at my feet. With my own hands, I caressed myself. “Make love to me,” I begged, taking a step forward, offering him the tits, offering myself.

Randy snapped the belt in front of him, landing the tip on my left hip. I hopped in the air squealing.

“You were told to take all your clothes off, Em. Why are you disobeying me?”

Chagrined, I hustled the skimpy garment down to my ankles and lifted my feet one by one till I was free of my last covering. He was glaring at me and I couldn’t bear to look at him. Cheeks flushed, I lowered my head, a punished girl in front of her man. Her master.

“Take your hair out of that thing,” he commanded, indicating the feminized elastic tie at the base of my neck. “Run your fingers through it; I want it loose and soft.”

I was painfully aware of my nudity and vulnerability as I undid my ponytail and shook out my long tresses. The position was obscene:

my arms behind my neck, my back bowed, my legs parted to keep my balance. Nothing was hidden from him now, not the swollen tips of my breasts thrusting at attention, not even the glistening, fragrant slit between my legs. I prayed he would not check, would not catch the scent of my inevitable submission. As it was, I feared I would collapse any moment.

“Put your head back further, Em. Part your lips.”

My eyes fluttered shut. The shame, the heat was too much.

“Chest out. Legs further apart. Keep caressing your hair. That’s it, good. You have a hot little body, Em. It should be on display at all times. In the hands of many masters I know you would be forbidden clothes all together, with the exception, of course, of your collar and chains. And perhaps a nice tattoo. On your breast or belly. Something pretty and feminine.”

A wave of hot weakness coursed through my center. I’d worked my whole adult life to be considered for my mind, my professional skills and here I was eager and aroused to be viewed as an object of pleasure. A little toy for a man’s enjoyment. Licking my lips, I felt my hips begin to gyrate, very slightly. Without realizing it, I had begun to assume a certain expression and posture usually reserved only for trained slaves.

“My God, Em,” he hissed, admiration and lust thick in his voice. “You’re a damned natural. I always knew you would be. I should have collared you myself all those months ago when I had the chance. You were born for steel; bred for the whip.”

I wanted to inquire as to exactly what he meant about acquiring me himself, but the man had other plans for me. Snapping the belt against my thighs, just hard enough to get my attention, he said, “Grab your nipples, Em. Squeeze them.”

I shuddered as my fingertips closed over the tiny nubs. It was like there was a direct line of pleasure from there to my cunt. “Oh, Randy,” I breathed. “This feels so good.”

The belt landed firmly on my left hip and thigh. “Quiet, girl. You’ll talk only when spoken to. Close your eyes again and squeeze harder. “Harder,” he repeated, his voice moving to a new place, somewhere over my shoulder.

The pain ratcheted higher and higher. Compounded with this was the terror induced from no longer knowing where he was in the room. Why wouldn't he reveal himself? Why wouldn't he just take my sex and get it over with?

Fire seared my buttocks. I stumbled forward.

"Position," Randy reminded me, retracting the belt from my enflamed skin.

I did my best to put my bare feet back in place. It was all I could do to keep from screaming and running to the door in panic. Though I knew, of course, that would be useless and would only get me in more trouble.

"Hands behind your neck, fingers interlaced," Randy barked. "Buttocks out thrust."

It was an exquisite feeling, knowing I was leaving myself open for another lash—inviting it even—with my twinging, no doubt reddened flesh pushing towards him. And my breasts and cunt—how could he resist slashing at these if he came round to the front of me again?

"You are a sloppy girl, Em," he observed, his voice trailing off into the background. "Undisciplined. And you're a busybody to boot."

I could hear him at the wet bar, pouring himself some kind of drink. My own lips were parched, but I dared not speak a word.

"You always know what's best for everyone else, don't you?" Ice tinkled in his drink. "Heaven help any one who stands in your way. And that included Gustav Rainier, didn't it? Except you made a little miscalculation there. Rainier isn't like the rest of us. He's yet to be emasculated by our politically correct man-hating society."

Just then the air kicked on, wafts of coolness pricking my damp flesh.

"Take me for instance."

I stiffened, feeling his presence directly in front of me.

"If you were to beg me not to beat you, I might well give in. Try it, Em. Say 'I am a female slut, please do not beat me.'"

"Please," I began, starting at the sudden touch of his finger on my cheek. "I—I am a female slut. Please do not beat me."

"Open your eyes, Emerald."

Randy stood in front of me, a thick glass in his hand. It was full of a clear liquid, buried in ice cubes. "Those of us in the Cartel know what women want, Em," he began, raising my chin to meet his cold, steel eyes. "And you do, too. That's why you fight it so hard; you don't want to accept it. Doesn't it just kill you, though, seeing girls crawl back to men who treat them like shit, over and over?"

I watched mesmerized as he took a single ice cube and held it in front of my belly. I inhaled, retracting my concave abdomen, but not far enough to avoid the contact. Warm shivers vented my body as the ice kissed my skin, branding me with searing cold.

"You always think your patients are crazy, or misled, Em, but the truth is, girls are programmed to submit. It's their nature. Yours, too."

I whimpered as the ice cube traversed my belly, up and over my left breast to the nipple. He left it there, allowing the tiny drops of water to run down my captive body.

Randy leaned close, his breath an inch from my lips. "You'll lose your bet, Em. I promise you that." Taking another cube, he thrust it on my other nipple, freezing it as effectively as he had the first. "How does that feel? Cold enough for you?"

I looked meekly into his eyes, nodding tentatively. If only I had use of my hands, my voice. If only I could slap him, grab his gun, kick him, run, anything. But why couldn't I? That was the million-dollar question.

The fact was, the only thing holding me in place, next to fear, was the bizarre determination, the almost palpable need on my part to obey.

"Have a drink, Em." He put the heavy glass to my lips. Rivulets of scotch splashed my tongue. I swallowed what I could, but some of it ran down my stomach and legs. "That's a bad girl," he chided. "Wasting good liquor."

Randy popped the nearly spent cube into my mouth and fished for another. This one was destined for the hollow between my legs. When I tried to scream, he covered my mouth.

"No noise, Em, remember? Or do you need another kiss of the leather?"

My eyes pleaded desperately; I'd do anything to avoid any more blows from his belt.

"That's better," he crooned, releasing my mouth and cupping my breast. "Now let's see you show this ice cube a good time, huh?"

Randy was frigging me with it, making me hot and horny at the same time he was torturing my vagina. When he moved it over my tiny little clitoris I swooned. Unable to help myself, I followed his hand forward as he retracted. A few skillful manipulations of my clit and tits on his part, and I was frantically humping his hand, pushing my pelvis in and out, taking the cold, deadly cube deeper and deeper.

"Look at me, Em."

I did so, feeling a depth of shame and surrender too deep for words.

"Tell me you still want to be free," he hissed. "Tell me you're going to just blow off Gustav Rainier at the end of the month and thumb your nose in his face."

My answer came in the form of a shuddering climax so powerful, it nearly knocked me to the ground. As it was, I had to lay my head on Randy's shoulder until it subsided. Even so, I did not take my hands from behind my neck where he'd told me to place them.

Randy muttered a curse under his breath as he accepted my limp and proffered body. "Jesus Christ, I would have married you," he confessed, scooping me into his arms. "I would have made you my own. For life. My one and only submissive mate. The one thing my ex-wife could never be."

Laughing to himself, hiding his own pain, he tossed me down onto the bed on my back.

"Why don't you?" I croaked, risking certain punishment. "Marry me, I mean?"

An odd smile crossed his lips. "Because," he replied. "You are Rainier's property now. Whether you know it or not."

"No, Randy, it's not. . ."

I was going to say 'it's not too late,' but the sentence was never finished.

“This is for your own good,” he interrupted, shoving my own wet panties in my mouth and securing them with tape. “To teach you never again to try to escape from your master.”

He had the leather cords and bracelets in the bag, along with the riding crop. Evidently the plan had been to beat me all along. Like a rag doll, he put me to my back and tied me down, spread eagle to the comforter. The bonds were drawn tight. My belly was pressed like a drum, so too my thighs and breasts. For several minutes he ran his hands over my back and buttocks, lightly, as though he were still mourning the life we might have had together.

With a deep sigh now, he rose from the bed. “The sooner you learn to submit, the better,” he assured me. “Rainier’s not sentimental like I am. Just forget about escaping, okay? His organization is bigger than you can ever imagine. I’m just one tiny little cog in a huge wheel.”

The whip made the belt feel like a love tap. Drool and tears and screams poured into my soiled underwear as he visited my buttocks with a vicious slash of the horrid device. I was sure I would die of pain, but as he plied me for a second blow, he slid a finger in my cunt, inducing yet another unwanted, mind blowing orgasm.

“You see that? You’re a slave already, Em. Face it.”

This time he lashed the meat of my thighs, sending explosions down my leg. At this point I would have betrayed my own mother to get him to stop.

“Pity I can’t fuck you,” he said after the third blow, a cross-wise slash across both cheeks. “But that privilege belongs to your new master alone.”

I shook my head vigorously. Why did he have to be Rainier’s lackey? He was an officer of the law. Armed with a gun. If worse came to worse, we’d make a run for it. Head for Mexico, maybe. We could play master and slave out in the desert somewhere, or he could pimp me on the streets of Tijuana.

Anything, anything at all to stop the pain.

“We’ll go for six,” he said, landing the fourth just below the second on the back of my legs. “Then you’re going to get dressed and go back home and wait for Gustav to call you. You hear me?”

"No. Fuck me. Fuck me, first," I cried incoherently into the gag.

Randy delivered the final blows in silence. I heard him walk away, the bathroom door slamming behind him. Still tied down to the bed, my body on fire, I wept into the comforter, praying for release, any kind of release.

No longer did I care for freedom, but only for satisfying my need for sex. I didn't want to be untied; I wanted to be taken. I wanted Randy's cock from behind, coming down on me, filling my quartered sex, his body lying heavily on my whipped flesh. In utter submission I would come for him, sealing my own slavery.

But Randy had said I would never belong to him. He'd claimed that I was Rainier's and not his. What a tragic thing to know! I loved Randy, I was sure I did. I wanted him, wanted to belong to him.

And yet, that hateful voice of reason in the back of my mind told me, if this was the case, why hadn't I pined for him all along? Even more to the point, why had I dumped him so abruptly and never looked back?

It wasn't love. It was lust. Sexual needs born of my nascent slavery. I was bonding to whomever would beat me, whomever would chain and own me.

This was Rainier's doing. All of it.

"Go straight home, Em," said Randy, removing the bonds and putting them back in his bag. "Do you hear me?"

His hair was wet. He looked like he'd splashed prodigious amounts of cold water on his face. Pulling out the wadded, sopping panties, I defied him. "No, Randy, I won't until you give me what I need, what we both need."

He fought me at first as I grabbed for him, but I knew enough about a man's body to slow him considerably. Tearing at the buttons of his shirt I bared his chest and suctioned my mouth to his nipple. A gasp proceeded from the back of his throat as he grabbed my upper arms.

He held me at bay, anguish etched in his face. "This. . . can't . . . be, Em," he breathed, the words coming in staccato bursts.

I looked up at him with pleading, subservient eyes. "Yes, master. It can."

Randy threw me down on my back. Immediately, instinctively, I spread for him. There was a condom in his pocket, which he readily applied. Palms over my head, in complete submission, I awaited my fucking.

He took me in a single motion, easily parting my well-lubricated opening. My legs wrapped round his back, drawing him deep as he could. His clothes were still on, which made me feel even more like his whore. His toy. Twice I came before he reached his own orgasm, so eager was I to give myself.

His explosion was titanic as he drove me deep into the springs, imprinting their outline on my enflamed, tender buttocks. Over and over I called his name, interspersing it with the provocative title, *master*.

"Stop saying that," he replied at last, lifting himself off of me and zipping up. "I'm not your master; I told you that. Your Rainier's chattel; and he'll claim you soon enough."

I looked at him, spent and back in his rational mind. I was losing him! "Don't leave me," I begged.

Randy frowned as he tried to close the ruined shirt. "Damn," he muttered.

"I'll pay for that," I promised.

He shook his head. "Where you're going, you won't have money, kiddo. Where you're going, you'll be the currency."

Chapter Six

There were roses waiting for me back at my building. Dozens of them, enough to fill half the lobby.

"A gentleman brought them by," the doorman explained, eager to share the experience. "He was quite a fellow. Very cosmopolitan. And by the way, Dr. Tallow, he made a point of telling me about the other night. Quite a thing, wasn't it?"

The doorman's face was lit with conspiratorial sympathy, though I hadn't a clue what his was alluding to. "What are you talking about?" I stammered, still feeling the wash of embarrassment in his presence on account of him having seen me covered in sperm last night.

Not to mention the fact that I stank of sex, my request for a shower having been refused by Randy.

The man laughed knowingly. "Oh, it's all right, I heard all about the little prank, with the icing, on your face I mean. And to think you'd fallen asleep in the car and didn't realize what had happened till you got upstairs."

The man glared intently, waiting for me to laugh, too.

"Yes," I nodded numbly. "Yes, of course. Quite a . . . a silly thing, really."

"Yes, ma'am," he beamed, grabbing the nearest floral arrangement. "Now how about if I start helping you get these upstairs?"

I thanked him, wondering whether he was so stupid as to believe such a story or whether Rainier had just paid him off a huge amount of money to make him believe. I was still wondering when I opened the door and saw the man sitting on my living room couch.

"He wanted to surprise you," the doorman nudged. "Well, I'll just leave you two love birds alone now."

"Hello, Emerald. I've been expecting you."

"You should," I said stiffly. "It's my apartment."

Gustav Rainier smiled, subtly, in that way of his which always managed to highlight his dimples. "I am aware of that, yes."

“Then you are aware also that it is considered a crime to enter someone else’s domicile without their permission—regardless of whether or not you hoodwink the doorman?”

Rainier picked an invisible piece of lint from his black trouser leg. Combined with the black silk shirt, pearl gray tie and jacket, it made for a devastating effect. “Actually, your superintendent gave me the key,” he indicated matter-of-factly. “Immediately after I purchased the building.”

I clenched my buttocks, still aching from the whip. My skin was clammy. The scent of lovemaking hung thick upon me. “I hate you,” I blurted. “I despise you, in fact.”

He pursed his lips, nonplussed. “Were you my slave, Emerald, you would be punished for such a statement.”

“Oh? And how much worse could you do to me than your lackey already has?” I defied.

“Do you mean Detective Meyer? But I gave him no instructions, my dear. He simply called me to say he was returning something of mine. I offered my thanks,” he shrugged. “Nothing more.”

“As if I believe you. Now if you’ll excuse me, I’d like a shower. That is unless you intend to strip and beat me, too?”

“If that is your wish.”

“My wish?!” I scoffed. “The only thing I wish for is that you never came into my life. Or Krissy’s either!”

“Krissy is happy now, I told you that.”

I moved perilously close, extending my pointing finger in the vicinity of the man’s face. “No. Krissy is brainwashed. You’ve kidnapped her and mentally and physically tortured her. And I promise you, for that you will pay.”

“What will you do exactly?” he queried, merriment dancing infuriatingly in the corners of his devastating blue eyes. “Go to the police?”

My lower lip began to tremble the way it always did when I was furious. “You think you know everything about women don’t you?” I accused, abruptly changing the subject.

He folded his hands behind his head. “I know enough. For example, I know that despite your resolution to be rid of me, you are

still hopeful of winning me with your charms, enhanced as they are by your post coital glow. The trouble is, if you ever did seduce me, you would have to fight like hell the even deeper urge to kneel at my feet and submit yourself to me completely.”

My eyes beamed like lasers. “I’ve had enough of you, Gustav Rainier. Get out now!”

“We will go together,” he spoke softly, but with deep authority. “As soon as you’ve changed and dressed for dinner.”

A half dozen choice expressions popped into mind only to be suppressed prior to verbalization. In the end I simply scowled at him and stamped my foot. The genuine delight on his face indicated he’d enjoyed catching me in a patently female response. “I swear to you,” I hissed. “If you say one thing about me being cute while I’m angry, I’ll. . .” the thought trailed off into nothingness.

And just what would I do? I thought glumly as I skulked off, feeling like a five-year-old being sent to bed.

“I’ve taken the liberty of selecting an outfit for you,” Rainier called out. “You’ll find everything you need on the bed.”

The man was insufferable. He’d actually gone through my wardrobe, selecting a black party dress, one I’d bought a year ago on a whim and never worn. With it were the wispy black heels and a wicked lace push-up bra I’d purchased to match. The only thing missing was underwear. Though I couldn’t really say I was surprised, I lifted the dress twice and looked under the bed to verify the lack of panties.

“Emerald, I would like you to be ready in twenty minutes, if you please.”

I gulped. Twenty minutes? For a girl—a woman—to get ready for a date? That was impossible. Oh, God, I thought as I peeled out of my sex soaked clothes, I’d just said date, as if this relationship with Rainier was some sort of courtship.

Hah! He and his twenty minutes could be damned!

As much as I told myself I didn’t care, though, I found myself scurrying, working madly to meet his constraints. How I hated him! With each passing encounter, with every fresh minute I spent with him, he only grew more insufferable.

Exactly nineteen minutes later, exhausted and out of breath, I presented myself for inspection. My nipples were taut, my breasts well revealed in the tight bra. Below this, tingles ran up and down my unstockinged legs, well above the short hemline, clear to my naked cunt. Twice during the shower I'd had to hold off the impulse to masturbate.

"I prefer your hair down," he said, ignoring my otherwise stellar preparations.

"I'm sorry," I mumbled. "I thought up would be better."

Getting it to stay up, as a matter of fact, had been a minor miracle. I'd been darned proud of my effort, too. But now, under his stolid gaze, the only thing I could think of was how I'd displeased the man already and how much I couldn't bear to do that again.

"Allow me." He rose to his feet to rearrange my hair. He was dangerously close to the back of my neck, not to mention my stinging derriere. I'd been fortunate that the hem just covered the lowest of the welts from Randy's whip. As it was, I wouldn't be doing a lot of bending over tonight.

Rainier's breath singed my ear as he leaned over me, his capable, powerful hands manipulating the pins and ribbons. In a matter of seconds, he'd removed them, allowing my hair to cascade down my neck, spilling over to the small of my back. The dress was backless, and the touch of my own soft, tresses caressing that bare spot made me feel warm and needy all over.

"That's much better," he said softly.

"Yes," I whispered, my neck craning instinctively to be closer to the sound of his voice. It felt like what Randy had done, only more powerful. It occurred to me now that the whole time I'd been in that hotel, submitting for the strong detective, it was really Rainier I'd wanted.

"Gustav," I breathed, speaking his voice soft as a feather, my lips parted in invitation as I fell against his powerful torso. "Oh, Gustav."

Rainier seized my hair, bowing my neck in such a way as to deny me my kiss. "Not yet, my dear," he teased. "Not yet."

I moaned softly as he touched a finger to my lower lip and ran it down my chin to the hollow between my breasts.

“Not yet,” he repeated as I lifted my arms up to him, my eyes begging.

“Come,” he announced, releasing me, his tone all business. “We’ve a reservation waiting for us.”

I hesitated and was rewarded with a playful blow to my buttocks with the cupped palm of his hand. For a moment I froze, a wave of near orgasm passing through me. The reaction shamed me as much as it tickled him.

As we left the apartment, I had no concern whatsoever where we would go or what we would eat. I didn’t even care if I ever came home again or what my name was. I was with him; that was all that mattered. I wanted him, and until I had him I would hang on his every word, melt at his every touch.

No textbook or class lecture had ever prepared me for these feelings. I felt so alive, so feminine. The entire world seemed lit by my passion for this one man. Every sound, every smell, pointed to him and me, together. With every step, I dreamed and oozed sex. In the elevator, I imagined him pushing the emergency stop button, sealing the two of us in that tiny, stifling space. He’d look at me with those eyes, and I’d know I was cornered. Game over.

Without him saying a word, I would reach for the hem of my dress and pull it over my head. Naked then, save for the mockery of a bra and the shoes he’d made me wear, I would go to him, attentive to his every move so as to know how to offer myself. Would he want me down on my knees, so he could fill my insolent mouth, teaching me what it was for? Or would he bend me over, making me hold the brass handrails while he took his pleasure with one or both furrows, each more than willing to receive me?

“You look good with whip marks, Emerald,” he would say as he pressed his throbbing penis into my waiting hole. “I shall see to it you have them at all times.”

“Yes,” I would reply, on the perilous brink of orgasm already. “Yes, master.”

And then again, as we entered the car, my buttocks sliding across the leather seat, I pictured him shoving me down, holding my hands over my head and pushing my legs apart with his knee.

“Don’t disappoint me,” he’d warn as he tore at the fastenings of his clothes, his eyes never leaving mine. “Remember, you’re mine, to punish as I wish.”

“Yes,” I would say, as I do again and again in my fantasies. “Master.”

In reality, the limo ride was silent, the two of us sitting on opposite rows of seats, facing one another. He passed the time reading the paper, checking on some investments he intended to trade first thing Monday morning. I pretended to be as indifferent as he was, but inside I screamed for attention. Anything, even a cold slap on the face would be better than being ignored, I thought bitterly.

What was wrong with me? I wondered. Why didn’t he want me? How much more available could I be? In a short dress, no panties, glued to the leather seat, desperately trying, and failing to keep myself decent. . .wasn’t I sexy enough? Why didn’t he just want to throw me down and have his way with me?

Of course, you’ve probably guessed that this cold shoulder routine was part of his training as well. Indeed, his every word, his every motion was calculated towards that end. I’ve been over these events a thousand times in my mind; believe me, I know. It was scripted, every bit of it, with nothing left to chance. Imagine it as a kind of hunting. The prey is stalked, run down, exhausted, confused. The time of attack is plotted for optimum effect, and even then, after the dart, bullet or arrow is delivered, there is still more waiting as the creature is allowed to wind down to total collapse.

Or in my case, the complete capitulation of my will. I don’t know how I could fall for his trap so easily. Being allowed to think I was winning a battle here or there or gaining some small advantage when all along it was about making me his pet, a sleek little creature, dependent, obedient, and—worst of all—blissfully happy.

“Do you ever take a break,” I pouted, arms folded as he answered his third cell phone call.

Rainier regarded me for a brief, disinterested moment. “If you’d like,” he offered magnanimously, “you may caress me with your mouth while we ride.”

My mouth went dry, my eyes bugging as he gestured to his crotch. "No, thank you," I spit as acerbically as possible. "I'm sure I can amuse myself."

The rest of the journey I stared at my feet, the daintily painted nails, utterly exposed in the open-toed shoes he'd picked for me. My cheeks were surely as pink as the polish and I prayed he would not guess how close I had come to taking him up on his offer to perform fellatio on him.

It would have been a most humiliating act, of course. I would have had to crouch or kneel on the carpet between the seats. My lipstick would have been ruined. I'd have had a penis in my mouth as the car sped down the expressway, a penis belonging to a coldly indifferent man, a man on the cell phone talking business the whole time.

"That sound? Oh, just ignore it," he'd reassure his caller in Taiwan or Sydney. That's just a girl sucking me off. Her name? Em something. Emily? Emma? She's a doctor. A psychologist, would you believe it? The body's hot enough, but she's a total prig. The belt? Yes, she would do well with a beating. She was whipped earlier today, by a police detective. Would you believe she begged him to fuck her afterwards? Pretty much forced him to, actually. A slut? Oh, I know it. She deserves what she gets. Sex slavery? Yes, that's the best thing for her, the sooner the better, I say."

I shook my head to clear it. That wasn't Rainier's voice I was hearing; it was mine. A specter, deep in my head, judging, condemning. It all stems back to the paternal relationship, I reminded myself, back to the . . .

My thoughts were abruptly halted by the mention of Krissy's name. Kristine, as he'd called her. Kristine Wiley.

"The piece is a little like Britney, yes. Or that new one, Marissa somebody," he was saying now. Rainier paused to listen before giving himself over to a deep laugh. "Yes, I've had that fantasy about taming some celebrity American brat myself. Sorry to say this one's not famous. She's already broken as well, but I suppose he could always pretend. The ass is tight, I assure you. It'll take quite a

licking. What? Yes, I know, meat like that is a penny a pound over there,” he sighed.

“Let’s make it a gift then—the girl and the five hundred shares in exchange for first consideration on the Mossheimer deal. Of course, I’ll handle the branding. Just have the chairman’s people or yours fax me a facsimile of the mark he wants. My recommendations? Most people go with their initials. Tell him to think about tattoos, as an option, as well. There’s a lot more variety and aesthetically it’s more attractive to the eye. In this case, a monogram on the buttocks or the left hip would be splendid. Crossed whips, or an engraved ‘K’ for Kristine, assuming he wants to keep the name.”

My heart thudded in my chest. My barely hidden cunt hummed. Whether or not this conversation was for my benefit, it was having its effect. My sweet little Krissy was being talked about like a piece of meat. Men were going to mark her and sell her, to some third person. A man who would play games with her, humiliating sex games involving celebrities. No doubt she’d be beaten, too. Taken far away, sold, beaten and fucked, never to return to her native land.

It was all I could do to stay in my seat. How could I sit like this, knowing that even with the skimpy clothing I had, I was a hundred times better off than Krissy? If I couldn’t save her, then I should throw in my lot with her, fall right now to Rainier’s feet and beg him to enslave me, too.

“Yes,” Gustav chuckled. “I’ll look forward to that, too. I’ve got to go, now; we’re at the club. By the way, thank you for that Polynesian piece; you were right, it’s a fine addition to my indoor jungle display, especially with the pierced cunt and nipples. Now if only I could keep the guards’ hands off.”

Rainier was still smiling broadly as he pocketed the cell phone. “We’re here, my dear,” he reached across to pat my half bared thigh, pressed as tightly as could be managed to its mate. “Hope you brought your appetite.”

Appetite? I felt like I was going to throw up. How could I hope to face anyone right now, let alone eat a meal? Things only got worse when I saw the name on the marquis. We were at the Girly Girl Club downtown, one of the franchised outlets of Rainier’s ‘Girls, Limited’

empire. In fact, as near as I could remember from Krissy's account, it was the very same Girly Girl Club where she'd first gone to work for Rainier.

"Good evening, sir," the doormen bowed. They were huge, tuxedoed men with sharp eyes that made me afraid to look them in the face.

"Always a pleasure to have you," said the manager, who was waiting at the entrance.

"At ease, Jerry," he smiled, putting his hand on the man's arm. "We're just here for a good time like everybody else."

I was on Rainier's other arm, my hand tucked in for dear life. I'd heard enough about this place to know it was far from female friendly. Indeed, male customers predominated, though there was a smattering of females at some of the small round tables. None were alone, though. There were several dining areas, and a number of private rooms as well as a dance floor. It seemed to be a combination restaurant, club and strip bar. The motif was eclectic. There were odd objects on the brick walls, various relics of masculinity from safaris, ski trips and boxing matches.

The tables were still half empty, though I anticipated a Saturday night crowd would soon be arriving. My own personal choice would have been for a more secluded spot, but we were directed to a large room in the basement, the door of which was guarded by a hooded man in a leather jock strap.

The sign above the door read, "Fetish Room."

The leather covered man stepped aside to let us in. The décor was chic, though trimmed with various racks and devices that left little doubt as to what kind of fetishes were involved. There was a stage on which a girl in a g-string and nothing else had been twisting her body round a brass pole. One look at Rainier and she nearly jumper to attention, her movements suddenly rivaling that of a ballerina.

The girl was a busty redhead, with rings through both nipples. Her feet were bare and gold chains graced both her ankles. Another chain, unadorned and worn close as a collar, hung at her neck. I looked for, but did not see, whip marks on her alabaster skin.

"I would be honored," Jerry the manager declared, bowing a second time as the white clothed, candlelit table was presented. "To act as your server tonight."

"Not at all," Rainier shook his head as he held out my chair for me. "One of the regular girls will be fine. Who's on tonight?"

Jerry rattled off several names. I listened for, but did not hear, Krissy's name. Settling myself as best I could on the velvet chair in my tiny dress, I watched as Gustav seated himself, his back to the stage.

"What about Heather?" he queried, spreading his napkin over his lap.

Jerry cast me a quick look, probably to gauge my level of involvement in the organization. "Heather is, uh, on retainer at the moment. At your orders, I believe."

"Ah, yes," he nodded. "Now I remember. Heather was sent away." He looked right at me as he spelled out the details. "She was found wanting by a customer, in the oral skills area. She had a bit of an attitude about it so we dispatched her to the re-education camp for a while. How long ago was that, Jerry?"

"Last Tuesday, sir."

"That long? Hmm. She's probably a different girl by now. The camp teaches discipline, Emerald, if you're wondering. Its methods are a bit unorthodox, but the results are consistent."

I smiled politely, my head filling with images of the kind of 'methods' a man like Rainier would use. Abuse and punishment, to be sure, along with nudity and chains; degradation enough to make a girl more than anxious to resume her place at a club like this.

"A lot of the girls don't know how good they have it," he remarked, as if reading my mind. "Do they Jerry?"

Jerry and I were looking at the redhead, observing as she rolled her sweaty body on the stage, bits of dust and grit collecting on her smooth skin.

"No," agreed Jerry, his concentration intent on evaluating the dancing girl, "they don't."

I was filled with pity for the girl; was she dancing well enough, or would she be found wanting? Surely she was a sexual dynamo,

pretty and sweet and full of moves. But what would that in itself be enough for men like these who were used to having anything from any girl they wanted?

"We'll try Jasmine, tonight," Rainier exclaimed, declaring his choice of waitress as though he were ordering a wine.

Jerry lowered his head respectfully. "I'll send her to you at once."

The tall, statuesque brunette appeared as if out of nowhere. The girl trotted up and skid to a halt in front of us. She was a stunning beauty, with long shapely legs, a narrow waist and full breasts. The skimpy costume she wore left little to the imagination in viewing her assets. The pleated skirt, dark blue with orange piping came just below the crack of her arse. For a shirt she wore a white, cotton tank top, two sizes too small with the bottom cut away in thick zig zags so deep you could nearly see the bottoms of her D sized tits. Another cut had been made at the neck, allowing a generous look at her cleavage.

With her high heels on she was nearly six feet tall. The topknot she wore seemed a perfect compliment to this sexy, Amazon look, as did the decently developed biceps and triceps on her arm. Given the whole package, I found it hard to imagine such a creature would ever be dominated by any man, even someone like Rainier.

And yet there was no mistaking the symbolism of the thick, padlocked leather cuffs on her ankles and wrists. Shiny metal rings depended from each, presumably for binding. A similar device encircled her long and graceful neck.

"Sir!" she exclaimed, trotting up, her tits flapping generously. "Where have you been?" Her tone was that of a little girl. "I missed you, sir."

Her over made eyes and pouting cherry lips bore down. "You forgot all about me, sir," she wheedled, maintaining the angry child look until he good-naturedly rubbed her arse.

"It's business, Jasmine," he sighed. "All business and no pleasure. That's my trouble."

Jasmine licked her lips and ran her long, painted nails up her rock hard abdomen to cradle her barely covered breasts. "I'm all

about pleasure,” she purred. “Choose me tonight and I’ll make you forget all your troubles.”

“Emerald,” said Rainier, tucking his hand under the front of the girl’s miniscule skirt. “This is Jasmine. Jasmine, this is my friend, Emerald.”

I tried to keep my eyes on her face and not on what Rainier was doing to her bared crotch.

“Pleased to meet you, Emerald,” she beamed, seemingly oblivious to the man’s invasion of her sex. “Gee, that’s a lovely name.”

“T—thanks,” I smiled awkwardly.

“Jasmine was a genuine Vegas showgirl, weren’t you, sweetheart?” asked Rainier, his fingers blatantly masturbating the girl.

Jasmine let go of her bosom. “It wasn’t any big deal,” she giggled, pulling the skirt up and out of Rainier’s way to give him easier access.

“Not a big deal?” he countered. “You had the lead in two different revues.”

“Yes,” she agreed, her breath quickening under the man’s touch. “But I threw it all away because of alcohol; you were what saved me from certain ruin and doom.”

“I only help those who help themselves.” He retracted his hand now, leaving her at the brink of orgasm. “Jasmine is a real self starter in that regard.”

Rainier held his hand upright. Instantly, without being told, Jasmine bent at the waist and took the fingers in her mouth, licking them clean of her glistening juices.

“Have a look at the menu,” Rainier urged me now, his free hand tweaking the waitress’s agitated and erect nipples. “You may order anything you like.”

I tried to focus on the printed menu, shutting out the sounds of the moaning, sucking mouth of Jasmine as she fellated the fingers, thrusting them in and out.

“That’s enough,” Rainier snapped, cracking his hand hard on her arse. “We’d like to order.”

She obeyed instantly, back straight as a board as she pulled the tiny pad from a pocket on her belt. "May I take your order, miss?"

I was unable to speak.

"Miss?"

Rainier cleared his throat. "Perhaps you would like me to order for you?"

I lowered my head, my face red with shame. "Yes, thank you."

"Two of your filet antinors, Jasmine. Cooked medium, with rice pilaf and braised mushrooms. How are the oysters tonight?"

"Excellent, sir." Her voice was thick with sexual need. I could see the nipples plainly under the torn, tented tank top. Very subtly, almost invisibly, she began to rub her legs together.

He handed her the menu. "We'll have them as an appetizer. And a bottle of Letanier '51."

"Anything else?" she asked huskily, "sir?"

"Yes," he nodded looking up at her. "You can have Charles or Maurice give you a sound paddling to help you get your mind back on your work; or is it the policy of this club now for girls to take orders standing?"

Jasmine's mouth dropped open in horror as she realized the oversight. "Forgive me, sir," she begged, falling at once to her knees. "I forgot myself. It was all the excitement, sir. Please, sir, don't punish me."

Rainier snapped his fingers, indicating the tip of his Italian loafer. Gratefully, the girl dropped down to all fours, administering gentle kisses to the material.

"It is our custom," Rainier explained to me, "for the girls to kneel while performing the actual service function. It is excellent practice for certain other activities and it also instills a sense of humility. "Jasmine, why don't you get up now and show Emerald your mark."

Jasmine rose. "With pleasure, sir," she cooed, lifting the micro mini skirt up high to reveal a pair of perfect ovals, tight as a drum.

I was almost overcome by the barbarity of the thing, as well as its beauty. The tattoo was an exact replica of the Girly Girl logo, complete with a tiny trademark symbol. It had been inked in red, with exquisite attention to detail.

“Jasmine is technically the property of this particular club,” Rainier explained with obvious pride at his business acumen. “Although she is available on loan to other divisions of the company. I believe she’s one of our calendar girls this year, in fact. Isn’t that right, Jasmine?”

“Yes, sir,” she confirmed proudly, her head between her legs as she bent for inspection. “I am the Girly Girl for July.”

“Tell Emerald what you won for that honor.”

“I was taken to the mall,” she explained eagerly, “where I was allowed to pick out an ice cream cone all for myself.”

Rainier’s eyes were on me now, gauging my reaction to the girl’s obvious debasement. “And what flavor did you pick?”

“Vanilla,” she vouchsafed. “Sir.”

“Did you enjoy it?”

“Yes, sir. Very much. The other girls were quite jealous.”

“Tell me, Jasmine, what is your greatest ambition?”

“To please men,” she replied without hesitation.

Gustav’s finger traced the tattoo, very lightly. “How far would you go to please a man?”

“I would do whatever a man wanted of me, so long as he is properly authorized by the club.”

“What if a man were to beat or whip you?”

“So long as he were a properly authorized person, that would be his right. My body is the property of this club.”

“Are you a slave, Jasmine?”

“Sir, I am the property of this club,” she repeated, falling back on what was obviously rote learning. “I bear the mark of this club and I am available for the exclusive use of club guests, investors, customers and certain designated male employees. If I fail to be pleasing in any manner, either sexual or otherwise, I may be punished according to standards posted in the club, up to and including the use of certain whips and other devices of corporal punishment. I further understand that while every attempt will be made to keep me here, I may at any point be moved to other divisions of the company.”

I shivered at her final sentence. No doubt this was a reference to the shadowy cartel and the 'relocation service,' Rainier had alluded to earlier.

"That will be all, Jasmine. Run and find someone to administer the paddle now. Twenty strokes, hard. Be sure to deliver our order to the kitchen first, though."

Jasmine disappeared without a word. I'd noted a slight shake in her shoulders when her sentence was announced, but I couldn't imagine this was much of a punishment in a place like this.

I turned my concentration back to the stage, not wanting to have my mind flooded with images of the tall, graceful Jasmine over the knee of some muscle man, her reddened cheeks twitching and thrashing under the assault of whatever paddle he was employing. The chained redhead was gone by now, replaced with a small, sweet bodied blonde. The girl was squatting, naked except for a belly chain and a pair of silver heels, three inches tall. Her hips moved gently in time to the pre-recorded music as she frigged herself, her pussy lips in plain, gushing view.

I was quite sure this was not legal in the city. Nor was the act that one of the other waitresses, a short-haired, bare-breasted black girl with nipple rings, was performing; namely kneeling on the floor, taking a male customer into her mouth.

"The rules in our club are different from those elsewhere," Rainier offered, noting my perplexity. "Whereas in most places the customer is penalized for touching or interacting sexually with a girl, here it is celebrated as a natural expression of masculinity. Likewise, for her part, a female who arouses men with her submissive display behaviors can be assured she will serve and please each and every one according to their exact specifications."

I clenched my fists to avoid touching myself. "This is immoral," I protested, attempting to hide my burgeoning desire to be one of those girls. "And unethical."

Just then a man came onto the stage with a whip. The crouching blonde beheld him and adjusted her stance, moving her legs even further apart. Without ceasing her self-pleasuring, she fell

forward, onto her breasts. A moment later she was on her belly, crawling towards him, her hands over her head.

He put out his foot to stop her, compelling her to wait as she was, completely prostrate. You could see her lightly humping the floor, her breasts rubbing back and forth over the canvas. Her arse, too, I noted, bore the same mark as Jasmine. In addition, on her opposite cheek, she sported the word 'slut,' in gothic style letters.

"One touch and she'd orgasm," Rainier told me, by way of answer to my earlier protest. "The whip is a great aphrodisiac, Emerald. As perhaps one day you will learn."

"I don't think so," I scoffed, folding my arms across my tingling breasts.

"That's your choice," he shrugged.

My choice. Why did it have to be an option at all? Why couldn't it remain an impossibility; something absurd from pre-civil war days? Why did slavery have to seem so damned normal—enticing even--- in Rainier's world?

I decided it was time to turn the tables. "We have a term for people like you, you know," I smiled icily.

"Really?" He arched an eyebrow. "And what term would that be?"

"A megalomaniac," I offered boldly. "A man without clear ego parameters. It's a disorder. Quite treatable, actually."

I tried to ignore the girl on stage who was busy licking the feet of the whip man. As she licked, he was sliding the leather crop up and down the crack of her arse, between the Girls Limited logo and the word 'slut.' Would he strike her with it, I wondered, or merely torture her with the possibility.

"A disorder," he nodded. "So tell me then, do you have like terms for the very same 'disorders' found in other species as well? The Jankaran leopard, for example, pounces on its mate and tears a piece of its ear before mating with it. Siberian wolves sink their claws and teeth, drawing blood from the female upon climax. Are these animals also treatable by your psychology, doctor?"

"Those are beasts," I countered. "We are a sentient species."

The crop slashed the girl's back. At once she began to writhe and moan, rolling to her back, holding her arms up to her torturer, begging him to make love to her.

Rainier noted the lethal combination of horror and fascination on my face. "Indeed," he quipped.

I swallowed. How could one argue that this girl was herself a sleek animal, in high-heeled shoes, begging for sexual conquest? And what was her handler if not a beast himself, a creature strong enough to take what it desired.

"Your wine, sir." It was Jasmine, her head lowered, her face flush.

"Thank you," said Rainier as she set the glasses on the table, filling his a quarter of the way. Wine tasting is a ritual I'd always found very sexy. It was the second time I'd seen the man perform it, and he only looked better each time.

"It's very good, Jasmine," he nodded. "You may pour two glasses. Then you will kindly show us the results of your punishment."

Jasmine did as she was told, filling the goblets and then turning to reveal her buttocks, bright red. Rainier picked up immediately on the milky discharge, oozing down her crack. "You were used after your paddling," he observed.

She looked over her shoulder towards Rainier. "By Mr. Ace," she confirmed.

"How were you used?"

"After he paddled me, he had me get down off his lap and onto all fours on the storeroom floor," she explained without an ounce of shame or modesty. "He entered me that way and rode me till he climaxed."

"Did you climax as well?"

"Three times. Once while being paddled, twice while he was inside me. Afterwards he made come right back out on the floor before I could clean myself up."

"I see." He downed more of the wine, clearly enjoying himself immensely. "Let me ask you a question, Jasmine."

"Yes, sir?"

“Turn around so we can see you. That’s better. Now tell me, do you believe that a man who is strong and dominant with a female is sick?”

“I’m sorry, sir, I don’t understand the question.”

“If a man enjoys whipping a woman, if he insists on forcing her to take her pleasure through her own degradation, if he requires her to crawl and beg for release, is that man mentally ill?”

Jasmine laughed. “If so, sir, then every man I’ve ever met is mentally ill. And so are all us girls who live for it.”

“I see.” He waved his hand dismissively. “That will be all, Jasmine. Oh, and one more thing; you will kindly remove your clothing for the rest of the evening.

“Yes, sir,” the girl smiled wickedly as she pulled the sorry excuse for a shirt overhead. It was clear she wanted to be had by the club’s owner tonight, and if she were topless, that would surely increase the odds. “My pleasure.”

I gulped my wine, ignoring the wiggling girl, divesting herself of the scrap-like skirt. “Your little games aren’t going to work on me, Rainier, just so you know.”

Rainier dismissed Jasmine with a slap on her bare outthrust arse, then paused to observe the girl on stage enjoying her third consecutive orgasm. She was on her back now, cupping her tits, her legs spread frog-like as the man frigged her with the handle of the whip. I saw another tattoo now, one I’d missed before. It ran up and down her inner thigh, the head of it pointing towards her sex. By its shape and outline there was no mistaking it; someone had inked a penis onto her flesh, life size and permanent.

“I don’t play games,” he said at last. “I gamble. There is a difference.”

“I fail to see any,” I pouted.

Rainier laughed. “Isn’t it obvious? Wagering is the lifeblood of ‘sentient creatures’ as you call us, doctor. It is what makes us interesting as a species. It keeps us fresh and vital. For example, how would it affect you if I offered you right now, a chance to take your little Kristine and walk out of this place, no strings attached?”

I cocked my head. “What’s the catch?”

He refilled my glass. "Not a catch, doctor. A wager. In this case, I wager you would be unable to perform one simple task."

"And that task is . . . ?"

"To whip her, doctor. That is my wager. If you can whip Kristine, in front of all these people, I'll let you both go free."

"And if I can't?"

"Then your freedom would be forfeited on the spot."

My eyes glazed. Once again he was overwhelming me with choice. Even more deeply, though, he was opening in me dark places I did not wish to see exposed. "As always, you hold all the cards, don't you?" I laughed without humor,

Blue eyes locked on mine, the man's features intensifying even as he maintained the cat-like smile. "Why don't you ask me the question that is really on your mind, Doctor Tallow?"

"And what question is that?" I spit back. "*Mister* Rainier?"

"You want to know what it would be like," he replied, oblivious to my sarcasm. "You want to know how it would feel if your freedom were forfeited, tonight, on that very stage."

I frowned. "You could not be farther from the truth."

He leaned forward, easily seeing through my lie. "First your clothing would be removed, doctor. It would be ripped from your body, because you would never wear it again. From that moment on, you would wear what we chose. Halters, panties, rags, scraps, or nothing at all. A collar would be locked on your neck at once and a leash. If you showed the slightest resistance, or even if you didn't, there'd be a beating. The first kiss, it's often called, in which the girl learns that the whip is her new mediator, the go-between between her and her master's will. At this point slavers differ in their philosophy. Some feel the woman should be penetrated at once by as many men as possible in order to clarify in her mind her new position as property. Others feel she should be teased but not fucked so as to build up her impending sense of submission. There are even ceremonies in this regard.

"Personally, it makes no difference to me. Whether or not the girl is fucked right away, she has much to learn. I prefer to get to the training as quickly as possible. There are facilities, under this floor,

in a lower level for just that purpose. We have other locations, too, in more remote places. To begin, we'd put you in a cell, nude, where you'd lay for several hours in the dark, in chains.

"Most girls do their crying at this point. They have to let their old lives go and ready themselves to become something new. A creature of service, a pleasure object, a natural, fulfilled woman."

I was on my feet, my legs shaking like matchsticks. "You're a sick mother fucker, Rainier, and I hope someday someone does to you what you so sadistically enjoy doing to others."

"Sit down, Emerald. You're going to miss the show."

I blinked. "What show?"

"The stage show," he continued, in a carefully measured tone. "It's something special I've arranged."

I looked about, confused, feeling like a rabbit, caught between a trap and a dangerous hunter. I hated this, hated how he made me weak and unsure. This wasn't me! I was a doctor, a PhD, a trained professional.

"Sit, Emerald."

For a split second I hesitated. Eyes seemed to bore into me from every direction, as if I was a bad girl and they all knew it. Any moment now and they would laugh or yell at me. My rear tucked itself back into the seat. I hated myself for obeying, but I couldn't at that moment bear the anxiety of revolting.

Rainier treated me to a smile. "Good girl."

I wanted to spit in his eye. Even more so for the warm glow of peace I'd just felt at pleasing the man.

The show began innocently enough with a group of four girls squatting in a circle and playing jacks. They were full bodied and obviously over eighteen, though their pony tails, pigtails and plaid skirts with white blouses suggested they were schoolgirls. They are giggling and enjoying their game, when along comes a tall, top-hatted man with one of those old fashioned mustaches. He breaks up the game, bursting into their little circle.

They shriek in surprise, and begin to cry. The man merely laughs and pulls a long whip from beneath his floor length, black coat. The girls feign horror now, but the man is not deterred. One

by one he throws them down and tears off their shirts. Bare breasted, they lay at his feet. Brandishing the bullwhip, he begins to thrash at them. The whip lands noisily among them, but doesn't actually hit them. They pretend, though, that it does, and soon their voluptuous bodies are rolling on the ground. They have nothing on now but short skirts, socks and patent leather school shoes.

After making a great show of the whipping, the man backs away from them and folds his arms. One by one the terrified girls look up, wondering what has happened and why he has stopped. The audience enjoys the humor as we discover the girls are actually missing the abuse. One of them, a buxom blonde, dares to crawl up to him on her knees. She tugs at his coat and he looks down. She gives a sultry look, indicating with her eyes what she wants. He refuses. Again she tries and is refused. At last, she comes up with a new strategy. With great aplomb, and great sensuality, she removes the shoes, socks and skirt. When she is fully naked to the audience's satisfaction, she puts her head to the oblivious fellow's feet and pays obeisance.

Her efforts are finally rewarded as he pulls her up by her ponytail and shoves her head onto his engorged cock that has been conveniently waiting beneath his overcoat. The other girls want some, too, and they fight each other to see who can strip and grovel the fastest. The man is merciful, and allows them to take turns on his swollen, purple-headed member. To keep them in line, he flicks the whip generously over their nude, pale bodies.

The girls are sighing dreamily and it seems a match made in heaven. But now an interloper comes, or rather several. Two men dressed as police, and a masked woman, slender and auburn haired with glasses and a trench coat. The woman is directing the mock policemen, making it abundantly clear, without any words, that the sexual antics are to be broken up.

The girls are given blankets by the trench-coated woman and offered hugs. They are clearly miserable and make a comic-tragic exit. The man in a top hat, meanwhile, is escorted by the police off the opposite side of the stage. The lights darken now and the makeshift curtain descends from the ceiling.

A few moments later, the curtain opens on scene two. The woman has removed her trench coat and now wears a short, tight skirt and white blouse. She is sitting on a desk, holding a pad and a pencil. The man in the top hat is lying on a couch; it seems to be some kind of analysis session. She is badgering him, alternating between poking the man and scribbling furiously. He is waving his hands in the air. The scene is ridiculous and the audience laughs, then boos as she tries to take his whip from him.

"Let her have it!" a man cries. "She's asking for it."

The man stands up now, towering over the girl. He looks for encouragement from the audience to grab her. Cheers rise as he reaches for her mask. As he pulls it off, I gasp. The girl is Krissy! It occurs to me now the skit is more personal than I'd realized. The foolish psychologist character is clearly intended to be me, fighting nature by preventing girls from enslaving themselves to Rainier, the character in the hat.

Krissy winces as the man pulls her forward by her hair. She puts her hands on her head to resist, but is unable to free herself. Using his remaining hand, to great ovations, the pantomime Rainier strips her bare, shredding the blouse and yanking down the skirt. Krissy is nude underneath. She wriggles to escape, but is stilled by several firm blows to her backside with the flat of his hand. Arching her head back, she simulates the pleasure of submission.

Down goes the hand on her head, and down, too, goes the nineteen-year-old beauty to her knees. Grinning widely, showing off to the crowd, the man opens his coat wide. Krissy, her face slack with lust, assumes her rightful position on the man's stiff cock. While she sucks him most vigorously, the other girls come out, wearing only collars and leather wrist and ankle cuffs. Without disturbing 'Doctor' Krissy's kneeling oral subjugation, they remove her shoes and proceed to place on her body the same type of leather restraints they themselves are wearing.

As a finishing touch, they undo her hair, allowing it to cascade down her back. One by one now, lined up on all fours, the girls kiss the whip, which hangs uncoiled in the man's hand. The man notices all this and lifts the whip high, looking in comic amazement as

though he'd forgotten he was holding it. With pointing gestures, he indicates excitedly the possibility of whipping the kneeling Krissy.

"Do it!" someone shouts. "Teach her a lesson!"

The man puts his hand to his chest, as though shocked he's been requested to do such a thing. They urge him on, even as he pulls himself from Krissy's mouth shaking his head. Meanwhile, the other girls seize her by the arms and drag her to a stock that has just been rolled onstage. Her head and hands are put through the opening and she is locked in place. She's bent over, her backside facing the seated audience. In this position, Krissy's back, buttocks and vaginal furrow are easy targets for mayhem.

Next the top hatted man commences to walking from table to table, trying to hand the whip to various people to induce them to tame Krissy in his place. All laughingly refuse. Finally he comes to our table. Bowing low at the waist, he offers it to me. His eyes are sinister blue. His sweaty, makeup caked face mocks me. I look to Rainier and realize he's planned this all along.

"This is your chance," I hear him say, extending his hand graciously, "to take me up on my little wager."

The wager. I can whip Krissy and win her freedom. Tentatively, I take the proffered handle, the sinister black braid resting heavily on my moist palm. My mouth goes dry, my head is swimming. Faces and voices are blending.

"Do it," I hear, and I think, 'yes, this is reasonable. A brief frenzy of pain for her, for both of us and we'll be free; Gustav Rainier will never bother us again.' But how can I do that—how can I become one of them, inflicting pain on a sister, a helpless, constrained girl whose already had to bear more than anyone should?

And what if she likes it? says another voice. What if she enjoys the pain, and what if you do, too?

The whip is a live snake, wriggling before my mind's eye. I thrust it from me. "I can't do it, please don't make me."

My chair scrapes on the floor beneath me as I rise. I have no memory of running from the room, and yet sometime later, hours or minutes later, I found myself in the back alley, the damp night air

clinging to my skin. A girl was there, a petite, hard-boiled redhead wearing a g-string and a pair of pasties.

“Smoke?” she asked in a gravelly voice.

“I don’t smoke,” I say, but I take one anyway. It’s been ten years, but the taste floods back to me like it was only yesterday.

“It’s cold out here,” I finally manage to say.

She laughs, shrugging her bare shoulders. “You get used to it.”

Chapter Seven

It was Jerry, the round faced, beady-eyed manager who came out to the alley to retrieve me. I had had a feeling he would be the one Gustav would send for me, and sure enough the first words out of his mouth were, "Mr. Rainier would like you to return to the table."

Galvanized by the cigarette and a session of girl talk with Trixi, the bare shouldered red head, I had my answer all set. "Tell Mr. Rainier if he wants to talk to me, he'll have to come out here himself."

Jerry watched as I tossed the spent cigarette onto the wet, greasy concrete and ground it under the heel of my shoe. It seemed to me a gesture of great boldness, though I realized later it was sheer foolhardiness. Had it not been for express orders from Rainier, in fact, forbidding anyone to touch me, I would have been over the man's lap, if not underneath his hard, punishing cock.

A thin smile crossed the manager's face. Looking past me to Trixi, indicating the crushed butt, he said, "Pick it up."

The shapely redhead plucked it up at once, offering it to her boss.

"Now throw it out."

She turned towards the dumpster.

"Crawl," Jerry commanded.

Trixi dropped instantly to all fours. To facilitate her movement, she stuck the butt in her mouth. Slowly, awkwardly, she traversed the hard, filthy alley. Not till she was directly underneath the stained green metal container did she stand and toss the offensive thing into the open top. To my utter astonishment, she promptly returned to hands and knees and crawled back to Jerry.

Head down, she awaited his orders.

Jerry's eyes were on me as he snapped his fingers. "Inside, Trixi. I want you to work the Blue Room. Your quota for the next hour is two."

Trixi leaped up and ran to the door. "Yes, sir," she called out. "Thank you, sir."

Jerry studied me for a moment. I was like cracked stone, trying not to crumble. "I'll deliver your message now," he said at last. "Miss."

I wrapped my arms round myself, shivering. The door slammed behind the man, a final insult added to the injury he'd inflicted. It was obvious Jerry had been showing me the power he had, indicating clearly what I'd have to look forward to if I were designated 'property of the club' like Trixi and Jasmine. I'd seen the tell tale mark on Trixi's arse up close and wanted to retch. At the same time, though, I was aroused, more than I'd ever been in my life.

"It scared me at first," Trixi had confessed to me. "But now it turns me on."

Despite the damp, naked air and my utter exposure, I slipped my hand between my legs, trying to douse the building fires. It seemed I was always like this now, hot and needy. Blatantly sexual. I felt very naughty, like a real slut out here. Closing my eyes, I pressed on to what I hoped would be a tension releasing climax.

"You wanted to see me," Rainier said loud enough to draw my attention.

I gasped, my hand still inside myself as I turned to face him. "Gustav. . . ." I croaked.

"It's cold," he said, handing me his jacket with surprising gentleness. "You'll catch your death."

The gesture overwhelmed me. "Thank you," I smiled shyly.

"I take it" he cleared his throat, "that our little show was not to your liking?"

"That's an understatement."

His hand stretched to caress my cheek. His skin was like velvet; heat coursed through me.

"What is it then, Emerald, that you do like?"

I like you, I almost said. I want you. I want . . .

"I like honesty, Gustav," I challenged instead. "Can you give me that?"

He shook his head gravely. "I have never lied to you, nor will I ever."

“Good.” I took a deep breath, moving to the rest of my prepared speech. “Because I’m tired of these mating games. The fact is, we are attracted to each other, as male and female. The result has been sparks, and tension and inevitable conflict. So why don’t we call off all this bet nonsense and just be real? We need to make love, Gustav, you and I. Two adults. Two strong, powerful adults. I’m willing to admit my desire, if you can admit yours. Now I know there’s been a certain power dynamic, vis a vis the business of female submission, and I’m not going to deny its appeal; in fact I think we can creatively work this into our . . .”

Rainier silenced my prattling with a kiss; deep and firm, his strong lips pressing mine, his body against me, his soul, his mind, the hardness of his cock, assaulting, claiming. I went limp in his arms. My arguments, my pretenses were at an end.

“Please,” I whispered, deliberately putting no provisos or limitations on the act ahead of time. “Take me.”

He swept me now into his arms, lifting me effortlessly off my feet. I felt like a rag doll, like a child, cradled, protected. My arms clung to his neck, my heart thumped like a rabbit’s. Where would he take me? What would he do?

Whatever it was, I would be his, and we both knew it.

The limo met us out front. The driver was stone-faced, completely discrete as he let us in. No doubt he was used to his boss having girls in the back of the car. Hot, sexy girls whose whole purpose in life was to please their master.

“Oh, Gustav,” I moaned, making the first move as soon as the door was closed behind us. He allowed me to nuzzle his neck, but he didn’t kiss me any further. One of his strongest weapons, I would soon learn, in his war against a stubborn female was her own sexual desire. By making me wait, he would exercise his power over me further still, allowing my own lust to unravel me totally.

“Not yet,” he said simply, forcing me onto my back on the seat, his hands easily pinning my wrists overhead.

“Please, make love to me,” I whined, my body bucking and squirming to reach him. “I’m ready; I’m more than ready.”

Rainier pulled a silken cord from one of the armrests. With easy, practiced motions, he bound my hands to the strap on the door handle behind my head. "No," he countered. "You are not."

I swallowed hard. "It's because I said we were equals isn't it?"

He gave no answer, occupying himself with pouring a glass of soda water from the mini bar.

"I'm thirsty," I lied, not wanting to lose his attention. "May I have some water?"

He cast a warning glance. "Emerald, if you cannot refrain from disturbing me further with uninvited comments and questions, I shall be forced to gag you."

A surge of heat formed in my belly and dripped between my legs. What type of gag would it be? A ball gag? Or one of those leather things shaped like a man's erection?

"I'm sorry," I told him, my eyes moist and doe-like, refusing to be evasive. "I will try harder."

"Yes," he agreed. "You shall." He slid across, lifting my legs so that they were over his lap. I was so tense that I feared the least touch would send me over the edge. I was completely vulnerable; he need only put his hands on me, under my panty-less dress on my crotch or over my swollen breasts and I would spasm out of control.

"Do you know the old saying, Emerald?" he queried now, his fingers moving over my left foot to undo the strap of my shoes.

"No," I moaned, my head thrashing as he bared my left foot.

His hand caressed my instep. "Be careful what you wish for."

I flexed my calf, offering my leg and all that went with it. "I—I don't understand."

He slapped the bottom of my foot. "Lie still, woman."

Woman. He'd called me 'woman'. As if I were his. One of his special females. His pets. I know I shouldn't have felt the warmth, the pride, but I did. It was yet another sign that I had already lost my freedom.

"Yes," I obeyed, clenching my fists as he began on my other shoe. "Yes, sir."

"You wanted experience," he continued. "You wished for a chance to be faced with your worst fears, to see how you would

cope.”

I tried to focus on his words. But he was teasing me, undoing my second shoe and slipping it off. A moment later, the palm of his hand was running up the inside of my leg, moving dangerously fast to my unprotected opening. “No,” I insisted weakly. “I—I wanted to help Krissy.”

Rainier laughed as he entered my cunt and manipulated my clitoris. “If that were really your primary motivation, you’d have sought outside help.”

The remark hit me hard. Was he right? Had I been seeking something for myself all along? Experience? Danger? The risk of slavery?

“Do not come,” he warned. “Not yet.”

Rainier kept me on the edge the rest of the way to his penthouse suite. My illusions of equality were shattered long before our arrival at the forty-story tower. I had to be led upstairs; were it not for the fact that I were leaning on his arm I would have collapsed to the floor.

It was like being drunk without alcohol, like dreaming without benefit of sleep. I recall nothing of the elevator ride, nor even of my first impressions of his ten room suite. There was a roof garden, a solarium and a living room supported by tall white columns. He led me through it and straight to the bedroom. Placing me on the edge of the bed, he told me to take off my dress, but only if I was prepared for what was to come.

Prepared? How could I be prepared? On the other hand, how could I refuse? Slipping the dress overhead, I reduced myself quickly to shoes and bra—or should I say, to that sorry excuse for a bra he’d given me to wear.

“Shall I lie down?” I asked weakly.

“No.” He was standing very straight, arms crossed over his chest. “I want you to dance for me.”

My skin flushed red. “I couldn’t do that.”

“You will, Emerald, or else you’ll be punished.”

“P—punished how?” I shivered.

“The paddle, on your bare, belligerent bottom. Or maybe the cane. The cane leaves much better marks; bruises, really.”

I imagined such a device slamming itself into me, discoloring and heating my skin. Hiding the secret arousal it gave me, I rose to my feet. “I’ll dance.”

He stood as he was, compelling me to move directly in front of him.

“I don’t really know how,” I said, ashamed of my paltry swaying motions. Pleasing a mute like Mr. Jones was one thing, but an international slave trader was another matter entirely.

“Yes,” he argued. “You do. Every girl does. Just close your eyes and think about being at the club. On stage, a roomful of men around you. With hard cocks. All of them wanting you. You have to please them, and if you don’t, there’s a whip waiting. You’ll be beaten with it, your skin marked and seared. Your body isn’t yours, Emerald. It is property. It is sex. Pure, unadulterated sex. Show them your sex, Emerald. Show the men that you are property, that you are theirs. Your mouth, your legs, your cunt, your ass, your tits. That’s what you are, Emerald. A pair of breasts, a hole between your legs, miles of white skin and curves, born for the whip, the cane, born to be beaten, to be fucked.”

I was writhing in my own world, seeing the faces, the leers, feeling the smoke on my skin, the heat of fluorescent lights. I was a little cunt, a hot body, available for each and every customer, for whoever could make the cover charge and settle with management for my use.

With both hands, I pushed my tits up and out; my pressed together, underwired boobs. Lick them, my movements invited, squeeze and punish them, take and own them, along with my flanks, my curvaceous arse, the dripping bounty at the juncture of my thighs. Like a siren for cocks, attracting the stiff meat to abuse and pummel me, I displayed myself, treating Rainier as if he were a dozen, a hundred powerful, lustful men.

“Take your bra off, Emerald,” he said now, his voice a distant rumbling, a persistent hum in my soul.

I groaned deeply, my hands pawing at the silk. It wasn't enough merely to undo the bra, to let it flow gently to my feet; it must be gone entirely, ripped away. No barriers am I to be allowed to the pleasure of a man over my body. Thus did I tear at the covering, shredding it fiercely, till my tits popped on their own accord, surrendering to the inevitable public viewing.

"Your breasts are magnificent, Emerald. I shall enjoy whipping them."

I slithered before him, displaying my charms. Hot and weak, I pushed my tits against him, the fabric of his shirt singeing my super sensitive nipples. They had never felt more alive, these self-same mounds that he had announced he would lash and abuse for his pleasure.

Rainier grabbed my nipples now, twisting them fiercely. "Show me your arousal," he demanded. "Show me that you are ready."

My hands slid like marauding invaders over my belly towards my bubbling, volcanic box. I had just reached the fringes of my fine haired bush when he gave the nipples an extra twist. "Think carefully before you proceed," he warned. "You have a chance, right now, to walk away. Just say 'no', and we will end things here. But if you continue, it will be on my terms. What you've seen so far is child's play; what happens next is more than you could dream of."

The pressure did not ease, and yet he was looking into my eyes, awaiting the word. "Say it," he taunted. "Tell me 'no' and walk away, forever. You and Krissy, neither one of you ever crossing my path again. Ever. Say 'yes' and you are one step closer to the abyss."

Here it was again; another gamble, another chance to win the girl's freedom and my own. This time, I wouldn't even have to whip her, just step back from my own pleasure. But how could I do that, now that I'd come so far? Krissy would have to take care of herself. Besides, I hadn't lost yet—there was still the original bet and as near as I could tell, if I kept holding out as I was, I'd have Rainier by the balls in a little over three weeks.

"Yes," I winced, unable to bear the mounting pressure. "I want to stay with you. Tonight. Let it be tonight."

Rainier slapped me hard across the face. "Liar!" he thundered.

I crumpled at his feet. Head to the floor, my hand trembling, I boldly did what my heart commanded, dipping my hand into my sopping cunt. The scent of my womanhood filled the room as I held my fingers up for his inspection, glistening. “You see?” I cried. “This is what you do to me. I’m yours, you’ve made me your own.”

“You’ve learned nothing,” he declared harshly. “You’ve made no progress at all. You are duplicitous, Emerald. You lie to me and to yourself. By the time I return, I expect you to be gone.”

He turned on his heels and walked out. Panic filled me and confusion, too. Wasn’t this what I wanted—to get under his skin and force him to admit I was a person just like him? Hadn’t I finally put him off balance and made him retreat for once? Why, then, did I feel so horrible, like I’d betrayed my own father?

As you can probably guess, I never did leave. Nor had I in any way caused him to lose his cool. The whole thing was another of his infernal tests. It was three hours before he came back, and the whole time I lay naked in his bed, under his covers. The bed smelled just like him, strong and masculine, with a hint of aromatic musk cologne. I was in heaven, my nude body luxuriating in the rich, Egyptian silk. Once or twice I even dozed off.

It was the sound of chains that awoke me. The noise was coming from the hallway. I saw Rainier, in shadow, leading a nude girl on all fours, her wrists and ankles shackled. It was Krissy. Her head was hung low and she bore fresh stripes on her backside. A leash hung from her collar and ran back loosely between her legs. Rainier wasn’t holding her lead, though she was following him as if he were.

“Why are you still here?” he asked me coldly.

I sat up, gathering the top sheet above my breasts. “I—I needed to see you again. We haven’t finished with each other.”

He looked at me and frowned, his eyes lost in unknown calculation. “That much is true.” When he next spoke, his voice was gruff and imperious. “Lower the sheet, Emerald. I warned you, if you stayed in my presence, you would have to follow my rules.”

I let the material fall, bearing my breasts. “I am yours, Gustav,” I replied boldly. “I’m in your bed to prove it. Wet, ready and

available.”

Rainier shook his head. “You think this is a game, Emerald. You couldn’t be more mistaken.” His long fingers snapped crisply. “Get up, woman. It’s time you learned a lesson.”

I rose shakily to my feet. The evidence of my arousal was thick between my legs, caked on my thighs. Running my hands through my matted hair to restore myself to some semblance of attractiveness, I awaited his pleasure.

“You are going to be my instrument, Emerald,” he declared, yanking the top sheet from the bed. “Up!” he commanded harshly now to the chained girl at his feet.

Obediently, like the whipped cur she was, Krissy crawled onto the massive bed resuming her position on all fours.

“She’s a lovely little thing, isn’t she?” Rainier crooned, smacking the girl’s upturned arse. “You’d like a piece of her yourself, wouldn’t you?”

I shook my head vigorously. “No, don’t say that.”

Rainier studied me and laughed. “Open the nightstand, my dear and look for a black belt.”

I’d expected to find something with which he would beat Krissy and I. What I found instead was a different instrument of punishment all together.

“Put it on,” he said as I dangled the insidious strap-on dildo in the air.

My mouth went dry as I beheld the massive black shaft, mounted on the front of the belt. Surely he did not intend for me to use this on little Krissy?

“Put it on,” he repeated, his tone containing a hint of menace. “Unless you’d like to be on the receiving end yourself?”

My fingers tingled. I felt numb as I moved the belt to my waist. “This is wrong,” I managed to exclaim even as I cinched it tight against my skin. “I—I’m not a lesbian.”

“I never said you were,” he countered. “There’s a strap that fits between your legs. Do you see it? That’s right. That’s what holds it in place. It attaches to the back. Like that, yes. Good.”

My cunt lips swelled against the thin strip of leather as I secured the apparatus in place. Looking down I saw that I was, for all intents and purposes, a man.

“Does that turn you on, Emerald?”

“Yes,” I whispered in shame, unable to lie.

Rainier stepped behind me, reaching round to caress my breast even as he delved once more into my private thoughts. “It makes you wonder why you’re so aroused doesn’t it? The question is, are you turned on by the idea of fucking Krissy, or of having to obey me in doing something that disgusts you?” He squeezed tight, compressing my engorged nipple. “Or is it a little of both?”

I groaned against him, my head dropping back against his shoulder. I didn’t want to be a man. I wanted Rainier to fuck me. I wanted to be on that bed in Krissy’s place. I wanted the collar, the whip marks. I wanted my cunt exposed and ready for use.

“Be my instrument, Emerald,” he said for the second time, nibbling my ear as he spoke. “Punish her for me. Can you do that?”

“Yes,” I heard myself promise. “I will.”

A finger inserted itself into my rectum. “Be merciless,” he whispered. “Fuck Kristine as I myself would.”

I was dispatched with a loud crack of his palm against my twitching, convulsing buttocks. Brandishing the artificial cock, I moved to the bed, taking my place behind my one-time client. “Krissy,” I told her, more to ease my own conscience than to alter her position. “Just relax if you can. It will go easier that way. It’ll be okay, honey, I promise.”

Liquid fire ripped across my back. It felt like Randy’s crop, only he’d never hit me there before.

“I didn’t say to talk, Emerald, I said to fuck.”

Tears brimming in my eyes, I clambered to insert into Krissy the device that was attached to me. The head menaced the girl’s puckered lips. She was wet, aroused and as unable to resist Rainier’s sadistic little game as was I myself. Still, I hesitated.

“No more!” I screamed as the lash found the meat of my behind. “I’ll do what you say.”

Krissy moaned into her gag as I shoved the cock inside her. She accommodated the bulk of it in one thrust, adjusting her cleaved thighs. The sound was obscene: a squishing, liquid-wet suction kiss. As I pulled out, the same was heard again in reverse. How was it that men did this? I tried to think. How did they find their stride when they were fucking a girl, opening and pummeling her as she submitted helplessly? There was a rush, a strange thrill as for a split second I imagined I was one of them. A taker. A possessor of cunts.

A natural master.

“Faster, Emerald. Ride her to orgasm,” Rainier demanded, his nonplussed voice backed by the ever-present threat of another slice from the crop.

I grit my teeth as I fucked the very girl I was supposed to be helping. She was soft and pliant under me. I was hungry for her, wishing we could be body-to-body, woman-to-woman.

“All women have a secret desire to lay with each other,” a patient had once told me. He was a porn addicted misogynist whose values had disgusted me to the point where I’d had to refer him to one of my male colleagues.

Could it be the man had some grain of truth in his blow hard nonsense?

“You’ll come along with her,” Rainier informed me, grabbing hold of my hip as though it were some bit of property. “Do you understand?”

“Y—yes,” I spit, my female status rudely restored to me by the presence of invading fingers reaching under the belt to my sex. “I understand.”

“Tomorrow,” he offered, twisting his index finger over my clit, even as I maintained my assault, “you will dance at the club.”

The club. I thought of the poor creatures on the stage, whipped and humiliated, and of the waitresses, forced to their knees to suck, and of Jasmine, made to run to find a man to paddle her, forced to expose herself at a public table. And Trixi in the alley, who at a word from the manager, lowered herself to the ground, crawling like a dog in the filth.

And Krissy herself, playing the part of me, the butt of every male guffaw as she is jerked like a puppet on a string, made a fool of and stripped so she can be shoved down on her knees, a man's hand in her hair while everyone cheers. The perennial bitch getting what she deserves; that's what she represented. And now she was getting it from me, too.

I heard her panting, her bound, drooling mouth reaching skyward. No mercy, Rainier said. We came at once, she and I. Her with the plastic shaft imbedded in her crotch and me with a man's fingers in me. He gets no resistance from either one of us as he manipulates and controls us both, like marionettes. Me, functioning as an extension of his own cock inside the girl, and she herself, serving as the vessel, a twin hole to my own cunt.

Come, bitches, I hear him cry, the words too deep for speaking. Yield yourselves, bitches, one and all. And indeed, I cannot argue that very woman is just like us; every one of us someone's whore, our mouths saying no, our heads shaking no, while in our hearts, we want some man to be too strong for us, to come and own us.

Rainier was that man for me. I would be his, I vowed to myself. It was only a matter of time.

Sometime later that night it was me in the bottom position. Rainier was over me, his cock plundering my insatiable hole while, on the floor, rolled into a ball, a sated, sleeping Krissy lay like a kitten at her master's feet. He'd had no need to chain her to the bed; she wasn't going anywhere. Nor would I were I given the chance. I was where I wanted, doing what I'd dreamed of for so long.

"Gustav," I cried, wrapping my arms round his strong neck. "Hold me, fuck me. Never let me go."

He paused midstroke, speaking the words that still burn in my heart.

"You will become chattel, Emerald, do you understand what that means?"

I arched my back, wanting him fully inside me once more. "I do," I spouted far too quickly. "I do."

"No," he shook his head gravely. "You do not."

He finished me off in several measured strokes. From the expression on his face, I could not tell if he'd come himself. I only knew that for me, the world had opened like a chasm, my soul spilling out, my deepest secrets revealed to him, nothing held back, nothing in reserve.

"Get dressed," he told me when I'd subsided. "You will be taken home now."

"I—I want to stay," I sniveled, my voice scarcely more potent than that of a small child.

Rainier rolled to his side. "Your arguing betrays you, Emerald. You will leave now." He snapped his fingers. "Krissy, get your cunt up here."

I know the coarseness of his command to the girl, and its hurtful timing was directed at me. How I hated the man!

"I don't know," I declared, pulling the dress over my head, "what you want from me."

"I want you to leave. Go to the door. A man will be waiting in the hall."

As always, he was insufferably smug, assuming I'd accept everything in silence. *Why* was a man in the hall and had he been there all along? And had Rainier himself known I was still here when he came back with Krissy? Had he known he'd fuck me then throw me out at precisely this time?

Probably; who knows. What difference did it make? I'd been had again, literally and figuratively. He'd raised the bar, taken everything from me again and left me feeling woefully inadequate. I'd get no sleep that night, and he knew it. I'd be beside myself, going over and over the events, figuring what I'd done wrong, trying to guess what he'd been thinking and how I could please him.

Sweat soaked, tossing in my sheets is indeed how I'd ended up that night. Driven home in sulky silence by a faceless driver, I half wondered, half wished the man had some secret instructions to drive me out to the country, to lay me over the hood of the car and rape me. It wasn't to be. That would have been too easy, too merciful.

I wish I'd sworn at him that night to show my anger. Isn't that a funny thing to say? Here I was in my bed, counting down what I knew were the final hours of my freedom, and all I could think of was that I should have sworn at him to his face, made some last dig before I inevitably crumple before him and it's too late.

What was he doing now, anyway? I pictured him lying on his back right now, his fist balled in Krissy's hair as she slobbered over his penis rousing him for the umpteenth time. He probably wasn't doing anything of the sort, and yet I couldn't help what I felt and imagined.

As always, the control was his. The terms. The game. I was merely a player. He was the rule maker and referee all rolled into one. For now, the only certainty I had was that tomorrow I would dance once more at the club, my naked or near naked body a commodity for the pleasure of hard working men.

When at last I fell asleep, there were dreams. Unspeakable ones in which I was already a slave, cringing, obeying. Jerry was in them, and Trixi and Jasmine. At one point, I was on a pirate ship, chained in the hold, being visited by drunken men, one after another. Each took his turn before yielding to the next. By the time they were done, I was covered in sperm, my gaping hole aching for more.

At one point in my life, it would have been classified a nightmare. As it was, given my new self, it turned out to be one of the sweetest dreams I've ever had.

Chapter Eight

"It'll be okay, doc! You can do it!" Krissy reassured me in the dressing room the next night, her hand on my back as I slumped over the makeup counter. "Just find that sexy spot inside you and go there. Shut everything and everybody out; it's just you, doing what feels natural. In your own little world."

"Imagine that," I laughed miserably looking up at our reflections in the mirror. "The patient counseling the doctor."

Krissy smiled with wisdom beyond her years. Much as I hated to admit it, Rainier had been good for her. She was so much calmer now, so much more focused. I, on the other hand, was incredibly scatter-brained. Unable to think straight. Rainier had sent a car for me, to bring me to the club at seven. He wasn't in it himself nor had I seen him since my arrival. Jerry was waiting for me with a predatory grin.

'Soon', the man's expression was saying. 'I'll have my way with you soon.'

I didn't want sex with the flat nosed manager, or anyone else. I wanted Gustav. His attention. His love. His cock.

"It's no use, Krissy," I shook my head. "I'll never be able to do this."

Pushing my chair back, I rose to my feet, ready to walk out. My attire consisted of a blue g-string, halter-top and a short skirt. It was a raunchy outfit, designed for quick removal.

Krissy grabbed my shoulders. "Yes, doc, you will. Because you want to. Just like me."

I studied the intense glare, altogether too deep for a teen. "Honey, don't look at me like that. I'm a grown woman, I'm not going to. . ."

Krissy's tiny hand dove beneath my skirt, silencing me with a hand over my scantily covered mound. "You're wet, aren't you?" she challenged.

I lowered my eyes. "Leave me alone, Krissy."

When I tried to push her back, she hooked a finger inside me, verifying the matter for herself. "Don't be ashamed," she purred.

“You’re a female. We’re all made this way.”

I pulled my lower lip between my teeth. She was getting to me. “Don’t,” I pleaded, turning my head as she reached up to nuzzle my neck.

“I heard about your little bet,” she whispered, standing on tiptoe to nibble my earlobe.

I stiffened in anger. “He had no right to tell you.”

“He had every right,” she countered, tapping a rhythm over my hungry clit. “He is our master.”

I seized her wrist, yanking it away from me. “Yours, Krissy. Not mine.”

She smiled cat-like as I held her hand over her head. Such a lovely creature in her silver sequined panties and bra, both designed for easy tearing.

“Tell yourself that enough, doc, and you might believe it.”

I let her go, allowing her to sashay from the room, her pert buttocks shaking insolently in my face. To think I’d wanted to risk everything to save someone like her!

“Bitch!” I cried, revealing my own petty female nature. “Spoiled brat! He could never love you!”

Krissy was replaced in the doorway by Jerry. The earlier smirk was replaced by a hardness, an underlying menace. “You should be getting ready, Emerald.”

I folded my arms, affecting a pout. “I’m not dancing.”

Jerry pursed his lips, allowing my insolence to hang in the air. Slowly, very slowly, he turned around and closed the door behind him. We were alone in the room. I took a step back, my buttocks pressing against the make up table.

“You think you’re special, don’t you, Emerald?”

I shook my head. His tone was dark, foreboding.

“You think you’re Rainier’s little pet,” he continued, his hands moving to his belt buckle. “Because he brought you here himself. Well I’ve got news for you. He brings them all.”

My eyes were glued to the swell in his pants. Undoing the snap, he began to work the zipper down.

“Get over here and suck me, Emerald,” he commanded harshly, pulling his stiff rod from the opening in his underwear. “And you better do an extra good job or you’ll be going on stage with a whole batch of fresh welts.”

I went to him, putting myself in position without protest. The cock was bulbous, salty. As I worked my mouth up and down in the way I’d learned, he put his hands over my head and told me in detail what to expect this evening. The dancing, as it turned out would be just the beginning, a kind of light tease leading up to the main event. There was this fraternity group visiting from one of the rich, private colleges. They’d paid extra to have a few girls all to themselves.

With no limits, as he’d put it.

“They’re not so imaginative at that age,” he explained, rubbing his hands over my hair like a pet dog. “Pretty much all you need to do is spread. On the other hand, they can go all night without so much as a piss break, which means you’ll be plenty sore by morning.”

What about Gustav? I wanted to say. Wouldn’t he take me home? Wouldn’t he come for me?

Jerry clamped his hand behind my neck as he got ready to come. He was taking no chances on my spitting him out. I wouldn’t have anyway, not as far down the road of slavery as I’d gone. The emission was thick and voluminous. Twice I nearly gagged as he insisted on forcing himself to the very back of my throat. I was so weak, I would have fallen if he’d let go of me. Over and over, my nipples rubbed on the coarse material of his trouser legs. From between my cunt lips I could feel the familiar drip, the lonely wail of need.

“Not bed,” he said, pulling me up by the hair when he was finished with me. “Now all we need to do is get that pussy to the right temperature for dancing. Simmering,” he winked, picking up where Krissy had left off. “Not boiling.”

Jerry was quite good at his job. He made me say things, made me humiliate myself unspeakably, and all with the tip of a single finger. I was his cunt, his slave, his slut and I would have done

anything, anything for an orgasm. I begged him for release, but all he offered me was submission, a bottomless pit of degradation.

"You're not so special now, are you, slut?" he prodded, thrusting my head to the floor.

"No master," I wailed. "I deserve to crawl like Trixi, to be whipped, too."

I wanted to kiss his shoes, but he forced me lower. "The floor, cunt," he commanded sadistically. "Lick the floor and tell me you love it."

"I do," I moaned piteously, my tongue dabbing the yellowed linoleum. "I do."

By the time I got to the stage I was as horny as I was terrified. According to Jerry this was the Girly Girl secret: over-stimulation to the point where the women exude sex from their very pores, attracting every male in a ten-mile radius. If the men objected to my amateurish moves, it didn't show. Probably it added to the allure: a woman being made to behave like a stripper when she really wasn't.

Besides, what really mattered were my eyes. A look, a soft heat that telegraphed complete openness and receptivity to male dominance. As for the availability of my body, this was a given. In the Girly Girl clubs, females strip themselves completely naked, unlike in many other venues. They are also frequently whipped and made to perform oral sex on stage, as you've already seen. Rainier pays a hefty amount of graft to insure cooperation from local officials on this score. While prostitution is not technically legal, it is easily supported in a male dominated society. City councilmen are frequently sent "gifts" of female favors. It was rumored the mayor kept a concubine trained by Girls Limited, a pretty blonde slave named Sassy whom he kept in a condominium in the suburbs.

The condo, by the way, was for his pleasure, not his. Sassy's home was a dog cage. He sent men round to 'check on her' regularly. At one time she'd been a high priced fashion model and great delight was taken in making her pose prior to being used. She'd been well trained, having had a brief but stellar career making movies for Rainier. Trixi had starred in one herself, a home video

called “The Savaged Housewife,” in which a pretty newlywed is kidnapped and enslaved by a motorcycle gang.

I’d asked her how she found acting.

“Who was acting?” she laughed ironically.

Thinking of Trixi’s ordeal helped me now, along with Jerry, who guided me in my dancing with looks and gestures. A frown told me if I was being too aloof, a cock tease. An incline of the head indicated when I was to display myself more lewdly, placing my body in such a way as to be touched by as many men as possible. The frat boys, who were taking up most of the space in front of the stage, were in rare form. One of them had me lie on my back, my heels dug in so as to raise my buttocks in the air while he poured beer over my crotch. A number of the boys lapped up the flavored liquid from my belly and cunt, accompanied by hoots and hollers.

Twice I came under the assault of strange tongues. I’d been warned against getting lost in my own pleasure, however, and that I must not flag in my efforts to please the men. Careful count was kept of the girls’ mistakes, I was told, and afterwards, there was each night a ‘reckoning’ after the customers left. There was punishment at stake, and also certain other things, such as whether or not a girl was fed that night or whether she’d be privileged to sleep in one of the beds in the adjoining apartments or if she’d be chained in the basement or storage room.

“Sit up, cunt,” slurred one of the young men. “I got something for your tits.”

I assumed he would pour beer on them, but to my horror I saw he had clothespins, two of them. I was sobbing already as he made me put my hands in my sopping wet, sticky hair. Helplessly, I knelt as he attached the terrible things to my nipples, one by one. I whimpered and cried, begging for him to take them off, but Jerry came up and slapped me hard in the arse, compelling me back to my feet for more dancing. Clad only in my high heels, I swayed my hips, closing my eyes as Krissy had recommended. I danced my pain, my arousal. My burgeoning slavery. My body was a swaying vessel, burning hot, soiled and needy, begging for release, seeking cock, seeking Rainier, and barring him, any man at all.

“Fuck this appetizer shit,” yelled one of them. “Let’s get to the main course.”

Apparently my performance had been more successful than anticipated. After a brief exchange between Jerry and a couple of the frat boys, it was arranged that I would be taken with them at once for their “bonus entertainment.”

“They said they just want you,” Jerry told me, releasing the cruel wooden clamps from my nipples. “Guess you’ll be getting more of an initiation than I thought.”

He winked at me as he handed me the clothespins. “Take these along. You’ll need ‘em.”

There were ten of the college kids. In sweaters, jeans and khakis. They were athletes to be sure, and as the door to the private room was closed behind me, I saw that every one of them had a hard-on.

The room itself was decorated in red. Red velvet wall covering, red rugs and lots of mirrors. There was one bed, heart-shaped, along with a couple of armchairs and in the corner some kind of rack device with chains hanging from it. Next to it, on the wall hung a row of paddles and whips.

“Take your shoes off,” grinned the leader, a tall blond with a buzz cut. “Make yourself at home.”

The rug tickled my bare feet. I felt ashamed, stinking of beer, nude, an object of pure lust and contempt for these men ten years my junior. I’d let them do so much already, I thought. How could I set any limit now?

Jerry’s words came to mind now. No limits, he’d said. No mercy.

“We should introduce ourselves,” said a bulky brunette to the redhead, his muscles rippling under a red sweater.

“Good idea,” the other nodded, opening his trousers. “Don’t be rude, little girly girl. Say hello to it.”

“Hello,” I mouthed piteously to the throbbing member.

“Mine, too,” the darker one added.

I acknowledged the second shaft, equally hard, equally ready, I was quite sure to penetrate me.

“Lambda Chi forever!” the blond shouted, unzipping his own fly. The others lined up to his left and right, backs straight, like mock soldiers. Ten penises stood at attention, their single eyes glaring at me.

“Give ‘em a kiss,” the blonde winked. “Don’t be shy.”

I had to go to them on my knees, sliding from one to another as I applied my lips to the bulbous helmets. Each cock throbbed beneath my touch, the lust and thrill of the act greatly magnified by the knowledge that each would possess me, probably multiple times before the night was done.

“Again,” the blonde ordered when I was done. “Slower this time. Touch your tits for inspiration.”

I placed trembling hands over my own breasts. How I wished they were a man’s hands. Mauling, possessing. There was pre-cum on the tip of the blonde’s penis as my moved my dry lips toward him a second time.

“Lick it up,” he grinned.

I did so, utilizing the tip of my tongue.

“Jesus,” he muttered to one of his buddies. “I wish I could get Ashley to do this.”

“Or Sabrina. That bitch is so friggin’ stuck up, it’s not funny. I’d like to grab her one day, with her little belly shirt and sarong and drag her into the men’s room so she can do me.”

I moved to the penis of the current speaker, the one plotting his revenge on poor Sabrina, whoever she was.

“Oh, yeah,” he hissed as I licked at his underside. “I’m gonna do it to her. If they can do it to all these girls, why not her?”

“Absolutely, bro,” the blond bellowed. “And I’m gonna make a few changes with Ashley, too. No more headaches, and no more of her dissing my homies either. The very next time she gets all high and mighty with you guys, I’m gonna loan her to you for twenty four hours. That’ll teach her a little respect.”

“Dude!” somebody else cried. “Ashley’s hot, you can count me in!”

“I’m getting a crop for Monica!”

I moved to the next one, then another. They all had ideas by now, ways to right the wrongs against a host of cold fish girl friends and haughty dick teasing class mates. These girls were in for a surprise, to be sure. And who was to say it wasn't what they really wanted, with their blatant displays of their sex and their endless taunting of the boys, like red flags in front of reluctant bulls.

The boys were salty, acridly delicious, though each was unique. None, of course, were like Rainier. I could confidently pick him out from a line-up of a hundred. Was this a sign, I thought with dismay mixed with pleasure, that the man was already my true master, just as Krissy had predicted?

The answer was yes, although as I came closer and closer to the prospect of what I secretly yearned for, I was terrified. For in accepting one man, I would have to accept all. Jerry, whom I'd already called by that name, and Randy, too. And now, these boys. These awakening men.

"Deep throat him," said the blonde casually when I came to a dark-skinned boy with a huge member, second to last in line. "His girl just broke up with him, he needs the encouragement."

Relaxing my throat muscles, I did as I was told. Like a good slut, the perfect little owned she-bitch, I took him to the hilt.

"Jesus," someone muttered. "I'm gonna fuck the shit out of her."

"Me, too," said several others at once.

"No," the blond spoke up. "First we paddle her arse, then we fuck her."

Hands immediately clamped on my arms. I was suctioned to the dark-skinned shaft. Greedily I held on long as I could till they hauled me over to the rack, securing me in place. There were overhead straps for my wrists and two more for my ankles. When they finished attaching them, I was spread eagle, unable to close my legs or protect my breasts.

"Look at me," the blonde ordered.

I made eye contact, seeing in the pale blue of his iris a foreshadowing of the misery to be inflicted on me. Seeing my fear he grinned.

"Beg me to let you go," he coached.

I repeated the formula only to be slapped in the face. "Shut up," he growled. "Whore."

"How's this for a paddle, bitch?" sneered a short, stocky kid with a razor thin mustache as he waved what looked like a canoe paddle in my face.

"Consider it your own personal pledge week!" the blond laughed.

I cried out as the paddle impacted on my sore buttocks. The wood was merciless, delivering a hot sting that reverberated throughout my body. They took turns beating me with it while others manipulated my helpless body. I was made to keep count as the device slammed over and over into my heated flesh. With each fresh blow, I was thrust forward, into the hands of other boys who were busy doing things to my tits and cunt. I moaned openly as someone bit my nipple. Another hand tweaked the hairs of my crotch.

"Sing, cunt," laughed a boy. "Sing it loud."

Again and again the paddle struck home, the pain mingling with the pleasure of what was being done to me sexually. I could scarcely tell the difference now, nor would I know what to do without it. If I were let go, I would crawl to them, to any man at all, to beg for attention, of whatever kind. I'd become the therapist's worst nightmare. A pain slut. A woman so low in self-esteem, she lived through being tortured.

But it was more; I saw that now that I was free of my psychological biases. There was something spiritual here. A need; natural, biological and profound. I was finding my place in the order of things, through subjugation to the male gender. Or what else could it mean that any man or men, even this crude and callow assortment of boys could rouse in me the most profound passions?

"Say 'I'm a slut,'" teased a drooling bespectacled boy as he returned the almost forgotten nipple clamps to their rightful place on my body.

"I—I'm a slut," I moaned, thrashing my head against the agony, the swell of pleasure as the wood pinched and bit and claimed me.

"Louder!" My arse received the firmest blow yet, enough to make my soft, nude body quiver and shake against the straps.

“I’m a slut!” I screamed, believing it, getting off myself on the admission.

“Take the slut down,” the blonde chortled victoriously. “It’s time to play.”

They had no need to bind me to the bed. There were hands enough to restrain me, molding and posing my body for maximum penetration. At first they took me one at a time, on my back, opting for one of the two more obvious holes. As the others grew impatient, they put me on all fours so one could plow my mouth while the other rutted my sex channel. My arse was not to be neglected either as they lathered themselves with my sex juice and took turns bugging me mercilessly. Even when my cunt was unoccupied, I was still prone to an endless succession of spasms. I could no longer tell where one orgasm left off and the other began.

Sweat collected in layer upon layer over my skin and with it the oozing semen of the never-ending procession of male organs. Not only was jism leaking from me, but some of them were choosing to come on me directly as well, demanding I stick out my tongue as they spurted on my face, or requiring me to hold my breasts as a target.

Each of them came at least twice, and many of them came back for thirds. I denied them nothing, and there was no need to discipline me for lack of obedience. Any more punishment I received, to my behind or breasts was strictly for their pleasure, administered with cupped hands or one of the many smaller paddles that seemed to be lying everywhere about the room.

The blond was the most merciless. Before ramming himself into me from behind, he fed a thick plastic shaft deep into my rectum. That way he could have me doubly, he said. As he thrust in and out, his hands were everywhere upon me, especially on my pin-bitten breasts. Each time he twisted the raw flesh I screamed, opening myself even more to the twin penises, real and artificial. Meanwhile, his mouth kept up a barrage of insults, slang and obscenities spit onto my skin, his drool splashing on my bare back.

Unable to resist, I gave myself over to the most soul shattering orgasm of all. When he finally released me I collapsed in a heap on

the bed, unable to move, scarcely able to breathe. The boys were congratulating one another on their virility, commenting on the desirability of various parts of me.

"This place is something else," I heard the brunette speculate as he guzzled a beer. "I mean, these are some hot chicks. What do you think they get paid to do this shit?"

The blond guffawed. "Man, haven't you heard? They don't get paid shit."

"Yea, yea, I know it's not much, but. . ."

"No, dude, I'm serious. They don't get paid at all. These girls are owned by the club."

"You mean they're slaves?" he asked in disbelief.

"Yep. The head honcho owns them all. Rumor has it he sells girls on the black market every day. To brothels in third world shit holes, and to rich Arab dudes, too."

The brunette came up beside me. I could see his beady eyes looking down on me. "So this bitch is a slave?"

"Uh huh."

"Hot damn," he muttered, unzipping his fly. "In that case..."

His voice trailed off, replaced by a warm trickle, liquid and salty over my cheeks and lips. I turned my head away in shame, avoiding the spray as best I could. It was hot on me and fragrant. Tears choked my eyes. I had just gone down on the scale of respect, so far below a whore now it wasn't even funny.

"Robby, man," groaned one of the others. "That's disgusting. Who's gonna clean this shit up. It's all over the bed."

"Who gives a fuck?" he retorted. "We'll leave more money."

"Yea, sure, but why would you want to do *that*?"

Robby shook out his cock, making sure I got the last few drops of his piss on my prostrate, well-fucked body. "Because I can. She's a slave, ain't she? Let her be my toilet, then."

"Jesus," the blonde snickered. "You gotta be way drunk, compadre."

One or two others took up places beside the young man. In a few moments I felt a cascade, stream after stream soaking my skin,

pouring over my buttocks and back, permeating every nook and cranny.

I'm being pissed on, I thought, trying to objectify the matter in my mind. A group of boys has just abused and violated me and now they are relieving themselves on me as if I were a toilet bowl.

"Turn over, cunt," one of them commanded, prodding me with the wooden paddle.

I obeyed, rolling to my back so they could piss on my belly and breasts as well. It felt like gallons by the time they were done. The worst part of all was that now no one would touch me again. I'd be alone. Sexually starved the rest of the night.

"Thank us for pissing on you," demanded the blonde, having decided to stop fighting and join the group. "Thank us for honoring you with our urine."

"That's a good one," bellowed the brunette. "It's an honor all right, huh bitch?"

"Yes," I replied, my voice small and needful. "Yes, sir. It is."

The boys left a short time later. I remained on the bed, not caring if anyone saw me or indeed if I ever even got up from the soiled, sopping wet mattress.

"Christ," muttered one of the guards to the other when they came in to get me. "Would you look at what those punks did?"

Twin pairs of expensive leather shoes angled towards me.

"Yeah," the second grumbled. "They pissed on brand new fucking sheets."

I had to laugh. Neither had any problem with the fraternity brothers urinating on me, a female human being, just the fact that they soiled the linen.

"She stinks, Tony."

"I know. Ain't it a shame? She's a real hottie. I'd get me a piece if she didn't smell like a cesspool."

"How the hell do we get her up and out of here, though?"

"We make her walk by herself. You hear that, cunt?" Tony punctuated his remark with a sound thrash to my hip with the paddle. Painfully, my head swimming I sat up.

“We’re getting you cleaned up,” Tony said to me. “Then we’re sending you to the boss.”

My heart raced, despite my overwhelming fatigue. I was going to see Gustav. At last. Now finally, he would have to pay attention to me.

Chapter Nine

After showering me, the men took me to Rainier's office on the upper floor. I was barefoot, my squeaky clean body covered in a thin silk robe, the hem well above the knees. The outline of my pubic hair was visible as were my still swollen nipples. With each step, I felt the friction, thigh against thigh. Would I never get enough sex now? I wondered.

"This is the slut you wanted to see," Tony announced, drawing his attention to the man at the desk, shirtsleeves rolled up as he studied what looked to be a set of architectural plans.

"Tony. You're just the man I wanted to see," said Rainier, not looking up. "If you were designing a new slave farm, would you put the branding facility next to the cages or the feeding troughs?"

"The cages," he said without hesitation. "And I'd do the brandings at night, so the other ones could hear everything. They'd be naked, right?"

"Naturally."

"That's perfect, boss," he exclaimed with out thrust hands. "Picture it. With every new hiss of the iron on some slut's ass, with every scream, they'll feel it all on their own skin, like it was happening to them. The new ones will be that much more scared, and with the ones already marked, it'll be like getting it done all over again."

"That's excellent, Tony. A good insight. I think I'll follow your suggestion." Rainier inclined his head, pretending to have just noticed me. "Ah, Emerald. The star of the show. Do come in. Gentlemen, why don't you stay for a drink?"

Tony nodded happily and strode with the other one to the bar. I saw now that Krissy was sitting on the floor beside the couch. She was barefoot in a tight, midriff tank top and a pair of silk panties. Her legs were curled underneath her, like a cat's. She was collared and there was a long silver chain running from it to the leg of the couch. The metal slithered seductively between her thinly covered breasts and ran over her right thigh.

Her eyes watched me with amusement and contempt, as I stood nervously in the doorway in my little robe. I would have given anything to trade places with her. She was so sexy, and obviously Rainier cared enough for her to chain her practically at his own feet.

"Sit down, Emerald, please," Rainier offered magnanimously, hand outstretched to the overstuffed brown leather sofa. I swallowed hard. I would be sitting directly above the chained Kristine. My one-time patient, now my rival for her master's attention. Or should I say, as she had 'our master.'

I was about to sit when Rainier stopped me. "Emerald, would you be so kind as to remove your robe first?" he asked not unkindly. "I'm afraid I have a bit of a rule about clothed girls on my furniture."

Tony laughed from the bar. "Clothed girls on the furniture," he toasted. "That's a good one, boss."

I lowered my eyes. The silk slipped all too easily from my shoulders. The material caressed my skin as it slid to the floor. I have never been entirely comfortable with my body and had often avoided sexual situations in the past. Now that I had no choice, however, it seemed easier. Besides, there must be something desirable about me if so many men wanted to own me. Naked now and still very much aroused, I sat down.

"Place your hands beside you," he commanded. "On either side. Palms up."

Beads of sweat formed on my forehead.

"You may cross your legs, Emerald, if it makes you more comfortable."

I declined, opting to keep them side-by-side.

"Krissy, get up and lick Emerald's nipples," he said abruptly, pronouncing the words with an ease only a professional slaver could manage.

Krissy rose to her knees with a rattle of chain. She was so beautiful, her silk cupped breasts swaying provocatively as she leaned forward, so sweetly, so obediently to rasp her tongue across each of my pink buds.

The pleasure was unbearable; the sin was unspeakable.

"Jerry would like to have you for the club, Emerald," said Gustav.

I stiffened. Would he give me away? Did he have the power? Was I even his to give yet? We had our bet, and I hadn't conceded. Alarm raced through me, but I could not respond. I couldn't even move. I was paralyzed on account of what Krissy's skillful mouth was doing. Licking, dabbing, sucking, nibbling, making my breasts so hot and swollen. With three men watching, two at least, leering with lust, wanting her and me and having the power to take us both. Two sluts, one set of underwear between them, one in chains, the other held by something stronger than steel.

My own desires. That's what held me. My imagination, my dread fascination with what could happen to me. What if Gustav did give me to the club? My arse would be tattooed to begin with. With the company mark, and maybe something extra, too, like the girl whose arse would forever indicate she was a 'slut.' From there my life would be all about pleasing men. I'd have quotas. A number of dicks to suck a night, a number of times to lay and spread and to be called for lap dances. Every customer would be my master and I would have to learn to beg for everything. Each scrap of food, every sip of water. If I were good, if I used my cunt and arse well, if I moaned and writhed pleasingly, I might be able to graduate to photo shoots or movies.

Then I could be up by five and lie on my back in a filthy warehouse for ten hours straight with someone's penis or penises inside me under burning hot lights, or else travel to some exotic locale where I could crawl on my belly in the desert wearing the latest swimwear or pose on some rocky cliff in forty mile an hour winds in ice cold rain in a lace teddy effecting the appropriate fuck-me look for the camera men, all of whom are wearing parkas.

At Girly Girl calendar shoots, at least according to what Trixi told me, the models are treated like pets. They sit up and beg for treats in exchange for good poses and must allow themselves to be touched and manipulated sexually to achieve the best results.

"Cut," the cameraman will routinely cry. "I'm not getting shit here. Somebody sex this one up for me." And sure enough, in they'll come with a paddle or a dildo or maybe a stiff cock and a cupped hand.

If I were lucky, I might make it into the new on-line division of Girls, Limited, where girls are locked in little rooms, stocked with all the latest toys. They watch a computer screen that tells them when a customer is locked on. Whatever the customer tells her to do to herself, the girl has to do.

"He thinks you'd be a valuable asset." Rainier sighed, breaking into my reverie. "I had to say no, of course, on account of our little wager. I told him that you were not yet mine to dispose of."

Krissy's mouth was expert; she'd obviously been learning her slavery well. I was a squirming, naked mess, totally unable to think clearly anymore.

"I assume," he continued evenly, voice smooth as silk. "That our bet is still a live one?"

I bit down on my lip. The wager wasn't "live" and he knew it. I'd betrayed myself a hundred times over, and yet I clung to the shadow of my freedom, the pretense that I was still the aloof doctor.

"Krissy, attend to Emerald's sex; it seems to be in a bit of difficulty."

Krissy licked her lips and dove her young, enthusiastic head between my legs.

"Do not allow her to come, Kristine." Rainier rose and moved himself to the corner of his desk. The two bodyguards were still by the bar, lounging, observing. "Emerald, am I correct in assuming the wager is still on?" he prodded.

I couldn't take anymore. The pressure was too much. What could I tell him? If I held to my stubborn pride, he'd reject me as usual. But if he sent me away again now I would die. My life flashed in front of my eyes, the words were coming to me and I could no longer fight them back.

"No, Gustav. It's over. I concede."

Krissy continued her assault, sending needles along my thighs and belly as she lapped at my hungry pussy.

"You no longer wish to compete for Krissy's freedom?"

I stiffened under the weight of betrayal. "No," I whispered fiercely. "I yield, in everything."

"I see." He cleared his throat. "This changes things somewhat. Krissy, please stop what you are doing."

The magical, demonic tongue retracted instantly.

"Goodbye, Kristine," said Rainier. "Tony, kindly release the girl. The key is in my middle drawer."

"Wha—at?" the girl laughed nervously, not wanting to believe her ears. Tony moved efficiently, unchaining her.

"Tony will give you fifty thousand dollars and drive you to the airport. Get on the next plane. Don't look back."

"But master. . ." she wheedled, struggling against the two men who now held her. "I belong to you. I thought we had something."

"No," he shook his head. "We have nothing. Emerald is what I am interested in now. She's the superior catch. At least for today. At any rate, I'm releasing you as a favor to her. There will be no more argument."

"Um, boss?" Tony raised his eyebrows, indicating the fine young body wriggling in front of him.

"Yes," Rainier conceded. "You may fuck her first."

"Thanks, boss," both men said in unison.

The guards had to drag the girl out kicking and screaming. I am ashamed to admit to feeling a perverse pleasure, even a kind of pride in my seeming victory over Krissy. The truth, however, was that I was the loser, though I didn't know it. Rainier himself cynically added to this delusion by treating me with extraordinary care. For the next week it was as if I was the only girl in the world. Even when he beat me, he did so with such devotion and care that I considered myself loved, cared for, worshipped.

Though his warnings were frequent, as I said in the beginning, I didn't heed them. In fact, they seemed only to contribute to the drama of his delicious power over me.

I shall sell you one day, Emerald.

Sell me? How could he, when he was so thoroughly transfixed with my body, so enamored of my every movement? How could he let me go when he so loved chaining me up, tying me down, plumbing the depths of me for his pleasure? What other woman could do these things for him that I did? I made him laugh, I made

him hard, I brought a fire to his eyes. How could these things not be forever?

Alas, I understood nothing of the man. Anyone who'd built an empire called Girls, Limited and who boasted of the number of satisfied customers, male and female for his 'girl relocation service' that he did was not monogamous, not even close. I was a flavor of the week, a new toy. And before I even knew what was happening, he was bored with me, ready to move on.

"Where are we going, sir?" I asked eagerly the morning he handed me the red dress. "Are you planning to take me out to the old barn again?"

We'd played out there a few days earlier. The man was a wicked genius, employing the hay-strewn barn in most imaginative ways.

"No," he replied. "I am taking you to be auctioned."

"Ooh," I giggled. "You won't sell me will you?"

"Yes, Emerald. I said I would, and this is the day. Put your dress on, and I'll take you to the house."

Still thinking it was a game, I held the sexy little cloth against the front of me, making sure he got a good taste of my imbonded charms. "You own this body," I purred, rubbing myself against him.

"Get dressed," he replied, his voice cold and distant.

I licked my lips, dropping the dress to my bare feet. "Will my master not have me first?"

Rainier slapped my face and then my breasts. One after the other. Hard. Harder than he ever had before. Harder than anyone, in fact. Stunned, I did as he told me.

"Find some shoes," was all he said as I presented myself, dress on, back straight, tears in my eyes. We were in my apartment at the time. I could hardly see straight as I picked out the pumps, in matching red.

"You're hurting me," I complained as he clamped my upper arm to take me downstairs.

"If I were you, Emerald," he retorted icily as he steered me to the door. "I'd get used to it. Most of our buyers are from the Far and

Middle East and they have little patience for slow and stupid females in that part of the world. Especially arrogant western ones.”

“But you said I was smart,” I cried as he tossed me into the back of the limo.

Rainier made no reply except to force me face down on the seat so he could secure a gag in my mouth. We rode to the auction house in silence. It wasn’t till we reached the door and the restraint was removed from between my teeth that I began to scream. They had to pry me away from his legs. The house was large, on a remote estate far from the city, far from any nosy neighbors or passersby. It looked more like a castle, really. One man held my arms while the other held my feet to carry me inside. My shoes never made it through the massive double front doors.

Did Gustav pick them up? I wonder. Did he keep them or throw them away? The red dress was ripped off of me in the foyer. Once I was properly nude and collared, a series of swift blows from a thin, whistling cane put an end to my noisy rebellion. Exhausted, shattered, I lay on the cold stone floor, my wounds throbbing, my heart broken.

“You’re a slave now,” hissed the Nazi-like female guard who pried my head off the carved marble of the two story, gold-domed foyer. “Everything is changed.”

She wore her blonde hair tight on her head and she had on black boots and tight riding pants with a turtleneck of white. Twice I was compelled to kiss her boots before she released me.

Three of her men, who also wore boots and tight pants, attached a leather collar to my throat and a leash. By means of the latter, they took me on all fours to the first of the three processing rooms. The room smelled like formaldehyde. The walls were white tile; the floor had grates in it for draining. I was scrubbed with painful brushes. They used an equally rough soap. Next they sat me on the edge of a potty chair, to which I was shackled, hand and foot. I nearly gagged as they shoved the cleaning device in my mouth—some kind of animal brush, I think it was.

No more care was given for my response than if it were a horse or pig they were attending to. Once I was cleaned to their

satisfaction they unstrapped me and lifted me to my feet. A holding number, written in some kind of ink, was scrawled across my belly and again over my left arse cheek. Hot jets of air from a blower were run over me, removing the excess water.

Gloved male wrists clamped each of my arms holding them wide so they could dry every part of me. Even my cunt was not overlooked. Once I was dried, a new man came in to get me. This was the one with the hooknose and the foul breath. The others called him sir, so I took him to be in charge, a deputy, perhaps of the woman's.

"What'll it be first, little miss?" he crooned, caressing the side of my face with the back of his hand. "A fucking or a branding?"

I cringed at the smell, not to mention the dirt under his nails. "I think there's been a mistake," I offered as humbly as possible. "I am a licensed psychologist. I work directly with the municipal courts and. . ."

The sentence was never completed. HookNose had taken his baton and worked it between my legs. "Here's what you are now," he snarled. "A licensed cunt. Lot Number 56-D. Fresh meat for the next auction."

He'd read the number off my tit. I flushed red as he moved the black stick in and out of my opening, bringing me rapidly to orgasm. It was a cascade; an unwanted, though completely irresistible giving of myself. I'd seen the pattern by now: the more I was degraded, the more my body was used against me as a sign of my helpless inferiority, the more pleasure I felt as a result.

Truly, I was a slave, despite my vague protests to the contrary.

As soon as the men let go of me I fell to the floor. On my belly at their feet. Naked collared. The inked number on my twitching buttocks, and again on my soft, round tit.

"Fuck her good," I heard Hook Nose tell the others, their voices somewhere infinitely high up past their black boots that filled my line of vision. "Then bring her to the branding room."

HookNose's boots left the room. The other two moved directly over me. I began to pant. I was going to be used. As a slave girl.

“Turn over, cunt,” said one. Something hot and fast and leather cracked on my arse. “Now.”

I rolled to my back, instinctively spreading my legs.

“This one’s a quick learner,” said the one holding the belt.

“She ain’t learned nothing yet,” the second replied, unzipping his pants.

“Then we’ll teach her.” The belt lashed my breasts. The pain was terrible, but I made no move to protect them from a second blow.

“Spread ‘em wider, slut,” the belt wielder was saying.

I barely had time to accommodate the gargantuan penis. I thought it would split me open, but still I took it, whining and begging for more. The man’s face was beet red as he pumped himself in and out.

“Jesus,” he kept muttering, looking like he might explode. At the last minute, just before coming, he pulled his cock out and aimed at my belly. I took the full load over my stomach and breasts.

“Shit,” the other grumbled. “I ain’t touching that. You got her all jismied up.”

“Quit your whining,” snapped the first as he got back up. “Just do her from behind.”

“Fuck that shit!” The belt soared high and landed on my right thigh. Again, I made no move to protect myself. “Clean that shit off, cunt! All of it!”

I moved to sit up but his boot pressed on my throat. “Scoop it off with your hands,” he demanded. “I wanna see you eat it.”

Thus was I made to wipe the first man’s come off me, two sets of eyes upon me as I licked my palm again and again till it was clean of the milky discharge.

“Eyes open,” he warned when I tried to spare myself the shame of having them look at me.

Wistfully, I thought of Rainier’s emissions and how I’d treasured them during our love making sessions. If so much as a drop were spilled, I would lovingly clean it with my tongue. For hours after being made love to, I would lie beside him on my back, feeling his come seeping inside me or down my legs. Likewise, his marks upon

my body, the welts from the crop, the bruises from the cane, and best of all, the hot imprints of his hand, molding, punishing me. Marking me.

Unwittingly, my hand strayed to my crotch.

"Hands over your head," the man barked, cracking the belt over my crotch, stinging both my hand and the nether lips beneath.

"Sorry," I mumbled.

He whipped my breasts. "Sorry, *master*. You will address all men as master from now on."

"Yes," I gulped. "Master."

A boot lodged itself under my buttock, prying me upward. "Turn over, slave. Face to the floor, on your knees, butt in the air. Spread your cheeks with your hands."

The position was uncomfortable, particularly as I had to press my cheek into the cold tile. My hands ached and my crotch throbbed. He'd made a fool of me, making me clean myself then spurning the front of me all together.

The man grunted as he pressed his cock helmet into the tight channel proffered by my hands.

"The asshole is too tight," he complained, addressing his companion.

"We'll have to widen it before the sale," lamented the other. "Meat like this is second grade, even with all three holes open, let alone two."

He grunted as he cleaved my narrow canal to the depths. "I know it. Too fucking old." A hand stung my thigh. "The skin's like freaking Corinthian leather."

"That piece last week was nice, though."

"Which one?" My assailant asked, shifting himself to increase his pace.

"The teenager. Little brunette; tight as a drum, pussy grade 'a' fresh. Used to dance for Rainier till he threw her out of his club."

I stiffened, my fingernails digging into the cracks between the tiles. Could they be talking about her?

"Apparently she was picked up for whoring downtown. Tried to solicit some undercover cop. He brought her here instead of jail."

"Oh yeah, I remember. The girl was brought in under the initial 'K.' I know the cop who brung her, too. Fella named Meyer. Works for the Cartel. I wish more of 'em was like that guy, I'll tell you; we'd have the streets cleaned of pussy in no time."

"I know," the other agreed, reaching round to torture my hanging breasts with his hands. "All women are sluts and whores. Only way to have peace is to collar the lot of them and put them in chains. Isn't that right, cunt?"

"Yes," I whimpered.

"That's 'yes, master,'" he corrected. The man's thumb and forefinger closed cruelly over my nipple, squeezing till I screamed.

"Yes," I wailed. "Master."

The combination of his abusing me and making me call him master was too much for him. His body went rock hard above me. His cock swelled as he stopped his pummeling. A moment later, load after load of his jism began squirting into my tight canal. There must have been quite a lot, as I felt it dripping down my thighs almost immediately.

I came with him, unable to hold back.

The men were busy transferring me from one cock to another when I asked the question that was burning in my mind.

"Please, master," I begged the second man as he put me to my knees to suck his half hard cock. "The teenager. The brunette. Can you tell me who bought her?"

"Curious little cunt, aren't you?" he asked, squeezing my cheeks for better access.

I was hard at work sucking when he finally answered. "She went for fifty thousand. A hell of a lot for one piece of ass. The buyer was Japanese. Represented a private collector. Supposedly he's assembling some kind of UN of pussy, with a slave representing every country on earth. Keeps them on a reserve on one of the islands. The real kicker is, he only takes teenagers, ones good enough to be beauty queens."

"Maybe he'll have his own pageant," the other chortled.

The man in my mouth put his hands on either side of my face, forcing up my head. "Could be," he quipped, looking me in the eye.

“My question is, why does this cunt care so much?”

Fortunately, I was unable to answer in my current predicament. By the time they were done with me, the matter was forgotten by the men. As for me, all I could think of was that smart, lovely girl, with so much ahead of her, reduced to being a sex pet in a mad man’s zoo. And yet slavery was what she wanted.

A half hour later I was branded. Naturally I was terrified, but as it turned out, the physical pain is only a secondary factor. What is really going on is something mental. Imagine it if you can: You are naked, strapped down, your skin lathered like an animal. Handlers are pushing at your flesh, positioning your arse for maximum effect, talking about it, like it’s all in a day’s work.

“This one’s meaty enough for a number two.”

“Get that bit in the mouth.”

“Fuck it—there’s welts back here. How can I work with that?”

“Put it a little lower. And just go with the number one.”

One of them is even chewing gum; he’s the one who puts the metal device in your mouth, immobilizing it, preventing screams. You look into his eyes, for an ounce of pity, but you find none. And then, just like that, they do it.

A crackle and hiss. The smell of burnt flesh. Your flesh. A mark is being put on you. It’s forever, and it’s the very same thing they do to cattle. Just like them, you will be owned, too. People will buy and sell you, and in-between, things will be done to you. Sex things, animal things, whatever things your owners want to do to you.

It could be lasting a split second or a year, this fire in your body, this irrevocable marking. It doesn’t matter, really. It’s an abyss and you’re falling into it. And the bottom, if ever there is one, will look so different than what you knew before that there’s little point in thinking of yourself as the same person any longer. Desperately your mind clings to things, little bits of the past, from when you were free and had a name. At the same time, you go forward, leap frogging, trying to guess what it will be like. You take the little bits of what you’ve heard and learned, and dreamed, and you try to weave it into a whole.

A vision of your future. A new identity. I'd learned a few things from the handlers while they were fucking me and from the woman as she prepared me for the branding. They talked about the life of a female slave, that universal creature existing in the shadow realms, the hidden places found in every country on earth. Asia, Africa, Europe and throughout the Americas. Brothels in Bangkok and Rio, hidden pleasure palaces in Brunei and Moscow, farms and chattel islands in the remote pacific.

Even penthouses in New York where lovely, model-gorgeous women return by night from dazzling public lives only to strip, falling from the arms of their strong, silent escorts to crawl into tiny cages or onto boat sized beds so they can be chained or tied down in rooms equipped like the best horror chamber from any movie.

And then there's the training. Would you believe there are actual manuals, taught by instructors? Girls are molded from them, beginning from scratch, like newborns. Females, learning to grovel, finding bliss in obedience, living for a pat on the head, an extra treat, a monthly night in a real bed. Girls learning a dozen ways to whimper and pant, a thousand dances, the art of writhing properly under a whip, how to keep a master's cock in mouth for hours while he sleeps.

They say that Tolliver Khan, my new master is well versed in the training of women. It was my education, not my looks that attracted his representative to me. Owning an intelligent girl, one with high status is said to be a particular joy. Each time he has her, he is reminded as a master of his inherent superiority to the female, solely by virtue of his sex. Horrible, politically incorrect words, I know. But they are my reality.

And so my story winds down now. I trust you can imagine how I was used following my branding and by whom. I was tied for much of the time and when there were no men available, other females were brought. Slaves like me. It was just like when I was with Krissy. The slaves were strapped into artificial cocks and made to fuck me for as long as the handlers wanted.

The dildos are useful for both punishment and training as there are no natural limits on the length of time and brutality with which

they may be employed as there are with flesh and blood penises. As disciplined as a slaver or trainer might be, after all, he is still a man. And once any man is in possession of a fully subjugated cunt, arse or mouth, it is biologically impossible to hold out for too long.

For nearly twenty hours straight, I was in sexual peril. The only pauses were to check the healing of my brand and to allow me momentary respites to squat over a drain in the corner to piss. The room they held me in was the infamous third room, a dungeon-like lair in the bowels of the house where anything at all may be done to a girl with impunity. Even screaming is allowed, as the stone walls and floors are utterly soundproof.

The handlers were skilled in keeping me alive. At the slightest sign of dehydration, I was allowed to slurp water from a bowl. Likewise, I was fed by hand, earning small morsels in exchange for particular diligence in my duties as a pleasure vessel.

I overheard a debate at one point between the Hook Nose and the woman as to the virtues of sexually torturing a girl prior to auction. Some slavers feel that a girl should be pampered ahead of time so as to appear innocent, ripe for the taking at the time of her sale. Others, HookNose included, thought this was a travesty. The girl should be broken in ahead of time so the buyers will see clearly the slave material to be bid on.

In addition to the fucking, I was marked with a crop. These marks would show, I was told, during my sale. A visibly whipped woman always brings a higher price. The auction itself took place in a parlor in the upstairs portion of the house. The room was exceedingly large, accommodating over fifty gentlemen and ladies in plush Victorian armchairs and settees.

Full-length glass windows graced the far wall, while an equally high set of oaken bookcases flanked the near wall. The really ingenious thing about the room was the wooden platform, made of smooth cherry, installed permanently in one corner. It was from here the girls were displayed. And I do mean displayed.

They brought me in under the hot lights of the chandeliers. White gloved courtiers escorted me in a long gown of gold. It was off the shoulder, with a deep plunge that all but bared my breasts. The

hem ran to the floor, well disguising my bare feet and bare legs. My crotch was also nude and I had been completely shaved for the occasion. I was given a fresh leather collar, very high and stiff. A metal ring was attached to the front of it.

I trembled as I walked; not only for fear of the audience, but also on account of the hour of frigging I'd endured ahead of time at the hands of the woman. She seemed to enjoy telling me in detail what would happen, looking for little reactions in my face and body. Each time I creamed, she would scoop the liquid and feed it to me. It was a painful reminder of how much the notion of my own slavery aroused me.

"You'll stand straight," she had hissed, masturbating me cruelly. "Every eye on you, as they read your vitals. Age. Breast size. Hip and ass dimensions. Responsiveness to abuse. Quality of oral skills. Sexual receptivity."

The taste lingered in my mouth as it all came true. The men looking on as the auctioneer read from the card. And then, the opening bid of one thousand dollars. It was a whirlwind from there.

"Have we no higher bids?" the man lamented.

Someone tore away my dress. I was naked now, standing amidst glittering rags.

A whip cracked on my arse as I was told to assume the first position. Hands behind my head, breasts pushed out, legs apart.

"Firm tits," the auctioneer pointed out with a squeeze. "Unusually juicy cunt."

Oohs and ahhs followed as the man's finger was held up, glistening. I glazed under the hot lights, reeling from the unspeakable shame.

"Mouth like a vacuum," he quipped, pulling apart my jaws like a filly. "Bend over." He says next, his voice in a careful aside, "Don't mess this up or I'll have your hide."

I grasped my ankles the way the woman told me I would have to.

"The ass already takes a number four, gentlemen and ladies; I don't need to say the potential here."

A plastic shaft, of exactly that size was inserted in me. I took it without resistance.

"She's dripping," he cried. "Tell me you don't want to own this."

My arse resounded with the slap of his hand. I felt it myself, a line of hot sex juice trickling down the inside of my leg.

"And a brain, too," he added incidentally. "A PhD."

It was at this point the representative of Mr. Khan entered the bidding, proposing for my purchase the amount of seven thousand dollars.

"And that's not all," the auctioneer chimed, grabbing me by the hair so my head was at crotch level. "She can deep throat a six, without gagging."

A number six was shoved in my mouth.

It was a painful position to assume, my head ingesting one shaft while my arse absorbed another. Were it not for the men holding me as I was, bent at the waist, I would surely have fallen to the ground. The bids were a jumble, a frenzy. By the time the auctioneer closed his hand at ten thousand, I had climaxed twice, though no one had laid a hand on my pussy.

"Will you take possession this evening?" the auctioneer asked the Khan's man afterward in the salon reserved for the reckoning of accounts.

"No," said the man, running his hand through my hair to check its sheen. "You will be given information for delivery, to a private airfield, about a dozen miles away."

The Khan's representative, as it turned out had been a very busy man collecting beauties for his boss. The plane had a number of other girls on it, two of whom I mentioned in the beginning. I wondered if the little blonde and the shapely brunette had been bought at auction like me, or if they'd been purchased privately. Or maybe even captured outright. At the mall, perhaps, or from out of some office late at night.

At one time I'd have been revolted by that notion, but now, it seems almost inevitable. As strong as men are, and as weak as we females are, how can we avoid becoming their possessions? One can fight it, making a career of resistance, as I did, but sooner or

later a girl's inner needs will catch up with her. And the harder she fights, the more likely it is she will succumb.

I'll admit for a while I entertained a fantasy that Tolliver Khan would turn out to be a code name for Rainier himself. I pictured Gustav running onto the plane to claim me for his own. I would crawl from the cage and shower his feet with kisses. He would scoop me in his arms and take me away to be his one and only slave.

We have been in flight now for an hour, though, and I no longer hold onto such hopes. Actually, I have something better than hope: the impending prospect of sexual usage at the hands of the burly flight crew. The blonde was taken out a short while ago. I can see her now, writhing underneath the navigator. She was still begging them for release, claiming it was all a mistake, but any minute now, you could see she'd be in the throes of orgasm, naked, her body on the metal floor of the plane, cushioning her temporary master as he pumps her full of his seed.

It's all a mistake. Surely every slave in history has uttered those words at one time or another! And yet, I do not think it a mistake for them to have put her nude on her back, wish-boning her legs, spreading her shackled ankles mercilessly far apart. She is good, the little blonde; she moves like a woman, a natural slave. And she is all the more appealing for her verbal resistance.

"Please, sirs, don't do this to me. I'm a college student. My father has money. He will pay you," she pants.

I am jealous of her; I want my turn. Even now the brunette is clinging to the bars of her cage, the knuckles white, her fine breasts pressed between the rods. I see the panic in her eyes, the fear, and the need. She prays they will not open her cage and pull her naked body out for their pleasure. The flight to the Khan's private island is a long one, though, and I think she will not escape.

I certainly pray that I do not escape. I have learned my place. Gustav Rainier has taught me well. As for missing him, I shall hold his memory in my heart. I shall seek him in my new master, Tolliver Khan. He shall be for me every cock, every mouth that takes me. He shall be these khaki covered airplane men, too, the ones for whom I juice even now.

Smell me, I call to them in the silence of my heart. Smell my arousal and fuck me. Fulfill me. Hear my need, hear my lust. I am the best, do you hear me? Better than the prissy coed, better than the clueless brunette. I've been taught by the best. I bear on my soul the mark of Rainier. A Girly Girl forever.

I nearly faint now as one of them comes for me. He is brown and his hands are greasy from fixing something. He wears coveralls. A protrusion is evident at his waist. The soiled hands fidget with the lock. He's impatient. He can't wait to have me. I am ready and as soon as the door swings open I crawl out, pressing my mouth to his filthy leather boot.

He is not the captain, not even second or third in command but only a lowly technician. And yet he is a man, and I crave his oily hands on my flesh, squeezing my tits, clenching my buttocks, and drawing me toward him, forcing me down to sweet, mind-blowing submission.

Submission. The one drug I cannot get enough of.

"Take me," I whisper, damning the punishment I might receive for speaking out of turn. "I am a slave, master. I am your slave."

He grins as he hauls me to my feet. He is foreign, and I am not sure he's understood a word I've said. Not that it matters. My body itself is a *lingua franca*, a universal symbol. My arms are slack, the chains hanging to the floor. The man's mouth closes over my left tit and so it begins.

For even as the story of my enslavement ends, the real adventure is just beginning for me. I, Doctor Emerald Tallow, have been sold to the highest bidder, and my soul is only just awakening.

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