



MISTRESS MARGOT
A TALE OF SAPPHIC ENSLAVEMENT

SUSANNA VALENT

Mistress Margot: A Tale of Sapphic Enslavement

by Susanna Valent

Renaissance - Erotica



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CHAPTER 1

Margot Merriweather stared out the window of her hotel room, reflecting on the state of affairs that had brought her to Monaco on a hot, summer night in late August. Too many questions ... too many secrets. Her job was to find the answers, to pry those secrets from people who spent their days dreaming up new and more efficient ways of hurting people, setting governments against one another, killing the environment. The trick was to not get herself killed in the process.

"I'd aim a little lower," Margot said idly. "You don't intend to miss, now, do you?"

She heard a faint gasp from behind her and turned around. The other woman was stunning, with dark eyes and a well-curved figure, her thin lips turned up at the corners in an approximation of a smile. She was holding a gun, a silenced Walther PK. State of the art.

"You're good," the woman said.

"At many things," Margot said. "You would be ... ?"

"Jasmin Al-Khalid," the woman said. "And you're Merriweather. Margot Merriweather."

"I'm flattered," Margot said.

"Don't be," Jasmin said. "I never even heard of you until an hour ago."

Margot lifted her eyebrows in thoughtful surprise. "You'd kill a perfect stranger?"

"Nobody's perfect," Jasmin said.

Margot gave the other woman an appraising glance. "All evidence to the contrary."

The other woman smiled. "Damn, you're really good. But tell me ... what makes you think I'm here to kill you?"

"That, for one," Merriweather said, cocking her chin to indicate the gun still pointed at her.

"Oh, this," Jasmin said with a shrug. "Just a precaution."

Margot smiled, taking a step closer to Jasmin. "I suppose you want to know why I'm in Monte Carlo."

"I already know that," Jasmin said. She also took a step. "I want to know what you plan to do while you're in Monte Carlo."

"I'm open to suggestion," Margot said.

"I like that in a woman," Jasmin smiled.

Margot took Jasmin into her arms and kissed her, her hands furiously roving across the assassin's lithe body. The gun fell to the floor. Merriweather pulled her onto the bed.

"Tell me," Margot whispered, kissing her way down the other woman's neck. "How do you plan to get this information out of me?" She started to peel off Jasmin's skin-tight leather jumpsuit with practiced fingers.

Jasmin smiled and helped the process along. "By any means necessary."

"I see," Margot said. She rolled the other woman onto her back, kissing her as she did so. "Then let the interrogation begin." She found Jasmin's lips again and devoured them with her own.

The things I do for my country, Margot thought, tracing the line of her enemy's throat with her tongue, feeling the other woman sigh and relax. Jasmin was delectable. Strong. Unique, in Merriweather's considerable experience. She wanted to lose herself in the darker woman's arms, even if only for an hour, perhaps a day, or even a week. Any longer than that, and her resolve could weaken. Beautiful and alluring or not, Jasmin was, ultimately, her enemy. If necessary, Merriweather would kill Jasmin. Before Jasmin killed her.

But certainly not now. Now she would love her. If it came to that, Jasmin's last moments on earth would be happy ones, Merriweather promised herself.

For her part, Jasmin Al-Khalid wasn't fooled. To her way of thinking there was only one possible end to this scenario, and Jasmin intended to be the victor. She would wring the information she needed from Merriweather, along with cries of ecstasy. She might toy with her new lover for a short while, but it would end the way all her dalliances ended. They didn't call her the Black Widow for no reason. Then back to the cartel for her reward and another assignment. No new assignment, however, was likely to equal this one for the pleasure of the chase.

Jasmin rolled back on top, straddling Margot's hips. "You're mine," she said. "You'll tell me what I want to know."

"Sure of yourself, aren't you?" Margot laughed. She could tell this magnificent assassin anything at all, even the truth. She wouldn't carry the tale to her employers. "What do you want to know?" She raked her fingers through Jasmin's pubic hair and parted her thighs, enjoying the sight of the younger woman breaking into a sweat.

"The target of the Organization, the reason you're here, now," Jasmin gasped, finding concentration difficult. Margot's fingers had found their way to their own target, and Jasmin's thighs, strong as they were, began to tremble with effort.

Merriweather took advantage of that and flipped Jasmin over again onto her back. "You're the only target I'm concerned with now," she said, using strong fingers to tease her opponent closer and closer to the edge of ecstasy. If she had anything to say about it, Jasmin would enjoy that altitude for a long time. Satisfied that Jasmin was distracted enough, Merriweather slipped her strong shoulders under Jasmin's hips and plunged her tongue into her brimming, aching vagina. Al-Khalid bucked helplessly against her lover's demanding mouth.

"Oh, God, yes!" Jasmin cried, clutching at her lover's scalp. "Do it! Do it to me!" There had been another question or two, but they could wait.

Merriweather obliged, providing all the pressure and friction necessary to drive Jasmin to the brink, then she stopped, and let her hang. "You work for the Medina Cartel, don't you?" she asked lazily.

"Oh, please, oh, don't!" Jasmin screamed, out of her mind with need.

"The Cartel?" Merriweather prompted, holding off.

"Yes! Yes! Anything you say!"

"As I thought." Merriweather relented and bore down again, finishing the job, enjoying Jasmin's pleasure almost as much as she herself did. The ripple and play of Jasmin's muscles as her body vibrated under Merriweather's touch was exquisite, and sharpened her own arousal.

"Now," she said, when Jasmin's many orgasms had ended, and she lay gasping on Merriweather's tumbled bed. "Show me more of your interrogation technique. What little skills might you have picked up in the Middle East, hmmm?"

Recovering, Al-Khalid pulled Merriweather down on top of her. "I have many skills," she agreed, "and I learned them ... all over." She demonstrated by teasing and sucking Margot's nipples, alternating between aggression and tenderness, driving her knee between Merriweather's legs and lifting her into the air a few inches by holding her with a hand under each shoulder and her knee in her crotch.

Merriweather swallowed convulsively. "You are ... stronger than you look." She looked down into Jasmin's eyes, motionless, enjoying the unusual contact, not wanting to move.

Experimentally, Al-Khalid bounced her a little. Merriweather gasped and gripped Jasmin's knee more tightly with her thigh muscles. "Don't ... stop." This was a new one, she had to admit, and very erotic.

"The target, then," Jasmin reminded her with a little jiggle.

"An agent ... we're hoping to make an offer..." Merriweather was groaning with pleasure now. "That can't be refused."

"Who's the agent?" Jasmin moved her up and down, just a little too slowly for her to come.

"Haven't ... ooohhh ... haven't got the ... please, lover ... final orders yet," Merriweather moaned through gritted teeth. "I have to ... make a pick-up tonight."

"Pick-up of what?" Jasmin wanted to let her come, but she needed the facts.

"ID ... times ... details ... darling!" she pleaded. "You can ... come to the drop with me." The senior agent was beside herself with want. "Please!"

"Very good, Margot. Here's your reward." She let Merriweather slide down her leg onto the bed, then turned her on her back. Driving her tongue deeply into Merriweather's eager mouth and fingering her clitoris roughly, she polished her off, making her scream with pleasure long denied.

A little while later they lay side by side, drinking champagne from the same glass.

"How long until the drop?" Al-Khalid asked, dribbling a little nectar from the glass between Merriweather's breasts, licking it slowly.

"We have another hour or so," Merriweather smiled, running her fingers through Jasmin's hair. Then she sat up. "Be right back," she said giving her new lover a kiss. "You know," she called from the bathroom. "You shouldn't be working for the cartel."

"Whyever not? They pay well," Jasmin informed her. "Oil always does." She sounded smug.

"They don't like women," was the response, over the running water. "They only use them."

"Agencies who really like women are hard to find," Jasmin responded, stretching. "And the pay stinks."

Merriweather returned. She slid into the bed and grasped Jasmin's shoulder. There was a sudden sting. Before she could say "hey," although she tried to, Jasmin was numb. Then, she was paralyzed. Her mouth worked, but nothing came out. She thought she was trying to roll away, but she remained motionless.

"Sorry, darling," Merriweather said with genuine regret, easing a silenced slimline automatic pistol from the night stand drawer. "It was delightful. I'm going to miss you."

As Merriweather brought the muzzle to Al-Khalid's neck, just under her ear, Jasmin cursed herself once, all she had time for. Merriweather pulled the trigger, and there was darkness.

* * * *

The drug took effect immediately. Al-Khalid slumped sideways.

"You're the target, my love," Merriweather whispered. Expertly, she wrapped Jasmin's inert form in a white sheet. Leaving the room, she returned quickly with a hotel laundry cart and loaded the unconscious assassin into it. She dressed quickly as a maintenance "man," piled her few things on top of Jasmin and rode down in the service elevator. An unmarked step van waited in the deserted rear yard of the hotel, and it was the work of only a minute before everything was safely and quietly stowed.

Following the winding roads, Merriweather soon arrived at a cliffside pullout. A moment later, a heavy, human-shaped object, wrapped in a sheet, rolled over the sheer cliff and down into the water where it sank with hardly a splash. The van covered the remaining distance to the marina in a matter of minutes. Merriweather negotiated the narrow passages to the docks, where a sleek yacht was moored. Responding to her whistle, two young sailors appeared at the top of the gangway and helped Merriweather with the laundry cart and some other items. One sailor drove the van to the other end of the marina and parked it while her colleagues on the yacht cast off. As it passed the jetty, the sailor turned driver dove gracefully into the water, grabbed the ladder of the slow-moving craft and climbed aboard. Soon the harbor was quiet again as the yacht sliced neatly away through phosphorescent seas. It was as if they had never been there at all.

* * * *

Morning on the open ocean. Merriweather lounged on the deck, coffee, fresh orange juice and croissants at her elbow. She wore a simple white cotton shirt and loose pants, her bare feet up on the rail. She sifted through a pile of faxes that had accumulated in her absence from the vessel.

A sailor approached quietly. "Your guest is awake, ma'am," she informed Merriweather respectfully.

Merriweather looked up and, with a smile, allowed her gaze to linger on the well-muscled anatomy of the young woman. "Thank you, Rachel. I'll take care of it."

As she neared the windowless interior cabin which doubled as a brig, Merriweather could hear the pounding on the walls. She could feel the vibrations through the deck beneath her feet. A sailor stood guard at the heavy hatch. Merriweather nodded to her. "Dismissed." With a shrug, the guard hefted her Uzzi and departed. Merriweather keyed the lock and quickly stepped in, locking the door behind her.

Al-Khalid turned from her most recent assault on what looked to her like a seam in the wall of the cabin. "YOU!! YOU LYING BITCH!!!!" she raged, launching herself at Margot. Using Jasmin's own momentum, Merriweather swung her around and slammed her to the bed, facedown. "Relax, darling, before you sprain something," she advised the frantic operative. Merriweather had her in a hold so tight, Jasmin found it hard to breathe. She trembled with fury and frustration, but she stopped struggling.

"Now, listen to me," Margot said soothingly. "You're so good, we had to take you out. If you weren't the best, you wouldn't be here. So stop blaming yourself for letting me capture you."

"I hate you," Jasmin seethed. "You'd better kill me, because if you don't, I'll kill you."

"You don't hate me," Merriweather told her, nuzzling her. "You hate yourself. You said I was good. I am good. You have a thing or two to learn, and I intend to

teach you. And the first thing I want to teach you is to calm down, get over this, and enjoy your new life. Do you hear me?" She kissed Jasmin's neck tenderly, but didn't release the chokehold with which she controlled her former assailant.

"What new life?"

"You're going to work for me."

"The hell I am!"

"Or you're going to be my prisoner. Forever. You choose."

"I already have a life. I have a job. I have money. I don't need you."

"You don't have a job. If anyone at all was watching us, they think you're dead. No one will look for you. And unless your money's in Switzerland or the Caymans, you're a fool. I'm guessing you're not. You haven't lost a penny. And," Merriweather shifted over on top of Jasmin, "I need you."

"For what?" Jasmin grunted, beginning to be aroused in spite of herself.

"Various things. Companionship. Protection. Information-gathering. Industrial sabotage. Making love." Merriweather was certainly aroused, and bored with subduing Jasmin. "I'd like to let you up, so let me explain some things. We're on a yacht in the middle of the Mediterranean. You can't escape, and my crew is as dangerous as you are. If you threaten me, they'll just keep stunning you over and over again, even if they have to knock me or each other out in the process. It'll be a long time before we reach land again. I suggest you relax and enjoy your captivity. Behave yourself and you are my honored guest. Misbehave and I'll throw you back here in the brig. And I'll make you watch other women making love to me. Is that clear?"

At the idea of watching Merriweather with other women, Jasmin's perspective changed radically. Desire coursed through her veins like a drug. Merriweather felt the shift. "Jasmin?"

"Damn you for making me feel like this!"

Merriweather's voice took on a warning tone. "Jasmin! Shall I call one of my mates? I'm getting very aroused lying on top of you like this. Too aroused to wait."

Jasmin didn't know exactly what Margot meant by "mates" and she decided she didn't want to find out, either. She could cooperate for a while, be let out, and then see what options there were. "All right. You win. You can let me up."

Carefully Merriweather set Jasmin free. She sat up and rubbed her throat where Margot had squeezed it with her forearm. Satisfied that her prisoner was reasonably calm, Margot stripped off her clothes and let them fall to the deck. "Come here, darling. I want you," she said, lying down and pulling her angry young woman close. "Come here and forgive me."

Stunned by Margot's sudden gentleness, Jasmin cuddled against her, close to tears of exhaustion and confusion. She wasn't sure anymore what she wanted, except Margot. Margot's love was all she could handle for now. Side by side, they touched each other gently, eagerly, as though it was the first time. They explored each other thoroughly, slowly driving one another crazy with soft tongues and fingers. It became a contest to see which one could provide more pleasure to the other, and they both won.

"Margot!" Jasmin moaned as she climaxed under her lover's hands and mouth. "Oh, my God! Don't stop. Please!" As her body convulsed in ecstasy, tears of relief finally ran down her cheeks. Margot came soon after, shuddering with an intensity she hadn't felt in more years than she cared to think about. Jasmin was an assassin in more ways than one. She was killing Margot with pleasure, over and over again.

"My darling!" she gasped. "Oh, God. I want you so much. I want you all the time," she sighed, wishing it never had to be over. But it did, so they could rest and do it again.

A little while later, they were in Margot's stateroom, the Captain's quarters, enjoying clean sheets and champagne again. Cupping Margot's breasts, examining her nearly flawless body with an interest that bordered on awe, Jasmin asked, "Would you really do that? Make me watch you with other women?"

Margot eyed her speculatively. "What do you think?"

Jasmin nodded. "I think you would. I honestly do."

"Well, I have in the past," she confessed. "To get information from a man. Or two."

"Let me get this straight. You made a man watch you. With a woman?"

"Women," Merriweather corrected. "Worked like a charm."

"And then what? You made love with him? Them?"

"Not ... exactly," Margot admitted.

"What then?" Jasmin pressed against her, feeling a prickle of apprehension.

"I made appointments for them with Davy Jones."

"Oh, God!" Jasmin shivered. She had met her match. "When do my lessons begin?"

Margot laughed, deep in her throat. "They already have! Darling, don't worry. I didn't love them, but I think I am going to love you. For a long, long time."

CHAPTER 2

The yacht skimmed through deep blue water, far from land. Merriweather lounged on the sun deck, waiting for Jasmin to finish with her lesson, the most recent of many designed to bring her up to speed on the techniques approved by the Crown Princess for agents in her service. Current events, etiquette, hostage rescue, environmental issues, genocide prevention. In short, a whole host of issues that no one working for any cartel, industrialist or weapons manufacturer need be familiar with.

Predictably enough, the one area in which Jasmin had the most trouble was rendering an enemy ineffective without killing them. That and etiquette, which was now necessary as Jasmin would frequently meet her unwitting opponents in public before or after she had to interrupt or destroy their projects and operations. There was a good deal of acting involved, too, and Jasmin had to learn it whether she ridiculed it as “phony bullshit” or not.

In order to minimize distractions from Jasmin's lessons, Margot had instructed her executive officer to keep them going in huge, lazy figure eights, well out of sight of land. For all Jasmin knew, without access to the bridge, they were miles from any port. This, Merriweather hoped, would keep her from dwelling on the fact that her presence on the yacht wasn't entirely voluntary, as well as from trying to make a run for land in an inflatable dinghy. However, Merriweather hadn't risen to her rank, that of naval captain, by being a fool. While they were closer to land than Al-Khalid thought, they were also several days from the European mainland. The nearest landfall would bring them only to one of those picturesque, rocky islands dotting the Mediterranean, the ones where the rich and famous rent villas, tie up their yachts and indulge themselves in privacy. Should Jasmin reach a point where Margot could trust her enough, she would take her to Corsica, Majorca or someplace similar, for a little field trip.

A sudden whump! into the deck chair beside her startled Merriweather from her reverie. Jasmin had apparently finished with her most recent bout with laptops and the internet.

“God, Margot! You are the world's worst slave driver! Why do you keep me chained to a desk when I could be out here with you?”

“If you were out here with me, could you study?” Margot asked lazily.

“Absolutely not. But who cares?” Jasmin left her deck chair and straddled Margot in hers.

Margot's breath caught in her throat as Jasmin's weight settled onto her thighs, imprisoning her. “Do you intend to do me right here in front of the crew?”

“I bet you'd love it. Don't tell me you haven't done the entire crew of this tub in front of each other already.”

“I'll leave that to your imagination, then,” Margot teased her.

“They all adore you, Margot,” Jasmin said, leaning forward until she lay full-length on top of her lover. “And so do I. Let me pleasure you.”

“Well, I guess you deserve a break. Report to the Captain's quarters in fifteen minutes, sailor,” Merriweather commanded, licking Jasmin's earlobe.

“Aye aye, ma'am,” Jasmin responded eagerly, letting her up. She had a thing or two to attend to, first.

Exactly fifteen minutes later there was a sharp rap at the door of the Captain's quarters, which the two women had been sharing ever since Margot had released Jasmin from the brig.

“Come!” Margot called out.

Jasmin stepped into the large square room, wearing an extremely tight crew uniform, top all but splitting over bulging muscles, cut-off shorts barely covering her crotch. A dixie-cup hat sat askew on her head. She affected the behavior of a nervous sailor being dragged to a Captain's Mast. “You sent for me, Captain?” she quavered apprehensively.

For her own part, Merriweather had dug out her little-used dress uniform. Her hat was heavily encrusted with gold braid. With it she wore summer whites, but no shoes. Her sword had been removed from its hooks on the wall and lay close to hand as she reclined on the large bed in the corner under the window. “Is that how you report to the Captain, sailor?” she demanded sharply.

Jasmin hadn't the first clue about naval discipline. “I was told to report here, Captain, and that's all I know,” she said stoically. “If you're going to punish me, I'm ready.”

“Do you know what you're charged with, sailor?” Merriweather inquired.

“Insubordination?” Jasmin said hopefully.

“That, and disrespect, and disobedience. And you're a goldbrick as well. Do you know the penalties for all that?”

“No, ma'am.”

“How do you plead, Ms. Al-Khalid?” she affected boredom as she toyed with the hilt of her sword, enjoying the charade.

Jasmin sank to her knees. “Loudly, Captain. Please, punish me. Put me in my place. Teach me a lesson. Please, ma'am,” Jasmin begged, trying not to laugh. “I want to be a good sailor. Really, I do.”

“I sentence you to a spanking and several hours of humiliating servitude. Come here, sailor,” she commanded, swinging her legs off the bed.

Jasmin rose and approached, but as she got close, Merriweather grabbed her and flung her face down on the quilt. She yanked what passed for shorts off Jasmin, revealing only her tawny skin, as Al-Khalid had decided to dispense with underwear.

“And you're out of uniform as well, I see,” Merriweather observed. “That means extra lashes. But I suppose you knew that.” She stepped back, drew her sword and laid it aside. Then she whacked Jasmin's bottom firmly with the scabbard.

“Oh! Captain!” Jasmin gasped, squirming.

“Does that hurt?” Margot wanted to know.

“Yes, please!” Jasmin whimpered.

“Excellent!” Merriweather said, and ignoring Jasmin's cries, she carefully covered her squirming backside with another dozen smacks of the scabbard, leaving her luscious skin hot and red.

“Turn over!” she ordered when she was done. She stood back, panting, looking down at Jasmin, who was breathing hard with desire. Merriweather picked up her sword and slid it back into the scabbard while Jasmin caught her breath and devoured her with her eyes. “That was for the insubordination,” she said, tossing her hat onto the table. Then she undid her tunic and laid it over the back of the chair. Jasmin groaned hungrily as she adored Merriweather's firm, perfect breasts.

“And this,” she said sliding her dress trousers off, “is for being a lazy, disobedient slut.” She reached down and tore the skimpy top right off Jasmin, roughly parted her legs and dropped onto her, pinning her to the mattress with kisses and caresses.

“Oh! Margot! My ass is on fire! Don't grind into me so hard!” Jasmin begged.

Merriweather's response was to thrust down harder, smothering Jasmin with her tongue. “Shut up and take it like a woman.”

“Oh, Margot, oh, God,” Jasmin groaned. She found that if she struggled to free herself, it produced more painful friction against her tender, bruised skin. She stilled herself and let Margot have her way, whimpering softly as Margot slid slightly to one side and pulled Jasmin's hand up into her hot, aching crotch.

“You wanted to pleasure me. When are you planning to start?” Merriweather inquired, pressing down against Jasmin's fingers. Hot love juices cascaded from Margot onto her prisoner's hips and thighs, making her writhe with desire, which made her moan in pain, which inspired Margot to drive deeper between her legs.

“Please, Margot, Captain, ma'am,” Jasmin begged. “Let me go down on you.” Anything to ease the heat in her tender ass.

“Oh, no. That's too easy. Do me this way first, and then perhaps I'll reconsider.”

With a whimper or two, Jasmin accepted her fate. She slid her fingers inside Merriweather's hot vagina and began stroking slowly in and out. Merriweather's demanding tongue parted Jasmin's lips and she sucked it gently, moaning with equal desire and pleasure. As Merriweather thrust against her groin and fingers, the pain began to feel more and more like pleasure, after all.

“Margot,” Jasmin moaned, “Margot, please...”

“Please, what?” Margot demanded, breathing harder.

“Please don't come too fast. Or, if you do, then please come a lot.”

“You really are a slut, Al-Khalid. And you'll pay for it,” Merriweather said, seductively, slowly grinding her hips down into Jasmin.

“Oh! My God!” Jasmin gasped, as the heat from her tortured backside crept up through her groin. With her free hand she clutched at Merriweather, pulling her down harder. “Do me hard, lover! I changed my mind! I need more discipline. You were right.”

“Shut up, Jasmin, and make me come. And if you beg for mercy, you'll regret it, I promise you.”

“Yes, ma'am. Please come, and make me feel it. Please, Margot, my love.”

Merriweather silenced her by devouring her with kisses, and Jasmin said nothing more while she pleased her demanding superior repeatedly, until Merriweather was satisfied and Jasmin was consumed with heat and unfulfilled desire. Yet she remembered the injunction not to beg for mercy, and lay caressing Margot's back as she rested on top of her, purring with contentment.

From time to time however, Jasmin's vagina and thighs twitched involuntarily as she suppressed her desire to cry out for Merriweather's touch, and she moaned softly instead, nuzzling the skin behind Margot's ear. She slid her hands down and gently squeezed and stroked Merriweather's tight buns, hoping desperately that Merriweather would take notice and touch her. Just once. Just a little. Anything to ease the gnawing ache in her throbbing clit.

“Jasmin,” Margot whispered, tormenting her with deep, hot kisses. “I want you. I could stay here and come all day with you.”

“Oh, yes, please, Margot. I want you to. More than anything,” she groaned. If Margot wouldn't touch her now, then she would pleasure her some more until she had earned release.

Margot's tongue again entered Jasmin's mouth, and she sucked it and caressed it in total surrender. In and out, Merriweather teased Jasmin's tongue in a parody of giving head. When Jasmin bucked up desperately against her, silently pleading for mercy with gyrating hips, Merriweather said, “Go down on me, Jasmin, nice and slow, and very softly.”

“Yes, ma'am,” Jasmin gasped as Merriweather rose and let her up. Quickly, Margot plumped up the pillows and lay back against them, then raised her legs to allow Jasmin to slip her shoulders under them. Lowering her legs, she pinned Jasmin on her face between her legs, drenching her with hot, slick honey.

“Remember what I said, darling,” Margot crooned to her. “Nice and easy. We have all day, and I intend to enjoy it.” She sighed contentedly, leaned back and stealthily drew the curtains on the window wide open. Since Jasmin was prostrate with her eyes closed and Merriweather's gorgeous thighs were

light around her ears, she was unaware that crewmembers passing by on deck were about to be treated to some very special entertainment.

Margot Merriweather moaned in delight as Jasmin gave her exquisite pleasure. Highly sensitive from her first several orgasms, the softness of Jasmin's lips and tongue was like the touch of a butterfly's wings, teasing her to extraordinary heights of ecstasy. She felt as if she rode above the clouds with Jasmin's tongue for a magic carpet. Deliberately, reverently, Jasmin lapped Merriweather to pleasure so total it was almost, but not quite, pain. Every so often, Merriweather would stop her young disciple so that she could rest, but as Jasmin tenderly kissed and licked the silky skin of her thighs clean between orgasms, Merriweather became intensely aroused again and drew her lover's face back into her cleft to experience new waves of pleasure.

"Margot," Jasmin sighed, "please don't make me stop. I don't ever want to stop."

Margot laughed softly. "As long as you want it, darling, I want it, too." The more Jasmin needed to pleasure her, the more Margot wanted it. Jasmin lay content in a pool of their mingled love juices, no longer aware of her own desire, but ravenous to please her lover as many times as she possibly could, hoping every time Merriweather came that there would be another, that in a few minutes she would be ready to receive another offering of Jasmin's love.

And the entire time, various members of the crew stopped to stare in at their commanding officer's apparently endless and very public satisfaction, becoming highly aroused themselves, quickly finding partners to share the experience. Merriweather smiled out at them as she came in Jasmin's mouth, reminding each of them of the experiences they had shared with her during their own training. Soon, unknown to the oblivious Jasmin, the ship was full of very content sailors sprawled on the deck and in cabins in varying states of undress as they echoed the scene in the Captain's quarters. There was a very happy ship indeed, and the crew and officers were fortunate that they had no other mission than to drive around the ocean while their Captain trained Jasmin.

The sun was way past the yardarm when Merriweather spread a final orgasm, or two, all over Jasmin's face, pleasuring both of them beyond description. "Jasmin, sweetheart, that's really, absolutely, all I can take," she said regretfully, lifting her legs off Jasmin's back. Merriweather pulled her up to lie face to face with her, pinning her against the wall. She kissed Jasmin deeply, enjoying the taste of herself as she always did when a woman went down on her. She lifted Jasmin's leg up and rested it on her own hip to open her completely and then twined her fingers in Jasmin's pubic hair, tenderly teasing her.

"Want it?" she inquired casually.

Jasmin groaned and sighed. "Don't you think you've come enough for both of us?" she asked, smiling.

"Quite possibly," Margot admitted. "I really lost track." She cupped Jasmin's breast and toyed with her hard, sensitive nipple.

Jasmin shuddered and arched toward her lover. She absolutely would not beg. She took Margot's warning quite seriously. Margot stroked Jasmin's mound gently and deliberately without touching her clitoris or sliding her fingers inside. Jasmin quivered helplessly. "Margot, I love you," she moaned.

"You had better. Do you want to come?" Margot asked.

Jasmin swallowed, breathing hard, searching for the right words. "I want whatever you want," she said finally, realizing she didn't really care if she came at this point or not. Just lying in Margot's strong arms was enough after all their loving.

"Let's see what happens, then," Merriweather told her, kissing her again and this time sliding two fingers into Jasmin's aching slit. Her thumb came to rest on Jasmin's swollen clitoris, and she brushed it gently and slowly as her fingers eased ever so gently in and out. "I won't do you hard, lover. I can feel how tender and sensitive you are. If it hurts, just tell me and I'll stop."

"Oh, God, Margot. You can hurt me if you want."

"No, darling, I would never hurt you. Not really." The caresses grew lighter as Jasmin approached orgasm, and just as she was ready to come, Merriweather stopped. Holding Jasmin's legs apart with her own thighs, she kissed her deeply without touching her genitals at all. Jasmin's hips rotated and thrust helplessly against thin air as Merriweather sucked Jasmin's tongue hard, and then drove her own tongue into Jasmin's mouth to be sucked in return.

Although they were firmly against the bulkhead, or wall, of the cabin, under the window, at a certain angle the crew could easily see what the Captain was doing with her new agent, and a small crowd gathered to witness whatever final outcome there might be. They could hear Jasmin's backside pounding against the wall as she thrust toward Margot.

Margot stopped kissing Jasmin and held her firmly in place while her breathing returned to normal and her moaning subsided. Then, she slowly entered her again with her fingers, gently rubbing the vibrating nub of her clitoris with her thumb. Jasmin clutched Merriweather's fingers with her vaginal muscles and tried to increase the pressure of her rotating thumb, but Merriweather wouldn't let her. She kept her touch light and irregular, holding Jasmin on the edge of orgasm for several minutes, stopped touching her to kiss her, and started again.

"Like it, Jasmin?" she whispered. "Want to keep doing this, or should I stop? Does it hurt?"

"Oh, Margot! Margothhhhhhhh!" Jasmin pleaded, losing control. "I can't stand it anymore. Let me come, my love. Just once! Please!"

Merriweather's eyebrow went up in mock surprise. "Jasmin! I warned you not to beg. Now you'll pay the price," she said. She caressed Jasmin's swollen, aching clit one more time, and just as she came, she removed her hand, so that there was no friction or pressure of any kind to prolong or intensify the sensation. "You're on your own," she laughed.

"Aaaahhhh! AAAAHHHHH!" Jasmin screamed, going wild. Merriweather smothered her with kisses and held her legs apart with all her strength. Jasmin bucked helplessly, slamming back into the bulkhead and forward again into Margot, trying to get any part of her to touch her writhing, exploding clitoris, but she couldn't. Merriweather made her finish coming without the slightest touch to assist her. She held her down on the bed with her legs wide open until she finished her agonized, helpless thrusting and lay still. Then Merriweather gently lowered herself onto Jasmin and began to kiss her gently.

"Margot," Jasmin gasped, sucking air harshly into her lungs. "Margot! You killed me. I'm dead."

"Don't tell me you didn't love it, darling, because I know you did," Merriweather told her. She felt Jasmin start to move upward against her again. "Give it up

and lie still, my love. You're not getting anymore."

"Damn you, Merriweather," Jasmin sighed, subsiding. Suddenly she realized they weren't exactly alone. Actual people were staring right over Margot's shoulder at her. "Hey! The curtain's open!" she shrieked, trying to pull loose and cover them.

As the sailors outside saw Merriweather throw back her head and roar with laughter, they broke into applause and cheers. Merriweather turned and winked at them, then reached up and drew the curtains shut.

"Now you have the answer to that question you asked up on deck," she teased Jasmin, looking deeply into her eyes. "Not a lot of secrets on this tub, are there?"

"Well, I certainly don't have any from you," Jasmin said, recovering. She smiled and kissed her new employer lovingly. "Captain. Ma'am."

CHAPTER 3

"Eeeee—yaaaa!" The piercing scream was followed by a heavy splash as Margot Merriweather's first mate, Bonnie, flew off the roof of the bridge and landed in a tranquil sea. Seconds later, she bobbed to the surface and stroked for the ladder at the stern of the yacht.

Jasmin Al-Khalid peeked over the edge of the roof. "Oops! Sorry, Bonnie," she apologized sheepishly. "I guess I got a little carried away."

"Much better, Jasmin," Merriweather nodded up at her. "I think most opponents would have survived that fall. We'll call it a pass." Then she turned to the ladder and gave Bonnie a hand as she climbed aboard.

"I'm getting a little old for this, Captain," Bonnie complained, shaking the water out of her short, blond hair.

Merriweather pulled the well-built woman against her and in full view of Jasmin and the rest of the crew, kissed her soundly. "Oh, I don't think you're aging any faster than the rest of us," she murmured. "If yesterday was any indication."

Bonnie smiled and chuckled. "Yes, ma'am. Whatever you say." She grabbed a towel and headed for her quarters to change.

This little exchange wasn't lost on Jasmin. Although she didn't hear the actual words that passed between captain and mate, it was apparent that they enjoyed an easy intimacy.

She came down from the roof, removed her workout clothes and dove into the ocean for a couple of laps around the yacht, Domina Mare, to cool off and think it over. A few weeks earlier, she would have demanded an explanation from Merriweather, loudly, publicly, hotly. Not anymore, but she still wanted answers.

Later that night, Jasmin and Margot made love, hotly, loudly, and privately. When they were sated, Jasmin raised Margot's hand to her lips and kissed her palm, then asked idly, "I'm not the only one, am I?"

"Only one what?" Margot stalled. She knew it would come to this, eventually. It always had, and always would. It was part of the training that Jasmin deal with this issue in a calm and professional manner. But that didn't make it easy.

"Lover. I'm not your only lover." It was a statement, not a question.

"Jasmin." Margot rose on one elbow and looked down at her, tracing the features of her face gently with her finger. "I care for you very much. In fact, I love you, which I've told you many times. I enjoy your company. I admire your skills, in bed and out. But no, no one is the only one. If ever anyone were, they would have to earn it, and no one ever has. I have a whole crew of women who are the best in the world at what they do, but none of them is, or has ever been, the only one."

"Then, we're all your lovers. Sort of like a ... harem?" Jasmin willed herself to sound merely curious, although a cauldron of jealousy boiled within her. Margot was certainly Jasmin's one and only. Jasmin had lost her heart to Margot the first day at sea, and it never occurred to her that the feeling wasn't mutual. Her mind was a blur of conflicting emotions. Did Margot take a different woman to her bed every time Jasmin had duties elsewhere on the ship? How often? How many? Who? Or was it "whom?"

"Well, I don't demand exclusivity from my crew. They frequently ... pair off in various combinations. But yes, they are all available to me."

"And ... everyone is ... happy with this arrangement?" Jasmin asked, reaching up to wind a tendril of Margot's auburn hair around her fingers.

"Well," Margot laughed. "I have been spending a lot of time with you lately. It's part of the bonding process, and so some of them may be a little ... anxious to be with me. But it's part of the job."

"Oh. I see," Jasmin remarked thoughtfully, as though she had learned an interesting but trivial fact. It was quite an accomplishment, considering her only desire at the moment was to throw herself to the sharks, should any be handy nearby. If not, she knew Bonnie would cheerfully break her neck.

"Are you ... going to be all right?" Margot asked. She had no desire to hurt Jasmin, although she knew the reality of the situation must be causing her some pain. It almost always hurt at first, but few crewmembers had ever requested reassignment. It was the best duty any lesbian in the Crown Princess' service could hope for, and sharing the captain and each other seemed to most a very small price to pay.

"Of course. I guess I didn't hear either of us taking any vows of permanence or exclusivity. Maybe one day even Bonnie will ... forgive me. I hope she will," Jasmin said casually, although being with Bonnie was the last thing she cared about. She just wanted to sound aloof and controlled, instead of falling on her knees and begging Margot to love her as she was loved by Jasmin.

"I'm glad, Jasmin, because you are very special to me, and I want us to have a very special relationship. Always." Margot smiled and leaned down to kiss Jasmin, who yielded to her lips as willingly as she ever had. Her desire and need for Margot were unaffected by the unpleasant shock that her feelings

weren't returned with equal intensity. She'd have to do something about that.

* * * *

So pleased was Margot with Jasmin's progress, especially her ability to handle the news that Margot wasn't hers alone, that she ordered Bonnie to put into port at Capri the next time Domina Mare swung by. All of the crew could use a little recreation ashore, especially Jasmin, who was still not exactly a voluntary passenger. And because of that, Margot told Jasmin not to leave the ship unescorted. Rather, they would explore the romantic little island together. The crew was also ordered not to permit Jasmin to go ashore alone.

Outwardly, Jasmin accepted her orders with equanimity, but inwardly she seethed. Although her personal effects, except her weapons, had long since been returned to her, and she had the run of most of the ship, she was still treated like a prisoner. She didn't like it, and the idea that Margot's orders, or her crew, could keep her confined, was laughable. If she was going to earn Margot's regard, Jasmin thought she might as well start with respect.

Creating a diversion was easy in the pre-dawn hours at the marina. While the guards on duty searched the port side for the source of the disturbance, Jasmin slipped naked over the starboard side into the cold Tyrrhenian, her gear in a waterproof bag. She swam noiselessly around the other anchored vessels and climbed a ladder. She towed off, dressed, stowed all her gear in her day-pack and was gone for nearly two hours before her absence was discovered. All she had to do was wait until a currency exchange opened so she could change francs into lire.

As the sun rose over Capri, Margot awoke and reached for Jasmin, who was long gone. A quick check was revealed she wasn't in the bathroom, and a more extensive search proved she wasn't on the ship. A chagrined sentry team had to report the distraction of the early morning hours that had obviously allowed Jasmin to escape.

Merriweather heard their report with irritation, not only with the petty officers who stood before her, but with herself and Jasmin as well. While the sentries should have called for assistance, that was history, and there were more fundamental problems to be handled. "Very well. Dismissed." She nodded curtly and the women made tracks before she could change her mind. Merriweather turned to Bonnie. "An extra duty tour should suffice for those two. Right now, I need my bike." With that, she went below to change.

In the meantime, Jasmin had made her way by taxi and chair-lift to Anacapri, the chic little town perched high on the cliffs at the west end of the island. She knew Margot would come looking for her, and made no effort to evade her, or to disguise herself. Jasmin just wanted to be able to see her coming.

Around 10 AM Jasmin looked up from her magazine to observe a large, black water-cooled BMW purring up the hill. The slender, leather-clad rider dismounted gracefully and removed her helmet, freeing a cascade of dark-red hair. Leaving the helmet on the saddle, Merriweather casually strolled to Jasmin's cafe table, where she was enjoying a cappuccino.

"Good morning, darling," Jasmin greeted her. "What can I order for you?"

Margot was not amused. Her steely blue eyes penetrated Jasmin, although her expression remained pleasant. She bent and kissed Jasmin's ear to make it look good. "Pay your bill and get your ass on that bike right now," she hissed under her breath, smiling.

Jasmin's stomach clenched. She knew fear well, and she was afraid now. "Wa ... wait, Margot. I can explain," she babbled.

"No. There's a spare helmet on the bike. Don't keep me waiting." With that, Merriweather turned on her heel and left Jasmin, donned her own helmet and started the engine.

Jasmin soon followed. Margot looked so remote and forbidding that Jasmin was almost afraid to put her arms around her for the ride, but she had to. It was the most uncomfortable sensation, having to embrace the woman who was obviously about to try, sentence and punish her. Her lover. Quite possibly her former lover. Jasmin shuddered.

The ride back was quick. As soon as Margot got off the bike, two sailors rolled it up the gangplank, and two more took Jasmin by the arms. They needed no instruction from Merriweather, who disappeared. Without conversation, the two women marched Jasmin to an empty cabin, ordered her to undress and told her to wait. They took her clothes with them. Jasmin sat on the stripped bunk, shivering with apprehension.

A moment later, the door opened. It was Bonnie. Jasmin's heart sank.

"Look," Bonnie began abruptly. "You're not the first crewmember the Captain has ever had to punish, and you won't be the last. Listen up, take my advice, and it'll go easier."

Terrified, Jasmin nodded.

"I'll spare your dignity, and I won't cuff you when we take you to her, but if you try to escape, I'll have to kill you. I won't have any choice. Don't struggle. Take it like a woman, and for God's sake, act sorry. Apologize, promise to do better, be obedient and respectful. Give her your word and this time don't let her down."

"Thanks," Jasmin whispered.

Bonnie went on. "You really disappointed her, but she loves you. Can't you see that? If you want her forgiveness, show her." She looked at her watch. "Use the bathroom now. We have to go."

Jasmin did as she was told. In the passageway, they were met by two armed guards who escorted Jasmin to the Captain's quarters. Margot wasn't there, and a bare metal chair was now bolted to the floor facing the foot of the bed. The guards placed Jasmin in it and fastened the built-in restraints, locking her wrists to the armrests, spreading her legs and securing her ankles to the front legs. They closed the curtains and left the room without a word.

Jasmin's heart hammered frantically against her ribcage. Apparently there was to be no trial or sentence, just punishment. Something harsh, by the look of things. Experimentally, she tried her bonds. It was hopeless and in any event she'd been warned not to struggle. There was no point trying to do anything but breathe deeply to slow her heart rate. Her blood pressure must be soaring.

The door opened and Margot came in, wearing a silk robe, her hair down. She turned the bed down, then looked at Jasmin who, afraid of saying the wrong thing, wisely said nothing. She hung her head to avoid Margot's gaze and to look ashamed, which, to her credit, she was. She also didn't want Margot to see that she was close to tears. It wasn't just fear of punishment, it was fear that she had lost her love by doing something foolish and headstrong.

Jasmin heard a rustle and looked up. Margot had shed her robe, and, to Jasmin's amazement, she stepped behind the chair and gently took Jasmin's breasts in her hands. Expertly, she tweaked and teased the nipples hard, making Jasmin groan and twist with helpless desire.

"Margot," she gasped. "Margot ... please!"

"That's 'Captain' to you unless I tell you otherwise," Merriweather whispered huskily in Jasmin's ear. She, too, was getting aroused.

"Captain, I'm sorry," Jasmin whimpered as Merriweather raked her pubic hair with her nails. "Oh, God, I'm sorry!"

"You're going to be even sorrier," Margot informed her. She swung around, straddled Jasmin's open thighs and kissed her deeply, then pulled back and teased Jasmin lips with her nipples so that she licked and sucked them urgently while Margot sighed with pleasure. Her juices ran over Jasmin's thighs. Jasmin's body jerked involuntarily and her own liquids mingled with Margot's in the metal seat.

There was a soft knock at the door. Leaving Jasmin with a spinning head and a hot, swollen clitoris, Margot got up to answer it.

"Captain. You sent for me." It was the young ensign from Covert Ops. She wore nothing but a short terrycloth robe.

"Come in, Adrian," Margot invited, closing and locking the door behind her. "I've missed you."

The young woman flushed with excitement and dropped her robe, revealing dark nipples, a thick, springy bush and bikini tan lines.

Margot smiled and took Adrian in her arms. Their lips met in a long, searching kiss.

It was all Jasmin could do not to roar with frustration. Watching Margot kiss another woman was maddening, especially after Margot had teased her to such arousal. Jasmin clenched her fists in the manacles and squirmed helplessly on the cold seat.

Margot took Adrian to the bed where they lay down in each other's arms, ignoring Jasmin completely. Wild with need, Jasmin watched them explore one another's bodies until Margot reached full arousal, which Jasmin easily recognized by her color and breathing. At a whispered command, Adrian went down on her Captain, writhing in ecstasy that Jasmin knew well. She looked away and willed it to be over.

But Margot caught her. "Look at me, Jasmin," she commanded, and Jasmin wearily returned her attention to the bed. Margot looked directly into Jasmin's eyes as the young officer made love to her, sighing and moaning with evident delight. Margot lifted her hips to meet Adrian's eager mouth, whispering endearments and words of encouragement.

Jasmin's own breath came in short gasps as she wiggled in the grip of her bonds. Her nipples stood at desperate attention and she would have slid right onto the floor if not for the restraints, the plain metal chair was so wet under her hot ass. Watching Margot with another woman was the worst agony imaginable, especially because it was meant to punish, rather than entertain. She swore she would never let it happen again.

Margot's pleasure exploded over her young lover's face, the room filled with her cries of satisfaction. Then Adrian lay still between the firm legs until Margot summoned her to lie beside her again. Spreading the ensign's legs, Margot gently caressed her to orgasm several times, kissing her hungrily as she came. Finally Adrian lay in her Captain's arms, eyes closed, her face suffused with joy. Jasmin knew exactly how she felt, and wondered with dread if she would ever again have the privilege she had all but taken for granted.

Jasmin gasped for air. She was dizzy, on fire, overwhelmed. Unable to stop herself, she groaned softly, finally averting her eyes from the happy pair in the Captain's bed. She hung slackly in the chair, utterly defeated. Not only was she not Margot's only love, she wasn't even one of her lovers anymore. Jasmin had finally discovered a fate worse than death.

A creaking sound roused Jasmin from the depths of her misery. Adrian was up and putting on her robe. At the door, Margot took the happy young woman in her arms for a final embrace, then let her go, locking the door behind her. Then she stepped behind Jasmin's chair again and popped the restraints open. Jasmin gasped with relief and clutched stiffly at the arms of the chair. She moved gingerly to massage her ankles and wrists. She probably hadn't been held motionless for more than half an hour, but it felt like days.

Margot returned to her bed, straightened the bedclothes and pillows, and lay down again, observing Jasmin. They looked at one another for a long time. Finally Jasmin was unnerved by the waiting and asked. "Mar—Captain, what do you want me to do?"

Margot considered the question thoughtfully, then asked, "What do you think you should do?"

Jasmin decided to follow both her inclination and her intuition. She stood and moved to the foot of the bed, where she knelt and looked up at Margot. "Please, Captain, forgive me. I know I did wrong, and I'm very sorry. It won't happen again."

"How can I be sure it won't?"

Jasmin responded, "I give you my word. You are my captain, and I will obey you." Then she bowed her head until it touched the mattress, and she waited.

"Very well. I accept your apology."

Suddenly Jasmin felt something touch her and looked up. Margot had slid down the bed, spread her legs and placed one foot on each of Jasmin's shoulders. Her womanhood lay open and inviting inches from Jasmin's face.

"Oh! Captain, may I?" Jasmin hadn't expected this. She didn't even know if she could stay in the same room with the Captain after what she had done.

"Yes, Jasmin, you may. In fact, you will stay there until you receive further orders. Do I make myself clear?"

"Aye, Captain." With that she cupped Margot's hard buns in her hands and bent her head to give her pleasure.

Merriweather sighed at Jasmin's touch. Adrian had been adequate, but no substitute for the caress of the woman whose desire overwhelmed her. She felt Jasmin lifting her and sliding her back up the bed about a foot, so that her lower legs were draped over Jasmin's shoulders. She relaxed and let Jasmin envelop her with love.

Jasmin was relieved, and nothing made her happier than pleasuring Margot orally. Watching Adrian with Margot had brought her to a boil. She had certainly thought it would arouse her, but the intensity of her response came as a surprise. She had been hopeful all along that when Margot was done with Adrian, she would take her, but she hadn't known exactly how long that would take, or how the scene would play out. When Margot had commanded her to watch while Adrian gave her head, it had just about shredded her heart. When Margot came, looking into Jasmin's eyes over Adrian's writhing body, Jasmin had almost come herself, but not quite. And it had taken all her strength not to cry.

"Oh! Jasmin ... darling. Yes!" Margot moaned above her. She undulated in Jasmin's firm grasp as she rubbed her face all over Margot's steaming genitals, unable to get enough of her. "Give it to me, lover ... give it ... ah! ... to me." With her legs she clamped Jasmin firmly to the foot of the bed, her heels beating on Jasmin's back. Jasmin almost sobbed with happiness, knowing she was wanted.

Margot bucked and jerked as her orgasms began to overcome her. Jasmin hung on, sucking and licking another spasm from her Captain. Then she pulled back, quickly changed her position and drilled her nipple down between Margot's legs, gasping with delight as Margot climaxed against her firm, round breast.

"Oh, GOD!" Margot yelled, loving the change and the touch of Jasmin's hardened nipple against her clit and vagina. "Oh, Jasmin my love! Yes! Please ... yes!"

Jasmin changed breasts and dove in again, moaning as Margot's honey flooded over her. "Mmmm," she sighed. "Why didn't I think of that before?"

"It's wonderful," Margot gasped. "Your breasts are so ... lovely. Oh, Jasmin." her voice sank to a whisper as she finally stopped coming. Jasmin lay across Margot's belly, still kneeling on the hard wood floor. Margot twined her fingers in Jasmin's thick, wavy hair. "You should have known Adrian wouldn't be enough for me. She was merely ... an appetizer."

They both laughed, but then Margot startled Jasmin by snapping, "That doesn't mean I'm through with you yet. Accepting your apology doesn't remove the need for further discipline. Up here with me. Right now!"

"Aye, Captain!" Jasmin scrambled up into the bed, where Margot parted her legs and rolled over on her.

"Ah! Captain! My god!" Jasmin breathed. She had been happy to place her own needs on hold while making love to Merriweather, but she couldn't ignore her feelings now. Heat roared in her genitals as Margot's tongue invaded her mouth. She clutched at Margot's backside with both hands.

Abruptly Margot pulled back. "Put your hands under your ass!" she commanded sharply.

"What!" Jasmin's voice cracked.

"You heard me. Get them off me. Tuck them under you."

"Aye, Captain." She slid her hands between her butt and the mattress.

"Good. Now lie still. I think I'll take a little nap." Margot gave her that lopsided smile. "You just be quiet. Understand?"

Jasmin was desperate. She couldn't lie still in such an advanced state of arousal. "Captain ... I want to ... but I can't. I'm shaking too hard to lie still."

"Is that how you obey me?" Margot was enjoying this.

"I ... can't ... help it," Jasmin moaned.

"All right, Jasmin. Let me see if I can relax you a bit. I really need that nap." She slid off Jasmin and braced her legs open. "Let's try a little experiment, shall we?" Lightly she began caressing the smooth, moist skin of Jasmin's inner thighs. They quivered, and Margot said, "Make sure you keep your legs wide apart. I like to be able to see what I'm doing."

"Yes, ma'am. I know how much you like scientific observation," Jasmin gritted her teeth.

"That's right. Now, if I remember correctly, a week or so ago, when you were having your way with me, I noticed an interesting phenomenon."

"Really? What ... was it?"

"Well, whenever I licked or kissed your clit, your vagina would release a little pulse of lubricant. It was very regular. Touch ... pulse ... touch ... pulse. Like this." She demonstrated.

Jasmin's eyes popped. "AH! AH!" she cried as Margot stroked her ever so lightly. She grabbed her own ass and dug her nails into herself.

"Lie still," Margot growled.

Jasmin subsided, whimpering.

Margot shifted down the bed so that she could more closely observe Jasmin's clit. "You know what this reminds me of? A nice juicy plum, so ripe the skin's about to burst. I'll bet that's how you feel right now, isn't it?" She lapped the hugely engorged organ, which obligingly writhed under her tongue, completely

beyond Jasmin's control. At the opening of her vagina, another pearl of honey appeared. Jasmin indulged in a long, low moan.

Margot lapped the honey away, then moved upward again so that she could look into Jasmin's eyes. "How many strokes, approximately, do you think it would take to make you come?" She slowly inserted a finger, just one, into Jasmin's vagina. "And would it be more, or fewer, from the inside or the outside?" The finger stroked in and out, and liquids gushed around it.

Jasmin's breath came in rapid gasps. "Huh huh huh huh huh huh." She sounded like an old-fashioned machine gun.

Margot smiled at her. "Do you remember the last time we were here, and you made the mistake of begging for an orgasm?"

"Y ... yes," Jasmin response was tortured. "I remember."

"Describe it."

"You caressed me until I started to come," Jasmin stopped to gasp for breath. "And then ... you took your hand away. I came and came, but I could hardly feel it. You didn't touch me again until it was over."

"Today I'll give you a choice," Merriweather offered.

"A ... choice?"

"Soft, like before ... or brutal." Margot smiled sweetly, "But there's a twist."

Isn't that a surprise? Jasmin thought. "A twist?" The finger slid in and out, slow, relentless. Occasionally it popped free and flicked the purple fruit of Jasmin's clitoris. Could anything have been worse? Yes, if Margot were to stop, that would have been unendurable.

"If you want it brutal, you'll have to wait. If you want it soft, you can have it now."

"What do you prefer ... Captain?" Jasmin was learning.

"I'm not a brutal person. I only do that for you, darling." Margot's strokes over and around her clit were so light now, Jasmin wondered if she were imagining them. She needed to come. She had waited so long, and she was so hot and hard. An incredibly light orgasm would relieve her needs, but the pleasure of it would be greatly reduced.

Jasmin understood. She was to sacrifice the intensity of her pleasure to demonstrate obedience to Margot and respect for her authority. The entire encounter had been a training session to make the former assassin a more effective operative. Margot was an excellent teacher.

"If it pleases you, Captain, I would be grateful to have it softly ... now."

"It would please me very much, Jasmin. Are you ready?"

"Yes ... please." She shook with the effort of lying still, holding her legs apart, keeping her hands off her lover.

Margot leaned over her and teased her with light kisses, keeping just out of Jasmin's reach, letting her taste her tongue or her lips for a second or so at a time.

"Ahhh ... aaahhh ... Captain," Jasmin begged.

Margot stroked Jasmin's clit, alternating with brief forays into her vagina. She carefully watched Jasmin's pulse, feeling it against her lips, and when Jasmin took a deep, heaving breath and cried out in ecstasy, she again removed her hand and watched Jasmin come.

"Ooooooh ... ooooohhhhh," Jasmin hissed. Her hips jumped off the mattress as Margot lightly tapped her agonized clit, forcing a short, hard spasm from it. With all her willpower, Jasmin kept her hands, clenched into balls, under her own hips. As Margot watched Jasmin's genitals, she could see the independent movements of Jasmin's throbbing, helpless clitoris. It beat like a tiny heart with a rhythm of its own, as Jasmin grunted with the effort of keeping her legs spread wide.

"You're coming hard and deep, my love," Margot informed her. "It's quite awe-inspiring." Finally the movements stopped, and Margot tapped Jasmin again, setting off another rolling orgasm Jasmin was all but unable to feel without any pressure to help her. Again her hips jerked uncontrollably, but she endured it with gasps and groans. It was the most incredible, yet utterly painless, torture Jasmin could have possibly imagined.

Slowly, her orgasm stopped and Jasmin felt the tension leave her body. Merriweather observed the retreat of the hugely engorged clitoris beneath its hood. That was her signal to mount Jasmin again, keeping her legs spread. Gently she entered Jasmin's lips with her tongue, feeling her quake with aftershocks.

"May I ... touch you now, Captain?" Jasmin asked, when she had found her voice again.

"Yes, I would like that very much. In fact," Margot said, spreading her own legs over Jasmin's, "I would like to come again. Would you like that? Would you like to feel me come?"

"Oh, yes, please, Captain."

"Go ahead then," Margot commanded, and she sighed as Jasmin slid her fingers into Margot's slick vagina until her thumb was in place on the hard, swollen clit. Deep, smooth, regular strokes quickly brought Margot close to orgasm and she cried out, "Oh! Jasmin! Just like that! Love me!"

"Oh, God! Let me feel your pleasure," Jasmin moaned. "Come hard so I can feel it, too," she begged.

Margot obliged her with deep, hard orgasms that shook both of them to their roots. She felt Jasmin's hips roll from side to side as she strained upward to

get a taste of Margot's ecstasy. She bored into Jasmin with her eyes, and kissed her invasively, making Jasmin suck her tongue deeply. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Jasmin, that is SO good!" Margot cried out, unable to stop coming. She gasped and panted with pleasure for several minutes while Jasmin thrust her fingers hard into her, dousing both of them with steaming vaginal juices. Jasmin writhed under her, absorbing as much of her as possible, like a thirsty crop in a summer downpour. "Captain! Captain!" she moaned. "Oh, yes! Please!" If she didn't feel much of her own orgasm, she had no trouble experiencing Margot's, who was coming hard enough for both of them.

When it was finally over, Margot stroked Jasmin's face, brushing her hair back. "Jasmin, I have to admit you absolutely amazed me before."

"Umm ... how did I do that?" Jasmin wanted to know.

"Well, you're the first and only one to pass the 'soft orgasm' test. I didn't think it could be done."

"What do you mean?"

"You didn't beg me to touch you, you didn't try to slam your legs shut, you kept your hands where they belonged. It was the most amazing display of self-control I've ever seen in my life. Everyone, and I do mean EVERYONE, tried to come harder in some way, once they got off. But you just lay there and ... endured it. Even I couldn't get through it. Not once, and I tried several times."

"YOU tried?" Jasmin was amazed.

"Well, of course! How do you think I know what it feels like? Of course, it did take three of them to hold me down," she said with a chuckle. "So while I know how it feels, I couldn't discipline myself enough to accept it on my own." Suddenly she yawned. "Well, I'm ready for a nap. How about you?"

"Yes, please, Captain."

"Oh, I think you can call me 'Margot' now. You've certainly earned it." She lay down with her face on Jasmin's shoulder. "Honey?"

"Yes, Margot?" Jasmin responded, stroking her back.

"Don't ever leave me."

Jasmin's breath caught, just for a moment. A possible breakthrough? Did she have a chance after all? "I won't, Margot. I promise."

CHAPTER 4

Jasmin couldn't believe it. Just the day before, Margot had said, "Don't ever leave me," and they had made passionate, perfectly synchronous love until falling asleep in each other's arms.

And now here were all her things, piled on the bunk of the cabin next door to the Captain's quarters.

"Your basic training period is over," Margot explained. "Everyone stays with me during basic training, and moves next door for intermediate training."

"But ... are you training anyone new?" Jasmin asked.

"No. Often we don't get a new trainee for months. But that's the system. Besides, I have a whole ship-full of women whose ... rotation has been slowed down during your training. I have an obligation to them as well."

"So then, do I enter the ... regular rotation?" Jasmin asked, trying to disguise her hurt and confusion.

"Yes. It's posted with the rest of the duty rosters." Margot checked her watch. "I'm going to be late for staff meeting. See you later." She kissed Jasmin quickly and left.

"Very well, Captain," Jasmin muttered, resigned. She closed her door and turned to arrange her new quarters. She'd be damned if she was going to be seen tearing down to the bulletin board to see when she and Margot might next make love. She'd just wait until she could sneak a peek. It seemed Margot had already forgotten or disregarded how patient and disciplined Jasmin could be. As an assassin she sometimes waited for hours or even days for a clear shot on a target. It was a good example to follow.

She looked around the stateroom. It was nice enough, and private. Convenient to Margot, too, should Jasmin's services be required. But none of that stopped tears from welling in her eyes as she made the cabin ship-shape. She knew there'd be inspections, and she was determined to excel at those, as well as everything else, in order to win Margot for herself, alone.

"Dammit, dammit, dammit!" she swore under her breath, sniffing. "I thought you loved me. I trusted you." Even so, her loins ached at the thought of her loss. However long she had to wait, it would be too long.

Jasmin waited until most of the crew could reasonably be expected to be at lunch, then she went to the admin section to check the roster. A new one, dated that day, was up. Her name was at the very bottom, of course, with the rest of the 35-woman crew ahead of her. Even with Margot seeing two of them a day, Jasmin had more than two weeks to wait.

That was bad enough, but there were several notes. The rotation was subject to change or delay if the Captain went ashore, or on detached duty, or if she was indisposed for any reason. Because of the vagaries of the system, each woman was on her honor to cross out her name whenever she completed her turn. Swaps due to illness or duty had to be approved and initialed by the Personnel Officer.

Jasmin suddenly discovered she had no appetite and returned to her cabin to study until her next tour of duty that afternoon. She got out her books and laptop.

She hadn't been at it for more than five minutes when she heard them.

“Oooohhh ... oh, pleeeeeease ... Margot ... Margot ... aaaagggghhhh!” It was a scream of pleasure and release and it's source was unmistakable. Jasmin turned and stared. Then she crossed to her bed, which, like all the furniture, was bolted to the floor against the wall. She placed her hand against the wall and felt the vibration of regular movement. Of course! Margot's bed was against the very same wall on the other side.

“That's it ... that's my girl,” she heard Merriweather say to her partner.

Quickly Jasmin closed the curtain that covered her porthole. She lay down on her bed and waited. Soon, right on schedule, she heard Margot groaning with pleasure.

“Yes ... oh, that's so good. Lick me ... lick me hard, honey ... ah ... oh ... oh, GODDD!” There was a series of light bumps against the wall as Margot came, evidently in the waiting mouth of some lucky crew-woman, barely six inches away from Jasmin's lonely bed.

Jasmin found herself writhing in agony and stifling a cry. She squeezed her thighs tightly together, but she still couldn't resist pressing herself to the wall on the other side of which Margot lay writhing in ecstasy. As she lay there, unable to move away, Jasmin heard rustling and whispering, then a series of regular moans and bounces signaled that perhaps Margot had mounted her lover and was preparing to come again.

“Oooohhh! Oooohhh,” came Margot's voice. “More! Oh, yes ... do me. Do me harder, lover, Oh, yessss ... aaaahhhhh!” Then came a string of grunts of satisfaction as Margot climaxed repeatedly beside or on top of her lover. Jasmin panted silently, her lips almost brushing the wall as she remembered the sensations of Margot's orgasms. It was such heaven to feel Margot come. She imagined she could feel it through the wall.

After that there was silence for a while, then Merriweather's voice. “Thank you, Ingrid. That was lovely.” A little more murmuring followed by the creaking of the bed. Then the door to the passageway opened and closed.

Jasmin was stunned and on fire with need. She reached for herself, then stopped, balling her hands into fists so she could beat on her thighs until the pain made her stop. She would not, absolutely refused to jerk off like the voyeuse she had been forced to become. No, there would be no second-hand sex for her. Until Margot took her and loved her as fate had intended, Jasmin would wait.

Regaining her composure, Jasmin quickly took a shower as cold as she could tolerate. Then she sat down at her desk again and began to write.

“Day 1, noon,” she wrote, “Ingrid. Ingrid came first. Heard MM's voice while Ingrid was coming, so MM wasn't giving head. Used hand or?” Jasmin stopped and thought, then wrote again. “MM came, while giving instructions for oral sex. The she got on top (?) and came some more.” Jasmin began to squirm again, but forced herself to concentrate. Finally she wrote, “Ingrid begged, Merriweather demanded. Significant? Time elapsed: 35 minutes.”

Jasmin then organized her notes into columns and put them away. She was torn about the idea of overhearing every encounter. Half of her hated it, the other half longed to hear Margot's demands upon her lover, and her cries of completion. But she would gather whatever information came her way and analyze it, and use it to bend Margot to her will.

* * * *

It was immediately obvious to Jasmin why every new intermediate trainee was moved to the cabin adjoining Merriweather's. Either she would learn discipline or she would seek comfort elsewhere, integrating into the crew. And Jasmin was pretty sure that the insulating material between the bulkheads had been removed to amplify the sound and thereby speed the process.

Twice each day, at lunchtime and again around eight or nine at night, unless duty prevented it, Jasmin listened to Merriweather give and receive pleasure, loudly and lustily. She did, of course, have the excuse of eating lunch to miss the nooners, and if she failed to show up regularly at lunch, it would be noticed. But she usually managed to hear at least Margot's orgasms because Margot always came last.

There was no way Jasmin could tell herself she didn't want to hear Margot come. She would lie down full length on her bed, pressed to the wall, naked, and feel and listen to Margot's ecstasy as it was happening. She would take deep breaths and practice controlling herself, never allowing herself to caress her own swollen, aching genitals no matter how many times Margot and her partner of the hour happened to come. But she did moan softly and gently thrust herself against the wall, as close to Margot as she could get. “Ah, God, yes, Margot, yes,” she would whisper as the Captain tortured her with orgasm after orgasm, day after day.

None of this interfered with her documentation of the non-stop sexual activity next door. By the end of her first week of forced celibacy, she had spotted several trends.

First, no visit ever lasted more than an hour. No one ever slept in Margot's bed all night. Jasmin found that odd. Margot had loved to cuddle up and sleep spooned together with her. Listening to a wide variety of vocalizations, Jasmin discovered that the word “please” never escaped Margot's lips. “Yes,” “more,” “do it” and “I want” were commonplace, but never “please” or “I need.”

That, too, was a departure. When Margot and Jasmin had been “together” (but not exclusively, as Jasmin had been forced to realize) Margot had pleaded, begged, offered herself. Certainly they had sometimes played games in which Margot was in command, but mostly they had pleased one another as equals. And as far as playing games with her other sex partners went, it never happened as far as Jasmin could tell, and she had no problem hearing all but the faintest whispers. Perhaps they just didn't have enough time to play a game before the allotted time per tryst expired!

Then there was the little matter of giving head. Margot always said Jasmin had the sweetest little pussy on the seven seas, couldn't get enough of it. But no matter how carefully Jasmin listened, she was unable to detect any evidence that Margot ate anyone else on the crew. That really was odd! Why not, if she loved it so much? All these women were scrupulously clean and in top physical condition. So what was that all about?

Finally, Margot always quickly polished off her lover and then was pleased in return for two or three times as long. Jasmin could hear her sighing, groaning, moaning and screaming for what seemed like hours, although she knew damned good and well that no one ever stayed more than an hour. Even a whole hour was unusual. Then Margot dismissed whoever it was, and the next day, another name, more likely two, had been crossed off the list.

While Jasmin was awaiting her turn, Bonnie, the First Mate, summoned her to her cabin for a little chat.

"Look, Jasmin, you have to get over this and get on with your life. Do you even have a clue how long she's been doing this?" Bonnie tried to ease her into transition as gently as she knew how.

"Why should that matter? And what business is it of yours how I spend my free time?" Jasmin demanded, eyes flashing.

Bonnie threw up her hands, "Okay, okay. I know we aren't best friends, but for what it's worth, humor me a minute and listen. There are quite a few women on this old bucket who'd love to have you share their beds, just once, or however long you might like."

Jasmin shrugged. "It would be ... dishonest for me to lead anyone to believe that I care for them. I'm not a very good actor."

"You don't have to care or act. Just enjoy!"

"Call me old-fashioned but ... and I admit I've sowed plenty of wild oats in the past, I'm not denying it, but I can't do it anymore. I can't be with anyone unless I love her. I couldn't fake it, and then there'd be hurt feelings." Jasmin tried to make Bonnie feel better. "You did your best, Bonnie, but it's not your fault. I can manage my own private life, and it won't interfere with operations or discipline."

Bonnie sighed. "Well, it's certainly your call, but you don't have to torture yourself this way. It's not like you can ever leave, so you'll have to find a way to adjust."

Jasmin stared. "What can't I leave? Other crewmembers rotate off this ship to other duties!"

"Because you know too much, you're too valuable and you're too dangerous. You have no future outside of this unit, this operation. Take a lover or two. Enjoy the Captain when it's your turn. But get this through your head. She doesn't belong to anyone but herself. Never has, never will."

Jasmin left to think it all over. Of course until the previous week, Jasmin had no desire to go elsewhere. Now she felt Margot had been less than honest with her about revealing her apparently insatiable need for variety until Jasmin was hooked. But Jasmin also believed Margot was in love with her and had gotten in deeper with her than she had ever intended.

On the night before her turn, for which she had arranged a swap that guaranteed an evening visit, Jasmin reviewed her list of objectives:

1. Jasmin would make Margot come first.
2. Margot would go down on Jasmin.
3. Margot would at least say "please," and with skill, Jasmin might be able to make her beg for it.
4. Jasmin would not beg.
5. Jasmin would stay the night.

* * * *

It was all Jasmin could do to make herself wait until five minutes after eight. Wearing only a short terrycloth robe, her cabin key in her pocket, Jasmin stepped into the passageway. Then she turned and went back into her room to wipe her sweaty palms and control her irregular breathing. She hated having to knock on the damned door like a supplicant! These were supposed to be her quarters, their quarters. She swallowed her indignation and went out again.

Her knock was answered immediately. "Enter!"

Stepping into the room, Jasmin noted with approval that the lights were dimmed and scented candles burned. It smelled lovely, and soft music was playing. She hadn't heard music coming from this room for two weeks. Good sign.

Margot lay naked on the bed, propped up on an elbow. She smiled and Jasmin melted. She smiled back and took a step forward but Margot stopped her. "No, I want to look at you. Take off your robe." It fell with a soft clink because of the key. "Turn around for me. Slowly."

Jasmin complied and by the time she finished, Margot was there. "Come here," Margot whispered, tangling her fingers in Jasmin's soft pussy hair. Jasmin gasped and leaned toward her to kiss her, but Margot backed away, drawing Jasmin with her by her pubic hairs toward the bed.

Enthralled, Jasmin followed Margot, almost swooning with desperation. "Ah ... ah..." she moaned softly, perspiration sheening her forehead.

Margot smiled. "Here, darling, lie down." Gently she disengaged her hand and pushed Jasmin onto the bed on her back. Jasmin dropped like a sack of potatoes. She had failed to factor in Margot's charismatic charm and irresistible command presence. These, combined with her now-voracious need, made her as helpless and compliant as an infant. She lay blinking up at Margot, speechless.

"You need me. You need to come, don't you?" Margot asked kindly. She already knew the answer. Even if Jasmin had been taking care of her own urges daily, her need for an emotional bond enslaved her to Margot immediately.

"Y ... yes," Jasmin croaked. This wasn't going at all according to plan, yet she had no power to control or change it.

"Mmmm ... and I want to feel you come, Jasmin. You're so different, so special. I've missed you so much." Margot spread Jasmin's legs. There was no resistance. In fact, Jasmin spread her legs wider and raised her hips toward Margot in supplication. "Please," she whispered. "Oh, Margot, please."

"Of course, darling. Just relax." She leaned down and kissed Jasmin, eliciting another helpless moan. Margot smiled, enjoying her power. In that regard at least, Jasmin was no different from the others. Once in her bed, they were all her slaves.

She slid her knee up between Jasmin's legs until she was in firm contact with the hot, moist pussy. Jasmin jerked and bucked helplessly as Margot slowly

ground into her, kneading her breasts tenderly while kissing her deeply. It didn't take more than a minute for her orgasm to build almost to bursting. Margot gauged her response to the second and withdrew her knee slightly. "What do you say, Jasmin?" she coached her captive.

"Please, Margot, please!" Jasmin shrieked, just like all the others, horrified to hear the words torn from her.

"That's my girl," Margot approved, driving her knee back in.

Jasmin came screaming. "Margothhhhhh! Margothhhh! Oh, yes! Oh, God!"

"What do you say now, Jasmin? Do you want to come again?"

"Thank you, Margot, thank you!. Yes, please let me come again! Please," she whimpered.

Margot granted the request, several times. As Jasmin lay pinned and writhing beneath her, Margot made her beg and thank her for each of her orgasms, which Jasmin's frantic desire made her only too happy to do. She would do anything, say anything at all, if only Margot would let her come enough to relieve her need. Finally she lay sobbing with gratitude in Margot's arms as Margot stroked her and crooned to her. "There now, darling, you feel better, don't you? And you know how much I love you, sweetheart. I'm always so happy to have you in my bed."

When Jasmin's breathing had returned to normal, Margot said, "Go down on me now, love. You know how much I love to have you eat me. Take me in your mouth. Pleasure me until I tell you to stop."

Jasmin gorged herself on Margot's pussy, Margot's pleasure, Margot's come. She began on her knees on the floor at the foot of Margot's bed and licked and sucked and probed until Margot's head was against the wall at the other end and Jasmin was prostrate beneath her hips. All she heard from Margot, all she needed to hear was, "More ... more ... more ... do me. You can do me all night," punctuated by gasps and screams of ecstasy. For a woman who came as much as she wanted to every day, Margot's need for Jasmin's lips and tongue caressing her womanhood to stratospheric climaxes was fathomless, boundless, endless.

Between her first two orgasms, Margot instructed, "Jasmin, you may finger yourself if you wish, but if you get close to orgasm, I want you to stop and ask permission. I won't deny you, but you must ask. Understood?"

"Yes ... yes, ma'am. Thank you, Margot," Jasmin gasped, scarcely able to believe her good fortune. Her attitude had changed radically since walking into the room barely an hour ago.

By Margot's third orgasm, Jasmin was ready to come. More than ready, in fact, but she knew better than to interrupt Margot's pleasure with her own, so she waited until Margot was resting. "Margot, please, may I come?" she begged.

"Certainly darling. I would love to feel you come. Go ahead." And she caressed Jasmin's silky hair tenderly while Jasmin writhed between her legs, stroking herself off. "That's it. That's my girl. Enjoy yourself," Margot whispered over Jasmin's groans of ecstasy and relief. "And next time, darling, I want you to go ahead and come while you're eating me. I like that, too."

"Yes, Margot, of course. Whatever you say," Jasmin panted. Her orgasms, after waiting so long, and occurring under Margot's iron control of her, were blazingly intense. She would obey gladly, do anything Margot demanded, to have more of them.

Much, much later, Margot turned off the music and extinguished the lights. Vaguely aware that she was still in Margot's bed, the stunned Jasmin had time only to realize that things hadn't turned out quite the way she had planned them. Then she fell into a deep, dreamless sleep.

CHAPTER 5

The next morning, Jasmin was awakened by Margot's tongue, probing deeply where no tongue had been for almost three weeks. Jasmin gasped, then held her breath.

"Relax, darling," Margot mumbled. "You know I finish whatever I start," and she returned to her loving labors.

"Oh, Jesus, oh, God, Margot," Jasmin moaned, feeling more fully open to Margot than she had ever been to anyone before. She couldn't have kept from coming if her life had depended on it.

She came easily, so very easily, giving Margot a pre-breakfast treat of her thick, sweet honey.

"Oh, that's good," Jasmin sighed, when Margot had captured every last drop, and Jasmin could come no more. "So wonderful, Margot. I love you so much."

Margot held her close. "And I love you, my darling. More than I've ever loved anyone."

While Jasmin was in the bathroom, singing in the shower, Margot made two phone calls; one to Bonnie to inform her that they would all be taking the day off, and asking her to find a nice beach where the crew could picnic in the afternoon; and another to the galley to order breakfast for two. Then she completed one other chore, a surprise for Jasmin for later.

When Jasmin came out, the table was set and chafing dishes and iced bowls of fruit stood ready. "Oh, Margot! What's the occasion?" she all but squeaked with delight.

"A day off. You've exhausted me so that I can't even think coherently. So let's enjoy ourselves."

"Some more?" Jasmin joked, serving bacon.

"Some more!" Margot agreed, handing her a glass of juice. By early afternoon, they'd be anchored in some shallow cove for a pleasant break for the

entire ship's complement, but until then...

Until then they lay in one another's arms in Margot's big bed, alternating lazy lovemaking with comfortable dozing. When the big yacht dropped anchor, they got up and Margot said, "Let's go swimming!"

"Race you!"

They flew around their cabins, laughing and jumping into their suits, and raced for the stern, slicing neatly into the water almost simultaneously. They frolicked like porpoises with the rest of the crew while lunch was prepared on the beach. After a meal of delicious ribs, chicken and salads, the cooks went off to play while everyone else cleaned up.

Wiping her hands after bagging the last of the trash to be hauled back to the ship, Margot said to Jasmin, "Let's take a walk." Hand in hand, they wandered down the beach until they found a private place, where tree branches grazed the water. Slipping underneath, Margot took Jasmin in the warm water. She stood in the water almost up to her shoulders and stripped off their swimsuits. Then Margot held Jasmin floating in her arms while she made slow, sensuous love to her, kissing her the entire time.

Jasmin writhed slowly, resting against Margot, content to lie passively in her arms enjoying the feeling of weightlessness. "Oooohhh!" Jasmin cried out at last, almost sobbing as she came. "Oh, Margot, my love, my life," she moaned, all but forgetting the weeks of deprivation and torture, waiting to be with her lover. It seemed impossible that it would happen again, but she knew Margot's strength and determination. If Margot required it of her, she had no choice.

Then Margot let herself float against Jasmin's breasts while Jasmin swirled her around under the trees, sliding her fingers deep inside and pumping gently until Margot's liquids gushed out into the warm Mediterranean. She, too, almost wept with ecstasy in her partner's arms, clinging to her neck as though she were life itself. "Jasmin ... oh, how I adore you, my darling! Oooohhhh ... oooohhhh ... AAAAHHHHhhhhhhh!" she trailed off, satiated. Only Jasmin could do that to her.

They were both almost embarrassed at the intensity of their feelings for one another, but not so much that they wouldn't meet each other's eyes and say it again.

"Margot," Jasmin began.

But Margot stopped her with a finger on her lips. "No. Wait until we get back."

They slipped into their suits and swam back to the ladder at the stern of the yacht. Once everyone was aboard, they weighed anchor. The stewards brought trays of wineglasses around and they all lingered on deck, enjoying the sunset. Then Captain and world-class assassin went in to Margot's stateroom.

Margot suggested, "Go shower and get your books. I need to do some work, and you can study in here with me. Then we'll talk a little, all right?" She didn't want to talk before she got a few things done or they'd end up making love and be further than ever behind the power curve.

"Aye, Captain," Jasmin agreed. At least she wasn't being sent away yet.

Some time later, Jasmin had had about enough and shut off her laptop. Staying abreast of current events made her eyes feel gritty. She yawned.

Margot looked up from a memo she was composing for MI5. "You all right?"

"Mmm. But no more studying for now, okay?"

"All right. What, then?"

"Our talk?"

"Of course, darling." She rose from her desk chair and started toward the bed, but before she could cover the short distance, Jasmin surprised her.

Swiftly Jasmin slid off the bed and knelt before Margot, embracing her hips. "Margot," she began hesitantly, looking up at her.

"What is it?" Margot asked, looking down at her lovingly. She touched her lover's hair. Jasmin's nearness almost undid her. It was always that way.

"I can't ... can't take another two and a half weeks like that. I'll die." Tears brimmed in her eyes and she took Margot's hand and kissed it. "I beg you, Margot, have mercy. Don't do this to me."

Margot stroked her hair. "Darling, I must. But at the same time, you do deserve something more."

Jasmin's heart beat faster. "What?" she whispered, opening Margot's robe and kissing her tenderly.

"I can't take a day off every cycle to do this with you. But I can, and I will, give you every other Sunday. Come to me on Saturday night, stay until Monday morning."

Jasmin swallowed hard. It was a concession of sorts, but still difficult to accept.

Before she could answer, Margot continued. "And I want something else. In exchange for spending that much time alone with me, and slowing down the rotation, I won't share you with anyone. You must belong exclusively to me, and wait until our time together. Is that understood?"

Jasmin bowed her head, processing this information. She ached and burned for Margot ALL the time. However, this would be not one, but almost 36 hours, guaranteed, every other week. Not every 18 days or more, but every 14. She saw that Bonnie was right. She couldn't bend Margot to her will, so she would bend to Margot's. Whatever it took to win her heart, she would do. If it was yet another test, she would pass it, as she had all the rest.

She raised her eyes to Margot, who waited patiently, looking down at her. "Yes ... Mistress," she breathed.

The atmosphere changed ever so slightly, becoming charged between them; Jasmin, on her knees before her Captain and lover, her cheek against Margot's belly, willingly accepting her terms; Margot, her hands in Jasmin's lustrous hair, graciously and tenderly accepting her deference and submission.

Margot nodded. "Yes, I like that, Jasmin. Good." She bent and kissed Jasmin, who trembled at her touch.

"Mistress ... am I permitted to come while I wait for you?"

Margot regarded her thoughtfully for a moment. "Jasmin, you have given yourself to me. You and your orgasms are mine now. Save them and give them to me when we're together. I love your orgasms, and I want to experience all of them. Understood?"

Jasmin nodded. Margot was a demanding woman, a strict lover, but Jasmin accepted it. In fact, she loved that about her. "Yes, Mistress."

"Now," Margot said, "I have something for you to help you ... pass the time. Does that sound all right?"

Jasmin nodded again. "Yes, Mistress. Whatever you say."

Margot helped her up and led her to the bed. Then she brought out a cloth bag with a drawstring top. "Here we are. I put this together while you were in the shower this morning, because I thought it was just possible we'd come to this."

She upended the bag and spilled the contents out. Jasmin saw a medium ivory dildo, a small red buttplug, a set of nipple clamps, a pair of Margot's underpants in a re-sealable plastic bag, a soft sponge and a sheet of paper in a clear plastic document protector.

"Read the instructions," Margot ordered, not unkindly, "And tell me immediately if you have any questions." She moved behind Jasmin on the bed and began to gently massage her back and shoulders. She knew Jasmin was tense, and she wanted her to relax and enjoy their last few hours together.

Jasmin sighed at the loving touch. "Mmmm-hmmm." She read:

INSTRUCTIONS

1. At eight every evening, you will be in your stateroom wearing only your underpants. It is recommended that you keep the sponge inside them to protect your bedclothes so you don't have to change them every day.

2. When sexual activity begins in the Captain's quarters, you will lie down on your bed and use the issued equipment as follows:

Sunday—nipple clamps. Adjust only to stimulate. Pain is totally unnecessary and in fact, discouraged. Lie on your back, feet at least shoulder-width apart, hands behind your head or at your sides.

Monday—dildo. Lie on your back with your feet at least two feet apart, hands at your sides or behind your head.

Tuesday—buttplug. Lie on your stomach, feet apart at least shoulder width, hands over your head or at your side, face toward the wall.

Wednesday—all. Lie on your side tightly against the wall, so that your thighs, breasts and lips are all in complete contact with it. Use pillows to brace yourself in place if desired.

Thursday—anties. Spread the panties on your pillow. Lie down with your face in the crotch, toward the wall. Legs together, arms overhead or at your sides.

Friday—pubic hair. Lie on your back, legs tightly closed. Use one hand to stroke your pubic hair lightly and continuously.

Saturday—breasts. Use one or both hands to caress your breasts. Legs open or closed. Use oil if desired.

Sunday—freestyle. Up to three of the items above in combination, as desired.

3. If you have trouble controlling yourself, remove equipment or discontinue activity for one minute before resuming. Keep a stopwatch or timer handy for this purpose.

4. When you hear the Captain's guest depart, remain in place for an additional five minutes, using the stopwatch or timer. This allows the Captain time to inspect for proper equipment use if desired.

5. As soon as five minutes have elapsed, you will have completed the exercise. Clean and secure equipment as necessary.

Jasmin took a deep breath. Between Margot's caresses and reading the instructions, she was already excited and knew her voice might quaver. "If I have duty in the evening, what should I do?"

"That's a good question. If you have advance notice, complete the exercise at noon. You'll need to be in place by 1130. If not, complete the exercise at noon the next day."

"And if you're off the ship?"

Margot smiled. "If you're with me, follow my instructions. If not, you're free to do absolutely nothing, or practice, if desired. I trust you."

"Mmm ... what about noon in general?"

"Again, you're not required to be there. If you are, consider it a freestyle. Anything goes as long as you refrain from climax. What else, honey?" She was very pleased with the way Jasmin was accepting this challenge.

Jasmin looked everything over. "I think I have everything ... oh, about these panties..."

Margot laughed. "I've been wearing them on and off for the last day or two. I'll give you a fresh set every Sunday. Now, let's make love. You don't have much time left."

Jasmin gathered everything back into the bag. She looked up. "Please, Mistress, let me thank you first." She slid to her knees on the floor between Margot's feet and opened her robe to kiss the soft skin of her belly. "Please."

Margot nodded and raised Jasmin's chin to kiss her. "Very well, Jasmin. I would like that."

Jasmin quickly rose and brought back a towel from the bathroom, which she folded and placed on the floor to kneel on. Margot leaned back on the bed and waited for Jasmin to begin.

She immediately sensed something different in Jasmin's approach. Her reverence for and submission to Margot were apparent in each loving stroke. Her hands cupped Margot's behind, lifting and separating her legs to facilitate access to the warm, velvety folds.

"Oh, Jasmin, my love. No one ... no one has quite your talent for pleasuring me," Margot confessed with a sigh.

Jasmin stopped just long enough to whisper, "That's because I adore you more than anyone else does." Then she attended to her lover, giving equal vertical, horizontal and concentric strokes to every millimeter of Margot's labia. Her tongue entered Margot's brimming slit and she kissed it as if it were Margot's mouth, sucking and pulling her clit so very gently that the two women seemed merged together at the seat of Margot's pleasure.

The greatest difference in technique between Jasmin and the rest of Margot's women was that their desperate need to eat Margot's pussy and give her pleasure was translated into speed or pressure. Jasmin, on the other hand, received far greater pleasure and contentment from the continuous contact, her own sensation of the physiological changes Margot experienced as she reached full arousal, and the long, continuous succession of orgasms that resulted from the lengthy, intense and comprehensive stimulation of every nerve ending in Margot's genital region. Jasmin gave her undivided attention to every surface inside and out, as far as she could reach.

Lifting Margot off the bed and onto her shoulders, Jasmin was able to reach all the way to her anus with her gentle, insistent tongue. Under this extraordinarily thorough, overwhelmingly complete attention to her every desire, Margot had nothing to do but relax into total ecstasy. She wrapped her legs around Jasmin's head and gripped the bedclothes. Of all her women, only Jasmin had the strength and control necessary to hold her up while tonguing her all the way from her mound back up into her anus.

Margot wanted it to last forever. She fought the urge to push herself into Jasmin's mouth. She could, had, and would do that anytime. But she knew that Jasmin was giving her the most selfless, most thorough, and longest tongue-fuck in history, and she intended to receive and enjoy it in the exact spirit in which it was given. Jasmin was worshipping her with this offering of her extraordinary talent. To hurry her would be to belittle the gift. And it was so like Jasmin to willingly surrender so much of what was left of her limited time with Margot to give pleasure to her mistress, rather than receive it. Everything about Jasmin at this moment was the personification of perfect, gracious sacrifice, and it thrilled and excited Margot more than any oral sex she had ever experienced.

As Margot neared climax, her butt muscles clenched and Jasmin asked, "Do you want to come now or should I slow down and pleasure you some more?"

Margot sighed. "Back off slightly, and build it up again."

"Yes, Mistress." Jasmin acknowledged. She turned her attentions to the rosebud of Margot's anus and teased it open gently with her tongue, pulsing in further and further while Margot moaned her pleasure.

Despite her expertise and experience, and Margot's lessened control over the situation, Jasmin was not at all in control of it; Margot still held the upper hand. Margot alone would choose when and how to come, directing Jasmin's energy as she saw fit. Even though Jasmin might want, and was certainly able to, make Margot come anytime, she followed her instructions to the letter.

As Margot's ass relaxed again, Jasmin redirected her efforts toward her clitoris, teasing the swollen fruit, licking the sweet, hot juices that dripped steadily from the opening below. Margot's thighs trembled and she shuddered, gasping at the exquisite sensations Jasmin generated in her. How wonderful for Margot that she could have such pleasure on demand, and how much better that it thrilled Jasmin so much to offer it!

"Oooooohhh ... oooooohhh," Margot gurgled with delight. Her ass muscles began to clench again.

"Would you like to come now, or wait?" Jasmin inquired.

"Wait ... do my asshole again, like before," Margot instructed. "I ... want more. Oh, God ... much more."

"Yes, Mistress." Jasmin worked slowly away from Margot's clit back into the puckered anal orifice. She relaxed it completely for Margot as she delicately probed and stimulated the sensitive area. Margot smiled and sighed contentedly. Her absolute satisfaction was guaranteed. Jasmin was tireless. If permitted, she would lick and suck Margot on her knees all night, every night, and wear the resulting calluses as a badge of honor. Jasmin was Margot's to do with as she pleased, to be used for nothing but Margot's pleasure, and they both knew it and derived almost as much gratification from that knowledge as they did from actually making love. Jasmin had more than adequately demonstrated that Margot's pleasure was more important to her than her own, and Margot accepted that without argument. Why try to dissuade her? They both wanted it that way.

When Jasmin felt that Margot was relaxed enough again, she began to work toward the front, moving languidly back to Margot's pleasantly aching, satisfyingly hard and full clitoris. The tender, gentle sucking began anew and Margot slid toward climax once again at her own, chosen, unhurried pace.

Jasmin was glad of the towel on the floor. From hairline to belly she was covered with Margot's hot love juices. From her cleft to her knees she was coated with her own.

Margot's body undulated slightly in Jasmin's strong, capable hands, as she bent to pleasure her demanding, yet loving, and in her own way, generous

mistress. Each sigh or gasp of delight she elicited from Margot was all the reward Jasmin needed. She gave Margot her heart with every stroke and Margot knew it and loved her for it.

Margot decided that she would come this time. The decision excited her and Jasmin again felt the tightening of Margot's backside, the trembling of her thighs.

"Margot, do you want to go all the way this time?" Jasmin whispered.

"Yes ... all the way ... yes." Margot's shuddering made her voice quaver.

It began like a distant storm, the kind you can see, and hear, and smell coming for miles. It would arrive, it would burst, they would be drenched and renewed. Jasmin prepared for its arrival, strengthening her grip, bracing herself. The strokes of her tongue flattened, long, hard and centered now on the engorged clitoris that moved with a life of its own.

Margot's shuddering and quaking grew more intense until she trembled continuously. "Ahhhh ... more ... more ... more," she chanted, gasping.

The orgasm rolled through her like thunder. For a moment she was speechless, breathless in the grasp of its gargantuan power. Then, an almost inhuman roaring, more like a cry of agony than of ecstasy, was torn from her.

She howled. It wasn't a word; just a long, drawn-out bellow that made the cabin walls and the glass panes of the portholes vibrate. The crew in the engine room four decks below heard it and stared at one another in fascination.

In Jasmin's mouth, Margot's clitoris blossomed and pounded. Jasmin gripped it between her lips and sucked it in while pressing forcefully against its raw power with her tongue. Margot rode, howling, from one climax to the next, seamlessly, an endless roller coaster of orgasmic sensation.

Tears rolled down Margot's cheeks. The muscles in her vagina, ass and thighs spasmed wildly and increased the intensity of her pleasure even more. Swells of vaginal honey poured, squirting around her tongue, into Jasmin's mouth, but she couldn't capture it all without losing her hold on the hugely swollen, uncontrollably contorting clitoris. The surplus juices bathed Margot's ass and thighs. Jasmin would just have to attend to them later.

Margot came so long, she thought she was dying. She was sure her heart would burst. But finally, the storm relaxed its grip on her. She gasped and panted as her body convulsed, lightly now, with a flurry of aftershocks. She lay limp and still while Jasmin feasted on the come that had temporarily eluded her during those endless moments of heaven on earth.

"Please..." Margot eventually croaked.

"Yes, darling?" Jasmin asked, still caressing Margot with her tongue.

"Bring me some water. And please ... hold me."

"Of course." Jasmin rose and did as requested, turning Margot gently to put her head on her pillows and sliding gracefully in beside her. She handed her the glass. "Are you all right?"

"Oh, I think so. And I got the message." She drank thirstily, and handed Jasmin the glass to put on the bedside table.

"Message, Mistress?" Jasmin inquired innocently, cradling Margot's head against her breast.

"Yes. The message that you're the only one who can make me come that way. Oh, darling, I will miss you, but I'll be thinking of you every moment, no matter what I may be doing."

"Thank you, Mistress." Jasmin sighed, hugging her. She pressed close, waiting for Margot's touch, waiting for the last orgasm she would be permitted for almost two weeks.

When Margot had recovered sufficiently, she moved Jasmin so that she was on her side with her back against the wall. Margot lifted Jasmin's leg up onto her hip and began to tease and kiss her. Jasmin groaned, her eyes rolling back in her head, but she did not complain. Margot smiled as she watched Jasmin struggle for control. Then they lay looking into each other's eyes, sharing the understanding that the next time Margot took pleasure with a woman, Jasmin would be on the other side of that wall, listening to her mistress come.

Jasmin panted, licking her lips. Margot stroked her slowly, lightly, stopping whenever she leaned in for a kiss, resuming as she pulled back so that she could watch Jasmin's response.

Jasmin began to writhe and arch toward Margot, but Margot told her, "No. I want you perfectly still."

"Yes ... Mistress," Jasmin whispered, trembling with the effort.

"Don't move until you come," Margot warned her.

"I ... I won't," Jasmin gasped, looking into her lover's smoky blue eyes. She began to feel pre-orgasmic spasms and she begged, "Please, Mistress. Please." She shook uncontrollably and hoped it didn't count as movement.

"Ssssh, darling," Margot calmed her. She stopped stroking, just holding Jasmin's clit in her hand until she felt her relax. Then she began again.

As Jasmin neared climax, she pleaded again. "Please, Mistress, let me come."

"No, darling, it's too soon," Margot informed her. She removed her hand and kissed Jasmin instead, sending little electric shocks through her system as she teased Jasmin's tongue with her own, sucking it gently into her mouth until Jasmin whimpered with need.

Good girl," Margot approved. "Don't move, don't beg, don't talk at all. When you come, you can say whatever you like and move as much as you want. All right?"

Jasmin just stared at her, paralyzed with fear that by answering, she would displease her mistress.

Margot laughed. "You may acknowledge that order, sailor."

"Yes, Mistress," she gasped. "Aye, Captain."

Margot was delighted. She winked and the gentle stroking began again. Jasmin moaned with relief. She clenched her fists and willed herself to remain motionless.

Twice more Margot teased Jasmin to the very edge, interrupting her caresses with long, deep kisses. Jasmin remained still and quiet, obedient to Margot with every fiber of her being.

Then Margot began to kiss and caress her at the same time, and Jasmin understood that she would be allowed to come. She almost didn't want to, didn't want her time with Margot to be over, didn't want to begin that long, cruel wait for her touch.

But if Margot required that she come now, then she must. "Oooohhhh ... oooohhhh..." she wailed as she began, for the last time, to approach orgasm.

Her voice rose in pitch as she reached her climax. "Aaaahhh ... AAAhhhh ... AAAAHHHHH!" she squealed as Margot wrenched the spasms from her. Her ass banged the wall wildly as her juices gushed out onto Margot's hands and thighs. She heard her mistress laughing happily as she ground climax after climax from Jasmin's thrashing, pounding clit.

"Thank you, thank you, thank you!" Jasmin shouted until she finished coming, and even after, she continued to babble, "Thank you, Margot. Thank you, Mistress. Oh, God! Thank you!" Margot had trained her well. She doubted she would ever be able to come again without screaming her gratitude to her lover.

They fell asleep together, but Jasmin woke later to see Margot back at her desk, working.

"Margot? What time is it?" she asked.

"Late. I'm behind after playing all day."

"Should I go?" she asked with dread. Please, no, she begged silently.

Margot smiled at her fondly. "No, darling, please stay. You know I don't like to sleep alone. I won't be long."

"As you wish, Mistress," Jasmin yawned, relieved.

"I wish."

* * * *

In the morning, Jasmin woke to Margot's tongue, and before she could order her thoughts, she was coming. "Wha ... wha ... OH! God! Margothhhhhhh!" She gasped for breath as hot juices poured out of her. "Thank you! Thank you, Mistress!"

Margot laughed. "I couldn't resist. I wanted to surprise you."

"Here..." Jasmin panted, "Let me..."

But Margot stopped her. "No, darling. I simply have to save myself for ... later. But I will miss you. More than I can say."

"Me, too. Oh, Margot, I love you so." Her heart was breaking.

"I love you, too. Now run along and be a good little sailor for me, all right?"

Jasmin rose and shrugged into her robe. Then she knelt and took Margot's hand and kissed it. "Yes, Mistress. I'll do my best."

Margot stroked Jasmin's cheek, her eyes sad. "I know you will."

CHAPTER 6

Jasmin stowed the sexual discipline items in her drawer, but kept the instructions out to re-read. Today was Tuesday. That meant starting with the buttplug inside her. It sounded difficult to say the least. Where in the world would she get the strength to resist touching herself?

She chickened out of the nooner. Since Margot had been so generous that morning, she wanted to hang onto the glow for as long as she could. The afternoon was devoted to sharp-shooting instruction off the stern with floating targets and that took all of Jasmin's concentration as she had no previous experience teaching. So she didn't really have time to think of Margot again until after dinner.

It wasn't until 8:15 PM that the noises began next door and it was a good thing because it turned out that a buttplug was not an easy thing to install without assistance or motivation, even with lubricant. Jasmin had been trying, quite diligently, as a matter of fact, but it wasn't until the first couple of anticipatory gasps from Kelly, Margot's partner for the evening, and the first couple of bumps against the wall for Jasmin herself to get excited enough to slide the flexible red plug in so that she didn't have to be concerned with premature expulsion.

With a sigh of relative relief, Jasmin pulled on her underpants, placed the sponge inside them, rolled onto her stomach and placed her hands on her pillow

over her head. The further they were from her pussy, the better, she figured.

The first thing she had to endure was Merriweather doing Kelly right up against the wall next to her.

Bump.

"Ahhh ... oohhh! Please ... please..."

Bump.

"Ah ... please! Please, Margot..."

Bump.

"Oh! Oh, yes! Mmmm ... oh, please..."

And so on.

Jasmin squirmed. She saw, in her mind's eye, Kelly pinned against the wall by Merriweather's knee, arching and pushing toward the Captain for more contact. She heard Merriweather's laugh and guessed she must be holding Kelly down so she couldn't control speed or pressure.

"P-p-p-please, Margot," Jasmin heard Kelly beg. She sympathized. They were both on fire. Jasmin, too, was grinding down into her mattress.

"What, lover?" Margot asked, her voice low, seductive.

"Please ... let me..."

Bump.

"Ah ... oh ... pleeeeeease..."

Bump.

Jasmin took hitching, gasping breaths. Her clit burned like a hot coal, and she hadn't even been touched! It felt to her as if the buttplug was hard against her clit from the inside, and any movement made it worse. She tried hard to hold still.

Next door, Kelly's gasping rose in pitch.

"Ooohhh ... ooohhh ... OOOOHHH..." There was a brief silence, then Kelly came, screaming, with a series of hard bangs against the wall. "Thank you, Margot! Thank you! Oh, God! Oh, God, thank you, Margot!"

Jasmin humped her bed, eyes tightly shut. She reached back and grabbed her ass and dug in with her nails, but she still thrust futilely downward into the bunk. She wanted to beg, she wanted to scream, but she knew Margot would hear her if she did either, so she buried her face in her pillow. She forgot the protocol and brought her legs together, causing pressure against her clit. Writhing, she forced her legs apart again and rolled onto her back for a moment.

"Ah ... ohgodohgodohgodohgod," Jasmin whispered. "Please, Margot, please..."

She lay panting, listening. The silence was a brief respite at best. She used it to think. Margot hadn't said she couldn't put a fan at the foot of the bed! That might help. After this ordeal was over, if she survived, she'd stick ice cubes up her pussy if she had to. She rolled onto her stomach again.

Then, Margot began to give Kelly instructions. "Slowly now, good girl. Lick and suck, that's it."

Jasmin felt her heart speed up again. She could practically TASTE Margot on her own tongue. She forced her legs as wide apart as she could to keep the pressure off her clit, because that would make her want to touch herself. If Margot inspected and found her lying there with pussy juice on her hands, there'd be hell to pay, and Jasmin didn't think she had whatever it took to pay it.

Margot moaned and sighed practically in Jasmin's ear. Kelly was evidently doing an acceptable job. Jasmin imagined Merriweather's hands in Kelly's hair, both of them writhing gently as Margot approached climax.

Jasmin bit her lip and panted quickly. She looked frantically around the room. She needed help. Her eyes lit on her desk chair. She hopped up, holding the buttplug in, snatched the chair and laid it at the foot of her bed, using it to force her legs apart. Yes, that was better. Uncomfortable, but better, because now she didn't have to control her legs herself.

Now, what to do with her hands?

Margot was moaning rhythmically now. "Oh ... yes ... Kelly ... do it ... ah ... yes ... oh..."

Jasmin found herself bouncing her hips in tempo with Margot's vocalizations. Her clit was a chunk of molten metal between her legs. Again, she grabbed her ass with her hands, trying to hold herself down, but her entire body bounced up and down along with Margot if she did that.

She couldn't stick her fingers in her ears because she was supposed to be listening. She couldn't make noises of her own because Margot would surely hear her, and what was worse, so would Kelly.

Jasmin could do nothing but lie there and experience, and endure, Margot's pleasure. It was one thing to do it, knowing that in a relatively short time, Margot's fingers or tongue would be inside her and she would be exploding in orgasm herself. It was quite another, knowing that in a relatively short time, Margot would be coming again, and again and then ... nothing. Nothing but engorged genitals and a writhing hot clit she wasn't permitted to touch.

Legs spread as far apart as the width of the chair seat, Jasmin writhed slowly in agony, her face turned toward the wall on the other side of which Margot also lay writhing in anticipation of yet another glorious climax in her unending series of them. Jasmin could see the wisdom of the sponge in her underpants. It was probably saturated already. Whether it was wise or not, Jasmin concentrated on Margot's voice, trying to gauge her level of arousal and proximity to climax. She moaned softly into her pillow, then grabbed her second pillow and put it over her face to muffle her own sounds further. At least that gave her something acceptable to do with her hands, thank goodness! Margot hadn't prohibited her from smothering herself.

"Oh ... ah ... yes ... YES ... I ... I ... I'm COMING!!!" Margot yelled. Oh ... DO ME! DO ME DO ME DO ME! YES! UH! UH! UH!"

Jasmin shuddered and moaned, grinding her hips in a sort of perverted pleasure. It was as if she could somehow feel Margot coming in her own clit, without actually coming herself, of course.

"Ooooh ... oooohh," Jasmin moaned softly into her pillow. She throbbed. It hurt so bad, it almost felt good. She rubbed herself all over the bed-clothes without closing her legs, grinding hips and breasts and face into the sheets. She wished she had something to lick, or suck on. Next time, a few ice cubes might be good to have handy. She could suck them and pretend they were Margot's slippery hot clit. She could pretend the moisture was her mistress, coming in her mouth.

Margot was between orgasms and Jasmin couldn't wait. Tightening her anus to hold the buttplug in, she jumped up and grabbed a plastic cup and took a tray of ice cubes from her mini-fridge. She popped a couple into the cup and hustled back to her bed, where she lay back down on her belly, legs around the chair seat, and waited.

It began again. "Put your tongue in ... all the way ... yes, thrust it in, honey. Lick me hard ... nice and hard ... suck my clit ... oh..."

At that command, Jasmin took a cube into her mouth and began to suck it. She stared hard at the wall, concentrating on Margot, and ground her pelvis into the sheets, slowly, the way she imagined Kelly would be licking Margot, very slowly and sensuously.

The ice cube melted slowly as Jasmin sucked it. "Mmmm," she sighed softly. Much better.

Sucking the cube, she thrust against the bed. The heat of her need was sharp, intense, utterly exquisite. She was quite sure that if she touched herself, or wiggled the buttplug, she would come. She knew she was close, so close.

Margot came with a roar next door and Jasmin felt the vibrations of the bed as Margot thrust herself into Kelly's mouth. Jasmin tried to keep time with Margot's pace, plunging down into her bed. "Yes ... Margot ... yes ... come ... HARD!" she whispered. "Want to ... hear you ... come ... oh ... oh ... yes!" she sighed when Margot was done.

Two ice cubes were NEVER going to be enough, so Jasmin struggled gamely up again, filling the cup this time. She lay down and waited for Margot to be ready again.

It was only a matter of a couple of minutes before she heard the women shifting around. "Get under me," Margot panted her orders. "Put your fingers up inside me."

There was a pause. "Up. In. Yes. Do me, honey. Do me hard."

Margot began to take Kelly right against the wall with a regular, hard thump ... thump ... thump.

As Kelly began to moan in heat, Jasmin began humping and thrusting again, sucking a new cube every few minutes. She panted into her pillow with her thrusts as she moved with Margot. "Margot ... come ... Mistress ... please ... oh ... please ... come ... ah ... oh."

Margot was clearly enjoying herself. Her moans and cries grew louder as she approached climax.

Jasmin grunted, "Give it to me ... give it to me ... Mistress ... Mistress ... yes ... oohh ... yessss!" she sighed as Margot came with a shout. Then she bore down against Kelly and came twice more quickly, as Jasmin struggled to keep up with her.

Margot's cries of pleasure came close together, intense and sensuously expressive of her deep satisfaction. Jasmin stopped thrusting and groaned as she recognized Margot's physical and mental state of relaxation and well-being. She was done for the night.

"Mmmmm. Oh, Mistress," Jasmin sighed quietly. "That sounded so good, so ... wonderful. Thank you." It didn't sound at all peculiar to her ears that she was thanking Margot for letting her hear her orgasms. Then the door to the Captain's quarters opened and closed.

Jasmin fumbled for the timer and set it for five minutes. She took an ice cube and held it against her genitals, took deep breaths and lay still, letting the tension drain out of her. She almost had to laugh. By the time five minutes had passed, her urgent need would have abated enough so that she would be unlikely to want to touch herself. Margot was a master tactician and utterly in control, even in absentia.

The most curious thing of all was that Jasmin had enjoyed it. Against all odds she felt happy and content. She wouldn't be missing any more nooners

CHAPTER 7

The next night, which was Wednesday, Jasmin lay down on her bed, her knees already quaking. This was "wall" night, the night she had to spend glued to the wall on the other side of which was Margot's bed; the Captain's bed, the bed in which Margot would be taking, and enjoying, the lucky crewmember whose turn it was in the rotation.

Her instructions were quite specific: she was to lie on her side with her lips, breasts and thighs in constant contact with the wall for the entire time Margot was making love with the other woman, and she was not to touch herself. Orgasms were to be enjoyed only with Margot, and she was only scheduled to be with Margot every other Sunday. If ever an exercise in obedience, loyalty and self-discipline had been invented, this was it. Jasmin had survived her bout with the buttplug the previous night, but only just. And she had learned some lessons in the process, which she now put to good use.

First, she had a large insulated glass crammed with ice cubes to suck on both because she knew she would be panting with need for nearly an hour, and the cubes also gave her something to do. If necessary, she could even cool her clit with one of them. Second, she had a fat throw pillow to hold her knees apart and thus reduce pressure on her clit. She didn't know how great the temptation would be to lie there writhing with her thighs pressed together, and if she did that, she might come. And since the Captain might inspect within five minutes of her guest's departure, Jasmin couldn't afford to take that chance. Margot could easily tell if she had recently come, or not. Third, she had several pillows lined up behind her to help hold her against the wall. If she was thrashing and out of control with need, she might not be able to maintain the contact on her own, but she would try.

Shortly after eight Jasmin heard the knock on the door of the Captain's Quarters. She didn't have to strain to hear whatever happened there, and much of what went on in the bed less than six inches from her own could easily be felt right through the wall. She waited.

"Come in, Marta," she heard Margot say from near the door. Jasmin bit her lip.

The next words were much louder, as the two women were now in Margot's bed. "I want you here, against the wall, darling," Margot directed.

Jasmin rolled her eyes. "Oh, dear God," she whispered. But it was hardly unexpected. Margot was by far the most demanding as well as the most fulfilling lover she had ever known. The price for the relative exclusivity Jasmin had coaxed from her was steep, and Jasmin intended to pay it until she had herself so deeply embedded in Margot's heart that she couldn't be extracted without surgery. As Margot valued discipline and obedience highly, Jasmin would make herself into the gift Margot required and deserved.

"Ooooh ... uuhhhhh!" Marta gasped as Margot drove into her, and the wall vibrated sharply against Jasmin's entire body. Her clit spasmed immediately, helplessly.

Jasmin gasped soundlessly, although she doubted Margot could have heard her anyway over the racket Marta was making. She was carrying on as if she hadn't come in a week, and Margot had only just begun taking her. Jasmin knew how that felt.

With Margot's encouragement, it wasn't long before Marta's howls of need had changed to howls of ecstasy. Jasmin could feel the woman grinding wildly against the wall, her motions clearly palpable to Jasmin's breasts, thighs and lips, and the hand she had to put against the wall to steady herself.

Jasmin bit back a whimper, and fought not to jerk herself free of the excruciating sensation of another woman coming to Margot's hand, or knee, or mouth, or whatever she was applying. She slid an ice cube into her mouth to distract herself from the power of the display of Margot's sexual prowess.

Marta's squeals eventually calmed to gasps and whispers of affection, and Jasmin heard Margot's low, raspy chuckle as she evidently cradled the satisfied young woman in her arms. Then there was some shifting around to accommodate the Captain's desires.

"Mmmmmm, oh yes, baby, do me," Margot whispered huskily. This was followed by a slow, regular pounding as Margot responded to Marta's ministrations, whatever they were exactly not being an issue. The vibrations were so tantalizingly strong and regular that Jasmin was sure that, were she able to get her clit directly against the wall, she would come. It was like being spooned with Margot, except there was the wall between them. She could close her eyes and pretend the wall wasn't there. Almost.

With each movement, Margot gasped or moaned luxuriously, hungrily, letting both of her lovers know how good she felt and how satisfying this experience was for her. "Yes, oooohhhh," she sighed. Sometimes it was a little yip of pleasure, sometimes a deep groan. Regardless, they all had their effect on Jasmin, who listened obediently next door.

Then Margot's movements began in earnest and Jasmin was swept along with her, grunting with her own hunger as her Captain approached climax. "Margot ... yes ... mmm ... go for it," she mouthed all but inaudibly. Each thump or bump produced an echoing throb in Jasmin's clit, and she chewed her lip and sucked her ice cubes as she struggled to control herself. Margot had said she could stop for a minute if there was any danger of an unauthorized orgasm, but if she did that, she wouldn't feel Margot come, and she wanted to. She wanted it very badly.

Suddenly Margot burst into screams of pleasure. "Oh, my God! Yes! Yes! Yes!" she cried, and through the wall Jasmin experienced the thrusts and trembling that accompanied Margot's ecstasy. She gasped aloud at the nearness of it, and she didn't care if Margot heard her. In a perverse way, she hoped she did, so that Margot would remember her and feel something for her in her deprived situation. She tightened her thigh muscles and thrust herself hard against the wall so she could feel everything. Everything!

Finally Margot seemed to be sated. Their voices dropped to low murmurs and sighs, and then silence. They must be cuddling, Jasmin thought wistfully. She thought about that, just cocooning together in Margot's big, warm bed. Of course her own bed was plenty hot enough, but the cause was entirely different. She moaned softly and held herself against the wall as the directive required, because Marta was still in there. Her departure would be just as audible as everything else.

Jasmin's clit throbbed deliciously. She closed her eyes and allowed herself to imagine Margot's touch. She knew she shouldn't, it was much too far in the future, but it was all she could think about. The thoughts alone made her feel as if her clit was swelling again. She knew that if she touched herself, even a little, she could never make herself stop. And since she had promised not to, and Margot could burst through the door at any moment, she was afraid to indulge her need. It was supposed to build. For Margot.

Movement next door roused her from her musings. Evidently Marta was about to leave. She heard the door open, a few words were exchanged in the hall, and then the door closed again. She reached for her timer, set it for five minutes, and put her lips to the wall again, thinking, as she was required to do, about pleasing Margot, and about how Margot had just been pleased. It seemed as if she had come three or four times...

Her door opened suddenly, and she turned to look.

"As you were, sailor!" Margot commanded.

Quickly Jasmin returned her lips to the wall, trembling. She knew she had done everything correctly. She heard Margot stop behind her, obviously inspecting. "Timer," Margot noted. She leaned over Jasmin without touching her, checking her position. "Lips, tits, thighs. Very good, sailor."

Margot leaned in closer, and pussy juice spurted from between Jasmin's legs. She gasped.

"A pillow, I see. Well, I suppose that helps, and I didn't tell you not to, but my, my, aren't you wet?"

"Yes, ma'am," Jasmin moaned.

"Let me check your pussy," Margot said.

Jasmin felt air against her back as the row of pillows behind her was removed, and then Margot's silky skin as she slid in, replacing them. Expert fingers peeled her underpants down her legs, the pillow between her knees was yanked out and her legs were free. Wetness slid down her thighs, coating them. She moaned in anguished frustration.

"Ca-Captain, please ... please don't tease me," she moaned. "I don't have that kind of control."

But Margot's fingers had already found their way to her hot, clenching clit. "You don't want to come?" she purred, seductively.

"It's ... not ... my ... turn," Jasmin grunted through gritted teeth.

"I said you could only come to my quarters every other Sunday, correct?" Margot breathed in her ear.

"Yes, Captain!" Jasmin moaned, her clit now nestled in Margot's hand.

"Did I say I wouldn't come to you?" she murmured.

"No, Captain," Jasmin panted.

"Did I say you had to wait two weeks to come?" Margot continued. Her thumb now brushed the engorged knob of flesh.

Jasmin bit her lip. "N-no, but..."

"I think you made some very rash assumptions, sailor. The rules I gave you apply to you, not to me," Margot said, tonguing her captive's ear.

"I'm sorry, Captain," Jasmin whimpered, her voice very small indeed. She clung to the wall with every ounce of strength she had left.

"You should be. When I order you to come, you will."

"Yes, Captain. I promise," Jasmin gasped.

"Slowly, now. Let it build. Come on my command, no sooner."

"Aye, Captain. Yes, ma'am." Jasmin was almost swooning with relief.

"Did you like hearing me come, sailor?" Margot whispered.

"Yes, Captain. Oh, yes!" Jasmin sighed, her hips beginning to grind to Margot's rhythm.

"Did you feel my ecstasy, sailor? Did you want me to come hard?"

"Mmmm ... ah ... you know I love to feel you come," Jasmin moaned.

"Did you listen when I came at noon today?" Margot persisted.

"Ahhh ... yesssss..." Jasmin hissed. Listening at noon was optional, but she had been there.

"Did you touch yourself?"

"I played with my nipples, Captain," Jasmin acknowledged, pushing back into her.

"Keep those tits and thighs against that wall, sailor!" Margot snapped, removing her hand.

Jasmin jerked herself forward to obey. "Yes, ma'am."

Margot waited a moment, then slid her hand back in. Jasmin moaned her thanks.

"Do you know how much more I enjoy coming, knowing you can hear everything?" Margot inquired sweetly.

"Mmmmm ... I'm glad you do, Captain," Jasmin whispered.

"In fact, all I really think of is you. You going down on me, you sucking my tits, your tongue in my anus. Nothing but you."

"It could always be me," offered Jasmin brightly.

"Oh, no. I have obligations, and if it was always you, we wouldn't have this," Margot replied, squeezing.

"Nnnnnggghhhh! Oh! Captain!" Jasmin squawked, her fists clenching.

"I know you're close, but I want you to wait. I enjoy the pounding of your clit against my fingers."

"I ... I like it, too, but ... I ... can't control it..." Jasmin gasped, beside herself with concern that she would come too soon.

"I'll control it, sailor. You just leave it to me."

"Thank you, ma'am," Jasmin sighed, relaxing somewhat.

"Don't mention it," Margot said, and Jasmin could hear the smile in her voice.

They rocked together, Jasmin limp in Margot's arms, listening to her crooning, soothing voice promising how good it was going to be for her.

Jasmin just moaned and whimpered, completely lost in Margot's power, and her own powerlessness. The only element lacking was her inability to pleasure Margot. She would have to deal with it later, make it up somehow when her turn came.

"Ready to come, love?" Margot's voice brought her back.

"Oh ... oh, whatever you say, Margot," Jasmin agreed.

Margot ignored the breach of protocol from her lover. Her intimacy with Jasmin was truly the only one she craved, the only one she couldn't do without. But she also kept Jasmin in her place, and avoided boredom, by keeping the rest of the crew as her harem. That wasn't about to change.

Margot's fingers swirled and pressed, and Jasmin surrendered yet again. She writhed slowly, leaning back, shuddering, pressing into Margot.

"Please ... please..." she began to beg. Her clit was hard as ball bearing, and burned like fire.

"Shhhh. Soon, honey, soon," Margot promised. She smiled as she felt Jasmin's fluids soaking into the bed, covering her thighs. Margot drove her gently, inexorably toward orgasm, waiting breathlessly to feel Jasmin explode in her arms.

Margot made tiny, hard circles on Jasmin's aching, swollen, slippery clit, just the way Jasmin liked it best. She wasn't teasing her anymore, but she knew that Jasmin wouldn't believe she was going to get exactly what she wanted, and her mind would play tricks on her, questioning until the very moment of climax itself.

"Uhhh ... uhhhhhhh ... uh uh uh ... AAAAAAHHHHH!" Jasmin was crying now, out of her mind with the pleasure, overwhelmed to tears. She gasped and fought for breath as Margot mercilessly drew one orgasm after the other from her writhing loins. Jasmin would come now, all at once, as much as Margot had come over two days with four women, or Margot would demand to know why.

It wasn't necessary. Jasmin came as she was required to. She came until she was half-conscious and soaking in sweat, come and tears. Margot caressed and soothed her, and then got out of the bed.

"No ... oh, Margot ... wait ... can't I kiss you good-night?" Jasmin pleaded, reaching for her.

"Permission denied," Margot said with a glare, then smiled when she saw Jasmin's face fall. "Until fifteen minutes from now. Clean yourself up and report to me, sailor," With that she scooped up her robe and slipped into the hallway, the door shutting behind her.

Jasmin fell back on her bed with a groan of relief, then stripped it bare and threw the sheets on the floor. She stood under a stinging cold shower until her body sang an encore, and presented herself to her lover and mistress just as the timer she had set went off in her room.

"Come here, love," Margot said, holding up cool, crisp sheets to allow Jasmin to slide in. "You know I hate to sleep alone."

"Mmm," Jasmin sighed, snuggling close. "I know."

CHAPTER 8

It was one of the Sunday nights between their special, exclusive Sundays

together. These off-Sundays were "nipple clamps" nights and Jasmin was

just laying out her equipment when Margot buzzed her on the intercom. "Belay your standing instructions and report to me now, Jasmin," she ordered.

"Aye, Captain," Jasmin responded, not knowing what to expect. She quickly belted on her robe and stepped next door. There she saw Margot in bed with the most enormous, most stunning platinum blonde she had ever seen in her life, and she had seen plenty.

"This is Sonya, a special guest from ... a Scandinavian country," Margot said with a gesture. Sonya nodded, studying Jasmin intently. "I was telling Sonya about our special arrangement, and she said she wanted to meet my," here Margot couldn't resist a wicked grin, "chief concubine and learn about her special discipline. So I have arranged a little departure from your usual procedure."

Jasmin nodded to Margot's lover, "Sonya." With a pounding heart she

responded to Margot, "What are your orders, Captain?"

"Take a seat in the chair," Margot pointed. It was the metal chair with the wrist and ankle restraints which Margot had used to punish her for her disobedience on Capri. "You may use the restraints if you wish, or not. All I require is that you watch us, stay in the chair, and not touch yourself. Questions?"

"No, Captain," Jasmin said, removing her robe and seating herself.

"Good," Margot said with a smile, "Now, come here, darling," she said, pulling the lovely stranger over on top of her. Soon the room was filled with moans and sighs as the two women went about the business of pleasing one another. The smell of their combined musk reached Jasmin in her chair and almost knocked her out of it. As she began to writhe, she saw the wisdom of the restraints and reached down to fasten her ankles to the chair legs, so that she

wouldn't accidentally trigger an orgasm by rubbing her thighs together. She clenched her fists on the chair arms and moaned aloud, thrusting her breasts forward to display herself and her desire to the women in the bed.

When Margot looked over and, smiling, blew her a kiss, Jasmin knew she was doing well. The two lovers then took each other's aching clefts in their mouths and drove each other to an explosive, mutual orgasm that rocked the room. Jasmin's body jerked repeatedly in the chair as though someone had put a cattle prod up her ass.

Almost immediately, Sonya rolled under Margot and held Margot down so that she rode the larger woman's fingers to an additional climax. Jasmin twisted and groaned as her fluids cascaded down her thighs and pooled in the metal seat, lifting her hips in useless thrusts as she watched her Mistress come. Then Margot rubbed her mons against Sonya's so that they came together again, kissing as though trying to devour one another alive. Sonya arched and cried out for more contact as Margot squirmed with ecstatic abandon above her. Jasmin whispered Margot's name over and over, bouncing on the seat as her heated and hardened clitoris maddened her beyond belief so that she had to clamp her right arm down to keep from touching it. Finally they lay kissing deeply, lazily in each other's arms, ignoring Jasmin's agony in the chair.

Seeing that they were done, Jasmin released herself and crept to the foot of the bed. "Please, Mistress," she begged, kissing Margot's bare foot. "Let me touch myself."

Margot looked down at her with a grin and withdrew her foot. "Return to your chair, Jasmin," was all she said.

Jasmin obeyed with a whimper and waited. Margot and Sonya held a whispered discussion and then Margot said, "You may pleasure Sonya and then if she desires it, I may grant your request."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin said with relief. "Sonya, how may I please you?"

Sonya looked at her coldly. "Lie down and eat me," she said, pointing to the bed beside her.

"Yes, ma'am," Jasmin said, understanding that Margot enjoyed seeing her totally compliant and submissive in front of the other woman. She quickly lay down so that Sonya could straddle her head and began to caress Sonya with her lips and tongue, immediately appreciating Margot's desire for her. She was strong, clean, fresh and delicious, and soon both of them were moaning with delight. Sonya held Jasmin's head up and firmly between her legs, and Jasmin gripped the muscular thighs that imprisoned her. But then she felt something more. Margot had spread her thighs wide and was lightly caressing her swollen clit. Only Sonya's pounding clit in her own mouth kept Jasmin from shrieking for mercy. She thrashed helplessly in double torture from these two women who were obviously expert manipulators of female flesh. But then Sonya's climax filled all of Jasmin's perceptions completely. Demanding, she pumped strongly into this new plaything until she was sated, and rolled away with a grunt of approval.

"Well?" Margot asked devilishly, continuing to tease the helpless Jasmin, who silently worshipped her Captain and Mistress, looking beseechingly into her eyes.

"Acceptable. I recommend you permit her one orgasm."

"Excellent. On the floor, Jasmin," Margot said, snapping her fingers. "On your knees and face the bed."

Jasmin scrambled down and assumed the position.

Margot glanced at her wall clock, which had a second hand. "Two minutes. Begin." She rested in Sonya's arms, kissing her as she watched her lover's desperate writhing.

It didn't take that long. In less than half a minute, Jasmin's feverish pummeling of her clit resulted in a huge, blinding orgasm that knocked her over onto her side where she lay panting and twitching at their feet. "Thank you, Mistress. Thank you, Sonya," she gasped. She could have come again but even had it been permitted she was too weak to stimulate herself any more.

Margot smiled down at her. "You have pleased me very much, Jasmin, so I'll give you a choice. You may return to your quarters, or you can take a blanket and pillow from the trunk and spend the night right where you are. And put out the lights."

Swallowing, Jasmin nodded. "Yes, Mistress." She struggled up and took the items from Margot's trunk, turned off the lights and arranged herself on the thick carpet. At least this way, whatever they did next, she could watch and with any luck, participate. But before she could devote any more thought to the sudden appearance of the mysterious Sonya, she was sound asleep at the foot of the bed on the floor of the Captain's Quarters.

CHAPTER 9

During the night, Jasmin felt herself prodded awake by a bare foot. "Up," Sonya ordered her. She helped Jasmin stumble to her feet. "Use the facilities now," Sonya hissed in her ear, "and then I will have you. I do not like a distracted slave. I want you to be able to concentrate entirely on my pleasure, not your own needs. Hurry!"

Still half-asleep, Jasmin obeyed, wondering how she had gone from lover to concubine to slave so quickly, but then she decided it had primarily to do with Margot being hospitable to a guest. Overall her status wasn't changing, but certain aspects of it were certainly being emphasized more than usual.

Sonya was waiting right outside the door to the head in the dark. "Come," she said, taking Jasmin's arm and hustling her to the far side of the room where Margot's chair and desk stood, and where some light from the deck outside crept in around the curtains. She took Jasmin's robe and spread it on the seat of the chair. She sat down and lifted her legs over the arms. "Kneel," she ordered, and when Jasmin did so, she said tersely, "Eat me."

Wordlessly, Jasmin bowed her head into the bush of her temporary mistress and complied. Immediately she felt Sonya's hands gripping her, vise-like. "Do not struggle or even think about breaking contact with me until I release you. I will allow you to breathe enough," Sonya ordered huskily. And she locked Jasmin's face into her crotch and began to grind roughly into her captive's face.

Instantly Jasmin went wet and hot with longing. Something deep within her responded completely to this demanding treatment. She opened herself fully to

Sonya and embraced her hips with her arms, caressing the firm, smooth skin with her hands. She heard Sonya growl with approval and press down harder.

Jasmin gave Sonya her very best effort, the same effort she always gave Margot, forcing her tongue into her deeply, withdrawing just enough to caress her swollen clitoris, and plunging in again. Without any further instruction from Sonya, and unable to break contact to do anything else, she repeated this cycle with absolute devotion until she felt the clenching of Sonya's muscles, followed by the strong contractions of orgasm. Fluids flowed directly from one woman into the other as they shared Sonya's pleasure. Jasmin marveled at Sonya's ability not to make any sound, but then the other woman's grip on her head was renewed as she began her quest for additional orgasms.

On her knees Jasmin writhed and continued to please Sonya. Forced to immobility and silence by the steel grip of the other woman's hands, she had no choice unless she wanted to rise and tip the chair over. And she would never make a choice that would displease Margot, so she pursued Sonya's second orgasm with the same concentration as the first.

Soon soft panting and hard thrusting heralded Sonya's imminent pleasure. Again she exploded in Jasmin's mouth without ever letting go of her head. Jasmin wondered if Sonya would snap her neck and she gasped for air but the woman was powerful as well as demanding and showed her no mercy. It was only a couple of minutes before she was pushing her clit into Jasmin's mouth again, punishing her harshly with the strength of her need. Jasmin's own juices ran unchecked down her legs, her clit pounding in time with Sonya's thrusts. Had she been able to, Jasmin would have said nothing of her own need. She knew it was immaterial at the moment, but in any event, it was not an option.

The third orgasm seemed to fulfill Sonya's hunger. She pushed Jasmin's face out of her lap and rested in the chair while Jasmin lay panting on the floor at her feet. After a few moments Sonya bent to Jasmin's ear. "Do not touch yourself," she said, and stepping over her, she went back to bed with Margot. Exhausted, Jasmin fell asleep again where she lay.

First thing the next morning, Captain Merriweather required Jasmin's services again. Margot ordered Jasmin to pleasure them orally before dismissing her, again without permitting her release. Next door in her own cabin once again, Jasmin heard the two lovers moaning and shaking the walls with their orgasmic exertions while she prepared herself for a tour of duty in the engine room.

Jasmin was wild with need once again and decided to hell with it. She lay down on her bunk and fingered herself to a silent orgasm while listening to her mate take endless pleasure with their Scandinavian guest. "She'll never know, or care," Jasmin thought. A few minutes later, shuddering with relief, she got up and went about her duties, wishing Margot all the pleasure in the world. She adored her captain and mistress and would do anything for her. Denied or delayed orgasms, listening to or watching her with her other women, disciplining herself to Margot's specific orders were nothing at all compared to losing her altogether. She wanted Margot, and she wanted Margot's pleasure. She would endure whatever was demanded. But occasionally, in order to be able to go about her duties, she had to relieve the unbearable need that Margot herself created. Comparatively, it was nothing compared to the endless pleasure Margot took every day.

Jasmin wisely avoided her own quarters during the noon hour, eating lunch in the mess with the rest of the crew. However, as she prepared to return to the engine room, a midship-cadet intercepted her with a message. "The Captain's compliments, and you're to report to the Captain's Quarters immediately," the young woman recited.

"My respects to the Captain, and I shall report as ordered," Jasmin responded almost automatically.

In less than five minutes, Jasmin knocked, went into Margot's quarters, came to attention and said, "Reporting as ordered, Captain."

"Is that what 'immediately' means to you, Ms. Al-Khalid?" Margot asked blandly, glancing up at her clock.

"I would not insult the Captain by reporting in a dirty uniform, ma'am," Jasmin replied, staring straight ahead.

Margot stared at her over her half-glasses. "I see. Stand at ease. Ms. Bernard and I have been discussing your mission." She glanced at Sonya, now dressed all in white with flat sandals, sitting in a side chair next to her desk. The younger woman eyed her sharply, as if searching for something.

"Ma'am?"

Margot leaned back. "Her government has need of a sharpshooter with your exceptional skill. Our government will assist by providing you. It's an arctic location with very little cover." Sitting up again she ordered, "I want you to spend the rest of the day firing at long-distance targets off the stern and preparing your equipment. We're heading for Venice right now. In the morning you'll disembark and Sonya will escort you to the target. She'll then return you to us, probably somewhere along the Riviera." She turned to Sonya. "Anything to add?"

Sonya said, "Our transportation will be private and we will provide all the arctic equipment you need. Pack your personal items and be waiting for me in your quarters at 0700 tomorrow. I will have some last-minute preparations for you, and then we'll go by limousine to the airport."

"Questions?" Margot asked Jasmin.

Calculating quickly, Jasmin squirmed. She didn't want to miss her Sunday with Margot! "What is our estimated time of return?" she asked.

Margot smiled and licked her lips. "Long before Sunday, if that's what you're concerned about."

Jasmin blushed. "Yes, ma'am. Thank you, ma'am."

Margot's eyes narrowed. "One other thing. You will obey Sonya exactly as if she were me. You may assume that anything and everything she requires of you has my approval. Is that clear?"

"Absolutely, Captain. I will do my best."

"Good! Now that's settled, I want you to spend the night with us again. 2100 sharp in my quarters, sailor. Dismissed."

Jasmin came to attention again. "Aye, Captain." She nodded to Sonya, faced about smartly and left. She was smiling.

Jasmin went about the rest of her duties that day as if she were walking on air. Margot was trusting her on a mission, and she was going to be with the two most fantastic women she had ever known, again, tonight. She knew she would be treated as a slave, but she didn't care. In fact, that was part of the appeal. Wasn't she already Margot's slave, or concubine, part of her harem? She was pleasantly resigned to her position because Margot was so captivating, so irresistible. And she was right. Under these arrangements Jasmin would never have enough of her. She would never be bored.

At 9 PM, she presented herself to her mistresses, kneeling and with her head bowed, flushed with anticipation.

"My goodness, Margot. I think she is learning," Sonya purred from the bed.

"She seems to be getting the hang of it. Bring us some of that champagne, Jasmin, darling," Margot requested sweetly.

Jasmin rose and poured two glasses of champagne, but had the presence of mind to present the chilled flutes on her knees.

"Sonya, I don't know exactly what you did to her last night, but I approve," Margot chuckled, taking a glass. She sipped from it, tipped Jasmin's chin up, and passed some into her mouth. Jasmin received it gratefully, not having expected anything at all. Holding onto Margot, she prolonged their kiss, and Margot didn't object.

Sonya observed, "I would never allow any of mine to take such liberties as that."

Margot smiled indulgently, caressing the back of Jasmin's neck. "I am very much in love with Jasmin, and I don't mind if she knows it. She is obedient and knows her place, and she accepts it without complaint. If she wants to kiss me, that's a small enough request to grant." And to emphasize her words, she kissed Jasmin again, pulling her up into the bed with them. "Pour us some more, darling. We can share my glass."

Jasmin obeyed immediately and curled up in Margot's arms, passing the glass back and forth and looking at Sonya from under her eyelids. She smiled and licked her lips.

Sonya smiled too and said, "Nonetheless, I find her impudent. I look forward to our journey together."

"I can't wait to hear all about it," Margot smiled.

"I shall record it for you, and you can see it with your own eyes," Sonya said off-handedly.

"That would be a treat! We can make popcorn and watch it together when you get back." Turning to Jasmin she said, "I expect you to be on your best behavior, sweetie."

"I will be, Mistress. For you, I will do anything, and gladly."

"That's my girl. I want you now. Lie down under me," she instructed handing the glass to Jasmin to set aside.

With a sigh, Jasmin lay down and spread her legs, pulling Margot close. Sliding her hand into her mistress, she began to caress her while looking up into her eyes with awestruck adoration.

Margot looked down at her, equally loving. Slowly she brought her lips to Jasmin's and favored her with yet another kiss, as though Sonya wasn't even there. "Ah ... oh, Margot ... mmmmm," Jasmin whispered.

"Ssshhh. Pleasure me slowly, darling. I want to share it all with you."

"Yes, mistress," Jasmin whispered back, and they kissed again.

Margot rode Jasmin for what seemed like an hour, coming in a relaxed, almost leisurely fashion, until she tumbled off, exhausted. "Take her if you wish, Sonya. That will hold me for ... a while," She smiled mischievously, knowing that Jasmin knew very well that by noon the next day, Margot would be bedding someone else.

"Come here," Sonya said, hot from an hour of watching her ally enjoy her woman. "Up on your knees," she demanded, and so saying, she put her own glass aside and took Jasmin roughly from behind, using both orifices to excite her wildly, making her juices drip down her legs.

When Jasmin was bucking and arching, squealing with need, Sonya brusquely turned her over, spread her legs and mounted her. "I like my slaves hot and desperate. Go on, now. Give me what I want."

"Uhhh ... Oooooohhh," Jasmin moaned, but she complied quickly. Sonya looked down at her coldly, but kissed her with immense heat and passion, much to Jasmin's delight. She took the larger woman's writhing clit in her hand and treated it as if it were royalty, stroking her back and buttocks with the other.

Sonya had great discipline, and delayed her own pleasure long enough to make Jasmin's need spiral out of control. When she was ready, she came. "Receive my climax, slave," she grunted, as her spasms shook her and her eyes closed in ecstasy. "Take it, take it, take it," she gasped.

When she was done, she looked at Margot. "May I?" she asked.

"Be my guest," Margot shrugged, amused.

Sonya ordered Jasmin out of the bed and onto the floor. "Thank me for my orgasms, Jasmin," she commanded.

"Ah ... ah," Jasmin panted, looking up at her. "Thank you ... thank you for sharing your orgasms with me. Thank you for using me," she groaned.

"You are welcome. Margot, what would you be doing now, if I weren't here?"

“Well, let me show you. Come here, Jasmin, honey,” she said, offering her lover a hand.

Shakily, Jasmin took it and climbed back up into the bed. “Please, Margot,” she begged, nearly weeping.

“I know, I know,” Margot crooned. She shared some champagne with her, then very gently, teasing, stopping, starting, kissing, gave Jasmin an orgasm that made her almost fly off the bed, then sob with gratitude.

“Margot ... Mistress ... oh, God ... thank you,” Jasmin sighed, pressing against her breasts.

“You’re welcome, love. Now, get your things and get down on the floor. I want Sonya again, and then we should all get some sleep. You’ll have a long day tomorrow.”

Jasmin sighed. “Yes, Mistress. Thank you for taking me. I love you so, Margot,” she gulped.

“I love you, too. Now move it, sailor,” she said, patting Jasmin’s ass. “And Sonya, you come here. Remember who’s the captain of this vessel.”

“Aye, Captain,” Sonya said crisply, and she slid all the way down between Margot’s legs, and gladly did her duty while Margot stroked the back of her neck. She smiled down at Jasmin, and Jasmin lay looking up at her with eyes full of love until she came, and fell asleep. Then Jasmin got up and turned off the lights, wondering if Sonya would return her to her Captain in one piece!

CHAPTER 10

The next morning Jasmin woke early and went immediately to her quarters to prepare and dress for departure on the arctic mission with Sonya Bernard. She was ready at 0700 when there was knock at her door.

“Come in,” she said, rising to greet her visitor.

Sonya, dressed for travel in a severe dark suit and boots, stepped into the room. She placed a multi-corder on Jasmin’s desk, as she had promised Margot, but didn’t turn it on. “Sit down.”

Jasmin was unaccustomed to being ordered about like that, but she did it, a prickle of apprehension forming at the back of her mind. She sat on her bed, and Sonya took her desk chair and sat knee-to-knee with her.

“Yesterday, when you reported to the Captain after lunch, you did not exhibit the anxiety or level of arousal I would have expected from someone in an extreme state of need in the presence of two women she greatly desires. Your crotch should have been soaked, and you should have been flushed and nervous. Yet none of these indicators were present.”

“I ... had other things on my mind,” Jasmin stammered.

“Yet now you are flushed and nervous. I believe you touched yourself to relieve your needs sometime between the time you left the Captain’s Quarters in the morning and the time you returned at her summons. Am I correct?”

“Look, Sonya, I ... I had to ... do something in order to be able to report for duty.” Jasmin was sweating now.

“Are you unaware of the effects of a cold shower or an ice cube?”

“I ... I...”

Sonya held up her hand. “I do not wish to discuss it. You not only disobeyed your mistress, but you lied.”

“You’re going to tell her,” Jasmin said miserably.

“I will not, nor will I punish you, but I will prevent you from doing it again.” She rose and put the chair back. “Now, I am going to go out, knock and come in again. I will turn on the multi-corder and we will proceed as if this conversation had never taken place. Understood?”

Jasmin nodded. “Yes, Sonya,” she said.

When the knock sounded again, she said, “Come in.”

Sonya entered turned the recorder on and set it down. “Are you ready?”

“Yes, all set,” Jasmin responded.

“You will kneel when I enter or leave the room,” Sonya said, and she waited as Jasmin slowly sank to her knees.

“In public, you will address me as ‘Madam,’ ‘Ma’am’ or the equivalent in whatever language we are using. In private, you will call me ‘Mistress.’”

“Yes, Mistress,” Jasmin whispered nervously.

“In addition, you will not speak unless I speak to you, and you will obey me instantly. In public, you will be clothed and give the appearance of a very respectful employee or servant. You will carry my bags or hire porters if necessary. In private, you will be naked. You will refrain from touching your private parts except for sanitary reasons. You will not achieve orgasm without my express consent. Is that clear?”

“Yes, Mistress,” Jasmin said, licking her lips. She felt a sweat break out across her back.

“To assist you in refraining from stimulating yourself, I have a device for you to wear. Pull your pants down and expose yourself to me. Lie on your back on

the bed."

Jasmin felt as if she was falling into a pit. She was all but ready to bolt from the cabin, but Margot had given very specific and very restrictive orders. She must obey Sonya.

She rose, opened her fly, pulled her shirt up and both pairs of pants down. She lay down and looked up at Sonya, who then sat on the bed beside her hips.

"Spread your legs," she said, tapping Jasmin's knees. Her pussy opened to Sonya and she smiled at the drops of moisture that betrayed Jasmin's arousal.

Sonya opened a small plastic case. Jasmin couldn't see what was in it. "I am going to stimulate you, but do not worry about accidentally coming. I will not allow it." With that, she began to caress Jasmin's exposed and very vulnerable clitoris with two strong, slender fingers.

Jasmin gasped and almost immediately began to writhe and arch. "Look into my eyes," Sonya commanded. Jasmin's clit was now between Sonya's first two fingers, and her thumb gently massaged Jasmin's copious fluids around it.

"Mmmmm ... ah ... oh ... Mistress," Jasmin said softly, unable to control herself. She shifted and pressed up into Sonya's hand.

"You are weak. You have no defenses against me. By the time this mission is over, you will be glad to be my slave," Sonya informed her.

"Do you really have ... slaves?"

"Every woman I take becomes my slave, but yes, I have seven permanent slaves."

"I don't consider myself a slave," Jasmin told her.

"Nonsense," Sonya said, caressing Jasmin's swollen organ efficiently. "You are Margot's slave, as I am. When I am with her, she is my mistress, as she is yours. And when you are with me, I am your mistress."

"Oh ... oh, God," Jasmin groaned.

"I believe your clitoris is not quite fully erect, which is exactly what we need at the moment," Sonya informed her. She took her hand away and examined the contents of the plastic case, taking out something small, white and shiny. "Yes, extra large. As I thought."

Jasmin grunted and thrust at her, moaning.

"Lie still. Be quiet." Sonya took a out a small, clean cloth and dabbed at Jasmin, making her yelp with need. Then, with quick, practiced movements, she peeled the back from the object and tapped it into place on Jasmin's clitoris, where it adhered.

Jasmin shrieked. "No! What is that? It hurts!" She tried to grab herself but Sonya prevented it.

"Hush! Pay attention to your body. It does not hurt. You are simply over-stimulated and very sensitive. Lie still and observe."

Jasmin's breath came in short desperate gasps as Sonya held her wrists and spoke quietly to her. "You are wearing a clitoral cap. It is soft on the inside, and flexible. The outside is harder, an acrylic. As your clitoris shrinks, the cap will remain in place, but should it swell, you will be unable to stimulate yourself through it. It is easily removed, but once taken off, it will not adhere again. I will know if you have removed it, and then I will punish you. I will remove it if I want you to come, and replace it with a new one."

Jasmin bit her lips and whipped her head from side to side. Her arousal was excruciating! If only she could come. "Please ... please..." she moaned.

"If you become fully aroused, the cap will act and feel like a clamp. The sooner you relax, the sooner your discomfort will ease. You will still be aware of it, but it will not cause you such distress." She closed the case and seeing Jasmin still was not adjusting, went to her refrigerator and found the ice cubes. She slapped two into Jasmin's hand. "Apply these. The adhesive isn't moisture-soluble. Do it."

Jasmin complied instantly and the effect was immediate. She let out a long sigh of relief.

"Where are your tampons?" Sonya demanded.

Jasmin told her.

Sonya found them, took one and sat back down. "All my slaves wear the caps. No other forms of restraint or control are necessary." Expertly she slid the tampon into Jasmin's steaming, slick vagina, eliciting an agonized moan. "Pack the rest of these. You will need them."

"Where are your slaves?" Jasmin asked.

Since Jasmin was new to this treatment, Sonya forbore to scold her for her boldness and chose to answer her questions. It might serve to put her more at ease. "On my estate in Switzerland. There is a chalet there. I have a caretaker who watches over them in my absence."

"And what is the penalty for removing this ... thing?" Jasmin asked with distaste.

Sonya looked at her. "You would not like it. The offender is attached by a two-foot chain around her neck to my left boot. I wear her all day. Do you think you would enjoy lying on the bathroom floor at my feet while I relieve myself?" she asked coldly.

Jasmin shook her head in mute horror. "What if she ... needs to ... er ... ?" her voice trailed off.

"She removes my boot and carries it to the bathroom with her. I have no interest in my slaves' bodily functions, and I do not restrict them. If I take another

slave during that time, and I assure you I do, the one under punishment lies on the floor with her face to my boot while I am in bed with my lover."

"I can't imagine it happens more than once," Jasmin sighed, resigned.

"One of them liked it. I wore her chained by nipple clamps the second time, instead of her neck."

Jasmin shuddered.

Sonya rose. "Clean yourself up, compose yourself, and report to me at the gangplank in fifteen minutes."

Jasmin pulled up her pants, got off the bed and knelt. "Yes, Mistress."

"Good," Sonya nodded. She took the multi-corder and went out.

Before she could even stand up, Margot stepped in. Wordlessly, Jasmin threw her arms around her Captain's hips and clung to her.

Margot permitted this for a moment, but then gently pulled Jasmin's head back so she could look down into her eyes. "I know you think it will be impossible, but I know you'll do well and make me proud. She may be strict and harsh with you, but she won't hurt you, because you belong to me. Understand?"

Jasmin nodded.

"Good. I wanted to give you a hug and kiss goodbye here because we can't do that on deck. Come here, love," she said, raising her. She kissed Jasmin deeply and Jasmin gasped when her clit responded to the embrace and she felt the cap again.

"What?" Margot asked looking at her.

"She put a ... um, a cap on my clit," Jasmin blushed.

Margot grinned. "Oh, yes, I know it well. Her own invention, and quite effective. Don't knock it till you've worn it a while. Several women who have worked with Sonya have come back with those and are ... quite fond of them, shall we say?" She released Jasmin. "I'll see you in a few days, honey, and I am very much looking forward to our Sunday together." Then she was gone.

Jasmin took several huge breaths to calm herself, washed quickly, collected her gear and reported to the gangplank. It wouldn't do to keep Sonya waiting.

As soon as they stepped ashore, Sonya ordered, "Secure a water taxi to take us to the train station."

"Si, Signora."

Jasmin went to the station at the marina entrance and hired a boat. She hopped in and rode it slowly back to Sonya, where she and the driver loaded their luggage. Once aboard, Sonya indicated that they would sit together in the stern for the brief journey through the canals. "There will be a limousine waiting at the station to take us to the airport," she informed Jasmin crisply, and then she said nothing more, leaving Jasmin to deal with her thoughts in silence.

Glancing sideways at Sonya, she was totally unaware of the sights on either side of the Grand Canal. They passed directly under the Ponte Rialto without her notice, as all of her attention was upon her aching clit. She didn't know how long she could endure the cap, yet she could hardly perform her mission while secured by her neck to her mistress' left boot. Jasmin had been to Venice many times, though, and felt no loss of opportunity as she contemplated her own situation instead of basking in the ancient city's faded grandeur.

The ride to the station took less than half an hour, and there at the dock stood a uniformed chauffeur bearing a placard that said "Roissy."

"That is our driver," Sonya said. Nodding, Jasmin paid their taxi driver, beckoned to the chauffeur and together they carried the luggage to the Mercedes, which sported an antenna and darkened glass all around. Jasmin took her gun case, which looked outwardly like a fine Italian leather briefcase, herself, as it was her practice never to let it leave her hand. Sonya placed the multi-corder in a corner of the seat where it continued making a record of every moment of their journey together.

From the back seat, Sonya gave the driver directions and closed the black glass between the compartments, giving them total privacy. From her handbag she removed a cell phone, conducted a brief conversation in French, and then turned it off. She had ordered her plane to prepare for departure.

She turned to Jasmin, who was to her right. "Spread your legs," she ordered calmly.

Jasmin spread them instantly. Sonya lifted her right leg and draped it over Jasmin's left, pinning it to the seat. Negligently she placed her hand in Jasmin's lap and began, casually, to caress her crotch.

"Not a sound." Sonya said to her quietly, softly stroking the assassin through the trousers of her suit.

Jasmin's head snapped back against the high seat-back and she gripped the seat cushions with her hands. Her mouth opened in a silent scream and she arched and writhed against Sonya's hand. Her clit reached full engorgement and she clamped her mouth shut against the agonizing pressure of the cap. She was bursting with need, no more than half a stroke, half a second, from climax.

Mercilessly, Sonya continued to stroke her ever so lightly. "You will not be able to come," she remarked. "Not even if you try. But you are free to enjoy this as much as you wish."

Jasmin ground her heels into the carpeting and thrust against Sonya's hand. Sonya rested her fingers directly on the cap and pressed. She smiled. "Don't tell me you don't like this. Margot has told me enough so that I know better."

"Please," gasped Jasmin. "I'm begging you..."

No, you will not beg me. You may beg for three things only. You may beg for forgiveness, you may beg to be allowed to please me, and you may beg for mercy, but you may not beg to come."

"Mercy, then," Jasmin pleaded, wild-eyed.

"Denied."

Jasmin panted silently, rapidly, watching the cool, tapered fingers manipulating her genitals, her very existence. She could feel the need for the tampon and was glad of its presence.

"Mistress, if you continue, I will not be able to walk at the airport," Jasmin whimpered. She despised herself for sounding so pathetic.

"Did I not instruct you to be silent?" Sonya asked. "When you have been silent for five minutes, I will remove my hand." She checked her watch. "Begin whenever you are ready."

Slowly she drew her nails along the seam of Jasmin's pants. Jasmin wiggled and jerked, but the pressure of Sonya's leg over her own kept her in place. She implored Sonya with her eyes, but instead of stopping, the diabolical woman leaned over and captured Jasmin's mouth in a lengthy kiss.

Jasmin did the only thing she could do: she surrendered. She allowed herself to experience every stroke completely, and she sucked Sonya's tongue with genuine fervor. She even let go of the cushions with her left hand, and gently caressed Sonya's right leg. She leaned back and writhed slowly, rhythmicallyumping against her hand. When Sonya released her lips to breathe, Jasmin gasped with pleasure and leaned toward her for another kiss.

Sonya smiled. "Much better." She removed her hand from between Jasmin's legs and pushed her down on the seat. Then she mounted her and kissed her possessively all the way to the airport, grinding her mons into Jasmin's splayed crotch, until she felt the limousine slow down. Jasmin moved with her, moaning softly as she squeezed her ass and caressed her powerful back.

Sitting upright again and straightening her clothing, Sonya said, "Once we are in the air, you will pleasure me."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin responded, eager now. Anything for Sonya's touch.

The jet stood ready on the tarmac, her pilot and engineer doing their final checks. Sonya opened the door to the spacious aft cabin and directed Jasmin, "You will remain here for the entire flight. Prepare yourself to serve me." She handed over the multi-corder. "Place this where it will record all the activity in the room."

Jasmin bowed humbly as Sonya shut the door. Turning to view the cabin, she was stunned to find, firmly attached to the bulkhead, a large color portrait of a smiling Margot in full naval regalia. She went over to it and open-mouthed, touched it with her fingertips. Sonya did indeed regard Margot as her mistress! It was a pleasant shock, but Jasmin knew she must tear herself away and be ready for Sonya's return.

She set up the multi-corder, stowed her things out of the way, undressed and freshened herself in the small, but well-appointed head. She turned the bed back, discovered a sound system and selected light classical music for Sonya's enjoyment. Sonya's luggage she stacked neatly, unwilling to handle her personal belongings without permission. Her urgency had lessened but the cap still pushed against her labia. She sat gingerly on the edge of a chair and opened her legs to allow air to reach her fevered genitals. Closing her eyes, she imagined herself as Sonya's slave and tried to create the proper mind-set for the duration of the mission.

The instant the door opened, Jasmin fell to her knees and bowed her head. Sonya walked in, locked the door and went to the easy chair, opening her jacket. "Come here," she said sharply. Jasmin jumped up and covered the intervening space in a flash, kneeling quickly before her mistress. Looking up into the cold eyes, she sensed immediately what she must do. Without hesitation, she bowed all the way to the floor, kissed Sonya's boots and stayed there with her lips pressed to the leather, ass in the air, eyes closed.

Sonya said casually, "Proper worship is accomplished with the mouth open, so that the tongue may be felt."

Wordlessly Jasmin obeyed, polishing Sonya's instep thoroughly. Instantly she felt her mistress shudder, and lift her heel from the floor to press her boot against her slave's open mouth, thus returning her affectionate greeting. Now it was Jasmin's turn to shudder. Moving only to address her attention to the other boot, she continued to stimulate Sonya in the way she so obviously enjoyed.

Sonya began to relax, but then the engines began to run up and she ordered, "You must stop until we are airborne. Sit in the jumpseat behind the bathroom door until I give you leave to get up." With that she swiveled her chair to look out the window and fastened her own seatbelt, ignoring her new slave.

At a soft ding, Sonya called Jasmin again, "Come here, slave, so that I may instruct you."

Again Jasmin came and knelt, looking up now into the enormous blue eyes of Margot's other woman. Oddly she felt no jealousy, rather, sorrow for what must seem interminable separations.

"That is good. When you serve me, you will do it on your knees, but when you move around the room, I want you to walk upright, not crawl. You will stay off the furniture unless ordered to my bed or the jumpseat. You will undress me and pleasure me before dinner. After I eat, I will feed you. Because of the nature of your skills, you will be permitted to come fully tonight and sleep without the cap so that you will be properly rested and relaxed for our mission. This is a privilege I would allow no other slave, but you belong to Margot and the situation demands it. During our return, however, I will treat you entirely as I would one of my own slaves. Do you understand?"

Jasmin did. "Yes, Mistress. Thank you."

Sonya smiled wryly. "Tomorrow you may feel very differently. But you will still obey. Now," she stood up, "Pour me a cognac and undress me."

Jasmin rose and brought Sonya a drink from her bar. Then, with great reverence, she removed each item of apparel and kissed it before disposing of it properly. She brought Sonya a midnight-blue silk robe lined with white satin and dressed her in it. She then knelt before the easy chair, where Sonya lifted

her legs over the arms to expose herself for Jasmin's attentions.

"I beg permission to pleasure you, Mistress," Jasmin said, her voice filled with desire. Her clit thrummed continuously, intensely, under its cap. Jasmin was beginning to fall in love with it, and with Sonya.

"You may proceed," Sonya said, taking a sip of her cognac.

Jasmin leaned forward into Sonya's womanhood, sliding her hands as far under her as she could. Sonya's hand gripped the back of her neck, preventing her withdrawal, but soon Jasmin was so deeply into her Mistress' pleasure that Sonya felt she could trust her slave to perform correctly, and relaxed her grip to a gentle caress. Jasmin thrust toward Sonya with her hips, her own legs spread to allow her juices to run out, as she wanted very much for Sonya to see the extent of her desire, hoping it would please her. The clamping action of the cap had Jasmin's clit firmly under control. She felt as though it pulled her clit up and out, making it more vulnerable at the same time it was made less accessible. She wanted to press it into the chair and feel it more sharply, but she knew she must wait for Sonya's touch.

At the same time, Sonya thrust gently, almost delicately, into Jasmin's mouth, enjoying her. Her pleasure teased Jasmin and made her swell to utter tightness under the cap. But instead of crying out in frustration, she moaned in pleasure and desire. In a matter of minutes, Sonya set her glass down and took Jasmin's head in both hands, firm but gentle.

"Come on, Jasmin, give it to me. Take my come, baby. Take it all."

Jasmin sighed in agreement, working her tongue rapidly around in circles over Sonya's equally tight and pounding, but unrestricted, clit. Then Sonya began gasping in short cries, and she lifted herself up into Jasmin's tongue.

"Oh yes! Do me! Do me!" She humped up and down and came on Jasmin's face, covering her with come. "Oooooohhhh, yes! YES! YES!" Sonya yelled, gushing into her eager mouth.

Jasmin would have gone on, but Sonya pushed her away, laughing. "No, no, my slave, just one for now. I want to have you again later, and quite strenuously, I warn you."

"Thank you ... thank you, Mistress."

Sonya inclined her head graciously, and Jasmin asked, "May I lick you clean, Mistress?"

"You may, slave."

Jasmin cleaned her gently and completely, then lay back at Sonya's feet, looking up at her with a huge grin. "You were right. You are a magnificent Mistress." She spread her legs on either side of Sonya's feet and lifted her hips to expose her genitals, her cap and her moisture to Sonya, who nodded.

"Excellent, slave. Showing me your need and vulnerability is a fine tribute to my power over you. How do you feel?"

Jasmin thought about it. "Powerless, needy. Like a slave."

"Do you like it?"

With a lazy smile, Jasmin squirmed and stretched until her thigh touched Sonya's toes. "I love it, Mistress."

Sonya teased Jasmin gently, tickling the cap with her bare foot. Jasmin's entire body spasmed, and she arched, crying out. "Oh! Mistress!"

"More?"

Jasmin nodded, thrusting and moaning. Sonya touched the cap with the ball of her foot, sending Jasmin into another fit of gasping and twitching. Then she took her foot away. "What do you feel, slave?"

"The last ... the last contraction before orgasm ... a pre-orgasmic spasm," Jasmin told her.

"And do you like it?"

"Oh God, yes, Mistress. Please."

"One more," Sonya assented and touched the cap, just barely. Jasmin thrashed in near-ecstasy. Sonya grinned down at her, triumphant.

"You are adjusting. You are still impudent, but you are submitting more naturally. I am pleased." She put down her glass. "Go into the bathroom and wait. I do not expose my slaves to my staff." And when Jasmin had obeyed, she rang for her dinner to be brought in.

Moments later, Sonya was seated at a small dining table elegantly set for one and Jasmin was serving her from a variety of hot and cold covered dishes which had been delivered on a serving cart. When Sonya nodded, she sank to her knees at her feet and bowed her head.

"We will discuss the mission while I eat, my slave," Sonya informed her. "Up above the Arctic Circle, where the indigenous peoples live and hunt for their food in the summer, there is a trapper who is killing polar bears with highly-developed technology. These peoples, who are called Eskimos, Lapps and so on, but really are international, can never catch him. He has some means of sensing them too far in advance. They have never come within a quarter mile before he disappears."

"He traps and kills polar bears for their pelts. Not only has he no rights to these bears, but they are endangered and defenseless against his technology. Our job is to eliminate the trapper in such a way that the natives will not be blamed."

"You want me to shoot him," Jasmin stated.

Precisely. The natives will set a trap with a polar bear they have legitimately killed themselves, and clear the area. He will come inspecting his traps. You will shoot him."

"Yes, Mistress."

"The arctic night is very short there now, only about two hours. We will land in Murmansk about an hour before nightfall. We will refuel and from there we will continue to a reasonably safe location, but we will camouflage the jet and allow the engines to cool. For the two-hour dark period we will hike, and by sunrise we will be in place. We will wait until he approaches the bear, and you may have one, perhaps two shots, before he realizes the truth."

"He will be dead before he realizes anything at all," Jasmin said simply. "I will need arctic camouflage for my gun case."

"You will have all that you need, including an environmental suit and rations enough for a long wait. Once he is eliminated, I will notify the native authorities, and they can find him and report his death."

"Yes, Mistress."

"We will not need darkness for the return hike. We will fly back to Murmansk and from there to Livorno, to meet Domina Mare."

"As you wish, of course," Jasmin said humbly, watching Sonya eat. She was getting hungry, but food wasn't among the things she was allowed to beg for.

Sonya then slid her chair back slightly. "I will feed you now, my slave. Kneel upright, and put your hands behind your back."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin responded.

She ran the back of her hand over Jasmin's nipples, making her gasp and squirm. Sonya smiled. "Your breasts are lovely. Open your mouth."

For several minutes they were silent as Sonya finger-fed Jasmin her leftovers, of which there had purposely been more than enough. "But no dessert," Sonya informed her. "I will give you more than enough of my own honey for that."

"Mistress Sonya is more than generous," Jasmin acknowledged, cleaning Sonya's fingers with a cloth and the finger-bowl.

"I hope you enjoyed it, because tomorrow you will eat what my slaves eat."

"I thought I already had," Jasmin winked up at her.

"Such impertinence must, of course, be penalized," Sonya said sternly. "Prepare yourself to make love to me, and to receive your punishment."

"It is an honor to serve you, Mistress," Jasmin said. She rose, bowed and went into the bathroom again, to make herself ready, and so that the dinner cart could be removed,

When she had come out and knelt, Sonya ordered, "Get into my bed and wait for me. On your back, legs spread, hands under your backside." Then she went into the bathroom herself and shut the door.

"Yes, Mistress." She noted that the lights had been dimmed and that romantic string music played softly. The bed was silky and firm, like Sonya. Involuntarily Jasmin sighed when she slid between the pristine sheets. She wriggled contentedly, assumed the position and relaxed.

When Sonya got into the bed, she took Jasmin without any pillow-talk or the least foreplay, as demanding as she had been with her in Margot's quarters.

She mounted Jasmin and put her knee to her genitals, forcing Jasmin's cap hard into her body. Immediately Jasmin began to buck and squeal as she swelled tremendously in response. Sonya then yanked Jasmin's legs as far apart as was humanly possible, and kissed her, bit her and roughly squeezed and twisted her nipples. Desperately, Jasmin clawed at Sonya's back and pushed up into her.

"No, my slave. Lie still now, slide your hand into me and satisfy me," Sonya ordered, adjusting her thighs over Jasmin's to allow her access. Then, as Jasmin entered her, she thrust and pounded her into the bed as she sought ecstasy. "Oh ... oh ... oh..." Sonya grunted, very sure of her control of Jasmin, very dominant, very strong.

There was no doubt in Jasmin's mind, either. Sonya would get exactly what she wanted. "Mistress, yes," she moaned. "Take me. Use me. Mmmmm ... PLEASE!" Sonya's lusty body was banging the cap hard now, and Jasmin was loving it, arching to it, pleading for it.

"Be quiet. Kiss me, and suck my tongue."

So Jasmin received the thrusts of Sonya's tongue and hips all at once, and caressed her as she pummeled Jasmin's body into submission, and until she soared above her in orgasm. When Sonya had finished her climax, Jasmin stroked her very lovingly, very respectfully, very lightly as she rested.

"That was your punishment. I am not usually so rough," Sonya informed her.

"Punish me again, Mistress, just to make sure," Jasmin suggested, breathless.

"No, now I will give you your dessert." She moved up and straddled Jasmin's head. "Open your mouth," she instructed, and when Jasmin had done so, Sonya parted her own labia and released her juices to dribble down to Jasmin. When Jasmin lifted her head to lick her mistress, Sonya pushed her down. "You will take what I give you the way I want you to have it."

Immediately Jasmin became passive and waited for the drops to reach her, relishing each one. As she looked up, she realized Sonya was lowering herself slowly down to engulf her face. She closed her eyes in bliss and waited for contact with the lush womanhood poised above her. "Mmmph ... mmmmm," she sighed, and began to pleasure her mistress once again. Ignored, her clip writhed under its cap, and Jasmin, freed from the ability to make a decision or choice, luxuriated in it.

Back and forth Sonya rocked, moaning softly, using Jasmin's full range of skills. "Oh, yes ... oh, yes," she whispered, engrossed. "Jasmin not only licked, sucked and kissed, but she entered Sonya's anus carefully, gently and finally deeply, making her pleasure all the more intense when she shared yet another orgasm with Jasmin as a reward for her efforts. "Yes, my slave, my pretty assassin. You have my leave to kill me with pleasure," she gasped. And she burst, so that Jasmin's cries were stifled, and her own rang loudly through the cabin.

Recovering, Sonya slid off Jasmin to the side and split her legs hard apart. Jasmin moaned and looked at her adoringly. She said nothing. Sonya had promised her full release and a good night's sleep. She wasn't worried.

Sonya said, "Do you want to see what I do to get my slaves' attention?"

"Yes, please."

Sonya gripped her jaw firmly and said, quietly and intensely, "Look at me."

Jasmin did, mesmerized, and Sonya kissed her very softly, making her hips rise off the bed. She gasped, "Is that all?"

"That's all I ever need."

"It's all I'd ever need," Jasmin confirmed. "No whips, paddles, chains, cuffs?"

"Except the punishment for removing the cap, no. Do you feel the need for those?"

"No, Mistress. I am glad to obey you, and to serve you."

"So are they. They would die for me, come once a year for me, crawl across the Alps on their hands and knees for me. I don't need to restrain them or punish them or beat them, ever. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Mistress, I do, and I want to please you, so much."

"I was quite sure you would. Hands back under your ass now."

Jasmin obeyed silently, her eyes locked on Sonya's. Boldly she lifted her hips, but Sonya ordered her, with a touch of her finger and a raised eyebrow, to desist.

"Ordinarily, if you were a new slave of mine, you would not come for a month or more," Sonya remarked idly, beginning to lightly stroke the insides of Jasmin's thighs.

"What do you mean?" Jasmin shuddered, although she thought she already knew.

"You would serve me, and pleasure me in turn with the others, and you would wear the cap, and I would train you, but you would not come until I felt your attention was entirely devoted to me and my pleasure. Have you ever gone without pleasure for a month?" Her smile was teasing, wicked.

"No, never, Mistress. I ... I did it myself if I needed to."

"Not any more," Sonya reminded her.

"No, that's true, Mistress," Jasmin nodded, looking chastened.

But then Sonya leaned over and kissed her gently and affectionately, and Jasmin knew she was forgiven.

"Since I'm not one of your own slaves in training, what will you do differently?" Jasmin wanted to know. "How can a cap be worn for a month?"

Sonya sighed and shook her head, resigned to this chatty, curious slave whom she was unable to totally control yet. "The caps are changed frequently, and in any event, they are micro-perforated for health purposes. Since you must come tonight, and sleep until we land in Murmansk, I will, after a period of stimulation, remove the cap and permit orgasm." Her fingers moved into Jasmin's pubic hair and she began to tremble.

"How long a period?"

Sonya became stern. "As long as I like! Enough of your questions now. You will be still and learn to appreciate your relative freedoms under Margot's supervision."

Jasmin nodded and waited for Sonya to begin.

Leaning on one elbow, Sonya looked down at Jasmin and smiled, lazily passing her fingertips through the soaking wet pussy hair. Jasmin sighed and smiled back, running her eyes appreciatively over the regally sculpted planes of her lover's face. If there were such a thing as a Scandinavian Amazon, she was Sonya. In what seemed a very short time to Jasmin, she had gone from being an independent assassin and operative to a plaything batted back and forth between two gorgeous and charismatic women, and the idea of returning to where she had been held very little appeal.

"Mmmm ... Mistress Sonya was right," Jasmin sighed.

"In what way?"

"I already love being your slave."

Sonya laughed lightly. "Believe me, I am treating you much more as a lover than as a slave. Tomorrow, after the mission, things will be very different for you."

"Will I still be required to pleasure you?" Jasmin asked.

"Of course. I have told you, you will serve me with complete devotion or Margot will demand to know why."

"I can please both of you, then," Jasmin smiled. "And myself as well."

"Sassy slave. See how you like this!" Deftly, she took the white cap between her fingers and squeezed lightly.

Jasmin lifted almost bodily off the bed, moaning in sweet anguish. "Oh! Oh, my God! Mistress!"

"You like that now, because orgasm is guaranteed within a relatively short period of time. Tomorrow, when I do that to you, you will have nearly a day until I present you to Margot again, and then she may very well wait to relieve you."

"Margot may do as she wishes, of course, Mistress, and so may you. If it pleases you to remind me of my condition, I will accept it."

Amused, Sonya tapped on the cap with her fingernail, sending jolts of sensation through Jasmin's body. She convulsed on the sheets, whimpering with anticipation.

"I will remove the cap now," Sonya informed her. "I would prefer to draw this out, but we must both sleep well before the mission. It may interest you to know," she went on, "that most of my slaves come instantly the minute I remove the cap. But since you have had yours on for less than a day, that may not happen. Still the experience will be ... most intense, so be prepared."

Jasmin nodded, wide-eyed, as Sonya gently slid a manicured nail just under the very edge of the cap. "Ready, slave?" but without waiting for an answer, she flipped the light plastic cap off.

"Aaaahhhhh!" Jasmin shrieked. It wasn't an orgasm, not yet, but something strange was happening. It was as if something huge was growing out of her womanhood. "What is it! What is it?"

Sonya was looking carefully at her clit. "Nothing that shouldn't happen. Your clit is regaining its usual size and shape and swelling as well. In a moment you will know ecstasy such as you have never imagined."

Jasmin doubted it. After all, Margot was her lover. Then Sonya licked her finger, and looking deeply into Jasmin's eyes, stroked her clit lightly, once.

It was an eruption. Jasmin surrendered with the most voluminous scream she had ever produced in her life. Desperate, wild, she clawed at the air with her fingers, as if trying to attach herself to the ceiling of the cabin. She was quite certain she was having some sort of seizure. The pounding of her clit was unbelievable and continued unabated although Sonya had barely touched her. Nearly deafened by her own bellowing, she screamed Margot's name and Sonya's, alternately, until she flopped back, exhausted.

Sonya touched her again, and as if she hadn't just come like an old-style Atlas rocket, Jasmin repeated her performance, exactly, scream for scream, until she was sure her heart would fail her.

When she saw Sonya lick her finger again, Jasmin begged weakly, "Mercy," but almost before the word left her lips, Sonya had stroked her into convulsions again.

It seemed like hours before Sonya was through with her. The least pressure to Jasmin's clit produced orgasmic fireworks. If she hadn't been in superb physical condition, she would have lost consciousness several times, but Sonya allowed just enough recovery so that she didn't. Finally she lay weeping silently in her Mistress' arms, feeling ashamed that she had behaved like this with anyone but Margot, but just before she drifted off to sleep, she heard Sonya whisper, "Do not be embarrassed. Margot was this way the first time, too."

CHAPTER 11

Jasmin had no time to question Sonya's cryptic remark when they awoke during the descent to Murmansk. Their time on the ground was brief and both women used it to bathe and dress in special long silk underwear for their upcoming mission. Out over the tundra of the Kola Peninsula, the pilot extended the pontoons and inflated them, then took them in for a landing on a small lake. Had the ground been covered with snow, Sonya informed her, they would have landed on skis. The terrain on which the all-purpose, VTOL plane could not land had yet to evolve. They had recently found it necessary to land on the slopes of Mount Erebus in Antarctica and had found the experience all but unremarkable.

"But there is no time for details now. Once the engines are shut down you will assemble and prepare your equipment and I will re-check my data. As soon as the sun sets, we will depart for our objective."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin nodded. She was able as ever to compartmentalize the various aspects of her life and concentrate fully on the mission. On the way back, there would be more than enough time to find out about Margot's experience with the clitoral cap. And to experience it again herself. With a pleasurable sigh, she shut the door firmly on that compartment.

Special environmental suits were brought to the door of the spacious aft cabin. As they dressed, Sonya explained further. "Since we don't know exactly how long we will be out, these suits are made to be entirely sealed and self-sustaining. On one side of the helmet you will find a straw to your water supply. On the other, a similar straw for a nutritional supplement. You will not need to undress to eliminate. Whatever you release inside the suit will be attacked and neutralized by an enzymatic compound, which will then be released through the soles of your boots as a harmless nutrient for the tundra. Questions?"

Jasmin was very impressed. "No, Mistress. This is excellent. But, my gun case..."

"Yes, here is a camouflaged replacement, and it will hold a spotting scope as well. I'll carry the comm and computer set-up. Travelling together, we will create the exact same thermal signature of a small female polar bear, should our poacher be scanning."

"You certainly have thought of everything," Jasmin murmured appreciatively, fitting her components into the special backpack case. It was perfect.

Soon it was dark. "Let's move," Sonya said tersely. "We'll communicate via the headsets in our helmets, but save your breath for the walk."

"Yes, ma'am."

It was a long, slow, dull slog, as Sonya had warned. Just as the sun began turning the sky a slightly paler shade of black in the east, Sonya called a halt and pulled out her small GPS unit. Nodding, she put it away. "We'll stop here. The cover is sparse. Do your best to conceal us. From this point, the mission is yours. The target is due north from here. Use your infra-red attachment to find it. Once you are set, we will wait as long as necessary."

"Right." Jasmin consulted her instruments, found the target and set up the spotting scope, which she handed to Sonya. Then she zeroed her sights on the image of the dead bear, set the butt of the rifle on the ground and rechecked her target. She would touch it only to fire it now, as lifting the weapon was asking for trouble once properly sighted.

They took turns watching for the poacher. Finally a small blip appeared from the west travelling fast, much too fast for a person on foot. Yet it was too small to include a vehicle.

"Damn! What is that," Sonya muttered to herself. "Jet boots?"

Jasmin's ears pricked. She had never heard of them.

Then Sonya said, more to herself than Jasmin, "Perhaps a skimmer."

After another moment she murmured, "No, a jet sled. To haul the carcass." She addressed Jasmin directly, "He is moving fast and will not take long to realize it's a trap. One shot. Make it count."

But Jasmin was already preparing for the shot, concentrating, slowing her breathing. As the jet-sled came to a hover, she took a deep breath, let it out half-way, and squeezed the trigger once. Through the spotting scope, Sonya saw a red puff as most of the poacher's head disappeared. The remains fell off the sled onto the ground below.

Jasmin was no longer looking, and in fact, was breaking down her weapon. "Time to go," she prodded Sonya. "Are we going after the sled?"

"No, I'll leave it for the tribe." She flipped open a case and tapped a few keys. "They will receive a message shortly and come to collect their bear. They can claim the sled as well."

She closed the case, they helped one another shoulder their packs, and then they set off the way they had come without a backward glance.

On the way back to the plane, Jasmin remained silent until addressed by her mistress, who finally said, "I was very impressed with your efficiency and ability to concentrate, and of course your sharp-shooting at such a distance. Margot will be pleased."

"Thank you, Ma'am," Jasmin responded.

"Perhaps she will allow you to accompany me on more missions. Would you be willing?"

Jasmin had to laugh. "I belong to Margot. I will do whatever she requires. And when I am with you, I will do as you command me."

Sonya smiled. "Very good. When we are back aboard my aircraft, I will cap you again, and I will have you. We will celebrate a successful mission."

Jasmin's insides clenched in anticipation. "Yes, Mistress."

They were airborne as soon as Sonya instructed the pilot that they were strapped in, wearing only their silk underwear. The suits were lying in a pile on the floor to be collected later, once they were well underway.

At the soft ding that indicated they were free to move about, Sonya instructed Jasmin, "Prepare yourself to serve me. I will have our equipment removed while you are in the shower."

Jasmin obeyed at once, and in a few minutes, when she came out, Sonya had turned the bed down and was standing naked in the center of the room, enjoying a brandy. Jasmin went to her and knelt. Boldly she leaned forward and kissed Sonya's curly blond bush.

"Sassy slave," Sonya laughed. "Get in the bed. Spread your legs."

As Jasmin did so, she saw the case on the nightstand and shuddered, feeling herself grow wet. Sonya sat down beside her, leaned over and kissed her. The Scandinavian's hand crept between Jasmin's thighs. "Open ... open. Wider."

Jasmin complied with a groan, lifting her hips.

Sonya pulled back and observed Jasmin's burgeoning clit. "Now, I think," she said matter-of-factly, flipping open the case. "Hold still," she commanded, and with a couple of quick moves, she dabbed at Jasmin's clit and slipped the cap into place. She smiled down at her prisoner. "Turn over on your belly." When Jasmin had complied, she pressed down on her ass, forcing her mound into the mattress. "Writhe, slave."

Jasmin grunted and thrust down as commanded, moaning and wetting the bed with her need. "Oh, Mistress ... I beg you ... let me pleasure you..." she gasped.

"Soon. I must take a shower, and when I come out, you will take me. I will have enough pleasure from you to satisfy both of us. Stay there, keep your legs open and your cap down."

"Yes, Mistress, yes," Jasmin whispered, and as Sonya shut the bathroom door, she could see Jasmin's ass squirming on the bed in compliance with her wishes.

It was exquisite agony, waiting for her mistress to return. Jasmin wondered if she would hear the story of Margot soon, or if she would have to wait for them to get back to Domina Mare. Regardless, she looked forward to Sonya's pleasure for as long as Sonya wished.

When Sonya stepped out of the head, she lowered the lights in the cabin and turned on the sound system. She topped off her drink and got into the bed with Jasmin, turning her over. "You are so beautiful," she whispered.

Jasmin looked up into her eyes, mute with awe and longing. Sonya read the look and put her drink aside. She sat up against the headboard, lifted her hips and spread her legs. "Take me. Now."

Eagerly, Jasmin crawled between Sonya's legs on her belly and plunged into the heat of her sex. Rubbing herself on the sheets, she licked the hardness of her mistress with total devotion until she began to gasp and buck, but then unexpectedly, Sonya pulled away.

"No, not yet," she panted. "On your back. I will ride your face, slave."

Jasmin rolled over immediately and stretched toward Sonya to feel her pleasure. The heat in her own genitals was astounding. She couldn't have stood up. Sonya swiftly lowered herself into Jasmin's mouth and at the delightful contact, threw back her head and groaned. "Yes, slave, yes. But slowly. I want this to last."

Jasmin was determined that her mistress would feel her sincerity and her respect, and she gave herself completely, selflessly. Sonya's clit jumped and twitched in her mouth and Jasmin could feel her struggling to hold back and wondered why.

Again Sonya pulled away, leaving a surprised Jasmin blinking up at her. "Mistress, please," she begged. "Give me your pleasure."

"I will, you can be sure of it," Sonya gasped. "Sit up against the headboard and spread your legs wide apart." And she got out of the way so that Jasmin could obey her. Then she placed herself between Jasmin's legs with her own legs over Jasmin's thighs and squeezed herself up until their clits were touching with only the cap between them. Grasping the headboard firmly she ordered, "Pull yourself against me. Hold me tight."

With a helpless gasp of aching need, Jasmin complied, embracing Sonya's hips and pulling them even tighter together.

"Now thrust against me, slave, and make me come," Sonya ground out, near her limit of tolerance. And she set the pace by beginning to thrust herself.

"Uh! Uh!" Jasmin cried in desperation. She looked directly into Sonya's eyes and saw her come, almost before she felt the wild pounding against the cap.

Sonya's eyes rolled back in her head and her mouth opened in a wail of ecstasy. She shuddered violently, requiring more of her slave. "Again," she snapped. "Again!" Her swollen clit clutched Jasmin's cap like a greedy fist. "Do me, oh gods, yes, do me!" she grunted as she strained against her slave's womanhood, demanding all, giving nothing. Finally she fell back and away, leaving Jasmin to thrash in piercing torment, her legs jerking on the bedclothes, her hands balled tightly into fists. She breathed in little yelping gasps, unable to beg, unable to come.

Dimly she was aware that Sonya was offering her something to drink. Brandy. "It will help you to relax," she said softly. "And I will get you some ice, my sweet. If I let you come now, you would be bonded to me alone, forever. We don't want that."

Jasmin whimpered and sipped the brandy, realizing Sonya was right. Her slaves must be addicted, she thought. "Do you ... do you always come like that?" she managed to gasp out.

"Yes, at least once, and then I let my slave come, but not in my bed. My slaves come on the floor, and then they are taken away to ... recover." She handed Jasmin a small, flexible ice pack. "It is filled with beads that will mold themselves to your genitals."

Jasmin applied it, gasping in grateful relief. "Mistress ... you are so good. Will you let me ... pleasure you again?"

"Many times, slave, and in many ways. I know you want it as much as I do," Sonya smiled almost gently. "Finish your brandy and rest. I have work to do." She rose, belted on her robe and left the cabin to do God only knew what. Jasmin fell asleep with the pack to her now-cooling pussy.

Some time later she was aroused, in more ways than one, by a soft but insistent tongue on her clitoral cap. "Oh ... Sonya..." she breathed.

"I almost never do this with my slaves," Sonya mumbled conversationally, sliding her tongue deeply into Jasmin. "But Margot assured me you were worth it. So delicious..."

Jasmin's hips jerked as her insides twisted hungrily. "Oh, Mistress, let me taste you, please..."

"In good time, slave, you certainly shall. When we are both fully aroused."

Jasmin groaned and arched to Sonya's mouth, waiting her turn, wanting to come, yet not wanting to disappoint Sonya. Not that she had a choice. Sonya gently sucked her clit through the cap, and finally she was desperate, "Mercy, Mistress, I beg you ... oh ... please..."

"You wish me to stop?" Sonya teased. But she didn't. Slowly she tortured Jasmin, licking the cap, probing her pussy, nipping the tender skin of her thighs.

"I wish to please you, Mistress. I want to feel your orgasm, I want to swallow your come," she begged, her breathing ragged.

"You are a glutton for my pleasure, slave, and for your own discipline as well. Permission granted." She withdrew from the raging heat of Jasmin's cleft and slid up the bed until she was atop her slave. "Open your legs," she commanded softly.

When Jasmin had complied, Sonya thrust her thigh tightly against Jasmin's pussy, and pulled Jasmin's thigh firmly between her own legs. "Close your legs and hang on." Then she began to rock them together on the mattress, kissing Jasmin ravenously.

Jasmin surrendered totally to her mistress, knowing she was falling in love with her, wanting to serve over and over, wanting to give herself to Sonya more as a slave than a lover. Sonya churned and writhed against Jasmin's thigh, moaning in delight as she approached orgasm again. At the same time, she

pressed her own thigh to Jasmin's cap, teasing her hard, secure in the knowledge that Jasmin couldn't disobey her, and delighted to realize that even if she could have made herself come, she wouldn't. Not anymore.

Jasmin's nails raked Sonya's back as her need blossomed between her legs and remained trapped under the cap. She thrust and moaned together with her lover until Sonya's climax spilled out and they were both awash in it. Holding Jasmin's eyes with her own intent stare, Sonya repeated her climax for their mutual pleasure, and then she let Jasmin go, to lie face down on the bed, panting.

"Lick me, slave." The tone warned Jasmin that no delay would be tolerated.

"Yes, Mistress." Her compliance was instantaneous. Allowing only the slightest whimper to escape her lips, she dove between Sonya's glistening thighs and fastened herself to the hot, musky womanhood that awaited her services.

Once she heard Sonya's grunt of approval, she settled in with her legs spread wide apart, and allowed herself to experience the heat in her own genitals. Slowly, sensuously, she began to writhe.

"Mmm ... yes. I love it when you do that. Show me your need. I could come all night with you, greedy slave. And I probably will." A spasm shook her and she arched into Jasmin's tongue. "Take me, slave. Taste me. Eat me. Suck my come."

Jasmin moaned and sucked, sighing happily at the pleasure she derived from obeying Sonya. Gently Sonya rubbed herself on her face, crying out in pleasure as Jasmin gave her all that she demanded and more. Finally, it felt to Sonya as though she had imploded, drawing Jasmin inside her as she came relentlessly. "Empty me, slave," she groaned deeply. "Take all of me."

Jasmin couldn't hear her, as deeply inside Sonya as she was, and as deeply engrossed as she was in her satisfaction. Yet she obeyed perfectly as their wishes were indistinguishable. Finally they both lay still. The fire inside Jasmin still burned hotly, brightly, but she had derived great pleasure from Sonya's ecstasy. With an effort, Sonya roused herself and got a fresh ice-pack for Jasmin's steaming pussy. She applied it gently and kissed her lips softly. "You are an excellent slave, Jasmin. Margot is most fortunate to have found you. Even if you couldn't hit the broad side of a barn with a shotgun, you would be a treasure."

Jasmin had to smile. "Will you tell me about her, Mistress? Will you tell me about when she wore the cap?"

"I will, but not now. After we land to refuel, as we are almost there."

"Where, Mistress?" Jasmin asked, nuzzling her thigh.

Sonya stroked her lazily, indulgently. "We are coming into Copenhagen."

"What would you have me do while we refuel?" Jasmin asked.

"Change the bed, straighten the cabin, bathe me and dress me for the flight this evening," Sonya ordered, "and while you attend me, and serve me my dinner, I will tell you about Margot."

Jasmin smiled up at her. "As you command, Mistress."

CHAPTER 12

While Sonya was in the shower, Jasmin readied the cabin for her mistress, changing the bed, straightening the room, kneeling to serve Sonya the minute she stepped out of the head. Once they were airborne again, Jasmin went into the head and waited until Sonya's dinner was delivered, and then went out to serve her.

This time there was no extra portion for Jasmin. Instead, Sonya handed her a plain tube of the same kind of food they had eaten while on the mission itself. "This is what my slaves eat unless they have the privilege of orgasm. It is nutritionally complete. Absolutely tasteless. It reminds the slave of her place and makes her appreciate the taste of genuine food on those special occasions when I permit it."

Jasmin nodded. "Yes, Mistress." She opened the tube and slowly sucked the bland contents out without complaint, reminding herself again that this situation was temporary, and once aboard Domina Mare she could eat whatever Margot ate, or whatever she wanted. But she would comply with this and any other demand of Sonya's so that Margot would be pleased.

Sonya dined on some succulent dish that smelled wonderfully spicy. "Now, I will tell you about Margot and the cap. Actually it was a contest to see who could develop the best chastity device. We tried a lot of things on each other. Needless to say, I won. She loved wearing it but we both realized the addictive power of it and how deeply the slave became bonded to the mistress, which neither of us could afford. So we do it with one another only very occasionally. Quite frankly, I enjoy it, but I only wear it for her. It is most ... freeing, as you have by now discovered."

"Yes, Mistress. I can hardly think of anything but pleasuring you while wearing it. I understand your slaves' loyalty and devotion."

Sonya smiled and stroked Jasmin's neck. "Margot said you were bright and promised me immense satisfaction. She was right. Clean this up and I shall take you back to bed, slave."

Jasmin shuddered with desire. "Yes, Mistress." She bowed and kissed Sonya's feet, then cleared away the remains of her dinner and waited in the head until they were alone again.

Once they were in bed, Sonya mounted her slave and, looking down into her eyes said, "I am very pleased with you, Jasmin, and now I will treat you as a lover instead of a slave, except that I cannot permit you an orgasm. Make love to me, darling," she invited.

They melded together, stroking and kissing deeply until Sonya cried out, her body wracked with ecstasy. Over and over, every time Sonya came, Jasmin almost came, which was, of course, the idea. Jasmin looked into the eyes of her lover, adoring her, wanting nothing other than to feel her pleasure, and in

that way, Sonya more than satisfied her. Finally they fell asleep in one another's arms, both contented in very different ways.

Some hours later Jasmin was awakened by the descent of the plane. "Are we over Livorno already, Mistress?" she asked sleepily.

"No, slave. Livorno is socked in. Domina Mare is unable to dock, and we cannot land. We are diverting to Geneva overnight. You will visit my chalet and see how I keep my slaves."

Jasmin's pulse quickened. "Yes, Mistress," she breathed.

* * * *

Following Sonya's terse orders, Jasmin dressed her in a gray suit with a fine black pinstripe, gray boots and a black silk textured shirt. Sonya used an ice-pack to numb Jasmin's genitals and reduce their swelling to change her cap, and then Jasmin dressed in her own simple black suit when Sonya allowed her the use of the bathroom. When the plane landed they were both ready to disembark immediately.

A white Rolls awaited them on the tarmac, and at Sonya's nod, Jasmin scrambled in first and knelt on the floor. As soon as the car pulled away, Sonya commanded, "You will worship while I instruct you concerning the rules of my house. It will put you in the proper frame of mind for our arrival."

Jasmin bowed all the way to the carpeting and put her lips to her mistress' boots, and kept them there for the duration of the journey. She groaned inwardly as her clit began, inevitably, to swell under the cap.

"You will follow me into the front hall and kneel until I have instructed my staff. When I retire to my chambers, you will follow and prepare the room for me to receive my first slave. During her entrance, you will kneel, naked of course, and watch. When I take her to bed, you will kneel at the foot of the bed and observe. After I dismiss her, you will pleasure me again, as my slaves' release is usually quite stimulating, but as a result, they are unable to perform that duty. Normally another slave would perform this task, but I will have you. Any questions so far?"

Jasmin withdrew her tongue from Sonya's instep long enough to acknowledge, "I understand, Mistress."

"Good. I will give you further commands later, as necessary." And as Jasmin kissed her boot again, she raised her heel slightly to press her foot against Jasmin's mouth, causing her to whimper with need. "Very good, slave," Sonya whispered.

After a few more moments, Sonya ordered, "Up, slave. We are approaching my estate. Perhaps you would enjoy the view." She patted the seat and when Jasmin joined her, she slid her hand between her slave's legs and pressed the cap. Denied the dignity of underwear, Jasmin sucked in her breath at the sharp sensation, and Sonya kissed her deeply in response. "Enjoy this, slave. None of my own slaves ever sit in my presence."

"Thank you, Mistress," Jasmin managed to gasp, and then Sonya's tongue was in her mouth again, making her suck until she moaned.

A footman ran out to open Sonya's door as they pulled up at the front of an immense Greek Revival mansion, topped by a high dome, and Jasmin followed Sonya through the great carved double doors into a truly baronial entryway. Facing one another across the grand expanse were two full-length, life-sized oils, one of an imperious Margot in Royal Navy full dress, and the other of Sonya herself in a regal blue uniform covered with a gold sash and various orders. Jasmin's mouth dropped open as she finally put two and two together. "I know who you are. You're of the House of Be—"

"Silence, slave. On your knees," Sonya ordered, coldly furious.

Jasmin dropped to the floor and kissed Sonya's boots in a frenzy of apology. Sonya ignored her and in rapid French, addressed a towering woman in formal livery, obviously the major doma of the house. After a few exchanges, Sonya headed up the immense, curved, marble double staircase and Jasmin followed, chastened and terrified.

Sonya walked rapidly down the hall that ran the length of the house, stopping exactly halfway along. At her nod, Jasmin opened the double doors for her, and followed her into the most amazing apartment Jasmin had ever seen.

Over their heads was the dome Jasmin had seen from the outside. At the very top it was covered with a fresco of beautiful naked women, eight angels including Sonya, surrounding one at the center, undeniably Margot, in what could only be described as an apotheosis. Below that was a level of clerestory windows letting in light from every direction, and below that, a bas-relief of women in various erotic positions, all in excellent taste. Sonya and Margot figured prominently as the recipients of various forms of sexual stimulation and worship.

Involuntarily, Jasmin gasped. Then she remembered her place, closed the doors, and fell on her knees at her royal mistress' feet. She wanted to apologize for her earlier indiscretion, but was afraid to even begin. Silently, she rubbed her cheek against Sonya's boot in wordless supplication.

"Yes, yes, I know. I suppose I should have told you," Sonya grumbled. "All right, you are forgiven. Come here," she said, going to sit on the foot of the bed. Jasmin followed and pressed her face gratefully against Sonya's thigh, quivering with relief and reawakened desire. "You now know which country, and perhaps even my title. We need not speak of it further. My family chooses to ignore my ... orientation, but they can't disown me because of my service to the nation and the world."

"Is there any chance you would..." Jasmin began.

"Come to the throne? No. I have sisters and brothers older than I and they already have children. I may be a black sheep, but I am also very useful. I have my freedom and privacy here. Can this possibly make any difference to you? You are already a slave!"

"No, Highness. You are my mistress regardless. I was just startled, and overwhelmed for a moment."

"Excellent. Then we will proceed as before," she directed, and Jasmin nodded.

The bed on which Sonya was sitting was enormous, easily capable of accommodating eight luscious female bodies at once, should Sonya so choose. It was round and sat directly below the dome on a low platform, and was covered with a deep purple, quilted silk bedspread. Around one quarter of it ran a matching headboard, and against this were piled dozens of purple pillows of every imaginable shape and size. The rest of the room was appointed in

shades of mauve and gold. It was absolutely lovely, and just perfect for Sonya and Margot, Jasmin thought, humbled at such an image. She felt tremendously out of place, certain she didn't belong there.

A discreet knock interrupted her musings and she rose to answer the door. A servant brought in their luggage and when they were alone again, Sonya said, "Run me a bath, unpack and prepare the bed. I will not use the tub immediately, but it will hold the heat. First, a brandy."

Jasmin stood and oriented herself to the room, then hastened to obey her orders. Sonya went to the French doors that gave onto the balcony, from which a panorama of the Alps could be enjoyed. She stepped outside and Jasmin brought her drink there, shivering at the cold. "I will come in shortly, slave. You should be naked when I do."

"Yes, Mistress."

Jasmin stripped quickly and went about the rest of her duties as swiftly as she could gracefully do so. She saw that directly opposite the foot of the bed was either a throne or an easy chair, depending upon one's point of view. Before it was a footstool and Jasmin was certain these would play a part in the activities to follow.

When Sonya came in off the balcony, Jasmin was kneeling naked on the marble floor, facing her and awaiting orders. Sonya looked around and nodded. "Good. Now, I want you at the foot of the bed, facing the chair you see there. Silence from now on, unless I address you."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin acknowledged. She went to her place and waited.

Sonya seated herself in the great chair and pressed a button set in the arm. Very soon, the great doors opened and a petite Asian woman entered, naked, closing them behind her. She knelt silently with her head down to the floor, her long black hair covering her face. After an interval, she rose and covered half the distance to the throne, stopped and knelt again. Jasmin watched in awe, certain the woman was somehow timing her movements. Sonya said nothing, but watched with open hunger.

After another interval, the woman reached the throne and lay down prostrate with her head barely an inch from the footstool on which the booted feet of her mistress rested. Jasmin could smell her musk and now she could see that the backs of the woman's thighs were wet with her need. The silent woman trembled visibly, probably with both desire and fear, or at least immense reverence.

Sonya snapped her fingers and the woman rose to her knees and softly kissed each of Sonya's boots twice, then she waited with her head still bowed, allowing Sonya and of course, Jasmin, to contemplate her beauty and her submission. Jasmin was trembling with excitement. Sonya hadn't been joking when she referred to the control and formality required of the slaves of her household. "You may worship," Sonya whispered, and the slave leaned forward to lick the soft, smooth gray boots.

Eventually, Sonya snapped her fingers again and the slave spread her legs, leaned back and exposed her bulging clit and cap to Sonya by holding her cuntlips apart. She kept her eyes closed in respect to her mistress. Jasmin squirmed with heat as she watched this elaborate ritual.

Sonya regarded her slave with great, and firmly controlled desire. "You may undress me," she commanded in a low voice.

The slave, whose name had not yet been used, began the ritual by removing and kissing every item of clothing and disposing of it in individual trips across the domed room to the enormous bathroom on the side, or the walk-in closets next to it. Jasmin counted ten separate trips with one item each time.

After the final trip, the slave returned with a purple silk robe in which she gently attired her mistress. Sonya sat down again and lifted her legs over the arms of the chair. "A brandy, Jasmin," she ordered, and Jasmin hastened to obey. In the meantime, the slave had removed the footstool and was kneeling before her mistress' dripping cunt, head bowed and eyes closed.

Sonya took the glass and pointed to the floor next to her throne. Jasmin knelt there, the better to observe her mistress' ecstasy.

"Begin," Sonya said softly, and thus freed her slave to give her pleasure.

With a sob of happiness, the slave plunged forward into Sonya's womanhood. Sonya groaned and thrust into her mouth, and at the same time, handed the brandy snifter to Jasmin, who it turn set it on the floor, so it wouldn't slip from her sweaty fingers.

Released from the preliminary ritual, the anonymous slave gave herself to Mistress Sonya totally, groaning with uninhibited agony and desire as Sonya's juices flowed down her chin. She spread her legs and thrust her pelvis toward her mistress in a parody of mutual stimulation. Jasmin identified with her predicament completely, envying her at the same time.

Up in the chair, Sonya's head rolled from side to side as she undulated with pleasure. She moaned softly, gripping the arms of the chair. This surprised Jasmin slightly, because by this time Sonya usually had a grip on her head and was grinding herself harshly into her tongue. Neither did the slave touch her mistress, but accomplished her duties with her hands clasped tightly behind her back.

Jasmin never knew quite what possessed her, but she spread her own legs until she could touch her genitals. Then, stealthily, she reached down and parted her own labia until she was quite sure Sonya would be able to see her engorged clitoris and the white cap stark against its gleaming red surface. Then she quietly cleared her throat, causing Sonya to glance down at her.

"Jesus!" Sonya screeched, suddenly convulsing into her slave's eager mouth. Sonya shrieked and flailed on her throne until the aftershocks took over, then she started to laugh.

"Withdraw," she commanded the kneeling slave, who was now cleansing her with loving tongue-strokes, "just enough to allow Jasmin access. Her initiative has earned her a taste of my pussy, I think." She held out her hand and Jasmin again placed the snifter in it.

The other slave backed out, and waited with lowered eyes as Jasmin took her place, sucking Sonya's honey eagerly into her mouth. "Thank you, Mistress," she mumbled. "I am honored."

"Of course you are," Sonya purred, stroking her hair. Addressing the other woman, she said, "Wait for me in my bed."

"Yes, Mistress," she responded quietly, and Jasmin heard the rustle of the bedclothes as she obeyed.

When Sonya's clit began to swell in response to Jasmin's attentions, Sonya stopped her with a touch and gave her the empty snifter. "Enough. Kneel at the foot of my bed." She rose and started across the room and then stopped. "On second thought, kneel on the side at the edge of the headboard. I want you to be able to see very clearly."

Jasmin took her place as directed and watched as Sonya tossed her robe aside and climbed into the bed on top of her slave, where for the first time, she kissed her. They rocked together until Sonya was ready and then, as she had done with Jasmin on the plane, she propped her slave against the headboard. At the touch of a button, two brass handles unfolded, to allow Sonya a firm, controlling grip. She spread her slave's legs wide apart and took her, clit to clit cap, pounding her mercilessly until she exploded against her slave's aching genitals, both of them screaming. Jasmin pressed herself against the side of the bed, biting her lip as she felt the vibrations of Sonya's orgasms against her mons. Her mistress' ecstasy couldn't have been more clear than that.

As soon as Sonya's spasms had ended, Sonya nodded and the slave slipped out of the bed, knelt on the marble floor and said, "This unworthy slave humbly thanks the eminent Mistress Sonya for the honor of her pleasure."

"Noted. Prepare yourself," Sonya ordered lazily. She looked down at Jasmin. "Clear?" she smiled.

"Yes, Mistress. As a bell."

Sonya chuckled. "Good. Return to your original place at the foot of the bed, and you will see the reward my slaves receive."

When Jasmin turned she saw that the slave was now lying on her back over the footstool, with her buttocks on the cushion. Her legs were spread wide around the legs of the chair and her head almost touched the floor behind her. Jasmin realized the woman couldn't see her mistress in what looked like a dreadfully uncomfortable position, but on the other hand, she had a wonderful view of the frescoed dome above!

Sonya slipped her robe back on and seated herself with her legs on either side of her slave's hips, steadying her on the stool. With a smile, she reached down and gently peeled off the clit cap.

With a huge gasp, the slave all but levitated toward the ceiling and as she began to thrash and scream, Sonya pressed the ball of her bare foot down on her slave's clit. Thus pinned in place, the slave bucked and spasmed helplessly, coming countless times as Sonya stroked her with her foot, sometimes sliding it up and down, sometimes grinding her heel into the exposed cunt, sometimes tapping the bursting organ with her toes. The slave's juices ran onto the floor as she howled her release, the noises echoing off the dome high above.

Jasmin spread herself again so that Sonya could see her, and she thrust gently toward her mistress both in need and in tribute for the tremendous response she had drawn from the woman writhing under her foot. Sonya smiled at Jasmin and nodded in acknowledgement.

Finally the slave slumped, unconscious, and again Sonya pressed the button. The other six slaves entered at once, two carrying a stretcher, and as they gently loaded the exhausted slave onto it, Sonya rose and two others changed the seat and cushion covers on the throne and footstool. Then while four of them carried the lucky recipient of the Mistress' touch out on the stretcher, the remaining two took out cleaning materials and mopped and dried the area where the slave had gushed her ecstasy out onto the marble floor.

As the door shut behind the last two slaves, Sonya looked over to observe Jasmin's shoulders shaking with mirth. She stared in disbelief. "What can you possibly find so amusing?" she demanded.

"Mistress, please forgive me, but I couldn't help remembering a commercial I saw in the US, where a whole crew of maids whipped through a house and cleaned it, and then vanished without a trace." She giggled helplessly. "I'm sorry."

"You certainly are," Sonya observed wryly, seating herself. "Come here," she pointed to the floor at her feet and Jasmin raced to obey. "Pleasure me."

"Oh, yes, Mistress," Jasmin agreed quickly, and she took her mistress in her mouth.

Sonya's apparently endless supply of pleasure soon found its target on Jasmin's face. Sonya came so much that her honey formed a rivulet between Jasmin's ample breasts, but even so, Jasmin had to be physically restrained from continuing.

"Oh, God," she moaned when Sonya pushed her face gently away. "I would give myself to you all night."

"Later. Attend me in the bath," Sonya commanded, and she rose and preceded Jasmin into the high-ceilinged bathroom, where a huge white marble tub of sudsy water awaited her beneath a crystal chandelier.

"Get in with me and wash me, then yourself, and I will take you again afterward," Sonya said, lowering herself into the water with a sigh. She gave herself over to Jasmin's devoted caresses, making no objection when Jasmin's fingers found her clit and brought her to orgasm again.

Then she moved behind Jasmin and, holding her between her legs, took the hand-held nozzle and aimed it at Jasmin under the water, kissing the back of her neck and murmuring to her as she directed the jet against Jasmin's enflamed clit, then turning her to shoot water into her anus and her pussy.

Jasmin only moaned, "Oh, Mistress, you are so good to me," and though she whimpered and jerked, writhing with heat, she begged neither for release nor mercy, even while Sonya pinched her nipples and teased her cap with her fingertips.

Sonya was pleased. "We will rinse and wash our hair in the shower, I think, and then to bed."

Jasmin rose and attended to her mistress without objection, rinsing the tub and drying her after their shower. When she came out into the bedroom, Sonya was waiting in the bed with the purple pillows piled high. She held out her hand. "Come here, my sweet. I want you now."

She rolled Jasmin beneath her and began to kiss her passionately. "Slowly, now, slave," she cautioned. She thrust her thigh deep and hard between Jasmin's legs and together they caressed and kissed one another almost without visible motion for what seemed an eternity. Eventually Sonya groaned, "I am coming, slave. Receive my pleasure."

Under her, Jasmin begged, "Yes, Mistress, don't stop. Please don't stop,"

Sonya smiled. "Do not be concerned. I will not."

Again Sonya's climaxes shook the bed, and Jasmin clung to her strong frame as if for dear life, shuddering and thrusting with Sonya in her pleasure, until she stopped with a deep sigh, and lay quietly, pillowing her cheek against Jasmin's.

It was some time before Jasmin realized Sonya was asleep. Despite that, she continued to stroke her mistress' back. "Thank you, Sonya," she whispered. "Thank you."

CHAPTER 13

Jasmin awoke in the middle of the night. Sonya was no longer on top of her, but was quietly speaking into a bedside phone. When she hung up she informed Jasmin, "I have ordered a meal. You will attend me."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin acknowledged. She got out of bed and prepared herself and the room for arrival of Sonya's meal. She was starving herself, but knew she had nothing to look forward to except another tube of goo, if that. Unless Sonya allowed her to eat her pussy for dessert again.

At the discreet knock, Jasmin, wearing a long robe loaned her by Sonya, admitted a servant with a rolling cart full of chafing dishes. There was a tray which she understood she was to use to serve Sonya as she sat up in her royal purple bed. Silently Jasmin removed her robe and prepared a plate full of assorted crepes and served her Mistress, noting the tube on the cart. However, she did not take it but knelt beside the bed to await further orders.

Sonya ate silently for a few moments, then said, "Slave."

"Yes, Mistress?"

"Come up here with me. Your company pleases me."

Jasmin smiled. "Yes, Mistress," she said. "Let me fill your plate again first."

"Thank you," Sonya said, handing it to her.

Jasmin placed it on the tray and slipped in next to Sonya, glad of the warmth of her voluptuous body.

Sonya cut a piece of crepe and turned to Jasmin. "Share this. It is prepared with a special cognac and is quite excellent." She slid the fork into Jasmin's mouth.

"Thank you, Mistress," Jasmin sighed.

"I know I am spoiling you," Sonya said conversationally as she fed them alternately, "But I know Margot treats you more equally than I do my slaves, and I understand why. Exceptional service deserves special treatment. Open."

Suddenly there was a very sharp knock at the door, and before either of them could respond it burst open. Margot stood in the doorway, attired in her dark-blue winter uniform.

"Margot!" Jasmin screamed, ecstatic.

"Mistress!" Sonya said warmly, and she pushed the tray aside and went to kneel before the Captain of Domina Mare. Quickly Jasmin joined her, but unlike the reserved Sonya, she threw her arms around Margot's hips and kissed her thighs.

"Get up, you two! Undress me and feed me right now," Margot laughed. "That smells wonderful!"

The two women scrambled to comply, all but carrying Margot to bed and tucking her in. Then they climbed in and went through the rest of the chafing dishes like locusts, until all three were replete. Jasmin cleared away the empty plates and wheeled the cart to the hall, returning to find her two mistresses in each other's arms. She crawled into the bed and lay down at their feet.

"Mmmm, Margot," Sonya whispered. "Let us pleasure you."

"That sounds lovely. Please, take me," Margot growled, spreading her legs for them.

Sonya directed, "I will attend to her pussy, slave. You will pleasure her from behind."

Jasmin was delighted to obey. They gently turned Margot on her side so that both orifices could be reached at once by two tender and talented tongues. Then they proceeded to give Margot more than she had asked for, as she held Sonya's head down and murmured to both of them, "Oh, you are so good to me. Yes ... yes..." As Margot writhed in their grasp Jasmin felt herself swell to bursting again, yet she was focused only on Margot, as usual. She allowed her heat to motivate her to give Margot all of which she was capable, gently and eagerly exploring her spasming anus as Sonya attacked her clit from the front.

Soon Margot was bucking and jerking in their embrace, filling them both with her come and screaming with uncontrollable delight. They didn't stop until she finally had to push them away, inclined to beg for mercy herself. "You are the best lovers in the world, and when I recover, I'll thank you properly," she promised, gasping for breath. "I am so spoiled," she moaned, stretching out and drawing them into her arms.

Margot," Sonya remarked as she stroked her mistress tenderly, "I feel you should be aware that Jasmin has not come in two days, because I was planning to return her to you for the removal of her cap. If you would like privacy, I will excuse myself if you wish to do it now."

Jasmin gripped Margot's hand, wide-eyed. "Wait!" she begged Sonya and whispered urgently to Margot.

Margot smiled. "I see. Sonya, Jasmin requests that you be present as long as it meets with my approval. How do you feel about that?"

"It would create a bonding that could not be broken. She would belong to both of us," Sonya turned to Jasmin, "That means Margot could choose to send you to me to spend time in my harem, servicing me as my slaves do. You would have no choice but to obey both of us. I would defer to Margot of course, but when you are with me, you are mine."

Jasmin got out of bed and knelt on the hard floor. "Mistress Sonya," Jasmin addressed her respectfully, "You told me that by the end of this mission I would be glad to be your slave. I never would have believed it, but you are right. I am content to be Margot's concubine and your slave as you both decide. Please, remove my cap together with Margot and accept me as your slave."

Margot said to both of them, "I approve. Right now, Jasmin is permitted no other lovers at all. I consider Sonya acceptable with my express approval on each occasion. However, Jasmin, understand that in her house, she is the mistress. I will even defer to her when I am here, and so must you."

"Yes, Margot, I understand. Please, Mistress Sonya, make me your slave as Margot allows it."

"Very well. Come back into bed with us, slave, and we will take you," Sonya ordered.

Jasmin faltered, "I thought you only allowed your slaves to come on the stool."

"You are not my slave alone. You are a special case, and in any event, how would both of us use the stool?" Sonya turned to Margot. "Does she ever stop asking questions?"

Margot laughed. "No, and I like her that way. She keeps me on my toes." She looked at Jasmin and snapped her fingers. "Come here!"

As Jasmin lay down between them, Sonya suggested, "Let me remove her cap with my teeth. She should be looking directly at you when she comes the first time." Addressing Jasmin she said, "You will find that once your orgasms with us under these circumstances are complete, you will probably never even consider other women again, nor will you feel jealousy. Your desire for our pleasure will supercede your own."

"That will be perfect, Mistress," Jasmin nodded. "I'm ready."

"Lie back, my love," Margot instructed, "And lift your legs up for Sonya."

"Whenever you are ready, Margot, change places with me so that I may also bond with Jasmin," Sonya reminded her.

"Gladly. I envy you that first rush, you know," she said playfully.

"There will be plenty," Sonya assured her, and she pushed Jasmin down, pinned her and without any more delay, lowered her face into the boiling pussy splayed for her attentions.

Mercilessly, lightly, she licked the cap and the turgid folds surrounding it. Jasmin cried out in agony and screamed for mercy. Sonya ignored her and continued the delicate, almost imperceptible tickling of Jasmin's genitals. Sonya loved the act of creating a slave and saw no need to rush.

Above her, Margot kissed Jasmin deeply and possessively, making her focus on her as she neared orgasm. "Look at me, my darling," she murmured. "Look into my eyes. Remember that I own you, and your pleasure, forever."

"Oh, Margot, Margot," Jasmin begged. "Let me come. I need to give myself to you. Please take my pleasure," she panted, wild with need. She squirmed madly in Sonya's grip, but the larger woman held her firmly and controlled her approach to release completely.

"Yes ... yes ... oh, please, please, please," Jasmin chanted, totally helpless and dependent.

Sonya sucked the cap now, teasing her slave with gentle tugging movements. Jasmin was beside herself, never knowing which tug would finally release her to be possessed by these incredibly powerful women. She moaned and wailed wordlessly, since they ignored her pleas no matter how impassioned.

As she was gasping for breath, Sonya's teeth closed on the edges of the cap for a split second, and then it was off.

Jasmin's long-imprisoned orgasm burst free and she soared up into an out-of-body experience. From somewhere above the bed, she looked down on her own thrashing body and howled in harmony with it. Then she blinked and was looking deeply into Margot's eyes and trying to form the words of love that escaped her seething brain. Then Sonya licked her and she rose above the bed again.

Jasmin lost herself completely as her body spasmed uncontrollably in her lovers' arms. There was a brief interlude and then she was looking at Sonya's beautiful face. The minute Margot licked her, her orgasms bore her aloft once more. Then there was nothing but bliss and finally, after a very long time, nothing. Blackness. She sank into dreamless sleep.

* * * *

When Jasmin regained consciousness she quickly became aware that her mistresses were making love beside her, and she smiled to feel the pounding of their bodies in the bed. She rolled over and began to kiss them, first Margot's backside as she squirmed, climaxing atop Sonya, then Sonya's feet, sucking each toe gently while she came against Margot's well-muscled thigh.

"Greedy slave," Sonya murmured. "No matter how much we come, it's never enough for you."

Cap me, Mistress," Jasmin pleaded.

"No, not for a while now," Sonya smiled. "You must recover, and in any event, Margot wishes to wear the cap for a few hours. I will take you during that period to give her adequate stimulation."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin bowed her head.

Margot added, "I have also asked Sonya to take one of her own slaves, and we will observe and then pleasure her again. Are you interested?"

Jasmin smiled at her with shining eyes. "No, Margot, a lot more than just interested. Honored that you wish to have me here at all. Let me prepare the room for your pleasure."

Sonya laughed gently. "You may proceed, slave."

CHAPTER 14

After serving them a snifter of cognac to share, Jasmin changed the huge bed, replacing the mauve and silver silk sheets with fresh ones. Then she put away Margot's uniform and put out fresh towels in the bathroom. Finally she knelt before Margot and Sonya where they were kissing and caressing one another on a wide, comfortable chaise lounge for two.

"May I be of further service?" she inquired.

Sonya surveyed the huge room. "You have done well, slave. Join us in the bed and we will begin Margot's ... discipline," she said with a smile.

They all got into the bed and Sonya produced the little case. "Open your legs, Margot" she ordered softly. "Spread yourself for me. Give yourself to me."

Looking up into Sonya's eyes, Margot complied. "Oh, yes, please, Mistress," she breathed.

"Very good," Sonya murmured, leaning down to kiss her. Jasmin watched in fascinated silence.

Very gently, Sonya stroked Margot's slit until she began to gasp and writhe. When Sonya was satisfied that the optimal swelling had been reached, she quickly slid a cap onto Margot's clit.

Immediately Margot arched off the bed and cried out, her head whipping from side to side. She didn't beg, but only groaned aloud.

"Take me, Margot," Sonya ordered, rising to sit on her face. "And Jasmin, I want you to lick and suck her, but don't take the cap off."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin responded with delight, sliding under the hips of the helpless Margot, whose moans were now muffled by Sonya's soft, wet womanhood, squirming over her face.

Margot's jerking and thrusting excited Jasmin wildly, for she knew exactly how her Captain felt. Jasmin, too, writhed hotly against the mattress, spilling her own fresh juices as Sonya took her pleasure with Margot's tongue lodged deep inside her one moment, eagerly sucking her clit and licking her pussy the next.

Soon Sonya herself was arching, throwing back her head and howling her ecstasy. Her honey flooded Margot's face, and she pulled clear and ordered Jasmin to lick her come from Margot's lips, which she did with great pleasure, lying atop Margot and pushing her own mound deep between Margot's legs.

Margot bounced up and down in her overwhelming need, reaching for Jasmin's aching twat and teasing her as they kissed.

"Don't let Jasmin come," Sonya warned. "Her pleasure is mine today."

"Yes, Mistress," Margot groaned, but she didn't complain.

Jasmin luxuriated in Margot's touch, even though her satisfaction was far from assured. Indeed, it wasn't more than a few minutes before Sonya interrupted them. "Margot, lie down beside me while Jasmin takes me in her mouth." And she rolled onto her back to give Jasmin access while Margot lay down close against Sonya's right side. As Jasmin began to serve Sonya, Sonya worked her hand between Margot's legs and entered her with her fingers, teasing her capped clit.

"Oh, Mistress, Mistress," Margot moaned, bursting with heat.

But Sonya cautioned, "No begging, slave. You will take whatever I choose to give you."

"I only beg permission to pleasure you," Margot whimpered.

"Later. It is Jasmin's turn now. You know how lovely her tongue is. Imagine what I am feeling. I am going to come again, and both of you are going to feel it, too."

Jasmin skillfully and respectfully pleased her young mistress, anxious to take her orgasm in her mouth. Sonya's gasps of excitement spurred Jasmin on until Sonya finally began to thrust into her face with force. "Take me!" she screamed. "Oh, God, Yes! Take me, slave!"

Sonya's grip on Margot's genitals as she came made Margot howl in desperation, but she writhed against Sonya for more all the same, adoring her Mistress and kissing every inch of the satiny skin that she could reach.

As Sonya lay panting, both of her slaves slid down to the foot of the bed and kissed her feet. "Enough, slaves," she grunted. "I wish to sleep. If you need an ice-pack, take it, then lie still and do not wake me. I will have you again later." With that she curled up and ignored them.

Jasmin looked at Margot and then got up to bring them the relief Sonya had specified while Margot tucked her in. She lay down and held the soothing packs against Margot and herself until they fell asleep in each other's arms.

* * * *

Several hours later, Sonya demanded to be bathed during which time she teased both of her slaves with the hand-held nozzle. She stood over them as they rolled around the bottom of the tub and aimed it at their aching genitals until they both begged for mercy, continuing until she was tired of the game and they were gasping for breath and frantically caressing and licking her feet.

Sonya permitted them to dry her and apply scented lotion, and then ordered a light meal for herself along with two tubes of nutriment for her slaves. After eating, Sonya instructed Margot and Jasmin to dress her in a colorful, full-sleeved top that exposed her voluptuous cleavage. She chose purple velvet trousers tucked into high black boots trimmed with fur around the tops. Then she announced, "I will take one of my other slaves now. Prepare the room and take your places." She sat on her throne and waited.

The slaves shuddered simultaneously with delightful anticipation, hands shaking as they completed their tasks. They knelt to one side of the throne and Jasmin spoke into Margot's ear, "Watch me and do as I do."

They watched and waited silently as Sonya pressed the button to summon her next slave. It was less than two minutes before the new slave arrived. Like Sonya, she was tall and blond, and began the entry ritual with grace and perfect control, keeping her eyes averted from those of her mistress, which were fastened upon her lithe form with hunger. Beside her, Jasmin heard Margot panting softly, fists clenched on her thighs.

Jasmin was sure that Margot was having the same thoughts that had run through her own mind when Sonya took the Asian slave the previous day. She wanted to take her place, of course.

The slave was now prostrate before Sonya, awaiting her signal. Margot moaned almost imperceptibly, but Jasmin heard her.

Sonya snapped her fingers and the woman rose to her knees and kissed the fur-trimmed boots, but then she leaned forward and rubbed her face against the fur. Sonya smiled and Jasmin sensed this situation was somehow different from the previous one. She looked at Margot and Margot mouthed, "Her favorite. Her first."

"Worship," Sonya whispered, and the other woman began to lick the shiny boots that rested on the stool, but after only a minute or two, Sonya stopped her with a touch and pulled the slave up into her lap, where they began to kiss and murmur endearments to one another.

After a few more minutes, Sonya rose and the slave undressed her, stroking Sonya tenderly as she did so. Sonya interrupted her frequently to kiss her and tease her cap, causing the slave to gasp and press herself against her mistress. When Sonya stood naked, the slave carried all the clothing away at once, disposing of it and returning with a robe for her mistress.

Once Sonya was robed and the slave had brought her a cognac, she removed the stool and knelt before Sonya, looking up at her expectantly. Sonya sipped the cognac and leaned forward to pass it from her own lips to her slave's. Finally, Sonya said, "Pleasure me, darling," and the slave pressed her face into Sonya's cleft, sliding her hands underneath her mistress as she did so. Sonya passed the snifter to Jasmin and began to caress the slave's hair and neck and she ate her mistress to orgasm.

Sonya began to moan and writhe in her chair, and soon her words came in a foreign tongue, her native tongue, which Margot and Jasmin couldn't understand, but the meaning of which was obvious. The moans of the slave mingled with the words of the mistress in a duet of passion. Jasmin nudged Margot and spread her legs, then her labia, awaiting the right moment.

When Sonya began to thrust against her slave, Jasmin allowed a low moan of longing to escape her lips, and Sonya turned her head. There before her, the two kneeling slaves were exposing their need and showing their respect for her, both glistening and throbbing for her touch.

It was irresistible. With a shout, Sonya gushed into her slave, forcing her come deeply into her. The slave struggled but couldn't keep up, and Sonya quickly grunted, "Margot, Jasmin, help her." Sonya spread herself as wide as she could and the other women crept in close and began to lick the copious juices from the vibrating thighs of the Scandinavian amazon as Sonya continued to climax on the face of her eager slave.

Finally she went limp and the three slaves licked and kissed one another clean as they waited for her to recover.

"You are diabolical," Sonya finally interrupted them. "You will kill me with pleasure."

"Oh, yes, Mistress," Margot whispered, kissing her instep. "I hope so."

"I want more," Sonya growled softly. She snapped her fingers and her first slave rose and slid into Sonya's bed. Sonya rose, too, and dropped her robe behind her. Jasmin scooped it up and she and Margot followed and knelt beside the big bed, where Sonya took her lover in her arms and teased her until she screamed. Thus stimulated, Sonya took her sitting up against the headboard, clit on clit, until she came against her slave's hot and aching cunt, jamming herself hard into her pussy, repeatedly, until the slave wept with desperation.

"Mistress, Mistress!" she howled.

"Be careful," Sonya growled as she kissed her deeply. "You are my favorite, but I can still discipline you. See, I have other slaves here who can take your place in an instant."

To Margot and Jasmin's shock, the slave laughed. "But you will not refuse me. You want my pleasure so, so badly, do you not, Mistress, hmmm?"

Sonya laughed softly. "You know me too well, my darling Sigrid. Yes, I will take you, but after I do, they will have my pleasure, because you will be unconscious. Get down."

Sigrid slid to the floor beside Margot and Jasmin, but at once she seized Sonya's hand and licked her palm. "Mistress mine," she said boldly, smiling up

at her.

"Get on the stool, you impudent slave, and I will drive you wild," Sonya hissed and making a sudden move, she chased Sigrid across the room, caught her and lowered her to the stool before her throne. "On your back, spread your legs and give yourself to me," she demanded, kissing her.

"Yes, Mistress," the slave agreed, as adoring as she was sassy. She lay back with a sigh and awaited Sonya's pleasure.

Jasmin and Margot crept closer as Sonya seated herself and began to stroke Sigrid with her foot. The slave moaned and pressed herself, cap and all, against the sole of Sonya's foot. Suddenly, without warning, Sonya reached down and snatched the cap off and Sigrid's body convulsed and exploded. Her screams were deafening and swiftly Sonya knelt over her and began to kiss her fiercely, stroking the bursting clit with gentle fingers and finally her tongue.

Finally Sigrid rolled off the stool and lay jerking with aftershocks as Sonya rose and stood over her. "I hope you've learned your lesson," she laughed.

Sigrid just smiled. She was too exhausted to do anything else.

Sonya squatted and lifted Sigrid, tucking her in at the foot of her bed, then she turned to Margot, "Take me," she ordered, lying down.

Margot flew to obey her, and Jasmin followed, lying down beside Sigrid at their feet. Jasmin turned toward Sonya and caressed her feet with her breasts and nipples, moving back and forth from one to the other as Sonya came to Margot's tongue.

Grunting furiously, Sonya rubbed herself hard all over Margot's face, making her squeal with need and frustration, which in turn only fueled Sonya's passion so that she demanded more. "Oh, Sonya, Sonya," Margot groaned, gobbling her pussy and her come as fast as she could.

"Needy, greedy slaves," Sonya murmured, when she was done. "You are all alike. Come up here," she said to Margot, patting the bed. "And Jasmin, you come here, between us," she ordered. "You haven't come in a while, either, have you? I think Margot might enjoy watching you come now. In fact, Margot, I want you to take Jasmin from behind while I take her from the front. Why shouldn't she have twice the pleasure, hmm? She's been a very obedient and skillful slave. She should be amply rewarded."

Jasmin smiled and waggled her ass in Margot's face. Margot slid down and spread the luscious cheeks and entered Jasmin slowly and sensuously with her tongue. The better the job she did on Jasmin, the better her own release was likely to be when Sonya finally granted it.

Jasmin sighed blissfully and opened her lips to accept Sonya's probing tongue even as she lifted her leg to allow Sonya's fingers into her womanhood. Sonya snuggled up close and took Jasmin gently, murmuring endearments to her in Italian and French.

Sonya rocked them gently together, allowing Jasmin's pleasure to build slowly, gradually until she came with force, writhing against Margot's face as Margot enhanced her pleasure from behind. She screamed her ecstasy and her gratitude to Sonya, awash in a much more gentle pleasure than when she had been capped.

Sonya and Jasmin lay kissing gently while Margot licked Jasmin's juices from her pussy until her breathing returned to normal and then Sonya invited, "Come, slave. Help me remove Margot's cap. She isn't used to this and can't take too much at a time. Margot, slide up here between us, darling, and we'll give you a ride you'll never forget."

Margot scrambled to the required position and Sonya smiled down at her, "Have you been enjoying this, my love?" she asked, gently stroking Margot's cheek.

"Oh, Mistress Sonya," Margot gasped. "I had forgotten how extraordinary my need to please you could be. I adore you. I want your pleasure to be perfect."

"It has been, never fear, or I would have told you how you could improve your performance. Jasmin, lick her until I tell you to stop. Then I will have her against the headboard."

Jasmin parted Margot's legs and took her without a murmur, as Sonya played with Margot's nipples and pussy hair, kissing, stroking, teasing until Margot was arching off the bed.

"It is time. Stop, Jasmin," Sonya ordered, and when she did, Sonya hauled Margot up to a sitting position, spread her legs wide apart and sat between them facing her. "Pull me against yourself," Sonya growled, taking hold of the handles set in the headboard. "I demand you pleasure me, slave," she said kissing her hotly and drawing them together with her great strength. Together the two women pumped against each other, grunting and groaning furiously until Sonya's cries of ecstasy split the air.

Desperately, Margot thrust against her to increase Sonya's pleasure and to experience it as well. "Sonya! Sonya!" she cried out.

"Be quiet, slave, or I will leave your cap on all night," Sonya threatened, although she had no intention of doing so. She said it merely to increase Margot's need and subsequent pleasure.

"No, Mistress, have mercy," Margot whimpered, playing her part perfectly.

Sonya spasmed once more and then pulled away from Margot, allowing her to slide back down. "I should take you on the stool for begging, you know," she admonished.

"Yes, Mistress, please," Margot babbled. "I deserve it. Please."

"You want it on the stool? Very well, slave. Prepare her," Sonya ordered Jasmin, and she went to sit on her throne once again.

Jasmin helped Margot from the bed to the stool and laid her back with her legs around the throne, her ass on the stool and her head back. "Have fun, Margot," she said with a smile, and then she went to kneel beside Sonya.

No, Jasmin, hold her head in your lap. I don't want her to bang it on the floor. She has no idea how hard she's going to come."

"Yes, Mistress," Jasmin acknowledged, sliding back over to be Margot's pillow. It would be even better.

As usual, Sonya began with a sensual massage of Margot's crotch with her foot, making her babble and writhe. She thrashed on the stool, trying to get more and more, even though the touch caused her still greater agony of need.

Sonya giggled at Margot's discomfort, and finally reached down and removed the cap very gently. Since it had only been on a few hours, it didn't cause instantaneous orgasm, but Sonya quickly remedied that by grinding her heel into Margot's pulsing clit. Margot roared and bent double at the waist, coming back down hard and then doubling up again. Sonya had been right; it was a good thing Jasmin was there to act as a cushion, as Margot was oblivious to anything but the multiple intense orgasms which governed her body. And as soon as she was done flailing, Sonya slid her foot back into the gushing cleft and made Margot come again, holding her down firmly and demanding her pleasure until she gave one final heave and lay still at her mistress' feet, her head lolling in Jasmin's lap.

Jasmin looked up at Sonya and, at her nod, lifted Margot and carried her to the bed, where they tucked her in next to the sleeping Sigrid. Putting a finger to her lips, Sonya took a comforter and beckoned her away from the bed to the chaise lounge across the room.

Sonya pulled Jasmin close and kissed her. "Now, how do you like being in my harem, slave?" she asked.

"I love it, Mistress. I love you."

Sonya growled, "And I love you, as you well know. Now, curl up here and sleep a while with me if you can. We return to Domina Mare tonight."

CHAPTER 15

They rode to the airport as the sun was setting. Sonya and Margot pleased one another on the wide back seat. Jasmin knelt on the floor of the limousine facing them and writhed while pressing her cap against herself with her fingers, per Sonya's orders.

Sonya, who was atop Margot, felt herself about to come. "Stop, Margot," she panted. "I will give my orgasm to Jasmin, and then you can do the same,"

"Yes, Mistress," Margot acknowledged.

The women quickly rearranged themselves and Sonya pulled Jasmin's face between her legs, "Take my come, slave," she said tersely, and then she burst so hard against Jasmin's tongue that Jasmin's own clit surged wildly in response.

"Uh, uh, uh, oooooohhhh, Mistress," Jasmin sighed. "Thank you for your delicious honey."

"More, slave," Sonya ordered, rubbing herself against Jasmin who squirmed in the vise-like grip of her mistress' thighs.

"Mmmmm, yes, Mistress, of course," she babbled, lapping frantically, making Sonya arch off the seat in pleasure.

Sonya drew Margot to her and kissed her deeply as she came, causing her to burn with desperation.

"Sonya, Sonya, please," Margot moaned.

"You'll get your turn," Sonya purred, bucking in Jasmin's mouth.

Margot didn't know who she envied more, but she was trembling with anticipation as she watched, and felt, Sonya's climaxes, whose juices threatened to drown the helpless slave at her feet.

Finally Sonya pulled away. "Finish Margot," she ordered Jasmin. "And you," she said to Margot, "don't hold back. Fill her."

"Yes, ma'am," Margot said, as Jasmin moved over to serve her, "Pleasure me, my slave, and do it right."

Jasmin was already moaning into Margot's boiling pussy. "Yes, Mistress, please," she mumbled.

Margot obliged and, with a surge of come and honey, she threw her head back and howled with ecstasy as her orgasms shook her to her core. She held Jasmin's head down to ensure uninterrupted contact and thrust into her, realizing Jasmin enjoyed and was stimulated by the rough treatment. She would be screaming for mercy by the time they boarded the plane, but was highly unlikely to get it. Margot had plans for both women once they were aboard and full control passed back to her again.

When both women were done, Jasmin sagged on the floor at their feet, moaning with need but also with happiness.

Sonya ordered, "Lick us clean, slave, and then sit on the jump seat."

Wordlessly, Jasmin consumed the feast her mistresses offered her. Then she helped them dress and took her place as ordered.

"Spread your legs, slut," Sonya ordered.

Jasmin groaned and did so, gripping the seat with both hands. As Jasmin watched in horror, Sonya raised her booted foot and put her heel firmly against Jasmin's cap, and then added the second boot, crossed at the ankle.

Jasmin shrieked with need, looking at Margot in utter desperation, but Margot only smiled.

"Close your legs tightly, slave," Sonya commanded and Jasmin, writhing in agony, slowly obeyed, embracing the unyielding boot with her thighs. The pressure on her aching clit was enormous, the need to move unbearable.

"Now be quiet and don't move," Sonya said, and she leaned back and closed her eyes, pulling Margot against her for a little nap.

Holding on for dear life, throbbing under her cap and the heel of Sonya's boot, Jasmin stifled screams and whimpers of need for the next half hour, oblivious to the beautiful Alpine landscape through which they were passing. She looked down at the boots of her mistress and wondered how long she could keep from crying out, terrified to find out what might happen if she caved in.

As the limousine slowed to enter the airport, Sonya woke and lowered her leg. Instantly Jasmin collapsed to the floor and licked Sonya's boots fervently, hoping to avoid further, or worse, torture. Smiling, Sonya ignored her and stretched lazily, waiting to board her jet.

"Get up, Jasmin. You'll have plenty of chances to do that later, I promise," Sonya said as the chauffeur opened the door.

Once aboard, Sonya ordered Jasmin to undress and continue to worship at her feet while the crew made its final preparations for take-off. Margot disappeared into the head and came out wearing a lilac silk robe, nothing more. Smiling at Sonya she said, "Enjoy that while you can. Once we're in the air, both of you are mine." Gracefully she seated herself in the comfortable chair opposite Sonya and relaxed, watching Jasmin's exertions with amusement. The young woman's thighs were wet with her juices as she caressed Sonya's soft, smooth leather with her tongue.

"Poor baby," Margot murmured. "I'll give you something much tastier than that to lick."

Once they had leveled off, Margot turned to Sonya. "Release Jasmin from the jump seat and send her to me. Undress and join us."

"Yes, Mistress," Sonya said quietly, assuming her new role.

When Sonya returned from the head, she found Jasmin kneeling between Margot's feet as they shared a passionate kiss. Margot toyed with her concubine's nipples, making her whimper with delight.

"On the bed, Sonya, and spread your legs," Margot ordered. She rose and stepped fluidly around Jasmin, leaving her on the floor, and climbed into bed with Sonya. She braced Sonya's legs apart and began to stroke her clitoris gently. Sonya responded enthusiastically, kissing Margot passionately as her desire surged once more.

Reaching into a pocket of her robe, Margot produced a small case, which she flipped open with her thumb. Almost before she quite realized what was happening, Sonya was capped.

"Oh! Oh, Mistress!" Sonya cried out. "Oh, I don't know if I can take the cap. It's been a while, and I'm out of practice..."

"Excuse me?" Margot said coldly, her words slicing through Sonya's protests.

Gasping with shock, Sonya took several tortured breaths to calm herself. Then she slid out of the bed and knelt, bowing her head, "Please, Mistress, forgive me. I was insubordinate and disrespectful. I beg you to discipline me."

Margot nodded, satisfied with Sonya's repentance. "You will pleasure me, together with Jasmin, until we reach Domina Mare, and then I will discipline you properly."

"Of course, Mistress," Sonya nodded. "As you command."

Jasmin could scarcely contain her delight, but she knew better than to gloat or even smile. She remained kneeling where she was, head bowed, until Margot gave her new instructions.

Margot returned to the big chair and Sonya knelt next to Jasmin on the floor.

"Now, let's see," Margot smiled, "this thing swivels, doesn't it, Sonya?"

"Yes, Mistress. There is a release lever just here," she pointed to the side of the chair. "It also operates the recliner mechanism."

"Excellent." Margot released the latch, swiveled to face Sonya and lifted her legs onto Sonya's shoulders. "Eat me, slut."

Sonya leaned forward to take the weight and plunged in with a murmur of gratitude. Beside her, Jasmin squirmed, awaiting her turn. Two capped slaves at once! Jasmin thought, admiring Margot's raw power. "You are truly magnificent, Mistress," she breathed.

"Yes, I know, thank you," Margot murmured with a smile at her favorite concubine. She leaned back to enjoy Sonya's attentions, which were enhanced by her excruciating desire for her mistress. Her head bobbed up and down in Margot's lap, and Margot writhed gently in the mouth of her slave, coating her face with her sticky pleasure. "Mmmmmmm," she sighed, content.

Frustrated, Jasmin uttered low moans of hunger, which pleased Margot no end. She gave Jasmin a wink of understanding. "I know, sweetheart. I know," she said soothingly.

When Margot wanted Jasmin again, she touched Sonya's head. "Withdraw," she ordered softly, and she swiveled to Jasmin. Eagerly, Jasmin leaned forward as Margot adjusted her legs, and sank into the depths of her wetness.

Sonya watched, panting with exertion and desire. Boldly, she crept forward and nuzzled Margot's hand. Margot felt the tears of remorse on Sonya's cheeks and raised her chin gently. "I forgive you, my love, but you still require discipline. You know that."

"Yes, Mistress. Thank you," Sonya sighed, relieved.

"Jasmin, enough," Margot directed, and she swiveled to Sonya again.

Gratefully Sonya took her turn, feeling the hard pulsing of Margot's clit in her mouth. More than anything, she wanted to share Margot's climax, but she

knew she didn't deserve it. That honor would belong to Jasmin this time.

Margot began to moan softly with impending orgasm, and she gently detached Sonya and turned back to Jasmin. "Receive my pleasure, my love," she said to Jasmin, who moaned her thanks as she tenderly took her mistress in her mouth again.

Tensing as she reached the point of no return, Margot cried out, "Oh, yes! Jasmin, my love! Now! Suck me now! Yes! Aaaaaahhhh!" and her body jerked in ecstasy as Jasmin held her and groaned with empathy at the sensations. She was so happy she could have just let go and flopped on the floor, but she pursued Margot's pleasure until she came twice more, gushing delicious sweetness into her mouth.

"That was lovely, darling. Sonya, you will clean me up. Jasmin, you can use the head now if you wish, and then we'll have some dinner."

A little while later Margot was enjoying a gourmet meal while her two slaves knelt on either side of her chair, consuming their bland nutriment out of tubes. However, from time to time, Margot fed a tasty morsel or two to Jasmin, who kissed her fingers after each bite. Finally, when Margot was done, she handed her plate to Sonya and told her to lick it clean. Cheeks burning, Sonya obeyed without complaint and silently returned the plate to the serving cart. Then both slaves went into the head, while the cart was removed from the cabin.

"I suppose you're enjoying my humiliation," Sonya said grumpily to Jasmin.

Jasmin knew better than to admit it. Life as a concubine and slave was simply too capricious. "Not at all," Jasmin said simply. "Next time it could be me, and there doesn't even have to be a reason."

"You are most gracious. I suppose she's doing it as payback for the way I treated you in the car," Sonya guessed.

"That was diabolical, but as you probably know by now, I rather enjoyed it. I think it's for your response to the cap. By the way, how are you doing with it?" Jasmin wanted to know.

"It is ... stimulating and frustrating, Yet, when I think of how long you wore it, and how she endured my pleasure and yours while wearing it herself, I can't complain."

"I don't think she's through with you just yet," Jasmin predicted.

"I am sure she is not," Sonya agreed, and then Margot called them out.

"I am going to take a shower," Margot announced. "Jasmin, lay out my uniform. Sonya, clean up the cabin. Both of you be ready to shower and change after you attend me."

"Yes, Mistress," they chorused.

As soon as the bathroom door was shut, Jasmin knelt before Sonya. "I wish you could come," she said, "But I want your juices and I mean to have them." She gave Sonya a gentle shove that forced her onto the bed, and licked her ferociously until Sonya was groaning her discomfort.

"Do me," Jasmin invited. "I'm soaking. Why waste it?"

Sonya quickly traded places with her sister in slavery and returned the favor with a demanding tongue until Jasmin squealed her own helpless need.

Sonya withdrew and went about her tasks and in a moment Jasmin rose and did the same. "I'm sure Margot would want us to stay ready for her," Jasmin remarked as she double-checked to see that all the required items were awaiting the Captain.

"No doubt," Sonya responded, making the bed tightly.

"Jasmin!" Margot called, opening the door. "Come in here."

Jasmin slipped in and shut the door of the tiny compartment behind her. Margot pinned her to the bulkhead with her knee to her clit cap, grinning when Jasmin groaned and pressed against her.

"What have you two been up to?" Margot demanded, teasing Jasmin's lips open with her tongue.

"We licked each other's pussies to stay hot and wet for you, Mistress."

"How thoughtful. I approve. Dry me and help me dress while Sonya showers."

"Yes, ma'am."

Jasmin had just slid Margot's boots on, kissed them and buffed them, when Sonya came out to dress. Jasmin went into the bathroom and as she finished dressing, the landing chime sounded.

Margot smiled, gesturing Jasmin to the other large seat and pointing Sonya to the jump seat behind the bathroom door. "If you think I've been harsh and demanding until now," she said to them, "just wait until we're aboard Domina Mare."

Both slaves shivered with anticipation. Margot as Captain of Domina Mare was a formidable, demanding mistress, and they couldn't wait to resume pleasuring her.

Once Margot was piped aboard, she sent both slaves and luggage to her cabin. "I have business to attend to," she told them. "Prepare my quarters and yourselves for my arrival." Then she turned and went to the bridge to receive the reports of her officers.

Both slaves were naked and kneeling on the carpet when Margot joined them half an hour later. The bed was turned back, soft music played, the lights were dimmed, and chilled champagne and a variety of hot and cold snacks were ready. Margot's luggage was nowhere in sight as Jasmin had unpacked

and properly attended to all of her belongings.

When Margot snapped her fingers, both slaves rose. Sonya took Margot's jacket and Jasmin poured her a glass of champagne which she presented on her knees before Margot's easy chair.

"Lick each other until I tell you to stop," Margot ordered lazily, pulling her tie off and opening her collar. "I've been thinking about that ever since I got out of the shower."

They were only too happy to obey. On the floor at Margot's feet, Jasmin on her back and Sonya reversed above her, they wickedly and thoroughly teased one another until they were both wild with desire for release.

"Excellent," Margot nodded. "Now get over on your sides, and get your faces into each other's pussies, nice and deep. Then put your arms around each other."

The two horny slaves struggled into the required position while Margot watched. Unable to see, they heard a clinking sound. Swiftly, expertly, Margot handcuffed each of them so that their embrace was permanent, at least until she decided otherwise. "Lick and kiss each other's caps and keep moving so I can hear those handcuffs jingle. If you stop moving, I'll stimulate you, and you'll wish I hadn't." She watched to make sure they were writhing and gasping audibly. "Good girls," she chuckled, going to open the door.

"Come in, Adrian," Margot said. "I hope you don't mind this variation on our usual arrangement."

"Not at all, Captain," came the young woman's eager voice.

Forbidden to remove their mouths from each other's clefts, Jasmin and Sonya slowly licked and kissed one another's wet, aching pussies and capped clits while listening to their Captain and her lover undress one another and begin their love-making on the bed above them. Anxious to keep making enough noise, they humped one another's faces, whimpering pathetically, keeping one another trapped at the edge of orgasm.

It wasn't long before Adrian was moaning and begging for the special pleasure she received only from her commanding officer. As Margot obliged her, Adrian burst into screams of ecstasy and relief, followed by the usual protestations of love and gratitude, in accordance with her training.

After a few moments of cuddling and kissing, Jasmin and Sonya heard the women moving around in the bed, and then Margot's instructions to Adrian with regard to eating her.

"Nice and slow, my darling, and don't stop without my permission. Those two have me quite excited."

"Yes, Captain," the young woman mumbled into the womanhood of her demanding superior. She didn't want to end up like the prisoners on the floor.

Margot turned her head so she could look down on her slaves, whose hips were pumping and whose tongues were working so furiously on one another that she could actually hear them licking. Observing their frantic ministrations had Margot's own hips pounding Adrian's face in no time.

"Yes! Yes!" she gasped. "Do me, do me, do me!" She clutched at Adrian's hair and spasmed as she came, gushing. Howling, she demanded more of the young sailor, who gladly gave it, struggling to swallow the rush of hot honey that sprang from Margot's cleft.

"Enough, enough," Margot finally grunted, pulling away. "That was lovely, Adrian, my darling. You were very good."

"Thank you, Captain," the young woman blushed.

"Help yourself to some champagne and canapés," Margot invited. "Oh, and just before you leave, release the prisoners, will you?" She winked at Adrian and tossed her the key.

Adrian got the message and took her time, eating, pouring champagne for her Captain, making idle chat about the ship. Finally she slipped into her robe and bent over the squirming, groaning sex slaves.

She released them and handed the key to Margot who pulled her close for a long, warm kiss. "Until next time, my sweet," she murmured.

Margot waited until Adrian had let herself out, then rose and locked the door. "Take a break, you two," she ordered, separating them with her foot.

Sonya and Jasmin broke apart, panting with heat and exhaustion.

"Whenever you're able, Jasmin, you may join me in bed. Sonya, serve us and help yourself."

Jasmin crawled up into Margot's arms, where Margot kissed and whispered to her lovingly. She shared her glass with her concubine along with some canapés, nodding to Sonya to resume her place on her knees on the floor.

"I know you're both tired," Margot smiled, "but I'm sure you don't want to sleep with those caps on, so you both have permission to beg for release. Whoever is most convincing will come in bed and sleep with me. The runner-up will both come and sleep on the floor. Jasmin, you may go first."

Jasmin smiled a knowing smile. She knew that no matter what she said or did, she would win because Sonya was being disciplined. Yet, she made a sincere effort. She slid to the floor at the foot of the bed and kissed Margot's bare feet. Then she took a deep breath and announced, "I humbly beg you to give me release, Mistress. I will wear the cap, keep my place in the rotation and serve you as long as you will have me. Any woman who is fortunate enough to make love with you twice a month has nothing to complain about. Thank you for taking me as your concubine. I have never been so honored." She bowed her head and waited in silence.

Sonya, too, kissed Margot's feet. "Mistress, I know I don't deserve release at all. I beg you to forgive me. I will gladly come at your feet and sleep on the floor, if it pleases you to show me mercy. If not, I will bear my discipline for as long as you require."

Margot smiled. "I am delighted with both of you. Jasmin, do you prefer to watch Sonya, or would you like to come first?"

"Oh, please, Mistress, let me watch," Jasmin begged eagerly.

"Of course. Sonya, on your back in front of my chair, hands at your sides. Jasmin, toss her a pillow, would you?"

Once Sonya was in place, Margot seated herself and motioned to Jasmin to kneel next to her chair. Then Margot probed Sonya's legs apart just enough to knead the plastic cap with her toes.

Sonya began to moan and writhe in both torture and ecstasy. "Ah, Mistress, mercy," she groaned. "Please, please, take the cap off, I beg you. Oh, Mistress, oh, God!" she cried out, jerking. Her nails dug into the carpet.

Beside, the chair, Jasmin trembled in anticipation.

"Mistress ... Mistress. It's like a hot rock in my cunt!" Sonya wept. "I need to come. Please, please!" She humped upward into the sole of Margot's foot, pressing into her heel.

Margot pulled her foot back. "Lick her, Jasmin," she ordered.

As Jasmin's tongue found its way into the sweet furnace of Sonya's pussy, Sonya began to gasp and yelp.

"Good, Jasmin, I think that's enough." Margot waited until Jasmin had pulled back and then she reached down and removed the cap.

"Mercy! Mercy!" Sonya screamed, arching upward desperately for contact.

But Margot planted her foot on Sonya's thigh to hold her down. "No."

"Is she coming?" Jasmin asked anxiously.

Sonya howled in red-hot need, her butt pounding the deck under Margot's foot. "Touch me, touch me!" She tried to reach for herself, but Margot now had one foot on the inside of each thigh, thwarting all of Sonya's efforts.

"Yes, but she can't feel enough of it to enjoy it," Margot smiled. "Not without some pressure, as you may remember."

Jasmin shuddered. Margot's most dreadful punishment, the nearly imperceptible orgasm. "Please, Mistress, touch her," Jasmin begged.

"Not yet." She waited until Sonya lay quiet, grinding her hips frantically. "Have you learned your lesson, Sonya?" Margot asked her.

"Yes, yes. I don't deserve release, Mistress," Sonya wept.

"Excellent." Margot then ground her heel into Sonya's clit, setting off a new round of climaxes, and this time she kept her foot in the inferno of Sonya's womanhood until her needs were completely relieved.

Despite her great satiation, Sonya roused herself enough to crawl to Margot's feet to kiss and lick them clean. Margot permitted this and told Jasmin to cover Sonya with a blanket. Then Margot raised Jasmin from the floor and took her to bed.

There, Margot was extremely tender with her favorite concubine, stroking her capped clit gently while kissing her deeply.

"Oh, God," Jasmin breathed. "I almost don't want it off, you're being so wonderful to me."

"Do you really want to wear the cap from now on?" Margot inquired.

"I want to please you, Mistress, Margot, my love. If the cap pleases you, I will wear it with pride."

"I think we'll just use it on selected occasions, sweetheart. Now, please me and come," and as she said the word, Margot peeled the cap away, and Jasmin's aching exploded in a mist of ecstasy. The room seemed to spin as Jasmin bucked and roared in Margot's arms. Vaguely Jasmin was aware that Margot, too, was crying out, that she must have somehow been stimulated enough by her lover's release to come again herself. She felt Margot grinding against her hip and Margot's hand in her molten, clenching pussy, and both of them came again in perfectly synchronous, hot, overwhelming pleasure. Jasmin knew only that she was cascading into Margot's bed, that they were awash in their mingled juices, and her last thought was one of awe and gratitude.

"Thank you, Margot," Jasmin croaked. Then, finally, she slept.

Margot checked Sonya and put out the light. As she settled down to sleep, it occurred to her that these two women might be enough. They loved her both equally, as she loved them. A life with both of them, sharing others equally, sounded like heaven on earth and sea to the Captain of Domina Mare.

THE END

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