




TALES OF DEVIANTSHIRE

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When Goorz sent me the first pages I was struck by his layout: I found it superb!

And I still do. You can see how it was in this foreword page. What worked beautifully on a Web page finds its limits in the vertical format of pdf.

So we were left with two options: Either respect Goorz's original presentation and lose much detail because it would obviously be displayed quite small, or frame it so as to allow readers a better access to his amazing, dramatic and erotic images.

All done with Goorz's permission

Truth is fragile, that's why we don't use it. We are fearless and dedicated to reveal what's not hidden, hence our investigation into **"The Tales of Deviantshire"**.



THE PHOTO

Lord Erin, marquee of Deviantshire was a renowned chemist. The wealthy, powerful CEO and main shareholder of a giant pharmaceutical company, he was known for his conservative ways. At 63, twice widowed he had recently married the gorgeous 28 years-old American model Emma Mant who had just given up most of her career at his request.

Their days were quiet and comfortable between his huge estate 60 miles SW from London and his elegant Sloane Square 4 story house in the midst of the English capital. He followed a strict business routine while Lady Emma, -or Lady Mant as she was sometimes named- was a celeb' figure often seen spending time in charities or high society events that were mainly connected with modern art.

Like all busy and influential men Lord Erin received important amounts of mail everyday that he consulted in the morning before his chauffeur Monty would drive him in his limo to the company's headquarters.

On that particular day however it was like the sky had just crashed on the stern, righteous Marquee's head. For a few seconds everything just seemed to stop.

He heard, felt, smelled, saw nothing anymore. His soul fell down down down a well of atrocious pain. Then it all furiously rushed back: in his shaking hand he held a picture.

What a picture indeed..!

Under his unbelieving eyes lay the scene of his own cherished wife, the adorable Emma being vigorously and happily rammed by a younger man, whom he recognized as the young Edward, Third Earl of Captorhill, the well-known dealer whose Modern Art gallery tops today's London market!

Lord Erin's entire being sank into devastating pain and bewildering confusion. Nothing meant anything anymore. Lord Erin almost cried. However the sense of betrayal gave soon way to the sharp sting of failure.

The sight of Lady Emma's expression of pleasure he had never seen himself on the adored face achieved to tear his heart and pride into bits! Air hardly came into his lungs. Thoughts just couldn't form. The worst, yes! The worst was her ecstatic bliss. It ravaged him even more than learning he was cuckolded.

Shame changed into something new.. A desire to break everything, the urge to leave and run away, the necessity to get lost in the eyes of the world.





RAGE



Just as he was brooding dark, self destructive thoughts - entering a monastery even flicked a split second- whether he'd kill himself with his gun or with the new assisted-suicide pill his company was about to put on the market with high hopes of success, the characteristic sound of arrogant heels pulled him out of the crevices of his disarrayed soul.

- Dear, said his spouse in her clear and caressing voice, I'm going to the airport..You know I've got to be at this art opening in Paris.. Such a drag, really! I'd love so much more to be with you in..



Lord Erin's reaction was so sudden he would later be baffled by his own speed.

In an instant his fist swirled and punched Lady Emma's famously fine features right in the jaw!

- AYYY! she screamed, stupefied.

- You impudent whore! You cheap tart! Paris, eh? Art opening, eh? Well I know what you intend to open there! Your legs! Nothing to do with art, he added along with a terrible slap in her face.

The pretty marquise stumbled under the blow.

Totally agitated, seeing red and seeing blood, the marquee grabbed her hair violently, forcing her to stay on her knees

- Gerda! Gerda! he yelled. GERDA! GERDAAAA!



Just then their young maid appeared.

- AAahhh cried Emma, her mane of hair painfully pulled by her furious husband.. "Ohhh. Gerda! stop him", she desperately begged the young woman. "Stop him, he's gone mad!"

But the domestic who had been at her husband's service prior to Emma's marriage seemed very cool and undisturbed by the unseemly scene.

Instead, she even looked rather pleased.

- Gerda, roared the marquee. Drag Lady Emma to the device closet and have her into number 12!

- Number 12 milord? Very well milord!

His face twisted with rage he turned to his wife's head, that he yanked by the hair, and locked his blood-reddened eyes into hers.

- You're going to obey Gerda if you know what's good for you, he spat in the terrified face of his wife. I cannot dare tell you what would happen if you're not back the way I want in half an hour!



THE CLOSET

Playful spanking from her friend Shad not counting, Lady Emma had never been hit in her life. Nobody had ever before shown a desire to hurt her, so the blows she had just been given left her without resistance at first.

The ex-model, in complete shock followed the young servant to a small room she had never seen before as the door had been kept locked at all times.



Once inside, Gerda quickly rushed to a panel, seized a riding crop and hit her sharply with it.

- Ayyy, recoiled Emma! Why? Are you crazy? It hur..AAHHH! Ahhh..*sob*

- Undress now, quick!

- B-But.. Gerda? You.. You can't possibly..? Help me please, he's.. AHHH, STOP! Stop hitting me! Please, p-please..

Gerda's big eyes glowed with a peculiar intensity. A devilish smile stretched her fleshy lips. She slowly took a delicious deep breath and landed one more lash on Emma's immaculate skin.

Once.

Twice!!

She was about to give another cutting strike to her horrified mistress, when Lady Emma frantically began to undress,

- I'll do it , I'll do it! Stop that! she quickly surrendered, her eyes riveted to the tools stored on some of the shelves. Could it be that her husband?...



Once her ladyshipp was totally naked, in tears, spasmodically shaken- it had taken two more blows to convince her to drop her lacy panties - Gerda wrapped a hard corset around the young woman's tender flesh, ignoring her whimperings as she worked straps and notches, indifferent to hear that the indecent lingerie strangled her too hard.

- You should have thought of that before, sniggered Gerda. Why, you've married the best man in the world and you dared cheat on him? How I would have loved to be in your place! To be Lord Erin's wife.. Stupid Yankee! Shaming such a good man!..

The tone and insults were a huge surprise.

- Gerda, please..Come back to your senses.. This is illegal!.. You're a woman too.. You.. Lord Erin, the best man you say? He just beat me for God's sake!..

- Silence! I've got to finish trapping you in number 12 before we go back to Milord's.. Don't move if you want to avoid more of the crop! I don't care about you! All that matters for me is to please the master of the house. Be sure I'll hurt you more if we're not ready in time!

The confusion and utter disbelief, but also the fear of the new sensation of being punished, the pain subsisting from the sharp stings of the whip silenced Lady Emma. Her attention focused on her breathing, that the corset began to make difficult.



RESTRAINED

As soon as she decided the corset was tight enough, the tall blonde rudely fixed an iron restraining tool that chained Emma's elbows in her back.

- Gerda please, whined the shocked woman. What is this? What is this all about? I-I can't move my arms..
- Shut up I said. Of course you can't move your arms! And I'm glad you can't! Haha! Milord ordered to put you in number 12, this is number 12!

The younger, stronger servant stepped back to study her work.

- Look, I'm cool, she jeered. I could slide the elbow bracelets much closer if I wanted, then you would find it soooo much more uncomfortable. For now I only bind you in the softest way, am I not an angel? Make it difficult for me and you will see the change!

The strange, unsettling sensation of being physically restrained silenced Emma. She was pushed back out of the closet, in the corridor.

For a moment, only her sobbing and their heels on the wooden floor could be heard.



Slowly though, rekindled by the fear that one of the male domestic could pass by and see her so indecently exposed, her mind came out of the shock. She tried to get her thinking back and sort out a way out of this unbelievable turn of events. What bad dream was that? How did Erin find out? Why was Gerda so mean to her? How come this cabinet full of strange apparels and sextoys?

As they walked back along the corridor she felt like nothing she had experienced before: She felt she was not her own. She felt helpless.

Her arms unable to move properly because of the cold, hard cuffs she realized she was dependent of others.. and, well,.. the others seemed rather unfriendly for the moment.

Quivering, she was about to offer money to the maid, that she help her run away to Edward's when she felt the hand.

Gerda was fondling her behind! This simple, humiliating act was such a surprise it blocked everything from her.

Once in front of the door of Erin's office Gerda turned to the extravagantly displayed prisoner and, casually swinging the whip grabbed her by the neck, to force a deep kiss in her, unhindered by the frantic reaction of disgust from the squirming mistress of the house.



THE RULES

Lord Erin's face remained frozen. Stiff. He looked silently at his obscenely attired spouse. She had been so used to see him in adoration that any subconscious confidence she could charm him back instantly dissolved.

Still, she tried to wheedle.

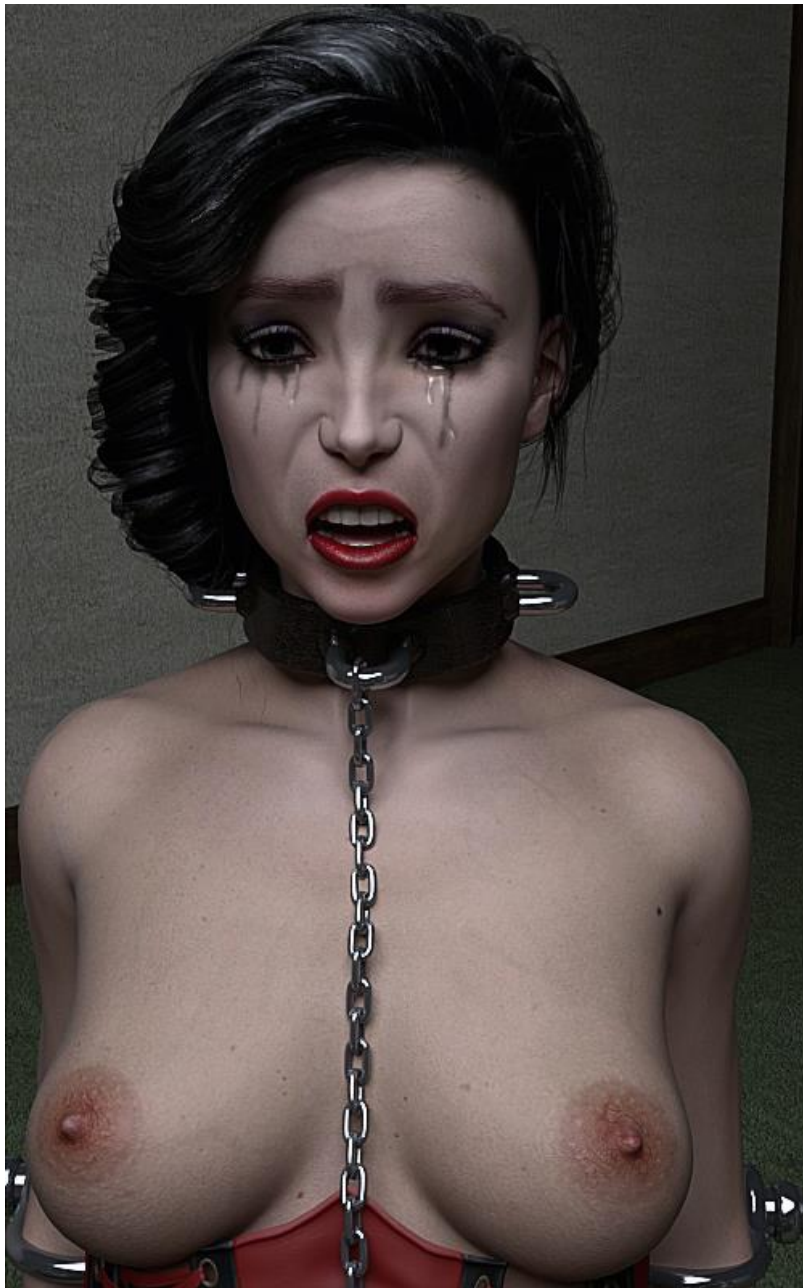
- Dear Erin... Love!.. Darling! » she started, trembling like a leaf. « You can't treat me like this.. This is such a mistake..Don't you love me?

The marquee didn't move. He seemed impervious. His eyes slowly ran along her exposed body. He calmly seized the loose end of her leash and looked at it pensively.

- What's happening she asked, gulping with difficulty. Ha..Have you all gone mad? I-I..Edward forced me you know», she lied. « I-I didn't want to.. It happened only once..It's you I love, I'm..

- Why don't you keep quiet, trollop? The picture says enough. Eight months in our marriage and you're already opening your thighs to anyone who asks?

- No! No! It's not true! Darling, please! Chéri!



- Silent I said! (Nodding to Gerda, who immediately landed a sharp blow of the whip on the frail lady's bare buttocks)

- AAYY! Please oh no! Oh, It hurts so much..Erin.. Erin I pray you! Oh, my dear husband ..I- Forgive m..

- Here is what's going to happen, stupid female! From now on you will play the Lady Emma part in social events but in my estate you are nothing anymore! A slave! A bitch! No, wait!.. No no...lower than the dog! A thing! A thing with no rights! During the day Gerda will be in charge of you, and you will do whatever she tells you!

- But.. Darling, you-you can't do that..She's only..

Lord nods. Gerda whips.

- Ahhaah! Oh please my lord..Mercy! It's wrong, please I pray you..It's horrible, it cuts so.. », pleaded the distressed beauty, who broke into tears « you can't have me whipped by the maid!

- Now calm down, continued the marquee, suddenly speaking in a more conciliatory mode. I know our Gerda might get carried away.. So, you're allowed to complain to me if she goes beyond what is acceptable...

An amused smile lightened his severe face as he went on:

- But I don't want to hear unnecessary pleas from you. You need to be punished. So to help you consider the value of things in your new life, here are the rules concerning the low element you've become: because I won't have your frivolous jeremiads, ever before you file a complaint you will each time receive seven blows of the whip, that of course Gerda in person will administer.

Unperturbed by the look of utter disbelief in his wife's eyes he continued, using the tone of a patient regulator.



- ...Then once flogged you will tell me what the maid did wrong. If your plea is justified, she will be chastised. That is, fined. I'll reduce her pay of..let's say.. £25. But if your complaint is exaggerated, you get 14 more strokes.
- Oh God! God, you can't be serious?.. Repudiate me, divorce me if you are so angry but..
- You would like that, eh, you smirched wench? So you could open your ass anywhere and tarnish my reputation? Well..Yes I am your husband even if you seemed to have forgotten that. But starting today you are not as much my wife as a bitch I have to tame. And tame you I will!

He breathed, furiously wriggled his hands.

- As for repudiating you.. Not a chance.. I own you! I own you! I own you like I own my cars! My dog! My shoes! You're only one of my properties he snapped, his eyes rolling, his mouth twisted in a frightening grimace, on the edge of drooling.

She stared at him in terror.

Suddenly grabbing the leash he pulled her forward, bending her over the desk.

- Now, so that you understand clearly how complaining will benefit you, Gerda is going to teach your impudent body.
- No no! Please! You don't have to do that, I beg you to forgive me! I understood the lesson! Erin, please..I'll never again.. I'll be good..God, I..

- Go ahead, Gerda. Give Lady Emma an idea of what I'm talking about. Demonstrate what kind of pain seven strokes really mean.

- As you order, mylord.

- ..And I want one of the lashes on her filthy cunt!

- Perfectly milord.

- ..And one on her sullied anus!

- Yes milord.

As the first blows landed on the hysterically writhing Lady, he added to her intention.

- Oh by the way: I'll keep your cellphone. And I want all your codes.You're forbidden to communicate with anyone but me your lord owner and Gerda, your supervisor.

Crumbled on the desk, Lady Emma twirled her delicious posterior under the cruel lashes. As she yelled and cried and pleaded all she could, her irate husband sat down to decide what would constitute the new routine of her days.



A NEW DAY



At night she was chained to the foot of the matrimonial bed, made to sleep on the wooden floor.

Devastated and hurt as she was, sleep was sparse.

She dared not move much, her husband having promised to chastise her if she troubled his sacred tranquility. In her panicked mind she still entertained the hope that Erin would come back to his rational senses and end or alleviate her punishment in the morning. That he'd think she learned her lesson..

Maybe file for divorce?After what happened,she was ready to accept instantly without any pre-condition.

All night, while trying to ease the pressure on her aching body she kept thinking of a way out. There was only one: she had to try contact dear Edward. Cap, as she fondly nicknamed him. The man she at first had considered only as a stallion but that she ultimately had come to love dearly.

Cap... Edward, would rush at her call and save her. Then she'd make Erin and Gerda pay back. Gerda.. It had been so humiliating, being whipped and ridiculed by the younger servant! The pain from the session was still there, on her butt!



Cap, the only light in her now shattered life. At least she could envision to break from Erin and move to Cap's elegant huge studio on Camden.

How to reach him without her cellphone? There was a landline, that's what she'll use as soon as no one looked on. Surely though, things would come back to normal in the morning. Erin's wrath will have calmed down.. But Gerda.. They could not keep her in the estate. Not after the debasing torture! The marquee will have to fire her. Definitely.

But then..-and this was like a mountain of ice crawling on her whole being- then, what if Erin turned out to be a complete pervert? Hadn't his anger been a revelation of some sadistic proclivities he had kept hidden from her?

And so went the long night. Lady Emma's traumatized spirit going from hope to despair.

In the morning, Lord Erin as usual woke up pretty early.

He stirred quietly in the bed. Like a paralyzed rabbit, she breathed as silently as she could, staring timorously at the slowly emerging body of her husband.

After a couple of minutes he stood up and walked to her. Her heart warmed up to see him unchain her from the bed: the end of the nightmare!

Alas, the sense of relief didn't last.

Without a word he pulled harshly on her leash, sat down and forcefully used her mouth to appease his morning glory.

After the hard uncomfortable night on the floor and seeing how he did not even deign look at her, the unfortunate woman did her best to please him, - and she was good at that- in order to be spared an early flogging.

This awfully impersonal abuse made her feel like her mouth had become a place holder of sorts, an orifice that didn't belong to her anymore. She swallowed her pride along with her husband's goo.





CLEANSING



Once this was done and still ignoring the humanity of the woman at his feet Lord Erin disappeared in his private bathroom.

She cried silently. She felt so dirtied, so defiled..

A short while later Gerda came into the room to take charge of the sullied woman who until the day before had been on the commanding side.

First thing was to clean Lady Emma. The vicious maid enjoyed the opportunity to use the great tub and the exquisite creams, the gels and the scents. Fragrances that were worth six months of her salary! Cap, the only light in her now shattered life. At least she could envision to break from Erin and move to Cap's elegant huge studio on Camden.



Unguents the vanquished lady of the house usually threw only half empty in the garbage can!

It was a real treat for Gerda but more than anything, she loved the opportunity to further humiliate her captive. At first Lady Emma tried to object, but she was rudely reminded of the one-sided rules. Goaded by Gerda's mean twisting of her most vulnerable parts and left without force after the night and the morning abuse, she submitted.

She reluctantly did what the young girl ordered, however mortifying and vile the acts .

Because if indeed Lord Erin was now more her owner than her husband, Emma for her part was becoming the youngish blonde's slave.

Once dried Emma would be « dressed » for the day and led down the veranda to join her husband for breakfast.



THE BREAKFAST

Breakfast turned out a bit different than usual.

For Lord Erin, nothing new: basically his usual smoked fish, porridge and vegetables followed by tea that he always took on his morning desk. This was his preferred moment to write his professional mail and scan scientific contacts. He was extremely concentrated on these occasions so barely noticed anything - this time forgetting he had insisted to have Emma's head harnessed, her mouth gagged full, kept kneeling thighs spread open behind him like the Chinese pottery she was placed next to.

For the devastated young woman the quaint hope that it all had been some kind of kinky fantasies to punish her for her infidelity had evaporated. This demeaning treatment was way past kinkiness. She pleaded MMMMPHH! through the gag, only to be distractedly hit by the man she had married.

After that, she silently kept the position.

All she had to do, immobile in this humiliating posture was to wait with anxiety for him to decide what ordeals and torments he would like her to suffer next.

This quiet time was in fact conceived as a sadistic occasion to have the helpless lady consider how low she had gone down.



How her former life, her social identity were being taken from her. Time to reflect on her new status as a diminished human being..

As soon as Lord Erin's limousine took him out to town on that first fateful day, Gerda cleaned the desk, joyfully humming her favorite tunes. Half singing half humming the popular song of the month, she freed her ladyship from the gag that was quickly replaced by a leash fixed to the scandalously offending collar, exactly as she would have done the dog.

- Now pussy-Ma'am, scorned the blonde. I say it's time for you to start your day's duties.

- Ohh,.. Gerda..implored the defeated prisoner. Please.. Set me free..I won't be in the way..

- Is ladyslut kidding? Gerda grinned.

- You-you can't leave me like this.. This is so base!..We're women..You..you have to let me go..call the police..

- Tssk tssk, the maid smiled. Why would I do that?

Even though she could see the strange, fixated stare in the servant's eyes, Lady Emma craved for her support.



- But.. This is a crime! I'm being tortured! You've got to help me.. You know very well he can't keep me like this for long..Help me run and I'll pay you. You know I'm rich, I'll give you so much.. He's mad! Can't you see? he's derange..

SLAP! Gerda hit her on the breasts and pulled on the leash, forcing the trembling woman to stand up.

- Be quiet and move. The master has asked that we take a stroll outside for about an hour.

- Gerda, insisted Lady Mant in tears, please..

But the maid abruptly stopped and turned back. Looking at the defenseless Emma she produced another one of her weirdly frightening smiles:

- The Marquee is the master, she said in a staccato. When my mother occupied the same rank as I do now, he was her master. The only man she ever loved. The only man, do you understand?

The only man! she repeated, almost shrieking. Her eyes kind of rolled in a near-demented way. « She died but he kept me. I owe him everything..Everything.. He's a superior being and you're only a cow! A stupid cow unable to understand his greatness. You'll pay..

She dragged her closer, her eyes wide open, her smile voracious now, her face morphing into unhealthy exaltation..

- I can make your life an endless line of pain and humiliation.. and I will love to do it.. I will so love it! I so wish he wouldn't cum in your mouth when he wakes up.. No..I would so welcome him!..you..Your mouth should only be his urinary!

Shocked, Lady Mant stepped back as much as the leash allowed. God, she thought..this girl is plain crazy!.

- Your mother's only lov..Do you mean he's your fath..Ouch! AYYY please!



As seemed to be her new habit, Gerda hit the captive to inflict gratuitous pain. She did it almost absentmindedly.. Still pulling on the leash she slowly rubbed the crop against Emma's tender slit and whispered:

- We're going next step now..I mean YOU are going next step, haha.. And you'd better obey..

Rubbing harder her prey's nether parts, she enjoyed the sight of her squirming victim's desperate and vain attempts to soften the burn of the leather against her clit. The strong blonde went on, her lunatic sly smile widening:

- I am now going to make some money out of your snatch.. Out of your holes..!

THE COMMODITY

Gerda blindfolded her prisoner and led her outside. Both women started to walk at a tranquil pace. Lady Emma welcomed the warm sun on her skin..

Her mind was losing it. What had been her life seemed to have all but disappeared. Pain, humiliation, threats from these crazy maniacs had succeeded to keep her in a state of constant apprehension. She understood her only response was to adapt immediately to their whims if she wanted to avoid more punishment. Her heart shrunk. She was becoming their puppy!

Gerda's cruelty terrified Emma. She could not stop thinking about the maid's earlier suggestion of making her her husband's urinary.. Such a repulsive perspective!

In spite of the blindfold the scent of the flowers told her they had reached the garden. Not being locked inside anymore created some sort of hope that surged in her heart.



As much as she had put all her expectations on Edward, she suddenly realized that one of the people who worked in the manor might see her and understand she was a forced captive... Hopefully he or she would report to the police!

Her heart accelerated, her spirit brightened, but then the hated voice snapped, like a whip:

- Remember I can do what I want with you and to you doggie.. Don't you forget it's such a bloody neat pleasure to punish your cunt if I'm not satisfied by your servitude.
- W-Where are you dragging me? Please.. Stop talking like that, it's so awful!
- I'm going to get some money out of you. It's going to be too much fun!..*suddenly raising her voice* Look what I've got! she shouted.

Hearing the triumphant voice Taurus the gardener turned around and dropped tongue, brain and eyes at the sight of the uncommon but delightful apparition..

- What the hell? erupted the greasy voice, making Emma instantly shrug. « What o' what continued the salivating oily voice, ohhh why.. That's how it always should be with you walking holes!

This fine remark followed by a freakishly dirty laughter shattered Emma's remnant of resistance: it could not be!

But it was.

Falling into a nightmare after another. Wait.. Was Gerda really exhibiting her nakedness to an employee? Emma tried to stop walking, but a sharp pull on the leash jerked her head, so she followed.

- No.. Gerda, she muttered plaintively. No.. Yoo-you can't do this...You..You're not gonna... My husband will know.. I'll tell him you exposed me..
- Aww shut up you filthy cow! Stop calling him your husband, ha! You're a slave now. A beast, a toy, haha! He's your owner, and that's that!

SLASH!



- Okidoki « went on the thick male voice from much closer now.. He smelled like sweating shit! « What do we have here? »
- Interested in a good fuck, taunted Gerda? Clean, easy. And cheap.
- No, cried Emma. Please don't.. Don't whore me out.. Aww. Don't do that I beg you!

A quick hard twist of the nipple silenced the helpless Emma, forcing her to painfully try catch some air.

- Now you keep quiet. Remember I can make your life either hell... Or absolute hell! she laughed. Which one do you chose?

Twisting and squirming under the atrocious pressure of Gerda's fingers Lady Emma didn't resist. She cried miserably to Gerda's delight who slowly pushed her against a bench.

- Now sit and don't move whore ». Then turning back to Taurus:
- Okay, 75 to shag the cow.

Lady Emma felt a crevice was opening under her. Each step into her debasement made her life worse. She was pushed down the gutters so low.. Could she ever recover? She had always resented the profanities some men hurled at women. Now the foulest, filthiest terms seemed to define her in anyone's view.

- What? said the man bargaining as smartly as he could while his callous fingers wandered between the captive's buttocks. Are you out of your mind? 35 to bang this cunt is all!

She shrieked when she felt the invasive fingers making their way into her while the price of her vagina was being discussed in front of her... By people who until the day before bowed to her orders!

- 60! slammed Gerda
- 40!

Horrified and still hardly able to believe her degradation dragged her so low she prayed « Oh Cap.. Edward..If only you could..This nightmare must.. I'm being negotiated like an animal!.. How debasing..



- Okay man, said Gerda. The fuck is 50 but if you subscribe for five you get a sixth for free. what d'you say?

Emma's persona was evaluated in the short silence that ensued.

- Deal!

That was it. These people had decided what she was worth...

- In the name of God, I beg you! This is such an indignity.. Gerda, she pleaded in a humble tone as she was seated on the bench. She then turned her blindfolded head..Mister..Whoever you are.. I- Lord Deviantshire surely doesn't want his domestics to do this to me..I-I'll complain, I will!

- Complain then what? scorned Gerda. Complain and you get whipped... 25 bucks if the master says I overdid it to ya? haha, what a joke! I get more from pimping out just one of your holes, plus I'll have the pleasure to whip your ass seven times in front of the master, so yes! Complain, stupid snatch!

The constant rain of the basest insults took their toll. She sobbed softly first, then uncontrollably.

Her body began to tremble, her tears ran fluidly through the blindfold, down her lovely face.. She was going to get raped by.. She had identified the gravellous voice.. This ugly man, oh God, no! He paid for her..What kind of a world was this?

- Now spread your legs cunt, ordered Taurus..

- No No.. I beg you.. Spare me.. I'll pay...

SLASH!

- AHHH, please! It-It hurts so much!

- Obey your customer, shouted Gerda. Open wide or I'll whip your inner thighs. Now do your thing man! The upperclass hole is yours!



- Ohh sure I'll do my thing, bragged the gardener. Now you gonna be a good girl ain't ya you haughty whore? Get that..

Lady Emma jumped shrieking when Taurus's huge burning tool spread her brutally apart.

-AAhhhh! Ahh stop! Ah no stop! StopOop!

She screamed her lungs out. Totally panicked she groaned like a wounded deer. The monster cock was so hard and merciless! Then he shoved his crappy tongue in her mouth, filling her with the acrid taste of a man who never brushed his teeth. Blowing his foul breath in her.

In an instant her stomach turned and she nearly puked on this most abject of kiss.



THE DINNER



Her first dinner as a slave told her how much debasement she would have to put up with. It made clear she was in her husband's mind truly relegated to some sort of subhuman status. Lord Erin didn't say a word to her, didn't even deign looking at the kneeling form, sexily dressed in an elegant lace justaucorps that revealed everything.

All the time that Gerda had prepared her, Emma had tried to recuperate from the defiling service of prostitution, from taurus's endless pounding, from the maid's repetitive insults and flogging or pinching.

Surely Erin didn't imagine for a second what she had been subjected to but.. Will she find enough strength in her to complain and brave the promised whipping?

Kneeling on the floor with her wrists at last untied, collarless and freed from the cruel corset she saw to her relief that the table had been set for two.. Even though they didn't seem to be eating the same thing, here might be a sign things would change and maybe get back to more normal standings.

Sitting at the same table would provide her with an opportunity to appease her husband and get a way out.



To stop this demented punishment. To halt the slow, unshakeable destruction of her identity!

Her sadistic warden at her side, she waited for her lord and master to ask her to seat by his side. I must not miss this, I must win back his heart .

Instead, to her surprise he seized her plate and poured its content on the floor.

- Let the dog eat it all, he grumbled to Gerda.

The dog..He made it as she really was an animal unable to understand his words!

- Oh God.. Erin! Erin, begged Emma unable to stop the flow of her tears .. Please! I'm a person, please stop this!

- Get the dog to clean all this, repeated Erin, exactly like if Emma hadn't worded her supplication.

- Yes mylord, I'll be sure it eats it all! answered the blonde in a servile tone.

Then harshly and amused, to the kneeling form:

- Bend down! Come on, come on! Eat what your good master feeds you with. Here come! No use of the hands. Crouch like the worthless pet you are!

She could not believe it. They really meant to do this to her. Horribly humiliated but herded by the crop Emma progressed on her knees to the splattered meal.

It was devastating.

Her eyes wide open she tried to catch her husband's attention, that he reverse the command. Cancel the indignity.

Unconcerned the marquee had begun to enjoy his lunch, completely ignoring her plaintive moanings and desperate sobbing.

Then her face was brutally pushed down to the floor by the domestic's foot.



- Munch, beast!

In agony she executed the ignominious order. Slowly she began to munch the bits of food sprayed on the floor, aware of the grotesque show she was offering on her knees with her ass up to be seen by her two sneering tormentors.

- I want the wooden floor perfectly clean, sniggered the maid, her foot steady on her powerless victim. I take enough pain to make sure it's stainless. You will get to know more of your second master - the whip- if Milord spots the tiniest crumble there, understand?

She could hardly see what she was doing, blinded as she was by her tears. Directed by her tongue like a pig would be she tried to swallow and clean it all as ordered.

The worst came when all that could be heard was the tingling of Lord Erin's porcelain cup and silverware and her own slurping efforts to gulp down the abject meal and her shameful lapping as she licked the floor clean...

Husband and wife having lunch together, what can be more normal than that?

Him, like any person. Her, like the family pet.



A QUIET EVENING

The evening was traditionally dedicated for relaxation, in Lord Erin's view at least.

Before easing up though the methodic CEO wanted all problems solved. One of the files concerned the day's events at the Estate while he had been absent waking millions. Gerda gave his Lordship her own fantasy alternative report ,made up so he would find cause to punish his unfaithful wife.

He invariably did.

Whipping was his menu of choice. He'd love forcing the naked Emma to a position, stand still and then tell her what part of the offered body he would hurt.

In the background, the evil Gerda would cheer and giggle.

By that time the dreadful, heinous ways she had been subjected to through the whole day had exhausted and broken Emma to the point she had no force left to resist.

Blows fell on her. She writhed, she cried, she begged. More precise blows fell.

All the light that was left in her was the ever-dimly sparkling hope she'd find a way to alert Edward.



In spite of the mental agony she still entertained in the back of her mind the idea that her husband would grow tired of inventing new sadistic torments, that he'd feel satiated.

Her hopes were groundless. On the contrary the self-righteous but imaginative marquee found all kinds of ways to inflict pain to her body, misery to her soul, degradation for her mind.

It appeared that was all that mattered to him. He would excitedly search for any sense of self-dignity remaining in his defenseless wife. Anything he could spoil, anything he could smirch, anything he could do to annihilate her mind and spirit..

That first evening he chose to use her as furniture -a footrest- while he watched his favorite cable-TV serial.

She had to accept the disgraceful objects he shoved into her. As an object herself, she was expected to stay on her fours. She did. And cried silently. Ashamed, mocked and shattered.

Above her, what happened between the master and the maid at once terrified and disgusted her:

Her husband fondling the adoring Gerda! If indeed the psycho blonde had told the truth, then.. making out -and maybe more- with his own daughter? Could it go really that far?

And if truly they had no moral limits what dreadful, horrible tortures would they plan for her? What base condition would be hers at the end?

Will there be an end?

Her identity and humanity in tatters, she heard Lord Erin playfully establishing a list.

The list of the objects Emma would be used as: a footrest was fine. Done. A pillow? Good. A bolster, a bench, a coffee table, a cushion, a bedside table, a doormat..

- A urinary, jumped Gerda, thrilled. Oh milord, you should! You should! I'd love it if you..

He laughed, all sweetened by the enthusiasm of his juvenile... Juvenile what?

- One sure thing, answered Lord Erin:The slave's butt must be plugged every evening, once her basic needs are done, till you give it a bath.

Emma's pathetic whimper at hearing this was instantly met by a kick on the hip.

- I'm so glad you prefer to fill her with these toys instead of your magnificent manhood, purred Gerda.. The cheap slut's holes aren't worth mine.. Oh! Milord..

It went on like this, most evenings. Each ignominious invention by the merciless sadist was met with the melting groans of Gerda who would squirm lovingly, giggling at all the little degrading details her brilliant boss would cutely add.

Lord Erin sighed.

Nothing beat these relaxing recreational moments to ease the tensions of his hard working days!



The Invitation

It must have been the third or fourth day of Emma's slavery. Gerda was busy making some money pimping out her toy when she got a call from the Marquee:

- Gerda, I want you to prepare the slave for tonight. There's going to be a party at Judge Laspe's mansion. I want her tied and set up with the new fancy slave outfit I received. Also, be sure to put the mask number 6 on her face.

- Yes milord

- The red mask.

- Yes milord. Shall I fill her mouth?

- Oh, I had forgotten.. Hmm.. do we have a ballgag that would match the color of mask number 6?

- As a matter of fact we do milord.

- Then it's said.

Lord Erin ended the conversation. Gerda then turned to the chauffeur:

- Monty! hey, Monty!

But Krusto the chauffeur was grunting and shaking.

- MONTY!

- What? I paid, no? So let me ..

- Yes yes.. you'll have to prepare the best limousine for tonight: his lordship is going to a party.



Then, in an ironic tone:

- Okay doggy! Finish the cock you're sucking on, we've got to get you ready too, all pampered and perfumed, hihi!

As soon as the disgusting Monty chucked his load, Gerda pulled on the leash and grabbed lady Emma's hair. She forced her to move on her knees up the stairs and along the corridors, delighted by the pathetic cries from the degraded lady pushed and pulled like a recalcitrant dog. She fetched the accessories Lord Erin had asked for and settled into what had been Emma's quarters. Emma's cosmetics. Her make up table. Her boudoir.

Once seated on the stool facing her mirror and while the cruel blonde picked up the cosmetics the shaken Emma tried to focus on what she had just heard: a party? Was this the chance to escape? Maybe.. Was Erin getting overconfident? Maybe he thought she was already so broken she had renounced to be her own woman?

There would be people. She could ask for assistance.. Oh God.. At last, after these horrible days of humiliation and abuse..

Just then Gerda approached behind:

- So so so, she grinned, aren't you happy? There is a soiree at the Laspe's - I hear they're always very fancy. Top notch. Rich stuff.



The Laspe's, thought Emma? Her mind whirled madly.. The Laspe? His wife Kristin is my friend! If she's there, then I'm saved! Even him..I know the Laspe run wild parties, but..He's a judge, he knows me! This is my chance! Even if Erin doesn't allow me to speak, I'm sure I'll have my mouth ungagged at some point.. Laspe will understand I've been forced!.. Yes..Ohh pray God Kristin will be there!

- Oh calm calm, jeered Gerda! I see your little head is getting drunk thinking! Haha! I think the little fucktoy is getting confused: you're not invited!

- What? jumped Emma.

Her heart sunk. The glimmer of hope to get her freedom back was threatened by the hateful maid.

- Wh-What are you getting me ready for then?

- You'll be there, but you're not invited. In fact you're one of the things milord elegantly brings to the party, along with three bottles of his 28 years old whisky.

Delighted to see consternation, terror and despair slowly gaining ground on her prey's beautiful face, she added with a jubilant smile:

- From what I understand, you'll be the party slave.. Haha! Surprised? Well, you should know judge Laspe actually leads an important ring. He traffics high-society whores like you.



Emma's stunned face was like Christmas for the sadistic maid.

- I hope they'll let you have a little sleep at dawn though, because you're booked here at 11am for some thorough ass-licking, Wimbo the cook was quite specific about it. What's best is the little extra work for you will give me another £90, isn't that wonderful? Not counting your 4pm usual sodomy by secretary Mahashiva, haha I so love this job!

THE RIDE

She was ready.

Rather, she had been made ready. The huge gag was so invading she was terrified by the idea she could swallow her tongue. It was painful but most of all it created a sense of deep anxiety. As so often now her arms tightly bound in the back were crossed so that either Erin or Gerda had no obstacle when they wanted to whip or spank her. Or enact any other profanations.

A party?

Her outfit was so degrading.. such a fuck-me ensemble.. Like she had officially been turned into..

Well, a whore.

Lady Emma bitterly felt deprived of herself. Every new fancy from her master shattered her even more.

She felt discouraged, like there was no fight left in her... Judge Laspe, running a slave ring?

She'll have to play it tight if Kristin was there: tell her of the danger.

Lord Erin her owner earlier inspected Gerda's work. Emma was terrified by the cold, hard gaze that pinned her down to the status of two-legged animal he locked her into.

Like he had done the past few days he didn't say a word to her but spoke only to Gerda:

- I'm pleased. Hook the beast's leash to the knob, it'll wait here while I get ready myself.

So she stood in the entrance, for no reason other than her master's whim. Had she not been chained Emma would have fallen on her knees, to cry all her soul and contemplate the end of any value in her life.



Could it be? Was she really going to be a sex slave offered to a kind of sadistic orgy?

The motive for the mask was now clear: her demented husband didn't want some of the guests to be annoyed by the concept they were raping and molesting a lady, someone they knew and had befriended.. He wanted his felon friends to feel comfortable!

If only.. Would there be an occasion?.. One of these depraved people will surely want her mouth to pleasure him.. or her.. Then she'll have a few seconds to shout! To yell her name! To cry for help!

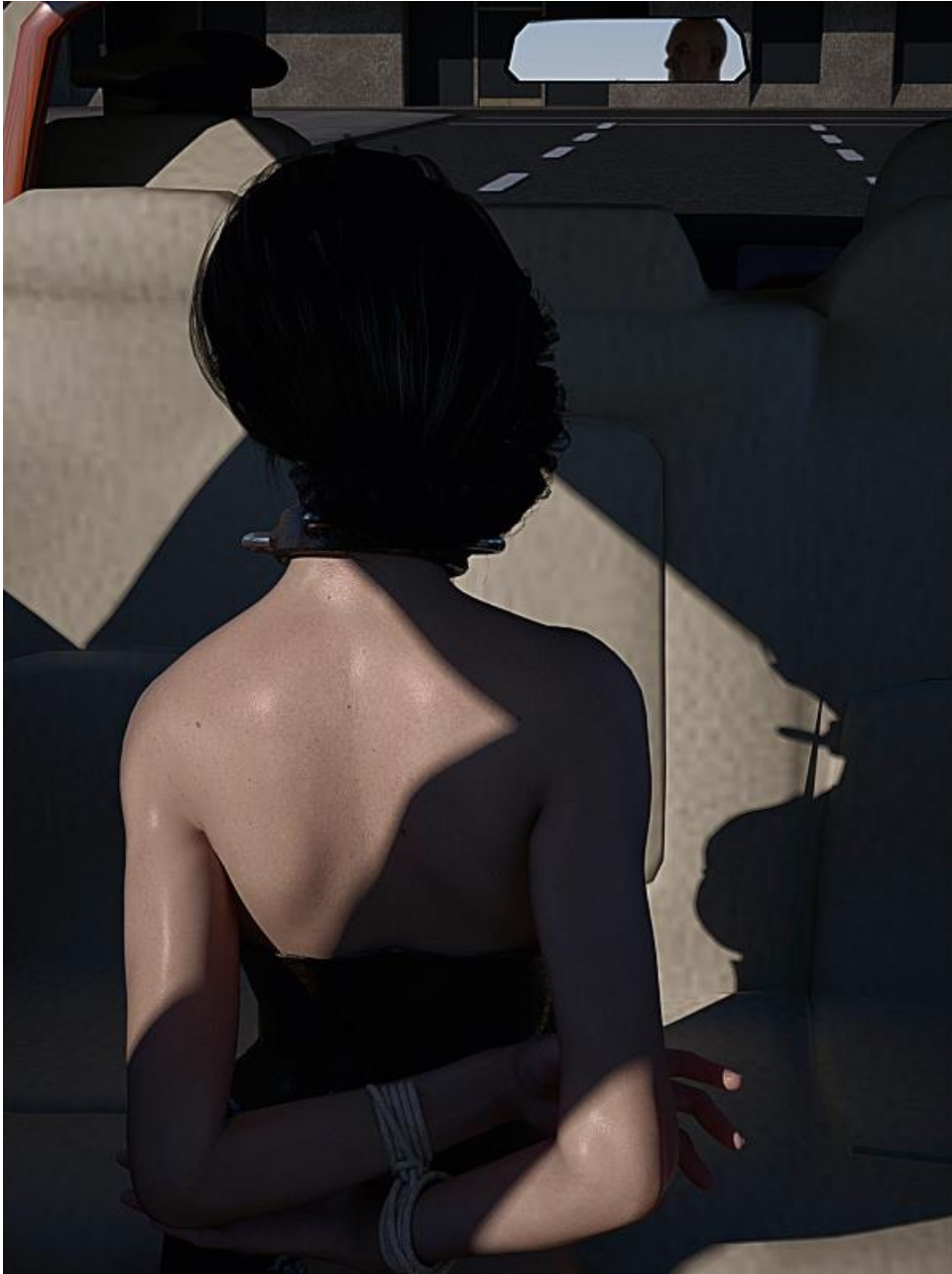
As she was led outside the chauffeur, loathsome Monty who had just paid for her tongue and lips two hours before stood solemnly like any well-stylized chauffeur would.

She was the lamb promised to a pack of wolves.

Was the rest of her life going to be like that? A sextoy, a prostitute?

Beyond the car she looked at the centuries-old ramparts. Another wall supposed to offer protection but that in reality shaped the contours of a prison. Was freedom forever denied?

Will an opportunity surge inadvertently to reach Edward, or anyone else who could save her?



Have the dog kneel between the seats, ordered Lord Erin from behind. I don't want her juices to stain the upholstery.

- Perfectly milord answered Monty, not missing the occasion to discreetly finger the crushed captive..

It was so awful to say that of a human being! His own spouse!

Hit by the monstrous contempt she lowered her head and pitifully sobbed. Devastated to have become such a low thing she managed to glide on her knees between the seats. The scornful chuckles of the men fed her debasement.

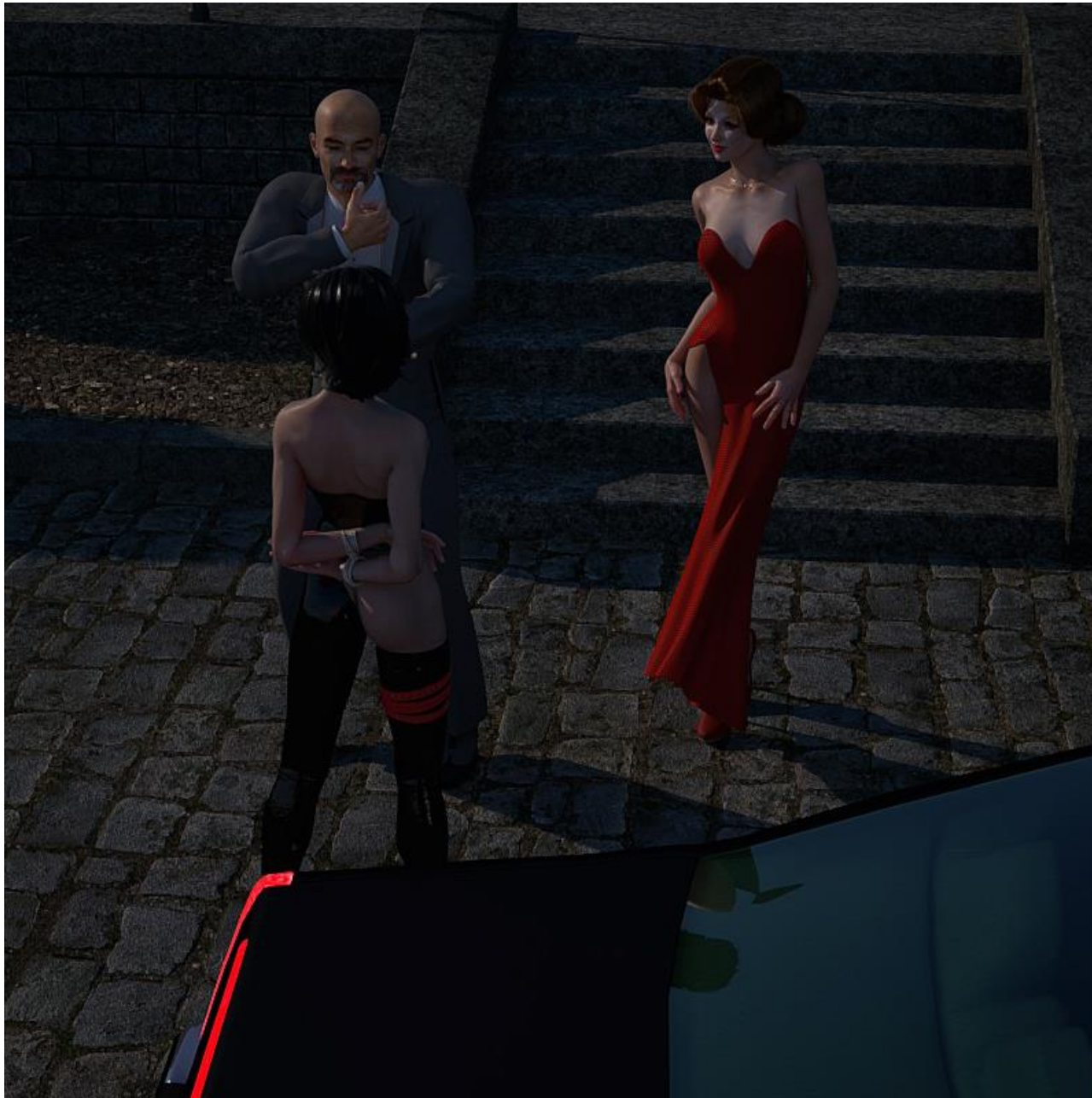
The shame of being what Lord Erin had made of her was so obviously intended to be part of her torture, made her become per force the accomplice of her own suffering.

- Done milord, announced the chauffeur.

She didn't dare look at her husband as he sat comfortably next to her. Still she could not stop to emit plaintive moans, strangely nurturing the hope he would change his mind.

All she got was to get bumped to silence by his knee, as he would have done with his hounds.

The smooth ride started. In the limo, apart from her faint sobbing the space was filled with Haydn's Cello concerto in C major. The marquee of Deviantshire loved Haydn. This was a man of truly sophisticated, classical tastes.



WELCOME TO THE PARTY

Twenty minutes of maddening terror later the limousine parked in front of the elegant Victorian Laspe country house.

The judge himself in tuxedo and his wife Kristin in a beautiful red robe de soiree waited at the base of the marble stairway. Both smiled cheerfully as they welcomed their guests.

To Emma's shock, they behaved exactly like they previously had when she and Erin had been received in the past on social occasions.

Friendly chatting and smiling exactly like everything was how it should be they greeted Lord Erin with great warmth.

They then exclaimed delight at the sight of the masked, bound and gagged indecently exposed figure.

Ignoring Emma's desperate muffled groans for help Kristin cheerily insisted that Erin took a pic with their phone, surrounding the prize, to which Erin gallantly complied. Absolutely enchanted, Ms. Laspe insisted on strangling Emma a little to force her to display some kind of pain or fright for the pic.



Truth is she really could have dispensed of this as Emma's mind was in shambles: everyone in the world now seem to regard her as something they had all rights on! Something that could be disposed of any way they wanted...

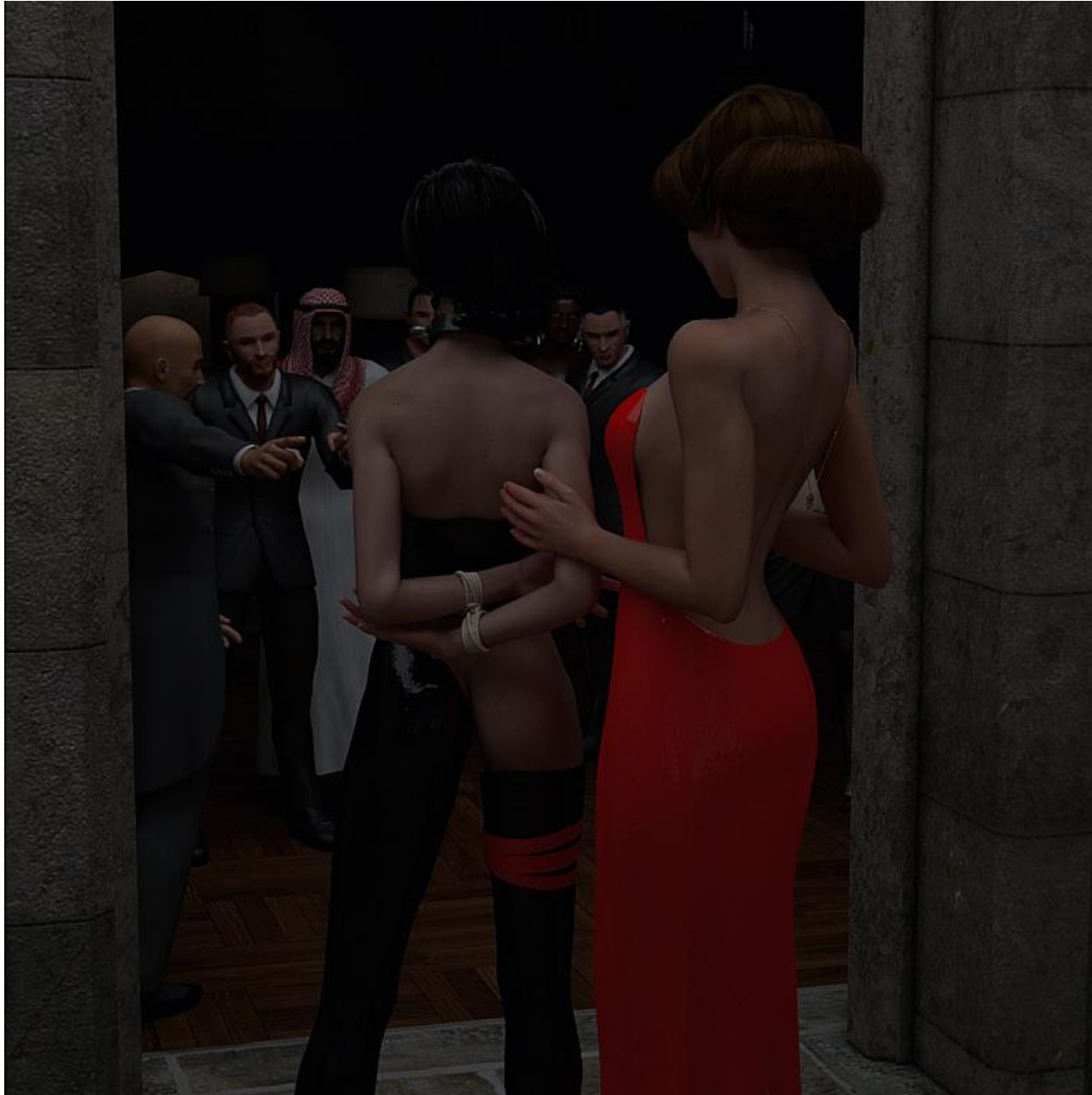
Precisely what she had become.

She was then pushed inside a great hall decorated with part of Judge Laspe's famous art collection. Shown to the classy and elegant crowd of perverts presently anticipating the tortures and abuse to come with fine champagne and collations.

Her legs threatened to turn into jelly any minute. She was so afraid she nearly relieved herself when Madame Kristin Laspe, her friend, dragged her by the leash in the midst of the fancy little crowd.

Most men obligingly groped, pinched or probed the available body. Their lewd comments diminished the trembling Emma even more. Some mentioned her body parts, others announced what they intended to do to her.

Everyone spoke of her in ways that denied her any more essence than the alcohol they were drinking, the appetizers they were munching on.



Everyone spoke of her in ways that denied her any more essence than the alcohol they were drinking, the appetizers they were munching on.

One, a snaky sort of short, skinny man asked what were the limits, to which Erin who had disappeared in the ball room, shouted:

- No limits my dear Ubasa, except I just don't want it marked. You all do what you fancy, just make sure the tracks of your play will not stay on the wench!

At this point Emma Mant, lady of Deviantshire existed no more. All that was left was an utterly terrified young woman about to be violated and tortured by indifferent people, desperately anxious to disappear. She had no life ahead of her other than that of an animal conditioned to provide pleasure to her betters.

She might just have arrived in hell.





EDWARD

But then fate took a totally unexpected turn.

Going against all odds, here was her chance indeed! Right here! Forgetting for a moment that Mrs. Kristin Laspe held her like the pet she had become, she pulled frantically on the leash: she had just spotted in the midst of this sick assembly... Edward! Edward chatting with one of the guests. Edward, the adored Cap, the one who could free her from this hell!

- Look how the little slave is attracted by these two gentlemen, clucked judge Laspe's haughty wife! Go doggy go. Ohh, isn't that funny how these little things react? So cute!

Handsome Edward, Earl of Captorhill turned his head toward the hot, sexy masked slave. Seeing the tits that were offered, he seized one nipple between his fingers that he progressively pinched and twisted till Lady Emma writhed and wriggled convulsively, moaning the loudest she could as much from the pain as in an effort to make herself recognized by her lover.

Now, had she not been the plaything of about all the people she'd been in contact with for the last four days; had she not been so desperate to get out of her horrible condition, she might have taken time to reflect.





She never suspected her sweetheart would be turned on by that kind of depraved soiree, even less enjoy hurting a defenseless girl.

But Emma was mostly so happy, so grateful that he was here that she couldn't think about how peculiar it all was.

When at last the man she loved released the poor nipple, she addressed him what her cruel restraints allowed: the most intense look, the most plaintive groans, the most supplicating eyes she could. In her frantic efforts, she even managed to modulate through the huge painful ballgag something that sounded close to his name.

- HHHDRRD! HNGCHPTHRR! PLZZ!

The strong-looking and refined art galerist stopped. He stared more seriously at the tearful, beautiful begging eyes of the masked female he was molesting.

For a moment it was for Emma as if all stopped. As if they were alone. As if Kristin behind wasn't playfully pulling on the leash. As if the other man's hand wasn't exploring her butt.

Edward's face changed: it looked like he suddenly understood something was amiss! He gently pushed away DNeil, the fondling guest, and stepped very close to her.

- I know, I know he whispered warmly..

- HHMM HHLPP!

- Don't worry... I know it's you Emma..

She jumped, shocked. What? How did he?.. His male features displayed the sooo charming smile she regularly saw when they paused after sex.



- It's you of course, he went on, his smile turning into kind of a mischievous, impish grin.

She was statufied. Hypnotized.

- After all pursued Edward, his warm steady voice caressing her bare collarbone, how do you think your dear husband found out about us? Who do you think sent him the picture?

Seeing her stunned and properly paralyzed reaction he added, while leisurely grabbing her derriere. You see dear, you were beginning to ask for too much of an involvement: divorcing, moving into my place, etc.. Tsssk Tssk.. I had to fix it..

Oh by the way, let me introduce you to my fiancee..

He turned slowly and gestured to a pretty woman:

- Come here Ecathe, see? This is the proof to you that I really ended any kind of affair with the tramp I told you about!

DEFEATED

The illusory hope of rescue had vanished. What remained was a long long descent into despair, into complete defeat, into the devastating realization that she had been robbed of her life. That she was not an individual anymore but the thing her owner deemed adequate for his filthy fantasies.

Freedom would never come back, that was clear.

Even the glimmer of hope she could make Kristin realize she was not consenting to all this and help her dissipated.

- Kristin, she pleaded when her gag was removed, help me.. Erin's mad, he..



- Tssk Tssk answered her friend.. I'll have none of that Emma! You came here as a slave, now it's too late: you can't step back.

- B-But.. Kristin! I'm not playing!

- Unh onh..What happens to you later is between your husband and you but for tonight you are going to play the full part..

Emma tried all she could but her plaintive begging and squirming only resulted in Kristin ordering that someone flogs her, a demand immediately answered in the most enthusiastic and competent way. After that for lady Emma the party consisted in a litany of abuse, some fouler than others, some more painful, some more debasing. She tried to blank her mind away. To pretend she was not there. It proved impossible as the blows, violations and vicious demands regularly interrupted her pathetic efforts to remain sane.

At one point she had been made to lick Kristin's folds while having her ass whipped by judge Laspe. Erin then approached. What the two men said sent the chill through her spine.

- Not afraid your bitch could testify against us, Erin? had asked the judge.

That was it.



- Heavens no! Not in the least laughed the marquee. We'll do like with my second wife. Once I grow tired of this animal, I'll let you make a deal.
- Oh, assured Laspe taking aim at the cute slit already reddened he intended to whip, I'm sure I can sell her more easily than Elena your second. Actually I've already got a request to buy her from Ubsa. You know: CEO of Magiserva Corpo..

Erin nodded.

- Not surprised. D'Archness,- of Anubis- also just proposed to purchase this slave. But he asked to pay in three transfers. I said no: cash of course, only one payment. Anyway it's too early. I haven't finished making this piece of scum regret she was born!

So they had figured it all: their sextoy for some time, then she'd be sold to a psychopath rich and pervert enough to buy himself a woman.. Abject years of slavery? Then death? Was it really all that was left for her? Not that it mattered at this stage, because she wanted out. Wanted to die...

Edward?

She sometimes singled his happy manly voice amid the little cheerful group.

Love- the illusion of it- had cut so deep into her heart. Its awful trap achieved to destroy her. Treachery, deception, cruelty triumphed.



Hours passed.

In the nightmarish party she fulfilled her awful duties, obeyed any and all orders. They made her do the most repulsive things she could have imagined while the party went on with its tingling of glasses, light jazz, elegant laughter, happy conversation and the pleasant jokes about what to do to her.

As the night went on, more and more disgusting acts were done to her. An endless line of twisted, depraved profanations imagined by the shameless little crowd of criminals, materialized on Lady Emma's sacrificed flesh.

Edward?.. It was strange that while her tortured body squirmed desperately under the cruel and insane profanations, her heart bled like a rebuffed teenager's.

Edward, so indifferent to her misery he had installed his phone on a tripod to film the multiple ravages to her body and the agony of her soul. Like he was going to spend quiet evenings looking at her complete destruction as a human being.

APPLICATION

Emma Mant, the Lady of Deviantshire, was exhausted. Physically and mentally ruined. Ravaged.



Her mind relented and mercifully blanked. She fainted.

When she came back to her senses she discovered that torturers and rapists had left her alone uncomfortably bent and chained.

She heard the typical sounds of silverware on plates, glasses and bottles being filled.

They were all recuperating from the debauchery to enjoy supper in one of the large dining rooms of the mansion.

For her part after all the filth and indignity they had thrust in her mouth, she thought she'd never be able to eat again.

In a daze she looked around her: the room with the awful, obscene toys, the whips, cat-o-nines, the cuffs.. The phone that had recorded the rapings, the shameful use that had been made of her.. Were they going to spread her debasement online? Like it did matter now..She cried.

The phone..

It was Edward's..

Then she remembered: she knew Edward's voice code! Her heart pace quickened. She looked right and left, almost hysterical. She was indeed alone, but for how long? All of a sudden, in spite of all the damage that had been done to her, it was as if she could summon all her energy, all her determination.

- Bacon, she said!

Silence.

The phone didn't react. Panicked, she wondered if her deceitful lover had changed his code; If so she was really finished, condemned to endless slavery.. till death.

- Bacon, she repeated this time in a calmer and lower voice.

Miracle! The phone lit, indicating it was ready for more commands.



- Bacon, she repeated mentioning not a component of your breakfast but one of the greatest XXth century painters. Bacon, call the police! Call the FaceTime police!..

- You want me to call FaceTime police? asked the stupidly calm digital voice. Please wait, I'm looking for the FaceTime police..

By now, Emma was on the edge of real madness.. Hurry up you dumb machine! Hurry up before one of my tormentors comes back! Please please robot..Save me!...

The screen of the phone darkened, blurred, then a big « police » sign appeared, to be briskly replaced.

The miraculous face of a young man in uniform appeared to her adoring eyes. His bored expression adjusted when he saw he was getting an image.. Expression that brusquely morphed into that of total surprise, of complete shock when he stared at the chained, tearful naked woman!

- Help me! Help me, cried Emma frantically agitated! I'm being raped.. Tortured! They've raped me! They're planning to sell me..They're going to sellmetokillmetoprostitutemeto..

- Wow! Wow, stop it! tried the scandalized policeman.. What's your name? Where are you?

Emma quickly caught back her breath. Half laughing half crying she gave her name and explained what her horrible situation was..

- Ok, answered the handsome cop. I'm sergeant Goorzford.. I'm taking your GPS coordinates..

Switching to another microphone he ordered a quick-intervention team to rush..

- They'll be there in twenty-something minutes!.. While you wait, if you can give me some of the names of..

Not believing this was really happening, blubbing, choking on her own words, Emma gave a jubilant mix of names, from Gerda to Mahashiva to .. It felt so good to confide, so good to at last curse the bloody criminals of Deviantshire. In the release of tension she might have named the whole planet, but..

But then she heard footsteps coming from the dining rom. Someone was approaching!

- Why has the dog been left without a gag?

She panicked, recognizing her owner's voice. The feared voice of the man who had all power and authority on her. In a second the new sense of safety, the glimpse of hope vacillated.

Lord Erin entered the room, his eyes full of the cold fury he reserved for her. It was clear he had been grooming some heinous scheme to punish her more. His hand was already up in the air to spank her butt when he jumped back, startled.

He had just spotted the phone and the young officer's face on the screen. His small, sharp eyes blinked, incredulous.

- What? By Jove! In the holy name of St-Shadowhawk, how come has the slut been allowed to use a ph..?

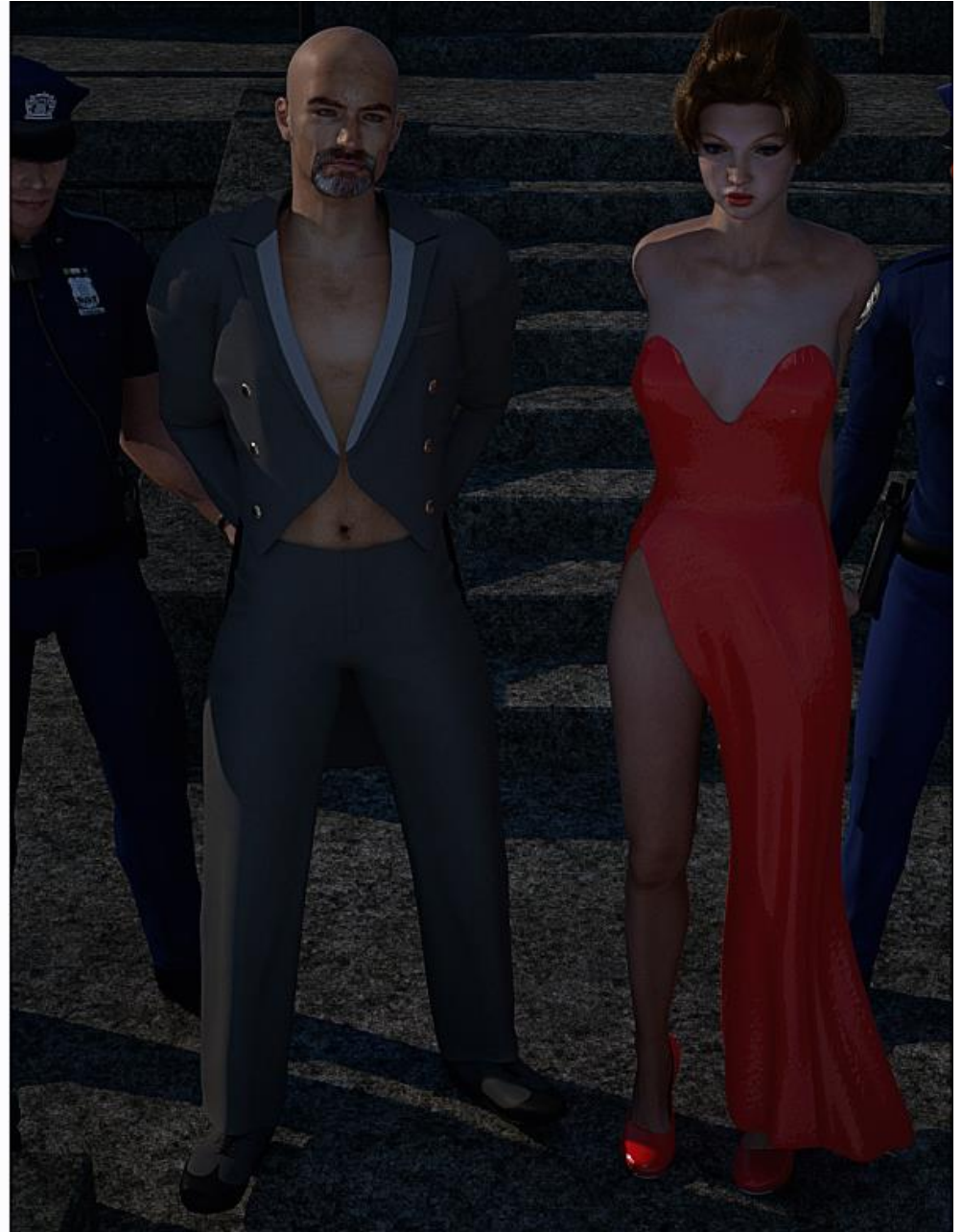
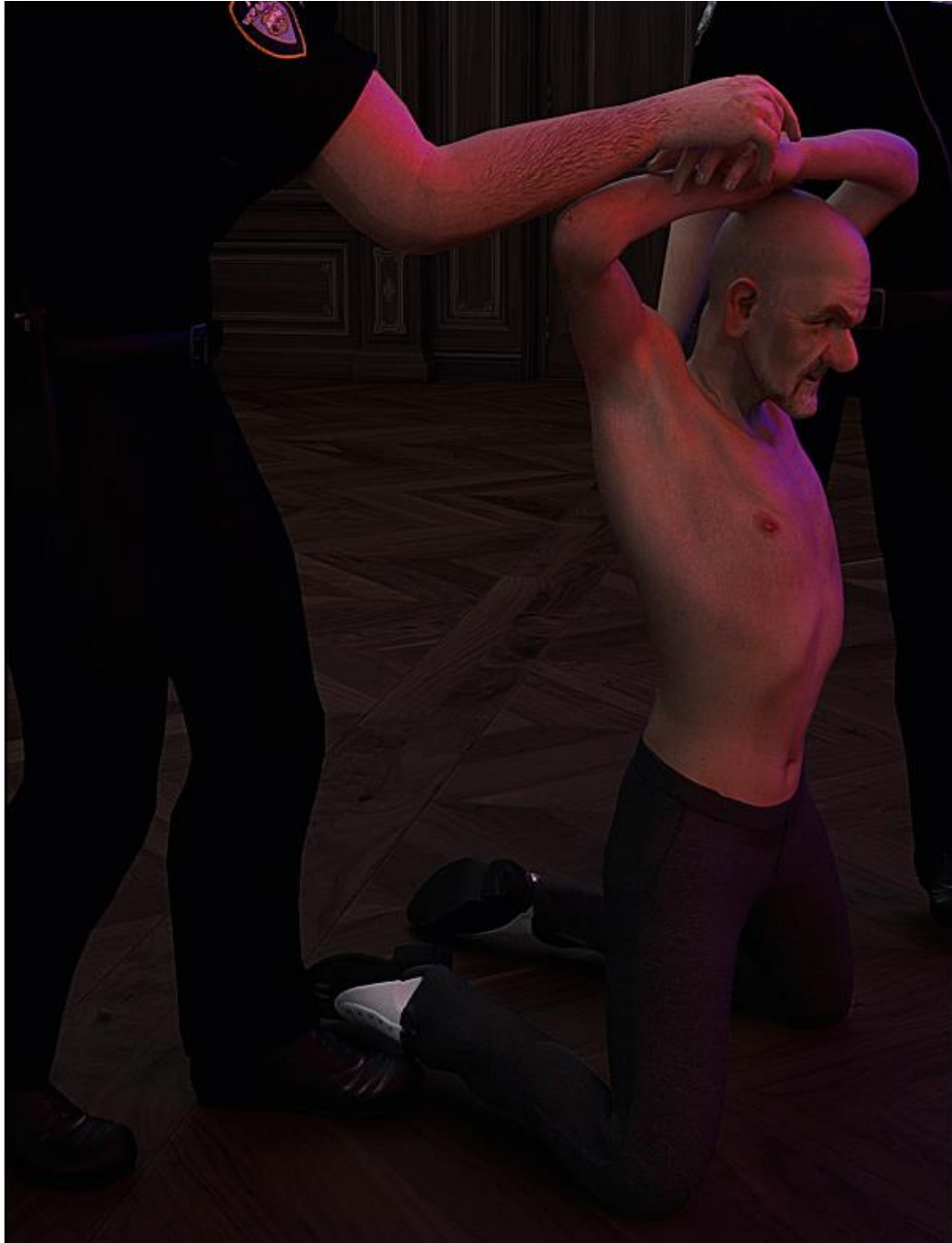
He turned to Emma, drooling with hatred and landed a couple of blows on her ass with full force:

- Damn whore, he hissed, unencumbered by her shrieking calls for mercy! You fool, you shameless slut! Do you think a vermin, a useless mound of feces like you can contradict me? That you can oppose my will? If I don't kill you here it will be only out of politeness for Laspe! After all we're not home yet, are we dear? But wait till we..

Just then, flashing lights and strobes flickered in the park. Both Lord and Lady of Deviantshire turned their eyes to the window..

- What? roared the marquee. What are these cars?..

The police whispered Lady Emma, falling in tears...Tears of relief...The police!





DELIVERANCE

In an instant, panic had changed sides: the diabolic guests stampeded in their frantic efforts to escape, but it was too late.

From everywhere surged the valiant members of security! Law and order! Thanks to their legendary restraint and respect for police procedure they broke only a few noses, teeth, jaws and collarbones. In spite of their thorough investigation, the pile of cash from the last slave sale achieved by Laspe and its sweet wife Kristin had all but evaporated by the time the attorney arrived.

No use lingering on such vain topic though.

What's important is that, deaf to threats from Erin, Lord of Deviantshire, Judge Laspe and an eminent family member of the US president who claimed he was there only to discuss with a Russian general, all the villains were quickly stuffed in vans that carried them at full speed to the police HQ.

Their bruised, violated prey in the meantime had been given a robe to protect her modesty (robe in which she managed to conceal Edward's compromising phone) . Captain Darshag instructed two policewomen to escort her for a checking at the hospital..

On their way though our suffering but relieved heroine begged them to stop and come sit with her. In tears she confessed that she needed comfort, she needed to be sure she was safe! She needed to be hugged.

The two young cops were completing only their second month in the force. They weren't hardened officers yet. Their generous heart understood the pathetic victim's need so they agreed to stop for a minute and sit at the back on either side of Emma.



Overwhelmed by the whirlwind of contrasting sensations the traumatized lady of Deviantshire found herself anxiously kissing and grabbing them, gratitude and relief all mixed.

Such had been her despair and terror, such was now her happiness and joy. The two pretty young members of DA's esteemed police force were at first quite embarrassed, but Emma kissed so well!

- You know Karen said the first policewoman, a gorgeous brunette... I think the least we can do after what she's endured is to grant her the love and pleasures she's asking from us. Once in the hospital she'll be on sedatives, so she won't remember much of what happened here.

- You're right, Denise sweetie, answered Karen a sumptuous purple-haired with big eyes. I always wondered what it would be like to engage in girly sex, while still in uniform!

Denise's eyes flashed. She purred and offered her mouth to Emma. Then to Karen.

EPILOG

Lord Erin's lawyer, the famously corrupt Robert Sixo'Six, himself one of the basest perverts this side of the galaxy hid away in the Laspe's dirty laundry and escaped the police. He quickly rushed to Erin's defense. Together they summoned the other imprisoned culprits to offer Emma a settlement.

She managed to gain the London little building, the huge villa on the Cote d'Azur, the Bentley, the Aston-Martin, the.. All of their cars but the Hyundai. Millions from DNeil, Ubasu and the other depraved members of the vicious ring poured into her Cayman account.



In exchange she would claim she was blindfolded and didn't recognize her numerous violators. But Justice rules, and needed to have people go to jail.

This being a perfect world Gerda, Monty, Mahav and Wimbo were sentenced 267 years and jailed. They accepted Rob's pressure not to testify against their wealthy superiors in exchange for the promise no hitman would be sent to terminate them.

Even Edward, earl of Captorhill, after what we understand were a couple of tough days in prison was spared prison. He had to let go a Chuck Close, a Hirst and a Twombly that Emma stored in her Swiss coffer.

That's it folks!

..What? Ohh..Did Emma recover from her calvary?
Well..

Why did taurus avoid years of jail?

Uhh..

...Well..





And so Emma worked hard to recover her sanity from the monstrous crimes she suffered. Her broken marriage helped her understand who were her true friends....

Nobody in reality!

Nobody that is, except maybe Denise and Karen, the two charming policewomen who took pain to appease her distress and who possibly saved her from unavoidable frigidity. Who knows if without their sweet affection she would not have lost all interest, desire and even, feeling for sex?

She decided to stay away from England for some time, at least until Brexit was completed and relax in her villa in the Riviera, close to Monaco. She had already met a bright French politician - well no, a horny French politician who assured her she'd get a European passport by then.

It was just a matter of keeping in touch!

Note from berseh:

I'm not good with names. I encountered much trouble adequately naming the characters of this series.

Any Deviant member who finds any resemblance to their monikers, like



... should know it is absolutely FORTUITOUS!:)

Taurus you ask? Why, all we know is that after the raid of the police he left and found himself an opportunity to do what he does best, but this time in a much warmer environment.

THE END