

# **The Prisoner**

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**Smashwords edition**

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***This story is a work of fiction. All characters are over eight***

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## Chapter One

Lauren had fallen for Toby the moment she'd seen him sitting next to her in class at Columbia University. It was a boring old Finance class, which she had little interest in but was a core course in pre-law. And he was extremely cute!

He was suave, cocky, charming, intelligent, and scrumptiously handsome! He had a little dimple in his chin, an unruly mop of blonde hair, bright blue eyes, and smooth, unblemished skin. He had a firm, fit swimmer's body with a nice butt, and she felt instantly attracted to him.

That attraction had been mutual, but then, she'd never met a guy who wasn't attracted to her. Lauren was one of those girls who everyone liked. She was innocent, sweet-natured, tolerant, gentle, kindly and yet also intelligent. She had no real temper, and endless patience. And she strove to never judge others, always telling herself that everyone had their own inner demons and struggles which she couldn't usually know of.

Other girls found her a very good listener, and an excellent source of advice. Boys found her... beautiful. She had an oval face with lovely, delicate features, deep blue eyes and soft, rich mahogany hair which danced across her shoulders.

She had a very fit and shapely body which seemed to inspire Toby to take endless pictures, especially in her bikini or lingerie. She tried to put her foot down at naked, but he often took pictures surreptitiously and she was simply not a girl to stay mad for long.

Besides, she trusted him not to show them to anyone, and after years of flattery – and honest self-assessment, she had little doubt about how shapely her body was, including full, firm breasts and a narrow waist.

Their sex life had been passionate, at least on his part. It wasn't that Lauren didn't enjoy sex with him. She certainly did! But for Lauren the enjoyment was more emotional than physical. She loved feeling his body against her, loved wrapping her arms and legs around him and kissing him deeply as he thrust into her!

After six months, though, she was beginning to have her doubts. He disappointed her in a hundred little ways, and seemed to take her, and unlimited access to her body, for granted. He was spending more time with his friends, and it seemed to her he was using her more for sex than anything else.

So when he proposed a visit down south during the March break she seized on it as a chance to renew their romance. His friends wouldn't be coming along, so she would have his undivided attention. Besides, he was interested in adventure, and she was at that point in her life when that piqued her interest too.

Going to Cuba or the Dominican Republic was old hat, but Toby wanted to go to Uruguay, a place she'd barely even heard about. He'd shown her pictures, though, and it looked gorgeous, with great beaches.

They flew down on the last day of tests, without even waiting for results. They had to change planes in Miami, and then it was a long flight across the Caribbean and then down most of the length of South America before the plane landed in Montevideo.

She was astonished when she saw how large and modern and prosperous it was, and berated herself for being chauvinistic and assuming everyone south of Miami was backward. They hadn't stayed there

long, unfortunately, before getting on a bus and traveling further along the coast.

Toby had heard of a place that was extremely beautiful, a great place to relax and kick back, and with a high tolerance for whatever it was people wanted to do. At the end of an exhausting day of travel they wound up at a tiny beach-side hotel in a town of Punta Lamara, and by then she couldn't care less about anything but bed.

She woke to sunlight streaming through the French paneled doors leading out to a terrace and got up sleepily, rubbing her eyes and brushing the hair back from her face. She remembered where she was and instantly felt a rush of excitement. She was practically on the other side of the world!

She slipped out of bed naked (Toby insisted she sleep naked) and padded across the tiled floor to the door, then looked out on the ocean and beach below! They were on the fourth floor of the hotel, which itself was on a hill overlooking the beach. And the sight of the ocean waves washing ashore was breathtaking!

She turned and looked at Toby, but he was still sleeping. She looked back around, then inspected the hotel room. It was small but seemed cozy. She padded across the floor to the bathroom. It was small but clean, and she decided to take a quick shower.

She was a very clean girl by nature, and so despite how exhausted she'd been yesterday she'd had a quick shower before bed. Still, Toby had then insisted on sex. She'd been practically unconscious through it, but he didn't require much from her during sex except her presence, and she fell asleep quickly right after.

He, however, hadn't bothered to shower, which had annoyed her at the time.

She closed the door gently, and then brushed her teeth and used mouthwash before turning on the shower. The water heated up fairly quickly, and she stepped into the tub and let it wash over her before picking up the soap.

She turned the water off and soaped herself up – or was in the process of doing so when the curtain was drawn back and she gasped for a moment, startled, before recognizing Toby's frowning face.

“I thought you were asleep,” she said.

“You woke me up.”

“Oh. I'm sorry,” she said.

“Jesus, you had a shower last night,” he said. “How many showers do you need?”

“Well, uhm...”

He didn't wait for the answer. He climbed into the shower too, and she smiled as he slid his arms around her and kissed her. Unlike her, he hadn't bothered to brush his teeth, though, and his mouth tasted fairly – horrible. But she was used to it, and loved the feel of his body pressed against hers.

It felt even more delightful with the soap all over her, so their bodies slid deliciously against each other, and his hands were quickly on her back and buttocks, sliding up and down as he kissed her. But then he turned her around to face the wall and pressed himself in against her buttocks.

She gulped, of two minds about it. First, she was glad his mouth was off hers, but second, she was wary of him grinding his now-soapy erection up and down between her buttocks. He liked doing her from behind, which robbed her of much of that intimacy she liked about sex.

He had also been introducing her to anal sex, lately. She had resisted that very strongly, but eventually given in. She had found it a lot less gross, dirty and painful than she had expected. In fact, there was something rather... darkly... wickedly... exciting about it!

That disturbed her. She thought that it was really quite degrading, in a way, and as a firm believer in equality she ought to oppose such a thing. But it was strangely exciting, in a forbidden way. She was not a girl who did much which was daring, and to her, this was testing boundaries.

There was more to it, though. When he was laying atop her, driving himself into her, she felt a breathless sense of being... possessed, of being mastered! That also should not, by her lights, have excited her, but it did.

His arms were around her, his hands kneading her full breasts as he chewed and sucked and bit

down on the nape of her neck, and that felt quite exciting! And when one of his hands slid down between her legs she felt the start of actual arousal as his soapy fingers rubbed her clitoris.

He jerked back on her hips and she moaned as his cock pressed against her sex, then thrust up inside her.

This wasn't very intimate. It was, in fact, more... animalistic, which affected her in an entirely different way. It was exciting, degrading, but exciting, and she felt her body starting to respond as he thrust into her hard and fast almost from the start.

But then he stopped, panting, his cock slipping out of her, and she realized he had climaxed.

"Just a morning quicky," he said contentedly, slapping her bottom as he pulled away and turned on the water.

Lauren pushed herself back from the wall, turning and forcing a smile on her face, then moving in closer to him so the water would rinse her off as well.

Twenty minutes later they were in the little cafe on the ground floor having a light breakfast, then they went out onto the beach and along it to explore.

She wore a tiny black bikini with a thong bottom. It made her feel self-conscious, but Toby had bought it for her and had argued her into it by pointing out that only old women wore full bottoms down here.

That turned out to be wrong, but not totally. Most of the other younger women on the beach were wearing sexy bikinis, but a few had full bottoms. Most seemed to be wearing various Brazilian cut or 'cheeky' bottoms which revealed a lot of buttock. Thongs were not unusual, though.

Still, combined with the small, triangular tops, and her full breasts she knew she was drawing admiring glances from the men – something Toby relished. He always liked showing her off.

They relaxed on the beach and had tequilas and other drinks, and went into the water a few times before deciding to wander along the beach. It wasn't very crowded, and the coastline went on forever!

A short ways along, in fact, they found themselves completely alone, and Lauren found herself loving the feeling of being one with nature! The land and the beaches and the sky were all gorgeous, and there was just the two of them in it!

Then Toby decided to playfully yank her top up! That caused her to squeal and put her hands over her breasts.

"Toby!"

"What? There's no one around," he said with a grin.

Which seemed true enough, but even so...

"Lots of girls around her go topless, you know. It's not like a crime or anything."

"Well I'm not going to!"

Which was when he started to argue and get sulky, which was ruining everything, so Lauren, who really hated confrontations, gave in and nervously removed her top. If it made him happy and no one was around, well... it was just easier.

Still, it made her more nervous as they walked along the beach. They were bound to run into someone eventually!

"Why would you care? Like I said, it's not illegal, and you have great fucking tits," he said.

They walked along further and found a cove, which was the perfect place to get romantic! And with the slick sunscreen oil on her his hand moving over her bare breasts and then down into her thong was starting to really arouse her!

She was still nervous, though. What if someone came by! But Toby was determined and excited, and she was soon naked, laying on her back with him atop her, thrusting, thrusting, almost to the point of her having an orgasm!

That would have been simply perfection, in that beautiful place, with the waves washing ashore!

But he finished and then rolled off, both of them breathing hard. He tugged his swimsuit back up and tried to get her to continue their walk naked, but she insisted on at least putting on the thong. That

put his nose out of joint and the rest of the walk was cut short.

Still, it had been nice, and they had a nice lunch at the cafe. Then, afterwards, they walked around the town, which was quaint and pretty. That evening they went to a club, where he drank too much, and they met a Spanish couple who made it clear they were interested in a foursome.

That led to him sulking some more when she refused, and then an argument when they went back to the hotel, with him calling her a prude and a nun and saying she was ridiculous in not seizing the chance to have some fun while she was young.

The next morning he was still grumpy, and had a hangover too. Partly to appease him she agreed to wear another bikini he'd bought to show her off. It wasn't that much smaller than the black, but the cups were narrower from the sides, so that they revealed what Toby called 'side boob'.

She was somewhat relieved to follow him along the beach after a while. So many men had been staring at her, and she could only imagine what was on their minds!

Of course, he insisted she remove her top again, which she agreed to. This time, though, as they were kissing while she was leaning back against a rock outcropping, two men came by from the opposite direction!

She recognized one as the man from the club who had wanted a foursome, and blushed hotly as they waved a greeting and came closer. Toby, of course, waved back happily and greeted them, having no problem at all with them seeing her bare breasts!

Lauren herself felt a crisis of uncertainty as well as embarrassment! She could either cover her chest with her arms, which she was well-aware would make her look prudish and self-conscious, or she could brazen it out. She decided to try to brazen it out, to act like she thought it perfectly normal to be walking around bare breasted.

It wasn't easy! But she fixed an uncaring expression on her face and hoped they would simply pass by and leave them in peace. Instead they stopped to chat! That was excruciatingly embarrassing, but she did her best to pretend otherwise.

That wasn't easy, because both men made clear their deep appreciation for her nearly naked body! At least in the way they looked at her. They spoke to Toby in Spanish, which he had picked up from a babysitter. She just stood there and smiled, not sure what they were saying, but suspecting it was sexual from the way they and Toby looked at her and laughed and joked.

She was starting to feel like a lamb standing there with three hungry wolves salivating over her! All she was wearing was the tiny piece of white fabric over her sex, after all!

Then to her surprise Toby took his wallet out of the pocket of his swimsuit and took some folded money from it, handing it to one of the men. He in turn handed Toby a plastic bag of something white. Then they shook hands and the two men departed.

Or started to. It was then that a bunch of men came running over the nearby hill, holding guns and shouting in Spanish! Lauren screamed as the men grabbed Toby and the other three men, and threw her to the ground! The next thing she knew her wrists were pulled behind her and handcuffed!

They pulled her to her feet, as they did Toby, and the other men they had handcuffed, and led them up a small path which led up the hill!

“Oh! Wait! Please!” she squealed, trying to twist free, to get back to her bikini top!

The man slapped her bottom stingingly and the others laughed as they forced the four of them to walk up the hill. There was a road there, and several cars parked alongside it, along with a police van. The half dozen men there all leered at her in between searching the men and then packing them into the van.

They talked to each other as they ogled her, laughing and joking as Lauren's face burned hotly and she was gripped by fear and humiliation!

Then a car drove by, a very big black car. It halted, reversed, and a man got out of the rear.

All the joking halted and the men stood up very straight as the man walked up to them.

He was a tall man in his early forties, distinguished looking, with broad shoulders and thick, untidy

hair and a short beard. He wore a suit she recognized was extremely expensive and tailor made, and his eyes were flinty as he approached.

Two more men got out of the car, younger and also in suits, as the older man glared at the men around her, gave her an unembarrassed once over with his eyes, then began to talk in rapid-fire Spanish. He had a deep voice, and while it was not loud it was angry.

One of the men beside her spoke almost as quickly, but his voice was clearly anxious and uncertain as the other men shuffled their feet. The older man spoke again, and then one of the men quickly turned to remove her handcuffs.

One of the men behind the tall man moved forward and removed his jacket, then swept it around Lauren's shoulders so that she could jerk it tight once the handcuffs had been removed.

The tall man spoke again, and the other man babbled something which only seemed to irritate the tall man. He gave him a long, silent look, then turned to regard Lauren.

“You are an American, Miss...?” he asked in accented English.

“Y-Y-Yes, sir!” she gulped anxiously.

“Your name?”

“Lauren! Lauren Simpson!”

“You are on vacation here?”

“We're on spring break! My boyfriend and I!”

The man spoke in Spanish to the fat man who had been doing all the talking, then snorted at the reply. He nodded his head at the man who had given her his jacket, and the man took her arm, firmly but gently, and led her towards the car. He opened the rear door and ushered her inside.

It was a Mercedes, a limousine! The interior was in ivory leather and enormously roomy. The rear was divided in half by a thick center console which featured drawers, buttons, plugs and controls. There was a ridiculous amount of room, which she thought was because there was a pull-down seat in front of her which was currently folded.

On the other side of the car was an attached laptop table which could swing in and out. There was a computer open on it, apparently the older man having been using it as they drove. There was also soft classical music playing from hidden speakers.

She tugged the jacket tightly around herself and looked around anxiously, then gulped as the three men returned to the car. The man who had given her his jacket got into the drivers seat while the second got into the front passenger side. The older man got in next to her, on the other side of the console.

That was some comfort given how she was dressed – or not dressed! Because she didn't think that big center console allowed for much groping or romance!

The car started forward, and the man turned to her.

“My name is Eduardo Vasquez,” he said. “I apologize for the manner in which you have been treated, Senorita. This is a rural area and the police are not always as sophisticated or kindly towards suspected criminals as perhaps one might wish.

“I didn't do anything!” she exclaimed.

“The police have actual video taken of an exchange of drugs for money. Your... boyfriend, I believe?”

She flushed anxiously. “I had no idea he was going to do that! I thought we were just going for a walk!”

She felt as though she was betraying Toby by saying it, but it happened to be the absolute truth!

“I don't even know what that stuff was!”

“Apparently cocaine. They will want to test it, of course, and will want to question your boyfriend very carefully, and you, as well, of course. We are trying very hard to suppress drug smuggling and abuse here.”

“We wouldn't smuggle drugs!”

“There was an awful lot of cocaine in that bag, somewhat too much to be using on a brief holiday. Do you use cocaine, Senorita?”

“Absolutely not!”

“Your boyfriend?”

“I... wouldn't have said he did,” she said uncertainly.

“If neither of you used it then he was intent on smuggling. The penalties for this are severe.”

“But... I'm sure he wouldn't... and I wouldn't!”

“The police will investigate and contact the police where you are from to look into your background. If there is no connection between you and drugs it might be possible for you to escape charges. Your boyfriend, on the other hand, will definitely be charged. What he is charged with depends on his cooperation.”

“A-Am I going to jail?!” she gulped, looking around at the woods around them.

“I... do not trust you in the local police detention facility.”

She looked at him in confusion.

“Or perhaps it would be more correct to say I do not trust how you would be treated there. You are an extremely beautiful young woman, and the information about how you were captured – in what state of undress – and your undeniable attractiveness may inspire some of our less... sophisticated men to do something which would embarrass Uruguay.”

“Uhm...”

“I do not think you are a dangerous criminal, and your hotel has your passport so it would be difficult for you to go anywhere. You will stay with me for a few days until things are sorted out.”

That was a relief! At least she wouldn't be going to jail! Yet...! Staying with this man, though, presented other anxious thoughts!

“Are you uhm... a police officer?” she asked doubtfully.

He smiled.

“No. I have a certain... influence locally, however.”

“Can I... get my clothes?” she asked.

“I'll send Roberto to get your things, but much of it will likely be impounded by the police until they can search through it. I'm sure we can find you something to wear. Although, as a man, I must say that what you were wearing was perfectly acceptable.”

She flushed but he didn't say it threateningly, but with a small twinkle in his eyes.”

“I'm sure you'd think so,” she said, feeling brave as she did.

He laughed briefly. “I can understand how you might disagree. We will find you something. Though I am a bachelor and must confess to a lack of female clothing at the estancia.”

He spoke in Spanish, raising his voice, and one of the men replied.

“At the very least we should be able to get your top. Pablo will drive right back to the beach, and if it's not there, get it from the police. Certainly it should not take long to search it for drugs.”

“God,” she sighed, laying her head back. “This is a nightmare!”

“We shall try to make it less difficult,” he said. “But my influence with the police does not extend to them simply not investigating. Nor would I if I could.”

The car turned through an open gate and the trees began to fade until there was nothing but broad fields. On either side of the road, however, marched perfectly matched rows of tall, thick trees with heavy foliage which almost joined together above the road so that it almost seemed as if they were driving through a tunnel.

They emerged in front of what looked like a group of huge white, two story buildings joined together at odd angles, all with roofs of reddish brown clay tiles. All the windows and doors had thick wooden frames with curving overhead lintels.

The car pulled up in front of one of the doors and stopped. The man in the front passenger seat got out, as did Vasquez. The man in the front passenger seat opened her door, and she got out too, still

clutching the suit tightly. Vasquez walked around the car and headed into the house and the man nodded for her to follow.

Reluctantly, she obeyed, and the door was opened by a small, slender man in a suit, who bobbed his head at Vasquez. The two exchanged quick bursts of Spanish, and the man looked at her doubtfully, then nodded.

“This is Diego. I fear he speaks no English,” Vasquez said. “I have told him you will be a guest, and to prepare a room.”

“Th-thank you, sir,” she said hesitantly.

“Senor,” he said.

She looked at him blankly.

“You might as well try to pick up a little Spanish while here, Senorita,” he said with a brief smile.

“Uhm, right. Senor.”

## Chapter Two

Diego led her down a corridor, then down another until he opened a door for her and ushered her inside. It was a bedroom, about three times the size of the one in the hotel she'd been staying. It had an enormous four-poster canopy bed with lacy white curtains attached to the corners. It also had a fireplace across from the bed, and an open door which led to what was obviously a bathroom.

"Uhm, thank you," she said. "I mean, uhm gracias."

He nodded and smiled and then withdrew, and she closed the door, then locked it, with a sense of relief. She could finally unfurl her death lock on the suit jacket!

God, what a mess Toby had gotten them into! What an idiot! What was he doing buying drugs! A little grass was okay, but cocaine!? What did he think he was doing!? And he had obviously arranged to meet those men. Which meant he had no problem with her being topless when they met either! The bastard!

He was always telling guys about what great breasts she had! It always embarrassed her! And clearly he didn't have any problem showing them off either! The more she thought about it the angrier she got at him as she paced around the room.

Granted, he was probably enjoying a room a lot less luxurious than this one, she thought, almost feeling sorry for him. But then, if Vasquez hadn't come by just then she'd be in such a room too, a cell probably, and maybe still wearing nothing but the little thong! God knows what might have happened to her!

Speaking of which, she was still wearing nothing but the thong! She slipped off the man's jacket and went into the bathroom, found a towel, and wrapped that around herself. That felt a little more comfortable, though since she was alone here it wasn't as important.

She walked to the window. It was more of a door, actually, a big double door of small glass paned windows looking out onto a huge courtyard. There were fountains there and trees and gardens. It was very pretty. This place must be like... a mansion, she thought, which meant if this was any example, Vasquez was a very rich man.

She sat down on the bed and reached for the phone, then hesitated. Did she want to call her parents and tell them she had been arrested for buying drugs? And maybe smuggling!? God, no!

Maybe she would be let go without any charges, and could leave on time, and wouldn't have to tell her parents anything. Except that she had broken up with Toby! Probably...

How could he do this to her!?

She went into the bathroom, locked the door, and had a shower. She'd sweated a lot under the hot sun, not to mention she'd put sunscreen on her several times.

Fortunately, all the things she needed were here, and she shampooed, washed herself, and then dried her hair. Unfortunately, as she realized belatedly, she'd also used up the two towels on her hair and body, and now both were quite damp.

Annoyed, she went back into the bedroom, looking for something to cover herself with. There was really nothing, unless she pulled the expensive sheets off the bed!

Then there was a knock at the door, and Senor Vasquez called her name.

She squeaked in alarm and ran into the bathroom, then picked up the larger towel and wrapped it around herself, damp or not.

“Senorita Simpson?” he called again.

“O-One minute, please!”

She opened the door, flushed, holding the towel around herself.

“One of the policemen wishes to question you,” he said.

“Er... uhm...”

“It will not take long. It is merely the basics of where you live, how you got here, when and such things.”

There didn't seem to be much she could do but follow him up the hall, then around a corner and into a huge, luxurious room with broad glass windows and doors looking out on the valley! The house was set on a low hill, it seemed, and the view was amazing.

She had little time for it, though, for there was a man in a uniform there, an older man, not one of those who had arrested her and Toby. He had a notebook and pencil in hand and was sitting at a high backed chair across from a sofa.

Lauren was excruciatingly aware she was wearing nothing but a towel! And even after all those men had seen her in just a thong, and bare breasted, she felt awfully self-conscious! It wasn't even that big a towel! She had it tied together just above her breasts, and even so it only fell to mid thigh.

And less than that when she sat down gingerly on the edge of the sofa!

The man asked questions, in heavily accented English, with Senor Vasquez occasionally correcting him, and she answered. He wanted to know everything from her birth date, to her address, where she went to school and for how long, what she was taking, whether she drank, smoked, did drugs, had ever been arrested, and much more.

The man was obviously a higher level policeman, from his uniform, but like the others he was clearly very deferential to Senor Vasquez. It was very clear to her that even if he wasn't the man's boss Vasquez was very important, very powerful. He exuded power without seemingly doing anything, perhaps by his absolute confidence when he gave an order, that it would be followed.

The policeman left, shown out by Diego, and Senor Vasquez smiled and handed her a glass of wine.

“Have a drink, Senora Simpson. You could probably use one.”

“Just call me Lauren, please, Senor,” she said, taking it and sipping experimentally.

“Very well. You may call me Eduardo.”

“You uhm, own all this?” she asked, waving a hand.

“It is the family estancia. My family have owned it for many generations.”

“It's... lovely, and impressive!”

“It's home,” he said.

“I wish I was home now!” she exclaimed.

“I'm sure you do. And I'm reasonably sure you will be before too very long.”

“What do you uhm, do, Eduardo?”

He raised his eyebrows.

“I mean, uhm, for a living.”

He smiled. “I take care of the family's interests in a number of areas,” he said. “The Vasquez family has a number of business interests throughout South America. So you're going to Columbia. I find New York a very crowded place.”

“But there's so much to do there,” she said.

“Perhaps. For studying, a little more isolation might be considered preferable. I went to Harvard.”

She blinked in surprise, but then thought that she probably shouldn't have been. He was rich, and lots of rich people sent their kids to places like Harvard.”

“You have excellent English,” she said.

“Part of the reason I was sent to Harvard was to ensure that I did.”

She shivered a bit. The estancia was certainly nicely air-conditioned.

“Would you like another... towel?” he asked with a bit of a smile.

She flushed. “Uhm, I had just taken a shower, you see, so it's a bit...damp.”

“I do see,” he said, smiling again as he looked down.

Lauren flushed a bit more but also felt a strange sense of pleasure at the way he was looking at her. It was... appreciative, certainly, but not ogling, not leering, not dirty. And it struck her that Eduardo was so much more of a man than, well, anyone else she'd spoken to or been near lately.

Diego appeared as if for no reason, and Eduardo spoke to him in Spanish. Diego looked at her, nodded, and retreated.

“It must be nice to have servants,” she said, simply because she thought it.

“It is,” he said simply. “Those who say money cannot buy happiness don't have money.”

She snorted in amusement. “But it can't buy love.”

“One can be happy without love.”

Lauren didn't think so, and pursed her lips to disagree, but Diego returned then with another towel and handed it to her.

“Uhm, gracias,” she said, blushing a bit as he looked at her.

He turned and left the room and she looked at Eduardo, who was looking at her with something like a sense of interested amusement on his face.

She stood up uncertainly, and he did too.

“Well, uhm, you could turn your back,” she said, frowning.

He continued to smile, but obediently turned his back on her. She looked at him carefully, looked at the doorway, then dropped the damp towel before quickly sweeping the other around her body and pulling it in tight. Then she sat down carefully, legs together, gave herself a final look, and then sighed in relief.

“Okay, you can look.”

“Thank you,” he said, looking.

She flushed again, though not necessarily with embarrassment as he sat down.

“There isn't uhm, something I can wear?” she asked, feeling frustration.

“Roberto has already departed to see what can be pried away from the police.”

“Oh, good. Thank you.”

“Gracias,” he said.

She looked at him blankly. “Oh, right, gracias, señor.”

“Would you like another drink?”

“Uhm...” She looked at the wine glass. “Yes, please.”

He got up and went over to a glossy wooden bar.

“I think the Church has much to answer for in instilling this general sense of shame about our bodies,” he said as he poured. “We did not always have it, you know. In fact, even in the middle ages men and women, whole villages, would bath together at the river, or in steam houses and public baths.”

She didn't disagree intellectually, but emotionally was another thing, of course.

“If you go topless at a beach men stare at you and get ideas,” she said.

“Well, some men, but then those men get ideas no matter what you wear. Nude beaches are a freeing experience, or so I'm told. Eventually everyone forgets the others are naked, or simply does not notice. I've even heard it said by women that they feel less... sexual naked than wearing some of those very sexy bikinis – like the kind you were wearing earlier.”

She flushed a bit. “I'm sure men would prefer women be naked.”

“Well, not all women. Some women,” he said, and smiled at her in a way which made her gulp.

He walked back and handed her the glass.

“Men get ideas all the time,” she said, sipping.

“It is our instinct,” he said. “Millions of years of instinct telling us to look at attractive young women in a certain way. Nature inspires us to lust after beautiful women, you see. And you are

unfortunate enough to be quite beautiful, and thus attract male attention. Whether you are naked or not.”

That was flattering, but on the other hand, Lauren was exquisitely aware she was entirely naked under the towel! That made the direction of the conversation uncomfortable, to say the least!

“I'm not beautiful,” she said firmly.

“Would you accept attractive?” he asked mildly.

She hesitated, oddly disappointing he hadn't argued the term.

“Well, lots of people are attractive.”

“Even very attractive?”

She flushed.

“That's subjective,” she said.

“Ah, so what would you accept as objective assessment?”

“Uhm..”

“When you walked on the beach in your bikini did many men look at you with considerable interest?”

She blushed a little.

“Would that not show that in a general way, you are considered very attractive to men?”

“It just shows they liked the bikini Toby chose for me!” she protested.

“And would an ugly, overweight woman wearing the same bikini draw the same interest?”

“I'm not saying I'm ugly,” she said.

“And you have an excellent body.”

She blushed a little more.

“Men only care about breasts,” she complained.

“Nonsense. Men care about a lot of things. Breasts are, I admit, overly emphasized, but they are, er, prominent on occasion. In any case, you should not protest what you benefit from. I am tall. It's good to be a tall man. You are... well-endowed. That is good for a woman.”

“How is it good?”

“In order to draw the interest of men. Just as my height draws the interest of women.”

“I'm sure women are interested in more than your height!”

“I'm sure men are interested in more than your breasts – as lovely as they are,” he said with a smile.

Lauren blushed even more deeply. She was far from used to men talking openly about her breasts! Oh, Toby did, and he talked to his friends about them in front of her, which always embarrassed her! But this wasn't a... a guy, like Toby and his friends. This was an older man, a sophisticated man!

Far more sophisticated and... elegant than Toby, she realized suddenly. Comparing Eduardo to Toby was like comparing a wolf to a poodle, she thought, uncharitably. Eduardo was so much more self-possessed, confident and smooth spoken.

She reached for her glass, which made her lean forward. The edge of the towel, which she had tucked in on her left side, abruptly came free and the towel started to pull away! She grabbed it hastily and then tucked it back into place as he looked on, blushing at his amused smile.

“It's not funny,” she protested. “I mean, you must have something other than a towel I could wear!”

“Well, you I could find you a shirt, and you can roll up the sleeves.”

“That would be better than this at least!”

“Very well.”

He got up and left the room, and she got up as well, looking around. She walked over to the window and looked out at the beautiful valley, then walked back and halted suddenly. There was an antique, gold framed mirror on the wall, and she could see herself clearly in it.

More to the point, she had been standing right here when she replaced the wet towel with the new one, and Eduardo had been facing away from her – towards the mirror! She felt her face heat as she

realized that he would have seen her naked as she switched towels!

Of course, he might not have looked... But she snorted at herself for even thinking that! Eduardo was a man! Why wouldn't he have looked when the mirror was right in front of him!

She felt herself squirm and her face heat as she remembered the switch, and thought of him seeing her! Still, he had already seen her bare breasts, as other men had, and her bottom. But he would have seen her naked sex too! God! And she'd had it laser treated for smoothness after Toby nagged her about the benefits.

The benefits, as far as she could see, were that she looked more like the porn stars he stared at on his computer! Still, it had shut him up for a time. Then he had started nagging her to get her nipples pierced. Again, she'd put that off, but eventually gave in. He claimed it would make her nipples more sensitive, but once again she was sure it was just because he thought it looked sexy.

She glared at the mirror, glared at herself, really, thinking that Toby just thought of her as his little porn star that he could fuck and take pictures of and show off to his frie – .

She halted in mid-thought, suddenly stricken by a thought! Toby's cell phone would have been seized by the police! Naturally they would want to look through it for information on whether he had contacted these people to get cocaine or to smuggle it!

And on that phone, she was quite sure, were dirty pictures of her! As much as she nagged him and got him to delete them he kept taking them! Especially when she was giving him oral sex, or when she was bent over in front of him and she couldn't see the phone in time to turn away! Or even when she was in the shower and he stuck the phone around the curtain!

And now the police would be looking at them! She felt her face burning at the thought of them all ogling those pictures and laughing to each other! What if they copied them and then posted them on the internet!?

She felt a sense of panic! How could she get those pictures back!? Or get them deleted!? Or at least make sure they didn't show up on the internet so her friends might find them!?

"Here you are," Eduardo said, returning and holding a shirt.

She stared at him, still feeling stricken.

"Something is the matter?" he asked.

Lauren took the shirt from him, face still hot, then turned her back to him and slipped her arms into the sleeves. It was at least long enough! And it had buttons to do up. It was reasonably roomy, except in one particular place, where her breasts pushed out against the chest.

It was better than the towel, though! Once buttoned it wouldn't fall apart!

"I was... just... worrying about... what the police will do," she gulped.

She wasn't about to confront him with her suspicions about the mirror! Suppose he admitted it, which he very well might!?

"They will conduct their investigation quickly. I have told them to hurry. You are concerned with your boyfriend?"

"No!" she gulped. "I mean, uhm, well... I'm uhm, just worried."

She couldn't very well tell him about the pictures! Though he could probably get the phone back or at least see to it the pictures didn't go anywhere.

But then he might see them!

God! What if they showed them to him!?! That would be mortifying! He was so proper and refined and urbane. The thought of him being shown a picture – or worse, a video clip! – of her naked and giving Toby oral sex was horrible! He would think she was some kind of cheap whore!

"Don't worry. I'm sure it won't take long. And in the meantime, you still have access to the beach. My private beach is only a little ways across the field there," he said. "And there is a pool, well, three pools on the estate."

"Three?" she asked in surprise.

"The inside one, the outside one, and the artificial lake. They all have their advantages at times.

Allow me to show you around.”

“Oh, that's okay!”

“You have something else to do?” he asked with that little half smile and raised eyebrows.

“Uhm, well, not really.”

He showed her around the house, which was enormous, and since the towel kept threatening to fall off she pulled it away when they passed a bathroom and tossed it onto the counter as they continued on. The shirt was adequate covering – though her standards had slipped somewhat in the last day! It was certainly ample covering compared to nothing but a thong!

The indoor pool was made to look like the roman baths, complete with columns and pictures of roman baths. It was large and beautiful, with gargoyles spitting water into the pool at one end. The outdoor pool was even larger, with a diving board, and the man-made lake was larger still! It had an island in the middle, and a large, high outcropping of rock from which water tumbled down as if from a waterfall.

They returned to the house and she went to her room while he went to his office to do some business. There wasn't a lot to do there, of course, and it wasn't like she could watch TV! Although she did try. There was certainly satellite TV but how to get English stations was beyond her. She would have to ask him later.

She slipped on the thong so at least she had something on under the shirt, then went outside again and walked among the gardens and trees. It was a huge and beautiful place, and she reminded herself she was supposed to be on vacation and enjoying the lovely southern sunshine and warmth.

It was impossible to forget her problems though, especially since every time she moved around she was reminded that she had no bra on. Lauren hadn't gone around without a bra since adolescence. She was too big for that, and her breasts, of course, moved as she did. They were quite firm for their size, she thought, confidently, but they were real and they did move around, especially if she moved quickly.

The man-made lake was so gorgeous! It was surrounded by greenery, and with the waterfalls spilling down and the heat beating down, she had an overwhelming urge to dive in! She argued with herself about that for long minutes. He wasn't around. Nobody was around. And anyway, he and half the police force had already seen her breasts!

And if she relaxed on that island in the middle of the lake, then even if he did come he wouldn't really see her very well before she pulled the shirt on again!

That persuaded her, and she carefully removed the shirt, bunched it up, and held it over her head as she waded into the water. It got deeper and deeper, and she swam awkwardly, holding her arm high until she could toss it onto the island.

With that done she swam more leisurely, going over beneath the waterfall to enjoy it falling over her. She felt quite naughty and daring being topless like this all alone. But while she was a bit anxious about it she also wished she dared to remove her thong too! That would be even better!

She didn't, though. She swam back to the island and lay down to dry off and enjoy the sunshine. It was a pity that idiot Toby wasn't here, she thought. He would love this place. She felt guilty then, thinking of him in some dank police cell. But then she thought of his camera again and felt angry!

He was a stupid idiot!

And comparing him to Eduardo was, frankly, not flattering to Toby.

She took another dip in the pool, swimming leisurely, then got out again, and just then heard a sound! She gasped and darted to where she'd left the shirt, quickly pulling it on and hiding her body from it! Then she saw a dog looking at her from the edge of the lake and sighed in relief.

“Hello,” she said, waving.

It barked at her, then a second one appeared and both of them barked at her, repeatedly. Then they waded into the water and she backed up in alarm.

“Nice doggies!” she exclaimed.

They were swimming very rapidly towards the island and she backed up further, into the water,

wading backwards further and further! They reached the island, shook themselves, ran across it and then barked at her again, wading into the water.

“Go away! Bad doggies!” she cried, splashing water at them as she backed further into the water. Then she turned and dove away, swimming strongly across the small lake, with them following. They couldn't swim as fast as she could, though.

She climbed out, ran a little ways along the lake, and then dove back in as they reached the edge. They barked again, a lot, and waded in after her as she swam back to the island.

“Go away, you stupid mutts!” she yelled.

Then there a distant male voice called out something in Spanish, and the dogs stopped, turned, swam back and then climbed out of the lake. They shook themselves and then ran off.

Lauren climbed out onto the island gratefully, wondering if they were guard dogs. She supposed a rich man with a big estate probably had some kind of security. She decided she had better go back in before whatever man was with the dogs showed up.

The shirt was already soaking wet, so she dove back in, swam across to the other side, then carefully removed it, wrung it out, then put it on again. It didn't help that it was a white shirt! She hurried back to the house, and then crossed her arms over her chest as she neared it.

## Chapter Three

All the doors were locked when she reached them, and she berated herself about not having asked about that before wandering. She had to go around and knock at the front door, which was embarrassing, since Diego answered it and looked surprised to see her there.

“I got locked out,” she said, because she felt she had to say something.

She walked past him and headed for her room, where she took off the shirt and her thong so they would dry. A short time later Diego knocked at her door.

“Hello?” she said through the door.

He said something she didn't understand, so she knew she would have to come out and find Eduardo. The problem with that was she no longer had either the wet or dry towel and her shirt was still very damp.

She sighed. There was nothing for it. She would just have to wear the shirt, cross her arms across her chest, and look like an idiot in front of Eduardo.

She followed Diego down the hall, blushing, for she kept her arms across her chest and he must wonder why. They didn't go to the big room, the living room, as she thought of it, but instead to an elegant dining room, where Eduardo sat at a long, gleaming table.

“Oh, is it dinner?” she asked in surprise.

He raised his eyebrows again and she flushed.

“Well I don't have a phone to check the time any more,” she said, a trifle grumpily.

“I will ask the police to get it back quickly. We wouldn't want you to miss dinner. You're a trifle on the thin side as it is.”

She scowled and tried to figure out how to pull a chair back while keeping her arms crossed.

“Ahm, your shirt seems somewhat damp.”

“Your dogs chased me into the lake!” she complained.

“You mean Mateo's dogs? You should have told me you were going outside. I would have warned you that Mateo patrols the grounds with a pair of dogs. They would not have harmed you. They are trained to confront you and bark until Mateo shows up.”

She made a face and he smiled.

“Would you like your towel back?”

She glared at him. “You're making fun of me!”

“Yes, perhaps a little. It is something men do. Thankfully, women are far too mature to make fun of men.”

“You could offer me another shirt,” she said.

“Will you promise not to jump in the lake with it on?”

She frowned. “You're rich, anyway,” she said.

He snorted. “And you, my girl, are acting somewhat bratty,” he said, though with a smile.

He got up and left the room and she looked around her. It was another fabulously luxurious room with heavy, solid, very... male furniture in dark, polished woods. Even the walls were paneled in dark wood. You could certainly tell a woman hadn't decorated it, she thought.

She eased her arms away from her chest, since no one was there, and looked down. The shirt wasn't entirely see-through, but it was certainly not opaque! She could see her nipples pushing out against it,

too. The air-conditioning, combined with the damp shirt had made them chilly – and hard.

She quickly closed her arms as Diego rolled in a tray of food. He looked around in confusion for Vasques.

“He'll be back in a minute,” she said.

He looked blankly at her and she sighed. She really should have studied some Spanish before coming here, but she had expected Toby to do all the translating.

Diego wheeled the cart away, which made her frown. Some of that stuff had smelled awfully good. She didn't see why he couldn't have at least served her.

Eduardo returned, bearing another shirt in hand. This one was a very pale green. He handed it to her and she took it gratefully, then hesitated.

“There is a bathroom there,” he said, pointing.

“Oh, thanks!”

She went into the bathroom, stripped off the white shirt and put on the green. It was about as long but it seemed to her it was tighter. At least her breasts sort of – strained against it in an uncomfortably obvious way. But it wasn't see-through, and that was more important.

She went back to the dining room, feeling a little self-conscious about the shirt, and wishing now she'd worn the thong, wet or not. She was once again virtually naked in Eduardo's presence, and it made her feel uncomfortable.

It also gave her a strange, squirmy little sense of... something like satisfaction, too. And in much the same way as when she wore those little bikinis at the beach for Toby. Lauren had been taught all her life not to show off her body. She was an educated, intelligent woman and should be respected for her mind, not her body.

And until Toby had nagged her, she had very rarely worn anything very revealing. At the beach, well, girls wore bikinis, especially here, so mostly nobody would think she was a slut or showing off. That allowed her to feel she could get away with wearing very sexy bikinis without people thinking she was a slut or something.

Here, well, she literally had nothing else to wear so it wasn't like Eduardo could think she was being a slut by wearing just the shirt he had given her. He wouldn't think she was flaunting herself by wearing a tight shirt, so she was free to enjoy the unusual sensation of guilt-free ego satisfaction.

And it did stroke her ego that a rich, handsome, powerful man like Eduardo thought she looked attractive. As much as she told herself it shouldn't, she still felt a delicious sense of emotional satisfaction.

She felt his eyes on her as she walked over to the table. Diego was already there again, serving, and she sat down as Eduardo smiled at her.

“What?”

“We generally dress formally for dinner here,” he said.

“Well, would you have a gown to spare?”

“I don't, I'm afraid. I was merely thinking that you were wearing the fewest clothing of anyone I've ever had to dinner.”

She blushed a little.

“Except one woman, of course.”

“Oh?”

“She wore nothing. She was making a point, or thought she was. I believe she thought it would annoy me.”

“And did it?”

“Not even a little. She was quite beautiful.”

She snorted.

“So if you feel in the mood to be bratty so as to annoy me...”

“I'm sure I can find other ways to be... bratty, if I so desire,” she said loftily.

“Just be careful of the means you chose. You are in Latin America, remember.”

She frowned at him, not understanding.

“We're a very... masculine oriented culture,” he said.

“You mean you're all sexist pigs.”

“By Nortamericano standards, perhaps. We value masculinity and femininity.”

“Which means the man is always in charge, I suppose?”

“Ideally,” he said with a smile.

“Sexist.”

“And impertinent young women tend to be punished by the application of the flat of the male hand on the tender skin of their bottoms,” he said.

She snorted again. “That's incredibly sexist!”

“Indeed,” he said, unapologetically, as he cut a piece of steak.

She examined some sort of meat inside some bread, but considered what he had said. It was impossible to ignore it in the context of her wearing nothing but a shirt. Which meant the image which came to mind was of the stern Eduardo hauling her across his lap for a spanking.

A bare bottom spanking!

And that, as ridiculous and outrageous as it was, tightened her chest and made her lower belly pulse with a soft sense of heat.

“What is this?” she asked.

“It's called choripan. It's a gourmet sausage.”

She gave it a try while she eyed him from under her lashes. The idea of being spanked, or even more shocking, being naked across his lap being spanked, was darkly thrilling!

As a sexual fantasy that was never going to happen, of course!

She bit into the sausage and thought it kind of spicy. Then again, the South Americans seemed to like a lot of spicy food.

“In the United States a man can lose his job for even speaking in a sexual manner to a woman at the office,” she said.

“Foolishness,” he said dismissively. “Men are naturally attracted to beautiful women. Such rules are designed by women – older women, usually frumpy, overweight and unattractive.”

“Well not all women like to have men coming onto them at work, you know.”

“Crude men must be put in their place, of course. One must know how to let a woman know of ones appreciation without appearing threatening or abusive.”

“Do you think all men know that?”

“Do all women know how to flirt properly?”

“What's that mean?”

“A woman flirts in two ways. In the first way, just as a casual manner which has no real meaning, an expression of pleasure that men notice that she is lovely. In the other way it is to let the man know his attentions would be welcomed.”

“And what's the difference?”

“Generally in how she positions her body, in what she wears, in her tone of voice.”

“So you're like an expert?”

“I flatter myself that I have a fairly good understanding of women, having had considerable experience with a wide variety of them over the years.”

“And maybe you're just wrong and don't actually know anything about women,” she said.

She said it in a snippier way than she had actually planned. She had thought to make it seem more light-hearted than it came out, and flushed a bit when he looked at her.

“There are other signs, of course, physical signs.”

“Oh?”

“When a woman's face is flushed, for example.”

That just made her flush deepen, especially since she had no way of explaining why she'd flushed to begin with!

“And if her nipples are very hard.... that could be a sign.”

She couldn't help herself. She glanced down, and blushed even hotter when she saw the pencil points of her nipples pressing against the tight shirt!

“Hey!” she protested, crossing her arms across her chest.

He raised his eyebrow and picked up a wine glass to sip.

“It's cold! And the shirt was wet!”

“What makes you think I was referencing your nipples, Lauren, as delightful as they are?”

“You shouldn't talk about a girl's... nipples!” she sputtered.

“Unless she's a young woman acting bratty and you wish to gently admonish her,” he said, taking a sip of his soup.

“I wasn't being bratty! At least, not really! Not on purpose!”

“I apologize. You're quite correct.”

She frowned.

“They were simply... noticeable and so I was teasing you a little.”

That didn't make her less embarrassed!

“That's not my fault! It's your shirt!”

“Quite true.”

Or...was it? She suddenly looked at him, at how big his chest was. Of course, her chest overall was much more narrow than his, but her breasts made it wider and yet... she would expect one of his shirts would fit her quite loosely, not as tightly as this one.

“What size shirt do you take anyway?” she asked.

He raised an eyebrow.

“You think to buy me a present, perhaps?”

She got out of her chair and scurried across to the hall and the bathroom there, then picked up the shirt she'd dropped. She frowned at it and took it back to him, and he looked up at her curiously.

“This is too small for you!” she said accusingly, brandishing the shirt.

“Indeed. I never claimed it was one of my shirts.”

She stared at him, surprised by his lack of denial.

“It's not one of my shirts, Lauren. One of my shirts would look like a bed-sheet draped across you. I thought one of Diego's shirts would be a closer fit.”

“And would be tighter!”

“That stands to reason,” he said slowly, as if talking to an idiot.

“I mean too tight! So you could see... uhm... my nipples!”

“I've seen your nipples already, my dear,” he said.

“Like in the mirror earlier when I was changing!” she said accusingly.

“You did tell me to turn my back to you,” he said, raising his eyebrow again. “This placed the mirror in front of me.”

“You could have... not looked!”

“What makes you think I did?”

“I know you did!” she said hotly.

“Because any man would have looked?”

“Yes!”

“One does not blame a cat for acting like a cat, my dear, or a wolf for acting like a wolf.”

“Or a sexist pig for acting like a sexist pig!”

His calm, amused, and totally unapologetic manner flustered her since Toby or the other men she had known would have been defensive or apologetic. How was she supposed to win if he didn't even acknowledge they were fighting!?

She had to do something! And since all her words were deftly and amusedly turned aside, she resorted to action! She picked up one of the buns and threw it at him.

That, at least, startled him a little. But the look of amused tolerance on his face didn't go away! So she picked up a glass of water and threw that at him. It was only water, after all, and he probably had tons of other suits and shirts.

He moved surprisingly quickly for a large man, and snatched at her arm so fast she dropped the glass! Lauren yelped as he jerked her back towards him, pushing his chair back, and then she was being hauled across his lap!

“Hey! Let me go!”

“Did I not inform you earlier of how men in my country dealt with bratty young women?” he demanded, his voice less than amused now.

“You wouldn't dare!”

*Crack!*

She squealed as his hand came down on her bottom! She squealed even louder when he jerked up the shirt to bare her below the waist! Her face was flooded with heat then even before his hand came down again!

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Ow! Quit it!”

“I require your apology. Your behavior was inexcusable,” he said firmly, easily holding her wriggling body in place.

His hand rested on her bare bottom as he said it.

Lauren's mind was suddenly swamped by a wild clamor of emotions and thoughts! One was guilt for he was right. Whatever had gotten into her to do such a thing!

Another was embarrassment, both for acting like that and for now being bare below the waist right under his eyes!

And then came a third wild, raw emotion, and that was a sense of dark thrilled heat mixed with wonderment! Had she not just fantasized about this minutes earlier!? Well, except she'd been naked in that fantasy! But now she was draped helplessly across his lap!

And his hand was right on her bare bottom, just sitting there rubbing lightly!

“L-Let me go you, you pig!”

*Crack!*

“Ouch!”

“I require at least a modicum of respect while you are a guest here.”

“I'm not a guest, I'm a prisoner!”

*Crack!*

“You'd prefer to be naked and handcuffed in a prison cell?”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“I can arrange that, if you prefer.”

*Crack!*

“Oww! Don't!”

“I assure you your dinner will be less than sumptuous there.”

*Crack!*

“Oww!”

“And your bed considerably less comfortable.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Oww! Oh! You pervert!”

*Crack!*

“Pervert? In your country you think a man doing this is perverted?”

*Crack!*

“I assure you my countrymen and I feel differently.”

*Crack!*

“I wager you could not find a single man in Uruguay who would not wish to do exactly as I am doing just now.”

She was squirming wildly, trying to twist up and back to push her hands back over her bottom or push the shirt back down. He gripped one wrist, then secured the other, and pinned them together.

Somehow that gave her another rush of... something strange, a surge of dark emotion and breathlessness she couldn't understand.

“And what are you going to do next!?” she gasped breathlessly, “Strip me naked!? I bet you'd like that! You pig!”

The image in her mind was suddenly very sharp and she felt a strange, almost desperate need to bring it to life! Which would be even more embarrassing and yet... an almost animal heat was rising within her, such as she'd rarely ever experienced in her life!

“I can't say I would be disturbed by it,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow! Bastard!”

“Now that is not an insult you should give to a Latino man,” he said sternly.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“We cherish our mothers here.”

Lauren yelped and gasped, but dark need was growing, something like pressure building up within her so that she almost trembled from it! Then she felt his hand kneading her overheated, aching bottom a moment before his fingers slid lower and lightly traced the line of her sex!

She gasped aloud, another wild surge of emotions twisting and colliding with her frazzled mind! Outrage, indignation, embarrassment – heat, hunger, and thrilled excitement!

“An interesting cultural phenomenon, this,” he said. “You younger women shaving all your hair off down here.”

“D-Don't you touch me!” she gasped.

“Are you aware the origin is pornographic videos?” he asked.

“I bet you watch a lot of porn videos, you... you Spanish pervert!”

*Crack!* His hand came down sharply and she cried out.

“I am a Uruguayan,” he said. “I speak Spanish but that does not make me Spanish.”

Lauren remembered an insult she'd heard in Europe, one an Englishman used.

“You wog!” she yelled.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Stop it! You wog!”

She was baiting him, needing him to do... something, she wasn't even sure of! But this 'punishment' was driving a sexual fever heat within her.

He said something in Spanish she assumed was insulting, and then his hand cracked down hard across her bottom, causing a sharp, stinging pain that made her cry out.

It occurred to her – fleetingly – that if she really angered him he might well throw her out, give her back to the police to spend the next several days – or weeks – in a cell! But the dark, pulsing hunger drove her relentlessly!

“You just want to have a helpless, naked girl on your lap so you can molest her!” she cried.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

“And what man would not?” he demanded.

And with that he reached under her and seized the front of the shirt, then yanked it violently back! The buttons popped free and the right half of the shirt peeled out from under her! As her breast came

free a wild jolt of excitement mixed with embarrassment swept through her! And then he yanked the other part out from under her too!

She was naked! Completely naked!

## Chapter Four

Lauren heard a tearing sound, as if he'd ripped the shirt, and realized her arms were free. She flailed back at him, twisting to punch at his hip – which was all she could reach given she was hanging almost upside down across the other side of his lap!

He pulled her wrist up and back, then grabbed the other one and crossed them behind her. A moment later she felt something fabric wrapped around them, something that felt very much like the shirt she'd just been wearing!

As they tightened she felt something almost like awe settling over her! He was ... he had tied her hands behind her!

And she was NAKED! She was draped across his lap NAKED!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She yelped and gasped but was beyond speech! She shuddered as his hand slid between her flailing thighs again, this time less gently, rubbing against the soft, puffy mound of her sex.

“Not even shaven, I think,” he said, “Nor waxed. You realize I am something of a connoisseur? You had laser hair removal, yes?”

*Crack!*

“Answer me!”

“Ow! Yes!” she squealed.

“I thought so.”

His fingers returned, rubbing her, and she tried to close her thighs.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Spread your legs,” he barked.

“Ow! Oh! Don't!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Spread your legs!” he ordered.

“Gasping ragged, moaning, she shifted her legs apart.

*Crack!*

“Wider!”

Lauren yelped but obeyed, and his fingers stroked along her sex, then spread the lips apart. A single finger stroked between them dipped into the mouth of her sex.

“Ah, as I thought,” he said.

Lauren's face flamed as his finger detected the moisture there and eased further, slipping slowly into her body, dipping and pulling back, then pushing in again until the entire thing was inside her to the knuckle!

“Very warm, very moist, very tight,” he said approvingly.

“P-Pervert!” she gasped.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Ow! Oh!”

“All I need from you, girl, is your obedience and respect,” he said.

His finger pumped slowly in and out, twisting and turning inside the soft, throbbing flesh of her body! It eased almost all the way out, then pushed inward once more, but thicker now! She moaned

helplessly, gulping in air, staring at the floor under the chair as she felt his fingers penetrating her.

"I think you lack discipline," he said. "This would explain why you allow yourself to be associated with that boyfriend of yours."

His left hand slid up along her side, then under and firmly cupped her breast, sending another wild, tumbling, churning thrill of heat through Lauren's dazed mind!

"Y-You're a sexist pig!" she gasped. "And a wog!"

"And you are a bratty little girl," he replied. "Perhaps I should make you kneel with your nose in the corner until you learn some respect, hmm? But of course, you have not finished your dinner."

He seized her tangled hair and lifted her head up, bowing her upper torso up and back, too as Lauren yelped in pain. His other hand gripped her thigh and he lifted her up and around so she was sitting across his lap.

Lauren's face burned hotly as he examined her.

"Very nice," he said, fingering a nipple.

"You... bastard! Pig! Wog!"

He snorted, then lifted her up, standing himself. He pulled her chair over, then pushed her against the back of it and bent her over!

"The things we do to educate the young," he said.

He whipped off his tie, and then dropped low and quickly looped it around her left ankle, tying it to the rear leg of the chair. He drew the tie across to the other leg and firmly pressed her ankle against the outside of that too, tying it in place.

He picked up the torn remains of the shirt, and Lauren saw one of the sleeves had already been torn off. Now he tore the other one off. He swept it around her neck and tied a loop in it, then pulled down sharply, forcing her to bend way over the back of the chair. He then tied the other end of the sleeve to the middle spindles in the chair back.

"There," he said.

He sat down in his own chair and Lauren found that she was facing him only a foot or so away, forced to look up, however, since she couldn't raise her body! She gulped, heart thumping. This was... not how she had imagined this going!

She saw his eyes drop lower and examine her breasts appreciatively. She knew they were dangling below her heavily in her present position, and blushed hotly!

"Now I suppose I will have to feed you," he said.

"I'm not interested in your dirty Spanish food!" she gulped.

"The food is quite clean and Uruguayan, not Spanish. I don't call you English girl, now do I?"

He reached for the table and picked up what looked like a puffy round piece of bread, then turned back to her.

"This is torta frita."

He tore off a piece and pushed it against her lips, but Lauren glared at him and kept her mouth closed.

"You are not hungry? It is important for you to eat, girl," he said.

"Shove it up your ass!"

"Now that seems an exceptionally rude thing to say. And food is not to be put in the rectum, girl. That would be wasteful."

He casually reached out and fondled her breasts as he spoke, and Lauren jerked against the sleeve holding her down as a swirling froth of emotions and sensations swept through her again.

He got up and patted her head, then moved behind her. Lauren gulped as she felt his hand moving over her bottom and then between her legs.

"Lovely," he said softly.

His hand came off and he walked out of the room, leaving her as she was, bent way over the chair, her hair dangling against the seat and her bottom raised and obscenely exposed! She gulped, pulling her

wrists against the sleeve binding them and starting to worry about someone else coming into the room, like Diego, and seeing her like this!

She squirmed helplessly, feeling a sense of wonderment that she was tied up naked like this in some virtual stranger's house in South America! A stranger who might, at any moment, molest her and... and use her body in horrible ways!

He returned, humming to himself, and came up behind her. She felt his fingers spreading her buttocks, and then... then she felt something hard pressing against her wrinkled little back opening!

“Wh-What!? What are you doing!?” she cried, trying to pull and twist her head around to see.

Something cool and hard was pushing against her, turning and twisting! It was very slippery, very slick, and it was slowly spreading her open and pushing into her!

“You said something quite rude,” she heard him say. “You must be reminded that impertinence from the young is not accepted here.”

“Oh! Oh! Don't!” she gasped as she felt the thing pushing in harder and spreading her wider and wider!

“Have no fear. It will cause you no harm, merely remind you of your rudeness.”

Something round pushed deeper into her bottom and then abruptly she felt her body sucking it inward and sphincter closing behind it. Eduardo then moved past her and went into the kitchen, leaving her in bafflement! She felt something inside her, something fat, but not long. But she also felt something pressing against her from the outside, something small and flat!

Eduardo returned from the kitchen, wiping his hand on a towel, and then sat down again.

“Now then, I will resume my dinner. If you don't wish to eat, don't.”

He cut a piece of meat and brought the fork to his mouth.

“You pervert!”

“You said that. You are quite repetitious and not very inventive in your insults.”

“Wh-what did you put inside me!?”

“The colloquial term in English would be, I believe, a butt-plug.”

She gaped at him.

“It's used to loosen the muscles of your bottom so that when a man chooses to thrust himself into you there he has a much easier time. It makes it much easier on you too, of course,” he said, cutting another piece and then popping that into his mouth.

“D-Don't you dare!”

“Given what I have seen and heard of your boyfriend, including how the police have described him, as a spoiled, shallow, self-centered boy, I find it difficult to believe he has not already insisted on using your lovely bottom many times,” he said.

He reached out and fingered one of her pierced nipples, rolling his thumb across the stud.

“This was his idea or yours?” he asked, rubbing the pad of his thumb softly across her extremely erect nipple.

Lauren flushed hotly but didn't know how to answer. It was Toby's idea, of course, but if she said so she confirmed what he was saying about Toby! And if she said it as her then he'd think she was a lot more... sexually experimental than she was!

“His, I think,” he said. “Probably because he saw it in a pornographic video.”

“Y-You seem to know a lot about porn videos!” she gulped.

“I am not a young man but was once.”

“Did they even have videos way back then!?” she gulped.

He snorted. “They had many things, then, including spoiled little girls who thought they should be treated like princesses but who treated others like frogs. Would you like to know how we got them to stop talking when they were rude?”

He stood up and then abruptly unzipped the front of his trousers!

Lauren gasped, realizing now that the fabric was bulging out, and feeling a sense of both anxiety

and glee! He had acted as if he weren't at all aroused by this, as if he had an almost inhuman control, and it was a rush to see that he was, indeed, extremely excited at seeing and touching her.

His hand pulled his cock out and she gaped at the size and thickness as it sprang free, pointing almost menacingly at her face! He reached down and gathered up her hair in his hands, bunched it together in one hand and then pulled.

Lauren gasped as she was jerked against the sleeve around her neck, holding her down. His hand was pulling on her hair, forcing her up. That left her mouth instinctively wide open as he thrust the head of his cock into it!

Her eyes widened as his thick cock slid across her lips and along her tongue!

“Show me the gratitude you feel for not being thrown into a cell, girl,” he ordered, pushing the thing so deep she gagged.

He pulled back and she moaned around it, sucking and licking as he slowly pumped the front part in and out.

“That's right. Show me what you've learned in life, little girl,” he said.

One of his hands held her hair, while the other cupped and kneaded her breast, then slid over her bottom, down between her buttocks and along her sex!

“Show your master why he should not whip you, girl,” he growled.

The words were jarring, threatening, but produced more dark heat than fear in her as Lauren sucked and licked at his cock. Toby liked blow jobs, liked them a lot, and had wanted them a lot. He'd also pressured her into doing everything he saw in the porn videos, though never without her hands and without any control!

He was pumping slowly in and out, but pushing slowly deeper, and she gurgled and gasped as the head pushed into the back of her throat briefly before drawing back. It pumped in more shallow movements a few times, then pushed deeper again, the fat, puffy head going into the back of her throat before pulling free as she gasped again.

“You have had some training, yes? Perhaps from your boyfriend? Teaching you how to properly please a man?”

He let the head enter her throat a third time, and return, then a fourth as she gurgled wetly. But then he pushed deeper, much deeper, the head sliding down her throat and the long, thick shaft following as she gurgled and choked softly.

But not harshly. He was right in that Toby valued his blow jobs, and of course, had kept insisting she learn to deep throat, teaching her himself, though it hadn't been easy on her.

But he wasn't nearly as thick as Eduardo! Eduardo's thick cock filled her throat to aching as it slid deep, all the way down, until her lips were pressed firmly against his trousers!

“Now you can not issue any more demands or insults, hmm,” he said.

He held himself firmly in place, and there wasn't anything Lauren could do with the sleeve around her neck holding her down and his hand in her hair! He pulled slowly back, and she stared dazedly at inch after inch of glistening shaft appearing before her until the head popped out and she gulped in air!

He rubbed his spit-wet cock across her cheeks as she gasped for breath, then pushed himself into her open mouth once more, and then straight down her throat! This time he only held himself there for a second before drawing back – and then pushing forward again, burying every inch. Again he held it for only a second, then drew back halfway before pushing deep again.

Lauren's chest was burning and her head pounding as he slid free and let her breath again. She gulped in air in deep, ragged breaths as he rubbed himself across her face.

“Very good,” he said. “You have some skill, it seems.”

He pushed himself back into her mouth, down her throat, and then started to pump steadily and smoothly in and out as she gurgled and moaned dazedly.

He pulled back and released her hair, which tumbled down around her face as she gulped in air. Then he stood up and moved behind her. She felt him prying at something which lay flat against her

flesh, then felt the rounded thing inside her slowly pulling out, spreading her open. It came free and then a moment later, what had to be his cock slid into her.

He was warm, soft, slick, and the feel of him sliding into her was incredibly sensual! He was thicker than Toby, and stretched her wider, but she ached much less as he took his time. She wondered if it was that butt thing he had pushed into her first.

She moaned as he sank slowly deeper, drew back, and sank deeper again.

*Crack!*

She gasped at the slap to her bottom, then again as he seized her hair again and yanked her head up and back!

“Beautiful,” he growled, thrusting deeper.

The feel of him, so big, so solid, so warm inside her, was bringing back that dark, feverish heat as she felt him moving in and out. She gasped as he jerked on her hair again, then reached under to fondle her breasts.

He drove himself even deeper and she moaned, though it ached. The wild, feverish heat growing and spreading within her at how outrageous and kinky and shocking this was!

She was tied up and naked and he was using her like a helpless prisoner! Like a prince using a conquered prisoner!

*Crack!*

She gasped as he slapped her, and then realized he had thrust himself still deeper! God! He felt so huge inside her!

“Shove it up my ass, you said,” he growled.

*Crack!*

“Oh! Oh, please!” she gasped.

*Crack!*

“Impertinence is never rewarded in this country,” he said.

*Crack!*

She stared dazedly at the lushly set table as her body jerked to the thrusts behind her. His hips were beginning to strike her bottom now as he drove the final inch into her ass! It ached when he was fully buried, cramped, but the hunger was raw and animal-hot!

She gasped and moaned and grunted and cried out as his thrusts got harder and her body and the chair shook even more to the hammering he was giving her! Every blow sent vibrations resonating through her lower body and made her sex quiver and pulse!

He was not fast, either! Toby would have already finished! Eduardo paused every now and then to pull completely free of her, making her feel a sense of familiar anguish like she so often had with Toby – that he'd finished, done, just as she was getting started.

But then he would penetrate her again, still fully erect, pumping hard and steadily as his hands roamed her body.

He pulled out again, as she quivered and trembled, and then untied the sleeve which bound her neck. She moaned, gasping for breath, thinking he had finished as he bent to untie her ankles. But as he stood up and pulled her upright she felt his slick erection against her buttocks.

“Come, girl. We're ignoring a perfectly good meal,” he said.

He sat down, pulling her over against him and then, gripping her hair and forcing her back, forcing her to half sit, to squat over his lap! She felt his cock pressing against her back opening and then penetrating her once again, sliding in as he pulled her lower!

She shuddered as she sank down on him, gasping and then squeaking as she sat fully impaled, the head lodged high inside her belly!

“Oh! Oh please!” she gasped, squirming.

He spread his legs, which were under hers, and which forced her legs apart too, then jerked on her hair.

“Now, eat,” he ordered, holding the bun to her mouth.

She gasped and then gasped again as he jerked sharply on her hair.

“Eat!”

Moaning, she bit off a piece of the thing, chewed and swallowed. He made her eat more, then cut a piece of meat, picked it up and made her lick it out of his fingers.

He picked up several other items of food, named them, in Spanish, and made her eat them, all while he throbbed hotly inside her!

He buttered another piece of bread or bun and tore off a piece, pushing it into her mouth, then another. Then he chuckled and dropped his butter slick fingers down between her legs.

Lauren shuddered as his slick fingers began to very skillfully rub her clitoris, first up and down, then from side to side!

“Ride me, puta!” he growled, gripping her hair again and pulling up and back.

Lauren cried out, but was forced to lift her bottom, then sink down, to lift herself up, then sink down, faster and harder!

The head of his cock felt as if it were punching into the back wall of her rectum, but he pulled relentlessly on her hair even as his slippery fingers rubbed furiously at her clitoris to send a wild flood of sensation through her body and overload her nervous system!

She rode breathlessly up and down on his stiff cock as the dark, fever-heat swept around her like an intoxicating fever! The excitement made her tremble and shake, and her hips sought to buck forward against his fingers even as she rode his cock!

The orgasm hit her like an explosive force! She cried out at the wild intensity of it, staggered and stunned, falling into the howling rush of sensation with glee as it gripped her mind and body! Nothing else mattered but this! Nothing!

She rode his cock desperately, frantically, crying out again and again as her body was caught in a crackling firestorm of sexual electricity! She gloried in it, eyes rolling back in her head as she impaled herself without care or concern for whether it hurt or even whether it would kill her!

Nothing mattered but the pleasure!

It eased finally, leaving her dazed, shell-shocked, limp. She heard him curse as he rose, lifting her, dropping her across the table.

*Crack!*

She groaned as he spread her legs and then the table began to jerk as he drove himself into her with hard, fast, powerful thrusts! Seconds later he shifted and slowed. Now he lay pressed against her, buried fully, drew back almost fully and rammed himself in once again, to hold still, buried inside her. A third time he did it, and she felt him softening now as he sighed in pleasure.

Then his cock slid out of her, though she was still dazed, her face slack-jawed against the table, moaning, food underneath her chest and breasts.

He chuckled softly, his hand fingering her sex again. Then he gripped her hair, wrapped it around his hand and slowly pulled. The impetus lent her strength and she gasped, straightening up as he pulled on her hair, until she was standing trembling before him.

“Dirty girl,” he said, looking over her shoulder at the food on her chest and belly.

“We shall have to clean you up properly.”

## Chapter Five

Lauren was stunned and bewildered! She staggered and stumbled after him as he held her arm, naked and with food smeared against her chest and belly! He dragged her along down a hall and up a flight of stairs even as her mind started to return and she started to feel a sense of concern – and wonderment, about what had happened, about what *was* happening!

That had been the most incredible orgasm of her life! And it had come with him sodomizing her! That was almost impossible to grasp! True, his buttery fingers had been stroking her clitoris at the same time but even so she found it hard to understand what had happened to her body!

And then... then she was in a ... a bathroom? It was enormous! There were chandeliers overhead! At the entrance were leather sofas facing a gas fireplace, then two long, sleek cabinets with matching mirrors. Crystal sconces projected out over the counter from above them, lighting the marble counters and raised sinks.

Past these was an enormous tub, also marble, and across from it, a glass-enclosed shower sufficiently large to hold a dozen people. And yet still there was more. Past these was a separate room with a door for the toilet and bidet, and then another separate room with a waist high counter with raised edges.

Eduardo brought her into the latter room and undid the sleeve binding her wrists together. He then simply lifted her up so her flailing knees found purchase on the counter, and then he put her on her hands and knees on it.

“This was meant for cleaning babies and small children, but it will serve,” he said dryly as he removed his blazer.

Lauren, panting, turned her head, staring at him in confusion and uncertainty, watching as he unbuttoned his shirt and pulled that off. She felt a surge of undeniable primal interest at his powerful, bare chest as he stepped back to the counter.

She looked down dazedly and saw a drain, then gasped as he picked up a hose with a nozzle and began to gently spray warm water over her.

“W-Wait!” she gasped.

She started to rise up but a hand on the back of her neck pressed her down firmly.

“We value cleanliness in this country, Miss Simpson,” he said as he poured water over her body.

“But – !”

His hand forced her cheek down against the... the tub? Then the hose poured warmer water over her sex and between her thighs as her hands flailed briefly before clasping the edges of the counter.

“Spread your lovely legs,” he ordered.

Moaning, she obeyed, and the water sprayed in along her abdomen and belly and then over her breasts. His big hand closed around her neck from behind and then, rather than pushing her down, lifted her upwards! She gasped, tilting up on her knees.

“Sit on your heels,” he barked, his voice so authoritative she obeyed!

“Spread your legs,” he ordered.

Moaning helplessly, she did, overwhelmed.

He grasped her hands and pulled them up onto her head.

“Arch your back.”

Blushing, she did, and he sprayed the water over her chest, over her breasts and down her belly and abdomen!

This is insane, she thought dazedly!

But then came a sort of liquid gel of some sort, which raised a thick lather as he spread it over her body! It was very slick, very slippery, and it gave a whole new intensity to the sensation of his hands moving over her body!

“Wh-what are you... d-dooooing?” she moaned.

“Cleaning you up, Miss Simpson,” he said soothingly.

His hand slid between her thighs and she gasped as his fingers rubbed up and down along the line of her sex, the pad of his middle finger focusing especially on the very top of her sex, rubbing against that soft, swollen little button there which she occasionally explored herself!

She felt a sudden pulsing heat throwing sensations up through her abdomen, up through her chest, and felt her heart beating faster!

Then he spread more of the gel over her head and began to lather that up, then her face, forcing her to close her eyes completely as he soaped up her face!

She flushed hotly, emotions swirling and churning within her as his other hand slid up and down her back, and between her buttocks. She gasped as she felt his fingers rubbing against, then sliding into her back passage!

How had she let him... use her there and had an orgasm!?

He slid his finger deep into her bottom, then a second, pumping in and out even as he stroked his fingers along her sex, then into her!

“Please!” she gasped. “Oh! Oh! Please, Eduardo!”

She heard a soft chuckle, but his fingers did not pause, the ones in her bottom thrusting up to the knuckles, then withdrawing, then the ones pushing up into her sex, more than one now, she was sure! Two? Three!? She felt herself stretched there even as his thumb stroked rapidly across her clitoris!

“Hands behind your neck,” his voice barked as she started to drop.

Gasping, she obeyed.

“Arch your back!”

She obeyed again, moaning, trembling, as his fingers thrust into her, as his fingers stroked her, as the dark roiling heat spiraled higher and a dark, shocked excitement gripped her!

She felt the fullness of her breasts straining against the skin as she arched her back, felt the nipples tingling and aching! Her breathing became more and more ragged as a wild sense of arousal gripped her mind and she felt herself sway and tremble.

Then the orgasm hit her, and she jerked convulsively, crying out softly, helplessly, as the sexual energy exploded within her! Her hips bucked against his fingers as her muscles spasmed and a tremendous rush of energy overwhelmed her nervous system!

“Excellent,” she heard him say softly, as her grinding, trembling body slowed its motions and she gulped in ragged breaths of air.

The water came on and poured over her head and shoulders and face, his fingers stroking through her hair, rinsing it thoroughly, then sluicing down her back and chest and bubbling away between her legs.

She blinked an eye open, then another.

“Don't move,” he ordered.

He put the hose down and picked up a fluffy towel, sweeping it up and around her, casually rubbing at her breasts and body, then sliding it upward around her hair to squeeze most of the water out of it.

He pulled the towel away, dropping it onto the counter/sink beneath her before picking up a hair dryer and brush.

“But – .”

“Do not speak.”

She gulped as he brushed her hair out and used the hair dryer to dry it.

“You have lovely hair,” he said.

When he was done to his satisfaction he looked at her and Lauren blushed.

“It occurs to me, Miss Simpson, that I have been altogether far too slack about the security of a woman who has been, after all, entrusted to me as my prisoner,” he said.

“But – .”

He pressed his finger against her lips to silence her.

“Wait here. Do not move.”

He walked out of the room, through the enormous bathroom and then out into the outer bedroom.

Lauren looked down wonderingly at herself.

*Why am I kneeling here like this so... indecently?* she thought in confusion.

He returned with a wooden box and moved to the rear of the counter behind her.

“You may lower your arms,” he said.

Lauren uncertainly dropped her hands and turned her head to look behind her.

“Face front,” he said.

Hesitantly, she did and then felt him grip her wrists and pull them together behind her with big strong hands which made it an absurd thought to even try to resist. She felt something hard and cool enclose one wrist, then the other. Then she gasped as he drew something up and around her neck, drawing it in behind her, using his fingers to comb her hair out of the way!

“Wh-what are you doing?” she whimpered.

“No talking, prisoner.”

Prisoner!?

She felt it fasten behind her like a... a necklace or choker of some sort!

A moment later she felt something sliding around one of her ankles, then the other, and then he came around front and she realized her wrists were locked together behind her! She gasped as he lifted her easily off the counter and then set her gently down on the floor.

“Come, girl.”

He walked back into the bathroom and Lauren dazedly followed, then stopped to stare at herself in the double mirrors, gaping at her nude reflection.

She was wearing a sort of thick metal choker – or collar! It was gold, and covered in raised designs of some sort. It was perfectly round except for a large round ring dangling from a tiny hinge or hook in front!

She could see her back side because of the mirror on the opposite counter, and see that her wrists and ankles were enclosed in matching gold bands.

“I think it less likely you shall try to escape the police properly... restrained,” he said.

Oh, one more thing.”

He gripped the back of her neck and bent her over the sink until her breasts pillowed out against the cool marble, then spread her legs!

She felt something pressing against her back passage again, something hard and slick and cool – like the butt plug thing he'd put in her downstairs! This was another, and she moaned as it slowly entered her, spreading her wider and wider before being sucked into her body by her muscles.

All except something flat part which rested outside her body!

He lifted her upright and she stared in disbelief at herself in the mirror, then raised her eyes a little to see the reflection of the opposite mirror, which showed a small round coin-shaped object pressed flat against her back opening!

“Prisoners must be properly restrained,” he said, as he gently kneaded her buttocks.

Lauren flushed at the image. It was so... intensely darkly sexual! She felt a sense of anxiety too. He was some kind of kinky sex pervert!

But the intensity of the sexual pleasure he had given her colored that thought with a feeling of awe and anticipation.

He walked out into the bedroom, and when she followed, she saw no sign of him! Then she spotted the open door and went to it to find him inside. It was an enormous closet, though the term didn't seem to do justice to it.

She found him donning another shirt and buttoning it up. He pulled on another blazer, then grabbed a tie and walked past her and back into the bedroom.

“Wh-what are you going to do with me?” she asked timidly.

“Why, whatever I feel like doing, Miss Simpson,” he said. “That is what a man does to a woman. And you will obey and submit, which is what a woman does before a man.”

“That's so sexist!” she exclaimed.

He shrugged uncaring, and finished doing up his tie, then donned the jacket.

“You can't keep me like this! Like... like some sort of sex toy!”

“Why not?” he asked.

She stared at him anxiously. “People know where I am!”

He shrugged. “Of course. So? You are being legally detained until your case is decided upon by properly constituted authorities. At that time you will be set free or... not.”

“But... you can't keep me naked!” she blurted.

“Why? It is not my responsibility that the state has provided no clothing for you.”

“But...”

“You complain too much for a prisoner,” he said.

He picked up a chain and clipped it to the ring at the front of the collar.

“Come, we shall finish our dinner.”

She gasped as he walked to the door, and the pull on the collar jerked her forward after him!

“I can't walk around naked!” she exclaimed, looking around anxiously.

“That is clearly incorrect,” he said.

“But... we're not alone in this house!”

“So?”

“What if... if Diego sees me!? Or someone else!?”

“Well, I imagine they'll be quite pleased, and also quite jealous of me.”

She tried to jerk back but he was easily twice her weight and far stronger. He simply kept walking and the pull of the chain *the leash, she thought wildly*, forced her to follow!

“I'll tell the police!”

He shrugged and led her down the stairs as her anxiety grew. What if someone saw her like this, completely naked!?

“Please, Eduardo!” she whined.

“Really, Miss Simpson. First, I think in the circumstances, as I'm reminded that you are, after all, my prisoner, you should call me sir. Second, your fear that someone might see you naked is foolish. You are an extremely beautiful young woman. You have absolutely nothing to be embarrassed about. In fact, I can't recall the last time I saw a young lady with such a delightfully perfect combination of body parts.”

“But – !”

“You should, in fact, be quite proud of your naked body.”

He led her back into the dining room. The table had been cleared, she saw, and cleaned, and the plates and cutlery already replaced, but only at one place.

He went to his chair and sat down, then tugged her in closer. At first, Lauren thought he was going to sit her on his lap again, but instead he gripped her arm and pulled her to her knees on the floor beside his chair.

“Sit back on your heels,” he ordered.

Gulping, heart beating faster and faster as she looked anxiously around, Lauren obeyed.

“Please, Eduardo!” she begged.

“Sir,” he said sternly.

“Please, sir!”

“Obey, girl,” he said just as sternly.

His foot pushed in against her knees, forcing its way between them.

“Spread your knees apart,” he ordered.

“But – !”

“Do you wish to be punished for disobedience?”

Lauren gulped and shifted her knees apart.

“Wider,” he barked.

Moaning, she spread her legs wider still, and then as his foot pressed against them, even wider!

“Back straight,” he ordered. “And maintain that position.”

Diego came back into the room, pushing his cart, and she squealed and jerked her knees closed again, dropping her eyes to the floor, her hair spilling down around her face.

She heard Eduardo sigh and heard him speaking to Diego in Spanish as her face burned hotly.

There was soft male laughter, and then Diego began to set more food on the table.

Only when he finished and pushed the cart away did she slowly raise her eyes, anxiously looking around.

“You are misbehaving, Miss Simpson,” he said. “And disobeying orders.”

He stood up and gripped her collar, lifting her to her feet, then bent her across the chair as she had been before. This time the chair was pushed into the table, however, and her breasts pillowed out against the gleaming wood.

“You must learn a measure of discipline and obedience,” he said.

“You're a pervert!” she exclaimed.

He snorted and pulled the leather belt from the loops of his pants, then doubled it up.

“Any time you disobey you will be disciplined,” he said.

And then the belt snapped down across her upraised buttocks and made stinging impact!

“Ahh!” Don't!” she cried.

*Crack!*

She tried to rise but a hand on the back of her neck held her in place.

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Ow! Don't! Ow! Please!”

*Crack! Crack!*

He lifted her upright and looked at her sternly.

“If you misbehave by disobeying, you will be punished,” he said.

He made her kneel down on the floor again and spread her knees wide apart, then resumed his own seat.

“You will learn,” he said as he cut a piece of food.

Lauren's bottom stung and burned! It wasn't horrible or anything, but she had not ever been spanked or strapped as a child, and certainly not as an adult! She felt a sense of disbelief and indignation that he had strapped her bottom like he had!

But coming after his spanking, and given her situation, there was a very obvious sexual element to it which made it more than simply discipline. Especially given the collar and shackles he had placed on her naked body!

He was one of those perverts like in that movie, she thought wildly. Of course, not all of them were dangerous, and he certainly seemed... elegant and sophisticated and unlikely to want to actually harm her.

But he was still a pervert!

And she was still naked and helpless in his house!

Thus she was wary and anxious but not in any particular fear other than the fear of being seen like this by others. And a dark thread of arousal and sensual heat twined through her churning thoughts. For he was undeniably attractive and had shown her things about her own body she had barely glimpsed.

He cut a piece and then, as he had earlier, held it out to her in two fingers.

She flushed and looked at it, then up at him as he frowned down at her.

If she didn't take it he might strap her bottom again.

She leaned in and licked it out of his fingers.

“Good girl,” he said.

She blushed and her mind squirmed even more. This was so... perverted and weird!

But the food did taste good and she hadn't eaten a lot earlier. It was hot, too. That was the benefit of having a servant who would warm up your food whenever you decided to take a break from eating to do something else!

“You North American girls seem to be oddly unaware of where your instincts would take you,” he said. “You make a fetish of independence and equality even when neither is good for you and both are unnatural.”

He cut another piece and held it out to her and, flushing, she reached out to lick it from his fingers again, only to have him push them forward right into her mouth.

“Suck,” he said softly.

She gulped and sucked the food – and his fingers, and he slowly withdrew them between her puckered lips.

This was weird! But there was something sensual about it too!

“Legs apart,” he barked.

She gulped, looking down to see she had drawn her knees closer together. She spread them wider.

“Wider.”

“That's as wide as they can go!” she protested.

He snorted in disdain. “We will work to stretch your muscles and tendons so you can spread your legs wider still. A beautiful girl looks best with her legs spread wide.”

She flushed at the outrageousness of that.

He fed himself, looking down at her.

“Keep your shoulders back so your breasts are nicely displayed.”

She obeyed, but felt a surge of rebellion. She wasn't some... sexy eye candy for him!

On the other hand, it felt strangely exciting to be sexy eye candy for a man like him!

Diego came in with another plate and she gasped, jerking her thighs together and dropping her head low. The two men spoke and then Diego left and Eduarod got to his feet. She felt pressure on the collar and gasped as she was raised to her feet again.

“Oh! Oh please!”

He bent her across the back of the chair and his hand caressed her buttocks.

“You will learn to obey, girl.”

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Oh! Ow! Please! Please!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Eduardo!”

*Crack!*

“Sir,” he said. “say it.”

*Crack!*

“Sir. Go ahead. Say it.”

*Crack!*

“Sir!”

*Crack!*

“Learn to obey me, girl,” he said sternly.

He pulled her upright and then put her back on her knees, spreading her legs wide.

Lauren gulped in air, her bottom throbbing!

“You're mean!” she cried, sniffing.

“Mean? Hardly. I am merely educating you, teaching you as you should have already been taught.

It will be good for you in the long run to learn discipline, and this is the easiest, fastest way.”

## Chapter Six

After he was finished, and he judged she had had enough, Diego came in to clear the table.

Lauren blushed furiously and dropped her eyes, letting her hair spill over her hotly blushing face, but kept her knees spread wide.

“I will teach you to be proud of your body, girl,” he said.

“I don't see you going around naked!” she protested.

“I am already proud of my body.”

He sipped from the wine glass and looked down at her.

“Do you like wine, girl?”

She shrugged awkwardly.

“Yes sir or no sir,” he said.

“I... sometimes... sir,” she said.

He dipped a large, thick finger into his wine and then pressed it to her lips. It slid between them and along her tongue.

“Taste.”

She flushed, sucking his finger.

“Lick.”

She gulped but obeyed and he drew his finger back.

“What do you think?”

“It's... okay,” she said timidly.

“Are you sure? Try again.”

He dipped his finger into the wine and then slid it into her mouth again, pumping it slowly as she licked and sucked.

The suggestiveness of this could not have escaped Lauren even if she were much more innocent than she was, of course. And even if she weren't naked, collared and wearing metal restraints!

He let his finger slide out, then slide along her lips, circling them slowly before dipping into the wine again. He slid his finger back into her mouth and, gulping, Lauren closed her lips, sucking, licking softly as he pumped it slowly in and out.

She thought of Toby and felt terribly guilty, but that didn't stop the heat and a sense of fascination and wonder with what was happening. Toby wanted sex a lot but it was always pretty quick and never involved kinky things like feeding her while she was tied up naked, or making her lick wine from his finger!

And she'd never had an orgasm with Toby either.

He pulled his fingers out.

“Well?”

“It's...okay,” she said helplessly.

He snorted. “Peasant.”

“Hey!” she protested.

He stood up and took a length of chain from his pocket.

*The leash*, she thought with a sudden rush of dark emotion.

He clipped it to the ring and tugged, drawing her to her feet, then led her out of the room and up

the hall.

It was so bizarre to find herself naked, padding along with her wrists locked behind her back and a collar around her throat! It was unbelievable! Yet it was also wickedly sensual and exciting, and her nipples were rock hard as Lauren padded along the stone floor behind him.

He opened a huge wooden door and led her into a carpeted room. Its walls were gleaming dark wood panels, except where they were built in shelves. The shelves were actually subdivided into tiny triangles, each filled with a bottle.

There was a bar, and behind that, what looked like glass doored fridges, with more wine, and in the center of the floor were fat, heavy, old leather chairs, with buttoned leather backs and enormous ottomans to rest the feet on.

There were two wooden posts or columns framing the door, both heavily carved with figures of leafs and flowers, and then others worked along the edges of the walls. It had a coffered ceiling with hidden lighting and a big screen TV against one wall.

Eduardo had her kneel on one of the ottomans, as she'd been kneeling on the floor in the kitchen – legs spread wide, and sitting on her heels. Then he took a number of different kinds of wine, some of them already open, and poured them into small glasses. He brought a tray over beside her and then set it down on the table before picking one up.

He slipped his finger into it, and then into her mouth.

Lauren looked up at him, and then sucked on it as he slid it slowly into her to the knuckle.

“First white wines. This is a Riesling. You'll note its dry and fresh taste,” he said, as he drew his finger out and then dipped it back into the little glass before sliding it into her mouth once again.

Lauren blinked and licked and sucked on it, feeling a weird swirl of emotions.

He licked his own finger then, smiling at her before dipping it into another glass.

“This is a Gewurztraminer,” he said. “These are not brand names, you understand, but types of wine. You'll find the Gewurztraminer fruity and aromatic.”

He dipped his finger into another little glass and then into her mouth, pumping it slowly in and out as she sucked.

“A Chardonnay,” he said. “It has a variety of tastes depending on brand, and is generally more velvety.”

He continued through the reds, talking softly, and in no hurry at all, his finger caressing her lips often before gently dipping into her mouth, then sliding slowly along her tongue as Lauren licked and sucked at it.

“This is nice,” she said at one.

“Merlot is known as being popular with new wine drinkers,” he said. “Try a Pinot Noir. It's a very delicate taste, very fresh, with a fruity aroma.”

He slid his finger slowly, sensually, into her mouth, and she sucked on it, with actual interest in the taste, which rather surprised her. That didn't mean she didn't find this darkly exciting quite aside from the wine, however.

He had removed the leash, and now unclipped the metal restraints around her wrists, letting them come apart. Only momentarily, however.

“Sit on the edge of the ottoman,” he said.

Licking her lips, Lauren complied.

“On the edge, girl,” he said.

She flushed and wriggled forward more so just her buttocks were on the ottoman.

“Legs spread wide.”

She obeyed, feeling another little flush of dark thrilled heat.

“Now bring your hands up behind your neck. Yes, like this.”

She felt him grip her wrists behind her neck, and then he clipped them to the collar somehow.

“Elbows back, back arched. Yes, like this. Hold this position.”

He sat down in the big chair before her and she flushed as his eyes looked her up and down.

“You have an amazing body, girl,” he said.

Lauren wasn't displeased with his assessment, though she'd heard it many times in her life, often in obscene terms. At the same time, she felt slightly irked.

“You could call me Lauren,” she said.

He raised his eyebrows.

“I mean, you said I could call you Eduardo and – .”

“But that was before. As I said, you are, in a sense, my prisoner, and so the proper forms must be observed. So you will call me... sir.”

There was a lot of underlying emotion in that which Lauren only partly grasped, but she wasn't stupid. Putting her in these metal things and making her call him sir went together.

“You could still call me Lauren... sir,” she gulped.

“That would be improperly personal,” he said with a straight face. “Lauren is a young university student. But you are merely an anonymous, nameless... prisoner. Arch your back more, prisoner.”

Lauren felt her chest tightening, but obeyed.

“You have lovely nipples,” he said.

Lauren gulped and looked down. Yes, her nipples were still quite hard, surrounded by puffy pink areolas.

“Are they more sensitive now with those studs in them?”

“I... I... maybe,” she said.

“Sir,” he said sternly.

“Sir,” she gulped.

“But I do not think this is very attractive. These studs add nothing to the beauty and shape of your nipples.”

He picked up a phone on the table beside him and spoke into it, seemed pleased, said something else, and then hung up.

“I thought the same when I first saw your breasts at the car.”

Had that just been that morning, Lauren thought wonderingly.

“Not that beauty cannot be adorned. I think that collar looks lovely around your neck, for example, but these... these do not do justice to your nipples.”

He frowned at her. “Diego is going to bring me a package. I do not wish you to move. You will keep your elbows back, your chest out, your legs apart, and your head back. If you move I will strap your bottom in front of him.”

“But that's not fair!” Lauren gulped.

“Fair? What has fair to do with the world? Think of it as my tutoring you in self-control and discipline, and in helping you shed the foolishness of your embarrassment about having such a beautiful body seen by others.”

Lauren flushed hotly as the door opened and Diego came in, and virtually trembled with the need to move! But she held still, except for determinedly turning her eyes away from him as he handed something to Eduardo. He then turned and left, closing the door behind him.

She felt a rush of relief, but could also feel how hot her face was as she turned her eyes back to Eduardo.

He was holding a small package and opening it. He took off a lid and she saw that inside were a pair of gold rings. No, they were earrings... or – . He stood up and then rolled her right nipple between his thumb and forefinger before reaching in with his other hand and undoing the stud.

“Wh-what are you doing?” she gulped.

“Sir,” he said.

“What are you doing, sir!?”

Instead of answering he simply unscrewed the little round cap and then tugged the stud slowly out

of her nipple, twisting and turning it to work it out gently. Then he picked up one of the rings and slid that slowly into the piercing.

Lauren could feel the pressure as the ring pushed through. It felt... thicker than the stud, and that made her nipple throb a little as he fixed it in place. She tried to lower her head to look but he tapped her forehead.

“Head back,” he said.

She couldn't even see what he was doing as she felt his fingers on her left nipple, felt the stud being tugged free, and felt the other ring pushed into her. When he was finished he sat down and she dropped her head to stare at the two perfect round rings dangling from her nipples.

They were large, the size of quarters, and unlike normal rings she didn't see any ball clasp to undo them.

“How do you take them off?”

“Sir,” he said sternly.

“How do you take them off, sir?”

“What makes you think they come off?”

She raised her eyes to him, startled.

“Now these look much better, a more fitting adornment for your lovely breasts.”

“They're... thicker... and heavier,” she said uncertainly.

He snorted and stood up.

“Stand,” he said.

He took her by the elbow and led her to one of the walls then made her bend forward at the waist until her head and elbows were pressed to the wood and her breasts were dangling down somewhat.

Then he picked up a three foot long... stick. It was thin and black and flexible and it made swishing sounds as he swung it through the air.

“You must remember, prisoner, to always address me as sir,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

The thin snapped across her bottom, which was pushed out invitingly due to her position. It was lightweight, but made a sharp, thin stinging sensation.

“Respect for ones superiors is deeply ingrained in Uruguayan society,” he said.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“This is especially so for the young to their elders.

*Crack!*

“And from prisoners to their wardens.”

*Crack!*

“Ow! Please!”

*Crack!*

“You mean please sir.”

*Crack!*

“Please, sir!” she gasped as the stick snapped across her bottom for another stinging jolt.

“Remember, girl, we believe in discipline.”

*Crack!*

“We believe in teaching our young.”

*Crack!*

“We believe in well-mannered youths.”

*Crack!*

“Please, sir!” she gasped.

“Are you sorry for being a bad girl?”

“Y-Yes, sir!”

“Very well then.”

He pulled back on her hair and then led her back to the ottoman, but rather than having her sit on it he sat down and pulled her forward onto the chair so she was sitting on his lap facing him, straddling him.

“Elbows back, back arched,” he ordered.

Her heart was beating faster and her pulse was racing as Lauren obeyed. That was partly because of the stinging blows to her bottom but now the wild swirl of emotions was shifting as she straddled him and looked down at him.

“Have you never been switched?”

She stared at him in confusion.

“You have never felt a simple switch across your bottom I suppose?”

“N-No, sir,” she gulped.

His slid his hands slowly up her body as she spoke, and then up under her breasts, cupping them gently, lifting them up and together, squeezing them slowly and softly and repeatedly.

“Yes, very lovely breasts,” he said. “You have no reason whatever to be ashamed of them.”

His big hands held them lightly as his thumbs slid in and up to rub against her nipples, and Lauren gulped at the tingling rush of sensations.

Then his hands slid down to clasp her ribs before tilting her forward. His mouth folded around her left nipple and his teeth bit gently into the soft flesh of her breast as his tongue began to stroke and swirl around the hard nipple. He sucked rhythmically as his hands caressed her sides, then slid behind her and stroked her back.

He shifted to her other breast, and Lauren moaned as he sucked and licked at it, his teeth *chewing* softly at her breast, just on the edge of pain.

He drew back and picked up the wine glass, a full one, he had chosen for himself. He took a sip, then reached out, sliding his hand behind her neck and pulling her in against him. He kissed her, and during the kiss, his tongue stroked along her lips and probed gently within her mouth.

Now she could taste the wine off his tongue!

He kissed her for long, long seconds before easing up on her neck and letting her tilt back. Lauren licked her lips, breathing a little ragged, as he took another sip of wine.

Tell me about your university, girl, and what you are taking there.”

This came out of the blue, and Lauren needed a few moments to adjust her slightly dazed mind onto the uninspiring and unexciting topic of her education before responding. Nor did he help by reaching up to roll her nipples between the pads of his thumbs and forefingers.

“I-I’m taking pre-law,” she gulped.

“You wish to be a lawyer? Being a lawyer is not a very exciting job,” he said.

“I want to make a lot of money,” she confessed.

He slapped her bottom.

“Sir,” he growled.

“Sir!” she exclaimed.

“Lawyers don’t make a lot of money, Well, some few do. Most merely toil in the trenches.”

“They get by... sir. I mean, you didn’t see a lot of lawyers on welfare or unemployed.”

“A body like yours would be wasted as a lawyer. You should be a dancer instead.”

She stared at him in surprise. “Nobody will pay me to dance, sir.”

He raised his eyebrows.

“You mean stripper?!”

“Some call it so.”

She snorted.

“A good stripper can make more money than most lawyers,” he said. “And for far less work. An

escort can make even more.”

“I'm not a prostitute!” she said indignantly.

“Do you want another switching?”

“I mean... I'm not a prostitute, sir!” she said, scowling.

“I don't know why so many treat the profession so disrespectfully. It takes considerable skill to be a good one, and it pays very, very well indeed. I know one young lady making over a million dollars a year.”

“I'm going to be a lawyer... sir,” she said firmly.

“You'll see how boring it is once you start working at a law office,” he replied.

One of his hands slid down between her legs and his thumb began to rub her there.

That produced a predictable rush of sensations in Lauren as she squirmed helplessly atop him.

He had her get up and then kneel on the ottoman again, then unfastened the restraints and brought her arms down behind her again before locking them together.

“Wait here.”

He left the room and she looked around anxiously. This was so bizarre and kinky! Being naked like this all the time around him was... well it was really strange! She wasn't used to being naked for long, not completely naked! And she wasn't used to feeling this soft throbbing sense of sexual hunger for such an extended period of time either.

He returned with something in a small bag she couldn't see and walked over next to the ottoman. She felt him combing her hair back with his fingers into a thick chunk, then tugging slowly back to force her head far back. That opened her mouth wide, just incidentally. And then he pressed something against her open mouth.

She gasped. It looked like some kind of ball – a gold ball! It was thick enough it would barely fit and she had to strain her jaw to allow it to enter. Then, once it was sitting within her mouth, well, it was too big to close her mouth as he fed straps across her cheeks and behind her head to buckle together!

He lifted her off the ottoman and brought her over to one of the sculpted wood columns, then had her kneel with her back to it and her ankles pushed back on either side. He reached down and attached a chain to her wrist restraints and lifted them slowly upward. That, of course, made her bend forward as her arms rose and put pressure on her shoulders.

“Put your bottom back against the column. Good girl,” he said. “Now spread your legs more. That's a good girl.”

Lauren wriggled back, her feet actually sliding into the shelf

It wasn't like she could even complain any more! Not with the hard gold ball thing in her mouth! So all Lauren could do was moan as he attached the chain somehow to the column overhead. Then she felt him pushing on her buttocks, pushing them forward, away from the column. That put more pressure on her shoulders and she moaned in complaint.

And then she felt something pressing against her sex, something hard – but not as hard as, say, the ball in her mouth. It felt soft, too, like skin, but... but not. And it stretched her opening as it slowly pushed into her nicely moist sex, sliding deeper and deeper – and deeper!

She felt him shifting the angle, and then somehow it was attached to the column behind her. He let go of her buttocks and she was able now to ease the ache in her shoulders by pushing them backward.

Which she could only do by sliding herself deeper on the... thing he'd put there!

And it was buzzing!

## Chapter Seven

Lauren moaned into the ball thing in her mouth, trying to position herself as comfortably as she could. That meant pushing her bottom back and raising her arms, which meant bending over more so there was less strain on her shoulders.

The thing slid deeper inside her, which caused all manner of emotions and sensations to churn wildly, even as Eduardo went and sat down, then used a remote to turn on the TV.

As the thing inside her pushed deeper, the buzzing grew, and she realized that the buzzing was coming only from the lower part.

She eased herself back a little more, simply because that was a little more comfortable on her shoulders, and gasped as she felt a sort of ridge along the underside of the thing. It was like a very thick vein, as thick as a pencil! And since the base was slightly lower than her body that pencil thing – which was where the buzzing – the vibration – was coming from, was pressing up against her clitoris!

She moaned as she finally felt the column itself pressed firmly against her buttocks, or the inside of her buttocks, given her legs were on either side of it. She looked at Eduardo, but he seemed to be paying little attention to her as he flicked through various Spanish language channels.

Her shoulders ached if she tried to straighten up, and her breasts felt heavy as they dangled below her. Her nipples felt... swollen, because of the thick gold rings he'd pushed through them. And then there was that... thing inside her! It filled her up, and was *deep* inside!

There was also that... ridge, that buzzed, that vibrated against the top of her sex and, depending on how she moved, against her clitoris directly. She moaned around the ball in her mouth, and her neck ached if she kept her head up, so had to lower it.

It felt so strange being tied up naked like this! It felt very dark, yet in a sensual way that made her chest feel tight and her breathing shallow. She was his prisoner and he could do anything to her! He was a big, powerful, rich man who the police obeyed! He could torture her or... or anything!

But still, while this produced a measure of anxiety, she didn't really fear Vasquez would harm her. He didn't seem particularly cruel or angry or mean, just perverted. And most of the time he was a mild-mannered pervert. He didn't call her names or scream at her or insult her. He seemed very controlled. Very smooth, very dignified.

And she was his naked prisoner!

She moaned around the ball, grinding her sex helplessly against the column it was pressed against, grinding it against the buzzing, vibrating ridge which made it almost impossible to keep still. She drew her hips forward, then thrust back. It was almost instinctive, with hardly a thought behind it.

She moaned at the delicious feel of its movement! Of her movement! She drew her hips forward and thrust back again, shuddering as she ground her moist, overheated sex against the column and ridge, as she impaled herself on the thick thing inside her! It felt very much like a cock to her except for the buzzing!

She felt her body heating up, her breasts throbbing as her hips rode in and out, grinding herself against the column every time she pushed herself back. Her breasts wobbled a little beneath her, and then she raised her head, peering through the silky curtain of her hair, and saw him watching her.

She halted, flushing, embarrassed, cringing, in a way. It was too much like... like masturbating! It *was* masturbating! In front of him! Sort of... But he'd set it up that way! Hadn't he? Had he expected her

to just kneel still or had he known...?

She had done so much with him and yet she hadn't even known him a full day! It was bizarre, but it almost felt like she'd known him for a long time!

But she'd never *masturbated* in front of someone, not even Toby!

Of course, she'd never felt so breathless, so filled with sexual pressure, so filled with hunger!

The thought that Toby or any of her previous boyfriends would do anything like this was absurd! They'd never have even thought about it! Was Eduardo just that much more perverted or was he just that much more sophisticated, knowledgeable and daring?

She raised her head again and saw him watching the TV. Panting, she started to grind herself against the column again, then jerked her hips in and back a little, staring through the screen of her hair, gasping and moaning as she moved in and back, then halting suddenly as he turned his head.

Hunger and a festering sense of dark, thrilled heat gripped her body, and it felt as if her nipples and breasts, and especially her sex, were growing more and more sensitive, more and more tender and swollen. She shuddered and moaned around the gag, dropping her head, feeling dazed.

Arousal rode her like a satyr, and that arousal deepened, pushing aside other cares and concerns, becoming an intoxicating fever that had her riding back and forth, gasping and moaning, drooling around the ball gag as the heat baked her mind.

Another orgasm hit her, and she cried out again and again, feverishly grinding herself against the vibrator and column, the air sobbing wetly around the ball gag as she twisted and writhed in the grip of a hurricane of wild pleasure.

And then she cried out as he stood there, then knelt beside her. He gripped her hair and yanked her head up and back.

"You are being most rude, Miss Simpson," he said mildly. "I am trying to watch my television and you are making quite unladylike noises. Moreover, I did not give you permission to masturbate."

Lauren flinched at the word.

He dropped her hair, which dropped her head, and she moaned dazedly as he went away. Her body still felt hot, but some of the pressure had left it.

Then he returned. He knelt beside her again, and this time he had straps which he wrapped around each thigh, then around the column, to prevent her from moving back and forth. But the straps pulled tightly against her thighs, forcing her sex back hard against the column. The tip of the cock thing was forced achingly deep inside her, jammed against what must be the back wall of her sex, and she shuddered and moaned helplessly as he raised her head by the hair, kissed her on the forehead, then dropped it again.

He went back and sat down, leaving her in place.

But of course, though she could no longer move in and out she was now pressed very firmly against the vibrator, and utterly impaled on the whatever-it-was. The effect was to continually raise the level of sexual pressure within her to the point it suffused her body once again.

And without any conscious thought on her part, her body sought to maximize that pleasure, grinding her sex as she could against the vibrator thing. The straps around her upper thighs prevented her from moving in and out but did little to prevent her from grinding herself up and down or from side to side.

It hurt to do that, because of the tip of the thing so high inside her, but the pain was a dull, aching thing, and of little consequence measured against the hunger and need filling her.

Another orgasm tore through her, and she cried out, almost screaming, her head thrashing as she ground herself frantically against the column and vibrator!

And there was Eduardo again, lifting her head up by the hair, frowning with disapproval.

"Really, Miss Simpson. You need to restrain yourself. This is no way to act. It causes me to question your morals and upbringing."

He got up and went away, then returned.

“If you do not have the self-discipline to resist your sexual impulses, I shall have to take measures to assist you,” he said.

He had a black cord in his hand, with gold clips on the end. As he spread it out, she realized it was a Y-shaped cord of some kind. He clipped two of the ends to her nipple rings, then drew the long arm of it down between her legs. There was a little loop in it he adjusted so it was precisely the length he wanted, then he stretched the thing right down to her sex!

The end had something like an alligator clip on it and she felt his fingers at the very top of her sex, gently pressing in against the soft flesh there on either side of her clitoris, squeezing the swollen little button in between her own soft flesh.

She gasped as he pressed the clip against her – not directly against her clitoris, but against the flesh he had squeezed in around it, and then felt the jaws tighten and tighten further until she began to ache, and then ache more!

She moaned and shuddered, trying to swallow her own saliva, which was building up in her dazed condition due to the ball filling her mouth and holding it open. Her nipples began to ache as they were stretched in and down, and then he withdrew.

“Perhaps that will assist you in restraining your baser instincts,” he said.

Her nipples stung somewhat, throbbed more than they had. The clip squeezing in around the flesh which in turn squeezed in against her clitoris ached dully. Neither did an awful lot to repress her hunger.

The vibrations were a little less strong, but not much. In fact, while it squeezed the flesh at the top of her sex in around her clitoris from the sides that didn't really stop the ridge which ran along the cock-thing from pushing up against it from underneath.

What the cord did do was tug on her nipple rings whenever her breasts moved – which they did whenever she moved. That sent little stings and sparks of sensation through her already exquisitely sensitive nipples. No, that wasn't pleasure, but given the hunger within her that didn't stop her body from becoming further aroused.

Or was it her mind?

This was outrageous! This was so wild and nasty and kinky and wicked and... and horrible!  
So why did it seem so deeply helplessly thrilling!?

She simmered in a dark cauldron of sexual heat, bubbling away as her body began to grind and move and her nipples tingled and stung, and the sexual pressure grew more and more intense.

Another orgasm tore through her, leaving her breathless and dazed.

Again he appeared, lifting her head up by the hair.

“Really, Miss Simpson. No restraint at all? A man can hardly focus on television with you in the room. And you are drooling on my floor.”

Lauren moaned, embarrassed

He undid the straps, though, and then removed the cord clipped to her nipples and sex. Finally, he unchained her wrists and let her slide slowly off the thing which had impaled her. He pulled her up to her feet, or tried to, and she stared, eyes fluttering at the thing – a huge cock, it looked like.

Then he simply lifted her up across his shoulder, her head and shoulders dangling down his back, and carried her from the room. They went up the hall and up the stairs, then into a huge bedroom and over to a four-poster canopy bed. It was the room she'd been in before, she thought, his bedroom!

He flung her head forward and off him so she landed heavily on the bed, then turned her over and unclipped her wrists. He rolled her over again, raising her shackled wrists above her head, and then locked them together again to a small strap attached to the headboard.

He spread her legs as far apart as he could – judging that by how much she moaned and gasped – then strapped them in place and left her like that, turned off the lights, and closed the door behind her.

Lauren felt relieved of the pressure and strain on her shoulders now. But of course, the tendons in her inner thighs ached, straining and stretched out. She also felt... vacant.

That she was now tied to a bed implied something which made her shudder. Gagged, helpless, naked and tied to a bed... What did he intend to do to her!?

She thought that with a mixture of anticipation more than anxiety.

She was just now getting her breath back, though, and groaned as she lay back and stared up at the canopy above.

After some minutes, she felt as if she was somewhat back to normal. But of course, a simmering sense of sexual anticipation filled her. She was sure he hadn't tied up her like this with her legs spread simply so she couldn't masturbate!

The only light in the room was moonlight streaming through large windows. That was enough to see by, but it painted everything in shades of gray and black.

He didn't intend to leave her like this all night, did he, she wondered anxiously.

He certainly was taking his time! And her thighs ached!

And then the door opened and the lights snapped on. She closed her eyes against the bright light, opening them to squint up at him.

It wasn't him!

It was Diego!

Her face flushed as he walked to the bed, a tray in hand. He examined her briefly and with some appreciation, then placed a cup of ice-water on a coaster on the night table. He went to the windows and closed the blinds and drapes, then crossed the room, took out a pair of pajamas from the closet, returned and considered her there on the bed uncertainly before laying them across the foot of the bed.

He went to the bathroom and turned on the light, doing something, then came out and turned the overhead lights off, gave the room – and her – a final once over, then retreated, closing the door.

Lauren's face felt incredibly hot! God! To be seen like this, so... so naked and spreadeagled as she was! By a man she barely had any acquaintance with!

Ten minutes or so later Eduardo entered the room, closing the door behind him. He looked at her on the bed and smiled.

“I trust you have been getting your rest, Miss Simpson?”

She glared at him but he ignored her, going to the big closet. After a few minutes, he emerged, wearing nothing but boxer shorts. He looked undeniably... attractive as he approached the bed, with a powerful chest and broad shoulders. He smiled to see her glowering at him, then walked past him and into the bathroom.

He was in there for some minutes with the water running. He came out naked, and she gulped. He looked positively menacing naked! But in a delicious way! So big and powerful, but sleek and lithe as he moved to the bed.

He climbed onto the bed, knelt between her legs, and then, with no preliminaries, slid his body down atop her!

Lauren moaned as his flesh covered hers, then gasped as he seized her hair, jerking her head up and back, then began to run his lips and tongue and teeth along the nape of her neck, up under her ear, then down along her throat.

“I think I will teach you a thing or two, little one,” he said softly.

His hand kneaded her breast as his lips traveled slowly down along her neck, then over her chest, kissing his way onto her breasts. His body slid lower as he sucked and licked and *chewed* at her breasts, his fingers kneading them at the same time until they throbbed hotly.

Then he was kissing and nibbling his way down her chest, down along her belly, raining soft bites on her flesh, down her abdomen, his fingers traveling lower still, caressing her thighs as he slid lower still!

And then he was there! Lauren felt a sense of breathless anticipation as his tongue slid lightly along the lips of her sex and his fingers caressed her. This too was something Toby never did. And she moaned, wide-eyed, as his fingers spread her open and his tongue began to delve within her.

His fingers brushed and stroked against her clitoris in an almost incidental way, at first, while his tongue danced up and down across her flesh. Then he zeroed in on her clitoris, and began to lick her there.

She was already hyper-sensitive. Grinding herself against the column and the ridge of the vibrator so hard, and feeling those intense vibrations shaking her nerve endings to overloading, had made her flesh and nerves feel raw! Now his tongue soothed them, stroked them, and set them to pulsing and burning!

She moaned helplessly, her hips starting to roll upward in time to his licking tongue. She felt the sensations sweeping through her body and then flooding into her mind with an intoxicating rush! She shuddered, back arching, hips rolling up against him as he licked.

His fingers dipped into the mouth of her sex, one, then two, dipped and stroked, then plunged deep so that she cried out, her hips rolling even more wildly! She felt as if her body was being filled with a tremendous pressure that would ultimately erupt!

Her ankles and wrists tugged against the straps, continually reminding her she was tied down. That in itself was darkly thrilling, and lent everything a wild sense of forbidden excitement! It also meant, once again, there was nothing she could do, nothing she could even say! She could only lay there and experience the flood of sensation and heat!

It built up to to the point a sweltering heat gripped her mind, and she sobbed dazedly around the ball gag, her head rolling and her body straining and writhing as his fingers pumped inside her and his tongue swept across her with greater and greater speed and power!

Until that eruption. She screamed as it tore out of her, her back arching violently as the orgasm flayed her mind and overloaded her senses. He pinned her thighs down with his forearms as he continued licking, as his fingers plunged in and out of her, as her body flared with a fiery starburst of desperate pleasure!

And then he slid up her body and she shuddered as she felt the delicious tactile sensations of him rubbing the head of his cock against her. He pushed into her, and she groaned as the thick length of him slid deep into her body.

She was gripped by a deep sense of satisfaction, of relaxation, basking in the aftermath of the massive climax as he kissed her, as he jerked back on her hair and nibbled along her throat, as his hips began to grind against her.

She was filled with him, and felt him moving around inside as he ground against her. The weight of him atop her wasn't crushing, since he was supporting much of the weight of his upper body on his arms, but it was heavy, overwhelming in the way it reinforced how utterly helpless she was against a man of his size.

He reached behind her head and undid the strap binding the ball gag in place, then worked it out of her and looked at her from inches away.

“Are you ready to obey, prisoner?” he asked in a soft growl.

Lauren moaned weakly and he jerked on her hair a little to make her gasp.

“Are you ready to obey, prisoner?”

“Y-yes,” she moaned.

He jerked on her hair again.

“Sir,” he said.

“Yes, sir!” she moaned.

He kissed her. It was an overpowering kiss, an aggressive kiss, a kiss which took what little breath she had left away as his lips ravished hers.

He drew his head back, and jerked on her hair again, forcing her head back as he licked and nibbled up along her exposed throat. Then he jerked her head up and forward and stared into her eyes.

“Do you want me to fuck you, prisoner?” he growled.

“Y-yes, sir!” she moaned.

“Say it. Beg for it.”

“Please... fuck me, sir!” she gasped.

He crushed her lips with his once more. And only as she began to lose herself to that kiss did his hips begin to work in and out, up and down, with a steady stroke that made her moan and gasp and shudder with increasing force.

He pulled his lips off hers, and his hips rose higher, thrust down harder, until the force of his strokes made her cry out again and again. The feel of his thickness spearing through the soft, moist flesh of her tight sex felt like an explosion of pleasure every time he drove himself into her, and Lauren wondered if she was going mad with it all!

And then she did – again.

## Chapter Eight

It was certainly the strangest night she'd ever spent in her life.

Lauren spent the night in his bed, her wrists strapped to the headboard above her. He had unstrapped her ankles, at least. But he threatened to gag her again if she spoke. She woke up often, but rather than thinking that strange she marveled that she could sleep at all!

So much had happened in a single day! Had it only been yesterday she had gone to bed in the hotel (after two minutes of sex with Toby)?! She felt guilty over not having thought of Toby as much as she should have, and wondered what kind of bed he was sleeping in that night.

Then she felt guilty over having such a wild sexual experience with Eduardo. She was cheating on Toby! That was tempered by Toby being such a miserable jerk! By him deliberately setting up a meeting to buy drugs and taking her to it – topless! Everything that happened was his fault!

She was just... just... a prisoner!

The prisoner of an astonishingly sexy and suave and sophisticated and handsome and wealthy and powerful and incredibly well-built man...

More than twice her age, she reminded herself sternly.

Perhaps that was part of why she felt like such a helpless child around him. Of course, the fact so much of her experience with him was sexual played a part in that. She had discovered that day just how little she actually knew about sex, other than the mechanics involved.

One thing she knew, she would never again be satisfied by Toby's so-called sex. In fact, she began to feel extremely cheated given what little attention he had paid to her body since they'd gotten together, other than to use her for quick, cheap thrills and brag about her to other men!

Just one day in close proximity to Eduardo showed her what a selfish boy, Toby was. There wasn't one category where Toby came out ahead, or even equaled Eduardo.

Of course, she was equally immature, she reminded herself, equally unsophisticated. But somehow she didn't think it was just a matter of age. No, she was going to drop Toby. That was it. His attitude towards her was bad enough, but buying drugs!? No way was she staying involved with someone like that!

He'd gotten her arrested! She could still go to jail! And she was sure the jail wouldn't be as comfortable as this and wouldn't have men like Eduardo in it! It would have men like those fat, leering police who had arrested them!

She marveled at laying there naked. She hadn't been fully clothed since she and Toby had taken a walk down the beach that morning!

Instead she wore shackles and a collar! That was soooo kinky! Feeling the collar around her neck was a constant reminder even if her helpless wrists weren't. And she felt the unaccustomed weight of the rings sitting atop the center of her bare breasts too!

He had done such wicked things to her! That business with the dildo thing was incredible! Imagine tying a girl up like that and then tying her nipples to her clitoris! What an outrageous thing to do! But God, it had made her burn with a wildfire heat!

She woke to sun streaming through the windows, groaned, and tried to rub her eyes – failed – and remembered. She gulped and turned her head to see him laying asleep beside her, then turned her head again, looking at the room. She felt a renewed sense of wonder at how she could be here naked tied to a

bed next to a stranger!

And the strangest part was despite that she felt no real fear, just a certain measure of anxiety about her future. And that mostly depended on if she was charged with buying drugs and had to go to jail!

Then she remembered Diego closing the curtains last night. She frowned, trying to figure out if she could possibly have misremembered. But no, it had happened. Which meant he had come in recently to open them. And he must have seen her laying here like this, with the sheets having slipped down so that they covered only about a third of her breasts!

She flushed at that, but then, at least she'd been somewhat covered. Yesterday he'd seen her just – naked – with her legs strapped wide! God!

She looked down and saw that her nipples were quite stiff. They felt cold, though, as opposed to being erect because of arousal. But how could she get the sheets up higher? She couldn't move her arms, after all, which left only her legs. Perhaps, she wondered, if she raised her knees up, she could knock the sheets up a little. It wouldn't take much, just a few inches.

He grunted as he woke, and she halted her efforts, turning to see his eyes on her.

“What are you up to, girl?” he growled.

“N-Nothing!” she squeaked.

“Sir,” he said, “Or I'll spank you.”

“Nothing, sir!”

He jerked back the covers, leaving her naked.

“You were doing something.”

“I was... trying to get the sheets up higher,” she said, blushing.

He looked at her strangely.

“Why?”

“Because my nipples were cold,” she said, a bit defiantly.

He snorted and then reached out to finger, squeeze and roll one of her nipples.

“Perhaps I should warm them, hmm?”

He leaned over and did just that, taking each into his mouth, sucking and licking as his hand slid up and down her body and then down between her legs.

She moaned helplessly, aware of her helplessness, and unaccountably aroused by her helplessness. She felt incredibly sensitive *down there* this morning, as his fingers stroked and rubbed her!

She felt a slight sense of indignation, that he felt – as Toby had – that he had the right to do whatever he wanted to her body without asking. But then, compared to Toby, he had demonstrated a daunting power and strength which somehow *deserved* such a right. After all, she didn't even try to pretend she and he were equals in any way.

He rolled off her, and opened a drawer on night table on his side, then rolled back holding sort of like two eggs, one large, one small, joined together at the tips at right angles. He smiled and did something, and the thing started to buzz.

Then he pressed the big egg against her sex.

Lauren moaned, raising her head, staring down at it as the 'egg' slowly pushed into her, spreading her wider and wider as its body thickened! Then she felt the smaller egg pushing up across the top of her sex – and vibrating!

She gasped at the strength of those vibrations even as the egg sank completely into her body, leaving the small egg pressed along the top of her sex!

He grinned at her, then sat up and got to his knees. He abruptly gripped her body and flipped her onto her belly, slapped her bottom to open her legs, and knelt between them.

She still had the other egg, the one he'd pushed into her bottom, back there, and had almost forgotten it. Now he slid it out, and with no preliminaries, pushed himself into her ass.

Lauren moaned, gasped and shuddered as his thick cock slid deep into her belly. He spread her legs even wider, forcing her tendons to strain again as he lay atop her, and his hips began to grind and thrust

immediately as he chewed and kissed his way along her neck.

She was familiar with morning quickies, of course. But his had already lasted longer than Toby's ever had. And now she could feel the way the little egg was pressed firmly against her clitoris, and the way it was grinding against her as her body moved in time to his.

She gasped as he jerked back on her hair.

“What do you call me, girl?”

“S-Sir!?” she gasped.

“Good girl.”

She shuddered as he thrust into her with deeper strokes. His hands pushed in beneath her breasts, enveloping and surrounding her. His right hand cupped her left breast and his left her right, and as he kissed his way along her neck and his cock ground and thrust into her she felt a rush of heat.

It was weaker than last night, but it still tightened her chest and left her breathless.

The orgasm wasn't as intense either, but it was an orgasm, and certainly well worth having! She shuddered and gurgled and spasmed beneath him as his cock plunged into her ass again and again, and she felt herself lost in the storm of sexual heat and pleasure as he crushed her beneath him.

\*

The bathroom was as huge as she remembered. Only this time both of them were in the shower, and he kissed and caressed her as he soaped both of them up.

He didn't bother to dress, though, after drying her hair – and her body. He simply put on pajamas and a robe, and then led her by the leash attached to the collar, down the hall to the stairs, and then down the stairs to the dining room.

Naked, of course, with her wrists locked together behind her back!

“Legs spread wide,” he ordered as he knelt her beside his chair.

Flushing, heart pounding, she obeyed, and cringed as Diego came in. She kept her position, but did look away, face hot. Then she ate from Eduardo's hand again, which was both a degrading and sensual experience, as she licked and sucked at his fingers.

She cringed as Diego returned even as she was eating from Eduardo's fingers! But she didn't stop. She was beginning to feel a strange sense of excitement at flaunting herself like this. Because, after all, it wasn't her fault! It wasn't her idea! And it wasn't like she had a choice!

Which sort of helped ease the guilt she would otherwise have felt.

It was still embarrassing, though! And it soon got worse! For Roberto showed up! He was one of the men who had been in the limousine the other day, she remembered. He grinned in amusement at her as he entered the dining room, and her face flamed as she jerked her eyes away.

She heard him speaking to Eduardo in an amused voice, and Eduardo responding in kind. She had no idea what they were saying but was sure it involved her!

Then to her horror he sat down right next to where she was kneeling! Eduardo was at the head of the table, of course, and she knelt to his right, facing him. Now Roberto was on her right!

“Girl, you are being rude,” Eduardo said.

He reached out and gripped her hair behind her neck and jerked her head around to face Roberto.

“Say good morning to Roberto,” he ordered.

“G-Good morning!” Lauren gulped, wildly embarrassed as the man grinned at her.

She gasped as Eduardo jerked sharply on her hair.

“Sir,” he said.

“G-Good morning, Sir!” she squeaked.

“Good morning, Miss Simpson,” he said in a much thicker accent than Eduardo.

“Roberto was saying how much he admired your body, girl,” Eduardo said. “When you have something people admire you have no need to be embarrassed that they look at it and appreciate it.”

Roberto was cutting a piece of sausage. And now he held it out to her in his fingers.

Lauren shuddered, feeling an appalling sense of squirming embarrassment! Was she supposed to...

did she have to – ?

“Eat, girl,” Eduardo ordered.

Cringing, Lauren leaned over and licked the sausage from his fingers as ordered.

“Good girl,” Eduardo said, patting her head.

The two men spoke mostly in Spanish thereafter, but took turns handing her bits of food.

Lauren was extremely self-conscious but gradually became more used to Roberto. She did start to feel anxious, though, wondering if she would have to have sex with him! Then Diego came into the room and put more food on the table and the three men talked before he left.

It was stunning that she could find herself naked and bound on her knees in a room with three strange men! But again, along with the anxiety and embarrassment came that darkly forbidden sense of scandalized heat and excitement.

Diego hadn't touched her, she thought, so it was likely Roberto wouldn't either.

Unless Eduardo gave him permission! God! Surely he wouldn't do that!

Not that Roberto wasn't a handsome man... and much younger than Eduardo. He was some sort of assistant to Eduardo as opposed to a servant like Diego. He didn't have the same wide shoulders and big chest but looked very athletic. He was more like a swimmer to Eduardo's football player, she thought.

“Roberto was telling me he was unable to get any of your clothing from the police, girl,” Eduardo said.

Roberto smiled.

“Not that you have any need,” he said.

Lauren flushed again.

“She looks fine in her skin,” Eduardo said.

“I agree, patrón,” Roberto said.

*Arrogant men!* Lauren thought indignantly.

“I don't see you two going around naked!” she said.

“Ah, but we are not prisoners,” Eduardo said.

“Yes, we are not criminals,” Roberto said piously.

“I'm not a criminal!”

“That remains to be determined.”

“I will go naked if you wish, Miss Simpson,” Roberto said with a smirk.

“No thank you!” she gulped.

The two men laughed.

“You see? We all get our wishes then,” Eduardo said.

“My wish isn't to be naked!”

“You are outvoted.”

“And prisoners do not vote anyway,” Roberto added.

“You are both pigs!” she fumed.

“Your prisoner is being rude to us, patrón,”

“Yes, she lacks discipline,” Eduardo said. “Perhaps you could assist me in this, Roberto.”

“Anything you wish, of course, patrón.”

“Oh! Wait!” Lauren gasped as Roberto stood up and then pulled her up by the collar.

“Don't!” she cried as he bent her over the table.

This time there was no food there, at least, but he was handed the same thin, flexible, whippy 'stick' Eduardo had used on her the other day.

*Crack!*

“Ow!”

And it stung just as much when it cut across her buttocks!

“You must learn proper obedience, girl,” Eduardo said.

*Crack!*

“Oh!”

“You must learn your place.”

*Crack!*

“Ow! That stings!”

*Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Roberto brought the thin stick slicing down across her round bottom repeatedly as she squeaked and gasped and cried out, as her bottom heated up and her buttocks became more and more tender!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

“Please!” she moaned.

“Please what?”

“P-Please, sir!” she cried.

“Do you promise to be good?”

Lauren gulped in air.

“Y-Yes, sir.”

“Say it.”

“I-I promise... to be good... sir.”

“Now apologize.”

“What for!?”

*Crack Crack! Crack!*

“Ow! Oh! Don't!”

“For insulting us, of course.”

“I-I'm sorry!” she gasped.

*Crack!*

“I'm sorry, sir!”

They put her back onto her knees and resumed talking, eating, and feeding her, and Lauren gradually calmed down. When Eduardo offered her wine, though, she made a face.

“You still do not appreciate wine?”

“I-I do but... I usually have milk for breakfast! Uhm, sir.”

He snorted but didn't force her to drink wine. Diego came in shortly, though, and he spoke to him in Spanish. Diego left and returned with milk – in a bowl. Eduardo pointed and Diego set it down against the wall.

“There you are, girl. Go and drink.”

She stared at Eduardo in confusion, then at the bowl of milk off to the side. Why had he put it in a bowl instead of a cup, and why over there? Well, she supposed it was because she couldn't drink a cup with her hands behind her. Of course, they could unlock her wrists!

She bit her lip, though, since she knew he had no intention of doing so, clearly amused.

She rose on her knees and awkwardly knee-walked over to where the bowl of milk was, then looked down at it. She then did the most logical thing. She folded her legs under her and leaned forward to sip from the bowl.

“No, girl,” Eduardo said behind her.

She raised her head and turned to look back uncertainly, as he spoke to Roberto in Spanish. Roberto grinned and got up, then came over to her. He gripped the back of her collar and dragged her back a couple of feet from the bowl, then put her on her belly with her face right next to the bowl. A moment later his strong hands gripped her hips and lifted them up high so she was on her knees!

She gasped as he slapped her bottom, then jerked her legs apart.

“Legs spread!” he barked sharply.

She instinctively obeyed, and he gripped her waist, pulling it in more tightly against her thighs, then stepping back.

“That is how you drink,” Eduardo said as Roberto went back and sat down.

This, of course, left her breasts pillowed out against the floor, her bottom raised high and her legs spread wide with her bottom pointed directly at them!

It was harder, but she raised her chin and awkwardly got her lips to the bowl, fuming indignantly as she did even while flushed with embarrassment at Roberto having such an obscene view of her. Mixed with it was that strange dark sense of breathless sensual heat, though.

All the rules of nudity and sexuality seemed to be dissolving around her! And so quickly! She had no real idea of what they even were in Uruguay, but certainly this was so out there back where she came from that her girlfriends would be goggle-eyed if she were to tell them about it!

Yet Eduardo and Roberto weren't acting like this was anything out of the ordinary. Nor was Diego! It was so... freaky! What seemed to be absent the most, though, was the fear of judgment which had lived with her since puberty. That fear had overlain all her clothing choices and all her sexual behavior.

What would her boyfriend – or whatever guy she was dating – think of her if she wore this or if she did that? What would he tell his friends? Would the story get around? What would other girls think of her? What about her family?

All of that was a constant in her life, and all of it was absent here. She knew no one in this whole country! Well, except Toby, who was in jail and not likely to hear or see of anything she did here anyway. Assuming he was even allowed to go home!

Or she was!

She was still embarrassed, of course, kneeling like this, naked, bent over, in front of a guy she barely knew! How could she not be!? But everything was so overlain with a deep, dark, breathless sense of sensuality and sex that it simmered within her, no matter how embarrassed she was!

And what if Roberto did fuck her!? What would she do!? What should she do?! It didn't seem like Eduardo thought of her as a girlfriend to be protected from the lustful eyes and hands of other men. He only ever called her 'girl'! And she had to call him 'sir'!

Yet he didn't seem... unkind. And after all, Toby had liked showing off her body, too. In fact, he would have shown off more of it if she had agreed. He'd have had her in sexual romps with other girls too.

It was weird that Eduardo not having ever sought her agreement for this... stuff... made it easier for her to do. Maybe it was because she felt a lot less of a sense of guilt over it. Or maybe it was just that there was no point in even considering what she couldn't affect anyway.

Eduardo would do whatever he wanted to her, and she would have to do whatever he wanted her to do, and that was that.

And if those things made her burn with the kind of sexual fever and hunger she'd never known in her life, well... that certainly made it easier to accept.

## Chapter Nine

Eduardo was dressed casually today, in a short-sleeved oxford shirt and linen trousers as he sat outside by the pool. He was shaded by an umbrella, and had some kind of fruity drink next to him. Roberto had gone about whatever business he had. And Lauren was allowed to enjoy the pool – which meant he had unclipped the golden metal restraints so her arms were free.

It felt strange swimming naked outside, strange and naughty, especially with him looking on. But it was enjoyable, and the feel of the cool water sliding over her naked body was a constant sense of sensual pleasure.

“Why don't you come in?” she called to him.

“Perhaps at a later time.”

He had an IPAD and was reading the newspapers on it and checking his emails, she supposed. Lauren swam back and forth, then climbed out and got on the diving board and dove in. This was pleasurable in that she'd never before had a swimming pool to herself before.

She could get used to having one, though...

And the privacy to swim around naked!

She dove in a few times, swam a little more, then climbed out and padded, dripping wet, across the interlock stone to where he sat.

“Towels there,” he said, idly pointing.

She went over and got one off a shelf and roughly dried her hair then her body before wrapping the towel around herself and going over to sit down next to him.

“No towel,” He said, flicking his fingers as if to flick the towel away.

Lauren sighed but tossed it away.

“Don't I ever get to wear clothes?” she asked.

“Why would you want to? It is warm enough.”

“You're wearing clothes.”

“I'm the jailer. You are the prisoner. I wear what I want. You wear what I want. And what I want you to wear is what is most interesting to the eye.”

“Your eye,” she grumbled.

“Of course.”

“Would you like a drink?”

“Uhm, well, I could use a coke.”

“Diego is in the kitchen. Go and ask him.”

She flushed. “Uhm, he doesn't speak English.”

“He knows the word for Coke,” he said.

“Oh... that's okay.”

He pointed at the door.

“But I don't want one now!”

He held his arm out, finger pointed at the door.

Lauren glared at him.

“Or would you like me to order up a spanking?”

She bit her lip against a protest, then got up and stomped inside.

As soon as she was inside she felt even more naked! She licked her lips at a growing sense of anxiety. She'd never been alone with Diego when she was naked! And to actually talk to him!? That was a daunting thought! But Eduardo had left her no choice!

She crept up to the door of the kitchen, hoping he wasn't there, then eased inside and looked around, fighting the urge to try and cover herself with her arms. That would be stupid. He'd already see her naked a number of times.

She gasped as he came out of a pantry and saw her, and she felt herself blushing.

He asked something which she didn't really understand.

"Uhm, could I get a coke?" she asked, miming taking a drink.

He nodded and went to one of the refrigerators in the enormous room, drew out a bottle of coke, and opened it. He got a glass down from a cupboard, then put ice in it from a freezer and handed them to her.

"Muchos gracias," she gulped, embarrassed.

He smiled genially and she turned and hurried out, face hot.

God! This was insane!

She went back outside and sat down next to Eduardo, glaring at him.

"I see you got your coke."

"That was embarrassing!"

"Yes, because you are still being a silly girl."

"It's not silly about not wanting everyone to see you naked!"

"Silly," he said. "You're an incredibly beautiful girl with a fantastic body. You should stop being ashamed of it and be proud of it."

She snorted.

"And protect it. There is sunscreen there on the shelf. Put it on."

She thought about objecting, and saying she was an adult and could put sunscreen on if she wanted, but that *would* be silly. She had light skin and needed sunscreen. She got up and got the squeeze bottle, then sat down and squeezed some onto her hand, spreading it casually up and down her other arm, starting at her shoulder, like she always did.

Roberto came out then, saying something in Spanish.

She flushed hotly, for his eyes slipped onto her and his eyes held the sense of hunger she had come to recognize over the years. She gulped and looked away, brusquely spreading the sunscreen onto her other arm and shoulder and down her ribs.

Roberto sat down at the table across from her and she flushed more, feeling nervous and self-conscious.

"Slower, girl," Eduardo said.

She looked at him in confusion.

"You want to do a good job. Spread the lotion very slowly and carefully."

She felt her face heating again and slowed down. Her lower belly began to thrum and she felt a rising sense of sexual tension as the two men watched her sliding her slippery hands over her bare breasts.

"You had best stand up to do a good job on the rest of your body," Eduardo said.

Lauren gulped and felt even more tension, but obeyed, spreading the oil down her abdomen and belly, then over her hips and down her legs. Doing that required her to put a foot up on the edge of the chair and lean forward, which of course, caused her already glistening breasts to sway and swing below her, much to their interest.

She spread the oil over her back and buttocks, wondering if they would offer to help, but they just sat there relaxed. Then Diego came out, and she flinched as his eyes took her in. Eduardo said something to him and he went back inside.

She was hesitating to put sunscreen where she knew they wanted her to, but finally did, sliding her

hands as casually as she could down over her naked sex, rubbing lightly but ensuring she was oiled before sitting quickly down again, heart beating very quickly.

“Are you sure you got enough on?” Eduardo said.

“Y-yes, sir,” she gulped.

“You seemed to do a very quick job of putting sunscreen between your lovely thighs. No doubt you being a North American that is not an area which normally gets much sunshine, and it is bound to be quite sensitive and quick to burn.”

“Do you not agree, Roberto?” he asked in English.

“Si, patrón,” Roberto said.

“Push your chair back, girl,” Eduardo ordered.

Lauren looked at him anxiously and uncertainly, but obeyed.

“Now raise your legs and place them across the arms of the chair.”

She felt heat come to her face even as her pulse raced!

“Wh-Why?”

“Because I order it and you are my prisoner.”

She flushed and then obeyed, raising her legs and spreading them apart so that she could drape them across the arms of the chair. The chair was a wide one, and the arms were pressed in against the backs of her knees as she slumped down more in order to spread her legs further.

It was an obscene position, but not the first the two men had seen her in, so while it was embarrassing it was also producing a good deal of sexual pressure.

“Hmm, I'm not sure it looks like it has been sufficiently done,” Eduardo said. “Put some more on and I shall supervise.”

She hesitated, eyes jerking back and forth between him and Roberto.

“Or I could ask Diego to come out and do it if you wish,” Eduardo said.

She flushed even deeper at that thought!

She picked up the sunscreen and squirted some onto her hand, then lowered it to her sex, spreading it slowly over herself.

“This is a task which requires more care, girl,” he said. “Use only your first two fingers.”

She gulped, the sexual pressure kicking up a notch as she obeyed, sliding two slick, slippery fingers up and down along her sex – and over her clitoris!

The sensations *that* produced, especially while two men were watching, were intense.

“Put some more on your breasts. You can use your other hand for that. They are lovely and we wouldn't want them to burn and chaff.”

Lauren found her fingers trembling slightly as she drew her other hand up to her breast, which felt hot and swollen, and kneaded it. Her other hand stayed between her legs, her fingers sliding up and down, producing those hot spasms of sexual energy as her fingertips stroked across her clitoris!

She felt the heat rising within her, a heat which seemed so intense it was making her sweat, or feel as if she were sweating! Her body thrummed with sexual power and energy as she massaged her breasts and rubbed her clitoris while the two men watched!

The energy built up, and she rubbed herself faster – and harder, without being told. She felt herself flinching mentally at what she was doing, some part of her aghast at it. But the dark heat was growing and pushing aside all other concerns, a feverish hunger and need taking hold of her mind.

This was so *dirty*!

But the embarrassment at that was pushed aside by a scalding sense of something like exultation! It was as if she were free from the normal sexual behavior expected of a girl, free to do anything she wanted, however slutty! And without being judged badly! And what a rush that was!

She was masturbating! There was no point in pretending otherwise! She was masturbating while Eduardo and Roberto watched! She was breathless with that! Her mind was locked in a sense of shock at herself, but enveloped by a wild, dark, thrilling sense of excitement!

Her breathing became more and more ragged, and then as she slid her fingers up and down she almost instinctively curved them under and slid them into her body. She moaned helplessly, plunging her slick fingers deep, pumping them in and out, sweltering in the heat as her thumb took over the job of rapidly stroking her clitoris!

And then the orgasm came and she cried out, back arching, hips bucking up furiously as her eyes rolled back in her head and she gurgled and cried out! The wild release of pressure blew her mind and she bucked and jerked for long, long seconds before halting, gasping, chest heaving, limp, eyes nearly closed.

“I did not tell you to masturbate, girl,” Eduardo said sternly. “That was a most improper act.”

“Most improper,” Roberto said.

She flushed, still gulping in air as she opened her eyes.

“You should be whipped for such indecency,” Eduardo growled.

She felt a jolt of fear at his words, which helped her shake off some of the dark, languorous ease she felt in the afterglow of the orgasm.

“Look at what you’ve done to poor Roberto. You’ve gotten him all excited. You thus have the responsibility of relieving the sexual tension you’ve caused.”

She sat up slowly, anxiously, pulling her legs off the arms of the chair.

“On your knees, girl,” Eduardo said sternly.

She felt another jolt and slid off the chair onto her knees.

“Crawl over to Roberto.”

Still panting, Lauren dropped to all fours and crawled around the small table and then rose as Roberto pushed his chair back, grinning at her. She could see how his trousers bulged.

“Take care of him, girl,” Eduardo ordered.

As if in a trance, Lauren leaned over and then, hesitating for a moment, undid his belt and then his trousers. She felt herself starting to flush as an awareness of how incredibly slutty she had been – and was being – started to hit her, but she knew she had no real choice. Besides, after masturbating in front of them could she do any less than relieve his tension?”

She unzipped his trousers and reached into his boxer shorts, then pulled out his cock. She hadn’t held one in her hands since Toby, she suddenly recalled. She’d been tied up all the time she was with Eduardo. Roberto wasn’t quite as big as Eduardo but he was certainly bigger than Toby, and she slid her fingers around it and squeezed a little, pumping them up and down.

Then she hesitated and looked at Eduardo.

“You require instructions, girl?”

“Uhm. uh... the uhm, sunscreen is all over him now,” she said anxiously.

“Because you put it there.”

“Well it’s all over my hands!” she protested.

He snorted. “It’s made of herbal ingredients and is not at all poisonous, nor, in fact, bad tasting.”

Roberto suddenly pushed his pants and shorts right down his legs and off, then spread his legs and said something in Spanish.

“He said get to it, slave girl,” Eduardo said with a smile.

She flushed at the words, for the jolt of emotion was deep and – hot! For what else was all this kinky stuff aimed at but a game of that nature. She was the slave girl and the prisoner of her master! Her powerful, handsome, sexy master!

She bent and slid her fingers up and down Roberto’s cock, then lower, massaging his balls as she bent and took his head between her lips. It did taste like an array of herbs, she thought, and not very unpleasant. She slid her lips slowly down it, bobbing up and down as she began to suck and lick.

*You don’t even know this man!* some part of her cried in outrage.

But that didn’t seem to matter as much as the dark rush of heat which was spreading through her body again with shocking swiftness.

She began to slide her lips up and down, up and down, as she massaged his balls.

“No hurry, Slave girl,” Eduardo said. “Give his testicles some love.”

She moaned but pulled her lips off his cock and slid her mouth lower, licking her way down to his balls, sucking them into her mouth.

“Don't sit on your heels, Slave girl. Raise your bottom up and push it back, and spread your knees. Perhaps another man will come by and wish to mount you as you work on Roberto.”

That thought gave her another powerful jolt, but she obeyed, raising her bottom and pushing it out, spreading her knees as she sucked on Roberto. The man grinned and slid his fingers through her hair, and also reached down to squeeze and knead her breasts while she sucked his balls.

She licked her way up his shaft and took it into her mouth again, bobbing up and down as the heat mounted within her. This was like some dark fairy tale, like something out of her fantasies, and she felt her entire body throbbing with heat as she slid her lips lower – and then took him into her throat.

She felt a sense of conquest, as she always did, when she succeeded in taking a guy into her throat. She was proud of her skills, after all, even if Toby had sort of taught her – and not in a kindly way.

She held herself against him, every inch of his shaft inside her, then slowly slid back up, gurgling a little as it came free.

*Slave girl!* What a wild thrill that thought was!

She sucked and bobbed, taking him deep again as she massaged his balls, taking her time, as Eduardo had ordered

Then there was another voice, and she saw Diego out of her peripheral vision, placing a glass on the table! She felt a wild rush of embarrassment, and then anxiety! What if he was the one Eduardo had talked about mounting her!? But he turned and went back inside, leaving her to continue.

She moaned around him, dazed by it all, and then, when he came, swallowed his spurting liquid seed until she could lick him off and then, panting, ease back onto her heels.

“Good girl,” Eduardo said.

## Chapter Ten

She remained naked all day. She showered in an open shower on the pool deck to remove the salt from the pool and the sunscreen from her skin, then dried herself before following him back inside. He allowed her to go to her room and dry and fix her hair nicely, then she had to join him again, this time in his study.

His study was more of an office, she thought, but a very elegant office, very richly appointed. It was the kind of office a very wealthy man would have, with gleaming dark wooden furniture, most of which looked like antiques.

He ordered her to be silent while he worked, but she fidgeted and got bored. That was how she wound up standing against the wall, with the ball-gag in her mouth, and her wrists chained up above her head. When she glowered at him he blindfolded her.

It was about ten minutes after that she heard Diego's voice, and then.. the voices of strange men! She gasped, her arms jerking against the gold shackles, but of course, to no avail! She moaned around the gag, unable to see who was there or what what was happening! All she knew was she heard at least two separate male voices aside from Eduardo!

From the direction of the voices it sounded like they had sat down in the chairs before his desk, and Eduardo was behind the desk. She had no idea what they were talking about, but guessed it was her! There was a lot of soft male laughter, and the tone of voices was light.

After a minute or two it got more serious, though. They talked back and forth in rapid-fire Spanish, and she felt a sense of frustration that she had no idea what they were saying. Her embarrassment at being naked in front of them was tempered by not being able to see them, by, in a way, having her face covered.

That didn't mean it wasn't still incredibly embarrassing, of course! But the embarrassment began to fade as the minutes ticked by.

Finally, it seemed like the conversation was ending, at least from the tone, and she thought she heard chairs pushed back. And then, though she couldn't see anything, she felt a sense of anxiety, as if someone was close before her.

She gasped as a hand slid between her thighs! Startled, she jerked back, but of course, the wall was behind her! It was the edge of a hand, with a thumb up along her pubic bone and the rest of the hand in between her thighs. And she had no idea who it belonged to!

A hand kneaded her breast lightly, then another hand kneaded her other breast!

She heard soft male chuckles and laughter as they talked, and then the hands withdrew and the men moved away. For long minutes she stood there, panting, tense, filled with confusion and uncertainty.

Then the hand slid between her thighs again! No... it was a bigger hand, and... a stronger one.

“So, little girl,” Eduardo said. “Are you starting to understand the place of a beautiful girl in Uruguay?”

His hand caressed her softly but firmly.

“You are the prey of every man who desires to possess your beauty,” he said, his voice softening. “Every man who sees you, wants you. Every man who sees you wishes he had you, wishes he possessed you, wishes he owned you.”

She felt his mouth on her breast, felt it licking and nibbling, then sucking at her already erect

nipples.

“But you are owned by me,” he said. “And no other.”

His lips slid downward slowly, and Lauren felt his hands forcing her thighs apart. Then his lips were on her lower lips as his thumbs spread her apart. It was impossible to resist the wild raw overload of sensation as his tongue began to work on her there! Nothing else mattered!

Soon her hips were grinding and her body was filled with hunger and need!

And then he halted, leaving her gasping.

There was a short chain linking her wrists together over her head, held up by some sort of hook or ring. Now they dropped. He led her to one of the chairs and sat her down.

“Legs up and spread wide.”

She moaned and obeyed.

“Now show me how you pleasure yourself.”

Shuddering, she obeyed again, gripped by a heat she could not have resisted if she tried. She made no effort to remove either blindfold or gag as she masturbated there before him, gasping and moaning and grinding against her fingers as she brought herself to an incredible orgasm.

He removed her blindfold, and drew her off the chair onto the floor, then allowed her to pull down his trousers and shorts and suck his cock. The chain dangled between her shackled wrists as she worked on him, and she felt a wild sense of incredible excitement at the ... realism, of this dark, wicked game he had drawn her into.

Slave girl! Sex slave! How could it get more real than this and not be real?!

She took him deep into her throat, moaning around his thick shaft, and swallowing his come when he exploded.

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The police chief was wearing a lot of gold thingees on his shoulders, she thought. But she wasn't as embarrassed by him as she was by the two female police who flanked her and led her into the room! They were dressed in sharp, crisp dark blue uniforms. They had knee length skirts and jackets with gold buttons down the center, as well as hats with gold bands.

Lauren was completely naked, and though she was no longer wearing the golden shackles and collar her wrists were held together behind her back by simple handcuffs. Each of the women held one of her arms as they led her before the bench, where a stern judge in a robe looked down at her.

A number of men, had seen her naked in the last several days as she had stayed as Eduardo's 'prisoner'. In addition to Eduardo, Roberto, and Diego, Pablo, his other servant had seen her, and a half dozen male visitors at various times.

And that had certainly had an impact on her inhibitions where nudity was concerned. But that didn't keep her from blushing hotly and squirming mentally now, especially in front of these women! And the fact everyone was treating her being naked as routine was baffling! Did they do this all the time!?

The conversation was mostly in Spanish so she had little idea what was happening. A man in a suit stood next to her, but she had no idea who he was, and another man in a suit stood across from them before a little table.

It was almost beyond belief she was naked like this in so public a place! It left her more than a little dazed and overwhelmed!

But as whatever was happening dragged on, well, it would be wrong to say she got used to being naked, but the frenzied disbelief began to fade into mere humiliation, which faded to embarrassment and then a deep self-consciousness.

Finally, everyone seemed to agree on something.

“Lauren Simpson,” the judge said in heavily accented English.

She gulped and looked up at him.

“You have been found guilty of attempting to purchase narcotics for smuggling purposes,” he said

sternly.

She felt her chest tighten and opened her mouth to protest.

“The punishment is three months of community service. However, since you are enrolled in college, we have suspended this sentence until the summer. You will return in the summer months to perform your community service which will be supervised by Senor Vasquez. At the satisfactory conclusion of this, your record will be erased.”

She stared at him in confusion.

“In the meantime, you are sentenced to be strapped, as a reminder of our determination to end the scourge of drugs in Uruguayan.”

To be *what?* she thought in disbelief.

He said something in Spanish and the two women led her over to a table in the center of the room, and then bent her over! One of the women gripped the hair behind her neck, and forced her forward along the table, which forced her up onto the balls of her feet!

Then the other took a strap and, standing to one side, swung it down across her upraised bottom!

*Crack!*

Lauren gasped at the sharp blow! But it was only the first.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

The belt snapped across her bottom again and again, turning it a hot red shade and making her buttocks throb and burn!

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Each successive blow made her soft flesh feel more tender and she gasped and yelped and moaned as the strapping continued! She tried to suppress her cries in front of this audience of strangers, but the blows continued.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

Her bottom was on fire, and she moaned helpless, then began to cry out at every blow.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She writhed and wriggled but the policewoman held her firmly as the other continued.

*Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack! Crack!*

She felt tears coming to her eyes as her bottom stung and ached again and again!

But the blows halted, and she was pulled upright again and pulled out a door and down a narrow hall, away from all the men.

That was a relief, of course, but not as much as she might have expected. She was more nervous and anxious about the policewomen than then men! What she had done on Vasquez' estate over the previous few days had been free of the kind of female judgment she had lived her life with. Now here were two young women not much older than her with stern faces – and fully clothed!

They led her into a small room where an older policewoman stood waiting. It was a kind of examination room, complete with the usual padded bench. The three exchanged quick words in Spanish, and then Lauren gasped as she was bent over the bench!

The older woman moved behind her and ran her hands across Lauren's throbbing bottom, then took a jar of something and began to spread it over her buttocks.

This was, needless to say, extremely embarrassing! It was the same position in which she'd been strapped, of course, which produced further anxiety. At first she thought it was meant as first aid for her injured bottom, though really she didn't think it had been very injured. It wasn't the first time she had been strapped, of late, though it was the worst.

But she was spreading the jell or whatever it was very slowly, and using her bare hand, sliding it over and over her round bottom, and then in along her inner thighs and then – Lauren gasped as the woman's hand slid over her sex, rubbing up and down, up and down.

She felt her pulse rate rocket up as the woman's fingers began dipping the tips into the mouth of her sex. Then the woman said something, and the two younger ones gripped her legs and spread them

wide!

Lauren gulped as the fingers dipped further, then further, and began to stroke her clitoris! They were slippery with whatever jell they were using, very slippery, and she moaned helplessly as the fingers pushed deep, twisting and squirming, pumping in and out.

She had been fingered a lot lately. Almost all while tied up in one way or another, almost always helpless, just like now. That had produced a kind of excitement, an arousal which began to mount the moment someone's fingers began to stroke and fondle her.

Every time that happened she orgasmed, after all, so her body and the pleasure center of her brain had learned that such a touch meant extreme pleasure. Like Pavlov's dog, which began to salivate at the sound of a bell, her body began to react even before it was touched.

But this was from women! And she wasn't at all accustomed to being touched this way by women! And strange women at that! She didn't even know their names!

She gasped as the older woman wriggled another finger into her, stretching the length of her passage wider as they twisted and turned, pushed in and back. They came free entirely, then penetrated her again, doing this repeatedly, as a skillful finger stroked her clitoris.

Her nervousness, anxiety and embarrassment kept her mind partly shielded from the sensations those fingers were rousing, at first. But the position, the helplessness, and the growing sensitivity of her body began to play upon that part of her mind Eduardo had roused with his bondage and submission games.

*Helpless! A prisoner! A sex slave!* The thoughts left her breathless, the dark, almost masochistic hunger within her growing rapidly. That hunger was born of her experiences with Eduardo, but it didn't matter where it came from. The thrill of being treated in such an outrageously sexual way gripped her mind and inflamed her body.

"Oh! Please!" she gasped as she felt herself stretched even wider!

The older woman said something, and Lauren gasped as someone seized her hair, jerking it up and back, forcing her chest off the table enough that two hands could move in, two slick hands, to knead and squeeze and fondle her breasts!

The fingers slowly forced her sex even wider, achingly wide, as they continued to stroke her clitoris with an expert's touch. She was stretched still wider, almost to the point of pain – save the dark heat shielded her.

And then she felt a shock of alarm, almost instantly overridden by shocked excitement, as she the fingers pushed deeper and she realized that the woman was forcing her entire hand into her!

She whimpered and trembled, gasping, staring upward because of her pulled hair, crying out as she felt the widest part of the hand forced through the entrance to her sex. Then the strained eased a little as the hand slipped into her and the lips of her sex closed around the woman's wrist.

She gaped at the ceiling, awed, shocked, alarmed, even as a wild rush of wicked heat swept through her!

The fingers twisted and wriggled inside her, rubbing at the walls of her sex as the wrist turned slowly in one direction, then the other. Strong hands held her there as the hand pushed deeper. And then... the orgasm hit.

She cried out, despite a pathetic attempt by what was left of her inhibitions to mask her pleasure. But the orgasm surged higher and she lost herself to it, her hips jerking back against the older woman's hand, her body trembling and shaking as the woman rubbed relentlessly at her clitoris and forced her hand deeper!

The orgasm faded, leaving her gasping, breathless, weak-kneed. But the women held her in place. She could feel the fingers pressing against the sides of her sex, one by one, as they curled in to the palm of the hand. And then there was just the fist there, a hard lump – which pushed deeper still!

She could feel the taut lips of her sex riding up the woman's wrist onto her forearm. The fist twisted one way, then the other, then drew back, then pushed forward, slowly but surely.

The fingers rubbed her slowly, but carefully, and then quickened.

The fist moved in and out with deeper strokes, and fingers rubbed and pinched her nipples, squeezed and kneaded her breasts.

Lauren moaned dazedly, and lost herself to the resurgent heat and hunger, lost herself to another orgasm, this one even more powerful, then a third, which had her screaming in mindless animal passion.

She was too exhausted to care about anything when the woman drew her fist back out of her body and the others allowed her to slip to her knees. Then one of the younger women lifted her skirt and drew Lauren's mouth to her naked sex.

The older woman began instructing her – in English – and Lauren simply obeyed without thought or question.

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She returned to the Vasquez estate in the back of his limousine, with the gold shackles and collar on her once more. The gold metal butt-plug inside her.

Roberto led her, by the leash, to Eduardo's study and then had her kneel before him.

“So, prisoner,” he said. “You have been properly sentenced for your crimes against the state. Tomorrow Roberto will take you to the airport – it is a small one nearby – and my plane will fly you to Montevideo where you can get a flight home. You must not miss your schooling, after all.”

She blinked up at him for a few long seconds. “Wh-what happened to Toby... sir?”

He snorted. “He was convicted of more serious offenses. His own phone, with texts and emails between he and the drug dealers concerned, proved he intended to smuggle the drugs back to the United States. And you were to be the means of smuggling them, by the way.”

She felt her eyes widen. “Me!?”

“He had containers, like dildos, which you would take inside your body, front and back.”

“I would never have done that!”

“His scheme, as I said, laid out in his emails, was for the drug dealers to pretend to blackmail you with videos of you having sex on the beach with your boyfriend. These would be very graphic videos, and they would threaten to send them to your friends and family if you did not cooperate.”

“But...”

“They took the videos your first day here – arranged with the help of your boyfriend. They plotted out where he would have sex with you so they could get cameras close by without you seeing.”

She gaped at him, feeling anger rising within her.

“It is these emails which largely exempted you from punishment,” he said.

“But then why was I convicted?!”

He smiled. “Well, it does give you a reason for coming back here in the summer so I can attend to your... public service,” he said.

She flushed and looked at him accusingly.

“You told those policewomen what to do, didn't you!”

“Policewomen?” he said with a display of innocence.

“That whole thing was a setup with them taking me into the court naked and strapping me and then... then...”

“Then teaching you a little more about your body? I told you it is my duty to mentor the young. Teaching you to discard your silly inhibitions about your beautiful body has been one of my tasks. And discipline, of course, is important for the young to learn.”

“But I was punished for nothing!”

“Nonsense. You were given pleasure to more than make up the punishment. And in any case, you gave your trust and your body to a man unworthy of either. Such things inevitably draw punishment, and justifiably so.”

He said something to Roberto, who smiled and withdrew, closing the door behind him.

“Come here, Girl.”

Lauren rose on her knees and shuffled forward, and he reached behind her and gripped her hair. He pulled her up and forward between his legs as she felt her pulse rise.

“I have given you a holiday to remember, and am not yet done... mentoring you. When you return this summer it will be an even more educational experience.”

He unzipped and drew her lips down onto his cock, and Lauren began to lick and suck without a second thought.

“I will make of you a nymph to seduce the gods,” he said, his fingers coming through her hair.

“But remember, those Gods speak Spanish sometime. You might want to add this to your course list at school.”

Lauren didn't reply. She had already decided on that, and was focused on sliding her lips up and down his hardening shaft as she licked and sucked. Her knees had almost automatically spread wide as she began, her bottom rising as she had been instructed over the past days.

It had been such a short time, and yet so intense that the lessons had already set in very deeply!

And in a couple of months, when classes were done for the summer, she would come back, and already she felt a simmering sense of heat, of dark anticipation at what Eduardo would have in store for her then!

END

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**Have praise, suggestions, questions or complaints? [writeargus@gmail.com](mailto:writeargus@gmail.com)**

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*Other erotic stories & novels by JJ Argus*

### **Molly's Black Master** (Molly's Black Masters series)

Can a nerdy blonde tech support girl survive the kinky attention of a very black, very muscular very tall company vice president? I was about to find out! One of the first things Mr. Blake insisted on when I came to set up his computer was that I call him 'Sir', and that set the tone for me to wind up naked and in chains at his feet as he taught me how much heat and pleasure a girl could feel.

### **Working For the Smiths**

Nicky thought it was a great summer job, working for her friend Emily's parents at their beautiful estate. It was a bit annoying that Em's dad decided to teach her discipline. But him tossing her in the pool a lot meant she got to wear her bikini all day. And the swats on the butt didn't seem sexual - at first. But slowly, Nicky learns to submit and obey, and service the Smiths in all their needs.

### **Taylor's New Chauffeur** (the Black Chauffeur series)

Taylor is a spoiled rotten Beverly Hills blonde with a habit of throwing things at clerks and servants who displease her. When her father hires a muscular black chauffeur she instantly gets in trouble by taunting him, and gets yanked across his lap for a 'reprimand', then is schooled in submission!

### **The Nerd Girls**

Paige is a tall, athletic pre-law student rooming with a short nerdy arts student, an odd couple about to get far beyond odd. Somehow, she lets herself get talked into being the subject of Nicky's nude photo assignment, not realizing it's an erotic nude and Nicky intends to tie her up! As Nicky's nerdy friend April joins them, Paige finds herself helplessly aroused and completely at their mercy!

### **Owned by My Best Friend's Family!**

Annie's father the cop was so... commanding, in his uniform! I was fascinated with his handcuffs, and he was fascinated by me! Letting him boss me around seemed natural – and hot, and the the wild, rough, kinky nature of

what we did was scalding! But then he 'gave' me to her older brother as his, and moved me into his house, so his whole family could own me!

### **Zoe's New Boss**

Zoe's new boss was a man who got what he wanted, and he wanted Zoe. He was obnoxious and arrogant, yet despite that, Zoe found herself unable to resist her own body each time he forced himself upon her. His skillful fingers and tongue made her cry out in pleasure, but he wanted more submission than that. He forced her to submit utterly, to crawl before him and his clients, and be their sex toy.

### **In The Vampire's Lair**

On a foggy London night, Samantha feels a strange, dark inner heat which blossoms to a shocking lust which all-but consumes her in the middle of a crowded subway car. Yet none of the other riders see as she strips naked and begs to be used by a smirking young man. So begins her introduction to the world of vampires, to a world of enslavement, of uncontrolled lust and shocking pleasure.

### **Nigger's Girl**

A blonde girl has no business getting involved with a Black man in rural Georgia. A blonde girl who's a deputy sheriff especially has no business getting involved with a Black ex-con with a violent temper and a hate on for white people. But from the moment Dara sees Emery she's gripped by a feverish need. However violently he treats her, however he shames and abuses her, whoever he gives her to.

### **The Temporary Harem Girl**

It's difficult to describe what being in a modern harem is like, or what it's like to have no control over your body. I thought It'd be kinky fun, and told myself it was only temporary, for a story I was doing, but I just wasn't prepared for how I began to lose myself to the lust and excitement and total submission, to the dark eroticism of being a sex slave, being shackled, punished, and used.

### **Mr. Stirling's Chauffeur**

Danielle becomes a chauffeur to a startlingly wealthy, handsome, and arrogant man who seems do do nothing but work and drink and growl at people. But when he becomes taken with his insolent chauffeur she finds out his domineering ways extend to the bedroom - and the car! And as she melts his cold exterior he makes her burn with the dark, thrilling heat of his dominance and submission games.

### **Owned by Mister Trask**

When Melody Blue was offered a condo on the ocean to house sit, she thought it was a chance to relax and write her novel. It worked great, until the owner's son came for his monthly visit. Evan Trask was breathtaking in his looks and arrogance. In one shocking afternoon he stripped away both her clothes and inhibitions, introduced her to a collar, and taught her the wicked thrills of submission.

### **Bound Beauty**

Sierra is lured into nude photography by her aunt, whose erotic photographs hang in art galleries. But as her aunt discovers her weakness for bondage and submission, Sierra is lured into more and more graphic and lurid pictures. With the aid of her handsome black assistant, her aunt turns the incredibly responsive young woman into an unknowing star of bondage videos watched around the world.

### **The Mirror Box**

FBI agent Rachel Corey and her female prisoner wake to find themselves captives in a large mirrored box, nude. Day after day, cool, synthetic voices gave them orders, and images appeared on computer screens ordering them how to position their bodies, how to obey and display, and then to perform sexual services. But their captors have a hidden motive, for it is the FBI itself conditioning them