

Res Publica: The Standing Cell

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Chapter One

Civic Police Captain Thomas Mosley stood in the center of the basement and slowly turned full circle. The room was sparsely furnished with just an iron frame bed, a table and chair, a refrigerator, a tripod and camcorder, and set back in the concrete wall, the focal point of the basement—the standing cell.

He stepped forward, turned around, and then backed into the narrow recess and closed the wooden door. At first he was enveloped by a suffocating darkness, but then his eyes adjusted and picked up the ambient light coming through the air filter above the door. It would never be bright in here, but on the other hand total darkness would surely lead to insanity for its occupant. He didn't want that. He still wanted her to be Charlotte when it was over.

The builders had constructed the standing cell to his exact specifications—seven feet high, two feet deep, three feet wide. Thomas moved his arms back and immediately bumped his elbows. He raised his right leg but it was impossible to properly stretch the muscles before his knee hit the door. He managed to tilt his head back far enough to make out the overhead shower and the feeding mechanism. The sliding hatch, which could only be opened from the outside, was exactly at eye level, and the feeding tube a few inches lower. With the hatch closed, there was nothing to see in here. Nothing to see and nothing to do. Just stand and drink. Perfect!

After a minute, he began to feel a little claustrophobic and he pushed at the door, but it didn't budge. With a little flutter of panic, he shoved with both hands but with so little room to move he couldn't get any leverage. For a horrible moment he thought he was stuck, but then one more effort saw the door crack open and then he gratefully stepped out into the comparatively brighter basement. He dabbed at his forehead with a handkerchief and chided himself for being so cowardly.

How would it have looked if he had managed to lock himself inside his own standing cell and needed rescuing? He would have been the laughingstock of his department at Civic Headquarters! That would have been far worse than being trapped inside the standing cell. Public embarrassment had to be avoided at all costs. Never again.

There was a mirror on one wall and Thomas studied his reflection. He was in uniform and he looked good in it. To this day he could never understand why Charlotte had rejected him. He had attracted the interest of several good-looking women since he had acquired his position of power—but none of them could hold a candle to Charlotte.

“Peter has been arrested.”

It was the chief editor at *City-State* magazine.

Charlotte's entire body went cold. This was the call that she had always dreaded even though Peter had assured her that the most dangerous times were behind them. Immediately after the takeover, the Corporate Government had begun a systematic purge of its enemies and critics, and some of the reporters at the magazine were initially arrested and taken to Civic Headquarters for *political correctness education*.

But despite his outspoken political views prior to the takeover, Peter had somehow managed to slip through the cracks, and by keeping his head down he seemed to have escaped the government's attention—until now.

“When?” Charlotte said.

“First thing this morning. The Civic Police raided the office, confiscated some laptops, and arrested five journalists—Peter was among them.”

“But why now?” Charlotte said, trying to keep her voice even.

“They wouldn't say,” the chief editor said. “They are the Civic Police—they can do whatever they want.”

Charlotte could picture the scene, everybody trying to be invisible as Peter was led away in handcuffs. Her husband. And now he was being held somewhere in the enormous white labyrinth of the Civic Headquarters. Like everybody else in the city, Charlotte had heard the rumors about what happened inside that forbidding place.

“It could just be routine questioning,” the chief editor said. “We’ve had journalists released before. Have faith, Charlotte.”

Faith? There hadn’t been much of that in this city since the takeover.

“I’ll let you know as soon as I hear anything,” he said.

“Thank you.”

Charlotte hung up and stared at the phone in her hand.

What the hell do I do now?

She gazed out of the apartment window at the city skyline. Away in the distance, she could see the gleaming white towers of the Civic Headquarters buildings. Right now, Peter was somewhere inside there. Why now? He had long since deleted any social media comments that could be used against him. Even Charlotte was beginning to think that he was in the clear. But somebody within this evil new government had obviously dug something up. The question was—who?

Thomas watched her from across the crowded Students’ Union bar. She was surrounded by friends of course—the beautiful crowd. Thomas hated the conceited pricks. He wouldn’t even have paid them any interest if she hadn’t been a part of that clique. He wished she wasn’t. If she had been shy and studious like him, it would have been far easier to approach her. Thomas had no idea how to socialize with people like that. He was afraid they would laugh at him.

He drank his beer and continued to study her face from afar. She wasn’t even the prettiest of the girls over there if he was honest about it—but there was something about her. A magnetism that attracted admirers of both sexes. People just noticed her whenever she came into a room. Every male student wanted to fuck her—and probably most of the lecturers too.

He watched her sipping her glass of wine as she listened to the animated conversation going on around her. She didn’t say much. She didn’t have to. The rest of her group were flirting with each other, telling jokes and gossiping, but it was all for her benefit, it was plain to see. They all wanted to impress her, to be close to her.

All for Charlotte.

Thomas had finally found out her name from his friend, Luke, who had laughed at him and told him to forget about her. Out of your league, Luke had said. Thomas had blushed but he couldn’t forget her and he couldn’t stop watching her. He was bewitched.

He tore his eyes away from her enchanting face and looked at the good-looking young man sitting next to her. According to her social media accounts, Charlotte was still single, but this guy looked like he was preparing to make a move on her. He was playing it cool, not looking at her too much, but his body language spoke volumes. He was laid back about it, looking comfortable in her presence, but his eyes kept flicking in her direction whenever he thought she wasn’t looking. And the guy was sitting too close to her. Way too close. And even though Charlotte didn’t appear to be paying him any attention, she didn’t move away from him. She didn’t even look annoyed. She just kept that enigmatic half-smile on her face as she drank her wine and listened to the conversation.

Thomas felt a tightness in his chest. Was he going to lose her before he had even made his play? He looked at the handsome guy next to her again. Thomas needed to find out his name.

Peter Blanchard sat anxiously in the interrogation room and searched his memory for whatever Tweet or Facebook post that might have triggered his arrest. He thought he had covered his tracks thoroughly. Since the political takeover, he had towed the Corporate Government line impeccably, quickly realizing that right now survival was crucial if he were to fight another day. Because surely these maniacs wouldn't be in charge forever? Their Civic Police force was made up of dim-witted thugs! Peter was smarter than them, but he had to lay low and wait for the next political wind change. Right now the lunatics were running the asylum—and they were dangerous!

The door opened and Peter looked up, forcing himself to appear calm. It was imperative that he didn't show any signs of guilt. And why should he? It was the Corporate Government that should be held accountable for its actions, not him!

There was only one of them, dressed in the notorious black uniform of the Civic Police, and in spite of himself, Peter felt his stomach twist in fear. Then he looked up at the police officer's face and his anxiety gave way to bewilderment and then recognition. Thomas Mosley! For some foolish reason Peter attempted a smile, but Mosley didn't return it as he pulled up a chair and sat opposite him.

Now Peter could read his silver and black badge—Civic Police Captain Thomas Mosley. *Res Publica*—and his stomach knotted again.

"Hello, Peter. Do you remember me?"

The stalker. The chocolate milk kid. The locker room loser.

Trying to sound cordial, Peter said, "Yes, I do. Ellis College. It must be eight years. How are you, Thomas?"

"You will address me as Captain Mosley."

Peter dropped his fake smile. He tried to think back. College seemed like such a long time ago and so much had happened since. This weirdo had developed an unhealthy crush on Charlotte. Peter hadn't been too concerned. There had been plenty of boys chasing after Charlotte back then. But then Mosley's obsession had gotten out of hand.

Mosley took out his phone and scrolled down the screen.

"You seem to have done well for yourself since college," he said. "A best-selling book. Two awards for investigative journalism. A highly paid position at the *City-State* magazine. An expensive apartment overlooking the city. I'm impressed."

Peter didn't know if he should be flattered that Mosley had been following him—he had all but forgotten about this freak.

Mosley looked up at him. "And a beautiful wife—Charlotte Blanchard. Or Charlotte Dray, as she was known in college. A quite stunning young lady, as I recall. How is she these days?"

Recalling the ugly final scene in the locker room, Peter cautiously said, "She's fine, thank you."

"I was quite smitten by her for a while," Mosley said.

That's one way to describe it!

"But she made her choice," Mosley sighed. "I guess she saw something in you—although I have no idea what."

Peter bridled and despite his tenuous circumstances, he said, "Captain Mosley, can you please explain to me why I have been arrested?"

Mosley regarded him for a moment.

"You haven't been charged with anything—yet. But some old subversive posts of yours have come to my attention, and—"

"Your attention?"

Now Mosley did smile. "That is correct. I requested your detainment while your online activities are being investigated. It might take a while."

Peter felt his heart thumping.

"How long, exactly?"

"About two weeks."

"Two weeks?"

Peter stood up.

“Sit down, Mr. Blanchard,” Mosley said.

Peter took a deep breath and calmed himself.

“That’s better,” Mosley said. “You should understand that you are here at my discretion. *I* am in charge of this investigation. Do you get that?”

Peter swallowed and nodded.

“Good,” said Mosley. “Now, we have plenty of time—so let’s talk about Charlotte.”

Chapter Two

She was sitting two rows in front of him. He had tried to get closer, but the back of the lecture hall was full. Thomas had switched classes after checking her schedule. Political Science. Totally boring, but it might turn out to be useful one day.

He had to keep leaning to one side to get a look at her because the stupid blonde bitch directly in front kept on moving her head. Thomas took the end off his ballpoint pen and removed the ink cartridge. Then he leaned forward and blew softly down the barrel onto the back of the blonde girl's neck. Her hand came up and she looked left and right. Thomas blew again, a little harder, and this time she swiveled around.

"What the fuck are you doing?" she whispered.

"Me? Nothing!" Thomas said, hiding the pen under his desk.

She scowled and turned back around and Thomas waited a beat before blowing again.

The blonde spun around, red-faced, and said, "I'll call campus security if you don't stop!"

"Stop what?" Thomas said. "You're nuts! Leave me alone, will you?"

The girl turned again, rubbing the back of her neck—and Thomas blew on it again.

"Fuck this!" she hissed.

The girl gathered up her books and found another seat near the front. Thomas quickly jumped over into her vacated seat—now he was right behind Charlotte.

He discreetly leaned forward and inhaled. She smelled of lavender soap. She had a small brown mole on her slender neck. He loved her hairstyle, all kind of mussed up as if she didn't care about her appearance. But now Thomas was learning that this was all an act. The way she carried herself. He minimalist makeup. Her self-restraint. Everything was calculated. She was a Venus flytrap, luring men like helpless insects.

He could make out her black bra strap under her blouse and imagined himself unhooking it and then cupping her breasts in his hands. He wondered what color her nipples were. Sitting up in his seat, he could see her shapely ass under her tight jeans, the tops of her panties showing where her shirt had ridden up her back. They were black too, and he thought about what was under them, whether she shaved or just kept herself neatly trimmed. A girl like her certainly wouldn't have an ugly, thick bush. Thomas realized that his dick was pushing up the crotch of his pants and he crossed his legs under the desk.

He took out his phone and sent a message to Luke.

Charlotte was going crazy in the apartment. After making dozens of frantic calls to family and friends, she had finally received a call from Peter's lawyer who had warned her that under no circumstances was she to go to Civic Headquarters by herself. On the contrary, he had even suggested that she lay low at a friend's place until details of Peter's arrest became a little clearer. On an intellectual level, Charlotte knew this made sense. Nobody went to Civic Headquarters of their own volition. If a loved one was apprehended, you simply had to sit tight and hope they were released. A citizen no longer had any basic human rights in this city, and there was no realistic recourse to the law where the Civic Police were concerned. As everybody had pointed out, if Charlotte were to go asking questions, she would most likely be arrested herself!

But she needed to do something! She was unable to stop herself visualizing Peter being tortured in a dingy little cell and her helplessness was tearing her apart! There had to be somebody in this fucked up government who could help her! Right now, all that she needed to know was that Peter was still alive.

At around midday, Charlotte was packing an overnight bag when her phone rang. After the frenzy of calls earlier that morning, her phone had been quiet for a couple of hours, and she watched

it vibrating on the bedside table a moment. It stopped and then rang again and now Charlotte looked at the screen. It was an anonymous number. Her pulse began to race as she sensed this had something to do with Peter's arrest.

She touched the receive icon.

"Hello?"

A man's voice said, "Your husband is alive."

Charlotte's throat went dry. "Who is this?"

"You can call me Luke."

Charlotte sat on the edge of the bed.

"Can you help him?"

"No. But I know who can."

"Who?"

"Somebody you know too."

Somebody I know?

Luke said, "There is a Toyota SUV parked opposite your apartment building. It will wait for another ten minutes. If you want to see your husband again, I suggest you get in it."

He hung up and Charlotte stared at her phone screen.

What the fuck was that?

She got up and peered out through the curtains. Sure enough, a black Toyota was parked on the other side of the road. A uniformed policeman was leaning against the hood, smoking a cigarette. This wasn't a hoax.

Shit.

Ten minutes.

Thomas's phone pinged and he checked the message.

Luke.

She's on her way.

Curiously, Thomas discovered that he was nervous. It was as if all the intervening years had been stripped away and he had regressed back to that bumbling idiot of a boy that had made such a fool of himself in front of everyone at college.

He got up and examined himself in front of the mirror. He had changed out of his uniform since returning from Civic Headquarters, and he was now wearing gray pinstripe slacks, black brogues, and a crisp white shirt with an official silver and gray *Res Publica* necktie. He held up his hand and waited until it stopped shaking. This was ridiculous. Yes, the amazing Charlotte Dray—or Blanchard, as she was called these days—was actually coming to his house, but everything had changed since college. He had the power now, and it was *she* that needed something from *him*.

Thomas adjusted his tie and thought back to the conversation he had earlier had with Peter Blanchard. Even under such worrying circumstances, the arrogant prick had still found a way to look down his nose at him, but when Thomas had informed him that he would be meeting with Charlotte that afternoon, Peter had become so agitated that Thomas had called a couple of guards to take him to his cell. As he was being led away in handcuffs, Peter had repeatedly asked Thomas why he needed to talk to Charlotte. Thomas had remained silent. He wanted to let the handsome Peter Blanchard stew in his little cell and allow his imagination to run riot. But he doubted that Peter could ever conceive of the delicious torment that Thomas had in store for his beautiful young wife!

Thomas hung a few yards behind her in the passage, but not so far back that he wouldn't be able to act swiftly when Luke did his thing. It was crowded with students moving between classes and when Thomas saw Luke coming toward them, he closed the gap on Charlotte, ready to make his move. Luke spotted her and began to charge forward, pushing a couple of girls out of the way. It should have been a simple enough play. Luke would barge into Charlotte, knocking her books out of her hands and Thomas would be immediately on hand to pick them up for her and finally get her attention.

But as Luke came barreling toward them, a fat girl suddenly appeared out of nowhere, filling the space between Charlotte and Thomas. Panicking, Thomas gave the fat girl a shove just as Luke banged into Charlotte. The fat girl spun around and the lunch bag she was carrying flew out of her grasp and into the air.

The moment before impact would remain painfully etched in Thomas's memory for the rest of his life. The bag splitting open in mid-air, the fruit and sandwiches spilling out onto the floor, the plastic cup dropping from the fat girl's fingers, the lid coming off—the chocolate milk.

Charlotte hadn't even dropped her books as Thomas skidded on a banana—a banana!—landing on one knee with his arm stretched out as if he were proposing marriage—and his entire head was then covered with chocolate milk!

There was a shocked silence in the passage and then a girl tittered. Another one chuckled and then somebody roared out loud, and soon everybody was laughing at him. Mortified, Thomas blinked up through the sticky chocolate and saw that Charlotte was giggling too.

The Toyota pulled up in a leafy suburb on the far side of the city and the uniformed policeman got out and opened Charlotte's door. He hadn't said a word since she had made the decision to get into the vehicle, and Charlotte decided it would be prudent not to question him.

During the drive across town, Charlotte had tried to figure out who could possibly be behind this meeting. The mysterious Luke had said it was somebody Charlotte knew. But who? Since the takeover, she had made a point to avoid as much contact with the new Corporate Government as possible—just like any other normal person who hoped to survive this madness.

She stepped out and the policeman gestured toward a smart bungalow set in a several acres of garden. A silver and black *Res Publica* flag flew from a pole on the front lawn and Charlotte's stomach tightened. As she walked up the pathway, she had the awful feeling that she was heading straight into the belly of the beast!

She stopped on the front porch and glanced back at the Toyota as it pulled away. Was it too late to change her mind and make a run for it? But what then? Maybe this was Peter's only chance of salvation. She took a deep breath and rang the bell.

While she waited, she looked up and down the deserted street. A couple more houses had the *Res Publica* flag waving in their front yards. Just a couple of years ago, she suspected that this area would have been populated by middle-class families with their kids riding bicycles in the street and communal barbecues on the weekend. Now it was eerily quiet.

The door opened and a familiar looking man said, "Yes?"

"Um—"

What was she supposed to say?

The man waited. He was dressed in a white, short sleeved shirt, pressed slacks, and polished shoes. A *Res Publica* pin was attached to his shirt pocket. Was this him?

The man said, "Are you here about your husband?"

Charlotte swallowed and nodded.

“Yes.”

The man appraised her casually. She hadn't had time to change and was still in her T-shirt, jeans and sandals—which suddenly felt woefully inappropriate in this neatly dressed man's presence.

“My name is Luke,” he said. “I called you earlier. This way please.”

Charlotte followed him into a cool and tastefully furnished living room.

“Take a seat. Captain Mosley will be along in a moment.”

Mosley? Surely not!

Charlotte perched on the edge of a plush Chesterfield sofa and looked around at the expensive decorations. She wondered who this place had belonged to before the takeover. Where were they now? Had they been arrested and taken to Civic Headquarters never to be seen again? Or had they been forcibly relocated to a poorer district of the city after having their assets confiscated? Charlotte had heard of such things happening. If a government official wanted a citizen's property, all they had to do was prove that their targeted victim was an enemy of the state. She thought of Peter locked away in a dark cell and she shuddered.

“Mrs. Blanchard?”

Charlotte looked up at another smartly presented man standing in the doorway and her heart skipped a beat. He was fuller in the face and thicker around the middle, but she immediately recognized the ratty little eyes and weak chin. She stood and her eyes dropped down to his official *Res Publica* necktie.

“Thomas?” she said incredulously.

“That's right,” he said. “Civic Police Captain Thomas Mosley, to be precise.”

Chapter Three

My God, she hasn't changed a bit! She still looks the same as the last time I saw her at college!
Thomas thought ecstatically.

When Thomas had first hatched his plan to ensnare the woman who still haunted him after so many years, a part of him had feared that she might have let herself go after she had married. He had checked her official records and ascertained that she had no children, and she had looked every bit as wonderful as he had remembered in her identification photos, but now seeing in the flesh how youthful she still was simply took his breath away!

He walked toward her, willing himself to be cool.

No need to be nervous, Thomas—you are holding all the aces now!

"Please sit," he said, gesturing to the couch.

They sat a respectable distance apart, Thomas savoring the moment. She still wore minimal makeup and he caught just the faintest scent of the same lavender soap—why would she need to bother with cosmetics and perfumes when there was nothing to improve? He quickly checked out the inviting outline of her breasts, her wasp waist, and her slender ankles—and his dick straightened in his underpants.

He said, "You're looking well, Mrs. Blanchard—or may I call you Charlotte?"

She glanced uncertainly at him, no doubt recalling his many embarrassing attempts to woo her, and of course his ultimate humiliation—and perhaps now trying to put all of that history into its current context.

"I expect you're a little surprised to see me," Thomas said.

Charlotte nodded and touched her hair, still that crazy, tousled style from her college days. Thomas wondered if she ever bothered to brush it.

"I had a phone call—"

"I know," said Thomas.

She looked at him. "A man—Luke—said that you could help."

"With your husband, you mean?"

"Yes—do you know where he is?" she asked hopefully.

"Oh, yes," said Thomas.

"Is he—?"

"He's fine. Nothing will happen to him without my say so."

She frowned and said, "I don't understand."

"Come now, Charlotte, do you really think this is all a coincidence?"

She looked off to one side and her rosebud lips parted as she processed his words.

"You?" she said softly.

"Yes. Me. I had him arrested."

She looked up at him with those bewitching eyes.

"But why?"

Thomas swiveled toward her and took hold of her hand.

"Do you really need to ask?"

She looked at him incredulously.

"Thomas—I have a husband."

"I know," Thomas said. "But it won't be much of a marriage if Peter spends the next twenty years in jail, will it?"

"Twenty years? For what? He hasn't done anything."

Thomas chuckled. "Do you really think that has anything to do with it?"

Charlotte pulled her hand free.

"But that's not fair," she mumbled.

"That is true," Thomas said. "The whole world has gone mad, but that doesn't make it any less real."

"Maybe I should find a lawyer," Charlotte said, mostly to herself.

“You should think very carefully about that,” Thomas said. “Because I can assure you that there isn’t a lawyer in this city who can help Peter right now.”

She looked at him quizzically.

“In fact, there is only one person who can possibly secure his release,” Thomas said.

“You?” she said.

“No,” Thomas said. “The only person who can help your husband is you, Charlotte.”

It was coming back to her now, this hue of craziness that darkened his eyes and gave her a glimpse of the mania within. It had revealed itself on a few occasions at college, when her would-be paramour had turned stalker and she had been forced to block him on social media and notify campus security. And it was here now, the tightening jaw muscles, the flickering pupils, the flaring nostrils. Alarmed, she looked down and saw the telltale bump in his pants and remembered the day he had sent her a revolting photo of his thin, white manhood—still etched in her mind all these years later.

She tore her eyes away from his crotch and forced herself to look into his eyes.

“How?” she said, dreading the answer.

Thomas reached for her hand again, and although it made her skin crawl, this time she let him hold onto it.

“You and I have unfinished business,” Thomas said.

Charlotte tried to play dumb.

“Business?”

“Do you remember when campus security arrested me?” Thomas said.

Charlotte nodded. How could she forget?

“That was a very painful time in my life,” Thomas said.

“I didn’t call them,” Charlotte said.

“I know. But Peter did, didn’t he?”

Charlotte didn’t reply.

“They locked me up for two days,” Thomas said. “They told me you weren’t going to press charges but they wanted to give me time to think about my life. And I did. I’ve been thinking about it ever since.”

Charlotte’s eyes stung and she blinked away a tear. She had no idea what this weirdo wanted from her, but she already knew that she would have no choice but to humor him if she ever wanted to see Peter again.

“I nearly went insane thinking about you being with him while I was locked up, unable to do anything to stop it,” Thomas said.

Charlotte squeezed his sweaty palm, trying to calm him.

“He was my boyfriend, Thomas,” she said softly. “He was trying to protect me.”

Thomas snatched his hand away and stood.

“And then you married him. How long has it been now?”

“Five years,” Charlotte said.

“Five years indeed,” said Thomas. “Your anniversary is next Tuesday.”

Dear God! Why does he even know that?

He turned away from her, his hands clasped behind his back.

“Mrs. Blanchard,” he said. “If you want to see your husband again, you are going to have to stay here for a while.”

Charlotte’s stomach tightened. There it was. The beast was in control now.

“Why?”

“Think of it as a test. How badly do you want to help your husband?”

Charlotte swallowed.

“I will do anything,” she said.

“Then all you have to do is agree to stay here, and I promise that your husband will be released.”

“Y-You can do that?”

“You have my word.”

“How long will I have to stay here?” she asked.

He turned back to her.

“Two weeks, Mrs. Blanchard.”

Thomas turned the key in the door and stepped into the basement.

“Come inside,” he said.

She stood timidly in the center of the barren room, taking in the bed, the table and chair, the refrigerator, the camcorder—and the tall wooden door set in the back wall.

“What is this place?” she said.

“This will be your home for the next two weeks,” Thomas said.

“My home?”

Her eyes flickered toward the metal bed.

“Thomas,” she said. “Why can’t we do this upstairs?”

Thomas sat at the table.

“Do what?” he said.

Charlotte shifted uncomfortably, her cheeks glowing, and Thomas’s erection intensified. She looked around the basement and then up at the low ceiling.

“What you want,” she said softly.

“And what is it that you think I want?” Thomas said.

She was visibly squirming now, unwilling to say it, what she thought he wanted her to say. Glancing once more at the barren mattress, she said, “I-I’ll sleep with you—make you happy.”

Thomas sighed. Charlotte probably thought she had just made the ultimate sacrifice. But the way she had just said it, as if she were offering a dog scraps from the dining table, couldn’t have been further from the mark.

“So, you’re willing to fuck me—is that what you are saying?” Thomas said.

Charlotte lowered her head and nodded.

“Well, that’s very generous,” Thomas said. “I’m sure Peter would be most proud of you.”

She looked up and a tear trickled down her flushed cheek.

Thomas went over to the refrigerator, retrieved a bottle of bourbon, and poured himself a glass.

“Well, if you’re going to offer me your body, you’d better show me what you’ve got,” he said, leaning against the table.

She looked at him, eyes wide.

“Come on, Charlotte,” Thomas said. “You’ve just offered yourself to me like a whore. What were you expecting? That we would do it under the covers with the lights out? Sorry, but it’s been eight years. I need to see what I will be getting for my trouble.”

“Please, I can’t,” Charlotte sniffed.

Thomas took a swallow of bourbon.

“That’s okay,” he said. “You don’t have to.”

A spark of hope flashed in Charlotte’s eyes.

“I don’t?”

“Nope. In fact, I think you should just go.”

Thomas finished his glass and refilled it.

Charlotte shuffled her feet on the concrete floor and Thomas looked at her.

“Are you still here? Go on. I said you can leave.”

Charlotte didn't move. “Um—what about my husband?”

“It's not looking good for him, is it?” Thomas shrugged. “Personally, I think you should file for divorce and find yourself a new man. Peter will be old and gray by the time you see him again. I wouldn't waste your best years if I were you.”

More tears ran down Charlotte's cheeks. “Please, what do you want from me?”

“Me? Nothing.”

“B-But you brought me here!”

“That I did. But if you are going to be difficult, then I will have to withdraw my proposal.”

To Thomas's delight, Charlotte still didn't move. He had been afraid that his reverse psychology might not work—but she had taken the bait, hook, line and sinker!

“I'm sorry, Thomas—I do want to stay here!” she said.

Thomas could have danced with joy, but he kept control and just looked at her impassively.

“I don't know,” he said. “Maybe I made a mistake waiting all these years—you're probably too old now.”

He waited while she stalled for time and then he pointedly looked at his watch.

Then Charlotte took a deep breath, looked away, and pulled her shirt out from the waistband of her jeans. Thomas sipped his drink and tried to appear aloof. But then she raised her shirt and he saw her flat stomach and her indented navel, and next her white bra came into view, and then she pulled her shirt over her head and clutched it against her chest, and his pulse quickened.

He guessed she must have been waiting for him to say something, but when he didn't, she dropped her shirt on the bed and then crossed her arms over her chest. This would probably have been marginally easier for her if he had said something, but having gained the advantage, that wasn't how he intended for this to play out at all—it had to be her decision to get naked in front of him.

When she still didn't move, Thomas picked up his phone, pretending to see a message.

“Well, if that's it, I have a meeting to—”

“No!”

Charlotte quickly reached behind and unhooked her bra. Thomas watched the straps fall off her shoulders and then she pulled the cups away and dropped her bra on the bed with her shirt. She had her elbows crossed in front of her and Thomas looked at his phone again.

“So—”

Charlotte let out a shuddering sigh and lowered her arms to her sides.

My God!

Her breasts were firm and round with big, puffy areolas! A fantasy Thomas had dreamed of for years—now right there in front of his eyes!

He forced himself to look at his phone again and he heard her pop the stud on her jeans and then roll them down her legs. He kept on studying his home screen as she shuffled her panties down her thighs, and after a mental count of three, he looked up again.

Charlotte was standing naked before him—and she still had the body of a teenager. He gazed adoringly at her prominent cunt which was covered by a layer of wispy black hair.

Then he said, “Why, Mrs. Blanchard! You've taken all your clothes off! May I take a photograph?”

Chapter Four

“What? No!”

Charlotte lifted a knee and put an arm across her breasts—she had never felt so ashamed in her entire life! She knew that he was toying with her, but that didn’t change the fact that she had just stripped naked for him after he had already told her to leave. He was twisting it all around! They both knew that he wanted her, but he was making her come on to him!

“Oh, I misunderstood,” Thomas said. “I thought you wanted me to see your body.”

“Yes, but I can’t pose for photographs—”

“Why not? So that after your husband is freed there’ll be no evidence that this ever happened?”

“Yes! I mean no—but I just can’t!”

“In that case you should get dressed and go home. What a shame—I think Peter would have wanted you to have made more of an effort for him. Well, it was nice meeting you again, Charlotte.”

He turned to go, and Charlotte let out a sob of exasperation.

“Okay!” she groaned, and she haltingly lowered her arms.

Thomas paused and turned back to her. Even though he was acting as if he didn’t care, the lust in his eyes was plain to see and Charlotte had to force herself to keep her arms down as she waited for his next instruction.

But instead, he simply said, “What’s okay?”

He’s going to make me spell it out for him! He wants to humiliate me because I once humiliated him!

“You—can take a picture of me,” Charlotte mumbled, feeling her cheeks burning.

“I can?” Thomas said. “What kind of picture?”

Huh?

“A—nude picture?” Charlotte said.

“Nude, eh? How quaint,” Thomas said. “Sort of like art?”

Now he was making fun of her and her cheeks burned brighter.

“I was thinking of something a little more *risque*,” he said.

Risque?

“How does that sound?” Thomas said.

It sounded extremely worrying, but aware of her—and Peter’s—precarious circumstances, she nodded warily.

“Say it,” Thomas said, pointing his phone at her.

Say what?

“Um, okay?”

“No, tell the camera that you *want* me to take dirty pictures of you. I have the sound on.”

Oh, crap!

“I-I would like you to take—dirty pictures of me,” Charlotte said.

“Ask nicely,” said Thomas.

You vindictive pig!

“Please will you take dirty pictures of me?” she tried.

“Use my name.”

Charlotte swallowed and said, “Please will you take dirty pictures of me, Mr. Mosley.”

“Say Thomas.”

For fuck’s sake!

“Please will you take dirty pictures of me, Thomas?”

Thomas looked at his phone and replayed the video clip. Charlotte listened to her pleading voice and looked down at her bare feet.

“Yes, I guess that sounds convincing enough,” Thomas said.

Charlotte looked up at him sharply.

Convincing for who?

“Now I’d like you to get onto the bed for me,” Thomas said.

Charlotte hesitated and then put her left knee onto the bed and leaned forward, her breasts dangling beneath her. She lifted her other leg and knelt, showing him the enticing curves of her profile.

“Face away from me and stay on all fours,” Thomas said, watching her through his phone camera.

As Charlotte slowly shuffled around, Thomas savored the sight of her firm ass for a moment and then said, “Now part your thighs.”

Charlotte’s shoulders stiffened and she turned her head to the side before inching her bare feet apart and giving him a glimpse of the fleshy hammock between her legs.

“Wider than that,” Thomas said hoarsely.

Charlotte let out a sigh and then shuffled her knees further apart. Thomas focused the camera directly on the rear view of her puffy cunt and fired off a few shots.

“Wider,” he said, almost in a whisper. “As wide as you can.”

Charlotte let out a choked sob and slowly did as she was told while Thomas moved in closer to capture the intoxicating sight of her puckered asshole and parted labia.

“Turn your head toward me,” he said.

With a little moan of revulsion, Charlotte turned to face the camera and Thomas maneuvered himself around, making sure to catch her pretty face and obscenely exposed rear end in the same frame.

“Now reach between your legs and touch yourself,” he breathed.

“W-What?”

“I want you to play with yourself, Charlotte. Be filthy for the camera!”

Almost in slow motion, Charlotte reached behind, and Thomas watched rapt, as her slender fingers reached her labia.

“Pull them apart,” he said. “And keep looking back at the camera.”

Fresh tears trickled down Charlotte’s cheeks and dripped onto the mattress as she opened her honeypot for him.

“Put your fingers inside,” Thomas said.

“W-Why?” Charlotte sobbed.

“Because I want you to masturbate,” Thomas said. “Make yourself nice and wet.”

Thomas’s erection threatened to burst his zipper as he watched Charlotte—the college girl of his dreams—work her finger in and out of her wet pussy. He took dozens of shots, coming in close, zooming back out, changing position, making certain that every angle was covered in detail as Charlotte slowly brought herself to a trembling climax.

She sobbed out loud and pressed her forehead against the mattress as her naked body twitched and jerked.

“Look back at the camera,” Thomas said.

With a loud snuffle, Charlotte lifted her head and turned toward him again. Her eyes were raw and her damp cheeks bright red, and snot dribbled from her nostrils. To Thomas, she looked absolutely beautiful!

“Now smile,” he said.

“S-Smile?” she sobbed.

“Yes, Charlotte, give me that radiant smile I remember so well from college—I want you to look happy for your husband.”

After her first humiliating orgasm in front of him, he made her strike more disgusting poses. He circled the bed, directing her movements and capturing every inch of her bare skin, every detail of her body.

When he was finished, Thomas poured himself another drink while Charlotte stayed on the bed and wrapped her arms around herself. He chuckled and joined her on the bed.

“A little late for modesty, don’t you think?” he said.

Charlotte clamped her thighs together and hugged herself tighter. She could smell the liquor on his breath as he held up his phone.

“Take it,” he said.

Trying to ignore the worrying bulge in his pants, she took his phone.

“Press *slideshow*,” he said.

“I-I don’t need to—”

“Yes, you do,” Thomas said. “I want all the images burned deep into your brain so that you will know what Peter is seeing when I show him.”

“Please don’t—”

“This will help you relax and enjoy the show,” Thomas said.

He held his whiskey glass to her lips, but she kept them pressed together.

“Every time you decide to piss me off, you should think of your husband’s welfare,” Thomas reminded her.

Charlotte sniffled and parted her lips and allowed him to tip the burning liquor into her mouth.

“Swallow.”

Charlotte gulped and coughed.

“Now watch the show,” he said.

With the alcohol warming her insides, Charlotte watched the obscene pictures scroll past, finding it hard to process the fact that the pouting naked slut on the bed was actually her. She watched herself sitting with her legs apart, holding her labia open with her fingers and showing off her pink insides, every intimate detail in sharp focus. Then kneeling on the bed, holding up her breasts and tweaking her own nipples, then pulling on them until they poked out like bullets. Then squatting with her fingers pushed deep inside herself. Bent over with her back arched. Lying on her back with her legs raised and pulling her buttocks apart to show off her asshole. And all the time smiling, pouting, licking her lips or poking out her tongue.

She felt violated, used and dirty, but her fake expressions made it look as though she had actually taken pleasure from this vulgarity!

Dear God, I’ve only been here an hour, and this is what he has already made me do!

And through it all, she kept thinking of Peter. Was Thomas really planning on showing him these vile pictures? If so, how would she be able to explain it when Peter was free? Surely he would understand that she was doing this for him?

Thomas took the phone from her and said, “Do you think Peter will like them?”

“Please, there’s no need to show him!” she whined. “I’ll do whatever you want!”

She lowered her arms and his eyes dropped to her breasts. She knew how much he wanted her. Maybe she could use that power.

“I must say I’m seriously tempted, but it’s too soon,” Thomas said.

Too soon?

“I thought you wanted to?” Charlotte said.

“Oh, yes I do, but not like this. You’re acting like a cheap hooker, Charlotte. I’d hate myself afterward.”

Bewildered, Charlotte whispered, “Then what do you want?”

“What I’ve always wanted, Charlotte,” Thomas said. “I want you to love me.”

She stared at him, her gorgeous brown eyes wide with disbelief.

“I know what you’re thinking,” Thomas said. “You’ll say whatever you think I want to hear—but that won’t work for me. I want you to mean it.”

She shook her head in bewilderment.

“Thomas, I love my husband,” she said quietly.

No! Wrong answer!

Her body tensed as he placed his hand on her bare shoulder.

“You see?” he said. “How could I possibly enjoy it, knowing you really want to be with him?”

Now she looked into his eyes and there he detected a brief hint of defiance—maybe the alcohol had given her some courage.

“It could never be any other way,” she said simply.

Thomas’s stomach tightened and he stood up.

“We’ll see,” he said. “We have plenty of time.”

He walked over to the standing cell and opened the padlock. Luke had oiled the hinges and now the tall door swung open easily. She remained on the bed, a look of growing concern on her pretty face.

“Come,” Thomas said.

She slid off the bed, covering herself with her hands again, and walked uncertainly toward him.

“Get in,” he said.

She peered into the tall, cramped space, but didn’t move.

“Please don’t make me!” she whimpered.

“Get in!” Thomas repeated.

“We can make love on the bed,” she said. “I can make you feel good, do whatever you ask!”

Thomas sighed.

“For the last time, get in—otherwise you can forget about Peter forever.”

Breathing faster, Charlotte reluctantly stepped into the standing cell. Thomas gazed at her gorgeous ass, her narrow waist, and her trembling legs.

“Turn around,” he said.

Charlotte shuffled around and faced him with her arms crossed over her breasts.

“Put your arms down by your sides.”

She lowered her arms and Thomas wondered if she had any idea how long it would be before she would be permitted to raise them again. He thought back to the moment when he had almost got stuck inside there himself, the panic that had swept over him.

Charlotte looked at him imploringly.

“Please let me fuck you, Thomas!”

Thomas smiled wickedly.

“One day, I hope you’re really going to mean that—but I don’t want to have sex with you just yet.”

“T-Then what are we going to do?” Charlotte whined.

“We’re going to talk,” Thomas said.

He shut the door and locked it.

Chapter Five

Two guards had left Peter strapped into a chair for over half an hour. They had ignored his questions and left him to stew alone, although he knew they were watching him on the security cameras.

He wondered if he was about to undergo an interrogation session—despite Mosley’s promise that he would not be tortured—but the real torment was happening in Peter’s mind. Mosley had made his intentions toward Charlotte quite clear, and Peter was beside himself wondering what was happening to her right now. He hoped she had managed to sneak out of the city before Mosley came for her. But what if she hadn’t? Was she now being kept in another cell within this vast and sinister labyrinth? Peter didn’t even want to think about that, but he couldn’t stop himself—he felt so damn useless!

He thought back to what Mosley had said to him about Charlotte—how she had chosen the wrong guy and that now she would discover her true feelings. The man was clearly demented, but what difference did that make when he was wearing his all-powerful Civic Police uniform? He could do what he liked to Charlotte and there was nothing Peter could do to stop him. He clenched his fists in frustration as an unwanted image of Mosley raping his wife flashed through his mind.

But bizarrely, Mosley had made a point of insisting that he wasn’t going to force himself upon Charlotte. He had kept on talking about giving her time to make up her own mind who she wanted to be with. He said he wanted her to choose. As if she hadn’t already decided? She had been dating Peter for nine years and they had been happily married for five, for God’s sake! What was there for her to decide? As he had listened to this madman rambling on, Peter had quickly concluded that Mosley had been obsessing about Charlotte ever since college. He had been besotted enough with her back then to risk jail with his illegal stalking, but now that he had reentered their lives as a police officer himself, he was abusing his authority to forcibly keep them apart while he attempted to woo her again.

The only crumb of comfort for Peter was his unwavering trust in Charlotte. Because ultimately it made no difference what Mosley tried—nothing could shake her love and commitment to Peter. Of that, he was sure.

The door opened and Mosley came in with a leather case.

“I hope you slept well,” he said, pulling up a chair.

“Are you finally going to interrogate me now?” Peter said.

“All in good time.” Mosley said, producing a plastic bottle and a syringe from the case.

“What’s this?” Peter said, his heart beating faster.

“It’s time for your medication,” Mosley said.

“What medication? I’m not sick!”

As Mosley drew a clear liquid up into the syringe, Peter said, “It won’t make any difference if you kill me. She doesn’t love you and she never will.”

“Don’t worry, I’m not going to kill you while you are in detention,” Mosley said. “I gave Charlotte my word.”

“You’ve spoken with her?”

“Oh, yes.”

“In person?”

“Indeed. She came to see my at my home, in fact.”

“*She* went to *you*? That doesn’t make sense! Why would she do that?”

“To save your life,” Mosley said.

Peter stared at him.

So that’s it. He’s using me as leverage to control her!

“If you touch her, I swear I’ll—!” Peter blurted out.

“I told you before—I have no intention of doing anything to Charlotte—unless she asks me to,” Mosley said, holding up the filled syringe.

“What the fuck is that?” Peter said.

“A new chemical compound created by our unholy medical research team,” Mosley said.

So I die here, after all!

“I thought you gave Charlotte your word that you won’t kill me.”

“That I did,” Mosley said. “But once this vicious narcotic cocktail takes hold of your system, you might end up wishing that I had.”

“What are you talking about?”

Mosley brought up a vein on Peter’s arm and inserted the needle.

“As I said, the toxin won’t kill you straight away,” Mosley said, as he watched the liquid slowly entering Peter’s bloodstream

“I don’t understand,” Peter said.

“Well, you now have a rather nasty concoction in your system. It works quickly and steadily, and its effects are irreversible.”

Peter didn’t think he wanted to hear this—but he heard himself asking anyway.

“What effects?”

“It attacks your nervous system first,” Thomas said, withdrawing the syringe. “Initially, you will experience a general tiredness and irritability, lack of concentration, insomnia, and an overall sense of angst which will escalate as your daily dosage accumulates.”

Thomas paused to allow this to sink in, relishing the look of alarm on Peter’s face.

“Then in a few days the physical effects will begin to manifest. Premature aging, hair loss, dull eyes, wrinkled skin, muscle atrophy, lack of energy—as well as a total loss of sexual desire.”

Peter had been staring at his forearm, but now he looked up at Thomas as he processed the implications of those last words.

“I assume that you and Charlotte still have a satisfying sex life,” Thomas said.

“That is none of your business,” Peter said.

“Well, that remains to be seen,” Thomas said. “In any case, a significant effect of this insidious pharmaceutical mixture will be a seriously diminished libido.”

Peter began to flex his arm muscles as he unconsciously struggled against his bonds.

“In fact, we’re talking chemical castration here,” Thomas went on. “Within a few weeks, your body will no longer be able to produce testosterone or semen and you will suffer from permanent and total erectile dysfunction—within a few months your testicles will have completely dissolved, and your dick will have shrunk to the size of a pea!”

Peter was shaking his head at him now.

“Why are you doing this to me?” he said.

“I would have thought you might have figured that one out already,” Thomas said. “Back in college you had all the advantages, didn’t you? Handsome, athletic, intelligent, ambitious, witty and creative. You could have had any girl you wanted—and unfortunately for me, you chose Charlotte. And why not? She was—and still is—the cream of the crop. I never stood a chance. But now I have decided to level the playing field so to speak—or more accurately, tilt it completely the other way.”

“You are totally insane!” Peter said. “I already told you—Charlotte loves me. She is my wife. Why can’t you understand that?”

“Oh, I am sure she loves the Peter Blanchard that she once married,” Thomas said. “But what if that man no longer exists? How do you think she will react to the shell of a man that I send back to her? How will she feel when she discovers that you no longer even find her desirable?”

“You’re sick in the head!” Peter hissed.

“That may be true,” said Thomas. “But at least I am still a red-blooded, sexually active male—and I have plenty of time to demonstrate that to your wife while you are wasting away in here.”

“Charlotte is an intelligent, caring woman, not some shallow bimbo!” Peter snapped. “Do you honestly expect her to simply rush into your arms because you have poisoned me? If so, then you have seriously misjudged her!”

“Then perhaps you’d like to explain why she voluntarily came to my house this afternoon—and then posed naked for me?” Thomas said, taking out his phone.

That night, Peter lay awake on the bunk in his cell and stared numbly at the point in his forearm where the needle had punctured his skin. Had Mosley been telling Peter the truth about the poison or had he just been mind-fucking him? Maybe the syringe had been filled with a harmless liquid and Mosley just wanted to see if Peter would mentally self-destruct.

But what if the toxin was real? Was Peter really facing a miserable future of mental decline and physical disintegration as Mosley had described? Unable to write for a living anymore? Sexually impotent? Incapable of enjoying the simple pleasures in life? Every day a struggle just to get out of bed? How could he possibly go through life like that? And what about Charlotte? How would she cope living with a useless invalid? Was it even fair to expect her to?

Charlotte.

Ever since Mosley had shown him the slideshow, Peter’s mind had oscillated between his potential poisoning and Charlotte’s naked pictures. He couldn’t get them out of his head! Mosley had actually seen Peter’s wife naked, in a variety of obscene poses! In his own home! And the worst part was that in many of them she had been smiling! Had she enjoyed showing herself off to this stranger? What if Mosley uploaded them to the internet?

But after his initial shock and anger, Peter had forced himself to think it through. Mosley had made contact with Charlotte after Peter’s arrest and then he had coerced her into stripping for him. So she had done it for Peter. Rather than succumb to his jealousy, Peter told himself to be grateful instead. His wonderful wife was suffering right now, and she was doing it for him.

Not for the first time tonight, Peter flirted with the possibility of suicide. Maybe it would be best for the both of them if his health failed him. Yet he couldn’t help wondering if they might still find a way out of this horror. If there was even the slightest chance, then he had to try. He owed Charlotte that.

He closed his eyes knowing that sleep would not come. All he could see were the naked images of his wife and after a while he sat upright and stared manically at the plain white wall. He wanted to smash his head against it! He wondered where Charlotte was right now. Was she still at Mosley’s house? Was she still naked? Peter let out a desolate moan and began to pace the cell.

Chapter Six

It was gloomy inside the standing cell but there was enough light to see the feeding tube just in front of her mouth. Charlotte hadn't used it yet, despite her terrible thirst—she was afraid of what might be in it.

After she had stood quite still for some time, an overhead shower had automatically turned on, drenching her naked body for several minutes with cold water. Instinctively, she had stuck out her tongue and lapped up a little water, but it hadn't quenched her thirst. Before leaving, Thomas had told her that the feeding tube would sustain her while she was locked inside the standing cell. She had asked him how long he planned to keep her in there, but her question was met with silence. She was alone.

Charlotte stared at the closed sliding hatch in the door, inches from her face. She wished Thomas had left it open so she could at least get a glimpse of the basement. She had no idea how long she had been in here, but her legs were starting to ache. It was impossible to bend her knees in the tall, narrow chamber, so she lifted up onto her bare toes to stretch her calves. Her nipples brushed against the door and she shifted back but her elbows and buttocks immediately bumped into the rear wall. There wasn't enough room on either side to raise her arms, so she alternately clenched her fists and straightened her fingers to help keep the circulation going. Now her neck started aching so she tilted her head back and her chin brushed against the feeding tube while the back of her head touched the back wall.

With nothing to do but stand still, she thought about Peter for the umpteenth time. He was the reason she was in here and she needed to be strong for him. Thomas had told her that she would have to endure two weeks of this madness—did that mean spending the entire time inside the standing cell? The very thought of it put a knot in her stomach and she had to fight to keep the panic from overwhelming her. She breathed deeply, her breasts pushing against the door, and she turned her mind back to Peter.

Thomas had promised that Peter would not be mistreated as long as Charlotte kept her end of the bargain. She hoped she would be strong enough to do that. She kept visualizing the moment when she would be reunited with her husband. That was her motivation to get through this. She had to remember that Peter was going through his own mental hell too.

That took her back to the humiliating photo session on the bed. Thomas had told her he intended to show the pictures to Peter! She shuddered at the thought. Had he already seen them? What had he said? She guessed he would have been in a rage, but surely his anger would be directed at Thomas. Peter wouldn't blame Charlotte, would he? She just wished she hadn't been told to smile. Thomas wanted Peter to think that she had enjoyed showing her body off. It was his ruse to drive a wedge between them. But Peter was more intelligent than that. Their marriage was built on trust—and right now, that was all they had.

She swallowed dryly and glanced up at the shower head. When was it due to come back on? Her throat was parched! She waited. There were no sounds coming from the basement. All she could hear was her own breathing. She wiggled her fingers and toes and tried counting her breaths.

After a few more minutes, she couldn't take it anymore and she tilted her head forward and sucked tentatively on the feeding tube—it tasted like chocolate milk.

It had been a bad night. He had tried to control himself, but he had been unable to resist scrolling through his image collection. Pictures of her that he had downloaded from her social media pages. She had blocked him now, but he had still managed to hack into a couple of her accounts. Her about information said that she was in a relationship with Peter Blanchard. In a relationship! She had even uploaded a profile picture of them together! How could she? Blanchard

looked like a fucking idiot with his dark, wavy hair, twinkling eyes and perfect smile as they pressed their cheeks together for a stupid selfie! She had even stuck a love heart emoji on it! How could that be real love?

After class, he went to the men's room and splashed water on his face. His cheeks were hollow and there were dark rings around his bloodshot eyes. He didn't want her to see him looking like this, but it was her fault that he was in this state in the first place. She was driving him insane!

The student dorms were on the far side of the sports fields. Thomas waited until it was quiet and then slipped into the lobby. He knew that her room was on the fifth floor. Girls only. He stepped into the elevator and fingered the key card that Luke had copied for him.

On the fifth floor he walked confidently to the security door like he belonged there. Ignoring the glances from a couple of passing girls, he said a quick prayer, swiped the card, and the door clicked open.

Of course it did. This was meant to be!

The women's dorms were not technically off limits to male visitors, so although he attracted a couple more inquisitive looks, he made it to her door without being challenged. He swiped the card again, and Charlotte's door opened.

Good job, Luke!

He closed the door and looked around. Charlotte was evidently a neat and tidy girl, which surprised him given her wild and carefree look. He checked out her closet, recalling some of her outfits from the times he had followed her on campus. Then he went through her underwear drawer, holding up various items of lingerie, stretching them out to test their elasticity and then holding them up to his nose. He selected a skimpy pair of red panties, settled back on her bed, and wrapped them around his hard cock. Then he closed his eyes and imagined Charlotte naked as he slowly jerked himself off.

Being underground, there was no way of telling whether it was light or dark out. Charlotte guessed she had been locked in the standing cell for a couple of hours now, but it could well have been much longer. So far, she had just about managed to keep herself under control by focusing on her breathing and periodically raising up on her toes to ease the constant aching in her legs—but now she was beginning to get very anxious.

Thomas hadn't told her how long he intended to keep her in here, and she had assumed that he would let her out after she had *learned her lesson*. But now she was beginning to have serious doubts. What if he planned to keep her locked up all night? Would she be able to last that long without freaking out?

She thought back to the last words they had spoken together before he had left her down here on her own. Realizing that she had made a mistake by confirming her love for Peter, she had offered to have sex with Thomas—unthinkable until the traumatic events of the past few hours. When he had told her to enter the standing cell, she had panicked and almost pleaded to make love to him—but to her surprise, he had refused her.

Before departing, Thomas had told her he just wanted to talk. What did they have to talk about? There could only be one thing—he wanted her to tell him that she was in love with him instead of Peter. How ridiculous! But after replaying the conversation over in her head, Charlotte now feared that merely telling him what he wanted to hear was not going to be enough. He wanted her to mean it, and if he wasn't convinced, he might very well leave her in this vertical coffin until he was!

Now becoming increasingly desperate to get out, Charlotte tried to rehearse how she might be able to pull off this illusion. The fact that Thomas was clearly a nutjob meant she might be able to persuade him that her feelings were genuine, but she had already made her task that much more difficult when she had confirmed to him that she loved her husband—and had stupidly goaded him

by telling him that *it could never be any other way*. Now she dearly needed to persuade him that she had changed her mind!

So she stood in silence in the gathering darkness, trying to harness her slowly unraveling mind to find a way of sounding believable when he finally returned—and she really wanted to talk with him now.

She leaned forward and wrapped her lips around the feeding tube, sucking in the chocolate milk that mysteriously both sated her appetite and quenched her thirst. After her initial reservations, she had sucked on that tube more times than she had intended, and even though the sweet milk was making her feel a little queasy, she couldn't seem to stop herself. But there was something else going on with her body that was even more worrying—as her erect nipples jabbed against the cell door, she realized she was feeling extremely horny!

“Tell us about your red panties,” Thomas said.

From behind the locked door, Charlotte's voice said, “Red panties?”

“Surely you remember—that pair I jerked off into?”

There was a silence from within the standing cell.

“Of course she does,” Luke said. “She was so outraged, she went to campus security.”

“And we nearly got into serious trouble for that!” Thomas said.

“We're lucky she decided not to press charges,” Luke said.

“Indeed,” said Thomas. “And why didn't you press charges, Charlotte?”

“I-I didn't want any trouble,” Charlotte said.

“But you knew it was me who left you the sticky deposit,” Thomas chuckled. “Your stalker. You got me banned from the student dorms and I was given an official warning by the campus security officer. I could have been expelled.”

“I just wanted it all to go away,” Charlotte said wearily.

“But you did tell your boyfriend, and he came to see me—along with a few of his musclebound friends.”

“He was only trying to protect me,” Charlotte said. “You'd gone too far. You broke into my room!”

“Broke in? I thought you wanted me to go and see you,” Thomas said.

“How did I make you think that?” Charlotte said.

“Oh, come on. All those suggestive glances you sent my way in political science class? The provocative way you used to dress in those tight jeans? You were leading me on from the very beginning.”

There was another silence from behind the standing cell door, then Charlotte said, “Thomas, I am very sorry if you thought that I was teasing you in some way—that really wasn't my intention at all. Now I understand the hurt I must have put you through. If there is any way I can make it up to you now, I will!”

“Yes, you already tried that approach—offering to fuck me like a whore. But as I said before, as much as I still desire your beautiful body, taking you like that would be meaningless to me.”

“Then—what do you want from me?” Charlotte said.

“The truth,” said Thomas. “I want you to admit the truth.”

“But I've already told you the truth,” Charlotte said weakly.

“Oh, I don't believe we've even scratched the surface yet,” Thomas said. “Let's talk about those red panties again. I left them on your bed along with a single red rose—how did you feel when you saw my gifts to you?”

“I-I was afraid,” Charlotte said.

“Because I had been in your room?”

“Yes.”

“And I had been through your underwear drawers?”

“Yes.”

“When you saw what I’d done, were you disgusted?”

“Yes!”

“And maybe a little excited?”

“No!”

“Did you try them on?”

“Of course not!”

“But you picked them up, right?”

“Yes,” Charlotte whined.

“And you saw what I’d left in there for you?”

“Yes.”

“Did you sniff it?”

“No,” Charlotte groaned.

“You weren’t even a little curious?”

“No.”

“Hmm,” Thomas winked at Luke. “I can see there is still much work to be done here.”

“Luke, could you please replace Charlotte’s feeding bag? We’re going to have to resume this conversation tomorrow.”

“Oh no, please!” Charlotte whined. “I’m really uncomfortable in here! Can’t I come outside and talk to you about this?”

“I’m afraid not,” said Thomas. “I want you to spend the night thinking about your cum-soaked panties—and contemplating how you really feel about me.”

He watched Luke attach a new bag to the dispenser. Although it tasted like regular chocolate, this special milk had been enhanced with additives that would sustain Charlotte through the long hours of the night. Thomas was pleased to see that Charlotte had already consumed the entire contents of the first bag during the afternoon, although this came as no surprise because the milk was also laced with a highly addictive aphrodisiac!

During the long and lonely hours ahead, poor Charlotte would find herself sucking on that feeding tube with increasing frequency as her mind relentlessly drifted toward thoughts of a sexual nature. If she wasn’t already, Charlotte would soon become extremely wet between the legs—although within the confined space of the standing cell, touching herself would be out of the question.

This was just the beginning of Thomas’s devious little plan. Over the next two weeks, while Peter Blanchard was in the early stages of his relentless physical decline, Charlotte on the other hand, would be kept in a state of increasing sexual arousal!

“We’re going to leave you now, Charlotte,” Thomas said. “But first I’m going to give you a little gift which may help you reconcile your conflicting emotions toward me.”

He unwrapped the red panties from around his cock and then went over to the standing cell.

“You may find this difficult to believe,” he said. “But even after the humiliation of having the *evidence* of my so-called crime stuffed into my mouth, I decided to keep them.”

He slid the small hatch open and held up the incriminating panties.

“Remember these?”

Inside the cell, Charlotte’s eyes widened and she gasped.

“Yes, that’s right. They’re yours. The very same ones. A souvenir to remind me of your sweet sex through all these lonely years,” Thomas said. “Of course, my original ejaculate dried and crusted off years ago—but don’t worry my dear, I shot you a fresh load!”

He placed the panties on the little shelf inside the hatch, right in front of Charlotte’s nose.

“This might help you to remember how you really feel about me,” Thomas said. “You will have no choice but to inhale my masculine essence all night long—but if you prefer, you can stick out your tongue and taste it.”

Charlotte gagged and stared in horror at her very own panties from college, right there in front of her face!

“Please, Thomas, I’m begging you—let me out!”

“Oh, I will eventually. Once you admit the truth.”

He slid the hatch shut and tucked his cock back into his pants.

“Good night, Charlotte. Sweet dreams!”

Chapter Seven

No, I mustn't! My stomach is full! The chocolate is making me feel sick! I have to stop!
Charlotte said to herself.

Yes, but it makes you feel so good! It eases the aching in your calves and thighs, and it makes you feel so warm and tingly! she replied.

Charlotte tried to resist but it was so easy to drink the sweet nectar. That was the cruelest part of it. The feeding tube was an inch away from her lips. Just a slight tilt of the neck and she could draw in a bit more milk and then she would feel a little less desperate, a little more comfortable.

But drinking from the tube also meant inhaling his revolting, briny stink through her nostrils. His seed, soaking into her panties that she had all but forgotten about over the years since college. Almost but not quite. Because Charlotte had never quite been able to eradicate the memories of the ever-present shadow of him—that wasn't the kind of thing a girl was ever going to completely forget. Yet as her years of contented marriage had gone by, the background anxiety had faded and he had become a distant memory—an unpleasant, but concluded, episode in her life. And life with Peter had been good until the pandemic had changed everything.

And now Thomas Mosley was suddenly back in her life with a vengeance, no longer a pitiful stalker but a dominant power who could literally decide whether she ever saw Peter again. And he had made it abundantly clear that the only way that was going to happen was for Charlotte to convince Thomas that she really loved him—and not Peter.

But he had also told her that just saying she loved him wasn't going to work. He wanted her to make him *believe* it! How in the hell was she going to manage that when she despised the despicable man?

Standing alone in the dark, unable to refuse the damned feeding tube, with her rock-hard nipples stabbing against the wooden cell door and her crotch perpetually moist and hot, Charlotte realized that she was going to have to become an actress. When she had offered Thomas her body before, she had emotionally held something back out of loyalty to Peter—and Thomas had picked up on it, so instead of seducing him, she had inadvertently offended him. Now she had to make up that lost ground, and as much as it galled her to do so, she was going to have to win him back. Tears sprang to Charlotte's eyes as she fully comprehended how neatly Thomas had engineered this reversal in their fabricated relationship.

But what if he had given up on her? Was she already too late? And had her reticence already sealed her husband's fate? She was suddenly overcome by a need to talk to Thomas right now, to convince him that she had made the wrong choice in college, that she had wanted Thomas all along! But he wasn't out there, most likely tucked up in his comfortable bed like any normal person would be at this time. She considered calling out to him, but she was locked in the basement, and even if she succeeded in waking him up, would she just anger him further?

It hit her hard right then how much control this one-time pathetic loser had over her. She was terrified, not so much of him, but of what he could do, and now she absolutely had to make him believe that she wanted him. But she would just have to wait until he was ready to see her. She would stand quietly in her stifling cell, naked, sweating, horny and scared, while she mentally ran through her act for whenever Thomas next decided he wanted to speak to her.

Charlotte realized that the feeding tube was again between her lips and she gulped down more of the soothing, addictive milk, and instantly felt a little calmer. There was a pleasant throb in her belly and the insides of her thighs were damp.

A tear rolled down her cheek as her mind habitually migrated toward an image of her beloved Peter, but this time she pushed it away. Right now, she needed to focus on Thomas for the sake of her marriage, for the sake of their future. Ironically, she knew she needed to forget about her husband, because tomorrow, if she gave Thomas even the slightest hint that she wasn't totally obsessed with him, he might take everything away from them.

Charlotte swallowed more of the intoxicating milk, and as more tears fell, she pressed her nose deep into the gusset of her red panties and deeply drew in the musky odor of Thomas's gummy semen.

Peter hadn't slept for two nights—understandable given the immense stress he was under—but he couldn't help wondering if that wasn't one of the side-effects of the chemicals that Mosley had been injecting into him. What if every horrific detail that Mosley had sadistically outlined to him was real? He looked into the mirror and was shocked at what he saw. His eyes were dark and sunken and his skin, clammy and pale. He held out his hands and noticed they were shaking. He felt weak, but then he hadn't eaten—he was afraid of what they might be adding to his food.

Why hadn't anybody come to see him? When were they going to charge him? Where the hell was Mosley? Was he just keeping Peter out of the way so that he could work on Charlotte? He tried not to torture himself by imagining what might be happening back at Mosley's house. Was Charlotte still staying with him? The images of her naked photo shoot remained firmly embedded in Peter's mind. He wanted to shake them, but he couldn't. Even worse, he kept picturing Mosley circling his wife, photographing and videoing her, studying every detail of her nude body!

And then there was Charlotte's sexy smile. That was what troubled Peter the most. But he had to keep reminding himself that she had been posing for those pictures under duress—so by extension, her smile had to be fake. Mosley had forced her to smile to make Peter think that she was willingly cheating on him. This was Mosley's mind game, to break down their mutual trust. Well that wasn't going to work as far as Peter was concerned—but what insidious little lies was Mosley telling Charlotte? How was he attempting to break her down?

Peter unzipped his fly and pointed his dick at the toilet bowl. Nothing immediately happened. He caught himself studying his limp manhood, which looked like a pathetic white slug between his fingers. Back in college Peter had once measured himself at over seven inches, fully erect. Mosley had taunted him about chemical castration and penis shrinkage—what if that was true?

Peter had always been proud of his masculinity. Beautiful women had always chased after him and dating had been effortless. As a result, he had always been socially confident and comfortable within himself, never questioning his sexual magnetism, accepting it as his natural birthright. But what if his balls really were to dissolve the way Mosley had described it? What if his cock did shrink to the size of a pea? What a crushing effect that would have on his self-confidence! And if the unthinkable really did happen, how would Charlotte react? Their passionate sex life would be over—would that spell the beginning of the end of their marriage?

Charlotte had sexual needs like any young woman. If Peter was no longer able to satisfy her, no matter how much she loved him, surely she would eventually seek male attention elsewhere. Peter had always regarded himself as an alpha male, comfortably up there in the top one percent, but minus his sex organs he would no longer be a man of any description. Even a sad and lonely freak like Mosley would be a more viable proposition to a healthy young woman. Peter would plummet from being one of the best options in the mating game to not being a part of it at all!

The very thought of that chilled him to the bone—surely it would be better to be dead. He slipped his fingers inside his shorts and cupped his balls. Everything felt normal—for now at least. He took several deep breaths and ran his hands through his hair. He had to stay calm and keep his wits about him. He was ten times the man Mosley was—even with the apparent threat of this toxic drug. No more despairing thoughts of suicide. Faith was the key. He had to trust Charlotte.

A weak dribble of yellow urine finally escaped from his urethra and he looked down at his hands—there were several strands of his hair stuck to his fingers.

“Did you have a good night in there?” Thomas said to the tall, wooden door.

“Yes, thank you, Thomas,” Charlotte’s voice replied.

Thomas exchanged a glance with Luke—she sounded surprisingly docile.

“Were you comfortable?” Thomas said.

After a pause, Charlotte said, “Yes, thank you.”

“I’m surprised,” said Thomas. “Standing in there for hours on end.”

“The milk helped,” said Charlotte. “Thank you for my milk.”

“You’re very welcome,” Thomas said. “Did you sleep at all?”

“No,” Charlotte said.

“So you spent the night just standing there and thinking.”

“Yes, I did a lot of thinking,” Charlotte said.

“And what were you thinking about, Charlotte?”

A little sigh, and then, “I’ve been thinking about you, Thomas.”

“Me? What about me?”

“I-I’ve missed you.”

“Really? I’m flattered. But I don’t quite understand. Yesterday, all you could think about was the welfare of your husband. Aren’t you worried about him anymore?” Thomas said.

“I-I don’t want him to come to any harm, and of course I care about him, but after seeing you again—I’ve had time to think about things.”

Thomas nodded at Luke who turned on the camcorder.

“And what conclusion have you come to?” Thomas said.

Another deep sigh from the standing cell.

“That—I’ve always been attracted to you, Thomas.”

“But that’s not what you told me yesterday.”

“That’s because I didn’t want to admit the truth,” Charlotte said. “I was lying to myself, lying to Peter—and to you.”

Thomas said, “I find this turnaround a little difficult to believe. Are you just saying this so I’ll let you out of the standing cell?”

“No!” Charlotte said quickly. “After you left me last night, I was thinking about Peter a lot. I admit I am worried about him—he is my husband after all. But during the night, I started to think about our college days and about all that attention you gave me.”

“You mean, like when you called campus security?” Thomas said.

“I-I was frightened. But not of you, Thomas. I was afraid of my own feelings!”

“So let me get this straight,” Thomas said. “You really *did* want me to chase you, but you were playing hard to get?”

“I was confused!” Charlotte said. “I was in love with Peter, but then you came along and everything changed. I didn’t know what to do!”

“But you did, Charlotte. You married Peter. And only yesterday, you told me that you still love him.”

“Because I was afraid you were going to show the film to Peter—I didn’t want to hurt him!”

“But today you are willing to take that risk. What’s changed since yesterday?”

“I told you, I’ve had time to think. Old feelings have resurfaced.”

“What kind of feelings?” Thomas said.

“Sexual feelings,” Charlotte said softly.

“Wow! Now I’m totally flattered! Especially since you already have Peter. He’s handsome and athletic and witty, and I’m just a *rat-faced weirdo*—if I remember one of your social media comments correctly. How could I even compare to the amazing Peter Blanchard?”

“I-It’s not always about looks,” Charlotte stammered. “You have an aura about you—that’s why I was so afraid.”

“An aura. Like a scent, you mean?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me truthfully now, Charlotte,” Thomas said. “Have you been sniffing those panties during the night?”

A stifled sob emanated from the standing cell.

“Yes,” Charlotte said.

“So you’ve been smelling my sperm?”

“Yes,” Charlotte sniffled.

“You naughty girl!” Thomas said. “For how long?”

Charlotte hesitated, then said, “All night long, Thomas.”

“And how did that make you feel?” Thomas said.

Another little sob, then, “Horny, Thomas. Horny for you!”

Chapter Eight

He doesn't believe me! How could he? I sounded like a lying little whore!

"And the whiff of my cum has turned you into a bitch in heat, has it?" Thomas said.

Charlotte sniffed and wished she could wipe her eyes—if he let her out now, she had to look aroused, not upset!

"Oh yes, Thomas!"

"Did you taste it?"

"Yes!" Charlotte lied.

"And are you hungry for more?"

Charlotte hesitated. She knew it had all been leading up to this, but now that the moment had arrived, the words stuck in her throat. She thought of Peter rotting in a little cell, and she took a deep breath.

"Yes, Thomas! I want to swallow your cum!"

"I don't know," Thomas said. "This could just be a little trick so you can get out of there."

"It's not a trick! I really want to suck your cock!" Charlotte cried.

"Do you really mean that?" Thomas said. "Maybe I should let you stay in there another night to think about it some more."

Panic twisted Charlotte's stomach.

Dear God, no! I couldn't cope with another night in here!

"Please, Thomas! I'm begging you! Let me suck your cock! I want to drink your sperm!"

Without warning, the door swung open and Charlotte squinted into the light to see Luke grinning at her, his eyes roaming up and down her naked body.

He stepped aside and said, "Out you come, you naughty girl!"

Charlotte stepped into the basement, resisting the natural urge to cover herself, and blinked away her residual tears. Thomas was sitting on a chair with a drink in his hand. He was dressed in a white shirt and casual slacks, and Charlotte could see from here that he was aroused. To one side of him was the camcorder. Neither of the men spoke, and Charlotte realized that her performance had only just started. While she had been locked in the standing cell, it had just been words—now she had to follow them up with action! All night long she had been rehearsing this moment in her mind, but now her legs felt like wooden sticks as she walked across the basement.

Think of Peter. You've come this far. Pretend that you are somebody else and give this pig what he wants. Let him think he has won. Put on a show—because that is all it will be!

Feeling sick to her stomach, Charlotte tried to ignore the camcorder as she lowered herself to her knees in front of Thomas. She forced herself to look up into his eyes and gave him what she hoped was an expression of desire as she placed her hand over the bulge in his pants. Thomas parted his lips and sighed as she massaged his crotch, but when she pulled down his fly, Thomas unexpectedly swatted her hand away.

"What do you think you are doing?"

Stunned, Charlotte rocked back on her heels.

Wasn't this what he wanted?

"I-I want to suck your cock, Thomas," she said uncertainly.

"Yes," Thomas said. "You mentioned that already. But what makes you think I'm going to let you do it?"

Huh? Now what?

"I am a respected captain in the Civic Police force," Thomas said. "You're not worthy of drinking my cum."

Worthy? You're the one that set this whole scene up! You want this, not me!

But even as she knelt naked before him, Charlotte understood that the truth was irrelevant. Thomas was *Res Publica* and they were living in the *new normal*—what the hell did the truth have to do with it?

With a sinking feeling, Charlotte comprehended that this little drama was all for the camera. He was going to show this to Peter at some point, and Charlotte was going to have to follow whatever script Thomas wrote for her. The injustice of it all made her want to scream! She was going to have to become Thomas's begging whore in order to save her husband—but after viewing these video clips, Peter might decide he didn't want her anymore, even though she was obviously being forced into this!

But what was she supposed to do? If she continued with this demeaning performance, she ran the risk of destroying her marriage beyond repair, but if she stopped now, then Peter would probably never see the light of day again.

With a trembling sigh, Charlotte said, "Please Thomas, I'm begging you. Let me take your penis into my mouth!"

But apparently Thomas was not about to let her off the hook that easily.

"Why? Doesn't your husband allow you to suck his?"

Here it was. The crunch point. The moment that Charlotte had been dreading all night and from which she knew there could be no return.

"H-He does, but—"

"But what?"

"But I don't enjoy it," Charlotte said, feeling the camcorder lens burning into her.

Thomas chuckled contentedly.

Yes, he is definitely going to show this to Peter!

"Why don't you enjoy it, Charlotte? Tell the camera," Thomas said.

"B-Because it's—too small," Charlotte said weakly.

"You're saying that Peter Blanchard has got a small cock?"

"Yes," Charlotte sniffed miserably. "And he doesn't produce much—"

"Much what?"

"Much sperm," Charlotte mumbled.

"I'm sorry, I don't think Peter will be able to hear that," Thomas said.

"My husband doesn't produce much semen!" Charlotte shouted tearfully.

"Oh, dear!" Thomas laughed. "That might explain why you are still childless. It seems that you really did make the wrong choice in college after all! And all this time I had thought Peter was so manly!"

Charlotte hung her head. What was Peter going to think of her?

"Well, if you are so desperate to suck a civic policeman's cock, you're going to have to kiss my shoes first," Thomas said.

Oh, God! This is just getting worse and worse!

Charlotte swallowed deeply and then placed her hands on the floor, prostrating herself in front of him, and then she pressed her lips against each of his polished shoes in turn. Then she looked up and gave Thomas an imploring look. He said nothing and looked down at her with an arrogant sneer.

Charlotte knew she had to say it.

"Please may I drink your cum, Thomas? I've been dreaming about it all night long."

Thomas let out a theatrical sigh.

"Well, if your husband isn't man enough, I suppose I could oblige."

Choking back tears of shame, Charlotte pulled down Thomas's zipper, fished around inside his underpants, and released his erect cock. He wasn't anywhere near as big as Peter—which she recalled from that unpleasant locker room incident in college—but she made a show of gazing at it hungrily, knowing that was expected of her, and after a moment's hesitation, she poked out her tongue and began to lick up and down his shaft.

Thomas watched with unbridled joy as Charlotte worked her tongue busily up and down his shaft, slathering it with her saliva before wrapping her lush lips around his cockhead. Clearly she had done this before! The once unobtainable Charlotte Dray was giving Thomas Mosley a porn star blow job on camera!

Dray, not Blanchard.

Because that marriage was already over, even if the loving couple didn't yet know it. After all, what possible chance could it have after their enforced separation was finally over? Peter would be a shell of his former self and Charlotte, for all her noble qualities, would leave this house tormented by relentless sexual cravings. A red-hot nympho living with a frustrated, impotent, invalid—theirs had been a marriage made in heaven, but it would end in a miserable hell of deceit and recrimination.

Thomas couldn't wait to show Peter this video. His loyal wife sucking on Captain Mosley's stiff cock! Peter was likely clinging to the hope that the debilitating drug Thomas had been injecting into him was not real, but by now, he would already have experienced a few worrying side effects—not least his flaccid penis! Peter didn't know it yet but he had already experienced the last erection of his life! The aggressive drug would already be gnawing away at his testes, eliminating his testosterone production, and steadily shriveling his balls away to nonexistence. No matter what happened after this, Peter Blanchard would never have sexual intercourse with Charlotte—or any woman—ever again!

Thomas placed his hands on the back of Charlotte's head and pushed down so that his cockhead touched the back of her throat. She gagged and slapped her palms frantically against his thighs, but he held her there for a few seconds before letting her up for air. She looked up at him, gasping, eyes watering, drool hanging from her lips. He gave her a moment to catch her breath and then yanked her back down by her hair, regulating her rhythm until she got the message and bobbed quickly up and down on his cock.

It was a sight to behold—and all of it captured on film for prosperity! The one and only other time that Charlotte had seen Thomas's penis had been back in college under very different circumstances—a devastating episode in Thomas's life that had haunted him ever since. But now that ghost was finally being exorcised, and when he played this footage back to Peter, when the arrogant prick saw for himself how enthusiastically his wife was performing fellatio on Thomas Mosley, retribution would be complete!

Well, not entirely. Because turning Charlotte into his personal sex-crazed slut was only one half of the equation—the other was to completely emasculate Peter Blanchard. Only when he was crushed physically, mentally and emotionally, in the heartbreaking knowledge that Charlotte was a helpless slave to Thomas's cock, then the best man would have finally won!

The sweet sensation of Charlotte's hot and wet oral ministrations quickly brought Thomas to climax and he grabbed a handful of her hair as he emptied his load into her mouth with a long, loud groan. Charlotte emitted a muffled squeal and snorted through her nostrils, and when he let her up, Thomas said, "Open your mouth and show the camera."

With watery eyes, Charlotte parted her lips and displayed his gluey deposit pooling on her tongue.

"Luke, fetch Charlotte's panties, please!" Thomas said.

Luke went to the open door of the standing cell and picked up the skimpy red underwear and laid it out on the table.

Thomas looked down at Charlotte, still kneeling between his legs, her eyes filled with shame, her cheeks flushed, her wide-open mouth filled with cum.

"Now I'm going to give you a choice, Mrs. Blanchard," Thomas said. "You may swallow my nectar—or you can spit it into your panties. The choice is entirely yours."

Charlotte glanced anxiously at the camcorder, aware that Peter would be watching this at some point. Then she rose unsteadily to her feet, leaned over the table, and allowed Thomas's semen to drip into the gusset of her panties.

“An interesting choice,” Thomas said. “Only a few minutes ago, you were begging to drink my cum!”

Charlotte gave him a reproachful look as her cheeks turned a deeper shade of red.

“But there is still some of my precious seed around your mouth,” Thomas said. “You may ingest it if you wish.”

Charlotte coughed and then ran her tongue around her lips, and Thomas watched her throat muscles spasm as she swallowed his residual jism. Despite her claims to the contrary, it was clear from the look of disgust in her eyes that she hadn’t enjoyed the experience one bit!

“And now I want you to put your panties on,” Thomas said.

Charlotte looked at him, aghast, but then she reluctantly picked up the wet panties and stepped into them. Thomas watched her pull them up her slender calves and shapely thighs until the sticky gusset was snuggled up against her vulva.

“Very good, Charlotte,” Thomas said. “Now would you kindly put me away?”

Charlotte dropped to her knees and took hold of Thomas’s semi-flaccid member.

“Clean it first,” Thomas said.

Charlotte grimaced as she pulled back Thomas’s foreskin and then began to lap away at his swollen glans until it was covered with her saliva, and then she tucked his cock inside his underpants and zipped him up.

“Not a bad performance, Charlotte,” Thomas said. “Room for improvement, but I’m sure you’ll get better with practice.”

Charlotte’s eyes darted toward the camcorder as she registered the implications of Thomas’s words—this wasn’t going to be a one-time event.

“Back up on your feet, young lady,” Thomas said. “Give me a twirl so I can have a good look at those sexy panties!”

Charlotte swiveled around, showing him her lovely round ass, the thin red band of material bisecting her buttocks, and then she completed her rotation, keeping her hands at her sides, looking splendid in nothing but her college underwear!

“Now before I put you back into your cell, do you have anything to say to me?” Thomas said.

Charlotte’s face fell.

“M-May I sleep on the bed tonight?”

“I don’t think you’re ready yet,” Thomas said. “Maybe tomorrow if you show more passion and enthusiasm.”

Charlotte was unable to suppress a little sob of disappointment, but she didn’t protest.

“Now Charlotte, what do you have to say to the camera?”

Charlotte chewed her lip, and then facing the camcorder, she said, “Thank you, Thomas—for letting me suck your cock!”

Chapter Nine

It settled into a sordid routine after that—each time they let her out of the standing cell, she had to beg to suck him, kneeling between his legs as he leaned back in the chair naked from the waist down so that she could spend time licking his balls and then become intimately familiar with every ridge, stipple and vein of his shaft. It was all designed to entrench the idea that Charlotte was besotted with Thomas's penis.

Then today they had finally gone the whole way, Thomas telling her to undress him completely and then guiding her up onto the bed as if they were willing lovers. At his prompting, Charlotte had licked and kissed him all over, starting with his mouth, then down to his nipples and armpits, his belly button, his cock and balls, and then to her disgust, further down, French-kissing his hairy asshole! Then she rode on top of him, playing with her own nipples, making a show of it for the ever-present camcorder—for Peter—and although it was tearing her up inside she found the sex far easier than she had anticipated. It wasn't because she was learning to find him attractive—she never had and she never would—but over the past few days her body had become so sexually supercharged that during the long, lonely nights in the standing cell, it had become increasingly difficult to think of anything other than raw, crude sex. And the most heart wrenching part was that every time she tried to imagine loving her dear, sweet, Peter, all she could see in her mind were the rat-faced features of her new master—Captain Thomas Mosley.

There could only be one cause for this mental depravity—the chocolate milk, always available, on tap, right in front of her lips, hour after hour. And although she had figured out what it was doing to her, she simply couldn't stop drinking it!

And so now she stood in the half-darkness, thinking her dirty thoughts and waiting with gathering impatience for her next release when she would perform for her master with the forlorn hope of convincing him that she truly thrived off their sweaty mating sessions—and maybe earn just a bit of extra time outside the cramped confines of the dreaded standing cell.

She was stretching her calves and willing herself not to take yet another sip from the feeding tube when she heard the basement door open. She hadn't been expecting another visit tonight, having already spent a good hour on the bed with Thomas earlier. She listened to heavy boots clumping on the floor and the sound of a drink being poured. She waited for her visitor to speak. Could it be Luke? Although he hadn't yet laid a finger on her, he had been present for all of her sexual performances with Thomas, making sure that the camcorder was in the right position to catch every lurid detail. His voyeuristic presence was a constant source of embarrassment for her of course, although there was something about his manner that had suggested that he might be gay. But maybe she had misread him and he had just been waiting for an opportunity to get her on his own.

Her pulse quickened as she waited for her mystery caller to say something, but the basement was as deathly silent as ever. What was this? A new game? Was she supposed to say something?

She instinctively sucked on the feeding tube and the small electric pump whirred into life above her head. Outside in the basement, someone chuckled.

"Hello?" Charlotte called out.

"I see you are still enjoying your milk," Thomas Mosley said.

To her chagrin, Charlotte realized that she was relieved to hear his voice—and she immediately hated herself for it. Was that what this was? Some kind of conditioning experiment? Was she being trained to respond enthusiastically to the sound of her master's voice like a laboratory animal? If so, it seemed to be working. Because as much as she abhorred her sexual contact with him, Charlotte had to admit that anything was preferable to standing for hours on end in this vertical, claustrophobic chamber, and after—what was it, four, five days?—the relentless boredom and discomfort had become soul-crushing. And on top of all that, there was the shameful promise of sexual relief. Locked in the dark with nothing to do but think, her mind was continuously flooded with graphic sexual images of him, and try as she might, she had been simply unable to shake them. How could it be possible to both hate and need a man with such equal intensity?

“You’re probably wondering how long you can survive on chocolate milk,” Thomas said. “But that is just the artificial flavoring I chose for your liquid meals—you once seemed to find chocolate milk rather amusing, as I recall.”

Charlotte cringed inside. Why hadn’t she made the connection? Now she saw him again, down on one knee in the college hallway, covered in the spilled chocolate milk with everybody laughing at him—including Charlotte. She hadn’t meant any harm back then, but now she understood just how fragile this man’s ego was. Life had gone on since college, but in his deranged mind, Thomas had never left. Every encounter, rejection and humiliation, as fresh in his thoughts now as they had been eight years prior—and now he was in a position to set the record straight.

But hadn’t he done that already? He had collected hours of compromising video footage of her begging and sucking him, and no doubt Peter had been forced to watch every second of it. For all Charlotte knew, her marriage might already have been destroyed beyond repair. Thomas had won hadn’t he? What more did he want?

Thomas poured himself another whiskey, and said, “But don’t worry, you can drink as much of it as you want without putting on weight. This artificial beverage is filled with nutritious proteins, vitamins and minerals that will keep you healthy and sustained for as long as I decide to keep you locked in there. And as well as being highly addictive, your delicious chocolate milk is laced with a powerful aphrodisiac—but we already knew all about that, didn’t we?”

Thomas took out his phone and opened the video recording of their first full-on fuck session on the bed earlier in the day. He scrolled to the climax, turned up the volume, and hit play. The basement was suddenly filled with Charlotte’s echoing screams of ecstasy.

When the clip ended, there was a long silence, and then Charlotte whispered, “Did you show it to Peter?”

Did she just mention her beloved Peter? Oh, dear, and she had been doing so well!

“As a matter of fact, I did,” Thomas said. “Up until today, he had been handling your blow job scenes with commendable restraint, all things considered. I guess he’s been reminding himself that you are being forced against your will to suck my cock—but my God, Charlotte, you can’t fake a performance like the one this afternoon, can you? Poor Peter was quite beside himself, I’m sorry to say. Rather sad to see such a self-confident man lose his composure like that—but then jealousy is such a powerful emotion, isn’t it?”

Thomas heard a muffled sob from behind the cell door, so he said, “But you don’t care what Peter thinks anymore—do you, Charlotte?”

Charlotte sniffed and then said, “No.”

“Then why are you crying?” Thomas said.

“I-I’m not crying.”

“Are you sure? I wouldn’t want to think that you have been deceiving me all week long.”

“I haven’t!” Charlotte said. “Really, I haven’t!”

“And yet you just asked me if I had shown the video to Peter. Why was that?”

“B-Because he is my husband and I don’t want to hurt him,” Charlotte said.

“Do you still love him?”

“Not the way I love you, Thomas.”

“You *love* me?”

“I, well, what I meant was—”

Thomas smiled to himself. What an intricate trap he had set for the poor woman! In order to have any hope for herself and Peter in the future, she had to make her infatuation with Thomas sound as believable as possible in the knowledge that Peter would be forced to witness her adulterous confessions on film. What a test of their true love!

And the cruelest part was that even if Peter did forgive her sexual transgressions, his body had already absorbed so much of the chemical toxin that their sex life was already a thing of the past!

“I thought that you were just obsessed with my cock,” Thomas said. “But now that you have admitted you are in love with me—well that really complicates things. How will you possibly explain that to Peter after the two of you are released?”

Thomas waited with interest as Charlotte carefully formulated her response. Undoubtedly, the only reason that she had managed to get through her ordeal this far was the thought of being reunited with her darling husband—and she obviously had no intention of ever seeing Thomas again if she could avoid it. But their release was still a week away and she surely dared not risk jeopardizing everything at this stage after the sacrifices she had already made.

“Maybe we could see each other secretly on weekends?” she said.

Thomas said, “Ah! You mean like a clandestine love affair! The prize-winning journalist’s beautiful, but bored, wife, sneaking off once a week for a bit of hard cock from the police captain! Just like a romance novel! I could see how that might work for you, Charlotte, but what about my feelings? You already know how much I care about you, and you have just declared that you feel the same way about me. It would surely be unbearable for the both of us to be separated for a week at a time, snatching just a few hours of passionate love together, while you go through the motions of a loveless marriage.”

“But that would just be at the beginning!” Charlotte said frantically. “Until I can find a way to let Peter down gently.”

“You mean you would divorce him for me?” Thomas grinned.

Now there was a long pause from within the standing cell as Charlotte realized that she had been cornered. But she was after all a woman, and therefore quite capable of saying anything to get herself out of a fix.

And she did.

“Yes, Thomas. I’ll divorce Peter—as soon as the time is right.”

Thomas drained his glass and filled it again. He was thoroughly enjoying this!

“You promise?”

“I promise!”

“You are in love with me, and only me?”

“I only love you, Thomas!”

Thomas said, “If I unlock the door and let you out, would you be willing to say that to the camera? To Peter?”

He waited for her response. The moment of truth.

“Yes,” Charlotte said in a choking voice.

“Very well, then.”

Thomas knocked back his third drink and turned on the camcorder. Then he crossed the basement, unlocked the door, and pulled it open. Charlotte looked up at him, sweaty, musky, and smelling of chocolate milk. Her cheeks were rosy, her eyes alight, her nipples erect, and her pussy lips inflamed as the aphrodisiac pumped through her veins.

He offered her his hand and Charlotte hesitatingly took it as he led her over to the camcorder. Thomas sat in his chair and said, “You know what to do by now.”

She most certainly did, and she deftly freed his erect cock.

“Now sit on my lap, facing the camera—and impale yourself,” Thomas said huskily.

Charlotte turned around and reached between her open legs to grip his shaft and guide it into her wet cunt. Thomas slipped his hands under her arms and toyed with her nipples as he rested his chin on her shoulder and they both looked up at the camera.

“The stage is all yours,” Thomas said.

Chapter Ten

There were three of them, big, muscular football jocks. They pushed him into the girls' locker room, roughed him up a little first. He knew who they were—Jadon, Richie, and Wesley. Dumb fucks, but he was helpless to stop them as they stripped him naked.

"Time for you to stop following Charlotte, dick weed!" Jadon said.

They tied his wrists to coat pegs and taped a mop to his ankles keeping his legs spread wide.

"Dude! Is that it?" Richie laughed. "Hey Charlotte, you've got nothing to worry about here!"

Through his terror, Thomas looked around for her. Was she in here watching this?

Richie flicked Thomas's limp dick with his thumb.

"Nothing happening down there at all! A two-inch weener!"

Wesley held up Charlotte's red panties.

"See these? Charlotte doesn't want them anymore. Not after you soiled them with your pathetic mess! So you get to keep them, loser!"

Richie squeezed Thomas's cheeks, forcing his jaw open, and then Wesley pushed the panties into his mouth. Jadon had a roll of duct tape and he wound it around Thomas's head, gagging him and keeping Charlotte's panties securely jammed in his throat.

"Now, I want you to remember this while you suck on her panties," Jadon said. "You will never, ever go near Charlotte Dray again. Forget about being reported to campus security. If you even walk in the same corridor as her, we will find out, and next time it won't be this easy."

He reached down and grabbed Thomas's balls, making him cry out through his pantie gag.

"Because we will cut off your dick and your balls," Richie said. "Then Charlotte won't ever have to worry about you again. Are we clear?"

Jadon squeezed and Thomas squealed and nodded.

"Good," Wesley said. "Now this is to make sure you don't forget."

They wrote on him with indelible markers. Freak. Weirdo. Stalker. Loser. An arrow on his belly pointing to his crotch with the word masturbator.

Then they took photos.

"This was the easy lesson," Richie said. "You don't want the hard one."

The bullies stood back and that was when Thomas saw Peter and Charlotte in the doorway, holding onto each other, not laughing or sneering, just watching from afar like they were afraid of him. And when Thomas pissed himself with embarrassment, Charlotte averted her eyes.

Peter lay on his cot staring in horror at the video of his wife asking him for a divorce while she bounced up and down on Mosley's cock. He knew she didn't mean it. How could she? Just a week ago, everything had been fine between them. She doted on Peter, she always had. He knew that she was being forced to say these hurtful things. Mosley was a captain in the Civic Police—he could make her say or do anything he wanted. Charlotte wasn't a fool. She already knew from the college incidents that Mosley was unhinged, but a switch must have tripped in his head at some point—most likely after the sports jocks had tied him up naked in the women's locker room.

Mosley's sick obsession with Charlotte had become public knowledge around campus after that. Photographs of him, trussed up, naked and covered in graffiti, had circulated on the internet. He had become a pariah, friendless except for that other weirdo, Luke, and although Peter hadn't intended for the boys to go as far as they did, it had certainly done the trick. Charlotte hadn't heard from Mosley again—until the beginning of this terrible week, of course.

Peter rolled over and placed his hands over his ears. They hadn't provided him with a means to turn off the new video screen on the wall—no way to shut out his wife's moans of pleasure as she ground her way to orgasm. And that was the part of it that cut him like a knife. Yes, Mosley wielded

the power to compel Charlotte to behave in this deeply upsetting way, but there could be no denying the rapture on her face as she came to her shuddering climax. After so many intimate years together, Peter knew his wife very well indeed—and she definitely wasn't faking it. So as much as he tried to dismiss them, the doubts crept stealthily into his mind. What else had been going on in Mosley's house beyond these explicit sex sessions? Had he been torturing her? Gradually reshaping her mind to turn her away from Peter? He simply couldn't allow himself to contemplate that devastating possibility.

No, he had to keep faith with his wife, because for all his emotional suffering, Charlotte's ordeal was surely far worse. She was being pressurized into a sexual relationship with her stalker from college, a person she thought had been consigned to history forever—and the worst of it was she was being manipulated into chasing after him! The shame of it had to be soul-crushing for her!

Peter slowly raised up onto his elbows, keeping his eyes averted from the perpetual video loop on the screen, and reached for the water bottle on the metal nightstand. His fingers shook and his grip was weak as he spilled water down his chest. There was no point in ignoring it any longer—his energy level was dropping fast. Even getting out of bed and staggering to the toilet took all his willpower and concentration. For the first few days of his incarceration, Peter had paced endlessly up and down his cell, focusing his energy upon his survival. What a distant memory that seemed now!

His eyes drifted back to the screen again and now Charlotte had Mosley's hard cock deep in her throat, her bulging cheeks flushed and her nose nestling in his pubic hair. Peter stared with fascinated disgust. If they were ever reunited, could he ever bring himself to kiss those soft lips again without picturing Mosley's erect penis jammed between them?

Peter watched Charlotte pulling away and gasping for breath, with a line of drool connecting her velvety lips to Mosley's glistening cockhead. And as he gazed with begrudging envy at the pervert's engorged sex organ, Peter slipped his hand inside his shorts and began to tug forlornly away at his own flaccid member—not for pleasure, but just to find out if he could still get it up. Miserably, he had already anticipated the answer to that, and after a few minutes of futile stroking, he gave up with a frustrated sob.

It was useless—and so was he!

On screen, in sharp focus, Mosley ejaculated onto Charlotte's outstretched tongue. She turned and displayed his creamy jism to the camera and then she closed her mouth and swallowed, with a glazed look of euphoria in her eyes.

Charlotte thought she might finally be going insane. She was starting to hallucinate and hear voices, and it had taken her a while to realize that one of those voices was her own as she mumbled to herself in the darkness. She had totally lost track of time. She vaguely recalled Mosley telling her that she would be his guest for two weeks, but whether that time had passed or not, she had no clue. Maybe he had changed his mind and decided to keep her here forever, naked, alone, and perpetually horny, just letting her out from time to time to satisfy his lust—as well as her own.

She imagined still being down here when she reached her thirties, or even her forties—would he still be sexually interested in her then? Outside, up there in the real world, people would go about their lives as usual. Students would graduate and find jobs, teenagers would pair off and get married and have children, the seasons would come and go, Christmases and New Year's would be celebrated, there would be world events and catastrophes, maybe even another virus outbreak and a counter revolution. But would Charlotte ever know? What if Mosley had to make a run for it without telling anybody that he had a naked woman locked in his basement? Would she starve to death in here? Who would come looking for her?

Her devoted husband would, of course. Or would he? Perhaps, after watching so many of her vulgar performances with Mosley, Peter had fallen out of love with her. He might declare legal abandonment and find a new wife—one that wasn't a cocksucking whore.

Perhaps it would be better for the both of them if she remained in this vertical, ready-made coffin. Peter could rebuild his life while she stood perfectly still in the silent darkness. All she needed was her milk, anyway. And if she was a good girl, if she begged the way he liked it, Mosley might unlock the door and allow her to use his pale and skinny body for her carnal pleasure. The thought of his stiff cock made her gulp hungrily, the taste of his cum permanently in the back of her throat. The next instant she was sucking on the feeding tube and rubbing her hard nipples up and down against the cell door, listening intently for any indication that he might be coming to see her so she wouldn't have to endure another moment alone.

So very alone.

Charlotte was on her knees on the bed, her face pressed sideways into the mattress, her hands behind her, pulling her butt cheeks apart, offering Thomas her cute little brown asshole. He hadn't invaded that orifice yet. Luke had the camcorder in position and Thomas had his cock in his hand. One last show for Peter Blanchard. Then the next part of the experiment would begin.

He touched his cockhead against Charlotte's anus and her shoulders tensed.

"Is this your first time?" Thomas asked.

"Yes," Charlotte said softly.

"After all your years of marriage, I'm surprised," Thomas said. "I mean even with a hot bitch like yourself, the same old stuff must get boring after a while."

Thomas stroked his cock up and down the open cleft of Charlotte's ass.

"Was it a mutual decision, or did you draw the line at anal?" Thomas said.

"P-Peter never asked for it," Charlotte mumbled.

"Seriously?" Thomas said, turning to the camera. "What a wimp you are, Peter! Although I suppose you prefer to think of yourself as a gentleman."

Thomas pressed his thumb against Charlotte's anal opening and began to slowly rotate it.

"Yet you engaged in oral sex," Thomas said.

"Y-Yes!" Charlotte gasped as Thomas worked his thumb into her asshole.

"Both ways?"

"Ugh! Y-Yes, Thomas!"

His thumb was all the way inside her now, and he slowly worked it around inside her rectum.

"Which way did you prefer?"

"W-What?"

"Did Peter give as good a plating as you do blow jobs?"

"I-I don't know!" Charlotte moaned.

Thomas removed his thumb.

"Well, did he make you come?"

Even in her agitated state, Charlotte must have realized that it was a loaded question.

"No," she whimpered.

Thomas poised the end of his dick over her puckered opening.

"Look at the camera," Thomas said. "Tell your husband how incompetent he is."

Charlotte wriggled around so that she was facing the camera.

"Y-You never made me come, Peter!" she sniffed. "I faked it every time."

Thomas edged his glans inside her sphincter.

“Do you fake it with me?” he said.

“N-No!” Charlotte whined.

Thomas pushed his cockhead deeper inside her and slapped her on the right buttock.

“Tell Peter!”

“Agh! Thomas always makes me come!”

Thomas leaned forward a couple more inches.

“Do you want me to come inside your ass?” Thomas said.

“Yes please, Thomas!”

“Then beg, bitch!”

“P-Please come inside my asshole, Thomas!”

Thomas pushed all the way in, and Charlotte shrieked out loud.

“How does that feel?” Thomas said.

“W-Wonderful!” Charlotte wailed.

“Now, work with me,” Thomas said. “Show your husband how much you love to be butt fucked!”

Charlotte dutifully obeyed, matching Thomas’s rhythm and squeezing her sphincter muscle so tightly around his shaft that it only took a couple of minutes for him to spurt inside her.

“What do you have to say, Charlotte?” Thomas panted.

“Thank you for my first anal!” Charlotte breathed.

He pulled out and watched her dilated anus pulsing as his cum trickled down to her puffy cunt lips.

After catching his breath, Thomas said, “Now I have some good news for you—today you get to go home.”

Chapter Eleven

Charlotte tried to hide her shock when the guards brought Peter out. He had aged over thirty years! His hair was gray and he was going bald, his face was pale and wrinkled, and his eyes looked dull and colorless! But he didn't just look old—he looked ill. His eyes were sunk back into his skull, his lips were purple, and he had to lean against the wall to support himself. As she helped him to the car, he stumbled and grimaced and she saw that two of his front teeth were missing.

My God, Peter! What has he done to you?

They drove without speaking at first, Charlotte focusing on the road and Peter gazing numbly out of the side window. There was so much to discuss and explain but neither of them knew where to start.

Finally, Charlotte broke the silence.

“He made me do it.”

“I know,” Peter said, avoiding her eyes.

“H-He told me he made you watch—all of it.”

“It's alright,” Peter said. “You had no choice.”

But they both knew that it wasn't alright and a lump rose in Charlotte's throat. That evil bastard had stolen something precious from them and it could never be replaced.

“I thought he might kill you if I didn't do as he said,” Charlotte said.

Peter let out a wheezy sigh.

“Maybe he already has,” he said.

They lapsed back into silence, like strangers searching for some common ground.

This time Peter spoke first.

“He injected it into me every morning. He said that once it has a foothold in my system, it will never go away. It just gets worse.”

“We'll go to the Ocean Clinic. They have the very best specialists there,” Charlotte said.

“He told me it's irreversible,” Peter said.

“We have to hope,” Charlotte said. “We are free of him now. We'll get you fixed up, leave the city, and put this behind us.”

She reached over and squeezed his hand—it was cold and clammy.

Charlotte pulled into the underground car park and helped Peter into the elevator that took them up to their apartment. Everything was exactly as it was when she had left, and the nightmare of the past two weeks seemed almost unreal.

“Are you hungry?” Charlotte asked. “Or do you want to take a shower?”

“I want to sleep,” Peter said.

She helped him into the bedroom and pulled off his shoes and then sat and listened to his shallow, rasping breaths for a while. Then she went out to the kitchen, stripped off all of her clothes, and threw them into the trash. She stood under the shower for nearly an hour, soaping and re-soaping her body to rid herself of Thomas's odor—but of course the real cleansing needed to take place inside, and that might take years.

She tried to empty her mind but she kept seeing Thomas's face—and to her mortification, the vivid image of his erect penis. As she lathered more soap over her skin, she realized that she had slipped a finger between her labia, and she quickly withdrew it and turned the shower faucet to cold. She willed herself to calm down, but her need was too great and she couldn't stop herself from masturbating to a quick and powerful orgasm that sent her sliding down the tiles.

She buried her face in her hands and sobbed quietly. Peter wasn't the only one who had been poisoned. Charlotte knew she was going to have to draw upon all of her inner strength if she was to help her husband survive—but who was going to help her?

He already missed her terribly. And it wasn't just about the sex—although her glorious, naked body was always on his mind. Thomas was in love with Charlotte. He always had been, ever since the first day he spotted her in college. Everything he had achieved since the takeover, the power, the status, the money, and the house that he had appropriated, none of it had any meaning without her.

He could always abuse his authority to pluck any desirable young woman off the street if he so chose. He could lock one in his basement, force her to perform for him and say degrading things against her will, but no matter what his perverted imagination might come up with, he knew that nobody would be able to awaken him the way Charlotte did. He thrived on the anguish in her beautiful eyes, the shameful flush of her cheeks, her sad, sweet tears, and her tormented confusion as her artificially stimulated body rebelled against her wishes.

Of course, Thomas's idea of love wasn't the *chocolates and roses* bullshit they sold you on the television commercials. His was a far more intense style of love—more of a need to possess. Thomas *wanted* Charlotte, sexually, yes, but more so, he wanted her to belong to him, to be so smothered by him that she wouldn't even glance at another man in the street. Thomas wanted to devour her—and ironically, it was this gnawing ache that had prompted him to let her go.

Sure, he had the power to keep her against her will for as long as he wanted. He could have had Peter killed while he was in detention—but that wasn't how he wanted this to play out. He had set the ball in motion, and now all he could do was wait.

As much as it pained him, he knew that Charlotte was still totally in love with Peter—even as broken and impotent as the man now was. She would no doubt do everything in her power to get her handsome and virile husband back, but alas, that could never be. It was far too late for that.

Now the question that Thomas agonized over was—would she be able to adapt? Was her love for Peter so pure that she would be willing to sacrifice the best years of her life caring for an old man as he slowly wasted away? And if she was, that brought up an even more vexing question. With her newly supercharged libido demanding several orgasms a day, would she turn to another man to satisfy her physical needs? Would she lead a double life, giving her heart to her husband and her body to a younger lover? That possibility filled Thomas with such a jealous panic that he decided he would have her put her under permanent surveillance—and any man she took up with would swiftly disappear without trace.

But even that wasn't enough for Thomas. He needed Charlotte to return to the standing cell, safely locked away from the lustful stares of other men, waiting only for Thomas as she had before. That was the future for them that he craved, but in order to appease the demons in his mind, Charlotte had to want it too.

"I have the results of your tests," the toxicologist said.

Charlotte gazed uneasily at the vast expanse of ocean outside the window. She was still struggling to adjust to wide open spaces and often found herself hankering for a small dark room to hide in for a while.

Peter sat hunched in a chair beside her. His condition had deteriorated alarmingly over the past week. He hadn't gotten out of bed, barely eaten, and it had taken all of Charlotte's powers of persuasion to finally get him to leave the apartment. She kept telling him not to give up hope, but her words seemed to be falling on deaf ears. She was already nearing the point of exhaustion herself, and tormented by her relentless craving for the chocolate milk, her nerves were almost at breaking point. With a monumental effort, she had eventually managed to get Peter to the Ocean Clinic, and now she was desperate for even the slightest bit of good news—but the somber expression on the specialist's face was far from encouraging.

He looked at them both and then said, “I will be frank—the results are not good.”

Charlotte’s heart sank.

The toxicologist continued, “It might be better if I speak to Mrs. Blanchard privately first—”

“No,” Peter said. “I want to know now.”

“Very well. According to the lab report, there is a previously unknown toxic chemical compound existing in your bloodstream. We have managed to isolate traces of some elements, such as Thallium, Strychnine, and certain neurotoxins and anaphrodisiac drugs—all of which are harmful, of course. We also detected a number of synthetic toxins which we have as yet been unable to identify. Because of this, it is difficult to establish an accurate prognosis, and without a detailed breakdown of the components—”

“You won’t get any help from the Civic Police,” Peter said. “They have a special department that manufactures evil shit like this. Its purpose is to slowly and painfully kill. The question is—how long do I have?”

The toxicologist glanced at Charlotte before replying.

“As I said, we are still studying the compound, and the more we learn about it, the better our chances of slowing the damage.”

“Slowing?” Charlotte said. “What about reversing?”

“Based on the rapid onset of Peter’s symptoms so far, we can only focus our efforts on minimalizing the effects as much as possible until we can collate further data.”

Peter sighed and said, “In plain English, Doc—how long?”

“In my estimation, it’s possible that you could last another two to four years, during which time—”

Peter interjected, “My muscles waste away, I suffer from creeping dementia, depression, incontinence, impotence, chronic fatigue—”

“But we might also find a cure in that time,” the toxicologist said.

“What are the chances of that?” said Charlotte.

“Truthfully, if we are to quickly find a way to provide Peter with a reasonable quality of life, we need access to the actual list of elements that were administered to him.”

“And that list will be securely encrypted on a computer system deep in the bowels of Civic Headquarters,” Peter said. “How in the hell are you supposed to get at that?”

Thomas stared at his phone for a long moment and then pressed send—it was in the lap of the Gods now. He’d kept his part of the bargain but there was no guarantee that she would keep hers. As soon as she forwarded the list to the clinic, they could begin analyzing the individual elements of the toxin and get to work on a remedy. It would be too late for Peter to return to his former self, but he might be able to regain enough energy to pursue some kind of a meaningful relationship with Charlotte once more. They could also quite feasibly slip out of the city and drop off the radar, and although the tentacles of the Civic Police were far reaching, there was a slim chance they might permanently evade capture.

Thomas considered that bleak possibility for a moment. He’d had her locked away in his basement to take out and play with whenever he felt like it—and then he had let her go. Why would she possibly want to come back to him? She most likely hated him more than she had back in college. Now he had given her an opportunity to both slip her leash and break his heart at the same time!

He checked his watch. Logic told him that she wouldn’t show, but he had a gut feeling that she just might. He put himself in her shoes for a moment. What if he was holding something back from her? Surely he wouldn’t be stupid enough to give her everything that she wanted all in one go?

Doubt and fear. The emotions that the Corporate Government used to control its citizens. Thomas was comfortable with the idea of Charlotte fearing him—although he would much prefer it if she actually *needed* him. But even if she didn't, there was something else that she was surely hankering for—her highly addictive chocolate milk. The poor girl would probably be climbing the walls by now!

Thomas poured another glass of whiskey and then went over to the standing cell and opened the door. He stepped inside and then pulled the door to. He stood in the gloom and inhaled her sweaty, musky scent. He closed his eyes and tried to imagine how it must feel to be locked inside here, hour after hour—

“Captain Mosley?”

Thomas snapped out of his reverie and kicked the door open.

“You have a visitor,” Luke said.

Charlotte stepped into the basement and Thomas's pulse began to race.

“Mrs. Blanchard,” Thomas said, keeping his voice level. “Shouldn't you be at home taking care of your husband?”

Maintaining eye contact with him, Charlotte silently shrugged out of her dress—she was naked underneath.

She dropped to her knees, pulled down his zipper, and freed his cock. In spite of himself, Thomas sighed as Charlotte expertly wrapped her warm lips around his shaft and teased it with her tongue. After slurping and slobbering for a minute, she pulled off and looked up at him.

“Please fuck me, Thomas! I've missed you!”

Thomas ran his thumb down her cheek and across her lips.

“Are you sure about that?” he said.

“Yes.”

“Do you need me, Charlotte?”

“Yes.”

“More than Peter?”

“Yes, I need you more than Peter.”

No hesitation in her voice this time.

Resisting an overwhelming urge to throw her onto the bed and mount her, Thomas instead fumbled around and managed to push his stiff member back inside his pants.

“Stand up,” he said.

A look of bewilderment passed across Charlotte's pretty face as she straightened up in front of him.

“I'm afraid I am busy this afternoon,” Thomas said. “But I might be able to fit you into my schedule this evening. In the meantime, you can wait here if you like.”

Charlotte looked at him for a long moment and then went over to the standing cell and stepped inside. His heart pounding, Thomas followed her and stood in front of the open door. She was back in the standing cell, stark naked, and she looked sensational!

“Until later,” he said, kissing her lightly on the lips.

He closed the door and locked it and then returned to the table and downed his glass of whiskey. Behind him, the electric pump whirred into life as Charlotte sucked on the feeding tube.

Thomas turned off the light, closed the basement door, and climbed the stairs, leaving Charlotte alone in the dark.

THE END