

## Visitors Came Calling.

by Lutheran Maid.

### About this book.

Now, he was told, you must put a lighted lamp in the window at evening time, in case the visitors come calling. Just who the visitors were Matthew could hardly credit. They were bigger and more powerful men from the history of the island on which they now lived. They came with their own insistent ways and the women of the island could not refuse them. The men of the island dare not refuse them. What overtook Matthew and Jenny when they moved to Tariskay would change them forever. The past, the one with that rat Cullum would end and another would begin. This erotic adult only (18+) story explores explicit sexual themes of cuckolding, female control and male submission within a mythical setting. It portrays a contest of culture and willpower with women at the centre.

All the characters within this novel are entirely fictional. Whilst reference is made to festivals they have been changed here entirely to enhance the drama of the story. Tariskay is a fictional island.

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### Chapter 1.

McVey was an alcoholic... that was what struck you about him. The man drank so much whisky that his veins probably ran with the stuff. He had a typical ruddy-faced complexion, a swollen nose with

broken blood vessels. The man's eyes were jaundiced, orbs of a progressively deeper yellow as the bottle took hold of him. His hands had a tremor, although I learned by and by that he was still capable of wielding a surgical blade. You see, as well as being the resident drunk on Tariskay he was also the only doctor.

McVey walked with a slight stoop. The locals explained that there had come a dark night, one where the wild Atlantic seas tried to swamp even rocky Tariskay. McVey lost his footing on the west cliff and drunk as you please half fell, half bounced, his way to the bottom. There had been several broken limbs and ribs of course, but surprisingly the man was not dead. Nor had he broken his back in the fall. No, the vertebrae had simply been crushed in several places along the length of his back so that now a walk was a scurry, that of a man of a secretive nature.

From the first I should say that McVey distrusted me. I was an incomer. What was worse was that I was an artist incomer. 'We don't need your fucking sort' he told me roundly at our first meeting, 'better that Tariskay gets people with skills'. What use was a paintbrush save to whitewash a crofter's cottage? There were plenty of colonies of 'your sort' up around Ullapool. That was on the tourist trail. Here, out here on the outlying isles, where even a boat had to dance on the waves to reach the shore, there was no real need for my kind.

After delivering his judgment McVey surveyed me. We were drinking drams before the open peat fire of the Yowe Inn. McVey was unconvinced by muses, by the notion that you had to be close to nature to paint with feeling. No... that was all so much 'shiiiite man! Don't fucking regale me with that twaddle son!'

'I suppose ye'll live here as a hermit then, hunkering down at the old Bracken croft?' He asked, once I had paid for a further double measure of his favourite Tobermory single malt.

I shook my head.

'Jenny is with me... my wife,' I said.

'A wife you say?' he said raising his bleary eyes.

'Jenny has been sponsored by her university. She's a lecturer in language and culture. She's fluent in Gaelic, and is doing a study of culture and language development. We're funded here for a year, may be two if her report pleases the university. ' I wondered whether Jenny's language credentials might soften the old man's attitude? After all, I was a soft Englishman and Jenny was a fervent Celt. There was a chance, a small chance, that she could passport us both into the community.

McVey slugged back his whisky.

'She as young as you son?' he asked me. It seemed a surprising question. There were no questions about her upbringing, nothing about whether I would now learn to speak the tongue of the Celt.

'She is twenty eight' I said, 'she has a PhD' I added, although I wasn't sure how that qualified the information about her age.

'Fine' said McVey.

I smiled. It was the first time that McVey had said something nice to me at all. I had bought the first two rounds and at last there had come a smile and 'fine. '

'What colour hair has your hen?' he asked.

I frowned at him. My hen? Ah... he meant my wife. Henwife... a woman who annually brought an offering of chickens to the clan chief or laird. Hence the fond term for a woman, hen and hence hen pecked if that woman ruled you. Jenny had once explained.

'She's auburn haired... a celt' I said.

'That's fine... that's very fine' said McVey and then the conversation was done. He shuffled off out of the bar without a by your leave. Just why McVey's questions had taken that direction I

never understood back then. All that would become clearer in the months ahead though. It would become very clear.

The next time that I met McVey was under entirely different and more dramatic circumstances. Once again we had met at the Inn. This time though McVey dropped in a brace of trout that he had caught in the loch high up amongst the peat beds and heather. It seemed that McVey traded trout for a dram or two. He acknowledged me briefly. After describing McVey to Jenny she had been eager to meet the man. He was likely to be a local source of knowledge she said. Could I arrange a meeting? Perhaps we could invite him to supper in our croft. I began to approach him, but there had come a woman to the bar who urgently drew McVey back towards the door. McVey had to follow her she demanded and I was drawn along, transfixed by the idea that my new associate could be both medic and a drunk. We hurried down the hill past several small cottages, white washed, the peat roofs netted and held down by retaining ropes and stones to guard against the storms. The young woman was crying, shaking her face into her raised hands as she ran. McVey lolloped along behind her, his medical bag in hand. What I could do to help I wasn't sure but I felt compelled to run after them. I felt I had to witness what I could for Jenny would surely require a report.

'What happened Shuhvorn?' McVey called as he accelerated down the hill. 'Fucking well tell me woman.'

Shuhvorn wouldn't or couldn't explain. She hurtled full pelt down the hill towards the tiny harbour.

It was only as she reached her own house, one that stood on the harbour itself that Shuhvorn managed to talk at all.

'He darted Angus' she said urgently to the breathless medic.

'He darted him?' McVey said astonished.

The young woman nodded.

‘Did he do as his master demanded?’ McVey asked cryptically.

The young woman started to cry. She was beside herself with anxiety and pointed to the small bedroom off the kitchen come living room. McVey and I proceeded there immediately. He didn’t seem inclined to stop me and I was simply eager to help.

In the dimly lit sleeping quarters, beside the disheveled sheets of the old brass bed, a young man dressed only in his underpants lay slumped. There was blood all down his chest and on the sheets. What stopped me dead though, dead in my tracks, was an six inch dart sticking out through the side of the man’s cheek. The thing looked like the tip of a primitive spear, bone in structure, but with multiple barbs to stop it easily being retrieved from any flesh that it tore through. It was an astonishing looking thing, about the width of a knitting needle but glistening wet. It looked as though it had been shot out through the cheek from within the mouth. It was as though a miniature crossbow had been forced in there.

McVey glanced at me. He reached down as the man sobbed.

‘OK Angus my friend... it’s OK’ McVey said.

He touched the barbs of the dart and raised his fingers to his nose. He rubbed them together against his thumb so as to acquaint himself with the scent of the thing.

‘It’s not armed Shuhvorn... it’s not armed’ he told her.

Our hostess seemed unimpressed. She pulled at McVey’s sleeve, begging him to get the thing out. She screamed that Angus might die.

McVey shook her then. He shook her hard.

‘If master wanted to kill Angus the barbs would be armed and he’d have fired it straight through the back of your husband’s throat ’ McVey said sternly. ‘He’s disciplined him... that’s all!!’

I did what I could, drawing the poor woman to me. I felt her body shaking uncontrollably.

McVey was checking the dart but he also checked the man's head as well. There were bruises about his cheekbones. The man's right and left ears were swollen and looked as though they had been whacked with a cricket bat.

Tariskay's drunken doctor had me open his Gladstone bag. Within it I found the forceps and what looked like a pair of heavy duty wire cutters. I then watched as the doctor quietened the anxious man, ordering him to keep his mouth open whilst he clamped the end of the dart inside with his forceps. It was vital McVey said that the man did not move. If he inhaled the dart then he would indeed be in trouble. Then I was required to cut the head of the dart through, being careful not to have its point spear the poor man's ear, which was perilously close.

Goodness-it was like cutting steel. I grunted with the effort of it. Sweat ran down my cheeks.

'Fucking well cut it man!' shouted McVey.

I tried again, watching the poor young woman descend into more whimpering pleas. With a mammoth effort, at last, the boney shaft relented and snapped in two right against the man's cheek where the doctor had directed.

'Good man!' said McVey, who then gingerly retrieved the other half of the dart from inside the man's mouth. Blood welled from the wound and I felt physically sick.

'Get outside and take a breath' he ordered me watching me retch. 'I'll sew Angus up and be out with you directly. '

Outside the sea still retained the mist that had come down the previous evening. It hung like a downy blanket over the indolent water. Along the shore vast kelp beds had developed, their fronds

moving idly against the gentlest of tides. I sucked down several deep breaths. Christ, that had looked terrible! The poor guy's cheek had been speared through by what looked like the most brutal of stings. If ever there were a bee that grew to the size of an albatross this was probably what its sting would look like. Just how some bastard had got the business end of a gun into the man's mouth and then pulled the trigger I didn't know. Why had he done that? In the urban sprawl of Glasgow the weapon of choice was probably a knife or a broken bottle. Here on Tariskay they evidently went for something of a more exotic kind.

I waited for McVey who seemed to take an inordinately long time to sew the man's cheek up. Perhaps the man's hands had started to shake again? Perhaps Angus had panicked and started to wriggle about as the curved suture needle came closer to his face? Whatever the matter, Angus was going to be left with a jagged two inch long scar in his right cheek where the barbs of the dart had ripped straight through.

When I looked around it wasn't McVey who emerged first but his patient. I watched as the man reached up, touching the small lint dressing that the doctor had fixed over the suture line. He looked briefly at me, shook and then hurried over to some rocks where he started to puke into a rock pool. The man was still retching when at last McVey stepped out into the morning light. I watched him try to stretch as much as his back would allow and as he did so he dropped the Gladstone bag. Quickly I stepped over to him and retrieved it from the ground.

'That was smart work!' I said. Well, it was. For a drunk McVey had acted decisively. He seemed to know exactly what to do. Perhaps the doctor's hands were too unsteady to make him a regular surgeon but in an emergency he seemed deft enough.

McVey eyed me.

'It was medical in confidence... who invited you along?' he asked irritably.

His stare was withering. McVey was back to his cynical and opinionated self.

‘So you would have got that thing out by yourself!’ I demanded, returning a sharp look of my own. ‘May be you would have had Shuhvorn hold the forceps whilst you snapped the shaft of that bloody thing? She looked pretty well equipped to assist you.’

McVey grunted. May be, may be the interloper was right? May be he had been useful in the face of an emergency.

‘Who did that to the guy? The fucker must have been toting a harpoon gun or something’ I said, remembering what I had seen them use to hunt grouper fish in a documentary a few years earlier.

‘We don’t know and we don’t ask, you ken?’ said McVey.

‘But the guy has to press charges right? He could have taken an eye out with a weapon like that!’

‘We don’t know and we don’t ask’ insisted McVey, squeezing my arm tightly.

‘Angus has got to press charges... his wife has to press charges. The guy assaulted him! You’re a witness to the injury doc!’ I demanded, my voice rising.

McVey stared into my eyes.

‘Listen son, there is no police on the island. Your man and his wife won’t press charges. You must let it lie there do you understand?’

McVey amazed me. Somewhere on the island there was probably roaming some bloke with a loaded weapon and the sort of darts that could do a lot of damage. Perhaps the bastard had a short temper as well as a habit of pushing his way into the tiny houses of the island. Logic demanded that the guy was found and the weapon seized at the very least.

McVey pulled the dart from his jacket pocket. It had been carefully wrapped in his handkerchief and it was now in two pieces and flecked with blood from hapless Angus's mouth. It was a curious looking thing. Periodically down the length of the shaft were tiny barbs that would hold fast to any decent depth of tissue it was fired into. If you scaled it up, the thing would indeed be a useful weapon for whale hunting.

'Seen one before have you son?' McVey asked at last.

I shook my head.

'May be it's a stinger from a ray of some kind you think?' McVey mused.

I shook my head. I'd seen one of those on a video warning about careless handling of sea fish caught on rod and line. No a stingray spine was a different colour. In any case, I couldn't begin to imagine how a stingray spine had found its way so abruptly into the man's mouth.

'No?' said McVey.

'No,' I said, firmly.

McVey bit his lip.

'It's some kind of bone, ' I said, 'it could have been a crossbow bolt but that would have been made of metal and thicker in the shaft. '

I scowled at the man. If he wasn't going to tell me, if he wasn't going to act then I would damn well report the matter. I told McVey so!

McVey sighed.

'Then they will kill you... the women on the island will find you and kill you son' McVey said.

'Kill me?!' I exclaimed.

'Aye, they will kill you. So best you don't make a nuisance of yourself.' McVey fixed me with his most serious stare.

'You're going to have to tell me what that thing is' I said angrily. 'You're going to have to tell me else one day, if I get really drunk on the mainland, I might spill the beans about a lunatic out on the loose this side of the Minch. May be I will be too far away for the women to find me'.

McVey sighed. His face was drawn and his lips trembled. No, this wasn't what he wanted to have to say and least of all to a fucking incomer like me.

'There are men who come from the sea ye ken. Big men, mabbee men who in past times rowed long boats. They carry darts such as this and aye the wee guns to fire them too' McVey said slowly.

I started to laugh. I started to laugh aloud. McVey needed a whisky didn't he? He needed something, because right now he was talking utter drivel!

## Chapter 2.

I bought McVey three measures of whisky in the Inn, and he told his story about the dart. If I'd been a novelist then it would have delighted me. The man was clearly crazy in the head but it had a weird outlandish quality about it that seemed perfect Tariskay. What was natural out here certainly wasn't natural in Glasgow or London. What happened on an isolated island, stuck out on the edge of the Atlantic ocean wasn't the normal run of fair within an urban city. McVey kept on looking at me, squinting as he slugged the Tobermory down his throat. Whether the liquor tasted sharp this morning or

whether he was finding the story difficult to tell I could not tell. Still the man blethered on. Angus, well Angus was inconsistent. He had his moods and his principles welled up within him like a sea on a flooding tide. Given a wind in the right direction they could peak and then he got a hiding. This time though the man had foundered on his own rocks and he had come literally within an inch or two of death itself. Now... now Angus would be a different man. Angus would be a different man or else he would become a dead one.

I wasn't laughing as McVey told his story but then I wasn't believing either. It was crazy, just crazy! The brutality of the act he described, the insane circumstance of the injury was beyond my comprehension. No man should get himself into that position. No man surely would! Still, I resolved to tell Jenny his crazy story. McVey said that it was important that I did so. She needed to understand. She would need to understand. It wasn't just for some curious professional interest in the islanders and their ways, she would need to understand, as a woman.

When I reached the croft I found Jenny hanging out washing on the line that I had strung up for her. She looked as if she had risen from the land itself. Whilst her jeans and her tight top were of a city, the chic look of a modern woman, her flame red hair and the pendant on a leather choker about her throat was of the isles. She wore a stone carved from the very rock itself.

'It'll be fine now Matthew, its safe to come home now... now the cottage is sorted, you smelling of whisky and with your paints still in their box.' The rebuke was delivered with a smile. She had ushered me out of the modest dwelling that morning saying that I would get under her feet. Best then that I go for a walk someplace, researched the landscape for possible paintings.

I kissed her, the auburn tresses of her hair wrapping across our faces as we touched. Standing there, the mistress of her new domain, she looked feisty and proud.

'You've been drinking... that means that you owe me a fuck' she teased and reached down to feel my crotch.

'You'll be insisting on it' I teased, affecting the manner of speech that seemed to be used hereabouts.

'Aye' she giggled, 'I'll milk it out of you if needs be you shaggy mess' she warned and kissed me sensuously again.

I took her hand and moved to take her to the bedroom and the brass bed that the delivery men had somehow squeezed into the croft cottage piecemeal. She kissed me though and shook her head.

'No... take me here, up against the stone wall of the croft' she said.

I laughed. Surely not! Surely not. Someone might come and see us! Someone might watch us fucking. Now the mist had lifted and a fine and a windy day was in prospect across Tariskay.

Jenny gestured with her hand, sweeping it across the horizon. Our audience comprised of half a dozen mountain sheep in the distance.

So I pushed her to the wall of our cottage. I pushed her roughly. She giggled.

'You're a vulgar bully Matthew Lloyd!' she mocked, 'don't you know that I outrank you. I have a PhD, what do you have, a dauber's certificate.' Jenny affected a haughty look. It always provoked me... it provoked me so easily.

'Take your fucking jeans down' I told her.

'Fuck off' she said, her eyes dancing with excitement. Such green eyes, such taunting, teasing green eyes! The island liberated her. She seemed to have forgiven me my dreariness from the past.

I grabbed her. She didn't resist. Within a moment I had her jeans undone and pinned her facing against the wall. I kicked her riding

boots well apart, squeezed the jeans down against her angled thighs and pushed my stiff member inside.

'You fucking hot little bitch!' I growled and rammed my erection inside of her. I felt her cunt tighten on me. She was able to exert a lot of pelvic control. Her muscles were strong from horse riding. It was rumoured that in the university half of the deans wanted to fuck her for that very reason. The bitch looked as though she knew how to ride. She looked as though she knew how to handle a cock up her cunt.

'Give it me' she breathed, 'I don't want you lasting out. Just squirt it. I want it now!' she demanded. Jenny had a thing about casual sex. The thought of a quick screw up against a wall made her beautiful female brain fizz with excitement.

I started to thrust her. I wanted to make her beg for it like in the old days, when we were first married. Sometimes I won playing this game, just sometimes I did. Reaching forward with one hand I started to tease her tits. I could feel her nipples stiffen. There was no bra, no impediment to my touch.

She giggled. 'No Matthew... just do as you're told!' I felt her cunt grip my cock and literally start to siphon me. The negative pressure created by her cunt felt as though I'd caught my tool up a vacuum cleaner.

'Give it me' she ordered thrusting back on me and timing her cunny grips to perfection.

'No!' I gasped, trying to hold out. I wanted to shag her, not the reverse.

'Just spunk... come on you fucker,' she demanded.

I grunted. Somewhere up on the horizon the sheep must have heard the loudest grunt you can imagine. They raised their black heads. I grunted long and hard again.

'I'll make your nuts ache to hell Matthew, you will give me the creamies' she insisted, looking back at me serious faced.

I bucked into her and ejaculated. I ejaculated hard with vicious ramming thrusts. The bitch! The hot little bitch!

'That's better... that's a good boy' she crowed as she felt my cock convulsing inside her. 'All of it now,' she demanded, 'or else I'll come on to your drunk friend. '

I delivered the bitch the full load. My nuts, fuck they ached with the effort of that. It felt as if an explosion had happened inside my balls.

'Was that nice Matthew sweetie?' she asked glancing back triumphantly.

I grimaced a yes.

'You smell of my cunt now... what I've done with you' she taunted, 'you're not to wash do you hear. I want you to smell of sex. '

She meant it too. I was to smell elemental. I was to smell like an animal does who has no guilt after rutting. I was just to couple and we were to be as natural as the myriad red and purple heathers that carpeted the moorland for miles over the hills. So I pulled my wet dick out of her and she did up her jeans. She looked at my slimy appendage and then nodded for me to put it away. This was our thing back then, when we had wed. We never quite fucked as one, as equals, someone always won. That was how Jenny liked things to be. Bland sex, boring sex, well that was just 'nice'.

'Tea?' she asked me gaily, laughing at the pleasure of the coupling.

'Yes' I said. I had a story to tell her, a fucking crazy story of McVey's. It would blow her pretty mind clean away.

Inside the cottage Jenny had set a peat fire. It had smoked at first, but once the heat rose the flames licked upwards and the tiny

chimney cleared its lungs. The day wasn't yet cold, the autumn still waited, but she had wanted to prove that everything about the cottage worked. Setting the kettle on the fire it didn't take long to make a brew.

'I saw McVey today. I helped him with a bit of surgery' I said, sampling the tea.

She smiled.

'You must invite him here Matthew... I will need some intelligent company as well' she insisted, buttering some scones. No, they were not home made, but soon that would be possible too.

'The man is bonkers Jen... honestly, he is pretty strange' I insisted.

'So what did he operate on then,' she asked, 'a sheep or something?'

I smiled. I'd read somewhere that a vet could operate on a human being... in extremis... but not a doctor on an animal. It was something to do with training perhaps?

'He took a bloody great bone out of a man's cheek. It was long, sharp, and it had been fired straight through. You should have seen Angus... the guy, down at the harbour. '

I had Jenny's attention now and recounted the story, the distraught wife Shuhvorn, the run down to the cottage, the sight of the man's battered face covered in blood with what looked like a barbed needle pointing out through his cheek and out just by his ear. I described how I cut through the thing whilst McVey held the thing steady with forceps. I pretended that I had stayed to witness the suturing, the story just seemed to run better that way.

Jenny blinked open mouthed. Perhaps she had imagined a fall, a broken arm or something. There had been nothing quite this strange in her imagination.

'What was it?' she asked.

Yes... the obvious question. How do you ram a knitting needle, or something like, with barbs through a man's cheek? What exactly was it that had been stuck there?

'McVey is bonkers' I told her.

She waited.

'Bloody bonkers,' I reiterated.

She waited.

'It was a Viking dart,' I said.

'A Viking dart?' she repeated.

'Yes... you know, those fuckers who used to raid these islands and take slaves away. Well, some of the bastards stayed on locally and the people here think they drop by regular to control things. McVey said that they abandoned the axes and swords. They carry a neat little dart gun now' I said, repeating what McVey had told me. Vikings were etched in the memory and the imagination of the people hereabouts. Some of them carried Viking blood in their veins. But McVey's story of bigger men who made the island rules, well, that was far fetched.

'I know what a Viking is' she insisted. She seemed irritable. Of course she knew. Hadn't she been raised on the stories of the Viking raids! It was part of her history, the rape and the pillage. The savage men lived by pagan rules.

'The dart... that's the craziest bit of all' I said and drank down the tea. Now I was beginning to sound like mad McVey, I knew that I was.

'The darts are used to keep the men in order. The big guys dominate the women. '

This was just plain stupid. This was utterly insane.

Still... Jenny wasn't laughing yet. She wasn't laughing yet. People lived their history. They talked told their tales and they were just as real to them as the sun sinking at last in the west.

'What are you saying Matthew...' she whispered,

'Angus was disciplined by the guy who owned his wife. He was taken out and dinged when he didn't suck cock as he was told.' I said. McVey's story made Tariskay sound a million miles from civilization.

Now, at last, she did raise a hand to her mouth. This was a bit lunatic... wasn't it!

'Suck cock for pleasure...' she suggested, mirth racing across her face now.

'Presumably not' I ventured seriously. 'I don't suppose that Angus welcomed a visit from the Viking do you?'

'God!' exclaimed Jenny. 'You're serious aren't you? This isn't some joke that you cooked up with McVey!'

I blushed. I was about to say that I was deadly serious and that made me every bit as nuts as McVey.

'Apparently Angus had cut up rough because the Viking was taking his wife. Resistance was against the code. Vikings fuck the women who live down by the shore. The husband's stand by and do as they're told. McVey, crazy McVey said that if the husband's didn't they took a beating.

'You're serious'

'Yes, I'm serious, that is what McVey said' I replied.

'And the Vikings fuck the men's faces' said Jenny.

‘It’s a domination thing... they dominate the husband and take the wife.’ I said it with a surreal feeling inside my head. I said it as if there really was an Alice and Wonderland was just down around the block from where you lived.

‘The Vikings used to breed the local women,’ said Jenny, ‘these islands were as much Viking as Celtic in the past.’

‘Now you’re sounding like McVey!’ I protested.

‘The Vikings bred the women and used to take the men away and sell them as slaves. They sold the men all over Europe, North Africa and east to Russia. Presumably shipping the men away is a bit more awkward these days.’

Jenny rehearsed the memory of the islands. I stared at her like an idiot.

‘No fucking Viking would get one over on me I can assure you!’ I said, affecting a laugh.

Jenny stared at me and whispered, ‘When the Vikings come ashore they are at least six feet tall and built with the strength of three men. Women can’t deny them and men cannot resist them. You would bend the knee or die’.

That was freaky. That was fucking freaky, I can tell you! It was insanely freaky. There were no more Vikings, leastways, none beyond the movies. Jenny had talked about them as if they still visited.

### Chapter 3.

It took another three days before I persuaded McVey to join us for supper. There were he assured me ‘things to do’. That chiefly

consisted of gathering some seaweed, which he transported and sold to farmers around the island as fertilizer for their fields. A cart or two loads provided enough money for a few nights drinking 'ye ken?!' Then there was another trip up to the loch to see whether the trout were biting as much as the bloody midges were. McVey had a theory. Trout came to the fly in inverse proportion to the level of midge attacks. What he really meant was that if there was a decent breeze the trout might feed and the midge would struggle to remain airborne. It was something to do with oxygen and the otherwise glass calm loch surfaces. At any rate, McVey caught a brace and a half of half pound trout and he brought those up to the cottage with him. He would normally have exchanged them for whisky at the inn he explained, but seeing as we had invited him and on this single occasion...

Jenny was looking forward to the meeting and had dressed for the occasion in a tartan mini skirt, McDougal clan colours, a warm and teasing red. The clan came from the western side of Scotland and the bright colours complimented the heathers that cloaked either side of the path. She wore a white pleated blouse on top with a clan brooch at her throat and asked me whether I thought it a little too forward for the likes of McVey? To be honest I didn't know. He seemed a traditionalist but then his bloody stories were so damned off the wall that I conceded that he might find nothing at all untoward or surprising.

It was a cool evening and Jenny had cooked Cullen skink, partnering it with her own home baked bread. The smell of large chunks of fish cooking gently in their own broth was appetizing. At Jenny's request I had brought home a bottle of Tobermory, the better to loosen the doctor's tongue. No matter how outlandish his tales might be Jenny assured me that McVey was just the sort of character through which to get to know the community. In every village there was a story teller and it was the story tellers who usually learned about everything. So I bought the whisky and did an exchange of my own for it. I painted a sea view bay as it might be

viewed through the curve of a whisky glass. It seemed to please McDaid who served behind the bar at the Yowe Inn.

A knock came at the door and Jenny urged me to go and greet our visitor.

I was met by a man in cord trousers wearing a check shirt with a tartan bow tie. It made McVey look a man of some substance and I was impressed.

‘McVey!’ I said, affecting considerable bonhomie. I had never been invited to call him Allistair although there were other older men in the village who did.

‘Matthew son, so this is what you’re up to. Sprucing up the old croft’ he said gesturing to how the grass had been roughly cut and how the guttering had been cleared of moss and painted a fresh coat of black paint to compliment the white wash of the stone cottage.

‘Bit by bit’ I smiled, ‘it takes a while, getting the materials, you know, sent over on the ferry’ I said.

He smiled. ‘Aye, we walk a shorter step here mabbee’.

I showed him into the kitchen come living room and Jenny turned from the pot hanging over the peat fire. I admit it she looked radiant. She came forward towards him proposing the sort of air kiss greeting that had become her norm in the big city. McVey though took her hand delicately and kissed the ring that she wore in a gallant gesture. It looked a bit theatrical but Jenny was flattered and beamed at him.

‘You’ll greet the lovely woman this way soon enough son’ he told me, ‘soon enough I’ll wager.’

I smiled. More obtuse thinking! It was sometimes pretty hard to work out how the hell the man reasoned. Perhaps this was the way

alcohol took a man's brain and squeezed out the last drop of integrity. It left you talking in riddles.

'Shall I pour you a dram before supper McVey?' I asked producing the bottle and a couple of tumblers.

'Well aye... mabbee we should do that' he said seating himself. His gaze wandered to Jenny, her pert round bottom beneath the tartan skirt, the sleek and shapely line of her legs. As I thought about it, I hadn't seen a better pair of legs since we had come to the island.

'You wear Chloe hen' he observed to her inhaling deeply and appreciatively.

She turned and smiled.

'Yes! There aren't many men who can name a perfume like that'.

'Had time hen, had time. Smelled it on your young husband here, with your scent. It's been on him every day and he's been laying it like a trail all over the village and up the footpath to your croft. ' McVey winked. It wasn't exactly a leery wink, it was really something simply knowing. But he still talked in riddles... with your scent? It was her scent wasn't it? It was what my wife wore and what I painted like a dervish every autumn to afford for her at Christmas time.

'She's a bonny looking woman son, a bonny looking woman!' said McVey to me, quietly but loud enough for Jenny to easily hear.

For a short while we talked seaweed and it's fertilizing potential. McVey said that I should secure some, before I tried to grow something in the ramshackle borders around the house. There was pitiful little soil around the cottage so every ounce of fertilizer was worth its weight in gold. Still, I was curious about Angus and Shuhvorn and decided to ask about them. Matters could be medical in confidence but now we were neighbours and I sensed that islanders quickly got to know everyone else's business.

‘Och he’s cowering now you know!’ said McVey, ‘cowering as well he might. The man’s been made to sleep outside the cottage in the lean to woodshed. That way the fellow won’t disturb Arvid when he calls to take his woman.’

I gawped at the man. Arvid. I presumed that this was the name of the supposed Viking visitor. Jenny didn’t laugh. She didn’t guffaw or start. The pot of fish stew was stirred with an even hand.

‘Arvid?’ I asked, knowing that Jenny would want to know, but was too polite to ask.

‘Aye, said McVey with a cough, the first dram of whisky had got mislaid some place he said. He had drunk it. ‘The men speak the old Norse names with reverence and the women dream about the men that bare them. Shuhvorn’s man, Angus’s master, is called Arvid.’

‘Oh’ I said struggling for words. I composed myself.

‘Arvid ain a bad sort. He has helped that young rascal a time or two with his fishing. It’s then just custom that he doesn’t interfere when the master services his bitch.’ McVey studied the refilled glass of whisky up against the fire and declared it satisfactory. There was no such thing as a poor glass of Tobermory he declared.

‘Has Arvid been visiting Shuhvorn long?’ Jenny asked. Honestly, she said it naturally. She said it was like we were talking about visits to kith and kin.

‘Mabbee a year and a half. He bred her last autumn and then there was trouble when Arvid directed what his daughter should be taught. That was why Angus was getting so awkward. Then I think Shuhvorn was begging for another bairn... you ken hen? You know, women’s instincts.’

Jenny nodded. It was a preposterous thing to say. It was an impossible conversation piece! I just stared at Jenny.

'I saw Shuhvorn in the shop yesterday' said Jenny, 'she has lovely laughing eyes. She is very beautiful.'

McVey nodded.

'Aye, she's that alright. Bonny young woman and nice as you please giving birth an all. I delivered her daughter. But it's been a chore disciplining Angus. Like she knows that he must do her bidding or else Arvid will discipline him again.

Now I knew it I was part of an utterly insane conversation. Presumably they McVey didn't mean mythical Vikings, those who just emerged from a sea mist. He must mean some big bastard residents from the other side of the island who got their way in the village.

'Do many get darted?' I asked, watching Jenny ladle the Cullen skink into bowls. This was a conversation from bedlam, it was the stuff of minds gone west.

McVey seemed ruminative. It wasn't really the pace of telling that he would choose. But then, with this young woman looking as she did, maybe you had to be blunt. He glanced at Jenny and then at me.

'I been practicing here ten years son, ' said McVey, 'three got darted in that time but a few more simply took a hiding. The women folk, the firmer they are about things, the safer their husbands stay. It's like that.'

I cut the bread and my hand shook.

'Men who live down by the harbour, along the shore' I suggested as Jenny set the bowls on the table.

McVey shook his head. 'No son, all oer the place. The Norse fellow, he follows scent you see. They can smell women, fertile

women. The people here, they believe that the pagans are nearer the sea, nearer the earth. They use their senses better than we do. '

We sat down to the meal. We sat down in silence. What McVey had just said was impossible. What he had said was fantastical. I was juddering. I could barely hold my spoon steady, lifting the fish up to my lips and blowing to cool it before I opened my mouth.

Jenny said to McVey, 'It's not drink talk is it. This happens... '

McVey dabbed his lips with his napkin. He looked a little distressed. He was clearly moved, clearly certain about what he had said.

'Yes, it happens. It happens wherever there is a woman that the Viking man wants. The people on the island are accustomed to it. They accept it most times. ' He said and sipped his whisky.

Jenny looked at me. There was not a drop of colour left in her face.

'They will want me' she said in a whisper.

McVey nodded again. It was as if he had just given news of terminal cancer.

'They will take you. You are attractive. . They might fight over you. '

'Bloody hell McVey!' I protested and stood up from my chair. 'That's fucking preposterous. '

McVey sighed. Jenny touched my arm.

'It's a dangerous time son. A husband can get killed in the fighting. They can swat you against a wall like a fly. If they hit you it will be as if an oar has been swung at your head. Things ease some, once you have a new master. He will help fight the other heathens off. '

McVey's eyes looked doleful. He spoke with a quiet regret.

'It's inevitable' said Jenny.

'Yes, ' said McVey, 'we won't have another ferry for three days, by then it will have started. There will be no going back. '

'And Shuhvorn... what happens to a Shuhvorn?' Jenny asked. She meant what will happen to her as well.

'She is blissfully content. She fought it a while, but then Arvid bent her back. He bent her back that way, in an arch, by the way he fucked her,' said McVey.

'An orgasm...' murmured Jenny.

'Aye' said McVey, 'and then some!'

Jenny made tea. Her hand was trembling too then. She poured the hot water into the pot and warmed it before adding generous spoonfuls of loose leaf and pouring over the boiling water again.

'What has to be done?' she said at last, looking at me with a quiet and a disturbing resolve.

'This is nuts!' I exclaimed and rose to my feet again.

'Shut up!' said Jenny, 'how do we protect ourselves? How do I stop Matthew from getting hurt?'

McVey blinked as he savoured the tea. Some whisky had been poured in there as well.

'First off young Matthew must be humble. He must treat the fellow as an honoured guest. He must not criticize, object or resist. He must not interfere, when the visitor takes you to your bed. Best son you sit on your hands, in a corner, and pretend that this is a storm. Storms pass you ken... they always pass' said McVey.

'Are they violent?' Jenny asked.

McVey shook his head. 'No. As long as you respond, they are charming and compelling. But they might kill Matthew if he resists. '

I saw Jenny blanch. She visibly shook, setting down the tea cup because she not sustain it in her shaking hands.

'They come in the night... ' whispered Jenny.

McVey nodded.

'We'll bolt the fucking door' I insisted.

'Then they will hurt you... you are not to defend what they feel they have a right to take' said McVey sharply.

Jenny said, 'go on'.

'You must place a lamp in a window to welcome them and you must leave the door unlatched. If Matthew sleeps near, then he must not resist when the Viking slides in beside you. It mabbee better son if you sleep in a chair. That way the fellow can step soft by you. '

'This is fucking mad... there are no Vikings left, they don't carry dart guns, there are only crazy tales in lunatic fiction!' I snapped.

'Then leaving a lamp in the window will mean nothing will it' said McVey, 'you will have lost nothing. But if I speak the truth f it, then may be you stay safe. '

I watched Jenny wring her hands in the tablecloth. She was clearly unnerved. She believed the guy! She believed the fucking folk stories.

'Go and place the paraffin lamp in the window' said Jenny.

'No!' I insisted, 'McVey, I'm sorry but you are clearly out of your mind!' I shouted.

McVey fished in his pocket and drew out the dart. He showed it to Jenny, the fine tracery of the barbs and the absolute steel strength of the needle like shaft. He showed it to her in the palm of his hand so that she could see how sharp and vicious a weapon it could be, fired at short range.

‘Go and place the lamp in the window’ Jenny told me again.

I looked out through the window and up the brow of the hill. The other window looked down towards the bay. It was that one which McVey pointed to. It was barely getting dark yet.

‘Now Matthew’ said Jenny, her voice firm.

I went and fetched the lamp, lighting it with a taper from the fireplace. I placed it on the window as directed.

‘Can you stay tonight, and intercede if needs be’ said Jenny, ‘I don’t want Matthew hurt. If this, is the way of the island then, we will live this way’.

I stared wildly at her. When in Rome etc, but this was bonkers! We lived in the 21st century!

‘Yes’ said McVey, ‘might I sleep on your couch here, beside the fire? The Norse fellows know me. I have hosted them before, several times’.

‘Yes... yes please’ Jenny said.

McVey nodded and waggled his whisky glass in my direction. I began to think that these night visits were perhaps the reason that the man turned to drink in the first place. His fucking world had turned him utterly, completely crazy!

‘One other thing’ said McVey as we rose to wash the dinner plates, ‘Matthew must never fuck you again. They will smell him on you and may discipline him.’

Jenny swayed on her feet. She looked as if she was about to faint. She looked as though she would drop to the floor like a stone. McVey took her hands and pinched her fingers. No, stop it now! This was real. Heed my words his look said! His eyes fixed hers.

‘Yes... ’ said my wife. She sounded as if she had just spoken from a completely different world.

#### Chapter 4.

If you have watched a horror movie then you struggle to sleep. It is just what happens. The alert, fight or run part of your brain has been geared up to hell and it runs a loop of terrible foreboding through your mind. I couldn't bring myself to go into the bedroom with Jenny. It was as if we awaited the visit of an animal, one with the strength of a bear. I didn't believe McVey and then I did. I thought him nuts and then I thought him a seer. Hell, I had seen the guy patch up a husband with a dart through his cheek. If I had no other explanation to answer that experience then I was about to believe in rogue Vikings who fucked wives for pleasure and dominion. Jenny seemed nervous. For her it was like a throw back in time. The Norse men used to raid, but later they started to settle. It was as if the story that McVey had shared was a folk memory of the transition. If there were highly sexed Viking men then they were descendants of the guys with battle axes. I could see that she wanted to ask McVey a myriad questions. Would it hurt? Would she submit to the guy or simply fight and fight until he took her anyway?

McVey guessed a lot of the questions. It was best to sleep with her panties off, naked save for the choker about her neck. That would suit as the pendant stone came from Tariskay. The visitors it seemed were territorial and proud of the island. She wasn't to be frightened of him... he would be big but he still had a regard for a woman. The most she had to fear was losing her dignity. McVey said that the

visitors were consummate lovers and quickly aroused a woman. They aroused women very strongly indeed.

I watched Jenny prepare the bedroom. She moved a vase of flowers in there and set a book beside the bed. I stroked her quivering hand.

'He's lying. This is a farce love. This is a fantasy. If we pinch ourselves it will be morning' I said. Nightmares were like that weren't they? Some of them could seem alarmingly real.

'I was brought up with stories,' she answered, 'There were tales of Viking rule. The women of the isles responded and adapted. The men fought until they were almost all gone. What happens here Matthew is different to Glasgow, or London, or New York. '

I nodded. It didn't seem the time to challenge her bedtime stories. The only thing that would do that would be several uneventful nights of uninterrupted sleep.

'Will one come tonight?' I asked McVey feeling stupid to ask a question like that.

'Probably' said McVey, 'Jenny is beautiful. They will have seen her in the village. They know that she is here. '

I sucked down a breath. Nuts, it was completely nuts.

'I could stay out here with a broom handle' I suggested.

'He might brain you son' said McVey, 'Mabbee then your wife would forgive you for being just plain stupid. '

I took another glass. The bottle of Tobermory was fast emptying.

'Go and lie with the woman. He won't harm you just as long as you don't resist' said McVey.

I nodded but didn't move. I couldn't bring myself to move into the bedroom. The idea of an impending visit was manic. It was just plain manic! Jenny seemed mesmerized by the idea. She looked as though she wanted it. If this was your destiny then embrace it her eyes seemed to say.

'Lie beside her' said McVey firmly, 'he enjoys a woman, you might be part of that.'

The night darkened. At last I retired and having brushed my teeth I sat on the bed beside my wife. I felt physically sick. I felt as though I was going to puke up the supper that Jenny had cooked for us.

'I love you' she said, 'We've mended things, we have Matthew'.

I kissed her cheek. 'Yes... me too, I love you too' I said and lay down. As I pulled the covers over my shoulder I wondered whether I would ever wake up.

It was a little after midnight when a polite knock came on the door. Jenny started and I jumped too. Fucking hell. May be, may be it was a villager looking for the doctor. I clung to the idea, I clung to it like grim death. I imagined that McVey would go to the door but instead it was Jenny who rose from the bed. She was shaking but she rose anyway and pulled on a short silk wrap that covered her bare breasts. She walked silently to the door. I wanted to scream no, but she went anyway.

The bedroom door opened and I heard her say to McVey that it was alright, she would talk to the caller. I heard her footsteps. I heard McVey urge her to be humble and welcoming. Even though she shook she must offer hospitality. The front door was opened. Somewhere high in the rocks at the back of the house an owl called. There seemed to be a pause that lasted an age and I imagined her staring at the visitor. Then came a male voice. It was strangely base, strangely guttural and it spoke in Gaelic, which I didn't understand. McVey told me things later, he told me to ease the shock.

'Halo... is mise Frey'... Hello, I am Frey, said the stranger. I heard the name plainly. Fuck!

Jenny responded. 'is mise Jenny... I am Jenny. Her voice was shaking. She sounded as though she might panic at any minute. I felt my hands clench, into two fists.

'Tha mi gad iarraidh'... I want you... said the visitor.

What the fuck was he saying? I tightened my legs. I could kick, I could hit, I could bottle the bastard if needs be.

'Maighistir', yes master, Jenny said. Her voice sounded hollow as if she was winded, 'Luidhidh mi leat'... I will lie with you.

There was the sound of feet and then McVey rising from the couch. I imagined him bowing to the visitor. It wouldn't be hard the man was already stooped. He said something in Gaelic but I didn't catch that.

More pleasantries followed, in Gaelic and all decorous sounding. Jenny's voice lightened but surely a vein of fear ran through her every phrase. Whisky was served, my whisky and I heard the fellow swallow in one gulp. Another guttural phrase was issued by the visitor, this time I imagined to McVey.

'An cuir mi as duine?' shall I kill the man?

McVey was coughing, struggling to get an answer out. But it was Jenny who got there first.

'Feuch nach eil!' Please no! She paused and then added, 'Ni e seirbheis dhut'... He will serve you.

Determining whether to slide out of bed and the jump the guy came next. It burned like a fever in my mind. I would have to decide and quickly. This wasn't a Hogmanay first footing visit from the bloody neighbours was it? More pleasantries followed. The dark

voiced man seemed to relax. Whatever my wife had said seemed to calm him.

Then the bedroom door opened, casting the lamp light from the living room into the twilight of the bedroom. There was a smell about the man. He smelled of musk. Trying to lie as still as I could beneath the sheet I felt his dark eyes upon me. Whilst I hadn't looked at the man, he felt tall. I felt the gaze coming from above.

'You are welcome Frey... he is your servant' Jenny said in English.

It scared the hell out of me. That she could say something like that when she feared for my life, well, it spoke volumes. But her voice was pleasant. She seemed turned on by the instinct of it all. It was as if this was culture, this was a different world of values and etiquette. It made me shiver to think of her inviting this.

I heard them kissing.

I heard them kissing in that open mouthed way that precedes a fuck.

Jenny sounded as if she wanted him. She sounded as if she needed him. I glimpsed up from beneath the sheet. Fuck, the man was well over six feet tall. His head was nearly touching the low ceiling. He looked as if he had a big head of hair, a mane that came down to a conspicuous but carefully tended beard. From my position I watched. He ran his big hand down Jenny's breasts, cupping them as he went and then his hands travelled down between her legs. She gasped as he started to feel her.

'You are wet' he said quietly, as if the discovery was a matter of contentment.

'I want you... He will not trouble you lord' she said. Her voice was husky. Hell, she was turned on by this! Listening to her then you could imagine that she had come to the island for just this. She had heard rumours and come intrigued to the island.

It made me want to retch. It made me want to puke a load and then somehow, yes somehow to fly at the fucking bastard.

In the half light, through squinting eyes I saw that the man was dressed distinctively. He wore a pair of riding boots as Jenny often did and high waisted breeches. What shook me was that they were buttoned diagonally across his lower abdomen and in line with an obvious thick contour. His fucking cock stretched from his groin up towards his belly button. The fellow looked a cock dandy. Above his breeches he wore a loose fitting white shirt and a tartan waistcoat in which rested a pocket watch and chain. He looked, he looked as though he had been dressed by a Victorian outfitter.

He kissed her again, tenderly, rubbing his hands gently against her arms. It was not an assault. He was seducing her and she was responding. The fact that he was a stranger and he was just going to take her, on our bed, beside me, just didn't compute. I couldn't handle it. Once again his hands travelled below and found her sex. I could feel his thick arm move against me as he fingered my wife. Jenny was making those slip slurp noises that she does when her sex is hot and wet.

'Did McVey tell you how it would be?' Frey asked her.

'Yes lord' she whispered. Hell, it sounded as if she understood all this, expected it. It sounded like a bloody catechism.

'And will you reserve yourself for me? I will kill this man if he defiles you' came the dark and guttural voice again.

'Yes lord' came Jenny's voice trembling. She said it quickly, without hesitation. The man excited her.

I dug my nails into the sheet.

'The man, have you sedated him?' asked the interloper.

'No Lord... he is simply humble. Shall I dismiss him?' Jenny responded.

There was a ruminative sound in the throat of the visitor.

'No... no... show me your sex' burred Frey.

I felt Jenny climb on the bed beside me and then spread her legs wide. Then she ran her fingers down her belly, to her sex and opened her lips for the lord to see.

'You will come to need this... to crave it Jenny' said the fellow. He was undressing now and casually talking.

'Yes lord' she said, physically shaking beside me. Now was the time to die. Now was the time to resist and to be pummeled into a bloody mess. But I lay paralyzed. I lay paralyzed staring at the man's cock when at last it was released from those breeches. It was simply the biggest cock that I had ever seen.

'You... husband... lick my cock' Frey demanded.

I jolted. I jolted as if a bolt of lightening ran straight through me. His demand required a response. His eyes fixed me and I had to look at him. Christ no, I can't, I won't put that in my mouth!

'Hold your hands behind your cheap white back. Lick it' he demanded quietly.

The urge to hit him or else panic and run roared inside me. Yet his presence precluded anything other than blind obedience. So I pushed my arms back and still lying on the bed started to lick the cock that rested on Jenny's bare thigh.

Jenny watched me transfixed. Her eyes were like stone, fixed and immovable. She reached gently forward and lifted the heavy cock so that I could lick beneath its generous girth.

'Will you have him suck it Jenny?' the man asked.

My wife juddered.

'Please my lord... Matthew is frightened. He saw how Angus was disciplined' she whispered.

'Quite' said Frey with a sigh, 'he had better obey you then hadn't he?'

'Yes lord,' she said.

Frey dragged the appendage across her bare thigh. It moved with a heavy weight, shifting suddenly as it reached the point of no return. I realized then that it was gently curved upwards. It was designed to take a woman and pleasure her. The head of the thing was pushed inside Jenny's cunt. I watched her tense and heard her gasp. Her eyes were staring, staring into his.

'A moment little one' he soothed. He edged just his cock helmet in.

'Is that better?' he asked softly.

I felt Jenny relax again, it was as if he were an aphrodisiac.

'Yes... yes lord' she quavered.

'Do you need me to fuck you?' he asked courteously, calmly.

'Yes lord' she whimpered.

He pushed inside her. He pushed all of it inside her, Jenny squirming and gasping. The slow, majestic thrust of cock made her arch her back involuntarily forcing back her arms wide and high as if she had just been impaled on a stake. . She was spasming on him, her whole body tightening in short sharp bursts. He moved again inside her, with a slow gyrating twist of his body.

'There... you will want it more. Can you feel that now?' he whispered.

'Yes lord' she gasped.

'Kiss me,' demanded the fellow.

Her mouth came to his. Her mouth came open and panting and he covered her lips with his. Now slowly the convulsions started. Their mouths locked, his body started to pump his cock inside her. It was like a rolling tide, one that perpetually rocked a rowing boat at anchor. It was neither violent or sharp, it was simply irresistible.

'Oh god... oh god!' Jenny gasped.

Lying close to, my hands still behind my back for fear of what the visitor might do I felt Jenny's breasts flush red. In an instant the colour spread up through her neck and into her face. I felt the pulse in her neck against my cheek.

'Boy... kiss my woman's ear' Frey demanded.

I did as was demanded and felt the heat in her skin. She still wore tiny heather themed ear rings and the one on her right brushed against my wet tongue.

Jenny grunted beneath the man.

She grunted beneath him and it shocked me.

She grunted in unison with his easy thrusts.

Jenny's arms reached up around his bull neck. Her mouth open she stared wildly into his eyes.

'You need to cum... don't you?' he whispered quietly.

She nodded urgently. 'Please lord!' she gasped.

'Do you like to fuck this way?' he mused.

She nodded.

'Tell him... tell him that you want to cum on me' he demanded.

Jenny turned to me. Our eyes were inches apart, her breaths coming in shallow snatches.

'I want him... I want him...' Jenny moaned, her eyes closing again as an exquisite sensation surged through her.

'Betray him' insisted the visitor, 'say it'.

Jenny was convulsing now. She was out of control on his cock.

'I want... him... I want him... not you' she moaned. Her face creased in an exquisite ecstasy.

'There Matthew... do you see? She is mine' said the Viking.

His smile widened and the pace of his thrusts increased.

Slup, slup, slup, slup! The sucking sound of sex. How Jenny took him I do not know, but the sound filled my ears... slup, slup, slup, slup.

Jenny climaxed. It was like a ship juddering into an iceberg. It was a grinding, ecstatic ecstasy that wouldn't stop.

'Oh, oh, oh,oh, ooooh... please lord... please!' she groaned.

Casually, he dumped a load inside her. I felt his body shift and then Jenny jerk as the slugs of semen bolted into her. The ejaculation seemed to last an age. For minutes the flow seemed to continue in bulging thumping explosions of seed. All Jenny could do was cling to him. She clung to him hard her nails digging into his sinuous arms.

I thought that they might glide down next.

They did not. **THEY DID NOT!**

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup it started again.

Silently I rolled away from them. I rolled gently and then dropped soft to the wooden floor of the bedroom. I rolled onto the floor and lay there a moment quivering. A threadbare rug reached out from the dresser and I bit that. I bit that until the threads gave way.

Slup, slup, slup, slup again with only a moment's pause so that the fellow could push Jenny's legs up over his burley shoulders and pump his cock inside her easily.

'You needing it bitch?' He taunted triumphantly.

'Christ... give it me... please lord' she gasped.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup... the fucking sound rang through the bedroom and out the open door.

Lying on the floor I glimpsed the light from the living room. I glimpsed the lamp light and I crawled my way there. I felt... I felt emasculated.

When I crawled into the light McVey came to me. He dragged my upright, first to my knees and then to my feet. On shaking legs I was led to the couch on which he had laid. He went and fetched cold water and insisted that I drink. The glass shook uncontrollably in my hand. He had to steady it as it was raised to my lips.

Slup, slup, slup, slup came from the bedroom, intermingled by sharp gasps from Jenny as yet another climax overtook her.

'It's not you' whispered McVey. His yellow eyes watched me. He was blurred. I realized that I was crying. 'It's not you... no man can service a woman like them' he said and squeezed my arm.

I heard Jenny yelp. I started and wanted to go to her but McVey held my arm firm.

'You cannot fight it son. He will fuck her for twenty minutes more, his way. Jenny is a young woman. Every woman can ride that way

on the right cock. Best you accept it. '

'Pleeeeeease, Christ... oh god, oh god... give it me!' Jenny shouted again.

I started again.

McVey held me.

'She is his. Say the words Matthew son,' said McVey.

I sobbed, 'no!'

'Ooooh please... ooh please Frey... ooh pleeeeeease my lord!'

'Say it son... you have to say it. Your senses know it. Listen will you!' insisted McVey and forced my head around in the direction of the bedroom door.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup.

'Frey is a fine master... you have been lucky. He will grant you favours. The more you worship his bitch, the more you will gain. It is just how it is Matthew' urged McVey.

Jenny screamed. She screamed as if she was dying. The fellow's dark grunts mixed with her screams. They were climaxing again.

'This is the island way. This is the Tariskay way... for centuries the Viking have taken the women and subjugated the men. Hundreds of kiddies were born this way. In return... in return... the men have prospered in their work. They are fishermen son... they are fishermen and the Norse, they know the sea. ' McVey pressed the account to me.

I dropped to the wooden floor. It was as if my backbone was shot. I just slid down there and cried silently against McVey's leg.

‘Cry if you must’ said McVey, ‘but it will help you little. She is his. She is his. Your wife isn’t going to kiss and make up on the morning... you ken son? Tomorrow night, every night, she will place the lamp in the window hoping that Frey will return. You must accept it son, that is the Tariskay way.’

The slapping sound reached a new crescendo. The whole bed banged against the stone wall of the bedroom. The bed creaked in rhythm to the brutal fucking.

‘Never give master lip. Never displease the fellow. He will beat you,’ said McVey darkly. ‘When he has done with her, thank him kindly’.

I couldn’t handle the noise then, the incessant noise of sex. The minutes raced on and still it came. I wanted to bite something, to run from the cottage swearing. But desertion it seemed was also a punishable offence. I was to witness the majesty of the rut.

Slup, slup, slup, slup, slup it issued from the bedroom still. Jenny wasn’t screaming or gasping any more. Frey had fucked her into a compliant stupor and was simply finishing off his pleasure.

At last, there was silence.

It felt as if the moor had filled the cottage. It was entirely silent.

McVey listened and then coaxed me up onto my knees.

There was a creak from the bed and then, in the dark frame of the bedroom doorway stood Frey. His stature was huge and powerful. His prong stood wet and erect before him. Silently he walked towards me.

‘Open your mouth’ said McVey.

I shook... I shook and my teeth chattered.

‘Open your mouth, ‘ said McVey, ‘Open your mouth to your master’s cock. ’

I opened my mouth and the monstrous cock was inserted. Then following McVey’s gesture I suckled on his cock. Jenny had followed the man, naked to the doorway and now Frey directed her to McVey. The doctor was to lick her clean. I watched her step towards him. Her cunt, Christ her cunt looked as swollen as hell. McVey knelt and licked her as the semen drained out.

‘You are their mistress... you treat them with contempt’ Frey told her as she rocked against McVey’s mouth. ‘They are to be brought to cunt this way. I will know, I will know if you don’t’.

‘Yes’ she whispered.

‘There will be no quarter given... I will aid your sad and fretful man, but he will serve you bitch. Do you understand?’ Frey quizzed her with dark green eyes.

‘Yes my lord’ she answered and accepted his lingering kiss.

Frey pushed me off his cock. I was to lick my mistress. As I did so, her ability to hold so much more became impossible. My mouth filled with his salty semen.

‘Swallow’ said McVey, with a look of dire warning.

Jenny looked down at me mesmerized.

I swallowed the mess down.

Chapter 5.

Light flooded the croft, the milky sort that you get upon a moor that runs down to an ocean that stretches forever. It came in and with it there was the fluting song of a curlew far off. I blinked, lying on the couch where I had slept and tried to focus on my surroundings. The fire place with its still glowing embers was there, the kettle hanging above it on an old Victorian stand. Copper pots still hung from the heavy wooden lintel above. I looked back towards the chair where McVey had slept, but he was gone.

The feeling of sudden exposure and change was overwhelming. McVey was gone. I had no one to intercede for me and given how Jenny had been with her lover through the night I doubted just how she might reason. I was like McVey, mad. I was mad. Last night I had sucked the grossly large cock of what the good doctor assured me was a Viking or his bloody descendent , and then I had toileted my wife, licking up the residue seed from her sex. Of course it was insane but it was entirely real. I woke with a sense of foreboding. Was Frey still in her bed? If he were how would he treat me upon waking? The fellow was massive, powerful, overwhelming. I did not doubt that he could twist my head off if he so chose.

I stretched as quietly as I could and slid over to the chair that McVey had occupied. He had left a scribbled note on a prescription pad.

Thank Frey for fucking your mistress-you must do this in front of Jenny

Buy me a bottle of Tobermory Matthew-I got you through the night man.

It could have been funny couldn't it? The last phrase I mean. It was typical McVey. The laconic, dry wit of the drunken doctor who knew things, who did things that no other medic would do. I thought about him licking Jenny's pouting sex. He had looked up at her wonderingly. The visitor had designated her his mistress too. It seemed that McVey didn't only suture up torn cheeks, he came to cunt when ordered too.

I stood unsteadily and then tried to tip toe across the room. The bedroom door was still ajar and now the milk white light flooded in there as well. A huge mound filled the sheets and my wife slept with her arms wrapped around the bull neck of the fellow. She stirred softly as I stared at her. She glanced my way and then gently kissed the lips of the man in her bed. She checked my expression and then she kissed him again, gently, tenderly.

I suppose that I had imagined that Vikings came and left in the night. I had imagined them a night miasma that left the day for the rest of us. Frey though was still there. Whoever he was, whatever he was, he still had her in his embrace. Suddenly I needed air. I needed to be outside the cottage and to drink down a lung full of fresh air. I slipped the latch of the front door and stepped out onto the dew laden grass. The world was filled with light. I felt a sudden relief to still be alive. Now sounds returned too. A sheep bleated away amongst the heather. Fulmars wheeled above the distant cliff.

A stream runs down beside the cottage and it's from this or our well that the water is taken for cooking. We had not trusted to drink its water without boiling, but I did so now. It was cold, very cold. I splashed the water over my face and wiped the grime from around my eyes. McVey had said that it was stupid to have buried my face in that cushion, but that was what I had done. It muffled the noise of sex, but now its grubby threads were washed from my eyes.

I heard the front door latch slip again and saw my wife again. She was dressed in the same tartan mini skirt of the previous evening, the same blouse and choker at her throat. She glanced at me as I sat beside the burn and then walked to me, slowly, breathing in the fresh morning air. When she arrived before me without comment she lifted the front of her skirt. Her sex was bare and used looking. It looked exercised beyond belief.

'Say good morning Matthew' she whispered.

She meant that I was to lick her sex. That was 'good morning'. I dropped my head. I couldn't. I felt ashamed. I felt incredibly

ashamed.

'Frey may be watching, you must do my bidding' she warned.

I licked her sex. She tasted of him. She tasted of him and what he had done with her. She would always taste of him no matter how often she bathed, no matter how much she washed herself. Jenny seemed unselfconscious about that, gently rocking against my mouth and stroking my hair.

'He is wild... he could have killed you last night. But McVey... I... we both interceded. You must treat me as your mistress.' she said.

I licked her sex and felt her lips slide against my tongue.

'Are you frightened?' she asked.

'Yes' I admitted.

'I am too...' she began and looked at me. My expression halted her words.

'You didn't look frightened' I said bitterly.

She sighed.

'He astonishes me... he thrills me. He cannot exist and yet he does. You tell me! The locals think him literally a Viking from the past, but he could simply be a descendant, a master of the island. The point is that he is the island. The locals defer to him and his kind.' she said.

'Whoever he is he was too big to argue with' I said and kissed her clitty very very gently. 'He made you climax... so hard, so terribly hard' I said with a horrible sinking feeling.

'Yes, ' she admitted, 'and it wouldn't stop... it just wouldn't stop Matthew'.

‘No... I know’ I said. I had seen it. I had seen what he could do with her. The woman that lay in that bed was not my wife. It was my wife grown ten fold. It was my wife unshackled.

‘I’m going to think of him as a visitor, the other V explanation is just too bonkers’ I observed.

‘He is a Viking, to the islanders. That is why they defer to him. If you sneer at the locals...’ Jenny began.

‘I won’t sneer’ I promised her. ‘What will he do today...’ I asked fearful of her response.

‘He will take you swimming’ she said, ‘you are to swim beneath the rocks with him at Sea Eagle Cove.’

I blinked at her. That was bizarre. Vikings lived by and upon the sea. So now I was to take a dip with the fucker!

‘You must learn to be his servant Matthew. You will be his slave and I must become his bitch. This is how we will live’ Jenny said. She blinked as she spoke and it was as if she felt that she was talking a dream. It was the sort of dream where you were inextricably drawn to a destiny for good or ill. Whether she would be able to write this up in her report of island culture seemed very dubious.

‘I can’t do that, I swim poorly and he is sea pirate isn’t he?’ It should have sounded funny. But it wasn’t, sincerely it wasn’t.

‘He will make you his own and mold you his way. You are to stop thinking of yourself as my husband. I am to be your mistress.’

‘Why?’ I asked.

‘Because he will breed me.’ she said in a weird dreamy voice.

I laughed. I laughed softly at her. No... get real.

'Go and fetch a towel and tell your master that you are ready to go with him' she said calmly.

'And what will you do prepare a Viking feast for this evening when he returns?' I asked her sarcastically.

She slapped my face then. It was sudden and it bloody well smarted!

'That was a stupid remark. That will get you chastised. Shall I tell Frey what you said?' she demanded.

I rubbed my face. 'No' I said angrily, 'I'd rather you didn't. '

'I am going down to the village to see Shuhvorn. ' she said at last, answering my question.

I went and collected the towel and some swimming trunks. Then I went to the bedroom expecting that Frey wasn't there. I imagined that the whole damned affair was the effects of magic fungi in the Cullen skink the previous evening. But he was there and he was large. His chest looked huge and his arms powerful. He was built as a power swimmer. He looked at me, checking to see what expression I wore. Did I look angry, insolent, in shock, beaten or what? I don't know how I looked. I just stared at him. I stared at him as if he was entirely impossible.

'Leave the shorts behind... you will swim naked' he said casually.

I refused to budge. No, I was not swimming fucking naked. Firmly, surprisingly gently he took the swimming trunks out of my hand, dragging them free until I couldn't hold on any more.

'Do as you are told' he said softly. 'out there, beside the burn your mistress slapped your face. Why did she do that?'

His eyes were a strange green. There were flecks of sand yellow in the pupils. Then if he glanced another way, you would have sworn

that the colour deepened further. The man's stare was entirely unsettling. I debated lying to him and sensed that he might check. That in turn might lead to a hiding.

'I was sarcastic to her. I am sorry' I said quickly.

'It takes a while doesn't it... ' said Frey, 'to accept Jenny as your mistress. It was this way for so many men on this island. Your kind, the men, take so long to submit to the dane law. '

'May be it seems an affront' I said as firmly as I dared.

He smiled.

'I am not like you Matthew'.

'No' I conceded and looked down. What he had done with my wife last night was incredible. Jenny had sounded out of control.

'She will want my cock and then, in time, when you have been readied, she will want offspring. ' He checked his pocket watch. May be it was time to go. May be there was a limited time that he could appear as a Victorian attired Viking. Fucking hell, I didn't know what to think. I didn't know what to think at all.

He studied me.

'Go and kiss your mistress goodbye' Frey said, ' go and kiss her sex. '

I looked at him. Fuck you!

'It is custom Matthew. When in private, you will kiss her sex... she is your mistress. When we are in company, you will kiss her hand. '

I went out, back into the sunshine, knelt before Jenny and waited for her to raise the hem of her tiny skirt. Then I delicately kissed her sex as she watched me. Frey followed on my heels and after I had submitted in the required way he kissed her properly, open mouthed.

'I will be home this evening' he said.

'Yes' she said dutifully.

'You will go to Shuhvorn... she will teach you some of the ways' he said firmly.

'Yes master' she said.

The walk down to the Sea Eagle cove was a long one. It took us towards the south of the island to an inlet where in Viking days sea eagles had apparently nested. Frey strode ahead of me and I walked as quickly as I could behind. He sang in a strange voice as he walked. The song (if that was what it was) rose and settled, like a returning tide filling rock pools.

'You don't fish do you?' he asked at some length.

'No sir' I said, a little breathlessly, for the pace was a lively one.

'Then what do you do Matthew?' he asked.

What did I do? Well I knew of course, but whether that made any sense to a Viking was any one's guess.

'I paint pictures. I make images on canvas, board, driftwood' I said wondering if that meant anything at all.

'You will paint your mistress and I. You will paint us as we grow together. You may sell the images provided that you do not divulge the nature of our union' he said. Frey had stopped suddenly and turned. He wanted my assurance on the matter.

'yes sir' I said.

'Master' said Frey.

'Yes master' I said, resisting the temptation to pull a face.

'I am your master and you are my slave. I will teach you to pleasure your mistress... do you understand?' he asked walking on.

'Yes master' I said feeling stupid.

We walked through an upland area dotted with sheep and then beyond a colony of terns. Normally the birds would dive bomb you with their sharp beaks but they barely seemed to stir for Frey. He walked amongst them as if he was no threat at all. At a fork in the track we walked downwards, towards the sound of the swelling sea.

'You pretend to be equals don't you... one of your community told me once. You call it love' he said, skirting an outcrop of rocks covered in a pale yellow lichen.

'Yes' I said sullenly. I should have added master... but it was difficult to adjust.

'But you are not equal are you. My bitch can carry children. She speaks the Gael talk and you do not. She is beautiful and you are awkward' he observed. He said it in a way that signaled curiosity. There was no smugness in his voice.

'Awkward, ugly, small, weak, all these things,' Frey continued guessing my reserve.

'Yes master' I said feeling freaky. I felt like a runt species about to die out in a generation.

'Then why does she breed with you?'

I snorted. 'We're not all the same... some of us are bigger. Some of us have more muscles,' I insisted.

'Yes,' he smiled, 'the black fellows... I have heard'.

The cove was steep and amongst the sharpest of rock outcrops. Even after you had wound your way down the paths, there was then still a twelve or fourteen foot drop into the waves beneath. The sea

swished and swelled about, a dark blue colour that I hope indicated that there was a good depth of water beneath the cliffs. Frey stretched and started to undress. He folded his attire meticulously. When at last he pulled his breeches down and set them beside his boots his cock came free. In the clear light of day I saw it distinctly. It was a good foot in length curved insouciantly upwards and with a handsome helmet glans atop it.

‘Matthew... you may suck it if you kneel’ he said.

I recoiled. Fucking no! No way.

‘But it estranges you... it makes you feel small, insecure’ he said.

‘Yes’ I admitted, looking down at the small yellow flowers that grew in the crevices of the rocks.

‘Ask’ said Frey, ‘you need to ask questions.’

I glanced up at him. He must have been six feet six or seven in height.

‘Who are you?’ I demanded.

‘We are men of the sea. We are Norse. We are pagan, we are other. Your people, the folk who once tried to defend these islands, they called us heathen, Viking’.

‘You’re their descendants’ I insisted, ‘where do you live?’

‘We live here Matthew. We are the lords of this island’. He smiled at me as though he had just had to state the obvious.

I stared at his cock, which looked indecently muscular. I thought about the noises that Jenny had made last night. I thought about it and winced.

‘You have dominated the people here’ I hissed at him.

'We rule the people here. We are the masters and they are the slaves. But we are not inconsiderate. The men are directed and helped in their work and the women are pleased and bred.' He flexed his fingers, which seemed long and surprisingly artistic.

'You breed our women... why not your own?' I asked.

'Where I wonder do your women end and ours begin? Do you know how many centuries we have ruled this quiet island?' He winked at me.

'Take your clothes off' said Frey.

I thought may be he was going to assault me. He just smiled. He looked at my modest appendage, my nakedness and smiled at me again.

Have you thought Matthew how your kind has taken from the world? Here we live in a frank and an honest way? There is balance and discipline and order. Your kind are egoistic, frenetic, ill focused.'

'May be' I conceded. I shivered.

'Still, you have taken our women for centuries, those that live on the edge of the sea.' I ventured.

Frey scowled. 'Now,' he said, 'I am going to push you in the sea.'

'Please no... no... it's not deep enough. We're fourteen feet up!' I scrambled to my feet.

'It is when the wave comes in' said Frey, 'you will have to trust me, I am your master'.

There was no warning then, he just shoved me. I went backwards off the cliff edge screaming. I started to roll backwards but there wasn't time to straighten out into a dive, so that the sea hit me square across my shoulders. It stung like hell and then I was struggling and flailing left and right beneath the waves of an azure

blue sea. They say that if you fall into water that you shouldn't panic. You should float on your back and catch breath. Well first you need to know where the fucking surface is. I struggled upwards, pulling towards the light, towards what I presumed was the sun.

The moment that I broke surface Frey plunged in beside me, executing a seamless dive. I felt his huge frame plunge down past me.

The next thing that I knew though was when he caught me by the ankles and dragged me downwards. I shot beneath the waves like an angler's float, swallowing saltwater as I did so. For a moment or two he held me down, my head a foot below the surface. My arms thrashed upwards as I vainly struggled for air again. At last, fuck, at last he released me and I bobbed to the surface gasping. I was coughing and spluttering.

'Fuck you! Just fuck you... no matter who you are or what you do!' I snarled at him.

'I am your master, and you will learn to submit to me. You will learn to trust me with your life' he insisted.

I shook my head. Fuck off my look said.

'Here, now!' he barked in command.

I swam towards him, working against the sucking tide that seemed to draw us closer to the rocks. Then he took his arms around my chest and locked them from behind me.

'Attend my eyes' he ordered.

The fucker was crazy, utterly crazy! What in shit's name did he mean?

'Attend my eyes' he repeated.

I look at them, beneath his bushy eyebrows.

'What colour are the pupils now?' he demanded.

'brown' I shouted. He dragged me under and once again I struggled. It was bloody terrifying. Once again I broke surface.

'My eyes' demanded Frey, 'what colour now Matthew man?'

'Green... seaweed green!' I shouted. He smiled and we trod water.

'and now?' he demanded again.

'Broooown' I managed before he jolted me down and again I got a mouthful of water. This time I knew it... I was drowning. I inhaled water. Fuck... oh fuck!

I bobbed up again.

'This time...' Frey demanded.

His fucking pupils flecked green again and I sucked down a quick breath. Again I was wrenched below, but my breath was enough. It sustained me.

'God!' I gasped on returning to the surface this time. 'Please... no more master' I spluttered.

'Have you learned Matthew' he asked above the slap of the waves on the rocks.

'Yes master' I shouted.

'What have you learned?' he demanded.

'That I must attend you closely. That you will direct me with your eyes' I shouted.

'Yes, good... you are learning at last!' he shouted triumphantly.

'I don't know what you order with your eyes... ' I spluttered, 'they are simply a warning'.

He smiled. 'I will look towards your mistress's sex and then Matthew... what will you do?' he asked.

'Attend her master' I said. Fuck, treading water in that swell was becoming tiring.

'And if I glance down to my cock?' he asked.

'I will attend you master' I said.

'You will worship it Matthew' he said loudly.

'Yes master' I said, aching to get out of the water now.

My lesson over Frey dragged me around to the other side of a large rock where there was a ledge that I could heave myself up onto. Frey sprang above me and stood for a moment glancing out to sea. His gaze returned to me, then to his bare cock.

Terrified I reached up to his cock, my mouth open and sucked on its head. I sucked it sensing the strangeness of the man. Jenny, my mistress probably craved it even now. I... I had to think about it all the time. I had to anticipate my master's bidding.

## Chapter 6.

After my dunking lesson Frey watched me dry myself. He seemed amused by the work this required. We were an anxious and untidy people it seemed.

'You will paint your mistress's nails, red' he said.

I didn't know whether Jenny had nail lacquer of that colour. She normally wore just a clear coat. I said yes master and hoped that she had something amongst her things.

'You will shave her cunt hair so that it points down to her sex' he said then, referring I presumed to a bikini wax look. 'Her cunt lips will swell, her sex will look big Matthew' he said, 'the shave must accent it.'

I hated the instruction. One fucking night, one night and he was dictating.

'Yes master'.

'Do you think you could resist me Matthew?' he asked last of all. He looked curious about the matter. It wasn't a boastful taunt.

'I don't know... master' I said.

He smiled indulgently. I wondered how old he was? He looked thirty something, handsome and rugged. But right then I still didn't know what he truly was! If you believed McVey and his bloody islanders then this Viking could be hundreds of years old. If he was a descendent, a fucking opportunist with his own fiefdom, then he could really just be thirty.

'It is just Matthew that there will come a time when your pride screams out for action. Your mistress will dismiss you and you will protest violently.'

It was an observation. I wasn't sure whether I was meant to answer him.

'Then I will beat you... but I presume that you would prefer a broken leg to an arm, as you paint with your hands' he mused.

I nodded.

‘And Matthew... we don’t send people to the mainland to set bones... McVey does that. Drunk as he sometimes is, he can do that as well. There is no way off the island. This is your life now’ Frey smiled as he spoke.

I was dismissed then and watched as Frey stowed his clothes in a wicker basket located beneath a rock. I watched him dive into the sea and then he was gone. Where he swam to I hadn’t a clue. Was there a long boat just around the headland? No, that was a nutcase explanation.

At first I started back towards the croft cottage, imagining that I could start work cleaning up the place before my mistress got home. But I knew it almost immediately that the events of the last days would gnaw through my very brain. I had to go and see McVey. I had to understand how all this bloody well worked. I had to understand what Frey and his kind were doing. I set off then on a different path, my towel rolled up, striding as quickly as I could towards the Yowe Inn where I guessed that McVey would be found. As I walked the herring gulls wheeled and called above me, circling and chattering. On any other shore, on any other day, under a different circumstance it would have been a joyous walk.

I pinched myself as I walked and yes that hurt. Then I started to recount what I knew was irrefutable fact. McVey had taken a dart out of Angus’s cheek and then sewed up the wound. That was uncontestable. There had been a visit the previous night and a character of considerable stature and strength had taken my wife on the bed beside me. The fucking had lasted an inordinately long time, fifteen or twenty times longer than I could manage. He had serviced Jenny in a way that I never could. The man was huge. I wasn’t dreaming. I had seen that. I had watched McVey lick Jenny out after Frey had done his business. I needed some answers.

The village was drowsy as I at last descended the hill that led straight to the inn. A dog lay sleeping outside the entrance and I pushed on past it, entering the bar. As I guessed McVey was in the corner and drinking whisky.

I looked over at him and yes he nodded when I indicated that a dram was on offer. I ordered a pint of beer for myself and went and sat with the man. The place had may be six or seven drinkers, some playing cards.

‘You can explain last night can you?’ I asked sitting down beside him and affecting a private conversation whisper.

McVey smiled sadly at me and took the whisky. I didn’t get the impression that he wanted to discuss matters in detail. May be it had seemed a bit degrading that he had licked my wife’s sex for her? May be that was a bit of a social indignity on a small island?

‘You’ve gained a mistress... and a master... ’ he said slowly, ‘and you’ve mislaid a wife’.

‘Why did we do that last night... why did we let that man barge his way in and do that?’ I asked as quietly as I could.

‘Because he wanted your wife... and because he would have unscrewed your head if you hadn’t let him have her. You know he asked me whether he should kill you don’t you... You need to learn the gael talk. ’ McVey grimaced. It was the best summary that he could muster under the circumstances.

‘I’ve just been swimming with that bastard... he nearly drowned me’ I said irritably.

McVey nodded. ‘He’ll teach you a lot. You could be in more perilous hands, it might have been Ivar or Frode that called’.

I pursed my lips.

‘Don’t fucking kid me McVey. The Vikings left these shores in medieval times. There aren’t any people left with horned helmets swearing oaths to Odin. Even if they were they wouldn’t dress like that bastard did’.

‘But you’ll credit that the man Angus was injured right enough. That wasn’t an accident with a crossbow was it?’ McVey countered. He sighed. Yes of course it was incredible, but sometimes you had to concede the evidence of your own eyes. He tapped my arm with my his hand.

‘See Ewan over there, age mabbee twenty seven? He has a mistress called Collette, one time his wife. She goes with Geir. He has sired her three times. That man, over by the game of cards, that is Rab Mc Diarmid. His mistress is called Fiona. He is forty three and she twenty five. He does all she tells him and she’s carrying a Viking child. Do you know what Matthew son... you’re not the only fucker surprised, confused and in shock about life on Tariskay. ’

I looked at the men. They were my age or so. They looked quiet, thoughtful.

‘I stitched Angus up this week and a month or two ago I set Rab’s broken fingers. He didn’t do what mistress Fiona told him to so that the master sorted him. On this island man, on Tariskay, the men do what their mistresses tell them!’ McVey coughed. It had been a long night and now he was tired.

I shuddered thinking about broken fingers. I couldn’t work with broken hands.

‘Last year, I delivered five kids on the island and you know what, they all had Viking fathers. ’ McVey announced the fact cold and begged Hamish behind the bar to throw him a packet of crisps, he was to put it on McVey’s tab.

‘They have a monopoly’ I said shocked.

McVey nodded.

‘Every wife becomes a mistress... the husbands become their slaves’.

'That' hellish' I responded.

'The women don't think so. They don't think so... you ken last night son?' he asked me. 'Frey made Jenny my mistress too. I have to defer to her as well son'.

The idea was insane.

'Is that common?' I asked wonderingly.

McVey grunted.

'Some of the superior women get put in charge of more men... it's a whim thing with our visitor friends. ' McVey patted my hand. 'Jenny, our mistress, she is bonny' he said.

I needed another beer then and replenished McVey's glass too. He was talking to the outsider better than expected. Go on I urged him, I needed to know about the system. What had happened?

McVey said that it had started with a trade. That was hundreds of years ago, afore the Jacobites and the bonny Prince. There were Viking people still living on the islands of the outer Hebrides. None of them were minded to get involved with the wars that happened on the mainland. They wanted their own space, their own realm. So Tariskay was taken for the dane law. The local men were helped with their trades, but the women had to be the property of the masters. Rank had its privileges. Tariskay had become to all intents and purposes a Viking feudal society. Just how that had quietly persevered down through the ages might interest my mistress. However it had been managed though it had proven a resilient way of life.

I shook my head. It was barking mad. I thought about saying that McVey should have featured at the Edinburgh fringe festival. He was one hell of a tale teller.

'It's true' insisted McVey second guessing my reaction to his account. 'For the Viking this is trading. They don't understand marriage. They don't care about your feelings if your wife is what they want. You serve them and they will help you after some fashion or another in return'.

We sat and stared into our glasses.

'That drove you to the bottle?' I ventured.

McVey laughed, 'a lot on Tariskay has driven me to the bottle son. '

It was then just after two that the door of the pub opened again and Shuhvorn and Jenny stepped in. My mistress wore the tartan mini skirt that I have described, whilst her new friend wore skin tight jeans and high heeled boots. Chairs scraped across the stone floor as several of the men stood up, those singled out by McVey amongst them.

'Stand!' hissed McVey, 'your mistress is present'.

We stood awkwardly, I reaching for my beer as it started to topple over.

'Thank you gents,' said Shuhvorn, 'please... please, no ceremony today'.

The men dropped back into their seats. Casting a gaze around the room the two women ordered gin and tonics and came straight towards McVey and myself. They walked confidently as though they paraded a catwalk. Jenny had her finger nails painted a lustrous red.

'Hello McVey' said Shuhvorn, 'I wanted to thank you again for your help with Angus. That was terribly anxious moment wasn't it'.

'Yes... yes, it was' agreed McVey as the women sat down beside us. Shuhvorn sat between McVey and myself and Jenny the other side of me. They crossed their legs and smiled.

'Are you alright?' Jenny asked me.

'Yes... yes...' I stammered.

'Yes mistress' corrected Shuhvorn.

I corrected myself and Jenny watched me. Her look seemed to suggest she knew exactly what my nightmare movie consisted of.

'I gather that you have been given to mistress Jenny' suggested Shuhvorn to McVey, 'I'm surprised it has taken so long to allocate you.'

McVey blushed. Watching the older man shudder at the observation I felt intensely sorry for him. He had to debase himself before my mistress.

'Yes mistress' said McVey.

She smiled. She smiled in that way that vicar's wives do when they are sharing a tea party in the garden. We were seated around a heavy wooden table in the alcove. It was quiet and discreet and the other Inn guests had returned to their quiet conversations. Shuhvorn's hand, resplendent with dress rings upon most of her fingers strayed to my groin. She stroked my cock through the material of my trousers. Jenny watched her do it, calmly, dispassionately. I started to move as she stroked. It was becoming arousing. Shuhvorn glanced at Jenny and smiled.

'Get your cock out for Shuhvorn' Jenny said.

McVey moved to go, but Jenny stopped him.

'Don't go McVey... we're sharing a quiet drink aren't we' said Jenny.

McVey dropped back into his seat. You could see that he didn't want to be there. He wanted to be anywhere else but there!

Shuhvorn started to masturbate me.

'I understand that you have a new master Matthew... that must be a thrill!' Shuhvorn observed gleefully.

I groaned softly. Closing my eyes, gritting my teeth I tried to resist.

'You've been licking up spunk... haven't you?' she teased, smiling warmly at me.

I dropped my head... this was exquisitely horrible.

'Sucking cock too I hear' she said and winked at Jenny.

'Please mistress, don't... please don't make a fool out of me' I begged the woman.

'There is not a male word for no on Tariskay Matthew' said Shuhvorn. She jerked my cock harder and now even Jenny smiled.

'McVey... Why don't you take your winky out and jerk along too' suggested my mistress. She crossed her long legs and the tartan skirt rode up.

McVey blushed a bright red. The man was in his sixties for Christ's sake! This was appalling. Still he did it. He pulled the shriveled wreck of a cock out and started to stroke it till it peeped from out of his sparse bush of hair.

'You needed to lick my cunt last night... didn't you McVey?' said Jenny. She said it a little woodenly as if learning how to taunt from her tutor. It was the most surreal, the most intensely vamp, moment. Somehow Frey had transplanted Jenny's attitude, ripped out her past values when he bedded her.

'Yes mistress' said McVey. He had started with a finger and his thumb but now his cock was stiff enough to merit a proper grip with three fingers and thumb.

'You could smell Frey on me couldn't you?' taunted my mistress.

McVey nodded, trying his best to conceal his grunts. Shuhvorn was working cock hard, working it up into a spunk fountain. I stared at them both. They looked so fucking arrogant and so damned sure of themselves!

'Do you like my skirt McVey... it's a lovely, lovely tartan... isn't it' said Jenny who recrossed her legs. There was the briefest glimpse of her bare sex.

McVey spurted, a shot of spunk jolting upwards. The load landed on his hand and then his cock continued to sick up the rest of his wasted semen. The man was groaning quietly to himself as he stained the crotch of his trousers with the sticky mess.

'Oh dear Matthew... you lost the race didn't you' said Shuhvorn letting go of my cock. 'Put it away now then, there's a good boy' she said and patted my arm.

## Chapter 7.

I walked home that late afternoon several steps behind my mistress. Shuhvorn had instructed her that this was how a Tariskay husband should be treated. The beaten male should walk behind, taunted by his mistress's mobile bottom. Apparently the visitors had informers everywhere so it was important that husbands were treated consistently with disdain. Even an incomer husband had to fit in and than meant to defer to my mistress in all matters. I walked circumspectly, looking at the pert rear of the woman who had just caused a senior citizen of the island to spunk off. It seemed entirely cruel, wicked, astonishing. But Jenny, Jenny as she walked didn't seem to care.

'Look Matthew... it's just sex alright? McVey masturbated. Millions of men masturbate. I just told him to. I am his mistress' she said curtly.

Frey had done something, something pretty special with his cock last night. He had turned my beautiful wife's head. He had turned it inside out and now sex was at the top of the pile. Jenny did like sex, but the interest that she showed now was twisted and vindictive.

'It was cruel' I insisted, 'it was arrogant and cruel. You humiliated him. Even when he asked for the use of your newspaper to sidle out of the Inn with you said no!'

'He wet himself,' she said, 'men of his age piss themselves all the time. Perhaps he should catheterize himself. Perhaps he should catheterize you too whilst he's at it!'

Her look said no more complaints. But that thought stood inside my head anyway. She had humiliated the man making him want her when there was not the faintest chance of lying with her in a sexual way. The transformation in my wife was so profound that for a moment I wondered we had all been drugged. It was as if we occupied a place that not only seemed to have got stuck in time in some crazy, crazy way but which twisted values about until strength and power were all that mattered. Whatever it was doing to Jenny, whatever it had done to the other women, I didn't like it!

'How did your swim go?' she asked at last, changing the subject.

'I'm being taught to obey Frey, to risk anything, every thing without question. Just a look and I'm to do as I'm told' I said summarizing the terrible time in the sea.

'That's sexy' she said.

I grabbed her arm. I grabbed it hard.

'No its fucking well not Jenny! It's not fucking sexy at all. What's got into you for God's sake' I demanded.

'You are hurting my arm' she said sternly. She glared at me. I was about to get a slap. Perhaps a report would go in to master. I released my grip.

'It's not a game Jenny... this is not a game. That man whoever he is, whatever he is he's changing you and ruining us.' I pleaded as best I could without letting my voice sound wheedling. I felt confused, frightened and alarmed. It was as if we were sinking into the island mire.

'You're making a fuss about sex. You have a hang up about it' she insisted. Well, may be I did? We hadn't fucked so much in the months leading up to the Tariksay assignment. There had been a university don and a rumour. I wasn't sure whether Jenny was seeing someone.

'That guy is fucking your mind for Christ's sake' I insisted, 'he's turning you into a bitch like Shuhvorn.'

Jenny walked on. Apparently she wasn't going to grace my question with an answer.

'Please Jenny... we can't stay on the island. This is going to become a nightmare' I shouted from several steps back.

She walked on regardless. 'I came here to study the culture, to understand how they live. This is how they live' she insisted.

'You're going fucking native darling, you're doing what they do and it's crazy, crazy, crazy. I don't know how they do it but somewhere they've found some bloody big blokes. They've found them, called them Vikings for Christ's sake and given them control.'

She spun to face me. 'I promise you' she seethed, 'there was nothing made up about Frey or what he did. Would that you could do

a tenth of it!

I walked on disconsolately behind her. There was nothing that I could say that would stop her playing this stupid and dangerous game. I tried to catch her up, two steps back and to apologize.

'I'm sorry mistress... I'm sorry' I said, play acting the game for now.

'You can whine to Frey and see what happens then!' she snorted, as we walked over the rise and saw our croft cottage before us.

That early evening I shaved my mistress in the manner prescribed by my master. She was still angry with me but seemed relieved that at last I was following instructions. She sat on the grassy bank beside the cottage, lifted her pleated mini skirt and spread her legs wide so that I could shave around her sex. It looked raw and available. It looked as if he had torn her some way, pulling out her wet lips when he dragged his thick helmet free of her hole.

'Did he hurt you?' I asked humbly.

She waited and I tried again.

'Did he hurt you mistress?' I asked, shaving very delicately around the beautiful pouting lips of her genitalia.

'Yes it hurts me, when he sticks it in... but when he is inside me...' He voice tailed off.

'It is bliss' I said finishing her sentence.

'Yes' she said simply.

I checked the angle of her bush edges, pointing down to her clitty that now permanently stood clear of its hood.

'He fucked me properly' she said, without a hint of sympathy. There was no caveat about getting fucked better than any man could

do. The barb came my way alone.

'Yes mistress' I said and toweled off the soap so that I could check for stray hairs.

'All of us want that, Shuhvorn and the others have become accustomed to it. The men understand. They stand aside' she observed coldly. It sounded as if the whole island had agreed a pact. Alright it was difficult to adhere to, at least for the men, but it was the unspoken given, it was the Tariskay gospel.

'Yes... of course mistress' I said almost lost for credible words, or a conversation of equals.

'Matthew, there is a culture here that places women at the centre. Here we get what we deserve. We have the power because of men like Frey' she said.

She sounded every bit the anthropologist. She sounded the culture critic. She sounded like a feminist in nirvana.

'Men do what they are told, or else they are disciplined' she said starkly.

I nodded.

'Would you like me to rub some cream in around where I have shaved mistress?' I asked.

'No' she said, 'lick it so that Frey can smell your mouth on my sex. May be I won't complain about you if you do'. She smiled. A glimmer of kindness, that was all.

I licked her sex as instructed. I stayed clear of her clitty. I was not to compete for her climaxes with him. Still she luxuriated on my tongue, holding my heads steady and them wiping her genitals against my nose and mouth.

'You lick nicely' she said quivering against my mouth, refusing the rising orgasm from deep within.

'Thank you mistress'

'Frey will kill you if you cock me, but this is nice... isn't it?' she asked.

'Yes mistress' I confirmed. It was nice too. It was very nice. She smelled and tasted like an animal and I felt like one, licking her before she coupled with the alpha male.

'Sex becomes a transaction doesn't it mistress. It doesn't have to be tangled up with love, fidelity, the lies and subterfuges it is honest I suppose' I ventured, obsessing at her sex and licking so that her labia glistened.

'Yes Matthew' she whispered and actually kissed my head when I rose momentarily from licking her. My head was directed down again, down to her sex and the pleasure available there. She moaned softly, enjoying the tongue bath but the submission even more.

'I think its pure this way. It's sincere. I love you like a pet. You have a role, you are dear to me... you just aren't my equal' she murmured.

I smiled. I was a lap dog. I licked her without restraint. Watching that bastard Frey bed her had nearly blown my brain for me. I couldn't get it out of my head.

'I fucked Cullum at the university and that was cheating. I know that you suspected it. It was dishonest and I am sorry for it. But I'm not sorry about doing this' she insisted.

There... at last, she had admitted the affair. That was perhaps the point. An affair was cheating and it was much nastier than this. It was deception. This was an honest assertion of rights and expectations. If a woman could have multiple orgasms, if she was

made that way, then she was designed to go with the most able man. She was designed to partner a stud, a bull, whatever you called such people. Perhaps a Viking was just another name?

‘Do you despise me for cheating on you?’ she asked lying back and redirecting my mouth a little further down.

‘You are my mistress’ I said a little evasively.

‘You are not allowed to judge me... ’ she moaned, interpreting the words her own way, ‘you are not allowed to judge my past, my present or my chosen future. ’

‘I’m learning to worship you’ I said feeling increasingly obsessed by her scent. Right then I played with the idea that this crazy way of living got inside people’s heads through the very air that they breathed. We were all bloody well intoxicated.

‘Good... that’s what your master demands’ she said stroking her red lacquer nailed fingers through my hair. ‘You worship me and never judge, no matter how cruel I am’.

Gently I sucked on her labia pulling them out so that they looked like a soft and succulent pair of fleshy petals. Her nectar lay within.

‘Sex isn’t nice Matthew. Sex was never meant to be nice... nothing desirable, nothing raunchy or exciting was ever simply nice’ she said earnestly, rubbing herself against my mouth.

‘Sex makes a woman a bitch, great sex does’ I suggested, flicking my tongue across her pussy lips. She was really moving now, bucking against my mouth. I thought about that fucker Cullum.

‘Yes... yes it does. We become connected more that way, a different way’ she said, struggling now not to climax on my tongue.

‘Frey is teaching me that, to think of you another way, to respond in a new way, to be attentive to you’ I whispered trying not to breath.

The more I inhaled her scent the more these ideas seemed normal... no... desirable.

Jenny gasped. She stopped fighting it. She stopped fighting the idea that it was wrong too use my mouth to have an indulgent, luxurious orgasm. If sex was right, if sex was central to living, as a mistress, as a bitch... then why not? I felt her thrust her sex up hard against my mouth. She clamped my head against her quim with her hands and twisting about as if she rode a bucking bronco machine, my ear a pommel to hold on to.

I winced with pain as she jerked hard through the climax. Her sex, fuck, her sex was squirting copious highly scented bitch fluid. She was creaming herself. I imagined it... I imagined how she had creamed on Frey.

Now her voice was husky. It was as if the ejaculate changed everything, her voice, her head, her entire attitude.

‘Lick it up!’ she demanded.

I set too, licking up the glistening fluid. The more I lapped though, the more I swallowed it down the more my head seemed to spin. It was as if a primeval genie was out of the bottle, as if an ancient instinct had been set free to play a lead role in our lives from now on.

Climbing down from her urgent orgasm came in a series of pants. I knew that the force of her orgasm shocked her. I knew that she felt the dirtiness of her thoughts. Now she understood, that the very instinctual, the very sensual and selfish way was right and restraint was wrong. That was what it meant to live as well think like a bitch. Ozone, it was what you breathed near the sea. That was how they got this stuff inside your head. They corrupted your mind with every breath.

‘That’s better’ she breathed at last, ‘mistress likes that... she likes the way you lick her’.

I kissed her sex tenderly. I kissed it reverently. The communion was almost done. I desperately wanted to wank, I wanted her to wank me off just as Shuhvorn had started to do in the inn, but she would not. The thought of my relief, my reward never came to her. Instead her thoughts travelled to him again... always, always him!

‘The custom here Matthew’ she said obviously rehearsing Shuhvorn’s instruction, ‘is that your sort submit to master and mistress and then you receive help with your work. You are sustained in your working endeavor, just as long as you remember your place. It’s an orderly society Matthew’.

I shivered. Her wet sex looked hateful now. I hated, loathed and needed her sex. But once it had ruled me and offered no return it seemed a cruel and a repugnant thing. It looked that way, worse, with his thick unctuous semen dribbling out.

‘The visitors help them with their fishing. They direct them to the best spots. That is the trade off... McVey said’ I answered.

‘Yes... yes it’s a contract’ she said, ‘you surrender most rewards in sex and gain a little elsewhere. That seems better... doesn’t it... if you’re no good at sex I mean... ’

No good at sex! No fucking good at sex but decent with my tongue I supposed. That was the point really, it was a island of hedonistic pleasure for the women. Why wouldn’t they love it?! This was a bit too far north to be an idyllic desert island but in all other regards it held so much for women.

‘I don’t fish’ I said a little petulantly, ‘but Frey said that I am to paint you both and may sell the canvases. Later, I am to paint you as your belly swells with his child’.

‘There... you see... Frey finds a compensation for you... a way to use your art so that living is fixed on the canvas. Wasn’t that what you said you wanted?’ she said studying me with her dreamy eyes.

'Yes mistress' I said. I had wanted that. I had wanted to capture life on a canvas. I didn't want to daub pretty pictures of island headlands. I wanted to represent life itself somehow.

After that I was set to tidying the cottage for master arriving that late evening. I swept the floor, remade the bed and placed a bunch of heather and moorland flowers on the table there. I polished the copper pans until they shone and set the fire with extra peat so that the cottage seemed cosy and welcoming when my master came home. Jenny barely acknowledged my efforts. Once she had dressed in a little leather skirt that I guessed she had bought to attract the fucker Cullum, she rested back on the couch and read.

'McVey says that I should never prepare master a meal' I said to her at last.

Jenny nodded.

'Yes' she said, as though the matter was not an issue. 'You will cook for me, but not your master.'

I tried to imagine why. What if the fucker was a spirit? What if the visitors didn't eat because they didn't have a body as such to sustain? If that was true though how had he taken Jenny that way last night? It was confusing. I didn't imagine that Vikings had great table manners, so perhaps it was something to do with that? There were so many things that I didn't understand about the man who had come to stay last night.

'You're looking tetchy Matthew' she said at last when I had stared a little too long at her.

I apologized in the standard way and dropped my head. Frankly, emotionally, I felt done in by the last couple of days.

'I will empty you then' she said firmly, 'come here'.

She stood as I went to her and without permission she unzipped my trousers and took my cock out. It was a casual and an arrogant movement, stylish and practical. It was as if she simply rolled up her sleeves to turn on a tap. I felt her fingers wrap around my cock, which was already swelling. She started working it, fixing me with her steady eyes.

‘Unless I tell you to waste your own seed, I do it... understood?’ she warned.

I nodded, grimacing with the exquisite pleasure at last of her touch. My cock was being worked across the table top. That way she could see how much my cock spurted.

‘You miss fucking me don’t you?’ she whispered working my cock expertly.

‘Yes Miss’ I said getting the address term wrong but loosing my head in the sensations of the moment.

‘Well I don’t want your cock, it’s not good enough Matthew’

Jerk, jerk, jerk, jerk.

‘After last night Matthew... after he fucked me that way, I don’t need your cock’ she continued acidly.

Jerk, jerk, jerk.

‘So we’ll have to empty you every so often... to stop you getting all hot and irate won’t we... ’

She kissed my ear.

‘Cullum was better than you too... a lot better. You fuck like a kid on a dirty first date... ’

Her words lanced my soul. She fucking well stuck me.

My cock belched and the spunk came, glooping out and splurging on the table top. She watched it with a curious expression on her pretty face. I think that she was delighted at her control. Now, now that the thick stuff had dripped to the wooden surface, the looser wetter stuff squirted further across the table.

‘All of it... waste it’ she ordered milking me hard.

I groaned loudly. Fuuuuuck!

‘There’ she said abruptly, ‘that’s better isn’t it. ’

I felt ashamed. I felt ashamed to be male. I felt ashamed that I wasn’t good enough for her. It didn’t matter that the other visitor male was beyond comparison, it was simply that I had faltered in the pursuit of her. I was a cheetah who stopped to wheeze out asthmatic breaths whilst the gazelle’s bounded on.

‘Taste it’ she said.

I begged with my eyes to be excused that humiliation.

She stood firm though arms folded, her perfect legs wrapped around with the tiny leather skirt.

I licked some semen from the table, the sticky kind because that was where she pointed.

‘Open you mouth’ she said, demanding to see the mess on my tongue.

‘Now swallow it’.

She didn’t enquire how it tasted or what it felt like. Apparently that did not matter. What I felt didn’t count for much. All that really mattered it seemed was that semen in my mouth tasted of defeat. Semen in my mouth was there to teach me humility.

I was ordered then with a soft cloth and some wax to rub my semen into the wooden tabletop. Shuhvorn had explained how trapping it this way reminded a lover of how competitor seed was wasted and locked into a wasted place upon the table from which we ate. Viking visitors it seemed were men with an acute sense of smell. That was how they traced fertile women and it was too how they also knew that the also ran male was being subjugated. Wax and wasted spunk smelled like human male capitulation to them. It was an important signal to convey.

After I finished polishing my spunk into the table I was ordered to set out the meal. Tonight it was ham and cheese with thick crusty bread and some bottles of beer. It was simple but attractive fare, but now it smelled, it tasted of despair.

## Chapter 8.

That evening, I learned something new. It was that sex on unequal three way terms is not necessarily a bruising hell. I'd thought of it as a contest, a doomed one, but that evening Frey was determined to teach me that it was cooperation. Just as long as I understood that he was master and Jenny was mistress, I didn't need to be thumped about the head. Living with sex, the sort of sex that was centre stage to your identity, could he insisted, be civilized.

The knock came at the door very soon after I had set the lamp in the window again and restocked the fire. I went and answered it at my mistress's direction and there stood Frey again. This time he was dressed in another waistcoat with his habitual pocket watch, but the bulging breeches and the boots were the same. He smiled at me. It wasn't a smug smile, it was a friend found again smile.

'How are you this evening Matthew?' he enquired.

'Well master' I said, 'busy, busy as always. My mistress went to see Mistress Shuhvorn and came back with advice'.

He smiled again. 'Good... there's a lot to learn isn't there!' he said.

He stepped inside and straightaway my mistress went to him. They kissed tenderly and without concern for my presence. It was as if they had been secret lovers for years and only now, I the cuckolded husband witnessed their tryst. The kiss was affectionate and sensual. It wasn't passionate, seeming calm and assured. There would be so many more kisses this night. My empty cock ached.

'I will take a beer' Frey said directing me to the cupboard after running his hand appreciatively over the anointed table. It made me start. Modern Vikings still liked ale then. I went and fetched his beer and served a glass of wine from the bottle to my mistress. For a moment they talked about the day. Frey was sure that Shuhvorn would become a firm friend. Her slave Angus had been untoward on occasion but that only steeled the woman to discipline if necessary. When they sat on the couch I was allowed to sit too. I wasn't required to wait on like a footman. Now though, now, my job was to listen. My mistress said that I was not to speak unless spoken to.

The customs of the visitors are multiple but I learned that evening one of them. On occasion, especially before a warm and welcoming evening fire, they prefer that all assembled with be largely naked.

'Undress yourself Matthew' ordered Frey. He said it quietly after their conversation about Shuhvorn had ended.

I stood. Jenny was watching me. I felt exposed, rather vulnerable. Still the man's manner seemed calm and his words measured. I started to undress, kicking away my shoes and then removing my shirt. I am quite pale, I don't have the chest hair that you associate with rugged manhood. I suppose, I suppose that I look undeveloped.

'Your pants too Matthew' Frey said, cradling Jenny, his fingers gently brushing the nipple of her right breast.

I removed my socks, then my trousers and my pants. I stood naked before them. I felt bare, I felt small.

‘Get rid of your watch,’ said Frey, ‘time is immaterial to you. Your mistress will order your day.’

I handed my watch to him and he threw it in the fire.

‘Matthew you must listen for your mistress’s voice, you must read her gaze, these are the orderings of the day’ said Frey and then kissed the tip of Jenny’s pert nose.

I nodded. It was embarrassing. It was strange. But I didn’t feel threatened.

‘Now you may undress your mistress’ Frey said, as though he was granting me a treat.

Jenny stood and with infinite care I unbuttoned her blouse. Her eyes teased me mirthfully, darting across my face as I fiddled with her buttons. The blouse came off and I folded it neatly before setting it down on the table. Next was her bra, which I unhooked a little more dexterously. Her ripe breasts bobbed free, her nipples stiff. This aroused her. I knelt to remove her skirt and then her stockings, unhooking them from her suspender belt and rolling them down slowly so as not to snag them. Her neatly trimmed sex looked beautiful. I smelled its scent. My mistress was disrobed now save for her watch and the pendant about her throat. A mistress managed time her slave did not.

‘She is beautiful isn’t she?’ Frey observed.

‘yes master’ I agreed. Jenny looked incredibly beautiful.

From his copious coat pocket Frey took out a thick leather belt with a strikingly large brass buckle. It looked like something that a pirate might wear. I was ordered to buckle it about her slim waist, but because the holes were set for a larger man even the shortest fitting

of the belt brought the buckle to rest just above her cunt. Frey smiled. His eyes flecked brown and I started to lick her.

'Encourage him Jenny, encourage him to lick you. It will enslave him' Frey suggested. He kissed her. 'Do you like the belt... this was a sailor's, long ago, we found that he had no need of it' he whispered.

She kissed him back, eagerly now. 'I love it' she said.

My next job was to undress my master. His clothes worked as you might expect, save for that the physique was so much larger and his thick phallus was difficult to pull free from his breeches. It was probably four or even five times as big as my penis, which seemed to have shrunk backwards and almost in to me. Jenny stared at his cock. She tried to be demure but that was impossible. She stared at it.

'Touch it, he doesn't matter' Frey said casually.

She came to him. Her manicured fingers came to his thick veined cock. She felt the bulbous swelling atop it, that which destroyed her resistance entirely once it occupied her.

'I adore it' she said sincerely, kissing his lips softly. She smiled in my direction. 'Do you adore it too Matthew?'

I nodded. I couldn't stop staring at it. The thing transfixed me. Now stiff, gently curved and ready I could see how superior it was to mine. It seemed majestic and powerful. No matter how Jenny lay, he was able to have her ride her orgasm continuously.

I was beckoned to it by my master's eyes and beneath he and his bitch I licked and sucked his cock with a wet and open mouth. True, it was brutal, but it was too utterly fantastic, utterly beautiful in a quintessentially animal way.

'How does it feel when he sucks you?' she asked daintily, stroking his thick chest hair.

'Confirming, comfortable... it feels pleasant' he said to her with a smile.

'Do you like owning him this way?' she teased.

'Yes' laughed Frey, 'but we always own them. We own them or we remove them' he said nonchalantly.

'I like it... I like it that you have the power over him. I like it that you rule him as a lord' she admitted, begging for another of his kisses.

'There were times when all lords ruled this way. Lives were held in his hand. This is no different woman. Here we have kept the good things about a state. It is the society that he came from that progressively lost its way, ' he smiled.

'They were better times. They were better times when life wasn't dull, or assured' she said.

Now, now he was touching her sex.

'You rule him through your cunt too' said Frey. His fingers slipped inside her and she squirmed.

'Yes!' she gasped.

'You like to do that, to live the Tariskay way?'

'Yes lord' she said.

'You must be consistent, you must be cruel... did Shuhvorn tell you so?' he enquired.

'She showed me ... in the Inn' Jenny murmured. She was moving against his hand now. She needed to fuck. His fingers instructed so.

'Your kind... the modern people, you say so much and sometimes you demonstrate so little. It is as if you play with reality' he observed, his thumb brushing her clitty then.

Jenny moaned.

'You have morals, you have religion but you forgot instinct in the process. Do you think that other creatures worry so much about how to live?' he gently asked.

Jenny shook her head.

'I will teach you instinct. You will live by instinct here' he affirmed.

I was pushed from his cock then and I felt naked. I felt naked beside and beneath them in a way that I had never thought possible. I felt naked not just bereft of clothes but the delusions that came with them.

'You are almost nothing, and I am your superior' Frey said very quietly indeed to me, 'eventually your submission will be instinctive Matthew. You will not need to think about it, to worry about it, you will come when called. Your mistress will fuck without guilt, without the excuses that she and her kind bind themselves with. What you call husband... it will be dead'.

I nodded again. He was probably right. On this island he was right.

We drank some that night, although it seemed impossible for the man to become like McVey. He seemed oblivious to stupor or to drunkenness. I was directed to drink moderately though and into each pot of beer he sprinkled an extract from his folded coat pocket.

'So what were you before you came to Tariskay?' he asked me as Jenny lay curled and near naked on his lap. 'What were you to this woman?'

He wasn't asking about my job. This wasn't a CV check about school and education was it? He was asking about our relationship. Jenny watched me. She was curious about what I might say.

'I was failing Jenny' I said, feeling just a little drunk.

'Because you couldn't fuck properly?' he enquired. Seriously, he said it matter of fact. It wasn't a jibe or a smirk remark. He spoke of sex as an act, an ability, pure and simple.

'I failed her on many levels' I said, mumbling towards a confessional that should honestly have sickened me but which didn't seem to register with a figure so cock massive as him.

I wasn't sure that he understood emotions and commitment in the same way. Why should he? He came from a different world and a different time. Life was more brutal then, and judgements on performance harsher no doubt.

'I got precious about my painting, about my 'art'. I was becoming a grumpy bastard' I said. Did he know what that was? I wasn't sure.

'So... ' Prompted Frey.

'So she went with another man, she went with someone better' I said. Jenny didn't flinch... she didn't flinch at all. Frey stroked her breasts. He stroked them gently.

'You felt what you call anger, what you call shame' he suggested.

'Yes' I admitted.

'But you had failed her. She should fuck with someone her equal and Matthew you were not that' he observed.

It all sounded so logical didn't it. It sounded so fucking obvious. Women carried babies, they were more precious and important. To a brutal visitor they must have been. Take a woman and you take her

potential for she carries her eggs with her. So for Frey it was just natural for Jenny to have fucked Cullum.

‘Did you fight this man? Did you pretend to be good enough again?’ he wondered.

Jenny watched me. She watched me intently.

‘No’ I said, and felt wretched. ‘I pretended that it wasn’t happening and hoped that she would stay with me.’

Frey nodded. We were a study to him, a curiosity. We must have been. Just as he seemed strange to us, so we must have seemed odd to him.

‘Come to her cunt now, whilst you speak, show her that you are grateful she did not leave you’ he said, his base voice resonating. He parted her legs, splaying them wide over his muscular thighs. Her sex opened before me. I sniffed and then licked.

‘Speak on’ said Frey.

‘The man was called Cullum... a senior at the university. He saw her every day. He fucked her every day... her panties were always wet’ I said confessing and licking. They went away on conferences together and sometimes I thought that she might not come back... ’

She was kissing Frey now as I licked her. She was kissing his big mouth.

‘Eventually I begged her to stay. Artists don’t always earn so much. Jenny earned the money.’

‘Did you promise to obey her?’ Frey asked. He moved his fingers down so that he could part her lips. I was to lick within.

That sickened me, his contemptible words.

‘The power shifted between us... she knew... she knew that I would never resist if she had another affair. Then, then this work on the island came up. ’

‘But she was always more powerful than you Matthew... because of her cunt. In your community, men want to fuck cunt. You cannot control the urge, is that not so?’

‘Yes... yes it is’ I admitted.

‘All other creatures have the male dressed to display. But in your kind the woman displays. She has the breasts, the curves to her body the smell in her sex. She is mistress is she not?’ He frowned in my direction, feeling my tongue wet against his fingers as well as Jenny’s sex.

‘Yes’ I said, fuck Darwin, fuck the selfish gene, fuck god if he designed us this way.

Frey kissed her slowly whilst I licked. Her quim lips were swollen to hell now. She really did need to fuck.

‘You will attend us in the bed Matthew. Can you do that?’ asked Frey in what was inevitably a mock invite rather than an order.

‘Yes... yes I can,’ I said gratefully.

## Chapter 9.

I lay beneath them that night and I watched his massive cock make Jenny’s sex stretch in a way that seemed unimaginable. Her wet lips stuck out and wrapped around his thick shaft like a succulent sleeve. As he thrust inside her, her labia spasmed rhythmically, sucking, sucking on his cock. It sent my mind spinning. The way they coupled, the way she dripped and the way every thrust forced the

breath from her lungs so that she grunted like a bitch taken on the street.

I licked first at her clitty to heighten her pleasure and then at his swinging scrotum. The man had massive and heavy balls. I was already used to doing personal health checks of my own balls, but these were in a league of their own. Evidently men were not all built the same way. As well as having an imposing frame that man had hefty credentials between his legs. I licked their copiously oozing union and felt Jenny's breasts swinging against my tummy. Soon enough they would be very full indeed. They would swell with milk for his kids and then the work in the university would be dead and Cullum, the fucker would be done for. Whatever that meant, we would stay on Tariskay and live the island way.

Time didn't exist for me, only submission and duty. That, it seemed was my future. So as I watched close hand as Frey took her and time dissolved there too. Minutes passed or what I guessed would be minutes. Then the thrusting increased and the first of several slugs of semen were shot deep inside my mistress's womb. Then the whole of her body seemed to spasm, her lithe form knotting in an ecstasy of pleasure as the master load was deposited. Now, here on Tariskay, when Jenny climaxed it was noisy. She grunted, snorted, begged and groaned through the generous load of spunk that she took.

Barely had the woman caught breath and the gradual slup, slup, slup crescendo of fucking began again.

'Oh Frey... God... oh God... I love this' she mewed beneath his muscular arching body.

I licked his balls and they were still heavy. Where all the gloopy thick seed came from God only knows.

'I adore you' she moaned.

He seemed pleased and pulled her hair back sharply, easing away a little so I could see the sheer length of the wet cock strokes that he ran into her cunt. His cock looked so massive, so slimy, that he looked as though he was skewering her. With every penetration he seemed to press her open, stretching her relentlessly.

‘See that Matthew...’ he breathed, ‘best Norseman rather than your man Cullum’.

‘Yes master... thank you’ I burred below. In truth it was best this way. When you looked as good as Jenny there was always the risk of other cocks taking her. She could take her pick and she knew it. All beautiful women knew it. They knew it every time they put their lippy on. There was always a risk of an affair, a subterfuge. My wife’s moral soul was always at risk. Now, now, openly and monstrously that uncertainty was set aside. There was no secrecy here!

Master’s cock plunged into her again, full shaft and he rocked her through a second skin quivering orgasm. I watched as his balls clenched like a fist to dump the next load inside her.

‘Christ Frey... Christ!’ she gasped.

Did Frey know who Christ was? I wondered. Did he understand the expletive in any other terms rather than relief... may be not. If he was a time warp pagan he might still have laughed at that name. How many Christians had his kind raped on Lindisfarne for instance?

I learned after that second climax to work with my master, licking mistress’s clitty more and more as another or her orgasms raced towards her like an express train. If you learn to serve your betters you do it modestly, quietly, without bravado. You kiss thighs, a trimmed bush, brush heavy balls and then madam’s lips and only later do you nuzzle first a nose and then a tongue tip against her bulging clitty.

‘I love you, I love you, I love you’ she grunted out the mantra and Frey thrust out the rhythm of it. Now she was so full of his gift that

every thrust squirted out residues of semen around a rim that simply couldn't hold it all in. I licked teased and cleaned in turn swallowing as fast as I could. It shook me, even as women were conquered in his dark past they may have exclaimed a love for the bull male. Sex and adoration were as one.

More orgasms followed and more deposits were made. Relentless deliveries filled Jenny's sex to overflowing so it was impossible for her not to make a mess.

'I'm going to breed you' he sneered at the height of one rollicking climax, 'just as soon as he's completely broken'.

'Yes... YES... pleeease!' she gasped.

Then, later, his cock came free and my face was covered in semen. It fell on me warm and sticky and alive with his seed. It landed in my eyes and mouth and I ate as quickly as I could. More and more dripped out. I reached up and licked his glistening cock too, swirling my tongue over it's majesty, accepting that I would lick my worthless lips clean afterwards.

Frey leaned forward over her, kissed her neck tenderly and felt how her teats stuck out from her breasts. Yes... yes... she was perfect. She would breed so well and so strong!

Afterwards I was sent to sleep on the couch. The double bed was simply too small for a big man and his woman. I would have had to curl up at the foot of the bed if they had kept me in there.

I fell into a sex intoxicated and booze fuelled sleep. As I sank into oblivion, I knew something. Frey was incredibly real. He was incredibly present and physical. The man was no myth or folk story. Whatever he was, he worked a bed like a flying carpet. I couldn't believe where he had taken my mistress in that last hour.

The next morning I was up early and went out to wash the hangover from my head beneath the small waterfall a few hundred

yards beyond the cottage. It was a blustery day, the seabirds struggling against the wind as it hit the cliff and lifted them high into the sky. I was toweling off my head when Jenny arrived. She was wearing the tightest blue denim jeans the belt and a top that seemed to push her breasts up. She wore her hair up and on the one side of her long sensuous neck there was a mark where he had bitten her in the midst of ejaculating.

‘How are you feeling Matthew?’ she asked enthusiastically.

‘Washing out a hangover’ I answered too quickly. ‘Mistress...’ I added when she gave me a look.

‘Just because we are alone Matthew the conventions don’t fly out of the window. If you make too many mistakes in front of Frey he will hurt you.’ She smiled as she spoke. It was the gentlest of rebukes and she held forth her hand so that I could kiss the dress ring that she wore. She looked radiant. The night had thrilled her and it had changed her yet again. She walked, she talked with a new poise. It was the look of a woman who had charge of things.

‘How does your mouth feel?’ she asked after watching a Ring Ouzel break cover and fly low over the heather. Ouzel, the thrush of the moor. I had rarely seen them before.

I thought about it. There was something different.

‘I have a taste about my mouth... like damp earth. It’s up my nose too, but not unpleasant mistress’ I answered honestly.

She nodded. ‘Good’ she said with a smile.

I frowned. What was it?

‘All the men acquire it, Shuhvorn said... it becomes addictive. The men don’t want to leave Tariskay and their mistresses. She thinks that is partly why the island intimacies have never really leaked out.’

I nodded. Anything was possible.

'Do you like licking my sex Matthew?' she asked, squinting suddenly as the sun broke through and filled her face with a soft yellow light.

'Yes Mistress' I admitted. Well... well... I did.

'It gives you a purpose doesn't it, when there is no pussy for your cock' she said.

'I think so mistress'.

She nodded. It was clear that she had new things to direct or explain and so she started.

'There are rules on the island Matthew, you must go to pussy for any mistress that I direct you to. It is part of female authority here. '

I nodded quickly.

'If you try to fuck any woman, to cheat on Frey and I he will kill you. '

That shook me. It was an iron fist in a velvet glove sort of law then.

'Yes mistress'.

'You must be devoted to me and to my pleasures... I know, I know, that is just too raunchy, but it is how you will live here' she said quizzing me with her eyes.

I assented yes again.

'You like Frey don't you?' she asked.

I frowned and asked whether I could speak freely. She assented to that.

'I admire Frey' I said, 'I admire how he makes you feel. I admire how haughty and confident he has made you. Whoever he is he has had an astonishing effect on you. '

She smiled. 'He's your perfect man... what you wish you could be if you were more masculine' she suggested.

'He's entirely masculine mistress' I admitted. I paused. Perhaps I could ask a question.

'Mistress... about Cullum, would you have left me for him?'

'Yes' she said.

I nodded.

'The plan was to divorce you when we came back from Tariskay. I was going to move in with him and leave you to see whether you could make it as an artist. '

That belted me one. It hit me straight in the guts.

'Was?' I said. I know, I was grasping at straws.

'Yes' she said 'was. I feel... differently now. '

I wanted to snap, 'two nights with him!' But I couldn't do that. I found myself feeling grateful to Frey. His way... well... I had a place.

'So what next mistress?' I asked. The world seemed churned about, well, my world at least.

We started to walk back to the cottage.

'We stay on the island, you serve Frey and I and then I have his babies. ' She glanced at me having made the lunatic announcement.

'He may inseminate other women here... they're not necessarily faithful are they' I insisted.

'Then I will beg for more babies... it is one of the instincts Matthew' she said and touched my arm. She meant it as well. That was what would consume her. It would roll over her like a massive tidal wave. Men like Frey had a right to fuck whomsoever they chose. Bigger men had bigger rights. Instinct was respected. In any case, given last night's performance I concluded that the man had plenty to go around.

I walked a step or two on.

'We can't live this intensely... the sex I mean... mistress' I said.

'I don't know' she admitted, 'the women do and they are content. We couldn't live on ten fucks in a year either though could we?'

Ten fucks?

'We fucked only ten times last year Matthew... you bored me. Now, now you don't. I like what you do. I expect what you do and it fits in with everything else, with Frey and this place.' She watched my expression. Yes, just ten fucks. She had counted.

The blood must have drained from my face.

'You can be less here, you can count for less and still have a role' she said.

Fuck you, I thought. Fuck you, Miss highly sexed slut!

'But what will I do...' I began. I know what I had to do intimately, but the life beyond.

'Frey says that you can have a year to see how your paintings sell, and then after that, if you have failed, you will be sent to fish on one of the boats'. It was the crispest prescription I had ever heard.

I stared blankly at her.

'I will, write up my research reports on the island...' she continued.

'Featuring vikings, and exchange transactions, fishing prospects in exchange for wives?' I asked. I was bitter I know that I was! Still, she didn't slap my face.

'No' she said primly, 'something boring and dull about island mentality and a genteel decay of the old ways. I don't want scientists crawling all over the place.'

'You're not intending to go home... are you?' I said.

She smiled earnestly.

'No Mistress is not intending to go home' she said reminding me of decorum.

I apologized.

'You won't be going home either Matthew. The visitors and the islanders won't let you. This is your world now, they will see to that' she warned.

I shook myself. The island was a prison. It was quite a big one, but a prison nonetheless.

'You won't try and run away will you Matthew. I wouldn't stop them doing to you what became necessary' she said with a kiss to my forehead.

That morning Frey returned to sea on fish shoal location duties and my mistress and I walked into the village. I walked a little behind her as is customary and she greeted several people on the way there. Equally according to custom I initiated no conversations of my own before her. I was there to respond and support, not to initiate or innovate.

We went first to McVey's house, a white washed cottage some way up the hill from the village. Jenny seemed to sense where he would be even though I had argued that he would probably be in the pub. My mistress fed him. I need to clarify that because it's quite important. Feed in this sense is more akin to feeding an addiction. McVey had to have that taste in his mouth and up his nose too. Because he was for now a lower order slave he was demoted to licking her bottom. I stared open mouth as she eased down her jeans and watched him come to her when called. As far as the jeans material would allow, she stood akimbo and he licked across her buttocks and then down the crease too.

'I want you to teach Matthew the rudiments of medicine and first aid McVey' she said as the old man licked her, 'you're going to die one day and the island will need medical cover.'

It seemed a brutal assessment. We are all going to die one day. But there are ways of putting this a little less dismissively. Still McVey assented and then thanked her for visiting him.

'You will attend our cottage three times a week' she said crisply pulling up her jeans afterwards, 'I can't be chasing you half across the island to receive your devotion. When you are alone you will write about the dreams that invaded your night. You will write down how you want to lick my bottom and then show me the notes later.'

'Yes Mistress' he said and we left.

'How long does the addiction take to catch hold of a man mistress?' I asked. I meant me, but it was too intolerable to ask the question that way.

'Shuhvorn says a couple of months' she answered as we walked down the hill.

'Nothing in a medical bag to stop it' I queried.

'No Matthew' she said firmly, 'there is nothing to stop it. No, I don't know how it works, something to do with the cocktail when we fuck... alright?!

I hated to ask, but I had one last question. We were going to see Mistress Shuhvorn you see and there would be more addiction encouraged there.

'Mistress, I will shut up after this question. But I beg you, what happens if the man doesn't get his fix?'

She mused for a moment. 'I suppose that he loses control. He suffers withdrawal symptoms. Then perhaps he gets darts... you know, like Angus did' she said finally.

We walked on.

## Chapter 10.

Let me be clear about this, I wanted to lick the bitch Shuhvorn's cunt. I wanted to try something. It was a crazy crazy theory but it was worth a try. Nothing on Tariskay worked in the way that you imagined, so that there was always a chance that the inequalities could be evened out a little. Consider, I had just watched a sixty something year old GP and stalwart of the island lick my mistress's bottom. She has lavished her butt against his mouth. If she had been to the toilet then I could imagine her not bothering with paper... you take my drift. That just couldn't be right could it? It was demeaning, humiliating. The more I understood Tariskay ways the more it seemed to me that the visitors and the women got something out of the arrangements, but the men got nothing unless they were seriously masochistic.

The woman Shuhvorn intrigued me. I mean she had a good figure and a beautiful face but she had never bothered to leave the island. With such good looks she could have been a model on the mainland. Then there was the fact that the first time I had met her she was panicking about the well being of her slave. The next time, in the bar, she had tried to humiliate me by wanking me beneath the table. She was like an explosive that could go critical under particular circumstances.

Mistress cautioned me as we walked towards the cottage on the harbour side.

‘Shuhvorn is a mistress too,’ she said with a little finger wagging, ‘and you will treat her as such. You address her as mistress and you don’t talk unless invited to. You will let her play with your cock if she wishes and you will come to pussy if directed.’

I was feeling a bit irritable by then, having watched how Jenny had handled poor McVey. The morning conversation had told me a lot but it seemed the more Jenny walked and blended into the culture, the harder her attitude became. I affirmed that I would do as I was told.

I’d expected that Shuhvorn’s Viking lover would be off to sea and the hapless Angus in a fishing boat too at this time of the day, so I was surprised when her ‘husband’ was also at home. Shuhvorn was dressed for a vicar’s tea party, wearing a swish hem floral dress that sat well above her knee, a rather ostentatious set of pearls about her throat, high heels and stockings. She looked as though butter wouldn’t melt in her mouth.

‘Jenny darling!’ she exclaimed as she met my mistress on the doorstep. They air kissed and hugged. This could have been bloody Edinburgh or London the way that they acted. Shuhvorn’s ring was offered for me to kiss and I watched Angus do the same for my mistress. There was an obvious scar on his cheek but healing was well advanced.

'I thought we might take tea and cakes in the sun room, its so lovely beside the sea' said Shuhvorn. She led the way and pointed to Angus. I watched her mouth 'refreshments, now!' to him.

Jenny said how lovely the cottage was, even though she had seen it before. I followed meek and silent behind the women. They seated themselves on a large floral patterned couch, one that backed onto a small garden in which a teenager worked. The guy was nineteen Shuhvorn said and he was called Jacob. He did odd jobs around the island and didn't have a mistress yet. She said that she had spoken with Frey and the other big men about owning Jacob herself and they were thinking about that. I sensed that the matter rather miffed Shuhvorn as senior mistresses usually owned more than one male. Jenny arrived on the island and took two from the start!

I was ordered too sit opposite Mistress Shuhvorn as if this was an interview. Your young man Jacob looked on. I got the impression that he had seen a share of things around the island.

'Now Matthew,' said Shuhvorn, 'you've been brought down here today so that I can verse you in island ways. Once you have completed your pleasantries, we are going to let you ask questions' she said primly.

'Yes mistress' I said automatically. I needed that phrase on a loop recording. I was fed up with saying it.

My mistress fixed me with a look. I was meant to stare at her crotch. That was what I was meant to do. Beneath the floral dress material, the yellow flowers and trailing vines, there was her sex. I was meant to obsess. Later, when the addiction had hold of my brain the look would come naturally. But for now, I was still a learner.

I stared at her crotch and I felt like a pervert. I felt like a dirty mac man who lingered on benches in the park. I thought that Shuhvorn might say something, give an order perhaps, but she didn't. She merely hitched the dress hem up so I could see her bare sex easily. To my horror I could smell her scent. I could smell her scent up my

nose, in that same place and I wanted to please her. It was never a matter of pouncing on her, but if she ordered me to attend her I would. Jacob was watching too, he had an excellent view of her sex, the stocking tops and suspenders.

‘Place the teapot and the cakes over their Angus’ Shuhvorn said when he carried in the things, ‘then sit on the floor over there like a good boy’.

I watched Angus set down the things and shuffle onto the floor. He looked diminished by the scar, diminished by the episode that had required it. He would know better next time not to cross his master.

My gaze returned to Shuhvorn’s crotch. I know, it sounds bloody comical. But it wasn’t. Once the scent was out, in the confined space of the warm sunroom, it was honestly, yes intoxicating.

‘Would you like Angus to toilet you darling?’ Shuhvorn asked. It sounded like she was asking Jenny whether she wanted a fag. I imagined my mistress saying that she had just put one out! But remember the context of this. Men got wasted on Tariskay. No matter how sleepy it seemed, there were men who got a sharp pain the back of their mouths and then goodnight world! Think of it as a polite horror.

My mistress didn’t say no. She slipped off her boots and jeans, left the slouch belt in place and popped a foot up on the couch. She patted her thigh to Angus as though the sod was a border Collie or something.

‘Bottom only please Angus you know the rehab rules. You have months to go yet’ admonished Shuhvorn.

I watched Jenny angle her bottom so that the man could lick in the right intimate places. She pulled one cheek slightly aside so that he could push his tongue in for the deeper laps.

Jacob stared.

'I expect you're feeling a little needy too aren't you Matthew' she said.

Needy. Fucking hell! The scent had hold of me, but not yet... I wasn't a pheromone druggy yet!

Shuhvorn presented her sex to me. She spread her legs wide so that suspender straps stretched. Then she opened her sex lips with dainty fingers so that I could see where her Norseman buried his cock. Jacob dropped his shears and paused, mouth open.

'Thank you mistress' I said and knelt between her legs. I paused a moment so she could give her permission and then I pushed my head close. I shouldn't have inhaled deeply but I did. I took a slug of the scent straight down to my lungs and up into my brain. Hell, I needed to lick her. I'd glanced just once up at Jacob. She glanced too.

'Don't worry about him, he wants to, but I haven't allowed him yet' she said airily.

Now, now was the moment to try out my experiment. I reasoned that if I licked right, if I accented her bare clitty more and more so she didn't register the escalation, I could develop a habit in her head too. Who controlled whom, huh?

Angus and I licked in the intimate way. It didn't matter what the mistresses did we were assigned. Jenny passed a little wind, and Angus licked on. She admitted that it tickled and that the licking made her want to 'botty burp'. Shuhvorn though fixed her with a look. This wasn't flippant, it was to be conducted with proper control. The sensations must have captured my mistress quickly then, because she had Angus lie on the floor, and then straddled his face. That way he could lick around and around her botty hole with generous sweeps of what I guessed could still be a bruised tongue.

I worked to plan. Well, I tried to work to plan. But every time I inhaled deeply more of the drug went in. So I started to suckle on the

woman's lush sex lips. I felt them slide against my tongue and somehow the focus of my plan started to slip.

'Is that nice Matthew?' Shuhvorn asked, as if I was gobbling through an ice cream Sunday.

'Yes mistress' I said with my mouth full, so that it sounded mumbled.

'You're quite a greedy boy aren't you' she said, smiling down at me.

I tried to suck her clitty clear of the hood. Something the dark recess of my brain told me that that was the plan. But she had hold of my ear and it was excruciating as she pulled it. I yelped.

'Lick nicely, that's a good boy' she said.

I settled lower, nuzzling and licking as she required. I could see why they referred to this as feeding us. She oozed juices that I licked up and swallowed. More drug, but then it seemed impossible to resist.

'You're going to be such a good boy aren't you Matthew' she whispered, 'not like naughty Angus over there. He's back down to the botty step'.

From the little that I could see, my mistress was wiping her bottom all over Angus's face. It was an indulgent circular motion.

'Jacob's masturbating' giggled Jenny, 'he's hiding behind that bush but he is!'

'Good, 'said Shuhvorn, 'imagine how eager he will be when he's allocated to me'.

We finished our etiquette matters a few minutes later. I had to have my face pushed away with the threat of a slap. My mistress had Angus kiss each of her cheeks daintily and then demanded a thank

you for the treat given. Angus thanked her like a kid in a sweetshop who had just been given a bag of sherbet. It seemed sexy and it seemed sickening at once. It was like that... an impossible contrast of emotions.

When the submitting was done Angus was sent to sit in the kitchen and I was directed back to my chair.

Jenny said that she would go out briefly and chat with the red faced Jacob.

'Jenny,' said Shuhvorn, 'is a natural and a complete mistress Matthew. I have never known a Viking come for a woman so quickly or... attract a high ranking stud so far inshore. Her scent is perfect. You will not last ten days before you crave her. Then my lad, you will find she rations things. You will learn to do her bidding in everything.'

'Thank you mistress' I answered.

'Do you crave her already?' she asked me.

I nodded. There was the taste in my mouth and up my nose. I cherished it. If it were to fade... then... then things would seem miserable.

'That's OK darling' she soothed, 'you may serve here forever, it will be nice to have an artist on Tariskay.'

I felt desperate. My head was swimming about. Such a big feed as this was making me feel weak and then exhilarated inside. But I couldn't action very much. My limbs felt warm and heavy.

'Questions Matthew... you may ask questions' Shuhvorn said.

I started to think of them but couldn't resist watching my mistress too. She was chatting with Jacob. She slipped her fingers inside the zip fly of her jeans and ran her fingers down between her lips. Then,

then, she held the wet fingers out for the guy to sniff. After he had done so, she ordered him to lick. She giggled when the youth did so. It was so easy, so pleasurable to control him. I didn't want Shuhvorn to see that artistry, to feel competed with so I asked the first question that came into my head.

'Mistress, how long do the Viking live? '

She nodded.

'Something over one hundred and twenty years' she said, 'and they may breed well past one hundred. '

I nodded and believed her. By now, the folklore shit was out of the door. I was dealing with the facts.

'Do they have many children?' I asked thinking about what Jenny had said.

'They breed most years and most times there is but one beautiful, intensely gifted child. The children are strong and beautiful. They are more athletic than we would otherwise produce. They all can sing, but some have a gift of music playing as well. Others recite poetry... but you are a curiosity to Frey Matthew, you can paint. '

'The islands must be full of their offspring, the women on the island exhausted' I ventured.

She laughed. 'The bigger men cause women to come into season and can sense the best egg to fertilize. They smell that through a woman's scent. Mistresses are bred every two in three years, with rest times in between. But the children of bigger men run their life time risks too. As you know they are excellent sailors and fishermen. Norse men love the sea. Sharks are a problem as the ocean warms around Tariskay and so are jelly fish. I don't know why but a jelly fish sting can cripple a visitor and they can drown. '

‘A man could find a jelly fish on the beach and attack a visitor’ I said.

She grinned. ‘Every day the young girls sweep the shore for grounded jelly fish Matthew, they protect their birthright.’

‘There are other children on the island, those not sired by the bigger men?!’ I asked.

‘Yes, a few are born each year. Tariskay needs workers and beautiful women are drawn to the island with dreams of romance and misty seas. The visitors order our society and its customs’ she assured me.

I wondered whether my questions seemed impertinent. She seemed very relaxed and all the happier for the sexual compliments taken.

‘Would you ever lie with Angus again?’

‘No’

‘Why not?’

‘Because that would be second best’

‘But the contract, what is there really for the men here? They are taken to good fishing grounds, but they loose their wives. They become slaves to the mistresses’ I protested.

She didn’t blink.

‘They get certainty and peace Matthew. Each day brings the same, the power of the Viking and the authority of their mistress. Do you think a man wants a relationship with a woman where she is to heel? No, he craves a woman that he can never entirely subdue. That is what Tariskay provides a world where the man never catches the woman, where she exudes intrigue, and where a bigger man can strike him from this earth if he does not work to please her. It is not

so dire. There is no lust for cars, or money, property or power. There is only the need to submit. '

'Lotus eaters' I said mesmerized by her answer.

'No Matthew... they eat something else... don't they? She said.

## Chapter 11.

I wonder if you realize how important that time and information are to your world? Your sense of self, progress, identity itself is strongly bound with both. I must get to the meeting (time) in order to update everyone on the project (information). The manipulation of time and information produces person, it defines purpose. Who you are is determined in large part by how the two are handled.

Fray understood that completely when he threw my watch into the fire. If I did not have a real sense of time then it was harder to retain a sense of identity, that which was not framed in the way that he dictated. My sense of self, of worth, of purpose was to centre firmly upon my mistress and through her upon their union. Time took you towards their babies, and then the raising of a little one, and then the cycle returned. Time itself was to centre on the fecundity of my mistress and her breeding. Of all the things in the world this was the most important. It was not a war, not a UN resolution, not the economic state of the nation, it was the readiness of my mistress to breed and go on breeding with him. It was the readiness of her slave to support that relentless process.

There was no diktat about this though. There was no grand speech that Fray shared, there was simply the slow slip of days, building submission and then obsession with her pleasures, her wellbeing her contentment. In the next month after our visit to the summerhouse at Shuhvorn's I became entirely physically addicted to

my mistress's pussy and what she fed me. I found it hard to sleep if she had delayed in my feeding. There was a fine tremor in my hand that soon became cramps. My mouth felt dry though it was not and I feared that I would struggle to breath. The scent of her body became a torture and especially if I smelled him upon her. I had to lick, I had to complete my 'devotions'.

Jenny knew what she did to me every time she fed me. It wasn't just a case of habituating me to thinking of sex as a mouth thing it was a case of enslaving me. She became contemptuous about it. I was a licker that was what I was. I didn't know how to use a cock, let alone satisfy a woman and so I licked. She talked that way as she fed me, rocking on my mouth, queening me as I lay on the bed or floor. When she looked down at me there was cruelty. I was just a wet wipe for her cunt. I was just a tool to get off on, waiting for Frey to get home that night.

My addiction deepened so that I looked at her the right way. It was a complex look of longing and shame and worship. It was a palette of emotional paints that made an indescribably rich colour. You couldn't name it, you simply sensed it, felt it and knew that it themed everything you thought, did or said. The more she reduced me to that sorry state, the more she enjoyed Frey. It wasn't just that he fucked her perfectly, it was that he was perfect male. Being with him made her feel perfect female... that was how it was. It was as if they built Eden together and without a god.

My sinking was framed within my shrinking horizons. My mistress rarely referred to the correct time of the day in front of me. She wore a watch, not that I was allowed to read it. No, I could only sense the passage of time by the journey of the Tariskay sun. I knew where it should be rising over the land in the early morning, where it reached in the sky sometime around midday and when it would set over the sea in the west. If there was only cloud, then I was lost. I had a very approximate sense of time. My clock, such as it was became determined by devotions. If I had behaved well during the previous day, then I was brought to her sex in the early morning. Then the

scent, the drug of her coupling was strongest and it was hard not to gobble against her soft wet flesh.

'You lick like a pig' she said once watching me and then closing her eyes with sensual pleasure.

Do pigs lick? I don't know. You tell me.

A midday devotion was not vouchsafed. It rather depended on her mood and whether McVey had arrived for his devotions as well. The poor man was struggling like mad on a ration of three times a week. His faced looked lined and haggard. I don't think that my mistress realized the potency of her drug. She would have us lie head to head on the stone floor of the cottage, our feet almost touching opposite walls, each of us lying face up. We were required to lie on our hands. There was to be no touch, no semblance of male control. Then she would straddle our faces, showing us the pertness of her thoroughly exercised sex. I felt a selfish pride that I was able to lick her quim whilst McVey lathered her bottom. Back and forth, back and forth she went, spasming and mewling as she used us for her own agenda. It shocked me just how much she climaxed having her bottom licked. By then Frey fucked everything. Everything he took became a heightened memory and a raunchy sensuality.

Evening devotions was something of a variable feast as well. Frey certainly didn't need me to tongue his bitch before he took her, but it often amused him to demand it. I attended my mistress in front of him, trying to look malleable, moving when she moved, teasing when she required, easing back when she clipped my ear with her open hand. My world was centering down on her and her desires. I flew around her like a moth besotted with the glowing bulb. She became my light and what I opened my eyes for.

If my life centred on devotions then it spun away from news, from information of any kind that registered the world beyond Tariskay. There was no television reception on Tariskay, a small island beyond the outer Hebrides. There was radio, but I was not allowed to touch the set. My mistress controlled my access to the outer world. She

was a filter through which limited information passed. There were of course practical contacts that she made on my behalf. She would order me extra canvases or paints to come out on the weekly ferry. She arranged for money to be transferred from my trust fund so that new clothes, new lingerie could be bought to please my master. There is but one general store on Tariskay that sells over priced essential goods. But my mistress was the best dressed woman on the island and she soon outranked any of the other mistresses within the village. More boots, more basques, French knickers, seamed stockings, leather skirts and tight designer jeans arrived. My nest egg, designed to sustain me in art for a decade was draining into the bank accounts of the fashion retailers and the agent who arranged private transfer of the same to the island because standard mail order didn't come this far.

Frey fucked her hard because she looked like that. She was the doyen of provocative desire. The other mistresses envied her. The more he fucked her the more arrogant she became.

'Matthew don't be silly... you live on visitor time now, the bigger men directed life. You don't need politics, or gossip, game shows or soap operas. You just need to live properly here. '

I knew where this was heading. Once I was broken, once I only thought her way, then Frey would breed her. He would sacrifice her svelte looks in the leather gear to see her belly swelling with his seed.

When I wasn't at devotions, cooking for her, cleaning and washing for them, I started to paint. My subject was of course my mistress. She had a particular pair of leather jeans that she wore with the slouch belt that made my dick go hard in an instant. Teamed with a silk blouse and her auburn hair freshly washed it gave her a buccaneering look. At first I planned to set her against a dramatic cliff face, overlooking the sea. But that didn't seem enough. It was simply a picture of a very beautiful woman. I need to theme it in some way, to lend it some symbolism. I begged my mistress for permission to visit the mainland so that I could study Victorian

paintings of muse women. They were full of symbolism. Mistress said that idea was silly though. I would never leave the island. I wouldn't be able to cope without my devotions. It sickened me. She was right. She was entirely right.

I turned then to my imagination and to McVey. I asked my mistress to order his attendance for a 'sitting'. He was to come up in his best tweed suit and waistcoat, one that wasn't stained with whisky thank you very much. Then I took the Kodak camera with instant print pop out film and we trekked to the very spot that would look most dramatic. It was a rocky ledge over looking a deep blue sea. The heather tumbled to the edge and in a wind the water spumed upwards into the air. Mistress then stood legs akimbo, on the rock, before the sea holding a heavy chain and a small anchor that I had lugged there. She looked down to where McVey clung to her leg. He was to look up at her desperately as she surveyed him. I already knew the title for the picture, 'cast adrift'. It was sexy, obviously sensuous and it spoke about age and disdain. There were the wrinkles of a sixty year old in a conservative tweed suit and a beautiful young woman who would chain him and toss him over the edge. After an hour of photographs and sketches I had my reference material.

I remember that on the walk back, mistress stepping ahead of us, McVey and I lugging gear behind that we found time to talk. The waves were crashing against the rocks now and a storm was brewing so it wasn't easy for her to over hear us. Poor McVey, he was in a sorry state. He desperately needed some 'cunt time'. He hoped desperately that I would share and intercede with my mistress. But you know something... I was jealous of that. I wanted to lick her pussy. I didn't want him doing that. It had a status. I lied, saying that I would see what we could do.

It was a tricky thing to manage because the island needed McVey. My mistress needed McVey too because she wanted an orderly society. That which she had come to study was something that she was starting to run, in the subtlest, the nastiest way possible. Should

McVey become ill, crazed by withdrawal, then the doctor of the island might be lost. I was learning first aid and medical matters fast, but I was well over a year from being ready right now. Sure I did a few procedures, catheterizing the men that masturbated without their mistress's permission for example. They spent a month 'tubed up', making it excruciatingly painful to masturbate. If you had latex, McVey said, then you didn't need to put a cock in a cage. But none of this was learned easily or quickly. Something had to be done. I wondered whether my mistress would consider giving McVey to an older mistress one that would permit the guy what he so clearly craved.

We trudged on watching mistress's bottom move in the tight leather jeans. Our gaze was transfixed and we felt as sick with desire as each other.

'She is going to write a guide for the other mistresses, a teaching text so that the instruction of new mistresses doesn't have to be passed on word of mouth' I told McVey.

'You can't print that,' he said, 'you can't send that off the island, and we have no printing press.'

We didn't, McVey was right.

'We're to copy it out manuscript. The men are, when they're not fishing, farming, or at their devotions' I said, 'we're to become fucking monks writing their gospel.'

McVey laughed. His face creased with mirth. That was 'fucking rich' and very 'Iona monastry' he said. It was our 'Book of Tells'.

'They will check every page' I said, 'any subterfuge, counter message or secret script and it could be a swim in the sea with this'. I waggled the anchor hanging by my leg.

'Quite so... quite so' said McVey and we promenaded on along the blustery shore.

Two weeks later and the new picture was progressing. The camera images weren't the clearest to work with, save for the overall scene. But my sketches of my mistress's face, her arms and hands were. I started to build up an image that was well structured and yes, sensuous. You only needed a perceptive collector to see what this picture was really about to make a good sale. I suggested that we price the artwork at £2000 and my mistress upped that to £3000. It wasn't that she necessarily thought my work immediately collectible, but there were a pair of Jimmy Choo boots that she wanted.

You can't paint by lamplight, but you can adjust some of the pencil work. A line doesn't need light in the same way. There is no hue or range of colour to judge. So I was working on the canvas one night before evening devotions. Fray glanced at the work and nodded. He seemed to like it that I was painting his bitch. That evening mistress was wearing a pleated mini skirt in black watch tartan, a fad that she affected a lot I suppose because of her roots.

When there came a knock at the door I started. Not many people walked the long path up to the cottage in the dead of night, save perhaps a Viking. Now that Frey was master of the croft I hoped that it wasn't one of his kind. With a glance mistress sent me to the door and I opened it to find Jacob standing there. He stood wide eyed, fresh faced, in a pair of jeans and a white shirt, holding his Donovan cap in his hand. He said nothing and I stared. I stared at him as if he had risen out of the ground itself.

'Show Jacob in please Matthew' Frey said firmly.

I glanced back at him. He hadn't raised his voice. Still...

I opened the door wider and let the nineteen year old in.

'Hello Jacob, I'm pleased that you came' said my mistress. 'Did you carry a torch, it's dark out there?'

Mistress oozed charm. I shuddered. I bristled.

'Thank you Miss, I carried a lantern. I've left it burning outside for the return trip' he said, almost stammering the words.

'Matthew, please go and blow the candle out... it won't be needed' said my mistress.

I nodded dumbly. With mechanical steps I went and found the lantern and extinguished it. Dear God.

When I returned I was ordered to get Jacob a drink of beer. He was very much the young man now wasn't he?

'yes mistress' I agreed.

I watched the youth drink his beer whilst Jenny sat opposite him cross legged. Frey was stood beside me, and stoked the fire.

'Fetch some peat' said Frey a little tetchily. He sounded as though he had something on his mind. I hurried around to the back of the cottage where the peat was stored beneath a lean to shelter. Two more chunks of the stuff were settled in the grate.

Silence fell in the room. The only sound was the occasional crackling of the fire as it seized its quarry.

'Sit down... on the floor' said Frey to me.

I looked at him. You couldn't cause much trouble from the floor. That was why Shuhvorn had Angus sit that way.

Mistress smiled at me as I sat there. Then she smiled at Jacob. I watched her red nail manicured fingers go to the hem of her tiny skirt. She edged it up an inch or two so that Jacob could see her sex. The youth watched every centimetre of her movement.

'How has the gardening work been going?' she asked him, running a finger through her curly pube hairs.

The lad stared at her sex like a rabbit before oncoming headlights. He was entirely mesmerized.

‘It’s almost done Miss,’ he said, ‘I’ll be moving to work getting the sheep in during the autumn. The storms can... can... can cause problems.’

Mistress smiled.

‘I’ve decided to own you Jacob,’ she said, ‘you’re grown up enough for that now aren’t you?’

The kid squirmed in his seat. I tried to rise to my feet but a big Norse hand rested firmly upon my shoulder. Frey shook his head at me.

‘Yes miss’ whispered Jacob. His eyes widened.

‘I’ve decided that we will train you on pussy, and that Matthew will attend to my botty. We’ll see how you boys compete as time goes by’ she whispered.

I struggled again and Frey caught hold of my ear. He twisted and I grimaced a noiseless cry.

‘Don’t be selfish Matthew’ Jenny chastised, ‘Jacob is a young male aren’t you Jacob. It is time for him to be broken in to his new life.’

‘Yes’ affirmed Jacob.

I felt despair. I thought of Shuhvorn’s despair. Love isn’t kind. Sex can be competitive and cruel.

Mistress waited a moment. Order prevailed. She smiled at Frey. Do you like this darling? Her eyes asked.

‘Why don’t you come to quimmy now’ she coaxed the youth, ‘come and see how mistress tastes.’

I wanted to kill him, the fucking upstart. I wanted to grab him and kick him in the head. My face flushed red, I felt the heat reach my twisted left ear.

Jacob came hesitantly to my mistress. He dropped to his knees and she parted her pussy hair so that he could see her lush lips.

‘Sniff first sweetie’ she coaxed.

I sweated and watched the poor young fucker start his first fix. I envied him. I HATED HIM!

‘Now dainty flicks with the tip of your tongue Jacob’ she instructed.

He tasted her. He tasted her saltiness and the musk drug of her sex. He looked up at her.

‘Is that nice?’ she asked sweetly.

He nodded.

‘Open your mouth Jacob... try suckling cunny. You won’t hurt mistress I promise’ she said and drew his mouth forward.

He did as bade. He made that suckling, sucking sound that he had heard other men make when their mistresses demanded devotion.

‘That’s nice isn’t it suckling what master fucks’ she soothed stroking his hair.

I squirmed.

‘You’re fidgeting’ said Frey, and he dragged me up to my feet. He said that we would step outside for a moment. The door was opened and I was dragged through it.

I stumbled forward and fell face down on the path. I waited for the boot to go in but he simply stood above me. Twisting around I

planned to run. I didn't know where, but perhaps I could shelter beneath bracken up on the moor.

'Please... please don't hit me' I begged.

Frey watched me struggling to stand.

He nodded and sucked in a large breath through his nostrils.

'I could beat you' he said softly. '

I shuddered. I didn't need a hiding from the mountain of a man.

'Please sir... no' I whimpered.

'You still think of her as your wife don't you? But she is your mistress. She takes the slaves that she wants. You are just another slave. '

I gasped. Not yet. He hadn't hit me yet.

'I'm just her slave' I agreed.

'Have you really thought about this Matthew. Once she gives birth to our young, you (and be prodded me with his finger) will probably be the one who raises that child. It will be tiring, very tiring. So you just learn humility now. You must learn how little you mean to her. We measure you in terms of your usefulness, not an emotional bond. '

I tried to imagine the work and the pain. Could I bond with his child? The wild offspring would never be registered, never be christened, they would always be other, raised to be masters and mistresses.

'The child will be your charge. Your mistress is too superior to deal with the mewlings of a young one. In her mind, you will run the nursery too. What you do will always remind her of the birth. Jacob will ascend. He will attend her and accent her pleasures. You must

nurture our child. Then when grows... then you might compete to serve her again. '

Don't go to a Viking fortune teller... the cards always read 'shit'. That was how it seemed right then.

'But before... I want to compete for her pleasures' I insisted.

'Good' he said indulgently, 'she will expect nothing less. The more you please her the better your chances. But it will take abject submission. '

I grunted yes.

'Why didn't you hit me master?' I asked after several more heavy breaths.

He smiled.

'Do I need to?' he asked.

'I hope not master' I said.

'You have not shouted or fought in the cottage. You watched Jacob come to his devotion. She did not warn you. You deserve no forewarning, she is your mistress. '

I nodded again.

'If you displeased your mistress then she could simply starve you... have you thought about that?' he asked.

I felt the tremor in my hand. It wasn't withdrawal, but just anticipation. I imagined the craving, the pain and the incipient madness if I was forced to go without.

I sighed. There was nowhere to run, nothing to fight with.

'Are you feeling calmer now Matthew?' he asked.

'Yes' I admitted.

'Good' he said in what almost seemed a kindly way. 'So let's go back into the cottage. Mistress will have Jacob attend us tonight and you will sleep on the couch. Then, when you have mastered that little hurdle, in the morning, you may have devotion time licking her bottom.'

'Thank you master' I said feeling heavy but a little less nauseous.

'You aren't being pushed out Matthew... you are just learning your place. Do you understand?'

I nodded. I sort of understood, as much as anyone could.

## Chapter 12.

That night I listened to my mistress's copulation with a bitter and an anguished twist inside my head. Jacob, the youth attended them. He saw what proper sex, was truly about. If he had never witnessed sex before, then he knew in a night now why such as he was not permitted to fuck. I heard little of the words spoken, moaned or called for it was too painful to do so. But just once, in the dead of night, when at last the moon tried to shine down upon the moor I heard my mistress distinctly.

'That's a good boy Jacob, lick mistress... lick cock in ... oooh... and out' she groaned.

Then the slup, slup, slup crescendos rose and I dragged a cushion tight over my head.

I know that you can imagine the anguish. I know that you can understand the pain, but I wondered about Frey. Did he really savour it in the same way? His absolute rule, his bitch's cruel determination

to have all that she wanted? Did a visitor enjoy the humiliation of a man in the way that I actually felt it? You might wonder that I gave such thoughts a moment's attention. I was after all tumbling down my own crevasse. But then I had talked with the man outside. He had sounded quiet, kind, pragmatic about it all. A Viking, I imagined did not know love as we knew it. He did not know envy or hurt in the same modern terms. Males competed for females and this as much as any stag contest on the highlands was simply a rut. His understanding of my modern loss, my hurt, might have been abstract in the extreme.

Jacob slept in their bedroom and that shamed me. When I attended mistress and master I was eventually decanted to the couch. Now, the youth had presumably slept on a blanket on the floor. He was available to attend them again should the whim arise. My only consolation was that should they charge him to further devotion he would inhale a massive amount of the musk drug that would come to dominate his days and nights for a lifetime hence. I said to myself over and over again... they are doping him. He is so young and he will be her slave for the rest of his life.

The bedroom door opened and my mistress stepped out wearing the pendant about her throat and a black pair of high heeled leather boots. The apparel at that hour should have been a little bizarre but I knew that master sometimes took her again as the dawn was creeping over the island and on towards the sea. Mistress was probably rich in seed gift.

She walked quietly to the couch side and watched me for a moment. Instinctively she knew that I was awake. I lay silent.

'Don't sulk Matthew... it's time' she said briskly.

I watched her turn and bend over. Her buttocks looked perfectly round and perfectly white, a lovely contrast to the black boots. There were little residues of spunk across the inside of her thighs, but she pushed her rear in my direction. That was what I was to attend.

‘Matthew’ she said softly.

I was to lick her bottom. I was to wake, sit up and press my lips to her buttocks. Once they were anointed with my kisses then she would move legs akimbo and let me lick deeper to where the musk deposits lay.

I held out a moment. She didn’t look round.

‘You feed now my boy or you go without until tomorrow’ she said in a school mam voice.

That was a hideous prospect. It was an impossible prospect. I kissed her buttocks.

‘Better’ she said, ‘there is no need to be silly is there?’

I kissed her buttocks dry lipped. Her scent caught me and I started to lick them gratefully.

‘You will make up a bed on the blow up mattress for Jacob in our bedroom, understood?’ she asked.

‘Yes mistress’ I murmured. I would puncture the fucking thing. I would puncture it and hope that no repair kit could be found on the island.

‘I expect you to address Jacob as sir’ said Jenny, ‘we will use that address for whoever has my favour ... I hope that there won’t be any silliness about that. We will need discipline in this matter’ she said, rocking a little as I licked her.

THE BASTARD IS 19, I AM 30 FOR HEAVEN’S SAKE!!! The thought screamed through my mind. I wanted to shout it. I wanted to loose it in an instant. Come Frey, come death, please god get me out of this mire!

‘Yes Mistress... if... if I find favour, then he addresses me that way?’

‘Yes Matthew of course,’ she said crisply, ‘it will keep you on your toes no doubt.’

It would. It bloody well would. I imagined how the bastard could have an accident with crushed glass when eating his supper perhaps? McVey would be on my side. Well... he might be... he might try and seize the opportunity himself.

‘You’re going to have to adjust Matthew... I want Frey’s babies and only one of you can have charge of the nursery’ she said.

I smiled. And what a reward that would be I thought!

‘Will master breed you soon mistress’ I asked as she put a boot heel up on the couch so I lick more intimately.

‘Probably’ she said. ‘Are you pleased?’ she asked.

You can answer that question. I’d fill a page with expletives.

‘We will settle Jacob in, reassure McVey a little and then all press on together’ said mistress. There will always be a place for you Matthew. You simply have to compete for which one!’

Devotions over she simply walked away. There was no thank you, no comment on how well I had done. Oral sex was simply like breathing, it was to be effortless, as one with the fabric of living no ego trips, simply duties and opportunities. Breathe better Matthew, breathe deep.

That morning I was dispatched to learn medical things again at the side of McVey whilst Jacob stayed with my mistress. She wore a pair of leather hot pants and a basque style top. I was jealous. I was cripplingly jealous! Jacob could have looked smug, superior, but the little sir in fact just looked shell-shocked. Growing up had its surprises. Frey went to sea as usual and both Jacob and I watched them kiss before he left.

Afterwards I walked briskly away to McVey's. I just couldn't stand to remain close to as my mistress molded the young guy into what would seem pleasurable. The thought of the endearments, the remarks about how promising he seemed, the nice way that he had sucked her finger in Shuhvorn's garden, all of it, just all of it sickened me!

September on Tariskay is stunning. The air is like champagne. You don't breathe the fumes of London or Chicago. You inhale exhilarating fresh air. It's how our planet might seem if we had not messed up. So I rejoiced as I walked. I wondered what McVey would think. Look, now, Matthew you are no better than me! You must be getting old, ye ken! Who the fucking hell was ken anyway?!

I found him in his garden collecting the last of the potato crop that he had grown. Tariskay has a short growing season. The winds and the gales would come. They would come and blow the very sheep away if they were not corralled on the lower slopes in a place of shelter.

'Guess what' I said swinging through the decrepit gate.

McVey looked at me cynically, but he was in good humour. Tomorrow, tomorrow he could visit my mistress.

'The Vikings have called a truce, handed back all the women to their husbands and now the womenfolk want to go back to domestic chores?' he enquired.

He wanted to sound funny.

It was funny.

It was hysterically funny given how I felt that morning.

'No' I said putting a consolation hand on his shoulders, 'no, not exactly McVey... mistress owns Jacob now'.

McVey laughed.

‘Oh wow! Wow son, that’s a shocker ain’t it!’ he snorted.

Wasn’t it?

‘Well... Frey the boss man visitor... Jenny the best bitch on the island... wishing to uumph up her street cred amongst the other women. Owing three of us would seem a pretty sharp move’ McVey said.

‘They’ll hate her’ I suggested.

‘Yes’ he said, ‘but I reckon that he will make her matriarch of the island. Mabbee some mistresses will own two men, but mark my word Mistress Jenny could own half a dozen.’

I glared at him.

‘Yes!’ he said, ‘you ken how she dresses, she has class and she has style. You understand the visitor mind Matthew son? They like their women to look like a bitch. She’s not a fucking kye (cow) in a barn is she?’

I took up his box of grubby potatoes. I needed a drink.

‘Whisky’ he said.

‘Coffee’ I said.

‘Whisky it is then bairn!’ he laughed.

A bottle of Mull malt whisky, beside an open fire as the wind starts to pick up, well it seemed better than coffee in the end. First one tumbler load went down and then two.

‘Donnay blether son,’ McVey protested, ‘my fingers are thicker than yourn, drink it up and stop complaining.’

I knocked back another mouthful and my throat tingled.

'You don't think that this could counter the musk do you?' I asked. I was serious. If you ran on alcohol, then perhaps other addictions would seem more bearable. One addiction might trounce the other.

'Sadly not!' said McVey. 'Four or five days without and you are gravely ill son and after that you'd likely run around the village needing to be put out of your misery!'

'Can we make an antidote?' I asked. Honestly, this was getting way out of hand. I barely recognized the woman who had been my wife.

'Maybe... but I'm no chemist' said McVey. 'Think on though son, if they didn't control us with a drug, then they might resort to fists and darts'.

'My mistress said they bite people, they go for the neck and rip flesh' I said.

'What like a vampire?' McVey queried.

I laughed uproariously... 'no like bull seals when they fight' I said, 'but you're right, freedom from one thing could bring down another.'

'I was thinking of getting off the island' I said next, 'could you give me something to hold off the withdrawal symptoms until I got to hospital rehab?'

McVey recharged the whisky tumblers.

'Have you seen them down at the ferry terminal when the Wednesday boat comes in? Nice gents in smart clothes with pocket watches. It's only a mistress that gets off the island and then usually to lure others to the life here.'

I sighed.

‘In any case lad, you love the woman. Whatever she does with you, you love her’ McVey said.

Did I love Jenny? Was Jenny still there now that she was Frey’s? If you pause to think about this, seriously think about, this sort of change in a woman is either something that happens to her or which comes out of her. She is either a victim of an external force or else a Pandora’s box from which needs, and desires and attitudes explode. The Victorians treated women both ways. They were frail and vapour prone, or they were instinctively lustful and had to be restrained by a good dose of moral Christianity. I was inclined to see Jenny in the latter terms. She had been fed up with me for a good long while. Cullum wasn’t a dalliance, Cullum was going to be a better future. No then, the better question was not whether I loved Jenny, it was whether she had any love left for me? Could she feel affection and concern for me, even whilst she fucked with the bigger man?

After our drinks we went on a walking round. First we visited Mistress Annette who had recently taken ownership of the Yowe Inn. She was a very amiable forty year old woman who was in the process of enslaving Hamish. Her alpha, Eluf was rather younger than she and prone to use his fists. I realized that I had got off very lightly with Frey. Annette though was getting used to the very vigorous sort of sex that Eluf delivered. Annette had a small tear down below which McVey repaired with deft suturing. I imagined Eluf taking her, Hamish being pushed to devotion. I imagined the punches. McVey commended for now a gentler ‘romantic interlude at bedtime’. It made me smile the way that he said that. Annette wasn’t sure that she could persuade Eluf of any such adjustment. McVey nodded and said that he would talk to Frey in the morning. He would ask the visitor lord to intercede. It was just for a few days.

Whilst McVey finished that conversation I dressed a bite mark on Hamish’s shoulder. My mistress wasn’t joking, they bit and bit down hard. The man had deep puncture marks.

‘You have to sense their mood, anticipate their desires’ I told him, ‘but you have to stay silent. There can be no impertinence Hamish.’

Hamish smiled. Mistress Annette was sometimes sorry that he got knocked about, that was something.

‘She won’t in the long run’ I told him, ‘you have to live humbly.’

Having completed that visit and one or two more we retired back to the Yowe Inn. There was time for an after work dram McVey insisted. Walking in I immediately recognized the women seated cross legged on the bar stools. They were Shuhvorn and Jenny. I looked quickly across at them before we drew near. Had they been fighting... it was possible, over Jacob.

McVey and I presented ourselves, kissing rings in the customary public way. My mistress studied me. I sensed it immediately. Shuhvorn had been gossiping about something. She had shared an opinion on me.

‘I gather,’ said Shuhvorn, that your mistress has taken another slave Matthew’.

I confirmed yes and looked down.

Jenny was still studying me.

‘You must have had your nose put out of joint’ said Shuhvorn, examining me with her haughty eyes. She had mirror dressed my mistress’s attire save that her hot pants were in a tan suede material.

I glanced at my mistress. How to respond? I supposed that I was meant to acknowledge my angst. That was normal, right? So I admitted that I was anxious.

‘Frustrated?’ asked Shuhvorn.

‘No mistress’ I assured her.

‘Really?’ Shuhvorn queried.

I blushed. Of course I was frustrated. It had been a while since I last had sex and mistress didn't drain me that often. Jenny seemed suspicious.

'I've suggested to your mistress that it might be best to take a precaution. Now that Jacob is the favourite in your cottage it might be best to get you tubed up, just for the transition month.

I panicked and said no! I said please no... I wasn't masturbating. I wasn't misbehaving. Shuhvorn scowled. It seemed that if she faced disappointment at the loss of Jacob then I was to suffer some pain as well.

'This is a precaution Matthew... just a precaution' said Shuhvorn.

Mistress glanced at McVey.

'Tube him for a fortnight... let's take the sensible middle path shall we' she said.

I nearly freaked.

Mistress Shuhvorn slapped my face hard.

'Don't you dare put on an insolent show of that kind in here!' She snapped.

I stopped.

I stopped... just.

'We'll go over to your surgery McVey, ' Mistress Jenny said, 'I need to be sure just how things are arranged. I don't want Matthew pulling it out'.

McVey grimaced. He knew, he knew just how that would bloody well feel.

We trooped back to McVey's place and I got up on the couch. A paper towel was placed around the appendage in question.

'You know that this is temporary, that you will still be able to urinate through the tube, but that it would be unwise to masturbate?' McVey quizzed.

I nodded sullenly.

'And do you give permission for the catheter to be inserted Matthew?' he enquired sonorously.

I looked at my mistress. She wouldn't hold my gaze, seated on a swivel chair, her leather pants meeting the arms on either side.

'Yes mate' I said to McVey.

Mistress watched the procedure, the gel, the insertion and then the blowing up of the retention balloon in my bladder. It was customary for my type of patient not to have access to a syringe to deflate that bloody balloon. Rip it out and you would know about it. Everything snug in place McVey drained some wee into a kidney dish and popped the stopper in the end of the latex.

'It's very neat isn't it Matthew... and comfy looking... do you like it?' mistress asked.

I pulled a face. I pulled a particular kind of face.

'Two weeks Matthew... two weeks only! Shuhvorn wanted four... ' said Jenny.

'Yes,' I said miserably.

Chapter 13.

That next week four times I took out a kitchen knife . The painting was of her and I fumed. No matter how perfect the image was, and it was stylistically, technically perfect, I thought of slashing the canvas to pieces. My mistress though caught me with the knife close to hand.

‘To sharpen your pencils perhaps Matthew?’ she whispered.

I started, not realizing that she was there. She had crept up on me. She was dressed in an almost diaphanous short dress that showed her bare breasts through the material. It was not a going out dress, at least, not in the weather that we had outside. The rains had set in and Tariskay looked bleak.

‘Yes M’am’ I said before an explanation could possibly have processed through my head. I was feeling muzzy headed, my mistress only allowed me devotions once a day until I capitulated and co operating with Jacob to pleasure her in front of my master, Frey. Jacob made a brash youth meal of her cunny and I licked out her rear. The young guy had a more aggressive, tongue flicking technique which she said made her feel ‘horny’. I had been a bit floppy with my tongue she said. Frey watched us both prepare her and then the three of them went into the bedroom where Frey fucked her. Watching her grind her cunt on the lad’s tongue made me think it was going to be a long journey back to the devotions that I really needed.

‘If you damage the painting Matthew I won’t get my new boots’ observed my mistress, ‘and Frey will probably dart you. ’

I clung to the canvas then, my fingers tightening.

‘I won’t mistress’ I said, ‘I won’t!’

I finished the painting it, varnishing it carefully, and when that was dry crated it carefully for dispatch to an auction house that specialized in this genre of work. My mistress dealt with that, speaking to them on her mobile phone. The day of the auction came

and she smiled when she heard that the painting had sold well. She didn't tell me what price the painting had fetched but I learned that it had gone to grace the boardroom of a Chicago corporation led by a balsy female CEO. There had been a bidding war for the painting.

When I tentatively asked if the painting had secured a good price she said that was something that I didn't need to concern myself with. In the following weeks then more canvases and paints arrived and I was told to start work on another canvas, featuring Frey and she in a lord and lady of the manor pose. In a 'special consignment' package from her agent on the mainland then other 'nice things' arrived. There were a pair of Jimmy Choo boots, a Piaget watch, Italian lace lingerie and some leather choker collars that McVey and I were to wear around the cottage. Jacob it seemed didn't need to be collared in the same way. Yes, the painting sold well.

When the weather sets in on Tariskay you go nowhere very far. It's not just that the rain seems to fall at a driving twenty degree angle, it is the strength of the wind. Jacob told me that he had seen sheep blown off the cliff edge before. McVey and I were set to copying out mistresses guide to the ladies of the island in manuscript. It was a laborious task. We were to make four copies that would in turn be copied in turn four times each by the slaves with a better hand. We became engaged in a cottage industry, literally. I wanted Jacob involved in the work too, but it seemed that my nemesis was to be more of a pet. The favourite slave did not do house work, he did not copy manuscripts and he did not prepare meals. I wondered what the fuck he did do outside the bloody bedroom.

'How's it going Matthew?' my mistress asked kissing me cruelly upon the ear and overlooking my best handwriting work.

I was on a passage of writing that disturbed the shit out of me. It concerned the point that a visitor typically fucked a husband into submission as the final preparations were made for breeding. She explained in prose more eloquent than I could compose that this made the slave utterly other. He wasn't masculine, he wasn't sexual

in an appealing way, he was simply 'other'. The husband had become a cock receptacle.

'Mistress... master has never mentioned this to me... he's never said that he will take me that way' I whispered.

She turned me around on the stool and looked earnestly into my eyes.

'Kiss me' she said.

I blinked. I had never been allowed to kiss her in all the last months.

'Kiss me... on the mouth' she instructed.

I kissed her very tentatively. It was so tentative.

'Open your mouth, fondle my bottom' she ordered.

I hesitated.

'Mistress... you might complain to Frey and have me... beaten.' I could feel my mouth dry up... in an instant.

'But if you don't do as you're told...' she mused, touching my genitals below.

I started to kiss her. I kissed her and it was blissful. My cock stiffened and thank god the catheter moved too. McVey said that I mustn't masturbate I mustn't come. Not only would that be painful but there would be a backflow of semen into my bladder-a source for infection and later perhaps kidney disease.

Jenny petted me as we kissed. I was in an agony of desire and passive resistance. No, no, no, please no.

She paused and let her lovely eyes rest upon mine. Her stroking of my cock eased now and I took a quick breath.

‘Frey hasn’t expressed a view on butt fucking... ’ she mused, ‘but if you begged him to take you, regularly, I could take your tube out. ’

God. Dear God!

‘Shuhvorn wants it kept in and changed monthly to keep you in that state, but I said that probably you wanted to progress on sweetie... ’ She reflected further.

My mistress wanted Frey to fuck me.

It wasn’t him... it probably wasn’t even a visitor custom...

... it was her.

‘Could you enjoy that mistress... watching master fuck me?’ I asked. What a hateful fucking question. But I needed to know just what a bitch she was.

‘Yes... probably... . . . ’ she pondered.

Yes... probably. You figure it. What do you think!

‘If you are going to look after the babies, I don’t want you thinking at all like a man Matthew. I suppose... being fucked... that way would help. I suppose it would be another preparation. ’

Her hand started to work my cock again. She coaxed my mouth to her neck that now was graced with expensive perfume... more ‘nice things’.

‘What do you think Matthew... would you like Frey to fuck you?’ she wondered.

I kissed her eagerly. It had been so long.

‘We could prove to Shuhvorn that you were better than ever she thought. We could say that Frey was so pleased to hear you beg for cock. It would make her so envious... ’

The fire flickered hot in the hearth. The wind howled outside.

I needed rid of 'the tube'.

'I'll beg for cock' I whispered to her.

She smiled at me, brushing my hair from my face.

'Really?' she asked.

I blushed and nodded.

'For Jacob and I?' she asked.

I found it difficult to swallow.

'I'll need a witness darling... so that we can judge things... you know... punishment etc if something went wrong.' There was always a reason too include Jacob it seemed.

I wanted to kiss her again. The need was intense, and all the way down my spine.

She kissed me teasingly. She wore lipstick, in winter, in a crofting cottage up on a windswept hill beyond the sea.

'Yes... please mistress, I will beg him' I said my mouth dry as could be.

'Sure sweetie... it's what you truly need?' she asked.

'Yes' I said utterly hopeless.

I watched her step away from the old school desk on which I copied her manuscript and reach up to a rafter behind which she had hidden the syringe. She returned to me and ordered,

'get winky out then Matthew'.

She connected the syringe to the release valve of the catheter.

'A visitor dart up would be a slow death Matthew' she said softly.

'Yes mistress'. I knew and I understood what she meant. There was to be no change of mind.

She drew the syringe plunger back and the air was drawn from the balloon inside me. I saw that it was the full load of air inserted there. Now, now, gently one pulled the tube free.

'I'll do it' she insisted.

'Yes' I said and winced. I knew how you did this, encouraging the patient to calm their breathing. My mistress didn't do it that way. She simply pulled it out, and I gasped. The thing came free like a giant tapeworm. It flopped beneath her manicured fingers like a prize catch. She looked down.

'You've wet yourself' she said.

'yes mistress' I admitted.

'But you're being such a good boy now... ' she soothed.

'Yes mistress... thank you' I said, my voice trembling.

Her hand went back to my cock. She started to work it and it stiffened quickly.

'You're going to be master's fag aren't you... ' she whispered jerking my cock.

Slop, slop, slop... my cock made a wet noise too.

'Yes mistress' I moaned.

'Putting your botty hole up for him to drill?'

Slop, slop, slop.

'Yes' I groaned.

'You'll learn to want it' she ordered.

'Yes' I mumbled.

Then I came.

I came squirting all over her arm. I came thinking about what a whore she was. I came thinking what a fucking ruthless whore she really was!

## Chapter 14.

I couldn't pretend anymore about Jenny. I either needed her to be the bitch she was to me or else I needed to fucking well get out of this. I couldn't go on in a limbo, being victim but mesmerized too. When I analysed this I knew that I was now physically addicted to licking her body. She had pushed me off pussy and onto her luxuriant and perfectly shaped rear. But I would gratefully lick that and resent Jacob. I would lick it because I desperately needed it. I would lick it in turns with McVey or in concert with Jacob as he lathered her cunny. There was no immediate prospect of me becoming her favourite. It was much sexier to have a young guy to heel. No the chances were that I would for a long time remain her also ran. I would become a stock slave for her, albeit a guy who could now pay for her wardrobe additions.

When I thought about it I preferred this Jenny. She wasn't slinking around with that smug bastard Cullum and she was being pretty direct about what she demanded. I had not only to bend the knee to her lover but now put my arse up for him as well. I was to be fucked,

not because he expected it but because it would turn her on. She wanted to see his fucking great cuck humping in and out of me. That was an immense idea. The transformation in her was huge. She had come out as an elite and ruthless bitch. There was no please, no thank you, she took, and because she had power in her sex. A woman who does that awes you. If she is your wife, then it astonishes you. You stand gasping for breath because of what has exploded within her.

So that October as I prepared to give myself to Frey, I accepted something. I would do almost anything to get this woman's attention. I would do anything to please her. The fact that I was being perhaps assigned a bit part didn't matter anymore. McVey and I had copied her manuscript out and the strength and decisiveness of her mind stood out in paragraph after paragraph.

'Your sex is a weapon and one to be used in the subjugation of the weak, in support of the strong. It is supremely equipped to enslave the weak minded and weak willed male. Your body scent, when combined with the semen of his master becomes an intoxicant. It is more powerful than opium but far more insidious in its grip. As well as licking your sex, he must inhale the drug you administer. It destroys the man, the husband that you once knew and creates in turn a malleable serf. Have no regret about this... You were always destined to weed the weak from the strong. Your appearance, your scent, the taste and the feel of your sex were always there to enthrone you as a mistress. '

Try to pick out any Matthew in a passage such as that. There is no Matthew, no husband, frankly no future save for the one that she dictates. She had become so powerful, so decisive, that you become a commodity. You are something to be manipulated. Consider, the insertion of my catheter. Was it really to stop me masturbating when she had taken on a new slave? Or was it something that could be removed in favour of an even deeper and more humiliating submission? The point was, that my mistress acted strategically.

This wasn't a sexy game. I wasn't still Matthew 'at the end of the day', I was simply a useful slave.

I adored the way that she and Frey fucked. My mistress was built to have his cock. She was designed to stretch on a cock like his. A woman who is so intensely sexual, fashioned into a bitch, becomes a focus of worship. She becomes your goddess. It takes hold of your brain and locks it inside her temple. So the angst regarding a Jacob is the angst of feared abandonment. You need to worship. You need to see her, to be near her, perhaps if you are very lucky to touch her. That night, when I submitted to the butt fucking future, it was an ecstasy, because she kissed me, because she masturbated me. I thought about it. I didn't want to leave the island any more. I didn't want to hatch a plan that got Frey out of her life. If I had done so, then there was a risk that she could become the old Jenny again and that... that was unimaginable.

I wonder if that shocks you? It was as if I was sero converting to be the dog's body that she required. I was becoming their pet. When that was complete, when that was finally irreversible, her tomb of wisdom said that you started to make babies.

In the middle of the night, when I sometimes woke to hear them fucking next door, when I knew again that Jacob attended them, their chamberlain, I wondered what that made me? How was it that I was submitting to this, sliding down the slope to oblivion? Was it some kind of death wish, to have my person obliterated for a grander cause? Was it simply better not to have steerage of any kind in my life?

I played with the idea that my instinctual nature was masochistic. Perhaps it was my nature that dictated that I would marry a woman who would finally despise and use me. You might imagine, the debates whirled around in my head. Why was I like this, something that I distrusted and despised because society had taught me to do so? Our sexuality is not simply about an orientation, straight, gay or bi, it ranges too between dominance and submission. There are women who are instinctively dominant even aggressive. Its not only

women that suffer domestic violence. But just as there are women who are willing to rule, ruthlessly, so there are men sometimes who need to submit. That was the conundrum, one wrapped with shame and confusion.

Jacob heard the next morning that I was to become a fag. He smiled. It was a quiet and a contented look that passed across his face. His journey was not yet so advanced. Was he an instinctive submissive, like me, or a supplicant male with privileges? I don't know. He was dressing his mistress in cream jodphurs and boots as I looked enviously on. He held her lippy and other makeup things as she made up her beautiful face for the morning.

'Mistress... will you lipstick his arse when master takes him?' he asked sarcastically. It was an uncouth, a stupid remark.

The remark deserved a slap. He needed the briskest of reprimands. If order was to kept upon the croft, then Jacob needed reining in.

Instead she ignored the question. It was as if a little hatred had to fester between he and I. That way there was frisson, that way there would be competition for her pleasures. An absolute mistress perhaps requires trouble at court.

'Matthew, will you please walk into the village this morning and meet the ferry. You are escort my neice Melinda to the Inn and see that she is settled in to her room there. Tell her that I will be down to lunch with her at twelve o'clock. '

I nodded immediately, 'yes mistress'. There had been mention of Melinda before. She was a niece that we had never really seen since our wedding. Recently the two women had been corresponding. I imagined what that might be about! I imagined a twenty something year old headstrong woman being given a lamp for her window and hopefully a slave called Jacob.

That Jacob sensed threat was obvious. After my mistress had gone out to enjoy the crisp autumn air he turned to me immediately.

'Make no mistake mate,' he said, 'I'm getting you tubed up again. You'll spend your life in mistress's bad books.'

I jabbed him with my fist, a short sharp reminder that I wasn't McVey. I wasn't sixty and a bit bent over.

He went for me but I had a chair up and ready before he could reach my neck. His face seethed with anger.

'Arse fuck!' he sneered.

I smiled.

'Just something I do for her friend' I said, 'what will you do when she tires of your tongue?'

There were boot steps outside. Our mistress was back. It was such a good morning, such a rare fine October morning that she said that she would go horse riding. I was to walk her to the stables on my route down to the village quay.

I guess that Jacob hated it that I walked that way with mistress. He wanted to be in her company. The little fucker would want to work his poison in as regards me. But nineteen year olds aren't as subtle, as artful as someone with a bit more life experience.

'I worship you' I said to her as she strolled ahead, a crop in hand.

We were ascending the slope and I tried not to sound breathless.

'Yes' she said, without looking back.

I paused. The remark had been meant to open a conversation. It was meant to begin a subtle discussion that won me favour.

'I need to worship you' I returned. It was like adding an exclamation mark to the last announcement.

She walked on. A few more strides and then...

'Matthew... have you wondered whether you can think independently anymore?' She gave me a look designed to puncture any of my plans.

I frowned. I wasn't sure that I understood the question.

She smiled indulgently.

'When you're fed... perhaps the musk shapes your very thoughts. Is it possible that you can do anything other than worship me?'

That was a startling thought. If there was no will, then there was no submission as such. If there was no submission then perhaps there was no devotion. I behaved like an animal, without conscious control.

I shook my head.

'I think at night about how I feel about you, how you have changed. I wrestle with the thoughts and what that means about me. I think about how I have changed,' I said. 'I've thought about you in the past and you now and been startled by your power.'

'One day, the musk may rob you of all independent thought Matthew... I've thought about that' she said. 'Then without resistance, you would become really rather boring.'

'Yes' I said. I understood that this was about cruelty. Like a fisherman who forever and always caught a fish with every cast in hell, if there was no challenge then there was no life.

'May I ask mistress... do you think that this life corrupts you?'

There, a question that I had always needed to ask.

'No' she said primly and walked on.

I had wanted to ask about the plans for Melinda. My guess was that the young woman was to be trained as a mistress. If she had a fiancé or a husband he was to be brought to Tariskay to serve the visitors. But you do not ask such questions of your mistress. To ask about plans is to suggest that you want to exert control. Your life is to react and respond and to support. But I learned something then. If the musk truly ruled my very thoughts, if I submitted entirely, there would be no pleasure for her. I would be useless.

The ferry to Tariskay is tiny and it rolls about in even the softest of seas. There is room for a few delivery lorries, half a dozen cars and of course foot passengers. The ferry's paint is chipped and tired looking and when the gales set in it cowers in harbour. In winter you may go several weeks before the ferry returns. I walked down to the quayside and was immediately met by two visitor men. They wanted to know what business I had going near the ferry? I reminded them that I was mistress Jenny's slave, or one of them. My mistress was already prominent in the village and the men knew. I explained irritably that I was there to meet a young mistress called Melinda. I would carry her bags to the Yowe Inn where she would be staying.

They were young visitors, may be only in their thirties.

'Don't share your attitude problems with me boy' said the taller of the two. He shoved my shoulder with his open hand.

'Sorry master' I said quickly. Look I didn't need any hassle. I was down here on a mission. I was nervous. I hoped that the ferry had not docked and gone already. If you can't tell the time you feel vulnerable.

The tall visitor reckoned that I needed to learn some manners so whilst his associate continued guard I was marched by him down beside one of the sheds. I knelt when he told me to and I waited politely for him to get his cock out. My situation could be seen from

Shuhvorn's cottage and I think that it amused her. The visitor got his cock out and I started to suck it.

Thrusting casually into my mouth, the youth first scanned the inlet for the coming ferry and then looked down at me as I teased his cock for him.

'Melinda got a mate?' he asked. 'She pretty?'

I sucked and licked and admittedly that I didn't know. I suggested politely that he would smell it on her if she had a mate. He had only to await the passengers disembarking.

He emptied a load down my throat and I swallowed. It was his equivalent of spitting in your face I suppose. It was a mark of disdain.

'Go and wait for her' he said, pushing me back to the quayside.

When I saw her Melinda had changed. At our wedding she had seemed a rather gawky teenager with unflattering spectacles. She carried what Jenny had called 'puppy fat'. Now she was slim, well proportioned and blonde. Her spectacles were trendy wire ones that sat on a pert little nose that was dressed in freckles. She wore a pair of tight jeans, cowboy boots and a leather biker's jacket. She was pulling a substantial suitcase on its wheels.

'Hi, you must be Matthew... Jenny's cuck!' she said holding out her hand. There was no ring, her status was uncertain, so I shook it rather than kissed it. What did she call me. . a cuck. Jenny had said things. It was humiliating.

'You were at our wedding Melinda, do you remember? It was a good few years back. ' I suggested.

'Shouldn't you call me Miss?' she checked, 'Jenny said that you would call me Miss'.

'Of course' I said, 'I am sorry'.

I took her suitcase for her and began carrying it. The wheels wouldn't be equal to the uneven ground and the Yowe Inn in truth was only a short walk away.

'Are you going to stay awhile on Tariskay Miss?' I asked politely.

'A week or two,' she said, 'I'm here to help your mistress organize the Samhain festival. '

'Halloween' I said.

'That's the bastardized Christian description,' she said, 'Samhain, the night of the spirits ' she insisted.

'Priestesses and dancing round stones... ' I said feeling irritable.

'Look Matthew... are you alright, 'Melinda quizzed, 'we have female led relationships on the mainland too you know. You sound kind of pent up or something. '

I apologized again.

'I'm a festival organizer, she said, my cuck is called Peter. We have an open marriage with one door that leads outside to fun... mine'.

I smiled.

She wasn't a teenager any more.

## Chapter 15.

Melinda had changed into a tiny black dress and boots for her lunch. I suppose that she felt that one should change clothes to dine. In any case she had been travelling all the way from London. It

wasn't exactly robust attire for Tariskay, at least not in October, but she looked comfortable in it. I wasn't allowed to dine with the women but I was required to wait on and fetch drinks from the bar as required. My mistress was in effusive mood as they ate pheasant and potatoes mashed with turnips the Celtic way. An onion rich gravy was poured over the whole. Riding across the moorland had given her an appetite.

To my surprise McVey was invited to join them for lunch so I had to fetch and carry whisky for him as well. The young woman in smart wire framed spectacles was curious about everything.

'So... you're slave number three McVey and the medic for the island?' asked Melinda.

My ears pricked up.

'Slave number two at present,' corrected my mistress. I have Jacob my young man for pussy licks, then there is McVey and then there is Matthew'.

Melinda glanced my way to see if that hurt. It did.

'McVey isn't just a butt lick are you,' my mistress explained, 'you help control the other men on the island. At any one time there may be a dozen or so of them tubed up... you know with a catheter in place. It stops them touching themselves . If you try to spill a load when your pipe is full of latex... well it becomes too tight'.

Melinda listened with open mouth.

'OMG... that is so sexy! You make them old! You make them feel useless!' she exclaimed.

McVey nodded. He wasn't proud of what he did but a slave needed devotions.

'It's easier for a mistress to play with the man's cock. It turns a cock from something to fuck with into a toy' McVey said, wondering whether he had worded it not a bit too crudely.

'I so like playing with Peter's wink' said Melinda, 'but it's a bit awkward if he is wearing his cage. You feel that you're playing with the scaffolding. '

'You don't tube the cucks on the mainland?' Mistress asked.

'I suppose we could... we could learn to stick the tube into them, but you have your very own medic. How cool is that!' said Melinda.

'An advantage of the small island life' said Jenny, 'McVey can collar any of them in a day. '

'And like... do the mistresses have the men plugged like that all the time? I mean it makes winks look pretty useless'. Melinda's eyes shoot back and forth between McVey and my mistress. Jenny prompted McVey to share the details.

'You need to change the catheter monthly, for hygiene reasons' said McVey, but some of the mistress's have their slaves tubed pretty much month after month. If the slave is to be fucked by a master, then the tube should be taken out so that the slave can ejaculate properly. '

'That is so neat!' said Melinda.

'Anyway Mel... who are you seeing these days? Still Ambrose?' Mistress slipped the conversation forward, it was simply moving up a gear.

'Black guys for sure... you know, it's my thing, the fashion and so on, but not just Ambrose' Melinda answered.

Mistress smiled warmly. Good, that was good.

'Would you like to sample intimacies whilst you're here,' she asked, 'we call them devotions. '

Melinda said that she would like her bottom licked. That was like something so horny that Peter had not been persuaded to do yet.

'Would you like Matthew to do that for you?' Mistress asked.

She wrinkled her nose and started an excuse.

'He's a bit old and he's your uncle' mistress interpreted quickly. Don't worry, I can share Jacob with you. '

I thought about that. It might have pleased me if Jacob was then gifted to the woman full stop. But Melinda had a cuck of her own and she wasn't, it seemed, coming to live on the island.

We retired up the footpath then, my mistress her niece and I.

I discovered that as well as being a festival organizer niece Melinda had one further important contribution in my mistress's eyes. Melinda was a new age pagan. It had driven her parents almost bonkers but she had persisted with it down the years. Melinda knew all about how to celebrate Samhain (pronounced Sowain).

I looked at her and my mistress nodded. I was to be briefed on what the festivity involved.

'It's the festival of the dead as well as the start of another year,' Melinda started, 'and it's the time when the veil between our world and the folk world, that of pixie folk is thinnest. The wee folk, ancestors and the recently dead can all return to feast with the living.'

If only she knew I thought, just how closely those worlds interacted daily on Tariskay! Visitors weren't pixies but they fucking well weren't ordinary humans either, were they.

‘In this part of the world, the outer Hebrides, it was tradition for someone to make a cask of ale offering to the king of the sea, Seonaidh (Shoney). The man would have to empty the cask slowly into the waves as they rushed over his head and whilst he was shackled to a stake... ’

‘We can explain those elements later Melinda’ interrupted Jenny quickly. She frowned at her niece who nodded in recognition.

The girl blushed and then smiled at me.

‘There is a lot of feasting and dancing, some of the livestock are slaughtered. In the past, not every animal could be kept. They didn’t have enough food in winter. The people collect food offerings and it is taken to a chosen place where huge a bonfire is lit. ’

I thanked her. It seemed an impressive summary.

‘I’ve asked Frey for you to be the cask bearer’ said my mistress.

Melinda looked surprised. No, she looked shocked.

‘OK, yes... it’s an amazing celebration Matthew... the greatest sabbat of the year. ’ Melinda looked back at my mistress who in turn nodded.

We got back to the cottage and Jacob was introduced to the young mistress. It seemed to amuse Jenny who watched the young woman’s reaction.

‘Better?’ she asked.

‘Yes... thank you’ said Melinda.

I was ordered to make tea and bring in the cake that I had baked the previous evening. It was made with cold tea, something that moistened the sultanas and raisons inside.

It was then that the heavens opened. There were several cracks of thunder, a fork of lightning and then the sky filled with hailstones the size of robin's eggs. The fire spluttered and spat as a series of hailstones made it down the chimney.

'Take your dress off Melinda' my mistress said, and promptly removed her own jodphurs and boots. Her sex looked petulant. For a moment or two Melinda hesitated. Custom varied it seemed. I barely knew about the lifestyle on the mainland. A hotwife was an exotic and largely unconsidered woman. I honestly did not know how they lived. But it seemed less open, less well organized than life on Tariskay. Slowly the girl lifted her dress off. She wore no panties, but had stockings and suspenders in place. Her sex was shaven and there was an ace of spades tattoo above where her pube hair would have run. It had a scrolled Q left unblacked within the middle.

Mistress sat and beckoned Jacob to her sex. He came eagerly, inhaling his eventual ruin and then nuzzling and sucking at her quim.

'Do you have Peter do a lot of oral?' Jenny wondered. I guessed why. She was curious as to whether it became just as addictive on the mainland.

Melinda smiled shyly.

'Yes... a lot, especially if I've been with someone... it seems so sexy then'.

'And do you make him beg for it?' Mistress asked.

Melinda checked over at me. This was a little bit intimate.

'Yes... I keep him locked up for weeks so that he needs to lick pussy' she said.

'You habituate him to it' said mistress approvingly.

'Yes' said Melinda.

Jacob was making a meal of mistress's sex. He swirled and whirled his tongue luxuriously around her quimmy lips, making little sipping noises. If it hadn't been him and it hadn't been my mistress, I might have enjoyed it. She hooked a leg up over the arm of the couch and opened her sex for Jacob to curl his tongue and slip it in and out of her pussy in a mock copulation. He wasn't allowed to blow, that was dangerous, but she liked his 'roll up' teasing.

'You're more confident at sex than me Jenny' Melinda admitted, 'I rush sex, with the black guys, feel guilty a while and then resolve to take charge. It's all a bit revolving doors really.'

'OK' said my mistress, 'then let's do a few things, just to help you feel sassy with Peter'.

She pulled Jacob off her sex and drew Melinda into the couch beside her.

'Lean forward a little darling and then push your bare teats to Jacob's mouth' my mistress coaxed her protégé into the right position and soon Jacob's greedy mouth was suckling on first one teat and then the other.

'There... how does that feel' she mewed to the young woman.

Melinda closed her eyes. It was clearly blissful.

'It's like a baby suckling' she admitted.

'So sexy... isn't it' cooed Jenny. 'But now you have to heighten it in your head. It's a lover's black baby suckling at your teats. It's Peter holding it in position so that baby can suck out mummy's milk. You got that in your mind?'

Melinda nodded.

'Now 'see' Peter there suckling instead of Jacob, see your husband worshipping your tits. What might you say to him?' Jenny

stroked back Melinda's hair. She was starting to get rather hot and excited.

'Lick them Peter... lick and suck them' said Melinda.

Jenny smiled softly and kissed her forehead.

'Try this, 'she said, 'fucking suck them you worthless bastard. I'll never breed you. It's going to be a black baby on my teats. '

Melinda gawped at Jenny. Yes, that was how it should be done.

'Would you masturbate whilst having Peter suck your tits Mel darling?'

Melinda shook her head.

'Well... you should. Think of your beau. Fuck Peter, his opinion doesn't count'.

Melinda's fingers moved against her clitty. It was like a bee at flower. Her fingers slid either side of clitty and then she vibrated it. There, that was sexy.

'On the floor Jacob' Mistress ordered.

I stared like an oaf as he did so. I wanted mistress to order me about too, but it simply wasn't happening. Jenny directed Melinda, showing her how to trap his arms at his sides and then to angle quimmy so that whichever way he moved her sex pouted in his face. She taught her niece how to dip tease the supplicant male.

I watched Jacob's tongue flicking her quim. He was getting more of the musk than was probably good for him. The lame little fucker!

'Hold his head steady, then use his face like a wash cloth' Jenny encouraged.

There, she did it. She started to gyrate on Jacob's face. It became a squirming show dance. I heard the bastard coughing and spluttering. I laughed silently to myself.

'Best you choose a buck lover' said Jenny, 'that way Peter will learn to respond to the musk. You will cripple his resistance.'

Melinda moaned. Yes, it was lush!

'Shimmy forward sweetheart and then lean back a little... that will put botty hole straight on his mouth' said Jenny. 'You will need to lift up periodically otherwise he will expire. Don't be embarrassed about passing wind he is only a slave. Melinda started to wriggle, my nemesis licking fervently against Melinda's botty hole.'

'God... that's exquisite!' moaned Melinda.

'Rub your botty against his face, use his nose, mouth and chin. Wipe yourself on him. '

I smirked as Melinda followed her instructions. Yeah I thought, yeah Jacob, get that sucked down. You try it now!! Jacob struggling to breath and Melinda gyrated around and around. It was truly exquisite! I watched as her tits bobbed and swung as she sifted position.

Mistress pointed for me to lie next to Jacob. I thought goodness, please, yes. I imagined mistress settling on my face. I lay down and waited.

'I need to pee!' said Melinda.

A croft cottage has little in the way of bathroom facilities. You boil water in kettles and lift the tin bath, bathing before a peat fire. The 'lavvy' was out in a lean to shed, out through the hailstones.

'Shift over here, don't worry... you'll be fine' Jenny assured her. The young woman settled above my face and then she started to

pee. I swallowed what I could but all the sex had turned Melinda in to a needy whore. The pee came belting down as hard as the weather. It got in my eyes, over my hair everywhere.

Jacob got up onto his elbow.

‘Good boy’ whispered Jacob, that’s a good by. ’

‘God, oh sorry!’ said Melinda as at last the pee stopped coming and my shirt collar was soaked in her urine.

‘No!’ said my mistress taking her hand and kissing it, ‘that is what they are there for. Have Matthew lick pussy clean now’.

Melinda looked down at me. I was no longer uncle.

Looking up at Jenny for direction, reassurance she dropped onto my mouth and allowed me to lick her genitals nice and clean.

I was so grateful.

## Chapter 16.

My mistress told me that the portrait of she and master had to be ready for Samhain. It had to be hung in pride of place above the open fireplace. I understood that after the festivities it was usual to invite select friends back to the home for further intimate fun. I had made good progress with it, painting a good likeness of Frey, but finding it rather harder to get the likeness of my mistress. I realized that this was because her face changed so readily. Now it was alluring, then haughty and often cruel. They say that the face is the window to the soul. If that is true then my mistress was increasingly a darker, more compelling and an unattainable soul. I wouldn’t easily be able to relate to her one to one. I was becoming one amongst her household, a face amidst her crowd.

My sense of denial was crippling. I wanted time with her alone. I wanted to talk with her quietly and sensitively. I craved the old Jenny in conversation just as I worshipped the new Jenny in attitude and action. It was impossible. She obsessed me. I could barely take my eyes off her when she came in a room. You might wonder whether a man can become infatuated with a woman he has known for years. I tell you... he can.

After Melinda's visit to our cottage it was arranged that we would meet her at the Yowe Inn the following day and prospect sites for the Samhain festivities. Frey insisted that he would join us even though the search might extend far into the day. My mistress instructed that both Jacob and I would attend them. I would carry a satchel of flasks with hot drinks and soup for Melinda and she. Jacob was dressed in new clothes, black moleskin trousers that were tight about the crotch and a white shirt with a front frill. Over that he was required to wear a claret coloured velvet waistcoat and matching bow tie. Mistress called it a dandy look and I thought it more pet monkey. Standing in a pair of simple jeans and a sweater I watched Jacob dress my mistress. She wore a new pair of leather jeans with an exposed front zip fly and the biggest zipper pull you have ever seen. It looked as though she was begging to have it pulled down. There was then a cornflower blue silk blouse over top of that and a short quilted barbour jacket.

I've sometimes thought about mistress's changing attire. Usually it gets my dick stiff I can't help it. But I cannot confess to approving of it. It is way too sexual. It signaled her bitch hood and wiped out a more conservative past. That which started as dressing for Cullum had become dressing in celebration of a new found empire, however remote and small.

'What are you staring at?' she asked irritably.

I was staring at her crotch. I was staring at it habitually these days and the zip just heightened my craving for what was snug within.

'I'm sorry mistress' I said and her dandy man smiled.

There was a surprise waiting for me at the Yowe Inn because not only was Miss Melinda dressed in black leather jeans and a matching biker jacket (she looked like something out of a Hell's Angel chapter) but she was accompanied by Frey and the visitor who had fucked my face for me at the quayside. The bastard smiled when he recognized me coming into the bar.

'Have you enjoyed chatting with Frey!?' smiled Mistress as she greeted her niece.

'Yes,' said Melinda, 'and he is drop dead gorgeous!'

The compliment made Frey smile. He seemed pleased.

'And this is...' enquired mistress, turning her gaze to the younger male visitor.

'This is Halvar his son' Melinda said.

I watched my mistress double take on that. It had been months since she had been taken off guard and never on Tariskay. She was surprised. She was surprised in that 'you never mentioned him' way. I watched her gather her wits quickly, composing herself and going to the young visitor to be kissed open mouthed. It was custom, Melinda would soon discover, for mistresses to submit willingly to the family of their alpha male. Up until now that had not been necessary. She had met none. Now, she kissed with the man eagerly.

'You have just the right masculine name...' mistress said smiling coyly after the embrace, 'for my niece'.

'Good... we've been chatting haven't we Melinda' the man said.

Melinda beamed at him. Her lovely eyes were wide as she took in the stature of the lithe fellow. He was dark and swarthy beside her with the same neat trimmed beard as his father.

Halvar looked then across at me.

‘This is Jacob and this is Matthew’ mistress said, pointing at last at me, ‘they are our slaves.’

Halvar smiled again. He was thinking about how he had shot a casual load down my throat.

My master said that he had identified three prospective sites for the island Samhain festival and proposed that we set off before the weather turned. Leaving the bar, the women went first, then the visitors and finally Jacob and I. The monkey dressed one elbowed me last in the procession so that the bar door caught me on the cheek. I wanted to smack him one.

It was an odd walk through the village that morning. I think that the villagers were excited that a festival was planned. They had always celebrated Samhain in the ancestral and quiet way at home, but now it would be celebrated as a union of land and the sea. It would become a Norse festival as well. Angus was working on some nets a little way from the Inn but he immediately came forward, bowed his head to master and kissed mistress’s hand. Other men going about their business in the village bowed their heads and doffed their fishermen’s caps when we passed. Melinda watched it all.

‘How many men do you control Frey?’ she asked.

He looked at his son. They were calculating. Sometimes I formed the impression that visitors were telepathic amongst themselves.

‘All of them’ he said at last.

‘All of them’ she repeated.

‘Yes’ he said as if it was merely a statement of fact.

‘They all do as you tell them?’ Melinda asked. She was walking hand in hand with Halvar now. Frey walked the same way with my mistress. Monkey man and I walked behind.

‘They do as their mistress’s tell them. We rarely have to discipline them. It is an exchange. ’

Melinda gave Jenny a ‘Wow!’ look.

‘Jenny has become their matriarch. The men worship her and the women admire her, for her example and her kind teaching’ Frey said firmly.

My mistress blushed. She blushed roundly and slapped Frey’s arm. That wasn’t strictly true or else he wasn’t to boast. That was the gist of her reaction.

‘You are their mistress darling’ he corrected her, ‘and I wish it so. You have brought so much to Tariskay. ’

We promenaded on and there were more gestures of quiet respect from those passed by.

I wondered as we walked just what my mistress thought. Had she not imagined that Frey had bred other women in the past? That was ridiculous wasn’t it? He took whichever woman he wanted, married or otherwise. That was the Tariskay way, it was the way of lamp window invites and quiet submissions, the husband standing cap in hand whilst visitors enjoyed the women. It was I thought a potent cocktail. What woman didn’t want to go with an alpha male and to denigrate a weaker one if that was what the master dictated? This was nature, this was instinct, this was what the modern world pretended to itself wasn’t true. Mistress cast her shy glances at Halvar. She was studying his handsome features, realizing the likeness.

‘I feel as if I’m in a dream’ said Melinda as we progressed beyond the village edge. ‘You are real, this is real, it is everything that my tradition said was true’.

Mistress smiled and hugged her.

'Pinch Fray, I dare you' she said, 'he will cuff you one that will seem extra real' she laughed.

Melinda laughed too. The letters, I guessed that so much had been conveyed in the letters.

'You must keep control mustn't you' she said to Fray, 'you can't have outside interference. The world cannot come to Tariskay, this is your realm. '

He nodded. Then he kissed her mouth too. She opened it to him with the slightest of pressure.

'We need women to live this way, to rule the men, to bear our young. I think it instinct, your custom, for a woman to rule a man, but we need it so anyway. But we always need to bring fresh blood to the island. ' Frey smiled as he spoke.

'You need select women brought in to fuck... and men to be enslaved' Melinda said. It was a raw way to put things. It was a twenty two year old way too put things, tinged with wonder, idealism, and I suspected, excitement.

'Yes' he smiled. 'It doesn't shock you... does it?'

Melinda shook her head earnestly. No. It didn't shock her.

The first site that Fray showed to us was on the west of the island, one that would benefit from the sun setting into the water weather permitting. He called it sun drop and described it again in Gaelic for my mistress's and Melinda's pleasure. I didn't understand the words, but his hand movements and rapt face told their own story. It sounded fantastically beautiful, the sea cast copper. They imagined the scene, Halvar hugging Melinda from behind and Fray hugging my mistress in the same way. I tried not to watch, but it happened anyway. Halvar began to kiss Melinda as Fray and Mistress smiled. It was a slow and sensual kiss, the young woman submitting to his embrace.

'He is going to fuck you' Fray said afterwards. It sounded like a proclamation and Melinda blushed. She blushed shy but she didn't say no.

We walked along the beach a short way and it seemed magical. Tariskay has some of the finest, white sand beaches in the world. The beach swept into the distance without boundary. To the rear of the beach, sand dunes rose where the visitors sometimes took women to mate. At Samhain my mistress told me, the sea and the land met, the world of the Viking and of Celt blended entirely. A visitor could take whichever woman he wanted and she would submit willingly.

'What do you think?' Fray asked Melinda.

For a moment she could not speak. The place was indescribably beautiful, potently romantic. I imagined her mind racing, racing through the setting sun scene. Halvar would take her to the dune and Peter would kneel and watch. He would humbly watch what it took to satisfy a woman.

'It's perfect' she admitted.

'You mean beautiful?' Fray checked.

'I mean perfect... honestly,' Melinda insisted. 'The walk from the village is not too far. Your subjects can process here. It is easy to carry food and wood here, for the bonfire you will build. It is west facing for the sun drop. The beach slopes shallow, but walk out far enough and a stake can be sunk. The cask bearer could be sat against it and shackled. 'Shoney' could take him for his own if the fellow failed in his offering. '

That freaked me. It fucking well freaked me. A stake. A sacrifice. I recalled what my mistress had said. I wanted to ask questions. No I wanted to object! I started to fidget. Fray excused himself a minute and took me a little way back from the others.

'What is wrong Matthew?' he hissed.

I was moithering. Words spun out of my mouth in shambolic order.

At last I managed a semblance of words.

'I'm the cask... cask, the cask bearer' I said.

'Yes' he agreed, 'it is a great honour. You were mistress's first slave. She is the mother of Tariskay. You will be the cask bearer' he said evenly.

'But you sacrifice the fucker!' I protested.

Fray glanced back at the assembled group. It was unseemly, but he took my hand and bent a finger in, vice like until I squirmed, begging him to stop.

'We make an offering, 'he corrected me, 'if the tide rises higher than expected then you drown. Most times the cask bearer does not.'

'Most times!' I blurted despite the pain.

'Most times Matthew. It would be an exceptional tide that took you. Perhaps if a storm rose that night. ' Fray seemed surprised. He was obviously annoyed but he wasn't ready to shout at me.

'How long do you leave me out there?' I asked trembling.

'Until the polar star has lit' he said.

'What does that mean!' I sniped sarcastically.

'Until the priestess directs your release then' he admitted, conceding that the secret could not be withheld any longer.

'And the priestess is my mistress' I said my heart racing. I knew it, I just did.

‘Yes’ he said simply. I felt his grip tighten on my hand, ‘now you must come back to the group, we want to fuck’ he said.

We walked back across the sand towards where the others stood. I walked with my finger throbbing. Another squeeze of his hand and it would have snapped.

‘Are you feeling better now?’ my mistress asked when we arrived beside them.

I glared at her.

‘It was just a moment of panic wasn’t it Matthew?’ said Fray.

I winced. ‘Yes master’ I said.

‘What do you say?’ Fray coached.

‘Sorry masters... I’m sorry Mistress... Miss’ I said feeling like the grit of the beach had filled my mouth.

Fray nodded. The matter seemed closed, done with, set back on the shelf like a horror novel.

‘Halvar is going to fuck you Melinda’ he said again.

Melinda looked up at the man. She looked up at the man who now seemed so obviously his father’s son.

‘Halvar, I need to fuck... please’ she said. Her eyes were glued to his. He kissed her slowly.

‘I will have this one with me’ said the young visitor. He took me by the sleeve and dragged me to them.

My mistress sunk into Fray’s embrace and beamed at us. If there was ‘romance’ in that fucking culture, this was what it amounted to. Nothing soft and tender... just this. It was the loaning of a slave for a session.

‘Remember that Melinda is inexperienced in the Tariskay ways Matthew, make sure that you attend her lovingly’ said my mistress. The monkey man behind her grinned.

I had imagined at first that we would take separate routes amongst the sand dunes but the women led the men to the same place. Against gently sloping dunes Jacob and I were then required to take out rugs that he had packed in to my satchel. I watched as the mistress’s stepped out of their leather jeans, and then luxuriated side by side, holding hands on the rugs laid down. Jenny started to masturbate herself and then hesitantly Melinda followed suit. I watched as they sucked their creamy fingers, transferring spittle down to their bare quims so that their labia glistened.

Halvar clicked his fingers and pointed downwards. I was to ‘lick up’ his bitch read for cock.

It had already seemed a long time since I last properly lapped pussy, but this was Jenny’s niece. Still, she was a bitch too and expected to be tongued. Presumably she demanded that Peter lick her before she went with a lover at home. I caught her expression just before I inhaled and licked. It was one of disgust.

‘Go on uncle’ she sneered, and opened her sex to show me the peachy wet interior. It was a succulent looking cock roost, but one thoroughly drilled out. Melinda went with well hung men. She was going to find that a help. She would scream a little less. I pursed my lips and started to lick. Dear God, thank you, I murmured inaudibly as I suckled and teased with my tongue. Monkey Jacob went down on my mistress and I heard her mew with pleasure.

‘Is that lovely?’ mistress asked her niece.

‘Delicious’ declared Melinda.

‘Can you imagine, seeing Matthew as groom at our wedding, and then now having him lick you horny!’ teased Jenny.

'I used to imagine Cullum fucking you and Matthew being made to lick you out' Melinda answered.

I shuddered ... the affair had been powder room knowledge then.

'Matthew licked up some creamies a few times... I just said that I was ovulating that week. He never asked anything more' my mistress explained.

'So sexy!' purred Melinda.

I was aware of movement behind me. The men were dropping their trousers. They conversed in Gaelic so that the women understood as well. My mistress giggled. Then I glanced back. Halvar had dropped spittle on my backside and rubbed it around my anus. I was to be buggered by my master.

'Lick my bitch' ordered Halvar. His eyes narrowed in a warning. I wasn't to cross him.

Then I felt the rub of my master's glans up and down my crease. It was a perfunctory brush. There was a nuzzle or two and then he pushed his cock inside me.

'Uuuuuuuurrrrrgh. Uuuuuuurgh!' I grunted. I couldn't resist it though, his cock went in.

Melinda watched. My mistress watched, as Fray mastered me. Licking Melinda was now urgent. I needed to taste her, I needed the devotion, but I needed the distraction from pain as well.

'Uuuuuuuurrrrrgh! God, oh master pleeeeeease' I begged.

His cock docked inside me no matter what noises I made. He was pushing it in regardless. For a second I fantasized about its head coming out of my mouth, my body skewered.

'Just take it' said Fray and pushed the whole way in.

'God, god, god, god!' I panted.

'I love you darling' mistress said to Fray as she watched.

I grunted. I was sure that his cock had split me. But with a little more pumping my bottom started to grip his cock in a submissive way.

'You licking Melinda?' Halvar demanded.

I resumed by duties. Licking up her clitty would save her some pain. The more aroused she was the more she would ride Halvar's cock. Now I had considerable empathy for the fucked of this world. Melinda tasted salty. She tasted sticky, as though her cum was almost gel like. She tasted good,,,she tasted very good.

'Good boy Matthew' encouraged Fray and started to stroke his cock inside me. There was a deeper slup, slup, slup sound. Jacob watched intently. He wasn't smirking though... he looked terrified.

'God... oh master... I adore you' I groaned.

Melinda smiled and stroked my hair. That was soooo sweet.

My mistress squeezed her hand. Yes, darling, this was proper sex. This was Tariskay sex.

My grunting assumed a rhythm. I couldn't lick properly now. I was being humped. Master had hold of my hips and the master cock was pumped into me like a pile driver.

'Oh god, oh god, oh god... pleeease!' I whimpered.

'You needing master's load?' my mistress asked triumphantly.

I nodded my sweat dripping onto the rug.

'Pleeease master!' I yelped.

Fray laughed and then I felt it coming. I felt it explode into my body as if half a pot of kid's glue had been punched inside me with massive force.

'Oooooooooohhhffff!' I grunted as he dumped the gift.

For a moment I felt his pulse bounding inside of me. It was so deep, so resonant and so very big. A huge artery ran straight through his cock.

'Good boy Matthew, that's a very good boy' said Fray.

I felt him drag back out of me and I gasped. His glans seemed to drag back through every centimetre. It just didn't want to let go.

Now the cock was brought to my mouth. I was to lick all clean before he took my mistress. Jacob poured a little water from a bottle over the visibly throbbing cock and I licked it entirely clean.

'Come and lie under my bitch, I want the right angle' Halvar said.

I slipped beneath Melinda, my feet supporting her head, my knees her back. Her buttocks rested upon my chin and I watched Halvar push his cock inside her.

She screamed.

She screamed like a Curlew that had just been caught by a marauding fox. First it was muffled, but then it ascended sharply into the light blue sky and the wheeling gulls above the beach. Melinda was clamping, clamping, her hand squeezing mistress's over and over again. Halvar rammed home his cock.

'Please god... I can't, I can't...' she pleaded.

Halvar knew that she could. Her screams fell into a series of whimpering grunts. His cock went in a foot, and now locked in place he started to enjoy her.

Fervently wishing to comfort the woman, I started to lick her bottom in a banging cacophony of sex.

Slup, grunt, slup, grunt, slup, grunt, we orchestrated on the sand.

‘She will be fine darling’ Frey assured his bitch, ‘she is taking it now, she’s taking it really nicely’.

He smiled down at Jenny.

‘I adore you’ she whispered. She wanted to kiss him but was made to wait whilst his cock plugged her.

‘Snug?’ he asked once he occupied her.

‘So snug... I love you,’ she moaned.

‘You want Jacob licking you?’ he asked her.

She shook her head. She shook her head.

I felt ecstatic. I felt utterly ecstatic.

## Chapter 17.

Watching my niece take such a huge length of young visitor manhood had a profound effect on me. First off it conformed the supremacy of the lifestyle. Whatever the privations of the life for men like me, it made absolute sense for the most beautiful and fertile young women to be serviced by visitor men. It was just stupid to suppose that people like me could compete with them. For a seeming age Halvar put Melinda through her paces. For such a preppy and prim looking blonde she fucked greedily, writhing and shouting just how much she needed what Halvar was doing to her. My mistress was in her own throes on master’s manhood and the

noises caught the attention of two teenage girls who were walking the beach on jelly fish patrol. They were each eighteen years old, brought in from a quiet English village to serve on the island and they stood transfixed watching as Halvar enjoyed my niece. I was licking her breasts, her clitty, depending on which position Halvar took her in next. He was so strong that he carried her bodily on his stalk as he transferred position. The girls looked awe struck. This was what awaited them. Once they placed a lamp in the window, one dark night a strange and powerful man would take them. The sex would be compulsive, explosive and a subjugated male would be found for them. Perhaps an old boyfriend would be lured to the isle. He wouldn't leave it that was for sure.

Melinda's fucking though affected me a second way and that was centred on my mistress. I was aching for her every day. I was envious as hell of Jacob, but she still awed me. Without orchestrating the meeting of Melinda and Halvar herself, she had nonetheless quickly cemented the coupling. Melinda was assured, encouraged, playfully nurtured during that sensual morning and my niece had then willingly submitted to the handsome visitor. Jenny helped carry her to the copulation, by her example. Every letter I suspected had been seamed with a tale of blissful sex. Halvar had known Melinda less than a couple of hours perhaps but my mistress had destined Melinda to go with someone such as he. Now, the dye was cast. She would take up the lifestyle eagerly, arrogantly, just as quickly as white cotton became purple boiled in a blackberry broth.

'You are going to be very busy these next weeks' my mistress said the next morning. She looked across at me as I was required to stand for her instructions. She was feeding Jacob as she spoke, luxuriating her sex over his selfish slurping little mouth. She lay back spread legged on the couch and he buried his face there.

'There is a derelict cottage to the west of the village' said mistress. 'You will help roof that with two of the other men I will assign from the village. Melinda wants to live on the island and at Samhain I intend to gift her a home in which she may welcome Halvar. Her cuck, Peter

will be brought here as well. I am arranging for him to find work on an off shore gas rig. Because he will be away working some of the time you will be sent to serve as their slave for a few days at a time. '

I met the announcement with a mixture of trepidation and excitement. My niece had fucked so beautifully and freely with Halvar that I had been mesmerized. Licking her spasming sex, that which erupted little explosions of semen after he had loaded her, seemed compelling. She had watched dispassionately as I had toileted her. Because she wanted Halvar so much she would tolerate my service, no matter how much she despised me. But as regards cottages, I was an artist. I was used to wielding paintbrushes rather than roof joists. I hadn't a clue whether I had the nous, the strength to finish the project on time.

'I hope to finish your painting mistress' I whispered, edging as close as I could to a protest.

'It is almost finished' she said coldly, 'you will help rebuild the cottage for mistress Melinda'.

I bowed my head.

'Your other project will be to work with her at the festival site. There is wood to be carried for the bonfire, wooden structures to be raised for entertainment and a stake to be driven into the beach. '

That made me shiver. The fucking stake! You might associate it with burning, the dispatch of witches or revolutionaries, I associated it with drowning. I associated it with shackles and a terrible rushing of cold salt water into my lungs.

'Please mistress, how am I to divide my time?' My voice was trembling. I hated it but it was.

'You will work for Mistress Melinda in the morning and then return to the cottage roofing in the afternoon. After your lunch I will arrange

that mistress release you to duties that I assign. She is not to know about the gift cottage Matthew’.

I bowed my head in submission.

‘Here... here,’ directed mistress, nudging Jacob’s mouth to a new spot. It was a luscious and an envious business. It seemed that the more that master fucked her the more opulent she grew there. Her lips pouted now moving freely when Jacob’s dirty little tongue worshipped there.

At last I was allowed a little devotion. Mistress rolled over leaning forward to the back of the couch and spread her legs wide. I was to lick her bottom. Normally when a slave licks, he may not intercede with his hands. But my mistress enjoyed having an extended toilet and tired of reaching back to her buttocks. For that reason I was allowed to gently tease open her curvy cheeks and lavish the soft wet attention of my tongue around her botty hole. That it pleased her I had no doubt. Her puckered hole clinched rhythmically as I licked.

Whilst I did that it was Jacob’s duty to ready her clothes for the day. I’d begged mistress to send him for those because to have the monkey suit man smirking at me as I fed was just desperate.

‘You’re licking beautifully Matthew’ she said pushing back and moaning softly as I teased her bottom.

‘I worship you’ I said between lavish licks with an open tongue.

‘I suppose so’ she said. She said it in a bored way. She said it was just an example from page 63 of her guide to mistresshood. She said it as though this was destined just as much as a set of manacles, a stake and a rising tide at sunset.

‘Did you climax on master’s cock?’ she asked.

I blushed. I had. I hoped that no one had seen because of other sensual interests down on the beach. But as master’s cock had

bucked my rear, a little squirt, squirt, of semen had shot from my cock. It had been so quick, so lost in the sand that I hoped...

'Well?' she demanded.

'Yes mistress' I said as quietly as I could.

'You don't have to be ashamed of it Matthew. Frey is well hung. '

'No mistress' I agreed.

Later that morning I met mistress Melinda in the centre of the village. She had that quietly contented air, that poise, that comes with the discovery of visitor enriched womanhood. She wore a tight pair of denim jeans, a heavy slouch belt not dissimilar to mistress's and a short denim jacket that matched. Angus, McVey and two or three other men were already there, juggling the demands of the Samhain preparations with their daily chores. I kissed the young mistress's hand just as Angus did immediately before me. She smiled momentarily as I did so, recognizing the power that she now had.

McVey and I were assigned to scavage the long beaches of the western shore for driftwood and to carry it back for the bonfire. You may wonder just how much is washed ashore here, but it I can assure you that it is a lot. It rides the gulf stream up the western coasts of Britain and Ireland and it finishes here, caught by the tentacles of Scotland, that which was left when ancient continents slowly drifted into existence. The wood can be exotic, from the tropics or South America, but it all burns well once it has dried upon a windswept Tariskay shore.

'Don't dawdle Matthew,' Mistress Melinda warned, 'I know that your mistress will be riding the shore to check that work proceeds well. '

'Thank you mistress' I said.

McVey and I set off.

‘It’s become a fucking prison camp’ he mumbled as we shuffled through the mounds of seaweed.

I looked at him. I wasn’t sure that Tariskay was quite that, but it was certainly a dictatorship. Frey had arranged it thus, making Jenny the matriarch of the community. Women came to her with their questions and problems. Sometimes my mistress spent two or more hours a day in the village showing the women how to bend the island men to their wills. They might not have dressed as well as my mistress, their incomes were less, but they would rule with an iron will. The more the men were subjugated the more the visitor couplings could thrive. How many lamps must now burn in cottage windows on the island I wondered? Tariskay must have looked as though it was lit by glow worms. Now the island ran on visitor semen, sex and the increasing supremacy of the women.

‘Have people been trying to get off the island?’ I asked him.

He ruminated a moment. The memory clearly affected him.

‘There was one, Rab Nathan. He was unlucky, mixing it up with a brutal visitor. Window lamps don’t chose Matthew’ McVey said. ‘They caught him stowing away on the ferry and handed him over to a visitor. It was Halvar.’ McVey surveyed me. He knew about the recent association. ‘The bastard darted him. Fuck Matthew, that dart came straight through. Rab was dead in an instant and they dumped the body at sea with iron cufflinks.’

I thought on that a second. The visitor that was fucking Melinda, had previously executed an islander.

‘Havlar is in charge of port security you ken’ said McVey, ‘he’s in charge of migration shall we say’ and he grinned sadly.

‘Some of them are brutal’ I admitted. I knew that my master was not. He had a calm manner, a silent authority.

‘The young uns are more aggressive’ said McVey, ‘they’re like our young bucks. They’re ego driven unlike the older ones. But the prime directive is everything. The island and the women are theirs. Does that remind you of anything?’

I reminded me of enough, the totalitarian regimes around the world, the death camps. But this seemed different. It was different. The visitors were protecting their culture and traditions. Where the land met the sea, this was their place. On Tariskay they insisted on their patch.

‘I’ve accepted that my mistress will be bred’ I said.

‘Again and again son, you see. They’ve kept her back for now because she organizes so much. But Frey has instincts too. He will want her belly full and her breasts in milk.’ McVey hugged me. It was meant to help.

‘Yes’ I said.

We trudged on a way, to the lee shore where the greatest quantities of driftwood should be found.

‘The new young bitch’ said McVey, ‘your niece, how do you read her?’

‘She’s creed already’ I said, ‘she cuckolds her husband Peter with the black man. Havlar will teach her to make his life a fucking misery’.

‘Yours too’ he said, ‘She’s not as wise as our mistress.’

I nodded. That was probably true. Youth came with problems. The smirking Jacob, and now Melinda, they both posed challenges.

‘You’ve been made to lick the young bitch’ McVey said, ‘that was inevitable’.

'Yes' I said. I wondered whether the girls on the beach had spread the news. It didn't matter. It was the culture so McVey knew. Melinda had been brought to Tariskay by Jenny. The rest just followed.

'You mind licking your niece's cunt for her?' McVey asked.

Only here, only here on Tariskay, on a beach looking for driftwood could that question sound other than crazy.

'I need to... I'm struggling with what mistress will allow' I said bitterly.

'Tell me about it' said McVey and we both laughed.

'Sometimes... I think my mistress could just forget about me, then I would die' I said.

'Yes' said McVey. In truth, we mattered less and less. Other things, other amorous things obsessed women like Jenny.

For half a mile we discovered little or nothing. Sure there was the detritus of the sea, that cast adrift by shipping, the bits of plastic and rope lengths, the broken lobster pots. There wasn't much to put in the handcart that we pulled. Still we searched every seaweed mound in case it covered a decent length of wood. The gulls wheeled above us. Against the high moorland to our back a sea eagle lazily circled eyeing the flocks of sheep for any weak animals.

'What will happen... in the future I mean?' I asked McVey. He had lived longer here than me.

McVey checked a rusting can of beer. No, it wasn't full. The ring pull was open and it carried only salt water.

'They will succeed. The visitors will succeed. The breeding will accelerate, because of Jenny.' He chose his words carefully. 'It will thrive because she has taught the women how to rule, she has ideas for getting fresh women in. Hell man, if they but knew, the Islands

and Highlands board of Scotland should hire the woman. She could repopulate a desert!’

We laughed again.

‘But the lifestyle, it will leak. The authorities, they will find out’ I insisted.

McVey said, ‘when it spreads, when the women want to live this way across the western isles. Tariskay stays secret because of its size and location.’

‘They can’t spread it’ I said.

‘Unless your mistress networks the others on the web... what do they call them, hotwives?’ said McVey.

‘They sound like baked potatoes don’t they’ I said laconically.

We reached a point where ragged low level rocks reached out into the sea. McVey pointed. There was a whole pile of driftwood that had collected against them. He smiled. ‘The mother load’ he said.

We actually ran to the sun bleached wood that had accumulated there over weeks and started stacking it in the handcart. It was going to be a substantial load and please Mistress Melinda. I started pulling at the wood that lay entangled like pick up sticks.

‘Steady on, said McVey, ‘she’ll see it all soon enough. You’ll be allowed a lick!’

He patted my shoulder. That last heave on the wood had nearly taken his eye out.

I pulled several pieces of wood out more carefully and then saw it there. It was a green metal box with military lettering on the side. It was also inscribed 1940. I stared at it and pointed it out to McVey.

‘German’ said McVey. He touched the metal box and tried to lift it. In size it wasn’t very big, but it was shut tight and heavy. ‘It looks like a munitions box’ he said.

I asked how it hadn’t sunk to the bottom of the sea and McVey pointed to a tangle of planks and decking joists that the box had landed on. The box and whatever it contained had travelled the seas on a raft.

‘Pass me the metal bar from the cart’ said McVey. We carried the bar in case we had to prize driftwood from out of the rocks.

I watched him insert the end beneath the lip and the lid and force the metal upwards. Despite his age and his stoop it sprang upwards. Rounds of dry ammunition sprang out and then to our surprise a Luger pistol.

I blinked at the find.

McVey laughed and picked up the pistol. He had fired one he said during his national service days. He checked the mechanism and it seemed to work. A bullet was up the chamber.

‘See that plastic bottle bobbing against the kelp there son’ he said, cackling.

He took aim and fired. The bottle shot into the air.

‘Fucking hell McVey... fucking hell!’ I yelled. The gun fire made me jump. I had half expected the gun to explode in his face. It didn’t. What was more, McVey was a decent shot, at least at close range.

‘You going to give it to mistress?’ I asked him and cursed my words even as I spoke. That was lame, so lame. I’d not even considered different possible actions.

‘The fuck I am!’ said McVey. ‘There’s enough ammo in here to start a private war’ he said, ladling up the rounds.

'A war?' I said.

'Aye a war son' said McVey. 'Mabbee some of the young buck visitors who bash the shit out of the island lads might get a visit of their own at night. Ye ken?'

I gawped at him. I gawped open mouthed at him. We were to be vigilantes.

## Chapter 18.

We hid the pistol and ammunition deep within a sand dune well above the water line. It was simply too dangerous to carry it back beneath the timber within the handcart. Mistress Melinda might have been supervising the unloading. As it was we had only just returned to the cart when our mistress rode up. It was sickening because the kid she dressed like a fucking monkey with a bow tie was on the back of a second horse.

'You've done well' cooed my mistress as she steered the gelding forward and looked at the cart stacked high with wood.

'Shouldn't Matthew have his head bowed until you invited them to speak mistress?' asked Jacob. I glimpsed McVey to my left. He had his head bowed. The snot faced Jacob was making trouble. Jacob would be a prime candidate for a bullet in the back of the head. If a dart came out of the back of a head I thought it apt that a bullet came out through the front of the face, tearing it open like a pizza that fell on a land mine.

My mistress wheeled her mount towards me and walked it close in.

She pointed to some dirt on her boot. I was meant to lick it off. Of course it could be a trap. As I leaned forward to lick her boot it could come straight up in my face. I knew what shit face Jacob hoped.

I licked and hoped, daintily reaching my tongue across the leather of her riding boot and praying that my teeth weren't about to be bashed in. Her monkey in a suit looked disappointed. Discipline had consisted of shame and no more.

'Take it back to Melinda,' ordered Mistress Jenny. 'I'll ride ahead and say that you have volunteered to work on all day for her. The festivity must be perfect'.

I was about to ask about the roof repair but mistress was already trotting the horse away, her bottom rising in the saddle. I looked at Jacob. What exactly did the bastard do beside lick her sex and look young at her heel? It sickened me.

We weren't the only team out gathering driftwood. Another two teams had taken handcarts in other directions. Each of us were toting back a good selection of gnarled and twisted drift wood. The bonfire was already building and villagers had contributed rotting timber from sheds and fences around their properties. Half a dozen other villagers were building what looked like open sided iron age dwellings and thatching the skeleton roofs with reeds from the beds on the other side of the island. Each of these dwellings would be hung with dozens of flickering lanterns and reserved for the mistresses and their visitor consorts. Fucking at the festival was not a private matter. Whilst the dunes could be used many more were likely to drink the copious supply of whisky and ale and then copulate in the visitor houses upon rugs and cushions. Besides the visitor houses were a series of strange looking chairs on legs that were higher than any household furniture. The woodworkers of the village had fashioned seats with holes in the middle. After mistresses had finished fucking they came and seated themselves on these whilst random slaves were assigned to lick them clean.

'We'll try this one Matthew' Mistress Melinda said, causing some other women nearby to giggle. A rather buxom, no say it, fat, bitch called Felicity was directed to hoist her folksy skirt and seat herself on the tongue throne. The woman was relatively new to mistresshood and she hadn't had her bush trimmed. The women giggled and I was pushed under the throne.

'Just get on with it Matthew... I don't want to have to report you' warned Melinda.

I scowled. Fucking bitch. She barked, 'now!' and I jumped beneath the tongue chair.

The fat woman's sex waited above me. I had to angle my head, but I was able to lick it. Her sex tasted of sweat. She had been helping with the visitor house builds. A chorus of laughter and applause erupted from the women as I paid to devotion to the frankly less than attractive Felicity.

'Good' said Melinda, 'now you McVey' she ordered.

McVey blanched. It wasn't that Felicity had been repositioned so that her bottom was now over the seat hole, it was that McVey with his stoop couldn't possibly reach there.

McVey stepped beneath the chair and looked up. He couldn't reach. He would need a crate to stand on.

'For goodness sake McVey, make an effort' said Melinda.

The women laughed. It was starting to feel like a cock fight or a bear pit. There was no pity, no humanity left on the island. The women were changed, all of them.

McVey jumped but that only made the women laugh uproariously. He looked like a slighter prouder Quasimodo from Notre Dame. My mistress and her shadow rode up and I thought that she would take

pity on McVey. She didn't. From her mount she laughed and clapped too.

'Please' pleaded McVey. He was searching around for something, an upturned bucket or something. Fuck them. Fuck them all I thought. I stepped forward beside my friend and got down on all fours. Then I told him to stand and balance on my back. McVey kissed me on the cheek as I bent down to help him. It was the most astonishing, the kindest possible accolade that I could imagine. Then he climbed on top of me and at last, he started to lick Felicity's rear.

'Matthew, Matthew, Matthew!!' chanted the women as they laughed and whooped.

My mistress was clapping her hands. It seemed medieval. Life, love, competition was cruel.

'You were angry.' My mistress said when at last McVey and I were released from the humiliating demonstration. 'You hated us!' she said as if the matter was quite incredulous. I had just done something totally unexpected. I had done something musk addiction should increasingly have rendered impossible in me. If the little piece of theatre had amused mistresses, then I was not meant to counter that. She dismounted the horse, gave the reins to Melinda and ordered me to follow her a little way from the festival site. Then she slapped my face.

'Don't you dare resist Melinda again' she said sharply glaring at me as my cheek stung. 'She arranged that to encourage her sisters and you made a mockery of it!'

Melinda watched on. She wasn't surprised by mistress's reaction. There was to be no resistance. There was to be no innovation in the face of dictate.

'What would you have done with him?' my mistress asked her niece.

Dear god no. Not a dart? There was probably a visitor somewhere.

'Make him suck Jacob's cock' said Melinda.

Mistress nodded. It would have been better if Havlar had been to hand. Then I could have feared a dart. But this was utterly humiliating anyway.

Jacob got down from his horse. He feigned dislike for the act but his smug little face was lit with pleasure. I watched him get his tool out. Six or seven inches, it was erect already.

'Suck it' said my mistress. Her eyes were as cold as ice.

She watched me kneel. She watched Jacob's eyes narrow. If I bit his fucking cock off then he might die. It was anyone's guess whether McVey would try to save him in the context of what had just happened.

Still, Jacob put his cock in my mouth.

I suckled it.

He started to sway, easing his erection back and forth over my tongue.

'Would you like to spunk in his mouth?' Mistress asked the bastard. Melinda smiled.

'Yes mistress' said Jacob. Yes... yes of fucking course. He started to buck my mouth, causing me to sway and gag. He didn't know how to thrust considerately. When his cock splurged in my mouth, I coughed spluttered and then swallowed.

'In the future you will cooperate entirely with Melinda, understood?' she demanded of me.

'Yes mistress' I blurted, near to tears.

She nodded, 'lick Jacob's cock clean' she ordered.

McVey and I started out on our second search for driftwood.

'Thank you' he said, patting my back, 'that was true friendship'.

I smiled thinly. He had seen my penalty. There could be little worse than submitting that way to another slave. It seemed to cement the hierarchy and now it would make the monkey man insufferably arrogant. How did you compete with a nineteen year old whose dick you had just sucked off for an angry mistress?

'There's cruelty and then there's abject humiliation... you didn't deserve what my niece did to you. She could see you couldn't reach' I said slowly.

McVey nodded. 'The hen has been here no more than a day or two and she's just as cruel as your mistress' he observed.

'She's a cuckoldress, ' I said, 'she probably humiliated Peter with black guys. I reckon that stuff is pretty bitchy too'.

We walked on, both wondering just how cruel women could be in the right circumstances. Tariskay was an island of right circumstances. There was no law, only power.

'You'd like Jacob wasted, wouldn't you?' said McVey as we struck out to a new bay on the westward shore.

'Yes' I admitted.

'But you can't shoot him can you. ' McVey said, they would instantly assume it was you and make you tell them where the pistol was. '

I nodded.

'I can't do it either, I am your friend in adversity' said McVey. He walked on musing. 'But mabbee we can find a way to give us both

an alibi. Mabbee we can,' he said.

We decided to move the pistol and ammunition up to a rocky outcrop behind the cottage where I lived. A gun that had to be fetched from the shore each time was a gun that was not to hand. It was important to have the weapon available for the right opportunity. From the new bay where we would search for wood, it was a shorter walk to the cottage. If I took the gun and ammunition, if I ran low and watching for a bitch on a horse, it might be possible to transfer the gun. McVey asked how fit I felt. He should have asked how confident I felt. This was about hope and belief. It was about conviction. If they found me with a loaded gun, I would be dead anyway.

Still I said yes, I would try. He would work double time collecting the wood and I would sneak the gun into the rocky place. No doubt there would be a loose rock or two that I could hide it under.

'If they kill you Matthew' he said as I started off, 'I'd count you brave and kind, better than any incomer I ever knew'.

We hugged and I started running. I ran like my life depended on it.

I made surprisingly good time to the cottage. The ground rose but gradually and there was a series of substantial dunes and then rock formations and ferns that covered my route. As I reached a heather covered rise just before the cottage I saw my mistress's horse tethered by the outhouse. Jacob's mount was there too, and I quickly saw that they had paused entering the cottage because Frey was walking quickly up the path.

'I've been to the site... it looks fine my woman!' he shouted to her, as he strode towards them.

She waited eagerly for him and then wrapped her arms quickly about his neck as he caught her.

'I want you' she gasped.

He kissed her greedily. Then he looked at Jacob.

'Attend us' he ordered.

I waited a good long while before creeping up to the cottage. There, now, the noises from within.

Slup, slup, slup and her pleading gasps as he plunged her into the first orgasm.

From the heather I could just see Jacob too. He was sucking his mistress's toes as she took cock. It was easy for the bastard because my master had her legs up over his muscular shoulders and he was driving relentlessly into her.

I ducked beneath the window and half ran half lolloped on one hand to the rock outcrop through which the burn poured. The ammunition box was heavy and hard to carry despite having a metal handle at its top. At one point I dropped it and it slide down the side of a rock. I froze. Fuck!

Slup, slup, slup, the noises continued. My mistress was begging him for more.

Searching through the rocks I started to panic. None seemed moveable or at least big enough to hide the metal box. It was horrific. They were going to see the box, find the pistol and then dispatch me. I shifted my search nearer to where the burn ran. With the autumn rains it was already flowing briskly. Urgently I pushed up the tussock grass and with relief found a recess. It was driven into the side of the bank and protected from the flow by a rock. It would have been a good place to sink a bottle of something to cool in the burn. At any rate, it would have to do and I stuffed the box into the recess, making sure that the lid was upright. The burn would have to rise over a foot more to flood the box. I scratched and scratched at the bare soil and then covered the place with tussock grass sods. It looked... well I hoped... that it looked natural enough.

My return trip to the beach was no less precarious. Sliding down the rocks to the cottage wall was managed well enough but then I looked through the living room window. To my horror I saw that the art easel had been pushed over and the portrait of master and mistress torn in the corner. I swore silently. Perhaps they had hurried to the bedroom. Perhaps Jacob had damaged it intentionally. The fucker, the little fucker wanted rid of me. An overwhelming urge caught me then I wanted to go and retrieve the pistol and shoot all three of them. Could I do that before Frey grabbed me? Would a lone bullet stop a visitor? Frey was built like an ox.

I heard Jacob beg permission to go and pee outside and so I rolled away quickly, around behind the water butt at the end of the cottage. The next moment the front door opened and he stepped out. The fucker already had his cock out and he stepped to the side of the bedroom window where he could watch the action without being seen.

The bastard started to masturbate.

He started to masturbate.

I wanted to tell mistress but I couldn't. I fucking well couldn't. I wasn't there, I wasn't meant to be there.

Jacob was gulping, tugging and gulping. He inhaled deeply and jugged at his cock. The way that he sniffed suggested that the smell of their sex had triggered him. He couldn't fight it any longer and as mistress grunted through her next orgasm, Jacob spurted.

Fuck you. Fuck you little shit I thought.

I rolled silently around the other side of the cottage.

'I love you so much' mewed my mistress as they eased back from the last orgasm.

Beneath the window that side of the cottage and I went, and then, thank god, I was gone.

## Chapter 19.

As far as I could tell no one had noticed my absence from the driftwood search. McVey had worked double quick time picking up a series of splintered planks, which may have come from a wrecked fishing vessel. The wreckage filled McVey with sadness. When I reached him the man looked exhausted.

‘I decided on my lie’ he told me, ‘if mistress tipped up here I was going to say that you had been taken ill. You were physically sick having been made to do what you did, so I had sent you to lie down up on the bank with the ferns over there. I reckoned that it might have bought you some minutes if she walked that direction rather than rode.’

I grinned at him. ‘You old beggar... that was as good as anything I could have dreamt up. But she was elsewhere McVey, getting stoked at the cottage’.

We trundled the handcart back to the festival site, knowing that this time it had taken longer to glean the wood. But that seemed plausible enough anyway. You found what you found and it could either be concentrated in one spot or scattered for miles along the beach. It simply depended on the tide and which way a storm hit Tariskay.

Work was progressing at the site with surprising speed. Now it seemed that Melinda had press ganged much of the village into the work. Had there been visitors to help, with their superior physique may be it would have gone even faster. But it seemed that visitors brought just one service to the island and it wasn't building bonfires

and shelters. McVey and I dropped our wood onto the already substantial collection and went to report to Melinda. As we walked through the mistresses strolling about the site, they laughed.

‘Shall I fetch Felicity?’ called one of them.

McVey winced.

We found Melinda with Havlar. They were copulating upon a sand dune. We waited politely, patiently, with heads bowed as Havlar squirted his semen. Melinda saw us and at first she looked annoyed. Gradually though, she relaxed. This wasn’t the mainland and Havlar wasn’t a streetwise black boy chancer. Havlar was in charge. She could luxuriate in their love making, finishing when they were good and ready.

So we waited a bit longer.

When Havlar pulled out at last, his cock was dripping.

Melinda glanced at it and then at me so I immediately came and did toilet for him. Licking and kissing that thing, I thought about the pistol and I wasn’t humiliated this time. I licked his weapon and knew about a weapon of my own. Melinda watched me. I wondered whether I toileted as good as Peter? She seemed amused and curious.

‘You’re shameless aren’t you Matthew. You’re such a good little suck cock. Jenny has habituated you fag!’ She smiled as she spoke, running her own fingers down between her legs and realizing the swamp of the coupling.

At last Melinda rose from the sand dune and arranged herself. She told me that I was to have a fitting with the stake.

‘Yes’ I said politely. Now, there was a good chance that I wouldn’t be going anywhere near that fucking stake on Samhain.

She, Havlar, McVey and I walked out across the wet sand to where a substantial post had been erected. It was about the thickness of a telegraph pole and covered in black pitch to resist the ingress of the waves. Staped against the bottom of the pole, where it entered the sand was a pair of arm manacles. The length of chain was assessed long enough to hold up a cask of ale when seated, but not long enough to enable you to stand. Now I was to check it out for size.

Havlar pushed me to the post.

‘Are we going to do this the nice way fag?’ he asked.

I looked at Melinda. She didn’t mind which way I did it. For her it was just another tick in the festival project preparation box.

‘I do as I’m told master’ I said.

Havlar pushed me down until my bottom hit the wet sand. Then Melinda clipped the manacles across my wrists and secured each with a padlock. Havlar picked up a cask that had been left beside the stake. He lifted it effortlessly and demanded that I hold it above my head. This cask had nothing in it but water, but when I raised the hefty cask above my head, mistress Melinda began to time me.

‘Start emptying the cask fag’ said Havlar.

I did as I was told. Havlar was talking to Melinda in gaelic. McVey was listening and later he told me what they said. They were timing how long it took the cask to empty. I would be ordered to begin precisely that amount of time before the usual tide went up to my mouth, over my head on occasion. If I had the strength to persevere with the cask, then I might be rescued. If I dropped the cask, or brought it down into the water, then it would fill again through the hole. There was a fair chance that I would drown said Havlar in gaelic.

‘Whatever’ Melinda said at last, to what I right then knew not.

'He will be your slave when Peter is not on the island' said Havlar.

'We are here for the breeding master' she said. I couldn't make sense then of what that meant.

Havlar started to kiss her. He liked the gentle submission of the woman. One so young wasn't always one so pliable. The tide started to wet my pants and lap across my groin.

'If you scream at Samhain Matthew,' she said at last, 'you will dishonour your mistress. We will stuff your mouth with a sock. If you resist that, then we will leave you to drown. '

'Yes mistress' I said. I clanked my manacles. The water was bloody cold. Thankfully she released me.

After that days work I was allowed to return to the cottage. I felt dog tired for not only had we been worked hard, but McVey talked incessantly. He debated the merits of going rogue, doing a mass shooting. If you moved fast with a pistol you could kill a lot of visitors and a lot of their collaborators.

I looked at him. Who counted as a collaborator then I wondered? Were we to shoot all the mistresses who went with the visitors? Were we to shoot any of the men who were too far gone, obsessively committed to the cause because musk had hold of their heads? No, that was nonsense. It shouldn't be a mass shooting. The women liked being in control. If they realized that we were shooting them as well they would have nothing to lose by attacking us. In any case, a pistol wasn't a Kalashnikov assault rifle. No, our strategy would be two fold, too assassinate the brutal visitors and then if opportunity permitted to escape the island taking our mistress with us so that we didn't die of withdrawal.

I knocked politely on the front door and Jacob let me in.

'He's home mistress' the bastard announced.

I stepped inside. There was my painting back straight in the easel. One corner was damaged, the paint scraped away and a small tear apparent in the canvas. I glared at him. He knew what he had done the spiteful little bastard. Mistress came out of the bedroom where she had been doing her makeup. She had changed out of her riding gear and now wore a tight fitting black cocktail dress and stockings. Her hair was up and a new pearl choker was about her throat. She wore the Piaget watch and an extravagant cocktail ring on her finger.

‘Come with me’ she said firmly and led me back out to the front of the cottage. Watching her walk before me in the gear from the west end of London, set against the crofting cottage seemed weird indeed. Her bottom moved sensuously in the tight fitting, short dress.

She pointed to a large flagstone beneath the bedroom where I had watched Jacob standing. I was to bend down and examine a sticky residue there.

‘What is it?’ she demanded as I stared at it and then smelled what was pulled off the stone.

‘It’s spunk mistress’ I said.

‘You’ve been jerking your cock’ she said icily. Jacob blinked, watching me calmly.

‘One of us has been masturbating mistress, it could be him’ I pointed at Jacob.

‘Jacob reported this to me,’ she observed, ‘why would he take the risk, accusing you?’

I twitched. I really did need to plant my fist in the bastard’s face. I thought for a moment.

‘It’s a gambit mistress’ I said, ‘he could gamble that master cannot tell the difference between different men’s wastage. We don’t have a laboratory on Tariskay.’

Behind her back Jacob flinched. The little fucker. Right now he was building on my negative reputation. After all I'd just countered female authority by saving McVey from humiliation. It seemed that the little shit didn't feel that having his cock sucked was enough. He wanted me tubed, humiliated and then kicked out of here.

'I'm not inclined to believe you Matthew' she said calmly, 'lately you have been stubborn. It could well be you relieving yourself.'

I bowed my head. The rule was not to resist. To have objected to the reasoning now would just have confirmed matters.

'You will tube yourself now' she said crisply.

Jacob grinned.

'Go and find the catheter and the syringe and bring some lubricating gel' mistress ordered.

'Please mistress... let master judge' I blurted.

'Are you resisting me?' she asked sharply.

'No mistress' I pleaded.

'Then do as you are told' she said.

We retired to the living room and I lay down on the couch as she directed. I lubricated the end of the catheter as McVey had taught me to do and then the opening to my penis. The trick with this was to angle your cock progressively downward as the catheter advanced inside and then to press on as it breached your prostate gland. Mistress watched me sweating as I pushed the tube inside me. Jacob held an old fashioned Victorian bed pan to empty the wee in to when it drained. I grunted as the catheter tip pushed on inside my bladder.

Mistress took up the syringe. She saw the wee drain into what the smug faced Jacob held. I watched her connect up the syringe to the

portal and blow up the balloon inside of me. I then winced as she gently tugged the tube to see if it held station. The spigot was inserted and I was truly ready to murder Jacob. I had the means too. Just a few hundred yards distant, I had the means.

‘You can’t be trusted Matthew, I’m afraid that you will stay like that for a month or two. Whine at me about it and the tube time will double’ she said acidly.

‘Yes mistress’ I responded with my head down.

That evening I felt sickened. Sickened by the snide influence that Jacob exerted, sickened by my mistress’s ready assumption that I was the one who resisted. Most of all I felt sickened by my earlier thoughts. The willingness to sink beneath my mistress’s heel! Now I felt differently. Somehow I had to fight the musk. I had to resist her island rule.

As the time slipped by the autumn sun dropped into the sea. I waited for my master to come home. I had already placed the lamp in the cottage window and now I waited much as I did for my father when as a boy I had done something wrong. Mummy had always been consistent. If you did wrong then you waited for papa to come home and then he took his belt to your backside. As night followed day that was what happened.

Mistress was reading, cross and re crossing her legs. She always longed for Frey’s home coming and it was never certain for her. A visitor was vulnerable to accident. Injuries or even death was possible. Just as women used to wait for their fishermen husbands, now they waited for the visitors to return ashore.

‘He will come home mistress’ I said humbly.

She pretended to ignore me.

‘He is the strongest visitor that I have ever seen’ I whispered, ‘and the wisest.’

‘Yes he is Matthew... and you are a very fortunate slave because of that’ she said, turning a page. She looked up from her book. ‘I love him Matthew... it is not simply sex.’

I nodded.

‘I have been in love with him ever since the start. He rules the visitors on Tariskay. He is the master at sea as well; the fishing follows his direction. I am the mistress on land. It is perfect Matthew’ she said carefully.

‘Yes mistress’ I murmured.

‘So my rule must be absolute. Every mistress watches you. You must do all I command. If there is any disobedience then the discipline has to be firm, consistent and appropriate.’

‘Yes mistress’ I conceded.

‘So you are there to accentuate us, our love making, our breeding. That is why you exist Matthew’ she said.

I understand mistress... and I’m grateful’ I said, watching her. In the little black dress she looked so chic.

‘I have taken Jacob because I am matriarch of the island Matthew, I rule youth as well as age, do you understand that?’ she enquired.

I wanted to cry. I wanted to cry to beg her forgiveness. I was ready to say that it had been I who masturbated and to reveal the pistol to her. But that was musk. Vaguely I realized that, it was musk inside my head.

‘Go and make coffee’ she said.

I did as commanded.

## Chapter 20.

Several things changed during the next days and once again my direction turned. It began when my master came home. Mistress told him about my disobedience down at the festival site and that I had been masturbating again. She didn't even indicate that the second matter was contested and kissed him, asking whether he would beat me? Watching her kiss him in her dress, her stockings snug to her shapely legs, hearing her ask something so bitchy gave me a hard on. That was the thing with being tubed. The catheter allowed an erection, it just promised pain and eventual infection if you stroked your cock.

'Would you like me to beat him?' he asked, stroking her bottom through the dress.

'Yes' she admitted.

'Because it would turn you on or because the people need to see that even your slaves are not above the law' he asked kissing her ear.

She looked at him, sensing that now she must tell him the truth. He was her master.

'It would turn me on' she admitted.

I shook. Waiting for a hiding I shook.

'Have Jacob lick your sex whilst I deal with him' he ordered her. She went to the bedroom beckoning Jacob to follow. I pictured her lying on the bed her sex open and Jacob licking. I pictured the exquisite pleasure in her head as she was tongued and I was thrashed.

'Come with me' ordered Frey.

We stepped outside into the night air. A gentle breeze was blowing.

'You disobey your mistress Matthew and I will finish you' he said menacingly.

I nodded. This was it. The pistol was too far off even here. He would catch me before I reached it.

Then he hit me in the face. It was just one belt and a strange one. Instead of a closed fist he hit me with the butt of his hand. I yelped and staggered backwards before falling on my back. My cheek bone felt as though it had been broken. Frey bent down to pick me up.

'You will do as you are told my friend. The big bruise on your face tomorrow will signal it so' he hissed.

'Yes master, sorry master!' I pleaded.

'Had I hit you with a fist your face would be crushed' he whispered, dragging me to my feet.

Now I was rammed against the cottage wall, not once but three times. Each time it winded me. Inside, through the bedroom window I glimpsed it, Jacob tenderly licking her sex. She was mewling, stroking his hair and listening.

I took a fist to the belly but it was a guarded one and still I gasped with pain. As I slumped down the wall, Frey was saving me from the worst. His judgement, god, his judgement, somehow was saving me.

Jenny moaned. She moaned, dragging Jacob's face against her lush sex.

I was picked up again and this time Frey reached down again in the dark. He slammed a cask of ale into my chest and I grunted with the sudden force.

'Whatever mistress orders... you do!' he shouted.

'Yes master, oh please... yes master' I begged.

He smiled.

The cask came forward against my chest again, less brutally this time. His eyes lifted upwards, I was to start lifting it.

'Yes master, yes master' I whimpered.

My mistress was grinding her sex against the supplicant's face. She gyrated against him as if she pulled his head hither and thither.

'Again!' ordered Frey.

I started to lift the ale cask up and down, up and down. He scowled at me.

'At Samhain... don't die' he told me beneath his breath.

'Thank you master' I gasped.

Watching him stride back into the cottage, pushing Jacob aside and taking mistress I stared at the man. He had absolute authority over her. I watched mistress expose her wet sex and then welcome him with open arms as his handsome stalk buried within her. Her legs came around his clenching buttocks and she kissed his bull neck as he started to thrust her. The sex was formidable. She was mistress of my fate and yet... yet... the man was full of mercy and wisdom. In a bruising way, he was giving me a chance.

'Oh darling... darling' she mewed as he pumped her. Jacob wasn't allowed to attend. He just had to watch. Glimpsing into the bedroom I wished that I were him. I wished that I could be all that he was. I wished that I could be enough for her. He made Jenny climax, a writhing ecstatic, squirming orgasm. She couldn't stop it and he paused a moment as he must have felt a knot tied around his cock. Then when her spasm of need ebbed a little he started to stroke her again.

I thought about that. I thought about what it meant. Frey had a purpose for me. I was to raise his children. I was to raise lots of his children. For that reason if no other he wanted me kept alive. I would bathe and feed the babies, I would cuddle them when they woke in the night and I would hum them lullabies whilst mistress fucked again next door. Cottages are intimate places. That Jacob was not to be assigned such duties perhaps made him expendable. It would be easy for master to replace him. Any young male could be bent to her will. No... I realized it then. In a very small but important way, I mattered.

Because I was not required to join mistress and master on their bed, each evening, after the festival and the cottage work was done, I practiced lifting and holding the ale cask high. It made me sweat and grunt, but it would be my salvation. I lifted it again and again and slowly, god, too damned slowly I started to find that I could sustain the weight for longer. Of course I had no timer, but I improvised. I carried it above my head walking. The more steps I managed before I dropped it down, the stronger I was becoming. Eventually master told mistress what I was doing each evening and he cautioned her that I must have a chance. She wasn't to stymie my efforts to live. She wasn't to embargo my future raising her children. The temptation to cruelty, had to be tempered with investment.

On a cold morning soon afterwards mistress and master went riding. Their purpose was to survey her realm. There were many abandoned crofting cottages and these would become the homes of women enticed to the isle. Each would have a sound roof, a warm hearth and a rudimentary bunk sleeping quarters next to the bedroom where the slave could lie. It would be important to schedule work throughout the hard winter. Already Melinda and Shuhvorn were making contacts. There were women with weaker men, fertile women. Melinda in particular knew several, with partners just like Peter.

I was left in the cottage with Jacob. He was learning leather work, to make the slouch belts that had become so fashionable on the

island because mistress wore one. I renovated the painting, matching the paint with infinite care and mended the canvas from behind with tape before resurfacing the broken section with new layers of paint. I was alone with Jacob and I could have shot him. I could have shot the fucker and then tried to bury him some place. Of course there were problems with that. If you try to bury anything to any depth on Tariskay you reach rock. It is of the tool shattering kind. I wouldn't be able to bury Jacob. In any case there would be questions asked. Where had her slave gone? Perhaps a visitor could smell and follow a trail of blood? It was one thing striking a blow against excess cruelty with McVey but quite another to waste a rascal like Jacob. He was too close to mistress, too close to my reputation.

'It was you who fucked my painting wasn't it' I said calmly to him as he dug holes in the leather, ready for stitching. I suppose that he reasoned the awl was an adequate weapon because he offered the frankest possible reply.

'Yes... you have to be kept in your place' he said.

I nodded and set the renovated painting high on a cupboard. If we fought I didn't want it damaged again.

'I will never allow you to lick mistress's sex' he said nastily, 'you lick her rear. That is your place'.

I nodded again. He had missed a cultural point.

'I only lick what mistress directs me to. I am allowed devotion of a kind. I know that she can starve me.' I said.

He smirked.

'If I had my way she would starve you till you went stir crazy' he said.

'Yes... I know' I answered.

I walked over the window. A storm was brewing up and it would batter the prepared bonfire and test the new built shelters. My mistress would get wet and require a hot bath in the wooden barrel that we set full of warm water before the fire. I suggested gently to Jacob that he start to heat three additional large kettles of water upon the fire. Mistress's needs were to be anticipated.

Watching him prepare the kettles I settled on my new course.

'I want to call a truce Jacob' I said.

He looked about at me. The suggestion surprised him, that much was obvious.

'I envy you... I do, with a burning pain inside, but I cannot push you aside from what mistress reserves for you' I said.

His eyes narrowed. This was probably a trap. His young weasel brain deduced it was so.

'Mistress isn't going to change. It is simply sexier to have a young male licking her quim, rather than an ex husband who she found dull as ditchwater. '

Still he scrutinized me.

'Any threat to you doesn't come from me. It will come from another young buck, or else your own mistakes' I said sitting down and cleaning my brushes.

'Why?' he asked. I knew what he meant, why was I crumbling like this? After all I wore a fucking catheter because of him.

' It's because, she dictates everything, because she has chosen you as her chamberlain. It's because, she dresses you as my superior. It's because, it pleases her to humiliate me that way. Because... I am assigned other work. If I survive Samhain, I will be their nanny. '

Jacob prepared coffee. He could have offered whisky but only mistress directed the pouring of that particular bottle.

He handed me the drink.

'Why should I trust you?' he asked at last.

'You shouldn't trust me, not just on the back of words. You should observe instead. I will defer to you in front of her. I will admire you in front of her. She will know that her will is law.' I said.

'You have lost' he said. There wasn't a grin, but emotions sometimes don't quite make it to the face.

'Yes' I said, 'mistress has decided that. It is what she commands.'

'You're on your way to the gutter' he said. 'Mistress probably doesn't want you around'.

I paused. Loathsome, loathsome shit I thought.

'Yes' I said. I thought... but master does.

'She doesn't give a damn about you?' he said.

'I am just another slave' I answered.

Jacob nodded. 'Alright' he said, 'but I'll watch you like a hawk. You bet I will!'

'Yes sir' I said.

I knew something then and the creeping realization carried me on. Jacob thought he had my mistress's affection. He thought he was Jenny's favourite. He believed even that she needed him, to be like he was with his tongue and his demeanour when he followed her about in public. But mistress didn't need him. She probably didn't even feel fond of him. He was simply the right tool for the job, the right image to display to the people. There was only one person that

mistress needed and that was master. It was master that she loved and craved and clung to. Jacob was in no less precarious a position than I was. We were whim lives, we could be extinguished in a moment.

## Chapter 21.

The week before Samhain an Indian summer settled on Tariskay. It was the strangest thing, with cool but sunny and settled weather every day. It was as if the gods were blessing the festival and its preparations. Of course if I had access to a weather forecast I would understand this in terms of blocking weather fronts. But I had no such access. I had not even heard mistress listening to the radio in the last two months. I existed in her realm, the grip of Tariskay. The bonfire had grown huge now, at least sixteen feet tall and broad of base. It would be a beacon, lighting the sea, and perhaps my drowning long after the sun drop. Mistress Melinda was now mounted too. She rode a piebald mare that had been wrested with some minor violence from a farmer on the other side of the island. As Halvar's bitch it was only fitting that she rode a horse as well. The hierarchy of the island was reinforced not by swanky properties, not by cars (which didn't exist there) but the ability to gallop from place to place on horseback.

To be honest my hands were bloody sore from rebuilding the cottage for mistress Melinda. Most of the roof joists we had to import from the mainland. To that future end one of mistress's agents on the mainland visited Peter and made him a few offers that he really couldn't refuse. He was, discreetly, going to fund the cottage in which his slavery would build. Still, the ferry came, we unloaded the timber and worked with a will. The cottage was furnished by the men who built chairs and tables and decorated by the women who fashioned quilts for the breeding bed and curtains for the windows. Peter had finally secured his work on the gas rig and it was now

arranged that he would join his mistress on the island for Samhain. There would be a brutal introduction to mistress rule then before he was packed off to work for a month, supplied with scented panties to carry him through until he next returned. Listening to mistress discuss that arrangement with Frey I realized that I could make it for a while on the mainland. I could survive pro temp in the way that Peter would be made to do.

In the past cottage industry began the industrial revolution. A thousand cottages could contribute goods and materials to one factory. The same system prevailed now with regard to the visitor houses on the shore. The mistresses sewed the most elaborate quilts, drapes, tapestries and cushions upon which they would couple Samhain time. One kindly woman had suggested that perhaps drapes could be hung beneath the toileting chairs, but mistress forbade that. The night would be full of revelry and that included the bawdy lewdness of a medieval brothel. No, the men who licked women clean would be on view to all.

Other arrangements were discussed between Jenny and Melinda. Would the slaves be required to attend naked? Mistress determined it would be so. Unless a storm blew up, then they would spend the night intoxicated but naked. Each would wear a leather cord about his neck, a leash hanging down so that he could be drawn to duties required. The cords were fashioned so that if a man resisted the leather pulled tight and he would choke. Then my mistress sent the ladies a gold embossed cloth with which to make robes for the evening. They were to be short, open at the bottom for access. Each would represent sun drop and the fire of the night. Each would be embroidered with waving blue lines at the bottom to represent the sea.

McVey invited me back to his place once another hard days work was done. There was time to share a dram and a conspiratorial chat before I walked to the inn where I was to attend Mistress Melinda and her buck visitor. Jenny's niece clearly expected some oral attention herself. Fucking with Halvar was utter bliss but she wanted

a slave too. That this particular slave was her uncle no longer seemed to concern her that much.

‘It’s time to move with our plan’ said McVey pouring the whisky. ‘Samhain will be here soon and we have to leave the bastards a message that reminds them that not everything on Tariskay goes their way.’

I nodded. Samhain did indeed seem a watershed. Once that happened, then the island would seem locked forever in the lifestyle. My mistress was moving quickly to make new arrangements. I told McVey about the cottage renovation plans and about the network of contacts that would be used to arrange for more wives and their weak husbands to be shipped in. In a few years the population of the island could double and the breeding accelerate away before our eyes.

‘I say that we move first on Jacob,’ said McVey. He had heard that the bastard had arranged matters so that I was once again tubed. The days were stretching away again since I had last been emptied and even with the scent just of mistress’s bottom that was starting to do my head in. I was desperate for mistress to relieve me.

‘If we kill Jacob I said, ‘no matter what our alibi the suspicion will fall on me. No one has more motive too kill the bastard than I. They will give me to Halvar to interrogate. I say we focus on rogue visitors as I told you before.’

‘You’re caving in son,’ said McVey, ‘you’re accepting that that bitch mistress of yours can change a whole island any way she wants.’

‘It’s her’s already’ I reminded him, ‘have you see the way the men doff their caps to her? Have you seen the way the mistresses fawn over her and that fucking handbook we all copied out?’

McVey grunted. He seemed relatively resistant to the musk at least as regards thinking. He needed devotion of course he did, but he was still thinking independently.

‘Look, ‘ I said setting down my glass, ‘the women want it. They want lovers who know how to handle them. They’re willing to rule men to get that. Many of the men are musked out now. They’ve stopped querying, wondering, let alone fighting. They’re coming to command with the merest look these days. Have you seen Angus of late?’

McVey sighed. He had! The man who had been darted through the cheek was now completely malleable. Shuhvorn was blissfully arrogant about it.

‘We could take a few visitors out as they step ashore on Samhain’ McVey said his eyes lighting with enthusiasm.

‘With a pistol’ I said, trying not to laugh. ‘This isn’t a machine gun nest McVey. ’

We settled then, McVey reluctantly, on the plan to assassinate the most aggressive of the visitors, when they unfairly beat a slave. The message was to limit the power that the visitors had. It was to prompt them to manage slaves in the way that Frey managed me. I said that the dead visitor should be left with a single message written in capital letters to avoid handwriting comparison. ‘Respect slaves’. I couldn’t be sure of it but I guessed that Frey would review visitor discipline. There might be a chance that we could brake the terrible excesses that just a few visitors went to.

‘There is this fellow called Erling’ said McVey, ‘he owns a bitch across the south moor. Nina has a small croft there you ken, but Erling won’t have her share the crofting work, or the cooking. Niall is exhausted and beaten most weeks. I reckon Erling has to get a visit’.

‘Are you sure of those facts?’ I asked him. We had to get this entirely right.

‘I’ve mended the bastard often enough son!’ exclaimed McVey, ‘I know what Erling does to the poor man. ’

I nodded.

'When you next come up for devotions I'll get the gun to you' I said. 'Will we go there together?'

McVey smiled.

'Mabbee for the first few son you stay close to the matriarch. We need you out of suspicion and close to the reaction my little visit causes. '

'You can't be recognized McVey' I said, 'your stoop, you'll have to shoot him without getting too close'.

McVey smiled, 'like a wee bottle on the sea when we first found the Luger' he suggested.

I walked away from McVey's feeling as if the island might explode. I didn't know what might happen if one of the visitors were assassinated. It would blow Samhain into the air. Everyone would be jumpy. Everyone would be suspicious. I wasn't even sure that McVey could kill a visitor that way. Was he that good a shot? Could he stuff a message in a waistcoat and slip into the night? At the very least Niall would be in for a terrible time.

I went to the bar at the Yowe Inn and asked permission from the mistress to go up to the rooms that Melinda had taken over. What had started as a bedroom now included a sitting room. Everyone knew what I attended for, to heighten the pleasures of our niece. In just a few weeks she had become a consummate bitch.

Melinda opened the door to me when I knocked softly. She was wearing a ridiculously short leather skirt, black and smelling like new leather does. It wasn't something that Peter had sent on, it was ordered new. I looked at her crotch and my gaze wouldn't shift no matter how much I tried. I had reached the shameless point that McVey predicted that I would. Melinda liked the effect she had.

'Do you like my skirt?' she asked provocatively.

'Yes mistress' I responded mesmerized. She showed me how the full length zip went up and down. The sides would part so that Halvar could fuck her casually if he chose.

'It was hard work today wasn't it Matthew' she said, and turned, walking before me so that it looked as though two softballs fought in the seat of her skirt. Of course it wasn't quite so hard for her. She had sat in the saddle of a fucking horse.

'You organized so much mistress' I observed, following obediently. The inference was that she had done the work. She had taken the worry and the strain.

'It has to be done Matthew, someone has to take charge of these things. Festivals don't just happen you know' she said airily, flicking her hand as though cigarette ash was being brushed off.

'Sit down sweetie' she said after I paused unable to answer her arrogant assertion without nauseating myself.

I sat down.

'We're going to take your tube out Matthew. I have interceded with mistress. Besides, Halvar wants to fuck you whilst you lick me out. '

That was the thing wasn't it? I had realized that the tubing couldn't go on forever. Mistress wanted Frey fucking me. It was a stage on the road to breeding. If I was fucked with the tube in situ then an asset could over time be ruined.

'Thank you mistress' I said.

I waited. Well? She had not moved to find a syringe to deflate the balloon inside my bladder, that which held the tube inside me.

'Can't you just pull it out?' she asked.

I blushed and thought about the excruciating pain that that would cause.

'No mistress... it would damage me...' I said fidgeting.

She laughed. 'Only kidding' she said and went and fetched a syringe that mistress had given her. She told me to get 'winky' out, then she deflated the balloon and drew it out of me in one smooth motion. It was honestly the weirdest feelings, like you were puking down your piss pipe.

'It's not very pretty is it Matthew,' she said discarding it in a bin, 'you're going to have to please mistress more so that you can stay away from such nasty things'.

She unzipped her leather skirt and showed me her sex. Her pussy had already been reshaped by Halvar's cock. She gaped so that you smelled her scent immediately.

'Why don't you beg' she suggested. She lit a Balkan sobranie cigarette and lounged back, sex on show watching me.

I stared at her. She was still our niece. Somewhere inside she was.

'I was used to date a black guy in a foursome with your mistress and Cullum' she said when I didn't begin. 'Cullum fucked her pretty good'.

I hated her. I hated this and wanted it.

'Please mistress... I need to lick you' I whispered.

'Do you?' she smiled. She started to tease her clitty. It was big and bulbous.

'Why is that?' she mused smiling at Halvar when he came in to watch.

'Please mistress... at least, at least let me sniff you' I said, my voice cracking.

She stood, put a booted foot up on the arm of the chair and brought her sex within inches of my face and I started to sway.

'Breathe it in Matthew' she said, and drew on her cigarette.

I inhaled and for a moment I thought that I would pass out.

'How be you put your butt up for Halvar Matthew and then mistress will let you tongue pussikins' Melinda said.

I kicked off my shoes and dropped my pants. That I did that quickly was because of musk addiction. I just had to lick her. Halvar got his cock out and when I pulled my buttocks apart, he came and ran the viper glans up and down my crack.

'I like it that you resist a bit bitch' he told me, 'down on the beach helping that old fucker McVey out with his duties. Fucking you feels better when you're being brought into line. '

I nodded and waited. Until he cocked me I couldn't have what I craved.

'Please master... '

His cock penetrated me. It pushed inside and I groaned. But it was a strange relief. He was going to take me. I needed the submission. I needed to cooperate.

'He looks very good on your cock' said Melinda, 'are you going to hurt him?'

Halvar laughed and started to buck me, pulling me back onto the length of his cock, rather than pushing it into me. I grunted with every penetration.

Hua, hua, hua, hua, I gasped out the rhythmic ownership on his cock.

'Come on then baby, lick pussy, that's a good boy, give pussy a snog' instructed Melinda.

I puckered my lips to hers but just as my tongue swished between her lips, he pulled me rhythmically back.

'Pleeeeeease master!' I begged.

He laughed and pushed my mouth against mistress. Now I bumped back and forth between his extravagant scrotum and mistress's lush lips.

'You like cock up there, huh?!' he demanded.

I nodded and my nose brushed mistress's clitty. It made her squirm.

I felt the first of his squirts up my back passage. I felt them like a storm drained had been overwhelmed. I grunted as each load took up station.

'Oh God master!' I moaned.

My dick was spraying over the rug. It jerked violently four then five times and each time my semen jolted uselessly out.

'I love it Matthew... I love seeing winky sick up the spunk that way...' cooed Melinda. She rubbed her sex harder against my mouth.

Halvar dragged out of me and I licked his cock clean running up and down his shaft as though I was wetting a fag paper for a roll up. I looked up at him wonderingly, like a bloody mongrel dog.

'OK, OK, go and lie beneath my bitch, sixty nine' he said.

I swiveled into position and my niece knelt above me. I was inches from where his cock then took her. It was the impossible moment when something massive forced itself inside her making her groan as it did so.

This close I saw how his sleek cock worked. The shaft seemed to relax as he pushed and swell as he pulled. The soft fecund, earthy smell of his coupling was powerfully close too and I wondered how Jacob had not lost consciousness when master took my mistress at home.

Melinda wasn't fighting it. She craved what he stroked into her. She begged and moaned. She worshipped the man.

I reached up and licked her clitty. She was delirious. Going with Halvar could cause her heart to blow. It just seemed best to get her through the first of her climaxes so that she could ride nicely.

Uuugh, uugh, uugh, uuuugh! She grunted.

He reached forward and he pulled her nipples taught.

She started to groan with pleasure. But it was no good, he was going to pull and squirt inside for minutes more now. She just had to hope her heart didn't fail. An explosion of her juices splashed upon my face. But I licked her up anyway, teasing, teasing, teasing with my mouth whilst his cock plunged into her.

There, now, I supposed ten or more minutes later she flopped. She was unable to ride the climax anymore and Halvar continued to fill her, splurging his semen inside. She was beaten now, her face squashed against the couch whilst her man bucked the seed inside. She was his receptacle, as more and more was squirted.

Halvar's cock sprang free and I started to drink the spunk that poured out of her. It was like yogurt although it tasted characteristically alkaline and warm. I showed master the mess in

my mouth and then swallowed it down. I could feel it sliding down my gullet like slugs of phlegm. But still, it was his and it was alpha.

‘Do as you’re told and you get more of it OK?’ commented Halvar.

‘Yes... yes master’ I answered.

‘Any sins to confess?’ he asked.

I knotted inside. Shit, I wanted to tell him.

‘No master’ I said... just. It was touch and go.

## Chapter 22.

Inevitably, Samhain arrived. It arrived on a gentle autumn breeze and with the prospect of good weather into the night and beyond. Mistress informed me that the tides looked modest and that if I could just prevail with the cask of ale I might live. She said it matter of fact like that, as if she was simply assessing the going of the ground before a horse race. It had been arranged that the islanders would process from the village carrying the food for the feast and drawing flagons of wine, beer and whisky in casks raised upon the handcarts that we had used to collect driftwood. Visitors were to arrive from the other direction on the beach, wearing medieval hosiery and with their phallus’s free to point in glorious nakedness. Mistresses wore their ceremonial short tabard gowns and to that my mistress had added an awesome gold choker about her throat that made her look like a Pharaoh. The order of the evening was that first the bonfire would be lit inviting the ancestors and the folk of the sea and shore and then the carousing and the drinking would begin. The slaves were tasked with competing against one another. There were wrestling bouts, feats of climbing speed upon a scaffold and another where they had to carry rocks along the beach. Mistress had the power of life or

death over proceedings. Should a slave fail badly at a spectacle competition, then she could simply have him taken away to who knows what?

‘Will you?’ asked Melinda smiling. ‘Will you have some of them disposed of?’

Mistress laughed. ‘Perhaps, but we need a few more slaves on the island first don’t we. You don’t waste a resource.’

I was dressed in a bizarre modesty cloth about my groin. It was very simple, something permitted for the cask bearer. Still, at least I wasn’t naked. I wasn’t one of the men who had to run and wrestle, their tiny penises bobbing in the firelight.

I felt physically sick. Despite my weight training I wondered whether I could really hold that cask of ale above my head for so long. Of course it progressively lightened as the ale gurgled out, but I wasn’t sure that I could persevere for so very long. Then there was the small matter of Erling. I’d managed to pass the Luger and rounds of ammunition to McVey but then things had gone quiet. There was no sudden alarm because a visitor on the other side of the island had been assassinated. There was no news even of an attempted murder. I wondered what the hell McVey was doing?

‘You seem distracted’ said my mistress coming up silently from behind me with Melinda. She smiled and looked utterly radiant in her priestess attire. Atop a horse each they would lead the procession like vanquishing generals.

‘Melinda will feed you’ Mistress said and beckoned my niece to me. I knelt and gratefully licked at the young woman’s sex. It seemed luxuriant and so compelling.

‘No more wanking Matthew?’ mistress checked.

No, there was none. Thank god she had emptied me the day before. She had jerked my semen over the gravestone of an ancient

crofter who had once lived in the cottage. She had looked down at the stone and said, 'you were then and he is now'.

'Where have you put Peter?' my mistress enquired as Melinda watched me feed.

'Just in with the others, 'Melinda said, 'he wasn't happy but he has to learn. '

My mistress nodded... yes of course.

'I think that you manage Matthew so well' Melinda said after a moments thought. 'There's no more resistance now is there. Feed him enough, be sharp with the discipline and this is what you achieved'. She looked down at me as I nuzzled.

'He's bending the knee to Jacob too' said mistress, 'they're not squabbling any more. Matthew licks botty and Jacob is my cunny lick. '

Melinda giggled. 'It makes him even more grateful to me' she said.

We went down to the village then, Melinda and mistress riding on their horses and I and Jacob following behind. We were led with leather cords about our throats.

'For what its worth,' said Jacob as we walked behind the horses, 'I hope you survive the cask of ale test. '

Did he? I think he did. We had run out of hatred. At last I was being fed regularly. I came to pussy at the Yowe Inn and I licked bottom at home. I was a more content soul. He for now at least felt that he was at the centre of power, attending the bedroom of the most powerful male and female on the island. It was a power rush for Jacob even if he could be banished at a moments notice.

'Mistress told me you have a dirty tongue. You make even her quim feel cruel' I told him in our walking confessional, 'she said it

would take a miracle to work my head back between her legs’.

‘I know’ he said proudly, ‘you don’t suckle like I do. I make her feel like a whore’.

I smiled and we walked on. The ‘arrogant wee bastard’ was how McVey would have put it. I was a little surprised that McVey was not roped into the procession too, but he had persuaded mistress that he should run a small first aid tent near the edge of the site. If she would but permit him a few wee drams he would mend the bumps and the bruises of the night. She had then made that dispensation. I thought yes, there was may be room to slip away, to slip away with a loaded pistol.

When we entered the village there was a rousing chorus from the residents. The women looked resplendent in their short apparel, the men looked naked and just a little cold. They ran hither and thither trying to stay warm waiting for the huge bonfire to be lit. Mistress and Melinda waved to the women.

‘Mistress, mistress, mistress!’ The women chanted.

My mistress acknowledged them. She was, for them, the facilitator of a new era.

‘Shall we to festivity, and the welcoming of the ancestors?’ called Melinda.

‘Aye!!’ the crowd bellowed. The people came from all over the island. There must have been near two thousand of them.

Mistress and Melinda guided the horses to the front of the procession I and Jacob walking behind. The fat mistress Felicity ran up and kissed me.

‘For your help the other day’ she laughed. It was a goading already drunken taunt. Like several of the mistresses she had drunk a glass or two in the Yowe Inn.

Behind Jacob and I came the mistresses, most laughing some trying to seem solemn. Their slaves followed after them. I looked back amongst them and saw one naked stranger. It must have been Peter though I barely recognized the man now. He was leather thong tied and was now led by Mistress Felicity. The slaves carried food and pulled the handcarts loaded with drink.

The beach was an eerie sight when we reached it. The water was alive with phosphor. It was as if the water beneath the sinking sun was lit by a myriad glow worms. Mistress said that it was a gift that Frey had arranged. I thought that magical thinking but then anything seemed possible on this island. I looked out across the sea as the tide worked inshore. It looked like beaten copper against the sun. It looked like a molten metal until the dancing blue edge of the water kissed the shore. Amidst all that, there was a solitary stake standing stark against the horizon. It looked the sort of thing that they tied you against before they shot you.

‘You will cope’ said Jacob again in what seemed a surprising wish of encouragement.

I nodded.

‘If I don’t ‘ I said, ‘make sure that mistress feels complete... worship her’.

‘Yes’ said Jacob.

Whether the speeches around the bonfire were concocted or drawn from an ancient past, I could not tell. They were conducted entirely in gaelic. Mistress chanted, exhorted and finally she raised her arms. A torch was brought and the fire was lit. Laced with kerosene the whole thing burst into flames. A huge flame licked up to the sky as dozens of visitors joined the throng from along the beach. Now an explosion of greeting broke out. The mistresses embraced the visitors, their own or others and the naked men waited humbly beside them, singing some anthem that had been written. Watching so many women kissing powerful men, ignoring the naked ones,

awed me. It was the most visible, the most powerful evocation of Tariskay that I had ever seen. It was intimate and primal. The visitors touched the women, through their short robes, beneath the hems, casually, comfortably whilst the naked men hummed and swayed powerless.

Not standing beside my mistress or her niece at the front of the assembly I started to sidle away. I needed to ask McVey what the fuck he was doing?

‘Not running away are you Matthew?’ came a voice. It was Shuhvorn and she had the powerful Halvar beside her. She had placed a hand on my shoulder and smiled.

‘No mistress’ I said hurriedly, ‘I was just going to check on McVey. If he needs medical help...’

‘He’ll cope just fine’ she insisted and strengthened her grip on my shoulder.

‘Yes mistress’ I answered.

I watched as she slipped a shoulder strap from off her dress and revealed her naked breasts. Her nipples and the round areoles behind them looked huge in the setting sun.

‘Lick then... show Halvar’ she suggested.

I glanced away to McVey’s medical tent. I couldn’t reach him. I couldn’t counsel him. It scared me silly.

‘I’m waiting’ said Mistress Shuhvorn.

‘Of course mistress’ I blurted and started to lick her naked breasts. I felt the weight of them as I nuzzled and licked. They weighed a good deal and were what McVey crudely referred to as a woman’s ‘jugs’. As I licked Halvar petted her between her legs. I could smell

that she was aroused. She was ovulating. She wanted a visitor baby by whatever means.

'Bring some wine over to the visitor tent' she said to me and pointed to the nearest one, 'oh... and bring your tongue too. I want you to lick Halvar's bottom whilst he fucks me.'

I was ashamed of it, what I did then. I was ashamed that I licked around and around his rear whilst he jammed his cock inside Shuhvorn. I was ashamed that I aided their grunting, gasping, noisy coupling. When I looked up and back to the sea, the sun was falling and the stake waited for me. It waited like a digit sticking up at me out of the sand.

'Get beneath us and lick master's balls whilst he fucks me' Shuhvorn ordered.

I did as I was told. I was just one of many. There were five, six, seven mistresses copulating with lovers all around us. Beneath the hanging lanterns the smell of sex was intoxicating.

It was only as the 'games' began slave pitted against slave, that Halvar stopped filling her. He pulled out curious about the diversion further along the beach. Mistress Shuhvorn required me to toilet her. It seemed to take an age. The semen oozed and oozed and kept on coming.

'Lick it all up' she trilled callously. I was not to stand until she was no longer draining the sticky white residue.

'Why do you really want to see McVey?' she asked as I licked her clean.

'To offer medical help... until I sit at the stake m'am' I suggested.

She smiled.

'McVey wants to run away doesn't he?' she interrogated.

'No mistress' I insisted.

'But he is old, Jenny will soon discard him, then he will starve' she said.

I couldn't answer that. It seemed repugnant.

She eyed me curiously.

'What do you wish to do Matthew slave... go and gossip to the stooped McVey, watch the games or lick my bottom for me?'

It was a trap. I couldn't be seen to plot a thing.

'Please may I lick your bottom mistress?' I asked. I asked it like a kid begging for sweet money.

'You may' she smiled and rolled over. Her botty came up, her drilled out botty and I started licking it, making greedy noises.

## Chapter 23.

I dreaded the moment when the sun dropped into the sea. It seemed to set the water alight. By now mistresses were fucking with a wide variety of different visitors. I watched my mistress led to the tent by two young ones, they could only have been in their twenties or thirties, no age for a viking. Mistress snogged first with one and then the other whilst Frey looked on approvingly. He warned,

'Make sure she comes... otherwise you will both answer to me. '

He laughed as the bucks led her away, cock visitor making out with a hen from the other tribe. I begged Frey with my eyes to be allowed to follow her. Jacob was otherwise engaged, attending a particularly tall and lithe visitor and a young crofting woman called Emily. I froze

when I heard that the visitor Emily was called Erling. Much as I disliked Jacob he was in danger if McVey appeared in disguise and started pulling the trigger.

‘Come on then if you must’ mistress said interrupting my thoughts. She really didn’t want me attending her. It was as if the stain of Cullum affected life still. Still we followed the young visitors one of which was called Ingolf and the other of which was called Asger. They walked with handsome cocks, glistening and moist from their conquests so far.

‘We take you together Mistress Matriarch’ Ingolf said with a smile to her.

‘Do you think that you can handle that,’ she teased back, ‘I will score you both for Frey’.

Ingolf kissed her longingly and promised that he would try.

All of this disturbed the hell out of me. I had imagined that my mistress, as the matriarch would stand above all the copulating, but she didn’t. Tonight she fucked with whichever visitor who dared ask her. That was the way of Samhain. I wanted to stay and to try and protect her, but the sun was sinking fast. In a few minutes they could come for me. They would come for me and strap me to the stake out in the flooding tide.

We entered one of the tents and found a lavish pile of cushions. Ingolf lay down his cock sticking up like an insane razor clam that had punched a hole out through the sand.

‘Get your butt on that’ Asger ordered her crudely.

Mistress gestured to me. I was to lick the cock first and then, she impaled her bottom on the thing. I watched her eyes close blissfully as she sank down onto it. Asger kissed her lavishly all over her mouth saying how nicely she spread her legs.

'Your cunt's gaping' he said, 'I'll fill it. '

To my horror his cock seemed to angle any way he chose at the base and then it curved up into her sex. She slipped down on that too. There was a sucking sound as she moved up and down on them. It was obviously tight, obviously more than she had ever managed before, but she moved up and down their cocks with a steely determination.

'Frey fucks me' she told them, ' I can certainly handle you two'.

I gulped down a breath. It looked as if she could.

'It's time' said a voice.

Time... what was time to me? I didn't know what time was? Time moved at a pace I could barely read these days.

The voice was that of mistress Melinda, my niece. She was accompanied by two of the burliest of Halvar's lieutenants. I was lifted bodily from the cushions whilst my mistress exercised up and down, up and down in the thick organs of the young visitors.

As we walked over the wet sand and into the lapping water, many within the crowd stopped to stare. The games fell silent, jugglers stopped juggling, the fiddlers stopped playing and eyes turned to the stake and where the sun had almost nested upon the sea. The little group of us was silhouetted black against the blood orange sky.

'Mmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmmm' the crowd hummed as if an aircraft was warming up for take off. They raised their hands to the sky and then out towards the stake onto which I would be tethered. Some of the women whooped in the background. They were drunk and started to chant, 'sacrifice, sacrifice, sacrifice'.

'Fuck them' I said to mistress Melinda. She didn't smile. I wasn't her uncle any more. I was a turkey carried to thanksgiving.

By the time that we reached the stake the water was already more than half up it. When I was forced to sit down against it, looking out to sea, the water rose around my chest. It was bitterly cold despite the day being milder than those of late. I gasped with the shock of it. If I had fallen into it off a boat I would have flapped around and perhaps drowned anyway.

‘Steady your breathing, you will spoil the spectacle’ said Mistress Melinda.

Frey looked at her. Once they became a bitch there were no half measures he concluded.

A visitor guard tethered my wrists in the manacles either side and then handed the key to the padlocks to Melinda.

Raise your hands to the extent of the chains’ she ordered.

I demonstrated what was possible. When the ale cask was on top of them it would reach my forehead and not too much more. She looked at the men and and nodded, they could go back now.

‘If you die,’ said Melinda, ‘your body will be claimed by Shoney. The sea lord will take you and the fishes will eat you. Our lambs will grow fat, the kelp will feed our fields and we will have babies.’

I pulled a face. I was fucking terrified.

‘And if I don’t die, if the cask drains empty before the tide overtakes me?’ I asked.

‘Then we are blessed anyway,’ she said flatly, ‘Shoney will sup well’.

‘Sounds like a win win situation for Tariskay then’ I said flippantly, trying to be brave.

Fray smiled.

‘Good, you are trying to be brave’ Fray said and squinted at the horizon where the sun had once fallen.

Melinda started to hum and chant something hypnotic sounding in Gaelic.

‘Period pains’ I told Fray but he didn’t seem to know what those were.

Melinda seemed to go into some kind of trance. I decided she had spent way too much time exploring paganism as a teenager.

My teeth started chattering.

‘You will fail if you cannot master the cold’ whispered Fray who had squatted down beside me. ‘You must think of summer and of warmth. The swallows are here and flying over a warm sea.’

I nodded. He was trying to help. The man wanted me to live. I worshipped him. I worshipped him.

‘When you raise the cask and start to pour through the tiny hole Matthew, have your finger near by in case you drop it. Cover the hole immediately in that instance.’

‘Yes master’ I whispered back.

‘Now consider what they can see from shore. You are partially hidden by the stake. They cannot judge depth that far out. If you are careful, you can rest the cask against your forehead. Angle back your head, rotate the cask a little forward so that it still drains. Do you understand?’

‘Yes... yes, thank you’ I blurted.

Melinda finished her chant and as Fray gave me the ale cask to hold up, pouring a thin stream of ale into the oncoming water, Melinda shouted,

‘Shoney... It begins!’

A tremendous cheer came up from crowd in the shore. It came from the women and the visitors. The men just stared.

My supervisors started to wade through the rushing water and back to shore.

‘Jenny doesn’t care if he dies’ Melinda said, I heard that. ‘She can find a replacement for him.’

Fray grunted.

‘But he is gentle, a thinker and will be good with children. I will have him live if he can’ he answered equally firmly.

I started. I started by singing folk songs from my youth. Scarborough Fair, She Moved Through the Fair, Geordie, I sang them all. There was no cold only a warm fire in a pub and a group strumming guitars. The more I held the cask the lighter it got. It WAS getting lighter, I could feel it gram by gram. To my horror as I rehearsed the songs and remembered my weight lifting success fish swam around me. Small bass were searching the very edge of the incoming tide. Two swam between my legs. I nearly panicked and dropped the cask. I held onto it... just.

‘As I walked out over London bridge... one misty morning early...’ I sang.

The crowd on the beach stared.

Melinda met a visitor who waded out to meet her. He pushed his hand between her legs and she immediately submitted to his kiss.

‘I will fuck you powerful bitch’ he shouted brusquely so even I heard.

‘When he is dying’ she shouted back.

You'll gather from my report of events and the fact that I am writing this that I did not die. I survived, although it was with chattering teeth and a feeling that my arms and legs were barely my own. I did what my master told me. I angled my head back just a little and pushed the cask against my forehead. My nose squished against the weight, but now my arms did not bear the full burden. My head helped prop the cask high. It was becoming lighter. It was becoming lighter, I could honestly tell that now.

Little by little the ale trickled into the sea. I talked to the sea bass that swam about me. I talked to them as friends and explained what our challenge was. The more they brushed against me, curious at the liquid that spilled into the brine the more I believed that they helped me.

Minutes passed, at least I imagined it so. How many minutes did a folk song last? One minute, three minutes, I tried to remember from CD covers. I rolled the cask a little and with relief saw that the ale poured out faster that way. I would survive. I would beat this.

I don't know how long it was but when the water had reached my chin, I realized that in some small way now the sea helped lift my arms. It was a marginal help but I felt it there. Then came the sound of splashing. Someone was wading out to inspect my progress.

'You're not dead' my mistress said. She must have finished fucking with the two young visitors. She must have been sore and the cold water up around her crotch must have been tempting.

'Sorry about that' I said. I didn't care then. I just didn't. I would live for Frey not for her.

'You have to be tested. If you are to raise your masters young, you must have resilience' she said. 'He is not just a visitor, he is the Viking chief'.

'Yes mistress' I gasped. My arms felt like lead weights then. 'I want you to have his babies... I want him to breed you over and over

again. You are proud for him, strong, decisive... I was never good enough to father your children. '

She looked at me.

'You mean that don't you?' she said.

'Yes mistress'.

'You are nothing but a mongrel' she said with a sneer and drank some wine from her chalice.

I gritted my teeth. I wanted to drop the cask but I couldn't.

'No... I'm a realist' I insisted.

She was about to taunt me again, when the shot rang out.

There was only one shot as the fiddles played. A breeze had sprung up so it was harder to tell where it came from.

'What was that?' she asked.

'Fireworks?' I queried.

'They are later' she insisted.

She started to wade ashore. The water was rushing around my neck now. I could feel it claw at my throat.

'You won't forget that I'm here will you?' I shouted as she departed.

I made a guess then. I guessed by the sound of raised voices that the crowd was looking elsewhere. In any case the light had been sucked from the sky, I was being pulled down into the waves too. Now there were more shouts, for McVey. I wondered whether they were hunting him. I took the chance and rested the cask upon my head, ducking below the water to take weight respites.

Still the water rose. I felt a fish brush my chin. Dinner it seemed would be served. I would be moored for their delectation over the coming days. Gulls at low tide and the fish at high.

More splashing and by now I was gasping.

Then there was a wrench, first on my left manacle and then my right. They were torn from the stake with immense power.

‘Drop the cask, it is empty’ said Frey.

I dropped it and it bobbed away slowly, slowly filling with seawater.

‘You nearly drowned Matthew... then what would we do?’ asked Frey.

I spluttered again before retching up seawater. He didn’t seem to mind.

‘What... what was the shouting about?’ I asked at last as he carried me ashore. The air seemed even colder than the water as we came free of the dragging waves.

‘Someone was shot’ he said simply.

‘Shot?!’ I asked.

‘Yes’ said Frey, ‘a warrior called Erling. McVey is trying to save him now’.

I juddered.

‘You’re cold, we will get you a rug’ said Frey.

‘Yes... yes, so cold’ I said.

Chapter 24.

I came too several hours later in a guest room at the Yowe Inn. It was disorientating, the strange room and the lantern hanging above my bed. An onshore breeze came off the sea and caused it to sway back and forth causing shadows to shift up and down the wall. I was aware of warmth, such delicious warmth and wondered if I was dead now. There had been gallons of cold water, a rush tide and fish sliding across my legs. Then there had been splashing and the manacles came free. I looked about blinking.

At first my eyes wouldn't fully focus but then I caught the female shape that moved around the bed. She was naked save for a wide gold collar about her throat. Her raven hair was worn up but rampant curls escaped downwards against the nape of her neck. She was a big and generous woman, her belly curved as if she was in the first months of pregnancy. Her thighs were large but still shapely. I blinked again and stared at Mistress Felicity.

'How are you feeling?' An enquiry came my way.

How did I feel? My legs were heavy, so heavy. My belly felt as though it had been kicked, so hard I had tried to knot it and stave off the cold of the water.

'Felicity?' I blinked again at her, 'Mistress?'

'Gently' she said, 'don't try to get up. Your head will thump. You've suffered from the cold water.'

I groaned. I wasn't sure that I could get up. I could barely raise my head off the pillow.

I ran my tongue around my mouth and then licked off the rime of salt from my lips.

'You need to feed don't you' she said and without hesitation she climbed on the bed and settled her sex before my mouth. My arms

were trapped at my side and the mistress angled her body forward. Her ample breasts hung high above me and she rested her arms on the bed head as she started to drip down into my mouth.

‘Take it down... it’s good for you’ she whispered, watching the glutinous mess start to land on my nose and lips. For a moment, instinct rather than self preservation reasoning ruled my reaction. I clamped my mouth shut. She reached down and held my nose until I opened my mouth for air and the gift could plop in.

‘It’s fresh’ she whispered, ‘don’t fight it. Frey said it would warm you inside.’

Like someone weaned to first semi solids I started to feed. I tasted the semen mix in my mouth and then swallowed. It was as thick as semolina. Some hours had passed and her body had kept it warm inside her.

She smiled, breathing heavily, relieved may be that her charge was coming to.

‘I slept beside you... for body warmth. You had to warm gradually’ she said.

I moaned.

‘You need to lick,’ she said with certainty, ‘you may lick my quim but not my clitty. I don’t want your heart racing.’

I nodded and watched as her hairy sex descended onto my face. I felt her lush and teasing labia slide either side of my nose and then she settled on my mouth. I licked gratefully, feeling the softness of her flesh, the wetness of her emptying hole.

She rocked on my face, humming to herself. It sounded like something she may had always done savouring a particular pleasure, lost in her own little world.

'You lick nice' she moaned softly.

I wiggled my tongue deeper. Her hole went all the way back. I could die down here, for lack of air. Before that happened though, she gently lifted up and asked if that was 'a little better now'?

I nodded.

She glanced around. I wasn't lying. I had an erection.

'I'll just empty you' she said softly. It was as if we were playing house and arranging a tea party with attendant dolls and teddy bears. I felt her surprisingly soft hand start to work my cock up and down. It was an irresistible, demanding invitation.

'It's OK, ' she assured me, 'Brandt doesn't mind if I use men this way. '

Brandt? Her visitor. I tried to think, but it was hard. She was wanking me and I couldn't resist. I could still smell and taste her. Slugs of my semen erupted modestly into the air, causing me to grunt and buck.

'That's it' she said clinically, 'all of it out now. Otherwise, you'll try to be manly'.

Manly, I groaned! Still, still, she milked like a parlour maid. It was all jerked out of me. I tried to picture how she managed her slave. It would be with no nonsense good grace so that she could get on with taking visitor cock. She held her hand up to my mouth. It was covered in my semen.

'Lick it off then' she ordered. This it seemed was customary so I did as I was told.

She went then to make a cup of tea. I could probably manage that now. I listened as she unlatched the door. Then though, there was a conversation. There was a dark visitor voice.

'Yes master... I want it... I need it' she said huskily.

I heard them kissing on the landing. Then there was the sound of fucking. Whoever the visitor was he knew how to bang a bitch against the wall. The fucking increased, the slup, slup, slups combining with the grunt, grunt, grunts. On Tariskay there was no shame about copulating. There was no shame about fucking or eating, amongst the women at least.

The next time I came too, a cold cup of tea sat by my bedside and it was light. The light flooded the bedroom and I heard herring gulls calling. My mistress was seated beside me, changed now into a black leather mini skirt that thought itself a belt. She wore a baggy soft jumper of alpaca wool and the pendant hung from her throat. She watched me blink myself awake and then she stood. I watched her unzip the skirt and then guide my face up to it so that I could inhale my morning devotion. Her sex smelled of so much visitor cock. It was intoxicating. For a moment, no more I thought that she might order me to lick. She did not, turning slowly and pushing her bottom back against my face so that I could bury my mouth against that. I licked her hole and felt the thrill of it, spasming indulgently against my tongue.

'How are you feeling now? She asked after she had rearranged her clothing.

'Hung over... heavy' I admitted. It was like that, as though my body had been encased in a lead cocoon.

'Master is pleased with you. You passed the test' she said wandering over to the window. The slaves were taking the last festivity structures down. Had they been left then the winter storms would have scattered them across the beach.

I wondered whether she was pleased with me? I wanted that. I wanted her to be pleased with me and accepting too... that I would serve her loyally and gratefully. I imagined that every slave on the island wanted to lick her sex and I felt jealous. That prompted a

thought about Jacob who ably teased her sex as a young slave would. I thought about last night and winced.

‘What happened last night?’ I said, ‘apart from me being staked out a while.’

She didn’t laugh but turned and strolled towards me. She sat down and smoked one of the slim Balkan cigarettes that my niece must have been handing around.

‘Someone killed Erling, they shot him’ she said. She watched me, curious about how I would react. I couldn’t react. Right then I was just plain numb. ‘McVey tried to save him, but the man’s not a neurosurgeon. Erling was shot through the back of the head.’

‘Shit!’ I said.

She flicked off a little ash to the floor.

‘His slave Niall was interrogated and killed. I am afraid that Halvar’s men were angry. They were shall we say, a little over zealous’ mistress said.

My heart plummeted at the news of summary justice. I pictured the visitor guards twisting the poor bastard’s head off.

‘I don’t suppose it was that wretched little man. He wouldn’t have a gun. But then no one was going to stop the guards when they were angry’ mistress said.

‘Dear God...’ I stammered.

‘These things happen’ said mistress. She was... she was unphased. Her cool looked entirely intact.

‘There must have been panic...’ I suggested.

‘No,’ she said firmly, ‘Halvar dealt with it perfectly. He got Erling off to McVey’s tent and told everyone that a firework had exploded. It

was a firework injury. ’

I thought about it. There would have been so much dancing, so much singing, the squealing fiddles and the sound of sex nearby. Most of them must have been pissed. Halvar would have managed that.

‘They took Erlings slave away for a couple of hours, broke his neck and then tipped him over the side of a rowing boat. There was no untidiness. ’

I got up onto my elbow. She looked beautiful, indescribably poised.

‘There was collateral damage too. ’ she said, ‘Jacob was attending Erling and a mistress that he was servicing. Jason launched himself at the attacker. He got shot through the shoulder. ’

I gawped at mistress. Jacob shot too.

‘McVey got the bullet out, but it shattered his shoulder bone. He will be incapacitated for a month or so’ she said.

I didn’t know what to feel. Elation, may be McVey thought sod it, I’ll shoot that bastard too? Then irrationally I worried about Jacob. He had been brave, defending a master and the mistress.

‘It’s a nuisance... you will have to attend me instead. You will dress and bathe me, lick me as Jacob did. You will do that, understood?’ she asked.

‘Yes mistress’ I said without a hint of delight.

She nodded. It seemed that I was second choice. This wasn’t her preference, but she was mistress and she would have a chamberlain.

I watched her stand. The cigarette was nearly finished. I put my hand out to take it and to extinguish it in the empty washbowl. She

stuffed it out in the palm of my hand and watched me wince. Then she stepped quietly from the room.

Once I was steady on my feet, once I had eaten properly and drank some ale I went to see McVey. Pretty soon I would be required back at the cottage, but now I needed to get hold of my assassin. I didn't knock, I just pushed on into his living room.

'What the fuck happened?' I demanded. I couldn't quiz mistress too much. That might have seemed odd.

McVey surveyed me from his chair. He looked surprisingly calm.

'You see before you, death, a hero and a surgeon' said McVey.

I waited. I had little time for cryptic clues.

'When I saw the two fuckers there side by side I thought why not?' said McVey. 'It would seem like a wild attack. I got bastard Erling in the back of the head but Jacob moved like lightening. I just winged him.'

'You blew an hole in his shoulder' I corrected.

'Aye, ' said McVey with a smile, 'he won't be mobile beneath a crotch son, I guess you'll have to meet madam's needs.'

'Did he recognize you?' I asked.

McVey laughed.

'Would I be sat here if he did?'

I sat down too.

'I got poor Niall killed' said McVey... 'ye ken, it didn't work. They didn't just interrogate the poor wee feller, they unscrewed his head.'

I nodded. Yes... it was terrible.

'You left no note... nothing to suggest the vigilante demand?' I asked.

McVey laughed, 'aye aye, of course I did that. I stopped and pinned it to Erling's waistcoat. Just a calling card from the Tariskay slave friend front!' His expression mocked me. 'When Jacob launched at me I just shot and ran. They'd be calling me pretty quick, ye ken, the medic.'

'Sorry' I said. That was a stupid question.

McVey reached for the bottle of Tobermory.

'It won't work will it' he said, 'the more we kill of their bad uns, the more they will dispatch the slaves. The women want the visitors, they're crazed by the Norse. Mabbee a mistress doesn't care if her slave gets beaten. Mabbee Niall was just a slave to Nina? It's part of the sex, part of the hierarchy on Tariskay.'

I thought of my mistress.

'Yes' I said.

## Chapter 25.

Three days later the island council met in the Yowe Inn. I attended with my mistress and was assigned the role of making a record of proceedings. She looked like a cat walk model, wearing a shapely leather pencil skirt, a matching leather bolero jacket and an expensive designer silk blouse. There were rings on her fingers, she wore the Piaget watch and her high heels were black patent leather. I had dressed her, but still I stared as she walked confidently into the bar, which had been closed for the occasion. Master Frey chaired the meeting of course and there was Halvar there as head of island

security. Ingolf was brought into the meeting as a representative of young Norse and Mistress Isobel was present in her capacity of mistress training. Mistress Melinda was there in charge of culture and social relations. There were no slaves represented.

I looked across at my niece. She had been gifted the cottage now and she looked very happy. Every night she placed a lamp in the window and every night Halvar fucked her. For the next week at least she had Peter to kneel by the bedside.

‘We have some decisions to make’ Frey said. He was not one to dress business up in formal language. ‘How to reconcile the island community to the breeding and how to help the slaves play their appointed role.’

‘Aren’t we meant to be discussing how to apprehend a murderer?’ asked Shuhvorn. Perhaps she was missing something. She looked unsure to me.

Frey looked across at her.

‘That is in hand,’ he assured her, ‘I have asked Matthew to have McVey bring the pistol over to me and to submit to my judgement.’

Looks of surprise and consternation raced around the room. McVey?!! Doc McVey... that old guy? Nothing bothered my mistress though. Her poise remained intact. She recrossed her legs and waited for the noise to settle down so that Frey could continue.

‘McVey shot Erling dead. We despatched the slave Niall whom we suspected of the crime. We are at risk of making many more mistakes’ Frey intoned darkly. ‘McVey will surrender the weapon to me and then submit to my judgement.’

The meeting descended into hubbub again. Everyone talked at once.

‘How do you know?’ Ingolf demanded. His face was livid.

'I opened McVey's Gladstone bag and smelled within. It smelled of a pistol that had been fired. There was a live round still in the bag. I deduced that McVey was the murderer,' Frey said.

The meeting erupted once more.

'Stop it, stop it now!' snapped Frey. 'Do you not see that the shooting is but a symptom of our problem. There are men like McVey who do not entirely submit to the musk. Yes they crave to be fed, but their minds don't settle into submission. It takes time for a man to submit to his mistress and to actively facilitate our coupling. I have witnessed this first hand!' Frey pointed to me. 'Even when we are benevolent and gentle with their management as Jenny and I have been, it takes time for them to submit. Some of our young bucks have resorted to fists. Some of them have been drunk with power. Erling was one of them! Had he been firm and consistent with his bitch and slave he might not be dead now. Men like McVey patch up the harm that is done and then they become mad with revenge. '

It silenced the audience. Frey cast his eyes around the room and the council members looked uncomfortable. Even my mistress did. Authority and cruelty were part of the culture, a fillip to the breeding, but if that was handled whimsically, if you just stubbed a cigarette out in a hand, well...

'Will you execute McVey?' Mistress Melinda asked.

'Unlikely' said Frey.

She raised her eyebrows. There would be those who demanded justice.

'Shall I execute the guards who were too zealous with Erling's slave?' he asked, barking out the question.

Silence reigned again. The attendees looked about at one another.

'I imagine, 'Mistress Melinda said slowly, 'that you have a plan'. She gazed at Frey.

'Yes' said Frey and he waited again. His breathing came heavy. The emotions rose within him.

'Erling's bitch Nina will shoot his foot off' said Fray, 'it will be done publicly. She has been robbed of her lord. Matthew will sew and dress the wound as he has been taught. A handcart will be used to take McVey to his patients or else they come to him. But we will not execute the only doctor on Tariskay without a replacement. '

Shuhvorn and my mistress nodded. The man had to be judged and punished. It was simply necessary. I wondered how much my mistress fancied having someone even more crippled coming to devotions with her. It seemed only a short matter of time till she discarded the wretch and assigned him to someone else. Having a criminal beg... it was terribly vulgar. We looked at each other and knew. It was simply inappropriate to keep McVey in her personal service.

'Do you accord on this?' Frey demanded.

The council members raised their hands.

'Next,' snapped Frey, 'Mistress Melinda will work with Shuhvorn to begin a public education programme to teach the slaves to look after their mistresses and to anticipate children. '

Gaze shifted to the two women who had already been briefed on this particular measure. Shuhvorn cleared her throat,

'It will cover all domestic duties, of course devotions, but bathing, dressing and supporting mistress in her look and attire. The slaves will learn their manners by rote so that there should be few reasons to beat a slave'.

My mistress nodded.

'If the slaves are occupied, taught how to be devoted, there will be precious little time for them to think about resistance. They will be content and proud in what they do' she said.

I wrote that down too. The slaves would have no think and resent time left. There would be no whisky chats with McVey any more. Now the men of Tariskay would concentrate wholeheartedly on the cause. They would light the lamps in the windows each night and anticipate the blessings just as their mistress did.

I bit the pencil. Tariskay was changing again. It was becoming absolute.

'Third,' said Fray, 'we will arrange for a gradual and a carefully managed incoming. We will choose women ready for mistresshood. They will bring husbands inclined to submission.'

I scribbled a note. He meant masochists. He meant men with limited self-esteem. He meant Peter.

'This year twenty three children will start their schooling. Next year, with the incoming, that will gradually increase to thirty and then forty. I have ordered Jacob, the slave to superintend the repair and the rebuilding of homes for the incomers. We will build a distillery on the east of the island, and the incoming slaves will work there.' Fray said.

I thought about McVey. What an irony that was. Just as he was to be immobilized so his favourite kind of business was to be established on Tariskay.

'You are confident the women and slaves can be found?' asked Halvar. It was a security and control matter I understood.

'There are a lot of women who want this life I can assure you,' said my mistress, 'there are many cuckoldresses. Tariskay is a natural home for a superior sort of woman'.

Melinda nodded. It wasn't just about breeding and numbers. It was about the right breeding.

'The women will be assessed carefully, interviewed, tested before they come?' asked Halvar.

'I will see to that personally,' mistress said, 'I will, make trips to the mainland and take Matthew with me. He will see how ready the men seem to bend the knee'.

I didn't need to write that down. The idea thrilled me. Jacob could superintend the building work.

Melinda smiled. What a little fucker I was. Somehow, courtesy of a stray bullet I was worming my way home to mistress.

'We trust you Jenny' said Shuhvorn.

'They will bring money, a readiness to support the cause and of course a slave' mistress said firmly.

The council nodded.

After the council meeting concluded I was sent by mistress to find McVey. It was time that he brought the pistol up to the cottage and submitted to master's judgement she said.

'Tell him his fate... tell him that he won't be executed' she said, 'that should encourage him'. Then she went to and have a drink at the bar with the other mistress council members. I watched them gather. They were all immaculately dressed, all perfectly manicured. They looked like ladies who lunched. They looked perfectly suited to power.

I walked up to McVey's cottage. Smoke issued from the chimney. He was at home. He was at home and about to receive some difficult news.

# Epilogue

After I left McVey's I wasn't entirely sure that he would surrender to master nor yet hand over the pistol and ammunition. It was possible that he could run (but where to?) or else that he could surrender himself and hope to keep the pistol in reserve. He could claim that he had thrown it into the sea. Still, he seemed persuaded that master would treat him justly and that it had been inevitable that he if was found out, and clemency shown, that he would never again be allowed to come to mistress's bottom. McVey knew that as soon as he surrendered that his life would change again.

'He won't let them kill you.' I insisted, 'you are an asset. They can't find a medical man that easy, not least one willing to live as a slave.'

McVey insisted that I help him finish the bottle of Tobermory. He demanded that, forcing a glass into my hand and sloshing in the amber liquid.

'How did he know again?' asked McVey.

'He smelled the discharged gun in your Gladstone bag' I said. 'Frey knows most things, he reasons best of all of them.'

McVey clinked my glass and slugged down the whisky. He seemed to enjoy it more than ever.

'You have my friend an amazing master' McVey said, 'you would suck cock for him irrespective of musk wouldn't you.'

Yes I thought. He is right. They are both perfect. It was as if my life had led to this. I was destined to come with my mistress to an island where she could be what she was, a headstrong woman of massive authority and discerning sensuality.

'Yer say that you're recruiting with her man? She is going to the mainland and to meet and select other women for Tariskay?'

I said yes. 'She will select more women and probably... probably select another slave herself. '

'Well son, she's too much for you to serve ain't she!' he laughed and refilled the glasses with the last whisky from the bottle.

I didn't want that. I didn't want it at all.

'She's the matriarch Matthew, and ye ken it will be four or five slaves for her. '

'Yes' I admitted down hearted, 'and most of them younger or else richer than me'.

'Aye, that will be right well enough' he said. McVey was drunk. He was already drunk.

That afternoon McVey staggered up to our cottage. We had retired there and the women fucked with each other's partners. I watched Halvar fuck my mistress till she wriggled and Frey fuck my niece. The bedroom was perfumed with their lust. The sheets were wet. Jacob had been sent off, his arm in a sling to walk to a distant cottage that would house the next incomers. So it was I that went out to greet McVey. He paused hunched over and caught breath when he saw me. Then on he came and fell on his knees out side the front door of the cottage. From his knapsack he took out the pistol and the loose ammunition. He held the pistol aloft in front of him as if he was prostrating himself at a temple.

I went back to the bedroom and gently announced McVey's arrival. Frey looked up, and then Halvar too. The mistresses still had their eyes closed and their mouths wide open. They still trembled from the coupling. It was Halvar who rose first and he pulled up my mistress.

'I will deal with this' he told Frey.

Mistress pulled on her jeans but there was no time for a top. Her generous bare breasts were on show. I followed them out into the sunshine. Frey had started again with Melinda. The stroking, groaning sex.

‘McVey’ said Halvar, ‘put the gun down on the ground. We don’t want any mistakes do we?’

I watched McVey set the weapon down. Then I was directed to go and collect it. The gun felt heavier now, more bulky and it made me shudder to think that it had been used to kill someone. Halvar took the gun, checked it and gave it me back.

‘Train it on his head’ he said.

Mistress took his arm, she was shivering in the cool air.

I raised the weapon, another test. Shit, may be I was meant to be McVey’s executioner.

Halvar waited. He waited for what seemed an interminable time. Mistress stroked his muscular shoulder. I sensed it, she needed to go back to bed.

Halvar strolled forward. I still had the gun trained, but now he was going to complicate any shot that I took. Halvar didn’t even look in my direction.

‘Open your mouth’ ordered Halvar. The guy wanted to terrify the poor man.

McvVey trembled. But his hands were shaking. He was full of whisky.

‘Open your mouth’ said Halvar one more time. I shifted the gun position. I wanted to blow Halvar’s head off. My hand was trembling too.

McVey did as he was told. The visitor took out a dart gun. It looked little more than an electric screwdriver. Halvar looked down at the man and took hold of his hair. I watched him insert the business end of the dart gun into McVey's mouth. McVey was trembling.

It was time to me to decide who I was and what to do. My finger closed towards the trigger of the Luger. My mistress watched me. She looked entirely calm and completely confident. I was about to do the right thing, the Tariskay thing. I was about to do what Frey trusted me to.