

Dan Bruce's

Dark BDSM Erotica



**Women Being
Enslaved
Box Set**

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By Dan Bruce

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All sexually active characters in this work are 18 years of age or older.

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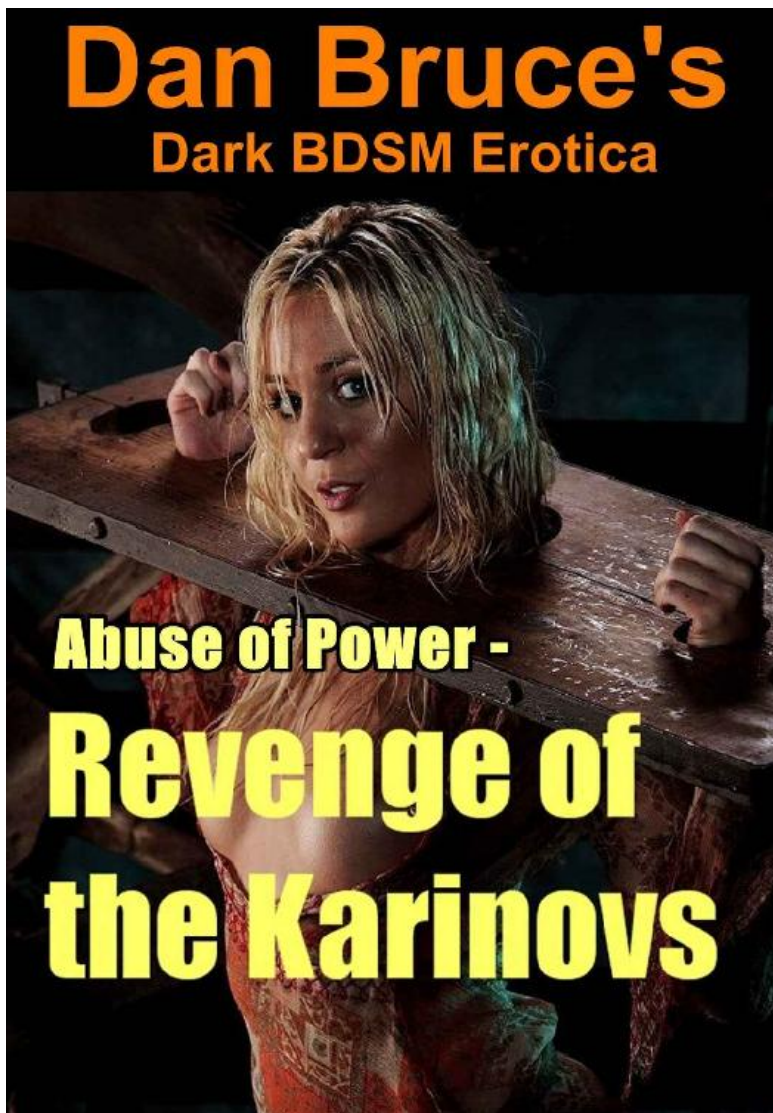
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Revenge of the Karinovs

Dan Bruce's
Dark BDSM Erotica

Abuse of Power -

**Revenge of
the Karinovs**



Prologue - Seven Years Earlier

It was with the coldest of ice blue eyes that Anastasia Kovalenka gazed down on the courtyard below her. She was standing in her father's office; a room so opulently furnished it might bring into question the man's commitment to the communist cause. But as Alexi Kovalenko was Head of the KGB in the Soviet controlled state of Mordavia, no one would question any of his actions. Not even the president of this puppet of Moscow would question a directive issued by Alexi, such was the power the man yielded.

Anastasia took a sip from her glass of chilled white wine, some rather pleasant Chablis which she had recently taken to drinking, and as she flavoured her palate with its sharp dry acidity, she caressed her bare nipple with the tip of her finger, rejoicing in the coolness she had stolen from the glass. Her sensuous pleasure in this self-arousal was enhanced all the more by the vision she looked upon – a young man stripped to the waist – an Adonis of perfect muscular proportions and handsomely crafted facial features.

Abandoning her nipple as she looked hungrily at the youth, Anastasia dipped her index finger into the wine and brought it to her mouth. Her full luscious parted in acceptance and her soft supple tongue welcomed the digit. She closed her eyes as she sucked on her finger, recalling the times she had sucked on the young man's cock.

A shiver of pleasure ran through Anastasia as those wonderful memories washed over her. His cock was even more beautiful

than his body - long and thick and vibrantly alive – no man had ever filled her so well or brought her to such incredible orgasms.

As she looked on him again, Anastasia's hand drifted downwards passed the swell of her milky white full breasts with their rose coloured nipples, then over the plane of her toned flat stomach that she vowed would never be stretched by a child, to the wisps of fair silky hair that adorned her swollen pussy. She covered her mound with the softness of her fingers which absorbed the blood heated warmth of her sex. The middle finger was used to run the lengthy of her cleft, curling and flicking as it prised the lips open, allowing Anastasia to pleasure her inner folds. Again, she closed her eyes in fond reminiscence – so skilful the young man had been with his tongue. How had a youth of but twenty years old managed to acquire such a talent?

Anastasia bristled and reopened her eyes, all fondness now cast aside. The answer to that question was obvious – that was why the young man was standing in the courtyard and her father was striding towards him.

She heard the smack through the opening in the window: a hard slap across the left cheek that spun the young man's head to the side, then in quick succession a reverse swipe across the right cheek to spin his head again. This violence was followed by a tirade of abuse that was hurled at the young man in a fevered pitch. Anastasia listened, fully aware that the words were for the benefit of the assembled audience, the Mordavian police force who were colleagues of the cadet – the young man who was the focal point of her father's current wrath.

“Filthy dog!” Alexi yelled. “You are employed at my patronage to keep stability in this cesspit of a country – to keep your peasant race in check – to maintain law and order in this piss stain on the globe. You are NOT here to fraternise with Russian women. Do not think to foul your Soviet master’s gene pool with your inferior stock. Russian women are NOT to be approached. MY DAUGHTER IS NOT TO BE APPROACHED! How dare you make advances! How dare you touch her with your grimy hands! How dare you think she would even look at you! SCUM! DEGENERATE FILTH!”

Another slap across the face sent the young man’s head reeling. Anastasia winced at the severity of the blow, but she felt no remorse for what she had done. He deserved this punishment – how dare he flirt with another woman just because Anastasia had laughed in his face when he suggested they make their affair public.

Anastasia had enjoyed the sex with the young man – she had enjoyed it enormously, but surely he must have realised that it could never be anything more. He was a cadet in the Mordavian police force, and she was a high-born Russian with unparalleled beauty and influential connections in the Politburo. Her destiny was for greatness, not to be a policeman’s wife. She had used him for pleasure and given plenty back in return; but their affair could never become public knowledge - it could never be known that she had given herself to a Mordavian. She would be a laughingstock in Moscow and her father would be furious – even more furious than he was at present.

It had been foolish to get involved with him, but oh so delicious. Anastasia knew that the affair had to finish and had

intended to terminate it in the fullness of time. But he had fucked her so well, thrilled her body so intensely, it was difficult to bring things to an end. Yet she knew an end must come, and she would have been prepared to do it gently if only he had remembered his place. But he had dared to flirt in front of her with some dark skinned Mordavian slut in a stupid attempt to make her jealous and yield to his wishes to openly perpetuate their connection in defiance of all social norms.

What an idiot!

How dare he?

Her father was right – he was degenerate filth. The Mordavian dog deserved all that he got.

It was no lie that she had told her father. He *had* touched her – he *had* made advances – she *had* been mortally offended by his behaviour – what did it matter if she had been economical with so much else - her honour demanded satisfaction.

So, he was to be flogged in front of the capital's police force as an example of Moscow's power over this pitiful little country, and a reminder to the inhabitants that they should know their place – every last one of them, including the police.

Anastasia took another sip of her wine whilst she leisurely toyed with her pussy. Such a shame she would no longer have it pleased by her youthful ex-lover, but a new one would be easy to find. She was nineteen and stunningly beautiful, with long blonde hair and ivory skin that had never been exposed to the sun – what man could ever refuse her? And what man would ever defy her after this exhibition of her devious control?

Then the command was given by Alexi Kovalenko for the flogging to begin. The young cadet was tethered to the whipping post which had been installed in the centre of the courtyard, and a Mordavian captain stepped forward – this would be the man who would do the flogging and take Anastasia's revenge.

Anastasia looked at him with interest – he was massively built and had such an air of authority despite being under the Soviet yoke – his face was hard and rugged with the most incredible coal black eyes. He removed his uniform jacket then much to Anastasia's delight he removed his shirt to reveal a rich mat of black hair covering his broad manly chest. Instinctively Anastasia's fingers sought out her clitoris and she peeled back the hood to squeeze on the little bud. At a guess she would put this man in his late thirties, almost twice the age of her former lover, but maturity might be interesting for a month or so. Anastasia made a note to find out the captain's name; perhaps he might be the lucky one to next gain her favour and know the joys of her ravenous cunt.

The captain stood to the side and was handed the whip – a short handled cat of nine tails. Anastasia watched with growing excitement as the captain made a few trial swishes then without any warning he brought the whip crashing down on the young cadet's back, striking him squarely between the shoulders.

“One!” shouted a Russian military officer who stood to the opposite side of the Mordavian police captain. He was there to confirm that proper strokes were delivered.

Anastasia saw her former lover jerk at the blow and responded in kind as she squeezed on her clit and let out a pant to accompany his groan.

“Two!”

The blow landed a little lower, the cadet groaned a little louder and Anastasia squeezed a little firmer on her hardening clit.

“Three! Four! Five!”

Lower and lower, louder and louder, firmer and firmer did Anastasia squeeze and she groaned along with her former lover as his back was flayed for a sin of her invention.

“Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!”

The captain returned to the top of the shoulders then worked his way back down again. With each blow Anastasia squeezed hard on her blood engorged clitoris using forefinger and thumb, and between each stroke she fingered the fleshy petals of her vulva and penetrated her vagina with the other three digits. She squeezed and friggled as the captain swished and flayed, masturbating to the rhythm of his whip, thinking of a cock she could no longer have and fantasising over another that was there in the courtyard – a mature meaty flogger to whip her youthful cunt.

“Eleven! Twelve! Thirteen! Fourteen! Fifteen!”

Anastasia was panting out the numbers in her head, dizzy with the metronomic sound of the count and the thrill of the blows as they fell on the cadet. The yells of her ex-lover as he struggled under the pain were more intoxicating to her than the wine that she drank. And the fire in her pussy, which drizzled with her juices, yearned for his cock and that of his tormentor

to stoke her heightening passion. She took a gulp of the Chablis then tossed the glass aside. In true Russian fashion she smashed it in the hearth. She grabbed hold of a breast and massaged its full flesh. She pinched on her nipple thinking of his teeth.

“Sixteen! Seventeen! Eighteen! Nineteen! Twenty!”

The cadet was sinking, his contrition was complete, and Anastasia was soaring with such blissful revenge. His agony was her ecstasy, his subjugation was her mastery, and his public humiliation was her private triumph. As he screamed under the impact of the final stroke and count, Anastasia screamed as well under the waves of orgasm that flowed from her oozing cunt. The cadet whose name she was wiping from her memory had brought her to a climax for the final time. Now the Mordavian dog who had dared to cross her could be consigned to the gutter and forgotten forever. She would have no more to do with such degenerate filth.

Such was the view of Anastasia Kovalenka as she collapsed against the wall still riding her orgasm, two fingers squeezing hard on her blood engorged clit and three wedged up her drizzling cunt, a hand massaging her full ripe breast.

But fate can be fickle and ever so cruel – cruel like a Russian bitch in heat!

Down in the courtyard, the punishment now over - the captain who had delivered the strokes went to assist in the freeing of the cadet from his bondage.

“Forgive me, Dimitri, but I had no other choice,” he whispered into his nephew’s ear. “I held back as best I could – be assured that the blows would have fallen harder from one of their own

men – they can be so easy to fool at times. We will tend to these wounds immediately, although I fear there will be some scarring. Bare your marks proudly my boy, in remembrance of our struggle. The times are changing, Dimitri, and this public exercise may yet serve us well. We will rise from the ashes of our subjugation as these communist mongrels fall all around us. And we will have our revenge – on the Russian dogs who think to enslave us, on that bastard of a tyrant who has issued this decree, and on his slut of a daughter who has brought this all about – she above all others will know of our revenge. The revenge of the Karinovs will be brutal indeed.”

So spoke Yuri Karinov – a man of his word, and the future chief of police.

Chapter 1

“Oh Yes! Yes! Yes! Oh God! YESSSS!!!”

Anastasia Tursinova thrashed her head from side to side as another orgasm ripped through her body. She was lying on her back at the edge of a stranger’s bed, her hands flaying the mattress beneath her and clutching at the sheets. Her legs were held at the ankles and spread wide apart by the remarkable young stud who had been pleasuring her for the past two hours. He had already brought her to orgasm on several occasions, eating her cunt in the most delicious of manners and fucking her hard till he spurted out a load, then licking her all over as he regained his erection which he used to shaft her again and again in a variety of different positions.

God, he was a tonic, and Anastasia Tursinova was mightily parched - she was guzzling the young stud up.

Anastasia could hear him grunting as he continued to fuck her, driving her climax onwards and onwards. She screamed repeatedly as her orgasm erupted and tore through her beautiful body. Lost in her own pleasure, Anastasia’s pussy flesh convulsed around her mystery lover, and squeeze tightly on his big fat prick, taking the young man to an unrecoverable edge. He was banging into her, stabbing her repeatedly with his virulent spear, his heavy balls slapping against her ass. He thrust at Anastasia’s spasming body with all his might, growling in his chest as his own body tensed.

She thrust to meet him, matching his rhythm, welcoming his flesh as it slammed between her legs. The headboard was banging against the wall, adding to the sounds of their animalistic rutting. Wave after orgasmic wave crashed over Anastasia as the stud fucked her into utter delirium. Then with one final thrust he let out a yell and Anastasia knew the glory of his second coming - his hot thick spunk spurted into her cunt to mingle with her own copious juices.

Purring like a cat, Anastasia continued to thrust, milking the stud dry of every drop of his cum. Still panting and writhing she looked up at his body, the hard-chiselled form of his muscular physique. Luxuriously she ran her hands over her own stunning body, massaging her full breasts with their milky white skin, so in contrast to the light brown flesh of her latest casual fuck. She could feel him softening inside her and wondered how long it would take for him to recover. Another hour of full on fucking would round off her afternoon perfectly. It had been too long since she had been properly shagged and she wanted to make the most of this impetuous coupling – take full advantage of this splendid young man who she happened to meet whilst she was out shopping, and apparently had no idea who she was - thus he presented no risk to her precious reputation.

But she knew it was impossible to stay any longer, it was time to leave and head back to the mansion that was her temporary home during this return to Mordavia after a gap of seven years. Her husband was expected back within the hour and it would never do to for him to find her missing. And she needed to prepare herself for the reception tonight when the president

of this country, which had inflicted on her such sorrow, would be figuratively forced to kiss her beautiful ass.

Chapter 2

“Would you care for some h’orderves, Madame?”

Anastasia Tursinova slowly turned her head in the direction of the young man who stood to her side with a tray of canapés in his hands. She glanced at the food and made an exaggerated wince then raised her hand to her mouth as if she might be sick. Making a show of mustering her strength, she turned away whispering a barely audible, “No thank you.”

“Something to drink perhaps, Madame Tursinova?” asked a fawning little man who was a member of the cabinet, the Minister for Industry or something like that. Anastasia had taken little note when he had introduced himself, names were not something she normally troubled herself with.

“A glass of Champagne would be nice,” she coolly replied.

“Dom Perignon Rose, if you please. I really can’t drink anything else.”

The Minister for Industry looked at Anastasia in utter confusion. He hoped that she was making some sort of joke and in a moment, she would burst into laughter, but sadly her face kept its deadpan expression. “I, uhm... I’m not sure if we have any. I believe there is Champagne, but as to the label... I will get one of the waiters to go and check what is available.”

“I’m sorry, but nothing else will do,” insisted Anastasia.

“Perhaps you would be good enough to go and check for me personally.”

The Minister for Industry searched Anastasia's face again for a hint of humour, but nothing was given. Her face remained an impassive mask of general distaste in her surroundings, so reluctantly he nodded in his most subservient manner in order to pamper to her hyper-inflated ego, as instructed by the country's president.

"Of course. Please excuse me," he said.

Anastasia watched the little man trot off and at last a smile crept over her face. She was having a wonderful time, here in the state room of the Presidential Palace, which had once been her home when she lived here with her father. She knew that every man in the room was looking at her with pure lust in their eyes, and every woman with pure envy in her heart.

Dressed in a shimmering gown made by her Parisian Couture, Anastasia looked simply stunning. The economy of material displayed her fabulous body to tantalising effect and her subtle array of diamonds and pearls glittered on her snow-white skin. She knew they all hated her for her arrogance and condescending nature, but that only added to her pleasure in humiliating them whenever she could. Even the president had been obliged to be gracious under her stinging remarks about how the country appeared to have changed for the worse.

Feeling deliciously smug, Anastasia looked around the room, wondering who to pick on next. She saw her husband, Vladimir Tursinov, surrounded by a group of grovelling politicians which naturally included the president who was hosting the reception. Each and every one of the Mordavian scum was fawning over the billionaire Russian, desperate to court his favour and convince him to invest in their impoverished little country.

Scanning the room further, Anastasia noticed many other small groupings, and every individual whose eye she managed to catch smiled falsely in her direction, all of them praying she would not be left alone for very long for fear they might be obliged to keep her company. She rejoiced in their discomfort and was tempted to wander in the direction of one of the groups and watch their discomfort heighten all the further, but decided to remain aloof for a little while and see if anyone would have the courage to come and join her. In the meantime, for some light entertainment, she watched the Minister for Industry frantically scurry around the room, panicking over the requested Champagne.

‘Stupid man!’ thought Anastasia. Even if he did manage to find the bottle she had asked for, she would tell him it was spoiled. There would be nothing tonight that would meet her satisfaction, of that Anastasia was convinced.

Then suddenly Anastasia was taken quite by surprise when she noticed a man looking intently in her direction. Unlike the majority of other men in the reception room, who were wearing black tie and dinner jacket, he was dressed in an impressive ceremonial uniform, adorned with ribbons and gold braid, which made him stand out from the loathsome pack. But even more impressive than his clothing was his massive stature and rugged good looks, and the coldness of his black, black, eyes which so assuredly fixed Anastasia with his gaze. Those eyes looked dangerous, and strangely familiar, and for the briefest of moments Anastasia felt a shudder of apprehension. Then she cast it aside – what possible harm could come to her here when the whole country was grovelling at her feet. Having regained her composure, Anastasia tilted

her head and threw the insolent man a haughty look, fully expecting him to remember his place and shy away.

He did not.

A smile crossed his face as he continued to stare. It was the cruellest smile Anastasia had ever witnessed. Then he walked off on a tour of the room, staring at her throughout, gliding effortlessly through the crowd like some Great White Shark who had spotted its target and was circling before making its strike. Anastasia felt a growing sense of unease, but she tried to steady herself as the man drew nearer, tried to remember that she was the honoured guest here tonight and a woman to be feared – the influential wife of the man who could bring wealth to Mordavia - although in reality Vladimir paid her no heed when it came to business. This man was obviously a high ranking official; he must realise who she was and the importance of courting her favour, yet still he looked at her with predatory eyes – eyes which had that haunting familiarity.

“Madame Tursinova,” announced a voice from her side.

Anastasia was startled and looked round in annoyance to see the fawning Minister for Industry with a glass of Champagne in each hand.

“I’m afraid we have none of the wine you requested,” he said timorously. “We have only Krug and Pommery - neither are Rose.”

Anastasia was about to dismiss him with a damning wave of her hand when she felt another presence beside her.

“I think the Pommery for Miss Kovalenka... or should I say, Madame Tursinova.”

Anastasia turned around to see the uniformed man standing impudently close to her. He gave Anastasia a curt nod of his head then turned to the minister who seemed to diminish even further in stature when standing next to this tower of masculinity. He reached out and took the two glasses from the trembling hands of the minister then presented one to Anastasia. It could have been the Pommery, but her palate was not so refined as to know the difference, and her arrogance was not so brave as to refuse the drink. She accepted the glass feeling grossly incensed and resolved to bring this giant of a man down a peg or two. How dare he not cower before her?

“Thank you, minister. That will be all. I’m sure the president would appreciate your assistance as he attempts to charm some roubles out of Mr. Tursinov. I will do my best to entertain our other Russian guest.

“Yes... yes, of course chief,” replied the minister, clearly in terror of the man. Then he rushed away feeling mightily relieved to have been dismissed from such an awful pairing.

Anastasia watched the loathsome little man scurry away, impressed at the authority that had seen him off, but infuriated as well that it had not been hers. Then she looked at the man who had shooed him away, feeling annoyingly aroused at his obvious power and raw appeal. And there was something about him. She was sure she had seen him before.

“You used my maiden name. Have we met?” Anastasia asked as snootily as she could.

“I don’t believe we were ever formally introduced. But of course, I knew you by reputation when you were last in our country. And your father was something of an acquaintance. It

was my misfortune to serve under him during his tyrannical rein.”

Anastasia visibly bristled at the reference, and she had to battle to maintain her composure. Mentioning her father was something no one had dared do – Alexi Kovalenko was a sensitive subject best left alone. His fate was something of a mystery when the communists were overthrown. He was reportedly caught whilst trying to flee the country and butchered by an angry mob who then buried him in an unmarked grave. His heavy-handed approach to subjugating Mordavia to Soviet rule had been an embarrassment to the new democratic government in Moscow, so no fuss was ever made. Fortunately, Anastasia had left the country two months before when the flogging of one of her ex-lovers had caused such a negative reaction. Thank God she had escaped before it all turned against them.

Yes, mentioning her father was most inadvisable and her disapproval would certainly be made known to her host. But much more than that – what did he mean by *her reputation*? This man was pushing her too far.

Anastasia threw back her shoulders and glared in righteous exasperation then delivered the lines she had rehearsed in case they might be needed.

“The murder of my father is a stain on this country’s history. Please do not mention it again. It has taken much soul searching for me to find forgiveness in my heart and return here with my dear beloved husband. We are here to help your country – kindly remember that, sir.”

Much to Anastasia's shock the man laughed in her face and defiantly made his reply. "Your father was a despot and deserved his fate. And as for your aged husband who you married for his money; he intends to economically plunder us as he plundered half of Siberia. Mordavia will not agree to the terms he will set for the building of his pipeline through our lovely countryside and the construction of an eye-sore refinery on our beautiful coast. I for one will make sure of that."

"How dare you!" Anastasia hissed, pure venom in her breath. The few people who stood in the vicinity, close enough to hear, became suddenly silent and looked worryingly in her direction; then noticing who she was with, they looked even more worryingly away.

Yuri let out another hearty laugh as if it was all a big joke then he moved closer to Anastasia and quietly growled out his response.

"Take care, Miss Kovalenka. It would not do for our conversation to be overheard. Come, I suggest we take a walk in the garden. The air is so fresh tonight and I find the atmosphere in here so irritatingly false."

Anastasia backed away, intimidated by his boldness – no man had ever dared talk to her this way.

"You were right, you should call me Madame Tursinova - and no, I will not join you anywhere. Please leave me, chief whoever you are."

"Karinov, Yuri Karinov. Mordavia's chief of police," said Yuri with a self-assured smile, fully confident that Dimitri was correct, and she would not remember the name. He noted the blank expression on her face which confirmed her arrogant

stupidity then he leaned over and whispered into Anastasia's ear. "And I will call you what I like, you filthy little slut. Now come into the garden immediately or your cuckold of a husband will know within the hour how you spent the afternoon."

"I don't know what you're talking about. How dare you!" hissed Anastasia, though she kept her voice low, fully alert to the danger of the situation.

"Officer Markov has a much better memory of the encounter, and I have plenty of footage on film. It is a most becoming mole that you have on your right ass cheek, is it not? The photographs show it very clearly as you were fucked like a bitch from behind. And that little triangle of sculpted hair that adorns your pussy, I'm sure your husband would recognise that as well. Over two hours' worth of film with scarcely a pause in the action - you have a ravenous appetite for Mordavian cock, Miss Kovalenka - I was shocked when I saw some of the highlights of your performance. Now walk with me or I will expose you for the whore that you are! The whole world will be able to see your fornication on the internet. You will be the toast of Moscow society, I'm sure."

Anastasia went weak at the knees as panic set in. She looked at the smirking face of Yuri Karinov and could see in the hardness of his coal black eyes that he meant every word of his threat. She cursed herself for her stupidity in falling into this trap. Vladimir would be furious if he were to know of her infidelity. He was such a prude - if this footage was released, he would unquestionably divorce her. Anastasia was a trophy wife who could easily be replaced. She would be humiliated

by the exposure; she might even end up poor – the pre-nuptial agreement was brutally harsh in that respect.

“What do you want from me?” she asked in a trembling voice.

“I want you to join me in the garden – how many times must I say it?” replied Yuri, revelling in the moment, but betraying not one iota of his pleasure. “Now come... and smile! And don’t worry your pretty little head about being overheard – no one will disturb us. They fear me as much as they despise you – we both have our reputations in this *cesspit* of a country, as your father so kindly termed it.”

Yuri quaffed back his wine and held out his free hand.

Anastasia looked at it like in a trance, then as if hypnotised by his authority she limply offered her own and he gripped her by the wrist.

“Smile, Miss Kovalenka, everyone is watching, though only your husband dares to do so directly.”

Anastasia forced her face muscles to comply with the instruction then she allowed herself to be led to the patio doors of the reception room. They handed their Champagne flutes to a waiter – Yuri’s was empty, Anastasia’s untouched, then headed out into the low lighting of the night-time garden. Yuri tightened his grip once they were in the open, squeezing Anastasia’s wrist to a painful degree, and dragged her away into the shadows of the Presidential Palace grounds, leaving behind the reception as a murmur in the distance.

Anastasia’s mind was racing as she tried to calculate how to manoeuvre and minimise the damage from this horrendous situation. Her heart was racing as well, and her breathing was irregular as terror gripped her being. She allowed Yuri to lead

her, offering no resistance as he pulled her further and further away from the Palace and brought her to a gazebo where they came to rest. She waited on his words, but the chief said nothing, he simply stared at her in the semi-darkness. Then forcing some calm Anastasia managed to speak, her face a mask of indignity to hide her fear.

“Okay, you appear to have me at a disadvantage, Chief... Karinov. What exactly do you want in return for your silence? If it is money you seek, then you must believe me - I have very little in my own right.”

Anastasia paused as she attempted to gauge the chief's reaction. He gave nothing away. So, she honeyed her voice and softened her features and offered the only thing she could think of.

“Perhaps I could satisfy you in some other way,” she cooed.

Yuri was still holding her by the wrist, though his grip had slacked to a more comfortable degree. Now he tightened again and pulled Anastasia's hand down, so her palm rested on his bulging groin where his massive dick was rapidly stiffening. Then he pressed himself against her, pinning the shocked Russian against one of the gazebo posts.

“You really are a dreadful slut, Miss Kovalenka. Still hungry for more Mordavian cock after two hours of afternoon rutting... Is there enough down there to satisfy you, do you think? You have refused to eat anything else on offer tonight. Have you been saving yourself so you can feast on my meat?”

Yuri gave her no chance to answer. Still pinning her to the post with his barrel chest, he let go of her wrist and unbuckled his belt then unbuttoned his flies to unleash his now fully erect

cock and his fully loaded big heavy balls. As soon as his equipment was free, Yuri grabbed Anastasia's hair and forced her head downwards until her face was smothered by the mass of his manhood – a tower of hard flesh, that even in her fear she was mightily impressed with. It was the biggest darn dick she had ever encountered!

“Open up, Miss Kovalenka, this is one Mordavian treat you will not refuse.”

Anastasia was struggling to cope with it all - too many things had happened so suddenly. The shock of being insulted in the reception and then the threat of a devastating scandal, being subjected to a level of violence which she had never encountered, and now a huge cock was pressing into her face, spitting out juice like a fountain. Normally she would have been thrilled to have such a fine piece of manhood to play with, and she would have happily licked it and given the glans a good suck, teasing it with her tongue before she took it up her cunt. But this was very different, the moment was flavoured by some unknown spices – fear and a lack of control, which Anastasia did not like one little bit.

“Please, it's too big,” she mumbled, although her tongue was already out and lapping, making a mockery of her claim.

She felt a hard chug on her hair and saw Yuri take hold of his cock by the base to point it straight at her mouth.

“Do not think to defy me, slut. Now open your mouth and pleasure this cock properly or the footage of your afternoon fornication will be released to your husband.”

Driven by fear of exposure, and consequences that were too dreadful to consider, Anastasia opened up her jaws and took

the big glans into her mouth. The stretch that it caused was very uncomfortable, it was like she had small apple in her mouth, puffing out her cheeks and causing the muscles around her jaws to ache. For a second she panicked at the enormity of what was in her, but her sense of self-preservation quickly took over and she set to work on the chief's big knob, hoping to bring him off quickly without further discomfort to herself. She started gently sucking and tonguing it all over, flicking her tongue around the underside ridge then over the smooth tapered head. She found the cock's eye deep in her mouth and managed to penetrate it, fucking the chief's piss slit with the tip of her tongue. Whilst she worked, she supported herself by resting one hand on the chief's thigh and with the other she took hold of his enormous shaft, using her fingers to caress the skin, hoping that this would be enough to satisfy the bastard who had her at his mercy.

It was not!

When her tongue had returned to the underside of his cock head, Yuri grabbed her wrist and pulled it from his shaft. He clamped two strong hands around her head then with one violent thrust he rammed his cock all the way into her, the glans pounding into the back of her mouth and bullying its way down her virginal gullet. He arched his back at the intensity of the moment and let out a mighty groan. He could feel her gagging, her hands trying to force him away, but he held her firmly in place, her gullet massaging his cock with its tightness and peristaltic contractions.

Anastasia was now awash with terror. Deep throating was not something she had ever done, not even with a normal sized cock. Having the huge glans in her mouth had been tricky

enough, but she had managed to take a fair degree of pleasure from the sucking, and felt she was partly in control. But this was horrendous, it was pure and utter agony, she couldn't breathe, and the girth of the chief's dick was a torture to her stretched gullet. Instinctively she tried to fight him off and bring an end to the agony and humiliating indignity. Her hands reached out in an attempt to push him away, but he gathered them with ease. Still impaling her gullet with his massive shaft, he forced her arms behind her back and held them by the wrist. One strong hand clamped round both her slender wrists and the other resumed its grip on her hair, keeping her head in place.

Then he fucked her face.

He fucked her like Anastasia had never been fucked before in her long busy career as an arrogant bitch whore. He fucked her with violence, he fucked her down the throat, he fucked her with vengeance which was as yet only implied, and he fucked her with pure hatred in his cold black heart.

Yuri Karinov showed her no consideration whatsoever as he pumped in and out of her throat. Her head was spinning, she was dizzy with asphyxiation - not a single breath was she allowed during the couple of minutes that he plundered her throat. Anastasia had never known such torture from a cock. Her jaws were aching, her gullet was wrenching, her lungs were screeching for a few molecules of air, her nose was getting smashed by the chief's thatch covered pubis and her life seemed to be ebbing with every thrust that he made.

But as blackness began to fall and threaten to take her away, she heard the chief let out a muffled yell. His cock seemed to

expand to a ridiculous degree then she was internally scalded as his balls erupted and a fountain of spunk blasted into her gullet.

The chief held her fixed as he unleashed his first jet then sensing her limpness, he pulled three quarters way out.

She gulped for air, she managed to choke in a breath of life saving gas, and then the cock was rammed into her again to fire out another blast.

Yuri stabbed at her throat repeatedly, punching out his semen directly into her stomach until every last drop of his essence was in her. Then slowly he withdrew, luxuriating in the tightness of her violated gullet as his cock inched its way back out and allowed her some more air.

As his softening cock was finally removed from her mouth, Yuri pulled Anastasia upright by her hair. Tears streaked down her pale Russian cheeks and some regurgitated spunk dribbled down her haughty chin.

“You look a mess,” growled Yuri as he put his cock away. “I suggest you sort yourself out before returning to the party.”

“I think I would prefer to leave now,” replied Anastasia through her sobs. She tried to move away but Yuri held her in place. He cupped her under the chin and forced her to look at him.

“No, no, Miss Kovalenka - that would never do. You are our honoured guest here tonight, and we want to entertain you. You will return to the party and you will show some gratitude for the efforts that are being made. I will be watching and listening, attentive to your needs – one wrong move and the

game is up. You will eat Mordavian food and drink our wine. And I expect you to be complementary and very nice to everyone. I know that won't be easy for an arrogant bitch like yourself, but you will succeed. Is that understood?"

"Yes, if that is what it takes to keep you quiet," said Anastasia, resigning herself to eating some titbits and a big slice of humble pie.

Yuri gave her an amused little grunt; then with a single finger he collected up the wayward spunk that still adorned Anastasia's chin and held it out for her to suck.

She looked at him with loathing and a good sprinkling of fear then opened her mouth to accept the delicacy.

She smacked her lips once the finger was removed.

"Delicious!" she announced. "Is that what you want?"

"Less sarcasm, please, but I think you're getting the idea. That is only part of what I want, however... I also want money."

Anastasia tensed. She had thought for a moment that the violation of her throat and some humiliation at the party would be enough. Now her anxiety returned to the full with this new condition.

"I've already told you; I have little to give," she pleaded, exasperated by his refusal to believe her.

Yuri shrugged his shoulders as he gave her his response. "No, but your husband has a great deal. How much value do you think he would place on your life?"

"What do you mean?" asked Anastasia, feeling more than a little panicked.

“A million dollars?” Yuri quipped. “Ten million would seem more reasonable - a drop in the ocean for someone like Vladimir Tursinov. I’m sure he would pay such a sum to have you returned safely. Would you not agree?”

“I... I don’t know,” stammered a very worried Russian.

“Of course, he would,” Yuri calmly stated. “So tomorrow, Miss Kovalenka, you will make your normal excuses when you need to get away. Take a walk in Vinkel Park at midday. Be at the main entrance at twelve-thirty exactly then make a scene when a van pulls up and bundles you into the back. The Russian mafia are going to abduct you and hold you to ransom. Ten million dollars – I hope you’re worth it. It would be terribly embarrassing all round if your dear beloved husband refused to pay.”

Chapter 3

Anastasia Tursinova approached the main gate of Vinkel Park with a huge amount of trepidation. It was twenty past twelve and she had spent the previous half hour walking around trying to work out what the hell she should do. It was not an unusual situation for Anastasia - she was a natural born schemer and manipulator of men. She had grown up in the world of the KGB where scheming and manipulating were second nature.

But never had the stakes been so high and Anastasia's options appeared to be so few. In her early days of scheming, it had always been how to win over her father. Her mother had died in childbirth, so Anastasia, as his only child, was more precious than life itself to this high ranking official – so it had been easy to get whatever she wanted from him. Of course, after his murder at the hands of Mordavian dogs, Anastasia's life took a more serious turn, but with the end of communism in Europe and the sudden creation of massive wealth for a select few, Anastasia's scheming path was all too clear – marry a rich man!

Vladimir Tursinov was not her first choice. Anastasia had initially set her sights on younger and more virile wealth, but such men were few and far between, and the odd one that came within her range had no interest in a trophy wife – she got fucked like a whore and for little reward, so Anastasia set her sights lower... and older!

Vladimir was in his mid-fifties when she conspired to meet him. He had just divorced his frumpy wife of twenty-seven years and was looking for some sophisticated eye-candy to adorn his arm and warm his bed, as he built up his oil and gas empire in Siberia. Anastasia fitted the bill perfectly. It was no marriage of love, they both knew the score, and the arrangement was eminently practical for them both.

Vladimir for his part, in his advancing years, had a quality fuck whenever he snapped his fingers, and a beautiful wife to show off to the world. Whilst Anastasia was given a large but tightly controlled allowance to live like a princess, and naturally she was pampered with expensive gifts to supplement her own lavish purchases.

Of course, she had many affairs - a whore with a cunt as ravenous as Anastasia's could never be satisfied with only one man, especially one as inept as Vladimir Tursinov when it came to sex. Naturally, she kept these affairs to herself - not a word was ever mentioned to her husband. Though she often wondered how he would react if she were to confess. Was fidelity really that important in a marriage of convenience? As long as she never denied him his conjugal rights, did it make any difference that she was getting fucked by other men?

Yes, was the categorical answer! Fidelity in itself was not so critical, but his macho pride was at stake. Like so many men, Vladimir felt that he should be able to fully satisfy his wife despite being more than thirty years her senior. Nothing was ever said, but Anastasia knew this as a fact.

So, Anastasia was always very discreet about her affairs. She didn't want to jeopardise her position as a billionaire's wife.

Not for five years at least! She had agreed to the terms Vladimir had insisted on in the pre-nuptial, as long as she got one of her own, which after many tantrums and tears was finally conceded. After a five-year period, if Anastasia kept him happy, and kept her name out of the social gutter, Vladimir was committed to giving her independence with a payment of twenty million dollars. They would still remain married if both parties were happy, but she would no longer be in his pocket. In three months' time that period would have elapsed, and the payment would be made. Anastasia intended to file for immediate divorce, but only when she had the money.

This was a catastrophe!

How could she have been so stupid to have fallen into the trap?

Looking back, it had been an obvious set up, but she had been so desperate for a decent fuck, and the young man had seemed so genuine and gloriously horny. Her ravenous cunt had been her frailty.

Shit! Shit Shit!

But the trap was sprung. What could she do to avoid the scandal?

Her mind raced round and round as she stomped around the park, oblivious to the plain clothed policemen who followed her every move. She looked at every angle, examined endless permutations, and came up with ludicrous hare-brained schemes. But every path she took led to the same sorry answer.

SHE HAD TO PLAY ALONG WITH YURI KARINOV AND HOPE THE BASTARD WAS A MAN OF HIS WORD.

And what a bastard he was! No one had ever treated Anastasia the way he did the previous evening. Even Vladimir wouldn't dare to subject her to such indignity – not that he had the equipment to do so anyway, given the size of his miniscule cock.

Anastasia bristled at the recollection of the ordeal she had been subjected to. The feeling of helplessness had been even more galling than the physical pain he had inflicted with his dick. And the threat that Yuri Karinov represented was all too apparent – it was such a dangerous move to engage with him again. But what choice did Anastasia have?

Karinov. Yuri Karinov.

Where had she come across that name before?

It mattered little. He was a bastard and he had managed to turn her night of revenge into a night of abject misery. The forced oral sex was bad enough when added to the blackmail he had dumped upon her. But to cap it all off she had been obliged to spend another hour at the reception eating her words along with the food and singing the praises of the new democracy. Yuri had even manipulated a situation whereby she was forced to denounce her father as a tyrant and an embarrassment to her family. She felt like Judas Iscariot, but then twenty million dollars was a very big bag of silver, and well worth a little betrayal of a corpse in an unmarked grave.

As was this risk.

It had to be.

For Anastasia could see no other option.

So, she continued with her walk to the main gate of the park and hovered around in wait.

Yuri Karinov was waiting as well.

He had been waiting for almost seven years, and now his day had come... slowly, oh so slowly, would he exact his revenge. Little by little would he turn the screw, and Anastasia Kovalenka, never again to be known as Tursinova, would rue the day she was born.

Nothing seemed false or in any way contrived. The van pulled up a few minutes early taking Anastasia by surprise. It screeched to a halt and two men jumped out the back, all in black and wearing face masks.

Anastasia's scream was loud and sincere. This was not what she had been expecting. They grabbed her so roughly, pinning her arms behind her back and bundled her like an animal into the back of the van, hands clamping over her mouth to stifle the screams she continued to emit, which were certainly not for an audience of witnesses which was suddenly no longer there. It all happened in a blur. Before she knew it, Anastasia was thrown face down on the hard floor of the van with the two men leaping in behind her. The back door was slammed shut and the van tore off. Anastasia had been kidnapped in broad day light and her level of anxiety over this dangerous plan was soaring by the second.

Her anxiety level went into orbit when one of the men fell upon her and pinned her to the rough metal floor. He pulled her arms behind her back then she felt cold metal on her wrists

and heard a crisp snap as the metal fit snugly over her slender wrists.

Why was this happening?

She was an accomplice in the kidnap - there was no need to take things to an extreme.

Anastasia was about to protest when suddenly a handkerchief was forced into her mouth. She struggled. She tried to escape from this abduction of her consent, but the weight of the man who still pinned her down made it impossible for her to move. Her breathing became erratic. She feared her nose would block and she would suffocate behind the gag. Then to compound this nightmare of her own contrivance, darkness overcame her as a blindfold was placed over her eyes.

Hands now roamed all over her body, caressing the swell of her pert little ass and the flesh of her naked legs. Anastasia cursed herself for wearing a skirt and not a pair of trousers – would her stupidity never end? She tried to kick her assailants away, but the hands were everywhere, and she was powerless to resist. She clamped her legs together, but the men forced them apart, pinching on the soft inner flesh of her thighs until she relented to their will. They freely explored her calves and her thighs, moving ever higher to her ass and her sex. She feared another violation was about to take place as a finger made contact with the base of her pussy, feeling her cleft through the fabric of her thong. But the hand came away and slowly returned to her ankles then much to Anastasia's relief her ankles were bound together with rope.

A violation, it would appear was off the agenda, but Anastasia was still not a happy bunny – Yuri Karinov would be getting a

piece of her mind when next they came face to face.

The rest of the journey wasn't quite so traumatic, but it was far from comfortable. Anastasia was left face down on the hard floor and experienced every dent and bump in the roads that the van went over. They were travelling at speed, so the jolts were pronounced. She was bounced repeatedly up and down, squashing her breasts and smacking her face into the metal. She could feel some bruising forming on her brow. For over an hour she was subjected to this unnecessary treatment - Anastasia was livid by the time they came to a halt.

Yuri Karinov had followed behind at a discrete distance in his chauffeur driven car, monitoring for any unwelcome attention. He was pretty sure that the two bodyguards who had trailed Anastasia to the park, and who now lay bound and unconscious in a cellar, were the only ones appointed to watch her, but he didn't want to take any chances. Vladimir Tursinov was a very resourceful man and may well have a few goons secreted around the country that Yuri was not aware of – though he thought this highly unlikely. As the journey progressed it became obvious, they were not being followed and Yuri overtook the van so that he was there to greet Anastasia on arrival.

Anastasia heard the back door of the van open. Then she heard Yuri Karinov's voice. He was shouting at the men, telling them to release her, what the hell did they think they were playing at, treating her in such a way?

A few moments later Anastasia was freed from her bondage. The gag and the blindfold were removed, and she climbed out of the van into the afternoon sunshine. She was dazzled at first

and found it difficult to focus, but then she squared her eyes firmly on Yuri whose hands were raised in abject apology.

“You bastard!” she yelled, firing fury from her eyes. “You evil bastard! What the hell do you think you’re playing at, treating me like this?”

Yuri was tempted to give her a hard slap across the chops but resisted and played out the part of a contrite partner in crime.

“Forgive me, Miss Kovalenka, I had no idea you were being subjected to such indignity and discomfort. I told these idiots to make it look real. Clearly, they overstepped the mark. They will be severely punished; I can assure you.”

Anastasia glared at him, far from convinced about his sincerity, but sure of the threat he represented to her lifestyle. She needed to be careful, yet she could not let things pass without making a stance.

“You are pushing me too far, Chief Karinov,” she hissed.

“Ours is an uneasy alliance at present. Do not abuse the situation any further. One more wrong move and I’ll call this off and blow the whistle on your scam. My husband will see you fed to his dogs should he learn of what you have done.”

“Of course, Miss Kovalenka - there is too much at stake for both of us, to engage in silly games. Please accept my apologies.” Then with a wide flourish of his hands, Yuri added; “Now, would you like me to show you around the grounds of my country estate before we get down to business, or have you walked enough for one day?”

Anastasia followed Yuri’s hand with her eyes and took in her new surroundings for the first time. She was standing before

an impressive mansion set in a vast estate of manicured gardens and rolling hills beyond. There were forests for hunting, a river for fishing, bridle tracks for riding, stables for the horses and kennels for the dogs - everything a man could wish for in a country retreat. Anastasia's level of annoyance rose to boiling point again, for this was the retreat she once shared with her father when he was the real lord and master of Mordavia, as opposed to the puppet president who he had ordered around.

Yuri watched as the recognition dawned on her, and the significance sunk into her psyche. He knew the questions she was asking.

Was Yuri Karinov the new real lord and master of Mordavia?

Was she out of her depth in this fraudulent endeavour?

'Yes' was the answer to both, but Yuri would leave her to speculate for a little while yet. Revenge is a dish best served cold, and Yuri Karinov had ice in his heart.

"Lenin's Lair," Anastasia announced in a muted voice.

"Of course!" retorted Yuri, slapping his head in mock surprise.

"I totally forgot – you know these grounds better than I... It's called Karinov's Keep now. Just as with St. Petersburg, Lenin went out of favour. Perhaps you can revisit some of your old haunts later, Miss Kovalenka. I think we should now adjourn to the cellars; everything is ready for your next video performance."

Anastasia did not enjoy walking through her old home on route to the cellars – so much was familiar and so much had changed. The old master was dead, and a new tyrant was in

possession, and the old mistress was now his accomplice in crime but felt ominously like his real prisoner.

She was led by Yuri, and escorted by his two heavy handed goons, to one of the cellar rooms where the walls had been covered with black curtains so no clue could be given as to the location. A video camera had been set up on a tripod, and a chair was placed opposite it. Beyond that the room had no other furnishing. Directly above the chair, a single cord fell from the ceiling with a bare lightbulb attached. It all looked scarily authentic.

“Now, forgive us, Miss Kovalenka, but for appearances sake we must restrain you again.”

Then at a nod of his head the two men set to work, forcing Anastasia to sit in the chair then cuffing her wrists behind the chair’s back. The stretch on her shoulders was bitterly uncomfortable, and her breasts were forced out in a most provocative manner. Once again, her ankles were bound with some rope, tied round and round then tethered to the chair’s legs.

Anastasia felt sick. The realism of the scene was weighing heavy on her mind and making her guts churn with anxiety. She would be happy when the ordeal was all over. Even life with Vladimir would seem tolerable after this, regardless of any reward for long service.

“Now, Miss Kovalenka, keep it simple. You have been abducted – you think they are Russians; they are demanding a ransom of ten million dollars. They have threatened to kill you if the ransom is not paid. Beg your husband to save your life.”

The video camera rolled, and Anastasia said her lines. She quivered her voice and looked a little afraid – she was afraid, so that came easy. She stumbled over the words, but that was reasonable – who wouldn't fluster their lines when under threat of death?

At the end Yuri turned off the camera and came over to Anastasia's chair.

“Dear, oh dear, Miss Kovalenka. I hope that you can fake it better in bed for your husband when he's huffing and puffing on top of you. Any trained eye would be able to see that you are not genuine. The Russian police will no doubt get involved and will spot the fraud straight away. Shall we try again?”

They did another take, and Anastasia did a fair attempt. She thought about the money she would end up losing, the humiliation she would suffer if the footage was released. And above all this, she thought about her increasing fear of Yuri Karinov and the situation she was in. To be honest it was an excellent performance - Academy Award material in another walk of life – but still Yuri wasn't satisfied.

“No! No! No! You are clearly acting, Miss Kovalenka. I'm sorry, but this will never do. We need to induce real fear if this is to work. Excuse me for a few minutes – I have an idea.”

Yuri left Anastasia in the company of the two goons, who despite their earlier reprimand decided to add to her discomfort by leering at her most suggestively and stroking their bulging groins. But at least they made no further attempt to molest her, which gave Anastasia a tiny crumb of comfort.

Five annoying minutes later Yuri returned carrying a small jar.

“I’m so sorry to have kept you, Miss Kovalenka. I do hope my men behaved themselves in my absence. Now, do you see this?”

Yuri held out the jar for Anastasia to look at. It was only a few feet away, but she could discern nothing in the poor lighting. The jar appeared empty. Then straining her eyes, she saw a small reddish-black spec crawling around at the bottom.

She winced immediately, horrified at the very idea of any form of insect, for that was undoubtedly what was in the jar.

“Ah, you have spotted the creature,” said Yuri, his voice gushing with paternal-like pride. “Lovely little fellow, is he not? Shall I tell you about him?”

“I would sooner you didn’t,” replied Anastasia, writhing in disgust at the sight before her.

“Humph, that’s not going to help your acting performance – you need some encouragement and I think this little blighter will do just the trick.”

Yuri walked over to the camera and starting it running then he continued with his mini lecture as he toured the room.

“It’s a bullet ant,” Yuri declared, smiling at his pet, “a native of South America which I import for special occasions. Reputedly the pain caused by this insect’s sting is greater than any other.”

He came to a halt, and with a snap Yuri turned his head to see Anastasia staring at him horrified; then he continued with his tale, addressing the jar where the subject of his praise crawled around.

“There is actually a scale – The Schmidt Sting Pain Index, which ranks the bullet ant at the top of its list. I had to laugh when I read the accompanying note – almost like how one would describe a fine wine.”

Yuri came over to whisper his next delivery into Anastasia’s ear as he held the jar in front of her terror-struck eyes.

“I know you like a drop of wine, Miss Kovalenka, so you’ll appreciate this: ‘Pure, intense, brilliant pain. Like fire-walking over flaming charcoal with a three-inch rusty nail in your heel.’ That’s what it has to say about our little friend here. I’ll be interested to have your own verdict. Now where shall we start?”

“No!” screamed Anastasia, her eyes bulging out of their sockets. “Don’t you dare! Get that thing away from me!”

Yuri let out a hearty laugh. He stood up and looked her in the face.

“That’s better. I can see some real fear in your eyes now, Miss Kovalenka – far more convincing. But those bloody Russian police are too darn clever - they’ll still see the fake. No, I’m afraid it has to be totally genuine.”

Yuri nonchalantly walked away then spoke to his men.

“Unbutton her blouse and take out her tits.”

The two men set eagerly about their task as Yuri wandered back and forth in front of Anastasia, looking intently at the insect inside the jar which he held in his hand, caressing the glass as if it were a cat.

Rough hands unfastened the buttons of Anastasia’s blouse and unhinged the front of her bra, so her breasts fell out to be

callously fondled by these undisciplined goons. Yuri glanced in their direction, noted the abuse then continued with his educative talk.

“I am told from those who have endured the suffering that the pain from the sting continues unabated for up to twenty-four hours. Nasty little bugger, wouldn’t you agree, Miss Kovalenka?”

“You’re sick!” shouted Anastasia, her body awash with panic. “I demand to be let go, now. This has gone far enough! And tell these animals to stop pawing at my breasts.”

Yuri laughed and threw her another glance.

“Harmless fun, Miss Kovalenka. My men must have their perks. And I must say, those breasts of yours are looking exceedingly perky - who could blame a man for having a little grope at such lovely flesh... Now, as I was saying. The bullet ant has a formidable reputation. In some indigenous South American communities, to enter manhood, a boy has to endure being stung by the ant without screaming. One particular tribe in Brazil takes things to an extreme and use the bullet ant stings as part of their initiation rites to become a warrior. The ants are first rendered unconscious by submerging them in a natural sedative and then hundreds of them are woven into a glove made out of leaves. When the ants regain consciousness, a boy slips the glove onto his hand. The goal of this initiation rite is to keep the glove on for a full ten minutes. When finished, the boy’s hand and part of his arm are temporarily paralysed because of the ant venom, and he may shake uncontrollably for days. The only *protection* provided is a coating of charcoal on the hands, supposedly to confuse the

ants and inhibit their stinging. To fully complete the initiation, however, the boys must go through the ordeal a total of twenty times over the course of several months or even years. And you call me sick! I only plan for you to be stung the once.”

Without any warning Yuri sprang over to where Anastasia sat bound in the chair. His men scurried out of the way and Yuri sank to his knees. Anastasia screeched but to no effect. Yuri unscrewed the lid of the jar and pressed the opening over her nipple. He ducked so only her face could be seen by the camera, above the level of her shoulders.

“Now, Miss Kovalenka, plea for your life – plea before the ant decides to strike.”

“Noooooooo!” she screamed. “No! No! Oh God! Please, please help me! Vladimir! Vladimir!!!! You have got to help me! Oh God, please, my love! Save me! They’re going to kill me; I know they are. Give them money; give them whatever they ask for. Do whatever is needed, but please... please... oh Vladimir.... please.... AAAAAAH!”

The scream that she emitted at the end of her plea reverberated around the room. The sound bounced off the black curtained walls and shattered the air.

Yuri raised his head and looked at Anastasia’s breast. He unhinged the jar a little and noted the ant was clinging to her nipple, its mandibles sunk into the tip of the rosy bud and its tail piercing the base. He took the jar lid and tried to flick it off. It was a determined little bugger and clung on for dear life, but it eventually let go and returned to its temporary prison.

“Unlucky, Miss Kovalenka,” said Yuri with mock sympathy as he stood up and walked over to the camera. “You almost made

it in time. A very impressive speech, however - I'm sure it will do the trick. Now my men will escort you to the cell you will occupy for the remainder of your stay with us. I will edit this film, and have it delivered to your husband along with the ransom note. Shame about not mentioning the nasty Russians – but I'll cover that somehow or other. Anyway, it was a command performance – what husband with ten million dollars to spare could refuse such an earnest plea.”

Anastasia heard little of his speech - she was too wrapped up in the burning pain that was now tearing round her body. Yuri was aware of this, but he still addressed her again as he reached the door.

“Good day, Miss Kovalenka. Oh, and... Welcome home.”

Chapter 4

“How could you let this happen? What sort of half-baked police force are you running?”

Yuri Karinov looked at Vladimir Tursinov with cold dispassion whilst the billionaire Russian ranted and raved, slammed his fist onto Yuri’s desk and kicked a few inanimate objects around the chief of police’s office. Yuri felt no personal animosity towards this particular Russian, just the same general hatred he felt for all his countrymen - a diverse race of people who had treated Mordavians like shit for the last half of the Twentieth Century. The man’s fury was a delight that Yuri quietly savoured behind a mask of professional concern.

“It is most unfortunate indeed, Mr. Tursinov, but you did give specific instructions not to tail your wife too closely. Her freedom of movement was of paramount importance – those were your words, sir. You assured me that sufficient arrangements had been taken for her protection. I assume by that you mean the two ex-KGB agents who we picked up this morning, bound and gagged in the cellar of a derelict house. They are currently in detention, by the way. They entered Mordavia under false identities and I am holding them for questioning.”

“Don’t get uppity with me, Mr. Big Shot Policeman! Those are my men, and you will release them immediately,” snarled Vladimir Tursinov, his rage heightened all the more by his own failure of judgement.

“No, I will not!” Yuri snapped back at him, his voice chilling with its threat. “And you will show some respect, or you’ll be joining them in the cells. Don’t think for one second that I’ll pamper to your arrogance like our president has. Now sit down! I have had enough of your dramatics!”

Vladimir Tursinov glared at the chief almost shocked at his tone. Few people ever defied him or raised their voice to him. The man’s disposition incensed him, and his blood was boiling, but he still sat down and forced some calm – his instincts told him he would be well advised to listen to this man, and even show him the respect that perhaps he deserved.

“Thank you,” continued Yuri Karinov. “I am simply stating facts, sir. It is understandable you are upset; but if you had placed your trust in me rather than some incompetent mercenaries then perhaps this could have been prevented. You do realise that most of these private bodyguards are also in the pay of the Russian mafia. The chances are that they gave them a tip off regarding your wife’s proposed movements and allowed themselves to be captured for appearances sake. It seems to have been a well-planned move on the part of professionals and some inside information would have been essential. We are dealing with Russians undoubtedly – I can assure you that no Mordavian criminal organisation exists which could manage such a heist. My ‘*half-baked police force*’ as you so kindly call them, has eradicated all such elements from our society. It is embarrassing that it has happened on our soil, and I will make every endeavour to find her...”

“Not good enough!” interrupted Vladimir. He waved his hand dismissively at Yuri as if swatting a fly. “I’ve already

contacted Moscow. I want Russian police here to sort out this mess.”

Yuri ignored the man’s rudeness and calmly delivered his response. “And I also have been in touch with Moscow and told them quite categorically that they may not enter our country – a message which I also relayed to our new allies in Washington. We have had our fill of Russians invading our country and telling us what to do. Let the Russians look for your wife in Russia, she may well be there by now.”

“Then what do you propose to do?” asked the infuriated billionaire.

“We will follow every possible lead until the deadline is up. But they are not giving much away, nor are they giving much time. I suspect you have a difficult decision to make in the next few hours. I assume you can arrange for the payment that has been asked for if that is the route you choose to go down.”

“Of course, but is it advisable?” asked Vladimir, now genuinely interested in what the chief had to say.

Yuri shrugged his shoulders. “You must take advice from other sources, but...”

“But what?”

Yuri splayed his hands. “It very much depends on how you feel about your wife, sir. But...”

“But what for God’s sake?”

Yuri shook his head as if it pained him to say the words, but he was enjoying every second of his hammed-up performance.

“There is no guarantee you would get her back. They are asking for the money *before* a release. The funds would be

transferred into a secret account and we would have no means to trace where it went. It would be a desperate act in my opinion. I would insist on a direct transfer, they may accept. Alternatively, you could just...”

“Just what?”

Yuri dropped his head then slowly raised it to stare into the eyes of Vladimir Tursinov. “May I speak candidly, sir?”

“I don’t see anything else coming from you. Go ahead.”

With the face of a poker player Yuri delivered his damning verdict. “Your wife is very beautiful, but... well, she is known to us here in Mordavia. Without mincing words, she is a bitch and a whore, and I personally wouldn’t pay a cent to have her back. When the news broke about her abduction, two of my officers came to see me in private. Apparently, they spent the previous afternoon with your wife taking turns at fucking her. She was so enthralled by their attentions, she failed to notice that one of them took a few souvenir snaps of their encounter. I’m sorry to have to show you this, but...”

Yuri opened the top drawer of his desk and removed an enlarged photograph which he slid over to Vladimir. It showed Anastasia in all her naked glory, flat on her back getting deliriously fucked by a hunky Mordavian stud.

The chief let the husband absorb the scene then continued with his variation on the union. “The men were concerned that they may have got incriminated in the abduction, so they came to me to confess.”

Vladimir picked up the photograph and ripped it to shreds. “I want their hides flayed for this!” he snarled.

“I cannot punish young men for doing what comes naturally when a beautiful woman throws herself at them. I will take my own measures against my men, but they committed no crime. In some respects, they may have done you a favour. In the light of their actions, that difficult decision might now be a little easier to make.”

“Yes,” said a furious Vladimir Tursinov, though his fury was now directed elsewhere. “It might just at that. Thirty million dollars this has saved me.”

“Thirty?” asked Yuri, noting the slip and immediately drawing the right conclusion.

“Oh sorry. Ten, yes ten... unless they hand me the bitch back.”

Yuri inwardly smiled behind his mask of concern. “I think that’s very unlikely, sir.”

Chapter 5

It had been the worst two days of Anastasia's life, and most worrying – the trend seemed to be ever downwards.

From the moment she had spotted Yuri Karinov at the Presidential Palace her pampered life had spiralled out of control: the sudden fear of scandal and social humiliation; being fucked violently down the throat like some ten dollar whore; then having to suck up to a bunch of smarmy politicians who were probably responsible for the murder of her father. Her sleep wasn't exactly peaceful after such an evening, despite the luxury of her bed.

But that was nothing compared to the horror that then ensued: the misery of the morning when she debated what to do; the indignity of the fake abduction which felt so scarily real; being groped by the lowlife who later manhandled her breasts; and then the most agonising pain she had ever known – the sting of the bullet ant.

'Like fire-walking over flaming charcoal with a three-inch rusty nail in your heel.' That was how the sadistic bastard had described it as he tormented her with the threat. Perhaps that might be close if it stung you on the sole of your foot. To have it sting your nipple was more like a red-hot poker being thrust against your tit whilst a bolt of lightning struck you on the chest.

And that pain didn't go away!

Anastasia had spent the next few hours writhing around in utmost agony. Her distress from the sting was unbearable, yet she was given nothing to relieve her suffering. The pain was so intense, she could think of nothing else. Hour after hour she lay on the small cot in her cell, squirming and weeping and begging for help.

No one came.

Time seemed to stretch before her in a hallucinogenic haze. Seconds became minutes which in turn became hours. She had no concept of how long she lay tossing and turning, consumed by the burning waves that emanated from her breast and crashed through her body – a perpetual orgasm of excruciating pain.

She was brought some food which lay untouched, only water was she able to consume. Fitful sleep came and went, but even there she knew no relief - grotesque visions tortured her dreams. Then at last, with her body drained and her spirit all but quashed, the agony subsided to a more tolerable ache – and then the real horror smacked her in the face.

What the fuck had she gotten into?

This was not how it was supposed to be. Disappear for a few days – a little vacation, read a book, watch some TV, and sleep in a comfortable bed. That was what she had expected - not to be tortured and kept prisoner in a cell.

More food was brought by one of Yuri's goons. He leered at Anastasia's naked breast which she had left bare due to the pain. She quickly covered herself with her blouse and demanded to know what was happening.

“The police are looking for you,” the man had sarcastically replied. “Chief Karinov is taking personal charge of the search. He is meeting your husband again this morning and will get an answer regarding the ransom. Other than that, very little... If you are bored, I could always arrange for some entertainment.”

He rubbed his groin and looked down to the bulge he was fondling then back to Anastasia with a dirty grin.

Anastasia ignored his suggestive advances and asked, “When will the chief be back? I want to see him as soon as he returns to Lenin’s Lair.”

“Later,” the man replied, looking a little disappointed that a fuck wasn’t on the cards. “Exactly when, I have no idea - the chief sets his own timetable. Eat! You may need your strength.” Then he turned and walked away, locking the cell door behind him.

Anastasia ate. The food was disgusting, but she ate it all. She was ravenous having fasted for almost a day.

Then there was a tortured wait, but Anastasia managed to convince herself that soon it would all be over – the pain was passing, Vladimir would pay the money, she would be released and returned to her husband, she would go home to Moscow and live the life of a nun for the next three months then she would get her twenty million dollars and be free at last. She would never set foot in Mordavia again. Perhaps she would learn English and go live in New York. Anastasia dreamed of a life she felt she deserved, especially after this horrific ordeal.

It was shortly after lunch which she barely touched that the door to Anastasia’s cell opened again and in walked Yuri

Karinov.

He did not look happy!

Anastasia's stomach turned when she saw his expression. All her righteous indignation that she was going to spill out regarding her appalling treatment evaporated under his stony glare.

"What's happened?" she asked in a tremulous voice, too afraid to get up from the cot where she sat.

"Your beloved husband has refused to pay the ransom," snapped back a furious sounding Yuri Karinov.

"What!"

"You heard me!" the man roared. "He will not bow to kidnappers. He will not set a precedent. There was also something about him saving twenty million dollars, which he inadvertently slipped out."

"The bastard!" screamed Anastasia, all her anger at Yuri now redirected elsewhere, as if it were her husband who had caused her so much pain. She leapt to her feet as she continued the tirade. "The miserly sleaze-ball! The little dick cheapskate! I'll kill him with my bare hands when I get hold of him."

"Unfortunately, Miss Kovalenka - that is exactly what he is hoping we will do to you," Yuri hissed with all the threat of a cobra.

"Now hold on a minute. You can't be serious," panted Anastasia in reply, fear now replacing her anger as she fell back onto the cot.

Playing the part of the enraged fraudster whose scam has just fallen apart, Yuri stomped round the cell like a bear in a cage, glaring from time to time at Anastasia whilst he ranted and raved, throwing the woman daggers as if it was she who had somehow foiled his cunning plan.

“It leaves me in a very difficult situation. Very difficult indeed! What am I supposed to do now? Release you? Let you go back to you miser of a husband? Set you free without a penny in return. That would be very suspicious anyway. No! No! No! I cannot release you – that’s hardly what the Russian mafia would do, and they must be seen as the responsible group. I will not have Mordavians implicated in this mess...” He stopped and then looked at her brightly as an idea appeared to dawn. “I know – let’s call his bluff. Perhaps if I cut off your little finger and post it to him that would show him how serious we are.”

“No! Please!” Anastasia shrieked, not doubting for a second that the chief would do it.

Yuri shook his head. “No... It would do no good. I saw it in his eyes. He will not pay up. Shit! What the hell am I going to do with you?”

“You have to release me! You must,” pleaded Anastasia.

“For what gain?” snapped Yuri, fury in his eyes.

Driven by panic and a real fear of death, Anastasia’s mind jumped a few summersaults as she searched for an answer; then at last she owned up to the obvious truth. “I... I could pay you.”

“Really?” asked Yuri. He came to a halt in front of her and fixed her with his eyes. “I thought you said you had no access to large amounts.”

“No, I don’t... At least not at present,” she stammered, “but... in a few months’ time I will have my own money – I could pay you perhaps... a million dollars.”

“Ten is the ransom.”

“But I wouldn’t have that much.”

Yuri laughed at her lies – they were the essence of the woman. “Nonsense,” he declared. “You will have twenty – isn’t that what your husband was referring to? I think splitting the fee for your five years of prostitution would be a fair settlement for sparing your life.” Yuri paused and saw the desperation in her eyes then he turned away from her in dismissal of the idea. “But no, I could never trust you.”

“You can! You can! Please, I’ll do anything to prove it,” begged Anastasia. She got up and chased after the chief, resting her hand on his broad shoulder. “I’ll do anything you ask of me to show you I’ll keep my word. You can have the ten million - I agree to your terms - but you mustn’t release the footage you have of me. Nothing must come out to stain my character or we will both lose out.”

Yuri turned to face her again and stroked the softness of her cheek. “Yes – the footage of your whorish behaviour – that certainly would act as some guarantee! But I would need more than that - a demonstration of your good will is definitely required. Perhaps that ravenous cunt of yours should be offered up.”

“Yes, of course,” gasped Anastasia, her voice thick with relief that a deal would be struck. “I would happily give myself to such a fine man as you, Chief Karinov.”

Anastasia stood back and peeled away part of her blouse to reveal a breast as encouragement for the chief. Yuri reached out and tenderly massaged it, lulling Anastasia with his sensuous touch. Then suddenly he grabbed hold of the nipple and tweak violently at the still tender bud.

“I’m sure you would, you despicable slut,” he snarled. “But no – a fuck from a whore like you would hardly be a demonstration worthy of earning my trust.”

Yuri backed away in rejection of her offer. He turned and headed towards the door but stopped short and turned as if hit by a sudden thought. “But then again – it might not be such a bad idea,” he said, returning to Anastasia and grasping her exposed breast. “For me it would mean little to use your flesh – but there is a man who might appreciate watching the fornication at close quarters. An old friend of mine - a true patriot who is nearing the end of his life and is here at Karinov’s Keep as my guest. He was mightily impressed by the footage we showed him of you and Officer Markov. I think it pleased him enormously to see a notorious Russian bitch screaming in ecstasy as she was fucked by a Mordavian. I’m sure he would enjoy it even more to see you in the flesh getting thoroughly screwed by his friend – seeing your filthy Russian cunt stuffed with Mordavian meat then drizzling with Mordavian spunk. Would you be prepared to do that – put on a show of depravity right in front of him and play the Russian whore who can’t get enough of Mordavian cock?”

“Yes, if need be,” agreed Anastasia - she was so desperate, she would do almost anything to win her freedom. And the idea of getting screwed by the chief was hardly abhorrent – she might hate the bastard for what he’d done, but the man was blessed with one heck of a big dick that would be a thrill to be shafted by. The watching geriatric she would have to blank out – but Anastasia was well practiced at blanking things out during sex. She had done so for years whilst in bed with her husband, and that was without a stud like Chief Karinov to help her – this would be a piece of cake!

“Yes - such an act would certainly show your good faith,” said Yuri, appearing to be weighing up the plan whilst continuing to massage Anastasia’s breast.

“Then I will happily do it,” the Russian eagerly confirmed, placing her hand over Yuri’s, encouraging him to clutch her all the tighter.

The chief didn’t appear to be totally sold. “But you must not upset him in any way,” he added, pulling away as if her flesh didn’t interest him. “My friend is old, and no picture to look. You must not show revulsion at his unfortunate state.” He paused to stroke his chin with fingers and thumb as he refined the scheme in his mind. “Let me think... Yes, there might be a way... To assist you, I will have you blindfolded so you can set about your task without fear of visual distaste.”

“Fine! Fine!” agreed Anastasia liking the plan all the better – having blindfolded sex sounded quite kinky, and it would definitely help regarding the voyeur.

“But I want a good show,” insisted Yuri. “My friend will want to feel pride in the prowess of Mordavian machismo, so I

expect you to tell him how much you're enjoying the sex."

"Of course!" Anastasia enthused - sure she would have no problem in meeting that requirement. She doubted if there would need to be much faking going on if she had the chief's huge phallus plundering her cunt.

"Okay. Then let's do it. Put on a show right in front of my friend and give him a special memory to take to his grave. If you do this without showing any distaste for his presence - if you can act the consummate whore, then you will earn the ultimate price for a fuck - your life."

"You promise to set me free?" was Anastasia's desperate response.

"You have my word - the word of a Karinov. Do this with no sign of nausea for the act, and I will set you free."

So spoke Yuri Karinov, chief of police and very much a man of his word.

Chapter 6

After their chat and the understanding that was reached, Yuri had taken Anastasia to the main part of the house where she was introduced to a woman called Greta – a blonde Swedish beauty of about thirty years old who thankfully spoke fluent Russian. After days locked up in a cell, Anastasia was hardly looking her best, and the chief wanted her more presentable before she performed for his friend.

“Now make sure you behave yourself, Miss Kovalenka!” warned Yuri before he left the two women in Greta’s bedroom - a chic stylish boudoir with en-suite facilities. “Greta is highly skilled in the field of martial arts – she will render you incapacitated at the slightest hint of trouble, and that will be the end of any trust between us... I think you understand what I mean by that, and life is too precious to throw it away so stupidly.”

It was a clear message, underlined by Greta who made it clear from the outset that they would discuss nothing beyond the needs of pampering to beauty, which was another thing the Swede was highly skilled at.

The next two hours were a luxurious delight after being incarcerated in a barren cell. A hot soapy bath awaited Anastasia to soak in, during which time Greta tended to her hair – washing and conditioning the long blonde locks – removing the grime of days in captivity. Once finished, and Anastasia had been dried off with a warm fluffy towel, Greta set about the Russian’s body: skin was buffed, moisturised and

powdered; unwanted hair was waxed away except around her pussy where the triangle of soft silky pubes was sculpted just the way Anastasia liked it. She liked even better the licking her cunt got after the job was done – Greta explaining it was best she was in a receptive state for the task ahead, given the size of the cock that would be going inside her – a flimsy excuse for some chick clit-lick fun, but Anastasia was hardly complaining. Yet again Greta proved to be highly skilled – this time in the art of cunnilingus

After several minutes of total bliss that certainly did the trick, Greta then attended to Anastasia's make up: eyes were turned sultry; lips were softly glossed; talons were painted a deep blood red; and perfume was applied in all the right places. Her hair was blown dried and left long and flowing. A pair of dangling diamond earrings was fixed to her lobes, to sway and glitter as she tossed her blonde mane. And a pair of four-inch heels below black patent leather was selected, so her long shapely legs would look even longer.

But to complete the effect before the shoes were put on, some lingerie was provided – a sexy one-piece number of black gossamer silk that barely covered Anastasia's modesty. Two bands of material linked a half cup bra at the top to the gusset of the thong below – the bands pulled together by laced white ribbon. The outfit was adorned with a white bow between her breasts and another above her pussy, with two more bows on the matching black silk stockings she wore that were held up by thin suspenders draping from the thong.

Then the shoes went on!

When she checked the final look in the full-size mirror - Anastasia reckoned she looked pretty darn sexy. She felt it as well for the first time in a while – what with Greta having treated her to another bout of cunt licking, bringing Anastasia right to the edge of a climax. After days of misery – her life falling apart - Anastasia Kovalenka was feeling positive again, and was actually looking forward to her naughty performance, where she fully intended to put on one hell of a good show: enjoying the chief, bastard that he was; enjoying his big cock, a monster of a penis; and more importantly winning her freedom by showing no distaste whatsoever for the geriatric voyeur in attendance.

When the two hours were up, Yuri arrived and nodded his approval, offering Anastasia a very rare smile. No question about it – she spruced up well and looked like a high-class hooker which was exactly the effect Yuri wanted. Then taking her by the hand, he led Anastasia through the corridors of the house to the door of another room where his ailing friend was waiting.

“The blindfold first, Miss Kovalenka!” Yuri said, pulling the accessory from out of his jacket pocket. He secured it in place, cutting off all light. Oddly enough, Anastasia felt even more excited with it on – the blindfold adding a delicious element of naughtiness.

She felt so alive when they entered the room. Without the use of her sight, Anastasia’s other senses seemed to heighten. She could hear the heavy breathing of the man she was to perform for, panting like a dog in his excitement. Beyond that the room seemed deathly silent, and an aroma of decay tinged the air – the smell getting stronger as she was led to where she sensed

the dying man lay. Anastasia tried to block out of her mind what this invalid might look like, and she was thankful for the blindfold which would make the task much easier.

Yuri brought her to a halt, and she stood waiting. She forced herself to think that it was some handsome young stud that she was standing before, and not some wrinkly old man. It was the same sort of trick she performed with her husband, conjuring an image that was more to her taste as he humped between her legs.

“This is the young woman I was telling you about, my friend,” chirped Yuri, breaking the silence, and breaking the spell. “She has heard about your unfortunate condition and agreed to favour you with a demonstration of her whorish skill. Her name is Anastasia Kovalenka. Beautiful, is she not?”

Anastasia heard a grunt and some frantic panting. The old bugger was clearly very impressed, and quite rightly so – she was looking rather splendid.

“Unfortunately, my friend has long since lost the power of speech,” explained Yuri, “but be assured, Miss Kovalenka – he is delighted to see you. I can see it in his eyes which are feasting on your beauty. Now if you would be so kind – entertain him a little.”

‘Fair enough,’ thought Anastasia, ‘if he wants a solo show before the fucking commences then I’ll give the old bugger one.’

She started with her breasts, teasing an exposed nipple above the gossamer fabric, rubbing the teat and circling the aureole, her head tossed back as she purred at the ceiling. Her other hand moved to the top of her legs where she stroked her pussy

through the gossamer gusset, pushing a finger into the covered cleft. Anastasia pleased herself thus for a couple of minutes – standing tall on high heels, her world in darkness, her soft feminine moans competing with harsher groans and the sound of some clothing being removed. Then she felt hot breath on her long slender neck.

“You are doing well, Miss Kovalenka,” said Yuri from behind. “But it is not soft Russian hands that you really like - now is it? Tell my friend what you much prefer.”

“I prefer the hands of a man – rough masculine hands,” Anastasia admitted.

“Be more precise!” instructed Yuri as he grabbed her free breast and gave the tit a firm squeeze.

“Mordavian hands!” groaned Anastasia. “I like strong Mordavian hands pawing at my body.”

“Indeed, you do!” laughed Yuri as he roughly massaged Anastasia’s breast. The other was grabbed, pushing her hand away so both could be squeezed and groped. A minute of this play, the breasts falling out of the bra to be on full display then Yuri roamed down her body, over the lace that covered the centre of her stomach, to the gusset where Anastasia still played with her pussy. The woman’s hand was grabbed and pulled away to be brought behind her back. And it was there that Anastasia got reacquainted with some flesh – the hard-throbbing meat that was Yuri Karinov’s big dick.

She gasped in her darkness, thrilled to the core. The erection was grasped as best she could, her small hand failing miserably to circle the girth. Frantically she stroked it,

writhing like a slut, groaning in ecstasy as she pressed back into the man.

“That’s more like it!” chortled Yuri. “Now she’s really happy. Hands are all very well – but it’s Mordavian cock that this Russian whore really craves – isn’t that correct, Miss Kovalenka?”

“Yes! Yes!” Anastasia moaned. And to emphasise the point she reached back with her other hand so both could play with the chief’s huge erection, and the two heavy balls he’d also taken out of his flies.

Happy with the display, Yuri rewarded her in kind, returning to the crotch where he pulled aside the gusset to reveal Anastasia’s puffy drizzling pussy. His fingers ran up and down her slit, prising the lips open and penetrating her sex, roughly frigging her vagina. Then he withdrew the digits and with both hands he parted her labia and exposed the inner pinkness of her vulva.

“Look, my friend, see what a fine cunt the Russian whore has. It looks even better in the flesh that it does on film – so moist and puffy – so needy of a cock! A Mordavian cock! Any would do as all are so fine – but it’s mine she really wants. She can’t wait for me to stuff her full of my hard meat.”

There was another round of grunting and heavy breathing, which Anastasia took to be sounds of excitement – the man looking forward to seeing her pussy in action. Anastasia was looking forward to it as well – the chief was spot on about that. For despite the indignity of the whorish display she was making, the dirty talk and the intimacy of the chief was seriously turning her on – and the cock she was playing with

was driving her wild. And to think that this was supposed to be a task!

“Yes, she’s gagging for it,” laughed Yuri as he teasingly pleased. “The woman is a slut for Mordavian cock. She can’t get enough of being fucked by our men – Isn’t that correct, YOU FILTHY RUSSIAN BITCH?”

Surprised by the sudden harshness that accompanied the last phrase, Anastasia made no reply.

Yuri pinched hard on her clitoris which made her shudder and moan then he growled threateningly into her ear. “Answer me, whore – let my friend hear how much you like Mordavian cock up your cunt. Tell him of your experiences with Mordavian men. I know of at least two, and I’m sure there are more. Tell him – then let him hear you beg me to fuck you so you can show him what a slut you are. Tell him what you are then show him the evidence.”

Anastasia bristled at this twist in the plan, but she had no option but to comply; her life was at stake.

“I am a whore,” she announced, her voice tinged with fear - but the tingling of her clit as Yuri rubbed it more gently and the feel of his big cock throbbing in her hands, added validity to the claim.

“I am a whore and I love Mordavian cock,” she admitted. “I want so much to have the chief’s incredible penis inside my pussy – he fucked my throat two nights ago and now I want his big dick inside my cunt.”

“More!” growled Yuri. “Confess it all. My friend is revelling in your sluttish talk.”

Anastasia swallowed the lump that had formed in her throat and swallowed her pride as she continued. “Earlier that day, I was fucked for hours by a young Mordavian policeman. I believe you saw some footage, so you know how much I enjoyed it. It was truly wonderful. He rode me like the whore I am. He fucked me on my knees, and he fucked me on my back, he fucked me standing up banging me against the wall. I couldn’t get enough of his lovely Mordavian cock. Twice he came inside my cunt, filling me with his delicious Mordavian spunk, and if it had not been for the pressure of time, I would have drained him of more, which he could easily have supplied – Mordavian men are such incredible studs – not like most Russians who finish after one spurt.”

“Good!” growled Yuri again into her ear. “But he knows this already. Tell us something new. Let us hear of your teenage days when you were in our country.”

Yuri continued to toy with her cunt as he issued his order, rubbing her clit and fingering her vulva; and despite the indignity of her whorish confession, Anastasia was getting hideously aroused. Instinctively she pressed back and rubbed against Yuri’s body. She discovered that he had removed his jacket and shirt, so his chest was bare – bare that is except for the rich mat of hair that covered his manly torso. Anastasia writhed in its furry warmth, inspiring her all the more to blurt out a confession.

“Years ago, when I was in my teens, I had numerous Mordavian lovers, all of them fabulously endowed. There was one in particular. He had the body of an Olympian god, and the stamina of an Olympian athlete. He would fuck me and come then fuck me again – screw me senseless for hours on

end. I was in rapture as he ploughed me time after time. My pussy gushed at the very sight of him and gushed all the more when he filled it with his hard meat. No Russian has ever fucked me anywhere near as well, and I can assure you that plenty have tried. It was such a shame that I had to bring the affair to an end.”

“Very good, Miss Kovalenka – this is what we want to hear. But my friend looks puzzled, as am I. Why did you end it? Tell us what happened to this god of a Mordavian who pleased you so much... Tell us the truth as a token of our *trust*.”

Trust! Anastasia knew the threat being made, so she dared not give a lie.

“He did nothing really, other than wanting to make our relationship public. I ended it through spite when he looked at another woman in an attempt to make me jealous...”

“Just ended it... No more?” pressed Yuri.

Anastasia steeled herself. She lowered her head, for the first-time feeling shame for what she did. “No! I lied to my tyrant of a father who then had him whipped.”

“Thank you, Miss Kovalenka - we appreciate your honesty,” Yuri tersely stated. He allowed a moment for all to reflect on her admission then brightened the mood with a lighter tone.

“And we appreciate your candid descriptions. My friend is positively salivating as a result of your sluttish confessions. Now kneel astride him and show him up close the whorish cunt that has been fucked so often by Mordavian meat. I will guide you into position.”

With her still gripping his cock and Yuri playing with her snatch, Anastasia was pushed gently forwards until her legs felt the edge of a low-lying cot. He manoeuvred her so that she was kneeling astride the invalid man, directly over his chest so that her sex was right in front of his face.

“Now show him, and tell him what you want,” ordered Yuri.

Reluctantly freeing his dick, Anastasia used her own hands to part her pussy lips and gave the man a good look at her inner cunt flesh. She played with the folds, put a finger into her vagina, peeled back the hood of her blood engorged clit and sensuously toyed with the little bud, nipping it with her red painted nails. All the while she gave a running commentary of what she professed to want; punctuated with plenty of whorish moans which weren't in the slightest bit faked.

“Oh, yes. Do you see my pussy, sir? Do you see how moist and hungry it is for some hard Mordavian meat? There is nothing finer than Mordavian men – their cocks are so big, and they fuck so well. No other breed can satisfy me like they can or give me such massive orgasms.”

As Anastasia ended, she felt once again the heat of Yuri's sex, the drizzling head forcing between her legs and slithering into her parted lips.

“Oh God! Yes! Yes!” she cried. “And there is no cock finer than that of the chief's”

“Then take it, slut! Take my meat and stuff it inside you!” Yuri demanded.

Like a needy bitch desperate to mate, Anastasia immediately obeyed. Using one hand to support her on the cot, she bent

forwards over the invalid, and with the other she took hold of Yuri's shaft, positioned the head over her vagina then sank onto it, moaning in bliss. She took it slowly, getting used to the stretch that was gloriously thrilling. Yuri allowed this for a moment, wanting the display of capitulation. Ten decided to take control from the bitch.

OOOMPH!

With a third of his dick already in her he rammed the rest up, stuffing her completely and making her squeal. The violence of the thrust almost sent her sprawling, but she managed to find the cot with her other hand, assuming the doggy position for the fucking that then ensued.

Yuri pulled his cock out then rammed back in her again, slamming his groin into the bareness of her buttocks. He grinded into her before sliding out again - his cock glistening with the juices of their sex – juice that dripped onto the face below – an unplanned for bonus that he felt mightily pleased with.

“Experience it, my friend!” he laughed. “Enjoy her arousal as I enjoy her cunt!” And with that he rammed his meat back in her and set off on a bout of serious rutting.

For Anastasia it was a most bizarre experience. She felt hatred for the man who was abusing her and disgust for the fact that she was being so intimately watched. Yet the big cock inside her felt incredible – it filled her so well and for a few moments she was able to put everything else aside and enjoy the pure sex. After a few minutes she was panting and groaning. Yuri was slamming into her like a rutting beast. His cock was a

piston punching into her body bringing her closer and closer to a climax.

“Listen to her, my friend. Hear how hot she is for my cock. And see it as well! See how her cunt gobbles me up!”

As he fucked her and fucked her, Anastasia grew wilder and wilder, abandoning any reservations she had over the show. Knowing fine well she was fucking for her life, Anastasia threw herself fully into the part.

“Oh, yes! Oh God, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me with that big cock! Oh God! Yes! Yes! Fuck me hard!!!!!”

It was hardly an act. Waves washed through her as she was mightily rode – waves of such bliss that she knew so well – the most sensuous pleasure that simmered within, waiting for the moment when it would fully explode. It grew and grew as she was gloriously screwed – the waves growing and threatening to break. But as her climax almost hit her to give the ultimate bliss, Yuri stopped his rutting and pulled his cock out!

“Not yet bitch!” the chief snarl as he got off the cot. “Do not come until I give you permission.”

A moment later he was before her, pulling her upwards till she was kneeling erect over the invalid’s face. Her gusset was grabbed and ripped from her snatch then once again her cunt was filled with meat, Yuri joining her on the cot to fuck her from the front.

“Oh yes! Oh! Oh! Oh!” screamed Anastasia as she got ploughed once more - a fresh battle now raging as she fought for control to keep the orgasm at bay. It wasn’t easy – wave upon wave of the most divine carnal pleasure washed her body

in whorish bliss. The chief fucked her and fucked her, and she screamed and screamed, always on the edge, but never toppling over – fearful that a fall would mean she forfeited her life.

Time became lost as Anastasia got screwed. In the darkness she forgot about everything except the cock that was rutting, and the bare-chested man who punched it into her body – thrust after thrust after glorious thrust. She battled with herself and surrendered to the chief, deliciously accepting his total dominance of the moment.

Then she felt the cock swell even bigger inside her. The chief was now growling and ploughing her wildly. He punched mightily upwards, the penetration so deep, and with a snarl he commanded, “Now, you filthy bitch!”

In an instant the bitch came, howling with release, screeching out her pleasure that had been agonisingly contained. She came so powerfully, the cot beneath her shook, and the man inside her, around whose cock she climaxed, massively came as well, spurting out his thick creamy seed into her pulsing orgasmic vagina.

But not all of it!

After a couple of spurts, Yuri pulled out and blew the rest over Anastasia’s spasming body. He drenched her stomach and he drenched her tits, and being a top-class shooter, he drenched her blinded face from her brow to her lips – a portion of ball juice which she whorishly lapped up.

“Cum slut!” Yuri laughed, delighted at the display. “Dirty cum slut, who can’t get enough of my mess! Use your hands bitch

to gather it from your body and show my friend how much you enjoy the taste of my spunk.”

In a climactic daze, Anastasia obeyed. In her darkened state she knew where it was, the ropes warm and sticky on her pale quivering flesh. She gathered it up and made a right display, ravenously licking and swilling it around her mouth, sticking out her tongue when it was coated in the stuff then greedily swallowing the gooey liquid down.

“Ha! Look at her my friend! She can’t get enough! She’s so desperate for my muck, she’s going to scoop it from her cunt!”

She heard the order, and readily obeyed – releasing from her vagina, squeezing it out, then gathering the first two portions that the chief had blasted into her. It was a disgusting act, but this was the consummate whore performing for her life, and Anastasia rode above the indignity of it all. She gathered and she feasted, ignoring the odd flavour her cunt juices added. She drained her pussy and swallowed it all, putting on a show of utter depravity.

“Incredible!” laughed Yuri. “What a cum slut she is – the bitch is totally crazed as she guzzles up my cream. Thick Mordavian cream, note you! Not thin watery Russian drizzle... Tell him bitch! Tell him you want more!”

“I do! I do!” howled Anastasia, who indeed was crazed, ravenous for the seed. She frantically searched for it, pawing at her body again, but the glutinous whore had feasted on the lot. Fortunately for her though – or maybe not – there was still a final portion that had managed to escape.

“Some has dropped from your cunt, you filthy bitch!” Yuri yelled. “It’s dropped onto my friend’s lips. Take off the

blindfold and lick it from him. Finish the show with an adoring kiss.”

A kiss!

How easy is that?

The simplest of actions after all she had gone through.

Even the most deformed of creatures deserves a kiss.

A kiss and she would be free.

A kiss and then she could go. She could leave this mixed up crazy nightmare behind...

But the kiss was not given. The consummate whore, who had run such a fine race, fell at the last hurdle and failed in her task.

Anastasia removed her blindfold and looked down at the man whose face was between her legs.

“AAAAAAAAGH! NO! NO! NO!!!!!”

Anastasia’s screams resounded round the room – it seemed like they would never end. As she screamed, she gazed in wide eyed horror at the macabre sight beneath her – the man strapped to the cot, his head held in place, so it was looking straight at her. The man’s face was sunken, gaunt and frail – a face that had known suffering and endless pain. Tears streaked the cheeks. The spunk smeared mouth was gaping, trying to form words that would never come, for his mouth contained no tongue. The scalp was almost bald with only a few wispy strands of grey. And the eyes – they were more terrible than anything else. The lids had taped back so they gazed at her wide open – icy blue eyes that she knew all too well. They

were the eyes of a tyrant who was now a broken man. They were the eyes of her father, Alexi Kovalenko.

With a final scream, the full reality crushing her, Anastasia Tursinova, née Kovalenka, passed out in a horror-struck swoon.

Chapter 7

Anastasia woke up from the nightmare with a jolt. Icy cold water dragged her back to consciousness as a bucketful was thrown over her scantily clad body.

She was lying on a mat in the corner of a room, confused as to where she might be. Nothing made sense anymore. Was she still a girl? Was this a game? Was she being punished for doing something wrong? Was she home in Lenin's Lair under the protection of her father? Had his death been a dream? Was her marriage a childish fantasy? Why was she lying on this mat shivering with cold in some tattered lingerie that made her look like a tramp?

Then she heard his voice and it all came crashing back, and Anastasia knew that far from being over, her torment had only just begun. She let out another terrified screech to confirm that she was firmly back in reality.

“Miss Kovalenka, did you enjoy your sleep? I thought you might appreciate a few minutes of rest after all your whorish exertions. Such a shame you failed right at the end. You were doing so well. Come! Say hello to daddy – he has been waiting so long for your return.”

Yuri grabbed hold of Anastasia's wrist and dragged her screaming to her feet then frogmarched her over to an odd type of wheelchair where her father sat bound. His wrists and ankles were strapped into position and his head was clamped to a high back stand so that he could only look forwards. His

taped eyelids meant he had to look and witness whatever depravity that was placed before him. Tears fell from his ducts as he looked upon his captured daughter. He knew all too well what lay in store for her having been a prisoner of the Karinovs for the last seven years.

She had no words of greeting for this nightmarish Lazarus; hysteria was all she could offer the father raised from a grave he had obviously never slept in.

Yuri waited until she had calmed down a little, to be sure she could hear what he now had to say.

“As you can see, Miss Kovalenka; my dear old friend, Alexi, is still alive, although he is not quite the force he once was when you were last in our country. Contrary to the rumour I spread about, he wasn’t butchered by an angry mob. He fell into my hands whilst trying to flee the country and I have been holding him prisoner ever since. He has been punished for his crimes against our people, but I have kept him alive all these years for this final moment, Miss Kovalenka; for this reunion with his lovely daughter, who for some ridiculous reason he thought could do no wrong. That was something I felt I owed him – to correct his fanciful notions concerning you. There was something he needed to hear from you, which you so obligingly confessed - and something he now needs to witness before I grant him the release of death. He needs to appreciate fully the meaning of ‘an eye for an eye’. Come! There is another ghost from your past waiting to meet you. He’s been looking forward to this as much as I have.”

Yuri yanked Anastasia’s wrist and dragged her out of the room, the girl stumbling on the heels she wore before

managing to kick them off. He barked out a command to the two men who had been guarding the door. They collected Alexi and wheeled him behind. The bizarre party eventually arrived at a large wooden door and emerged into the late afternoon summer sunshine.

The brightness of the light dazzled her for a moment. Anastasia raised her free hand to shield her eyes from the harshness and squinted to dim the brightness as she looked around. They were in a courtyard and Anastasia trembled at the scene before her – it had a scarily familiar theme.

The first thing she noticed was the group of men - at a guess she thought twenty, there were in fact eighteen, all of them standing around the perimeter, each one dressed in a policeman's uniform. Then her eyes were drawn to the centre of the courtyard where a large wooden post had been erected – it was adorned with tethering hooks. And beside the post stood a man holding a whip – a cat of nine tails, to be sure. He was facing away from her, so Anastasia could not be certain, but that back looked oh so familiar. Broad and muscular - the back of a young man – and it bore the scars of the very whip that he held.

With her stomach churning, sickened by her fate, Anastasia watched in abject horror as the young man turned around. His body was magnificent; the years had been good, and his face had matured so that if anything he was more handsome. His eyes sparkled when he saw her, his face broke into a smile. But the eyes were cold, and the smile was cruel – hatred sat there where once there was love – the sort of love driven by hormones and lust.

“Ah! How sweet. I see you recognise my nephew, Miss Kovalenka. And did you recognise the scars on his back – the scars that your father made me put there – an unjust punishment which you have confessed to contriving.”

Anastasia struggled to get free from Yuri’s grip - though it was obvious she could never escape. The sentence he gave and was about to repeat was screaming like a banshee in her head. “No! Please!” she cried. “It was a mistake! I was young and foolish. Please! Don’t do this.”

“An eye for an eye, Miss Kovalenka, and then justice will be done. Twenty lashes was the sentence your father gave because you accused my nephew of touching you inappropriately. Now the old tyrant can watch you receive the same for lying through your teeth... Tie her to the post!”

“No! No! Pleeease!” yelled Anastasia as Yuri’s men grabbed hold of her and dragged her to the post. They bound her wrists roughly with a piece of rope then tied her to a hook so that her arms were stretched above her head and her feet barely touched the ground. The bra section of her lingerie was ripped away and her long blonde hair was draped over her front, so her milky white back was left totally clear.

“Anastasia Kovalenka, you are a deceitful Russian whore. Your lies and manipulation brought about the flogging of an innocent man. Twenty lashes was his sentence. As chief of police I sentence you to the same. But kindness will be shown in consideration of your sex – none of the strokes will be so severe as to leave a permanent mark, and not all will fall on your back. The man you wronged, my nephew, Dimitri

Karinov, will yield the strokes. I will count them out. Let the flogging of this despicable whore begin.”

“No! Please! Please!” cried Anastasia, as she wriggled in her bondage in a futile attempt to escape. She cried again as she heard the swishing of the whip – it hissed through the air in a practice stroke.

Then Dimitri Karinov was practicing no more!

“ARRRGH!!!!!!!!!!!!”

Anastasia’s scream echoed around the courtyard when the first sizzling stroke of the whip struck her body squarely between her shoulder blades. The tendrils of the lash bit into her flesh and left behind a pattern of red raw stripes.

“One!” announced Yuri, his voice loud and assured.

Anastasia slumped, her arms pulling at the sockets in her shoulders. Then she jerked and screeched once more as the whip struck her in the upper part of the back.

“Two!”

“Please!” Anastasia bleated, her voice croaking with pain.

Neither of the Karinovs paid her any heed. The whip came crashing down again and wrapped its stinging tails around the middle of her back. Anastasia jolted and let out a screech - the agony too intense to bear.

“Three!” shouted Yuri in total triumph – no count had ever pleased him more.

Mustering his strength Dimitri hit her again, aiming a little lower, slicing the skin around Anastasia’s slender waist.

“Four!” pronounced Yuri as he clenched his fists.

Then, “Five!” he yelled out as Dimitri whipped her again, just above her ass - his voice battling to be heard above the howls of his victim.

Yuri smiled as he looked at the sight before him – the pale Russian back now patterned with red - a crazy web of angry stripes. The blows had been severe, but less so than he had yielded seven years before. It was tempting to order Dimitri to strike harder on her back and scar the manipulative bitch. Tempting – but Yuri had other plans which required a clear healed canvass.

He signalled for a break.

Anastasia was weeping, sobbing like a child, praying that a reprieve would be granted – surely, she had suffered enough.

The answer to that was no.

“Anastasia Kovalenka, you are a Russian whore and will be treated as such for the rest of your useful days,” was Yuri’s next pronouncement. Then he snapped his fingers and five eager men separated from the group of observers. Two of the policemen grabbed Anastasia by the ankles and hoisted her legs into the air. She was left dangling from her tethered wrists, floating by the post, diving upwards into space, her legs spread wide apart. Another policeman positioned himself between those legs. He pulled out his cock and rammed it up Anastasia’s cunt and fucked her severely until he came, grunting out his climax to the cheers of the crowd. The other two men watched him fuck from the sides, stroking their dicks in anticipation of their turn.

One after the other the five policemen took her, changing positions in a sexual dance of abuse – one fucking, two

holding, and two watching from the sides until each man had spurted into Anastasia's cunt. She was then left dangling from her bondage, thick creamy semen dribbling out of her pussy and down her black silk stocking covered legs: legs that Dimitri then proceeded to thrash, leaving the stocking in tatters, and Anastasia in even more pain.

"Six! Seven! Eight! Nine! Ten!"

The whip struck her on the thighs, first the left then the right; after that it struck her on the calves. The final stroke was delivered to the back of the knees and Anastasia all but collapsed, snivelling and crying.

At a snapped of Yuri's fingers, she was given some support and five more men came over to enjoy the sport. They twisted her around so her back was to the post, and once again two men raised her up, parting her legs so she could be fucked from the front. One after the other the five men took their pleasure and rode the Russian bitch till, they blasted out their load, mingling their spunk together inside Anastasia's well fucked cunt. They left her suspended, a naked rag doll; her back resting on the post and her head hanging low.

"Leave her like that!" commanded Yuri. "Flog the bitch's tits then flog her cunt, Dimitri."

As previously agreed, the strokes were tempered, but Anastasia still jerked as the tendrils stung into her breasts, the woman dancing around like a marionette under the hurt of each strike. And she writhed all the more as the lash struck her pussy, which had gone a bit numb due to all the hard fucking but now sprung back to tormented life as the leather made

contact with her puffed out lips and sank its teeth inside her gaping fuckhole, making it cough out Mordavian spunk.

“Dirty bitch!” yelled Yuri. “It wouldn’t surprise me if she gobbles that up. Free her from the post and let’s find out. Then the next group of men can fuck her on the ground.”

Anastasia was released and collapsed to the paved ground. She was bundled onto her back and her legs forced apart. She had no strength or will to make any resistance – and she certainly made no attempt to gather the mess that leaked from her snatch. She simply lay there, tremulously sobbing as each man took his turn, fucking her hard as he pawed at her tits, grinding her tortured back into the hard concrete slabs, adding to her agony. When the five men had had their fun, Anastasia was left lying as a tortured mess. Yuri ordered that Alexi be brought over to see his daughter at close quarters. The aging tyrant was wheeled to within a few feet and forced to look down on the ground where Anastasia lay with her legs wide open, too weak to even move into a more dignified pose.

“Remember, my old friend, how you yelled at us all – ‘Filthy dogs’ you called us, ‘degenerate scum’, your precious daughter was not to be touched by our grimy Mordavian hands. What a joke! Did you not realise she was being fucked by endless Mordavian cocks? Several of the men here today have had her before, and I can assure you they will be having her again. ‘A piss stain on the globe’, that’s what you called us – well, I’ve pissed on you, and I’ll piss on your daughter – she is now nothing but a receptacle for the fluids from our cocks.”

With a laugh in the old man’s face, Yuri stood astride Alexi’s daughter. He took out his long flaccid cock, let it dangle for a

moment, the glans hidden by his foreskin before he pulled the skin back and aimed his cock at her face. His flow was strong; the golden stream gushed from his piss slit and splattered Anastasia between the eyes. Instinctively she turned her head away, disgusted at this new level of humiliation, but she was too weak to make any real escape. Yuri carried on pissing. He washed her in his urine, stinging her tit welts with the fiery liquid and sloshing out her well fucked cunt. From face to cunt then to face again, Yuri anointed Anastasia Kovalenka and washed away her name. He baptised her in his urine, spraying her with his piss – now and forever more she would be his ‘Russian Whore’.

“Fetch a table from the garden,” ordered Yuri once his piss came to an end and he shook the last few drops onto his Russian Whore’s face. “I want her draped over it and tethered to the post for her final five strokes. It’s time to pay some attention to her filthy Russian ass.”

Five minutes later, a piss drenched Anastasia was dragged to her feet and put into position over the table that the two men had fetched. It was placed next to the post and Anastasia was tied by the wrists and stretched over the rough wood so that her torso lay flat and her legs hung over the edge; her ass centred at the table’s edge.

Dimitri delivered the next stroke of her punishment and Anastasia screamed once again - the whip biting into the plump flesh of her buttocks and sending shockwaves of pain through her spine to her brain.

“Sixteen!” announced Yuri, delighting in her squeals.

The whip fell again, striping her ass red, and again and again and then for the last time today again.

“Twenty!” declared Yuri Karinov. All the strokes had been delivered, but Anastasia’s punishment was not complete: five more men had yet to fuck her.

Yuri came behind her and looked at her ravaged ass. It was criss-crossed with angry welts, red on milky white. He ran his hands over the flesh and Anastasia winced through her sobs. Then he ran his finger up and down the crack which was moistened from the sweat of her body. Anastasia winced again, and she clenched her buttocks as Yuri touched her pucker and fingered her tight asshole.

“Well, well, my Russian Whore - I do believe that despite being a slut you have never known the joys of a cock up your ass. It is your lucky day! For now, you are going to have five in quick succession. It is tempting for me to take you first – it would certainly be a buggering for you to remember. But the honour must lie elsewhere for that particular treat... Dimitri, am I right in thinking that this slut never let you fuck her up the ass?”

Dimitri grinned at his mentor. “No, Uncle Yuri, she did not. Her cunt was all she would allow me to fuck, and she only let me place my knob and the end of my shaft in her mouth. Her ass and her throat were strictly off limits.”

“Times change, my boy! Did I not promise you that? Nothing is off limits now! Her throat has already been plundered by me, so there you must come second - but her ass is all yours now, my lad. I will concede first fuck and follow you up that particular hole. Take her and make this day of revenge for you

complete. Fuck my Russian Whore up her virginal ass and loosen her up for me.”

Yuri gave Anastasia a hard slap on the butt then made way for his nephew. Dimitri came behind her with pure glee on his face and unadulterated hatred in his heart – this would not be a gentle deflowering of her ass – he intended to make the bitch suffer and fuck her as hard as he could. But first he would do a little frigging to loosen her up for his cock.

The first finger was rammed up without any warning and pushed past Anastasia’s ass ring then a second followed a moment later. Anastasia screamed out at the aggressive invasion and clenched her ass tight as she vainly tried to fend off the assault. Dimitri carried on relentlessly, enjoying the fact she was clearly in pain. He rubbed his finger pads against the smooth lining of Anastasia’s chute then twisted them around and thrust them roughly in and out of the Russian bitch’s asshole.

Then the fingers were withdrawn from the Russian Whore’s ass. There was no subtlety involved, they were roughly pulled out. Anastasia gasped, thankful for the loss, but she knew they were sure to return.

They did.

A few moments later with some spit for lubrication. Dimitri’s fingers prodded again at her asshole. Four fingers first, bunched tightly together, pointing straight and violently forced inwards. Anastasia screamed at the shock and the agonising stretch, and Dimitri laughed at her distress.

“Bitch!” he snarled. “You fucking bitch! I’m going to make you suffer for the rest of your life for what you did to me.”

Then he pushed again even harder, bullying his way past Anastasia's helpless anal ring, all the way up to his big chunky knuckles.

Anastasia let out another scream as her sphincter muscle surrendered. Dimitri revelled in the sound and the pulsating of her anal flesh, so soft and warm around half of his hand. He pulled it out to the tip of his fingers then they were forced all the way in again, and again, and again, and again, pumping her ass in a piston like fashion.

Then Dimitri withdrew his hand fully and a few seconds later he was prodding her with his cock. Anastasia could feel the big glans slip into her asshole, her anal ring was already stretched and unable to resist. He slammed his body hard against her and nine inches of cock ploughed into her bowels.

Anastasia screamed again, her guts went into spasm, clamping around the big fat shaft and the bulbous glans at the end which felt like it was threatening Anastasia's stomach, so deep and violent was the vengeful penetration.

Dimitri groaned as Anastasia's bowels convulsed in torment, squeezing on his big cock like a soft padded fist. He writhed against her, aggravating her flogged ass cheeks with the friction from his groin. She howled in agony – it was music to his ears – no fuck at her cunt had felt finer than this. For a few seconds he tensed - the gratification almost sweeping him away. But he fought to control himself and not come straight off. The physical pleasure of Anastasia's ass was so incredibly intense, as was his joy at this ultimate revenge, fucking her like he had never fucked her before – taking pleasure, giving none in return.

Dimitri wallowed in the moment as he eased back from the threat of climax, rejoicing in his dominion, her abject subjugation and public humiliation. He looked over to his uncle to share in their triumph; then he looked at Alexi Kovalenko to add to the tyrannical bastard's grief. He smiled at the old man who had no choice but to watch; then Dimitri commenced with the bugging.

The young avenger, who used to fuck her and give her so much pleasure, withdrew his cock all the way to Anastasia's aching stretched ring. He paused for a moment to listen to her whimpers then with a mighty thrust he was all the way back in her again, his cock stabbing into Anastasia's guts and his groin banging into her well thrashed ass cheeks. He grabbed two handfuls of long blonde hair and twisted them around to form a pair of reins, pulling her head back and stifling her yells, arching her aching back to a tortuous degree.

Then he fucked his Russian bitch come breeding mare, riding her hard and at a frantic pace, without need for the whip for the whore had already been flogged. Dimitri plundered Anastasia's battered chute, rutting her like a savage beast. He banged as hard as he could, thrusting as high as he could, pulling out fully so he could penetrate her again and feel the wonder of Anastasia's ravaged ass ring on his sensitive purple knob every time he plunged for home. He ploughed Anastasia's ass with unrelenting ferocity until at last he felt himself spasm. He halted for a second as the first thrill of orgasm flooded his body, then with a yell, Dimitri was off again, jerking and pumping as spunk coursed through his fat cock and fired its way out in blissful spurts deep inside Anastasia's rectum.

“Well done, my boy!” announced Yuri Karinov. “Take your time and savour the feel of the bitch once again then when you are ready, make way and let me have a turn.”

Dimitri grinned at his uncle; for him this was a consummate moment, made all the more perfect for the fact it was shared with the man that he idolised above all others: the man who had taken the role of a father after his own father had died from a Russian bullet. No revenge could ever taste sweeter. He savoured his moment and the bliss of ebbing climax, the feel of her flesh surrendered to his cock, and the sight of her humiliated body. His youthful erection refused to go down – he could have fucked her again; his thrill was so intense. But that would have been disrespectful to the man he adored, so Dimitri pulled out and made way for his uncle.

Anastasia thought her agony could know no new levels, but she was soon put to rights when the chief took over from Dimitri. With two more inches in length and an extra half in girth, his cock found new territory and stretched her all the more. Like his nephew before him, Yuri showed her no consideration; he simply rammed his massive dick straight up her ass and proceeded to fuck her senseless. Anastasia howled and writhed, the agony so unbearable, but bear it she had to for he would never relent. Yuri pounded into her, slamming his body into her battered flesh and grinding against her at the end of each thrust. He held her in place by the scruff of her neck, pressing her face into the rough wood of the table. His humping was so intense he shunted her along; the friction on her breasts adding to her torment. By the time he was ready to come he was practically on top of her, crushing her with the relentless pounding of his groin and the weight of his massive

body. Then with one last mighty thrust Yuri let out a colossal roar. This king of the beasts, king of this realm, unloaded his balls and spurted out his messy load deep inside Anastasia's bowels.

Without further ado he pulled out his cock and wiped it clean with her long blonde hair. With a wave of his hand he made it clear she was now available - three more fucks at her ass then the day would be done: the first day of Anastasia Kovalenka's new life as a Russian Whore; and the last day for her father Alexi.

The old tyrant had been kept alive for this purpose only; to hear his daughter's confession and to see her in total humiliation, being repeatedly fucked like the whore she always was. The deed done, Yuri Karinov had no further use for the decrepit old despot... but Anastasia, now his Russian Whore – that was a very different matter.

Chapter 8

After the last of the men had taken his pleasure of her, Anastasia was carted away from the courtyard by Dimitri. The poor wretch was incapable of walking, her body was so drained even crawling was beyond her. So, Dimitri picked her up and slung her over his broad shoulder and carried her back to the cell where she had spent the previous day and then left her to her own misery.

And what misery she knew!

Her body was aching and stank of piss. Anastasia had no idea how badly she was hurt. But the trauma of the day's events was so great, she didn't really care. She just lay on her cot and sobbed and sobbed over a multitude of woes which all merged into one crushing great sorrow.

After an hour or so of this miserable isolation, Greta came to tend to her wounds. Anastasia might not care about the state of her body, but Yuri Karinov most certainly did.

Greta's first act was to bathe her. She asked one of the guards at the cell door to fetch some soap and hot water then she wiped away the stench of urine from Anastasia, and the dried spunk that had crusted on her legs. Clean bedding was also fetched for her to lie on then Greta examined Anastasia's unresisting body. In a soft caring voice that was so at odds with what had happened, Greta assured Anastasia that whilst she had been beaten, there was nothing that would result in a permanent mark. Her orifices had also been severely used, but

there was no damage, Greta said. She would hurt for a few days, but otherwise would be fine. This came as little consolation to Anastasia's traumatised brain for she knew that her ordeal was far from over.

Once Greta left with a soft caring kiss, Anastasia spent the rest of the day collapsed on her cot. She shivered under the warmth of her blankets. She flinched at the pains all over her body and cried at her agony and the memory of what had happened.

So many horrors washed around her head: the sting of the whip; the indignity of repeated violation; the pain of those cocks inside her ass; the sight of her father, tears in his eyes as he gazed up at his daughters gaping fucked cunt – that was the most horrible memory of all.

Men brought her food, but she had no strength or will to eat. They left her some water which she occasionally sipped, but mostly she huddled under the blankets and wept and wept and wept.

There was no natural light in her dungeon prison, only a single bare bulb suspended from the ceiling which was left on during what she assumed to be the day and turned off for the night after they removed her uneaten supper. In the morning Greta came again to check on her, and she was taken to a bathroom where the Swede helped her to wash. She was given some clothes and was allowed outside where Greta accompanied her on an escorted walk. Anastasia was then returned to the cell to contemplate her fate. It was those long lonely hours that followed which were the worst for Anastasia, wondering if she was to live or die, wondering which would be better given the hands she had fallen into.

The next few days were repeats of the first – a visit from Greta who was satisfied with her recovery, a trip to the bathroom where she washed by herself, and a walk in the fresh air before being returned to her cell. Other than that, only the men who brought Anastasia her food provided her with a few minutes of company. So, it was Greta who was her lifeline – a link that thankfully strengthened as the days moved on.

Late afternoon walks were added to that of the morning – the women spending longer and longer as they toured the grounds, avoiding the midday sun that was powerful in the summer sky. And with recovery well on the way, Anastasia found some comfort in a little conversation – the beautiful Swede opening up to the extent she'd been allowed by the man she willingly called her master.

“Six years,” Greta stated when asked how long she had been here. “Three was my sentence, but I wanted to stay on, and thankfully our master agreed.”

“What did you do?” asked Anastasia intrigued, deciding to start at the beginning, and not rush ahead to the bigger question – why on earth would she want to stay!

“Nothing! That’s usually the way!” answered Greta without a hint of bitterness. “I was arrested on some trumped-up charges, and the rest as they say is history. The master enslaved me in a web of manipulation. I hated him for it at first. But hate is such a destructive emotion, and the master is such a wonderful lover... when he chooses to be that is! Sadly, you’ve seen the other side of him – a side I’ve only experienced a fraction of. If you cross him in any way – then you will surely suffer. I learned that the hard way – then I

learned to love him. Now I couldn't bear to be without him. That's why I stay – his obedient slave who helps him manage this estate - even though I'm free to go should I ever choose."

"Will he let me go?" Anastasia asked, seeing a glimmer of hope.

"Perhaps, in time... But I fear for you it will be many, many years before you are allowed to walk away from Karinov's Keep," answered Greta, not softening the blow. There was no point in false hope when acceptance was needed. "What you did long ago was a dreadful thing. What they have done in return is infinitely worse – but that is the way of it – the revenge of the Karinovs is a bitter pill, but one that you have to swallow."

"So, it's a life of misery in a cell that I face," said Anastasia sourly.

"Don't be silly!" laughed Greta. "That's only your life if you choose it through resistance. You will be tested more but take this advice... Surrender to the master and become a devoted slave – and then his heart will eventually soften, and you will be treated more fairly. There is a room like mine already prepared for you: a soft bed for you to sleep in; a luxurious bathroom for you to pamper your body in; beautiful clothes for you to wear; books, television, so many things to amuse yourself with, including friends like myself. Obey the master and win him over then you'll have more than a room – much of the house is at your disposal. Gain his trust and you will have the freedom of Karinov's Keep."

Anastasia's eyes brightened on hearing this. Greta noticed the expression and knew what she was thinking. "And you'll get

another brutal whipping if you betray that trust and try to escape. Try twice and the whip will be replaced by a bullet – none of us are indispensable to the master... Now come – I have a surprise for you – a few years ago a pool was installed at the rear of the house. The water is beautiful this time of year. Let's go for a swim.”

It was through conversations like this that Anastasia's eyes were opened to her limited options. There were possibilities beyond drudgery and pain, spending most of her day in the squalor of a small cell. It all came down to how she approached things when Yuri Karinov was in residence - resistance to his will or total surrender being the paths she could choose to go down.

Greta did the job of enlightening her and setting realistic expectations as well. Of all the women Yuri had enslaved, Anastasia was the only one he had done so as an act of vengeance – hers would always be an uphill struggle to please the master, win his favour, and avoid the sting of his whip. There would be more pain – plenty for Anastasia, even if she was good - but the rewards Greta promised were extraordinarily great – sexual experiences that beggared belief – the wondrous fulfilment of total subservience to a powerful man that few others in the world could compare with. She told a good story, but then Greta loved her master – whereas Anastasia hated the bastard. Surely the life that was described could never be hers, even if she aspired to such thing, which Anastasia most certainly did not. But then what was the alternative: pain and misery; held in a cell to be brought out and used whenever Yuri Karinov wanted her; the whip then the bullet if she tried to escape? Would this be better than

willingly serving a man she hated with a passion? To Anastasia Kovalenka, now re-christened Russian Whore - neither option had much appeal.

Chapter 9

Greta had informed her in the morning that the master was returning. A week had passed and now that he was back, Yuri Karinov would want to see how his new slave was coming along – physically as well as behaviourally. That last part was stated as a clear warning – it was time to choose the path.

Two men came for her early in the afternoon – a couple of goons she vaguely recognised from her ordeal the week before. More for effect than precaution, they cuffed her hands behind her back then escorted Anastasia out of the cellars and took her to the main house. She was taken to the library where Yuri Karinov was waiting along with his nephew, Dimitri.

Anastasia felt ill at ease straight away. The sight of Yuri and Dimitri was a torment for her – they had submitted her to such horrors, how could that not be the case. How was she supposed to serve such brutes – worship the bastards – even learn to love them? But it was the room rather than the men which worried her most, for there was something strangely wrong. It was early September and the weather was still hot, yet these men were treating it like winter for they sat by a blazing log fire.

There was no playful banter from Yuri Karinov when he set eyes on Anastasia, no games like in their earlier encounters. He had toyed with her enough, now their roles were set in stone and it was time to formalise the arrangement. He had left her for a week to soften her up and allow her body to recover.

Now the next stage of his revenge would be put into place – the enslavement of his Russian Whore.

“Bring her over here,” commanded Yuri once they had entered the room. His voice was harsh and austere.

The two goons pushed Anastasia towards the seated men and positioned her between them, directly in front of the fire. All she was wearing was a short skirt and blouse, so she could feel the heat of the fire on her naked legs. It was not uncomfortable, yet Anastasia felt far from happy about the ominous sensation as the radiated heat caressed her white skin.

“Greta informs me you are now recovered from your punishment of a week ago. Do you concur with her assessment?” asked Yuri.

Anastasia looked at him with pure loathing in her eyes.

“I will never be fully recovered from what you did to me. And I will never obey you, so either kill me or release me,” she replied, mustering as much courage as she could find.

“I will say this only once, Russian Whore. You will answer my questions and say nothing else unless granted permission. Is that understood?”

Anastasia carried on looking at him then flinched at the hardness that emerged from his black eyes which threatened far more than his sobering words. The memories of her torture at his hands came flooding back and she flinched again.

“Yes,” she whispered, almost choking it out.

“And I will say this only once as well, Russian Whore,” snarled Yuri. “You will show me and my men due deference at

all times. You will refer to me as ‘master’ and my men as ‘sir’. Understood?”

“Yes... master.”

The designation was hissed out, with no attempt to disguise her abhorrence of its use. Yuri registered it with ease, but he let it pass for the time being. It was good that there was still some fight in her – it would make the next few hours’ all the more fun. He picked up his glass of cognac which rested on a table to his side, swirled the liquid around to release the aroma and breathed of it deep. He took a sip, relished the flavour and the smoothness of the vintage, returned the glass to the table then addressed her again.

“You are no doubt wondering what has happened since last we spoke. Let me update you, my Russian Whore. Your dear father has sadly passed away. I think the joy of your reunion and that disgusting performance you did in front of him proved too much for his failing body.”

Yuri paused to let Anastasia absorb the news. He watched her face and noted the tears well in her eyes. He wondered if it was the old man’s death, or the memory of the moment she had discovered he was still alive, that was the main driver behind those tears. He rightly assumed it was the latter.

“He is with us in one respect, however,” Yuri continued, sure that even more tears were about to flow. “The video of your sluttish display over his decrepit old body is a huge hit on the internet. Naturally I had to edit out his face, and my own for obvious reasons - but you, my Russian Whore, can be very clearly identified in the show. Young boys the world over are

wanking themselves silly watching you gobble up spunk scooped from your cunt.

“I am informed that your dear husband wasn’t best pleased when he was made aware of your behaviour. Naturally he is claiming in public that you must have been forced by your kidnappers to do the act, but in private he is washing his hands of you. He is also washing his hands of Mordavia, I’m delighted to say. He has gone back to Moscow, licking his wounds, feigning despair over the fate of his wife but making no move to contrive a release. So do not think for one second he will try to look for you. Anastasia Tursinova is as good as dead to him.”

Yuri repeated his performance with the cognac as he let Anastasia digest his speech, finishing by placing the glass back on the table. Then with a splaying of his hands he asked, “So, my Russian Whore, where does that leave you?”

He suddenly clapped the hands together, making Anastasia jump.

“Here!” Yuri gleefully announced. “In Karinov’s Keep. This is now your new home and I am your new lord and master.”

With a snap he straightened his right arm and pointed to the ground.

“So, kneel! Kneel before me and show me due respect.”

Anastasia hesitated for a moment. It was a moment too long for Yuri. He sprang out of his chair and smacked her across the face then grabbed her by the shoulders and forced her to her knees.

“DO NOT EVER THINK TO CROSS ME!” he screeched at her.

Her head sank and more tears flowed from her eyes to douse her stinging cheek.

Yuri grabbed Anastasia by the hair and pulled her head backwards, so she was forced to look up to his face.

“I am your master and you are my Russian Whore slave – the lowest of the low in the harem I’m creating. You will obey me in all things. Now kiss my boots then get to your feet. It is time I took a proper look at my property to see what state it is in.”

Anastasia was now terrified. She hated herself for complying so easily, but the torment she had known at the hands of this man had all but broken her will. She leaned forward and planted a kiss on each black leather boot then struggled to her feet.

Yuri held her by the chin and examined her face – he gazed into her eyes and saw her defeat, but he didn’t see total subjugation. His Russian Whore still had some spirit, hiding away in the recesses of her mind. She had not entirely abandoned all hope and accepted her lot – accepted Yuri unconditionally as her master.

That would change!

Yuri gathered the material of her blouse and ripped it apart; the buttons scattered to the floor. He pulled the fabric over her shoulders and down her arms, so it was left dangling behind her from her cuffed wrists. He inspected Anastasia’s breasts which were now clear of any marks, as was the plane of her

soft flat stomach. Then he turned her around to look at her back.

Feint red lines adorned the skin – lingering testaments to her flogging. But they would clear. It would have amused Yuri to mark her and crush her vanity, but he preferred to keep his whore slave attractive.

“You still carry the marks of a slave!” he growled. “Think yourself lucky they will fade... this time! But the whip has not been enough to make you totally mine. Perhaps some symbolism will help, though. I have a few pieces of jewellery for you to wear. Turn around.”

Anastasia obeyed, fully aware that defiance would be futile and would only result in more suffering. She tucked away the part of her that still held onto some dignity – the part of her which she prayed would survive this dark nightmare and flower in the light once again. She turned around to face Yuri with a resigned expression on her face, masking the flicker of hope that still burned.

At a snap of his fingers one of Yuri’s goons brought over a silver tray and held it in front of the chief. Anastasia glanced down to see what was there – more silver was what she discerned.

Yuri picked out the first piece, a two-inch-wide shiny, solid silver collar and he placed it around his Russian Whore’s neck. His wrists rested firmly on her bare shoulders as he locked the small padlock behind her neck.

Anastasia bristled and fought back the urge to scream. The collar felt tight and heavy around her neck, but the indignity of

the symbolism crushed her much more than the weight. To add to her humiliation, Yuri spelt it out.

“A collar; as worn by slaves and worn by dogs. Both fit the bill in your case, do they not, Russian bitch?”

“Yes, master,” Anastasia was forced to agree - the words tasting foul as they crept out of her mouth.

Then Yuri picked up a hefty silver chain. He attached it to a large ring which was affixed to the centre of the collar, directly above her throat. It was left to dangle between Anastasia’s breasts, the metal cold on her warm soft skin.

“Release her arms!” ordered Yuri, and the other goon obeyed. He un-cuffed Anastasia’s wrists and set them free – the blouse dropped to the floor in a crumpled heap.

“Present me your wrists,” Yuri demanded, after allowing Anastasia a few moments to shake her arms and relieve her aching muscles.

Anastasia lifted up her arms to hold her hands outstretched in front of her, splaying her fingers with their red-painted talons that Greta had touched up for the occasion. Yuri took a pair of smaller, two-inch-wide bands that matched her collar and snapped them around her wrists. Like the collar, these wristbands had large rings on them which Yuri left free for the time being.

Finally, Yuri picked up the final bands from the tray and he knelt in front of his Russian Whore slave. He ran his hands over the milky white flesh of her bare thighs which were now fully recovered and free from the marks of the whip. He caressed her shapely calves and came to rest at her ankles

where he attached the gleaming silver bands. He aligned the padlocks with her Achilles tendons and the rings with her red-painted toes – a feature of his whore that Yuri hadn't noticed before.

“A Red Russian Whore!” mumbled the chief as he stood up.
“That has a nice ring to it. I think I prefer it to White.”

Yuri stood in front of her again and toyed with the silver chain that fell between Anastasia's heaving breasts. Holding the metal so that six inches of chain hung from his hand, he teased her nipples one after the other by slapping the silver links against her tender buds. He laughed as they involuntarily hardened.

“Five rings to enslave you, five rings for today,” Yuri declared.
“When next I come to visit, I'll probably bring some more. These perky tits for example, with their lovely little buds – some silver here would look most becoming – or even some gold for contrast. But that we will save for another day. Right now, I wish to see acceptance of your part – I want a demonstration of obedience from my Russian Whore slave.”

Chapter 10

“Are you prepared to obey me in all things, Russian Whore? Tell me that this is the case.”

Anastasia’s silence cut the air like a knife. She lowered her head, afraid of his glare, she waited on the blow she was sure must come. Her heart was pounding, rattling her ribs.

“Obviously not,” was Yuri’s ominously cold answer. “I think you need a reminder of the price of defiance.”

“Yuri walked over to a desk and opened the top drawer. He came back carrying a jar. Anastasia let out a sharp high-pitched scream.

“Remember our little friend the bullet ant? The fellow you met, and who took such a shine to your nipple; he was only one of several I have – there are over ten of them in this jar. Perhaps I should set them free on your bound and naked body so they could have a feast on your rebellious flesh.”

“No! No! No!” Anastasia pleaded; terror etched over her panicked face. She raised her hands to fend the ants away, and whilst stepping backwards she stumbled on the hearth.

“No, what?” snapped Yuri as he came forward and stood towering over her.

“No, master, please don’t make me suffer like that again,” replied Anastasia, her voice trembling with the memory of the sting.

“Then are you prepared to obey me in all things, Russian Whore?”

“I will try,” she promised.

They both knew that this was a lie at present – that flame of hope and defiance still flickered in the recesses of her brain. But what else could Anastasia say?

“I will be interested to see your attempts,” sneered Yuri. “Get up and turn around to face the fire.”

Anastasia complied. She turned around to look at the tall mantel before her, focusing her attention on a fine antique clock that she remembered fondly from her teens – she felt strangely comforted by this link to her past. But the comfort was quickly shattered when Yuri placed the jar in front of the old timepiece and Anastasia dropped her head to look at the fire – the flames that were dancing above the sparking logs. Yuri pushed her forward until Anastasia’s bare feet stood on the flat stone hearth directly in front of the fire. He then took hold of the chain which hung between Anastasia’s breasts and fastened the end of her silver leash to a large iron ring which was inset low in the mantel of the fireplace. As a consequence, Anastasia was forced to bend forward from the waist and had no choice now but to look downwards towards the flames and the surrounding hearth.

With this new proximity, the force of the heat radiating from the fireplace assaulted Anastasia’s bare skin. She tried to back away to a more comfortable distance, but the chain held her within the radius of the strong heat.

Scanning desperately around, Anastasia searched for a weapon she might use if chances permitted. The logs in the fire were

engulfed by their flames, so they were unlikely to be of any use; but within view of her downcast eyes, Anastasia noticed on the hearth the same fireplace toolset which was there when she lived here as a girl. Hanging on a cast iron frame was a poker and a shovel, a pair of tongs and a long-handled brush. Another rush of nostalgia added to the warmth of the flames; the hearth looked unchanged from her teenage days when she would curl up in the winter on a thick bearskin rug in front of this fire and dream of the lovers who would fill her adult life.

Where had that all gone so terribly wrong?

The dreams had turned out so very different, yet everything here seemed exactly the same.

Or did it?

Anastasia hadn't noticed it at first, but behind the fireplace toolset, resting against the mantel, was an odd looking implement which she had never seen before – a long iron rod with a handle at one end and a flat pattern at the other end which lay on the hearth. Anastasia strained her eyes to make out the shape but before anything was discerned, Yuri diverted her attention.

“Spread your legs, Russian Whore and lift up your skirt. Let your master and his men have a look at your ass.”

Maintaining her bent position, Anastasia obeyed. The fear of the bullet ant's sting was so great she would do almost anything to avoid it. She lifted her skirt up over her buttocks and held it there, revealing her nakedness beneath; the two beautifully rounded spheres of her snow-white ass and the deep crevice that separated this bounteous pair.

“Total obedience!” Yuri yelled out from behind her. “That is what you will give me, Russian Whore. The sooner you learn to yield to me completely, the sooner your miserable life will become tolerable. From your earlier refusal to answer me, I detect there is still some element of resistance. You must now be punished for that refusal and be punished as a reminder of your new position in life. This ass will be stung, but not by an insect, unless of course you disobey me. Instead you will feel the sting of the crop and the sting of the paddle – two new friends you will come to know well. Do you accept this punishment, Russian Whore?”

Anastasia’s entire body was now trembling with fear - the flogging of a week ago flashing back through her brain. She felt a soft sheen of perspiration break out on her face and on her naked breasts, and tears flowed down her colouring cheeks, but they could not douse the heat. She was choking on her sobs, but she managed to dig deep, knowing this was the lesser of two evils – anything was better than those bloody little ants!

“Yes, master,” she coughed out between her sobs.

“And you will thank me for each stroke. I want to hear it loud and clear – ‘thank you, master’ – do you understand?”

“Yes, master.”

“Good. We shall begin with the crop. Brace yourself, Russian Whore, and accept your punishment with gratitude.”

Anastasia closed her eyes and took a few deep breaths. Behind her she could hear someone scurrying around – one of the chief’s goons was fetching him the crop. She grimaced and clenched her buttocks, the anticipation too awful to bear; then

suddenly there was the sound of swishing as the crop cut the air, followed immediately by a crack as the crop hit her ass and almost propelled her into the fire with the severity of the blow.

“Aaaaargh!” she screamed as the pain seared across her lovely buttocks and exploded in a cacophony of lights in her head. She jerked upwards; the instinctive movement brought to a sudden halt as her tethered chain snapped tight and her collar bit into her neck. She was shivering despite the heat that radiated from the fire - her mind was momentarily lost in this new round of agony. Then survival kicked in and she remembered her orders. She remembered what was crawling around in a jar only a few feet away from her tortured body.

“Thank you, master,” she croaked out, her whole being sickened by the phrase.

The heat and pain from the first harsh stroke had hardly begun to subside when the crop slashed down again across her proffered buttocks, landing with another loud crack and a heat that rivalled the flaming fire.

“Aaaaargh!” Anastasia yelled. Then quickly she followed it with, “Thank you, master,” hoping to appease him with a subservient display and bring this torture to an end.

Yuri swung again and again, hitting her hard but tempering the strokes so as not to reduce her to a crumpled mess – that wasn’t the objective of this little exercise. Total acceptance and mental subjugation was what he was after today. There was a flame which flickered that he wanted to extinguish, and it wasn’t one of those in the fire.

Anastasia yelled and cried with each stroke that was delivered and she followed it up with a message of thanks - hating herself and hating her abuser and hating the acceptance that was gnawing at her soul. Her buttocks burned with a fiery heat, beaten into a bright red hue, as bright and hot as the fire in the grate that drenched her entire body with sweat.

Then there was a lull.

Yuri struck her no more.

Anastasia was left shaking and dripping in sweat, her mouth parched from dehydration. She prayed that it was over, but she knew in her heart that there would be more to come. The chief had mentioned a paddle, and the big bastard always held true to his threats.

It struck her with little warning - a slap, more than a crack, leaving a throbbing pain behind, as opposed to the searing sharpness of the crop. Pain, she was finding could take many forms – and it would appear that her new friends would be diverse in their natures – the bullet ant and the flogger, the crop and the paddle and all those other means of torture that waited round the corner to shake her hand and make acquaintance with her flesh. Anastasia wept again from the blow and the enormity of it all, and she offered her thanks to her master through the bitterness of her tears.

The paddle struck her again and again - the flat heavy leather covering every inch of her ass. What once was ivory in colour had now turned scarlet. 1917 was re-enacted on Anastasia's buttocks – Red Russia won over the White.

Yuri finished his flogging and threw the paddle at one of his men. He sat down for a few minutes after his delicious

exertions and took another sip of his very fine cognac. He left Anastasia weeping, still bending over the fire, and sat back to admire the even finer state he had made of her ass. The flesh glowed and radiated like the embers in the grate.

“You did well, Russian Whore. You are learning fast. And now as a reward for your acceptance of the punishment I will show you some kindness. You have perspired a great deal through the heat from the fire and the heat from the crop and the paddled. Are you thirsty?”

“Yes, master,” she replied. She was mightily parched and desperate for some cooling liquid.

Yuri snapped his fingers at each of his goons in turn. “Gregori, pour out the Russian Whore some water. Boris, un-tether her from the mantel so she may drink from her bowl.”

As the men sprang to obey their chief, Yuri told his slave what was now expected of her.

“You may drink, Russian Whore, but it will amuse me to see you crawl on your hands and knees then lap from your bowl like the bitch that you are. Then once you have had your fill, crawl back to my nephew – there is a bone in his pants that I want you to chew. Chew it well and I will grant you another reward. Chew it badly, with even the mildest suggestion of a nip, and I will pull out your teeth, so you’ll never bite again. Now go!”

Freed from the hook on the mantel, Anastasia stood upright and took a step backwards to escape the heat of the fire which had turned her flesh pink and drenched it in sweat. Her skirt dropped down to cover her flaming red ass.

“I said crawl!” yelled out Yuri, bringing his new slave to a sudden halt.

Anastasia looked at the man she was forced to call master but would forever think of as evil bastard - her eyes implored him though she dared not ask. His eyes flicked to the jar, which told her very clearly that he would not relent – more pain and torture of the most horrendous type would be coming her way if his bitch didn’t sink to her knees.

Anastasia turned around and got down on all fours. At the far end of the library she saw the man Yuri had called Gregori pouring water into a large metal bowl on the floor. To her disgust she saw that words had been painted on the side – the bowl was clearly marked ‘RUSSIAN WHORE’ – it was another new possession for this unluckiest of bitches.

Tears of humiliation flowed again from Anastasia’s eyes, adding to her dehydrated state. She stared at the bowl with its life saving water, but her body refused to move. She hung her head, shamed by the indignity. The word ‘please’ formed in her throat, but her mouth was too dry for it to escape through her lips. It would have done her no good anyway – she knew that as a fact.

‘Survival,’ she thought. She had to survive.

And survival could come with only one action.

As the tears fell down her cheeks to wash the wooden floor, tears fell in her mind and washed it clean of pride – they washed away that last flicker of defiance and hope, dousing it for ever more.

Her acceptance was total.

Yuri Karinov had won.

Anastasia Kovalenka – *aka* Russian Whore, simultaneously moved her right hand and her left knee forward, then she repeated the action with the opposite limbs, and slowly, still weeping her tears of acceptance, she crawled across library floor to the bowl that bore her new name.

When she reached it, she bent down and lapped eagerly at the cool water, desperate to quench her thirst. At first, she found it difficult and spilled more than she drank, but with a little practice she soon mastered the art. Using the side of the bowl to help her scoop up the liquid, she managed to slake her burning thirst.

Yuri watched her from his seat as he sipped his fine cognac and threw knowing glances at his nephew. They smiled at each other, aware of the change that had taken place. They both knew that she had now totally surrendered. She was theirs to use and abuse as they pleased, and that's exactly what they intended to do.

"Come, Russian Whore, you have lapped up enough," cried Yuri. "Come and pay homage to the man you wronged and lap at his manhood instead. Let him see and feel the extent of your contrition."

Anastasia turned around on her hands and knees and crawled back towards the fire, her chain leash dangling down from her collar and trailing along the floor. When she reached her destination, she looked first to Yuri who pointed at Dimitri. The young man had removed his cock from his trousers and held it in his hand waiting for her to service it. Without need for questions or any further instruction, Anastasia crawled

over and kneeled between Dimitri's parted legs and leaned over to kiss the glans of his hard cock.

She had kissed it before on numerous occasions, but she had never kissed it like this. In her teens she had tackled Dimitri's cock with pure lust in her loins, thinking only of her own pleasure. Now she kissed the shiny purple head with a degree of reverence, thinking of nothing other than giving pleasure to the owner. Her logic was simple, as befitted one without hope: if she pleased her master and the men, he bade her service, then she might avoid more pain and survive another day. Her own gratification was irrelevant.

She brushed her lips over the glistening tapered purple glans, smearing her succulent ruby flesh with the silvery fluid that oozed from the eye. Anastasia opened her mouth to lick the big cock head, lapping at it from the underside, across the tip, and then swirling her tongue up and down each side. Then without further prompting, Anastasia sucked the cock in, to cradle it in the soft moist warmth of her mouth.

Dimitri leaned back in his chair and groaned out his satisfaction with Anastasia's performance – her supplication as she kneeled before him and engulfed his member was in such contrast to the arrogance of her teens. He was tempted to thrust and invade her tight gullet – a part of her body still a stranger to his manhood, but he held back from this treat for a little while yet, waiting to see if it would be offered rather than forcibly taken.

Anastasia knew fine well what Dimitri wanted of her, and she knew it could be his without the slightest difficulty. His uncle had shown her all too well how easily a throat can be

plundered by a cock, and that was when she still had some fight in her. Now she was helpless to resist, and having accepted her fate, she had decided that the best policy was to give good service and try to maintain some degree of control. So she grasped the base of Dimitri's cock with her hands, holding and cuddling the big ball sack in her palms, while she licked and sucked her way up and down the long fat shaft; taking the cock to the back of her mouth before returning her focus back to the glans.

Again, she teased the tapered head with her tongue, licking round the rim and prising open the eye. Cautiously she entered the generous slit, and hearing a loud groan of pleasure from Dimitri, she forced her tongue deeper and flicked it around.

"Oh fuck, yes!" cried Dimitri, his mind totally blown by the electrifying thrill which sent shockwaves down the length of his rigid shaft to explode in his balls and ricochet up his ass.

Anastasia repeated the action. She fucked Dimitri's piss slit with the tip of her tongue, forcing it in as far as she could and wriggling it around to inflame him all the more.

"Oh God! Yes! Yes!" yelled Dimitri as he writhed in his chair clutching at its arms whilst his piss slit got gloriously tongue fucked.

Anastasia listened carefully to his panting cries as she continued to flick her tongue in and out, probing his slit deeper and deeper, and wriggling ever more intensely. She wanted to make sure she didn't push things too far and tip the balance between pleasure and pain. Knowing fine well that any unpleasantness she caused would be repaid to her a thousand times fold.

“Oh shit! Shit! Oh! Yes! Yes! Ooooh! Ooooh! Arrgh!” Dimitri cried in an agony that was so oddly delicious. He bore the glory of it until he could take no more.

“Arrrrrgh! Shit! Arrrrrgh! Arrrrrgh! No! Enough! Enough!” he gasped.

Anastasia came to an immediate stop. She kissed the cock again; her lips like a butterfly caressing a flower. Then she resumed her work, intent on making him come without any discomfort to herself.

Still holding the hard cock at the base, Anastasia made reptilian flicks all along the shaft, covering every inch of Dimitri’s impressive length. Then she kissed each of Dimitri’s balls in turn; licked them long and slow before taking them in her mouth. She sucked them gently, her tongue flicking from one to the other as her right hand softly massaged Dimitri’s throbbing shaft and the left toyed with his glans, gathering the pre-cum which freely oozed from his eye and smearing it all around.

Dimitri was in heaven, she was doing a wonderful job, bringing him closer and closer to a climax – but a climax which would be easy on Anastasia. It was tempting to allow it, he was ready to blow, but he forced himself back from the orgasm – she could repeat this performance for him some other time, but right now he wanted her throat and a climax to make the bitch suffer.

“Enough!” he told her, as he took Anastasia’s head in his hands and prised her away from his balls. “Suck on my cock again. And this time, suck on it all!”

Anastasia obeyed. She immediately took his penis into her mouth and knowing it would happen regardless of her wishes, Anastasia gulped in some air and forced herself down; relaxing her muscles as best she could so the cock slipped into her throat. She held him for a few seconds trying not to gag - she held him then released him, gulped for more air then she plunged back down again.

This was all new territory for Anastasia, but when it came to sex she had always been a fast learner, and she had plenty of motivation to do a good job, in the form of her six legged friends – at least ten of the little buggers who were probably watching from their jar. She quickly established a rhythm as she got into the blowjob, taking the cock deep into her throat and holding it there for a moment or two before surfacing for air then plunging down again.

“Oh fuck, yes!” cried Dimitri as he tossed his head back and closed his eyes to block everything else out, his mind focused entirely on the intense pleasuring of his penis as it was repeatedly gobbled by Anastasia’s throat. Few women in Mordavia did this voluntarily; usually a throat had to be taken with violence. This made for a delightful change.

As Dimitri moaned and groaned and thrust gently with his hips, three other men watched on with raging hard cocks, their eyes glued to the ass that lay hidden under a skirt.

“Take her, Gregori,” said Yuri to the younger and most desperate looking of his two goons. “Chose a hole and fuck the bitch.” Then turning to the other man, he added, “Do not fret, Boris – you will have her next. You and I will share her once these two youngsters are done.”

Anastasia heard him and silently wept, but she had no will to resist what would be done to her regardless. So, she continued to worship Dimitri's cock with her mouth as she felt another person straddling her legs – Gregori, whose honour it was to have the first fuck of the day. She felt her skirt get lifted and rough hands paw at her fleshy buttocks which were still aching from the beating by the crop and the paddle. Then she felt a big cock head pressed against her asshole – Gregori, it would appear was after some anal. Anastasia tried to relax her tightly clenched pucker, but this was still a new game for her and instinctively her sphincter remained tightly closed. But Gregori was not to be denied; he spat on his hand and rubbed some saliva over his glans. A moment later he thrust hard with his hips and his cock bullied through Anastasia's ring, shafting her fully with his hot fleshy spear before slamming his groin into Anastasia's even hotter red buttocks.

The violent momentum of the cock entering her asshole propelled Anastasia forward, impaling her on the full length of Dimitri's shaft. Dimitri groaned, thrilled by the moment and the depth of his penetration. He grabbed Anastasia by her hair and held her close to him, his fat cock deep in her throat, leaving Anastasia gasping for air.

What little control Anastasia had possessed up to that point was suddenly surrendered when Gregori's cock ploughed into her ass. In an instant she became nothing more than a piece of female meat that was being plundered at both ends. Dimitri held her head and bucked into her mouth whilst Gregori held her hips and bucked into her ass, shunting her backwards and shunting her forwards – a cock in her gullet and a cock in her bowels.

Then the pattern changed, and synchronisation was reached without any conscious effort on either man's part. Dimitri and Gregori fucked Anastasia in unison, each one ramming his cock into the Russian bitch at the same time. Holding at both ends, the two men fucked with abandon, and the tempo and the urgency of their wild copulation accelerated to its inevitable conclusion.

Anastasia gave nothing in return. She was being taken and all she could offer was her total acceptance, which of course was the objective of the day.

Dimitri came first. Still holding her head, his fingers laced in her sweat sodden hair, he emitted a loud groan and slammed his groin into her face. The first blast spurted deep into her gullet, his spunk spewing forth like a geyser erupting. Then he pulled her head back so his cock became free and held the big phallus at the base so he could aim it at Anastasia's open-mouthed face. Another blast of cum spurted out of Dimitri's cock and splattered the length of Anastasia's face. Her brow and her cheek and her perfect little nose were left with thick white streaks of cum streaming down them. Dimitri then shoved his throbbing cock back into her mouth and she obligingly sucked as hard as she could, to draw forth every last drop of his semen.

At the same time, Gregori speeded up his tempo as he fucked Anastasia's ass, slamming into her with wild abandon, his mind blown away by the whorish display he was witnessing and the feel of Anastasia's silky chute around his hungry cock. A moment later, he let out a yell and gushed out his own messy load deep inside Anastasia's bowels.

Both young men then relaxed with contented faces whilst keeping their cock buried in Russian flesh as they savoured the delights of ebbing climax.

“Well done, lads!” cheered Yuri with a hearty laugh then he toasted the two men with his cognac. “I do believe the bitch actually enjoyed that. Probably the most fun she’s had since joining us here at Karinov’s Keep. Let’s see if we can entertain her some more. Uncock the Russian Whore when you are ready then stand her in front of the fire.”

Chapter 11

A few minutes later Anastasia was once again standing before the heat of burning logs, her legs warmed by the flames. Her face was still covered with Dimitri's spunk which clung to her brow and dribbled down her nose and cheeks onto her chin. A dollop of this jizm threatened to glue her right eye shut. She had attempted to wipe it off, but Yuri had ordered her to leave it be.

Yuri got up from his chair and stood directly in front of her. He took a nipple in each hand and tweaked them hard.

"You did splendidly, Russian Whore! Absolutely splendidly!" he enthused as she winced under his rough handling. "Dimitri can have no complaints about that. Your skills as a cock sucker will be in much demand. As will these succulent tits and your lovely accommodating ass: Gregori clearly enjoyed himself as well. Now, as your reward for giving such an excellent blowjob, I have decided to give you some more jewellery. I'm going to adorn your body even further, before I fuck your Russian cunt, which will also be in much demand over the coming months."

Yuri pulled and twisted Anastasia's rosy buds until they were hard and ripe and jutting out from her tits. This was exactly the effect he had sought for the next round of fun at his Russian Whore's expense.

"Bring me the clips!" Yuri ordered.

Boris sprang to obey, fetching a box from the desk which he held out for his boss. Yuri selected the first two items, a pair of long thin clips which he attached to Anastasia's tender erect nipples, angling the clips outwards horizontally so they pointed away from each other. He pulled on the clips to test them for tightness, stretching Anastasia's tits to the sides as he yanked at the captured nipples.

Anastasia yelped and grimaced, she clamped her jaws shut as she embraced this new pain – yet more stimulating friends for her to get to know.

“Oh yes, nice and tight,” Yuri said as he continued to tug on the clips, to be sure beyond sure they would be up to the task he had in mind.

Next, he attached a thin chain to each of the clips. The weight was not great but still enough to pull the clips slightly downwards and twist Anastasia's nipples around. She winced again at this added torment.

From the box, Yuri then brought out a shiny metal sphere about the size of a table tennis ball - small, but it was solid and looked alarmingly heavy. The sphere had a hook which Yuri held it by, raising it to Anastasia's face for her to see before he lowered it to her chest.

“Hold this metal ball in the palm of your hand,” he ordered.

“Rest one hand on top of the other as if offering me the ball.”

Anastasia obeyed automatically; she had no will to resist any more, and this was relatively harmless when compared to some of the suffering she had known.

Once she had taken hold of the ball, Yuri took the chains which hung from her nipple clips and linked them to the hook on the ball. This actually gave some relief to Anastasia's nipples as she now bore some of the chains weight in her hands. She knew that the relief was not likely to last, however – it was pretty obvious what Yuri intended. She braced herself and waited on the order to drop the ball, but surprisingly it didn't come.

Instead, and more worryingly, Yuri took a knife out of the box which he held out for Anastasia to see. Cold steel glimmered in the light of the flames sending a shiver of terror down her fire heated spine. Yuri ran the flat of the sharp blade across her cheek and gathered up a dollop of his nephew's spunk. He held it out in front of Anastasia's mouth. He fixed her with his eyes and commanded her with his vision.

Gazing at the hard blackness of Yuri's eyes, Anastasia opened up and tremulously accepted the spunk coated blade, wiping it clean of its creamy offering with her full ruby lips, the sharpness of the edge rasping her flesh. She was trembling with fear as the blade was slowly removed, but no wound was made by the weapon. Once out of her mouth she let out a gasp. Her whole body was shaking as she struggled to find composure, but she held her position and Yuri held her with his stare.

Then suddenly the knife plunged downwards with all the certainty of an expert assassin. She felt the cold metal press flat against her stomach and screamed as the blade was forced down towards her sex. There was a twist and a tear, Anastasia screamed again. There was another viscous thrust downwards and Anastasia's legs turned to jelly. She all but collapsed, yet

her eyes did not waver from the cold black eyes of the yielder of the knife. Such was his hold, and such was her fear – his mastery over her was complete. Then with a final flick the knife came away and Anastasia's tattered skirt fell to the floor. If it had not been for those eyes which invisibly fixed her, Anastasia would have followed in a crumpled feint.

Yuri finally released her. He broke the gaze and stood back to examine her nudity, to look at the cunt he had just exposed. Toying with the knife which he idly fenced through the air, he noted with pride that not a scratch adorned her skin, but the skin was not fully to his liking.

“Keep still, Russian Whore.”

A moment later, Yuri sank to his knees before her. She thought for a second he intended to pleasure her and feast on her pussy with his tongue before giving her the promised fuck, but she was quickly corrected about any such illusions.

Anastasia gasped and tensed as she felt cold metal caressing her sex. Its threat was so intense she feared that mutilation was coming her way. The flat of the blade stroked over her pussy lips, trailing the sharp edge in its wake and gently grazing the nerve-laden skin. It was a terrifying experience, and for a moment Anastasia almost surrendered to her fear – she felt compelled to try and escape. But behind her the bullet ants crawled in their jar – their threat was absolute, and she held her ground. Yuri had told her to keep still and she dare not disobey.

The blade travelled the length of her pussy and Yuri parted the lips to stroke the inner fleshy petals and scraped gently at her hooded clit. He peeled back the hood and inspected the clit. He

smiled, delighted at what he saw – it was big – big enough – more than big enough for a future treat he had in store.

All the while Anastasia stood trembling, praying that the bastard who was now her master wouldn't make a slip and slice her open or even cut off her sensitive bud. She stood with her hands cupped at her belly whilst her sex was threatened by the sharpest of blades, as if making an offering of the metal sphere to a pagan god long forgotten.

Then her prayers were answered when Yuri pulled the blade away, only to shock her again as he set about her pubes. He gathered a tuft of fine blonde hair and swiped it off with the razor-sharp edge.

Anastasia was panting as her pubic hair was attacked; her sculpted triangle which she thought was so cute was deftly removed by a cut-throat blade. No lathering of the flesh, just dry and rough. Swish, swish, swish and the fuzz came off. Then shaved to nudity, her pussy laid bare, Yuri scraped it again just to be sure. The edge was so sharp her skin writhed beneath it, but not once did it nick and draw a droplet of blood. Yuri Karinov was a man who knew how to yield a knife – many women could testify to that – and plenty of men if they could speak from the grave, for the latter were rarely left alive.

“Better!” Yuri announced when his task was complete. “You will keep this cunt shaven from now onwards. If I see a single hair anywhere near your pussy, I will have a bullet ant bite it off. Is that clear?”

“Yes, master,” whimpered Anastasia, surprising herself that she still had the gift of speech.

“Give me the remainder of the clips, Boris. It is time to adorn this Russian Whore’s cunt with something more pleasing than hair.”

Boris placed the box in front of the chief. It contained ten small clips in the fashion of clothes-pegs with a long piece of string attached to each one. Yuri selected a pussy lip. He held it between forefinger and thumb, pulling the flesh out and away from the cunt. Then he applied the first of the peg-like clips, snaring the flesh inside its vice like grip.

Anastasia screeched as the clip bit her sensitive flesh.

Acceptance wasn’t always an easy thing. Her agony was intense, her instinct was to flee, yet she stood like a trembling statue, holding her sphere in the palm of her hand and braced herself for the next torturous gnaw at her naked pussy.

Yuri took his time as he methodically worked down the Russian Whore’s cunt, fixing the clips to her agonised labia, first doing one side and then the other, pausing so she could appreciate each new adornment and the pain it brought in its wake.

Anastasia screamed out time after time, as the clothes-pegs were clamped to her sensitive pussy lips and tested to ensure they each had a deep bite of flesh. Yuri pulled at each one causing Anastasia to holler, her entire cunt was on fire from the unrelenting waves of pain that came and came like an orgasm of lava, unrelenting in its furious eruption.

Yuri grinned when the work was complete. His Russian Whore’s cunt was a spectacle indeed – a piece of living modern art. He tested the pegs again in pairs, pulling the lips in opposite directions. Then satisfied with the grips, Yuri tied

the strings to the rings on Anastasia's wrist cuffs. He got up and looked again at the creation he had made.

“You are doing well, Russian Whore. You are learning the meaning of obedience. My little ants may go hungry today if you maintain this fine performance. Now soon I will fuck you and then I'll be done with you for the time being; but first, allow me to see what my cock will be pleasuring itself with. Spread your legs wider, Russian Whore, and open up your cunt lips for me. Present me that cunt flesh – offer me your hole to fuck.”

Anastasia looked at him questioningly, then she realised exactly what he wanted her to do. She was to spread her arms as well as her legs and pull her labia open to display her sex; but in order to do that she would have to let go of the heavy ball she held in her palm – the heavy ball that was linked by chains to her nipples.

Anastasia winced and let out a sob.

God, the bastard was evil!

But what could she do?

The answer was simple – Greta had already told her.

‘Surrender to the master and become a devoted slave – and then his heart will eventually soften, and you will be treated more fairly.’ Obey and hopefully earn herself a room, escape the cell and sleep in a soft bed – and somewhere down the line, maybe, just maybe, she might one day escape Karinov's Keep as well.

So, accepting her task and her new role in life, Anastasia lowered her cupped palms so that her nipple clips started to

bear some of the weight of the metal sphere. She hissed her breath inwards as the chains pulled on her nipples and twisted the clips further and further round. The more she lowered her palms, the more weight the chains bore and the more her nipples were twisted by the clips. Slowly, slowly, slowly she lowered the metal ball, her face etched with agony as gravity worked its painful force on her torturous nipple clips, twisting her nipples as the clips dipped downwards and stretching her breasts to an agonising degree. Waves of pain flowed from her nipples to battle the fiery sensations radiating from her labia.

Eventually, she could no longer feel any weight in her palm – the sphere was now suspended and not in any way held.

Anastasia bit her lip as she struggled with the agony. Her breath was held choked in her throat. She was at the end of her tether. The pain was excruciating but she needed to embrace even more if she was to obey her master and earn some privileges, and in doing so prevent a Dali-type nightmare full of formic stings that had to be avoided at all costs.

Accepting, her muscles rigid as they gripped her pain, Anastasia slowly pulled her arms outwards from her body, splaying her arms in welcome of her master – in welcome of the new pain which ripped at her being. She felt the strings tighten, and then begin to peel open her labia as she pulled the clothes-pegs away from her slit.

It was agony, a torment of hellish creation, but Anastasia struggled to overcome it and absorb the waves of hideous pain radiating from her nipples and her cunt lips. She stood like a trembling statue, a grotesque parody of ecstasy divine, splaying her hands and splaying her sex – offering herself to her master in a powerful display of submission to his will.

As she held this position, Anastasia started to become dizzy with the unwavering, torrential intensity of the sensations wracking her body. The spunk that still coated her face mixed with the sweat that poured out of every pore of her body. The steel ball attached to her nipple chain hung down from her tits, swaying obscenely back and forth and working its savage magic on her nipples. The constant pressure and twisting of her nipples made it seem like hot needles had been thrust through her tortured, captive, rosy buds. Added to that, the sheering torture on her labia as she held her arms wide and pulled on her pussy lips was like molten metal being poured into her cunt. Could she possibly bear anymore?

Yes, was the answer!

She would have to!

Yuri Karinov was far from finished!

He came directly in front of his Russian Whore draped in metal. He looked at her tormented, spunk covered face, which displayed every agony she bore. The mouth was panting, sucking in air. The eyes were vacant, looking inward not out. Tears and perspiration ran down her cheeks which were flushed from the fire heat and her struggles.

Yuri touched the metal ball. He placed his fingers under its curve and relieved her of its weight.

Anastasia gasped - the easing of some suffering, a suffering in itself. Constant pain leads to acclimatisation – it is change which gives the senses more trouble.

Yuri dropped the ball. No gentle lowering, he let in plunge down and was rewarded with a scream from a tortured soul in

hell.

Anastasia almost collapsed as the searing pain ripped through her. The sharp twisting and pulling on her nipples sent a tidal wave of agony from her breasts to her brain where it crashed in a thunderous explosion.

“Maintain the position, Russian Whore!”

She barely heard the words, but her survival instincts obeyed the command. On shaking legs, Anastasia remained erect, and with trembling arms continued to offer up her sex.

Yuri accepted the offer with his fingers. He teased the succulent gaping flesh and entered the hole to frig her vagina. He tapped gently on the pegs, making Anastasia clamp her eyes closed and suck in her breath. Her whole body became rigid as she struggled to cope. Yuri took her to a point where she could take no more; then at last he relented and gave her a few moments respite.

A few moments to gather herself before the next round commenced.

“Now walk to the desk, Russian Whore, keeping your arms spread wide. When you get there, lie on your back across the desk with your head tilted over one end and your gaping cunt on offer at the other.”

Gritting her teeth, waves of pain pounding her body like a tsunami hitting the shore, Anastasia made the first tentative step. She was in tortuous agony, the movement causing the heavy metal sphere to sway and pull even harder on her captured twisted nipples whilst the fire around her pussy roared like a furnace, the motion acting like bellows fanning

the flames. Yet she forced herself to do it, for she knew that this suffering would come to an end once the clips were removed from her nipples and labia. But the punishment for failure would go on and on, more intense in its nature and lingering for a day. A day that would feel like an eternity in hell – she knew from sad experience how those bloody ants could make you suffer.

Step after agonising step brought Anastasia to the large mahogany desk which had been made bare on the surface in preparation for her. Under the watchful eyes of Yuri and his men, Anastasia gingerly rested her aching butt on the front edge of the desk and she slowly leaned backwards until she lay across its width; her arms spread wide in total surrender. The metal sphere came to rest on the plane of her stomach, giving her nipples some relief from the stretch and the twist. But her pussy still ached with an agony of the devil's creation. Her clipped labia were swollen and stretched wide apart making a fleshy pink nest where her metal chain leash came to rest – another shiny adornment for her glistening cunt.

Anastasia sensed the men approach and stand around her, one at each side of the desk, but her head was draped backwards so she could only see the one. This was the goon called Boris, who was hovering over her cum splattered face. Anastasia watched as he pulled his cock out of his trousers; it was hard and quite long with a kink in the middle – a moment later it was in her mouth. With no subtlety whatsoever, Boris forced his crooked cock all the way down Anastasia's throat, capturing his promised prize in a fast and furious act of conquest.

A few seconds later she felt flesh touch her aching cunt, fingers again toying with her brazenly exposed inner sex then slapping it with her leash to add to her misery. More flesh came to rest on each of her palms, two cocks that had already come, but had the advantage of youth and had stiffened again. Knowing what was expected Anastasia formed a gentle fist around each of the shafts and allowed her hands to be fucked.

In the meantime, different flesh was now teasing her proffered sex – it was a cock that Anastasia had come to know very well. The huge bulbous head that slithered up and down her gaping cunt was unmistakable – Yuri Karinov was a man of his word and was going to fuck his Russian Whore. But this would be no ordinary fuck from an extra-ordinary man. Not only would Anastasia be shafted with three virile cocks taking their pleasures elsewhere on her, two metal clips torturing her nipples and ten metal clips pulling her aching labia apart, she would be fucked with metal also up her cunt, for Yuri was prodding the leash into her vagina.

Anastasia could only lie there and be drowned by the sensations as Yuri entered her in a slow measured fashion. Some of those sensations were very pleasurable, like the friction on her clit as the chain leash was pulled over it when Yuri pushed it into her sex, and the feel of his huge cock as it slowly penetrated her would have been an enormous rush under normal circumstances. But these sensuous pleasures got lost in the pain she endured elsewhere.

She felt the leash collecting in her vagina, its metal an aggravation as the links tore past her opening and rubbed abrasively against the lining of her wall, forced against it by the enormity of Yuri's cock. Yet she offered herself to him,

accepting this added discomfort, her trembling splayed arms holding her clothes-pegged cunt lips apart as the hands at the end got fucked by two hard cocks, intent on using her to come again. Her neck was straining as the leash pulled on her collar, but her head was held firmly in place by the assailant of her throat; his crooked shaft adding to her torment as it barged in and out of her gaping mouth.

Then Yuri was all the way in her - his massive weight grinding hard between her legs, pressing against the clips on her labia, doubling the agony. A moment of relative relief came when he slowly withdrew, taking care to ensure the leash stayed within her cunt. That relief only caused to sharpen the next moment when Yuri slammed with all his might into her sacrificed body. He impaled her with one hard violent thrust, drilling his massive member all the way into her belly, in one incredibly swift assault.

Now Anastasia's agony was absolute and complete. The scream she emitted was silenced by the crooked cock in her mouth, but it reverberated around her head, thrashing her brain with the muted sound. In her torment she gripped hard on the cocks in her hands, halting their fucking as she battled with the pain. Her whole body became a twitching mass of agony – agony for her, but pure bliss for the four men whose cocks she massaged so magnificently with her flesh.

The moment of her ultimate agony passed. Anastasia went limp and the fucking recommenced. The two cocks inside her were relentless and unforgiving in their assault, as they pounded into her body, whilst the other two cocks fucked her trembling hands. Above her she could hear Boris grunting as he ravaged her throat with little consideration, pulling out for a

few seconds to let her gulp in some air then setting off again with his crooked fleshy attack. She could hear Yuri grunting as well as he powered between her legs, slamming his cock into her agonised metal draped vagina, grinding at the end of each of his strokes to torture her clamped labia all the more.

In this nightmare made real she heard Yuri grunt as he filled her cunt up again, then he paused for a moment to ask a question.

“Did you remember to make the final preparation, Dimitri?”

“Yes, uncle; everything should be ready.”

Her ordeal was apparently not quite over for today, another twist lay in store for her after the fucking.

Anastasia’s put it out of her mind. She had enough to worry about with the agony of the present. Boris was now frantic, his cock was like a distorted piston ramming in and out of her mouth, his groin smashing repeatedly into her face. He gave her no chance to breathe; she was being suffocated by his cock. Then thankfully he let out an enormous loud yell and his cock seemed to explode inside her mouth and throat, shooting long whiplash ribbons of cum into Anastasia’s gullet.

A moment later she heard Yuri roar as well and he slammed his body hard against her groin, his cock erupted and spurted out its own impressive load into the agonised hole between Anastasia’s quivering legs.

Impaling Anastasia at both ends, the two men carried on pumping into her body, emptying their balls of their rich creamy spunk. In the meantime, the two other men, Dimitri and Gregori, took their cocks from Anastasia’s hands and

finished themselves off under their own administration. The men climbed onto the desk and kneeled over her body, grappling her tits with their clipped aching nipples as they jerked their hard meat and came in unison. They splattered their cum up and down the Russian's sweat drenched torso, over her breasts and the plane of her stomach - the glistening white adding to the sparkle of her jewellery – a different set of pearls to adorn her beauty from the ones she used to wear.

When the four men eventually pulled themselves away, Anastasia was left limply draped over the desk. She thought her suffering could know no new heights, but Yuri had once last treat in store for her. He removed her nipple clips and she screamed with relief then he removed the pegs from her tortured pussy lips, and she screamed again and again. He untied the string from the wrist band hooks, leaving her adorned with only the five bands of enslavement and the leash attached to her collar which was smeared at the end with Yuri's spunk and a little of her own juices.

Yuri took hold of the leash and pulled his spunk and sweat coated Russian Whore to her feet. She tottered; her legs so weak they were barely able to support her weight. Yuri let her regroup for a moment then slowly he walked her back to the fire. Her mind was a mist drifting away.

Then reality sharpened it in an instant!

“No! Please! No!” she screamed when she saw what Dimitri had prepared at his uncle's instruction. It was there in the fire, the implement she had seen earlier; now its purpose became terrifyingly clear. The flat metal end was glowing in the

embers and she could identify it now, she could recognise the pattern – three letters of red-hot iron.

KRW

Karinov's Russian Whore.

"No! No! Please! Not that!"

She tugged at her chain leash and tried to make an escape, but Yuri held her firm. He leaned over and took hold of the branding iron handle, pulled it out of the fire to examine its glow.

"Ready," he declared then he placed the iron back in the fire.

"Obedience! I said it must be total. You will accept this mark of your enslavement. Now kneel on all fours."

"Please! No!"

"I SAID KNEEL! NEVER EVER DEFY ME AGAIN!"

Anastasia looked at him, pleading with her tear strained eyes, but there was not a flicker of compassion returned.

Whimpering, Anastasia collapsed to her knees and assumed the instructed position. Her final scream of the day shattered the air, drowning out the hissing as the branding iron burned into her flesh, placed low and centred in the middle, KRW imprinted just above her ass. The revenge of the Karinovs was now complete and Anastasia was truly enslaved.

Enslaved by the Karinovs

Dan Bruce's

Dark BDSM Erotica



**Abuse of Power -
Enslaved by
the Karinovs**

Chapter 1

Mordavia – the present day

The prisoner entered shouting and kicking, frantically pleading her innocence - a sheen of perspiration on her fear struck face. But the terror on her countenance could not disguise the fact that she was a beautiful young woman in a refined English sort of way, her genteel nature being starkly contrasted by the two brutish henchmen who dragged the poor wench past a heavy oak door and into the chamber that was to see her end.

Eyes darting, she took in the scene: the flaming torches adorning the walls, their fire suggesting of hell on earth; the ominous looking instruments that hung between them, promising even further of the devil's own torture; the stocks, the rack, and the Judas cradle – evil devices all scarily unoccupied, waiting for their next victim's screams; a whipping post where some poor girl hung limply by her wrists, whimpering in agony, her back a mess of vibrant red welts. But the newcomer's attention soon settled on the only other occupant of this room of terror – the king's trusty torturer who stood by a sturdy bench, a malevolent grin etched on his cruel scarred face, a burning brazier a few yards to his side, heating the poker that was this traitor's doom.

“No! No! I'm innocent. I swear I never touched him,” screamed the fresh-faced young woman, tears flowing from her terrified eyes.

“That traitor Sussex says otherwise,” the torturer replied. “He will say little more though, for his head will roll today. A quick clean death, as long as the executioner isn’t drunk again, which is more than he deserves for fornicating with the queen – you however, My Lady, will not be so lucky.”

“He’s lying!” pleaded the young noblewoman. “I entreat you! Don’t do this. Please!”

“Pin her down over the bench!” the torturer ordered, ignoring the woman’s appeals. “Hold her steady and tether her feet.”

The henchmen obeyed, tossing the woman roughly over the bench. With the prisoner struggling all the while, one held her wrists which were cuffed and chained, the other battled with her ankles, which were similarly shackled, and secured each one to opposite legs of the bench, spreading her limbs wide apart.

“No!” screamed the woman. “I’m the queen. You cannot do this to me!”

The torturer laughed at the absurdity of the remark. “Well, I’m the king’s loyal subject, and I do whatever it pleases his majesty,” he hissed. “And for your adultery – it pleases him to do this...”

Slipping on a thick leather glove for protection, the torturer removed the poker from the brazier. He held it up and inspected the glowing end, making sure his prisoner could see it as well.

“No! No! Please! Anything but that!” screamed the woman.

Her pleas were ignored. The shift she was wearing, her only piece of clothing, was pulled up her back to bare her queenly

rump and noble vagina. The torturer looked at her treasures for perhaps a moment longer than he should have, admiring the full globes and the naughtily shaved pussy; then with a grin of pure malice he took up position, brandishing the first of many tortuous punishments.

“NO! NO! AAAARGH!”

The face of the abused was a picture of torment, which was only to be expected for she was good at her craft and had been coached for this scene mightily well.

“Cut! Cut!” called a voice – the director no less of this television drama. “Well done everyone – especially you Julia. That was fabulous, sweetie, absolutely fabulous.”

A plump balding man in his late fifties emerged from the shadows gazing at his favoured actress, in no hurry to give the order to have the girl released and decently arranged. “Humph, yes, absolutely fabulous,” he mused enjoying the view before finally relenting. “Okay everyone - I think we’ll call it a wrap and break for lunch... and for goodness sake, Alfonso, let go of poor Julia’s wrists so she can stand up and cover herself.”

Then turning to a small group of spectators who had been allowed access to the set, the director added, “Now listen up you bunch - we’re doing the beheading scene this afternoon, and I’ll want the extras playing the rabble in the courtyard looking mean and nasty, so I suggest you all have the goulash – I’m assured it tastes foul and guaranteed to give indigestion...”

He looked away pleased with his wit, turning his attention back to the performer whose feet were being untied. Unable to resist, knowing this young actress needed the work and

wouldn't dare protest at a liberty taken, the director went over and patted Julia's ass which was now covered by her shift.

"So, Julia, tell me sweetie – how did you prepare so well for the scene? Anyone looking at that performance would swear you knew exactly what it was like to be anally impaled and brutally tortured – to know what it was like to suffer... well sweetie, what else can I say... to suffer an abuse of power!

"Well bugger me backward and call me Mabel," muttered Sally Hudson from her position looking down on the torture chamber set.

Sally realised in a flash. It had been bugging her since the actress appeared on the set – where had she seen her before. Sally had trawled her mind for a film she might have been in, or some other television drama in which she had featured but couldn't place her. Having heard that comment from the director however, she knew straight away – it wasn't on screen Sally had seen this girl before – it was in the flesh, two days ago, creeping sheepishly out of a room.

Sally shook her head in disbelief. How could she have forgotten any aspect of that momentous occurrence? But then it wasn't Julia who had made the big impression – she was just a bit player, a minor performer, as she was in this production. The real master of the scene was only a shadow, but whose mere existence dominated everything else – like the Tudor king whose life was currently being re-enacted, a monarch absolute, his every whim unquestioned law.

Over the top?

Perhaps that's the case – but Sally was certainly knocked for six, if you prefer a sporting analogy.

So, what was it that happened two days before that made such an impact on a movie extra, but the star of this tale, the sexually voracious and exceedingly beautiful twenty-three-year-old Antipodean, Miss Sally Hudson?

Well, with no demands to be on set for the rest of the day, Sally went for a stroll around the castle where the filming was taking place. She was intrigued by the building – its dark foreboding structure, the violent history that poured from its ancient stones. She was also intrigued by the men who worked there – men in uniform of a modern design, more to her liking than the medieval costumes the actors wore. For whilst the castle was being used temporarily as a film location – it's day to day function still carried on, and this wonderfully preserved medieval structure served as the country's police headquarters.

Sally wandered around, looking at the architecture, baring glances at the men, hoping for a reaction. She strayed away from the hubbub of the film set, drawn ever inwards by the allure of authority smartly dressed. Getting somewhat lost, Sally turned into a corridor where she sensed she had no right to be. She froze. There was an officer standing guard at the end – big and hunky, a gun holstered at his hip - and much to Sally's delight, the man was idly rubbing his crotch!

Counter to her forward nature, Sally initially backed off. She knew she was in the wrong place and could land in trouble – foreign policemen bearing arms having a notorious reputation. The sensible thing would be to backtrack and retrace her steps, but instead she peaked around the corner, and watched the policeman as he continued to fondle himself.

And God did the man look sexy! Not overly handsome, but big and butch and wonderfully dressed - obviously horny and needy of some sex.

Sally was as well!

Hoping beyond hope that something would come of this, Sally lingered, spying around the corner. She wondered if she should risk it and make her presence known – strut around the corner and smile beguilingly whilst jiggling her tits. It normally worked for her – no point being coy – that was Sally’s motto. She was one hot piece of work with her long auburn hair, emerald eyes and a body to die for, so it never took much to entice some stud to get down to work and oblige her with a fuck... At least that had been the case until she arrived in this city.

But sadly, it all sounded way too risky. The policeman was armed, and that gun could spell danger. She stayed to watch though, randy and optimistic. With any luck the uniformed hunk would still whip out his cock and give it a few chugs. And maybe, just maybe, if Sally timed it right, she could earn herself a mouthful of policeman spunk.

That didn’t happen. The copper’s meaty truncheon stayed in his uniform trousers. But the policeman did chance a liberty. Having looked around him, failing to spot Sally, who quickly ducked when the brute scanned in her direction, the guard warily tiptoed over to a nearby door and pressed his ear against it. For five minutes he stood there eavesdropping, as he in turn was spied upon by Sally – the guard highly aroused, rubbing his hard dick through the material of his trousers, whilst Sally did likewise to her slaving pussy.

Faster and faster the action grew. Sally watched transfixed, getting more and more heated, looking at a man, dreaming of his cock, wanting his meat pounding away at her pussy, screaming, ‘YES! YES! YES! Fuck me, you big brute. Fuck me! Fuck me! Spunk inside me!’

Lost in her fantasy, enjoying the reality – Sally watched the policeman as he both grimaced and grinned. The man rubbed his crotch all the harder, his eyes rolling backwards. A jerk and a spasm and he had brought himself there, spilling out his seed into his underpants, the stain of his mess seeping outward to leave a tell-tale sign on his uniform trousers. A few frantic rubs and Sally was there as well, a naughty voyeur coming by herself, waves of pleasure coursing through her body – a little sad, but times were desperate – it had been over a week since she last had a man, and Sally was a girl who didn’t like to go without.

His orgasm over, as quiet as he could in his sturdy black boots, the policeman crept back to his station. Sally watched, still intrigued – by the man with the gun and the spunk in his pants – by whatever lay behind that door. It was only a few minutes before her curiosity was rewarded. The door opened and out came a beautiful young woman tottering on shaky legs.

It was only one glance that Sally got before the girl’s attention was caught by the policeman who pointed her in another direction. But that glance was enough to register the face. And two days later, Sally would put a name to that face, and that name would be Julia, a budding young actress. Julia walked gingerly away somewhat bandy legged – a girl who looked like she’d just been thoroughly fucked – or perhaps even buggered given the torture chamber scene she would later act

so well. The grin on the policeman's face as she passed him, suggested that that was exactly what he'd been hearing – the howls of a woman getting gloriously screwed by something mightily big and stupendously potent.

'Lucky bitch!' thought Sally, who was in serious need of similar servicing.

Then with a huge grin on her face and a little jealousy in her heart, Sally was about to walk away when she heard the door open for a second time. A roar came out to resound along the corridor, shattering everything in its wake.

Sally trembled. She actually trembled. She was a confident girl and normally pretty sure of herself, but that bellowing roar had her decidedly shaking.

The policeman with the embarrassing stain in his pants yelped. Blood drained from his roguish face. On equally shaky legs as the fortunate Julia, the officer came back to the site of his crime. A figure stepped into the corridor – a massive frame of towering manhood that cast a shadow, cold as death. His hand sped out. It grabbed the policeman by the crotch, and squeezing hard, brought him to her knees. The accosting colossus bent to follow the officer down, yelling in his face, flecking him with spit. His other hand sprang out to give a hard slap across the cheek – a backhanded crack that sent the officer's head spinning. Sally watched all this totally transfixed and hideously aroused – her post-climactic pussy pulsating, snarling with new need. Never had she seen anything so authoritatively masculine.

Then Sally gasped and her blood turned to ice.

Did he know she was there?

Was that why the man looked to his right where Sally was peaking around the corner?

Who knows!

Who cares!

Sally turned and fled. The look in those eyes – those coal black eyes, did not incline a voyeur to hang around and discuss the matter further. Sally was scared out of her wits. Miss Devil May Care from the Land Down Under was literally shitting bricks! Never had she seen such a thing personified so sharply, as she did in that fleeting moment. The look in those eyes and the expression on that face – a ruggedly handsome, mature dark featured face - spoke of pure undiluted authority.

It spoke of more....

It spoke of power, absolute power, magnificently majestic! Power to be yielded, power to be used... and without any question, power to be abused. History could name them, and their legacy shames them: mad Roman emperors who watched the town burn; tyrannical Tudor kings and their unfortunate wives; Soviet dictators who filled up the gulags; and Arab despots who made their people wail - a whole procession of men of power. But Sally doubted if any of those notorious autocrats could hold a match to the burning, she saw in those fearsome coal black eyes. If ever there was a man in all of creation that it would be madness to cross or offend in any way, then it was the magnificent presence that had emerged through that door.

Sally fled.

But she didn't flee far, and she still came back to work the following day.

Power is a drug – its taste bittersweet, and for women like Sally Hudson... totally addictive.

Chapter 2

Back in the present, having collected her free lunch, Sally Hudson wandered off, plate in hand, to the central courtyard of the castle where the next scene was to be shot. It was hardly professionalism on her part. Sally was an extra and just needed to be there, another face in the mob, rather than put on some command Oscar winning performance. She was simply curious to see the set, where the execution of the unlucky Tudor queen was to take place.

Whilst not overly crowded, the courtyard was still busy – cameramen and light engineers checking things over; props being adjusted; a few likeminded curious extras dressed in medieval attire milling around trying not to get in the way. Sally sat herself down on the steps and soaked up the atmosphere: enjoying the food, a local pie which was surprisingly good; enjoying the sun which was warm on her face; enjoying the hustle and bustle all around, happy to be alive.

As she watched rather absently, her mind went back to the events of two days ago. It was a scene that now plagued her, like no event in her carefree life had done before. She was haunted by a man she had seen for only a moment yet had somehow touched her in a strange sort of way – sexual prowess, brutish power, raw masculinity being the tools that he'd unconsciously used.

Sally shook her head and tried to laugh it off. This wasn't her style at all. She didn't have hang ups over men, especially

ones that were almost twice her age – what the fuck was going on!

‘I need to get laid,’ Sally said to herself. ‘A week without a shag is doing weird things to my head – not healthy for a girl like me.’

Taking a bite of pie into her mouth, Sally sniggered as she chewed; the vision of Julia staggering down the corridor teased her with suggestion.

‘Oh yeah. That would do very nicely. The old boy’s age didn’t seem to bother her. Scary bastard though!’

Scary indeed – the memory of those coal black eyes looking in her direction still sent a shiver down Sally’s spine. And the authority he’d shown, bringing the police guard to his knees, brutishly admonishing, effortless in his dominance. Not a sexual game, but an exercise of power, decidedly scary, hugely arousing, all the sexier for being so real and secretly witnessed.

For the umpteenth time Sally wondered if she’d been seen. She reasoned it unlikely and was almost certainly not identified. That undoubtedly was a good thing, yet Sally felt disappointed. That brute of a man had crept under her skin and created an itch that demanded to be scratched.

‘Playing with fire!’ Sally heard herself say. It was the voice of caution that she occasionally paid heed to – an instinct that had told her time and time again over the past two days that the smart course of action would be to up sticks and leave town, if not scarper out the country.

But Sally had stayed, held by the magnet of the power she had seen. And anyway - she hadn't done anything terribly wrong, so it seemed silly to flee when she was enjoying herself in this odd little country that she'd never heard of, at least not before she started on her round the world trek.

Mastrovia!

Who on earth would have heard of Mastrovia – none of her mates down under, that was for sure?

Yet here she was in this former Eastern Bloc country that was a constant surprise, and normally for the good. She had travelled it extensively: the countryside had proved beautiful, lush and diverse; the beach resort where she'd stayed for a few days was enchantingly quirky, like stepping back in time. And the capital where she was now based was full of old-world charm, seemingly unspoiled by its years under the Soviet yoke.

And best of all there were the men – dark and swarthy, butch and rugged, which was exactly Sally's type. They were wonderfully hung as well, and Sally knew this as a fact, for quite a few had fucked her with their big fat cocks. So far her tally in the three weeks she had spent in Mastrovia included two customs guards (both together for a spit-roasting), a bus conductor and a couple of truckers, a burly farmer and his hunky son (sadly on separate occasions), the hotel manager at the beach resort and several of the guests. Her luck had dried up however since arriving at the capital. The men looked at her with interest, but never took the bait, which was proving annoyingly frustrating after the wealth of cock Sally had earlier enjoyed.

But despite this reverse of fortunes, Sally had stayed. She stayed for the city and she stayed for the men, ever hopeful that things would change. She stayed because there was work, earning a wage as a film extra in this fabulous location: the castle which was also the police headquarters, ripe with mystery and a sense of adventure. For was that not the reason she had left her life in Sydney – bored with the same old routine and the same old men – well not so old, but no longer exciting because there was no thrill of adventure in the sex they gave.

Her friends had thought her mad when she had outlined her plan, to spend a year circling the globe, avoiding the tourist traps, avoiding other travellers, especially Australians – finding adventure – and boy had she done that!

No more so than two days ago, when she had felt the presence of raw masculinity oozing sexual attraction, when she had seen those dark eyes and the power that they held. Would she ever see such power again? Would she ever know such a thrilling moment – such excitement? What a lucky bitch that Julia was – to have experienced that power plundering her pussy – using it, abusing it, riding it so hard...

“Penny for them?”

“Wha... what?”

Sally looked round and was startled all the more – the build was the same, the presence was there, the attraction was instant... but this wasn’t the man who had captivated her so, for his undoubted power wasn’t all consuming.

Breathing again, Sally found herself gawping - for this younger, not quite as imposing version of that shadow of

power from two days ago, was a sight to behold none the less. In fact, the guy was awesome! It was taking the piss - he was so stunningly good looking. If Sally had the talent of a classical artist, Michelangelo perhaps, and was asked to paint a picture of a physically perfect man, then she would still fall short of what was standing to her side. Tall, broad, wonderfully athletic, he had the build of a brawny Adonis. He was wearing a police uniform that was crisp and smart, a cut above average and richly adorned - a man with rank despite his obvious youth. Like most of his countrymen, the face was dark and swarthy: the lips full and ruby, smiling to reveal a set of dazzling teeth; the features strong and painfully handsome; the coal black eyes excitingly familiar, though not frightening like the older ones Sally had seen two days before and were the subject of her interrupted thoughts.

“I am sorry to disturb you,” the hunky policeman said. “I just wanted to check that everything is okay. I am responsible for security around the film set. And... Well, it is rather odd to see one of the actresses eating alone.”

“Oh! No! I’m not an actress,” Sally blurted, putting down her plate as she stared at the man, stunned by his splendour.

The policeman looked puzzled. “But you are in costume. Surely you cannot be a tourist dressed like that.”

Sally tore her eyes away from the horny uniformed hunk and glanced down to the medieval gear she had on. She snorted out a laugh, feeling oddly shy – which was a rare event indeed for Sally Hudson when it came to chatting to a man. “Oh this!” she said. “Well, yeah, I’m in the film – at least I hope a few

shots of me will appear. But I'm only an extra, not one of the real actors."

"How odd!" exclaimed the young policeman, his tone suddenly formal. "I thought only Mastrovians were employed as extras. For many it is a dream come true, to appear in a Western television production; and most are needy of the money. I had no idea that foreigners were allowed to take their place. Do you have a permit to work in our country?"

Suddenly on the back foot, Sally looked at the policeman panicked. "Erm... No... Oh God, sorry. I... I... I didn't think," she stammered. "I got approached for the job. The bloke said I had the right look and would pay cash in hand... I suppose this is illegal. Shit! Am I in trouble?"

The policeman held a stern expression for a few seconds, making Sally all the more worried. Then his face cracked into that dazzling smile and he let out a hearty laugh. "Of course not, I was only teasing. But it would be a good idea to get a permit to avoid any complications. I can arrange that for you... May I sit down for a few minutes whilst you finish your lunch? We get so few Westerners coming to Mastrovia, and those who do rarely talk to someone like me. It is good to practise my English."

"Yeah, please do," replied Sally, thrilled to bits.

The policeman sat down on the step beside Sally, excitingly close. He angled himself so he could look without straining, their knees ended up barely an inch apart.

"My name is Dimitri," he said offering Sally a massive hand.

"Sally – Sally Hudson," was replied as the hand was shook.

“And where do you come from, Miss Hudson? I do not think England, the accent is wrong... America perhaps?”

“Australia – Sydney’s my hometown... and please - call me Sally.”

“Ha!” laughed Dimitri. “I thought all Australian women were called Sheila. And the men are Bruce’s – is this not so?”

Sally threw him an exasperated look, laced with her best ‘come fuck me’ smoulder to her emerald eyes. The policeman appeared suitably admonished and thrillingly interested. “I am sorry – a bad joke,” he admitted. “It is wrong to stereotype. If anyone should know that then it is a policeman from this part of the world. Most Westerners think we are savages, and that what happened in ‘Midnight Express’ is what they can expect if they fall foul of our Law.”

Sally smirked, warming ever more to the man. Not only was he gorgeous – a hunk of testosterone in a very smart uniform, he was also utterly charming – so different from all the men Sally had encountered before. And there was something about him that echoed back to the commanding brute she had briefly seen in the corridor, which made the attraction all the more intense. “I’m sure that’s not the case,” she said whilst flirting outrageously with her eyes. “But I would appreciate that permit anyway.”

“You will have it tomorrow,” Dimitri confidently stated. “So, Australian Sally, you are a very long way from home.”

“Yeah, and it’s great. I really like it here.”

“And why are you working, instead of playing the tourist?”

“Money mainly,” Sally honestly answered, her confidence returning, her hunger burning. “I’ve been travelling for quite a while now and my cash reserves are getting low.”

Dimitri laughed – a big hearty laugh that thrilled Sally so and caused her pussy to tingle with yearning and gush like a fountain. More juice flowed when he slapped Sally’s thigh and left his big strong hand resting there. “Then you are the wrong sort of Westerner,” Dimitri joked. “We want rich ones bringing hard currency to bolster our economy, not poor ones who come to steal peasants’ jobs.”

“Sorry... Look, if it really is a problem, the permit and all that, then I’ll work the rest of the time without pay. I think it’s great. I love all this history stuff and being around the castle.”

“Don’t be silly,” Dimitri admonished, giving Sally’s thigh a teasing squeeze. “I said you will have a permit by tomorrow, and it will NOT be a problem.”

“Okay,” smiled Sally in reply, thrilled by the policeman’s surety, and thrilled even more by that big hand on her leg which had just moved up an inch nearer her crotch.

“But I agree with you,” continued Dimitri, melting Sally with his look, “it is fascinating. I would do my job here for free as well. The scene they filmed earlier today was particularly riveting, if not rather gruesome.”

“Did you see it?” gushed Sally; wanting to engage, wanting to throw herself at the man. “I was watching it as well. Nightmare stuff or what! But yeah! Really fascinating! I just loved the whole thing. The set was amazing - all those props that they had – it made it all look so authentic.”

“Well of course it did,” replied Dimitri, his hand absently stroking Sally’s thigh. “They are replicas of the genuine article – a few smaller items are indeed authentic having been generously released. The castle is a treasure trove of historical artefacts, and it is wonderfully preserved. The torture chamber is unchanged from four hundred years ago when it was just as active as the Tower of London where that scene was supposed to have taken place. Of course, the director wanted to use it, but my... but the Chief of Police refused. Only privileged guests are allowed to see a piece of living history such as that. There is no way he would allow it to be used as a film set.”

“Wow! So, there is a real torture chamber – fully equipped, like it was when in use?”

“Oh yes. Many people in government think it should be made into a museum – turned into some tourist attraction.”

“I can understand why – I’d certainly pay to have a look.”

“And so would many others,” stated Dimitri frostily, his mischievous hand tensing before relaxing the grip. “But it will not happen. Like much of our culture, it will be preserved. We maintained our identity under those Communist dogs, and we will continue to do so now we have embraced Capitalism. There is a stronger voice in the country that will protect our heritage and not see it prostituted.”

“And who would that be?” asked Sally intrigued, finding the policeman’s passion so exhilarating.

“Chief Karinov, of course!” answered Dimitri. “But anyway, I have said too much. You must forgive me for getting carried away. I will leave you now to finish your lunch.”

Dimitri stood up, removing his hand, leaving Sally a mass of agonised frustration, her face pouting – like a little girl who’d just dropped her ice cream on the street.

“It has been a pleasure to meet you,” Dimitri said rather formally.

“Erm yeah, it was really good talking to you...” replied Sally, her mind frantically searching for something else to say. Normally she would just ask a guy if he fancied a shag, but somehow that didn’t seem right. “...So, if you’re located here, will I see you again?” was the best she could come up with – the lamest line she’d used in a decade.

“Of course!” Dimitri said, and Sally’s face lit up. Then it sunk again as the policeman added, “I will find you tomorrow and give you the permit.”

Then he turned to walk away leaving Sally totally deflated and seriously pissed off. Why was it the men in the capital never followed things through? She watched with a heavy heart and a throbbing clit as Dimitri moved away. Then much to her delight the policeman turned around.

“Although perhaps we could meet again earlier – this evening maybe – or am I being too presumptuous?”

“No! Not at all! I’d like that very much.” Sally gushed; then she threw Dimitri her best ever ‘come fuck me’ smile as she added, “What did you have in mind?”

Dimitri grinned rather sheepishly, which Sally found adorable. “I’m going to show you something magnificent, that few foreigners get to see,” he replied.

Well that was one way of describing his cock – but if he wanted to act coy then Sally was happy to play along.

“Sounds great! Where and when shall we meet up for this magnificent event?”

“Why, here of course! Say eight o’clock.”

Sally had expected a bar, or even better, Dimitri’s apartment – but she was feeling so horny, she’d meet this guy anywhere and crawl over red hot coals to get there if need be. “Okay – it’s a date,” she said.

Dimitri looked fleetingly puzzled before breaking into another heart melting smile. “Yes, a date – a new phrase for me to use. I look forward to... our date... Sally.”

Then he turned and walked away.

Chapter 3

Sally had been waiting for well over half an hour. Darkness had fallen and the courtyard was poorly lit. If it hadn't been for the fact that the police were close at hand, although few were to be seen, she would have felt even more anxious than she did. The castle was an eerie place at the best of times, but with darkness all around and the film crew gone, having left behind the set where a beheading had earlier been enacted, the courtyard had an air of foreboding gloom.

A shiver ran through her. She regretted now having dressed so skimpily in a cream silk blouse with no bra underneath, and a pair of shorts that showed her ass off to a treat – but then she hadn't wanted to leave the policeman in any doubt of her sexual worth and availability.

Half an hour!

Sally was feeling mightily hacked off. If a bloke back home had thought to keep her waiting like this then Sally would have been long gone. She wasn't used to being stood up! With the assets she possessed and so generously shared around, men were forever chasing after her. Sally didn't need to wait around for a man – at least not in Sydney she didn't.

But this wasn't Sydney. Here the rules were different – frustratingly different, but excitingly so. And the man she was waiting for was no ordinary bloke – and after a week of celibacy, Sally was desperate. What was half an hour loitering

in the dark when there was the chance of some much-needed sex with a horny big hunk of physical perfection?

But the bastard wasn't here!

Half an hour turned to three quarters. Sally was livid. Enough was enough! It was galling to admit it – but Sally had been stood up.

“Bastard!” Sally muttered. “Who the fuck does he think he is, to mess me around like this.”

She was finally accepting that another lonely night was on the cards, when lo and behold who should rush through a gateway like an actor bang on cue – a dark uniformed figure calling out, “Sally! Sally! You’re still here! Thank goodness. I am so sorry. There was an incident with one of the film crew. I had no choice but to deal with it. The chief is livid, but I think I’ve managed to calm him down. I got here as soon as I could. No time to change out of uniform. Are you mad at me?”

Sally almost swooned – thrown from indignant despair to childish elation. She had been feeling so peeved and now was mightily relieved, all the happier in fact for having been made to wait – odd as that seemed to this confident young woman. And how could she ever be mad at such a charming hunk of a man? The uniform was perfect as well – it made Dimitri look as sexy as all hell. Although Sally hoped she would also see him out of it. She quite fancied getting fucked with the uniform still on then fucked again with them both totally naked. She quite fancied doing lots of things with the hot horny copper.

“No! I’m not mad,” Sally replied as Dimitri reached her. “I just thought, well, you know... I thought something must have

come up. I'm glad you made it, though... So, what now?"

Sally hoped for a hug and a kiss in the dark, pushed further into the shadows for some heavy petting, but sadly Dimitri kept his distance.

"The tour," the policeman said.

"The tour? Tour of what?"

"Of the torture chamber, of course," Dimitri replied. "For what other reasons did you think I asked you to meet me here?"

Now that was a blow. "Well... I... I thought," Sally stuttered, thrown once again by this enigmatic man.

Dimitri pouted, mildly annoyed. "Do you not wish to see the torture chamber?" he curtly asked. "Earlier today you said it sounded fascinating and would happily pay to see it along with hordes of other tourists. I am here to give you a private viewing."

Sally felt stupid. Had she read everything wrong? Surely not – there could be no mistaking that hand on her thigh earlier this afternoon. "Well, that sounds great. It was just..."

"Oh, I see," said Dimitri sounding hurt. "It's that poor perception again of the foreign police. I understand."

"No! Not at all! It was just..."

"Yes, I know," continued Dimitri, defeat to his tone. "You will no doubt have encountered some of my countrymen – scoundrels from the provinces who show no respect – pawing at beautiful young foreigners and treating them like peasant girls."

“Well yes... there have been a couple of instances,” Sally admitted, electing to be economical with the truth. She didn’t want to scare this charming hunk off by coming across as a total slut.

“But not here in the capital!” huffed Dimitri. “Here there is authority! No one would dare do such a thing.”

“True!” Sally replied, appreciating at last why most of the city men were so reserved – the strong arm of the Law kept them in check. But there was an exception - a shadow of power lurking in the castle that wasn’t afraid to take advantage of a foreign girl gagging for a shag. And there at that moment, the penny dropped. Who would dare to defy the authority of Law, and sit in police headquarters with an armed guard outside – a guard he could squash like a fly? The man at the top had to be the answer – Dimitri’s hero, Chief Karinov himself. An insight Sally decided to keep to herself for fear of causing further offence.

“True! Yes, of course it’s true. Yet still you do not trust me!” Dimitri pressed on, sounding offended. “You think I would act like an animal – some ill-bred lout with no honour.”

Not sure what to say, Sally tried to appease him. “Look, Dimitri. Really - that’s far from what I think. I’d love to see the torture chamber.” Then making a joke to further ease the tension, Sally added with a laugh, “You can even strap me into some of the devices if you like. I’m sure if there is one man in all of Mastrovia I could trust, then it would be you.”

Dimitri beamed a smile that lit up the night, clearly very happy with this outcome.

Sally smiled back, regretting the man's honour, yet thrilled by it as well. It made him all the more attractive being so decent and hard to get! Just a shame he wasn't a bit more like the shadow of power who had coached young Julia to her stunning performance – but that was probably for the best.

Sticking close to Dimitri's side, Sally was escorted into the castle, through some non-descript corridors before they came to a heavy oak door with wrought iron hinges. Dimitri produced a key and opened it. Beyond was a staircase that was heavily worn, lit by flaming torches on the wall.

“We like to keep things authentic,” the policeman reported. “Of course, it would be easier if electric lighting was installed, but it wouldn't be the same – don't you think.”

Sally wasn't quite sure. It was thrilling to be here, but much scarier than she'd expected – almost too real. She could taste the suffering wafting through the air, as if fresh and recent, rather than centuries old.

“Erm... yeah. It's something else!” replied Sally trying to sound as enthusiastic as she could.

When they reached the bottom, they came to a torch lit corridor lined with empty prison cells, at the end of which was another oak door studded with wrought iron nails. Dimitri took a large key which hung on a ring to the side and unlocked the door; it squeaked loudly as he forced it open, sending a shiver down Sally's spine.

“Come! Look!” encouraged Dimitri.

Sally followed him inside. The lighting was low, more flaming torches on the walls which gave off little in the way of heat. It

was summer outside and the evening warm, but down here Sally shivered, a chill running through her bones.

It was a fascinating sight though. Sally gazed around the room in wonderment, her eyes wide open, her mouth agape, her heart pounding as adrenalin flowed. It was an impression she registered first rather than specific items as she scanned the space: the air thick with the smells of leather and wood and burning kerosene; and lurking beneath that there was the scent of human suffering, both ancient and worryingly fresh. Most interesting of all to an intuitive nose was the unmistakable odour of sex. Women had been fucked here, and some of them quite recently - of that Sally Hudson was certain!

The young Australian's excitement mounted with this realisation. Her whole body tingled. Her pulse was racing with the thrill of adventure and wicked eroticism, as she took in the details of the chamber. It resembled the film set from earlier in the day – the designer obviously had been privy to a viewing. But it seemed so much more... well 'real' was the word that sprang to Sally's mind ... everything scarily functional... the room decidedly ancient... but it hadn't died... this torture chamber was still alive. Sally could feel it breathing, quietly waiting, like a predator stalking in the grass.

'And what does that make you?' a voice of caution asked.

Sally chose to ignore it. She was too intrigued and too horny and too taken with Dimitri to worry about silly voices in her head.

"What do you think?" asked Dimitri, siding close so his arm brushed against Sally's.

"God, it's amazing. I didn't quite know what to expect, but..."

“Most people feel the same. It has a character, don’t you agree. This is why it would be a crime to turn it into a museum or dismantle and sell the artefacts as some politicians would have. It would be like taking an Egyptian mummy out of the tomb – a sacrilege for the amusement of the masses.”

“Yes, I understand now.”

“Let me show you a few things.”

Dimitri led Sally around. The visitor’s experience enhanced all the more by the policeman casually taking her by the hand – something Sally would normally view as soppy, but here in the chamber it felt so right. They first went to the rack which Sally had seen a replica of, though this one looked far more intimidating – the wood unmistakably stained with blood, sweat and tears – the agony of limbs torn out of joints and confessions torn out of innocence. Next, they came to the Judas cradle with its pyramid seat. Sally had earlier looked at the film set replica in awe and wonder, now the original was explained in frightening detail.

“Even more horrible than the poker we saw play acted today,” Dimitri reported. “The victim would be stripped naked, adding humiliation to the pain. And the pain of this torture would last for hours, sometimes days – the victim impaled on the pyramid, anally if he was a man – the vagina for a woman – her feet tied together so any movement was complete agony.”

“Yikes! But what for – just to hurt her for the sake of it?” asked Sally, squeezing Dimitri’s hand as she imagined the horror of such a torment.

“Sometimes!” the policeman answered. “There are men who take pleasure in hurting for the sake of it, even today...” he

paused to allow the remark to sink in, returning the squeeze, hinting at his strength, before continuing, "...But normally the cradle was used to obtain a confession or extract information. If the person refused to talk then the torturer could add weights to the victim's legs to increase the pain, or perhaps rock the poor wretch back and forth. I think the most efficient way, however, was to suspend the blighter using ropes then make the victim fall repeatedly onto the pyramid."

Sally winced. "Yeah, I should imagine that would work... And they did this to women as well as men!"

"Of course! In Mastrovia it was mainly women who were tortured in the past."

"You had a lot of witches then!" joked Sally.

"Is that what you call them in Australia?" asked Dimitri rather puzzled... "It's another new word for my repertoire!"

Having confused Sally with the odd remark, Dimitri led them from the Judas cradle to the Judas chair, a hideous contraption into which the victim could be strapped, with spikes covering the parts that came into body contact.

"Now look at this! You said I could place you into some of the devices," laughed Dimitri. "Perhaps this one might be of interest. Of course, you would have to be naked to appreciate it fully. Are you willing to try it?"

Was that a come on? A poorly judged one if it was - never in Sally's wildest dreams would she have thought she would decline stripping naked for Dimitri, but here was a situation where she was compelled to say no. "Sorry, it doesn't look very appealing." Then looking around she added with a laugh.

“I hope you’re not going to hold me to that – everything looks so harmful.”

Dimitri squeezed Sally’s hand again in a gentle crush. “Oh, I’m sure we could find something that wouldn’t be such a torment to get in - this over here for example.”

He led the way to a two holed set of stocks that Dimitri explained was used for foot roasting.

“The victim would be seated as her feet were toasted,” Dimitri said. “It was another very effective way of extracting information, although not a very interesting position to have the victim in...” With a wry chuckle Dimitri released Sally’s hand and gave her ass a teasing pat as he added, “...At least not from a Mastrovian torturer’s point of view, the dirty scoundrels that they were.”

There was the merest fondle, nothing more – Dimitri’s big hand cupping the full round buns before the honourable policeman pulled it away leaving Sally gagging for its return. Then having raised the stakes Dimitri continued with the tour, showing Sally some of the instruments of torture that the chamber was well blessed with: plenty of whips of varying design; implements for stretching, extracting and ripping – fiendish tools for inflicting pain. Dimitri proved to be very knowledgeable about it all and imparted his wisdom with chilling enthusiasm. He demonstrated a few things, like the Pear of Anguish opening its leaves; allowing Sally to imagine what it might be like if such a device were to be opened inside her mouth... or even inside her cunt – although the language he used was a lot more restrained!

Again, Sally winced, and Dimitri seized upon the chance to heighten the sexual tension even more.

“What? You would not like something big and bulbous to be placed inside you?” Dimitri asked smirking – the innuendo all too clear. He backed it up by raising his eyebrows and throwing Sally a filthy leer - an action that sent a bolt of pure excitement rushing to Sally’s tingling sex. The Pear of Anguish could definitely be ruled out, but, by God, after all this teasing, Sally needed something stuffed inside her – she needed Dimitri’s cock.

Silence fell. Sally breathed deep. She inhaled the dank air with its undercurrent atmosphere of power and forced sex - scary like the setting, but oh so exciting. Dimitri was contributing to the dizzying mix – musk and testosterone oozing from his pores – the smell of an alpha male blossoming into his prime – the scent of a man who was ready to claim his mate for the night.

Sally stared at Dimitri and became locked in his gaze. Those coal black eyes sparked into fire, so thrillingly familiar, scarily exciting. This man of honour had a mischievous side that was about to come out and play. The Pear of Anguish was put down and a step closer was taken. They eyed each other hungrily.

“So, Sally, what shall we do now?”

“I’m sure you know what I’d like to do.”

Dimitri reached round and placed his hand on Sally’s buttock, kneading the flesh as he pulled her close.

“But that might be inappropriate – it would suggest that I had lured you down here to take advantage.”

Sally pressed into him. She could feel Dimitri’s arousal, a solid erection throbbing behind his uniform trousers, wonderfully large, thrilling with its promise.

Pressing into him, squashing her breasts against his manly chest, Sally cooed, “Don’t you want to take advantage of me, officer? I certainly wouldn’t mind. I think it would round the tour off very nicely.”

“What!” Dimitri laughed with a hint of seriousness. “Do you want the full torture chamber experience? Perhaps I should tie you to the rack, stretch you out then rip off your clothes and flay your beautiful tits before fucking your brains out whilst you screamed for mercy.”

“Well, perhaps not take me quite so violently,” Sally laughed in return, sure this was a joke.

“You might like it,” teased Dimitri, giving Sally’s ass a firm slap.

“The fucking part yes – I’m not sure about the rest,” Sally replied as she writhed against the policeman, feeling wonderfully turned on by this assertive side to the guy.

“But you did say I could bind you,” Dimitri persisted as he writhed and groped, using his other hand to squeeze between them and have a feel of Sally’s breasts that were bare beneath her blouse. “And there is something infinitely more interesting than the rack we could use. It’s a bit naughty, but how would anyone find out...”

“Find out what?” asked Sally totally intrigued, desperate for the man.

“That we’d used it. I would get into so much trouble, but this is a chance in a lifetime... What do you say, Sally? Would you not like to try out a piece of historical equipment? Think what an adventure that would be – something to tell your friends when you go back to Sydney – that you were fucked by a policeman – a lieutenant no less, bound in a genuine artefact in an actual torture chamber.”

“Well, yes – it does sound like fun... but do we really need to go that far?”

Dimitri stiffened; a flash of hurt crossed his face. “Humph... there it is again – the lack of trust. I am sorry. Forget it. It’s too risky anyway. Let’s go back to my apartment where it is clean and sanitised, just like the sex we would have there – everything safe and forgettable.”

The hurt expression had stabbed Sally like a knife; the words had twisted the blade around. She was being seen as an unadventurous wimp, an amateur at sex, which was not the impression Sally wanted to give out or have of herself.

“Dimitri – I doubt if I would forget it very easily,” she protested; then pride in her sexual prowess made her take the bait. “And I do want adventure... that’s why I’m here, with you, and not in Sydney. So... what exactly do you have in mind?”

A smile cracked Dimitri’s face, giving Sally the assurance that was needed. “Come with me and I’ll show you.”

Ignoring again the voice that was screaming caution in her head, Sally allowed herself to be led. She did want adventure,

and she definitely wanted the man. And she was feeling so horny after more than a week of celibacy, the setting adding to the sexual tension that frizzled between her and Dimitri.

She was taken by the wrist to the far end of the chamber where a narrow arch led to a small anti-chamber she had not seen before, hidden as it was by the darkness inside. Dimitri took a torch from the outside wall and placed it in a holder on the anti-chamber wall.

“Wow!” said Sally as she looked at the pillory that was the only furnishing in the room.

“We keep it here out of sight because the pillory was never traditionally used in the torture chamber. The pillory was for public punishment, usually placed in the town square or marketplace where there would be plenty of people to bear witness and torment the criminal.”

“A pillory... you mean like the stocks?” Sally asked, running her fingers over the smooth wood of the structure. Set on a raised base, it was about four feet tall and in the shape of a T, with three holes along the crossbar. The top half of the beam could be moved up along rails bolted to either side. “So, you want to put me in this and then... well and then fuck me I suppose?” Sally further enquired, totally intrigued by the device.

“Why not?” replied Dimitri coming to Sally’s side, his hand once again feeling up the young Australian’s buttocks. “It used to happen all the time in Mastrovia – a tradition that has sadly been lost.”

“You’re kidding me!”

“No! Not at all! It was an accepted practice if a woman had sinned – to be placed in the pillory and fucked by the whole village if the men felt inclined. For some odd reason, they were always young and pretty – so the chances were, every man would have a turn.”

“Bloody hell!”

“Sadly, the practice was banned by the Communists many years ago, and now... well, we are part of the modern world and it would not do to have such things happen in public, so this pillory is hidden away and no longer used. But it has always been my wish...”

“... And I’ll make it come true!” interrupted Sally, her hungry sex ruling over her brain and that voice that was pleading for her to get out of here fast. “I’ll do it... You can put me in it and then screw me from behind... God, how exciting!”

“You agree! Oh, thank you, Sally.”

Dimitri pulled the young woman towards him. He gazed into Sally’s eyes for a second then plunged his face against the Australian’s - lips smashing against lips, mouths parting for tongues to slither and taste each other as they fenced in a dance of release. Wrapped in each other’s arms, they kissed long and passionately, tongues lashing, teeth gnashing, bodies writhing, clutching at each other. Dimitri’s resumed his groping – feeling her ass and massaging her tits, the hands going under her blouse, and under her shorts to grapple with naked flesh. Dimitri bucked at her with his groin, a man of honour now suddenly unleashed into the hungry savage. Emboldened, his hand on her ass came around to search for the cunt he was determined to ravish.

He found it with ease! Sally felt big fingers slip inside her G-string and enter her pussy lips, stroking the folds, rubbing her clit. Then they were there at the entrance to her vagina, and one was forced up!

In this dark place of torment with the scent of sex all around, Sally was invaded at two ends. There was a tongue in her mouth lashing and tasting, and a finger in her pussy wriggling around. She was held in strong arms, the strong arms of the Law, crushed against a man – a hot horny policeman who was driving her wild: with his tongue, with his finger, with the mass of his body – with his lovely big cock that he had yet to take out, but simply had to go up Sally Hudson's cunt no matter what perversion or risk was now asked!

Finally, Dimitri broke away with his mouth. Sally let out a gasp, writhing against the policeman, clenching on the finger that was still inside her.

“Oh yeah! God, Dimitri, you're making me so wet! Come on, big boy! Let's do it! Set me up how you want and fuck my brains out!”

“You are sure?” asked Dimitri, slipping her another finger to frig with two. “It would be wrong of us to do this – it is technically a crime, but...”

“... I'm certain!” cried Sally, on fire for the man. “God that feels good. But I want more than your fingers up my snatch. I can't wait to have your cock inside me!”

Dimitri stared at her hard, his face quizzing and serious. “And I can fuck you in the pillory, like it was done in times of old – enjoy the experience that is my heritage – enjoy it in the full, the way it used to be done?”

“Anything!” snarled Sally, totally crazed with the need to get gloriously screwed by this hot horny stud. “You can do whatever you want as long as I get that big cock of yours fucking me wildly!”

“Excellent! So, come! Let me show you how it works.”

With a final twist of the fingers inside Sally’s vagina, Dimitri withdrew his hand from Sally’s shorts. He stepped past her and slid the top portion of the pillory beam upwards, locking it into place with a wooden peg.

“Step up here,” the policeman directed.

Compelled to obey, for the man, for his cock, for the adventure of it all, Sally did as she was asked. There were two small openings in the base of the platform. Sally placed each foot through the semi-circular apertures. She watched transfixed as Dimitri bent down and slid the matching pieces into place, locking each one around her ankles with another peg, leaving her secured with her legs slightly spread.

Feeling rather unstable, Sally rested her left hand on the crossbeam for support.

“That’s it,” Dimitri encouraged. “Rest your wrists in the slots and put your head right through the part in the middle.”

Sally did as she was told, finding it all an incredible turn on. Her clit was throbbing, her pussy was pulsating, her heart was racing, thrilled beyond measure. She had played a few games in her chequered past, flirted with bondage, but never anything like this – so scarily real in this authentic setting. But she wasn’t afraid – she trusted the man and she was desperate for some sex. She needed to get fucked by a dominant force. The

past two days had set off a craving that demanded gratification. The pillory and Dimitri would be just the job – the most adventurous fornication she’d ever engaged in.

THUD!

The top half of the beam came down across Sally’s neck and wrists, pinning her head and hands into position. Thrilling apprehension surged through her body. Dimitri slid the fastening dowels through on either side, latching the beam securely. Sally struggled a little – she tested out her bondage and found that she was unable to move. She couldn’t even adjust her head enough to see where the policeman was.

“There, how does that feel?” asked Dimitri from behind, a hint of menace to his voice.

“Kinky as hell, although it’s not very comfortable,” Sally replied.

Dimitri came around to the front of the pillory. He grabbed a handful of Sally’s long auburn hair and chugged on it hard, jerking her face upwards. Sally let out a yelp as Dimitri yelled at her, “It’s not meant to be comfortable, you stupid bitch!”

Suddenly that trust was thrown across the room and shattered like a glass on the chamber’s ancient stone walls. Sally Hudson’s Mastrovian adventure had just taken a very scary turn, and she wasn’t at all best pleased with it!

Chapter 4

“What the fuck are you playing at? You’re hurting me! Let go of my hair!”

“But you agreed to this!” snapped Dimitri, outwardly unhappy at Sally’s rebellious attitude, though secretly delighting in the spirit being shown. “You said I could have the full experience, that I could enjoy you in the pillory the way it used to be done.”

“Yeah, but I didn’t bargain on you hurting me! So, cut it out! Let go of my hair! I’ve had enough of this shit. I think it would be best to stop right now.”

Dimitri let go of the hair, but that was the only thing he freed. He remained standing in front of Sally, an ominous shadow in the flickering torchlight.

“That’s better,” growled Dimitri, his voice now harsh and cruel. “This is how it should be – the victim afraid and unwilling – not begging to be fucked like some cheap slut. For the criminal, being in the pillory should be a humiliating experience, not a sexual treat. The treat is for the others – those who get to abuse the victim. It is nowhere near as much fun if it is welcomed.”

It was humiliating all right – humiliating for Sally that she’d fallen into this trap and allowed her pussy to rule her brain.

“Dimitri, you’re scaring me,” Sally said, in an attempt to calm down and reason with the guy.

“You have to be scared! Otherwise this is play acting, like in that stupid film - and I want the experience to be as real as possible.”

Sally was getting seriously worried now. Whilst a part of her quite liked the brutal dominance that was on show, it was not an aspect of her psyche she'd ever chosen to explore. Playing the slut was all very well, but Sally had ALWAYS retained some control – respect had been shown – it was she who got what she wanted, never the guy taking without Sally getting her kicks. This was alien territory, and a situation that had got way out of hand. “I’m sorry,” she stated, trying to sound assured. “I don’t want to go through with this. I’ve changed my mind. Just let me go and I’ll say nothing to anyone.”

“But that’s perfect,” sneered Dimitri. “I don’t want your consent.”

Sally was horrified, anger rising again, furious at the policeman and her own stupidity. “Let me go you bastard! You can’t do this! I’ll...”

“...You’ll what? Report me to the police?” Dimitri cruelly laughed.

Sally shuddered, feeling the trap tighten. She had come here willingly; she had agreed to get in the pillory. There were plenty of men in the country who could testify to the fact that she enjoyed getting fucked. Who would believe that she then changed her mind when it would be her word against a police lieutenant’s?

“Okay, do what you must,” Sally conceded, resigning herself to the situation, which at the end of the day might not be so

bad – she would still get shagged by this horny policeman, and hopefully the rest wouldn't get too rough.

Dimitri laughed mockingly as he grabbed Sally's hair again and snapped her head up so he could stare at the young woman. "But now you are making it too easy again! I can't have that."

With a derisory snort, Dimitri released his grip and walked away. He left the anti-chamber and came back a few minutes later carrying a whip. Sally looked at it in the flickering light, her apprehension rising as she saw the instrument of torture with its handle of carved wood and its dark leather falls.

"No fucking way!" Sally hollered; then she forced some calm as she tried to reason again. "Dimitri look – you can't do this to me! I'm an Australian citizen, for God's sake!"

Dimitri laughed at her protests. "You're sounding like that actress earlier today. But you are now in my custody and I can do whatever I like. Remember that you were caught working here illegally, and corporal punishment is still practiced in Mastrovia for minor offences like that... even on foreigners who break our laws."

"There'll be outrage!" Sally yelled.

"Perhaps... but then, perhaps not... Not if those pompous idiots who might take offence were to listen to this..."

Dimitri removed a small device from a pocket in his jacket. At the press of a button the trap snapped closed when Sally heard her own voice.

"Anything! You can do whatever you want as long as I get that big cock of yours fucking me wildly!"

“But...”

Ignoring Sally’s further pleas, Dimitri ended the recording. He draped the flogger over his shoulder and went behind the fuming Australian.

“Not exactly appropriate clothing,” muttered Dimitri as he gripped the back of Sally’s blouse by the collar and with one powerful tear, ripped it apart so it hung from her exposed shoulders as a rag.

“That’s better – although still somewhat unorthodox for this part of the world,” said Dimitri as he ran his hand over Sally’s shoulders and back, curling it round to again feel her naked tits that hung heavy and pendulous. “You sick bastard!” Sally roared. “Stop this! I’ll see you swing if you don’t. I swear, I will!”

Dimitri appeared immune to the threat. “A swing! Now that’s another interesting idea. Perhaps I’ll tie you to a swing next, with legs spread apart, and have you swing with me standing before you, impaling your shaved pussy with my cock,” he absently said as his hand drifted down past the waistband of Sally’s shorts. Then suddenly his fingers were clawing at the material, chugging the shorts down to rest around Sally’s thighs. The skimpy G-string followed, leaving Sally lewdly exposed and provocatively bent over. It also revealed an embarrassing state, for despite all her protests, Sally’s pussy was bloated and gushing juice.

“Interesting,” mused the policeman as he stroked the shaven moist flesh of her sex.

“Stop this! You bastard! Stop this right now!” Sally bawled, but she knew it sounded hollow. And when Dimitri actually

complied in part by taking his hand away from Sally's cunt, the young Australian rued the loss. But compensation came, and Sally couldn't help but quiver as she felt a caress on her right butt cheek. The touch was soft, highly sensuous, the bondage and Sally's underlying fear heightening the sexual thrill. Despite her concerns over what lay in store, Sally couldn't help but respond. She swayed her ass in welcome – an invite that Dimitri appeared to be accepting.

With one hand massaging the right buttock, there was a rasp of a zipper, and the familiar sound of a hard cock being freed. Hot velvety flesh made contact with the top of her legs and then was guided into the slit of her pussy, spreading the lips and rubbing the inner folds.

Sally gasped. She hated the bastard for doing this to her, but she still wanted him as well with a ravenous hunger. The whip was just a bluff – a sick twisted bluff. Of course, Dimitri would never dare do such a thing. Sally relaxed under the caress of a strong hand and a hard cock. Her pussy pulsed with anticipation.

“Yes, very interesting,” repeated Dimitri as he prodded with his knob. “A naked cunt! Foreign women are such brazen sluts! It's tempting to fuck it first before marking you.”

“What!” exclaimed Sally, as she tensed anew at the words. But she didn't tense enough to prevent the thrust and the stabbing pain as Dimitri bullied his cock in, stuffing Sally with five inches of hard meat before thrusting again to feed her four more, grinding at the end as he lustily groaned at the consummation of a cunning day's work.

“Arrrgh! Fuck! You bastard! Take it easy, will you!” yelled Sally, who was no stranger to a big cock plundering into her body, but was accustomed to gentler entries before the owner took off and fucked her senseless.

“Insolent scoundrel!” Dimitri yelled in reply.

Sally heard the words then she felt the sting as she was rewarded for her protest with a slash to her back, the flogger falling firmly, snarling at her flesh. Dimitri struck out again and again, using the flogger to punctuate his words.

“You will not...”

WHACK!

“...refer to me...”

WHACK!

“...like that...”

WHACK!

“...again...”

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

“...From now on...”

WHACK!

“...you will call me...”

WHACK!

“...Sir...”

WHACK! WHACK!

“Understood?”

WHACK!

Sally could barely think. She was in an agony of torture. The blows upon blows had snapped at her back, snarling at the skin like some savage beast. She was shaking with outrage and a fair portion of fear, absorbing the ache, in total shock, barely aware that her cunt was still impaled by a throbbing nine-inch cock.

“UNDERSTOOD!!!” screeched Dimitri.

“Yes! Yes, sir!” Sally sensibly answered, the deference gnawing at her guts.

“Good!”

Draping the flogger over the crossbeam so the tendrils caressed Sally’s face, Dimitri rewarded his captive with a few lusty strokes, reminding Sally that there was indeed hard meat inside her, and plenty of it. In her agony she groaned, for the big fat cock felt so good, the sensuous fucking a wonderful treat after the torture she’d endured.

Sadly, appreciative groans were not what Dimitri wanted, or at least that was the charade he elected to play.

“Slut!” he cried out. “You are ruining this for me with your enjoyment.”

Dimitri pulled his cock out, his exit as rough as his entry, leaving Sally hurt but snarling for it back. He stood to the side and again his right hand was on Sally’s right buttock, his left on the Australian’s welted back. Dimitri groped the flesh, growling out his lust. Then the hand was removed to come crashing back, making a resounding smack as it slapped the skin. Another slap came, this time even harder on the centre of

Sally's ass, the full rounded buttocks wobbled under the impact.

Dimitri struck out again, landing two rapid blows, one on each buttock. Sally winced. She wiggled her hips as she embraced the pain from each smack. It hurt, but not agonisingly so like the whip on her back. In a warped sort of way, it was quite enjoyable, and in a different context Sally might have welcomed a few more playful smacks before Dimitri rammed his cock back up her fanny and fucked her breathless.

But it was more than a playful slap she next got. Dimitri thundered his hand down and Sally yelled out loud. The cry was real, what was needed in fact without any need to fake, but the swaying of her ass was a big mistake.

"You are still enjoying it, slut!" yelled Dimitri in disgust.

"Well I'll soon put a stop to that."

The angry lieutenant picked up the flogger from the crossbeam where it had been left. Dimitri considered it for a moment then put the weapon back, electing instead to take off his belt - a thick piece of leather that he doubled up. It took only seconds before he had drawn it back and the first resounding crack thundered onto Sally's bare ass.

"AH! SHIT!" yelled Sally as she absorbed the hurt; new and searing, in no way pleasing.

"That's more like it!" Dimitri snarled. Then he set off on a thrashing of savage magnitude.

WHISH!

WHALLOP!

"ARRRGH!"

Those were the sounds that echoed around the flickering space. Dimitri lashed out and gave Sally no relief. The leather crashed and crashed against her ass. The honourable policeman now manically transformed, unleashed a fury of seismic proportions. Muscles strained in a devilish assault... the belt thudding down time after time.

Sally Hudson was in a maelstrom of hurt. Her ass cheeks were on fire, almost punch drunk on pain. The young Australian, so far from home and her carefree life, squirmed within her bondage as the onslaught progressed. Detested tears were flowing down her cheeks. She hollered and she yelled, and she begged for mercy. She could feel her buttocks burning, the battered flesh becoming numb.

Then as suddenly as the attack had started, Dimitri brought it to an end. He tossed the belt away and leapt back on Sally. With a single hard stab Dimitri was fully in her – his cock bullying again into Sally's palpitating pussy.

There was hurt in many forms - Sally yelled anew as the big cock head plundered into her vagina. She howled as the huge shaft plunged into her sex, stretching her again so incredibly wide. She hollered as Dimitri rammed all the way in and slammed his groin into Sally's aching butt cheeks. But God what a rush that entry gave this horny young girl from Sydney, to be taken so brutally and filled so well, hideously abused, gloriously stuffed, millions of nerve endings firing off to play a symphony of discordant pleasure in her pussy. Her clit that had calmed down through all the beatings throbbed again in need of attention – a consideration she was unlikely to get.

Hideous fear and the need for survival clashed with torrential whorish yearning. Sally was drowning in agony and a fury of emotion, yet that cock felt so good inside her body – the pleasure magnified by the pain she suffered. There was screeching hatred in her heart, and snarling lust in her loins. Confusion reigned, anger raged – the man was a bastard like none other she'd known, but Sally wanted that bastard to fuck her senseless – the need to get shafted crushed all else.

And boy did the bastard fuck her!

Dimitri let loose with savage intent, and truly did screw Sally Hudson senseless. It was mean, it was nasty, and it was brutal like the man. There was lingering pain and there was serious discomfort. But this mattered little when there was a fabulous big cock that filled her so well, and a horny big hunk with the stamina of a bull, rutting away behind her - a Mastrovian man, a beast of the species, claiming his heritage, asserting his dominance, a prince made king for the moment.

With no care for technique, no attempt to impress, Dimitri shagged Sally Hudson wildly. It should have felt degrading to be treated like this – flesh to be used, a body to be abused - a pilloried victim from the modern age, creating an illusion of history. But there was no sense of degradation, no humiliation as in those public abuses of centuries ago. Sally revelled in the honesty of the fucking she was given, which was more candid than any she'd known before – the man using her, taking his pleasure, totally in control, the sex so pure, in no way diluted by feigned affection.

Unable to control herself, Sally groaned, and she howled and moaned so loud, punctuating her hollering with cries of, 'Yes!

Yes! Yes!’ Ignoring the whorish sound effects, Dimitri carried on pounding into her, slamming with his groin as he ploughed with his cock. Sally’s body was in agony, but she still felt so aroused. She strained to meet the thrusts as Dimitri plunged with his hard cock ever more powerfully into Sally’s electrified cunt.

Onwards, onwards, Dimitri galloped towards the line, taking Sally with him, riding her so hard, building up to a climax that could never be held back.

BANG! BANG! BANG!

The pillory was shunting.

“YES! YES! YES!”

Sally was grunting.

“TAKE THAT YOU BITCH!” Dimitri was roaring.

“GIVE IT TO ME! GIVE IT TO ME!” The bitch begged all the more.

Then in a blaze of rutting, a blur of wild sex, Dimitri powered his final brutal strokes in. Roaring like a beast, the noise echoing off the walls, he rammed fully in and held himself there, shuddering orgasmically as he blew out his load, pumping with his hips as he squirted it all out.

Sally hollered as well as she felt the first blast splatter into her vagina. Overpowered by the moment, so wonderfully taken, her own body spasmed, jerking in her bondage as a massive climax erupted from her sex and blew her away.

Together they came, two people bound in orgasmic copulation. Spurt after spurt lashed at Sally’s cunt, fuelling her own

mighty climax that ran and ran like a torrential river. Finding a second wind, wanting to enjoy her to the full - Dimitri set off again – with short staccato pumps he fucked and fucked till he'd fucked them both spent; then with a final thrust he slumped himself down, groaning out his sated pleasure.

Minutes passed as the climaxes abated. Dimitri appeared to be in no rush to untangle their bodies and pull his cock out. He just stood there draped over his pilloried prisoner, silently savouring the post-coital bliss, his softening dick sheathed by warm female flesh.

Sally enjoyed it as well. Her body was aching, but she felt wonderfully replete, like a famished woman after a gourmet feast. But then slowly, slowly, as the hormonal rush of sex gave way in her brain to cold hard reason, tension crept back into her battered and fucked body along with simmering anger.

What the hell was going to happen now? What did she want – revenge - another fucking? Yes, was the answer – Sally wanted both.

More minutes passed. Sally waited, anger flaring, lust still raging despite having come. Then finally Dimitri stirred and raised himself up, slowly sliding his cock out of Sally's well shagged cunt.

"You enjoyed that!" the policeman accused.

"What! I erm..."

"Don't pretend otherwise! You were howling like a whore and you came at the end!"

"Well excuse me!" Sally snapped in response.

“Slut!” Dimitri snarled. “No Mastrovian woman would have acted in such a way – welcoming the indignity. Your behaviour has ruined it for me. For that you must endure the full punishment.”

“What? What do you mean by the full punishment?” Sally asked, panic setting back in.

“Two hours was the normal sentence,” Dimitri informed her as he ripped off a piece of Sally’s ruined blouse to wipe his cock clean before stuffing it away. “That gave plenty of time for the whole village to enjoy a turn at the criminal. I’d say you have at least another hour to go... and one more fucking to be sure, for I’m not finished with you yet. That ass of yours looks like it might be fun. Perhaps I’ll bugger you next before taking another turn at your bald cunt.”

Sally yelped as her ass was slapped again then a finger was stuffed up her anus.

“Yes,” growled Dimitri. “I’m going to fuck you up the ass before I’m finished tonight. But I’m going for a beer first. I’ll fill my bladder so I can piss over your face before I screw you again. Perhaps then you won’t act quite so whorishly having waited here in the dark for that added humiliation.”

“No! For Christ’s sake, Dimitri! This has gone far enough!”

Quick as a flash, with his finger still up Sally’s ass, Dimitri picked up his belt and brought it thundering down on the Aussie girl’s back. “What did I tell you?” he yelled as he struck. “You will call me sir. Must I flay off your skin before you remember?”

“I’m sorry sir,” Sally hissed through her hurt and her fury.

“You will be if you forget again. So, think on that as you wait here for me. I’ll be back in one hour.”

The finger was removed. The belt was put on and the torch snuffed out. Dimitri walked away, leaving only the flickering light from the main room that filtered dimly through the archway for illumination. A moment later there was a squeak and a slam. Sally was left alone in a medieval torture chamber, bound in a pillory, practically naked, spunk seeping out of her shaven pussy!

Totally fucked in every respect!

Not a happy girl at all.

Chapter 5

The silence was crushing. Sally felt its sting much more than the whip that had flogged her back, or the belt that had leathered her ass. Eerie silence all around – a presence like a ghost, ephemeral and unseen, suggesting in the scant light, chilling in the damp air.

“Dimitri!” she cried.

She got no response.

“Lieutenant!” she tried again.

Still there was nothing.

“Sir! Please, don’t leave me like this!” was the desperate last hope, but she knew Dimitri wasn’t there. She was alone in the dark and the silence, with only the ghosts of tortured women for company in her bondage.

“Shit!” muttered Sally, needy of some sound. “What a complete and utter bastard!” But Sally wanted that bastard to hurry back and do whatever his sick mind had planned.

‘And what would that be?’ she heard an admonishing voice ask in her head. *‘Piss on your face then stuff his dripping cock into your guts?’*

Sally shrugged that last part off - it wouldn’t be the first time someone had done that last part. She quite enjoyed a bit of anal as long as it got mixed with plenty of work on her pussy.

‘Beat you some more? I tried to warn you about that,’ the gloating voice added.

Well Sally knew that was coming, the self-recrimination. And what was her choice now? She could either debase herself and call the bastard sir or show defiance and take another thrashing. Galling as it was, she'd probably call the bastard sir.

'And you'll accept all this because you want him to fuck you again!' accused the sanctimonious voice, that under normal circumstances would have been shut right up, but here in the silence was being given free reign.

"Yes!" shouted Sally in an attempt to deafen her own mind.

"Yes! I want him to fuck me again!"

And she did. Shaming as it was after all that had happened, but Sally wanted another round with the bastard. The man was a sadist, but he had one hell of a big prick and he sure knew how to use it. What a shafting he'd given her - Sally had come without touching her clit, and it had been one of the most intense climaxes of her very busy sex life. By Christ she wanted to be fucked again by the horny big brute, and ideally more than just the once!

But what a price to pay!

The silence!

The agony she had suffered!

The sense of degradation that at last was creeping in – to have been treated so badly, and taken so much warped pleasure in the abuse – to what depths had she fallen to want more of the same?

The silence made her think – the voice in her head was persistent and loud with nothing else around. The reality was, she was totally at Dimitri's mercy – this man who had

charmed her and seemed so decent but turned like Dr. Jekyll into a hideous Mr. Hyde. Hideous, yet so awesome in the sex he'd dished out – the man magnificently dominant, wonderfully masterful like that shadow of power that had terrifyingly thrilled her. Was that the side of the police lieutenant Sally actually preferred? Did she want to be mastered by an abuser of power?

“No!” yelled Sally, refusing to accept. How could that be? That wasn't her nature. She was a confident young woman who was sexy and beautiful. Blokes normally ran after *her*, always wanting to please her, not the other way around. If anything, *she* was the one who was usually in control. That's what she liked; Sally assured herself. She wasn't some doormat for blokes to walk over.

'Then why are you here, and not in Sydney?' asked that sodding little voice. 'Lusting after policemen, symbols of authority, instead of in Sydney screwing men who play safe. Why were you wetting your gusset over some shadow of power – what the fuck is all that about if not wanting to submit to some dominant force? Why did you stay when I told you to flee? Why? Why? Why?'

For adventure, was the answer - but not like this. There was no way Sally was going to accept this sort of shit, no matter how good the fucking was. The man was a deceiving brute and Sally knew she had to somehow get out of his clutches. In desperation, she tested out her bondage in an attempt to escape. But the pillory was solid, sturdily made, and even if she did somehow manage to get free of it, the door to the chamber was undoubtedly locked. There was no escape. All

she could do was wait - wait in the silence, fear gnawing at her soul.

Minutes passed, or were they hours? It felt like an eternity, yet Sally reasoned the time down to minutes. Dimitri had said he would return in one hour, and Sally actually believed that. It was a straw to cling to – the lieutenant coming back – his sense of history wanting to make the timing right – his cock demanding it wasn't kept waiting too long, wanting to bugger her poor battered ass and fuck her drizzling fanny again as well.

Sally's pussy pulsed at the memory of the last one. She could feel Dimitri's spunk dribbling out to run down the inside of her thighs. She could feel her clit tingle again despite all her woes, hankering for Dimitri to shaft her again.

"You bastard!" Sally screamed, hating herself for wanting the man so much, despite all the torment he had put her through, and this subtler torture she was now enduring - silence, silence, all around - 'You bastard!' echoing off the walls, merging with cries from the past, recent and ancient.

More minutes passed. Sally started panting, her fear in the silence gripping so tight, squeezing the breath out of her lungs as she struggled to suck it back in. Being alone she could bear; she had travelled as such. It went against the grain of her gregarious nature, but there had always been something to keep her sane - a voice that was real, some genuine sound – never this silence screaming in her head – a tormenting alter ego hammering her plight home, taunting, taunting, mentally berating...

'You're alone! You're at risk! You need him to come back! You want him to come back, and he could probably name his price. Is this part of a game, leaving you here with your pain, in a torment of silence, in this scary place, with your fears and anxieties gnawing at your guts? Is he breaking you, breaking you, tearing you down? And if that's the case, then what's the objective? Will he set you free or is there a darker plan? Will you ever see your friends and family again?'

"Stop it!" shouted Sally. "Stop it! Stop it! Stop it!"

Sweat poured from her panicked brow. Sally shivered, going insane with anxiety. Then suddenly in the silence there was a real sound breaking through. It cut the dank air like a stabbing knife. A squeak from outside that Sally had heard before. The torture chamber door was opening!

Dimitri was back!

Sally's heart soared. She wanted to cry out, "Dimitri! Dimitri! Come to me please!" But she forced the silence. She must act contrite, call him sir, and give the lieutenant what he wanted. Then she would get fucked again – and after that she might get freed.

But Sally's joy was short lived, for in the silence came a voice – a voice of a stranger with an accent well known.

"I have to say, Chief Karinov, I'm thrilled you've invited me... I didn't think we Australians were important enough to merit such a privilege."

"Not at all ambassador," replied a second voice that chilled Sally Hudson to the core. "It was a gross oversight on my part

not to have invited you sooner. Now let me show you around – I’m sure you’ll find it fascinating.”

In the almost darkness of the anti-chamber, Sally Hudson snapped to full awareness. The Australian ambassador was right outside: arguably a knight in shining armour that had inadvertently come to rescue her from this hellish nightmare – although on the other hand, it would be hellishly embarrassing to be found in such a state, and she would miss out on that second fuck. Tricky enough for Sally’s mind to wrestle with, but the ambassador wasn’t alone – he was the guest of a man – Chief Karinov no less – chief of police and apparently the voice in the country who ruled over politicians – protector of a heritage, part of which Sally was so lewdly re-enacting. And worst of all, charming as it was at present, Sally’s earlier suspicions were now confirmed, for that voice was the same as the shattering one that had come from the man who had stepped into the corridor two days before – the voice of power – the voice of a man not to be crossed at any cost.

Fear crushed her and Sally remained quiet. She listened in abject terror.

“Fascinating! Absolutely fascinating!” Sally could hear the ambassador say. “And when was the last time the chamber was actually used in anger.”

‘Half an hour ago!’ Sally almost screamed. But she bit her tongue, too afraid and too ashamed to draw attention to her plight.

“Sadly, not so long ago,” was the accurate reply given by that shadow of power that had Sally tingling in her fear. “Those Soviet dogs, scum of the earth who enslaved our country, were

not averse to torturing our people in here. Mastrovia has a bloody history. This chamber is a testament to that. And it is something very dear to my heart, as I am sure you are aware, Mr. Ambassador.”

“Indeed, I am, Chief Karinov. In the diplomatic community it is widely known that the place is revered as a shrine – that is why I am so honoured that you have kindly brought me here.”

‘Oh fuck!’ cried that voice in Sally Hudson’s head. For once Sally was in full agreement.

“Yes ‘a shrine’ - that is a good way to describe how I feel about the place,” the chief said to hammer the horror home.

“That is why I protect its integrity so vigorously. Can you imagine – earlier this evening, the set designer of that abomination they are filming outside had the gall to insist I supply a genuine rack for their next torture scene.”

“Is he still alive?” the ambassador asked with a laugh, which quickly trailed away into an awkward cough and splutter.

“She!” the chief corrected. “Women seem to be taking over in the West! And of course, she’s still alive! You mustn’t listen to all the gossip - those days are long behind us,” the chief assured him. “In actual fact, she got off very lightly thanks to the intervention of one of my officers. Twenty minutes in the replica rack with a gentle stretch was sufficient demonstration to convince the impertinent bitch that it was good enough for her film... Now, let me show you some of the more unusual artefacts...”

With two very nervous Australians wondering if the chief had been joking or not, the tour proceeded; the ambassador fawning over whatever he was shown, not convincingly

impressed but obviously in awe of the man that was affording him the honour of visiting his precious torture chamber. Sally listened in dismay, her mouth dry with fear, too terrified to utter any sound. The fact that she was here was bad enough – the chief would be livid, but the ambassador's presence would probably save her. To be found like this though: bound in a treasured artefact; her clothes in disarray; her body whipped and beaten; spunk dripping out her naked cunt; a violator of a sacred relic, mocking with her mimicry of times gone passed. If the chief would crush a man's balls for listening in on some sex, and put a woman in the rack for some minor impertinence, what retribution would he take on a desecrator of his shrine?

It was too awful to contemplate, so Sally kept silent and prayed that the anti-chamber would not be deemed worthy of inclusion on the tour – the pillory being out of place, as Dimitri had explained.

Panic deepened as the voices grew clearer and Sally saw the outline of two figures in the archway – one massively foreboding, the other a fraction of the bulk. Then her prayers appeared to be answered as the men moved away, the chief apparently electing to by-pass the pillory. For the next few minutes Sally barely breathed as she listened to the men discuss some of the items – the chief seemingly even more knowledgeable than the earlier tour guide. Sally took little of it in – the words were a blur, only the volume of the sound was important. It seemed to be receding – the men were walking away to the other end of the chamber where the squeak of a door would offer Sally salvation.

“So, ambassador, if you have seen enough, perhaps we should adjourn to my quarters for a nightcap. I have some very fine cognac, or perhaps you would prefer one of the single malts.”

“I think a malt would go down well.”

Sally breathed a sigh of relief. They were going. She was saved.

“But...”

“Yes, Mr. Ambassador?”

“No – it was just curiosity.”

“Please... what is it?”

“Well, there seems to be something missing.”

‘NO!’ screamed Sally silently in her head.

“Missing?” quizzed the chief. “I can assure you, Mr. Ambassador – there is nothing missing. This torture chamber is fully equipped – I am sure it has no rival anywhere in the world.”

‘That’s right,’ cried Sally silently to her countryman. ‘I know what you’re thinking, and it shouldn’t be here. Please, don’t ask! Go for your bloody drink, you stupid old twat!’

“The stocks,” said the ambassador. “Aren’t they the most obvious thing?”

“The stocks – yes, or a pillory as we call them... But you would not expect to find such things here in the chamber,” the chief casually answered. “They were always placed in public spots.”

“Oh yes – of course,” agreed the ambassador. “So, it stands to reason you wouldn’t have a set here.”

‘That’s right,’ cried the voice in Sally Hunter’s head. ‘They shouldn’t be here – I shouldn’t be here. Go for your drink! Please!’

“And if the Soviets had their way, there wouldn’t be a set left,” the chief informed his guest. “Would you believe that in the first winter of occupation, those animals burned all the pillories as firewood? A sacrilege! They were symbols of our country – every village had one, and they served as the best means of keeping law and order Mastrovia could have. There was no greater deterrent than the pillory for a Mastrovian. And those animals burned them all... except one!”

“Really!”

“Yes!” the chief proudly stated. “It was the one from my own village. My father, God rest his soul, managed to save it. For years it remained hidden in his barn – the secret passed down to me. Then when the Soviets left, I brought this treasure out of its hiding place. There is no artefact more sacred to me, and only a few people have ever set eyes upon it since I installed it here.”

“It is here!”

‘YES, YOU OLD FOOL, OF COURSE IT’S BLOODY WELL HERE... BUT NO! OH GOD! GOD! PLEASE! NO!’

“Yes, my friend. And as a sign of the respect I have for you and your dear country, I will show it to you. It is nothing elaborate, just a simple pillory... but it is part of me – my link

to the past – to my father, to my village, to the heritage that I cherish and would die to save.”

“Chief Karinov! I am not sure I am worthy,” said the ambassador humbly.

‘NO, YOU’RE NOT! OH GOD, PLEASE. JUST SAY YOU CAN’T BE ARSED AND GO FOR THAT BLOODY DRINK!’

“It will be an honour,” stated the chief.

Footsteps were heard – death knells clamping on the flagstone floor. Light grew stronger as a torch was picked up and carried to the archway. Shadows could be seen – one a shadow of power, both portents of doom. Then figures emerged silhouetting.

‘NO!’ cried Sally silently screaming.

“NO!” yelled a voice loud and clear – a fury of rage blasting the air.

“Oh, My Lord,” gasped the ambassador, shocked to the core.

“Now who in the blazes would be stupid enough to do something like that?”

Chapter 6

“An Australian! No! This cannot be!” exclaimed the frail little ambassador in utter disbelief.

“Here, look for yourself,” snarled Chief Karinov. “Sally Hudson, age twenty-three. And by God if I have my way, she won’t see twenty-four.”

With Sally whimpering, blubbing how this was all a terrible mistake, the passport that she carried everywhere with her, and that the chief had found in the pocket of her shorts, was tossed to the ambassador. It was inspected with horror, the man muttering a string of abject apologies that he knew would never satisfy the chief – a man whose reputation struck terror in all of Mastrovia, including the diplomatic community.

“Chief Karinov, what can I say? I feel so ashamed.”

“Stay here!” snapped the chief as he snatched the passport back. “Do nothing! Touch nothing! I will give you five minutes alone with this embarrassment to your country. Advise her of her rights and what she can expect. And advise her above all else to give me the name of the scoundrel who did this to her, for much to MY embarrassment, I see a Mastrovian hand at play.”

‘More than a hand,’ the ambassador thought as he looked at the spunk seeping out of Sally’s shaved pussy. ‘There’s been a cock at play here as well.’ But these thoughts he wisely kept to himself, knowing better than to state the words out loud in the irate company he was currently in.

“I will council the trollop, be sure of that, Chief Karinov... and thank you for giving me the opportunity.”

“Five minutes, then I will be back with some men to take the necessary evidence before incarcerating this sluttish piece of lowlife.”

The two Australians said nothing as the chief of police stomped out of the anti-chamber, cursing in Mastrovian. They kept their peace as the chief stormed through the main room and out the door slamming it behind him. They heard a click; the door being locked.

“No chance of making a run for it then – you stupid, stupid, bitch!”

Sally strained her head up to look at the elderly gentleman dressed in a dinner jacket, his miniscule frame far from assuring. “Please, you’ve got to help me. I was tricked,” bleated Sally feeling like a total jerk.

“Really?” mocked the ambassador, disgust to his tone. “Don’t mess with me, sweetheart. If you want my help, and I don’t at this moment feel inclined to give it, then you’d better tell me the truth and nothing else. Were you kidnapped?”

“No!” Sally answered, nausea creeping in along with righteous anger. She was the victim here, yet she was being treated like a criminal.

“You came here willingly?” the ambassador asked. The question struck like a hammer hitting another nail into Sally’s coffin.

“Yes, I suppose!” Sally snapped, her blood rising to the boil.

“But...”

“...Then they attacked you and did this?” the Ambassador hopefully interrupted.

“That’s not quite how it happened,” Sally was galled to admit. “And there was only the one.”

“Then for Christ’s sake tell me!” shouted the ambassador. “How were you tricked?”

“He said it would be fun!” Sally yelled back at the man, furious at the ambassador’s approach – furious at how stupid the answer sounded.

The ambassador strode about in front of her, slapping his brow in exasperation. “Fun! Fun!” he exclaimed, mocking Sally and making her feel even worse. “You’ve an odd sense of fun, sweetheart, if you get your kicks by being put in the stocks and having your back and ass thrashed, and then... and then... being used. God preserve us! So, you’re actually telling me you got in this contraption willingly!”

“Yes... But I didn’t agree to...”

Showing surprising grit, the old man grabbed a handful of Sally’s hair, forgetting that he had been ordered not to touch, and pulled the girl’s head up to snarl in her face. “Don’t lie to me! This will go to court, and if you want the embassy’s support then I don’t want lies. It’s embarrassing enough as it is.”

“Court! You can’t be serious!” Sally yelled back in disbelief. But the look on the ambassador’s face was all the answer she needed. Then the full horror struck. This was more than the chief feeling mightily pissed off – he had meant what he said about incarceration. Sally had been told it was a crime to get in

the pillory. Of course, in the heat of passion, she hadn't really thought of it as such, just a bit of a lark. Now she could see it was more serious than that. And then there was that bloody tape which evidenced her guilt. She'd said that Dimitri could do anything, so where was the non-consent?

"Okay! Okay! I suppose I did agree to get in this," Sally grudgingly admitted. "I agreed to it all, up to a point. But I had no idea the bastard was going to thrash me – and I certainly didn't realise it was the chief of police's prized possession."

"That won't carry any weight!" yelled the ambassador. He chugged Sally's hair again then let it go, shaking his head as he resumed his stomping. "Bloody hell – I feel sorry for you. It's just as well you're a filthy bitch who enjoys getting fucked."

"What do you mean?" asked Sally, consumed with panic. "What's going to happen to me?"

"You're going down sweetheart, no question about it. Ten years I'd say, probably more. There's no way the chief will let you away with this. And the prison here isn't like the ones back home – a holiday paid for by the state. Here the conditions are appalling, and as for the wardens... well, they're nothing better than animals. A foreign girl like you will get devoured by them. All of them! You'll be nothing but a sex toy – a cum bucket for their spunk. And don't think it will be fun because you're a cock loving slut – it will be a nightmare – a hell on earth - at least for the first couple of years. After that you'll probably be in such a mess, they'll leave you alone unless they're desperate. Are you getting the picture?"

“No way! No fucking way!” yelled Sally. “They wouldn’t dare do that to an Australian. You can’t let that happen! It was just a bit of fun – he tricked me, honest! There’ll be uproar if I get put away for this. It’ll become a major international incident. You don’t know my mum – she’ll be over here on the first possible flight and have everybody’s balls for breakfast – including yours and that chief of police’s. Trust me, she will! Now do your bloody job and sort this out!”

The ambassador stared at Sally, who stared back, daggers flying between them. The girl had spunk, figuratively as well as literally, and she was right – all hell would break loose if the chief put the bitch away – it was a complete and utter pigs sty of a mess.

“Look, my dear,” he said, trying to calm the situation with a friendlier tone. “Whatever way you cut it, you’re in serious trouble. The shit will hit the fan once news of this breaks, but I know the chief – he won’t bow to international pressure. A crime has been committed and we can’t prevent a country exercising its right to enforce domestic Law.”

“There must be something we can do?” Sally asked, almost pleading – softening her tone as well, appreciating that the ambassador was her best, if not her only hope at present.

“Telling him who did this will help,” replied the ambassador, his mind reeling, searching for a straw to cling to. “Yes... maybe, just maybe, we can use that to barter with,” the old man mused as he strode back and forth. “He’s pissed with you, but I bet he’s even more pissed with the man who did this to you... I don’t want to know it, but do you have a name, any idea who it was that did this to you?”

“I know his first name, at least he gave me one... and he’s a policeman, a lieut....”

“That’s enough! I don’t want to hear any more.” cried the ambassador. “Holy Bejesus! One of his own men! Boy is he in trouble – I pity the poor bastard. I doubt if he’ll come out of this alive.”

“No! He doesn’t deserve that!”

“Don’t think about trying to protect him,” the ambassador snapped with growing authority. “The chief will find him anyway, and when he does, he’ll take his own revenge before he hands him over to the courts. You’ll be protected, up to a degree. You’re lucky I was with him when he found you like this, otherwise Christ knows what would have happened.”

There was a squeak from outside – the chamber door opened. A number of footsteps were heard approaching the anti-chamber.

“Now be a smart girl and leave this to me,” the ambassador snarled before rushing out the anti-chamber. “Chief Karinov! Might I have a word in private before this goes any further?”

Sally was left to contemplate her fate. It seemed incomprehensible that this had happened – in the space of an hour her life had spiralled out of control. She felt helpless but refused to buckle. Okay, so a crime had been committed, but she was a mere accomplice, an unwitting victim – it was Dimitri who was at fault – he knew what he was doing – surely that would come out in the end. And as for the prison, that had to be a bluff – a threat to get the name of the man the chief really wanted. The ambassador was right – it could be used as a bargaining tool. That name could save Sally’s neck.

It must have been at least five minutes she waited as the two men discussed the situation. Sally heard only snippets: the ambassador meekly entreating, pleading for mercy; the chief vociferous, initially refusing to consider any form of leniency then slowly being brought round to the voice of reason, his tone softening as he was finally won over – but won over to what, Sally couldn't determine.

Then finally the chief of police walked into the anti-chamber alone. Sally knew it was him even though she kept her eyes fixed to the flagstone floor before her. The man's presence filled the air – his authority crackled like lightning, electrifying and deadly.

Slowly, as if appraising the situation with a fresh set of eyes, Chief Karinov made a circuit of the pillory and its captive. Sally was shaking with fear. She was hardly able to draw breath. She could feel the chief's eyes burning her flesh. She could sense the man's power – that bittersweet drug that made her tingle in her dread.

The circle was completed. Boots appeared before her – Sally didn't dare look up to meet the man's face. A finger touched her chin. Slowly her head was raised. Sally registered the uniform trousers, dark blue and foreboding, covering two tree trunks of masculine legs; she saw the groin that impressively bulged, housing such magnificence. Sally groaned in her fear; she took in the massive torso that swelled out a uniform jacket, richly adorned, bearing the insignia of top rank. Then she saw the face of Yuri Karinov, chief of police and unofficial master of the land of Mastrovia, ruggedly handsome, wonderfully matured like a fine old wine, all the better for its age, with those coal black eyes that screeched of raw power.

“Do you understand what will happen to you if this goes to trial?”

“Yes...” said Sally; then drawing on all her courage she added, “... at least I’ve been told what’s threatened.”

The chief looked at her aghast, stunned at the girl’s nerve.

“Threatened!” he snarled, the tone of his delivery turning Sally’s blood to ice. “You think I deal in idle threats! It’s more than a threat, and you deserve worse in my opinion! If it was left to me alone, you would indeed suffer worse. But as your ambassador has rightly pointed out, politics must be considered – and I am of mind to take his advice, for a day or two at least until my rage subsides.”

Held fixed by those eyes, Sally gulped with relief. A ray of hope shone into her life.

“He suggests we keep this a private matter for the time being,” the chief continued. “That perhaps if you show willing, there need be no public trial, and an alternative punishment may be arrived at that would save both our countries a great deal of embarrassment.”

“Wha... what do you mean... what alternative?” asked Sally, thrown by this sudden twist.

Sally’s chin was grasped. The chief’s firm hand clenched it like a vice. Sally was sure that if he chose, the chief could crush her jaw - such was the man’s brute strength.

“One that wouldn’t involve you spending ten or more years of hell in a Mastrovian prison,” Chief Karinov hissed. “But that will only happen if you toe the line.”

Remembering Julia, Sally suspected where this was heading. And if that was the punishment then Sally would happily accept it. It would be no punishment at all putting out for the chief – quite the opposite in fact.

“I’m sure we could come to some arrangement,” Sally sweetly answered, her face a picture of whorish flirtation. “Is there anything in particular you want from me?”

The chief leaned down till they were face to face. He dragged his strong chin across Sally’s cheek – his breath became warm on Sally’s ear.

“Do you honestly think I’d settle for a few turns at your cunt?” the chief chillingly whispered. “That’s already mine. It was mine the moment you walked into this country. But I want more than your cunt. I want much, much, more!”

Sally quivered. She shook with fear. Gripped by her chin, touching cheek to cheek, she drowned in the power of this beast of a man.

“Wha... what?” she asked.

“Your total obedience,” was calmly stated. “In everything I ask, for as long as I ask.”

Sally shook – the magnitude of the demand dawning in her head.

“No!” she defiantly uttered, appalled at the idea.

“No?” echoed the chief. “That’s not a very good answer, so I suggest you reconsider. I’ll give you some time to think it over. In the meanwhile, to pay for that time, and keep your options open, you can tell me who did this.”

Was it a bluff? Would the chief actually dare put her in the state prison to be ravaged by a bunch of ugly wardens? Sally couldn't be sure, but the man's confident authority suggested anything was possible. Sally didn't dare take the chance. She decided on caution and to buy that time the chief was offering.

"It was... it was one of your men... a lieutenant in the police force."

Sally could feel the strain – a rage within – the chief's hand trembling around her chin.

"And this lieutenant – did he have a name?"

Sally felt like Judas, this embrace a traitor's kiss. "Dimitri," she whispered.

The chief hissed in a breath, cut by the name, the wound sounding deep. "Dimitri!" he repeated. "Did you mention this to the ambassador?"

"Only that he was a policeman. He didn't want to hear anything else."

"Wise man!" hissed the chief. "And I took him for a fool. He will not want to hear of this conversation either – if he does then I will deny it, and you will be fast tracked to hell... Now let's have a few photographs just in case they are needed then we'll get you more comfortably locked away for the night. I think a private cell down here would be best rather than tossing you in with the scum of the land."

"Yes sir!" exclaimed Sally, not registering in her relief that she'd used the term. "Thank you! And I'm sorry about this - I had no idea..."

“No! I don’t suppose you did. If Dimitri was playing you, I bet you had no idea at all.”

Chapter 7

It was hardly the most comfortable night's sleep Sally had ever enjoyed, but at least she got some sleep. Chief Karinov arranged for a cell in the dungeons to be made up, with some proper bedding, clean water and food, a tee-shirt for her to wear in place of her torn blouse. It wasn't the Ritz, but then it wasn't the state prison with a bunch of ugly big wardens taking turns at fucking her throughout the night, so it could have been a darn sight worse.

Her dreams had been plagued though - plagued by the man who had dominated her thoughts since that momentous moment two day before. Back then he was only a shadow, a nameless force, some ghostly attraction of ill-defined nature. Now he was real with a decidedly solid form. Karinov was the name, the chief of police, and his intention seemed all too clear – total obedience, in everything he asked, for as long as he asked. Dream that how you will!

For Sally it was dreamt strangely. There was a Tudor king with Mastrovian features, large and athletic like Henry in his prime; though this one was mature and gloriously so, wearing the biggest codpiece the world had ever known. Sally herself was at the other end of the spectrum, a piece of lowlife working in the kitchens, a downtrodden serf, beaten and defeated. Scenes came and went with no rationality at all: Sally got cuffed round the ear for dropping a spoon; kicked up the ass for over-seasoning the food; beaten with a stick for no reason at all. Life was a misery, all dignity gone. She ate her food with the

dogs, gruel from a bowl; and slept with those hounds out in the yard, grateful for their warmth in the freezing cold. The dream crystallised into a scene where she had served at a royal banquet – the King giving it large, Sally grovelling at his feet, calling him sir, calling him master, held by a leash, a chain around her neck like the dogs she had for friends. It turned into an orgy of food and sex, Sally riding a pole of Mastrovian meat. The king was enjoying what he had claimed as his own – some foreign girl's body, and her total obedience.

Sally had awoken with sweat pouring from her brow, her heart racing, her whole body shaking, panting out her horror at this nightmare of her own creation. Then as she wiped her forehead dry, there was a shocking realisation – it wasn't just her brow that needed mopping – her pussy did as well. The sheet was pushed back and there to her consternation was a drizzling bald snatch of Aussie yearning – a salivating cunt that was screeching in need. It's a funny old thing the human psyche. Who knows what perversities lurk in its depths!

It was later in the morning when the ambassador visited Sally in her cell. The man looked haggard - even frailer than Sally remembered from the previous night.

“Well, at least he's kept you safe,” the old man said as he sat down beside Sally on the cot that was her bed. “And he's kept this to himself for the time being, which is a heck of a good result. If the story breaks, that's it. Once the wheels are set in motion there'll be no turning back.”

“He won't do it,” said Sally hopefully. “It would make for such bad press. Surely the government won't want the adverse

publicity. They'll tell him to back off and drop the case, won't they?"

"Oh dear!" sighed the ambassador. "You really don't understand how things work around here, do you sweetheart? The government! Don't make me laugh. They don't have the power to tell the chief what to do. He's the man in charge. He controls the police, who control everything. The president is but a puppet, his government no more than administrators – it's the chief who decides policy on the important issues. And he'll decide what happens to you... So, I suggested to him last night that he might consider something less draconian than sending you to the state prison if you were to co-operate – did he propose anything to you when you had your little chat?"

"No!" replied Sally, electing to take the chief's advice and say nothing about their conversation. She was still sure the man was bluffing, although she wasn't prepared as yet to call it. "He just asked for the name of the guy involved. I gave him what he wanted."

"Smart girl!" said the ambassador, sensing the evasion but letting it go. "And it helped. I understand an arrest was made almost immediately – the scoundrel was returning to the scene of his crime. You'll be asked to formally identify him later today."

That could be awkward, but Sally would cross that bridge when she came to it. In the meantime, she needed to do some digging to see if she could unearth anything that might guide her in a course to follow.

"Fair enough!" Sally answered with an indifferent shrug that was as fake as her confidence at present. "If it's the same guy

who left me in the lurch then I'll have no problem pointing the finger. He deserves what's coming to him – but I don't! So, tell me – what alternatives do you see. Do you think I might get shipped back to Oz?"

"No chance!" laughed the ambassador, finding the notion ridiculous.

"Well what! What alternative is there to going to the state prison?" Sally asked, desperate for some enlightenment as to what 'total obedience' might involve. She had been questioning this all morning and couldn't see how it would work – how could she become subservient to a high profiled man without international uproar – not that she felt inclined to do such a thing – or at least that's what she kept telling herself.

"I'd thought that Karinov's Keep might be a possibility," the ambassador answered. "But then it would draw too much attention to the place if it was known you were there. And of course, without a trial, what guarantee would he have that you'd stay there and not make a run for it... or have your dear mother come rescue you, having feasted on Mastrovian testicles for breakfast!"

"I bet he'd find a way," muttered Sally.

"He normally does," the ambassador replied.

"So, what's Karinov's Keep anyway – some private prison?"

"Hardly!" laughed the ambassador in a mocking tone. "It's the finest country estate in the land. The chief's sanctuary which, according to rumour, also doubles up as a... Well, I suppose it's best not to listen to rumours."

"No! Tell me! It doubles up as a what?"

“Look, it’s not my place to judge – but the word is that a select group of convicted female felons get to spend their sentence there instead of the state prison – a sort of community service you might say, and the person they service is the chief of police when he happens to be in residence. Exactly how, I wouldn’t dare speculate – but needless to say they all happen to be rather attractive young women.”

“Lord!”

“Exactly! It’s a depraved country... Anyway, sweetheart – I’ll do my best for you. Just try not to upset Yuri in the meantime, and maybe something will turn up.”

“Yuri?”

“That would be Chief Karinov to you and me.”

Yuri Karinov – the chief of police. The man who had asked for Sally’s total obedience and who would start testing it very soon!

Chapter 8

The guards came for her shortly after lunch, two burly henchmen with simian faces. They unlocked the cell and dragged Sally out then bundled her down the corridor to the torture chamber. The squeaky door was opened, and Sally pushed inside. The door was then closed behind her leaving Sally alone with two terrifyingly familiar men.

Dressed in a day uniform, plainer than his evening attire but still mightily impressive, Chief Karinov was inspecting some of the whips, examining them like a connoisseur. An arresting sight at the best of times, but with a whip in his hand, the chief was awesome. But it was Dimitri who managed to steal Sally's attention, tied as he was to the whipping post, totally naked, totally stunning, his body a muscular work of art, chiselled like marble, equally hard. His ass in particular was a sculpted sight to behold: two perfect globes of solid glutes, and despite her woes, Sally felt strangely aroused as she absorbed the flawless glory of those spectacular buns.

Flawless! Unlike Dimitri's back which was undeniably magnificent but marked with scars - scars from a whip!

"Not a view I would imagine you remember," Chief Karinov casually declared, drawing Sally's attention back to him. He selected a whip, whished out the lash with a resounding crack then laid it upon a bench. "But this is the man, yes?" he asked Sally.

"I think so," she replied, looking to the lieutenant again.

“Show her your face, Dimitri!” the chief commanded.

Sally braced herself for some hideously bruised sight but was mightily relieved when Dimitri turned his head to look over his shoulder, his handsomeness fully intact and unspoiled.

“Well?”

Sally dropped her head ashamed. Despite all the wrong Dimitri had done, it still irked to play the grass and condemn him to torture much worse than he’d dished out.

“Answer me girl!” snapped the chief. “Is this the man who brought you here last night, bound you in the pillory, thrashed you and fucked you then left you with his spunk dribbling out of your cunt?”

“Yes,” Sally mumbled. “Yes, that’s him.”

“Come here!” the chief beckoned as he walked towards the prisoner.

Sally tentatively approached, feeling very awkward. She was furious with Dimitri, the cause of all this trouble, but she still didn’t want to see the big brute humbled like this. She didn’t want any part in the inevitable punishment that was coming the man’s way.

“He’s a fine specimen – a credit to our gene pool,” the chief said with a laugh. “Really nice ass, wouldn’t you agree? Or don’t you appreciate a man’s rear? Are you only interested in our cocks?”

It was hideously embarrassing, the chief being so candid. But she felt compelled to answer. It wasn’t total obedience – she was convinced she would never offer that - but answering the

questions of the chief of police seemed like a sensible thing for a girl in custody to do if she wanted to get off lightly.

“It’s stunning,” Sally said. “I much prefer cocks and I’m not ashamed to admit it, but I appreciate a good ass as well, and that’s a cracker.”

“Would you like to fuck it?” Yuri asked as he casually ran a hand over Dimitri’s buns, making them clench at the resented contact.

“No!” Sally instinctively answered. “Of course not! How could I anyway?”

The chief shrugged his shoulders, seemingly unaffected by the lewdness of the conversation and the homoerotic overtones of his play. “With a strap on dildo!” he said. “I have several down here. There’s one with a cock about the same size as Dimitri’s – that is the one I suggest you use.”

“No!” blurted Sally, totally shocked by the disgusting suggestion.

“Not even to have revenge for the abuse he put you through?” the chief asked in mock disbelief.

“No!” repeated Sally. The fucking she’d received was more than compensation for the suffering she’d endured. “I don’t want revenge – that’s for you to dish out. I just want to be released now that I’ve grassed him up.”

“It will take more than that,” the chief coldly stated. “You know what’s required.”

“No way!” snapped Sally, shaking in her defiance.

The chief gave a grunt as his only response. “He’s a bad man for doing what he did,” was the track he elected instead to go down. “He certainly deserves to be punished. If it were up to our Law Courts, they would imprison him along with you; and as the upholder of that Law I would have to concur... assuming the case ever reached them. But at heart I’m a man of tradition, and the old ways would have an eye for an eye. That would mean he has to be whipped – like he whipped you on your back, have his ass belted and then have it fucked, which is the closest we could get to him fucking your pussy. It would be totally humiliating, because there is nothing more degrading to a Mastrovian man than to be buggered up the ass... None of our men would wish to do such a thing though, although there are plenty of foreign men who would leap at the chance. But we have to keep such things secret – between the few that know... So that means it either has to be you or me. Now you know my price – total obedience – and this is the punishment I decree for Dimitri: whipped, belted then buggered! I can do all three, and each would hurt him like hell – especially the last one, because I’m unusually well blessed in the cock department... But what about you, Miss Hudson? You would be doing him a favour – three in fact. Would you do that if I told you to – dish out the three punishments and save yourself from prison?”

“No! You can’t be serious?” asked Sally, stunned at the suggestion.

“Oh yes! I’m very serious!” the chief sternly clarified. “Take an eye for an eye in revenge – whip him and belt him then fuck him with a strap-on dildo! So, I put it to you again... If

that was my price for keeping you both out of prison, would you do it for me?”

“No! I couldn’t! It would be a disgusting thing to do.”

Yuri spun his hand away from Dimitri’s butt and grabbed Sally’s left nipple that prodded through the tee-shirt she wore. “Then why is this hard?” he snarled at the girl. “And why are you drizzling from your cunt at the moment. And don’t tell me that you aren’t because I can smell the juices flowing. I know when a bitch is in season, and you are ripe for more sex.”

“But not that!” cried Sally, not denying her bizarre arousal. “It would be sick!”

“Yes, I understand,” the chief said. “It would be the same for me. It’s not easy doing one’s duty, following orders, giving total obedience. I was once faced with such a dilemma... and oddly enough, it involved the same man.”

The chief released his grip. Sally felt weak – her pussy was throbbing; her legs were shaking – the raw sexuality of the man was making her heart race. Hideously aroused and totally intrigued, she watched as the chief returned his attention to Dimitri – his hand this time on the lieutenant’s broad muscular back, where his fingers traced some of the scars.

“You see, my dear,” he said to Sally, “Dimitri is no stranger to the whip and humiliation. His mischievous ways earned him these marks – a public flogging in the castle courtyard – twenty strokes in all. Then it was a young Russian that he had foolishly fucked around with – the daughter of our Soviet overlord no less. It was an unjust punishment, but the Law at the time decreed it, and I was chosen to deliver the strokes. It was not an easy assignment; I can assure you. Dimitri was a

favoured cadet – a protégée of sorts. But duty is duty – I had sworn obedience and was obliged to comply. Life is not always easy – nor particularly fair.”

Sally gazed at the chief as he stroked the marks he had created on Dimitri’s back. She could see the regret in those coal black eyes – the memory painful – his hurt palpable that he must punish again.

“Did you pull back at all?” Sally asked.

“I knew you were a smart girl!” the chief replied forcing a smile. “Of course, I pulled back, and so could you if you were to punish him this time round. You could do your duty and follow my order – whip him, belt him, then fuck him with a strap-on.”

“No way!” Sally answered. “He doesn’t deserve that!”

The chief looked confused. “Then you’re condemning you both to a much worse fate. I won’t pull back this time when I flay the rascal... Nor will I spare him a fraction of this!”

Sally gawped as the chief pulled down his flies and battled to bring out the most humungous piece of penile meat, she’d ever set eyes on. It was at least eleven inches long and as thick as an arm; an olive coloured phallus with a huge purple knob at the end oozing slivery pre-cum from the slit. It was totally hypnotic – a real beast of a prick on a beast of a man. Sally so wanted to touch it, to lick off the juice and suck the big plum, to know the joy of having such a monster inside her, all the man’s power channelled into the most amazing rutting.

Having hooked his fish, the chief started reeling her in. “I am not that way inclined – I much prefer pussy and female

asses... but I've fucked men before when the need dictates. It's the ultimate deterrent in this part of the world – the ultimate punishment to a Mastrovian man. The pain that this cock will give him will be nothing compared to the crushing humiliation for a man like Dimitri. So, it would be better if it was you for all concerned: the wronged woman taking just revenge.”

“No!” blurted Sally, her eyes glued to the chief's massive phallus. “It wouldn't be right. I'm sorry – I couldn't possibly.”

“Do you think you could possibly handle this though?” the chief asked, waving his erection in Sally's direction.

It was said as a challenge, and Sally was always up for a sexual challenge. It was no order to obey, almost a pleaded request instead, and that made it all the easier to confess. “I'd love to!” she groaned. “It's beautiful – biggest darn cock I've ever seen in my life - absolutely perfect in every way.”

“Then perhaps you would like to suck it,” the chief suggested. “It would please me enormously to have a little oral foreplay. Why don't you suck my cock and make me come? Then after I've flayed this blaggard's back again, I'll be able to give him what he also deserves: fuck his treacherous ass for a long, long, time before coming again inside him.”

Sally didn't need a second invite. She fell to her knees in front of the chief, gazing in pure lust at the wonder before her. The cock was still held by the big man's hands and it was slapped luxuriously across Sally's face, the underside of the knob thudding down, right cheek, left cheek, and then centred on her nose. Sally stuck out her tongue to lap at the succulent flesh and taste some of the pre-cum that was sloshing around -

delicious nectar that freely flowed and drove her wild with a need for more.

She got it! With her mouth gaping wide, the cockhead was rammed in, making her jaws ache with the stretch that was forced. But Sally wasn't in the slightest bit bothered by the discomfort – she wallowed in the ache as she sucked on the huge knob and flicked her tongue all around the velvety flesh. Juice seeped out of the eye, flavouring Sally's palate with the heavenly taste – another drug to hook the girl.

As she sucked and tongued, hands came to rest on Sally's head. There were some thrusts, soft and shallow, the chief pumping his knob slowly in and out, as he groaned out his unreserved pleasure. Sally braced herself for a more powerful plunge, relaxing her throat muscles so she could take the invasion. But it didn't come, the chief happy to cede control for a moment and let the young woman demonstrate her skill.

Sally was happy to oblige him. She grasped the base of the chief's massive cock so she could fondle the shaft as she worked on the knob. Freeing the glans so she could draw a breath, Sally teased the tapered head with her tongue, licking round the rim, lashing the purple skin, grazing with her teeth in a gentle rasp – always listening, gauging reaction, wanting to please like never before.

Testing things out, Sally tongued around the piss slit, a generous opening that begged to be entered. Cautiously she slid her tongue tip inside, flicking it around this most sensitive skin, thrilled by the act, so raunchily dirty. Hearing no protests, Sally tongued deeper. She was amazed at how much

the tube allowed. Then encouraged by a groan, Sally started to fuck the urethra with her tongue.

“Oh yes!” cried the chief. “Only a foreign bitch would do that without me having to take a whip to her back. You have a skill my girl, and a wicked tongue! Do some more then show me what other tricks you have.”

Happy to obey, not really thinking it was an order, Sally repeated the action. She fucked the chief’s piss slit with the tip of her tongue, forcing it in as far as she could and wriggling it around to inflame the big man all the more, lapping up her juicy reward that flowed like a river from its prostate source.

It was the merest push of the chief’s fingers that prised her away, the subtlest of commands to say it was time to move on. And seamlessly Sally changed the approach, freeing the knob to kiss it adoringly before moving on to the shaft. Sally made reptilian flicks all along the huge phallus, covering every inch of the chief’s impressive length. She smothered her face in it, breathing it in deep, worshiping the meat, obsessed by its size and musky aroma.

She worked down to the base. Sadly, the chief’s balls were hidden in his trousers, but in honour of these treasures that drenched him in masculinity, Sally lapped at their swell, so wonderfully large, before licking her way back up the shaft to the apple sized knob. It was then that the chief firmed his hold on Sally’s head, making it clear she should stray no further. Sally carried on sucking, bobbing to and fro along the end of the massive shaft – her jaws aching, her throat anticipating the strike that had to come.

UMMPH!

It was hard and it was brutal, it was violent like the man – Sally's gullet screeched under the stretch that was made as the chief's knob bullied down. Her face was mashed by the uniformed groin, smothering her in maleness. But hurt as she was, Sally thrilled at the violation. Anything less masterful and she would have felt short changed. She grasped at the thighs, clutching on trousers, drawing the chief in, wanting everything he had.

Yuri strained to give it to her. Holding the girl's head, he forced all his cock in, groaning unashamedly as he savoured the moment. He held Sally there orally impaled, and in turn was held by grasping fingers. For almost a minute the two conjoined like this: one mastering, turning the screw; the other surrendering, embracing the inevitable.

Then struggling for air, Sally gagged and spluttered. She tried to break away but was held firmly for a few more seconds, just to make it clear who was running the show. But the grip was mercifully released, and Sally was prised away, gulping in gas for her oxygen starved lungs. Crazy though for the man, Sally wasted no time - she recovered quickly and started bobbing back and forth, fucking her throat on the chief's throbbing big dick, smashing her face into the hardness of his groin.

The chief allowed this for a few minutes, quietly chortling over the whorish display, the likes of which he had rarely seen when it came to a bitch gobbling on his cock. But control was not a thing the chief ever ceded for long, and soon he rested it away again, holding Sally's head back to align her mouth with her gullet then crouching over her so he could ram his cock in and orally fuck her.

In no time at all, the chief was banging into Sally's face. He held Sally firm and he face fucked her hard whilst Sally clung to the uniform trousers, riding the big thighs as they pumped back and forth.

UMMPH! UMMPH! The chief powered his meat in, giving the girl little chance to draw breath. It wasn't long before Sally was getting dizzy - on the mastery of the sex and the dwindling oxygen carried by her blood. The chief pushed and pushed, judging to perfection – seemingly manic, but always in control. When the time was right, he pulled out of Sally's gullet allowing the woman to quickly suck in a breath and taste the juicy knob before it was rammed back down into the depths of her throat.

Sensing she could take it, knowing that she wanted it - the chief set off on one hell of a throat fucking. He drove his cock in time after time, mashing the girl's face as he powered in his thrusts, taking the kneeling Aussie to the edge of asphyxiation then pulling out to allow her to breathe and worship the knob that filled up her mouth.

Sally revelled in it all: the abuse that was sex; the pain that was pleasure; the mastery of the man and his wonderful size; to be kneeling on the floor, her knees hurt and grazed, in an ancient torture chamber with a naked man tethered beside her. Never had she allowed a man to do such a thing – Dimitri had abused her - but what had been taken here, Sally accepted, happy to surrender to the violence of the throat fucking.

The sex progressed, seemingly wild and unabated, yet masterfully managed, and skilfully received. The chief pumped and fucked. Sally swallowed and sucked. The chief of

police ravished his prisoner's throat and Sally ravished his cock in return till eventually she felt an incredible swelling and the chief let out a mighty yell as he rammed his cock hard all the way down Sally's throat.

Sally gagged as the first blast of cum came out and scalded the walls of her gullet with its warmth. Another blast followed, and Sally gagged again. Struggling as she was, she would have happily taken more – she wanted to please; but the chief showed some consideration and pulled back with his hips so that only the knob was left in Sally's mouth. Sally sucked on it greedily, desperate for the taste of the chief's rich creamy spunk. She was rewarded with another loud groan then an explosion of salty sweetness on her tongue and palate. The chief spurted again and again. Sally held it all in her mouth, savouring the thickness and delicious flavour. The chief pumped into Sally softly. His spunk was dribbling down Sally's chin as he squirted out the last of his copious release.

The climax over, the cock came out her mouth and Sally gazed up in wonder, a pool of white held in the gaping orifice that had just been used. The rock-hard meat was dipped back in, coating the knob, forcing more spunk to overflow and run-down Sally's chin. Spunk was smeared over the awe-struck face, across the brow, over an eye, down the side of the nose before the knob plunged back into the open mouth.

“Now you can swallow it,” the chief decreed.

Sally heard herself say thank you, though the words were muffled by that wonderful meat, and drowned by the delicious cum. She swallowed round the cockhead, sucking as she

gulped, giving them both this additional treat as she feasted on Chief Karinov's Mastrovian seed.

Again, the cock came out. Without thinking, just reacting, Sally smacked her freed lips. She then wiped up the cum that was on her chin and lapped that from her fingers, flicking her gaze between the hardness of a cock and the hardness of a pair of coal black eyes that stared down delighted at this whorish behaviour.

"Ha! You see. Not so difficult to obey," the chief said when Sally was finished.

It was a slap in the face – a punch in the guts – a reminder that she'd just been used, controlled by a man who proposed to be her master. Sally bristled. She shied from the eyes, yet her gaze remained fixed on that incredible phallus which was still impressively hard and gloriously potent. God how she wanted that stuffed up her cunt and for the chief of police to ride her hard and spunk again inside her.

"Stand up!" the chief ordered.

On shaky legs, Sally obeyed. She stood before the towering mass that was the chief – towering upwards and towering outwards, his cock lobbing lewdly, still hungry for more sex.

"Easy to obey at times," the chief continued. "Like it would be easy to obey if I told you to drop your shorts and ride my cock until you made it come again – is that not so?"

"Yes sir," Sally admitted. Galling as it was, she wanted nothing more – her pussy was positively snarling for that incredible piece of meat.

“But what about poor Dimitri – he needs to be fucked as well as part of his punishment - or at least included in some way... I know! How about I order you to join him on the whipping post? I could bind you to him then take you from behind. He would experience the sex without the indignity of penetration – a sort of justice. Do you think you could obey that?”

“Easily sir,” Sally said with hope to her voice. The future be damned, mastered or not, right now she needed that cock up her cunt – to have the chief fuck her wildly, and all the better with Dimitri involved, Sally squashed between two hunks of prime Mastrovian maleness.

Then the Devil’s deal was offered, dashing those hopes. “Of course, that would mean having to take his place for the whipping and belting as well,” Yuri declared. “Will you do that Miss Hudson? Will you mount the man who thrashed you last night and accept more lashes on the back that will be brutal in the attack and more thrashing of your ass that will make last night’s belting seem like a playful pat? That is what I’ll accept as the alternative. So that is what I am telling you to do. Will you give me your total obedience?”

Sally looked at the back, scarred from the whip, blows that must have been much more severe than anything Dimitri had dished out to her. Then she looked to the chief, into those coal black eyes – this man who would be her master if only Sally would give in. There would be undoubted high points and lows as well – here was an example. Sally knew she was being shown what the future would hold. No pretence that it would all be a garden of roses – there would be suffering as well, and perhaps plenty of it.

“Did he not show you last night?” the chief asked as if reading Sally’s mind. “The highs cannot feel so high without the lows to compare by. Pleasure is at its best for a slut like you, when mixed with the right balance of pain. I can do that for you. Let me show you.”

Slowly Sally shook her head. “No,” she mumbled. “I can’t. I won’t.” The chief’s argument was solid – Dimitri had opened Sally’s eyes to a scary side of sex – submissive sex, involving pain that brought such incredible pleasure. But how could she agree to such a deal – surrender herself totally to a man’s will and take a brutal whipping? It went against her upbringing and carefree adult life – she had always been at liberty to do whatever she pleased. That couldn’t be surrendered. There was an allure to what was being suggested, no question about that – the chief as a package made for a very tempting proposition. It would be a hell of an adventure with some incredible sex. But to become a slave – no – she would not do that. How could she ever willingly accept such a fate? As a choice over prison and daily abuse, then yes, perhaps it might be better. But her pride still said no. And of course, there was the chance things would never go that far. The chief had to be bluffing – he would never do that. Would he?

“No!” Sally repeated. “I’m not going to agree to be whipped and scarred, and you wouldn’t dare force me. The Ambassador knows where I am, and he knows the state I’m in. If anything happens then it won’t just be Australia, but the whole of the civilised world that will come crashing down on you. This has gone far enough. Let me and Dimitri go. Please Chief Karinov – show some compassion. Let us both go.”

“Okay, you win,” the chief replied. “I will let you go.”

Sally looked at him confused; relief and disappointment waging war across her strained emotions. If anything, it was annoyance that emerged the victor. Sally piqued that the chief was giving up his quest so easily. It didn't last!

"I will let you go... back to your cell," the chief continued after a moment's pause. "If you do not wish to take part in my private punishment as suggested then you will have no part in it whatsoever. But we will leave the doors ajar so you can hear it take place – all aspects of a punishment you have decreed upon Dimitri... Enjoy your revenge, Miss. Hudson. I certainly intend to!"

Chapter 9

Sally took her leave, furious with the world. A few minutes later she was back in her cell, the door ajar to let in the sound that was to escape from the torture chamber. She sat on the narrow bed feeling oddly confused. She was so bloody angry – with the chief, with Dimitri, and mostly with herself. She had succumbed so easily and would have gone further. What an idiot she was to be so easily played. She had acted like a whore, ensnared by the chief's cock, sucked him off and practically begged to be fucked. Thankfully she managed to resist at the end...

'Thankfully! This is a good result, is it? So why are you sitting here, hideously aroused – wishing you were back in there instead?'

Sally's anger flared. That sodding little voice just wouldn't give up – torturing her more than any man ever could!

Then the voice was gone, to be replaced by another.

"You will count these out," Sally heard the chief order - his voice travelling from the chamber loud and clear, snarling with anger. "Make one mistake and we start over again. Is that clear, you despicable dog?"

There was a mumbled response.

"I SAID – IS THAT CLEAR?" hollered the chief.

"Yes," shouted Dimitri, a hint of defiance to his tone. There was a snap in the air followed by a slash – the sound of leather

making contact with flesh.

“Arrrgh!” Dimitri cried as Sally winced on the bed.

“When you start to show due deference, you can start to count,” the chief yelled.

“Yes sir! I’m sorry sir!” Dimitri called out.

Sally groaned and started rubbing her crotch. Her life was a mess, but there could be no denying that it was an exciting mess – never had she felt so sexually aroused as she’d done over the past few days - and the mastery now being demonstrated by sound, enhanced by her imagination – the chief so dominant, big and butch, oozing power in so many forms – that left Sally writhing in her skin, snarling with hunger for the man.

Another snap, another slash, another agonised cry, followed by a shout of, “One!” Sally moaned imagining the scene - that back, that ass, the look in those black eyes, that incredible cock sticking out of his flies, splendid bound nudity, and magnificent uniformed fineness – the homoeroticism a massive turn on for a woman who was very open minded. Picturing the two men, remembering the sex both had given her, Sally’s hand went down the front of her shorts and a finger went up her drizzling cunt – a cunt that had been fucked so wonderfully well by the man she now heard getting whipped for doing the fucking in the place that he did.

Snap! Slash! Cries and a count! The beating continued. Sally saw it in her mind – wonderful flesh being flayed by wonderful brutality – two incredible men in a clash of wrath. Sally writhed on her bed, rubbing her clit and frigging her pussy, flashes of remembrance spurring her on: those eyes in

the corridor, dark with power; that handsome face so charming in the courtyard; the pain of the flogger, the agony of the belt; that magnificent cock ramming at her cunt, spurting out spunk, drenching her pussy; the power of the chief, the strength of his hand; a single whisper – ‘your total obedience’; that monster of an erection plundering her throat, spurting out spunk into her mouth, so wonderfully delicious.

“Five!”

“Ten!”

The beating progressed, yells of agony accompanying the blows. Sally got up and moved to the door so she could hear all the clearer, masochistically drawn and hideously turned on. By the count of fifteen her shorts were at her knees, Sally listening and groaning, stroking her clit with one hand, frigging her vagina with the other, smacking her lips as she savoured a lingering taste.

“Arrrgh!”

“Arrrgh!”

Dimitri yelled again and again. Then finally weakened but not totally out, a call of, “Twenty!” was mercifully made. Silence ensued, and into that silence Sally was gasping – she could see the scene so clear in her mind: a belt being taken off a pair of uniform trousers; a bare male ass clenching as it waited – the second punishment about to be delivered.

“Arrrgh!” howled Dimitri yet another time as new leather met flesh that was full and rounded.

The second punishment was harsh. There was no counting here, just a savage attack, the sound of yelling and thunderous

cracks as the chief of police delivered his blows to the wayward lieutenant's straight male ass. For Sally the image was even more arousing – as she listened at the door, she frantically frigged her cunt and rubbed her clit, soaring on the bliss as Dimitri roared out his agony. She had all but collapsed into a massive orgasm when the belting came to a sudden halt.

“Now for the real punishment!” the chief yelled.

“No! No! No!” Sally heard pleaded.

“Yes! Yes! Yes!” Sally screamed in her head, not registering at all that Dimitri called out in English, just as the chief had done. She was too wrapped up in her whorish visualisation, wishing she was there to witness the violation. Was a whipping too high a price to pay for such an amazing treat? No was the answer, definitely not. So why had she declined? But was her freedom too much? Was the threat of imprisonment really a bluff? Could she ever surrender herself totally and completely?

‘Of course, you could,’ taunted the voice in her head. ‘You want him so much – you want him to claim you. You still want them both when it comes to that. The doors are open. Just run through and tell him. Throw yourself at your master’s feet and beg him to fuck you instead of Dimitri.’

“NO! NO!” Sally cried.

‘Yes!’ countered the voice. ‘You know I’m always right.’

“ARRRGH!” came a scream to break Sally’s thoughts, Dimitri’s howl crashing through the air.

Sally’s knees trembled. “ARRRGH!” she cried as well as her orgasm hit her like a ton of bricks.

“Shut those doors! I’ll have some privacy now!” yelled the chief. He did so in English, even though his guards spoke it poorly. It was all for the benefit of a girl being played by a master of the game.

SLAM!

SLAM!

The doors were shut. Sally was cut off further from what she so passionately wanted, like a child being punished, locked in her room.

Sally collapsed in a heap on the floor, her mind reeling, her orgasmic cunt pulsing, jealous as all hell.

‘Total obedience,’ that’s all he’s asking. *‘Your total obedience then that could be you!’*

“No! No! No!” Sally cried, but ‘yes’ was echoing in her brain.

In the torture chamber, Yuri Karinov was savouring some anal flesh, sliding his massive cock in and out of the body bound to the whipping post.

“I must say Dimitri, it really is wonderfully fine – so snug and warm around my shaft – truly makes for an excellent ride.”

“It certainly looks very tasty uncle,” Dimitri replied from the chair where he watched the sex, idly stroking his erection, looking forward to his turn at the English actress whose treasures he’d so admired the previous day. “Do you think she fell for it?”

“Of course, she did!” replied the chief as he continued with his rutting. “You played the part wonderfully! Even I would have thought you were actually being whipped on your bare back,

and not protected by the leather covering... Julia has coached you well.”

“She is a find indeed,” mused Dimitri, his eyes boring into the English actress’s rump as it was repeatedly slammed by his uncle’s groin. “But was it necessary to involve her like this – hiding her in the anti-chamber to be brought out once the Australian bitch had gone?”

“Perhaps not - but I needed to fuck someone after that performance. Julia will say nothing. She enjoys my cock too much... and of course there is the footage which would ruin her career – bound in a pillory, getting shafted from behind, screaming like the cock whore she is – shocking behaviour for a budding young actress. Is that not correct, Julia?”

“Yes sir! Oh God, YES SIR! YES! YES!!!”

“Foreign women are such sluts!” laughed Yuri as he merrily fucked away, ramming hard meat into one of his many toys.

“And soon Dimitri, we shall have another in our collection: Australian Sally. One more twist of the knife and I think we’ll be there. I am so looking forward to enjoying that young woman’s body... time and time again!”

Chapter 10

The following day Sally's troubled life was sent into freefall when she was collected at dawn by the two simian faced henchmen. With her hands cuffed, she was taken out of the castle through dark and mysterious pathways to a side exit where a police van was waiting.

This didn't strike Sally as particularly good news!

"Where are you taking me?" she asked in panic. "I want to see the Australian ambassador. I need to speak to him. I have rights! I have rights! You can't do this!"

Paying no heed to her protests, the men bundled Sally into the back of the van. With a burly henchman sitting either side of her, she was then driven through the city that was coming to life.

It was an uncomfortable journey which lasted the best part of an hour. The henchmen chatted across her in Mastrovian, laughing and joking, taking the occasional liberty and pawing at her body. The man to her right was particularly revolting, rubbing his crotch, his penis clearly erect in his pants, whilst leering at Sally, making no attempt to disguise his obvious lust. At one point he got so carried away, he pulled his flies down and brought out his cock – an ugly gnarled bent piece of meat with a gushing purple knob. Sally thought she was going to be forced to suck it, but the man's sidekick shouted at him and reluctantly he put it away.

“He bad, bad, man!” the henchman to the left said in broken English. “Chief cut off his balls if not careful. We not allowed mess around with foreign girls. Chief not like – say bad for reputation of police.”

That offered some relief, the chief not wanting her to be interfered with. Then the frustrated man to the right croaked out something in Mastrovian. His friend guffawed loudly at the joke. From the left a hand felt up Sally’s ass.

“He say fuck being policeman!” the man reported as he groped Sally’s butt. “Maybe I agree. Perhaps we do better joining the prison service. Then we fuck you every day!”

“No!” yelled Sally, all her worst fears confirmed. They were taking her to prison. How could this be!

Yes, it was a hideous journey – the men pawing and joking at her expense, fear of her imminent future gnawing at her guts. Sally was relieved when the van came to a halt, but her relief was short lived when she was bundled out the back to see the prison in the morning light. Set in woodlands, it was hardly idyllic – a souvenir from the days of Soviet repression – a gulag of nightmarish design.

“New home!” the English-speaking henchmen informed.

“Nice, yes? Not so nice inside though. Come!”

Walking through the prison was a terrifying experience. It was like a pack of wolves had scented blood; the whole place erupting as Sally was frogmarched passed the bar fronted cells. Men leered at her hungrily, hands stretched out in an attempt to paw her, cocks were waved in vulgar promise, lewd remarks were tossed her way, mostly in Mastrovian, but a few

in English, making it clear what they intended to do if they ever got the chance.

“You unlucky!” cackled the English-speaking guard. “Go to women’s wing where only the wardens are naughty! Otherwise you get fucked by all these nice men as well!”

No! This couldn’t be happening. The place was indeed hell on earth. How could she possibly survive more than a few weeks? Ten years would be a death sentence. Sally felt totally crushed.

She was finally taken to the women’s wing – although some of the hags looked no better than the men. Sally was a bag of shaking nerves by the time she arrived, pleading with the English-speaking henchman not to lock her up with anyone else.

“Too crowded!” she was informed. “But you lucky! Only one other prisoner in your cell – till trial!”

Almost fainting with terror, they arrived at the barred cell. It was with huge relief that Sally saw the occupant, a girl younger than herself, sitting on her cot, clutching herself weeping. When the cell door was opened, she too looked at Sally with obvious relief. Then noticing the henchmen who she clearly recognised, she sprang up and threw herself at the English speaker’s feet – clearly the ‘nice’ guy of the two. Pleas were made, but the girl was brushed off.

“She had her chance,” the man reported to Sally. “Some people don’t appreciate good life when have it. Can you imagine! She traded Karinov’s Keep for this!”

And with that the cell door was locked and the henchmen walked off, laughing at fickle fate.

“Come back!” Sally yelled after them, blinded by terror.

“Come back, please! I have something important to say to Chief Karinov!”

The English-speaking henchman halted, catching his sidekick by the arm to stop him as well. Slowly he turned around then came back to the cell.

“Chief very busy man. You give message to me.”

“But...”

“Okay... enjoy stay,” the man said with a shrug of his shoulders. “Have shower soon... wardens take you there and stay to watch... do more than watch, lucky men.”

“No! You can’t let that happen!” yelled Sally, her legs giving way, crippled by fear.

“Yes!” insisted the henchman. “Must be clean. Trial tomorrow... you not turn up dirty. Foreign people think we not look after you. Then come back here. Open and shut case – chief have a tape - you bad, bad, girl!”

“Oh God! Please help me!”

“Me no can do,” the man said with another shrug of his shoulders. “Only chief can help.”

“Then tell him... tell him I’ll try.”

“Try! That girl try!” the henchman snarled, pointing to Sally’s cellmate. “Not try hard enough. Say no to chief. Not good enough.”

“Oh God! Please!” cried Sally falling to her knees, the weight of defeat too heavy to bear.

“What?”

“Then tell him okay. Tell him I’ll do it.”

“Do what?... must say now. I not come back until tomorrow to take to trial.”

“Tell him okay – he can have what he wants – my total obedience.”

“Smart girl!”

The key was produced.

Sally’s Mastrovian adventure was about to take a whole new direction.

Chapter 11

“You mean I can use this?” asked Sally, surprised yet again as she gazed at the enormous outdoor pool, the crystal-clear water glimmering in the late morning sun.

“Of course!” stated the beautiful woman to her side. “The chief will not appreciate you getting fat and flabby. If there are no guests here then use it whenever you wish, and the gym to keep the body toned, the grounds to go jogging in. I’m very keen on tennis if you’re any good at that – there are two excellent courts. But whatever you do, I expect you to keep in tip top shape – the chief will be furious with me if you don’t, and we’ll both end up in serious trouble.”

It wasn’t at all what Sally had expected. She had arrived an hour before after a hassle-free journey from the prison and been met on the driveway of the country mansion by this very sexy looking woman who was now showing her around. Tall, elegant, and impeccably outfitted in a light summer dress – she was in her early thirties at a guess, and definitely not Mastrovian – her flowing blonde hair and sparkling blue eyes giving that away. She had introduced herself as Greta and gave the new arrival a guided tour of parts of the house, including a bedroom which was apparently for Sally’s personal use. It all seemed too good to be true.

Then a reality check came when Sally was shown the cellars, specifically a cell where there was a naked woman chained to the wall, bearing a pair of golden nipple rings that were tethered to a hook either side of her. Her skin was so fair, it

was almost painfully white, and her eyes had the look of a tormented soul.

“She did something wrong,” was all Greta had to say on the matter.

It was a chilling reminder to Sally of her precarious position before she was brought out into the light at the rear of the mansion where they came upon the pool.

“Come!” said Greta. “The chief wishes to speak with you now. I believe he is relaxing in the tropical gardens.”

Sally was led to the far end of the swimming pool, through manicured grounds where a few sexy looking girls in skimpy bikinis were at work, finally arriving at a glass dome of breath-taking size. Inside the air was hot and humid - reminding Sally of the time she had spent in Bali. The dome was filled with lush tropical vegetation, squawking parrots and even a stream. The stream led to a pool that looked invitingly cool, and inside which the chief was reclining, arms stretched out wide, looking very relaxed and wonderfully naked.

To help ease his tension from the stress of high office, Chief Karinov had an attractive young local girl on each side of his massive chest, orally working, suckling on his big pert nipples, licking the smooth bulky pecs, and lapping at his pits. Two other girls were busy with the chief’s cock and balls. One massaging the nuts under the water and holding the base of the shaft, so the cock pointed directly upwards, towering out the pool. The other was merrily impaling herself - crouched over the chief facing away, she bounced up and down, fucking her cunt with the chief’s huge erection.

Sally stood beside Greta a few paces away and watched this horny show. It was a world away from the horror of the prison, and Sally felt so grateful for that. But even without that grotesque experience, she would have still felt elated to be here. The chief was a drug, and Sally needed a fix. Being in his presence was a sexual tonic. Seeing him naked, all the better. Seeing him in action was unbelievably arousing, and Sally wanted the ultimate hit.

Neither Greta nor Sally said a word. They just watched and waited. Lost in the sex being performed on his body, the chief appeared oblivious to their presence. It was only when the girl riding his cock made way for another to have a turn that Chief Karinov looked in their direction.

“Ah! Miss Hudson, you have decided to join my little group of helpers at Karinov’s Keep. I thought you would see sense in the end. Thank you, Greta, that will be all for the time being.”

“Sir!” Greta said with a curt nod; then she turned and walked away.

The chief snapped something in Mastrovian and shooed the girls in the pool away as well. They scampered off looking somewhat relieved.

“Local minxes!” the chief said shaking his head dismissively.

“They perform for me, but the enthusiasm just isn’t there. Not like your sluttish performance yesterday, Miss Hudson... or should I call you Sally, now that you’re part of my household.”

Sally nodded her head in agreement, although the choice was hardly hers. The chief would call her whatever he liked – that’s what happens when you became a man’s slave.

It was now that the reality of that fact was sinking in. And the reality didn't seem anywhere near as awful as Sally had feared. It was still a prison, but an amazingly luxurious gilded cage – and that was an amazing man sitting in the tropical pool, with a hell of a cock sticking out of it.

“Well don't just stand there sweating in the heat,” the chief chided. “Take off your clothes and join me in here – you and I need to have a little chat.”

Sally did as was asked, happy to give him this piece of total obedience. She quickly stripped naked and climbed into the water, and sat down opposite the chief, gazing at the man who was now her master, in unadulterated lust.

The chief explained the situation. And the gist of the matter was that before retiring for the night a document would be signed – Sally would confess to her crime and agree to forego a trial. She was placing herself into the chief's personal custody for up to five years. If she broke the rules of her detention at Karinov's Keep (rules which she would never see) then she accepted that she would be returned to the state prison and would serve out the remainder of her sentence there.

“You would actually let me go after five years?” Sally asked, having had this explained.

“A sir at the end of that would sound better,” Yuri replied as he playfully rubbed Sally's pussy with his foot under the water.

“Greta will mentor you on expected behaviour... but yes – I would give you the choice.”

“The choice?” asked Sally, mildly distracted by the big toe that was now prodding at her cunt.

“Yes, the choice,” replied the chief with a huge smirk on his face, sure that this fish was totally landed, and revelling in the fun he was now having. “The choice to leave, or if you wish, to stay like Greta has done.”

“Really?” asked Sally before she let out a loud moan as her vagina was pierced by a bulky hallux.

“Oh yes,” reported the chief, wiggling the toe around inside Sally’s sex. “Greta is an old girl who decided to stay on. She manages the house now - controls everything in my absence, and most things when I’m around. I don’t know what I’d do without her. She goes back home every so often to see her family, but this is where she feels she belongs... She’s Swedish, you know – a bit mature for my tastes now, as I prefer younger flesh, but she’s still an excellent fuck, and I try to oblige her at least once every visit. Her pussy is so pink, and very sweet to the taste. Perhaps I will let you lick her out later on so you can find out for yourself. Would you like that? I quite enjoy watching my bitches pleasure each other – especially if I happen to be fucking one at the time.”

“Well, yes sir. If that would amuse you,” replied Sally with a grin. She wasn’t too fussed about licking Greta’s cunt – but any form of sex which involved the chief’s cock would be something she’d happily leap at.

“But only if that contract is signed mind,” said the chief wagging his finger.

“I understand, sir.”

“Now this agreement is for my eyes only, unless it is invoked and I have to cast you to the dogs, which I would do so without any publicity at all. Tomorrow you and I will meet

with the ambassador and inform him of my leniency. As far as he is concerned, you will leave Mastrovia to continue with your travels – he'll be content with that, trust me, I know the type. As for your parents, they deserve a phone call every now and again and a few e-mails and such like. We have the technology to keep them happy. You see, everybody can be happy as long as they give me what I want.”

“Total obedience.”

“Nothing less will do... I assume Greta showed you the cellars.”

“Yes, sir,” said Sally, a shiver running through her at the memory.

“And of course, you saw the occupant,” continued Yuri. “A Russian! And a very silly young woman who committed a hideous crime several years ago. She has repented and is learning to serve reasonably well, but she spends one day each week in the cellars as a reminder of her sin and what is now expected of her. And you'll be treated similarly should you fall foul of my temper, which you will do – everyone does. Think of it as a half-way house en route to the state prison - a place from which you can return to grace, whereas from the prison, there is no way back.”

Sally twigged straight away. “The daughter of the overlord!” she exclaimed. “The one Dimitri...” She paused, wondering what had happened to the lieutenant. If the matter was to be kept quiet, no need for a trial. What was the fate of that poor man?

Yuri gave the girl a moment to ponder, knowing fine well where her thoughts were – exactly where he wanted them.

“Yes,” he finally said, breaking the silence. “The vain little slut that Dimitri was fooling around with, and who stupidly crossed him along with me as a consequence. She gets special treatment for what she did. You see, Sally - I’m not always so nice. If anyone dares to cross me, or those I hold dear, like that idiot did, then be assured they will regret it a thousand-fold.”

“And you’ll put me down there – in that...”

“That palace, compared to where you could end up... but yes, you will be punished, in many ways. Know this to be your fate before you sign the contract.”

“And this was also what Greta faced?”

“Of course. I did not keep her as a pampered pet. She was punished when she did wrong, which, in the early days was often.”

“Yet she still decided to stay.”

“I know it sounds strange, but perhaps you will come to understand having stayed with us for a while. Obedience doesn’t need to be a chore; it can have many rewards. Like taking your revenge on the lieutenant for example – something you passed on...”

The chief paused. Sally’s mind wandered back to Dimitri – that wonderful specimen of manhood who had shown her such torment and such glorious pleasure. Her head bowed at the implication of the chief’s words, and she felt such regret.

“Now Sally,” the chief continued. “I have something to ask of you. All my foreign helpers here are treated in the same way. As you may have noticed on that Russian, I have a thing about nipple rings. I think they look so lovely on a young woman

and can be such fun to play with. Greta is pierced, and she has lovely big nipples. I so enjoy torturing them, and she has grown to enjoy it. So, Australian Sally, as a sign of your acceptance before you sign the contract, I want you to have your nipples pierced as well and wear the rings that will mark you as mine.”

“Yes sir. No problem at all.”

“It might be painful, but I want to feel your pain. When the nipples are pierced, I want you sitting on my cock. It is way overdue that we fuck at last, but I’m sure it will have been worth the wait.”

Sally grinned, looking at the phallus that towered proudly out of the water. She couldn’t wait to mount it and have the first of many fucks that would be coming her way. “I’m so looking forward to it, sir. I truly am.”

“And there is nothing that could make you change your mind,” the chief asked.

“Honestly sir,” Sally gushed, and she realised that she was actually going to speak the truth. “I think that even if the prison threat didn’t hang over me, I’d still want to go ahead and take this chance. I know it’s early days, and that I’ll suffer for my mistakes, but if this is my life for the next five years, then I think it’s the best adventure anyone could ever embark on. So, no – I don’t think there is anything that would change my opinion. I can’t wait to ride your cock – have that wonderful thing inside me and give you all the pleasure I can with the pain I may feel as my nipples are pierced.”

“Then so be it,” said the chief looking mightily pleased. “It’s time you met my nephew who is our only male guest for this

weekend, and who you will be servicing as well with your various fuckholes. He will have the honour of piercing you. That is assuming you are still happy to accept your fate and ride my cock as he does so.”

Footsteps were heard. Sally gasped in shock as Dimitri appeared holding the equipment for the piercing.

“But...”

“But life is a bitch,” the chief gleefully reported. “I told you your cunt was mine the moment you walked into my country – I just allowed it to be spread around before I claimed it for my own – claimed your cunt, which I’m going to have many times today, regardless of what you do now. But what else can I claim?”

Sally broke into a toothy smile as she gazed at Dimitri, alive and naked. She knew she’d been played and easily beaten by both these men. But she didn’t care. She was happily enslaved. She got up, unplugging her pussy from the chief’s big toe. She crouched over her master, grasped his massive cock and pointed it at her cunt. Sally Hudson plunged down on it, embracing the pain, rejoicing in the bliss as her vagina was stuffed like never before.

“My total obedience, sir,” she gasped. “My total obedience for as long as you wish.”

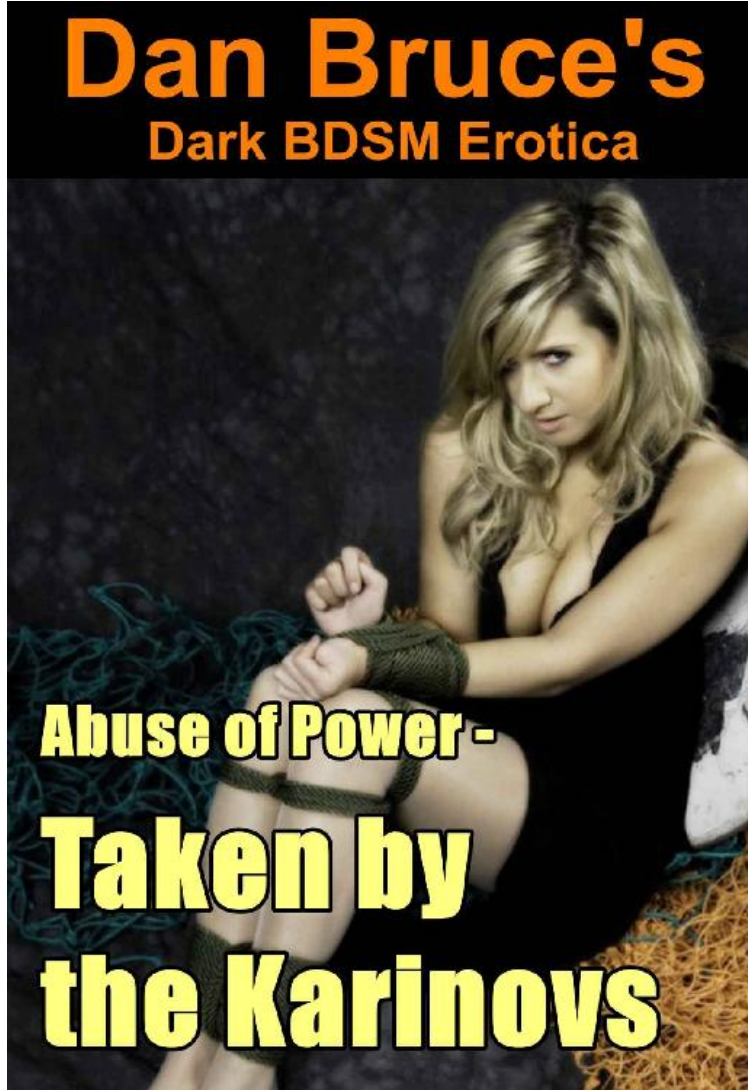
Taken by the Karinovs

Dan Bruce's

Dark BDSM Erotica

Abuse of Power -

**Taken by
the Karinovs**



Chapter 1

“How was your meal, ladies? I hope everything was to your satisfaction.”

Vicky Fullerton looked round to the man who had approached their table, stealthily like a cat before he pounced with his question. Her mild annoyance at the interruption was seamlessly disguised by the engaging smile she flashed. “It was lovely, Sergio, absolutely lovely,” Vicky replied. Her younger sister Natalie nodded in agreement.

And Vicky meant it. The meal was fabulous – not haute cuisine, but fine local faire that was beautifully cooked and very tasty. Every aspect of the hotel was to her liking: it was clean and comfortable; homely in its mood but modern in its running; and the service was excellent, although Sergio could be a tad irritating at times, fussing over them the way he did – but it was nice to be spoiled and looked after so well. All in all, it was a brilliant place to stay – the whole holiday had turned out to be surprisingly good. Not something you might have expected of Mordavia!

Mordavia?

Yes, exactly! Mordavia!

At first Vicky had balked at the idea. She had never heard of the country, but Natalie had insisted they go there for their hard-earned holiday after slaving away in summer jobs during the university break. Vicky would have gone for something more mainstream, but younger sister Natalie was adamant –

Mordavia was the place to go. Why spend their summer holiday doing the same as everyone else? Getting trashed in Ibiza or bronzed in St. Tropez, bumping into millions of other students backpacking around Europe. Goa was passé, full of geriatric hippies, and Thailand was so boring after that stupid bloody film: 'The Beach' indeed – hardly idyllic as it would be swarming with tourists all in search of paradise on earth. No – it had to be Mordavia: beautiful and unspoiled, exotic and apparently incredibly cheap. They could live like royalty for the three-week break.

“And where the heck is Mordavia anyway?” Vicky had asked when presented with this plan.

“A plane ride away!” Natalie had answered dismissively with a flick of her hand and an angelic smile on her face that always won Vicky over. “We’re going. Trust me! We’ll have a brilliant time.”

And she was right. It had turned out fabulously. They had spent the first few days in the capital, stunned by its old-world charm that had somehow avoided the ravages of communism whilst Mordavia was part of the Eastern Bloc. Then they had moved to the countryside which proved beautiful and diverse, and where they were treated like visiting princesses – tourism hadn’t touched the remoter parts, and fair-skinned, blue-eyed blondes had never been seen before.

What really topped things off was when Natalie managed to speak to the locals in their native tongue. They were so thrilled – there was nothing they wouldn’t do for the two glamorous creatures who had descended from another world. Being able to communicate had made all the difference. Natalie had a gift

of being able to pick up new languages very quickly. She was studying Russian at university and Mordavian was similar. By the time they arrived she had mastered enough to easily get by.

Now they had settled at the country's main beach resort for a final week of sunbathing and relaxation. Having spent very little of their holiday money, they had checked in to The Golden Sands, the best hotel on the coast, where English was actually spoken, and the food was surprisingly delicious.

"Would you like some coffee, ladies, and a complimentary liqueur perhaps?" asked Sergio Markov, the hotel manager, who had taken a special interest in his two beautiful guests from Scotland.

Vicky looked to her sister who was shaking her head. "No thank you, Sergio, we'll take a stroll then retire to our room. I need a shower and an early night. Remember, we go sailing tomorrow."

"Of course - you need to be up early," said Sergio with a wry smile. "I have arranged for your wake-up call as you requested. It is unlikely that I will see you before you leave in the morning, so I will give you my good wishes for the day now."

With the same wry smile, Sergio left the sisters to finish their wine, forcing himself away from their delightful loveliness so as not to cause offence or appear like a love-struck puppy. He was a man, a Mordavian man, and had his dignity to consider. And Sergio's dignity had already been grossly offended, which is never a good thing where Mordavian machismo is concerned.

Sergio bristled at the recollection. He had offered to take them on a tour of the area in a car he'd arranged to hire at huge expense. He was an important person – a minor celebrity given his position, so they should have jumped at the chance. It was an honour to be invited by such a man as he – did they not realise this? Yet they had turned him down! The reason was irrelevant – the offence was crushing to his macho pride. Then they added to this devastating blow by telling him they needed an early wake up call for the following morning. Telling him, Sergio Markov! Treating the manager of the best hotel in the resort like some peasant who worked in the reception of a hostel!

It had been galling – a hideous insult on top of the knock back he had suffered. No local woman would have dared approach him on such a trivial matter, but he had no option but to smile and take a note of their request. And as if that had not been enough, the reason for this call was so that they could spend the day sailing.

Sailing indeed!

This was another major blow. As a consequence of this ludicrous trip out to sea, the two delectable foreigners would not be sunning themselves on the beach wearing their skimpy little costumes that had caused such a stir, scandalising the local women and tormenting the local men - and Sergio would be denied his stolen moments spying on them through his binoculars.

Once out of the restaurant, Sergio stormed into the staff room where a junior porter was having a sneaky cigarette. The manager cuffed the young lad around the ear and sent him out

to reception with a hard kick up his backside, venting a little of his fury over the indignity he had suffered and the stolen moments he would miss as a result of this sailing trip.

But those binocular assisted glimpses of the girls sunbathing on the beach were not the only stolen moments for Sergio Markov, and he would most definitely be seeing the Scots girls again before their sailing trip in the morning. He would be seeing them again very soon, as he had done on the previous two evenings.

Less than an hour later, Sergio was stroking his blood engorged cock, his trousers were unbuttoned, his belt was unbuckled, his trousers and his underpants were pulled down to his knees as he peered through one of the small holes that were drilled into the wall. There were three of them in the bedroom and another two in the open plan bathroom which was designed with voyeurism in mind.

Sergio was sure he was the only person alive who knew of their existence – this throwback to the bad old days in Mordavia when watching people was an obsession. His father had managed the hotel before him and had been in the pay of the State Police. The main purpose had been to entrap foreigners or political dissidents who might indulge in a little extra-marital fun with a local whore. Now they were used solely for pleasure, and the pleasure was all Sergio's.

He always made sure this room was given to attractive young women, purely for this purpose. It didn't stop him if they were with a man – Sergio enjoyed watching them get fucked, or what little he could discern of the action – Mordavian women having a preference for sex in the dark and a boring

missionary position. He was much happier when they were alone however, or even better with another woman; then there would be no sex, but he could watch and fantasise about having them for himself. Usually it was local women – few foreigners ever came to Mordavia, but with the opening up of the country a trickle were now coming to stay. These two women were the first without men to guard them – the first young ones – and they were the most beautiful creatures Sergio had ever seen. This was the highlight of his voyeuristic life.

Sergio had been waiting for them as soon as they returned to the hotel after their post dinner stroll. He had taken up position in the linen store which adjoined their room and watched through the middle hole which afforded the best view. For ten minutes they had teased him by doing little other than chat, the younger one provocatively lying on the bed whilst the older sister sat in the armchair. It was impossible to make out what they were saying, the walls muffling their voices, and their accent when they spoke together was very unusual - a Glaswegian brogue making them almost unintelligible. But Sergio was sure they were talking about him - making fun of him. Wasn't that always the way with western women – they had no respect for men. Whores – the lot of them.

And these two young women, beautiful as they were, were tarnished with the same brush. Had not Sergio shown them kindness? Had he not ensured they had the best room in the hotel – all be it one where he could spy on them, but these cockteasers were not to know that? Had he not specifically ordered the staff to look after their every need – the best service in the restaurant, the best food, complimentary drinks?

Had he not offered to take them out on his day off and show them around the region in a car he was prepared to pay a fortune to hire?

And they refused!

Sluts!

Whores!

Disrespectful harlots!

By God he would have his revenge!

Like his father before him, Sergio was also in the pay of the State Police, and tomorrow a telephone call would be made that would teach those bitches a lesson.

But that was for later, now he would enjoy his voyeurism, for some action was about to take place. The older one had got out of the chair and was getting undressed, intent on having her shower. Sergio watched as she removed the stylish top she had worn to dinner, which had shown off her golden tanned arms and shoulders to devastating effect. She removed it slowly, lingering over her action, using what to most people would appear like two hands, but in fact she used only one. The other hand was stroking her lovely flat stomach as it was teasingly revealed before moving on to her fabulous breasts which were astonishingly full and gloriously pert, and barely contained by her scandalously daring bra. The sheer material clung to her breasts and showed off very clearly the bulge of her perky nipples, which to Sergio looked disgracefully hard, confirming the fact that the woman was a slut and deserved everything that was coming to her.

Then the strumpet pulled the top over her head, her slender arms reaching high into the air as if rousing from some sex induced sleep. She held this evocative pose for a ridiculous length of time. Sergio was sure the dirty cockteaser knew what she was doing, knew that he was watching her and was tormenting him with the body she had so cruelly denied him the company of on his day off. And it was working! Sergio's cock was throbbing in his hand and his heart was racing in his chest. God, how he wanted to fuck the bitch! Fuck her and bugger her and stuff her throat full of his dick as he emptied his balls into her stomach!

Then things got even better for the linen room voyeur! Having at last discarded her top, the woman allowed her hand to casually dangle in front of her crotch, giving the impression that she was playing with her pussy. Sergio could scarcely believe it, the audacity of the slut to do such an act. Did she actually know he was spying on her? Surely not!

Then Sergio realised what was happening: the whore was putting on a show for her younger sister who was watching on the bed in hysterics of laughter. The older one was educating her younger sibling in the art of cock-teasing. Sluts! How dare they refuse his advances when they were clearly whores in need of a hard cock, which Sergio most certainly had!

Still, it was proving highly entertaining – the best night of voyeurism by far. Such a shame these illicit moments would come to an end, perhaps sooner than those bitches knew!

Whatever, Sergio was in rapture. His eyes were now glued to this fabulous hussy who was putting on a performance out of the top drawer. He watched on as Vicky undid the zipper on

the shorts she was wearing, slowly pulling the zip all the way down. Then she turned around so that her back was to her sister and she started to peel off her shorts. She inched them down, front first, then side, then back, resting them at her thighs so she could give her ass a quick rub. Sergio was in shock as the woman felt up her own bottom, and so excited that he almost blew out his load prematurely. His mind raced as he struggled to contain himself whilst revelling in a fantasy - how wonderful it would be if she were to bend over for him and he could fuck her up the ass. No local woman would ever allow for such a thing, but surely this whore would gladly spread her cheeks and take a length of Mordavian cock up her bum and have her Scottish guts drenched in his spunk.

Sergio lost himself in that heavenly dream as he watched Vicky bend over and drop the shorts to her ankles, resting her hands on her knees with her beautiful ass jutting out right in front of her sister. She was wearing the skimpiest of undergarments - a thong that barely covered her pussy, held in place by strands of string-like material which wrapped round her waist and ran the length of her ass crack leaving her buttocks totally bare.

And what buttocks they were! Sergio was in rapture as he gazed at the swell of her magnificent peachy ass cheeks. The enticing stance accentuated their curves and caused his cock to flood with blood and his piss slit to dribble with pre-cum.

To round off the whorish performance, Vicky gave her sister a gentle sway of her ass then looked back at Natalie under her arm with a smile on her beautiful face. Her long golden hair fell luxuriously from her head and her golden tits hung perkily in her bra. Then she stepped out of the shorts and straightened

herself with a stretch, showing off once again her incredible body as she laughed along with her sister, proud of her wanton display.

Slut!

Sluts!

Whores, the pair of them – how dare they turn him down?

Still giggling at her shameless exhibition, Vicky sashayed off to the bathroom and Sergio moved along the linen room to another spyhole where he gazed upon her again. Without an audience, she unceremoniously removed her underwear, dropping the bra and thong on the floor. Sergio looked at her naked body in all its magnificence whilst he stroked his cock sensuously, forcing some restraint, desperately straining not to come, wanting to see more before he shot out his load. He would wait for the right moment; wait till she was in the shower – he knew her routine – the best was still to come.

Vicky entered the open plan shower area and turned on the water. Sergio knew that it was tepid rather than hot – he had ordered it be kept that way whilst these women were staying. He didn't want his view obscured by steam! Under a cascade of water, Vicky reached for her shower gel and started to lather her body, massaging her golden tanned flesh in a most provocative manner. Sergio watched on, gripped by lust, scanning her body all over as the woman sensuously rubbed herself. He delighted in her full youthful breasts which were gratuitously massaged, her hands leisurely caressing their impressive mass, lathering them with the rich suds of soap. He rejoiced in the hard, coral coloured nipples, which she brazenly pinched and moaned in self-arousal – more

confirmation that she was a complete and utter slut. Whore that she was, Sergio still revelled in her slender waist and beautiful flat stomach, and her full womanly hips with that fabulous ass to the rear. God, how Sergio loved the bitch's golden coloured ass with its small triangle of dazzling white flesh which was the only part of her rear she immodestly kept covered on the beach, much to all the local men's delight.

But more than all this, Sergio was enthralled by her pussy which the slut had shaved so that not a single hair covered her sex. Never had he seen such a thing on a grown woman – Sergio had gone into shock when he noticed it on the first night, nothing had ever excited him so much. He wanted to lick it and he wanted to fuck it – he wanted with a passion to come inside it then screw her again in all manner of positions.

But it wasn't simply the delicious sight of her pussy and the fantasies it inspired that so enthralled Sergio Markov - it was what the woman did.

Whore that she was - this western slut with the shaven pussy brazenly pleased herself whilst in the shower! Two nights in a row she had played with her sex as water cascaded over her body. And glory of glories, her hand was going there again – she was going to masturbate in front of Sergio like a western porn star putting on a show.

As Vicky had done on the previous two evenings in the shower, she slid her hand between her legs and cleaned her cunt. But she was doing more than cleaning it, Sergio knew that for sure. Soap covered the bald mound and fingers ran up and down her slit, opening and closing the labia lips as she lathered her sex. She lingered, her head thrown backwards,

one hand returning to a breast to squeeze hard on her nipple whilst the other pleased her cunt. Fingers probed into the depths, and forefinger and thumb toyed with her clit. She lingered over the action, her fingers going deeper and deeper, opening her sex so her pinkness was clearly shown and rubbing the petals of this fabulous flower as her excitement grew and grew. Soon she became more frantic, fucking herself with four of her fingers, her head thrashing around, her mouth panting out her passion as she brought herself nearer and nearer to climax.

Sergio was panting as well on the other side of the wall, his eye glued to the small aperture that afforded him this incredible luxury. He jerked at his cock, whilst he gazed at the hussy, wishing he could be there to pleasure her himself. Then he saw her body spasm. He watched as this vision of sensual loveliness brought herself to orgasm under a cascade of tepid water. And with a groan, Sergio was there as well - his thick milky cum spurting out of his cock in a blissful eruption of release to splatter against the linen room wall. He frantically pumped his rock hard meat, squeezing out every drop of seed from his balls as he imagined he was squirting into the Scottish whore who had dared to say 'no' to him but a few hours ago, but who in Sergio's head was now screaming, 'Yes! Yes! Yes!'

The deed done on both sides of the wall, Vicky gave her pussy a final rub, turned off the shower and towelled herself dry before picking up her clothes and returning to the bedroom. Sergio watched until she left, still stroking his cock which refused to go soft. Glancing down, he noticed that the wall was covered with his glistening spunk, the ropes slowly dripping to

stain the floor beneath. A maid's job to clean, but he would do it himself. No one must ever suspect.

Twenty minutes later, Sergio was ready to come again as he watched the younger sister in the shower. She was less of a whore in Sergio's opinion - less of a woman for that matter – but she still excited Sergio to an enormous degree. Natalie had the more slender figure, girlish rather than womanly. She had petite firm breasts with small areoles and nipples, tight firm buttocks and a lovely little pink asshole she occasionally revealed as she washed herself. She had a beautiful little pussy with a triangle of golden hair – innocence was the impression she gave, despite being a slut. She was a westerner – so as far as Sergio was concerned, she had to be a slut!

Nineteen years old according to her passport. She looked younger – much younger to Sergio. God, how exciting that would be to ravish such tender teenage flesh! As he dreamed the dream of a fuck at her pussy, and another at her lovely pink asshole, Sergio spurted out another load of his cum as Natalie emerged from the shower to wrap herself in a robe.

Sergio watched her with a heavy heart – she looked so lovely and pure, and for a moment he wondered if he should pass the chalice and refuse his payment of silver.

‘Why did they have to refuse me?’ he asked himself. ‘I would not have touched them. I only wanted to dream - to have a day to remember, to be the talk of the town – the lucky man who had escorted these goddesses around. And then later, when they were gone, I could have invented tales of mind-boggling sexual acts that would have made me the envy of all the men. Why did they have to refuse me? Why? Why? Why?’

Then he hardened his heart. They were sluts from the west, and they would get what they deserved for hurting him so. And Sergio would be rewarded handsomely for landing such a catch. Yuri Karinov would be mightily pleased when he saw what Sergio was delivering into his hands.

Chapter 2

Mordavia's chief of police was a man feared throughout the country – his very name was a source of terror across the land. Educated by the communists, trained under their brutal regime, a ruthless man and a born survivor - he had seen the winds of change blowing long before his fellow officers in the State Police and had covered his ass brilliantly when the communist government was overthrown. A few years later, as crime gripped the new democracy, Yuri Karinov, the survivor from the bad old days of policing by fear, emerged as the man to sort out the mess.

New laws were insisted on and warily granted – the government effectively putting its head in a noose. Hard won civil liberties were thrown to the wind as the police were bestowed almost draconian powers. It did the trick though – by God it did! Yuri sorted out the crime epidemic quickly and ruthlessly. The bad old days of state control were back in a new democratic disguise. But at least the streets were once again free of crime and safe to walk at night. Of course, corruption became rife and those new powers were abused – but no one in the government was too bothered about that, especially as Yuri soon had most of their balls in a vice with a huge variety of incriminating material, some of which was actually real. The elected government, that was supposed to serve the people, soon became a puppet with Yuri Karinov pulling the strings. But on the upside - it was safe to open up the country to tourism and make a bid to join the European

Union. Corrupt or not, Mordavia now faced west and Euros, pounds and dollars were pouring in, whilst roubles were kept firmly at bay. Mordavia was taking its rightful place in the world as a modern independent state – what did it matter if there were some atrocious human rights violations going on? The silly oafs in Brussels would never hear of them anyway, as nobody in their right mind would dare to cross Yuri and blow the whistle on his questionable methods of maintaining law and order!

Of the eighty or so people dining at The Golden Sands the following evening, sixty were Mordavian, and all sixty fell deathly silent when Yuri Karinov was escorted into the room by the fawning hotel manager. It was like a blast of cold air blowing into the restaurant, chilling the atmosphere and making everyone shiver despite the warmth of the evening.

Vicky and Natalie picked up on it immediately. They had no idea who the man was that had caused this effect, but it was obvious he was a celebrity of sorts. As westerners tend to do when confronted with fame, the girls looked at the man openly whilst sixty other guests lowered their heads and prayed they would survive the night. Suitably impressed, both the Scotswomen silently wondered who or what the man might be. His smart Italian suit made him stand out from the masses but offered no clues as to his position in life. His impressive physique implied some sort of athlete, but his face was that of a middle-aged man – handsomely rugged, firm and austere, an athlete of a past age perhaps but no modern-day sporting idol.

The two sisters could sense the anxiety he incited, and as the man approached in the wake of Sergio, they could sense the power he exuded. It was both fearful and strangely exciting to

the young women who did not know Yuri Karinov in person or by reputation. Vicky in particular found him disturbingly enticing – she never had a problem with maturity in men, preferring experienced lovers over fumbling youths, and this particular specimen was very much to her taste – her neglected body responding immediately to his animalistic attraction. Big and brawny, a real beast of a man, stylishly dressed but wonderfully rugged - he had all the allure to Vicky Fullerton, of the alpha dog for a bitch in the peak of her season!

Simmering in the heat of the authority he radiated, both women were desperate to ask the other if she had a clue as to who the man might be, but the silence in the room was infectious and they held their tongues. They watched fascinated as Sergio brought the man closer and with a flourish of his hand pointed to an empty table which just happened to be adjacent to where the sisters were seated. The man stood for a moment and looked over to them and froze them with his hard, black eyes. Offering the most modest of smiles, he nodded his head in a respectful salute then he sat down facing them both, without a dining companion to hinder his view.

And what a view he had!

It took all of two minutes for Yuri Karinov to decide what to eat and drink, and less than that to decide that Sergio was right. The two women were utterly delectable, each different and gorgeously so: one ripe and voluptuous in the full bloom of her beauty, the other a bud coming into flower and all the more precious for her state of transition. Yuri made no show to advertise his interest, he simply ate his meal in the hushed whispers of the room, enjoying the fear he instilled in his countrymen and the indigestion his appearance was

undoubtedly bringing to the guests at The Golden Sands hotel. And even more so he enjoyed the furtive glances he made in the direction of the two lovely young women, who had no idea what fate had just thrown their way. Fate, nudged along by the pathetic individual who managed the hotel – a despicable little dog, who for his efforts, would be thrown a scrap from the table of the unofficial master of Mordavia.

Chapter 3

Three days later Vicky and Natalie left The Golden Sands and were driven to the airport where they were to catch their flight to London for the onward connection to Glasgow. They had enjoyed their holiday, although the final part had proved a little strange. People seemed to shy away from them as if they were contagious, whereas before everyone had seemed so friendly. They both dismissed it, thinking it was their silly imagination. Why on earth would anyone shun two pretty young women?

But it was strange, even Sergio had acted oddly around them - more oddly than he did when he had first met them, that is! Vicky assumed it was because he felt slighted by her refusal of his offer to show them around in a car. Silly of him if that was the case, as nothing bad or insulting was intended. She quite liked Sergio and had even masturbated in the shower on a couple of occasions whilst thinking about him – although that had changed over the past few days with a new inspiration driving her lusty passions in the form of a mysterious diner.

Yes, she quite liked Sergio. But Vicky didn't want to get involved with anyone during this holiday – it was sister time – men were strictly off limits for the duration. Not an easy task for a woman with Vicky's demanding libido, which normally was pacified on a regular basis with bouts of raunchy sex. But she had forced the issue, refusing all advances and settling for masturbation. She elected to wait until she was home for a much-needed stud to satisfy her very healthy desires. If she

had been on her own, then she would have undoubtedly invited Sergio to her bed, if only as a substitute for the Mordavian man she really wanted in there. But not with Natalie around: sweet Natalie – much loved and virginal sister.

So, Vicky was quite pleased when Sergio had come to say his farewells and pressed a small package into her hands. “A gift, so you will remember me,” he had said, “a small token of my esteem for you and your lovely sister. It is a surprise for you both, so open it together when you are home in Scotland. The impact will be lost if you open it before.”

‘What a nice gesture,’ Vicky had thought at the time; then she dismissed it from her mind where a spectre now haunted. The spectre of power that she had sniffed, but not yet tasted. Although as luck would have it – a banquet awaited!

Excited about the prospect of returning home, the sisters arrived at the airport in the best of spirits, chatting and giggling without a care in the world. In defiance of the climate that awaited them in Glasgow, they had elected to travel in light summer dresses which showed off their tans and impossibly long legs that both had received as a genetic gift from their mother – a former model who measured six foot tall - both daughters were a couple of inches shorter. Conscious of the hungry eyes that watched, they checked in for the flight then went for a coffee before making their way to the departures gate. They were still chatting and giggling as they went to security and passed through the scanners without any worrying bleep. They even laughed when the big Alsatian dog came sniffing, joking that it must smell the bacon and eggs they’d had for breakfast. But they stopped laughing when the

dog gave out a threatening growl and a young officer nearby pulled out a gun and pointed it in Vicky's direction.

Fuck!

In an instant two lives were irrevocably changed. Now there was nobody laughing - just plenty of people getting out of the way, staring at the Scotswomen with pity in their eyes, where before there was jealousy or lust. Vicky stared as well: at the gun and the officer, oblivious to the straining dog nearby being held on a leash by another policeman. Fear smacked her hard in the face – fear that mingled with the most unnatural yearning – something that made no sense at all given the peril she was in. Yet it was snarling like the dog... or was it a bitch! She hadn't looked to see what the Alsatian had between its legs – Vicky's eyes were fixed on the man with the gun!

It's a funny old phrase is 'drop dead gorgeous' but that's what he was as far as Vicky was concerned: totally mesmerising; a big hunky stud of the highest quality; broad and really manly despite his youth; and so ludicrously handsome it beggared belief, movie star looks with the sort of dark swarthy features she found so attractive. The smart uniform he wore added to the allure, although the gun he was brandishing would be better in its holster. But beyond the obvious physical worth, there was something about him that was oddly familiar and gave him an added dimension of attraction – the build, the authority, the facial features with those coal black eyes, and the raw sexual energy he exuded, all reminder Vicky of the man in the dining room - that spectre of power that had captivated her so much.

"Please, come this way!" snapped the young officer.

“What’s going on?” Vicky asked, casting her inappropriate desires aside as she sharpened her wits to the danger presented. “Why are you pointing that gun at me? Please, put it down!”

“Both of you! Come this way!” repeated the officer, the threat in his voice all too clear... it wouldn’t be smart to make him say it a third time.

“I don’t understand. What’s happening, Vicky?” whimpered Natalie looking pleadingly at her sister and clutching her hand – the only person prepared to come to her side.

“I’m not sure,” answered Vicky. “We had best do as he says, though. Come on! It’ll be fine – it’s just some misunderstanding. I’m sure it’ll get quickly sorted out and we’ll be on the plane to London.” They were assuring words that lacked conviction. Vicky’s stomach was turning as she sensed an air of foreboding encroach to swallow them up in a mire of manipulation.

Natalie wasn’t buying it either, but she saw no other option and joined her sister as they followed the young officer, who under different circumstances would have very much appealed to her – it wasn’t just Vicky who had taken a strong fancy to the man. With his athletic build and dashing good looks, Natalie thought he made for a striking figure in the smart uniform he wore. It was such a shame he was threatening poor Vicky with a gun, as otherwise the hunky young officer would have embodied everything Natalie dreamed of in her romanticised notion of the perfect man. But life as they say can be a real bitch at times... a snarling she-wolf in certain cases, as naive young Natalie was about to find out!

Immune to his attraction, the young man in charge barked out some orders and another officer trailed behind with the hand luggage the holidaymakers had put through the scanner. He was a big brute of a man with the makings of a paunch, thick hairy arms and dark stubble on his chin giving a cruel look to his face – Natalie most certainly didn't fancied him, although Vicky wouldn't have said no with a few drinks inside her – she quite liked a bit of rough from time to time... which was probably just as well.

With their minds in turmoil and stomachs churning, the Scottish tourists who had looked to the comfort of home were instead led to a room which was sparsely furnished with two work desks, a large table and a few wooden chairs. The wall nearest the table was covered by a mirror. Vicky rightly guessed they were being watched from the other side.

“Please, you will wait here,” said the English-speaking officer, a certain Lieutenant Dimitri Karinov. He then turned around and left, leaving the girls guarded by the big brute with the paunch.

Silence followed Dimitri out the door. Then as soon as he was gone, the remaining policeman let out a deep lusty groan. Putting their bags on the floor, he fixed the women with his eyes, scanning their bodies as if stripping them both naked. With no shame for his state, a bulge soon appeared at the front of his trousers – the clear contour of an impressively large erection which he made no attempt to hide. On the contrary, he actually stroked it from time to time as he leered at the trembling girls, chortling away with lewd suggestion.

It was a very uncomfortable ten minutes the two women spent alone with this crude policeman: Natalie abhorring, looking away; Vicky sympathising with her sister, but furtively glancing at that disgraceful bulge, wondering what it would look like in the flesh. But at least the big brute with his equally big erection took their minds off the fact they had been detained in custody for some unknown reason.

Their plight was soon in refocus though when the door opened, and the handsome young officer returned. He was followed into the room by a tall well-built man in uniform of high rank who glared at Vicky and Natalie with his steely black eyes. Two hearts soared and one pussy roared! It was the man from the hotel restaurant of three nights before – the man of obvious power who had acted so charmingly and made such an impact on them both. The girls felt a flash of excited relief – surely now everything would be cleared up and they would still make the flight to London.

Wrong! It was Yuri Karinov, the chief of police, and the girls were in deep, deep shit!

Still blissfully ignorant of Yuri's reputation, Vicky saw this as a silver lining to her detention as it would give her the chance to engage with this man who had stolen his way into her imagination. She beamed him a smile that was laced with flirtation and honeyed her voice to sweetly ask, "Excuse me, sir. Do you speak English?"

Yuri made no reply and his staff remained deferentially silent.

Cursing her luck that she didn't speak the language, Vicky encouraged her sister to do so instead. "Talk to him, Natalie – ask if he remembers us," Vicky urged, a tinge of colour

touching her cheeks as memories of her own came flashing back – evenings in the shower and the shockingly depraved fantasies this man had inspired in her.

Not so easily won over by a hunk in a uniform, Natalie was trembling with fear. But she still managed to form a few sentences in Mordavian and asked if the gentleman recalled them from The Golden Sands hotel where he had dined at an adjacent table.

Now that came as a surprise to the chief of police. Yuri was impressed and seriously annoyed. No one had mentioned that the younger girl spoke Mordavian – Sergio would get a clip round the ear for the omission which could have resulted in the plan backfiring if she'd overheard something of importance. But he betrayed not a jot and made no reply to this either. He simply looked at Natalie as he re-assessed the situation then turned away to have a few words with his subordinates, using a dialect that she would never understand.

Vicky watched all this feeling worried again, but still hideously aroused by the situation. It was a bizarre reaction – incongruous with their plight, but nevertheless she felt decidedly turned on. She reckoned it was the recent abstinence that was causing the effect – that and all the testosterone that was floating in the air as these men were oozing it by the gallon!

“What are they saying, Natalie?” Vicky asked in a whisper, impatient to know what was going on.

Natalie had no idea, but she had no chance to answer. “Be silent!” yelled Dimitri. “Do not speak again until you are spoken to.”

Vicky bristled. She might be feeling unnaturally randy, and the young officer could lay claim to be the handsomest bloke she'd ever seen, but she wasn't accustomed to being ordered about. "This is ridiculous, we've done nothing wrong," she exclaimed, righteous indignity blazing on her face.

Yuri Karinov spun round with the speed of a pouncing panther and slapped Vicky hard across the cheek. The blow sent her reeling backwards and she crashed into the table, just managing to catch herself by gripping on the edge. She made to bring her hand up to her burning cheek, but Yuri grabbed her by the wrist and pinned her down. He stood towering over her like the shadow of death – scary as shit, and for Vicky Fullerton, sexy as all hell!

"You were told not to speak."

Yuri's words came quietly and slowly, chilling the room with every drawn-out syllable, and freezing Vicky with the accompanying stare from his petrifying black, black eyes. "Do not give me cause to reprimand you again. I will not be so lenient the next time."

Then he moved away, returning to his men. Vicky was too terrified to even draw breath. She remained semi-collapsed over the table, tears welling in her sapphire eyes, threatening to wet her lovely flushed cheeks, whilst more moisture was oozing between her legs, threatening to drench her gusset.

Odd! But be assured it was true. Vicky Fullerton, who'd never known violence from a man before, had just been smacked in the face and sent reeling, and whilst she was mightily vexed and seriously pissed off, she was also shamefully aroused by this dominant display. Some unkind souls would say that made

her a slut – a bitch in heat gagging for some cock. But maybe it was a tad more complicated than that... Power and violence so freely yielded, and raw masculinity so alluringly packaged – it all added up to a potent hit when mixed with foreign danger and a healthy libido that had been deprived for way too long. That perhaps is a better take on things but call her a slut if you want.

Whatever! Vicky was stunned by her body's reaction – it was a shocking abuse to be physically struck, but oddly it made Yuri even more attractive to her – power being a drug, potent and addictive, and Vicky Fullerton was becoming hooked to this man who supplied with such easy flourish.

“We have reason to believe you may be carrying illegal substances,” stated Dimitri, looking in Vicky's direction.

“Your luggage is currently being searched. It would save time, and act in your favour, if you were to confess now if that is the case.”

“Of course, we're not carrying anything illegal. You'll find nothing in our bags apart from dirty clothes,” replied Vicky, knowing it was her place to take the lead. She wiped her face and stood back up on her feet – her legs shaking, her pussy pulsating – she really had to get a grip!

“Perhaps,” replied Dimitri with a shrug of his broad shoulders, then he flashed a disarming smile that did nothing to help the slaver state of Vicky's pussy. “The sniffer dogs did not react to them, but they will be searched nonetheless. One of the dogs did react to you, however. It reacted very positively. Are you carrying anything on your person that might have caused such a response?”

“No,” stated Vicky with sure authority; then suddenly she looked over to her handbag with horror on her face. “No... Unless... unless it was the package.”

“What package?” snapped Dimitri.

“The present from Sergio. It’s in my bag.”

“Search the bag!” ordered Dimitri.

The subordinate big brute complied, emptying the contents of Vicky’s bag onto a desk. And there it was, the present from Sergio – Vicky could feel her heart racing and her guts wrenching with anxiety – all whorish thoughts now forgotten as she saw the trap approach. Gripped by nausea, she feared she might be sick. How stupid could she have been to accept something without opening it and not declaring it to the customs!

“Is this what you mean?” asked Dimitri. He lifted up the package and held it out towards Vicky.

“Yes, Sergio gave it to me this morning before we left the hotel. He said it was to remember him by.”

“And what does it contain?”

“It’s a present – I don’t know.”

“Open it!” ordered Dimitri, thrusting the package back to his subordinate.

Grinning at the fun, the big brute ripped off the wrapping and opened the box. Inside was a plastic bag shaped into a cube and held bound by duct tape. He handed it to Yuri Karinov.

Yuri weighed it in his hand and then fixed Vicky once again with his terrifying black eyes.

“A kilo,” he announced with startled raised eyebrows. “But a kilo of what, I wonder. Chocolates from your admirer perhaps - in a very odd casing! Then again... perhaps not!”

Yuri removed a penknife from his uniform pocket and sliced open the package. He dipped his finger in and brought it to his nose – it was ominously coated in white powder. Yuri sniffed then took a taste, touching his finger with the tip of his tongue.

“Cocaine!” he announced as if shocked and surprised. “And excellent quality, I might add – Columbia should be proud of such a crop! Illegal of course, in this country and most others... Who did you say was your supplier here in Mordavia?”

Vicky gazed at him wide eyed, her head spinning as she drowned in the horror of the trap that had closed. “Sergio, the hotel manager at The Golden Sands...” she blurted. “...and he’s not my supplier. He gave that to me – I had no idea what it contained.”

“LIAR!” hollered Yuri, the walls shaking with the ferocity of his voice. “Sergio Markov is a good man – a trusted friend of my family. HE DOES NOT TRAFFIC IN DRUGS. Do not insult me with such nonsense. Where did you get this from?”

“Sergio! I swear to it,” entreated Vicky, shaking her head in disbelief that this was actually happening... their own version of ‘Midnight Express’ made real.

“You lie!” countered Yuri, playing his part to perfection. “But I will have the truth from you, depend on it... Are you carrying any more drugs?”

Vicky was too dumbstruck to speak. The horror of the situation was crashing down on her. She could not comprehend why Sergio would have done such a thing, but for some reason he had tricked her into this trap.

“Search the rest of their belongings,” Yuri ordered, now taking full control. “Including the clothes they are wearing. If they are carrying more drugs, I want them found.”

“Yes, sir,” replied Dimitri in English, keeping to the language his Uncle Yuri had used, realising that the chief was now purposely allowing the young women to understand what was being said – to let them know they would be stripped. He barked out the necessary order to his idiot subordinate who then proceeded to search the other bag.

Yuri seated himself and watched the search with mock interest, but increasingly turned his attention away to look at the two trembling young women, savouring their fear and the plans he had for them.

The big brute finished his search and grunted out his conclusion. Nothing suspicious was found.

Yuri feigned surprise. Then he turned his attention fully on the women. “We now need to search your clothing, and your body cavities. Please undress.”

“I don’t think so!” snapped Vicky, pride and the need to protect her sister winning over the other feelings she had for this man. “There’s no way you’re putting your dirty hands on either of us. This is a set up and I’ve had enough.”

Yuri sprang up like a cat, the gun coming out his holster and pointing directly at Vicky’s face. “Do not make us use force!

Undress! Now!” he snapped.

If the truth be known, Vicky wasn't too worried about getting naked in front of this trio of contrasting men - quite the opposite in fact if the state of her snatch was anything to go by. But looking over to her sister, she could see that poor Natalie was terrified - tears were welling in her pretty blue eyes. No man had ever touched her inappropriately - Vicky knew that as a fact. It was too awful to contemplate that a strip search would be her first sexual experience. Vicky then looked in appeal to the handsome young officer who seemed most sympathetic to their cause. He looked away as if embarrassed by what was happening, but obviously powerless to prevent what was unfolding. Then Vicky glared at Yuri Karinov who was still pointing his gun at her, and she quickly weighed up her options. There didn't seem to be many. “Please. Don't do this,” she entreated.

“Take off your clothes!” Yuri snarled then turning to Natalie he snarled again. “You do the same! Strip! Now!”

The sisters looked at each other, a new layer of panic setting in. Then deciding that there was little point in protesting any further, Vicky reached for her dress and peeled it off. Natalie started crying: a nineteen-year-old youth who suddenly felt like a little girl, in desperate need of her mother – a big sister would no longer do.

“You too!!! Strip!” screeched Yuri into Natalie's face, flecking her prettiness with Mordavian spit.

Natalie went rigid with fear then slowly she started to undress. Whimpering throughout, she joined her sister and stripped down to her bra and panties. Both women halted, looking

pleadingly at the chief and in desperation at the other two officers, searching for some morsel of compassion which would spare any further hurt and humiliation, but nothing was on offer. The chief of police and his young lieutenant, his nephew whom he was nurturing and advancing through the ranks, both looked at the women with impassive blank faces, concealing the burning desire they both felt. The third officer, an idiotic thug who had little value to the State Police other than his brawn, leered at the women, making no attempt to disguise his lust or the rampant erection that bulged out the front of his uniform trousers – there certainly would be no sympathy from him.

“Please,” Vicky entreated, directing her words to Yuri Karinov, the man who had the power to end their ordeal. “Please don’t do this. At least let my sister go. She has done nothing wrong. The mistake was mine. Or if she must be searched, then let it be by a woman.”

“This search will happen,” replied Yuri coldly. “It will happen with your co-operation, or it will happen by force. And it will happen in the next few minutes conducted by me. Now remove the rest of your clothing. It will be searched whilst I search you.”

The certainty of his words was like a hammer driving a stake into their hearts. There was no doubt in either woman’s mind that he would hold true to his threat. Without needing to consult each other with words or looks, they both removed their bra then their panties and stood naked before the three men.

Natalie stood trembling in her nudity, hiding her modesty - one hand covering her pussy with its little bush of silky fair pubes, and the other hand and arm clinging to her small breasts.

Vicky, however, made no such attempts. She stood proud, giving them a clear view of her treasures: her fabulous big breasts with their coral pink nipples, and her clean-shaven pussy that was embarrassingly puffy. If some sort of violation was on the agenda, and she reckoned it was highly likely, then it should be her body that was debased, not poor innocent Natalie's. If need be, Vicky would offer herself up to save her sister. It was her fault that they were in this mess and she should be the one to pay for her mistake. Noble reasoning... but then again, it did occur to Vicky that it would hardly be a trial given who was involved, as long as the policemen weren't too rough with her.

Having savoured the sight of both women for a few moments, Yuri barked a command at the junior officer. The brute was dragged out of his lusting and sprang to attention, picking up the women's clothing which he gleefully searched, spending an inordinate amount of time over their panties, which for some odd reason he felt compelled to sniff. Cocaine perhaps was the reason he would give – though no one would really believe it.

Yuri left him to his fun and nodded at his nephew – it was time to begin the body search.

“Over the table - both of you,” commanded Dimitri, keeping the calmness to his voice that his uncle had instructed. “Bend over the table and spread your legs.”

Vicky did so, and Natalie followed her lead. Dimitri came behind them and forced their legs further apart, shunting them with his booted feet. Vicky watched him in the mirror, morbidly transfixed, scandalously aroused, hypnotised by the scene which she could see reflected. Natalie, however, had elected to close her eyes, too terrified to watch. She was sobbing silently in her own little world, regretting ever having heard of Mordavia.

When ready, Yuri replaced his gun in his holster and came over to the naked women. Vicky watched his approach, again impressed by his physique, and even more so by the huge bulge that now filled out his trousers. A groan escaped her as she registered the size - the package was complete, this fantasy come nightmare depending on perspective, for the man was hung like a horse!

Casting aside her lust, Vicky glanced again at Natalie who continued to sob – the weeping eyes tightly closed and oblivious to the extent of the chief's fleshy threat. Then Vicky looked back to the reflected man who was now directly behind her – a tower of raw masculinity with a tower of manhood straining in his trousers – terrifying, yet magnetically alluring.

Yuri let Vicky watch, amused by her conflicting emotions that he could see waging war in her mind and body. Staring at her reflection, he allowed his cock to twitch as he thought about the joy he would have in taming this beautiful woman and claiming her as his own. And as he stood there teasing and tormenting with his body, Yuri caught Vicky's eye in the mirror. She held his gaze for a moment then looked away, leaving Yuri smirking for he saw where her eyes went. Again, his cock twitched, mocking her with its allure, causing Vicky

to jerk her look away from the reflection she saw, furious with herself and even more so with the chief for seeing through her so easily. She resolved to toughen up and not act like a slut – let defiance win for a change.

No chance! Not with Yuri Karinov supporting the other side.

With a damning chortle that heralded the next battle, Yuri proceeded with the charade he had so easily contrived. The chief of police performed his duty and knelt behind Vicky to inspect the body orifices that might contain some crime – knowing fine well that the crime was his, but who would have the nerve or the stupidity to accuse.

Chief Karinov was mightily impressed, and a little bit amused, as he examined at close quarters the triangle of white flesh which the sun had not tanned on Vicky's sexy rear. It set the flesh apart and drew the eye to the young woman's ass, giving the buttocks an added eroticism. The spread of her legs meant the asshole could just be seen. It was lusciously pink, not at all like the assholes of Mordavian women which were purplish in colouration. Wanting to see better - and anxious to touch what he effectively now owned - Yuri placed his hands on Vicky's buttocks and wallowed in the soft yet firm rubbery texture that spoke so loudly of youth. He filled his palms with these sensuous wonders then slowly pulled them apart so he could examine Vicky's anus in more detail. Yuri drew a breath of utter delight as he gazed on the tightly clenched rosebud of pink skin. He blew on it then blew again. It clenched even more, refusing to submit; then with the third soft blow, Vicky's pink puckered hole finally succumbed and relaxed to form a little gaping slit.

‘Yes,’ thought Yuri, an expert in such things, “this asshole has known what it is to be stretched, so I’ll wager it’s no stranger to cocks. And soon it will be no stranger to mine! I shall be bugging the bitch time after time and washing her guts with my spunk!’

Delighted with his catch, Yuri barked at his nephew and some lubrication was handed to him. He smeared the cool gel over Vicky’s asshole and coated his index finger as well. Forcing a restraint, he teased her for a few moments, sensuously rubbing the puckered flesh, coaxing it to relax and welcome him in. He took his time, making the process as sensual as possible, interested to see how the woman would react.

Vicky reacted in a maelstrom of confusion – her body wanting the attention, enjoying the sensual play; her mind screaming in indignation and fear for her poor sister whose turn was next. Fighting the nobler cause, she tried to tighten up, protecting her anal honour that was long since lost. If she had been on her own, she might have acted differently and accepted the probing, perhaps even allowing some pleasure to be taken. But she couldn’t do that with Natalie here in the room beside her. The poor girl was suffering enough without having to witness her sister acting like a slut. So, Vicky fought back her yearning and made a token resistance.

It was a resistance that amused Yuri for a few minutes as he toyed with the woman; then he pressed his finger in, forcing the invasion – a slow steady progression all the way up Vicky’s ass till it was fully encased by her warm rectal flesh. He wriggled it around, felt the silky lining of her succulent chute and confirmed what he already knew: of course she was no drug mule, there was nothing in there; and yes she’d been

buggered, his finger wasn't the first piece of male flesh up her ass.

Playing out the part of the conscientious policemen, Yuri withdrew his finger and cleaned it on a handkerchief then proceeded to have a look at Vicky's shaven pussy. A grin immediately spread across his hard-rugged face – the lips were so luscious in their nakedness. Luscious – and full! Yuri knew the difference between frigid and aroused, and this naked pussy was most definitely the latter. The heart and the mind may scream and shout, cry foul to all the world - but a woman's cunt has a will of its own and this cunt was crying out for attention.

Yuri had no intention of disappointing the woman – she would get plenty of attention over the next few days! But first he had a stated duty to do – a performance that was needed to catch both his fish. Yuri parted the lips and gazed at the petals of glistening pink flesh, the entrance to her vagina, and the hooded clit. He pulled it back and there was the bud, hard and begging his touch.

‘Beautiful,’ thought Yuri, ‘A beautiful, beautiful British cunt that will look even more beautiful with my Mordavian cock inside it, spreading those lips so wide.’

With this vision in his mind – a vision that Vicky herself had shared – Yuri stood up and moved to her side. He leaned over her, his body pressing against Vicky's naked flesh, his massive hard cock prodding her left buttock, his right hand covering her sex, a finger rubbing her throbbing clit. Coming all the way down, the chief grazed her neck with chin stubble as he spoke in Vicky's ear, loud enough for everyone to hear.

“You didn’t have too much of a problem with the anal search then. No lubrication will be needed to repeat the process here – your cunt is positively gushing, my dear.”

Having delivered his damning verdict, the chief’s fingers continued to caress the petals of Vicky’s moist hungry sex and flick around her super-sensitive clit, expertly teasing, driving her wild. She squirmed on the table, dredging up what defiance she could. Vicky fought the pleasure that flowed through her body, wonderful waves that she knew so well but surely had no business here in such a degrading situation. Breathing came in tremulous pants, Vicky had to grit her teeth so no other noise would emit and betray her whorish reaction to this annoyingly skilful man, who seemed to tick every box in the book, and do so with such aplomb!

“Stop pretending you’re not enjoying this,” teased Yuri as he continued to play. “You’re so hot down there – hot and wet – it’s obvious that you’re enjoying it... Enjoying it very much, but I’d say you want a lot more than my fingers... You want this...”

Yuri paused and chortled, so assured of himself - and rightly so, as Vicky immediately looked to his reflected groin. Delighting in the small victory, he gave Vicky another twitch of his cock, the meat forcing out the material of his trousers threatening to rip and tear its way through.

“...Shall I take it out and fuck you then?” Yuri laughingly asked. “Is that what you want? Shall I take out my cock which you’re gagging to see, sprawl you across this table and fuck your silly brains out, making you come in the process?”

“Make me come!” snapped Vicky defiantly in reply, furious with her body – the frailty of her pussy and flaming libido. “In your dreams, old man! Now just do what you need to do and get on with the search, keeping your filthy cock to yourself.”

Yuri shrugged his shoulders, making a note of the insult – she would pay heavily for that, but not right now when a lighter touch was needed. “If that is what you wish,” he replied.

“Then I will continue... And it is indeed an onerous duty I must perform. I hope it does not offend you too much, but I’m afraid there is no option – I couldn’t possibly entrust such an intimate search to a... younger... man.”

With that Yuri entered her - first with a single digit, his index finger going inside Vicky’s vagina whilst the other fingers toyed with her inner lips. He added another, two then three went probing all around her succulent vagina, teasing her inner wall, twisting and turning, slowly moving in and out, giving huge pleasure to a young woman who’d gone without sex for far too long and who could not help but release a groan of delight.

Delight! Yet Vicky was also horrified on so many levels. She was disgusted that she was being so blatantly abused. This was no search – it was obvious there was nothing to be found inside her pussy – it was a violation of her body, purely for pleasure – and shockingly, much of that pleasure was hers! She was furious with the chief for tormenting her so, and even more for giving a running commentary on the action – what the chief was doing to her... and how Vicky was reacting. For the words of defilement that would herald another - the description of digital violation that had produced a gushing cunt – the frigging so wonderfully conducted, and the whorish

moan of appreciation that escaped her lips... were reaching the ears of her sister. Poor virginal Natalie was terrified, and Vicky was acting like a wanton slut!

Vicky tried to filter out all the pleasure and focus only on the indignity of the situation. Her pride demanded that she abhor this – she was a British citizen - how dare they treat her so! Every part of her upbringing was sickened, yet her cunt had a will of its own and stayed agonisingly aroused, responding to the thrill of the chief's sensuous work.

Sure of himself and the effect he was causing, the chief of police continued to probe Vicky with one hand, sliding his fingers harder and harder into Vicky's receptive sex, stopping occasionally to tease her swollen clit before resuming his sensuous frigging.

Vicky tried to resist the building pleasure that was gathering like a storm – she became a dam holding back a reservoir that threatened to flood the valley of her body. The man was a bastard for treating her so, but God – the bastard was good! And poor Vicky was a woman who loved her sex and had gone without for far too long.

Yuri frigged and he frigged, and Vicky bit her lips, refusing to let out any more groans of enjoyment. The chief deftly fingered, delving so deep, whilst he grinded with his hips, riding his huge shaft that bulged through his trousers along Vicky's golden tanned naked flesh, adding to the poor girl's sensual torture. He fingered and he frigged, mixing it up with consummate skill, till Vicky could take no more. The rippling waves turned into crashing breakers smashing against the dam. A crack appeared and with a rush it crumbled. The dam was

burst, and with a telling yell that couldn't be suppressed Vicky convulsed into a spasming orgasm which she hated herself for allowing yet loved as well because it was such a massive thrill.

“Pleeeeeease! No! Stop! You bastard! You bastard! You bastard!” she cried, between whorish howls that spoke to the contrary.

Yuri let out a laugh, delighting in her fury and the climax he had so easily brought about. The woman was so receptive – her pussy so succulent and full of yearning despite all her silly protests. By God he would enjoy fucking her and making come even harder – have her orgasmic cunt pulse around his shaft as he screwed the living daylights out of her. But that would come later – a treat he would keep in store - it was all part of his cunning plan.

“Nothing!” announced Yuri as he removed his fingers and stood up, leaving Vicky to her self-hatred and the lusty gazes of his two subordinates who had jealously watched this unusual search. “The other one looks guilty, however. She is crying. Perhaps it is she who is concealing something illegal.”

Chapter 4

Tears equal guilt! Now there's a fine logic. And incriminating herself with more salty liquid, Natalie broke into hysterical sobbing as the chief of police approached her naked body.

"It's okay, Natalie," Vicky said encouragingly, pulling herself together after her shameful orgasm. "It won't hurt. Just try and stay relaxed... don't tense."

That wasn't going to happen, and Vicky knew it. Natalie was traumatised by the experience. It felt like her whole world was collapsing around her. She had never encountered such aggression. Guns and violence were unknown to her. Glasgow had a reputation, but it was mainly for its past, and their middle-class upbringing had always sheltered the girls from the rougher elements of their native city. Men were also unknown to Natalie. She was not afraid of having sex with men – she had a healthy libido in that respect. But she had a romantic streak and wanted to meet the right man to whom she could give herself and her virginity to – something special to be forever remembered. The chief of police was not the sort of man she had in mind, nor was an interrogation room the ideal location. Although the dashing young lieutenant would certainly have fitted the bill in any normal situation!

But handsome Dimitri was far from Natalie's thoughts when Yuri knelt down behind her and gazed at her purity. Natalie braced herself for the penetration – this digital desecration.

At first Yuri was inflamed by what he heard and saw, the sound of her weeping heightening his excitement and his desire to frig her and make her come like her sister. It would be more of a challenge to force on her an orgasm, the girl was obviously less receptive, but Yuri was up for the task.

Driven by this mission, Yuri decided to forsake her ass for the time being and focus entirely on her lovely little pussy. He looked at her sex with his expert eye and noted that unlike her sister, there was no outward sign of arousal – those tears were genuine – the only moisture she was exuding was coming from her eyes. He touched the slit, running his finger along the cleft - she shuddered, tensing to a ridiculous degree. Yuri sucked on the digit, tasting what little of her essence that was there and wetting the finger with his saliva. He rubbed her slit again, teasing the lips apart, listening to her sobs and whimpered pleas for him to stop.

Then a thought flashed through his head. It had never occurred to him, for it was common knowledge in Mordavia that most British women were promiscuous and the few that weren't were covered by a veil. He parted her lips, gazed at the beautiful pinkness of her flesh – the inner vulva clearly revealed, her clit hiding shyly in its hood, cowering from his look. And there it was! Surprising but true! Yuri had seen them before, so he knew what to look for – the hymen, fully intact – a rare thing indeed, suggesting that not even the girl's fingers had entered her vagina, let alone a dildo or a cock. He touched it gently. She winced and let out a yelp, followed by a heart-rending sob. Then much to everyone's surprise, Yuri relented. He stood up and walked away.

“Nothing!” she is not carrying any drugs.

His two men looked at him puzzled, but both knew better than to question his verdict.

Yuri's mind was racing. A virgin! What an unexpected prize. He'd had plenty before, girls he had taken into custody and fucked as punishment for whatever crime he had fabricated. He would fuck this one as well – by God he would claim that treasure she possessed. Aroused as he now was, there was a huge temptation to take her maidenhood immediately. But why cheapen the event with haste and tawdry surroundings? She was far too special and rare a creature to use in such a way. Yuri would decide later how best to enjoy the gift she represented. But enjoy it he would, of that he was certain!

“Dimitri, call through and find out if anything was discovered in the baggage,” Yuri ordered.

Dimitri made a call to the officers who had been tasked with a search everyone knew would reveal nothing, but for appearances sake had been conducted anyway. He received the expected news.

“Nothing, sir. It would appear the only drugs were in the elder one's hand luggage.”

“Interesting. What is the drug smuggler's name?”

Dimitri picked up the two passports that had been removed from their bags. After a quick look he responded, “Fullerton, Vicky Fullerton.”

“And the other one?”

“Natalie Fullerton – it would appear they are sisters.”

“Vicky Fullerton,” Yuri stated in a serious voice, “you are arrested on the charge of possessing narcotics with the

intension of taking said narcotics over international borders. You will be detained here for further questioning before being taken into custody where you will await trial. The penalty for drug trafficking in Mordavia is death by hanging.

“Natalie Fullerton, I am inclined to believe you are an innocent party here, but as your sister refuses to acknowledge her guilt, I have no option but to arrest you on suspicion of conspiring to traffic drugs. You will be taken into custody and questioned further before a decision is made whether to proceed with prosecution or not. Get dressed.”

Both women got up from the table and looked at each other, shock and fear etched on their faces. They both made for the pile of clothing that lay on the floor.

“I have not finished with you!” Yuri yelled, his finger pointing at Vicky. “A more thorough examination will be required before I am satisfied that you are not harbouring drugs on your person. Wait by the table.”

Vicky glared at him, guessing what was on the chief of police’s mind, but she complied, realising that resistance was futile, and grateful that compassion was being shown to Natalie. She watched on as Natalie got dressed; then she hugged her sister before the youngster was led away by the handsome officer – the apparent nice guy of the trio.

This made for an interesting situation in Vicky’s opinion, as it left her with the violent chief and his incredible hard piece of bulging meat, and the subordinate brute who also had an impressive erection in his trousers. She wondered how long the cocks would remain hidden – and how she would react when they finally came out, now that Natalie wasn’t around to

witness her behaviour. Shockingly in all probability - that climax hadn't dampened her libido in the slightest – instead it had inflamed her all the more. And maybe that's all that was really needed to sort this stupid mess out – fuck the pair of them and show them a good time – then she and Natalie could be on their way. It sounded like a reasonable plan. But then again – it would also validate this abuse of power, which was something that Vicky could never condone.

“What are you going to do to me?” asked Vicky, still unsure of how to play this, assuming she had a choice.

“We need to finish the body search. There is still one orifice I have yet to investigate.”

Well that was subtle! Even for Vicky who had heard some appalling lines in her time – that one took the biscuit!

Trying to make a joke of it and force more defiance, Vicky sarcastically opened her mouth, silently roaring in the direction of the chief. “There's nothing in there apart from some fillings. Satisfied? Can I get dressed now, please?”

“No... On both counts - I intend to probe deeper,” replied Yuri, stroking the massive bulge in his trousers.

“You wouldn't dare!” exclaimed Vicky, sure that he would. She stared at the stroked bulge feeling mightily vexed, for despite the horror of the situation, it was indeed a fascinating sight – the biggest darn packet she had ever encountered, and she passionately wanted to see it in the flesh. The chief's intent was clear, and Vicky loved sucking cock – and whilst the chief would undoubtedly be a heck of a challenge – it was a challenge under normal circumstance that Vicky would be more than happy to accept. And now that Natalie was out the

room, she had no one to judge her sluttish behaviour other than these foreign men – and it had been too long since she'd had some hard meat in her mouth. What a thrill it would be to get her lips and tongue around that fabulous big shaft! But that was too shocking to allow, so Vicky fought down her whorish impulse to comply.

“I'll bite off your cock if you so much as try,” she defiantly announced. “Then you can explain that to the British Ambassador when he comes to visit you in hospital.”

Yuri guffawed with laughter. He really liked this girl – her spirit was such a tonic. Every other woman cowered before him – it would be such fun breaking her down.

“Yes, I believe you would do that, Miss Fullerton. So, I shall wait on Lieutenant Karinov's return. Make yourself comfortable, he should only be a few minutes.”

Vicky had no idea what he meant by that – the young officer had seemed quite nice, almost offended by what was going on. If any foul play was going to take place, she thought it would happen when he was away. His return would surely act as an inhibitor, but Vicky was far from assured, so she tried to reason with the chief.

“I would have thought I should be entitled to see someone from our embassy. Surely, they must be alerted to my arrest. The British government will not view this lightly. So far you have acted... well, one could argue that you have acted within your rights, although we both know fine well you have taken advantages, but you have gone far enough. I demand to see an official from our embassy.”

“Your request is noted. I am sure one will be visiting you in prison,” replied Yuri, in no way perturbed by her threat to cry foul in the ears of British diplomats.

Vicky noted the indifference but pressed on regardless. “There will be an outcry when this is made known. Your country will be shunned by the West. You personally will be hounded.”

“Perhaps,” said Yuri with a sarcastic smile. Then the door was opened, and Dimitri walked in. He was carrying a black attaché case which had an ominous look.

“Ah, here is Lieutenant Karinov. Now we may proceed. If you would be so kind, Miss Fullerton, this process requires you to kneel on the floor.”

“No way! NO FUCKING WAY!” screamed Vicky getting decidedly worried. “I’ll have the law on you if you come near me again!”

“Miss Fullerton! I am the country’s chief of police. That means I AM the law around here. NOW KNEEL!”

Vicky backed away, covering herself with her arms - genuine fear winning over all else.

“Put her in place,” ordered Yuri.

The two subordinates came over and grabbed Vicky by the arms. She tried to fight them off but was powerless against their much greater strength. They dragged her to the centre of the room and wrestled her to her knees then pulled her arms behind her back before securing them with a pair of cuffs.

Vicky was furious, pure loathing poured from her eyes as she glared at the chief who watched from a chair, still stroking his

massive dick through the fabric of his uniform trousers. It was obvious what he had in mind.

Yuri rose from his chair and picked up the attaché case. He opened it and removed what he had ordered his nephew to fetch – a metal jaw spreader. Yuri quickly examined it then he came over to where Vicky was kneeling on the floor, held in position by the strong arms of Mordavian law.

Vicky's eyes practically popped out of her head when she saw what the chief was holding - a metal contraption of scary design. It reminded her of something she had seen in a movie – 'Silence of the Lambs' was the one, it had been worn by Hannibal Lecter.

"Open your mouth, Miss Fullerton," Yuri calmly told her, as if he were offering her some tasty treat.

"Fuck off! You're insane. Let me go!" she shouted, not at all happy about this macabre turn of events.

Yuri delivered a hard-backhanded slap that sent Vicky's head twisting around. At a nod of his head, Dimitri pulled on her hair and brought her head back to a forward position and facing directly up into the hardness of Yuri's eyes. Vicky was shaking with rage and a fair bit of fear as well, yet she defiantly kept her mouth firmly closed. Another nod of Yuri's head and Dimitri pinched her nose. The mouthpiece of the spreader was positioned at her lips – a minute later she was gulping for air and the mouthpiece was forced between her teeth. Once sure it was in position, Yuri loosened the spring on the outside of the device and the jaw spreader did its job, forcing Vicky's mouth apart to a painful degree.

It was unbelievable agony for her. The muscles in her cheeks felt like they might snap, the strain on the hinge of her jaw was horrendous. But the feeling of helplessness was the most crushing of all, and her torment had only just begun. She tried to look away, but Dimitri pulled again on her hair and forced her to look up at her tormentor. In her growing terror, Vicky couldn't bring herself to close her eyes. She watched, her face forced into an aghast-like expression, as Yuri unbuckled his belt and unbuttoned his flies then wrestled to bring out his monster of a cock and a pair of huge, low hanging balls.

Stunned, Vicky gasped through the spreader - she had never seen a cock anywhere near as big. It was at least eleven inches and as thick as her arm - an olive coloured phallus with a huge purple knob at the end oozing slivery pre-cum from the slit. It looked terrifying, and utterly delicious.

Yuri let her gaze at it, enjoying the reaction – no woman had ever failed to be impressed when he showed her his erection. He waved it in front of the sexy young woman whose earlier defiance had now totally deserted her. Yuri tormented the girl with his incredible penile mass. He rubbed the glans over Vicky's face, smearing her features with his copious juice. Then he rested the glans on her bottom lip, letting her feel the weight of his manhood before he fed it into her mouth through the parting in the clamp.

Powerless to do anything, Vicky had no choice but to kneel there and take the hot fat cock into her mouth. Yuri slid in and out of her, leisurely at first, then he increased his tempo to a good hard pump, holding her by the head as he rammed away, making her wrench and gag when he touched the back of her mouth with the knob of his big cock.

“No drugs, Miss Fullerton, at least not in your mouth, but I think duty demands that I search a little deeper. Fortunately, is it not, that I am well equipped to do so?”

Then Yuri pulled out. He slapped his engorged member across Vicky’s cheeks a few times then backed away.

“Lay her on the table and drape her head over the edge. I want an easy passage for my cock as it performs its duty.”

The two subordinates immediately obeyed. They grabbed hold of Vicky and raised her to her feet then roughly hoisted the woman onto the table. She tried to fend them off and landed a kick on Dimitri’s balls which earned her a hard slap on her pussy. But again, the men were too strong for her and she was bundled into position, lying on her back with her arms agonisingly cuffed behind her and her legs held firmly apart by the big brute who leered at her naked sex.

Once again Vicky’s eyes refused to close and she was greeted by an underside view of Yuri’s huge dick, the tube bulging thick from his big hairy ball sac to the massive glans at the end. And once again Yuri teased her, holding his cock by the base and fencing it across her face whilst his free hand explored her body, grappling with her full ripe breasts and squeezing them to a painful degree, pinching her nipples and making them hard then pinching again until she let out a throaty yell, which was all her stretched mouth would allow. He caressed the plain of her soft flat stomach then clasped at the mound of her puffy sex. He rode her slit with his fingers and plunged them into her succulent cunt before finding her clit and nipping it, making her gargle out another yell.

Then Yuri slid his cock into her mouth, the upper side of the glans riding over her tongue, inching its way to the back of her mouth. Yuri kept on pushing it into her mouth, forcing his cock into Vicky's gullet, thrilled at the tightness he found. He kept pushing and pushing until he could push no more for his groin was smothering her face.

Then he started to fuck! Vicky was struggling to breathe. But the big bastard showed no sympathy and he pumped in and out of her throat. Her head was spinning, her eyes were bulging out of their sockets, her jaw was a mass of agony and her lungs were about to collapse. Then thankfully the cock was removed.

Vicky gulped, she panted for breath, filling her lungs with life saving air.

"No drugs there either!" announced the chief. "So, Miss Fullerton, I have performed my duty, but I am afraid that in doing so I have become exceedingly aroused and must find some relief. What shall it be? Will you give me that relief willingly... or must I keep the jaw spreader in place and take it for myself? Nod your head if you are prepared to willingly help me."

Vicky knew that her throat was going to get fucked whatever. There was an element of pride which told her to resist, but common sense told her to comply. Her cunt as well told her to play along – it was back to full bloated arousal and dripping with juice. Vicky nodded.

"What a sensible young woman! I think you and I are going to get along just fine."

The chief reached down and loosened the spreader. Slowly Vicky felt the ache ebb away as her jaws were allowed to partially close and the spreader was finally removed from her mouth. The chief gave her a few moments to recover. Then he teased her with his cock, washing the glistening glans over Vicky's inverted face.

Vicky let out a gasp as she felt a tongue lap at her gushing pussy – Dimitri having taken it upon himself to provide this welcome treat. With her mouth now open the chief presented Vicky his cock.

“Now, Miss Fullerton. I have shown you some consideration - please do the same for me.”

Bizarrely inflamed despite the abuse, Vicky's tongue darted out to lick the big knob. She washed it frantically, confused at her ready compliance, but too lost in a mixture of fear and lust to question her behaviour. Encouraged all the more by Dimitri's deftly tongue which was now flicking around her blood engorged clit, Vicky did her whorish best and opened up wider so that the chief could slide back in her.

The glans swelled out Vicky's cheeks and brought back some discomfort, but she paid little heed. Orally stuffed as she was, she worked with her tongue, riding it over the enormity of what was in her. The chief allowed Vicky to service him for a short while, rejoicing in the capitulation – the first of many he intended to claim. Then taking Vicky's head in his hands he slipped his dick into her deeper and deeper, sliding it again into Vicky's gullet. He held his position fully inside her, enjoying again the lovely tightness and warmth. Then he

pulled halfway out and allowed Vicky some air before setting about fucking her face.

It was one hell of an experience for young Vicky Fullerton. She had done this many times before but never with anything so big pumping away at her. The stretch was incredible – it hurt without a doubt, but Vicky took it like the accomplished cocksucker she was - Dimitri's mouth licking out her cunt helping Vicky along as she played the wanton slut.

And the chief knew how to play this to perfection. He would fuck her throat for almost a minute at a time then pull out to allow the girl some air, enjoying the scene as she gulped for breath and tried to fill her lungs in the few seconds that Yuri gave her. Then Yuri was in her again, fucking her relentlessly, impaling her mouth and lovely tight throat again and again and again.

Determined to enjoy his new toy to the full, Yuri forced a restraint and throat-fucked Vicky for well over ten minutes, revelling in the snug contractions her throat made as she occasionally gagged on his dick. Then he abandoned himself, fucking Vicky rampantly, slamming into her face until his body spasmed in utter bliss and his balls erupted, spunk coursing along his tube to fire out into the depths of Vicky's gullet. Yuri spurted and spurted, delivering his seed directly into the young woman's stomach; then with incredible restraint he pulled his cock out to shoot the final blasts over Vicky's gasping face. Spunk was left dribbling from chin to brow, thick white strands over golden tanned cheeks, strewn across a sapphire eye and splattered on red lips. Adding to the sight was Vicky's tongue which was swirling around capturing

the mess – a cum slut if ever there was one, hungry for every drop!

Grasping his cock firmly in his hand, the chief wiped his glans on Vicky's long blonde hair, matting her locks with the last few drops of his spunk, completing the beautiful cum based picture. Yuri Karinov looked down on his creation and smiled a lusty smile. He gave Vicky a final mouthful of his cock then pulled the monster back out and tucked it away in his trousers. The chief of police was finished... his duty concerning this wretch was done - for the time being at least!

"I assume you both want to have her as well," said Yuri to his men as he re-arranged his clothing. "And by all means do! Use her! But only her mouth! Do not fuck her elsewhere or abuse her in any other way. Then get her dressed and take her to the prison. I have a confession to extract from her. I will commence on that onerous duty tomorrow, after she has met with the representative from the British Embassy."

"You will allow this, sir?" asked Dimitri, tearing himself away from Vicky's pussy, intent now on ravishing her mouth with his nine inches of Mordavian meat.

"Of course!" answered Yuri with a laugh. "She is quite correct. The British will want to know what has happened to her and her sister, and we must appease our dear tea drinking friends – Mordavia needs their support. So do not take unnecessary advantage. Come inside her only the once – any more than that would hardly be proper! We want no cause for complaint when I next entertain the Ambassador."

Dimitri shrugged his shoulders, confident in his uncle; then having reached Vicky's head he slapped his hard meat across

her spunk drenched face. God, this would be fun, but such a shame he had to be restrained in his enjoyment of the sexy British slut, just as he had been obliged to be restrained during the earlier interrogation. He was only allowed to come the once and use only her mouth to pleasure his cock. And Dimitri would definitely abide by that - he would never dream of disobeying his uncle. But he would jolly well take his time over it, for no restriction had been set in that respect! And surely there could be no cause for complaint if he made the young woman come again with some licking of her cunt. That was hardly an abuse, as he wouldn't put his cock inside it – that would be doing her a favour – and this cum slut of a Brit look like she was well up for the fun.

Chapter 5

It had been the most horrific day of Natalie Fullerton's life by quite some way, though she knew it could have been so much worse. The shock of the arrest, the violence towards Vicky, and the indignity of having the chief of police look at her pussy, was horrific to this tender young thing. But the chief had only looked – no probing of her sex, no fingering of her vagina like he had done to Vicky, no playing with her clit – no cock being put inside her to steel her treasured innocence. He had only looked then inexplicably backed off.

The action confused Natalie, especially considering what he had done to Vicky. And the chief had been almost considerate afterwards, stroking her hair and patting her back, in a reassuring sort of way. At first Natalie wondered if the chief had been repelled by what he saw – that for some strange reason he found Natalie repugnant. But she knew that couldn't be the case, for had she not heard the man gasp when he looked at her sex and moan all the more when he fingered her pussy and tried to breach what she had guarded so well. There could be no doubting the intensity of the man's desire – he didn't find her repugnant – it was the very opposite! Yet he had let her go without even seriously attempting to get a finger inside her, in search of the drugs that was the excuse for this abuse.

It was all very odd – particularly strange when put aside the way he had treated her sister. That was an outrageous liberty! Although he had made Vicky come, which was rather

shocking and shameful behaviour to be honest - Natalie couldn't fathom how Vicky could have reacted that way to such appalling abuse. That was another mystery, but Natalie had too many other worries to dwell on it for long.

Thankfully for Natalie, she had been taken from the interrogation room by the handsome young officer. At least *he* had acted decently in the room and was quite sympathetic when he escorted her away. He kept assuring her that everything would be fine, and that justice would be done, promising that he would go back to make sure Vicky was being treated well. The young officer seemed like an oasis of sanity in the bedlam that was suddenly Natalie's life. And he was devilishly good looking – even in her distraught and agitated state Natalie could appreciate the lieutenant's physical charms. It was such a shame they had to meet under these awful circumstances.

Sadly, the young officer had to hand Natalie over to a scary looking woman who then arranged for her to be collected and taken to prison. But Natalie was comforted by the knowledge that he would be going back to the interrogation room to safeguard Vicky's rights – or at least that was the fantasy he had cunningly created – the truth as we know was far less savoury, but infinitely more fun for all concerned.

She was taken to the prison in the back of a van. There weren't any windows, so she had no idea about its location other than it being a half hour drive from the airport - so the capital seemed the most likely place. Walking through the prison was a terrifying experience - men leered at her through the bars of their cells and called out lewd remarks about what they would like to do to her. Some even took out their penis and waved it

through the bars as she passed, shouting out the most awful suggestions – probably not appreciating she understood every disgusting word. At one point Natalie thought she might be thrown in along with some of this criminal lowlife – helpless to their wicked ways. It would have been a waking nightmare of terrifying defilement, but thankfully she had been placed in a cell on her own with a proper door so no one could see her.

It was then in her solitude that the real fear struck with only her thoughts and imagination for company. She was terrified, frightened out of her wits - the words of the chief constantly ringing in her head.

‘The penalty for drug trafficking in Mordavia is death by hanging.’

Vicky had been arrested under that charge – and Natalie was held under suspicion of conspiracy. How could this have happened, she asked herself? How could Vicky have been so stupid to accept a gift and not open it to see what it contained? It was so incredibly dumb - the consequences unthinkable! And how could the dirty cow have a full-blown orgasm whilst being abused by the chief of police? That was another question Natalie asked herself - a little unkind to think such things, but there you go – the girl might be a virgin, but she wasn’t a saint! So many emotions flooded Natalie, anger at her sister being the predominant one. But it didn’t last long. Fear and concern for what might happen to Vicky overrode any annoyance she felt for her silly mistake and sluttish behaviour.

For almost two hours Natalie sat there contemplating what would befall them, playing out endless scenarios in her mind. Crushing despair mingled with optimism. They were innocent,

and they were British citizens – there was no way they could be held under false charges. Mordavia was looking to court the West and join the EEC. The British Embassy would intervene, and they would be released. Then Natalie recalled how easy it had been to subjugate them - how the officers had stripped them and probed them, and how they had kept Vicky naked whilst Natalie was allowed to get dressed. What was happening to Vicky now? More searching and probing! More abuse! And the handsome lieutenant – what was his role in all of this? Was Vicky in turmoil, yelling in pain - or was she screaming for other reasons, brought to orgasm yet again? Shit! Shit! Shit! It was all too much. Natalie was distraught, for so many reasons – anger, jealousy and above all hideous fear, tearing the poor girl apart.

Then the handsome young officer arrived. She felt very pleased to see him. He brought Natalie her toiletry bag and the book she had been reading and a few English magazines he had managed to find. Then sitting beside Natalie on the cot in her cell, he asked her if there was anything else he could do to make her plight less difficult. He seemed so very nice.

Having asked what was happening to her sister, the lieutenant explained that Vicky was being held in a nearby cell and that they would meet tomorrow when an official from the British Embassy would visit them. The handsome lieutenant was very supportive and disarmingly charming. Occasionally he reached out and touched Natalie's hand, and that felt so comforting after all that she'd been through. At one point he even laid his hand on Natalie's thigh and she felt no need to push it away – it warmed her to have such innocent contact after the hideous behaviour of the sex crazed chief.

The dashing young lieutenant with the comforting hand told Natalie that she would be free if only Vicky were to confess. Unfortunately, her sister was sticking to the ridiculous story that Sergio Markov had supplied her with the drugs and was being very uncooperative. Her obstinacy was bringing this misfortune on poor Natalie.

Natalie found it difficult to accept that Vicky was guilty, but the lieutenant was very convincing - his hand so reassuring as it rested on her thigh. And it did seem strange that Sergio had planted the drugs – a fact the lieutenant was keen to emphasise.

“For what reason would he do this?” the handsome young officer had asked. “Hand over a fortune in narcotics to a woman he barely knew without any means to recover it at the other end. Sergio Markov hasn’t the resources to conspire in such an act. He has no influence beyond the hotel he manages. It was insane to suggest he was trafficking drugs. And now your sister is making wild accusations of mistreatment. She is playing a very dangerous game. It will not count in her favour when the case comes to court... whereas a confession would almost certainly save her life.”

He had let Natalie ponder this for a few moments then carried on with his carefully worded speech.

“Have we mistreated you?” he quizzed sounded offended by the suggestion. “A search was essential – you were found carrying drugs. Did the chief of police violate you in any way? No! I was there. I saw what he did. He treated you with the respect you deserved. It grieves him that you are here, in a prison cell - but sadly your sister has left him with no choice.

Perhaps you might have a word with her tomorrow. Try to make her see sense.”

Then with a squeeze and pat at Natalie’s thigh, the lieutenant took his leave having given Natalie plenty to think about – as if she hadn’t already enough.

Natalie was fed reasonably well during the course of the day and allowed to go out into a courtyard for a walk. Then she curled up on the prison cell cot and cried herself to sleep. She was nineteen, but she felt like a little girl – scared and alone in a foreign land. She wished there was someone to cuddle up to – her mum or her dad – her sister Vicky – or perhaps the handsome young lieutenant who had stroked her thigh and made her pussy tingle despite her fears and woes.

Yes – it was the lieutenant who dominated Natalie’s thoughts as she finally drifted off to sleep – her head resting on an imaginary broad chest and her body cradled by strong imaginary arms.

‘If only, if only, if only...’

In the morning Natalie felt much more optimistic. There was hope – the embassy official was coming to see them - surely everything would then be sorted out.

It was two o’clock in the afternoon when she was eventually fetched from her cell and taken to a room. Vicky was already there, sitting alone at a table.

They ran to each other and hugged with all their might, relieved that if nothing else, the other was still alive. Natalie cried into Vicky’s shoulder. She felt Vicky patting her back,

comforting her, though perhaps it should have been the other way around.

“Are you all right,” Natalie finally managed to ask.

Vicky tactfully declined to answer. She had very mixed feelings about what had happened – the behaviour of the policemen and her own reactions – her shocking degree of complicity towards the end.

They were still wrapped in each others arms when the door to the room opened and a flustered middle-aged man in a rather shabby suit walked in. He was clutching a tatty old briefcase nervously in his hand. This was their knight in shining armour – the representative of Her Majesty’s government, who had come to sort everything out.

“Miss Fullerton and Miss Fullerton, I believe. David Flashman, assistant to the ambassador.”

He walked over to the women and put out his hand. The sisters gripped each other tighter for a second then released their hold. Each limply shook David Flashman’s hand – it was cold and clammy, as unappealing as the rest of the man.

David Flashman registered their distaste with ease - it was a reaction he was used to when confronted with attractive young women. He hid his own feelings much better, a skill he had mastered as a youth and had served him well in the diplomatic service. He tried to put the women at ease.

“Yes, I know. Bloody silly name for a chap who looks like me, but what can one do. It’s my name and I have no intention of changing it. Now, shall we sit down? I think you had best tell me what this is all about.”

It was Vicky who did all the talking. Natalie had little to say other than confirm a few of the facts and state she had not been ill-treated – something she felt guilty of when put beside Vicky's tale of abuse.

Vicky spilled it all out, or at least a version that suited her, from the planting of the drugs to the slaps across the cheeks and the gratuitous fingering of her sex (although she omitted the orgasm the chief had given her, which in her view was of no consequence at all). Then she recounted in graphic detail the horror of her oral violation – the device which had been used to keep her mouth open and the size of each cock which had fucked her throat. Again, she did not think it necessary to add that she was freed from the device early on in the process and had thoroughly enjoyed the deep throating each man had given her. She also omitted the second orgasm that Dimitri brought her to, feasting on her cunt with his devilish tongue whilst ploughing her mouth with his beautiful cock which was a perfect size for the job.

David Flashman raised an eyebrow on hearing all of this. Natalie looked at her sister stunned and hurt: it all sounded a little far fetched – surely her handsome young lieutenant would have had no part in that!

“Animals! Bloody animals!” screamed Vicky as she ended her tale of woe. “So, what are you going to do about it? I demand those bastards be brought to trial.”

David Flashman clucked his teeth before delivering his answer. “That could be a little difficult, Miss Fullerton. It's the chief of police who brings people to trial in this country, not the other way around. Obviously, I will report your

accusations to the ambassador who will raise the matter with the foreign secretary, but...”

“But what!” yelled Vicky.

“But you must appreciate, and I am making no judgement, this is the same story we get all the time from women caught smuggling drugs. The drugs are always planted, and the nasty foreign men are always abusers who take advantage of their unwilling victims. I suppose it’s true in some instances, but...”

“BUT WHAT!!!” screeched Vicky, rising out of her chair, hysteria now setting in as she conveniently forgot about her own whorish part in the events of yesterday.

“...But the chief of police! Really, Miss Fullerton!” exclaimed David Flashman. “Chief Karinov is a well-respected man, not just in Mordavia where he is revered for his fight against crime, but across the international stage. I’m afraid your accusations would have had a little more credibility if you had not chosen to include him in your lurid tale.”

“You bastard!”

“Calling me names will hardly help!” responded David Flashman with a surprising degree of authority. Enough to shut Vicky up and return her bottom to the chair. “Now you asked what will happen and I will tell you plainly... I will make my report and include what you have told me. The wheels will then go into motion, but I fear they will not be well oiled by your accusation of violation in the most bizarre of forms. In the meantime, due process will take place here. You are both under arrest – you, Miss Fullerton, face the death penalty - the other Miss Fullerton could spend up to twelve years in jail. We will question this man, Sergio Markov, but I do not see there

will be much to gain. He has no motive - he gave you no contact in Britain to pass the package on to. It was for you apparently – a very odd, but valuable gift. I suggest you take time to consider. I'm sure the Mordavian police are not really interested in you. They want the man behind the supply.”

“There is no man. It was Sergio.”

“Then you will be at the mercy of the Mordavian Court. We are powerless to intervene in the legal system of another country.”

“You will report this, though, won't you?” pleaded Vicky.

“People in Britain will believe me. My parents, my friends, my tutors – none of them will doubt I'm telling the truth. We must fight this!”

“I will submit my report, Miss Fullerton, and I will visit again in a few days time. Good day to you both.”

David Flashman was met a few minutes later by Dimitri Karinov who escorted him to his uncle's office in the Police Headquarters which also acted as a holding prison.

“Mr. Flashman, a pleasure to meet you again...” said Yuri as he rose from his desk to shake David Flashman's hand and slap him heartily on the back. “...And under such regretful circumstances. How did you find the two women?”

“As expected, they appear physically well. There was some bruising on the older one's face which would be cause for concern if the press were to get hold of a snap, and some very disturbing accusations concerning an outrageous contraption and penises of extraordinary size. Naturally I will be submitting a report to the ambassador. He may wish to come

and see them for himself... the girls that is, not the penises... as might a delegation from the United Kingdom. Brussels may even elect to get involved, especially in view of your application to join our illustrious European Union.”

“I fail to see why that would be necessary,” Yuri gruffly replied. “It is an open and shut case. She was carrying drugs – she admits this. Our laws are very simple where such a crime is concerned. She was responsible for her luggage – end of story. And as for these minor bruises which she obtained whilst resisting arrest – hardly a cause for international concern.”

“A report must be submitted; you know that Chief Karinov. I have my duty, as do you.”

“Of course, my dear friend, of course - I fully understand. Now, before you leave and compile this report, there is something I would like you to see. A new punishment we are experimenting with, in the never-ending battle against crime.”

“Really. I’m not sure if I can spare the time... What sort of punishment?”

“The sort that prevents young women from ever offending again. There is a delectable young trollop who was caught begging from a tourist. I was just about to witness her flogging.”

“Oh! Well... I’m sure I could squeeze a few minutes. How old did you say the wench was?”

“How old would you like her to be, Mr. Flashman?”

“I always thought that eighteen was a perfect age for the correction of wayward girls.”

“Dimitri! You heard our guest - delectable and eighteen. We will be there in ten minutes. Make sure everything is in order for our honourable representative of Her Britannic Majesty’s government.

Twenty minutes later, David Flashman was sitting in an armless easy chair beside his good friend, Yuri Karinov. Between them was a table with two glasses filled with generous measures of cognac; a couple of Havana cigars lay smoking in an ashtray. In front of them stood a girl who looked a youthful eighteen, she was naked and undeniably delectable. Dark skinned like all her compatriots, she had shoulder length black hair and a pair of perky little breasts, her figure was trim, and her cunt was framed by a silky black bush. David wondered if she was still a virgin – not very likely was his conclusion if she was under Yuri’s care.

The girl was shivering - she had just been doused by a bucket of icy water. She stood shaking with cold and fear – her dark nipples looking very erect.

“Part of the treatment,” Yuri explained. “We think the cold heightens the senses, makes her all the more aware of her crime and her punishment.”

‘Makes her look vulnerable and very enticing,’ thought David, but he knew better than to say such things aloud in the presence of the chief of police.

“We are now going to test out which instrument is the most effective. The European Union is fanatical about standardisation, so I thought that we should have a standard for corporal punishment. It is an onerous task. Thankfully my

nephew Dimitri has shown a special interest - his devotion to duty is to be commended.”

“Indeed!” replied David Flashman, tearing his eyes away from the shivering girl to glance at the subject of Yuri’s admiration. The young man was most certainly taking his duty very seriously. He had stripped down to the waist, revealing a remarkable physique of chiselled muscle which many of David’s colleagues in the British diplomatic service would have found even more appealing than he did the girl. He was arranging the equipment to be tested – an array of spanking devices which David found fascinating – it was going to be a very thorough test.

David took a sip of Cognac then placed his glass back on the table, his eyes returning to the shivering girl before him. Then his attention was taken when Yuri reached over and tapped his arm.

“We were planning to tie her over a gymnastic horse, but I was wondering if you might be so kind as to assist in our little experiment. Perhaps you would be good enough to have her over your knee and experience firsthand how she reacts.”

David Flashman spluttered and coughed up half of his drink. He wiped his chin with his handkerchief then looked over to Yuri whose face was a mask of professional sincerity.

“Well, you know that I am always happy to help in your noble fight against crime, Chief Karinov. So yes... if you think it would help.”

Yuri snapped his fingers and barked out a command. A moment later a couple of his goons took hold of the girl and forced her to lie over David’s knee - her naked cunt positioned

directly over David's rampant erection, which was throbbing inside his shabby trousers. They attached a rope around her wrists, binding her tightly; then fed this under David Flashman's chair to link to her ankles which were tethered as well. She would have no option but to lie and take her punishment and David would feel every blow, deliciously transferred from body to body - her tortured pain converted into his sensuous bliss.

"Now, please proceed, Dimitri. Punish the stupid girl. And for the benefit of our guest, and the education of this wretch, please tell us about each implement you use. And Mr. Flashman, please feel free to take part. Test out the heat of the wench's buttocks – and give her a slap if you think it might assist in teaching her the errors of her ways."

David Flashman was very happy to help out and needed no further invitation. He stroked the girl's buttocks which were covered in goose pimples. She was still shivering from the icy water. It was a state that was about to change!

"I am starting with a ping-pong paddle, Mr. Flashman," announced Dimitri as he picked up his first instrument of correction and waved it in the air. "It is made out of leather and named as such because it is shaped a bit like a table tennis bat. The large surface area is rather unusual, spreading the pain of the blow, but dispersing and diluting the effect as well."

With that Dimitri delivered two strokes in quick succession, one to each of the girl's lovely light brown ass cheeks. She let out a yelp with each delivered blow, raising her groin from David's lap then plunging down on him again, grinding into his cock. Dimitri then repeated the process two more times,

swatting the girl's ass cheeks first left then right, turning them a glowing reddish-brown.

Six strokes in total, David Flashman was impressed – ‘six of the best’ - very English public school. Dimitri Karinov would go far with such style, and even further with such an uncle!

Dimitri backed off to select his next tool, and David Flashman played his part in the test by stroking the saucy young minx's ass, measuring the heat that he found. Then Dimitri was back, brandishing yet another weapon.

“This is a college paddle, Mr. Flashman. As you can see, it is made from wood rather than leather. It's smooth and doesn't flex like the leather paddle. I am assured that the name comes from America - that once detested enemy of our people, who are now adored almost as much as the British.”

David Flashman gave a nod at the compliment and allowed the young man to continue with his lecture which David was finding most educational.

“Apparently this type of paddle was used on the college cheerleaders to discipline them if they couldn't swing their pompoms properly. Those Americans are not so different from we East Europeans – we used similar techniques to train our female gymnasts. I was heartbroken when the method was abolished.”

Then Dimitri brought the paddle crashing down on the girl's ass, a single blow covering both buttocks. David felt it himself, she was crushed into his lap and she screamed out in utter agony. David looked down at her ass - bruising was appearing, disguised by her dusky coloured skin, but a thick blue welt was clearly forming.

Dimitri added another stroke in the same place then hit her again on the top of her legs before returning to her ass for a final blow. The girl screamed throughout her torture and bounced up and down on David's lap in a futile attempt to escape.

"I think that was definitely the more telling instrument of correction," announced David Flashman as he ran his hand over the girl's aching buttocks. They were now scalding hot and a mass of bruises - and the girl was sobbing, no doubt ruining the day she was born.

Next came a traditional cane, which Dimitri gleefully explained had been sent to him from Eton and had been used on the asses of English nobility. He yielded it with much gusto, any headmaster would have been proud of the strokes. It left the girl with six nasty looking welts.

David Flashman looked at the agonised flesh of the girl who now lay whimpering and exhausted on his lap. A grin spread across his face then he reached out for his Cognac and poured the neat spirit over her flesh. The girl screamed again and clenched her buttocks as the fiery liquid burned at her wounds. She writhed around on top of David's lap, massaging his aching cock with her groin.

"Nice touch!" yelled Yuri, guffawing with laughter. "If the diplomatic service ever tires of you, then come and see me, Mr. Flashman - I would happily give you a job... Dimitri, what else do we have? I think one more for today - we must not let this little project get in the way of important matters of crime prevention. There is another pressing subject I must attend to soon."

“There are still many instruments to test out, sir. What might interest you most?”

“I suggest something unusual for our honoured guest, and most obliging assistant in this worthy trial.”

“Perhaps this might be interesting,” replied Dimitri, holding up a rather strange looking tool.”

“My wife has something like that in the kitchen,” declared David Flashman.

“A meat tenderiser! Yes, it is based on the design, only this version is much larger than the one your wife would use,” enthused Dimitri. “I had it made to my own specifications. As you can see it has a multitude of small pyramids carved on the surface. This is the first time I have used it. Shall we see how well it works?”

“I am impressed, Dimitri, you really are taking to this project like a true devotee of the State – I am proud of you,” said Yuri, flourishing his cigar and Cognac in celebration of his nephew’s ingenuity. “Please proceed and test out the implement on this wretched girl.”

Dimitri puffed out his muscular bare chest at this wonderful praise from his hero, his mentor, his beloved uncle. Then he drew the paddle back and aimed it straight at the middle of the girl’s buttocks. The hundreds of pyramids bit into her already bruised flesh. The girl bucked on David Flashman’s lap and howled out loud, the agony almost too much to bear.

“Yeah gods! That hurt the bitch,” chortled David Flashman.

“Do it again, young man – do it again!”

Dimitri was awash with delight and he brought the designer paddle down again and again, smacking one buttock then the other then crashing down on her glistening crack. He paused to allow his uncle's guest to look down on the effect - her ass was a mess of tiny pockmarks. Dimitri looked at the face of David Flashman. The man was totally enthralled, his eyes transfixed to the ass on his lap. Dimitri brought the paddle crashing down again and again and the girl screeched in utmost agony.

Dimitri looked over to his uncle who gave him a nod.

Enough!

Yes, perhaps that was enough.

"You must excuse me, my dear friend," announce Yuri as he stood up and patted David Flashman on the back. "Important matters of state demand my attention. I must leave you now, but please, stay here a while. I am sure your report can wait for a few more minutes... or hours! I know what studs you Englishmen are. Take your pleasure of this bitch in whatever manner you choose. Then return to your embassy and do what you must. Personally, I would wait for a few days before concerning the ambassador with any details. Everything may get resolved without the need for fuss. Goodbye, my friend - till we meet again."

Chapter 6

The two Mordavian policemen came for Vicky a few hours after she had been returned to her cell. It would be fair to say that when they arrived, she was a mixed-up bag of emotions!

The day had brought at least one silver lining - Natalie was safe and well. It was such a relief to Vicky when she saw her younger sister and heard her say she was being treated properly. Vicky had feared the worst after her own ordeal – sure that poor Natalie would be traumatised if she had received similar treatment.

But that relief was drowned by the fury that raged over her meeting with David Flashman, who had questioned her integrity and basically accused her of lying, when it was only economy of truth she was guilty of. Vicky thought he was a pathetic little man – an embarrassment to Britain as one of its representatives abroad, and hardly the person you'd want in your corner when facing someone like Yuri Karinov.

Then her fury turned to a sense of impotence as she absorbed the reality of her situation. Her story did sound ridiculous, and whilst she was sure her family and friends would believe her, those people in power, both in Mordavia and the United Kingdom, would find it difficult to accept her word against that of the chief of police. Even Natalie had looked at her incredulously when Vicky had disclosed the details of her oral violation – and quite rightly so – it did sound far-fetched. Although not quite the ordeal she had made it out to be – and there lay the real emotional conundrum.

It was wrong! No line of argument could ever be made to convince Vicky that what they did wasn't a hideous crime. But there could be no denying either that it had been one heck of an experience: to be used and abused by the Karinov men. Vicky couldn't get it out of her head. Fury raged at the injustice that was being done; and impotence mocked at the inevitability of it all. But cutting through this was the unquestionable fact that despite being so wrong, it was an amazing event – fantasy sex made scarily real, and all the more intense as a consequence.

God what a pair those bastards were! Forget the other guy who was no more than a bit player – it was all about the Karinovs, in particular the uncle, Mordavia's chief of police. Vicky tried to blank it out, but alone in her cell, memories ran riot: the authority they yielded, and power exuded; the physical splendour of the two big brutes; the ability to pleasure and the climaxes they gave. It all added up to an intoxicating mix – if only the circumstances were different then she might have truly revelled in it all.

But they weren't! She was held in prison, wrongly accused – accused of a crime that carried a death penalty. The Karinov men might be sexual gods, but they had to be seen in context. And where Vicky was concerned – that was mightily disturbing. Her future was looking very bleak.

Fortunately, she was not left to contemplate this for very long before two policemen came for her.

The Mordavian officers, gentlemen that they were – two brutes with simian faces and probably brains to match, held Vicky roughly by the arms and dragged her out of the cell.

Determined to resist and not act like a slut again, Vicky screamed and kicked but to little effect, as they bundled her along the dank dark corridor past the other pitiful prisoners that were held captive in the cells. Then still impotently fighting, she was ushered down a flight of stone steps that led to the dungeon – a scary place seeped in the history of pain.

Dressed in a fresh uniform, the chief of police was waiting at an old oak door - a smug smile sitting on his mature rugged face. Unable to resist, Vicky took on board again his impressive size. He was a tower of a man, at least six feet four in height and as impressively broad as he was tall. His face was stern and foreboding, chiselled Slavic features, the blackest of black eyes and the cruellest of pink lips – infuriatingly fine in Vicky's opinion. As was the thing he packed in his pants – everything about the man screeched raunchy virility – frightening, yet so enticing – even to a girl who he threatened to legally kill.

Standing beside the chief stood the equally impressive young lieutenant. Rather vainly, he had stripped to the waist for today's encounter - and despite her annoyance, Vicky couldn't help but admire his incredible physique - the broad manly shoulders that supported his bullish neck, the smooth and incredibly muscular chest, the shapely pecs crowned with large dark nipples that stood out like pointed cones, and the rippling six pack stomach with its dainty little navel. He was glistening with sweat which added to the horny effect, and he had such a handsome face - strong and masculine – the same features as his uncle, though not quite as cruel.

No question about it - they made for a formidable pair, in every respect. Once again, the conundrum of Vicky's emotions

raged on seeing these men again. Under different circumstances she would have thrown herself at both of them, but being in a dungeon, held as their prisoner on trumped up charges, knowing the abuse they were capable of, gave life a rather different perspective. It was fury rather than lust that poured from her eyes as she gazed at each in turn. Resolve hardened with the reality of her plight, and she vowed that today she would not act the slut, no matter how much pleasure they threw at her body. An interesting stance considering where she was – in a scary dungeon, at the door to a torture chamber, where pleasure historically has been rather one sided, and it wasn't the prisoner who had all the fun.

“Take her in and hang her up!” the chief ordered, intent on making a start, knowing that fun would definitely be his. He had been down here before plenty of times! It was his favourite part of the building.

Vicky was manhandled through the door and into the chamber which was illuminated by flaming torches fixed along the walls. She looked around the room with trepidation, her eyes first absorbing the wealth of equipment on display, scary looking stuff which may well have had a role to play in the Spanish Inquisition from the antique appearance. There were stocks of varying design and a rack which looked perfectly functional, a thick post with hooks that was clearly meant for whipping and an ominous looking large wheel. Of more modern design were a leather padded bondage table and a desk with a couple of chairs.

Looking beyond this Vicky noted that the walls were adorned with a range of instruments interspersed between the torches. Hanging from wrought iron hooks were whips, canes, paddles,

floggers, straps, and crops of every description. There were glass fronted cabinets at the bottom of the walls containing even more hideous instruments of pain. One wall was different, however, for in the centre of that, with a torch to each side, was fixed a vertical X-frame rack which looked very frightening indeed.

Compelled by a morbid curiosity, Vicky glanced up to the ceiling. It was criss-crossed by thick wooden beams from which hung a variety of chains, shackles, hooks, ropes, and pulleys. There was also a metal bar on a chain with handcuffs at each end, and it was to here that Vicky was directed.

One after the other her hands were cuffed then the bar was hoisted using a pulley so that her arms were stretched painfully upwards and the metal cuffs dug into her wrists. Her feet were raised slightly off the ground, only the toe of her shoes made contact with the dungeon floor.

The two policemen leered at her sadistically once they had got her into position, and taking advantage, having been given permission, they gratuitously groped Vicky's tethered body: her bosom was fondled, her nipples severely pinched; hands clutched roughly at the swell of her ass, going under her dress to feel the bare flesh; the same happened at her front, hands groping her cunt, although her sex wasn't entered as that wasn't allowed – Yuri having drawn a clear line for his men that fell short of penetration.

With eyes wide open, Vicky watched as the two policemen finally backed away and the chief came to stand before her. For the first time she saw real anger on his face, which given her state of helpless bondage, didn't bode well in the slightest.

“I understand you made some complaint about your treatment, Miss Fullerton. I think that was very foolish of you.”

“You bastard!” hissed Vicky, then she spat in his face – an act of defiance she quickly regretted.

WHACK!

The blow came suddenly. Like a flash Vicky was struck hard across the side of her face by the flat of the chief’s hand, her head jolted to the side.

WHACK!

She was still reeling from the first strike when a second hit her equally as hard, a backhanded blow to the other side spinning her head in the opposite direction. Then a hand grabbed hold of the top of her dress and pulled violently at the material ripping it apart. The chief tore at the light cotton, pulling it from her body, casting the rag aside, leaving Vicky in her bra and panties.

“As I said, you have acted foolishly and will now pay for your actions,” Yuri nonchalantly informed her. “This ‘old man’, as you kindly called me, is going to teach you a lesson and instil some respect... You will also confess to your crime!” he brightly added, almost as an afterthought. “I have the document here on the desk. You do not need to read it, just sign and admit to your wrong doings.”

“Don’t be ridiculous,” Vicky replied, summoning up all the courage she had left. “What is there to confess? I was given a package and stupidly didn’t open it to see what was inside. I have done nothing wrong.”

Yuri ran his hand over the swell of Vicky's left breasts then pulled on the cup of her bra, so the breast popped out and hung free. He toyed with her nipple, squeezing it to a pleasurable degree, arousing it to hardness.

"The captain of the sailing boat has already admitted he gave you the package when he took you out to sea four days ago," Yuri stated whilst toying with Vicky's tit. "You were to deliver it to his contact in London. Unfortunately, that man has evaded the British police who are not as efficient as my own hand-picked force. Your confession is waiting for your signature. Sign it now and I will be lenient."

"Never!" yelled Vicky.

The chief smiled at her defiance, savouring the challenge, relishing the approach the young woman was adopting, for it would add to his own sadistic pleasure as he wore her down and crushed her will.

"An unfortunate response!" said Yuri. "This will pain me as much as you, Miss Fullerton. But it is my duty to extract the confession. There are ways to make you sign the document. This room has many devices that have proved their worth in that respect over the years. Why endure the pain?"

"I'm innocent and you know it."

Yuri shrugged his shoulders at this piece of irrelevance. "That is a matter between you and me only – for the rest of the world, I need the confession."

"Then you sure as hell aren't getting it!"

The chief smiled at Vicky, delighted at the spirit she was showing. Then Yuri took out his penknife from his pocket. He

flicked it open and held it up to Vicky's cheek. The blade was slowly dragged along her skin with precision force so that the flesh was grazed but did not cut, over her throat then down her sternum between her heaving breasts. Building the suspense, he held it there, twisting the blade then he jerked it downward and cut through her bra. It split apart and Vicky's other breast spilled out. Then a few more slices and the bra was off her – it fell to the ground as Vicky whimpered and sucked in some air. It was the first breath she had taken since the knife made contact with her skin.

“You will confess, Miss Fullerton. You will sign the document and admit to your crime. And aside from that, as punishment for your foolish accusations to my dear friend, Mr. Flashman, you will beg me to fuck you... fuck you up the ass. That part I'm sure will be an enormous pleasure for you, for I know you have been anally penetrated before – though I would be surprised if you have ever accommodated a cock such as mine in that dark place. It will be an agony if I enter you brutally... Sign the document then welcome me to your body and I will show mercy by easing myself in... Oh, and I'll also spare your life when it comes to the sentencing. Trust me – I have the power to dictate what happens in these cases. As I said to you yesterday – I am the Law in Mordavia.”

“You sick bastard,” Vicky hissed in response. “Abuse me if you want, but I will never beg you to do it. And I will not sign that bloody confession!”

“We shall see.”

The chief burned his captive felon with the intensity of his gaze as he said this, enjoying the challenge she was

determined to set. Then he leered at Vicky's naked breasts and grinned as he flicked a finger across a hardened Scottish nipple. Chuckling to himself, please at Vicky's obvious arousal, the chief turned and melted into the shadows of the torture chamber to return a few moments later with a variety of clamps in his hand and a short multi-lashed whip draped casually over his broad shoulder. His bare-chested lieutenant and the two police thugs stood eagerly behind him leering at their stubborn victim.

"Strip her and shackle her legs," ordered the chief; then turning to his nephew he handed him the clamps. "Here Dimitri, I shall give you the honour of assisting me. You know what to do with these."

The two police thugs carried out the chief's order and pulled off Vicky's shoes then removed her panties. She struggled throughout, determined to fight with every drop of energy, but her existing bonds and the policemen's greater strength made it inevitable she ended up naked. When her panties were eventually ripped from her body, the policemen both moaned when they saw her naked shaved pussy, and roughly fingered her, spreading the lips apart so they could gaze at her inner sex. Then they kicked Vicky's legs apart and shackled them at the ankles to metal rings that were cemented in the floor. The task complete, they reluctantly withdrew into the shadows of the chamber where they would watch the proceedings, hoping to be called back into action again.

Yuri Karinov came and stood at Vicky's side. He removed the whip from his shoulder and ran the wooden handle along Vicky's cunt slit.

“Such a lovely little pussy,” he growled into her ear. “I very much enjoyed playing with it yesterday: so moist and receptive – snug and tight around my fingers. It handled the frigging well. But do you think it could handle the entirety of my cock? Your mouth and throat certainly managed to take it, so I reckon there’s a good chance. Something we’ll know for sure before the day is done...”

Yuri paused, allowing it to sink in – this clear and unequivocal statement, that whatever happened, he was going to fuck her. Vicky had known this was the case – of course he was going to fuck her, but verbalising the fact made the reality so stark. Once again, the conundrum raged – fury versus the desire for consummation with this man who now plagued her mind and inflamed her body - hating him and wanting him and having no control whatsoever over what he might or might not do.

Yuri smiled, seeing all this. Like a fortune teller, he could see the future – the only questions lay over the exact path she would take: a thorny one by the looks of things – which was very much to his tastes. As was the next topic he next raised...

“...But what about your ass?” Yuri asked as he curled the handle round between Vicky’s widespread legs to prod at her exposed anal pucker. “That might be a little trickier without a lot of preparation... Confess now, and I promise to make the fuck pleasurable for you. Beg me to bugger you, and I will do it considerately. Beg me to take you as my enslaved whore as punishment for your crime.”

“Go to hell!” Vicky hissed, now seeing the future as well – he wanted to turn her into his sex slave! There was no chance she would ever agree to that.

Yuri mockingly shook his head, knowing how wrong his prisoner was. “Dear oh dear, such a silly young woman... Dimitri! Our guest needs a little persuasion - go to work on her cunt.”

Yuri brought the whip handle back to the front as he said this and forced the end into Vicky’s sex. He slid it in, her juices easing the path, and fucked her gently for a moment, telling her with his eyes as he stared her in the face that this was the sort of consideration he meant. Due warning was then given when he finished with a hard plunge that had Vicky gasping in frightened shock – the other side of the coin he could flick, and one that was best not provoked. Then he removed the improvised dildo and stood further to Vicky’s side, bringing the handle of his whip up to her nose to smear the prisoner’s nostrils with her own juices before draping it back over his shoulder.

A moment later, Yuri’s bare-chested nephew was kneeling before their victim. Dimitri took his time before setting about his task, savouring the sight of Vicky’s naked pussy, caressing the lips with his fingers and probing her sex that had just been violated by an instrument of torture. Having absorbed the beauty with his eyes again, he reminded his taste buds of the woman’s flavour with a lingering lap at her juicy snatch, trailing his tongue through the drizzling lips, finishing at her clit which he gave a deftly flick. Having shown her his sample of the pleasurable aspects of life in bondage, Dimitri then embarked on the less agreeable side. He selected two small crocodile clamps with nasty jagged teeth and secured them, one on each side of Vicky’s vulva, gripping the folds of her labia. Vicky let out an agonised groan as the clamps pinched

her tender puffy flesh – the pain all the worse for having been earlier aroused. These Karinov men really knew what they were doing – poor Vicky didn't stand a chance!

“Is that painful, Miss Fullerton?” asked Yuri. “Do you wish me to order a halt to the proceedings? A simple act of confession will suffice, and of course a request for me to fuck your lovely ass.”

“Fuck your own ass, bastard! Or get pretty boy here to do it for you.”

“Dear, dear!” mocked Yuri, enjoying himself enormously. “Such unbecoming language... Dimitri, the foul-mouthed tramp wishes for you to continue. I believe she has taken a liking to what you are doing.”

Dimitri was delighted at the woman's obstinacy - it would mean he could torture her all the more. He hated it when they caved in too easily. Smiling to himself, Dimitri fastened a chain with a hook at the end to each of the clamps. The extra weight made Vicky groan again as her labia were stretched and pulled downward. Then to each hook, Dimitri added a small weighted ring, pulling on the chains and in turn pulling on the clamps, stretching Vicky's labia further, making her groan with the increasing pain. She struggled for a moment to change her position in a futile attempt to escape the agony, but the movement only made things worse, swaying the chains and pulling on her labia even further.

“Are you trying to stimulate yourself, Miss Fullerton?” asked a mocking chief of police. “Are you taking pleasure from this supposed punishment? That will never do! Dimitri, the slut is enjoying herself! Add more weight!”

Dimitri happily added another weighted ring to each hook, stretching Vicky's labia to an even more agonising degree. She let out a scream then clamped her mouth shut so as not to give these bastards the satisfaction of hearing her pain. Inspired by her cry, Dimitri added another weight and Vicky screamed again despite her determination to remain silent.

"Dimitri, I think another clamp is in order, don't you?" suggested Yuri once the shrieking ended.

Dimitri let out a sadistic laugh. He knew exactly what his uncle intended. Eager to comply, he selected the smallest of his clamps, a spring one with padded jaws; then he parted Vicky's already clamped labia and found her hooded clit. He flicked the little bud with the tip of his finger, coaxing it to harden for him then gently he attached the padded clamp to the flesh. He could hear from above him the sound of a deep throated groan – a woman's questionable pleasure mingled with her definite pain. The process was then repeated – a chain with a hook and some weighted rings, pulling and stretching Vicky's sensitive clitoris to the point where she was about to pass out.

Yuri Karinov had watched on, enjoying her suffering, and the battle she fought to control her screams. But as Dimitri continued with his work, Yuri could see Vicky's growing distress and the black cloud that was threatening to smother her mind and take her temporarily beyond their torture. That was not something Yuri wished. The girl had more spirit than he had imagined. This would take more than just physical pain to bring her to subjugation.

“Dimitri! Remove the weights. Do so slowly. Let her recover a little.”

The nephew complied, saddened that this part of the torture was over, and that the woman had not submitted to their will, but pleased even more that another phase would be required before any fucking took place. Dimitri liked to fuck the girls, he liked to fuck them a lot, but he liked to torture them even more.

But it was his uncle who now took over, a true expert in the art of inflicting pain, and Dimitri made way for him, the nephew always happy to watch and learn. Yuri Karinov allowed Vicky a few minutes to regain a degree of composure and for her body to acclimatise itself to the level of pain inflicted by the three clamps that remained un-weighted on her sex. Then when he was satisfied that his victim was ready to take more, he stood in front of Vicky and started on her tits.

There was no sudden move to inflict more torture - instead the chief went in the opposite direction. He selected her left breast to pleasure with his mouth and the right to caress with his hand. He licked and nipped the left nipple, and rubbed and pinched the right, finding a perfect balance of sensuality that had Vicky silently groaning in delight. Then to add to her pleasure, Yuri fingered her pussy, gently tapping on the clamps to send orgasmic-like shivers through her body.

For Vicky, it was such an infuriatingly delicious sensation to be worked on by a master of technique, after the agony she had endured at his command. She was helpless to resist him, bound and shackled as she was. She hated the man with a passion, yet that hatred could not suppress the arousal he

elicited with his deftly work, which made her hate him all the more, and all the more responsive to his actions.

And there it was - the conundrum again. Plenty of men had pleased her in the past, but never with her in such a submissive role, which somehow seemed to heighten the eroticism. And even more perversely, the pain she had been forced to endure in her cunt, the memory of which still lingered, somehow heighten the pleasure she took from Yuri's despised, but sensuous work. Was this the life he threatened, Vicky had cause to wonder – was this extreme of stimulation one of the aspects he proposed by turning her into his sex slave. Would it be so bad to know such regular bliss, even if the price was slavery and pain?

Yes! Yes! Yes! Of course, it was unacceptable – she could never agree to a deal like that. Determined to resist, Vicky tried to block it out, she tried to force the hate she felt and make it override all other things. But the more she fought – the more intense the mix of emotions and sensations became, and just as Yuri had done to her the day before, Vicky was being brought to a climax which she sorely resented yet loved at the same time. Her mind was too awash with sensations to rationalise what was happening, but this punctuating of pain with pleasure, fanned by the flames of hate and desire, made the pleasure so much more intense. And sick as it was, nothing had ever aroused Vicky so much.

The chief of police knew exactly what he was doing, and understood what Vicky was going through. And it amused him to give such intensity of pleasure, but his reasons were a little more perverse. Pleasure and pain, they complimented each other so well. But not only did the pain make the pleasure

more intense – it also worked the other way around. The bitch would suffer all the more when Yuri decided to flick the coin.

A master of control who had tamed countless women, Yuri moved from one breast to another, so that he feasted sensuously on them both with his mouth and caressed them both with his hands, all the while pleasuring her pussy with his other hand. Skilled as he was, it didn't take long before he had Vicky groaning, despite her resolve to resist. Her determination was admirable, but she was soon wilting under his surprising ability to pleasure a woman gently. Her skin became flushed and her cunt truly gushed, unable to deny its intense gratification. Yuri built her up with his tongue and his touch until Vicky was on the verge of massive climax – all the stronger for having tried to hold it back. He could sense that her whole body was about to explode. One hard bite at a nipple, one hard flick at her clit and the bitch would career over the edge.

It was then that Yuri Karinov backed away, leaving her teetering without pushing her over.

Vicky looked at him, she was gasping, her carnal hunger etched undeniably on her face; then in an instant her expression turned to one of pure fury. The bastard had brought her right to the edge, her cunt was bloated and drizzling despite the agony of its clamps. She hated the bastard, but he drove her wild, and she was desperate to be finished off. And now he was staring at her, smirking with self-satisfied glee – so sure of himself and the arousal he had caused. Vicky's loathing of the chief increased by a magnitude untold, her eyes burned with molten rage for the humiliation he was pouring down on her defenceless manipulated body.

“Shall I fuck you now, Miss Fullerton?” taunted Yuri. “I know your cunt is ready for my cock, but what about your ass, because that’s what you must give? Would you like me to put my cock inside it? Let me hear you say the words: ‘Fuck me, fuck my ass! Please fuck me and make me come as you bugger my filthy bum.’”

“I’ll see you in hell first!” Vicky snapped – hating him and wanting him but refusing to surrender.

Yuri let out a laugh. By God, she was incredible. And by God she was going to suffer.

Yuri snapped his fingers and a moment later Dimitri was beside him, a selection of more clamps in his hands. The chief chose two and approached Vicky again and snapped the crocodile clips onto her rock-hard nipples. Ominously, wires trailed from each one. The chief then attached some wires to the chains dangling from Vicky’s pussy.

Yuri wondered if this would be enough. The agony would be intense, her surrender inevitable, yet somehow, he wasn’t satisfied. He went off into the darkness then returned a moment later with a metal dildo which had a wire clipped to it at the end. This device he inserted into Vicky’s pussy, forcing it all the way in her, using her copious cunt juice for lubrication, until it pressed against her cervix. He had considered shoving one up her ass as well, but decided he wanted to keep that pure and tight until she begged him to violate her with his cock. Yuri finally attached the wires to a small generator. Vicky’s next round of torture was about to begin.

“So, Miss Fullerton, I have toyed with you enough. I will have your confession then I will have your ass. Both will be given to me, though considering your current state of decoration, it would be safer for me to take one at a time. Let’s have the confession first.”

Yuri flicked on the switch and set the various dials on the generator to the lowest setting. A mild crackling sound was heard in the chamber then Vicky let out a pant of panic. It was the shock of the shock rather than the intensity of the current that made her huff and puff. Her nipples and her pussy lips, her clit and her vagina all tingled as the electricity flowed through them and then it was suddenly cut off.

“That was level one, Miss Fullerton. There are five more levels to go. It would amuse my men if I were to take you through them, but is it really necessary? I have the document here – agree to sign it then we can move on to some fucking. You know deep down you want my cock inside you. Why deny yourself the pleasure?”

“No! No! AHHHHHHH!” screamed Vicky as the switch was flicked on again and one of the dials turned to level two.

The pain was only on her nipples, spreading to her breasts - an intense fiery tingling on her sensitive buds. Vicky jerked around in her bondage. It felt like she was being stabbed with needles. She squirmed and writhed, struggled to get free.

“Stop! Please, stop!” she yelled.

Yuri flicked the switch off and watched as Vicky hung limp from her cuffs, her body glistening with sweat as it tried to douse the fire of her torture.

“Are you ready to sign the confession?”

“Please, don’t do this,” she pleaded.

“Level three then,” announce Yuri. “Or should I stay at level two and apply the current to your cunt? The lips perhaps - or maybe the clit! No! Internally, I think! Let’s electrify that dildo! Are you ready for the blast?”

“STOP!!! STOP!!! STOP!!!” screamed Vicky, the threat being more than enough. “I’ll sign your confession. PLEEEEEEASE!!!”

“Are you certain, Miss Fullerton? I do not wish to have to attach you to this apparatus again. You are certain you will sign?”

“Yes,” whimpered Vicky.

Yuri switched off the generator. Only then did Vicky break down and cry hysterically. She cried the tears of a defeated woman. Yuri Karinov watched her as she sobbed.

‘Defeated, but not yet broken,’ thought Yuri as he toyed with the whip that still lay draped over his shoulder. ‘This leather will still be needed before she welcomes me to her body and accepts her enslavement. But welcome me she will. I will make her my whore before this day is through... and then tomorrow I will make a whore of her virginal sister!’

Chapter 7

Vicky had thought her torment was over when she was released from her bondage and painful clamps and was brought to the desk where a typed document lay. She signed without reading, knowing there was little point in refusing. There was no way she could endure more of the electrical torture. People would realise she had signed it under duress; surely the document was meaningless. At least that was the hope that she clung to as she signed the confession then sank to her knees in total exhaustion at the feet of her tormentor.

Yuri inspected the signature and compared it against her passport. The hand was a little shaky, but it was clearly the same. Even a British court would accept this as a legitimate signed confession should he ever find the need to produce it. A Mordavian court would accept what Yuri told them to - this document was not required for them. It was needed to silence public opinion outside his jurisdiction if Vicky Fullerton's arrest was ever to be made known. And much more importantly, it was needed to assist in his cunning plan which would lead to the conquest of the other Miss Fullerton.

Satisfied, Yuri locked the confession in the drawer of the desk then returned his attention to Vicky. He gathered a clump of her sweat drenched blonde hair and pulled her head backwards to face him.

“So, Miss Fullerton, you eventually saw sense. All the suffering you chose to endure, however, and it was so unnecessary. I trust we can now agree to proceed with the

other part of this session without the need for further coercion.”

“What? What are you talking about?” asked Vicky.

“I’m going to fuck you now, Miss Fullerton. I thought I had made that clear. I’m going to fuck your sweet British ass, and I want to hear you beg me to do it. No resistance – I want you to welcome me to your body like a proper slave should.”

“Oh God, no! You can’t be serious,” Vicky replied, her voice croaking with despair at this repeated statement of the chief’s intent to enslave her.

“Oh, I’m very serious, Miss Fullerton. Now that you have confessed, your life is mine to do as I chose with. And the good news is - I have decided to spare you the horror of hanging and make you my slave whore instead. It will be a relatively short sentence, in the pleasant surroundings of my country estate - much shorter than you would spend in our nightmarish prison if a judge was to get involved and allowed to spare your life. Five years would seem fair if you were to serve me well - after that you would be released, assuming you wanted to go. You might be surprised to know that not every woman does.”

“No! I would rather die,” growled Vicky, finding another level of courage.

“That may well be the case if you go to trial... or for that matter if you go to prison.”

“I’ll take my chances.”

“Such a silly young woman... Tie her up again!

Five minutes later, Vicky was back suspended from the bar, her arms agonisingly stretched above her, and her legs spread apart and shackled at the ankles.

Yuri Karinov had watched from a few yards away as she was bound again, his whip still adorning his shoulder. “Chew on her tits!” he commanded the two policemen once Vicky was in place; then Yuri drifted away into the shadows.

The policemen pounced on her like a pair of hungry lions and devoured a nipple each, sucking and chewing the already tortured organs to agonising effect. For a moment Vicky forgot about the chief as she struggled to cope with the savagery of these men, then suddenly the chief was again foremost in her mind.

The first blow of the whip came as a surprise, even though Vicky had been forewarned by the sighting of it draped over the chief’s shoulder. The lash felt like a sharp slap across the top of her back and her skin tingled violently under the impact. She jerked her head back and pushed out her chest as if encouraging the two policemen to chew her tits all the harder. Then the lash struck again across her shoulder blades, this time a little harsher, but not agonisingly so – the chief was toying with her, warming them both up before the real flaying would begin.

“Go softly, you blaggards - for a few moments at least. Tease her tits with your tongues as I tease her back with my whip.”

For a moment Vicky’s torment was again turned into erotic pleasure as the policemen soothed her ravaged nipples with the gentlest of licks. Then the whip struck her lower back, the chief yielded it with such perfect force, the perfect balance of

pleasure and pain - and despite herself and her exhausted state, Vicky let out a moan that was weighted more in pleasure's favour. Her body could not help but respond to the cunning manipulation of the chief.

Two more lashes struck her, firm but not overly severe as the policemen suckled tenderly on her aching tits and stroked her tender cunt lips. But this pleasure was not to last. The chief did not toy too long before he started to strike out with more vicious blows - the whip swooshing through the air to land on every part of Vicky's back.

The blows rained down on her time and time again until Vicky was hanging limply from the bar, her head exploding with the pain she had to endure at the hands of the sadistic chief and his skilfully administered whip. All the while the policemen returned to chewing aggressively at her nipples. Then at last the torment halted.

"Enough!" shouted Yuri. "Dimitri, get between her legs and attend to her cunt!"

It seemed like her torment might be over as the chief laid the whip over Vicky's shoulder and caressed her full round Scottish ass cheeks with a strong Mordavian hand. Then the chief withdrew for a moment. Vicky could hear fumbling to the side, but she paid little attention as the sexy bare-chested lieutenant knelt before her and lapped at her tortured pussy, sucking and licking her deliriously well.

Vicky's mind was in a blur from the concoction of stimulation that her body had been put through and the mental torture she had known. So, it was through a haze she experienced this next phase of her torment – a torment to her pride and dignity,

for it was such bliss to her agonised sex. Dimitri started with a teasing journey, his tongue meandering between the inner lips from the bottom of her cunt where it met her legs, all the way to her hooded clit, pausing to circle around the highly sensitive little bud, forcing it to harden against Vicky's will, before reversing his course to travel back to his starting point. He repeated the process several times, infuriating Vicky intensely with his teasing skill that was causing her to moan again. Then Dimitri forced his way deep inside her vagina to lap up her juices which were annoyingly flowing. Despite her bleary indignation at this ongoing violation, Vicky could not help but feel dreamily aroused.

Sure of his technique and the pleasure he was giving, Dimitri began to fuck her with his tongue, sliding the curled flesh in and out of her cunt at a measured, deliberate pace then speeding up to a fast, frantic ravishing of her sex.

In her almost trance like state, nothing was clear - it was agony and it was ecstasy; he was a bastard and he was a god. He was an abuser and Vicky hated him, but he was a master cunnilinguist and he was going to make Vicky come as he had done the day before. The intensity of the pleasure compared to what had happened when Vicky's sex was clamped and electrocuted, was mind-blowing for the girl. For a few moments all her troubles were forgotten as she surrendered herself to the best cunt lick of her life; then in a blinding flash her troubles were back as pain seared across her buttocks.

WHACK!

Vicky screamed out in utter agony and her foggy mind was dragged from its morphyic abyss. The blow to her ass was more

severe than any she had experienced on her back. Dazed and confused, yet again on the edge of a massive orgasm, Vicky turned her head and looked to the side where the chief now stood with an instrument in each hand. In his right he held the belt which he had removed from his trousers – it was long and thick, and as Vicky had just found out, agonising when delivered – its strokes would bring tears to the eyes. And in his left hand the chief held something else he had removed from his trousers – and it also was long and thick, his monster of a prick, which surely would also be an agony if delivered to her ass.

Vicky let out a cry of utter despair. That massive cock would be going up her ass, and brutally so if she fought the invasion. Then Vicky let out another cry of utmost pleasure and unimaginable self loathing as Dimitri resumed his tongue fucking of her cunt. What bastards the pair of them were to torment her body with such extremes! For a second she was tempted to surrender and let the chief bugger her, to end her futile resistance and become subject to his will – have him fuck her up the ass whilst her cunt got gloriously tongued.

But the chief of police was her nemesis – an abuser of power - and she was a decent girl who was innocent of any crime – she could not allow herself to be willingly buggered by such a despicable man whose cock could surely bring only pain in its wake - unlike the delicious tongue of his nephew that was setting her pussy on fire.

A thought occurred – a little demon in her head softly whispering. *‘Perhaps that tongue would temper the pain of the cock? And you know deep down that you want it in you.’*

There's no way on God's earth he's not going to fuck you, so why not just surrender!'

No! No! No!

It wasn't just buggery – it was slavery she was facing. She would resist the Mordavian tyrant and that sexy lieutenant with his wonderful tongue.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

That brought her back down to earth as the belt struck repeatedly at her twitching buttocks.

WHACK! WHACK! WHACK!

The battering continued until Vicky's ass cheeks were thoroughly flogged. Blow after blow rained down on them from the chief. She was flogged and she was tongue fucked as she gazed upon the chief and his whopper of a Mordavian cock - gazed at the ultimate torment that would never be denied.

"Enough!" yelled Yuri Karinov. "Now, Dimitri, it is your turn to flog her. Beat her on the thighs whilst I amuse myself behind her."

Vicky shivered with dread, and her pussy mourned the loss of that fabulous tongue. God, she was desperate to come, despite all the agony she had endured! These bastards had taken her to the very pits of hell, but they had also shown her a masochistic heaven as well – one that she never realised existed. Would surrender to anal violation be another level of hell, or would heaven accompany the pain? Would it be so awful to accept her fate and willingly become a Karinov sex slave?

But, no - she would not go there! She would fight and struggle defiantly, to ward off the anal invasion with every ounce of strength she had left. She would fight her own body if it wanted to capitulate and get gloriously fucked by these two horny bastards. She would fight the temptation that was growing ever stronger, to embrace enslavement and get screwed by the Karinovs on a regular basis!

Yuri smirked behind her, knowing fine well the mental battle she was fighting, and knowing fine well what the outcome would be. He handed his belt to his nephew who immediately took up his task and landed a stroke on Vicky's bare left leg. She jerked, her body recoiling from this new torment only to find that she was backing into a phallus that was pointed at her asshole.

The chief raised his hand to halt the belting then whispered in Vicky's ear.

"You want it, don't you, my British whore? You want this Mordavian cock up you ass? You're desperate for me to bugger you – admit to me that you are."

Vicky valiantly remained silent.

The chief signalled for one more lash with the belt and it cracked on Vicky's other thigh. She instinctively recoiled again, banging her ass into the chief's cock - the big glans, which Yuri had moistened with spit, parting Vicky's buttocks and prodding at her tightly clenched hole.

"There, I knew you wanted it. Let me hear you beg. Beg me to fuck you, you Scottish hussy. Come on, show me how much you want my cock inside you – back onto it and ride it like a slut. Become my whore and save your life."

Vicky fumed with rage. She fumed over the abuse and her treatment of the previous day, over the physical and mental torture she had known at the hands of this sadistic bastard and the injustice of the situation. She fumed at the arrogance of the chief, so sure of himself and his fabulous big cock. She fumed because despite all that had happened to her, her will to fight this man was failing. She fumed because she was a decent girl, and decent girls could never agree to such a deal – no matter how wonderful the sex might be if she were to become a Karinov slave.

“Go to hell!” Vicky defiantly yelled.

The chief grinned his evil grin and waited patiently on surrender. He was sure Vicky would become another of his foreign whore slaves. A nod was given to his nephew – let the belting recommence.

There followed a series of blows to Vicky’s legs, causing her body to become wracked with pain again. She flinched repeatedly backwards into the chief and the cock that prodded her asshole, the thick head nudging at the tight little knotted ring of muscle, asking repeatedly to be let in, but restraining from entering her until Vicky was willing.

The belt struck again and again, moving agonisingly upwards, the lieutenant slicing it along the tender skin of Vicky’s inner thigh, the thick thuds landing ever closer to her pussy. She could feel the air rushing by from the belt. It felt as if she was hit with a bolt of lightning, shooting pain around the spot that it struck, the skin heated from the lash. She couldn’t stop her body from moving back and pressing herself against the chief’s cock head. But she was determined not to submit to the

chief's will, so she kept her asshole tightly clenched, refusing to relax and expand the ring and allow the chief to slip her a length of that delicious, but surely harmful, big Mordavian cock.

Time after time the cock prodded her ring, and time after time Vicky pulled away, but the belt swung again and again, catching one thigh then the other with its painful lash, her body wracked by the intensity of the blows. She resisted opening up to him, but Vicky couldn't stop the contractions of her buttocks as the belt scoured the tender flesh of her inner thighs. It was like her ass was clenching on an apple and massaging it between her cheeks.

“Yes, my British whore, that feels so good. And I know you are enjoying it too. Your ass is on fire for me and now it is time to open up and welcome me to your body. Let me hear you say the words... ‘Please, sir! Please, my Mordavian master! Fuck your little British slut, fuck my ass with your beautiful cock and claim me as your property.’”

“No, I can't. I won't,” hissed Vicky, though her agonised thigh flesh was begging her to concede and allow her asshole to be ravaged - let it suffer for a change.

A signal from the chief and there was another blow, this time the belt missed Vicky's pussy by a few millimetres.

“The next one will be even higher unless you beg to be fucked now. Your cunt will relive its earlier agony – it may end up a mutilated mess. After that I'll have little use for you, but I'll still fuck you both ends before I hand you over to the executioner. There would be no joy in it for you... not like you know there could be if you only surrender to me now.”

Vicky knew it was not an empty threat. Her pussy would be thrashed under the impact of the belt, and she would then get mercilessly fucked without a morsel of pleasure; then sentenced to hang – what a waste of her life that would be. Her mind flashed back to the earlier torture when her pussy was set on fire with the horror of electricity. She could not endure more similar agony. And the alternative was so enticing – to accept the chief: accept his cock, even though it would hurt – for with that pain she knew there could be so much pleasure; accept him as her master, become his whore slave – for in that there also could be so much pleasure – years of the most amazing fornication with two of the sexiest men alive.

A few hours before, Vicky would have laughed at such a suggestion. But her spirit was broken, the chief had won his victory, and Vicky felt oddly relieved. So, accepting her fate, resigned that she had no option and that honour was arguably spared, she shoved back, relaxing her anal sphincter, and attempted to impale herself on the chief's massive phallus.

“Ha! Oh no,” the chief laughed. “Not so easy. I need to hear you say it as well, my British whore.”

“Please,” Vicky whispered, tears croaking her voice.

“Please what?”

“Please fuck me,” she sobbed out.

“Not good enough,” teased the chief, revelling in the surrender. “You know what to say. I will give you one last chance.”

“Please, sir... Please, my Mordavian master... Please fuck your little British whore slave up the ass... I want... I want

your cock in me so much! Please fuck me now, pleeeeeease!”

“Fuck yourself on it. Take my cock up your ass and show me how much you want it in you. Ride my cock for your life, British whore.”

Vicky was feeling devastated now - saying the words that she uttered between sobs had been the ultimate humiliation. She had braced herself for the agony of penetration, limply surrendering her body - yet it was not enough – he wanted more. He didn’t simply want to take her – he could have done that at any time – he didn’t simply want to hear her beg – he wanted her to actively accept and impale herself on his shaft – the ultimate surrender and acceptance of her role.

“I’m waiting!” hissed Yuri Karinov. “...As is Dimitri! He is waiting anxiously to strike with the belt, hoping you give him the chance. Who are you going to satisfy, whore – the master, or his nephew? Decide now!”

“You master,” Vicky whispered, her acceptance now total. Then she bit her lip and with stupendous willpower, forced herself to press back. She captured the big glans again between her cheeks, working it inside her widespread crack and manoeuvring it to her hole.

Rejoicing in his victory, the chief groaned behind her as he experienced the contractions of Vicky’s asshole, her buttocks crushing the head of his cock, like hundreds of fingers caressing his knob. Vicky kept shoving back now, feeling her asshole straining to open and take the big cock, the chief waiting patiently for her to accommodate his massive dick.

Bracing herself, Vicky pushed back again. She could feel the big glans slip into her asshole, her anal ring slowly stretching

wider. She moved her hips, almost pleading with her actions for him to stick his cock into her guts. He obliged her with a little pressure, and Vicky felt the gradual insertion of the chief's manhood reaching deeper, her sphincter forced agonisingly aside by the brute strength of his penis, the head of his cock reaching higher into her rectum. Slowly it slid in, the tapered glans forcing its way through and spreading the ring impossibly wide. Vicky gasped, the pain of the stretch searing through her – she knew it was coming but she was still amazed at the extension forced on her muscle. Her agony was intense, yet still she continued to press behind her in acceptance of her fate.

Then when she thought she could take no more, Vicky felt a sudden rush in her asshole, a blissful easing of pressure, the slippery head of the chief's big phallus popping through the battered ring, filling her chute with the massive glans. Her sphincter muscle stretched tightly around the top of the shaft, capturing the mushroom head. It felt like a lump inside her, distending her so painfully. Vicky yelped then her rectum gripped the cock.

“Ah, is my little British slut not happy now?” mocked Yuri, revelling in her surrender. “Are you happy that you have your Mordavian master's cock inside you again? Does it not feel good? Tell me how it feels to have so thick a cock stretching your guts!”

Vicky could only whimper in answer. She received a hard slap across her ear which made her clench all the harder on the big Mordavian dick.

“Show me proper deference, British slut, and answer me when I question you, or I may yet give the order to have your cunt thrashed by the belt. Now what have you to say to me, my little cum-bucket whore slave?”

“Thank you, master,” gushed Vicky. “Thank you for allowing me to take your cock inside my bottom.”

“This is nothing,” laughed the chief. “A fraction of what I have! Now take me. Take all of your Mordavian master’s cock into your filthy British ass!”

Vicky tried to force herself, but her body would not respond and willingly take on board more pain.

“She defies me!” yelled out Yuri. “Whip her cunt. That will teach her a lesson!”

Dimitri took the whip that was still draped over Vicky’s shoulder and proceeded to flog her pussy with carefully measured strokes. Vicky screamed out in tormented agony with the first blow, and instinctively jerked backwards, impaling herself fully on the chief’s massive member - his cock plunging into her rectum. She yelped again, her guts went into spasm, clamping around the enormous shaft and the huge bulbous glans at the end which felt like it was in Vicky’s stomach, so deep was the penetration. Dimitri struck her pussy again, and her body instinctively recoiled, pressing hard into the chief’s groin and writhing against him. Again and again Dimitri yielded the whip making Vicky dance in her bondage and sodomy.

The chief gasped as Vicky’s rectum convulsed throughout her beating, squeezing on his massive cock like a soft padded fist. He had to contain himself and not come straight away - the

physical pleasure of Vicky's ass was incredibly intense, as was his delight at this ultimate display of power, of his dominance over his new foreign slave.

Then the chief gave in to his own animal needs. He would spend hours afterwards fucking Vicky, pleasuring his cock with lingering strokes – testing out her ass in every possible position and fucking her tortured cunt. But right now, the beast in him needed satisfaction as it laid claim to its new possession.

Signalling Dimitri to stop the flogging, the chief held Vicky by her hips and pulled his cock all the way out. It left Vicky's body with a resonating plop. Then he positioned the big glans back at the entrance of Vicky's ass and tested the sphincter out for resistance. The muscle had been stretched but it was still pleasantly tight and felt wonderful to the sensitive head as it pumped in and out of the hole, fucking the woman with nothing else. The chief revelled in this for a minute or two, but he had little will to hold back. The whole session had built up such a powerful need and the chief had to let everything rip.

So, with another mighty thrust he slammed back into her again. His cock was like a fist punching its way up. He reached round with both arms and claimed his prize and bit like a lion into the neck of his prey.

Holding Vicky thus, the chief set off on his fuck. He withdrew his cock again and slammed it back in, marvelling at the feel of the girl's delicious chute and the feel of her lovely ripe body. The chief bucked at Vicky repeatedly, driving his cock in and out of her ass, slapping hard into the woman's battered buttocks, as he ploughed rampantly into her guts. And as he

fucked Vicky relentlessly with his massive cock, the chief ravaged her suspended upper body with his powerful hands, tearing at her breasts and squeezing on her nipples, rubbing his palms over the plane of her stomach and down to her bloated, drizzling cunt.

Flesh slapped against tender bruised flesh, and hands ravished tender damaged skin as the chief plundered Vicky's battered chute, rutting her like some primal beast. He thrust his cock into her with unrelenting ferocity, his actions becoming wilder and losing all rhythm. The chief was grunting as he plundered Vicky's ass, humping her manically getting lost in her flesh - deeper and deeper, faster and faster, louder and louder as he drove the fuck home.

Then hollering out loud like the king of beasts he was, the chief felt the blissful tightening of his huge swinging balls. He yelled again, splitting the air with his screech then he made his final plunge into the depths of Vicky's bowels and shot out a bucket load of cum. He halted for a second as that first wave of orgasm flooded his body, and that first wave of spunk flooded Vicky's guts; then with another triumphant yell, the chief was off again, jerking and pumping as spunk coursed through his massive cock and fired its way out in powerful spurts deep inside Vicky's rectum.

The chief carried on fucking her long after he was spent. Holding her tight and savouring the ass as his still hard cock luxuriated in the flesh and the glow of receding climax. Then after an eternity of this sensual bliss, the chief slowly withdrew.

Vicky let out a deep a groan as the chief emptied her of cock, leaving only his copious release behind to dribble out her gaping asshole. Her guts were pulsating from the shafting she had received – painful at first – a pain that lessened but never quite left – but that only added to the glory of the pleasure that came once she totally surrendered to the massive dick. Vicky had never known suck an amazing ass fuck – the chief had been an animal, a beast satisfying its passion, and showing little in the way of consideration. But none had been needed. Vicky had fought the good fight, she had valiantly resisted, but when the surrender came it was so wonderfully given. The chief had called her a slave and Vicky knew it was true. She was a slave to that cock and hungered for it again.

But Vicky's sexual bliss was far from over. As the chief leisurely stroked his still hard dick, he yelled out to his nephew who had watched this with a massive grin on his handsome face.

“Now you fuck her, Dimitri! Fuck my whore's ass and add your spunk to mine.”

Within seconds of knowing the agony of being deprived the chief's dick, Vicky's chute was filled again with another fine portion of hard Karinov meat. Dimitri rammed his cock all the way in her, sliding it along the well stretched track. He grabbed hold of Vicky's ass cheeks and clawed them viscously as he thrust all the way into her. Her ass now accustomed having been screwed by the uncle – with this penetration Vicky knew only pure pleasure. She groaned as blissful waves pulsed through her body.

A moment later Vicky knew further joy as the chief came before her and grinned at her sex flushed face. He fingered her aching cunt, drowning the woman in further extremes. Then holding his cock at the base, he rode her slit with his glans before plunging it in, impaling her fully. Stuffed front and back by more cock than she ever imagined she could handle, Vicky screeched and her body spasmed. The blissful waves turned into tsunami type breakers and washed her away with the most massive orgasm any girl had a right to hope for. It ran and ran as the Karinovs started to fuck her – one up the ass, the other up her cunt – the cocks sliding inside her and against each other with only thin membrane between them – utterly fulfilling, scandalously filthy – the uncle and nephew working in tandem. If this was her new life then she was one lucky, lucky, bitch!

“As you can see, Miss Fullerton – I have a voracious appetite when it comes to sex,” the chief growled after a few minutes – his rock-solid cock testament to that fact as it rutted away at her pussy. “You will be part of a harem for the next few years, but you will never feel deprived having to share me with other women. I am cursed with an affliction beyond my size – I need to empty my balls several times a day and like to make an event out of each occasion. And with Dimitri as well having the same sort of hunger – the harem gets regularly serviced. This body of yours will know such joy – extremes of pleasure you never thought possible... but only if you behave and obey me to the letter.”

“I will, master,” moaned Vicky, as another orgasm flooded her body – the promise of his words and the feel of those cocks toppling her over again. She didn’t care anymore if this was

hideously wrong – it felt so bloody good right that moment. Her body was in agony, but it was in delirium as well. The feel of both men’s broad manly chests pressed into her skin - and the arms that bound her in a delicious embrace. And those cocks, those cocks, those beautiful big cocks! Two incredible towers of penile wonder fucking her cunt and her ass – and they would do so again and again and again. Of the Karinov virility, she had no doubts.

Did her climax ever end? Vicky couldn’t be sure. But it was such a continuous sexual high she experienced after those incredible lows. She screeched as they fucked her – she screeched with whorish joy. These bastards could yield such evil harm, but what bliss they could give as well! She screamed and screamed as they fucked and fucked. Then the torture chamber was a chorus of primal yells as her ongoing climax reached another level when both men came inside her at the same time. Karinov spunk flooded her ass to mix with the Karinov sperm already there. And Karinov spunk flooded her cunt as Yuri unleashed his second load inside her.

The three writhed in a heap of orgasmic flesh – climatic union, so raw and intense. Vicky quivered and groaned, and the men pumped and moaned – drawing out the bliss, riding its wave. Then slowly calmness came. Still impaled by flesh and squashed by more, Vicky head slumped down onto Yuri’s shoulder.

“Thank you, master,” she whispered.

They were the honest words of a grateful slave who had totally surrendered her body and soul, and now knew the meaning of submissive joy.

Chapter 8

Natalie Fullerton sat gazing at the sheets of paper she held in her shaking hand - tears flowed freely down her cheeks. She had read the document twice, stared at the signature and knew it to be Vicky's - yet still she could not credit that this thing was real.

"What does this mean?" she asked in a quivering voice.

"It means that your sister is in a lot of trouble, but you are now free to go. She has accepted full responsibility. I believe that it was her fear for your well being that prompted her to make the confession."

Natalie looked at David Flashman who sat across from her at the interview room table. She heard his words but still they made no sense.

"She must have been forced into signing this. I can't believe that Vicky would do such a thing."

"I spoke to her myself this morning. She has withdrawn her wild accusations of yesterday and now seems fully repentant for her stupidity. Thankfully I held back from notifying the ambassador of her ridiculous claims. It could have caused a lot of ill feelings between our two countries if such nonsense was to surface in the gutter press."

"And what will happen to her?"

"There will probably be a trial. Almost certainly I would say. Sadly, I had no option but to confront Chief Karinov about her

claims of ill treatment and... And those other foul inventions she described to me. He was far from happy, as you can imagine. I believe he will press for the maximum penalty.”

“Death by hanging!” yelled Natalie. “No! He can’t do that... not if Vicky has confessed. I remember the nice young lieutenant saying to me that a confession would almost certainly save Vicky’s life.”

“No doubt it would have, and it still will count in her favour, but Chief Karinov’s honour has been offended - and offending a man’s honour is not something that is taken lightly in this part of the world. It was my fault really - I should have held back and waited before confronting the chief, but your sister was so insistent that her story be made public – I had to challenge him to gauge his reaction.”

“No, please do not blame yourself,” replied Natalie, her spirits sinking with the horror of the situation, then suddenly a ray of light was seen and seized upon. “You said that the case *may* go to trial. Is there a possibility that it *may* not?”

“A very slim one, especially now,” said David Flashman, twisting awkwardly in his chair. “But yes, the law here can be circumvented. One man has the power to decide on clemency were a confession has been made and the criminal is truly repentant. The crime has not yet been made public, so no example needs to be made. Of course, I will have to notify the ambassador very soon, and your parents will have to be informed – then it will be too late - a trial will be inevitable, and I fear an example *will* be made.”

“But one man could stop it – one man could save Vicky’s life,” Natalie gushed. “Who - the President?”

David Flashman let out a guffaw of laughter at the ludicrousness of the idea. “Good heavens! No, my dear girl - this is not the United States of America. This is Mordavia, where real power is held by men, not by titles – the gift of clemency lies with the chief of police – the very man whose honour your sister has offended. Now if you will excuse me, I need to go and make some arrangements for your return to Britain - and I suppose I had best speak to the ambassador. Your parents have already been in contact with the embassy asking what is happening – he needs to be briefed.”

“Please, Mr. Flashman, could you hold off for a few hours? Perhaps something can still be done to win clemency. Do you think the chief of police would agree to see me?”

David Flashman looked at the girl - she was so naive and innocent. For a second he fought with a conscience that had long ago lost the war then batted it back down into the depths of his corruption. “I very much doubt it. Unless...”

“Unless what?” pleaded Natalie.

“You could appeal to his nephew – the nice young lieutenant you referred to. He may be able to intercede on your behalf. It would be worth a try.”

“Yes, could I see him?” asked Natalie, her excitement rising.

“I do believe I saw him earlier - he may still be around. I will ask for you. But are you sure you would not prefer to come to the embassy with me now? These are hardly very pleasant surroundings for a young woman such as yourself.”

“No, thank you, Mr. Flashman. If it is not too much trouble, I will stay here until the lieutenant can spare the time to see me.

Natalie waited in the interview room for almost an hour, her mind spinning with the enormity of what had happened. Vicky had confessed – she had been approached by the captain of the sailing boat and was to be paid £10,000 for carrying the drugs into Britain – enough to pay off her student debts - it was too tempting to resist. And now she faced the death penalty for a stupid impulsive act, and only one man could save her – the chief of police.

What would it take to persuade such a man to show clemency to Vicky, she wondered? He had power and he had wealth and he had honour which had been offended - and all Natalie had were her tears and arguments he would probably not listen to. Then as despair washed over her, despair so great that even the prospect of seeing the handsome lieutenant again could not fight off, she remembered how the chief had reacted when he had inspected her sex. He had touched her with such tenderness, almost with respect. She blanched at the memory, the horror of the moment, but she forced herself to be strong – Vicky's life was at stake – she had to be strong.

Yes, Natalie realised she had something she could offer the chief, something she knew that he valued. Vicky had made her confession to protect her sister, and if need be Natalie would pay her back - if only she could get to the chief.

Towards the end of that hour of soul searching and imaginings concerning the Mordavia's chief of police, Dimitri Karinov entered the interview room. He was looking very splendid in his full ceremonial uniform, which he was wearing for no other reason than to impress a young woman, who was feeling vulnerable, and in need of knight in shining armour – this

modern day equivalent came pretty close – at least on the surface he did.

Natalie was awestruck when she saw Dimitri – her handsome lieutenant whose reputation was now supposedly redeemed, and who looked all the more dashing as a result. Natalie stood up to greet him and put out her hand. It seemed so natural that the lieutenant took it and pulled Natalie forward to give her a hug. The world seemed a better place in the arms of the lieutenant, and Natalie didn't even flinch when Dimitri's hand drifted down and rested on her ass.

Then showing proper respect and amazing restraint, Dimitri broke the embrace. He sat down at the table and set about his task. Of course, he played the part to perfection. The man was charming and sympathetic, he flirted outrageously. He listened to Natalie's concerns for her sister and shook his head despairingly when they considered her plight.

"Has anything been made public as yet?" Natalie asked, dreading what the answer might be.

"Not yet - my uncle is a very busy man," replied Dimitri, his face a mask of feigned concern. "The case troubles him - he fears a negative reaction from the international community. But our laws on drug trafficking are very clear. He has decided to wait until tomorrow before announcing the arrest and the confession to the press."

"Then there is a chance!" exclaimed Natalie.

"A chance? A chance for what?" replied Dimitri, having to bite his lip to stop him from laughing – the girl was putty in his hands.

“That he may keep this quiet and show clemency. He has that power, does he not?”

“Well, yes. I suppose he does. In very rare situations in the past, my uncle has acted on his own without referring the case to the courts. Not something that some people approve of: allowing one man to have such power. But my uncle uses it for the good.”

“And he could use it here,” gushed Natalie, laying her hand on Dimitri’s hand which rested on the table, clutching it in encouragement.

Dimitri covered her hand with another and patted it in sympathy as he pretended to consider his answer. “I think that unlikely. Your sister has not helped her cause at all. Uncle Yuri was most hurt by her tales of abuse.”

“Perhaps I could plead her case. Do you think he might see me - see me today before he makes the press announcement?”

Dimitri appeared to give this more careful consideration. He looked at Natalie, concealing his glee that she was falling so easily into the trap. He shook his head, he feigned despair. He hammed it up like a bad Shakespearean actor, and Natalie swallowed it hook, line and sinker. Then at last he made a suggestion.

“It would be impossible for him to see you today. He has already left for the north of the country where a shooting has taken place. A man has been seriously injured and my uncle is deeply concerned that firearms are once again appearing in our towns. But he will be returning later... perhaps... but no, it would not be proper.”

Natalie's grip on Dimitri's hand tightened in desperation - she looked imploringly into his handsome face. "No, please! If there is a chance I could speak to him, then I would gladly take it."

Dimitri absorbed her pleading sapphire eyes, revelling in their liquid beauty then he sprang the trap firmly closed. "Perhaps an audience could be arranged for tonight. He will be staying at his quarters here in the prison. I think he is dining with some German dignitary, but it is possible he may agree to see you afterwards. Would you be prepared to meet him at such a late hour?"

"Would you be there?" asked Natalie, a little afraid of the idea of being alone with the chief, although it fitted perfectly with her own ultimate plan if she was forced to execute it.

"I'm afraid not. I am to attend a function tonight, so you would have to meet him alone - unless someone from the British embassy was prepared to attend with you."

"No! That would not be necessary!" replied Natalie drawing in a deep breath, her resolve firmly set. "If the chief would be so kind as to entertain me, then I would be delighted to meet him on my own."

"I'll see what I can do," said Dimitri, withdrawing his hands.

"You are very kind, thank you," concluded Natalie, as she withdrew her own hands from the table and placed them on her lap, subconsciously protecting a treasure that was already stolen in all but the physical taking.

Chapter 9

Natalie remained at the prison for the rest of the day, although she was allowed to go out to the courtyard to walk around and read her book rather than stay in her cell. She could have gone to the British embassy if she had wished, but she did not want to get them further involved. So far, only David Flashman knew the details of Vicky's crime, and he had agreed to wait until the morning before reporting to the ambassador, who would then have no choice but to make the situation known abroad. That was as much as Natalie could hope for, after then it would hardly matter as it would be too late to recover the situation. Dimitri had returned a few hours later to inform Natalie that a press conference had been called by the chief of police for ten o'clock the following morning. That was her deadline, after then it would be for the Mordavian courts to decide Vicky's fate.

But the good news was that Dimitri had managed to convince his uncle to see Natalie that evening. It would be frightfully late, half past ten at the earliest, but he would spare her a few minutes. A police officer would collect her from her cell and take her to the chief then return her to the cell where she had elected to spend the night. Dimitri was also kind enough to bring Natalie her luggage, the contents newly laundered and pressed, so she could have some fresh clothes for the occasion.

It was with enormous regret that she bid him goodbye with another hug that went way beyond official comforting. Natalie rested her head on Dimitri's broad manly chest, and Dimitri

rested his hand on Natalie's ass, but did not take any further liberties beyond a gentle caress of the full round swell. Natalie could feel the stirring of Dimitri's sex, and she herself was responding in kind with moistness and warmth between her legs. But the lieutenant did not try to force the situation – he simply held Natalie tight for an inordinate amount of time then kissed her on the brow before taking his leave.

‘If only...’ Natalie had thought once Dimitri had gone.

‘Another time, another place - perhaps you could have been the one.’

Then Natalie dismissed such foolishness from her mind. She had a mission which involved Dimitri's uncle. How could anything between them be possible after such an immodest act? Little did she know Dimitri Karinov, who frequently enjoyed women after his uncle was finished with them, and was very much looking forward to enjoying Natalie, time and time again!

By nine thirty, Natalie was waiting to be collected. She wanted to be ready well in advance of the appointed time just in case the chief could see her earlier. She was wearing a light summer satin dress which showed off her bare shoulders and slender arms, and her shapely legs as far as her knees. She had tried to dress as seductively as possible so she wore no bra, allowing her small nipples to prod through the fabric, which she hoped would do the trick without making her look like a total slut. But she didn't look seductive at all, for that was a game Natalie had never played – she looked like a lost little girl with no idea what she was doing.

She looked perfect!

Yuri Karinov would be delighted when he saw her.

It wasn't until after eleven that the officer arrived and escorted Natalie to Chief Karinov's quarters, one of several residences he made use of. By this time Natalie had become increasingly nervous, wondering if she was making a huge mistake. She had listened with fascinated horror to Vicky's description of oral violation by the chief. Of course, that story was an invention, or so Natalie now believed, but the impression Vicky gave of the chief's prodigious size was still firmly fixed in Natalie's brain. She could visualise its enormity – a phallus bigger than any normal man would have – certainly bigger than the lieutenant, who according to Vicky was also very blessed – a fact which seemed confirmed during their earlier hug. The feel of the lieutenant's stiffening sex had been thrilling for Natalie. And if the chief was bigger, what a sight his manhood would be – although something that size would not be the easiest thing to take into your pussy, especially if you were a virgin.

The thought both excited and terrified Natalie. It was a sacrifice she wished she could be making to another Karinov. But Vicky might be saved! Surely that had to be worth the sacrifice – what was the loss of her virginity when put against a sister's life?

Then the officer arrived. There could be no more debate. The dice were cast, and Natalie could not back out. She would play it by ear, see how receptive the chief was to her pleas, and then, and only as a last resort, she would make the sacrifice to save her sister's life.

She was escorted out of her cell and into the menacing atmosphere beyond. At night the prison was even scarier than by day. Natalie was shown along the dark, stale smelling corridors, past the dozing inmates behind the bars. She was taken to the courtyard then into another ancient building which had a closer resemblance to a castle than a jail. Eventually they arrived at a door on which the officer deferentially knocked.

A barked voice came from within. The chief, it would appear, was ready to see her.

The officer opened the door and bid Natalie enter. He did not go through himself, however, he simply closed the door behind her.

The chief, it would appear, would see her alone.

Yuri Karinov was sitting at his desk in the room which Natalie took to be his office. It was dark and foreboding - the only illumination coming from the lamp on the chief's desk which allowed him to read the papers he seemed to be working on.

Natalie stood by the door, her stomach was churning, all the arguments she had practiced seemed to be drying up in her mouth. She waited and waited, the chief taking no notice of her; then she let out a muffled cough.

Yuri Karinov raised his eyes an inch and looked at the figure standing before him, lurking in the shadows. For a moment he looked puzzled as to who she might be then he raised his eyebrows in startled recognition. He was hamming up his performance even better than Dimitri.

“Ah yes, Miss Fullerton. The other... Miss Fullerton. I understand you wish to speak to me.”

“Yes, sir, I do,” stated Natalie, her voice quivering with fear, but she steeled herself and pressed on. “Thank you for allowing me some of your valuable time. I wish to speak to you about my sister...”

“I have had my fill of your sister, Miss Fullerton,” growled Yuri.

“But, sir...”

“But enough!” the chief yelled, and he raised his hand to silence any further talk on the subject. “Now tell me - have you been treated well during your unfortunate stay with us?”

“Yes, sir. I have no complaints. Your nephew in particular has been most kind.”

Yuri let out a derisory grunt. “Kindness will be his undoing. He needs to harden himself up! I am too tolerant of his weakness.”

Natalie seized upon his words, sensing that the chief might have a chink in his gruff armour. “It is a strong man that knows tolerance,” she meekly said, “a strong man that can show compassion. Your nephew is of your flesh. He deserves your tolerance... My sister is of my flesh. Please show her the same.”

Yuri stared at her for a few moments, genuinely impressed by her words. She was frailer than her sister, but there was spirit there as well. She deserved the element of respect he had decided to show her.

“Step forward! Let me look at you,” said Yuri beckoning her towards him with his hand.

On trembling legs, Natalie inched closer until she fell within the glow of the lamp.

“Tolerance, you say!” said Yuri Karinov, his words coming slow and deliberately. “Our two countries have shown little tolerance for each other in the past... And you mention flesh!” Yuri paused to allow the words to sink in. He gazed at Natalie, searched her beautiful face and saw what she could not hide – the sacrifice that weighed heavy on her mind. “Tolerance! Will you buy my tolerance with an offering of flesh, Miss Fullerton - is that why you have come here to see me? There is no verbal argument you can construct that will convince me to show the clemency you seek. But flesh... especially young innocent flesh can be very persuasive.”

Natalie’s legs almost gave out on her. She could scarcely believe what the chief was saying. He had arrived at the nub so effortlessly and made it perfectly clear he was open to negotiation - that he wanted what Natalie had come here to offer if all other approaches failed. It now was abundantly clear that nothing else would do – and in her heart Natalie had known this all along. It was time to offer it up, though her modesty demanded it was suitably paraphrased.

“If my... flesh will win your favour then I will freely give it to you,” she answered in a whisper, her head dropping to avoid his gaze and to conceal the flush that coloured her cheeks.

Yuri Karinov clasped his hands together and rested his chin on the double fist. He waited until she had raised her head then looked pensively at Natalie as if weighing her offer up.

“Let us take a walk,” he announced after an agonising couple of minutes.

“Where to?”

“There is a room I would like you to see, a room where flesh has been offered up for centuries - a room where tolerance has been tested to the full but has rarely been shown by me. Come, Miss Fullerton, let me show you where flesh may buy tolerance and we shall see if you are still prepared to pay.”

The chief stood up and took Natalie by the wrist. He led her out of his office and down a corridor until they came to a staircase. When they reached the bottom, they came to an oak door which was studded with wrought iron nails. It looked like something that belonged in a medieval fortress, and in reality, that's what this building was – a castle that now served as the police headquarters – the most suitable place for a king to reign from. The chief took a large key which hung on a ring to the side and unlocked the door. It squeaked as he forced it open.

The lighting was low, flaming torches on the walls like the day before when Natalie's sister had been the guest of honour and had amused the chief with her stubbornness of will before she eventually surrendered and got thoroughly fucked. Now Natalie was coaxed though into the same room, intent on buying something that her sister had already paid for.

She gazed around the room in wonderment, her eyes bulging out, and her mouth agape - her heart fluttering in her girlish chest like a captured bird in a cage.

All the equipment was still in place from the previous day and Natalie looked at it as if in a dream, or more like some hideous

nightmare. The torture chamber air was thick with the smells of leather and wood, the scents of human suffering coated with sex, and the burning of the kerosene torches which added some heat. Natalie shivered none the less as she took in the scene – the benches and the racks and the stocks. She gazed in trepidation at the padded bondage table, and the medieval wheel that she feared was more than just an ornament.

Natalie's eyes drifted upwards and took in the ceiling with all the adornments her sister had seen and the one she had been cruelly suspended from. She looked at the three walls with their instruments of torture and then she looked at the fourth which was even scarier in appearance, and it was to there that Natalie was gently ushered, Yuri's hand on her back, guiding her to her fate.

Natalie came to a halt a few feet away and stared at the instrument before her.

"It is a Saint Andrew's Cross," said Yuri. "You no doubt recognise it from your national flag."

It was nothing like the cross Natalie was familiar with, the white on blue Saltire she was so proud of. She looked at the one before her with huge apprehension, guessing that the chief was intent on extracting his price in an ironic way – a crucified sacrifice on her national symbol.

Natalie tried to shy away, but Yuri took hold of her slender wrist and placed her right hand on the wood. He guided her to trace the grain with her palms, moving from one arm of the cross to the other.

"Flesh has yielded here, Miss Fullerton – this wood has been drenched by sweat and blood. And your Celtic race has

sacrificed its youth to defend its own version of this cross – this symbol of your nation. Tolerance, Miss Fullerton – you came here to offer me your flesh. But the price of my tolerance is a lot higher than you might have thought.”

A moment later, Yuri spun her around by the wrist and pressed her against the cross on the wall. He pinned her against the wood with his massive bulk and bent down to whisper in her ear.

“You came here as the sacrificial lamb, intent on bartering your virginity to save your slut of a sister. But I could have taken your virginity at any time – it is not something to be bartered - it is already mine. But I want more than your precious virginity, Miss Fullerton. I want a lot more - your sincerity for one thing.”

“I... I don’t know what you mean,” she gasped, struggling to take in what was happening. This had been part of her plan, but she now realised that her plan was merely a component of a much grander scheme where she had no control at all.

“Yes, you do,” hissed Yuri Karinov. “Flesh for tolerance, Miss Fullerton - willingly given – not grudgingly sacrificed, but happily offered, time and time again. I want your total surrender to my will. Do we have a deal?”

“No!” blurted Natalie, fear winning over her determination to save her sister. “Look, this was a mistake. I didn’t expect it to be like this. Please, you’re scaring me. I can’t go through with this. Please, let me go.”

Yuri laughed in her face, his aromatic breath hinting of whisky – another little irony he had consumed with much pleasure, forsaking his usual cognac. “Did you expect a soft feathered

bed - the gratitude of an older man - to lie back and think of some handsome young Romeo as I caringly took your offering – a quick fuck then off you go, your noble duty done? My tolerance does not come so cheap, Miss Fullerton... But you may still earn it. Between now and ten o'clock tomorrow morning, you will give yourself to me in whatever manner I choose, and please me with your efforts, otherwise I wash my hands of you and your sister. We'll let the court decide her fate."

Natalie gazed at him terrified, too afraid to say anything in reply. But was there any point in resisting, even if she could? He had her in his grasp. She had come here willingly. She could only hope the chief would be gentle and his appetite would be weak.

Naive or what!

Sadly, Yuri was feeling ravenously hungry, and his feast the previous day had put him in the mood for more Fullerton flesh. Yuri took one of Natalie's hands and raised it above her head – she offered no resistance. He slipped it into one of the leather cuffs on the cross and buckled it in, doing the same to the other so that both of her arms were pinned over her head. Then Yuri knelt, his face directly in front of her crotch, the pussy hidden behind the dress. Gently, like a caring lover that was sensitive to her state, Yuri reached out and touched Natalie's legs with both hands. He caressed the back of her silky calves then ran up past her thighs till he felt the swell of her pert little ass which was covered modestly by a pair of panties.

He heard her whimper as he gathered the material and pulled it tight then ripped the cotton apart, so her panties fell as a tattered rag on the floor. Having bared them beneath the dress, Yuri massaged her ass cheeks; they felt almost boyish when compared to her sister's much fuller and riper buns. He centred a finger over her tight little pucker, it yielded not a fraction. Yuri let out a grunt full of self-satisfaction.

Returning his hands down the back of Natalie's legs, Yuri edged them further and further apart until he reached the ankles. By now they were perfectly positioned on the cross and he buckled each ankle into the cuffs at the bottom, securing his sacrificial virgin into a taut spread-eagled position.

The job done, Yuri stood up and took a step back to admire the bound vision. Natalie's youthful body with its slender limbs so elegantly spread - her face a picture of terrified innocence, her long blonde hair cascading over her shoulders to fall onto her small but perfect breasts which were contoured by her satin dress.

"So, Miss Fullerton, you wished to plea for your sister. Then I bid you begin."

Natalie was too terrified to respond, she just gazed at the chief wondering what he had in mind for her. Her vague notion of having sex with him, much as he had teasingly described, a quick deflowering on a comfortable bed, was like a mist that had evaporated with the dawn.

"You seem to have lost the power of speech, Miss Fullerton. I want to hear you beg."

"Please, please, spare my sister."

“I told you before - no argument will win me over. I want you to beg me sincerely to take you and make you mine. I suggest you start with the removal of your dress.”

Natalie just gazed at him as the reality sunk in. She was going to be deflowered, and she must welcome the act – but how could that be when she hated the man for contriving the situation. And what did he mean by making her his? How far would this go? How much must she sacrifice to save Vicky’s life?

“The sands of time are running fast, Miss Fullerton - and my tolerance is wearing thin.”

“Please, please take off my dress,” she bleated, seeing no other option but to give the chief what he wanted – at least in body if not in soul.

Yuri noted the compliance – another step towards surrender. But more would be needed before she was properly enslaved like her sister now was. He took another small one, electing to fall short of being named her master, for the moment at least. “From now on your will refer to me as ‘sir’. Is that clear?”

Natalie gulped. “Yes, sir,” she answered, which came surprisingly easy – certainly a lot easier than the words that followed. “Please, sir, remove my dress.”

Chief Karinov smiled at her progress then he walked away into the shadows of the chamber. He returned carrying an enormous steel knife.

Natalie went rigid; her breath tearing in and out of her in broken gasps. She stared at the knife with wide frightened eyes, but Yuri only smiled in response, teasingly stroking the

blade with his fingers to heighten her distress. Then he stepped closer and held the blade before her liquid eyes. He ran it flat across her moistened cheek then dragged it down before inserting it into the low neckline of her dress. Natalie's breath froze with the cold metal against her skin, and she trembled as Yuri drew the blade slowly down the centre of the thin satin garment. The fabric tore easily, slicing through the middle, the end of the blade only millimetres from her skin. She sensed its deathly presence as it passed between her breasts, over her stomach and the slit of her pussy, then quickly flicked between her legs to complete the dastardly deed. She was left semi-clad with two flaps of satin barely covering her modesty. Yuri took them in his hands and pulled them gently apart, exposing Natalie's naked body.

Yuri stood back again and purred at the sight. Her helplessness was intoxicating. He devoured her with his coal black eyes - her long flowing blonde hair, her petite girlish breasts with their coral coloured nipples, identical in shade to her sister's, the plane of her golden tanned stomach and the little thatch of fair hair at the top of her thighs which was surrounded by a triangle of white to highlight her sex. How could he resist such a treasure for long? But he forced a restraint, relishing this game that could only have one winner.

"I believe it is customary in your country to say something when a request has been met," mocked Yuri. "You British are forever gushing with them."

Natalie swallowed the lump that had formed in her throat. To be naked and helpless before him was galling enough. This was excruciating for her pride, yet she forced out the words.

“Thank you, sir. Thank you for removing my dress and exposing me.”

“And what would you like me to do now, Miss Fullerton?”

Natalie let out a little sob. The humiliation was almost unbearable, but she saw no alternative. “Please touch me, sir.”

“Where?”

Natalie shivered again. The indignity of the situation was insufferable. She was being forced to guide her seducer, to ask him to pleasure her as if it was her own true will – which in an odd warped way it was. She wanted this trade off - but by God was he extracting his pound of flesh!

Natalie shuddered at the horror of it all; then in a croaking voice made her request.

“Please touch my breasts, sir.”

Natalie’s entire body trembled as Yuri reached out a hand and began to caress her skin. He cupped her right breast in his left hand and ran his fingers over the taut nipple, forcing a gasp from between Natalie’s clenched teeth. In his right hand, Yuri still held the knife and he drew patterns over her left breast, scraping the flesh without breaking the skin. He circled the small coral areola, spiralling ever closer to the nipple which stood proudly erect in defiance of the threat.

“May I?” asked the chief.

Natalie cringed - her mind was drowning, for she knew fine well what he was asking of her. She tensed, her head arched back, her eyes tightly closed then the words escaped her mouth.

“Yes, sir,” she replied. “Accept my offering.”

The cut was quick and stung for only a fraction of a second. A searing bolt that shot from her breast and exploded in a flash of blinding light in her brain then cleared to leave only a trembling relief. Her breathing came in tremulous pants as she absorbed the enormity of the moment.

Yuri watched as the globule formed just above her nipple, a slowly expanding sphere of glistening scarlet on a trembling background of pink. He watched as the sphere turned into a drop, a red tear to match the silver that fell from her eyes. The coral of her nipple absorbed the shade she oozed, and Yuri looked in awe at the beauty of her nature: the organic kaleidoscope of her breast. Golden tanned skin surrounding a triangle of milky white, coral pink circle and scarlet red bud.

Yuri leaned over and suckled on her. He suckled her blood, the single drop she had shed – the prelude to a more precious offering that would follow.

Natalie shuddered when Yuri’s lips gently touched her breast and his tongue caressed her nipple with its tip, sensuously circling it to claim his prize. The brief moment of pain and terror she had known was suddenly converted to such beautiful relief, her whole being erupted at the intensity of the thrill. Her mind somehow escaped her bondage as she ascended to another plain. She was totally helpless at the mercy of an abuser, and her mind soared at the wonder of the moment – never had she known such exquisite pleasure as waves of pure bliss pulsed through her body. Then reality came crashing down – she was totally helpless at the mercy of an abuser, and her body suddenly tensed!

Yuri noted the change with expert ease – he had straddled that line for many a long year – the thin line that separates agony and ecstasy, misery and joy, hatred and love. He gave Natalie’s nipple a final kiss then he backed away.

“The offer is not enough, Miss Fullerton, it must be gladly given. You sullied the gift with your reaction at the end. Shall we try again?”

Natalie’s mind was a mass of confusion. She knew there would be pain, but the pain would be brief if the chief acted the same way. And she knew there would be pleasure - such wonderful pleasure that she had never conceptualised – pleasure in pain and subjugation, and the touch of a mature experienced man who she was suddenly seeing in a new womanly light rather than through the eyes of a little girl. Yet her pride fought against it. How could she do this? Willingly give herself in such a way to a man more than twice her age. And was this a betrayal - a betrayal to the handsome lieutenant by taking pleasure at the hands of his uncle? But there *was* pleasure – mind-blowing pleasure, so sensually erotic as her body awoke to its feminine possibilities... and the chief could take her if he wanted to anyway... and poor Vicky might be saved if only Natalie could submit and force her foolish pride and silly notions of romance away.

“Please, sir. Please cut my other nipple and accept my offering,” said Natalie, relieved that she could say it, and actually mean it.

“Tell me what you really want, Miss Fullerton. Only the truth will save your sister.”

Now that was a blow! Sincerity was one thing – but the naked truth was something else. Was it not enough that she was asking him to do this to her? Her nostrils flared at the indignity. Her pride choked in her throat. Words struggled to escape her mouth, for they were so shocking to say – this blinding truth and revelation she had experienced. But for the sake of her sister, she forced them out.

“I want... I want... I want to feel the fire of the knife... to feel it burn me as it pierces my sensitive skin. I want to feel your lips, the warmth of your mouth, the teasing tenderness of your tongue as you sooth my wound. I want...”

“Tell me!”

Tears flowed from her eyes. She hung her head in shame. Sobs were the answer she gave.

“Tell me, Miss Fullerton!” insisted Yuri, forcing her to take another step along the path.

Natalie sucked in a breath then forced out the truth. “I want to experience again the moment of bliss that you gave me. Please, sir, do it again! I beg you... Do it again!”

Yuri grinned, delighted at her response. She had forced her pride down and admitted to her needs – verbalised the fact that she actually wanted this. The rest would be a piece of cake. He stepped closer and raised her chin with his left hand. He fixed her with his coal black eyes and showed her a flicker of his own deep-seated longing then he showed her the immensity of his mental power. He snared her with his eyes then he cut her with his knife, a thin slice across her right nipple.

She hissed in some air, a single blink of her eyes then the hold was back. She saw what he demanded and gave of it freely.

“Thank you, sir.”

Then Yuri lowered his head and feasted on her tit. He sucked and he licked, he chewed, and he nipped. For a few moments he showed Natalie the face of a false god as the devil had his way.

As Yuri pleased Natalie’s breast with his skilful mouth, he reached down to stroke the silky hair of her sex. Then, very slowly, he slipped an index finger inside of her. Yuri’s finger worked expertly around her vulva, circling and caressing the moistening flesh. He worked gently, showing more consideration for a virgin than he had done in over twenty years, respecting of her precious flesh. He worked around the sanctum of her maidenhood, and centred on her clit, rubbing the bud and running his fingers round in little loops.

Natalie tossed her head back and forth. She was fighting and she was yielding, one moment lost in this carnal pleasure then clutching for some element of modest self respect. Her mind battled with the pleasure, for she felt it must be wrong - she was doing this for her sister – there should be no gratification. But the tongue and those lips, the suckling warmth on the sharp cut, those fingers in her pussy electrifying with pleasure – how was she supposed not to respond? She was helpless to resist, and he had demanded her compliance - that was the price and she had to cede.

Finally, she let out a moan of pure pleasure – nothing in its tone was faked. She thought this would please – it was what he’d asked for after all. But on hearing the reaction, the chief

grabbed a handful of Natalie's hair and compelled her to look directly into his face.

"You're enjoying this, Miss Fullerton, aren't you?" he said, deliberately confusing with this change of mood. "You like this. It makes you all wet, doesn't it? I can feel how aroused you are. A virgin you may be, but a virgin desperate for some cock. Is that not the case, Miss Fullerton? Is this what I am to be offered – a virgin whore?"

Natalie shook her head violently, shame now stabbing through her, even though his crudeness made her knees weak with desire.

Yuri pressed on. "A Scottish virgin whore to be sacrificed on her country's cross. Am I to be satisfied with such tawdry goods?"

He didn't wait on an answer. Natalie's head was given another shake, and then gave her cut breasts a slap with his other hand, making Natalie cry out in surprise.

"Virgin whore!" screamed Yuri, terrifying Natalie with his tone and words.

Yuri reached between Natalie's legs and his fingers found her clit again. He began working it back and forth, making the fleshy bud stiffen and swell. Her hips jerked and a moan escaped through her clenched teeth as the throbbing between her legs rose to an almost unbearable pitch and the waves pulsed again, flooding her body with bliss.

"What are you? Let me hear you say it?" Yuri yelled into her face, spraying her with his spit."

“I’m your whore!” she yelled back, surprised at her own words. “I’m your virgin whore.”

“And what do you want?” Yuri persisted, knowing he was almost there. “Tell me now! What do you want of me, virgin whore?”

“Please, please fuck me!” she cried in all sincerity. “Fuck me, sir, and take what is yours.”

Victory! But only in this battle – another skirmish would be needed before the war was won.

“Ha!” mocked Yuri. “You are so keen to give me your sacrificial virginity! But no, Miss Fullerton, there is more you must pay with before that is accepted. I want your total acceptance that you now belong to me before we consummate our union.”

Yuri gave her clit a final hard pinch, and then released her to hang draped like a doll on the cross, allowing her to ponder his words in a state of high arousal.

Natalie pondered. By God she did. She pondered the man and what he had done. She pondered the yearning he had easily created and the plea he had extracted which she had asked with all sincerity. It was a dizzying mix – so new and exciting – frightening as well, but that just heightened the thrill. But what was this: *‘You belong to me!’* She pondered that more than anything else and was surprised that the notion wasn’t all that horrific.

In the meantime, Yuri wandered off into the shadows again and came back with the whip he had used the day before when he had flogged Natalie’s sister into surrender. In a state of

perplexity, Natalie looked up. She gasped and tensed with fear as she saw the instrument of torture with its handle of carved wood and its dark leather falls. The vision was made all the more terrifying as the chief idly stroked the leather tendrils with his hand. Yuri stopped a few inches away from her and ran the stiff falls over her breasts. Natalie flinched at the coarse feel of the knots at the ends as they scraped over her erect damaged nipples. She began to breathe in quick little pants, dread of the whip flooding her body – the enormity of the price screaming in her head. Fully aware of her state, Yuri raised the flogger, and for a moment, Natalie thought that he would strike her with it. She cringed before him, clamping her eyes closed and turning her face away, bracing herself for the blow that didn't come. Instead Yuri leaned close to her and his hand crept down to her sex, idly stroking the soft hair that was there.

“This is for later, Miss Fullerton – this offering you will give. And you will give it freely, as you will give all things now... I am your master, and you are my slave... The price of my tolerance is total obedience. Now I want you to turn around and make a display of acceptance. I assume you are happy to do what it takes to save your sister?”

“Yes, sir,” whimpered Natalie, accepting it all.

Delighted, Yuri reached up and undid the cuffs holding her arms and did the same for the ones on her ankles. Natalie hadn't realized how stiff her muscles were getting, but now as she lowered her arms to her sides and brought her legs together, she winced at the tingling that ripped through them. She tried to ease her aches by massaging the skin but had little time before Yuri spun her around so that she was facing the

wall and buckled her onto the cross once more with her arms and legs widespread.

“Now where shall we start? Your back, perhaps,” teased Yuri as he scraped his nails across her shoulder blades then down the length of her spine. “Or maybe your lovely little ass,” Yuri added, running a hand over her unblemished cheeks. Then he brought the flogger down with a piercing crack.

Natalie shrieked. Pain rocketed through her, flowing from her ass in molten waves. She hadn’t thought that anything could hurt this much - her mind exploded with the pain. It was like she was being cut by a multitude of sharp knives instead of only the one. Then with the pain still resounding around her brain and searing her buttocks, she felt Yuri’s hand caressing her stinging flesh, and the agony began to subside under his tender touch.

“Your ass looks even more lovely now, Miss Fullerton,” said Yuri, his hand still stroking her. Enjoying the heat he had placed there.

Natalie felt belittled by his tone but took strength from his obvious enjoyment of her torture, which was part of the price she had to pay. She accepted her fate and braced herself determinedly for the next blow. Yuri raised the flogger again, and brought it down a second time, then a third, and then a fourth. With every stroke, Natalie released a piercing scream. The pain was so intense that lights flashed before her eyes with each stroke of the flogger. Then Yuri paused, giving her such welcome relief, and once more he ran his hands over her buttocks, soothing the stinging pain with his gentle touch.

“You’re doing well, Miss Fullerton, a little noisy, perhaps, but that can add to the pleasure. Now is there anything you would like to ask me?”

Natalie tried to control her breathing as she battled with the intensity of pain, and the unsolicited pleasure she was taking from Yuri’s sensuous stroking of her damaged skin. It was excruciating - and agonisingly delicious at the same time - her ass was on fire, yet his hand felt so good as he soothed the wounds he had placed there. The idea of inviting more pain would have seemed ridiculous until today, but Natalie found herself actually wanting it – for following the pain came the most wonderful thrill as the chief rewarded her compliance.

“Please sir, whip me harder,” said Natalie, stunned that she was not only saying, but meaning the request. “Show me the pleasure that can come with the pain, then please... please... please... show me your cock and put it inside me. Give me the ultimate pleasure from pain.”

Yuri purred with satisfaction. The girl was a marvel and would get all that she asked for. Flesh was one thing – easy to take – but sincerity was a gift to be treasured. The flogger came down again, Yuri yielding it with incredible force. Natalie jerked convulsively and screamed an agonised yell that echoed round the chamber. The pain ripped through her body and the whip snarled at her skin, striping her red with the welts it produced.

She thought she might faint the pain was so great. Every nerve of her body seemed to be in an agony of fire. She braced herself for another blow, her body tensing in dread. But the blow did not come, instead she felt a gentler lash as Yuri

flicked her with his tongue, lapping at her tortured offering of flesh, making her body quiver and convulse.

As he licked her wounds, Yuri reached between her legs and once again he toyed with her virginal pussy, respecting her state and not breaching within. He centred on her clit and teased it again as he licked and licked her offering of flesh. It took only a few moments of this sensuous bliss and Natalie's body was ablaze once more, this time engulfed by an explosion of utter ecstasy as her orgasm tore her apart.

Natalie had never known such a moment, her girlish self pleasuring had created a few sparks, but this was a bolt of lightning. She jerked around as she yelled out in shock, then delight, then shock again as Yuri squeezed her clit and bit into her ass to send another crackling bolt ripping through her body. She thought she might die from the intensity of the sensation; die from the pleasure he was forcing on her.

It seemed to take an age for the orgasm to dissipate, and when it was over, Natalie slumped in her bonds, what little strength she had left deserting her. She closed her eyes and tried to take deep, steady breaths, but now that it was over, something inside of her seemed to break. A moment later, Natalie was sobbing, crying harder than she had since she was a little girl.

Yuri rose to his feet and placed his hand on her shoulder. She sobbed all the more at his touch.

"Why are you crying, Miss Fullerton?" he asked in a low voice. "Did you not enjoy what I did to you – you seemed to take much pleasure at the time."

Natalie struggled to gain a little control. Her sobs became a whimper then at last some words were said.

“Because... I hate you... or I think I do, and yet you made me come and I enjoyed it so much. I wanted your touch! I wanted your pain. I still want you to take me, even though I despise what you are. How can that be?”

“How can a virgin be a whore?” Yuri answered. “Life is a conundrum - sometimes it is best to accept what fate throws our way. I am your fate, Miss Fullerton. I am your master, and you are my virgin whore who must now give me my due. You have opened up to me, but now you must open much, much, more and give me what I want - the final offering of flesh – your virginal cunt. Will it be given freely?”

“Of course, sir.”

“Then come, my virgin whore and be a virgin no more.”

It was nothing like Natalie had ever dreamed. She was a romantic at heart and had always imagined it would be on a bed of soft furs in front of a roaring fire. Or in a flowery meadow kissed by the summer sun, butterflies thick in the scented air. And the man would be a dashing youth, someone like the lieutenant – experienced but not overly worldly, who would enter her gently as she lay on her back offering her gift of love.

Mills & Boon twaddle – she had awoken to a whole new perspective on life. And that perspective involved an authentic torture chamber where her body ached, lash marks adorning her teenage ass and her muscles tensing from their time in bondage. The air was scented with torch smoke and suffering; and the man was a middle-aged manipulative bastard whose experiences and worldliness defied belief. As did the size of

his cock which Natalie now stroked with her soft girlish hands, scared but thrilled by the size of the thing.

Yuri had released her from the cross and she had fallen into his arms - her muscles unable to support her own slight weight. He had lifted her up and carried her like a babe in his arms, taking her to a cot where he had laid her down. Natalie had watched as if in a trance, as her master, the chief of police stripped out of his uniform and stood naked before her.

Natalie had looked at the chief's naked body in wonder and awe - for despite all the pain and the fear he instilled, the chief made for a stunning spectacle when out of his clothes. His face was so manly with his jet-black hair and his coal black eyes and the black stubble on his firm strong jaw. His broad bulky frame was covered by a sleek mat of black hair that ran from his neck all the way down to the bottom of his rib cage then tapered off to a thick band running down to his navel and beyond to his thatch of curly black pubes. His nipples were big and erect, sitting proud on his fabulously meaty pecs - his waist was trim, and the stomach was flat. He supported this mass on two tree trunk legs covered in delicate black hair.

And then there was his cock!

It was everything Vicky had described and more – a huge phallus of pulsating meat with an enormous oozing plum at the end. It looked hungry and virile and impossibly large, yet Natalie knew that it was destined to go inside her. She wanted it inside her. She needed consummation with this man who had claimed her.

After allowing Natalie to take in the sight of his nudity, the chief surprised Natalie by lifting her up again, supporting her

on her feet for a moment as he positioned himself on the cot. Then Yuri lifted Natalie's left leg and brought it over his body, so Natalie was left straddling his massive thighs.

"Flesh, Miss Fullerton. Feel! Feel my flesh. Feel how hard and engorged is my manhood. Feel what you must take inside you. And do not fear – it will fit without harm. You are mine now and too precious a pet for me to damage. Show me your acceptance. Make the final offering of flesh. Accept me as your master – make the offering – make it to me – because you want to - not for a sister – not for any other reason – but because it is mine."

Natalie wondered if drugs had yet again come into play - her mind was no longer the one she once knew. His voice owned her - she was a puppet on its strings, manoeuvred by his every word. She reached out and took the massive phallus without a second's thought and stroked it up and down, both thrilled and terrified at the same time. It was the first cock she had ever touched, and Natalie could scarcely believe what she felt. The flesh was so hard, and it seemed so warm and vibrantly alive – a beast of a thing that felt so incredibly exciting and dangerous beyond belief. Enthralled by what she touched, Natalie began to masturbate the chief's massive penis, rubbing her fingers up and down the length. At first, she was clumsy, never having done this before for a man, but her hands soon turned more deftly, their girlish softness a real thrill to the chief as Natalie stroked up and down his cock.

Natalie grew bolder. With each stroke her hand ventured a little higher up the sturdy shaft until her fingers were sliding over the head. She instinctively tightened her fingers as they passed over the top of the chief's glans, the cock jerking in

response to her grip. The chief's cock was leaking continually – a steady stream of pre-cum oozing out the eye, drawn out by Natalie's fingers. She smeared the silvery juice all over the glistening glans then added to the lubrication with a little of her own saliva. Natalie kneaded the big glans with one hand, and with the other she stroked the chief's rock-hard shaft, failing to contain its incredible girth. In a trance of growing lust, she drove on, stroking the shaft faster, and kneading the head with more vigour. She jerked on the meat, hypnotised by the action, her eyes glued to the silent beast which she wrestled, whilst feeling the fire which she stoked within it.

A hand brought her to a halt. The chief placed it on Natalie's and ceased the action. That would not be the way she first experienced her master's coming. Whilst he calmed himself down in preparation for the ultimate consummation, the chief ordered Natalie to play with the rest of his body. Feeling more and more excited, Natalie happily obeyed, and explored the chief's incredible manliness, running her hands through the thick mat of chest hair and cupping his huge churning balls. Boldly Natalie leaned over and lapped adoringly at the chief's flesh – his chest with all its hair, his huge erect nipples, the stubble on his chin and then the mass of his cock which she licked and smothered her face in.

Yuri lay back and accepted the adoration whilst he played with the pussy of his virginal slave. As Natalie lapped at his body, Yuri stroked the girl's labia and ever so slowly teased inside her. A finger part-way up her vagina and was accepted with ease, Yuri's tongue having paved the way and loosened the girl both physically and mentally. Then a second was in her and stretching, frigging the girl gently and coaxing her along.

Natalie responded with moans as she lost herself in the moment, the fingers felt so good inside her pussy, and the chief's manly body was driving her wild.

Then the fingers became more insistent and the chief took Natalie's right hand and pressed it on his cock.

It was time!

The chief did not need to command – Natalie knew what her master wanted.

Straightening herself up, Natalie held the chief's huge penis in her right hand and supported herself with her left hand resting on the chief's furry chest, luxuriating in the rich mat of hair that was there. With the chief's hands now on her butt cheeks, coaxing her along, Natalie raised herself up and positioned herself so that the glans of the chief's cock pressed against his pussy lips. Natalie looked down at him. Yuri's face was a mask – no charming young man smiling in encouragement, but a manipulative stud who had brought Natalie to this point and now waited on her final surrender.

Suddenly Natalie was gripped by fear. Clarity came to break through the hypnotic haze of lust that had somehow been conjured up. She was a virgin, a slight young woman, and the chief was a man of enormous size. Natalie thought to move, but the chief's hand was suddenly there on top of her shoulder holding her in place. Yuri stared up at her, his expression was clear. Not a command, but a request, for this had to be given.

Slowly Natalie pulled herself together. She wanted to be fucked – the chief had aroused her so much – but the man was so bloody big! The path was set, however, and Natalie willingly stepped forward and lowered herself onto the chief's

cock. She felt the stretch, she clenched her teeth – she experienced the stab when the big glans popped through – a sudden blast of pain that exploded in her brain and released a maidenly flow. Then she experienced such bliss that she'd never thought possible. The pain was still there but fading away to be replaced by such utter joy as she absorbed the warmth and virility of the incredible thing inside her.

“See, my girl. I told you it would fit. Now take your time and take the rest. Sink all the way down and stuff yourself with your master's manhood. I want you to ride my cock. I want you to know its joys. You can fuck yourself however you like. Give me your flesh and make me come inside you. Come as well if you like. Then it's over to me girl! For this is just the first of many rides you will be having tonight!”

Chapter 10

It was early afternoon when Natalie awoke the following day. At first, she thought she was back in her prison cell. She was lying on a cot of the same design to the one she had slept on the night before. Had it all been a dream? Had she fallen asleep and not been taken to the chief? Had she failed in her objective of saving Vicky?

Then she felt the agony of her body, the residue of pain on her well flogged ass, the stinging of her nipples and the throbbing inside her pussy.

No! It hadn't been a dream – she had been bound and beaten, her breasts had been nicked and she had impaled herself on a massive dick and rode it like a slut. She had fucked herself on the chief of police's cock, willingly taking it, deflowering herself in the process. She had called herself a whore, called the chief 'sir', and called him 'master' as well. There had been a document she signed - a confession to a crime that was irrelevant now. Then having tidied that last little detail up, the chief used her throughout the night to satisfy his seemingly insatiable lust. Natalie willingly did unspeakable things for his pleasure, and shamefully came time after time – the girl revelling in the abuse.

As dawn was breaking, he spurted inside her pussy for the fourth time. She had been secured in the stocks and he had fucked her from behind, playing with her asshole whilst pumping into her cunt. She recalled his sadistic laughter as he

fingered her little pucker, declaring that he would be fucking that as well, but would save the treat for another time.

After that final hard shafting, Chief Karinov had then departed, leaving Natalie in a state of exhaustion, freed from the stocks and curled up on the torture chamber floor – too weak from all the sex to even crawl to the cot. Guilt descended in her loneliness. Then in what seemed like a dream her hero came to her - the handsome young lieutenant that she had taken such a shine to. He picked her up like a broken doll and carried her to the cot.

“I’m sorry,” Natalie had whimpered, ashamed of her behaviour. “I had to do it,” she bleated, knowing it was a lie – knowing at the end she had freely given, but she felt the nice lieutenant deserved the fabrication.

“Of course, you did,” Dimitri had replied.

Natalie was comforted by his understanding. It was a dream come true to be forgiven for her whorish behaviour. Then the dream turned sour – or did it just get better - as the handsome lieutenant roughly climbed on top. His cock came out of his uniform trousers and he plunged it into Natalie’s well fucked cunt.

“And I have to do this, you little slut.”

He fucked her relentlessly, pawing at her body and calling her a whore and a Karinov slave. He fucked her till he came then he fucked her again, taking his time over the second bout of rutting and giving the exhausted Natalie yet another orgasm. Then with the young Scotswoman drenched in more Karinov spunk, Dimitri bound her up in rope, carried out of the castle and threw her in the back of a van.

And now here she was - lying God knows where in a room full of shadows and unfamiliar voices, a figure looming over her body. Natalie instinctively curled up defensively, timorously shying away.

“There, there, sweetie. Try to calm down. It’s okay, it’s okay.”

A soft hand stroked her hair as the gentle voice tried to sooth her battered spirit. It took some time, but slowly calmness returned then Natalie looked at the figure who had sat down beside her on the edge of the cot.

It was a woman - a beautiful woman with long flowing auburn hair and emerald green eyes. She was naked, her body full and voluptuous. But unlike Natalie who was totally bare, she was adorned with jewellery – through each of her large nipples on her spectacular breasts was a chunky golden ring.

“Where am I?” Natalie asked.

“Karinov’s Keep,” the woman replied in what was clearly an Australian accent. “Which is somewhere in Mordavia, but I’m buggered if I know exactly where. Anastasia over there will have a better idea, but she’s not allowed to talk today.”

Natalie looked over to the far corner of the room where another stunning naked woman sat staring in their direction. She was chained to the wall, each of her golden nipple rings tethered to a hook either side of her. Her skin was so fair, Natalie had never seen anyone so devoid of colour.

Natalie tried to sit up, but she was too weak to rise. Her hand moved down to her pussy and he tried to rub away the lingering ache and the memory of pleasure that she felt was so wrong.

“Big bastard, isn’t he?” said the Australian woman. “Biggest darn cock I’ve ever had - and I’ve had plenty over the past few months. Take it easy, sweetie... was he your first?”

“Yes,” admitted Natalie, and then she let out a sob. “I let him do it – I wanted him to do it - at least I think I did. I wanted to save my sister... but I wanted...”

“Yeah, I know. He’s one manipulative dog, is our master, Yuri – but boy, can that dog fuck! He tricked me as well, but... Oh I know it sounds crazy, but life ain’t so bad here as long as you behave. We’re not always kept in the cellars - it’s pretty rare in fact, and... Well, you’ll see for yourself in time. Anyway, I heard the story. Vicky told me all about it. Shit! I still can’t believe Yuri gets away with it - but he does. He’s getting away with it right now.”

“Vicky! You’ve seen Vicky! Is she okay? Where is she?”

“Last I knew, she had gone to make a telephone call, sweetie... to your parents.”

“Oh God, is she’s getting us out of here?” asked Natalie, not totally sure if this was good news or not.

The woman shook her head. “Don’t get your hopes up, sweetie. You’re stuck here, I’m afraid. The British cavalry ain’t coming to your rescue, and I sure as hell don’t want them to rescue me! Vicky’s doing what she needs to do, just as you did what you thought you needed to. She’s telling dear old dad that you’ve decided to spend another couple of weeks away on holiday, and that you’re going to go off to Russia. I believe that tomorrow a couple of look-alikes will cross over the border and your passports will get stamped. I assume they’ll turn up in Siberia or somewhere equally remote. It will be left

for Yuri's old Soviet masters to explain what might have happened to you. I think he gets quite a kick out of making the Ruskies suffer – hence Anastasia over there gets special treatment.”

Natalie looked again at the tethered woman and shook her head in confusion. She couldn't fathom her emotions, but logic told her that life would be unbearable here, yet this Australian didn't seem to mind too much. “What's your name?” she asked.

“Name's Sally. Sally Hudson.”

“So, tell me, Sally... What's going to happen to me – and to Vicky?”

Sally got back up and started to pace up around as she gave Natalie the lowdown. “Well, you'll be staying here as long as Yuri wants you. You're very young, so that could be a while – he likes them fresh! But you'll probably be set free at some point – that's certainly the deal with me - although sadly not for Anastasia. She made a big, big, mistake many years ago, and Yuri's revenge is severe... Anyway, whatever the deal, you'll join the harem and do as Yuri tells you, or you'll suffer the consequences. You'll suffer regardless, he likes to dish out the torture for kicks, but I've learned the hard way that it's best not to fight him. You'll get fucked by him lots – and once you get used to his size, that's quite a plus. Of course, Dimitri will be screwing you as well, which is another big attraction in my opinion. And then there are the guests who come to visit as Yuri likes us to put on the occasional party. Life with the Karinovs is a riot of sex. When he's not around, things are more relaxed, although we still have some fun playing with

each other and servicing the guards. There's a Swedish woman called Greta who runs the place in Yuri's absence. She's another of the chief's slaves who's served her sentence but has elected to stay..."

"Stay!"

"Yeah – stay. I told you it's not so bad. I might do the same when my sentence is up. Life at Karinov's Keep can be quite addictive."

Natalie shook her head in disbelief. She could barely comprehend what was being said. Surely no one could willingly be someone's slave. She was trying to absorb it all when the door opened, and a familiar shape stood silhouetted in the frame.

"I trust you are not spreading any of your nasty Australian venom to our new guest, Sally."

"No, sir. I was just checking she was alright."

"Come here, slut!" yelled Dimitri Karinov.

Sally got up immediately and walked over to where Dimitri stood, her head bowed subserviently.

"Kneel and lick my boots, slut! Show our new guest how a good slave should behave."

Sally obeyed without any compunction, knowing that an example was about to be made. She knelt down and lapped at Dimitri's boots, adoring the leather with her tongue.

Natalie watched enrapt. She was surprised at how docile this seemingly spirited Australian had suddenly become. Then Natalie gazed shocked as the handsome lieutenant that she had

admired so much, removed his cock from his uniform trousers and pissed all over the suppliant woman, and forced her to lap his urine from the boots on which some had splashed. When Dimitri was finished, he made Sally suck the dregs from his cock. Sally sucked him dry and she sucked him hard then she relaxed her throat and accepted Dimitri's meat as he viciously fucked the sexy Aussie's face. Then Dimitri roughly pushed Sally away and returned his erect penis to his trousers without having come.

"I know how much you want my spunk in your mouth, slut. But I might need this hard cock in a few minutes, so you'll have to go without," Dimitri said with a laugh. Then he turned his attention to Natalie. "Right, you follow me. It's time to formalise your position in our happy home."

Natalie cowered under the covers of her cot, too afraid to obey. She doubted if she could walk anyway, her body ached so much from the beating and the fucking, her legs were like jelly, traumatised by fear.

Dimitri wasn't going to force the issue, he new fine well she was unlikely to walk on her own. He could have made her crawl, placed a collar round her neck and dragged her along by a leash, but that was a game for later – just now he wanted to get on with the show. His Uncle Yuri was waiting – and Dimitri knew better than to keep him waiting for long. So, he strode over to the cot and pulled the covers off Natalie. As on the night before he picked her up like a rag doll and carried her out of the room. The door was slammed closed behind him then locked with a large iron key.

Dimitri carted Natalie along some impressive corridors, of what clearly was an impressive residence, and eventually brought her to the room of their destination – a sparsely furnished sterile looking space with surfaces in white. Yuri Karinov sat in a chair drinking a glass of champagne. Vicky sat in another chair bound and gagged. Natalie let out a screech when she saw her.

“Ah, Miss Fullerton... no, Natalie,” said Yuri with a flourish of his glass. “I shall call you Natalie from here onwards – best not to cause confusion when I issue a command. It would be such a shame to feel the sting of my whip because you thought I was talking to your sister. Yes, Natalie and Vicky - my two new slaves! Please, Dimitri, help young Natalie to get comfortable, and for goodness sake silence her – I heard enough of her screams last night.”

Dimitri placed Natalie on a metal chair facing her sister about four yards apart. She looked imploringly into Vicky’s eyes as a ball gag was forced into her mouth and fixed behind her head. Her hands were then tied behind her back and her ankles were tied to the legs of the chair. Dimitri did not stop there. To complement her sister who was already bound in the same manner, Dimitri took a length of rope and proceeded to capture Natalie’s tits. It was not so easy given her modest size, but Dimitri was an accomplished binder. A loop was first tied around the centre of the rope and draped down the back of the chair, leaving the ends to fall between Natalie’s petite breasts. Then a knot in the rope was placed near the base of her neck, above her chest, and a series of overhand knots were tied every few inches in the paired ropes down the front of Natalie’s torso. When he reached her navel, Dimitri tied two

big knots in close succession, and then threaded the ropes under the chair and behind the rear legs. He then brought them back to meet the loop of rope hanging down the back.

With practices ease, Dimitri pulled the ropes through the loop then he began to lace Natalie into a bondage type corset. Back and forth the ropes were laced - front to back, into a web design, encasing Natalie's entire upper body in an ever-tightening diamond-shaped pattern.

Natalie's small breasts were pressed outwards and projected forward between the ropes that deformed her mammary flesh. The ropes pulled each breast into a distorted, obscenely rounded shape, as the ropes were drawn tighter and tighter.

As Dimitri worked, Natalie stared at her sister. Tears welled in both pairs of eyes: tears of sorrow, tears of contrition, and tears of forgiveness for who could be blamed? But most of all they were tears of joy – joy for an adventure that was only just starting and the fact that they would share it together.

“My my, Dimitri, you have become highly skilled with the rope. I'm very impressed,” announced Yuri when his nephew had finished. He stood up and came over to examine each woman, pinching the nipples which protruded from their swollen breasts.

“Yes, they are most certainly ready. Bring me the equipment and the symbols of their new life.”

Dimitri collected a silver tray from a nearby table and held it in front of his uncle. Yuri had positioned himself behind Vicky – she would be the first to undergo this process – the piercing and ringing of her nipples, and her sister could watch in horrified trepidation.

From the tray which Dimitri reverently held out to him, Yuri picked up a sealed package and opened it. Inside was a piercing needle of considerable girth - Vicky had large nipples and would be adorned by thick rings. Yuri then took a pair of small pliers and gripped the needle within its jaws. He flicked open his lighter and sparked a flame, over which he held the needle, going back and forth along its length to sterilise the metal. The needle was then dropped into a glass of neat alcohol to be followed by one of the gold rings.

“This may hurt a little, Vicky, but you will look so lovely when the ring is in. Now brace yourself, my whore, this is the ring that will bond you to me – the symbol of your slavery to me, your master.”

Without further ado, Yuri picked out the needle from the glass with his right hand then grabbed Vicky’s left nipple between his left finger and thumb. He pushed hard, the needle entering the nipple at the base and passing through horizontally, stretching the skin on the far side then the needle poked out. Yuri could feel Vicky tense within her bondage as she coped with the searing pain, but she was incapable of movement – all she could do was let out a muffled scream as her body was physically mutilated. Yuri quickly withdrew the needle and clipped the ring in, circling it agonisingly around at the end as he watched his new slave squirm with the pain.

He repeated the process on Vicky’s right nipple then came around to admire the end result.

“Yes, you do look lovely. Perhaps later I will honour you with some more – through your luscious pussy lips - or even your

clit. We shall see where my pleasure takes us. But there is no need to rush - we have plenty of time.”

Then it was Natalie’s turn.

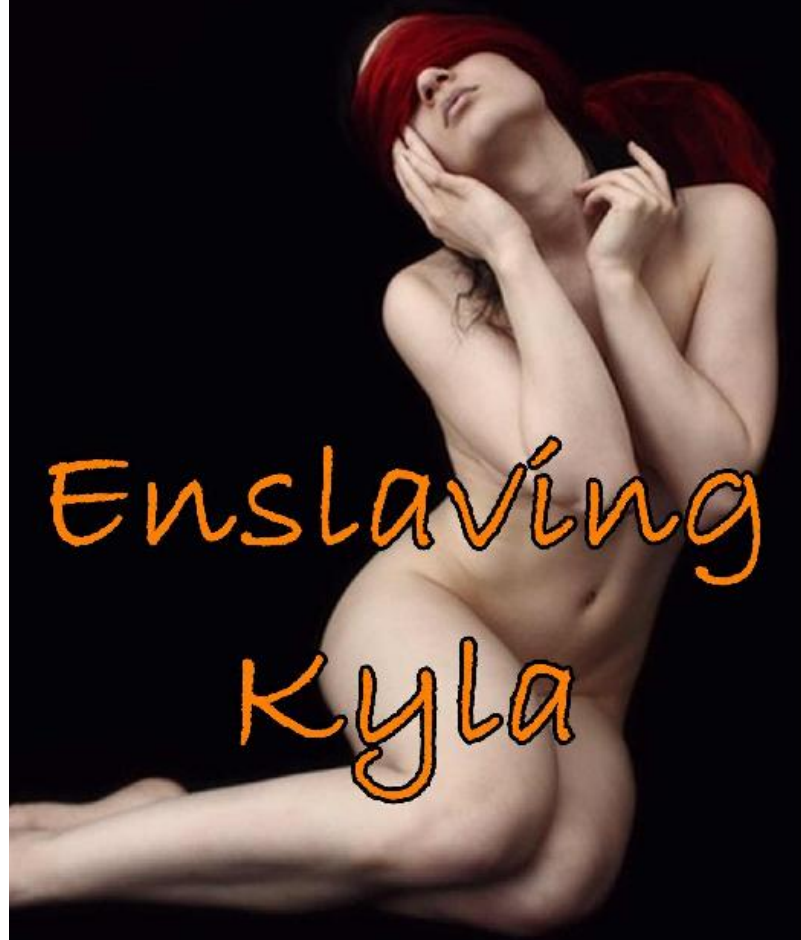
She had watched this in abject terror – her nipples were already badly vandalised, and surely, they were too small to accommodate such rings. She shook her head as Yuri approached, she squirmed in her chair but to no avail – her protests would never be heard.

The process was repeated using much narrower needles and rings – a tricky operation but Yuri managed it well. Then stood back and picked up his champagne, raising it in salute.

“To Vicky and Natalie - my two lovely new slaves - welcome to your new life in Mordavia. Your old lives are over, but do not think of this as the end – this is only the beginning. We are all going to have so much fun!”

Enslaving Kyla

Dan Bruce's
Dark BDSM Erotica



Chapter 1

“Oh, fuck yeah! Oh yeah! I’m gonna come!” I snarled.

“On you go! Do it!” urged Kyla.

I’d been pounding away at her for the past five minutes, having myself a ball. I love fucking my girlfriend Kyla, I really do. She’s got everything it takes to make for a top-class shag.

She’s got a beautiful body for one thing, especially her ass. I’ve always had a thing about women’s asses, and Kyla’s is first rate – real round and peachy with creamy white skin. I get such a buzz when I’m taking her from behind and I can look at those lovely globes - feel their firm youthful pertness as my cock slides in and out of her tight little fuck hole. And when I’m on the final run and banging away, it almost blows my mind as I slam into those buns and grind at the well-toned flesh. Such a shame she’s so coy about anal sex – now that really would be something else if I could get my cock in there!

Anyway, why should I worry! She’s got a fabulous pussy as well, and it’s great to fuck! I’m happy enough with that. It looks really sweet – a dainty little slit, sadly not shaven, but still sexy as hell with its triangle of fair wispy pubes. The inner flesh is so succulently pink and teasingly inviting. And as for the inside, well that’s just incredible - it’s like dipping my cock into a jar of warm honey when I slip it into her cunt – so snug and alive, and very accepting of the eight and a half inches of rock hard meat that I like to regularly feed it. And of course,

we don't use any condoms because Kyla's on the pill and she trusts me enough not to shag about and infect her with some nasty disease. It means that my naked cock can enjoy her cunt to the full - the fuck so pure, the friction clean; and I can spurt out my load the way nature intended, into living flesh instead of sterile rubber.

Yeah, she's got a great ass and a great pussy... and a great pair of tits as well. Not overly big like some obscene silicone stuffed page three bimbo dolly, but a really nice size and incredibly perky with these sexy big nipples that stand out like bullets and are just made for chewing and sucking. Not that she lets me chew them too hard, but I do get the occasional nibble. I love burying my face in those wobbly mounds and smothering myself in the glory of her tit flesh. I love rubbing my cock inside them as well, squashing them together and riding between them then spurting my load all over her face. Sadly, she only allowed that last part the once – and even that wasn't technically 'allowed'. I fired pre-maturely, I got so bloody excited - I shot it all out by mistake. Tit fucking since then has become something of a rare treat; but her fabulous jugs are still great to look at when I'm shagging her cunt from the front.

A great ass and a great fanny, and a lovely pair of tits - I'm a lucky man to have a girlfriend like that. The rest of her body is fantastic as well – long slender legs and a flat sexy stomach. She works out at the gym doing aerobics and all that, but she's not a fanatic – Kyla prefers swimming to sweating on a treadmill. The end result is perfect for me: trim and toned; her skin so soft and smooth, her five feet nine frame beautifully proportioned.

What else can I tell you? A great ass, great tits, and generally great body... and let's not forget a really great face! She's twenty-five years old but you'd guess her younger. She's still got that fresh schoolgirl look about her, with her stylishly cut shoulder length fair hair, apple soap skin and flawless complexion; sapphire blue eyes that seem to sparkle and full ruby lips that smile so sweetly. With a face like that it's no wonder I love to fuck her! Shame she doesn't take to getting fucked in the face, though – just getting my knob in her mouth is a bit of an achievement. Not too partial to giving blowjobs is my girlfriend Kyla. But hey, does it sound like I'm complaining?

Well yes, is the answer! I bloody well am. Or at least I will do once I've finished this fuck and spurted out my mess inside her!

So, there I was - gazing down at her sweet face as my cock was pounding at her luscious little pussy. With one hand I was playing with her fabulous tits, the other was doing its best to finger her clit. I was trying to bring her off, have her come along with me, but Kyla seemed to be a few steps behind.

"I'm gonna come! Oh shit! I'm gonna come!" I yelled.

"Oh yeah! Don't hold back! Go for it!" Kyla urged.

I couldn't have held back even if I'd wanted to. Her cunt felt so good to my naked cock. And I was fucking her real deep, slamming it in; she was holding her legs curled back and widespread, keeping the perfect position for my final hard run. A few more thrusts and I would be done.

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" I screamed.

Then I buried my cock all the way to the root and threw my head back as I let out a yell. The spunk coursed out of me; spurt after spurt, splashing into my girlfriend's vagina.

"Oh yeah! Yeah! Squeeze it all out," moaned Kyla, and she helped me along with some pulsing of her cunt. Boy did that feel good!

I revelled in my moment as I spilled it all out; then I did the noble thing. I lay down upon her and kissed her on the lips.

"God, that was good," I whispered to her face. I waited on some response, but Kyla gave nothing in return. I wanted to ask, but I lacked the courage. It's hard to credit when I look back on all that happened, but that's how I felt at the time. I thought I was losing her. More than three years together – I feared the magic had gone – at least it had gone for Kyla.

"You didn't come," I said, stating the obvious. "My cock's still hard. Do you want me to fuck you some more?"

"No, I'm all right."

"I'll lick you out if you'd prefer."

"With your spunk in there! No, really – I'm all right. Let me go to the bathroom and get cleaned up."

"Okay."

I pulled out of her feeling deflated in more ways than one. Despite my bravado, my cock was flagging, and my heart was sinking as well. I watched as Kyla got off the bed then disappeared into the en-suite bathroom. I notice some of my cum dripping down the back of her thigh – a quick wash would soon take care of that.

A wash!

Immediate sanitisation!

It seemed like only yesterday when she would lie with me after sex, snuggling up after our mutual climax, the pair of us having timed it to perfection. We would lie for ages all hot and steamy, our bodies ripe with the smell of our sex and the secretions of our lust. Then I'd warm her up for another round; my cock rarely flagging for long. I would kiss her all over, licking off her sweat. I would get between her legs and happily lick her out. I wasn't bothered about my spunk being in her cunt – it made it dirtier knowing that I'd put it there. I would make her come at least one more time then I'd fuck her again, bringing her to another climax as I shot out my second load.

Now she went to the bathroom straight after the first and only round.

Now she didn't even come the once!

Of course, the magic was gone... and one way or the other, I had to bring it back. The alternative was just too horrible to contemplate.

Chapter 2

“You know... it’s not the be all and end all, Robbie.”

A fork full of pasta was halfway to my mouth. It stopped there as I gawped at my lunch partner. I’m sure there was an expression of mystified horror on my face which would have suggested she had just sprouted a pair of horns.

“You can be such a div, Kath. Of course, it’s the be all and end all. Once the sex goes... then that’s it.”

“Not always,” replied Kath. She made a slight shake of her head to underline the point, although I’m sure the real reason was to flick her luscious honey blonde hair and catch the attention of the pack of wolves who were sitting at the nearby table. It was hardly necessary; they were already leering at her with boners in their pants. And quite rightly so! Kath is a stunning looking woman, despite having recently hit forty – a real piece of work – a fully ripe babe of the very highest quality. She’s a sort of older, more voluptuous version of Kyla – a great face and a great body – curvier than my girlfriend’s – some would say sexier, but I know who I prefer. But whether it’s tits, legs or ass that you happen to be into – Kath delivers it in spades. We’ve worked for the same company for the past two years; Kath joining a few months after I did. Being devoted to another woman, I was probably the only guy in the office who didn’t try it on, so naturally we became instant best friends.

“Hark at you!” I announced, putting the fork full of pasta back on my plate. “Don’t tell me you’d waste your time on any bloke who didn’t deliver in the sack.”

“We’re not talking about me; we’re talking about you and Kyla. The pair of you are nuts about each other – it’ll sort itself out. As I said, it’s not the be all and end all... I know of plenty of couples whose sex lives have lost the initial spark and they’re still perfectly happy together.”

“Married couples you mean... couples with kids; or geriatrics who’ve lost the urge.”

Kath threw me a scowl then shook her head slowly with mock exasperation. “God, you can be so stupid,” she told me. “Mature people enjoy sex as well, you know.” She paused for a moment then with a wicked smile on her lips, she added, “I can certainly vouch for that - my Saturday night being a classic example. God, did I scream – the whole street must have heard me. Shameful really, but who cares?”

“Slut!” I snapped out, delighting in her brazenness. “Was he really good then? What was it about him – did he have a really big cock?”

Kath feigned horror at my vulgarity, although she was far from offended. We always meet up every Monday for lunch and the main topic of conversation is her latest man – a fast moving feast, I might add, as each week it is invariably someone new. It was a sign of the depth of my concern about Kyla that it was my sex life, not hers, that had taken priority today.

“Did he have a really big cock, indeed!” Kath said. “A lady never reveals such intimate details about her lovers.”

“A lady might not, but you will. You always do. So come on, tell me about this stud who must have been hung like a horse to make you howl like a bitch in heat.”

“Later! We need to sort you out first. Are you really worried about this? You’re still having sex, and regularly by the sound of things. It can’t be that big a problem.”

“Not yet, perhaps. But I think its slipping away – In fact I know it is. The sexual chemistry isn’t the same – not for Kyla. Perhaps it was never there in the first place – you know – she was never the most adventurous lover with me, but now it’s gone totally flat. I still get my kicks; but she sure as hell doesn’t. And I’m sorry, whatever you might think - if you don’t have kids and you’re in your twenties, sex is what counts. So, if it isn’t working in the sack, then it simply isn’t working.”

“I’m still not totally convinced, but go on, spill it all out. Tell me why you’re so concerned.”

Kath’s eyes were now glued to me, giving me her full attention. Her food was pushed aside, the meal barely touched. I was so lucky to have her as a friend. I’ve got a few male friends that I could have confided in, but they’d never understand – not in the way Kath would. She was so empathetic – she let me verbalise what I’d been afraid to even think.

“I know that sounds shallow, but... that’s what most men are... shallow. I love Kyla – I love her to bits. But I love sex as well, and I love having sex with her – but it breaks my heart to think that I don’t excite her anymore. Perhaps it would be best for her to move on and find someone who can.”

“Have you talked to her about this?”

“Sort of.”

“Sort of?”

“Well, no. I’m shit scared of what she’d say. I’m terrified that if I bring it up, she would let it all out and end up leaving me.”

“That doesn’t sound very likely to me. Men might be so shallow as to leave someone they love because the sex isn’t as good as it used to be... women are different.”

I was far from re-assured and started on a ramble, letting it all out. “Maybe. But I am worried. I want it to be as good. I want it to be better – there’s certainly plenty of scope for improvement. I’m afraid she’s thinking the same. She’s a stunning looking girl. When I first met her, I assumed she was out of my league. I couldn’t believe my luck when she agreed to go out with me – when she agreed to sleep with me and then move in. Perhaps she’s thinking it was a mistake – realises that she could do a lot better... perhaps she’s already met someone...”

“Robbie! Calm down! You’re letting your imagination run riot here. Has she ever given you any cause to doubt her fidelity?”

“No... But I reckon it’s only a matter of time.”

“Why?”

“Something she said – about different experiences – about not wanting regrets when she’s older.”

That seemed to cast a worried look over Kath’s face – and that did little to help calm me. “Tell me more,” she insisted.

“Okay. A bit of history... You know we’ve been together now for well over three years.”

“Yes. And congratulations. You’re a wonderful example to us all.”

I ignored her sarcasm and pressed on. “And that Kyla is twenty-five now.”

“And you’re almost thirty – that’s not an issue. Trust me – it might be a problem if it was the other way around, but in your case, it’s fine.”

“Perhaps... But... well, you see... The big worry is... Kyla was a bit of a late starter – she didn’t sleep with a bloke until she was twenty-one.”

“Unusual. But what is your point?”

“God, Kath. Do the Maths! She was only sexually active for a few months before she met me, and we moved in together a couple of months after that. Crazy, I know, but it just felt right.”

Kath pondered this for a moment, still keeping her eyes fixed on mine. She drummed her talons on the table whilst it slowly sank in.

“I see,” she eventually declared. “I never really thought about it like that. So, what you’re telling me is that Kyla hasn’t shagged around. Like you no doubt did before you met her!”

“Very tactfully put! Thank you! But you’re right... she hasn’t really shagged around at all. I should feel good about that; and in a way I do. But another part of me wishes she’d been a slut for a few years before we’d met. Then there might not be such a big temptation to make up for it now.”

“Perhaps she’s not the type. You know – sex not being the be all and end all.”

“So, what’s all this about different experiences and not wanting regrets when she’s older? And anyway, Kyla enjoys sex, at least she used to. When we first got together, we were at it like rabbits. We would fuck every day, normally at least twice. As soon as I came home from work in the evening, I’d be chasing her around the flat and getting into her knickers. I didn’t need to cajole her. Kyla was always well up for it – she loved getting fucked. She might have been a bit coy about some other stuff, but she had no problems about letting me fuck her. A good ride before dinner then we’d have another round when we went to bed. The idea of going to sleep without some serious sex was inconceivable. Then there would usually be a quickie the following morning. Actually, not so quick – I started setting my alarm half an hour earlier so I could kick off the day with a good bang at her. And she would always come when I fucked her... Or at least it seemed like she did. But... Well, I suppose after a while the sex became repetitive, and that’s a dangerous thing... We still do it. But it’s not the same. She’s young, she’s hot, and I don’t seem to be doing it for her any more... She’s not had many other men, and we live in London where there are plenty available... She wants different experiences - so it’s inevitable that she’s going to look elsewhere unless I do something drastic. It’s only a matter of time.”

“Shit!” exclaimed Kath, finally conceding there was a problem.

“Any suggestions?”

Kath gave this a moment's thought then with a shrug of her shoulders she offered, "Perhaps you need to mix things up – try going down on her a bit more. You did tell me that she enjoys some oral. What woman doesn't! A man's tongue is almost as important as his cock, if not more important."

"I do... I offer to go down on her all the bloody time. I'm not shy about licking her out. I really enjoy it. But she doesn't seem to get off on that either. It's been ages since I slurped up her juices."

"Do you miss it?"

"Of course. There's loads of stuff that I miss. As I said – she can be a bit coy... But I can live without the other stuff. I'd settle for just fucking her. I just wish she'd show more enthusiasm for that simple pleasure."

"Hmmm!"

"What?"

"You're going to have to spice things up."

"Well Duh! That's what I've been saying. But how? I told you – she's not very adventurous – at least not with me."

Kath paused for a moment and engaged me in a staring contest. She saw my desperation and gave me the start of an answer. "Well if she's only into vaginal fucking, and she's after different experiences - there's one obvious thing you could try."

I felt tightness in my chest and my stomach started churning. "What... threesomes?" I bleated. "You mean threesomes, don't you?"

“It would certainly add some spice. Let her have those experiences but you stay involved. Perhaps you should think about it.”

I had already thought about it. All men think about it, and plenty regularly engage in it. I had thought about it a lot, but not for the normal reason - to have my cake and eat it by involving some other woman. It was for Kyla's sake that had I thought about it, not mine. I'm an anomaly, you see – a guy who just happens to love his girlfriend and is happy with what he's got. Okay – so not that happy – but not so discontented that he needs another woman.

“It would have to be another bloke to make it interesting for Kyla. I'm sure she would never agree – but if she did! God! I don't think I could bear to watch someone else fucking her,” I admitted. “But I have considered raising it with her. Maybe she would like it. I suppose it might be fun. It would give her those experiences that perhaps she feels she's missed out on... but, it would hurt me like hell. I couldn't... I couldn't just see it as an extension of our sex. So no, I couldn't watch another man fucking her... I couldn't... I couldn't bear to hear her scream as she got pounded into the sheets or ridden over the back of the sofa. I couldn't bear to see her come as some bloke spurted inside her... see her enjoying sex with someone else more than she enjoys it now with me.”

Kath reached out and took my hand. “I'm sorry,” she said. “It was a dumb thing to suggest... Of course, that's not the answer for you and Kyla. So, in which case, the answer has to be... spice it up by yourself.”

“How?”

“Well, I can’t speak for Kyla but...”

“But!”

“But it sounds like she and I like the same sort of thing...”

“A good fucking, yes I know. Only she doesn’t get one any more... Whereas you!”

“You’re being too hard on yourself... perhaps...”

“What?”

Kath shifted awkwardly. I could see her mulling something over.

“WHAT!” I insisted.

“Perhaps you’re not being hard enough on Kyla.”

“I don’t need Viagra, if that’s what you’re implying.”

“Oh, for heaven’s sake... do I need to spell it out for you?”

“YES! Come on. Change a habit of a lifetime and spit it out. What is it that I’m lacking, that obviously your latest stud has in abundance? What made *you* scream so bloody loud at the weekend?”

“Look, I’ve never touched on this before, but... Now don’t be shocked.”

“Tell me.”

“Well, it’s not just a big cock and plenty of stamina that I look for in a man. For a guy to really rock my boat, like the Italian stallion who entertained me at the weekend; and who I shall definitely be seeing again...”

“For fuck’s sake, Kath, would you just hit me with it!”

“That’s it, airhead – hit! A big cock, a good body, plenty of stamina and a filthy mind... but for me to really enjoy a session, he needs a firm hand as well – a firm hand that he’s not afraid to use.”

I gawped at her. I knew she was kinky and very open minded, but I never suspected she was into being hit. She was so assertive around people at work, men included– it seemed incredible that she would accept that during sex – that she would actually want it. “You’re kidding,” I finally blurted. “He smacked you about! And you enjoyed it?”

“Shhh! Keep your voice down. It’s not something I like to broadcast, thank you. But yes, there was a bit spanking, and... Well... other stuff. I’m not going into the details, but it certainly worked for me. Not nasty violence – he was just... dominant – in a very physical sort of way. I know that I can come across as a hardnosed cow at times, but think about it, Robbie... at the end of the day, if you’re into getting fucked, then there’s nothing better than getting fucked good and hard by a man who’s taking charge. Kyla probably feels the same. Perhaps you’re being too nice. Nobody wants nice! Not during sex – mean and nasty is much hotter. So, if you want Kyla to come when you’re fucking her, then TELL her to come. Demand that she does it for your pleasure. Put her in her place. Maybe that’s what she’s looking for. She might not be aware of it, or she might kid herself it’s not the case. But if she’s really into getting fucked, like you tell me she is, then I bet deep down that’s what she hankers after. So, give it to her. Take charge, Robbie – be masterful.”

“Masterful!” I said, more to myself than Kath as I considered this idea. “Give her ass a good spanking for example.”

“That might be a start, as long as she agrees. Safe and consensual, Robbie – that has to be the way. There are lots of things you could do... but whatever... be dominant. Why not test it out and see how she responds? Or perhaps that sort of thing isn’t for you.”

Perhaps it wasn’t. But my cock was telling me different. Not for the first time in our brief but colourful history, Kath had given me a stonker of an erection. I was practically coming in my pants!

Be masterful! Be dominant! How would Kyla respond if I tried such a thing? Would she actually like me to put her over my lap and spank her lovely ass? It certainly was one hell of an idea!

Chapter 3

I thought about it for the rest of the week. I thought about it at work and I thought about it at home. I thought about it at night when we were lying together in bed – before, during and after I'd fucked her – especially after, on two occasions when I failed miserably in my attempts to make her come. I thought about it all the bloody time, but I didn't try anything until the weekend.

Be more masterful! Take control! Have a firm hand – don't be afraid to use it... spank her beautiful peachy ass! It was that more than anything which became an obsession; but I shied away, almost afraid to make a move. Well, it was a hell of a big thing to suggest to your girlfriend, so I needed to tread carefully, but the more I thought about it, the more I liked the idea. Spanking Kyla's ass! I spent the whole week with a permanent horn. I had to jerk off on several occasions in order to calm myself down so I could get some work done.

Each night when I fucked her, and I insisted that I did, which I suppose was a step in the right direction, I was thinking what it would be like if her ass was scorched, taking her from behind and my groin slamming into the fiery buns that I had just reddened with my hand. I have to be honest - they weren't very long fucks! The picture in my mind of Kyla's well smacked butt cheeks sent me over the edge after a couple of minutes. She didn't seem too bothered about the brevity these shags. Perplexed perhaps, as I usually spin the fucks out, but not particularly bothered – or at least that was the impression I

got. In my worst self-torture, I wondered if she was actually relieved that I got it over with quickly. None of this was good. I had to do something, for both our sakes.

I waited till Saturday. I suppose it was all a bit contrived, but I had to come up with something. I had actually considered just blurting it out. – ‘Hey Kyla, how do you fancy hitching up your skirt and lying over my lap so I can give your ass a good spanking?’ – but it sounded wrong somehow, even though that was exactly what I wanted to do – act like I was her big bad daddy and she’d been a naughty girl. But I didn’t. What I did was a lot less assertive... but ultimately – a darn sight more masterful than I had set out to be!

I sort of picked an argument with her. That in itself was a bit out of character – Kyla and I hardly ever argue. Kath tells me that that is unnatural. She reckons we should be screaming and shouting at each other every night, inflaming our passion; then spending hours afterwards venting our rage with some hot steamy sex. At times I think she lives in a fantasy world; but she does have a point. Most of the other couples I know are forever at each other’s throat – Kyla and I are an anomaly in so many ways.

Anyway, I picked an argument. We’d been to the gym. Of course I work out as well – with a girlfriend like Kyla there’s no way I’m going to let myself go – I was on thin ice as it was without developing a gut and a pair of droopy man tits, so I make sure I keep in shape. Once we got back to our flat in Pimlico, I took a sort of strop. It wasn’t easy, for I was making it all up; and I was nervous as fuck, for it could have seriously backfired. But I accused her of flirting with some guy in the gym.

“Who?” Kyla asked. She looked totally mystified. I had never accused her of such a thing before, and there was hurt and confusion in her lovely blue eyes.

I wanted to hug her and tell it was a bad joke, but I wanted to smack her ass as well, and it was that which drove me on to keep up the act.

“That muscle-bound queen who’s always strutting around like a peacock flashing its feathers. Don’t deny it. I saw you looking at him. You were eying up his packet and then grinning at him, making it pretty obvious that you liked what you saw. Well I’ll tell you what – his cock’s a lot smaller than mine. I’ve seen him in the shower. You’d do better to shove your pinkie up your snatch.”

“You’ve lost your marbles. What’s got into you? I’m not interested in Steve, if that’s who you mean.”

“Steve, is it? And how the hell do you know his name?” This was really unfair – I knew he was called Steve as well. I’d chatted to him on a couple of occasions. He seemed like a nice bloke. But for my purpose I was turning him into some predatory leech who was clearly planning on stealing my girlfriend away from me.

“We spoke,” said Kyla with mild annoyance to her voice. “He’s a nice guy. And yes, he’s a queen. If he was interested in anyone, it would be you rather than me.”

“Don’t try and turn this around!” I snapped, forcing the anger that simply wasn’t there.

“I’m not. Stop this.”

“Don’t tell me what to do!” I yelled, getting well into the part.
“It’s you that needs to stop... stop acting like a tart!”

Kyla picked up her keys and headed for the door. “I’m not listening to any more of this.”

“Don’t you dare walk out on me!” I screeched, stating a fear that was all too real, and turning that fear to my advantage.
“Stay where you are! I’m not finished!”

Kyla halted and turned to face me again. “I said I’ve heard enough. I’m going out for a walk.”

“A walk! Yeah right. Off out to meet Steve, no doubt. So, I don’t think so. Just stay where you are, or I’m telling you, Kyla... you’ll regret it.”

Kyla looked at me shocked, but I think it was then that the penny started to drop, for Kyla seemed to rise to the challenge. She forgot about the walk - that was for sure, as the key got placed back down. Kyla was now most definitely staying home to see where this was going. “Regret it?” she asked, mocking my threat. “Why, what are you going to do?”

“I’ll do what I should have done a long time ago... I’ll put you over my knee and give your ass one hell of a smack.”

Clever or what!

Okay, perhaps not! And as I said earlier, very contrived, but it got the subject verbalised and out in the open. And it was sort of masterful in an underhand kind of way, covering the odds.

Kyla stood staring at me. I stared back. It was as if we had frozen; the threat that I’d made paralysing the pair of us. The only thing that moved was the front of her blouse where there was an unmistakable tenting caused by two hardening nipples.

My heart almost leapt for joy, and my cock almost leapt out of my flies. I saw Kyla glance and note my arousal. She had definitely sussed what I had done by this point, but it no longer mattered. What mattered was her response. I waited and waited and then she gave me a grin.

“You wouldn’t dare,” said Kyla; her eyes flicking between the forced hardness on my face and the far from forced hardness that was bulging out my trousers.

“We’ll see about that,” I replied. Then I made a lunge for her, grabbing her arm and pinning it behind her back. I think that took us both by surprise.

“Robbie! Robbie! Stop it! You’re hurting me!”

“That’s the idea, you little tart. I’m going to teach you a lesson.”

Kyla started to struggle, trying to get free. I twisted her arm further and she let out a yelp. It was all done on pure impulse. It felt so right!

Robbie! Please! Don’t!” Kyla shouted.

“Are you going to be a good girl and do what I tell you?”

“No!”

I twisted even harder. Kyla let out another yell then I eased the tension, shocked at the aggression I was showing. Suddenly Kath’s words echoed around my mind, ‘Safe and consensual – that has to be the way.’ It was good advice, and instead, look what I was doing! I was trying to force her when she’d already shown interest. Thankfully I changed tack and used my head and not my brawn.

“Come on, Kyla. It’ll be a laugh. I bet you’ll like it! You certainly like the idea if it – I know you do. So, I’ll ask you again. Are you going to be a good girl and do what I tell you? Are you going to lie over my lap and take the spanking you deserve?”

“Are you serious?”

“Oh yes! I’m very serious. Can’t you feel how serious I am about it?”

I pushed my groin into the side of her ass; then still holding her captured arm by the wrist I brought it down and placed her hand on the bulge.

“Feel it!” I ordered.

She groped my cock. She let out a moan as she felt its hardness; my arousal all too apparent.

“Now let’s get this straight. That’s the only cock that goes up your cunt. That’s the only cock you’re allowed to lust after. Is that understood?”

“Yes!” said Kyla, clearly excited by this unusual behaviour. “On you go! Do it now! Fuck me now, Robbie! Fuck me hard!”

“I’ll fuck you when I’m ready, not when you tell me to. First you need to be punished, and then once I’ve tanned your ass, I’ll fuck you. Now come over here.”

I let go my grip and walked over to the sofa, sat down in the centre and beckoned Kyla to join me. She looked at me a little uncertain. I could see from the state of her blouse and those bullet-like nipples that she was really turned on, but there was uncertainty as well. I had sprung this on her and she had

responded well – she had responded naturally without having analysed it beforehand. She was probably a little shocked at how exciting she found it and was nervous of exploring further.

I had the advantage of having considered this for almost a week, and I knew where I wanted it to go. And I was the one who had to lead – it was me who had to be masterful and take control. Kyla had given me the opening to do so. She had shown me enough interest to give me the courage to take command – to take command of this moment, and ultimately of our lives.

“I said come here, Kyla. Now do as you’re told, or else your punishment will be much worse, I can assure you.”

“Don’t hit me too hard... okay.”

God, such music those words were to my ears. She wanted me to do it. She had given me consent. She wanted to be smacked. She wanted me to put her over my lap and thrash her ass for being a naughty girl. ‘Don’t hit me too hard,’ meant hit me. It meant she wanted to walk with me down this risqué path, but she wanted to explore with a degree of caution, which was perfectly understandable – I felt the same way. I can’t tell you how happy this made me. The magic was coming back!

“I’ll decide how hard I hit you,” I said, enjoying my newfound authority. “You just have to trust me. You do trust me, don’t you Kyla?”

“Of course, I trust you.”

“Then come over here.”

Kyla took the first step, finally obeying. She approached slowly with a grin rapidly spreading over her lovely sweet face. She didn't look particularly contrite, but as she had committed no crime in reality, that hardly merited any rebuke. I didn't give a monkey's uncle if she felt contrition or not. She was obeying me – I was going to spank her. That was more than enough.

She stood before me. I had spread my legs and she positioned herself between them, her head lowered in mock deference or shame. In reality she was gazing at the bulge in my trousers made by my rock-hard cock. It was tempting to get it out and order her to suck it; but that would definitely have been pushing my luck. Getting it out and ordering her to climb aboard and ride it would have stood more of a chance. But the new domestic order demanded some restraint, so my cock remained frustrated within my pants.

“Strip for me. Remove your blouse first,” I said, testing out my authority.

Kyla grinned then started to unbutton her blouse, working down slowly from the top. She actually surprised me by doing it seductively rather than hamming it up. She revealed herself teasingly, lingering over her action; caressing her skin as the blouse was finally opened, pulled off her shoulders and out of her arms. She dropped the blouse casually at my feet then stood for a moment so I could inspect her tits which were barely contained by her sexy bra. The sheer material clung to them and showed off very clearly the bulge of her perky nipples.

She waited, looking at me challengingly. At first, I didn't get it, then slowly it dawned on me – she was waiting for me to command her again. She wanted me to tell her what to take off next! My cock almost exploded at the thrill.

“Your jeans now,” I said, seizing the gift of control that she gave me. “Take off your jeans then wait for further instruction.”

Kyla obeyed, first removing her shoes. I watched with a pounding heart in my chest and a throbbing cock in my pants as Kyla undid her zipper, slowly pulling it all the way down. Then she started to peel the tight jeans from her body. She inched them down, front first then side then back. When they reached her thighs she turned around, gave her panty clad ass a teasing rub then pushed the jeans further down, bending over so her ass was sticking out directly in front of my face. Eventually she peeled the jeans from her legs, cast them aside, stood upright and turned to face me. Unaware of rules that were getting made up on the spot, she allowed her hand to drift to her crotch and teasingly rubbed the mound of her snatch.

I reached out and gave her a hard slap on her bare thigh.

“Who said you could do that?”

Kyla pulled her hand away and put it to her side. “Sorry.”

“Turn around again,” I ordered.

Kyla happily obeyed. She turned half circle and again presented me her ass. Fuck it looked gorgeous. It always gets me every time I see it. Clad in a pair of lacy panties or her sexy swimming costumes, Kyla's ass is truly a sight to behold.

“Pull them down and show me what's mine.”

Kyla dropped the panties and showed me the flesh. I lusted after it for a moment, my eyes burning the beautiful mounds, my cock snarling, desperate to spear them and spurt out a load deep inside her. If only... But that again was probably pushing my luck.

“Bend over.”

Kyla duly did. She bent fully forwards and forced her ass back, letting out a moan as she gave it a sway; then she parted her legs so her puffy cunt lips came into view, a girl clearly turned on by what was happening – looking forward to some sex like she used to do.

And by God she was going to get some. It was a Saturday evening and we usually went out, but tonight we would be having a cosy night in, testing out this new arrangement which would indeed involve plenty shagging.

“Very nice, Kyla. Very nice indeed. Now reach behind you and spread those lips apart.”

My cock almost leapt out with a will of its own as Kyla followed my command. As she opened up her sex for me to reveal the succulent moistness of her pink pussy flesh, a stain appeared on my trousers as juice gushed from out of the slit on my knob. Kyla had done this before and it really turned me on, but this was somehow much, much hornier – ordering her to do it rather than being treated to a show that was of her own volition.

“What are you showing me, Kyla?” I asked.

“My pussy.”

“Your pussy?” I asked again, my voice somewhat piqued.

“No! Sorry. It’s your pussy,” she said, correcting herself. “It’s your pussy to fuck whenever you want it.”

I was almost crying for joy when she said that. This was going so much better than I’d hoped for. “Finger it!” I said, pushing her further. “One finger, all the way in then frig yourself for my visual pleasure.”

Okay, so I borrowed that from Kath. But why not – it sounded good to me! I watched with pure glee and a salivating cock as my sexy young girlfriend did as she was told. She wetted her index finger with some saliva then pushed it all the way up her cunt. She paused for a moment, deeply moaning and swaying her beautiful butt. Then she slid the finger back out as far as the nail then pushed it back in as she started to frig.

I let her pleasure herself for a couple of minutes whilst I treated myself to a rub at my cock. I was gagging to fuck her. I was so horny and hot for her; but again, I forced the restraint.

“Does that feel good, Kyla?”

“Yes, but not as good as your cock. Nothing feels as good as your cock inside my pussy.”

“Do you want it in you now?”

“God yes!”

“But you don’t deserve it. You’ve been a naughty girl, haven’t you, Kyla?”

“Yes!” she replied, playing along with the game.

“And you have to be punished, isn’t that right?”

“Yes!”

“What do you deserve? What should your punishment be?”

“I should be spanked. You should spank my ass.”

“Then come here. Stop playing with yourself and lie over my lap.”

Kyla pulled her finger down, stood up straight and turned around. She let out a bleat as she gazed at my covered shaft, pining for my meat that was being agonisingly denied her. Then she looked to my face, her eyes burning with lust and a new level of need that took me so by surprise. If anything, Kyla wanted this more than I did. That hussy Kath had called it right, and I could scarcely believe my luck.

With a pounding heart and a flaming groin, I patted my thigh and bid Kyla climb on top. She practically threw herself over me, eager like me to get on with the show.

God what a thrill! I almost came there and then. Seeing my girlfriend sprawled across my lap, offering me that gorgeous bare ass for a spanking – it was almost too much. More juice squirted out to add to the stain on my trousers, but I held back the sperm in my churning balls. Kyla was drizzling as well and rubbing her snatch against my leg, writhing around and wriggling her ass, begging me to deliver the first slap.

I brought my hand down with a teasing thud, not sure how much Kyla could take in the way of pain – not sure how much I wanted to give her. I wanted to be masterful, but not violently hurt her – this had to work for us both – I had to protect the love – I had to keep it safe and consensual. But by Christ it felt good when my hand made contact with the peachy roundness of her right butt cheek! Kyla seemed to enjoy it as well; she pushed her ass upwards, beckoning for another smack.

Fair enough! So, I slapped her again, this time a little harder, swiping my palm across her left cheek, leaving the buttock wobbling like a lovely blancmange. Then I hit her again and again and again, daring to go harder with each stroke that I yielded. Kyla let out a few yelps, but they were of a pleasurable nature – the girl obviously enjoying the soft pain that I delivered.

That was fine. I wanted her to enjoy things. But being dominated surely had to have an edge as well. So, I gradually began exerting more and more force with each spank I delivered to her ass. After about ten or so hard swats on each of Kyla's cheeks, they began to take on a rosy glow. The sight of my girlfriend's rapidly reddening ass only egged me on further and I began spanking her with increasing force, really thudding my hand down so that it was hurting me as well.

Surprisingly, Kyla didn't seem to mind. She yelped louder and louder as I hit her harder and harder, but that cunt kept drizzling and she kept wriggling around, grinding at my thigh, and moaning like a whore between the strokes. The harder I hit Kyla's ass, the more she seemed to respond and thrust her ass back up into the air to meet the next spank as it came down. Soon I was practically wailing away on her butt, the colour of which moved from rosy pink to an angry shade of red. I knew it had to be getting pretty painful, but Kyla made no attempt to bring an end to her punishment. Hardly a punishment – the girl was revelling in the spanking.

I moved up another gear and really clattered my hand down. Kyla screeched out loud and I heard the first sob. I thought that perhaps I had gone too far. I paused with my hand resting on the hot meat I had just struck. I waited on a plea for me to

relent, but instead Kyla took a moment to recover, absorbing the pain then wriggling again, if anything pleading for more.

So, I hit her again, surprised at us both – surprised at Kyla’s acceptance and her obvious excitement; and surprised at my own pleasure in inflicting so much pain. The feeling of dominating my girlfriend was such a rush to me, greater than anything I had ever imagined, that I began to feel myself losing control of the moment. Without even thinking about it, I landed a viciously hard smack on her now very tender ass. With a screech Kyla’s head shot back and she let out an agonised howl, but she didn’t ask me to stop. So, I hit her again and again and again. Kyla hollered at the torture I was inflicting upon her, and she grinded with her groin, bucking on my lap, getting nearer and nearer to bringing herself off.

Through her yells and her moans and her dry fucking of my thighs, I realised that Kyla was almost ready to explode. Then I remembered Kath’s advice about telling Kyla to come. It seemed like now would be a good time to put another rule in place, if only for today. I stopped the spanking, but Kyla carried on with the bucking.

“Lie still,” I commanded.

She came to a shivering halt, moaning out her desperate need.

“Do you want to come?” I asked, knowing fine well the answer.

“Yes! Oh God, yes!” she replied, her voice quivering with her burning passion.

“Then you can do so, but only when I give you permission.”

“Oh! Oh! Oh! Pleeese!” she groaned.

I think my words actually pushed her nearer to coming, instead of pulling her back. She was teetering right on the edge of orgasm, and I reckoned there wouldn't be too much she could do to stop herself from toppling over, permitted or not - but I wanted it to at least appear that I had allowed it.

"Get off my knee," I ordered.

Kyla scrambled off and stood before me – her cunt was a salivating mass of puffy flesh; juice ran down her thigh and some dripped onto the wooden floor. Her face was contorted in an agony of desperate containment.

"Oh! Oh! Please, Robbie!"

"Please what?"

"Please, please can I come?"

"Only when I say."

"Ooooh!"

A few more seconds and I would have blown it – she was gritting her teeth trying to hold it back. I wouldn't have minded if she had failed and collapsed to the floor in an orgasmic heap; but it was so much better the way it happened.

I reached out and gave her cunt a hard slap.

"Now!" I yelled out as she yelped under the blow. "Come for me now!"

In an instant Kyla was a quivering spectacle – a screaming mass of orgasmic flesh. She howled like a banshee crazed in the night, flaying her legs wide then clamping them together, rubbing her cunt to dampen the hurt and stoke her soaring climax. She fell to knees gasping and groaning. She covered

her mouth as if shocked by her behaviour. All the whiles she gazed with misty eyes at her boyfriend who sat on the couch watching in amazement.

“Thank you!” Kyla cried as her climax finally ended. “Oh God, thank you! Heavens, that was incredible!”

“I’m glad you enjoyed it, my girl. But you seem to have made a bit of a mess, drizzling all over the floor like a slut. Now stay on your knees and lick it up. Then get over here and take out my cock and shove it up your snatch. It’s my turn to come next. Now hurry up. I want that ass of yours still hot to hold for the first fuck of the evening. It’ll be the first many fucks. Is that not right, Kyla?”

“Yes! Oh God, yes! This is so raunchy! I mean seriously raunchy! Thank you. Thank you, Robbie. I don’t know what’s happened to you, but I really like it. Thank you so much.”

Chapter 4

“Lord!” exclaimed Kath. “You dirty sod! I never expected you to take things that far. And then what happened?”

“She did as she was told – licked her juice off the floor then she took out my dick and mounted it. She took off her bra and smothered my face in her tits as she fucked herself. It didn’t take long before she brought me off. God, Kath, I was so randy for her. A couple of minutes were all it took before I was squirting into her, gripping those flaming buttocks as I pumped out a load. But that didn’t stop us. I came, but I didn’t go soft. Kyla was still up for it as well. We carried on rutting for another hour or so. We fucked everywhere! Christ, what a ride she gave me. She clung to me like her life depended on it. It was wild! It was like it used to be. It was better – the best sex we’ve ever had. When I was about to come again, she was staring at me. I could see her pleading with her eyes, but she didn’t ask. So, I told her to come at the same time as me. And she did. It was just like old times, only it was different. It was better.”

“Sounds like you were totally in charge. Well done!”

“And Kyla loved it! I hate to admit it... but you were right. I suppose that means I’m paying for lunch. It’s the least I can do to thank you.”

“It’s my pleasure! No really, it is! I’ll need to go change these knickers when I get back to the office – they’re drenched. I’m

seeing you in a new light, Robbie... How big did you say your cock was?"

"I didn't. A gentleman never reveals such intimate details to a trollop like you. And don't go getting any ideas about trying to find out by other means."

Kath blew me a kiss that almost blew me away. "You might like it," she teased.

I shook my head firmly, enjoying the game. "I'm sure I would, but I have no intentions of putting it to the test."

She threw me a leer that had me almost coming in my pants. "I bet I could blow you brains out."

"Stop it! I've got Kyla! I don't need anyone else – and anyway, you're my friend. It would spoil things."

"Only joking. But I am impressed. So... what happened next? What happens now? I assume you talked it all through."

"What do you mean?" I asked, suddenly a little uneasy.

Kath threw me a scowl that had me quaking, for this was no longer a teasing game. "Did you just leave it at that? Spanked her then fucked her then probably fucked her again. I'm sure the beating you gave her would have fuelled several good shags... but did you do anything else? Have you not discussed what happened and where you go from here?"

I felt slightly annoyed. No, we hadn't discussed it – we were too busy fucking to do much in the way of talking. Why was she trying to take the wind out of my sails?

"We were at it for a large part of the weekend," I proudly stated; sure that for a change I'd seen more action than her.

“My cock’s practically raw; I was fucking her so much. It’s been a very long time since we had a weekend like that. Actions speak louder than words, you know.”

Kath took it in her stride. Most blokes’ mates would have slapped them on the back and congratulated them on a well spent weekend, but Kath wasn’t as superficial as those beer swigging types – she actually cared about what this all meant and how it would leave Kyla and me.

“Okay, so you had a great weekend of full on fucking. But you can’t just leave it like that. I can’t believe that you haven’t talked any of this through with Kyla. Come on, Robbie... what happens next? What happens when you go home for example? Will she be there waiting for you, ready to do whatever you command?”

Now I was feeling more than uneasy. Not only was she taking the wind out of my sails, she was scuppering the bloody boat! “Of course not!” I snapped. “She goes swimming on a Monday.”

“Okay. And are you happy about that?”

I threw her a smug grin; pleased with the answer I was able to give her. “Too right I am – all that swimming translates into one hell of a sexy body.”

“And what will *you* do this evening when you get back to your empty home?”

Now that wiped the grin right off of my face! I realised where this was heading. “I’ll cook dinner,” I admitted, “like I always do on Kyla’s swimming nights.”

“Very masterful!”

“I’m a master chef! What are you getting at, Kath?”

“You haven’t really thought this through, have you?”

“I think I’ve done pretty well.”

“Too well, perhaps! You need to be very careful now, Robbie.”

“Do I? Pray enlighten me as to why!”

“Well, it strikes me that Kyla has really taken to the game that you played out at the weekend. But is that enough? Not many women would have responded quite so positively. I’d say you’ve awoken something in her which she finds enormously exciting. Having done so, I suspect she’ll hunger for it. You’ll need to keep feeding her, and I don’t mean gourmet dinners.”

“Spank her regularly. Is that what you’re saying? I think I can handle that.”

“I’m sure you can... but there is so much more to this sort of life than spanking an ass that you’re not allowed to fuck.”

That touched a nerve and brought me down another peg. “And you would know about it, I suppose,” I snapped.

“A little,” she replied, ignoring my tetchiness. “I’m not like some women I’ve met who are obsessively submissive. I’m no one’s doormat and never shall be. I like dominant men, but I have clear boundaries. I took time to find out what they were. What about Kyla? You’ve shown her something, and she’ll want some more. But how far do you take things? It sounds to me like Kyla will want to take it quite a long way.”

“You’re scaring me.”

“Sorry. But I didn’t think she would be so receptive – you did say she wasn’t very adventurous. I thought some gentle

spanking would be fun, a game you could play to spice things up. I didn't think for one second you would end up thrashing her and she would revel in the beating. I hope I haven't gone and made you open up Pandora's Box, because if you have – then there's loads of shit floating around in there. And you're right to be scared – because not everybody can handle it.”

“Tell me.”

“Look, maybe I'm wrong. Perhaps Kyla will now see you in a more assertive light and be happy with that – enjoy getting fucked by you like she used to and have her ass spanked from time to time.”

“Or maybe you're right; and then what...”

“And then she'll want to take things further. She'll want to explore that part of her life. The thing is... it's not really for the submissive to actively explore – they need to be led. That's the whole point – the whole attraction from her side is giving away the control.”

“You mean she should be led by an experienced master! And I haven't a clue what I'm doing. Is that what you're saying?”

“No! It sounds like you made a hell of a good start. But you might need to keep it up. If you don't...”

“Then I've increased the chances of Kyla leaving me! Fuck! So, what should I do? I know how to fuck her, but I'm not so sure how to master her... and there're plenty of guys out there who I'm sure have that sort of experience. What should I do?”

“Look, don't panic. There are more experienced men out there, obviously; but they don't have Kyla – you do. And you have the most important thing to take this further...”

“So, you do know about the size of my cock!”

“Don’t be so glib. This is serious!”

“Okay... Her love!”

“That helps, but her trust is much more important. It was smart of you to raise that. It sounds like you were letting it slip away until you put that to her. Trust is essential, and you must never lose her trust by abusing the situation.”

“I wouldn’t,” I protested, shocked at such a notion.

“No. I’m sure you wouldn’t. Not intentionally. But make sure you keep yourself in control, as well as controlling Kyla... Now, regarding what to do – that’s for you to decide. I suggest you get on the net and do some reading. There are plenty of sites that deal with this sort of thing. Get some ideas and try them out. But tonight, when Kyla comes home... don’t have her dinner ready. Tell *her* to cook it or tell her to go out and fetch some fish and chips... anything as long as she’s doing it for you. It’s all about shifting the power. People like me do it for the duration of a session; but you and Kyla live together; so, you should consider taking control of things beyond the sex – with Kyla’s consent of course. She has to give you the power – it will never work if you try to take it – not with Kyla.”

“Yeah, I worked that out on Saturday – just in time, thank goodness!”

“Have you heard of Maslow?”

“Is he your latest stud? The Italian stallion! Don’t tell me he’s lasted into the third week!”

“You are such a pleb! No, he’s not my latest stud... that gentleman’s name is Mario, and yes, I am still seeing him. Maslow is a psychologist; or was, I would imagine he’s long dead. But anyway, when you do your research, look him up as well. He won’t give you any kinky tips like Mario could, but Maslow’s ‘Hierarchy of Needs’ is something you should be aware of. It would help you to do properly what I think you should do.”

“And that is?”

“I know it sounds extreme, but... well, it might be the answer... You’ve got all the right building blocks, and it would be one hell of an adventure... Enslave her! If you make Kyla your slave – a true loving slave who trusts her master – a master who doesn’t just give her brilliant sex, but understands her needs – whose goal is to help her reach self-actualisation, which is something you can read about for yourself. If you can do all that then she will never leave you.”

“Enslave her!”

“Why not? It’s about as kinky as it gets. For some people it is the ultimate in sexual fulfilment. It sounds like Kyla may have it within her. And you have her trust, so you are already halfway there. Ask for the power and decide how to use it. It might be the way to go.”

Chapter 5

Enslave her!

I wasn't sure how I felt about that. I wasn't sure exactly what it meant. But I certainly found the concept very exciting, vague as the notion still was.

Enslave my girlfriend!

Why not? I suppose it's every man's dream – to have a sex slave.

Enslave Kyla!

It was a hell of a thing to consider! And consider it I did! It ended up being another very thoughtful afternoon. Thank goodness I've got my work life under control and can keep it all ticking over whilst I sorted this out. Maslow's second layer that apparently is – but to Maslow and his hierarchy I shall come back later.

Enslaving Kyla!

What on earth would that entail? I knew that there are real slaves, shocking as that might be. It's an incredible fact that there are more slaves today in the Twenty-first Century than there were three hundred years ago when the Slave Trade was openly practiced. I saw this documentary about 'Human Traffic' and was stunned at the degree to which it goes on. Around the world there are millions of men, women and children who are for one reason or another, bought and paid for, and many are used for sexual purposes. But Kyla didn't

fall into that category. Kath had stated the obvious when she pointed out that she would have to be willing enslaved, not coerced through poverty, abduction, or drugs.

I was also aware of another aspect of this world; the sort of thing that is practiced in certain clubs around London. Master and slave, dominant and submissive, men and women who prefer clearly defined roles and enjoy the involvement of pain and humiliation in the sex they engaged in. I had always assumed it was very permissive – meat fucking anonymous meat and thrashing it in the process. Could a loving couple have any part in that? It sounded like an anomaly. It sounded quite interesting – my cock was throbbing and so bloody hard. If there was one thing that I knew that Kyla and I could do – it was being an anomaly – we were brilliant at that!

But would it work?

The more I thought about it, the more I became convinced that the answer was yes. Kath had underlined what I had already instinctively guessed – trust was the key to really taking the roles seriously – those permissive men and women could only go so far because the submissive female could never have the degree of trust that Kyla had for me. For them it was just another sexual encounter, satisfying a base animal need that involved the giving and receiving of pain. That's bottom layer stuff if you listen to Maslow – but as I said, we'll come to him later. In the permissive scenario, the transfer of power from submissive to dominant was very tightly bundled and kept within the confines of a single session. Steady loving couples had a much great challenge... and opportunity – for them it could permeate their whole lives.

Enslaving Kyla!

What an adventure it most certainly would be! But as I thought this through, I had plenty of concerns. The main one being that Kyla would storm off, disgusted that I should even consider such a thing – her becoming my slave! A bit of spanking was one thing – I bet lots of couples do some of that; but to formalise things – to try and enslave her. Now that was a very different kettle of fish!

But Kath had set me thinking. Maybe she would like to be dominated to that extent. And if I wasn't up to it, then perhaps she would look for someone who was. Panic hit me again. Was she already thinking about this as well? Was she already questioning if I could give her what she wanted – lead her down the path of subjugation with all the assertive dominance of an experienced master? Trust was all very well, but you still had to deliver – you still had to satisfy at Maslow's bottom layer and meet the physical needs. Perhaps Pandora's Box had indeed been opened, and all the shit was flying around just waiting to hit me in the face!

I had to find out what was going on in Kyla's mind. I wondered if I should do a repeat of Saturday and test out the waters in some sort of contrived way. Or just ask her straight out if she fancied stretching the boundaries some more.

Ask?

Why should I ask? If we were going to do this then I should tell her! I would be perfectly entitled to – she had given me licence. Well, she'd given me licence to push things a bit - but making her my slave – taking it beyond the sex! That would be more than spicing things up – that would be a fundamental

change in our relationship. Kyla would be my slave! My loving slave who would never leave me if I managed to do it right! That sexy young girl would be totally mine – her very existence centred on my pleasure. Think of the fun! Think of the fucks! I could even order her to take it up the ass! Think of the bliss of burying my cock in there – Kyla always ready and willing to be taken, spreading her cheeks at the snap of my fingers!

Fuck!

No! I mean FUCK!

I couldn't believe what happened right at that moment – I actually came in my pants!

As I sat at my desk and stifled the moan, then looked down at the embarrassing stain on my trousers, I had a sudden thought. Kath said during lunch that she would need to change her knickers! Christ, I just realised that she actually would have done that. She probably had a spare pair in her bag.

Smart!

Smarter than me!

I suddenly felt out of my depth.

Enslaving Kyla!

Lovingly enslaving her! The idea of doing that was incredibly exciting – the evidence was there all wet and sticky. But was it wrong to even consider? And if it wasn't - had I the capacity to do it? Had I the capacity to help her attain self-actualisation?

How the fuck should I know? I didn't even know what it was. It was time to check out Maslow - which I did straight after I went to the toilet, using a folder to conceal my disgraceful state.

Okay – so here's what I found out after I'd cleaned up my mess, and I'm going to keep it brief and simple.

Maslow reckons we have five layers of needs, and they sit as this pyramid in the shifting sands of modern life. Only when you have cracked the layer below can you operate at the one above – hence the hierarchy.

At the bottom is the layer of Physical Needs – like eating and breathing, that sort of thing. I can see the point – if you are drowning in a lake and can't breathe any more, you're hardly likely to be worrying about what to watch on telly later that night. Sex sits down here as well according to Maslow – the pure act of fucking being a physical need. I'm not totally convinced about that – I think sex permeates every one of his levels, but I'm not going to debate it; I'm just stating his opinion. But you see now what I mean about delivering for Kyla. If I couldn't crack it here by yielding the firm hand, then I'd fall at the first fence.

Layer two is the Safety Needs – like having a roof over your head and some money coming in; being protected from the thugs that roam our streets. That certainly puts a lot of onus on a master, who has to make sure all this happens. I'm the man of the house, bigger and stronger and have a better paid job than Kyla – so I naturally fit the bill, but it never occurred to me that I should be fully responsible like some Victorian gentleman with his lady, or a sheik with his harem of women

with no rights. Enslaving Kyla meant that I would have to take this on board and apply some modern flavour to it. And there was me thinking it was only about getting my end away when I wanted. Maslow was turning into a hell of a scary guy when you applied his psychology to loving enslavement.

Which leads me nicely on to layer three, which is Love / Belonging Needs. Now I bet you thought love would be at the top of the pyramid – that shining beacon we all strive for. Well apparently not, say's Maslow – it's only half way there. But it is at this layer the majority of people tend to aspire to – settling for only half the deal. Okay, so some of us settle for great sex at layer one, but the more advanced homo-sapiens like my good self, strive for this dizzy height. And in my case, I actually like layer three, finding love and nurturing it - as long as the sex is great as well, but with Maslow that's taken for granted.

'Love' can be a confusing word however – 'belonging' is better when it comes to Maslow – it's that sense of being part of something that you can depend on, like the family or the clan, or a loving relationship where trust exists. The sort of thing that Kyla and I have, and I was thinking of upsetting. But I feared that I was already failing at layer one, so I had to tear our hierarchy down and built it again with new foundations. You see, I realised that whilst Kyla and I had made it to layer three, we were unlikely to go any higher – we would never crack it as things stood. There was love and trust, but we weren't open. I, for example, had been guessing how she felt, wondering why she wasn't enjoying the sex so much. I didn't ask her. I didn't dare. That's how shaky our foundations were. But as her master I would certainly raise the

subject, and Kyla would tell me, we would work it out. ‘Tan my ass more, tie me up, scream and shout and call me a slut... or just tell me that you love me - that’s all I need to hear.’ Whatever it was, we would sort it out. I could now see how this might work, if only I had the balls to try it.

Now layer four is where I thought there would be a problem – for this is where we move on to Esteem Needs. Assuming you sort out all that love and belonging stuff, then it is your esteem that now becomes the daily focus. I could see straight off how that works for the master, but the slave would surely have an issue. With a bit more consideration, however, it dawned on me that it depended on the mindset. For a start, you’re only ever going to get a shot at this layer if the ones below are sorted – and that’s the job of the master to do, for he has been given the control. The slave has freedom, if that makes sense, to focus on less worldly things. It’s the slave’s job to focus on giving her master pleasure and obedience, and that in itself leads to esteem if she manages to do it well. It struck me that the path is actually easier for the slave. It’s the master who has to do all the tough stuff, using his brain to nurture his slave and protect her from the wolf at the door.

Now we have already mentioned layer five – it’s the Self Actualisation Need. It’s a bit airy fairy – sort of making the most of yourself and being the best that you can. Not an easy thing to do in the modern world where temptations are everywhere. Monks in seclusion might get here, but for most of us we’re floundering at the lower layers. Yet in a tightly structured relationship where roles are clearly defined, I could see that it might be possible to find moments of self-actualisation – to be the perfect master – to be the perfect slave

– loving, trusting... and brilliant sex! A lofty goal, but I could see Kath's point – if you found that sort of thing – you would never give it up. There is only one way you can go from here, and that's down the slippery slope of the pyramid. If this was my goal – to bring Kyla here – not just smack her ass and get her to come when I fucked her. Then this would be the greatest thing I could do, and I would be given the greatest reward... Kyla would never leave me. At least that's how Maslow sees it. And I was happy to give it a go.

But would Kyla?

Perhaps she might. I reckoned that Kath had got it right again. Kyla had been so passionate, so utterly turned on by the way I had acted. That's what she wanted – that what she needed – not good old Robbie fucking her nicely. Who needs nice when you can have a firm hand!

I was sure she'd be interested to at least push things further. She'd really been turned on by the spanking session, and with me taking the dominant role. And the truth was that I had been so turned on as well. The reality was, that whilst I might doubt myself and my novice status – I really enjoyed taking on that role. It wasn't just Kyla that might want to explore more. I wanted to as well. As I consider this through, I realised that I wanted to take this journey with Kyla and see where it led us to. It was no longer a means of spicing things up so I could hold onto the girlfriend that I loved with all my heart. It was now something I felt I needed to do, not just to keep Kyla, but to satisfy a new burning passion.

Pandora's Box had indeed been opened.

Well that was just fine and dandy by me!

Let the shit fly!

I'll bloody well handle it!

I was going to be a master!

Whatever that means!

I just needed to get Kyla to agree!

Chapter 6

“Hiya, sexy! What’s for dinner?”

Kyla wandered into the lounge and threw her kit bag on the floor. It had just gone seven in the evening, which was her normal time for getting home on a Monday after spending an hour at the local health club, knocking out a ridiculous number of lengths in the pool. It was all part of the comfortable routine I was determined to upset. But the good news was that Kyla sounded pretty chirpy. Our weekend of riotous fucking had put her in a very good mood. I hoped that it would last for the rest of the evening.

I tossed the magazine I had been reading onto the coffee table and turned my head to face her. She looked great – healthily flushed, her hair still tousled and damp. And she was wearing a skirt instead of her normal jeans, showing off her long shapely legs to have way up the thighs.

“Chinese, I think,” was my answer. “You can order some up, but there’s no rush. I had quite a big lunch so I’m not all that hungry. You’re probably starving though, after all that swimming.”

“Yeah, I am,” replied Kyla looking at me warily, wondering what was up. I always cooked on Monday. I cook most of the time, another anomaly of our un-stereotyped relationship – Kyla’s pretty crap in the kitchen, so this was coming as something of a surprise.

“No worries,” I said as I stood up. My cock was hard and out of my flies. I pointed it in Kyla’s direction. “You can have a starter. How about some prime British beef!”

“Want to fuck me again, do you?” she said grinning at my erection, but she made no move to come and play with it. “You’re becoming insatiable, Robbie!”

“Yeah, I want to fuck you. And I’m going to be fucking you, but that’ll be after my dinner. First, I want you over here and on your knees. You said you were hungry, so come and eat this.”

“But... I’ve only just got in,” she protested, falling back on her normal coy persona.

“Exactly!” I shouted, stunning us both with the sound. “Whilst I’ve been here for over an hour... waiting! And I don’t want to be waiting any longer. Now get your ass over here and sink to your knees. You don’t suck my cock nearly enough – that’s something that needs to change.”

As I earlier mentioned, this was very true. I mean she does it, but she never really goes to town with her mouth. Oral sex tends to be more of a preamble to the main event of me fucking her cunt.

During our first year together before routines came along, she did suck me off a few times. So much was new to her, and she wanted to try lots of things out. But she never threw herself into it like she does when she’s getting fucked. Lay Kyla on her back with her legs in the air and that girl can put out like a whore. But when it comes to blowjobs, she’s somewhat tentative; and as I’ve already proudly stated, I’m a well-hung man, so taking all of my dick orally can be quite a challenge if

you're not seriously into that sort of thing. On the one occasion that I managed to feed her it all and got my cock down her throat, she didn't like it very much. So naturally being the nice considerate boyfriend, I refrained from pushing it and settled for her cunt. It was never a big deal. I love fucking Kyla – I'd much sooner do that than fuck her throat – or so I had always assumed... until today! Today I wanted to find out if that was still the case. Today we were going to find out quite a few things.

Kyla still hadn't moved. She was looking at my dick, sizing it up like she'd never seen it before. I held it at the base and teasingly waved it, beckoning my girl to come over. She flicked her eyes up to my face and saw the sincerity that was planted there. Not forced this time like I had contrived on Saturday – this was for real – I wanted her to obey. I wanted her to do this whether she enjoyed it or not – to at least give it a go for my pleasure and put her own aside, to grant me the power. If I was going to enslave her then it had to be done properly – no Mr. Nice Guy all the time.

"I'm waiting!" I said with an ominous growl to my voice. "And I told you Kyla, I've waited long enough. Now get on your knees, girl. Or believe me – there'll be trouble."

She let out a sort of nervous laugh. Her eyes flicked between my eyes and my cock. Then finally she moved. I could see she was shaking – a mixture of fear and excitement going on. When she got to within a yard of me, she fell to her knees and sat there looking expectantly up at me, her face directly in front of my dick.

I reached out and grabbed a handful of her damp hair.

“Put your hands behind your back, Kyla, and hold them by the wrists.”

She did as I ordered. Her breathing grew deep, her fear increasing as her control was stripped away, as she accepted the transfer of power in this session that was now underway. In the past when she sucked my cock, she would hold the base. That was the safety net that I was taking away.

“Now open your mouth, Kyla. Open it wide.”

She immediately complied, gasping in air as she did so. I left her like that for several seconds, just basking in the moment. Here was my gorgeous girlfriend kneeling at my feet, hands clasped behind her back, with her mouth held wide open and my swollen cock bobbing inches away from her face.

Finally, I could wait no longer. Still holding her hair, I used my other hand to grip the base of my shaft and wiped my glans over her face, pre-cum trailing behind in its wake to leave a smear over Kyla’s lovely sweet features. I prodded the knob into the corner of her eye then dragged it down the length of her nose. I ran the glans around her O-shaped lips then with a gentle thrust I placed it in Kyla’s mouth.

She immediately closed her lips around the shaft and started to suck my knob. She sucked it well; her tongue darted all around, sensually washing the sensitive head. She was putting in more of an effort than I could recall in a while. Perhaps she thought she might get off lightly and I would settle for this rare treat. But there was no chance of that. I fully intended to assert my mastery – and that would mean fucking Kyla’s throat!

Taking control over my submissive girlfriend, I began to thrust my cock in and out of her mouth. I released my grip on the shaft and placed it behind her head so that I was holding her by the hair to the side and back. I held her head steady and began to fuck her mouth. After several strokes, each more insistent than the last, I finally felt my cock bump the back of her mouth.

Immediately Kyla began to gag, and the sound of her gagging on my cock, only served to turn me on further. Completely in control now, and loving the sensation of dominating my girlfriend, I began to fuck her mouth in earnest. With each thrust I pushed my cock against the back of Kyla's mouth causing her to gag repeatedly. Eventually, I began to thrust even harder until I finally felt my cock pop into Kyla's throat.

Fuck did that feel good!

As I said, I had only breached Kyla's gullet the once, and when I did, it wasn't for long. And being the good faithful boyfriend, I never strayed, so it had been many a long year since my cock had been down a throat and held there for more than a few seconds.

I held it now!

I held it and looked down at the horny sight of Kyla's panic ridden face. I had only fed my knob to her throat so there was still a couple of inches of my shaft visible outside her widespread mouth. That added to the effect – the threat ominous but not yet fully delivered. Her eyes were wide open, bulging out the sockets; a glint of moisture forming. She was trying in vain to breath – fear of asphyxiation adding to her panic.

But she accepted. She consented. She made no attempt to pull back control and bring her hands forward to push me away. If she had done so, I would have relented – I knew that was the way it had to be. But Kyla's hands remained behind her back. She obeyed and let me use her.

I savoured the moment and the wonderful sensation. I kept my knob in her gullet for maybe half a minute, which for a swimmer like Kyla, who has trained herself to hold her breath underwater, should have been no problem at all. But when I eventually pulled out enough of my dick to allow her to breathe, she sucked in the air like she had been under for several minutes. Not to worry. She had the skill – it was only a question of practice and then I was sure Kyla would crack it.

I gave her no choice. Once she filled her lungs I thrust back in and was once again impaling her throat with hard meat. This time I pushed a little bit deeper, so that only an inch of my cock was denied her. I held it again then repeated the process of pulling out so she could breathe. Then I thrust all the way back in, slamming my groin into her face. Shit I almost came – it felt so bloody good – the physical sensation and the mental thrill of domination was such an amazing combination.

Control! That was the key. Control my girl and control myself. So, I held myself deep, gripping her tightly as I pulled myself back from the brink of orgasm. I found some calm in this wonderful storm. Then I began to slowly throat fuck her.

Christ, what a buzz!

I had throat fucked a few girls before, but never like this; holding them by the hair, using them, the girl kneeling submissively and taking the shafting. It felt brilliant, but there

was a problem - the curve of her neck made it a little painful on my dick and was making the penetration rather jerky. Laying her on her back with her head tilted backward would have sorted that out, but I preferred the idea of her kneeling before me. So, I pushed her downwards until her ass was on her heels and forced her head back to align her mouth with her gullet. Then standing astride her, I started to seriously throat fuck her, slamming my groin into her turned up face.

It was still a bit painful on my dick as it was now getting pulled downwards, but that mattered little. I was able to shaft Kyla's gullet cleanly, and did so with wild abandon, thrusting my shaft real hard and fast in and out of the tightness of her throat. I have to say I got a bit carried away and banged at Kyla's face without much in the way of consideration. I could hear her gasp for air from time to time, so I knew she wasn't suffocating. And Kyla was no idiot – if she was genuinely suffering beyond her limit then she would have used her hands to try and push me away.

She didn't!

She accepted!

So, I pounded my cock into her, and fucked a throat like I'd never fucked one before – totally dominant and masterful!

I reckon I kept this up for a good five minutes, getting gloriously lost in the incredible sensation and the feeling power and domination. What a trip I was having!

And as for Kyla?

Well, through my lust induced haze I eventually noticed that my kneeling submissive girlfriend had finally unclasped her

hands. But she hadn't used them as a means to fend me off; she had dared to bring them round to the front, pushed them under her skirt, and was rubbing furiously at her crotch.

I pulled my dick all the way out of her mouth and still holding the back of her head by the hair, I released the grip to the side and slapped her across the face, stinging her cheek and turning it pink with the blow.

"Did I give you permission to do that?" I yelled.

"No. Sorry!" she replied, a few tears rolled down from her sapphire eyes.

"No Sir!" I screamed. "When you are on your knees before me, you will call me Sir. Understood?"

"Yes! Yes, Sir!" she gasped, her sweet upturned face a picture of fear and lust.

"Do you wish to finger your cunt, Kyla?"

"Yes, Sir!"

"Then you may do so. You may play with yourself as I fuck your throat. Take off your knickers so you have better access. Do it quickly before I change my mind."

"Yes, Sir! Thank you, Sir."

She fumbled around under her skirt and pulled her knickers down to her knees then slipped them under her legs and finally kicked them off whilst still on her knees. I caught a glimpse of her cunt as she performed this task and was pleased to see it looked moist and puffy. The girl might be in agony having her throat violated, but my assertion of authority was clearly pressing the right sexual buttons.

“You may come as well. In fact, I insist that you do. But not before I have. Only when you feel the first blast of my spunk hit your gullet do have my permission to come. Is that clear?”

“Yes!”

I gave her another hard smack on the chops.

“Yes what!”

“Yes, Sir!”

“Another mistake like that and your hands go back behind you and you won’t be coming tonight, my girl.”

Then I took my cock and rammed it back into her mouth and continued to rut at my girlfriend’s face. As I fucked her gullet, good and hard, Kyla rubbed furiously at her pussy. And the harder and deeper I fucked her throat the more frantic was Kyla’s own self pleasuring. The pair of us were adrift in this wild and novel stormy sex.

I reckon I went on for another couple of minutes, but it was way too intense to hold back for long. I didn’t want to try. I wanted it raw, fast and brutal – using Kyla’s mouth and throat as a receptacle for my passion. I could hear her groaning loudly round my dick, gasping for air whenever she got the chance. She was being violently taken, totally used and abuse, but by God she was getting seriously off on it all.

And of course, I was as well. I could feel my orgasm begin to build; my balls were aching, ready to explode. Then with one final thrust, I buried my cock deeply into Kyla’s throat until my balls were resting against her chin. I let loose the first few spurts of cum into her throat, forcing her to swallow it before I

quickly pulled out and began to shoot the remainder of my load all over my girlfriend's face and in her hair.

Kyla was panting as the spunk lashed across her. Her tongue came out and swiped all around as she tried to capture and have a taste of my release. She was rubbing away furiously at her swollen cunt then she let out a mighty screech.

“Oh! Oh! Oh! AAAAGH!”

God, she looked incredible. Her body was shaking as her orgasm ripped through it. Her eyes were rolling back in their sockets; her mouth was gasping and panting out her climax. Strands of spunk covered her face, and more of my mess gurgled out over her lips. It was such an incredibly raunchy sight; I think it forced on me another climax for more spunk started to fire from my cock. Again, I sprayed it over Kyla's face, giving her a facial to remember. Then when the spurting was over and turned into a final dribble, I smacked Kyla's cheeks, one then the other, smearing the semen all over.

By the time we were both spent my legs were shaking. Panting and exhausted I slumped to the floor where Kyla was still kneeling and rubbing her cunt. I knelt beside her and took her in my arms. That might not be masterful, but it's what I wanted to do. I would read the info as Kath had suggested, surf the net and get some ideas, but at the end of the day it was me and Kyla, and if I wanted to hug her then I bloody well would. Who cares what an experienced master would do? She was my girlfriend and I still loved her to bits. So, I hugged her, and I kissed her; I wiped up my mess from her face and I fed it to her. She sucked it lovingly from my fingers as I stroked her

damp spunk matted hair. She wrapped her arms around me as well and between kisses she whispered in my ear.

“Thank you. That was brilliant. Thank you, Sir.”

She called me Sir, even though the sex was finished.

I hugged her all the tighter. I reckoned her enslavement was coming along just fine.

Chapter 7

“So, you really like this sort of stuff?” I asked having scoffed another piece of Kung Pao chicken.

“God, yes!” gushed Kyla in reply. “I wasn’t too sure about the throat fucking, but once you got started, I definitely got into it. Odd, because I’d never liked that sort of thing before, but the way you did it – making me do it. That made it... I don’t know. It just turned me on, and the agony that was there, it didn’t matter – in a way it made it better. Does that make sense?”

“Sort of,” I said, grinning merrily away. Whatever the outcome, at least we were talking - both of us opening up about sex and the way we saw each other.

“And you obviously like it. Heavens, Robbie, I never realised. Why didn’t you say?”

“I didn’t realise till recently, but then I got this idea in my head. You know how much I adore your ass. I wondered what it would be like to spank it. After that I just had to do it.”

Kyla reached over and slapped me lightly on the arm. “So that was planned on Saturday!” she jokingly accused. “I thought so. I’m not complaining though. I thought it was brilliant. I’ve been horny all day. It hurts every time I sit down, and that brings it back. I haven’t been able to stop thinking about it. I did actually consider skipping my swimming so I could come home early. I wanted you to fuck me again and do it hard and

mean like you were on Saturday. God, I loved it – you were a beast! I couldn't get enough of the fucking you gave me. I want more now. You really are one hell of a stud, Robbie.”

She had never said that before. She had said during sex how much she enjoyed the fucking, but that was normal, everyone did that. In the heat of passion such words come easy. But to say it when we were sitting at the dining table, eating the food Kyla had ordered up after she had showered – well that was something else! She couldn't get enough of the fucking I gave her! She called me a beast! She called me one hell of a stud! And she wasn't trying to butter me up – she was giving me her honesty. Have you any idea what that did for my esteem – put that in your pipe Professor Maslow – Robbie had just made it to layer four. And yes – it felt bloody good. I don't think I had ever felt happier. But I wanted to try. I wanted to go further. I wanted to sit at the top of the pyramid and shout out like Leonardo, 'I'm the king of the world!' And I wanted Kyla to be sitting there with me – my queen, and my slave, happy to be both.

“It's easy to be a stud when I've got someone like you to fuck,” I said, knowing that it was my job to nurture as well, wanting to give the praise that was needed. “I couldn't get enough of it either. I'm always hot for you, Kyla, you must know that; but seeing your ass all red after I'd spanked it – it drove me wild for you. I still am. I'm dying to have another look at it; maybe give it a few more smacks to warm it up again then spend the rest of the night riding you. But let's wait till we've finished dinner.”

“Yeah, okay,” she said, grinning from ear to ear – her own esteem given a well-deserved boost.

“So, I’ve been springing this on you,” I continued, determined to reach some formal understanding before getting down to some more dirty sex. “But now it’s out in the open, I want to take a check. I’m happy to spring some more surprises, but I need to be sure you’re interested in taking this further. I don’t want to turn you off me by going too far.”

“Turn me off you!” said Kyla, laughing at the idea. “I can’t see that happening. It’s having the opposite effect. I told you, I can’t wait to get fucked again... But what else are you planning?”

“It would spoil the surprise if I told you,” I said, forcing some sternness into my voice. “Let’s just say I have a few ideas.”

Kyla gave a shrug as if accepting, but she couldn’t let it go. “Okay, I’ve enjoyed it all so far. Makes things a lot more interesting; but without being too specific, how far do you want to go?”

“I’m not really sure,” I said, which was a bit of a white lie. “I do want to go further, though – a lot further, I think. See where it takes us and see how we feel.”

She looked at me warily, trying to second guess. “Do you want to smack me about all the time? Is that what you mean?”

“No! Well, maybe a little, but not in some sick sort of way. It has to be good for you as well; so, I’d make sure you got your kicks. Spanking your ass was great, though, and I’d certainly like to do it again.”

“Me too! Bit embarrassing at the sports club, though. I didn’t dare take a shower. I wouldn’t want...”

“Yeah, I know. That’s all part of what we’d have to work out... What I would have to work out, because it has to be me who decides and controls things. That’s the whole point. That’s the real buzz... me being in control and you doing what I say.”

Kyla paused to consider this. I was pushing her quite fast here, which wasn’t exactly what I’d planned, but I was getting so carried away by what we had done and all the possibilities that lay before us, I couldn’t hold back. I was presenting things that I had taken time to dwell on, hoping that she would arrive at the same conclusion in minutes rather than hours or days.

“Yeah... I definitely like it,” she eventually said. “But does that make me pathetic. Do you think it makes me pathetic to want you to take control when we’re having sex... that I like it when you get rough? I don’t want you to think me pathetic, Robbie.”

There it was – that esteem issue that I had worried about. “I don’t,” I replied honestly. “I love you; you know that. It makes me love you more. It makes me want you more. I couldn’t fuck you the way I did if I thought you were pathetic – it’s the opposite I feel. And I’ll be sensible. I want you to keep up the swimming for example, and keep your body looking great, so no marks that would show and make you want to cover up.”

“That would be important.”

“Unless of course you did something to seriously piss me off...”

“I won’t do that... Oh God, my pussy is twitching. Just talking about it makes me randy as hell. It’s like sex without the actual sex.”

“Well, isn’t that how it should be? That’s what I want... to be permanently hot for each other even when we’re not fucking. So, I think we should extend this beyond the sex, or bring the non-physical sex into other parts of our lives.”

“Like how?”

“Like you doing what I tell you.”

“Such as?”

“Such as, Kyla – I’d like a glass of chilled white wine with my meal.”

She looked at me, wondering if I was serious. Serious about taking things this far, serious about the wine and the statement I’d just made – a statement that could be taken as an order, and certainly would be if you were a slave.

“Okay... I’ll get you a glass of wine.”

She went off and came back a moment later with a bottle from the fridge and two glasses. She opened the bottle and poured some into one glass then placed it in front of me. The bottle she placed in the middle of the table along with the other glass. Then she sat back down and looked at me waiting.

“Thank you, Kyla.”

I took a long pull and made a show of smacking my lips.

“Nice! Very nice! Just the thing to go with spicy food like this. What about you, Kyla? Would you like some chilled white wine as well?”

“Why yes, Robbie, I would... and I’m sorry – that is taking things too far! I’m not going to wait on you hand and foot and have to ask permission to have a glass of wine. If that’s the

sort of girlfriend, you want then you should order one from Thailand or some such place.”

She picked up the bottle and started to pour into the glass. I stretched over and tilted the bottle back. She looked at me challengingly.

“Stop,” I said quietly but firmly.

She did. She froze. It was a very tense moment.

“I asked you on Saturday and now I’m going to ask you again... Do you trust me, Kyla?”

“Yes. I trust you,” she said, although the words were tainted with a tone of suspicion.

“Then have faith that I won’t abuse the situation. Let me take you on a trip of a lifetime. It will be an amazing thrill. An adventure! At least give it a try. Tonight... tomorrow... a week! Give me a week and then we can both decide if we want to carry on.”

“A trial!” she stated, mulling it over. “With you running some sort of show... lots of interesting surprises coming my way. I do nothing other than obey you... I might rebel and tell you to go fuck yourself.”

“You might - that would be for you to decide. And I might punish you, and nastily so... but I would never abuse the situation. And I’ve no intentions of turning into some kept couch-potato slob and have you running after me all the time, even for a week. But for this to be a real adventure, not just something we do to spice up the sex then put it away when we’re finished, we have to take it more seriously and let it permeate everything we do. So... put down the bottle, get

down on your knees under the table, take out my cock and give it a long lick. Then pull out my balls and give each one a kiss. Tell me you're sorry for doubting me and ask my forgiveness."

It seemed like an eternity before Kyla moved her hands then placed the bottle back on the table. I could barely breathe when she slid off her chair and crawled under the table. I felt her hands stroking my thighs then move up to my groin. Slowly she pulled my flies down. She found my cock which was rigidly hard, swelling out the clean pair of pants I'd put on as soon as I'd got home. She stroked it lovingly then prised it out from under the pants, pulling them down to snag under my balls. She brought the whole package from out of the flies then drew her tongue along the length of the cock's underbelly, first tickling my ball sack then working her way up till she was lapping at my drizzling glans. She licked it again and again, smothering her face in the solid hot flesh. Then keeping it held gently in her hand, she sunk to my balls and kissed them one at a time.

"I'm sorry Robbie," she said, breathing the words onto my sex. "No! I'm on my knees – I forgot – sorry about that as well. I'm sorry, Sir, for doubting you. The last few days have been incredible, and I want them to carry on in some form or other, but I'm just not sure how I'll feel about some things. I'll give it a try, though. One week... For one week I'll give it a go and do what you say. Then after that... who knows what will happen."

She licked the length again, taking the knob into her mouth at the end and giving it a delicious suck. I reached under the table and stroked her hair.

“Thank you, Kyla. Now get up then sit down. Leave my cock out, though. It’ll be going up your fanny in a few minutes, so there’s no point in putting it away.”

Kyla obeyed, giving my shaft a final lingering lick before she did so.

“Pour out the rest of your wine, and take a taste,” I said.

Smiling merrily away, Kyla did as I told her.

“And how did that taste?” I asked once she’d put the glass back down.

She shook her head as if she couldn’t quite believe it. “Honestly?” she asked.

“I expect nothing less from you. I demand your honesty at all times.”

“Well in that case... Sir... It tasted better than it would have done if I’d drunk it earlier. It tasted better because you allowed it. How bizarre is that? God, I’m feeling so randy!”

“Good!” I said, thrilled beyond belief; and feeling randy as a goat as well. “Because I’m going to fuck your brains out now! Clear the dishes away then come back to the table. I think we might as well start here... Oh yeah! And a one-piece swimsuit!”

“What?”

“Put on a one-piece swimsuit. These clothes you are wearing at the moment don’t really do it for me. I reckon we need to have a close look at your wardrobe; but for tonight, a one piece and nothing else. An old one, because it’ll probably end up getting ripped off you! Now hurry!”

Chapter 8

“Taking me to lunch two days in a row, Robbie! People will be thinking all sorts of things are going on. Of course, they don’t know the half of it... which is probably just as well!”

“I need your advice.” I said, declining to engage Kath in our usual bitchy verbal foreplay and getting straight to the point.

Kath raised her eyebrows and threw me an inquisitive look that was bordering on seductive. “I hope this is about your progress with Kyla; or is it a lack of progress, hence your obvious desperation to pick my brains.”

Of course, it was about Kyla and the latest developments. What else did I have in my life at the moment – it dominated everything. I gave Kath a quick low down on the previous evening, outlining what happened, but sparing Kath the finer details of the brutal deep-throating I inflicted on Kyla and the hours of fucking that took place after dinner. It was the conversation during dinner that I focused on and the arrangement that was now in place.

“Hmmm,” was all she had to offer when I asked her what she thought.

“Hmmm! Is that the best you can come up with, Kath? This is a monumental development and all you can say is, hmmm!”

“Hmmm!”

“I’ll smack you one, if you do that again!”

“Tempting! But I don’t allow for that sort of thing in public. What do you want from me here, Robbie?”

“I want you to tell me that I’m doing a first-class job and then I want your advice on how to tackle the week ahead.”

“Hmmm.”

“Kath!”

“Well, I don’t see the point of it, really. Why are you rushing? Kyla is obviously interested in taking things further, so why force the issue? I think you would have been better to build up to this point rather than jump in at the deep end after only a few days. Are you really sure you’re ready for this?”

She waited for an answer. I gave her a worried look.

“You’re not, are you?” she replied on my behalf. “That’s why you’ve dragged me out here and forced me to listen to your sordid tales of depravity.”

“I thought I was ready,” I admitted. “I wanted to be ready. Now I’m not so sure if I am.”

It sounded pathetic, but it was true. After all the bravado and masterly control that I exerted before and during dinner, and which then moved on to an evening of raunchy shagging and a ruined swim suite, and even to another fuck this morning; in the cold light of day as I travelled to work, the enormity of the undertaking hit me square in the face and I’d been slowly simmering up a panic that was now about to reach full boil.

“Tell Kyla that it’s too soon, I’m sure she’ll understand,” said Kath. Which wasn’t very helpful – I’d already considered that.

“I can’t back down now. I would lose face,” I replied.

She shook her head in exasperation. “You’re supposed to be the master – you can do what you bloody well like!”

“You know that’s not true – not in this sort of enslavement. And anyway - that’s a conundrum,” I told her. “How can I be the master and then tell her that I don’t want to be. It’s exactly what I’m worried about – Kyla thinking I’m not up to it. If I change my mind, she’ll think I’m not serious. She’ll think I’ve got cold feet and I’m not up to the job. And you’re right... Again! It would have been better to have taken things slower, but I got so carried away with the idea of formalising the roles. Now I’ve gone and set myself for failure.”

“Sounds like it’s going, fine,” she said reassuringly; throwing me some sympathy for a change.

“The sex bit is – the pure sex that is. It’s going brilliantly. But that’s not the be all and end all of this sort of thing – is it Kath? And I’m not sure what else to be doing.”

“I told you to do some research.”

“I did – I read up on Maslow. He gave me lots to think about. Thanks for that one. But there’s a time issue now. Obviously, I can’t look into anything perverted at work. I can spare some time, but the firewalls would stop me getting at the sort of stuff I’m interested in – too risky as well. And I can’t research at home. Over the next week I have to be actively doing, not passively researching. So...”

“So... you want to be a fully skilled master by the time you get home tonight. Lord! You have got yourself into a pickle, haven’t you?”

“Hmmm!”

“Have you got any ideas about what to do tonight? You seem to have been winging it pretty well so far.”

“No – I just told her to be home when I got back. And my boss has called a meeting late this afternoon which will undoubtedly drag on and on, so I’ll probably be home late which isn’t a good start.”

“Nonsense! It’s perfect. Be late. Keep her waiting – it will put her on edge.”

“But I want her to enjoy this!” I almost yelled.

Kath threw me a scowl which told me to behave and lower my voice. It was a very effective glare! I still couldn’t believe she liked to be bossed around when it came to sex; she could be so assertive – but then Kyla can be as well in some situations.

“You’re looking at it from the wrong angle,” Kath said after I’d calmed myself down. “If you want to do this, then you have to remember that you’re not necessarily trying to please her all the time – she’s the one who’s supposed to be pleasing you. If you’re late, then you’re late. Use the fact that you’ve had a stressful day even though work had nothing to do with it. Kyla doesn’t need to know that you spent most of the time fretting about her. Kyla’s role is to help you unwind after a hectic day, regardless of what sort of day she’s had.”

“A good fuck will help me do that.”

“Fine, then tell her that’s what you want. And I’m sure she’ll oblige – it doesn’t sound too demanding... or like too much of a fundamental change in the relationship.”

“Yeah, I know. Having all this sex is brilliant, but I’m sure in time the novelty will wear off, like it did when we first got

together. And then what's left? Back to square one if I haven't put anything else in place. That's what I'm not sure about – all those peripherals. As I said to you before – I know how to fuck her, but I'm not sure how to enslave her. But I want to, and I think she wants me to as well. She wants me to try. And I want to succeed.”

“Look Robbie, you obviously want to take this seriously. But for heaven's sake, don't put too much pressure on this trial week you have set up. Don't worry about the possibility that Kyla might not want to extend it. That doesn't mean you've failed.”

“But I would have.”

“Nonsense! You're doing a trial to see how you both feel. If it's not what Kyla wants, then you still have a basis for living together. You can still push the boundaries of the sex but keep it to that. Don't try to force on her something she doesn't want. In the long run that wouldn't be good for either of you.”

“Yeah, you're right. But I still want to give it my best shot. My concern is that she'll decide that she does want it – but I was so useless, she doesn't want it with me.”

“I'll give *you* a smack if you don't stop beating yourself up here! You're doing great! You've got the magic back – which is what you wanted – so stop worrying about Kyla leaving you. It's not going to happen – not unless you do something really dumb.”

“All right. But I'd still like this week to work. It's the most exciting thing I've ever done. I feel so alive. Give me a few pointers, will you?”

Kath searched me with hard eyes; then she gave me a smile and such softness, her affection all too clear. “Okay,” she said then took a moment to collect her thoughts before offering up some practical advice. “The thing you have to remember is that this type of enslavement is about transfer of power. The submissive wants to do that – she is willingly giving the dominant partner the power.”

“Right, I remember that from yesterday. But there’s more to it than just bossing her about.”

“Of course! There are so many ways you can exert power over a submissive. And over time, if you persist, you and Kyla will come to realise the extent you are prepared to go to. You will establish your limits. For example - does it stay within the house, or even just within the metaphorical bedroom? Do you exercise control when in company of others, and if so, with whom? Do you want her to stop working and become a full-time slave?”

“No!” I interrupted. “That would be ridiculous!”

“Not all masters would agree. Many husbands still don’t want their wife to go out to work, and that isn’t deemed as enslavement, just chauvinism. But I agree – it would be taking things way too far; certainly, during a trial week. Although in time you might think differently. But for the time being, you might want to think about ways to control her when at work, or any place outside the home.”

“Such as?” I asked, intrigued by the idea. I hadn’t even considered taking our role play outside the flat. But perhaps there lay a problem with my thinking – this should be more

than play – this should be real; and reality existed outside our flat, and our relationship needed defining there as well.

Kath must have noted a renewed panic on my face as another facet of the challenge struck me. She reached out and gave my hand a reassuring pat. “You’ve already taken a step in what you did last night, which shows you have a natural flair for this, Robbie.”

“What was that?”

“Making her wear the swimsuit.”

I broke into a grin, recalling the thrill of watching Kyla wander around in her Lycra. How I had pulled the material down to bring out her tits, and aside at the crotch to expose her cunt, slipped her my cock and fucked her for a while, then put things back in order and watched her again until I couldn’t resist repeating the process.

“Yeah, she looks great in a swimsuit!” I gleefully reported.

“But how does that carry outside?”

“Would you stop thinking with your cock for a few minutes, Robbie!” Kath chastised. “I’m sure she looks great in a swimsuit, and it was a good move... but that’s Kyla’s comfort clothing. She’s a swimmer, so she thinks nothing of wearing a suit. Put her in something she’s not so comfortable with, that you have bought for her – that would make her much more conscious of the clothing. So, buy her something on the way home – something you would like to see her in, but Kyla probably wouldn’t normally go for. Then extend it to her life outside the flat. Make her go to work one day in something unusual – it doesn’t need to be embarrassing – it’s Kyla who has to be conscious of it, not anyone else, unless you’re trying

to humiliate her – which of course is another means of exercising control.”

“God! Do your men make you wear kinky gear to work then? I’ve never noticed you in anything unusually tarty.”

“Hmmm! I’ve had my moments, although not with external appearance – that’s one of my boundaries. But as I said – it’s not necessarily about other people’s perception of the submissive. So, it can be something that only she is aware of. I once came to work with some love balls in my snatch. God, what a day that was! And the sex when I went home was riotous.”

“Love balls!” I exclaimed, gawping at her.

“Yes, another means by which you can make sure Kyla is thinking about you when you’re not around – aware of the control over her life that she has given you. Again, it’s all a matter of defining limits.”

“Shit! Anything else?”

“You have to get her to do things for you, obviously. Bossing her around as you say...Who’s cooking tonight?”

“I suppose it better be Kyla,” I replied without enthusiasm. “God, maybe I should have gone for something more substantial than this salad for lunch. She’s not the best of cooks... and she’s not very keen to learn. If it doesn’t come out of a packet, then Kyla doesn’t want to get involved.”

“It would appear that Kyla and I have much in common,” said Kath, who was a self-confessed disaster in the kitchen. “However, if she’s going to adopt the role properly, then whatever you ask of her, she should undertake it with a smile

on her face and try her best, even if she detests the job. The very fact that she is obeying you should be an excitement for her. That is what you said you wanted – you have to test it out.”

“Okay... any other ideas? Ideally ones that might be more fun than Kyla slaving over a hot stove and me having to eat her burnt offerings?”

“Well, you wouldn’t eat them! You would throw the food in the trash, get her to microwave something edible; then once you’d eaten it, you would take her into the bedroom, spread-eagle her across the four-poster, or whatever it is you have, tie her up, then punish her severely for failing in her task.”

“Tie her up – yeah, I thought about doing that.”

“Your cock, no doubt, giving you the idea,” Kath said with a sarcastic smirk on her face. “But remember, bondage is an important tool for enforcing power. It’s another means of removing control from the submissive. You went part way there last night – making Kyla put her hands behind her back – that was good. But she would have felt even more vulnerable if you had tied her wrists.”

“But then she wouldn’t have been able to stop me.”

“Exactly! She would have been helpless. But a true slave wants to feel helpless - helpless but trusting. Trusting that whilst there may be pain, welcoming the pain even – there will not be any harm. There is a big difference between pain and harm. So that’s why you need to take things slowly, Robbie, and work up to the heavy stuff. It would have been wrong to tie her up and then do something that might have been too much for her and possibly harm her – you gave her the get out.

But if you do tie her up then there has to be a similar get out if she can't handle what you're doing."

"Screaming at me to stop would work."

"Yes, but many people like to hear the screams and pleas for stop. You have to know when it's more than just a reactive yell and is a genuine request to halt the session."

"So?"

"Have a safety word. Something she can use that will let you know she's in difficulty. Best not to be 'ouch' or something that could slip out."

"And this would be when I'm thrashing the living daylights out of her I suppose."

"Again, that's only if you want to. Enslavement isn't about endlessly inflicting pain, although pain heightens the senses, and when used correctly can generate the most wonderful sex. But enslavement is always about asserting control, and punishment is part of it – a tool that must be used. Thrashing the slave is the traditional method; and it can be rewarding, as long as it stays within the agreed boundaries. Gratuitous violence is something else, and I can't see you and Kyla going down that path."

"Yeah, you're right. But we did like the spanking. Her ass is still a bit tender though, and I can't mark her anywhere else. That's already a boundary we've agreed on. I know that some blokes are into whipping and that sort of stuff, but it would leave a mark; and it would be like silly fooling around if I just patted her with it."

“The symbolism of being whipped is often enough. But if you want to cause a degree of pain, and you think Kyla would be receptive, then there are many ways of inflicting punishment that doesn’t involve marking the skin – spank her pussy, pinch her nipples; clamp them and attach some weights. There are lots of things you can try. But don’t forget that bondage isn’t always about punishment – it can be a means of inflicting intense pleasure as well. You can mix it up. The submissive is totally at your disposal. You have the power. Use it wisely. You can add to the feeling of vulnerability with blindfolds and gags, in which case you need some other means of communicating the safe word. Play around, Robbie and use your imagination. But most of all – have fun... And stop worrying!”

Chapter 9

“Kyla, you have dropped a piece of onion on the floor. Pick it up and throw it in the bin.”

Kyla kept her back to me and looked over her shoulder. Despite the fact that we were in the kitchen and she was preparing the evening meal under my instruction, she was grinning away, happy as a lark.

I had feared this might prove a chore for us both – something that I had to force upon Kyla if only for one day. But I had taken on board all that Kath had suggested and modelled it to my liking.

When I came home from work, almost an hour later than Kyla had expected; I was pleasantly surprised to see the flat was a bit tidier than normal. Kyla had decided to make herself useful and clean the place up whilst she was waiting on my return. She was wiping down some surfaces when I walked into the lounge carrying a wrapped package and a bag of groceries, both of which I laid on the table. I couldn't help but smile at what I saw. All Kyla was wearing was a bikini bottom – red like the babes in Baywatch; but unlike those blonde bimbos who were always indecently covered, Kyla was topless, and her nipples were rock hard.

She looked absolutely ravishing, and it was only with the hugest effort that I didn't rush to her, pull the bikini bottom down and fuck her straight away. It was what I suspected she

was hoping for, and no doubt what she expected me to do; to pick up where we had left off the previous evening. Instead I resisted, but I still went over and gave her a good feel, squeezing her tits and slipping my hand under the Lycra and fingering her cunt. That gave me the opening for part of tonight's plan.

"That should be shaved!" I said sounding annoyed. "Make sure it is from now on. You should have known that it would please me to see your cunt totally bald."

"Sorry, Sir. I didn't think. I'll go and do it now."

Of course, it wasn't really her role to think – that was my job. But it's nice for some initiative to be used, like cleaning the flat in only a bikini bottom – I really appreciated that.

"It is a small offence," I said still fingering her. "But now that I have told you, it will not be viewed lightly if I find any hair there again. Anyway, you can sort it out after you have changed. Swimwear will not be required tonight. You have a job to do – you're going to cook dinner under my supervision and should dress more appropriately. You see that package – take it to the bedroom and change into the contents. Then come to the kitchen and shave yourself in front of me."

With a final feel of her lovely pussy, I pulled my hand from under the Lycra and gave her a playful slap on the ass to send her on her way. Once she had picked up the package and disappeared, I collected the groceries and went to the kitchen to wait.

Kyla joined me ten minutes later looking very sheepish in the outfit I had chosen. Perhaps outfit would be overstating it, for all she was wearing was a blue and white apron. Not the

sexiest thing I could have bought on the way home, but I didn't have much time; so, this would have to do. One look at Kyla though, and I knew straight away that this was going to work. She was unsettled by the outfit which was definitely outside her normal comfort zone; but she was excited as well, and for the first time in her life, looked happy about the prospect of doing some cooking. She looked fantastic, if a little off the wall, and I was definitely looking forward to instructing her and watching her culinary efforts.

"I brought the razor and some shaving cream, Sir. Do you want me to shave myself now?" she asked.

"I think it would be a very good idea, Kyla. Come over here and do it in front of me."

I was sitting at the breakfast bar, sipping a cold beer. I looked Kyla over as she approached. The front view was good, but nothing too special – the cut of the apron showing a fair bit of cleavage but covering her nipples which tented out the cotton. She had tied it tight, so it showed off the contour of her curvaceous body. The apron went down as far as her knees, so it was covering her sex that was about to be shaved. It was nice. It was unusual. It was giving me a horn. But it wasn't exactly blowing my mind.

I indicated with my finger for Kyla to give me a twirl. I certainly blew when I saw her from behind. I blew out my breath and almost blew a load into my pants!

God, she looked a treat! Her back was fully exposed, smooth and beautifully shaped, but my eyes didn't linger there for very long. Under the tie around her waist, Kyla's ass was bare and stunningly framed, the apron falling like a curtain around

her soft peachy buns and down the side of her thighs. Boy was I going to enjoy fucking her dressed like that. Why had I never insisted on sexy clothing before? Enslaving your girlfriend brings so many perks!

She completed her twirl and turned to face me again, still sheepishly smiling, but relaxing a little more. I reached out and ran my hand over the generous swell of her tits, down her flat stomach, round her waist to her bare ass. I gave each buttock a firm rub then came around to the front, put my hand under the apron and stroked her bloated cunt lips. I seriously doubted if we would be eating tonight – Kyla probably wouldn't get much of a chance to cook – not dressed like that!

“Would you like to do it, Sir?” she asked as I continued to grope her.

I gave her pussy a playful spank. “Certainly not!” I exclaimed, although I would have enjoyed doing so enormously. “I told you to do it. Now sit on my lap and let me watch you. And take off the apron first and put it back on when you're finished. I want a clear and uninterrupted view.”

Kyla happily complied. She placed the shaving cream and razor on the bar, took off the apron then fetched some hot water in a bowl. Then she sat on my lap; the dirty little minx writhing a bare buttock against my throbbing erection. Spreading her legs, she lathered herself up then slowly shaved away the pubic fuzz. I watched on in fascination – her cunt looked so beautiful as it was exposed in its full nudity – sexy and teasingly juvenile.

“Now sit on the bar and let me inspect it, Kyla,” I ordered.

She did as I bid. Kyla got off my lap and sat on the edge of the bar, spreading her legs even wider. I leaned forwards and sniffed, breathing her deep then gently ran my tongue along the length of this luscious treat. I licked her again and again, revelling in the delicious flavour of her cunt and the nakedness of her newly shaved sex. It was so tempting to give in there and then and say ‘sod the bloody meal’. I’ll settle for eating this instead – nothing could ever compete! But I forced myself away.

“Show me the inside now, Kyla. Let me see that slick flesh.”

She put two fingertips from each hand inside and pulled her cunt lips wide open. Using her initiative, which again was much appreciated, Kyla also relaxed her muscles so she could pull really wide and I was able to see into her depths. It was incredibly intimate. I had fucked this flesh on plenty of occasions, so I was no stranger to its delights – but I had never seen inside her so deeply – I found it oddly biological yet incredibly arousing.

Again, I leaned forwards and licked the offered flesh; my tongue forcing past the fingers to lap at the exposed vagina. I had been here before as well – licking her deep – but never like this. I had always taken, spreading her pussy for myself. Now it was being given, and it tasted so much sweeter. I felt suddenly drunk. I needed some beer to help me get sober.

Forcing myself away, I straightened up and took a swig of the icy brew. It tasted good, although nowhere near as good as Kyla’s cunt. I swallowed it down then took another gulp which I held in my mouth. Getting off the stool I stood before Kyla then again leaned forwards to kiss her offered sex. Moving her

hands away and spreading her with mine, I sealed my lips around the fissure. I opened slightly and forced out my tongue which was curled into a column. I pierced Kyla deep with this fleshy intrusion then slowly squirted the beer out through the tube. I heard her gasp as the icy liquid chilled her sex; then she gasped even louder as I whipped out my dick. I quickly stood up and watched for a second as some of the frothy liquid gurgled out. But not much managed to escape, because after that brief moment I rammed my cock in her and gave her the first fuck of the evening.

I fucked her cooled and shaven cunt and I fucked it hard; Kyla squirming on the bar and the beer sloshing around her vagina. I fucked her and I fucked her without any holding back, grunting and groaning all the while. Kyla screamed and howled like a bitch in heat. I fucked her till I came, my whole body ablaze. I yelled out my climax as I grinded into her. My cock was wedged deep as I spurted out a load, adding to the liquid already inside her. I heard Kyla pleading to be granted permission to come as well, but I sternly refused – I wanted my girl kept randy for the task ahead.

“You only get to come after you have cooked my dinner, and I deem it worthy enough to eat,” I told her. “So, you’d better do your best – or else it’ll be a very frustrating night.”

“Yes, Sir!” she replied as she milked my spent cock with her pulsating pussy.

I stayed in her for a moment, enjoying the odd sensation of her pussy being chilled then I pulled my dick out – spunk and beer and her own juices flowed after.

“Clean this up then wash yourself thoroughly, Kyla, whilst I go and change out of my work clothes and freshen up as well. That’s certainly whetted my appetite. I’m looking forward to dinner.

So, there we were twenty minutes later, Kyla wearing the apron, chopping and peeling, and dropping things on the floor. I suspect she was doing it deliberately, so I would tell her to pick it up; which of course she did, bending fully over with her legs spread, showing me her ass and proffering me her lovely shaven cunt for another fuck. I had already been back up it twice, recovery being easy with the teasing she gave me. I had ridden her for a few minutes as she was standing peeling the onions then again when she was bending to pick up the first thing she dropped.

“Be careful, Kyla,” I admonished as she remained bent over, beckoning me to come and slip my cock into her again. “It’s supposed to go in the pan, not on the floor. Now hurry up... and don’t think for one second I don’t know what you’re up to. There’ll be no more sex for you, my girl, unless this dinner gets sorted out pronto.”

Of course, I didn’t really mean it – but having made the threat I realised that I might have to carry it out. I knew I was going to have to think about the punishment aspect of the relationship – I didn’t want Kyla’s punishments to punish me as well, especially by depriving me of her body!

Had I made a mistake by blurting that out? We were only a few days into this, and I was appreciating the challenge I had set. I wanted to do it properly, but I wanted to have fun as well – for us both to have fun. It wasn’t so easy, though, to always

pitch it right - finding the balance between having fun and taking it seriously. But I accepted that that was all part of the journey, learning and growing into the roles together. For the time being I thought I was doing all right. Kyla was cooking! That in itself was a result! It was nothing too challenging - a basic Bolognese sauce to mix with some pasta, but it was still cooking, and she was doing all that I told her. That was definitely a fundamental change... and we were having fun. It was the start of an adventure – an extension of the roles adopted during sex, but with some sex thrown in to sweeten the process.

I wondered what an experienced master would make of my approach. Was I being too lenient or too frivolous? Was it just a game that wasn't being taken seriously enough – like little children dressing up as adults, but not acting the parts convincingly? But sitting in the kitchen, gazing at Kyla's ass, as she put the remaining ingredients into the pan then set it to simmer for an hour – the reality was, I couldn't give a toss what anyone else might make of my approach. It was working for me, and I think for Kyla.

We had forty minutes before the pasta needed to go on, and all Kyla had to do now was occasionally check the sauce. We had forty minutes during which another new skill was about to be embarked on when Kyla would give my neck and shoulders a rub. I quite fancied the idea of her learning how to do a proper massage – I could seriously get into some of that. And we had forty minutes when I would take a break and spend some time massaging her... vaginally with my cock! Then Kyla would finish the meal and we would eat it together. I would tell her she had done well no matter how it tasted. Then I would watch

her again as she cleared everything away, her beautiful body so provocatively displayed. I would fuck her gently as she did the washing up, and teasingly slap her sexy buttocks if I spotted some minor omission. The rest of the evening could then fall into place. No point in having too rigid a structure.

That would be my evening of happy domesticity. Was I doing it right? Was I seizing control and giving us both a proper taste of the life? Would an experienced master approve of my first steps?

As I said, I wasn't really bothered. There in the kitchen on a Tuesday evening – I might not have been flying at Maslow's layer five – but I sure as hell felt like I was the king of the world. I was king of my world, that was for certain... and the happiest man alive.

Chapter 10

My Tuesday evening went pretty much the way I had foreseen. The dinner was fine, which I'm sure surprised Kyla a lot more than it did me. We fooled around in the kitchen, before during and after we ate. She gave me the neck and shoulder rub that I asked for, and I gave her several more short fucks, during which I purposely didn't come. The latter, as always, was heaven on earth; her massaging skill, however, left plenty of room for improvement. But the fact that she was doing it, and clearly trying to please me, was satisfying in itself.

Then we adjourned to the lounge and supposedly settled down to watch a movie – Kyla, the naked chef now completely naked, the apron discarded having played its part. We sat on the sheepskin rug with me leaning against the sofa, Kyla between my legs, held in my arms. But we didn't catch much of the movie – both of us were too high on the interaction of the night, too hungry for each other after the food hunger had been sated. I fucked her again on the rug, taking her from a variety of different positions before banging into her hard with Kyla on her back, giving her permission to come along with me.

All in all, I thought it was a very satisfactory start to our experimental week!

Wednesday is another of Kyla's swimming nights. I was conscious of this and had my answer ready when she asked over breakfast if she was allowed to go. I told her that I insisted. I wanted to make it clear that by formalising roles, she wouldn't be prevented from doing the things that she liked. Of course, after the trial she could simply request these things as boundaries to be set; and even if that meant only a half-baked enslavement, I would respect her limits rather than try to force the issue. But I thought it best to underline the point that I would give these things anyway – that a fuller enslavement would not see her deprived – instead, like her white wine on that Monday evening, her pleasures would be all the better for being granted rather than taken.

Having Kyla busy for a while also gave me the opportunity to nip into Soho once I'd finished work, so I could do a little shopping! It proved to be a very interesting experience, as you will shortly find out. I made sure I was home before Kyla got back. I didn't want her to suspect anything. Of course, now she was expecting some novel scenario in the evening, so my plan was to unsettle her by appearing to upset that routine before it got underway. I was slouched in front of the television watching some sport when Kyla came home, dressed in typical casual gear – jeans and a tee-shirt. She works for a small IT company doing graphic design, and they're not fussed about formal dress, so she can get away with almost anything. I wondered if I might put that to the test before the week was out!

“Hi Kyla. Good swim?”

“Yes... Sir.”

She still was unsure about using the title. During sex it worked fine if I was smacking her or being forceful. When I gave her an order it felt okay as well; but in normal conversation it was a little contrived. It was actually Kyla that extended the usage without being told. I had simply decreed that she use it when on her knees before me. Perhaps she was testing out some boundaries for herself, and I don't think Kyla liked it under normal circumstances... I wasn't too sure about it myself. I didn't want us to be forever stuck in a box by the formality of our roles. Something to consider and chat through, like so many other things we would have to address, if and when we agreed to go ahead. But not this week - this week I intended to let her experiment with the title and only reprimand her if I suspected disrespect.

"I've ordered a pizza. Hope that's okay," I said.

"Yes, of course. Is everything all right, Sir?"

"Fine."

"Can I do anything for you?"

Oh, Kyla! If only she knew! She was doing exactly what I wanted by asking that question.

"Perhaps a shoulder rub after dinner," I casually replied.

"Would you like me to change into something special for the evening?"

Bless her! She'd got there in only a couple of minutes.

"Would you like to do that? Answer me honestly, Kyla."

"Yeah, I'd like to – but only if you want me to."

“Do you have anything that might amuse me - something different from swimwear, something naughty and sexy?”

“Erm. I’m not sure.”

“Then why did you ask?” I yelled, changing the mood dramatically.

“I... I... I don’t know... I’m sorry. I’ll go look. I’ll find something.”

Poor, Kyla, she was totally thrown by my sudden anger, which was entirely fake. But it had a purpose. I wanted to see how she would react. I wanted her to experience that uncertainty – the threat of unpredictable moods which could turn her evening upside down. I thought that she reacted really well – looking to appease me, rather than rebelling against my unreasonable annoyance. With a worried look on her face she scurried off to the bedroom to rake through her clothes for some inspiration.

Of course, she didn’t have to look too far. Some of my purchases were easy to find, lying at the top of her underwear drawer.

“Oh my God!”

That came from the bedroom. Kyla had obviously found the gear. She rushed back into the lounge carrying the items I had picked up in Soho.

“Are these for me, Sir?” she asked, not sounding totally overjoyed, which was what I had expected and definitely wanted.

“Of course, they are for you! You don’t think *I’m* going to parade around in women’s clothing! Now go back into the

bedroom and change. You'll find a new pair of shoes as well in the wardrobe."

It was over ten minutes later when Kyla appeared in the outfit – I almost creamed myself when I saw her. The apron and the swimsuit were sexy and fun – but this was something else!

She was wearing a tiny thong made of sheer black material that meant her bald pussy could be clearly seen. Her bra was made of the same sheer black material. It was scandalously skimpy, a mere quarter cup to lift her tits up, forcing them deliciously outwards, leaving the nipples completely uncovered above the shallow crescent moon shaped cups. That in itself would have made Kyla blush at the slutty effect it created, but to add to her discomfort, for she preferred simpler attire, I had bought her a matching garter belt and a pair of black silk stockings. The effect was rounded off with a pair of black stilettos. It was all very cliché, but I absolutely loved it.

"Very nice, Kyla. Now come over here and sit on me. I reckon you should take my dick out and give it a massage with your baby-skin smooth pussy and show me how appreciative you are of these gifts."

She looked at me in panic – I could guess straight away what was up. It was exactly as I had hoped, saving me the trouble of having to invent some misdemeanour.

"Don't tell me you haven't shaved yourself before putting on the clothing!" I yelled. "I specifically told you last night to always be smooth."

"I'm sorry, Sir! I forgot. I was just so... so excited about the things you bought. I'll go and do it now."

“I should bloody well think so! Hurry up!”

Kyla scampered off, teetering in the heels which she was so unaccustomed to. Five minutes later she was back with an apologetic look on her lovely face. She came straight over to the couch where I sat and knelt between my knees.

“Take it out and give it a suck then fuck yourself on it,” I ordered.

She obeyed. The first part was brief but very well done. Kyla’s cock sucking skills were coming along nicely. She worked on the glans then took the whole length down her throat, held me there for the best part of a minute then returned to the head as she gasped in her breath. I allowed her to repeat that another two times before tapping her on the head.

“Now feed it to your cunt!”

She got up straight away and turned around then hovered over my lap, facing away. She reached round and took my saliva coated shaft in her hand then eased herself down upon it, pushing the thong to the side so I could enter her pussy. I held myself still as she forced the cock in. She sank all the way down. I heard a gasp as she absorbed the rapid stretch of her vagina. I knew she was gritting her teeth and possibly hurting a bit, but I also knew the pain would quickly pass – so some new pain would have to be added. She had to be punished, and this time I was prepared.

I waited till Kyla was more comfortable and bobbing up and down, getting more and more into the fuck. Then I took her by the hips and held her fully impaled.

“Sit still for a minute.”

Looking over Kyla's shoulder I reached round and took a nipple between forefinger and thumb. I tweaked it firmly. Kyla winced, unused to the rough play. She enjoyed having her nipples worked on, but gently had always been the way. Not tonight! Tonight, they would become a focus for some serious fun where pain and pleasure would hopefully become blurred like it had done when I'd spanked her ass. But I wanted to work her up to that point, so I eased back and carried on tweaking the nipple more gently, rubbing and flicking it in a more sensuous way.

Kyla quickly responds. Her big perky buds grew bloated with blood and I elicited a few moans of pleasure from her. She started circling with her ass and clenching with her cunt; she bobbed up and down fucking herself; getting more and more into what was going on.

That was good!

As Kyla moaned and groaned, I moved onto the other nipple and repeated the fun, Kyla responding much quicker, now getting into the game. Then once I felt she was properly aroused, I reached into my trouser pocket and brought out another of my purchases – a pair of clover clamps linked by a chain. The young female shop assistant assured me these were what I needed if I really wanted to slowly crank up the pain.

“Now Kyla, I have something else to give you. Something you deserve for your carelessness tonight.”

Reaching round her with both arms, I attached the first clamp to Kyla's left nipple, pulling gently on the chain in the manner that I had been shown by that very helpful, if somewhat over-enthusiastic shop assistant, who insisted that I try them out on

her! That's right! Bold as brass, the dirty little minx who was covered in tattoos, pulled off her top and flashed me her decorated tits. The fact that there was another man in the shop didn't seem to bother her at all – I think she got off on the exhibitionism!

Anyway, back to Kyla - as I gently pulled the chain, the spring on the clamp started to tighten and the tension created caused the clamp to take grip of Kyla's sensitive bloated bud. She let out a hiss as the clamp made its bite and gave me such a thrill as she violently clenched her cunt, gripping wonderfully on my throbbing meat – an added bonus that the shop assistant didn't get the chance to demonstrate, even though she was definitely game for it!

Once the left nipple was firmly clamped, I set about the right, repeating the process until that was secured and Kyla treated me to another clench of her pussy muscles around my cock. Then finally I added the active component - a metal weight that hooked through the chain, so it dangled from the centre like a pendant. Kyla hissed and clenched as the weight came free to pull the chain down and tighten the clamps springs, so their devilish teeth sank deeper into the flesh.

“How does that feel, Kyla?”

“Painful, Sir!”

“Too painful?”

“No, I can bear it. It's the initial shock, but it goes a little numb afterwards.”

“Okay. Would you like me to fuck you now?”

“Oh yes! That would take my mind off the pain. Thank you, Sir.”

So, I gave Kyla a gentle thrust. Our seated position gave me little leverage, but I managed to slip an inch or so out of her cunt and slowly push it back in.

“Not very satisfying, is it? I think you should do the work, Kyla. Ride my cock, girl! Bounce up and down again and fuck yourself on my meat.”

Kyla sprang into action straight away, anxious for a distraction from the numbing pain on her tits. Using my thighs for support she pushed herself up then plunged back down. Bouncing off my lap she shot back up; and it was then that gravity took its unexpected effect – unexpected for Kyla at any rate – that bold as brass shop assistant told me what would happen – apparently, it’s one of her favourite ways to get fucked!

I couldn’t see what was happening, but it was obvious what was going on. It wasn’t only Kyla that had started bouncing – the weight on her nipple chain was bouncing as well, and when the weight sunk down as Kyla was going up, it pulled on the chain which in turn cranked up the clamp springs so that the teeth bit into her nipples harder.

“AAARGH!” yelled Kyla, suddenly aware to the effect.

“Is my cock hurting you, Kyla?” I mockingly asked.

“No, Sir,” she hissed through gritted teeth. “It’s the clamps.”

“But the fucking is supposed to take your mind off the pain!” I said sounding annoyed, pretending not to realise what was happening. “I’m getting a bit pissed off with your behaviour tonight, Kyla. Now ride my cock, girl, and ride it well!”

She was already riding it beautifully. The pain in her nipples was having that knock on effect and her cunt was alive with peristaltic waves rippling along the length of my shaft – or at least the half of it that was currently inside her. A moment later she slowly dropped to treat the lower half as well. It was an amazing effect – all this clenching of warm flesh, then the added friction as she rose again, more gingerly this time, cautious of the pain.

I allowed her to fuck herself slowly for several minutes, revelling in her distress and determination to please. I could feel her tension; I could hear her groans – reactions to the intense combination of stimulations – the joy of the fuck and the agony that it brought through the resultant pain on her nipples. She tried to ride faster, seeking to please, but she always slowed down after a few bounces. It was a delicious dilemma. She wanted to ride harder and give me more pleasure, but the price was an increase on her self-inflicted torture.

“This is all very pedestrian, Kyla,” I eventually said. “Have you no enthusiasm for my cock tonight? Are you getting bored with all the recent fucking we’ve been doing? I buy you sexy lingerie and this is the thanks that I get – a sloth would show me more action.”

“Sorry, Sir – but it hurts.”

“Hurts!” I yelled. “But I’m getting little pleasure! Are you not prepared to endure some pain to give me some? And anyway, you should be happy to have my meat inside you. What’s a little pain when you get to fuck yourself on my dick? Nothing

should detract from the joy of getting fucked by me! So, ride my cock, Kyla! Ride it hard!”

She did as she was told. She bounced up and down and she groaned out her agony. She put herself through it for the best part of five minutes by which time she was grunting really loudly, and her nails were clawing at my thighs. She had tightened her pussy to an incredible degree – the friction on my bare cock was overwhelming. Kyla’s agony was translated through the wonder of living flesh into pure and utter delight for me. This was the way to dish out a punishment – a masterly move, even if I say so myself!

Five minutes was enough for her to learn the lesson, and I had no complaints when she crashed down on my lap and held the position there. She sunk her head forward and gasped in her breath, her cunt still gripping tightly round my dick.

“I’m sorry, Sir. It got too much. It’s so good and so bad. Your cock feels wonderful, even better than normal, but there’s too much pain elsewhere. It’s infuriating. I want to do it! I want to! Give me a moment, please. I so want to continue – please give me a moment. Maybe I can try again.”

My heart went out to her. What a wonderful treasure I had for a girlfriend – even more wonderful that I had realised up until this week.

“No, Kyla,” I said as I stroked her back. “That’s enough for this evening. Enough of the nipple clamps anyway. We’ve got plenty of time to try them again. We’ve got all the time in the world. We’ll find the right balance that’ll blow both our brains, but that’s enough for tonight.”

I kissed her on the neck and helped her through the agony of release as I reached round and loosened the springs, so the clamps came off. Kyla yelped and she clenched, her whole body tensed then she slowly relaxed as the pain washed away and all that was left was her submissive joy – the joy of having accepted her punishment, of having pleased her master (a term we had yet to use, though soon to be unintentionally corrected), and of having a hard cock still wedged up her snatch, throbbing with the promise of good fucking ahead.

And that's what Kyla got. Call me conceited but I've been around, and I know good fucking when it's happening. For the rest of the evening I kept her on an edge, playing with her sore nipples and riding her tight pussy. I shot out a load early in the session, but Kyla was denied the pleasure of coming. Twenty minutes later I was riding her again – getting another erection after I've come has never been a problem for me, and certainly not with Kyla. I've been known to come three or four times during a session – and long may that last, that's all I can say!

I came, but Kyla was denied. I only allowed her to come when we had gone to bed and I was fucking her again – I really couldn't get enough of that girl's cunt, and she couldn't get enough of my cock. I had her on her back for the final run, lying at the edge of the bed with her arms spread wide. I was standing on the floor holding her by the ankles, curling her over so I could pound away at her lovely pink fuck hole, and I could watch my cock as it ploughed in and out.

“Play with your nipples!” I ordered, as I felt my balls brewing up their next load.

Kyla quickly complied, grabbing her buds and pinching them hard. I saw her face contort with the pain, but that pain was under her own control. I slammed into her harder and yelled at her louder.

“Pinch them! Pinch those tits for your master.”

There it was! The first time the term ‘master’ had been used. I didn’t do it deliberately – I was too far gone with my building climax to have any such awareness. And either Kyla didn’t register, or if she did, she didn’t care. I suspect she also was too far gone with the blissful agony she was inflicting upon herself under my orders, and the bliss of the shafting I was giving her.

“Harder!” I screamed, and to emphasise the point, I slammed at her body, bucking at her wildly.

Kyla was writhing and screaming, she was looking at me pleading. I carried on fucking, hammering my cock in. Then a moment later I felt the eruption. But before I let out a yell and spilled my seed, I gave Kyla a consenting nod of my head. As the spunk spewed out of me and into her vagina, Kyla let out a scream as she came and came. Dropping her legs, I fell upon her; and as I continued to squirt out my spunk inside her, I devoured her mouth in a frantic kiss. She released her nipples and welcomed me in, perhaps she should have asked if it was okay to stop pinching, but how could I possibly care? She wrapped her arms around me and held me so tight, binding me to her with all her strength – transient and unnecessary, for we were already bound. I think it was then that I knew for sure... In one way or another, I would enslave her – just as in her own way – Kyla had enslaved me.

Chapter 11

Our week continued in a similar fashion – testing out and experimenting. With my confidence high, I relaxed into the dominant role, and Kyla revelled in her submission, rising to challenges and surprising herself with the degree of satisfaction she took from obedience – a case in point being the following morning.

When we awoke, I followed her into the shower and demanded that she wash me. Naturally I fucked her and enjoyed a quick knee trembler under cascading hot water. I didn't let her come, so Kyla was still horny when we returned to the bedroom and I brought out another of my Soho purchases.

Her eyes opened wide when I held up the smooth black rubber device for her to see.

“What's that?”

“It's a butt plug - one of the smaller models, so it shouldn't cause you any discomfort. But big enough so that you'll know it's in you; and big enough to hit your g-spot. I'm reliably informed that it can get more stimulation via the rectum than the vagina.”

“You've got to be kidding me! You want to put that thing up my ass?” exclaimed Kyla, gazing at the plug in abject horror.

I noted the absence of the ‘Sir’, which I accepted, although it made me all the more resolved to see through this part of our experimental week, which in turn would lead to another thing I was resolved to do later that evening.

“Yes, Kyla – very serious,” I said. “I’m going to put this up your ass and I expect you to keep it in there all day. You will only remove it for the obvious necessities. And don’t you dare take it out for any other reason. I want it in all day. And I expect a full report this evening on how it felt to be wearing it. Now come over here and kneel on the bed with your legs spread wide.”

Kyla gave a nervous laugh. She looked at me pleadingly, but my gaze remained steady. Her eyes flicked back to the black plug that I held; she drew in her breath as she speculatively sized it up. It was actually the smallest plug they had in the shop, and the assistant had looked rather disappointed with me when I made my choice. But Kyla was probably magnifying it by several fold, so to her eyes it must have appeared enormous – she looked far from convinced that it would fit comfortably up her ass.

Then much to my delight she dug deep and found that trust – either that or she found some cunning. She made a shrug of her shoulders in acceptance, although I harboured a suspicion she was considering the possibility of fibbing and taking the thing out if it was proving too uncomfortable, or even too arousing if that g-spot story was right.

She came over and got on the bed, kneeling with her legs spread and her ass sticking out.

“Thank you, Kyla. Now as this will be a new experience for you, I’m going to ease you in. Try and relax then we can get this done fairly quickly. I’m sure neither of us wants to be late for work.”

“I might call in sick if you insist on me wearing that all day.”

That earned her a hard slap on her sexy rump.

“You will go to work and do what you normally do!” I scolded. “That means sit on your ass for the majority of the time. I’m sure it will make for a very interesting day. Now relax.”

First things first, I fetched the bottle of lubrication I’d bought. That brazen hussy of a shop assistant said it would hardly be needed for such a narrow plug – some cunt juice was what she recommended. But I was for taking no chances with Kyla’s cherry ass that not even a finger had ever been inside.

I started on her pucker, smearing it with lube and circling around. As I did so, I used my other hand to finger her cunt, focusing on her clit. I doubt if that took her mind off what was coming, but I managed to draw out of her some deep throaty moans, so the combined experience wasn’t all that bad. I must have spent at least five minutes on this clit-enhanced anal massage before I dared to apply a little pressure.

“OHHH!” Kyla gasped.

“Relax,” I urged, my voice assured so that it was more than just a suggestion. It was a command, and Kyla tried to obey.

I pushed again and the finger slid through. Fuck! My mind almost exploded with the thrill. For three years I had longed to have a part of me in there. This was hardly what I dreamed of,

but a finger was better than nothing. I held it steady for a moment as Kyla adjusted to the novelty of having living flesh up her ass; then resuming my fingering of her fanny, I started to slowly frig her anally.

“Oh Lord!” she gasped, and it wasn’t a gasp of horror – it sounded more of surprise and pleasure.

I carried on for a bit then stopped fingering her cunt, so that her only stimulation was the frigging of her ass.

“Oh! Oh! Oh Robbie! Oh, my word!”

Now there was a clear invitation. Not that I technically needed one, but it made the rest of the process a darn sight easier. I gave her a few more minutes then pulled the finger out.

“Hold still, Kyla. I’m going to put the plug in now.”

I made sure it was well lubricated then presented the tip to her pucker where the little slit in her smooth pink flesh was now slightly widened following its first fingering. I pressed slowly, watching in fascination as the tapered end sunk into Kyla’s bowels. At its thickest part it was over an inch in diameter – twice the thickness of my finger. So gently, gently, I eased it forward – watching and listening for any signs of trouble; getting another stonker of an erection as I wondered what it would feel like to fuck her cunt with the butt plug in her. And slowly, slowly, she gobbled it up, groaning and panting, wonderfully accepting. I paused for a moment before the final push.

“Are you okay?” I asked, not being as masterful as I could. But I didn’t want to harm her – I wanted to breach the asshole, but not the trust.

“Yeah!” she replied, her voice sexily husky. Then she let out a yelp followed by another deep groan as I pushed again and the plug popped through; her stretched little ring quickly tightening and clenching round the neck, holding the plug firmly in.

I stood back to look. It was more comical than sexy with the wide base of the plug squashing into her buttocks at the centre. But I still got another horn seeing what I’d done. I came to her again and teased her cunt lips with my cock head.

“Apparently it’s a real blast to get fucked with one of those up your ass. It pushes the cock in your fanny right onto your g-spot. According to my source who sold me the plug – the only thing better is to have another cock up your ass instead and get fucked front and back at the same time. But you’re going to have to settle for rubber – for there’s no way another man’s cock is going inside you.”

She said nothing in reply, she was too busy moaning out her lust; begging me with whorish groans to slip my dick in her.

“Do you want this?” I growled, teasing her with a prod. “Do you want my cock? Do you want to be stuffed front and back? Tell me! Tell me what you want.”

“Yes! Yes!” she screamed. “Please! Please fuck me!”

I was screaming as well; screaming with revitalised lust to spend the next hour riding her hard. I would end up ridiculously late for work, but that hardly mattered – yet still I pulled back. It was all part of the plan.

“Later,” I said. “Now get dressed. Put on the shortest skirt you’ve got. No knickers. And that skimpy little top you had on

a few weeks ago.

“But please,” Kyla protested.

“No buts!” I yelled. “Just do as I say!”

She climbed off the bed and stood up gingerly – her body writhing with a mixture of whorish need to get fucked and the weirdness of the plug, plus horror at what I had just decreed. She stared at me. I could see the dread etched across her face. Clearly Kyla had not considered this before, extending the roles outside our little world – just like me until a few days ago when Kath had so surprised me with her love balls tale.

Almost in shock, with her cunt still bloated and drizzling with her arousal, Kyla rooted around in her wardrobe and found the clothes as instructed. I nodded approval when she held them up for me. I was desperately trying not to smirk as Kyla put them on. When she was dress, the end result made her look like a hooker, and not only that – a hooker with a butt plug clearly visible in her ass.

I went over and put my hand up her skirt and tapped the base of the plug.

“Christ, Kyla, you’ll have lads drooling in the streets when they cop a load of this. And as for the men at work!”

“Oh God. I can’t go outside like this. People will stare. They’ll laugh at me. I can’t turn up to work like this. Please, Sir. Please.”

The ‘Sir’ was back – a clear sign of her distress; and a clear sign of her growing enslavement – to plead for some mercy rather than tell me to fuck off, remove the plug then change her clothes before storming out the flat in a strop.

No – she pleaded for my pity and to spare her this nightmare. Poor Kyla - as I mentioned earlier, she isn't one of nature's exhibitionists. She would find this experience excruciating – an exercise in humiliation I would never put her through. The threat was enough, a seed had been planted. But I know I would never hurt her that much – as Kath had pointed out, there was a difference between pain and harm – Kyla would be harmed by such an experience, as would our relationship. And as her master I was entrusted to protect both; not treat with malicious disdain.

“It would be funny though, don't you think?” I said, prolonging the agony.

“Funny for some... Please, Sir.”

“Okay,” I said, finally relenting. “Put on your normal clothes. But I want the plug kept in your ass.”

“I'll be horny all day!” she said with huge relief.

“Yeah, me too! I won't be able to stop thinking about it. The pair of us will be climbing the walls, but just think of the fun we'll have later on. Much later! It's gym night, tonight!”

“But!”

“I told you - no buts, I expect you to keep yourself in shape. I'll see you at the health club as usual. You might want to think about what you put in your kit bag to train in, and you might want to think about missing out on a shower. I'll let you work it all out, Kyla. Work out how to tackle the workout whilst wearing your butt plug – I can't do everything for you!”

Chapter 12

God, it was fun!

Kyla and I don't train together as partners, and normally I try to ignore her in the gym so I can concentrate on what I'm doing. But I couldn't take my eyes off her throughout the hour we were working out.

She had opted for some baggy training pants rather than the shorts she normally wore. They helped a lot - the base of the butt plug wasn't noticeable as far as I could tell - and I spent a lot of time looking, unlike normal, so I'm sure I would have spotted it if it was showing.

It was her face rather than her ass that gave the game away to any smart observer – and her actions of course which were very odd. Poor Kyla looked extremely awkward, and totally at a loss as to what she should do. Usually she hits the treadmill and the cross trainer then gets down on the mat for some Pilate style core work to keep her tummy nice and trim, but she didn't dare do any of this with some rubber filling her ass. Instead she just pottered about; playing around on some resistance machines, but not actually doing anything at all worthwhile.

She caught my eye on quite a few occasions. At first, she scowled, but I could see it was faked – Kyla might be uncomfortable, but she wasn't unhappy. Then as she relaxed and became less self-conscious, the scowls turned to grins and I could see a little glint of mischief in her eye. As the session

went on, she caught my eye more and more. The glint turned to a sparkle and there was a big smirk on her face. I returned the look, flicking my gaze quickly to her hidden toy then back to her beautiful sweet features; grinning knowingly. It was like we were there but in our own private little world, having sex in public but no one knew – like I was fucking her in a crowded bar, the people crammed in so tight they couldn't see below the shoulders. I have to say I thoroughly enjoyed it, and for most of the session had my own problem to contend with in the form of an embarrassing erection. It was such delicious foreplay; a smouldering agony of unadulterated lust – although as a workout session it was pretty piss poor!

After the workout, Kyla took the sensible option. She hadn't exactly overexerted herself, so a shower wasn't essential, nor was a change of clothing – she elected to go home in her training gear. I made her wait for me. I could have done the same and went straight off in my gym gear, but it seemed more appropriate that I shower and change - it underlined Kyla's situation.

As we walked back to the flat, I had Kyla tell me about her day. She said she'd been horny for most of it, hiding her excitement under her desk as she worked; her concentration all over the place. She kept thinking of the recent fucks and the spanking session, the clamps on her nipples and doing my bidding. The plug was a constant reminder of our new and exciting relationship. And yes, it did work on her g-spot – wonderfully, agonisingly so. At times her arousal was so high she reckoned she must have drizzled out a gallon of juice. She felt so horny and desperately wanted to come. Even now on

the streets her pussy was pulsating as she walked at my side and told me about this.

I was no different. I was champing at the bit. And when we got home twenty minutes later, we were all over each other as soon as we stepped into the hallway. Kit bags were cast immediately to the floor, and I grabbed hold of Kyla, pinning her to the front door, pressing into her, smothering her mouth and humping her groin.

Kyla seemed so incredibly receptive – her whole body was shaking, desperate to be taken. She spread her legs wide so I could get between them and grind into her highly aroused sex. Our hands were all over each other, tugging at clothing and fumbling with buttons. Perhaps our roles should have dictated more submissive decorum – less presumption from Kyla, but that seemed out of place. She was giving me exactly what I wanted from her – her hunger for me, raw and uninhibited.

My jacket was prised off and fell to the floor. I ran my hands under Kyla's training top, coursing up and down the softness of her back. Grabbing it at the hem, I pulled it up. Kyla raised her hands in total surrender, and I slipped it over her head and arms then tossed it to the floor. She moved to bring her hands back down, but I captured them by the wrists and held them aloft. I then ripped off her training bra and freed her lovely tits. I devoured her upper body with my mouth – licking, sucking, biting and nipping. I attacked a tender nipple, making Kyla yelp, chewing then lapping then chewing again, sending her wild with the mix of pleasure and pain. Then I moved on to her armpit, ripe with her sweat. I breathed it in and grew dizzy on her scent then I licked at the tender shaven flesh, still humping away at her groin.

“Keep your hands raised,” I said as moved back to her face and kissed her mouth, flavouring it with her own sweat.

Then I released her wrists and dropped to my knees. I pulled Kyla’s training pants down to her thighs, her panties followed, and her sex was laid bare.

I plunged my face between her legs. God, the girl was ripe! Smelling so musky, the lips so bloated, and the inner flesh so lush and moist – she was positively gushing. I heard her muffled screams as I lashed her with my tongue and drank some of this heavenly nectar. Her legs started shaking; she was trembling with her needs. I took her clit between my teeth and gently nipped. She screamed again; this time quite loud. That certainly would get the neighbours talking, but why should I care about anything like that.

“Oh God! Oh God!” Kyla moaned as I continued to lick her out with gusto. She was near to climax, and I had a cunning thought – what fun it would be to make her come without giving permission. I would then have to punish her for her disobedience – it would be one treat for me followed by another – for Kyla as well, but with a bit of an edge!

But was that punishment – some treat for us both? True punishment was surely different, and it was an aspect of this life I would have to address.

It was a fleeting thought which I pushed away. Right at that moment I just wanted to devour her and fuck her so hard! I gave her a few more minutes of ravenous cunt licking; then pulling away. I grabbed her hips and twisted Kyla around. Groaning with lust that seemed as fresh as ever, I gazed at Kyla’s naked buns and the base of the plug which filled her

crack; then I pulled her a little backwards and spread her legs, so her cunt came into view. It was still drizzling and ripe, desperate for a fucking. I bit into a buttock and chewed really hard. Kyla huffed and puffed as I marked her ass. Then I worked my way down along the edge of the rubber base till eventually I was back at her juicy pussy. Kyla juttled out her rear in welcome acceptance; she moaned and gasped as my tongue lapped at her lips then slithered deep inside her.

Inflamed by a passion that had been smouldering all day and now roared into an inferno of raw animal need, I unzipped my flies and pulled out my cock as I gave her cunt a final licking then sprung to my feet and rammed my hard meat deep inside her.

“OH! OH! OH GOD!!!!” Kyla yelled. “Fuck yeah! Fuck! Oh, fuck that’s good!”

My sentiments exactly! Despite all the sex we’d enjoyed of late, I was aching with the need for her. My whole body was shaking with the violence of my yearning. I wrapped my arms around her. I buried my face into the side of her neck. I jerked with my cock deep up her cunt then I gave her a good hard fucking.

It was a bit like the morning, another standing knee trembler only this time from behind, but I didn’t worry about repetition. This was so much more intense; fucking my girl after a whole day of wanting her as opposed to a whole night of cradling her in my arms. And of course, it had the added interest of Kyla having a butt plug inside her as well. I could feel it with my cock – a firmness that was there on the other side of the tissue.

And I could see the evidence when I slid my cock out and looked down to her rubber plugged ass.

What a hell of a buzz! Within seconds I was slamming away so hard, smashing Kyla against the door. I plunged in and out of her like some sex crazed beast, taking my knob all the way down then ploughing back up, almost lifting her off the floor, making Kyla howl and scream like a whore as I smashed my groin into her quivering cheeks.

I just fucked her and fucked her, grunting and groaning as I rode her so hard. It was a good honest shagging with no holds barred and I loved every second of it. I have no idea how long it lasted, and it hardly matters, but it wouldn't have been long – it was a sprint for the line, not some long-distance race. I was growling like a dog and Kyla was howling like my bitch – I was the leader of the pack taking what was mine – breeding my property with my naked cock.

My breathing grew deeper, my fucking became more frantic – Kyla was screaming, “Yes! Yes! Yes!”

I dropped my hand to the cunt I was fucking and found her bloated clit. One tweak on the little bud was all that was needed, and Kyla was screaming again.

“OH! OH! OH! PLEEEASE!”

The only response she got was another tweak on her clit. That was enough to tip her over, though I doubt if even that was necessary – nothing was going to stop that girl from falling over the edge.

“AH! AH! AHHH! OH YES!!!! AAAAARGH!”

Her incredible pussy tightened around me. She threw her hands back to pull me in. She was seizing her moment, riding her climax that had been forced upon her, though technically had not been granted. It would give me an excuse to punish her later, but right then I was delighted at her whorish behaviour.

And I was also too pre-occupied with my own immanent climax to bother with chastisement. The pulsing of Kyla's cunt and the feel of her body as it quivered against me in her orgasmic explosion was more than enough to topple me over. With a final hard thrust I slammed all the way in and juddered against her. The spunk flew out of me, spurt after spurt as Kyla clutched at my ass pulling me in and I held her so tight with one arm round her chest, grappling with a tit, and the other rubbing her clit. I spurted it all out, grinding my groin against her ass, pushing into the butt plug so I was fucking her with that as well – the token of enslavement that she had worn all day and had sparked such incredible passion.

Chapter 13

It was a passion that stayed burning bright through the rest of the evening. We had fucked and we had come, but we still needed more.

Whilst Kyla had a shower, I prepared some food – cold meats and some salad, nothing special. It was obvious as we ate that our hunger for each other was gnawing away at us as we filled up our stomachs. I could see it in her eyes, a yearning for more physical expression. For Kyla the whole day had been a continuous foreplay, and one good fuck was never going to be enough. I felt much the same, and I was rigidly hard. But would either of us be satisfied with just another fuck, even if it lasted for the rest of the evening?

Perhaps! But I know I wanted more than just basic sex. I wanted to explore further into the unknown. And there was a niggling question that had briefly raised its head a short while before when I was licking Kyla's cunt – the aspect of punishment.

Of course, I had touched on this when I had spanked her, but she enjoyed that so much it was hardly a real punishment. The nipple clamps came closer, but even there I had been lenient. I wondered if I actually had it in me to punish her properly if the need were to arise. There was also the question of how Kyla would react. I reckoned it was time to find out.

So, I made a decision to raise the bar earlier than I had planned – introduce something new and exciting, and at the same time tackle this thorny issue of punishment.

Kath had said when she gave me her advice that we had to try some bondage, and I had already bought a few things with that in mind. I had originally planned on waiting till the weekend and make this the big event for Saturday night. But spontaneity seemed like a better option to an over rigid structure, and the timing seemed so right to do it now. Kyla was definitely ready, and my curiosity was demanding action. She had given me an excuse to take this step – not that I really needed one, but it added validity to the situation. She had come without permission and deserved to be punished; and what better way to do it than to tie her up, render her helpless, take away all control then put some leather to her ass. It was the traditional method – I didn't need to be told that, and we had to at least give it a go. We both needed to know if we could handle it. Me more than Kyla, I suspect; and if I shied away now the doubt would fester. I couldn't build our new relationship on doubts – I had to test it out.

There was also something else that I wanted to test out – a burning urge that had been gnawing at me all day. It had been smouldering for the past three years to be honest, but now it had definitely burst into flames and if ever there was a right time, then this was it.

I waited till we were eating then picked my moment to set the scene up.

“Fetch me a cold beer from the fridge, Kyla,” I ordered.

She got up straight away and did as I bid. She was naked as I had instructed whilst I was casually dressed in tee-shirt and jeans. I hadn't quite worked out yet what was becoming for a master to wear – everything the shop assistant suggested looked leather-queen gay, so I decided to leave it and check on Monday with Kath.

I watched Kyla as she fetched the beer, first checking out her plugged up ass which was driving me wild; then leering at her shaven snatch as she came back to the table – the lips still puffy with clear arousal, and much to my delight, a little glistening of juice.

“Have you no control over your body, Kyla?” I asked as she placed the beer bottle and a glass in front of me. “We’re eating, for goodness sake! And you’re positively dripping between your legs. Go and put a pair of knickers on so that thing will be out of my sight.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said, sounding disappointed. I should have chastised her further for her tone, but it suited my purposes to let it go. She came back a few minutes later looking far more scrumptious than the food on my plate. Even in a simple pair of white cotton panties she looked divine.

“That’s better!” I said as Kyla sat down. “You need to develop some self-control, Kyla. In fact, now that I think about it... you came earlier without permission.”

“But, Sir! You made me!”

“Don’t answer me back! That’s another mistake you’ve just made. I was in two minds, but now there’s no question about it - I’m definitely going to teach you a lesson. After dinner, my girl! After dinner we work on your self-control.”

“Yes, Sir,” she said, lowering her head, failing miserably to hide the grin that was spreading across her face.

Kyla finished her meal with that grin persevering, intrigued and very excited. And that grin was still there when Kyla was doing the washing up. I left her at the sink to go and prepare the lounge, telling her to stay there until I returned. When I did come back, Kyla had finished her chore and stood where I had left her, impatiently waiting on the next round of fun, no doubt wondering what it might involve. She looked over her shoulder as I approached, that grin stretched broader than ever over her lovely face.

“Face forward!” I commanded.

Kyla obeyed. I should have told her to wipe the smirk off her face, but I doubt if she could have complied with that so easily. Kyla and self-control had a long way to go, but it would be fun helping her try to get there.

“Put your hands together on the edge of the sink!” I ordered.

Kyla rested her hands where I had instructed. I moved directly behind her and placed a hand on her naked shoulder then trailed it down the length of her back. I reached the panties and felt her buttocks, held so snugly within, and the base of the plug that was in her bowels, stretching and preparing them. I prodded the base and Kyla let out a moan, clearly aroused by the play. A grin hit my face as well as I thought about the fun that lay ahead when I would remove that plug and try to get my cock in there instead. Would she still be moaning pleasurably, or would she be screaming and demanding that I stop?

But that was for later. For the time being I slipped a finger under the panties and gave her cunt a gentle frigging. Then having distracted Kyla with this teasing foreplay, I pulled out the handcuffs that I had in my pocket – a serious pair, so that shop assistant had assured me with a suggestive glint in her eye. I reached round and took hold of Kyla's left hand. I pulled her arm behind her back and clipped the first cuff to Kyla's wrists before she realised what was happening. She let out a gasp to accompany the sound of the metal snapping together. I have to say that I found it incredibly exciting – a shiver went down my spine and blood coursed to my cock, swelling it so hard.

“Just in case you get tempted to play with yourself,” I said as I grabbed hold of her right hand and brought it behind her as well then cuffed it to the left.

Looking down at her secured hands, I was surprised by how arousing I found the image. She wasn't totally helpless, but she was getting that way – there wasn't much Kyla could do to fend me off if she didn't like what was in store for her. I could appreciate what Kath had meant about the transfer of power – bondage really hammered the point home. This would be a major test for us both.

One thing for sure, I definitely liked it! The feeling of authority it gave, to see Kyla cuffed and at my disposal, to do with as I pleased, was an amazing rush. I could understand why so many men got off on it. But it could be a dangerous thing if it only went one way – something else that was going to be explored, but it had to be done with safety in mind.

I reached round to Kyla's crotch to check how she was. It was immediately clear that Kyla was into this as well – her pussy was still moist and puffed with arousal. I gave it a stroke and pressed my erection into her cuffed hands so she could feel my arousal as well. Then remembering the rule that Kath had mentioned, I spoke into Kyla's ear.

“Decide on a word, Kyla. Just in case it gets too weird, or you're in difficulty for any reason.”

“What do you mean, Sir?”

“A safety word. You can trust me; you know you can – but we should still have one. Give me a word... and if you say it at any time then I'll stop straight away and give you a hug. It's your insurance policy, Kyla - one that I have to honour. Okay? So, pick a word then we're going into the lounge. Anything will do - you can change it later to something clever if you want.”

“Yeah, okay...” she replied. Then having taken a moment to think it through she came up with, “...Jordan.”

“Jordan! You detest that bitch!”

“Yeah, so I'm not likely to say her name unless I'm desperate.”

“Fair enough... Jordan it is. Now move yourself, girl. Into the lounge.”

With my hand still on her crotch, groping Kyla's cunt, I turned her around and guided her out the kitchen. When we got to the lounge, I steered her to an easy chair and positioned her behind it. I had already attached ropes to each of the four legs

and tucked them away under the chair, hidden from Kyla's view.

Putting my hand on Kyla's shoulder, I ordered her to spread her legs and bend forward. She obeyed, but I helped her along by pushing her down until her head was resting on the cushioned seat of the chair; her hair a glimmering pool around it.

Wow! She looked such a treat bent over like that – hands cuffed behind her back, her legs spread wide, her ass swelling out the cotton panties with the plug base clearly outlined, pressing into the softness of her buttocks.

I grabbed hold of the panties and ripped them from her, placing the tattered rag in my pocket. And there was her bare ass, filled with the lucky plug. Yeah, I was jealous of the rubber; for I was gagging to get my cock in there instead. I was determined at least to try and bugger her and see how she reacted – see if she felt so desperate over the act that she screamed out 'Jordan'. I was almost spurting at the thought. I could barely wait. But first she needed to be fully secured and made to feel totally vulnerable.

To start with I bound her ankles, using the ropes that were tied to the back legs of the chair. I lashed each rope around the nearby ankle a couple of times then tied them again to the chair legs. Then moving round to the front, I took the two ropes there and tied them snugly, but not chokingly, around Kyla's neck. I allowed her a little slack, but not much, so she was now effectively pinned down in the bent position with her head resting on the seat of the chair.

I thought that might be pushing it too much – she was now completely bound and helpless. It was probably uncomfortable as well, straining her shoulders with her hands cuffed behind her back, but Kyla accepted it without complaint. Jordan was kept firmly at bay.

I took my time to circle her and admire my bound slave. I stroked her back to help her relax and ran my fingers through her hair in a fatherly sort of way. When I went behind her I caressed her buns in a way that no father should. I sank to my knees and licked her exposed pussy, forcing my tongue all the way in to tickle her hungry hole. Then I trailed my tongue up and prodded the base of the butt plug.

God, I needed to fuck her! I needed to fuck that ass which had been denied me for way too long.

I had it in my mind that I would wait for a while before testing her out on some buggery; but there was always the risk that she would blurt out ‘Jordan’ before I got to that stage. There were a couple of things that I had in store for her that could possibly push her too far as well, so I thought it best to have a crack at riding her ass first – this bound position was too tempting to miss out on.

I pulled out my dick then stood up behind her. Holding it at the base, I ran it along the exposed slit of her pussy. Kyla purred, thinking she was going to get fucked that way again, but I had other ideas. I slipped her a few inches to keep her happy and keep my cock happy as well. Then I took hold of the base of the butt plug and slowly pulled it out. She let out a loud gasp when the widest section stretched her ring; then she gasped again when the plug popped out leaving her pucker gaping.

Still fucking her cunt with half of my cock, I brought out the torn panties and wrapped them around the plug before casting it to the floor. I took out some lube and smear a generous load onto my fingers then entered her ass first with one then with two. A full day of being stretched meant she took them easily – physically, if not mentally.

I asked her later what was going on in her mind. She said she was scared, but not overly so. Curious as well, but most of all determined to try; for she knew this was coming – she knew me so well.

Unaware of this at the time, I frigged her ass for a few minutes whilst fucking her cunt with half my dick – waiting, waiting, praying for no Jordan. Nothing came other than her groans. So, seizing the moment and seizing full control, I pulled my cock from out of her pussy and slapped the hard meat across the peachy cheeks.

“I’m going to fuck your ass now, Kyla. Think of it as a punishment or take it as a treat. I don’t give a damn either way. I’m going to fuck your ass and break you in then I’m going to give you the punishment proper before I fuck it again and spurt a load into your guts.”

I heard her suck in a deep breath. I sensed the apprehension and I assumed there was some fear. Given the choice, I was certain she would have waved this, but that choice had been removed through her temporary enslavement. The only choice was to blurt out her safe word; but Kyla kept Jordan to herself.

I covered my dick with plenty of lube then presented the knob to her partially opened hole. I heard Kyla pant with a tremor to her voice but held back on any words. Realising that she was

going to at least try and take me, I pushed with my hips. The butt plug had done a fantastic job and my cock slipped partially in. I could feel Kyla's ring resisting me, but I pushed again and with a sudden plop my cock forced through, her muscle clamped around my shaft and trapped the glans inside.

Kyla let out a loud yelp. I could see her body shaking as she tried to deal with the physical shock of the entry; fighting the pain caused by the stretch of her anus.

I was fighting as well. "Oh shit! God! Oh God!" I hissed as I looked down on her struggle; fighting back the desperate urge to come.

I held myself there for a few moments. I wanted to say something – to ask if she was all right, but I fought that back as well, for this was supposed to be a punishment. She knew what to do if it was too much to handle.

So, I calmed myself down; then after a few minutes of stationary buggery, I pushed into her further - slowly and deliciously my cock slid inside. I looked down as my cock slowly disappeared. I pushed and pushed, not able to stop until I could push no more, and I had fed her all that I'd got. It was so incredibly amazing, her tightness and warmth, the sight of her cuffed hands and bound legs and neck, the whole situation was blowing my mind.

Fuck it was good!

It was incredibly good!

But it could be better - I wanted to feel those soft peachy buttocks with my naked flesh, so I carefully pulled my cock halfway out, gazing at her chute as it clung to the shaft. Then

having created some space, I unbuckled the thick leather belt that I had recently bought and pulled my jeans and underpants down. A moment later I slid my cock back all the way in and grinded my groin against her naked buttocks.

God what a buzz!

It certainly felt different to having my cock inside her cunt. Her ass was definitely tighter; the act of buggery was somehow raunchier. It might be the novelty that was making my head spin, but boy did it feel good. And Kyla was taking it. She had hissed in her breath as I slowly impaled her and had hissed again and let out a yelp when the final inch was fed to her; but after a few minutes she calmed herself down. Okay, so she wasn't groaning and moaning like an anal slut, but she wasn't hollering in pain and screaming for me to stop – she wasn't using her safe word. She was letting me bugger her like a good slave should.

Fair enough! So, I started to fuck her, sliding in and out. I went slowly at first, aware of potential harm, but it was so bloody good, I couldn't hold back for long and I started to pump harder and harder. But after a couple of minutes of harder fucking I could feel my balls tingling. They were yelling out that familiar warning – 'Hello there Robbie; we're about to explode!'

Too soon!

The excuse for this session was teaching self-control, and I needed to exert some on myself as well. I paused for a moment. I calmed myself down. I removed the thick leather belt from my jeans and rested it along the length of Kyla's back. She tensed, suddenly aware to the new threat. Then I

started to fuck her again slowly, sliding luxuriously in and out, dragging the belt over her skin – an extra friction for her stimulation.

A few more minutes of fucking then I pulled my dick out. Then shoving my hand between Kyla's legs, I roughly fingered her cunt which interestingly was still moist. Kyla groaned with a mixture of pleasure and pain, plus a fair bit of trepidation.

"You have to accept it now, Kyla," I hissed as I moved up to her asshole and frigged it with two fingers. "This is mine - mine to fuck and to frig and to rim with my tongue. Is that not right?"

"Yes, Sir!" she exclaimed between lusty groans.

"And this cunt is mine as well," I said, groping her bald mound with my other hand. "Mine to fuck and to frig and to lick out. Is that not also right?"

"Yes, Sir!" she agreed, groaning ever louder.

"And to play with as I'm fucking you, be it up your ass... or up your cunt like I was doing earlier against the door."

"Yes, Sir!"

Then I took hold of her clit and gave it a squeeze. "This is mine as well, is that not right?"

"Yes, Sir! Of course it is."

"And the pleasure you take from it is mine as well, Kyla. Your orgasm is mine, and it should only happen when I give permission – is that clear, girl?"

“Yes, Sir! I’m sorry, Sir. I’ll try harder from now on. But it’s so difficult not to come when you’re fucking me.”

“It never used to be!” I snapped, touching on a point that was very sore until recently.

Kyla had no answer, and I didn’t need to hear one. I knew what was different – it was me, not her. Things had changed so much in the course of a week. Before it was a struggle for me to get her to come during a fuck, now it was a struggle for Kyla not to. But she had to try. I was taking control of Kyla’s orgasms – an incredible thing to do. Such power she was giving me over her body – that surely was enslavement.

“You must be punished, Kyla,” I continued. “It is the only way for you to learn the lesson. I’m going to punish you; then I’m going to claim what is mine – your ass, your cunt, your clit and your orgasm.”

I released my grip on her clit and pulled the fingers out of her ass then I picked up the belt and doubled it up. I gave her ass a gentle pat and watched as she tensed. I waited for a moment to give her the chance, but Kyla kept Jordan to herself.

My heart was racing as I prepared myself to hit her. She looked so sexy, bound and helpless – her ass bent over with the hole partially open, fucked for the first time, but certainly not the last. And below was her shaved cunt all puffy and moist, the alternative that was mine to use as I pleased. As I gazed at this treasure, I felt no anger; nor did I feel a burning need to hurt. But I felt resolve, and I sensed my inner strength. Mine was the power and I knew I could yield it – yield it now in this demonstration; and yield it again if push came to shove and Kyla needed to be properly punished.

Standing to her left, I brought the belt down on her ass with a crack. I didn't hit her too hard, but Kyla let out a howl. A red welt appeared across her buttocks. I watched it glow as Kyla tensed and braced herself for the next blow. I hit her again, a little harder this time. Kyla hissed in her breathe then gasped it back out. I paused again, listening for the word that never came. Then I moved to the right for the next two strokes. They were backhanded swipes, and not quite as effective; but Kyla still yelped as the thick leather belt kissed her ass and left a lick of red. Then I returned to the left for another two whacks – British traditional demanded six of the best. And for the final two I gave her a hell of a good wallop – the sound of the leather cracking against her flesh reverberated around the room to the accompaniment of Kyla's howls.

That was enough.

I paused to look at my handiwork. Kyla was now panting, almost choking out her breathe, and her ass was inflamed, angry welts criss-crossing the flesh.

With the belt still in my hand I got directly behind her and slid my cock back up her ass. I then wrapped the belt around her neck, giving her another symbol of enslavement with the makeshift collar and lead. Holding the belt and pulling so Kyla's head came back as far as the rope bondage would allow; I fucked her good and hard, slamming my groin into her aching buttocks, feeling the heat that I had so violently placed there.

And as I fucked my tethered slave, straining her with the lead; I forced my free hand down to her cunt and fingered it as I rode her ass.

“My ass!” I yelled. “My ass to fuck, and my cunt to play with.”

Then I gripped her clit and gave it another squeeze.

“And this is my clit and all that it can give. Remember that, girl – or your ass will get belted night after night until you eventually learn some self-control.”

Kyla was groaning and moaning away, pain and degradation mixed with whorish arousal forcing out the sounds. Perhaps learning a lesson, or scheming further disobedience – only time would tell, but I would handle it either way.

“My orgasm, Kyla!” I continued, getting to the nub. “My orgasm! Are you ready to give it to me?”

“Yes, Sir! Oh Yes! Please! Please!”

“Then do so in a minute - one minute from now, Kyla, not a second before!”

I pulled out of her ass and lay down on the floor between her spread legs. Her pussy was dribbling – a long strand of juice trailed down her thigh. I licked it off, finishing with my tongue buried in her snatch. Kyla moaned really loud; to either side of my face her legs were shaking – her whole body was ready to erupt. I licked again, this time flicking my tongue across her lips all the way from the base right up to her clit which I then took in my mouth and sucked. Meanwhile I toyed with her gaping asshole, teasing the rim then frigging her gently before finally pushing two fingers in deep so the pads settled over her g-spot. She was howling like a bitch now; desperately trying to hold herself back.

I pulled my face back for a second and yelled out, “Give me it! Now!” Then I plunged my face back and smothered it in her pussy flesh.

She shrieked as my tongue lashed at her pinkness. Her whole body shook like she was jolted by lightning, and her pussy exploded, ejaculating juice. The bitch practically drowned me, she squirted out so much. I always thought it was a myth that women could do that, but Kyla had just proved it as fact!

I swallowed some down, totally stunned. Then I stood up and fucked her till I was spurting as well.

That only took me a couple of minutes. With the taste of her cunt juice fresh in my mouth and the leather belt taut in my hand, I rammed my cock in and out of her ass. I fucked her hard, and I fucked her fast, rutting away at a frantic pace; taking another part of her that was mine. Taking her like a master... sure that I was.

Chapter 14

And so, to the weekend!

You might think that this would be the highlight, but Friday was actually pretty tame. We had an existing arrangement to go out with some friends and I didn't think it right that we cancel.

It was a fun night out. They lived in Earls Court and we met in a restaurant – Italian, which is always fine with me. Then onto a club which wasn't too loud, which again suited my tastes. Of course, the whole night had the extra dimension of our secret arrangement. I had made it clear to Kyla that we shouldn't act differently with our friends, at least not for the time being, so we didn't have to think or worry about our behaviour and how it might be perceived. But it was still there between us – this new bond that linked us, and it was obvious that our relationship, no matter how we decided to play it, wasn't something that could be neatly wrapped up and kept indoors. It went with us everywhere; and the looks that passed between us made it clear to each other that we were very happy about the situation.

It was after four in the morning by the time we got home, tired and a little drunk. We had a shower together before going to bed but didn't get down to anything dirty. I thought about fucking her before falling asleep. I could have easily done it. I think I would have to be knocking on death's door before I wasn't capable of doing the business on Kyla. But it would

have been purely functional, and I was hardly desperate, so I settled for a kiss and a cuddle before drifting off to sleep. Kyla seemed perfectly happy with that. I suspect she felt the same. Our sex over the past week had been so incredible – a bland vanilla fuck would have been odd in contrast. It would have been going through the motions – and Kyla and I were way beyond that.

So, we waited till Saturday.

Saturday was normally a pretty structured day. We had a routine. Make some effort to tidy up the flat, stock up on some food and things like that. In the afternoon we would go to the health club then in the evening we would meet up with a group of friends in a bar then perhaps move on to a nightclub. The social part was a very loose arrangement, so never an issue if we didn't turn up, but I sent a few messages anyway, pleading tiredness after the night before and the commitment we had for Sunday.

On Sunday Kyla's parents were celebrating an anniversary and we were fated to go and spend a few hours in their company along with the rest of the family for Sunday lunch. They live in Watford, so that meant a couple of hours travel time as well. I actually quite like them, so it wasn't a big deal – but it just meant that the day wouldn't be ours.

But Saturday would be ours and ours alone.

A whole day together!

The only whole day we would have during the trial week. So, Saturday would be my biggest challenge; and my biggest opportunity.

And how does a master make the most of his slave when he has her to himself for a whole day? Well, I kept mine in bed till well after mid-day, which was perfectly reasonable given the time we got to sleep. It might not seem like such a big thing, but Kyla's not the type to laze in bed. She's more the sort who would get up scarily early and go for a jog or a swim before breakfast. Regardless of how late we'd been out the night before, I can't ever remember Kyla still being in bed beyond noon. So, the fact that she stayed with me as I dozed and seemed happy just to lie there and let me spoon her from behind, was another big milestone in taking control of her life.

Of course, the promise of a morning fuck, or an early afternoon fuck as it turned out to be, probably helped to calm her restlessness. It had been more than a day since I'd last been inside her and shot out a load of spunk – a quick fuck before getting up on Friday morning, so it was no surprise that I had a morning glory throbbing away between my legs. And it was longer than that since Kyla had come – Thursday night was the last time I allowed her, so by mid-day Saturday she was like a snarling bitch in heat. She kept wriggling her ass as the morning turned to afternoon, fully awake and gagging for my cock whilst I lay blissfully dozing, revelling in her presence, the warmth of her body, and her whorish need that had been wonderfully re-captured over the past week.

“Lie still, Kyla,” I told her time after time.

And time after time she obeyed for a few minutes, only to let her restlessness resurface. I was enjoying the game too much to spoil it with forced anger and take my hand to her still sore ass and give it a jolly good spanking. It wouldn't work anyway – that would just make Kyla all the hornier, and it would rouse

me as well – I would end up fucking her – so who would have got their way in that little play!

I'll tell you this – it's not easy being a master – at least a loving master, rather than a sadistic bastard, which I reckon would be a darn sight more straight forward, but infinitely less rewarding. There are so many dilemmas to face; but it's well worth the effort. Saturday morning turning to afternoon and still in bed with my sexy girlfriend slave – her wriggling around gagging to get fucked, and me still catnapping with a rock-hard cock – it was heaven on earth!

“I need to go to the toilet,” Kyla protested after I'd told her to lie still for the umpteenth time.

“Make sure you come back. I want another half hour and I want you here with me.”

“I'll bring you some coffee.”

“No, that'll wake me up... You can bring it in half an hour's time. Now don't be long.”

Kyla prised herself from under my arm and slipped out of bed. I heard her fumbling around but paid no heed; then the door was opened, and Kyla was gone. A few minutes later she was back, resuming her position spooned by my body – my arm wrapped around, clutching a tit and holding her close, our legs entwined, and her ass snuggled into my crotch, my cock wedge into her crack.

My cock in her crack!

Through the grogginess of semi-slumber, I sensed the difference. I could feel the coolness on my shaft. Instinctively I gave a gentle thrust and my cock slithered along her gulley,

eased by an external lubrication that Kyla had obviously applied when she'd gone to the toilet.

"That's unusual," I grumbled lazily into her ear.

"I know, Sir. And it shouldn't be wasted."

That 'Sir' came very easily. Not forced or awkward at all which felt kind of good. And I had to admire her for her cunningness, getting herself lubed up, making it clear she was offering me her ass. Not offering, for it was already mine – she was making it easier for me to take and to use; tempting me to slip her my dick and fuck her up the rear – something that she admitted after our Thursday night session that she found surprising enjoyable.

This was brazen manipulation! I'm sure a strict master would have cuffed her ear and perhaps made her eat dog shit for breakfast. She might not have broken any rule, or technically disobeyed me – but she was definitely pushing her luck. And I warmed to that. I didn't want Kyla to lose her mischievous spirit. I didn't want her to become a doormat through enslavement. Perhaps that was wrong, and I was just playing at this game, but for me I needed to keep Kyla whole, not detract from the wonderful human being that she is. So, I did what felt natural – I pinched her nipple and growled lovingly in her ear.

"You're going to get punished for that, and don't try and argue, I don't want any of your lip! I know what you're up to; and you'll get your comeuppance! But that will be later - just now I want another half hour's rest. So, as my cock is all slippery with that lube you put in your crack, you might as well stick it inside you. You can decide where you want it. I'm

not going to fuck you, though, you can do that yourself. I'm just going to lie here and doze. And I expect to be able to doze! So, if you insist on riding my cock, Kyla, then do so very gently!"

"Thank you, Sir! I will."

Still holding her tight and caressing her nipple, Kyla pushed back her hand and captured my shaft. She pulled it downward till it reached her asshole, teased me for a second then pulled it further down to her pussy. She fed the glans in and clenched around it – giving me a little reminder of how good her cunt felt. Then bless her, she took it out and returned it to her asshole. She pushed back slowly allowing it to first open her ring then pop inside. She held it there for a moment as she adjusted to the stretch. She pushed again and took some more. Then satisfied that she had captured her prize, Kyla let go with her hand and returned it to mine, covering it as I toyed with her tit.

Inch by inch she impaled herself on my dick, massaging the shaft with her pulsating chute as she anally gobbled it up. She took me all the way in; her buns ending up pressing into my groin. Then she raised my hand to her mouth. With my cock fully in her, all snug and warm, our bodies deliciously entwined; Kyla licked my palm and kissed each of my fingers then suck one digit after the other. She didn't try to fuck herself. She lay there still. The only movement was that of her tongue as my would-be slave licked her master's hand.

"Thank you, Sir," she whispered into my palm. "Thank you so much."

For exactly what she didn't say – but I reckon it was for more than eight and a half inches of meat.

“You're welcome, Kyla,” I drowsily replied. “You're still going to get punished; but you're welcome to this.”

We dozed for the stated half hour, or at least I did. Kyla, I'm sure, was fully awake, but her restlessness was sated to a large extent by having a big cock up her ass. But as the time moved on so luxuriously, entwined in a stationary copulation, the inevitable movements slowly came. Kyla went first; taking advantage of the permission given, she started to ride my dick, which not for one second had given a suggestion of going soft in all that time it spent up Kyla's ass. A few minutes later and I was happily responding and thrusting at Kyla as she pushed back into me. We fucked like this for several minutes, content with the easy sex, in no rush to build up to a full steam of rutting. Languidly, I pushed her onto her front, and continued to ride her in a slow sensuous fashion.

Slowly I fucked her. I sawed into her body with long lingering thrusts, massaging Kyla's butt cheeks with my groin at the end of each delicious stroke. Then I withdrew to the end, leaving Kyla gasping at the loss, and massaged her tight little ring with my knob. I gave her a fucking that was all for her, focusing primarily on her pleasure. I used my cock like a devilish anal probe; massaging Kyla's chute with my thick long shaft.

Kyla flopped out on the bed and accepted it all, moaning and groaning throughout. She writhed on the bed and swayed her ass; she clenched her chute and massaged my cock. For at least half an hour we fucked like this – slow and sensuous, giving so much.

But neither of us could resist moving up a gear. I could hear it in Kyla's groans that she needed more. Tender fucking is all very well, but there's nothing that can beat a good hard bang! So, keeping my cock rooted in her ass, I manoeuvred Kyla to the edge of the bed and raised her onto her hands and knees as I stood on the floor. With a new angle to ram at, I quickened my thrusts. I speeded up gradually but hearing Kyla's pants and moans as my cock ploughed into her, I was soon banging away, thrusting into her ass, slamming my cock into Kyla's guts, pumping into her like a piston. I held Kyla by the hips as I slapped against her buttocks, thumping and pumping my cock into her chute, all subtlety now thrown aside. I banged at her and slammed at her; I bucked and I fucked. I rode my girlfriend like a man possessed and was so happy with the affliction. I pounded away as the sweat poured out my body. It was heavenly beyond belief.

Then I felt the sudden urgency wash through my body; spreading gloriously from my cock and tingling balls down to my toes and up through my skull. My whole being was consumed with one wild primal need - to spurt my seed inside my girlfriend's body.

Kyla clearly wanted me to do just that. She was tossing her head from side to side, arching her back and swaying her ass, beckoning me to fuck her harder with her action and underlining it with her whorish words.

"God, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck my ass and fill me up," she yelled.

I was going to oblige her, by Christ I was. But instead of just going for it there and then, I gritted my teeth and found the

willpower to pull my cock out of her ass. Kyla gasped at the loss. She looked behind to me in confusion, but she had no time to question why I had stopped before I was bundling her over onto her back. I grabbed her by the ankles and rolled her backwards till her asshole was directly in line with my cock then I plunged all the way back in her.

Kyla yelled out in delight and I was screaming as well. I hammered my cock into her and held it deep at the end, writhing above her and staring at her face. I banged into my girlfriend with all my might; thudding my groin into Kyla's beautiful sore ass cheeks and slapping my balls into the small of her back.

“Ahhh! Ahhh! Ahhh!” panted Kyla. “Oh God! Oh God! I’m going to come, Sir! God! It’s too good. Please say that I can. Please! Please!”

“On you go!” I growled as I continued to violently thrust at her. “Let me see you come for your master.”

Kyla was bucking on the bed, thrashing her arms to the side of her body in total surrender to getting anally fucked.

Ah! Oh, yes! Oh! Oh! Ooooh! Aaaaargh!” she cried.

I carried on fucking her as she convulsed with her orgasm. The tightening of her chute and the clenching of her ring, as she writhed before me, brought me to a climax as well. I screamed out loud as I sank my nails into Kyla's hips and rammed my length deep into her bowels. I felt my hot spunk spurting out of my cock and into her body, filling her up with an impressive load. I pumped it into her; short stabbing thrust as I forced it all out, and Kyla milked me dry, desperate for every drop of my juices.

I waited for a moment as the climax passed. Then with my cock still hard inside her body, I decided to put an end to this week – there wasn't a point anymore.

"I am your master – you do know that, don't you, Kyla."

"Yes, Sir."

"We don't need a week, do we? We already know what we both want. It's just the fine details we need to work out."

"Yeah... But I can do that, can't I?"

"What?"

"Ask for a few things – like a pre-nuptial. Maybe it's wrong though. I should trust you without it. It's just... things like Mum and Dad – they wouldn't understand."

"Of course! There's going to be lots of things we need to sort out; and I want you to tell me all your concerns. I want to know the boundaries. And nothing's written in stone. You can always back out. You can always say no – say no if you don't want a particular part of the life. It has to work for both of us. But you do want it, yes?"

"Oh, God! I want it so much... I feel... I feel complete. I feel so alive. I feel so happy... and that's without the sex! When you add that in – well... it's just incredible."

"Yeah – it is, isn't it! Oh fuck, Kyla. I'm still so randy for you."

"I'm yours to fuck again, if that's what you want. I'd certainly be well up for another pounding."

It was such a wonderful moment. It was like we had just consummated our sexual relationship with the words truthfully

spoken. We just stared at each other - she on her back with her legs in the air, held by my hands at the ankles. I stood over her gazing down, my cock rooted inside her. I washed her body with my admiring eyes. God, she looked so sexy and she was totally mine! I had enslaved her; she was giving me the power and I vowed never to let her down.

I fell upon her and sealed the deal with a kiss.

Chapter 15

So, mission accomplished?

Yes and no. Kyla had agreed, and terms would be settled, boundaries discussed, but not too much in the way of restrictions. I knew Kyla so well it was hardly needed. She gave me her trust and I gave her my respect.

Getting her to agree was actually the easy part – it was like a honeymoon where everything is fresh. The tricky part was moving on and living the life. It was no longer a game – it was real.

So, Saturday was the end and a new beginning. My greatest opportunity had been seized upon and the prize delivered shortly after mid-day. That meant that now there was only the challenge; and the excitement of a new life ahead.

Making a very late start, we crawled out of bed and showered together, Kyla washing us both. She towelled me down without being asked. I sort of enjoyed it but wouldn't look for it regularly – I too had my limits and didn't want to be over-pampered. How far could that go? Getting her to wipe my ass after a crap? I don't think so!

Dressed in a new chunky fishnet dress that Kyla had bought of her own volition on – a sexy little number that clung to her body and revealed more flesh than it covered, she then set about doing some housework. But we're not particularly messy, and she'd tidied up a few days before, so there wasn't too much to do. I watched her for a while just for the hell of it,

still amazed at how lucky I was to have such a girlfriend... and I would always think of her as that – she was my girlfriend first, and within that she was my slave. I could deal with her changing her mind on the latter; but losing her as my girlfriend – now that was a bridge I couldn't bear to cross – especially now after all that we'd gone through; after all that I knew we could be together.

Then tearing myself away, I announced that I would go and get in some food. Kyla said she would do it after she had finished cleaning, but I told her no. It made sense for one thing; I knew better than Kyla what to buy. And I wanted to speed the chores along so we could move on to the next fun part of the day.

Fun! Even shopping was fun. I walked along the supermarket aisles with a huge smile on my face, thinking of Kyla back in the flat and of the times that lay ahead.

By four o'clock we were back on track, and we headed off to the health club. On Saturday's we had the time to hang around longer – there would be some work in the gym for us both and some swimming as well for Kyla. I tended to loaf around whilst she knocked out the lengths, the Jacuzzi and the steam room, or perhaps on a lounge reading the paper. Today I sat contentedly by the pool, watching Kyla glide majestically through the water – one length breaststroke then one length front crawl; her pace impressively quick and never faltering. For half an hour I sat there; my eyes moving like a metronome in slow motion, mesmerised by the wonder of what I saw – a thing so at home in its fluid state – so graceful and free, yet enslaved to me.

I let out a laugh. It must have been forced out by my bursting heart. A picture came back from some earlier research – a pyramid with five layers of different colours. Maslow’s hierarchy! Was this how it felt like to be there at layer five? Was this what the professor was harping on about when he talked of self-actualisation? He had given some examples, but I’d never quite related – morality, creativity, spontaneity, problem solving, lack of prejudice, acceptance of the facts. But now I sort of got it better, for I reckoned that I was doing pretty well on all that when it came to my relationship with Kyla. Whatever! Perhaps I was there, but if I wasn’t – what a wonderful feeling it would be when I was. For the way I was feeling right there in the club, watching my girlfriend swim up and down, was a level of happiness I never knew possible. And if I still had some climbing to get to the top, then the steps would be paved with only one need – paved with one name... Kyla.

THE END

The Dan Bruce Collection

Tales from The Dark Side

- Welcome to The Dark Side ([read on, or click this link, for extract](#))
- A Taste of The Dark Side
- Made for The Dark Side
- Fisting Night at The Dark Side
- Christmas at The Dark Side
- A Walk on The Dark Side

Her Nemesis Series

- Her Nemesis Master ([read on, or click this link, for extract](#))
- Her Nemesis Returns
- Her Nemesis Demands

Abuse of Power Series

- Taken by the Karinovs
- Revenge of the Karinovs
- Enslaved by the Karinovs

Other books

- Becky's B for Bondage ([read on, or click this link, for extract](#))
- Dark Reality
- Discovery in Bondage
- Enslaving Kyla

- Her Licence to Bondage
- Mastering Her Mania
- Sex Exchange
- The 6:18 to Bondage
- The Avenger
- The Unseen Master

Tales from The Dark Side Extract –

Welcome to The Dark Side

“Miss Marshall!”

“Miss Marshall!!!”

“Wha... What?”

“I said wake up, Miss Marshall. The library is a place for study and research, not for catching up on your sleep. Your final exam is tomorrow – you should have your head in a history book, not pillowed by your arms.”

Stella Marshall looked up through bleary eyes to see her history teacher, Mr Baxter, standing beside her with an exasperated look on his handsome face. It was an expression that Stella knew all too well, for she had been the main cause of that look over the past two years with her casual approach to her A Level course. Stella knew that Mr Baxter prided himself in the fact that during his ten years of teaching the Sixth Form at this elite public school for girls, none of his students had ever failed the exam. Stella Marshall threatened to be the first.

“Sorry, sir... I must have dropped off - too much last-minute cramming, I suppose.”

Mr Baxter was unimpressed and puffed out his manly chest with an indignant intake of breath. “There would be no need for cramming if you had paid more attention during my

classes. What were you studying anyway that you found so interesting that it sent you to sleep?”

“The Highland Clearances, sir.”

Lee Baxter slowly nodded. “Very commendable – it is an immensely important subject, and one that is bound to be included in the exam tomorrow. What aspect of the Clearances have you decided to focus on?”

“Punishing dissenters, sir,” replied Stella, her mind now fully roused from sleep. And with a sharpening of the brain, her usual degree of mischief was coming to the fore. “I find it a fascinating subject. I was actually trying to envisage what it would have been like to be set upon by a Landowner and his men.”

“Most unpleasant, I can assure you!” exclaimed the history master. “They were notorious brutes who showed little mercy to their tenants – females especially were treated appallingly.”

Stella threw her teacher the enigmatic smile which she knew was forever a torment to the man – it was a smile that was part of the flirtatious game Stella had played over the past two years, hoping it would be responded to, and that the rumours concerning this sexy history master would be thankfully confirmed. Stella found Mr Baxter very attractive, very attractive indeed - and it was an attraction that went way beyond the history master’s physical good looks and hunky rugby player’s body. Stella was sure there was something wonderfully dark and sinister that lay seething under the aloof manner Mr Baxter always adopted with his pupils – an element of sadism that made him a doubly appealing prospect for an adventurous girl like Stella Marshall. For such were the

rumours – not only did Mr Baxter enjoy fucking Sixth Form girls with his impressively large cock, he also liked to give their buttocks a good spanking and torture their nipples with his teeth. But if that was the case, why had Stella's flirtation come to nothing, despite her startling facial beauty, a fabulous pair of tits that she would happily have bit, and a spectacular ass that yearned to be smacked by a firmly yielded hand?

"Unpleasant! Do you think so, sir?" Stella asked, deciding to push the game even further than normal. The academic year was almost over – it may be her last chance to be added to the list of pupils who had learned more than history from Mr Baxter. "I think that some of the experiences would be very pleasant indeed. Not for everyone of course, but definitely for me, because... well... I'm different from most other people... or at least most of the girls here at this school."

Stella leaned back in her chair and took a deep breath, so that her breasts swelled out in her peek-a-boo bra and her nipples protruded through the fabric of her blouse. Sure of her worth, Stella then threw her teacher a mischievous grin that would make most men go weak at the knees.

Avoiding her look which he wasn't immune to, but unable to resist the other bait, Lee Baxter had to fight for composure when he gazed down at the beautiful sight of Stella Marshall's impressive bust. It was not the first time he had feasted his eyes upon it, but never had it been so provocatively presented... and presented audaciously when they were alone, the library being empty save for Stella and himself.

"You're certainly more trouble than most of the other girls," replied the teacher, forcing a degree of calmness into his voice

that his heart and his loins certainly didn't share. "I can't recall ever having to send any of my pupils to the headmaster as often as you, Stella. At times it almost seemed like you were deliberately provoking me – a Sixth Former – a young adult - acting like an immature child."

"Sorry, sir," replied Stella, noting with pleasure the sweat that was forming on her teacher's brow. She moved her right hand from the table where it had laid and stroked her slender neck with long elegant fingers that bore no rings but had red painted nails in defiance of school rules. Slowly the hand moved downwards, deftly unfastening blouse buttons on the way, leaving her cleavage on full display along with a hint of her lacy white bra. The first task complete, in a seamless action she moved her hand onwards, over the plain of her flat girlish stomach and down to the hem of her scandalously short skirt – another infringement of the rules that was being blatantly flaunted with the showing of a pair of milky thighs. "It wasn't personal in any way," she continued sweetly as if nothing was happening. "If the truth be known, I actually much prefer you to all my other teachers, but..."

"But what?" stammered Lee, his heart in his mouth, the man stunned by Stella's brazen display. Could this be the moment of truth, he wondered? There would be no better time to test the girl out and sod the bloody exam tomorrow. She was probably destined to fail miserably anyway.

"No. It would be wrong for me to say," teased Stella, her hand now inching slowly upwards and bringing her skirt with it until a glimpse of her white panties could just be seen. "It's too embarrassing - I couldn't face you again if I told you."

His eyes glued to the shameless action, Lee Baxter forced another response. “Tomorrow you sit your final paper then a week later the summer term will be over – our paths are unlikely to cross thereafter. So, tell me this dark secret, Stella. You have intrigued me, girl.”

Stella forced a blush that was more like a flush. “It’s disgraceful, I know, but... I kind of like it.”

“Like what?” blurted Lee.

Stella demurred and lowered her eyes, then raised them again to look at her teacher with a glint that suggested without blatantly screeching. “Being sent to the headmaster,” she told him.

Lee looked puzzled as curiosity fought with his burning lust. “You enjoy sitting on your own outside his office?” he asked.

Full succulent lips parted in a gentle smile, revealing a set of dainty white teeth. “Not that part, sir. Not sitting outside - although that can be fun as well after what he’s done.”

“Done what? Explain yourself, Stella!”

Moving her hand to the swell of her bloated sex, Stella blatantly stroked the moistening cotton. Going for broke, the wanton schoolgirl let out her long-kept secret. “Sorry, sir. But you weren’t to know. None of the teachers were to know for fear they might be lenient on me. You see, sir – my mother gave permission for the headmaster to cane me.”

“What!” roared Lee, stunned by the statement. Then quietening his voice for fear of being overheard by passers-by in the corridor outside, he continued, “The cane. But that was

abolished from English schools over twenty years ago. And even when legal it was rarely used on girls.”

Stella grinned as she continued her shocking confession, absently playing with herself as she did so. “I know. But my mother feared I would turn into a delinquent if a firm hand wasn’t taken during my schooling, so an agreement was reached. The headmaster is an old family friend and he agreed to take on the responsibility in secret. He has caned me regularly over the years. Not overly severely, but it hurts quite a bit, and... Well, if the truth be known – I actually enjoy it. So, I’m afraid it never worked as a deterrent to control my behaviour, quite the opposite in fact. I always looked forward to it and would go out of my way to earn a punishment, hence my poor conduct in your classes, sir. In hindsight, my only regret is that he didn’t hit me harder as I was always thrilled by the pain as the cane struck my flesh. And I loved looking at the marks on my ass afterwards and masturbating remembering the feel of the cane as it thudded down on my buttocks...” Her face turned to shock, and her pussy-stroking stopped, seemingly realising what she’d been doing unawares. “...Oops, sorry! You certainly didn’t need to know that bit, did you, sir? I think I’d better get going. Please don’t mention anything of this.”

Stella stood up. But she made no attempt to gather her books and walk away from the table where she had fallen asleep. She stood in front of her teacher, hoping for a reaction to her disgraceful confession and sluttish display.

Lee Baxter stared at the girl before him, stunned but delighted by what he had heard and seen. Stella Marshall had always fascinated him. Smart but seemingly unmotivated, she had

been a thorn in his side for the past two years, but a thorn that Lee had been happy to bear. The girl was a dream for someone like him, with her natural blonde hair framing a beautiful face, flawless skin with a natural rouge to the cheeks, piercing blue eyes that danced with mischief and full ruby lips that were made to be kissed. She was physically mature beyond her years, trim but curvaceous... an eighteen-year-old girl with a womanly body that was made to be fucked. Lee had lusted after her from the moment he saw her but had refrained from making any advances. Having sex with his pupils was bad enough, but Lee never took advantage of overly young girls, despite so many being on offer. It was his policy to bide his time till they reached eighteen and then he would screw them if they were up for a good fucking, and spank them as well as part of the deal, although none had appreciated that aspect of the fun.

There was no other girl in the Upper Sixth Form that Lee had wanted to bed as much as Stella Marshall, but sadly she was the youngster of the crop and had been irritatingly forbidden to Lee for most of the year. And to add to Lee's frustrations, now that Stella had reached the teacher's self-imposed age threshold with her eighteenth birthday two weeks ago, the exam season was upon them and Lee's professionalism had held him back, not wishing to distract the girl from her studies and ruin her slim chances of passing her A Levels – and more importantly, ruin Lee's chances of maintaining his perfect pass record. But there would be no holding him back now – the girl was positively throwing herself at him. She was practically begging for a fucking, and by God she would get one, and get one very soon.

Stella was still waiting, flicking glances between Lee's lust-strained face and the strain that had developed very quickly in his trousers.

Lee's cock was literally throbbing with need, his heart pumping ten to the dozen and his breathing hard and excited. He desperately wanted to take the girl to his rooms and fuck her straight away, but he forced a restraint. He was definitely going to have her several times over. But there was something infinitely more important at stake, so that pleasure would have to wait for the time being. There was a huge opportunity here to be seized and Lee was determined to take full advantage. This revelation about having been caned over the years – about having an ass that was acclimatised to a thrashing, and even better, that she actually enjoyed it! Could it be that at last Lee had found the girl, the one that Angus MacLeod had tasked him to search out?

'Sod it!' thought Lee. It was worth the risk. Stella was most definitely a contender for the role – Lee's only realistic hope if the truth be known as no other girl had shown the slightest potential.

Driven by an urgent lust for his pupil and the prospect of a fabulous reward if Stella played along with his developing plan, Lee reached out with his hand to grab her left breast and gave it a good hard squeeze. Stella squirmed for a second, taken by surprise, then she let out a long pleasurable groan, thrilled that at last her teacher had taken the bait.

"You've been gagging for me to do that for the past two years, haven't you, you little cock-tease?"

Stella's breath had been taken by the strength of the squeeze, so no words of agreement came forth. Her only response was an ecstatic grimace and a pleading in her eyes for more. Lee obliged her, and a moment later his other hand was under Stella's skirt, feeling the swell of her bloated pussy – a cotton covered mound that was drenched in her juice.

“You’ve been asking for that as well, you dirty little minx. But are you up for it, Stella? Do you seriously want me to take things further? Or are you just some silly flirtatious schoolgirl playing a dangerous game, who hasn’t the nerve to see it to the end?”

Stella stared into her teacher's suddenly stern face and melted at the hardness that she saw there. Then she purred in delight at the roughness of her treatment and the promise of what might follow. “Of course, I’m up for it, sir,” she finally managed to say. “Oh God, yes, I’m up for it. I’m all yours – you can do whatever you want with me.”

A wicked smile spread across Lee's handsome face and a fire burned brightly in his chestnut eyes as his hand pushed beneath Stella's panties to feel the naked warmth of her succulent snatch. Fingers danced over her pussy lips, parting them to feel the inner folds, and one forced its way into her vagina.

“Really!” said Lee as he enjoyed the juicy gash. “Then come to my study in an hour's time, Stella. We'll see if you're as good as your word. In the meantime, get back to your revision and try to stay awake. You'd best not fail me, girl!”

Amidst her ecstatic moans, Stella purred out an answer, “I won't, sir. I won't let you down. I'll pass the exam.”

That wasn't what Lee had actually meant, but he didn't correct his pupil. Instead he enjoyed a little more fingering and another grope at Stella's pert young tits. Then he released the girl and walked away without another word. There were some things he urgently needed to arrange and a telephone call he had to make. It was early afternoon, so there was a reasonable chance Angus would be awake by now and willing to hear what Lee had to say.

Her Nemesis Series Extract – Her Nemesis Master

It was a Wednesday – middle of the week in the middle of the month that fell in the middle of a British summer, and surprisingly it wasn't raining outside – the weather was actually quite fine. But the vagaries of the London climate were irrelevant to Emily Johnson – personal assistant to Donald Harper, the man in charge of Infotron, a powerhouse in the field of global telecommunications. Whilst most of the staff had left for the day, Emily had been detained up on the top floor of one of the swankiest office blocks the capital boasted, where the temperature was kept at a constant twenty-two degrees of air-conditioned comfort.

Donald was heading off to the States at short notice and Emily needed to work late to ensure everything was ready for him. It was well after seven in the evening when she was finally happy that it had all been taken care of and that the trip would run smoothly as always. Tired, but pleased with her efforts, Emily made a quick call to her husband, Les, who worked from home as a free-lance writer when his wife afforded him the chance. Emily stressed how exhausted she was, the usual signal for Les to make sure he had the flat neat and tidy by the time she arrived home, and that there'd be a bottle of white wine chilling in the fridge. It went without saying that Les would have dinner on the table once Emily had showered; then later he would offer to massage her feet as she relax and

sipped her wine. It all sounded rather pleasant – nothing less than Emily felt she deserved.

Having filed everything away and made sure the office was left organised, Emily collected her Chanel bag, which like every other label Mrs. Johnson paraded, was actually the real deal. She headed to the washroom to check her appearance – something which Emily did regularly throughout the day to make certain she always looked immaculately fresh. Nothing was really needed, but the lips were still touched up to ensure they were full and glossy, and her expensively cut ash-blonde hair was shaken and ruffled to give it that *‘I never bother with it’* look. The rest she deemed fine having taken a few minutes to admire the new ensemble she was wearing. Be it from the front, the rear, whatever the angle, Emily reckoned it was perfect for the office – the balance just right between professional decorum and sensuous femininity. There was a strand of pearls that was a birthday present from her parents, above a white silk top that showed the necklace off along with some creamy flesh. The top hinted at the swell of her ever so fine breasts but revealed nothing of her cleavage, which was stunning underneath, but not something to be flaunted during working hours. And she really liked the new charcoal coloured suit, with a short-sleeved bolero jacket that emphasised her trim waist and generous bust. It was matched by a tight-fitting charcoal skirt that stopped a couple of inches short of her knees and did a great job for her ass – Emily’s best feature, and that’s high praise indeed, given the quality of the competition elsewhere on her body!

Happy with what she saw, Emily applied a spray of perfume behind both ears and then Mrs. Johnson was ready to go.

In a walk that was second nature, having practiced it endlessly as a young girl, Emily sashayed down the corridor like a fashion model. She was in a pair of Jimmy Choo shoes with three-inch heels, which Emily deemed to be just right – enough to lengthen her already long shapely legs without making her look like a high-class tart. Passing the main demonstration room, she saw a couple of salesmen preparing for a presentation the following day. A nod was given and a curt little smile. The guys looked pleased that she had noticed them. Emily knew they'd be hoping she would mention their late presence to Donald, which was something she might do, or then again she might not – it was an example of her delicate use of power – and where power was concerned, Emily Johnson liked to play her part.

Running over the day in her mind, stroking her ego with the high points, Emily arrived at the elevator, called it and waited. It took several minutes before it came to the top floor, which was longer than normal. Given the lateness of the hour and the empty office, that should have come as a surprise to her, but Emily was too distracted with her self-congratulation to register the fact. Nor was she overly concerned when the elevator finally arrived, and the doors opened to reveal a well-built young man with dark sultry features. As was her want, Emily threw him a look that was verging on the scathing, making quick assessments that would prove to be hideously wrong.

She didn't recognise him as a person. But that was no surprise as Emily rarely ventured out of the top floor to cross paths with the rank and file below. First impressions suggested that there was nothing unusual about this stranger to raise any

alarm. He was dressed in a functional dark grey suit, white shirt with cufflinks that could have been real gold, and a white-on-blue polka dot tie that wasn't passing as silk. All in all, it was the uniform of business, similar to all the other men around the office, so he was indistinguishable from the hoards who worked for the firm.

Yet one thing was unusual – he was there in the elevator. He had purposely taken it up when common sense dictated that he should have waited for it to go down. But this anomaly didn't register in the brain of Emily Johnson, at least not until she had got in and the doors closed behind her.

Was that her first mistake? Or was that her first knowing step on the path she would take – a path to debasement and the filthiest sex imaginable? Flick the coin – for who can possibly say. But Emily got in alone with this man.

Whoosh!

That was the sound of the doors, quickly followed by the sound of Emily's blood as she experienced an immediate adrenalin rush - the flavour of danger that heightens the senses and makes the heartbeat faster. She could smell the musk that was natural, not bought - and taste the energy that frazzled in the air. And there was something else that Emily was aware of – some intuitive sixth sense coming into play, detecting a stare that burned her body. She had elected to stand at the front of the elevator with her back to the man, and Emily could feel his eyes looking through her fashionable designer clothes: she felt them on her back where her ash-blonde hair fell; she felt them on her legs – bare calves and covered thighs; and most of all

she felt them on her ass – that fabulous booty that took the body prize, and was presented so beautifully by its owner.

Suddenly Emily was very self-conscious about the tightness of her skirt, and the fact that the jacket only fell to her waist so that her incredible shapely rump was being shown to best effect. It was the look that she'd wanted – Emily was mightily proud of her derriere and dressed for it to be admired - but being alone in the elevator with an unknown man gave her cause to wonder if perhaps the skirt was a little too provocative.

A little too provocative! It was like a red flag to a bull. But then Emily Johnson wasn't the type of woman that many men dare charge with a threatening horn – at least not in the safe environment of her workplace. There are always exceptions, however, as Emily was about to find out...

The top floor of the office block was twenty stories up, so it was a long ride down to the lobby. As the numbers started falling from twenty through the teens, Emily felt increasingly awkward at being alone in the elevator with this musky scented stranger and his burning eyes - who now, that she thought about it, had no business coming up to the top floor, other than to accompany the person who had called for the elevator all the way back down. Accompany Emily to be precise!

To ease her tension and pass the time, Emily busied herself with her compact. She had already checked her makeup in the washroom, but it seemed like a smart way of ignoring her unwelcome travel companion. With her back to the man, she examined her face in the small mirror. The horror of her

thirtieth birthday was approaching in a few years' time, but Emily consoled herself with the knowledge that most people would guess her younger – she certainly was blessed with more youthful features despite her propensity to frown and scowl. She absently admired herself, feeling inwardly smug at her prettiness. Then suddenly she felt inwardly terrified when she heard the man's deep gruff voice.

“Boy, you certainly are a piece of work! A real cockteaser and no mistake! Tell me, Blondie, do you take it up that lovely ass of yours? I hope so, because I'd certainly like to fuck you that way! It really is top class!”

Holy Mother! Now that came as a surprise! The prim and proper Mrs. Johnson was naturally outraged at what she had just heard, and more than a little afraid.

Emily looked to her right, totally gobsmacked. She was about to turn around and unleash a torrent of indignity, but she froze, quickly thinking better of it. It was a dangerous situation, to be alone in a confined space with an unknown man – a man who had the audacity to make a pass at her, and a disgusting one at that! Electing for caution, Emily decided to pretend that she hadn't heard what the man had said, or if she had, then she was ignoring it – not deigning his vulgarity with a reply. She went back to checking herself in the small mirror of her compact, or at least that's what she feigned. In actual fact she was trying to see the man's reflection.

She succeeded! He was standing there grinning at her, smug and assured, staring back in the mirror, fully aware of what Emily was doing.

Now this was getting extremely scary. Worried, she flicked her gaze to the digital display above the door, hoping they might be near to the safety of the lobby, but much to her angst, they weren't even halfway down. Her eyes darted back to the mirror. There he was again, inescapable in the confined space, grinning at her with filthy-minded intent.

Thud! Thud! Thud! Emily could hear her heart pounding in her chest, jiggling her breasts with the violence of the action, which probably wasn't too smart. She gulped, battling for control. The situation was way out of Mrs. Johnson's comfort zone – adrenalin was not something that usually flooded her system – Emily was more a Camomile Tea type of girl. But her heart was pounding now, by God it was. Then it almost stopped when the man in the elevator addressed her again.

“Yeah, you've definitely got a great ass, Blondie. Looks really sweet in that tight-fitting skirt – no panty line either, so I take it you're wearing a thong. Either that or nothing, you dirty bitch! How would you like it if I pushed the skirt up and stuffed that ass full of cock? You could watch me in the mirror as I buggered you from behind.”

OH! MY! GOD!

Emily was stunned and horrified to be hearing such foul disgusting language. What on earth was going on? Crassness like this had no place in her perfect little world. This wasn't some building-site filled with course uncouth men where vulgar harassment might be expected. This was an office block in a prime London location where high paid professionals worked. How dare he say such things to Emily Johnson? Did the man not realise whom he was addressing?

Steeling herself, determined not to be intimidated by this boorish brute, Emily slowly turned around with an expression of disdain, hoping that the look she gave him would discourage him from saying anything else. It usually worked for her – Emily had a reputation for being able to turn men to stone with her Medusa glare and a haughty tilt of her pretty chin.

But the man wasn't petrified. He remained a tower of living flesh that wasn't in the slightest intimidated. And to make matters worse, he even had the gall to blow Emily a kiss!

As you might imagine, Emily was fuming by this point, and with anger came the courage to look the man over properly for the first time. He stood around six-foot-tall, six one at a push – just a couple of inches more than Emily in her heels. He had a solid looking build, hunky some might say, pretty tasty if you liked a lot of beef on a man, which Emily had never subscribed to in the past. His face was quite threatening with jet black hair and equally dark eyes, and black designer stubble that added to his ruggedness. Emily had to admit that he had a certain appeal, or at least he would appeal to women who liked a bit of rough. But he certainly wasn't Emily's type – or at least that's what she'd have told you on the day of that first encounter - Mrs. Johnson professing to prefer more sophisticated sorts, so normally she wouldn't look twice at such an uncouth man. Yet she looked at him now, and she looked at him warily. There was such arrogance to his countenance and fire in his dark eyes – a self confidence that defied belief. He absorbed Emily's glare and smirked at her again then continued with his foul-mouthed diatribe as he in return looked Emily up and down.

“Oh yeah... you’ve got a lovely pair of tits as well! And a real pretty face under that dyed blonde hair. The coral shade of lipstick really suits you. It would suit you even better if you were to get those tits out as I bet it matches the colour of your nipples...”

Emily gasped. How could he possibly know her reason for the shade? That was a closely guarded secret – a little bit of naughtiness in her prim and proper life that only her closest confidants had been told about!

“Really!” exclaimed the man - delighted at her transparency. He stared at the breasts where the nipples were hidden then back to the face with lips the same shade, fully on view and partially opened in complete and utter shock. “You saucy little minx!” he added. “And I bet you enjoy wrapping those coral painted lips around a fat cock. You look like the sort who gives really good head. I’ll definitely get you to suck my cock before I stuff it up your ass.”

Emily was mortified and totally stunned. It didn’t seem possible this was happening to her. She half expected the man to laugh and say it was all a joke – a crude piece of banter that got way out of hand. She could have handled the situation if that had been the case. She would have slapped him on the face and that would have been that. But the man didn’t laugh! He was actually serious about what he said! The whole thing was scarily surreal.

Affronted, Emily turned away and glanced again at the display above the door. There was a sigh of relief - they were approaching the 4th floor and almost at the lobby. To calm herself before arrival, Emily rested her hand on the bare skin

beneath her pearls and felt the clamminess of her perspiring skin. A vein in her neck was pulsing, ticking out the beat of her galloping heart. She kept looking at the counter, praying for the numbers to fall to zero. Poor Emily didn't know what else to do. Then suddenly a thought struck her.

As four moved to three on the digital display, Emily wondered if this was some sort of set up – an office prank at her expense. Perhaps that evil cow, Tessa Clifford, was testing Emily out, trying to get some dirt to use against her. Tessa was head of Human Resources, and Emily's sole rival in the all-female battle to be the company's queen bitch. They hated each other with a passion, Tessa having vigorously opposed Emily's appointment three years ago when an influential family friend had secured Mrs. Johnson an interview when the post of Donald Harper's P.A. became vacant. Emily had interpreted this as pure jealousy of course – twenty pounds over-weight and fast approaching forty, it was obvious that Tessa didn't want to see a younger, more attractive woman strutting around the top floor. The fact that there had been better qualified applicants for the post was irrelevant in Emily's view - a smokescreen that Tessa threw up to hide her ulterior motive. But Donald insisted, and Emily got the job – social networking carrying sufficient weight to secure the appointment – the 'Old School Tie' coming into play, even in this day and age. War with Tessa had been declared from the very first day: a private war that was professional and backstabbing, underhand, and at times downright ruthless.

But would the evil witch organise something like this? Emily couldn't imagine that Tessa would dare. But just to be safe, she turned to the man again and quietly stated that she wasn't

interested in anything he had to offer, and would he please refrain from speaking to her in such a foul and vulgar way.

The man laughed in return, but not in jest. It was a laugh that sent a shiver through Emily's bones.

"Oh, you're interested," he said very matter-of-factly. "I know your type, Blondie - a real slut for cock. I bet you service the boss and most of those other big shots up on the top floor. Part of the job description for a personal assistant, isn't it - giving good head to relieve corporate stress. Good head, good cunt and good ass as well - perhaps all three at once. Why else did they hire a dumb blonde like you? But you should help out the ordinary guys as well. And by God, you'll help out me! Don't worry; I'll have you begging for it in no time. In fact, why don't we do it now?"

With this, the man leaned forwards and punched the 'STOP' button on the wall. The elevator came to a juddering halt between the 1st and 2nd floors.

Panic set in anew. Emily was now terrified. She wondered if the man was actually serious and planned to assault her here in the elevator. Emily dived into her bag and took out her mobile phone. She held it out like a knife to fend him off.

"What are you doing?" Emily asked - her voice kept low as if afraid to yell out and let the world know of her trouble. "I'm not interested in having anything to do with you! I suggest you stop this disgusting talk and start the elevator again. I'll call Security... I will! They'll be waiting at the bottom, so don't try anything funny."

The man shook his head and laughed at Emily's threats. Then he told her of his plan.

“I’m not going to fuck you in here, you stupid bitch. I was only joking about that. I want more from you than a quick knee trembler against the elevator wall. There’s a men’s changing room down in the basement - really basic with just a shower and a toilet. Not many people know that it’s there. Most people use the posh facilities on the ground floor. A few weirdo joggers use it at lunchtime, but other than that it’s never occupied. Except by me of course... I’ve screwed lots of women in there. Screwed them and buggered them which I really enjoy – I absolutely love fucking a woman up the ass. But I’ve never had anyone with a rump quite like yours. So come on, Blondie! Drop all the stuck up, butter wouldn’t melt crap, and take the elevator down to the basement with me. You can suck my cock and then I’ll bugger you really hard – take you from behind like a dog, so you’ll know you’re now my bitch. Let’s do it! You know you want to.”

The man’s finger hovered over the ‘BASEMENT’ button. He looked at Emily quizzically. Emily shook her head and quickly reached out to punch the ‘START’ button, again telling the man that she wasn’t interested. Emily silently prayed that he would leave it be – that she would arrive at the lobby safe and sound.

She did.

There was no further attempt to halt the elevator or cajole Emily into going to the basement. When they reached the lobby only a few seconds later, the man laughed quietly and departed without further incident.

Emily watched him leave, striding towards the entrance with all the macho confidence of a street fighter who’d just left an

opponent battered on the ground. Feeling like such an opponent, Emily stood by the elevator unable to move her legs. She waited until he'd left the building – the man making his exit whilst whistling a jaunty tune, seemingly indifferent to the terror in his wake. Noticing her distress, the security guard in the lobby asked if there was a problem. Emily blurted out some nonsense about elevators making her giddy – and it was such a long way down from the twentieth floor – although not quite as long as it could have been. Refusing the guard's offer to fetch her some water, Emily waited in the lobby for a couple of minutes before she left the building and took the underground home.

Other Books Extract – Becky’s B for Bondage

Becky Paterson looked at the notice board and felt her stomach churn. She knew this was coming, but it was still gut wrenching to see it there in black and white.

D minus!

“Bollocks!” cursed Becky. “That despicable letch Fletcher has done this deliberately – I know he has!”

With a few choice expletives firing off in her head, all aimed at Dr. Rory Fletcher, her undeserving History teacher, Becky scanned the results posting to check out the other grades.

There were passes everywhere, including some bright spark who managed to get an A plus.

“That girl wants to get a life!” hissed Becky to no one but herself. “I bet she’s never had a boyfriend, nor is she likely to get one as she obviously spends all her time with her head in a book... either that or she’s sucking up to Fletcher – or even more likely, licking his filthy ass!”

Becky continued in this vein as she noted a few more grades. It made for very depressing reading. Everyone except herself had passed. Even her best friend and hockey teammate, Ruth Fairbairn, had managed to scrape a straight C.

“How did the ginger haired minx manage to do that?” muttered Becky rather ungenerously when she saw her friend’s grade. “I thought that if anyone would have failed, it would be

her and not me! At least I made an effort by watching that DVD which she said was a waste of time!”

Becky returned to her grade praying for some miracle. She blinked her eyes and refocused on the mark. She hoped she’d seen it wrong, but it was still the same. She’d got a D minus, and no amount of staring at it was going to make it change.

Yet somehow it had to change, or else Becky would be out on her ear. Her first year at university wasn’t exactly glowing with success. It had been a struggle to make the grades to get here in the first place - Becky not being one of life’s natural geniuses. But having escaped the boredom of her rural home, where with the benefit of school discipline she had managed to apply herself sufficiently to scrape the passes, Becky had abandoned herself at university to other past-times - like playing the hockey she loved, going out clubbing, discovering the joys of sex courtesy of randy young male students, and of late one in particular – a lad called Gus who now fucked her on a regular basis. With so much excitement in her life, academic work had taken a back seat – so far back, it wasn’t even in the car! She was already on a written warning for her poor academic performance – one more failed course and she would get sent down.

“Fletcher!” hissed Becky. “He knows fine well I need to pass his sodding History course. Yet he’s deliberately failed me.”

This of course was ridiculous. Becky had failed the course because she had done little in the way of work, hoping that watching the television series ‘The Tudors’ would give her sufficient insight into the English Reformation to be able to blag her way through the exam. But sadly, this strategy fell

way short of the mark. If anything, Dr. Fletcher had been rather generous in awarding Becky a D minus for her pitiful efforts. And in her heart Becky knew she didn't deserve to pass, but it was more palatable to take the view of victimisation.

Either way – the grade was the grade. If it stood unchanged then her carefree days as a student were over. She would be sent home in disgrace to the tedium of her old life, would have to find a job in some crummy factory or such likes, and instead of Gus, who had a degree of class and sophistication, she would end up with some ignorant lout for a boyfriend – this wasn't an acceptable option!

“Shit!” yelled Becky as she wandered away, head downcast... but Becky Paterson was not a beaten young woman. She knew that there was always the chance to appeal – and she fully intended to do just that. She would appeal in person to Dr. Rory Fletcher – the only man who might agree to improve the grade. Becky was sure she had guile and physical assets to win the good doctor over. A few white wines down her throat to loosen her up then Becky would make a very personal call that none of her girlfriends, or heaven forbid Gus, would ever get to know about.

About the Author

Dan Bruce is a British author who specialises in erotica with a BDSM slant. His books are widely available on all major e-book and specialist erotica sites, published by his company – Firm Hand Books.

He was born and raised in a small mining community in the west of Scotland. He attended Ayr Academy then Stirling University where he studied Biology. A year in Edinburgh followed where a diploma in Education was gained.

Subsequently Dan moved to London, teaching for a few years before moving into the finance sector based in The City.

Having retired from that particular rat race at a very early age, Dan is now a full-time writer.

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