

REGIME IMPERIA

BOOK 1
OF 3

\$ 15.95

E-BOOK





CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

Servex heard the bell ring and scurried quickly as his high-heel-clad feet would allow him. As he hurried down the long hallway to the bedroom of his Mistresses, he heard the bell again. That was not good. Two rings and the pair of female demons could accuse him of dawdling. Then, another pang of fear: had he turned off the fire beneath Mistress Gem's morning oatmeal? Oh God, she was so fussy about the thickness and consistency of her oatmeal.

He arrived at the bedroom door panting more from fear than exhaustion. He remembered to curtsy. His two Mistresses were sitting up in bed, elbow to elbow. They were both scantily covered; Jesse wore a short diaphanous teddy and Gem had a tie-front lingerie top that bared one perky breast, the pink nipple catching Servex's eye.



"Servex," Gem Barnett sighed, "why is it so frigging cold in this house? The flowers are dewing over and my nipples are erect, and now Mistress Jesse won't leave them alone."

Jesse Cord, Gem's "life partner," laughed.

"But Mistress, there's a thermostat right in this..."

Servex never completed his sentence. A sudden stab of electric shock to his genitals nearly doubled him over in pain. He was lucky: Mistress Gem, holding the remote zapper, had set the shock value at a minimal voltage, and she did not hold down the button for more than a second.

Jesse Cord laughed again.

"Tsk-tsk," Gem sighed, fawning sympathy. "How many times do we have to tell you that the word but is a no-no?"

"I beg your pardon, Mistress," Servex groaned breathlessly as he moved to the thermostat, a mere five feet from their bed. "How much higher should I raise it, Mistress?"

"How the fuck should I know," Gem growled. "Just make it warmer, you idiot." Jesse laughed one more time as she added, "But not too warm." Oh God, Servex thought, how will I ever satisfy these two tyrants? But he couldn't, and that was the point. Gem Barnett (age 25) and Jesse Cord (age 28) were not just sadists; as lesbians they were first in rank in the school of man-haters.

Not that Servex was much the image of a man, not after Gem and Jesse had gotten hold of him. Now, as his shaking hand reached on the wall to re-set the room temperature, his attire and accoutrements were totally feminine, forced upon him by the man-haters from

hell.

Aside from the ridiculously brief and flouncy French maid's outfit, his uniform consisted of fishnet stockings and high heel platform shoes. The maid's outfit came with a small white apron attached, and had short but bulbous cap sleeves. His own hair remained masculine, but was covered by a ridiculous French maid's cap. He was not forced to grow his hair long or apply makeup as the tyrants needed him for errands to the outside, and there was no way he could pass... he was athletically built, with good shoulders, those of a professional tennis player.

Each glance in a mirror appalled him, a reminder of how far he'd fallen. The worst part, though, were the shoes. He stood with his feet impossibly tilted, his toes forced painfully into a cramping point. Were these things calculated to be too small for him? Or was it that male feet were not designed for this territory? In any case, he had no choice but to walk around in the twin torture chambers the entire day and night. And there was no rest from them, as two small but effective locks kept the wide ankle straps in place, making the shoes impossible to remove.



He turned back to face his owners. "Will that be all, Mistress Gem?"

"No, idiot, finish our breakfast and get it back here fast. Jesse wants to rape me and I don't want her starting anything before I eat."

Jesse pinched Gem's exposed nipple, and Gem cried out, laughing. She slapped Jesse's hand away.

Servex curtsied again and tip-toed out.





CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

(page 2)

Life for Servex had not always been so miserable. Only a few months ago he was Peter Leaman, and a professional tennis champion, albeit retired from the circuit at age twenty-nine. Oh, he was still a slave at the time, but to a mild and caring Mistress whom he adored. And he hadn't even heard about Imperia, town of female sadists. But, like in some nightmarish Jack London story where an innocent man drinking in a pier-side bar wakes up the next morning shanghaied onto some cruel sailing ship, Pete Leaman too saw his ideal world turn suddenly terrifying.

Ellen Brubaker (not her real name) was a famous actress. After several failed marriages ended in bitter divorces, rumors abounded that, at age 49 (always 49), she was about to discard the idea of men entirely, although she'd lost little of her sexual luster. But then, while studying for her role in a soap opera, she'd learned about the world of s&m. While being coached by a professional dominatrix, the two women became friendly, and Ellen Brubaker wanted to hear more from Mistress Dominique Medford, more about the multitudes of men she heard were just craving to become enslaved.



Over drinks in Sardi's in New York, Ellen Brubaker asked, "But darling, how do you ever find such men?"

"Well, it's obvious, sweetie... they come to me in droves. My calendar is full. But I do understand your particular dilemma... how do you find a man to submit? After all, you can't advertise, like I do."

"Alas..." Ellen said. Still beautiful, impeccably dressed in Chanel, she leaned an elbow on the table. Her hair was long, with undulant waves, the color of wheat in the sun. Mistress Dominique recognized her of course, and she looked a lot handsomer than on TV.

Mistress Dominique, almost twenty years younger, was starved for a cigarette, and played with her ebony cigarette holder. She was dressed, as usual, in black, with unusual steel-tipped five-inch heels. She had black hair and large, black olive eyes.

"You know something?... I think I can help you, sweetie," said Mistress Dominique. "I understand your need to be discrete, and I do hope you understand that I deal with the highest quality clientele, all of whom require discretion. And so discretion would be necessary for any referral I might make."

"My God... do you mean to can refer me to a slave of yours? I can't imagine it. I wouldn't know what to do if I have him. And I can't imagine how I might thank you."

"Don't worry about thanking me, sweetie. It's just that I have a person in mind. You should know that these men aren't my slaves. Just clients. But many of them I have treated over long periods, years in fact, and I've come to know them well and what they are seeking. The man I have in mind might be just perfect for you."

She smiled broadly to herself and lifter her drink to her bright red lips.

"What? What's so funny?" asked Ellen.

"He's so docile. So goddam naturally docile. You like puppy dogs, sweetie?"





CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

(page 3)

And so, Peter Leaman met Ellen Brubaker. Mistress Dominique, of course, got his permission; asked if he'd like to meet a novice Domme; told him that his discretion was vital and that she would guarantee the same... in fact, his name might have been known by a wider audience than that of Brubaker.

They liked each other from the start. Ellen was so straightforward yet non-threatening. She reminded him of Rita Hayworth, in those old black and white movies. She lived high up in a duplex in New York City, and she owned a grand piano, that stood in a wide space, where the afternoon sun showed up the high shine. She would have her maid serve them daiquiris on the veranda twenty-five stories above the street and she'd talk about the excitement of New York. Peter, twenty years her junior, was fascinated.

Then, one night, one month after they'd met, they talked about dominance and submission.

"You understand I come to this late in life, dear?" she said. "It's all very new to me."

"Oh yes. Of course. I understand. I don't think that's a problem."

He was infatuated with the entire scope of her life, and being taken into it, dining at "21" and attending black tie functions where he met the elegants of Manhattan. His own life had consisted of long, lonely workouts, practice sessions and showering in athlete's dressing rooms. His diet was healthy but devoid of social contact, much of it eaten in hotel dining rooms or ordering room service. And so he hadn't even thought of submission while with her, although he tried to imagine the sweet-natured elder lady turning into a demanding bitch. But it didn't seem to compute. Maybe there was a problem after all.

He told her, "Well, I don't come to this late in life. Um...I don't mean by age, actually, but I mean it's been in me since before I could remember. Even as a young kid I had crazy fantasies of being kidnapped by mean women. And so it's really in my blood. It's a very deep-seated need to submit and be an owned slave." He emphasized the word "need."

She contemplated this for a moment. Could she live up to his life long obsession? But she was Ellen Brubaker, damn it, and she'd never failed before to accomplish her goals and fill her roles. Hell, all she had to do was recall her lying and cheating husbands if she wanted to stir up some inner anger.

"And I need a devoted slave," she whispered seductively. "I need to place my spike heel on the back of your neck, Peter. Not just any slave's neck, like Mistress Dominique... but your neck."

When she saw Peter's reaction, the way his eyes suddenly dropped, the way his broad shoulders went limp, and his head dropped, she became immediately aroused.

It was like a soft punch to her stomach, and an electric tingle followed. My God, she thought, he's been tweaked into another persona. It's almost like hypnotic conditioning. I must have triggered this submissive reaction... and just look at him, he can hardly move.

"Are you all right, dear?" she asked.

He lifted his handsome close-shaved face. He cleared his throat.

"Uh... yes. Fine."

"This is going to work out just perfectly, Peter. You do need to be controlled, don't you? You need some stern guidance from a confident woman. You do need to become my slave, don't you?"

"More than I need air to breath," he said, and she almost died from the response.





CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPHO

(page 4)

A year later, on a Sunday morning, Peter woke late. He drew on his pajama pants and went looking for Ellen. He found her on the veranda, drinking coffee and reading the Sunday Times.

Their relationship had flourished, and both were in love. Domination, Peter learned, did not preclude a loving relationship. Oh, Ellen did take charge after all, but her domination was more a combination of erotic orders and matronly discipline than the harsh sternness of a sadistic overseer.

Mostly, she would deliver orders in a soft tone: "Peter, I want your lovely ass in my shower immediately. We simply must get out of this bed and on our way to Tavern on the Green." This while fondling his growing penis, her manicured nails digging lightly into the soft flesh underneath.

For her part, Peter was the perfect doll. He was able to fit in socially. He was quick witted and knowledgeable. And he was interested in her acting career, although he was concerned about a new offer she'd received of a role overseas, one where he would not be able to accompany her.

He sat across from her and poured himself coffee. The morning was warm with a fragrant breeze blowing in from the Park.

"Any orange juice?" he asked.

"You'll have to get it yourself, my slave," she responded smiling. "Carmelita is off today."

He came back with a container of juice, poured himself a glass and, like the kid still in him, drank it down top to bottom. She smiled.

"I have to tell you something, Peter, and I am afraid you will take it badly."

Immediately, he looked as if the air had been taken out of him. He did not handle bad news well. He had become accustomed to the status quo, and did not want any changes. But he knew that the acting business was volatile, a life of feast or famine, and although Ellen Brubaker had a long and steady stint on her soap opera, she was offered many roles in movies.

"Peter, there's a picture they want me for. It's to be shot in Egypt, of all places. And maybe Morocco. My season on the soap is ended and I am open for this."

"And I can't go. Is that it?" He said, an unintentional edge to his tone.

"Peter, please understand. I have to accept this offer. My God, it's almost two million dollars."

"You want me to move out while you're gone?"

"Heavens no! How dare you even think of such a thing. No, I want you to remain here. You are a part of my life and will remain that way. I own you now. And I have not

released you."





CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

(page 5)

Ellen met with Mistress Dominique. Wanted her advice.

"Well, first thing you must do, sweetie, is keep him occupied. You just can't leave a gorgeous hunk like Peter Leaman roaming this City uncollared."

Although Ellen could appreciate the wisdom of the advice, she could not see the solution. "What do I do, dear? How do I keep him occupied?"

"Lend him out. Assign him service to someone else. You have friends? Lady friends?"

From her posture, Mistress Dominique could see Ellen was opposed to that suggestion, both from points of discretion and of jealousy.

"Wait a minute. I have someone. Actually, a pair of someones," Mistress Dominique laughed, sitting up. "And it's absolutely perfect. They'll agree to take him off your hands for a few months."

"What? Who? Why's it so perfect?"

"They're a pair of lesbians. A nice young couple I know through the Lesbian Mafia. They don't like men... but they do love slaves."

"Lesbian Mafia?" Ellen asked, incredulous. "Heavens, what is that?"

"A lesbian society. Mostly, they abhor men. But anyway, this couple happens to be seeking a houseslave."

"But I don't want to give him up, Dominique. This is just for a loaner, right?"

"Actually, that's all they need at the moment. But they do need a slave almost immediately. It seems they are trying to qualify to enter this exclusive community in the Midwest, but in order to get in you have to have a male slave. Once they are accepted, they can release your Peter upon your return."

Mistress Dominique smiled and winked. The two shook hands.

As Dominique said, this would be just perfect. Lesbians... Ellen had to smile to herself. Peter would find no sexual solace while being boarded with a pair of man haters. There'd be no competition from some lecherous female rival. Not even the kind of loving and petting he'd gotten used to. Even Peter would agree to this, being lent out for a brief time to lesbians who just need him for show.

"But you have to be strong, sweetie," Mistress Dominique cautioned her. "You have to put it in a way that will bring no defiance. And, above all, you must tell him that this is a test, and that if he fails to complete this assignment then it will mean an end between you and he."

"Oh no! I can't possibly do that."

"You have to. Otherwise he'll stay here. Alone in this big city. All untethered. Wandering the lascivious lustful canyons of the Meat Packing District. Listen, sweetie, you don't

have to actually mean it. You can pick up with him when you get back, even if he drops out. But most importantly, you must make him believe it. That's the most likely way for the plot to succeed...with him convinced that to keep you he must serve out his term. And as an actress, I know you can pull this off."



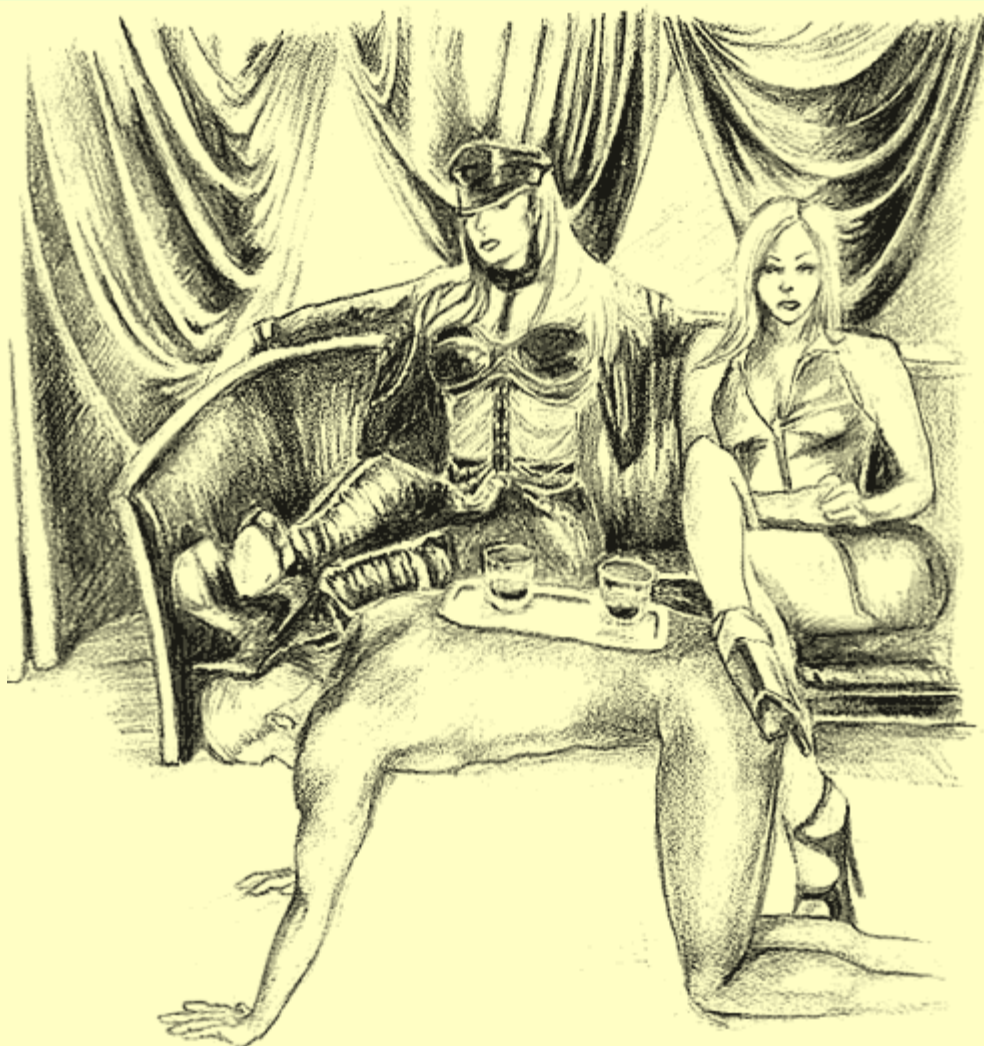
CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

(page 6)

Servex (no longer Peter Leaman, pro tennis player), hurried back to the kitchen to prepare breakfast for the two tyrants. As he stood at a long counter extracting juice from oranges, his feet were hurting. The ridiculously high heels seemed designed purposely for both maximum humiliation and pain. As he pressed oranges in the hand juicer, he stared out the window, becoming distracted by the bright sunshine. People, he thought, were going about their business, doing mundane yet pleasant things: dressing, getting ready for the day, flying off to happy vacations, even making breakfast... eggs frying in skillet, snapping gaily as they formed.

He too was making breakfast, but no mundane task his. He had become slave Servex, lent out (bequeathed?... God, he prayed not) to the pair of beautiful but sadistic lesbians.

He leaned for a moment against an opposing counter. No respite here: his ass and entire back were in pain from last night's assault. This morning when he'd checked himself in the bathroom mirror he'd been shocked. His backside was a criss-cross of welts and bruises. Almost like some bizarre palette of pain, an ugly array of colors lay splattered across his entire back and ass, like some drunken Jackson Pollack had got hold of whips instead of paint cans.



But this was the work of Jesse Cord and her evil colleague Gem Barnett. Last night, while serving as their coffee table--a male posed as a human piece of furniture--they discussed plans to "punish" him. They talked as if he wasn't there... although he was, for sure, down on all fours, hands and ankles locked into iron shackles, a stiff bar keeping all points at a prescribed immovable distance. Even his thighs were bound, at a fixed distance from his wrists, with his wrists forced to reach out forward, this so the human back was kept level--otherwise, as Gem put it, "we'd have to cut his arms off at the wrists."

Jesse Cord was the alpha bitch. She was 28, stood at 5'9" with light gray eyes framed by naturally dark lashes. Her eyes had a startling hawkish quality, and she loved to stare down subordinates, challenging them, forcing other eyes to yield. Her hair was dirty blond, long and straight, hanging down her back below her shoulder blades. When she walked, either coming or going, Servex marveled at the lean feminine leopard.

Her partner in crime--and in bed--was Gem Barnett. Smaller, more youthful, almost pixie-ish, made up for her subordinate role by added persecution of Servex, devising new methods of inflicting humiliations and cruelties. And when whipping... well, she was the more ferocious of the pair.

The two of them loved to dress in outrageously sexy outfits, even at home. This night they chose severe, leather dominatrix outfits, with spike heel boots. Jesse topped off her outfit with a leather military cap, cocked to one side.



CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

(page 7)

Servex did not move. Upon his back rested the Mistresses' cocktails, ashtray and other items, dispersed over Servex's muscular back. Fixed in place by the rigid bondage, he kept himself somewhat sane thinking of Ellen; imagining how differently he'd be treated at this moment, giving himself over to Ellen's penchant for fondling and toying with his handsome erection.

"You know what that Pushta bitch did to me in the nail place today?" Jesse fumed. "Stuck the cuticle stick into me like she was testing a fucking steak for tenderness. That screech you heard was me."

"Bitch should be strung up by her tits," Gem replied, taking a sip from her martini, then replacing the stemmed glass on Servex's back. "You know, Lola Dean was talking about bringing a tutor into town (Imperia) to teach slaves to do manicures and peds."

"Yeah, I guess it's a good idea. But it's still good to get out into vanilla land now and then. God, this place is intended to be a haven for slavery, but not a goddam prison for us Dommes. Besides, this creature in front of us is on loan. Why pay to teach him so that Ellen Brubacker can benefit?"

To hear his beloved owner's name mentioned gave Servex a renewed sense of resolve. Yes, you devilish cunts, three months are almost passed, and my freedom is near.

Suddenly, a booted foot plopped down upon the nape of Servex's neck. Although he'd suffered this additional torture of being footrest before, the swift and sneaky action surprised him and he jumped. The result?... Gem's martini glass toppled and fell to the floor. Jesse had hers in hand.

"Goddam shit head!" Gem cried out, removing her boot from his neck and using it to kick him viciously in his chest. Servex again flinched and cried out in shock, but did not topple any other items. "What'd we have planned tonight for this useless turd?"

"Just an old-fashioned whip-fest," Jesse replied, sipping her martini. "The usual Friday night summation of demerits and the execution of sentence."

"Tonight gotta be special," Gem yelled, leaning forward, close to Servex's right ear. "You just keep digging yourself in deeper and deeper, don't you, shit breath? You are so fucking lucky that glass didn't break."

She retrieved it from the carpet and refilled it from the pitcher on Servex's back.





CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPPHO

(page 8)

Every home in Imperia had a "discipline" room. In almost every case they were furnished and equipped with a vast array of instruments of punishment and torture. Women in Imperia did not call these rooms "playrooms" or "dungeons" as did outsiders. They called the room for what it was, a place to administer discipline, whether merited or not.

Servex was bound, standing upright, his arms stretched overhead, leather wristbands connected to a heavy chain that hung darkly from a sturdy beam high above. His ankles were attached to a spreader bar, holding his legs wide apart. Of course, he was naked.

Placed in the center of the room meant that the sadists could get at him from all angles. This frightened him more, as did Gem Barnett's girlish humming as she went about arranging and collecting her tools of torture.

Servex had been sweating from the moment Jesse had climbed on a stool to fasten his cuffs overhead. Freed from the cramped high heels, he had a momentary solace, his feet placed comfortably flat on the floor. But he faced another dilemma, one that allowed him another comfort: he'd been released from the confinement of the chastity device. The dilemma was that he could erect, and with two scantily clad hotties in such close proximity there was no way he could not prevent it. What percentage of hetero men can claim such control? One percent? He thought this--foolishly--as an excuse: "But, Mistress, only one percent of men can control their own erections." Meanwhile, he knew the truth: they would accept no excuse for his reaction. And despite the terror instilled by the pending beating and torture, the sight, aroma and intimate movements of the achingly beautiful demons aroused him.



His 7" spear--which Ellen Brubaker had considered sleek and delicious--began to lift and grow. Within seconds, his penis stood out front of him, bobbing in hunger and

frustration. This, of course infuriated the lesbians.

"Will you get a load of this, Gem. What a fucking nerve."

Gem hurried over beside Jesse. "You fucking low life. What the fuck you expect to do with that? You're disgusting!"

And with that she began to slap his penis forehand and back. Then downward, as if to punish it back into flaccid position. But, as if to defy her, he only stiffened more... the punishment became a paradoxical fright for him, as, although painful, it was not enough so, and it only served to turn him on more (Just the sight of the girl expending feminine vehemence on her slapping, her small breasts bobbing, her pretty face just inches from his penis...and the small, delicate hand applying the sting...well, all of this had the opposite effect that both she and he wanted).

Servex closed his eyes tightly, gritted his teeth, and tried to will away his arousal... but it was useless. This bit of torture aroused him more.

There was a way to get it to go down, of course, and Servex in a moment of delirium prayed that Gem Barnett might consider it... God, it would take only a pump or two. But his solution, he knew, was not their solution; not in a million years with these two.

His penis bounced and seemed to frolic with each vicious slap, and began to redden. Jesse yelled, "Stop! I know how to handle this." And she shoved Gem gently to the side.

Taking a step back, Jesse swung her boot upward, kicking between Servex's spread legs. She connected right at the apex of his crotch, and the blow to his balls took the wind out of him. His knees collapsed and he hung momentarily from his wrists. The stunning pain was unlike any he'd had before; even tennis balls at 100 miles an hour had never deflated him as this did. Had he not been bound to the overhead chains he'd be groveling, balled up on the floor, struggling for a breath and wishing away the agony.

Jesse Cord's remedy worked, though, and as Servex wriggled in his bonds, she turned with a smile to Gem and said, simply: "See? Now you can go to work."

"Work" meant attaching a leather band around the base of Servex's scrotum, this to which weights would be attached. They would dangle just inches below, swaying and tugging at his sensitive sac with every lash of their whips.

"I'm putting on ten pounds," Gem announced.

"No, sweetie, better make it five. We don't want to cripple the creature."

Gem never argued with Jesse. She found the 5 lb. Dumbbell and strung it below the groaning fearful Servex. I'll take it out on the rest of his body, she thought, admitting to herself that the 5 lbs. felt rather hefty in her hand, and more so when she saw the way the iron weight stretched Servex's ball sac so grotesquely.

Finally, bound as he was, arms overhead, legs spread wide by an aluminum spreader bar, weight hanging from his scrotum, the sight brought a thrill to the two sadists. They stood about six feet from him, Jesse's arm around the waist of the smaller Gem. As if upon silent signal, they turned to each other and kissed. As Jesse's hands roamed and glided softly over Gem's delicious little body, Servex closed his eyes. This was too much. Denied and frustrated for weeks, he could not bear to watch the sensuality in front of him. But he'd shut his eyes too late; already he'd been affected, and his penis once more stood out in front, rising, trying to reach for something it could never have.

Breaking away from her kiss, Jesse exclaimed hoarsely, "Well, can you believe this? The

balls on this big stud? The obnoxious bastard's at it again."

"Let me take care of it this time."

Oh, God... no! thought Servex. I can't take another kick like that. He began to inch his feet backwards, as if that was going to save him. All this accomplished was to add strain to his wrists and arms. He thought of pleading, but he knew that would just bring ridicule on him; he'd begged mercy many times before and the pair of hellions just laughed and mocked him.

"No, Gem. Don't kick him. I have another idea. Find me a nice length of rawhide thong... yes, that 36" will do just great. And the 2 lb. lead weight? Is that around anywhere?"

Jesse squatted and tied an end of the rawhide thong around Sevex's cock, tightly, just behind the head. The thong, still awaiting the lead weight, still dug in and created a deep groove in his sensitive flesh. And still, Servex could not deflate his rampant erection. This seemingly self-minded extension was so very needy it was driving him mad, and a few drops of opalescent pre-cum oozed from the tiny slit and fell to the floor.

His penis, considered so sleek and velvety to Ellen Brubaker, appeared to the lesbians as no more than an affront; a blatant and arrogant symbol of male brutishness. And possession of a penis like this was valid reason in itself to warrant severe punishment.

"The 2 lb. weight. Good. Let's put a drag on this. Now let's see the bitch wave his thing like a goddam flag."

She tied the weight to the dangling end of the rawhide, about 12" below his penis. She lowered it gently, rather than let it drop. For a second it seemed as if the rebellious hard-on was going to defy the 2 lbs. But the blood-engorged member gave in slowly, like an arm wrestler losing slowly to the inevitable. And Servex was now in a state of confused pain, as both his penis and balls were stretched downward by the inexorable weights.

He gritted his teeth, baring the whiteness. He closed his eyes and grimaced. Jesse and Gem clapped their hands.

"Just beautiful. Simple beautiful," Gem said.

"Let the whipping commence," Jesse giggled, moving to the palette, where two dozen whips, canes, crops and straps lay.

"What... and don't do something for his nipples? Those tiny, flat as a quarter, useless things? We just gotta torture those too, honey."

Gem's platform heels clacked as she walked to a sideboard where she found a pair of glistening nipple clamps connected by a shiny stout chain. Coming back, she waved the clamps in Servex's face.

"Look, you helpless turd, we want to help you. We want to make your flat, do-nothing nipples look more like normal nipples. Since our last session the stubborn male things have gone flat again."

She reached slowly to him and with the thumb and forefinger of her right hand, pinched the flesh around his left nipple and pulled it forward. This made his nipple prominent enough to accept the vise-like grip of the clamp.

Until the clamp bit down, Servex felt her closeness and the warm feminine fingers highly arousing. Her excited breath just below him was perfumed. God, if he could only drop that goddam weight on his cock and plunge it into her.

Then she released the tension on the clamp and it bit into his nipple. He gasped in pain. He was forbidden to speak, but could not help himself. He cried out, "Oh, God... no! No! It's too much. I can't take it."

Gem dropped the chain and the single clamp held onto his left nipple. Unexpectedly, she burst out laughing, actually bent over at the waist. Almost choking, she turned to face Jesse and squealed, "He can't take it. The poor baby can't take it."

Jesse smiled broadly, enjoying her lover's antics. Meanwhile, Servex battled his bonds, the spreader bar between his legs rattling. But this was counter-productive as the jostling shook the hanging weights, making those areas hurt him more.

"Please... please," he begged. "Just take it off for a second. Oh, God."

Gem turned back, a tear of laughter clinging to a bottom lash. "I got a good offer for you, asshole. Listen to this. You take the next clamp without a big fucking fuss and I won't hang any weights from this connector chain. Deal?"

Servex closed his eyes and lifted his handsome head. He looked as if he was beseeching God. He sucked in a breath. He had no choice. Accept the known torture or be punished by an additional torture.

He felt Gem's warm fingers now reach for his right nipple. And a new agony shot through him. Somehow he kept his complaints to a low groan.

"Good boy," Gem said sweetly, and reached up and patted his cheek.

"God, you are one magnificent little bitch," said Jesse, stepping forward. "Come to momma and kiss me. You made me so wet, and my knees are so weak I can hardly stand."

They kissed and fondled and made cooing noises. And Servex, writhing in agony wished them dead. But not, God, not until he is released from this. When he opened his eyes again, Jesse and Gem were holding leather whips.



CHAPTER 1: HOUSE OF SAPHO

(page 9)

Ellen Brubaker returned from her movie shoot in Egypt. She was tanned and bright and exhilarated at the success of the production. Besides, she was the sole member of the starring cast who had not taken sick.

Now arrived in blessed Manhattan, USA, before unpacking, she nervously dialed the phone for Mistress Dominique Medford. God, did she miss Peter. Her one thought these last few weeks was to get home and have her beloved slave Peter returned to her. And she was just giddy and thrilled at the gift she'd brought for him: a signet ring of solid Egyptian gold.

The phone rang. Damn! A machine!

Nervous, Ellen's voice cracked. "Uh... yes, Mistress Dominique, it's Ellen Brubaker. Could you please call me back? I'd like you to put me in touch with the two girls who are looking after Peter for me?" She let out a timid laugh. "You know, I do want him back. I'll talk to you later. Bye for now."



Shit. Why hadn't she gotten the names, address and phone number of the two lesbians caring for Peter? She could have called them directly. She'd have to wait now for Mistress Dominique to call her back.

But Mistress Dominique was not about to call Ellen back. Not unless she came out of the coma.

Felicia Medford (Mistress Dominique) was comatose from an auto accident just a week prior, and lay in an overheated room in NYU Downtown Hospital on Beekman Street. And buried somewhere inside Felicia's comatose brain were the names of the two lesbians "taking care" of Peter Leaman.

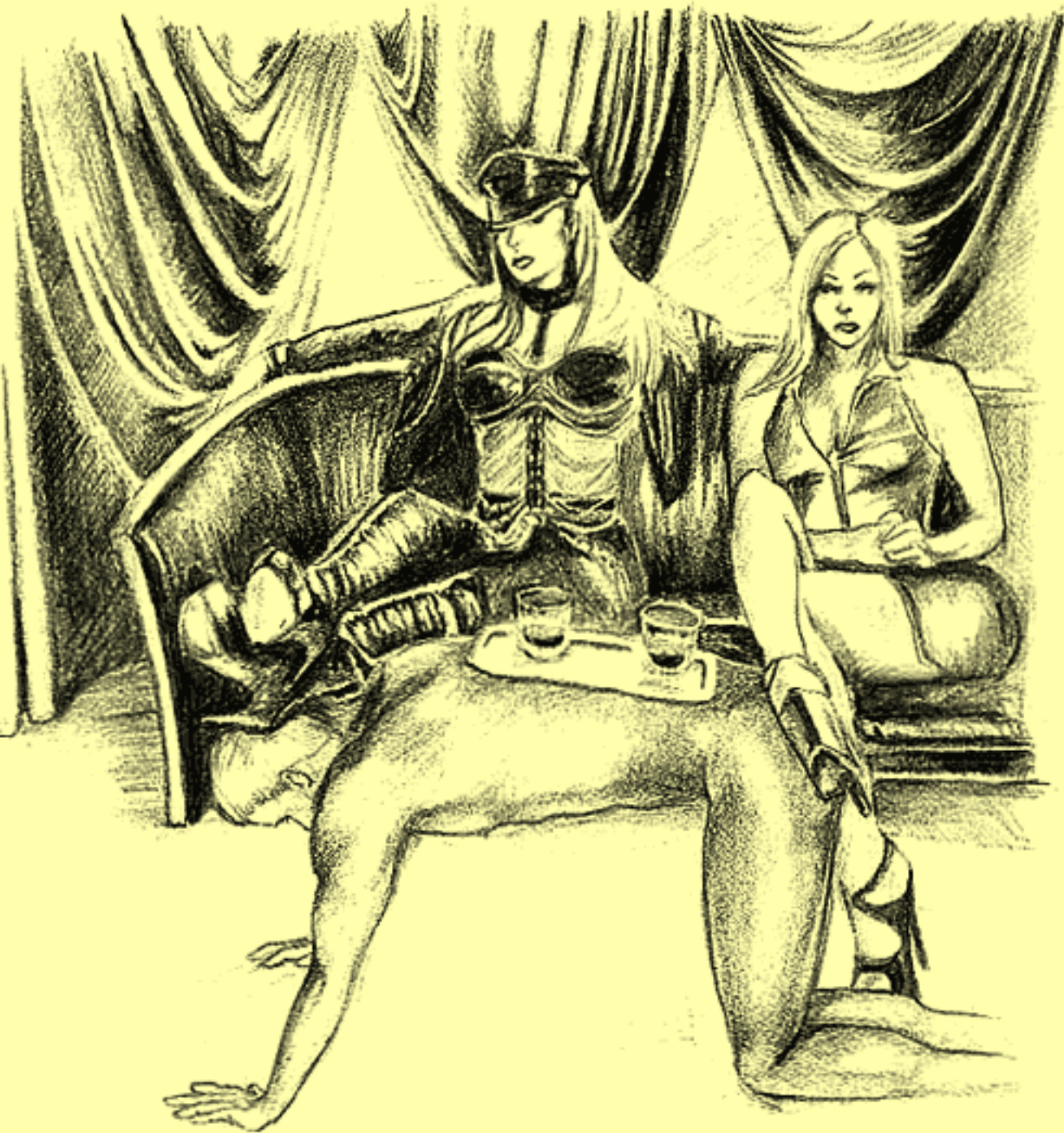
END of CHAPTER

CORD FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

Ellen Brubaker hires a private eye to find her lost slave, Peter Leaman. But when Ed Elias discovers where Peter's being held... well, for his own sake he'd better not fall into the sadistic hands of Jesse Cord and Gem Barnett. Those tranquilizer darts can knock down a rhinoceros, why not big Ed Elias?

















CHAPTER 2: THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

The private investigator's office looked typical to Ellen Brubaker. At least it was typical in the cinematic sense. Ellen reached it after climbing one long and lopsided stairway to the second floor above Christopher Street in the West Village. Adding to the old movie effect, the office door was of frosted glass, with a sign hand-painted in gold gilt. "Edward Allen Elias, Private Investigator" it said.

Ellen chose Ed Elias because he not only represented an elite clientele, but he was able to keep his own fame below the radar. She learned about him only because Thelma Cassidy, the wife of the producer of her soap opera, revealed while in an alcoholic daze, how a certain private investigator saved their marriage. Ellen, never one to allow a potentially valuable opportunity to pass, asked his name. That was six years ago and Ellen still had his name in her phone book. Aside from Thelma Cassidy's long-ago recommendation, Ellen was friendly with the New York Police Commissioner's publicity guru, Belle Watson. And Belle Watson had high praise for Ed Elias. There was only one rumor that persisted which might concern a potential client... he drank. But he was effective nevertheless, so what matter to Ellen Brubaker.



The private eye's office had four windows overlooking Christopher Street but, unlike Sam Spade, his name was not painted upon them. The office was neat, and the furniture looked expensive, seeming out of place in this old office. There was a distinct odor of cigar smoke as Ellen entered.

Ed Elias rose to greet Ellen. He'd been on the New York police force twenty-two years, and he had a Noo Yawk accent. He was a cop the same amount of time Ellen starred in her soap opera. But, although she'd appeared on national television five days a week for over two decades he'd never seen the woman.

Elias was of average height but on the stocky side, probably from fast food caught on the run or due to the fact there were a hundred or so restaurants within blocks of his office. He had a full head of sparse sandy-colored hair that retreated from his forehead faster than he liked. He kept it cut short, mostly to minimize the touch of gray at the temples. The hair on his thick face was constantly in a state of stubble.

After introductions and a minute of small talk, Ellen began. "Well, it's like this... I need to find someone." Her last words came out a little awkward, with a slightly frantic edge. She tried to compose herself.

"His name?" Elias said, lifting a ballpoint pen from an old holder. He knew, of course, the subject was a male.

"Peter Leaman."

"The tennis player?"

"Why yes. You know him?" She had a thrill rush through her.





CHAPTER 2:THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

(page 2)

"Well, I've seen him play. So have lots of people. But I can't claim to know him. But I'm not sure I get your concern... someone like that has to be pretty simple to find. Unless..."

"Unless he's been kidnapped," she whispered in anguish, trying not to cry.

"You know this for a fact?" he asked, dropping the pen on the desk and leaning back in his swivel chair.

Ellen knew as much as he did about body language: she was losing him... he was expecting some kind of fairy-tale to come from her now. She knew about New York cops too: so so skeptical. "I believe none of what I hear, and half of what I see," was a line from an actor playing a cop in her soap opera.

She opened her purse and drew out ten, hundred-dollar bills. She leaned forward and placed the thousand in cash on his desk. He didn't react, but despite the poker face she knew she had his attention.

"That's just for listening for the next hour. Then, there's ten thousand more for taking the case. And another forty thousand for bringing Peter back to me."

"Ms. Brubaker, it's possible I might find Peter Leaman. But I can't bring him back. Only you can do that."

Ellen sighed. He's trying to tell me that Peter left and is quite happy with his new girlfriend or Mistress. Well, I'll believe that when I see it. I know Peter's heart... and it was mine... is mine!

At the same time Ellen Brubaker was asking private eye Ed Elias to track down Peter Leaman, two beautiful but implacable sadists were conniving to keep Servex from ever being found. But before they could accomplish this they faced several problems.

Gem pulled a long white cigarette from her leather pouch and lit it. She asked, "Why don't we just tell the fool that his actress bitch was killed in Africa or wherever the hell she is?"

The "fool" was, at the moment, bound and gagged in a small cage in the basement, waiting for them to free him for more service and torments.

Jesse Cord smiled. "Beheaded at Khartoum, huh?" she snickered, knowing the comment would go over the younger woman's head. "Well, you know perfectly well why we can't kill off the Brubaker bitch. The instant we tell Servex the love of his life is dead, he's gone. He'd take off out of here like a rabbit."

"Shit!" Gem replied, exhaling a long stream of white smoke. "And chaining him and caging him won't work because of the damn once-a-week rule. We gotta let him out to work for this fucking town. And for him that's like a day off, after the shit we put him through. And remember the grief we got from the damn committee the last time we tried to keep him in that day, saying he was sick? They found out we beat him so much we lamed the fucker." She took another drag from her cigarette. "We're gonna lose him, Jesse? Can't we do something?"





CHAPTER 2:THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

(page 3)

"Don't worry my love... I'll think of something."

"Oh, Jesse," Gem whispered in awe. She put down her cigarette and nestled into Jesse's waiting arms. "I know you can do it. I just hate to give up this slave. There's something about him I can't explain. I mean... I do love beating the shit out of him and torturing him. But there's more to it. I just want him to stay. He's the best we ever had."

"Let me explain it, sweetie," Jesse replied as she caressed Gem's golden streaked hair. "You're a sadist. Up until now all we've had for slaves were masochists. Now, most people--even sadists--believe sadists and masochists are perfect matches. But there's nothing further from the truth. And all these misguided fools just don't seem able to figure it out. Remember that hunk we had when we were down in New Orleans... the football player? Remember how no matter how much we beat on his dumb ass he was calling on us to get serious... to beat him harder? Remember how we both agreed how unsatisfied we felt after?"

"You're right. That was all work and no fun."

"A sadist doesn't want to hear... 'oh yeah, baby, harder, harder.' A true sadist wants to hear begging, pleading, groveling and squealing like he's dying... 'oh please Mistress, oh God, stop, no more.'"

"Yes. That's it Jesse. You're right. That's what gets me wet. That's what I want. And Servex is just right. He don't want one bit of what we like giving him."

"Servex suffers every minute he's with us. That's what's so delicious about it. He'd give his left testicle to be somewhere else. But he suffers the humiliations and agonies thinking he's doing it for the woman he loves. And you, you little bitch, pure sadist that you are, you get off on every pained look from slave Servex... from every distasteful order to each painful whiplash. And the reason is he is not a masochist. Servex is a pure victim. Our prey."

"Jesse, you are so fucking right. We just gotta keep him. Somehow."

"Leave it to me, baby," Jesse replied, tenderly hugging the smaller Gem. "This slave is not about to escape our clutches."

Gem sat up straight and beamed a wide smile. "Not if your mother, Senator Samantha Cord, can help it?" Gem chuckled at the thought.

Jesse smiled. Her mother, the U.S. Senator, had tremendous power... no question there. But how far it extended she would have to find out.

"Now, my sweet, let's shower and dress in our sexiest gotchas, and go down and visit our pathetic slave Servex. He's been left alone too long, and needs our attention."

Private investigator Ed Elias had no problem tracking down Peter Leaman. True, Mistress Dominique was still deep in a coma and couldn't be questioned. But Elias had other ways to find what he sought. A contact in the phone company pulled up the phone records of Felicia Medford (Mistress Dominique). The record revealed a phone call list ten times

longer than he'd expected; but then she was, after all, Mistress Dominique, and in business. The woman had contacts in a dozen or more states, and hundreds of local calls... all with different numbers. Elias sought out repeat callers or calls made by Mistress Dominique. Elias also guessed that if Leaman was being held against his will he'd not be held in Manhattan.

He found ten calls made to an out of town number, and two more returned by the same number. The recipient of the ten calls was Jesse Cord. Jesse Cord lived in a place called Imperia, in the state of _____.



CHAPTER 2:THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

(page 4)

Ed Elias had been a U.S. Marine, a field agent for the FBI, and a New York cop. He'd participated in his share of dangerous missions. But now, at this stage of life, he was not about to smear his face with night camouflage nor don a black turtleneck and go climbing a stone wall onto Imperia's property.

He had other means to infiltrate a scene and gain pertinent information. Also, he had a young subordinate/protege to whom he could assign the physical role. Chuck Reilly was under thirty, and eager to follow the esteemed private eye.

But there was something about the case of Ellen Brubaker and Peter Leaman that intrigued Elias. This was not your run-of-the-mill find-my-lover assignment. After all, beginning with the first participants--Brubaker and Mistress Dominique--the case had strange implications. Then, after doing a bit of research into the town of Imperia, Elias was becoming more convinced this portended something bizarre. This was no ordinary kidnap and imprisonment incident. It was no ordinary man-kidnaps-woman, but the reverse. And where might the hostage be held? Not in some cliched wooden shack in the desert, but in the middle of a presumably sophisticated community, albeit the community itself seeming quite bizarre.

Ed Elias drooled at this challenge. Besides, what a book this could make; enough to pad his already well-funded and planned retirement. The hell with Chuck Reilly, Elias would take this on for himself.

The cellar dungeon had three high windows. Outside of Imperia, household dungeons (are they still rare?) would be much more secretive, and the windows (if there were any) would be painted over or, at the least, frosted. But this was Imperia. Near- naked men were beaten in the streets. And basement windows could remain clear.

Ed Elias, a bit portly-looking in his gray gas company jump suit, knelt beside the basement window of the Cord residence. His knees creaked, and a touch of bursitis stabbed his left should. But he felt the exhilarated being out in the field once more. And three potent shots of Jack Daniels seemed to give him the lift he needed... the four beers he had before that didn't give him enough zing, and they ran through him like water. But the three Jacks--or was it four--turned his engine over just right.

He did not have to be at the window long. He needed just a minute or so to poxy the audio-pulse microphone to the glass. And another minute to affix the tiny digital video cam.





CHAPTER 2:THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

(page 5)

If Peter Leaman was being held down there, enough evidence could be gleaned to at least alert the authorities (albeit the evidence obtained illegally). With the police--or if necessary the FBI--looking into this, Peter Leaman would emerge and have a chance to declare his own case. If he was being held against his will, authorities would free him. If he was here of his own volition, okay too. Either way, Elias would collect his check. This was simple.

His assistant, Chuck Reilly did get into the act, as Elias had sent him out the night before. Chuck had done the physical work, climbing over the wall during the night, and fiddling with the gas connection to the Cord residence. Ed could have sent him out again today, to respond to the urgent call from Jesse Cord, but he wanted to do the day work himself. And so, dressed and equipped as a gas repairman, he made his way onto the Cord property.

Gem Barnett woke abruptly. A small bell had sounded. It was barely audible, but Gem was a light sleeper. She got up and stepped quickly across the bedroom. On a computer desk sat a series of monitors. Centered on one monitor she saw the figure of a man. The man was at the side of the house. He'd trigger one of the ten motion detecting infra-red cameras set about their property.

She rushed to her lover's side. "Jess... Jess. Come on. Wake up!" she whispered, as if the man might hear her.

"What? What the hell?"

"There's somebody outside. Outside next to the house. Quick, come see."

They went to the monitor.

"Jesus," said Jesse, yawning.

"What's he doing? He's not trying to break in."

Tired, naked, Jesse sat at the console and stared at the glowing screen. All she needed to do was press a button and the Imperia night patrol would respond, be at the house within a few minutes. Also, the guard at the front gate would be alerted, and seal the entrance. Another button and a series of floodlights would illuminate the grounds.

Jesse said, "Looks like he's trying to fuck with the gas meter."

"Well, do something. Let's call the police. God!"

"No, wait. I want to see what this is about."

"Jesse, look. He's done. Quick... call the cops. He's gonna get away."

The man seemed finished with his work and turned to leave.

"Don't worry, let him go."

Gem stood straight, her hands on her flared hips. "Let him go! But..."

"There's more to this, cupcake. It's three-fifteen in the morning, and not the hour for some guy from the gas company to come out. Let's see what happens from this."

"But why? Why'd anybody come out in the middle of the night and go fucking with out gas?"

Jesse reached for a cigarette. Lit it. "Honey, you're wide awake now. Think about it."

"Huh? Well... God damn! It's fucking Servex?"

"Our little slave is valued, cupcake, and not just by us. We have him chained in the cellar, in his un-cozy cell. But that soap opera bitch Ellen Brubaker wants to cage him too. It's obvious she's not gonna turn her back to this... go get herself another boy.?"

"What'll we do, Jess? They found us. We're kidnappers now, aren't we?"

"My guess is this morning when Servex tried to fry eggs for us, the gas won't work."

"Yeah? So?"

"We'll have to call the gas company won't we? And they'll send a man out from the city. And this nocturnal male vermin will come back, 'to fix the problem.' Like some bumbling Inspector Clouseau."

"Shit," Gem said, taking the cigarette from Jesse and taking a drag. She too was naked.

"Jess, I'm scared. My stomach is flipping over."

"Yeah. It's showdown at the OK corral."





CHAPTER 2:THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

(page 6)

On the phone with the gas company (of course the call would be re-routed to call the private eye) Jesse arranged for the man to come in the afternoon. She told the 'service' that he must arrive at four pm sharp. "He gets here at four-oh-five and I will send him away."

She was certain this man would show up either on time or early. That enabled her to stalk him within a narrow band of time. Instead of hiding in the bushes perhaps for hours, Jesse loaded her rifle and went out back at three-thirty.

Ed Elias knelt beside the basement window and secured the tiny digital camera to the glass pane. As it was full daylight he was unable to see into the dark cellar. But once darkness came on any visual activity down there would be recorded. As for sound, that was covered full time.

The tranquilizer dart hit Elias high in the rump. The sharp impact sent a shock of pain up his back. He reacted with a gasp of surprise and agony, and reached back to yank out the needle. He stared at it a second: the vial part, of course, was emptied... he'd taken a full dose. He looked at the bright blue plastic feathering; sort of festive it looked, as if to decorate the missile. But its purpose he knew well: to guide the damn thing through the air point first.



For a moment, while reason was still his, he knew the dose was sufficient to knock him out. This was no shot intended to immobilize a rabbit or raccoon. This was set for an animal over two hundred pounds, whether it had four legs or two.

Just as his eyes were beginning to fog over, the predator appeared. She was a beautiful young woman, dressed in olive drab shorts and a hunter green athletic shirt. Her blond hair was pulled back in a ponytail. Her ankle-high hiking boots and off-white socks made her look like Lara Croft. Slung jauntily over her shoulder was a rifle. The rifle fired a gas-propelled missile.

As she bent over his prone body, he looked up at her, a strange giddy smile on his face. He was already losing control of his functions. When she leaned close, peering into his eyes, he tried to take in her beauty. Just then she spit full into his face.





CHAPTER 2:THE SEARCH FOR PETER LEAMAN

(page 7)

When Ed Elias came to, he was in the basement he'd intended to film. But things were definitely wrong. First... he felt naked. Also, he couldn't find his hands. As things became clearer, he realized that he was indeed naked, and that his hands were bound behind him. And there was something tight around his neck. He sat on a cold cement floor, and looked up to see two young women standing over him. As his eyes cleared, he saw they were both beauties.

"Uh... look... you... got this wrong... I..."

Suddenly, the smaller one, the one with the lightest blond hair, stepped closer and kicked him hard in the chest. He was a heavy, bulky man, and so, while the blow hurt, it did not knock him over. There's one thing about being big and brawny that he didn't like; from it people assumed that things like a kick from a woman wouldn't hurt at all, especially when Mr. Brawny doesn't cry out. But the kick hurt.

Gem didn't believe it, and kicked him again. Harder.

"No... you got it wrong, asshole!" she screamed.

He was still groggy from the tranquilizer dart and the alcohol, and so he was not aware that the other girl had circled behind him and had attached a heavy chain to the tight collar that was around his neck. Suddenly, she began pulling on the chain which was already threaded through a pulley that hung from an overhead beam.

She was choking him! He was going to die!

"Get up, fucker," she yelled as she pulled down on the end of the chain. But with his hands bound behind him, he couldn't even rise to his knees. Maybe if he was Peter Leaman he could get up with no help from his arms and hands, but at his age and in the shape he was in... it appeared he would strangle first.

"Up... up!" the other one yelled, and stepped forward to kick him again.

"I... can't. Wait! I can't."

They saw the situation. "Shit!" Gem yelled out. "Do we have to help this whale get the fuck to his feet? I don't wanna touch him."

"Listen to me a minute, will you?" he said. "Just listen. There's a reward. I can get for you. Just let me go. We can work something out."

Elias wasn't really frightened at this point, as he'd talked his way either out of predicaments or into favorable things in the past, and it was usually just a matter of time when he would eventually have the opponent appreciate the situation and concede.

Jesse came back with a common broom. She poked it between his bound arms and behind his back. Immediately, Gem realized what she meant to do, and stepped forward to do her part. And between the two of them, they lifted some of the heavy weight, enabling the private eye to get to his feet. Once he stood, Jesse took the slack from the chain by pulling down on her end again, and slipped a link over a hook that was set in the wall

behind her.

Now Elias stood chained by the neck. This worried him. If they left him, he had no support. In time--after a night without sleep or rest--he could hang himself.

Jesse, throwing Elias' clothes to the side went through and found his wallet. "Get this," she said to Gem, "he's a private eye. Surprise, surprise! Come here to find our little slave boy, did you? Gonna save him from us big bad girlies?"

Suddenly, the little blond came to him with a length of leather thong. Quickly, she had it tied around his cock and balls. Meanwhile, Jesse stepped behind him and tied his hands off to a rope behind him, limiting his mobility. Then, the little bitch began pulling on the thong, stretching his balls. Suddenly, she raised a riding crop, and began lashing away.

THWAACK! THWAACK! THWAACK! ... and more!

She lashed forehand and back across his barrel chest, meanwhile screaming at him, "Fuckin' low life! Bastard. You fucking trespassed on our property. And you know what the penalty for that is? Here's a small part of it. Just a down payment."

THWAACK! THWAACK! THWAACK!....

And again, again... back and forth, scoring his upper chest and nipples, his stomach, and sides, and more than a few times just missing his face.

Then the sadistic girl began to concentrate on his cock and balls. Holding him tightly by the thong, his genitals were thrust outward, almost begging to be whipped.

THIICK! THIICK! THIICK!... the sound of the crop landing changed.

But now big Ed Elias began to cry out. The pain was too much, and he began to bellow an unintelligible roar. He tried to back away, but the girl's grip on the thong was strong. And so she lashed at his cock and balls, using all her might.

"How's this, bitch? How's this? Fuckin' bitch!"

And the beating continued.

Cowering in the corner, in the strange corner cage, knelt Peter Leaman, watching in horror as his would-be rescuer became a helpless victim of the two sadists.

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦





CHAPTER 3: ED ELIAS, PRIVATE EYE, ENSNARED

Ed Elias screwed up. Maybe he was getting too old for this, maybe his alcoholism caught up with him. Either way, he was careless, and now found himself in the same pile of shit as Peter Leaman, the man he'd come to Imperia to rescue.

He stood in the basement of Jesse Cord's house, chained by his neck to the overhead rafters, his hands tied tightly behind him. He was stark naked.

For the moment, the two women took a break from torturing him; they actually tired themselves in not only whipping the detective, but man-handling his burly body as he tried to resist. They sat upon a wicker couch on the opposite wall, both of them smoking cigarettes and speaking under their breaths; plotting further, no doubt.

Ed Elias stood there, miserable in his pain. Almost every inch of his body had received the whip. Not only did the little one, the beautiful, girlish blond beat him with her crop, but she came back with a flogger and whipped his broad chest and nipples. Meanwhile, the other one, the one who shot him with the tranquilizer dart, took up a single tail whip and whipped his back and shoulders. When his upper body became reddened and welted, the girls aimed their vicious whips at his legs. Elias had never known such pain; the wounds he received in Vietnam, although bloody and serious enough to need surgery to repair, never hurt him like this. And the onslaught came at the same time; both girls whipped him simultaneously, and lashes were landing constantly.



Ed glanced over his shoulder at Peter Leaman. He was kneeling in a heavy steel cage placed in the corner of the basement. When he looked over, it appeared as if Peter wanted to say something, but then thought better of it. The young tennis player did not want to bring additional punishment to either the man now strung up nor to himself.

But Ed decided to speak up. He was an experienced police negotiator and knew the mind of the criminal. "Uh... ladies, can we speak a bit? Can we get to understand what's at stake here? Will you give me a chance to explain to you what is involved?"

Jesse Cord stood, walked to him. She wore high heel boots; shiny leather, threatening. She took a drag from a freshly lit cigarette, blowing the smoke in his face

"Sure, go ahead, pig, explain to us what's involved. Tell us why we should just let you go."

Big Ed Elias took an obvious deep breath and exhaled in a sigh. Jessed hated that; it was as if her father--long since he abandoned his family--was about to begin a lecture. She wanted to slap Ed Elias' face, but held back.

He said, polite as he could, "Listen, whatever you've done up to now can be... uh, expunged. Nobody has to hear about it. No police, no feds, nothing. All my client wants is to get Peter back home. Nobody wants to press charges. And neither do I. You can clear this all up right now. Listen, you got your Irish up over me trespassing and I can understand it. I'd kick the ass of anybody coming onto my property too. But now, think about it. Cool down. Think about the sensible thing to do."

Over at the wicker couch, Gem Barnett broke into laughter.

She got up, walked over and stood beside Jesse. "Can you believe this guy? What a riot! Hey, pig, you got yourself into this, now you want us to be sensible? Fuckin' low life." She spat up into his face.

Elias looked to Jesse Cord, a glance that said: you're the more reasonable one... tell this little bitch to stand aside. Elias also knew that Cord's mother was U.S. Senator, Samantha Cord, and that although the senator's influence could help her daughter, this could only be to a point; kidnapping and torture may be beyond the senator to wash clean.

The silent suspense lasted just thirty seconds. Without provocation, Jesse Cord took her lit cigarette and stabbed it at Elias' left nipple. The sudden attack and pain brought a yelp from the big man, and he stepped back.

"No... listen. This is not the way. Let's try to work this out."

Gem Barnett laughed. She loved Jesse's idea, and stabbed her own lit cigarette at Elias' right nipple. She laughed again.

Both cigarettes had been extinguished by the stabbing motion, and the two girls dropped the dead bent cigarettes to the floor.

"Wait," Jesse said, and she went across the room and retrieved the rifle. She filled and inserted another tranquilizer dart. She came back. "If I shoot, you'll be knocked out and collapse to the floor. Strung up by the neck like that, you'll hang yourself. Hmmm... was it suicide?"

Both she and Gem laughed.

"But I won't shoot you. All I want you to do is stand very still while Gem places some ankle cuffs on you. Just a pair of shackles. You know... to keep you from running away. Understood?"

"Yeah..." he replied, solemnly. He wanted to add a 'but' and thought better.

Gem heard this and skipped over to a wall covered with pegs and hooks. Hanging from them was a huge variety of s&m equipment. From this assortment of menacing instruments, Gem chose a pair of ankle cuffs. They had a very short chain connecting them. When she came back, she immediately crouched to the big man's bare feet. Without resistance from him, she locked them in place, the clicking sound familiar to Elias.

Now Ed Elias stood chained by the neck. His wrists were tied tightly behind him. And his feet were now chained together. He could shuffle slightly, but could not move around enough to avoid further tortures.

His hopes for negotiating were fading fast. They must be crazy, he thought. How can they not understand the seriousness of their crimes? Even if they killed him, this case was not over, not closed. Ellen Brubaker would pursue this to the end. Elias' own disappearance would prompt the woman to call in the police, perhaps even the FBI. He felt he had no choice... he just had to somehow make Jesse Cord see the light.





CHAPTER 3: ED ELIAS, PRIVATE EYE, ENSNARED

(page 2)

Elias tried again. Keeping his voice low and conciliatory, he said, "Listen, please... this is serious. I've left word about my whereabouts. I have records of my movements and intentions. My assignment to find Peter Leaman and recover him is available to anyone entering my office. If I am missing by more than a day or two, my staff will follow up... they will notify authorities. Peter's friend, my client, will want to know what happened to me. You just can't get away with this..."

Gem Barnett came back and punched Elias in the stomach. It had no obvious effect, other than to tell him what she thought of his explanations.

He called out: "Cord, can't you stop this crazy little bitch?"

Jesse, who was lighting another cigarette, spun around. "That was a big mistake, asshole," she cried out. She rushed up to him. Instead of stabbing her freshly lit cigarette into him, she grabbed his nipple between her thumb and forefinger. He knew what was coming and tried to back up; his shackled ankles prevented that.

She placed the burning end of the cigarette against his nipple, this time holding it there until he was able to twist his body and escape her grasp.

He bellowed out, "You crazy fuck!"

The careful and polite tactic to negotiate was thrown out the window.

Seeing this, Gem lit a fresh cigarette for herself. She did not want Jesse getting all the fun. She came back and stood beside Jesse, taking a deep drag on her long white cigarette.

Elias tried to back away, but his neck was in a noose and there was nowhere to go. He could twist and turn, but that's the best he could do to avoid the torture.

Both women now stood before him, ready to burn his nipples. But again he twisted his body away.

"This is no good," Jesse said, disgusted. If she wanted to burn him, she would, no matter what. But the current arrangement wouldn't permit it. She went back to the rifle, lifted it, aimed, and shot him in the thigh.

All others were shocked: Peter Leaman, kneeling, cuffed and caged, Gem Barnett, who laughed at the sudden THWICK sound of the gun firing, and most of all, Ed Elias, who knew what to expect.

As the sedative took effect, he realized the results... he would slump, lose his legs, and hang himself. He was a dead man wobbling. As the wooziness began taking over, he tried once more to speak... to reason with...



CHAPTER 3: ED ELIAS, PRIVATE EYE, ENSNARED

(page 3)



But Jesse Cord didn't want him dead after all. When Elias finally came around, he found himself again strung up in bondage, this time his wrists were bound high over his head. When he looked down he could see his ankles now in a new arrangement. His ankles were now spread wide apart in a spreader bar, and the spreader bar was clipped to a pair of chains that ran to two rings in the floor. The rings were so cleverly embedded beneath the level of the floor so that when not in use, they did not project and trip someone walking by. But when needed, they folded upward, ready to accept rope or chain. This new bondage prevented all but the slightest movement.

The effort to prevent his death by hanging took its toll on the two girls who had to rush in to free him as he lost consciousness and collapsed. Then they had to hoist the beefy creature into this new position. Now they sat upon the wicker couch, resting, talking and drinking vodka tonics.

Elias decided to postpone further torture by feigning his recovery. With his head still fallen forward, he tried to hear what they were talking about. Maybe he could learn their plans. With knowledge, he could bide his time; yes, there'd be more torture, but he at least would know when he could expect a change, perhaps see a chink enabling him to either strike back, or find a way to escape. He cocked an ear toward them.

But what he heard offered no hint.

Incredibly, what he heard was: "So, I saw these real cute boots," Gem said. "That Jinx Fallon is really into boots, you know?"

"I heard she's another Imelda Marcos," Jesse laughed. "I'd just love to see her collection. We just got to find a way into that bitch's shoe closet."

Gem replied: "That fat Plum lady? I heard her telling somebody that Jinx had five hundred pair of shoes and boots. Shit, ain't that like unreal?"

"The redheaded boot bitch is into trampling too. We saw her in action at an Everett party. The husband, that cuckolded moron, had his entire back and chest and stomach puckered with heel holes."

"Yeah," said Gem, "I remember. His fucking body looked like the moon, you know? Full of craters." She laughed.

"Comeer, minx," Jesse said, suddenly. And she grabbed Gem around her slim waist and kissed her full on the lips. She brought a free hand up and fondled Gem's breast; gently, as women know how to do for each other.

"Jess," Gem whispered as they broke from kissing, "I want to change into stilettos. I want to walk and stomp all over that big fucker's body. Maybe we can get him laid out on the floor. The thought is getting me fucking wet."

Jesse laughed in appreciation. "Yeah, there is something special about having a big pink masculine body like that to walk on. Can you just feel it now?... the way the flesh gives way under your feet? It's like something nice and chewy to work on, a piece of licorice... the way that teases your teeth, his fleshy bod can do it for your feet."

"But it's gotta hurt him. It's no good," Gem continued, "unless it's hurting him. I like to hear some moaning and some squeals coming out of him. Our little Servex is such a good squealer."

Jesse smiled. "Honey, it's gotta hurt, especially when there's two of us taking a walk at the same time."

"Hey... " Gem cried out. "The fucker's fakin' us. I just saw him blink."



CHAPTER 3: ED ELIAS, PRIVATE EYE, ENSNARED

(page 4)

Peter Leaman knelt quietly in the steel cage. Throughout he hadn't spoken a word. Peter knew better. He was already at the edge, near a border some Dommes call "breaking." What is breaking, actually? A broken slave has given up. The slave has no further will to resist. He will cede over all decisions to those who rule him. He is not actually an automaton, as he retains his flesh and blood. But he cannot separate his flesh and mind, which are now conditioned to obey without question.

Peter was horrified by what he saw. Not that the torture was unusual; most of what Ed Elias was suffering were the same things Peter had suffered before. What horrified Peter was that the man sent to rescue him was now ensnared and in the clutches of his own captors. And if an experienced man like that, a burly private eye could fall prey to two smaller females, how could he expect to escape their talons?

But he appreciated one small thing: this was proof that his true owner, the beneficent and kind Ellen Brubaker was back from Egypt and looking for him. And this guy strung up before him brought further hope... he'd said that colleagues on the outside knew about his mission, and that meant others would come looking.

Visions of New York city came to the former pro tennis player: dinners at Sardi's and '21 with Ellen, visits to the Metropolitan Museum, which was a brief walk from Ellen's penthouse duplex. Ellen, in her soft and elegant manner, calling him into bed. Her hands on his erect penis as she whispered hotly into his ear.

The harsh pain in his knees, and the crouched position inside the steel cage brought him back to the present. He peered out between the narrow bars. The two girls were again approaching the big barrel-chested ex-policeman.





CHAPTER 3: ED ELIAS, PRIVATE EYE, ENSNARED

(page 5)

"Welcome back, asshole." Jesse said to the private eye. She turned to Gem. "Bring me a cigarette, lover?"

Gem knew what she wanted, and lit two cigarettes. She handed a lit cigarette to Jesse.

Elias leaned backward away from them. There was no mistaking what was coming. The two women took long drags from the cigarettes and brought the glowing hot ends toward his chest.

"Listen... ladies...I... AAAAGHH! No...! No....! AAAAAGH!"

Each girl pressed her lit cigarette against Elias' sensitive nipple. He bucked in his bondage, not enough to evade the torture, but enough to disrupt the cigarettes after he'd been burned. And so, Gem's cigarette had been extinguished on the man's chest. She calmly went over and relit it.

When she came back, Jesse said, "Like this..." And she leaned forward, and taking a drag on the cigarette as she touched it to his nipple, it brought the flame higher in the cigarette at the same time it met his skin.

He screamed again.

Then both girls tried it at the same time.

"No...no! AAAAAGGHHH!"

The girls laughed.

Elias was still screaming. Unlike the whip, which hurts most when it strikes but leaves just a residual pain afterward, a burn continues hurting. Of course the girls could not know this, and so they went back again, and singed his already burned and sensitive flesh again and again, bringing ghastly roars and bellows from the big man.

"Shut up!" Gem yelled at him and slapped him hard in the face. Realizing the slap was like that of a baby to him she changed tactic, and leaning down she slapped his flaccid penis back and forth. "Shut up, I said, bastard!"

The two stood for a while smoking. "Well, what do you want to do next," Gem asked Jesse. Jesse turned and, surprising both Gem and Elias, stubbed out her cigarette butt on Elia's upper chest. He screamed again.

Gem laughed again. "Shit, Jesse. That rules." And Gem followed suit, stubbing her cigarette out on the man's penis.

Elias shuddered in pain. His mouth open, his face contorted, he watched as the two girls calmly walked back to the wicker sofa and took a seat. Jesse jumped up and paced to a small refrigerator. She brought back a bottle of chilled wine and opened it. She poured the wine into two glasses. The girls sat back, satisfied and relaxed.

COMING ATTRACTIONS

A killing!



CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

In their basement dungeon, the two girls were positively giddy about capturing and torturing Ed Elias. The damn fool had bungled his mission and now was paying in pain. And the Jesse Cord—Gem Barnett duo were experts at delivering that pain.

While Ed Elias stood strung up like a ham hock, and Peter Leaman knelt quietly in his steel cage, Jesse and Gem carried on in raucous celebration. The wine flowed and the two laughed.

“I gotta pee,” Gem said, suddenly, still laughing.

“What’s so damn funny about that?” Jesse said, laughing too.

For some reason, Jesse’s question in itself seemed funny and they laughed together.

“I’m gettin’ fucking shit-faced,” Jesse said.

“What makes you say that?” Gem said, mockingly exaggerating the slur in her voice. And the two laughed louder.

Ed Elias stood staring at the pair, steaming in anger. His big, burly body was a mass of pain. Although the pain from the whip strokes had diminished somewhat, the agony in his chest lingered. The torture from the girl’s burning cigarettes just wouldn’t go away. He’d been burned before, by an exploding flash grenade, and knew what second and third degree burns felt like.

In his anger, he also feared for his life. Obviously, these two crazies had no regard even for their own safety. After all, he’d admonished and warned them of the consequences of the kidnappings and whatever else ensued, and yet they continued their psychotic attack upon him. When nut cases like this don’t care about consequences, this increases the danger for him.

Peter Leaman, kneeling silently in his cage, seemed to sense the same thing. He felt his own life was safe; after all, he’d been a near perfect slave for them: serving, taking tortures and one humiliation after another. But the private detective sent to rescue him... well, they had no intention of keeping this potentially dangerous bear.

Did these two beautiful and slender young women actually have murder in their minds? Were they actually capable of it? These questions were on the minds of both Ed Elias and Peter Leaman.





CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 2)

"I still gotta pee," Gem said.

"What the fuck you want me to do about it?" Jesse replied.

"Offer something," Gem chuckled, emptying her goblet of wine.

"Hey... fill that glass. And offer the big moose some of your personal fermented wine... aged six hours." She laughed, and looked over at the stretched out Elias, standing there staring at them.

"Yeah... good one. I got a feeling he ain't gonna cooperate on that maneuver. Look, the big prick is almost agreeing with me right now. Hey, bitch, if I say you drink my piss that's what you gonna do. If we gotta knock out your fucking teeth, we'll get our funnel into that ugly thing you call a mouth."

Jesse chuckled. "I don't think the big moron believes you, Gem. Like the fucker has to be shown we mean business."

Jesse downed the rest of her own drink and stood up. Pulling aside her thong panties, she squatted and began to fill the goblet with her hot piss.

Gem burst out laughing. "Fuckin' ay! Go girl!" Hah... hah... hah!"

Elias stood there astounded. This was right out of ancient Rome. This was Caligula or Messalina or whoever. In India, he'd seen certain sects of Hindus drinking their own urine, or even cow's urine. And yet, here, in the middle of America, it seemed almost too bizarre to imagine.

What Ed Elias didn't know was that here in the middle of the Village of Imperia, acts of this defilement went on every day and night; perhaps of the three hundred households, in two hundred or more male slaves were forced to drink their owner's piss.

Gem drew aside her skimpy thong and began filling her own goblet with her yellowy urine. Both girls had calmed down from their laughter and seemed more serious now.

"The funnel," Jesse said. "Gem, you know where that frigging this is?"

Gem placed her now filled goblet on a side table and went to a large armoire standing against the wall. There were three large drawers at the bottom. She began rummaging through a jumble of "scene" equipment, pushing aside leather straps, harnesses, masks, hoods and various torture instruments.

"Got it!" Gem called out, and carried back the gadget. At first it looked to Elias like some kind of old gas mask, with a large cup part and a corrugated hose-like appendage. The difference was that the smaller end fitted into the recipient's mouth, while the larger end was flared and formed to fit between a woman's thighs.

In this case, the piss was already sitting in two goblets, so all the girls had to do was get the small end into the big man's mouth and strap it in place.

They approached him together. Elias did not like the confidence showing on their faces.



CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 3)

Jesse said, "Let me first try to reason with him..."

"Why?" Gem retorted, holding up the hose with its mouthpiece and strap. "He ain't gonna agree. Look at the fucker's face."

"Well, I speak moose," Jesse chuckled. Gem snorted a laugh at this too. "And I should give it a shot, before I have to shoot him again full of tranquilizer."

That did it for Ed Elias. He did not want to be shot again and knocked out. He wondered what the effect would be on him to be injected with tranquilizers multiple times. And the end result would be the same: he'd waken to find that infernal device stuck in his mouth and strapped tightly to his head making it impossible to spit out. And yet, he didn't want to agree either, at least not verbally: "Oh, yes, girls... just stick that in my mouth. I'd be happy to ingest two goblets of your disgusting piss."

"Open up, motherfucker!" Jesse growled as Gem moved near.

Elias glared at them defiantly, then... slowly, he opened his mouth.

Gem snorted derisively. On tip-toes, she inserted the mouthpiece, then stepped behind him and strapped the device at the back of his head, pulling the buckle tightly.

"You know," Jesse said to Gem, "This is how a man can train even a big giant elephant. Size don't mean a fucking thing. We got two men down here and both these numbskulls can crush the shit out of us. But here they are, obeying us, taking what we want to dish out on their pathetic bodies."

"Yeah," Gem agreed, as the twelve-inch hose now hung below Elias's chin. She went back to the table to retrieve her glassful of piss.

"Better get a stool, honey," Jesse said, now standing beside Elias smoking another cigarette.

Elias was nervous and resentful now, on edge at even the somewhat innocent stance posed by Jesse Cord as she smoked her cigarette. The mouthpiece inserted into him was deep enough to allow for no spillage; and the thing was so tightly sealed around the edges of his mouth that he could not see how he'd be able to expel any of the urine.





CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 4)

Gem carried over a low stool, placing it at Elias's feet. Then she went back and got her goblet. She grabbed the wide flange at the dangling end of the hose and lifted it high above her head. She lifted the glass, full of yellow liquid. She began slowly pouring.

Jesse watched the big man's face. His grimace was so amusing. "Yes... yes..." she said. "This is how men should be treated. Women whipping and torturing their bodies, and then humiliating the bastards, filling their disgusting bellies with our waste."

She kept an eye on Elias. The big bear could have jerked his head away, could still resist... but, reluctantly, he took Gem's urine.

Gem, meanwhile, was whistling softly, enjoying her torture.

"You know," Jesse said, "The other one looks too comfortable." She nodded her head toward Peter... toward Servex "We shouldn't neglect our slave."

As Gem poured the rest of her piss into the dark, rubberized funnel, Jesse went over to the cage. Removing a key from a hook on the wall, she unlocked the cage and opened the door.

"Out, bitch!"

And Servex crawled out.

"Get up," she ordered, and Servex obeyed.

Elias, finished with his nauseating ordeal, now watched rapt as the young, strapping athlete obeyed the woman in zombie-like fashion. No... no... he thought. Hey, stupid ass... you're free! Punch that cunt out. Knock her on her feminine ass. Then go over and grab that other little bitch and strangle the shit out of her. Then come let me down and let's get the fuck out of here.

"Over here, next to this other animal," Jesse ordered Servex. Get your arms up. Let's have the two of you up and ready for us."

Gem came back with the other goblet... the one containing Jesse's urine.

"Hey, Gem... let's save that for Servex here. He deserves a little drink too. Just help me get him strung up next to this other beast."

Gem put the glass back and came to help Jesse.

"We don't need the funnel with this one," Gem said. "This little bitch is so tame he'll drink right from the glass... won't you bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress Gem," Servex whispered.

Elias felt a nauseating bile rise up in his chest. He was not only disgusted by drinking the offensive and distasteful effluence, the utter passivity by Peter Leaman was making him sick.

“Ah... good,” Jesse said as Servex was finally bound beside the big detective. “You know, Gem, the night is young, and we got lots we can do. And the only thing better than beating one male creature is beating two of the fuckers.”

“Right, babe,” Gem replied. “Me and this big ugly thing ain’t finished by a long shot. I’m gonna get medieval on his ass!”

Jesse laughed. “Good one, honey... good one. From *Pulp Fiction*... right?

“Yeah,” said Gem, laughing. “The black guy, Wallace, tells Butch what he’s gonna do to the homo rapist hillbilly boy. Hey, you think we can turn these two gay?”

“Probably, sweetie, we can get them to do anything. But I can’t think of anything more disgusting than seeing two guys going at it with those ugly appendages between their legs. I’d rather castrated the motherfuckers, and make ‘em go through the motions, just like if they still had cocks.”

Gem put her dainty hand to her mouth and laughed. “Babe, you got some warped fuckin’ mind... I just love it.”



CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 5)

“Okay, bitch,” Gem said to Servex, “open that mouth and take Mistress Jesse’s pee pee.”

No less disgusted than was Ed Elias, still Peter Leaman opened without resisting. Slowly, Gem poured the acrid urine into his waiting mouth, as Peter swallowed every drop.

“You greedy little pig,” Gem teased him. “Don’t worry, I think I gotta pee again soon, so you can have some of mine. I only wish I was near my period so you could get an even spicier taste out of me.”

“Gem, baby, let’s work up another sweat and then relax with another bottle of wine.” She handed Gem a slender dressage whip, while she held up a riding crop.

“Ooh...” breathed Gem, teasingly. “Look at this one, piggy! Look how skinny and whippy it is. Ooh... this one hurts bad.” She walked around back of the big detective and came up near him. Suddenly, she whispered in his ear, “Beg me to whip you.”

Her nearness and feminine aroma startled and excited Elias. Despite himself, he felt a surge of lust. He wanted two things: first, to fuck this little imp... and then to kill the bitch.

He was not about to beg her to whip him. It was just too warped. If she wanted to whip, then let her whip. There was nothing he could do about it anyway.

“If you don’t start begging me to whip you, motherfucker, I’m gonna do some other horrible things to you in addition to the whipping. And, whatever amount of lashes I have in mind to dish out on your disgusting body I’m gonna double that. So, if it’s thirty I got in mind?... then you’re gonna get sixty. Got my drift, lummo?”

Meanwhile, drunk as she was, she hadn’t thought clearly enough. The hose from the flexible funnel was still strapped to his face and inserted deeply into his mouth. He couldn’t speak if he wanted to.

“Gem, honey, remove the gag from him. I’d like to hear him beg too.”

“Oh... yeah,” Gem chuckled, “I forgot.



CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 6)

The sounds of whips whistled in the air. Both women stood to the side of her male target and let loose. One thing that gave Servex additional anguish was when they both decided to whip him at the same time; one of them being left-handed and the other one right-handed enabled them to stand apart and lay into him from either side. This convenient happenstance facilitated the whipping now, as each woman chose her victim and yet neither interfered with the other's beating.

And so the whips sung, and the snapping sound from the contact on flesh rang out. Ed Elias, big and brawny, withstood his torture stoically; he did not want to give Gem the pleasure of hearing him complain. Of course, he did not beg to be whipped. It was outrageous to expect; and he knew that even if he did beg, it would come out of him in a disingenuous tone, which he further knew Gem would oppose, creating further humiliations: "No, bitch... make me believe you really want to be whipped." No! He just couldn't do it.

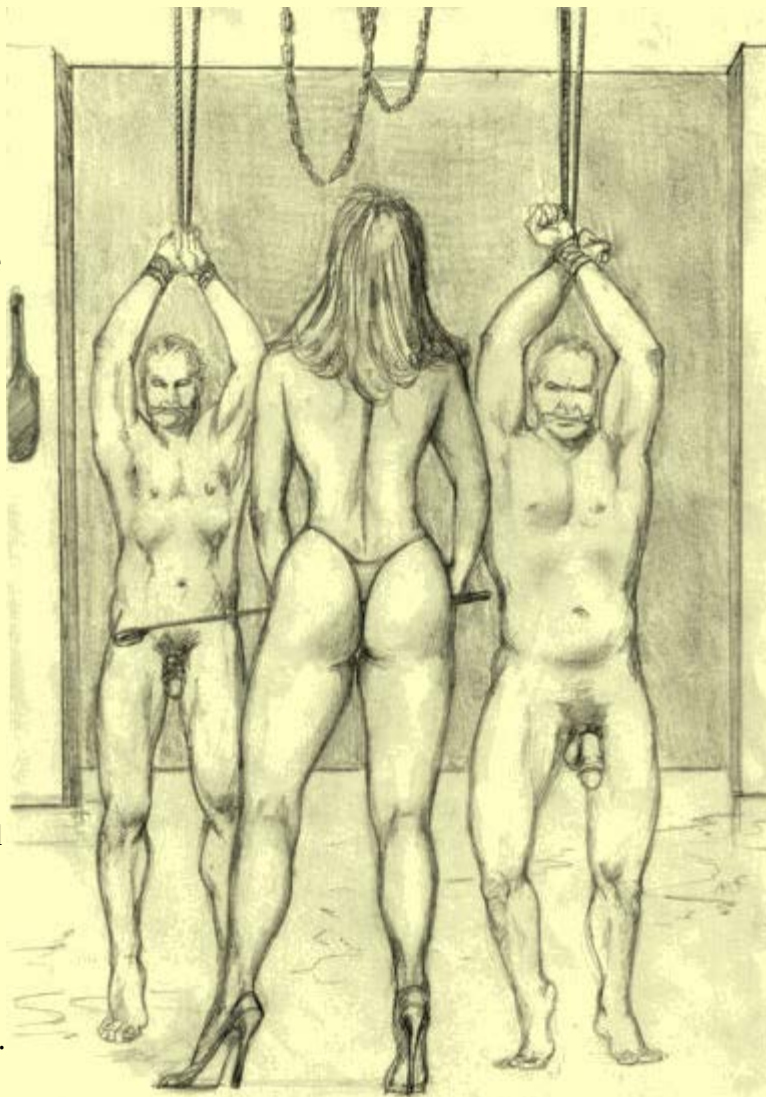
Servex was not so stoic. He cried out in pain with each lash, and tried to dance away from his tormentor—to no avail, of course.

SNAAACK! SNAAACK!.... SNAAACK! The riding crop fell upon Servex's already bruised and welted ass cheeks. Jesses was really laying into it too, as he could hear her grunt with each effort.

"Oh... no.... please... please stop," he begged. "Mistress...please..."

SNAAAPP! ... SNAAAPP!..... SNAAACK!

Jesses, of course, ignored his pleas.



Gem, meanwhile, whipped away at the big man's broad back. It seemed to her that Jesse had done a piss poor job back there while she was whipping him at first. Now, she intended to raise true welts with this narrow dressage whip. Maybe even she could draw blood from this beast.





CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 7)

After about twenty minutes of constant full-out whipping, the two women began to tire. Servex had begged himself hoarse. In the end he just hung from his bonds, prostrated by the overwhelming pain. Elias, finally had let out loud bearish grunts, but never begged Gem to stop. Gem was pleased nevertheless... she got to see rivulets of blood trickle from the man's open wounds. That'll teach the bastard, she thought.

"Gemmie... let's take a break," Jesse panted.

"Yeah. Let's. I'll go get another bottle of wine."

"And some clean glasses, honey. These creeps dirtied our last ones on their stupid lips."

"Right, Jess," Gem agreed, although only Servex had touched the goblet with his mouth. If they were honest, they'd have admitted they wanted clean goblets after filling the previous ones with their piss.

When Gem returned with an open bottle of chilled white wine and two fresh goblets, she saw that Jesse had released Servex and was making him crawl across the basement floor.

"What's up, lover?" Gem asked.

"I want him on the couch. I want to sit on his handsome face." She lashed the slave's ass once with the riding crop, urging him to move faster. "Lay out on there, pig. That's it, just relax like I've suddenly gone total nutty you're allowed to rest. Yes, on your back."

Jesse then sat across his upturned face, her full weight bearing down on him. There was nothing sexual about it, neither for Servex who suffered the pressure of a clothed woman sitting upon his face, nor for Jesse, who would never allow a male such an intimate privilege.

"Ah... this is delightful," Jesse said.

Not so for Servex, who suffered a double torture: both the squashing of his face and the pain of lying upon his freshly flogged back and ass.

Gem poured two goblets of wine and the two of them toasted. "Here's to torturing men. Shit... that turns me the fuck on," Gem squealed.

"And I love it when you're turned on, my sweet," breathed Jesse. "You lick pussy better than all the Goddesses put together when you're hot."

Just then, Gem climbed upon the couch, stepping in her high heels upon Servex's bared chest. Unable to see with Jesse upon his face, the new torture took him by surprise.

The pain was so great he almost reacted by twisting out and throwing off the two women—which he had the strength to do. But so deeply had his slavery been drilled into him that such a rebellious action never occurred to him. Instead, he screamed up into Jesse's covered ass.

But he did buck and flinch a bit beneath Gem's penetrating heels, the signals of his agony

pulsated up through Gem's feet. This slight movement spurred her sadistic urges more, and, leaning a hand against the wall for balance, she then walked up and down the slave's naked body, digging her spike heels into his tender and sensitive flesh.

Servex screamed his protest, the vibration from this communicated itself into Jesse's bottom... another turn on.

"Don't forget the offensive parts, honey..." Jesse encouraged her partner.

"Be my pleasure," Gem responded and walked down onto the suffering slave's exposed genitals. As Jesse followed her path, she could see the angry round indentations left by Gem's heels.

Gem stood full weight with one foot on Servex's upper thigh and the other directly on his penis (the agony was such that he was sure she'd gouged out a chunk of his flesh... fortunately, such was not the case, but he couldn't see that he'd not been so horridly damaged).

"That's it, baby... punish the bastard."

And Gem happily dug in her heels, burrowing into his flesh, scraping, gouging, almost penetrating him. Servex bucked and wriggled and screamed in agony. But his cries were muffled by Jesse's ass, and he was unable to avoid the stomping spike heels parading up and down on his body. When Gem reached his already tender nipples and stood one heel upon each, he almost passed out from the pain.





CHAPTER 4: CORD, BARNETT AND ELIAS: AND SOMEBODY DIES

(page 8)

Finally, Gem jumped down and sat beside her lover, her ass upon Servex's middle. The two women relaxed, talking about mundane things and drinking glass after glass of white wine.

Standing across the room, still bound with his arms stretched above, Ed Elias watched the two sadists as they blithely tortured Peter Leaman. His anger grew. Not so much for the concern for Peter, but his position was becoming in itself a torture, and he was concerned that once the women were finished with their fun for the night, that they might merely leave him hanging by his wrists. Eventually, they'd tire and want the bed upstairs, either for sleep or for mutual lesbian pleasures. In any event, they'd have to face doing something about him; either taking him down or leaving him.

As Elias expected, that time arrived when the latest bottle of wine became empty.

Slurring, Jesse said: "Babykins... time to go up to bed. Let's move this scene to a more comfy venue."

Gem wantonly flashed her red tongue at Jesse, and Jesse pinched Gem's nipple. Gem squealed and they both laughed raucously.

"What about him?" Gem asked as she got up from Servex's exhausted body.

"Into the cage with the bastard."

Gem agreed. This was the safest place for them; the heavy steel cage offered no means of escape.

"I'll get another dart," Jesse said. But actually, she had but two tranquilizer darts, and when used up she had to inject them with a fresh supply of juice. She went to retrieve the kit and sat again to measure the dose into the feathered dart. Then she found her rifle and inserted the dart into the breech.

"Get ready to help me take him down," she said to Gem. "He's a heavy fucker, and I ain't in no condition to lift this beast."

"We got a slave. What the fuck is he good for? Get your ass over here, Servex, and help us when he goes down."

In agony, Servex rose from the couch and came forward to help. He couldn't think of an alternative.

Before she shot another painful dart into him, Ed Elias glared at the pair. His anger amused them. Then Jesse lifted the rifle and pulled the trigger. The dart hit Elias in the upper thigh, just beside his genitals. The pain was excruciating.

He knew the drug would soon take effect and once again he'd be unconscious. He again bitterly resented his own failure, being taken by surprise as he had. Now he was in their power, and he'd wake up caged like a savage beast.

But something was wrong. Elias could tell the dart was not taking effect!

The reason came to him: the drunken woman had not concentrated when measuring the dosage, and he'd not received the full potency.

He thought fast... yes, he'd play the part! Feigning his helplessness, he slowly dropped his head and began slumping in his bonds.

As he did, the three of them came over to release him before his full weight made it more difficult to get him out of his bonds. The little one, Gem, squatted and undid his feet, while Jesse and Peter took down his arms. He decided to wait for them to carry him to the cage... then go into action. Hopefully, the dosage he did receive was too weak to thwart his plans.

They dragged his limp body along the floor. When they neared the open cage, Elias jumped up. First, he grabbed Jesse and flung her headfirst into the cage. He tried to close it immediately, but the little bitch, Gem picked up the fallen rifle and smashed it hard across his head.

He turned upon Gem. He grabbed her by the wrist, but she was drenched suddenly in sweat and slipped away, and with a scream tried to rush away. But Elias hurried again toward her and pulled her to the ground. She fell on her stomach, with the big man astride her back. The piss funnel, tossed aside, lay right beside him. He lifted it. He wrapped the hose around the girl's neck. He pulled with both hands.

Jesse, meanwhile, flew out of the cage right past Peter Leaman. She flung her body upon Elias's broad back.

What the fuck was Leaman doing?... Elias asked himself. "Hey, Leaman, get this bitch off me!" he screamed, as Jesse savagely raked her nails across his face from behind.

Elias had wrapped the rubbery length of flexible hose of the funnel around Gem's tender neck, and despite the non-stop crazed assault from Jesse, he would not let go.

He pulled tight, as a high-pitched hiss and gurgle came from the girl's throat.

"Leaman... fucking asshole!" Elias screamed.

Jesse was frantic... beating, scratching, screaming at the resolute and immovable bear.

Peter was transfixed. So deep was the effect of his slavery that he failed to appreciate that he was..."Peter Leaman." He hadn't heard his own name in months.

Besides, even now, he could not imagine making any kind of offensive assault against his owner, no matter how she'd brought him down into a sub-human existence.

"Leaman...!" Elias yelled, as Jesse now beat upon his face with her fists.

But it was too late... that is ... too late for Jesse.

Elias knew—in a primeval way that lions know when the life is out of their prey and they could let loose. And Elias knew Gem was dead beneath him.

Then, reacting viciously, Elias twisted round and flipped Jesse Cord off his back. She fell hard onto the floor. Elias loomed above. With one hairy, gorilla-like hand he grabbed her long hair. With the other, he made a fist and punched her full in the face. Then, gratuitously, he punched her again, blood spurting from her crushed nose.

Elias got up and dragged the near-unconscious Jesse by her hair to the open cage. Peter Leaman stood there in shock as Elias locked her in.

The detective could feel the effect of the drug coming upon him now; it had been drowned out by his adrenaline. He shook his head, and turned to Peter. “Leaman... come on... let’s find some goddam clothes. And let’s get the fuck out of here.”

He put an arm over Leaman’s bare shoulder and led him away, stepping over Gem’s limp body as they went.

❖ *END of* CHAPTER ❖

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Peter Leaman reunites with Ellen Brubaker. But his return to paradise leaves something to be desired. And Senator Samantha Cord receives a call from her distraught daughter: “Mom, a man murdered my beloved Gem, and I want something done about it!” But Ed Elias is not daunted, and both Senator Cord and Imperia get their asses kicked. Finally, Jesse Cord faces life without her life partner. She does not take her loss well.





THE DEAN FAMILY



CHAPTER 1: THE DEAN FAMILY

Judge Roy Dean had been born Ritzev Djworkin in 1939 in the German-named city of Danzig, which was in Poland (After World War II, renamed Gdansk). His family was Jewish, in a country rarely healthy for Jews. With threatening news coming out of Germany, Ritzev's father put two and two together. Selling their fine home and firing their domestic help, he moved the family to Henley-on-Thames, England. This was in August of 1939. This proved a wise move: a month later Germans invaded Poland.

His father was a cartographer, a profession valuable to the British during the war years and after. His father also thought it prudent to change the family name. He changed it to Dean, and his infant son he renamed Roy.

About ten years later, in New York City, the woman to become Lola Dean also was born with an unflattering name: Lena Berkowitz. Under somewhat safer circumstances--albeit less wealthy--the Brooklyn, New York girl grew into a stunning teenager in the 1960s. At Columbia University she received diplomas in both law and rebelliousness, and with her new law degree took up causes representing the "downtrodden."

It was at a lecture on civil disobedience that she met Roy Dean, by then an emigrated and prominent New York attorney. He sat next to her in the audience (after spotting the slinky beauty). Immediately following the lecture he asked her out for coffee. In the coffee house, she heatedly criticized the law profession for ignoring the less fortunate; students (Roy Dean thought of them as rebellious hooligans) and such, who needed legal defense.

Roy Dean's response was simple; taking a sip of coffee he calmly declared, "The downtrodden don't pay."

Lena Berkowitz married Roy Dean within the year, changing her name to the more exotic and pleasing to the ear, Lola Dean. Soon after, Roy Dean won a major corporate case. With the proceeds, he decided to buy a small office building in Manhattan. He had only the down payment, but the investment proved extremely lucrative; so much so that he soon owned four more. Then Governor Rockefeller appointed him to the bench, where his colleagues appreciated the irony of his being Judge Roy Dean (they'd had to educate him about his near-namesake's place in American history).

By the mid-70s the Deans were millionaires and neither had to work again.

From the beginning, Lola had appreciated Roy Dean's candor about his sexual needs and fetishes. Early in their dating he confessed his fascination in her looks, her manner of dress, the way she walked, even the way she smoked a cigarette.

On their second date Roy took her to the Rainbow Room, high atop Rockefeller Center. Roy sat back with a glass of Guinness and said to her: "Want to know why I sat next to you at the Hilton lecture? From the moment I saw you milling at the big doorway, standing amidst a small crowd of admirers, I couldn't take my eyes off you."

She smiled. "What was so special?" she asked, blowing a cloud of smoke into the air.

"Well, one of the things was just that. The way you smoked. How you almost stroked the cigarette with your long fingers and the bright red nails. I was mesmerized. It was almost a sexual act to me. But I shouldn't even tell you this, you know."

"Why not?" she asked, after another long drag.

"Because you might become self conscious about it and that could ruin the effect. Maybe you'll become hesitant now."

She smiled warmly. "Foolish boy. If a woman is given a tool to rule she takes advantage of it. Belly dancers don't become self-conscious--they play the crowd. So, what's next? Tell me one more and I'll tell you one about you that attracts me."

"Splendid. Good deal, as Americans say. Until I saw you I'd not much noticed women's shoes--or should I say footwear, as you seem to wear boots almost as often as you do shoes. Well, for some reason--with you--I could hardly overlook them."

"Oh, really," she exhaled, after lighting another cigarette.

"Yes. Tall boots, spiky heels, supporting absolutely magnificent legs... so so very sexy my dear."

"Why thank you. I do happen to appreciate the obvious results I get when I change from loafers to shiny boots. A woman will never acknowledge her admirers on the street, but I do notice them. And girlfriends have told me I turn heads when I'm all get up."

"Get up, eh? That's the expression? Well, consider my head properly and permanently turned. Now, you did promise you'd tell me something, didn't you?"

"Yes, Roy. I do hate to interrupt your praising me, but I do owe you one, don't I?

Well, I just love your upper-crust British accent."

He laughed. He disliked the term upper-crust, but accepted her compliment. "Thank you, your highness."

"You're welcome...peasant."

They laughed.



1 [2] [3] [4] [5] [6] [7]

[Next Page](#)



THE DEAN FAMILY



CHAPTER 1: THE DEANS

(page 2)

About a year after their marriage Roy brought home a dozen fetish magazines. A colleague had asked him to take the case of a fetish publisher being prosecuted for obscenity. As it was beneath his level of usual client, he wondered if Lola might want to look into it. After lustily absorbing the glossy magazines, she declared enthusiastically, "I'll be glad to, Roy."

Fetish and "bondage" magazines were beginning to flourish in the mid 1970s--at least in New York and other large cities (sold often in peep-show joints and second-hand bookstores). And porno movie houses were burgeoning. In attempts to limit them, the cities began to rezone and bring suits. This plight of the small business vs the City was the sort of case Lola Dean savored.

When Lola walked into the office of Bizarre Illusions, owner Ilona Klow knew she had found the ideal advocate. A full-length leather coat reached Lola Dean's high-heel platform boots. Beneath, she wore an ecru angora turtle-neck sweater, over a full, black leather maxi skirt. Lola's jet black hair was drawn back in a tight French bun. Of course, she wore tight, doeskin gloves, also black.

"My dear," Ilona said, with a slight German accent, shaking both of Lola's hands. "I cannot allow you to leave here without a wonderful little riding crop. You are truly the picture and essence of all we seek to accomplish here."

Lola had been sexually excited from the moment she'd begun dressin; from the zippering of her skirt to the slow, minor struggle of pulling on her tight gloves. Now, with Ilona Klow's surprise offer of a riding crop, Lola felt almost ready to orgasm.

She took a breath. "Reading your magazines--so exciting--I saw why you know so much about riding crops and some other exotic fashion tips." Ilona smiled at the this. "Not to mention some other very bizarre implements...bridles? I'd thought riding crops and bridles only in association with the horsy set. Now? I don't know what to think, other than you are in a very exciting and stimulating business. I'd love to learn more about it... of course while I also work at getting these patently unfair charges against you removed and eliminated."

After a pleasant hour's meeting and a bite of lunch, Lola carried home Ilona Klow's gift. She tried to bend the whalebone-cored crop into a half circle and jam it into her attache case, but gave up that idea and just carried it in her hand. And until she finally hailed a cab she noticed passersby turning their heads to gape at her. She was not disturbed by this, rather, she discovered in herself a new tingling from the attention. Her long, black leather coat reached her high boots, and the crop just added to an image that (in 1970) did come off as a bizarre illusion.

[Previous Page](#)[\[1\]](#) [2](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [\[6\]](#) [\[7\]](#)[Next Page](#)



THE DEAN FAMILY



CHAPTER 1: THE DEANS

(page 3)

That evening, while Tam-Tam cleaned away desert and coffee dishes, Lola got up and retrieved the crop from a drawer in the sideboard. She'd lit her long cigarette and inserted it into her ever-present cigarette holder. Roy looked up at her in fascination. She walked to Roy's end of the table and dropped the riding crop at his elbow, then returned to her seat. She still wore the leather skirt and boots.

"A present from Ilona Klow."

Roy stared at it. Did not lift it or even touch it. He seemed mesmerized.

"For whom?" he asked, finally.

"I think it's a gift for both of us," she replied, with a Cheshire cat smile. And suddenly something became evident: her husband wanted exactly what she wanted; or, better said, he wanted to receive what she wanted to give, except that she hadn't thought of giving until that very moment. The scene burst into shocking materialization in her mind... Roy, naked on the bed, and she lashing his tender buttocks with the whip. The image sent a thrill into her body. She took a drag on her cigarette and breathed in sharply.

While reading the magazines, Bizarre Illusions, Lola had become so highly aroused she couldn't help but fondle her nipples and vagina. Nothing before had stimulated her as did the photos and anecdotes in the magazines. The theme remained fairly constant: women, dressed in varying modes of bizarre dress--leather, boots, high heel shoes in almost every scene--posing in rather threatening ways for the camera. But then, here and there, a man in the scene... and he'd be kneeling, crawling, kissing the feet of the domineering woman. The photos had been posed for and shot in the Klow studios down in the Union Square district of Manhattan, once renowned for housing the newspaper and publishing business.

While the shots turned on Lola, still there was something strangely lacking in them. And Lola knew right away. Although they were erotic images, they were also obvious studio shots, and despite the fantastic dress the smiling and gazing at the camera seemed to dilute another-wise powerful effect. The power and menace intended for the scene might have remained intact had they just shot these at home, or in a castle somewhere, and with the

models not grinning for the camera, but caught in more candid shots. But this was a primitive operation, and even thirty years later porn photos and movie makers still would not fully understand the impart they might achieve if they'd attempted a more candid view.

Lola and Roy sat in the living room, drinking martinis and watching television. At bedtime, Lola changed into a tiny lingerie, slightly more than a figment of imagination--every curve and detail of her magnificent body was apparent. She'd added two accessories: high heel mules and her new riding crop.

When Roy gulped, Lola saw his Adam's apple bob; that and a rising erection were clear signals her man was eager. Men, she thought, so unable to conceal their need.

"You look suddenly ridiculous in those pajamas, my dear," she said, her tone filled with lust.

It was beyond a request, almost an order. And, almost in a trance, Roy began disrobing.

Suddenly, he heard a loud... CRACK!

He looked up. Lola had lashed a pillow. The sound effect was astounding. God, he thought, does she intend whipping me with that kind of force?

"Lola," he whispered. "What in heaven?"

She was lovingly caressing and flexing the whip in her two hands. "God... I've never felt so fucking turned on in my life. Roy, you simply must let me do this. As least as much as you can take."

She moved to an inch in front of him. She reached a hand down to his erect penis. There's no denying... he wants this too, even if he isn't sure logically.

"Alright, I'll try it. But...wait... let's make it a count. A short count. This was I will know it's coming to an end."

"Ten?" she asked, her breaths coming fast. "Twenty?"

"Six," he replied. "And for God's sake, not as hard as you smacked that pillow."

"Only six? You must be joking. Even little schoolboys in England take six of the best, and that's with a cane, and it's from a burly schoolmaster." She smiled at her retort.

"Remember, I'm learning a lot from my client's magazines. Lots of juicy new things."

She moved away from him and stood at the foot of the bed. "Okay, I'll give you six on one side, then I'll stop. But then I want another six on your other side." She was waving the menacing crop now, letting it dance in the air, drawing Roy's fixed stare.

"On my ass, right?" he asked, he voice choked up.

"Of course. What the hell were you thinking. It'll be across your ass, but with this tab landing on one side. After six I'll want to change. To make things even."

During this conversation Roy's erection subsided. Lola noticed and called, "Come over her first, darling victim."

He walked around the bed naked to her. Again he began to swell. Gorgeous Lola, her astounding body, the way she fondled the whip--as if it were a live animal--and the last word "victim"... all gave him an immense thrill. When he reached her, she put her arms up, reached behind his head with the crop and pulled his head to her lips.

They kissed voluptuously. He ground his erect penis into her stomach. She mashed her lipstick-lubricated lips against his mouth. He lifted her up. She felt his heart thudding against her breast. She loved him... but now she wanted nothing more than to beat him. And, if he loved her as much he'd let her.

At a cue he put her down. Panting as if she'd run a dash, she croaked, "And now onto the bed. I simply must stripe that beautiful smooth ass."



[Previous Page](#)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [3](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [\[6\]](#) [\[7\]](#)

[Next Page](#)



THE DEAN FAMILY



CHAPTER 1: THE DEANS

(page 4)

With an audible sigh and an incomprehensible resolution to allow his wife to whip him, Roy climbed upon the their king-size bed and lied face down in the middle. He folded an arm and lay his forehead on his right forearm. It appeared as if he was awaiting a massage. But he wasn't nearly so relaxed. Instead, his heart was racing and he couldn't gather a coherent thought.



But Lola interrupted his confused and turbulent meanderings. "Wait right there, darling. I'll be right back. And don't move an inch." To make sure he remained in place, she laid the crop upon his bare ass, allowed it to teeter there. "If that falls off I'm giving you an extra six." And she left the room.

Roy's thoughts again ricocheted in his head. God... what am I doing? Where is this leading? This surely has to be a one-time thing; merely a sexual whim of Lola's, a result of her visiting Bizarre Illusions today. I'll go along this time. Why? Because I want to get into her delectable body just as soon as she's had her twelve strokes. I'll take it like a man and then--again like a man--I'll jump her beautiful bod.

Lola returned. She was carrying two, lit candelabra. Also, two long strands of rope were draped over her shoulder. Roy couldn't see her as he remained perfectly still--he was frightened by Lola's threat to add six strokes if he allowed the crop to slip from his backside.

Suddenly, Lola tossed the strands of rope onto the bed next to him, right before his eyes. "What the..." he cried out. Startled, he turned, and the crop fell from his back.

"Now, Lola... wait a bit. Aren't we carrying this a little far?" His tone wasn't belligerent, merely questioning.

But it upset Lola. "Oh, now, Roy... let's not ruin this moment. Look, I brought candles. I just want to set the mood. And above it all, I need you to trust me."

That was a refreshing splash in his face. Trust! He thought: of course, Roy, this is your wife. She loves you and you love her. Look around, Roy... she isn't about to brutalize you, administer an unadorned callous beating. Rather, she's trying to construct a romantic setting, exactly how a woman likes to make things. And it seems she really wants this... it's turning her on. Get into this Roy... join the excitement.

"I'm sorry Lola. Please forgive me." This not from fear of retribution, but a genuine concern he'd spoilt the mood.

"Okay," she said, rather gaily, quickly recovering. "Let's continue. First on the agenda... put your feet together."

He obeyed and she proceeded to bind his ankles. But, he noticed, she was unsure and made several awkward attempts. He let her go on, but at one point he felt an urge to assist her, or at least guide her (he'd learnt tying when a boy in England, baling sheaves of

wheat). "Tighter, " he'd almost said at one point. Then she had him roll over and tied his hands. It was almost comical to him--she with a serious intent, but for the most part her efforts were inept. But he did not interrupt her. The end result was that Roy knew he could escape the loose binding in a second or two.

"Damn," she said, suddenly, almost reading his mind. "This in not working right. And do you know what I'm thinking now? I'm thinking of a four-poster bed! Roy, I must redecorate this room... and find for us a sturdy four-poster bed." She paced around the bed now, looking around the room, as if to learn if there was something else missing. "Anyway, for our first attempt this will have to do. No four-poster at the ready, but at least I have this very lovely riding crop." And she swooshed it through the air, striking the bed beside Roy's legs.

Shocked at the sound, he flinched. He thought: is this merely a whim for her, a one-day thrill that'll be gone tomorrow?

The first strike of the crop came down upon his ass and forced a sharp intake of breath. The pain was far more than he expected--a sear of lightning burned both orbs of his ass. She was not tentative, he thought; she wanted to inflict the pain. And yet this pain already began subsiding. Could he take another eleven of those?

"God, Roy!" she gushed breathlessly, now pacing beside the bed. "I can't describe the charge I got from that. I am so turned on! And that sound, that exquisite sound of the leather across your flesh. Roy, I don't want to give you twelve. I want to give you two hundred."

Roy shot his head around. Her perfect, smooth thighs were at his eye level. "You must be joking, Lola."

"No, I'm not joking, Roy. I'd just love to whip you and whip you. But I won't. I will honor our pact and give you only twelve. But, God... I am not joking. I've never felt so titillated in my life. Roy, I need you to manage this. Bear up for me. Please, turn over again and let me deliver the rest."

She looked at him. She had to admit, Roy had a lovely ass. Not flat, not big. Perfect, round, pink... but now with a darkened, rising welt straight across it. She turned her body for leverage and lashed him again.

This took another breath from him. The blow landed lower this time, at the fleshly juncture of his ass and upper thigh. His sudden gasp sounded like someone who'd had a

bucket of ice water tossed down his back. Somehow, she'd lashed him harder than even the first time, which was shocking. "Aagh," he cried out this time, as the full force of pain reached its apex. This only encouraged her more. She moved to the other side of the bed and delivered another searing lash.

Roy now felt his buttocks were on fire. Just three blows and already it seemed too much. And there were nine more to follow. Lola paced again, giving Roy a pause. His brain was racing, couldn't rest on a lucid thought for more than a second or two. But, wait, something was happening--something he hadn't expected. It was something he felt unsure about sharing with Lola. He'd grown an erection. On the one hand he enjoyed both the thought and the sensation; on the other hand he was confused. Did this mean he liked being beaten? Surely, it could not mean that. He hated it. The pain. And yes, his penis was stiff beneath him; and his slight wriggling from the blows only served to stimulate him more. And if Lola knew? Talk about encouraging her.

Whaaaack!

Another powerful slash. A half part of a second later Roy cried out again, burying his nose in the inner crook of his elbow. His cry invited Lola to lash him again.

Whaaaack!

Roy heard Lola saying something. She seemed to be mumbling, unable to speak clearly. Then he understood what she was saying. "...ready to faint, Roy. I can't believe the exhilaration. God! I've got to sit down a minute. My legs are trembling."

She sat beside him and blew a loud sigh. She looked at his ass, the welts now swelling larger, angrier. She reached a hand over to the raised line and touched them. Hot! And Roy felt her fingers cool against his flesh. She swept her hand across his whole ass now, the coolness soothing him.

"Lola," he breathed, now twisting his head around to look at her.

"Only another seven, Roy. I'm not going to punish you for dropping the riding crop off your back." She continued to stroke his swollen buttocks.

"No, Lola, it's not that. It's a confession."

"What, dear... confession is good for you. Whippings in old times were used to evoke confessions." She chuckled at this.

"I love you," he whispered.

Lola waited a second. Was there more? Was he about to say, 'but I don't want to do this anymore...untie me and throw that damn crop in the garbage?' But no, nothing else came from him. Suddenly, she slipped her hand beneath him and felt for his cock. The thrill she received was almost immeasurable. He was stiff as a rod. She kept her hand there, listening to his breathing quicken.

"I love you too, Roy. And I also love beating you. I've never felt so... pleasantly drunk, so turned on. The next seven, Roy, are going to test you. Test that statement of yours. You are to remain precisely in place. No fidgeting, no squirming, no crying out. That will only encourage me to lash you harder. Now, smell the leather." She removed her hand from his cock and placed the end of the crop beneath his nose. "Get used to it, dear, as I am going to want this often. Very often!"





THE DEAN FAMILY



CHAPTER 1: THE DEANS

(page 5)

She rose from the bed and turned to face his body again. Roy felt both dread and... an inexplicable desire for her to begin. He felt crazy, spinning in a whirlpool of paradox. Did he want this or not? Well... when she was whipping him he wanted her to stop. But, in between he wanted her to whip him again. That's what is crazy about it.

Whaaaack!

He cried out. A blinding slash across his ass brought him back to the harsh reality. No! Of course I don't want this. How can I bear up for another six? And who says it's been six? I've lost count. Maybe it's only five?

But he didn't move, didn't try to escape the ineptly tied ropes. In fact his tied wrists and ankles helped him in a way, helped him accept the unacceptable... if I am tied, how can I be responsible for this, how can it be said I've volunteered for this craziness? I am helpless, a victim to her cruelty.

Whaaaanck!

Another cry of pain, this time almost a whimper. Lola was right... his cries and wriggling did invite her to lash harder.

Whaaaack! Whaaaack! Whaaaack! Whaaaack!

From within a fog of pain, Roy heard her saying something. "Roy, I've cut you. There's a little bit of blood. Stay very still for the last one. I've got to give you one more, but I don't want to hit the bloodied welt."

He was about to protest. Blood! His mind reeled. He was about to turn over, face up, tell her to forget the final blow. Besides, he'd truly lost count now, and even if it was eleven rather than twelve, why not stop here? There's blood!

Before he could move... Whaaaack!

Quickly, Lola threw the whip to the floor and fell upon his back. She lay upon him, panting as if she'd just run a marathon. She began kissing his neck, digging her nails into his back.

"Roy, Roy... I love you."

Suddenly, she jumped up and ran from the room. Roy lay there in agony, yet exultant. Was it in triumph that he withstood that beating... or that he was turned on? Pressed beneath him, his erection was rampant. He wanted her back. He wanted to pump that stiff rod into her. He wanted to come... more than he ever did.

She was back in moments with a warm, damp face cloth, tending carefully his welted and lacerated backside. "Roy, I can't tell you how exhilarated this has made me. God! We have to do this again, regularly, nightly, daily."

Meanwhile, Roy slipped his tied wrists and tossed the rope aside. Kicking, he slipped his feet from the ropes too. He turned his body and grabbed her upper arms, then pulled her down onto the bed. She yielded. And he moved atop her. She looked up at him. He was breathing heavily. She felt his rigid penis against her crotch. She spread her legs. He maneuvered lower, found her wet and ready, and he entered.





THE DEAN FAMILY



CHAPTER 1: THE DEANS

(page 6)

Roy Dean lifted two envelopes from his desk and called out to his secretary. "Goldie, please call the messenger and give him these." He found his coat and fedora and grabbed them up. "Is the car downstairs?" As he came out from his large office, Goldie looked up. He was donning his hat. It was, in a way, reminiscent of Bogey, thought Goldie Gold. She almost sighed; that handsome form was reserved for that arrogant, know-it-all bitch Lola. Even so, Goldie could not help but appreciate the distinguished, well-tailored woman who was his wife. What an ideal pair they made. And now he was off to meet her in their favorite restaurant, rushing so as not to be late.

"The car is downstairs, Mr. Dean," she said, taking from him the envelopes he wanted delivered. "Have a good evening."

"Thanks, Goldie. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Dean," said the plump middle-aged woman, removing her thick glasses.

Lola was sitting in the back of the restaurant, in a booth that was reserved for them each Wednesday. He leaned over and kissed her cheek. He couldn't help noticing that no matter the lighting his wife looked beautiful, her long, black hair a glossy and luxuriant curtain. Now, in 1977, she was 27, and seemed at peak beauty.

"Sit--sit--sit," she chided. "I've got so much to tell you."

"Like what?" he asked, opening the button of his suit jacket and yanking up his pants legs at the knees as he sat. He'd checked his coat and hat in the front.

Lola looked across at him, admiring. At age forty, his salt and pepper hair added years to him, but also a distinguished air that Lola treasured. Funny, she thought, how she'd just love to see her aristocratic-looking husband groveling naked on the floor.

"Ilona Klow has invited us to a soiree Friday night and..."

"This Friday?" he asked, shaking his head. "Night after tomorrow? Impossible. We've got

the Stewarts coming up from Washington. We can't cancel the congressman."

She sat holding her cigarette up in its black holder. He saw the smoke spiraling into the dark above the hanging lamp. "Darling," she said, smiling, "you are so old-fashioned. We are going to the party after the Stewarts. Unless Ralph and Ginny Stewart are up for a kinky party after dinner. We can go after they leave. Parties of this sort don't really get going 'till after one am, anyway."

He hated going out late, but he could see Lola was adamant; jovial, smiling brightly, but adamant.

She went on. "Roy, I can't tell you how excited I am about attending this. That Ilona Klow is one of the rarest and most unusual women I've ever met. From what I've learned about her, and the clique she's in with, this promises to be a very exciting party, at least from our inexperienced point of view."

"Yes," he said, accepting a martini from the silent waiter. "I'm sure it will be... from our inexperienced point of view."

Was he mocking her, she wondered? Inwardly she smiled: now she had new ways of taking out her anger for such affronts. Roy loved her, she knew, and yet he was a man, and he needed to be tamed and brought under control. And he definitely must pay for the not-so-innocent little digs men like him give out.

"Dear," she said, with reluctance, "there will be some... things going on."

He stopped his arm in mid-motion as the martini neared his lips. "What's that mean?"

Lola wondered if it was wise to offer too much. Maybe she should have just waited and let him find out when he got there. But she'd opened the issue. "Some... activities might be a bit outre."

He leaned forward. "Like what?"

"Oh... beatings. Whippings."

He put down his drink. "Oh, God, Lola! Lola, dear, this is not an appropriate place for us. How can we be seen associated with such... madness? This is now sick stuff."

She leaned back. She took a long drag on her cigarette. He could see the sudden anger. But

he was right and she better damn well know it. The gears in her mind were turning; he watched her for a moment. He could not give in to this. Things with them had already gone too far, perhaps. She seemed totally infatuated with bondage and flagellation. After their inaugural foray into s&m, Lola had gone out and purchased a slew of "toys," happily arraying "her toys" on the bed, explaining to Roy what each was, and how excited she'd be using them upon his body. (Where'd she find such stuff? Rope in a hardware store, that he understood. But where to you get leather wrist and ankle cuffs? And there are actually people out there manufacturing these? A rubber penis whip? Someone is in the penis whip business.) But now it seemed as if playing painful games was not enough; she wanted to join a society of sado-masochists, and drag him into it.

Until now he'd given in to all her desires and machinations and, like a lemming, charged off the cliff. The pain of her whippings took his breath away. He begged and pleaded for her to stop. Yet, beneath him, his secret told the truth... his stiff boner could not lie. He wanted this as much as Lola. And Lola knew it.

"If you don't want to go, Roy, I'll go myself."

Roy felt that attending such a party could be hazardous; he was terrified that others--his peers, perhaps--could see him there. But crossing Lola was an even worse choice. He imagined the Stewarts leaving the penthouse, and as the elevator descended Lola rushing for her "toys." She'd teach him a lesson before leaving for the party.

"I'll go," he relented.

She smiled in triumph. And yet offered him a consoling thought. "You have to understand, darling, this party is very exclusive. There will be some people there who themselves demand discretion. This is not for lightweights. I know for a fact the Mayor of Altoona will be there. He's a slave."

"A slave!"

"To his wife."

Roy took a deep drink of his martini at last. Then, with another gulp he finished it. This is speeding downhill without brakes, he felt.

"Lola, at the party, we can't..."

"Of course not, dear," she replied consolingly. "We will not be doing anything. We will be

going just to socialize... and of course to be voyeurs. We will never do anything in public, unless you say so. I don't want anyone else seeing you crawling on the floor naked, like the Mayor of Altoona."

"God!" He almost choked, but as she laughed heartily he suddenly joined in. She had a sense of humor in spite of the serious nature of dominance and submission.

The waiter arrived with menus and two more martinis.

"How are you at sitting. Okay?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm alright. I was hurting this morning, and even the ride downtown in the car was painful. And sitting in the office wasn't much better. But I recovered all right. And by lunchtime, I'd almost forgotten about it."

He didn't know it, but Lola was getting wet at his mere words. Almost every aspect of this got to her, made her feel so sexy and powerful.

"Too bad," she said, lighting another cigarette. "I think I'd like it better if you had to fidget a bit while you are eating your scaloppini."

"I have married a sadist," he said under his breath.

"And I am learning to be the best of them," she replied with a smile and a tone of pride.



[Previous Page](#)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [6](#) [\[7\]](#)

[Next Page](#)

THE DEAN FAMILY

CHAPTER 1: THE DEANS

(page 7)

THE PARTY

Their driver, Aldo, brought them down Broadway to Waverly Place. What kind of residence was this, Roy wondered? These were factories down here, weren't they? The hat district, he believed. Gloves. But people living down here? They haven't even a grocery store to buy things from.





Indeed, they pulled up in front of a building that had housed manufacturing plants over the last full century. In fact, the building contained the last of steam-driven elevators in New York; perhaps the last in the country. The building was only four stories, but with the high ceilings and the single, slow, noisy elevator there was a long uneasy minute or so before they reached the top story.

As in his own penthouse, the elevator opened directly into the...loft, they called them lofts down here. Roy Dean took note of this. Real estate was his business. Commercial real estate. And on a larger scale for sure, but he realized too, that manufacturing was fleeing fast from New York here in the seventies, and "condos" were coming into vogue. Old factory buildings could be had for a song.

They emerged onto the loft floor. Lola was still dressed in a black cocktail dress she wore at dinner. She didn't want to take the time to change. Roy wore a silk shantung suit, nubby and unusual. He wore a bright cantaloupe-shaded tie.

Ilona Klow was not the hostess, but acted as if she were. Their actual host was a smallish man from South Africa who owned this building and lived on the top floor. His name was Edgar Trent, and he stood five-feet-four in his cowboy boots. He came up to Ilona Klow's underarm.

Ilona Klow rushed over to greet Lola and Roy. She was dressed in brown leather from head to toe, her slender figure totally revealed in a one-piece jump suit that reached her narrow throat. The neck, wrists and ankles were adorned with silver buckles, and assorted zippered pockets sat upon her flanks. She wore brown ankle boots, with elegant lacing and ten rows of eyelets on each. She was ultra-blond, a Teutonic beauty, and her hair was in a pony tail that hung to her narrow waist. Roy was stricken. No wonder Lola seemed infatuated with this woman.

"Oh, Lola dear, and this is Roy?... so very glad you came. Please come, let me see you are served drinks." And she walked ahead of them through a sea of people filling the expansive loft. Roy immediately calculated the square footage: it must be over 3500.

Roy looked around in trepidation. He did not want to see any of the bizarre undertakings that Lola warned him about. He'd be perfectly satisfied if things stayed just as they were at the moment: for the most part, the partygoers seemed quite normal. Sure, there were quite a few bizarre or overly revealing outfits on the women, but there was no overt sexuality or (gasp) beatings going on.

Suddenly, a tall maid, dressed in a brief, French maid's outfit crossed their path. Ilona stopper her. "What will you be drinking, Lola, Roy? We can make anything you want."

"Two Beefeaters and tonic, please?" Lola asked.

"You heard, slave?" Ilona said, speaking to the maid.

"Yes, Ma'am." She replied, curtseying.

Roy was puzzled. The voice, it was a feminine-like whisper, but it was not female. And look at those legs; close, but something was wrong. And where are the hips? And she or it has an Adam's apple. And she's rather tall. Well, so this is the start of the bizarre, yes?

"Let me introduce you to our host." Ilona said, taking Lola's hand. "Eddie is such a dear person. He's a cute little thing, but a giant in our scene. It's because of the few like him that we have a place to meet and get to know others. Without the Eddies of our city we wouldn't know that others like us even exist."

She dragged Lola to the back of the loft, Roy following. "Now, where is he?" She stopped a very large woman who looked to Roy to be a bit ridiculous in a very tight, short patent leather skirt. "Kate, have you seen Eddie? By the way, meet Lola and Roy, both good friends of mine. This is Kate. She drove all the way down from Connecticut.

Is Eddie back there?"

"He's a bit occupied right now, Ilona."

Ilona turned to Lola and Roy. "My dears, you must see this. Come with me."

And they walked to a large, heavy door. Without knocking, Ilona opened it, only to come upon a second door a foot further in. Just like out of James Bond, Roy thought. But as soon as they opened the second door, Roy could hear it, the sound of a cane on flesh.

They walked into the darkened room, the indirect lighting bounced off the dark crimson walls. The room smelled of incense and pot. The furnishings showed it to be a large bedroom, decorated in native African motif. The king-size bed had four large posts and looked immoveable. There were a few chairs about the large room, these taken by a few people who showed little interest in the scene taking place right in their midst.

There, naked, bend at the waist, with his hands resting on his knees, stood the host of the affair, Edgar Trent. He was perhaps, thirty five, and had very short, dirty blond hair. Indeed he was small, but muscular, and, as a very large woman brought the cane down upon his exposed ass, he did not move an inch.

Roy was incredulous. How on earth could that little guy take such a beating? The woman whipping him was at least five-ten, and near two hundred pounds. And she laid on a thin flexible cane with all the might of both arm and body.

The cane whistled in the air, and landed with a SWAAACK across the little man's exposed behind. The caning was relentless, lashes coming one-per-second, the woman sweating as she leaned into it with a vigor.

SWAAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAACK!

Roy was amazed. There was no way he could take such a beating. Lola was perhaps half the size of the woman swinging that cane, and not nearly as eager as was this sadist, and yet little Eddie stood his ground as if he were just bending to search the floor for his contact lens.

"Let's leave Eddie to his fun for now," Ilona said. Besides, that maid is probably frantic by now carrying those gin and tonics and searching for you two." And they walked from the bedroom back into the large loft.

Roy's head was spinning, and he did want that drink. He felt as if he'd entered an Alice-in-Wonderland world, with a man being whipped raw (yet loving it, obviously) and another man disguised as a maid. And yet, there seemed to be a kind of decorum to it all. After all, Eddie's whipping was taking place behind closed doors (literally) and the maid did not seem all that much out of place. Meanwhile, others were milling about or standing in cliques talking, for the most part dressed just like for any other kind of party.

The maid found them, and thus did not have to be punished. Ilona said, "Come, I want you to meet someone else." And she pulled them through the crowd into a far corner. As they walked, Lola could not help but devour Ilona's fine body and hot outfit.

"Ilona, I knew you were one gorgeous woman when we met, but tonight you look so delicious. Will you be playing tonight?"

Playing, Roy thought? That's what they call it?

"My dear," Ilona answered, "I expect to put on a clinic tonight. I do hope you will remain for it."

Lola was thrilled. "I can't wait. Yes, we'll be here, for sure."

"Here, let me introduce Millie and Jonathan. Millie, hi. Here, meet Lola and Roy. Lola, Roy, meet Millie. And that's Jonathan down there."

Millie was a middle-aged lady, dressed as if going shopping for weekend food, just in jeans and a black knit, sleeveless top. Kneeling beside her, as if it were totally normal, was Jonathan, dressed also in jeans, but bare-chested, to reveal his pierced nipples and a tattoo proclaiming he was the property of Mistress Millie. He reached up a hand to shake with Judge Roy Dean. Roy didn't know what to say, but he did take the man's hand.

"Millie is one of New York's top pediatricians. Jonathan, well... let's just say he's a low life--as Millie will tell you herself, yes Millie?--who tries to make up for his shortcomings by being a philanthropist. He practically owns a wing in the Met of Art, don't you, lowlife?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, from his knees.

"The lowlife has zillions. Here, fool, light my cigarette. Oh, yes, and that of Mistress Lola too."

And the kneeling man reached quickly into his jeans pocket and found a lighter.

Roy suddenly realized he knew the man. Yes, this "fool" did have zillions. And yes, he was one of the city's most generous philanthropists. God!

But Roy did not want to talk shop with the kneeling figure. It seemed just too awkward. Besides, he did not want to be asked about himself; inane questions like, "so, are you a slave too?" As Ilona and Lola and Millie began a conversation, Roy looked around. Yes, things were beginning to warm up.

✠ *END of* CHAPTER ✠

DEAN FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

Still in the 1970s. Now that Lola has introduced her husband to a new dimension of erotica, she arranges their further education into the bizarre by attending an s&m party. Roy's head spins at the scenes he witnesses throughout the night. What sadism, what

humiliation endured by the male partygoers. Roy is thankful he is a mere voyeur. He doesn't know it, but that protected status is only temporary.



[Previous Page](#)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#) [\[5\]](#) [\[6\]](#) [7](#)



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

Roy Dean lifted two envelopes from his desk and called out to his secretary. "Goldie, please call the messenger and give him these." He found his coat and fedora and grabbed them up. "Is the car downstairs?" As he came out from his large office, Goldie looked up. He was donning his hat. It was, in a way, reminiscent of Bogey, thought Goldie Gold. She almost sighed; that handsome form was reserved for that arrogant, know-it-all bitch Lola. Even so, Goldie could not help but appreciate the distinguished, well-tailored woman who was his wife. What an ideal pair they made. And now he was off to meet her in their favorite restaurant, rushing so as not to be late.

"The car is downstairs, Mr. Dean," she said, taking from him the envelopes he wanted delivered. "Have a good evening."

"Thanks, Goldie. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Dean," said the plump middle-aged woman, removing her thick glasses.

Lola was sitting in the back of the restaurant, in a booth that was reserved for them each Wednesday. He leaned over and kissed her cheek. He couldn't help noticing that no matter the lighting his wife looked beautiful, her long, black hair a glossy and luxuriant curtain. Now, in 1977, she was 27, and seemed at peak beauty.

"Sit--sit--sit," she chided. "I've got so much to tell you."

"Like what?" he asked, opening the button of his suit jacket and yanking up his pants legs at the knees as he sat. He'd checked his coat and hat in the front.

Lola looked across at him, admiring. At age forty, his salt and pepper hair added years to him, but also a distinguished air that Lola treasured. Funny, she thought, how she'd just love to see her aristocratic-looking husband groveling naked on the floor.

"Ilona Klow has invited us to a soiree Friday night and..."



LOLA DEAN

"This Friday?" he asked, shaking his head. "Night after tomorrow? Impossible. We've got the Stewarts coming up from Washington. We can't cancel the congressman."

She sat holding her cigarette up in its black holder. He saw the smoke spiraling into the dark above the hanging lamp. "Darling," she said, smiling, "you are so old-fashioned. We are going to the party after the Stewarts. Unless Ralph and Ginny Stewart are up for a kinky party after dinner. We can go after they leave. Parties of this sort don't really get going 'till after one am, anyway."

He hated going out late, but he could see Lola was adamant; jovial, smiling brightly, but adamant.



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 10)

Once the stage had been found useful for a "play" site, others now brought their submissive partners forward and were using the equipment found behind the curtain. Lola and Roy left their love seat and meandered about, found the French maid again and ordered fresh drinks. Ilona seemed to have disappeared for the while, and the Deans were averse to imposing behind the double private doors leading to Edgar Trent's bedroom.

They found another cul-de-sac in the large loft, and sat in a love seat against the wall. Near them, other activities went on; seemingly, a certain hour had arrived which lent license to the debauchery, and now naked men and women were crawling to their mates. Just beside Lola, a heavy, dark-haired woman sat upon a man's back; the man on all fours. Lola noted the man had a riding crop handle buried in his anus, the rest of the crop projected comically. The woman must have weighed over two hundred pounds.

Just then, a young, very slim girl, dressed in leather bra and panties and high, knee-length boots, dragged a naked, crawling man into their midst. She pulled him by his hair. Obviously, the stage had been occupied and the girl had business to attend to with the chubby slave. They stopped just before Lola and Roy, and the girl yelled out angrily, "Fuckin' pig. When the fuck you gonna learn? Huh?"

She had in her hand, a very large, wooden paddle. It appeared to Roy to be a paddle bought in a sporting goods store, one with holes drilled into it, used for paddle-ball. She began to beat the man. Swinging with all her might, the large, flat paddle landed across both his fat ass cheeks. The sound of each swat turned heads. The girl leaned into it, first pulling her body back, then falling forward, to bring not only her arm into it, but using the weight and motion of her entire body to add to the torture.

But something strange was happening, which seemed evident only to Roy. As this severe paddling went on, the man on all fours was facing Lola and Roy. His face was only three or four feet from them. But Roy looked at him and the man looked back; and Roy was stunned to see a smile on the man's face. The man was grinning happily. Just then, the smiling man actually winked at them.

Roy was astounded. If the man was in pain he not only didn't show it, he made fun of it. Or even enjoyed it. Roy made another observation. God, he thought, there are some men who can take far far more punishment than I can. Or perhaps they feel it much less, and that's what explains why they show not the slightest hint of distress. After all, little Eddie Trent himself was being beaten with a cane just a few hours earlier, and he hadn't seemed the slightest bit inconvenienced. And now here's this burly longshoreman taking a severe paddling like it's dainty kisses. What does this mean? Is my pain threshold so low? Are the degrees of pain felt so varied between men?"

Lola couldn't help seeing the man wink. She poked Roy. "See? This is what I mean. That poor girl isn't even getting through to this moronic, giggling slug. I just hate the thought of wasting my time beating an idiot like this. It's no better than beating a carpet. I want my slave hurting, hurting bad when I beat him."

Roy understood and appreciated what Lola was saying, and in a strange way he was glad that he was her kind of victim. But also, she'd used a word that he hadn't heard before. And they'd never discussed anything past the bondage and whipping games that preceded

sex.

Slave! Roy decided to leave this thought alone for now; forget about it, consider it just a wisp of thought brought out by the drinks and the scenes being carried on all around them.

Besides, there was a new thought came to him... and it worried him. Lola and he had accumulated a wide circle of friends and colleagues over the recent years, both from business and charity organizations; how in hell can he involve himself in this bizarre world and that elegant, elevated, elite circle both? He'd have to discuss this with Lola. This s&m craze will have to stop.



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 11)

The party did not "end"... not officially at least. Parties like this just dwindle, until the last few hold-outs (intoxicated, no doubt) notice the place has turned quiet and the host has gone to bed.

Roy Dean had wanted to leave for hours, but his wife seemed to be having a good time. Lola had found Ilona Klow and the two stunners stood together talking and smoking cigarettes for an hour. The male maid came around again and, curtsying, offered Roy a fresh martini. Then he found a comfortable chair and sat to watch what he thought of as the sideshow of a bizarre circus. There, at the long bar, a woman stood talking with a man. But another man (her husband?) lay naked on the floor beside the bar. And the woman stood full weight upon his back, her spike heels digging into his flesh. And when she shifted her feet to another area, Roy could see the harsh, reddened circular depressions left by the cruel, spike heels.

Roy took a sip of his martini and shook his head. Outrageous and painful and humiliating acts were taking place all around him. And yet he'd not seen Lola so ebullient, so much at ease. There was only one conclusion he could draw from this: Lola had found her place. It was here, among sado-masochists that Lola felt comfortable. Until now she'd just barely tolerated traveling in the lofty milieu of billionaire socialites and philanthropic soirees. She seemed to fit in with his friends and colleagues (at least to Roy), after all, she was educated and intelligent, and her husband's real estate investments had brought them a fortune. And their circle of acquaintances had all taken to Lola. But now, here among the whippers and whippees, it seemed as if she'd found her true place.

What this would mean for Roy he could hardly imagine. He just knew that he loved Lola and his future was tied to hers.

Their driver dropped the Deans at their front door. It was the ungodly hour of 4:15 am. They climbed the stairs of the penthouse duplex, and entered the bedroom. As he dropped his jacket on a bench near his closet, Roy's eyes felt dry and raw. He glanced longingly at the bed and noticed their maid had turned down the covers. He was sitting, removing his socks when Lola spoke.

"I want to beat you," she said, seductively.

His large balding head fell to one side and he slumped in his seat. "Lola, you can't be serious."

She hadn't even begun to undress. Instead, she'd been gathering the now familiar lengths of rope and her treasured riding crop.

He thought about refusing. Not only was he overly tired, he could not imagine taking her pain and then rising for the final act... fucking her. God, the whole process could take another hour. The frigging sun would just about be ready to shine.

Before he could say anything, though, Lola was ready to state her case. "You can't imagine that I'd spend hours totally surrounded by all that delicious whipping just to come home to fall asleep? I do appreciate that we had to be prudent and so we were unable to partake in those lovely activities amongst the rest... but once we're alone?"

She walked to the bed and turned to him expectantly. "Get over here... now!"

Naked now, he rose with a sigh and trudged slowly toward her. A condemned man at the foot of the gallows couldn't look more woeful. She lifted her lengths of rope and began tying his unresisting hands. He said nothing to her. He didn't despise her for this; just couldn't understand. Had she the anatomy of a man, he'd have immediately understood: she'd be sporting a stiff and lascivious erection... a signal not to be overlooked

"You should see the long puss on you," she said with a snide chuckle, as he lay upon the bed and she tightened her knots. "Well, guess what? I'm going to beat that selfish and nauseating reluctance out of you. You don't know it, darling, but your undisguised aversion is actually an insult to me. You should know my needs by now, and be eager to share in them."

"What about my need, Lola?" he said, a bitter tinge in his voice. "What about my need to sleep?"

"You dare say that? I have a whip in my hand and you dare to throw that petty shit at me? What a foolish man."

The first lash came hard. He didn't scream, but let out something like an anguished squeal.

"Instead of trying to appease or mollify me," she laughed, "you choose to challenge me."

LASH! LASH! LASH!

"Well, guess what? All the better. Now I have little pity for you. Now only my pleasure counts."

LASH! LASH! LASH!

"And my pleasure is to deliver pain. Your pain!"

He yelled out at each stroke and rolled in agony on the bed. His movements caused the crop to land on even more sensitive areas, and he screamed out each time. But she didn't let up for a second, but rained down lash after lash in what seemed to him like ever harder and more vicious efforts

By the time the torture was over, Roy's ass and back and upper thighs were criss-crossed with angry red welts. Lola was breathing fast as she tossed the riding crop to the floor.

Roy buried his face in the sheet and marveled at the strange phenomenon. She'd beaten the reluctance out of him! Not only had he lost his sleepiness but he was surprised to find he was laying upon a rigid hard-on.

As she untied his hands and went to his feet he rolled onto his back. As if raising a flag of victory, he displayed his stiff erection.

Lola smiled.

"I told you I'd beat that attitude out of you. You have to learn to trust me, darling."

And she climbed atop him, straddling and placing herself right above his very eager penis.



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 2)

She went on. "Roy, I can't tell you how excited I am about attending this. That Ilona Klow is one of the rarest and most unusual women I've ever met. From what I've learned about her, and the clique she's in with, this promises to be a very exciting party, at least from our inexperienced point of view."

"Yes," he said, accepting a martini from the silent waiter. "I'm sure it will be... from our inexperienced point of view."

Was he mocking her, she wondered? Inwardly she smiled: now she had new ways of taking out her anger for such affronts. Roy loved her, she knew, and yet he was a man, and he needed to be tamed and brought under control. And he definitely must pay for the not-so-innocent little digs men like him give out.

"Dear," she said, with reluctance, "there will be some... things going on."

He stopped his arm in mid-motion as the martini neared his lips. "What's that mean?"

Lola wondered if it was wise to offer too much. Maybe she should have just waited and let him find out when he got there. But she'd opened the issue. "Some... activities might be a bit... outre."

He leaned forward. "Like what?"

"Oh... beatings. Whippings."

He put down his drink. "Oh, God, Lola! Lola, dear, this is not an appropriate place for us. How can we be seen associated with such... madness? This is now sick stuff."

She leaned back. She took a long drag on her cigarette. He could see the sudden anger. But he was right and she better damn well know it. The gears in her mind were turning; he watched her for a moment. He could not give in to this. Things with them had already gone too far, perhaps. She seemed totally infatuated with bondage and flagellation. After their inaugural foray into s&m, Lola had gone out and purchased a slew of "toys," happily arraying "her toys" on the bed, explaining to Roy what each was, and how excited she'd be using them upon his body. (Where'd she find such stuff? Rope in a hardware store, that he understood. But where to you get leather wrist and ankle cuffs? And there are actually people out there manufacturing these? A rubber penis whip? Someone is in the penis whip business?) But now it seemed as if playing painful games was not enough; she wanted to join a society of sado-masochists, and drag him into it.

Until now he'd given in to all her desires and machinations and, like a lemming, charged off the cliff. The pain of her whippings took his breath away. He begged and pleaded for her to stop. Yet, beneath him, his secret told the truth... his stiff boner could not lie. He wanted this as much as Lola. And Lola knew it.

"If you don't want to go, Roy, I'll go myself."

Roy felt that attending such a party could be hazardous; he was terrified that others--his peers, perhaps--could see him there. But crossing Lola was an even worse choice. He imagined the Stewarts leaving the penthouse, and as the elevator descended Lola rushing

for her "toys." She'd teach him a lesson before leaving for the party.

"I'll go," he relented.





CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 3)

She smiled in triumph. And yet offered him a consoling thought. "You have to understand, darling, this party is very exclusive. There will be some people there who themselves demand discretion. This is not for lightweights. I know for a fact the Mayor of Altoona will be there. He's a slave."

"A slave!"

"To his wife."

Roy took a deep drink of his martini at last. Then, with another gulp he finished it. This is speeding downhill without brakes, he felt.

"Lola, at the party, we can't..."

"Of course not, dear," she replied consolingly. "We will not be doing anything. We will be going just to socialize... and of course to be voyeurs. We will never do anything in public, unless you say so. I don't want anyone else seeing you crawling on the floor naked, like the Mayor of Altoona."

"God!" He almost choked, but as she laughed heartily he suddenly joined in. She had a sense of humor in spite of the serious nature of dominance and submission.



ILONA KLOW

The waiter arrived with menus and two more martinis.

"How are you at sitting. Okay?" she asked.

"Yes, I'm alright. I was hurting this morning, and even the ride downtown in the car was painful. And sitting in the office wasn't much better. But I recovered all right. And by lunchtime, I'd almost forgotten about it."

He didn't know it, but Lola was getting wet at his mere words. Almost every aspect of this got to her, made her feel so sexy and powerful.

"Too bad," she said, lighting another cigarette. "I think I'd like it better if you had to fidget a bit while you are eating your scaloppini."

"I have married a sadist," he said under his breath.

"And I am learning to be the best of them," she replied with a smile and a tone of pride.





CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 4)

Their driver, Aldo, brought them down Broadway to Waverly Place. What kind of residence was this, Roy wondered? These were factories down here, weren't they? The hat district, he believed. Gloves. But people living down here? They haven't even a grocery store to buy things from.

Indeed, they pulled up in front of a building that had housed manufacturing plants over the last full century. In fact, the building contained the last of steam-driven elevators in New York; perhaps the last in the country. The building was only four stories, but with the high ceilings and the single, slow, noisy elevator there was a long uneasy minute or so before they reached the top story.

As in his own penthouse, the elevator opened directly into the...loft, they called them lofts down here. Roy Dean took note of this. Real estate was his business. Commercial real estate. And on a larger scale for sure, but he realized too, that manufacturing was fleeing fast from New York here in the seventies, and "condos" were coming into vogue. Old factory buildings could be had for a song.

They emerged onto the loft floor. Lola was still dressed in a black cocktail dress she wore at dinner. She didn't want to take the time to change. Roy wore a silk shantung suit, nubby and unusual. He wore a bright cantaloupe-shaded tie.

Ilona Klow was not the hostess, but acted as if she were. Their actual host was a smallish man from South Africa who owned this building and lived on the top floor. His name was Edgar Trent, and he stood five-feet-four in his cowboy boots. He came up to Ilona Klow's underarm.

Ilona Klow rushed over to greet Lola and Roy. She was dressed in brown leather from head to toe, her slender figure totally revealed in a one-piece jump suit that reached her narrow throat. The neck, wrists and ankles were adorned with silver buckles, and assorted zippered pockets sat upon her flanks. She wore brown ankle boots, with elegant lacing and ten rows of eyelets on each. She was ultra-blond, a Teutonic beauty, and her hair was in a pony tail that hung to her narrow waist. Roy was stricken. No wonder Lola seemed infatuated with this woman.

"Oh, Lola dear, and this is Roy?... so very glad you came. Please come, let me see you are served drinks." And she walked ahead of them through a sea of people filling the expansive loft. Roy immediately calculated the square footage: it must be over 3500.

Roy looked around in trepidation. He did not want to see any of the bizarre undertakings that Lola warned him about. He'd be perfectly satisfied if things stayed just as they were at the moment: for the most part, the partygoers seemed quite normal. Sure, there were quite a few bizarre or overly revealing outfits on the women, but there was no overt sexuality or (gasp) beatings going on.

Suddenly, a tall maid, dressed in a brief, French maid's outfit crossed their path. Ilona stopped her. "What will you be drinking, Lola, Roy? We can make anything you want."

"Two Beefeaters and tonic, please?" Lola asked.

"You heard, slave?" Ilona said, speaking to the maid.

"Yes, Ma'am." She replied, curtsying.

Roy was puzzled. The voice, it was a feminine-like whisper, but it was not female. And look at those legs; close, but something was wrong. And where are the hips? And she or it has an Adam's apple. And she's rather tall. Well, so this is the start of the bizarre, yes?



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 5)

"Let me introduce you to our host." Ilona said, taking Lola's hand. "Eddie is such a dear person. He's a cute little thing, but a giant in our scene. It's because of the few like him that we have a place to meet and get to know others. Without the Eddies of our city we wouldn't know that others like us even exist."

She dragged Lola to the back of the loft, Roy following. "Now, where is he?" She stopped a very large woman who looked to Roy to be a bit ridiculous in a very tight, short patent leather skirt. "Kate, have you seen Eddie? By the way, meet Lola and Roy, both good friends of mine. This is Kate. She drove all the way down from Connecticut.

Is Eddie back there?"

"He's a bit occupied right now, Ilona."

Ilona turned to Lola and Roy. "My dears, you must see this. Come with me."

And they walked to a large, heavy door. Without knocking, Ilona opened it, only to come upon a second door a foot further in. Just like out of James Bond, Roy thought. But as soon as they opened the second door, Roy could hear it, the sound of a cane on flesh.

They walked into the darkened room, the indirect lighting bounced off the dark crimson walls. The room smelled of incense and pot. The furnishings showed it to be a large bedroom, decorated in native African motif. The king-size bed had four large posts and looked immovable. There were a few chairs about the large room, these taken by a few people who showed little interest in the scene taking place right in their midst.

There, naked, bend at the waist, with his hands resting on his knees, stood the host of the affair, Edgar Trent. He was perhaps, thirty five, and had very short, dirty blond hair. Indeed he was small, but muscular, and, as a very large woman brought the cane down upon his exposed ass, he did not move an inch.

Roy was incredulous. How on earth could that little guy take such a beating? The woman whipping him was at least five-ten, and near two hundred pounds. And she laid on a thin flexible cane with all the might of both arm and body.

The cane whistled in the air, and landed with a SWAAACK across the little man's exposed behind. The caning was relentless, lashes coming one-per-second, the woman sweating as she leaned into it with a vigor.

SWAAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAACK!

Roy was amazed. There was no way he could take such a beating. Lola was perhaps half the size of the woman swinging that cane, and not nearly as eager as was this sadist, and yet little Eddie stood his ground as if he were just bending to search the floor for his contact lens.

"Let's leave Eddie to his fun for now," Ilona said. Besides, that maid is probably frantic by now carrying those gin and tonics and searching for you two." And they walked from the bedroom back into the large loft.

Roy's head was spinning, and he did want that drink. He felt as if he'd entered an Alice-in-Wonderland world, with a man being whipped raw (yet loving it, obviously) and another man disguised as a maid. And yet, there seemed to be a kind of decorum to it all. After all, Eddie's whipping was taking place behind closed doors (literally) and the maid did not seem all that much out of place. Meanwhile, others were milling about or standing in cliques talking, for the most part dressed just like for any other kind of party.



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 6)

The maid found them, and thus did not have to be punished. Ilona said, "Come, I want you to meet someone else." And she pulled them through the crowd into a far corner. As they walked, Lola could not help but devour Ilona's fine body and hot outfit.

"Ilona, I knew you were one gorgeous woman when we met, but tonight you look so delicious. Will you be playing tonight?"

Playing, Roy thought? That's what they call it?

"My dear," Ilona answered, "I expect to put on a clinic tonight. I do hope you will remain for it."

Lola was thrilled. "I can't wait. Yes, we'll be here, for sure."

"Here, let me introduce Millie and Jonathan. Millie, hi. Here, meet Lola and Roy. Lola, Roy, meet Millie. And that's Jonathan down there."

Millie was a middle-aged lady, dressed as if going shopping for weekend food, just in jeans and a black knit, sleeveless top. Kneeling beside her, as if it were totally normal, was Jonathan, dressed also in jeans, but bare-chested, to reveal his pierced nipples and a tattoo proclaiming he was the property of Mistress Millie. He reached up a hand to shake with Judge Roy Dean. Roy didn't know what to say, but he did take the man's hand.

"Millie is one of New York's top pediatricians. Jonathan, well... let's just say he's a low life--as Millie will tell you herself, yes Millie?--who tries to make up for his shortcomings by being a philanthropist. He practically owns a wing in the Met of Art, don't you, lowlife?"

"Yes, Ma'am," he said, from his knees.

"The lowlife has zillions. Here, fool, light my cigarette. Oh, yes, and that of Mistress Lola too."

And the kneeling man reached quickly into his jeans pocket and found a lighter.

Roy suddenly realized he knew the man. Yes, this "fool" did have zillions. And yes, he was one of the city's most generous philanthropists. God!

But Roy did not want to talk shop with the kneeling figure. It seemed just too awkward. Besides, he did not want to be asked about himself; inane questions like, "so, are you a slave too?" As Ilona and Lola and Millie began a conversation, Roy looked around. Yes, things were beginning to warm up.

CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 7)

THE PARTY WARMS UP

In the huge main room of the loft were three rows of columns running the breadth of the place. One column had a seating arrangement that formed into a circle around the pole. Sitting there, were two girls in their early twenties. Slim and dark, they were tightly, sleekly encased in sheath mini-dresses; one was shiny PVC, the other black latex. The dresses were set, so Roy believed, on maximum cock tease, with portholes, eyelets and slits all strategically placed. Both were sitting cross-legged, wearing the spikiest heels possible.

Once Roy's eyes fell upon them, they became glued to the phenomenon. He wanted to machine-gun anyone who walked between him and that fabulous sight. Then, as if his attention was merely tepid, they grabbed him even further by lighting up long, white cigarettes.

Suddenly, a young man approached them and fell to his knees. It appeared he was asking something of them. They leaned forward to hear his request; one had her silken black hair fall toward him. Then Roy watched the young man's wish being fulfilled: as the two girls smoked their cigarettes, each in turn leaned forward, bending at their slim waists, and exhaled the smoke directly into the young man's face.

Roy was completely transfixed. He couldn't think of anything sexier. Turning up the heat, one of the beauties planted her dainty, spike-heeled foot upon the kneeling boy's chest. Then she increased the pressure even more by crossing her other leg over the first. He could see the young man straining to remain in place.

Just then, Lola caught sight of the action. "God," she said, "is that hot or what? Look at those girls." One of the girls just then leaned forward and, with a look of total disdain upon her beautiful face, blew a stream of smoke into the young man's waiting face.. "Look at them, Roy," she said quietly, poking him. "And look at those FMPs."

"What?" Roy asked. "What are FMPs?"

"The shoes on them. Fuck-me pumps," she replied. "And look how they are taunting that boy. The only thing reducing the erotic intensity of the scene is that he asked for it. I saw him kneeling and speaking to them."

"Why's the intensity reduced?" Roy asked.

Lola was lighting her own cigarette at this point, as if to be in harmony with the young seductresses. "It's reduced, dear, because he asked for it. Had he been captured by those vixens, and forced to endure the humiliation it would have elevated the scene immeasurably. It's just the same as when I am whipping you. If it delighted you, just made you so tickled pink that you'd ask for more, where then would that leave me? My thrill comes from the fact that you hate the pain. That you beg me to stop..." She turned to face him and laugh. "Especially when you want it stopped right from the beginning, when I am just getting started. I can't tell you how much enjoyment I get from knowing how long I am going to beat you, and you don't."



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 7)

"If there's any better definition of sadism, my dear, I can't think of it," Roy, said without rancor. And he reached down to kiss her bared neck. "God help me, I love a sadist."

"And, darling, this sadist loves you, even while I am tiring my right arm beating you. It's a paradox of the first degree, dear. But we've discovered something here, some perverse but ever so exciting activity that unites us, perhaps stronger than the typical married couple."

Just then, two people rose from a love seat and Roy took Lola's elbow and led her to it. They sat. They were now unable to watch the young girls, but they faced a raised section of the room, that was now bared of furniture, and seemed as if it had been transformed into a small stage. As they sat, Roy was happy to be off his feet, as it'd been a very long day for him; it was now nearing two in the morning. But a conversation taking place just next to him soon re-awakened him.

The conversation was between a man who looked like a poor model of Clark Gable and a slender blond in a smart business suit. The woman had a sweet, Penn-Dutch face, with large, wide-set, baby-blue eyes. Her short, blond hair shone above the dimness. Her suit was dark gray worsted. The skirt showed a modest slit. She wore a plain, white blouse and black modest pumps. She looked to be in mid-thirties.

No surprise, Roy heard she was a schoolteacher, here from Pennsylvania, come to the big city to visit clubs; and while at Hellfire she'd been discovered just the night before by one of Edgar Trent's close friends, who'd invited her to this party. Roy could not get her name.

As Clark Fable and the Penn Dutch blond spoke, suddenly, out of the crowd stepped a young man begging his pardon and bowing in respect to the schoolteacher. Roy thought the young man either knew her (unlikely) or he possessed an extraordinarily sensitive s&m radar, that enabled him to recognize her role; and then he had to garner up the courage to walk up to her and make his request.

Her pleasant, Doris Day expression darkened as she coldly assessed the young man, forcing him to avert his eyes and shuffle from one foot to another. The blond said something back to him that Roy couldn't hear.

Lola saw Roy's attention directed to the blond and asked him, "So, what's going on there?"

"I'm not sure," he replied. "But I think it's going to be something. Isn't that the same young man who was kneeling before the young girls, getting a lung full of smoke and heel marks pressed into his chest?"

"It certainly is."

The blond issued a sharp demand and immediately the boy left her and hopped up a step or two onto the stage. He disappeared behind a curtain and then dragged out behind him a heavy wooden sawhorse. The horse had eye-bolts at the foot of each of its four legs, to which were attached leather cuffs. The top was padded in black leather.

The schoolteacher, meanwhile, languidly reached into her purse and, in tantalizing slow motion, pulled out a thick, man's leather belt. Folding the belt in half, she handed her purse to Clark Fable and headed for the stage.

"She carries a thick leather belt in her purse," Lola said. "My kind of woman."



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY

(page 9)

It was obvious to some that "playtime" was about to begin, and many of the guests began moving toward the stage. Lola reached over and squeezed Roy's hand. "This is exciting, isn't it?" she whispered to him. "See, I told you this party would be good for us."

There were enough men standing near the stage apron now, so that when the blond appeared ready to step up they reached out to assist her, making it look like she was Doris Day in a dance number, boosted up upon the stage.

Lola surprised Roy by kicking a man in the back of his legs and telling him, "Down in front." And not only the man sat on the floor, but all those around him did too. This cleared the view for Lola and Roy who were sitting upon the love seat.

The blond on stage now approached the quaking young victim and ordered him to remove his pants, and bend over the horse. His pants tossed unceremoniously aside and his bare ass facing the audience, the boy bent to his fate. The schoolteacher, in an ominous gesture, laid the folded leather belt upon his back. She then leaned to fasten him at the four bracelets of the horse. This done, she removed her suit jacket. The ever-ready French maid appeared from the shadows to hold it for her. In no rush, the blond neatly rolled up her right sleeve. From a pocket in her skirt she found a short leather glove and slowly pulled it onto her right hand.

Roy leaned over to Lola. "Is she prepared or what?"

"I love her," Lola said.



Now all eyes were rapt upon the stage. The schoolteacher slowly lifted the leather belt. She folded it carefully, and studied her grip on the ends. She knew she had the crowd in her grip as well. She stepped away from the boy, positioning herself, measuring the

distance precisely so that the business end of the belt would not merely reach her target, but enable her to deliver an ideally painful lash to her victim's buttocks.

With his bare ass and private parts facing the audience, the blond now stood to the side of the bound boy. Facing the audience herself, it appeared as if she was first going to deliver a lecture, as if nothing could happen with that disinterested stance. But then, looking over her right shoulder, and with a fluid motion, she brought her right arm forward across her chest and, with the quick pivot of a Hank Aaron turning on a fastball, she whirled the belt backhand so that it landed viciously upon the exposed ass of the helplessly bound boy. The lash was so swiftly and forcefully delivered, the momentum of her arm was brought through, like a bat after a home run swing. The sound of the lash astounded most in the crowd, bringing conversations to a halt. Except for some peripheral activity (a man on his knees kissing a woman's foot) the center stage drew unanimous attention.

Lola Dean was ecstatic. She leaned over to Roy. "Darling, this girl is a true teacher all right. This is a study in sado-masochism. A clinic. Here, students, is how you beat a man with a belt. And do it effectively backhand! Here's the correct stance, the distance at which you get off the most efficient whack. And look, students, even a dainty, slim schoolteacher can make a grown man cry."

Roy stared at the cold, relentless countenance of the Penn-Dutch disciplinarian. God, he thought, are there many others out there like this one? Yes, Roy--he answered himself--your wife.

About fifty lashes later, all of which were unerringly delivered, the boy's behind was red, from the top of his cheeks to the top of his thighs. The schoolteacher, with a delicate swipe from the back of her leather glove, removed a bead of sweat from her forehead. As she released the beaten youngster from his bonds, he fell to his knees and crawled to her to kiss the toes of her shoes, thanking her for his correction.

The crowd erupted in applause. Lola stood, clapping. "We must meet this young lady, Roy. Let me find Ilona. We simply must find out who she is."



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

Judge Roy Dean and his wife Lola owned a large duplex-penthouse overlooking 5th Avenue and Central Park, just below the Met Museum of Art. They had an exceptionally large dining room with a table big enough to seat twenty guests. But it was morning, now, and the couple liked to take breakfast in the breakfast room, which faced the sun in the mornings, and where they sat at a smaller table.

They had just finished eating and their cook/maid Tam-Tam had cleared away all but the coffee cups. Roy was reading the Wall Street Journal and Lola was smoking a cigarette.

Lola exhaled and announced: "Roy, I've invited Ilona Klow over for dinner this Saturday night. And a few of her close friends."

He put down the newspaper. What to make of this then? He didn't like this Klow woman at all; and Lola's growing friendship with her frightened him. He could just imagine the woman--and her "close friends"--arriving downstairs in the lobby, dressed in full leather or vinyl fetish things and asking the doorman (loud enough for passersby to hear) for the Dean apartment.

"Lola, what's this going to be about?" he asked, anxiety obvious in his tone.

"What do you mean?" was her reply... but she knew very well what he meant. He was worried that this might turn into a carnival of freaky happenings.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 10)

As he began to crawl over the hard parquet floor, Roy resented now the huge size of the apartment. The bathroom (obviously, the master bath upstairs) was a long way off. His knees ached almost immediately. But this was a minor concern until the maid swung her long legs over his back and settled her warm, naked ass upon his back.

"Oh... no! I can't" he cried out, and stopped.

"Madame, would you please whip him?" Suzanne said, twisting around and passing the riding crop to Lola.

"Gladly," Lola replied, and began to lash his fleeing ass backhand and fore.

Roy was suffering now. It was more than he thought he could take. His knees were in agony, and the leather crop slashed his lower flanks.

Finally, they reached the stairway and the maid dismounted. Out of breath, Roy felt ready to collapse. But he was allowed to rise and walk up the stairs.

As he ascended the curving staircase, he wanted to think about how he could extricate himself from the humiliation and pain that was obviously ahead. But his brain floated crazily, and contrary, silly thoughts came to him. The first was: I'm not sure, but I think the maid, Suzanne--if she is a maid, and if her name is really Suzanne--was able to concoct a different demeaning label for me with each of her orders. Somehow, she was able to come up with a different one each time. How unusual.

The next thought was an actual revelation; he'd discerned a reason why Lola brought in this sadistic maid. To this point, when dominating him, Lola had focused on the same theme: tie him, beat him and fuck him. Despite the pain, Roy had become as turned on as Lola. But she hadn't enslaved him--nor called him slave until today--and she hadn't humiliated him. The revelation was that Lola loved him, and perhaps couldn't break through this barrier to make her way to a higher level of domination. But the maid, the stranger... she did not love him. In fact, she couldn't give a shit how much Roy suffered. Lola brought her in to do all the things that Lola was reluctant to do. The maid is a surrogate, a cold impartial bitch, which means that what is ahead could be much more humiliating and dangerous.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 11)

As they reached the upper landing, Roy received a harsh lash across the back of his thighs.

"Down, maggot! Crawl."

Roy got down. Crawled. But his addled brain now refused to cooperate, as it clicked back and forth. The word 'maggot' had triggered this, and so inanely he began to wonder if that was a new connotation created by the maid. Would she come up with more? Was this a conscious effort on her part?

He crawled down a wide, carpeted hallway. On opposite walls hung an original Gauguin, a Sisley and a Corot. Judge Roy Dean, powerful New York magnate, crawled below these symbols of his success, while this strange French maid painted her own impressionist markings on his tender flesh. The irony was not lost on him.

"Into the Mistress' bedroom, scum," Suzanne ordered. Then, after crawling across the soft carpet of the large, luxurious bedroom: "Up. Up onto the bed."

As Roy lifted himself from the floor he felt a wave of relief: okay, this was a familiar place and familiar posture. He began to relax. But suddenly, he noticed a difference. This was not his usual bed. Lola had spoken about getting a new bed, and it was apparent she'd done it with spy-like secrecy (the upper floor of their penthouse duplex had its own entrance, and servicemen or movers could easily deliver furniture upstairs while they were busy downstairs). Lola had replaced their king-size bed with one a bit narrower. And this was a four-poster. And, sure enough, fastened to the four posts of the bed were four leather cuffs, tied to the bed by stout nylon ropes.

With a sigh, he lay on his back upon the bed. Lola, who hadn't spoken, took a seat upon a tall bar stool and crossed her legs. Whatever was to happen, it appeared Lola wanted a good view of it. Roy became frightened. Was Lola to be only a voyeur? Was she about to let the maid have her way with him?

Roy was about to rebel; he was ready to get up and say: "All right. Enough of this farce. I'm not going any further."

But Lola did say something. "No, slave. Not on your back. Turn over onto your stomach. And spread those arms and legs so Suzanne can fasten you."

He wanted to lodge a complaint, argue, reason... it was on his lips: "Lola, wait, this has gone too far..." But, almost hypnotically, he obeyed. A part of him--a perverse part--wanted this, wanted to be bound helplessly and whipped. It was wrong, crazy, against all convention, but when Suzanne went to the upper corner of the bed Roy meekly offered her his left wrist. With a serious concentration, she efficiently strapped in his wrist, pulling the strap tight. Then she walked around the bed and did likewise with his right wrist.

Lola got up from the stool. "Ready, dear?" she said. But it was to Suzanne, and suddenly both women grabbed Roy by his ankles and pulled him down toward the bottom of the bed. This pulled his arms taut. Then they spread his legs wide and strapped his ankles to

the remaining two cuffs. He was--he'd heard this term lately--spread eagled.

Roy was stretched to his limit, his entire body now totally vulnerable. He began to pant; he was frightened and yet excited. This was all totally new. He switched his head back and forth, first looking to his left where Lola had returned to the tall stool. Then he turned his head to the right. The French maid was busy straightening her garter strands and smoothing out her fishnet stockings.





CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 12)

Lola spoke up. "Roy, darling, I want to introduce you to someone."

He turned his head to the left side again and saw that another woman had appeared suddenly. What the hell...?

Like the maid, the woman was very young, perhaps in her early twenties. She was dressed--as far as he could see--in a black leather mini-skirt and a white satin blouse.

Lola continued. "This lovely young lady is Vera von Lieden. Actually, you already met her--or more properly--saw her perform at Edgar Trent's party a couple of months ago. She was the energetic lady upon the small stage, wielding her strap. Do you remember?"

"Hello, Roy," Vera said. Her voice was throaty and strong. "So nice to beat you."

Lola and Suzanne laughed out loud.

Roy's brain was whirling. Of course he recalled this girl. This was the sweet-looking, Penn-Dutch blond with the vicious backhand. Roy's heart began thudding like a jackhammer. No...no... he didn't want this. He didn't want to be beaten anymore. He wanted to get up now. He wanted to lounge around downstairs and read his newspaper. Suddenly, the cuffs felt too tight, and his legs felt as if they were forced too far apart. Everything was going wrong. He began to sweat.

"Vera is so unique, Roy. We've had some very nice lunch dates and I've learned so much from her. Actually, she has a rather brilliant business proposition that I want you to hear. But that will be later... yes, Vera?"

"Yes," Vera said. "But first he has to survive a good strapping."

The maid interjected: "And whatever else we wish to inflict on his sorry, low-life body."

Jesus, Roy thought, what kind of maid is this? Had Roy known how to pray he would have. Instead, in total dread, he faced a trinity of pain givers.

Lola regained her seat upon the tall stool, enabling her to have a lofty view. The French maid backed up a bit and leaned against his tall armoire. She it was some pet snake, she toyed with the flexible riding crop, bending it and stroking it; obviously, she anticipated the sadist's thrill to come.

Ominously, as she had at the South African's party, Vera von Lieden tucked the strap beneath her arm and pulled a black leather glove from her skirt pocket.

Roy's last thought before the painful onslaught was: some men actually crave this... they love to be beaten, beg for it. But not I. Then, Lord, tell me why I am so damn turned on.

Just before the first of many agonizing lashes rained down on him he realized what it was. He was a mental masochist! His screwed-up mind wanted this... not his body. How could anything be so perverse?

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Roy learns there is an entire underground society devoted to dominance, submission and s&m. And he is immersed in the middle of it.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 2)

His head was still spinning from the last party, when he'd witnessed dozens of bizarre things.

There was: A young man, no more than mid-twenties and yet balding, who was well dressed but for his fly, which he'd opened so he could exhibit his long penis. Proudly, he went about with his bare cock, showing all who'd care to see... his latest work of "art"-- seven safety pins piercing his skin in a precise row along the right flank of his impressive shaft. There was not sign of blood.

Meanwhile, another man (others like him were labeled "slave") was on all fours, and a thick slab of glass from a coffee table was strapped somehow to his back. Of course, the table bore drinks, ashtrays, even a heavy vase with flowers. And the slave had to remain in an immobile position for hours. A few women, playfully intoxicated, decided to increase the slave's distress; they played with his exposed ass: one buried a spike heel from her shoe into his rectum. She said to her friend (they never spoke to directly to the slave, as he was just a piece of furniture) "If that shoe falls out I'm going to burn its balls with my cigarette." The other woman said, "Burn the fool anyway. See if it can keep that heel of your shoe in its ass while you singe the thing." 'It' couldn't. And the hot tip of her cigarette made the furniture jump, spilling drinks and toppling the tall vase. Only Ilona Klow came to the unfortunate slave's rescue. As hostess she had to maintain a degree of decorum. She chastised the two women: "Hey, ladies, the furniture is off limits. Go play your games with a live slave." The rule made sense, as a slave serving as furniture for hours should have at least the solace of solitude, while it suffers quietly.

There was another form of furniture that night too. Roy Dean couldn't believe his eyes. A man (a slave) lay upon the floor, and he bore a love seat sat upon his broad chest. And upon the love seat sat two women. Casually drinking, smoking, talking... as if the thing beneath the small couch did not exist.

Despite himself, Roy found this exciting. Not that he wanted to replace the obviously suffering slave, but something just got to him about it. During the evening Lola kept reminding him that these various activities fit exactly the desires sought by the victims.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 3)

Thoughts of that recent evening raced through Roy's head now, provoked by Lola's disclosing she'd invited the Klow woman to their home. That Lola wanted to bring that woman here concerned him; hell... he was downright frightened. If I am that uneasy being a mere voyeur, he thought, I certainly don't want participate in that weirdness.

He felt it was time to put his foot down. "Lola, this woman is welcome for dinner, of course, and her friends too. But I do hope she has the proper decorum... that is, that she and the others show up on our lobby dressed in sensible attire."

"Roy, dear, you show a distinct lack of confidence in me when you say things like that. Frankly, it's insulting."

She snubbed out her cigarette, giving him a chance to apologize. Suddenly, she lifted a small dinner bell that sat just beyond her ashtray. Within seconds, a maid appeared. It was not Tam-Tam. Roy had never seen this maid before.

The maid was young, perhaps in her early twenties. She wore a traditional French maid's outfit, but cut exceptionally short. Roy Dean thought he was dreaming; were they on a Broadway stage now?... had they been transported into some kind of English play?... would an audience be looking on? Roy noticed the maid's shoes. They were black pumps with impossibly high spike heels. These were not suited for a real maid, as who could work like that?... be on their feet so long? Surely, this must be some kind of farce being perpetrated. One thing Roy knew, though... it was not his birthday and this was no birthday gift.

"Yes, Madam?" the maid asked.

"Suzanne, please bring me my riding crop. And bring back that new whip I bought. And the handcuffs too."

Roy jumped to his feet. "Lola, this is outrageous!" he shouted.

Indeed, Roy was both shocked and outraged at this rash attempt by Lola to extend their deeply personal sado-masochistic dalliances and to expose it to others... and a maid of all people. Judge Dean was, after all, while still in his thirties, a dignified man, well respected by his peers. He sat on many corporate and real estate boards. He was Chairman of the East Manhattan Conservancy, and a consultant to many philanthropic and social groups. He was a respected lawyer and jurist. Hence, he was not about to allow his wife to denigrate him in front of this servant. Lola had already gone too far by even revealing their bizarre interests.

And yet... as Roy stood there, the anger in him seemed to be dissipating, as if a crucial valve had released a rising steam pressure. Despite his logical reasoning, confounding him... was a rising erection.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 4)

His head was spinning. Opposing thoughts and emotions made him dizzy. The erection it seemed had reached up into his otherwise logical and disciplined mind and, like an unwelcome sword, sliced away all reasoning. Suddenly, mouth open, his breath coming faster, he sat back down without a word.

Lola, he realized, knew exactly what she had. She knew her power and she knew his weakness. And she intended to play that exhilarating dynamic to the hilt.

He tried not to look at Lola, but she'd clicked her lighter and lit another cigarette, first fitting it into her black holder.

"Roy, let me tell you a few things," she said calmly, exhaling a great plume of smoke.

Just then the maid returned. She approached the table. "Madam, your riding crop."

Roy looked up at her. What a face! Not exactly lovely, but a kind of sternness in her thin lips. And her dark eye were made up heavily, with long false lashed that were the rage at this time.

The maid held Lola's riding crop, a strange three-thronged whip and a pair of police-issue handcuffs. The silvery cuffs gleamed in her hand and made an ominous clinking sound with each minor movement.

"Suzanne," Lola said, "Please stay here. Hold onto those things, please. I want you to hear what I am about to tell my husband."

Roy's heart began to thud like a sledgehammer against his breastbones. He could hardly believe this was happening. He sat, rapt, almost hypnotized by this surreal scene.

"Roy, for the moment I will allow you to sit there. You may remain in your chair for now, still protected by the illusion of being the man, the powerful judge, the king of your castle. But, at the end of my statements what I want you to do is slip from the chair onto the floor, and crawl over here to my feet, and bow your head to the floor between your hands. No... please don't respond yet, darling. Your actions later will be a more appropriate response."

CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 5)

Except for a slight ticking of the grandfather clock and the occasional tinkling of the handcuffs, the room was eerily silent. The maid, her sexy feet kept demurely planted together, stood to the side. No one entering could sense her emotion! Was she amused? Was she turned on and eager to have things begin?

"Roy, darling, you continue to underestimate me and misread me. I find this is not only insulting but filled with unreasonable insinuations. You want to protect your pristine reputation... do you think I want otherwise? Do you actually believe I would want your good reputation ruined, while bringing my own standing down with you? To believe that is idiocy. And it shows you have not trust in me... neither in my judgment nor my motives. So, I will tell you just this once, Roy, you must trust me. I will not harm your reputation..."

"But Lola... may I speak?" He was a bit unsure what to say now, as Lola's sentiment had sounded so reasonable. Yes, she was right.... He'd lacked trust in his loving wife.

"Yes, Roy, you may speak," Lola quickly injected. She felt a physical thrill saying this. It felt so powerful... 'you may speak.' God, how her pussy got a throb from just that.

"I trust you Lola," he said, trying to contain an apologetic tone. "But what about your friends? After all, they..."

"Let me ask you a question, darling. We've done some unusual things together already. Some very unusual things if compared to the general public. I've whipped you. I've become turned on by it. You've taken my beatings and you've become turned on by them. Now, here's the question... does this make us a pair of freaks? Or is it merely that we are two upstanding, intelligent, educated, successful and sane people who just happen to enjoy this alternative sexuality for ourselves?"

"Well... when you put it that way, of course we aren't freaks."

"We are the same people that we were before, Roy. But now we've found an exciting and new sexuality. This doesn't diminish who we are. Agreed?"

"... Yes, Lola," he said. He seemed relieved by Lola's argument.

"Now," she continued, "the same goes for the close circle of friends with whom we've become associated. These are decent, upstanding people. They aren't maniacal dimwits. They each have their own desires for privacy and secrecy. And yet, there's a need for comradeship, a need to contact and be with kindred spirits. We want to get together. We want to know we are not alone. My friend Ilona has opened this up to me. And, Roy, I want to grow in this... lifestyle."



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 6)

"Now," she said, lighting another cigarette, "I suspect you are as eager as I am to get started. You keep stealing glances at Suzanne. Isn't she delightful? So delicious and sexy? She's young. She's five foot seven and a hundred-thirty pounds of hot female. But she's dangerous, Roy. She exacts a price for just gazing at her. Let's show her how much you respect me and how you are going to learn to respect her too."



Roy's heart raced. His sudden intake of breath came as an audible gasp.

Lola looked to the French maid. "Suzanne?" she said.

It was a cue.

Suzanne approached Roy, her heels clicking on the parquet floor. She reached a hand to his head, grabbing the back of his neck in a tight grip.

"On the floor, dog!" she ordered; the tone threatening. "Immediately! Immediately!" she demanded, her voice and physical action taking Roy by surprise.

He wanted to resist. Wanted to say... wait, not, hold it, let's talk about this; it's not right, it's too fast. Instead, he slipped from his chair onto the floor.

"What did Mistress say, pig? Crawl to her. Crawl immediately. Get your fucking ugly face to Madame's feet."

He crawled around the table. He could hardly breathe. The position was so strange, so... debasing. He reached Lola's feet.

"Kiss them, bitch!" cried Suzanne.

Above him, Roy could not see... Lola was nodding to Suzanne. Suddenly, Roy felt the lash of the riding crop across his ass.

He was shocked. Although he'd bent to Lola's feet and was already kissing her toes, yet he was lashed. The streak of sudden pain was too much.

He turned. "No! Wait. Please," he rasped, putting a hand forward as like a crossing guard. "Wait, it's too hard," he said.

Lola laughed, and the maid joined in.

"Are you joking, fool?" Suzanne questioned mockingly. "We haven't even started yet."

Lola said, "Hold it a second, Suzanne. Let's get him undressed. And then we can begin again."

"Yes, Madam. Excellent! What a fucking sissy. Let him feel this lovely crop naked. Then he can get a better opinion." She looked down at Roy, bending the flexible crop in her hand. "Well, creature? You heard your goddess. Get out of those fucking clothes."

He knelt up in front of Lola, a pleading look in his eyes.

She slapped him hard across the face. From behind, Suzanne lashed him again.

His head was spinning. He was lost in a place that was threatening and yet exhilarating.

"Now, creep," Suzanne growled.

With the resolution of a condemned man facing the scaffold, he rose to take off his clothing.

Suzanne lashed him again. "Who said you could get up, animal? Get back on your fucking knees. Undress on the floor. Just throw your clothes aside. You don't deserve to be covered like you are a human being."

Awkwardly, Roy managed to disrobe. He left his boxers.

THWAACK! Another lash of the crop.

"Aah... no," he cried out. "Okay, I'll do it." And the last of his clothing was gone.

"Back to your superior wife's shoes."





CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 7)

He bent and began kissing her feet. She word simple, high heel mules, with four- inch spike heels. He concentrated on her exposed, painted toes.

Lola looked down at him. She was in ecstasy. This was what she wanted. Beating Roy was a delicious pleasure. But she wanted more. She wanted him obedient, beneath her. She wanted him to be her slave.

She nodded to Suzanne again. Suzanne raised the flexible crop and whipped Roy again, across both naked ass cheeks. He head came up and he cried out in pain.

"Back! Back down insect. Keep at it. I want to whip you while you show proper respect to your Mistress."

THWAACK! THWAACK! THWAACK!

Roy somehow obeyed as the vicious whip seared his tender flesh.

"Test him Suzanne, please?"

Test? What is this, he questioned.

Suddenly, the maid's soft hand reached between his legs and caressed his balls. He flinched at the unexpected pleasure, those cool fingers fondling his hanging balls. Then she slipped her hand forward to his cock. She moved to get a firm grip, feel his length. With his head still at Lola's feet, he couldn't see Suzanne's smile of satisfaction.

"Just as you've said, Madame."

"Rigid and ready?" Lola questioned, although she knew.

Suzanne's hand left him. "Oui, Madame," she mocked. "But ready for what?"

"Certainly not for what is ahead," Lola laughed.

They were correct about him being ready. He was so turned on; so frantic to have the maid pull on his hard, seven-inch cock, just a little more... just until he could shoot the pent-up load of come that was so teasingly poised. Don't they know? Don't they know just how much a man loves to have feminine fingers caress that most wonderfully sensitive part? God, how he'd been teased.

"Away from her feet, rodent," the maid ordered. "Turn around and face me."

Still on all fours, Roy turned. First thing he saw was the maid had removed her black lace panties and they lay upon the floor at her feet. "Up... up on your knees, you unworthy slug. Get that ugly face into my crotch."

He shuffled forward to obey. She stood, her long, silken legs apart, inviting him in. Still, she made no accommodation, so he had to crook his neck uncomfortably to be able to lick her. Pressing forward, he felt the warmth of her thighs upon his upper cheeks. Once his mouth found the opening, she held his head there by bringing the crop behind his

head and used both hands to bring him closer.

"Lick, idiot. Lick like it's honey." She ordered.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 7)

Roy obeyed. As he serviced this sexy young woman, his brain whirled in ecstasy. He'd entered a whole new world. Things here were upside down and confusing as Alice in Wonderland. A maid ordering and debasing her 'Master.' A husband sexually satisfying not his wife, but the maid... and doing it right in front of his wife. His ass throbbing from a brief but severe flurry of lashes. And all this a prelude to further uncharted mystery and debauchery. He reached a hand to his erect, frantic penis.

"The cuffs, Suzanne," Lola said. She'd noticed Roy's self indulgence.

Suzanne leaned toward the table for the cuffs. Roy was about to stop licking at this, but the maid sensed it and quickly tightened her grip on the crop, pulling his head to her. He complied and continued. She reached out and gave the handcuffs to Lola.

"Hands behind you, slave." Lola said. Reluctantly, Roy released his throbbing cock and obeyed. Lola slowly, expertly, clicked the cuffs closed upon his wrists.

Until now, Lola had only tied him. And no matter how tightly she tried, to him her attempts seemed short of ideal, and he always felt as if he could get out in time. But now... steel handcuffs! This brought the bondage into another phase, as if this was no longer a game. This was serious, inescapable bondage. These two women could do whatever they wanted to him.

Lola lit a cigarette. "How is he doing?"

"Piss poor," Suzanne complained. "Maybe that's what he needs... for me to piss down his unworthy throat."

Lola moved her chair behind Roy and lifted her foot. She planted her high heel between his shoulder blades and pressed.

"Suzanne isn't satisfied, slave. You better improve. If she's disappointed... my how she will make you suffer."

Roy, unable to detect even the slightest bit of arousal from the cold girl, made frantic attempts to lick her faster, harder. Had this same girl been sucking on his cock with equal fervor he'd have shot a gushed long before. That's the strange thing about women, you can't tell what they're feeling, if they don't want you to know. They can disguise things and...

"Maybe he'll do better in my ass," he heard, suddenly.

Now, he'd licked Lola a few times in their marriage, but never that! Before he could think of protesting, the maid began to back away. With Lola's foot in his upper back, Roy became unbalanced and began to fall forward; he thought for sure he'd crash to the floor on his face, after all, his hands were cuffed behind him. But the maid, aware of this, held him up as she switched her position.

She readjusted her short skirt and bent over. "Now, hound, let's see what that weakling tongue can do in my ass. Get your face in there. Get that tongue on my butt hole. I want to feel the pressure... like you're trying to lick tree sap into a liquid. No! Harder. Harder."

She reached around and grabbed his hair. She pulled as if trying to rip his hair out. And he licked. With Lola's pointy heel in his upper back, he licked. God, what a strange exhilaration he felt: humiliation, pain... and yet he was in heaven.

The maid was bent over and it was easier for him to lick her ass than it was her pussy. Now and then the maid would wiggle her sexy little ass, then press herself back into Roy's face. She may not be turned on, Roy thought, but at least she's enjoying her power.



CHAPTER 3: LOLA EXPANDS HER CIRCLE

(page 9)

Lola said, "All right. Enough." She removed her foot from his back. "Let's go to the bedroom, Suzanne. I want to fuck him."

The words thrilled Roy. He loved to fuck after being whipped. Lola made it easy for him as she usually climbed above him, allowing him to rest upon his beaten back while she rode him. He'd even learned to hold his ejaculation, until he was sure Lola had reached her climax; he was grateful she was so quick and easy to please.

With the aroma of the girl's pussy still upon his face, he knelt up, panting from the exertion.

"Yes, Madam," Suzanne replied. Suddenly, she lashed out and slapped Roy viciously. The unexpected unprovoked violence shocked and hurt Roy. "You will not stand, mutt. Crawl to your Mistress' bedroom."

"But... but Lola, dear... crawl the entire apartment, up to the bedroom?" Roy was in a fog of confusion. My God, who is in charge here, maid or Mistress?

"You'd better obey her, slave. You have no idea how cruel Suzanne can be. But, from your examples of failure and stupidity, I have a feeling you are going to find out. Now, I will remove the cuffs so you can crawl. Do you understand?"

Suddenly, another swift and painful slap. And another slap backhanded. "Answer your Mistress."

"Yes... Mistress," he replied, breathlessly, feeling almost overwhelmed by the dangerous duo.

CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

Judge Roy Dean lie naked, tied to Lola's new bed. Three women stood around him. His wife, Lola, was there of course, and the strange new "maid," given a moniker of "Suzanne." Also there, fondling a leather strap, was the young blond schoolteacher from Pennsylvania, Vera von Lieden.

Roy, already suffering humiliation and punishment before the new maid, now was about to receive a further beating at the hands of the innocent-looking, Doris Day, plainly-dressed von Lieden.

No one, of course, could imagine that this unassuming young lady would one day become the founder and principal owner of a unique community: the Village of Imperia.

But first... the history of Vera von Lieden.

Vera von Lieden was born in Bucks County, Pennsylvania, along the swiftly flowing Delaware River. She was the only daughter of Erich and Jeanette von Lieden. An older brother had been killed in Bremen, Germany, during an Allied air raid, when a bomb hit their home. Vera's father had royal blood in his veins, going back to Emperor Heinrich III, in the eleventh century.

For much of his life Erich von Lieden had been proud to discuss his royal lineage and explain the family crests. But when he emigrated to the U.S. after the Second World War, he stopped discussing his past and his family's past. Medals and wounds he'd won in the war he kept private too. Most in America would not have appreciated his service in the SS. And so, SS Hauptmann Erich von Lieden gathered what small fortune he had and, with the aid of the German-American Bund in Eastern Pennsylvania, he found a quiet life as an innkeeper in the U.S.

Vera grew up a strong, athletic blond. In her pre-teen years she was a tomboy, tall, strong, able to fight boys her own age (she'd given more than one a black eye, the sight of which excited her). Despite her aggressive ways, Vera had many friends—followers, she considered them. And because they followed, she felt exuberant in her leadership and power.

As she grew through the ages of seven to ten, her father told her stories of old Germany. "We were a power to be feared," he said one night, the bitter odor of beer on his breath. "The Third Reich was built to last a thousand years. And we ruled over every nation in Europe. No nation could resist our power, not even France... hah!... especially France. We were knights, warriors, conquerors... a supreme breed. If we wanted, we could make all those inferiors our slaves."





CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 2)

While still only ten years old, Vera discovered for herself the thrill achieved from conquering. A boy who lived nearby, named Francis, often came over to play with her. The two liked to roam the woods and occupy the large barn out back of the von Lieden Inn.

One day, Vera talked to Francis about conquering. "It's in history," she told him, while she sat in the center of an old tire lying in the dusty barn floor. "One country conquers another. And the winner can do whatever they want with the loser."

"What do they do?" Francis asked.

"They make them slaves. First they tie them up."

Francis had just then been playing with a length of rope he'd pulled down from a peg on the barn wall. It gave Vera an idea.

"Hey," she cried out, pulling herself from the tire, "let's make believe I'm Germany and you're France. And I conquer you."

"Why should I be France?" he asked. "Maybe I should be America, and kick the shit out of Germany."

When she stood, she was a half-head taller than the boy. As she approached, he felt a strange stirring, and a pang of fear.

"Why should you be France?" she mocked him. "Because your stupid name is Francis. That's why. Now surrender to your conqueror."

Afraid this could turn into a physical struggle, he yielded. After all, she'd said... let's make believe. So, it's just a game then. Next time he could be America.

"Okay," Francis replied, reluctantly, "what do I gotta do?"

"Give me the rope," she said, putting her hand out. "Okay. Now turn around and put your hands behind your back."

She tied his hands, and since the rope was rather long, she wound it around his middle. Still she had rope left over, and she thought about tying his feet, but there was not enough for that. She spied her father's iron vise, mounted to the side of a sturdy workbench. She pulled him over to it, and tied the end of the rope to the vise. He was now tied facing the vise, right up against it and the workbench.

"Good," she said, brushing her hands together as if to clean them of dust. "Now, how's that feel, being conquered?"

"How long I gotta be here," he responded. It was not what she wanted to hear.

"You gotta be there for as long as I want. You're my captive. You don't get a say in what I do to you. Now shut up."

She walked away, picked up a book and flopped back down into her tire. She crossed her legs and pretended to read. But she couldn't read. All she could think about was playing this 'game' and how to extend it, how to make it last not just for today, but make it go on tomorrow and the days ahead. She felt so exited, so exhilarated that her head was spinning; the thoughts racing out faster than she could refine them.

After about five minutes, Francis began to struggle and complain. The rope was tight around his wrists, and he tried to pull out. When he found that was futile, he turned his head and called over to her. "Okay, Vera, this is enough now. Let's quit it. I'm getting tired of this. We're not even playing anything. You're reading some stupid book."

For a second or two she pondered what to do. She decided not to answer him. Let him understand that he's my captive. He don't get to choose his own freedom. Hell, I could keep him here a long time.



CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 3)

Francis called out again. "Hey, Vera, come on. I quit. I don't want this anymore. Get me out of this." He was becoming angry, and just a little bit scared.

Vera put her book down. She pulled herself from the tire and walked to him. "Don't you get it? This is supposed to feel real. Like you're really captured. When you play a serious game you get serious stuff. You're still my captive."

"No! I don't want to! Now I want to get out. Untie me, you shithead." He wriggled harder now, trying to get loose.

Vera looked around, saw an old dirty rag hooked to a nail. She lifted the rag and brought it to his face. Francis saw what was going to happen to him and began jerking his head away. Finally, she got it over his mouth, but he wouldn't open up. She pulled hard, until the rag bit into his upper lip. When he tried to yell in protest, the rag went in. And she tied it tightly at the back of his head.

But it did not shut him up. She'd seen this in many television shows, and on the Lone Ranger it seemed to work. What she needed was not something across his mouth, but stuffed inside it. Well, she thought, maybe next time. Then again, with Francis, there's probably not going to be a next time.

She went back to her tire and pretended to read. Again her mind sped ahead. And while Francis continued to complain through the barely muffled gag, she daydreamed pleasant scenes of bondage and even torture.

Little did she realize, that Francis would indeed be back again. Albeit with reluctance, again he'd agree to more bondage games, submitting to more intricate acts of capture and punishment.



CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 4)

When Vera turned eleven or twelve, she began questioning some of the stories told by her father. “So, papa, what happened in Germany? How come we aren’t still over there? And Germany lost the war... right?”

“Ah, liebchen, it was a sad fate that allowed such a magnificent power to be beaten. One factor was that our divine fuehrer, Adolf Hitler, had been poisoned. His brilliance and impeccable foresight had become impaired and unable to lead us further.”

“He was poisoned, papa? Who poisoned him?”

“The Jews, liebchen,” he replied, his scarred forehead lowering. “The Jewish conspiracy was able to place poison into his food, so that it destroyed his brain. And he began to make decisions that ultimately put our fatherland in peril. Even the greatest generals on Earth could not dissuade him.”

“Why did the Jews do that, papa, to such a great man?”

“Because of their natural inferiority, they were good enough only to be slaves to our people. Because we were a superior race, we enslaved them, and everyone hated us for that.”

From that discussion, Vera began reading what she could on the Third Reich, but found little about slavery. She started reading about slavery in America, about the blacks. The history seemed to support what her father had told her: the more powerful enslaved the inferior classes.

She did not consider this wrong; the practice seemed just natural, the way the world existed from ancient times. She read more, about Roman times, and slavery. About serfs and kulaks, even indentured slavery in England and even America. Throughout history the strong made use of the labor of the inferior.

When she was thirteen, while watching television, she saw a boy and girl her age engage in a somewhat innocent conversation. “Hi,” said boy with enthusiasm. “Hi,” girl replied, somewhat coolly. “Mind if I walk with you?” boy asked “Sure,” replied girl, “as long as you carry my books.”

In this somewhat innocent exchange, Vera saw a powerful dynamic. And when other youngsters in the teleplay reflected a degree of awe and even praise at the girl’s ability, Vera suddenly had a stirring in her body.





CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 5)

In her mid-twenties, Vera von Lieden traveled to New York City. She was on her summer break from teaching school, and came to the big city with a male companion. The man's name was Teddy Maxwell. Maxwell was in love with the blond teacher from Bucks County, but she did not love him. That mattered little to Maxwell, as all he wanted was to be near the Teutonic beauty.

Teddy was from New York, and he knew many artsy types who frequented small clubs in Greenwich Village.

"I think you'll like some of my friends and some of the other people I know," Teddy told her as they left his eleventh-street townhouse for the Hessian Armory, a small café just off Bleecker Street.

"Well, let's see," Vera replied with some reserve.

One thing she'd learned in college and especially being in New York: Jews were not inferior, as her father had led her to believe; in fact they were powerful and influential. Rather it was her father who was lacking; lacking in independent thought and lacking in breadth of knowledge. He might have had a warrior's blood in him, but there were other, smarter ways to conquer. She was determined to prove that.

Teddy Maxwell was half Jewish, too... tall, well-dressed, and although not good looking—he had a receding hairline at age thirty and wore thick glasses—he was quite wealthy and had a wide circle of friends. Too proud to sponge for money, Vera was instead interested in his friends. Before the word *networking* was coined, she wanted to do just that.

As they sat in the Hessian Armory, now finishing dessert and coffee, Teddy looked across the table at the pretty blond with the Doris Day face. On one hand, she looked innocent and naïve—her slight freckles showing upon her Ivory soap skin—but beneath lied a clever and calculating mind; Maxwell had heard some of Vera's plans for the future and he was impressed at the breadth of her ambition. And although she had little experience beyond her teaching career, her business ideas fascinated Teddy.

"So, you'd really like to meet some people into s and m," he said. He wanted to hear it again from her; he needed this to stand out as her idea, not his own. Ashamed of his own craving for pain, he felt somewhat better when someone else instigated the procedure.

"Yes, Teddy. But remember what I told you... I'm more interested in learning more about dominance and submission than s and m. I have little use for someone like you. You're a masochist all right, but you're not submissive."

"Well, it's because I'm turned on by the pure pain aspect. Groveling around on the floor does nothing for me, except make my knees raw."

"That's just it, Teddy. I don't give a darn what any of this does for *you*. I'm only interested in what a sub or, more ideally, a slave will do for me."

“So,” he sighed, “then beating me...”

“It’s a service for you. I got very little from that beating I just gave you.”



CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 6)

“But you’re a sadist,” he continued. “I thought you’d get as excited by beating me that I got being beaten.”

“You’ve been speaking with the wrong sadists,” Vera chuckled. “A true sadist dislikes pleasing a masochist. For a sadist to find pleasure she must have someone more truly a victim. You cry out in ecstasy when I whip you... I want to hear screams and begging me to stop.”

“God, Vera, you’re magnificent. The strange part is that you are the perfect sadist for me. I’m sorry I’m not the masochist or, more correctly, the victim for you.”

“Want to tell me about your friends again?”

“Oh... yeah. There’s a small circle of s&mers—which includes dom sub, but the circle is not so well known. I have a friend from South Africa and he’s got a good social crowd going. Are you up for a late-night s and m party tonight?”

Vera sat up at this. Tonight? She hadn’t expected such a treat so quickly. “Although I think you’d prefer we go back to your place so I can beat you some more, you bet your ass I’d like to this party. I’d like to believe that big old New York is just crawling—pardon the pun—with slaves.”

“Maybe around the turn of the next century, my dear, this scene might become more wide-spread, but we just don’t know right now, and by the nature of this it’s an underground movement. Unfortunately, the seventies is not ready for s and m to come out. There’s a possibility this kink will never be able to be lived openly.”

“Teddy, with such a pessimistic view I can’t imagine how you’ve become as rich as you are,” Vera said, lighting a cigarette.

“Mommy and daddy had a lot to do with it,” he replied, smiling. “But I think you’re right. To set out on what you intend it’s good to be optimistic. Although, the odds seem stacked against you.”

“You do want a whipping...”



CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 7)

That night, Vera von Lieden and Lola Dean attended the same party. It wasn't until late in the party, when the Deans where about to leave, that Teddy Maxwell introduced Vera to Edgar Trent, the host, and Edgar introduced both Teddy and Vera to the magazine publisher, Ilona Klow. Ilona Klow—with Lola Dean in tow—introduced Lola to Vera.

"My dear," Lola said, "I can't tell you how much I enjoyed your exhibition upon that stage. My God, I never thought the strap as an elegant instrument for punishment, but you surely are a virtuoso. Such efficiency, such clarity, such a fucking good beating you gave that kid."

Vera laughed. "Thank you. I'm just a newcomer, from the backwoods of Bucks County. So I don't know all that much about this."

"Well... then," Ilona cut in, "you must be a natural. You held every eye in the place."

"Sorry I missed it," said Edgar Trent. "But yes... everyone's been talking about you. I am so glad Mr. Markswell brought you along."

"Markswell?" Lola interrupted, chuckling.

"Yes... that's his nickname... Teddy Markswell." Edgar, good host as he was, excused himself, and walked off with Teddy to mingle some more.

"Yes, a natural," Lola repeated. "There's no other explanation. Dear would you think it forward of me if I invited you to lunch? That is, if you're not heading back to Bucks County, Pennsylvania."

"I'm going to be here half the summer," Vera replied, "thanks to Teddy Markswell." She smiled saying his name now. "I'm staying with him for the time. So, I'd be delighted to have lunch."

Vera didn't know that the Deans could buy and sell a good chunk of Manhattan, but it didn't matter... she just wanted to meet people. But two days later, when Lola picked her up on Eleventh Street in a chauffer-driven limousine (the driver then dropping them off at "21") she was indeed impressed.





CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 8)

They sat in a corner booth, where they could speak in privacy.

"Do you like martinis?" Lola asked.

"I've never had one," Vera replied. The two women were both in their twenties but had vastly different experiences.

"You simply must start." She turned to the captain. "Two Beefeater and tonics."

Lola looked across at the Doris Day blond. "Do you smoke?" she asked as she drew out a cigarette and her black holder.

"Yes... I'm not as innocent as I look," Vera said, smiling.

Lola laughed and handed Vera her pack. "I know. I saw you in action the other night. You were marvelous. You drew the admiration of every woman there... and the men too. I looked around the place. Everyone was rapt on your performance."

Their drinks arrived.

"To male slavery," Vera said, suddenly.

"Oh... okay." Lola agreed, and toasted with her.

Vera detected a slight hesitancy. Was Lola just a sadist? Not interested in slavery? She decided to probe a bit. "Your husband, Lola, he is your slave?"

"Roy? Well, he submits to my beatings, but I can't say he's my slave. Actually, we're quite new to this too. Ilona Klow, who publishes so-called underground magazines, opened my eyes to this."

"Well, I'm not married yet, but if I do marry I want my husband to be my slave."

"You make it sound so important, Vera. So serious, for a young lady schoolteacher."

"Actually, I want to have a thousand slaves," Vera said.

Lola, about to sip her martini, stopped. "A thousand slaves. Shit! What for?"

"My plan is to build a slave force for a business. I'd like to have an industrial business—in leather, actually—and I believe I can use slaves for my labor."

Lola sat with her mouth open.

"You *are* serious. My God!"

"Very serious. That's one reason I came to New York, to get a feel for it. To find out if it's feasible to find slaves."

"Vera, forgive me if I point out a few problems?" Lola said, now sitting back, cigarette in

hand. “You do understand that we throw around the term ‘slave’ much too easily. Of course there is no such thing. Slavery is illegal in every state. You know this, of course.”

“Of course. When I think of the word ‘slave’ I know I can’t just go out and capture them... chain them up, although I wish I could.”

Lola said, “Well, that’s real slavery and I’m afraid it’s impossible. So, the watered down version of slavery is totally voluntary. Can you get men to volunteer for slave labor?”

“Lola, when I think of slavery I *mean* real slavery. Not so much physically imposed slavery, which you remind me is illegal, but I define slavery as a man being slave to his own compulsions. There are, I believe, men who despite being capable of rational thinking will submit to another, darker or weaker, part of themselves... a part, perhaps, made up of a desire to be enslaved. Sometimes, they even regret having these feelings, and yet they are incapable of eliminating them, and often they feel compelled to yield to them. I want to probe into the brains of such potential slaves and find their dark needs. I want to find those males who find it futile to resist their own compulsions. In that way, they *are* slaves.”



CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 9)

"Damn!" Lola declared, slapping the table. "I do think you have something there. In the brief time I've been involved in this, I've seen what men will do... what they will submit to. That young boy who came to you at the party, he seemed to almost beg to be beaten."

"Yes, and believe it or not, even in backwater Bucks County, I've met men who are just craving to submit."

Lola lit a fresh cigarette. "Ilona Klow told me she has a slave—I guess you can't call him anything else—and he comes to her apartment every Wednesday to clean it. He's been coming there for the last three years. I was astounded when she told me this. At first I couldn't understand just what this guy got out of it. I asked her if she stood over him with a whip. Know what she said?"

Vera smiled. "She leaves for business."

"Right! Exactly! He does this all unsupervised. But when she does come home, she will find a few faults and beat him. Then she makes him jerk off into a dish and lick up the mess. Want to know what also amazed me about this?"

"What?" Vera replied, as if she already knew.

"The guy's a union foreman. Has over four hundred men under him."

With a tone of utmost confidence, Vera said, "It doesn't matter what they are when they are not being a slave. They could be president of *Proctor and Fuck Me*, they still have the bug in them. Remember the Duke and Duchess of Windsor?"

"Oh, yeah," Lola chimed in. "There was a rumor about them. That he was under her thumb. Wow... there's no greater submission than to give up a throne for a woman. Can you imagine?"

"The thing is... this is out there. There's no doubt. The urge to submit for such men is irresistible. And as far as my plans are concerned... I know the mechanism that collars them, and now all I have to do is figure out how to find them."

The captain arrived with menus. Lola ordered a salad. Vera asked for rack of lamb.

"And two more martinis," Lola added.

Lola asked, "What's Maxwell say? He going to help you?"

"Maxwell says to wait thirty years, to around the year two-thousand. Then this will no longer be taboo. But I like that it's taboo. Something about being taboo makes it more intense."

"Right! Right! Well, I'll talk with Ilona for you. I don't know the circulation of her magazines, but maybe you can advertise. Where's your leather factory? In Pennsylvania?"

“Well, I have no factory. Just plans right now. I need to get some investors, too. I thought that the right slaves could help. Maxwell certainly has the capital, but he’s not a slave.”

Lola leaned forward. “Vera,” she almost shouted, “this looks like the start of a beautiful friendship! I’ll talk to Roy. Maybe he and I can get you going on this. Maybe a small investment.”

“You? Lola... you’d do that?”

At this precise moment, Lola was thinking ‘maybe we could start out small... maybe invest a million.’ And Vera was thinking ‘it’d be great if they could come up with about five thousand... so I can advertise... or maybe that’s too much to hope for.’

Lola said, “I like your idea. I think it could work.” Lola raised the glass with the freshly delivered martini. “Here’s to...”

“Regime Imperial!” Vera responded proudly.

“Regime Imperial!” Lola repeated, with a broad smile. “It has a really good sound to it. Yes it does.”



CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 10)

By 1979, the Dean's had invested a million dollars seed money, and Vera had married Teddy Maxwell. The combination assured Vera she'd have the resources to carry out her plans. The schoolteacher quit her job and began an industry.

Sadly, Vera became a widow within five years; Teddy was killed when his private plane crashed in a New Jersey marsh. But before he died, Teddy gave Vera two daughters, Linda and Jaclyn. Teddy did not live to see Jaclyn born.

Vera's tenacity and success did not end with Teddy's death. By the time the year 2000 arrived, Vera von Lieden's business had grown beyond her and Lola's expectations. She had over a thousand 'slaves' working in more than twenty factories around the country. She used female supervisors, each of them clad in seductive fetish outfits, and carrying whips. And there were men begging to serve.

The bulk of Vera's wealth, however, came from investing the high profits from her slave plants. Like the Deans, she went into real estate. Her final triumph came when (with Lola Dean as a minor contributor) she bought 2000 acres in _____ County, in _____ State. Her intention was to build a town, a community where like-minded families could openly carry on their unusual lifestyle. She called this new town, Imperia.

CHAPTER 4: THE DEANS IN THE '70S
Including a History of Vera von Lieden (An inserted chapter)

(page 11)

Lola turned to Vera von Lieden and nodded. “Go ahead, Vera dear. Show us your delightful technique. Roy has a most invitingly beatable ass, doesn’t he? And it looks even prettier when it’s bright red.”

Lola sat upon a nearby stool to watch, while Suzanne—the maid—found one of Lola’s cigarette boxes and treated herself to a smoke as she leaned against the lintel of a real fireplace.

Vera raised the leather belt over her head and....

 END of CHAPTER 

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Still in the 1970s, the Deans immerse themselves deeper into what has now become known as “the scene.”



CHAPTER 1: THE EVERETTS

"Donald... you asshole, where the fuck are you? Get your ass in here right now?"

Seventeen-year-old Mary Everett was getting furious. Was her stepfather being purposely stubborn? Did he actually believe he could get away with such disobedience?

Finally, Donald Everett arrived at his stepdaughter's bedroom. He'd been down the hallway, in his own bathroom, trying to urinate through the tricky restrictive chastity device locked tightly onto his genitals. When he heard Mary's voice he regretfully interrupted the flow of his urine and quickly lifted the tight khaki shorts he was required to wear. He hurried down the hallway. When he stood in the girl's doorway he seemed out of breath... and looked defeated.



"Why are you still standing, shit face? Get down on your fucking knees right now."

With a sigh of exasperation and futility, Donald slowly collapsed to the floor and dropped his head to his chest. The regime of slavery was truly getting to him now. It had been a difficult path he'd chosen, living as a slave to his wife these past ten years, but now that her two daughters had grown into teenagers the regime of slavery had turned drastically more intense. Donald Everett, ex-CEO of a large aeronautics firm and onetime employer of thousands, was not only a virtual slave to his cruel wife now, but forced to obey her two young daughters as well, both of them budding sadists.

"Get your fat ass down to the basement and find me my blue tee shirt. The one with the 'Girl Power' thingy on it."

He rose to leave.

"Wait," she screamed at him, and rushed to the doorway. Swiftly, she reached up and slapped his face hard. "You say 'yes Mistress Mary' don't you? Well?"

"Yes, Mistress Mary," he responded, gritting his teeth from the utter humiliation. Mary had just turned seventeen years old.

"Now go. And move that ass or I'll blister it for you with one of Mom's crops."

After slapping his face she thought about how her mother seemed to have it down perfectly, slapping him forehand and back, creating such a delicious sound and a look of terror on the old man's face. I've got to learn how to do that, she told herself. Maybe I'll try it next time.

He rushed down the stairs. Already he was worried. What was it she asked for again? Oh, a tee shirt of some kind. He hoped he'd have no problem finding it. He hurried through the kitchen to the stairs to the basement. Inside the door to the cellar several whips and canes hung upon some pegs. It seemed as if every corner of this house contained a reminder of his utter slavery. Reaching the basement, he turned to the right; the area that was the "normal" part of the basement; containing the washing machine and dryer, some tables for folding laundry, an ironing board, and such. Off to the left stood an ominous wall, with a locked door in the middle. The door led to the finished area of the basement... finished and converted into a torture chamber.

He searched the washed laundry. Found no blue tee shirt. But a basket of unwashed laundry sat on the table. Rummaging through that, he found a blue sweatshirt (not a tee shirt) and it said "Girl Power" on it. Was this what she meant? He'd better just bring it up to her.

As he rushed up two flights of stairs, again he worried. He was vulnerable, open to the capricious and vicious little bitch of a stepdaughter. She could say, "That's not it, asshole" or "Why is it still dirty? Why didn't you wash it?" She could accuse him of any sort of shortcoming she'd like, and get away with it. Trying to reason with the tyrant was hopeless. Fact was she got off on tormenting him.

And he suffered another torment... one he'd hoped would remain secret. It was a rather touchy dilemma: now, at age thirty-four, he found himself turned on by both of his stepdaughters, the two post-pubescent sisters. There was the older daughter, Mary, just now seventeen. Today--and most days--she dressed in tight, cut-off shorts, cut to reveal the orbs of her smooth pink ass cheeks. For tops she wore either halter tops or hanky-sized, bare-belly tee shirts. Of course, the minx went braless. Each time she'd walk into a room Donald practically moaned in frustration. Oh, why couldn't she have a skinny or otherwise un-attractive body? But no, she'd filled out in the last couple of years into an irresistibly succulent morsel, with defiant breasts threatening to burst her tiny tops, and long smooth legs that were constantly bared, right down to her dainty, painted toes (toes that Donald, in agony, often had to paint). To Donald she was a dangerous and untouchable tease, in and of herself a torturer.

This torment was enhanced all the more by the implacable and restrictive chastity device locked onto his genitals; any slight rise in arousal and the device punished him cruelly. Already tight upon him while flaccid, the device turned to sheer agony when he began to erect. At an early stage of arousal, the slight pain was actually further arousing, making him erect even more. But then the device paid its evil dividend... unable to easily reverse his rebellious erection, the pain increased until he was doubled over in pain. Thus, his very thoughts were punished.

Then there was the younger sister, Celeste. She'd just turned fifteen, and had small breasts yet, but she was tall and lissome, with golden blond hair that flowed down her back to just above her narrow waist. Shamefully, Donald coveted Celeste as well; her narrow waist and hips caused him to recall Nabakov's repulsive Humbert Humbert, and the nymph, Lolita, Humbert's own stepdaughter. Celeste hadn't yet physically tormented Donald; hadn't slapped him or ordered him around yet, but she was present at many of his humiliating punishments, when her mother would berate and whip her stepfather. What troubled Donald was the laughing. It seemed that the silly teen could not keep from giggling whenever she witnessed his debasing punishments.



CHAPTER 1: THE EVERETTS

(page 2)

Life had not always so bad for Donald. Oh, his wife, Caroline, had been domineering from the day he'd met her. That was no surprise for Donald, as he was already submissive by nature and searching for a dominant partner. And so by courting and then marrying Caroline he'd had his dream fulfilled. But she already had two young daughters, and that concerned him: after all, how do you carry on an effective s&m marriage with small kids around?

"You leave that part up to me, darling," she'd told him. "There are ways to do this discretely. I can always punish you in secret. We have enough money, and we can always build a dungeon in a cellar. Yes, we will have to be careful in most things, but I see no reason why my girls can't witness me scolding you. After all, I do plan to have them brought up properly, to become Dommies themselves eventually."

"You want them to become dominant too?" Donald asked, almost incredulously. "But starting when? Surely you don't intend to slap me in front of them? Mary is only seven, and Celeste is just five."

"Of course I intend to give you orders in front of them," she sneered. "They need to see a man being obedient starting immediately. Why not?"

"But it might be too shocking to them. And, Caroline, it'd be extremely embarrassing for me. Not just that, but it seems they would lose respect for me, not take me seriously, as your equal partner."

"I have to laugh. Let's get this straight... you have said yourself that you are a slave, that you are not equal to me! So this life will be humiliating for the poor slave. Tsk tsk! Always thinking of yourself aren't you? I should beat you right now, you selfish dog. This is for my daughter's benefit. They need to learn the proper way to put a man in his place. Do you want to deprive them of such valuable knowledge? So, they see you being slapped around? They will become used to it. And, in time, I will allow them to see you being whipped, and eventually allow them to whip you themselves."

Donald was in a state of shock. He'd married a tyrannical Mistress, and had expected to travel the route of marriage as her slave, but her revelation troubled him. Well, he'd just have to wait to see.

Then, five years ago they'd moved into this community. Caroline had kept in touch with some old girlfriends of hers, and it turned out they'd formed a sort of corporation or conglomerate. The aim of it was to gather together a large group of highly successful women who were already "into the scene." Why not, they reasoned, gather their resources and create for the first time in the United States, a town or community that was operated solely by dominant women. Ten "board members" met, and ironed out the parameters. With a pace so rapid it surprised the founders, they'd found an area in the Midwest, across the river from a prosperous city. They'd bought out a huge farm and virtually all of an adjoining town and surrounding countryside of 3000 acres. The new town was to be called... Imperia.



CHAPTER 1: THE EVERETTS

(page 3)

Donald cursed the day they'd moved to Imperia. Within the year Caroline had increased her dominance over him, and turned into an implacable tyrant, almost as if the walled and gated community had given her license for unrestricted reign over him.



In a rare eye of the storm he'd gotten up the nerve to speak to her about her sudden, unreasonably imperious regime. But she'd been drinking this night, and sometimes after a festive night out with her girlfriends she'd come home feeling... well, a bit edgy.

"...Um...uh, thank you for allowing me to speak, Mistress. May I say that I am surprised at how you have changed since we've moved here? Are you angry about something or disappointed with the move? Is that why you are taking it out on me? I mean, you've never beat me so much until now."

Naturally, he was naked and speaking from his knees. They were in her bedroom, and

Caroline sat upon the bed, her legs crossed, smoking a cigarette in a black cigarette holder. She wore her favorite leather skirt, the one with the slit up the side. When he had a rare opportunity to speak, he almost always found himself choked up and hardly able to gather the breath to expel the words. It was even more difficult when he was forced to look up at her imperious form, sitting as she did with legs crossed and that look in her face that warned tacitly: "go ahead, fool... bury yourself!"

"Taking it out on you? You? That's all you think about, isn't it? Is that what a slave is supposed to be concerned with, his own worthless ass?"

".... Well, no Mistress. It's just..." His voice quavered now, as he became totally unsure of himself.

"It's just that you are an insufferable asshole. A slave. You don't even deserve a reply to your stupid question. But guess what... I am going to give it to you. And here's why... because I know that you will not like hearing it."

Donald, the ex-CEO quivered in fear. Even so, unable to control himself, he felt the stirring of an erection. This was before the chastity device, and so his response would be evident to Caroline. But he couldn't help it: her imposing image and arrogant mien turned him on. He'd long been conditioned... become aroused by female arrogance.

She continued, this time it was obvious the alcohol was loosening her tongue. She began didactically: "This community is new, but growing rapidly. I might as well explain some of it to you, the structure: the makeup. The entire town--almost this whole county--is now ruled by women. You already have met a few of our neighbors. Next door are the Plums, my old friend Patricia. Across the street lives Mrs. Karstensen. She may be in her sixties, but still every inch a quirt-wielding bitch. Every household is ruled by a member of our organization. All coming together from across the country to avail themselves of this unique opportunity; a place where dominant women can live and thrive amongst others of our kind, and at the same time putting to full measure our use of slave husbands.

"And you--all of you--chose this life. You, Donald, chose your life of slavery. I didn't come running after you. You sought me out and courted me. You made your way down to that bondage club. You followed me around the place like a mindless fool, probably saying to yourself: 'ooh... I just have to get up the courage to talk to that nasty-looking bitch. I need to serve her. I pray on my knees that she will consider me.' You did that... didn't you, you insignificant twerp?"

"...Y..Yes, Mistress...I confess I did. You're right."

"You bet I'm right. And now here you are, kneeling on the floor with a disgusting erection, and married to the evil bitch of your warped dreams. Nothing could be more perfect for both of us. I am just what you need, Donald, and there's no changing that. And it's the same for the others, too. This community is made up of Mistresses and slaves. Every slave here has volunteered to enter. Nobody has kidnapped you. Nobody hypnotized you or drugged you. Each and every one of you came crawling to us. In addition to all that, in the five years of our establishment not one slave has left. Now, you tell me why. You know the answer. Come on, admit it, slave, tell me why no slave has left!"

"Because... because we have a need to be enslaved, Mistress?"

"Bravo! And another thing: it works. It was a forgone conclusion for us to succeed. And you know why? Because for each female sadist there exists a hundred or more slavish fools like you who feel compelled to submit and become owned by us. There are many many so-called subs out there, but very few who have true slave potential. And yes, there are more slaves than dominant women--there's no actual statistics on it yet, but potential

slaves may outnumber Dommies by a factor of a hundred to one. That's what's made our founder so wealthy, her factories run on slave labor. And with you, dear Donald, I've discovered a true slave. You are a born slave, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress, I am a true slave." He replied, his voice now choked with emotion. He felt shaken, facing the utter futility he felt under the weight of his bizarre compulsion.

While naked and on his knees, Donald could never feel any different than slavish, and especially when Caroline put him to questions, using her superior tone of voice, he felt it impossible to disagree; and the fact was, there was no disagreement because, after all, she was right, she did measure him correctly, he was truly a born slave.

"And now, about your so-called recent harsh treatment," she said, lifting her ever-present riding crop, and fondling it. "Well, you haven't seen anything yet, Donald. This is just the tip of the iceberg of my dominance. Just you wait until we get to mix with others. Wait till we can avail ourselves of the full potential of the place. And just wait until Mary and Celeste grow into the delicious bitches I know they will become."





CHAPTER 1: THE EVERETTS

(page 4)

I'm going to tell your father when he gets home: this has long been a threat wielded over children... but now, the reversal or perversion of that threat is what truly frightened Donald Everett.

"You better obey everything, asshole, or Mom is gonna hear about it," she would tell the kneeling man. And Mary was always quick to use this threat; it was always so effective. She would see her stepfather pale, almost quiver in fear as she growled her warning to him.

"Now, I want my room straightened and cleaned immaculate. That means the vacuum, dusting and the works."

Mary loved this, to baby sit the old fool and order him around. But she wanted more. She wanted him to fear her directly, not just her Mom. She wanted not only full reign over him, but the privilege to punish and torture him...they way her mother did.

She decided to ask her girlfriend Boola for advice.

She invited the girl over for a pool party. The two teens would lounge by the pool this sunny afternoon, listen to music, eat some lunch and smoke cigarettes. Then, they'd talk about boys... and plot juicy things. Oh what lusty joy to be rich, young, female and powerful.



As they lounged in the sun beside the kidney-shaped pool, Donald stood in the cool kitchen looking out through the glass doors. He was garbed, if you could call it such, in his usual humiliating slave's outfit. This consisted of a thick, black leather collar, fastened tightly about his neck and locked into place. His torso was naked, and showed bruises near his nipples and other parts of his chest. His back was striped by whip marks, and showed old bruises as well as fresh welts raised just that morning before Caroline Everett left for business. Then came his shorts. By all appearances they were like an outsider's: khaki hiker shorts, loose, with pockets; quite comfortable looking. But beneath this, Donald was locked into a tight and punishing chastity device. It had a double cruelty to it in that not only did it prevent him from touching and pleasing himself, but any lustful thoughts brought an immediate punishing agony; as he hardened, and his confined, suffering penis sought room to grow, it met a series of angry spikes that dug into his sensitive flesh. And so, sometimes, Donald was observed to be having a moment of introspection, bent slightly at the waist, seemingly trying to resolve some problem; but what he was doing was trying to cope with a painful torture while attempting to get his mind off whatever it was that turned him on in the first place.

"I know exactly how you feel," Boola said, stretching her long tanned legs upon the chaise lounge. The two teens sat out in the sun at poolside, turning now and then to get the most of their tans, now and then applying more coconut oil to each other's body. Boola's tan was twice that of Mary's thanks to Boola's Greek heritage. "My Mom has a new slave and I just die thinking of all the things I want to do to him. But Mom says I better lay off. And definitely no sex until I am eighteen."

"Yeah," said Mary, "It's so fuckin' frustrating. I mean, I wouldn't let the asshole fuck me anyway. But what's wrong with getting my pussy eaten."

"You just know that the outside girls are doing all kinds of shit with boys. And here we are with slaves right in our own houses and we can't get our pussies licked."

Mary folded her towel for a pillow and turned over.

"At least if I could beat Donald, and torture him some, that'd give me a thrill."

"So, what's stopping you? You mean you don't get to beat him? "Shit," Mary said, "all I get to do is slap his face now and then."

Boola snickered, faced Mary. "Well, I beat the shit out of all Mom's slaves. Wanna hear how?"

"God, Bool, you get away with that? Yeah, gimme, gimme."



CHAPTER 1: THE EVERETTS

(page 5)

After Boola left, Mary went back into the house and called out for Donald. When he didn't come running or, even respond, she began to seethe. That ridiculous creature was just asking for it now.

She was pissed at him anyway, as she was certain she'd caught him gaping at her and Boola's bikini-clad bodies. Actually, she liked the idea of him suffering in frustration as he tried to disguise his craving while serving drinks to them at poolside. It was fun knowing how your mere presence could torment someone so. But it was an affront nevertheless, and he should be punished further for ogling them.

They were sprawled there in the briefest of bikinis, Mary's her bra covering little more than her pink nipples; and so for the most part her perfect body taunted the hungry Donald, who hadn't been permitted a cum for over a month. Mary knew it, and flaunted herself, calling him out for the slightest thing, like to light their cigarettes.

But now she couldn't find him. She yelled again, as she walked though the ground floor, going from kitchen to den to washroom. Finally, as she reached the stairway, he was coming down, no sign of rush in him. Oh, he is going to get it for this, she thought.

"I was calling you, asshole. You got some pair of balls ignoring me."

He opened his mouth to respond... but...

"First, what the fuck you standing there for? Up above me like that?" As he scrambled to pass to a step below her she continued. "I been calling you. When I call you, you better fuckin' turn into a rocket."

"But..."

He never finished. Her right arm flashed and she slapped him hard across the face. He wanted to tell her he'd been vacuuming. He'd been doing just what she'd ordered, and that's why he couldn't hear her calling. This is what galled him most, the constant vulnerability to injustices; guilt declared and punishment delivered before a word of defense could be uttered.

"I was vacuuming..." he managed to whisper, his head lowered in shame and pain. He just had to get that out somehow.

"Okay, stupid. Who gives a fuck anyway. Get on your fuckin' knees and listen to this. You been asking for it for a long time now, and from now on I'm gonna give you what you need. You been staring at my tits and legs and butt too much lately, and your ass is gonna pay. Now, crawl down this hallway and wait for me in Mom's den. Don't look at me like that. I said, Mom's den."

As Donald Everett knelt in the middle of the luxurious paneled den, he sighed in frustration. His fate had been sealed long ago when he'd realized his sexuality was bound up in the bizarre province of s&m. Just as homosexuals are drawn inexplicably to other men and not other women, Donald found himself drawn to the idea of submitting to a cruel woman. And now he was getting his reward. But why did he hate it so? Why abhor

the very pain and humiliation he sought? The confusion of his masochism astounded him; everything about it was paradoxical.

The leather in the room reeked. Like doses of an aphrodisiac, the aroma of leather wafted from every corner: the sofa, Caroline's chair, even the leather cuffs affixed to Caroline's favorite wooden cross that stood bolted to both floor and ceiling.

Suddenly, Donald heard high heels in the hallway. Oh God... no! Was Caroline home already? Brought home early by one of Mary's bogus complaints? But it was Mary herself who swept into the room, towering atop impossibly high spike heels, and platforms three inches thick. She was dressed in her usual cut off shorts and open-belly tee shirt, a constant uniform that Donald both loved and despised. What agony, to have that perfectly nubile flesh parading about all day and night.

Donald dared not to look up, keeping his eyes at about the level of her... crotch. But, what's this? Why is she carrying Caroline's favorite crop and her rawhide quirt?

"Get out of those shorts, slave," she ordered with confidence...

"But, Mary... Mistress Mary... I ..."

"What, asshole?"

"Please... but I don't think you have permission. I mean... and I am not allowed to be naked in front of you. Your mother..."

"With every second you hesitate it's only gonna get worse for you. I am already pissed off, and I am ready to tear your miserable ass to shreds. You better fuckin' obey me or else."

So conditioned, so used to obeying, Donald dropped his shorts and stood there wearing just the chastity device.

"Move your ass to the cross, bitch."

Slowly, with heart thudding against his ribs, he stepped to the wooden cross. He was almost faint with fear. First, there was the evident beating he had to somehow endure from this ferocious young beast, and then there were the unknown consequences he had to face when Caroline arrived home. How would he explain all this; yielding to a beating from his stepdaughter after undressing nude?

Mary came forward. "Get those arms up," she growled. And she reached to attach his wrists to the leather cuffs already attached at his corresponding height, spreading his arms high and wide apart.

But as she went about binding him, she sometimes pressed against his back, or brushed against his ass. This proximity and the delicious smell of her bath salts aroused Donald. And his confined penis sought room. Immediately, the pain arrived. Oh, God... this was an extra cruelty; and Caroline always kept him long between relief, two weeks at this latest drought. And so Donald was frantic to get at his urgent hardon and pump out the pent-up semen.

She buckled the straps tight upon his wrists and then squatted to bind his ankles to the spread legs of the St. Andrew's cross.

"Okay, bitch... now get ready. I think it's gonna be super hard for you, since I don't have the technique down yet, but I believe with practice I can get you evenly worked over the way Mom does."

"But... Mary... I want to..."

The first blow felt wrong. She'd used the crop, but it didn't land across either of his ass cheeks as he'd expected. Didn't the little fool know that you don't use a crop on the back? ... where the muscles and sinew lay? And it landed askew, so that the tab hit, but little else. He almost felt compelled to instruct her.

Again she hit, this time making a flush lash across his shoulder blades. He screamed out. He didn't want to make any sound; didn't want to encourage her. But that's just what that scream did. And she lashed again even harder.

But the crop is supposed to be used on the ass only; he wanted to tell her. But then he didn't want to say anything that might make things worse. After all, even the few blows he'd received were nowhere near as harsh as the measured, expert lashes his wife could deliver.

He felt the crop on his ass now. Again, she was inept, standing too far behind him and directly behind him. If she wanted the crop to land properly, she'd have stood to the side, where the stiff crop could reach across his ass cheeks. She seemed to notice something wrong too, as she was not getting the right sound out of it. And so she switched to the quirt.

This seemed to work a little better for her. The braided leather handle had a good flexibility to it, and the following dual lashes followed the aim of her swing, lashing harshly across Donald's upper back. And she got the idea to lash him forehand and back. This worked perfectly for her, and she was much more satisfied.

As she saw his back reddening and the outline of the leather straps embossed on his flesh, she cried out, "This is what you deserve, mutt. This is what you get for being the lecherous sneaky fuck you are. This... LASH! Is... LASH! What... LASH! You... LASH! Get, motherfucker!"

Donald was throwing his head back now in agony. The little bitch was getting the hang of it, and the quirt was smacking loudly against his flesh. Of course, his back still bore the evidence of previous beatings from his wife, and these prior wounds left his body sore and still tender. And so, even the less-effectual lashing by the evil teenager became extremely painful.

Mary stepped to maneuver to another spot, and suddenly Donald heard, "What the fuck is this?"





CHAPTER 1: THE EVERETTS

(page 6)

It was not his wife's voice, but that of Celeste, the younger daughter. She stood in the doorway of the den. She wore the standard high school garb, battered jeans and a striped tee shirt. Her golden hair was in a ponytail.

Mary, caught a bit out of breath from exertion, turned to answer her sister. "This ain't none of your fuckin' business. I'm punishing the bastard. He's had it coming to him for a long time."

"You talk to Mom? She said go ahead and whip him?"

"I did not talk to Mom. I'm doing this on my own. He needs this and I want to do it. It's about time I got to take care of this shithead?"

"Holy shit, Mary. So, what'd he do? Feel you up?"

"No. But he did a lot of staring. He's a slimy prick."

"Cool," said Celeste. "I know you're right. I see him peeking at me too." She saw the riding crop sitting on the edge of her mother's desk. The slim little blond dropped her schoolbooks and walked over to the desk on chunky cork platforms. She picked up the crop and waved it in front of her eyes.

"Oh no you don't," Mary warned.

"Oh yes I do," Celeste laughed evilly. If what Mary had started was taboo and would bring down the wrath of their mother, then there'd be little risk to herself if she joined in. Mary would no doubt take the brunt of Caroline's anger. And if there was no repercussion facing them, then this was just perfect. After all, Celeste did not want to be the only female in the house not permitted to torture the man.

Celeste stepped behind her stepfather and to the side. "Okay, asshole, now you gonna get it from daughter number two." She began to lash him.

Both Donald and Mary were surprised by the kid's technique. She'd gotten it down from the first stroke. She was at the correct angle; off to the side. And so the riding crop landed flush upon both ass cheeks. Mary did not compliment her younger sister, but observed enough to see where she herself got it wrong. Donald, meanwhile, was both hurting and impressed at the kid's adroit handling of the crop. Damn... she is a natural!

The kid kept at it. WHAACK! WHAACK! THWAACK! Ten lashes, then twenty. God, Donald thought, when will this little bitch stop?

Not until she finds she's having an effect: this is what he finally figured out, and began moaning and then begging. If he didn't show it was hurting she might go on with youthful exuberance, whipping for an hour.

Meanwhile, Mary took a cigarette from her mother's humidor and lit it. She sat behind the large desk and watched her sister beating away.

Celeste stopped for a moment. "Boy, you are really looking for it," she giggled.

"Smoking Mom's cigarettes? Whipping her husband? Wow!"

Mary blew a puff into the air. "Yeah, might as well go for it. But you better not start smoking now."

"Let me try this other thing," Celeste said, gesturing to the quirt hanging by its loop from her sister's slim wrist.

"It's a quirt. It's good on his back," Mary said, handing it over.

Celeste knew right off that the flexibility demanded a different handling. She installed it onto her wrist as she'd seen Mary had done, loved the idea that she could carry this around without having to grasp it constantly. Grabbing the handle, she turned and lashed the leather couch. It was a practice lash. The sound came like a pistol shot and startled Donald.

Speaking for the first time, he turned his head over his shoulder. "Celeste, Mary... listen, please. You might get into trouble for this... I don't know. But if you stop now, I promise I won't say anything to your mother about it. Please, think about this."

"Fuck you, asshole," Mary screamed at him. "Don't listen Celeste. He's just trying to get off being beat. Punish the motherfucker more now... just for that load of bullshit."

Celeste went over to him, close. She grabbed his hair and pulled his head back. "Fucking low life," she growled and spit full into his face. Mary had taken a drag on the cigarette and now coughed as she laughed at Celeste's antic.

Donald was shocked. This was getting worse and worse. Now, all he could rely on--if that--would be a rescue by Caroline. But then again, there's a chance she might encourage these two demons.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

EVERETT FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

After being beaten by his stepdaughters, Mary and Celeste, Donald retires to his room to recuperate. Caroline comes home and Donald hopes for some sympathy. Maybe Caroline will even punish the girls for overstepping their boundary? No such thing. Donald is ordered downstairs where he's further humiliated as Caroline explains to all that a new regime is to be in effect... starting now! Brutal!





CHAPTER 2: AFTER DONALD'S BEATING AT THE HANDS OF HIS STEPDAUGHTERS

Caroline Everett was a landscape architect; a designer of golf courses, parks and, of course, consulting architect to the town of Imperia. She kept an office in the city across the river, and so when not out of state inspecting proposed sites she worked daily at Everett and Oo. Her partner's name was Alice Oo. Oo was Taiwanese.

Donald heard the car door slam. A shiver of fear went through him, accompanied by an electric-like pulse of excitement. This excitement caused him to begin erecting. That erection was the source of his eternal dilemma: because of it he suffered both pain and humiliation, yet he could not escape the grip of his strange compulsion, the cause of all his erections.

Donald was not located where he should be. Instead of being downstairs at the door, greeting his wife on his knees, he was up in his small bedroom lying face down on his cot, his back and ass beaten raw by the pair of teenage demons, Mary and Celeste... his stepdaughters.

His fear grew greater with every sound coming from below. He could hear Caroline's heels clacking on the tiles in the entryway. She'd search for him first in the kitchen, he thought, where he might still be preparing dinner. Then she'd look out back for me. Soon, though, she'd come up here, she'd see me in this dire condition, lying on my stomach despite the discomfort caused by the confining chastity cage. And she'd know... know her daughters had gone too far.

Now he heard arguing. Something between mother and daughters. Yes... she will be royally pissed at them, he thought. How dare they go into forbidden territory, beating her husband till he is incapacitated?

Although he couldn't hear clearly, the tone that reached him was anger all around. Good! Maybe Caroline would take the switch to the delectable smooth asses of those two little teenage bitches. Then he heard her feet on the stairway.

He turned his head and saw her in the doorway. She wore a light blue suit, with a sort of



nubby material. The skirt reached just above her knees. She wore blue shoes, too, with five-inch heels. The soft pastel color was immediately offset by the black whip that dangled from her right hand.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?" she burst out, angrily.

:"They... they beat me," he whispered, melodramatically, trying to enhance the enormity and injustice of the assault. "I didn't do anything. They just took it on themselves. Look what they did to me. I think I must be bleeding."

His words had a tremor to them, almost as if he were on the verge of crying. But as he peered up to look into his wife's face, there was not the least trace of pity. Instead, she looked totally implacable, stern, as if she were angry at him; as if he was the cause of trouble.



CHAPTER 2: AFTER DONALD'S BEATING AT THE HANDS OF HIS STEPDAUGHTERS

(page 2)

The next words from Caroline sent a shiver of fear and loathing through Donald. "If you are not on your knees licking my shoes in two seconds, I will skin you alive with this."

The whip in her hand was a very lethal sjambok, its black rhino hide made even crueler by the thin flexible whalebone shaft hidden inside. The tapered tip seemed alive, eager to rip into his body as it bounced and quivered in her gloved hand.

As she watched him painfully roll off the cot and onto the floor, she had such contempt for him. Such a big strong man, six feet tall, yet he grovels at the snap of feminine fingers. He deserves all this... whatever we in Imperia can devise. When he crawled quickly to the doorway and began licking her high heel shoes, she smirked down in triumph. Men like this, she thought, their brain hampered by a lustful and perverse compulsion, forget their big powerful bodies...muscles that could otherwise crush a woman or pound her to a bloody mass.

Donald, meanwhile, thought only of obedience... that's the only way to ingratiate yourself (and to avoid being beaten with that vicious whip). All right, maybe she's upset that I hadn't prepared dinner, but she must be double angry over what her daughters have done to me. Now, she's merely re-asserting her control. She'll set those two devils straight. And all she'll do with me is order me to overcome my pain and start dinner.

Caroline looked down at her groveling husband. Strange currents of emotion waved through her. While she had utter contempt for his obsequious groveling and lack of spine, still she reveled in the power she had in keeping him that way. And she had to admit... it turned her on.

As she looked down at him, she saw the welts and slashes inflicted by Mary and Celeste. There was hardly an area of both buttocks and back that had been missed. Even her own punishments--severe as they were--often left Donald's back unmarked. She smiled to herself: what a mosaic of reds, purples and blues they'd left all over him. She pictured Mary letting herself loose upon him, her strong teen arm swinging a vicious crop. But Caroline didn't yet know the malicious ability of her younger daughter, Celeste, and that she'd been the one to leave most of Donald's marks.

But there were serious considerations to make now, as it seemed her daughters had crossed into a territory from which there was no going back. Caroline had overlooked their speeding development, and now it was time to recognize they were at the verge of womanhood. It was time to let them blossom into where fate had been leading them.

"Alright, slug," she said, "crawl to the landing, walk downstairs, then crawl again to my den. Once there, lie on your face in the middle of the room. Don't say a word to the girls or look at them. Just wait there for me."

"Yes, Mistress," he whispered.

Oh God!... what now, he thought as he crawled past her. I don't like where this is going. Jesus... what did those little bitches tell their mother? "Oh, Mom... that freak Donald grabbed my tits!" If they did that--and maybe it was Celeste, the younger one just to

make the false crime even viler--then I am in for a world of shit.



CHAPTER 2: AFTER DONALD'S BEATING AT THE HANDS OF HIS STEPDAUGHTERS

(page 3)

He made it to the den and crawled in. The girls were sitting off to the side on the long leather sofa. He glanced quickly at them; he wanted to see if they'd manufactured some phony tears to bolster their lying assertions, or maybe even ripped their blouses. No, it didn't appear so. But Mary was sitting there, smoking a cigarette! She's not allowed to smoke yet. What the hell is going on?

He flattened himself out on the floor and waited... every ticking second in a state of dread.

Finally, he heard Caroline's heels approaching. They were heavier sounds it seemed... the sound of her tall boots, the ones she likes to wear in the discipline room.

"Okay, scum of the earth. Now you crawl to my daughters, kiss their feet and beg for their forgiveness."

He wanted to say, "Forgiveness for what?" But he thought better. His world was a strange one anyway, filled daily with injustices, where innocence offered zero protection. And maybe--just maybe--begging forgiveness might bring an end to this painful chapter.

He crawled first to Mary. Her legs were crossed, but he knew to kiss the lower foot, the one on the floor. "Please, Mary, " he said, his voice cracking with emotion as he glanced up at her tanned succulent legs, "forgive me for... what I've done." And he kissed her foot again.

What a fool, Mary thought. He didn't even ask, 'what'd I do?' I told Mom he'd been staring at Boola's tits and I thought he deserved to be punished. Now he's admitting he's guilty by apologizing. What an asshole!

She kicked him in the side of the head. "Get off me, pig!"

He moved over and began kissing Celeste's soiled sneakers. "Please, Celeste, forgive me for what I've done."



"Enough," Caroline cried out, after he'd continued kissing one tiny sneaker then the other. "Now, crawl to the punishment room."

He looked up at Caroline. He was confused; crawl to the punishment room? He disbelieved what he'd heard. Unfortunately, in the confusion he lost himself. "But... but why?" he asked.

"Fucking asshole," she growled, sending a shiver through him. "All those beatings to teach you never to question me and now you have the goddam nerve to say 'but why?'"

The two girls snickered, little Celeste covering her mouth with a tiny hand.

Caroline stepped forward and slashed his ass twice with the whip. A fresh layer of agony atop the earlier beating.

He cried out.... "AAAAGGHHH!... oh,no...please."

The nightmare was continuing, he thought, and these sexy little bitches seem ready to enjoy every minute of it.



CHAPTER 2: AFTER DONALD'S BEATING AT THE HANDS OF HIS STEPDAUGHTERS

(page 4)

"Okay, bitch, stay as you are," Caroline told her almost naked husband. "Let's get comfortable right here," she cooed sarcastically as she strode to her wide desk for a cigarette. Leaning on her desk, she looked down at him as she lit her 120mm, white cigarette. After a deep inhale and exhaling a huge cloud of smoke, she said, "Let's reach a new level of understanding. You've got to learn a few things about your relationship with my daughters and their relationship to you."

After the two lashes, Donald hadn't moved. Lying on the floor, he'd buried his face in the crook of his arm. If someone had passed the doorway taking a casual glance they'd think the man was napping. But nothing was further from the truth. He was more like an ostrich, trying to hide from the dreadful facts of his life.

Seeing his posture, Caroline cried out, "Are you listening, bitch?"

Suddenly, Celeste, the younger demon, got up and slashed his ass with the leather quirt. "Get up off the floor and crawl to my mother, bitch," she growled.

Wearily, he lifted himself to crawl. Oh God, he thought, after all the years of cruelties under Caroline's severe reign, I feel I've just about reached my capacity for endurance. But now... now my level of servitude and punishment is going to be tripled?

He crawled to Caroline's high heel boots and knelt with his head lowered; the standard slavish posture. She looked down at him with disdain.

"Head up," she ordered. "Mouth open."

He obeyed and closed his eyes. It disgusted him and he almost always felt like gagging, but he accepted his wife's ashes on his tongue.

The girls hadn't yet witnessed this humiliation and both of them laughed. Mary was now eager to do the same to him, maybe in front of her girlfriend Boola.

"Let's get a few things straight, pig," Caroline said. "In this house you are a slave. And as such, from this day on you are to obey my daughters as you would obey me. Do you understand?"

A question put to him. He was eager for it. It gave him at the least permission to speak. "Mistress, I don't understand. I mean... not fully. But... you see... I don't mean too..."

Suddenly, a vicious slap across his face. "Spit it out, pig. What's your fucking problem? Come on. Tell me. Dig yourself in deeper."

He knew she was right. Whatever he had to say could easily be either dismissed outright or even used against him. But he had to risk it anyway, even if only to have his sentiments known.

"Well... I do know I am the slave. And I know I must obey and even now I do agree that your daughters are above me and I should take their orders too. But to let them punish me... especially when it could very well be a capricious thing... like today. I mean, they

could just decide to be cruel and...and... well, it's not fair."



CHAPTER 2: AFTER DONALD'S BEATING AT THE HANDS OF HIS STEPDAUGHTERS

(page 5)

Caroline gave out an evil laugh. Mary and Celeste smirked.

"Not fair?,, not fair?" she laughed. "Who the fuck are you? You're a goddam slave. Does a slave have fair in its vocabulary? ... Answer me!"

"... No, Mistress. But I'm still a human being. And..."

"You're a human being? No you're not! You're less than a dog."

Suddenly, she kicked him in the side, the heavy boot hitting his ribs. The shock almost knocked him over.

Donald cried out, recovered himself to kneeling straight, but he didn't respond. No matter what he said he couldn't expect a response in his favor.

Meanwhile, he could hear the girls snickering behind him. They were enjoying this.

"Let's get this straight, slug. From here on in, my daughters are princesses. Understand? And if either or both of them want to piss down your worthless throat, or torture your disgusting balls, you will submit to them."

She reached down and with one hand squeezed his cheeks between thumb and fingers. The pain made him open his mouth. And again she tapped in her cigarette ash.

Then she asked again. "Understand, slave?"

Head bowed, defeated, he whispered, "Yes, Mistress."

"It better be 'yes, Mistress,' asshole. Otherwise, there's the fucking door. You know the drill, Donald... you can walk out that door anytime you like. It's not locked. Even the gates of Imperia are not locked against anyone leaving. We won't track you down like a runaway slave. Go ahead, bitch... leave! What's keeping you? Why stay here... under this horrible and unfair (she emphasized that word) tyranny?"

Donald thought: she knows perfectly well why I won't leave. And knowing it lets her have a good time ridiculing me for it.

"Head up! Mouth open!" she ordered.

He obeyed, of course. Before she turned to stub out her cigarette in the ashtray, she noticed a tear run out the side of his eye. This evoked a triumphant smile.

"Lick my boots, slave. Put that stupid tongue to use.

When she saw her mother stub out her cigarette in the ashtray on the desk, Mary had a passing thought: Hmmm.... I wonder what it would be like to put my cigarette out right on that fucker... on his nipple, or even his cock! Oh, geez... I gotta try that sometime.

He bent to the floor and began licking the toe of Caroline's high heel boot. Her boots

were of black leather, heavy, fetish things, reaching the tops of her calves. They were not meant for riding or sports, but for the Domme look, and for stomping or tramping on men like this.

"Using your tongue to speak," she added, "is just a waste of our time and air. It never gets you anywhere anyway, slave."

Caroline chuckled and looked over to her daughters, both now relaxed, sitting cross-legged on the leather sofa. "Know why he's stuck?" she said, addressing them. "Know why he can't leave? He's hard-wired, my dears. Almost like a robot. But better than a robot, because a robot has no feelings. But even if we beat this asshole, torture him, humiliate him, use him for an ashtray or even a toilet, the fool can't refuse his own urgings to submit. He hates it and he loves it."

"God, what an asshole!" Mary replied, re-crossing her legs.



CHAPTER 2: AFTER DONALD'S BEATING AT THE HANDS OF HIS STEPDAUGHTERS

(page 6)

"I would just leave," Celeste said. "It don't make sense. I mean, to go through all this shit. And now he has to take it from two more of us? Jesus... why don't he run away?"

"He's crazy," Mary explained.



"He's beyond crazy," Caroline told them. Then she turned to him for a moment and changed her tone. "Higher, stupid!" she crabbed, "Are you going to lick the same spot forever? Move around and really clean those boots. And I want to feel your tongue through the leather. And lick the heels."

She looked back at the two teen girls.

"He's beyond crazy... as I was saying. Crazy people don't regret being crazy. Mostly, they don't even know it. But this lowly creature knows he's a lemming. And he regrets the fact. Every day he's miserable. Yet he can't do a damn thing to change it."

"What's a lemming," Celeste asked.

Mary turned to her, and with an air of superiority told her younger sister, "It's some kind of rodent. When some lemmings run off a cliff the other lemmings follow them. They

can't help it either, right, Mom?"

While he was groveling, licking his wife's boots, and while the others discussed lemmings, Donald suddenly realized he was becoming erect. The first sign, of course, was the immediate pain he felt from the tight confinement of the chastity device and the little plastic spikes that surrounded his penis. At the slightest arrival of some pleasant arousal he was immediately punished by the infernal, frustrating device.

The catalyst for this erection? Donald's mind had begun to drift as he repeatedly licked the leather boot before him, and he wandered off to a place he both yearned for and feared. What a daydream... only a few seconds long... yet another vivid production from his rarely resting, unavoidable compulsion. He saw himself summoned by the big-breasted teen, Mary, called to her room to attend her and her friend Boola, the Greek siren. And both girls are clad in just panties and bras. The panties, of course, are of the thong type, covering only the tiny triangle of their crotches. And the bras, of course, minimal too, are more enticing even than being bare-breasted. As he arrives and kneels before the two temptresses, he sees splayed out on the bed, two things: one is a magazine, showing women dominating men... the girls have found a primer, to guide them. The other thing (or things)... two whips, one a slim riding crop, and the other the painful quirt, the pain of these two instruments he still felt on his flesh. And they begin to tell him... something he must do: "Yes, slave, you are here to..."

"Goddam prick! Are you listening?" he suddenly heard above him. And--no daydream now--his wife brought her riding crop slashing down across his raised, naked ass. "You lowlife bastard!"

THWAACK! THWAACK! THWAACK!

"You're going to learn! If the three of us have to beat you at the same time."

THWAACK! THWAACK! THWAACK!

Without invitation, Celeste got up from the sofa, quirt in hand. And standing to the side, she gave her contribution to this.

SHWIICK! SHWIICK! SHWIICK! SHWIICK!

Back on the sofa, Mary lit a cigarette. "Lemming!" she said, softly, and began her own daydream of her stepfather's future.

Hmm... both she and Celeste had begun equestrian training; Jinx Fallon was their tutor. And Mary had once seen Jinx out back of her home... and despite owning two or three real horses she was using her husband, Ling, as her horse. God, that sight had turned her on!

✧ END of CHAPTER ✧





Donald Everett was nervous. Caroline was away for a few days and that left him alone with his two stepdaughters. Since the group discussion the other night, the oldest, Mary, had become more cruel and inventive in her punishments, and he felt particularly vulnerable now without the Mistress of the house there to rein in her daughter.

The girls were arousing Donald more and more now, and Mary knew this. She understood full well the power her young body had over Donald. She used that power to control and humiliate him. She wore the skimpiest outfits, made suggestive comments, and tantalized him with her firm young ass and tits as she made him do the most menial tasks.

This morning Mary was wearing cutoff jeans shorts that rode high up the crack of her butt, and one of her sisters old T-shirts that was a couple sizes too small, showing her taut belly and sexy navel. The shirt bore the phrase "Cowgirl Up!" stretched between Marys nipples - it was Celeste's from when she was a horse-crazy pre teenager.

Meanwhile, Celeste had spent the night at a friend's house, so Mary had Donald all to herself.

Mary ordered Donald to make her breakfast, then commanded him to kneel facing her in front of the couch while she watched TV. She propped her bare feet up on his shoulders, so he had no place to look except right up at her crotch. He tried to avert his gaze, but he was a weak-willed man, and soon Mary caught him staring at her 'private place'. She smiled to herself - this was exactly what she wanted. Now she had him completely under her control. She slowly reached for the riding crop she had nearby, then brought it slashing down hard across her stepfathers left cheek!

"You fuck!" Mary screamed, whipping him in the face again. "What the fuck are you looking at, you pervert!" She kicked him hard in the face with her bare foot, sending him tumbling onto his back.

"I...I..I'm sorry, Mary, I...." was all Donald Everett could stammer out before his stepdaughter stomped on his stomach and knocked the breath from his lungs.

"That's MISTRESS MARY, you stupid fuckwad!" Slashing at him again and again with her whip, Mary continued to heap abuse on him. "You pathetic loser! Staring at my pussy! You are soooo in deep shit now! I oughta call Mom on you, you fucking sicko!"

Mary kicked him hard in the balls, and Donald Everett curled up in a knot, as the sexy seventeen-year old girl continued to beat and kick him mercilessly.

"You're a disgusting.... worthless..... slave!" she screamed, accentuating each word with another brutal slash of the crop.

"And while Mom's away....I'm....in...charge!" Donald tried to scramble away, but another kick from Mary sent him sprawling face down on the floor. The girl pounced on him, dropping herself down hard on his back and grabbing a handful of his hair. She yanked back with all her strength and continued to whip him with her other hand. "You're mine, you piece of shit! And you better do everything I say!" A few more strokes across his face left him crying and broken, then Mary trapped his head between her knees and locked her ankles together in front. She began to scissor his head, squeezing his skull so hard he thought his brain might explode!

"You got it, slave?" she yelled. Every time he tried to rise, she'd slam her hard little ass down on his spine. He tried to roll her off, but she yanked his hair and pulled his head right back into her crotch, until Donald Everett could do nothing but cry out in pain and hold perfectly still.

"I said, do you understand?" Mary kept up the brutal scissors and whipping until she heard a stammering surrender from between her young thighs.

"Y...Y...Yes, I understand."

"What did you say, you pervert?"

"Y....Y...Yes."

The scissors tightened. "Yes, what?"

"Yes Mistress Mary, I understand."

Mary smiled and removed a little pressure from Donald's head. "Understand what, slave?"

"I understand that you're in charge."

She yanked his hair. "And....?"

"And I have to do everything you say."

Grinning from ear to ear, the girl whipped her stepfather's ass a few times and asked "Because....?"

"Because I'm your slave."

Mary yanked his hair again "You're my slave, what?"

"I'm your slave, Mistress Mary."

"Good, slave. Now kiss my feet." Mary brought her feet up to Donald's face while

remaining astride his back. When he hesitated, she slashed the crop down on his head, the lash nearly striking his eye! "Do it slave!"



CHAPTER 3: MARY AND CELESTE RIDE DONALD

(page 2)

The broken man began to kiss and lick her feet and the teenager steered his mouth this way and that with the firm grip she retained on his hair. Occasionally she'd whip him with her crop, and the feel of him flinching beneath her as she sat on his back was intoxicating. "Lick harder, slave! Between my toes!"

"Yes, Mistress Mary." As her stepfather slid his tongue between each of her toes, Mary felt the erotic power coursing through her young body and tingling in her pussy. She began to rub herself along Donald's back, savoring the heat and the wetness that began to grow in her cutoff shorts.

"Mmmmm, good slave. Good footlicking slave. You're my little footlicking slave, aren't you?"

"Yes, Mistress Mary."

"You like my feet, don't you slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Mary."

"You love licking them, don't you slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Mary."

The girl rubbed her crotch harder on his back. "Feel my weight, slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Mary." Donald's answers were becoming automatic.

"Good. You like my young little body, don't you slave?"

"Yes, Mistress Mary."

Mary grinned. Time to fuck with him bad! "You'd like to lick my pussy, wouldn't you slave?"

"Oh, yes, Mistress Mary. I mean... no. Of course not."

The teenager didn't hesitate. She brought her right heel back hard into her stepfather's face, causing a scream of pain and surprise. "You liar!" Leaping from his back, the young girl began to rain down a furious flogging on him. "You're my stepfather, you pervert! You're my slave! You don't ever get to see my pussy! You don't even get to talk about my pussy!"

She whipped him and whipped him, pausing only to deliver brutal kicks of her bare feet to his face, his midriff, his balls. Donald was in agony, as Mary beat him so hard he wished he could die, all the while screaming insults and abuse. He was relieved when she stopped, but his blood ran cold at the tone in her voice when she spoke.

"You are so fucked, do you understand? Talking about licking the pussy of an underage girl, and your stepdaughter? You don't expect to do that and get away with it, do you?" Her voice was deadly, and Donald quivered at the thought of what would happen to him

if Mary told anyone what had happened.

But it got worse. "Look at me, slave. Look into my eyes, so I know you're hearing me. On your knees." Donald rolled onto his knees and looked up at his stepdaughter, standing strong with legs apart. Her gaze bored into his eyes as she spoke. "You never get to see me naked or touch me - ever. But you're my slave and I want to see you naked. Now."

When her stepfather hesitated, she raised her crop. "Strip, slave!"

Still he paused - he hated being naked in front of any woman, it made him feel so weak and inadequate. He flinched as Mary took a step towards him and slapped him hard in the face. "You get your clothes off right now," she hissed, "Or I'll tell Mom and everyone you tried to rape me!"

Donald blanched. The penalties for any kind of inappropriate behavior in Imperia were dramatic and severe, and the mere accusation of attempted rape of his stepdaughter would bring unimaginable pain and suffering. He had no choice and quickly began removing his clothes, kneeling in front of his seventeen-year-old tormentress. The girl smiled cruelly into his face until a moment before the slave got to his thong briefs, when she made him stop.

"Good, slave, you know your manners. Now, head down and ass up, you worthless piece of shit!" Donald assumed the position she commanded and she walked slowly around him, bare feet making no sound. "My arm's a little tired, but I think I can still give you a decent whipping. Count the strokes, slave!"

The first stroke of the crop on his bare skin made Donald wince. She was whipping hard! "One, Mistress Mary! Two, Mistress Mary!" The teen was both brutal and inaccurate, landing searing slashes on his back, neck, thighs. "Eighteen, Mistress Mary! Nineteen, Mistress Mary!" The pain was unbearable, and Donald briefly thought about just letting her report him so he could die and be away from this agony. "Forty-five, Mistress Mary! Forty-six...."

Mary was feeling a delicious tingle in her crotch. Having her stepfather near naked and cringing before her whip was an erotic thrill like she'd never known! She longed for some release, but didn't want to stop whipping her slave. Then she had an idea. "On your hands and knees slave!"

With whip marks burning all over his body, Donald Everett struggled onto all fours. Mary quickly straddled him and dropped her crotch onto his back, grinding her jeans shorts into the welts her whipping had made only moments before! Her stepfather screamed in agony, and she whipped him hard on his right flank.

"Shut up, you stupid fuck, and hold still." Her left hand twined in his hair again, and she pulled back like she wanted to snap his neck. The pain made him dip his spine beneath her, and she delightedly ground her young cunt up and down the hollow of his back, raining crop blows on his ass and hips as he pranced in pain under her ass. "You feel my pussy now, slave? It's close, but not like real sex. At least not for you."



CHAPTER 3: MARY AND CELESTE RIDE DONALD

(page 3)

The stimulation and excitement brought her tingle to a full burn, but it was not enough. She knew she needed to cause him more pain, more humiliation if she was to truly enjoy this experience. She needed to make him do something menial to turn him - into an animal! That was it! But first, she wanted something to distract him, so she got off his back and whipped him once more.

"Into the kitchen, fucking slave, now!" Her stepfather began to rise, and she whipped his face. "On your knees, stupid! Crawl!" He scurried into the kitchen with the teenage girl right behind him, whipping him smartly whenever he seemed to slow. "See that floor, slave? You think that's clean?"

Donald knew it was, he'd scrubbed it only yesterday, but he knew what she wanted to hear. "No, Mistress Mary, not clean enough for your beautiful feet."

Mary giggled, "Very good, slave - you're right! Scrub it and keep scrubbing till I get back!" With a final stroke from the crop the barefoot teen strode out and Donald hurried to get the supplies and started scrubbing, feeling the shame of his nakedness and humiliation of being so badly abused by such a young girl. He had been afraid that being alone with her would turn out to be very bad for him, and he was right. Now she had him completely at her mercy and he feared what her devious mind had in store for him now.

He didn't have to wait long to find out. He heard her coming, she wasn't barefoot anymore, but he didn't dare look up. He scrubbed harder as she approached, hoping she would be pleased with his efforts. Mary smiled down at Donald, nearly naked and on all fours scrubbing as if his life depended on it. The young girl decided to fuck with her stepfather's head a little more, so she straddled him and gently sat on his back, patting him on the head and asking in her best 'little girl' voice, "Daddy, can I please have a horsey ride?"

The ruse worked and Donald mistakenly thought he had some choice on the matter. "Now Mary, aren't you a little old for that?"

The searing pain of her whip on his side snapped him back to reality. "Wrong answer, shithead!" She had gotten another whip, a short flexible quirt that nearly split his skin as she slashed him again on the other side. Her slave cried out and collapsed on the soapy floor, and Mary quickly dismounted and kicked him onto his back. "Look at me, shithead! What do I look like?" She still wore the cutoffs and tight T-shirt, but she had put on sharp-toed cowboy boots and a Western hat. She slammed the pointed toe of her boot into his stomach. "Answer me, slave! What do I look like?"

"A....A goddess!"

The quirt burned across his shoulders. "Wrong, stupid!"

"M...m... My mistress?" he stammered, but was rewarded only with another welt on his chest.

"You idiot! That's what I am! What do I look like?"

"A....a..cowgir?."

Her tone turned condescending. "That's right, my stupid slave. Good. Now, what does a cowgirl need?"

Donald was wising up. "A horse."

"Right again, slave. And who do you think is going to get the honor of being my horsey?"

"I am, Mistress Mary."

"Call me Cowgirl Mary now. You want to be my horse, don't you slave?"

"Yes, Cowgirl Mary"

"Say it."

"I want to be your horse, Cowgirl Mary."

The teenager laughed. "Ask me. Beg me for it. Beg me to ride you and rub my pussy on your back. Kiss my boots while you do it."



CHAPTER 3: MARY AND CELESTE RIDE DONALD

(page 4)

Donald, humiliated, groveled to her boots and began kissing them. "Please, Cowgirl Mary, please let me be your horse! Please ride me, please? Please rub your pussy on my back and ride me like a horse, please Cowgirl Mary?"

His stepdaughter giggled again. "Good, slave, good. You may be my horse. Put these on." She dropped a pair of kneepads in front of him. "I'm gonna ride you hard for a long time, and I don't want your knees all fucked up." Donald began to put the kneepads on, and Mary continued. "Now, if you're so eager to be my horsey, you need a good horsey name. I think I'll call you.....Shithead!" She laughed and poked her horsey with her boot. "You like that name, Shithead?"



"Yes, Cowgirl Mary."

"I like it too. C'mon, Shithead, Faster Shithead, Whoa, Shithead!" Mary laughed again. Donald had finished with the kneepads and got on all fours again. "Good, Shithead. That's a smart horsey. Now hold still!" Mary had brought some supplies with her from Celeste's collection of horse gear. She wrapped a thick strap around Donald's chest, and attached stirrups on either side. Then she jammed a small horse bit between his teeth and tied it off behind his neck, snapping reins to either side. She was feeling more and more excited as she got her horsey ready to ride, awaiting the feel of him between her legs. But she knew, even with the vicious quirt, she needed a way to control him more harshly, to give him more pain. And she had already thought of how.

"Okay, horsey, we're almost ready. But there's one more thing I need. Can you guess what it is, Shithead?"

Donald thought for a moment, then slurred over his bit, "No, Cowgirl Mary."

Mary stood before his kneeling form. "C'mon Shithead. Think! Isn't there something missing from this cowgirl?"

Her stepfather looked up at her - boots, cowgirl hat, nasty quirt - he could see nothing missing. "No Cowgirl Mary."

Mary grinned wickedly and brought her hand out from behind her back. Donalds jaw slackened as he recognized the shining metal and leather straps. "Oh no....spurs?"

"That's a smart horsey, Shithead! How can a cowgirl ride without her spurs? Put them on for me."

Trembling, Donald attached the sharp spurs to his stepdaughter's boots, but she wanted even more humiliation for him. "Kiss my boots, Shithead, Lick my spurs!" He began licking and kissing as best he could with the bit in his mouth, while the little cowgirl continued. "Ask for them, Shithead. Beg me to spur you hard!" A stroke from the quirt motivated him to obey.

"Please spur me, Cowgirl Mary. Ride your horsey and spur me hard, please!"



CHAPTER 3: MARY AND CELESTE RIDE DONALD

(page 5)

"All fours!" she ordered, and swung a leg over his back. Mary grabbed the reins and pulled Donald's head up, the bit forcing his mouth open and cutting into his cheeks. The teenager settled onto his back and put her feet in the stirrups, feeling her pussy moisten already as she prepared to ride her human slave-horse. This was what she wanted, to hurt and humiliate her stepfather, to grind her pussy along his spine as she rode him, to cause him to flinch in pain beneath her nubile ass. This was her place in life - and his.

She wanted to hurt him now, so she grabbed the reins in her left hand, then raised her quirt high, swinging her spurred boots out to either side then letting them hang there in the stirrups a moment before bringing her heels down hard, plunging the spurs into his flanks and simultaneously slashing the quirt across his ass with a delighted "Giddyap, Shithead!"

The bit muffled her stepfather's scream a little, but the agonized howl pierced the room as Donald Everett leaped ahead, nearly unseating the seventeen-year-old girl astride him. Mary quickly grabbed the back of her horse's chest strap and hung on, feeling the explosion of muscle and pain between her legs. God, what a thrill!

She spurred him again, feeling him jerk and twitch and increase his speed. Three more blows from the vicious whip landed on his side, then Cowgirl Mary yanked the reins hard to the right, steering her stepfather into the living room. A series of quick jabs from her spurs made him go even faster and the young girl let out a whoop. "Yeeeeeeehaaaaa! Alright, Shithead! Go, horsey go!"

Sweat was already dripping in his eyes as Donald crawled across the carpet, the rider on his back becoming more sure of her seat and control of her human horse. His ass burned from the whip and his sides ached from the spurs, but Cowgirl Mary wasn't even started yet. Again and again she spurred him, each time she felt a jolt of pain through his body, traveling almost like electricity to her steaming pussy. It was an exhilaration she had never known before, and she loved it!

She yanked his head left and right, the cruel bit cutting at his mouth, savoring her power and the thrill of riding her stepfather. "C'mon Shithead, faster!" He was going as fast as he could crawl, but she didn't care. She only cared about this power, this sensation of using Donald as her steed, causing him pain whenever she wanted. She whipped him again, crossing her right hand over to whip his left side and bringing forth another howl of pain from her horse slave.

"Hyaah, Hyaah! Go, Shithead!" Her bare legs were starting to slip a little on his sweaty back, and after one sharp turn she could feel herself sliding a little askew, so she jerked back hard on the reins. "Whoa, Shithead!" As he stopped short her crotch ground harder into his back and she felt an additional stab of pleasure. "Whoa, boy! Good Shithead!"

Her stepfather stood panting hard beneath her, and Mary was a little breathless herself! She never thought that Donald could crawl so fast with her riding on his back! He was amazingly strong, and this cowgirl wanted to ride him forever! The pain she was causing him exhilarated her, and she adored the pleasure the ride was causing in her crotch. She settled herself back onto the middle of his spine, checked to make sure her boots were still secure in the stirrups, then wasted no time. Her spurs dug hard into his sides and

soon she was riding her horse slave at a gallop again. "Go, Shithead, you lazy horse! Faster!"



CHAPTER 3: MARY AND CELESTE RIDE DONALD

(page 6)

Donald was in agony! Her spurs were relentless and her whip landed like fire across his skin. His knees were screaming with pain and every muscle in his body hurt like they'd never hurt before. But he was trapped. He had to obey his cruel young rider. And so he crawled as fast as he could, faster than he ever thought he could crawl, with Cowgirl Mary riding proudly on his back, spurring and whipping him onward. Mary giggled and happily ground her pussy along his back. "Like that Shithead? Like rubbing my pussy with your back?" He was too winded to answer and she didn't press him for one. Let him save his breath for another gallop! The teenager reined him in hard, again enjoying the feeling the quick stop caused in her shorts, which were now soaking in the juice of her excitement. No sooner had he stopped, however, than the spurs bit into his sides again. "Giddyap, Shithead! Hhyahhh!" She rode him for only a few seconds before jerking him to a halt. "Whoa!" Then the whip. "Giddyap! Faster!"

Cowgirl Mary was becoming a very good rider. She had an easier time with her balance now, as she reined him to a stop, then spurred him to a gallop, again and again all over the enormous house. Her stepfather had begun to tire, so she used her spurs more and more, enjoying the effect they had on her Shithead, and the thrill the motion of spurring gave her tight young cunt.

Finally, she rode him once more into the living room, reining him up sharply and keeping up the pressure on the bit. Donald had to arch his neck high and dip his back to relieve some of the pain, then the cruel rider on his back jabbed her sharp spurs deep into his belly! He grunted in pain and tried to move, but she jerked the reins again.

"Hold still , Shithead."

Again she spurred him in the stomach, and he flinched up, bouncing her a little on his back.

"Harder, you stupid horse!" She dug the spurs hard near his navel and kept driving them deeper into his gut, rolling the sharp rowels up and down his skin. He bounced up and down as hard as he could. Mary gasped in pleasure as her jeans-clad pussy slammed into his back again and again, her spurs setting up a solid drumbeat into his belly that communicated directly to her clit!

"Bounce, you idiot! Giddyap!" She cut the quirt down again and again. "C'mon horsey! Go, shithead! Yahoooooo!"

Her ecstatic screams mingled with the painful moans of her steed until she cascaded over into dominant Nirvana, the power and pleasure and pain she was causing her stepfather mingling into a flaming explosion between her legs!

"Ooooh! Oh God! Yeeaaah! Yes! Yes! Yes!" She spurred him with each spasm, the grunt of his pained cries only heightening her pleasure. "Oh! Oh! Oh! Yessssss!"



CHAPTER 3: MARY AND CELESTE RIDE DONALD

(page 7)

When she recovered, she took a look at the man she was riding. Donald Everett was a mess, trembling on hands and knees beneath her, broken and sweaty, a little blood trickling down here and there from her spurring. What a good steed, Mary thought, what a good ride we had. She patted him on the head and rewarded him with one compliment. "Good boy, Shithead. You're learning." Then she gathered the reins and once more dug the vicious spurs into his sides! "Now, giddyap! I wanna ride some more!"

"My God," thought her stepfather, "I can't take much more! How long can this go on?" But another jab of the spurs and a couple quirt stripes on his ass and he decided he'd better try his best. So once more he crawled around the room, the happy teenage girl riding on his back and spurring him every time he faltered.

"Come on, Shithead! What's the matter? Can't you go anymore?"

No matter how hard she spurred and whipped her horse slave, he could barely manage to mover around the room. Donald was just about spent when he heard the front door open. It was Celeste! She was home from her friend's house! Surely she would see what was going on and tell Mary to stop! His heart leapt when his younger stepdaughter came into the room. He could only raise his head far enough to see her feet enter the room. Through his exhaustion he heard Celeste give a little shriek and she ran upstairs, Mary calling after her "Celeste, wait! Come back!"

"Good," thought Donald "She's going to call Caroline and tell her what's going on. That will put a stop to this before Cowgirl Mary rides me to death!"

Cowgirl Mary, however, had other ideas. "Faster Shithead! Go, you worthless fucking horse!" The teenager rode her stepfather over to the stairs, then dug her spurs in hard. "Giddyap horsey! Hyahhh!"

Oh no! Not up the stairs. The strain was just too much.

But Donald struggled up the stairs, grateful to unbend his knees a little and finding more strength to carry his cruel young rider, for he knew his torment was about to be over. Mary reined him harshly down the hall and cracked him with the quirt a couple times as she rode him towards Celestes bedroom. As they neared the door, it opened.

"Thank God!" Donald thought, as Mary's spurs dug into his sides again. "Celeste will tell Mary to stop, she'll tell her she talked to Caroline and Caroline ordered her to stop this horrible game."

Mary reined him to a stop and through sweat and tears Donald Everett saw the feet of his youngest stepdaughter. It took him a moment to focus, but when he did, he realized that his torment was far from over. Celeste was wearing boots. English riding boots. He craned his face upwards and took in her lithe young form. Tight cream-colored jodhpurs, white sleeveless blouse, English riding hardhat. In one hand, a narrow dressage whip, in the other a pair of sharp-roweled English spurs! Straining up to look at her face, he saw Celeste grinning at Mary as she asked:

"Can I ride your horsey, Mary?"

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Caroline has her own brand of torture, as she uses Donald in a strangely contorted way.



CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

After the two girls, Mary and Celeste, used their stepfather for horsey games, Donald finally withdrew to his meager room to recuperate. His entire body was a mass of welts and bruises. But even worse, he was exhausted beyond his imagination. Each of the girls had taken their time riding his back while he crawled upon the floor, meanwhile urging him on with their whips each time he slowed or stopped. Eventually, he came to the end of his energy and just collapsed.

“What a useless piece of shit,” Celeste crowed. She had been the last to ride him. “I want to whip him now, for giving up too soon. You got to use him, Mary, and now he’s no good to me.”

“I’ve got an idea,” Mary said. “Okay, lazy horse, up on all fours. I have a deal for you. And if you take it, I promise you can be let off the hook for more torture.”

Donald, splayed out on the floor, felt he couldn’t move another muscle. But he heard the proposition. Still out of breath, he panted, “Yes... yes, Mistress Mary. What do you want me to do?”

“Get back in your horse position. Then I’ll tell you.”

He struggled off the floor and got on all fours.

“Okay, both me and Celeste are gonna ride you together...”

“Oh no!” he cried out. “I can’t take it. You can’t be serious.”

“Bitch! Stupid fucker!” This came from Celeste, who began lashing his raw ass with her quirt. “You will fucking do whatever we want.”

“Aaaahhh....! Yes, Mistress Celeste... yes. Please...”

Celeste turned to Mary. “Great fuckin’ idea. But I’m gonna ride up front, take the reins.”

“Okay, I’ll ride his ass, whipping him. He’s gonna need a lot of whippings to keep us both going..” She said to Donald, “Okay, slave... now listen. Fifteen minutes, that’s all I’m asking. You do this right and we will let you off. Got me?”

“Yes, Mistress Mary,” he replied, just as the impatient Celeste placed her luscious, bared legs over his naked shoulders and sat upon him. Her little feet dangled now just below his eyes. The weight of her warm little ass thrilled him. Sitting just back of his neck, she placed a length of rope between his teeth and, lifting the makeshift reins, pulled on them sharply. The sudden violence startled Donald, and it prevented him from making any further protests.

Mary climbed aboard too. And now the heat from the two teen girls seemed to melt into Donald’s back. This closeness of young female flesh thrilled Donald, as for the moment he was in a forbidden heaven; two hot teens, so close, so delicious. He felt a stirring of an erection, but of course the restrictive and tight chastity device brought to him a swift and cruel reminder of his sin. In any case, the thrill soon subsided as their combined weight started to press down upon him. They had to be over 200 pounds, and Donald

soon felt the agony of this new burden.

But Donald survived the fifteen minutes and, true to their word, the girls let him off any further abuse.



CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

(page 2)

Now, in his room, once more thinking about his utter slavery, he finally fell asleep. Soon, a horrible dream came to him. And yet the dream fascinated him. One thing was clear, here in the dream the torture brought only imaginary pain. He saw himself lifted somehow by the ankles, while his upper back and shoulders rested on the floor. Leather ankle cuffs held his legs aloft. His ankles were spread apart, exposing his vulnerable crotch. His arms were bound behind him. And then... there were the three of them, his tormentors: Caroline, Mary and Celeste. The dream was beyond what was permitted in reality, but in dreams there is no red light. He was naked; had never been naked before the girls before. And so they could not only see every reaction, his genitals would be exposed to their tortures.

Each of them took up positions. Caroline pulled her pants down and sat on his face. Mary, in spike-heeled boots, stood upon his torso. And Celeste, with a flogger in hand, stood on the other side of his legs, where she could whip his poor genitals.

What awoke him from this dream was that he began choking on his own spit and began coughing. He sat up and coughed some more. In the dream Celeste was whipping his cock and balls. Mary was stomping on his chest. And Caroline was letting loose a hot torrent of piss into his mouth. The dream was so real it caused his choking on his own spit.

God, he thought, can I get no rest from my slavery? Not even in my sleep?

Wearily, he sat up. His body was a mass of pain. He went into his small bathroom, urinated through the opening of his chastity device, and washed his face with cold water. He drank a fill of water from the tap. He went back to his narrow bed and slumped down. He stared at the ceiling. He sighed and fell asleep again.



CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

(page 3)

Caroline was out late that night, which allowed Donald further rest from his torments. He was not a father to the two girls, who now not only did whatever they wanted in the house, but also had full license to rule over him. And this night they didn't even call on him to make their dinner. Donald felt relieved, and took advantage of this night off

The next morning, however, his slavery began sharply, as in turn all three made their demands. Caroline, exulting in her power over her husband called to him (she had a call button beside her bed—at the other end it buzzed harshly in his room).

He rushed to her room and knelt in the doorway. "Get over here and drink my morning piss, slave," she grunted, sitting up, her morning voice thick with that morning sleepiness. She was naked and slipped her ass to the edge of her bed.

Donald, disgusted, crawled the distance to her, and knelt with his head tilted back. She lifted up and planted her warm, hairless pussy to his opened mouth. Slowly, she let out her hot piss. Inwardly, she smiled. This was the way a woman should start her day; a man, beneath her both literally and figuratively, serving in the most demeaning way possible.

As he finally swallowed the acrid and offensive effluence, she said to him. "Go and make me some eggs, slave. Don't stop to brush your teeth. And don't steal any food. You have seven minutes."

Donald crawled to the doorway—he was not permitted on his feet in her presence—then he stood and rushed down the hallway. Seven minutes... how he hated time limits. Something always went wrong. And, of course, he would be to blame.

As he rushed past Mary's room, she called out. "Slave... stop. Get your miserable ass in here."

He obeyed, remembering to kneel in the doorway.

"What's your rush? Mom got you on a chore?" She smiled. She couldn't countermand Caroline's orders, but she could delay and tease the poor fool. What sport!

"I am going to make Mistress breakfast. Please... I..."

"Oh shut up, bitch," she growled angrily. "I want what she's having. So you'll just have to make two. It's no big fucking deal. So get to it.... Dismissed!"

He rushed downstairs. This was typical now, every order, every encounter brought more danger. And he was hungry himself. Oh my, he'd better just obey and pray nothing goes wrong. At least the other little bitch, Celeste, was still sleeping

CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

(page 4)

That afternoon, near to lunch time, Caroline called Donald into her den. The blinds were drawn and it seemed gloomy. The aroma of leather blended with the acrid odor of her cigarette smoke.

Donald knelt at the doorway and crawled forward across the floor to his wife. As usual in the house, he wore just a brief pair of khaki shorts over his chastity device. Oh, and after breakfast this morning, Caroline had strapped a thick leather collar around his neck and locked it in place. He felt the weight of that collar now.

Caroline was dressed in tight, riding breeches, tall black riding boots and a light turtleneck sweater. As he knelt erect before her (his usual posture upon being summoned) she seemed a bit upset, her face darkened.

“Donald, I have to tell you something you won’t like hearing. I have been talking with a few other women here in Imperia. It seems that the regime you’ve been living under here with me and the girls is far from the degree of harshness that you make it out to be...”

God... ! he thought, what now? Some nut case from Imperia has hung her slave up by the balls and thinks it’s perfectly within reason? And now Caroline has got this into her head she’s been too...

“It seems I’ve been too lenient with you,” she continued. “Despite your protestations and whining, I think it turns out that you are just being a weak-kneed ninny.”

“May I speak, Mistress?”

“Yes,” she replied, disgusted... there’s always something with this complaining little bitch.

“Look at my body, Mistress. Please... see what I’ve been put through. I mean, just yesterday Mary and Celeste put me through hell. They rode me around the house and whipped me and spurred me... God... look at these wounds.”

It was as if she hadn’t heard a word from him. She’d turned her head and body and reached for a cigarette, even lighting it herself.

Again she spoke. Whatever he bitched about went without reply. “Now, I have begun speaking with a lady here in Imperia. Her name is Lady Faceslapper. She is a wonderful woman, and very knowledgeable about the ways of feminine control. I have invited her over for lunch today. And let me tell you this, slave, you will perform for us perfectly. Whatever is ordered of you you will carry out without hesitation and to the degree of perfection I expect.”

Donald knelt there with his head lowered. He wanted to revolt. He knew that when she meant ‘perform’ that he’d be subject to serve or service both of them. And, most likely, the woman would be given free rein to bring her tutoring into full action, with him as the exemplifier. And what’s her name again? Lady Faceslapper? God... he’d never heard of anything so ludicrous yet menacing.

Suddenly, Caroline lashed out with her booted foot and kicked Donald in the crotch. The plastic chastity device crashed against the soft inner parts of his body. As the device only covered and protected his penis, his balls took the brunt of her vicious attack. The one kick and he was groveling on the floor in agony.

Above his moaning he heard her voice. “Insignificant worm, how dare you allow your pigmy brain to wander as I speak to you? I expect full attention. Now, get your ass up off the floor and kneel erect again here... closer.”

Donald was truly afraid now. He’d been humiliated and beaten before, but for some reason Caroline has a feeling that this wasn’t enough, her level of tyranny was ‘puny’ it seems, too ‘lenient.’ So, things can be expected to elevate. To what?

As he knelt, looking up into the implacable but beautiful face of his wife/owner, he saw the deep conviction in her as she spoke. “Yes, there’s no doubt about what Lady Faceslapper has been telling me. You and I are mere amateurs. Yes, you are a somewhat obedient slave to me and my girls. But your incessant whining and complaining is not only rude, it’s uncalled for. You know that old saying?... that old-time parents used to give out?... ‘I’ll give you something to cry about.’ Remember that one? Well, I am going to give you something to complain about. So that maybe you will learn what true slavery and sacrifice is.”

As she made these ominous explanations, she began pulling on a pair of short leather gloves. They were chocolate brown, and seemed very thin.

“Now, Lady Faceslapper will be here in a half hour. I want to take this time to practice. I don’t want her to think that I neglect this important part of a slave’s punishment. Now, kneel closer...”

Fear shot through him. He was going to get his face slapped. And for what? As a demonstration? For her mere practice?

“Raise you face, slave. Look me in the eyes. I want to see you cringe and tear up.”

Her right hand lashed out. THHWAAAP! The blow was harsh. But he managed to stay put.

She wanted to look into his face as she did this. Well, he could see her too. And the look in her face as she swung her arm was one of total sternness, and almost a cold indifference. Not even a pursing of the lips.

“Good... stay that way. I want to try some things.”

Another swat... THWWAAAP! The same as before... but, immediately, a backhander to the other cheek. THWUUP!

This surprised Donald. He hated the tiny ordeal, but found it tolerable. Maybe it was his fetish for leather that got to him. The leather gloves excited him. So utterly sexy they seemed to him, especially worn by a haughty and controlling female. Oh, my... he loved this.

“Good,” she said again. “Let’s go through this again.”

THWAAAP! THWUP!.... THWAAAP! THWUP!..... THWAAAP! THWUP!

Donald’s head now began to ring. The slaps were getting to him. With practice, they were coming harder now.

THWWAAAP!...

Before the backhander came, Donald brought his hand up to his cheek.

Caroline became enraged. “How dare you? You will *not* try to avoid my punishments...
ever!”





CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

(page 5)

“Do you have any idea how many slaps Lady Faceslapper is used to delivering to her slave?”

Donald didn’t answer. He thought the question was rhetorical.

Another swift slap. THWWAAAP!

“God, how you deserve this. I asked you a question, worm.”

“...no... Mistress. I have no idea how many slaps she gave her slave.”

“She? So fucking rude. Say her name, bitch!”

THWAAAP!

“... oww! Lady Faceslapper. I am sorry, Mistress,” he whispered. He wanted desperately to bring his hand up, but dared not.

“I want your face red by the time she gets here. And then we will continue together from there.” She said this smugly, reaching for another cigarette. “Five hundred.”

The words came from out of left field. The shock stung him like a bolt of lightening. “Five hundred!” he cried out in astonishment. “Five hundred slaps? That just can’t be true. It’s impossible. And ...”

THWWAAAP! THWUUP!”

“Shut the fuck up, bitch. Whining already, are you?” Now she laughed. “You just wait. After all, how can I let her brag of five hundred slaps? I may have to impose *six* hundred on you just to outdo her.” Again she laughed. “Open, bitch....”

And she tapped the ash from her cigarette into his open mouth. So disgusting, he thought, managing not to gag.

Just then, Mary came into the room. Donald knew not to turn around. He remained stiffly at attention on his knees. But he did crave to get a glance at the buxom teen; he just loved her sexy outfits, and how her large breasts stretched the fabric of her blouses. Today she wore another of her mini-skirts, with bared legs and flat shoes. Her skirt had suspenders. But, since her breasts were so large, the straps of the suspenders did not fall as they usually would with a flat-chested girl. These suspenders fell to the side of her breasts, exaggerating them even more. Donald was in awe.

“Hi,” she said. “We got out early today. It’s Marie Antoinette Day. Celeste went down to her friend’s house. What’s doing?”

“I’m practicing slapping your stepfather’s face. Want to join in?”

“Are you kidding? Of course.” And she came up beside Donald.

From the corner of his eye he could see the profile of her breasts. Inside his tight chastity device his penis stirred... but there was no room for his penis to grow, and the pain started immediately. Many times either Caroline or Mary would notice a change in his demeanor, and they guessed what was happening. It only made their joy greater.

“Turn to face me, slave,” she said with a grin. And she cracked him smartly across the face.

“I want to redden his face before Lady Faceslapper gets here. I’ve slapped him a few times, but maybe these gloves are hampering things.”

“Don’t worry, Mom, I don’t mind. I’m sure he will feel it more than my hand will. Should I just go all out?”

“Yes, dear... smack him backhand too, so that both sides get good and red.”

“Face up, bitch!” Mary ordered, and Donald obeyed. Then she slapped him hard... two, three, four times. She was slapping indiscriminately, so that the blows did not all land perfectly, and soon his ear was ringing and the side of his head hurt. After one truly hard smack Donald lifted his hand to his sore face.

Immediately, with the blur of a cobra striking, Caroline lashed out with her booted foot. Of course her aim was perfect and Donald fell to the floor in agony.

Mary burst out laughing. “Hey, Mom, that was so cool. Can I practice that too? Look at him. I think he’s gonna cry.”

“Back up, prick. Get back in place. Kneel before your superiors. Hurry, or you’ll be sorry.”

He struggled back onto his knees, his eyes tearing, his breathing stunted.

“Now, when my daughter is slapping you, you don’t touch your face, understand?” THWAAAP! “Understand?”

“Y..yes, Mistress... yes,” he managed to answer.

“Get back here now, slave,” Mary said. And now she began to slap him forehand and back... two, four, six, eight times. His head jolted back and forth, and the blows fell across not only his cheeks, but his ears, his eyes, even his nose. Mary didn’t care where her slaps landed.

“Oh God... please... “ he cried out.

Mary let out a chuckle through her nose. And she continued to slap him, now using her left hand.

The sounds of the slaps almost drowned out the ringing of the doorbell. Donald’s heart sank. If this was Lady Faceslapper, then what he was getting from stepdaughter Mary was merely an appetizer.





CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

(page 6)

“Get up, bitch,” Caroline ordered. “You know what to do. Get to the front door and greet our guest. You may bring her into the living room.”

“Yes, Mistress,” he whispered, and hurried from the room. Along the corridor he brought his hands up to his hot, reddened face.

When he opened the door, he was astonished at the image standing before him. A woman perhaps in her forties, stood at around five foot eight. She was obviously overweight, but so much of her weight was in her breasts that it truly astounded Donald. Maybe that’s how she learned to slap faces, from all the men drawn like magnets to her massive tits and chasm-like cleavage.

“Welcome, Lady Faceslapper. Mistress asked me to escort you to the living room. Please come in.”

Obviously, Faceslapper was her nom de guerre. Donald got the humorous idea that her real name was Lipshitz, but quickly he recovered his somber tone when he realized what lay ahead for him.

Lady Faceslapper wore a light jersey sheath dress in a lavender tone. The dress exaggerated every curve and bulge. Had she been walking the sidewalks of New York, people would turn and snicker at her poor choice of garments. But this was not New York, this was Imperia, and here the outré was favored; breast fetishists would die just to gaze at her in this dress. She wore simple three-inch pumps, and carried herself with dignity.

But it was not dignity Donald saw in her, but arrogance, brought from the knowledge of how she could make men cringe... perhaps even cry.

Caroline rose from the couch. “Ah, Faceslapper, do come in. So good to see you again. Meet my daughter, Mary.”

“Hello, Mary. You look adorable. I hope you are absorbing tips from your mother. She is truly one special woman. Knows about the stern ways. Knows how to keep the male creature in line. Listen to her and learn.”

Caroline laughed. “Slapper, if you’d have been here a few minutes before you’d have wondered who was teaching whom. Let me tell you, Mary was giving this pig the face slapping of his life.”

Lady Faceslapper spun around. “Really?” she said, surprised, but showing a glow of pride. “Excellent. Nothing like a youthful little sadist. Makes my mouth water just to see it. Maybe you’d like to show me your technique?”

Mary turned demure suddenly. “Nah. Lady Faceslapper, *you* are the queen. I want to learn from both you and Mom.”

Meanwhile, Donald had stood to the side. He would have rushed to kneel beside Caroline, but they were still standing, the three of them. And, besides, he would no doubt

be ordered to bring refreshments. And the conversation was going just in the direction Donald both expected and feared.



CHAPTER 4: DONALD LEARNS NEW PAINS: FACE SLAPPING AND SEVERE BONDAGE

(page 7)

Donald was right. And soon he was ordered to bring drinks. After a little more small talk, Lady Faceslapper said, "Do you have handcuffs?"

"Why yes, of course, Slapper. Donald... asshole... get up off your knees and bring me my number ten-gauge cuffs."

Donald's heart sank. He rushed to obey. When he found the shackles he returned quickly to the living room, panting in fear. He suddenly wanted to run out the door. He wanted to escape. Many times he felt disconsolate in his slavery, but he realized it was in his blood and he'd chosen this way of life. But this?... to have this heavy-handed woman come in and request handcuffs? No doubt how this was going to proceed.

"Please cuff him, Caroline?" Lady Faceslapper asked.

"Can I do it, Mom?" Before Caroline could respond, Mary took the cuffs from Donald. "Turn around, bitch. You know you have to be cuffed in the back."

As she was locking the steel police cuffs on his wrists, she suddenly realized... gee, what a good thing I got off school early. Here I am. I know Mom did not plan on me being here, but it seems she's not gonna make a fuss about it. This is gonna be fun to watch. And she gave an extra squeeze to the cuffs to make sure they were painfully tight.

"How do you want him, Slapper?" Caroline asked.

"Well, I am seated, having my drink. But I do want to start from here. When we progress I will stand and let him have it with my full weight behind me. But let's start from here."

Mary gave Donald a push. "Get down there, slave. Kneel before Lady Faceslapper."

Quivering in every muscle now, Donald knelt before the large woman. He'd never seen such a stern face, not even on Caroline. But it was hypnotic too, somehow, combined with the hypnotic and irresistible pull of her deep cleavage.

He saw her lift her right hand and THHHWAAAP!

This was a slap like no other he'd ever had. The blow knocked him over. And he fell to the floor.

Immediately, he heard the wretched laughter from Mary. This was how youth reacted. She'd never witnessed anything like this, and it's always so amusing the first time.

"How dare you try to escape," growled Lady Faceslapper. "Now get right back up here."

But he couldn't. Not with his hands cuffed behind him.

Mary laughed again. She stepped forward. "Let me help," she said, and with surprising strength, lifted Donald off the floor. "Get the fuck back in position, bitch," she said with glee. "Spread those fucking legs. Give yourself some better balance," she ordered wisely. "Fall again and I'll kick your balls."

Donald spread his legs and prepared for the next onslaught. He didn't have to wait long. Another smash.... THHWWWAAP!

Only two slaps and his eyes were tearing. His ears rang, even the side not smacked. All he could think of was five hundred slaps. There's no way, he thought... impossible. And surely, there was no intention to accomplish that here.

At the last blow, both Caroline and Mary applauded.

What was to come? How many slaps?

"Oh, by the way, Caroline... you asked about my bondage techniques. I have brought along some specialized equipment, so we can get into that too, whenever you're ready."

"Oh, Slapper, there's plenty of time. We have all afternoon. And I do want to relax, have some booze, and learn from the Mistress of face punishment, just the perfect way to slap the shit out of this ass-licking creature."

"Hmmm...." purred Lady Faceslapper. "So, he's an ass licker too? Now *that's* something I'd like to find out from him."

"Slapper, why not punish that pig's face to your satisfaction, and then we can have him practice his ass licking for you... all the while servicing under your royal ass with his well-beaten face. What a delicious thought And I love the irony."

Fuck the irony, Mary thought, I just want to be here to witness the ass licking.

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Part two of this little saga, wherein Donald receives a face slapping like he couldn't imagine, followed by a contorted and painful lesson in bondage. Lady Faceslapper leaves no doubt as to her expertise in the sadistic arts. Oh, and there's a peeper outside.





CHAPTER 1: THE FALLONS

Jinx Fallon pressed a call button on her oak desk. Across the long ranch house a buzzer sounded in the kitchen. Ling (short for underling) was eating his lunch. He shook his head in annoyance. Why now? He'd just had a bite or two from a sandwich thick with lunchmeats when the buzzer went off. And he was hungry, as his wife kept him on a rigid diet, rewards such as today's sandwich rare indeed.

For a second or two he'd considered delaying his response; a very risky defiance. But that was an old instinct acting up, and thoughts of rebellion were much too dangerous. Dangerous to him!

He rushed to Jinx's office/den at the other end of the long house. She was standing behind her desk and appeared as if she'd risen to come get him.

Jinx Fallon was forty years old. She stood at five-nine barefoot, but was rarely out of her beloved heels, which were, at the least, four inches, but more often higher. Today, her custom-fitted English riding boots had low heels, and gleamed immaculately below her form-fitting, ecru Spandex jodhpurs. Her cotton blouse stood open at the neck and revealed a cleavage that to this day had ling staring. Her rusty red hair was pulled back tightly and bound by a leathern strap into a ponytail. At 130 pounds, she was slim and lithe, to ling, a beautiful snake. For some reason, she still wore a pair of short, leather riding gloves.

"Well, you took your time, slug," she huffed.

"I am sorry Mistress. I was..."

He'd wanted to tell her he was eating lunch, see if there was a chance that whatever she wanted could wait until after that. But, she'd interrupted.

"I want you to deliver this article to Mistress Sky Jones."

"Uh... Mistress... may I..."

She lifted a long narrow package wrapped in brown paper.

"Put on some clothes and take it down there now. I want you to walk there. It's less than a mile from here, down near Domina Circle."

"Yes Mistress," he whispered, disappointed. He dared not mention his lunch.

"Now, listen to me carefully. I want you to ask for a receipt. And I want proof of efficacy. You understand? Tell her that your Mistress expects to see proof of her satisfaction."

"Yes, Mistress, at once," he replied, careful not to show a sign of his disappointment. At moments like this he had to remind himself that he was a slave; had to resist--no stamp out--all urges to rebel. He had to forget that he was once a free man, free to run his own life, free to eat a ham and cheese sandwich, free to lie about clad only in his creased boxer shorts, sitting with his feet up, watching a football game and, sigh, guzzling down beer after beer. But the reality was... he is now a slave, and one of his slave duties

included being a delivery boy.

He left his wife/Mistress and went to his small room that stood across from Jinx's opulent bedroom (make that boudoir). His room was tiny by comparison, and had space for a single bed (pushed against the wall) and a tall dresser, a wooden stool and a mirror hung behind the door. A tiny bathroom was attached, containing the bare necessities: toilet, basin, shower stall, and another mirror for shaving. His part of the estate (if you could call it that) was Spartan to say the least.

Ling dressed casually, pulling on first a pair of tight and uncomfortable Speedos that his wife demanded he wear. These barely fit over the constantly annoying (and often painful) chastity device that was locked on to his genitals. After this he dressed as he pleased, donning a loose cotton poplin shirt and a pair of khaki pants. He had a small shoe rack in the corner and found a pair of simple comfortable loafers. He sighed. Less of him felt like a slave now; the clothes making the man. He combed his short hair and, carrying the long package, left the house.

The afternoon was gloriously sunny and hot. George Fallon (George was his real name, not ling) appreciated the sunlight. He rarely had an opportunity to be outside, and certainly not alone. As he walked along the vacant sidewalk, he thought back to days like this he'd spent on the golf course. What utter joy just to be with a foursome of men, expounding on topics ranging from fake tits to Presidential politics. Now, George was told whom to vote for (he'd never consider rebelling, even in the privacy of a voting booth). And he had no male companions; none with whom he could spend leisure time.

He took his time, strolling casually. The empty pavement seemed eerie despite the elegant neighborhood, with houses well set back behind lush lawns. Birds sang amongst the many trees, but there was no other sound. All the streets had been named after some obscure and inane ancient Goddess or supposed heroine, like Susan B. Anthony or Carry Nation. As he traveled downhill along Goddess Kali Lane toward Queen's Boulevard, he saw some landscapers at work. These were, for the most part, what the women of Imperia called drones. They were slaves, per se, but un-owned, mere wannabes, contracted to the town of Imperia. They were even paid for their services. But they were barred from revealing to the outside what they'd seen in Imperia. Mostly, they'd have some kind of record or be on parole, and subject to stiff penalties should the Mistress Council find they'd spoken out of turn to an outsider.

Ling shifted the package to his other arm. It was not particularly heavy; about four feet long, it was much like a box of long-stem roses, just narrower and wrapped totally in brown paper. As he reached the home of Mistress Sky Jones, he felt a sudden inner dread. He'd seen her at a party, this tall and imposing Black woman, six feet tall (taller in heels, of course) and a very sturdy 250 lbs. At the party, she'd spent a lot of time using the back of her slave Duke, for her seat. The miserable slave, just 150 lbs himself, bore the weight of his owner in silence. Ling felt pity for the man, whose knees and hands must have been in agony most of the night.

He rang the doorbell.

After a minute, the door opened and Sky Jones stood before him, towering. "Well, fool? Move your sad ass in here."

He passed her and stepped into the cool darkened hallway. Tiles gleamed beneath his feet, leading away into a larger foyer and a wide, curving stairway that rose into the high ceiling.

"Follow me," she said and headed toward the back of the house. He marched about three steps behind, unable to keep his eyes off her large, rolling ass cheeks. Thick, the Blacks like to call it, he thought. Her slave, pig, wasn't around: where was he? Locked up

somewhere? Getting some rest? George (ling) wondered how Sky Jones' slave survived being smothered beneath those huge ass cheeks. George imagined his own face forced into the stinking crack. Oh, well, better get my mind off that kind of thinking.

They entered a sun-swept room at the rear, its far side curved into a semi-circle, framed by four large French doors. Large chairs and sofas ringed the room, and a large Oriental rug held the center. A small escritoire stood off against the right wall. Sky Jones walked to that and removed a sharp letter opener.

"Well? Let me have it, asshole," she said suddenly, extending a long, fleshy arm.

"Huh?"

"Hey, stupid, give me the fucking package."

"Oh... very sorry, Ma'am."

She sliced into the brown wrapping with the letter opener. Then ripped it from the long sturdy box; sort of angry like, George thought. She lay the package on the extended leaf of the escritoire and pulled off the top. She pulled back some more wrapping paper inside. George was anxious to see what was inside, his heart beginning to race.

"Shit!" she laughed. "This is fucking great."

She lifted a very slender English cane from the box. To George, it looked alive and threatening as a venomous snake, as it bounced and flexed in her hand.

"God damn! Look at these."

She lifted four more canes from the package. To George they looked alike, but Sky Jones noticed the slight difference in each, particularly the different handles.

"Just what I wanted," she said, not looking at him. "Wonderful. So perfectly varnished. The balance feels so good. And the wrapped handles; gotta love it... a leather, and this one's a cord wrap, and look at this...this one's got a plastic tool dip on the handle."

Tool dip being the soft rubbery plastic used to insulate pliers and wire cutters.

"Shit!" she cried, happily, as she swung one of the canes through the air. The swoosh chilled George to his bones. "Any message from your Mistress, ling?"

Ling could barely find air to breath, let alone speak. It was obvious, Mistress Jinx had spoken to this woman, and there was no way out for him.

"Uh... yes, Maam... she said to get a receipt from you?"

"A receipt? That's it?"

"Well, no...not exactly. She said she wanted to have proof that you were satisfied with the effectiveness of the product."

"I see..."

Ling hoped that slave pig was nearby, in the next room, or over in what appeared to be a door to a closet... anywhere near enough to be called out.

Sky Jones took an ominous step toward George Fallon. She was 6'2" and 250lbs. At the youthful age of twenty-three, she found some older, very rich, slavish male to marry her. And now she was Mistress to both man and fortune.

"I suppose your Mistress is entitled to see how effective these things are. The product, as she puts it."

George felt close to fainting.

"Get those pants down, slave, and shuffle your white little ass over to that club chair."

George wanted to say... but...but. But nothing came out. He was going to walk over to the chair she'd indicated, but she'd ordered him first to drop his pants... and then shuffle over to the chair. She's been precise. And so, George sighed, kept his eyes lowered, and dropped his trousers and, heart now racing, shuffled as Sky Jones ordered.

"So, your Mistress wants to see proof of my satisfaction does she? Well, that bitch'll get it. Tell her it's my fucking pleasure to try these out on your worthless hide. All five of 'em. Now remove those stupid undies and bend over the arm of that chair. That's right, asshole. Now get ready to bring your Mistress the receipt of my satisfaction."





CHAPTER 1: THE FALLONS

(page 2)

George made it home. The walk back uphill was agony, although not near that of the actual canings. God, he thought...the arm on that woman. Jinx in all their years had not whipped him with such viciousness, although not for lack of trying. It's just that Sky Jones had a heavy arm, and leaned into her beatings with a gusto and energy that only someone so young and athletic could muster. Jinx Fallon, for all her sadistic hungers, could never lay on a beating such as he'd had.



She'd given him six "of the best" from each cane. Five canes, thirty lashes. But each came like a slash from a branding iron. From the beginning, he believed he'd never be able to take it. Within a lash or two, he'd begun to fidget and cry out. Then, he'd made the mistake of getting up... oh, that was a mistake! She yelled, "You fucking wimp. Get that worthless ass of yours back there. If you get up from there once more you'll be tied over my horse and get double the strokes for pissing me off. You getting' me, asslicker?" And he'd had to remain in place, accepting the torture to avoid further torture. And it was unbearable. And begging? Crying? To no avail. She went about her whipping like she was chopping wood, with an avid yet serious energy. My God!... what a sadistic bitch!

But then, which woman was the sadist here? Was it not after all his own wife, who'd set him up for the beating? George could hear her on the phone: "Yes, Sky dear, the canes are here. Why don't you try them out on ling for me? He needs a good beating. He's been getting lazy lately and I would appreciate it if you'd test out your new canes on his miserable backside. Yes... as hard as you want. No... no mercy. Very good then. Enjoy yourself."

And, as that dreaded whistle of the cane preceded the fiery lash by less than a second, George's body leaped in place, the searing pain beyond belief. Yet, strange as it might seem, there'd been no blood. When the ordeal was finally at an end, he'd been permitted to lift his thong Speedos and his pants and discovered she'd not cut him. Obviously she

was a virtuoso, and wanted Jinx to see it, that she'd been able to space thirty agonizing lashes and yet not overlay them sufficient to cut his flesh.

As he approached his house, George saw a long convertible parked in the drive. Oh no, he lamented... company! It was the Mayor, Lola Dean's car. He'd seen it many times, touring the Imperia landscape. Another tough bitch to deal with. But weren't they all... all the women in Imperia?

He entered quietly and stepped to the doorway to the sunken living room. His beautiful wife sat to the right, facing the large coffee table and three guests. He was not sure what to do. He had his rituals and rules to obey, and rule 6 dictated that he kneel and crawl to his Mistress when he entered a room. Rule 15 said that he must undress naked when entering the house. But then rule 16 negated 15, and he was told that with company present the slave must remain clothed until ordered otherwise. That, surely, is the correct action in this case. But should he kneel, crawl to his Mistress? What rule covered this? Damn... he felt unsure. Prudently, he stepped into the room and stood quietly near the wall, sidling slowly into his Mistress view.

This turned out to be the appropriate action; his Mistress spotted him and called out. "Oh, ling, I'm glad you are here. Come in and meet our new neighbors." He stepped tentatively forward.

Ling was miserable. First he had to endure a vicious caning at the hands of that Black demon, Sky Jones, now he found himself walking into the makings of a tea party. Ling never had a good time at tea parties.

"Come over here, ling. Sit beside me," Jinx said, kindly. She knew damn well he was in agony; that Jones girl was built like an Amazon and had a powerful swing.

Gingerly, he sat. Keeping his eyes lowered, he prayed he might stay relatively invisible. Such was his life; his best days were those when he was merely left alone.

"Ling, don't be shy. Greet our good friend, Madam Mayor Dean. And this lovely woman is to be our next door neighbor, Frau Luft. And the kneeling creature is her husband."

The word "greet" always sent a chill through ling as most often it meant to crawl and kiss the feet of visitors. But ling guessed that this time it required him to merely offer a polite bow of his head.

Frau Luft said, "Is ling his birth name, or is it--how you say--a pet name?"

Jinx Fallon crossed her legs over the other side, her riding boots contacting each other letting out a squeak. "Tell her, ling. I'd answer, but I tend to forget your real name," Jinx laughed. "What was it again?"

"George, Ma'am. My birth name is George. Ling is the gift of my Mistress. Ling is short for underling."



CHAPTER 1: THE FALLONS

(page 3)

As his wife and her guests went on discussing other things, ling fell off into his own thoughts--back to when he was George, a young, handsome boy of eighteen, with a bright smile that made him a girl magnet. He was a track star at Lake Worth High School then, and at 145 pounds, a top wrestler. His grades hovered near all "A"s and his future seemed bright. He had a cute girlfriend named Rosie Ballet, and he owned a broken down Dodge pickup. To support these loves he caddied and mowed lawns after school. Florida's climate enabled him to be employed year round.



Then, one very hot and strange afternoon, he'd mow a lawn that would change his young life forever.

His job that day was to mow the backyard of Denise Lefleur, an aristocratic widow. She lived in a large home with one of those horseshoe driveways and a second level. She had landscapers, of course, but needed extra attention to her lawns, and George was offered the job; one of his teachers was a niece to Mrs. Lefleur, and referred him. It was an expansive back yard, ringed by a high stockade fence and luxuriant foliage.

Denise Lefleur had a strange, powerful attraction upon George, which he could not explain. She was a widow at thirty-seven, an age that seemed old to George, and yet her dress and mannerisms raised George's heart rate. This happened each time she came near to him, near enough to smell her, near enough to see the dark eyes. He trembled when it came time for her to pay him, when he'd be near her again, almost able to touch her arrogant fingers. And her deep, voluptuous voice would say, "Thank you, George. See you next week same time?"

Denise Lefleur wore dresses exclusively at home, and was always made up. Her dark eyes were framed by even darker eyeliner, and she had a full, stern-looking mouth, with bright red lipstick. All of her dresses revealed her narrow waist and full bosom. Sometimes, she'd come out onto the patio in the back and George would maneuver his mower in her direction--this so he could stare at the glamorous way she pranced about.

One thing about Denise Lefleur that surprised George was that she had an old boyfriend. Not old like her...no, really old, like the guy was sixty-five. And he was rich. He owned a string of strip malls and the big farmer's market outside of town, and he owned a farm of 300 acres. The farm had a big, plantation-type mansion. The old man's name was (something) Shapiro. He was a Jew.

It was that hot day, that hot, overcast strange day, with the yellow sky, with the day-dreamy haze, when things started. George was almost finished. He was emptying the grass bag at the side of the house. He stood in a shaded area. He was beside a window. The window was open. It was at eye level if he stood on tiptoes. He peered in. He hoped to catch another glimpse of that mesmerizing woman. The room inside was gloomy dark. It was, he believed, a sewing room. But next, beyond the sewing room, was the living room. And, with the sewing room door open, George could see into the living room. Not much, just enough as the width of the sewing room door would allow. And there she was!

Mrs. Lefleur sat in a club chair. She was in profile. She held up a cigarette, her elbow resting on the arm of the chair. But then, oh Jesus... what happened next was so shocking George thought himself dreaming. Suddenly, the old man Shapiro shuffled into view. But he was at the same height as the woman! What was this? He must be on his knees. And... is that man naked?

George's young heart almost leapt from his chest. He tried to raise himself higher on his toes. He had to prove to himself that indeed the man was totally naked, not just wearing shorts. God... he's totally nude. The man knelt before her, his head bowed slightly, like a repentant schoolboy late with his assignment. George strained to hear what she was telling him, but no more than a soft murmur reached him, disappointing him. But, suddenly, to George's continued astonishment, Denise Lefleur slapped the old man's face: back and forth she slapped, three, four times... loudly. And George heard: "Now, scum, get your decrepit ass upstairs and wait for me."

And the old man crawled--did not walk--crawled past the doorway and out of sight.

George's face flushed so hot he thought he'd faint. What shock! What was he witnessing? It didn't seem a game. It didn't seem sexual. Yet why was the man naked? But in a way it must have been sexual because why else did it cause George to get hard?

The next week George mowed Lefleur's place again. The day was overcast and it had

rained earlier. This slowed George's mowing when he'd hoped to move quicker and faster. He unloaded his grass bags beside the house several times. But--damn--the old man wasn't there. George wanted to see more of this bizarre story.

Finished, George cut the mower engine. This usually brought Mrs. Lefleur to the back door to pay him. As he approached the patio, she came out. His heart raced faster than ever. She wore a dress again, a silky thing with a short, flared skirt, and high heels. It's like she's I Love Lucy, he thought.

She called over, "George, it's so muggy out here. Why don't you come inside and have a lemonade?" And she went back in.

Inside, huh? Closer to her. Where he'd smell her intoxicating perfume. His heart thudded in his chest. He felt so grimy now, and sweaty. He wiped sweat from his face and ran his fingers quickly through his hair. Okay, calm down, he said to himself, this isn't the first time she'd offered a drink. He'd been inside her kitchen before. But this time is different; he saw her in a whole new way.

A minute later he walked into the kitchen through the screen door. She was sitting at the kitchen table, smoking a cigarette. As he moved to the middle of the room she said, suddenly, in a commanding voice, "Stop right there! Do you always walk into your house like that?"

He stopped short. He didn't know what the hell she was talking about.

"Look at your feet," she growled.

As he looked down he saw that he'd tracked in a load of mud on his feet. He saw the filthy footmarks trailing all the way from the screen door to where he now stood.

"Well," Denise Lefleur said, "take off those filthy shoes and carry them out to the patio. Then come right back."

As he knelt to untie his sneakers, his heart continued to pound. All he could think of now was the scene he'd witnessed the week before. He took the shoes off and carried them out the door. When he came back in, the woman was standing there with a damp rag in her hand.

"Now, go down on your knees and wipe up that mess."

As he got down on one knee, he looked over to where she sat. She was at the table again, picked up her cigarette and crossed her legs. From his position on the floor he could see right up her dress.

She sat calmly smoking the cigarette and watching him. She sneered, as she saw his inept attempts to clean up... all he was doing was pushing the rag around and around, slowly smearing the mud in wider circles on the floor.

He looked up at her again. His face burned, both in embarrassment at the lame attempts he was making and the sense of overwhelming awe at the overtly sexual image sitting there. He sensed something mature emanating, beyond his full understanding, yet coming from a place he wanted to enter, despite his palpitating fear.

"Are you peeking up my dress?" she said, suddenly.

George almost died, because, of course, that's exactly what he was doing. All he could think about was the loud slaps she'd given the old man... and her ominous words: "Go upstairs and wait for me."

George managed to respond. He cleared his throat and squeaked, "I wasn't looking up your dress, Ma'am."

"Liar!" she screamed. "I wonder what your mother would say if I told her you were looking up my dress. I might even tell her you tried to molest my daughter. You know, Gilda's told me about you, how you have ten hands. What do you think I should do about it?"

George almost collapsed in utter terror. Aside from the looking up her dress, all the rest were blatant lies. He'd never even dated her daughter, who was two years behind him in school. Trembling, he was on the verge of adding his vomit to the muddied floor.

"Well fool? Answer me. What should I do about your affront... your near criminal behavior?"

He shivered there on his knees. He could not think of an answer. All he could croak was, "Pleases... please... I didn't... you're wrong."

"Come closer."

"But what?..."

"I said come closer. No... stop! I didn't say get up. Crawl to me. Crawl closer."

He had never felt such fear in his life. Oh, he could take a slap or two, like the old man did. But there was something deeper here. Something terrifying. And yet this also thrilled him, and his cock began to stiffen. This was the beginning of something sinister yet perversely inviting. Near to collapsing in terror, eighteen-year-old George Fallon crawled forward into his destiny.





CHAPTER 1: THE FALLONS

(page 4)

"Ling, are you listening to me?"

Suddenly, eighteen year-old George Fallon was brought forward into present time. His wife's voice, now with its familiar tone, shook him.

"Uh... Yes, Mistress?"

"Bring refreshments for everyone. I believe it's unanimous? Iced tea for all? And those nice scones from yesterday."

Orders are to be obeyed immediately, and so ling rose quickly to his feet. As he did so, the caning bit into him again, and he grimaced and let out a small... "oh."

"Wait, ling. Before you go. Let me see the results of the caning test."

Again, ling knew better than to hesitate, or worse, complain. He stopped in his tracks and turned his rear to Jinx. He loosened his belt and lowered his pants. He felt her cool, leather glove upon his buttocks.

"Excellent..." she laughed. "Just wonderful. Turn, ling. Show this handiwork to our guests." As he showed off his posterior, Jinx said, "This is the work of Sky Jones, that lovely young black girl down the road. She tested some new rattan canes for me. Five of them, I believe."

Lola Dean had seen many a backside by this time, yet the uniform way in which ling's ass was striped impressed her. Hannah Luft nodded her head in approval. Alfred Luft merely thanked heaven that it was not his own ass that had been put to the cane.

"I just love this girl," Jinx told them. "I can actually feel the corrugated welts through my gloves. Just look how these welts have been raised, and how straight across. Thirty strokes, and not a drop of blood. She's an artist. I can't wait for you to meet her, Frau Hannah."

"Yah, very goot," Hannah said. But she was not impressed. She could not understand the reason to avoid blood. So what is the idea? It can easily be cleaned up. Once she began caning, she did not stop until she was tired, and the breathing came too fast--or the excitement forced her to stop so it could be satisfied.

While ling was off preparing the iced tea, Jinx invited the Lufts to return later for an impromptu get together.

An impromptu get together... what ling detested most.

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦

FALLON FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

George arrives home to find Jinx typically cold. He faces harsh, gut-wrenching humiliation, as her lover is coming over. But George has no one to blame but himself, as the flash-back to their honeymoon proves. Then, out for a morning ride on horseback,

Jinx meets another equestrienne, Amanda Roe, and they ride to Amanda's fabulous mansion for a talk and breakfast. They make plans to meet again. Will their mounts be human next time?





CHAPTER 2: JINX

Jinx Fallon was a tall, beautiful woman, with Irish blood and abundant energy. She spent this abundant energy on her two passions... riding horses and fucking men. Rare was the morning when she was not leaving home by seven am, dressed in full equestrian tack and eager for a morning workout upon her stallion, Devious. And rare was the night when her bed lacked the body of some muscular Adonis.

Her husband, George (Ling), was absent during both these activities. Of course he was not out horseback riding. He was in the city across the river, working at his office, marketing cellular telephones to wholesalers in China. And at night... well, Ling spent most his nights mired in pain and utter humiliation.

The Fallon property within Imperia was not huge; just twenty acres. But it was larger than the average, and enough to hold a small stable (for 4 horses) and a shed for feed and riding tack. Also, it had a good meadow and two corrals; one of them for dressage. At the back of the property, there were some woods. Within the woods was a

common path that circled and snaked throughout most of Imperia. The path was used for hiking and horse riding.

At seven am, Jinx Fallon entered her stable, today stepping quickly to the white Arabian. The stallion smelled her perfume and snorted. His desire for the open road was tempered by his hatred for the cruel rider. He stamped a rear foot and shook his head, but the head harness was on at all times, and soon as she entered his stall she attached chains to the rings set either side of his mouth and clipped the chains to rings at opposite sides of the stall opening. His head now had only an inch or so of leeway. This held him in place for saddling. He protested by swinging his rear around. He wasn't about to trample her, just rebel at bit; show some pride. At six years old he had a lot of vinegar in him, and had not been gelded.

The morning was cool yet, and the stallion's exhale steamed in the still barn. Jinx reached for the blanket and laid it up the tall horse's back. Again he shied and danced his rear legs around.

Suddenly, she kicked him. She brought her pointed boot hard up into his soft belly.



"Goddam it, stay put!" she screamed.





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 2)

The horse whinnied shrilly at the shocking and painful kick. But he should have known better. That was not the first time he'd been kicked in the belly for this same misdemeanor.

With the saddle now tightly cinched in place, she brought over the reins and bit. He was about to shy up, but felt the tether of the chains gave no slack. With his head held motionless, there was little he could do. Also, being a horse, he didn't know his own strength; didn't know he could pull both tethers out, rip the screws that held the chain right from the wooden uprights.

He submitted to the hated bit, in this case it was a long, shank spade bit, which was painful, as it could be made to dig cruelly into the horse's superior palate.

Jinx walked around him. Until a month ago she'd owned three horses. The Arab's name was Devious. The bay Holsteiner gelding was Chargeit. She chose Devious because she'd ridden Chargeit the previous day, and she almost always gave a horse one day to recover and heal from the wounds she caused. She'd owned a magnificent Thoroughbred named Devil Lips, but the horse had gone down crossing a stream, slipping on some underwater stones. Jinx vowed never to own a thoroughbred again. They were beautiful animals, but much too fragile.

And so, with Devil Lips carcass butchered for dog meat, Jinx was--in her estimation--between horses. You see, she needed three horses at least because of the harsh treatment to which she subjected them.

Since she rode daily, the horses required two days to recover fully; for their wounds to heal. In fact, neither Devious nor Chargeit realized that losing their friend had benefited both: by being ridden every other day, Jinx had to ease up on her cruelty; ordinarily she'd wantonly whip and spur them without mercy, and use the most cruel tongue rowel bits.

Jinx stood back and lit a cigarette, the last before her ride. Her rusty red hair was in a ponytail. She wore full English riding tack: a plaid worsted jacket over a light turtleneck sweater, and twilled ecru jodhpurs. Her English riding boots were custom-made, with a pointed toe like a cowboy boot and a permanently fixed spur of her own design; it had no rowel, but was tapered enough to dig and gouge into a horse's hide. Her riding crop held no tab at the end, the better to slice the air and cut into a horse's flesh.

She donned her black riding helmet and then led the proud stallion out into the paved courtyard to the mounting stone. Stubbing out her cigarette, she mounted, immediately pulling back harshly on the reins: the big stallion has to know right off who is in charge.

Devious knew that once they passed the lunging corral he was home free. It meant they were headed out onto the long, soft path that led through meadow and shaded woods. He wanted to run, but Jinx held him to a short, prancing trot. And they were off.

Jinx entered the darkened woods, gave her horse a little head, and the pace quickened, the morning breeze refreshing in her face. She flexed in time with the gait of the trot, riding easily, so that she made no jarring bounce on the saddle.

After about three miles of familiar pathway, she came to another path she'd not noticed before. Hoof marks gave evidence the path had been used by another rider. Jinx knew the other Imperia riders: out of 300 families in Imperia there were only a handful, and of those none were serious daily riders.





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 3)

Curiosity grabbed her, and she turned onto this new path. Who made the tracks? Was Giselle Deveraux's teen daughter Rinny beginning to ride? That would clear up the mystery as only someone unfamiliar with the well-beaten trail would go off like this.

Jinx drew up Devious to a halt: even 'standing still' the jittery stallion balked and pranced; no mere weekend rider could keep their seat upon this lively stallion. Pulling tightly on the reins, Jinx stared down at the foreign tracks left by the other horsewoman. Jinx was no tracker, but one glance told her that the rider had traveled both directions along this path. And, she surprised herself when she noted the shoe prints were larger than that of her own horse.

The unfamiliar track led off in a winding and sometimes zig-zag pattern, and often Jinx had to duck overhanging branches. Finally, uphill it led and she followed along. Now, perhaps twenty minutes along the path, she came out at a clearing atop a softly graded hill. A wide and lovely valley was spread beneath her, the wide vista giving her a thrill. She was no longer in Imperia.

Far in the distance--perhaps a half-mile off--stood a huge mansion, still submerged in morning mist. Even so far off it appeared huge. And ancient. It must be some sort of State mental institution, Jinx guessed, with its rising parapets and battlements. Or an English castle of some sort, dropped here stone by stone.

Suddenly, off to the right and down the grassy knoll, a movement caught Jinx's eye. It was far off, maybe 200 yards or so, but unmistakable. It was another rider: a woman on horseback, garbed in a wine-red coat riding atop a sleek black steed. And she was heading uphill toward Jinx.

Of course the woman could hardly miss seeing me, Jinx thought. Even from far off, I must stand out upon this white horse, with a backdrop of dark green.

Jinx did not move toward the cantering newcomer, just waited, holding Devious in place; best as the beast could be held. As the woman rode uphill nearer, her beauty astounded Jinx. And Jinx admired the handsome charger carrying the young woman.

The girl pulled up facing Jinx. "Good morning," said the raven-haired beauty. "I'm Amanda Roe."

"Jinx Fallon. Glad to meet you." Jinx realized suddenly that this young woman was the owner of this vast and beautiful property. "I do apologize for trespassing. I discovered an unfamiliar trail and just followed some hoof tracks."

"Oh, no problem at all. No doubt it's my own horse that made those marks. If that's the case, then I'm the one who did the trespassing. So, you're from Imperia, are you?"

"Yes, Imperia," Jinx replied, not certain if this young lady knew anything about the town, or if she did, what opinion she held.

"Please, Jinx, ride with me," Amanda said and turned her horse downhill toward the huge house. "Do you have some time? Please tell me you weren't heading back home so early,

and on such a lovely morning."

"No, I wasn't heading back home just yet." Jinx replied, moving her horse beside Amanda's tall stallion. She looked down at Amanda's boots and spurs. She couldn't help notice that her horse was bleeding from some fresh gouging inflicted on it. So, Jinx pondered, this looks like a woman after my own heart.

As they set out at a leisurely walk, still Jinx had to rein in her Arab. The horse, seeing the wide-open down-sloping grassland, was eager to fly.





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 4)

"A spirited horse you have there," Amanda said.

"Yes. I need to keep a firm control over this beast. No matter how I punish him he still refuses to learn. Ignorant beast!"

"I understand perfectly, Jinx. Just another male of that species. Needs the firm hand of a woman."

Jinx smiled brightly. I think I'm going to like this Amanda Roe.

Each woman politely eyed the other. Amanda noticed the custom-made boots Jinx wore, and the high-gloss shine. And what kind of spurs were those? What gorgeous rust-red hair on the woman, above that model's neck. For Jinx's part, she marveled at the younger woman's looks. So exotic, with green up-turned eyes and pert little nose. Her raven-black hair in a low tail. And what a sexy leather quirt she has looped around her right wrist.

"Do you ride daily," Jinx asked.

"Oh yes. It's a passion. I'm out in almost any kind of weather. How about you?"

"Yes," Jinx replied, "I'm the same. It's so... invigorating."

"And sexy?"

Jinx laughed out loud. "Yes. Yes. Sexy too."

"Then we must ride together. We can find a place to meet that's halfway. What do you say?"

"I say I'm delighted. I love riding. But riding with a lady after my own heart would be a blessing."

Amanda said, "Please, come have breakfast with me."

"Now?"

"Yes. Come on. I'll race you down there."

"Go ahead," Jinx said. "Kick him out. I'll catch up."

"Oh, will you," Amanda replied, and simultaneously dug her spurs and slashed down with her riding quirt. The tall black Holsteiner lowered its rear and bounded off.

Jinx's horse needed no goading. All she had to do was ease off on the reins and Devious was rushing off like the wind. Amanda had gotten a thirty-yard lead, but the white Arab made up that distance almost instantly. As Jinx swiftly passed Amanda, she realized two things. First, she could beat the other horse down there, but shouldn't do it by a margin that would demean the other rider. And secondly, the younger woman was rather new to riding and needed to learn.

When Jinx passed her, Amanda began to whip and spur her horse, the rowel spurs gouging the horse's flesh. But the unfortunate animal, fast as he was, was bred for jumping, not racing, and could not possibly catch the Arab. Still, Amanda was in a state of ecstasy. She loved this, and vowed to take out one of her own Arabs next time; or maybe even one of her thoroughbreds. Darius owned six Arabs alone, and ten thoroughbreds, although not all those were stabled here at Carfax Abbey.

Jinx reined in Devious. But, to give the appearance of continuing to challenge Amanda, she whipped and spurred also. This gave conflicting signals to her poor horse, but she didn't care. She didn't want this gorgeous young woman--who was to be her hostess--losing face.

Amanda's Holsteiner caught up, and they neared the mansion with Jinx retaining only a slight lead. As they neared themansion, Jinx began to realize just how large and palatial was this building. 'Jesus Christ' she said to herself, what was this... Balmoral Castle, in Scotland?





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 5)

Suddenly, Amanda understood that Jinx was cheating in her favor. She called out. "All right, Jinx. You win. Let's trot in together."

Jinx reined in hard now, the cruel bit digging into Devious's palate. She managed to get him down to a soft trot as Amanda pulled up beside her.

"You're a wonderful rider, Jinx," Amanda said. She liked saying Jinx's name.

"Thank you, Amanda," Jinx replied as they reached the large cobblestone court at the front of the mansion. "And you've got a magnificent home. I've never seen anything like it in America."

"I'll say thank you for the compliment, but the fact is I married Darius Vellum. I'm just a plain old girl from Monterey, California. But there's a little paper certificate that makes me mistress of all this." She laughed.

"Nice," Jinx replied. She was not one to be jealous, but under the unusual circumstance who could not? Even if Darius Vellum was old, fat, bald and Quasi-modo ugly, this fairy-tale wealth and property had to mitigate that.

They slowed to a walk, finally pulling up before a stone platform placed out in the drive. It was for mounting and dismounting. A stable boy was already waiting and appeared a bit flustered at two riders arriving together. He went to his Mistress first and led her horse beside the stone. Dismounting, she struck him across the face with her leather-gloved hand. The sound was surprisingly loud. But the sight and sound of this aroused Jinx. What a wonderful young woman!

"You help a guest first, boy," she chastised him. The stable boy was black, and Jinx felt a pang of guilt: calling a black man 'boy' was not done since the 1940s. But Jinx admired the girl: she was an equal opportunity punisher and debaser.

After dismounting, they approached the edifice of the massive building. Jinx was in awe. And yet what she couldn't see would have impressed her even more. The house and grounds were peopled by butlers, maids, cooks, gardeners, coachmen, stable boys and farm hands, over a hundred servants in all. The estate spread over 600 acres, embracing fields and forests, gardens, greenhouses, grape arbors, old icehouses, barns and stables.

At the front door, Jinx noticed it was movie-set tall, perhaps as high as two tall men. As they entered, an old-fashioned butler walked briskly toward them. He was in his sixties and balding, wearing a black coat with tails and striped trousers.

"Good morning, Madam. I hope your ride was pleasant," he said. He offered to take her helmet, gloves and quirt, but she un-strapped and removed only her hard hat and handed him the heavy thing. To Jinx's delight, she removed the leather band holding her hair together at the nape and shook out a curtain of silky raven-colored hair. "Give him your hat, Jinx," she said. Which Jinx did.

Jinx looked around her. The vestibule--if you could call it that--was cavernous. Off to the left stood a curved stairway; it had to be a hundred paces from the front door. The

stairway led eventually up to two higher levels. This meant that the domed ceiling in the anteroom (the room that contained the stairway, some sculptures and large planters) was as high as in a museum; perhaps a hundred feet above.





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 6)

"Let's go out back for breakfast," Amanda said, and led the way. The two women strode off quickly, giving an image that excited even the old butler. For the horsey fetishist, they were a delight indeed: both in tight, high-cut English riding coats, slit in the back, revealing the tightly-fit jodhpurs hugging their well-rounded rears. Both still wore leather gloves and carried whips. And the sound of their foot falls echoed in the large, marble-floored anteroom. And their hair! One in shocking rust-red, the other pure black.

They passed through a massive living room. It had over a dozen sofas and two dozen club chairs. And it took a dozen or more large Oriental carpets to cover only half the thick-hewn oak floors.

Through a wide and curving array of French doors, they reached a stone patio. Another fifty feet on was the breakfast table, big enough to seat ten. Jinx thought, Jesus, you could work up an appetite just walking down to breakfast.

They sat beside each other.

"I am dying for a cigarette," Amanda said immediately. "Do you smoke, Jinx?"

"Yes. And thank you, I'll take one."

"It's terrible, isn't it?" Amanda asked. "Considering what they say. All the negative stuff."

"Not at all," Jinx replied, accepting a light. "We have only one life. I think we should live it anyway that pleases us. It's one true pleasure for me."

"And sexy, too?" Amanda said, exhaling and smiling.

Jinx laughed out loud. "Yes, and sexy too."

They reached to each other and shook hands. Both still wore gloves.

A maid appeared.

"Want an English breakfast?" Amanda asked.

"Sure. Whatever you're having."



"Carmelita, you heard? And coffee for three, immediately."

"Oh?" Jinx uttered. "Is your husband joining us?"

"No. Darius is either in Bangkok or Thailand. I just like coffee," she said smiling.

Jinx smiled too. But didn't tell the young girl that Bangkok was in Thailand. She took a long drag on her cigarette. All alone in this huge palace, she thought. She thought she'd pry a little; delicately, to be sure. This Darius fascinated her. What's it like to be worth billions? What a thrill. But not enough, obviously, since he's off in Europe while his beautiful wife is left here alone on this vast estate.

A crazy thought came to her: a flash of an image came to her, and she saw herself seducing Darius, stealing him from Amanda. Maybe even he's a--you know--a latent submissive. Just imagine... enslaving a handsome billionaire. But recalling her thought of him being fat, old and ugly, she quickly set this fantasy aside. For the moment.

"You don't travel with Darius, Amanda?"

"Only to Europe or Australia and New Zealand. And Hong Kong, where we met. The rest is not civilized enough for me. Beside, Darius is paranoid about me being kidnapped, so this is the only place where he feels I am safe on my own."

Jinx snubbed out her cigarette. "Amanda, you know anything about Imperia?" Jinx just had to get that out; had to find out where this young woman stood.

"Oh yes... of course. Darius is able to obtain almost any kind of information. And so we know all about the... uh... particular lifestyle in Imperia."

Her hesitation troubled Jinx. So, she isn't open to this, she thought.

But Amanda continued. "I should say, too, that we are completely in sympathy with your philosophy... if sympathy is the right word."

"Sympathy is a right word, if you could tell me in which way you agree."

"Uh... well, Darius wants to be my slave?" Amanda replied, hesitantly.



CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 7)

Ling arrived home and--obeying standing orders--found his way across the long ranch house to Jinx's bedroom. He knocked politely on her open door and knelt in the doorway. Jinx was sitting at her elaborate vanity, preening for a date with her latest lover. A cigarette burned in an ashtray beside her. Ling despised cigarette smoke and the room reeked of it.

"I'm home, Mistress," he said in a humble tone.

He looked across at his gorgeous wife, her ramrod-straight posture, her long, smooth, naked back, half hidden by a blanket of flowing rusty red hair.

"It's about time," she complained, lifting her cigarette and holding it. She knew well how much he hated the smoke, and reveled in the fact she could annoy him this way. "Your dinner is ready in the kitchen. Eat that, but drink nothing. Then, go shower and get into your maid's outfit." She took a drag on her cigarette and exhaled. "Well? You waiting for some slaps?"

"Oh no, Mistress. Sorry," he huffed, then rose from his knees and rushed down the long hallway toward the kitchen.

Eat dinner! God, he hated dinner at home; dinner prepared by his sadistic wife. What frightful surprise awaited him tonight? A bowl of cereal soaking in Jinx's urine? A bowl of dog food? Tepid scraps brought home from yesterday's dinner out, but sprinkled liberally with the remains of her ashtray? Already, a gagging feeling was welling up in him.

But he was lucky. It was merely a frozen dinner she'd put in the microwave, a diet variety, providing no more than 300 calories. It was Swedish meatballs, made unappetizing by the fact it had laid open on the counter and cooled in the air-conditioned kitchen for an hour or more. But Ling was satisfied it was not something repulsive. And he was happy the meal was still in its plastic tray, which meant he could sit at table to eat, not on all fours, eating out of his dog bowl.

He looked at the half dozen tiny meatballs immersed in the thickened coagulated and cold gravy. He tested the meatballs with his fork. They were uniformly round and firm. He worried that his wife might have inserted a lump of her shit into his meal (oh, so cruelly funny). Although she'd never gone that far, unfortunately this was the state of Ling's mind; that he was forced by countless other cruelties to consider Jinx capable of such a horrifying act.

Ling quickly ate up the "dinner" and tossed the plastic tray into the garbage (and the plastic fork she'd left out on the table). He did not linger, did not stall and--above all--did not sneak something to drink. A small digital camera was always spying, the images relayed to either Jinx's office/den or her vanity table.





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 8)

Once known by his birth name of George Fallon, Ling was a handsome and accomplished man. Always achieving in both business and social life, he was sought after by both men and women. At six feet and 180 pounds, he was polished and graceful and successful with women.

But there was a strange part to him, a part no one knew about. The fact was, George Fallon didn't want to succeed with women. He wanted them to succeed with him. And, soon as he "conquered" a woman, he became disgusted and dropped her. Oh, a new woman--the next one--would attract him, but through no fault of his own he attracted them too, and soon they were flooding affection upon him, wanting to "cuddle" with him... and all that made him nauseous.

Then he was introduced to Jinx Jameson. Arrogant, haughty, recently divorced, she regarded him with cool disdain.

Her attitude and mien triggered something in him... a memory: the dramatic (perhaps traumatic) impact left in him by Denise Lefleur, the arrogant, demanding older woman who initiated the teenage George into a world he could never otherwise imagine.

But now he had to rush out of the kitchen and leave the memories of Denise Lefleur and his early days with Jinx Jameson behind. Now, he rushed to obey his wife. Now he had to undress and shower. He had to get into the embarrassing maid's uniform.

"Ah, there you are at last," Jinx said as he reappeared kneeling at her door. She had dressed herself, now standing and appraising her image in a full-length mirror. She wore a tight-fitting, knee length, raw silk gown of deep cobalt blue, which complimented perfectly her rust colored hair. Long diamond earrings glittered, sending tiny sparks of light onto her long model's neck.

"Get up and let me look at you," she ordered.

Ling stood, somewhat unsteadily due to the five-inch heels on the pumps she made him wear. He stood shame-faced in front of her, a handsome, virile male mockingly clad in a French maid's uniform. It was bad enough he had to serve both his wife and her lover... but why the added debasement? Why mock his masculinity?

Jinx's current lover, Carl, didn't pay much attention to the details of Ling's uniform--or even Ling at all--and Jinx knew Carl was there just for her body (the way she wanted his) and yet she nit-picked Ling's appearance.

"Your shoulders aren't straight," she complained, adjusting the neckline and lay of the white lace. "And those garters are not clipped correctly. Son of a bitch, can't you do anything right?"

Ling kept his mouth shut. So far she hadn't seemed inclined to punish him for his imperfections.

"All right. Carl will be here at seven-thirty. You will show him in to the parlor. You will call him sir. You will offer him a drink. After you've served it, you will go off to the

kitchen and wait there until you hear me ring for you. Understood?"

"Yes, Mistress," he whispered, his eyes lowered.

Any time Ling was near Jinx, he shivered with both lust and fear. To him, she exuded a kind of regal femininity reminiscent of Hollywood actresses from the '40s and '50s, who played 18th century monarchy back in the days of costume dramas. Of course, Rita Hayworth came to mind. But also Rhonda Fleming, who had a rich, throaty voice that commanded attention.

Ling was mired in a state of convoluted desires. He desired the unattainable and immediately discarded those he'd "attained." And Jinx was his wife... by definition he'd attained the unattainable. But truth was, he did not possess Jinx. She possessed him. And, amazing even to himself, he'd fucked his own wife but once. One single brief episode since their marriage. And from thereafter he'd be forbidden.

And so this current state was his fault entirely... there was no doubt in his mind that his guilt stemmed from his performance on their very wedding night.





CHAPTER 2: JINX

(page 9)

It was the night of their wedding, and George had had too much to drink. By the time they'd reached their hotel room he was totally soused. Jinx paced heavily around the room, seemingly angry at something. George recognized her anger, but in his state could not understand the cause.

"What's the matter, sweetheart (it came out shweetheart)? He asked, plopping down on the bed, his pants and shirt still on, his jacket flung toward a chair, but most of it dragging on the floor. "Come on, lover," he called, patting the bed. "Come give me some of your sweet kisses."

Instead she disappeared into the bathroom. By the time she emerged, dressed in a light, filmy negligee, he was sound asleep. Now, Jinx Jameson was a hot-blooded red head, and had been expecting to get laid and a lot more. The sight of her new husband passed out on the bed disgusted her.

Even so, she tried to rouse him "George," she said, sweeping aside her wispy lingerie and reaching for his crotch. "Come on, honey... here I am. Let's make each other happy," she chuckled, now somewhat amused. Her tone changed, she urged "George. Honey. George!" she cried out, now roughly rocking him.

Nothing.

She sat for a moment. Now she was hurt. Insulted. Aggravated. But also horny and wide awake.

"George! GEORGE!" she yelled, shaking him.

She got dressed. Put on a sexy sheath dress. Shook out her long red hair. And she went downstairs to the bar. It took her less than twenty minutes to pick up a burly stranger. He had broad shoulders and a room at the hotel. They went there. She fucked him.

The next morning George woke first. He was hung over, but felt alive and eager. Jinx was sound asleep, her red hair splayed out over the pillows. He looked at her luscious body and went in to shower. When he came out he was ready. Erect.

"Good morning, gorgeous," he whispered, as she began to stir. He moved in beside her, put an arm around her, reaching for her left breast. He kissed her neck. He was ready.

She smiled at him. He smiled back. He kissed her and she kissed him back. He began kissing her breasts. Licking her nipples.

As George licked and sucked on her nipple, she moaned in appreciation. "Oh, honey," she whispered, ... "please, please go down on me. Please, eat me first."

He needed no prodding. Quickly, he moved his face to her crotch, separated the red hairs and planted his mouth into the opening.

But something was wrong. Something strange yet familiar. There was a smell that hit him, an odor slightly familiar but now somehow intensified. It was dried semen.

Immediately, George pulled back his head. At first George was confused. Does this mean...? Last night...? I can't remember.

"What's the matter, sweetheart?" Jinx asked, in a snide tone.

"There's... there's cum," he squealed, shocked, and now suddenly nauseated. "I don't remember. I was so drunk. But did we...?"

"What's the difference, honey? Why stop now?"

He knelt up on the bed. "God, Jinx, it's cum," he complained. "I'm not about to eat my own cum."

"Oh, don't worry about that, George... it's not your cum."

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 3: LING THE CUCKOLD

George Fallon--now called Ling--waited the arrival of his wife's lover. Ling was dressed in full maid's uniform, with a light midriff corset, fitted with six suspenders, black seamed stockings, high heeled black pumps, and a pleated mini-skirt trimmed in lace. He wore a white apron that was too short to hide the skirt, and too short to hide the embarrassing pink panties beneath it all.

Ling, to put it moderately, was miserable. To be humiliated like this was almost beyond his endurance... but not quite, and that is what Jinx Fallon knew; that's what made her so clever... she knew her husband well, and although he utterly detested his slavery and attending humiliations and pain, she knew he'd suffer through it and be there for more.



Jinx had been fucking other men from as far back as her honeymoon. And she continued seeing lovers on a regular basis. Back in those early years, although George felt humiliated being the cuckold, at least Jinx went out with her dates. George never met them. After moving to Imperia, however, when George's name became Underling, Jinx began turning up the humiliation by bringing her dates home.

As the minutes ticked by toward seven-thirty--the fated time when Jinx's lover Carl should arrive--Ling thought about his life. Once he'd been the owner of a successful pharmaceutical company; they'd manufactured new age drugs, using rare and recently discovered ingredients found in remote lands. He'd made millions, and had a knack for parleying that into millions more. But Jinx had made him sell out most of his shares to Vera von Lieden in exchange for a large lump sum and a piece of property here in Imperia. The lump sum was in the millions, and big enough for them to live off for a lifetime. But George had to retire... as his new role as slave Ling took up too much of his

time.





CHAPTER 3: LING THE CUCKOLD

(page 2)

(As an aside, Vera von Lieden took an interest in drugs of different sorts. She wanted to know about the effectiveness of drugs on the performance of employee/slaves: could certain drugs improve or increase a slave's productiveness? Also, she had an interest in developing a drug that could act in a way opposite than a pain reliever: she wanted a drug that would make a person more sensitive to pain. The obvious result would be to make a recalcitrant slave more manageable. But more about this later)





CHAPTER 3: LING THE CUCKOLD

(page 3)

Now, Ling's life was filled with day after day of slavery, pain and humiliation. George had to admit he'd wanted this... at least at first. He'd submitted freely and easily the moment Jinx showed the slightest bit of dominance... and this was even before they were married. He'd confessed to her his secret submissive fantasies, the way they had been triggered and then expanded when, as an eighteen-year-old boy, the mature and controlling sophisticate, Denise Lefleur, conquered him.

Jinx and George had been dating, and George tended to drink a bit too much, and one night he told her the story:

"... and then after I saw what went on through the window with the old man, I was really..."

"Turned on?"

"Well, yeah... I was turned on. But there was something more to it. I can't really explain so good."

"Have another drink," Jinx Jameson suggested, jokingly.

But George did order another drink, and went on. "There was like some kind of mystery to it. Like what that old man was giving up, you know? He was a big shot. A rich successful guy to everybody else, but there he was suddenly naked and crawling on the floor. I felt this twinge..."

"In your cock..." Jinx added. She'd been drinking too. She'd always been oversexed, and a few drinks stimulated her yearnings even more. And George Fallon was a good-looking guy, successful in his own right, and Jinx wanted him... in lots of ways.

"Later, when I went into the house I tracked in this mud on my feet. And the woman made me get down and clean it up..."

Jinx interjected. "Did she take you upstairs, like the old man? She fuck you?" She wanted the details of the raw sex, and didn't seem to understand what George was trying to tell her.

He felt a little disappointed, which he realized was a bit strange; after all, she was hot and eager, and he knew he'd broken down her normally cool exterior mien. But he wanted her cold and indifferent, he wanted her to be like Denise Lefleur... and more.

George persisted. "So... yeah, she took me upstairs. But she made me crawl."

Just then Jinx lit a cigarette. She looked off to the side. Shit! George was ready to quit the story, even ready to lie about it... tell Jinx a story of raw sex; humping pumping, fucking.

"...And then, when she slid out of her panties, I saw her bare pussy. It was shaved, but I didn't realize it then as I was only eighteen and it was the first pussy I'd seen... well, the first one not in the dark. And..."

George took another long slug from his beer.

Jinx grabbed his shirt. "And?... and?..." she prodded.

Now he had her. "Well... she said 'take off your belt, little boy.' And I did. And she took it and looped it around my neck. I didn't know what to expect. At first I thought she was gonna whip me with it. But she had this weird smirk on her face, and like in slow motion she kind of reeled me in. Pulled me closer and closer into her crotch."

George looked at Jinx. Her cigarette had grown a long ash. She was rapt.

"You licked her pussy, right?" she said, in a breathless tone.

George had wanted to tell her in his own way. Wanted her to appreciate the thunderous impact this had on his eighteen-year-old psyche. He wanted her to appreciate the unique dynamic between them, which was more than mere sex.

He changed the story to please her, threw in all kinds of things about Denise Lefleur screaming as she came, and pulling his hair out by the roots.

"And what about you?" Jinx asked. "What'd she do for you? You fucked her, right?"

"Yes and no," he answered. He ordered another round of drinks.

"What do you mean...yes and no?" Jinx insisted.

"She ordered me to stand in front of her and strip. It blew my mind. I was never naked like that. But she told me in a tone of voice and a look of... her eyes were like a blowtorch to me... and I was like..."

"Like a schoolboy in front of the stern teacher..."

"Yeah, that's it exactly. My heart was ready to burst out of my chest."

"Get to the fucking 'yes and no.' Look at me... I'm giving you my own set of blowtorch eyes. Get to the fucking 'yes and no.'"

"I was embarrassed because my dick was hard and standing straight up, you know?" (He had Jinx's attention now) "And I believed she wanted me to fuck her then. I was scared shit. Then she said something that surprised me. She said... 'I like your little cock, boy. But I am afraid that you will come too fast and I don't want to get pregnant.'"

"She made you jerk off in front of her?"

"No. That's what I thought was gonna happen. No, she made me lay on the bed and she climbed on top of me. But instead of putting me into her pussy, she put my dick into her ass. It freaked me out. But it was so smooth and tight and I came in like three seconds."

Another aside: this from Jinx's point of view at the time.

(Jinx seemed as if she was lost in thought. They'd dated a few times by then and not yet fucked or even undressed. So she hadn't seen his cock yet. And the story had left her thinking; before she became emotionally involved with this man she wanted to see his cock. If a woman chose to have him bugger her rather than fuck her, maybe it was because his cock was small.)

After George told his story, Jinx invited him up to her apartment. And they fucked twice that night and again in the morning. But George felt kind of saddened; he'd succeeded in a way men yearn to succeed, but he'd failed to get across his point. He began to think this

wasn't going to work out. He didn't call her for a while.

And that's what did it. Jinx seemed to have become enlightened. She called him. But there was no conciliatory tone. Now she seemed insistent and arrogant; the way he believed she was when he first met her. He was sure she'd learned something in between, figured him out, realized what he'd been trying to say that night in the bar.

From that phone call on he knew she'd discovered something vital... that she could get more from him with vinegar than with honey.



CHAPTER 3: LING THE CUCKOLD

(page 4)

Ling was in the kitchen when the front doorbell rang. The ringing was loud, and startled him. He was drinking orange juice from a container and had to rush the long way to the front door. It was 7:20, and the bastard had showed up early.

Ling opened the door. He was breathing rapidly now, both from the brief spurt of running in the high heels and the sudden horrid wash of humiliation as Carl entered, snickering as he gave Ling the up and down.

Carl walked in past Ling as if he owned the place. He went straight for the large living room. Ling followed, his heels clicking along the tiles until they reached the carpeted living room.

When Ling caught up, he said, "Uh... Mistress told me to get you a drink."

"When's your Mistress coming down?" Carl said, his voice a deep baritone Ling could see he was looking him over again, probably thinking that man must be fucking crazy.

"I don't know. May I get you a drink meanwhile?"

"Yeah. Make me a rum and Coke." Carl picked up a magazine from the coffee table: the theme was typical for Imperia reading fare... one of resident Mara Tora's magazines on female supremacy. On the cover was the photo of a woman sitting casually upon the back of a crouched male.

Ling turned on his high heels and tip toed away to the bar. He hated this and he hated Carl more than anything. Carl was a big man, perhaps six-three, and around two-twenty. He dressed well, with black silk trousers, cuffed and pleated. His flowered shirt was open at the neck and beneath the gold chain showed a dark and hairy chest. He had big shoes, which contained big feet. His dark hair was thick and wavy. There was dark hair on the backs of his fingers, and Carl had a thick, bristle-like mustache. Ling hated mustaches, such a bogus macho affectation.

Ling had met Carl a few times before; the last time Jinx had made his dress in the maid's uniform. Ling was not a cross-dresser; had no yearnings for it. Rather he had opposite feelings... to him it was a degrading experience that he did not want repeated. But now it appeared that Jinx intended to dress him every time Carl came over. And Ling was fortunate on that previous visit, as Ling only had to parade around in the humiliating outfit, mix the lovers some drinks, and then he was dismissed for the night as the two lovers went off into Jinx big bedroom. But Mistress did hint of other things, further developments in slave Ling's service. Tonight, Ling was frightened what those developments might be.



CHAPTER 3: LING THE CUCKOLD

(page 5)

Ling brought the rum and Coke to Carl and placed it on the coffee table. He was pleased that Carl didn't bother to look up at him. Ling then went into the kitchen as Jinx had told him. He sat upon a tall stool next to the curving counter and sighed. He was happy to relieve the pressure off his feet, confined as they were in the high heel pumps. He hoped he could spend the rest of the evening in this bare and cold sanctuary, perhaps just called out as the last time, to mix and serve drinks.

Hmmm... he thought, I could use a drink myself at this point. Besides, Jinx had told him not to drink anything. But oh no... he just remembered, he'd taken some orange juice... just a little. But he'd disobeyed, and that could bring severe punishment; hopefully, Jinx would be too engrossed with her lover to monitor his kitchen activity. But then he wondered: what's all that about... don't drink anything? Why not?

About fifteen minutes later, Jinx came down into the living room. Ling could hear the muffled murmuring of their discussion. He imagined Carl standing at her approach and grabbing and mauling his wife, the two kissing passionately. The low tone of their discussion went on for another few minutes. Then Ling heard the small bell being rung by Jinx. With another deep sigh, Ling rose and went into the living room.

Jinx sat cross-legged beside the bearish Carl. She looked absolutely gorgeous, her red hair gleaming in the soft indirect lighting. She was smoking a cigarette, which she held high. When she spoke, her words came out like the crack of a whip, harsh, clipped, accusatory.

"Ling, you miserable bitch. I have a few questions for you. Get over here. No... closer. On your knees in front of us. Move the coffee table aside. Yes, closer."

With her right hand she lashed out and slapped Ling across the face. Then, continuing, she slapped again swiftly back hand, so that Ling's face was whipped side to side. The sudden sound was almost as startling as the pain.

Ling was both shocked and embarrassed. He hadn't expected this, to be disciplined in front of this boorish interloper. He wanted to get up and flee, wanted to run to his small room, face the consequences later. But he was fixed in place; the constant conditioning of his slavery held him like the strongest chains.

"Did you greet Carl properly?"

Neither Ling nor Carl understood what that meant. Ling's confusion and fear showed in his face. Greet Carl properly? Ling opened his mouth, about to question her. What had he done wrong. He'd served the drink and left. Just as Jinx had told him.

"Did you address Carl as sir?"

Ling gulped in fear. He looked to Carl for some support; forget that ridiculous avenue.

"Uh... yes, I do think I did say sir, Mistress."

"You didn't, bitch. You gave Carl the least ounce of consideration, you gave him a cold shoulder, a man heads above you, you insignificant worm. You actually insulted him, a

guest in this house. You not only disobeyed my direct order, you have just compounded this treasonous offense with a bold-faced despicable lie."

At this, Carl let out a small chuckle, one of those that comes from the nostrils. Ling thought: I am suffering the pangs of hell here, and this fucking brute finds this all amusing.

Jinx took a drag on her cigarette and blew the smoke toward the kneeling Ling. "How do you plead, wench?" Jinx said in a cruelly comedic way.

Ling knew immediately the agonizing response necessary "Guilty, Mistress."

"Crawl over there and get my riding crop."

Ling did not have to crawl far. A menacing riding crop was placed in every room in the house. His stomach was roiling, and the meager frozen dinner threatened to come up. He feared Jinx and her crop more than anything, after all this woman was an equestrienne--and a cruel one at that--with the knowledge and experience for whipping huge beasts into submission.

"Bring it back in your mouth, bitch."

Jinx was in her glory. What ecstasy! What enjoyment! She had in Carl, a virtual stud, a man big and burly, yet with a reserved and suave demeanor. He was, of course, younger than both she and Ling, just age twenty-eight, but with the worldly mien of a James Bond. And his endowment... he was equipped with an appendage that rose swiftly and stayed that way. He could control his ejaculation, withholding it until Jinx was more than satisfied. And he recovered so quickly that Jinx often was startled by his readiness to go another round. And that penis! Magnificent! Jinx thought it the paragon of penises, the silky soft skin covered a rigid bone, and when erect projected a full eight and a half inches. And its velvety head responded at the lightest touch of Jinx's finger.

But her joy and ecstasy extended beyond her possessive feeling toward Carl, her brawny stud; she thrilled at the suffering and humiliation of her husband Ling. What deep-down satisfaction at his degradation. She did not fully understand Ling's willingness to suffer like this, and she didn't even understand why she took such pleasures at enslaving and degrading him... but what did it matter? Why search for motives? All she knew was this was the height of exhilaration; on the one hand, to have a Tom Selleck duplicate fucking her, while her devoted husband scurried about on his hands and knees, ready to serve and suffer. Her pussy was virtually dripping, her clitoris throbbing, her heart racing.

Ling's heart was thudding. The degradation was almost too much. As he crawled toward them with the riding crop gripped crosswise in his teeth, he saw a smirk on Carl's face. Ling could feel his own face flush hot with shame. Yet, to get up and run, to double-cross Jinx in that way was unthinkable. Ling was soon to learn that a mere smirk from this burly interloper was the least of humiliations he was to face.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The true humiliation begins, with Ling finding that being forced to witness his wife's love affair is minor compared to the shame of serving them both. A new chapter in his slavish life begins.





CHAPTER 4: FORCED TO WATCH HIS WIFE AND LOVER

Ling—formerly known as George Fallon—knelt before his beautiful wife and her lover, Carl. One of his wife’s many riding crops was clenched cross-wise in his teeth. Ling had faced humiliation before, and punishments. But never had he faced what seemed to be developing here: the two ordeals combined.

Slowly, seductively, Jinx Fallon leaned forward and retrieved the crop from Ling’s mouth. He looked up at her. She was gorgeous yet fearsome, and Ling shivered in awe.

“I hate your face,” she whispered with scorn. “Bend down, bitch, head to the floor, ass in the air. You know the position.”

She rose and walked behind him, brandishing the riding crop. She reached down and pulled away Ling’s panties; as if the flimsy satin could shield him from the effects of her whipping.

Without preamble, she began slashing away at him. Her technique was untypical: she lashed him forehand and back, slashing first one exposed cheek then the other. The strokes came rapid-fire, echoing like snapping firecrackers in the domed living room.

Carl leaned back with his rum and Coke, crossed his legs and watched the woman release her fury. It was an amusing and unusual sight. Carl, of course, did not live in Imperia, he had a swank apartment in one of the tallest buildings, and owned a trucking company in the city across the river.

As Carl watched the woman’s efforts with growing amazement, he noticed he was becoming more than merely amused. Something was happening between his legs. There was a sort of exotic and mysterious aspect to all this, something deep and primal.

Jinx let out a small grunt with each swing, and Ling cried out softly as each lash landed. There was no formality, such as counting the strokes; this was a whipping with pure fury behind it.

After about five minutes of a constant staccato of leather on flesh, finally jinx stood erect, breathing hard from her exertion. “This is just the beginning, slave. This was to get me warmed up. To get my juices flowing. Now, pull up those panties, get up and bring me a drink.”

Slowly, with every muscle aching from tension and with tears brimming in his eyes, Ling raised himself off the floor and pulled up the offensive women’s panties. As he struggled to stand upon the teetering and ridiculous high heels, he realized his wife had not told him exactly what she wanted to drink. He was about to ask her, but already she’d turned her attention to the big ex-truck driver.

Still grasping the riding crop, she sat beside Carl, and was whispering something into his ear. Ling wanted to ask her choice of drink, but was afraid to interrupt her intimacy. What’s the protocol? He’d forgotten. Jinx had, over the years, instilled in Ling a ridiculously large number of rules to govern his behavior. The list seemed to him unending and forever expanding. Kneel this way, keep eyes that way, speak when spoken to... and et cetera. Speak when spoken to seemed to fit this situation.

Ling decided to prepare a vodka and tonic, Jinx’s most usual drink.

Carrying the drink upon a small tray, Ling approached the couple. As he neared, he noticed Carl had finished his drink. One thing Ling knew was to ask the guest if he wanted another drink. He bent to serve Jinx and asked softly, “May I serve you another rum and Coke, sir?”

“Bitch,” Jinx growled. “What’s this?”

“A vodka and tonic, Mistress.”

“Did I tell you I wanted vodka, idiot?”

“No, Mistress...”

This was the crux of it all... he could do nothing right. The psychology of it was to create in him a situation where he just couldn’t win. Any attempt—even if motivated by a desire to please—could be twisted into a grievous boner. And following that came an arbitrary and harsh punishment.

(About the punishments: one might think that after a while a man might become inured to them, perhaps build up a tolerance. But—at least with Ling—such was not the case. He felt all subsequent whippings, slappings, beatings as fresh and painful as the first. The pain might have become familiar, but no less agonizing.)

“Where do you come off making decisions, asshole? Don’t you know you’re totally incapable of independent thought? Don’t you know you were fucking *born* mistaken?”

Ling remained frozen in place. Yes, she’s right... what do I know about independent thought? Like for instance... right now I don’t know what to do.

“I’ll take that,” Carl said, suddenly.

Ling was relieved. Saved by the lover. He moved the tray in front of Carl.

Jinx said, “Bring me a glass of wine, slave. Chardonnay.”

“Yes, Mistress...” Ling replied, regaining his breath.





CHAPTER 4: FORCED TO WATCH HIS WIFE AND LOVER

(page 2)

Ling knelt to the side, his head bowed slightly. But he could not help seeing and hearing the interplay of the two lovers.

They sat close, with faces near enough to feel each other's breath. Jinx put down her crop and lifted a cigarette. Carl lit it for her. Holding her cigarette and wine in her right hand, she let her left rest on Carl's right thigh. They murmured to each other little pleasantries. He mentioned something about buying four new trucks; he kept his fleet modern and sold off old trucks while they were still under warranty, and... blah, blah.

Ling noticed Jinx was rapt on her lover's every word, whereas when Ling tried to mention a personal accomplishment Jinx turned a deaf ear.

Ling wondered: does Jinx know how much of a torture this is for me? Does she realize that every little nuance brings another stab to my heart? The ridiculous maid's uniform is a humiliation enough, and being whipped and ordered is humiliation enough... but there are additional subtle things heaped upon the obvious, the little cuddly talks, the gazes of rapt interest, the tender placement of a hand on his leg; does Jinx realize how these are whip strokes in themselves?

"You've got to show me your trucks some time," Jinx said to Carl, after sipping her wine.

But she turned away from him suddenly and abruptly, the movement startling Ling and even taking Carl by surprise.

She put her goblet on the table beside her and turned to Ling. "You little worm... this wine is corked!" she yelled, furiously.

Ling had his mouth wide open in shock. What does she mean... corked?

"There's cork floating in my wine, bitch. You expect me to drink that? Get over here. No... closer."

Shifting her cigarette to her left hand, she slapped Ling's face back and forth. "you"... SLAAP!..."miserable".... SLAAP!... "excuse"...SLAAP!... "for a man." SLAAP! "Now, get up off your lazy ass and open another bottle for me. And don't get any cork in it, understand?"

"Yes, Mistress..."

Ling hurried off, taking with him the lipstick-stained goblet containing the offensive little atoms of cork. As he pulled another bottle of wine from the bar refrigerator, he glanced across at the two lovers. They were back into each other's face.

In one long gulp, Ling quickly downed his wife's tainted wine. God... he needed a drink. Needed more than a drink.

He brought back a fresh goblet to her, and knelt as before. Jinx glowered at him.

"Our history goes back a long way, doesn't it Ling?"

Ling could tell she was now speaking for Carl's benefit; whatever came out of this exchange the intention would be to further humiliate Ling, not to hold a little tete-a-tete.

"Yes, Mistress," Ling replied, as expected, once again kneeling to her side.

She turned to Carl. "I told him from the beginning what this would lead to. He was totally inadequate in the bedroom—or anywhere else for that matter. His puny dick could never satisfy me. So the only logical result was to either divorce the useless creature or to keep him and find a real man."

It was that "real man" statement that always tore at Ling's heart. And Jinx knew it. This was as harsh as slaps to the face.

She continued. "I told him from the start that I will date and fuck whoever I want, whenever I want."

For the first time Carl spoke; and it wasn't about his trucking business. "Yeah, I understand your feelings, babe... but what about him? Why the fuck didn't he take off running?"

After swiftly downing a rum and Coke and then a strong vodka and tonic, Carl's tongue became loosened, and he was even interested in the strange dynamic raised by Jinx... after all, if somebody fucked around on me, Carl thought, I'd get the fuck out of there fast... leave her miserable ass.

"Him? How to explain him?" Jinx laughed out loud. "He's not even worth considering. But the answer anyway is... he can't help himself. He's a pervert. A pervert for pain and humiliation. Think about it. What *man* (she stressed the word) would allow his wife to fuck another man? What *man* (again stressed) would not only remain in the presence of such infidelity, but kneel there in a French maid's outfit? And serve drinks to his wife's lover? What *man*?"

"None, I guess, babe," Carl replied with a chuckle.

"You bet your ass no real man would be here like this." She turned to face Ling. "Slave, lift that skirt. Go on, bitch... lift it. Now, down with the panties!"

Slowly, his face burning red, Ling obeyed.

"See that, Carl? Know what it is? It's a CB2000. A chastity device. It's locked firmly on to his puny genitals. The damn fool can't even get self-pleasure when he wants. In fact he can't even get an erection in that thing. I prevent your erections and your orgasms, don't I bitch?"

"Yes, Mistress," Ling replied, still holding up the brief skirt and apron the way a small girl would, showing off her panties.

Meanwhile, however, Ling was lost in thought. He was thinking: no, you're wrong, Jinx, not you nor even the chastity device could *prevent* an erection. An erection happens anyway. There's no avoiding it. And it's because I become so easily erect that I became enslaved by you. I'm erect even now... oh, not totally erect, as this damn device does *impede* my erection... but even within the pain, I am aroused. I can't help it. I am, after all, as you so correctly observed... perverted. And so, kneeling here, exposing myself to you and your lover, humiliated, ass still stinging from your whipping, I am totally turned on. No matter that my rational brain tells me how much I hate this awkward and painful situation, another part of me is fucking aroused. And... ouch... the more it hurts my little cock to grow within this devilish device, the more erect I become. Neither you—Carl—nor ninety-nine percent of people on this planet will be able to understand. Hell, I don't

understand it myself.



CHAPTER 4: FORCED TO WATCH HIS WIFE AND LOVER

(page 3)

The drinks came often, Ling pouring her more wine, and Carl drinking more vodka tonics.

“You’re the first man I’ve brought home, Carl. And I’m glad you agreed to be part of this. It’s so open-minded of you. After all, most men don’t want an audience.”

“Hey... let’s just say it don’t make no difference to me,” Carl replied. His voice was at so low a baritone level it could vibrate your earlobes. “What the fuck do I care? You want that creep to suffer because it turns you on? That’s okay. What the fuck?”

“It’s more to me than that, Carl, honey. Sure, it turns me on to see the miserable bastard suffering. But there’s more to it.”

Ling was answering for both of them... in his mind. He was explaining: it’s to show off, Carl... don’t you get it? She likes to show off. That’s why she rides big horses, beating the shit out of them. That’s why she remains in her tight riding boots and spandex jodhpurs after riding... to show off her gorgeous body. That’s why she has other *pony-boy* slaves... riding their backs and shoulders. That’s why she’s begun hanging around that Amanda Roe woman... it’s all to show off. And that’s why she has you here... to witness my shame.

“Besides,” Jinx continued, “I love your cock. I no longer have to be frustrated by Ling’s wimpy little dick. You have a man’s size cock, lover... and you know what to do with it.”

She turned to Ling. “If you’re lucky, bitch, on some rare occasion, I might allow you to remove the CB and play with that little dicky. But only to amuse me and Carl. Maybe, if you’re specially good, I might let you sleep at the foot of our bed, like a dog.”



She laughed. The liquor was getting to her.

She swiveled toward Carl. Wordlessly, yet with a passion so hot Ling could almost feel it from his kneeling position, she tilted her head up and kissed him. Carl put his big arm around her and kissed back, the two seeming to want to swallow each other's tongues.

While she kissed Carl, Jinx reached to his crotch. She squeezed and squeezed, opening and closing her tight little fist like a sculptor manipulating clay. A deep growl of appreciation came exhaling from Carl's nasal cavity.

Ling had to be satisfied with only the vicarious sensation, the futile attempt to imagine himself in Carl's place. God, if only somebody... anybody... would grab his crotch the way Jinx was grabbing Carl. Just once. Just...

Suddenly, Carl broke off his kiss. Removed his hands from Jinx. And he looked down and began unzipping his fly. Jinx leaned back to allow him room and to take one final drink of her wine.

When Ling saw the monstrous cock emerge the effect was stunning. He could barely believe it was real. The appendage was the size of a babies forearm.





CHAPTER 4: FORCED TO WATCH HIS WIFE AND LOVER

(page 4)

Jinx turned to Ling. “What do you think, bitch? Oh, I know you can’t think clearly enough to answer. You know what that look on your face tells me? You’re in a state of fucking awe. And you should be. To you this is a shrine that you should worship. Fucking pray that you might wake up one morning with a royal fucking mast like this.”

And at this she reached out her left hand and grasped the standing penis. In her feminine hand it looked big as a salami.

“You know what? You *are* going to worship this cock. Whether you like it or not.”

“Babe,” Carl said, his voice filled with lust, “let’s just go upstairs and fuck.”

As much as Jinx wanted that same thing, at the moment she wanted more. She wanted her husband to witness her ecstasy. She wanted Ling to see Carl being pleased too, with Ling suffering the pangs of a desire he’d never be allowed to slake.

Ling looked at the floor upon which he knelt. The man’s words rankled him: “let’s go upstairs and fuck” Ling wanted to jump up from his absurd position on the floor, he wanted to rip off the ridiculous maid’s costume, he wanted to run out the door, wanted to jump in the car, wanted to...

“Hey, asshole... get the fuck up and pour us another drink. Then get your slave ass upstairs. Your night is not finished. I’ve got plans for you.”

Ling did not run out the door, did not jump in the car. Obediently, he climbed up upon the painfully teetering high heels and went to the bar to pour fresh drinks for the two lovers.

When he came back with the drinks, Jinx said, “Open, bitch!” And she shoved her riding crop in his teeth. “Now, carry the drinks upstairs. Go!”

Ling turned and, walking gingerly, made his way to the stairway. Along the way he came across a hall mirror. Unable to avoid it, he saw the shameful image. Oh no! It’s outrageous! Why... why... do I allow this to happen to me?

Carefully ascending the stairs, the two lovers caught up to him. “Ling, your stockings are on crooked again. How many times to I have to tell you to dress properly? You embarrass me in front of my guest.”

Her guest!... Ling thought. The brute wouldn’t know seamed stockings from un-seamed. And with all the shit I have on it’s impossible to get it all right.

Ling was forced to wear a heavily boned corset, the garment not merely humiliating, but a torture instrument in itself; it was so tight upon him he could hardly breathe. The thing had six suspenders, holding up black seamed stockings. Any one of these could work themselves crooked as he worked along, getting drinks, kneeling, getting whipped... how in hell could he maintain things to perfection?

Nevertheless, Ling knew his fate. No excuses were allowed. Jinx would lift his short, lace-trimmed mini skirt, draw down his black satin panties, and beat his ass raw.



CHAPTER 4: FORCED TO WATCH HIS WIFE AND LOVER

(page 5)



They reached the large bedroom. Carl immediately went to the adjacent bathroom and, with the door left open, took a piss. Ling was nauseated. This felt almost like a foreign invasion. As if a Nazi, with hobnail boots, just came into your house and took over.

Ling's thoughts were interrupted—as they often were—when Jinx stepped in front of him. “You know,” she said, “you’ve been very lax lately. Your service has been slipshod and unsatisfactory. It’s as if you don’t care whether I am pleased or not.”

Here it comes, he thought... the case for more punishments. Despite himself, he stared at his gorgeous, rusty-haired wife: as he felt the stirring in his penis, his thoughts quickly stepped in line with hers. Yes, you’re right, Mistress... I should be punished. I am a worthless, lowly slave, good for nothing but to receive your abuse and humiliation. Do whatever you like to me. I just want you pleased, even if I have to suffer to please you. Make up any arbitrary and unreasonable punishment, force me to commit any unseemly or even disgusting acts... just as long as you get pleasure from it. Slap me, whip me, embarrass me before this hairy ape, but let me see the satisfaction in your face from my suffering and humiliation.

“Give me that riding crop,” she said, pulling it from his teeth. “Put those drinks on the end table, and remove all your sissy clothes. You look ridiculous in them. Go on! Get naked for me. I want to compare your worthless and puny dick next to Carl’s magnificent member.”

She gave Ling a gratuitous slash of her crop.

“Move it, bitch! No... did I say you could sit in the chair?”

THWIICK! THWIICK!

Had Ling not been locked in the confining torturous chastity device, he would have been fully erect. Magnificent? That was the description that suited his wife. Beautiful yet cruel... all he ever wanted in a woman, since he was a boy.





CHAPTER 4: FORCED TO WATCH HIS WIFE AND LOVER

(page 6)

Carl sat upon the side of the bed and sipped his vodka. Finally naked, Ling knelt before his wife. "Crawl, bitch. Bring me back a set of wrist cuffs and ankle cuffs. And four lengths of rope. You know which ones."

When Ling returned, crawling the floor with the requested items, Jinx was sitting on the bed beside Carl. She was whispering lovingly into his ear, and once again her hand was kneading Carl's crotch. Nothing made Lind more jealous than that; to have his own penis locked up so that he could not even touch himself, yet Carl gets the privilege of a female hand upon his genitals.

"Come here," she ordered Ling." And she strapped the leather cuffs onto his wrists. "Put the ankle cuffs on yourself."

As he did, Jinx and Carl kissed. "Carl, honey, would you do me a favor?" She asked, sweetly. This annoyed Ling too; it was as if he was too good to lift a finger, and she felt reticent at having to ask him for a favor. "Please tie him to the bed? No... down at the bottom. Standing. So he has to face us while you fuck me."

Ling's heart dropped. And when he looked up and saw the smile on Carl's face, Ling became even more distraught.

"Yeah. Okay. Come on, bitch. Bend over the fuckin' bed."

These were the first words spoken to Ling by Carl... at least the first ones in the form of an order. Ling prayed that this would license would not be extended beyond this one activity, this one night. Oh, please, Mistress... don't give Carl sovereignty over me!

Ling obeyed, and leaned over the bottom of the bed.

"Spread your arms and legs, asshole," Jinx yelled. "Carl, make that slave spread as fucking wide as you can. I want him suffering. I want him seeing us having all kinds of fun"

Carl, fastened Ling, spreading his legs and arms wide. Ling complained with each pull of the rope, letting out small guttural sounds not loud enough to bring extra wrath from his wife.

"Hmmm..." Jinx pondered. "Still not good enough. I should have told him to bring nipple clamps." She sighed. "Well, I guess I can get them myself." And she went to the special armoire holding a supply of her torture instruments. "Ah, this should do just fine. I just love nipple torture."

With a practiced hand Jinx managed to come up from behind Ling and attach the cruel nipple clamps. Ling let out a more audible squeal as each one bit home on the center of his sensitive nipple.

"Now we're ready, you big hunk." And she went round the bed and flung her still clothed body on top of Carl. She felt a throb in her crotch as she lay on top of him seeking his mouth with hers. She dug her knee into Carl's crotch, and felt his immediate reaction.

✦ END *of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Ling knew cunnilingus, learns fellatio. And he better do it right... or else!



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

At certain times in his life, Richard Stonewall Smith was cloaked in the robes and hood of a KKK member. Those were great and elating times for Richard, amongst his most satisfying... sharing and confirming his beliefs with colleagues who had the same philosophy. For Richard, hatred of "niggers" and Jews was such fun!

His life of bigotry started early, as both his parents had been virulent racists. Even his rural Boy Scout group ran its program as if it was the Nazi youth. As he grew and widened his social sphere, he met his father's friends and associates and eventually went into his father's business. He married a girl he knew in high school. Margaret (Peg) Ryerson was a skinny, shy thing, who was just happy to be married, and fell into step with whatever Richard wanted; she was not a flag carrying Klan member, but was happy to bake cookies for their socials.



Both Richard and his father had to credit membership in the clan and other Aryan societies for the success of their business: they manufactured patches, decals and flags... all either Confederate or Nazi paraphernalia. With the advent of the Internet, they'd found business expanding at warp speed, even going worldwide. When he reached his 40th birthday, Richard's father died, and he found out he was worth millions.

That's when he met Sky Jones.

He was in New York for an convention on flags, emblems and accessories. He was

walking the wide aisles in the Javits Convention Hall, when he'd seen the tall black woman. His first thought was: God... look how that bitch carries herself, like she's Queen Cleopatra herself. He hated this at first, as he hated New York for being the decadent center of race mixing. At yet he had a strange yearning to approach nearer, to get a better look at the mini-skirted, bronzed beauty. Although he was 5'10" he felt dwarfed. He'd always appreciated a larger woman, as his ex-wife (long divorced) was a puny little thing, without enough pizzazz to turn him on. He'd patronized prostitutes since then, but had never considered a black girl...God, he couldn't be seen dead with one of those.

But now he's in New York, where mixed couples or even same-sex couples walked hand-in-hand with impunity. Still, unsure of himself, unable to decide his next step, he followed her, keeping within sensory distance of her intoxicating perfume.

Her legs dropped out from the darkness of the tight mini skirt like two pillars of royal ebony. Her calves followed in graceful line from her sturdy thighs, bulging from the uplift caused by the high, stacked heels. She was what...? Six-foot two or three? The more he appreciated her beauty and elegance, the more preposterous seemed his intentions. What would she ever see in a measly little twerp like me? I would seem to her what my wife Peggy was to me... a total zero.

But now, I'm a millionaire. That has to count for something, doesn't it? Women it seems like powerful men; and the power don't mean just muscles. He became more emboldened and followed closer, trying to think of an opening line.

Just then, Sky Jones turned and looked down at him. "You want somethin' little man?"

"Uh... no, not really." He was shaking now, literally shivering. He hoped it was undetectable. As she leaned down at him, bringing her face closer, he felt a hot flash shoot up his body. God... her tits are immense!

"Then why you followin' me, asshole?"

Richard found his voice cracking, but managed to get out the best he had. "I confess I'm following you, Ma'am, and I know it's wrong, but it's as if I've found a new religion, and I follow out of a devout respect, like I would for a superior goddess. I do pray you'll forgive me. I will go away if you say so."

Crowds of browsers and vendors milled around them, nobody paying them any mind. Yet Richard felt self-conscious.

After a long pause, she said, "You from the south? Where from?"

"I am from South Carolina, Ma'am. Just here for this convention."

"Now, I know they all ain't so polite down there like you, right? You're a sub right?"

"A sub, Ma'am? I am sure I don't know what that means."

She smiled. "That's okay, you don't have to know if you are one to be one. If you want to know what a sub is, and why I'd like you lots better if you are one, then you may invite me to have some lunch.

Richard swallowed hard. Trying to look into her eyes instead of staring at her alluring, round breasts, he responded, voice cracking: "May I have the privilege to escort you to lunch, Ma'am? Wait... maybe escort isn't the right word. Make it... may I buy you lunch Ma'am?"

"Yes you may, nervous little subby."



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 2)

In the restaurant they sat across from each other. Richard almost drooled with lust, his eyes never leaving the young black woman. Her body, even hidden somewhat behind a table, was captivating, her huge breasts swelling with each breathe. She wore a V-neck sweater, the "v" plunging low, revealing a long, dark cleavage Richard want to dive into. But most impressive was the regal way she carried her head; an attitude that both fascinated yet frightened Richard.

The restaurant he'd chosen impressed Sky Jones. She'd never been in the Waldorf Astoria before, not even to walk through. Was he staying here? Is that why he chose this? So, the little bastard is expecting to get laid!

Sky smiled to herself... well, maybe he just might.

After a captain brought menus, a waiter came and took drink orders. Richard asked for a Jack Daniels on the rocks and Sky ordered a gin and tonic. After the waiter departed, Richard put forward his hand. "Richard Smith," he said, "of South Carolina."

She smiled and took his hand. "Sky Jones... of the Bronx. Pleased to meet you."

Richard found, to some embarrassment, that her hand was larger than his. He smiled shyly and sat up straighter.

She asked, "Are you staying in this hotel?"

"Yes Ma'am. And I ain't never been that high up in my life, other than an airplane. Gotta tell you, it's one real fancy place. I asked my travel agent to recommend a real good place and she told me this is the tops."

She smiled just a bit. Things seemed to be moving in slow motion now, and she looked away, scanning the large room.

He sensed she was drifting. "May I ask you a question?" he said, after a cough.

"Sure."

"How old are you?"

She thought of padding it a few years, but decided what the hell. "I am twenty."

Drinks arrived and there was silence again. Richard was thinking: Gawd, what am I doing? They couldn't be more out of sync. And the Bronx...what the hell was that? Is that where Harlem is?

They placed lunch orders. She asked if they have cheeseburgers. "Yes, we can make one for you, Ma'am," the waiter answered, in a neutral tone Sky appreciated.

After the waiter left, Richard said, "I have another question. It's the one that got us here. What's a sub"

"You don't know, huh? Well, it's like one person's the Domme and the other person's the

sub."

"I'm sorry. I'm still not getting it."

She leaned forward, her face large now in Richard's vision. "Well, let's go into it then. You know about regular relationships? Between a man and a woman? Where it's give and take? Comprising? Fifty-fifty? Well, in a D&s relationship it's one hundred percent one way."

"I don't think I'm that dense, but maybe I am. I still don't get it."

She leaned on her elbows. She had Negroid features, with her nose a bit wide, but her lips were no thicker than an average Caucasian fashion model, and her hair was relaxed, hanging to just above her shoulders.

"Let me explain it in more explicit terms then. Let's say you and me are in a D&s relationship. This is not like girlfriend boyfriend kind of thing. Get that? And that one-hundred percent thing I told you about? That would be me. No... let's put this in more concrete terms. That will be me. And the zero? That will be you. In a D and s relationship, one person is the ruler and the other is the slave. And so, if you want to be with me, you will have to make up your mind eventually that you want to be my slave. You will be the 'submissive' one... get it? The sub. And if I want to step lightly on your little genitals like this, I can do it anytime I want."

She sat back and reached a long leg across the gap of their seats and planted her clog shoe right between his legs, pinning his cock and balls to his seat.

"Now you understand, little subbie?"



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 3)

Richard's room on the 30th floor of the Waldorf made Sky think of a Cary Grant movie... but without Cary Grant. There was an expensive ice bucket, filled with ice, as if they had someone come by every now and then just to keep the ice current. God, she thought, how some people are able to live. And this guy--who just before suffered his cock to my shoe--lives on this level. There's no doubt this dude is swimming in money.

Richard called room service and ordered up some more drinks. Sky was sure that Richard thought he was going to score. She smiled inwardly: the one to score would be her. And, judging by the rich, snakeskin attache case and his Rolex watch, the score could be big. She just had to play this right.

She stood a moment looking through the window down into Park Avenue. It began to rain, and the streets were filled with yellow taxis. He came up beside her, wanting to put his arms around her. She sensed his need, trying to calculate how far she should go. She turned to him. Bent. Kissed his cheek. Then she whispered, "Get down on your knees."

There was a long pause as he stared open-mouthed into her eyes. He felt as if he was floating in a dream, in a far off exotic country, some kind of Swift fairy tale. Then, with a sigh, he knelt. So strange, he felt. His heart raced now and his breathing stepped up a pace. He felt somewhat confused; what was this leading to? There was something that was not confusing, however. That was his urgent, very stiff erection.

Just then there was a knock on the door. Room service, with the drinks. Richard began to rise.

"Stay just like that," she said to him, quietly, and walked to the door. She opened the door and let in the waiter, who carried a large tray. When she turned back and saw Richard Smith still in the same kneeling position, his head lowered in shame, she knew she had him.

"Just put that over here," she told the tall, black, uniformed waiter. The man placed the drinks on a sideboard carefully. He hid his amusement well. "Wait, my husband will sign."

She brought the tab to the still kneeling Richard. "Give him a nice tip," she said.

Richard signed the tab and then reached into his pants pocket for cash. He pulled out a twenty. Sky handed both to the waiter and shut the door. She walked back to Richard and sat on the edge of the bed.

"Scoot over in front of me." He did, ignoring his tailor-made pants. "Now, tell me what you are thinking."

Before he could answer, Sky reflected on her own raging thoughts and emotions. First thing was that she'd never been so turned on in her life. All the previous make-out sessions and oral sex from a variety of men could not nearly equal the rush she got from the surge of power in dominating this man. She was so exhilarated she felt near to faint; that's why she'd sat. Sure, she'd dominated some men and boys before, but what were the stakes? Getting them to eat her?... which they were dying to do anyway? That was

nothing compared to this. To control this man could mean controlling both his life and fortune.

Now, to find out from her potential victim... was he down for this?

Richard cleared his throat. And again. Sky's massive breasts were thrusting out just in front of him, rising and lowering as if separate, living beasts. "I can't hardly talk, Ma'am," he whispered, staring at her chest. "I never imagined a thing like this."

"Like what?" she asked, her tone--to him--sounding like a stern schoolteacher demanding the solution to a quiz.

"Like this. On my knees. With a waiter coming in and seeing me."

"And you hate it, right? You despise yourself for doing it. But you are still there in that position. And all because you know that is where I want you. Isn't that right? You are there because you know it pleases me. And even though you can't explain it to yourself, you endured the humiliation just because I told you to. And now, you know you will not get up without my permission. Isn't that true too? Oh, and you somehow get some enjoyment from all this too, don't you? That's why your cock is trying to rip through your pants."

He sunk his head to his chest. "Ma'am, to be honest... it's all of that... what you just said. And more. I'm down right confused. I feel so embarrassed on my knees. But you're right... for some reason I want to be here like this for you. I mean, you do like it for me to be like this?"

"Oh yeah. A lot. I like it so much that I am going to hate seeing you in any other position."



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 4)

Richard Smith wanted desperately to escape. It was the day of his wedding to Sky Jones, and Richard saw no good reason to go through this. The entire morning leading up to the ceremony was a nightmare. From the overnight stay at the house of his future Mother-in-law, to the congregation at the Baptist church in the Bronx, all Richard saw was Black people. He felt as if he'd landed by accident on another planet, and neither the friendliness of her family nor the healed wounds of prior beatings could comfort him. Here he was, the only white man in a sea of black... he, the South-Carolinian who'd been raised to hate Blacks, and who had at one time been robed in the garments of a KKK member. Naturally, there was no one there from his side of the family. His "best man" was one of Sky's close male friends, a gay man from Greenwich Village, the only non-black present; and he was Phillipino.

As they stood in the church, Richard felt ready to either faint or vomit. Soon, he'd have to attend the reception, and actually mingle with the crowd of sixty Blacks and one gay guy. God, he hoped he'd be able to get a few drinks in him soon as possible. Not that he had been mistreated, or humiliated... after all each of them from Sky's mother down to Sky herself had been downright cordial and considerate. Sky hadn't even whipped him in over a week. Maybe it was the fact he was a millionaire that brought him a bit of respect. Still, he was nervous as a mouse in a roomful of cats.

Nevertheless, he worried he was making a huge mistake. True, Sky had opened up a new dimension, one he'd hardly suspected was in him, dormant in his psyche. And once she did, he wanted to be enslaved to her more than anything else in life. But he'd made some tactical mistakes. He'd rushed into things. He should not have proposed marriage so soon, thought this over more, realized he was not just marrying Sky, but becoming attached to an entire new and strange (to him) family. And--his biggest mistake--he should have insisted on a pre-nuptial agreement. But, again, Sky would not hear of it.

The twenty year old warned him, "Forget the whole thing, then, asshole. You just insulted me, and I am not gonna forget this. You proposed on your knees and I accepted. That means this is gonna be like a regular wedding, no weaseling out with the pre-nup shit. I might be young but I'm not stupid. You want me or don't you?"

"Oh, Goddess, I'm real sorry," he whined on his knees. They were in his home in Charleston, South Carolina at the time, and he'd foolishly asked if she'd consider the pre-nuptial. "Of course you're right about it, sugar. I don't know where my head was, thinking that."

"It was up your ass as usually, you dog. You know better than try to pull that kind of shit with me. I'm gonna whip your ass raw tonight."

Richard's heart trembled constantly by then, as so often she'd found fault in almost any little thing he said. But this was the most foolish mistake, in one breath proposing marriage and in the next suggesting a document to cut her out of her legal standing.

But now it is all settled. He's at the church and there's no turning back. He's marrying into a Black family and putting up his millions as proof of his devotion.

He'd been afraid of another thing. Like where to live. Of course, at first he'd suggested

his family home in Charleston, but realized he'd made another drastic mistake; the problem was he lived in the whitest part of town on one of the most beautiful patrician, tree-lined streets. Ass, you can't bring this big, black, twenty year old Amazon down here to live with you. You'd get bombed out. He dreaded having her stay there even temporarily. Then, as he feared, something happened: one fine morning, as they went out, a neighbor waved hello. Richard said good morning and failed to introduce Sky. She took it that Richard was hoping to signal the neighbor the black girl was his new maid. Sky beat him good after that tactic. Of course, he wasn't about to live in the Bronx either, where he'd be just as out of place.

But the young, domineering thing had come up with an offer that sounded too good to be true. They were at his home in Charleston. And he and Sky were sitting together on his expansive couch (a rare situation, as when they were alone he found himself more and more on the floor at her feet).

"Richard, now listen, honey. I want you to think about what I am about to offer. First, let me ask you, do you truly feel that you want to devote yourself to a life of slavery to me?"

"Oh, sugar... more than anything. I know you can be rough on me at times, but I know that underneath it all we are meant for each other. I know now that I got this submissive feel in me and it just ain't going away. It's almost kind of like I was born to be a slave. And now I know that it's your slave I want to be."

"That's very sweet, my slave. But let me tell you what I have learned. And I do think that you might want to do this with me."

"Sure, honey. Tell me, what you got in mind?"

"I've been talking with this Mistress from New York City. Her name is Mistress Dominique. And she told me about this special town they got where everybody in the town is made up of couples like us. The whole entire town is made up of Mistresses and slaves."

"Holy shit! This is for real?"

"I'm telling you. They got a town in a Northern or Midwest state or somewhere, and it's a private gated community of almost three hundred couples or families, and every one of them is a Mistress and her slave. It sounds just so fucking delicious, don't it?"

"Oh, sugar... I am stunned."

"And pleased?"

"Oh, you bet I am." Also, Richard was thinking, this solves the problem of living in a place that's wrong for both of us. No goddam Bronx, and no Charleston, where practically the whole town knows me.

"Let me tell you what I found out," she continued. "First thing is you gotta qualify by way of marriage. They don't allow in anything else but marrieds. They want to know, I guess, that this is a permanent arrangement. So, that's no problem for us. Next, you have to qualify by way of money. I don't see a problem there either. Mistress Dominique sent me a brochure of some kind and the houses don't go for less than one million. Shit, what you think you can get for this house here?"

The thought of selling his ancestral home gave him a stick, but he knew there was

no way he could keep it and still be involved--married--to Sky Jones. "Well, you got

something there, sugar, this place could fetch me--I mean us--at least twice that much."

"Two million?"

"Easy. Maybe three, as it's a landmark. Jeff Davis visited here during the war."

She didn't know who Jeff Davis was, nor did she know to which was he was referring. She continued: "Richard, I want to you understand all about this new place. It's called Imperia, and it's ruled all by women. Once we're there you'll truly be in my power. You'll be a real slave. This is not a sometimes playtime. This is total enslavement."

Richard slipped off the couch and onto his knees. "Oh, Goddess, that's just what I want. I want to be your slave for life."

Sky didn't melt at these words, but became suddenly stern. "You better not be shittin' me, because if I set this in motion you better get right in step. I don't want any fuck ups, you understand me?"

His heart began thudding in his chest. God, how she got to him when she turned suddenly like that, how he just folded into a slavish mind set, almost incapable of rational thought after that, until she released him.

"Okay, now get this," she said down at him, her long, thick ebony legs bare and directly in his face. "We'd have to fly out for an interview. Mistress Dominique has a contact in there, and they might be able to fit us in. They are interested in married Domme and slave couples. But not just that, they want--she says--what they think are unusual situations, like if I was an Arab woman and you were a Jew, they'd love that because of the irony of it. So, I think we have a better than average chance to get into this. Get me?"

"Yes, Mistress," he said quietly, now utterly fascinated at this development. Just think of it, a town--or whatever it might be called--and every couple was made up of a Mistress and her slave. The possibilities both thrilled and frightened him... but the most important thing was they thrilled him. And, after jumping into marriage with this young, Black sadist, there's no further step for him to fear. He looked forward to their arrival at Imperia.



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 5)

But an arrogant woman at Imperia Realty Company--Lola Dean--declined their application. The refusal was devastating to both Sky and Richard. Sky felt unable to accept the decision, considering it an insult, possibly a racial thing. Richard was more understanding, and tried to placate her.

"Sugar, it's only because we're newlyweds. That's what they said. Nobody, but nobody's been able to get in there with only bein' married a couple of months. It's not a slur against us. Please don't take this personal. Like they said, they want couples that are already proved they were committed. I know we are committed, Sugar, but they don't know us. They require time."

Sky was inconsolable, however, and felt at her wits end. In sour mood, she took it out on Richard.

"You know what? I don't like that name... Richard. You a dick. That's what. Yeah, from now on I'm callin' you Dick. You falling for their crap. They're just covering up."

"Honey, you know I don't go against you. I want to do whatever it takes to make this up to you."

A month later, they flew to New York. They spent time there--now the s&m capital of the world--going to clubs and spending a fortune in s&m and bondage equipment. They bought a brownstone in the East 80s, and moved in. Mistress Dominique recommended an interior decorator who was "in the scene," and the guy helped them design the place to make it suitable for parties and s&m "play."

Sky eventually lost her bitterness over the rejection by Imperia, and she and "Dick" went about their life of luxury and play. Also, she felt good being in New York and near her mother and family. And, she found that she was beginning to love Dick.

He'd been so thoughtful and understanding throughout her agitation. And he took beatings he didn't deserve, only because her anger got the best of her. She had to admit, she admired him, and began to rely on his judgment for things. Also, he'd sold his business and home for large profits, and invested in a series of stocks that had brought them an even larger nest egg.

One night, having dinner at home (now dinners at home were served by their own cook--the cook happened to be Black, but that was because Sky had demanded they give employment to someone from her "community"), Dick told her, "Sugar, I have a surprise for you. I hope you don't mind I went out and made an executive decision."

"If it's a business decision, you got the right stuff. You know that. But anything else, you know your ass is mine." She said this without rancor, rather lightly, as she'd developed a new level of respect for him.

"Well, it ain't business. It's about pleasure."

They sat at opposite ends of a table. It wasn't a long one, say for a dozen or more people. That table was in the main dining hall. This was more intimate, and in the kitchen.

"Whose pleasure. Mine or yours?" She liked to keep him on edge. The threat was always there, like an undercurrent for the most part, but she could rise up suddenly into the Domme at any time.

"Both of us, Sugar," he said, putting down his fork. He was not a big eater; something Sky didn't like about him. Once she picked up a fork, she wouldn't set it down again until she finished eating. And she loved to eat. "We're goin' on a cruise, Honey," he said. "Leavin' on our first anniversary."

Sky had never been on a cruise before. And the news absolutely thrilled her. She wanted to jump from her seat and smother Dick with kisses. Was this guy a mind reader or what? She'd always wanted to go on a cruise. And now, she knew he was ready to travel and be seen anywhere with her; after all, they'd be out in the general populace now, not just sheltered here in anonymous and accepting New York.

"Jesus," she said, smiling, "I can't talk. Don't take this wrong, but I'm inclined not to slap you around tonight."

He took a minute to decipher her remark. It sounded positive.

"Little man, it's great." She had a hard time giving in to emotions, especially those that might engender affection. But she did want him to know that this was a positive move on his part.

"It's on the QE2. It's a cruise around the world," he said.

"Holy shit!"

"And I got you this. Help you tell time anywhere." He got up from his seat and brought her a small wrapped package.

Now she did have to put down her fork. She opened it and found a watch. It wasn't a diamond watch--she didn't care so much for that kind of "shit" anyway--as a diamond watch wouldn't look good on her large wrist anyway. No, this was a very unusual Patek Phillipe, with a wide band and a dial face with four time zones.

She got up from her seat and rushed to his end of the table. She grabbed him roughly by the shirt-front and pulled him out of his chair. Someone peeking in the window might have thought they were witnessing an assault. Well, it was a kind of assault, but one of love. She smothered his face and ears with kisses. Ticklish, he squealed and squirmed, laughing.

"I guess you like it, huh?"

"You got one week free no beating, little Dickie. Although, I don't know if you like that. Maybe just a little crushing. Yeah, I like it. This is so fucking great. Around the whole fucking world? Shit, I hope I don't get seasick."



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 6)

By the time Sky and Dick reached the South Pacific, they'd reached a new level of intimacy. Yes, they were still Mistress and slave--Sky would never let him forget their relative positions, especially as she knew that this was the golden key to his psyche--but now they were each surprised to find their marriage had evolved to where they'd become a truly loving wife and husband. Dick held her chair when they entered the dining room (not because he'd been told to), and Sky straightened his tie and removed lint from his shoulder. They smiled for the countless photos shot at them by cruise personnel, often with arms about each other. And they poked each other at ridiculous stage acts, and they happily collected souvenirs on the many shore excursions (Dick wasn't even required to ask permission to add to his pocket knife collection).

But, enjoyable as it all was, after Hawaii and Tahiti, they were both tired of sailing, and wanted a breather. While still on board ship cruising toward Australia, they decided to stay on in Sydney for a while. And so Sky surfed the Internet and found a woman who owned a bed & breakfast in Bondi Beach, a popular suburb of Sydney. Richard thought Sky was taking a particular like to this woman as--even after they'd chosen her establishment--she spent an inordinate amount of time talking to the owner of the intended inn.

After they arrived in Sydney, the couple spent a few days on ship--as it remained in port--but when the QE2 departed Sydney for ports in Shanghai, Taipei, Hong Kong and coastal Asia, Sky and Dick checked into Auntie Peg's Victorian Rooming House.

Auntie Peg was not there to greet or check them in, but a short, sullen, chubby man with a great florid face took their particulars and luggage and showed them to a room at the top of the old house. Dick seemed more than concerned... he was downright distraught, as the place was a big come-down after their suite on the Queen Elizabeth. Also, it seemed that Sky's attitude had turned sour, as she barked orders at him in and, in general, seemed to turn cold. Perhaps she too became upset at finding the place a let-down.

Dick tried his best to humor her, but Sky seemed inconsolable. "Let's forget the candy-ass attempt to make things right, and just let's get fucking unpacked, huh?"

He worked around, unpacking his own things and hanging them in the large closet. Then he loaded his other things into drawers. The room wasn't that bad after all; it was very large despite the slanted ceilings, as there were many gables that expanded the room. Sky, meanwhile, unpacked her things in silence. They would have to be here at Sydney at least a few days as their ship sailed north into the Pacific; but they could catch up with the boat later. The best part of this scheme was that they could catch up with the QE2 at any time, meeting it at some port--Hong Kong--for instance, after they tired of Australia. Their suite on board, of course, was fully paid-for and awaited them.

After they unpacked, Sky was hungry, and so they walked out into the summer sun and found a restaurant. Still, Sky was cold and edgy, and complained about the menu... although it was in English, she didn't understand the vernacular. When they finally arrived back at Auntie Peg's Rooming house, the sullen clerk met them at the door.

"Auntie Peg has asked if you would kindly go to the garden where she wants to greet you properly. It's just out back, beyond the breakfast room and through the French doors."

They walked slowly through the ground floor, neither of them appreciating the decor and antique furniture. They passed through the high, French doors and stepped out into the steamy, jungle-like garden. Dick followed behind Sky. As they turned onto a curving stone-paved lane, Sky saw a woman sitting on a wooden bench, her back turned to them. She was thin and stooped over, and seemingly unkempt, giving her a look of someone deeply depressed. As the couple approached, the woman stood to face them.

"Hello, Richard," she said, in a derisive tone, while ignoring Sky for the moment. "Why don't you introduce me to your new wife?"

Dick stood there stunned. The thin woman with familiar gangly arms was his ex-wife, Margaret.



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 7)

Within the fraction of a second that was left to him after the stunning surprise, Dick had one thought hit him: what in hell were the gods of fate thinking? Here I travel halfway around the world to a foreign land, and I wind up in a rooming house run by my ex-wife. And now... Jesus... what will be the consequences of this?



He was voiceless... in shock. Then he suddenly realized... the one person who knows about his background is standing here in the presence of someone from whom he desperately wants to hide that background. Oh, God... and they've been talking on the Internet for almost a week.

While he stood silently, suddenly from out of the shadows, appeared the sullen clerk, the little Peter Lorre character, now with an evil sneer on his pudgy face. Dick felt his

stomach somersault, a retching feeling hit him... the blow made him almost shit his pants. The greasy little man was carrying a shiny array of heavy chains, steel handcuffs and leg shackles, all loudly clinking a dire threat.

Dick's jaw dropped in momentary confusion. Before he could even think of reacting--such as running away fast as he could--Sky grabbed him around, her long, massive arms pinioning him at his side.

"But... wait... wait a minute," he cried, struggling now as his situation became clear. "You don't know, Sky... you don't know this woman. She can lie through her teeth. You can't believe what she says about me. No! Oh, God... no. Let me go."

As he protested in a voice shrill with dread, the trio went about quickly fastening Dick's wrists and ankles, clicking closed the cold, inescapable steel fetters, each frightful click sealing his fate.

"Shut the fuck up, asshole," Sky said, holding his arms behind him as the repulsive clerk stooped to fasten the handcuffs. After he was done, Sky reached down and clicked them even tighter so that the metal bit cruelly into his wrists. "There, motherfucker, that should keep you. And yes, dear," she said, addressing Peggy. "Get those shackles on his legs."

But Dick continued pleading. Physically unable to recover from this, his only avenue of hope came from being able to reason with his beloved, after all they'd had such a loving and romantic trip, over a month so far happily cruising the world "But... but... Sky honey. Please, listen to me. Stop... stop, for just a minute. Don't listen to this bitch. Let me tell you..."

"Tell me what, you little prick? Tell me about how proud you were to be an exalted wizard in the Klan?"

"Is that what she told you?" he laughed (but it came out a cry). "She's the world's biggest liar. That bitch hates me for leaving her. She'll say anything to see me get fucked up."

Peggy spoke again after all the shackles were in place. "I have a gag here, if you'd like, Sky." And she held up a leather gadget that had a leather plug projecting three-and-a-half inches from a wide black flange. Sky grabbed Dick's hair and yanked his head back, the force and quickness of it brought a yelp of pain from Dick. Peggy took this opportunity to shove the gag home. Quickly, Sky fastened it at the back of his head, tightening it painfully. Dick's last hope of defending himself was now extinguished.

As if all the cuffs weren't enough, they ran chains around his waist and through his bound arms, locking them in place with padlocks. Then Peggy lifted a heavy leather collar and began strapping it around his neck. It was thick and wide, and had steel "D" rings attached. And then it, too, was locked upon his neck.



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 8)

With Sky on one side and his ex-wife on the other, and with shackles clanging on the flagstones, they manhandled him slowly through the choking garden to the back of the house. There was an outside stairway that led into the cellar. The unctuous and odorous clerk led the way, and opened a pair of wooden hatch-like doors. Dick saw the dark stairs leading down and began to struggle. If these ghoulish innkeepers could have handcuffs, leg shackles and even a gag awaiting his arrival, then what in hell was waiting for him in the dark bowels of this old house?

Shackled hand and foot, they hustled Richard Smith down the stairs and into the dank basement beneath the old Victorian house. Sky Jones pulled on a chain they'd attached to the thick leather collar strapped tightly upon his neck. .

His chained ankles slowed their progress down the steep stairway. Also, Richard kept struggling, trying to resist... this out of sheer panic at the unknown horrors awaiting him in the dark, fetid basement. When they finally reached the bottom step, Richard was nauseous with disgust; the utter futility of his position was overwhelming; gagged and chained and out of hearing range of any potential rescuer, he now faced the rage of one former jilted wife and his hot-tempered current wife whom he'd lied to and duped.

"Auntie" Peg turned to the sly, Peter Lorre character. "Adolph," she said, "we will handle this now. Please tend to the counter and our other guests."

The basement was huge, but didn't seem so at first because of the masses of clutter piled high throughout: old trunks, metal bed frames standing on end, dilapidated and broken furniture; things stored and forgotten going back years before Peg Smith arrived to purchase the place. But that was not all there was to this basement, as there was space enough for several small but mysterious rooms with locked doors. It was to an open doorway farthest from the stairway that the ex-wife led them.

When the women pushed Richard through the open doorway, a further pall of dread fell upon him. The room was no more than ten feet by ten. It had a solitary bare light bulb hanging from above, giving off a stark but cold illumination to the meager furnishings. But "furnishings" is a misnomer... instruments of torture is more appropriate.

The first thing Richard saw was a wooden stool placed about two feet from the back wall (the wall was made of old stone). The stool itself, he saw, was bolted to the cement floor. And he saw that steel cuffs were chained to the legs of the stool. Obviously, this was meant to hold him in a sitting position. But wait... what is that repulsive thing projecting up from the center of the seat? From across the room Richard could barely make it out... but his eyes did not lie to him: it was a massive dildo, perhaps eight or nine inches tall, threateningly erect, and fastened to the surface of the seat.

His introspection was interrupted suddenly when Auntie Peg spoke. "Over here, Sky, stand him under this chain."

And they pushed him left to a corner, where there hung a heavy chain depending from a thick rafter high above.

"That's it, love," said Peg, with a combination of Australian jargon and with a Southern

U.S. accent. "Just clip that connector to a ring in his collar and he ain't goin' nowhere."

Richard's neck was now fastened to the hanging chain. As Sky attached it rather high on the chain, he had almost no room to move. He was not on tip-toes, which could have been very dangerous, but still, there was no slack left and he had to stand erect to keep pressure from his neck. It occurred to him that if they leave him in this position he'd eventually collapse from exhaustion and be strangled. But he suspected they had worse things in store for him.

The two women went to the other side of the room. Peg switched on a floor lamp. It illuminated an old, upholstered couch, frayed and stained by the ages. The women sat, each giving out a sigh of relief. Their mission--the first stage of it anyway--was achieved: the lying, cheating bastard was bound, deep in the bowels of the old home, awaiting in dread whatever vengeance they wanted to wreak upon him.

Sky turned to Peg. "Well, I gotta thank you," she said, putting her hand on Peg's forearm. "I want to thank you for the stuff you told me about in messages on the net. That opened my eyes. And now, inviting me here to this... well, to this inn with the two parts to it... one part a beautiful place to stay, and the other an ugly, private hole where we can payback this lying bitch. This room is just right for this fuckin' scumbag."

"Well, Sky honey, it's a pleasure darlin' to make your acquaintance, and I want to thank you for lettin' me be a part of this here."

The two shook hands and laughed.

Peg continued. "Let me tell you, when you told me who you all were, I nearly shit my panties. Okay, a couple named Smith coming from America wants to let a room in my inn. No big wow. But then it's a Mr. Richard Smith. Holy shit, that's real close now. And then I ask you his middle name, and when I heard Stonewall I near fainted away dead."

Sky laughed out loud. "This is the strangest coincidence, like it's right out of fucking Dickens," she said. "And when you told me you're his ex-wife I didn't know what to say. My first thought was I better pick a different place to stay at. But then, I got to admit... I was curious."

"And when I heard you were a black girl, I felt... shit, I just have to tell you about him?"

"The phone call...?"

"Yeah, honey. I didn't know it talking to you on the computer, but when you called me, well I really felt you need to know about your new hubby's background."

Robert shivered in his chains. What in God's name was he in for? Peg, he knew had a lot of venom still in her for how he just walked out on her. But Sky? Yes, he withheld background information from her. But that's not the same as lying. And since their marriage hasn't he been the perfect gentleman? Is there to be no consideration for redemption?

If only he wasn't gagged. If only he could state his case, maybe they'd understand.



CHAPTER 1: SKY JONES AND RICHARD SMITH

(page 9)

"Adolph... Adolph... are you there?" Auntie Peg spoke into small walkie-talkie. "Yes. Good. Please bring me a very sharp knife and a pair of sturdy scissors. Thank you."

Within minutes, the greasy clerk appeared, huffing, sweaty, and carrying the instruments she'd requested. They hadn't blindfolded Richard, so he could see the frightening tools being handed over to his ex-wife.



The horrid little Peter Lorre geek leered once more at Richard and then left. Peg handed the scissors to Sky and they both advanced on Richard. His heart rose up into his throat. He tried to back away, but chained at the neck he had little room to move. He couldn't even kick at them as his ankles were chained about nine inches apart.

Together, the women began cutting off his clothes. Auntie Peg, with the knife, actually cut his leather belt from him. This'll teach him, she thought; he's got to recognize that he's not getting his clothes back. Sky began cutting his new shirt from his body, once or twice carelessly sticking the scissors into his flesh, making him yelp beneath the thick gag.

"I'll take the lower half," Peg said. And she squatted behind him.

Soon, his clothing lay in shreds on the floor.

"I have a special treat for you, dear. Just a second." Peg said, stepping out of the small room. She came back holding a whip. "Let me tell you what this is. It's kangaroo skin wrapped over shark cartilage. This is the finest whip in Australia. There are much longer ones, of course, driver's whips for instance, but I think this is just the right length for this small room."

"It's very beautiful, Peg."

"It's yours. My gift," said Peg, tenderly. And she handed it to Sky.

Sky fondled the whip, bent it around. It was about three feet in length, and tapered off to a fine, pencil-thin end, with a leather tassel.

She turned ominously to Richard. He began shaking his head in panic. Please, please... let me explain, he wanted to cry. But the thick, imposing gag prevented all but some unintelligible mumbles.

She brought her face to within inches of his. "Asshole, your ex-wife told me all about you. Things that you obviously didn't want me to know. Want to hear? Want me to tell you about your own fucking past life?"

Richard shook his head, praying for a chance to speak, to defend himself. He not only foresaw himself being whipped viciously, but what about after that?... did these bitches intend to kill him?

"Of course you don't want to hear it, you fucking slug," Sky said, placing a hand on her ample hip, while the other hand dangled the ever-quivering whip. "So, you were not just a fucking Klansman, but you were like what... a goddam uber wizard? What's that, like some kind of fucking general?"

Auntie Peg drifted back and sat on the old couch to watch. She pulled out a pack of cigarettes and from a pants pocket and lit it. She crossed her legs. This promised to be good: her ex-husband, the deserter... the cheating, fornicating, lying bigot was about to get his repayment.

"You know what she told me?" Sky continued. "She said that you hated niggers. She said that she saw you playing cards with your bigot friends and that you used to be the one who came up with all the things you wanted to do to finish off the nigger race. That you used to give them ideas out of the Turner Diaries, about lynching niggers from lamp posts and machine-gunning them. She told me that you thought that niggers were animals, criminals, sluts, whores, druggies..."

Sky was yelling now, her heat up. A valve seemed to burst and she let go with a sudden man-like punch to his exposed solar plexus. The blow took Richard by surprise, and the air went out of him. He was in a dire panic now just to draw a breath. He'd been gut-punched once as a kid, and back then he thought he was going to die; it was no different now, as the seconds went by and still he was unable to breathe. His face went red with panic. Then, finally, he gulped in a great gasp of air. Coughing, he breathed in as much

of the precious air as he could. But now he was more frightened than at any time in his life.

"Fucking bitch!" she cried, and drew back the whip. She cared not where it landed: front, back, sides... it didn't matter. She just let go with abandon. Her strong arm followed through and the first lash caught his upper arm and part of his back, the vicious, speeding tip raising a wicked welt near his left wing-bone. As he was facing her, this is where the lashes would fall, that is, if he stood perfectly still. But he twisted in agony after the first lash, a kind of automatic reaction. And immediately Sky let go with another lash, this time crossing his back and the tip scoring his right hip.

In a fury now, she began lashing him forehand and back, the biting cruel whip striking in total random at all points on his upper torso. His arms took a lot of the lashes, but that was no less painful. He screamed through the gag and twisted in pain, enabling the onslaught of lashes to land on fresh territory with his each attempt at escape.

Sky spit out expletives as she lashed. "Goddam...fucking... low-life... asshole... lying... fucker... think... you... can... fucking... cover up your... bigot... background... fucking... little... twerp." Each word she spit at him brought another lash of the whip. SLAACK... SNIICK... SWAAAP... SLAACK.

And he screamed in utter blinding pain. Held cruelly by the neck, he thought he might kill himself: from the tight leather collar strapped to his neck and held taut to a chain above and the pain forcing him to dance in agony, he thought he might strangle.

Sky stopped to collect her breath. She turned to Peg. "Honey, you want a piece of this?"

"Do I ever," she replied and got to her feet. "I told ya Sky, this slimy bastard just walked out on me. I was pregnant at the time. And the shock of it all, the goddam trauma of how it embarrassed me, and how it offended my family... well, I had a miscarriage."

Sky handed her the whip and they switched places. Sky plopped down onto the grimy old couch and Peg walked over to Richard.

Peg turned back to Sky again. "And you know what else? He sued me for divorce. He sued me! And because the motherfucker had a fuckin' Klan friend on the bench, the judge came down on his side. He's a fuckin' millionaire and you know what I get out of it?... bein' married to this cocksucker? Nothin'! A measely fifteen-hundred a month. And put out onto the street owning just my clothes. I went back to my parents in shame. And then lost the baby."

The flexible orange-colored whip shivered in her hand. She looked at her ex-husband. She peered that the countless angry welts already raised by Sky's beating.

"You know what, Sky?" Peg said, turning back. "Will you help me? I want to get his arms raised over his head. His arms are blocking too many of the lashes this way."

"Oh, okay," Sky said, and came over from the couch.

From a belt loop in her pants, Peg removed a set of keys. Together, they released his cuffed wrists, Peg lifting a key to unlock him, and Sky there to hold and move his arms. The intention was to cuff him again in front, and then to raise his hands to be clipped to the overhead chain. But as soon as he was released, Richard lashed out. First, he jerked his arms free and then punched Sky in the side of her head, sending her reeling back. Then, struggling in confusion, he managed to unclip his collar from the overhead chain. Immediately, he reached for Peg to grab the sets of keys from her. He was too slow. She jumped away from him and, as he groped for her, he made a misstep. With his ankles chained with only nine inches of slack, he tripped and fell hard to the cement floor.

The two women were infuriated. Sky held the side of her face in pain.

"You fuck!" Sky screamed, and she kicked him in the chest. Peg was behind him now, and she lashed out with her pointed cowboy boot. And while Sky continued to kick him furiously and at random, Peg landed some more deliberate kicks to his lower back and twice got in kicks to his balls.

Richard screamed. As the kicks came, he cried out in frustration, unable to speak because of the infernal gag.

"Now you gonna obey? Now, motherfucker?" Sky screamed, still kicking him.

He bobbed his head rapidly. Yes! Yes! Yes, I'll obey!

"Get the fuck to your feet, bitch!" Out of breath, the women waited while he struggled to comply. When he stood, they reconnected the cuffs in front. "Now raise those fuckin' arms." And when he did, they used the clip he'd escaped from to connect his cuffed wrists high over his head.

For the moment, Richard felt relatively relieved; that is, being bound with his arms overhead was less strenuous and threatening than being bound by the neck. But he knew that tiny respite meant little, as his full naked body was now more vulnerable to that savage whip. And added to this would be the fury he'd inflamed from his puny and ineffectual rebellion. He'd pay for this.

"Do you have any more whips?" Sky asked, still rubbing the side of her face.

"I sent Adolph out to the best s&m shops in Sydney this week, and he came back with all kinds of things. This whip was a gift I got while in the Outback last year, and it's something I had never thought I'd get a chance to use. But let me call Adolph down with the boxes of instruments he picked up while shopping."

Soon, Adolph arrived carrying a bulging canvas suitcase. He plunked it heavily onto a low table beside the old couch. He unzipped it. It brimmed with instruments of discipline and torture: straps, crops, tawses, canes... also, dildos, blindfolds, nipple clamps and weights of various kinds... to be hung from nipples and balls.

Richard nearly vomited into the gag.

There was another whip in there, a flogger. It had about six leather lashes, hanging about thirty inches from the handle. This is what Sky chose.

"All right, Adolph, you can go." Peg said. Richard sensed Adolph wanted to stay and watch, perhaps even participate.

The two women approached the hanging form before them. Both had venom in their eyes.

✂ **END of CHAPTER** ✂

JONES FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

Chained in a dank basement, and helpless in the hands of TWO vengeful wives, Richard's fate is not envied even by the most extreme masochist. But, poor Richard is no masochist anyway, and has to face the full fury of the Amazon, Sky Jones, as his "ex" Peg reveals all of Richard's low-down dirty past. Whips and chains are just the beginning.



CHAPTER 2: SMITH AND HIS WIVES IN AUSTRALIA

Richard Smith was strung up by his wrists. He was in a dank and dismal subterranean cell. At this moment his world was filled with indescribable pain and despair: two women, filled with loathing and aroused by an opportunity for cruel revenge, were whipping him simultaneously and from all angles.

His current wife, Sky Jones, the larger and more powerful of the two, lashed and scored his back and shoulders. She used the single-tail whip made of kangaroo hide, slashing him forehand and back, raising angry, painful, ugly welts. By whipping forehand then back, she didn't have to "reload" so to speak, just lash out from her latest position, doubling the number of strokes in a given amount of time. With her huge, ponderous breasts flowing and bouncing with each movement, she was working herself into a sweat.



Meanwhile, Richard's ex-wife, Peg, had taken up a five-foot long signal whip, and was lashing his chest and stomach. Now and then she wrenched a high-tone squeal from him, whenever the tip of her lash tore at his genitals. With the lengthy whip, not only could she deliver excruciating pain to his sensitive areas but she could stand far enough away to lash him along with Sky, and still maintain a safe distance from Sky's whip.

And so, not a second passed without the sound of a vicious whip landing on flesh and a muffled series of screams emanating from the helpless victim.

Finally, after fifteen minutes of continuous assault, Sky Jones tired and stepped back. Panting heavily, she said hoarsely, "Okay, Peg, let's take a break"

Peg gave Richard one more unexpected lash, and backed off.

"Yes. Right. How about going upstairs for a drink? And I could use a cigarette.

But I've got one or two more things to leave with Richard before we go."

Peg went to a small table in the corner, and opened a drawer. She came back with some objects in her hands. The sight of 'more' things sent a chill into Richard... God, what now? As she brought them near, she handed some sort of wooden object to Sky to hold on to. Then she approached Richard with what looked like simple, lead fishing weights. But they were nipple clamps, with weights attached to them. As she Peg raised the first clamp to Richard's nipple, he complained through the gag, shaking his head... No! No!

But the clamp bit home hard upon his nipple, tight enough to hold the six-ounce weight fast to his nipple. She dropped the weight and Richard screamed.

Off to the side, Sky laughed out loud. "Fuckin' cool. Shit, I can't wait to see what the fuck this thing is."





CHAPTER 2: SMITH AND HIS WIVES IN AUSTRALIA

(page 2)

Peg squeezed the next clamp (appreciating the strong force needed to separate the biting parts). Richard backed up, trying to avoid the inevitable.

"Stand still, bitch!" Sky ordered from behind. And she stepped over to keep him from moving.

Peg pinched the next clamp onto his nipple. And let it drop. Another scream of agony from his gagged throat.

"Can you hold him in place like that, dear?" Peg asked of Sky. "This next part takes some effort to get it right."

"Yeah, sure. Here."

Sky waited patiently, holding Richard's body still, as Peg bent to his crotch and began fastening some strange object to his genitals. When she was finally finished, Sky came around and say what it was. Some kind of wooden vise, holding his cock and balls tightly by the use of some screws and wing nuts. Once upon him, there was nothing he could do, so Peg began twisting the wing nuts more and more, until the parts of the vise closed tighter onto his compressed genitals. What made this even more evil were the spikes lining the two flanges of the vise, digging painfully into his most sensitive flesh.

When Sky saw this she burst out laughing, clapping her hands. "Fuckin medieval," she cried out. "This is fuckin' great!" She reached down herself and gave the wing nuts another twist.

Richard bucked and flew his head back and forth in sheer agony.

"Now... let's go for some drinks," Peg said.

The two women, each reluctant to leave their whips, carried them along from the horrid little room and disappeared from Richard's sight.

Richard, too, had lost his breath. Trying to recover, a sob rose up into his throat, interrupted somewhat by the thick, intrusive leather gag. Richard could hardly tolerate the remaining pain. While the whipping went on, he was almost crazy with agony, praying, praying to pass out. But that was in movies. In old, Alan Ladd whipping scenes, aboard some other-century sailing ship. But here, now, these whips seemed to have a reversing effect... no passing out here; the cruelty of this whipping was that it raised his sensory agony to a paradoxical overload, one which became unbearable, but then extended itself, becoming somehow bearable again, only to raise the tolerable level of agony so it reached another threshold nearer the unbearable.

And now, with the onslaught mercifully stopped, he was left with a steady stream of pain, coming from--what seemed to Richard--every part of his body.

He began to cry, softly.

Out in the other world just above him, Peg showed Sky to a pretty, shaded corner of a flowered veranda. Palm fronds danced in the soft, fragrant breeze. Wild parrots shrieked

off in the distance, and sparrows chirped nearby.

"Have a seat, please, Sky. What do you like to drink? A cosmopolitan?"

Sky sat heavily upon a rattan caned, high-back chair. Her "thick" body was dripping perspiration. And her heavy, wide behind made the chair squeak in protest.

"Well, I've never had that," she said, taking up a napkin and wiping her forehead. "But I'll have whatever you are."

"You're the adventuresome type then." Peg said, admiringly.



CHAPTER 2: SMITH AND HIS WIVES IN AUSTRALIA

(page 3)

"Adventuresome? I guess so. After all, I adventured into this stupid marriage. I adventured onto a crazy, around-the-world cruise. And I adventured into this weird-ass situation with an ex-wife, beating the living shit out of the lying bastard in a smelly dark cellar."

Peg unfolded a bamboo fan that lay on the round table and handed it to Sky. "Honey, you cool down some, and I'll be right back with two cosmos. Then we can talk about all this."

When she returned, Peg was holding a long white cigarette. Behind her, the Peter Lorre character carried a small tray with two drinks in fancy martini glasses, garnished with a sprig of green, and some thin, diagonally sliced sandwiches, without crust.

Sky liked the effect. While on the cruise she'd become used to being served elegantly, but still it was all a bit new to her. Yes, she'd been served in New York, in places like the Outback--of all things, but in New York waiters toss the fork onto the table, and rush away before you can tell them you want... a....well, they're gone.

As she sat, Peg raised her glass. "Cheers," she said, Brit-like, yet with a slight Southern accent.

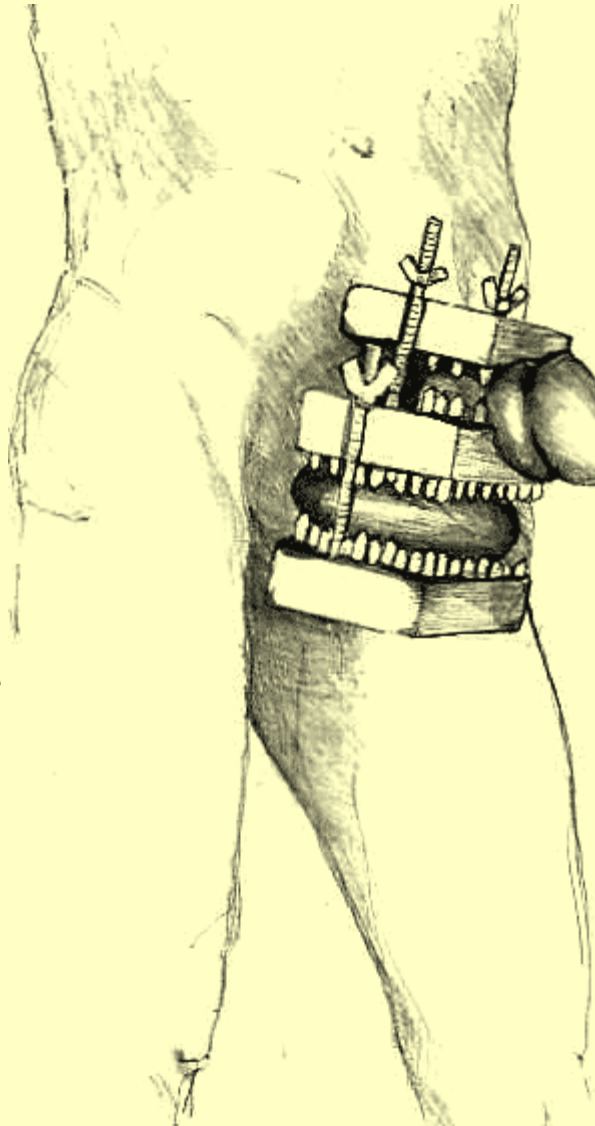
"I want to hear more about my new husband," Sky said.

"I'll tell you everything, Sky, honey, but you have to promise me you won't kill him... at least not until we talk about this."

Sky had downed the martini-sized drink in two gulps. Fanning herself, she said, "I promise not to kill the fucker. But I am not finished with him yet. Not near finished. And you can catch up on old times with him for as much as you like. Far as I know, you are probably due some very good pay-back."

"Okay. Good."

Peg took a small intercom device from a side pocket. "Adolph, two more cosmos. Bring a



carafe." She sat back and took a drag on her cigarette. "Well, let me tell you then," she said with a sigh of exasperation. "I hope you can take it. But look, I got lots and lots of personal shit between me and him. Maybe you don't want to hear that."

"Damn! The way I seen you whippin' him down there, I figured that. You just tell it anyway you want... front to end, or ass backwards. I don't give a shit. Besides, he ain't goin' nowheres," Sky added, giving out a tinge of ghetto tone.

Peg exhaled a great plume of smoke. "Well, first off, honey... he ain't your husband," she said, retorting with a tinge of Southern accent.





CHAPTER 2: SMITH AND HIS WIVES IN AUSTRALIA

(page 4)

The two women sat amidst a fragrant garden out back of Aunt Peg's Rooming House, just outside of Sydney, Australia. One woman was Sky Jones, who was married to the lying, philandering Richard Smith. The other woman, Peg Smith, just revealed that she, at this same moment, was married to the same man.

While the women sat on the arbored veranda, they were served Cosmopolitans by Adolph, the fat, greasy, Peter Lorre character. By their second round of drinks Sky realized she didn't have to press Peg for details. The other wife was eager to tell of the sordid history of Richard Stonewall Smith.

With her drink in one hand and a cigarette in the other, Peg Smith went on. She told the story with a kind of jocular tone; this was something Sky couldn't understand: had Peg's story been hers she'd have flames coming from her mouth.

"He beat me from the start," she told Sky, smiling falsely and taking a sip of her drink. "By the end of the first month of being married--like I was still having bride-like hopes--he broke my wrist. I drove myself to the hospital when my arm swelled up, and I couldn't lift it by itself. That night he came home drunk. When he saw the cast on my arm he was furious mad. The cast would tell everyone what he did--that's his words. He punched my lights out that night."

"Jesus," Sky cried. She could hardly sit still in her seat.

Peg went on. "Soon after, my parents died in a plane accident. My father used to fly his own plane, and...well... they died. At the funeral, I showed up wearing dark glasses, like you see in movies. But I was trying to hide two black eyes, not my crying and mourning. My nose, as you can probably tell, he's broken a few times."

Sky now looked at her, and Peg's nose indeed seemed a bit out of line. She was sympathetic, but Sky wanted the woman to get to the parts about the KKK. What was this son of a bitch doing in the KKK?

"My parents left some money. A good amount of it came to me. And to others too, but specifically explaining how I wound up here in Australia, they left a decent amount to my mother's sister, who had lived down here. That money bought this big old house for my aunt.

"Anyway, Richard of course wanted to get his hands on the money. He'd never really amounted to much, until he went into the hate business for real... started making and selling nazi flags and Confederate memorabilia." She reached and took a sip of her drink. "I'm sorry to say it now, but my parent's money went into that. Dick couldn't have done a thing without their money."

"Fuck me!" Sky said, lifting her drink. Something told her that Peg was far from finished.

"Well," Peg said, "his business grew big time..."

Sky interjected. "So... his fortune came from selling bigot and hate shit? There that many

people want all those flags and stuff?"

"Honey, you have no idea."

Suddenly, it began to rain. The downpour was heavy, but the women sat sheltered beneath a huge umbrella, and the umbrella was shaded by a thick copse of trees with large fronds. The atmosphere turned darker.

Peg stubbed out her cigarette. "His business of course elevated him in the Klan. The pipsqueak--whose only possession of value came from an old house in Charleston, that he swindled out of an old couple..."

"What? That house wasn't in his family? Like for generations?"





CHAPTER 2: SMITH AND HIS WIVES IN AUSTRALIA

(page 5)

"He told you that? He conned two old folks out of that antebellum treasure. A compatriot in the KKK who was on the town tax board helped Dick in that, and the two old Jews lost their home."

"Jesus Christ! I need another drink. My fuckin' head is spinning."

In a few minutes, Adolph came out with a fresh carafe of drinks. The rain had already stopped and a few large drops fell from the trees and bushes. The sun was out.

"Go ahead, Peg. You got more, right?"

Peg snorted. "That's just the appetizer, honey. Yeah... there's more."



Richard Stonewall Smith was chained in a desolate, dank basement. His arms were stretched overhead, held by leather wrist cuffs attached by clips to a heavy chain that depended from a dark wooden rafter above. He was stretched that his arms felt like they would be ripped from his shoulder sockets. His entire torso burned and stung from the myriad cuts of the whips that had scored him from his neck to his thighs. His mouth was stuffed with a cruel gag, and before leaving him they'd pinched a pair of evil alligator clips onto his nipples. Then they turned out the lights. And so, as he suffered these pains in total darkness, he dreaded the further evils these two vengeful women could devise. As his tormented mind envisioned horrific tortures, suddenly he arrived at a thought that was truly terrifying: What if they never came back? What if they just left him here like this, strung up, left to slowly die in agony and total darkness? It was like a crucifixion. A terrible, prolonged way to die.

As he hung there, body and mind stretched in torment, he imagined other ways to die, other ways they could dispose of him. They could fill him with snake venom and dump him in the fabled Outback... after all, Australia was home to more poisonous snakes than anywhere on earth. Shot with a lethal dose from a pet snake owned by that slimy creature, Adolph, nobody would know he'd been murdered. Then, they could...

The minutes dragged by, each fifteen minutes seeming like an hour. He was desperate now for any kind of relief, even more whipping. Yes, come torture me more... anything... but God, don't leave me here like this.

Had Smith's two wives understood the turmoil tormenting him, they would have raised their glasses in delight. But they could never truly know what he felt, they could only hope he suffered. Meanwhile, as they talked and drank, each hour went by like fifteen minutes.

"Richard killed a man," Peg said suddenly.



CHAPTER 2: SMITH AND HIS WIVES IN AUSTRALIA

(page 6)

"What?" Sky cried, sitting up, her big black eyes now wide.

"Actually, he killed a man and a baby," Peg added, with a wry smirk.

Sky waited.

"He came home really drunk one night. Just the week before he was so proud about being one of them to light up a cross on somebody's lawn. Now, this night, he came in stumbling real drunk and he fell into his lounge chair. 'Know what?' he says, slurring ... 'me and some old boys ran us down some nigger walkin' side a the road...' He laughed. 'Yeah,' he said, 'me and Jeff and Matt used a old pickup they stoled and we run over the fucker.'"

"Jesus Christ!"

"Sadly, there's more, Sky... and pardon me for using the 'n' word. Anyway, he suddenly gets this moment... like his head just got cleared up for a minute. And he sees I'm not like in some mood to celebrate his fucked-up accomplishment. And I can see his wheels turning... he's just confessed a murder to me. He turns to me now with fire in his eyes. 'You fuckin' bitch,' he says. 'You better keep your fuckin' trap shut about this.' And he beat me enough that he killed my baby. I was three months pregnant."

Sky pulled her chair around to get close to Peg. "You poor thing. God almighty!" She reached out and put her large arm over the smaller woman's shoulder. Peg began to sob. "That's it, honey. Get it out."

Peg lifted a napkin and wiped her eyes and nose. She continued. "After the miscarriage, I contacted my Aunt Peg here in Australia--her name was Peggy, while mine is Margaret, but we were called the same. She said come right on down. And I been here since. Never thought in a million years I'd face that horrible slug again."

"Yeah, but fate can come up with a really weird twist now and then. It's as if God joined us together, Peg. The good Lord's matched us up to make sure that that miserable fuck in the basement gets what's coming to him."

Peg raised her glass. "To justice!"

"To justice, Peg. For him hell would be his proper ultimate justice. Let's make it a hell on earth for that liar, bigot, murderer, child killer--our shared husband, Richard."

Sky sat back. She said, "I just got a thought. Just a small part of what we should do."

"What?"

"A tattoo. On his arm or ass or wherever. 'Nigger killer.'"

"And on the other arm, 'Baby killer.'" Peg added. "And better than a tattoo... how about a fucking brand?"

"Yeah," Sky smiled. "Burnt into the fucker's hide. Damn good!"

✦ END *of* CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

After another torture session in the dank basement beneath Auntie Peg's Victorian Rooming House, both Sky Jones (Mrs. Smith number two) and Peg Smith (Mrs. Smith number one) decided to have dinner in the Inn. As they sat in Peg's corner table, they looked out upon the mixed crowd there that night. Both tourists and locals came for dinner at the famed inn; candle-lit gourmet meals prepared by an excellent Aboriginal chef. The captain, dressed now in a tuxedo, was Adolph, the Peter Lorre look-alike.



"If they only knew what's hanging like a ham downstairs in your basement," Sky laughed, taking a sip from her cocktail. Of course, she referred to Richard Stonewall Smith, the double-dealing, misanthrope still chained and hanging by his wrists.

"Just beneath their feet," Peg smiled, raising her cigarette. "Let me ask you, Sky.... what now? I mean, where do you take this?"

"Me? What about you? I'm not alone in this. He's been a goddam criminal to you, Peg. To me, he's been a lying underhanded prick, but nothin' I can't recover from. You had to fucking escape the bastard halfway around the world."

"I wish there was someplace we could take him," Peg said, her voice turning somber. "Like if we lived in the Outback, you know, somewhere we could do what we want. No interference. Here... well, we have him in the cellar, but we can't keep down him there forever."

"Yeah," Sky replied. "And death is too good for him. Besides, I'm not a murderer, don't want to get into that kind of shit"

"Well, here's our lamb. Let's think about it over dinner and another drink, okay?"

An elderly waitress brought their dinner and asked Peg if they want anything else. Sky ordered a Foster's.

As Sky began chewing on a hot and juicy piece of Australian lamb, she said, "You know, they got this perfect place back in the U.S. The scumbag actually came up with the idea. It's this special community, a fucking actual town where they not only allow you to make your husband into a slave, but that's the whole reason why that town exists."

Peg looked up. "What's this then?"

"Yeah," Sky chuckled. "The prick found this place. It's kind of secret, so I don't know how he did it. The whole fucking town is run by women. And the men are slaves. It's like a reverse of the Stepford Wives. Only difference here is that the men are like real slaves. You have to have a bundle of money to get in."

"So, you didn't have the money?" Peg asked. "What's it cost?"

"No. We had the money, all right. But we were newlyweds. And they only take married couples, like those who were married for five years or more. They say it's to make sure you are a solid couple."

Peg Smith laid down her fork and knife. She looked up at the young black girl. There was a look of discovery on her face. "Sky... I am married to the fucker over fifteen years."

Sky's mouth dropped open. "Holeee... shit! That's right. You never got a divorce. Yeah, you can do it. You can get him there. And you can take care of his miserable skinny ass anyway you like."

"Sky, I don't want to do this alone."

"Dang, Peg, I don't know how that would work out. And I sure as hell ain't goin' there like I'm your maid... you know what I mean, right?"

"Yes, of course. Not even as a disguise. No, of course not. But maybe we can think of something. Maybe even the people who run this place might have an idea."

"Yeah, Peg. Maybe this could work some way. Let's find out from them, okay?"



CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

(page 2)

The town of Imperia was very pleased to help. As Peg Smith and Sky Jones soon found out, Imperia had a policy of "asylum" for couples where the woman had been exploited, abused or otherwise mistreated. This asylum was, for the most part, advanced in the face of the inability to obtain satisfaction from the official government outside Imperia (the Luft case was one example, but Imperia had granted asylum in over a dozen other cases).

Peg Smith was on the phone with Lola Dean; Sky was on an extension, enabling a three-way conversation.

"I understand your situation, dears," Lola said, "and can assure you that, under the circumstances, we will welcome you here... both of you. And, of course, your... uh... husband. We have several arrangements here that are out of the ordinary. This is the very goal of Imperia, a sanctuary for the female victim. There's no doubt that you have a legitimate case for redress against that male creature, and you can rely on Imperia for full support."

Peg looked across at Sky. They both smiled.

Lola said, "The only thing, ladies, is... do you know how to get him here?"

"Well... I have an idea," Sky replied. "Leave it to us. We'll work it out."

"In that case, ladies, Imperia looks forward to your arrival. We have a wonderful house available for you."

They hung up. Peg asked, "You have an idea, Sky?"

Sky smiled widely. "The way it's goin' now for that pig, he'd lick my shit to accept the offer I got for him. Especially, since he won't know that you are involved in this."



CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

(page 3)

After Sky and Peg finished a scrumptious meal, followed by apricot tarts and coffee imported from Java, the two women made their way to the back of the inn and down the stairs into the cellar. They carried with them a plate of food and a glass of water.

When Smith heard their approach he was actually relieved. Yes, they could start the tortures all over again, but the aroma of hot food accompanied their approach, and he guessed that they were not going to bring their own meals down here.

He was, of course, still strung up by his wrists. He was both blindfolded and gagged. Vicious clamps still remained, biting hard onto his tortured nipples, and some kind of devious vise was still clamped tightly upon his suffering genitals.

As soon as he sensed their approach, he began whimpering. It was a muffled plea for mercy.

"Okay, asshole," Sky said, "you had enough?"

He bobbed his head violently. Oh, God... does this mean they are letting me down? Please... please... he said to himself, I'll do anything.

Sky went to his nipples and almost gently began removing the clamps. There was no relief from this, not at least at first; the pain from the blood rushing back to his nipples made him scream into his gag.

Meanwhile, Peg was at his groin, unscrewing the complicated vise, relieving the pressure and reducing the pin-pricks from the myriad of little spikes digging in to his cock and scrotum.

The pain shooting through his nipples and genitals made him cry out, but he knew at least their intention was to relieve the torture... at least for now.

Next, they removed the blindfold and the thick, intrusive gag. He breathed a deep sigh of relief. When his eyes regained ability in the dank basement, he saw his two wives standing before him.

Sky was, of course, the most imposing and beautiful. She stood just a few feet in front of him. She was bare-chested, her large breasts almost hypnotizing the beaten and tortured Smith. Despite himself, he was becoming aroused. Her eyes searched his, and he felt a stirring of desire. Still strung up, his arms and joints in pain, he could not take his eyes from Sky. God, she was a beauty!

Off to the side, stood Peg, holding a vicious-looking cane. The skinny thing had a look of utter hate in her eyes.

Sky said, "We're gonna let you down now, pig. And you can eat and have something to drink. You gonna behave yourself?"

The words were like a joy to Richard. His reply came out with a cry in his throat. "Oh, yes, Sky... yes. I'll do anything."

"Don't call me Sky, you bitch. Both me and Peg here are Mistress." She reached over and pinched his cheeks between thumb and fingers, shot darts from her eyes to his. "You got that, asshole?"

"Oh... yes, Mistress. Yes. God, I will do anything. Please..."

Sky reached up and removed the leather cuffs from the connector holding Richard to the chain above his head. He collapsed to the cement floor. He felt as if he had no bones in him or even muscles, just a jellyfish without ability on land. Then the blood came back into his wrists and hands.

"Crawl, bitch, and make your way to the sofa." He crawled on the hard cement floor, and reached the couch. "Get up. You can sit there and eat. Go ahead."

Richard was starving. He bolted down the food (it was some kind of meat in delicious gravy, and some fried potatoes and peas), and drank down the glass of water in one breath. "I gotta pee, Mistress. May I go..."

"Go where? You ain't goin' nowhere."

Peg spoke up. "There's an old basin out in the other end of the basement. Go over there in the corner. Go do it. Turn on the tap to wash down your piss. Then get your ass back here."

They didn't tell him to crawl, so he walked. After relieving himself into the old porcelain sink, he thought for a second about rushing up the stairway and out into the back yard. But out where? Into Australia? To the police?

He walked back to them.

"Sit here," Sky said, without malice, and patting the seat on the couch beside her. "So, you think you deserved what you got?"

These words were like heaven on earth to him. So, it's all over. They got out their pent-up angers, their lust for revenge, and now it's over.

"Yes, Mistress... yes, I got what I deserved," he replied, his head down in obvious repentance. With his head lowered, he could stare at her massive tits, and their hypnotic ocean-swell movements.

"Peg, would you mind bringing me some clothes for him?" Sky asked.

"Sure," she replied and disappeared up the stairway into the night.

"I'm going to save your life, Richard," Sky said suddenly, speaking in a tone he'd rarely heard. It was, perhaps, her office voice, an official tone. "If we remain here, your former wife will want you dead. She told me ways to take you into the Outback... you'd disappear forever. She has a degree of hate and contempt in her that's ten times what I feel. There's no way you can atone to that woman. But, pissed off as I am, I am not out to kill you. I will want a divorce, of course..."

"Sky... uh, Mistress... may I speak please?"

"Yeah..."

"I wanted to change my life with you. I know I was wrong. Maybe I didn't confess my faults and past things, but I did somehow want to make up for all that shit by doing things for you. If I told you about my past, then I thought you'd hate me not just for what I did, but as a human being. And I felt that was too much and things wouldn't work. And

I...."

"Shut up."

He did. Immediately. His body ached all over, but he felt as if some sort of redemption was at hand. She let him talk, but it seemed as if she wanted to negotiate something.

"While your ex is gone, I want to say a few things and I want your reaction."

Richard thought: She keeps on saying things like ex, and things like divorce... was it possible that Peg didn't tell Sky they were still married? Wow!

"Yes, Mistress?" Richard breathed softly, a sign of hope lighting the horizon.

"I'll tell her that I am taking you back. That you've learned your lesson. That I want you to remain as my slave. She'll either be pissed at the fact she can't get her revenge, or she'll be glad to see your stinkin' ass out of here. I don't know..."

"Oh, Mistress... please, please take me away from here. Keep me as your slave."

"Well, I don't know..."

Richard slipped from the couch onto the floor. He groveled before her, began to kiss Sky's feet. "Please, Mistress... I'll do anything for you. Please take me back. Beat me some more, anything... but don't let that woman keep me down here like this."



CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

(page 4)

Sky and Richard flew out of Sydney two days later. They caught up to their ship in Hong Kong. The rest of the trip went almost normally, with Sky actually cordial with him, and Richard overly obsequious. As it turned out, Peg made no further claims or complaints and they left the inn without incident. Richard breathed a sigh of relief.

The couple sailed through the Suez Canal, and into the Mediterranean. When they reached Athens, they decided to fly home from there.

Meanwhile, Peg Smith was making arrangements with Regime Imperia. She found them ultimately cooperative and agreeable. She even made a deal to swap her Victorian inn for half the price of the new home in Imperia. Residents of Imperia could now have a place to vacation in Australia, while the company of Regime Imperia held onto a valuable bayside property. Within the week, Imperia had assayed her property and made the deal. She left the inn in the capable hands of the gnome-like Adolph, and flew ahead to Imperia. She emailed ahead to Sky on the ship: all systems were go!

While still on board, sitting on deck chairs and gazing out into the Aegean, Sky said to Richard, "I spoke to Imperia."



Richard was just beside her, sunning himself, still filled from a delicious breakfast and a pair of Pina Coladas in his stomach on top of that. Sky's statement woke him out of a torpor.

"What, sugar?.... what did you say?"

"I talked with Imperia. The same people that you failed to convince to allow us in. Now they say they will consider us. My question to you is... do you still want to go there?"

"Oh yes, sugar. Yes. For sure. It's what you want too, don't you?"

"I want it, Richard, but I wanted to find out what you thought about it first. I know I could make you go, but I thought I'd like to know what's in your mind as well."

Richard was happy the last two weeks, sailing up to India's west coast and then across the Indian Ocean into the Red Sea and the Canal; during that whole time Sky hadn't said another word about divorce. And his wounds and aching body had healed well, leaving him with only memories of that horrific time in the dungeon-like cellar.

And now this: the possibility that their original attempt to enter Imperia might now actually pay off.

"But... how did you do this, Sugar?" he asked, sitting up in his deck chair.

"In certain cases they let abused women bring their husbands there... for a kind of rehab."

"But Honey, I never abused you..."

"You didn't? There were things you did that maybe wasn't physical abuse, but I convinced them you were abusive in other ways. Anyway, what difference does it make? They say they will accept us now. Only thing is, they want you to sign some form letting them perform the rehab. It's what they call behavior modification. You got any objection to that?"

"Uh... no, honey. I mean what's it do?"

"Well, we have to find out now, don't we? Whatever it is, you're sure gonna wind up better off for it."



CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

(page 5)

And this is how Sky Jones moved into Imperia with Richard Stonewall Smith. But Richard didn't know until he moved in that he'd be husband to two wives, and the special "form" committing himself to the town's program for rehabilitation was actually a combination of confession to murder, admission to bigamy, and admission to fraud. After he signed, Judge Roy Dean informed Richard that unless he agreed to being released into the custody of his wife, Imperia would immediately turn him over to state authorities.

Naturally, Richard agreed readily, believing this was part of Sky's ultimate plan, the plan that enabled them to become residents of Imperia. He turned to see Sky winking at him. He smiled inwardly. That Sky... how clever.

What Richard did not know, was that the wife into whose custody he was being released was his true wife, the Australian, Peg Smith, now returned home to the country of her birth, where she could take up her rightful place, administering to his "rehabilitation."

Oh, and Sky Jones was to live under the same roof.

And Richard's short-lived tortures from down under were to begin anew, this time his sadistic wives needn't worry about the stress of a time limit nor having to keep their arrangement secret.





CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

(page 6)

Lola Dean drove Sky and Richard to their new home on Artemis Lane and dropped them off in front. As a condition for release to his wife, Richard was handcuffed at the courthouse, with his hands behind him. Richard yielded without hesitation, after all this was obviously a mere formality. When Sky waved goodbye and walked with Richard up the curved pathway to their front door, Richard was surprised to see a woman standing in the open doorway.

Oh no! It just couldn't be. Not her!

Richard almost fainted. How did she get here? What dirty devilish plot did this bitch contrive to weasel into his and Sky's blissful affairs? Surely, Sky won't allow this. Sky doesn't need this bitch around.

But when Sky jogged hurriedly up the path into the waiting arms of his ex-wife, Richard again felt like he was upon the first step of the scaffold; the guillotine looming ahead... his life was over.

The two laughed and hugged and chortled. "Shit, Peg, you are one smart Southerner."

"And you are one fine actress, you gorgeous bitch."

They high-fived.

Richard felt ready to vomit. He stood there, about twenty paces away, watching in rapt disbelief. Run! Run!... he thought. But where? And how? His heart threatened to burst through his chest wall. They were having a grand old time, squealing joyfully at their reunion, while he stood in utter despair and terror.

He saw Peg whisper something into Sky's ear. Then Sky burst out laughing. "Fuck that's good."

Then they both turned to face Richard and called out in unison: "Hey, hubby, come here!"

Again a new outburst of laughter. Oh, such fun!

He hesitated just a second, but when the laughter stopped abruptly, he obeyed and walked toward them. When he reached them, Sky took the handcuff key (it was tied around her wrist by a thin cord) and went behind Richard and released him.

"Down on all fours, bitch," Sky ordered, smacking the back of his head.

Richard got down on the slate walk near the doorway. Peg, who wore a skirt, sat upon his back, sort of side-saddle.

"Crawl, animal," Sky said, and she kicked him on his ass. And Richard crawled forward, carrying his first wife across the threshold.

The two thought this hysterical, and burst out in laughter.

Peg stood. "Now do the same for Sky, you bitch. Crawl out there and do it."

Sky was not easily carried. Her two hundred twenty pounds bore down upon Richard's sensitive knees as he struggled to move forward across the threshold. This time Peg tried kicking him in the ass. But she missed badly, and caught him squarely in the balls, the point of her flat shoe hitting just perfectly.

The air went out of Richard and he collapsed across the threshold, with Sky's entire weight coming down onto his back, forcing the air out of him. While he struggled as if in the throes of death, trying desperately to get a breath, the two laughed again, Sky not moving off his back.

Finally, Sky climbed off him. Slowly, after much sputtering and coughing, he recovered.

"Welcome home, slave, Peg said, now crawl ahead. Yes, it's a long long way into the living room. And Sky and I can tell you about your new home and your new slavish role in it."





CHAPTER 3: THE SMITH WIVES BRING THEIR HUSBAND TO IMPERIA

(page 7)

The two women walked slowly behind their crawling husband. When they reached the living room, Richard noticed a lot of the s&m equipment from Auntie Peg's cellar had been transported here, and were strewn about the room. Most of the items lay upon a strangely huge coffee table.

"Strip, bitch!" This from Sky.

Richard opened his mouth to speak. He needed just a little time. Needed to reason with them. He hoped to beg for some kind of mutual understanding. He wanted to negotiate some type of settlement, some way for him to atone, some ...Peg reached down and slapped his face hard!

"Are you fucking deaf, asshole?" Peg screamed at him.

Miserable, Richard complied. Began removing his clothes. He tossed them aside as he undressed; somehow he realized he wouldn't see those clothes again. He did not have to be told to remove his underwear either; the briefs came off. And he knelt naked before the two women.

Sky lifted a length of rope from the table and she sat upon the couch. "Stand up and turn around," she ordered. And when he turned, she brought his hands behind him and tied his wrists and arms. With another length of rope she tied his legs too. As she did this, Peg stepped over and strapped a dog collar around his neck.

After he was tied, Sky said, "Okay, slave, get on your knees. You are going to hear about the new regime in this house. You will listen to the way it's going to be for you from now on."

Richard looked up at her with pleading eyes; and yet he knew pleading would get him nowhere. His fate was in the hands and minds of two vengeful sadists.

 **END of CHAPTER** 

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Richard's two wives teach the bigamist to serve two severe Mistresses. Now, within the safety of Imperia's walls, Peg and Sky are free to let loose their revenge.



CHAPTER 4: THE TWO MRS. SMITHS AT HOME WITH THEIR SLAVE HUSBAND

Richard woke. He'd had a particularly frightening dream. In the dream, he was drowning; it was in the sea, he recalled now, and he could feel the salt water searing the tender lining of his throat and sinus. He tried to swim, but chains bound his wrists and ankles.

Now awake, Richard recalled the source of that dream. Like most dreams, it was based on reality. Just last night he'd felt like he was drowning... drowning in a hot, copious volume of piss that rained down onto his face, torture from first one wife then the other. And that frightening dental device, that cruel stainless steel gadget that kept his mouth forced wide open... painful in itself, it made swallowing more difficult, and so as the hot piss poured down into him, he choked and gagged and swore he would drown.

"Wider, Sky darlin'," Peg suggested. "You can set that thing wider. Really stretch the bastard's mouth."

Sky ratcheted the device another notch, until Richard thought the sides of his mouth would crack, or his jaw become dislocated. He screamed in pain.

"Yeah, good!" Peg said, "Good for ashtray service too." She displayed her point by grabbing his hair and pulling his head back, until he was facing the ceiling.

Richard soon found that even swallowing his own spit was difficult. God, if I can choke on my own spit, how will I manage to swallow a half gallon of acrid piss?

But he did survive, and now he lay upon a narrow cot, locked in a small room. This was his new quarters. Richard felt somewhat satisfied; although the room was little larger than a cell, it at least looked like a small bedroom. It had his cot, with sheets, pillow, blanket; it had a small dresser, a small mirror, and even a window. The window had bars on it, but at least it looked out east, into the morning sunlight. The room was painted a soft, ecru, and so not harsh, and the lighting was from a small but effective lamp. Richard even found a few books stacked on the dresser.

Beside this small room, was an even smaller bathroom. Just a toilet, small sink, shower, another mirror. A tiny, frosted window let in some more light.

He was dressed in comfortable cotton pajamas.

And so, it appeared that Richard was being treated somewhat civilly. True, like some bad joke, the pajamas had black and white stripes, like from out of an old Cagney movie. But other than this, there'd been no jarring alarm to waken him, and nobody had come to interfere with his morning routine. After he'd shit, showered and shaved, he sat on the bed reading. The book was... the Count of Monte Cristo. Richard appreciated the irony.



CHAPTER 4: THE TWO MRS. SMITHS AT HOME WITH THEIR SLAVE HUSBAND

(page 2)

When Richard woke, and however happy he was to be left alone, the pain in his body was a harsh reminder of the agonies and humiliations he'd suffered the night before. And when he undressed he was shocked to see the varied welts, bruises, wounds, and the rainbow of colors beaten into his body.

God!... he thought. I'll never be able to take more of this. Maybe that's why they've left me alone. They want me alive to torture some more.

Lying on the bed reading, he dozed off.

Another dream came to him. This time he was driving a car. It was a convertible and the wind blew all around him. He was on a narrow country road, and driving alone. It was an escape! He'd made it. He was free! He turned up the radio, to hear the music. But it was not music he heard... but something else. Was it a newscaster? If so, why was she yelling harshly?

He opened his eyes. The two of them stood beside each other, at the foot of his narrow bed. The faces held no warmth; but scorn and derision. And they'd obviously been speaking when he woke.

"... before us," Peg was saying.

He rubbed his eyes.
"What...?"

"On your fucking knees. Are you fucking deaf?" Peg said.

He scrambled from his bed onto the floor. Sky towered over him. She held up two pairs of shackles; for his wrists and his ankles.

"Get out of those pajamas, bitch," she said.



Terrorized beyond rational thought, he quickly complied. He saw no alternative. Naked and on his knees, he looked up to them. He was about to plead... to say something. But suddenly his mind went blank. He didn't even know what to plead for.

"Lock these onto your feet," Sky said, "then give me your wrists. Now, kneel up... here's

a nice collar for you. What's that? Ouch? Oh, too tight for you? Too fucking bad. Now a leather leash. Okay, now get up and follow us downstairs."

Sky held the leash and pulled him forward. He had to take small steps as the chain connecting his feet was not long enough for a normal step. The floor and stairs were carpeted, so the chain was not scraping along a wooden floor.

Peg walked ahead, carrying two vicious-looking whips. Peg was no looker, but from behind Richard could not help but admire and appreciate the movement of her swaying hips and ass. And she always wore an understated skirt and blouse, like some kind of school marm.

They brought him downstairs into the living room "Kneel here, pig. Right in front of both of us," Sky told him.

He gazed up at Sky. God, despite all this I still love her, he thought. What a royal beauty. The awe showed on his admiring face.

Suddenly, a crashing slap across his face!

"Pay attention, bitch," Sky yelled.

"What a goddam dunce!" Peg said.

"Don't worry, sweetie," Sky said to Peg. "We gonna beat some sense into his dense skull. Listen up, asshole," Sky continued, leaning toward him, her large breasts falling forward. "You probably could guess your ass is in our hands now. Well, you gotta keep a few things clear in that stupid head of yours. First, you gotta understand that I ain't got a use for you. I'm a young black girl with a whole life ahead of me. So I don't have to tag along down here, tied up with your bigoted ass. I'm half your age, and the reason I hooked up with you was kind of loopy-goopy in the first place. So, technically, you got your wife right here with Peg, and I don't need your ugly ass.

"But I know you want me to stick, so if I do I'm doing it because I got a feeling for Peg here, not you. Now, as long as me and Peg got something between us, you got me around. And ain't you lucky?"

Richard's head was spinning at these announcements. He felt devastated; she cared for Peg and not him. In fact it sounded as if she despised him. Richard's heart dropped. There was nothing left for him now, except living as captive of these uncaring and cruel bitches.

"Now, not only am I friends with Peg, but there's another thing I like, and that's beating your ass. I have to admit, this stuff really turns me on. So, I have a couple of things keeping me here."

Peg lit a cigarette and leaned back. She let Sky speak about their plans. When she clicked the lighter aflame, Richard reacted and looked over. He had always hated this woman, and now had even more reason to. She sat there so smug; it galled him.. Richard knew that she knew that she had him by the balls.



CHAPTER 4: THE TWO MRS. SMITHS AT HOME WITH THEIR SLAVE HUSBAND

(page 3)

“Peg, you tell him our plans, okay?”

“Of course. Pig... we have a system planned for you. It’s a way to make you into a total slave to us. We admit that up until recently the two of us had very little experience in domination and s and m. I learned some things down in Australia only because I had a boarder who was a masochist and he brought along his inventory of whips and things. And he helped me to put the hooks into the cellar and make up a small dungeon down there. He used to bring home prostitutes who were willing to beat him, and I allowed it. I allowed it because the fool paid me three times my regular rate for his room. He lived at my inn for four years. When he got sick and moved on, he left all that equipment for me. I didn’t use any of it until Sky here and you came along. Oh, by the way, I forwarded all the equipment here, so Sky and I have them now.”

She stopped to stub her cigarette. Richard didn’t want to hear any more. He was already mired in despair.

She continued. “And now we have you in our power. And you are gonna learn how to be a proper slave. But since we are still new at this, we found out from the nice people here in Imperia that they have a special service. They have a lady who will help us to get you into the right frame of mind for slavery. They use special behavioral modification and mind control techniques. By the end of the course, you will be a perfect slave.”

Richard began to speak. “But...”

Again, from Peg, a swift slap across his face. “See... it’s things like this you will have to learn. You can’t speak without getting permission first. By the time we’re finished with you—and with the help of this so-called bitch they are sending over—you won’t think to sneeze without begging permission.

“Now, while we still have you to ourselves, and while we are yet not educated enough about the finesse of training a slave, we are going to do things our own way, at least until Doctor Not arrives tomorrow.”

Again he spoke... couldn’t help reacting to what he’d heard. “Doctor Not...?”

SLAAP! SLAAP! SLAAP!

Peg smashed him forehead and back. “Filthy—little—bitch!” she cried with each slap. “You need to be tightly controlled. You need to focus the puny mind and body on just one thing... upon waking each day you’ve got to think... ‘now, how do I serve my two superiors without a flaw.’”

Sky had to laugh at this. She appreciated Peg’s manner, and the reactions from Richard. He looked as if he was scared shitless.



CHAPTER 4: THE TWO MRS. SMITHS AT HOME WITH THEIR SLAVE HUSBAND

(page 4)

“Now,” Peg said, “get your ass up and make us breakfast. Go into the kitchen and make fried eggs, toast, coffee, orange juice. Have it all laid out just right on the table then come back and get us. Don’t eat anything for yourself. If we ever catch you eating without permission we’ll clip nipple clamps onto your frigging tongue for an hour. Okay... now go!”

Richard got up off his knees and found his way into the kitchen. The place was huge, and had all new appliances. He didn’t know where anything was, so he had to search around for utensils, plates, cups, etc.

He found the food. Saw some bacon... decided to fry some of that too. Maybe he could win some points.

He set about work. But meanwhile his mind was in a raging turmoil, and he couldn’t stop thinking about the predicament he was in. Not only was he under the thumb of two vengeful sadists, some other woman—with the terrifying moniker of Doctor No—was due here tomorrow to truly harness him up into slavery.

Fumbling, dropping things due to the hampering from the shackles, finally Richard completed his task and hustled along to retrieve his two Mistresses.

He reached the living room. From the open area where he stood he could look into the living room. He saw the backs of their heads. And his two wives, Sky and Peg, were making out.

He stood frozen. God... this is something! What to make of this?

“Uh... Mistress...” he muttered.

They didn’t hear him.

He repeated. “Mistress... the food is ready.”

“All right, bitch,” Sky growled back at him. “Get back in there and kneel next to the breakfast table.”

He hurried to obey. He did not want to see any more of this bizarre scene. It seemed both of his wives preferred each other to him.

The two women got up and went in for breakfast. The bacon smelled good, and so they relented and allowed Richard to make the same breakfast for himself. Although he could not sit at table with his Mistresses, he was permitted to sit at the counter.

After eating her eggs, and drinking some coffee, Sky said to him, “And so, since we told them here at Imperia that we don’t know all that much about what they call slavery...”

“Which they are big on here...” Peg interjected.

“Yeah. It’s like the—what’d they say?—the foundation of the place. The entire town is

kept up by slaves.”

Peg again spoke up. “In fact, one day a week you have to volunteer for public service. It might be raking leaves or toting garbage... we don’t know.”

Sky said, “Anyway, since this is all new to us—relatively new—the town is sending over an advisor. She’s like somebody who can teach us the slavery part.”

“We’d like to spend all day and night beating you,” Peg interjected with a laugh.

Sky laughed too, then added, “But we have to be practical, so we might as well learn how to put your ass to good use too.”

“She’ll be here this afternoon,” Peg said.



CHAPTER 4: THE TWO MRS. SMITHS AT HOME WITH THEIR SLAVE HUSBAND

(page 5)

The rest of the morning the two women spent going about the new house and making notes for decorating and furnishing the place. After breakfast, Richard was allowed to go back to his small room. There, he relaxed upon his narrow bed, alternately reading and pondering his future.

So far, he'd experienced a combination of horrific punishments balanced by some periods of leniency, where he was permitted to go about eating and sleeping without molestation.

Richard fell asleep again and had another dream. Like most his dreams, this was just a quick flash of something, not lasting more than a few seconds. In this dream he saw and felt himself in bed with Sky. His hands were free to roam all over her smooth brown skin, caressing her curvy hips and mountainous breasts. She moved slowly, as if in ecstasy, turning toward him, as if to kiss him on the lips...



The dream evaporated in an instant... one of the two Mrs. Smiths was standing in the doorway. It was Sky. She said: "Up, Richard... get your ass downstairs. Time to meet Doctor Not."

Like a prisoner dressed in striped pajamas, he followed Sky down the stairs. His heart began racing. What diabolical plot awaited him?

The woman, Cora Nottingham, PhD., sat alongside Peg on a curving sofa. Sky sat in a club chair close by, pushing Richard to his knees beside her.

Richard glanced across at the woman. She was, perhaps, in her mid-forties, and had a chubby round face and florid cheeks. She sat with legs crossed, but like a man; her heavy thighs prevented her from crossing her legs full over. She had a rough, unattractive voice. Richard found her quite unappealing... and yet, like others in Imperia, she'd found her man... and enslaved him.

"Of course I'll leave you the standard booklet," she said, continuing a previous conversation. "It has both the official rules of Imperia and also some practical suggestions. But, while I'm here and until you feel you no longer need me, I'll offer my

observations.” She looked over at Richard. “Seeing your so-called slave, I have some observations right now, if you’d like.”

“Yes... of course,” Sky and Peg replied together.

“Well, first thing is a slave should be kept naked whenever practicable. This is a basic reminder of its lowly status.”

Peg and Sky looked across at each other and nodded agreement. But they didn’t interrupt things by stopping to order Richard to undress.

“Also,” continued Doctor Not, “a slave is usually ordered to greet a guest. It crawls to the feet, kisses them, and asks if it may serve its superior.”

“Yes,” said Peg. “Excellent.”

“Under those pajamas... is it wearing a chastity device?” asked Doctor Not, trying to cross her leg over the other side.

Sky and Peg looked at each other. Their slave had little opportunity to cheat on them, especially here in Imperia, and so they failed to understand the need.

Peg said, “No, we didn’t consider it necessary. He’s quite tame, and wouldn’t think of straying.”

Doctor Nottingham made a derisive snort. “My dears, that may be true, but not ultimately the reason why its genitals should be locked up. I’ve been in this house before. It has a small room to itself, doesn’t it?”

Richard was growing angrier by the moment... each time this woman referred to him as ‘it’ he bitterly resented the connotation. It was downright demeaning; but then, that was the idea, wasn’t it?

“Yes, he has a small room,” Peg said.

“Well... what’s it doing in there by itself? It might be trying to satisfy itself in a most disapproved and disgusting way. My first recommendation is to have its genitals locked up tightly, preventing it from performing a self indulgence.”



CHAPTER 4: THE TWO MRS. SMITHS AT HOME WITH THEIR SLAVE HUSBAND

(page 6)

Peg lifted a small pad and made a note. “Do you suggest any particular sort?” she asked. She had experience with that torturous genital clamp they’d used on Richard back in Australia, in the dank basement (she’d made certain to have that item packed amongst all the other sadistic instruments in her inventory). But she knew nothing about chastity devices.

Doctor Not said, “I’ll send a few samples over for you. You can try them out. It depends ultimately how cruelly you want them to perform. Should the device merely restrain and prevent, or should it also give the slave pain?”

To Richard’s dismay, both Peg and Sky cried out: “Pain!”

“Excellent,” said Doctor Not. “Ladies after my own heart. Yes, we can devise it so that any slight tendency toward erection will bring sharp and immediate punishment.”

Sky and Peg looked at each other and smiled.

Doctor Not continued. “You know, there are other reasons to deny it orgasms. These are psychological. Without going into the substance of them here, allow me to merely state the bottom line: we’ve found that slaves are perhaps five times more submissive when forced to endure long-term denial of orgasm. I’ve written a small treatise on the subject. Let me send you a copy of that along with the sample products.”

Peg said, “Well, Doctor Not, if nothing else, you’ve helped us already.”

“Thank you. But there’s lots more. Protocol can be a very effective means toward guaranteeing optimum service from one’s slave. And I’d be delighted to go through the list with you.”

“Phew...!” Sky exhaled. “There’s so much to know. Me?... I just beat the bitch when he gets out of line.”

Peg laughed. She appreciated the Black woman’s directness and simplicity. She looked across to Sky and winked. But, being tactful, she had to acknowledge Doctor Not’s generous advice.

“Yes, please share your ideas, Doctor Not.”

“May I demonstrate on your slave?”

“Yeah, of course,” Sky said.

“Punishment, too?”

“Sure, why not, Not?” Sky joked. They all laughed (except Richard).

Doctor Not looked at Richard. Her eyes suddenly bore into him. He became frightened.

“Lower your eyes, worm,” she barked. “Now, crawl over here. Remove those pajamas as

you crawl.”

Richard was near a state of panic. His heart threatened to pound through his chest. What new and advanced stages of humiliation would he have to endure? He struggled to remove the pajamas, stopping along the way. Finally, he reached her feet and was naked.

“Kiss my feet!”

He began kissing her left shoe.

“No! Ignorant ass. You don’t even know me. You don’t carry on like I’m your lover. You plant a reverent silent kiss... one for each shoe. Then you kneel up. ‘How may I serve you, Madam?’”

He began to repeat her words... “How may I...”

And suddenly, a vicious slap across his face.

“You don’t look at me, bitch!” she growled. “You keep your eyes no higher than my waist.” She turned to Richard’s wives. “You sense the tension? You can almost feel this worm is trembling inside.”

“Yeah,” breathed Sky. “I gotta say... I’m getting’ fuckin’ wet here.”

Doctor Not continued. “Now, see that impudent worm between its legs? See how the ugly thing is wanting to grow? Wanting someone to touch it? Play with it? Even suck it?”

As she spoke these suggestive words, Richard’s cock responded. With each little phrase he became more erect. He watched, rapt, as she reached over and brought her hand near. The thought that she might grasp it made his cock point higher, and grow stiffer, like the cobra under the flautist’s spell.

Doctor Not, of course, had no intention of touching his cock. Instead, she slapped it, causing the stiffened appendage to bob and bounce. Again! SNICK! A sharp slap.

He became even stiffer.

“See? See how selfish and vile these creatures are? He doesn’t even know me. He has not one but two lovely wives that demand his loyalty, and yet the bitch lusts after a stranger’s hand. Not even a caressing, loving hand, but a hand that stings and punishes.”

Both Sky and Peg laughed, snorting their ridicule. This was so entertaining.

✚ END of CHAPTER ✚

COMING NEXT MONTH: Unable to make an appointment to train and supervise Richard, Dr. Not sends her daughter in her place. And love blooms, and a cross-country escape ensues.





CHAPTER 1: THE LUFTS

Chairwoman and Mayor Lola Dean invited the couple into her opulent office. Tall French doors dominated the room, the windows overlooking a lush lawn, once part of a golf course. She waved her arm, inviting her visitors to sit.

"Please, Madam Hannah, of course this chair is for you. And Herr Alfred you may use the stool." Mayor Dean stepped behind her large mahogany desk. "I have gone over your file and application, and it seems to be in order, but still there is a brief formality we must conduct. Just a few questions."

The strong Aryan woman replied with a thick German accent. "Yah, Madame Dean. We be very pleased to answer your questions."

"Well now, my committee and I have read the newspaper clippings. But why don't you just tell me about the incident that resulted in your contacting our society?"

Hannah Luft had shocking blond hair, blond eyebrows and light blue eyes. At thirty-two, her body had filled out, giving her more than ample hips and ass, and very large round breasts. For the visit to Dean's office, she'd encased herself in black leather, both in blouse and skirt, each very tight against her body. As she sat, leather squeaked against leather. Dean offered her a cigarette and Hannah accepted.

"Four years ago, in Heidelberg, began the persecution," she said, blowing a cloud of smoke into the office air.

The thirty-year-old man shifted in his seat. He was uncomfortable with both the wooden stool upon which he sat and the story he was about to hear. He'd heard it over and over, both on German television and in conversations--Hannah was always eager to relate the incident to anyone who asked. The stringy, long-legged man looked undernourished, sitting passively upon the stiff wooden stool.

Hannah Luft continued. "It was the discipline session we were conducting. Well, really, I was the one conducting it. Alfred was receiving it." She gave a half smile. "It was nothing more than ordinary that we do. But this time we do the discipline session outside, in our backyard. We have lovely trees there, and many ways for me to bind him up. But the neighbors it turn out they do not want this. So... they report us to the authorities."

"And you were arrested, Frau Hannah?" Lola Dean said, with some astonishment.

"Yes. And belief it or not, the prosecutor he tell me I might be ten years in the prison."

"What barbarity!" Dean cried out. "In this day and age. What was your alleged crime, Madame?"

"Well, of the allegations all were true. I admitted them. I had whipped my husband with whips until he is violet and red and almost bloody. I had make him to sleep out the doors in the dog's house for one week. And I make him to chop the wood until he tired. And I make him to wear the woman's apron.

Oh yes, and a leather collar is locked very tight onto his neck. Oh, and one more thing, the chastity device, it is locked onto his genitals. It is a very cruel model, with points of plastic that give extra pain. But all of this the neighbors could see."

"And what was the outcome, Madame Hannah. How did you fare in court?"

"We go before the judge and she listen to my story. Thank God for it was a woman. I say to her I believe I have the right to punish my husband when he fail to perform his domestic duties. Also, Alfred also tell his part. Of course, like a good slave he tell the judge that he earn his beating and punishment. And she went into her chamber and when she come back in one half hour I am acquitted. And so I am released."

"This is totally absurd, Frau Hannah, to be treated thusly. Even if you have been acquitted, you are now afraid that any further such activities will be misconstrued in a similar fashion?" Lola Dean crushed out her cigarette in an ornate astray, a bronze likeness of a man with an open mouth.

"Yes. And if it not the same judge? You understand my worries, Madame Mayor?"

"Absolutely."

"And so, when I hear from the sister of my husband--she is here in America--that she has discovered of the exist of your community in America, I think that this is one place that I pray to travel to and live in peace and freedom with my Alfred." Suddenly Hannah turned tearful and leaned forward and stubbed out her cigarette. She brought a small handkerchief to her nose. "Of this trouble there is a little more to tell you. Also there is a civil suit by the mother of Alfred. The horrid old bitch. She was wanting him to return to live with herself. And during the time after they arrest me but before the trial, they have court order that he will live with his mother until there is a verdict. But after the verdict, he come back to our home like the good slave."

Lola Dean stood. "We are very happy to welcome you into our community, Madame Luft. Your story is truly heart rending. And I thought Germany had such an advanced society. As for your financial standing, you do reach our minimum standard here, but I am confident that we can find you comfortable and ample housing. And with a good back yard and pretty trees." Lola laughed, prompting Hannah's freckled face to broaden into a toothy grin.

"Now, would you like to take the tour?"







CHAPTER 1: THE LUFTS

(page 2)

With Alfred Luft trailing behind, Lola Dean showed Hannah out of her office and out into the parking lot. Knowing she'd be showing the private town and houses to its most recent applicants, Lola chose her 1962 Lincoln convertible, and the morning weather proved ideal for it: 76 degrees and bright sunshine.

"I believe you will approve of the house we're about to see. It is almost near completion, and you may move in immediately if you like. Also, as with all the new houses, we are ready to make any alterations to suit your tastes. The builders work exclusively for us and understand our particular interests, if you know what I mean."

"Ah yes. As with the dungeon, yes?"

"Exactly. But with other things too, since the house is chosen for you by our organization, rather than your own choice--it's not as if you would be house shopping out in the vanilla world. Here, we build one house at a time, and it goes to the next applicants on the list. And so you will have much opportunity to alter and refine the property to suit your aesthetic desires and practical needs."

"Herr Luft also is handy, as you say. Not for very big things, but he can build his own dog house, as he did in Germany."

They reached the huge automobile and Lola gestured to Alfred Luft to sit in the back. This was one of the last convertibles to have rear doors, and Alfred opened his own door, but quickly opened his wife's door too, and helped her in before taking his seat in the rear.

All seated, Lola Dean turned to Frau Luft. "May we speak openly Mrs. Luft? I would like to discuss with you the rules of our community regarding the treatment of slaves and husbands. The rules are printed in the packet of papers I sent you, but they are in legalese if I may say, and I do want to explain things clearly for you."

"You may speak, Mrs. Dean. I don't keep nothing from my slave."

"Good," Lola said as she started the car. She steered out of the parking lot and headed into a tree-lined road. It was about ten in the morning, and there were no other cars. If the deserted streets seemed eerie to Frau Luft she didn't show it.

Driving at little more than 10 mph., Lola said, "The rules of our community--while primarily moral--also serve to protect us from liability and criminal charges. Also, we seek to protect our privacy. We want no publicity that could accuse us of being barbarians; such is the existing misconceptions surrounding consensual s&m."

"I understand perfect, Mrs. Dean. You know how I was mistreated in my home town, yah?"

"Of course, Mrs. Luft. And so our decision to move you to the top of our list of applicants."

Just then, as the silent road curved, Hannah Luft saw something off to the right that both shocked and pleased her. A man, almost totally naked and on all fours, was being beaten

by a woman. The woman, dressed casually in shorts and sleeveless top, was wielding a riding crop, swinging forehand and back, the lashing on flesh heard from thirty to forty yards away. Hannah felt an immediate tremor in the pit of her stomach, and a tingling in her crotch. Lola Dean slowed the car even more and pulled over beside the couple. Had she been alone, Lola would have merely waved good morning to the woman and driven on, but she wanted Frau Luft to appreciate the situation and meet the punisher, after all, Frau Luft was arrested in Germany for this very activity.

"Hi, there," said Toni St. James, with a bright smile. She yanked hard on the leash and dragged the unfortunate man to the curb. Like most women in Imperia, Toni loved to have others witness her disciplinary treatments, so she often took her husband Henry for a "walk."

"Good morning," Lola Dean said.

"Good morning, Lola," Toni said, slightly out of breath from the exertion.

Hannah looked down at the slave's body. He wore kneepads and some kind of protective gloves on both hands. He dripped sweat and a series of vicious welts covered his back and buttocks. Besides this, his entire body seemed to carry dark bruises and markings from previous beatings, much the same as Hannah liked to see on her own husband's body.

"May I introduce Frau Hannah and her husband? Hannah, this is our lovely opera singer, Toni St. James."

They exchanged nods and how-do-you dos.

Lola said, "I see you are out for a stroll. Such a lovely day! Getting some trouble from your slave?"

"The ignorant fool refuses to learn what 'heel' means. I want his nose no more than six inches from my heels."

"Ah, yes. Of course. Frau Luft and husband are new applicants. I am about to show her around the community."

Toni turned to Hannah and smiled. "Well then, let me be the first to welcome you. Please come and visit me when you get settled. Lola, will you give Mrs. Luft my number for me?"

"Of course. Now, we must be on our way, and allow you to return to your exercise."

The three women smiled. The slave on all fours dropped his head in futility.

As they drove off, Hannah turned to Lola. "May I ask, what we saw just now, the beating, does that often happen here, on the street?"

Lola smiled. "Of course, dear. It's the raison d'être of our community... the freedom to



conduct ourselves as we like. Our community is an island of freedom--although the slaves would dispute this--where women like us have almost unbridled license to discipline, humiliate and torture our possessions."

"Lola, you say almost unbridled license? What are you meaning with this?"

"Ah yes, my dear, we do have some internal laws that we impose on ourselves. I'll describe them to you. But first, take a look up at the large home on your right. See it up on the crest of the hill? That's the von Lieden Mansion. Owned now by the young daughter of the founder of our community. Her mother, Vera von Lieden, is the principal owner of the community of Imperia and the acreage upon which it stands."

"The woman, the one who begins all this... she is still living?"

Lola laughed heartily. "Very much alive, dear. Vera von Lieden is barely fifty years old. She runs several large manufacturing companies in the U.S. She is one of the most generous women you will ever meet. She built that mansion for her newly married daughter and just gave half of her remaining personal landed property to the Imperia Co-op for expansion. Meaning, we will be able to build more public buildings, parks, stores, a school for girls, and many other things."

"And so, how many are living in here? The families?"

"We have 300 families, Hannah. Almost all are married couples. Some have children. Mrs. Von Lieden is still buying adjacent properties, both for security and expansion. She estimates that our total population will reach 1000 households within five years."

"And Herr Alfred and myself will be number three hundred and one in your organization."

"Yes, Hannah. But first you must agree to the limits and regulations of our community contract. But... here we are... your new house."

The homes and lawns on both sides of the street were a lush green. Well-watered and meticulously landscaped. Trees stood out front, either at curbside or upon the manicured lawns. The newly constructed home for the Lufts stood well back from the road and had a curved drive. It was on one level, spread long across the property. A mailbox had been newly planted out front, the dirt around the base still loose. It was yet to receive a name.

As the women left the car, Frau Luft turned to the man. "Come along, slave. Come see the home."

With a sigh, Alfred Luft opened the rear door of the long convertible and climbed out. He seemed weary.

"Perhaps the jet lag?" Lola Dean observed with a shrug.

"Nein, Lola. We have been in America for a week already. He is merely a lazy swine. That is his trouble. Move, you lazy creature," she yelled.

Lola thought maybe he was malnourished. Some women withhold sustenance as another means of torture. Lola never understood that. Perhaps torture the slave with something nasty to eat, but keep him healthy and with energy.

They toured the house. Hannah Luft was very satisfied with the size of the rooms; here in America they have so much space. And the garden out back was very lovely. And there were very nice trees to bind Herr Luft to.

They stood in the entry to a bathroom. A workman was cleaning the newly grouted tiles.

"Hey there, man-thing," Lola called. "The fixtures all working?"

"Yes, Ma'am. But the water ain't turned on yet. There's a basin in the cellar ain't complete yet. And the sprinklers too."

"Damn! Some of us got to pee right now. Alright, we can go next door to a neighbor. Maybe Jinx Fallon is home."

As they walked into a hallway, Frau Luft said, "Please, Lola, if you like, why don't you use my portable toilet, Herr Luft?"

"How generous of you dear. But only if my friend Jinx is not home. I'd like you to meet her anyway. I am sure you will find a lot in common with her. She too loves to beat her slave in public. And just loves to humiliate him too."

"Ah, yes. The discipline and the shame go hand in hand, yah? This is how you say it, yes?"

Lola nodded and they walked out of the new house for the Fallon residence.

When the door opened, Frau Luft was surprised to see one of the most beautiful women she'd ever seen. Stunning!É yes, that was the word the Americans used. The woman was tall, with a luxurious billow of rusty red hair. She wore a black silk blouse, with a short, standup collar. A thick leather belt accented her small waist. The belt had a large silver buckle that bore some sort of crest. She wore cream-colored spandex jodhpurs that showed off every curve of her magnificent legs and derriere.





CHAPTER 1: THE LUFTS

(page 3)

After leaving the Fallon's house, Lola Dean drove the Luft couple down to von Lieden Square. This was the quadrangle set approximately at the center of Imperia. It boasted a well-manicured mall of perhaps the size of a football field. It had a small pond near one end and a whitewashed gazebo at the other. Mature sycamores and chestnut trees rimmed the park.

Lola parked her hug Lincoln at curbside outside a small coffee shop.

"Have you had breakfast?" she asked Hannah Luft.

"Oh, yes, thank you," she replied. As usual, the husband was ignored.

"Then perhaps some coffee while we discuss the terms of agreement for entering and staying in Imperia?"

Hannah agreed and they went into My Lady's coffee shop. A male slave dressed in a waitress uniform showed them to Lola's booth. Within the minute all three had hot coffee served them.

"Of course I will give you a written version of the regulations to read and sign, but I do prefer to discuss the terms first. This is all right with you, Frau Hannah?"

"Ah, yes. Certainly."

"Well, let me start at the subject of slavery. I don't see a problem with you, as it is quite obvious that Herr Luft is very devoted. But you should know that Imperia will not permit slavery through coercion, force, deception or drugs. All slavery here is voluntary in that the slave knows before he arrives the approximate position and state of life. That is why almost all slaves in Imperia are married to their owners.

"What this means is, that even with Herr Luft, if he wants to leave then you cannot hold him merely because we live in a community of Mistresses and slaves. Do I make myself clear?"

"Ach, yah," said Hannah, accepting a cigarette from Lola.

"We also--after all--have to obey the laws of the state within which we are located. But, as I've said, I don't believe we have a problem here. But next I must also disclose another regulation... this one has to do with bodily harm."

Frau Luft tapped her ash into an ashtray and looked at Lola with some concern. Having been arrested in Germany for viciously beating her husband, she assumed that with Imperia she'd be entering a zone of protection for her sadism.

Lola saw Hannah Luft's large Teutonic head droop. "Oh, it's not as restrictive as all that, Hannah," Lola said, reaching out and tapping the back of Hannah's hand. "I assure you that you will have great latitude in how you treat--or should I say mistreat--your husband."

"I am not permitted... what, Lola? What is it?"

"Your husband must not require hospital emergency attention. We have no hospital, per se, in Imperia, only a small infirmary, equipped to tend to minor wounds. But your husband must not require our infirmary more than once in any calendar year, nor more than three times in any five years. If so, you will violate our rules and will be compelled to leave Imperia. There are harsh forfeitures of your property under these conditions, and your investment will suffer. I will explain the particulars of that later.

"Now, as I recall, your husband did require a stay in a hospital in Germany?"

"Please forgive me... I am sorry to interrupting." It was Alfred Luft who spoke for the first time, speaking halting English. Then he turned to Hannah and spoke in German.

Lola was a bit surprised, as she measured Frau Hannah to be one of the more stern owners, one who does not permit her property to interject.

"Yah... Alfred?" Frau Luft asked, encouraging him.

In German, he said, "Tell her that the authorities put me in hospital. But it was not necessary. The wounds were not sufficient to be hospitalized. Tell her that I required only two or three days to recover. This I could have done at home."

Hannah told Lola what the man had said, and told her he spoke no English.

Lola admired this couple, and Alfred Luft especially, as this was the second time he stood up for his wife (he did so before the magistrate in Germany).

But Lola had to ask. "There was blood, yes?"

Hannah worried anew. Does this question mean she will no longer beat her man to blood? "Yes, blood there was," she replied cautiously.

"Well, here in Imperia we are not against that entirely, but if a slave requires treatment or stitches to close a wound then that would be an infraction of the rules."

Hannah smiled and sighed. "Ach, I think we have not the problem with that."

"All right, then," Lola said, extinguishing her cigarette. "Let's discuss the next item, which is another part of bodily harm. There is to be no mutilation, no maiming."

"What is this?" Hannah asked.

"No permanent harm. Not even once. No loss of a finger or anything else. Not only will Imperia not permit it, we will report such a crime to the county sheriff... the police."

"Ach, don't worry," Hannah said, stubbing her own butt. She was becoming tired of this, but cautioned herself not to take this personally... these rules were told to all those attempting entrance to Imperia.

"Okay, but I do have to tell you the rules, you understand."

"And there is more?"

"Yes, there are a few more to discuss. Whatever I don't discuss you will find in the application document. Now, about money and the house. You do reach our minimum requirement for funds... that is, fifty percent down payment for the house. But, understand that for you to sell the house it must be to Imperia, at a value equal to the purchase price, minus the outstanding mortgage, plus the national rate of inflation... not marked value. You do understand this?"

"Yes, Madame Lola. This is okay too."

"But there is a major forfeiture in effect. And that is if forced to leave Imperia for infraction of our rules. Then, you will be paid only the return of your down payment; a return of your own money plus a rate for inflation."

"Yes."

"Next, let me discuss switching. It's not permitted."

"What's this?" Frau Luft asked. "I cannot put a switch to my husband?"

Lola laughed. "No, no, Hannah. I mean only no reversal of the role here in Imperia. No man is ever to be over the woman; or even equal for that matter. We believe in total female supremacy here, and intend to keep that pure."

"Ah," Hannah laughed, too. "Another one that you don't worry." She turned and spoke in German. "Alfred, you want to be equal to me?.. if I allow it?"

He replied in broken English, for the benefit of the woman across the table. "Nein. No. This is not in me capable. A low slave is I am."

Hannah looked across in triumph. She was passing all the tests.

"More, there is?"

"Perversions. We allow no extreme perversions." She saw the look of confusion on Hannah's face. "I will explain. First, no children. Children must not be involved in sexual things. Girl children may witness husbands being punished, but husbands must be appropriately dressed."

"Ah, yes."

"And no animals."

"Got im himmel! Do people do such?"

"Some. But not here in Imperia."

Hannah leaned forward. "Lola, I am fearful to ask of this. But sometimes--and not often-- I do like to put into Herr Luft's mouth my shit."

Lola shook her head, but it was gently, not a negative. "We do have a rule against this, Hannah. You may continue to use your husband as your toilet, but for urine. We do have to caution you that there are health risks involved with feces... shit. And if your husband suffers a disease from this then you are held responsible just as if you abused him to the point of emergency hospital care. And so "

Hannah Luft seemed a bit embarrassed by her disclosure, and did not comment further. Alfred Luft looked as if he hadn't heard a word.

"There are just a few other things of perhaps minor detail, but you will read of them in the enrollment document. One I should mention is that each slave is sentenced to one day each week of community service. That is, like the men you saw outside mowing and sweeping the town... all are slaves from Imperia. Each week you must give up Herr Luft to serve our town. Even the waitress who served us comes from a household here. So that of about three hundred slaves--and counting fifty weeks--we are able to get labor of fifteen thousand slave-days per year devoted to the upkeep and care of the community. Does Herr Luft have any special skills?"

"Yah. My husband is very handy--as you say--with the carpentry and the electric."

"Good. Be sure to enter his skills in his slave profile." Lola pushed her empty cup to the middle of the table. "Well, I think we've covered most everything for now. Oh... no, Frau Hannah, there is no tipping, of course," Lola laughed as Hannah reached into her purse. And the coffee is my treat."





CHAPTER 1: THE LUFTS

(page 4)

The Lufts thanked her and they walked outside onto the sunny pavement. Things seemed further illuminated now for Hannah, as she noticed how quiet it was (aside from birds chirping) and how immaculate was the town center. And now she noticed even more the small army of camouflaged men performing various tasks around them; men sweeping sidewalks and curbsides, painting storefronts and, across the street in the park, men mowing the lawns using quiet, man-powered mowers.

"Oh," said Lola, turning exuberantly, "let me show you the pillory."

"Pillory? What is this?"

"Come, please. It's just a small walk to the end of the common. I think you can see from here, part of it."

Hannah looked across the street into the park. Yes, perhaps 100 meters along she saw a small clutch of women gathered around some kind of wooden structure. As they neared and it became clearer, Hannah's heart began to quicken. Could this be what I am seeing? A public whipping place?

As they crossed the street to enter the park, Hannah's attention was distracted by another unusual sight. Three, strange, two-wheeled vehicles lined up at the park's curb, one behind the other. Each was somewhat akin to a rickshaw, with wheels on one axle, a comfortable, quilted seat and a folded canvas canopy. And, in the braces, near-naked slaves were harnessed to the rigs; standing, as did coolies in old Hong Kong, waiting for their fares.

Hannah stopped. "Lola... these things?"

"I didn't have the chance to mention this--Imperia has very many things different from the outside world. This, my dear Hannah, is our taxi service. We use human horses... slaves from within Imperia. It is free, of course, one of the ways our women get around the community. Just a phone call is all it takes. You do notice there are very few cars on our roads, especially here at town center."

The "horses" stood silently alone, one to a cart. Each was bound in the harness, with wrists shackled to the braces. They were naked except for heavy work boots and, like true draft horses, wore bits in their mouths and blinders strapped to their heads. Long, leathern reins trailed back from their mouths to the rickshaw; for now, the other ends of the reins were wrapped around a stanchion near the seat. The narrow stanchion also had a slot, which held erect a long buggy whip.

As Lola and the Lufts approached the "taxis," the slaves seemed to become fidgety; they heard the approach of Lola's heels on the pavement, but couldn't see without turning their heads. Of course, that was forbidden.

The three passed between the first and second cart, with Alfred Luft following his superiors by a respectful distance... three paces behind. Hannah noticed the back, torso and buttocks of the lead slave was criss-crossed with whip marks. This and the fact that she was near enough now to hear other whips landing on flesh made Hannah very

excited. What a paradise this seems to be, she thought.

Alfred Luft thought the opposite. After all he'd both heard and seen so far, he was certain he was entering a never-ending nightmare. And yet... he, too, became excited.





CHAPTER 1: THE LUFTS

(page 5)

Two men stood bound to a pair of wooden posts. The whipping posts were planted about ten feet apart, this to allow room for simultaneous whipping. The men were naked, and seemed slouched in their bonds... a sign the whipping had taken its desired effect. As Lola and her guests approached, two female whippers and two observers turned to greet Lola.

"Good morning, Lola," said Donna Davit, a small, ugly, middle-aged woman.

Lola smiled and greeted her and the rest. Donna Davit always amused Lola; the woman with her flat chest and freckled, pug-nosed face lacked--as far as Lola believed--any scintilla of sex appeal, and yet, by means of an implacable and voracious desire to dominate, she'd attracted, held and married a wealthy slave. Just now the diminutive woman stood tall by means of a pair of high, platform boots, and wielded a leather bullwhip with a length almost twice her height.

The others stepped forward to greet Lola. Two who stood beside each other were mother and daughter; they'd stopped along their way to witness the punishment. The mother appeared to be about Lola's age (fiftyish) and the daughter about half the age of her mother. The girl was a stunning Amazon, and Lola could not help but admire and almost envy her.

The other woman (holding a long, dressage whip) was thick and rather masculine-looking, with short hair and little makeup. Her jaw reminded Lola of that found upon a longshoreman. She was clad in leather, nevertheless, with a mini-skirt that revealed thighs thick as the whipping post, to which her husband was bound. Her name, for the moment, eluded Lola, as she introduced the Lufts to the group.

After greetings and welcomes all around, the brief respite for the bound slaves was over, and the thick woman and the diminutive sadist returned to meting out punishment.

Hannah stood fixated. The sounds of both whiplash and cries of agony thrilled her. One slave--Donna Davit's--was gagged, so his cries were muffled. Even so, the vicious whip forced a scream from him; and so he was unable to articulate clearly his pleas for mercy. Not so for the thick woman's slave. He cried out lustily, in a panic, in agony... crying.... "no, Mistress, please... AIYEEEEEE... please... no more... Mistress...AIYEEEEEE..... I will obey you... I ... AIYEEEEEE...oh God... stop... stop.

But the slashes continued, with a regular and inevitable three or four seconds between them. SWEEEEEE..... SNICKKKK. The dressage whip flew, unerringly directed to the quivering tender flesh of her slave's buttocks.

As this continued, Lola drew her charges aside. The other two women followed. They walked to a series of wooden benches. The benches were built to accommodate those who wished to view the staged punishments; especially the ritual punishments that were administered upon the night of every full moon.

Lola now introduced the Lufts to the mother and daughter.

"Hannah, I have the honor and pleasure to introduce you to my close friend and the

founder and primary owner of Imperia, Vera von Lieden.. And this is her esteemed--and beautiful--daughter, Linda von Lieden."

Hannah Luft was near breathless, as if suddenly thrust into the midst of royalty. She was hardly able to speak. All she was able to mutter was: "Mein Gott, and so young?"

Vera von Lieden smiled, as did the daughter. "Not so young as you might think, Frau Luft," von Lieden replied. "But it's flattering that you should think so." She stepped forward and took Hannah's hand. "Welcome to Imperia. Lola has told me of your case... how you were persecuted in Heidelberg. We are happy to provide you with a place in which you can freely carry on your marriage as you see fit. Within Imperia you will have total freedom to enslave and use your adoring husband (She did not glance at all toward Alfred Luft)."

"Thank you, Madame," Hannah said. "Mrs. Dean has been very kind to tell me all about your wonderful community and she has shown me many things. Already in this morning I have met of several your powerful women."

Vera von Lieden nodded approval. Aside from her own German heritage, she liked this German woman. Hannah Luft looked the part of a true Teutonic; super blond, full-bodied, erect stance and an air of superiority. Her heavy breasts were both lifted and confined by an unseen bra, hidden behind a glossy leather blouse. The leather skirt tended to magnify her already large hips and derriere. Her shins and ankles looked formidable enough to carry the weight of her large body.

Linda von Lieden stood beside her mother. The morning was warm, so she decided against wearing leather; she had on a simple, brief, hip-hugging cotton dress, with a pair of high-heeled sandals. The sandals had white leather thongs entwined upward along her ankles and calves. She was a golden-haired Amazon, five-feet ten and one hundred sixty pounds. Despite the "outsider" style of dress, Linda carried her ever-present riding crop, this one with a jeweled handle, a gift from her mother.

Linda's sandals and straps seemed to mesmerize Alfred Luft. He was unable to take his eyes off Linda's sensual form and mostly her unusual footwear. Hannah noticed this. She suddenly seethed with anger. Her husband had been enjoying the role of a sightseer and voyeur the entire morning, it was time he was reminded that he was a slave.

"Forgive me, Ms von Lieden, but may I lent from you the fine crop? Just for a moment?"

"Oh, of course, Mrs. Luft. Here."

Immediately, Alfred Luft began trembling. The others saw a look of sheer terror come to his face. He wanted to back away, but knew better, and even before being told to get on all fours, he felt his knees weaken and give way. Slowly, he knelt and lowered his face to the ground.

Of course, each of the spectators, Lola Dean and the two von Lieden women, received a jolt of joy from this, and anticipated a delicious beating would take place. They did not have to wait long.

The heavy blond woman spread her legs as far as her tight leather skirt would allow. She raised a hammy arm and brought the crop well overhead. Then she lashed the crop onto Herr Luft's raised ass.

WHUMMP!

The others were amazed. For all the whippings they'd either witnessed or took part in themselves, they hadn't seen a lash from a crop delivered with such a heavy hand. It

seemed to drive the victim forward. And Frau Luft had to reset her feet for the next blow.

Of course, he cried out. He'd knew well the severe torture his wife could deliver through a whipping, but he felt that now, with an audience, that his Mistress would want to show she is no wimp.

WHUMMP! Another powerful blow landed. The sound was a bit strange as Herr Luft was still wearing his pants.

AIYEEE...! He cried out. He knew not to beg her at this early stage. And especially in front of others, he believed he'd embarrass her if he pleaded too soon for mercy.

The others took a step back, to give the big woman room to swing.

WHUMMMP!

Beads of sweat already gathered on the blond's large forehead. "This is a wonderful crop, Ms von Lieden," she said, looking closely at it and bending it between her hands.

"Thank you, Frau Luft," Linda replied. "You use it perfectly. Far better than I myself have done. I am learning a lesson here."

WHUMMMP!

Another lash and another loud shriek from the groveling slave. It seemed impossible that a man of this size could take such a vicious lashing. Truth was... he could not. And yet he was forced to.

After another five or so, Hannah handed the crop back to Linda. After all, not only was this a borrowed crop, but the others surely had busy schedules and wanted to proceed to other matters.

"Bravo, Frau Luft," said Vera von Lieden." And Lola Dean clapped her hands and smiled.

"Hannah, my dear," Lola said, "there is no doubt you belong here in Imperia. You have a wonderful talent for whipping."

"Ach... you think so, then? Thank you."

Alfred Luft kept his face hidden in the crook of his arm. Like an ostrich, he hoped to be ignored. Surely, his wife made an attempt to show off her powerful stroke, and yet this was a routine whipping from her, except that it ended so soon. Thank goodness for a borrowed whip, he thought.

Vera von Lieden said, "You must come to visit us. Perhaps after your welcome ceremony?"

"I am sorry, Ms von Lieden," Hannah said, confused, "but what is this welcome ceremony?"

Lola stepped forward. "We have not discussed that yet, Vera. We've just discussed the regulations, which have yet to be approved and signed. But we anticipate no difficulty there. This should be done by the end of the day."

Lola and Hannah said their goodbyes and walked back to Lola's car. "Oh, Lola," Hannah sighed, "I cannot tell you how I am enchanted by this unique place of yours. I am anxious to sign no matter the regulations. This is the heaven for me."

"Excellent. It appears that the board of directors is ready to approve your application also, as three of the senior members just witnessed your whipping display." Lola laughed at this. "We have five members on the board, Hannah, and three of us were together just now. You may consider yourself approved."

"Ach, Lola, I want to scream out...what do Americans shout?... Ya-hoo?"

Lola laughed as she pulled the car from the curb and drove around the park. Lola was confident, this new woman would fit in well.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

After the spectacle of the beatings in the Imperia Town Common, Hannah Luft walked with Mayor Lola Dean to Lola's car. She felt momentarily exhilarated and overjoyed to have been welcomed to Imperia. And if mere admittance wasn't enough, the founder herself, Vera von Lieden, had invited her to dine.

When they were again seated in Lola's long, Lincoln convertible, Lola asked, "So, Frau Hannah, what do you think of our town?"

"Ah, Lola, enough I cannot say. To think that in all the world there is such a place so special. America is truly wonderful. So many want to come to this from every nation. Now, again, you will tell me how I will be possible to remain here?"

"Yes. That will be no problem. We have a very close association with a United States Senator. One of her daughters lives here. The Senator is very sympathetic of our philosophy. It is through her we can guarantee your unlimited visa and eventual citizenship."

"Ah, I must thank this woman," Hannah said.

"Don't worry about it," Lola replied with a knowing smirk. "We thank her enough. Now, we do have a small but very pleasant inn on the property, for guests such as you. Allow me to show you. You might be there a day or two until your new home is ready."

Lola delivered the Lufts, Hannah and Alfred, to the von Lieden Inn. The inn had been a private home, and on this site for over a hundred years. Now its many rooms were used like a B&B.

As they walked up a slight incline from the curved drive, Lola explained to Hannah, "The inn is now used to accommodate guests like yourself, visitors or those who travel here on speculation, to view Imperia and make their applications. Also, sometimes family or friends of our residents stay at the inn. Of course, for applicants there is no charge. Oh, and we delivered your luggage here. It's up in your room."

Hannah was tired, now, and had had enough of Lola's school-teacher-like prattling. All she wanted was a room and a bed. The man seemed tired too, but hadn't spoken much since their arrival in Imperia.

They ascended a stairway to a second floor. Lola continued selling. "The rooms, although lovely, are not as sound proof as we'd like. But we do have a fully equipped dungeon in the cellar. And on the ground floor is a very pleasant restaurant, the only other place to eat in Imperia beside the coffee shop. The food is of a hearty American stock."

Finally, Lola departed, leaving Hannah and the man alone for the first time since they'd arrived. In the relief of quietude, Hannah plopped down in a plush armchair in the corner of the room. She let out a big sigh and ran her fingers through her thick blond hair. She massaged her temples, as if in great pain.



CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

(page 2)

The man sat gingerly on the edge of the bed, his ass sore from the recent beating in the park. Suddenly, he clapped his hands loudly and laughed. Speaking in German he said with gusto, "Well, my dear, we did it! We have infiltrated the secretive town of Imperia. We've accomplished the initial and most difficult stages: entry and acceptance. The way now is fully open to us. Do you realize what this means? Das Schleichen has put up one million Euros for this assignment. But, by the time we uncover all the dirty secret activities of this town other media will be clamoring for the story."

Hannah leaned her blond head back and closed her eyes.

"Liebchen, what's wrong? Are you not feeling well?" he asked. "You must be tired. And hungry. Come, Hannah, let us go down and have some dinner. You'll feel better after that. Then we can celebrate. We deserve to congratulate ourselves on this momentous achievement."

Hannah opened her eyes and looked at him. "You go down without me," she said, wearily. She could hardly stand the sight of him at this point.

"No liebchen, I'll wait for you." He got up from the bed and walked to her, putting a hand on her shoulder. "Do you want to lie down? Take a nap first? I am much too excited to relax. But, please, you lie down."

She got up and crossed to the bed. Fully clothed, she crawled onto the king-size canopied bed. She turned on her side and closed her eyes.

"That's it, Hannah, you take it easy. Our luggage is already delivered here. I want to check the big trunk. Make certain there's been no damage to the photographic equipment."

He knelt beside the trunk and began opening the many locks. A few times he looked over his shoulder, trying to do this quietly. The first of the inner shelves contained some of his sweaters and socks. But beneath, as he worked downward, he came to the shelf holding the secret equipment. Fastened into pre-formed molded felt slots, various digital still and movie cameras sat in a precise array. It was not the obvious, tourist type of camera he sought, but a collection of instruments that might be otherwise mistaken for sunglasses, belt buckles, tie tacks and other seemingly innocuous items.

Lovingly, he selected and sorted his things, deciding which would most likely be put to use. And, while Hannah slept, he filmed things in the room and tested the operation of the remote recording devices.

Afterward, the man sat in the chair and looked out the window. He smiled broadly. He was so grateful to be Siegfried (Fredo) Sheiskoph and not Alfred Luft. Alfred Luft was dead. And Siegfried Sheiskopf was the crack undercover journalist for Das Schleichen, in Germany the equivalent of America's National Enquirer.





CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

(page 3)

When Hannah woke an hour later, her 'husband' was in the bathroom examining his bare ass in the mirror. As Hannah appeared in the doorway he complained, "My dear, I knew I'd have to take some of this shit when we agreed on the necessity of making all this seem real. But did you have to beat me so hard in front of others? I have welts on top of welts." He pulled up his briefs and turned to her. "Your husband might have enjoyed being beaten like that--although, God knows I cannot understand why--but I am only accepting this for the cause of our mission."

He stomped angrily toward her and she turned aside to let him pass from the bathroom.

At the mention of her husband, a sharp pang of anguish welled up in her, and she almost sobbed. The sight of this man made her cringe. This entire plot to create a ruse wherein this slimy paparazzo would take the place of her beloved, recently departed husband made her horribly distraught and sickened. Suddenly, she felt like vomiting.

But Hannah had had no choice. Alfred's unfortunate death was ill-timed to say the least. Just one week before his demise they had received a response from Regime Imperia. The town had given them provisional approval, and invited the couple to come to the U.S. to apply officially. But, in the preliminary questionnaire was a question of finances. One million dollars was the minimum cash deposit necessary for entry. She and Alfred did not have such an amount. Hannah wanted to cry.

Then Alfred had a sudden heart attack. He died at his drafting table at work; just fell to the floor dead, right in front of a dozen colleagues.

Upon hearing the phone call from the hospital, Hannah wanted to die too. She was inconsolable.

But worse trouble was soon to follow.

Alfred Luft fell from his tall drafting table hitting the parquet floor hard. The sudden sound brought up the heads of his colleagues and they all rushed toward him. One of the cooler heads turned for a phone and called for an ambulance. Some thought the fall knocked him out. But an experienced colleague tried for a pulse and couldn't detect one. An ambulance arrived.

At the same time Alfred was riding in the ambulance toward the hospital, Hannah Luft received word and hurried there too.

Hanna was worried. One of Alfred's pet fears was to be taken to hospital and disrobed. He was paranoid about doctors and nurses discovering that he wore pink panties that day, or that a butt plug was buried deeply up his ass, held in place by a harness. And what about the myriad welts, scabbed-over cuts, bruises and marks that covered most of his lean body? This morning he'd worn no panties, and no butt plug was up his ass, but Hannah worried for him nevertheless. She didn't want him embarrassed at the exposure of his beaten body.

But Hannah needn't have worried for poor Alfred. Alfred was beyond embarrassment. He was dead on arrival.





CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

(page 4)

Hannah's promising future fell before her. Calamity after calamity rushed in so rapidly that her head spun in confusion and horror. The first calamity came when emergency medical technicians removed Alfred's necktie and ripped open his dress shirt. The effects of abuse hit them in the eyes. The man's chest was laced with whip marks. His nipples were raw from abrasion and torture. And a dozen circular scars from cigarette burns covered his flesh. "My God," cried one of the EMTs, "they are like craters on the moon."

By the time Hannah arrived at the hospital, Alfred's body had been removed to the hospital's morgue room. Police had already been alerted and they and hospital authorities wouldn't allow Hannah to see her husband. Instead, they placed her in an office and a woman from hospital security sat with her. A half hour later a man wearing a dark, ill-fitting suit opened the glass door. He approached Hannah.

She looked up in trepidation. Hannah had a strange, half-smile on her face, the kind that reveals an inner hope: Alfred is all right. The doctor has come to tell her.

"Frau Luft," the man said, "I am sorry to inform you that your husband is dead. I am lieutenant Oskar Cruller, from Heidelberg police."

At that instant, both the name and the face became familiar to her. She'd met him two years prior. He was chief investigator in the abuse case... the incident that almost put her in prison for ten years.

The room took a half spin and Hannah fainted.

Doctors arrived to bring her around. They put her in a more comfortable chair and gave her a sip of schnapps. After a series of questions from lieutenant Cruller, Hannah was allowed to go home. An arrest, if there were to be one, would come later. No sooner did she reach home and the telephone began ringing. Soon, there were knocks at her door. Hannah was already infamous in Heidelberg, as the story of their s&m lifestyle had reached a wide audience.

Despite the ringing phone and door banging, all Hannah could think was: My husband is dead! That thought jarred her head like the blast from a claxon of a nearby firehouse.

With her tears flowing without end, she flung herself onto the bed she'd shared with Alfred. Beside the bed, an ashtray had been knocked to the floor. Just this morning Alfred had been late for work--he'd taken too long in licking his wife to orgasm, and had to rush afterward. In his haste to shower and dress he'd bumped the end table and upended the ashtray.

"No, leave it, liebchen," Hannah had told him. "Hurry off," she said, smiling. "I'll whip you later for your clumsiness."

But now she'd never again get a chance to beat her beloved husband. Disconsolate to the point of madness, she wanted to rip out her hair and rake her face.

The constantly ringing telephone began annoying her. But she couldn't pick up the receiver... she just couldn't. Not only would it open her to a hounding onslaught from a

vicious media (a nightmare she'd experienced before, when jailed on the abuse charges), but one of the callers was bound to be the one person with whom she least wanted to speak... Alfred's mother. She took the phone off the hook.

Perhaps a half hour later she needed to use the bathroom and rose from the bed. She replaced the phone. It began ringing again. After relieving herself she went to the kitchen, lit a cigarette and picked up the ringing telephone.

Hannah heard the voice she dreaded: "Finally... you filthy bitch! You can avoid me no longer. And justice will be done. Already I have called the police. I have offered my testimony. The television station I called also. They will prove to everyone what you did to my Alfred. You are finished you vile wretch, you craven murderess, you..."

Hannah slammed down the phone.

She felt as if she'd been kicked in the stomach by a mule. No one loved her sweet Alfred more than she. But... what if it was true that she'd killed him? What if the physical abuse had finally gotten to him? God... the threat of a ten year sentence had loomed over her for merely beating him. Now, God knows what she faced. Life in prison? And with the last incident, dear Alfred had refused to testify against her. This time he will be no help, as his bruised and scorched body will serve as adequate testimony in itself

The phone continued ringing. And the doorbell now, too. Hannah thought she'd go mad. She made herself a cup of coffee and added a stiff shot of schnapps. She walked out back into her garden.

On the wooden bench beneath the Japanese cherry tree sat a man. For the briefest moment, through her tears, she thought it was Alfred. Shocked, she spilled her coffee. But another step and she saw it was not... could not be.

What infernal gall!

She was about to say: "How dare you!" But she recognized the man. He was a reporter for Das Schleichen, and he had spoken with her during the last unfortunate affair. Actually, he'd spoken more with Alfred, as Hannah had refused. At the time, Hannah thought that words coming from her sympathetic husband would read better in the press than her own; her words would naturally be seen as self-serving.

But now, as she recalled, this... reporter, named Sheiskopf, had duped poor Alfred. With slyness and a condescending attitude he'd gotten a full story from Alfred, then turned and printed a vicious and twisted version of things, making Hannah into a female Hitler and poor Alfred into a bone-headed fool.

"Get out!" she screamed, about to raise her hammy arm to him. Small and lean like Alfred, she felt that even if he resisted still she could pummel him.



CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

(page 5)

"You don't want me to leave, Frau Hannah," he replied, as he stood and impudently lifted his foot to rest on the bench. "I am the one person on earth who is able not merely to help you but bring you good fortune."

"Get out, I said! Miserable..."

"Or you'll call the police? Bash in my head? Frau Hannah, I swear on the lives of my three children that I am not here for your story. I will ask you no questions. Instead, I beg you give me five minutes. Please listen to my proposition."

He stepped aside, and with a wave of his arm invited her to sit. Hannah, almost ready to collapse from the recent horror, tottered over and plopped onto the bench. A man willing to swear on the life of his children certainly would be serious enough to hear out. Of course, Scheiskopf had no children, but Hannah wouldn't learn that.

He sat gingerly on the opposite end. Turned to her: "Frau Luft, I am deeply sorry for your loss. Let me assure you there are things I can do to ease your situation."

She took a puff of her cigarette. "Such as...", she replied, coldly. Whenever someone said 'let me assure you,' that's when Hannah became suspicious.

He didn't hesitate. "I have a friend in the coroner's office. He will declare your husband died of heart failure. He will have your husband cremated within twenty-four hours. Then police authorities will have no power over you.

Now, Hannah was safely situated in Imperia. She was thousands of miles from the public gibes and persecutions that had begun storming her back in Heidelberg. But Scheiskopf's offer was tainted by a sly hint of blackmail. Unsure if she'd go along with his plan--or to make certain she did--he added an ominous threat: "Of course, if I keep out of this, the coroner will likely come to his own conclusion, which could very well be that your husband died under... uh... suspicious circumstances."

Tears falling like beads from a broken necklace, she sobbed her approval.

True to his word, the conniving Scheiskopf did have a friend in the coroner's office (albeit a paid cohort), and instead of a homicide Alfred's death had been declared a result of heart failure. And Alfred's body had been swiftly cremated. Hannah was safely beyond the law's reach.

Meanwhile, Scheiskopf had secured a million Euros from his magazine in exchange for a double exclusive. First would be an 'inside' story of the turbulent and violent life of the two Lufts. Then, in the months to follow--a super bonus story--from inside the walls of the secretive female-dominated sado-masochistic community of Imperia.

In addition, he'd been given another million Euros to cover the minimum admittance fee to Imperia, guaranteeing Hannah Luft a home there.

CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

(page 6)

Hannah was now in America. But she did not feel safe. After all, this whole set up was an underhanded charade, sure to collapse in time. What would happen to her then? For this uncertainty she despised Scheiskopf more every day. Making matters worse, each glance at the reporter reminded her of Alfred; they looked so much alike they could have been brothers (Scheiskopf actually used Alfred's passport, but grew a beard to offset a true comparison).

And so all this was an illusion (to him, a clever diversion). And illusions do not last. This meant that Hannah was on soft ground, perhaps she even stepped in quicksand; how long--she asked herself--would he carry on the charade? Two months? Three? Just as soon as he'd gathered enough filthy gossip he'd fold his tent and leave. And Hannah? What would happen to her?

Unfortunately, Hannah didn't know the half of it. Already, from before they'd even landed in New York, Fredo Scheiskopf had set the first story in motion. For this exclusive reportage, supported by graphic video and photos, Scheiskopf had already been paid a million. Of course he needed to release the full story to Das Schleichen while it was still hot. Hannah couldn't know, but at the moment she was leaving her country her bizarre relationship with Alfred and his subsequent death became front page news in Das Schleichen. Other tabloids rushed to cover, begging, paying for whatever photos were left not used by Das Schleichen. Informed there were videos of Luft's corpse taken in the morgue, millions of Euros were offered.

But Hannah did know one thing: she was in America, the land of opportunity. And although she hadn't a cogent plan as yet, she felt confident she'd come up with something. She was not a clever woman, but neither was she a fool. At the moment she could not see a way to get over on the sly Scheiskopf, and this depressed her. But she knew that somehow she'd make this slimy creature pay... pay dearly both for blackmailing her and for the vile farce in which she was forced to participate.

Hannah went down to dinner with the man posing as her husband. During dinner, Fredo Scheiskopf continued talking about how he planned to gather information and images for his eventual exclusive expose of Imperia.

Speaking in German, between bites of roast beef and baked potatoes, he told Hannah, "The founder of Imperia, Vera von Lieden--a good German name--has invited us to dinner. That's a very good beginning. I will have all my recording equipment in operation for this. Also, I believe we have been invited to other parties, yes? As well, that Mayor with the big mouth is a wonderful source of information. This assignment will be--how the Americans say?--like to shoot the fish in a barrel."





CHAPTER 2: LUFTS IN TOWN

(page 7)

Hannah, silent and morose through his rambling, finally spoke. "Well, Herr Luft (the Luft in a derisive tone) I don't believe it will be for you a fully pleasurable experience?"

With a scowl on his sly face, with eyes narrowing demonically, he leaned forward and crabbed, "I warn you now, bitch (this word in English), you will make our charade appear authentic, beating me and such... but I will remember every lash. And believe me, if I suspect you are inflicting on me punishment that is more than the minimum to convince these people, you will regret it."

Hannah's blood boiled. She wanted to lash out right then, but held herself. She could have hit him, of course, as in this town it was not merely permissible to hit a man in public, it was normal. She gritted her teeth in frustration.

Suddenly, a thought came to her. The thought carried a solution to everything. Not only would she have vengeance upon this double-dealing weasel, she'd do it in ways that suited her own particular desires.

It was 1:45 am when Hannah tip-toed from her suite and made her way to the lobby of the von Lieden Inn. On duty at the desk was a sleepy but immediately alert slave. He was dressed in a smart maroon uniform, with a high and tight bow tie. At the sound of footsteps on the stairway behind him, he rose from his stool.

"Good morning, Ms Luft. How may I help you?"

Whispering, she said, "I must make a telephone call."

"Ah yes," said the young man, moving to a small console behind the desk. "I can make that call for you. It is to Germany, then? It is early morning there?"

"No. It is to Mayor Lola Dean. It is an emergency."

The slave hesitated, but only for a second. He knew his duty: that was to obey a guest's wishes.

"You can take the call over there, Ms Luft, in that booth."

An old-fashioned phone booth, roomy and with a seat almost large enough to fit her substantial rear end, was just a few steps down the hallway. She entered and closed the glass door. After a long minute the phone rang.

Lola's voice came on. "Frau Luft, how are you? Everything all right?"

"Oh, Madame Lola, I am so sorry to disturb you."

"Hannah, I was not asleep. I am often up late."

With an audible tremble to her voice, Hannah said, "Lola, I have a trouble. I am sorry to bring this to be with you, but I know no other way. I do hope you will forgive me. I..."

"Hannah, please take it easy. Just tell me what is your problem?"

"My husband... he is dead... and..."

"Dead!" Lola screamed into the phone.

But Lola thought it was... well, Lola took it to mean the man who'd been introduced to her as Hannah's husband. Things would surely have to be cleared up.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 3: THE TRIAL OF HANNAH'S "HUSBAND"

When Hannah Luft telephoned Mayor Lola Dean at two in the morning and told Lola her husband was dead, Lola thought the dead husband was the man introduced the previous day. But Hannah cleared that misconception, albeit in stilted and unsure English.

"Nein! No!" Hannah breathed nervously.

"Not this man, Lola. Not Scheiskopf. It is my husband, Alfred that is dead. He is from Germany dead. But a month."

She began to cry.

Deciphering the broken English, Lola understood. But of course there was much yet to understand.

"Hannah, please calm down. Where are you? Is he with you?"

"I am in the hotel. Down the stairs. Sleeping he is, in the room."

"If he is not your husband, Hannah, who is he?" Lola's mind raced ahead. Could trouble be forestalled? Or was it already too late?

"He is a horrible man. To blackmail me he does. And to write and take the pictures of Imperia." Again, she broke down crying. "So sorry I am, Lola. I don't want from this a part."

Lola thought: obviously, he doesn't know she is out of the room. She said: "Hannah, go back upstairs. Go to bed. Sleep if you can. We will help you. I'll call you in the morning. Better yet, the Inn will call to wake you, and ask you to come down for breakfast. Sometime after you sit down I will come in. Let me handle it from there. Trust me, okay?"

"Okay, Lola."

Hannah went to bed, uneasy still, and yet able to sleep finally.







CHAPTER 3: THE TRIAL OF HANNAH'S "HUSBAND"

(page 2)

When the "Lufts" came down for breakfast, soon after Lola arrived as promised.

"Good morning," she said cheerfully. As usual, Lola was dressed in a smart suit and high heels. Also natural for her: she was waving a cigarette. "May I sit? Good. I have some good news. Your house is almost ready. Possible by this afternoon. Did you both sleep well? Good. Now, we do have some small protocols or business still to attend to. It will be a brief meeting, perhaps of a half hour only. But I must ask you, Herr Luft, to remain here at the inn, as this meeting will be just for the ladies."

To remain in character, Lola did not ask his permission. And he would have blown his own cover if he insisted on being at the meeting. But Scheiskopf had already anticipated something like this; he'd merely have Hannah carry a small recorder in her purse.

Later, at ten am, Hannah emerged from front of the inn. Just down the walk, Lola stood beside her long, black Lincoln convertible.

"Hello again," Lola said, smiling. "Do you like flowers? Let me show you the inn's garden. It's very lovely, especially on a sunny morning like this. It's just around the side of the inn. Why don't you put your purse in the car? It'll be safe there."

Lola motioned to Hannah not to speak. Hannah left the handbag and the two walked away from the car.

They reached the garden which was indeed lovely; pruned diligently by slaves, not a petal or blade of grass looked out of place. But, neat and beautiful as it was, neither woman noticed at this time.

"But Lola... the purse... how did you know?"

Lola smiled, blowing a puff of smoke. "Dear, we have your room bugged."

"Bugged? What is this bugged?"

"Listening devices. We know all about your so-called husband. We heard it all. We hadn't time to listen to this last night, and probably wouldn't yet this morning if you hadn't called me. But early this morning we heard everything. And, Hannah, I am very happy that you called me last night, as we would have believed that you were going to collaborate with him in the insidious plot."

"Lola, I was afraid. He said to me threats. That he has the proof that of my Alfred I murdered him. And he is to receive millions of Euros for the story to expose Imperia to the world."

"Why did you call then? You could have just gone along with the weasel. You didn't know we bugged your room."

Hannah looked away, uneasy. "I know that I will not be permitted to be here in this place now. But I could still not be with him into his horrible plan. He is a... despicable one. That is the word, yes?"

"Yes... yes, exactly. Hannah, just step over here please?"

They stood now beneath an old sycamore, with a wide trunk and low-hung branches. Two other women appeared ominously from behind the tree. One, was the Deputy Mayor, Maria Companosa. The other was Carol Lance, a woman around thirty, who looked firm and strong as a boxer.

"Hannah, we must ask you to strip, please. Take off all your clothes."

Hannah was confused, then frightened. Then she understood. "Yah... okay. But if there is in me the bug, then already he has heard." She looked to Lola for an answer.

"If Herr Scheiskopf attempts to leave his room, he will find the door locked."

Lola examined a small extraneous button just upon the lapel of Hannah's jacket. She determined it was another bug. Now speaking directly into the button, she added: "And the windows are not only locked, but impossible to break. Oh... dear, there's no need to remove your clothes, as it's unlikely he's hidden two of them on your body. One in the purse, and another for a back-up."



CHAPTER 3: THE TRIAL OF HANNAH'S "HUSBAND"

(page 3)

Inside the room, Scheiskopf heard all this clearly. His heart flipped over in fear and he almost shit his pants. He ran to the door. Locked!... from the outside. The windows, somehow locked too. He thought of a chair, throwing it through the glass. But, as he looked down at the drop, he saw something strange. The distance to the ground was considerable, perhaps fifteen feet. But what were those metal things down there? It was difficult to be sure at this odd angle, but it appeared to be a small garden or plot of upward-pointing swords.



Then, suddenly, he smelled something burning... an odor of something rotten, acrid. He turned back to the room. From a small vent high in the wall wafted a yellowish puff of smoke.

"Mein Gott!" he cried out loud.

But the gas reached him and he felt a burning in his throat. He stumbled to his knees. His last thought before passing out was... am I to be like some Jew, to end like this?

Scheiskopf would have been lucky to have his life ended so simply, so... sedately. But the female officials of Regime Imperia had their own way to deal with the likes of this double-dealing imposter.



CHAPTER 3: THE TRIAL OF HANNAH'S "HUSBAND"

(page 4)

Siegfried Scheiskopf was brought to trial. The town of Imperia had jurisdiction. As part of the state it could not hand down a sentence like death or even life imprisonment (in any case, no authority in Imperia wanted that). But Imperia was a bona fide county in the state and could hand down and carry out its own sentence within the state guidelines (it could, of course, in serious cases, request the state take a case). It did have authority, though, to hand down a sentence that could be served in its own "county jail."

It took an hour for Scheiskopf's case to be tried. Much of this time was spent presenting evidence (of course this included the recording of Scheiskopf's own incriminating words) and hearing testimony from Hannah Luft. It took just fifteen minutes for the all-female jury to return a verdict of guilty (it took fifteen minutes just for the dozen women to file out of the courtroom into the jury room, have a cigarette, and come back in).

Clara Darrow, Scheiskopf's defense attorney, presented no evidence and no mitigating circumstances. Scheiskopf was permitted to speak, but it was difficult considering he had a thick penis gag inserted tightly into his mouth, and strapped in place. In fact any type of verbal protest was punished, as when he tried to object through the gag he felt a sharp sting to his throat. Some sort of device enabling an electrical shock was somehow strapped to him. As he sat, chained to a chair, bound by both wrists and ankles, he was frustrated and frightened; any attempt to plead his case was futile.

Presiding Judge Roy Dean proclaimed: "Siegfried Scheiskopf, you have been convicted of blackmail, extortion and conspiracy to defame the good name of Regime Imperia. You are hereby sentenced to forty years hard labor."

Forty years!

Scheiskopf was astounded. He tried to stand and shout his outrage, but the series of heavy chains held him in place. He would have yelled out, but the suffocating gag combined with the device that gave him a nasty shock if he uttered a sound prevented any verbal utterance.

Despite his rage, he quickly grasped the enormity of the situation: Imperia was a legitimately incorporated town in the state of _____, and as such had the authority under state law to impose penalties. Then again, his assumption might be completely wrong: not knowing the laws of the U.S., and especially the state in which he was tried, he had no idea whether or not this entire proceeding was lawful. As these thoughts raced through his tortured mind he did come to one conclusion... legitimate or not, he was totally fucked!

Suddenly, Clara Darrow, his "lawyer" stood. Until then all she'd done was gaze up at the high windows of the small courtroom and shuffle some papers on the table before them.

"Your honor, I request that my client be able to beg for leniency. After all, forty years is tantamount to a life sentence, as Mr. Scheiskopf is already forty-four years of age."

Scheiskopf's heart leapt. Are they serious, or is this meant to taunt him further? He wanted to speak now, and tried to utter something through the gag... but a vicious shock stung his throat; it was as if a dozen bees hit him at once.

But, Clara Darrow, his attorney spoke. "Well, your honor, we beg the court to consider an alternative sentence. We request that Mr. Scheiskopf be released into the custody of Frau Luft, and that he sign an agreement of indenture to her in repayment of the pain and suffering caused upon her. And we request the period of this agreement be no longer than ten years. And we further request that this indenture satisfy the people of the town of Imperia in lieu of the forty-years imposed."

Judge Dean asked, "Does your client agree with this alternative sentence?"

Despite the shock collar, Scheiskopf cried out. It was totally unintelligible and came out like a plaintive bleat from an injured lamb. He was trying to scream... "Yes! Yes! I accept!"

In the moments immediately after hearing the forty-year sentence, Scheiskopf had what must be considered a fantasy. It was that he'd soon begin requesting appeals from this outrageous miscarriage of justice. He'd soon be making calls and writing letters back to Germany, where he'd enlist the aid of a real attorney, who would fly to the U.S. and free him from this travesty. But that rosy thought wilted quickly, as he came to the realization that these people held the whip hand (no pun intended) and that they could easily impose additional trumped-up penalties that would keep him in isolation and without the privilege of phone calls or letters. But now, offered the chance to be put under Hannah's charge... well, he could accomplish much in that situation, maybe even sway her in some way. At least he'd have access--so to speak--with a telephone. And, perhaps, even a chance at escape.

Clara Darrow looked to her "client." His head was bobbing frantically the affirmative. "My client accepts the alternative sentence."

Judge Dean said, "He will have to sign the papers of voluntary indenture..."

Voluntary my ass, thought Scheiskopf, but again he bobbed his head.

"My client will sign."

Scheiskopf breathed a sigh of relief and sunk in his chair. Despite the heavy chains binding him, he felt unburdened.

But suddenly the prosecutor, Virginia Harpy, rose to her feet. And Scheiskopf heard the word "however" come out. Alarm bells went off in his head.





CHAPTER 3: THE TRIAL OF HANNAH'S "HUSBAND"

(page 5)

"However," said Virginia Harpy, "Regime Imperia asks the court to consider that Mr. Scheiskopf would represent a serious risk of flight. In fact, we are afraid that such attempts at flight are more than likely. As such we request the court to consider the means to prevent this."

Scheiskopf began to feel relaxed again. No doubt they were referring to one of those devices strapped to the ankle that assures that someone sentenced to house arrest remains at home. He almost laughed to himself: those devices could easily be corrupted.

He knew enough about small electronics to overcome that in a matter of moments.

"Has the prosecutor any recommendations?" asked Judge Dean.

"Yes, your honor. We suggest that an old American Indian surgical method be employed to assure the criminals full sentence be assured."

Surgical? What is this? Scheiskopf felt a sharp chill of dread again. He shook his head violently. No! No!... he wanted to scream. What in the world? What do they want to do to me?

"Granted!" said the judge, "the prisoner shall be hobbled." And he slammed down his gavel, the sound shocking Scheiskopf. "And I further declare this preventive measure be carried out immediately."

Scheiskopf thought: Hobbling? What on God's earth is this? And what is this 'old American Indian method?' Weren't the Indians naked savages? Aside from scalping white people, what other unspeakable butchery did they perform?

Two stern-looking women in police uniforms approached Scheiskopf and removed the thick shackles that bound him to the chair. With firm hands beneath his arms, they lifted him and helped shuffle him off. Still, he could not cry out, could not protest. The two guards--one of them the burly Imperia resident, Sky Jones--pulled and forced him toward a small room adjacent to the courtroom. The prosecutor, Virginia Harpy led the way. She opened the door.

What Scheiskopf saw upon entering just about made him swoon in a faint.

A surgical table had been set up. A female doctor in full surgical gear--scrubs, mask, cap and apron--stood beside the table. The top surface of a tabouret was lined with shiny surgical instruments.

Scheiskopf's only choice was to struggle. Forget the handcuffs, forget the leg shackles... he just had to fight this off. There was no hope for him, but it didn't matter, his instinct was to fight.

The other guard, Sara Soldier, was a resident of Imperia too and, like Sky Jones, a big and burly volunteer. Both of them, given the chance to dress in police uniform and play cop, were eager to help out. They wore light blue, short sleeve shirts, well starched. The shirts had the Regime Imperia emblem upon the sleeve. Below, they wore crisp navy Bermuda shorts, accompanied by a wide, black leather belt. Their boots were men-style

ankle boots with thick soles.

Against two strong and determined women like Jones and Soldier, Scheiskopf had no chance, and they subdued him easily; Sky punishing his futile attempts to escape by smacking him across his masked head, her heavy hand landing three or four times.

"Get your fuckin' ass over there, bitch," she screamed at him.

Soldier carried a nightstick. When Scheiskopf began to collapse to the floor--a ploy attempted to delay the inevitable--Soldier swung her stick between his legs. Since she hit at him from behind, he hadn't seen it coming. The shock of the cruel baton connecting with his sensitive balls took the wind out of Scheiskopf and he collapsed even more, sinking to the floor.

In agony, Scheiskopf screamed out. This scream brought another sharp and tortuous shock from the infernal electric collar strapped to his neck.

Mercifully, Scheiskopf did faint.

Standing around the table, the doctor, the nurse and prosecutor Virginia Harpy all laughed.

"Self-anesthetized, eh?" said the doctor. And they all laughed again.

Sky Jones and Sara Soldier lifted the limp, unconscious Siegrfried Scheiskopf onto the operating table and stepped to the side.

"Help me turn him onto his stomach?" asked the doctor.

❖ END of CHAPTER ❖

COMING NEXT MONTH.

Scheiskopf wakes to find himself "hobbled." Also, after pretending to be Alfred Luft, he learns--through a clever manipulation by Regime Imperia--he has become the "real" Alfred Luft. And to the delight of Hannah, it is Scheiskopf who has been "killed off." And now Hannah Luft will have full reign over her "husband," crippled though he may be. Oh, and Scheiskopf/Luft begins serving his ten-year sentence.





CHAPTER 4: THE HOBBLLED EXISTENCE OF SIEGFRIED SCHEISKOPF

The former Siegfried Scheiskopf (now identified as Alfred Luft) considered his situation. He was captive in a strange town (albeit—according to these maniacs—a convicted criminal) and placed under the supervision (in the custody of) of a woman who now professed to be his wife. The irony of this was not lost on Scheiskopf: it was recently that he himself had professed to be her husband, but that was when he was running the show.

Since being exposed, though, everything—all his schemes—had turned topsy-turvy. And instead of being a highly-regarded (and wealthy) “investigative” reporter bringing a sensational story back to Germany, he was literally a captive slave in some small burg in America.

Tried and sentenced for his treachery, he faced an operation. He was to be ‘hobbled!’ When the prosecutor told him that American Indians had hobbled captives, he fainted. His last image before passing out was the operating table, but something else had frightened the wits out of him: it was, in the mere flash of a second, he’d recalled seeing a movie years ago with Richard Harris, and Harris was captive to American Indians... and to hobble him they sliced one of his Achilles tendons, forcing him to hobble in pain. When he’d attempted to escape a second time, they sliced his other Achilles tendon as well, leaving him a cripple, who could do little more than crawl about.

But the authorities in Imperia had their own way of “hobbling” him. They didn’t want a crippled, ineffective slave, and so his Achilles tendons were safe. During the operation they planted a device under his skin (when he woke he could see it bulging grotesquely above his left hip).

Now awakened, the prosecutor arrived to inform him of his situation. Virginia Harpy looked down at him. “Let me now tell you what is now part of your body. It’s a device that has several abilities. First, your supervisor—your wife—can give you a nasty shock. She merely has to press a button on this control pad... like thus.”

Suddenly, Scheiskopf felt vicious and simultaneous stings from a thousand needles. The needles zapped through his nerves from the bottom of his feet to the tips of his ears. He gasped quickly at the shock, but then became unable to take a breath while the pain racked him. The jolt lasted but a second or two, but for that brief moment he thought he was going to die. Then, just as suddenly, the shock was cut off.

“See, Mr. Luft?” she called him. “This is what Hannah can do to you anytime she finds your services or attitude lacking. Of course, she can press this button...” Harpy held up the little device—it resembled a TV remote—and pointed to the button. “and...” she continued, “...torture you just for her enjoyment. But, more importantly, Mr. Luft, what you should understand about that device that’s implanted beneath your skin is that it contains a special sensor. That sensor is in contact with a radio signal. This signal—somewhat like a pacemaker—keeps you safe. Let me explain... if you leave Imperia—without permission—you will move out of range of the protective signal. If you do that, Mr. Luft, your heart will stop instantly.”

Scheiskopf lay stunned in the hospital bed. A thought came to him: it was an image of jumping up and strangling the female prosecutor. He could almost feel his fingers around her delicate female throat. But such a violent response was impossible; they’d taken the precaution of handcuffing his right wrist to the bed rail.

“You fools,” he growled (he had a heavy German accent... and the words came out without proper grammar...the errors omitted here). “You can’t keep me here. I have friends back in Berlin. I have a family. I work for a large, international publishing firm. My compatriots will seek to find me. They’ll never give up. They’ll know I’m being held against my will. I have a passport. It will expire soon. Your vile scheme will become exposed and finally all of you ruined. You...”

Virginia Harpy pressed the button on the small control device, sending an even greater shock through Scheiskopf’s nervous system. He flailed in agony, flopping on the narrow bed like a fish out of water.

Harpy laughed. “See where such obstinacy and insolence gets you, Mr. Luft? You are indeed a fool, and that, unfortunately...” She sighed to signal she believed him hopeless. “... will cost you dearly. Yes, I think your lessons will come hard... very hard indeed. Now, I will go retrieve your ‘wife’ (she held up the forefinger and middle finger of each hand to signal that the word ‘wife’ was in quotations). I am sure she’ll want to know of your condition... to know that you are well enough to go home.” Harpy gave out an evil laugh. “And she may have a few kind words for you...”

The prosecutor turned on her high heels and walked out. Scheiskopf watched her shapely form as it crossed the room. He hated women in suits. They were out of place. With a figure like that, they should be dressed in skimpy tops and tight bottoms. They... Scheiskopf suddenly found himself erecting. Oh my God, he thought... it’s been so long since he’d had a woman. And when, when... will he again have the opportunity?

As his lust receded, he looked down at the obscene lump under his skin. He felt the hard surface; the utter futility of his position made him want to vomit.





CHAPTER 4: THE HOBBLERD EXISTENCE OF SIEGFRIED SCHEISKOPF

(page 2)

Hannah entered the room. Scheiskopf appeared pale, and bathed in sweat. Good!... she thought. She hated him beyond comprehension. He had threatened her, saying it was a simple matter for him to make it appear as if she'd been instrumental in poor Alfred's death. It was the vilest form of blackmail. And he would have used his influence to make a small fortune by reporting her misfortunes (which he'd have caused).

Aside from this, using Hannah as his cover, he'd schemed to infiltrate Imperia, his intention to expose to the world the private undertakings of its citizens.

Now he must pay.

Scheiskopf had yet grown to fear Hannah. He thought her beneath him. Even the beating he'd taken in the park—which was part of the scheme to dupe the Imperia officials—did not frighten him. He was in control at that time.

But now, here came Hannah, and what was it she carried in her right hand? It was the infernal control pad, the ghastly device that could send agonizing shocks into him. She moved to his left and took a seat. The scorn in her face made his stomach flip.

With a hand she brushed back her short blond hair. She sighed. In German, she said, with a tremble in her voice: "You can't... will never know... how much I loved my Alfred. He was my entire world. And he loved me too. It's almost impossible to imagine that a woman like me, who could beat the little angel so, would love him as much as I did. And, tortured and scarred as he was, he loved me equally. Now, not only have I lost that love, in its place I have *you*."

"Can you imagine, Herr Scheiskopf, if I treated my beloved Alfred to harsh beatings and degrading acts each day of his life, can you imagine what your own days and nights will be like? Oh, my poor Alfred, he suffered these things because he loved me and he wanted me happy. And let me tell you, Herr Scheiskopf, that while I was beating him, Alfred received no mercy... none. Even his calls appealing to my love were useless. But you? Are you able to imagine—if I was able to torture the man I love in such a vicious manner—what delight I will take in torturing you... you for whom I have the utmost hate?"



CHAPTER 4: THE HOBBLLED EXISTENCE OF SIEGFRIED SCHEISKOPF

(page 3)

Scheiskopf was a talented writer, and organized thinker, and a smooth talker. These attributes propelled him to the top earnings of European tabloid journalists. He just had to use some of these talents now; had to somehow get through to Hannah, appeal to a part of her to understand.

He realized it wouldn't be easy, and he'd have to face her retributions for a while. But he felt that in time—if she didn't kill him—he'd be able to persuade her that releasing him was in her own best interest.

Scheiskopf had to hold on to a glimmer of hope, otherwise he felt he'd go insane. He was no Alfred Luft. He was no addle-brained, pain-loving masochist. And so he needed to grasp hold of the prospect of a future redemption.

This need for hope was made more acute because of the electrical device they'd planted beneath his skin. Scheiskopf was, after all, quite adept and knowledgeable of electrical and mechanical developments, and he knew that such a device was possible. He imagined that somewhere on the Imperia property a tower stood. And that tower emitted radio signals—perhaps of different wave lengths—and that his embedded instrument was tuned to a frequency of this tower, which kept the instrument in his body operating. Should he leave Imperia, and travel beyond the designated frequency being broadcast, his implant would fail, and his heart would stop beating.

And so, his only hope for escaping this place was to appeal to Hannah Luft. To make her understand how it would be better for her if she allowed him to leave.

He would begin now.

“Frau Hannah, please allow me to speak openly? I want you to know how remorseful and ashamed I am to have used you so treacherously. Please understand, I had no intention of harming you in any way. I would never blackmail anyone. My only sin—and I confess my sin—was my deep craving for a good story. You see, journalism is in my blood, and this is what blinded me. I failed to sense the human aspect of this, to consider your troubled heart, to take into account your love for your spouse. I was a fool on a fool's errand. Seeking a story, I neglected your innermost feelings. I can only pray that you will allow me to atone for this grievous error, and in the end make up for my terrible sin.”



CHAPTER 4: THE HOBBLLED EXISTENCE OF SIEGFRIED SCHEISKOPF

(page 4)

Hannah sat listening silently. Does this fool believe that I will forgive and forget the utter destruction of my life? If he'd have succeeded, I would have been brought back to Germany to face charges of murder... or at least some form of voluntary manslaughter. I would have lost everything. I would have been exposed in his vile magazine, my life let open to ridicule. I would have been reviled

"From now on I am going to call you 'worm,'" she said, crossing her legs. "You are much like a tapeworm. But that's too long a name. A tapeworm is a parasite. It attaches itself inside the stomach and grows, taking advantage of its host. This is you, Scheiskopf, a user, a parasite on humanity. I imagine it takes strong medicine to cure oneself of such a parasite.

"Now, the prosecutor is making some papers for me to sign. After that they say I can take you home. They have given me this... this zapper is what she called it... and I can give to you the electric shock. But I prefer other means. I prefer old fashioned ways. I am going to put you into bondage, Herr Scheiskopf. You are going to be kept constantly bound in one way or another. Never shall a day exist that you are not in shackles or handcuffs or something else that appeals to me for your bondage.

"And so, when the prosecutor comes back, she will help me put the chains on you. Also, as for the old fashioned way, if you begin to give me even the smallest sign of disobedience, I will beat you. I am bigger than you... worm... and will take delight in beating you on the spot for any slight thing. After all, we are no longer in Heidelberg... we are in Imperia, and here even on the street a woman may beat her man." Here, Hannah let out a small laugh: "She may even invite the assistance of a passerby. Imagine that? Such a place? I am beating you and two ladies pass by. 'Would you care to assist, Ladies?' I say. And now you are beaten by three women. Oh... how delightful!"

Scheiskopf wanted to vomit. Not only had his well-designed plans gone sour, now he was the brunt of such abuse. He wondered where this might lead. He did not want to think of the worst of it... and concentrated on striving to convince Frau Luft that he was indeed remorseful.



CHAPTER 4: THE HOBBLLED EXISTENCE OF SIEGFRIED SCHEISKOPF

(page 5)

The house they were first shown still was not ready. And yet, Hannah wanted to move in. This particular house had been owned before, and when the owner died, the property went back to Imperia. They were just renovating the bathrooms and kitchen when the Lufts came to town. But the rest of the house had been refinished and was ready to receive new occupants. The most impressive part of the house was the deep, hidden gothic cellar, and its medieval dungeon.

Lola Dean showed them home. With the aid of two other slaves, she brought several baskets of groceries, kitchen utensils, aluminum foil and et cetera... enough food and materials to start them out. Also, it was with the help of these slaves that they man-handled the heavily-manacled Scheiskopf from the limousine to the house and down into the dungeon. Once down there, the still chained Scheiskopf was locked into a small cell.

“Will you need anything else, dear?” Lola asked.

“No, thank you, Lola. You have done for me so much. For your help and the guidance to you I want to show the appreciation.”

“Then I will say... auf wiedersehen?”

“Ja, Lola... auf wiedersehen. See you soon.” Hannah smiled, and turned into the cold, strange house.

Hannah let out a deep sigh. She thought: Oh, my beloved Alfred, how I miss you at this dreary moment. Somehow I must find happiness, but not right now; for now I must mourn your sweet soul and pray for myself. But until I can finally find happiness, until then, Scheiskopf must receive the total of my wrath. I will take out my mourning and sadness upon the body of the criminal in my basement.

Hannah walked through the house, found the paneled wall with the signal button that drew back a hidden door, and went into the gloomy staircase that descended deep under the house. The walls and stairway were made of ancient stone, taken from an old monastery in Italy. The large chamber below had been installed by a previous owner, and although erected recently—within the last five years—it looked centuries old.

In fact, the materials had been used centuries before, but the ancient abbey had been dismantled, and the stones of its structure carried to America, where those same stones would be returned to its original purpose.

Although free to come and go within this gloomy cellar, Hannah felt the chill and despair emanating from the dour walls. This gloomy atmosphere, combined with her heavy heart, made her mission all the more important: she had to recover her equilibrium or go insane with grief. She saw no other way than to take out her misery upon the despicable Siegfried Scheiskopf.





CHAPTER 4: THE HOBBLING EXISTENCE OF SIEGFRIED SCHEISKOPF

(page 6)

Scheiskopf waited below. Heavy manacles draped his body, most of them of superfluous chains, cold and heavy against his body. The small cell in which he'd been ushered held not one bit of comfort: no bedding, no seat, not even straw. No prisoner in the Bastille had worse accommodations.

Despite these conditions, Scheiskopf still held to a hope of eventual release. No one, not even the vindictive Hannah, would keep him isolated and imprisoned. Surely, she would bring him out of here, and put him to use. Even if she removed him for torture, there'd be some opportunity to appeal to her better senses. And after all, the authorities of Imperia go through the cost and procedure of operating on him to implant a mechanism that would have no actual value. He anticipated days ahead where such a device would allow him freedom to roam—albeit within the bounds of Imperia.

Once he had a modicum of freedom, he might perhaps even locate the radio tower used to broadcast the frequency that imperiled his life. If he found the source, if he overcame the guardian of such a center, perhaps he could shut the power that emanated from there. Then real escape could follow.

(What Scheiskopf did not know was that the hobbling operation was bogus. No such broadcast frequency existed. Yes, the implant did have the power to give him a punishing shock, but should he leave the grounds his heart would not be stopped.)

And so Scheiskopf tried to maintain a positive view. True, he sat upon the cold slabs of a stone floor, chained and alone. True, Hannah Luft had the power to just leave him here: she might even just never come back, simply leave him to suffer the worst of all deaths... slow, agonizing starvation. These were thoughts that had troubled many a previous prisoner in venues like these. But Scheiskopf's imprisonment was in the middle of America, and his captor was a countryman of Germany, and this was a new century, a new millennium, and medieval treatment was unlikely.

Sure enough, she'd returned after only a few minutes. Maybe she'd remove him now. Maybe she'd brought victuals, or a blanket, or a bucket to urinate into. There's always a ray of hope for improvement.

She walked up to the bars of the tiny cell. She looked down at the man on the floor. His chains looked strong and impressive. But something was wrong. Why had they let him be clothed? Still he wore the prison jump suit. He should be kept naked in there. He should have no comfort at all.

And the man looked up at her. She did not like the look in his eyes. They seemed to gleam with impudence, as if he didn't understand his plight.

"Worm, how dare you look at me," she growled. "Put your eyes to the floor this instant!"

He obeyed immediately. Good!

His shackles were such that his arms were bound behind him, and his feet were bound together. In his situation he could not stand nor could he fend off any assault.

She removed a heavy, iron key from a nearby hook on the wall and unlocked the cell. She walked in and stood above him.

“Get your face to the ground, worm.”

Even sitting as he was, he found it difficult to move. Hannah helped; she grabbed his hair in a vicious grip and, with her bulky weight behind her, pushed his head to the stone floor.

“Keep your eyes to the floor, worm,” she ordered.

Then she lifted her wide skirt, pulled her panties to one side, and pissed all over Scheiskopf’s upper body and head.

The shock brought a grunt of protest from him, and as the warm fluid continued to rain down he tried to wriggle away. Hannah had a full bladder, and Scheiskopf was sickened as he waited for the disgusting flow to stop.

Finally, she finished and dropped her skirt. She turned from the cell and relocked it. Oh no, Scheiskopf thought, no... she can’t have done that just to leave me like this.

Perhaps he’d thought it would be a prelude to something. Maybe some sort of sexual thing. Or at the least, an excuse to get him naked.

But no...Hannah pissed on him just to soak his clothing. Let the fool shiver now in his wet condition. She turned and climbed the old stone stairs. When she reached the upper landing she turned off the lights.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Scheiskopf gets his wish: time out of his cell. But what Hannah does to him makes him second guess that wish. And Hannah finds she has a delightful garden, and interesting friends as neighbor.





CHAPTER 1: THE PLUM FAMILY

Although his predicament was familiar, Roger Plum shivered in fear. Many times--perhaps fifty by now--he'd been put in this situation, and yet each episode seemed to evince a fresh horror, another bout of revulsion and pain. But by now he realized he'd survive the ordeal and be used again this way, perhaps the very next night.

From his position bound inside the unusual "Queening" seat, he was unable to hear his wife Pat, who was rummaging in the kitchen at the other end of the house. With his head imprisoned beneath the seat of her padded chair, his face protruding above the seat level, all he could see at the moment was the blank ceiling. The rest of his body lay prone along the floor, his arms bound behind him. Even his ankles were shackled, as if there was any hope of escape from the locked box containing his head and upper torso. Her throne, she called it.

As Mistress Patricia prepared a snack for herself, Roger Plum tried to put the coming torture out of his mind--this he already knew. Rather, his thoughts ran backward in time, trying to piece together the circumstances that led to his becoming a slave to his wife, a 375- pound sadist.

He had no one to blame but himself. He'd always--as far back as he could remember--felt a strange awe in the presence of a haughty or arrogant woman. Even as a young boy, he'd been surprised at the sexual arousal he'd get when he saw a woman on television slap a man's face, or when the villain in the story was a cunning and arrogant woman. As he grew to his teens, he found that too few girls his age exhibited the qualities that could arouse him; they just seemed too silly or weak. And so he cast his eyes on older women, and especially larger women--they seemed more sure of themselves, more capable of taking control. Yes, that was it--he needed an older woman, larger than himself, who wanted to rule over him.

Until he could find such a woman he manufactured hundreds of elaborate fantasies. In each, he was captured, abducted and forced into slavery to an older, very large demanding woman. In spite of the fantasies taking up so much of his waking time, Roger Plum completed college and garnered an MBA, then went on to build a successful career as a financial consultant. It was in his professional capacity of financial consulting that he met Patricia Morgan.

Pat Morgan had gotten Roger Plum's name from a family friend who assured her that Roger was a first rate consultant. Pat was seeking a financial consultant as a result of her husband's death; she'd need financial advice after coming into the fortune left her by Kristohf L. Morgan; the late investment banker.

Had Roger Plum learned of the manner of Kristohf's death, perhaps he'd have kept the relationship at a professional level, and not gotten involved with this woman, thus not be in the dire peril that threatened him presently. But he'd never asked the cause of Kristohf's death; after all, what did it matter? The only thing mattered was to help professionally the new widow and her fortune.

She came to his office in downtown Boston. Swept past his secretary after being announced and, like a hurricane of flesh, swept impudently into his office.

He could hardly breath. The woman was, quite simply... huge. He could not help notice--with a pang of shame at his secret fetish--that her backside was extremely large and wide.

Although she seemed gargantuan (especially to the undersized 150 pound Roger), she seemed unable to remain motionless, moving about the office, searching the walls and Plum's accreditations and awards.

"Please sit down, Mrs. Morgan," he said, after clearing his throat. "So nice to meet you. How may I be of help?"

Although she was fat, she was impeccably and even stylishly dressed. She carried beads of sweat on her, like most fat women, but you could tell she had both an air of sophistication and a kind of look on her that said: "who gives a shit what they think."

"How may you help?" she said, finally sitting across from him. "Don't kid me, Mr. Plum. You stand to get a lot out of this too, don't you? You get a nice commission if I invest with you?"

"Of course, Mrs. Morgan, no doubt. But not unless I do something for you first."

He put on his brightest smile. After some preliminary questions and a glance at her portfolio, he asked if she'd like to accompany him to lunch. Two hours later he'd gained her confidence and they'd come to some tentative understandings and agreements.

"You'll draw up the necessary papers then, Roger? Get them ready for my signature? When can you have them ready?"

"Oh, let's say by this Friday?"

"Very good," she smiled. "Why don't you bring them to my house on Saturday? Let's say about lunchtime?"

By this time Roger Plum would have forgone his hefty commission and done the work for nothing--the woman of his dreams had invited him to lunch at her mansion.



CHAPTER 1: THE PLUM FAMILY

(page 2)

Three months later and he'd married the woman, even after learning how first husband, Kristohf. Morgan had lost his life.

Morgan had been smothered to death. It was during sexual "play." Patricia had killed him by sitting upon his face and smothering him beneath her ponderous ass. She'd even confessed such to the courts. But because the "play" had been consensual, it had been considered an accident! And Patricia Morgan got off completely.

Just before they married, the widow told Roger Plum about her favorite pastime. "I know you must be afraid, darling," she'd said to Roger when she described what she wanted to do. "But I am much more proficient at it now. I know exactly what I am doing."

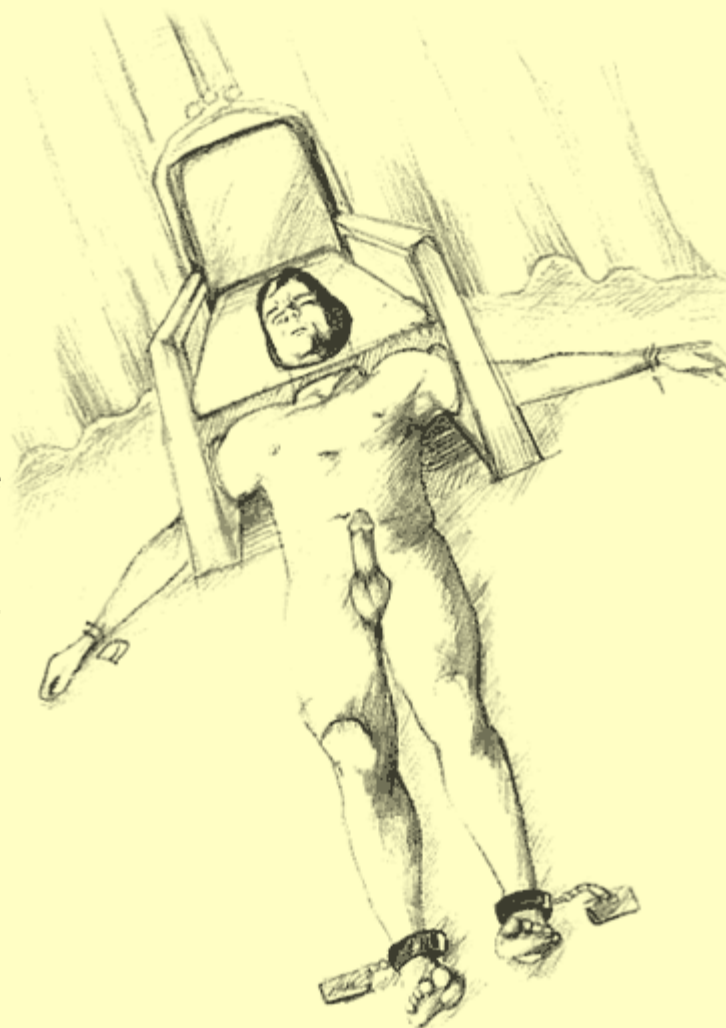
And this was on their wedding night!

Roger might have been afraid (in fact he was terrified), yet he could hardly wait to experience it, to have her hot, damp, heavy bottom pressing down upon his helpless body and face. Despite the fearsome heat and acrid odors that could emanate from Pat's friction-generating crotch, yet he was strangely drawn to suffer this. In fact, he'd been looking forward to it each day of their three-month engagement, masturbating three times a day at thought of her arrogant, bossy attitude, and when he pictured her massive, smelly ass coming down onto his servile face.

But here he is, no longer volunteering, no longer yearning for the experience. Now he dreads it, the tortuous, interminable hours spent beneath her reeking filthy ass.

He heard her footsteps and already began to gag at the thought.

"Comfy, Roger honey?" she cooed, bending over to look into his face. "I just went to make a sandwich and a drink." She placed them beside her chair on an end table. She



looked back down at his protruding face, the hole in the seat forming a seal around his cheeks, chin and forehead. "Tonight I have a good movie to watch. It's only about two hours, so it won't be all that bad for you. But because it's a romantic flick, I do expect you to keep licking me throughout. I want that pathetic tongue of yours as deep up my ass crack as you can reach. And if you complain--as you do too much often--and your complaints come at an inappropriate time in the movie, then that offensive cock of yours is going to suffer. Oh, and your balls too."

Bound as he was, Roger Plum, financial consultant, could offer up no disagreement. He sighed deeply as his hulking wife turned her back and began to sit. Groaning as she loomed above him, she lowered slowly, using both arms of the chair to support her and to guide her into position.

Roger saw the humongous ass filling his field of vision. There was nothing else above him now as the ceiling of flesh descended. Already he felt the oppressive heat. Then, as she wiggled downward, the crack began surrounding his face. Lower she came. And his captured face, held above the level of the seat to the depth of his sideburns, began to feel the inexorable crush. His nose and mouth had nowhere to go except further up into Patricia's chasm-like ass crack. Finally, the full weight of her sat upon the seat, and his face was completely buried.

Still, there was some ability for him to breath. That was the cleverness of the chair. The seat of it was almost like a toilet seat, in that it prevented her from descending further, and yet his face was extended upward through the opening, and kept in place by a cushioning held at the back of his head. But her entire weight was not upon his face. That's what killed her first husband. Now, with the chair, she could have her ass licked and "worshipped" for hours, and the slave beneath could still draw breaths... barely.





CHAPTER 1: THE PLUM FAMILY

(page 3)

When Patricia Morgan married Roger Plum she changed her name to his. Inside the Village of Imperia, name change was a lively topic of discussion among the women. When the discussion turned statistical, it was found that of the 300 married families, 210 of the women had taken their husband's last name. In a town ruled in total by the female gender, this matter of taking a male's name seemed odd.

Pat Plum was having lunch with Lola Dean, and the subject came up again.

"Yes, it's pretty amazing when you think of it," Pat said to Lola as they sat in the canopied rear garden of Messalina restaurant. Pat had just taken a sip of iced tea. "But, Lola, even you, the Mayor of Imperia, changed your name to his."

The restaurant was "outside" Imperia. Imperia itself had no restaurants (only a small coffee shop), and so residents had to cross the river into "the City" to eat lunches or dinners out. The idea was to allow Imperial women to "get away" now and then. Messalina, however, was owned by a resident of Imperia, as were several other "outside" businesses..

"Ah yes," Lola replied, blowing smoke into the air. "But we married young, before a place like Imperia could even be imagined. I might have even changed it back again, but Dean happens to have a much nicer tone to it than Berkowitz."

"Berkowitz?" Pat coughed, laughing. "Oh forgive me. But you are so right. Lola Dean beats Lola Berkowitz hands down."

Lola didn't mention that she'd changed her first name too, from Lena to the more exotic Lola.

Lola crossed her legs over the other side. "And yet, Pat, the name Morgan sounds much better than Plum, does it not? Why'd you change your name to his? You're only married three years."

"Because I hated Kris Morgan's guts," Pat spat, now contemplating the grains of sugar settled in the bottom of her iced tea. She wore a tailor-made dress, flared at the waist and showing off her massive hips and ass. It was also dangerously low cut, and her large, gelatinous breasts threatened to burst out.

Lola Dean turned quiet too. Kristohf Morgan's manner of death was well known around Imperia, giving Pat Plum a kind of notoriety. After hearing Pat's tone of disgust, Lola thought: God... was it really an accident or did the bitch murder him?

"He was a vile and disgusting man," Pat said to Lola. "Typical man. Burly, surly, and a know-it-all. The only good thing about him was his seventy some-odd million dollars."

She stopped a waiter and asked for another iced tea. Lola, meanwhile, wondered if Pat would go into it, the dark manner of Kristohf Morgan's death.

"Why don't we make it Long Island iced teas, Pat?" Lola said, lighting another cigarette. "I'll join you. And how about dessert?" Lola, almost thin as a model, never ate dessert at lunch, but she wanted to prolong this. They placed their orders.

"Morgan was a pig," Pat continued. "Sure, he was generous out of pocket. But for a highly sexed up bitch like me he fell utterly flat. Meanwhile, I'm friends with Caroline Everett... you know?"

Lola nodded. Pat and Caroline had been friends since grade school.

"So, Caroline had been telling me about her marriage to wimp Donald, and the stories not only singed my ears they turned me the hell on." She laughed. "And when she invited me to come to Imperia to witness this I jumped at the chance. A husband turned into a slave? Devoted to serving and obeying her? What a fucking turn on."

"And Kristohf was still alive at this time?"

"Mmmm....yeah, " Pat replied, now with a mouthful of blueberry pie.

The plot--if there is one--thickens, Lola thought.

The Long Island iced teas arrived. They clicked glasses. "Imperia forever," said Lola.

"Male slavery everywhere," toasted Pat. They both laughed gaily.

Lola Dean wanted to get back to the incident. She wanted to ask: So, you sat your huge ass on Kristohf's face and squashed him to death. Instead, she reminded Pat by repeating: "You were saying that Kristohf was sexually selfish?" She hoped Pat would pick up the string and reveal the secret.

"Like the worst of men. All he could think of was his own cock. It's as if men think that because we women are without that hideous appendage we can't feel anything akin to their slimy eruptions."

She let out a harrumph, and shifted her seat. Lola disagreed about the male appendage; she was quite fascinated with them, and just loved her husband Roy's penis, thought it beautiful. But of course she said nothing; didn't want Pat straying off course.

"You want to know how I got him to let me sit on his face?" Pat continued, smiling. "Actually, it was simple. Men are simple. You get to know what they want...which is mostly one thing... to get their rocks off. Then you teach them to jump over small hurdles to get that. Then progress till they are jumping through all kinds of hoops, just to get that simple thing. But I'm not telling you something you don't already know."

"Oh, but my Mr. Dean was a slave at heart. We found out together after we got married. Anyway, I didn't have to convert him. Please continue. You fascinate me." Lola tasted a tiny sliver of her dessert. She was already full from her chicken-Caesar salad.

Pat heaved a great sigh. "Well, it takes a while to train a man. Especially a macho asshole like Kristohf. I had to accede to his forceful side first before he'd submit to being face sat. Simply, I told him I'd blow him after. I also suggested maybe he was too afraid to be under me, especially since part of my demands were that he allow me to bind him to the bed for this. 'You afraid big man?' I taunted him as I stroked that mule-like erection of his. And he'd pant, and his expression was like... 'Oh, shit I need to cum right now.' But I'd ease up and tease his frantic cock more, but lightly, my smooth hands and long exotic nails frustrating the shit out of him."

Lola Dean was rapt. Although she'd heard many a tale about women manipulating men using erotic wiles, she'd never heard one that led to a man's demise. Pat took two last bites from her pie and Lola lit another long cigarette, inserting it into her black, five-inch holder. Lola sat back and exhaled. It was an encouragement for Pat to go on.

"So, that little bit of a tease and you had him spread eagled on the bed?" Lola asked. Damn, Lola thought, that was crass. Pat was doing just fine on her own. Now I've jumped the gun.

Pat replied. "Hell no. This took lots and lots more. I had to establish a routine. I had to build him up to letting me sit on his face in the first place, without the bondage. It took me months. Even then, I would just kneel over his face, lowering myself lightly onto him, bearing the weight myself. Lola, it was so satisfying even though he was the worst pussy lick on earth. Even though I knew I had to suck off the bastard soon after. Just the idea thrilled me; of being over him, my hot, wet pussy dowsing the executive mogul's face. My one regret was, being fat as I am I couldn't see the expression on his face. But, over continuing sessions, I began to add more pressure. Sit my ass on his chest."

"Did he complain about that?"

"Nope. Not in the least. If I felt I was losing him somehow, I'd reach back and stroke that always eager cock some more. He'd liven up at that...the little reminder of what was to come."

"To come, huh?"

"Yeah."

"Another Long Island iced tea, Honey?" Lola asked.

Drinks were ordered and Pat Plum went to the bathroom. Lola lit another cigarette and waited. All right, she thought, the woman has already explained the death of her husband to authorities. And that was three years ago. The death was declared accidental. Even the press got hold of this juicy tale. And so... what the hell am I trying to read into this? Too much? Or... maybe I'm not crazy, this woman sounds quite like she's going to reveal she planned it all. God!

When Pat returned, Lola's heart began beating faster. Fresh drinks sat on the table.

Pat seemed to flop weak-kneed into her chair. "Whew. I just peed a bucketful. Too bad my wimp Roger was not there to receive it."

Lola smiled. "Come come, Pat... we're in the city now. Out in the USA proper. They use toilets out here. That is... porcelain ones. Just a few miles away, Pat, and it's like another world, that God-given place where we live."

"Indeed. And a goddam paradise for the female gender. Again...Imperia!" And they toasted.

They sipped their drinks and there was a silent pause. Lola wanted to hear the rest, but wouldn't prod.

Pat Plum, however, was eager. Sensing Lola's restraint and tact, she opened up herself. "Back to Kristohf the creep. With patience and persistence, I was able to sit on his face. As I said, I made sure he got as much out of it as I did. After all, each session he got his eventual blow job. But by increments he found himself bearing more and more of my weight on his body and then his face. Funny, but I hadn't ever sat on anyone's face before that..."

"Really, Pat? You actually started with him?"

"I knew about face sitting. After all, I heard so much about it from Caroline and others too. But I never imagined this big body on top of a man's face. But I was determined." She took another sip of her drink and looked down for a second. "Some may think I was

determined to kill Kristohf. I have to tell you, the thought hadn't crossed my mind."

"So, you didn't intend it? It was an accident after all?"

"I didn't say that, Lola. My fat body smothered him, for sure. But more than my fat body, maybe it was an extension of will--perhaps unconscious will--that extinguished Kristohf's life. God, Lola... when I was up there, with him bound beneath me, he began bucking and struggling. He was becoming frantic for air. But all his struggles accomplished was to stimulate me even more. And I came... a heavenly upheaval, a violent eruption that had me screaming in ecstasy. Later, as I came down from that delicious earthquake, I noticed he'd stopped struggling. He lay still. Even so, I didn't get off him immediately. I sat there stunned, my full weight on him. I thought maybe he'd merely blacked out. But when I lifted myself up and looked back at him I knew he was dead. And I just sat there, thinking about the best orgasm I'd ever had."

She took a deep gulp of her drink. Smiled wryly at Lola.

Lola took a deep drag on her cigarette. Jesus, she thought, the bitch murdered him.





CHAPTER 1: THE PLUM FAMILY

(page 4)

Lola and Pat sat for a while in silence. Lola had conflicting thoughts running through her head. One thought was driven by convention, remnants of how and when she was raised... women, often victims of men, yet raised to believe women should not retaliate, should not even complain... maybe something about the "golden rule." But this is the dawn of a new age, and women like Pat Plum are readily welcoming the alternatives.

Finally, Lola said, "So, Pat, where's your current hubby?"

"He's home," Pat sighed, "doing five miles on the treadmill. Then he's washing windows."

"You seem sure he's doing five miles. I suppose you have some gimmick attached to tell you?"

"Of course. Trust but verify, President Reagan used to say. The treadmill has a pedometer. But it's also pressure sensitive, so each time he gets on or off it's recorded. And if he gets off it begins from the start. In any case, he has to do five miles and he knows it. I keep Mr. Plum in excellent shape. After all, he needs his strength to keep up with me, and most importantly he needs sufficient lung power for the ordeals I put him through."

They sat back and smiled at each other. Being satisfied in each and every day in their lives brought a glow of appreciation to their faces... that and the liquor.

When Pat Plum arrived home, Roger greeted her at the door... naked and kneeling. He quickly lowered himself to kiss her feet, but she'd impatiently moved on, so he immediately crawled after her as she stepped to a small table in the foyer to deposit her keys.

"Any calls?" she asked as Roger groveled, his face to her feet, attempting to complete his ritualized orders to kiss her feet upon each greeting.

"Yes, Mistress," he answered, his voice choked up from the effort of crawling and kissing. "Mrs. Everett called. She wanted to know if you want to party with her tonight. Uh... party was her word, Mistress."

Pat went into the large living room and plopped down into her double-wide leather chair. Roger followed, crawling.

"Get me a Pepsi, slave. Up on your feet...hurry."

Party huh?... Pat thought. God, Caroline Everett's little get-togethers were so fascinating, and such a fucking turn on. Caroline was such a sadistic bitch. Not only that, but she was raising and training her two daughters to follow in her footsteps. What a delicious pair of nubile teens they were, enough to make even a straight woman's mouth water.

Roger returned with a glass of soda and five cubes of ice, delivered on a tray. He knelt before her. He took it upon himself to include two small tortes on a plate. He did--after all is said and done--dearly love his wife. She didn't acknowledge the thought, but she did eat the tortes quickly and swallow down the glass of Pepsi.

"Bring me the phone, slave. I've decided we are going out tonight. But for the rest of the afternoon I want a level three pampering.

Pat loved ritual. It was not only reliable, but still thrilling to have in place systems and rules for a slave to perform. Pat loved to bark orders, and be spontaneous too, but it was comforting too to have a slave who knew beforehand what he had to do. For personal pampering--bathing, massaging and such--Pat had devised five levels. And after today's exhilarating conversation with Lola Dean and the invitation to a soiree at the Everett's, her titillation was high and she wanted an appropriate resolution.

"We will reverse things today, slave," she said to her kneeling husband. "I want your mouth on me first. Then the bath. Then the rubdown."

He knelt there, appearing to Pat as if he hadn't been listening. But he was just rapt; lost in wonder at the huge but regal woman who'd captured his heart.

Suddenly, she leaned forward and slapped his face. Hard! His face flew to one side from the force. He almost fell over.

"Bitch!" she cried out, "Wake up. Let's go."

He put a hand to his cheek, already hot. She reached to the lamp table next to her and lifted a serious, flexible, black riding crop.

"Go. Crawl ahead of me." And as he went she applied a lash to his receding ass, first forehand then back.

SLAACK... SNICK... SLAACK... SNICK.

He scurried quick as he could, but could not avoid the fiery lashes, as the sadist chased after him.

Oh, fuck... how much I love beating him, she thought.

She was already out of breath by the time they reached the bedroom, but so sexually exhilarated she could hardly wait to have her clothes removed.

"Up! Up here, slave, quickly. Get me out of this dress. And get these panties off me. I want your slave face in my crotch immediately."

Roger Plum rushed to obey; clumsily at first, as he always became nervous when she barked at him to hurry. And her immense size always gave him problems as he had to maneuver around her; and often her clothing had become tightened during the day, or the clothing stuck to her hot body making it difficult to remove.

He struggled with a zipper in the back, and Pat turned to slap him. Instinctively, he shrank away. It was a quick reaction, but he should have known better.

"Little shit, how dare you pull away from me?" she roared, sending shivers of fear through him. "Hand me the crop. Now!"

With a sigh, Roger lifted the riding crop from a nearby lamp table and handed it to her.

"Down! You know the position. God, I have to beat everything into that thick skull of yours."

He fell to his knees and lowered his head onto his forearms, leaving his bared ass lifted toward her (well, his ass was not that bare... it wore a myriad of stripes, welts, bruises, in

a rainbow of colors, some fresh, others faded from earlier beatings).

SWAAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAAACK!

He cried out, "Oh, please Mistress, please.... no more. Oh God, I am sorry..., I'm sooooooreee!"

SWAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAAACK!

"Spread your legs," she said, breathing hard.

In agony, he obeyed. He was frightened near out of control, and although he obeyed and spread his legs, he inched forward in a futile attempt to move beyond the crop. But sure enough the lash he expected finally came, a swat that landed precisely on his exposed balls.

He collapsed to the floor, unable to find his breath. He curled into a fetal position and grabbed his crotch. "AAAAIIYEEE!" he screamed.

"Shut up! Get up! Get up immediately or you'll get more."

He struggled to get back into position. No matter that he'd been married to the sadist for three years, still he could hardly believe the utter cruelty. Even more hard to believe was the fact that he remained under the tyrant's roof.

SWAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAAACK! SWAAACK!

He moaned under the onslaught, wanting to scamper away, wanting to get up and run, wanting to dress, run from the house, get in the car, drive off to his loving mother in Florida. Instead, he stayed in place, praying she'd tire of beating him.

And when he heard her breathing hard and practically whisper to him, "Okay, now finish undressing me. And get ready to lick me real good," he welcomed her command.

Finally, Pat was prone on the bed, her legs spread. Roger crawled toward her. Her massive thighs glistened with sweat. As he lowered his head, her face disappeared behind the bulge of her large belly and breasts. He felt the heat. He knew this would be difficult, the odor especially, as she hadn't showered since morning. But he had no choice, he was there for her pleasure, and his own suffering to accomplish it was part of the turn on for her.

With the layers of fat making areas of her cunt hard to reach, cunnilingus was a difficult challenge; everything was set deeper, and his tongue only reached so far. The strain to project his tongue out far enough and to lick and lick tired him quickly, but he knew the penalty for pausing to rest, so he persevered, licked beyond what he thought he could endure. His hands were on the bed sheet, but buried, actually trapped beneath her heavy ass. He could not back out if he tried. Now, the odor was making him almost retch, and he soon prayed for the sign that she was near... she'd grab his hair and pull his face tighter into her, so that he had to rely on the last full breath to finish her off.

Suddenly, the crop came down on his raw and reddened ass. Not as fiercely as when she was standing behind him; now it was just: SWICK! SWICK! SWICK! But, landing upon his already injured flesh, it was painful.

He licked faster. Harder. Pushed his face in further. She grabbed his hair. And screamed. And screamed. Bucking violently, she grabbed his hair so as to prevent him from losing contact. He had to ride it out, and not until she released his hair was he permitted to back off and collapse on the bed.

After a minute or so, she sighed. "Okay... now clean up all my juices, you bitch."

And his tongue returned to work, this time performing the more disgusting aspect of it all.

Later, as she lay in the tub, and with her husband and slave Roger kneeling nearby, she spoke to him. "You do appreciate how totally inconsiderate I am, don't you, slave? Despite yourself, you crave me to take everything and give nothing. I know your warped brain inside and out. You can't stop worshiping me no matter how much pain and humiliation I like pouring on you. God, how I love using you."

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

PLUM FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

When Pat takes a nap, this does not diminish her husband Roger's torment. He's confined, yet... well, he's far from relieved. After Pat's nap, she revels in a new extension of her sadism, this time using her slave husband in an act so vile it even breaks the rules of Imperia.



CHAPTER 2: PAT PLUM'S NAP

Pat awoke from her nap in an irritable mood. Lying naked and on her side in her king-size bed, she pulled her legs up and farted.

Roger, meanwhile, had been confined to a cage in the corner of the bedroom. The cage had been built for no other reason than to imprison a human being. Also, as it was custom-made to Pat Plum's specifications, her husband Roger was in a space no more than 4' high, 4' long and 3' wide, of course there was no way for him to find comfort. The dark, heavy iron bars were not only confining and immovable, they lent a medieval cast to the apparatus.

Roger hated the cage. It awoke his claustrophobia; and his worst nightmare was that Pat would die in bed and by the time she was discovered he too would have succumbed in a most cruel and agonizing way; dying of thirst and/or hunger.

Besides, when Pat ordered him into the cage she never did so without concocting some additional discomfort. This time, after he crawled in (and she'd clinked shut the creaking door and applied the heavy padlock) she walked slowly to the wall rack where she kept instruments of torture. She picked out a pair of police-issue steel handcuffs.

"All right, asswipe, hands behind you."

And kneeling with a grunt, she reached between the bars of the cage and locked one cuff upon his right wrist. Then, threading the other cuff behind a thick bar, she locked his left wrist. And so Roger was not just confined in the cage, he was cuffed in a cruel, superfluous manner as well.

As she stood, the heavy woman grunted again. She walked slowly and purposely to her inventory and selected a set of glossy black clothespins, connected by a short chain. Coming back, she let out a growl of complaint when she knelt again beside the cage. Angry that she'd not thought of putting these on his nipples before ordering him into the cage, she suddenly felt this minor agony was not sufficient.

Now, she had to reach into the cage to apply the clothespins, and her fat arms just about reached his nipple.

"Move closer to me, bitch!" she complained. "You trying to make this difficult for me?"

"No, Mistress. I'm sorry. No." And Roger moved best he could toward his tormentor.

Finally, both nipples were clamped. Roger's face reflected the pain; after all, his unfortunate nipples were kept painfully sensitive by a daily application of torment; Pat either put clothespins or cruel clamps upon him, or squeezed his sore nipple between her strong fingers. Often he had to endure an additional agony: Pat loved to attach six-ounce weights to the nipple clamps, thus his poor nipples were tugged painfully downward.

"One more thing, slave, before I take my nap... so you don't get thirsty, I'll set up your bottle."



CHAPTER 2: PAT PLUM'S NAP

(page 2)

She left and went into the bathroom. Roger sighed in utter defeat. When she returned she carried a clear, quart bottle, almost filled with her yellowish urine. Turned upside down, it dripped her piss into a black plastic tube. She hung the bottle beside the cage and fed the tube into a nozzle affixed to the overheard bars. Another tube descended and, if Roger bent his head in an uncomfortable manner, it could reach Roger's mouth.

"Drink this bottle dry, my human toilet, before I wake up. If it's not all gone... well, you don't want to know how angry that would make me. And be quiet doing it. I'm gonna try to sleep for a while. After all, we have a party to go to later." And she released the valve holding back the acrid liquid.

Reluctantly, Roger began to suck urine from the loathsome tube. Slowly but surely the vile liquid came into his mouth. Her piss disgusted him. He'd never gotten used to it; it nauseated him anew each time.

So, here was the posture in which Roger found himself: locked inside a cramping, heavy iron cage, sitting with hands cuffed behind him to a vertical bar, clothespins clamped onto his tender nipples, and his head bent up and backward to reach the cruel tube feeding him his wife's acrid piss.



When Pat woke her mood was miserable. She sat up drearily and saw the dark cage in the corner. She loved imprisoning her big-shot successful husband in the cage, but one of the drawbacks was that her slave could not free himself. If she wanted his services, she had to get up and release him herself. I should have two slaves, she thought, smiling, as she yawned loudly.

She sat up. Roger was rocking back and forth, his eyes shut. She could see he was in pain. When she first came to Imperia, she'd attended some mandatory classes on s&m safety. She'd learned that using clamps and clothespins cut the circulation of blood on a subject, and that the instruments should be removed after about fifteen minutes to allow the blood to circulate. The hell with that, she thought. And so she slept for an hour, leaving Roger to suffer the tight grip of the enameled clothespins. The sight of his rocking body and his obvious suffering gave Pat a thrill.

She shuffled her large body to the edge of the bed and sat there. Roger heard her and opened his eyes.

"Oh... Mistress... Mistress... please," he croaked.

"Shut up!" was all she said.

She stood and walked off into the bathroom. She picked up a magazine and settled in to defecate.

But a thought came to her. As she was passing some huge turds, she resented the rigid Imperia regulation against using slaves for full toilet duties. Urine was permitted, as it was--for the most part--sterile. But feces carried bacteria, and could be harmful. So, what, she thought... what the fuck is it anybody's business if I force my shit down my slave's throat. After all, he is my property.

But the consequences imposed by Imperia were clear. Should a man be brought to "any" health facility--even one outside the Village--and diagnosed as suffering infection due to ingestion of feces, and the woman would be banned from the town and forfeit any profit on her property. And there was no hiding it: each resident had signed a release permitting Imperia access to all medical records.





CHAPTER 2: PAT PLUM'S NAP

(page 3)

Pat had pondered this dilemma many times. The cost (rules) of belonging to this community had to be weighed against the freedom she'd have over her slave on the outside. Was shitting in his mouth worth the risk of being evicted? She had friends here now. And freedom to practice a wide range of delicious cruelties. And so she'd have to continue to use a conventional toilet for her shit.

But an evil thought came to her. Yes! She could do this... It wasn't the "full Monty" but close enough.

After using the toilet, she walked back into the bedroom. Roger was still rocking in pain, but now that she was awake he was moaning... something he dared not do while she slept: if his complaints had woken her he'd be in for worse torture.

"Okay, bitch," she growled, "your Queen is here to free you... for other duties, that is." She laughed.

Roger was in intense pain. He wanted the terrible clothespins off, and a chance to stretch his cramping limbs. Just as much as he wanted them off, he feared the removal of the clamps too. Pat would not merely squeeze the clothespins open--that would be painful enough (that and the jolt of pain when the blood began to flood back into his numbed nipples)--but she'd grab hold of the connecting chain and cruelly yank the clothespins from him, an agony so intense he almost preferred to stay in the current pain.

"Mistress... please..."

"Shut the fuck up. You know this is my favorite part."

She struggled to her knees again and reached a thick hammy arm into the cage.

"Close your eyes," she ordered. And she touched the chain. Then she began playing with it, twisting it around her finger. She couldn't reach the center of it, just the part near Roger's right nipple. And so that's where he suffered most.

"Ah... ah.... Mistress... oh no..."

She gave out a little snort... sort of a chuckle.

"Don't' you get it? Don't you know how much this pleases me? What a fucking jolt I got... right down the bottom of my stomach. I could almost fucking cum just doing this."

"Aaaaagh... oh, God...!"

Suddenly, she yanked hard. The clothespins snapped from his nipples. It happened fast; too fast for Pat to realize just how far out Roger's poor nipples were stretched before the devilish clothespins released.

Roger screamed in earnest now, and thrashed about in the cage... at least to the extent that his still cuffed wrists would allow. His girlish-sounding shrieks and the rattling of the handcuff chains against the bar of the cage gave Pat a shooting thrill. She loved torturing her husband. The only thing thrilled her more was torturing him in front of others; adding

his humiliation into the mix, showing how cruel she could be.

She shifted her weight, almost crawling to the back side of the cage where she unlocked the handcuffs. Roger swiftly brought his hands around front to relieve his cramped shoulders and back. Also, he massaged his sore nipples. He spoke an unintelligible murmur of relief.



CHAPTER 2: PAT PLUM'S NAP

(page 4)

Pat groaned as she struggled to her feet, then fetched a key from a small hook on her equipment wall. She unlocked the cage.

"All right, slave, enough relaxation. Crawl out here and get up on the bed, face up. You know the position."

Roger yearned to just lay out on a bed straight, even if just for a moment. But he knew his respite would be short-lived.

"Arms at your side, asshole. Or do you want me to put the cuffs on again? You know how that feels to have your wrists cuffed behind you and then forced to lie on your back... your own body pressing down on your wrists and hands? And then with my special body on top of you, it adds a bit of extra pain, doesn't it?"



He lay upon the bed straight, his arms to his side, relishing the few seconds left alone. Before he shut his eyes he saw her huge ponderous body approach the side of the bed. Then she put a knee onto the bed and the entire bed moved. No matter how many times she'd pinioned him beneath her, a shiver of fear always preceded. And, as usual, she brought with her a small rubber whip. It had six vicious tails, each about nine inches long. She loved to use the whip on his cock and balls. She controlled his activity level with it...whenever he slacked off on his licking duties, or even hesitated, she'd lash his cock and/or balls with the specially designed whip.

Without hesitation, she crawled across the bed and, positioning herself near his head, lifted one immense leg over, straddling his face. She sat full weight on his chest, pinning his arms. She was facing his feet, so he knew she wanted an ass-worshipping and smothering session. Not only was breathing nearly impossible from the actual smothering of her ass upon his face, the weight upon his chest alone made it very difficult for him to draw a breath into his lungs.

Before she even lowered her elephantine ass onto his face, he knew something was wrong. The odor! Usually the stink in her ass crack was intense and disgusted him; a mixture of sweat and shit-stain (that's what she called it). But this time her crack was reeking of shit, even before his face was buried deep.

"I have a surprise for you, ass licker," she said. "I ran out of toilet paper. I guess you'll have to put that tongue of yours to use. NO! Stop struggling! It'll only be worse for you."

You know how things go... I get up, give you a severe beating, and then you have to do it anyway."

In the instant before she backed up and lowered her large crack onto his face, he thought of begging. He almost got out..."but..." and thought better of it. When that little rubber whip lashed his balls there was no agony like it. In fact, his shaved balls still bore angry red stripes from a prior beating.

Reaching back, Pat used her strong fingers to spread her ass cheeks. Suddenly, the vile, gut-retching odor increased many-fold. And then that stinking, dark, airless crack descended onto Roger's face, totally engulfing him in a hot and fetid hell.





CHAPTER 2: PAT PLUM'S NAP

(page 5)

He struggled. He couldn't help it; it was instinctive. And this was beyond anything, far worse than the horrid hours of claustrophobic service locked beneath her special chair. He felt the remnants of hot shit squishing around his nose, mouth, even his eyes. The stink was overwhelming. He felt himself ready to gag. Suddenly, adding to this torture, the rubber cock whip stung his balls. Again and again the devilish viper bit into his soft, sensitive flesh.

"Bitch!" She screamed above him, "I told you not to struggle." And she lashed at his crotch five, six more times.

He stopped struggling.

"Okay, now get that fucking tongue working. I want my ass crack cleaned. NOW! Yes... that's it. Lick up your Mistress's shit. Clean me, slave. You better make it fucking immaculate, too. Later, I'm gonna use the white washcloth test back there, and if there's a trace of brown then I feel sorry for you. Don't do a good job and at tonight's party I'm gonna let Mistress Sky Jones go to work on your sorry ass... after I get through with it. Yes, that's better... keep that up. Yes, all around. I'll lift up a bit so you can get to it. Yes, lick up every morsel of your Goddess's shit."

Somehow, gagging time and again, Roger managed to complete the offensive task. He licked the smeared feces from the dark inner slopes of her hot chasm. And, with her ass cheeks spread wide, his face sunk into the huge crack, he reached his tongue out to clean her deeply-placed asshole. But the licking wasn't enough to get rid of the mess... the disgusting shit had to go somewhere. And so he ate it. Swallowed the remnants of his wife's nauseating shit.

When she finally climbed off his face she looked back down at him. She noticed two things: there was shit smeared on almost his entire face. Well, she thought, I can't blame him for that. After all his tongue is limited. And that would also nullify her white washcloth test too: he couldn't be expected to get at regions where his own dirty face smeared more shit. Oh... but wait... the washcloth test could still be carried out... and she knew how. And the second thing she saw looking down at him... he was crying. She smiled at that. God... what a thrill!

Roger, meanwhile, was just now realizing the pain from the session: her crushing weight upon his upper chest, the beating of his balls... all came fresh to him now that his mind was freed from the focus of the nauseating task.

"Okay, ass-wipe," she cried. "Here's the next test. Get your ass into the bathroom and wash your face. Your chore is not finished. I'm gonna give you another chance to get my ass crack perfectly clean. Consider this a leniency, because looking at the shit smeared on our face I know my ass can't pass the washcloth test. Afterward, you'll bathe me and get me ready for the party."

Pat Plum luxuriated in the large round tub, the hot water and soft jet streams soothing her. Pat, like many large persons, loved the water. Water gave them buoyancy; the only time they felt that kind of relief from the weight of their own bodies.

Pat--of course--loved to eat. She wasn't ignorant of the harmful effects of her obesity, but her desire for food was stronger than her fear of an unhealthy and shortened life. Life, after all, was a big balancing act anyway.

This line of thinking brought home another realization. She'd just made Roger lick her ass clean... of shit. What difference, then, from making him eat her entire shit load? It was the same. But... oh, God... what if he gets sick? What if the lousy lowlife winds up in the infirmary, and I get brought up on an abuse charge? The bastards here can kick me out and take my home. So what if I'm worth millions... where else can I live openly like this? I'd wind up like most other sadists, deep in the closet.

Well, let's just wait and see. Why get my panties in flames over what might be nothing at all?

Pat rang a nearby bell. Roger trotted in to the bathroom. "Bring me a chocolate milk, slave. And some raspberry squares."

True to form, it was eat now and damn the consequences. Would she do the same with her slave husband, Roger? Would she go further with her shit... forcing him eventually into full toilet servitude, even though it was forbidden in Imperia?

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

Late the previous evening--actually, it was four am--Roger Plum was again shoved into the cramped steel cage. As the ominous heavy lock clinked closed, Roger sighed deeply. He hated being confined to this miniature cell, and then further tortured. His Mistress was tired, however, and didn't bother to bind him, and so he managed to find some comfort by turning on his side, and while in a fetal position fell asleep. When he woke--much too early he felt, although he had no idea what time it was--he sat quietly in the cage. Although he needed to urinate, he did not want to make sounds that would wake his owner. He just sat contemplating his situation.

Yesterday had been a true horror for him. First, in the early evening, after a torturous period in the cage while his wife napped, he was forced to lick her ass clean right after the huge woman had taken a shit. This was a violently repulsive duty, one which he managed to complete without vomiting. But he knew from Pat's reaction that she'd enjoyed this new humiliation, and that she'd add this disgusting chore to her list. Then, while speaking on the phone with Caroline Everett,



she again used his face as a cushion, sitting full weight upon him, while his head and neck were forced into a painfully contorted position. The memory of these two events came back to him now; strange, he thought, how the party at the Everetts was the highlight of the evening--compared to how much he'd suffered before going there, what happened to him at the party was light fare indeed..

It was yesterday, late afternoon when he'd been forced to lick the disgusting remnants of shit from the crack of Pat's huge ass. It was so shockingly distasteful, that Roger had gagged several times, and was near vomiting. The vile stench alone was enough to sicken him, but then having to lick the softened excrement from the dark crack was truly nauseating. But what choice did he have? Refusal or even a hesitation would certainly bring severe retribution. Pat had, in fact, told him... "You know what will happen... I will stop and beat you, and then you'll have to lick my ass anyway."

While he was doing what no sane human would do, his mind was only on completing the offensive task quickly as possible. But later, when he'd had a moment to himself, that's when he thought of the unthinkable: rebelling. There were laws, even here in the

woman's paradise of Imperia, that protected the male slave. And abstaining from shit-eating was one of them. He wouldn't actually be rebelling, he thought, if he sought counsel on this. He would merely be enacting his own rights of protection under Imperia's rules.



CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 2)

Yesterday, the shit-cleaning incident over, Roger had just taken a shower when Pat called to him. He rushed to her. Reaching the threshold of her room, he knelt and then crawled across the room to her.

"Here, slave... sit with your back to the ottoman. That's it. Now, head back. Yes, with your face looking up at the ceiling."

"But..." he managed to utter before a smashing slap across his face silenced him. He saw stars, and his ear rang. He brought a hand up to his enflamed cheek. Foolishly, he'd tried to complain... that was a mistake.

Now, moving into the position she wanted, it appeared she was going to sit on his face full weight. For some time now, she'd used several of her special seats, which--although they allowed her to almost smother him--relieved him of her full weight bearing down on his face and head. But with the back of his head just resting on the ottoman, Pat's wide ass and full weight would press down upon him, and his face would be forced well up into the cavernous crack of her hot, fleshy, smelly ass.

With a laborious grunt, she sat.

Immediately, he thought he'd die. There was--aside from agony of the utter compression--the instant panic of being unable to breath. In his panic he made a

mistake: he brought up his hands and tried to push upward on her ass, trying to relieve the overwhelming pressure. It was a stupid attempt anyhow, as there was no way he could lift her. But this infuriated her.

"Worthless bitch," she cried out. "How dare you try to thwart me!" And she reached around and pinched and twisted first one sensitive nipple then the other. "When I get up I am going to beat you for this. Now stay still. I am just going to make a phone call."

Roger tried to breath, catching bits of air where he could, while the dark and hot flesh pressed heavily against his contorted, yielding face. His very head hurt, as the massive weight seemed to want to crush his skull.

She only wants to make a phone call, he thought. Well, then, why can't she call like any other person? Why does she have to torture me while calling? Well, hopefully it's just a brief phone call; "What time, Caroline? Oh... ten? Good. We'll be there. Bye."

But it was not to be. A whole frigging discussion ensued.



CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 3)

After some inane pleasantries about Caroline's girl's skirt lengths and what size flowerpot to use for her new hydrangeas, Pat finally got to the subject at hand. "Caroline, what's your view on full toilet," Pat asked. In the vernacular of dominance and submission, full toilet meant a slave was required to consume both urine and excrement.

Roger could not hear Caroline's reply, only his wife's.

"Never? Not yet?" she laughed. "Because of the rule? Yeah, I know. No, I didn't. I just made him lick me clean. After all, my ass being so big is often dirty anyway. I mean, between the farts and the sweat. No, I don't mean to gross you out. That's just the facts of life. I like to sit on his face and have him licking my asshole. And it's not always pristine lilies, you know what I mean?" She laughed again.

Suddenly, she wriggled above him. He knew this line of discussion was turning her on. He had to find another tiny source for air.

"Well, there was a good amount of shit for him, I suppose. Maybe it's just a matter of degree. Yeah, I know. But what the hell, dirty asses contain shit, like a smear at least. With your skinny as you wouldn't know. Not so skinny. Well... I admit you have a magnificent ass. Yes, I believe you have soiled panties now and then. You do? Donald has to suck the stain? But there it is. That's just what I mean. Whatever that stain contains is the same as what my shit contains. There's no difference. Yes... that's what I am saying. It's a matter of volume. Right. There's a kind of progression. Sucking out a stain. Licking a dirty ass. Then eating a full load of shit."

Roger's heart was racing now. In the midst of being squashed beneath his wife and trying his best to breath, now he had to hear of Pat's plans to escalate his slavery into "full toilet."

"Yes. There's a law." Pat continued. "I know that. It's just to protect their ass somehow. ...To protect my ass? Well, I don't see it. Yes... good one... the law is an ass. Yeah, I got it. What about Donald... you do pee, right? Oh... okay. See you later. Bye, hon."

Pat sighed. She continued sitting as she was, and felt her slave now struggling beneath her. Stupid fool, she thought, he's heard me get off the phone and naturally thinks it's time for me to get up. Let him suffer.

So, Pat thought, I guess I have no allies here in Imperia. At least not in my friend Caroline. Who else, I wonder, thinks like me... that full toilet slavery is a natural progression for your slave? Maybe I can get it out of somebody at the party tonight. I wonder what the Smith wives do with that lowlife slave of theirs.



CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 4)

In the cage now, Roger thought further about his fearful circumstance. Yes, he'd survived again a suffocating and painful face-sitting episode yesterday. But then came the party. And two unusual things happened. Well... if compared to the world outside of Imperia--now so seemingly remote to Roger--then the entire party would seem unusual. But for him, one of the unusual things was that he actually managed to speak to another male.

But first... last night at the party.

Roger helped Pat dress. This was typical. When an average size woman dresses, she might ask her husband to zip her up. But with Pat, almost all of her dressing required some assistance. Even her huge panties seemed to be a struggle for her, so Roger helped her into those. He hooked the voluminous bra. He brought her dress over her head and brought it down over her bulging ass. And especially her shoes... she could not possibly reach her own feet, so Roger knelt and put her shoes on for her.



As for him, he needed no clothing; just a thin speedo/thong thing and a dog collar. Oh, and a leash. The Everetts lived just next door, so they didn't have far to go.

Roger always felt a reluctance to go to these parties, but once there he felt somewhat better than being home alone with his cruel wife. Yes, he'd suffer agonies and humiliations, but they weren't specifically directed at him--so to speak--but activities became diffused into the overall orgy of the congregated Mistresses and slaves.

Roger also liked going to the Everetts. One reason--well, actually two reasons--was the Everett teens. Although the luscious young girls were forbidden to be at the party, Pat always brought Roger there early, and he always got a chance to gawk at the sexy teens. Mary, the elder, had taken up smoking, and it gave her a strange kind of maturity, yet built into a fresh, post-pubescent and tender seventeen-year-old. It was like a not-so-subtle announcement to the world: I'm independent now, so don't fuck with me! As for the younger, Celeste, Roger felt a strange attraction, the way Humbert Humbert did toward Lolita. And the way the girls talked... drove him crazy; so naughtily uncensored.

Another reason Roger liked going to the Everetts: Donald Everett was mistreated to a degree that made Roger's own slavery seem like emancipation. Roger arrived with welts and bruises upon his body, but poor Donald Everett was literally covered with angry fresh welts and bruises that covered his body from head to ankles. But then, last night, Roger noticed that Donald had fresh, bloodied gouges on his thighs as well. Roger found out the wounds were caused by cruel spurs, worn by his stepdaughters as they rode him mercilessly.

"Pat, honey... come in," Caroline said as they arrived. Just go into the living room. The girls are still here, and they'll be happy to see you."

Caroline was clad in a brown leather jump suit, wrapped snugly about her curvaceous body. Few women could wear such a garment and look as luscious as Caroline Everett. Of course, she wore ankle boots in a matching color, with the highest, spikiest of stiletto heels. A riding crop dangled at her waist, connected by its loop to a small hook on her belt. It was both a fashion statement, and a statement of empowerment.

Pat pulled Roger along on the leash as they walked into the large, high-steepled, living room. Mary and Celeste were there playing backgammon, Mary smoking a cigarette. They both jumped up when Pat came in.

"Aunt Pat..." They both hugged and air-kissed the large woman. "What's up?"

"You girls gonna hang around for the fun?" Pat asked.

"Nah... we're being sent into exile," Mary replied. "Goddam rules, Mom says."

"She says it's not her," Celeste said. "Is that right, Aunt Pat? It's the rule of Imperia."

"Yeah. Sorry girls. Your mother is big on obeying the rules."

Mary said, "And Lola Dean is expected to come over too. So that means it's like the FBI gonna witness things. So dear Mom will not allow us anywhere near here."

Pat maneuvered herself toward a leather sofa. She'd been on her feet only a few minutes, but already she sought relief. Roger was happy to kneel beside her as she sat.

"So, where you girls going? Gonna see a movie?"

Roger, from his knees, looked up at the girls. Celeste--the fifteen-year-old--seemed to always dress in what appeared like a school uniform. She wore a short plaid skirt, a white blouse, and Mary Jane shoes, with white, laced socks. Her look of innocence was misleading, however, as he'd heard the girl was a vicious sadist. Mary really got to him though, as she had two of the largest breasts he'd ever seen on a seventeen-year-old. And from this angle on his knees her breasts looked larger, arrogant, almost threatening: one touch of those and any man in Imperia would be beaten half to death.

"We're going over to my friend Boola's house," Mary responded. "I like Boola okay, but it's gonna be bo-oring! Compared to the fun you're gonna have here."

"Don't worry, sweetheart," Pat said, "Next year you'll be eighteen and get your ticket." She smiled broadly.

"That don't do nothin' for me," Celeste added.

Caroline entered, with Donald crawling behind. "What don't do nothing for you?" she asked. "This about staying for the party again? Well, forget it. Scoot along now. And give Boola and Aunt Nicolette my love."

The two girls picked up their overnight packs. The packs contained pajamas, toiletries and sleeping blankets. And, of course, cell phones.

"Okay. Bye, Aunt Pat," they said, and skipped off.



CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 5)

There was an eerie silence when the exuberant girls left. Then Caroline stepped over and sat on the couch opposite Pat. She reached for a cigarette. Donald, who'd seemed lost in thought, had his head down and did not see her. Caroline held the long white cigarette aloft but her slave didn't move.

"Asshole," she cried out, startling him. "Get your lazy ass over here and light my cigarette."

Quickly, he crawled forward, found a lighter, and clicked it to a flame. She blew the smoke in his face. As he shut his eyes from the acrid smoke, Caroline slapped his face hard as she could.

"Fool!" she yelled. "This is the thousandth time you've screwed that up. And you know how I feel about waiting for a light. And to fail in front of guests... well, I think you know what that means."

Pat let out a chuckle. It was such fun humiliating and mentally torturing their male chattel. Meanwhile, Roger noted the harsh slap from Caroline. He could tell it hurt Donald, as it spun his head and almost knocked him off balance. But Donald had never felt Pat slap his face, and Roger knew the difference. When Pat slapped him, the weight of her hammy arm was behind it, and he could swear she jarred his teeth loose.

Just then the doorbell rang. Guests were arriving. Caroline said, "I'll deal with this later, worm. Meanwhile, get your ass up and open the door. Greet whoever is there properly. Then stay there beside the door on your knees. We have a lot of people coming over tonight. Well...? Get moving."

Donald hesitated only because she'd kept speaking after the doorbell rang. He could do no right, it seemed.

CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 6)

It was a well-known couple, two of the first inhabitants of Imperia. They were, by Imperia standards, quite elderly. Eleanor Fitch was sixty-five, and an heiress of the Fitch construction fortune: they manufactured modular segments for building homes. The business was international now, and provided pre-fabricated houses for almost every third-world country. Her long-time husband--and slave--was Denis Mehann, once a junior partner. He was younger, at age sixty. The woman was heavily made-up, and her dyed hair was an outrageous black. She had some idiosyncrasies that seemed out of place in Imperia (she allowed her husband to travel the world without her), but otherwise, she'd earned her stripes over the years, and had been a dominating partner from before s&m entered the vernacular. In other words, she was a pioneer.

Like the other men to arrive, Denis was led in on a leash, and--to show he was no better than the rest--he was clad only in a skimpy jock strap. His skinny, malnourished body exposed every minor flaw, from liver spots to veiny legs. Oh, and his nipples had been pierced many years before, and the rings in them didn't fill the holes, making it look weird. But otherwise, he had no marks of abuse.

At the doorway, Donald knelt, kissed Madame Fitch's feet, and said, "Welcome to my Mistress's home. Please go into the living room."

"Elly," Caroline cried, rising from the couch. "So glad you could come. Please, come sit down. How's your latest granddaughter? I hear she's due for a first birthday."



And, as Denis knelt beside his wife, the women engaged in small talk.

This was why Roger Plum liked to go visiting. As he knelt there, unmolested, it was like

a night off. He sighed and fell into his own thoughts.

His mind went off on a tangent, about a subject that was rarely talked about in Imperia. The subject was: Where were the boys? When Caroline spoke of Fitch's granddaughter, it triggered Roger's mind to this. They never talk about sons or grandsons, although they must exist. He knew this much: that boys born into Imperia were sent off to a special boy's academy upon reaching age seven. But then, he'd almost never seen a boy--or incredible, two boys--in the town. He'd heard lately about the women being artificially inseminated to produce girls. But some boys were born to women of Imperia. The question was: what happened to them? And what were they taught at the academy?

Roger was thinking this when the doorbell rang again. It was Lola and Judge Roy Dean. Lola was dressed elegantly as usual, her thin body able to take almost any type garment. Tonight, she wore very high boots and a short leather skirt. Unusual was the Judge's garb: he was fully dressed in a suit and tie. Although a slave in private, Roy Dean had rarely been seen undressed and humiliated, although in the town's theater for the Fifth Anniversary of Imperia, Roy Dean did emerge wearing a loincloth.

Roy stood behind Lola. As usual, she lit a long white cigarette and put it into her ever-present black holder. And, as usual, she began to dominate the conversation. Caroline didn't mind as the Deans rarely stayed more than a couple of hours.





CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 7)

Others began arriving now. Mara Tora was back from California with her slave husband Jim Yamato. Although Caroline's parties were almost tame compared to the kind of parties Mara attended out in Hollywood, it was still good to mingle with some Imperia couples again. The Everett living room was large and had enough furniture to accommodate a large party. Mara sat in a large club chair while Jim knelt beside her. Again, Jim was bound tightly in nylon rope; Mara's art in Japanese bondage was a show. Caroline especially, appreciated how the ropes became buried into the slave's muscular flesh.

Judge Roy Dean was assigned as bartender and the drinks began to flow.

Then the Sky Jones/Peg Smith trio arrived. This was always a novel and amusing arrangement to the other residents, and tonight the two wives did not disappoint: poor, almost naked, beaten, Richard was led in on two leashes. The ladies who arrived earlier applauded the entrance. Sky held a leash connected to his scrotum--which was demurely covered by a leather pouch. And Peg held a leash that connected to a thick posture collar around his neck. His arms were bound very tightly and painfully behind him by a set of straps and shackles, and a large and very intrusive penis gag kept him muffled. The posture collar was wide, and forced his head in an erect bearing, so he was unable to look down. Both women carried severe single-tail whips. Oh... and Richard's body already showed fresh lash marks upon his ass and back. Richard was never without fresh lash marks.

Sky Jones was an imposing figure. At over six feet and two hundred fifty pounds, she drew every eye. Her immense chest seemed to declare a sense of superiority, not just over the lowly slaves in the room, but everyone else as well. Although the other dominant women were not intimidated, they did appreciate the aura Sky projected. She wore a sheath dress that revealed every proud curve and bulge.

"Down, shit head," growled Peg Smith, Richard's first--and current--wife. But then, Sky was also his current wife. Richard Smith had no one to blame for this but himself. Peg, not a clothing enthusiast, dressed demurely, like a school teacher.

Again the doorbell rang.

This time it was a surprise: Amanda Roe and Darius Vellum, arriving for their first party.

Lola stood to greet them as they entered the living room. She said to Caroline and the others, "I do hope you don't mind, but I took the liberty of inviting Amanda and Darius."

But not only was Caroline thrilled to have the newest couple--although technically they were not Imperia residents--the others rose to greet them, with smiles and welcomes all around. Somehow, a billionaire enters your home and the aura illuminates the entire atmosphere. The women gathered about the new couple, introducing themselves.

The effect of Amanda's beauty was evident in every face, both male and female. All the women--except Pat, who kept her seat--flocked to the beautiful young lady. Wealth was also a respected thing here in Imperia, and they greeted Darius Vellum enthusiastically. Darius, by the way, like the Judge, came fully dressed, although in a sport coat and

slacks, and his favorite Bally loafers.

Amanda carried herself like a confident movie star, turning her noble head to acknowledge and accept greetings from all. With her erect bearing and the slinky, black rubber dress, she was a vision of kink that tore at the eyes of all the men there--the women were fascinated as well.

Richard Smith, damned to wear the posture collar, found his small reward to be that his head was almost locked Amanda's way... at this point the only reward of his evening.

MORE ABOUT THE HAPPENINGS IN THIS PARTY NEXT MONTH: IT WILL APPEAR IN ANOTHER CHAPTER OF... WELL, PERHAPS IN A SKY JONES CHAPTER.

BUT FIRST... BACK TO ROGER PLUM...





CHAPTER 3: A REBELLION IS BREWING IN THE PLUM RESIDENCE

(page 8)

Later, Roger Plum found himself in the kitchen alone with Denis Mehann, the husband of the sixty-five year old heiress. Both had been sent on assignments; Roger, of course, to seek out some kind of "substantial" food for Pat (Pat hated when hors d'oeuvres were served; not only did they not fill, but to get anything near satisfaction, she'd have to lose decorum, and scoff up handfuls). Denis was there to bring more ice for the bar.

They sidled up near each other. One slave speaking to another without permission was strictly forbidden in almost all the Imperia households.

It was Roger who spoke first.

"Know anything about women breaking the rules?" Roger whispered.

"If you got something, friend, it's very hard to bring," Denis replied, looking around warily, like a pusher selling drugs on the corner. "But, yes, there is redress. It must be serious for you to ask. What is it?"

Roger didn't want to say, but he had opened the subject, and maybe Denis knew something about this, maybe even suffered the same injustice.

"Feces," Roger whispered.

"Hmmm. Yes, there's a rule against it. Have you gotten sick?"

"No, not yet. Do I have to wait until I become sick?"

"From what I know, they--the authorities--take a dim view to mere accusations, although Lola Dean would be your greatest ally in this regard. She's a virtual stickler for following the rules here. I am sorry to say, but your best bet for relief would come if you became ill."

"Jesus! I don't think I can take it anymore," Roger said, shaking his head.

"Why... has she made you a full toilet?" Denis knew that Roger belonged to that super-sized woman out there, and he had the utmost sympathy for him. He could only imagine the huge volume of the woman's excretions, and shuddered to think about this poor man forced to devour her stinking pile of shit.

"No. Not yet. But I've had to lick her clean. And it's horrible. Are you saying I have nothing..."

Mara Tora entered the kitchen. She wanted to dump something in the garbage (one of the shortcomings of tying her slave's hands behind him was that some things had to be done by her). Had she heard them talking to each other?

"Slave," said the tiny Japanese woman, "get that ice out there." And she turned on her impossibly high stiletto heels and trotted from the room.

"Sorry, I gotta go," said Denis. "But yes, I think you have nothing so far. I am afraid you'll have to suffer more of this near-miss--so to speak--kind of torture. But one things

clear... if you get sick, it'll be all over for your Mistress... if that's what you want."

"Just one thing more, if you don't mind. You've been here the longest... has anybody ever escaped?"

"You make it sound like a prison, friend. If you want to leave you can. Just get dressed and go. Of the three hundred families, there have been only five men who have left. Just up and left. There's no escaping. Of course, the financial arrangement forces most to remain slaves, but those five left. And yet, two of them returned," he added, shaking his head.

The man shrugged. Roger took it as a sign of defeat. After all, at his age where is he going? But Roger was relatively young. He was a financial planner professionally. He could make his way in the world. He didn't need to face a lifetime of slavery.

Roger suddenly came to himself and realized where he was at the moment. He searched the refrigerator and found two slices of pizza, part of the girl's lunch he supposed. He heated them in the microwave and brought them out on a plate to his wife. She was going to berate him for taking so long, but the hot pizza and enticing aroma distracted her. She began to eat.

Roger knelt again, this time to contemplate his fate. He did not get to relax for long. As the party heated up and guests began arriving en masse, Pat became enlivened. Noting the Vellum/Roe couple still standing, she offered them her seat.

"Up, bitch... up on hands and knees," she barked to Roger. And he knew what was coming. His 375 lb. wife was to going to use his back for her seat. His heart almost burst in fear.

Immediately, Pat plopped unceremoniously onto his back. Her wide ass covered his entire back, from shoulder blades to upper ass. The weight was distributed evenly, but his arms suffered most; never muscular, the 150 lb. man could barely maintain her super-sized burden for more than a moment or two. And yet he knew he'd have to remain in place for an extended period... how long could he take before collapsing?

Pat, although seemingly ignoring her slave husband, reveled in her position above him. She just loved knowing how she could relax her fleshy body upon him, while he had to strain every muscle just to keep her aloft. She knew from her own struggles toting her body around, that she was too much of a load for a human to take. But he had to take it, didn't he? He had no choice. And that was the thrill for her. And to be doing this in front of others, who must be whispering about it, saying amongst them... what a devoted slave she has in Roger Plum.

Later, as the party turned into active "scenes," Pat was one of the most uninhibited. Soon, she was naked and hovering her wide bare ass above Roger Plum's accepting face, showing others what she was known-for: the queen of Queening, the Sultana of Smothering.

The next morning, Roger sat in the cage recalling the night before and wondering what to do for his future. That free, open world out there seemed so inviting.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Roger Plum seeks guidance regarding his escalating toilet servitude. Even Pat allows him to question her about it. Astonishing him, she relents. She recommends he meet with a therapist, a woman outside of Imperia, one Dr. Dunkirk, PhD, who has a reputation for un-biased and non-judgmental consultation and advice. But Roger has a problem... the

sight of Dr. Dunkirk alone rattles him.



CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

The day came when Roger Plum was due for community service. All personally-owned slaves in Imperia had to serve one day out of seven for the community; they would rake leaves, sweep streets, mow the common or medians, prune, plant and provide sundry services. Like Roger, many slaves considered this a day off.

Roger was happy to be let out of his house at six am. He headed to the town central, where he'd receive his gray coverall and assigned his chores. As he walked, the cool morning air smelled delightful, and a soft breeze carried an aroma of lilacs and wisteria. He felt lightness in his step.

The night before had not been so pleasant. Again, Pat had forced him to lick her clean while she sat upon his face. Roger, at only 150 pounds, was literally buried beneath her, and his poor face immersed in the long crack of her humongous ass. It was bad enough that Pat enforced her smothering desires on him nightly, but now she'd contrived an even worse torture for him: she'd stopped wiping her ass after defecating, and forced Roger to clean her with his tongue and mouth as she sat blithely atop him.

The torture of the oppressive weight combined with the awful stench and disgusting mess to be licked up brought Roger to the brink. With this new development in Pat's devised tortures, Roger truly felt he could no longer survive being her slave.

After completing the offensive task of licking Pat's shit smears, Roger begged to be heard.

"Mistress, may slave have permission to speak?"

Pat sat back on her bed, naked and satisfied. Her slave had just licked the reeking smeared shit from her crack, and then buried his face in her crotch, bringing her to a heart-pounding orgasm.

"Yes, yes..." she exhaled, suddenly annoyed. Why'd he have to ruin the moment with his own petty desires?

"I am sorry to raise this again, Mistress... I mean you do know how much I want to serve you and obey... but..."

"Come on, bitch! Out with it. I can't stand when you stutter like that. What the fuck do you want? To be let out of this? To be set free? What a fucking joke."

"No, Mistress... just to be let out of licking up your... uh... your shit. I mean, I don't mind when like usually it stinks or there is a residue of your shit in there, just from natural secretions or whatever. I can take that... and I rarely gag. But now you purposely don't wipe, and it's no different from me actually eating shit. And..." Here he was afraid to say it... but did. "And... it's not permitted by the law of Imperia."





CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

(page 2)

She moved off the bed faster than he thought capable of such a large person. He was kneeling beside her bed making his plea, and she flew up before him and in utter rage slapped him hard across his face.

The blow was so hard it knocked him to the floor. He felt as if he'd been hit with a sledge hammer, such was the throbbing in his temple, and it was enough to disorient him when he tried to right himself.

While he was down there, Pat kicked him twice. "Fucking low-life traitor. Who the fuck you been talking to? What the fuck do you know? Shit eating? Not permitted? I'm not shitting into your good-for-nothing mouth. My shit is too good for you. Besides, I only make you lick my ass."

Roger cowered on the floor, curled up in a fetal position. Pat took a few breaths, tried to come down off her rage.

"Get up, bitch," she growled. "Kneel, like you're supposed to."

He struggled up off the floor, his head still throbbing. Speaking to her is impossible, he thought. She's become totally unreasonable now... like a maniac.

"Come, bitch, tell me more. Tell me how you are too good for my ass. Tell me you are not sub-human. Little fucking ass-wipe, that's *all* you're good for."

Roger's heart sank. He could get no further with her. All he could do was drop his head to his chest. "I beg your forgiveness, Mistress. I am sorry I brought this up. I know it's a minor concern and should have bothered you with it. I beg you to let me drop the subject."

What he wanted most at that moment was to be let off any further punishment for his apparently traitorous act. But such was not the case. After this incident, Pat still was feeling betrayed, and when she ordered him into the steel cage for the night, she devised a particularly uncomfortable posture for him. Usually, he slept curled up and able to turn over—although not able to stretch out. But this time, Pat immobilized him in a kneeling position, with his hands cuffed behind him. She wanted to add the dreaded nipple clamps and include some very nasty weights, but she understood she'd have to allow some blood to circulate after a while, and did not want to be woken during the night to remove the clamps. Nevertheless, she found a couple of ways to add to his agony: she shoved a large butt plug up his ass, and stuffed an inflatable gag into his mouth. The combination of the



Dr. Dora Dunkirk

two left him just enough in pain as to interfere with his sleep... but not, of course, enough pain to disturb *her* sleep.





CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

(page 3)

Now, as Roger reached the town square and found the assignment shed, he felt relieved. He was still a bit sleepy, as his night in the cage was pure horror, but the opportunity to be free, out and about in the cool morning, invigorated him.

As he lined up for his assignment—there were perhaps twenty men in line in front of him—he was delighted to find that Denis Mehann, the sixty-year old tycoon was in line ahead of him. This was the man he'd spoken to a week previously, when they'd crossed paths at the Everett party.

In general, slaves were not permitted to speak with each other, but that was a loose rule, left up to each individual owner. Pat had ordered Roger not to speak, but Denis Mehann had no such order. In any case, slaves were whispering up and down the line... it was their only opportunity for making contact with others.

"Mister Mehann, do you remember me?" Roger asked, in a low tone?

"Yes, of course. The other night at the party. Plum. Have you solved your problem?"

"No, not yet. And I need some advice about how to plead my case to an authority, like the mayor, Lola Dean."

"You still licking up your wife's shit?" Mehann asked, somewhat amazed. In all his years married to Eleanor Fitch he'd never even been asked to drink her urine, let alone ingest feces. And the stories he'd heard over the last five years in Imperia astounded him. His own slavery—if it could even be called that—was mild by comparison.

"Yes, and I don't think I can take it anymore. She made me do it again last night. I thought I was gonna die."

"She makes you do it every night? How many times have you had to do this?"

"Well, actually, last night was only the second time..."

"Just twice and you are complaining already? Well, I guess I see your point."

Just then the line moved and the two of them had to step forward.

"What do I do, friend," Roger asked.

"This is a gamble, but I think it might work," Mehann replied, lowering his whisper. "When you get to the front of the line, tell the supervisor you're sick. Ask to see a doctor. She may let you off of a duty and send you over to see medical help. Then you can tell your story to the doctor."

"But... what'll happen after that? I mean, what... will this get back? I am afraid of the consequences."

Suddenly, a harsh female voice: "Come on... step up."

And Denis Mehann stepped to the open window of the assignment shack.

Roger was left to make a fateful decision.



CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

(page 4)

“Report to the office of records,” the supervisor told Mehann. “Move to the next window and get your coverall.” He’d passed her his blue card; because of Mehann’s age, the card excused him from manual labor. He’d help out in the records area, working at a desk for the day.

“Next,” the supervisor called to Roger.

His heart threatened to burst. He began to speak, but only a squeak came out.

“Livery service,” said the supervisor of labor. “Report to...”

“Please... Mistress... I am sick. Can you help me?” There, it was done. There could be no turning back now.

“Sick?” She looked him up and down. She’d heard this line before. Especially after they’d heard the assignment. And pulling a cart or a rickshaw all day, or even standing in the braces with a bit in your mouth, was not a pleasant duty. And he did look a bit puny...maybe a hundred-forty pounds.

Roger grasped his stomach and pleaded. “I need to see a doctor.”

“Alright, step aside,” she said. She picked up a phone.

Oh no!... Roger’s stomach now did flip over. Was she calling his home? Or a doctor?

“I have a slave here, wants a doctor,” she said. “Okay.” She hung up. “Here’s a pass. Take it to the infirmary.”

God, he thought, what have I gotten myself into?

The trip to the infirmary turned out a practice in futility. He described his symptoms: trying to conjure up the sickened feeling he’d had the evening before. After all, he arrived at the infirmary in rather good health. He wanted to speak with someone about being forced to lick up his owner’s feces, but it seemed that the young nurse was the wrong person with whom to lodge the complaint.

In the end, he’d spent just thirty minutes in the infirmary and told to go home. This was the last thing Roger Plum wanted to hear. When he stepped out of the infirmary into the sunny morning, he no longer appreciated the day.

Slowly, he walked home. Maybe, with a note from the infirmary, Pat would let him off for the day. She might not even be home. Maybe she’d gone out, into the city across the river, to her favorite restaurant, Messalina’s.





CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

(page 5)

“They called me,” Pat said to him as soon as he walked in. “So, you’re sick, are you? Listen, I’ve been thinking about this. Come here. Kneel down. I want to talk to you.”

He didn’t recognize her tone. It was almost conciliatory. Almost apologetic. Was it that she’d fear now being exposed for breaking the rules? Had his failed attempt to bring this out actually succeeded anyway by way of default?

“I want you to be the perfect slave for me. That means submitting to everything I want. And submitting to serve my ass is at the top of my desires.”

He looked up at her from his knees. She was so large and imposing. He felt a stirring within his restrictive chastity device. God... something’s wrong with me. I do want to serve her... *and* serve her large ass. But not her shit. That’s the only problem. I don’t hate her. If only she’ll compromise, maybe we can work this out.

She continued. “We have a problem here. You have to understand. If you refuse my orders, then I don’t see you as a true slave. I see you as just some typical male slob who wants to do whatever he wants. If you were a true slave you would accept your fate and please me no matter how you suffer doing it. Don’t you agree?”

A question at the end of that? He was taken by surprise. And she’d stopped speaking too, giving him room to respond.

“Uh... Mistress... I do agree. But... but... aren’t there limits? Can’t we come to some kind of understanding about what I can and can’t take?”

“Little bitch,” she said with a sneer. “You’re like a weasel. Trying to get out of things. A limit? Your owner sets the limit, you fool.

And you obey. You try to please me no matter what. You don’t like the smell of my shit? You don’t like the taste? Who the fuck cares? The fact that you hate it so much turns me on all the more. That’s the bottom line. And me being turned on trumps your measly, whining complaints.”

Dr. Dora Dunkirk



“Mistress, may I ask a question?” He quivered in fear, now... afraid of a backlash.

“Go ahead, shithead. Bury yourself deeper.”

“Can’t we find another opinion? Someone to be like an arbitrator? I don’t mean to make

a complaint... just to find another person who might counsel us.”

“You little imp,” she said, letting out a snide chuckle. “What the fuck you up to? Okay. I’m gonna help you. You want to talk about this? I’ve heard of a shrink out in the city. This doctor is supposed to be a specialist in family mental health and counseling. And you know what?... I don’t even care what happens. That is, if you come back and still feel the same, then we can talk about a divorce. That’s up to you. You just go there for yourself. To find out where your own head is. I know what I want out of this, and I’m not willing to compromise. Now, you go find out what you want to do about it.”





CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

(page 6)

Roger suspected chicanery. How could he not? He was being set up. He'd go there, talk to this so-called psychiatrist, and later find out she's an agent on the payroll of Imperia. Roger was willing to bet anything that the woman's advice would coincide with Pat's view.

But, it was like another day off. Here he was, alone in the city across the river. He'd needed no slave's pass. He was under no supervision. And he walked along the sidewalks, setting his own pace like any other free person. He even stopped at a pizza parlor and had a slice of pizza, something he'd hadn't tasted in years. Life out here was so good!

He rode the elevator to the top floor of the Trask Building. Not exactly a skyscraper, but thirty stories was quite high for this city. Suite... 3001.

He walked in. A sunlit anteroom. Five minutes early, he took a seat and lifted a magazine. Hmm...no female domination rags. Just *Time*, *Newsweek* and such. Eagerly, he sought out the latest news.

Ten minutes later, he was absorbed in a magazine when Dr. Dora Dunkirk came from her office. He looked up. He stood. The image before him stunned him. The shock made him apoplectic.

A deep voice penetrated his foggy, disturbed state. "Are you feeling all right, Mister Plum?"

"...Um... yes... yes. Sorry." He realized he'd been staring at her.

Doctor Dunkirk was a woman in her forties. She stood about five-eight, but seemed to Roger to stand taller. She had the largest, most immense chest he'd ever seen. And it was at her chest that Roger had been staring. Her ass wasn't near as large as Pat's but somehow the two seemed uncomfortably similar.

But Doctor Dunkirk reflected something special. She had a stare in her eyes that had heat enough to melt Roger. Her eyes were those of the cruelest eagle. And she carried an aura of arrogance that could make kings cower.

Roger was smitten. He stood immobilized, unable to utter a word.

"Won't you come in, Mister Plum?" she asked.

As she walked ahead of him, Roger stared at her backside. All he could think of was he ass upon his face; he didn't even care if she wore that slinky dress or not.

She walked behind her desk and turned toward him. As she began to sit, she leaned forward, showing off the largest, longest cleavage Roger had ever seen.

Roger's heart jack-hammered in his chest. He thought he might faint from the sensory overload. Once, when he was fourteen, he'd come very close to a large, big-bosomed lady in an elevator; he'd felt her heat, smelled her perfume, and his face came very near to her cleavage. At that time he'd thought he'd either faint or come in his pants: he was

so close to either. Now, he felt the same.

Her dark hair and eyes mesmerized him. Slowly, he took a seat across the other side of the desk.

She said, rather pleasantly, “So, you come from the Village? Very interesting that town. Do you like living there?”

Roger knew it was time to speak. But even her innocent or naïve questions put him off. Was she kidding? She must know what goes on there. Surely, the authorities of Imperia have set her up. She probably has a practice made up solely of Imperia’s inhabitants. And this is just some phony small talk.

“Um... yes, from the village. Yes, it’s rather nice there.”

“Good, “ she replied. “Now, if you don’t mind, I do have to ask you some questions. Don’t be nervous... these are the typical things about age, employment, addresses, health coverage, things like that.”

“Oh...yeah. Of course.”





CHAPTER 4: ROGER PLUM REBELS, FINDS ADVICE

(page 7)

After about fifteen minutes of mundane questions and answers, Doctor Dunkirk asked Roger if he'd like to move to a more comfortable area. She led him across the room to a soft chair. It was just across from where she'd sit, about eight feet away.

He moved over, and watched her seat herself again. Her silk dress made a hissing sound as she situated herself. She wore high heels; black shiny pumps. She had no wedding ring, nor engagement ring. Just some costume jewelry on her fingers and wrists.

"Well, Mister Plum, would you like to tell me why you're here?"

What a question! Where the hell do I start? Do I pretend like she knows nothing about Imperia? That she hasn't been called first, by either an Imperia authority or even by Pat herself? This just can't be legitimate.

"Mister Plum... do you have difficulty speaking?" she asked courteously.

"Uh... no. It's just I don't know where to start."

"Well," she said, smiling, "at three hundred dollars an hour, you know not to start with the weather, yes?"

Yes, a joke. Funny. I'm here because I'm living an outrageous life. And she's making jokes. But she's right. I better start somewhere.

"My wife makes me lick the shit off her ass."

How he got that out, he didn't know. In itself it was like taking a welcomed shit; to get rid of that, to stop carrying that around. Besides, let her deal with this now. How the hell does she recover from that bombshell?

"Yes?" she asked, evenly, as if he'd complained merely about his wife's bad coffee.

Oh no... this was not going to work. She's an agent. Just look at her. She's evil incarnate. She's the Mata Hari of Imperia. On their side. I'm like a chicken in a fox coop.

"Are you telling me you do that against your will, Mister Plum? You say she *makes* you perform something you'd rather not do?"

"Yes, exactly. I don't want any part of that."

"Are there any other things you don't want to do?"

"Well... no. Not exactly. I mean, I don't like doing lots of other things too. But I accept that. It's just that this latest thing is now gone over the line."

"Hmmm.... Over the line."

She sat across from him, her legs imperfectly crossed due to her weight. He stared now at her hips, how they flared out in the wide seat. He wanted to become the seat. Even if it was just his back she sat on, he'd accept that. He just wanted to be closer to her, to have

her weight upon him. To smother him. He... no... no... don't even think that.

(Yes, he thought it... couldn't help thinking it: Now, *her* shit I would eat! It was a blasphemous thought, but it felt good)

"Mister Plum, so it's just a matter of setting the line? Is that what you are telling me?"

"I guess." He knew that was an insufficient answer, and tried to improve on it. "Yes, a line."

"Let's try to get more specific. Is that okay with you?" She re-crossed her legs.

"Yes... okay."

"You lick her shit, you say? When did this become a problem? Had you been licking her ass before this? Licking her ass without it being a problem?"

God, he thought, how do you talk about this with a stranger? But then, she's a psychiatrist. A doctor. This is in her realm of expertise. She's asking this for a reason.

"Uh... yes, I had licked her ass before."

"Many times?"

"Yes."

"How many? Can you say?"

"Well... I'd have to guess. A thousand times?" He let it out. Okay, Doctor, what about that? Now you know.

"A thousand times," she repeated without a sign he'd shaken her. "And never in those thousand times have you tasted her shit?"

And a revelation shot through him. He could see where this was headed. Suddenly the line of questioning became as clear as a morning sunrise. He was backing himself into a corner, and he knew that very soon she'd declare... checkmate!

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Roger discovers that Doctor Dunkirk is not on Imperia's payroll. She's an honest, non-committed non-judgmental professional. Although this is a relief to him, the psychotherapy teaches him something hard to face: that the phony in the mix is himself. This leads him where he had not expected to go.





CHAPTER 1: AMANDA ROE

The afternoon was warm and delightful when three women from Imperia met at the Messalina Café for lunch. The Messalina was located in the city across the river from Imperia; Imperia ladies did like to leave Imperia occasionally, and the city was just a few minutes across the Pont du Femina..

Pat Plum was there; the 375 pound woman was the cafe's best patron. Mayor Lola Dean was there, sitting cross-legged and--as usual--smoking a long white cigarette in her five-inch black holder. And Jinx Fallon was there, dressed still from a morning's horseback ride. She was in full tack: twilled jodhpurs, Scottish plaid sport coat, and hard cap hanging from its strap off the back of her chair.

"Okay, Lola," Pat Plum said, "give us the dirt on that gorgeous creature who lives on that gigantic estate next to Imperia."

"Amanda Roe?" Lola Dean asked, blowing a puff of smoke into the air. "What can I say? Yes, you noticed she's a beauty. Meticulous. Tailored outfits. She's from Beverly Hills, I've heard. And you all know about her husband, Darius Vellum, the fabulous tycoon. What else is there to say about her?"

Jinx Fallon lit a cigarette and smiled. "Lola, you know what Pat's getting at. She asked for 'dirt.' Where's the dirt? What's she into?"

Pat Plum interjected: "Lola, you're the Mayor, the politician... we know you've got to be tactful. But you know us, Lola. Give us something."



Lola smiled, knowingly. "Well, you already know she's a rider. Oh, pardon me, Jinx... an equestrienne. That's why they've retained such a huge portion of their estate, so she can go out riding every day. Besides that, she's an artist. She draws and paints."

"Lola, will you please drink up?" Pat Plum said. "Come on, chugalug that goddam bloody Mary. We need you to open up. You're torturing us."

Jinx Fallon laughed. She appreciated Pat Plum, who had few inhibitions.

"Okay, without revealing those things that I imagine Amanda would like to remain in confidence, I'll tell you about her artwork."

Pat almost groaned her disappointment. "Her artwork?"

"No, wait," Lola continued, "her art is germane. She's a big admirer of Namio."

"Namio? Pat asked. "Who the hell is Namio?"

Jinx's eyes opened up. "Oh, geez!" she gasped. "I have an enlarged print of his right in my hallway. I just love his drawings."

"Sweetie," Lola said, facing Pat and shaking her head. "You of all people should know of Namio. You'd appreciate his stuff more than anybody... well, if not the artwork, then at least the subject matter."

"Oh, you guys are killing me," Pat huffed, a bite of a sandwich filling her cheek.

Lola said to Jinx, "Well, you want to tell her about Namio, or should I?"

Jinx stabbed at her salad. Took a sip from her martini. "He does pencil drawings, as far as I know. The work is truly wonderful. He's a Japanese artist. I don't know if he's still alive or not. He's very famous on the net. You can find him in a lot of Femdom art sites and lots of other places."

"And I'd appreciate his stuff more than anybody?" Pat asked. "That's what Lola said."

"His subject is all face sitting," Jinx continued. "That's all he draws. Well, not just face sitting, but specifically smothering. Ass to face. No, wait... big ass to face! Big beautiful women imposing their asses full weight onto men's faces."

"Jesus! Namio, huh?"

"I just love his work," Jinx said. "The quality and impeccable attention to detail. You know, a lot of people say that women are not so much into visual things. That it's men who are into pictures... you know, jerking off to pictures of bosomy pinups and such. But I like pictures too. And I know lots of other women who appreciate good artwork. And, I have to say, if the art is on Femdom I like it even more... depending on the quality of it."

With her mouth stuffed, Pat asked both women: "So, what's he show... this Namio? Just ass on face and that makes him famous?"

Lola, laughing, answered. "You gotta love him. I mean, this man leaves nothing to the imagination. It's--no pun intended--truly in-your-face art. Big fat asses smothering much smaller men. The men--in our jargon, slaves--are, in many cases, tied or chained, and seem to be--although you can't see their faces--in dire distress."

Pat Plum sat up. "You mean to say he don't draw anything else?"

Both women looked at each other. Then Lola said, "As far as I know... I've never seen anything else. A thousand drawings and the theme is always the same. Oh, there's a slight variation--sometimes the slave is eating pussy, and sometimes the slave is being put to toilet use. But in all cases the picture is pretty much the same--the slave is down underneath the woman, and it's obvious he is forced to participate."

"Shit," said Pat, "this sounds like my kind of woman, this Amanda Roe."

Jinx said, "Yes, right, before we get totally lost in Namio, let's not forget how we got started on all this... Amanda Roe."

Lola lit another cigarette. Lifted her black holder, and rested her elbow on the arm of her chair. "She not only collects Namio by the ton, she emulates him in her own artwork. She likes her art to relate to her kink. Most people, even those in our own crowd, prefer the Gauguins and the Utrillos. But why not appreciate good art that relates to our sexual inclinations?"

"Does she have a fat ass?" Pat Plum asked.

Jinx and Lola laughed, almost choking on their drinks.

"She does not," Lola replied, finally, voiced careful so as not to offend Pat. "It's an ass to

die for. I have to say, of all Darius Vellum's vast holdings, to me Amanda Roe's his most precious."



CHAPTER 1: AMANDA ROE

(page 2)

Amanda Roe was twenty-five. She stood at an impressive five-foot nine and somehow managed to hover between appearing either lithe or voluptuous. Maybe it was the parts... the strong arms and legs; although smooth and sculpted, they were toned without muscles bulging. Her waist was narrow, but not delicate. Her bearing was proud, with a head held erect above a neck that was long and lean like a model's. She had a prominent and bodacious derriere that was accentuated by her way of walking. She had the darkest of black hair. But the most fascinating quality, many thought, were her eyes... her exotic, green, slanted eyes.

Her husband was thirty-two. Darius Vellum had been born into fantastic wealth, but preferred to earn his own fortune. He did so making millions in pharmaceuticals, selling his products to third-world countries for exorbitant prices, the price tags of which were picked up by agencies of the U.N. Of course, the corrupt governors of these countries kicked back a percentage of the shipments to Darius, and he re-sold these to other markets, making huge profits.

Darius met Amanda in Hong Kong, five years before. He was eating ice cream in the lobby of the Peninsula Hotel, and it was midnight. Suddenly, this shapely creature strode across the lobby wearing tight, worn-out jeans and a plaid flannel shirt. Had it been any other woman, she would have been either derided for her soiled, out-of-place outfit or she'd have been totally ignored. But the shapely figure and arrogant stride made Darius look up from his ice cream and stare as she walked toward him and then past him. God, the roll of the prominent hips, the model's pace as she quickly and confidently placed one worn moccasin in front of another. And that proud, full chest, the way it stretched defiantly against the plaid flannel shirt.

"Holy shit! Did you see that?" he asked himself out loud (but under his breath). She was headed for the elevator and he started to rise as if to rush to catch up to her. But he realized that she would not have to wait for an elevator, since in the Peninsular you never had to wait for anything. In the Peninsula Hotel you never even had to touch a door coming in, nor did you wait for an elevator, as there was always a Chinese "boy" waiting for you. And when the elevator reached your floor, there was another boy there to run ahead of you to open your room door. Anyway, he sat back down in frustration. And he thought: how do I meet this incredible woman?

Amanda Roe was just twenty, then. And had been invited out to Hong Kong by Rani Mella Misa, wife to one of India's largest coffee exporters. Amanda was invited to stay at the Misa Villa outside of Aberdeen, on the southern side of Hong Kong Island, but she preferred being on her own and elected to stay on the mainland in Kowloon, at the elegant, old-worldly Peninsula. Besides, she did not mind the long trip from Kowloon each day, as the ferry ride across was a visual treat... no sight like it in the world. It reminded her a bit of the Manhattan skyline, except there was a huge range of jagged mountains in the center. And, of course, her trip was facilitated by the limousine the Rani had waiting for Amanda at the pier each day.

"My dear, you are an iconoclast," Rani Mella said to Amanda when she arrived that morning wearing the jeans and flannel shirt.

"You said we're going horseback riding, Mella. This is what I have for horseback riding."

She might have been put up in the Peninsula by the Rajah and Rani, but her own wardrobe from the states was limited; she'd been modeling in Los Angeles since the age of fourteen but had not made it to the high-paying level of a New York model. If the Rani had not seen her working in a shop on Rodeo Drive she'd have not even been here in exotic Hong Kong.

Rani Mella laughed. "Oh my! What am I to do with you? Yes, of course, you may ride in that rustic outfit. I would not change you for the world. But would it not have been better to carry that outfit in your arms and change later into it? Now you must wear it afterward, to go back to your hotel. Oh, well, it doesn't matter at all. No, not at all. You are here to have a good time, young lady, and to that I will make sure. Now, let me see if I have some suitable riding boots for you. Those shoes... loafers, what do you call them?"

"Moccasins."

"Well, moccasins, then. What size do you wear? Oh, larger than my own feet I can see. Okay, let's go see if my son Benji has a pair of proper boots to fit you."

The Rajah's estate was situated on both hill and level seaside, and had paths made perfect for horse riding. Walking through the paddock, Amanda was a bit nervous, as the horses seemed so huge, not like the quarter horses with western rig that she'd been used to riding in the states. These were tall Hanoverians, with skimpy English saddles and four reins to control. And she'd been handed a cruel-looking riding switch, all thin and bouncy in her hand. How unusual. What was she to do with this?

The Rani was dressed in full tack, but, keeping with either a sense of dignity or tradition, wore a long and wide black skirt, requiring her to ride sidesaddle. It was old fashioned, to be sure, but the forty-year-old woman had been riding such since a child of seven.

The two women set out on the pair of tall, proud stallions; the stamping horses needed no urging to gallop. In fact, the heady steeds needed to be reined in if the ladies just wanted to walk or canter. Reaching the stretch of beach, they gave the horses their heads and the matching cordovan-colored steeds took off like the wind.

When they reined up five minutes later, Amanda blew an exhale. "Jesus, I've never been so exhilarated."

Rani Mella laughed. "Well, we will have to see to it that you are exhilarated in many ways, then, won't we? I have plans for you, young lady."

Later, in the stately mansion clinging to the side of a Hong Kong mountain, they sat out on a shaded and fragrant veranda for an elegant luncheon. Rani Mella had given Amanda a flowery caftan to wear. Sipping iced tea, Mella said, "Amanda, they loved your screen test. I have only just heard from my husband. You are to be in your first movie in India, in a starring role."

"My God, Mella, an American in an Indian role? Won't they skin me alive?"

Mella laughed. She had a wide, generous smile, and great white teeth. "They will adore you, my dear. Just as I do."





CHAPTER 1: AMANDA ROE

(page 3)

Two days later, Darius Vellum had completed his business in Hong Kong and was scheduled to leave. Taiwan was his next stop. But he hesitated. He was aching to see that unusual young girl again; that unusual, exotic face, and that jet black hair. He had figured out her routine by then, learning that she arrived late each evening near midnight. And he extended his stay, this time wanting to stop her, and introduce himself.



Darius himself was not impressive looking. At just five foot seven and a hundred fifty pounds, he was no Cary Grant. But he dressed impeccably (thanks to fine, tailored, Hong Kong suits) and he had a magnificent thatch of wavy black hair that his grandmother said reminded her of Charlie Chaplin. Once thing he possessed was daring, and he was unafraid to approach women, even the most beautiful.

The night he planned to be his last in Hong Kong turned out to be Amanda's last night too. And when she'd entered the front door of the Peninsula, Darius was waiting for her. She was not clad in flannel and jeans, but wearing the briefest of mini-dresses. He anticipated her approach, and was ready to jump up from his seat in the lobby. But this time she didn't walk his way. Instead she headed off toward the bar.

He got up and followed her.

She took a seat at a small table and a waitress came immediately. Darius stood in the doorway, waiting. He'd allow her take a sip or two from her drink, then walk over and introduce himself.

When he finally walked closer he noticed she was crying softly.

Damn! This was no time to interfere. Or was it?

Within the hour, she sat beside him in his Marco Polo Suite. And it was here Amanda Roe told him of her tragic problem, giving Darius Vellum the surprise of his life.

The Marco Polo suite was in the "old" wing of the Peninsula. It's windows gave the resident a broad and awe inspiring view of Hong Kong across the bay. It was a bit like being in the Borough of Queens in New York City and looking at the Manhattan skyline across the river. Even Manhattanites themselves can't appreciate the vista as can those across the East River in middle-class Queens.

Darius Vellum led Amanda up into the raised living room, showing her to a plush sofa facing the tall picture window. She was dizzy from alcohol. Down in the bar she'd gulped down three Beefeater and tonics within the half-hour. He invited her to sit.

"Thank you," she said, hoarsely, as she sat. Then she leaned forward, placing her elbows on her knees and her face in her palms.

"You can become sick that way," Darius said, gently. "It's better not to cover your eyes or

bend over. Just sit back and rest your head against the back rest."

She looked at Darius, sat up, and thanked him again. What did he want? What they all want, she concluded. And why the hell am I here in his room? Stupid, she thought. He was helping me from the bar and asked my floor... to escort me to my room, I guess. But now we're here. Is his room on the same floor as mine? Yes, I recall... the Marco Polo Suite is around the corner from my room. Anyway, this is not where I should be.

"I have to go," she said, and started to rise.

"The bathroom is down the steps and to the right. Do you need to lean on me?"

"No, not go! I want to leave," she whispered, a bit exasperated. The last thing she wanted was to use his bathroom. She stood.

"Wait. Please stay," he said, taking her arm. She was still wobbly.

"What for?" she asked, her firey black irises now suddenly piercing. One of her gracefully arched eyebrows rose.

Still unsteady, she did not pull from his grasp.

"Not so I can take advantage," he said, staring up into her exotic eyes. Darius' voice was like silk, so disarming... part of his success as super salesman. And women especially found him non-threatening. Perhaps his stature, five-seven and a hundred fifty pounds comforted them. And his eyes were big, brown and moist. She might use hers to intoxicate men, but he used his to gain confidence, selling himself and his products to heads of state and countless lesser officials.

She softened and sat back down. "Do you have something to drink?" she asked, twisting her head around.

"I think you've had enough for now."

"If you don't get me a drink I'm going to leave."

"All right," he replied, softly.

She sat for a moment. Why wasn't he getting up? Why wasn't he getting me a drink? He just said all right. Oh... geez, how stupid. That was all right if you want to leave.

In that moment of Amanda's bewilderment, Darius inspected Amanda more closely. She was the most captivating and beautiful woman he'd ever seen, and he'd seen every variation of race, creed and nationality. Her hair was raven black. She had high cheekbones that tapered down to a slightly pointed chin. Even after the torrent of tears she didn't have to worry about mascara running: she possessed the thickest, most luscious of black lashes. Her lips were full, and when she spoke both top and bottom teeth flashed.

The first night he'd seen her, she arrived at midnight dressed in a plaid flannel shirt and beaten-up jeans. Tonight, she wore a mini-dress with a snakeskin print. The entire garment couldn't have weighed more than a few ounces. It had a plunging neckline that revealed an ample and inviting cleavage. She wore a pair of light-colored, sling-back mules with a three-inch heel.

She was going to get up again and leave, but she felt a bit dizzy yet. And maybe he was right after all... she didn't need another drink.

He wanted to ask why she'd been crying, but knew better. A people will tell you things if

and when they were ready. But even if she didn't want to talk about it, he still hoped she wouldn't leave, at least not yet, not until he'd feasted more on her enticing image.

"Do you have a cigarette?" she asked. "I left mine down in the bar."

"Well... I'm sorry, I don't. But let me call down. They will send up whatever you want."

"I don't want to be a bother..."

"No bother. What brand?" he asked as he lifted a nearby phone. She told him and he ordered cigarettes for her.

Then things became silent. He sat beside her, about a foot away.

"Do people blab their secrets when they are drunk?" she asked, turning her body toward him. "I don't drink much and so don't know much, except for what I hear."

"You mean like with a loosened tongue? Alcohol-induced? I believe one tells their secret when one is ready. It's a bit like hypnotism... a subject under hypnosis won't do that which he wouldn't do otherwise. Maybe inhibitions are relaxed with enough alcohol, but secrets usually remain secure. But then, sometimes, secrets are more easily revealed to a stranger... more so when the stranger is in Hong Kong, twelve thousand miles from home. Do you feel comfortable enough to speak of your secret, Amanda?"

She looked down at her lap. Her feminine fingers were meshed together. She sighed. "The minute I tell you my secret you'll want me tossed out." And she began to cry again. He reached to a nearby box of tissues and handed her a couple.

"If you believe that, then please don't tell me. But if you think there's a chance you might be wrong then... well, do what you think is best."

Amanda almost jumped to her feet. She turned and stood above Darius. She was beautiful, statuesque, a superb specimen of femininity. Suddenly her demeanor changed. She appeared defiant and edgy. Her breathing quickened and her chest rose and fell rapidly.

"My name isn't Amanda," she announced, her voice quavering, but with her hands planted firmly on her hips. "On my birth certificate it says Immanuel. Immanuel Cortez."

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

ROE FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

Amanda Roe holds a breakfast at the Vellum estate. Lola Dean and Vera von Lieden attend. It's a business meeting that could effect the fates and fortunes of both Imperia and the Vellum/Roe estates. And a secret about Darius Vellum is revealed. Oh, and a flashback to the morning after the night that Amanda met Darius... a proposal for marriage like none other.



CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

Amanda awoke to the smell of coffee brewing. She was still on the sofa in the luxurious Marco Polo suite. Her tiny cocktail dress had been replaced by a pair of navy silk pajamas. The pajamas, elegant as they were, seemed a bit tight across her chest and a bit small around her well-rounded bottom. But then, Darius Vellum was smaller than Amanda, and his pajamas had been tailor-made for his thin frame.

As she sat up, her long raven hair fell behind her. Darius, off in the kitchen, saw her through the service window, and carried out a tray with two cups of hot coffee. He was fully dressed, wearing a muted Hawaiian shirt and tropical, ecru linen trousers. His low-slung Bally loafers sported a fresh shine.

"Good morning," he said.

"Uh... good morning. I don't remember," she said, hoarsely. "But then I do too. Oh God! How horrible!"

"Please," he said, solicitously, "don't think about it. Have some coffee with me?"

He sat beside her and placed the tray on the coffee table. He removed a cup and saucer from the tray and moved it in front of her. He moved the pitcher of cream to her, then the small bowl containing packets of sweetener. She stared at them, not saying a word.

"I need a cigarette," she said. "Isn't that awful?"

"No. No problem." A tray of cigarettes sat on the coffee table. He held out the tray while she retrieved one. He just loved watching her slow, delicate movement, noting the long, feminine fingers and perfectly manicured nails. Even in a man's pajamas she was like an elegant, feminine cat.

He was lost in these thoughts when he heard, "This does require a light."

She said it in a jocular tone, and a half smile, that charmed Darius.

"Of course it does," he replied, and lifted the ornate lighter. He opened a flame and held it out to her. Even without lipstick her lips were heavenly, full on both top and bottom. And her long, black lashes and exotic eyes fascinated him; he had a difficult time not staring at her.

"You don't smoke, do you?" she said, now leaning forward and adding sweetener and cream to her coffee.

"I don't," he replied.

"Does it bother you?"

"Not as much as it would if you didn't smoke when you wanted to."





CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

(page 2)

She pondered that a moment, then her headache made her let it go. She wasn't sure what he meant, or what his motives were. All men had motives, especially those with whom you've spent a night in their hotel room

"How are you feeling?" he asked, after a short silence.

"Okay," she replied. She took a drag from the long white cigarette. "Physically, that is. Otherwise, ashamed."

"There's nothing to be ashamed of. And you did put on those pajamas yourself, you know. I mean, after I invited you to."

"Yes, I know. I do remember. Going to the bathroom and coming out and seeing these sitting here on the couch, along with a blanket and a pillow. With my own room just down the hall, it seemed to be a bit ridiculous."

"But you stayed anyway," Darius said, softly, preparing his own coffee now.

Amanda sat for a moment, not wanting to rekindle the sad disclosures of the night before. She sighed and took a puff of her cigarette. "I stayed because you didn't throw me out. You didn't discard me. And I'd been discarded once already yesterday, in a brutal and humiliating way... only a few hours earlier. And... well, after I told you my real name--I can't believe I did that--you seemed so calm and not-threatening. And drunk as I was I decided to put on your cozy-looking pajamas and crash right here.

She leaned forward, tapping an ash into an ashtray, took a sip of coffee.

"Want to tell me what happened?" he asked, sitting back. He was always aware of body language, not just of others, but his own as well. He knew how to appear non-threatening.

She made a face, like a child does, pressing her lips, as if she'd been offered a strange, distasteful snack. "You mean about the Rajah and the Ranee?"

"What brought on a torrent of tears last night, and a need to drink?"

"Okay," she said, now with a slight edge, as if she had to pay a debt for his hospitality. "I'll tell you..."

"Wait! I don't want what you don't wish to offer."

"I thought you... well, you asked me."

"Please," he said, softly, "take a moment. And if you want to tell me then I invite you to."

He could see the transformation in her face...suddenly she understood.

He did the same thing last night, she thought. This is the way he was, soft, non-aggressive, his invitations convincing. Amanda was used to another breed of men, those with self-motivated agendas... agendas that were either aggressively apparent or barely

disguised.

She reached to the ashtray and put out her cigarette. She made a snort... a kind of laugh.
"Forgive me... but what's your name again?"

"Darius Vellum."

"Well, Darius (she pronounced it like dairy-us), do you think I'm pretty?"

"I have never seen prettier. And, if you just glance out the window at our location, you can tell that I've been around. I confess to sitting in the lobby late at night, three nights in a row, waiting, just hoping to see you walk by. That's beyond just pretty, Amanda. That's awe-inspiring. It's an enchantment."

"Darius," she said, sitting up straight and looking deep into his eyes, "I have a penis."





CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

(page 3)

"I know, Amanda. You told me last night."

"And....?"

"And I want to marry you."

She jumped to her feet. Her eyes searched for her dress, shoes and handbag. Suddenly, she looked angry. "That's the most ridiculous thing I've ever heard," she said, now pacing before the wide picture window.

"I'm sorry. I'm sorry if I've offended you."

"It wasn't offensive as much as it was stupid. And... well, I think it was beyond stupid. You couldn't say that with honesty."

"Strange, isn't it," he replied quietly, his big brown eyes looking up at her. "Strange how the fact that you don't know me won't allow you to sufficiently evaluate my sentiments."

She loved the way he talked. His voice was soothing, his brown eyes were large and baleful; all these in themselves attractive. But also his words seemed right, chosen carefully, and filled with a tone of honesty, confidence, appeal.

She looked at him. "So, Darius, you want to get engaged? Date me for a few months?" She sounded sarcastic now. "Maybe your sentiments might be decent, but the idea is stupid. Absurd."

"No. I don't want to get engaged. Or date you. I want to marry you... today!"

She wanted to storm out. This man is crazy. And full of it. And yet there was a quiet something in his voice... not pleading, but more a declaration of an honest desire.

She sat back down. Lifted another cigarette. Before she could reach for the lighter, he grabbed it up and held a flame for her. She turned her head and blew her exhale away from him.

He moved next to her. "I know you have a million questions, and maybe twice that number in doubts. I know you think this is too sudden and rash. I have a lot of questions myself..."

For a second or two it appeared to him as if she hadn't been listening. Then she said, "Please don't take this as rude. Please. But I have to know what time it is. I have a flight home today at three o'clock."

"It's ten-thirty am, Amanda."

"Oh, thank God! Still, forgive me," she said, making to rise, "but I do have lots to do."

"One question now, Amanda... if I may? Those things, those 'lots to do'... they are all more important than getting married?"

"Darius (she pronounced it dairy-us again), why are you doing this?"

"Because I believe we need each other... more than any other two people have before."

She jumped to her feet again. Now pacing across the wide picture window. She took several puffs from her cigarette, walked back and tapped an ash into an ashtray.

"No," she said, still standing in his pajamas. "This is just too crazy. There's just no... fit. I don't see how I could ever get married, actually."

"Do you want to ask me something? Several things?"

"Yes," she said, now standing above him. "Are you gay?"

"I am not gay," he replied evenly.

"What are you then? What kind of man are you? Do you find me sexually attractive? You want to fuck me?"

"I do find you sexually attractive. I confess to that. But... I don't want to fuck you."

"You want me to fuck you," she declared with a harsh edge and a smirk.

"I want you to do what you want to do."

Suddenly, Amanda felt a stirring. It was involuntary, to be sure, and--she believed--totally inappropriate. But it continued, and her penis began to swell.

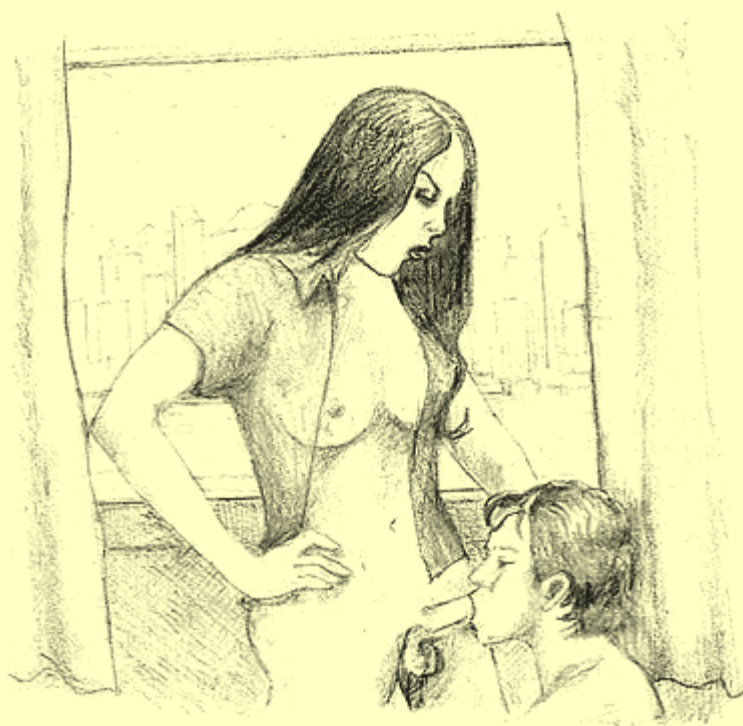
"Have you ever sucked cock before?" she asked, her tone more throaty.

"No, I haven't."

"As my... husband, you'd be expected to do that every day. Still want to marry me?"

"Yes."

"Then prove it, Darius. Get on your knees, remove my pajama bottom, and suck your fiancée's six-inch cock. Oh... and if you don't swallow every drop the wedding's off."





CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

(page 4)

Amanda's Breakfast Party



Darius Vellum was wealthy in the extreme. In addition to the vast liquid wealth, he owned three enormous estates. One property was in Switzerland, beside Mount Rigi, looking down on Lake Lucerne. Another was on St. John in the Virgin Islands. But the largest, and the one he called home, was in the United States. It was an estate of 1600 acres. This had been in his family for generations and, with the death of his parents, this passed to Darius (The Santa Barbara, California property went to his sister Chloe).

The estate in America had a huge brick and stone mansion upon it. The palatial building contained twenty bedrooms and a dining hall almost the size of the one at Hearst Castle in San Simeon.

Whether as boy or man the place always amazed Darius. And after the death of his parents (in the crash of their private plane) he waited two years and then renamed the estate Carfax Abbey. This new name went over the heads of everyone.

There were two other singularities about the property. The first was that behind the mansion were both a huge stable and accompanying outhouses. The stable had stalls to accommodate twenty horses, and the outhouses were large enough to store sufficient feed and equipment to service the stables.

The other singularity was that the 1600 acre property sat adjacent to a town called Imperia.

Five years after Darius and Amanda married and had moved in at Carfax Abbey, they had visitors from Imperia. Vera von Lieden and Lola Dean had sent a letter of introduction and a request to meet with the owners of Carfax Abbey. Amanda Roe responded by inviting them to breakfast.

Although Vera and Lola had great wealth themselves, they were nevertheless awed by the drive onto the Roe-Vellum property. When Lola first saw the immense stone edifice of the mansion she cried out, "Holy shit! You know what this looks like? Greystoke. Like from that Tarzan movie. It's an English fucking castle!"

Vera von Lieden laughed. She loved Lola's saucy speech, how it would suddenly erupt out of that elegant and beautiful woman.

Lola was driving her long Lincoln convertible. A fine spring morning, she had the top down. When she pulled up onto the cobble-stoned curved drive in front of the building a uniformed man approached. As protocol dictated, he went first to the passenger door.

"What, only one footman," Lola complained jokingly. "And where's his knickers and white wig?"

The man immediately rushed around the car and opened Lola's door.

"Welcome to Carfax Abbey," the man said softly, bowing. Then he led them toward the tall, imposing portico.

Atop a brief flight of marble stairs, in an open doorway, stood Amanda Roe.

Lola wanted to jab Vera with her elbow, as if to say "can you believe this beautiful young thing?" But Vera was already a step ahead.

Amanda wore tan silk trousers and a blood red blouse. Her raven black hair flowed luxuriously down her back, reaching her wide, brown leather belt.

"Good morning," Amanda said, brightly.

"Good morning," replied the two women from Imperia.

"Welcome to our home," said Amanda, reaching both hands out to her guests, taking them and giving a brief shake. "Let's have some breakfast," she added. "Then I'll show you around (Just what a woman wants to hear, Amanda thought). We can discuss the reason for your visit anytime you want. Just give me the cue."

They followed Amanda's swinging hips through a tall entranceway and into a cavernous hall. The sound of three sets of female heels echoed off the marble floor.

Off to the left was a wide and winding stairway. Lola noted: you'll need a good set of gams to haul yourself up that lengthy set of stairs. Traveling along the wide hallway, tall movie-set doors stood off at either side. One pair of doors stood open allowing the women to peer in. It was a huge library.

Finally, past a cavernous living room that had a pair of massive fireplaces on opposite walls, and they reached a set of tall French doors. A stone patio lay outside (it was 80' by 100'), and here they walked across the slates to a table and chairs sitting beneath a large umbrella.

"Please sit," Amanda invited with a hand gesture. A tall Korean butler came from somewhere to hold their chairs.

Lola asked, "Are you offended by smoke?"

"Not at all. I'll take one, if you don't mind."

Lola loved her already.

"Coffee everyone?"

Lola and Vera nodded as they lit their long white cigarettes.

The butler poured piping hot coffee.

"I've taken the liberty to have breakfast prepared. Usually, we dine buffet style in the morning, the way the high-class Brits do. But I've asked for crepes--omelets actually--and some breakfast meats. I hope you like Swiss cheese? It's imported."

"That's fine," Vera said, exhaling. "Thank you."

"Forgive me," Lola said, "But your husband is not at home?"

"Oh, he's here. He'll join us later once we've reached a point in our business. But... you've already met him. He's the footman who greeted you and opened your car doors."





CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

(page 5)

When Amanda announced that the footman was her husband--the scion who'd inherited this fabulous estate--Lola knew not to let her mouth drop open. She did glance quickly across the breakfast table at Vera, as the pregnant moment was interrupted by the serving of fruit cups.

Amanda Roe took a deep drag of her cigarette. Flanking her were two extremely wealthy and worldly older women... yet at age twenty-five, Amanda felt in control.

"Wonderful strawberries," Vera von Lieden said, piercing one.

"You've got to come and visit again, when I can show you our greenhouse. It's fit for the Versailles."

"I'm sure we'd love to," Lola replied. She realized the house and estate was so large it couldn't be viewed in one visit, like when visiting the Hearst Castle.

Amanda stubbed her cigarette and crossed her legs. "If you like, we can discuss business while we eat?"

"I'd be pleased to start the proceedings," Vera said. "As we've stated in our introduction and request to see you, we have a business proposition. You might have guessed it has something to do with your magnificent property."

Up to this moment Vera von Lieden had found no obstacle when buying up property that abutted her own land or that which finally became part of Imperia. In the past she'd purchased local farmland of 100 or 200 acres, and private estates, of 30 and 50 acres. Only once did she come against a reluctant owner, but with assistance from Senator Samantha Cord, that hurdle disappeared.

"Before you go further, Ms. Von Lieden..."

"Vera... please," Vera said.

"Vera, understand please that we've done our homework..."

Now it's 'we' Lola thought. So the footman slash butler or whatever is still involved. And that might be the problem: this property is ancestral. People don't turn over ancestral properties like this... unless they have to. And Darius Vellum is worth billions. He doesn't have to do a goddam thing.

Amanda Roe continued. "And so I've learned a lot about both of you and about Imperia. As regards Imperia, let me say at the outset that I am completely sympathetic to your cause."

"Amanda, please forgive me again," Lola interrupted. "But then your husband--may I venture--is...?"

"My slave?" Amanda smiled.

Lola said, "Well, I can add two plus two, and yet it's imprudent to suggest..."

"Well, he is. So let's clear the air. You--Vera and Lola--will find I am on the same team. But--and I hope you understand--Darius Vellum owns this estate, and even as his wife, as his Mistress, I cannot and will not coerce or even suggest he sell off even a parcel to Imperia."

This last comment took the wind from Vera von Lieden's sails. But she held up well... poker-faced.

"But we do offer an alternative," Amanda continued.

"Okay, Amanda," Vera said coldly, sitting back from her half-finished fruit cup. "I'd love to hear it."

"A conglomerate. A co-mingling. You, Vera, hold almost sole title to twenty-five hundred acres of Imperia. We have near sixteen hundred acres. We offer half of that outright to Imperia in exchange for a stock issue entitling Vellum and company to one-quarter ownership of the total thirty-five hundred acres of the expanded Imperia, including one-eighth of its annual income. We will retain for our private use eight hundred acres of our current estate, including--of course--this house."

Amanda took another drag from her cigarette.

Lola said, "Of course we'll need to discuss your offer." Meanwhile, she was thinking: Jesus, talk about rich... they will retain--poor babies--a chunk of property about the size of Central Park.

"Certainly," Amanda replied.





CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

(page 6)

But Vera von Lieden had already made up her mind. She had information indicating Darius Vellum had a proffer with the owner of a huge property that abutted his property on the northeast side. He will most likely purchase that, regaining on the other side, almost that which he's giving up to Imperia. Should Imperia meld with Vellum now, perhaps this could mean an additional acquisition in future; which would expand Imperia's influence even further.

Vera had to save Lola's face. She said, "Amanda, I think this can be resolved. May I take a moment with Lola?" And she motioned Lola to walk with her across the patio. In any event, she wanted to give Lola a courtesy; Lola had a stock interest in Imperia; it was small, less than ten percent, but important to Lola.

When the two women returned, Vera took Amanda's hand and shook it. Agreed," she said. "Minus the particulars, I think we have a deal."

Amanda said, "Good."

After sipping the dregs from her cup of coffee, Vera von Lieden looking at her cup said, "Spode, isn't this?"

Amanda Roe looked across at her questioningly.

"The tea set," Vera said, helping her. Well, Vera thought wryly, it's no crime being ignorant of what you own when you own so much... especially when you are a young girl of twenty-five.

"Well, that was very satisfying," Vera continued, speaking of the buffet. She liked to eat, and always carried extra weight, putting her in a Rubenesque category. Lola, on the other hand, picked at her food and ate very little. Smoking was her passion.

"When will you discuss our dealings with your husband?" Lola interjected. She wanted no snags after shaking hands all around.

"Oh, he's heard our deal already, Lola, and approved it," Amanda said, a coy smile on her face.

Lola thought: what the hell... is this table bugged?

"Haven't you, darling," Amanda continued, looking up at the French maid just then pouring her a second cup of coffee.

"Yes, Madam," said the maid in a male voice.

Lola almost choked on a deep inhale of her cigarette. And Vera let out a loud and uninhibited guffaw.

"Damn, Amanda," Lola laughed, "I can't tell which is better, your crepes or the goddam entertainment."

Both Imperia ladies looked up to examine the maid, the new role being played by the

billionaire, Darius Vellum.

"Shit," spat Lola, "He's not even made up. All we had to do was look at who was serving us." She laughed. "What better proof that we are a pair of snobs?"

Leaping out of character, Darius swept the lacy bonnet from his head and laughed out loud. Suddenly--shocking, somewhat, to Vera and Lola--the maid sat down at table. They were not used to this, as no servant in Imperia would dare to elevate themselves this way... not even Lola's husband of thirty years.





CHAPTER 2: HONG KONG: THE MORNING AFTER

(page 7)

"Pleased to meet you, ladies," he said, a broad smile on his face, his large brown eyes glistening at them. "You want to know one of the best feelings? It's when each party to a deal believes he's gotten the best of the other chap."

"Amen to that," Vera said, as Darius Vellum leaned across the table, reaching out a hand. And they shook hands. Vera, above all, knew a good deal when she saw it. She had never been bested in a deal.

Darius was quite handsome, with a soft boyish look to him, as if he'd not developed much past puberty, a man who needn't shave daily. His hair was dark brown, long and wavy and unkempt, with a long lock falling casually across his forehead. There was a slight olive tone to his skin due to his heritage, descended from Greek and Persian Jews. He was, Vera had to admit, disarming, despite his smallish size.

He sat back, crossing his legs. He wore fishnet stockings and a garter belt. The French maid outfit was black and trimmed by lace. It was brief but discrete and hid his privates. Falsies were evident as there was a slight bulge where breasts were supposed to be. He wore three-inch heels on patent leather shoes. He smiled generously, obviously satisfied his little charade succeeded.

The charade succeeded on another level: it not only amused the ladies from Imperia, it relaxed them, made them feel the Vellum-Roe couple were human... not some kind of royalty.

"I wish I could claim to have chosen living in this neighborhood," Darius said, "but credit has to go to my forebears, who came to this area three hundred years ago. Nevertheless, we are pleased not just that Imperia is next door to us, but we are also pleasantly surprised to find Imperia has an ethos that reflects so many of our own interests."

"No one can be more surprised than we are, Mr. Vellum," Vera replied. "We had no idea, of course."

"Forgive me," Lola said, interrupting. "But I'm not certain you understand Imperia in full. You might have heard about us or done your research, but in Imperia all men are slaves. I can understand you being sympathetic to our cause, but if you practice...uh, how do I put this?"

"Let me ask you this, Lola," Darius said, that silken voice at work. "When out at the Met in New York, do you have your husband Roy Dean crawl behind you?"

Lola felt she'd just been put in her place. She replied--a bit too caustically--"Well, of course not! And I'm not insinuating anything. Just trying to find out..." She stared apprehensively at Amanda, but Amanda was not about to come to her rescue. "...And, yes, I know there's a time and place for everything." She quickly lit another long 120mm cigarette.

Vera interjected. "All right, Lola. No harm done either way. Let's congratulate ourselves on coming to an historic agreement. The expansion of Regime Imperia assures its future and the philosophy we engender." She raised her glass of Mimosa.

"Here, here!" Darius said, lifting his wife's glass of water. He smiled at Lola, soothing her somewhat.

Vera said, "Now then, our real estate and related business transactions are handled by Judge Roy Dean. Whom will represent you?"

"Why, Darius will," Amanda replied.

Lola smirked, "Dressed as who? Napoleon?" She exhaled a great plume of smoke.

There was a brief silence, then all at the table burst out laughing.

"No," Darius replied, smiling. "Although it might be appropriate, as it was in fact Napoleon who made the biggest real estate deal in history when he sold that huge chunk of property to the United States known as the Louisiana Purchase, almost doubling the size of the nation."

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 3: THE WEDDING AND ARRIVAL HOME

The day after the night they met in Hong Kong, Darius Vellum married Amanda Roe. Darius had to pull some official strings to get it done, but that posed no obstacle. Besides, Amanda herself was not opposed to a little deception, official or otherwise. She had obtained her adopted name before applying for a passport; a cousin had managed to get a birth certificate for her with the name Amanda Roe. It was only eleven months off, making her nearly a year older than her actual age. And so, under somewhat strange circumstances, Amanda Roe--nee, Immanuel Cortez--was married to Darius Vellum.

For Darius, bribing officials in Hong Kong was the easy part. Convincing Amanda Roe to marry him within twenty-four hours of meeting was another issue, however. Revealing he was worth billions would have been an incentive almost impossible for any woman to resist, but Darius vowed he'd never use his vast wealth as an enticement. But he was not opposed to being honest, either. And so when they went shopping for an engagement ring and wedding ring, well... Amanda was sure to learn he was no pauper.



The Peninsula Hotel made available one of their Rolls Royce convertibles, and Darius told the driver to take them up Jordan Road. Some of the largest jewelry and diamond stores in the world line both sides of this hectic avenue. As instructed, the driver stopped in front of Chung Li's Fine Diamonds. As they stepped up to the wide double doors, Mr. Li himself greeted the couple.

The owner led them upstairs into a private room. Darius told him, "We are interested in a pair of wedding rings and a diamond engagement ring. Nothing too gaudy."

Amanda knew nothing about diamonds, and so when Darius told the owner of Li's Fine

Diamonds, "Nothing too gaudy," she thought that perhaps he was trying to economize. But then they weren't downstairs in the open store, standing with the walk-in patrons, but they were sitting up above, in a private room, being attended by Li himself.

"Yes, this one," Darius said, after Amanda had stared wide-eyed at dozens of sparkling diamond rings sitting on a field of black velvet.

"Two and a half carats," Li said. "And another in the satellites."

"Lovely," she whispered. God, he has good taste. And not too gaudy; she'd seen him pass up several with huge stones.

Darius loved how she held her hand, trying it for fit. He feminine movements were so natural. The ring was far from a Liz Taylor category; it cost Darius a mere \$45,000.

Next came a pair of gold wedding rings and they were off to the American Embassy to be married. Perhaps the young and naive Amanda would have accepted a Hong Kong Justice of the Peace, or some kind of local ordained Minister, but Darius himself wanted this to be an authentic and legitimate ceremony (albeit rushed through with the help of bribes).





CHAPTER 3: THE WEDDING AND ARRIVAL HOME

(page 2)

Darius cancelled Amanda's flight and arranged for her to fly out with him the next day.

Back in the Peninsula Hotel, sitting in Gaddi's restaurant eating shrimp cocktails, he told her, "I think you'll find the accommodations more comfortable than your coach seat on Northwest."

Still with a chunk of shrimp in her cheek, she said, "I hope it's not too early. I hate getting up early."

Her face fascinated him. And that black-black hair! And what was so charming to him was that she seemed totally oblivious of her own beauty. How wonderful.

"The flight will leave whenever you're ready," he replied, smiling.

"Own your own airline, Darius?" she asked, smiling too.

"Not quite, Amanda. Just one plane."

They sat at dinnertime now, after shopping on Jordan Road. Amanda kept looking down at her hand, the ring glittering in the soft light. What kind of man is this, she asked herself. Answer... one who seems to have accepted her for what she was... and acted on it. There was no guile in him, no side-on glances, no hesitation in his replies. And he was honest: he had requested that when Li fill out the U.S. customs form he declare the ring for the full value. It had occurred to Amanda that she could have worn the ring as if bought in America originally, and who would know?

After attentive waiters removed their shrimp cocktail plates and utensils, she said, "Well, Darius (again, it came out dairy-us), now that you are my husband, I feel it's okay to tell you what happened to me with the Rajah and Rani."

She drew a long cigarette from her leather case and Darius lit it for her.

"What total degenerates, they were. It started out so lovely. The Rani took me horseback riding. I'd tried it only a couple of times back in California, but this was truly thrilling. We were on real horses..."

"No real horses in California?" Darius joked.

"These were like lively creatures. I mean like they wanted to fly, you know? And I watched the Rani, how she'd whipped her horse, and it fascinated me, how a small woman could control such a giant animal. After all they weigh... what... a ton?"

"No, not that much... but a half ton, easily. At least, a thoroughbred weighs that."

"Anyway," Amanda continued, "I tried the whip on my horse too. And at first I noticed little difference, after all the thing was racing a break-neck speed."

"Weren't you frightened?" Darius asked.

"No. Not frightened. Exhilarated. And I thought if he could go this fast maybe he could

go faster. I mean, the thing seemed like he was eager without being whipped... after all he was keeping up with the Rani's horse. But I wanted to whip him anyway. And so I did. And I struck him all I could with the riding crop. And... well, this part I am a bit ashamed to say..."

Darius did not say 'you became erect?' Instead, he said, "You became excited?"

"Yes. I couldn't believe it. Suddenly, I began digging in with the spurs too. And the horse responded beautifully. I couldn't believe how thrilled I was."

"So, you enjoy horseback riding?" he asked.

"I do now," she said smiling, taking a drag on her cigarette.

"By the way, Amanda, my new wife... I own twenty or more horses. At least six of them are thoroughbreds."

"Twenty or more? You don't even know? My God... how rich are you?"

"Would it sound silly if I said I am not sure exactly?"

"Yes," she said, stubbing out her cigarette as their entree arrived.

"Well, let's just say it begins with a 'b' instead of an 'm.'"

"My goodness!" she replied, slamming both palms down on the table, her mouth open in amazement. Her eyes poured into him, looking for a sign of untruthfulness. She saw none.

She was not sure how to feel about all this; it was all rather so sudden and stunning. She'd met this man less than twenty-four hours earlier, and now she was married to him... and now finds out he is a 'b' for billionaire! Her heart raced.

And there had been no attempt on her part to fool him; that is about her great secret. After all, she'd revealed it to him, all six erect inches. And he'd responded in a way that had both surprised and thrilled her.

Her head was spinning. This was just not happening. The chance meeting with the Rani back in Rodeo Drive in Los Angeles, then the offer of a flight to Hong Kong, and invitations to their extensive villa beside Aberdeen... it had all happened so fast. Then came the embarrassment.

"Darius," she said, just above a whisper, "I guess I got sidetracked from the subject. I've been trying to avoid it. I was going to tell you about my humiliation at the hands of the Rani and Rajah."

He had just bitten into a piece of Kobe steak. "Oh, please do," he replied, chewing.

"After our ride, and after being so excited, we went back to take showers and to have afternoon tea. They had a nice room for me, although I was not staying there. They had told me that they wanted me for a part in an Indian film, to be produced and shot in India, and they wanted me to come to Hong Kong to meet the producer. Well, I was really frightened about this whole thing... uh, maybe you can understand why?"

"A love scene? Discovery?"

"Both of those," she said, pushing her food around with her fork. "And a lot more. I was petrified. I felt as if I was there under false pretenses. I was a fake, you see?"

"Why'd you fly to Hong Kong then?" he asked, softly, easily, without confrontation.
"You could have turned them down while you were still in Los Angeles."

"Well, I wanted to believe I'm normal. That I'm a woman. That I am not...well... I don't know. Can you believe that I'm still screwed up after all these years? That I can't seem to understand about myself?"

"Why'd you come to Hong Kong with them, Amanda?"

"I came because I thought I could do it. I could become a big Indian movie star the way the Rani had presented it. They might have actually been genuine in that. It's just that they were degenerate perverts and it ruined everything for me."

She leaned back and lit another cigarette. She'd not eaten a bite since the shrimp cocktail.

"What happened?" Darius asked softly, wiping his mouth with a napkin.

"I was upstairs in the room they'd given me. I was undressing for my shower. It was afternoon, and the sunlight shone into the room. There was a shaded wall, with a big painting hanging there. And out of the painting came a kind of gleam, like from the sunlight bouncing off it. It didn't mean anything to me at first, and I ignored it. Then, I went down to have tea. The Rani introduced me to her husband. He was a big hairy thing, dark and frightening, with deep dark shadows around his eyes. Despite his rich silk blouse and high twilled pants he smelled like some kind of ox."

Amanda lifted a glass of white wine and took a sip.

"Let me get right to it. In stages that contained no mystery of intent, they both came on to me. She, in lesbian lust, and he like an ox after a cow. Both of them pawed me. Both fawned over me, flattering me for my looks. Telling me what a big star I would be. But meanwhile, they had their hands on me, sometimes from both sides at once. I was shocked out."

"What'd you say?"

"I got up and lit a cigarette. I paced the floor. He got up and retrieved me. Took my hands. The brute. He brought me back to the table, where they both fondled me more. At one point while the Rani was cupping my chin and smiling into my face, the ox was stroking my breast. 'Forgive me my dear,' he said, 'but I would have to ask you this anyway. It's just part of the auditioning, you know. We have to know if you have real breasts.' And I thought: moviegoers in India have to know this? They bare the breasts? I doubt it. Finally, the groping and pawing subsided and the Rani herself began to talk of more concrete things, like the role I was supposed to play. I began to relax. She assured me that she would make me a star and I'd be very happy. Then she left the table to answer the telephone and I was left with the Rajah. And I felt awkward. There was a great silence. I was wondering about the producer I was supposed to meet. Then, it happened."

She sipped some more wine.

"The ox grabbed my leg. I was wearing a sari. I tried to lift his hairy hand from me. He persisted. Then he went for my crotch. All hell broke out. I slapped his face."

She gulped down the last of her wine.

"Oh, dear," Darius said, sympathetically. He refilled her glass.

"No, he didn't get to feel anything. I just slapped his face. He smiled. 'You will do splendidly, dear,' he said to me. And the Rani came back. The two of us then lounged on

the veranda and drank gin and tonics until it was time to dress for dinner. It's after that when all hell broke out."

Darius kept silent. Just leaned back to let her finish.

"Over there it seems they take three or four showers a day and change clothes for every meal. I'm used to changing clothes, so I have no problem with that. And I've done it under strange circumstances... uh, even as a model I've had to keep privacy. Anyway, when I went back to the room, I undressed and showered. When I came out of the shower, I went to the bed and began to dry myself there. Then I recalled the glint of sunlight that seemed to come out of the painting on the wall and I went over to inspect it a bit closer. Like sometimes it's a portrait of a guy with glasses on and you think the glasses just gleamed at you. I was stark naked. Well, just as I turned to the painting and approached it, the light was gone--the sunlight had of course had changed--but suddenly it appeared as if something in the painting had moved as I neared it. I almost died. I pulled the towel around my body. It was like out of a scary movie."

"Oh my," Darius cried. "They were peeping at you from behind the painting? My God!"

"Yes. I almost died. Then I heard yelling and screaming from next door. The two of them were going at it. I couldn't understand what they were saying, but I guessed. They had been peeking at me. They saw me. All of me. And they flipped out.

"You can guess the rest. They called the chauffeur and he removed me without incident. He left me at the ferry on the Hong Kong side and handed me an envelope. Inside was a brief note saying they evaluated things and it seemed I was not right for the part. They thanked me for flying to Hong Kong, and they threw in some cash to cover some expenses for my trip home. They'd already paid for my room in the hotel. I went to a hotel on the Hong Kong side and had a few drinks, then took the ferry here. And then that's the sorry state in which you found me late... God, was it just last night? I don't know if you can imagine what it's like living as I do. The utter confusion and anxiety in which I live. It's constantly with me, wondering who's next on the list of those I am about to displease or disgust."

She took another large gulp of wine.

"No longer, Amanda."

"Huh?" she asked. She was not even sure he'd been listening. She'd been talking mostly to herself; so she thought. After all, why would he care? No one else had... or would.

But then she suddenly received an enlightenment. Wait, maybe this is different now. After all, this man--this stranger--is my husband. She was waiting to wake up from some drunken dream.





CHAPTER 3: THE WEDDING AND ARRIVAL HOME

(page 3)

They reached Darius' Gulfstream V, and climbed the few steps into the luxurious cabin. Darius had a crew of four: a pilot and co-pilot, of course, a stewardess and a chef. The stewardess showed them to their deep leather seats.

Darius wore a pair of tropical cotton pants and a light blue, short sleeve shirt. Amanda wore a short leather skirt and a tan mock turtle top. She wore flat shoes. She'd worn this outfit on the flight out.

"Mr. Vellum," she said, indicating his usual seat. "Mrs. Vellum," she said, with another movement of her hand and body, indicating the swivel chair beside Darius. Amanda sat, crossing her legs full over.

While they sealed up the plane and the jet taxied out onto the tarmac, Amanda's heart raced. What does all this mean? My goodness, we didn't have to wait in a line at the terminal. We didn't have to check luggage. How far does this plane fly? Are we the only passengers?

"Dixie, two martinis please?" Darius said softly to the stewardess.

"Darius (dairy-us), where are we going?"

He smiled brightly, his boyish brown hair unruly, falling partly over one eye. "Well, my dear, where would you like to go? Rome is beautiful about now. And Bay of Isles, in New Zealand. I have a nice sail boat there (a yacht he meant), and, after all, we haven't had a honeymoon yet. We can actually reach there non-stop."

"Actually, Darius, I'd like to go home... wherever that is. Is that where you keep your twenty or more horses?"

"Yes, Amanda. That's fine. I'd love to go home. I believe you will like it."

They flew for a while in silence. The plane hissed quietly, the stewardess remained discretely out of sight in a small galley. Some music emanated from that area. Darius had it piped in; it enabled Darius and passengers to speak privately. Amanda looked around. There was a large sofa in the plane, a desk and chair, television screens, and other amenities. Every surface gleamed as if new.

Darius must have pressed a signal, as the stewardess arrived with two more martinis.

Darius raised his fresh drink and toasted. "To us," he said.

"Darius, I just had a thought."

"Yes, Amanda?"

"Now, I've told you my biggest secret. You know all about me. I just have to ask, what's your secret? What dark thing are you carrying around? Will you be as open with me as I was with you?"

He smiled warmly. "I would not have married you, Amanda, if I wasn't prepared to give

you more than merely my fortune. My heart and soul go with it. I will be as open with you as you were with me."

He took a sip from his martini. Amanda re-crossed her legs.

"Well, first thing... I am not an axe murderer." He smiled.

"I'm relieved at that," she joked back.

"And I am confused too. I told you that I am not gay. Well... uh, it's confusing because I don't see you that way. I mean... that is..."

"As a boy," she interjected, taking a sip of martini.

"Right. And so it's new to me."

"And this is your confession?" Amanda asked, showing a bit of disappointment. "That's the secret you are holding?"

"No. There's more. I have a confession. Or maybe several confessions. Well, maybe... here it is... I am kind of kinky." He broke off, almost blushing. He downed his drink.

"Oh yeah?" Amanda, challenged. "What kind of kinky?" She was afraid he was gay, after all. She had no way to adjust to that. She did not see herself as the object of a gay relationship. Or maybe he was kinky, dress up. Was he a girly wannabe? He was very soft-looking, sort of boyish. This she might be able to handle. But there were so many kinks....God, it could be anything; she did not want to put diapers on him.

"Uh... I am submissive, Amanda."

She smiled at first, and then let out a small laugh. He looked at her, saddened, disappointed.

"Oh no, Darius, don't mistake that laugh. It's one of delight. I am pleased."

"You are? What do you mean pleased?"

"First, you tell me fully and specifically what you mean by submissive."

"I have a feeling that I either want to or have a need to submit to a woman. And that I need a woman who will like to be in charge, who will like to control me and rule over me."

"And what makes you so sure this is me? Do you mean to tell me that you married me not knowing a goddam thing about me, just hoping you could convince me to accommodate your kinky needs because you are rich and that I would kick you with my boots in exchange for marrying a billionaire?"

"No, Amanda, please forgive me. It's not that I married you hoping I could entice you into doing things like that, even if you might not want to do such things. It's not that I married you without knowing a goddam thing about you. It's because I did know all about you. And that's part of my confession..."

"What do you mean?" She sounded angry now.

"Amanda, please understand... my abilities are rather extensive. And I have people who can find out things. And..."

"And...?" she demanded.

"And, well I know about you and your last... boyfriend."





CHAPTER 3: THE WEDDING AND ARRIVAL HOME

(page 4)

"Can I smoke in here?" she asked.

"Uh... yes, of course."

He pressed a silent signal. Dixie came from behind the galley wall. "More martinis, Sir?"

"Yes, Dixie. And cigarettes for Madame."

Amanda held a cigarette and the Dixie lit it for her.

Darius continued. "I had someone look into... well, some things about you. I apologize, and hope you will forgive me."

"I'll think about it," she said, gruffly. "Go on. I want to hear it all."

"Well, the whippings. The complaints from neighbors. The assault arrest. And the information from... Jeffrey, which he volunteered..."

"Volunteered my ass! How much did you give him? A few ounces of grass?"

"We paid him a thousand dollars."

"That was stupid. He'd have told you everything for next to nothing."

"Well, he was quite open about things, anyway..."

"Yes," Amanda said, dragging deeply on her cigarette, "He was a pussy boy, so to speak. And so, because I used to beat him, because I used to ride his back and shoulders in the park, because they have photos of me on the net riding his lousy ass... you said, well, let me entice this young woman to marry me?"

"No, Amanda, it's because I believe that all of this was instigated by you and not him. Had you done all that because he desired it, I would not have proposed to you. But when I learned enough to feel confident that it was at your demand that he submitted, then I found you ten times more desirous. I never want to do anything that you don't want."

"I have a sadistic side, Darius. I wondered about that a lot. Was it because of my misery of misbirth? I couldn't tell. All I know is that I just loved beating Jeffrey, sometimes until the brute bled. But I consider my sadism as a sickness, something I want to get rid of. I don't want that as part of me. When you proposed and carried through, I promised myself that I'd finally found someone with whom I could show a loving side to, and push that sadism... out the door. And I promised myself I'd never show that side of me to you."

"And now, Amanda? Do you hate me for... misleading you?"

She laughed. "No, Darius, I don't hate you. I don't know what to think of you. I think we have to work this out. See how it evolves."

At her statement, a strange thing happened. The "see how it evolves" evoked something in each of them. It brought promise. And immediately, it brought images, images that

were similar to both, vivid enough and electric enough to raise two simultaneous but secret erections.

"Do you have a bathroom somewhere, Darius?" she asked.

"Well, back through there is a small private suite. Just a place to sleep or rest and there's a nice bathroom."

"Please show me, Darius?"

They walked to the back of the plane. A small pocket door opened into a cozy nest-like area, with a bed on one side. Across were a small table and seat, and a small refrigerator. Beyond, center, the last area accessible, was a bathroom wide as the plane, but in the tapered rear.

"Does this door lock," Amanda asked as they passed into the private compartment.

"No, it doesn't. But no one will come back here unless I call."

"Okay. Wheres' the bathroom? That's it there?"

"Yes."

"When I come out, husband, I'd like to see you naked. Uh... let's make that naked and on your knees, right here next to the bed."

She turned her back and went into the bathroom. As she walked, Darius noticed her body and motions. Everything feminine, without any hint that she carried an anomaly in her anatomy. This was so important to Darius, who was convinced he was not gay. But it was at the least--and to state it lightly--confusing. She was a female in his mind, totally, and yet sex between them was... well, performed in a way that was, before this, unimaginable to him.

His heart raced. She was dominant; he'd learned that before from his hired network. But now she knew he was submissive. This meant the dynamic was sure to change. Something new and exciting was on the threshold for Darius, and it thrilled him. And either despite Amanda's unexpected anatomy or because of it, this dynamic fit perfectly his curious and kinky nature.

While thinking about all this, Darius obeyed and undressed. His body was slight, but smooth and neat. He had no hair on his chest, nor on his legs; even his underarms had few hairs. His stature, at age twenty-seven, was still boyish... in fact, with his long, wavy brown hair, he looked quite like a seventeen-year old.

He knelt beside the bed as asked. When Amanda emerged from the bathroom, Darius didn't turn around. When she sat just in front of him, she crossed her legs full over; but he was so close she had to turn slightly so not to kick him while she did this. Her smooth, silky legs were bared and sat up right before his eyes. She wore black boots, and a mini-skirt, which rode up on her.

"What are you thinking, Amanda?" he asked, breathlessly.

"I am thinking that you asked to marry me. Although it may not seem like it--under the crazy circumstances--I take marriage seriously. That means, Darius, that I will do anything I can to make this a true marriage."

Her words thrilled him. He'd relied on his instincts, and was rarely incorrect. And now Amanda was trying to make good, assuage him for his rashly rapid marriage proposal. He welcomed her sentiments.

"What's a true marriage, Amanda?"

"It's where each makes the other satisfied, happy, thrilled, pleased, contented and confident in their future. And they do this because they hope that by doing so, they will receive the same in turn. And yet none of this needs be said throughout the marriage. It's just done. Nobody talks about it. Nobody measures or compares the others contribution to this concept. It just goes on as if the two were manifestations of one person."

Darius was overwhelmed. He'd never heard anything so ideal.

"Now, what are you thinking, Darius?"

"I am thinking you are special, Amanda. And I'm so happy I acted so brashly."

She smiled. "Do you want to make me happy, Darius? Physically happy?"

"Yes, Amanda."

"Then, I am going to lift up off this bed a bit. When I do, slip your thumbs under the edges of my skirt and pull it up under my ass."

Slowly, Amanda lifted herself. Darius obeyed and raised her skirt. Immediately, the penis sprang forward. Darius was sort of shocked; it was so different, so unusual. But he was drawn, almost hypnotized by the appendage.

"Go ahead, Darius. You know what to do."

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The Vellum/Roe couple join up with the Fallons for a ride in the country. But the males find themselves the beasts of burden. And Jinx feels a stirring of lesbian yearnings toward the beautiful Amanda... will Amanda's rare gender turn this into an awkward farce?





CHAPTER 4: AMANDA ROE MOUNTS MEN

Amanda Roe was enjoying breakfast on her patio. She was reminiscing about her first ride with Jinx Fallon, reflecting on how good she felt to find a woman who loved riding as much as she, and Jinx sharing her attitudes on the treatment of horses. When Amanda was in the saddle, the horse existed only to give her a good ride, and she usee her whip and spurs in to ensure a spirited gallop and more pleasure for her. She saw from the way Jinx rode that the auburn-haired beauty felt the same way, and Jinx had proven that even more on their subsequent rides.

They rode together three or four days a week, now, and Amanda noticed that Jinx never rode the same horse two days in a row, always giving the animal time to recover from its injuries. Amanda started to do the same, and it made her feel even less inhibited about flogging her mount, savoring the feel of the beast striving beneath her as she rocked in the saddle, digging in her rowels again and again to force her steed onward.

Jinx inspired other feelings in Amanda as well – she was aroused by the knowledge that the ladies right next door in Imperia lived in total control of the males in their lives. Imagine that, she thought, an entire village where woman ruled over their submissive spouses.

A sun worshiper, Amanda was dressed in the skimpiest of bikinis. And her large patio was bathed in morning sunlight. She rose and stepped into the shade of a tree to adjust her bikini bottom, when she heard her butler clearing his throat. Amanda was startled for a bit, as she had been lost in fantasy. She turned, made her way back to the table and retrieved her silk robe, making sure it was discreetly closed.

“Yes, Elliot?”

“Good morning, ma’am. I have a message for you from Ms Jinx Fallon.” He handed her an envelope. “Thank you, ma’am.”

“Thank you.” She tore open the envelope, her mind racing with possibilities. This had to be something special and meaningful, otherwise Jinx would have simply called her on the phone, or mentioned it to her on one of their horseback rides. She pulled out a fancy engraved invitation. A party? Was she being invited to



become a part of the Imperia society? That thought filled her with anticipation and fear at once. She longed to know more about what went on behind Imperia walls, to find out how the ladies lived their lives, being so in charge of all the males. Were they parading their slave-husbands through the streets in leather harness? Could she make any male kiss her feet in full view of the public? Or maybe ride their men like horses? Like she used to do with her old boyfriend, before Darius had found her and brought her to this life of opulence.

At the same time, there was her ever-present fear of being discovered.

She doubted if they would be as understanding that a woman with her special 'gift' had deceived them into selling off a good percentage of Imperia's shares to... well, to two biological males.

She read the invitation: 'Ms Jinx Fallon requests the honor of your presence for a special equestrian picnic. Please come dressed for riding. Ms. Fallon will provide a suitable mount for the day. This Saturday, 9 AM at the Fallon residence.'

Amanda read the address and pondered the invitation. She loved the thought of picnicking with the lovely Jinx Fallon. Plus the formality of the invitation certainly indicated that this was more than one of their ordinary rides. And Jinx was going to let Amanda ride one of her horses! She knew Jinx loved her horses, and to let someone else ride one of them was a special gift indeed.



CHAPTER 4: AMANDA ROE MOUNTS MEN

(page 2)

Saturday morning arrived and Amanda was a bit unsure about how to dress for the occasion. ‘Dressed for riding’, the invitation had said, but she felt her usual English style riding attire would be too formal for a picnic. She settled on a comfortable pair of jeans, tucked into her riding boots, with a pale green chamois shirt. She buckled on a pair of spurs, making sure she had chosen a pair with relatively blunt rowels. After all, she would be riding someone else’s horse, and it would be unseemly to cause significant damage to the animal. She tucked a riding crop into her right boot and went downstairs. Her driver had the limo ready, and it was only a brief drive to the imposing gates of Imperia. Amanda was on the edge of her seat as they drove through the gates, peering excitedly out the windows of the limousine. But she saw hardly a soul on the street, just a few elegantly dressed ladies, and even some unaccompanied men in suits or casual clothes. No public beatings, no males being degraded on the main street. She saw one huge house after another, some really beautiful mansions and estates. As opulent as the homes were, she became even more aware of how rich Darius was, and how lucky she was to have caught his eye and captured his heart.

Her driver pulled up to a large house. After the car slid smoothly to a halt, her driver walked around and opened her door. Amanda stepped from the car and walked up the steps to the front door, her spurs jingling softly. The door opened before she could knock, and a maid greeted her with a formal bow. “Welcome, Ms. Roe. Please follow me. My Mistress is awaiting you in the stables.”

But that was not just a maid. It was a man dressed in a maid’s uniform. Amanda could see his discomfort as she followed him through the house, and her curiosity overcame her.

“Pardon me,” she asked, “but what is your name?”

“I am Ling. Ms. Fallons.....slave.”

Amanda was amazed. She had never really seen this sort of thing before, a man reduced to humiliating domestic servitude this way. Oh, sure, she had dominated her boyfriend and ridden on his back, and she was exploring the ways she could use and torment her new subservient husband, Darius, but those instances had always been in the context of sex, as a prelude to or substitute for pleasure. This was something different, a lifestyle where the men were whatever the women wanted them to be, even in everyday life. This was the reality of Imperia. She had no desire to make Darius do this kind of thing (he had his own amusing ways of creating scenarios—as when he dressed as a footman to receive Lola Dean and Vera von Lieden). She loved Darius and wanted to be with him forever. And yet the thought of women having such complete control of the men of Imperia and using them for even the most mundane and pedestrian duties intrigued her.

She followed Ling out the back of the house and made the short walk to the stables nearby. The property and stables were, of course, much smaller than her own, but still had stalls for half a dozen horses and a small covered riding arena. It was to this arena that Ling led her, and she heard Jinx even before they reached the gate.

“Hyahh, giddyup!” Amanda heard the snap of a crop. “Faster, you lazy beast!” Sounded like Jinx was warming up for their ride, and Amanda wondered which of Jinx’s fabulous

horses would be her own mount for the day.

Ling swung open the gate and announced Amanda's arrival "Mistress, Ms. Roe is here."

Amanda stepped into the arena and nearly collapsed with surprise. Jinx was indeed warming up for their ride, but she was not astride one of her horses. She was riding on the saddled back of a man! He was crawling rapidly on hands and knees while the luscious raven-haired woman on his back reined him left and right, tugging sharply on his bitted mouth when she heard Ling's announcement.





CHAPTER 4: AMANDA ROE MOUNTS MEN

(page 3)

“Amanda, wonderful to see you!” Jinx was wearing a silk shirt and riding pants, and wore sneakers on her feet that carried a pair of blunt spurs. She jabbed them hard into the sides of her horse slave and trotted him over to Amanda, who was still in complete shock. This was amazing! Her own experiences riding men had been limited to a few trips around the bedroom naked, or riding her boyfriend’s shoulders or back through the park. One time she had used her bathrobe cord as a set of reins, and she always had something to whip him with, but this was intense! She had never imagined that a man-horse could wear a saddle and full bridle, or even that such things existed! And to ride him with spurs, and a real riding whip? Fantastic! And from the looks of the welts on his ass and the bruises on his sides, Jinx was riding this man just the way she rode real horses, using the whip and spurs as much as she wanted. It was then that Amanda realized that the saddle and bridle were the only things the slave had on, except for a pair of kneepads. She glimpsed his ball sac and large penis dangling between his legs as he knelt, panting, under his mistress.

Amanda recovered enough presence of mind to speak. “Jinx! That’s.....I mean,..... wow!”

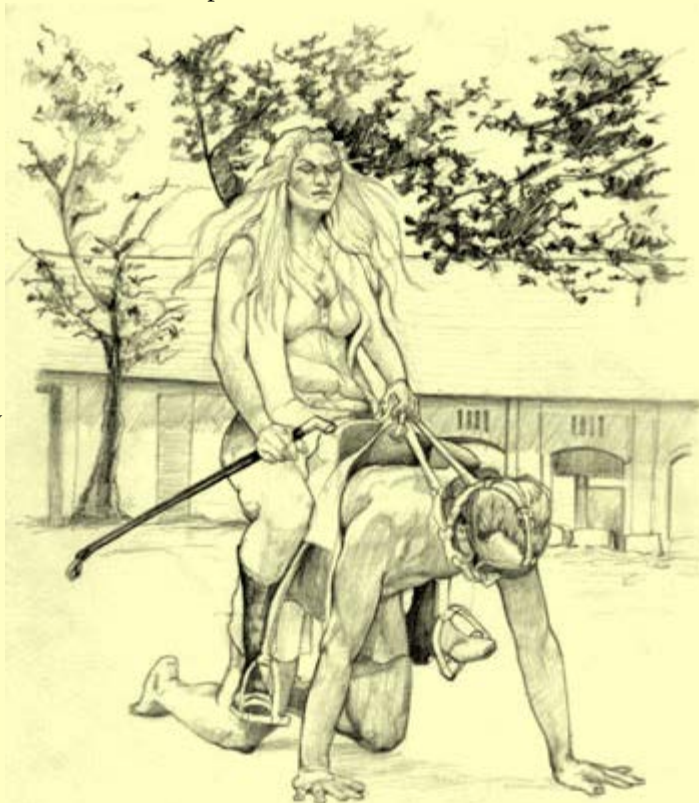
Jinx laughed melodically. “His name’s Slacker, he’s my best and strongest, and he’s going to be your horse for the day! He’s a little headstrong, so I thought I should wear him out a bit before you got here. I didn’t know if you’ve ridden his kind before.”

“Well, sort of. I used to ride my boyfriend sometimes.” Amanda stuttered. Not only was Jinx into riding men, but they were going to ride men all day? Up to the picnic? Just like real horses? “But it wasn’t like this.... I mean, I never had a saddle, and spurs?”

“Why not?” giggled Jinx, “He’s a horse to me, and I use whatever I want to make him give me a good long ride! Wanna try a few laps?”

“Sure!” Amanda was becoming a bit flushed. To ride a horse harshly was a great turn on for her, and the thought of riding a man that way, jabbing him with spurs and whipping him as hard as she could was making her blood fairly boil!

“Here, get on.” Jinx swung her leg over the saddle and dismounted her kneeling slave. Amanda stepped astride him, and as she was putting her riding boots in the stirrups she



heard Jinx say, “Wait a minute! Are those spurs sharp enough?”

“I picked a duller pair,” Amanda said, “I didn’t want to damage your horse, and I certainly didn’t think I’d be riding this kind of horse.”

“Well, okay. A very considerate thought. But they need a lot of spurring, especially when they get tired. Ling!” she snapped at the man-maid. “Get my boots immediately! And a set of number 5 spurs!”

“Yes Mistress!” Ling scurried off towards the tack room, and Amanda settled herself into the saddle on Slacker’s back. The saddle raised her up a few inches off his spine, so she felt very comfortable with the short stirrups. She tested the swing of her legs, and saw that her spurs would land nicely on his sides when she kicked him. She gathered up the reins, feeling the slave shift a little under her weight, and pulled her riding crop from her boot.

Jinx seated herself on a nearby bench. “Ling! Hurry up!”

“Coming, Mistress!” Ling was running back from the tack room. Jinx turned to smile at Amanda. “So,” she asked, “You’ve met my husband, Ling?”

Amanda was again surprised. So, Ling was Jinx’s *husband*? She was *married* to the man she was treating so rudely? Making him wear that maids’ outfit and act like her mere servant? Amazing!

“Your husband?” she gasped, “Ling is your husband?”

“Of course!” said Jinx, “He exists to serve me, same as all the men here.” She spoke of him like he wasn’t there, even as Ling knelt before her to start putting on her tall riding boots. Amanda’s jaw dropped as Jinx grabbed her riding crop and slashed it across her husband’s legs. “Ling, you *idiot*! How many times do I have to tell you? You *always* do the right boot *first*!”

Ling reeled back in the sawdust of the arena floor. “Yes Mistress! I’m sorry Mistress!” And he attached Jinx’s spurs while kneeling in the dirt.

“Ling!” snapped Jinx, after he’d finished. “Go show Mistress Roe the proper respect!”

“Yes, Mistress!” Ling crawled to Amanda and prostrated himself beside the other slave—the “horse” Slacker—and began kissing and licking Amanda’s tall boot. He licked all around the top, and up the shaft, returning to the heel, even sucking and licking the spurs. Just as Amanda thought it couldn’t get any better, he lay on his back and started licking the bottom of her boot, slathering his tongue all over it and swallowing the dirt and sawdust that was stuck there. Amanda let go a soft squeal of delight; she was definitely getting turned on by this. The saddle was rubbing on her crotch, she was riding a man, for heaven’s sake, and another man was worshipping her boots. Ling crawled around and started on the other boot, and Amanda smiled at Jinx.

“Ooooooh, I could get used to this!”

“I thought you might enjoy this,” laughed the mistress of the house, as Ling finished with Amanda’s other boot and scurried over to his wife. “Now, take Slacker there for a little warm up, then we’ll go have our picnic!”





CHAPTER 4: AMANDA ROE MOUNTS MEN

(page 4)

Slacker was a large man, with powerful shoulders and short blonde hair. Amanda supposed that he would be considered reasonably handsome, but right now he was just a horse, and the only important thing was how good a ride she could get from him. She started simply, gathering up the reins attached to his bit, and increasing the pressure gradually until he shifted under her, grunted softly and started backing up. Amanda relaxed the pressure, then pulled the left rein, making Slacker circle left, then right as she tugged the other rein. When she sopped pulling, he stopped moving, and Amanda grinned at Jinx again.

“He’s a well-trained beast.”

“Wouldn’t have it any other way!” Ling had finished with Jinx’s boots, and was attaching a pair of spurs similar to the ones on Amanda’s heels. “I train them all myself, so I know it’s done right,” Jinx explained. “I take them from the ground up. Not many have the strength and the temperament to be horses. Even the best can only be ridden hard once or twice a week. Takes them longer to recover. But it’s sooooo much fun!”

Amanda laughed. “I’ll bet it is! Now, Slacker, let’s see what you got!” She cracked the crop sharply across the horse slave’s right hip, and the man started crawling across the arena. Amanda was amazed by the smoothness of his gait. When she had ridden men before, she had always been rocking about, trying hard to stay astride against the rolling motion of her crawling slave. But having a saddle and stirrups, and something about the way Slacker was moving – she felt absolutely steady, in control, just like riding a real horse. This was great! She whipped him again, and he picked up his speed as they completed the first lap. Amanda felt a swelling in her crotch, and rubbed herself against the saddle. Heaven! She jabbed her spurs against Slacker’s sides gently, and he went even faster.

“Oh, come on!” Jinx goaded her. “You call that a kick? Let him have it!”

Amanda looked over at Jinx. Ling was groveling beneath her boots, licking them the way he had done to Amanda’s. “You sure I can spur him harder?”

“He’s a horse, Amanda! More importantly, he’s *my* horse! Kick him a good one!”

“Okay, if you say so!” Amanda swung her heels high, and drove the spurs hard into the flanks of the man she was riding. Slacker squealed and leapt forward, a surge of muscle and motion exploding between her legs. Amanda had to grab the saddle briefly to stay in her seat, then adjusted and leaned forward, spurring him again.

She was amazed at how fast he could crawl as she rode him around the arena again. She had never experienced anything like this! This was a man, a slave, trained and conditioned to be ridden like a horse, and he was superb! She whipped him hard with the crop, then dug her spurs in again.

She came back to where Jinx was climbing on another horse slave. Ling must have brought him in, Amanda thought. He was not as big as Slacker, but he wore the same outfit – kneepads, saddle and bridle only.

“This one’s called Devil.” Jinx said, patting his neck. “I’ve had him nearly three years. Not as fast as Slacker, but he’s a good horse, aren’t you Devil?” The man snorted and tossed his head, as Jinx gathered his reins.

“Ling, you worthless piece of crap!” She bellowed towards the stalls. “Where’s the goddam mule?”

“Coming, Mistress.” Ling brought out another horse slave. This one wore no saddle or bridle, just kneepads and a halter. Around his torso was a harness that carried a picnic basket and some other things.

“A mule?” asked Amanda, amused at the sight.

“He’s new. Not good enough to be a horse yet, though I think he wants to be. But he’s good enough to carry our picnic, so we don’t have to load up our horses too much.”

“And Ling – is he a horse too?”

“No way!” laughed Jinx, “He’s absolutely worthless as a horse. No matter how much I use the spurs and whip, he’s just too weak to give any kind of decent ride.” Ling was attaching the mule’s lead rope to Jinx’s saddle. “In fact, he’s absolutely worthless at just about everything, aren’t you, you piece of shit?”

“Yes, Mistress.”

Amanda grinned inwardly. She had much to learn about how to humiliate a man, and she was realizing that Jinx and the other women of Imperia had much to teach her.



CHAPTER 4: AMANDA ROE MOUNTS MEN

(page 5)

“C’mon, let’s go. Got a long way to ride to the picnic grounds, and I’m hungry already. “Giddyup, Devil!” Jinx spurred her slave towards the back gate of the arena.

Amanda dug her spurs into Slacker. “Let’s go!”

They rode their slaves out into the sunshine, Jinx and Amanda side by side, with the mule trailing behind on his rope. Again, the younger woman was amazed by this. To ride a man outside, where other people might see, with full tack and spurs on her heels? What an exciting way to live!

“How far is it to the picnic site?” Amanda asked.

“About a quarter mile,” smiled Jinx. “Should only take a few minutes.”

“Great!” Amanda smiled and settled into the saddle deeper, feeling the man’s muscled back straining and working under the leather. The heat in her groin was growing, and she tapped her spurs into Slacker just for fun, feeling him twitch a little in pain. The sun on her skin made her feel even more flushed as she rode beside this amazing woman.



After enjoying the scenery for a bit, she turned to Jinx again. “So how long have you and Ling been married? Is that his real name?”

“No, Ling is short for underling. His real name’s George, but he never hears that name at home! We met and married about eight years ago, and he’s been my slave from the beginning.”

“Do you mind if I ask....do you sleep with him?” Amanda’s curiosity about this raven-haired beauty and the lifestyle of Imperia was growing by the minute.

“No!” laughed Jinx, “Not in any sense of the word! I told you, he’s worthless for anything!”

“So who do you.... I mean, what do you do for sex?”

“Oh, I have plenty of lovers,” Jinx grinned wickedly, “Some pretty well hung young studs, too. And I just love to make Ling watch while they fuck me like he never could!”

Wow! thought Amanda, this was another whole new area of humiliation!

“It’s called cuckolding,” Jinx explained. She was aware that this girl was a bit naive, and was careful not to hit her with too much all at once. “It’s not all that common, but I need sex, and watching me get it is the price Ling pays if he wants to stay with me. I guess he feels it’s worth it, he’s still around!”

“Guess so,” agreed Amanda. They had been riding their slaves for a good ten minutes, and Slacker had worked up a little sweat. But there was no sign he was tiring, as his powerful legs and arms worked to keep up a good pace. “This horse is amazing! He doesn’t even seem tired yet.”

“I told you, he’s my best. And he is a little tired, I can tell. He just tries not to show it because he knows that’s when I start pushing him a little harder.” Jinx spurred Devil into a faster pace, the mule stumbling and trying to keep up. “We could go a little faster, though. We’re almost to the hill.”

“Okay,” Amanda said, now whipping her slave, jabbing her spurs in once, twice, three times. Her slave sped along beneath his saddle, and Amanda bounced and rubbed herself against the leather, pausing in her whipping to caress her throbbing crotch for a moment before pulling up next to Devil. “What hill?” she asked.

“Just around this next bend, you’ll see it. Our picnic area’s at the top.”



CHAPTER 4: AMANDA ROE MOUNTS MEN

(page 6)

Amanda could tell that Jinx's horse, Devil, was a little fatigued. Jinx was jabbing her spurs into his flanks harder and harder as they trotted towards the hill. Just at the bottom, though, she reined Devil up sharply, his head tossing against the bit. Amanda rode up beside her and pulled Slacker to a halt. Jinx was bending down to untie the mules' lead rope from her saddle.

"Are we stopping here? I thought we were going to the top of the hill."

"Oh, we are," said Jinx. "I just needed to let the mule loose for the climb. He can go up on his own, so we can be free."

"Free? Free to do what?"

"This!" shouted Jinx, and drove her spurs deep into Devil's sides. "Hyahh, Devil, Hyahh!" Devil immediately crawled faster, and Jinx laughed back at Amanda. "He's still got some life in him! C'mon, I'll race you to the top!"

"C'mon, bitch, let's go!" Amanda cried, and spurred her slave hard. Slacker started crawling up the hill after the other two. "Faster, goddam it!" Her spurs dug into him over and over, and she was whipping him with wild abandon as they started to gain on Jinx, who was spurring Devil with short, choppy jabs. Slacker was the stronger horse, though, and Amanda caught up to Jinx. She looked at Devil's sides and saw blood oozing from the places where his mistress was spurring him. Far from being shocked or horrified, the sight filled her with lust. Jinx was riding that man every bit as hard as she rode her real horses, and a few little cuts weren't going to keep her from getting a good ride. Amanda knew now that she didn't have to hold back, and her legs swung high up in the air and stabbed downward, her sharp spurs breaking Slacker's skin. He bellowed in pain as she spurred him again and again, her whip landing on his right hip, then his left as hard as she could swing it. The cracks of the crop sounded like gunshots as she leaned into the bouncing saddle, her straining slave carrying her into the lead. God, she was so close to cumming right then and there.

"C'mon, Devil, you lazy piece of shit! Faster!" Jinx doubled her efforts with crop and spurs, and the women were neck and neck nearing the top of the hill. Amanda dug in her spurs and held them, twisting and rolling the vicious rowels in Slacker's flesh. He had no breath left to scream, but he surged forward with his last drops of strength and won the race. She jerked the bit deep into his mouth, and reined him around to see Jinx finish the climb, cheering and laughing as she crossed the top of the hill.

"Yay! Good race!" Jinx rode directly to Amanda and gave her a warm hug. "Well run, Ms. Roe. You really know how to get the most out of your animal."

Amanda smiled brightly, a bit out of breath herself. "This is a good horse. Thanks for letting me ride him. It was great!"

Jinx hugged her again. "Glad you like him. Isn't this fun?" Her embrace lingered a little longer and she leaned in close to Amanda's ear. "Doesn't riding make you horny?" she whispered. And she kissed Amanda softly, just behind her left ear. God, the girl smelled so delicious.

Amanda was surprised by the tender embrace and the soft kiss. She accepted it as just a friendly gesture, a kind of tenderness that one woman might show another; it might even have no special meaning, no sexual intent. When Jinx broke the embrace and turned to the mule to begin the picnic, Amanda was relieved. Not only was Amanda loyal to Darius, there was no way she would ever reveal her true anatomy.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

Darius and Amanda hold a soiree, and show off their mansion. And an overnight guest gets out of hand. No one has seen such a dungeon outside of Europe.



CHAPTER 1: THE HOUSE OF SETTING SUN

After his fifth business trip to the United States, Jim Yamato decided to emigrate here. This decision devastated his loving fiancée, Myohshi; without a word he'd left her in Japan. His emigration to America was eased by entering into another marriage, this to an American citizen by the name of Mara Tora. Sole stockholder in one of Japan's largest publishing firms, Jim Yamato never returned to Japan: now he ran his business from America. And he never heard the name of Yamato again. His name had become: "asshole" "slave" "slime" or "ass wipe."



Mara Tora strode through her front door, threw the keys to her BMW onto a sideboard, and headed for the kitchen. Her high heels clicked loudly now as she paced across the Spanish tiles. She wore a tight leather skirt and a white, short-sleeve blouse. She removed her short leather gloves and tossed them down. Jim was there, performing one of his chores: he was naked and on all fours, a scrub brush in hand and a pail of soapy water beside him. Since he was scrubbing the floor near the refrigerator, he was in Mara's way.

"Move aside, slug," she growled, and she gave his bruised ass a swift kick with her pointed boot.

He grunted from the shock and scrambled away. He'd heard her come in, but did not see her as the horse-type blinders allowed him only a limited field of vision; that is, just straight ahead. He was restricted in other ways too, as his Mistress enjoyed making his duties more "interesting" by applying restraints and other hindrances. Today, aside from the typical butt plug rammed up his unfortunate and tortured ass, his ankles were shackled closely, effectively hobbling him, and his hands were cuffed, forcing him to rise up to dip the scrub brush when he needed more sudsy water. This made the floor-scrubbing chore take three or four times longer to complete. Also, a rubber penis gag had been forced into his mouth and bound there with tight straps.

Mara reached into the fridge and pulled out a bottle of beer. There were plenty more bottles in there, as Jim was responsible for stocking it, and he knew from harsh experience how he'd suffer if he allowed a supply to diminish.

Abruptly, and to Jim's surprise, she plopped her rear end onto Jim's back. He let out a grunt again, and stopped his scrubbing. His naked knees, already aching upon the hard tiles, now screamed beneath the added weight of the implacable woman. She was a small woman--her weight ranging in the upper nineties--but even ninety-five pounds on his back was a painful strain.

She opened the beer and threw the top toward the sink. She missed and it clinked to the floor. Her slave would pick it up later. "I can't fucking believe the way that out-towner bitch cut my hair. The stupid cunt should be whipped raw." She took a long drink from the bottle. "I am so pissed off. Did you finish the hand laundry? I do hope so because my favorite scarf is in there, and I may need it tonight to hide this atrocity."

Jim nodded his head to answer.

"Good, saves your ass, at least for the moment. I will need your help getting ready for the Cord-Barrett girls, so how long till you finish here, slave?"

He raised his hands and indicated "three."

"Three hours? Shit! That won't do. You fucking lazy lout, you exasperate the hell out of me."

She rose from his back, took another long slug of beer and put the bottle on the counter. "Raise up, shit face, I want to remove the cuffs. You will now have an hour and a half to complete this. Then get your shower and be in my room and on your knees by....let's see...by four pm. I am going for a short nap."

She placed the steel handcuffs on the counter, took up her beer and left for her room.

Jim sighed. His mind drifted. He thought about old times. He thought about Japan where he ruled in both boardroom and bedroom. His publishing firm brought in 2500 million yen annually, and his parties were catered by Osaka's most renowned geishas. He sat at the head of tables. His advice was honored and sought after. His lovemaking was rough and bullish, leaving women panting and sweating. But there was a secret inside Jim that often left him panting and sweating. This secret frightened Jim. But then, Jim *wanted* to be frightened. It turned him on.



CHAPTER 1: THE HOUSE OF SETTING SUN

(page 2)

One evening, while in Tokyo for business, he was strolling the Ginza and entered a pornographic magazine and video shop. He gazed at a few crude girlie magazines and then stopped... off to the side something else had caught his eye. He'd never seen anything like it before. It was in Japanese, and on the cover it showed a drawing of a Japanese woman, dressed in a business suit, sitting idly upon the back of a near-naked man crouched on all fours. What made it even more intriguing was that three other women in the illustration were doing the same thing upon the backs of three other men. The four women were in a 'Western' type restaurant, dining at a round table, and all the women were using men's backs as their chairs!

Jim Yamato felt a strange stirring. He'd been in porn shops many times, and naturally had gone straight to the nudie magazines. But now he'd found himself in a new section titled, "bondage". He looked about at the other magazines in this section. Another one showed a man, clad only in a brief swimsuit, bound by rope, his hands overhead and the rope tied above to a wooden beam. A fully dressed woman in a silky dress stood by holding an ominous black snake whip. Jim became immediately erect. What was this? Why did he react this way to such bizarre images?

The new "bondage" section had many such magazines. About ninety percent of them showed women placed in tight, rigid rope bondage. But there were about a dozen magazines where the men seemed to be the victims. Plastic wrapping prevented the browser from opening and reading the magazines in the store, so Jim purchased the entire dozen. With heart racing he nearly ran back to his hotel suite.

And here a new world of perversion opened to Jim Yamato.

CHAPTER 1: THE HOUSE OF SETTING SUN

(page 3)

Heavy
rain had
soaked



southern California through the night. At 7 am, when Mara Tora reached the offices of Lady Asia magazine, it was still dark and raining hard. At a mere 4' 11" Mara was small by Western standards, but she compensated by wearing high heels at all times. Today, for the rain, she wore 4" stacked heels on her patent leather calf-high boots. A rubberized hooded Mac, imported from England, further protected her from the elements, while adding a bit of fetish-look to her outfit. Beneath, she wore a black, silk shantung suit.

The elevator took her to the seventh floor where she found the office of Lady Asia. As she entered, she was pleased with both the non-fluorescent lighting and the aroma of tea brewing. The center area was no more than twenty-five feet wide and long, crowded with cluttered desks and computer screens. Around the perimeter were glass-enclosed offices. From a corner office stepped a woman in her late thirties. She wore an inappropriate flamingo-colored skirt and a soft yellow blouse. She wore black shoes with one-inch heels. She was Florence Wing, president of Lady Asia. Spotting the arrival of a Mac-sheltered stranger, she strode quickly across the floor toward Mara, her smile widening.

"Mara? I am pleased and honored to meet you in the flesh. And right on the dot at seven. Please, come to my office. May I offer you tea? Or coffee? How was your flight? Please, allow me to take your... what do you call this... a Mac?"

"Thank you, Florence..."

"Please, call me Flo."

"Flo Wing, eh?" Mara said, seemingly out of breath. She sat in a comfortable armchair that faced Flo Wing's desk. "Well, my flight was un-eventful, Flo, which I prefer of course. And I prefer coffee, thank you."

Flo Wing bent to an intercom and said, "Mary Lou... coffee please? For two."

Flo sat and smiled warmly at her guest. "Well, thank you many times over for agreeing to the interview and for meeting at such an early hour."

Mara looked about for an ashtray. But this was Los Angeles, California, and smoking a cigarette was almost a felony.

"The hour is not so early for me. I am used to rising at dawn. Besides, as you've indicated, to get this interview onto your next issue we need to finish early. Besides, the time zones have given me an advantage this morning."

"Ah, yes... the time difference."

Mara crossed her legs. The heels looked a bit kinky and too high for such a tiny woman, but her dark serge suit and ruffled blouse brought back a more austere image. "And, as a major stockholder in your company, I have an interest in contributing this interview to Lady Asia."

"Yes. Yes. Of course. Most kind of you."

Flo Wing had been shown her place.

Coffee arrived. Mara liked the service. Buttered toast tips accompanied the coffee. After pouring, a bit of sipping and devouring a piece of toast, Mara re-crossed her legs; a sign the interview may begin.

Flo Wing produced a voice recorder. "Not a problem, Mara?"

"No, of course not. Do you want to know about Imperia? Or rather I discuss my marriage to a male slave?"

Flo tried to keep her face placid, but there was no hiding she was stunned by the statement. She'd never heard of such a thing... never even imagined it. And she had mixed feelings about the appropriateness of this topic for her straight-laced magazine; until now it had concentrated on mild themes like flower arranging, recipes and housekeeping for the Asian woman.

"Well," Flo began, clearing her throat, "why not discuss your marriage first? I am of course curious about your Village of Imperia, but we can touch on that at the end, yes? I have, naturally, a long list of questions, but we needn't be tied to that. You can go at any pace that comforts you."

"What's your first question?"

Flo felt a bit uneasy, as if it were she being interrogated. "Well... it's... how did you meet?"

"Ah yes, typical," Mara said didactically, and sat back. "Let me begin then as I feel, since you've invited me to do so."

Flo flipped on the recorder.

"First, let me state that I am a third generation Nisei. To your readers who may include Chinese, Korean, some gweilo (Flo flushed at this.... gweilo to the Chinese was similar to Mexicans saying gringo) and others, Nisei means American born Japanese. I have heard there is a rumor going around that I am Chinese, this merely because I treat my Japanese husband so harshly. But this is ridiculous. There are many reasons why I torture him so."

Flo switched her body from one ass cheek to another; this strange woman made her uneasy. Mara's opening statements was so bizarre. Was this bald-faced disclosure for shock value? And torture? What did she mean by that? Not actual physical cruelty, certainly. Anyway, it was obvious... she needn't ask Mara Tora questions for a while yet.

Mara continued. "There are many Japanese men who desire, crave, actually need debasement, humiliation, bondage and pain. I want to discuss my own view of this phenomenon and also explain why it is with extreme delight that I dispense such severe humiliation and pain upon my husband."

Flo did not interrupt, but leaned forward slowly and moved the recorder closer to Mara. Unfortunately, she'd given herself away as her hand shook. Heavens, she thought, I will need this recording, as I do not believe my own ears.

"First, I want to mention the Japanese code of Bushido--the way of the warrior--which emphasizes loyalty, justice, refined manners. But also there's self-sacrifice, sense of shame, self-control. Bushido allows the warrior to show no sign of pain or joy; he must endure with no groans, no crying. And thus you find many Japanese men with overly proud attitudes, swaggering, strutting, chests out, letting out with the brief grunt and baritone growl, as if they are all still samurai. And, as a result of this ridiculous pride, you find the absolute domination over the other fifty percent of the Japanese population, the women. This is the Japanese way, women kept speechless, servile, made nearly worthless. Until... until finally, after bringing carnage and ruin upon the Japanese nation by means of World War Two, the Americans arrived. And with them began emancipation for the Japanese woman."

Mara leaned forward, poured herself another cup of coffee from the carafe.

"Fascinating!" Flo declared. "Not many view it as you do, seeing the American invasion of Japan as beneficial. But undoubtedly what you say is true. The Japanese--and although my name is Wing, I am full-blooded Japanese, like you--brought the war upon them selves. And yet, considering the horrifying ending--surrender and humiliation--the final outcome brought Japanese women closer to equality, something for which Japanese women should feel obliged to the Americans. But forgive me, Mara, I am interrupting your narrative."

"Yes, Japanese women should be grateful. As for Japanese men, they have yet to pay fully for their bellicose and bullying ways. My grandparents, fine, lawful, peace-loving, were put into a concentration camp. I don't fault this country for doing that. America was paranoid then. I blame the war-mongering Japanese male.

"But I have digressed. I know you want me to concentrate on the unique relationship I have with my husband, and how he has sunk from the pride-filled publishing magnate and millionaire to the status of lowly slave in my house, a drudge, used to scrub my floors on his hands and knees, with no more rights than that of a worm. After all, how does a man fall from such heights?"

"Mara, may I interrupt for a moment?" Flo asked, sitting up to snap off the recorder. "Why are you doing this? I mean, I am not certain what you are telling me is suitable for our publication. Yes, we want to express editorially our hope and desire for equal rights for all Asian women. But we do it through commentary on the social standings as they are, through advocacy against spousal abuse, which has been traditionally men upon women. But this? This seems to advocate violence upon men. Substituting one wrong for another. I just can't see our magazine trying to justify the enslavement of our male spouses."

Mara Yamato leapt from her chair. She began pacing the floor, seemingly threatening. She yelled. "Am I telling you to editorialize or advocate, you smarmy, simpering little bitch? This is straight reporting. Is it sensational? Worthy of a National Enquirer magazine? Yes. But for this moribund little publication with its puny circulation, this is the jolt you need. You'll publish what I say word for word. And you'll print the photo I've chosen for your cover. Do you understand?"

Flo Wing sat there, stunned, unable to utter a word. She'd never been spoken to like this. "Yes, Mara," she whispered finally. "I understand perfectly."

This much was true: circulation had stagnated over the last few years, holding a barely profitable 75,000 per month. But Flo had kept her keel straight, holding to traditional themes in the hope that this would provide a consistency to readers steeped in tradition. And Mara Tora's hand-grenade solution seemed starkly unreasonable. But what could she do?... this irascible bitch was--indirectly--her boss.

Mara stopped pacing and turned on the recorder herself. Then she took her seat again. She continued speaking.

"I am not saying that all Japanese men should be enslaved by their wives. I will only describe what I have learned and seen to be true, which is that a large and growing underground movement exists in which highly successful Japanese executives seek out women who will perform lewd and humiliating acts upon them. As for the questions of why this is so, I will only state my belief. I believe this small but growing section of Japanese find out one or two things about themselves. First--and this is one I tend to believe less--they consider the ability to accept and endure tight bondage and severe whipping as a perverse extension of the Bushido, bravely giving over their bodies for punishment. But this does not account for the humiliation factor. And let me tell you, the Japanese masochist craves extreme degradation like no other male on the planet. For example--this is just from one of the videos we produce--a man submits to two Japanese women. He is ordered to strip naked. As Japan remains somewhat puritanical, in filming we must keep his genitals covered. But anything else--which is considered, strangely, non-sexual--can happen. Kneeling before the women, the man's face is slapped. One woman orders him to open his mouth. Both of them spit in it. They bind his arms and hands tightly behind him. One woman removes her panties and puts them over his head, waving her crotch before his face. They smoke cigarettes and drop the ashes into his mouth. They extinguish the cigarettes on his nipples, and force him to swallow the butts. After a harsh whipping they place his head in a basin and sit upon a portable toilet seat. And each of them--slowly--take turns pissing and then shitting into his open mouth."

Flo Wing's mouth had long dropped open. Mara looked at her, feeling scorn. The publisher of Lady Asia was almost cringing. The fool had no idea such things existed.

Mara sat up. "This video I describe? This is only one out of hundreds we produce. We sold over forty thousand of this one title worldwide. This sells for around fifty dollars US. Now, compare this to your paltry circulation of seventy-five thousand monthly, at a newsstand price of four dollars. Do you get where I am going? There is a new wave rising, Flo Wing. Not yet a tsunami, perhaps, but inevitable, where such things will become seen more often, printed, filmed, and performed personally. And your

publication, Asian Lady, must conform to this alternate sexuality, and begin a new phase of openness to females of all nationalities. This is the least we can do."





CHAPTER 1: THE HOUSE OF SETTING SUN

(page 4)

After her meeting with the publisher of Lady Asia, Mara returned to her hotel suite in the Cartier Embassy. Rain had ceased and so Mara carried her rubber Mac across her arm.

As the elevator rose toward her top-floor suite, Mara thought about her husband Jim. She pictured him, waiting for her bound in a cruelly contorted manner. She never left him bound in a way that might prove dangerous, such as gagged or somehow placed in a position that might asphyxiate him. But, being bent into a pretzel or kneeling painfully... well, her own physician told her "cramping never killed anyone." She also cautioned Mara to "allow your slave's blood to circulate." To Mara's own pride and satisfaction, she had since learned many ways to bind her slave in extremely cruel ways and still maintain his overall safety.

She reached the room and unlocked the door. She dropped the large bronze key into a ceramic bowl in the foyer. She knew that Jim would hear this and thank heaven for her return.

But she had no intention of rushing to release him. Instead, she calmly walked through the expansive suite, passed through the kitchen and stopped at the bar next to the dining room. She lit a cigarette, then poured herself a Baccardi and Coke on the rocks. She stepped back into the dining room, pulled out one of the twelve chairs at the long table and turned it toward the large wall of windows. She sat and stared out at the smoggy Los Angeles sky and the San Gabriel Mountains. She calmly sipped her drink and smoked her long white cigarette.



Meanwhile, her husband was suffering. She'd placed him naked in the middle of the living room on his knees, his forehead rested on the floor. She cuffed his wrists behind him in steel cuffs. Making this even more inconvenient, his arms were pulled up high upon his back, held there by a series of tie-offs to a belt that was strapped fully around his upper arms near his shoulders. The belt had steel rings to which his wrists could be tied. To keep him from rising off his knees, straps were also placed around both upper thighs and shins. His ankles were strapped together too, rather superfluously. And, finally, to keep him from raising his torso, to prevent him crouched and bent to the floor, Mara clipped a slender chain between his two nipple rings; to this chain she then tied a strong but narrow cord, and then ran the cord back beneath him to the ankle chains. She pulled this cord taut, allowing no give. This prevented her slave from lifting his torso without pulling on his nipples, stopping him from relieving himself from the cramped position.

Added to this stringent bondage, Mara had blindfolded him, using a tight leather blindfold with large patches. All Jim Yamato could do was kneel; bent severely, agonized, waiting.

When he heard Mara entering the suite--he knew it was Mara by the deliberate noise making with the keys--he breathed a sigh of relief. But then, he knew this little sadist well, and realized that her return did not mean his immediate release. And, sure enough, she'd gone past him without a word and was obviously relaxing with a drink and a cigarette. He thought for a second about calling to her, but more often than not his pleas only brought him an extended sentence or additional punishment. And so he stopped

moaning and just waited.

After about fifteen minutes she approached him. "Comfortable, dirt?" she asked. And she began a long, slow process of releasing him. He realized, as she worked the creaking leather straps, that she hadn't used the bathroom when she came in. That meant that he was being freed in order to serve as her personal toilet.

His bonds finally fell free and the horrid instruments lay about him on the floor, lingering like some persistent nightmare. Jim Yamato fell flat on the floor in exhaustion, every muscle crying to straighten from the abnormally cramped position. He knew his Mistress wanted him to rise or at least to crawl after her, but he couldn't move. And yet he also knew she'd allow only a minimal time for him to recover, and if she believed he was stalling she'd quickly find her riding crop.

Suddenly, he received a thudding kick to his side. Mara was small, but she knew about things like leverage and shifting of her weight, and so her kicks were surprisingly hard and painful, seeming out of proportion to her size.

"Get up!" she yelled, giving him another kick from her pointed boot. "Get up you slime! You've had enough time to rest. Well?"

"Yes, Mistress," he whined. In pain, he pulled himself to his hands and knees. His eyes followed her, but he didn't yet begin crawling after her: she didn't yet head for the bathroom, but merely to a dresser to retrieve one of her riding crops.

Now he knew that the speed of his crawling would determine the number of lashes. Cramped, and muscles uncooperative, he felt almost unable to move. Yet he had no choice. And the bathroom in the large suite was far off.

"Get going, bitch!" she yelled, and she delivered a searing backhand that landed with a THWAACK! across his lower back, in a place with little fat for padding. He shrieked in pain. And crawled. Every muscle screamed for an hours reprieve.

Again, a THWAACK, as he began an agonizingly slow path toward the bathroom. And he received four more harsh slashes as she chased after him.

Before reaching the bathroom they came to a dressing area, complete with a vanity and bench.

"Stop and undress me," she ordered. Her voice seemed to mellow out now; maybe the half dozen lashes had calmed her down, given her some solace from her morning's stress. Of course he'd never know; he was forbidden from asking. Her morning might not even have been stressing; it might have been entirely successful... which it was.

But Jim was not fooled. These intimate times, dressing and undressing, could turn instantly vicious, should he make the slightest mistake, like snagging something, or pinching her as he removed her bra.

She laid the crop on the vanity and turned to allow him to undress her. Carefully, he stood and removed her suit jacket, hung it in the nearby closet and returned to work on her skirt. She knew he was tense as she stared at him in triumph. A slight smile came across her face. He'd be trying for an erection right about now, something free men take for granted. Ah, but his tight, plastic chastity cage would prevent that. Too bad for you, Mr. Ex-tycoon. Suffer!

Men... they were such animals, such self-centered brutes. And brutes must be brought under control. Mara knew about men. She'd had a past filled with them, and they seem almost infinitely more brutish from the perspective of a six-year-old child. The years are

very long for a child: three years of abuse from Uncle Johnny and (after a year's reprieve) another four years from Uncle Henry. Mara grew up sad and more than just a little resentful toward men.

Whatever torments she devised for men now (her husband the prime victim) none would ever equal--nor erase--the years of humiliation and agony inflicted upon her youthful psyche and body.

As the ex-publishing tycoon knelt at her side attempting to remove her stockings--he was not permitted to touch her flesh with his hands--Mara smiled again. This time she thought of the party this coming night. It would be a "scene party" at which six or more Japanese men would suffer levels of debasement and torture that few Western slaves would tolerate. Mara almost laughed out loud: why did these fools volunteer their puny bodies for such torment? Because... deep down they knew they deserved it.

Suddenly, two slaps rang out. "Fucking fool, you touched the side of my breast."

She wanted to do more to him, but the whirlpool bathtub beckoned her. Naked, and the tub now filling with hot water, she allowed him to take her hand. Small as she was, she wanted assistance climbing over the wide edge of the huge tub.

Just then the telephone rang.

Slave Jim looked confused. Such was the dilemma of the harshly punished slave. Should he let go of his Mistress's hand and answer the ringing phone? No... he best not. He continued helping her into the tub. The phone reached its third ring.

"You know, if they hang up I'm going to make it your fault," she warned. And yet she held his hand, and to him it seemed she was suddenly taking her time letting go.

It rang one more time and he was freed to jump for it.

"Mara Tora's line," he said, breathlessly into the receiver. "Yes, Madam. Please hold."

Then turning to Mara, "It is Lady Kogi, Mistress." And he handed her the cordless phone. Then he knelt beside the bathtub, hands behind his back, his head bowed, his eyes staring at the hard, blank tiles.

"Kogi, darling, how good to hear from you. I can't thank you enough for moving your party up one day. I do hope I gave you enough time. You haven't lost a client? Oh, that's so good. Oh, don't say that... I have nothing to do with your success. My presence doesn't add much. Oh really. Three additional couples want to meet me? How kind. So, how many total? Eight women and...what? Fourteen slaves. This is going to be fucking outrageous. How many toilet slaves? Oh, yes, silly me... all of them! And portable seats? Enough... of course. Well, I am certainly looking forward to tonight's festivities. Good! Thanks, Kogi. See you later."

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

TORA FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

Mara and husband Jim go to Madam Kogi's party in the Hollywood hills. The action explodes as Japanese slaves arrive in droves, each eager to service the demanding Asian Mistresses. Torments and humiliations go on throughout the massive mansion and at poolside. Even Kogi's college age daughter is learning to apply the ropes, while developing her own craving to dish out cruelty.



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY FOR MARA TORA

It was at one of those hilltop Hollywood mansions that the party was to be held. The house had its glass-walled side opening out onto a spacious patio and a large pool, all of which faced out above a deep canyon. The owner and hostess was Kogi Oshima, Mara Tora's friend since childhood. Kogi's "parties" were, perhaps, the most unusual on earth.

Mara drove herself to Kogi's. She could have had her husband Jim Yamato drive, but she preferred to have him where he was... bound and gagged in the trunk of the rented Lincoln.

As the Lincoln climbed easily up the winding mountain roads, Mara thought about the tragedy that had occurred six months ago at Kogi's last party. A guest had drowned. It was unfortunate, as the incident put Kogi through a gauntlet of official problems, including a coroner's inquiry. But in the end things were smoothed over as the coroner pulled the body from the pool himself, and after a cursory autopsy declared the man's death was indeed an accidental drowning. The conclusion was almost correct, but what was overlooked was the fact that just before being put in the pool the man had drowned in a toilet filled with female urine.



LADY KOGI

The businessman's ashes were flown back to his native Japan and the case was closed.

Jim Yamato lay bound in the large trunk of the Lincoln. He hadn't been forced, per se... hadn't been bound and then tossed in against his will. No, he climbed in under his own power and then surrendered to Mara's ministrations as she cuffed his hands behind him and shackled his ankles. To prevent him stretching out comfortably, she then linked his cuffs to the ankle chain, in a not-too-severe hog-tie. The gag and blindfold were superfluous of course, as Jim was not about to cry out for rescue, nor was he seeking ways to escape the sealed trunk. But these extra refinements were not superfluous to the aesthetics of the scene, adherents might say, as they completed the art of the bondage. And in bondage the Japanese could easily be said to be artistic.

As the Lincoln's hydraulic trunk hissed to a seal, Jim sighed and let his head rest on the carpet. He did not resent his confinement. Instead, he reveled in it. In fact, at this moment, beneath the harsh gag he chuckled to himself: how many men... how many on the whole of the Earth at this moment are bound and traveling in the trunk of a car? Some kidnap victims, perhaps... yes. And some either being carried to their death or dead already. But how many actual travelers? Hmmm... on their way to this party there might be others. He smiled at the thought.

CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY FOR MARA TORA

(page 2)

When the car reached the summit, Mara steered past the guest's parking area and pulled up into the shade of the mansion's four-car garage. She popped the trunk open, but left Jim inside as Madame Kogi came out to greet her.

Both women were small; Mara at a mere four-eleven and Kogi at five feet even. But Kogi was fifteen pounds heavier. Despite the hot California evening (it was just about dusk, now) both women were dressed in fetish gear. Mara wore her beloved black leather: a mini skirt, ankle boots with stiletto heels, and a leather vest over a white tee shirt... the tee shirt was to be removed on arrival. Kogi wore vinyl shorts and a satin blouse, with a pair of six-inch stacked heels with a three inch platform.

The women embraced. "So... excellent! You are never late, Mara."

"Only for my execution will I want to be late," Mara laughed. "Otherwise, if the occasion promises to be either pleasurable or profitable, I will always want to be prompt."

"Always so wise, my good friend. So, how is your husband Jim? I see the trunk is open. Is your passenger in there?" "Indeed. And he can stay there awhile. If he's not to be useful I like for him to be out of the way and where I know I can find him."

Kogi took Mara's arm. "Then let's go inside. It's a perfectly delightful evening and perhaps you'd like a cool drink. Pina Colada? My bartender makes a superb Pina."

The electric gate at the front of the estate had alerted Kogi to Mara's arrival and she'd come out back to the garage area to greet her. Now, as they walked inside the garage, they came to a continuous elevator set against the wall; it was a series of small platforms that rose slowly out of a hole in the floor, each soon followed by another small platform a few seconds later. Each small platform had an area about the size of a two-seat bench, and allowed the two women to stand beside each other. The ladies grabbed on to a handhold and stepped upon the rising platform. When they arrived level on the floor above, they stepped off.

"You don't want to be drunk and attempt that," Mara said.

"And certainly not in seven inch platforms," Kogi replied, leading Mara across the huge sun-lit living room to the bar.

At the bar stood one of the few non-Asian slaves that would be at the party. Like most of the slaves that would eventually attend, he was bound. But with bartender duties, the bonds were relatively liberal. Shackles at his ankles, and only a slightly confining chain upon his wrist cuffs gave him freedom enough to prepare drinks and serve them properly. But also, he had been locked upon his feet a pair of tight, five-inch heels, which already had him in agony. And the night had not yet begun.

With Pina Coladas in hand, the two women strode outside onto the expansive patio, where they slowly circled the pool.

"I wanted you here earlier than the rest," Kogi said, "as I have a business proposition for you."

Mara chided her. "Kogi, you're always in business mode. I'm here to enjoy myself."

"The kind of business I am suggesting is enjoyment, Mara."

"Okay, tell me," Mara said, sitting on a chain-hung two-person swing.





CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY FOR MARA TORA

(page 3)

Kogi sat beside her. "As a result of China's one child policy, the Chinese countryside is being overrun with boys. Girls are either being aborted or adopted by Americans who travel there for that. But the male population is ballooning. Even the Chinese government fears the overpopulation of single males. I know how we can get them out easily and cheaply and legally."

"Legally? How? Adopt them?"

"Not exactly."

"Then what?" Mara asked, crushing her cigarette in a sandy ashtray.

"I have a connection inside the INS who will swear one hundred immigrants are merely ten. Chinese are now willing to pay thirty thousand dollars to be smuggled in here. We will offer them legitimate permission and citizenship if they will only work for us in our industry. Then, of course, we will enslave them."

"Here, Kogi? In the U.S.? Why here? Certainly not California."

"Mississippi and Alabama. I have facilities there and large properties. The tax base is supremely pro-industry."

"Okay, Kogi, whatever scheme you have to work this, I will go along, provided it is legal. Just tell me what you need from me."

"Great," Kogi said, smiling, and lifted her glass to toast with Mara, but both glasses were already empty.

Meanwhile, Mara had her own thoughts about this. Vera von Lieden had built her fortune using "slave labor." But it was labor of a voluntary sort, with men of submissive nature paying to have their own kinky nature enacted by working in von Lieden's American sweatshops. If von Lieden could build an empire on such a flimsy concept, what would real slaves bring?

Kogi ordered more drinks. She did so by pressing a button in the armrest of the double swing. Within minutes, carrying two fresh Pina Coladas on a tray, the bartending slave shuffled out past the pool and around the patio to the women. He looked to be in a state of distress, no doubt caused by the restrictive chains connecting his ankles and the fear he might stumble and spill the drinks. Finally, he bent to retrieve the empties and offer the new drinks. "Madams" is all he said.



As he shuffled off, Kogi's daughter Kim arrived. Kim was just twenty now, and home from Cal Tech on spring break. She was slim but tall for a Japanese, and had long lovely legs. She wore a tennis outfit, with a very brief pleated skirt, a sleeveless top and white tennis shoes, with low socks. Her jet-black hair was up in a ponytail.

"Hello, aunt Mara," she said, stepping before the two women. Mara was her godmother.

"Hi, Kim. You are lovelier than ever."

"Thank you. Mama, three... uh... gentlemen have arrived together. I asked them to wait in the small hallway."

"Oh Kim, would you mind preparing them for me?" Kogi asked. "I'm right in the middle of something with Mara."

"Okay," the girl said pleasantly. Obviously, the chore of "preparing them" was one she relished. "Then where do you want them?" she asked.





CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY FOR MARA TORA

(page 4)

"You can drag them out here, sweetheart. We are almost finished. Just make sure to fit them up tightly, Kim. Remember, it's not tight until they complain the second time. Right?"

Kogi smiled at this and Kim saw Mara smiling too.

"Gotcha," Kim replied. "Be my pleasure." And the exuberant youth trotted off toward the house.

"What a gorgeous creature, Kogi. You are truly fortunate. But what of your son? How is he doing?"

"I'd rather not speak of the miscreant, Mara. He will get what's coming to him soon."

Kim walked back into the house, picking up a riding crop along the way. The three middle-age Japanese businessmen stood quietly in the foyer; none of them spoke with another or even glanced at each other. Two of them stood with heads bowed, the other--younger, perhaps in his late thirties--looked around at his surroundings. Each had removed his shoes and awaited the arrival of the hostess.

When Kim came back, the three lined up beside one another and bowed, each greeting her in Japanese.

"All right, assholes," she said, menacingly pointing the crop. "Get out of those suits. Hang your coats in the closet. Fold and put your pants on the shelf. Throw your underwear on the floor. Then get down on your fucking knees and wait for me to get back. You've got three minutes."

They stood, sort of stunned at the orders just barked at them by the young lady. Despite the clarity of her directions, they seemed confused.

"Well, what the fuck are you waiting for?" She yelled, and she lashed the man closest to her with the crop. Seeing this, the other two hurried to obey, and stripped off as if in a race. The one slashed hesitated only because he thought it rude to move; perhaps the young lady wanted to lash him more. And, as she slashed him forehand and back, she screamed at him, "Are you fucking retarded, bitch?"

Finally, he began to undress and Kim stopped beating him. As she walked away, the men could not help watching the enticing motion of her swinging young ass, the girl dressed in her tennis outfit so tempting, with an aura of the unapproachable virginal schoolgirl. The first two men had become exciting watching the third being beaten, and now they became even more so as they watched the young girl leaving.

A few minutes later, Kim returned, carrying several lengths of cord and rope. All three were kneeling with their heads bowed. But they'd not removed their briefs.

"Hey, retards... what the fuck did I say?" she yelled, now lashing indiscriminately at the three of them. "Get those shorts off ... NOW!" The crop made snapping and popping sounds as it landed viciously across shoulder blades, necks, and even hitting the older man in the face. Panic in their faces, the men rushed to obey, quickly kneeling in place,

now totally naked.

Kim sat upon a leather padded bench and crooked her finger at the one kneeling to her left. He crawled to her.

"Stand up, fool. Hands behind your back. Move here. Closer!"

She took a length of silken cord. It was thin but strong, used for parachute guy lines. She began tying it around the man's genitals, encompassing balls and penis, tying as close to the root as she could. She twisted the cord into a simple knot and pulled hard at the free ends. She looked up at the man's face. He was stoic. She pulled tighter. A slight wince in his left eye. Despite the pain, he was now fully erect. Again... tighter. He drew in a breath. "Okay," she thought, and ordered the other two into place.

After the genitals of all were tightly bound, she ordered, "All right... turn around. Hands behind backs." And she tied the nylon rope tightly and expertly around their wrists.

With a length of cord about three and a half feet left dangling from their crotches, Kim now took up the strands of all three and, with a good hard tug, led them out from the foyer into the house and eventually out onto the patio for her mother's inspection. As the bound men were dragged along, they were each exhibiting rigid erections.

Kim brought the men up before Mara and Kogi.

"Good," Kogi said. "Kim, you are fast learning the find art of Japanese bondage."

The two oldest knew each other, so Kogi decided to separate the youngest. She did not mention him by name. "This one is to be floor mat at the bar. Take him and lay him on his back upon his bound wrists. There is already in place a collar for the neck and chains for his ankles."

Kim walked off with the man, who now looked sullen. Perhaps he was hoping for a more intimate duty. But the man understood and appreciated seniority, and as this was just his second time serving at Kogi Oshima's he became resigned to his fate. It would not be that bad after all. Yes, women would come to the bar and stand upon his naked body in their spike heels. Perhaps even upon his exposed balls and even his face, but at least Madame Kogi had not ordered him blindfolded or to be place face down; bound as she'd directed he'd have the opportunity to gaze up at the legs and under regions of the woman above him, a truly unique and privileged perspective.

Kogi looked at the two remaining slaves. "Scum, insects, why are you still standing?"

Apologizing in Japanese, they immediately fell to their knees upon the hard ceramic tiles. They prostrated themselves, their faces to the tiles. So difficult to do with one's hands bound behind.

Mara smirked; as if any obeisance could protect these fools from the horrors to come. These two "big shot" executives would receive the brunt of tonight's debasements and tortures. Experienced slaves, they'd attended a half-dozen of Madame Kogi's parties over the last few years, and so they knew very well to what degree their bodies and services would be tested. In fact, it was the chubbiest of the two--Hanso Wattanabe--who had lost his long-time business partner at the last soiree, when the unfortunate man had served to the nth degree... drowning in an over-abundance of female urine.



CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY FOR MARA TORA

(page 5)

"Kogi," Mara said, with a sigh. "I need to piss. Why not start this party going right now?"

"Good idea, Mara. Maybe one of these lowlife slugs will volunteer to be your toilet." Neither Hanso Watanabe nor the other--Seno (Steve) Genza--spoke English well. But there were key words that fell upon their anxious ears: piss, slave, toilet. A split second after hearing the two women discuss, Hanso crawled forward. Seno did the same, both of them now kissing Mara's booted toes, begging: "Toyret, Mistress... me your toyret."

Mara looked down at them. One of them seemed to have a more attractive mouth. She kicked the other away and said, "Fool, you expect me to get up? Get your sorry ass under this swing."



It was the chubby one, Hanso, and she gestured, showing him where she wanted him.

He hurried to obey, but with his hands tied tightly behind him, he had a difficult time maneuvering. Mara and Kogi both laughed as the slave grunted and sighed trying to wriggle into the space beneath the swing. This was not made easy for him as neither woman moved their legs out of the way.

Finally, he lay on his back in the space beneath her, his face looking up between her booted feet. But Mara was not quite ready. Instead, she decided to use the slave's face for her footrest. Indiscriminately, she planted her stiletto-heeled boot on his face, the heel digging into the soft flesh just below his mouth and above his chin. The sole of the boot mashed down onto the bridge of his nose. To add pressure, she then crossed her other leg over the first.

The other slave just knelt quietly, his eyes lowered. He envied the one whose face was being trampled on.

Mara and Kogi continued talking, ignoring the men. Meanwhile, a couple arrived. It was Lady Luima and her fourth husband. Her fourth--Elliott Stern--was her first slave. And the tiny Philippine woman vowed she'd never return to the "traditional" ways. "My goodness," she'd gushed to her lady friends, so happy to discover the concept of female domination. "If he even glances the wrong way I crack him across the face... and he apologizes with all his heart. What a way to live!"

Now, she led the powerful clothing manufacturer on a leash, tugging at him, pulling him around the pool, eager to greet her friend, Lady Kogi.

"Good evening, everyone," she called out from across the pool. "I hope we are not too early. I hate to be a pest."

"No, of course not, Sandra. You are welcome anytime," Kogi said as the couple approached.

"Bring me a chair," she told her husband, and he hurried to obey. "You know how impatient I am and eager to be at one of your wonderful parties. I was all dressed at home and walking around just jittery and on edge. And I said... hell, let's go."

Slave Elliott held a chair behind her and she sat.





CHAPTER 2: THE PARTY FOR MARA TORA

(page 6)

Immediately, she yanked on his leash and pulled him to the ground. "Down, dog. Worship my dainty toes."

He groveled there, kneeling, and began to kiss and lick his wife's painted toes. She wore high heel mules, with plenty of open toes. Seeing Mara with her foot on a slave's face, she placed her other foot on her husband's bowed head.

The slave kneeling beside Kogi felt left out. He needn't have... later that evening at least four women would use him in various ways; ways he would remember in his nightmares.

Mara now looked down at the slave whose face she was using as a footrest. "Hey, lowlife," she whispered to him as she removed her foot from his face. "Open that toilet mouth for me." He obeyed immediately. And she added, "Let me see how I can stretch that open for you."

And with that she placed both her feet upon his face, this time forcing both heels deep into his gaping mouth. Using her heels, she spread his mouth wide from side to side, threatening to rip the corners of his lips. The shocking pain and fear of damage made him cry out at the sudden harsh invasion.

"Shut up!" Mara yelled. "You better make an open-wide target for my royal piss, or I'll tie your balls to Kogi's elevator and watch it lift you off your feet. Either that or watch it pull your balls out by the root."

She laughed and the other two women laughed too.

After torturing the slave's sensitive lips and tongue with her careless invading heels, she said, "All right, slave... prepare to drink every drop. Hot and bitter, right from my royal fountain."

And she lifted up slightly from the swing, removed her black silk panties, then moved her ass to the edge of the seat. Looking down, she saw his face, filled with both fear and awe... and eagerness to obey.

She let loose. At first her piss spurt outward, beyond his head, splattering on the ground. Then as she gained control, the stream of hot urine came back, soaking first the slave's hair, then splattering his eyes and face.

"Catch it, you dog!" she warned. "Open and take it. For every drop you miss I will flog and beat your worthless ass."

But, as the stinging hot piss spurted into the unfortunate slave's eyes, it blinded him. Eyes shut tightly, now, he could not see to obey. All he could do was lift his head toward her crotch, keep his gaping, sore mouth wide open, and pray that she would take good aim. Oh... in addition, he had to swallow and gulp as quickly as the burning piss flowed.

At this moment, Kogi's daughter Kim arrived with another slave in tow. He was naked, of course, and bound, and she led him by a thin but strong cord tied to his balls. At age twenty, she still became highly amused by the astonishing sight of a man drinking urine, submitting to such a disgusting and degrading act. And she laughed out loud as she

approached.

"Madame Mara, you know how seeing someone yawn makes you want to yawn too? Now I feel I need to pee. May I use your slave after you've done?"

Mara Tora looked up. The lovely young girl looked so beautiful. She was so fortunate to have Kogi for a mother. "Of course, darling. It appears this fool needs more anyway, as he's missed so much. Maybe you will have better aim and control than me."

Kim looked around. Things were beginning to warm up. More slaves were arriving, as the bell from inside the house rang again. These fools not only craved severe degradation, but like the Caucasian tied to the end of her tether, they were willing to pay a small fortune for an evening of toilet slavery and pain. Kim smiled. So many slaves, so little time.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦





CHAPTER 3: THE PARTY AT LADY KOGI INTENSIFIES... TOILET SLAVERY GALORE

Up in the Hollywood hills, the starless night came on. Plied with drink, the females partygoers were excited and horny. The male slaves were trussed up properly and distributed to posts throughout the estate. There were many scenes going on: and the sounds of whips and paddles on flesh drowned out the crickets and cicadas. At this point, ten women had arrived and there were eighteen to twenty slaves (It was hard to number the slaves, as several were off providing private service to the women, while some slaves served merely as carpets or shoe cleaners).



The women felt as if they were at a slave buffet; all they had to do was point a crop at an individual and he became hers for as long as she required; this could mean a minute or so--enough time for him to drink her acrid piss--or it could mean the slave had to serve the entire night... servant or victim to the woman's deviant desires.

Young Kim, Lady Kogi's college-age daughter, had been in the thick of it all night. Clad in her brief, girlish tennis skirt and skimpy top, she knew that every man there was lusting after her. And she reveled in it. "Tough shit!" she yelled at a few of them during the night, as the tightly bound men sprang involuntary erections whenever she came near. And she'd pull on a slave's rope bindings and viciously slap his eager and frantic penis.

"You want to put that disgusting thing into my virgin pussy, don't you, bitch? Is that why you're pointing that ugly thing at me? Well... you can have this instead."

SLAAP! SLAAAP! SLAAAP! SLAAP!

Despite the stings from her tiny feminine hand, the man's erection grew stiffer.

"You want this, don't you... you pervert? Here's more!"

SLAAP! SLAAAP! SLAAP!

What a dilemma for the excited slave. So close to this young, raven-haired beauty, but inevitably she was unattainable. And yet, to be near her, to receive this minor yet further enticing punishment was something to be wished for; yes, other slaves witnessing this punishment from the young sadist wished they were receiving the discipline.



CHAPTER 3: THE PARTY AT LADY KOGI INTENSIFIES... TOILET SLAVERY GALORE

(page 2)

Another of Kim's duties was to install two slaves beneath the "outhouse." At the back of Lady Kogi's hilltop property was a small wooden shack. The shack held two private compartments. Each compartment was an individual "water closet" where a woman could complete her toilet duties in private. But, unlike the standard outhouse which had a deep hole or cistern beneath it, this one had a small crawl-space into which two slaves could be installed.

Kim chose two slaves at random. One slave was rather young and had no idea what he was in for. The other, a thirty-eight year-old named Oshaberi, had learned about the small wooden shack at the last party. While he knew several of the slaves were actually eager to be chosen for this repugnant duty, he was terrified he'd be chosen. He sincerely hoped to avoid being used there; after all, he did not want to kneel beneath female asses all night, his face the target for female urine and feces. And he was most fearful that Lady Kogi would especially seek him out... after all, his name did translate to English as: you have a big mouth.

These two men had just arrived, and Kim roped them both tightly; the Japanese rope bondage was a standard at Lady Kogi's, and all slaves, even those used for sex were trussed with hands tied harshly behind them. A few, very few had been released as they needed their hands to serve.

Kim said, "Okay, we have a special spot for your two tonight." She laughed as she looked at them, proud of her rope techniques; Kim always liked to see her rope digging in, making a deep indentation in the skin, even upon the most muscular.

"What the fuck you looking at, dick brain?" she growled at Oshaberi. And she slapped his face hard.

Osha couldn't help himself. The young girl, her hands floating over his naked body during the binding had made him erect. He was in rapture at the sight of this luscious young thing. But, luscious as Kim was, she was also dangerous. And she began slapping Osha's erect cock.

"Impudent fool!" SLAAAP! "How" SLAAP! "fucking" SLAAP! "dare you."

She knew very well that no matter how the slaps stung, the erection would refuse to deflate. This was a special pleasure for her; punishing the very thing that couldn't be controlled by its owner. So paradoxical! So contrary, this strange male appendage.

"You want some of this too, bitch?" She turned to the younger slave who, despite himself, became erect at the sight of Osha being punished. He closed his eyes, trying to wish away the erection. Of course, he could no more control its withering than he could its erecting.

"Here" SLAAP! "bitch" SLAAAP! "take" SLAAP! "some punishment too."

After dealing out at least a dozen slaps to each erect penis, Kim finally stopped. She situated herself between the two slaves, then took hold of their cocks and led them across

the spacious patio toward the back of the property. As she tugged them along, she could feel in her sensitive hands an eager throb coming from the well-punished cocks. She felt this especially from the young slave, who she suspected was on the verge of coming. Kim actually hoped the slave would come. Then she could show her outrage and savagely punish him for the horrible and disallowed offense.

The two slaves, meanwhile, were in ecstasy. They were being led into a detestable and torturous situation, but what matter?... for the moment at least they felt the most titillating and delightful sensation a man could hope for: their rampant and hungry penises grasped firmly by the hands of a post-pubescent little temptress. They wanted this moment to last forever.

But that was not to be, as soon they reached the end of the property, where the edge dropped off into a sharp ravine. At the precipice of this cliffside sat the wooden shed. Two tall and narrow doors faced them as they approached. Each door had the cut out of a crescent moon. A myth says that when a person was wealthy enough to have two outhouses, one would have a stenciled cut-out of a star, the other a cut-out of a crescent moon. The star signified it was for men. The moon... women.



CHAPTER 3: THE PARTY AT LADY KOGI INTENSIFIES...
TOILET SLAVERY GALORE

(page 3)

Kim led the two slaves to the very edge of the cliff. At the back of the shed was a narrow ledge of steps that descended behind the shed. She left Osha behind and led the younger slave down the brief but steep series of steps. Once they were below the bottom and rear of the shed, the slave could see the terrifying design and the horrible intention.

"Get on your knees, animal," Kim ordered.
"Now, shuffle forward." He seemed confused, and she kicked him in the ass.
"No, stupid... farther, right until your neck is up against the front of that stock." She kicked him again until he shuffled ahead into the shady darkness. A wooden plank was there, with a sort of arc cut into it; obviously, it was meant to receive his neck. He moved forward until his neck fit into the half-circle.

He lifted his face to take a quick look above him. Just two feet above his head he saw the open oval of a toilet seat. Now the full impact of his predicament hit him. But there was something strange

about it that also confused the young slave... he thought, what is to stop me from moving backward, out of harm's way? There was nothing to hold him in place.

Kim left him and went to retrieve Oshaberi. Like the other, she led him down the few steps until they were behind and beneath the dual outhouse. She made Osha kneel and shuffle in beside the younger slave. Osha too placed the front of his neck into the cutout. The two slaves now knelt beside each other, about three feet apart.

They realized their situation: whatever piss and shit was expelled through the toilet above would simply fall down upon their heads and bodies. Also, as Osha had suspected, as they knelt, the position would become tiring after a while--unlike the naive young slave,



Osha knew the bondage was not yet completed.



CHAPTER 3: THE PARTY AT LADY KOGI INTENSIFIES...
TOILET SLAVERY GALORE

(page 4)

They soon learned the bondage intended for them was far more diabolical and cruel than expected. First, of course, there was a back piece to the stock; another half-circle that fit behind their necks to hold them in place. This turned out to be just a simple heavy iron bar bent at the right spots. Kim swung this across from a dark hinge on one side. Once the slave's heads were held in place, she locked the end to a hasp on the other side; just a wooden peg was enough to hold the back piece in place, as neither slave could reach it to free himself.

The slaves now knelt side by side, hands tied behind them, necks held locked in the device.

But there was a further cruel element to this already fearsome arrangement. Suddenly, Kim said, "Get ready slaves. Here's where I turn you into piss and shit receptacles."

And crouching in beside them, she reached for a lever--just a three-foot length of pipe--and pulling down on it changed the position of the stock: it went from level into a rather severe upward tilt at the front. Thus, the slaves were now forced to have their chins lifted upward, forcing their faces almost straight upward--a rather awkward and painful angle. Naturally, this forced them to look straight up at the source of their impending humiliation.

The slaves now realized the full cruelty of this. Not only did they have to suffer the horribly debasing toilet servitude, the position of their bondage was painful enough to make their night a living hell.

"Hey, assholes," Kim mocked. "I have an extra present for you two. Something to keep your mind occupied while waiting for your superiors to use the facilities."

And she squatted beside each of them and began attaching extremely tight nipple clamps upon them. The younger slave was first, and he screeched at the sudden intense pain. The clamps had a chain connecting the clamps, but it was not the typical light chain, but a heavy gauge chain that in itself weighed about a pound. Both slaves cried out in agony as Kim snapped the devices on their nipples, then gave the chain a nasty yank.

She laughed. "Bon appetit, gentlemen," she said, and left them to their fate.



CHAPTER 3: THE PARTY AT LADY KOGI INTENSIFIES... TOILET SLAVERY GALORE

(page 5)

Kim climbed the stone staircase up the side of the steep hillside and returned to the party. Women were engaged in a variety of activities, all designed to either humiliate or torture the male volunteers. Off beside the large pool, one woman was sitting on a slave's back. He was crouched in a very painful position. The woman appeared fascinated by the activity going on around her, while she completely ignored the fact that her seat was a human being.

One of the more exhibitionistic of ladies--an older woman of perhaps fifty--was squatting on the patio and urinating into a large glass beaker. Kim was rather amazed at the volume of yellow liquid that filled the beaker: she hadn't seen this before, as most of the women either urinated directly into the slave's mouth or into a funnel. And so the volume of urine was never seen, and thus not truly estimated. But now, with the beaker, the woman could measure the amount of her own piss... and show it to the intended slave. And nearby, tied and lying on the warm tiles, was a slave, a funnel already strapped by some device to his waiting mouth.



Kim watched as the woman crouched beside him. "Well, my little piss potty," said the lady, "guess how much lovely nectar I have for you." Of course, the slave could not speak, as the funnel was wide and filled his entire mouth. "It's almost a quart. Isn't that wonderful? I hope to have a contest later, to see which ladies will be able to fill this jar with the most piss. Hmmm... maybe I will make you take all the contestant's piss. What, you shaking your head? Don't want the piss of five or more ladies inside you? Saying

you can't take it? Well, guess what, pig... you will take it, whether you want it or not." And the woman crouched beside the tied slave and began to slowly pour the warm contents of the glass beaker into the funnel.

Kim smiled. She appreciated a strong woman like this. The woman's attitude turned Kim on. Yes, the men all came here voluntarily, but many of them found out that the tortures they faced went well beyond their puny imaginations. Kim liked that. She did not like men to just get what they came for. After all, this is a party for ladies, and it's only ladies that should get their way. The men were here to be used, period. Who the fuck cared if they didn't like what happened ultimately to them?

Watching the older lady slowly fill the beaker gave Kim the urge to pee herself. She backtracked to the outhouse and picked a door. Knowing that most women would choose the right door, she went in the left. She lifted her little pleated skirt, dropped her tiny cotton panties and sat. Beneath her, his face raised, was Oshaberi. She let loose a torrent of pee.

Below, Osha shut his eyes tightly. And his mouth. Many slaves at the party were eager for this duty, and would gladly open their mouths and drink, but not he. Even in this stressful and painful position, Osha was grateful that Kim had not done something to keep his mouth forced open. He merely had to keep shut... but suddenly: AAAGH!... he was screaming in pain. And his mouth immediately flooded with urine. Again... AAAGH! Most of the piss went over his face, but now with each scream more piss went into his screaming mouth.

With their faces forced upward, neither of the outhouse slaves had seen Kim manipulating the chain attached to the nipple clamps. It turns out she had hooked that chain to another lever that could be controlled from above. And when the lever was pulled, the chain connecting the nipple clamps was drawn severely upward and outward from their chests. The pain in their nipples was excruciating.

Kim stood and pulled up her panties. She did not bother to look down at the lowly slaves beneath. She merely left the outhouse. Oh, and she didn't wipe herself either. Later, she'd choose a handsome slave and have him lick her. He might as well get a taste of the stale urine.





CHAPTER 3: THE PARTY AT LADY KOGI INTENSIFIES... TOILET SLAVERY GALORE

(page 6)

Lady Kogi and Mara Tora were still seated upon the double swing. They were talking and smoking cigarettes when Kim arrived. At their feet were two bound slaves, lying on their stomachs, licking the bare feet of the two women.

"Hi, sweetie," Lady Kogi greeted her daughter. "Can you take a break and join us?"

Kim raised a foot and planted her sneaker upon the bare ass of one of the men. "I'd like to take a dip in the pool," she replied. "But I bet there are more slaves at the door. Let me check that. Say, Aunt Mara, what about your husband? You want me to release him from the trunk?"

Mara laughed. "You know, I'd forgotten all about him, Kim."

"Out of sight, out of mind," Lady Kogi said, with a chuckle.

Mara said, "I think I will go release him... from the trunk, that is. Would you give me a hand, Kim? I'm a bit tipsy already. Those pina coladas. I will have to punish your bartender for this, Kogi," Mara laughed.

Kim lent her hand and Mara stood. The slave beneath her kept licking the foot in his face. Mara gave him a slight kick and walked away with Kim.

"Kim, will you please help me get him out of the trunk? I don't want to waste all my time untying him... just enough for him to walk."

"Sure, Aunt Mara," Kim said cheerfully.

As they descended while riding the open-platform elevator to the garage, they could hear the front doorbell ringing.

"I told you," said Kim. "They just keep coming. If Mom wanted she could have a hundred... maybe two hundred slaves here. It's so fucking unreal."

Mara smiled warmly. She wished she'd had a daughter like Kim, but her tiny body had refused her children (except for the miscarriages... two of them, and both boys, the weaker sex).

"I hope you appreciate the situation you're in Kim. To be an enlightened, beautiful young girl, possessing the secret knowledge. It lifts you not merely above other women, but well above that class of pompous, asinine men who are big shot millionaire executives who, underneath it all, will do anything to have the attention of a strong young girl like you."

"Aunt Mara, the mere thought of that turns me on. I mean, the prospect of it all. Knowing like some big game fisherman I can hook a rich guy who just begs me to enslave him. The power is so fucking intoxicating."

"You don't want to meet the--pardon me--love of your life? Get married and have kids? The house in the suburbs? A man to romance you?"

"I've dated a lot, Aunt Mara. Yeah, they were young intelligent idiots, so fucking full of themselves. It was like picturing my world to come. I was fucking disgusted by the boorish, ignorant slugs. And it continues now in college. And ninety percent of them don't have a fucking clue. They are so deep up their own asses they have no room to consider a girl for more than just a good lay and to show off on their arm. No, I've had it up to here already, and I'm only twenty. Give me a good slave any day."

They exited the huge garage and approached the rented Lincoln. The trunk of course, was still open.

"Well," Mara continued, "you have the best tutor, Kim. Your mother. Nobody knows the mind of the slave like she does."

"I know, Aunt Mara. I'm very lucky. I learned at a young age... well (she smiled) younger than even now.... that men can be manipulated. Geez, my own father was my slave by the time I was eight years old."

"May his soul rest in peace. Kogi san was the diamond among the mud." Mara turned to the trunk. "Well, what have we here? There's what looks like a man in there. And he's all trussed up in straps and stuff. And he's blindfolded and gagged. Help me Kim, I may want to keep this one."

And they removed the heavy straps from his feet and together lifted him from the trunk. On his feet, he was very unsteady, as blindfolded he found it difficult to find his equilibrium, especially after lying on his side for so long.

They pushed him along into the garage and rode the strange elevator up to the main floor again.

Mara led her husband, Jim Yamato, out onto the patio. Kim went to the front door to admit whatever slave had arrived.

When Kim saw who was waiting patiently, she smiled. This was a very special slave. This man still lived in Japan, and flew here just for Lady Kogi's parties. He was one of the biggest stockholders in electronics in Japan, and his wealth was immense. But he was also one of those rare slaves who craves the most severe degree of humiliation. In fact, Kim recalled how her mother had said it was difficult to accommodate him, so deeply did he need degradation and pain.

Kim smiled again... she had her own ideas for this creature.

When Kim smiled, sixty-year-old Senso Tajika, smiled back. Kim slapped his face hard. "Baka ka," she screamed at him (stupid asshole). "Impo!" (impotent wimp).

"Get on those fucking knees... now!"

Dressed in his Brooks Brothers suit, Tajika dropped to his knees. He bowed his head.

"Spread those legs, bitch."

When he did, Kim kicked him in the balls, her sneaker catching his low hangers just right. He let out a small grunt of pain, and dropped to the floor.

"Get out of those clothes. I will be back in a minute. If you are not totally naked, I might take a body part tonight."

When she came back he was naked and on his knees, his eyes on her feet.

"Crawl over here, " she said, and sat on the bench so she could tie him. Knowing this

slave had few limits, she made the ropes tight as she could, trying to cut off the blood in his wrists. When it came time to string up his cock and balls, she had a new method: a strong gauge of copper wire. She had plans for this wire later on. She wrapped the wire tightly about his genitals, at the root, near to his body. This left his cock and balls projecting outward, already turning blue. To test him, she punched him in the balls. Again, he let out a grunt of protest, but did not leave his position.

She led him out onto the patio to greet her mother. Tajika was awed in her presence, and knelt before her, his head bowed in respect.

"Mom, can I take this pig for a while? I have a few ideas I want to try out."

"Okay, dear," Kogi said, "but remember, he is our number one toilet. So don't run off with him." Kogi laughed.

Mara knew him too, and was looking forward to his ultimate degradation.

"Mom... do we have any rubber bands? Really heavy ones?"

"I don't know, love. You probably have some with your school things."

Kim remembered... yes, with her books, some very heavy gauge rubber bands to hold her heavy tomes together.

Fifteen minutes later, Kim returned with the slave Tajika. Kim was smiling proudly.

"Oh my God," Kogi said to Mara. "Look what she did." And all three females laughed out loud.

Five years before, the slave had had all the teeth in his mouth removed, and purchased a full set of dentures to replace them. His original teeth happened to be totally healthy at the time. But he'd had them all removed for a reason... a very secret reason.

Meanwhile, as he knelt now before Kogi and Mara, it was evident what torture Kim had devised for this slave. Cleverly, she'd removed his dentures and planted them top and bottom onto his projecting genitals. She held the dentures tightly in place by using two very thick and strong rubber bands. In a strange way Tajika was being made to bite into his own cock and balls.

❖ *END of* CHAPTER ❖

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The volume of waste product begins to increase, and the disposal systems reach their limits (and beyond). Of course, punishments have an inflation rate too, and slaves learn what suffering really means. Kim, wise beyond her years, knows that despite the extreme agony and humiliation, most of these men will return again for the next party. And the love of her life arrives, on the arm of the wrong woman.



CHAPTER 4: THE ORGY OF HUMILIATION AT MADAME KOGI'S

Kim brought Senso Tajika out onto the patio and showed her mother and Mara Tora what she'd devised for the humiliated tycoon. His dentures were biting into his soft genitals, held there tightly by two thick and strong rubber bands.

Mara and Kogi laughed and clapped. "Kogi, your daughter has much promise," Mara said, taking the young girl's hand and giving it a squeeze.

"It is my greatest joy that she does this out of her own volition. This is not work for Kim. She enjoys it fully. And so inventive you are sweetheart," Kogi said, looking up at her daughter.

"Well, do you want us to take over with Senso?" Mara asked.

"If you don't mind, Aunt Mara, I have planned something I think you and Mom's guests will appreciate."

"Of course, dear. I can hardly wait," Mara replied. "Would you do me a favor, meanwhile? Take this creature and plant him somewhere?"

She was referring to her husband, Jim Yamato, himself a highly successful publisher, worth millions before he met Mara Tora. Now, he knelt trussed there, beside her, the hard tiles of the patio beneath his knees. After spending hours tied and thrown into the trunk of Mara's rental car, he was very thirsty. And yet he withheld begging for a drink. In this place drink for a slave was neither water nor any common beverage. To slake a thirst only female urine was available.

"How gross can I get, Aunt Mara?"

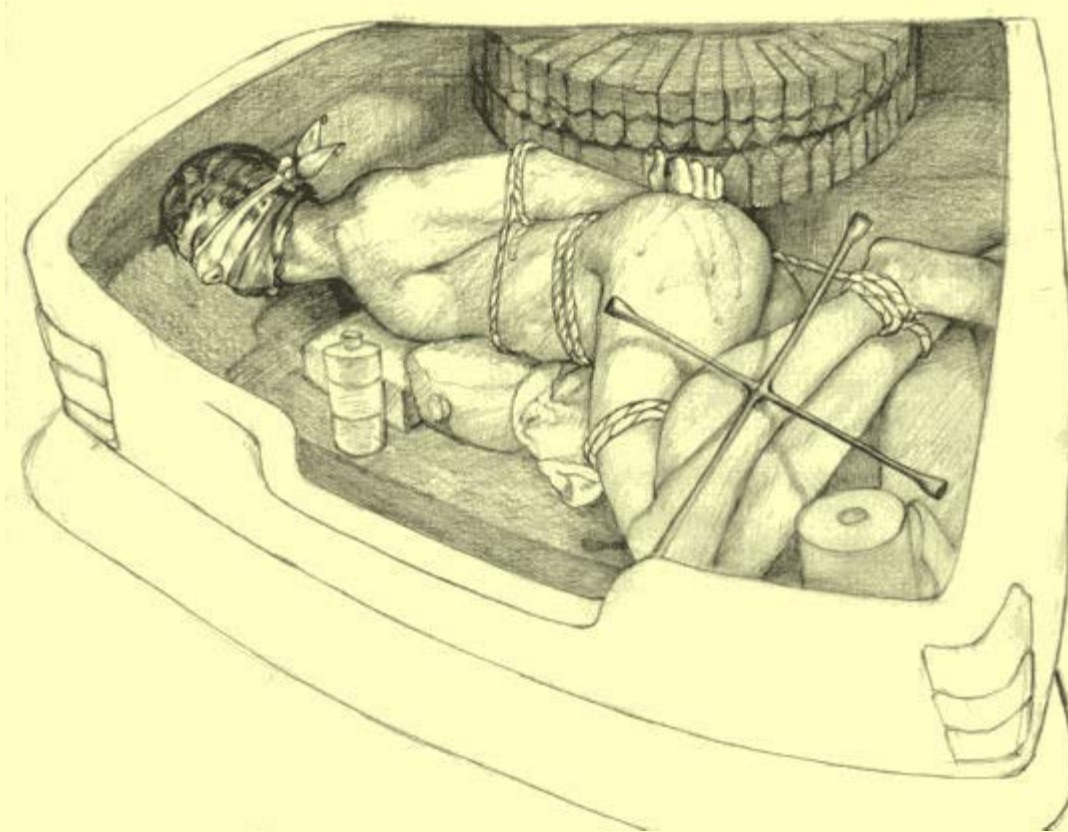
"My dear, whatever your evil little heart desires. Make his fate a particularly harsh and shameful one."

Jim Yamato, still blindfolded and gagged, could only hear this interchange and shiver at the thought of the unknown.

"Aunt Mara, I assure you he will not enjoy his evening," Kim replied. She turned to the two slaves, Jim Yamato and Senso Tajika. "You two wait here. I'll be right back." And she left them kneeling there.

CHAPTER 4: THE ORGY OF HUMILIATION AT MADAME KOGI'S

(page 2)



Mara and Kogi sat talking and smoking, their drinks constantly attended to by a serving slave. A woman walked up to them. She was Mimi Hartford, another Japanese-American, married to a Caucasian. Henry Hartford, poor soul, was a senile seventy-five year-old, and long useless as a slave. And so Mimi, a hot and oversexed woman of fifty loved to attend Kogi's parties.

"A lovely night, Kogi. Good evening, Mara," said the plump woman. She seemed a bit underdressed, but not really, as things had begun heating up an hour ago, and Mimi decided to shed her designer clothes for just panties, bra, stockings and high heels. Her only other accessory was a cruel-looking single tail whip of three feet in length.

"Yes, Mimi... what a nice night. I do hope you are taking advantage of all the facilities?"

"Oh yes, to be sure. May I ask, do you know if Mister Coolie has arrived yet?"

"Well, I'm not sure, Mimi. Ask Kim. She'll be back momentarily."

"Mister Coolie?" asked Mara. "I have not heard of this one before. Is he your slave, Mimi?"

"Ah, I wish. No, he's just another guest of our esteemed hostess. But I do enjoy using him so much."

Kogi said, "He has some special talents, Mara, which Mimi likes to monopolize upon." Kogi laughed generously. "May I tell Mara of his abilities, Mimi?"

"Of course. Just as long as you don't kidnap him," Mimi responded.

"He has a talent for suction that perhaps can only be likened to that of the octopus. He will not give up. Once he locks his vacuum lips upon your tits or pussy, you must beat him about the head to have him release you. His mouth is utterly tireless. And although he is a slave, his mouth is like an aggressive organ without a mind."

"My goodness..." Mara breathed. "No wonder you want him for yourself. Oh, here comes Kim."

Kim returned carrying two collars and leashes. "Hi, Aunt Mimi," she said. "How you doing?"

Kogi asked, "Have you admitted Mister Coolie, Kim? Mimi wants to know."

"Oh, no Aunt Mimi. I am sorry. He may still arrive yet. I'll let you know as soon as he does. Will you settle for another slave for now?"

"No," Mimi replied, disappointed. "I will wait." And she walked off toward the bar.

"Okay, Yamato-san, when I put on the leash you will follow me. You will obey me to the letter or you will suffer. And let me tell you, you will not like my set up for you."

And Kim dragged him off. Senso Tajika remained kneeling, waiting for her to return. Tajika had no fear of the unknown. Tajika knew exactly how he would be used. And everyone there knew too; his desires so vile and contemptible that others were amazed... and many even sickened.





CHAPTER 4: THE ORGY OF HUMILIATION AT MADAME KOGI'S

(page 3)

Kim dragged Jim Yamato into the house. Of all the slaves being used this night, each one had at one time—or many times—suffered toilet service. Yamato, too, had served both as his wife's toilet and any other she'd designated. And so, he was ready for anything. That is... almost anything. Of all the humiliations imposed upon these slaves, sometimes even toilet slavery was not the nadir.

In the middle of the living room a slave lay hogtied; his wrists tied, and his feet, and the combination tied together, pulling the slaves legs and arms painfully backward. He lay upon his stomach, his back bent into a cruel upward-folding arc.

Swiftly, Kim maneuvered Jim Yamato into the same form of bondage. But now Kim shoved the first slave onto his side, and Jim onto his side as well. She removed Jim's blindfold and gag. And he saw his fate before his eyes.

She'd place the two slaves in a sixty-nine position. But, bent as they were, it would have been too difficult for them to have sucked each other's cock and maintain that, even if ordered. The effect of the bent backs drew their faces too far from the receding genitals.

But Kim had the solution. First, she ordered the first slave to open his mouth to accept Jim Yamato's cock. Then she tied a rope from the back of the slave's head and around the ass and upper thighs of Jim Yamato. Then she did the same with Jim.

But Jim had the unexpected gall to try to refuse. Kim responded quickly. She lifted a whip from a nearby table and lashed him up and down his entire body, the whip flying indiscriminately and even hitting the other slave.

A few ladies stopped by to witness this performance, and applauded and encouraged Kim to beat the slaves.

"You dare to disobey me? You insignificant dog, who the fuck do you think you are? I'll take the fucking hide right off you. Not even your wife can save you."

LASH! LASH! LASH! LASH!.... the whip rose and fell from his neck to his feet. Even the other slave cried out for mercy, so many lashes fell upon him.

"When I say open your fucking faggot mouth, you will do that. You understand, bitch? You will get your fag mouth onto that cock likes it's a lifeline to air, and you're under water. Get my drift? That cock better be deep in your fag mouth. That fucking cock better be in up to the hilt."

LASH! LASH! LASH!... the whip fell relentlessly.

Another Mistress walked by, carrying a flogger.

"May I join you, Kim?" said Lady Pinto, a beautiful thirty-year-old, with long, black, flowing hair and a fantastic body. She looked sleek as a cat in her leopard print blouse and shiny leather mini-skirt.

"Of course, Lady Pinto. Beat the creature to your heart's delight. I have to retrieve another slave, anyway."

And now, Jim Yamato was taking the lashing from a total stranger. He wanted to yell out... “no, no.. I’ll suck, I’ll suck...” but he couldn’t. So harsh and frequent came the lashes that he could hardly get his breath.



CHAPTER 4: THE ORGY OF HUMILIATION AT MADAME KOGI'S

(page 4)

Finally, Kim returned, dragging Senso behind her. Leaving him, she approached the well-whipped Yamato. "So? Had enough, stupid? Ready to suck cock now?"

"Yes... yes, Mistress," Jim squealed, pathetically. "Yes, I will obey you."

She knelt and positioned his head and Jim opened his mouth to receive the offensive male penis. He had never done this before, and the shame now fell upon him like a tsunami. And he was to be tied in this position, forced into this bizarre and contorted homosexual pose.

"You bet your fucking ass you'll obey, bitch," Kim growled as she tied his head into place. Now both slaves had a penis in its mouth. Both slaves suffered the humiliation for the first time.

Kim continued. "Now, if you two disgusting bitches think you can just lie there and relax with a cock in your mouth, you are greatly mistaken. You are gonna suck each other off. And I don't mean to let you just put on a fake. You are going to do this for real. I want to see come on both your faces within the next ten minutes. I'm going now to set up this other slave for his own brand of humiliation. But when I come back I better see the come of your partner dribbling out of you mouth. Do you understand me? Nod and moan your agreement. Now!"

And each slave bobbed his head and moaned. But neither wanted to begin pleasuring the other. Why should I be the first, was the thought.

Kim stood above them. "Lady Pinto, would you mind supervising while I am gone? I am going to give them the command to start. If at anytime one or both of them stop sucking the other, please beat them both. If one of them comes, beat that same bitch until he makes the other come. Okay?"

"Love to oblige. May I ask Madame Oshmani to assist me?"

"Please," said Kim, "invite whoever you wish, and as many as you wish."

Kim kicked Jim Yamato in the back. "Okay... on your marks, get set...go!"

And both heads bobbed forward and back as much as the confining rope would allow. Mostly, if either slave was to succeed bringing off the other one, it would have to be done mostly by suction.

CHAPTER 4: THE ORGY OF HUMILIATION AT MADAME KOGI'S

(page 5)

Kim took Senso Tajika and left the local scene. She brought him into a room that appeared had no particular use. It was a wide room, perhaps of about twenty feet to a side, with bare walls and a high ceiling. There was the sound of a loud fan in there, but this one was an exhaust fan, so that air was drawn in from the outside but then blown out through the ceiling. Along the walls stood several wooden benches, set there for spectators.

Center of the room was a strange device. It resembled a set of metal shelving, half-put together. Strong steel L-shaped bars were held together by nuts and bolts, and made into a small platform.

There was space enough beneath the this small Eiffel tower, to enable the slave Senso Tajika to kneel. Once kneeling beneath the structure, Kim tied him in place. Then, she reached in and began piecing together clear plastic molds, which she attached by thick duct tape around the slave's neck at the base. His head was now confined inside a plastic funnel, the top of which reached up to a toilet seat that was affixed to the top of the structure.

The clear plastic allowed the audience to view the action from anywhere in the room. The slave knelt below a toilet, with his head fixed in place. And the bottom of the funnel—as it was sealed against his neck—prevented any waste from dropping out.

The result was that whatever the slave did not consume—of either urine or feces—would accumulate in the bottom of the funnel. In time the waste would build up and fill the cavity. After a time, if enough waste was donated, it would gather near his chin, and then his lower lips and then...and then he'd consume more of the waste or die.

Naturally, the stench of this inside the funnel would be horrific. And so whatever escaped into the room was swiftly lifted off by the powerful exhaust fans. This to keep the offending odors away from the spectators—and toilet users.

"Okay, Tajika-san," Kim mocked. "Get that toothless mouth of yours ready to be full toilet tonight. In fact, you may receive the honor of my own glorious shit in you very shortly, as I am feeling the urge to go.

This was the height of entertainment for the ladies of the party. Early on, few came into the room. Some just genuinely had to use the toilet. But, as time wore on, and the waste that the slave had not swallowed began to accumulate around his neck rose, more and more women visited the room. Then, they were eager to both contribute to the slave's nauseating predicament, and to watch what would happen.

The slave's mouth when open appeared like an empty dark chasm, toothless, as he'd gone to a dentist and paid to have every tooth in his head pulled out. Then the women noticed his false teeth attached by rubber bands, biting into the man's genitals. What a unique and inventive place to keep his false teeth, they commented, giggling with delight.

CHAPTER 4: THE ORGY OF HUMILIATION AT MADAME KOGI'S

(page 6)

Kim left Senso bound upon his knees, his head taped inside the see-through funnel. When she arrived back in the living room, both slaves were still trying to make the other come. Unfortunately—for them—the constant harsh whipping interfered with their concentration.

Kim recognized the situation and asked the whippers—now up to three of them—to please hold off for a while.

“Okay, you two dogs... I’m giving you a chance now. Go to it and I want to see come spurting out your mouths. You have two minutes and the whips will begin falling again.

By now an audience of six women had been attracted by the unique amusement. One woman thought of placing a wager, but then realized, that’s what a man would do. But that didn’t stop them from raucously rooting them on.

Finally, to Jim Yamato’s utter disgust, the other slave came violently into his mouth. He almost gagged at the nauseating sensation. But, in one sense, it relieved him of his humiliating chore, and he was able to concentrate on his own need to come. Within the minute, he too ejaculated.

The circle of women whistled and applauded. Kim said, “Yeah... cool. Now, don’t anybody start spitting. You just keep that mouth right where it is. I want to come back later and see your come coagulating and drying on your mouths.”

Lady Pinto furled up her whip and tucked it into a small hook on her belt. “Kim, dear, may I ask, have you installed the toothless one?”

“Yes. He’s all ready. You want to make the initial donation, Lady Pinto?”

“Yes. I’d like to. My bowels are bursting.”

“Well, then, would you mind if I make the announcement? I know most ladies will want to witness this.”

“Of course,” replied Lady Pinto. But hurry... I’m about to burst.”

Lady Pinto walked back to the special room and lit a cigarette. She didn’t have to wait long. Ten women almost rushed into the room, taking seats along the perimeter, ready to view the spectacle.

Kim took Lady Pinto’s hand and helped guide her up the few metal steps to the platform that sat above Senso’s head. Lady Pinto daintily removed her leather skirt and her panties. Looking back down she could see the slave’s head at the bottom of the plastic cone. She smiled and sat, lighting another cigarette to fend off the offensive odor.



✂ END of CHAPTER ✂

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The acts of torture and toilet slavery continue. And the love of Kim's life **FINALLY** arrives on the arm of the wrong girl.





CHAPTER 1: LINDA von LIEDEN

In college, Linda Von Lieden joined Phi Alpha Gamma, a sorority that preached gyno-supremacy; as a goal mere equality was far from enough for these women, they believed women were superior to males and should rule the planet. Dating men wasn't against their rules, but giving in to a man's desires was.

Linda was hetero, for sure, with a healthy and strong sexual appetite. But she held herself back for the right prospect: she wanted a man who would not merely respect a woman, he would worship her; and not just worship her in the common sense of the word, but place her above himself in all ways, cater to her, obey her, even suffer for her.

Linda had charms enough to seduce just about any man; although she was rather large in stature--at 5'10" tall with strong hips and heavy breasts she turned the heads of most red-blooded men on campus. But the men who approached her she rejected immediately. Crude boors, they were, with false illusions of superiority. Linda wanted someone quite different. She wanted him shy, reserved, studious; someone sure of himself in a professional way, but awkward and inexperienced with women. Linda rejected so many men, a rumor began that she was lesbian.

Linda didn't mind this rumor. It provided her with time for her psychology studies while she continued searching for the man of her dreams. She found him in David Searles, a slim, handsome graduate student who had a pleasing smile and exceptional manners.

On a sunny afternoon in the college quadrangle, Linda sat on a shaded bench. She knew David's schedule and knew the absent-minded student would pass her way. As he came along, she extended her foot and David stumbled over it, falling to the ground. As he scrambled around gathering his books and searching for his glasses, David looked up at Linda and apologized to her.

Linda looked down at him, saw his brown, wavy, overgrown hair, his white teeth glistening as he smiled shyly up at her. He'd scraped the palms of his hands in falling and Linda, noticing, said, "Looks like you've fallen for me so hard you're bleeding."

"Oh, it's okay," David said, not getting her point.

"Well, you'll need a Band-aid, at least. My apartment is just over there. Come with me so I can nurse you. I insist."

Linda turned confidently and David followed. He watched her ample backside swaying inside tight Capri pants, her long, flowing, golden hair bouncing with every step. He'd noticed her prominent breasts, too, and found himself erecting.

David was slender, athletic and turned a few female heads himself. But this didn't mean he was successful with women; on the contrary, because of shyness he was afraid to approach women, and this lack of boldness left him dateless, and left to satisfy his lust by masturbating. Rather than face dreaded rejections, David found it easier to jerk off--then he'd return to his books and bury himself in his studies.

But now, here was a girl leading him to her dorm. Was this an opportunity he dare take advantage of?

Once in Linda's room, David became so shy he could barely speak. Instead, he followed

Linda's instructions like an obedient puppy, holding out first one shaky hand then another for her to bandage. She treated him solicitously, applying some peroxide, tenderly blowing on the wounds, then bandaging them.

"There, all better. Now, what do you say?"

"Thank you," he replied, like a child.

"What's your name, clumsy?"

"David."

But Linda already knew his name. She knew all about him. She'd watched him for weeks; knew he was unattached and heard from others about his shyness. She had seen his transcripts as well, and found he had a 3.8 grade average in graduate studies in microbiology.

"I'm Linda Von Lieden. Are you pleased to meet me, even under the circumstances?"

"Oh, yes, Linda. I am very happy to meet you. I'd do it all over again. Fall, I mean."

"Hah! That's sweet," she said, her smile wide as she thought--you may just have to do something like that in the future after all.





CHAPTER 1: LINDA von LIEDEN

(page 2)

David had been invited to a frat party. He'd spent much of the week daydreaming about Linda, wanting to ask her. But didn't know how. Also, he'd heard a rumor. Was she queer? Maybe it was better that way; if she was a lesbian then her refusal to go out with him wouldn't hurt so much. Then there was a chance she wasn't gay, yet would turn him down. He didn't want to think about being rejected and put the matter out of his mind. But her image would not leave his mind. At last, agonizing, he decided to risk inviting her.

He called her apartment. When she heard his voice she told him, "Oh, yes, David. So it's you. I'm busy right now. Call back in a half-hour."

Precisely a half-hour later he called. Her line was busy. He waited ten minutes; tried again... busy. He tried every ten minutes for an hour. Busy. Later, around midnight, again busy.

Well, that's the end of that, he thought, she won't even speak to me. But what a thrill he felt, following her order to call. And the sweet agony of waiting, the aching anticipation of hearing that throaty, confident voice again; what lovely heart-pumping, penis-throbbing torture he went through. Just to have that feeling again, he called back the next night.

"Why didn't you call me back when I told you?" she asked him, in the tone of a strict headmistress.

"But I did... I called about ten times."

"So, what did you want, anyway?"

"Uh, well, to invite you... a party at..."

"I don't go to parties with men. But, if you want to escort me, you can. Where are we going, by the way?"

She was a strange one, he thought, but so what. He savored the triumph: he would show up at the semester's biggest frat party with the voluptuous and well-known Ms. Unattainable on his arm, and nothing else mattered.

But at the party, David hadn't had the good time he'd expected. Oh, he was beside himself just being with Linda, but he'd spent most of the night fetching drinks for her and lighting her cigarettes; and he'd failed miserably as his shyness made him totally unable to initiate a conversation. At one point, when he rose to get her a drink, she allowed a frat member to take his seat. When he returned, she said, "Why don't you sit here on the floor, at my feet?"

"Uh... no thanks. I'll just stand a bit."

After the party, he walked Linda home. She pulled him by the arm to the side of her apartment building, behind some tall bushes.

"Kiss me," she said.

She was as tall as David, and so he just had to lean over to meet her lips. His heart somersaulted. This is it, he thought, he was on the road to conquering his first woman. He put his arms around her. But she removed her lips and said, "I didn't say you could maul me, David. Just kiss me. Put your hands behind your back. A kiss is all you're worthy of at this point."

David did as she asked. He thrilled at the hot breath coming from her nostrils, and the soft moan she let out made his heart leap. He was turning her on! He meant something to this woman, this strange person who had spurned dozens of other persistent suitors.

When she saw he'd obeyed her without a fuss, Linda knew she'd found her man. She felt his erection pressing against her; this was important, too, she thought, so vital for her plans; his obedience accompanied by an urgent erection was proof that her choice was perfect.

She continued. "Stay right there, David. I want you to close your eyes and count slowly to ten. Don't move a muscle until after that. And keep your hands behind you all the while. Call me when you get home and wish me a good night."

David counted to ten, slowly, savoring this tiny moment of captivity. When he opened his eyes, she was gone. His erection tented his pants. He needed to touch it. He walked to his dorm in a state of ecstasy...strange as it seemed, this was somehow better than merely getting laid: the teasing, the vulnerability to her whim; all this was unusually exciting. Maybe conquering was not near so good as being conquered.

He called Linda as instructed. Her telephone voice alone seemed to hypnotize him. She demanded he call again the next day. By that time David believed he was in love.



[Previous Page](#)

[\[1\]](#) [2](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#)

[Next Page](#)



CHAPTER 1: LINDA von LIEDEN

(page 3)

Linda and David dated. They went to movies, parks, diners and cafes. When walking the sidewalks, Linda took David's arm; and his chest swelled with pride. One night, seated at a small cafe table, David excused himself to go to the bathroom.

As he began to rise, Linda said, "Sit back down, David."

"Huh?" he asked, as he sat again.

"I didn't excuse you," she said, blowing a puff of smoke toward him. "Don't you think it's rather rude of you to leave me seated here alone? I do. Well, you'll go to the bathroom when I allow it. I see you're going to have to learn a lot about manners, David. There are a few rules as well, I have in mind for you."

David, felt strange; despite this unusual treatment, he found his erection growing and his breath shortening. Oh, God, what sort of woman was this? And, what a weird

sensation, trying to act normally throughout dinner, chatting with her while having to hold his urine until she gave him permission to relieve himself.

After dinner, Linda invited David back to her apartment. She lit a cigarette and invited him to sit beside her. David disliked cigarette smoke, but he told himself that nobody's perfect, and he'd try to tolerate her shortcomings. After all, if someone is, let's say, ninety-five percent satisfying, you don't push them away because you don't like the remaining five.

"I want to tell you a few things about me, David," she said, crossing her long legs. "The semester's almost over and we've gone out for two month, and I think it's time that you understood a few things. First, let me ask you... do you care for me?"

"Care for you, Linda? More accurately speaking, I love you." He said this honestly, or at least gave his best estimate. He'd never been in love before, but he imagined his craving to always be in her presence as a sign of love.

"Oh, David. I love hearing that. But it just tells me I'm a bit late in passing on a warning I was intending to give you."

"A warning? What kind of warning?" Did she have a disease or something?

"Well, I wanted to warn you not to fall in with me, because if you did, I would enslave you."

David was dumbstruck. Enslave me? What did this mean? What kind of woman wants to enslave a man?

"David, sit closer and listen to me," she said, her light gray eyes burning into him. Her arching eyebrows fascinated him, they gave her a somewhat threatening look, and they seemed animated, especially her left one, which rose at the outer edge. She continued. "First, let me tell you I have very definite ideas about how I want my inter-personal relationships to go. And whom I want to be involved with. And under what terms such a relationship would be conducted. Up to now you've shown yourself to be properly

restrained and civilized, and a near-perfect gentleman. But my demands go beyond mere civility or even the kind of respect you've shown to be capable of. But I demand more. Actually, to be honest, I want obedience."

David sat silently, his mouth slightly agape at the last statement. Each word from her was new to him. He'd never imagined such things before. But, instead of being put off, he was intrigued. What was Linda asking of him?

She continued, "In any relationship I have with a man, he has to be obedient. That is number one above all. If demands are to be made, I will make them. You, David, since

you are the most likely candidate, must prove to me that you will obey my demands. And, perhaps, by your unconditional surrender, you'll earn what love I may have for you. Do, you understand what I'm talking about?"

"Uh... well, not really, Linda. I think I understand your desire for control... I mean, who wouldn't want that? But I'm not sure about what it means to me. I mean, what would you expect of me? And "unconditional surrender;" that sounds kind of extreme, doesn't it?"

"Yes it does. But that's the only way it can be with me. As for how it would go with you? Well, let me give you a little example. I would give you orders and, as a constant proof of your love, you would obey them. Let's try one now, David. Stand up and remove your clothing; all of them."

David was shaken, surprised, and more than a bit embarrassed. And her remark--using obedience as constant proof of love--how tricky, how clever.

"But... Linda... is this really necessary? Why can't we just talk about this...? Why do I have to get undressed?"

"Failing already? Because of a tiny humiliation? Are you actually going to give up after one simple request?"

Without another word he rose and began undressing himself. Yes, there's certainly something odd about this girl, he thought... but wait, maybe there's a prize at the end of this... one of us will be naked and ready. That leaves just her to get undressed. Even so, he left the last of his attire... his briefs.

"No... no," she laughed, gently. "Everything!" And he removed them. "Now, get on your knees, right here in front of me. Put your hands behind you. Hmm, this thing between your legs seems to be standing in my honor, is that right?"

"Uh...yes." His face felt on fire and his racing heart about to burst.

She put out her cigarette. She leaned forward. "Well, as of right now this thing is my property," she said, stroking his penis with agonizingly soft strokes. He looked down, her hands were so beautiful, so feminine, with bright red nail polish. "It's my property, David, because you are my property. And when it stands up like that, I am tempted to do this..."

And she slapped his penis downward, causing him to flinch and gasp. His penis bounced and swayed, but remained stiff. He looked at her with his mouth agape, but said nothing.

"Keep your hands behind you! Now, let me give you the particulars about our relationship, David. They are these. You are now my slave. You will obey me in all things. When I give you an order, you will obey without question. If you fail, I will punish you. You will find that little slap I gave you to be a minor thing; a love tap.

Failures or mistakes deserve a harsher, more suitable kind of punishment; and outright disobedience, well, that would require another, even more severe punishment. You will, no doubt, soon learn what these are. Most of them involve a lovely little riding crop I own. Also, I get extremely turned-on by humiliation; so you will spend a good amount of time like this... naked, on your knees, on the floor in front of me."

David's brain whirled. A part of him sensed Linda luxuriated in these words; that she was experiencing an erotic sensation from the mere pronouncements: the idea that

she might be turned-on by this turned him on. God!... this is weird, but so excruciatingly exciting. He prayed that she'd grab hold of his penis and jerk him off quickly, violently.

She went on. "As my property, I will care for you and protect you. In your career you will thrive; I will support you in all your endeavors. In anonymous society, people will see us as equals; they will respect you for having such a loving and supportive companion. But in private, you will be utterly submissive to me.

"Tell me now, David, do you want to be my slave, my property? If not, rise from your knees, get dressed and leave. If you want to belong to me, to be my slave, lower your head to my feet and kiss the tip of each shoe."



[Previous Page](#)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [3](#) [\[4\]](#)

[Next Page](#)

CHAPTER 1: LINDA von LIEDEN

(page 4)

The wedding was a quick affair, performed in Las Vegas at a tacky marriage parlor; Linda was not interested so much in ceremony as in making David her property.

David had to admit to himself, he was not surprised at Linda's insisting there be no sex until after the wedding; but it was all right with him in any event: the prize was worth the wait. But, then, Linda had also advised him that sex between them would be on her terms, and he was eager to find out what that meant.

As far as the so-called slavery, David learned only a little of what that meant. Yes, Linda was very bossy: she began telling him when to call, and what to wear, and what to eat and when to eat it; she even imposed little conditions on things: like forbidding him to masturbate for several days at a time, and then, announcing imperiously, "Tonight you may relieve yourself at home. Call me when you've done it

and thank me."

Of course, David masturbated nightly anyway, disobeying Linda, then lying about it to her. He reasoned: since Linda allowed no sex (before marriage) beyond mere making out and heavy petting, then he might as well jerk-off, this to take care of his hungry and persistent hard on.

But then, maybe slavery was slipping slowly into the relationship a bit because Linda began punishing him for mistakes. The time he forgot to open the car door for her truly surprised him. When they settled in, she reached across his seat and slapped his face. The blow fell askance because of the awkward position and she'd knocked off his glasses. This seemed to infuriate her even more, as it was she who had to bend to retrieve the glasses.

"Okay, let's try this again," she said, angrily. "Turn to face me, fool," she demanded. And as he moved to a more convenient position--convenient for her--she slapped him again, this time harder.

"Now, will you forget you manners again, my love?" she asked. "Answer me when I speak to you."

David was so shocked by this assault, and could hardly speak. Finally, still rubbing his stinging cheek, he said, "No, Linda I won't forget."

David soon found himself being punished more and more after that. Almost each time they met he got his face slapped; sometimes several times, as if Linda had enjoyed doing it. Of course, he was totally unaware how true this was: Linda discovered she

very much enjoyed slapping him. She liked the sensation, liked the sound of it, even the art of it. And she liked the embarrassed yet adoring look on David's face immediately afterward. And she liked the strange feeling in the pit of her stomach this intimate little method of discipline brought her.

David became quite unsettled by this as well, actually a little terrorized, because Linda would first ask him to remove his glasses (a simple request, but one he soon learned

to fear) and then she'd crack him neatly across his face.

Another punishment she inflicted was a bit painful, but mostly it was humiliating. It humiliated David because he meekly submitted to it. One time he had brought her the

wrong brand of cigarettes. She had slapped him, of course, then ordered him to strip naked and then kneel and face into a corner of her room. She tied his hands behind him and had him remain there for a half-hour. Kneeling, facing a blank wall, he thought about how he should have refused to do this, how he could have just walked out. So, why didn't he? With his head bowed, David could see the evidence of his complicity: his raging erection. In the time he had to kneel and contemplate this phenomenon (Linda told him to contemplate his sin, but his mind drifted) he wondered what was enticing him to submit like this... to obey commands, to allow himself to be slapped, to kneel in humiliation to this tyrant. And what about this was it turning him on?

David couldn't walk out because he now lived in a different dimension; a new world where desire overcame pain and humiliation; a world where a male's sexual frailty allowed women to rule... and men obeyed. Besides, in this case, David believed Linda was right. He had brought her the wrong cigarettes. He had shown a disregard of her instructions. And she had warned him failures would bring punishment. It was only right that he atone in this fashion. Maybe he was lucky to have gotten off so lightly. And it wasn't so bad for him after all: although Linda was demanding and somewhat strict, her strange desires actually thrilled him, throwing an infallible noose around his erection, securing it. And her demands, while unusual, were certainly tolerable, as were her punishments.

The finals were over and summer break loomed ahead. David feared separation. Would he lose this fabulous woman? Would she go home to Mother and never return?

After taking Linda to the finest restaurant in town, David walked with her along the banks of Riverside Park. The moon was not full, but it didn't have to be. His heart raced. They found a park bench and sat. Concealing a sigh, David slipped to one knee and proposed.

She smiled softly. "David," she whispered, "I confess that I love you. And I am eager to accept your proposal. But I do want to warn you. You have every right to know just what you will be getting yourself into. Let's go where we can talk about this. Then, after you have all the information about what I consider an ideal marriage, you will have the chance to propose anew or to back out. You deserve to have that choice."

In her apartment, with David sitting beside her, she told him, "David, I want you to fully understand what you are about to get yourself into. What you've experienced so far in the last months has been child's play. Kindergarten. Marriage is something I take far more seriously. If you marry me you will learn it will be far from a traditional arrangement. Actually, you will be my constant slave, with no freedoms other than those I allow you. And, David, I have to warn you... I can be cruel to you. You've already had a little taste of it. But there's more. I have all these ideas I want to fulfill."

"What ideas, Linda? You must know by now that I love you and would do anything for you. I want to give myself over to you, Linda, do whatever it takes to make you happy. You have your strict ways, but I want to learn to please you."

"Oh, David. I have to confess, I do love you so much for saying that. But I am afraid you don't fully understand yet how far this strictness and control can go. And how much it turns me on to see you in painful and humiliating dilemmas."

David, often surprised by Linda's pronouncements, again looked confused.

"I will give you a few examples, David. Maybe after hearing them you'll change your mind about marrying me. Let's call this 'the final disclosure.' For instance, I find the idea of putting you into all sorts of bondage very exciting; either making you do tasks while restrained or maybe if not doing chores, then leaving you immobile, tied up in a closet. I like the idea of tying a weight to your genitals and making you clean the house. I may want to beat you... Ah, that surprises you does it? And I don't mean to beat you for punishment... punishment will be for specific offenses. No, I may just enjoy seeing you in pain; your suffering will be a gift to me, proof of your love. You see, in no other way can love be so truly expressed. Taking pain, suffering, is a far nobler, more real expression of love and devotion than a silly Valentine's card or a box of chocolates; don't you agree? It surprises me so few women have discovered this truth.

"In our marriage, I will do no housework. Until we can afford a maid, you will perform domestic duties. I will direct and supervise your performance. Shortcomings will bring you immediate punishment. I will cook, since you are totally inept at it, but you will serve me and clean up. I wonder how you'd feel eating your meal from a dish placed on the floor at my feet."

David's mouth fell open, and his eyebrows raised.

"I wish you could see your face at this moment, David. The shock is so amusing. But this is only the surface of my tyranny, David, the tip of the iceberg. You'll soon learn the strict but erotic regime that will become your everyday life. It's so exciting, isn't it?"

"Uh... I don't know what to say."

"Is it exciting or isn't it? Simple question."

"Yes, it is exciting..."

"I'm glad you agree. There's more. There's lots more. Do you want to hear?"

"Yes..."

"You will have rules and regulations to live up to. They'll have to be memorized, of course, and obeyed to the letter. Although I like improvising and exploring, I believe basically in a ritualized domestic arrangement; there will be certain functions you'll be required to carry out daily and continual ways to express your subservience to me. Here's one example: whenever I enter a room, I want you to kneel immediately and remain that way until I tell you to carry on as you were, or to do something else of my bidding. Do you think that will be a problem for you?"

David, who had been struck dumb through all this, was brought back to himself by this question. Why did the sound of this thrill him? Why did he love her despite hearing how he'd be forced to submit to these bizarre and humiliating requirements?

Why was his penis throbbing with excitement?

"David, I want an answer..."

"Uh, yes of course... I mean, of course, Linda, it's no problem at all. If that's what you want, I'll..."

"Good. But I'll want something else. Well, lots of things, as you'll find out. But this one I want to begin right now. I will no longer call you David when we're alone.

I'll simply call you 'slave.' Come here, slave. Do this, slave. On your knees, slave. Do you understand this?"

"Yes," he answered breathlessly, dizzy over the rapid developments. "But why?... why do you want to call me, 'slave'?"

"Because that is what you will be, David. And the sound of it thrills me. It denotes ownership, which is a state I desire. There, now you see how nice I can be by explaining it? You should understand that I may not always explain my motives, but you have me in a good mood. Now, let us go on, you've distracted me.

"And, of course, as I call you slave, your answer should be 'yes Mistress.' At all times! I want to hear 'yes Mistress' or 'no Mistress' whenever I speak to you. To forget this will bring you a crack across your face. Now, let me hear you say it."

He felt mesmerized. Floating. There was a pause, then it came out: "Uh, yes... Mistress."

"There's more to this; individual things, a list of rules I will enforce at all times: Like when you come home from school or work you will immediately remove all your

clothing. I want you naked in the house; vulnerable, humiliated, subservient. Another is, you will have to ask for permission to speak; too much chatter and you'll be wearing a gag most of the time. Another is, after finishing a task, you will report to me by kneeling in front of me. Oh, there are so many things; we'll have to make a list as we go along.

"Another thing, I might have ideas that bring me a thrill, and use them against you... for instance, I might like to have you sleep on the floor, chained to the bed, with

your hands bound so you can't play with that thing you consider so precious and seem unable to keep away from. I will bet my mother's fortune that your dickie is hard right now."

When he glanced away, she was sure. She let out a little chuckle. Then she resumed. "Now, David, let me ask you, after hearing all this, what do you think? Will you still like to propose marriage? Or do you want to run away right now?"

"Run away? Well, I have to admit that part of me is very afraid of this, Linda, but still, I want to marry you. Maybe I will be your husband, but I am willing also to be your slave. No matter how you treat me, I want to be yours forever. Linda, will you please marry me?" David said, earnestly, his voice cracking from emotion.

"Oh, David, I'm so happy you said that. Move closer and kiss me. No, get down and kiss my feet. David, my slave, how I love you for that. Oh, what sweet tortures, what sexy and wonderful things I want to do to you. Just know that I'm filled with ideas about perfecting your slavery to suit my desires. I want to sit on your face and watch television while you lick my ass, and I'll tease and punish your cock for being so rudely erect. I want you worshipping my breasts while you're handcuffed and blindfolded, on your knees. I want you licking my crotch while I talk on the telephone. I want to whip you while you eat me. I want to ride your face as you lick my ass. I want to experiment with toilet slavery; force you into submitting to degrading duties to clean me with your tongue, then whipping you for hesitating. I want to pee on you, David, actually pee in your mouth; what a good lesson for you that would be, to teach you what a true slave is for. And I want to have your hands tied behind you while I beat you with a riding crop to make you even more obedient. Shocked, David? It is very bizarre, I know, but it's a strange kind of love after all. David, these things will please me greatly. They require a sacrifice, true...tell me, are you ready to put up with this for my sake... out of love?"

"...Yes, Linda," he whispered, his heart like a jack-hammer. "God, I'd do anything for you."

"Oh, what a beautiful and strange romance we'll have. You'll see. Oh, David, come to me

my love. Think of the devious delights we will engage in together; what ordeals for you and what pleasures I'll derive from your slavery."

And so, the lovers were married.

----- *MORE ON THE MARRIAGE LATER*-----

✧ *END of CHAPTER* ✧

VON LIEDEN FAMILY: CHAPTER 2... COMING ATTRACTIONS

For newly married Linda and David, it's a honeymoon. But with greatly contrasted results. For Linda, it's a tropical joy. For David, it's a hell on earth. The secluded villa and estate is designed especially as a camp to indoctrinate and educate male slaves into their new lifestyle. And Linda takes advantage of every unique and bizarre accoutrement that comes as standard equipment with the villa. Will David end up completely "broken" to the ways of an Imperia husband?



[Previous Page](#)

[\[1\]](#) [\[2\]](#) [\[3\]](#) [\[4\]](#)

CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

David thought about the obvious: He was on an airplane with his new bride, traveling south on his honeymoon. Aside from that, he knew very little; such as where he was going or how long he'd be. Oh, he knew something else: that the dildo forced up his ass before boarding the flight continued to be very uncomfortable in general and gave him an extra jolt of pain whenever the plane lurched. God, he thought, what have I gotten myself into?

Linda, on the other hand, had lots more to think about since she knew much more. She knew where they were going, she knew how long they'd be there, and she had meticulously planned many exciting deviances. Thinking of them now made her heart flutter and her crotch dampen.



David had been quite silent since before boarding the plane: in the terminal, Linda had gone into her large purse and handed him the six-inch dildo and the ladies pad-holder. "Go into the men's room and insert it," she told him. With a sigh, he obeyed. But, disheartened, he questioned: must I constantly submit to these bizarre humiliations?

Now, he sat looking out the window at the clouded sky. Blankly, he wondered if the honeymoon would offer him some relaxation from his slavery. Maybe, during the warm sunny days ahead, he'd be able to enjoy himself, relaxing at poolside for instance, with he and Linda sipping Pina Coladas together. And maybe, just maybe, Linda would wait until nighttime to switch on her dominance, and even then, although he knew he'd be the one to surrender, at least her demands might be more in a sexual way. That's why he became disconcerted at the order to insert the dildo: it appeared Linda meant to exercise her dominance at her whim, at anytime and any place.

The stewardess came along offering drinks. Linda asked for a scotch and soda and, before David could even speak, she ordered plain water for him. Later, when lunch was served, she ordered again for both of them. David knew better than to object. He just sat

there feeling impotent, as if his manliness had been arrested and caged.

When their meals arrived, Linda took from her purse a small bottle (it looked like a perfume bottle). Leaning toward David, she poured a light yellowish liquid over his salad. His little package of dressing she removed.

"You won't need this," she said.

"But, what...?"

"Just eat and finish your lunch."

"Linda, please... what's going on?"

When she turned to her own lunch and refused to answer, David knew better than to persist. Reluctantly, he bent to eat, leaving the salad for last. Then he began. At first, he couldn't tell what she'd done; he just knew the liquid tasted bitter. Then, when a small puddle of it dripped onto his tongue, he knew what it was. His face flamed with horror and humiliation. His breathing began to race. He didn't know what to say or do. He wanted to run, to pace the aisle, to give room to his pounding heart and racing heart. He felt trapped in his seat, however, as Linda had demanded the aisle.



CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 2)

Calmly, deliberately, Linda whispered, "Eat it, David. Don't you like your new bride's piss?"

Again his face flamed. He was too dumbfounded to speak.

"Answer me," she demanded.

"I... uh, no Linda, I don't like it. Linda, please..."

"So, you don't like it. Good. Actually, I can't really blame you. I wouldn't either. But, let me say, I am happy you don't like it because it stimulates my sadism. It heightens the thrill. Now, suppose you said, 'Ah, what sweet nectar,'... well, where could I go with that? It'd be a treat for you. This way, another little torture is added to my delicious arsenal; in fact, I think I'd like to make my piss a large part of your diet from now on."

David shuddered in humiliation. He sat over his spoiled lunch not knowing what to do. Thank God, he thought, at least she's keeping her voice low.

"David... continue eating," she said, suddenly.

The small Caribbean island where they landed was unknown to David. As Linda had planned, they rented a small car. She drove. The day was hot and the long drive over bumpy roads tortured David's ass. By the time they arrived at the sparsely -populated far end, he was sweaty and miserable.

Linda pulled up to a high-walled estate and spoke into the reception speaker: "181 other," she said. Tall iron gates opened. She drove along a narrow dirt road to a remote villa far out on the edge of the large estate. The villa was actually no more than a low-slung, white-washed home, with slatted doors and Spanish-style tile roofs. Tall coconut palms and other tropical foliage shaded the entire property. The villa had just one large bedroom, a large sitting room and a small den.

Following Linda's directions, David carried in their luggage. Linda had four large suitcases, David one.

"Linda... uh, may I..."

"It's Mistress, now, when we're alone. How many times do I have to fucking tell you?"

"Uh, Mistress, may I please remove this dildo? It's really killing me..."

"Killing you? I think not. No, you may not remove it. First we'll unpack."

And, under Linda's direction, David unpacked three of Linda's four suitcases and his own. As for the fourth, heavy black one, Linda said to, "Just put that one in the corner for now."



CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 3)

The small villa had large sliding glass doors in the back side, facing a wide veranda that overlooked the sea. It was quite beautiful, with clinging vines and thick flowered bushes. Tall palm trees shaded parts of the veranda and the property just about. Actually, David thought it was quite romantic. Linda did too, but her idea of romance was quite different than that of the base population.

After they unpacked, they looked about the place. There was a small, open kitchen that was adjacent the large, open sitting room. Linda looked about the cabinets and opened some drawers. There were plates, utensils, pots and pans.

"David, did you see that small town just before we got here; maybe a mile back? Take the car and go get us some things to put into this refrigerator. I'll rely on your

choice of things. However, if you buy what you like but I don't, I'm going to punish you. Here's some money. Spend up to fifty dollars. Before you go, you may remove the dildo.

Wash it off and leave it on the sink in the bathroom."

David, relieved, said, "Thank you Mistress, may I please shower, also?"

"No, I want you gone and back. You'll shower later. Coming back, use the code to get in. You know it?"

"One-eight-one other?"

David went into the bathroom and removed the dildo. He felt an immediate hot stinging pain, but then a great feeling of relief. He took the offending instrument and washed it as he'd been ordered. While there, he took the opportunity to urinate. What was strange...



he'd noticed there were two toilets: one had a sign on the wall over it which said: HIS. The other had a sign that said: HERS. He used, HIS. Curious, he went over to lift the lid of the toilet marked: HERS. He expected it was a bidet, that thing with all the squirt nozzles women use. Before he could examine it, he heard Linda's voice call to him and he rushed out of the room.

When David left and walked to the car, he heard wheels upon the dirt road of the estate out front of their cabin and turned to look. Suddenly, no more than ten feet from him, he saw a man dragging what looked like a small cart or sulky behind him. Actually, he recalled, it was more like a rickshaw. David stood and watched in absolute shock. What he saw was not merely a man pulling a cart behind, but it was a man totally naked, and upon the cart rode a scantily clad woman who wielded a long flexible whip. The woman appeared to be quite heavy, with a wide bottom and very large breasts.

The man panted and huffed and sweated. Upon his face, between the horse blinders, was a look of fear and despair. As they passed, David could see a myriad of painful-looking welts all up and down the man's body. The man was chained to the cart by his wrists and waist. A bit was strapped to his mouth and long reins led back to the woman's hand. Fortunately, the man was permitted to wear sandals. Within seconds they trotted out of sight.

David was struck with fear; a tangible bolt of electric fear seemed to pierce him. God almighty, he thought, what kind of place is this? This is where I'm to spend my honeymoon?





CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 4)

Driving to town, David couldn't rid himself of the image he'd seen on the road. The woman, her look of confidence and control, it reminded him of Linda. So, Linda is not the only woman who is into domination? And this estate— is this its design? A place for slavery to be conducted? Strange, but what particularly enthralled David was the woman's breasts; huge, they quaked and quivered as the sulky bumped along. David thought something was wrong with him because there was this thing about his fascination with breasts. No, he realized, it was more than a mere fascination, it was more a kind of awe, of adoration, a kind of weakening of the knees he felt when confronted by those imposing, threatening, ultimately feminine assets. Yes, he had to admit to himself, that's what first attracted him to Linda; her over-sized breasts, larger than melons, gave her a look of power. Later, when he'd been called on to worship her, those breasts seemed to take on a dominance of their own, and David, falling to his knees, felt it futile to resist.

David returned with the groceries. He had received courteous help from the man behind the grocery counter until he heard a small bell ring, when the man trotted off into the back, looking as if the bell summons demanded instant response. David thought he'd heard some low commands and then the sound of slaps before the man came back to his

duties. Damn!— was the entire island fit for domination?

Linda looked over the purchases and had David stock the refrigerator. She allowed him to shower. When he came out, he saw her standing nude in the middle of the room. Well, she wasn't totally nude. Upon her feet were spike heel slippers and in her hand was a long, black, quivering, riding crop.

"Drop that towel and get on your knees. Crawl here to me. Head down, to my feet."

David panted in lust and fear. His heart crashed against his breastbones. God, he thought, I've done this before, but this is the true beginning. I'm married now to this woman. I just hope she loves me as much as I love her. Yes, our relationship is, in a way, far different than that anyone would expect. But, even so, in the same way Linda demands my surrender, I yearn to surrender to her. No, I'm not a masochist; at least I don't think I am... I mean, I hate all her punishments, the pain, yet there is something

enthraling about her, something drawing me to obey, to want to obey.

"Kiss my shoes, slave," Linda whispered to him. She loved this familiar position; loved peering down at his subservience, loved the heady feeling of power surging through her. From here she would take complete control of him. Now, she'd inform him about how things were to be.

She left him and walked to a cushioned chair. "Well, what are you waiting for? Get over here."

He crawled the length of the room to her and continued kissing her shoes.

"I think it's time you learned how things are going to be between us. You've probably guessed quite a bit, but I want you to understand your true status. Our marriage will not be anywhere near traditional. Any ideas you have about that, about others you see, about

your Uncle Freddy and Aunt Clara, about your parents or grandparents... well, forget all that. Oh, you'll be the man of the family, but in my kind of family the man is a slave. That's it. Get that into your thick head: you are a slave. Period. And, anytime you act uns slave-like to me, you'll be severely punished.





CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 5)

"We've spoken before about total obedience. Well, now you'll find out what that truly means. Even obedience isn't enough; I require absolute devotion and sacrifice.

What do I mean by sacrifice? This you'll find out as we go; a good example could be the dildo you endured on the five hour flight down here and the bumpy road that followed. You sacrificed. But you should know--and I am happy to tell you--that your sacrifice pleased me. That's something you should keep in mind. If you truly love me, then you will be able to take some satisfaction from your pains and humiliations by knowing that at least it's pleasing me.

"Let's go further. As my slave, David, you'll find me to be understanding of your needs; those basic needs like those of food, water, and rest... after all, I want a slave in good health and vitality. However, you'll also learn that I can be quite cruel and very willing to inflict on you as much pain and suffering as I think you can take or as much as makes me happy. Also, I'll humiliate and degrade you as I please. I'm not at this point asking you your opinion of this; neither, of course am I asking for your approval. You made your last decision when you agreed to marry me. Now you'll learn what it is to be my slave-husband. The next couple of weeks we spend here will be used to indoctrinate you to the world of female domination. I will be on vacation, so to speak, but you will be at school. Here you will learn to obey and serve.



"Now, while you were gone to the village, I took the opportunity to look around. It appears all my needs have been anticipated by the management, so we can begin immediately. Rise up, slave, and make me a Tom Collins on the rocks. You'll find what you need behind that wet bar. When you've finished, bring it to me on the patio."

David, the wind taken out of his sails from the onslaught of dread information, got to his feet and went to the bar.

Carrying Linda's drink, he found her lounging on the patio. "Put it down on the table,

imbecile, and kneel here next to me."

Immediately, she slapped his face, hard. "When I gave you the order to make a drink, where was the 'yes Mistress'? Where was the tray you should have used when you carried the drink? Where is a goddam napkin? Simple things I expect from you without being told. And that slap was not punishment. That was to make sure you're listening. Now, come over here..."

She rose from the lounge and went to another lounge that looked a bit strange. It was low and padded, but beneath where the seat should be was instead a rounded space. Also, the bottom flared out so the woman's legs could be spread yet still resting upon cushion. At floor level, there appeared to be wrist cuffs attached to the lower legs.

"Lay on the ground," Linda ordered, "And scoot yourself underneath. No, this way, opposite of the way I would lay. That's it."

"But I can't fit," complained David, trying to bend himself and finding little room. Also, he couldn't figure out where he'd put his head.

Linda kicked him lightly "Slide down lower," she demanded, "And get your head up through this opening. That's it."

David was soon peeking up through a hole in the seat, his face flush with the surface. "Higher," Linda demanded, "I want your face popping out more."

"But I can't hold my head up like this," he complained, again.



CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 6)

Then she showed the diabolical part of the contraption. A leather strap beneath his head was attached, cradling his head and holding it in place. As she pulled the strap through a rolling hasp, it carried David's head upward, pressing it further through the hole. Then she buckled the strap and David's head was held in place. Then, she turned to his wrists. Twisting his arms back of him, she attached his wrists to the cuffs behind him. Another strap supported the weight of his back. His back was now off the hot tiles, but his bare ass and legs lay splayed out upon them.

Linda took her drink and brought it to the lounge. She sat. Adjusting herself, her crotch became pressed firmly against her slave's face. "Lick," she said. And he began.

An hour later, Linda received a phone call. The phone lay at her side and she lifted the receiver. "Oh, hi," she answered, "I've been looking forward to your call. I'd very much like to meet you, too. Would you like to come by around eight for a cocktail? Great."

David was quite saddened to hear there was to be a visitor later. After all, this was to be the first night of his honeymoon. Certainly, he didn't imagine that night's events to occur in the traditional sense, with missionary love-making, with he making the moves according to his whims and desires, with his new bride beneath him opening to his lust. He was too sensible to believe such a scenario; after all, if his engagement was any example, most likely he'd expect to find himself tied to that unusual bed with Linda

riding his face until she was satisfied.

Aside from feeling saddened, David suddenly felt a pang of fear... the guest, the owner of the estate, what if it turns out to be the woman he saw on the road? The one being pulled along on that cart? The one using that cruel dressage whip on the unfortunate human horse? David's heart began to pound in fear. What connection could that outrageous person have with his new wife? What would Linda want to learn from

that sadist? And again... what kind of place is this?

Linda closed her legs and got up. She released David.

"Get out from there and come inside, slave. We're having company soon. Go take another shower."

David came from the shower and got on his knees before his new wife. "Ah, now you're learning. Go open the black suitcase and lay things out on the bed."

He lifted the heavy suitcase and carried it to the side of the king-size bed. The bed was a four-poster, but the posts and rails seemed to be made of a heavy iron, with many

loops of iron at intervals all along the bed. He opened the suitcase and his heart flipped over. The entire inside was packed with instruments of correction: whips, crops, leather paddles, and canes of all kinds. There were steel cuffs, chains, leashes, collars, and spreader bars. There were gags, blindfolds, hoods, and masks. There were nipple clamps and clothespins. And what looked like lead weights—small weights that David concluded were used to attach to areas already being clamped.

Shaking in every limb, David laid the items out, trying his best to organize them by category. By the time he finished, the entire surface of the bed was covered. Finished, he went again to Linda and got on his knees.





CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 7)

"Ah, I am quite impressed. Maybe your punishment won't be too harsh. Come into the bathroom with me... I need to pee. No, slave, you crawl. You crawl everywhere when you're alone with me."

He followed her into the bathroom. Crawling: how humiliating! He was a human being, and yet here he was, on the floor, crawling on hands and knees. I am pleasing her, David thought... I just have to keep thinking that.

David saw the two toilets. He thought one might be that bidet thing he'd heard about; women gave themselves a douche or something from it. But such was not the case. David looked at the Hers "toilet" and thought it a bit odd in that it had no plumbing; no pipes were connected to the wall. When Linda lifted the lid, there was an ordinary toilet seat, but beneath that, on the floor itself, sat a small porcelain basin. Upon the outer surface of the toilet, on either side, David saw metal cuffs attached by a short chain.

Immediately, he felt his fear surge. Surely, there was a diabolical reason for this set-up. His mind leaped forward. In his imaginary picture he saw himself, somehow

chained to this toilet, perhaps forward on his knees, his wrists cuffed to either side, forced into a humiliating posture with his chin and face close to the front of the toilet seat, maybe made to watch Linda as she relieved herself. But then why the basin? Why not use the regular toilet just a few feet from this one?

Oh, no! It can't be! Common sense had finally come to him and he was sorry for it. Yes, there, at the front, he could see how the toilet came apart: the face of it slid

upward, allowing a person's head to be inserted inside. And that half-circle or upside down "U" in the front; it was meant to go over a person's neck. And the small bolts on

either side were slipped in to make sure the prisoner couldn't lift himself out. And the basin inside: it was there merely to catch the over-run, that which splatters down across the unfortunate prisoner's face.



"So, dearest slave-husband, have you figured out the His and Hers toilets?"

David felt his face flush red. How blunt, how shameless she was. How humiliated, he felt. And he could hardly believe someone actually invented this device; went ahead and built it at someone's request. How strange that this would be something that his wife Linda would want.

"Come," she said, "crawl closer, let me give you a better look at 'HERS.' Now, turn on the floor with your back to it. Not so near. After all, you head has to go into there."

He sat where she said but, as the inevitable came closer, he hesitated. "Please, Linda, why is this necessary? I mean... this is our honey..."

A vicious slap came across his cheek, then quickly an unexpected backhand the other side. Then, SWAP! Another emphatic slap!

"How dare you question me? Yes, this is our honeymoon; and here and now, finally, you'll learn to obey me. Now hunch down and get your fucking head into the opening."

David, startled by the sudden outburst of fury, meekly gave in. Following Linda's instructions, he waited until she lifted the front panel up far enough, then he thrust his head into the opening. He watched as she lowered the front plate back into place and pinioned his neck.

"Hands," she said. And with her help, he placed his hands into the cuffs. She lowered the seat into place. The lid was up, and could be used as a back rest.





CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 8)

David was now on his back facing up into the wrong view of a toilet seat. Linda immediately sat above him. Her voice seemed distant but he heard her tell him, "Now, my

slave, understand that this is a toilet, not a potty. Toilets dispose of waste. That is why you are there. You will open that mouth of yours wide and be ready. What you miss, you'll drink up from the catch-pan. And you'll be punished for it."

David was absolutely mortified. That urine on lettuce was nothing compared to this. Now, he'd have to take it all; hot, and directly from the source. He wondered if he could do it. He had never been so afraid and humiliated in his life. He looked up at the dark crack of Linda's round ass; it was just two inches above his face.

"Why isn't your mouth open," he heard. She lashed his flank with the crop. He gasped and opened up. He heard a light hiss and then Linda began peeing. It rushed out,

taking David by surprise. Hot, bitter liquid splashed across his face. He shut his eyes. His mouth was open, but without seeing the flow, most was going wrong. The hot flow

continued. David moved about, mouth agape, trying to catch and drink. He hunched himself lower, trying to move beneath it. He was unused to drinking on his back. He choked and coughed. The pee continued to come down. Please, please let this stop, he prayed, but the bitter, horrid flow seemed to go on forever. God, I hope she doesn't want this often, he thought.

Linda looked down as she finished. David's eyes were shut tightly. Piss ran down his entire face. He continued to cough. She was furious.

"That's the best you could do? It's pitiful. Now, lift your face. Higher. Higher." She lashed again with the crop. "I want to be licked clean. Oh, this calls for a severe whipping."

Finally, Linda rose. She closed the lid, leaving him in darkness. She walked to the toilet paper and wiped herself. She realized there was a flaw with the toilet: a slave could not properly lick her clean after a pee. Oh well, he could do it afterward.

She went to the bathroom mirror. She began to comb her hair. She looked with satisfaction at herself. Oh, what delight, what pleasure she felt at inflicting the humiliation. Men, those obnoxious, boorish, truly inferior mistakes of nature, strutting as they do in ridiculous pride, how good it is to degrade them, to put them below the lowest, where they certainly belong. David would learn she thought, even if it had to be the hard, cruel way. Man should be enslaved, and in that slavery, made to serve in the basest of ways. She looked into the mirror and smiled. Not a sound came from the closed toilet. She noticed, however, that David, despite himself, displayed a stiff erection. She smiled with satisfaction.

Later, Linda lifted the lid. She looked down at him. She said, "David, when I release you, carefully lift your head, slide from beneath there, and crawl to the shower."

He obeyed her, daring to open one eye only. She followed him, carrying with her the basin with the remainder of piss. "There's about three ounces of my pee left in here, David. You're going to have to be punished for it. Let's see... six lashes for each ounce should teach you to catch and drink it all." David was miserable. He wanted to protest, to say at least that, as this was his first time, he should be let off a punishment. But he was afraid to say anything.

"And," she added, "of course you'll have to finish whatever is left in this basin. Tilt your head back and take it. Bottom's up, dear."

Again he obeyed, as Linda tipped the porcelain pan and poured the rest of the disgusting liquid down his throat. God, he thought, this is the lowest you can go.

"Take a quick shower, then come to me in the other room. Do you hear me?"

"Yes... Mistress."



CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 9)

Eight o'clock, and the dreaded guest arrived. As David feared, he was kept totally naked. While Linda went to the door dressed in a brief cotton mini-dress, David knelt in front of the couch where Linda had placed him, his hands kept behind him, his eyes staring at the floor in front of him.

"Oh, so nice to see you, dear," said the guest, in a deep and--to David--imposing tone. "I want to welcome you here to Camp Corporal," she said, stepping into the room and handing Linda a large bouquet of flowers.

From the corner of his eyes, David could see the guest was indeed the full-figured cart-rider with the huge chest and ass that drove David crazy. Linda placed the bouquet on a sideboard and escorted the woman, indicating for her to sit on the couch just in front of David. Linda sat just beside her.

"I spoke with your mother, Linda, and I have assured her that we'd take good care of you here and that you've been given the number one villa on the estate."

<

As they drifted off into small talk, David was breathing heavily. The fear consumed him, and he was afraid he would actually faint. They might seem distracted, but this was, he felt, momentary; soon, they'd turn their attention to him, he was sure, as you don't set a naked man on his knees and forget him for long. His heart pounded in fear, and yet, he couldn't resist glancing up at the woman. When he spotted her huge breasts and the deep, dark cleavage, his eyes became glued there.

The woman suddenly changed tone. "Your slave seems to be very impudent, dear, the way he's sneaking peeks at my tits."

"Please, Margaret, slap his naughty face for him."

Margaret leaned forward



and... SWAAAP! David received the hardest slap he'd ever felt. He nearly fell over. He couldn't help crying out... "Aaah... oh!" And put his hand to his right cheek. So, the woman was left handed, and this surprised David; that's what made the slap even more effective.

Linda said, coldly. "David, get up and get us drinks. What would you like, Margaret?"

"Gin and tonic, please, Linda."

"Make two, slave."

David brought the two drinks... on a tray. Back on his knees, he kept his eyes to the floor as Linda and Margaret talked and drank and ignored him as if he weren't there.

Margaret said, "If you're up to it tomorrow, Linda, I'd like to show you around the estate and all the facilities available for your use. No doubt, you've already discovered

the unique plumbing and the chaise lounge on the patio. Have you discovered the hoist?"

"The hoist? No. I missed something?"

"Here, let me show you." Margaret rose and went to a small box found behind a sliding panel in the wall. "The controls are in here." And she pressed a lever and out of

the ceiling a steel bar was lowered upon a chain. At the ends of the bar were leather cuffs. She lowered the bar to about two feet higher than David's kneeling figure, then slid the chain, which was on a runner, across to where he was kneeling. It hovered above his head.

"Stay there, kneeling," Linda told him as she saw the device come close and the purpose of it. "Put him in," asked Linda. Margaret told David to raise his arms and she fastened him in, buckling the leather cuffs tightly on his wrists. No sooner did she do this, when Linda went to the bed and lifted some toys. She brought back a set of nipple clamps and two short whips. David wanted to cry. This... this is my honeymoon?

Linda fastened the nipple clamps upon David and sat to continue her discussion with Margaret. David, in intense pain, whimpered softly. The two women ignored him.

Margaret said, "Wait till you see the outdoor facilities. I'm certain you'll be pleased."

"If they're anything like what I've seen so far, I'm sure I will."

Margaret said, "My goodness, he's staring again."

"Please Margaret, whip the insolent slave."

Before the words were barely out of Linda's mouth, Margaret leaned forward and lashed David across his exposed side. David let out a yelp of pain.

THWAACK!

Backhanded, she lashed him again the other side.

Then... SWIIICK! THWIICK! THWAACK!

Again and again she applied the harsh whip. David's skin soon turned red.

"No... oh, please, no," he cried, but the cruelty continued. David, of course, dared not rise to his feet to avoid the punishment. Suddenly, in the midst of all the pain, he was amazed

to find that, again, he could not remove his eyes from the woman's chest; as she whipped, her low-cut halter top revealed her massive breasts which now quivered and rolled enticingly with every lash.





CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 10)

Finally, the whipping stopped. "I promise you, Margaret, by the time our two weeks are over, my slave husband will truly understand what submission and servitude and discipline and etiquette mean."

"Well, let me assure you of our fullest cooperation. We have the means and equipment here to assist in breaking the most disobedient new husband. He'll learn, I'm sure."

"Oh, Margaret, I can't tell you how much that word 'breaking' gets me. I get wet just thinking about it."

The women laughed and clinked glasses.

"Yes, a wonderful concept," Margaret said, sighing. Before my angel, the late Mr. Benton passed on, there was no one more profoundly devoted. I was his entire life. His slavish concentration was the result of breaking him years before. He went from the usual macho lout to the most perfect slave. I admit it took almost a year, back in those days, as we didn't have the formula perfected as yet. But eventually he was a paragon of slaves."

"I am so sorry for your loss, Margaret," Linda said. "My mother told me about the funeral."

"Your mother is a saint, Linda. She paid for everything, despite my protests. Anyway, let's get off that, okay? I think congratulations are in order regarding your own wedding." She raised her glass and leaned toward David. "Congratulations, young man," she said, surprising David. "And to you, the bride, I wish good luck."

"Thank you, Margaret."

The two talked for a while then got more drinks for themselves. After three drinks, and smoking cigarettes, they seemed totally relaxed. Sitting back, Margaret's huge breasts rolled with every shift in her body. Soon, she was leaning over, touching Linda with affectionate pats and caresses.

Despite being on his knees more than an hour, and with the nipple clamps meting out a dull, heavy pain, still David was entranced by the two women. He wanted to be squashed between them, his head trapped between the four large tits, as the women made love to each other.

Suddenly, his reverie was interrupted. Linda was on her feet, freeing him from the leather cuffs. Then she removed the nipple clamps. This was devastating, as the pain shot like lightning through him when the circulation of blood returned to his nipples.

Bent over on his knees, he rubbed his sore nipples. Then, as if drunk himself, he thought he heard something unexpected. It was Linda, saying: "Get over there, slave, and lick Mistress Margaret's pussy."

Already, the large woman was on her feet, bending to remove her large panties. She'd tossed them idly aside and sat again on the couch, this time making sure to place her ass close to the edge of the seat. She spread her fat legs. She looked straight into David's eyes.

Suddenly, a lash from Linda's crop. WHAAACK! It came across David's ass. Quickly he scooted forward and sunk his face into the steamy crotch. He knew his duty. And licking fervently, he searched with his tongue, trying to find the spot that would bring the woman to climax. After only mere moments, he felt his hair grabbed, pulling him tighter into her pussy. Then a bucking from the heavy woman, and a kind of squirt of liquid shocked him, hitting him in the face and eyes.

"Stay there, bitch!" he heard, and continued to lick faster. An even tighter grip upon his head, and the thick thighs coming together. His face soaked from forehead to chin, finally he was released.

Ashamed, he crumpled to the floor and put his face in his hands.

"He's got some potential, this young man," she said. "Linda, there's a future for this slave here," she laughed, and Linda reached and handed Margaret her glass.



CHAPTER 2: THE HONEYMOON

(page 11)

David was glad that Margaret had finally left. He was also glad that he had pleased the woman, actually gotten a word of praise... not directed at him, but given to Linda.

But, soon after, he found that his torment was yet to begin. First thing, Linda saw the nipple clamps laying on the floor and retrieved them. "Kneel up," she said, and reached over and put them on his nipples. Already sore from the previous torture, David grunted in protest.

Linda said, "Well, slave-husband, we are at last alone and about to spend our first official married night together. To make certain you fully understand what our future life will be like, I think a severe whipping is appropriate."

David said, "But..." then couldn't think what else to say. Linda moved in front of him and pulled on the chain that connected the nipple clamps. The pain forced David to stand. She slapped his face hard.

"But...?" she laughed, mocking him. "You dare to protest? Even a 'but' is too much."

She took his wrists and bound him again to the metal bar depending from the over head chain.

Poor, frustrated David... his penis was uncontrollable. Even now, it responded by stiffening. Linda looked down to see. She began slapping him there; back and forth across his cock, back and forth. David gasped with each slap. His erection, however, sprang larger... refused to go down. Oh, God... why is this turning me on?

Linda went to the hoist controls, pressed the red button and raised the bar until David's arms were taut over him. Soon, he realized it was not going to stop, as it forced him to rise to his feet. It continued to pull the metal bar toward the ceiling. When his arms were



pulled high, but not yet forcing him to his toes, Linda removed her finger and the machine came to a halt.

She walked to him. "Before your whipping," said Linda into David's ear, "you must be punished for not drinking my pee properly. I'm giving you eighteen, for that."

Lifting a cruel-looking cat o' nine tails, she started. After just three lashes, David began to whimper. After six, he screamed. Soon, he was begging, "Oh, no, please, no, I

can't, I can't, oh, please, Linda."

"Linda?... Linda?" she asked frightfully, lashing him harder at his mistake.

By the time he'd received the eighteen, David thought he'd go crazy from the pain.

Linda went to the bed and brought back a spreader bar. She attached the ends to David's ankles. His feet were now spread about two feet apart. This put extra pressure on his

arms. The nipple clamps, still upon his chest, bit into him painfully. She brought back a length of cord about the thickness of a pencil. She knelt and tied an end tightly around his

scrotum. The other end went to the spreader bar, where she pulled it taut.

"And now, my dear the initiation into slavery. Kiss me, my love, and prepare to learn what will happen if you displease me in the least little way."

Linda grasped David's erect penis and stroked it. She leaned into him and kissed him deeply. David reeled in a crazed state of confusion; still in pain, he was caught midway between conflicting emotions... those of love, fear, lust and desire. God, what she did to him.

Next morning, David found himself in a strange position. He was in bed with his bride, but his hands were cuffed behind him. And his head was trapped, somehow, in a weird garment worn by Linda: the rear of a strange pair of panties ballooned to accommodate David's head, keeping his face buried into the crack of Linda's plump ass. He dared not move; disturb his goddess.

Soon, she too, awakened. Releasing David from his entrapment and his cuffs, she ordered, "David, down... down here, to my toes. Kiss them and tell me what's on your mind. Was I horrid? Are you thinking of escape? Are you ready to ask for divorce?"

Exhausted, frustrated, defeated, cramped, pained, David said, merely, "I love you."

A thrill shot through Linda's body. Instantly, she threw herself down at him, grabbing his hair, spreading loud kisses all about his cheeks and mouth.

"Oh, David, my slave, I know you may find it hard to believe, but I love you too. I love you madly. And I need you, David. Yes, I need you... and I want you to be with me like this forever... as both my slave and husband."

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦



CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

It was on the flight home from their honeymoon, when Linda said, "David, I know you'll never get a big head, but I must tell you how pleased and proud I am. You've progressed as husband, lover and slave in ways that please me greatly."

"Thank you, Linda," he replied, and squeezed her hand. She returned the affection with a brief squeeze.

They were in the front seats in first class, and had just taken off. Linda had crossed her long legs and taken up her mimosa. "A toast," she said, and David lifted his glass. "To us," she proclaimed. David responded in kind. He was glad she'd not toasted to herself. Maybe she did consider this a 'marriage' and not merely that he was human property.



And yet, David had no idea of their actual destination; Linda had full charge of where, when and how they traveled. But he did have some idea of their destination, if not its actual location. Over the course of their two-week honeymoon Linda had told him of this unique--to use her word--village, and its "attributes," and how it came about. How it came about was, to David, a more fascinating tale than even the town's uniqueness. As it turns out, Linda's mother--David's new mother-in-law--was not only the town's founder, but she was its principal owner.



CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 2)

David cleared his throat. More and more he was unsure of himself, as Linda had imposed so many rules upon him, including where or when he could speak. But as this was "in public" he had permission to talk. "Uh, Linda, about this new house you were telling me about... so, it's inside this town?"

"Imperia, dear. The Village of Imperia. Yes. And David," she added with a smile, "it's not merely a house. It's a mansion. On a lovely hill overlooking the town."

He was afraid to ask how they were going to be able to afford it. But he was lately becoming accustomed to going with the flow. It was very strange at the least, not only to be left out of the decision-making process, but also to be left ignorant of Linda's plans until she was ready to reveal them.

And what about his career? He thought to ask now. "Linda, about my engineering degree... well, I..."

"It may not go to waste, David. Mother's interests in industry are widespread, and I am sure she will have a place for you. But I might as well tell you now, while in one respect I'd like you to go out in the world and strive to succeed like anyone else, on the other hand, David, I should inform you that you've married into great wealth. You don't really have to work... at least not in the traditional sense."

David shook his head. "God, it's all so hard to believe. But even so, Linda, I would like to go out and work. Get my own job."

"That's just another endearing aspect to you, dear. I love that you are not the conniving money-coveting sort. Yes, you want to go out and get your own job, and that's commendable. But I do have to remind you of something. About your pledge of obedience. David, if I want you to stay at home and be nothing more than a lowly, debased slave, that is what you must be."





CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 3)

David didn't respond. She had a way of deflating him. Just a second before he'd envisioned himself in dress shirt and necktie, in a busy fluorescent-lit office, solving complex structural problems. Now, he was forced to face a fate that was strange and surreal: visions of himself naked and crawling, led on collar and leash, his ass raw from one of Linda's harsh whippings. The contrast in his self-image was startling.

The airplane hummed. David turned to glance out the window. Clouds were still far below. At least by being in the front row it was unlikely anyone could hear their conversation, that is if Linda kept her tone down.

Linda said, "You haven't met Vera yet, David. My mother is an amazing woman. She's not only built a huge industrial and real estate empire, she's expanding it still. And, I might add, she uses the same basic theme you and I have been practicing... dominance and submission."

David turned toward her. God, with that golden blond hair and her large breasts, he lusted after her almost constantly.

"But... how do you mean?" David was confused. "I get this image of slaves forced under the whip, like in ancient Egypt, moving large blocks in the hot sun. But this is America. You can't own slaves anymore."

Linda laughed, put down her mimosa onto the tray before her. "Of course you can, darling. Oh, not in the classic sense, obtaining slaves by conquest and capture. But men can be enslaved in many other ways. Mostly by using their own compulsion against them. You are a case in point. You are my slave. Aren't you?"

"... Yes, Linda."

She noticed his hesitation. Made a note of it.

"And if I told you that you'd get a chance to put your engineering degree to use, but that the compensation for your forty-hour week--I'm being lenient--would be thirty cents an hour, plus a bonus of licking my ass an hour a day, you'd take the job, wouldn't you?"

There was a brief silence, as David considered the consequences of her bizarre question.

"Wouldn't you?" she demanded, sterner now, but whispering.

"Yes, Linda. Yes. I would. But only for you."

He gave the answer she expected, but in fact he was still thinking of this. He was thinking: what man in his right senses would agree to that kind of situation?

"That's wonderful to hear, David. But you should know you are not unique. There are hundreds--no, thousands--of men out there with submissive compulsions so strong they crave this type of debasement. David, perhaps I'll give you a tour of one of my mother's leather factories. The stench from the tanning process is so strong and vile. Yet slaves are toiling there, some of them naked and chained to their posts, sitting on backless wooden stools, stools that contain thick butt plugs that are forced up the slave's asses."

"God!" David said, shaking his head again. "It sounds so impossible. And these men volunteer for this?"

"David, that chaining of them to their posts... do you think it's to prevent their escape?" She chuckled at his naivety. "No, dear... it heightens the masochistic or submissive effect. Most of them would be disappointed if no one thought to chain them. By catering--so to speak--to the individual kinks and perversions of these various men, my mother has built an industry. And in doing so, has been able to invest further, largely in real estate. And then, five years ago, she purchased the land and created a sanctuary for women like me and men like you... the Village of Imperia."





CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 4)

In the brief silence that followed, David stared out the window of the airplane. He kept his thoughts to himself. That last remark... "men like you," disturbed him. he was not "like" the others. He would not want to be chained to his desk, not want a butt plug up his ass. He was not "into" all this. He was not a masochist; did not crave or desire the pain and humiliation.

But then why was he mired in this up to his armpits, and sinking farther? He was compelled, after all, and the catalyst of his compulsion was his new bride, Linda von Lieden. She corrupted his senses, blurred his logic, and boiled his very blood. Her demands were unreasonable, her didactic discussions often came out as fascist propaganda. And yet David nodded his head and agreed like some mindless drone. Her power devoured him physically, too; when she was near him, his heart raced, adrenaline flooded his body right down to the capillaries. And he became erect (Sometimes he even regretted how easily he'd become erect, and how helpless he was to avoid it). And once he was erect stage, another sensation of helplessness followed: obedience. He experienced a great sense of futility from all this. He felt doomed.

On the honeymoon, he hadn't been out of her sight--or influence (like when he was left in bondage)--for more than an hour. Now, he wondered, when back in civilization, would he have freedom for even half a day? Some time to himself? Would he be able to relax and watch a baseball game? Or, more importantly... have time to himself, to think things out logically. If he could only have time alone to think, then he could...

"What's on that little mind of yours, David... so deep in thought?"

Damn! She never let up. The heavy pressure of oppression was getting to him. He felt claustrophobic.

"Oh...nothing, Linda," he replied after clearing his throat. Realizing she wouldn't accept that, he added: "Just about my parents. How do I tell them about getting married. About my sister, Meg. What do I tell her about what I'm doing next. There's a whole other life of mine that sits out there. It seems to be slipping from my fingers.

"So," she said, sharply, sitting up straight, "you don't want your new life with me, David?"

"Oh... it's not that, Linda. Of course I do. It's how to reconcile this with the normal part of me. I mean, in normal marriages the families--sons and daughters and in laws--keep in touch, visit, get together for Thanksgiving."

As soon as that word "normal" slipped out, he regretted it. Linda helped increase his regret.

"So, this new life is too freaky for you? Too sick? Oh, yes, it's been so sudden, like you haven't gone along with it for months. Continued forward with me despite my repeated warnings and offerings of release."

"Linda... please... I..."

"You had questions. I answered them. You may not have liked what you heard. But was there one iota of resistance from you? One little ounce of rebellion? Why didn't you tell me to go fuck myself? Fuck you, Linda! You'll never slap my face again. I'm leaving. I'd rather have a nice, little, sweet, vanilla girlfriend slash wife, who'll bake cherry pies and light my pipe. No, David, you went eyes open into this. Want to know why?"

David brought his right hand up, removed his glasses, and squeezed his temples between thumb and fingers, as if to massage a headache. He now believed the woman across the aisle could hear this. And the steward kept prancing around, serving and preparing things.

"I asked a question, David. Want to know why you went along? Obviously, you don't. You don't want to hear it. You don't want to hear how pathetically weak you are." She turned in her seat to face him even more. From the corner of his left eye he could see the alluring cleavage of her large breasts. "Well, I'm going to tell you anyway. It's a public service announcement, to enable you to have a clear view of who you really are.

"You're compelled, David. Just like those mindless fools who slave away at the leather-cutting machines. You think you have a choice because you are so frigging smart. You are so mundanely and scientifically logical... wondering how to reconcile this bad dream with the normal world that you mistakenly believe has a place for you. Remember that little experiment we played back in the honeymoon cabin? Remember how I had you strung up to that overhead bar, with your arms lifted? And the experiment, how it pleased me, yet fascinated you? I placed clothespins on your nipples and your erection rose. And when I removed them your erection subsided. 'Want the clips back on, slave?' I asked. And you said, no. But your body could not lie. And now you sit here and deny the truth again, deny the reality of who you are.

"You say you do this out of love for me. I do believe that, David. But only part way. Your temperament led you into this, David. You have a need for this. You are a natural born slave. And, if I hadn't come along to lead you into the purest form of slavery--where you belong--you would have eventually succumbed to another domme of some sort, maybe some nagging, miserable little bitch who has no idea of a genuine mistress slave lifestyle."

What she said was true, David did not want to hear this. Yet he did. And he feared she was more correct than not. But in the midst of her diatribe, David heard one word that stood out: rebellion. I've got to hold onto that, he thought. Keep it somewhere in mind. Sometime it's bound to happen, when Linda either will take things too far or when I will just be fed up. And when that time comes, I will tell her to go fuck herself. I will walk out... not so much on her, but walk out on this crazy life of slavery.

He smirked a bit to himself: remember, she needs me more than I need her. She'll never get a slave like me. This is my power over her!



CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 5)

As the plane hums on... a FLASHBACK:

Lind and David sat beneath a willow tree on a bench in the college quadrangle. Linda removed a cigarette from her pack of long 120s; David, by this time, knew enough to carry a lighter and lit it for her. As she exhaled, he looked at her in wonder: what a strange yet beautiful girl, he thought, so determined to have her way, yet underneath it all he sensed that she needed him as much as he did her. This by no means weakened her in his eyes, just that he was aware of a symbiosis at work.

Linda, meanwhile, looked up at the full, cooling umbrella of the willow. Her thoughts? She'd just love to cut herself a ripe and flexible switch or two and pull down David's pants. She smiled to herself and took another long drag of her cigarette.

"I have a sort of confession to make," David said, suddenly. "It's about s&m and things like that. You might think I don't know anything at all about it. I mean, I don't know a lot of it, that's true, but there's something that I did witness a little while ago that I have to admit did have me very intrigued."

She turned to him. "Hmmm... intrigued or just plain turned on?"

He smiled, shyly. "Well, both... but turned on I must admit."

"Then you must tell me, mustn't you?"

"Well, of course. I intended to tell you anyway. Well, here it is. I was in a poly sci class my sophomore year. I sat at a desk in the back, all the way in a corner. One day, as I set my books down, I saw some graffiti on the desk. Someone had written a message. It was unlike the other shit that students leave, like curses and limericks and 'death to so-and-so.' This one shocked me--let's say shocked me awake. It said something like this... 'to beautiful goth girl, saw you sit here in psyche 2 class. I want to be your slave. Will wait after your class the next 4 Fridays on east corner steps of Baker Hall. I am a brunette boy, 19, with pony tail and glasses.'"

Linda smiled broadly. "I never had such luck. I had to trip you, practically rope you in. So, the message turned you the hell on? You wished you were the pony tail boy?"

"The message did turn me the hell on. First, I tried to infer what he meant by: 'I want to be your slave.' I mean, what's that mean exactly? What's it entail? Does he mean it romantically, or poetically, as from the mind of a Shakespeare? Or is he being literal? He was willing to spend the next four Fridays waiting for her after class. That told me something. My heart began pounding as I tried to decipher the thing. I missed most of my lecture that day. Couldn't concentrate for shit."



CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 6)

Linda stepped on her cigarette butt. She was amused. It was rare for David to speak for so long, get into a full story about things. But this was encouraging; was he finally becoming relaxed about the dominance and submission?

"So, you went home and jerked off, right?"

"Yes and no. Here's why it's a confession. I, of course, had never seen this girl. My classes didn't overlap hers, as obviously his did. But now I knew the schedule. And so I took a look into her next Friday psyche class and saw what she looked like. When I confirmed that the ponytail boy was correct, I then showed up on the steps of Baker Hall at the time designated. I just had to find out if she'd read the message and if she'd respond to the potential slave's request."

Linda laughed out loud. "This is just delicious! God! And you want to know something... I would have done the exact same thing. I'm surprised the steps of Baker Hall weren't crowded with voyeurs. There just had to be someone lurking across the way with a camera and zoom lens! Okay, I can't take it anymore, tell me..."

"She showed up. My heart nearly rammed through my chest. She was a petite little thing, maybe five foot two, and like a hundred pounds total. But she had the guts to not only show up, but she walked right the fuck up to him. And guess what he did?"

"He knelt."

"Right! I almost shit. He came down a few steps so he'd be below her, and he knelt on a stair. It was obvious, but not totally obvious. And when she looked down at him with a satisfied smile, I wanted to shoot him and take his place... just to find out what would have happened to him, but with it happening to me, you know? I didn't know anything about what 'slave' meant, in the kind of terms you talk to me about. And it didn't occur to me if she knew either. But it seemed like he did. And he showed it immediately."



CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 7)

"Well, my love, that is a wonderful love story. You did want to stalk them after that, didn't you? Peek into a window somewhere to see how it went."

"I was dying to. But I gave it up there, except that I had to look at his graffiti once a week in that class room, and be reminded each time."

"And now you are learning just what--quote--slavery is about. Just the surface of it, so far. Want to know something?"

"Yes?" He was stirring already, kind of edgy. It was becoming usual now, whenever he detected a change in her voice... the one that identified her as the controller. Sometimes it was just subtle, maybe something like this story would reach a place in her triggering her dominance; sometimes she'd begin this way, fully adamant about their relative positions.

She turned and patted his face. It had turned chill, and she wore her tight leather gloves (David never admitted it, but the aroma and touch of her gloves enthralled him). "Mr. Ponytail," she said, "will never experience what you will. He'll never reach the heights--or is it depths--of submission that you will discover. Whatever Miss Five-foot-zero has, she cannot enslave her possession to the exquisite degree that you will become enslaved to me."

David didn't know what to say. He just stared at her, wondering if this was a good thing or bad. He'd been ordered about by Linda, and had his face slapped numerous times. But he could still not imagine what slavery meant... that is, in Linda's terms.



CHAPTER 3: THE FLIGHT HOME

(page 8)

"And so now you know this much," she said, taking his bare hand with her gloved one. "That there are men out there just dying to become enslaved. Or at least to submit on their terms. Some say there are a thousand submissive men to a single dominant female. I can believe it. But there aren't that many true slaves. A genuine slave is rare indeed. They have to be dug up like truffles." She smiled. "Hundred bucks a pound." She squeezed his hand in appreciation.

"And you think I am that, Linda? A genuine slave? I don't even know what I'm talking about."

"You don't know it yet. It's like I am the one with the stethoscope and you just have your ears. I know what's inside you. I recognize this nature. My senses are attuned to it the way hogs can find truffles buried underground. You are true slave material, my boy. And that's good for me and bad for you."

David shook his head. "Linda, you say things like that and I just don't get it. It's as if you can get enjoyment out of this being bad for me. Is that how this works?"

"Yes. Straight out, it's good for me, my dear, because I am a sadist. And bad for you because under a sadist you will have to suffer."

He removed his hand from hers. They just sat there in silence until Linda pulled out another cigarette. This time with reluctance, David lit it. The smoke, thankfully, drifted away from him.

"Can't you understand, David, that there can be a sort of pride, exhilaration, even joy in suffering?"

"No. I don't get that. And I don't think I ever will. There may be a turn on in there, and I confess to that happening, but pride? Joy? No."

"Well then," she said exhaling a large plume of smoke and smiling, "you'll have to settle for that... suffering with a hard-on."

She reached down and grabbed his crotch. Immediately, she could feel a small throb and his penis growing. He didn't resist. Nothing--nothing on Earth was so good as a woman's hand upon your genitals. She looked him in the eyes and squeezed a bit tighter, satisfied when she heard a sharp intake of breath. He closed his eyes, wanting to get his mind closer to the sensation. But as soon as he did, she released him, and he exhaled his disappointment.

She smiled at him. "See, my slave? Pleasure can come to you." He was still breathing heavily. "Your dilemma is that it will only come to you at my hands and at my will. I want you to experience pleasure, but I want you to value it. In order to value it more, you must have it come to you infrequently and usually accompanied by some kind of pain and humiliation."

He now looked crestfallen. Why could he not receive the pleasure that came to ordinary others? They didn't have to suffer the imposed infrequencies Linda spoke about, or

ponder the ominous warning about pain and humiliation.

"You want this every day, right? For me to grab that hungry, eager cock and either suck it or jerk it." She laughed out loud, took another drag of her cigarette. "Foolish boy! If you could rely on a frequent schedule of such attention, you'd quickly become used to it and it would lose its edge. You may not believe it, but you've got to rely on me for this. And if you become accustomed to such attention you'd quickly lose sight of my pleasures. If you forget other things, remember this: my pleasure comes first! Well, you'll learn in time. And we have plenty of time."

✦ END of CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The newlyweds arrive home in Imperia, where David learns he is immersed more deeply than he could have imagined. Suddenly others come into their lives, beginning with David's mother-in-law, the owner of Imperia, Vera von Lieden. But another young woman enters the family circle, Linda's private secretary, Lady Leah, who takes up residence with them, making David question how many women he has to serve.



CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

The plane ride back to the States was relatively uneventful for David. Although he was subjected to some more of Linda's lecturing, he was relieved that she'd devised no humiliation or torture for him to endure. And so, for parts of the flight, he was content to stare out the window of the airplane and daydream.

His thoughts ran both forward and back. Thoughts of the future frightened him; if his life at home with Linda were to be anything like the last two weeks spent on his "honeymoon," all he could envision was exhausting slavery and harsh punishments, along with incidents of degrading humiliation and debasing toilet servitudes. But Linda had told him: "These two weeks are very special, my slave. It is less a honeymoon than it is a course in obedience and servitude... for a slave to gain practical knowledge in how to serve his superior Mistress. And, of course, for you to learn of my particular desires and interests.

"And yet, David," she said softly, taking and squeezing his hand, "throughout all of that—despite your minor discomforts and distressed state of mind—remember that I do love you. I may give in to my sadistic yearnings at times, but at the same time I have within me a deep understanding of how much I treasure you. I always have your well being in mind." She smiled sweetly at him, and added: "Although I do enjoy hurting you, David, I will never harm you."

This particular disclosure did nothing to ease his mind, and yet David did hold some hope that the two weeks spent on the strange estate was only a harsh memory. Yes, that might have been an example of how his life would become, but a condensed version, compacted into a short period. Once arriving home, the acts of servitude and bizarre requirements would perhaps become fewer and spread out, become diluted, too, so to speak. More time would be spent being "normal," and he could relax from the dread intensity of the "learning" period. He sighed. An image floated into his mind: he saw himself watching a baseball game on TV, his feet up, drinking a well-deserved beer. Yes, perhaps life to come might be a bit more traditional.



CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 2)

Linda's perceptions were quite different. Her mind sped ahead. She had lots on her mind. Complex and exciting goals faced her, and she was anxious to put her plans into effect. There was the new house waiting. It had been built for her and David by her Mother, but built to Linda's own specifications. The cleverness of the architect thrilled her; all those hidden and special rooms and implements she'd devised. Waiting too was the town of Imperia, where each family was ruled by the wife (or, in extraordinary circumstances, a few lesbian couples). And there was Regime Imperia, the association of female rulers, the secret society formed to find and unite kindred spirits. As her wedding became official, her membership turned official as well. Not that there was any doubt about their impending membership (after all, Linda's mother owned the place), but both Linda and David were now technically eligible to enter Imperia as citizens.

Then, of course, Linda looked forward to seeing her Mother. Vera von Lieden had been generous to her children, raising her daughters to understand how to live in a male-dominated society; that is, how to leverage that to their own advantage. Linda was the first to marry a slave, and 22 year-old Jacklyn would be next. Finally,

there would be the house warming, and the visits from members of the secret gated neighborhood. Oh, and of course, Lady Leah would be waiting. What a delightful creature Leah was. Linda fingered the tall glass containing her mimosa and shifted in her seat. The hum of the jet plane soothed her. She sighed: her plans felt so... delicious.





CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 3)

The limousine turned into a long, curving driveway. David stared out his window. Ahead, in the distance, loomed a Victorian-style house. In the clouded and gloomy afternoon, the large house appeared ominous. Although the building was new, still it looked cold and un-inviting. A stiff breeze blew some dead leaves across the paved driveway, and far off in the distance came a rumble of thunder. David sighed.

“David, dear, please take care of the driver while I go and unlock the door?”

David was almost ready to reply, “Yes Mistress,” but caught himself. “Okay, Linda. I’ll be right along,” he called to her receding backside.

He helped gather the bags and stacked them on the steps of the wide, wrap-around porch. He paid the driver and tipped him. Linda had worked the locks and disappeared into the house. David approached, apprehensively. He swung the door open. Linda was nowhere in sight and the lights had not been turned on. Past the foyer, a large open area led to a stairway and rooms on either side. David stepped ahead. Past the stairway, the hall went back, obviously to other rooms, perhaps the kitchen and dining rooms. The afternoon light seemed to dim rapidly. The air was chilled.

Suddenly, there was a sound on the stairway. It sounded like Linda’s boots on the carpeted stairs. David looked up. A young woman descended. She was slim, wearing a black turtleneck sweater and a long woolen skirt of dark gray. Her hair was dirty blond, cut short. David was stunned, unable to speak.

“Hi,” she said, walking quickly toward him, reaching out a slim feminine hand. “I’m Lady Leah. Is the Mistress with you?”

“Um... well, yes. She...uh... just walked in ahead of me. May I ask, who you are? Are you a relative?”

“No, silly. I’m Linda’s secretary. I’ve come over to greet her. And you are letting in the cold. Why don’t you bring in the luggage and close that door?”

“Oh, yes. Sure.” My God, David thought, are *all* women to be my boss?

As he carried in the luggage, Linda returned from the back of the house. Leah rushed to her, her arms wide. Linda hugged her and actually lifted the smaller girl off the floor.

“Sweetie, so good to see you,” Linda shouted. “I went to turn up some heat. I thought you might not have come.”

“Oh, Linda, I’d never miss being here to greet you. And actually I’ve just arrived myself. I came to turn on the lights and turn up the thermostats. But I’ve forgotten that you’ve designed this house so that each room has its own thermostat. So I went upstairs and began checking which rooms you might use. I wanted your room to be toasty warm.”

“Sweet girl. Always thinking of me. So, have you introduced yourself to my husband? David, dear, come on over. This is Lady Leah.” Linda put her arm around Leah’s shoulder. “She is my right arm and then some. She will be staying with us for a while. At least until we get settled in and fully furnished.”

Lady Leah was maybe five-two, and a hundred-two pounds. But she wore dark, very glossy boots with impossibly high stiletto heels. The look fascinated David: could those heels be four inches, he thought.

David suddenly felt a weight lifted from him. As long as her secretary would be living here the regime of slavery could be postponed. If that's to be the case, he hoped that Leah would stay a long time.

David said, "Pleased to meet you, Lady Leah. Uh... pardon me, Linda, but I do suppose we have a bathroom here? Would you mind showing me?"

Linda laughed. "Of course, my love. We have eight or nine of them, I think. I can't claim to know where they all are. But I can show you one on this level. I just used it myself."

She smiled and took David's arm and walked with him forward into the house, past the stairway. He felt good. It seemed things were going to be normal between them, perhaps due to the presence of the secretary. They passed a parlor on the left side, and a large dining room on the right. Down a few steps and into a hallway, she led him to a restroom.

Linda said, "See you back in the kitchen, dear. I'll go put up some water. Then after we have tea, I can show you around and we can unpack. Take your time."



CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 4)

David did take his time. The bathroom was large. Mirrored all round. The fixtures looked very expensive. He knew his Mother-in-law had built the house for Linda, but he'd never expected such size and opulence.

He found Linda and "Lady Leah" sitting in a large kitchen. They sat, drinking tea, both of them smoking cigarettes. The sight brought him a slight shiver, as he recalled the many times as a slave he'd been forced, naked and on his knees, to remain motionless before his Mistress, holding her ashtray. He stopped in the doorway, praying silently that Linda would not suddenly turn tyrant and embarrass him in front of this strange girl.

"David. Come on over. Look at this kitchen. It's really something, isn't it? Here, pour yourself a cup of tea and join us."

Truly, it was the largest kitchen he'd ever seen. Every appliance brand new, they gleamed under the warm indirect lighting.

He poured himself tea, sat, and stared at the two of them as they talked. Smoke from the cigarettes spiraled upward. Although he hated the odor, watching them smoke stirred him. He considered the smoking to be a contrivance, an erotic act, used somehow to hypnotically further his slavery and humiliation; he believed this because one night on the honeymoon had Linda had told him so.

"Leah, honey, tell me, were you a bit nervous being alone here?...investigating this big place? Have you discovered any of the special... amenities?"

"I checked out the house a few times, Linda. I came by a couple of times like you asked me. Your new home is indeed beautiful. And it's huge! But, no, I didn't discover any so-called amenities. You know that I am notoriously not curious, especially when it comes to snooping about someone else's house."

"Well," Linda laughed, clapping her hands together, "then it will be a special tour for us all, as I show both you and David around. I guarantee it will be a thrilling experience, although I can't be sure that David will have the same kind of appreciation for it."

David felt an immediate blow to his stomach, almost as if he'd be punched. The sudden disclosure that Linda would expose her secrets to Lady Leah while he accompanied them sent a shiver through him, and his face turned hot. From what he'd learned on his honeymoon, in that cottage, there were bondage devices built into the ceilings and walls and chairs... oh God, he did not want to face this. Is this house built in a similar way? And are the "amenities" actually instruments for bondage and torture? His hand now shook as he tried to take another sip of tea.





CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 5)

They finished the tea and Linda and Leah extinguished their cigarettes. David became nervous again, as he anticipated Linda ordering him to clean up. God... he did not want Lady Leah witnessing his humiliation.

But Linda stood and said, "Let's start our tour. We'll go upstairs and begin with the bedroom. David, please carry up the special suitcase. I may have a need for some items in there."

This is it then, David thought, and so it will begin, my slavery is starting so soon, and even worse... I am going to be exposed to this young stranger. He walked ahead to the hallway, lifted the heavy suitcase and followed Linda and Leah up the long stairway.

The upper landing was wide as well, with long wide hallways on either side. There were four rooms to the right and another six to the left. Ahead, at the end of another hallway, was a double door. This is where Linda led them. When she reached here, she spread both doors open with a flourish and danced inside. She spun on her heels and showed them a broad smile.

"Well, this is it. There is so much to show in this room alone. I am sure I will forget some of the smaller attractions. So, let me begin with the biggest and most obvious...the bed!" She stepped to a huge four-poster bed and hugged one of the ornate wooden posts. The post was unusually fat around, thick as a man's thigh. "There is not another like it anywhere," she breathed lustily. "Notice, the four posts are reinforced overhead by those connecting wrought iron bars that reach across. Nothing can move this bed. Here, David, come over... try to shake it."

"I'll take your word for it," he said. Then he realized he was foolish for refusing a simple request. And to do so in front of her associate was not smart.

She glared at him and David moved to correct his mistake. "Okay, let me try that," he said, his voice cracking noticeably. He walked over, grabbed a post in both hands and tried to shake the bed. It was like trying to move the Washington Monument.

Linda giggled. Leah let out a snicker.

"Now, watch this," she said to both of them. Within the designs carved into the wooden post, one or more of them apparently were release buttons. As Linda pressed one, there was a slight electric hum and the caps atop the two posts at the foot of the bed flipped up and two silken cords were pushed out, snaking downward until Linda removed her finger from the button. The black cords each had loops woven into the ends. "Now, David, open our suitcase and remove the leather wrist cuffs and two double-ended clips."

After he did so, she took them from him and strapped the two leather cuffs to his wrists. He sighed softly, but was happy in a way that this seemed to be just a demonstration, as she had not ordered him to undress. To the leather cuffs Linda clipped the two steel connectors. She had him step to the foot of the bed and spread his arms up and wide. Reaching up, she clipped one end to the loop in a silk cord. She went to his other wrist and did the same. David was now standing, his arms spread and cuffed to two hanging ropes. Linda pressed another button and there was another hum. This time, the ropes

retracted, pulling David's wrists up and apart. He realized with some panic that if she kept her finger on the button that he'd be pulled apart. Suddenly, he realized also, that the ropes were rising at the same time, forcing him up to his toes. Linda watched and then removed her finger.

David let out a small grunt of pain.

Linda laughed out loud. Leah giggled.

"Leah, honey, just imagine how we could play on the bed while poor slave David stands stretched here, watching us hungrily. What awful teasers we could be. Oh, wait... there's more. We haven't done anything for his ankles."

She squatted down and reached beneath the footboard at the corners and pulled out another pair of black silk ropes. These already had ankle cuffs attached and she put them on David. Pressing yet another button, there was a whirring and the ropes retracted, separating David's ankles. Of course, there was a corresponding pressure on his arms, as the widening of his legs forced David lower. Now he was spread eagle. And the pressure on his arms was straining. David let out another small grunt of pain and began to sweat.

"You know what, Leah? I like seeing him strung up too much to remove him. Let's leave David like that for a while... I'm sure he can take it." Then, lowering her voice to a *knowing* tone, added, "He's taken much worse." And David knew, too, recalling the tortures at his boot-camp honeymoon. Linda continued. "Meanwhile I can show you the house and we can discover some more wonderful gadgets."

"Sounds good to me, Linda," Leah said, giggling again.

David began to hate the girl now. If not for her, he might not be in this position. Oh, hell... he'd be in some position anyway, and maybe one no better than this. With no small degree of jealousy, he listened to their female bantering as Linda led the tiny Lady Leah by her waist... off into some distant bathroom.





CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 6)

The rest of that first evening in the new house turned rather tame for David. He was bound to the four-poster for only another half hour when Linda and Lady Leah came to let him down. From there, Linda suggested they all go out to dinner. And without changing clothes—except for adding jackets and sweaters on this cool evening—they all went out to the detached garages.

“I’ll drive, David,” Linda said, “I know the territory.”

And they all got in to a brand new Mercedes S500, David in the rear.

Linda drove them through the von Lieden Gate at the south western corner of Imperia, and onto the state road that led to the bridge that spanned the river to the city. They pulled up to Messalina’s and a valet parked the car. The valet (a slave, of course) recognized the von Lieden plate, and brought the big sedan to the reserved spot.

Personnel from Messalina’s rushed to greet Linda, the Manageress and waiters fawning over her. The three were shown to seats at von Lieden’s usual table. But before they got there, residents from Imperia stood and greeted and complimented Linda. Perhaps half the diners were from Imperia, and those in the path of Linda’s travel stopped them, congratulating the couple on their marriage, and giving their regards for Linda’s mother, Vera.

David was astonished at the enthusiastic response to Linda’s appearance, and he was in awe at the aristocratic treatment.

When they sat, Linda removed a long, white cigarette and handed one to Lady Leah. David fumbled in his pocket to locate a lighter. He found it, and lit both their cigarettes (he knew to light Lady Leah’s first). In Leah’s small fingers the cigarette appeared even longer.

“Well,” Linda sighed, after a large exhale of smoke. “Feels so good to be back in town.”

“Yeah,” Lady Leah chuckled, “I’m surprised no serfs were laid out, groveling for you to walk in across their backs.”

“They only prepare that for my mother,” Linda responded, continuing Leahs’ joke.

A waiter came and served Margheritas. Even David was permitted to drink.

“You haven’t met Vera yet, have you David?” Leah asked, suddenly.

David, who had learned well not to speak unless spoken to, just replied, “No.”

“Well,” Leah continued, “You’d better get your ass in gear. Get ready for royalty.”

He wanted to ask what she meant, but couldn’t.

“Yes, David, I guess I should warn you,” Linda said, still in a jocular tone. “You’ve never met anyone like her. You’ll melt like a candle just kneeling there. And you will kneel to her, David, starting tomorrow morning.”

“Oh, goodie,” cried Lady Leah. “I didn’t know she was back from Rotterdam?”

“Yes, she’s in New York, and will be here tomorrow morning, just in time for brunch. After all, she wants to wish her daughter good luck on her recent wedding, and to congratulate the lucky groom.”

David was in a high dudgeon... going from rattled to confused to amazed. The conversation going on around him seemed on the surface so... normal. But in between, a remark tossed in, gave reminders that his was no ordinary marriage, and he felt as if he had landed on an alien planet.

Lady Leah lifted her glass. “To your mother, Vera, the wealthiest, most brilliant bitch in this hemisphere!”

Linda lifted her glass to toast, and David... slowly, tentatively, lifted his. My God, what is going on? It appears Lady Leah is permitted to be an impertinent little sass, and yet I—David—haven’t permission to even speak. And what’s with this Vera von Lieden? They seem to think she’s the Queen of England? God, this is my mother in law?





CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 7)

Linda and David were back home, now ensconced in Linda's suite. David was thankful that Lady Leah went to her own room, leaving them alone. He was still unsure of the girl's role in the household; and *secretary* seemed a specious title at least. In fact, everything seemed mysterious to him at this point, what with the arrival due of the powerful Vera. What role will she play in this household? Does she have a permanent room here? Will I be living—and slaving—for my wife, my mother-in-law *and* the impertinent little Lady Leah?

"David, would you come in here, please?" he heard, coming from his wife's bathroom.

Still dressed, he'd been sitting in a club chair, staring out a window into the gloomy night; outside, he could just make out the garden below, partially illuminated by a light somewhere on the main floor. There seemed to be some kind of structure down there, similar to a child's monkey bars. Perhaps it was some kind of modern sculpture?

When he heard Linda call, however, he received an immediate enlightenment: child's play toy or outdoor bondage device? Oh my, is nothing innocent here?

He rose wearily and went toward Linda's voice. The bathroom was actually a small suite in itself; two connecting rooms. First, came an area for making up and dressing, then, further along, came the toilet and bath area. The inner bathroom was well lit, perhaps with too much light. Linda was standing in the middle of the large anteroom and she was stunning! She wore a very low-cut bra, showing off a wide palette of pink flesh, her large breasts rolling hypnotically, like swells in the ocean. Her panties were cut high, and the lacy top, although black, was so diaphanous it might have been made from smoke.

She had a hairbrush in her right hand. A cigarette lay burning in an ashtray. She had been brushing her hair and admiring her body in the mirror.

"Why aren't you undressed?" she queried. "Aren't you eager to be with your new bride?" She gave him a small smile.

"Oh... oh, yes, of course, Linda. May I have a moment?"

He turned to leave, then stopped. "Uh... but do I have a place for my clothes?"

"Just toss them on the floor, dear, and come back here fast as you can."

He rushed back to the large club chair, sat, removed his shoes, and then disrobed entirely. Tossing his clothing onto the floor, he rushed back to the bathroom.

When he got to the doorway, he was already erect. Immediately, he dropped to his knees.

Linda smile brightly, clapped her hands. "Excellent! Wonderful! Maybe there's hope for you after all. Crawl here. Yes, move aside this seat, and replace it with your body."

There was a backless sedan there, upon which Linda had been sitting as she sat before a well-lit vanity. David pushed it aside, and took the position. Then he felt her weight on his back. This was, now, a pleasant service to him. He thrilled at the heat from her warm derriere and the substantial weight upon him—Linda, after all, weighed about one

hundred sixty pounds, and stood five-ten. And, as this anteroom was carpeted, David felt he could support Linda happily for a good half-hour.

“Ah...” she sighed, “I feel so good. David, this is wonderful, isn’t it? Don’t answer, dear... you won’t need to speak now. But this is how it’s supposed to be, isn’t it? This is what I call domestic bliss. We together like this, with me above you. You performing as a devoted slave should. What a feeling to have you, instead of that... that stool for a seat. I feel so deeply connected this way. And I have every confidence that this is going to work out.”

As Linda spoke, she continued brushing her long golden hair, stopping now and then to take a puff of her cigarette.

“David, in a few moments I am going to turn mean and cruel. Yes, I am. I just have to. What we have right now, this closeness is just one part of the equation. It’s pleasant, and I hope you appreciate it as much as I do. But I am going to turn into a bitch in a few minutes. It is another part of the equation. And you just have to experience both, in order to become the best slave you can be. And in order to make me hot.

She reached down and stroked his hair. “Now, you may speak... only one word. You will answer this... do you understand that you must be treated like shit and accept it whenever I want?”

By announcing he may speak and telling him a question was coming, she gave him a *heads up*. And yet, still he was thunderstruck. The question was just too outlandish for a person to hear; and to reply to it required a thought. Who on earth could snap back with the appropriate—for this bizarre scene—yes?

He hesitated perhaps five seconds, but that was enough to irritate Linda. She was about to give him a piece of her mind when he finally answered.

“Y...yes, Mistress. Yes, of course. You have every right to treat me like shit, if that pleases you. And I know I must accept it.”

“Stupid bitch!” she snarled, but with a chuckle. “Still you don’t listen properly. I accept your answer, but was it the one word reply I allowed you? What an idiot! And you took too long, too. I said I am going to treat you like shit? Well, now you can understand a little bit of just why you deserve it.”





CHAPTER 4: THE HONEYMOON IS OVER

(page 8)

She rose from his back. “Now, worm, crawl all the way to my glorious bed. From out of our special suitcase find riding crop number three. Then crawl back here with it in your teeth. If you allow any spittle on my crop it will bring you double of what I intend. Shit, I’m going to give you double anyway,” she laughed, evilly, “double of whatever I feel like.” And she threw her head back and laughed heartily.

“Go,” she said, kicking him in the ass.

He found the painfully thin crop and carried it back. She took it from his mouth. Of course, it was slightly wet.

“Now... crawl ahead into the inner sanctum, my special bathroom.”

As he moved ahead on his hands and knees, suddenly he received a wicked slash from the crop.

THWICK!

The pain shocked him, and he let out a short squeal.

She leaned forward and gave him three more.

THWICK! THWICK! THWICK!

“Aaaagghhh....!”

“Delicious! Now, over there, to the second toilet. See the one with the U shape cut into the front? That’s where you rest the back of your neck. Yes, slave... toilet slave... that’s where you get to look up into the bottom of your Queen’s ass and pussy. That’s where you worship. That’s where you receive my hot piss.”

David knew what to do. This he’d learned about on his honeymoon. It was no more pleasant in time, but just a routine he’d discovered he could not escape. He turned around, leaned back, and with his neck resting in the “U” he was looking up at the ceiling.

Linda looked down at him. She smiled. Then she did something she’d never done before... she spit full into his face.

The shock on his face made her laugh. “Just another gift, from me to you. Now, get that toilet mouth open, and just because you are over a functioning toilet bowl don’t think you can allow any overflow. Understand, bitch?”

After a sigh, he replied... “Yes, Mistress.”

He watched as she lowered her black panties and turned her back to him. She squatted and her wide ass loomed over him. Suddenly, he felt her weight on his face. He began to panic; there wasn’t enough of the “U” cut out, so that she was not hovering above him, but *on* him. His face was actually pressed into the crack of her ass. Oh no!.. he thought. This toilet is not made right. This doesn’t line up correctly for the ingestion of piss. This

toilet is made... no, don't tell me.

But Linda moved back, he asshole was over his nose and eyes now. And, just before she let loose with a torrent of piss, he sighed in relief. She was not going to shit on him.

His mouth was wide open and now receiving her urine. From the back of his throat he began gulping it down. Despite his ongoing revulsion, he'd learned to perform this properly... that is, swallowing near a hundred percent of her piss.

"Ah..." he heard above him. "Yes... yes, this is marital bliss. This is what males are good for. Piss receptacles. Drink it slave. Drink my piss." And she began to toy with his nipples, pinching them between her thumbs and forefingers. "Oh, what joy, my slave," she called down to him.

And she knew... knew that the joy was mutual, because David was sporting a very stiff erection.

✦ *END of* CHAPTER ✦

COMING NEXT MONTH:

The arrival of Vera von Lieden, and the expansion and intensification of slavery. And three women get a share of David's services.

