**Victoriana Chapter Sixteen**

Jolyon had more or less ignored his wife, Fenella, since the death of his father and the young wife was in the grip of anxiety not knowing whether it was her fault or his grief which was the cause of his indifference Her mother, who had been so supportive, in the past, seemed troubled and dealing with problems of her own which she was not sharing with her daughter.

Fenella was aware that since that first day, when he’d received the news of his father’s death, Jolyon had not come to her room yet before then he had been physically demanding. She shuddered involuntarily as she remembered his almost violent lovemaking in the first months of their marriage. It seemed to her sometimes that that was the only reason Jolyon had married her in the first place: for her body. All he ever thought about was sex. He wanted to make love almost every night, and had suggested all kinds of perverted positions and ways and she being a dutiful wife was supposed to allow him his ways. He had often rained smacks on her bare bottom not as a punishment but for the sadistic satisfaction it afforded him.

She shuddered as she remembered the way Jolyon's huge, purplish, rock-hard member, had torn into her defenceless vagina that night after he had learned of his father’s passing. There had been no foreplay and he had been remorseless and the remembrance, made her tremble with fright. He had been like an animal, spewing foul words about his father and about women in general that ignited terror in her mind and had brought tears to her eyes. Didn't he remember how gentle and patient he had been on their wedding night for she had been a virgin when she married him, he had known that better than anyone.

As Jolyon made his way home from his mother-in-law’s his thoughts turned to his young wife. Goddamn his wife, his Fenella, his one and only wife...why was she not as passionate and docile as her mother?

Did she not realise that, unless he found a way of circumventing the terms of his father’s will they would have to leave Dorset Square and move to a much less grand house. If only she was a strong woman, a red-blooded female who matched him in intellect but her mother had spoiled her. He could forgive her that but not that she was not as passionate as her mother maybe it was time to introduce her to the cane? He realised that he had always held back when spanking her but maybe now was the time to see if she could take as much punishment as her mother could. He pictured Fenella mewling and moaning with pleasure, after he’d turned her bottom crimson with the cane, as he took her in a hundred different ways, and imagined her writhing and sucking and kissing him with unquenchable lust the way her mother and her French maid had. He could almost feel the creamy secretions of her quim as she adoringly whispered his name, and he groaned, knowing full well that she would never match her mother in the bedroom.

Despite his earlier exertions his long, hardened prick was showing signs of life and the pressure was almost excruciating. He reached down and fumbled for the fly of his trousers and managed to free the buttons so that his cock was able to bulge through the narrow opening. Jolyon looked down at the protuberance and it seemed to him as it was bigger than usual and noted that it was caked with dried secretions. What I am doing, he thought with horror, here I am, sitting in a hamson cab with my trousers undone and my prick hanging out! What the hell is happening to me...where is my sense of decency and decorum?

As if responding to his perturbation, his grossly swollen member throbbed and seemed to jerk restlessly, as if seeking a target. Trembling with the pent-up fury of his overwrought emotions, Jolyon touched the swelling and felt a tremor race through his groin and buttocks. He could hardly believe that he was still rampant after his exertions at his mother-in-law’s house. As if of their own volition, his fingers traced a path along the swollen shaft and the sensations was almost overwhelming. For God's sake, stop this! Imagine the disgrace if the coachman saw you manipulating yourself like an adolescent. Despite this thought his fingers continued to caress the stiffened member and he pulled it from side to side and, like a steel spring, his pego reared up as if seeking a target. He was sure that he had never been bigger!

Despite his fear of being seen his fingers caressed the mighty shaft, and the cool air made it tingle. His hand stroked the burning flesh, and sperm churned in the boiling cauldrons of his testes, and he could feel the rising of his sperm in the base of his member. He sat for a long minute, staring down at his still rock-hard prick, his breath ragged and hoarse as he sensed the horse-drawn vehicle slowing down. He realised that the stress of the last few weeks, since his Pater had passed on, had driven him into a very dark place and he was too far beyond recovery to fight the primeval urges that his body thrust upon him. Despite or perhaps because he’d subjected his mother-in-law to such degradation, aided by the boxer and her maid, his mind began to conjure abnormal scenes of what he was going to subject his wife to and they were much more perverted and cruel than anything he’d ever conceived before. Fenella had, since her wedding night, accommodated his lust but he felt as if she was only doing her wifely duty rather than welcoming his ardour as an equal.

While all these wild assumptions and fantasies ravaged his overburdened mind he somehow managed to cram his stiff pego back into his trousers and staggered out of the convenience. He threw a handful of coins to the driver and quietly opened the front door of his residence. The fresh night air combined with the alcohol to allow his darkest instinct to increase. It was very late and all the servants had retired. The house was quiet and in darkness except for the solitary lamp in the hallway. He dropped his overcoat and hat on a chair before taking the steps to the first floor two at the time. He reached the upstairs corridor and was surprised to see a streak of light beneath the door of his wife’s boudoir. He once again freed his erection and his hand once more closed over the rigid shaft as he approached the room. His father would have recognised what was happening to him.

Without preamble he flung the door of his wife’s boudoir open and stormed into the room. His eyes blazed with uncontrolled lust and his immense, ruby-tipped penis led the way as he moved deliberately across the room toward his wife who was sitting in a chair with a book on her lap. He held the mighty sex-weapon in his hand pointing it at her like a weapon.

Fenella, despite feeling tired, had decided to stay awake to wait for her husband’s return. She knew that he was greatly distressed by his father’s death and the financial nightmare which had emerged and felt that it was her wifely duty to try to support him in his time of need. However she had fallen asleep and was not prepared for his sudden appearance in her boudoir. She awoke suddenly and shuddered with terror, her breath frozen in her throat, and could only stare uncomprehendingly as her husband crashed into her room with his engorged penis sticking out of his trousers.

Jolyon, her husband, was standing in front of her with his huge penis in his hand and his eyes seem to glow brightlywith inhuman lust. Her sleep-addled mind could not seem to focus, and then she was overcome with dreadful apprehension at the devilish apparition in front of her.

‘I've got to roger you now, you useless doxy!’ Jolyon blurted out as he looked at his wife cowering in front of him. ‘Right now and goddamn it, you'd better be cooperative for once!’

Fenella sprang to her feet and cowered back into a corner, whimpering with fright as her crazed husband stepped closer to her and grabbed her savagely with his free hand. He easily pulled her body against him, and her attempts to free herself from his grasp were futile and she was hauled ruthlessly against the rigidity of his lust-hardened prick. She felt the immense weapon throbbing through the thin material of her robe and nightdress, as she stared in abject horror into his contorted face. His eyes were wild and his face was suffused with blood and his lips were drawn back over his teeth in a vicious snarl, he was actually drooling and, at that moment, he was more animal than human and she instinctively knew that there would be no reasoning with him.

Fearing for her life she tried wrenching herself free but her husband's strong arms pinned her body against his as his hot, whisky and cigar-smelling mouth crushed against hers, stifling the groans of terror, in a cruel, grinding kiss. Oh no please God no! What is happening to me? Am I to be raped by my own husband, I'm helpless; I can't move; I can't move!

Jolyon's hands explored her helpless body, clutching and squeezing her soft, sensitive flesh, pulling harshly at her flimsy garments. His swollen, rigid prick throbbed excitedly against her stomach as he pinned her against him. Fenella struggled feebly, feeling his hand pressed against her tender left breast, and then the energy to fight him seemed to flow from her body and she went limp, allowing the softness of her lips to part against Jolyon's cruel mouth. She could not fight him, he was too strong and he was her husband, perhaps if she gave in a little it would help calm him down and return him to sanity. Desperately she allowed his tongue to push between her lips deep into her mouth, and she sucked it willingly.

He eased his mouth away from hers then and hissed: ‘Take your clothes off, I want you completely naked!’

‘Darling... please!’ she tried to plead with him, but it fell on deaf ears. ‘You are my husband and there are proprieties, not...not this way, please!’

Jolyon snarled and pushed her away from him so violently that she fell to the floor. ‘That is right, I am you husband and you will do as I wish. I’ll have you any goddamned way I please!’ he snarled thickly, his face contorted in a mask of rage and lust.

Unknown to the husband, and young wife, Jolyon had inherited that dark force, which was hidden away in a solitary place in his mind, from his father. It was as if they harboured an entity of pure demonic lust deep within their soul which could surface and take control of their logic and sanity, in time of stress and over which they had no control.

Fenella knew that to plead anymore would be useless and might enrage her husband even more. She could only look up from her sprawling position, on the carpet, and quiver helplessly with terror anticipating the humiliation she knew was about to be perpetrated upon her defenceless body. It was almost as if another man had taken Jolyon’s identity for she did not recognise her considerate and tender husband in the crazed man towering over her with his erection bobbing in front of his trousers.

Fenella whimpered fearfully and lowered her face to her hands as her lust-maddened husband loomed over her with his long, rigid shaft only inches from her face. She closed her eyes but shuddered when she felt the wet tip of it touching her cheek leaving a slimy imprint on her skin. Somehow she dredged up enough strength to squirm and struggle with renewed strength, frenzied at the thought of his filthy, lust bloated penis touching her face. ‘Get away from me, you beast! Don't you dare touch me, you...you are...an animal!’

‘Damn you! Goddamn you, bitch, you are my wife, you belong to me!’ he shouted. ‘I'll teach you to obey and respect me!’ He reached out and grabbed her slender wrists and pulled her forward until his prick was jammed against her beautiful face. ‘You want me to show you who is the master in this house, well then we'll do it the hard way!’

‘No, no...please...I'm sorry, I'm sorry, Jolyon!’ Fenella pleaded, scalding tears streaming down her cheeks, as her husband gripped her flimsy garments and roughly shredded the material from her body, ripping and shredding it as if it were tissue paper, until she was naked before him, except for her silk knickers.

‘Shut up, you bitch, before you wake the servants!’ he snarled.

‘Jolyon, why... why are you acting like this?’ Fenella whimpered his foul language and cruelty a side of him she had never witnessed before and which scared her to her core.

‘My dear, proper wife, I'll tell you what you're going to do. You're going to suck my prick!’ Jolyon sneered. ‘You're going to put my prick in your mouth and suck it like a good wife should until I tell you to stop.’

She realised that she had to do as he wished so she nodded uncontrollably. Although it would not be the first time she had performed that act now the very idea of his male organ filling her mouth was abhorrent, and she involuntarily gagged at the thought of that fleshy lance ravaging her mouth.

Without warning, her husband thrust his hips forward and down, and the mammoth head of his blue-veined prick rubbed against her closed lips. Even thought she had decided that giving in was the best course involuntarily she tried to twist her mouth away but Jolyon pressed on and the saltine, musky taste of his prick began to seep inside her mouth. The smell coming from his testacies filled her nostrils, she was unaware that less than an hour before the same cock had been in her mother’s fundament and, as he had not washed his genitals, there were vestiges of sexual secretions clinging to the head. She gritted her teeth to deny him access and as she did he rammed forward and his hugely-swollen prick forced its way deep into her mouth

‘Suck, bitch, suck my prick! Pay it obeisance!’ Jolyon groaned as he gripped his wife’s hair and drew her head toward him in spite of her efforts to free herself.

Fenella felt his bulging shaft burrow halfway down her throat, and then back out slightly, then forward again. Despite her revulsion her lips began to nibble slowly at her husband's thrusting instrument, as she coughed and sputtered. His hairy testicles bounced against her chin and she could not avoid inhaling the stale odour of sweat and sex juices from his coarse pubic hairs.

Jolyon, in the grip of demonic lust, thrust his hips back and forth, his hands jerking her head rhythmically with his motion as he forced her mouth over the end of his cock as though it were a quim in which he was venting the full wrath of his maniacal, frustrated lust.

Fenella wished that she could die as she felt his fleshy pego stretch and expand until it completely filled her dainty mouth. She had never felt so humiliated, so debauched in her life, and the only solace was that if she complied it would soon be over. She sucked and pursed her lips hoping to make him ejaculate quicker and pray that would be all he wanted and, once sated, he would drift off to his rooms and leave her alone. She was in a daze, licking and sucking on the throbbing shaft as her husband forced his erection deeper into her mouth. Despite her efforts to force him to quickly reach his climax her ravishment continued a ceaseless defilement of her face by a man no longer in control of his senses.

Then, as suddenly as it had begun, the rape of her mouth stopped as Jolyon withdrew his rigid member from the grip of her lips. A thread of lubricating fluid connected her lower lip and the head of his pulsing cock, like a wet necklace. For a moment Fenella hoped that he might be finished with her, but then she saw that his eyes still glowed with hateful lust, and her body trembled with fear. She felt debased and helpless as she sensed Jolyon kneeling beside her and his hands mauled her thighs. She did not react, but closed her eyes and allowed herself to drift into semi-consciousness, past all caring, a limp body at the mercy of a lust-crazed beast.

Jolyon, completely in the grip of his inner beast, was hardly able to contain his animal-like lust. He fumbled with her knickers, his fingers sliding beneath the leg band, hooking the wispy silk and then ripping away the garment from her hips with one vicious jerk. He parted her lovely legs and used his fingertips to ease the inner lips of her cunny wide open so that he could gaze lewdly into the folds which enshrined her clitoris. The full ripeness of her hips, the darkness of her pubic hair, the flatness of her white belly were all exposed and his cock hardened still more at the thought that soon he would be ravishing her helpless genitalia.

Fenella tossed her head wildly, with a shudder of horror as she felt his clumsy fingers probe the sensitive walls of her exposed cunny. Involuntarily, the juices of her femininity began to flow as the pressure increased, although her mind was petrified into utter subjugation. An erotic spasm surged through her convulsively. ‘OOhhhh!’ she groaned as her husband leant forward and touched his lips to the soft, fleece covered mound at the base of her belly. Her inner thighs spasmed and quivered as the thumbs pulled her hair-lined vaginal lips far apart. His head dipped and he planted a slobbering kiss on her sex. He tantalized her with eel-like flicking of his tongue, moving downward to the spread vertical mouth of her pussy and licked the moist coral folds. Jolyon's fingers parted the damp layered cunny even wider, allowing his hungry, devouring mouth complete access to her secret place.

Despite her terror Fenella's elbows pressed tightly against her sides as her head lolled back and forth insanely as her crazed husband’s searing tongue shot out, stabbing and encircling her quivering clitoris. Like an animal feasting his lips sucked, drawing the slimy folds deep into the cave of his cruel mouth, while his tongue continued its maddening licking against the fleshy nub.

‘Dear God, have pity on me, please help me! Jolyon, husband, has all reason left you? Why do you hate me? Why are you treating me no better than the lowest whore?’ Fenella groaned huskily deep in her throat as her husband's probing lips licked their way up and down, up and down, the length of her narrow slit, starting at her lower belly and pressuring their way over the rimmed opening of her clasping vagina, into the crevice between her firm buttocks. His tongue paid flicking homage to the tight pink anus. She couldn't believe it...that it was happening to her and that despite her loathing involuntarily she was pushing her pelvis up from the hard, unyielding floor to offer him easier access to her womanly secrets. She blushed fiercely when she heard herself emitting strange animal-like noises from between her tightly clenched teeth. Her body was betraying her and there was nothing she could do about it.

Jolyon could taste the marine tang of her sex juices as he fed hungrily on her gaping quim. He unbuckled his belt and then slipped his trousers down to his ankles, kicking both the garment and his shoes free. He grasped his blood-heavy pego as he burrowed his face deep into his wife's cunny. His urge to conquer and ravage the woman beneath him heightened almost overwhelming him. He had not believed that he would dare to treat his beautiful wife the way he treated his mistresses or the whores he paid for sex, but now, here she lay, completely at his mercy. He could not help but gloat inwardly as he plunged his tongue into the palpitating opening of her cunny and she responded by groaning aloud. He covered the clasping, viscous opening of his young wife fully with his lips bringing a low guttural groan and a spasmodic closing of her warm thighs around his head. She might be a lady but beneath the veneer of respectability she was no better than a sixpence whore.

The wet, lubricious flesh massaged his extended tongue as the walls of her vagina opened to welcome the intruder, attempting to ingest his tongue deeper and deeper into it. His nose was mashed against her quivering clitoris, as he hungrily inhaled the pungent, perfumed aroma of her sexual juices. The unexpected response incited his penis into ever fiercer throbbing until he was afraid he was going to spill his seed before he could penetrate her body. God! He had to fuck something or he would burst!

His cock was so swollen that it felt as if it was going to burst! Scenting victory, with a cry of triumph, Jolyon grabbed Fenella's legs, behind the knees, and slithered upward, placing her calves roughly up over his shoulders. He steadied himself on his splayed hands and his huge cock butted angrily against his wife’s drenched quim. He looked down between their bodies and her upturned, ivory white buttocks beckoned him to ravage the deep crevice between them. Her cunny lips expanded against the stabbing probe of his steel-hard prick as he worked it up and down between the ridges and he felt her spasm and shudder.

‘I'm going to fuck you right now, bitch, just the way I have always wanted to...even if you resist!’

Fenella shut her eyes to block the sight of the strange, inhuman face which leered down at her. His words were unintelligible in her ears. But she could sense the fleshy hugeness of his prick pressing into her open channel, jerking and insinuating itself in a sawing motion. She felt its smooth, rubbery head press against her sensitive flesh until it was lodged between the lips of her vaginal opening. ‘Oh God Jolyon... oh why, oh why are you doing... this to me? I am your wife!’ she moaned out helplessly hoping to bring him to his senses.

Jolyon could not control the sadistic desire to torment his wife even more even though the desire to ram his bloated member deep into her was almost overwhelming. He knew that it would not take long to empty the wildly churning seed into her cunny once he fully penetrated her so he decided that to delay this she was going to have to suffer further, to be forced to realise that he was not only her husband but also her Master.

Fenella felt him force open her vagina with the crown of his penis, and winced tearfully at the sudden pain as his not inconsiderable weight crushed her breasts as he thrust his hips forward, and the elastic snugness of her sex resisted only to quickly give way to the brutal pressure. From her throat a throaty wail of despair echoed in the room. ‘Oh Jolyon... please... no, no... not so hard! I am your wife, you are my husband please be kind!’ she begged.

Jolyon was elated by her painful cry and, ignoring her entreaties, he thrust again, suddenly wanting to hear her scream for mercy. He rammed his hips forward brutally, felt his testicles slap resoundingly down against her upturned buttocks as she ground her bottom against the floor in a useless attempt to escape.

She screamed! ‘Jolyon! husband! Oh God, you are hurting me! Aaaagggghhhhh...you are killing me!’ she yelled as her body felt as if it had been impaled by a barbaric implement of torture.

His swollen penis tore into her body like a steam piston scrapping against the unready walls of her vagina causing her to feel as if she was being split in two. Instinctively her inner muscles contracted and squeezed desperately in an attempt to force the alien invader out of her channel. Instead of feeling the huge pole retreating she heard Jolyon gasp with pleasure from the sudden clamping of her passage around his penis. Encouraged he kept on pushing deeper and deeper into her, forcing the moistening pussy to yield open to the thundering rod of hardened flesh invading it. Lying helpless, beneath her rapist with tears of pain and humiliation streaming down her cheeks, Fenella felt her quim being torn asunder by the sheer physical force of his entry. She was unable to comprehend whatever inconceivable logic lay behind his action and the brutality of his cruelty.

Even if he had been aware of Fenella’s mental anguish Jolyon was in no mood for explanations as he pounded his throbbing cock deep up inside his suffering wife until she was sure he was going to pulverize her very inner vitals. It was as if a white-hot rod was filling every pore of her lower body violating every tiny ridge or crevice of her sex.

His hands slipped under her bottom and began to knead the resilient flesh as if it was bread-dough and she could feel her skin begin to bruise from his rough handling. Having fully penetrated her sex Jolyon lay unmoving, his face directly above hers, as he mauled her buttocks and enjoyed the sensation of tightness around his prick. Fenella also remained motionless, afraid of the agony it would cause her if she moved while that huge weapon was lodged so deep inside her. Suddenly she felt his cock jerking upwards the crown butting painfully against her cervix.

‘Aaaagggghhhhh!’ she grunted, her face twisted with pain as the rubbery head punched into her tender flesh.

‘You now know who is the master here! Beg me to fuck you!’ Jolyon taunted. ‘Scream for it!’ He flexed his cock again, as if to emphasise his mastery, putting even more pressure against the closed cervix.

‘Aaaagggghhhhh...Oh God, have mercy! Please... I can't take it!’

‘God cannot hear you!’ He hissed. ‘Prepare yourself to take all I can give and like it!’

His weight was crushing her and she did not have enough breath to answer him.

‘I asked you a question! You better answer me or...’ Jolyon snarled, lifting himself slightly before thrusting his bloated member savagely back into her.

‘Oooohhhh, yes, yes! Please have mercy’ she cried, afraid that he would be even more cruel and more brutal if she refused. ‘I'll like it! I will... I will! You are my husband and I must obey!’ she choked, tears welling in her eyes, as she forced the lie out of her lips.

Her husband's obscene and unwarranted cruelty had plunged her into the depths of degradation and desperation, and she doubted if she would ever be able to look at herself again without remembering this night when her husband raped her. The man who had pledged at the altar to honour and respect her had stripped her of self-respect. She knew that, like a feral animal, he had sensed the loss of the last remaining ounce of resistance and that she was completely helpless.

He plastered his cruel lips against her mouth again as he began to roll his hips from side to side causing his huge prick to force her sex-flesh to yield to the unaccustomed pressure. The agony within Fenella’s delicate sex channel increased, and it felt as though her insides were being pulverised into a thousand miniscule pieces by a stone-hard pestle.

Fenella’s husband thrust his huge prick in and out with ever-increasing speed, ignoring her tears and cries of anguish. His prick seemed to grow bigger and bigger, battering her cervix unmercifully. Jolyon felt a frenzied triumph and justification as instinctively her body undulated in response to his skewering. He slammed is dangling cods against her buttocks, burying his cock again and again inside her decimated cunny which was now fully lubricated. At last, like her mother, she was his, completely his, body and soul, totally submissive to his every whim. He could do with her what he willed and he was going to make sure that she would never forget it

‘My God! My God please stop you're... killing me! Oooohhhh, Jolyon have pity!’ She was sore and raw and mentally scarred from his cruel disregard for her sensitivities.

Hearing her beg added fuel to his raging lust and he laughed harshly and his cock stroked more rapidly, hard and fast, battering her quivering, wet pussy, his large testicles slamming against her upturned buttocks at the end of each stroke. His clutching fingers grasped her taut buttocks and pulled them further apart to allow his cock to penetrate even further inside her stretched quim. The sound of his vicious fucking filled the boudoir with lewd, smacking noises. He was gasping for breath and his stocky body was covered in sweat. He had absolutely no control over his actions.

‘I'm going to fill you as you’ve never been filled before!’ he grunted wildly. ‘My God, I'm going to pump you full of my seed till it comes out of your mouth!’

He thrust his rampant cock as deep as he could inside her wide-stretched vagina, his mouth drooling as his clutching fingers tore at her bottom in an attempt to open her even further for his penetration. Incoherent words came from his mouth as the first stream of hot sperm began to pump up the shaft of his cock before surging into the receptacle of her vagina. It burst out of the small hole with the force of a geyser, blasting into Fenella's quim like liquid fire. She could feel the jerking of his penis and knew he was ejaculating and her assumption was verified, as the flow continued to pulse maddeningly before his semen leaked down into the crevice between her buttocks and pooled around her pouting anus.

As the last drop of semen dripped out of his no-longer fully erect penis he collapsed on top of her body crushing her against the carpet. His demonic cock was deflating and he felt completely sated and the rage which had filled him seemed to seep out of his mind in rhythm with his semen.

Fenella, crushed underneath his sweaty body, wondered how this man who was her husband could have treated her with such cruelty and forced her to rut with him like an animal. In the wake of the rape shame and revulsion swept through her, as tears dribbled down her cheeks. She wanted to ask him why but somehow she knew that it would once more fuel his rage and that it was better to keep quiet.

Jolyon pulled away from his wife and for a moment watched his semen dribble out of her gaping quim and he was surprised how much there was considering his earlier peccadilloes. He gathered his clothes and without a word left the room.

Fenella lay on the carpet; legs wide apart with her husband’s spend dribbling out of her abused sex, feeling that she did not have the strength to move. All sorts of thoughts swirled through her mind. Why had it happened? She asked herself for perhaps the hundred times since it had begun. What had turned kind, gentle Jolyon, the man she had began to fall in love with, into a savage beast? Was it all her fault? How could it be her fault, she had given him her body freely? For a virgin learning to accept, to enjoy physical love took time and patience, trust, love and gentle understanding. She wanted to be the kind of wife Jolyon expected her to be, the way her mother had taught her to be. At least she had until last night but now she wasn't sure that she could ever be. She knew that men were not like women and that they needed to be able to express their lust but was it not the reason that society accepted that married men took on mistresses? She was so confused, so mixed up, so hurt by his violent attack that she was unable to come to any rational conclusion.