Time Out Of Time

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Prelude

Timelines are such convoluted things. Where does one stop? One begin? Who controls them?

There are those that believe that one is a master of one's own destiny. There are others who believe that one's fate is planned. One cannot escape one's destiny. Does one timeline get created with each action? Or is there only one path through the dimension we know as time?

What are the consequences if one could control time? Change the direction? Mark the beginning and end of time? Direct time, if you will? Does paradox stealthily creep in? Or is time like a road, where one might mark the off ramp and return back whence one came?

Is time of a discrete nature? Can we mark a point in time to return to?

Truthfully, I doubt if anyone will ever resolve these age old questions. But, I find I must consider these possibilities with these damnable equations. Months, years, I have pored over ancient texts, and modern lore. Calculus, algebra, philosophy, occult, astrology. All brought together in an eclectic brew of science and pseudo-science.

The equations written down in this sheaf of notes say the impossible. That there is no boundary between energy, mass, time and thought. That through thought we may control the universe around us. That thought may be the only physical way we have to control that most elusive of the elements, time itself. These equations define the impossible.

I close my eyes, concentrate on the channel, concentrate on the age old symbols. The ancient symbols of power that slipped back to the days of the Druids, who only brushed against the meaning of what they had found.

A moment of dizziness. I feel like I am being pulled through a tunnel; a tunnel without beginning or end. I concentrate on the marking of the timeline. A huge wave of dizziness and nausea, as I tumbled to the lab floor. I shake my head, slowly opening my eyes to a different world ...

I stand, slowly glancing around. It is so quiet. Normally the lab is noisy, air ducts whirling, secretaries mumbling in the background. Complete silence.

The dizziness fades quickly, the nausea completely disappears. I glance around the lab. The tap that normally drips no longer does. I wander over to it. Look with wonder at the drop of water hanging in the air halfway between the faucet and the sink below. I have stopped time. The equations predicted this. Everything outside my sphere of influence experiences time cessation. Time is no longer a dimension for anything outside my sphere of influence. Concentrating again, the sphere expands, until I feel and see it intersect with the suspended water droplet. I watch as time reasserts itself on the liquid and it drops to the sink below. I realize that the equations say that I can extend this sphere as large or as small as I want. Create pockets of time. Attach time to matter. I collapse the field to encompass only my body. I still have my doubts of paradox. What happens when an object leaves the sphere of influence? I watch amazed as the droplet of water instantaneously reverts to its former time. Boom, the water re suspends itself back to the time when time stood still.

Wandering out to the secretaries, I notice their frozen forms, in the midst of answering the phone, typing, etc. Overwhelmed, I retreat back to the lab. I concentrate on

the equations and symbols. The buzzing in my ears, the dizziness returns. A moment of incredible vertigo.

Suddenly, the world just began again. The noise. The water dripping. The secretaries murmuring. I slump against the lab desk and sigh in relief. It works.

Chapter 1

The possibilities were endless. I could do whatever I wanted, and never suffer the consequences. I could nearly effortlessly jump timelines. The power was nearly overwhelming.

Outrageousness was my mantra. Nothing, no experiences were beyond my abilities to stage. I simply marked my departure from the prime timeline, and began the events that would define the adventure. When I had finished with the timeline, I simply returned to timeline prime and voila, it was as though nothing had ever happened. Only my memories remained of the extinct timeline. The power was heady.

I began my first adventure early in the first week after the power had made itself known to me. I had found that I could mark multiple time along the timeline and return to any with simply a thought. After marking some safe times, I wandered off to find a weapon store. Having never owned a gun in my life, I figured it was about time. The trick was to mark the time before I owned it. That way I could always return to a time before I owned a weapon if something went awry.

After picking up a hand gun. I stopped time. I wandered through the empty city as though I owned the place. My feet took me into a quiet suburb where I began my search. I picked a small side street where it appeared that there wouldn't normally be any trouble.

With time stopped and no chance of being caught, I began to break systematically into the houses along the street. Nobody home in the first house. Second house had a dowdy housewife watching some soap opera. Third house, I couldn't believe my eyes.

I wandered into the living room, poking into drawers and closets along the way. Here I found a woman, couldn't have been more than 18 or so, in the middle of exercising when I stopped the clock. She had all the curtains drawn on the place and was currently in the middle of a left lunge. Buck naked. I could still see the instructor image burned into the frozen phosphor on the television that she was exercising to.

I quickly checked out the rest of the house. Completely empty. I returned to the living room and checked out her nude, frozen form. She was quite a lady. Long trim legs. Perfect breasts. Cute face. Long blond hair pulled up into a pony tail for her exercising. I could still see the sweat on her body from her exercising.

This I had to see. I moved off to the kitchen where I still had a good view of her, but it was unlikely that she'd see me unless I wanted her to. I extended the sphere of influence to encompass the house. Suddenly the scene in front of me jumped to life. The girl instantly resumed her exercising. I watched her lithe body stretch and move. Her muscles tight and firm dancing across the floor in front of me.

I watched for about half hour, after which the exercise tape was over and the woman collapsed on the floor, breasts heaving with exhaustion. I watched, amazed, as she moved her right hand slowly tracing down her bare body, caressing it, until it came to a rest between her legs. I watched as she slowly lost herself in her own ecstasy and came loudly on the carpet. Her breathing began to slow, as I walked out of the kitchen.

She must have sensed me, because she came up to a sitting position almost instantaneously, her eyes wide, her hands flying up to cover her breasts. Her eyes immediately jumped to the gun I was holding in my left hand, widening still further and she began to shake.

"Calm down," I said to her, "I won't hurt you."

“Wh-wh-wh-at do you want?”, she asked just above a whisper.

I sat down on the couch, leaving her huddling on the ground in front of me. “Your name?”.

“Why should I tell you that? What do you want from me?”

I turned the gun towards the ceiling and let a shot go. The load report surprised even me, but the girl on the ground in front of me screamed.

“Christi. Christi Lasalle. Please don’t hurt me. Please.”

“Okay, Christi. That’s a pretty name. Do you live here alone?”

“Yes. I mean no. My mother lives here too but she works.”

“No father? Brothers? Sisters?”

“N-n-no. Not here.”

“Why were you exercising like that? Nude I mean?”

“Oh, please let me go?”

“Why were you exercising like that? I’m not going to ask again”. I just ignored her plea, and leveled the gun at her.

“Because I’m more comfortable like this when I’m exercising. Can I get some clothes please?”, she quickly replied, eyeing the gun.

“No. I like you like that.”

“Oh God.”

“Alright, on your feet.” I waved the gun at her again.

She scrambled to her feet, still trying to cover herself. I let her for now. Lots of time to play later.

“Okay, I want you to walk ahead of me, not too far, we are going to the store.”

“Like this? Please, you’ll get caught. Don’t make me do this. Please.”

“Come on.”

She marched ahead of me as I pressed the gun into her bare back. She gingerly opened the front door and stepped through. I guess at this point she figured that somebody would see her and call the cops. She stared at the still world in front of her, not quite comprehending what was happening to her. Cars stopped on the road. People frozen in midstep. Birds caught in mid -air.

“What’s going on?” she asked in a very bewildered voice.

“Shut up and march.” I motioned her to walk down the middle of the street. Even though it was pretty obvious that nobody was going to notice us, I suspect she had some real trouble getting used to the idea that she was completely naked, walking down the middle of the street.

We walked down the street to the nearest hardware store. I fo rced Christi to get a shopping cart as we wandered the still store. I had her pick up multiple coils of rope, chain, a dog collar, clothespins, dowels, eyebolts, drills, and various other seemingly innocent hardware. I could see her shuddering as she reali zed what these seemingly innocent items might be used for. I saw her glancing around seeing if there was a way to escape.

“You want to escape don’t you?”

“N-n-n-oooo.” she almost wailed. Afraid of what was going to happen to her.

“Try. I won’t shoot you. P romise.” I needed her to realize what was happening to her. That escape was near impossible. Even if I didn’t have a gun.

She looked at me with hopeful eyes. She didn't have to be told twice. Her long legs took her in flight as fast as a frightened hare. I watched quietly as she reached the front doors and forced them open. I concentrated on narrowing the sphere, so that when she passed outside of the doors, she fell out of time. I slowed time to a crawl as she passed the glass doors and watched as her nude form became exceptionally slow, almost to the point of stopped. If I had stopped time, then she would have passed beyond the time event horizon and found herself back in the livingroom in exactly the way I found her. Then we'd have to go through all this again. Though I didn't mind that, I kind of wanted to continue with this adventure and see where it took us.

Chapter 2

I took my time wandering over to her. I stuck the gun in her bare ribs and released her from the slow time region. She glanced down to s ee the gun in her ribs and sighed.

"So I can't escape."

I nodded. "Technically, I don't even need this thing." I prodded her in the ribs with the barrel of the gun. She flinched.

"But if I have to use it, to make you do as I say, then I will ..."

She just hung her head in resignation.

"Come on, back into the store."

I guided her back to our cart.

"Put your hands on the bar." Silently, she did as she as told. I took a package of soft cord from the shelf and had her cut a piece about six feet long.

"What are you going to do with this?"

"Put you hands back on the bar." I began to lash her wrists to the cart.

"Please no. I won't go anywhere. I can't. I promise to be good. Do what you say. You don't need to tie me up."

"Be quiet", I ordered. She shut her mouth pr etty quick. "Now stay there."

I cast a bubble of normal time around her, while I wandered through the store, picking up a few items here and there as they caught my fancy. In the last aisle, I came face to face with a frozen girl of about twenty, apparentl y looking through the paint section. She was long legged and had small breasts, which were pressing against her sweater as she reached up to see a can of paint.

My mind started working overtime and I walked into the adjoining aisle. I cast a bubble around her allowing her to continue in normal time as though nothing had happened. I heard her sigh as she came down from her frozen stance. At this point she still wasn't aware that there was anything unusual. Time had simply continued for her. I popped the gun in hand and rounded the corner. She glanced up but didn't really register anything unusual yet. I walked slowly down the aisle looking at things as I went, as though I was shopping. As I passed her, I quickly jammed the gun into the small of her back.

At the sudden move, she let out a small scream. I heard the scream echo around the store and I heard Christi cry out softly. I whispered in her ear, "Nice and slow turn around. And no more screams."

"What do you want?"

"Not sure yet, lets take a walk."

Unsure about what was going on, but knowing that the gun was there, the new woman walked slowly in front of me. I could just see her expression as she realized that the rest of the world was frozen. But she didn't ask what was going on. She just numbly continued on. I carefully guided her away from the area where I had left Christi bound and nude, so she wouldn't panic. Along the way I picked up a few more coils of rope. Near the cash register I found a straight backed chair on display.

"Okay, pick up that chair." The girl obeyed, with a furtive glance at the gun. "Purse." She handed me her purse. I quickly rifled through it until I found her keys and her wallet.

"Please take the money and let me go ...", she pleaded while holding the chair.

I checked her wallet. License made out to Kimberly Blake, 21. I dropped the wallet back in the purse and left it on the floor. I guided Kimberly out to the main aisle of the store where there was more room. I had her put the chair down while I considered my next move.

I sat in the chair while making Kim move some of the larger displays out of the way. I enjoyed the view of her body as she struggled to move some of the larger items. After she was done and breathing hard, I got out of the chair and placed it in the middle of the floor that she had cleared. I motioned for her to sit in the chair. Tentatively, she did.

"Hands behind the chair."

"What are you going to do?"

"Just tie you into the chair. That's all. I won't hurt you if you cooperate."

I saw her briefly consider if she could somehow get away while I was behind the chair, but thought better of it and simply placed her wrists behind the chair back like I'd asked. She obediently crossed her wrists, and allowed me to tie them securely behind her. She weakly pulled against the bonds but quickly discovered that she was going nowhere. I secured her wrists to the bottom rung of the chair with another piece of rope. I then had the frightened woman put her ankles on the outside of the chair legs where I securely lashed them.

"You don't need to have it that tight," she complained.

"Don't worry, you won't be there long. I just need to keep you out of the way for a while ..." I watched as she relaxed as much as she could.

Chapter 3

I walked back to the place where I'd left Christ i tied to the shopping cart. She had moved a little down the aisle, but not far from where I left her. I glanced at her.

"I was thinking of trying to escape again, but then realized that I didn't have a hope. So I was just looking at the aisle while I wait ed," she hurriedly explained. I suspected that she was lying, but that was of no consequence.

"I want you to meet a new friend of mine. Her name is Kimberly."

"You grabbed another one, didn't you?". I just smiled and prodded the nude girl with my gun. That got her moving towards the center of the store where I had Kimberly tied into the chair. Picked up a pair of shears and a utility knife on the way. I watched as Christi walked slowly with her attached cart, admiring the way her bare legs moved and loving the sound of her bare feet as they moved against the tile of the store.

As we rounded the last corner, I heard Christi gasp as she saw the woman immobilized in the chair. I saw Kimberly's mouth drop as she watched the nude woman walk around the corner tied to the cart.

I had Christi stop. And I carefully unwound the rope holding her hands to the cart. She idly rubbed her wrists while waiting for my next instructions. I handed her the shears.

"Don't even think that you can get at me with those before I blow big holes in you."

Christi mutely nodded.

"Now, I want you to carefully cut all the clothing off Kimberly."

"Please no. I'll do anything. I'll strip for you. Anything. But please, untie me. Please ...", Kimberly wailed as it sunk in what I was planning.

I heard Christi whisper to the bound woman, "I'm sorry, I don't want to do this ...". But I let it slide, for now. Perhaps later I would punish her for that.

I leaned back on a wall and watched as Christi slowly cut the clothes off Kimberly until she was sitting in the chair in only her bra, panties and shoes. Kimberly was quietly sobbing, but for a nearly nude woman tied to a chair in a frozen hardware store, she was holding up pretty well.

"Now, Christi, I want you to get her shoes off."

Christi knelt down on the floor and struggled with the other woman's shoes until she managed to work them off. The socks were cut off in short order. Kimberly now sat barefoot in the chair.

"Now the bra and panties."

Kimberly pleaded again. "Please no. Let me keep them, pl ease."

"Kimberly, do I have to gag you?"

Kimberly's mouth snapped shut and she quietly shook her head as she resigned herself to the fact that she was going to be as naked as Christi in moments.

I watched, rapt, as Christi cut away the final items of cover ing from Kimberly's body. Her bare breasts falling into view, and the soft down between her legs becoming visible as Christi pulled the scraps of cloth from Kimberly's body.

Kimberly sat there, unable to cover herself and hung her head in shame. She sat nude, tied and humiliated in the middle of a hardware store. Naked for me and Christi, bound to a chair amongst the tatters of her clothing. All this in a world without time,

when all she had done was go out to the wrong hardware store at the wrong time to p ick up paint. She would forget this whole experience soon enough. But I wouldn’t.

Chapter 4

"Alright Christi, put the scissors down. Come here."

Christi padded over. "Hands behind your back."

Christi quietly obeyed. I slipped some cord around her slender wrists, pulling them tightly together. Christi cried out a bit at the tightness, but didn't bring herself to complain.

I positioned myself to get the best view.

"Christi, I want you to make love to Kimberly. And I had better get a good show. If you both don't orgasm within twenty minutes, I think I'm going to have to punish you both."

Kimberly simply wailed.

Christi closed her eyes and started to move towards Kimberly. "Please don't make me do this. I don't know if I can do it. I've never been with a woman. I'm not into girls. Please."

I simply motioned her forward.

Resigning herself, she padded forward. Hesitantly, she tried to kiss Kimberly. I could see Kimberly resist. She turned her head away from Christi with a shudder. Christi, pulled weakly at her bou nd wrists in frustration. I could hear her whisper to Kimberly, "I know, I don't like it either, but if we don't at least try, he is going to hurt us, I'm sure of it. Please."

Kimberly just shook her head. And whispered back, "I can't. I'm so sorry. I just can't."

Christi, resigning herself, worked her way down Kimberly's bare body. I could see Kimberly shudder, as Christi began to work her tongue around her bare breasts. Lightly flicking the now erect nipples with her tongue. Softly biting at them. Eyes cl osed. I could see Kimberly was almost enjoying the touches but she consciously was avoiding any pleasure. That was going to cost her, I decided. At least Christi was doing her best.

I watched as Christi worked up her courage and slowly slipped to her bare knees in front of the chair. Kimberly struggled to close her legs but the ropes held her ankles very securely to the outside of the chair making her vagina accessible to Christi. I saw the tormented woman take a deep breath and lower her face between Kimbe rly's bound legs. I wandered up to see her shame close up as her tongue gently caressed Kimberly's outer lips. Startled by my presence, Christi began to run her tongue between the lips, searching for Kimberly's clitoris. Kimberly was pulling against the ro pes, trying desperately to free herself from this humiliation. Naked. Tied. Having another woman making love to her.

I let Christi continue for about twenty minutes. With Kimberly's refusal to cooperate, I wasn't surprised that she was unable to accomplish her task. But I had to give her credit for trying. Then I figured it was about time to follow through with my punishment. I had some idea that this was going to be necessary, so I'd been considering to what to subject the girls.

"Come on Christi, we need to get some things."

Her face registered some concern, but she struggled to her feet and moved ahead of me to the sports area. There we found a nice pingpong set, complete with paddles encased in rubber. Christi's face began to really register concern as I picked up the kit.

She began pulling at the ropes on her wrists as we marched back to the center of the store.

"Okay girls. I told you that if you both hadn't orgasmed in twenty minutes, there was going to be punishment." Kimberly looked at the paddles and just moaned. "But, I think that Christi was really trying, while someone else really didn't make much of an effort here." I gave a withering glance directed at Kimberly. "So, I'm going to give Christi three spanks only. Then she is going to give Kimberly her punishment since Kimberly was probably most of the cause."

"Oh God. You're going to spank us? Please. Please don't. I tried. Really I did."

"I know Christi. But how will you ever learn to obey me, if I don't discipline you?"

"Oh God. Please."

"Come here. Over my knee."

Christi hadn't been spanked since she was a small girl. And never nude. And certainly not bound as she was. She felt completely self conscious as she meekly draped herself over her captor's lap, bare bottom available for the paddle.

"Now Christi, this is going to hurt like hell, but remember you are only going to get three. I want you to count them off."

I gave the poor squirming woman three good swats on the bare behind. As instructed, she counted them off, between sobs. I could see Kimberly watching in fascination as Christi took her spanking.

After the third time, I released the sobbing woman and she fell to her knees trying to ease the pain in her behind with her bound hands. I took pity on her and released her hands allowing her to rub her red ass. She'd need her hands free for the next adventure, anyway.

After giving Christi some time to recover, I handed her the paddle that I'd just used on her.

"Now, I want you to use this on Kimberly . If I think that you are holding back, you get another five. I think that you should paddle Kimberly twenty times for her disobedience. Remember that her disobedience caused you to get punished as well."

"Oh God, I don't want to punish her. Please don't m ake me do this. I can't hit another woman. It's not right. Please."

I just motioned her to continue.

"But I can't do it. I can't. Besides, she's tied up sitting. I can't hit her."

"Look. If you don't start paddling, I'll paddle you again. Hard. And I might just tie you the same way and paddle your breasts next, just as I expect you to paddle Kimberly. Or maybe I'll let Kimberly paddle you until you agree to paddle her. I'm almost sure that I could convince her to do it."

"Oh God. I can't hit a woman there. Do you have any idea how much that will hurt?"

"Well, no, but I imagine that it would hurt an awful lot. Maybe that will convince her to be more cooperative."

Kimberly broke down at this point and began struggling against her bonds realizing what was about to happen to her poor defenseless breasts.

"Please don't paddle me. I'll do anything. I'll enjoy Christi. I'll come for you. Anything. Please don't make her hit me. Please. Please." I could tell that Kimberly was beginning to see that I was pretty serious about her cooperation.

I wandered over to Christi and gently took the paddle from her hand. Then without warning, slapped the broadside of the paddle against the side of her right breast. Christi's face registered the shock of the blow and then she scream ed, reaching up to cradle the breast which no doubt was stinging beyond belief. Tears of pain sprung to her eyes.

"Now, do you think that you can take twenty of those while bound to a chair?"

Christi imagined herself bound as Kimberly and realizing that th ere was absolutely no way that she could take twenty paddles to the breasts. Her right breast felt like it was on fire and she knew that I hadn't given the paddle full force. Worse, it was only on the side of the breast. Imagine the pain if I had caught a nipple.

Christi, tears in her eyes, her face a mask of resignation, gently took the paddle from my hand and padded to Kimberly. Crying, I could hear her tell Kimberly to be brave, and that she was so sorry, that she didn't want to do this but it was going to happen one way or the other. And that she was far less strong than her captor. The blows wielded by the woman wouldn't be nearly as bad as from me.

Christi began by gently slapping Kimberly's right breast on the side. Tears had begun at Kimberly's eyes, but she was determined not to cry out.

"Christi. What did I tell you about going easy on her? Hmmmm? I want to see some serious spanking here, and some had better hit her nipples. Now start over."

Christi just moaned. She closed her eyes and brought the n ext paddle down hard on Kimberly's left breast. I watched as Kimberly's left breast danced crazily on her chest and she pulled in a big breath of air. To her credit she still hadn't cried out. The next paddle caught her right breast and this time she screa med as the paddle touched her right nipple.

This went on for about fifteen minutes, with the girls resting and crying throughout the whole ordeal. By the end, there was not an inch of skin that was not an angry red on Kimberly's tits. I wandered forward an d fondled the sore skin feeling the incredible heat radiating off Kimberly's tits. Christi had fallen to her bare knees after the twentieth spank and sobbed. I think it was harder on Christi to hit the other woman than for Kimberly to receive the blows.

"You bastard," Christi managed to gasp out from her kneeling position.

I just smiled as I bound her wrists behind her back again. "I'll bet she's more cooperative after this. Now, make love to her."

Christi, still crying, but without hesitation crawled forward and began to tongue Kimberly. Kimberly, still sobbing from the humiliation and the pain in her tits, moved her hips as best she could to the comforting licking from Christi. Within ten minutes, Kimberly had or gasmed in the ropes. Immediately, Christi had climbed to her feet and still crying had positioned herself over one of Kimberly's bound knees. Slowly she began rubbing her bare vagina against the smooth skin of Kimberly's leg and within ten minutes had work ed herself to an orgasm as well. As she slipped to the floor in humiliation, and exhaustion, I wandered over and petted her head. I quickly slipped a dog collar around her throat and ran a chain with a padlock to a nearby pillar. I left her hands securely bound behind her.

"You can rest now, I'll be back in a few minutes." "Take your time," Christi replied from the floor.

Chapter 5

I quickly gathered the items that we had picked up in the store and returned with them in a bag. I then took a length of soft rope and wrapped it securely around Kimberly's red and sore tits.

Kimberly was not happy about it, "Please let me go? My tits are so sore, please, please leave them alone. Not there. I did what you wanted. Please let me go."

I ignored her and tightly wrapped the base of her bare breasts until they bulged uncomfortably.

"Okay, you have your choice," I told Kimberly, "either I can put clothespins on your nipples which will stay there for a few hours, or I can get Christi to spank your tits again while they are bound like that."

"What kind of choice is that?" Kimberly shot back at me from her bound position. "God, if I'd known you were going to torture me like this, I'd never have let you tie me up."

"You didn't have a choice. Now I am giving you one. Choose."

"I can't choose."

"All right, Christi, get the paddle ready."

"Oh God, not that. It hurt like hell before you tied my tits up. Oh god. No, I can't take that. Please. I choose the clothespins."

"Too late, you should have picked when you had the chance."

"Oh God, please have mercy."

"Beg me."

"Please. Please. Oh God, mercy."

"Beg me to put clothespins on your nipples rather than a tit spanking."

"Jesus. I can't ... please put your damnable clothespins on my bound tits. Please don't spank them, they hurt so horribly, I can't take another spanking, please I'll do anything you want. I'll suck, I'll crawl, I'll do anything, but please don't spank my tits again. Please, the clothespins. Please."

I reached forward and stroked her exposed right nipple. With her tits bound the way they were, and recently paddled, her sensitive nipple came erect very quickly. I quickly snapped the clothespin onto her nipple causing her to scream as the unrelenting pressure was transferred to her aching tits. I waited until the pain in her breast had become a dull ache, and then quickly did the same thing to her left breast.

I showed her the paddle. "Thank me for allowing you to beg for the clothespins."

"Argh, you bastard," she managed to choke out between sobs.

I brought the paddle closer to her exposed tits.

"Alright, alright, thank you for letting me beg. Thank you for putting those evil pins on my nipples. I deserved it."

"We'll be back in a while to see how you are doing."

"Please don't leave me like this. They hurt so much."

I released Christi's hands from behind her back, and gathered up the chain attached to her collar. I cast a bubble of normal time around Kimberly, so that she would remain in the chair and feel her tortured tits while we were gone.

I spoke to Christi, “Now you are going to crawl home. And everytime I think you are moving too slow, you get one of these.” I brought the pingpong paddle down onto her bare ass which made her cry out and stumble forward on her hands and knees.

She began to crawl slowly towards th e front of the store.

Christi couldn’t believe the events of the last few hours. She had been kidnapped, naked, made to walk down the middle of the street nude to the hardware store. Then bound, and forced to hit and torture another bound and naked woman. Then make love to her, and now forced to her hands and knees, breasts swinging between her pistoning arms, crawling down the middle of the street as though she was her captor’s pet. Her whole body flushed at what she had become.

When she had finally crawle d back to her home, I let her rise off her hands and knees. Her palms and knees were red and sore from the long crawl and the harsh pavement but she didn’t complain.

“Wrists.”

She obediently held out her slender wrists. I slipped a pair of handcuffs around her wrists and snapped them closed.

“Please, you don’t need to keep me tied up. You know I can’t escape.”

I ignored her, “Where’s your car?”

Christi padded to the garage and opened the door with difficulty considering her bound wrists. A Jimmy 4x4 sat in the garage.

“Keys?”

“They’re in the house. Are you going to let me go?”, we began to walk back to the house.

“Not yet, but eventually I have to return the world back to its normal state. at that point you’ll return to your living room, where you’ll continu e your work out as if nothing had happened here. You won’t remember a thing.”

“How do you control the world like you do?”

I felt like talking, “I just control time with my thoughts. The rest of the world has simply lost its fourth dimension of time. Everyt hing is stopped. But I can slow it down, and I can get it to flow normally, like it is for us. The rest is just smoke and mirrors. I can’t get caught because nobody has the time to do it. Simple. And after I tire of this game, I can just return the world t o the state it was in before I messed with it. And you don’t remember a thing.”

By this point we had gotten the keys. And were walking back to the garage.

“Can anyone control time?”

“Well, you have to know how, but I think so, yes.”

“Why are you doing this to me? Why me?”

“I am doing this, humiliating, tormenting and controlling you because I like to. And I can. Why you? Because you happened to interest me. Simple.”

She lost herself in thought for a moment. “Will you let me torment another woman if I do everything you ask?” she asked me shyly.

This completely threw me. She had been so opposed to torturing Kimberly in the store. Was it a trick of some kind? Or was she trying to get into my favour so that I wouldn’t treat her as badly? Making the best of a bad situation? I’m not sure it mattered one way or the other. Either way it had me intrigued.

Chapter 6

By this point, we had reached the garage.

"I want you to drive us to your mother's office."

"Why on Earth ..."

"Just do it."

She shrugged and opened the doors. We climbed in, and she struggled with the ignition and the steering wheel with her bound hands.

"Why?", I asked her.

"Why what," she replied as she drove slowly. She was having to weave in and out and around frozen traffic.

"Why do you want to torment another woman."

"Well, I don't care who it is, I'd like to torment a guy, but I doubt if you'll let me do that. I'd even torment Kimberly again if you want."

"Why?"

"Oh God. Here goes. I've always had these fantasies about being dominant. Having complete control over someone. Tying them up. Humiliating them. Taking away every scrap of dignity. Like what you did to Kimberly. Mostly guys though. It turns me on. But, you have you understand, I'd never do that in real life. Never hurt someone intentionally. Never torture someone. It's just a fantasy dammit", tears were beginning to form in her eyes. "I was struggling between enjoying torturing Kimberly and running from my feelings, that's all. It's all very confusing. God."

I had to grab the wheel and swerve around a truck that Christi was about to drive into. Her eyes had clouded over and the tears were blurring her vision.

"Stop the car before you kill us." Christi hit the brakes.

"So, you actually enjoyed torturing Kimberly."

"Sort of. Yeah. But I was so torn. It just seemed so cruel and unnecessary. If I could have I would have killed you for making me to that to her. But something deep down inside me sort of liked having that power as well. And now that you've explained that the domination isn't permanent, that eventually everything goes back to normal and everyone forgets everything, I figure that I might as well have fun, if I can. If you'll let me."

"What about when I dominate you?"

"Well, I have to be honest, I don't enjoy that, so I guess you can still have your fun with me. It is so foreign to be sitting here handcuffed and naked talking to my tormentor. God, I hated you at first. Still do when you're making me do things I don't want."

"Okay, I got some things to think about here. Keep driving, and keep quiet unless I say that you can talk."

She looked heartbroken but she shut up and began driving again.

I had to decide if this was a ploy to get out of me hurting, humiliating and dominating her. To become a partner while I had control of her perhaps to get me to let down my guard. But what would that gain her? Nothing while I controlled time. I could hand her my gun, and easily stop time before she had any chance to use it. And she would be risking such unimaginable punishment. And even if she did manage to kill me somehow in this time line, the equations say that without the controlling thought patterns, time will merely resume at the point where it left off. With me alive and well. It simply didn't make sense. Or was she telling the truth about her dominant feelings. If she was

telling the truth then she might be real fun because she normally wasn't submissive. And it might be more fun still to have help tormenting other women with a more -or-less willing participant.

What to do? I was still tossing these things around in my mind when we pulled into an office building parking lot. I had Christi park in a handicapped spot and I led her into the building.

Elevators didn't seem like a great idea, hard to determine where to cast an appropriate time bubble to ensure that they work and everything else remains frozen. So I had Christi pad barefoot up the fire stairs in front of me. By the seventeenth floor she was winded. She opened the fire door to get onto the floor. She led me to an office complex where her mother had a closed in office. She was sitting at the desk apparently talking on the phone. She was a trim woman in her late thirties or early forties. I could tell that Christi was uncomfortable, by the way she had stiffened, being in the office, collared, naked, and still handcuffed in front of her mother. Despite the fact that her mother was frozen and completely unaware of the events going on around her. Looking at the faces, I could see the family resemblance between the two women, though the mother was slightly more petite and brunette whereas Christi was stronger, taller and blonde.

I moved forward and moved the phone from her mother's ear and hung it up. The name plate on the desk said her name was "Linda LaSalle".

"Okay. I am going to start up time in the office in a moment," I informed Christi, "your mother is going to believe that we just appeared out of thin air, since that is essentially what it will look like to her. I am going to hold the gun to your head. You have to calm her down, remember that she doesn't know anything about this time stuff, so she'll think that the rest of the office is still operating as normal. I want her to think that. I am going to use the threat of hurting you to control her. Got it. If you perform well, I'll provide a situation where you can completely dominate the woman of your choice. Cool?"

Christi gulped and nodded. She knew that she was going to find herself naked, cuffed in front of her mother in a moment. And she was going to have to get her own mother into a similar situation.

I idly wondered how Kimberly was doing tied in her chair in the hardware store, nipples on fire, breasts aching, alone.

Chapter 7

Gathering my resources, I extended a sphere of influence to encompass the the immediate office, and things sprang to life. Her mother simply began moving. She looked quizzically at the phone, I suppose wondering how it had simply jumped from her hand to the cradle. She looked up and saw me and Christi standing in front of her closed door. Her daughter in handcuffs and nude with a gun aimed at her head. Her mother's hand flew to her mouth exclaiming an understated "Oh my."

Christi began her performance. I don't know how she remained calm considering her situation. Maybe she had figured out that it was u nlikely that she was going to get shot if she cooperated fully. Maybe the promise about controlling a woman got to her. I don't know.

"Mom, be calm and nobody, least of all me, will get hurt."

Her mother began to reach for the phone.

"Mom, please, he's going to shoot me if you do anything dumb," I could almost hear the panic and tears in her voice.

Her mother's hand hesitated on the way to the phone.

"Wh-What do you want?" she directed the question to me.

"I want you to do exactly as I say and I won 't blow big holes in Christi here."

"My purse is over there in the corner. I can get it if you want."

Why do people always assume that these things are about money. I have her daughter naked, collared, and aiming a gun at her, and she assumes I want money. Like I went to all that trouble, when I could have wandered in here and pointed that gun at her, and get the money with a lot less aggravation. I'll never figure out human nature.

I rolled my eyes, "I don't want your purse. What I want is for you to climb up on your desk."

"Huh?"

"Climb up on your desk. Sweep everything off it, and get up on it."

"What?"

"Mom, please do as he says ..." Christi chimed in with just the right amount of shake in her voice. "He's serious."

Linda shook her head and began moving things off her desk carefully. I let her pile up the bits and pieces from the desk off to a corner of the room and then carefully climbed up on top of the desk. She was wearing a business suit with high heels. She was a stunning woman, and I couldn't wait to see her without all those interfering clothes. She stood there with her head held high, hands on her hips waiting for the next instructions.

"What job do you do here?"

"I'm a managing partner."

"What does that mean?"

"I've got a share in the business, a nd I basically run the office. What do you want? How did you find my daughter? Why is she naked? How did you get in here?"

"All in good time, my lady. First I want you to take off your jacket."

"Excuse me?"

"See your daughter? She's naked. That's how you a re going to be in a second."

"Someone is going to come in, you realize. I have a noon appointment. Why don't you let my daughter go and then we can talk about what you want."

“Please Mom, do what he says. I’ve seen him use that thing. He’ll sh -shoot me if you don’t do what he says. Then he’ll shoot you. Please.”

“Listen lady, if someone comes through that door, I’ll shoot him. Problem solved.” Both Christi and her mother cringed. I was pretty sure that nobody was about to come through that door. “Now off wi th that jacket.”

Linda moved slowly, still trying to reason with me as she removed her jacket. “Listen, you don’t have to do this. Leave Christi here, leave me alone and you can just walk out of here. We won’t even report it.”

Her jacket fell to the floor.

“Enough chatter. Now your blouse.”

The blouse followed the jacket.

“Now the slacks.”

She slipped the suit pants down her legs and dropped them on the floor. Now she was standing on her desk in heels, panties and her bra.

“Finish off.”

She hesitated. I doubt if she wanted to be naked in front of her daughter any more than her daughter wanted to be naked here either. Not to mention being nude in front of me, a complete stranger.

“Please. Not that. Take the money. Anything.”

Again with the money. I decid ed to play with her a bit. “How much money to got in there?” I nodded towards her purse.

“Two hundred dollars or so. I just went to the bank this morning. Take it and go. Please.” Linda was beginning to seem hopeful.

“I don’t think that would be enough. I think the sight of you naked is worth more than a couple hundred bucks. Don’t you think so? But you did say anything right?”

Her face had fallen, but she quickly perked back up. She nodded.

“How about if I get Christi here to crawl around the room?”

“Oh God.”

“No? How about if I get you to crawl around the room?”

“You are a bastard.”

“Sex? Would you give me a blowjob if I let Christi go?”

“Bastard. Yes.”

“Hmmm. Seems to me that you’d do that anyway. Continue with the strip show.”

“Please, let Christi go. I can’t in front of my daughter. Please.”

I pressed the gun into Christi’s soft temple. She cried out with the renewed pressure, her cuffed hands inadvertently reaching up. “God, Mom, please do what he says.”

In resignation, Linda reached behind herself and unclasped her bra. Closing her eyes she slipped the straps from her shoulders displaying her smallish breasts. She kicked off her shoes, and pulled off her nylons. She looked at me with pleading in her eyes.

“The panties too, Linda.”

A tear had formed in the corner of her eye but she slipped her fingers into the waistband of her panties and slowly pulled them down. She stepped out of them. Her resolve returned and she stood up straight and her hands returned to her hips. Didn’t even try to cover her nudity.

I had her turn around. She did, slowly moving her body around displaying it standing up on the desk.

It was a fairly big office. The desk was situated right in the middle of the office.

“Two tasks, Linda.”

“Huh?”

“I want you to open all the blinds to your office.” All the shades were drawn across the exterior windows of her office.

“Why?”

“Just in case someone from another building wants to watch as the managing partner of the firm takes a mid -morning run around her office completely nude.”

“Oh my God.”

“Come on get to it. I’ll tell you when to stop. Christi, up on the desk.”

I guided Christi to the desk while her mother began to open the blinds. I sat back in Linda’s comfortable chair and watched as Christi struggled to stand up on the desk where her mother was previously. I ran my fingers idly up and down Christi’s calf as her mother began to jog around the spacious office. Her bare feet pounding against the carpet. Her unsupported breasts jiggling to the rhythm of her run. Leg muscles straining, lungs working.

“Please don’t make me do this. I’ve never been so humiliated in all my life.”

“Shut up and keep running. Unless you’d like to be gagged. If you stop, I blow a hole in Christi’s leg.”

Linda’s mouth clapped shut and she continued jogging. Christi wat ched in silence her mother’s humiliation.

After about twenty minutes I could tell that Linda was tiring. I debated whether to keep her running until she had to stop and then punish her, but elected to humiliate her more.

“Okay, Linda. Good. You can stop no w.”

Linda stopped running and stood still trying to catch her breath. Her bare breasts moved up and down rapidly with her breathing. Nothing like a nude female winded. I drank up the sight until she had nearly caught her breath.

“Down on all fours. Crawl a round the office.”

“You have. To. Be. Kidding.”

“Do I look like I’m kidding.”

Linda sighed, and obediently fell to her hands and knees and began crawling slowly.

“Christi, take this paddle and anytime she slows down, I want you to give her a swat.”

“Please no. It’s my own mother. Isn’t it bad enough that I’ve had to watch this? Isn’t it enough that I’m humiliated in front of her?”

“Would you rather feel it on your tits?”

Christi scowled and took the paddle from me and jumped down from the desk and walked over to where her nude mother was struggling to crawl. I watched as she gave her mother a good swat on the ass. Linda let out a yelp but picked up the pace.

I wandered over to the door and let myself out of the office trusting that Christi would be able to convince her mother that escape was futile. And that they had better continue obeying me if they didn’t want to be punished.

Chapter 8

The lady seated outside in a cramped cube had the name plate of "Andrea Reance". Title "Executive Secretary". So this is the woman that makes the coffee and does all the calendars. This gave me a wonderful idea, but not yet.

I suddenly walked back into Linda's office. I had caught her trying to convince Christi that they had to attack me. But she was still crawling. Christi was obeying me to the best of her ability. I had to give her that. But then again, I hadn't been gone very long.

"Attack me?"

Christi looked scared that I had heard that.

"It's okay, Christi, I think I've figured out that you aren't involved in that sort of thing. Had enough punishment for one day?"

Christi meekly nodded.

"Linda, I want you to lay face up on the desk, feet and hands over the edges.

I handed the bag of restraints to Christi. She just looked at them. "Tie her to the desk."

Christi whispered back, "Please don't make me do this, it's my own mother. When I said I wanted to dominate another woman I didn't mean her."

Linda had crawled up onto the desk and draped herself over it as asked. I still have the gun pointed at her daughter, but I could see that if I slipped up before I had full control of her, there might be trouble. Nothing that an adjustment to the Time continuum couldn't handle but better to be safe than sorry. I didn't want to have to start all over again either.

"Christi, I'm not fooling around here. I'll shoot you if you don't do as I ask. But to be clear, your mother isn't the woman that I promised you at the beginning of this. This is just interesting to me."

Christi swallowed and turned away. Approached her mother lying o n the desk. She began with Linda's wrists and soon had them trussed down to the legs of the desk. Same thing with the bare ankles, attaching them wide to the legs of the desk. Her mother looked rather uncomfortable across her own desk.

"So, what now? You r ape me? When I can't do anything? My daughter at gunpoint? Me tied up, defenseless?"

"Madam, you give me more credit than I am due. If I wanted to rape you I would have done so long ago. And I would have made you beg me to do it. Seeing a daughter's breasts with bullet holes in them will make a mother do bizarre things."

Linda went white as she realized that I probably could make her do anything I wanted. I could see it in her frightened eyes. I could make her beg to be raped. The thought was really disturb ing her. I could see it in her eyes, the confusion, the frustration. Why hadn't anyone come to help her and her daughter? What was wrong with the world? I guess Christi hadn't filled her in on the details while I had stepped out of the office. That was goo d. I liked her confused.

I picked up the paddle and aimed the gun at Christi.

"Okay, now comes the hard part. Christi, I want you to make love to your mother. Remember Kimberly?"

They both began to protest together. Linda began to sob quietly and Christi b egan to pull at the handcuffs. It was Christi that spoke first.

“Please don’t make me do that. I can’t do that. It’s my mother for chrissakes. I could barely do it to Kimberly. Please. Please. I’ll do anything. Anything at all. But please, I can’t.”

Linda was trying to get out of the bonds, but I had double checked that Christi had tied her mother down adequately. The desk was shaking, but that was all. I let the women tire themselves out and then aimed the gun at Linda’s right breast.

“Okay, this can be simple or this can be hard. I’m going to count to five, if you are not between your mother’s legs by then, I’m going to start making very painful holes in her body starting with her tits.”

“One.”

“Two.”

“Three.”

Christi began to realize that she was going to have trouble making it to her assigned position in time.

“Don’t give him the satisfaction, Christi.”

“I’m so sorry Mom,” she whispered. “But you don’t know how much that is going to hurt.”

“Four.”

Christi ran as fast as her bare legs could carry her. Leaning over the end of the desk, and just got her head down between her mother’s legs as I said, “Five.”

Chapter 9

I watched as Christi, sobbing began to tongue her mother between the legs. I could see her body shaking with the sobs. Yup, she was a specimen.

I could see that Linda was doing her level best to ignore her daughter's tongue.

"Linda, if you don't orgasm to Christi's tongue in five minutes, you will be regretting it. I'd be trying to concentrate on that tongue if I was you."

Christi stopped long enough to raise her head. "Please Mom. You have no idea what he is capable of." I could see her thoughts returning to the couple of hours we spent in the hardware store. And of Kimberly still sitting there with her bare breasts in agony.

Christi lowered her head and continued her ministrations; but I could see that Linda was completely ignoring it, concentrating on something else far away, perhaps another place where she wasn't nude, tied to her desk and her own nude and bound daughter toying with her clitoris with her tongue.

After five futile minutes, I walked forward. "When you want me to stop, you let me know. Christi, continue no matter what you hear."

"You don't scare me, you filthy pig," brave words from a naked bound lady.

I simply stood over her bound form and let the paddle fall gently onto her right breast. Even a light slap like that caused her to take a big breath and hold it against the pain.

"You sure you want to do this? If it goes on long enough I'll make you come while I'm paddling your breasts."

"Oh god."

I brought the evil paddle down on her left breast hitting her nipple. The flesh bounced crazily against her ribs and she couldn't help crying out. The next blow landed on her right breast, same place. She hadn't even had time to recover from the left blow. Her resolve melted and she screamed with that one. I continued, giving her some minor breaks, she continued screaming but never asked me to stop. Finally after about fifteen blows to her breasts, her resolve completely broke.

"Ahhhhhh. Argh. Please. Mercy. Stop."

I gave her one more.

And through her sobbing, I heard her say haltingly. "I'll do as you ask. Please stop hitting my tits. God. Argh. God. You have no idea how much that hurts. Oh my God."

"You'll orgasm? Unreservedly."

"Yes. You motherfucker. Yes. Just stop hitting me. Please. For the love of God."

"Beg to orgasm."

Christi was still working away between her legs all through the punishment. Shaking, knowing what hell her mother was going through. Sobbing through her work.

"You bastard. Beg?"

I showed her the paddle.

"Oh my god, you bastard. Please. Please let me orgasm."

"How?"

"Please no more hitting me. Please. I can't beg."

I raised the paddle and gently traced it down her very red right breast, tracing it across her abused nipple.

"How?"

“Oh god. My daughter. Please let my daughter bring me to orgasm. Let me cum. You son-of-a-bitch. Please let my daughter eat me out. Jesus, my tits.”

I watched as she began to concentrate on the sensations of her daughter’s tongue. Trying not to cry out, but in the end, finally orgasming in her bonds. She fell back against the desk and Christi slowly raised herself from between her mother’s legs. I could see her tongue working itself; working out the cramps. Yes, that tongue certainly h ad had a workout today.

Linda was quietly sobbing on her desk. I motioned Christi to join me and she padded over.

Chapter 10

I had her sit in one of the visitor's chairs in the corner of the room.

Nervously, she sat down. I removed the handcuffs from her wrists and moved her arms back behind her and behind the chair. I snapped the handcuffs back on her, and she winced.

I wrapped her ankles in rope, holding them to the chair.

"Please, you know you don't have to tie me up. I'm not going anywhere. Please."

"I just need you out of the way for a while."

"Please don't punish me. I did everything you asked."

I guess she was thinking of Kimberly in the store, tied in a similar manner. To a chair, naked.

"You aren't going to be punished. Just tied up for a while. I'll let you out. I promise. You did well. I just need to do something. And you can't be around in that state."

"Where are you going? How long are we going to be here? You are going to grab another one aren't you?"

"All in good time. I will be back though."

I quickly stepped to the door and was through it. I waited for a few minutes on the other side of the door. I could hear the two women talking softly in the office, trying to make sense of their situation. Probably trying to figure out a way out of this. At least for Linda. I'm not sure if Christi wanted out before she had a chance to enjoy no responsibility.

Andrea was a younger woman, probably mid-twenties. Fantastic boobs. Short brunette hair. Good figure.

I sat down in her cramped cubicle on the corner of her desk. I hid the gun. I didn't want to panic her. I wanted her cooperation. I needed to talk to her. If necessary, I would use the gun to get her to do what I wanted. I extended normal time to encompass her cubicle and she continued reaching for the appointment book which she had been doing when I stopped the world. To her it would have seemed like I had just appeared out of nowhere. Her startled scream echoed through the still office.

"Where the hell did you come from?" asked the surprised woman. Other than the initial screech, she had composed herself PDQ. If she had noticed how quiet the rest of the world seemed, she didn't say anything.

"Magic," I smiled winningly at her. "Your name is Andrea?"

"Yeah? Who the hell are you?"

I realized that I hadn't given anyone in this timeline my name. Not even Christi or her mother knew the name of the man that was humiliating and tormenting them.

"Doesn't matter. Can I show you something?"

Wary. "I guess, but I have a lot of work to do."

I led Andrea to the adjoining cube. Her eyes widened as she saw her workmate, frozen, unmoving. I pointed to the frozen woman. "Who's that?"

"That's Jackie Kimpton," she said bewildered and probably a bit concerned. "What have you done to her?"

"Nothing, just frozen things."

“What? How? Why?” Andrea was starting to get confused. She wandered forward and touched Jackie’s face. She withdrew her finger.

“Yeah, she’s not aware of anything. Just frozen. I can make her unfreeze if you like, but I want to show you something. I want you to understand.”

“All right,” still wary but not knowing what was going on.

I wandered up to Jackie, and readied myself. I cast a bubble of time around her. Her eyes opened wide as she saw me appear in front of her a s if from thin air. I quickly slapped her face before she had any idea what was happening. Jackie screamed. Andrea screamed. And I removed the sphere of influence that had surrounded Jackie. She snapped back to her initial position as though nothing had ha ppened.

I turned to Andrea, who was indignant. “What the hell did you do that for?”

“Look at her. She is in the same position as she was before. No hand mark. No pain. Nothing happened.”

“But you slapped her for no reason. I saw you do it.”

“Correct, but this is what I wanted to show you. When I restart the world, she will not remember anything. No slap. She won’t even remember that she had been unfrozen.” I didn’t feel like explaining the physics of time manipulation to Andrea.

“Cool, I guess. But why am I awake?”

“Andrea, how do you like your boss?”

Bewildered by the abrupt change of conversation, she replied warily, “Ms. LaSalle? Alright, I guess.”

“Just alright?”

“She can be a bit of a dragon.”

“Ever think of getting back at her?”

“Sure, I guess. Doesn’ t every secretary?”

“I’ll make a deal with you. Remember how I snapped Jackie in and out? I have to do that to everyone. I can’t selectively wake someone and then have them keep their memories of this place and time. You included. If I wanted to I could pu t you back at your desk now and this conversation would have never happened. Or I can keep you awake until I restart the world, at which point you are going to snap back to your desk as though nothing ever happened. Same difference. Understand?”

“Sort of.”

“How would you like to get back at your boss? Have her as your slave for a few hours?”

“I’d pay you.”

“I may take you up on that, but I doubt if I’d want money.” Andrea smiled knowingly and licked her lips, surprising the hell out of me. “Anyway, while yo u were sleeping at your desk, I have been having some fun with your boss, Linda.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Nope. She’s currently in ... an awkward position. Go on in.”

Andrea was about to knock on the door out of habit, but I stayed her arm.

“You are the boss no w.”

Andrea gripped the door knob and pushed, letting herself into Linda’s office. She gasped as she saw her sobbing boss tied up naked across the desk.

“Oh my God.”

“Andrea?”, the naked woman asked through her quiet tears.

“Ms. LaSalle?”

She hadn’t noticed Christi tied to the chair in the corner yet.

Andrea turned to me. “I don’t know if I can do this.”

“Well, that’s up to you. I’m going to leave you with Linda. What you do with her is entirely up to you. You can let her go if you like. But keep in mind tha t Linda will do whatever you say,” I turned to the bound woman on the desk. “Won’t you?”.

“Jesus. Please don’t do this. I can’t.”

I walked over and picked up the paddle.

“God. Please no more. My poor tits. Please no more, argh ahhhhhh. Goddamn that hurts. Please. I’ll do whatever she says, just don’t hit my tits again. Please.”

Andrea had a strange smile on her face.

“What can I do to her?”

“Pretty much anything you want. Remember that she’ll revert back as though nothing happened when I restart the world. You won’t remember it either; may as well have fun now. Just don’t leave the office. If you do, you’ll just revert back to your frozen state before I woke you. End of fun.”

To my surprise, Andrea hooked her fingers into the waistb and of her skirt and slipped it down her legs. She wasn’t wearing any underwear.

I just stared at her.

“Don’t look so surprised. I used to be a stripper before I got this job. I don’t mind being naked. I ain’t shy.” Andrea saw that I was surprised about he r lack of underwear. “I don’t wear panties. Find them uncomfortable.” She shrugged.

I just shook my head and turned to Christi. She was staring ahead at her nude bound mother and her secretary, bottomless, heading towards the desk.

I used a knife to cut th e bindings holding Christi’s bare ankles to the chair she was in. She gratefully flexed her calves and rose out of the chair, her hands still cuffed behind her.

I walked Christi towards the door, looking back to see Andrea straddling her boss’s head, pinch ing her sore nipples, caressing her own and forcing Linda to lift her head to tongue her. I left some toys for Andrea, some cuffs, the paddle and some rope. I’m sure that she put them to good use.

“Alright girls, I may be back to check on you,” looking at Andrea. “And to collect on your debt.”

Andrea took her fingers away from fondling Linda’s breast long enough to wave, and then turned back to her task as I shook my head and led Christi out of the room, allowing her one last look at her mother, nude, humil iated and raped by her secretary.

Chapter 11

As soon as the door shut behind us, I knelt down to Christi's bare feet and slipped a pair of ankle cuffs on her. I connected them together with about a foot and a half of chain.

"What are you doing?" she asked. "You realize that you don't have to keep me in chains."

I looked up at her face. "Yup. And I don't have to keep you naked either. But it's much more interesting." I rose from my knees and connected the leash to her collar. I gave it a tug and she stumbled forward, ankles straining at the constricting chain. She had to take short steps with her ankles connected as they were.

"Damn this is hard to walk like this. Can't you take it off me? Please?"

"It is supposed to be hard to walk. That's the point. You better get used to them, we have a long walk ahead of us. Be glad I haven't put you in high heels."

"Where are we going?" as she stumbled along behind me, trying to keep her balance with the cuffs restricting her to short steps and her hands cuffed behind her robbing her of balance.

"I think we should go to the mall. What do you think?"

"I don't think anymore." she sighed.

She had some real trouble with the hobble while going down the stairs, but she somehow managed. The strain in her muscles as she carefully made her way down seventeen flights was worth seeing, though I doubt if she appreciated it. But she knew better than to complain.

After exiting the building, she began to hobble towards the Jimmy. But I grabbed her by the handcuffs on her wrists and guided her towards the street.

"We're going to walk to the mall?" she asked incredulously. "Like this? I'll never make it." She was almost winded already.

"Would you prefer to crawl?"

She looked down at her still sore knees, and I saw her feel the palm of her hands. Tears formed in her eyes and she quietly shook her head and began her slow barefoot journey towards the mall.

I enjoyed the quiet, the still warm day, and lost myself in thought. I had no idea what we were going to do at the mall, but I was quite sure we'd be able to think of something. Christi tried to talk to me a number of times but I simply ignored her, content to watch her bare body struggling with her bonds, trying to move as quickly as possible towards her destination. The sound of her bare feet moving against the hot pavement, her soft breathing with her efforts. Moving around the littered roadway.

Occasionally, I could see her shoulders shaking as she quietly cried while walking in front of me. I suppose that she still wasn't quite used to being so controlled. Having no will, no way to strike back. Having to obey every command, like it or not. Forced to commit incest. Forced into lesbian acts. Forced to come to grips with her feelings. Hating being dominated, but having no choice.

Hell, thrust into a world where time had no meaning. Everything so strange. Naked and constantly humiliated in front of a complete stranger. Without clothes or freedom for about nine hours according to my count. Forced into humiliating bondage. Having to let your captor tie you up with no rhyme nor reason. I think I'd cry too, if I was in her position.

After a couple of hours of slow walking, I got tired. I called Christi to a halt. She thankfully sat down in the middle of the road. I leaned down and removed the cuffs from her wrists, pulling her arms in front of her and re -cuffing them. She shook her arms and looked up into my face. She was grateful for something as simple as having her hands bound in front of her.

"Thank you," she whispered, shame flushing her face. S he began to massage her sore feet with her bound hands. Working the ankle cuffs into a more comfortable position.

"We'll take a car the rest of the way. Wait here."

She lay back on the asphalt and closed her eyes. She looked almost peaceful like that, stretched out nude in the middle of the road. Cuffs on her wrists and ankles, eyes closed. Resting. Conserving her strength.

A bit up the road, I found a car; a BMW, with two women in it. Probably in their late twenties.

This was going to be a bit of a challen ge. If I simply restarted time for them, that car was going to leap forward and before they could realize what was going on, would hit the truck fifty feet or so in front of them. Judging by the speedometer, the car should stop if I could manage to get the brakes applied in time.

Leaving the front and the back of the car immobilized in time, I re animated the center. I quickly opened the driver's door and waved the gun at the driver. A nice looking redhead.

The confusion was evident in her face. One second she was driving her car, next second the world was stopped and some crazy guy was waving a gun in her face. I guess she thought, irrationally, that it was a car jacking.

"Please, take the car."

"Come on ladies, out of the car."

Bewildered, and not quite re alizing the danger, they both stepped out of the car. The other woman was a little older than the driver. Brunette. Alright figure.

"Wh-what do you want."

"Names?"

I could see confusion set into their faces. Their eyes locked onto the handgun.

"Liz ... er ... Elizabeth Gerrard."

"Catherine."

I held out two pairs of handcuffs.

"Ladies, can you please put these on."

"What? You're crazy."

"Be that as it may, but I am not afraid to use this gun."

"I'm not putting those things on until I know what is going on," the woman named Catherine spoke up.

I let off a shot into the air. I vaguely heard a soft cry from the direction of where I'd left Christi. The women in front of me both screamed.

I pointed the gun at Liz's head. "Now, unless you want holes in your pretty body, put those things on. Behind your back." I tossed the cuffs at her feet. She hesitated, but bent, picked them up and struggled to get them closed around her wrists behind her back. I heard the ratchets catch through the still morning.

I pointed the gun at Catherine and tossed the second pair of handcuffs at her feet. "Put them on."

Catherine was a bit more defiant. She shook her head and just stared back at me. "I won't put them on and be defenseless. You'll have to shoot me."

I just shook my head. I walked forward to Liz and grabbed her around her throat. I pointed the pistol at her temple. I could feel Liz shaking in my grip. I heard her voice, trembling in fear.

"P-Please Cathy. D-Do what he says. Jesus."

Catherine glared at me, and slowly, hate in her eyes, bent down and picked up the cuffs. I heard them snap shut behind her back. To be sure, I had Catherine turn around so I could see the cuffs. They looked a bit loose, but they would hold her.

I walked Liz over to the car and used another pair of cuffs to secure her to the steering wheel. She had to stand with her back to the car to accomplish this.

Catherine was still glaring at me. "What the hell do you want with us. Let us go and we'll not tell anyone about this. Take the car and go."

I ignored her. I grabbed her arm and marched her towards the side of the road, the gun jammed into her ribs. She dragged her feet a bit, but allowed me to separate her from her friend. There was a sturdy tree growing by the side of the road here. I walked her to the tree. I tossed a length of rope over a sturdy branch, allowing it to fall to waist level. Catherine was beginning to get nervous.

I wrapped the end of the rope around the chain holding her wrists, checking that the handcuffs were tight. They were. Then I used the other end of the rope to pull her hands up behind her back. She grunted, and eventually ended up bent at the waist to relieve the pressure in her shoulders.

"Why are you doing this?"

"Because I want to," I decide to reply.

"You can't leave me like this."

"Why not?"

"My shoulders hurt."

"Yeah?"

"Oh God. Please let me go. Let us go."

I left her to struggle with the cuffs while I went back to see how Christi was doing. She was still lying in the road, hidden from the BMW by a number of intervening cars and trucks. I gently shook her shoulder and she awoke with a start.

"Oh my god, it wasn't a nightmare." She pulled against her cuffed wrists and wiggled her ankles. "I heard a gunshot. You killed someone didn't you?"

I smiled at her. "I could tell you anything and you wouldn't know the truth. But no, I didn't kill anyone. Yet."

"You took someone else. Like me. Didn't you."

"Nope. I took two."

Christi groaned. "And you want me to have sex with them I'll bet."

"Actually, I just came back to see if you were OK. You looked pretty tired."

"I can't believe that you care."

"I need you perky for the mall." I grinned.

Christi groaned. "What are you going to do to the ones you took?"

“Don’t know yet, I’m going to convince them to tak e us to the mall in their shiny BMW.”

Christi lay her head back gently on the pavement and closed her eyes again. “I don’t have to walk in these chains anymore?”

“We’ll see.”

“I feel sorry for them. Don’t hurt them too much OK?”

“No promises. I’ll come bac k for you when it’s time to go.”

I heard her sigh and watched as she fell asleep in front of me. That pavement must have been uncomfortable, but I guess she’d been through worse.

I rummaged through the pack that was beside the sleeping, and chained, beauty. I picked up a few things and wandered back to my new acquisitions.

Chapter 12

As I approached Catherine, she twisted around, arms held high to look at me sullenly.

"Let me out of this rig ht now."

"If you don't shut up, I'll leave you there for the night."

"What are you going to do," she asked me while eyeing the equipment that I had brought from where Christi lay.

"Teach you that it is a lot better to obey me, than to not."

"I put on the d amn cuffs for you, like you asked, and they're killing me. I wish I hadn't."

"Your arms are going to be the least of your worries." I stepped towards her with the shears from the hardware store. Her eyes went wide and she began to shake.

"What are you goin g to do with those? Get away from me ..."

She was wearing jeans, which I began to cut away. Her foot came up and tried to kick at me. I pressed down on her back increasing the pressure on her shoulders until she cried out.

"Any more kicks out of you and I' ll pop your shoulders out of their sockets and leave you here. Understand?"

Sobbing, she managed to get out a nod and "Alright, please."

I gave her a little shove to get the point across and then released her. She continued to cry quietly, but she sighed i n relief as the pressure was alleviated.

I stepped back and cut out the waistband of her designer jeans. Cut down the legs and slipped them off.

Her crying abated, "You are going to rape me aren't you? You didn't have to cut those off you know, you could h ave just taken them down. They're damn expensive."

I just about laughed at the absurdity of it. This woman, thinking that she is about to be raped, worrying about the cost of the jeans. I just shook my head and reassured her, "I'm not going to rape you, at least not the way you think I am. But you just might do some things that you didn't think you would."

"Please let me go."

I slipped the scissors under the thin material of her panties and cut them off her; exposing her to the world. She tried to press her legs together to prevent me to removing the thin material, but a quick jab in the ribs solved that problem.

"What are you going to do?"

I picked up a thin branch off the ground and showed it to her.

"I'm going to spank you with this."

"Oh my God. You have got to be kidding. Wh -Why?"

"Because it pleases me."

"It pleases you to hurt me? What have I ever done to you?" I could see her desperately trying to get her wrists out of the handcuffs.

"However, if you want, we can make a deal ..."

"A deal?" I could see a light of hope in her eyes. Maybe I would just rape her.

I tested the branch, whistling it through the air. Her eyes went wide. I brought it down, without warning across her bare ass. Her eyes widened as the sound of the blow reached her before the pain. I saw the determination begin as tears sprang to her eyes, but she didn't cry out. It wasn't a particularly hard stroke.

I crouched down in front of her and looked into her tear streaked face.

"A deal. You willingly strip the rest of your clothes off. Then we walk back to the car. You cut the clothes off your friend Liz. You make love to her breasts. Then you use this branch that would have spanked your ass red, to whip her bare breasts, giving her, ohhh, eight strokes."

"Oh God. You know I can't do that."

"Oh, but you will, one way or the other."

"Please have mercy. I can't. I can't. You can whip me until I can't take it anymore, but I can't do that to my friend. Her breasts? My God, are you an animal? Do you have any idea how much that will hurt? "

"Alright, have it your way. When you want me to stop, just let me know."

I began to systematically whip the defenseless bare ass in front of me. I watched in fascination as the skin welted from the branch. I was careful to begin slowly, not break the skin, work her up to the pain of the whipping. She gritted her teeth, and though her eyes watered from the pain, she refused to cry out or beg me to stop. It took thirty strokes before she couldn't take the pain any more. The last stroke must have caught a particularly sensitive spot. A small cry escaped her lips. Both she and I knew that she was going to break. She couldn't take much more of this. Her legs were already beginning to dance with the pain. Pulling against her bound arms and wrists.

I continued to whip her ass, occasionally landing one on her upper thighs. Finally, a scream escaped her lips.

"Ahhhhh. Jesus. It hurts. Mercy. Stop. Please stop. For the love of God, stop. You are going to kill me."

"Would you like a rest?"

"Argh. Yes. Please stop hitt ing me. Please."

I held my next stroke. I ran my fingers over her ass. There were welts and very red skin but the skin hadn't broken yet. She squirmed at the touch. The heat generated was from her bare ass was incredible. I couldn't believe that she had st ood there this long without breaking.

I gave her five minutes while I sat in the grass watching her struggle with the handcuffs, unable to touch the burning surface of her behind. Crying.

"Are you ready to continue?" I asked from beside her.

"Please. Don't do this. Let me go."

"Are you ready to do what I asked?"

"To Liz? I can't. Think about what you are asking."

"Alright then." I gave her another stroke.

"Arggggghhhhhh. I can't take it anymore. You are tearing me apart."

Another.

"Jesus. It hurts. Please. Please. Okay. I'm sorry Liz. Okay. I can't take it anymore. I'll do it. You bastard. I'll do it. Will you let us go afterwards?"

"Beg me."

"What?????"

"Beg me to allow you to kiss and whip Liz."

"You bastard. You cocksucking, pig. Never."

I raised the bran ch.

“Goddamn you. Alright. I’ll do it. Please let me abuse Liz. Please let me strip her and kiss her beautiful tits. Let me whip them until she screams. You son -of-a-bitch bastard.”

“That’s better, now was that all that hard?” I asked sweetly.

“You goddamn motherfucker.”

“Now, now.”

“I’m sorry. I’ll be good. Just don’t hit me again. Please.”

“Alright. For now.”

“Will you let us go after I’ve tortured my friend? Please?”

“I have another task for you, but just one, as long as you behave.”

“God. I’ll behave.”

I released the rope holding her hands up. They fell limply across her back. She immediately tried to feel the damage to her ass, completely unaware of the show she was pulling on for me.

I released her cuffs and she stood there docilely rubbing her welted ass. I was kind of surprised that she didn’t make a move to attack me.

“Strip,” I order her.

“Please don’t make me do this.”

I sat there silently waiting. Her hands shook as she removed her pullover and dropped it to the ground. She stood there in her bra and shoes. I just motioned for her to continue.

“Please. Let me keep my bra. Haven’t you seen enough?”

“I’m not going to ask you again.”

Her hands shaking as she reached behind herself, thrusting her breasts forward and unclipped the undergarment. It dropp ed away from her chest, exposing her breasts. She looked at me expectantly; wondering what I wanted her to do next. I pointed at her feet.

“My shoes? You’re going to make me go barefoot as well?”

I nodded. Shaking her head, she kicked off her shoes. She wa sn’t wearing any socks. And she stood in front of me completely nude. She didn’t even try to cover herself.

I pointed the gun at her and had her march in front of me back to the car. Liz was still where I’d left her, chained to the steering wheel.

I unclipped the connecting chain allowing her free from the car. Her eyes were scared as she took in her friend completely nude. I could see that she was unbearably curious about what had happened. Why Catherine was nude.

“What are you going to do to us?” she aske d quietly.

“Catherine, here, is going to remove your clothes. And you are going to let her.”

Liz just looked at Catherine with fear in her eyes. Catherine just nodded.

“Are you going to rape me?”

“No, you might be just a little uncomfortable afterwards, is all.”

She looked at Catherine who just shrugged.

“I heard you hurting Cathy.” she stammered. “Are you going to hurt me? Please, I’ll do anything you want. Please don’t hurt me. Please let me go.”

“I am not going to hurt you,” I wasn’t lying. Catherine was.

“Now, I’m going to uncuff your wrists. I want you to stand still while Catherine undresses you, all right?”

Liz numbly nodded. I walked over to Catherine and had her put her hands behind her back. She obeyed, frightened to do anything else. I slipped the cuffs that were previously on Liz onto Catherine.

"Now, Catherine, I want you to completely undress Liz."

She whispered back. "You are such a bastard. I'm gonna kill you if I can."

I smiled back at her and prodded her forward with the gun.

Catherine had a lot of trouble getting the clothes off Liz with her hands bound. At some points she even had to use her teeth. Quietly cursing me under her breath. Eventually, Catherine managed to strip everything off Liz except for her shoes. I decided to leave them on her. For now.

"Okay Liz, I want you to lie down on the road spread eagled."

Liz, too frightened to anything else, mindlessly obeyed, stretching out her long limbs above and below her, stretching her body out to its fullest extent. I unlocked Catherine's hands and had her use rope to hold Liz outstretched on the road.

"Catherine, make love to her tits. Now."

"Please don't make me do this. She's my friend. I'm not lesbian. She's not either. Please."

"Would you like to go back to the tree?"

Liz just closed her eyes and mumbled something. Perhaps a prayer.

Catherine, beaten, crawled towards her friend's chest. She used her hands and tongue to caress the bare breasts of her friend. It certainly didn't look like the y were enjoying it, though Liz was beginning to breath a little harder and her nipples were certainly hardening.

Finally, I gently gripped Catherine's hair and pulled her back from her task. Liz moaned a little and pulled against the ropes holding her down . I handed the thin branch to Catherine. She looked at me with pleading eyes, "Please, for the love of anything holy, don't make me do this. She'll hate me forever. It'll kill her."

"What's happening," asked Liz from the asphalt below us.

"This bastard is making me beat you."

"Oh. Why?"

"Because he gets off on it. Liz, honey, he wants me to beat your breasts."

"Oh God."

"Please don't make me do this. Do it yourself if you have to, but please not me."

"We could go back to the tree if you like ..."

"You are a cold bastard, you know."

"Cathy. You can do it. Hit my breasts. I can't take hearing you on that tree again. I'll survive. Please."

"It's going to hurt a lot."

"I know."

As she brought down the first stroke she turned to me, "I'm going to kill you, I swear it. Somehow."

The first stroke marked the top of the bound woman's breasts.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh. God that hurts."

"I know, honey."

The next stroke caught her across the middle of the breasts, making a mark just north of the nipples.

Liz took in a very sharp breath and let out a blood curdling scream. She thrashed against the ropes, so wanting to protect her sensitive breasts.

"Please no more. It hurts. God it hurts."

Catherine looked sick as she brought the instrument of both their torture back dow n across the breasts eliciting yet another scream from her friend. Catherine collapsed at that point, crying and holding her friend's breasts for her. Sobbing. Both of them. Such a simple thing. Just a branch.

Liz managed to gasp out, "Please, it hurts so much. Why? How much more?"

I decided to let up with this. Liz was going to pass out if we continued this much longer.

"Just two more," I decided.

"Please, can I rest for a moment."

I nodded, walking a short distance away from the crying women. In a couple of minutes I wandered back, and Catherine glared up at me.

"Ready?"

Liz just nodded her head looking up through tear filled eyes.

I watched as Catherine laid another stripe across the bottom of her friends breasts making them shake, and getting another scr eam out of Liz. Her voice was beginning to fade.

"Last one, across the nipples, Catherine."

"You have to be joking."

"Not at all."

"Please Cathy, just finish," hoarsely from the shaking girl on the pavement. "Please."

Catherine sobbed a bit, but brought th e branch down hard, slashing across her friends sensitive and erect nipples.

The pain in the girl was almost palpable. Her breasts exploded in agony too great to describe.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhh, Jesus. Christ. Please no more. Argh. Uhhh. I can't take any more. My tits. Hurt. Please. I'm begging you. No more. Please."

Catherine turned around suddenly and swung the branch at me. I easily ducked it, and caught her wrist on the follow through. Catherine gasped.

"You just earned your friend another one."

"Noooooooooo. Please no more. I'll do anything. Just don't hit my tits again. Anything. Rape. Me. Hit my thighs. Hit my stomach. Just no more on my tits. Please. AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. Please. No more. My tits. Jesus. Christ. Please. I'm begging you. Catherine. Do what he says. I can't take any more. Please. Oh. God. Please."

Catherine, who I'd forced to give her friend that last blow, collapsed in a heap on the ground sobbing. Liz moaned on the ground.

I walked across and released her right wrist, immediately she cradl ed her marked breasts. I released her left wrist as well, and left her ankles bound. She cradled her beaten breasts, rocking and moaning.

Catherine didn't even resist as I pulled her arms behind her back and slipped the cuffs on her. I used another set on her ankles securely binding her on the ground.

Chapter 13

Leaving the two tormented females, I wandered back to my original prize. Christi had managed to curl up on her side to sleep. Her bound hands and ankles didn't seem to bother her ability to sleep, nor the hard pavement upon which she was lying.

I woke her with a gentle slap to the breast. She didn't jump as I'd expected, but rather just opened her eyes and stretched as best she could.

"How long?"

I was bewildered by the question.

"How long have I been asleep," she clarified.

"No idea, maybe an hour or two."

Groggily. "You just interrupted a great dream."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah, I wasn't here. I had clothes on. I wasn't in chains. And I hadn't even heard of you. I slept in my comfortable bed, not hard pavement." She looked up at the sky, "I couldn't have slept that long. It's still morning."

I just looked at her. "Have you forgotten?"

"Oh God. Time. It takes some getting used to. Are you ever going to restart the world?"

"When I'm ready. Come on, on your feet." Christi groaned and struggled to get to her bare feet. The chains making the journey difficult. I reached down and handed her the pack. "Come on, we have a ride waiting."

"I'm wearing the chains. I'm naked. I'm the girl. And you make *me * carry the pack. To make it worse what's in the sack? Equipment that you are going to use to torture me. Ironic. Can we please take off this silly thing on my ankles. It's hard to walk."

I looked at her. I couldn't tell if she was kidding or not. She almo st certainly wasn't about the ankle cuffs.

"Well, its either you carry the pack like I ask, or I can whip your tits until you beg to carry it. And the ankle cuffs stay on until I take them off you. The whole point is that it is harder to walk."

Christi gulped. "I'm sorry. I'll carry it. I'll carry it. And I'll be happy to wear the chains as long as you want. Just don't hurt me. Please."

I led her by her leash towards the BMW. She walked as best she could behind me.

I heard her make a sharp intake of breath as she saw the crying girls by the BMW. Christi whispered to me, "What the hell did you put them through?"

"I played with them a bit."

"God. Did you ever. Thank -you for not including me," she was serious.

"The one holding her breasts, that's Elizabeth. The one in the cuffs is Catherine."

Liz looked up at the sound of my voice, her eyes widening as she saw Christi leashed and collared behind me. She hadn't even untied her own ankles yet.

"Please let us go."

"Soon," I promised. Soon she wouldn't even remember her ordeal. I turned to Christi and removed her handcuffs. She stood silently rubbing her sore wrists. She had been in those handcuffs for a long time. I motioned for Christi to throw the pack into the car, which she did.

“Christi, remember Kimberly? I want you to lash Liz’s breasts the same way that hers are, okay?”

Christi knew better than to argue, so walked slowly forward, the ankle chains still impeding her, and knelt down beside Liz.

Liz looked at her realizing what was about to happen. “Please, no more. My tits are still on fire. I can’t take any more. Tie me up. Do anything you have to, but please, not my tits. Please. You’re a woman. Have mercy. Please.”

Christi whispered, “I’m so sorry. I know they hurt. I’ll be as gentle as I can, if he lets me.” She looked over her shoulder at me. I nodded. Christi, on her own, bent and gently kissed Liz’s breasts, trying to comfort the shaking girl. But in the end, she began forming the cruel rope bra that I had demanded. I couldn’t tell if this was turning her on or not. All I knew was that Liz wasn’t enjoying it at all. But I could see that Christi was being as gentle as she could around the sensitive flesh.

Catherine was beginning to pull at her chains hearing her friend crying. I bent down and gathered her up into my arms. This chained naked woman.

“What are you going to do with us now. Please.”

“Nothing more to hurt you. You, I’m going to put out of the way in the trunk. Liz is going to drive us to the mall. That’s all. Then, I’ll be out of your life.”

“In the trunk? Why?”

“To keep you out of the way. And as punishment for the branch trick.”

“But you made me hit Liz again for that.”

“I’ll punish as I see fit.”

I called to Christi to pop the trunk. I remembered to free the back of the car from its time freeze before Christi could pop the trunk. Christi, glared at me, but I had a helpless nude woman in my arms. Christi dropped the rope wrapping of Liz’s exposed breasts and leaned into the car, popping the trunk from the inside of the car.

“Please don’t do this to me. Not in the trunk. I’ll do anything. I swear it.”

“You’ll let me whip your tits?”

“Please no. The trunk. I’ll be fine in the trunk,” she backtracked quickly.

I unceremoniously dumped Catherine into the trunk, knocking the wind out of her. And quickly closed the lid. I could hear her crying softly in her confinement, but I knew she’d be alright.

By this time Christi had wrapped Liz’s breasts in rope. They bulged unnaturally and Liz winced with every small movement. I reached out and traced a finger across the swollen flesh. I knew that it was taking every ounce of will power not to pull away. I could see the lines of pain on her face, but to her credit, she didn’t cry out.

I reached down and released her ankles from their bindings. Liz immediately brought her legs together and tried to find a position to minimize the strain on her bound breasts. I had her hold out her wrists and used handcuffs to bind them together. Christi resigned, held out her hands as well and accepted the cuffs back.

This was going to be one of those times that I had to take a bit of a risk. I left the two women kneeling on the pavement outside the car. If this didn’t work, then their misery might just be over. If I crashed the car, trying to get it out of the traffic flow, then I might have to return to the beginning of this adventure and try all over again. I couldn’t trust one of the women to do it without panicking. I slipped behind the steering wheel. Planted my foot on the brake full force. Concentrated on freeing the front of the car from

the time freeze and felt the car pull forward with its lost momentum. As the brakes caught, I heard Catherine thrown against the front of the trunk, and cry out in terror.

In a flash of molten rubber, much smoke and some sheer luck, the car stopped barely inches from the frozen truck in front of it. I turned off the engine and motioned Liz and Christi to make their way over.

The girls struggled to their feet. Liz having trouble keeping her sore breasts still against their ropes. Christi simply having trouble with the ankle hobble. They tried to help each other and made their way over to the BMW.

I was out of the car by this point. "Liz, you drive. Christi, lie down in the back seat."

Liz climbed behind the wheel. Christi crawled into the back seat with some difficulty and curled up. I slipped into the back seat with Christi and positioned her head in my lap. I idly played with her right breast as she began to fall asleep again.

Christi mumbled, "You really ought to give Liz some pointers on driving. Us women aren't used to driving without clothes, and handcuffed. I almost killed us earlier. That wouldn't be good. Not to mention her slight breast distraction." Just before she fell into a deep sleep.

"Okay, Liz, slow and steady. You aren't used to driving in traffic like this and especially with handcuffs."

"I've driven in handcuffs before."

"Huh?"

"One of my old boyfriends used to like tying me up."

"Really?"

"Yeah. We once went for this long drive with me in handcuffs. I can do it. Where do you want to go?" No asking for the handcuffs off. No whining. Just "I can do it." Either she'd lost her will or she was simply really scared. Probably the latter.

"Hampton Mall. No rush."

"Can we please loosen my tit ropes? Or take them off? Please? My tits are in agony and every bump ... I've done everything you asked. No complaints. I won't ask for anything else. I'll do anything else you want. Please."

"I'll think about it."

She sighed and tears sprang to her eyes as she tried to cradle her breasts with her arms. Liz began crying softly to herself. Had to ask permission to untie her own breasts. Doing everything that was asked of her. And still not having enough control. I let her sob to herself for a while and then I relented.

"Listen, I'll loosen the ropes after you drive halfway there. But don't rush, the last thing we need is an accident. Where's the halfway point?"

Such a small thing. She managed to stop crying long enough to struggle and start the car. It was like Christi when I moved her hands from behind her back to her front. Completely broken. I'd have to remember that. Liz might come in useful later as well.

"The Shell station on Beare Road, I think. Thank-you sir."

I took a quick mental note of the mileage.

We made a slow way towards the mall. Liz was a careful driver. Not attempting to engage in conversation. Probably afraid that she would get into more trouble for talking and lose any chance of getting the ropes loosened.

As we passed the Shell station, I had her pull over. I had her get out of the car and kneel on the road. Christi slept through this all in the back seat.

Liz knelt still, though I could see that she was in pain. My loosening of the ropes probably caused blood to rush into the tissue causing a fair bit of discomfort for the naked girl. Tears formed, but didn't spill over. She gasped as the ropes were released.

I prepared to put the ropes back onto her.

"Let me know what's comfortable."

"Please, sir, can't we not put them on. My tits are so sore from that awful whipping Catherine gave me." I noted that she hadn't blamed me though I was certainly the driving force. She and I both knew that. "I'll do anything you want. Please?"

"My dear, I want to have you in breast ropes. But I'll try and make it comfortable for you."

The tears spilled over, but she resigned herself to the discomfort. At least it wouldn't be as tight as Christi made it. I had told Christi not to play light because she felt sorry for her fellow captive.

She raised her cuffed wrists above her head, allowing me easy access to her naked breasts. I carefully wound the soft rope around her body, only gently squeezing her breasts with the rope. She gasped at the touches but didn't complain. I'm not sure if she was afraid to complain about the tightness or whether it was simply comfortable enough to stand.

I briefly toyed with the idea of punishing Christi for making the breast bondage on Liz too loose, but decided only to use that if necessary.

Liz through her tears whispered, "Thank-you" before climbing gingerly back behind the wheel and waited to resume our trek.

Chapter 14

I climbed back into the back seat with Christi. She stirred in her sleep but didn't wake.

"Okay, Liz, on to the mall."

After a while, Liz announced th at they had arrived. I must have dozed a bit myself. Christi awoke and sat up. I toyed with the idea of punishing her for sitting up without permission but satisfied myself with chastising her. "Wasn't my last order to lie down in the back seat?"

Her face didn't register comprehension, not quite understanding why she wasn't allowed to sit up. But after a brief glance, and a look of worry, quietly lowered herself back to the seat.

"Park up near the door."

Liz drove through the crowded parking lot and parked up near the entrance to the mall. The mall was reasonable crowded. Lots of cars. Lots of people. After we'd parked, I ordered Christi to get out of the car. She struggled with the chains binding her, but managed to crawl out of the car.

I leaned forward over the seat and used another pair of handcuffs to secure Liz's wrists to the steering wheel.

"Why?" was all she asked.

"Because I might need a ride later."

"You said you'd let us go. Is Cathy alright?" she was crying.

"I'll let you go if I decide that I don't need a ride."

"Please let us go. We didn't do anything to you."

"I know. Christi and I are just going into the mall for a while. You want to come?"

She quickly realized that she probably didn't want to come along and shook her head. "Please, can't you let Cathy go? I'll stay with you if you need a hostage. I'll do whatever you say. You can even tie my tits up tight again. Please."

"My dear, I can do whatever I want to both you and Catherine. Whether you want it to happen or not." Tears began t o fall from her eyes again. "But I'll consider letting Catherine go. If you promise to cooperate with me. And you'll allow yourself to be punished for her leaving."

She cried a bit more but nodded. "I'll do anything you want." She sounded completely defeat ed.

I finished cuffing her to the steering wheel and stepped out of the car.

I cracked a window for her, since she couldn't do it herself and left her quietly crying behind the wheel.

I walked around the car to find Christi on her knees on the asphalt besi de the passenger door. Her subservience surprised me, but I'll admit, her demeanor cut off most thoughts of punishing her. Hard to punish someone so willing to please.

"Wrists."

She obediently held up her wrists. I unlocked the steel bands which had held h er so long. She idly rubbed her wrists, "What are you planning to do in the mall?"

"Oh, I have some ideas."

"I'll bet. Do they include me? Should I be getting my tongue ready?"

I just smiled and she groaned.

"Hands and knees."

“Oh please don’t make me craw l again. You have no idea how humiliating it is.”

“But it is fun to watch.”

“God.” she began to crawl. Her ankles still in the hated ankle hobble made the journey extremely slow and probably more painful for the naked woman at my feet. But we took our time .

Hampton Mall is a smallish strip mall with mainly clothing stores and specialty boutiques. My real reason for coming here was the specialty adults only store near the far end of the mall. We moved very slowly up the main isle of the mall. I could tell th at Christi was feeling the roughness of the tile floor against her hands and knees, but I forced her to continue that way, despite its slowness and despite her repeated requests to walk “normally.”

Finally, after I had ignored her for some time, she had gi ven up and resigned herself to the fact that she was going to crawl, like it or not.

I forced her to crawl the entire length of the mall, crawling around frozen people. She must have been getting used to the idea that she could be crawling naked, chained through a mall and that nobody was going to notice except her captor.

We arrived in front of the adult store and I saw her look up at the sign and groan.

“Not more toys.”

“Yup.” I opened the door and let her crawl in. “To your feet.”

She looked up at me in amazement, she had been crawling so long. She didn’t need a second instruction, but scrambled to her bare feet. Since her hands were uncuffed, it was much easier on her to rise this time.

I glanced around the store. Magazines. A female cashier. Tw o customers. One browsing through the movies. Another female checking out the vibrators. Shelves of sex toys.

Christi’s eyes widened.

“Have you ever been in one of these stores before?”

“Naked and chained? Or just normally.”

I just gave her a withering loo k. She actually smiled and almost laughed.

“No. In either state. Though I’ve often wondered what one was like inside.”

“Well, here’s your chance. I want you to pick up some stuff for me.”

“Like what?”

“Well, some bondage movies.”

“Big surprise.”

“And some vibrators. Different sizes. You need the clerk to help you?”

“Please no. I think I can do it on my own,” the thought of her naked and chained and having to ask the clerk to help went through her head. Not to mention how I might convince the girl to help.

Christi wandered off to complete her task while I wandered over to the magazine rack and picked up some bondage related magazines. I wandered over to the B&D racks and picked up some leather cuffs, chains, padlocks, a riding crop, some extra steel cuffs, a leather hood, some nipple clamps and various other interesting items.

I threw everything in a bag and wandered back to Christi. She had an armful of vibrators, all different sizes and shapes. She was just looking through the movies.

She turned as I approac hed. “I’ll bet you want the rough and rape type as opposed to the gentle and kind ones.”

“Pick up a couple of each.” I held the bag open for her choices.

She dumped the vibrators into the bag. I saw her shudder as she saw the stuff that I had already placed in it. The nipple clamps were on top.

She quickly chose a couple of videos and tossed them into the bag as well.

I looked at her and without me even having to say anything, she simply held her wrists out. I locked them together with the handcuffs and watched as she twisted her wrists a bit to find the most comfortable position.

As we walked out of the store, I began to talk to her.

Chapter 15

"Our goal here is to find a family somewhere in this mall. I want a reasonably attractive family. Father. Mother. Two daughters. Not too young. Sixteen at least. I want you to help pick them."

"What are you going to do to them?"

"You'll find out in good time."

"Nothing they'll enjoy I'll wager."

"Don't know. But I doubt it."

"I'm not going to enjoy it either, am I?"

"Don't know. But I doubt it."

She groaned. "Just please don't make me do anymore lesbian things. I really hate that." She wiggled her tongue for emphasis.

About halfway down the mall, Christi reluctantly pointed out a man in his late thirties standing in a women's clothing store. What appeared to be two daughters were frozen looking through the racks of clothing. There was a family resemblance. The two girls looked to be late teens. The man looked extremely bored.

"I really wanted a mother as well ..."

"Maybe she's in the dressing room. Jesus, I can't believe that I'm helping you."

"I guess it won't hurt to find out. That guy looks a bit bored anyway."

"I'm sure you'll help him with that."

I just smiled and left Christi standing in the middle of the mall, an d walked into the store to get a closer look at my victims. I wandered into the dressing rooms and sure enough there were two women in different rooms. The first didn't look promising. A girl of about twenty seven or so just about to pull off her sweater. I toyed with the idea of starting up time and using her, but decided to continue. The next room had a trim woman of about thirty-five ... maybe forty in the middle of dressing. She stood there, motionless with a pair of slacks in her hand, bent down to sli p them on. She had a top, still on the hanger. She was only in her bra and panties, having kicked off her shoes to slip on the pants. She bore some resemblance to the girls out in the store, but not as much as the man.

Only way to find out for sure was to take them and ask.

I wandered back out into the store. Christi had moved into the store, but I decided not to chastise her for leaving the spot I'd left her.

"Well?" she asked.

"Maybe. I'll wake up the daughter and ask. But I need you out of the way for a moment otherwise she'll really panic."

"Damn, what are you going to do, tie me up in another store?"

"Not this time, though that doesn't sound like a bad idea. You like books?"

The odd comment threw her and she was wary. "Some books."

"It's alright, I was just going to give you some time off. You can go browse in the book store next door until I need you."

Her face registered complete disbelief. I'd been treating her cruelly for so long, she couldn't believe it.

"Go on, before I change my mind and chain you up in a change room."

Without another word, she walked out of the women's store with her shortened steps. A smile playing along her lips as she looked forward to some private time.

I considered how to best get the family into my control. Probably through the youngest daughter. She looked to be about sixteen or seventeen. I walked up to her. Trim. Well developed chest. Pretty face. She was currently walking towards a rack of evening gowns.

I brought out the gun and pointed it at her chest, concentrated and brought time back into focus for her. Her momentum threw her forward and almost into me. To her, it would have appeared like I'd just appeared out of thin air.

She made a startled gasp and looked around. The world around her was completely frozen, except for her and I. Her eyes traveled to the gun leveled at her and then up to my face.

"Uh hello," she began calmly. "Where'd you come from." Cool girl.

"Just dropped in." I waved the gun at her. "Care to sit down?"

"I guess." Her eyes on the gun.

"What do you want?" she sat down in one of the courtesy chairs.

"Your name first."

"Jane." Nothing more.

"Well, Jane, that your sister over there?"

She nodded. "Why isn't she moving? What's happening."

"World's frozen." Not much of an explanation, but she didn't have to know all the gory details. All she needed to know was that I had a gun. And she was aware of that. Her eyes hardly left it.

"What do you want with me?"

I ignored her question. "That your father?"

"Uh huh."

"Where's your mother?"

"Change room."

"Your sister's name and age?"

Her eyes still on the gun. "Elaine. She's nineteen. I'm seventeen." she volunteered.

"Okay, Jane. I need to keep you out of the way for a few minutes. Will you let me tie you into that chair?" I slowly reached down and pulled some rope out of the bag I'd put at my feet.

"Are you going to hurt me?"

"No." I sort of lied, well, I wasn't going to hurt her for a while yet. And not at all, if everyone cooperated.

"Alright. My brother ties me up sometimes. I guess I don't mind as long as you don't hurt me."

"Your brother? Is he here as well?"

"Nope. Didn't want to do any shopping today. Lucky him."

I moved behind the chair and had her place her arms behind her. Quick as lightning, as soon as I was behind the chair, she leapt out of it and began to run. I sighed and mentally narrowed the time bubble around her until she began to slow. Finally, at a complete stop, I casually wandered over to her and stood in front of her. Jammed the gun into her ribs and re animated her time.

Her startled scream echoed through the silent mall. To her it had seemed like I instantaneously moved to her from the chair.

"Shit," she mumbled.

"Next time you try a stunt like that, I'll knock a hole in you the size of New York. Be clear about this. You can't hurt me. You can't get away. And I will hurt you if I have to."

I could see the fear in her eyes. The calmness had almost left. But I watched her struggle it back in control. I could almost imagine what she was goi ng through. Alone. A strange guy with a gun. Wanting to tie her up. Of course, she was going to try and escape. I marveled at her self control. Most other women that I'd confronted like this panicked pretty quick. Liz. Catherine. Kimberly. Linda. Christi.

But Jane was the first that actually tried a bold escape.

Jane sat back in the chair and put her wrists behind the chair without being asked. This time, I lashed her wrists together as she sat calmly. I moved around the front of the chair and lashed her an kles to the chair legs.

She squirmed a bit, "You don't have to tie my legs you know. Where am I going to go?"

I ignored her and brought the gun up and pressed it into her temple. I felt the poor girl shaking in fear as she felt the gun against her head. I concentrated and all of a sudden the man and the woman identified as Elaine came to life. I felt Jane pulling against the bonds.

The father almost immediately saw me. "What the hell ..." The sister turned to see what the problem was. I doubt if either one of them noticed that everyone else was frozen.

I remarked casually, "Don't do anything stupid."

The father mumbled, "Don't do anything stupid, hell." And began to move towards me.

I whipped the gun up from Jane's head and pointed it at his approaching chest. "Sir, I would suggest that you stop. You won't be able to help your daughter if you're dead ..."

This stopped him. The sister had frozen as soon as she saw the gun in my hand.

"What the hell d'ya want. Let my daughter go. How ..."

"What I want, is for you to understand the situation. If you don't do what I say. And exactly what I say, then I'll be forced to shoot one of these pretty girls."

"Daddy ..." the girl named Elaine whimpered from behi nd a rack of clothes.

"Now, nice and slowly I want you to leave the store. Go out the concourse and sit down on a bench." He didn't move. "Now." I waved the gun back at Jane, tied in the chair. She whimpered.

The man still didn't move. But Jane spoke up in a voice a lot clearer than I would ever have been able in her position. "Please Daddy. Just do what he says."

The man, watching me the whole way, backed very slowly out of the store. Reaching behind him, he sat down on the bench but watched what was going on in the store with feral eyes.

"Elaine. I don't want to hurt you, but I need you do something for me. I need you to go tie your father to that bench. I need him out of the way. You know how to tie knots don't you?", I said in a voice that shouldn't carr y all the way to the concourse.

Elaine just stood still and whimpered.

I heard the waif under my gun whisper to me, “Then why did you unfreeze him?” A sharp one. She was catching on already that I was controlling the freeze. And that I was up to something. “Elaine is kind of hopeless with knot tying. You haven’t played cowgirls and Indians with her. Let me do it. I’ve learned a lot about tying knots from my brother. I’ve been in them enough. The little bastard. Just don’t hurt anyone.”

“Elaine, come here.”

“Elaine hesitated, but began walking over to me and her bound sister.

Jane concerned asked, “You okay?” from her chair.

Elaine just nodded.

“Come here. Sit beside your sister.”

I heard from the concourse bench, “You bloody bastard. Leave them alone. Do whatever you want to me.”

I thought to myself. Doing whatever I wanted to the father would be sooo not fun though. I ignored him but kept one eye watching him. He didn’t move from his bench though, I guess scared for the safety of his daughters.

“You see your sister, Elaine, sit like that.”

Elaine frightened, moved her arms behind her and crossed her wrists. She gasped as I wrapped some cord around them and tied them off. Same thing with her ankles.

I debated going to tie the father myself, but decided that he might make a move if I was close enough. No sense having to start this adventure over again. I already had the girls.

“Okay, Janie. I’m going to untie you. You go tie your father to the bench. And I will check if he’s tied tight. If not ...” I just let th e comment hang.

Jane shook off the ropes as I untied her. She picked up the pieces as I followed her out of the boutique and into the concourse.

The father was livid. “Now what?”

“Jane is going to tie you to the bench to keep you out of the way. I want you to let her.”

“What the fuck is going on here,” he motioned to the motionless people throughout the mall.

“Daddy, he can freeze and unfreeze people. Please do what he says,” Jane answered for me.

“The hell I will.”

“Daddy, listen to me. He has Elaine tied up in the store. I tried to get away, and he caught me without even trying. That gun is real. Trust me. It doesn’t matter what you do. If he doesn’t just kill you, he’ll freeze you and do whatever it is he wants to me and Elaine anyway. Please just let me tie you to this bench. It doesn’t matter. And I’d feel better if you weren’t frozen and were here for us. Please.”

A really sharp one.

The father sighed and relaxed somewhat.

“Goddamn it okay. But you had better not hurt my daught ers or I swear I’ll find some way to kill you.”

Chapter 16

Jane knelt on the ground and began to tie his ankles together.

"Hey not so tight."

"Sorry Daddy, but he said that if I didn't tie this securely, then, he'd hurt Elaine."

He glowered, but didn't o ffer up any further complaints.

She continued to use the rope to immobilize her father. Tying his wrists securely and running ropes around the slats of the bench to hold him securely there.

After she was done, I had her move off to the side, and checked he r work. I was glad that I didn't play cowgirls and Indians with her.

As we walked back into the store, I outlined the next portion of the plan to Jane. "Now, the hard part. I need you to get your mother."

"Why do you want her. You are planning on doing som ething to us. Aren't you?"

She was sharp this one. No lack of insight here.

"I might be. Tell her what is happening. Tell her that I need her out here right away, that I'm going to hurt your sister if she doesn't come out as she is and immediately."

"Oh God. You won't hurt her?"

"Have I hurt anyone yet?"

She just looked at me. Still calm. She was the only one. Elaine was quietly sobbing in her chair.

I walked her back to the change room and watched as Jane opened each door until she found the one with her m other.

"She's frozen."

Jane slipped into the change room with her mother and closed the door. I could still hear their conversation from my post out in the hall. A burst of concentration and ...

"Janie, what are you doing in here. How."

"Please Mom, no tim e to explain. You've got to listen to me."

"OK ..."

"Listen there is some guy out in the store waving a gun around and he insisted that I come back and get you."

"Where's Daddy?"

"He's uhhhhh tied up at the moment." I actually smiled at this one.

"What on earth does he want with me?"

"I have no idea. Hurry." Jane tugged at her mother.

"Dear, I have to put some clothes on."

"No time. He said now. Please Mom. Elaine."

"Alright, alright."

The two of them came out of the dressing room. The elder just i n bra and panties. Jane tugging her mother. She saw me pretty quick. By this time I'd moved back out into the store.

"Sir, would you put the gun down please? You are going to hurt someone." Calm like her daughter. Jane just peered at me wondering what was going to happen.

"Ma'am, if I put the gun down, then you are most unlikely to do as I ask, isn't that so."

The woman glanced around the store. Not quite comprehending the situation, but noticing that the world seemed strange all of a sudden.

"What do you want me to do?"

"I would like you to sit in that chair over there by your daughter." The woman sensibly moved over to her bound daughter. "Not that chair; one down." I didn't want her to sit right next to Elaine.

"Are you all right honey?" the mother asked.

Elaine nodded. Tears still flowing.

"Okay Jane, you know the drill. Rope."

Jane sighed and moved towards her mother.

"Sir, this is most uncivilized. I don't need to be bound down. I'll do whatever it is you want." I wasn't so sure of that, but didn't say anything. "At least allow me the decency of some clothing."

That almost made me laugh. Christi next door probably would have laughed as well. Clothes? On a woman? Whatever for?

"Ma'am, I just don't need trouble. Cooperate and you and your daughters won't be hurt."

She sat still while her youngest daughter tied her into the chair. The knots were as secure as those on her father. I checked.

"Alright, Jane, come here."

Jane walked over to me and allowed me to place one side of a handcuff on her right wrist. I attached the other side to the chrome of a built in clothes rack. Jane allowed this quietly.

I left the unfortunate family bound while I went in search of Christi. The bookstore beside the clothing store seemed deserted. If that girl had wandered off, I would find her. And she would be sorely sorry.

"Christi?"

"Right here." came the immediate answer. I wandered towards the soft voice. I rounded the corner of an aisle and found the girl curled up on the carpeted floor. She was lying on her front, quietly reading a Stephen King novel. Having a bit of trouble with the pages, considering her bound wrists, but managing alright.

She sat up as I approached.

"Break over?" she asked with disappointment. "I heard the yelling. I take it the father wasn't very happy about things."

"I've barely started," I smiled. "Come on, we have things to do."

She sighed as she struggled to get up. I helped Christi to her bare feet and walked her slowly out into the mall. Her eyes widened at the sight of the father tied securely to the bench in the mall. Her face wore a "How did you manage to do this?" look, but she didn't say anything. In turn I saw his eyes widen as he took in the naked, chained, blonde beauty I was leading out into the mall.

Nobody said anything as I led Christi back into the clothing shop.

I had her sit quietly on the other side of the store from Elaine and her mother.

The mother spoke first, maybe a little shaken by the sight of Christi. The situation had abruptly changed. What did I want with them? "What are you going to do to us? Please let us go. We all promise not to tell anyone about this. Our secret. OK?"

Ignoring her, I approached Jane who couldn't seem to keep her eyes off Christi.

"Now Jane, I want you to do something for me."

"What?" she asked me warily.

“I want to watch you strip in front of your father.”

I heard her mother groan. Jane turned pale.

“So that is why you unfroze him. You were planning this from the beginning. You pig. Please just let us go. Don’t make me do that.”

“Will you?”

“Of course not. He’s my father. Hasn’t seen me undress since I was like five.”

“Alright. I’m going to show you the alternate.”

Jane just looked at me with fear in her eyes.

I showed her the riding crop that I’d picked up in the adult store.

“See this.” She nodded. Sick. “I am going to use it on Elaine. I am going to hit her with it, probably on the breasts, maybe the face, until her screams are too much for you. She can’t do anything about it tied in the chair like that. Until you agree to go out in fro nt of your father and strip.”

“Please don’t make me do this. I can’t.”

I heard her mother and Elaine moan from across the store. I doubt if the father out in the mall could hear the conversation.

Christi spoke up. “Jane, that’s your name right? Jane, trust me, you will do what he says in the end anyway. Spare your sister some pain. You have no idea how much a riding crop will hurt on breasts. I’ve seen it. Trust me. Just do what he says.”

Jane began to cry. I watched as the tears formed and overflowed her e yelids. It was actually kind of pretty. A moment later, she made her decision and I watched the incredible control roll down her face like a window shade. The tears dried, almost instantly, and her mouth set in a determined line.

Chapter 17

"Okay, you bastard, I'll do it. But only because of Elaine. If it had been my boobs you threatened, I wouldn't be doing this." She defiantly held out the cuffed wrist against the chain so I could unlock it.

I unlocked the steel binding and she rubbed her wrist where it had dug into her soft skin. We walked together to the mall aisle. The woman about to lose her clothes and her dignity and the bastard that was going to watch it. I had Christi stay in the store.

As we emerged from the store, her father was a bit more reasonable. I seriously doubted that the reasonableness was going to last when he found out what I had planned for his youngest daughter.

"What do you want? Money?"

Jane surprised me and replied for me, "Daddy, he doesn't want money. He doesn't want anything that you can give him. He already has everything he wants."

"What are you talkin' about?"

Jane hung her head. "He's got us. I'm sorry Daddy. I don't want to do this. But we have to do what he says. Forgive me. Please."

With that, I watched as she gripped the bottom of her rugby shirt and in one fluid motion pulled it over her head. Her skin was milky, the flash of colour of her bra marring the surface. Without any other hesitation she dropped her sweat pants and stepped out of them. Her father groaned and closed his eyes.

I stopped Jane from continuing. "What's your parent's names?", I whispered.

"Dave and Dora," she was breathing hard.

"Dave, open your eyes. If you don't watch the strip show here, I will cause someone in there some discomfort. I'm certainly enjoying it."

"You fucking bastard. I swear I'll kill you. I swear it." Keeping his eyes closed.

I just looked at Jane. She moaned a bit but did what she had to, "Daddy, please. You have to watch me. You know what he threatened to do to Elaine? I can't even tell you. But he'd do it. In a second. And enjoy it. It was enough to get me out here and strip in front of you. You think I want to do this? Don't let him do that to Elaine. I'm begging you Daddy. Please."

This strong willed woman begging her father to watch her strip. Must have just about killed her.

Her father slowly opened his eyes and gave me a glare. I have to admit that I'm glad that looks can't kill.

Jane whispered to herself, "Thank -you God."

She was standing there in her bra and panties and sneakers. She looked at me.

"Please don't make me continue. For Jesus sakes, he is my father. I'm his daughter. Don't make me. Please. I'll strip for you. I'll let you chain me up like that other woman. I'll fuck you. Anything but this. Please."

I just motioned for her to continue. Resigned, she hung her head and continued by very slowly kicking off her shoes and peeling off her socks. At this point, it was probably no worse than her swimming in a bikini in front of her father. It was the next part that was going to be hard.

She looked at me one more time. "Please?"

Her father had closed his eyes again.

“Everything Jane. Dave, open those eyes.”

He snapped them open and focused again on his youngest daughter.

Jane’s tears had returned, but she found the strength to reach behind her and unclip the bra encasing her breasts. Recovering somewhat, she held her head high and in one fluid motion pulled the bra from her chest letting it drop at her bare feet, exposing her breasts to her father for the first time in many years I would imagine. I watched as her father cringed, closed his eyes briefly, but opened them again.

The hard part begun, Jane lost the hesitation, just wanting to get it over with; she pulled her underwear from her hips and slipped them down her legs. She stepped out of them daintily and stood proudly in her nudity. No attempt to cover herself. Not that I would have allowed that anyway. She probably knew that.

She was breathing hard, tears were now running down her face. I motioned for her to make a full turn. The naked girl closed her eyes but obeyed. Her father, his breathing irregular was trying to pretend that this wasn’t happening. Trying, without success, I would imagine, to see his bare daughter and ignore the fabulous display all at the same time.

I waved the gun at Jane and motioned her to walk in front of me back into the store.

“Goddamn you, you better not touch a hair on them.” Her father struggled with the ropes that Jane had tied so well.

I walked Jane back to her handcuff. As we passed Chri sti, she looked up with tears in her eyes and whispered to us, “You know you are a right bastard.” I smiled back at her and she just shook her head in resignation.

As I reached to place Jane’s wrist in the handcuff, Jane stopped me gently. “Please. You don’t have to cuff me. If I could do that for you,” meaning the strip show for her father, “I’m not about to run away.”

I just gave her a reassuring grin. “You did well. You surprised me. But for now, I have to cuff you.”

“Please just a moment with my mother and sister?”

I just about told her no, but I looked at Christi and she motioned for me with her cuffed hands, to let her be with her family for a moment.

I let go of Jane’s slender wrist and let her pad naked over to her mother and si ster. She fell to her knees and hugged Elaine. Then she moved two chairs down and gave her mother a big hug.

I heard her say to them, “It’s OK. I’m OK. Just do what he says. For me. OK? Make sure that I didn’t do that for nothing. I love you.” Elaine was s till crying softly, and tears brimmed in her mother’s eyes. Her mother nodded silently and fixed me with another one of those glares.

Tears in her eyes, Jane rose back to her feet and walked back to me and extended her wrist for me to cuff. I snapped the c uff around her wrist but didn’t tighten it into the skin. Just enough that she couldn’t escape it.

She looked at me, “I still think you’re a bastard, but thank -you for letting me go to them. Don’t hurt them, please?”

She was a strong one. I nodded curtly.

Chapter 18

I walked over to where Christi was seated. She looked up at me. “My turn to be tormented again I suppose.”

I ignored her and handed her the shears from the hardware store. The hardware store reminded me of Kimberly, probably still bound nude in that chair suffering that tight breast bondage and the clothes pins she had had to beg me to put on her. Probably should go check on her soon.

Christi gripped the shears in her bound hands and looked up at me. For a fleeting moment I thought I saw her gau ge her chances at driving the blades into my chest. The moment passed. Not sure whether it was the fact that she knew that it would fail. Or whether she was still wondering about that promise I made in her mother’s office. Either way, she rose from the cha ir to her feet.

“Christi, I need you to go cut the clothes off Elaine.”

“Please, haven’t you done enough to them?”

Jane just moaned.

I didn’t answer Christi and after a moment, she knew that she’d have to do it. She walked with her small steps, chains jang ling, to the older sister who cringed back as far as she could against the ropes.

Christi whispered something to the girl to try and calm her, but ended up slipping the scissors in at the neck line of her sweatshirt and split it down the middle exposing th e bra enclosed breasts. A few more strokes of the shears and the fabric of her shirt and skirt had been shredded from her body.

Elaine spoke for the first time directed at Christi. “Please don’t continue. You don’t need to strip me.”

I heard Christi’s repl y. “I have to. You have to understand that I don’t have a choice.” She continued by cutting first the panties then the bra and gently removing them from the trembling girl.

Jane just hung her head. “Strip her, but please don’t hurt her. OK? I stripped for you ...”

I moved closer, getting an idea of what I wanted to do. The father was going to blow a gasket with this one.

I walked forward and picked up Christi’s leash, pushing her to her knees. I removed the handcuffs so she could crawl.

“Crawling again. Ple ase no.”

I just tugged on the leash and the naked girl began to crawl in front of these strangers. I led her out to the bench with the father tied to it. Dave’s eyes widened as he watched me lead the docile beauty out on her leash. I saw him let his breath out as he realized that it wasn’t one of his daughters or his wife crawling behind me.

I had Christi kneel for me and handed her the scissors.

“I want you to cut out the crotch of his pants.”

Dave began to struggle against the ropes as Christi inched forw ard on her knees. His struggling making it difficult to determine the best place to cut the fabric.

I idly commented, “If he doesn’t stop moving, then just cut at random. If certain parts get in the way because he’s moving he has nobody to blame but himself.”

At the words, Dave ceased struggling, but he still tried.

“Listen lady, you got a weapon. Attack him. Stop him. Look what he’s doing to us and you.”

Christi patiently looked up into his forlorn face and quietly stated the obvious. “Sir, I can’t. Look at me. I’m naked. Look at my ankles. They’re hobbled. Even if I tried, I’d never make it before he made a new hole in my body. That’s assuming that he didn’t just freeze me again. Don’t you think if there was any hope, I’d have tried it by now. I’ve been naked and his slave for the last day or so. He’s made me spank a woman. He’s forced me into lesbian acts. I’ve had to crawl for him. Believe me, I’ve seen what he’s capable of.” While she was talking gently, her hands were moving and carefully cutting away his pants around the crotch to expose his genitals.

Finished she backed away and handed me the scissors handle first.

“Christi, I’m getting tired of his chatter and blustering. Pick up Jane’s panties and bra and stuff them in his mouth.”

If her statements about her dominant side were true, I was probably giving her a minor thrill to dominate this guy. Even though she was the one naked and in chains, she was still more free than Dave.

Christi bent down and gathered up Jane’s panties and bra from the littering of clothes still left from the unwilling strip show.

“Please, sir, open your mouth.”

“Goddamned if I will.” And he clapped his mouth shut. Christi looked at me helplessly.

“Do you realize what he is going to do to your family if you don’t let me put these in your mouth.”

Opening his mouth ever so slightly, he replied, “He’s going to do it anyway, dammit. Don’t you see that? No way.”

“Okay, Christi, I’ll go get Jane. Her pain will probably get him to open up.”

“Wait,” Christi pleaded, “there’s another way. Please?”

I gave it one last chance.

“He’s going to whip your daughter, man. Get it through your thick skull. Look at me. Normally I get men to do what I want. And I’m sitting here naked, in chains, trying to keep us both out of trouble. He’ll punish me for not being able to gag you. Open your mouth and he won’t whip her. Won’t whip me. I’ve seen it. Cooperate and things don’t go as badly. I swear it.”

In fascination I watched as the naked girl reached down to the man’s exposed crotch while she had him distracted with her voice and without warning squeezed his balls. His mouth opened in surprise and pain and as he began his cry of pain, Christi quickly shoved his daughter’s panties deep into his mouth. Once in, he stopped resisting as she wrapped Jane’s bra about his head and tied it off, keeping the panties securely in his mouth. His eyes were riveted to the bare breasts hanging in front of his face. Don’t know any male who wouldn’t be distracted by those. I smiled at her ingenuity.

“Okay Christi, kneel down here and wait for me to come back.”

She fell to her knees and inched over to the spot I indicated.

“Don’t hurt them, please?”

I nodded. I had other plans anyway.

Chapter 19

I walked slowly into the store trying to decide the best way to make this happen. It was going to be difficult, especially considering the drive and control of the younger sister. She was going to make the plan difficult. But I liked a challenge.

I'd start with the older sister, Elaine.

I walked over to where she was still sitting, crying, naked tied to the chair.

"Elaine?" She looked up with dulled eyes. "Elaine, I'm going to untie you for a while. You'll do what I say, right?"

From the other side of the store I heard Jane's voice. "Leave her alone. Please. I'll do whatever it is you want." Jane was very protective of her sister. The mother just sat quietly in her ropes waiting and watching.

Elaine just nodded. I quickly had the ropes free and she immediately tried to cover her body. Like I hadn't already seen it. But it was a common reaction. Only the strong willed ones wouldn't let me get the satisfaction of knowing that they were embarrassed by their nudity.

I picked up the ropes and led the quietly sobbing girl out of the store. She kept her hands trying to cover her breasts and pussy, and I let her for now. Her eyes grew wide as she saw her father tied to the bench, his private parts hanging out for the world to see. She closed her eyes in shame as she realized that her father had a perfect view of her nudity as well.

This didn't concern me.

There was a reasonably clear spot almost directly in front of the father where the concourse was not littered with frozen people.

"Elaine, I want you to lie down here, face up and stretch yourself out. Hands above your head, legs apart."

I saw the girl go pale, and I heard the protest from the bound man on the bench through his gag. But Elaine just nodded and dropped slowly to the floor. Grimacing that she had to lie nude in the middle of the concourse. All she could think of was how many people had walked over the spot where she was about to lay. But she did it silently and sullenly. I motioned Christi over. She shuffled over on her knees.

"Wrists."

She raised her wrists expecting the handcuffs. To my surprise I had forgotten to recuff her. Recovering, I handed her the ropes. "Make sure that she stays this way." Christi just nodded. Probably just as surprised that she hadn't been recuffed.

I watched as she went about her task. Admiring the way her bare body moved. Admiring her attention to detail. Three wraps of the rope, tied off tightly to make it secure on each tie point. Wrists and ankles. Searching for places to secure the other end to; bench legs, security doors. While this was happening, Elaine tried to plead with me.

"Sir?" I looked down at her spread eagled form. "Sir, you don't need to tie me up, you know?" I nodded. Tears in her eyes. "If you want to rape me, I'll let you without the ropes. I swear it." I could see that that was extremely difficult to say. "Please. I'll do anything you want. Just don't hurt me or my family. Please." Christi continued to tie up the poor nude girl.

Not as eloquent as her sister, but as sincere.

“Elaine, you are doing what I want. As long as that is the case, you may be tied. You may experience some discomfort, but I promise that I won’t hurt you.”

“But do you need to keep us tied up? It’s humiliating and uncomfortable.”

I could see Christi nodding as she continued her work. She spoke for me. “Elaine, don’t you understand? That is what turns him on. Us, women, uncomfortable, naked and humiliated. Just do what he says, OK? He can make you very uncomfortable.”

“What are you going to do with me?”

“All in good time.”

She gave up and lay quietly, watching as Christi moved around her tying off the ropes connected to her.

I watched as the poor girl was secured. I checked the bonds which were good and tight. I patted Christi on the head. The father was pulling at his ropes trying to get something free. He had closed his eyes soon after his elder daughter had been brought before him. Didn’t want to see her nudity. For now, I let him have his thoughts that he could block this horror out.

I pulled Christi off to the side, and crouche d down in front of her. Her still on her knees because I hadn’t allowed her to her feet. She whispered to me so the bound girl and man couldn’t hear.

“Please. I know what you are planning. I can’t do it. Not another one. I can’t have sex with her in front of her father. And I’m not a lesbian. Please have mercy on me. I have done everything else you wanted.”

I smiled. She thought that she was going to have to lick the teenager in front of her father. While that sounded like an excellent idea, I had other pla ns. I toyed with the idea of letting her think that she was going to have to do it, like it or not, but I relented.

“Turn around.”

“Please.” She shuffled around on her knees to have her back facing me.

“Wrists.”

“Please no. I will do whatever you want with out the cuffs. I swear I will. I can do a better job on her with my hands free.”

She still thought that she was going to have to have sex with the bound woman.

“Wrists.” In resignation, her hands wrapped behind her back and I slipped the handcuffs on her. But not overly tight.

“Christi, I’m not going to make you have sex with Elaine.”

Her face brightened almost immediately.

“Thank-you,” she whispered. “I’ll do anything you want.”

“I’m counting on it. Now, I’m going to get Jane, you crawl over to the father and just sit quietly at his feet, OK?”

She nodded, her tears dried. She began the journey on her knees, the ankle chain still impeding her speed and her hands securely behind her back making h er a little unsteady.

I walked back into the shop and approached Jane.

“What have you done with Elaine? You made her go naked in front of Daddy, didn’t you.”

I nodded. “She’s still there.”

“You bastard, you made him look didn’t you.”

I shook my head. Jane sighed. “You didn’t hurt her did you?”

“Not yet.” She shuddered. “But I need you to cooperate for the last part of this. So if you don’t want to hear her screams, you’ll do what I say.”

I had uncuffed her hand from the rack by removing the cuff from the ra ck. I pulled her left arm behind her back and turned her around. She let me do all this without complaint. Her hands secured behind her back with handcuffs, I began to walk her very slowly to the front of the store.

“I’ve already proved that I’ll do whatev er you want.”

“Yeah, but this is different. This is more than a strip show in front of your father.”

“Oh God, what could be worse than that?”

“Sex with your sister in front of him.”

“You filthy animal. You know I can’t do that. That would kill him. Kill he r.” She had stopped. “You can’t be serious.”

“Jane, you have to do this.” I left her standing in the middle of the store and walked back and retrieved the riding crop. Her eyes widened.

“Anything else. I’ll do anything else. I’ll crawl like that other woma n. I’ll have sex with you. I’ll have sex with you in front of him. I’ll crawl. I’ll let you whip me. You can have me forever, but please not this. It’s my sister.”

I let her cry and beg for a few minutes.

“Stand still, Jane.” She did, still begging.

I reached out casually and flicked the tip of the riding crop making light contact with her bare right breast. There was a sound like a small gunshot, and a welt almost immediately appeared. The shock of the blow and the resultant pain was enough to make her stop talking and cry out softly.

“Oh my god that hurts.”

“And that was a light one. You still want me to whip you.”

Through her tears, “If it will make you stop this insane game. Please have some compassion.”

“Jane, listen to me. You have got to go out there. Your sister is bound on the floor. Naked. You are naked. I want you to start with oral sex with her. Then finish off with a sixty-nine until you both come. If it would make it easier I can tie you on top of her.”

“Good god. I can’t do it. Please.”

“Jane, what does your breast feel like?”

“My boob is on fire, but I’d gladly take more to avoid this. Please.”

“How long would you be able to put up with that kind of pain being delivered to Elaine’s breasts. You know that I hit you lightly. I won’t be as gentle with Elaine.”

“God, you are a monster. Can’t I convince you? Please?” She moved forward, her hands still cuffed behind her and kissed me full on the mouth, her tongue tracing along my lips, pre ssing her naked body into my clothed one.

I pulled away, though the kiss had really ignited my sex drive. Like the day I’d been having hadn’t anyway.

“Jane, you don’t want to do that either. Come on.”

The tears welled up in her eyes. “You won’t hu -hurt my sister if I do this?”

“Jane, you’re a smart girl. I’m going to be honest with you. Your sister is going to need some convincing to play this game I have planned. No matter how willing you are to have sex in front of your father to save her some pain, she i s going to resist out of shame. I am going to have to strip her of her pride to get her to enjoy your body. That

means that I'm going to have to hit her a bit. It's the only way. But I don't think that she has your capacity to resist, so it shouldn't take much. Maybe just a few sharp raps on the thigh to convince her. I hope."

"God, you are a bastard. Okay, I'll do it for you. I just want my family out of this. Please, let me talk to Elaine before we start? Maybe I can convince her that we have to do this filthy thing. Maybe you won't have to hit her."

"If the performance goes well, I promise I won't hit anybody."

"Please won't you take something more pleasant instead?" She thrust out her bare breasts as best she could towards me.

Tempting as that was, her last try was doomed to failure. I could have her anytime I wanted, whether she wanted it or not. She really didn't have any bargaining power and she was smart enough to know it. She had tried her best despite it though.

I just shook my head, and turned her back towards the concourse.

She walked like a woman headed for a firing squad. Short steps, prolonging the time until she was in front of her father again. Hoping, that somehow she could think of something, somehow to avoid this.

As she walked back into the concourse, she took in the scene. Her sister naked and spread eagled on the floor. Her father gagged with some cloth and still tied up. Eyes closed. They fluttered open for a second as she strode into the concourse and then he renewed his struggles against the rope that she had so expertly tied. Christi curled up sitting quietly at his feet, her hands obviously bound behind her.

She gingerly stepped over the remnants of her clothing and padded over to kneel beside her bound sister's head. Her voice as steady as she briefly explained what as required.

"'lainey, you have got to listen to me. This bastard wants us to have sex together."

At the statement I saw the reaction around the concourse. The father began trying to yell something behind his gag. Probably that he'd kill me. Christi's eyes widened, I guess not expecting this. Elaine's low moan.

"Jane, please stop him. I can't do that. Daddy."

"I can't stop him. God, I wish I could. I'm not sure that I can do this either, but we have to try. If we don't ahhh enjoy it enough, he is going to start hitting you. 'lainey, look at my right boob. See that red line there? He hit me lightly there when I refused to do this. You wouldn't believe how much it hurt. I couldn't have stood it for long, but if I could I would have taken it. I don't want you to have to feel that. Even if it means trying to enjoy sex with you. Please try. Please for me?"

Christi chimed in as well, "Elaine, seriously, try. I know it will be hard, but if you don't you'll really regret it."

"Jane, I don't know if I can."

Jane leaned down and kissed her sister's cheek. "Do it for me. 'kay? Pretend it's your boyfriend or something."

Elaine numbly nodded.

Chapter 20

Jane took at deep breath, looked directly into my eyes. “Bastard,” she almost spat at me. She pulled at her bound wrists and moved around her sister until she was kneeling between her outstretched legs.

“Please don’t make us do this?”

I had moved over to the bench and sat down beside the father who still had his eyes closed and was trying his best to ignore what was happening in front of his. I’d change that in a second.

Christi was curled up beside Dave’s legs, but also beside mine. I felt her touch my leg with her bound hands. I looked down at her and she was looking up wit h her pretty face. She whispered to me, “Please don’t make them do this. They’re too young. It’s not necessary.”

I just shook my head, and resigned, the blonde just turned back and watched, as sobbing, eyes closed, Jane lowered her head between her sister’ s legs. From my angle, I could see her tentatively reach out with her tongue and trace up her sister’s vaginal lips. Elaine shuddered and Jane raised her head again.

“I can’t do this.”

I just showed her the crop and sobbing she bent back to her task. Elain e had her eyes closed as well, probably desperately trying to fantasize that it was her boyfriend licking her between the legs and not her younger sister.

I leaned over to my bound and unwilling benchmate and whispered in his ear. “Davie, open your eyes an d watch your daughters. They are doing a beautiful thing together.”

He just shook his head. There were actually tears falling from his eyes. Not sure if they were tears of rage or of grief.

“Davie, you realize that I’ll make you do it somehow. Maybe you pr efer it if your wife joined in with your daughters.” I whispered.

He opened his eyes and there was just pure hate in them as he glared at me. He tried to say something around Jane’s panties, but it came up muffled. Probably some comment on my ancestry. I d idn’t care as long as he watched.

I glanced back at the girls. Jane still had her eyes closed but was doing a passable job of pretending to enjoy eating her sister. Elaine was having a hard time getting the image of her naked sister out of her mind, but sh e was managing to curb her revulsion enough to make it look like she was enjoying it. And I hadn’t even had to hit her. Jane was a pretty powerful persuader when she had to be.

Christi couldn’t tear her eyes away from the show in front of her. She pulled w eakly at her chains but remained reasonably still.

I got up from the bench and crouched down beside Christi. I leaned in close to her ear and whispered to her.

“You ever given a blow job?”

Her face registered some surprise. Up until this point I hadn’t ask ed the women in my power to do anything to or for me. Though they all had offered at some point to try and avoid some unpleasant task.

She turned to me, “I thought you’d never ask.”

“Not me, you wench. Though, maybe later. I’m dying here.”

Christi, smiled, pleased that I was in some discomfort as well. Her smile disappeared when she realized who the only other man was. The one she had been forced to gag earlier with his own daughter's panties.

"Please no. I don't even know the guy. He's their father. It'll kill him if he gets hard while he's forced to watch this."

"I know. And besides, you were willing to do me, and you don't know me."

"Oh God. Please. His wife is in the store. Don't make me do this."

"Are you any good at it?"

She swallowed hard. "I've had b oyfriends tell me I was."

"Can you tell when a guy is about to come?"

"Usually."

"Alright. I want you to tease him. Give him a blow job, but don't let him come if he even reacts. Got it?"

"Please no. I'll crawl to the end of time for you. I'd join the girl s. Anything. Please."

But she was already rising to her knees, she knew that my decision was made. As she bent her head, I could see the tears begin. Dave's eyes widened as he realized what was about to happen. This gorgeous naked blonde was about to give him head. Her hands secured behind her. On her knees. In the middle of a mall. His daughters having sex in front of him. He shook his head, pulled weakly against the ropes holding him. Mumbled through his gag.

She looked at me once more. Pleading in her ey es. I ignored her and moved over to the two naked women on the floor. Trusted her to do what she was told. I heard her whisper to Dave that she was sorry and didn't want to do it either.

Elaine was beginning to breathe harder. I ran my finger between Jane's kneeling legs. Jane jumped at the touch but continued to lick her sister. Jane was shivering and dry.

I whispered in her ear, "Sixty -nine."

She looked at me with a pleading look. Going to be reall y hard for Elaine to fantasize about her boyfriend with her sister's pussy pressing against her mouth.

As Jane struggled to position herself for a sixty -nine, the handcuffs impeding her greatly, I ran my finger through Elaine's pussy. She was damp.

Jane managed to get her knees on either side of Elaine's head and lowered herself to Elaine's mouth. Elaine wrinkled her nose and turned her head.

Jane looked up at me from the floor. "Please don't make us continue."

"Jane ..."

"Okay, but please untie me. I can s ixty nine better if I can support myself. It's okay to have my hands behind my back if I'm just kneeling there, but this is different. Don't worry, I get the point that you don't want me to use my fingers."

Now that made some sense. I toyed with making her struggle with it, but since she had been so cooperative, I reached down and released her wrists. She brought her arms forward and supported herself, hands and knees over her bound sister. Gently she lowered herself until she was pressed against her sister s body. Rubbing the bare skin together, breasts softly touching her sister. She bent her head to her sister's pussy again. Her sister moaned but refused to use her tongue on Jane.

Without warning, I brought the crop down on Elaine's outstretched thigh righ t beside Jane's working head. Elaine screamed as the welt formed. She got the picture quick. As I checked next, Elaine was crying, but using her mouth to lick and pleasure Jane. Jane still didn't seem very wet, but as long as an orgasm happened, I didn't m uch care.

I glanced over to the bench and watched as the father struggled against warring forces. The gorgeous blonde, naked and bound in front of him, forced to suck him. Every man's dream. Her lips and tongue running up and down him. Loyalty to his famil y. Not wanting to react. His daughters naked and having sex in front of him. Disgust warring with pleasure.

I sat on the bench beside the father. Him still trying to bargain, or curse through the panties. Watching Christi bring him to hardness, slowly movi ng her head up and down, her tongue snaking out to tease him. Despite all his efforts, unable to keep his penis soft. Christi, backing off as he began to enjoy her mouth too much. Biting him on command whenever I noticed his eyes closing or him not paying attention to Jane and Elaine. Tears falling from her eyes as she had to take him back into her mouth to begin the cycle again.

After about half hour, Elaine shuddered in orgasm. Pulling against her ropes. I was actually surprised that she had reached orgas m before Jane. Jane looked more like the type to finish quickly to get it over with.

After Elaine had orgasmed, Jane lifted her head and looked at me, as though to ask permission to stop licking Elaine. I nodded and Jane sat up to her knees, her vagina pressed to Elaine's face. Elaine continued her tonguing, as Jane flushed. Her hands raised to fondle her own breasts. Pinching the nipple and tracing the small welt where the crop had caught her. She probably began to fantasize that maybe some guy was eating her out. Within minutes Jane cried out softly, and stiffened in her own orgasm. Finally falling forward in exhaustion. Elaine gratefully stopped tonguing her sister.

Christi, noticing that the girls had completed their task stopped her blowjob and looked at me expectantly.

I motioned that she could stop, leaving Dave hard and uncomfortable and moaning through the panties. Christi curled up to her seated position on the mall tile beside his bound legs, breathing hard.

I walked over to Jane and Elaine, and st retched out Jane's arms until she gripped her sister's ankle. I wrapped rope around both limbs and lashed her wrists to Elaine's ankles. Jane made no resistance as I did the same to her bare legs. Lashing her to her sister. Bare skin pressing together as t hey relaxed from their ordeal.

I allowed Dave to close his eyes again, knowing full well that all he could see behind his closed lids was probably Christi's head bobbing up and down on his penis or his daughters locked in a sixty -nine. Either way was tortu re enough.

Chapter 21

I walked back over the bench and picked up Christi and carried her off to the side. I wanted to talk to her without the others hearing. Though they probably weren't listening to anything much anyway.

I had her kneel on the tiles. She was still breathing hard. I crouched down to the bound blonde's level and looked her in the eye. I reached forward and touched her right nipple. She gasped but she didn't shy away. I traced her bare body down until I reached the fine down between her legs. I traced my finger between her lips. She was dripping wet. She moaned at the touch.

"This is turning you on?"

She looked at me with shame in her eyes. "Please. I don't know what is happening. It started after you made me gag that guy."

"It's alright. I understand. You want to fuck him?"

"Lord no. I mean, I will if you make me, of course. But I'd really rather not."

"Would you masturbate for me?"

"Yes," she said shyly. "You've seen me do it before anyway. Not like I can claim I've never done that. That I'm not that type of woman."

"You'd fuck me."

"In a second."

"I thought you hated me."

"Only when you make me do things I really hate."

"How about if I make the mother pleasure you."

"Please no."

"That wasn't a question."

She squirmed, pulling at the cuffs behind her back.

"Please don't make me do that. Let me fuck you. You haven't had relief in a long time, unless you fucked one of the others."

"I haven't."

She knelt there thinking about it.

"You know that I have to do what you say," she shook her head resigned.

"Stay here."

"Where am I going to go?"

I walked back to Jane and Elaine and crouched beside Jane's head. She raised her head as best as she could to look at me.

Weakly, "You are Satan."

I nodded. "You want to make a deal with the devil?"

"Haven't I lost my soul already? You've made me do everything."

"Okay, stay there then." I got to my feet and began to make my way to the store.

"Wait. Come back. Please," Jane's cry. I looked around at her, pitifully naked and bound to her sister. "Please?"

I walked slowly back and crouched beside her.

"I'll do anything you want. It's me you are really interested in isn't it?" She was perceptive. "Why?"

"You are a challenge. An enigma. You're smart. And strong willed."

"You want to break me."

“Not sure.”

“If I give myself to you, will you let the rest of my family go?”

“Jane, you know that I could take you whether you give yourself or not.”

Tears welled over her lids, but she kept her voice steady, “I know. Please, you must be tiring of the others by now anyway. If it’s me you want, just take me and leave them even if I can’t offer you anything.” She lowered her head.

“Okay.”

Her eyes betrayed her confusion. “Okay?”

“Yeah. I’ll take your offer. I’ll leave your family alone if yo u’ll come along with me willingly. If you’ll willingly submit to a punishment of my choosing and you fully cooperate no matter what. You are a smart girl. You know that I could have all those things by simply beating your sister anyway. Take it while I’m s till in a good mood.”

With tears in her eyes, and knowing that she was basically agreeing to be my slave, she nodded.

“Okay,” she managed to get out between the sobs.

“I’m going to leave you here for a few minutes while I get your mother. Then I’m going to punish you in front of your family.”

“You said you’d leave them alone.”

“And I will. As soon as your punishment is over, we leave. Fair enough?”

“I guess. What choice do I have?”

I walked back to the store. The mother was the last one left in the shop fro m her family. Still sitting bound to the chair trying to see what was going on in the concourse.

I pulled a chair around in front of her and sat down, arms on my knees.

“You bastard. Why are you doing this?”

“Because I want to Dora. Good enough?”

“You are a monster.”

“I’ve been called that before and it won’t be the last time.”

“What do you want?”

“Your daughter has already figured that out. Jane is quite a woman.”

“If you harm one hair on her head ...”

“Dora, be sensible. If I want to harm either one of yo ur daughters I could simply walk out of here and do whatever I please. No way to stop me. I’m sure that you’ve be trying your damnedest to get out of those ropes since Jane put you there. Your daughter can tie knots, I’ll give her that.”

I watched as the h elpless woman pulled against the chair, her bra encased breasts jiggling. She saw me looking at them and quit.

“I’m going to be out of your life very soon. I promise. But I need you to do something for me. And I need you to agree to it before we start.”

Warily, “Okay ...”

“This is going to sound odd, but this is the only way to get rid of me. You do this and I’ll leave.”

“You want to rape me. Don’t you?”

“Dora, if I wanted to rape you, I’d have just done it. Why would I ask your permission? No, I have a ser ies of tasks for you. And you’ll have a time limit.”

“What kind of tasks?”

“You know that girl that I brought in here?”

“Christi? The poor nude girl in chains? Yes ... Oh no ... you want me to have sex with her, don’t you?”

I just nodded. Dora was pretty perceptive, herself.

“And a few other small tasks.”

“How much time. You said they’d be timed tasks.”

“Well, the time element is up to you, but I suspect that you’ll want to make it as fast as you possibly can. You see, I’m going to be using this,” I showed her the crop, “on Jane’s bare breasts once every five minutes until you finish your tasks.”

“Oh my God. You can’t possibly expect me to agree to that.”

“You have no choice. The alternative is that I could bring Jane in here, chained up, and whip her until you can’t take her screams anymore. You’ll gladly do as I ask.”

“You bastard.”

“I am a bastard. I know it. I’ve been called worse. Mostly by the women who didn’t do as I asked.”

She began to cry. She managed to choke out though her sobs, “ What are the other tasks? Assuming that I agree to this insanity?”

“You’ll find out as you continue. But if you are quick, only a couple of strokes will fall on Jane’s breasts.”

“Oh God. And you’ll let us go afterwards?”

I nodded. I intended to keep my wor d. Just not let all of them go.

“All right. Untie me. I’ll do it.”

I leaned forward and gripped her bra. I snapped it back with all my strength, ripping it from her body. Her breasts fell into view.

“Can’t I keep my underwear?”

“Dora ...”

She shut up as I slipped the scissors into her panties and cut them off.

“Now, before I untie you, I want you to feel something.”

“What?”

Without warning I flicked the crop to kiss her bared breasts. A soft red line across the top of her breasts. She stifled a scream. Most ly from the surprise, I suspect. It wasn’t a hard blow.

“Feel that?”

“Yes, you bastard. What was that for? It hurts like hell.”

“That was a soft one. Across the top of your breasts. While you are eating Christi, keep in mind that every five minutes Jane is going to get one much harder than that. And it’s not going to be across the tops. Can you imagine that pain, but harder across the nipples?”

“Oh God, you bastard. She’ll die.”

“Only if you are slow.”

“I can’t do it. Please just let us go. We never did any thing to you. We’ve done everything you’ve asked. I’m begging you. Please don’t do this.”

“Shall I go put her in chains and bring her in here and make her scream for you, or would you rather just obey me?”

The tears fell steadily as she struggled with it. There was no easy way out. She had to do as I asked. She moaned and nodded.

“I’ll do it.” Completely resigned. “Untie me.”

I reached down and untied her wrist. Like her daughter, she was gutsy. As soon as her hand was free she made a swing at me. The blow caught me on the shoulder, just missing my throat where she was probably aiming. Without thinking I swung the crop at her, catching her across the thighs. She cried out and her free hand went to protect her thighs.

"Dora, that was really dumb," I moved away from her leaving the rest of her body tied to the chair. She was crying from the pain. From the futility. From the frustration of it all. "You realize that I'm going to punish you for that." Rubbing my shoulder. She just looked at me through tear filled eyes. "Three minutes."

"What?"

"One stroke to Jane's breasts every three minutes instead of five."

"No please. Hit me," she spread her free arm out from her body thrusting out her bare breasts. "Please don't take it out on her. It was me. I hit you. Not Jane. Whip me. Please."

"Every three minutes. Are you ready to behave?"

Numbly she nodded. I reached down, a little more cautiously and released her other wrist. I made her untie her ankles which she had some trouble with but managed. I imagine that her hands were probably asleep from the long tight bondage. But she didn't complain.

After she had risen from her chair, I marched her to the concourse. Cuffing her hands behind her back as we walked. She gasped at the sight of her husband tied to the bench and her two daughters tied together in the middle of the aisle on the floor.

"Please don't make me do this. God." She just stared at the scene with disbelieving eyes.

Chapter 22

I moved to Christi and quickly released her from the handcuffs. She sighed in relief.

"Lay back," I ran my finger through her vaginal lips. Still wet.

She whispered to me as she lay back, "Please don't do this."

"You've been through worse."

"I know, but it's going to be unsatisfying from a woman."

"I hear they make the best lovers."

I motioned Dora to come forward. She padded to Christi, lying back with her chained ankles as far apart as they would go. Her knees spread wide as instructed.

"Kneel."

Dora fell to her knees between Christi's legs still quiet ly crying. She looked into Christi's eyes.

"You don't want to do this either do you?" she asked quietly.

Christi just shook her head.

"He's going to torture my daughter until you come. Please hurry."

Christi's eyes widened, but I suspect that the admission didn't surprise her.

I walked to the bound daughters. I whispered to Jane, "You ready for your punishment?"

"I don't know what I'm being punished for, but I guess."

I began to loosen the ropes holding her to her nude sister. Soon she was free and she climbed shakily to her bare feet.

I whispered to her, as she was being freed.

"You remember how you said that I could whip you? Your breasts if I wanted?"

"Oh God. That was before I felt it."

"I'm going to punish you by hitting you with this crop. You are going to stand still and take it."

"Oh God I can't. You have no idea how much that is going to hurt."

"I'm going to lay one across both breasts once every three minutes until your mother finishes her tasks. It was going to be once every five minutes, but s he took a swing at me so I lowered it to three."

"Thanks, Mom," she muttered under her breath.

"I want you to count out loud every time I hit you. I want your mother to know how quickly she's going. If you forget to count, I lay one across Elaine's breasts as well."

"Oh God. Can't we do something else?"

"Like? Maybe you'd rather try your tongue on your mother? Elaine again? Your father?"

"You are a bastard. Alright hit my boobs. But please tie me down. I can't stand still. Not through that. And gag me? Plea se?"

I decided that she might look good tied down to receive the whipping. I walked her over to a clothing rack and had her throw the gowns to the carpet. I made her drag the chrome rack out into the concourse in front of her father. I used rope to tie her wrists apart to the top of the rack. Her ankles to the bottom. Her breasts thrust out towards the crop.

I left them in position and returned to my adult toys. Selected a new red rubber ball gag and showed it to Jane. "You think this will keep you quiet?" Having second thoughts

about the gag, and maybe even the bondage, she shook her head. I pinched her nipple and she obediently opened her mouth. I carefully wedged the ball behind her perfect teeth and buckled it behind her head. She moaned through the gag but just waited quietly.

At the last moment, I decided to increase the stakes. I picked up some cord and wrapped it around Jane's body, wrapping the base of each breast tightly to make it jut forward. Jane squirmed uncomfortably as this was done. She no do ubt realized that this was going to magnify the pain, as her breasts began to throb from the ropes without so much as a touch from the crop. She tried to say something around the ball, "Nagh paut ough eel". I was pretty sure she meant "Not part of the deal " but I chose to interpret it a bit differently.

"Tighter?"

She desperately shook her head. Tears already forming in her eyes. She hung her head in defeat, silently accepting the extra humiliation.

I called over to Dora, "When you hear the first blow, you can begin."

"Please don't do this. You'll kill her."

"Depends how long you take." I brought the crop down in a hard arc cracking it across the top of Jane's bare and bound breasts.

I heard the scream right through the gag. She convulsed, trying desperately to free her hands, her legs. Anything to protect those sensitive mounds of flesh. To get out from under the crop. Her world exploded in pain. She shook her body against the ropes, bruising her wrists, crying uncontrollably. Even through the gag I could ma ke out, "No more." Dave had closed his eyes again. Not being able to bear his daughter's pain. I let him, for now.

Dora just whispered to Christi, "Please hurry." She practically dove between Christi's spread legs. I could hear the urgency of her tongue an d her moans as she worked. I checked my watch. I watched as Christi brought her hands to her own bare breasts and began massaging them. Anything to speed up the process. No privacy. No pride left in either woman. Moaning and pressing herself against the ot her woman.

Three minutes. I brought the crop up from below in a sharp stroke hitting the bottom of Jane's bound breasts. Again she screamed. Her breathing ragged. Almost pulling her arms out of their sockets trying to get free. Dave moaned. Even Elaine cri ed out. I wasn't hitting her hard enough to break the skin. I was extremely careful of that. I wanted her breasts intact after this. However, I was giving her a good strong stroke. Enough to cause a lot of pain. Especially with her breasts bound as they we re.

I vaguely heard Christi moaning over the struggles and cries of Jane. One woman in ecstasy amongst so much pain. I heard Elaine praying over and over, "Please hurry. Please hurry."

At the six minute mark, I raised the crop. Jane's eyes pleaded with me as she braced for the blow. I brought the crop down just north of her nipples. Grazing the aureole. She screamed again into the gag and began pulling against the bonds before falling into moaning quietly into the ball and crying. "No more. Please." I could easily make it out through the gag.

Soon after the sound of the crop hitting Jane again, I heard Christi give a loud moan and I turned to watch as the naked woman between her legs furiously brought her to what looked like a damn fine orgasm. Christi's bod y lifted off the ground as her muscles convulsed. Dora continued her work making sure that Christi finished.

After a minute, Christi's bare body relaxed, and her head fell to the side. She moaning and murmured just load enough for me to hear, "Enough, I ca me. God did I come." Her breathing ragged.

Dora raised her head from between Christi's legs and looked back at me. "Thank God. Can we stop this now?"

Chapter 23

"You still have something to do."

"Oh my God, what do you want me to do. Please. Please stop hitting my daughter."

"I think your husband could use a blow job."

"Good God. Okay. But please stop hitting her."

"I want you to suck him, and when he comes, I want you to take it all into your mouth. But don't spit it out. Don't swallow it. Just wait until your next instruction."

"Haven't I done enough? Please."

I raised the crop and in fear she scrambled forward on her knees to her husband. He was shaking his head. Frightened that he wouldn't be able to perfo rm. He knew the consequences of not performing. His daughters bare breasts jutting out in front of him.

Dora quickly took her husbands penis in her mouth. A little awkwardly with her hands bound behind her, but she managed it. Not surprisingly, Dave was al most instantly hard. I watched her head bobbing up and down, desperately trying to satisfy her husband for me.

This time I announced it. "Nine minutes."

I heard Dora groan around the penis in her mouth. I raised the crop. Jane turned pale and shook her hea d violently, pulling against the restraints like a demon. This time I brought the crop up from below, striking her bound breasts just underneath the nipples. Jane wailed into her gag, trying to find breath. She shook her head, trying to ease the pain in her breasts. Eventually just shaking and crying into the gag.

A minute later, I saw Dave begin to tighten. Dora's eyes widened as Dave thrust as best he could into her waiting mouth. I could see Dora choking on the orgasm, sperm filling and over filling her mouth. Dripping down her chin. When her husband had finally finished, Dora lifted her head, mouth closed to keep the semen in and just looked at me. Task accomplished. "What now?" her eyes asked.

I looked at the haggard woman on her knees, her husbands spe rm in her mouth.

"Crawl over to Elaine and give her the sperm. In her mouth. I want you to French kiss your daughter. I want her to swallow every drop."

Dora's eyes widened again. She shook her head. Didn't move.

I just looked at my watch.

"If you spit it out, or swallow it, I'll make you do it again."

Twelve minutes.

With Dora watching me, I raised the crop and aimed carefully at Jane's nipples. Jane's eyes were pleading with her mother. I could see it through the tears. "Please, just do it."

I brought the crop down hard on Jane's nipples causing her to pull at her ropes. I was sure that she was going to dislocate something. Her scream, even through the gag, hurt my ears. Her sobbing racked her body.

I heard Elaine from the floor behind Jane, "Please Mom, I know what you have to do. Please just do as he says for Jane. I'll drink it. Please."

Resigned, Dora got to her feet somehow and walked over to her older daughter. She knelt down beside her. Wrists still manacled behind her. I left Jane for a moment to se e this. She bent down, and placed her lips against Elaine's. I watched the internal struggle. So hard. Elaine opened her lips under Dora. With an act of will, Dora opened her mouth

and kissed her daughter, exchanging the fluid that she'd kept in her mouth. I watched as Elaine grimaced and worked her throat muscles. She swallowed everything that Dora transferred. Gagging.

Finally, Dora raised her head from her daughter's kiss.

"Is there anything else?" she asked, exhausted.

I shook my head.

"You bastard, I hope you rot in hell for this."

"You just earned Jane another stroke. And just so you know what happened, I'm going to take the gag out so you can hear her scream."

I walked over to Jane and unbuckled the ball gag behind her head. I had to pull it a bit to unwedge it from her teeth, but it eventually popped out.

Jane groaned. "Goddamn, my boobs. My poor boobs. They. Hurt. Like. Hell. I can't take anymore. Please. I'll pass out. I'll do anything. Just not on the boobs again. Please, she didn't mean it."

"Oh God. Please no. She can't take anymore," Dora wailed from her kneeling position beside Elaine. "Hit me. Please. Hit me instead. Anywhere you want. I said it. Not her. Please."

I wandered over to Dora.

"Maybe I'll hit both of you."

Tears welled up in Dora's eyes. "Please leave her alone. She's just a girl. I said it. Punish me. Please."

"Alright. I'll hit you instead. But not on the breasts. On the pussy."

Her eyes widened. I guess she never figured that anyone would consider hitting a woman there.

Jane wailed from the rack, "God no. I'll take another one on the boobs. Don't do that to her. Please."

"No. I'll take it. How do you want me?"

"On your back. Put your feet up around your ears like you are about to have sex."

"Oh God," she said as she rolled into the revealing position.

"Spread your legs a little more." She did.

I left her like that for a moment and returned to Jane. I ran my fingers over her swollen breasts. She tried to shy away but couldn't move very far because of the ropes. Her breasts were hot and sensitive. I touched her between her legs. Damp. Very damp. Not sure, but the whipping may have turned her on. She was crying in her bonds, her face hot with shame. She knew that I knew that she was turned on.

"Please don't hit Mom on her pussy. Do you have any idea how much that will hurt? I'm already hurt. Hit me instead. I can take it. One more if you have to hit someone. Please."

I looked into Jane's eyes and saw raw fear of another stroke to her breasts but she was determined to protect her mother, no matter how much it hurt.

"Sorry, Jane. Not this time. I'll go easy on her."

"You are a bastard."

"I know."

I walked back to Dora.

"Beg."

"What?"

"Beg me to hit you."

"You have to be joking."

"Do I look like I'm joking?"

"I can't."

"You've spread yourself out for me. Beg me to hit you."

"I can't."

"Would you like two?"

"Good god. Please. Just do it."

"Alright." I walked over to Elaine and brought the crop down fairly lightly across the top of her bare breasts. Elaine, unprepared, cried out and pulled against the ropes. Tears jumped into Elaine's eyes again.

"Please don't hit her again. Alright. I'll beg. Dammit. I'll beg. I'll beg you to hit me."

I walked over to the naked woman and waited.

She gulped down her pride and began, "Please hit me. I deserve a thrashing. Hit me. Hit my pussy. Hit my pussy with that goddamn crop. Whip me. Beat me. You bastard. Just hit me and get it over with. Make me scream."

Without warning I brought the crop down right between her vaginal lips. Her world exploded in incredible agony. Her mouth opened and emitted a soundless scream. Her body collapsing from the pain, curling up into a ball. Her twitching hands still handcuffed behind her trying in vain to reach the throbbing pain between her legs. Sobbing. Cursing. The pain like a living thing.

"Thank me."

She managed to choke out a, "Fuck you."

Christi, crawling as fast as she could came and cradled the sobbing woman. Comforting her. Whispering in her ear, "Please, I can't take watching this anymore. Thank him and this can all be over."

The sobbing woman faced me, tears still running down her face. Managed to choke out an apology. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to swear at you. It just hurts so much. Please don't hit me there again. Thank-you. Thank-you for correcting me. Thank-you for hitting my pussy like I asked. I deserved it for telling you to rot in hell. Please don't hit me again. I'll be good. I'll do whatever you want. I'll do Christi again. I'll do you. I'll crawl. But not again. Please. Please."

Christi stroked her hair and calmed her. I nodded and crouched by the naked blonde. "I want you to tie Dora to Elaine. Same way I had Jane. Wrists to ankles." I reached to Christi's bare feet and removed the hobble.

She whispered, "Thank-you."

"For what?"

"I've hated that thing since you put it on me."

I smiled. "I know. I'm going to see if Jane likes it. Tie up Dora and come help me with Jane."

I watched for a moment as Christi explained to the still sobbing woman what she was going to do. Without any resistance at all, Dora climbed up on her elder daughter and allowed Christi to unlock her wrists and retie her in the humiliating position.

Meanwhile, I was removing the breast ropes from Jane. Then her ankles. I put the ankle chains on her. She winced as I came anywhere near her sore breasts.

“You don’t need to do that,” the girl said to me. “I promised to come with you, I will. I won’t try and run.”

“I know. I like it though.”

“Figures.”

I finally removed the wrist ropes which had dug into her skin. Probably would leave bruises. Immediately she moved her arms to cradle her sore and swollen breasts.

She just looked at me. “Do you have any idea how much that hurts?”

“Well, I can only imagine.”

“I’ll do anything to avoid that again. I thought I was going to die.”

I checked the ropes on Dora were secure and went back into the store to pick up the adult toys. When I came out, I slipped one of the leather collars around Jane’s throat. Dora, watching, just moaned.

“Please, whatever you do, please don’t hurt my daughter anymore. I think you’ve hurt her enough for a lifetime.”

A mother’s concern. Touching.

Jane looked at me. “I thought you were going to let them go.”

“They’ll be let go soon. For now, I’m not going to be around to torment them. Sounds like freedom to me.”

“Be nice if you untied them.”

“Perhaps you can earn their release later.” That was the end of that.

I attached a leash to Jane’s collar and wandered back to pick up some of the odds and ends lying about. Handcuffs and rope.

When I returned to the nude girls, I found them kneeling on the tile, offering up their wrists. Probably Christi’s idea.

I slipped a pair of handcuffs on each of them loosely and had them get to their bare feet. Jane having a bit of trouble with the short hobble. Christi, for once, having no trouble at all. Her cuffed wrists hardly even affected her. She was probably getting used to wearing them.

We moved towards the end of the mall; Jane, taking short steps. She turned around once, with a tear in her eye as she left her family for god knew what.

Chapter 24

As we approached the BMW, I noticed Liz asleep, her hands still chained to the steering wheel. Her breasts still bound. I'm not sure how anyone could sleep in that position, but she managed it.

I opened her door, waking her. She mumbled something, and then snapped wide awake. Pulled at her cuffed wrists and moaned. I reached forward and released the connecting cuffs so she could move away from the steering wheel.

"Come on, Liz, out." She man aged to climb out of the car stretched as much as her bound wrists and breasts would allow and automatically fell to her knees beside the car. "Arms up." She raised her cuffed hands. Her eyes on the new girl full of questions.

I motioned for Christi to rem ove the rope from her breasts. With some difficulty, with her own hands handcuffed, Christi struggled to remove the ropes from Liz's body.

As the blood flowed back into Liz's breasts, she gasped and then sighed as the omnipresent pressure against her breas ts was suddenly released.

Liz looked up at me from her kneeling position and implored, "Can I ask a question?"

"Sure." I was in a good mood.

"You promise that you won't get mad? Put those ropes back on me?"

"Nope. No promises. But ask."

"Will you let Cathy go please? I'll stay. I'll be your hostage. I'll do whatever you want. I'll be good. I promise."

"Okay."

The stunned girl just knelt there, not believing her ears.

"Really?"

"Seriously."

I leaned into the car and popped the trunk. I walked around back of the BMW and lifted the naked woman out of the trunk. She squinted in the sudden bright light.

"You've done everything I've asked. I'll send your friend back to the frozen state she was in when we met. Okay?"

Liz sighed. "Oh thank-you."

I placed the bound, confused naked woman into the BMW and concentrated on collapsing the time field around it. Before our eyes, the car and Catherine disappeared. Back to its original position. Back on the highway. Minus Liz, of course.

"Okay. Now our ride is gone. I g uess we walk."

I systematically removed the cuffs from all their wrists and placed them on their hands and knees.

Christi hated crawling. "Please not crawling again. My knees are killing me."

Not in the mood for talking, I just ignored them and let them cr awl along the roadway like I was walking three pets.

Neither Jane or Liz had had to crawl for me yet, but they quickly discovered why Christi didn't like it. Their free swinging breasts as they moved. The humiliating position. The complete humiliation of h aving to move on their hands and knees, naked while their clothed captor walked comfortably behind. I watched their bare bodies move in the unusual motion. The rough pavement against their palms and knees. I kept my eye on

Jane who had the added discomfort of crawling with the ankle restraints restricting the amount she could move her legs.

I knew that there was a hotel a little down the road. I wanted to get some sleep. It had been a long day.

It took about two hours for the girls to crawl to the hotel. It took a while with them on their hands and knees, but I forced them all to crawl, complaining the whole way, up to the penthouse suite via the fire stairs.

I broke the lock on the doors and forced them open. A older man and a young woman were sitting on a couch watching television. It felt a little odd to be leading three young women crawling into the suite, naked. I'm sure it seemed odder to Jane, Christi and Elizabeth.

I ordered them to their feet. They all stood up and rubbed their sore knees and palms. Christi, knowing how long I could have had them on their knees, whispered a word of thanks in my direction.

Ignoring the couple in the main room, I wandered through the place with the girls. Looked like a nice enough place. The bathroom was huge.

I took the women into the bathroom. I knelt down and removed the ankle cuffs from Jane. Now they were all standing waiting for orders. Nude.

"I want you all into that shower." I reached in and turned on the cold tap.

Even if it was cold, the women gladly piled into the shower. Shivering but glad of being able to clean themselves. After all they'd been through I wasn't surprised.

"I want you to wash each other while I deal with our 'guests'. You are not to get out, until I return for you. And no hot water."

They collectively groaned, but they knew better than to complain.

The three girls began the process of getting clean. Rubbing the dirt out of their hair. Rubbing the dirt out of their knees and palms. Shivering in the cold spray.

I wandered out to the main room. I lifted my gun and aimed it at the young woman. I released her from the time block. She came awake and immediately noticed me with the gun sitting across from her.

"What the ...?"

"Hello."

"Hello. What do you want. Dad? What have you done with him?"

"I'll ask the questions. Who are you?"

Eyeing the gun. "I'm Amy Trotman."

"That your father?"

"Please what do you want?"

"Is that your father?" I leveled the gun at her face.

"Yes. Yes. Calm down. He's on a business trip and he brought me with him. Can't you put the gun down?"

"Okay, here's the deal. You do exactly what I say, and you won't get hurt."

"Yes. I'll do anything you want."

I tossed a pair of handcuffs at her feet. "Put them on."

"Why?"

I waved the gun at her. She hurriedly picked up the restraints and struggled to put them on. "Come here."

She struggled off the couch and approached me.

I held the gun to her head and unfroze the father.

"What the hell?" As he spied me holding his handcuffed daughter. Gun to her head. "Where'd you come from? What do you w ant?"

"I want you to get up. Quietly and leave the room."

I'd set up a slow time field just outside the suite. He'd fall into it as he left the suite. He wouldn't be aware of his surroundings. Only able to move a millimeter a day or so.

"Be calm. I'll do w hat you say. Just don't hurt Amy. Okay?"

I nodded. "Just get out."

He walked out the door and slipped into a really slow moving time.

"What have you done to him?" Amy asked.

"He's fine. Just really really slow."

I released Amy and she stood still, hands cu ffed in front of her. I looked her over. She was a nice looking girl. Brunette. Nice figure. Looked like she was about college age.

"What do you want from me?" I could see her eyes darting around looking for a weapon.

"Actually, I just want a place to stay the night. And I don't want to be disturbed."

"Seriously?"

"Yeah. I want you to lie down on the floor."

"Huh?"

"Yeah. On your front."

The handcuffs having served their purpose could be taken off. I reached down and removed them from the shaking girl.

"Hands behind your back."

"Please. I won't cause you trouble. I'll behave. You don't have to tie me up."

"Hands."

She reluctantly moved her hands behind her back. I quickly lashed her wrists together. Then I reached back and tied her ankles. I completed the ro pe job by bending her feet back and connecting her hands to her ankles with another piece of rope. She tested the bonds, really couldn't move.

"Please don't leave me like this. It's very uncomfortable."

If I wasn't so tired, I might have laughed. She didn't know what uncomfortable was. I pressed my finger to my lips. "I don't want to gag you, but I can keep you quiet if necessary. Okay?"

She nodded and let out a quick, "But ...",

I ignored her and walked back to the bat hroom. I turned off the cold water and ordered the women out. They, in a good mood, stepped out of the shower, shivering. I gave them one towel to share.

"Make yourselves presentable and meet me in the bedroom."

The women all grabbed at the one towel at on ce, I think Jane got it and I wandered out to the bedroom, ignoring them.

I stretched out on the bed and waited for them.

Jane wandered in first. She looked radiant in her nudity. Nipples hard. Probably from the freezing cold shower I had just forced them to take.

"You look wiped," she remarked.

"I am."

“Whipping me knock the wind out of you?”

“Something like that.”

“Can I help with anything?”

I shook my head. At a loss, she just stood in the middle of the room quietly and waited. Hands at her sides. Nervou sly shifting her weight from foot to foot. I just watched her discomfort through half opened eyes.

Liz wandered into the room next. Her hair was still dripping and she had goosebumps. Nipples hard as well.

“Jane?” I had my eyes closed.

“Uh-huh.”

“Take some rope and tie up Liz on the floor beside the bed.”

Liz just looked at me. “Please, I’ll do anything you want. You don’t need to tie me up.”

I looked at her. “Liz, darling, I am going to sleep. The last thing I need is one of you girls to decide that you mi ght like me with a knife in my chest. I know all of you would do anything to get away. Jane’s good with knots. Let her tie you up. Okay?”

Liz resigned herself and held her hands behind her back. Jane lashed the woman’s hands securely and had her lie on flo or. Jane finished off by tying the poor woman’s ankles and knees together, and running a piece of cord to the foot of the bed. Liz wasn’t going anywhere.

Jane just looked at me. “You’re going to make us sleep on the floor, aren’t you?”

“Sure. Got a problem with that?”

“I guess not. I told you that I’d do whatever you want. If that means sleeping on the floor, it’s better than having my boobs tied and whipped.”

Christi walked in and just heard the last sentence.

“Your not going to whip her again are you?”

I looked at her. “No, but I’ve noticed that you are the only one of the three here who hasn’t experienced a good breast beating.”

She paled and her hands instinctively rose to cover her bare breasts. “Please no. I haven’t done anything.” Her breathing was ge tting ragged.

“I know you haven’t. But you are damn lucky I’m just too tired to do anything. Christi, I want you to tie up Jane. Tie her to Liz. Face to face.”

“Please don’t tie me up. I’ve been tied up enough for one day. I’ll never sleep. Please. I’m so tired. You want us rested for tomorrow don’t you?”

“Jane. You want a repeat of the breast thing? Christi bind her.”

Jane swallowed and sank to the floor and quietly held her hands behind her back. Resigned to sleeping skin to skin with Liz. A complete s tranger.

It took a while, but Christi finally managed to tie the two of them securely together. Their faces inches apart. Their bare bodies pressed together.

Christi crawled up onto the bed with me.

“I guess you have to tie me up. You ran out of women,” sh e said mischievously. She held out her wrists.

“I thought you hated being dominated.”

“It’s not all bad. I guess I’m getting used to it. And you are going to tie me up aren’t you? Whether I like it or not?”

I reached down and snapped a pair of handcuffs on to her bare ankles. I moved her hands in back of her, and snapped another pair on her wrists.

I lay back on the bed, too tired to even insist that she move to the floor.

"You can't sleep in those clothes."

I opened one eye. "Why not?"

"Not good for you."

"Lack of sleep isn't good for me."

"Come on. I've been naked in front of you for god knows how long. I've been forced to crawl. Humiliated. Helped you. Helped your victims. I've done stuff that any sane person would never have done. I'm not even asking to b e let out of these damn cuffs, which is probably what I want most in the world, but I can't stand to lie here and watch you sleep in your clothes. Take them off."

Sighing, I knew that I'd either have to punish her severely or listen to her to get her to shut up. I guess I could have gagged her. My mind was fuzzy with exhaustion. Maybe I'd been using the time control too much. It did take a toll on the wielder. Shaking my head, I reached up and stripped off my shirt. Soon, I was down to my underwear.

She smirked when she saw that I wasn't going to remove my underwear in front of her. "You're not shy are you? You made Jane strip in front of her father. Hell, you made her have sex in front of him. You even whipped her in front of him. Surely to don't care about modesty. When you return us, we'll forget about you completely. What's the matter, small?"

I really should have punished her for that insolence. But I was just so damned tired I really didn't care. I sighed and removed my underwear and lay back down. Just to shut her up. Actually I wasn't shy. Just damn tired.

"Enough. Get some sleep, you have a long day ahead of you."

Christi was silent, but I heard her rustling around. Probably trying to get comfortable. She probably wasn't quite as tired as everyone els e since she had probably gotten off the lightest in the punishment department and she had slept when I took Liz and Catherine and in the car.

I suddenly felt her breath down near my groin. I opened one eye and saw the back of her blonde head near me. I sig hed as her soft lips engulfed me. After today, it was all I could do not to come as soon as she touched me.

She slowly, lovingly moved her head up and down, moving her tongue around, sucking slightly. Within seconds, I felt the heat rise in me. Images of J ane, naked, bound and screaming in front of her father. Christi making love to her own mother. Catherine whipping Liz. Kimberly alone in a hardware store. Breasts bound and clothespinned. I couldn't help myself. I climaxed, thrusting up into her mouth. For cing her to take it into her throat. I felt her desperately swallowing my ejaculate. And when I was done, she simply turned and looked at me. She gave me one of those perfect smiles, like a cat that just got the canary. I watched as she struggled against t he cuffs and slowly worked her way off the bed to join her fellow captives on the floor.

I watched as the self-satisfied smile played around her lips. Some come still sitting daintily in the corner as she sat on the floor. I pointed to the corner of my mou th and watched her tongue snake out and daintily lick her lips clean.

She lay down beside the other girls, on the hard floor.

"Good night. Sleep well." she murmured.

“Good night, Christi.” And I fell into an exhausted sleep.

Chapter 25

I awoke, according to my watch, about fourteen hours later. A pleasant way to awake. I opened my eyes to a gorgeous blonde, straddling my body, slowly moving herself up and down, eyes closed, breathing hard, bare breasts heaving. The chains on her hands and ankles softly jingling.

The sensations rising from my groin. Her soft vagina caressing my penis. Her low moaning. In minutes I orgasmed in her. As I orgasmed she opened her eyes and smiled.

"Good morning sleepy head."

Groggily, I said "Good morning." She continued her movement, slowly bringing herself to her own orgasm, softly crying out and pulling against her bonds.

She crawled off me and worked her way up to lie with me. I gathered her in my arms and held her for a while. Not quite believing what had happened. This gorgeous creature, naked and chained, voluntarily giving me sex. And fantastic sex. I vaguely recalled her blow job, nothing expected in return last night before I drifted off.

I heard a noise outside the bedroom. I perked my head up and glanced over the bed. The scissors were lying on the bedspread near the edge. And Jane was gone.

Christi noticed that I'd heard something and murmured in my ear, "It's Okay. She's just off making us breakfast. Can't order room service. They didn't answer, and even if they did, I have absolutely nothing to wear to greet the guy in." She smiled.

"What's with the scissors?"

"Oh God." She paled. "I'll tell you, but you have to promise not to hurt her."

I was confused, but decided to hear her out. "No promises."

"Oh God. Alright. This is my fault. Really. If you are going to punish anyone, punish me okay? Jane and I woke up early. I think Liz is still asleep. Anyway, I was the only one that could move. We were really quiet, didn't want to wake you. Could just imagine what would happen if we did. Didn't even wake Liz, though she is a pretty sound sleeper. We talked for about an hour, got to know each other. She's pretty smart, you know. We cried a bit, but eventually talked ourselves into thinking it was a good idea to make you breakfast. But, I didn't know where you put the keys to these things," she shook her wrists for emphasis. "The only thing we could do was to untie Jane since you only used rope on her. I struggled for about an hour with the knots. Damn these cuffs are inconvenient. Anyway, eventually we got her free and that's when it all fell apart."

"What happened?"

"Please, you have to promise not to hurt her."

"What happened?"

Christi was nearly in tears now.

"Well, Jane got up and tried to find the keys to my cuffs. All she found was that pair of scissors. Then she got this look on her face and she picked them up and started to move towards you. I was crying, and she was looking at you, sleeping. It would have been so easy to end this all. Just one stab in the right place. She knows about the Time thing, doesn't she?"

"She figured it out. Most of it anyway."

"Anyway, she just stood there for like five minutes. Looking at you with hate in her eyes. Then everything just drained out of her. She sort of went limp and she dropped the scissors there. She was crying. And then, without a word, she just padded out of here and

the next thing I know, I'm hearing breakfast sounds. I crawled up on the bed, but I couldn't get a hold of the scissors to move them. Then the rest you know. Please, I'm the one that untied her. I know I shouldn't have. Please, she stopped. You can understand. God, you tortured her family. She was only doing what anybody would do. But she couldn't. Please."

I was silent for a time, letting Christi so ftly beg. I was concerned that I'd been so lax as to allow this to happen. The equations say that my death would just revert the timeline back to the last mark where I'd been alive ... but I really would prefer not to test it.

"Okay. I know your intentions were good. I'll let it slide this time for her. You, I'll figure out a suitable punishment for later."

Christi softly cried, her bare body shaking. She looked at me with her teary eyes and made a soft entreaty, "Okay, punish me, I deserve it. But please n ot on the breast. I don't think I could take that. I don't know how Jane survived that cropping. You know her breasts are still welted?"

I nodded.

At that moment, I watched the magnificent figure of Jane stride nude through the bedroom door carrying a tray. She smiled brightly, took note of Christi in my arms and brightly said, "Good morning. Though it's been morning for a hell of a long time." A reference to me having stopped the world in the morning "yesterday". If she saw the tear streaks on Christi's fa ce, she didn't make the connection. I suppose that she thought that it was unlikely that Christi would tell me about the scissors incident.

I decided to keep it Christi's and my secret for now. I'd just keep my eye on Jane, though if she didn't stab me whe n she had the perfect chance it was damn unlikely that she ever would.

Jane practically bounced into the room, evidently a lot more lively after a sleep. She lowered the room service tray over my body and gently pulled Christi out of my arms.

Without a wor d, Christi slid back to the floor and knelt quietly.

Jane took three bowls of cereal off the tray and put them on the floor. She then came back to the bed and curled up beside me. Her smile was infectious as she picked up a fork and began to feed me. I was in heaven. All thoughts of punishing this naked girl vanished as she fed me my breakfast. A conglomeration of pancakes, scrambled eggs, juice, milk and toast. I could hear her stomach growling as she fed me, but she ne ver once complained.

After I was done, she licked her fingers clean, took the tray off the bed and placed it to the side. She slipped to her knees beside Christi. God, they looked gorgeous. Two nude women, kneeling, waiting. One cuffed. The other simply ho lding her position, hands resting easily on her bare knees.

"Sir?"

"Jane?"

"Permission to release Liz so she will be able to eat her breakfast?"

I nodded. Jane, still on her knees, inched forward and began to untie the third female. Liz, groggily awakened, momentarily forgetting where she was. A startled scream on her lips as she opened her eyes to see Jane releasing her from her bonds. She struggled against the ropes while Jane shushed her.

As she awakened, she calmed down and allowed Jane to release her.

Liz groaned. “Not a dream.”

Liz was soon free and rubbing her wrists and ankles. Getting the circulation going into her limbs.

Jane looked up at me. “Christi too?”

I shook my head. Christi could stay in her chains for now.

“May we eat our breakfast now, pl ease, sir?”, Jane was in a particularly submissive mood this morning. Not sure why.

“Enjoy. And if Christi can’t eat with the cuffs on, will one of you feed her?”

Liz moved to pick up the bowl from the floor. Jane just looked at her and grabbed her arm before she picked up the cereal. I heard Jane whisper, “Like this,” to Liz.

Jane fell to her hands and knees and crawled over to the second bowl. She lowered her head and began to eat. Making quite a mess, but the submissive stance was just about driving me n uts. Tears began to fall from Liz’s eyes, but she fell forward as well and began to eat the soggy cereal. Christi made a good effort at it, but without the use of her hands to support her, ended up with most of the cereal on the floor.

After Jane had finis hed, she picked up Christi’s bowl, had her kneel and tilted the bowl into Christi’s mouth. Christi smiled gratefully, then leaned forward to lick up the spills off the floor.

I watched amazed as the women humiliated themselves for me, without me even asking them to. I couldn’t believe this. Less than twenty -four hours ago, these women wouldn’t have dreamt of eating breakfast off the floor while naked in front of some strange guy.

I scratched my head.

“What the hell got into you?”

Jane, from her knees, “I th ought you would like that. That’s all. I was only hoping that if we were a little more submissive that you wouldn’t have to hurt us anymore.”

“I liked it. And unless one of you does anything else dumb today, I guess it will be pretty hard to punish you ... ”

Jane let her breath out. The humiliating display hadn’t gone for naught.

Chapter 26

I dressed quickly.

Leaving the nude girls in the bedroom, I wandered out to the living room where I'd left Amy hog-tied the former evening. She was awake and livid.

"About time. What do you want from me?"

"Don't know yet."

"Will you please untie me?"

"I like you like that."

"Oh God. My arms are killing me. Can't you loosen the ropes at least?"

"Who are you?"

"Amy Trotman. I told you already. Who was that woman that wouldn't speak to me this morning."

Hmmmm. I guess Jane gets some cruelty points for ignoring the bound girl.

"That was Jane."

"Who the hell is that? And why was she naked?"

"I like my women naked. Clothing is relatively useless on a woman. Don't you think?"

"Please."

"Amy, we can do one of two things. You can stay tied up there until I decide I don't like it anymore. I can cut your clothes off you. Or, I can release you, you can strip for me, and I can re-tie you a bit more comfortably."

"Oh God. Please. You don't have to do this."

"I know. I want to do it."

"Why? What did I ever do to you?"

"Absolutely nothing. You were just in the wrong hotel room at the wrong time. And I want to see you naked. So which is it?"

"Please don't do this."

"You want me to choose? I like cutting clothes off helpless girls."

"Shit. Okay. Untie me. I'll take them off for you, you bastard."

"You sure?"

"Yes. I'm gonna lose them one way or the other."

"Good girl. You are catching on quick. "

"Bastard."

I placed the gun on the table and bent down. I quickly unwrapped the ropes holding her and she gasped as the circulation returned to her hands and feet. I gave her a second to uncramp her muscles while I settled into the couch. She stayed on the floor, her face a mask of pain as the circulation caused pins and needles to crawl across her skin.

Finally, I could tell the pain had diminished and I spoke to her, "Amy, get up."

"Please don't make me do this." But she rose to her feet.

"Continue."

Her small hands fumbled with her clothes. Dropped her blouse and pants at her feet and stood in front of me, somewhat defiantly in her bra and panties and ankle socks.

"Please don't make me take off the rest."

"Amy ... we can tie you down again and I'll take the rest off if you like."

She shook her head and used her toes to slowly pull her socks off. Her toe nails were painted and she had perfect feet. She looked up with pleading in her eyes as she stood barefoot in front o f me. Seeing no compassion, she resigned herself and popped the front closing clasp of her bra. She let the piece of cloth fall off behind her. Wanting to get it over with now, she quickly hooked the waistband of her panties and slid them down her legs, stepping out of them daintily. She raised her hands to try and cover her bare breasts and between her legs. I let her for now. She shifted her weight from bare foot to bare foot while I watched her.

Finally, she couldn't take it anymore.

"Now what? You rape me?"

"I don't think so." I let her just stand there, nude. Awkward.

After a few more minutes. "What then? Please. This is so humiliating."

"I think I'll tie you up again. Come here. Lie across the coffee table."

"Please no. I'll do whatever you want. I str ipped for you. You don't need to tie me up again. I won't run away. Please. I can't stand being tied. I'll do anything you want. You want me? You want me to give you a blowjob? Fuck you? My -my aa-sss?"

"Amy ..."

"Please," she was crying now. Her shame and her fear apparent. Being hog -tied for hours was beginning to seem like the easy part to the poor naked woman.

"Amy, all I want right now is to tie you to this coffee table. Don't make me hurt you."

The naked woman stumbled over to the table and carefully l ay down across it, face down.

"You know I want you face up."

"Why, so you can rape me?"

"No, my dear, so it is easier to hurt you."

"Oh God. Please don't hurt me. I won't let you tie me up."

"Amy, for every second that you don't let me tie you to that tabl e will mean more pain. And I mean more pain."

A small voice came from the hallway, Jane's, "Amy, that's your name ..., Amy, you have got to do what he says. Like it or not. God, I don't believe that I'm saying this. Amy, honey, if he says he is going to hu rt you, he *is* going to hurt you. You'll only make it so much worse if you don't obey."

I shook my head. I would have to do something about that willful girl. I was positive that I told her to stay in the bedroom with Christi and Liz.

But her voice got th rough to Amy. The frightened nude girl slowly flipped over onto her back on the table and lay there, her breath coming in great gulps as the adrenaline flowed through her body.

I looked over at Jane. "Alright fancy lady. I was pretty sure that I told you t o stay in the bedroom."

"I'm sorry, sir. I swear I am. The others were afraid to come out. But I felt bad for this girl. It was so hard to ignore her this morning, she was in such pain. And we could hear you in the back room having trouble with her. I thou gh I might be able to help. She's just frightened. Please. You don't have to hurt her. She'll do anything you tell her. Won't you, honey?"

The nude girl just looked up through her tears and nodded.

“I want to watch her being hurt. If she cooperates, then i t doesn’t have to be too much.”

Amy moaned, “Please, sir. You don’t have to hurt me. Please don’t hurt me.”

“Jane, as long as you are here, why don’t you tie her?”

“Please no. I don’t want to get involved.”

“You are already involved. You are already in hot water for sneaking out here. You want to make it worse? Remember, every three minutes. You know I can do that again.”

“Oh god, please never that again. My boobs still hurt.”

She was already at my feet taking the rop e that I held out.

She whispered to the frightened girl on the table, “Please, just do what he says. I don’t want to do this, but you don’t have any idea what he can make you do. I had to strip and have sex with my sister in front of my father. Then he mad e my mother have sex with another woman while he timed it by whipping my bound boobs.”

I saw Amy’s eyes flick to her father still visible outside the door.

“Oh God. He won’t do that to me, will he.”

I watched as Jane expertly wrapped the rope around Amy’s wrists and ankles holding her securely to the coffee table.

“Honey, I don’t have a clue what he’ll do to you, but I can guarantee you won’t like it. But, if you disobey, or hesitate, you’ll regret it. Please, take it from someone who has seen it. Just do w hat he says.”

“Jane, you want to hurt her?”

“Oh God, please don’t make me do that. I don’t get off on this stuff. I’d rather take another whipping than hurt her.”

“Jane, it wasn’t an option.”

“Oh no. I’ve done everything you asked. I only came out to help. ”

“And now you are helping.”

“No. I can’t do it.”

“Jane. We can go back to the mall you know. Elaine’s breasts still are aching for the touch of the crop.”

“You bastard. I can’t hit another woman for you. Tie them up. Strip them. Even make love to them, if you absolutely have to. I can even fake that I’m enjoying it. But I can’t torture another woman. Think what you are asking. I know how much it hurts. Unlike you, I have a conscience.”

“All right, Jane. How about if I hurt you too? Where would you like to be tied up?”

“Please no.”

“Jane, if you don’t let me do this now, we will head back to the mall. I’m sure your mother would love to make love to everyone again while I whip you. Only this time, maybe I’ll get her to do the rounds twice.”

“You bastard. How do you want me?”

“Still won’t hit Amy to save your hide?”

“Do I still have the choice?”

“Nope. But I thought I’d ask anyway ...”

Resigned. “Where do you want to tie me? You can do anything you want to me, but I can’t hit that poor girl. And please not back to the mall.”

I led the shaking girl to the center of the room. I glanced down at Amy. She was pulling at the ropes holding her wide open on the coffee table. Softly crying.

“Hands up.” Jane obediently raised her hands to waist level. I tied them together . Jane just shivered.

There were a few hanging plants in the suite; one of which I simply took down and placed on the floor. I ran the rope through the hook and placed Jane under it. I pulled her bound wrists above her head and tied the rope off by running the rope around Amy’s waist. That way Amy would know just how hard Jane was pulling while I hit her. Jane, standing there nude, knowing that she was about to be tortured, but still standing still, docile. I marveled at her self control. Wondered idly, if she had actually orchestrated a punishment. I remembered her wet pussy after the breast beating at the mall. Maybe she got off on this stuff? I doubted it, but one never knew. Perhaps, after her punishment I’d ask her.

I returned to the bedroom and retriev ed an ankle spreader. Christi was kneeling on the floor in front of the bed, still in her chains.

“We tried to stop her.”

“I know. I have a task for you.”

“Oh God, what?”

I smiled at her.

“Oh shit. You want me to have sex with them. Please no.” She pursed her pretty lips.

“Yeah, Liz can hold down the fort.” I took the handcuffs off Christi’s ankles and quickly cuffed Liz to the foot of the bed. No complaints. I guess she preferred to stay quietly in the bedroom than participate. Didn’t surprise me.

I practically had to drag Christi out to the living room. Her eyes registered no surprise at Jane and Amy. Naked and bound.

Christi just looked at Jane, “You didn’t do something he asked, did you?”

Jane just miserably shook her head.

I knelt down and carefully spread apart Jane’s legs and attached her bare ankles to the bar. She was spread open. I decided to make this harder on the bound girl and wrapped each breast in rope, squeezing the mounds until it looked uncomfortable. Jane had been in this position before.

“Oh God. Please not again. I’ll hit her. I’ll whip her if you want. Just don’t hit my boobs. Oh God. Please. Mercy.”

Ignoring the pleading woman, I motioned Christi to walk over. She did. She knew what I was going to ask before I had to open my mouth. She knelt in front of Jane whispering, “I don’t want to do this.”

I looked down at Christi, hands still bound behind her back. “I’m going to whip Jane’s breasts. Once every three minutes until she comes. At that point I’ll give her the option of begging to hit Amy. Understand?”

“Oh God. Jane, you have to hurry, okay? It’s hard enough me having to lick another woman without her screaming. Honey?”

Jane just gulped and nodded.

Taking aim, I brought the crop dow n across Jane’s bound right breast.

“AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH”, she screamed. As the pain faded, she began to beg. “Oh God. My boob. It’s on fire. Please no more. I’ll hit her. I’ll do anything. Just no more.”

I watched as Christi raised up on her knees and p ressed her face into the squirming, crying girl's pussy, trying to get her to orgasm and end this torture.

"Count." I said to Jane.

"Count? Ahhhh. God it hurts."

"Count. That was one."

"Oh God. You bastard. One."

I glanced at my watch. Jane realized that s he had better begin thinking about getting to orgasm or she was going to get hit again. Through her sobs, she tried to concentrate on the tonguing from Christi, the nude blonde between her legs.

Three minutes.

I slashed the crop down across her left breast , just missing the nipple.

"Oh shit. Oooowwowowowowowowwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwwww. Jesus Christ. Argh. Please. For pity's sake. Stop. You have no idea how much that hurts. My boobs. You're tearing them apart. Argh. Bastard."

I hit her breasts again. Both of th em. Almost immediately. She almost falling against the ropes, pulling Amy's body with the connecting rope making Amy cry out.

"AAhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Jesus Christ. God. Shit. Argh." Through her sobbing. "What happened to every three minutes . Ah Christ."

I just looked at her and raised it again to give her a third.

It dawned on her pretty face a little too late.

"Oh Christ. I'm sorry. Please I'm sorry. Two. Ahhhhhhhhh No Nargh. Two. I said two. Please stop. It hurts so much."

Her bound breasts were heaving with her exertions. Her bare feet practically leaving the floor with her struggles. Amy was struggling with the rope around her waist. Jane's bound wrists trying, in vain, to get her sore breasts away from their torment.

Once she remem bered to count, I laid off her breasts and began counting off another three minutes. Christi still struggling to give Jane the stimulation she was going to need to stop this punishment.

Jane began to really try and concentrate through the sobbing and she l ooked like she was nearly at the climax that she so desperately needed when six minutes arrived and I brought the crop down right across both bare nipples.

"Ahhhhhhh. N-no. Bastard. I was almost there. Oh God. My nipples. God you almost tore them from my t its. Oh shit. Three. Three. You son-of-a-bitch. I wish I could show you how much this hurts. Fuck. Jesus. Please no more. I'll come for you. I'll crawl. I'll torture Amy's tits. I'll lick her all over. I'll do anything. Just no more."

Finally she began con tracting and at about eight minutes and fifty seconds I watched as her muscles tightened and she crashed through an orgasm, crying out through her pain. Just as she was peaking, it was nine minutes and I slashed the crop across the tops of her bare breasts causing her to scream again.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh. Four. Christ Four. Oh God. I'm coming again. My tits. Oh God. My tits."

The last stroke seemed to put her into another orgasm or an extension of her first climax. No way to tell. She screamed. The nude blonde st ill with her face buried in Jane's pussy. Jane's body writhing in pain and orgasm. Finally, after what seemed forever, her body went limp, her bound bare feet barely supporting her. Sobbing. Christi finally falling back on her heels, trying to get the tast e out of her mouth, but not complaining.

Jane hanging in her bonds began to beg. I was completely surprised that she remembered that she still had to beg to be released. Perhaps it just came naturally to the naked woman after the breast torture.

"Oh my God. I'd forgotten how much that hurt. My boobs. I can't take anymore. Please don't hit me again. Please. You've torn me apart. Please, untie me. Please let me down. I'll do anything you want. Just don't hit my boobs again. Please. I'll do whatever you want to Amy. I swear it. I'll whip her. Please let me hurt her. Please, I want to hurt her. I'll do it with my boobs tied. And my feet spread. Argh. You bastard. Please, just let me down."

While she babbled, I wandered over to the by now very scared Amy and released the waist rope. Jane collapsed in a heap as soon as she was robbed of the support to her wrists. Christi tried to move closer to the bound girl and comfort her but wasn't very effective with her hands still cuffed behind her back. Jane just lay her head against Christi's breast and sobbed. She couldn't seem to stop crying. Trying to hold her wounded breasts with her bound hands.

Amy looked up at me with fear as I sat on the couch waiting for Jane to finish crying. The girl bound to the coffee table looked up at me with tears in her eyes and spoke softly, "Please don't do that to me. I'll do anything you want. You don't have to hurt me."

"Amy, I am not going to lie to you. I am going to get Jane to hurt you. Believe me, it will be better than if I do it. "

"Oh God, but why? I haven't done anything. I've done everything you wanted." She was beginning to pull at the ropes holding her bare body to the table.

I nodded to her bound wrists. "I wouldn't pull against them if I were you. When Jane starts in on you, you are probably going to bruise them, but you don't need to start early."

"Please, don't hurt me."

"But Amy, I want to hurt you. I want to see you cry." My hand stole forward and idly stroked her helpless bare breast. She cringed at the touch.

"Oh God." Tears welling up.

Even Christi was crying still trying to comfort Jane.

"You ready?" I asked Amy.

"Please no."

I walked over to Jane and Christi, crouching down.

Jane looked up at me with bleary eyes, red from her weeping. "You bastard." But her tears had nearly stopped.

I just looked at her. "You should know better. You always end up doing what I want in the end anyway. You ready?"

Jane held out her still bound wrists. I quickly untied them. Her hands fell immediately to her bare chest, cradling the bound breasts, trying to ease the hot pain that must still grip the sensitive mounds. I held out the crop. I saw a brief flash in her eyes as she reached out to take it. Wishing she could hit me with it. In the most painful spot she could find. Just once. But she didn't.

To her credit, she didn't even ask if I'd untie her breasts. They must have hurt like holy hell, but she knew that they were staying bound until I decided to remove the constricting ropes.

I retreated to the couch, and relaxed.

Jane finally managed to stop her crying and moved awkwardly on her knees to the opposite side of the coffee table. The spreader bar still holding her ankles wide apart. Christi just knelt quietly where she was.

Chapter 27

I looked down at Amy's frightened face and ask ed her, "Have you even been made love to by a woman?"

"Please no. I'm straight. I have a boyfriend. Please don't make me do that."

"Christi ..."

"Oh God, please. My tongue aches. No more."

I just motioned her over. After the display with Jane's breasts, sh e wasn't about to argue. She resignedly crept forward on her bare knees and positioned herself between Amy's spread legs.

Amy started to beg again. "God. Please. I can't do this. I'm not good with pain. I'm not a lesbian. I can't. Please, God, I just can't ."

I reached forward and grabbed her face by the cheeks and turned her head towards me.

"Amy, I want you to listen to me. I'm going to get Jane to hit you. Not as hard as I hit her. She'll go easy on you, unless I tell her to hit you really hard. I will on ly ask her to hit you really hard if you don't look like you are trying. She is going to hit you once every two minutes until you climax. I have no idea what you are thinking. I really don't care. Just try not to think that it's Christi using her tongue be tween your legs. Think of your boyfriend or something. Okay? Understand?"

Amy closed her eyes, resigning herself to this and nodded her head. I felt her head move a little with my hands which were holding her face.

"It's going to hurt, isn't it? Can I scre am?"

Jane spoke up from her kneeling position beside Amy, "Amy, honey, you aren't going be able to stop yourself from screaming unless he's kind enough to gag you." She looked at me with pleading in her eyes. "Just try and recover from the blows quickly an d concentrate. The faster you come, the faster the pain stops. Okay?" She looked up at me. "You are such a cruel bastard."

Amy closed her eyes and moaned.

I spoke to Jane, giving her instructions, "Amy's new to this, and I'm not punishing her. I want to he ar her cry, even scream occasionally. But don't kill her. I won't make you hit her with all your strength unless she disobeys. I'll reserve the rough stuff for when she's done something to deserve it. Okay?"

Jane looked somewhat relieved that she didn't ha ve to put all her effort into this. Maybe that made it easier on her.

"Ready, ladies?"

They all just groaned, and I nodded to Jane. I watched as she brought the evil crop up and swung it up in a wide arc bringing it down with a sharp twist at the end of th e stroke to strike Amy just above the breasts near her collarbone. The sharp snap wasn't near as wicked as the sounds I would have made on her defenseless body, but Amy yelped in surprise. Then as the pain washed over her, she moaned loudly.

Christi bent to her task, a look of distaste on her face. Her tongue busy on the bound nude girl. Amy squirmed in her bonds, but I could see from her face that she wasn't trying very hard to concentrate on the sensations from her vagina.

I looked at Jane, her frightened eyes looking back at me. After a minute and a half I spoke to Jane. “Janey, Amy isn’t trying very hard. Next one, put some snap into it. Across the nipples.”

Amy wailed. “Oh God, please no. I’ll try. I promise I’ll try.” She pretended to grind her hips.

Jane looked at me with a question in her eyes. But she knew better than to voice it. I just nodded.

“Two minutes.”

“Oh God.”

The cruel whip snapped down across both bare breasts, catching both nipples. The breasts dancing crazily on her chest with the force of the blow.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Christ. My tits. My nipples. Oh please God. Not again. Not there. I’m a woman for chrissakes. My tits. You don’t hit a woman there. Owwwwwwwwwwwwww. It hurts. Oh god, it hurts.”

She pulled at her ropes, probably bruising her wrists and ankles as I’d predicted. Crying, now. But a little more anxious to try and orgasm. At this point, I don’t think she’d care if it was a dog licking her vagina. As long as she was able to come and prevent more strokes from crashing down.

She closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on her body.

“Four minutes. Jane, the stomach.”

“Oh God, you bastard. Please. Stop her from hitting me. I can’t come like this. Oh God. Please.” Jane let the crop fall, not as hard, acros s Amy’s flat stomach, just a hair above Christi’s bobbing head and industrious tongue. “Ahhhhhhhhhhh, God. Please. I can’t take it anymore. Please. It hurts so much. My tits. Oh my God.” She was crying, tears falling unashamedly from her eyes. Begging. St ruggling.

A red line appeared where the crop had kissed her stomach. Amy tried to focus through the pain on the sensations from Christi’s tongue. I could tell she was having some serious problems, getting by the fact that it was another woman that was plea suring her. Having trouble getting enough stimulation through the pain.

“Six minutes. The breasts.”

“Oh God, not there again. It hurts so much.” Jane closed her eyes, ignoring Amy’s pleas, and brought the crop up hitting Amy’s smallish breasts from below. “AHhhhhhhhh. No. Stop. Ahhhhh. Please no more. Christ. Shit. Fucking bastard. Son -of-a-bitch. Argh.”

Jane whispered at me. “Please have mercy on her. I know how much the crop on the breasts hurt. Let me hit her stomach. Her legs. Anything else.”

Amy was just hanging in her bonds, trying to concentrate on the tongue between her legs. Probably trying to pretend it was her boyfriend. Crying. Humiliated that she had to do this.

“Eight minutes. Your choice.”

Jane closed her eyes and slashed another welt across A my’s thigh, right beside Christi’s working head.

Amy screamed in pain, “Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh. No. No. God. No more. It hurts. Why? Oh please let me go.”

I watched as Jane looked pleadingly at me. She spoke, “Please, I can’t do this. She’s just a girl. You have no idea how much this thing hurts. She can’t concentrate enough to

come. You'll kill her. I'll be whipping her until she faints. Have some compassion. For God's sake let me help Christi, or something. Let her come quicker. Or let me hit her less often."

"Janey ..."

"All right. I'll keep hitting her. Oh God, by boobs hurt." Tears began to fill her eyes again.

"All right."

Jane looked up from her soft sobbing. "All right? All right what?"

"You can help Christi after the next one. But I was going to give you y our choice again. If you want to help Christi, you'll have to hit her breasts again."

"Oh God."

Amy wailed. Jane whispered to the tortured girl. "I'm sorry Amy, but I can't do this to you much more. You have to come."

"Ten minutes."

Jane closed her eyes, b racing herself for the coming screams and slashed the crop across the poor girls nipples again.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Oh my God. Nooooooooo. No more. Not my tits. Shit. Argh. Oh you bastard. Fuck. It hurts. Shit. It hurts so fucking much. No more. I'm begging you. I'll do anything for you. I'll crawl. You can tie me up forever. But please no more hitting. Oh God, my tits."

Jane dropped the crop on the table against Amy's bare body and leaned in close to the sobbing girl. She whispered to her, "Please, Amy, you have to concentrate. You have to orgasm."

She choked out around her sobs, "I can't concentrate. It hurts."

Jane leaned in and kissed the bound girl full on the mouth. I could vaguely see Jane force her tongue into Amy's mouth trying to gently touch her tongue. Amy closed her eyes and tried her damnedest to ignore the pain and and concentrate on the kiss and the sensations from between her spread thighs. I could see her face flushing, trying to turn the pain in her breasts into arousal . Jane continued to kiss the girl until I spoke, "Twelve minutes."

Jane, tears in her eyes, pulled away from Amy and picked back up the crop. Knowing what was expected she brought it down hard on the tops of Amy's sore breasts.

Amy screamed again as though she was being tortured, which I suppose she was. "Argh. Oh you bastard. My tits are going to fall off. Oh God, it hurts. Please, mercy. I can't come like this. Fucker."

Jane's mouth cut her off again, as she resumed the kiss with the crying , shaking girl. I could see that Christi was tiring. I watched as Jane's hands stole gently, ever so gently to stroke Amy's bare nipples. Amy flinched, but in seconds was pushing her tormented chest into Jane's fingers as though begging for more attention. I watched as Amy's body began to tense against the bonds. But, like Jane earlier, she had picked a bad time to get to orgasm.

"Fourteen minutes."

Jane again pulled away and I heard Christi groan. Amy fell back against the table, unable to maintain whateve r fantasy she had fallen into without Jane's soft lips and teasing hands.

"You are such a bastard," Jane glared at me, "she was almost there."

The crop crashed down against the bottom of her breasts again.

"Ahhhhhhhhh. Oh God, please no more hitting. I'll come for you. I'll masturbate, I'll do anything. I can't concentrate through this pain. My tits HURT."

Jane leaned forward, whispering to the bound woman. "Come on Amy. Back where you were." Jane's hands playing with the tortured breasts. Christi renewing her tonguing efforts. All three softly sobbing. Amy trying her damnedest to concentrate. Her body tensing. I picked up the crop.

Sixteen minutes came and went, but I didn't announce it. Seconds after the sixteen minute mark, I watched as Amy's body finally tensed up against the bonds, pulling against them, her groan as the breath left her body and the pleasure of the climax washed over her, Jane still kissing her. Christi continuing to use her soft tongue. At what I judged to be just after the peak of her c limax, I brought the crop down, lightly, against her abused nipples, catching nipples, and Jane's fingers in the process. I watched as she screamed and immediately tensed up again. Pulling hard against the bonds. Her breath was ragged as she fell back agai nst the table, her heart hammering with the multiple orgasm. Her muscles relaxing, her head turning away from Jane's mouth. Moaning.

Jane slowly fell back on her knees cradling her own, still bound, breasts. And Christi raised her head and asked permission to stop her task. I nodded, and she groaned, "Thank God.", falling back on her heels. I watched her moving her tongue around in her mouth. It was actually quite attractive to watch as she tried to work the circulation back into her tongue. Breathing hard. Bare breasts heaving after the marathon.

Amy looked up from her table. "Oh my God. I've never come that hard in my life. Christ my tits."

I lay back on the comfortable couch and waited patiently for the girls to recover.

Chapter 28

Slowly their breathing returned to normal. The girls silent in with their own thoughts. Trying to make sense of what I'd just done to them. Amy was softly crying. The other two, a little more used to the abuse, just knelt quietly.

After letting Jane have time to recover, I move d to her side. Startled Amy, who I think may have been crying herself to sleep on the table.

I slowly released Jane's feet from the spreader bar and helped the aching girl to her feet. She was a bit unsteady on her feet as I walked her back to the bedroom.

Liz, still chained on the floor, looked up and her eyes widened as she watched me helping Jane, her bare breasts still bound, into the room. Jane wincing at the pain each step transmitted to her bound breasts.

Liz spoke up. "What the hell did you do to he r? She looks like she's been through the war. I thought you were killing them."

I spoke to Liz, "I just played with her." Jane grunted at this. "Seriously, she didn't obey, I had to punish her."

"Good God. Why?"

"Jane?" She looked up through bleary eyes. " Jane, if I asked you to whip Liz, would you?"

She began to cry, but nodded.

I saw a really frightened look cross Liz's face, but I ignored that for now.

"Jane, beg to whip Liz."

"Please don't make me hit her, too. Haven't you made me do enough?"

"Jane."

"Please no more. My boobs are on fire. I can't take anymore."

"Beg."

"Oh God." She fell to her knees. "All right. I can't take anymore. Please let me hit Liz. Please make me whip her tits. Make me hurt her. I'll use the crop. The paddle. Whatever you want. I'll tie her down. Whip her until she passes out. Oh God. Please don't make me do it."

I gently placed my hand under Jane's arm and guided her off her knees and to the bed.

"Jane lay back on the bed. Spread eagled."

Comprehension dawned on her face. She l ooked at me, still in tears.

"I don't have to hit Liz?"

"No, Jane. I just wanted to hear you beg. I wanted to frighten Liz. And I wanted to make sure that you learned your lesson. You really would have hit her, if I demanded it?"

She suddenly looked impish . "You may have had to hit me again, but yes, I would have." A smile played around her mouth for the first time since she'd wandered out of the room without permission.

"You are a willful girl."

"That's why you took me isn't it?"

She looked magnificent, sp reading herself out. Breasts bound tightly. I began to work on securing her to the bed. Ropes running from her slender wrists and ankles and attaching to the bed posts.

"You figure it out. I'll be back in a minute."

I slipped off the bed and released the h andcuff from the bedpost holding Liz's right hand. I had her rise to her bare feet and snapped the cuff around her other wrist behind her back. She whimpered but allowed the bondage. Like she had a choice.

As I slowly walked Liz out to where the other girl s were quietly talking in the living room, she whispered a quick word of thanks for not making Jane hurt her. She surprised me and gave me a quick kiss on the cheek as I deposited her in an easy chair facing Christi, still kneeling on her heels and Amy sti ll bound to the table.

I quickly checked Amy's body for lasting marks. She quietly suffered my probes and tracing of the crop marks.

"You okay?"

Amy just looked up at me. "My tits still hurt like hell, but, yeah, I'll live."

"You comfortable enough?"

"I'd be more comfortable if you untied me."

I laughed. "Amy, sweetheart, I'll tell you this right now. You are going to remain tied up no matter what for a while. But, if you would prefer, I can tie you in a more comfortable position, if something is cramping o r something."

Amy pulled at her bound wrists and ankles. They were secure, but they weren't really tight like the hog -tie I had originally had her in. She knew what tight was. This wasn't causing her any circulation discomfort.

"If I gotta be tied up anywa y, this is comfortable enough. Can I have a cushion for my head?"

I reached for a throw pillow. I gently put my hand under her head and raised it for her, lowering it carefully onto the pillow.

"Thank-you," she murmured.

I began to walk back down the hall to the bedroom, when I heard Christi's small voice.

"Where are you going?"

"Back to the bedroom. I have to talk to Jane."

"Talk, huh?"

Though her voice was light enough, I thought I detected a note of jealousy in it as well.

"Christi, I am going back to talk to her. I need to find out some things."

It was pretty clear from the blonde's face that she was pretty sure that I was going back to have sex with Jane. But it was interesting that she was jealous.

"You girls behave out here. You can ta lk, but keep it down. I don't want to hear you. Gets noisy enough and I'll gag you all."

Christi said in a soft voice, "Don't hurt her, okay, she's had enough. Please?"

I leaned down to Christi, the only one of the bound women that had any influence over things at all, kissed her tenderly on the cheek and whispered in her ear. "I'll leave her alone. Promise. Okay?"

For some reason, Christi just began crying again, but nodded her head.

I rose and walked back to the waiting girl in the bedroom.

Chapter 29

I opened the door to the bedroom and stepped quietly into the room. I shut the door behind me, muffling the quiet talking of the girls in the living room.

On the bed, Jane twisted her head and watched as I walked into the room and sat down on the bed beside her.

She spoke first.

"You aren't going to hurt me anymore are you? Please?"

I shook my head.

"Can you take off the ropes on my boobs? They're killing me."

I traced my finger down her squeezed breasts and she flinched at the touch. She moaned and pulled we akly against her ankle restraints.

"Are you sure you want them off?"

"Are you kidding?"

"Jane." I just looked at her. She turned her face away as far as the ropes would let her.

"You know. Don't you?" she finally asked after a moment of silence.

"Know what?"

"Oh God. You are going to make me say it, aren't you?"

"Know what, Jane?"

"The pain."

"What about it?"

"You felt my crotch the first time you whipped me. You know, you bastard. It turns me on. Goddammit," she whispered fiercely.

I watched as her eyes began to fill with tears. They slowly overflowed her lids as she turned her face toward me. Openly crying. I reached forward and carefully wiped the tears away, she couldn't do it on her own with her wrists bound as they were.

"It turns you on?"

"Yeah. My mind hates it. It hurts like hell. But. But. But. My body ..."

She began to cry again. I let her.

Still breathing raggedly, she continued.

"You've taken everyone. I don't have anyone else to talk to. You probably don't care about how I'm feeling. Do you?"

"I care. In a different sort of way."

"You know. All my life I've been a strong woman. I've been a feminist. A good Catholic. Equal opportunity. Straight A's. All that shit. Calm. Helped all my friends when they started having sex. A fucking rock. Jane the rock. Then you fall into my life. Being everything I hate. Torture my family. Sexually abuse me. For no better reason than your own pleasure. And you physically torture me. Whip my boobs. Force me to do things that no sane person would ever do. I swear in a former life I would kill you. I have no clothes. No dignity. No control. You can make me crawl like I'm an animal. And, goddammit, its turning me on. My head hates it. My body betrays me. Everytime you abuse me. Degrade me. Humiliate me. I feel it. Between my legs. My nipples. Tingling. Demanding attention. Just talking to you now is doing it. And I hate myself for it."

"Jane."

“Don’t Jane me. I’m lying here, roped to a bed, my boobs tied up. Aching from your crop. And part of me is saying, diso bey him so he’ll hit you more. Do you have any idea how confusing all this is? How hard this is emotionally?”

She began to weep quietly.

I moved off the bed and sat in one of the bedroom chairs and silently waited for her to finish.

“I don’t even know your name.”

Her question surprised me. Why should she care who I was?

“No you don’t,” I said to her softly.

“Who are you? Where did you come from? How are you controlling the world? Why me? A million questions. I know you don’t have to answer them. I’m just a dumb slave now.”

“Janey. You are one hell of a strong woman and hardly dumb. You know that?”

“Maybe I’m just being belligerent so you’ll beat me again. How will even I ever know?” Tears began to fall silently from her eyes again. I couldn’t believe anyone, least of all this petite girl, had so many tears in her. She was really upset. And not entirely with me this time.

“Okay. Jane. I could tell you my name and my background but it doesn’t matter. This whole experience doesn’t matter. When all this ends, you ’ll remember nothing. When I restart the world, you’ll fall back into that mall, with your family, your loved ones, continue looking for pretty clothes and you won’t remember a thing about this. Not the torture of your family. Not your sexual abuse. Not be ing tied to this bed talking your heart out. Nothing. It didn’t happen. I’ll remember it, but if I ever see you again after this, walking down the street, yeah, I’ll think to myself how much fun *I* had, but you’ll be completely oblivious why I’m staring a t you. Or if you notice, you’ll just think, another male pig ...”

She sniffled. “What if I want to remember too?”

“Sorry, babe. Equations don’t lie. Can’t.”

“I feel so helpless. So powerless. I just have to do what you say. Like it or not. You so rarely ca re what one of us thinks or wants.”

“You are helpless and powerless. I’ve seen to that. It’s part of your life until I decide to restart things.”

She thought about that before continuing.

“I may not have any power. I may have to do dirty and humiliating th ings for you. But I’m still Jane inside. You may have my body under your control. And you might be able to make me feel weird things with how you treat me; but you’ll never break me completely, you know ...”

I nodded. “I’m counting on it. Why do you think I made you come with me?”

I walked forward to the bed and sat down beside her again.

“I know your mind is in a whirl but it will settle down. I promise.”

“I know what good your promises are.” She smiled up at me weakly.

I began to slowly release her bound breasts. She gasped at the sudden inrush of blood to her sore parts. Tears sprang to her eyes everytime I touched a welt.

“I hate it. Feel me. Feel between my legs.” I reached down. She was sopping wet. “I can feel the tingling. In sistent. Everytime you hurt me. But I hate it. The pain. The degradation. It hurts dammit. Why does my body react to it?”

“May as well ask why I like hurting you. Our bodies function in strange ways, Janey. You should know that.”

“And that climax. I’ve never had a climax like that. Not even ... not even when I’m by myself. And I know what and where I want. My God, I thought I was going to pass out with you beating me and Christi sucking me. After all that pain, my boobs aching, the crop, the sounds of myself screaming, that climax was the most wonderful feeling. God. It almost made it worthwhile.”

“Jane. You are only seventeen. You haven’t had time to find out what you like. You would have found out eventually. You still might after you return.”

She began to cry again. She managed to choke out, “I’m only seventeen. I’m just a girl. I don’t want this to be happening to me.”

She began to pull against the bonds. But only half-heartedly. I had finished releasing her breasts from the ropes. She sighed.

I bent down and gave her a kiss on the cheek, then one on each swollen breast She just continued to cry, naked and bound on the bed. I sat down in the chair and watched her cry herself out and slowly her breathing became more regular and her eyes closed. I guess she’d been through a lot already today. It isn’t every day that you discover, to your horror, that you are a masochist. Soon she was pulling weakly against the bonds in her sleep. I watched her sleep for a while, thinking. Finally I rose from the chair, kissed her soft cheek again and left my willful one in peace, quietly closing the door behind me.

Chapter 30

I walked back into the living room. As they heard me approach, the women stopped whatever they were talking about.

"Talking about me?"

Liz spoke up. "No , sir."

"What were you talking about?"

"Just our former lives. Our dreams. That sort of thing."

"Someday, I'd love to hear them too. But not right now. We have places to go. People to see. Ropes to tie."

Christi groaned. "What are you going to make us do n ow? Suck off the Dallas Cowboys?"

I looked at her with raised eyebrows. "Any more sarcasm out of your pretty mouth and that might be exactly what you are doing."

Her face grew white as she realized that I probably could make them all do just that and she shuddered.

"I'm sorry. Truly I am."

"That's OK. It's just been a long day already." I looked at Amy, bound to the coffee table. "Probably longer for you, but who's counting?"

I bent down beside the table and began to loosen the ropes that held her ankles to the table. Jane tied good knots. Took me a while to work them free. While I worked on the knots I turned to Christi.

"Remember in your mother's office?"

"How the hell could I forget?"

"Remember how I promised you something?"

"I remembered, but I was sure that you had forgotten ... and I wasn't about to bring it up ..."

"You still feel the same way."

Shy. "Yes." Head down. Eye's downcast.

I finally released Amy's right foot. She shook her free leg and wiggled her toes. Happy to not be bound a nymore. Not even a hint of a kick. I began working on her left ankle.

"Tell you what, where do you think you could find two women that you want to play with?"

"I don't know, the mall?"

Amy's left leg was free of the rope and she kicked her legs up into the air playfully. I moved around to her wrists. I could see small bruises forming already where she had pulled at the ropes holding her wrists. I kissed her wrists at the rope and began to unwind the lashing.

"We've been to the mall. Somewhere else ..."

"Well, I've always fantasized about the outdoors ..."

"Pick up two girls at the mall, take them to the park or something?"

"If you'll let me."

"Oh, this I want to see. If you are serious."

Shortly Amy's hands were free of the table, and she sat up, rubbing her wrists.

I spoke to Amy. “Sorry, but your freedom is going to be short lived. Hands behind you.”

She pouted, but knew better than to argue. She meekly put her wrists behind her back where I slipped a pair of handcuffs onto her, ratchetting them secure, but not tight.

I looked over at Liz, sitting quietly in the chair.

“Liz, babe. Christi and Amy and I are going to head out. You have your choice. You can sit here. I’ll tie your ankles to the chair, and leave your wrists cuffed. Or you can come with us.”

Liz looked at me shrewdly. “I think I’ll stay here if you let me. But you don’t have to tie me up. I won’t go anywhere.”

“I want to tie you up. I won’t make it tight. Don’t disturb Jane, she’s sleeping in the other room. If she wakes up and calls out, reassure her that I’ll be coming back to free you and her. We might be gone a while though.”

I began to wrap the soft rope around her ankles holding her to the chair. Soon she was lashed to the chair, she pulled against the bonds, but wasn’t able to move her feet. She sat quietly.

Liz looked up at me as I rose.

“Can a girl ask for something, sir? Without you punishing her?”

“What is it?”

“Well, if you are going to be gone for any length of time, it would get very boring just sitting here tied to this chair.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And I know that it doesn’t matter to you whether I’m bored or not, and I can understand that. I’m just a slave. But if you aren’t particularly interested in my boredom, perhaps you could put a movie on the television for me, or something. With the vol ume low? Maybe some music? Please?”

“You wouldn’t like the movies that I have with me.”

“Whatever it is, it would be better than being bored. Please?”

I rummaged through the pack and pulled out the softer bondage porn and slipped it into the VCR. I set the VCR to rewind and continuous play the tape, flicked on the television and waited for the credits to end. First scene had a very scantily clad woman tied to a chair. The shot panned out and I watched her struggle with her gag and ropes for a minute before pulling Christi and Amy to their bare feet.

I released Christi’s hands from behind her back and re -cuffed them in front of her.

“I think you know you don’t have to cuff me at all.”

By now, I would have felt safe sleeping with her free. Howeve r she looked so attractive wearing the things I just had to keep her in them.

Amy pulled at her cuffs, probably hoping that I’d remember her and change her hands to be in front as well. But she still hadn’t earned that privilege.

I guided both girls out th e door and into the hotel hallway. I watched Amy’s face as she passed her father. She shuddered a bit, but realized that things could have been worse. She had heard the story about Jane having to strip and have sex in front of her father.

Christi turned to me, a smile playing on her lips and asked, oh so innocently, “We’re allowed to walk?”

I just looked at her. The cheeky devil.

“Any more cracks outta you and I’ll have you crawling and Amy holding the leash.”

Christi smiled and continued walking towards th e stairs, purposely exaggerating the sway of her hips. Making sure that I got flashes of between her legs.

She seemed happy to be out of the suite. I guess I had had them all cooped up and bound for a long time.

Amy walked slowly beside me, her bare feet s cuffing at the carpet. She smiled a bit watching Christi almost dance up ahead. Almost happy.

Hard to believe that the girls actually found something to be happy about after all I put them through. The human spirit will always amaze me.

As we passed into t he stairwell, Christi broke into a run, pounding her bare feet down the stairs, laughing, calling up to me and Amy to catch her if we could. So easy to run away. A day ago, she wouldn’t have dared. A day ago, I wouldn’t have let her.

We found her at the bo ttom of the stairwell, breathing hard. Trying to catch her breath. Laughingly, she berated us, “Told. You. You. Couldn’t. Catch. Me.”

Amy was a bit more sober. But she was probably still getting used to the idea that I could have her completely naked, hand cuffed and walk around the stopped world without getting caught. She was probably still a little self -conscious of her nudity.

We walked out through the opulent lobby and onto the street. I recognized the area we were in. I must have been tired yesterday.

I stopped Christi and spoke to her, “How about a pair of lawyers?”

“Lawyers?”

“Yeah, we’re in the financial district. I’m sure we can find a pair of good looking lawyers around here for you to have.”

She thought about it. If she had to have women, lawyers should be a lot of fun. Strong willed. Well educated. Probably would absolutely hate being put into that situation. Perfect.

“Okay. Where?”

We found a high -rise with a number of law firms stenciled into the directory.

“Either one of you want to ask the gua rd?” I pointed to the big burly type guy standing frozen by the elevators.

They both shook their heads. We found the fire stairs easily enough. Christi was fairly dancing with excitement. I was beginning to think that she was telling the truth about wantin g to do this.

We reached the twenty -second floor and walked through the various offices. Mostly male lawyers. Suits.

Finally we happened across an office with a female lawyer. She was pretty. Tall and thin. Christi immediately wanted to try her, “She’ll do . She should be able to take us to another one. Can’t I have a guy as well? Please?”

I just shook my head. I had no real interest in seeing some guy dominated and humiliated. Not my cup of tea. I suppose I could have let her do it without me. I could’ve had my own fun with Amy. But then what carrot could I dangle in front of her when I needed her to do something particularly distasteful?

Resigned, she asked, “So now what?”

"Maybe you should let me take her, get her tied up, or handcuffed and then let you take over. You aren't very menacing the way you are and I ain't about to let you wear any clothing now."

"Oh. What will you let me do to her?"

"Here's the plan. I'll take her. You and Amy, I'll chain up in the other room, for a minute to keep you out of the way. If she sees you two naked and chained the way you are, she'll be a lot harder to handle. When I get her under control, I'm going to bring you and Amy in. I'll just sit and watch and you can do just about anything you like to her. I'll stop you if you get out of control."

"I can hurt her?"

"All you like."

"Seriously?"

"If it gets dangerous, I'll stop you."

"Okay."

I led Amy and Christi out into another office, with some male lawyer in it. I quickly cuffed Amy and Christi to his desk and walked out and back to the original office. They settled onto the floor and sat quietly waiting.

I closed the door and sat in an easy chair. I pointed the gun at Ms. Lawyer's pretty face and released her from the time block. She yelped when she saw me.

"Where the hell did you come from?"

A by now familiar refrain. "Thin air, lady." I decided to have some fun at her expense. "Hands up."

"What do you want? How did you get in here?" as she raised her hands.

"I can only answer one question at a time. What do I want? I want you to put on these handcuffs," I tossed them on the desk in front of her. "How did I get in here? I walked."

She was getting frightened, but resisted putting on the cuffs. Most of the women seem to realize that they become much more vulnerable if their hands are locked together.

"Why do you want me to put them on?"

"Lady, I don't have time for this." I let a shot off into the ceiling. I was going to have to reload the thing soon.

The loud noise really scared her and she involuntarily covered her ears.

"Please don't hurt me."

"Cuffs."

She hurriedly picked up the handcuffs and locked one side onto her right wrist.

"In front of me?"

I nodded. Front was fine for now. Christi could change it if she wanted. I watched as she closed her eyes and snapped the other side closed against the desk.

"OK. Up. We need to go for a walk."

She rose and little unsteadily, using her cuffed hands to pull herself out of her leather chair.

"Where are we going? You won't get away with this you know. There's security in the building. That gunshot would have been heard."

Thinking about the frozen guard in the lobby, I almost laughed.

"Just come on lady. What was your name?"

“Janet.”

“Come on, Janet. What other female lawyers are there around this area?”

Bewildered, “Why do you want to know about other female lawyers?” She was glancing around seeing all the people frozen, realizing that the world had gone awful quiet and that she was probably on her own. Not quite comprehending the situation, but realizing it was bad.

“Company.”

“Oh. What kind of lawyer you want.”

“Someone who takes care of herself. Attractive.”

“You are going to rape us aren’t you?”

“Nope. That I will promise you. I won’t even h urt you unless you don’t cooperate. Another lawyer?”

“There’s Lynn Dermett. She works out. Or there’s Susan Li.”

“Lynn sounds fine. She a friend of yours?”

“We do lunch sometimes. She’s up two floor in financial.”

I jammed the gun in her ribs and she gaspe d. She led the way, pointing with her shackled hands until we reached a set of internal stairs.

We climbed up two flights and Janet led me directly to an office with the name Lynn Dermett stenciled on the name plate. She was currently frozen writing someth ing on a pad. I closed the door and jammed the gun against Janet’s temple.

“Wh-what have you done to her?” Janet was shaking in fear.

“Nothing. She’s just frozen. Watch.”

Lynn suddenly jumped to life.

“You are controlling it.” Janet hissed.

Lynn looked up from her work to see her handcuffed friend with a gun to her head.

“Where the hell did you come from?”

“Thin air,” I was having a sense of deja vue.

“What do you want? Put that gun down before you hurt someone.”

I tossed another pair of handcuffs on Lynn’s desk.

“Put them on before I have to hurt Janet here.”

“Why?”

“Because if you don’t, I’ll start making new holes in Janet. And if that doesn’t work, I’ll start making new holes in you. When you die, I’ll just find someone who doesn’t ask as many questions. ”

Janet spoke up, a little shakily, “Lynn, do what he says. It’s loaded. I have a bullet in my office ceiling.”

“God.” She began to put on the cuffs, same as Janet.

“Good. I knew you lawyers were smart.”

“You won’t get away with this.”

I ignored her and slowly moved Janet to an office chair. I removed her handcuffs.

“Hands back, behind the chair.”

“Let me go. Please.”

I wrapped her crossed wrists with rope and tied it off. Quickly crossed and tied her ankles together as well. At gunpoint, I moved Lynn away from her leather chair and forced her to lie face down on the carpet. Removing her handcuffs I had her put her hands

behind her back where I lashed them together. I lashed her ankles and knees and let her struggle with the ropes on the floor while I went to retrieve the other women.

When I arrived in the office next to Janet's, I released their cuffs. I recuffed Amy's hands behind her, to a little protest. I removed Christi's cuffs completely.

Christi asked, "You have her?"

"Yup and another. The other office is bigger."

I led the two nude ladies up to Lynn's office, watching their bare bodies as they climbed the internal stairs barefoot in front of me. I'd never tire of seeing these women walking in front of me nude.

I stopped them outside the office d oor.

"You sure you want to do this?"

Christi swallowed heavily. "It isn't permanent?"

"Nope. If you like, I can return them to their desks as soon as you are finished."

"Okay. I'd like to try."

I handed her the crop. "You know where everything else is."

"Too well. Probably better than you do."

I walked into the room first pulling Amy along a little unwillingly. Christi followed me into the office.

Chapter 31

I settled into the comfortable leather chair and pulled Amy down to sit in my lap. Her bound hands pressing into my abdomen between us. She sat stiffly for a moment, then shifted a bit and relaxed. At the moment nothing really being required of her.

Lynn found her tongue. “What the hell is going on here?” The two nudes probably had shaken her.

Janet’s voice came from the chair, “Lynn, he’s got us under his control. If you don’t want to get hurt, you might want to consider listening to him.” She sounded scared. I guess that was understandable considering that I’d just walked in like I owned the place with two nude girls in tow, like I owned them as well. I doubted very much whether either lawyer was keen on being owned.

I spoke up. “Actually, I’m just an observer. That girl there. I pointed. You may call her Mistress Christi, will be giving you your march ing orders. I’d suggest that you take her seriously. Just because she’s naked and you ain’t doesn’t mean that you should ignore her. Got it. This naked wench in my lap, you can refer to as Slave Amy.”

I felt Amy blush as I introduced her. Both lawyers mute ly nodded.

Christi walked around the office, inspecting the furniture. The decor. And finally the women, tied up. Lynn had her eyes closed. Christi began to work at the quick but secure knots that I had tied. Quickly freeing the woman.

“On your knees.”

“Please don’t do this.” The lawyer climbed from her prone position to kneel.

“I want you to crawl around the office. Twice. If you don’t move fast enough, I’ll give you a swat with this crop.” She showed Lynn the crop.

“Oh my God. Please.”

Christi came forward and gave Lynn a light stroke across the ass. The woman fell to her hands and knees and began to crawl. I have to admit, I was getting excited watching Christi, naked, forcing this woman to crawl in her business suit. Quite a contrast. Janet looked on in horror.

My hands began to lightly caress the bare body sitting in my lap. Amy squirmed a bit at first but decided that she had better let me do as I wanted if she didn’t want punishment. She finally sat still and just closed her eyes letting my fingers lightly touch her bare body.

Christi had given the crawling, miserable woman at least four strikes with the crop before she finished the second circuit of the room. I had watched, with a small smile on my face as I watched her hand steal to her crotch as s he followed the poor lawyer about the room.

Finally, she finished and allowed the woman to stop crawling.

“Okay. On your feet.”

“Please.” Lynn was breathing hard.

“Strip.”

“Oh please no.”

Christi walked over to Janet tied to the chair. She had learned a lo t from me. Don’t threaten the primary subject unless you want to punish her.

“Strip or every minute Janet gets another cropping.”

Christi had no watch, not being allowed even jewelry, but I glanced at mine. Christi swung the crop, hitting Janet across the cheek, not particularly hard. But the face is a terrible place to get cropped. Janet screamed mostly in surprise I suspect. The blow wasn't that hard, though a red mark across the cheek resulted. I was surprised that Christi would hit her in the face like that.

"Ahhhh. No. Not my face. Please, Lynn do what she says."

She had learned. Isolate the weaker of the two. Threaten her. The stronger one would take lashes until doomsday, but will generally break down if the weaker one is threatened. If your intent is to punish someone long and hard, then threaten the stronger one. I learned that with Jane and Elaine early on.

Lynn glared at Christi, and began to take off her suit. Jacket first.

"Did he make you do this?"

"If I told you, would you believe me?" Christi asked the disrobing woman.

"Please don't make me do this." The jacket fell to the floor.

"Shoes next." Lynn kicked off her shoes. "Nylons or pantyhose?"

Lynn looked bewildered.

"Are you wearing nylons or pantyhose?"

"Nylons."

"Off."

Lynn reached down and p ulled the thin socks off her feet. Standing barefoot in the middle of her office. Her face began to flush.

"Continue."

"All of it?"

"Yeah, so you are as naked as me. I don't like my slaves to have more clothes than I do."

"Please lady. You're a woman. Obviously he's controlling you. Come on. Don't make me do this. Did you want to strip the first time he made you?"

"I was naked when he took me. And use Mistress." I felt Amy shudder as she remembered her initial humiliation when I had made her strip for me.

"Huh?"

"Mistress, address me as Mistress instead of lady. Okay?"

"Okay. But please don't make me take off my clothes. Give me some dignity."

"Why?"

"You are a woman and you are asking me why?" She was incredulous.

"Come on, strip." She b rought the crop down cruelly across Janet's chin.

"Oh God. Please stop hitting her. I'm taking my clothes off. Please."

She began to remove her clothes. Pants first. Then blouse. The typical begging when she hit the bra/panties deal, but they eventually fe ll from her body, Janet taking another stroke to the tip of her nose. Lynn was quite attractive. Nice figure. Nice legs. Nice breasts.

Both women were now crying. I watched as Christi felt between her own legs again and shivered at her own touch. I was rem embering the first time I saw Christi. Naked and masturbating. When I took her. Maybe I'll make her do that in front of me again sometime.

"Crawl for me again."

"Please. I've already crawled. Not again."

Christi raised the crop and simply pressed it agains t Janet's face. Crying, Lynn fell to her bare knees and fell forward. I watched, rapt, as the crying female was forced to crawl around the room again. Her bare ass swinging, her breasts hanging below her body, swaying with her uncomfortable gait.

Janet watched in horror, as her now nude friend was forced to crawl. Tears in her eyes.

After Lynn had made her round of the room, Christi swept all the paper and pictures off the cluttered desk.

"Come here."

"Please no more." But Lynn crawled over to the desk.

"Lie across it. Face up."

Christi looked at me with pleading in her eyes.

"Sir, can I please use Amy?"

I considered. The naked girl in my lap shook her head wildly. I lifted the girl off my lap to stand in front of me. Meanwhile, Lynn was climbing onto the de sk, lying quietly hands at her sides.

I had Amy turn around and I unlocked one wrist. I put her hands in front of her and relocked her wrists together. She squirmed a bit, but knew she really had no choice. I pointed to Christi and Amy meekly walked over t o where she was standing.

"Amy, you know how to tie knots?"

"My hands are cuffed. But yes."

"Sir, her hands?"

"Stay bound."

"Can you tie a knot with your hands cuffed?"

She shook her head.

"Amy," I said, "remember the coffee table?" Terrified, she mutely nodded. "Do you want me to punish you for not cooperating?"

She gulped and looked back at the blonde mistress. "I'll try. I'll try my best."

Christi handed her some rope. "Tie Lynn to the desk. Okay? I'll fix whatever you can't do."

Tears began to form in Amy's eyes, but she bravely walked over to the desk and began to tie the nude lawyer to her desk as best she could.

Chapter 32

As Amy worked hard to secure Lynn to the desk, Christi wandered over to the o ther lawyer, Janet.

"Please let me go."

Christi just looked at the scared woman.

"Janet. I'm going to cut your clothing off now. I need you to cooperate or you might get cut. These scissors are sharp. Okay?"

Janet wailed. "Please no. Please."

Christi just moved forward with the scissors.

"Oh God. Please no. I'll strip for you. Please don't cut my clothes off."

I suspect that the woman realized that if her clothes were cut off her, then she wouldn't have anything. She would be naked and not even have anythin g to put back on. Assuming she was ever allowed clothing again. She would be completely stripped and not just her clothes.

Janet squirmed a bit, but Christi carefully cut the clothing from her body, starting at the top and working her way down. Finally, Ja net sat quietly, resigned that she couldn't do anything about this indignity and simply let Christi remove it. She even raised herself off the seat to let Christi remove skirt and panties.

By this time Amy had completed tying Lynn to the desk. Lynn pulled against the bonds but Amy had actually done a passable job, even with her own hands bound. After she was done tying up the other woman, she walked back over to me. I motioned for her to sit at my feet. She daintily curled herself up and sat quietly at my f eet watching the events in front of us.

Christi wandered over to me, and bent to my ear. She whispered to me, "I'm not sure what to do now. I'm used to having you direct me."

"You want me to tell you what to do with these women?"

"I don't quite know how to say this, but yes. I want to dominate them. I want to hurt them. But, I feel so guilty doing it."

I ran my fingers through her vaginal lips. She was sopping wet. She gasped at the touch.

"This is turning you on, isn't it."

She turned a little red, but nod ded.

"Okay, if I was you, I'd force Janet to make love to Lynn in front of you. Neither one is going to want to do it, but Lynn will probably resist more. For me, I'd break Lynn using the crop on her. She looks fun to punish. Make her beg to have Janet bet ween her legs. Janet won't last long watching her friend tortured."

"Oh God. You mean like what you just did to me and Jane? Hit her until she orgasms?" Just the thought of it was making Christi shake.

"Something like that. But it's up to you. Be creative. This is probably your only chance. You're the mistress."

Christi gave me a quick kiss on the cheek and then walked back beside the bound woman in the chair.

She looked at the shaking woman. "Janet, have you ever made love to a woman before?"

“Oh God. Please no. I’m straight. Never. I can’t. Please don’t make me make love to you. God. Please.”

“Relax. I’m not going to make you make love to me. Not yet anyway.”

“Oh thank-you.”

“But, I do want to see you make love to Lynn.”

Lynn, outraged, yelled, “Never. Don’t let her Janet.”

Christi leveled a glare at the bound woman. “Who asked you?”

“Never. She’ll resist you. I’ll resist you.”

Christi walked over to Lynn. This was playing right into her hands. She reached down and ran her fingernail over Lynn’s bare right nipple. Lynn squirmed.

“You don’t like women touching your body?”

Lynn just moaned and pulled against the ropes holding her. For my part, I was surprised that Christi had done that. She had always seemed so oppose d to lesbian contact, apart from touching her own body. And I wouldn’t count that as lesbian contact. Simple masturbation. I guess, she was willing to do it to further her own ends.

“Your body likes it.” Her right nipple had risen to attention.

“Goddamn you. You damn well know that they react to any touch.”

“So you won’t enjoy Janet? Hmmmm?”

“Of course not. I’m not like you. I’m straight.”

Christi slapped her face and leaned in and hissed in her face.

“You are the only gender *he’ll* let me have. I wanted a guy.”

Lynn, frightened, began to realize the position she was in. “I’m sorry. I didn’t mean ...” It was beginning to dawn on her that maybe I was controlling this, but she maybe shouldn’t be pissing off Christi either.

“Beg to let Janet fuck you.”

“You are crazy. Never.”

Christi wandered back to the pack and fished out a ball gag, returning to Lynn. She pressed it against her mouth but Lynn wouldn’t open it. Like with Dave, Christi had already figured out how to get a person to open their mouth. I watched in fascination as this woman calmly reached out and began caressing Lynn’s nipple. Lynn stiffened but refused to open her mouth. Suddenly, I watched as Christi’s nails dug into the base of Lynn’s nipple, cruelly twisting it. Lynn let out a surprised yelp a nd as she opened her mouth, Christi slipped the ball behind her teeth, silencing her. She quickly tied off the gag while Lynn struggled to push it out of her mouth with her tongue. Unsuccessfully.

Christi walked around the bound woman, and finally ended up beside her.

“Now, where shall I hit her?”

Lynn’s eyes widened and tried to say something around the gag.

Janet spoke up from her chair. “Please don’t hurt her. I’ll do what you want. I’ll make l-love to her. Just don’t hurt her. It isn’t necessary.”

Christi looked at Janet. “Janet, I am going to hurt her. Nothing you can do about that.” She pointing with the crop. “Her thighs, her stomach, or her breasts. You choose.”

“Excuse me?”

“Where shall I hit her with this thing? Her thighs, her stomach or her breasts?”

Lynn was really pulling against the ropes.

Janet collapsed crying. “God. Please. I can’t choose that. Please don’t hurt her.” She’d felt light blows on her face earlier. She knew exactly how much it was going to hurt in any of those places.

“Choose.”

“Please. God. No.”

“Never mind. I’ll choose the breasts.”

“Oh God. Please no. Not there. She’ll die if you hit her there. Do you have any idea how much that is going to hurt?”

Christi remarked, “Actually, I’ve never felt this thing.” But I could see on her face that she remembered seeing Jane feel it against her breasts. Twice.

“Please, it will kill her. Hit her thighs. Please. Hit her thighs.”

“You had your chance to choose and you wouldn’t.”

Muffled cries from Lynn.

“Please. Don’t hit her breasts.”

“Beg.”

“What?”

“Beg to be allowed to choose where I hit her.”

“Oh my God. All right. Please let me choose where to hit her. God. Please.”

“Where.”

“Her thighs. Please hit her thighs. Not her tits.”

Christi raised the evil whip and Janet braced herself even though she wasn’t the one about to hurt like hell had descended on her. Christi dropped the crop hard against Lynn’s bound thighs. I heard the scream right through the gag. Tears welled up in Lynn’s e yes, but they still looked so defiant. Christi was going to have to have a lot of resolve to break this woman. Janet was already broken.

Christi allowed the bound, gagged woman to settle down. She looked at Janet tied securely in the chair.

“I’m going to whip your friend here. Ten times, alternating from thighs to stomach to breasts. Once every minute. Now, I want you to count for me. I lose track easily. If you forget, we start again. Understand.”

“Oh God. Please no. You’ll kill her. Please you don’t have to hurt her. She’ll do what you want. I can’t watch this.”

Muffled protests from Lynn. Lynn shaking her head.

Christi, brought the crop down on Lynn’s stomach. Even I could tell that it wasn’t a light stroke. Lynn screamed through her gag as a red welt for med across her bare stomach. She convulsed straining every muscle to get free and protect herself. The ropes held. I thought to myself, better save your strength lady if she’s going to whip your breasts as well.

Janet, sobbing in her chair just watched out of dull eyes.

Christi, almost talking to herself, “Hmmmm. I lost track.” She brought the crop down again, this time hard against the bottom of both Lynn’s ample breasts. The woman beneath the crop screamed behind the gag, trying to move away. Anything to stop the pain. I could hear her begin to beg behind the ball. Tears falling without shame from her eyes.

Janet snapped back to reality, remembering that she was supposed to count. Through her crying she managed to choke out, “Oh God. Please. I can’t do thi s. One. Christ. One. Please stop hitting her.”

A minute passed, Lynn finally had settled down, the initial pain in her breasts fading a little.

Christi brought the crop down again. This time on Lynn’s thighs. Another wail muffled by the gag.

Janet, completely defeated just mumbled, “Two.”

For the next eight minutes this went on. Lynn screaming, welts appearing on her body as the crop fell. Christi wasn’t pulling the strength behind the strokes. I was almost thinking that Lynn was going to pass out fr om the pain. Especially when the crop fell on her bare breasts. She wasn’t nearly as strong as Jane.

Janet’s voice fell into a defeated monotone. Crying and counting as the blows rained down on Lynn’s bare body. Once every minute or so.

Finally, Janet, alm ost choking on her tears, pleading. “Please no more. She can’t take any more. God. Please. I’ll do anything you want.”

Christi reached forward and released the gag from Lynn’s mouth. She just lay there sucking in air. Gasping.

Christi spoke to Lynn. “I kno w it hurts. But you have to bear with me. Just two more. I don’t think Janet can count anymore.” She was just hanging in her bonds sobbing. “I’ll give you the choice on one of the last two. But you have to count. Don’t miss, or I’ll have to start all over. I lose track easily.”

“Oh God. Please no. I can’t take anymore. My body. I’ll do whatever you want. Just no more with that thing. It hurts so much.”

“I know. Where?”

“Where what?”

“Where do you want the ninth?”

“Oh God. You can’t make me choose.”

“I can make you beg, if you’d prefer.”

“Oh God. Please no more.”

“Where?”

“Please. My thighs. Hit me there if you must.” She picked the part of her body where it would hurt the least. I wasn’t too surprised.

Christi brought the crop down extra hard against her thi ghs, crossing the red welts that were already there.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Jesus. I want to die. Please. God. No more. Please have mercy. It hurts so much. Argh.”

Christi, I have to give her credit, just looked at the shaken woman. Giving her a chance. I wouldn’t have given her that second chance. Finally, Lynn opened her eyes and realized.

“Oh shit. Nine. Please don’t start over. I can’t take that. Please god. Make her stop. Nine. Please.” Pitifully begging.

Christi just smiled and said, “About time. You almost earned yourself another ten.”

“Oh good god. I’d die. I couldn’t take that. Thank -you. Thank-you.” Lynn realized just how close she had come.

“Now, my choice for the last one.”

“Please not the tits. I can’t take that. God, have mercy. Please no m ore.”

“The nipples. I think that looks like a good target.” I had noticed earlier that she’d purposely just hit the flesh of Lynn’s breasts before this. Avoiding the nipples.

“Oh God. No. I’ll do what you want. I’ll have sex with Janet. I’ll enjoy it. I’ll crawl forever for you. You can hit me ten times on the thighs or stomach. The ass. Anything. But not on the nipples. Have mercy. You have nipples. Please. You must know how much that will hurt. Please. God. Jesus. Nooooo.”

Christi raised the crop and care fully aimed at the nipples. Lynn had no choice but to lie there and take the stroke.

“Ahhhhhh. Argh. You bitch. I’ll kill you. Ahhhhhhhhhhhh. Please, god. Make her stop. Please. You must have torn them from my tits. Shit. That HURTS. Oh Christ, my tits.”

Lynn collapsed into moaning. If her hands were free she would have been cradling her breasts. As it was she could only lay back and let the pain from her nipples wash over her, moaning, and sobbing.

Christi settled herself back into the leather chair. And waited for the pain to begin to settle to a tolerable level. The bound woman now quietly sobbing, unable to comfort herself.

Finally, after a few minutes, she spoke. “You ready for more?”

“Please. I’ll do anything. Just stop hitting me. I’ll crawl for you. ”

“You’ll make love for me?”

“Yes. Please don’t make me do that. I’ll have sex with Janet.” She babbled.

“Beg to have sex with Janet.”

“Good Christ. Please let me have sex with Janet. Forgive me. Please let her fuck me. You bitch. You whore. I’ll do it. Ju st no more on the tits.”

“You’ll enjoy it.”

“No, I won’t fucking enjoy it.”

“You better figure out how, because if I don’t see a pretty convincing orgasm, I’ll just starting hitting your breasts again until you do.”

“You are a monster. I can’t climax. Don’ t ask me to. Please.”

“If you are going to fake it, it had better be good.”

“Please don’t make me ... us ... do this.”

“You’ll have five minutes. You don’t orgasm by then, I’ll just start having to convince you.”

“Please no more. I can’t take any more. I h urt.”

Christi had walked over to Janet and begun to untie her. Not her wrists, but she released the ropes holding her to the chair and her ankles. Forcing her to her feet. Janet resisted a bit, but allowed herself to be guided to the end of the desk.

“Please don’t make me do this,” she looked to me for help.

“Out of my hands,” I just shrugged.

I bent down to Amy and whispered in her ear. She jumped. I think that she had thought that I had forgotten about her. “You ever give head?”

She looked up at me, plead ing in her eyes. “Please don’t make me get involved. I’m not a lesbian. Please.”

Cruelly, “You certainly came hard enough when Christi was licking you.”

“God. Please.”

“I’m not asking if you’ve given a woman oral sex. A guy. Your boyfriend?”

A bit confused, she nodded.

“Any good at it?”

She shrugged.

I stood up and lowered my pants just enough to let myself fall free. Amy’s eyes widened.

“Please no.”

“Would you rather go play with Christi?”

“Please. I’ll suck you.” Pulling against her cuffed wrists.

I sat back down and Amy, resigned climbed to her knees and settled between my legs. I felt her soft lips as they engulfed my penis. Her tongue gently caressing the sensitive organ. Tears falling from her eyes.

Christi glanced over and saw what was going on . I thought I saw her give me a surprised and hurt look, but continued getting the lawyers ready to have sex.

I whispered to Amy, “Not too fast. I don’t want to come yet. Just get me ready.” She mumbled something that felt amazing around the cock in her mo uth, but slowed down the pace just slowly bobbing her mouth up and down on me. She looked up at my face, tears running down her face, and pleaded with her eyes as she ran her mouth down the length of me again. I ignored the begging of the woman in my lap a nd I watched the scene in front of me and enjoyed the sensations that her soft mouth imparted however unwillingly.

Lynn was begging Christi to stop the scene.

“Please, Lady ... er ... Mistress, please don’t make her do this.”

Janet lowered her head and ten tatively stuck out her tongue, running it up Lynn’s outer lips. Grimacing.

“Look like you are enjoying it.”

“Please.”

Christi, without warning brought the crop down against Lynn’s sore breasts again. Just above the nipples.

“Ahhhhhh. Christ. Okay. Please. No more. My tits. Oh Christ. My tits.”

Lynn closed her eyes and began to move her body as much as the ropes would let her. Pretending to moan. Grinding her body against Janet’s tongue.

Christi, moved to the foot of the table and gave Janet a stripe across her back. Janet screamed in pain.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Jesus. OwOwowowowwo. Oh God. Please. I’m doing what you want. Please don’t hit me. God. Please. I’ll do it better.”

She bent down and began using her tongue with a little more enthusiasm. Lynn moaning in pain and trying to pretend she liked it.

Christi moved back to Lynn’s breasts and without saying a word, brought the thing down, catching the left nipple and the right breast.

The convulsion of Lynn almost knocked Janet away, but she managed to stay on he r knees and continue her task.

“Ahhhhhh. Jesus. What the hell was that for? Oh God. My breasts. Hurt. Please no more. I’ll do what you want. Anything.”

Christi looked down at the tortured woman and simple said, “Enjoy Janet. Have fun. When you orgasm, I’ll leave you be.”

“How can you expect me to orgasm with you hitting my tits? They hurt. I’m in pain. Please.”

“Concentrate.”

I have no idea what she concentrated on, but she was soon moaning with realistic sounds. Eyes closed. Janet continued to work on her friend, trying to ignore what she was being forced to do. Hands roped behind her back. Naked, on her knees. Moaning a bit herself.

Christi, satisfied with the performance, began to run her own fingers lightly between the light hair between her own legs. Ey es intently watching the forced sex in front of her.

The lips and tongue of the bound girl in front of me, causing me to lose attention. I lifted her head, gently by the hair, trying not to hurt her. “Slower, okay?”

Tears streaked her face. She nodded and lowered her head again to take me back into her mouth.

Finally, I watched as Lynn began to tense in her ropes. As her body crashed through the climax, she cried out and pulled against the ropes. Shaking. If it was faked, it was a really good fake.

When she was done, Christi allowed Janet to pull away from her friend and kneel quietly on the floor. Both women crying softly.

Christi walked over to me, a smile on her face. It faded a bit seeing Amy giving me head, but she leaned close.

“You finished wi th them?”

“I guess. I’m at a loss at what else to subject them to.”

“That’s okay. I think you’ve put them through enough.”

“Time to go?”

“One more thing.”

“What?”

“Masturbate.”

“What?”

“Lie down on the floor and masturbate for me.”

“Please no. Not in front of everyone.”

“Christi.”

“God. Okay.”

She lay back on the carpet, right in front of Janet’s kneeling body and began to run her hands up and down her own body. Pinching at her nipples, running her hands through her light pubic hair. It looked a bit mechani cal to me.

“Christi.”

She opened her eyes. “You know how you just made Lynn enjoy herself?”

“Yes.”

“If you don’t do this right, I’ll have you up on that desk and I’ll let her whip you until you masturbate properly. I’m making a wild guess that Lynn would l ove to get even for that thrashing you gave her.”

“Please no.”

“Continue.”

This time, she realized the danger she was in. She began to really get into it. Closed her eyes again and began to react to her own long fingers softly caressing herself.

Remembering the torment of Lynn. Finally, pressing her fingers into herself. Touching her clitoris, moaning. Finally crying out, spent. Her body tensing. Spasming. Climaxing in front of me and the women she had just tormented. Crying afterwards.

I gently pulled Amy's head away from my penis, letting her finally sit down curled up at my feet.

Without me even asking her, Christi crawled forward and took Amy's place. Still crying softly and breathing hard from her climax. Her soft mouth engulfing me. Her hands lightly stroking, playing with me. I was ready and within minutes of her attention, she felt me press her head down, my penis slipping into her throat, spasming. I let my come fall into her mouth and throat; her swallowing frantically. Finally, spent, I released her blonde hair allowing her to rise.

Smiling, she licked her lips and rose to pad naked around the room, gathered the ropes, gags and other playthings into the pack.

She approached me with a pair of handcuffs, turning her back and holding her wrists behind her. I slipped the handcuffs on her.

I concentrated on the time continuum and released Janet and Lynn from our timeline. They snapped back to their original positions. Not tortured. Not naked. Not crying in humiliation and shame. Having no idea of what the y were forced to do while time stood still.

I gathered up Christi, still breathing hard. Had her carry the pack. Catching Amy's arm, we all walked out of Lynn's office. The two nude beauties walking quietly and comfortably down the stairs back out the world below.

Chapter 33

We walked back to the hotel through the crowded streets. Christi and Amy walking together about twenty feet ahead. Dodging frozen pedestrians, quietly talking. I doubt very much if Amy quite realized what just happened. She probably thought that I had forced Christi to play with those two women. I was content to leave it that way, even though the truth was far more interesting.

I was considering my next adventure while the barefoot girls cont inued up ahead.

The two girls and I eventually arrived back at the hotel. I watched the beauties as they climbed the fire stairs ahead of me. I quieted the chatter from the bound girls as we entered the room. We had been gone a long time, and Liz's head ha d fallen forward onto her chest, quietly sleeping in her chair. Her wrists and ankles stopping her from falling out of it.

Putting my finger to my lips, I motioned Christi and Amy to sit on the couch and not disturb Liz. I flicked off the TV and VCR which were still playing some scenes from the bondage flick. As I turned it off, a woman was hanging by her ankles in a barn. Another woman was approaching, but that scene winked out as I pressed the stop button on the VCR. I idly wondered how many times Liz had had to watch the movie before falling asleep.

I walked back to the bedroom where I'd left Jane bound to the bed. I quietly opened the door and stepped in. Old habit, I caught myself almost knocking on the door before I entered. I smiled to myself as I low ered my hand. What? I was going to give her a chance to get decent? A chance to ask me not to come in? That she was dressing? In the end, I simply walked in. Jane didn't have those kinds of freedoms any more. She was just my naked slave, currently bound ha nd and foot to the bed.

As I entered, and shut the door, I watched her. She was still asleep. I watched her eyes, moving rapidly beneath their lids. Probably dreaming. A tear formed and slowly slid down her cheek, her wrists and ankles pulling weakly again st the ropes in her sleep.

I watched her for a few minutes, then moved over to the bed and sat beside her nude form. I began to gently untie her ankles. I must have woken her, because as I turned away from her bare feet, to begin to untie her hands, she ha d her eyes open watching me. I continued and soon the ropes had been removed from her wrists and ankles, indents still visible against her pale skin. She held her position voluntarily. Not quite sure if she would be punished for lowering her hands and brin ging her legs together. I could see in her eyes, that she really wanted to collapse herself from the spread -eagle position, but she held it. She lay there quietly, waiting for me to speak.

"Had a nice sleep?" I asked her kindly.

"I guess. Would have been b etter without the ropes."

"You were dreaming."

"I was?"

"Yeah, you were crying in your sleep. Pulling against the ropes."

"You'd cry and pull against the ropes too if you were in my position."

"What were you dreaming about?"

I could see it in her eyes. A q uick darting of the eyes. She was lying as she said, "I don't recall."

"Jane. You're lying. What were you dreaming about?"

"Please. I can't tell you."

I picked up the crop that was still sitting on the bedside table. Idly smacked it against my palm. Even that hurt my hand, I couldn't imagine the agony of this thing hitting bare breasts.

"Oh God. Please."

"Your dream."

"What will you do to me if I don't tell you."

"Jane. You don't want to know this. It would be a lot easier to tell me about your dream."

"Please."

"Alright. I'll force you to hold this spread eagle position, without the benefit of ropes, and start to whip your thighs, hard, until you beg me to tell me about your dream. And God help you if you forget."

"I only remember bits and pieces. I remember that my sister was whipping me. You forced her to whip me. I think I was tied to a tree. I was so hot and I was so embarrassed. Begging for you to fuck me. Begging for her to fuck me. Anything to stop the pain. But you wouldn't let me go. You wouldn't let me come. Nothing. Please. I can't remember anything else."

"Quite a vivid dream."

"I only wish it will stay a dream. Please don't make me act it out outside of my dream. Please. Leave my family alone. You can tie me to a tree. Whip me, forever. Tease me. I don't care. Just please. Not my sister. Please."

She was smart enough to know that this dream may give me ideas. But she didn't change it. She could have reasonably changed the sister detail and I would never have known. I reached down between her legs and ran my finger up between the outer lips. She tensed and gasped softly as my finger traced over her clitoris. But she didn't move. She was extremely wet. Her face flushed as she realized that I could tell that her body was betraying her again.

"Janey, I promised not to involve your family anymore. Unless you don't hold up your end of the bargain. You have been a good girl, mostly, so far. Don't worry about it. By the way, you don't have to hold that position for me, you know. Though it does look nice."

Relief. She pulled her reaching hands down to her sides and slowly moved her legs to a more comfortable position. I could see the effort on her face as she curled herself up and shifted onto her side to look at me. She'd been forced to hold the spread-eagled position for a long time. I guess her muscles had cramped a bit or something.

"Where did you go?"

"Go?"

"I woke up sometime, a few hours ago, I guess. And you weren't around. I tried calling out, and heard Liz from the living room telling me that you took Christi and Amy and went out. That you'd be back soon to untie us."

"I see. We went for some fun with lawyers."

Jane looked at me. "Female lawyers, I'll bet. Did they have fun?"

"I don't think so. But I also don't think that they will remember anything about it."

"You returned them?"

I nodded.

"Good."

"Well, time to get up. Christi and Amy are tired, so I thought that you and I could go have some fun."

Jane sighed but stretched her body and moved it around to sit on the bed. She closed her eyes and stood. I showed her the handcuffs.

"Please. No. I swear I won't do anything. I'll be good. I don't need to be bound. I won't attack you. I ... please ... I've been tied up so long."

"Jane. I won't tighten them. You'll be comfor table enough."

"Oh God. Please no. You don't have to."

I turned the bare girl to face me. Looked into her face.

"Jane. I know I don't have to. I know that you will behave yourself. It isn't that."

"No?"

"No. I just like to see you, naked and handcuffed."

"Alright. You are going to do as you please anyway. Just not tight. OK? Please?"

"Turn around."

Jane slowly turned her back to me. I watched as she tensed, but held her wrists behind her back. I didn't quite know why she was resisting this time. But eventua lly she obeyed. I slipped the steel bands around her slender wrists and ratcheted them closed. Not tightly, but securely. I prodded her in the ribs and got her moving forwards ahead of me. She walked slowly out into the living room. She had been alone for so long, perhaps she was beginning to feel self-conscious about her nudity again. After this long I would have expected her to be pretty used to being nude. But, then again, I've never been in such a position. I really don't have any idea how these girls w ould feel being in their position.

We made it out to the living area where the other girls were sitting quietly. Liz was still asleep in the chair I'd bound her in.

I left Jane standing in the hallway and walked over to Liz. I gently shook her until she opened her eyes. She balefully looked at me and tried to move. The bonds held her bare body still and she just groaned. I walked back to Jane and announced to the other women,

"Jane and I are going out for a while. You'll all be OK?"

Liz spoke up. "Can I p lease released from this chair. I'm getting sore."

Jane leaned forward and whispered in my ear, "Please. I know what it is like to be tied up in the same position for hours. Your muscles start cramping and aching. It is so uncomfortable. Her body was meant to move around. Not bound into the same position for hours. Not being able to shift your weight. Unless you are purposely punishing her for something ..." Jane gave me a quick peck on the cheek, standing on her tiptoes.

I relented. I walked to where Liz w as sitting and checked behind her chair. Her hands were still cuffed behind her, though I had run a rope holding her wrists down to the bottom of the chair.

I turned to Christi and Amy, sitting quietly on the couch.

"How about if I let you two release her? "

"But our hands." Christi moved her hands to the side, still handcuffed behind her back to show me the problem.

"Yeah, so it will be a challenge. It will give you something to do, while were gone. I'll let you untie Liz, if you can. Fair enough?" Between the two of them, they ought to

be able to get her free of the chair. Even with their hands bound behind their backs. If not, I guess Liz would be uncomfortable for the next few hours.

I wandered back to Jane, handed her the pack of bondage equipment into h er bound fingers, and placing my hand on her bare arm, guided her out of the suite, past Amy's mostly frozen father and into the hallway.

Chapter 34

Jane was fairly quiet on the trip down to the street. She moved slowly, but that was probably just due to a little stiffness from her sore breasts and muscle stiffness from being tied up on the bed for so long.

As soon as we stepped out into the sunshine, Jane brightened considerably and we began walking. I didn't have a particular destination in mind, but I w anted to find a shopping concourse. Most of the buildings downtown had such malls underneath them.

After walking for about fifteen minutes, Jane slowed down and ended up walking beside me. She looked up at me, "Please, can we talk while we walk?"

I just nodded. I didn't like to talk to the girls every time they wanted to; it kept them off balance. But this time I made an exception.

"What's up?"

"Can I ask how long you are going to keep this up?"

"What?"

"How long I'm going to be your slave? The others?"

"Until I'm tired of you."

She changed tacks. "Where are we going?"

"If I told you that, then you wouldn't be surprised, now would you?"

"I don't like surprises. Especially, yours."

"You don't have a choice."

"I know, I'm just a dumb slave. I don't count. Why do you like to treat women like this? We are people too, you know."

"In this reality, actually you aren't. You are whatever I want you to be. Because if you don't I can force you to. And I can't get caught. There's no authority but me to appeal to."

"Oh God. Are you ever going to let us wear clothes again? Not make us wear these things?" She rattled the chain on her handcuffs.

"Probably not."

"Oh God. So the whole of the female species are essentially your slaves. No choice."

I nodded.

"Why do you get off on hurting us?"

"Why do you get hot when I hurt you?"

Tears formed briefly, but I watched as she willed them away. Wasn't often that she was allowed to talk to me when she wasn't begging for something. Better not to waste it with tears.

"I-I don't know. My body betrays me. You know that in my head I hate it."

"I know. Well, maybe my mind feels a little guilty about subjugating girls the way I am. But I also know that my body really likes it. It's weird. In a way, its worse for me. I choose to do the monstrous things I do. I direct it. You don't have a choice. I force you to do everything. If you enjoy it, it's just a side effect. You didn't exactly go out and ask me to whip and torment you."

She lapsed into silence. And we just walked together. Her nake d and in cuffs. Me, fully clothed and relaxed.

"She likes you, you know?"

"Huh?" The change of conversation completely threw me. Females like to change direction without warning. Something I noticed far before I began the time experiments. Nothing, not even becoming a naked sex slave could cure the female of the species of this trait. I guess I'll just have to live with it.

"Christi. She really likes you. I have no idea why. The way you force her to do so many degrading things. But she is beginning to fall for you."

"What? You have to be joking." Actually, I had kind of noticed the jealous way she had begun to look at me, and other little things. I had no doubt that Jane was telling me the truth. She was a perceptive little one.

"She told me, this morning. When we got up. We talked for quite some time before we decided to untie me to make breakfast. She told me then."

I was at a loss. I just swallowed.

Jane continued. "You should really release her, you know. It's one thing to mess with our bodies. Keep us naked. In chains. Degrade us for your pleasure. I know she doesn't enjoy that. I don't think any of us do. But you are beginning to mess with her emotions. I can't believe that you care about any of us. We are just naked, obedient, little slave girls to you. Christi included. And if you can't, or won't return any of the love that she is about to give to you, then you ought to release her. That is far crueler than tying me up and beating my boobs for hours. Even though that has cost me part of myself, you are causing her to fall in love with her tormentor. Makes no sense to me, but love is a strange thing sometimes. If you'd told me that my body would like pain in a sexual way a day ago, I would have laughed my ass off. Now, I'm crying, struggling with the reality of it. It's her mind you are going to cause pain. Not playing fair. Please."

"I'll think about it. Okay?"

There was moisture in her eyes, and I pressed my finger to her lips. She obediently shushed and walked along beside me in silence.

Finally, I turned into an underground mall. Full of frozen shoppers. Jane obediently followed me in. We walked the length of the concourse, me watching the shoppers. Jane just walking along beside me.

In the middle of the concourse, I spotted three young women. Professionals. Maybe out to buy coffee and muffins. Who knows? Looked to be early twenties. I pointed them out to Jane. They were grouped together at a railing, talking by the look of it, before I stopped the world.

"What do you think?"

"What am I supposed to think? They're pretty."

"How would you like to have sex with them?"

"Oh God. Please no."

"How would you like to hurt them, then?"

"Please not that. I'd rather have sex with them. Anything."

"How about if I have them make love to you?"

"Better that than making me hit them. Please don't make me do anything."

"How about if I make them hit you?"

"Oh God. Please." She was shaking.

"Relax. Depending on how good you are, you may not have to do anything. Okay?" I released the handcuffs from her wrists. She stopped shaking, mutely nodded and just

stood, barefoot, in the middle of the mall rubbing her freed wrists. “Now just stand there quietly. I mean it this time.”

I walked up to the taller of the women at the railing. I concentrated, and freed her from the time freeze. Her mouth worked as though to continue talking, but her words died on her lips as she realized that things just weren’t right. Her large eyes opened widely and she let out a little yelp. She slowly turned around looking around at the frozen world. The fountain stopped in midair. Her friends, frozen beside her. I watched as her eyes found Jane, naked and still rubbing her wrists and then picked up my face as I stood in front of her. She looked at me, still reasonably calm.

“What is going on?” she asked me.

“World’s stopped.”

“Why aren’t we?” She was beginning to get a little nervous.

“I’m controlling it.”

“What? Who’s the naked girl over there?”

“That’s Jane. Come here Jane.”

Jane padded over to our little group.

“Why is she nude?”

“She likes being naked, and in this frozen world, there isn’t any point to clothing.”

“You are wearing clothes.”

“Yeah, but I’m not a girl.”

“Oh. What do you want? How do we restart the world?”

Jane spoke up. “He’ll restart the world when he wants to.”

Comprehension began to dawn on the woman in front of me. Nude woman. I’m somehow controlling the freeze. I saw the danger flags begin to form.

“What do you want from me?” her eyes darting about for an escape route.

Jane spoke up. “What’s your name?”

“Ashley. What does he want?”

“Ashley, you have to listen to me. Okay? This guy is nuts. He has a gun. He isn’t afraid to use it. I’ve watched him kill someone with it. It’s real. Okay?” I never killed anyone yet, but maybe she was just trying to spare this woman by frightening her. “You have to do whatever he says. He’s going to ask you to strip. He’s going to ask you to do things that you never would imagine. He might even hurt you. But, believe me. Whatever you refuse to do, you *will* eventually do. Only it’ll be ten times worse.”

“Please no. Why me? Please just let me go.”

“He won’t let you go until you have done everything he wants.”

At the words, Ashley began to run. She darted out behind her friends and began to run down the corridor. I let her run for a minute, she got a few hundred meters down the mall before I slowly began to slow her down. I guess she could feel the time dilation as she ran. She let out small cry as she felt herself slowing down until she was practically not moving.

Jane muttered, “I tried that once. So that is what it looked like. Christ, we really can’t get away, can we?”

I ignored Jane and walked up to Ashley. I walked in front of her and pulled out the gun. Looks like I needed it. For some reason, these girls needed to see the gun. Needed to see the danger before they’d listen.

I released the poor woman from the time dilation. She stumbled forward from the slow time region and fell at my feet. She began to cry as she realized that I was there. And I had the gun pointed at her. She sobbed on the floor until I reached down to lift her by the arm.

At gunpoint, I walked her back to her friends and the nude Jane.

"Now, Ashley, we can do this the hard way, or the easy way. You can strip for me, yourself, or I can tie you up and cut your clothes off. I'm going to forgive you that little run, as long as you don't do anything stupid again."

Ashley, still crying, just nodded.

"Stop crying."

Ashley stood up straight and really tried to stop. She did manage to stop shaking, but tears still rolled silently down her face.

"Which. Strip? Or be stripped?"

Jane spoke. "Honey, I'd recommend just stripping for him. More comfortable than having your clothes cut off."

Ashley tried again. "You can't get away with this. Please. Don't make me take off my clothes. Please don't rape me."

She thought she was about to be raped. A common reaction. The first thing a woman's mind goes to at gunpoint. Natural, I guess.

"Ashley, I'm not going to rape you. If I want to have sex wit h someone, I could have just used Jane. She's naked as well. You won't be alone."

"Then why do you want my clothes off?"

Jane answered for me. "He likes women naked. He's a guy. Don't worry, Ashley, if he said he won't rape you, he won't. I'm the one that has to worry about that. Come on, let's get those clothes off you. You need help?"

Ashley turned to Jane. "Has ... has ... he raped you yet? Has he hurt you?"

"Ashley, he hasn't raped me." Jane then lied on one count. "And he hasn't hurt me either." A furt ive look at her striped bare breasts that Ashley completely missed in her misery.

Ashley looked at the gun again and her hands shaking, she began to unbutton her jacket. "Please don't make me do this."

I just watched as the shaking woman disrobed. Unlike t he other women I've had strip for me, she didn't hesitate at her underwear. Once started, she just took off all her clothes. Soon, she was standing gloriously nude in front of me and Jane. Her face was flushed, in embarrassment, and she tried to cover the breasts with her hands. She stood there crying while I tried to decide what to do with her.

Chapter 35

I looked at Ashley and she looked back at me. I'd seen that defiant look before. Mostly on Jane.

"Now, Ashley. I'm not going to hurt you now, but I need to tie you up."

"Good god, why?"

"I need you out of the way."

Comprehension crossed her face. "You are going to unfreeze my friends too, aren't you?"

"Ashley, I'm not going to lie to you. I am going to unfreeze them as well."

"You won't hurt them, either? "

I decided to lie. "No. I won't hurt them or you, unless you don't behave."

"Oh God. How do you want to tie me up? God, this is so humiliating."

"Jane will tie you to the railing behind you."

"Please, god, please this isn't happening."

Jane padded over and fished some cord out of the equipment pack. Ashley didn't resist as Jane tied her wrists apart to the railing. Ashley's back pressed up against the rail. Her wrists outstretched. She looked good.

Jane spread her legs apart and lashed her ankles to the bottom rail and then stood. I checked the knots, running my fingers over Ashley's smooth skin. She shuddered, and pulled against the bonds, but she was held firmly to the railing.

I looked into the bound girl's face. "Who are your friends?"

"Huh?"

"I want to know their names before I unfreeze them."

"Please don't hurt them."

"Ashley?"

"The blonde is Evelyn, and the brunette is Lisa."

"Thank-you."

I leaned back on the railing, against Ashley's tied arm and casually placed the muzzle of the gun lightly against Ashley's bare ribs. Just under her bustline. She shuddered and cried out at the touch of the cold metal, but just stood in her bonds shaking.

I concentrated and suddenly her friends were free of the time lock. The conversation died on their lips as they noticed me and Ashley. They hadn't seen Jane behind them yet. Their eyes opened wide and the one named Lisa nearly fainted.

"What the *fuck* is going on here?" Evelyn managed to get out of her lips.

Ashley answered for me. "Evelyn, he's got a gun. Please do what he says."

Evelyn looked around the mall, noticing all the frozen people. Finally seeing Jane. She gasped.

"What the hell do you want?" she asked me.

Ashley, again answered for me. "Evelyn. He wants us. Just do what he says. I don't want to die."

Evelyn's and Lisa's eyes both traveled down the gun I was holding against Ashley's bare ribs.

"Strip. Both of you."

Evelyn and Lisa both hesitated. Their eye's still showing their confusion.

Jane spoke up, just as I jammed the gun cruelly into Ashley's e xposed ribs. Ashley, cried out from the surprise and pain. "Evelyn? Lisa? I really would do what he says. He will happily kill Ashley in front of you. You don't want that. Please. God. Please just do what he says."

Evelyn just mouthed the word to Jane, "Wh y?"

Her hands began to remove her suit. Not understanding what was going on, but seeing their friend with her clothes strewn about the floor, Jane naked, had convinced them that it might be best to just take them off.

Soon, both women were nude, standing i n the mall. Lisa hadn't hesitated at the bra and panties. Evelyn, not wearing a bra was bare chested much earlier. But she slowed down as she stood in her pantyhose and panties. She was wearing her panties over top of the hose.

"Please don't make me take o ff the panties. God, haven't you seen enough."

Jane answered, "Evelyn. Look at me. Look at Ashley. Look at Lisa. Do you think he's going to let you get away with wearing anything?"

Evelyn, beginning to cry, began to remove her panties. They slipped down her legs and she was standing in just her black pantyhose tights. I stopped her.

"Evelyn, you can keep those things on. They look kind of good on you." The things didn't leave much to the ima gination anyway. Jane just looked at me quizzically. I hadn't allowed any woman any clothing at all prior to this. Not even shoes.

I ignored Jane as Evelyn spoke up, "Now what? You rape us?"

"Good god, no."

Both Evelyn and Lisa looked surprised by that. I felt Ashley squirm under the gun, but kept quiet.

"We are going to have some fun."

They all looked leery at this.

"Wh-what kind of fun?"

"Well, for starters, Jane is going to tie you all up."

"Why?", the first words from Lisa.

"We are going to have a littl e contest."

"Contest?" in stereo from the two women.

"Yeah. Contest. Evelyn first. Lie down on the floor. Face down. Hands behind your back."

"You have to be joking. I'm not going to let you tie me up."

"I'm not going to tie you up. Jane is."

"Nobody is go ing to tie me up."

I jammed the gun back into Ashley's ribs. She cried out.

"So, shoot her. I'm not going to let you tie me up." Evelyn called my bluff.

Jane moved over towards Evelyn. "Evelyn. Honey. He will shoot her. And he won't do it kindly. He'll sha tter her elbows. Then her knees. If her screaming doesn't make you do what he wants he'll probably just shoot you. Do you want to die? Honey, I've seen it. It's not worth it."

Evelyn paled. I paled. I wouldn't have imagined that Jane was capable of coming up with such brutal imagery. I'm not sure that I could have done the things she was suggesting, but Jane was right on one thing. I would have hurt Ashley, badly enough, making her scream to high heaven to get Evelyn on the floor bound.

Evelyn turned towards me and whispered, “You bastard.” Hate reflected in her eyes. But she fell to her knees onto the hard, cold surface of the mall tiles. Slowly, she eased herself down pressing her bare body against the tile. Shivering a bit and gasping at the cold, until her body heat had slowly warmed it. She moved her wrists behind her back and crossed them.

Jane, without being told lashed them together tightly.

I nodded to the brunette and she just quietly fell to her front and allowed her slender wrists to be bound as Evelyn’s were. I left the women tied on the floor and motioned Jane off to the side. She padded over, her bare feet making small slapping noises against the tile.

I whispered to her, “I need you to hog-tie them. Wrists to ankles. And I want them gagged with the red ball gags. Okay?”

“Are you going to hurt them?”

“Maybe. After you are done, I want you to sit over by Ashley’s feet.”

“Please, don’t hurt them too much. They are new to this.”

I nodded. Jane walked back over to the new girls and began the task of tying up Evelyn. She protested but wasn’t in a good position to resist physically. Soon, Jane had tied both women into strict hog-ties. She had even put on an elbow rope which I hadn’t even insisted on.

Jane walked over to the pack and retrieved two ball gags. She gagged Lisa first. Lisa obediently opening her mouth for the intrusion. Jane popped it in behind her teeth and buckled it up behind her head.

When she tried to gag Evelyn, she wouldn’t open her mouth. Jane tried to pinch her nose, but Evelyn just opened her lips and breathed through her teeth. Jane just looked at me helplessly.

I wandered over to Ashley, with the crop.

Jane leaned down and whispered urgently in Evelyn’s ear. “Please. My God. He’s got the crop. He’s going to whip Ashley until you allow this gag. Please don’t make her go through that. You wouldn’t believe how much it hurts.”

Evelyn just shook her head. No gag.

I flicked the tip of the crop lightly, catching the tender underside of Ashley’s defenseless breasts. It left a light line, but you would have thought that she was being flogged full strength. Her scream echoed through the mall.

“Ahhhhh. Please. I’m not good with pain. Oh God. It hurts.”

“Evelyn,” I said quietly, “That was a really light one. The next one hits the nipples and I don’t hold back on it.”

Ashley began to really pull against her bonds. “Oh God. No. Not the nipples. God. Evelyn. Let him gag you. Christ. I can’t take it. Lisa did it. Please.”

Evelyn, hate in her eyes, didn’t say a word. Just opened her mouth. Jane, crying a bit, pressed the ball behind Evelyn’s teeth and buckled it.

Jane quietly got up and walked over to Ashley’s bare feet. She settled herself down on the floor, cross legged and leaned back on her hands, watching and trying to comfort Ashley.

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I picked up each girl. They were surprisingly light and positioned them, face down facing Ashley on the floor. Lisa was quietly crying and trying to say something behind her gag. Frustrated. Evelyn lay there sullen ly. Trying to work the gag out with her tongue, but failing.

I walked back to where Ashley stood bound to the railing. She'd ceased her struggling and crying. I began to talk to her.

"How are you doing Ashley?"

"A bit scared."

"Did that light tap hurt?"

"Oh God. You have no idea."

I smiled. I didn't but Jane probably did.

"Ashley, we are going to have a little contest. Okay?"

"What kind of contest? Please just let us go?"

"See Evelyn and Lisa? All bare and hog -tied?"

"Yes. Please don't hurt them."

"We are going to have a race. They are going to try and reach here. You."

"They can't move."

"Admittedly, it will be a challenge. They are going to have some trouble. The race ends when one of them reaches your foot and kisses it."

"Why are you doing this?"

Jane spoke up from her floor at her feet. "Because he can. And he is just going to love seeing those poor women struggling against those ropes."

I nodded. "Because I can. And they are going to look beautiful trying to get to your feet."

"Oh God."

"Aren't you even interested in the prize?"

"A prize?"

"Yeah, the winner of the race gets to whip the loser, on her breasts, five times."

"Oh God. You are sick. They won't even try."

"You're right. Normally, why would anyone try to win such a race. I anticipated that. So I figured that I would provide a distraction. Double edged sword, so to speak. You won't have to concentrate on your friends. And they will have incentive to make the race go faster."

"Please."

"Aren't you even curious what I'm going to do?"

"Not really. You are going to do it whether I like it or not."

I nodded. "But I'm going to tell you anyway. Evelyn and Lisa should hear what their task is." I watched as Evelyn fought against the ropes holding her body. "I am going to hit you with the crop, once e very five minutes."

Ashley closed her eyes. "Oh please not that. Anything. I can't take that kind of pain. I'll do anything. I'll have sex with you. I'll crawl for you. Anything. Just not pain."

"Once every five minutes. But you get to choose where. On the breasts, on the tummy, or on the thighs. Your choice. In order to be given the choice, you have to remember to count the strokes. Okay? If you forget, then I pick. And I happen to like the

breasts." I traced a finger down her right breast. "I'm assuming t hat you care whether you get it here or not."

"Oh please. Anything. I'll do anything."

I could hear the protests through the gags from Evelyn and Lisa.

Jane looked up at me, "Please, you'll kill her. The way they are tied it will take them an hour to work their way over. Give her more time, she can't take that. Once every ten minutes. Please."

"Jane, I don't remember asking you for your opinion."

"Oh God. I'm sorry, sir. I'll be quiet. Please." I heard her jaw snap shut. I guess she wasn't ready for another punishment.

"Where?" I asked Ashley.

"What?" the naked girl was shaking in her ropes.

"Where would you like the first one?"

"Please no. Don't make me choose where to hit me. Just hit me if you have to."

Without warning, I brought the crop down across the tops of her breasts.

She screamed out in pain and terror. "Ahhhhhhhh. Shit. Ahhhhh. Christ that hurts. Please no more. Evelyn hurry. Oh God. Please."

Jane looked up at me and then at the sobbing girl above her. "Count," she hissed to Ashley.

"Too late," I said calmly, while giving Jane a dirty look. She looked down quickly.

"Oh no. Please. No more on my tits. It hurts so much. Please. One. You've hit me once. On the tits. Please let me choose. My thighs. Oh God. Please on my thighs."

"You didn't want to choose last time."

"Please."

"Remember to count next time then."

"Oh God."

I glanced at the women on the floor. Evelyn was trying to stay on her stomach. Trying to move her bound body as fast as she could. Moving her shoulders, inching her bare body along the tile. Bare breasts pressed into the floor under her body. Using her knees and shoulders alternating to try and move her body. Struggling and straining at the ropes that held her. Yelling through the gag. Lisa hadn't gotten the coordination that was required to move yet. She hadn't moved very far at all. But I could see her watching Evelyn, trying to move in a similar way.

Five minutes passed, Evelyn had maybe moved a foot or so. And they were only 5 or 6 feet away. I could see Evelyn trying to b reathe around the gag through her nose. Sweat was already forming on her brow as she struggled.

I took aim with the crop and brought it down nastily right across Ashley's bare nipples.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. God. Christ. Bastard. Oh my God. My nipples. My tits. Oh Christ. Shit. Ahhhhhhh. Argh. Please no more. Please. God. Two. Oh God. That was only two." Through her pain, she did manage to remember to count. I guess she had some incentive.

A red line was forming across the front of her shakin g breasts connecting the nipples. She hung in her ropes for a few minutes just sobbing. Jane at her feet grimacing. The naked women on the floor trying their best to inch their way painfully towards the sobbing woman.

Five more minutes passed. Listening an d watching the grunting ladies on the floor. They perhaps made it another foot or so. But I could tell, even after only ten minutes of struggling, that they were tiring. Their muscles held in such an odd position, forced to move, struggling, straining agai nst the ropes.

"Where?"

"Oh please, god. Stop hitting me. Mercy. It hurts so much. They are moving. They're trying. You don't have to hit me. Oh God. Please."

"Where? Last chance."

"Oh, you bastard. On the thighs. Please don't hit me. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhh. Nooo ooo. God. You bastard. Christ." She just struggled to breathe for a second. "Argh. Oh good Christ. My legs. Three. Fuck. Three."

She collapsed sobbing.

I sat up on the railing that Ashley was bound to, watching the struggling of the women. Evelyn had worke d out a rhythm where she was able to move a little faster. She was very hot, I wandered over to her and wiped her brow. She just glared at me and continue struggling with the ropes and the gag. Inching her way across the tiles. I wandered over to Lisa and whispered in her ear.

"You realize that if you don't catch up, and quick, I'm going to be forcing Evelyn to whip your tits?"

Momentary panic and Lisa began to redouble her efforts. She'd seen the pain that the whip was inflicting on Ashley.

I watched for a nother five minutes.

"Where?"

"Oh God. I can't take another one."

"Ashley."

"Shit. Okay, you son -of-a-whore. The thighs again."

I brought the crop down, extra hard, aiming to hit her in the same place. I thought that she was going to break the railing with her straining. Her mouth opened in a silent scream. She finally caught her breath and incomprehensible words emerged.

"G-G-G Noooooo Argh. Farg. Shit. My legs. You are going to kill me. Good Christ. My legs. Oh my God. It hurts. Ow. Ow. Ow. Ow. Please no more. I can't take it. I'll do anything you want. I'll torture Evelyn. I'll crawl for you. I'll fuck you. Anything. Just stop hitting me. Oh my God."

She began to sob.

Jane, from the floor at Ashley's feet hissed, "Count dammit."

Ashley's head snapped up. "Oh my God. Please no. Three. Four. That's four. Oh God. Please don't hit me again. Please let me choose. Oh my God. Please. Not my tits again."

I didn't tell her this time, but she wasn't in time. If it was long enough to be reminded then she forgot to count.

By this time, Evelyn had managed to inch and struggle her way to within a foot or so of Ashley's right foot. I watched as the bound woman struggled. Watched her face as she twisted her wrists trying to reach the knots that Jane had so expe rtly tied. Jane had since scrambled out of the way, so that the nude woman might have an easier time reaching her target. Lisa was a bit behind.

Five minutes and Evelyn was within an inch or so of Ashley's foot. Ashley was straining against her bonds, tryi ng to get her foot closer to Evelyn. Evelyn, stretching her throat out as far as she could reach. One lousy inch.

I brought the crop down just above Ashley's nipples.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Jesus. Oh my God. Five. Dammit. Five. My tits. Oh my God. Evelyn. Plea se. God. He's tearing me apart. He's going to ruin my tits. It hurts so much. I'm going to die. Please no more. Whoever you are. I'll fuck you. You can kill me. Please stop hitting me. Good God. It hurts. Please. Please. Pleeease."

I watched as Evelyn stru ggled. Forcing her tired muscles to inch her bare bound body just that one little inch closer. The two women trying to get the touch required to stop the torture. Crying. Finally, at about the three minute mark, Ashley had stopped struggling enough to move her right foot closer to Evelyn's head and managed to just touch Evelyn's gag with her toe.

"Oh God. Please. No more. I touched her. The race is done. Please. We've done your sick game. Let us go. Please."

Evelyn was resting. Her body heaving. Trying to g et enough air around the cruel gag. She rolled over on her side, her bare breasts heaving with the effort. Ashley sobbing.

I let the girls rest for a few minutes.

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After I'd let them rest for five minutes, I had Jane untie Evelyn. She unfolded h er bare body from the hog-tie and sat rubbing her wrists, elbows and ankles. Where the pressure from the ropes would have been the greatest.

She automatically went to remove the gag. I let her.

"You fucking bastard. I'll kill you." She got unsteadily to he r nyloned feet and began moving towards me. Jane immediately got to her feet and grabbed the woman's arm. I heard her hiss in her ear.

"What are you going to do? Hit him? What the heck will that accomplish? If he even lets you, you wouldn't believe the pun ishment. He'll tie you up again. Force me to hit your tits, while he punishes Ashley or Lisa for your anger. I know you're angry, honey, but it won't do any good. How I've wished I could cause him half the pain he's put me through. He probably wouldn't get off on it as much if he ever felt it. Please. For me. I don't want to torture you. Just do whatever he wants. For Ashley. And Lisa. Come on."

The anger just fled at Jane's words. I watched as her face fell and she collapsed back on the floor. Her nylons t earing as she fell to her knees. Holding her face in her hands. Beaten.

I let her cry for a while. Letting her muscles uncramp so that she could effectively claim her prize. Finally, she looked up and with hate in her eyes spoke, "You are such a fucking bastard."

"I know. Are you ready to claim your prize?"

The nude kneeling woman was confused. "Huh?"

"You get to whip the loser's tits. Five times. Remember?"

"Oh good Christ. You can't expect me to do that."

"Would you rather have Lisa whip your tits?"

She considered it. "I can't hit her."

I looked at Lisa. "Do you want to claim the prize instead? Evelyn did win. She can give you the prize."

Lisa wildly shook her head.

Seeing her friends fear, Evelyn relented. "All right, you cocksucking bastard. I'll hit her for you."

"I want you to know how much pain you are causing your friend."

"What?"

"Stand up."

"Good Christ. Why?" She unsteadily got to her feet.

"Stand still. Hands at your sides."

"Wha .... Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Fuck. My tits. You fucking bastard. Oh God that hurts."

I had brought the crop down on her unprotected breasts without warning. Her hands immediately up to protect her sensitive mounds from another blow. Trying to comfort the breasts. She fell heavily to her knees again, sobbing.

"Oh my God. You bastard. You have no concept of the pain. I can't do that to Lisa. She'll die."

"Ashley didn't die. And for every minute that you procrastinate, I add another stroke. If you don't do it, Ashley will. She was willing to fuck me to make it stop."

"You are an animal. You know that?" she held out her hand for the crop.

As I handed her the instrument, she just stared at it. Gauging whether she could use it against me. In the end, she glared at me wit h that hate in her eyes and shuffled over to Lisa.

"I'm sorry, honey. If I don't do this now, it will be so much worse later. It hurts. You are going to think you are in hell. But you'll survive. Maybe he'll let us go afterwards. Okay? Are you ready?"

I could see the tears falling down Lisa's cheeks, but she nodded in resignation. I watched as Evelyn rolled Lisa over onto her side. The hog -tie still holding her securely.

Evelyn closed her eyes and let the first blow fall, a hard one across the left breast. Lisa began making tortured noises behind the gag. Screaming into the rubber. Evelyn held her breath and let four more fall in rapid succession. Two on each breast, carefully avoiding the nipple. However, she didn't hold back the blows. I daresay that they were probably harder than what I would have administered.

"That's enough," as Evelyn raised the crop again. She probably had just lost track. Evelyn dropped the crop and immediately tried to comfort her bound friend.

Lisa was crying and choking with the pa in. Moaning in her bonds. I walked forward and quickly released the gag. I didn't want her to choke. With that much crying, I'd be surprised if she could even breathe through her nose. That ball was seriously hampering her breathing.

"Oh God. Evelyn. Chris t. My tits. They are in so much pain. I've never felt anything that hurt that much. And I broke my arm in second grade. Oh my. God."

Evelyn was stroking her hair. Calling me names under her breath.

Understandable. I let the women cry it out. I wandered ove r to Jane and sat behind her. Letting her lean back into me. Arms around her. Jane was quietly shaking, crying with the other women.

Finally, I got up and retrieved a set of handcuffs that had been discarded on the floor. I tossed them to Jane, who immedia tely began to wrap them around her own wrists.

"No Jane. Not you." The girl looked confused. I almost laughed. She was so used to being in chains, she had just assumed that I meant for her to chain herself. "Put them on Evelyn. Behind her back."

The nude b runette got up and approached Evelyn.

"Please no. No more bonds. God, haven't I done enough?" But she resignedly placed her hands behind her back, letting go of Lisa who was still sobbing uncontrollably. Jane slipped the handcuffs onto Evelyn and snapped t hem shut around her wrists. Evelyn pulled idly at them. Waiting.

"Jane. Release Lisa."

"When did your last slave die?"

I actually smiled at that.

But Jane knelt quickly and began releasing the ropes wrapping Lisa's hands and ankles. She was far better at r eleasing the knots she tied than I was. Lisa's hands and feet were actually turning a bit blue; I was guessing that the ropes had been a little tighter than I'd intended. Time to get them off the helpless girl.

Lisa, finally freed, pulled her cramped arms in front of her and continued to cry. Holding her marked breasts. And rocking. I let her be for a few minutes.

Finally, I got up and approached Lisa and Evelyn. I crouched down to be at the same level as they.

"Lisa?" She just looked up at me through her tear filled eyes. Not even aware of her nudity any longer. She sat there, legs haphazard. Presenting a fine view of her bare body. "Your breasts must be starting to feel a little better. Right?" She nodded. But the tears kept flowing. Maybe it wasn't completely the pain that had her crying.

"You hurt me," she managed to choke out, accusingly.

"Actually, Evelyn did."

Evelyn gasped, but Lisa was the one to speak.

"You bastard. Semantics. And you know it. *You* hurt me," she se nt herself into another round of sobs. Still cradling her sore breasts.

"Okay. I hurt you."

She sniffled. But the admission seemed to help. She gradually stopped crying. Like a child, this one.

"Lisa, I need you to do something else for me."

"Dammit, leave her alone." Evelyn's voice rang out from behind me. Out of the corner of my eye I saw Jane raise her finger to her lips, shushing Evelyn.

"W-w-i-i-ll it hurt?" Lisa asked softly.

"You may not like it, but it shouldn't hurt. I promise." I was trying to be as soothing as I could.

"What do you want me to do? Will you let us go after I've done it?" I noticed the use of the word 'after' not 'if'.

"Lisa, I'll leave you and your friends alone, if you cooperate with this last thing. Okay?"

"What is it?" she asked me.

"Have you ever been with a woman before?"

"God. You want me to have sex? With a woman?"

"Have you ever before?"

"Please no. I've barely even had sex with men."

"So you've never even considered it? Making love to another woman?"

"Considered it? I-I-I ... hasn't everyone? Y-y-yes. I've considered it," she was too frightened to even lie to me. Maybe it's what she thought I wanted to hear.

"Can't you just leave her alone. Hasn't she suffered enough?" Evelyn just couldn't keep quiet anymore.

I whirled on Eve lyn.

"I've had just about enough of you." She shrank back in fright. "If I have to gag you to make you shut up, I will. Jane warned you."

"Oh God. I'm sorry. I'll be good. Not the gag."

I motioned to Jane to get the gag that was previously in Lisa's mouth, lying on the floor where I had dropped it after I was worried about Lisa's breathing. Jane, also frightened by my quick change of mood scrambled to get the gag. She moved to Evelyn and tried to get it into Evelyn's mouth. Evelyn, of course, resisted. Not having the patience, I reached forward and grasped her right nipple, she tried to twist her body away, but Jane surprised me by holding the naked woman. Evelyn struggled against Jane's

hands but with her own handcuffed behind her, couldn't get any leverage . I twisted the nipple hard, watching Evelyn's face contort as she tried not to scream. Knowing that the hated ball would be pushed into her mouth as soon as she opened it to scream. I gave her nipple one more pinch and a twist, just about ripping the nubb in of flesh from her breast. She opened her mouth, unable to hold back the scream. Her wrists struggling with the cuffs behind her. The ball popped behind her teeth before she could let loose with the scream. Jane had it buckled behind her head before any more noise could emerge from her mouth. The scream muffled behind the rubber.

Evelyn just knelt there, fuming and trying to scream and yell through the gag. Working to get it out of her mouth with her tongue. I released her sore nipple and gently turned back to Lisa.

"Now, where were we?"

The frightened girl, was crying gently again. I leaned forward and wiped the tears from her cheeks.

"Wh-whether I was a lesbian or not. Please don't hurt me anymore. God, Evelyn."

"Evelyn will be fine. She's just got to learn a bit of obedience is all."

"God, you make it sound like we're dogs, just needing training. My God. That's all we are to you. Aren't we? Just naked, pretty pets," she was starting to get hysterical on me.

"Lisa."

Jane crawled forward and looked at me. I just nodded. Jane crawled over to the shaking girl and gathered her into her arms. Stroking her, ironically, like petting a dog. Lisa began to stop her shaking. Jane whispering into her ear. Calming her.

"Lisa. Sweetheart. You have to calm down. He's not going to hurt you anymore."

"But he's going to make me have sex with a woman."

"I know. Honey. I've had to do it too. With my own sister. It's better than being cropped. Trust me. Okay?"

"I don't know if I can do that."

"You have to. Pretend it's your boyfriend or something. That's what I do when he makes me do it. It won't kill you. Okay?" Still stroking her hair.

"But it's so humiliating."

"I know. But so is being naked. And you've gotten over that, haven't you?"

"But ..."

"Shhhh. It's alright. You'll be all right. He won't hurt you anymore. Just do what he wants and then you can forget about it. All right?"

Lisa just nodded, the tears silently tracing down her cheeks. Her bare breasts rising and falling with her ragged breath ing.

Jane just looked at me and I gave her one of those I'm -impressed-I-thought-she-was-going-to-fall-apart-on-me looks. I doubt very much if Jane particularly cared whether I was uncomfortable or not. But I don't think she could stand watching the poor woman suffer any longer. And she knew the ropes, so to speak.

Lisa visibly composed herself and looked at me.

"You okay?" Dumb question.

"As okay as anyone in my position, I guess. Please let us go."

I considered it for a minute, but I just had to see her m aking love to another woman.

"Lisa, last thing. Okay? And then I'll let you go. Promise."

“Promise?”

“Promise.” As good as my promises were these days.

“Who?”

I was confused for a second, and then realized that she wanted to know who she was going to have to have sex with.

“Evelyn.” Evelyn began to really struggle with her bonds upon hearing this. Trying to speak behind her gag.

“Please don’t make me do this. I’m straight. I’m not sure I can do it with her. Please.”

I ignored Lisa’s pleas for now and turned to Jane.

“Janey, can you do me a favour?”

“I’d love to,” came back the sarcastic reply. I just looked at her and pointed at the crop. “No. Please. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean to be sarcastic. Honestly. What can a slave slut do for her master? Please?” She fell automatically to her knees. The begging automatically falling from her lips.

Her words surprised me, the words ‘slut’ and ‘master’ rolling off her tongue so easily. She was a smart one. Completely melted my anger. She knew just how far to push me, and then how to get herself out of it if she overstepped. Normally, I was pretty understanding of the girls. I couldn’t imagine what they were going through. Had to give them some leeway if I expected them to cooperate with me. Re alizing that she was manipulating me with her submissiveness, I swore to myself that I would give her a punishment to remind her of her status. But that could wait for later.

“Jane.” The naked girl smiled sweetly at me knowing that she had gotten away with something. I guess in her position, she didn’t have much. Any little victory would feel good. I’d have to convince her otherwise later. “I need you to do a couple of things. I need Evelyn bound a little more securely. If she gives you trouble, let me know . I’ll have to convince Ashley over there to help us. I need Evelyn’s legs bound apart to let Lisa have access. Leave her gagged. Cut out the crotch of those pantyhose so Lisa can do her thing. Oh,” I had an afterthought, “cuff Lisa as well. Behind her bac k so she can only use her tongue.”

I watched as Jane fairly sprang to do my bidding. I’m sure she didn’t like what she had to do, but had already pushed me as far as she felt safe doing. She knew that any little disobedience, perceived or otherwise, could mean the crop raining down on her bare bound body next. And she knew that I wouldn’t hesitate. Especially with her.

I wandered over to Ashley, still bound at the railing. I took the crop with me, but only for show. I wanted to make sure that Evelyn was coo perative for Jane. Troublesome girl, that one.

Ashley’s eyes were glued to the crop in my right hand.

“God. Please. No more. I can’t take any more. Please. I’ll do anything. My tits are still aching from that thing. You have no idea how much it hurts. I’ve never felt anything like it before. Please. I’ll do anything.”

I reached down to her spread thighs and began to tease her between the legs. Just light touches. Not really expecting her to react. I could have forced her to react with threats of the crop, b ut I wasn’t particularly interested in that right now. But it re - enforced her position. Bound. Naked. Not even able to stop me from touching her most private places.

Expecting her to beg me to stop, she surprised me by staying silent. I idly played with her body while I watched Jane work. Jane was currently working a pliant Evelyn into position, tying her ankles to mall benches and the railing that Ashley was bound to. Wide apart. Evelyn wasn't fighting her. I guess knowing that I was right beside Ashley with the crop and not wanting me to hurt Ashley further. Lisa was kneeling where I'd left her, hands cuffed behind her silently watching as I fondled Ashley.

I turned my attention back to the girl under my hand. I looked at her and was surprised to see her e yes closed and her breasts heaving with her now laboured breathing. On one of my light finger strokes, I allowed my middle finger to part her lips and slip just beyond. No doubt about it, she was getting wet. She moaned as my fingers parted her and brushed her clitoris.

I just shook my head and pulled my hand away from her. It was a strange reaction. I know that had the roles been reversed, me bound nude to the mall railing and her teasing me, I would have reacted. Even after a whipping. But I'm a guy. I'd expect a reaction. I'd just whipped this girl until she begged, and she was getting wet under my touch. Moaning. I doubt if I'll ever understand how the female works.

Perhaps it was just a female thing. Same thing happened to Jane. Maybe the female body just was better able to adjust than I thought; finding some way of turning the pain and the humiliation into pleasure. Perhaps, she was like Jane, with latent masochistic tendencies. Unfortunately, I wasn't going to find out the truth. I fully intended to le ave them alone after this. Four girls was more than I could handle as it was. Christi. Jane. Liz. And now Amy back at the hotel. I could have kept Ashley, but that was getting dangerous, I suspect. I'd already gotten careless once with Jane. Perhaps, I'd c ome back for Ashley later. I'd leave them, like Kimberly, ages ago, in real time instead of sending them back, like the lawyers.

At the cessation of my finger's touch, Ashley opened her eyes. I gave her a playful pat with the crop, barely touching her righ t breast. Not hard enough to even leave a mark.

She squirmed. The pat hadn't really hurt. At least compared to the former blows to her bare body. But she was frightened that I might continue.

"Please. God. No more hitting. I'll do anything. I'll fuck you. I'll crawl. I'll make love to Evelyn too. Just no more. Please," she was almost in tears. I saw Jane sharply look up. I don't think that she wanted to comfort yet another woman that I had stupidly pushed too far.

I looked into Ashley's eyes. Giving her wha t she wanted. A release from the crop.

"Ashley?"

"Y-yes." she stammered. Trying to hold back the tears. Trying to head off the hysteria. I had to give her credit for trying.

"You'll do anything to avoid any more?"

"Please. God. Yes. Anything you want. I ca n't take anymore."

I had never intended to hit her anymore. I was done with that. At least with her. She'd had enough. She didn't know that though. The pat with the crop was just that. A playful pat. I really hadn't meant it as a threat. But again, in her position, I would probably be a bit sensitive to any perceived threat as well.

"Okay. I'll make a deal with you."

"Anything."

"I won't hit you anymore if you'll do something for me."

"Anything. I swear it. I'll fuck you. I'll fuck anyone you want me to. I' ll crawl."

"Okay. Okay. That won't be necessary. I just want you to fuck me. Okay?" She nodded enthusiastically. More than just wanting to get away from the crop. "But, it's for me. Got it? I want you to do it slow. And sexy. I want you to undress me and d o all the work." She pulled against the ropes still holding her wrists and ankles. "I want you to do it while Lisa makes love to Evelyn. I want you to pay attention. I don't want to come just as fast as you can. I want you to bring me to climax just after Evelyn orgasms or at the same time. Okay? You think you can do that?"

"I-I think so."

"Make sure of it. You understand?"

She nodded. Tears beginning to form.

Chapter 38

Jane was almost done with the other girls. She was guiding a hesitant Lisa to the floor between Evelyn's spread thighs.

Meanwhile I worked quickly to release Ashley from the railing. Just as I'd freed Ashley's left wrist from the bonds holding her, Jane wandered back to me and knelt at my feet.

"I know this is a really really stupid thing to do. But I see Ashley's got a job, and Lisa and Evelyn. What do you want me to do?"

"Jane." I handed her the crop. "I know you hate to torment other captives."

"Oh please god no. Don't make me hit an yone." Shifting the crop from hand to hand. Eyes scared.

"Jane. I don't want to be at this all day." She shut her mouth. "I need you to keep your eye on Evelyn. She isn't going to like the lesbian attention that she is getting. But I've instructed Ashley h ere to tease me until Evelyn has come. You know how cranky I am if I have to wait for anything for too long. If she doesn't come in twenty minutes, I'll take it out of your hide. Understand?"

"Yes, sir," she answered glumly from her kneeling position. "I k new I shouldn't have asked."

"If it makes you feel any better, I was going to make you do this anyway."

Jane just nodded. I freed Ashley's last bond, her right wrist. She had stood quietly throughout this exchange. When her wrist was finally freed of the r opes, she immediately moved to me and pressed her bare body up against me. I nodded to Jane who moved over to Evelyn and Lisa and explained what had to happen. I saw Evelyn shaking her head before I was almost completely distracted by Ashley's soft mouth p ressing against my lips. Ashley kissed me deeply. With far more passion than I had expected. After all, I was practically raping her. You can hardly count a bound naked woman, terrified of a beating, agreeing to sex as consent. Semantics.

Her hands, quick, unbuttoning my clothes. Tugging. Until I was as naked as she. She knelt and took me into her mouth. I watched as Lisa bent to her task. I actually closed my eyes when Jane had to bring the crop down on Evelyn. Evelyn screaming under the lashing, whipping her hair around. Trying to scream through the gag. Crying. And finally listening to Jane. Concentrating on the hated sensations from Lisa's tongue. A crop on the bare, defenseless breasts seemed to break down a woman's resistance almost faster than anything.

As Ashley ran her tongue up and down my shaft. Teasing. Her hands playing with my testicles. Tears in her eyes. Wanting to know what was happening with her friends but having to concentrate on me.

After the days events, I was a bit sensitive. It took al l her will and talent to ensure that I didn't come too early. Along with a hell of a lot of will power from my end. Her tongue felt unbelievably good.

I watched as Jane had to hit Evelyn a few more times. In rapid succession. Both women crying. But Evelyn, again trying to pay attention to Lisa's mouth in her crotch through the pain. Sobbing.

Ashley gently guided me to the cold floor. Now I knew what the bare women were going through. That tile brought goosebumps to my skin as I lay back. But the tile

warmed up rapidly with my body heat. Silly. I should have made her lie on the floor before I did to warm it up for me first. But, like I was thinking about that? Ashley, continued to run her soft lips and tongue over me making me completely forget about the cold floor. Bringing me close and then dropping the sensation. Sitting up. Touching herself. Driving me nuts.

Finally, she lifted her body and straddled me. Facing her friends. Watching Lisa intently. She lowered her body until her soft, wet vagina engulfed me . I gasped. And I swear I saw her smile briefly. She began to rock herself. Moving her hips gently. Massaging me. Clenching with her vaginal muscles occasionally. I was in heaven. Lifting herself and ever so slowly lowering. Keeping me on the edge. I tried not to thrust, knowing that it would make it harder on her to control my orgasm, but sometimes not being able to help it.

I heard a little cry from Evelyn's gagged lips and watched around Ashley as the other bound woman climaxed heavily in her ropes. Pull ing. Straining. Crying out into the gag. Jane breathed a sigh of relief. Ashley, began moving her body a little more while Jane crawled over to us.

"She finished." Jane whispered in my ear.

I just nodded. Trying to concentrate on the sensations from Ashley 's body. I opened my eyes as I felt a light touch on my balls. Ashley, began to speed the pace up a bit. I saw Jane's arm disappear around Ashley's body. And my balls knew exactly where her tickling fingers had ended up. I felt Jane's soft lips pressing in sistently against mine. Increasing the sensations. The two women working perfectly in concert, arousing me.

I groaned as the orgasm overwhelmed me. The sensations from the two women. Jane's soft fingers and Ashley's vagina sending my mind exploding in ligh t and energy. Ashley continued to move herself thrusting her hips as I climaxed. Until I was completely spent inside of her.

I whispered. "Enough." And Ashley slowly extracted herself from me as I lay vulnerable and unable to move under the two women's gaz es.

Finally I rolled over onto my side and reached for my clothes. As I slipped them on, Ashley, kneeling beside Jane whimpered.

I looked at her quizzically as I pulled my shirt on.

"M-m-master?"

This surprised me. From Ashley. I hadn't told her to call me master. I really hadn't told her anything. I saw Jane whispering in her ear. Probably Jane's idea.

"Yes?"

"A poor slave girl needs attention."

That almost made me hard again. But damned if I wasn't tired. I saw Jane smiling wickedly at me. She was pretty proud of herself. What I couldn't believe was that Ashley was actually saying this.

"What kind of attention, slave?" I actually had to force myself to say 'slave'. Force myself into the role playing. Hard to con centrate after such a mind blowing orgasm.

"P-please, I'm so hot. I need ..."

"Yes?"

"Please. I can't say it."

"What? Out with it."

"Please. I need to climax."

“Okay if Lisa does it for you? I’m a little tired.”

Ashley went a little white, but recovered qu ickly and nodded. She probably realized that this was her only hope of getting what she wanted. I sat down on a mall bench and motioned to Jane to bring Lisa over. Lisa resisted a bit, but Jane just picked up the crop off the floor beside the sobbing Evely n and Lisa walked over to Ashley. Ashley was already laying back on the floor.

Lisa crying managed to choke out, “Ash, how can you do this to me?”

Ashley just closed her eyes.

I answered for her. “Ashley didn’t do this to you Lisa. I did. I’m making you do this. Not her. Okay?”

Jane gently pressed on Lisa’s shoulders and she resignedly fell to her knees. She gave me a forlorn look, asking silently not to make her do this again. When she saw no mercy forthcoming, she quietly ducked her head to Ashley. Ashley , being a lot more sexually excited, made a much more willing partner than Evelyn had. Lisa practically only had to breathe on Ashley’s clitoris before the woman began falling over the edge. Ashley tensed and cried out. Almost screaming. As it completed, s he managed to push Lisa’s head away from her pussy and began to sob.

I let the woman cry on the floor while the others just looked on helplessly. After a few minutes, Ashley had cried herself out and slowly sat up. She gave me an accusing look and remarked , “You are a bastard.”

“For what? Making you hot?”

“Yes.” Her face burning. “I shouldn’t be. You hurt me. You hurt my friends. You make us do all sorts of shit. And you get me hot? Bastard.”

I was intrigued. This made absolutely no sense to me whatsoever. But I’m a guy. I’m sure it made a lot more sense to the female of the species. But I suppose I was a bastard. And if it made her feel better or less guilty or whatever it was she needed, I was willing to let her rant. Ashley, finally spent, collapsed into Jane’s arms. Jane, stuck with soothing yet another one of my victims gave me a dirty look. I almost laughed as I stuck out my tongue at her. Jane smiled but then turned her attention to the girl in her arms.

I, mostly recovered now, walked over to where Ja ne and Ashley were on the floor. I bent down and gathered up Ashley into my arms and carried her, still sobbing, to the bench. As I bent down to gather her up, I whispered some instructions to Jane, who, as soon as her arms were free of Ashley began to gat her up some rope from the pack.

She gently guided Lisa to a mall bench. Lisa protesting a bit as Jane tied her sitting on the bench. Legs apart. Back arched. Still handcuffed.

I tried to comfort the sobbing girl in my lap, but I suspect that her orgasm had triggered some kind of emotional dam which let out all the emotions from the rough afternoon. Jane had finished with Lisa and had removed Evelyn’s gag, to a lot of verbal abuse. Ashley finally ran out of tears and began to softly hiccup. I could feel the girl falling asleep. Sleep is all I could think of as well. It had been a pretty full day. For everyone.

Jane padded over to me and gently guided Ashley, still hiccuping, away from me. She sat the unresisting girl on the floor with her back against the mal l railing. She deftly tied the poor girls arm’s outstretched to the railing supports and then stood up.

I wandered about and double checked the knots. They seemed tight enough. Jane was pretty competent with rope and knew that I did spot checks of her tyin g. Jane gathered up the odds and ends. Ropes and handcuffs that we'd strewn about the mall.

I checked Evelyn's bound form last. Her tear streaked face turned up to mine from her awkward position on the floor.

"Please don't leave us like this."

"Would you rather I stay?"

"Oh God. You are a bastard."

"I know." But I had to leave them like this if I wanted to come back for Ashley. I concentrated and slowed time to a crawl for all three girls. Time would seem to pass normally for them. They could talk and cry. But their time would move at a much slower rate relative to the rest of us. If I was gone for weeks, it would only feel like a half day for them. The wonders of Time phase.

I looked up at Jane. Saw tears in her eyes, but she held her head up and walked ahead of me back to the street above.

Chapter 39

As her bare feet hit the asphalt, I stopped her. She turned questioningly to me. I snagged one of her wrists and placed a handcuff on it and closed it. She just looked at me, begging with her eyes. Afraid, at this point to say anything. I pulled her other wrist behind her back and fastened it with the other side of the handcuffs.

Only one word escaped her lips, "Why?"

"Janey. You know why. Because I like it. And I also want you to wear these. I rummaged in the pack and brought out the nipple clamps. They were a pretty pair. Adjustable tension. Joined with a thin chain.

Tears welled into her eyes as she saw and recognized the clamps.

"Oh God. Please. What have I done? I did everything you asked. Please no."

"Jane. Remember that sarcastic comment?"

"I didn't mean anything. Honest. Master. It was an honest mistake. I apologized."

"I know it was." I stroked her hair. "And you almost made up for it with the submissive behaviour afterwards."

"Please don't put them on me. You have no idea how sensitive my boobs are. Please."

"Jane."

"Oh God. You are going to clamp me no matter what I say, aren't you?"

"Jane. It could have been a lot worse. That remark almost got you a good strapping on the nipples, then the clamps, extr a tightened. You managed to avoid most of it."

"Please. Do you know how uncomfortable those things are going to be if I'm walking. It's bad enough without a bra. Please."

I reached forward and began lightly stroking her right nipple. She cried silently, knowing what was coming, but not twisting away. I watched as she tried to concentrate on her breast. Tried to consciously will away the automatic tightening of the flesh to the touch of my finger. Her nipple, slowly, inexorably, tightened. Hardening. I slipp ed the first clamp over the nipple and tightened it until I thought that it was causing her enough discomfort.

"Please don't do this. You don't have to. I'll be good. I swear it. It hurts."

I repeated the procedure on her left nipple, the chain glinting in the sunlight between her breasts. I knelt down and slipped the ankle cuffs on her bare ankles and then rose.

She sniffled, but resigned herself to the discomfort. She probably knew that this could be a lot worse.

I gathered up her leash and snapped it ont o her collar.

I didn't have to pull because she just docilely fell in beside me, making as big a step as she could with the short ankle restraints. Our progress was slow, but I didn't mind. She concentrated on each step, trying to reduce the swing of the c hain between her breasts. Softly crying out each time I idly reached out to swing the chain when she didn't swing it enough with her own movements.

About half way back to the hotel, she braved speaking again.

"M-m-aster?"

"Yes?"

"Please these clamps hurt. Can we take them off? I've learned my lesson."

"And what lesson is that?"

"No more sarcastic remarks. Ever."

"That wasn't the lesson and you know it. I almost expect sarcasm out of you."

Tears welled in her eyes.

"Please, sir. What was the les son, then? This poor dumb slave doesn't even know what she did wrong."

"Think about it. You aren't dumb. You'll come up with it. We've still got quite a bit to go with you moving so slow."

"I could move faster without these chains. Please, sir, can we rest a moment."

I nodded. She shuffled over to the curb and sat her bare body down. Tears still falling heedlessly down her cheeks. Her nipples must have been really throbbing by this point. I watched as she unconsciously tried to move her hands in front of he r to release the clamps.

She did the female thing again to me. Wild subject change.

"She was really confused you know."

"What?"

"Ashley. Back there. She's like me. Got off on the humiliation and pain but hated every moment that her body was betraying her. Worse than me. I would never have begged for a climax in front of you. She must have been really hot."

"You're stronger. That's all. She'd been through a lot."

"We could have taken you while you were recovering from that orgasm you know, you were pretty ou t of it. Neither of us had any restraints on."

"And your nipples would be a hell of a lot sorer than they are now if you'd even considered it past wishful thinking."

"I know. This is why I didn't try anything. But I saw it in her eyes briefly. To knock you out of the picture. If she wasn't so afraid of how you captured her so easily the first time, I think she would have tried. And regretted it, probably. You know, Ashley was even afraid to ask you to finish her off."

"I figured. I saw you whispering to her . Why'd you help her?"

"Kindred spirit. She sounded like she really wanted the release. I personally don't understand it completely. I mean you had just whipped her. I knew that if you were asked the right way you might take pity on her. Or at least not pu nish her for asking. I wasn't expecting the Lisa thing though. I could never beg you for an orgasm like that."

"Care to bet?"

"Please don't make me do that. All right, I would if you forced me. But she wanted to cum so bad, she was willing to humiliate her self completely to get it. I don't think I would ever do that on my own."

"Care to bet?"

"Please."

I tucked the information back in my mind. I should see if I could disprove her. It might take a bit, but I bet I could get her begging for a climax.

I touched her bare arm. She automatically rose to her feet.

"Please can't we take off these clamps. My nipples are so sore. This s -slave would really like her Master if he took them off her." She gave me those puppy eyes that some women are so good at.

She was starting to realize that I could be manipulated with the right phrasing. But she only used the third person Master/slave stuff when she thought it would get her something. Most of the time it worked, I'm ashamed to say.

It was one of the hardest things I've had to do yet. She seemed so sincerely sorry.

"In a while. Okay? I like them on you. Tell you what. If you come up with the lesson in three tries, I'll take them off you."

Her face fell, and she walked beside me in silence. Probably pouting, but I didn't think I could resist that, so I avoided her eyes. She didn't even protest. I could just change the lesson forever, not giving her a chance. But what choice did she really have? She couldn't exactly just take them off herself.

A while later, she just exploded with, "Obey without question."

I turned to her. "Obey without question?"

"Yeah, the lesson."

"Jane. You're smarter than that. That is a damn good lesson, but that isn't why your nipples are clamped. And if you think about it, you know that you didn't question anything. You were pretty good in that department today."

Her face fell and she fell in beside me again. Her face screwed up in concentration. At least as much as a naked, bound, tit clamped woman can concentrate.

We had passed a few more building, one had a department store window where women's fashions were being displayed. I saw Jane look wistfully in at the mannequins in the windows. Wearing more than her.

"Never talk back to you?"

"Nope. Though in general that is a good id ea as well. However, I'd get bored with you if you didn't talk back, occasionally. And that can be an unearned lesson. Never bore me. You know that not talking back is about the same as not being sarcastic. I already told you that this isn't the reason for your current punishment."

"Oh."

"One more try. I'd be careful about the next one. Unless you feel like sleeping in those things."

"Please. My nipples are throbbing. I can't take it much longer."

"You will, because you don't have a choice."

We walked along. I could almost see her mind working. Wanting to come up with the right answer. Knowing it could be almost anything. Only knowing that it had something to do with the sarcasm. Of all the things to pick on. Wanting to blurt out anything that she came up wi th. Anything to get those damn clamps off her sore nipples but waiting trying to figure out the best one. Concentration fading with the pain.

"Please, Master. Help a dumb slave? Please?"

I just looked at her. She realized that I wasn't going to make it any easier on her and just looked down.

"God. I will be punished for disobeying or angering you."

"That is true. And I'll give you that you are on the right track."

"Oh God. Please. Please take them off me." Tears had welled up in her eyes. "Please give this stupid slave slut another chance. Please?"

I made her wait. Walking along for five minutes. Her quietly crying in frustration.

"Only because you were so helpful back there today. You did an excellent job with Lisa and Ashley when they fell apart. But, you have to make a choice. I can tighten those

things until you come up with the right answer. Or you can choose to wear them as they are until bedtime. How smart are you?"

"Please. It could be anything. My nipples feel like they're on fire. Please have some mercy on a dumb slave. Please."

She had almost completely fallen into the slave role on me. I wasn't entirely sure that I wanted that. But she was in pain. I was betting that as soon as those clamps came off, she'd revert to her normal sarcastic, willful se lf. Interesting to know. There was no way that I had broken her that easily. She'd just figured out that this kind of speech made things easier on her. And she was pretty quick adjusting her speech to the new pattern. Even though she was good at getting th e words off her tongue, I could see the resistance still behind her eyes. I hadn't broken her yet. Not sure I ever would.

"Choose."

"Shit. Okay. Tighten them you bastard. I want another shot at this. And I can't wear these damn things until you let me slee p."

I kind of figured that she wouldn't give up. Even if it meant a little more pain. I reached forward and gave them each another half turn. She closed her eyes and held her breath as the cruel clamps bit even more fiercely into her sensitive nipples. But she didn't cry out.

We walked along for a while more. Her trying her damnedest to figure out what I wanted to hear. Trying to walk gingerly in her bare feet and ankle chains. Trying to keep her upper body as still as she could. I'd stopped moving the clamps a while back when I realized just how much they were hurting her.

"You really have a thing for hurting my boobs, don't you?"

"They are nice boobs to hurt. Why? You wet?"

"Bastard." She gri tted her teeth.

"Have you figured it out yet?"

"Are you going to tighten them again if I'm wrong?"

"Nope, but I'm getting tired of this game. Last chance."

"God. I can't stand this much longer."

I stopped. I knew that she must have come up with some possib ilities. Probably been wracking her brain for the last hour. She just was trying to choose between them. We were nearly back at the hotel.

"Out with it then."

"Please have mercy on me. I'm a person. I'm Jane. I feel, you know? I hurt. How would you make ou t in my place? My boobs hurt. I can't concentrate like this. My nipples are on fire. I'm sorry for whatever I did. Please. I'm so sorry. Please take them off. God. Please have mercy."

"You are my slave. Nothing else. Remember that."

"Oh God. Okay. Okay. Pl ease just tell me what you want to hear. I'll get down on my knees. Beg you. I'll repeat it at the top of my lungs. I'll crawl all the way back to the hotel. Please take these damn things off my boobs. Please. They hurt." The last words almost plaintively, tears beginning to form in the corner of her eyes.

"I'm waiting. As far as I'm concerned you can wear them forever. What do you think the lesson was?"

“Oh God. Please. All right. If a slave is sufficiently cooperative and humbles herself to her Master, he may take leniency on her punishment. Please Master, this slave begs you to remove the clamps. Please.”

I reached forward and grasped the right clamp. Jane gasped as I moved the clamp. Ignoring her pain, I began to undo the clamp. Relief flooded into her f ace, just before she yelped at the pain of the returning circulation in her nipple. I released her left clamp, eliciting the same response from her.

As soon as the clamps were off, she collapsed to her knees on the pavement. Sobbing in relief. Whispering, “Thank-you” over and over as she cried on her knees. Those clamps must have hurt a lot more than I’d intended. To be honest, I was completely surprised that she had come up with that. Considering her position, to consider it lenient was a stretch. But, I g uess she was a smart girl. She knew that those clamps could have been a lot tighter on a lot more sensitive nipples. Though she tried to use the words to her advantage, both she as I knew that she was far from a stupid slave. I was actually impressed with her.

I let her cry herself out and then raised her back to her feet. I handed her the hated clamps into her bound hands; she grasped them without question behind her back. Having her carry them back to the hotel, making her aware of them, even though they weren’t currently attached to her breasts. That I was the one that could release her from the pain. Not her. Her nipples. Erect, and no doubt very sensitive were an angry red. Still slightly crying we found ourselves back at the hotel in about fifteen minu tes. I took off her ankle chains and led her up the fire stairs to the suite.

Chapter 40

When we entered, I noticed that the girls had managed to release Elizabeth from her chair. Amy had dug out some CD's from her suitcase somehow and the girls were quie tly relaxing, listening to what sounded like Mozart. Christi and Amy lying back at opposite ends of the couch and Elizabeth curled up on the floor. I motioned for Jane to join the relaxing women as I dropped wearily into the easy chair that had so recently held Elizabeth. Mozart crashed over me as I closed my eyes for a second.

After a few moments I opened my eyes. Four nude women, their hands handcuffed behind their backs. Trying hard not to attract my attention. Jane curled up on the carpet beside Elizabe th. What the hell was I going to do with them tonight? I was far too exhausted to torment them any further. I idly noticed how my thoughts automatically assigned normal time to our situation. A glance out the window would show that the world hadn't moved a n inch from morning when I'd stopped it. The bright sunshine still beaming down on the world. But our bodies and minds appear to have some rhythm of their own. So it was nighttime. Despite what the outside world was telling us.

Tearing my wandering mind ba ck to the girls in front of me. I had to decide what to do with them. Before I fell asleep. I'd been careless last evening. And I'd almost paid the price for it. If it wasn't for Jane not quite having the courage to continue, I'd have either found out the consequences of death in a strange timeline or had to begin this whole adventure over again. Neither case particularly appealed me. I'd invested a lot of time and energy setting up this situation. And if the equations were wrong, my death could have some really serious consequences. I had to make sure that the women were secured tonight. No mistakes.

Jane tied the best knots out of all the women. I opened my eyes again with an effort. I looked down at Jane. She was still breathing hard from climbing the sta irs to the penthouse suite. Her bare breasts rising and falling as she rested.

"Janey?"

"Sir?" she was pretty tired too, I could tell.

"Come here."

Jane wearily obeyed. Struggling back to her bare feet and padding over to where I sat.

"Wrists."

Jane turned herself around and held her wrists out to me behind her back. I fished the key out and released her slender wrists from their confinement. I idly played with the handcuffs as Jane turned herself back around rubbing her wrists. She had put down the nipple clamps, without permission, as she had initially settled to the floor. I decided to let it slide. I was far to tired to even consider punishing her. And she was too tired to take it. Last thing I needed was really rebellious women when I was this tired. I wasn't even sure I had the energy to stop her if she wanted to attack me, much less manipulate time.

"Jane. I want you to tie Amy and Elizabeth up."

The protests began from Amy and Elizabeth immediately, but a single weary glance silenced them before they could really irritate me.

"How?"

"How?" my mind was really beginning to have trouble concentrating.

“How do you want me to tie them?” Jane was getting a bit exasperated. I couldn’t really blame her.

“Securely. To something.”

“Together? Uncomfortably?”

“Together. Don’t really care about comfort. Make them as comfortable as practical. They’ll be in it for a while.”

Jane nodded wearily and wandered over to Amy and Elizabeth. She touched Amy’s arm and urging her to her feet. Elizabeth struggled to her feet from the floor. I closed my eyes, hearing Amy’s and Elizabeth’s small moans over the Mozart as they were moved into position and secured. Once I heard Amy plead, “Please sir. Please I don’t need to be tied up.” Only to be shushed by Jane.

I had just about begun to doze when Jane touched my arm, almost startling me. Christ. I had to keep my eyes open until I was done with the girls. Especially with Jane free and about. I’m suspecting that I was really lucky that Jane was as exhausted as I.

I snapped awake. Amy and Elizabeth were standing in the middle of the room. Hands still handcuffed behind them. Jane couldn’t have taken the cuffs off the women anymore than she could release her own wrists when I had them cuffed. No key. Amy and Elizabeth facing each other. Bare breasts pressed together. Soft rope holding their ankles together. Rope encircled their ankles, knees, thighs, waists and under their arms holding them firmly together. Their faces only inches apart. A loose rope held their throats, and a very lax piece ran upwards from their throats to one of the plant hooks. They’d be okay as long as they remained standing. A crotch rope was worked around their hips, the rope running through their vaginal lips, joining them together. All in all, a very attractive job. They weren’t going to get much sleep tonight being unable to lie down. But that didn’t particularly concern me right now. I’d give them a rest in the morning. I was simply too tired to care.

Realizing that they were going to be stuck like that for a while, if I was going to sleep, Amy looked at me with tears in her eyes. I handed Jane the key to Christi’s handcuffs and motioned her to free Christi. Jane padded over to her task without complaining.

Amy, her lower lip quivering, spoke from her bonds.

“Please. You don’t have to do this. I’ll be good. I promise. I’ll make love to you before you sleep. I’ll crawl for you. Handcuff me to something. Please. Not standing. I’ll never sleep.”

I rose from my chair and walked over to the two girls standing tied together. I just pressed my finger against her lips, and she obediently quieted. I checked the ropes. Not tight enough to cause real discomfort or hurt their circulation. Although I couldn’t imagine the crotch ropes being overly comfortable. I looked over at Jane. A bit surprised that she had added that touch on her own. Strictly it hadn’t been necessary. I was so tired I wouldn’t have even though to tell her to do it. Damn that girl, beginning to know me better than I know myself. Elizabeth’s face, silently pleading with me not to leave them like this for the night.

I whispered to the girls, “Ladies. I know you are uncomfortable. Spend the night like this. Try to sleep. Okay? If you can’t I’ll let you sleep in the bed tomorrow after I wake. You’ll be alright. Just quiet. I don’t want to have to gag you.”

Amy just nodded. Tears spilling over her eyes. Elizabeth, just relaxed as much as she was able. These were going to be very tired girls in the morning. I'd deal with them then. I was almost asleep on my feet.

An evil thought occurred to me as I turned to gather up the remaining two girls.

I leaned in towards the bound girls. I gave them both a kiss on the cheek, whispering to Elizabeth as I did so. She initially shook her head, but a quick open hand on her backside convinced her. Tears in her eyes, she leaned her head forward, and before Amy could react, kissed her full on the mouth. To my surprise, Amy didn't back away from the kiss but rather returned it. Softly crying.

Elizabeth broke the kiss and looked back at me. She said simply, "Good night, Sir."

Amy echoed the words, quietly. I stroked their hair and whispered, "Good night, girls."

I walked over to Jane and Christi. Both completely free of bonds and gave them my arms. Each took one and as we passed the stereo, Jane flipped it off. Mozart faded. Christi touched the light switch as we passed into the hall plunging the two bound girls into darkness, each emitting a small cry.

As soon as we made it to the bedroom, I flopped down on the bed. Closed my eyes. A moment later, I opened them. Without any instruction at all, Christi had automatically cuffed Jane's hands behind her back. I watched wearily as she guided the naked teen to the desk chair. Jane sighed as she sat down. Christi knelt and quickly wrapped soft rope holding Jane's ankles to the chair legs. There wasn't a scrap of resistance from Jane. She might have even been more tired than I. I hadn't had to walk for what seemed like miles, hobbled and barefoot struggling with the pain of nipple clamps.

Jane settled into the chair and closed her eyes. As I watched, her breathing became more regular and her head fell quietly forward. I don't think I'd ever met anyone that was able to fall asleep as quickly as she. But I guess I'd put her through an awful lot today. Her nipples, softly moving with her breathing were still an angry red. I felt a quick pang of guilt for causing her that pain; I pushed it away. I guess I was just more tired than I thought.

Christi, had walked over to the bed where I was lying. Her hands pulling at my clothes. With a little help from me, soon I had lost my clothes, idly I watched as she carelessly tossed them about the room. Shirt over by the dresser. Pants at Jane's feet. Shoes, at the foot of the bed.

I took a deep breath as her hands found my penis. I was ready in a second. Four nude, captive women. Plus all the adventure today. Those poor girls tied up in the mall. Tormenting them. The Ashley enigma. Jane's masochistic tendencies surfacing. The lawyers. Punishing Amy and Jane. The memories flooding over me. I was more than ready as her soft lips slipped over the head. Her soft tongue running over the length of me. Lightly sucking. My hands resting on her hair. Stroking her head as she used her mouth. Finally, my hips rising from the bed. Thrusting into her teasing mouth. Climaxing. I felt her throat spasming as she struggled to swallow everything. Breathing through her nose. Releasing her head, letting her up.

A last wave of weariness washing over me. I struggled to keep awake as I felt her reaching to the night stand. Sensing her gathering something up. Adrenaline. My eyes snapped open, sure I was going to see a kitchen knife in her hands. Almost calling up my

reserves of strength, ready to freeze her. I relaxed. Two pairs of handcuffs in her long fingers. God, I was tired.

"You don't have to tie me up, you know." But I could see it in her face. She knew that she wasn't going to be allowed freedom this night.

My eyes closing again. I just sighed. I guess she took the sigh to mean that she was going to be bound with the rest of the girls tonight. When I opened my eyes again, she had handcuffed her own slender ankles together. I made an effort worthy of Goliath and raised into a sitting position. I touched her bare shoul der as she was struggling to move off the bed to the floor. She stopped. I swung her bare legs back up onto the bed, taking the second pair of handcuffs from her fingers. I snapped them around the bar of the bed foot bar and to the chain binding her ankles , effectively holding her on the bed. Damned if I was going to have a repeat of yesterday. Christi wasn't going anywhere tonight. I then collapsed back onto the bed. My eyes closing for the last time. I felt her hands gently stroking my hair as I fell asle ep. My last thought before dreamland was that I hoped that she didn't have enough strength to strangle me.

"Good night, Master," she softly said before lying down beside me. Her ankles quietly jangling the chains holding them.

Chapter 41

I awoke refreshed. According to my watch, at least ten hours of sleep. I was lying on my back, with an unfamiliar weight pressing against my arm. I glanced down. A blonde head resting in the crook on my arm. I didn't move, not wanting to wake her. I glanced over at the chair, half expecting it to be empty. Jane still sitting in the chair, her ankles secured to the legs, breathing regularly. Occasionally pulling against her ropes. But quiet.

I gently moved, lowering Christi carefully to the bed. It was then that I noticed that her hands were handcuffed in front of her. I was quite sure that her hands were free last night before I fell asleep. I was almost sure that I was worried about her strangling me before I fell asleep. I guess that hadn't happened. She must have somehow gotten the cuffs from the night stand, after I'd fallen asleep and cuffed herself. I'd have to reward her for that. It would have been just as easy for her to handcuff me instead. But she hadn't. Not sure why.

I quickly gathered my clothes, not waking either female. Naked, I dropped my clothes in the bathroom and I padded out to the living room. I switched on the light, eliciting some groans from the girls tied up there. I walked up to Amy and Elizabeth.

Amy looked like hell. Her eyes were sunken. Her hair a mess. It didn't look like she had gotten a wink of sleep. I couldn't imagine how it must feel tied up for a solid ten hours when you are deathly tired. Elizabeth looked a little better, but not much.

"Good morning," I said to them brightly.

"Good morning," Amy returned a bit sulkily. Amy was probably one of those people that got really cranky if overtired.

I wandered out to the kitchen and switched on the coffee pot. Then sat down in the easy chair and gazed at my girls.

Finally, Amy broke down. "Please. Aren't you going to untie us?"

"Whatever for? You look wonderful like that."

"Oh God. Please. I'm begging you. My feet hurt. My back hurts. I'm so tired I could just die. Please." She began to cry, silent big tears falling down her cheeks. Moving Elizabeth with her sobs. Yup, cranky when tired. Elizabeth tried to comfort her.

Elizabeth turned her head as best she could.

"How can you be so cruel to her? She's human, you know? She's tired. She's tortured. She's hurting. Please. I'll stay here if you need to look at someone. Please. She's just a girl."

I stood up and walked over to the girls. Stroked Amy's head until she calmed down a bit.

"You aren't ever going to let us go. Are you?"

"You mean from this?" I indicated the ropes holding her.

Despair. She nodded. "Please. God. I'm so tired. I'll do anything for some sleep. Oh Christ. A nice bed. What's that like? Please, my feet. My legs. My whole body aches. I'm not asking for much. Please. I'll crawl for you. I'll fuck you. You can whip me. Oh God please let me out of this."

She managed to keep control of her voice, even though her eyes couldn't help dropping a few tears down her cheeks. She actually was very attractive when she begged. I relented and began to undo the knots. Jane's knots always gave me trouble, so it was a

long process. I began at their ankles, slowly working my way up their bound bodies. I cruelly left the crotch ropes in place until I'd released everything but their throats.

I released the ropes holding their crotches together having to actua lly work the evil ropes from between their swollen lips. Both girls sighed as the strict bondage fell away from their bodies. Especially when the bonds were removed from the crotch ropes. I couldn't imagine how sore that would get a girl if left for ten ho urs. But they didn't complain too much. Maybe they were frightened to complain. I released their throats last. As soon as the danger of hanging themselves had been removed, both girls fell to their knees on the carpet.

Amy murmured, "Thank-you. Oh God. Thank-you." Her muscles began to uncramp and she gasped as the blood began to circulate back into areas that it had been denied until now.

I looked down at the kneeling girls. "How about a shower?"

"A shower?" both girls in unison.

"Yeah, you remember those don't you?"

"Oh my God," Amy practically gushed. "I'd do just about anything for a hot shower. I didn't think you would ever let me take one. I feel so dirty." In her excitement she completely unselfconsciously leaned forward and kissed my l eg. Amazing what a tired girl and a night of uncomfortable bondage will do to a woman. Elizabeth, while not quite as excited as Amy was nodding that she wanted one too.

Though the girls were alright the way they were, I wrinkled my nose and smiled. Joking with them. "Well, I guess you do need one." I touched their heads. "Come on. Crawl with me to the bathroom."

Without any complaint at all, the two girls fell to their hands and knees and quickly as they could crawled to the bathroom. Once there, I had Eliz abeth get up and run a hot shower. Leaning back against the counter, I motioned for Amy to join her.

Not having to be told twice, the girl bounced to her feet and slipped into the shower with Elizabeth. As I slipped into the shower with them, Amy was actua lly smiling as she worked shampoo into her hair. I motioned to Elizabeth, and resigned, she picked up a bar of soap and began to wash Amy. There wasn't a whole lot of room in the shower, I have no idea how Christi, Jane and Elizabeth took one the day befor e.

Soon, Amy was sighing as Elizabeth's hands worked the soap into her bare wet body. Elizabeth, seeming to know what I wanted from her, took care to make sure Amy was completely clean. Spending extra time on her feet, pussy and breasts. Whenever Amy tried to help, I just gently slapped at her hands, finally Amy just let Elizabeth soap her up and enjoyed it. Back in the spray, Amy rinsed and then returned the favour. Carefully working the shampoo into Elizabeth's hair, and soaping up her body. Elizabeth sighed at the attention, knowing that she shouldn't help Amy wash her, letting Amy do the work.

"You know, this is a lot nicer than the cold one you made us take the other day."

"Only because I'm in here. Otherwise, you'd be shivering."

"Oh. Doesn't matter. T hank-you anyway. It feels wonderful after that night."

"Yes, thank-you ... m-m-master," shyly from Amy.

Once Elizabeth was rinsed off, the two girls automatically turned to me. Amy running her hands through my wet hair, carefully working shampoo through it . Cleaning it thoroughly. Elizabeth running her soft hands over my body. Working the soap into it.

Taking extra care around my groin causing me to gasp as her wet hands massaged me. She grinned up at me, falling to her knees. Water cascading over her bare body. Amy's hands still working at my hair.

Elizabeth slipped her wet mouth over my penis, began to run her tongue up and down it. Teasing. I groaned, taking in the sensations of the water, the two beautiful women. I didn't take long for me to get to the e dge. Smiling up at me, Elizabeth waited for the last possible second before taking me out of her mouth, with one soft touch from her fingers, I climaxed. Letting my come go. Elizabeth managed to close her eyes as my semen cascaded over her face. Into her w et hair. As I finished, and relaxed, she climbed to her bare feet and nonchalantly rinsed her face and hair again, getting me off of her. She turned around and kissed my mouth.

"Without even being told."

"I figured you'd make me do it anyway."

"Most women would have waited in your position."

"I ain't most women and you were finally nice to us. Hot water. Even if it wasn't meant for us." She grinned. Such simple things made her happy. Probably such a difference from her former life.

The girls finished washin g my body. I rinsed off.

"Stay." I ordered them. The two bare girls had no problem following that order. Relishing the spray against their bodies. If they could have stayed under that hot water all day, I think they would have. I would have bet that if I'd met them two days ago and told them that they would be showering together, washing me, servicing me, and happy about it, they probably would have just hurt themselves laughing. Amazing.

As I stepped out of the shower, I turned off the hot tap. It took a s econd for the stream to change to bitter cold. The girls in the spray squealed. Begging for me to let them get out or turn back on the hot. I forced them to stay under the cold spray for a minute or so, then reached in and turned off the water.

I let the dripping girls step out of the shower. They were shivering and their nipples stood out in a delicious way. I almost wanted to play with their bodies, right then and there, but decided to hold off. I had a lot planned for the day. And even if they were in much better spirits, they needed some rest before I could really play with them. Amy actually laughing as she stepped out of the shower, her body shaking from the cold water. Simple things.

I held out a large bath towel and the girls immediately began to dry my wet body. Amy picked up a hair dryer and began to dry my hair. I just waited quietly letting the girls preen me. Finally done, I motioned for them to finish up themselves. I slipped into my clothes and sat on the counter watching the bare beauties dry each other. Still shivering. I had them put nail polish on, their choice of colour, but since I was intending to put them to bed there was little point to having them don makeup for me.

While we waited for their nails to dry, Amy spoke to me.

"Why are you being nice to us?"

"Amy, I'm not always cruel. You and Elizabeth have done everything I asked. Right down to spending the night in that awful position. I know that must have been really hard on you. You are tired. Probably a bit cranky. I understand. You n eed some rest. And I needed a shower anyway. No reason for you not to join me."

"God, it felt good. How long are you going to keep us?"

"Until I get tired of you. You know that."

"I guess I did. Can I ask you a more personal question? Without you getting u pset at me?"

"I suppose." I was feeling patient.

"Why do you enjoy having us? I mean, like you do?"

"Huh?"

"She means, why do you like having us tied up, humiliated, naked all the time?" Elizabeth chimed it.

"I honestly don't know."

"It turns you on having us helpless, doesn't it?"

"I guess it does."

"You know that you don't have to keep us tied up all the time you know. We can't get away. We're helpless anyway. I'm pretty sure all of us have pretty much given up on any ideas of attacking you. You don't have to tie us up."

"Elizabeth, I know you don't like being bound up all the time. I wouldn't either, in your position. But, I can't help it. That is why I took you. To keep you in bonds most of the time. Whether you like it or not doesn't really mat ter to me."

Elizabeth just hung her head. "God, I'm so tired."

"I know. And I promised you a bed for the morning."

Amy brightened. "You mean it? You are going to let us sleep in the bed? No floor? No ropes?" Hopefully.

I turned to Amy. "Amy, dear. I am goi ng to let you sleep in the bed. No floor. Promise. But you know I can't leave you without the ropes."

"Please. Oh my God. Please. I'm begging you. I don't need to be tied up. I won't run away. God. I'll give you another blowjob. Please don't tie me up anym ore. I hate it."

"Amy. I'll try to make it comfortable for you. Okay?"

Tears welled up in her eyes. She was really tired. Mood swings. I had to get these girls some sleep before they became completely unpredictable. She bit her lower lip, such a feminine thing, choked back the tears that had threatened when she didn't get everything she wanted. She silently nodded in resignation. Her face brightened a bit as she again realized that she was going to get to sleep in a bed again. Even if she was tied up.

Finally, the women finished drying off, their bodies glowing. I resisted the impulse to use them and gently guided them towards the bedroom.

I opened the door quietly. Christi was sitting up on the bed. Awake. Pulling weakly at the cuffs holding her wrists and ankles. Jane was still snoring in the chair. Christi's eyes opened wider as she saw the two radiant girls precede me into the bedroom.

I dropped to the bed, releasing her cuffs. Christi kissed me full on the mouth, whispering "Good morning".

I whispered my reply not wanted to wake Jane yet. "Good morning, sleepy head."

Christi slipped off the bed and knelt quietly on the floor as I motioned Amy and Elizabeth over to the bed. Amy flopped down, her eyes questioning. I had her put her wrists in front of her an d I wrapped them with some softer rope; lashing them together. Not tight, but inescapable. She pulled a bit against the bindings, but didn't complain. I did the same to her ankles. A quick lashing, probably not uncomfortable considering what she had put up with previously. As I finished with her ankles, I looked up at her

face. The girl was already fast asleep. Her breasts rising and falling with her shallow breathing. I gently rolled her over to one side of the bed. Her sleeping body not resisting.

I tied Elizabeth the same way. Wrists and ankles. Not unbearably tight. Set her head at the foot of the bed, opposite to Amy. She lay her head down, her red hair flowing around her head. She closed her eyes murmuring, "Good night."

I touched Christi's arm and she rose to her feet. I guided her silently out of the room of sleeping, bound, and nude women and closed the door quietly behind us.

Chapter 42

I walked her out to the kitchen. She immediately smelled the coffee long since brewed. She reached for the pot, b ut I gently pulled her arm back. She looked at me, hurt. Like a child not getting her way. Pouting.

"After you make some breakfast. For three."

"Three?"

"Yes. I'm going to wake Jane as well, if she doesn't wake on her own."

"Oh. Cold cereal for us? What would you like?" She asked glumly.

I was feeling beneficent. It wouldn't hurt and it might put them in better spirits. "Bacon, eggs and toast, all around. Coffee for the two of you."

Her eyes widened, not expected anything more than jus t cold cereal in a bowl on the floor. But she didn't have to be told twice. I settled into a kitchen chair as she purposefully moved around the kitchen, gathering ingredients, finding pots and pans. Getting the bacon cooking. Her long legs flashing as he s trode around. Smiling.

Soon, the heavenly smells of breakfast began to permeate the air. I was famished. The girls' intake of food had been very limited. I was trying to keep them a little hungry to make them a bit more cooperative. I'd been giving them sn acks from time to time, but no really good hot meals. As a result, I hadn't been eating quite right either.

I watched with a smile on my face as she jumped when the bacon grease caught her bare skin. She yelped and turned to see me grinning. She smiled and stuck out her tongue.

"Don't be sticking out that thing unless you intend to use it."

She put on a mischievous grin and mocked me. "What makes you think that I wouldn't?"

"Get back to work, vixen."

She stuck her tongue out again, but turned back to breakf ast.

I rose and wandered back to the bedroom. Opening the door silently I poked my head in. Jane was still fast asleep. Dreaming. Pulling against the ropes that held her. Amy and Elizabeth dead to the world on the bed.

I moved over to Jane and touched her bare shoulder. Her eyes fluttered open, and she groaned. I knelt and began to untie her ankles. Soon she was free and I helped her get her cramped body out of the chair. She groaned again as she rose to her bare feet. She appeared to about to say something . Pressing my finger to her lips, I pointed to Amy and Elizabeth sound asleep on the bed. Jane nodded and we made our way slowly out of the bedroom, giving Jane's cramped muscles time to adjust to their freedom, closing the door silently behind us.

"God. Don't ever sleep tied to a chair. That's all I have to say." Jane was rolling her neck and shaking her legs out.

"Cramped?"

"A bit. Is that bacon I smell?"

"Yup."

"Bet I don't get any."

"Why not?"

"Really?" I nodded.

The look of wonder on her face. Just lik e a child. She raised up on her toes and gave me a kiss on the cheek.

"This slave is so very hungry. She thanks her master for his kindness."

Back to the slave talk. She was getting pretty good at it. By this time we had made our way back out to the kitche n area. Christi turned away from the eggs she was cooking and made a face at Jane. Guess she probably heard the last "slave" sentence. Her look was one of those don't -humour-him looks. I gave her a withering glance and she grinned again, sticking out her t ongue and returned to her task.

I guided Jane to one of the chairs. She sat, trying to adjust her hands still cuffed behind her.

With a mischievous grin, Jane looked up at me. "A slave cannot eat her breakfast with her wrists handcuffed, can she?"

"I guess we'll just have to do something about that." I was wondering what the heck had gotten into these two this morning. Both mischievous. Teasing. I guess they were just feeling perky. Maybe they were morning people. Amazing what a good rest would do.

Christi carried the plates of food to the table and placed a plate at each setting. A cup of coffee beside her's and Jane's plate.

"So, how do you like being served by the naked chef?" She flung her arms out.

Unsure of all this energy in the morning, I just smiled at her. That was enough for her as she settled into her seat. I suspect that she was beginning to look forward to her first decent meal in a long time.

She picked up her fork and had just about begun to dig in when I stopped her.

"Christi."

Her arm stopped midway to her plate. She turned her head, dread in her eyes. I could see it. After making her prepare everything, I wasn't going to let her eat. Her smile faded and tears began to flood into her eyes. "Please. M -M-Master. I'm so hungry."

"Christi." I took the fork away from her. Letting her think for a second that I wasn't going to let her eat. Jane just pulled at her cuffs, smelling the food in front of her. "Christi. I should have warned you before you went to al l this trouble of setting the table for three." The tears overwhelmed her eyes and the first coursed down her cheek.

"Please. Whatever I've done, I'm sorry. Please. I'm so hungry."

I tasted the bacon. She was actually a really good cook. The bacon was just the way I enjoyed it. I watched her eyes as they followed the piece of bacon from my plate to my mouth. Wanting. Longing. Not daring to eat without my permission.

I swallowed. "Christi, don't you think you should wait for me to finish."

She choked out her answer. "I g-g-guess. But my breakfast will get cold. Please." I saw a light go on inside her head and she struggled for the words. "Please ... M -m-m-master ... y-your s-sla-ve ... please have pity on her." The last words fell out of her mouth in a rush. Damn, they were catching on quick.

I nodded to her and her face brightened.

"Eat slowly, Christi. Use your fingers. Don't wolf it down. I know you're hungry."

Jane whimpered quietly. "Please. Master. Your slave begs to be freed to eat her breakfast." I saw a way of slowing down Christi.

I shook my head watching as the tears began to fall from Jane's eyes. I felt sorry for her. I'm sure that she was just as hungry as the rest of us. And she hadn't even done anything to deserve punishment.

"Christi. Help Jane . Okay? One for you, one for her. She's hungry too."

Jane closed her eyes. Her face flushing. She wasn't even going to be allowed to feed herself, but had to take her food from the fingers of another woman.

Christi looked up from her breakfast and gave Jan e a reassuring look. She reached over to Jane's plate and brought a piece of bacon to her lips. Jane, still flushed accepted the food and swallowed hungrily.

I finished my breakfast far before Christi and Jane, they only sharing one set of hands between th e two of them. I sat back and watched the girls interact. After the initial discomfort it looked like Jane was actually getting into being fed. Smiling, and docilely waiting for Christi to get back to her. God, it was nice having the two bare beauties at t he breakfast table. One feeding the other like a child. Eating with nude women. Nothing quite like it.

I watched as Christi finished off Jane's plate. Mopping up the last of the yolk with the toast and placing it into Jane's mouth. Jane licking at her fing ers. Finally, finishing the last of her own breakfast and licking the last crumbs from her own fingers. She didn't even seem to mind not being allowed to use cutlery.

Fed, the girls seemed to be a bit happier. They settled down and relaxed a bit. Christi turned her gaze to me.

"Can I ask what we are going to be doing today, without you getting mad at me?"

"Sure."

Her brow furrowed, not realizing that I was playing with her.

"Well?"

"Well what?" I liked keeping them off balance. And they had been more than irritating with their cheerfulness this morning. *I* wasn't a morning person.

"What are we going to do?" She seemed almost, but not quite annoyed. Puzzled. Confused maybe.

"Do you really want to know?"

"Probably not. Let me guess. I'll be using my tongue ag ain." She shivered.

"Maybe. I thought we might go back to visit Kimberly. She would probably be glad to see us."

"I'd almost forgotten about her. You think she's alright?"

"Probably very thirsty, hungry and aching, unless she's figured out a way of getting those clothespins off."

"Oh God." Imagining the plight of the poor girl.

"Who's Kimberly?" from Jane.

"Kimberly is the second girl he grabbed after me." Christi explained. "Last I saw of her, she was tied into a chair, breasts bound and clothespins on her nipples. God, that must have been two days ago."

Jane winced. "That's pretty harsh. Even for you."

"This is why I think we better go see to her. Even if it's just to return her to her ow n time. I may be cruel, but I don't think it is necessary to kill anyone. Least of all by starvation."

Christi got up and began to clear the table, dumping the dishes in the sink. I watched as the nude girl ran some water into the sink and quietly washed t he dishes. Probably thinking about the horrible experience that Kimberly was going through.

She finished and then came and knelt by my feet. Her hands resting easily on my thigh.

I sat there thinking for a few minutes, the girls knew better than to disturb me when I was thinking. Finally, I handed Christi the key to Jane's handcuffs and bade her release Jane.

As Jane's wrists came free she remarked, "You couldn't have done that before breakfast, could you?" She rubbed her wrists. Been in confinement for a h ell of a long time.

"Janey, then I wouldn't have seen Christi feed you." She flushed. "Quite erotic actually."

"You are a bastard, you know that?"

"Yup." Mischievous grin of my own.

"You two care to have a shower?"

"Oh God. Please. I feel so dirty," Christ i said.

Jane looked shrewdly at me. "Hot water?"

Christi chimed in as well. "Please don't make us take another cold shower."

I looked at Jane. "You want hot water?"

I watched as she consciously slipped into slave mode. It was something to see. Her eyes even changed. Became softer somehow. She knew that I wanted her to beg and if she begged enough I'd let her have what she wanted. She immediately slipped to the floor onto her knees.

"Master? Please. Have pity on a worthless slave? Please allow her hot water? It was so cold last time. Your poor slave was shivering. Please allow your dumb slave to shower with hot water. Please." She actually managed to get her eyes to brim with tears as she begged. No shame. She knew that this was the only way to get anything e xtra from me. She had nothing else with which to bargain.

I felt my body react. Seeing her naked, on her knees. Begging for something as simple as hot water in the shower. I was completely erect; so turned on. And she seemed so sincere. She knew she had to beg or she was showering in the freezing cold spray again. It didn't take much to get to me.

"Go on you two. Hot as you like. But be quick."

They jumped to their feet and practically ran out of the kitchen. I just shook my head. Who would have thought, tw o days ago that I'd be so completely controlling such beautiful women. I'll bet they would never have guessed either.

I casually strolled to the bathroom and walked in. No need to knock. The steam from the shower assaulted me as I wandered in. I could hear the two of them splashing about in the shower. I doubt if they even knew I was there. I actually heard Christi laugh as she dropped the soap. I watched and listened to the two girls for about ten minutes before Jane slipped out of the shower. Her bare bod y dripping. I suppose that it wasn't often that they had privacy or pleasure. The simply pleasure of hot water running over their sore bodies revitalized them. Jane looked positively radiant.

As she stepped out of the shower, I watched her jump as she real ized I was in the bathroom with them. Then she smiled, casting her eyes downward, "A slave thanks her master for letting her take a hot shower."

Her mischievous grin played at the corner of her pretty mouth as she tried her best to keep a straight face. Fi nally, giving up, she minced over to where I was leaning on the counter, stood on her toes and gave me a quick kiss. "You know," she said to me, "if it wasn't for you being a complete bastard every so often it might actually be pleasant being

here." She playfully tossed her hair, catching me with drops of water. She danced away before I could react and give her a swat.

Her words caught me a bit off guard. But she didn't seem to expect an answer from me. She just grabbed the towel off the towel bar and began the process of drying herself. Christi peeked out around the shower curtain.

They both seemed to be in an odd mood today. "Can a slave have a few more minutes? This water feels wonderful to her." I nodded to her.

I shook my head wondering where all the sudden submissiveness came from. Perhaps they had just figured out that their submissiveness wasn't too hard to affect and drastically made life easier for them. Damn, it was hard to say no to a naked woman trying so hard to please. And I was beginning to suspect that they knew that. Must have been hard for them, though. Especially Jane.

Jane finished drying herself, and combed out her long brunette hair. She saw me watching her, and purposefully turned her body towards me as she ran the comb through her now clean locks.

After she was done, she looked at me. Christi was just stepping out of the shower, turning it off as she left.

Jane asked me, "Do you want us in make up?"

"Sounds good." I shrugged. I didn't actually care, not a huge make-up man. And these girls didn't really need make-up. "Not going to dry your hair?"

"Never do. You want me to?"

I shrugged. Couldn't think of why I should make her dry her hair. She just bent to the counter and picked up some of Amy's makeup and began to lightly put some on. Lipstick. Some eye highlights. Nothing garish. She finished and walked over to her.

"How do I look?"

"Clean."

"Thanks." She looked a bit disappointed.

"Clean is good. You look gorgeous. No nail polish?"

"Do you like a woman in nail polish?"

I nodded. She smiled. "Red or purple?" She held up the only two bottles that Amy had on the counter.

I pointed to the red. And she bent to her task fingers and toes. Christi was just finishing up, blow drying her blonde mane. Silently, she set about making herself up as well. She used a little more than Jane, but they both looked drop dead gorgeous after they were done. Damn, had they only known how good they looked and how close they had just come to having sex right then and there.

While waiting for the nail polish to dry, Jane decided to push her luck. "Please, can't we put on some clothes? We'll be good. I promise. I'm so tired of being naked."

I smiled at her. "Jane, I'd get used to the nude look. That's one thing that you're not even going to be able to beg for and get. You're welcome to try, I like you begging, but I'll give you advance warning. I like you naked more than I like the begging."

She just hung her head. "You can't blame a girl for trying."

I touched her head, motioned to Christi. I'd carried in two pairs of handcuffs. I just pointed to the cuffs and watched as Jane picked up the first pair, Christi the second. With a plaintive look, but seeing that it would do her no good to argue, Jane wrapped the first

cuff around her right wrist. She started to put her hands behind her to close the left cuff but I stopped her with another touch.

"In front is okay, this time."

She smiled gratefully and managed to close the other cuff in front of her. Christi did the same. I stepped back and just enjoyed the sight of these beautiful creatures handcuffing themselves for me.

After their wrists were secure in front of them, I reached forward and traced a finger down Jane's right breast. Her skin was silky soft from the shower. She just stood still, even when my finger traced over her erect nipple. I motioned Christi over and elicited a gasp from her as I repeated the action on her left breast.

I placed my hands on their upper arms, relishing the feel of their soft skin and walking slowly between them, I guided them from the bathroom and out into the living area.

Chapter 43

I gathered up the bag of toys and the gun. I hadn't needed the gun in a long time, and the sight of it made both Christi and Jane cringe. It being the instrument of their enslavem ent. Hard to fight a guy with a gun.

I handed the pack to Christi, who grasped it in her bound hands without complaint. We made our way to the underground parking garage under the hotel. Christi and Jane cringing as they were forced to walk along in their clean bare feet in the dusty garage. It wasn't long before we spied a middle aged woman just leaning down to enter her car. Some kind of Toyota.

I pointed her out to Christi and Jane.

"Whatcha think of that?"

Jane had been through this before at the mall. She replied, "What do you want us to think? She's pretty."

"Actually, she's not particularly attractive to me." I wandered up to her and pried the keys out of her frozen hand. "But she has wheels. Not pretty wheels. But we can pick up better wheels as we go." I looked at the Camry in disgust. I concentrated and the car was released from the Time freeze.

I opened the driver side door and motioned for Christi to get behind the wheel. Opening the back, I had Jane slip into the back seat. I walked around the car and slipped into the shotgun seat. I reached around and belted the girls into their seats. Brushing their bare bodies as I did. Safety first.

I handed Christi the keys. She grasped them in her bound hands and just looked at me.

"Please, can't we take off the handcuffs? It is so hard to drive in them."

"Christi. It's an automatic. Just go slow. We aren't in a huge rush."

"Oh God. Okay. But don't blame me if we crash."

"Christi, you know whose hide it will come out of if you crash us."

She paled, but struggled the keys into the ignition. The car started without a problem and Christi struggled with the steering wheel to back it up. Soon, she had maneuvered us out of the parking garage and onto the main street.

"Where to, Cap'n?" she joked.

"Your place. The hardware store."

"Oh yeah." She grew a little more solemn as she remembered where we were going.

We moved slowly. I kept myself entertained by occasionally running my hand across Christi's thigh. It distracted her a number of times. We almost ended up in the ditch. But she didn't seem to mind. The girls were getting a bit more comfortable with the fact that I controlled them. I could touch them whenever I wanted. I could punish them whenever I wanted. And I could reward them i f I chose. I found it flabbergasting that anyone could fall into being an object so easily. I honestly was expecting more trouble from my captives. But they had almost all fallen into whatever routine would cause them the least pain and punishment. And tha t meant obeying. Without question.

Christi began having some difficulty in some of the more heavily traveled areas of the route. Frozen traffic getting in the way. After some maneuvering she managed to get us around it. She was doing alright for a naked wo man in handcuffs.

I'd almost begun to doze off, when I felt the car slow and finally stop.

“We’re here, Cap’n,” Christi announced brightly.

I softly chastised her. “I know you are only kidding, Christi, but I prefer Sir or Master. Not Cap’n.”

Her face fell a bit, but nothing was going to dampen this girl’s spirits today. “Yes sir. Are you ever going to tell us who you are? Your real name?”

I smiled at her, but ignored the question.

I reached around the car, releasing their seatbelts. I climbed out of the ca r and watched the two girls struggle with the doors, their cuffed hands making it difficult to maneuver out of the vehicle.

As we approached the familiar store, I saw Christi hesitate. This was a bit close to home for her. Probably reminding her of her own initial capture.

Christi spoke up. “Do you think she’ll be alright?”

“I think so. Uncomfortable as all hell, but she should be alright. Christi, I want you to raid the front of the store. Get candy. Chocolate. Anything. She’s going to be really hungry. Janey, find an office. Get water. She’s going to be more thirsty than hungry. And if she doesn’t get rehydrated she won’t be alright much longer. Okay? Meet me in the middle of the store.”

I took the pack from Christi’s fingers.

The girls scrambled to do my bidding as soon as we entered the store.

I walked to the center of the store where Kimberly was still tied to the chair. She had knocked the chair over in her struggles over the last couple of days. She appeared to be sleeping, her bare bound breasts risin g and falling shallowly in her sleep. One clothespin, from her right breast had come off, probably when she knocked the chair over. The one on her left breast was still attached to her nipple. I walked over to the fallen chair and righted it. She came awak e as I moved the chair back into an upright position.

“Oh thank God,” she croaked. Her voice sounded like sandpaper. No wonder, this creature hadn’t been allowed water or food in two days.

“Glad to see me?” I asked her, standing in front of her.

She pulled very weakly at the bonds holding her to the chair. She just hung her head and nodded.

“I thought I was going to die here. That you weren’t ever coming back. You’re not going to let me die are you? I don’t want to die. God I hurt.”

Christi wandered around the corner, her bound arms full of chocolate bars. She unceremoniously dumped them to the floor and then knelt behind them.

Kimberly’s eyes widened at the sight of Christi. Looked longingly at the candy.

“God. Food. Please. God. Please let me have some wat er. Please let me out of these ropes.” She began to pull against the ropes.

Jane joined us, carrying a large thermos in her hands. I retrieved the thermos from her grasp and relieved of her charge, she quietly knelt in the aisle.

“Stay there. Okay?”

Jane nodded and spoke to me, “That was the only thing I could find. Hope that’s okay?”

I twisted off the top and took a quick mouthful of water. Cold. Over the top of the thermos I could see Kimberly’s eyes watching me drink. So easily. Her so uncomfortable. Must have been a torture in itself. I sat down in front of Kimberly on the floor and she began to beg. Unashamedly.

“Please. I’m so thirsty. I don’t want to die of thirst. Please have mercy. I haven’t done anything to you. I hurt so much. Why do you want to h urt me?” The parched girl began to cry. I was surprised that she had enough water in her system to even manufacture tears. But there they were. Big tears, slowly making their way down her cheeks.

I glanced back at Jane, she had her eyes closed as though sh e was in pain. She opened them and looked at me. Slowly, she got to her knees and shuffled out to where I was sitting.

“You bastard. You don’t have any idea of the pain she is in, do you?”

I just shook my head and dribbled some water over Kimberly’s bare f oot. So close. That bottle of water, the only thing she wanted in the world. In my hands. Tears falling down her face.

Jane continued. “I know that I’m going to get punished for this, but I’ve got to help her.” She reached forward and gently took the bottl e from my hands. I let her, curious how far she would take this.

Jane rose to her feet. And approached the chair with the softly weeping woman.

“Honey. Kimberly. You don’t know me. I’m Jane. Please stop crying. Please.” She stroked her hair.

Kimberly began to beg Jane. “Please have mercy on me. God. Water. What have I ever done to you? Please have mercy. I’m so thirsty. Please.”

“Kimberly. Honey. Listen to me. I’m not in control here. I’m just his dumb slave. Just like you. Listen to me. Please, god, listen to me. I’m already getting punished for even being here. Okay? Please, I can’t give you the water until he says I can or he might kill me. I’m already risking punishment like you wouldn’t imagine.”

“What do I have to do? I’ll do anything. Please. God. Wat er.”

“Tell him that. Beg. Please. Call him Master.” Jane bent to her ear and whispered to the crying girl. Something I couldn’t make out. Probably telling her what to say. What might make me allow her the water she so desperately wanted. Jane straightened, “Please, Kimberly. For me. It’s not that hard once you get used to it.”

Jane turned to me. “Master? Please have mercy on a stupid slave? Slave Kimberly, she’ll die without this water. Please. This slave knows that she is going to be punished. Punish her all you want, but please let Slave Kimberly drink. Please.” Tears had begun to form in Jane’s eyes as well.

Kimberly took a deep breath. I imagine Jane told her to talk like her. Knowing that eventually I’d let up and let her drink.

“Please, m-m-master. I … Th-this sl-sl-slave ... is so very thirsty. She doesn’t want to die. Pl-please let her dr-drink some water. I’ll ... she’ll fuck you if you want. I ... she will crawl for you. Anything. Please m -master.”

From my position still sitting on the floor, I fi gured that I had put her through enough. I rose to my feet and casually removed the clothespin from Kimberly’s left breast.

She wailed, “Ahhhhhhhh. Oh my God. I thought that my tits were numb. Oh God. My nipple.” The blood was rushing back into the torture d nipple. She collapsed into crying again. Giving up. Just hanging in her ropes.

I dropped the clamp onto the floor at her feet.

“Jane?” She turned to me, half expecting her punishment now. “Jane, take a mouthful of water. Don’t swallow it.” Obediently, Jane did as I asked. Her eyes wide. Questioning. Her cheeks distended with the water.

“Give it to Kimberly.”

Kimberly managed to croak out. “Thank -you. Oh God. Thank -you.” I’m not sure if she was thanking me or Jane.

Jane bent down to the bound girl and gave her the water from her mouth. Her lips pressed against Kimberly. Kimberly swallowed the warmed water hungrily, her throat working. Gasping as Jane pulled away. Jane just looked at me. Her eyes clouding at the humiliation of having to be a glass for this stranger.

The vision of Jane, standing there nude as the day she was born, feeding the bound woman water from her mouth was intensely arousing. The look of humiliation on Jane’s face; the relief on Kimberly’s. This wa sn’t my primary reason of forcing Jane to do this. Kimberly was deeply dehydrated. If she had gulped the cold water like she undoubtedly wished she could, then she would have really regretted it. Her body rejecting the cold fluid. I didn’t need a sick girl on my hands. This way, Kimberly was getting what she needed in measured, warm quantities. Something her body could use. The humiliation aspect was only secondary in this case. Though I did enjoy watching it.

I nodded to her. “No more than half that flask. No matter how she begs. OK?”

Jane began to alternately fill her own mouth and press her mouth to Kimberly’s exchanging a mouthful of water at a time to the girl. Kimberly closing her eyes. Not caring about the humiliation. Just drinking the life giving fl uid.

Finally, the flask was half empty. I could see the colour returning to Kimberly’s face and body. Her energy returning as her body absorbed the water. I let her rest for a few minutes.

She looked at me. “Please, sir. Some more?”

“All right. But you hav e to work for the other half bottle.”

Kimberly didn’t care. She just nodded her head. Anything to get more water.

I walked behind the chair she was bound to and slowly lowered her backwards onto the floor. Her back pressing against her bound hands. She gru nted a bit at the shifting weight but didn’t complain about the awkward position.

“What are you going to do to me? Please don’t hurt me.”

“Christi, come here.” The girl obediently rose to her bare feet and padded over with a look of fright in her eyes. The girls really detested when I got to playing. “Before we give Kimberly any more water, I want to punish Jane for her impertinence.”

“Please. She didn’t do anything. She was only trying to help. I ...”

“Christi.”

“But she didn’t give her any water until you said. Please don’t hurt her.”

“Christi? You want to be next?”

“Oh God. What do you want me to do?”

“Tie her to that rack.” I indicated a display rack in the aisle.

“Please?” But she was already approaching Jane who, resigned since she broke position, didn ’t resist. I threw the keys to Jane’s cuffs to Christi who caught them with some trouble with her own cuffed hands. Soon Jane was free and standing spread -eagled against the display rack. Holding still while Christi struggled with some rope to tie her in place. Tears began to form in Jane’s eyes as I approached her with the riding crop.

“Oh God. Please no. I didn’t do anything. I didn’t give her the water. Oh God. Not the boobs. Please have mercy.”

“You want them tied as well?” She shook her head. “Then shu sh.”

“Please Master. A stupid slave is curious how many strokes she is going to suffer? Please.”

“Five. Hard.”

“Oh God.” I watched as she braced herself for the pain. No way to avoid it. Hands and ankles bound securely. Couldn’t move. Naked. No protection from the crop.

Christi knelt, crying softly at Jane’s feet. I glanced over my shoulder. Kimberly was trying to watch as best she could. Tears in her eyes. Feeling like she was the one that had caused this. Jane was only trying to help her.

“Please Master. Can’t a slave convince you not to hit her? Please?” She looked at me as seductively as she could. Trying to control her fear and the tears.

Without any further hesitation I brought the crop down hard against her right breast. The crop actually sunk into the pliant flesh. The sound like a gunshot. Scaring her. The sound reaching her, the sight of her crazily bouncing bare breast reaching her before the agony.

“Oh Christ.” As the pain hit. “Not the boobs. Oh my God. Please God, have mercy. It hurts. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Oh Christ. Please. Please. Please. Please.” I didn’t even let her recover before the next stroke hit her left breast just below the nipple. “No. Please. No more.”

I let her recover a bit.

“Oh Christ. You fucking bastard. You don’t have any idea how much that hurts. Shit. Mercy.”

“Three more.”

“Three more you bastard. Don’t drag it out. God. Please don’t hit me anymore.”

Christi was just silently crying on her knees.

“Ready?”

She gritted her teeth and no dded. I took careful aim, but missed anyway. The next stroke caught her across the tops of both breasts instead of the nipples where I was aiming.

“Oh Jesus. It hurts. Ahhhhhh. Argh. Please no more. I’m begging you. Please.”

I didn’t let the pain fade from the last stroke before I brought the instrument down hard across both nipples.

“Not my nip ... Ahhhhhhhhh. Oh Lord Jesus. My God. The pain. I can’t take anymore. I’ll crawl for you. I’ll fuck you. Oh Jesus Christ shit. My poor boobs. Oh Christ. Please no more.”

She was just about pulled her arms and legs out of their sockets trying to escape the ropes holding her for the lash. Tears falling unashamedly from her eyes. Four pretty red welts beginning to form on her bare breasts.

Christi leaned forward and gr asped my leg. Her eyes pleading for me to stop hitting Jane.

“One more, Janey. You can take it?”

“Christ. You bastard. What can I do to convince you not to hit me? Please?”

“You have nothing to bargain with, Jane. You know that. I’ll hit you if I want to.”

“Oh you cocksucking bastard.”

"You're in pain. I'll forgive you that."

"Oh Christ. I'm sorry. It just hurts so much. You have no idea. Please don't hit my boobs again. I'll do anything for you. Just no more."

"You know why you are being punished?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

She drew her breath in as she wrestled the pain down. Her breasts heaving with her rapid breathing.

"Because I disobeyed. I moved without permission. And I tried to help her without permission. But you were torturing her. Please. You were being so c ruel. I couldn't stand it. Please. God. Don't hit me again. She was dying."

"Okay."

"What?"

"Okay. I won't hit your breasts again." I felt between her legs. Her face flushed as she realized what I was doing. Checking her. She was sopping wet and she knew i t. I knew that she hated that. When her body betrayed her. Getting off on the abuse. Her head hated it so much.

"What, you want to fuck me instead? I will. Gladly."

"No. Just wondering whether to give you the last one between the legs or on the face."

"Oh God." She quickly realized that there were worse places to hit a girl than the breasts. She'd seen me hit her mother between the legs. The reaction. And I hadn't hit her mother hard there.

"You want to choose?"

"Oh God. Hit my breasts if you have to hi t something. Oh god please don't hit me again."

I idly swung the crop up between her legs before she could say anything else. It wasn't a hard hit, but I felt the crop sink deep between her lips. Felt it connect. I had no idea how hard to hit a woman there without seriously damaging them. I just wanted her to feel it. Knowing I could have hit her unbearably hard there. As it was, her mouth opened in a soundless scream finally falling through the octaves into the range of human hearing.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh hhhhh," she just wailed. Finally, taking a few deep breaths and swearing. Cursing me. "Oh good Christ. I thought the boobs were bad. Oh Christ. My pussy. My clit. It's on fire. Please no more. I'll do anything. Never. Argh. Oh God. Please, let me go. Let m y hands go. Oh God. Mercy."

I motioned to Christi, and the softly crying girl began to untie Jane's now bruised wrists. As soon as Jane's right hand was free she dropped it. Pressing into her crotch. Trying to ease the pain. If this hurt her that much, I c ouldn't imagine the reaction to a harder stroke. I guess the female of the species is sensitive down there. Duh.

As soon as the ropes fell away from her body, Jane fell to the floor curling her bare body up and rocking. Trying to ease away the pain. I gave her a few minutes to ease up on her bawling and then order her to her knees. She managed to stop sobbing. Rose to her knees. Still sniffling.

"Hands behind your head." I wanted her hands away from her groin.

She complied. "Good Christ that hurts. God, I w ish I could make you feel a tenth of that pain. Please don't hit me anymore. You are going to tear me apart."

I felt between her vaginal lips. Sopping. I could smell her heat from where I was crouching. I saw Christi give me a jealous look as I ran my hand s over Jane's abused body. I ignored her for now.

Jane just whimpered and turned red at the inspection of her body.

Chapter 44

Jane finally raised her eyes from the floor to look me in the eye. Her eyes were a little bloodshot from crying, but she managed to get herself under control. Though her body still probably ached from the kiss of the crop.

"May a slave speak?"

I nodded.

"Master. You slave thanks you for being lenient."

This shocked me. After all that abuse she was still able to fall into slave talk . And that she had remembered her lesson from yesterday. She knew damn well that I could have hit her until she passed out. Tormented her in other ways far more uncomfortable. The pain from the cropping would be with her for a while, but it would fade reas onably quickly. In a sense, I was being lenient with her. But her perception of her transgression was fairly exaggerated by her situation.

She had no power at all. Nothing to bargain with. She knowingly did something that would bring her punishment. She co uld only accept that punishment because of her position. Naked. Slave. She could only hope that the punishment was worth the transgression.

I suspect that she was surprised that she only got five strokes. She probably had assumed that the punishment was go ing to be much worse than it was. She had been punished more harshly than that for no apparent reason. So I could see why she thought that she was in for hell with that crop. And why she had assumed that I was being lenient.

However, I had punished her onl y partly because of the "transgression". In truth, it hadn't bothered me that she had tried to help the poor girl in the chair. Hell, it was just in her nature. The girl was helpless and being tormented. Jane was just a strong willed, compassionate woman. I actually would have been surprised if Jane had managed to sit still through it. It bothered me more that the willful girl had simply taken the flask from my hands without permission. That is truly for what I had punished her. She got the lesson sort of w rong during the session, but I could forgive her that. She was in agony, after all. I was surprised she was able to come up with anything at all.

However, punishment was only a part of my intent. I still wanted, perverse as I am, to pull out those masochis tic tendencies that she hated so much. Her pussy was betraying her. And she knew it. That was the real punishment. Not the pain, which, as she had noted, could have been so much worse. Further, having Jane a little hot around the edges was going to serve m e in my next phase.

Though I'd reasoned out her comment, I was still a little in shock. I recovered as best I could under the circumstances.

"Y-yeah. Okay, Janey. You've managed to get yourself out of wearing the nipple clamps. I *was* going to put them on you. Pretty hard to do that now. Imp."

The imp, still gazing into my eyes managed to control a quick smirk. I watched it play across her mouth. After that cropping, I was really surprised that she could manage anything even resembling a smile. She knew da mn well that she'd managed to surprise me. Clever girl. I just shook my head at the image of the willful girl, naked, kneeling, her hands behind her head. Bare breasts thrust out. Exposed nipples hardening in the cool air. Knowing that she had managed a mi nor victory. And knowing that I knew.

I just closed my eyes and let her have her victory. No sense in punishing her more. I had my victory, her masochistic response to the whipping. I guess I couldn't have everything. At least not yet.

I rose and lightly gripped her hair. Easing her down onto all fours. I used her hair gently as a leash. Having her crawl her sore body across the tiles back to Kimberly. She gasped as her breasts swung a little below her crawling body, but she didn't complain at the further humiliation.

Kimberly had fright deep in her eyes. She opened her mouth. Closed it. Opened it again. "Please don't hurt me. I'll do anything. Just don't hit me. Please."

I ignored the pleading woman and had Jane kneel beside Kimberly. I used a pair of handcuffs to secure Jane's slender wrists behind her. Jane made no resistance. Not too surprising.

"Janey?"

"Yeah?" A bit sullenly.

"Straddle Kimberly's face."

"Oh God no. Not after that. You can't. Please. You know I'm straight. You fuck me. Rape me. I don't care. Just not that. My pussy still hurts. Oh. Christ."

"Jane. You want more?" I picked back up the crop.

Silently, she shook her head. Resigned, she shuffled herself over. Having a bit of trouble with her balance because of her cuffed wrists. One knee on each side of Kimberly's head. Kimberly suddenly found herself millimeters from knowing Jane really intimately. I placed the crop down, within sight on Kimberly's belly.

Kimberly spoke up.

"Please don't make me do this. Just let me go. I can't do th is. She's a woman. I've never been with a woman." She saw my raised eyebrows and corrected herself. "I've never used my tongue on a woman. Oh God. Please."

"Christi?"

She, still crying a little, crawled over. I guess she couldn't be bothered getting to her feet.

"You want me to lick her again, don't you?"

I shook my head.

"You want me to hit her then."

I smiled at her. Christi just groaned.

Kimberly began begging again.

"Please. I'm not good with pain. God. Please don't hit me. You don't have to. I'll suck her. I'll enjoy it. Please don't hit me. You'll kill me. I'll do anything you want. I hurt enough now. Oh God. Why me?"

I answered her last question. "Kimberly? Why you? My dear, you were buying paint in the wrong store at the wrong time. And you are prett y."

"Oh God."

"Now, here's the rules. Christi, you should already know them. Whenever I tell you, I want you to bring this crop down against her bare feet. It will be once a minute or so. Meanwhile, our chair bound woman here is going to do her level best to make Jane climax. After Jane climaxes, we stop hitting her feet. Okay?"

Christi just looked at me. Picked up the crop with her bound hands from where it lay conspicuously on Kimberly's abdomen and shuffled on her knees to the bottom end

of the chair. Looked at Kimberly's bare feet, wiggling and pulling against the rope holding her.

"God. You can't expect me to do this?"

"Christi. You know better than that."

"Do you know how much this thing will hurt on the bottom of her feet. She'll never walk again."

I looked at Jane. "You think that it will hurt as much as the one on your breasts or pussy?"

She just shook her head.

"Please have some compassion," Christi tried once more.

"I could put you on the chair, if you'd prefer."

"God, you are a monster sometimes." She glared at me. But raised the crop with her bound arms. I nodded to her.

Kimberly's toes arched as the crop fell against her instep. Her startled screech was muffled by Jane's pussy lowering to her lips. I watched as Kimberly fought back the pain from her bare unprotected feet. Tears forming as she tried to kiss Jane straddling her face.

As Jane felt the first touches of Kimberly's mouth her breath left her body in a whoosh. "Oh God," she breathed. I was sure that she was still really turned on from the whipping. However much her mind told her that she shouldn't be.

I got Jane's attention. "You still don't think I can't get you hot enough to beg for a climax?"

"Oh Christ. You are a monster."

"Jane. I don't want you to climax without permission. Got that?"

"Oh God. What's the point of this then? Kimberly, in pain?"

"I'm sure that you can convince me to allow you to climax."

I motioned to Christi to give Kimberly another stroke. She closed her eyes but did as she was told. Kimberley struggled against her bonds and screamed into the pussy against her mouth. Jane closed her eyes as Kimberly's mouth pressed into her harder. Perhaps the vibration of the scream causing her to feel a different sensation. My mind wandered briefly to the wonderful feeling of Amy, crying with me deep in her mouth. The sound from the crying actually giving me more sensation. I imagine that this was what Jane was feeling. Though in a different way, of course.

Recovering, Jane looked at me again.

"Oh God. You want me to beg. Beg for a climax. Never. If I do, it will only be because you forced me to. To end Kimberly's suffering. You know I can't stand to watch it."

"We'll see. I'm serious. Hold yourself at the edge, but don't you dare go over. You do, and I swear I'll whip Kimberly into unconsciousness in front of you. Of maybe we'll go see how Elaine is doing."

"You bastard. Okay. But I'm not begging you to let me come."

"Of course not."

I motioned for Christi to give the feet in front of her another stroke. Closing her eyes again. She did. Kimberly went wild in her bonds. Desperately trying to get her feet away from the stinging blows. Crying as she worked on Jane.

"Jane. Lean back."

"Why?"

Seeing my look, she leaned herself back as far as she was able and still have c ontact with Kimberly's tongue. I picked up the flask and dribbled some water down onto Jane's flat stomach around her belly button. Gravity pulled the water down, through the fine down covering her crotch. Kimberly jumped as she felt the wetness that wasn' t female lubrication.

I crouched down to the girl and whispered in her ear.

"Kimberly, that's water I just ran down to you. You can drink that. Okay?"

I doubt if the woman even realized that she needed permission to drink it. I had seen her throat greedily drinking the liquid mixed with Jane's secretions. At this point, I doubt if she would have cared if I made her drink out of a puddle of mud. As long as she got water to ease the thirst pains.

I motioned for Christi to give her another stroke.

"But sir. Her feet."

I wandered back to where Christi was kneeling. I checked out the feet tied in front of me. Kimberly still desperately trying to get away from the lash. There were three angry welts in the soles of Kimberly's bare feet. The last stroke had broken t he skin a bit. Must have hurt like hell.

I knelt down beside Christi. "Take it easy, tiger. I don't mind if she can't walk. That's what women's knees are for. But, seriously. Careful. Don't break the skin again. Got it?"

Christi was crying. "I just didn't want to be punished for being too light on her. Please."

"It's okay. Relax. Make her feel it. But not that hard. I don't want blood all over the place."

I was bit surprised that Christi had hurt the girl as much as she did. I had the girls do the hitting so that I wouldn't get carried away. Bad move, by the look of it. I kept forgetting Christi's dominant side. But I was quite sure that she hadn't done the damage intentionally.

Christi tentatively raised the whip again and brought it down against Kimberly's left inset. A lighter red mark appeared, and a lot of struggling by the bound woman, but that seemed a bit better.

"That's fine. Keep it up."

"How long are you going to make her suffer."

"Until the water is gone."

"God."

We kept that up for about fifteen minutes. Kimberley screaming as the crop fell uncaringly against the bottom of her bare feet. Jane concentrating on Kimberly's tongue. Concentrating on not climaxing. I could see it in her face that she was taking me seriously about holding herself on the edge. Twice lifting herself off Kimberly's mouth as Kimberly screamed at the pain in her feet; lifting herself to cut off the stimulation. Stopping herself from climaxing without permission.

After fifteen minutes I had finally emptie d the thermos over Jane's stomach. I was pretty sure that Kimberly had gotten most of the precious liquid. She was going to need more, but she was being pretty cooperative while she needed the water. I'd give her more as we progressed, but I'd have to send Jane to get it. I wasn't ready to release Jane from her duties yet.

Chapter 45

I walked around and sat down cross -legged beside Jane's bare right knee. I watched the straining girl. Her eyes closed. Breathing hard. I could see the perspiration on her as she struggled with her own body. Feeling the sensations from the girl tonguing her. The fading pain from the welts on her bouncing breasts. Jumping every time Christi brought the crop down again on Kimberly's feet. Kimberly screaming and moaning into Jane' s body.

Jane finally opened her eyes and saw me watching her.

She hissed. "You bastard. I won't beg you."

"Kimberly is going to hurt a lot then."

"You goddamn bastard."

I nodded. And I reached out and grasped one of Jane's erect nipples between my thumb and forefinger. I began to increase the pressure. Carefully twisting the nubbin of flesh. Intently watching her face as she struggled with the pain in her breast. Finally she cried out softly. But didn't tell me to stop. Still didn't beg. Strong girl. I reac hed out and did the same to her other nipple. This time it didn't take as long before she was moaning with the pain.

I heard the crop fall again on Kimberly's feet and the tortured scream from the bound lady, pushing against Jane's vagina. I could see her tongue darting. Touching. Caressing the suffering woman.

I began to lightly slap Jane's breasts. Loving the sound and the feel of her beneath my hand. Loving her soft cries. Alternating, light slap. Caress. Jane gasped at the first blow, and sighed at the caresses. Kimberly still hurting and working between Jane's legs. The slaps were really only for effect. Though I'm sure that she felt the blows, there is no way they hurt anywhere near how much the crop must have. They just sounded worse than they were.

I watched as Jane pressed herself down against Kimberly's soft tongue. Feeling my hands at her bare breasts. Pulling weakly against the handcuffs. Shifting her weight on her knees. Another blow to Kimberly's feet. Another to Jane's heaving breasts. Jane forced to raise herself from Kimberly's mouth. Knowing the penalty for climaxing without permission. Wanting it. Not being able to stop herself from lowering herself back to the soft love from Kimberly's mouth. Struggling with herself.

Finally, she groaned as I landed a harder blow to her heaving breasts. Stung my hand a little.

"God. Please."

"Please what, Jane?"

"Oh God. I can't stand it any longer. Please."

"What do you want, Jane?"

"Oh God. Hit me."

"Huh?" I wasn't expecting that.

"Hit my boobs harder, goddamn it."

"Why?" I rolled with it.

"Please. Oh God. I don't believe I'm going to do this. Please. I need to come. Shit. Please let me climax. Please stop hitting her."

Another scream from Kimberly.

“Hit my boobs. Hard. Please. You bastard. Hit m e.”

I let my hand fall a little harder on her bare breasts. Slapping them. Her breasts dancing on her chest from my slaps and her own movement.

“Harder. Goddamn it.”

Pressing herself onto Kimberly’s tongue. Forcing herself to rise again on her knees. Moving away from the stimulation. Not letting herself come. Knowing I hadn’t yet allowed her.

“Please. Master. A slave is begging for her release. She needs to climax. Please stop hitting Kimberly. Oh my God. Hit my boobs. Please, sir, your slave needs to come. Please let her come. Please ... please.”

Mixing her slave talk. But even completely distracted, she managed to do a passable job. A bit confusing who she was talking about, but it didn’t matter. She had settled herself back down on Kimberly’s face. I reac hed forward and gripped her hair at the base of her head. I slowly increased the pressure until Jane’s head began to bend backwards. Exposing her soft throat. Her body shaking and heaving. Trying to control her orgasm.

“Oh God. Yes. Hurt me. Please let you r slave climax. God. I can’t stop it much longer. Please God. Let him allow me to come. Please. I can’t take it.”

I timed it with the last stroke to Kimberly’s bare feet. The exhausted woman screamed again with the pain settling into the bottom of her feet . I gave Jane’s hair a final hard yank, while giving her an extra hard slap to the right breast, catching her nipple. She cried out as I whispered in her ear, “You can climax.”

I’ll never know if she began before I whispered it, or if she managed to wait f or the permission. Either way, I wasn’t about to punish her. She exploded in her orgasm. Pulling her head away from my grasping hand. Almost smothering Kimberly with the force of the orgasm. Her whole body tensing and shuddering. She was just about to come down when another wave took her and I leaned back watching the woman shudder through another orgasm, crying out in pain and pleasure. Finally, after what seemed like an eternity but realistically was probably only fifteen seconds or so, she collapsed. Sim ply fell to the side, without the use of her hands. Crumpling on the floor. Trying to catch her breath. Bare breasts heaving. Softly crying.

I watched as Kimberly pulled her tongue back into her mouth. Working it around. Trying to get the taste off and wor k the cramps out of it. Christi, stunned, just dropped the crop on the floor and crawled as quickly as she could to Jane’s fallen form. Gathering the sobbing woman into her lap as best she could. Comforting her. Kimberly softly crying as well.

I left them alone for a few minutes and then approached Christi and Jane.

Jane looked up from Christi’s bare lap and fixed me with a steady gaze, her eyes teary.

“You were right, you bastard.”

Surprised. “I was?”

Her face flushed completely. Bright red. “And you know it. You made me beg. And it wasn’t just to stop Kimberly’s pain, you bastard,” she said to me accusingly. “God.” Her eyes brimmed with tears again and she fell into more gentle crying again. Softly. “What am I going to do? Oh God. I hate myself.”

Christi looked up at me, swallowed. “M -m-master?” she said. “Please sir. I know she doesn’t have the privilege of privacy. But please sir. She’s hurt. More than if you’d whipped her. Please. I’ll take care of her. Promise. Please?”

I nodded. I didn’t really know ho w to handle the sobbing woman anyway. I’d managed to get myself into the situation, and I’m sure that had I tried, I could have resolved it. Somehow. But I was also sure that Christi was right. Right now, she just needed to be left alone. Especially by me. This was only something another woman might understand. And Christi had picked up the pieces of other women that I’d pushed too far. I rose quietly to my feet, picked up the thermos and simply walked away. Listening to Jane sob. Christi whispering to her. Trying to comfort her.

I found the office. Door ajar. I quickly refilled the thermos with cold water and sat down at the table. I relaxed for a few minutes. Confident that the women wouldn’t try anything. I still had plans for Kimberly before I decided wh at to ultimately do with her.

I slowly made my way back to the captives. I was careful walking back. This was a hardware store after all. All I needed was for Christi or Jane to decide that an axe in my head might make life easier on them. Normally, I doub t if they would’ve taken the chance of failing. But I’d pushed them pretty hard this morning. Especially Jane. They didn’t realize the dangers. Neither did I fully understand them. Regardless, an axe in the brain didn’t sound like much fun. Better safe tha n sorry. I kept my eyes open on the return trip.

I made my way back to the center of the store uneventfully. The women were where I had left them. Behaving. I stood at the periphery of the aisle where the women were. I watched them as Christi spoke quietly to the still upset woman in her lap. Kimberly, forgotten, just crying softly to herself. Her still bound breasts rising and falling with her ragged breathing.

Christi turned around as I approached. She mouthed that Jane was alright. I smiled and nodded an d Christi bent her head, giving Jane her attention. Jane was a really strong woman. She would be okay. But I had known that from the start. Christi was only making it a bit easier on her.

I knelt beside Kimberly. I spoke softly to the tormented woman.

“You okay?”

She just nodded.

“You want some more water?”

“Please, master.” She must have been still really thirsty to use the “master”.

“In a moment. Okay?”

She just nodded. Resigned that she’d get her water when I gave it to her.

“Would it do any good to beg you to let my tits out of the rope. It’s been two days. Please.”

“You don’t have to beg this time. I was going to release you anyway.”

She lay in her chair quietly as I began to undo the knots around her breasts. She gasped in pain as the b lood rushed back into the mounds as the breast ties were released. As she said it had been two days.

“Oh God. That hurts,” she hissed. “I’ve never felt pins and needles on my tits before. OW.” Her whole body was twitching. I was sure that the only thing sh e wanted to do was cradle those breasts. Her hands still tied, she just had to suffer through the discomfort.

When the pain reduced, she looked up at me. “Thank -you.”

“For what?”

“For letting my tits go. You have no idea how uncomfortable that was. I cried most of the first day you left me because of those damn ropes. I prayed that you’d come back to take those ropes off. I didn’t care what else you did to me.”

I idly stroked her bare breasts and she suffered the indignity in silence.

“If I untie you from t hat chair, will you behave?”

“Do I have a choice?”

“Not really. Remember I still have the gun, unless you want to be really uncomfortable for another two days, you’ll behave. Okay?”

She nodded.

I righted the chair, taking the pressure off her bound arms. S he drew in a sharp breath as her feet touched the floor. The cold tile probably causing all sorts of pain to the bottom of her abused feet. I began to loosen the knots holding her to the chair. I started at her ankles, she gasped as her legs were freed for the first time in two days. I’m quite sure that the muscles had cramped. As Jane had once noted, the human body wasn’t designed to be tied into the same position for extended periods. Muscles cramped up as they unconsciously fought for movement. Although I’d never experienced such treatment, being tied up for any extended periods, I was quite sure that Jane was telling the truth when she said that it hurt. Kimberly moved her legs around in the air as soon as they were free, completely oblivious to the show she was giving me. Wiggling her toes. Gasping at the muscles which had suddenly made themselves known to her. A smile actually graced her face. She sat still as I released her wrists from the chair. As her hands came free, she put her legs down and stood. Briefly. With a cry of pain, she dropped to her knees against the tile. Sitting back and pulling her sore feet up to see the damage the crop had inflicted. She grimaced, but made no further complaint. She just wouldn’t be walking for a while, but there wo uld be no lasting damage.

She sat quietly. I watched as circulation returned to various parts of her body. Her sitting as still as possible. Carefully shaking hands and feet trying to get the circulation going with as little pain as possible. Her face scre wed up in tiny grimaces of pain as different parts of her body complained. But she’d be alright.

She looked up at me standing by her. “Please master. Some food? Water? I’ll do anything for you. For just a drop of water. Please your slave is still so thirst y.”

I’ll bet she was.

“Give me a moment.”

Not really understanding why she couldn’t have the water, tears began to form, but I watched as she willed them away. She silently turned back to massaging her legs trying to get the cramps out as I wandered over t o the other females.

Chapter 46

Jane was still breathing raggedly, her bare breasts rising and falling as she lay quietly with her head cradled in Christi's bare lap. I quietly marveled once again what a change had come over these women. Three days ago, she wouldn't even have considered lying nude with her head in another nude woman's lap.

I crouched down and focused on Jane.

"You okay?"

She nodded. Not speaking.

"I'm going to give you a rest. Okay?"

Nodding again. The tears dried up. I smiled as she began to hiccup.

Christi spoke, "Please don't hurt her anymore. I don't think she can take it. You can hurt me if you need to hurt someone. Okay? She's had enough."

I looked at the girl. "I'll hurt her more if I want to. But I think I had better let her recover. You're right. She's been through enough."

I touched Jane's shoulder and she gamely struggled to her knees. She tried, but couldn't quite get to her feet. I could have helped her, but she didn't seem to want my assistance. I guess I wasn't surprised. She was a willful one.

I walked over to a spot a little way from the other. Giving up getting to her feet, the bound girl shuffled across the tiles on her knees. I sat her down and stroked her hair.

"God. I've never felt anything like that," she whispered to me between hiccups.

I pressed my finger to her lips. "Shhhh. We can talk about it later if you like." She nodded. "I really don't want to punish you again. Okay?" She nodded her head. "Please stay right here. No matter what. Understand? Orders?"

"I'll behave. I've had enough for today." Resignedly.

I stroked her hair again and walked the short distance back to Christi and Kimberly.

Christi looked up at me with soft eyes. "Please. Haven't we done enough already?"

"You don't even know what I'm going to do."

"I'm not going to like it. Whatever it is."

"Oh. I don't know. This shouldn't be so bad."

"What do you want me to do."

"Lie back."

"Huh?"

"Lie on you back. Hands above your head. Legs straight."

Confusion on her face. Expecting something else. Not quite trusting me. Wonder why?

I picked up another pair of handcuffs and pulled Kimberly's wrists behind her back. "You don't have to do that. I'll do whatever it is you want without the cuffs. Honest. Please."

"I know you will. But you look so damn good with those things on."

"But I don't like them."

"Doesn't matter."

"God."

I had figured out another way to get water into Kimberly such that she wouldn't be sick with it. I was quite sure that she was still dangerously dehydrated.

"Christi. I want you to suck that gut in."

Christi was slender. A flat stomach. But I wanted a depression there. She flushed but obediently flexed her stomach muscles and drew her middle in even further. Stretched out as she was, she was a sight. Stomach sucked in. Bare breasts thrust out. Chained hands reaching over her head, pulling her breasts up attractively.

I poured as much water into the depression of her belly as would fit. Filling her belly button and the well formed by her body. She jumped at the cold water touching her skin, but managed to keep still enough that she didn't lose any. Her breasts rising up and down rapidly as she took short shallow breaths.

"Kimberly? Come here." She shuffled forwa rd on her knees. Hands still bound behind her back.

"There's your water."

"Your kidding." Not understanding why I couldn't just give her it out of the flask. I didn't feel like explaining that I was actually doing her a favour. Christi's body warming the water for Kimberly. Kimberly not able to gulp it down. I actually was saving her a lot of discomfort.

"Do you want the water or not?"

Resigning herself, she bent herself at the waist and bent her head. Her hair falling into the shallow puddle formed on Chri sti. She unable to prevent it with her hands handcuffed the way they were. I watched as her soft tongue snaked out of her delicate mouth and lapped the water. Like a cat. But probably far less efficiently than the cat.

"Ladies?" Kimberly and Christi both l ooked up. "For every drop of water on the floor, one of you feels the crop. Understand?"

Christi immediately tensed her stomach muscles a little more. Deepening the well. I wondered how long she would be able to keep that up. As Kimberly slowly lapped up t he water, she eventually got to bare skin. Licking the moisture from the skin. I noticed Christi's face beginning to tighten.

I crouched beside her.

"Anything wrong?" Thinking she was getting tired holding her stomach in that position.

"Please. I'm ticklis h."

I could see the lines on her face were actually an attempt to control laughter. Oh. This was going to be fun.

"So you'd like to stop this, then?"

"Yes. Please. I don't know if I can stop from moving."

"You think that I'm going to stop this because you' re ticklish?" A mischievous grin. Remembering Christi and Jane's antics from the morning I figured that this was almost justice.

Christi looked up and saw my grin. She closed her eyes trying to ignore the sensations from Kimberly's tongue on her skin. She opened her eyes again and groaned.

"I doubt it. Please have mercy on me. I can't do it."

"You can. You are doing fine."

"How much? How long?" A giggle escaped and she had trouble controlling it.

"Until the flask is done."

"Oh my God. I'm not going to have skin left to hit."

I watched as the helpless girl tried to contain her impulse to squirm. This was going to be so much fun to watch. I poured some more water into her depression. The deeper

water allowed Kimberly to get at the water without touching Christ i's skin. Christi relaxed a bit. But as the water level lowered, she fell into having to concentrate to avoid the sensations from the lapping tongue.

After the second "bowl" of water was nearly done, Kimberly looked up. Afraid.

"Please Master. I've had eno ugh." I knew what state of dehydration she was in. She definitely was still thirsty enough to drink the Pacific Ocean. She just didn't want to chance the punishment that came from dropping any of the water. And she was well aware of the tickling problem.

I simply poured more water onto Christi and looked at Kimberly.

"Are you lying to me?"

She shook her head.

"You realize what the punishment is for lying don't you?"

Afraid. Shaking her head.

"Same as for dropping water. Now. Are you still thirsty?"

She closed her eyes, knowing I knew. She nodded slowly.

"Good girl. Now drink. I don't want to have a sick girl on my hands."

Crying a little, Kimberly bent back to her drinking. I pulled the chair over and sat down watching the girls. Occasionally having to get up and pour more water as Kimberly worked her way through the flask. Watching Christi struggle with the sensations. She almost lost it twice. I could see her stomach muscles quivering as she tried to ignore the tickling sensations. Concentrating. It is beautiful to watch. A bare girl concentrating. You can actually see it through the whole of her being. Her eyes. Her face. Her whole body. Every muscle tenses. Quite erotic.

I almost regretted pouring the last of the thermos onto Christi. I toyed with the idea of stroking her underarms. Almost everyone is ticklish there. Seeing if she could withstand that as well on her last trial. But I relented and opted just to watch as Kimberly licked the last of the water off the tormented girl. I was nearly shocke d that they had managed to do it. Not a single drop of water had fallen off Christi, though there had been a couple of times that Kimberly had had to do some quick evasive action to get her tongue to catch an errant drop as it dripped down Christi's side. Usually just after Christi had squirmed under the ticklish tongue. But between the women, they managed it.

I was actually kind of glad. I wasn't particularly in the mood to punish them.

Christi said in a small voice. "Please can I break?"

I assumed that sh e meant break position. "You can let your stomach relax."

Relief. Pure relief. I watched as her stomach relaxed into a more normal position. A last drop of water caught by Kimberly's tongue as it rolled down Christi.

I let the women relax for a few minutes . Knowing that it must have been really hard to hold that position. Had to give her credit in the obedience department today.

Chapter 47

I gave the girls some time to relax. More for Christi's benefit than Kimberly's.

Finally I walked over to where Kimber ly was kneeling and crouched down to speak to her.

"You feel better?"

"A little." Wary.

"Thirsty?"

She shyly nodded. Knowing it wouldn't do any good to lie. Two thermos of water simply wasn't enough to satisfy that deep thirst one gets without water for an y extended period.

"Hungry?"

She really nodded this time. Eyes flicking over to the pile of candy bars that Christi had gathered from the front of the store. Pulling at the handcuffs. I actually heard her stomach rumble.

I walked over to the pile of candy and selected a chocolate bar. Oh Henry or something similar. I unwrapped it as I approached the girl. Hope shining in her eyes. An evil thought occurred to me.

I approached the helpless girl and had her open her mouth. Thinking that she was going to be allowed to eat, she dropped her jaw.

"Kimberly. I want you to listen." She nodded, mouth still open. "I want you to hold this in your teeth. Understand?" Not quite understanding, she nodded anyway. I placed the very end of the chocolate bar between her teeth. She, with a pleading look, closed her lower jaw gently, gripping the candy with her teeth. Lips held back. This had to be driving her nuts. Having the food in her mouth and not being allowed to eat it. Her stomach rumbling again. Tears in her eyes. I watc hed as her tongue just touched the end of the candy between her teeth and retreated.

"Christi. Knees."

Christi struggled to her knees and moved over to us.

"Yes?" she asked wearily.

"You feel like candy?"

"Please no. Give it to Kimberly. I ate already."

"You sure that you don't want it?"

"Oh God. What are you going to do to us ... me ... if I don't?"

"Christi. Eat the chocolate. Okay?"

"Please don't make me do that. She's so hungry. I can hear her belly from here. You bastard." But by now she knew it was useless. She shuffled forward on her knees and reached out with her mouth. Carefully biting off a small bit of the chocolate and swallowing.

She looked at Kimberly on her knees. Crying in frustration. I heard Christi whisper. "God. Please. I'm sorry. He'll let you eat eventually. He's just tormenting you. Just do whatever it is he wants. Okay?" Kimberly nodded as Christi took another bite of the chocolate. Christi's eyes began to brim with tears as she was forced to torment the other woman.

Finally, a lot o f pleading and begging later, Christi finally finished the chocolate bar. Easing the last piece from between Kimberly's teeth. Kimberly crying as the last of

the food disappeared, literally from between her teeth. Closing her mouth. I let the tormented woman cried herself out.

"Please. Master. Mercy. I ... your sl-slave is so hungry. She'll do anything to eat something. You have so much over there. Please spare something for your slave. Oh my God. Please. I'll beg for you. Please. What do you want from me? Please can't I eat? Please. Hungry." The taste of the candy probably driving her.

"What will you do for me?"

"Anything you want. I'll fuck you. You can rape me. I'll give you a blowjob. I'll crawl for you. You can tie me up forever. Whip me. I don't care. Just some food for me. Please. I feel faint. My stomach hurts. Please."

"Would you make love to Christi?"

I saw Christi shudder. She opened her mouth to say something but clapped it shut with a look from me.

Kimberly considered. "You can make me do it anyway. Please. I'll make love to her. Please."

Begging for candy. The poor girl was in tears. I actually believed that she would do nearly anything for more food and water. I couldn't imagine how hungry she was.

"Would you walk to the other side of the store and back?"

She looked down at her bare feet behind her kneeling form. Tears brimmed again in her eyes, but she fought them off. "Please, my feet. I'll try. I swear I will. Please don't make me do that. I'll crawl for you. I'll try to walk. Please, I'm so hungry."

"Would you masturbate for me?"

"I don't ... I've never ... Yes ... I could try. Please. I haven't done anything to you. Why?"

"Would you kill for me?"

That stopped her. Her eyes widened as the implications sunk in. "Please. You wouldn't make me do that. I can't. Oh my God. Please. I'll do anything else. You can have me." She thrust her chest out invitingly. "Please. God. I can't kill someone. Oh God."

She was falling a little too far into hysteria. I had no intention of making her kill anyone. I was just testing how hungry she actually was. I reassured the now shaking girl.

"Kimberly. Listen to me. I won't make you kill anyone. Okay?"

She managed to stop her crying. Struggling to get her emotions under control. Probably in sheer relief that I wasn't going to make her kill anyone.

"Yes sir. Please. I'm so hungry. What do you want from me? I'll give it to you. Gladly."

"Alright."

"Alright?" she was suddenly confused.

"I'll let you have a couple of chocolate bars."

"What do I have to do?" She knew that they weren't going to come free.

"Hold on."

I turned back to Christi who paled. Knowing that she was somehow going to be involved in this twisted game of mine.

"Please. I haven't done anything wrong. Whatever it is, please don't make me do it."

I pressed gently on her shoulders lowering her to the ground. Without a word I positioned her back on the tile. Raising her cuffed hands above her head again. Gently spreading her legs. I could see the resignation in her eyes. She held the position I put her in, knowing that to break it would mean punishment and probably just being tied into the position anyway.

I walked over to the pile of chocolate bars and selected three. Oh Henry's. I walked back to the girls, unwrapping the first one as I approached. The girls watching me warily. Not knowing what was about to happen, but pretty sure they weren't going to like it.

I unwrapped the second bar while they watched. Christi closed her eyes as I knelt beside her. I simply placed the first chocol ate bar between her heaving breasts. She was frightened. I could tell by her breathing. I'm not sure why. She had certainly been in worse places than this. The second chocolate bar I ran through her pubic hair. She whined. Having a bad feeling where it was going to end up.

"Please no," she begged.

I carefully and very gently inserted it into her. She moaned, but at least she wasn't completely dry. The chocolate bar slipped into her relatively easily. I left a good portion of it protruding from the shaking g irl.

Kimberly was shaking her head. I suspect not as eager to eat any longer.

"Kimberly, you are going to have to eat them both anyway. If there aren't any complaints, I'll feed you the last one. No strings attached. Okay?" I tried the reward system, rathe r than the punishment system this time.

That was enough for her. She stumbled forward on her knees and bent to the first chocolate bar. Nestling up between Christi's bare breasts. Nibbling at the chocolate. Sighing. I doubt if it mattered much to her what the plate was. She must have been absolutely famished. She managed to finish the chocolate bar fairly quickly. Without her hands, she did make a bit of a mess. Melted chocolate all over Christi's chest. Smearing her own face.

I watched as she took a deep b reath and moved slowly between Christi's outspread thighs.

It was a little much for Christi. "Please don't make her do this. How can you make her do this?" But she didn't break her position. She gasped as Kimberly took the first tentative bite of the choco late. Christi squirmed at the sensations. Kimberly's hot breath on her. The chocolate phallus moving inside of her. Kimberly must have been exceptionally hungry. Or eager to get the task over with. She grimaced at the taste a bit, but she managed to eat th e entire chocolate from Christi's pussy. Reasonably quickly. No voiced complaints.

Finally she knelt up and fixed me with her large eyes.

"Please, sir, can I 'ave some more?"

I almost laughed at the contrived cockney accent. Despite her plight, she actuall y smiled as she realized that I was trying to control my face. Trying not to laugh at her. I was amazed that this woman was able to make any kind of joke considering what I'd just put her through. The female will always astound me, I suspect. Their spirit was damn near unbreakable.

I unwrapped the third chocolate bar. With her still kneeling between Christi's outstretched legs, I slowly fed her. She taking the treat and slowly savouring it. I'll bet it tasted far better than any other she'd had in her life. She looked at me with longing eyes

as she took the last bite into her mouth. Savouring it. Begging with her eyes for more. Not much of a meal after waiting for two days. Not quite daring to ask for more, though.

I glanced at Christi. Not much liking the s mears of chocolate across her naked chest.

"Okay girls. Kimberly. I want you to clean up that mess you made."

"Mess? Sir?"

I pointed at Christi's chest. Kimberly rattled her handcuffs. Making the point that she couldn't clean it up without her hands. I jus t looked at her. Realization dawned on her face.

"Please no. Haven't we done enough?"

I just gazed at her. She broke under the steady gaze, knowing to resist meant pain. She worked her way around to Christi, who still lay in the same position as I'd placed her. Kimberly, a last entreaty in her eyes, bent to her task. Her tongue tracing between Christi's bare breasts. Lapping at the smears of chocolate. I couldn't imagine that this was a particularly hard task. But I guess she was finally beginning to feel h uman again. Some food in her. Not dying of thirst. Realizing the picture this presented. Her nude, kneeling, cleaning another woman's chest with her tongue. She flushed, but did a passable job. Christi was going to need another shower after this anyway. Bu t that didn't bother me.

After Kimberly thought she was done, she raised her head. Smart enough to ask me if she could stop.

"One on each nipple."

"But there's no chocolate there. Please."

"Does that matter?"

"No sir," she muttered. With a bit of hesitation, she bent her head and ran her tongue quickly around each nipple. Christi, not instructed to enjoy it, just cringed a bit. After what she had had to perform on Jane, I'm not really sure what the hesitation was about. Pers onally, if I was a woman, I suspect that after tonguing a stranger's pussy, using my tongue on a nipple would be a piece of cake. But what did I know? I still couldn't figure out even the women that I had almost completely under my control.

Kimberly straig htened. Pleading with me. "Please sir. She's clean."

I inspected Christi's chest, running my fingers idly over her wet nipples. She flushed and gasped at the touch of my fingers on her body.

I nodded to Kimberly. Christi was clean enough for me. She let he r breath out and relaxed a bit on her knees.

I wandered over to the toy bag. I picked up the nipple clamps and one of the vibrators that Christi had picked up from the adult store in the mall. Both girls watched me with dread in their eyes.

As I approached , Kimberly spoke. "Please what are you going to do with us?"

"Kimberly. Remember when you were begging for food?"

She nodded.

"Are you still hungry?"

She considered. She could probably make out alright for a while without anything. The chocolate making a s mall dent in the pressing hunger that she had felt previously. She could wait; especially, if it involved nipple clamps and/or vibrators to get more food. She carefully shook her head.

"Kimberly?"

She sighed. Knowing I knew she was still hungry. Three choc olate bars in two days. She had to be ravenous still. She resigned herself and just nodded her head. Eyes downcast. Still silent.

"You remember what you said you'd do to get some food? And water?"

"Oh God. Please. Haven't I done enough? Why are you torturi ng me? What did I ever do to you? Please. Don't make me do anything else. Please."

"What did you promise to do?"

"Oh God." Trying to remember. "I. I can't. I was hungry. Please. I don't remember."

"Try."

"Oh God. I. I can't. Oh God. I think I said I'd make love to Christi. Please don't make me do that. Please."

"What else?"

"I. You wanted me to walk. Please no. My feet still hurt. I don't think I could stand. Oh God. Please."

"Anything else?"

Her brow furrowed as she concentrated. "I. You wanted me to kill someone. I can't do that. You know that."

I just looked at her. Realization dawned on her face.

"You want to rape me." Monotone.

"Kimberly. If I was going to rape you I'd have done it long ago."

Her face screwed up. Searching her memory. "Oh God. You wante d me to masturbate for you. Please no. I've never done it. I don't. I can't. I don't know how. Please don't make me do that."

"Would you rather have Christi do it?"

"Please?" I doubt if she knew what I meant. Confused.

"Would you rather have Christi make love to you?"

Christi, still outstretched on the floor, moaned. Wildly shaking her head. I'd really been having fun forcing Christi to do women. I knew she hated it, too. Of all the things I made that woman do, I think she hated ma king love to another woman most. I would have thought that she'd be getting used to it by now. But she hadn't.

Kimberly closed her eyes. "God. I can't. Please don't make me do it. Please."

Chapter 48

It seemed to me that she actually was more afraid of ma king love to herself than of having another woman touch her. Weird, but I guess it was probably a guilt thing. For her to touch herself sexually was probably distasteful to her. Age old daemons. Apart from that, it would feel like she was somehow participa ting in her own humiliation. If I forced Christi to have sex with her, it would be more my fault. She couldn't do anything about that. Less guilt. Or at least she could transfer the guilt more easily in her own mind.

I leaned down and released her wrists f rom behind her back. She continued kneeling, not yet being able to get up to her damaged feet, and rubbed her wrists. She didn't know it yet, but she was going to need her hands. I decided to forgo making her use the vibrator.

"Lie back."

She lowered herse lf to the ground beside Christi. Legs together. Hands trying to cover her breasts.

"Please. Whatever you want. Please."

"Christi. Knees."

"God. Please. I don't want to have sex with her. Please don't make me."

"Christi, you know full well that it doesn't m atter what you want."

"Oh Christ. Please. I'll do anything. Whip me. I'll masturbate for you. Please. I'm not into girls. You know that. Oh God. Please not again."

"Okay. You don't have to have sex with her."

"Oh God. Thank-you. Thank-you. Thank-you." Pure relief.

"How about you just put these on her." I tossed Christi the nipple clamps. Same ones that had graced Jane's breasts as punishment a few days ago. Only then I'd intended them as punishment and had tightened them cruelly. Christi deftly caught the c lamps between her cuffed hands. She managed not to drop them. She was getting better at doing things with her hands bound.

"Oh God. These are going to hurt her."

"I guess. Just don't tighten them down too much. I'm not punishing her yet." I remembered what she'd done to Kimberly's feet trying to please me. Better to be clear.

I watched as Christi tried to gently move Kimberly's hands from her breasts. The frightened girl made the mistake of resisting. Moaning, "No. No. No. Oh please god. Don't hurt me any m ore."

Christi bent down and whispered to the frightened woman. "Please Kimberly. If I don't put these on you he'll hurt you more. Probably punish me too. You don't want that do you? Please."

"Wh-wh-what are they?" Kimberly didn't recognize the small clamps .

"Honey, they're nipple clamps. They attach to your nipples. I won't tighten them too much. They shouldn't hurt you."

"Not like the clothespins?"

"No, Kimberly. These are adjustable. If I don't tighten them too much they will only be a bit uncomfortable. Nothing like those clothespins. Please. I don't want to be punished."

After a bit of hesitation, Kimberly finally moved her hands from covering her bare breasts. Christi closed her eyes knowing that the clamps were going to be uncomfortable,

but attached them anyway to Kimberly's erect nipples. Kimberly began to cry a little, but didn't complain. They certainly weren't tight enough to cause any significant discomfort. Compared to the cropping her feet had endured, this should be a cake -walk for her.

"Why?" was all the tormented girl could ask.

"Kimberly, honey. I wish I knew. He likes it. That's all. So we have to suffer for him. We can't do anything about it. Just do whatever he wants and it will be over soon. I promise." She bent down and brushed her lips on Kimberly's cheek. Comforting her.

Kimberly looked beautiful lying there. Frightened. Shaking. Her nipples joined by the thin chain. I just sat and gazed at her nude body for a few minutes while she squirmed. Finally, my gaze got to her.

"Please. What do you want? Please let me go."

"Kimberly, you know what I want."

"Oh God. Please no."

"If I don't think you are trying, I will force Christi to tighten those things on your nipples until you are screaming. Understand?"

"Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. Please . This isn't happening. Please don't make me do this."

Christi leaned down to the girl. Somehow knowing what I wanted from the begging girl as well. "Kimberly, honey. It's a natural thing. Nothing to be ashamed of. It's your own body. If you can't touch it , who can? Close your eyes. Fantasize. Pretend nobody is here. Think about your boyfriend or something. Whatever. Just pretend you are in bed alone. Nobody around. You can do it. Nothing to be ashamed of. Okay? He's made me do it. It's alright. Just let your fingers do the walking. Believe me. Do you want your nipples any tighter? Please. I don't want to see you in any more pain. After everything you've been through this should be easy."

Christi glanced up at me and mouthed "Bastard" at me.

I watched as Kimberly closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Her right hand rose and she tentatively stroked the bottom of her left breast. Tracing up. Touching the clamp attached to her nipple. Touching the trapped nipple itself. Crying out at sensations that the touch provoked. Her left hand brushing through her pubic hair. Lightly touching herself. I have no idea what she was thinking about, but her breathing began to quicken as she spread her legs slightly.

Christi was watching the display in fascination. She flushed as she realized that I had noticed her watching the other girl as well. Realized that I'd caught her imagining it was her masturbating in front of me. I had half a mind to get her doing the same thing. But decided that I'd rather just watch the one girl, for now.

Kimberly finally opened her eyes and looked at me. Breaking whatever illusion she was in. Pleading in them. "Please. I can't do this. I don't know how." She closed her eyes again. "Please. If you want to punish me. Whip me or something. Hit my feet some more."

Christi, her eyes widening at the words, leaned down to Kimberly again. "You don't know what you are saying. Please. He won't hit you anywhere that you want him to. He'll hit you where *he* wants to. He'll whip your boobs. Remember Jane? Don't you remember the paddle? You'll be begging to masturbate for him anyway. Damn it." She turned her gaze to me. "You bastard. Can't you see what you are doing to her?"

I looked down at Kimberly. "Do you want me to whip your breasts?"

The frightened girl sho ok her head.

“Would it help if Christi did herself at the same time? So you weren’t completely alone?”

Another shake of the head.

“Believe me, this is a whole lot more pleasant for you than other things I could come up with.” Christi nodding her head empha tically, still kneeling beside the crying woman. At least in this torment, the girl actually could feel some pleasure instead of pure pain.

“Please don’t make me m -masturbate in front of you. God.”

“Why not? You were doing alright before you stopped.” I de cided to play along for a moment instead of punishing her.

She flushed at my words. “I’m. I. Just can’t. It’s just so embarrassing.”

“And screaming as your breasts are whipped isn’t?”

“Oh God.”

“Listen,” I decided to give the poor girl a break, “one way or the other you are going to do something I want to see. Either you can do this. Or I can tie you up and whip your breasts. I really recommend that you listen to Christi. Do this. Save yourself a lot of pain. I’m not really in the mood to hit you anyway.”

Tears brimming over her eyes, she again began to touch herself. Her left hand crept back between her legs. Eyes closing. Trying to shut out the audience.

I crouched down beside Christi. “Give those clamps another half turn.”

She looked at me with big eyes. “But she’s doing what you wanted. Please have some mercy on her.”

“She stopped, didn’t she?”

“Oh God.” Christi began to whisper to the masturbating girl. “Kimberly, honey. God I hate this. I have to tighten those things because you stopped. I’m so sorry.” She reached out and gently tightened the clamps about half a turn causing Kimberly to cry out softly. But she had learned her lesson. She didn’t break stride, her fingers still traili ng over her breasts and pussy.

I watched in fascination as the girl masturbated herself. Her long fingers lightly tracing her body. Finally, slipping between her lower lips. Rubbing. Stroking. Searching out her clit. Circling it slowly. Finding her unique rhythm. Her hips rocking with her motion. By this point, I was sure that she had completely forgotten about her audience. Lost in her own touches.

Finally, her hips rising off the floor. Crying out softly as her muscles tensed. Arching. Spasming. Climaxing . Her body falling back to the floor. Tears beginning to fall from her eyes as she realized what I’d made her do. Finally opening her eyes, looking at me. Broken. Beautiful.

“Please,” was all she managed to gasp out. I really wasn’t sure what she wanted. I turned around to see what Jane was doing. Still kneeling where I’d placed her. Quietly watching. Hands still handcuffed behind her back. I motioned for her to join us. She had some trouble, but she managed to get to her bare feet and wander over. She look ed a little more rested than previously. A little calmer.

I quickly released her hands from behind her and recuffed them in front. I spoke to her. “We need more water. Fill this.” I handed the thermos to her. She obediently nodded

and disappeared. No questions asked. Probably glad to get away from the playground for a while.

I turned back to Christi and Kimberly. Kimberly was quietly crying and Christi was just stroking her hair with her cuffed hands silently. Trying to comfort her, but not really knowing how.

I left the women alone for a few minutes just sitting back and reviewing in my mind the woman masturbating for me. I debated having her do it again, but thought better of it. I doubted very much if she could manage to do it again, and I wasn't really in the mood to punish her.

After a few minutes I spoke to her.

"Kimberly. Knees." Christi touched her head in encouragement and Kimberly climbed to her knees. "Hands behind you."

"Oh God. Please don't tie me up again." Her hands stealing behind her back knowing the cost of resistance.

"Kimberly. It's just handcuffs. Won't hurt you. Promise. I just don't want you to be able to use your hands. Christi. Not too tight. Okay?"

"Oh God. Why? What now? Please. I've done everything you wanted. Please let me go."

I tossed the handcuffs to Christi who began to place them on Kimberly's wrists. Kimberly just hung her head. Resigned to the cuffs. Twisting her wrists. Testing them. Knowing she couldn't get out.

"Please. Master. Please can a slave beg to have her nipples released. The clamps are hurting her."

I was amazed. Even after all that she'd been through she was remembering the slave talk that Jane had taught to her. And she hadn't stumbled over any words. Not even Master. I had to be impressed.

I crouched down to the kneeling girl and began to release the clamps. Her engorged nipples falling free of the bondage. She sighed. The clamps hadn't been on her long enough for her nipples to numb. Had they numbed, then it would have probably hurt a lot more to take them off her.

"This slave thanks her Master," she said meekly.

By this time, Jane had arrived. She knelt in front of me, offering up the water. Kimberly's eyes caught the thermos in her hands.

"Oh please. Master. This slave is still thirsty. Please may she drink? Please?" There was no sense of contrivance in her voice. She had completely fallen into a slave role. Her mind, too tired or too broken to even feel any humiliation at her behaviour. Perhaps she was simply beginning to realize, like Jane, that this tone and humility usually got what the girl wanted. When you had nothing else to offer, you did what you had to, I guess. I did see Christi flush at the words though. A fellow female, completely broken. But she kept her tongue.

"Jane. Give her some water. She deserves it."

Kimberly's eyes began to regain some of their shine. Realizing that she was going to get what she wanted. Without a fight. Without any more begging. Probably for the first time today. Simple things.

Jane, closed her eyes and tilted the thermos, filling her own mouth. I realized my mistake. She had assumed that I meant for her to give Kimberly the water in the same

manner as before. I was actually impressed, though I wasn't going to tell Jane that. I thought that Kimberly could probably take the wat er normally now and hadn't meant for her to be humiliated further. But Jane wouldn't know that. Or why I hadn't allowed Kimberly water normally in the first place for that matter. I didn't feel it necessary to share all my reasons with the women.

I smiled. Jane was only doing what she thought I wanted. I guess she'd had enough punishment for the day to take any chances on displeasing me.

"Janey." She looked at me. Cheeks full. "Give her that mouthful. But I think that she can drink out of the bottle now. Do n't you?" Jane closed her eyes, thinking she'd made a mistake. She nodded hoping that I wasn't going to punish her for presuming. I reached out and gave her long hair a stroke, reached down and gave her nipple a playful tweak. She almost lost the water in surprise. Still soft from her shower, hair and nipples. Even after all the activity today. I gave her a quick kiss on the distended cheek, almost causing her to swallow the water. Her eyes widened at the unexpected kindness; I was pretty sure that she thou ght she was going to be punished. The stroke to her hair and the quick kiss seemed to reassure the confused girl and she shuffled off on her knees to join Kimberly. Kissing her to exchange the fluid. Kimberly swallowing the water and gasping as Jane moved away.

"Christi. Get her some food."

Not having to be told twice, Christi scampered to her bare feet and collected some of the food, trying to pickup the more nutritious snacks. Jerky. That kind of thing. She returned with her bound hands as full as she cou ld manage.

Between the two girls, they managed to feed and water Kimberly. Kimberly simply kneeling and allowing herself to be fed. Relief evident on her face as she hungrily swallowed the food and water.

When the water and the food were gone, Jane and Christi moved away from Kimberly. I just watched the interaction of the nude girls. Loving the way their bodies moved together. Struggling with the cuffs, but making the most of it. Their bare bodies flashing as they attend ed to whatever task occupied them.

I was a little distance from the girls. Sitting on the chair. Relaxed. Simply watching them. Christi climbed to her bare feet, walked over and knelt quietly at my feet, face upturned toward me.

"Can I ask you something?"

"I guess. Slave talk will probably get it." I was in a good mood. She could probably get what she wanted even without slave talk if she tried hard enough.

"You know I can't do that."

"You have before."

"Not by choice."

"Alright. What can I do for ya?" I wa s pretty relaxed.

"Return her."

"Huh?"

"You've put her through enough. Kimberly. God. Two days you left her here. Alone. I'm surprised she's sane. You've broken her. You've got us. You don't need her. Please let her go. For me?" she stuck out her lower lip in a pretend pout.

"And what do I get out of it? Why should I care if she suffers here for another two days. Or dies here?"

She took a deep breath. “You can do anything you want to me. Please.”

“Christi, Christi, Christi. When are you going to learn that I can do anything I want to you anyway.”

“What can I offer then?” Tears began to form in her eyes. “I’ll do whatever you want. Willingly. I’ll stand still while you whip me. Whatever you want. Oh God.”

“Christi. You don’t know what you are saying.”

“Oh God. Please. She’s not as strong as us. I’m begging you. Let her go? She’s broken. You broke her. Please let her be. For me? I know I don’t count for much. But please?”

“Slave talk until I decide to let you go?”

“Oh God. I’ll try. Anything.”

I just looked at her.

“Oh shit. Please. Uhhh. Please M-Master. I ... this sl-slave will try to remember to talk properly. Please have m-mercy on her,” she struggled to wrap her mind around that manner of talking. I imagine it would be very hard to slip into the third perso n when referring to yourself. Combating years of referring to yourself as “I”. She managed a passable job though. Jane was a lot better at it. But I had to give Christi credit for trying. I could see that she felt strongly about me letting Kimberly go. I w as unsure what prompted this, but I could question her later.

“It’s okay Christi. I don’t necessarily want you to talk like that all the time.”

“Thank God. I doubt if I could,” she breathed in relief. “I would have been continually punished for slipping. W hat can I do then? Please? I feel so badly for her.”

“I don’t know. That suggestion you made. Standing still while I whipped you sounded interesting.”

“Oh my God.”

“You didn’t believe that you’d get off easy, did you? Do you take back the offer?”

“Oh God. I guess not. Just let her go.”

The irony of this was that I was planning on letting Kimberly go anyway. But I wasn’t about to tell this begging female that.

The other women were completely oblivious to this exchange. Christi was talking in a hushed voice. Probably not wanting the other two to know that she was begging for Kimberly’s release.

“Let’s just leave it that you will willingly submit yourself to a punishment of my choosing.”

“Oh God. Okay.”

“I’m going to hold you to it. You know you a re making a deal with the devil.”

“I’ll chance it. Fine. Just let her go?” She was nodding her head.

I looked over at Kimberly and Jane. Jane was talking quietly to Kimberly. Couldn’t tell what was being said. I concentrated on Kimberly. Isolating her body from her surroundings. Removing the space she occupied from the time continuum. Without warning she disappeared, mid sentence. Her tattered clothing disappearing before our eyes. The clothing that had been cut off of her body by Christi an eternity ago. J ane’s startled “Oh” echoing around the quiet store. I don’t think Jane had ever seen me return anyone before. Only slow things down which was not nearly as dramatic.

I left the remaining girls kneeling in the center aisle and wandered over to the paint aisle. I glanced down it. Finding the young woman blissfully ignorant of how good she

looked touching herself for me. Frozen again, fully clothed, reaching up for her can of paint. I walked over to the woman, this woman I knew so intimately. This woman who had screamed and begged for me. Ran a finger over her breast, pressing against her sweater. The same breast that had been kissed by the clamps not so long ago. At least in my time. The clamps that she'd never remember. Her feet back in her shoes. Undamaged. I kissed her frozen cheek, "Good -bye, sweet Kimberly. Sleep well."

Without another look at my second girl, I walked back to the center of the store. The girls had already gathered up the stray handcuffs, ropes and toys and were quietly kneeling, waiting fo r me, sensing we were done here.

I took their arms. Guiding them to their feet and leading them out of the hardware store and back outside.

Chapter 49

"God, I'm tired," Christi muttered as we passed through the doors. Her whole body ached from the games.

I checked my watch. "You've only been up for six hours."

"Six hours? My God. It seems like forever."

I looked at her. "I'm still full of energy."

"You would be. You haven't been nude, chained and forced to endure abuse for six hours."

I just smiled at her and she stuck out her tongue.

"Jane?"

"Yes?" she answered cheerily. Glad to be away from the store.

"Do you know how to drive?"

"I don't have a license."

"I doubt if any cops are going to stop us. And if they do, your lack of a license will be the least of my problems. Can you drive?"

"My boyfriend let me drive his car once. But Christi drove us here. Why me?"

"Christi claims she is tired. Tired drivers cause accidents."

"And drivers without licenses don't?" she raised her eyebrows. I shook my head. Her sarcasm was going to cause her trouble in the future. I ignored it this time. To be honest, it didn't bother me a lot.

"Do you think you can drive us back to the hotel?"

"I guess. If I don't have a choice."

I considered having her drive. I didn't particularly want her without her steel bands. She still looked ravishing in those restraints. Inexperienced driver. No license. Nude. Strange car. Hands bound. Odd driving conditions. Didn't sound like a wonderful situation to me. And I wanted to get back to the hotel. Walking, though pleasant, wasn't in the plans for today. Perhaps later.

I just looked at Christi. She sighed. "OK. I'll drive." Not even bothering to suggest that I take the wheel. She managed to open the drivers door to the Toyota with her bound wrists without too much trouble. Slipping in behind the steering wheel and waiting for me and Jane.

I turned to Jane. "Wrists."

She obediently held her hands up for me. I unlocked her wrists and had her turn around. She reluctantly held her hands behind her back and I slipped the cuffs back on her. She turned around, a hurt expression on her face. The girls really did prefer their hands in front of them if they had to be bound.

"Well, if you're useless to drive, then why should I have your hands in front. This looks much prettier."

I watched as she fought back the tears. Tears brought on by her helplessness. Her complete inability to do anything about her situation. The fact that she had to stand there and allow me to bind her hands behind her. Not having any voice in the matter. She bravely fought the tears and slipped into the back seat of the car. Her eyes looking at me accusingly. She probably thought that she had earned the privilege of having her hands bound in front of her. And truthfully she had. She'd been more than cooperative today. But life isn't always fair. Especially for women under my control.

I slipped the seat belt around her waist and down between her bare breasts holding her safely into the seat. She settled back and closed her eyes.

I climbed into the passenger side and belted myself in as well. “Drive on, James ... er Jamie.”

“Where to?”

“Back to the hotel. No rush.” I settled back and took Jane’s lead and closed my eyes.

I felt the car jostling as the naked woman guided it through the strange world back to the hotel. I opened my eyes as we arrived. Christi just parked in front, an impossibility if the world was running. Damn taxis and such getting in the way.

Christi handed me the keys to the car. I’m not really sure what she did with them last time. As she handed me the keys she spoke, “In case I’m not with you next time you need the car. I don’t exactly have pockets anymore.” She glanced down at her bare body.

“You have a couple of places to keep them.”

“Oh God. Please no.” She realized where she might have to keep the keys given that she had no clothing.

I grinned at her and gently took the keys from her fingers. I slipped the key into my own pocket and climbed out of the car as she sighed in relief. Christi managed to get her own seatbelt off, and out of the car on her own. Jane sat quietly waiting for me to come and release her, her hands tied a little more awkwardly than Christi’s.

Once we all had gotten out of the car, we walked straight through the lobby of the hotel. Two bare girls and me. Just as we neared the stairs, I stopped them. I pointed back the way we came.

“See that girl behind the desk?” I pointed to a young redhead frozen in the middle of the working at the computer. Christi and Jane nodded. “Before we leave here, she’s going to be spread out between those two pillars. Begging.”

Christi just turned pale. “God. You know already that you are going to torture her. God help her.”

“Yup. Nipple clamps. The crop against her back as she begs and screams. While you use that wonderful tongue of your’s on her puss.”

“Oh my God. Please no.”

“Not now. Later.”

“Is that my punishment?” referring to her bargain to get Kimberly off our timeline.

I just shook my head. “If it was your punishment, the positions would be reversed. You’d be tied to the pillars and begging as you were cropped. The redhead on her knees making love to you. I’ve got something better in mind for you.”

“I’m sure I’ll love it.”

I idly wondered what the redhead’s name was going to be as I watched the lithe nude bodies climbing the stairs in front of me. We entered the quiet suite. I remembered that I’d left Elizabeth and Amy sleeping peacefully in the bedroom. I poked my head in, and they were both still happily asleep. I quietly shut the door, leaving them in peace. For now.

I released Christi’s hands. She stood rubbing her wrists, not having been free of the steel bands for a long time.

“Christi?” I addressed her.

“Yes sir.”

“I want you to make us some lunch. Peanut butter for you and Jane. One sandwich each. Grilled cheese for myself. Two. And breakfast for Elizabeth and Amy. I’m going to wake them soon. Maybe make them some toast and cereal.”

“Please. Can I ask for something. Small?” Chris ti looked a bit agitated.

“Yes ...”

“Peanut butter sandwiches? Please. I don’t like peanut butter. Never have.”

“Are you allergic to nuts?”

“No. I just can’t stand the taste ... or the consistency,” she explained.

“Does it matter what you like?”

“No sir,” her face falling. “I’ll eat the peanut butter.”

The nude blonde wandered towards the kitchen. I heard her begin her preparations to prepare the food.

I guided Jane to the couch. She sat down daintily and settled back into the sofa. Legs crossed. I sat down in the easy chair facing her. She just gazed at me for a few minutes. I could tell that she was struggling with something. Wanting to talk but not knowing how to start. Perhaps afraid of starting. One advantage of having the women nude, their body languag e was a lot more pronounced. I doubt if they were even aware of it. But I was beginning to be able to tell their moods and sometimes even their thoughts from how they held their bodies.

She opened her mouth and closed it again. Pulled weakly at her wrists.

“Please,” she began. “Can a slave beg to have her hands free. She hates them behind her. Please.”

“Jane. I like you with your hands back there.”

“You don’t have any idea what its like to be in chains all the time. Please.”

“Jane. Something on your mind?”

“Oh God. Can I talk without you punishing me?”

“I’m listening. What’s up?”

Tears filled her eyes and one escaped. She shook her head in frustration. Not being able to wipe the moisture from her face. I reached forward and stroked the tear from her cheek. “Jane,” I started. “It’s about the store isn’t it?” I was just trying to get her talking. Normally, I wouldn’t make it this easy on any of them. In this case, I had a funny feeling I knew what was on her mind and I didn’t really feel like tormenting her fur ther.

“I’m so confused,” her voice low.

“‘bout what?” As though I didn’t know.

“You bastard. You made me beg.”

“Yeah. I knew I could.”

“How?”

“What?”

“How did you know? You could do that to me?” She was crying a bit now. Still pulling at her bound hands. H er bare feet curling and uncurling her toes.

“Jane. It wasn’t hard. In your position, you can’t hide a lot. Your body gave me all the signals.”

“My body. Dammit. If you didn’t keep us naked all the time ...”

“I like you naked.”

“Don’t I know it. And you like making us do things too. And keeping us bound, helpless, humiliated. Like animals.”

“Hey. I treat you better than animals.”

“Not much. We’re just pretty, female pets to you. Look at me.” That wasn’t hard. I let my eyes run down her bare bo dy and back up to her face. “I’m a person over here. Hello? I’m Jane. I have a name. I’m not just an object. Put here for your pleasure. I have feelings. I hurt. God, how I hurt for you. I’m a human being. I shouldn’t be treated like this.”

“So you want me to treat you like a human being right?”

“Isn’t that just common sense. Please. I’m not equipped to handle this. I’m only seventeen.”

“Jane. You are a strong girl. You are holding up a hell of a lot better than I would in your place.”

“Damn right. But do I have a choice? You’ll punish me if I don’t.”

Her eyes widened slightly as Christi walked into the room. Jane stopped talking as Christi knelt down by my feet and looked up at me. I guess I could have forced her to continue despite Christi’s presence, but decided that it might be better to continue the discussion in private.

“I’m done. Food is on the table,” Christi spoke from the floor at my feet.

“We’re not ready for it yet.”

“Oh.”

“Would you like to take a shower?”

“God. Would I?” she looked up at me hop efully.

“Two showers in one day. That’s pretty extravagant. But I guess you’ve been through a lot. Go shower.”

She continued to kneel there. Her face a mask of concentration.

“What is it?”

She gathered up her courage. “Is your slave allowed to use hot wate r?” her eyes exceptionally expressive this time.

She must have really wanted to use hot water. Used her slave talk and everything. Took a bit of concentration. It was unusual for Christi to slip into the third person for me. Jane could turn it on and off a t will. And did.

I had to bite back a smile. “I don’t know. A private shower. *And* hot water? I’m not sure if you’ve done anything to deserve hot water.” Previously I’d always forced the girls to take showers together. Two or three at a time. This was unu sual letting her take one alone. Giving her time to herself. She was pushing her luck and knew it.

“Oh please. This slave begs her master. She doesn’t want to use cold water. Please. This slave will be good for the rest of the day. She promises. Please?”

I relented. I couldn’t think of anything that she’d done lately that required punishment. Maybe she actually would behave for the rest of the day. I nodded at her. “Go have a hot shower.”

She didn’t need to be told again. She climbed to her bare feet. She t ossed a quick whispered “Thank-you” over her shoulder as she scampered to the bathroom. Moments later I heard the water running and her softly singing to herself in the shower. Some Aerosmith tune, I think.

Chapter 50

I turned back to Jane who gazed back at me from the sofa.

"You let her take a hot shower? By herself?" Incredulous.

"I don't always treat you like animals."

"I guess not. When your not torturing us, it isn't so bad, I guess. I just wish you'd let us wear something sometimes. And didn't keep us trussed up like dogs all the time."

"What would like to wear? Hmmmm? Some stockings? High heels? Corsets? Gloves?" An evil thought. "Chastity belt?"

"Oh God. Leave it to you to come up with distasteful things. N ude will do fine, if those are my choices. I suppose it could be worse."

"Have to do something about that. Can't have you happy."

"Master?"

"You don't have to call me Master, right now."

"I don't?"

"No. What's on your mind? Something's bothering you." I co uld tell that something was bothering her beyond just having to sit there naked and handcuffed.

"God. What have you done to me?" The tears began to form again, but she managed to will them away again. "Here I am. A strong girl. You know. Feministic. Good s tudent. Popular with the guys. And then you come along. Strip me. Humiliate me. Keep me tied up twenty-four hours a day. You hit me a few times and I'm acting like a slut. Talking to you like I'm some kind of slave. Begging. And, oh god, orgasming. God. Ha ving orgasms like I never knew existed. Begging you to hit me. Begging for abuse. I'm sick. I hate myself. I don't know what to do. I don't have anyone to turn to. God. What have you done to me?"

By now the girl was weeping. Unable to stop the tears any lo nger. Confused and scared and finally allowed to let it out. I moved over to the sofa beside her. Wrapped my arms around her. Stroked her hair and her back until she managed to stop crying. She gave a small hiccup and looked up at me.

"God. What have I bec ome? Why?"

"Janey. Sweetheart. I don't have all the answers."

"You know," she choked out slowly. "Remember you punished me in the store? Whipped me?"

I nodded.

"Oh God. I can't tell you this. I. I. I did it on purpose. I. I could have stayed where you put me. Obeyed. My head knew that I should do what you asked. I wasn't involved. Be happy. But my body went haywire or something. I started to imagine that you'd punish me if I got up and tried to help. Imagined you hitting me with the crop. Me helpless. And the butterflies began to flutter in my stomach. My. My pussy began to throb. It was like I didn't have any choice. My breasts were still aching from yesterday. And I knew that if I pushed you, that you'd tie me down and hit them again. My head was fighting with my body. I. I hated myself. But my body. My pussy. Won. I just got up and took the bottle away from you. At least I stopped you tormenting that poor woman. At least it didn't go for nothing." She began to shake again. "Why? Why? Why?"

"Why what?" I asked her gently.

“Why the hell does my body like the pain? Why do I get turned on by you forcing me? Humiliating me? Hurting me? Please.”

“Sweetheart. I really, really don’t know.”

“But you knew that it was happening.”

I nodded. “Janey, that is why I knew I could make you beg. Just human nature. I forced you to stay so close to release for that long. And then added more and more stimulation. My God, I’m surprised that you held out as long as you did. You are a strong girl. I knew what buttons to press. That’ s all.” I poked her erect nipples for emphasis and she actually giggled. She was going to be alright.

“Am I going to be alright?” she asked. She was asking the wrong person.

“I think so. Just don’t lose your spirit.”

She thought about that and nodded. “You can make me feel weird things. Apparently, you can even make me beg to humiliate myself. But you’ll never have my soul. Got that?”

“Deal.” I didn’t particularly want a completely broken girl anyway. They aren’t nearly as much fun. The fun was in the break ing. Or the attempt.

“I’m feeling pretty icky as well. Can I have a shower as well?”

I gave her a kiss on the nose. Turned her around so her back was towards me. I released her cuffs. As I was releasing her I idly mentioned, “What no slave talk?”

“I don’t want one that badly. I’m still pretty clean. And I’m tired of being a slave.”

“If you’re not careful, I’ll make you take a cold one.”

She stuck her tongue out at me. Didn’t surprise me. The girl was probably feeling about a million times better after just talking it out.

She rose to her bare feet.

I aimed a swat at her bare bottom and she danced away. “Go on you minx. And have fun.”

She looked over her bare shoulder just before disappearing down the hallway towards the bathro om. “Your slave thanks you for talking to her.” She didn’t wait for a response but practically ran down to the shower.

Soon I heard her chasing Christi out of the shower. The Aerosmith song being taken up by Jane’s voice as the spray hit her tired body. Ja ne actually had a good voice. I’d have to have her sing for me sometime.

I relaxed and waited for the girls to return from their shower. Christi wandered down the hall and poked her head around the corner. Her hair was still slightly damp, though it looked like she had dried most of it. She was wearing light make -up and as I noticed her, she pranced out into the living room. Her body radiant after the shower.

She walked over to the easy chair I was sitting in and knelt down.

“Feeling better?” I asked her.

“Much. Thank-you.” Eyes downcast.

I waited for a while. She seemed content to just kneel there lost in her own thoughts. It was almost time to rouse Elizabeth and Amy for their breakfast.

“You think that you can handle Amy and Elizabeth? Get them up and pre sentable?”

“I guess.” She slowly climbed to her feet. “Are you going to let them shower?”

“They had a shower before sleeping. They shouldn’t need one. Just wake them up and untie them. Brush their hair out.”

I watched as the bare girl walked slowly back to the bedroom. Seemingly lost in her own thoughts. I thought I heard some soft sounds and groans as the women were awakened. They probably only had six or seven hours of sleep. Not nearly enough after what I put them through. But they really didn't have any choice. If I didn't want them to sleep, then they didn't sleep. They'd be alright.

I got up and walked silently down the hallway. Just wanted to check on the girls. Jane was toweling off. She flashed me a smile as I poked my head in the doorway. The bedroom door was ajar. Christi was just untying Amy's feet. She still looked groggy. Elizabeth was brushing out her red hair facing the mirror. She looked a bit sleepy as well. I retreated back to the living room without the three of them even noticing me.

Soon all four emerged from the hallway. Christi leading the pack. I marveled at the sight. Not often that you see a pack of beautiful, nude women simply walk out of a hallway. They stood a little awkwardly in the center of the room. Not quite knowing what I wanted from them.

I spoke to Christi. "Alright. I want you to re-heat my sandwiches. When you're done, let me know."

Christi disappeared into the kitchen. I heard her knock a few pots together and a few minutes later she stuck her head back out, "Soup's on."

I nodded to the remaining girls who piled into the kitchen. The table was going to be cramped with five of us, but if it got too uncomfortable, I could always get two of them on the floor. I could hear Christi organizing everyone, like a mother hen. Though she'd been a captive the longest, she was far from the oldest among the girls. She just seemed to have an organized mind. I smiled. After it seemed like they were settled, I joined them. The four girls were jammed together on one side of the table. My seat was reasonably clear as I sat down; I had lots of elbow room. Didn't quite seem fair, but after all they were the captives. I wasn't sure what went through their minds, but one of them was probably smart enough to know that if there wasn't enough room at the table, some of them, if not all, would be eating off the floor. So they pushed themselves together to ensure that I had enough room. Clever, whoever it was.

I glanced around at the four beauties. Four gorgeous pairs of breasts. Their bodies pressed together. Faces looking at me expectantly. Wanting to eat, but afraid of starting before me.

I nodded to them. Christi and Jane picked up their sandwiches. Christi made a face as she took the first bite, but managed to swallow it. Jane just hungrily chewed into hers. I noticed that Christi hadn't placed cutlery on the table for Elizabeth and Amy. Both having a bowl of cereal, they looked at the food helplessly.

Amy spoke up, "Please. Can I get a spoon?"

I just shook my head. Christi spoke up. "He won't let us use cutlery."

Amy looked incredulous. "You have to be joking. How the hell are we supposed to eat this?"

I looked at her. She must have still been sleepy or groggy, perhaps overtired.

"Amy?" Christi was taken a bit aback, not expecting this vehemence out of Amy.

She glared back at me. "Well, how the fuck am I supposed to eat this?"

Elizabeth touched her arm and whispered to her. "Amy. Honey. Calm. Like this." She bent forward. And without the use of her hands even, began to lap at the milk. It was awkward, but she could eat her breakfast. Picking at the cereal with her fingers.

Amy watched incredulous.

"God. I'm not going to eat like that. I refuse to be treated like an animal anymore. Fuck him. It's not enough that I'm naked here? I can't even use a spoon like a civilized human being? Fuck that." She pushed herself away from the table and got to her feet. "I'm finding some goddamn clothes and getting the hell away from here. What are you going to do about it?" She glared at me. I just calmly gazed back at her. I wasn't too surprised that one of them had snapped. A shouting match wasn't going to solve anything.

Elizabeth, Christi and Jane had given up. They just tried to make themselves as tin y as possible. Eating quietly. Trying their damnedest to disappear. Not wanting to be involved further in this. Not even Jane.

Amy, still angry, stalked out of the kitchen. I could hear her stomping down the hallway. Still muttering. I gave her a few minut es and then got to my feet.

Jane looked up at me. Always the brave one. I was actually surprised that she was brave enough to say anything.

"Please. Master. Please don't ... she's just frustrated. She's just a girl."

One look and her jaw snapped shut audib ly. She didn't want to be a part of this. She knew that the punishment for Amy was going to be far beyond any punishment that her body might welcome. Jane just went back to taking tiny bites of her sandwich. Trying to disappear again. She whispered softly, "Please. I'm sorry."

I walked slowly out and down the hall. I stopped at the bedroom doorway where Amy was already in a bra and panties. She was crying, just about to pull a sweater over her head.

"Care to apologize?" I asked softly.

"Fuck you." She glare d at me. "I'm tired of being your slave. Tired of being tied up to sleep. Tired of being kept without the simple dignity of clothing. Tired of jumping when you say jump. I'm not your toy. You should be apologizing to me. You fucking bastard."

"Amy. Calm do wn. You know I'm not going to let you walk out of here."

"What are you going to do about it?" She pulled the sweater over her head.

I was beginning to see that she had lost it. She simply didn't care anymore. That could be dangerous. I debated just returni ng her. I didn't need these problems. However. If I did that, the other women might see a way out. If they acted nuts, and openly disobeyed, resisted, I might give up on them and just return them to the bliss of the frozen time line. That wouldn't be good. I simply couldn't let Amy get away with this rebellion.

"Amy. Don't make it worse on yourself."

"That's a laugh. How could it be worse? Eating out of a bowl like some kind of animal. I'm not your freaking pet. Goddammit."

"Actually you are. And believe me . It can always be worse."

"Fuck you. What are you going to do about it? Fucker. I'm leaving."

This could become very dangerous. I had a wild girl here. The other three, unbound in the kitchen. I couldn't very well enlist the other three. They were scared at the moment. But if they saw the chance, they might try to overpower me. That just wouldn't be good. I could stop them. I wasn't afraid of that. But the last thing I needed was rebellion. Guess I should have bound them for breakfast. But I wasn't expecti ng this.

Chapter 51

Amy was glaring at me defiantly. This petite woman. In panties and a sweater. Still barefoot. I felt like I was a lover having a break up fight. I almost laughed at the absurdity.

Seeing that I wasn't going to get anywhere with her, I concentrated and slipped her into a slow time bubble. She was about to open her mouth to say something, probably hurling more abuse at me. But that never happened as she semi -froze in position. I wandered out to the living area. Glanced in on the other gi rls. They were still seated, trying to eat as slowly and as silently as they could. Like guests listening to the hosts during the party fight. Wanting to be anywhere but here. But not able to go anywhere else.

I picked back up the gun from the living room. Along with some rope, some handcuffs, drill from the hardware bag, and an eyebolt. I carried the equipment back to the bedroom and dumped it on the dressing table. Amy was still standing in her sweater and panties in the middle of the room. Anger still sh owing on her frozen face.

I wandered back to the doorway and leaned on the jamb. I returned Amy to our timeline.

She began right away. Probably still spouting whatever was on her mind when I slowed her down.

"You goddamn bastard. I hate you. Leave me alone ." Then seeing that some things had changed. I suddenly had a gun. Eyes flicked to the restraints on the table.

"Amy."

"Fuck you. You ain't tying me up again. I won't let you. You fucking bastard." She was really venting. She made a move to get her jeans which were lying on the bed.

"Amy. Stop."

She hesitated and looked at me. Still defiant. Shifting her weight from one bare foot to the other.

"You are going to have to shoot me, you know."

"Amy. Don't kid yourself. I will shoot you. But I don't have to."

"I'm not stopping. You are either going to have to undo whatever the hell it is that you've done to the world. Or you are going to have to shoot me. Or I'm going to walk out of here. Fuck you. I'm going to finish dr essing like a human being and I'm gone. Got it?"

"Listen to me, Amy." She stopped reaching for her jeans. Perhaps something in my calm tone. "You don't want to do this. Take off the clothes and allow me to punish you and it won't be as bad."

"Haven't you b een fucking listening to me? You have trouble hearing?"

"Amy."

"Shoot me if you have to. I don't care." I watched as she picked up the jeans. She honestly didn't care if I shot her.

"Amy. Listen. If I shoot you, it is going to hurt. If I shoot you, it will be in a very uncomfortable way. There are no hospitals. No doctors. You'll die, but it will take days. In agony. I'm not going to shoot you in the head. Or the heart. Knees. Elbows. Arms. Legs. Breasts."

She paled a bit, but bent down and began to slip th e jeans onto her right leg. She'd passed the point of no return. She was gambling everything that I wouldn't shoot her.

“Fuck you.”

“But I’m not going to shoot you, Amy. I really don’t want to incapacitate such a beautiful body. If I wanted to kill you, I’ d torture you to death. Enjoying your screams until you couldn’t scream anymore. But I’m not going to do that either. You’ll scream, but you’ll survive.”

Amy was crying by this point, but she slipped the jeans onto her other leg and began to pull them up.

“Goddammit. Why do you have to do these things to us? We’re people, you know? Human beings? How can you be such a monster? How can you hurt us so casually? We hurt, you know? Pain? You remember pain? When you fell out of the tree when you were a kid? Broke your arm? Imagine that, but a hundred times worse. Some asshole whipping you, while you’re helpless. Tied up. Shit. I hate you. I can’t take it anymore.”

She pulled the jeans over her hips. She was about to do them up. The first time she’d had clothing in days. The clothes were actually attractive on her.

“Amy. Listen to me. You can leave. I’m not even going to stop you. But I want you to know something, if you do.”

“What’s that, you fuckhead?” Her fingers struggling with the top button of the jeans.

“Whereas I really don’t want to seriously damage your body, I don’t have the same problem damaging a male body.” I waved the gun for emphasis.

“Oh my God. You son-of-a-bitch. You wouldn’t.”

“Care to try me?”

The fight just melted out of her body. I watched it happen. She knew she was beaten. Her father, frozen outside the room. Safe for the moment. She couldn’t risk it. I watched as her face just collapsed. The anger. The frustration. The humiliation. All replaced by fear. She knew that she was in for a punishment to end all punishment. And she was afraid. Now she couldn’t just walk out. Her father would suffer for her determination.

“Oh God. I’m sorry.” She whispered. Her fingers fumbled with the jeans and she slid them back down her long legs. She was weeping, her whole body wracked by sobs. Her whole body showing me her defeat. She stepped out of the jeans, leaving them on the floor. She began to pull the sweater over her head.

“Amy. Stop.” She turned her head. Still crying her eyes out. But didn’t quite get the sweater over her head.

“Please. Oh God. What are you going to do with me? Please don’t hurt me.”

“Amy, this is simple. Stop crying.”

I let her struggle with it. Standing there. Barefoot. Bare legs. Sweater. Panties. Finally after three or four minutes she calmed herself. Tears still fell, but the body shaking sobs reduced. She opened her eyes.

“Do you know how to use a drill?”

“Oh God. What are you going to do with me?”

“Amy?”

She just shook her head. I didn’t think that she would know how to use one. I haven’t met many women that could use any power tools. But it was worth a shot. Would have added to the humiliation making her help set up her punishment.

“Alright. Calm down. Sit in the chair. ”

“Please don’t hurt me. Oh God. Don’t you want the rest of my clothes off?”

“Not yet. Just sit down.” She walked over to the chair and sat down.

“Please. God. This isn’t happening. I’m sorry. I’m so sorry.”

I crouched behind the chair. “Wrists.”

“Oh God. Please. Don’t tie me up. God. What are you going to do?” She was almost hysterical, imagining what I was going to do with her. She placed her wrists behind the chair.

I wrapped her wrists in rope, tightly and tied it off to the rung between the chair legs. I clinched her elbows, bringing them as close as I could. She cried out, but didn’t complain. Her breasts thrust forward beneath the sweater. She didn’t complain because she knew that she was in for a painful time anyway. And complaining wasn’t going to help her cause. I wrapped rope above and below her breasts, holding her back into the chair. Further emphasizing her breasts that until really recently were completely bare.

I then moved in front of the chair and crouched down, looking into her tear stained face. She looked back at me for a second and lowered her eyes.

“Please. Th-th-this sl-slave is so sorry. Please have mercy on her. Oh God. What are you going to do to me?”

“What happened?”

“Oh God. I. Th-this slave just snapped. God. I’m so sorry. I just couldn’t take it anymore. I had to be free. You. I. You have no idea what its like to be naked and humiliated twenty-four hours a day. I just needed a break. God. Please. Please understand.” The words tumbled from her mouth. A curious mixture of slave and normal talk. Fear very evident in the shake of her voice.

“Amy. I understand. But you have to understand that I can’t let you get away with it, either.”

“Oh God. Please don’t hurt me.” She was pulling at the ropes that held her body to the chair.

I ignored her and climbed up on another chair. I used the drill to make a small hole in the concrete of the ceiling. Using a lead anchor, I threaded the eyebolt into the ceiling. It would take a lot of weight. Amy watched all these preparations in dread. Tears stil l streaming down her face. Begging pitifully.

I wandered back out into the living room and gathered up a few other odds and ends. A couple of very short dowels, some wing nuts. I returned to the room. Amy was calmer. I picked up the drill and made a couple of holes in the wood. Threaded them together with the wing nuts and bolts. Amy watched all this in eerie fascination.

I knelt in front of her and touched her ankles. She had been sitting with her legs slightly apart. Probably trying to do what she thought I wanted at this point. She looked a bit confused, but she brought her legs together. I wrapped rope around her ankles, clinching it tightly, making her cry out again. I tied off the rope and she sat quietly. Bound.

“Please, master. God. This slave is sor ry. She’ll do anything you want. Please don’t hit her. Don’t hurt her. You don’t have to hurt her.”

Slave talk wasn’t going to help her this time.

“Have you learned your lesson?”

“Oh God. Yes. Please. I’ve learned.”

“What have you learned.”

“Not to talk back. There is no escape. Oh God. Whatever you want me to learn.”

“Not good enough. I’ll tell you what you’ve learned. Or will learn. There is no escape. Until I get tired of you. And getting angry at me, is not a problem. But getting dressed without permiss ion is not acceptable. Nor is screaming at me. Rebellion will only be tolerated to an extent. You went far too far this time. I don’t mind feisty women. But that kind of behaviour frightens everyone. No good.”

She gulped. “Yes. Master. Your slave is sorry. She won’t let it happen again.”

“I intend to ensure that it doesn’t happen again.”

“Please. What are you going to do to me?”

“Names.” I suddenly changed direction. Wanting to keep her off balance mentally.

Confusion. “Pardon me?”

“You were calling me names. You remember what they were?”

“Oh God. I was angry. I didn’t mean ...”

“I don’t mind being called names. I’d be surprised if you didn’t call me names. I almost expect it. What were they?”

“Oh God. Please. You’ll get angry. I don’t remembe r.”

“A bastard?” She nodded. “What else?”

“Oh God. I don’t remember I was angry. Hurt.”

“Amy.”

“Christ. I think I called you a son of a bitch. Please don’t make me do this.”

“What else?”

“F-fucker. I think.”

“And a good deal more, eh?” She nodded. Miserabl e. “Is this kind of language the kind a lady should use?” She swallowed. Not knowing the right answer. She nodded. Guessing. Wrong answer. “A lady wouldn’t use that kind of language. At all. Much as you think I treat you like animals, I expect my females t o act like ladies. I can forgive the occasional slip if you are being tormented. Or in passion. But don’t you think this was rather excessive? I can imagine this kind of language coming from your mouth if I was whipping you. Or raping you. But I was just t rying to calm you down. Remember?”

She nodded. Tears falling from her eyes. Pulling at the ropes holding her.

“So, would it be fair to say that your mouth got you into this predicament?”

She nodded.

“Pardon me?”

“Yes sir.”

“So, if I was to gag you, that mi ght be considered an appropriate punishment?”

“Please, don’t gag me. I’ll behave. I promise.” But I could see it in her eyes. Confusion. A gag hardly seemed like a bad punishment. Certainly not worthy of her transgressions.

“Beg me.”

“What?”

“Beg me to gag you.”

“Oh God. Don’t make me do that.” She squirmed in the chair.

“Amy.”

“Oh God. Alright. Please gag this slave’s mouth to teach her a lesson. Oh my God.”

I picked up the wooden dowel contraption from the floor. She looked at it with confusion.

"Tongue."

Comprehension dawned on her and she wildly shook her head. "Oh God. I'm not letting you put that on me. No way."

I shrugged and picked up the gun. "Have it your way. Would you like to see the bullet hitting your father's knee? I can bring him in here if y ou'd like."

"Oh Christ." I watched as she stuck out her tongue and held it. Pleading evident in her eyes.

I wandered over while she held still and slipped the tongue clamp over the tip of her extended tongue. I used the wing nuts to tighten it down tightly against her tongue. Finally she squealed and I pulled gently at the clamp. It was attached firmly. She automatically tried to bring her tongue back into her mouth as soon as I released the clamp from my grasp. Of course, the clamp prevented her from doing that, and she finally gave up, letting her tongue extend between her lips.

"eeth," she begged. Trying to say "Please".

Little did she know it got worse. I knelt in front of her, and wrapped some thin cord around her toes, lashing them together. She squirm ed a bit at the sensations.

I ran the cord up through the eye bolts. Using the cord, I pulled down, forcing her to raise her legs to a straight out position. She squirmed.

"Hold them up," I ordered her. I felt the weight of her legs reduce as she took most of the strain on her thigh muscles. I deftly wrapped the other end of the cord around the tongue clamp. Ignoring her squeals and begging. She was well aware of the problem. Her thighs were going to tire quickly. And her tongue was going to be stretched ri ght out of her mouth. She could probably already feel her thighs screaming at the tension. But if she didn't manage to keep her thighs like that, her mouth was going to be in agony. The tears began to fall. She was probably wishing that she'd never even th ought about defying me.

"Amy?"

"oh ong?" she tried to say. I was pretty sure that she wanted to know how long she was going to be in this. Her body shaking with the sobbing and the pain.

"You want it higher? Tighter?"

"eeze. oh ong?" trying to shake her he ad but not being overly successful.

I took pity on her. "We'll see. I'm going to go finish my lunch. I might release you afterwards if you're good."

"Oh od."

I turned on my heel and left the suffering girl on her own, returning to the kitchen. By now the o ther three women were finished their meals. They just sat quietly. Not looking at me. Afraid. I'm not sure how much of the disagreement they heard, but at this point they knew better than to even speak.

Christi, eyes downcast, just reached forward and pick ed up my plate. Still with the untouched cheese sandwiches. I could see the fear and distress in her eyes. She wanted, or needed something, but was afraid to ask. I wasn't angry at her, so I made it easier on the tortured woman.

"Christi? You can speak. Wh at do you need?"

She must have been frightened. She reverted to slave talk. "Please. Don't punish this slave. This slave just doesn't know whether you want her to make a new sandwich or heat these. Please. Please don't punish me too. I haven't done anythin g."

"It's alright. Calm down. Just reheat those."

She nodded and quickly as she could turned back to the stove. Jane and Elizabeth just sat quietly. Avoiding my eyes. Frightened as well. Probably wondering what I did to Amy. But no way were they going to a sk me.

Christi reheated my lunch for the second time. Placed the plate in front of me, with a longing look at the cheese sandwiches and took her seat between Jane and Elizabeth. All three girls were probably hungry. It wasn't much to eat and their life was reasonably vigorous these days. I'd have to start feeding them better if I kept expecting the same caliber of performance out of them. But for now, I wasn't going to allow them any more food. I wanted them a little hungry.

Finally, some peace and quiet. I silently ate. Admiring the bare females in front of me while they just shifted awkwardly. Not quite daring to open their mouths, yet.

Chapter 52

I finished my lunch and rose from my seat. Christi almost immediately began to clear the table. Without me even asking her to do it. I touched her arm. Probably she was glad to have something to do.

"Christi. Let Elizabeth and Jane clean up. You cooked." I picked up a large kitchen knife. All three girls' eyes widened when they saw that. They had no idea how angry I was at Amy, and assumed the worst.

The other two jumped to their feet. Elizabeth watching longingly as she had to dump Amy's breakfast. Leaving Jane and Elizabeth to their tasks , I guided Christi out into the living room.

She hesitated as I began to guide her towards the bedroom.

"Please. What did you do to her?"

"You'll find out."

"Please don't kill her. She doesn't deserve it. It could have been any one of us that snapped. She's just a girl. Her mind got away from her. She'll behave now. I'm sure of it."

"Will you guarantee it?"

Christi just gulped. She was already owing me from the Kimberly episode. I couldn't see her risking herself for Amy.

"I didn't think so. Relax," I conti nued. "I'm just teaching her a lesson."

"Oh God. I know what your lessons are like. How much pain is she in?"

"I imagine by now, her legs are probably screaming. Though she can't."

By this point we'd arrived at the bedroom door. Christi caught her breath a s she was presented with the picture of Amy, straining at the ropes. Head tilted back. Trying to convince her thighs to take the strain off her bound tongue. Tears falling down her face. Panting. Trying to scream. Trying to beg.

"Kneel." Christi fell to he r knees.

I walked over to Amy's chair. I ran my finger along the arch of her bare right foot. She jumped. Causing a scream to emerge from her tortured mouth.

"eeeze," she was ready to beg. Bigtime. Pulling against the ropes.

"Amy? You want me to cut this c ord?" I indicated the cord running from her toes to her tongue.

"Ahhhh," she tried to nod her head, but wasn't overly successful.

"No? You want me to hang some weights from your ankles?"

"og ooooooo," she wailed. Shaking her head as far as the tongue clam p would let her. I cruelly pressed on the top of her feet increasing the pressure on her thighs and tongue. I could feel the resistance and see the tightening of her tortured thighs. She screeched. "Ahhhhhhhh. o orre. o orre."

"Amy?" She just dully looked back at me. "Are you going to behave?"

"eth. asther. eth" I think she was trying to say "Yes, Master. Yes." but it was hard to tell.

"I'm going to give you a choice. Okay?"

"mmmm."

"I can leave you like this while I go out. Or you can submit to a breast wh ipping. I'll give you a minute to decide."

This torment must have been exceptionally painful. Immediately, she began to beg. “i icking, eeeeze. o ore ag. eeeeeeze.”

I bent down to where Christi was kneeling. “I’m going to go out for a while with Jane and Elizabeth. I haven’t quite decided what to do with you.”

“Oh God. Please. I’ll be good. Leave me here.”

“You are staying here.”

“Free?” Hopeful.

“That’s what I haven’t decided. I’ll tell you what. If you will promise to do something for me, then I’ll leave you mostly unbound. Handcuffed in front only. Okay? And I’ll even let you wear a robe.”

“You’re kidding. What do you want me to do? I’ll do anything to be allowed to wear something for a while. Please.”

“Okay. Amy over there wants a bre ast whipping rather than the gag. At least I’m pretty sure that this is what she said.” Out of the corner of my eye I could see the girl trying to agree with me. “I’m going to give her the initial one, but I’m guessing that Jane, Elizabeth and I will be ou t for some time. The bad wench over there is going to need further correction throughout the afternoon. Understand?”

“You want me to hit her while you are gone? Oh God.”

“Will you? You don’t have to. I won’t punish you. However, if you agree to do it, and I find out that you didn’t. Big trouble.”

Christi gulped. She knew about big trouble. Amy was in it now. Gurgling noises from the chair vicinity. I had to get her out of that evil tie soon or she was going to rip her tongue out of her mouth as her thighs c ollapsed.

“What’s the alternative?”

“I was thinking a nice tight hog -tie. I might gag you. You and Amy could be a pair. But I suspect you’ll be slightly more comfortable than Amy. I’ll put you on the bed.”

“Oh. Hog -tie with a robe?”

“You have to be joking. ”

“A girl can try. I guess I’ll do what you want.”

“Good girl.”

I rose. I could see the strain on Amy’s face. Her tongue was already almost stretched out of her mouth. The girl crying and trying her best to control the tremors in her straining legs.

“Amy?”

She tried to say something completely unintelligible.

“Did I understand you correctly. You’d rather have your breasts whipped with the riding crop than this?”

“ahhhhh.”

Verbal interaction just wasn’t going to work.

“Amy. I can’t understand you.” A quick l ook crossed her pain filled face. One of those then -take-this-gag-off-me-you-moron looks. “I want you to wiggle your left foot if you want the breast whipping.”

Confusion crossed her face. Not a fair question. But she knew that she was going to have perman ent damage to her tongue if she didn’t do something. She winced as she struggled to wiggle her left foot. The movement transferring along the rope to her tongue.

"Amy. I'm going to whip you until I'm tired. And then Christi is going to whip you twice every fifteen minutes while I'm gone. One blow has to hit your nipples every fifteen minutes."

I heard a faint, "Oh God." from Christi's direction.

"Still want the breast whipping?"

She struggled with her pain, and then wiggled her left foot again. Pulling agai nst her toes and her tongue. Panting.

I brought up the knife and in one swift movement severed the cord connecting her toes through the eyebolt to her tongue. Her tongue snapped back into her mouth audibly. She winced as the clamp connected with her teeth. She cried out as her feet hit the floor suddenly having their support released. After the initial pain, and uncramping of her thigh muscles, she sighed in relief. She wiggled her tongue, wanting out of the clamp. I wasn't sure that I wanted her out of tha t torture.

"You want out of this?" I lifted her tongue by the clamp.

She nodded vigorously.

"When is the next time you are going to disobey my orders?"

She shook her head. Pleading in her eyes.

"If I take that thing off you, will you behave?"

Nod.

"I'm going to hit you. You know that don't you?"

A nod. Fear in her eyes.

"And if I take this thing off you, I want you to thank me for the whipping, beg for the next stroke and count them off. Can you do that?"

Real fear. Not sure that she could do it, bu t wanting that tongue clamp off more. A hesitant nod.

"Will you give your father a blow job?"

Real fear. Tears springing to her eyes. Wanting her tongue out. I'm sure it hurt beyond my comprehension. But knowing that she just couldn't do that to get the ev il thing off. She finally shook her head. Tears really flowing. At least she was honest. The girl still hadn't learned that I could make her do it, if I wanted to. So refusing to do anything was next to useless. Might as well say yes early and save yoursel f pain. But she refused, not knowing any better. I took it to mean that she wouldn't do that to save herself the tongue pain. Provided she had a choice. In this case she did. I wasn't interested in making her have sex with her father. At least not yet. I c ould always force her to do it later if I wanted.

I reached forward and began to loosen the restraint on her tongue. After it fell free, she ever so slowly retracted her sore tongue into her mouth. Letting her saliva moisten the bruised organ.

"Fank-you," she mumbled/lisped. Squirming in the ropes. Especially the bare feet. Probably uncomfortable with the toe cord.

"Keep in mind that I can put it back on you if you don't do everything I ask."

She just nodded in misery.

I retrieved the riding crop from the d resser. Christi's eyes opened. She was wondering how much the poor girl was going to be able to take. I was wondering the same thing. I'd put her through a lot for so early in the morning. For her anyway.

I looked at the girl. She looked like she was in sh ell shock. Working her tongue around her mouth. Still crying a little; pulling at her restraints.

Chapter 53

Without warning, I brought the crop down across Amy's inviting breasts. She cried out softly, and tried to move her body. Her bare feet pushing at the ground. The chair holding her steady. The ropes around her torso holding her so she couldn't even move her breasts an inch. The blow through the sweater and the underlying bra couldn't have been very severe.

I looked at the woman for a moment. Finally turned to Christi, still kneeling on the floor.

"Christi?"

"Yes sir," came the reluctant reply.

"Wasn't Amy supposed to do something?"

"Oh God. She had to count and beg for the next."

Amy clued in. "Oh God. I'm sorry. Please don't punish me. Oh God. One. You've hit me once. Oh God. Please."

"Shush." I spoke sharply to Amy, and surprised she snapped her mouth shut.

I turned back to Christi.

"I was almost sure that she had agreed to do that to be free of the tongue thing. Do you think I should put that back on her?"

"Oh God. Please no. I'll behave. I'll count. I'll beg. I'll do whatever you want. Not the tongue. God, that hurt." Amy resumed her begging from the chair.

I turned to the begging girl. "Didn't I tell you to hush? This discussion doesn't concern you."

Amy looked frightened. The expression on her frightened face said, "Whoa there. It's my tongue you're talking about. It concerns me." But she obeyed. Having to struggle not to beg further.

"Christi?"

"Oh God. Don't ask me. Please. I. I don't know the right answer. Please."

"Doesn't she deserve to get the tongue clamp back?"

Amy moaned but managed to keep quiet.

Christi, tears brimming in her eyes replied, "I guess so."

I nodded. "I think she deserves it as well."

I turned to Amy. "What do you think, wench?"

"Oh God. Can I talk?"

I nodded.

"Please. Don't punish me. Oh God. I'll do what you want. I just forgot. It wasn't that I was resisting. Honest. Please have mercy. I just forgot."

"Amy. Relax."

"Oh please. What are you goin g to do to me. Not the tongue thing. Please. I can't take that any more. It hurts. Oh god."

"Amy. Do you think you deserve to have this back on you?" I picked up the discarded clamp.

"Oh God. Please no."

"Do you deserve it?"

“No. I’ll be good. I swear it. I’ll count and beg like you want. Just don’t put that on me.” A light went on in her head. “How can I count and beg if you put that on me? You want to hear me scream and beg, don’t you?”

The girl had a good point there.

“Okay. I’ll give you a choice again. ”

“Not again.”

“You have the option. I can put up with you screaming through this thing. So I’ll give you a choice. We can give you the whipping without the benefit of the sweater. Or you can have the tongue clip back.”

“What kind of choice is that? I hurt more either way.”

“Yup. Should have remembered your deal, I guess.”

“Oh God.”

“Which or I’ll choose.”

Actually the girl hadn’t lost anything. Unless she chose the tongue clamp. I was going to bare her chest as I went anyway.

“Oh God. Not the tongue thing. It hurts too much.”

“So you want me to hit you without your sweater?”

“Oh my God.”

“Tell me.”

“Please don’t make me do this.” I just looked at her. “Oh God. Alright. I want you to hit me without my sweater in the way. Please don’t put the tongue thing on me. Please.”

I picked back up the knife. I watched as Amy tried to shy away. Something about being completely helpless and having someone with a knife approaching you.

I reached towards her chest and gathered the material at her right brea st and pulled it away from her. With the knife I cut a ragged hole in the material of her sweater. She gasped as her bra encased breast became visible through the hole. Her nipple was clearly visible through the bra. I traced it with my finger.

I put down the knife across her thighs. She’d have to be a little cautious how much she moved or it would get knocked off, with the resulting danger of it hitting her bare feet on the way down.

I picked back up the crop. Amy braced herself for the blow. I brought the instrument down across both breasts. The sweater taking a good portion of the blow across her left breast, but the bra providing little protection for her right one.

“Ahhhhhhhh. God. That hurts. Please no more. God please no more.”

The pain, must have jol ted her memory again. No count. No begging for the next one. No thank-you.

Without even consulting with the girls, I gathered up the knife and repeated the sweater trick on her left breast. Now, there was no real protection for either breast. Just the satin of her bra. Amy’s eyes widened as she watched me remove the fabric from her left breast as well. Her eye’s questioning until it dawned on her.

“Oh God. I’m sorry. I. Christ. Two. It hurt so much. Oh God. It hurt. Please no more. You have no idea how much that thing hurts.”

I turned to Christi. “Christi, can you go get a glass of water, cold, from the kitchenette? And tell those other two that after they finish cleaning up to cuff themselves and wait for me on their knees in the living area.”

I saw a questioning look flash over Christi's face. She was probably wondering what the heck I wanted with a glass of cold water. But she kept her opinions to herself. Maybe I was just thirsty.

"Amy. Darling. You have to remember to count or this will just keep getting worse. And, don't forget the thank-you and the begging for the next one. I know it's hard, but it is part of your punishment. You know this."

"Oh Christ, it hurts. You are such a bastard."

"Wasn't it your mouth that got you into this chair in the first place?"

"God, I'm sorry. Truly. I'll be good. Please. God, I wish I'd just eaten that damn cereal. Damn."

Without warning, I brought the crop down across her breasts again. I don't think it hit the nipples but she certainly screamed.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh. God. Two. I mean three. Oh god. Christ. My tits. That. Fucking. Hurts." She managed to gasp out. Her chest heaving in the ropes.

Christi had just returned with the glass of water.

"Amy. Amy. Amy."

"Oh God. What have I done now? Please have mercy on me."

"Don't you remember what else you are supposed to do?"

"Oh Christ. No. My mind. It's just the pain. Please."

Christi spoke up. "Amy. Honey. Please try to remember. Thank him as well. And beg for the next one. I can't watch this."

"Oh God. Please. I can't do that. Please don't make me thank you for this. It hurts so fucking much. Oh God."

I picked up the glass of water. Tested it with my finger. Freezing cold. I casually tossed the water against her chest. Amy screamed as the cold water hit her bra enclosed breasts. Soaking the remaining sweater. The shock of the cold water surprising her more than hurting her. Her nipples instantly became more erect. Poking through the now sheer fabric of her bra. Almost in the same motion I brought the crop down on her breasts again. This time the blow was magnified by the wet fabric covering her breasts. I ensured that this blow caught at least one of those perky nipples.

"Oh Jesus. My tits. Oh my God." She was gasping for breath. Crying out her pain. "OWOWOWOWOOWOWO. Ohhhh. God. Four. I think that's four. Oh Jesus. No more. The pain." Her breasts heavily despite the close restraint. "Oh God. I can't do this. Thank-you. Oh my God. I can't do this."

"Amy, I'll cut off the rest of the bra."

"You will anyway, you bastard."

"Probably. Eventually. But I won't put that tongue thing back on you unless you can't follow orders."

"Oh God. You bastard, son-of-a-bitch. Please hit me again. Hit my tits again."

"If you insist."

I brought the crop down again against both or bs. Amy screamed again. Begging and pleading for mercy. Finally remembering.

"F-four. I mean five. Please don't punish me any more. I'm sorry. I'll never do it again. I'll do anything you want. No more on my poor tits. God it hurts. Oh God. Thank-you. Oh please. Hit me again. Please god let him get tired of this. Please don't hit me."

Again across the nipples.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Argh. God. Christ. Fuck. Shit. Hell. I can’t take any more. You’re going to damage me forever. Oh God it hurts. My tits. Please n o more. Six. Oh my god that was only six. Thank-you, you fucked up bastard. My poor tits. Please no more. Oh God. I can’t. Please, hit me again. I can’t take it, but hit me again. You bastard.”

I leaned down and kissed her on the mouth, stopping her babbli ng. She, not being able to do anything else, returned the kiss.

“Oh God. Please stop hitting me. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll never talk back again. I’ll strip, happily for you. I’ll crawl forever. You can hang me upside down and crop my ass. I’ll fuck you. I’ll do anything. Just no more on my tits. You can even put that tongue thing on me. God. It didn’t hurt this much. God.”

“You’ll give your father a blow job?”

“Gladly. Please no more.”

She must have been in some serious pain. Jane has been the only g irl that has been able to take more blows to her breasts. And probably only because of the masochistic side effects of the punishment. I decided that this was as far as I could take Amy without her just falling into insanity. Or passing out. And I didn’t w ant to take this that far.

I kissed her again. She kissed back. Anything not to feel the crop on her chest again.

“Amy. I’m not going to make you do your father. Not now anyway.”

“Oh God. Thank God.”

I reached forward and cut out a good portion of the stil l wet fabric of her bra cups. Exposing the bare skin of her breasts. Goosebumps and red welts. Interesting combination. I ran the knife carefully over her erect nipples. Amy watched with fear in her eyes, trying to shrink back away from the blade. Crying o ut as the sharp edge touched her exposed nipples. But I was careful not to cut her.

“Please no more. My poor tits can’t take any more.”

“You realize that I could cut these things off if I wanted.” I traced the nipple with my index finger. She shuddered and turned very pale.

“Oh God. Please. Hit me again if you have to. Don’t cut me. Oh God.”

“You know that I could make you beg me to cut your nipples? Don’t you?”

“Oh God. Yes. Please. God.”

“Where would you like me to hit you, instead?”

“My thighs. My stomac h. My face. The bottom of my feet.” She lifted her legs at this suggestion. “My ass. My back. Anything but my tits. No more. Please.”

“Amy. Relax. I’m not going to hit you again. You’ve got a fifteen minute respite and then Christi is going to hit you. Not as hard as I did. One on the nipples and one somewhere else. Her discretion. If you can convince her to hit you somewhere else for the second blow, that’s fine. You don’t have to count or beg her, unless I’m around. Okay?”

“Oh God. Please no more. I’ve learned my lesson.”

I was pretty sure she had, but this afternoon was still going to be memorable. We’d make sure that she never forgot it.

Chapter 54

I walked over the where Christi was kneeling and crouched down.

"You actually going to hit her while I'm gone?"

"Do I have a choice?"

"Not really. I'll make a judgment call depending on the state of her nipples on whether you've done your job. If you haven't hit her, or not hard enough then you know the consequences. I wouldn't fall asleep if I were you. If she doesn't beg to be hit somewhere else, land both strokes on her breasts. Understand?"

"Oh God. Haven't you done enough to her? She's hurt. Believe me. She's hurt. She's learned her lesson. She'll never dare it again. Even you must be able to see that."

"Christi. Dear. She was broken after I threatened her father. And if not, certainly after the tongue thing. The point is, I want her to never forget this. And she won't. Her breasts are going to be too sore to forget for days. "

"God. You are planning on keeping us forever. Aren't you?"

"I told you. Until I tire of you. And that ain't likely to happen in the next couple of days. Now, be a good girl and get a robe and a pair of handcuffs."

She didn't need to be told twice. She scampered to her bare feet and practically ran to the bathroom, picking up a pair of handcuffs along the way. The things were scattered about the suite. She returned moments later carrying a white courtesy bathrobe and handcuffs.

"Please, can I put it on?" A look of sheer anticipation on her face. She hadn't had a scrap of clothing on, unless you counted ropes and chains, in three solid days. I suspect that she would have agreed to anything to be allowed even this skimpy protection.

I reminded myself that she'd been good today, and I wouldn't be around for a couple of hours anyway. It wouldn't really matter if I allowed her clothes. She just might be even more cooperative if I gave her small rewards from time to time. I nodded slowly.

Like a little girl, she shrugged into the garment. The sleeves only reached to her elbows and the hem of the robe was short, falling just to the middle of her thighs. She was a tall for a girl, but not exceptionally tall. Looking at her, I couldn't imagine her answering the door for room service in that thing. But, I wasn't about to complain. The shorter; the better as far as I was concerned. And she seemed thrilled to have anything to cover her nudity. I stopped her just before she belted it closed around herself.

"No belt."

I reached forward and pulled the white belt from the loops on the garment. Her face registered disappointment but not surprise. I guess she knew that that was likely to happen. Can't blame a girl for trying. She knew that if she sat, she'd be able to arrange the white terrycloth to cover herself anyway. And she knew that the only time she'd have to stand was every fifteen minutes to hit Amy while I was gone.

"Please, I don't need to be handcuffed," she pleaded as I grasped her right wrist and began to apply the steel. "I can make a more accurate swing. Please."

I just looked into her earnest face. I guess I couldn't blame them for trying. She saw that she wasn't going to get anywhere with this fight and meekly raised her other arm to make it easier for me to cuff her. Satisfied with the cloth draping her body. Partially hiding her. Once she was secured into the cuffs, I led her out into the living area.

Jane and Elizabeth were kneeling, facing each other in the middle of the living area. They had used handcuffs to secure their hands behind them. They were quietly talking as we entered. Their faces turned to us, surprise registering in Jane's face as she noted the robe that Christi was wearing. Perhaps some jealousy. Strange to think that this girl could get jealous of another woman because she had a bathrobe partially on. Their lives had changed so much. I'm surprised any of them were sane. And I wasn't surprised that Amy had gone over the edge for a while. But she was currently suffering for her temporary insanity. And the other girls, especially Christi knew it.

"To your feet."

Jane and Elizabeth struggled to their bare feet. I walked forward, leaving Christi standing by the hallway, and placed a collar on Elizabeth. Jane was still wearing hers that I'd placed around her throat so long ago. I picked up some leashes from the pack and attached them to their collars. They didn't look happy about it, but were afraid to say anything. I pressed the pack into Elizabeth's fingers behind her back and guided the girls to the door.

I turned to Christi. "Remember your instructions. And be prepared to lose that robe when I return. Enjoy it while you can." She nodded. Tears brimming in her eyes. Perhaps knowing that she was going to lose the clothing. Perhaps not wanting to go back and torture Amy. Maybe both. I watched as she walked to the sofa and sat down. A look of pleasure replacing the tears as she worked with her bound hands to arrange the skimpy bathrobe to cover her bareness. It worked rather well. She actually looked very attractive curled up on the couch, mostly buried in the folds of the terrycloth. I'd never seen her in clothing of any sort. Having taken her three days ago; her having the misfortune of being nude at the time the world stopped. Perhaps I'd start allowing them some clothes once in a while. Seeing what they looked like. Amy had looked nice in her sweater and jeans as well. And the clothes were certainly fun to cut off their bodies. Christi smiled at me and waved her bound hands at me. Urging me to leave. Probably looking forward to some privacy. And not bound uncomfortably. Must have seemed like heaven to the captive girl.

I guided Jane and Elizabeth slowly out of the hotel. Back down the stairs and out the lobby. When we reached the street, Jane tugged on the leash to get my attention.

I turned around. I had them following me and Elizabeth almost ran into me. I gave Jane a dirty look and she paled. Not quite knowing how to appease me.

"Please. Master."

"Jane."

"Oh God. Please, can a girl speak without punishment? Oh God."

She must have been pretty desperate about something to bother me in my current mood.

"Alright," I replied to her.

"Please. Master. In private?" A quick glance at Elizabeth who began to move ahead on the sidewalk. I just stopped her with a pull on her leash.

"Jane. You don't have the right to privacy. Remember?"

"Oh God. Please. Oh God. I tried to stop her. We didn't have anything to do with it. Please don't take it out on us. Oh God. Please." She thought that I was being harsh with her because of Amy's actions. I actually hadn't intended that, but perhaps she was right.

I relented. She seemed really upset. And I didn't particularly want to push this girl to rebellion. I'd had enough of that today. She probably wouldn't have pushed the matter

under the circumstances, but I suspect all three girls were traumatized by what had happened with Amy. I was a bit uncertain about their moods. Better to go easy on them for the next couple of hours, until the shock wo re off. I guess I could have been cruel, but that could have been self-defeating. I couldn't really think of any good reason not to grant her a bit of privacy.

"Elizabeth. Would you mind wandering off up ahead a little?"

"Gladly," came her quick reply. I released her leash and she scampered on up ahead, out of earshot. She'd expect the same courtesy from Jane if she had wanted some privacy as well. The girls did tend to treat each other with respect. Maybe to compensate for my treatment of them.

"Now. Why did you stop this little procession?"

"Please. Master. Th-this slave was just curious where we were going?"

"And you risked my anger for that?"

She paled. "Please. I. This slave. Please, don't punish this slave."

I didn't quite understand this. The girls were frightened. Badly. And Jane had stopped me for this? Didn't compute. She wanted privacy. And she'd fallen into slave talk. The light began to dawn on me. Slave talk. She wanted something. Something she was embarrassed about. Something she didn't want the other girls to know about. She just didn't quite know how to ask. It was almost as if she'd been considering this for some time. Whatever the request was. And now that it was the time to voice it, she was having second thoughts. Punishment? Didn't make sense. Nobody in their right minds, not even Jane at the height of her masochism, would want punishment from me while I was in this kind of mood. I was still brooding over Amy. Though, I was calm enough. Still she didn't seem anxious for any abuse. Trying to be subservient. Trying to keep me in a decent mood. This wasn't the actions of a girl *wanting* punishment. Sex? Was she turned on by my treatment of Amy? By her fear? By Amy's small rebellion? I hadn't seen any indication of this kind of response before . And she'd only ever asked for sex in the past after I'd pushed all her buttons. Practically forced her to ask for release. Didn't make sense. I guess I'd have to let her get around to things her own way. Be patient. Not one of my more advanced qualities.

"Jane. I'm just not in the mood for games. What do you want?"

"Master. Oh God. It's hard. Th-this slave is frightened."

"Calm down. I won't punish you. It's alright. Whatever it is."

"But Amy. And you were so angry. You weren't showing it, but you were. And that frightens us females. After all, you control us. It could have been any one of us. Please." She moved her body in towards me. Pressing herself to me. Rubbing her bare breasts against me. I, like any heterosexual male, reacted. My demeanor softened. She certainly knew what buttons to press on me too. Slave talk and using her body to her advantage. She didn't have much at her disposal, but she used whatever she had. And I'm ashamed to admit, it mostly worked.

"Jane. Calm down. Really. I'm not angry at any of you. I've taken care of Amy. By the time we get back, we'll be fine. She'll be really scared of me, but she'll be alright. Promise."

"You're not angry at this slave? Truly?"

"Truly." I kissed her head. "Now what is it that you risked your beautiful hide for? Must be pretty important to you."

“Truthfully? This slave was just worried. She was frightened of the silent treatment. You weren’t talking to your slaves. She was afraid that you were going to punish us as well, and we didn’t deserve it. And sh e was worried about you a little. Worried that you were going insane as well.”

I kissed her head again. “Is that all? I won’t punish you for what Amy did. You know that. I may be frightfully unfair to you, but even I wouldn’t do that. Is that all?” Taking my anger out on the other girls would be dangerous. At least this time. Overall, it’s probably not good to discipline any of them in anger. Make mistakes that way. Go too far. If I’d truly been angry with Amy, I’d have frozen her and dealt with her after I cooled off. But I actually, kind of, understood her actions. I really wasn’t all that heated about the incident. I’d been expecting it. Just not from her. I’d figured Jane to be the one strong enough to brave it.

I watched her body. I could tell that she still wanted something. She couldn’t disguise it. Her body language was screaming it at me. Her face was a mask of indecision. Wanting to ask me for something and not wanting to. Maybe ashamed that she even had to ask me? Perhaps, knowing that this was her only chance, if she was going to ask me. At least in any semblance of privacy. It was damn unlikely that I’d send Elizabeth on ahead again, if I even allowed Jane the opportunity to talk to me again. The girls knew that I was pretty good as ignoring them, if I wasn’t in the mood to talk.

I pressed a little. “Janey. If that’s all, we’re going to catch up with Elizabeth. Okay?”

“My family,” she managed to blurt out.

The penny dropped. But I was surprised that she’d want to even bring them up. Would have thought that she would want me to keep as clear of them as possible. After all, she was bound to me because of her agreement with me to leave them alone.

“What about them?”

“Please. Master. Oh God. I can’t do this. Kimberly.” Jane began to cry. Big tears streaming down her face. She was still close to me, looking up into my face. She sagged against me. Her indecision over.

“What’s the matter, Janey?” Though by now, I think I suspected the problem. I’d left her family bound. Mostly nude. In that mall. And I hadn’t released them from the timeline. Jane had seen the state that Kimberly was in after being left for days. Dehydrated. Hungry. Suffering. And knew that her family was probably suffering the same fate. On the other hand, she had seen how I tormented Ki mberly. Forcing her into such pain and humiliation, despite her suffering. Not wanting to subject her sister, her mother, and her father to more pain. Caught between a rock and a hard place.

“Master? Please. This slave knows that her family is suffering. I t’s been a couple of days. No food. No water. Please. They’ll die. And she knows what it’s like. Bound for eternity. The muscles. They hurt. Oh God. Please.”

“Let me get this straight. You *want* to go back to the mall?”

“Oh God. This slave doesn’t. It wou ld kill her to see her family like that. She begs that you don’t take her inside to see her family like that. She wants to see her family. But not in pain. Please, don’t make her go. Please.”

“So you want me to go? Alone?”

“Oh God. Please. I. This slave do esn’t know. Please don’t hurt them.” A spark of a memory. “You said that I ... I mean ... this slave could earn their release. Haven’t I?

Hasn't she earned it? She's been good. She's done everything her master asked. She's tried so hard to be good. Oh God. "

"Why should I care whether your family is in pain or not?"

"You shouldn't. Your slave cares. They don't need to suffer. Oh God. Please. Just return them."

"Assuming that I listen to you. And I free them. What do I get out of the deal? What's guaranteeing your continued ... ahhh ... service?"

I think that the slave talk abandoned her in her agitation. I was surprised that she'd managed to keep it up as long as she had. I think it was some kind of record.

"Oh God. I'll do anything you want. I'll crawl. I'll l-let you rape me. I'll beg you for anything. Please. I can't stand thinking about them. So thirsty. So tortured. Please. I'll do whatever you want."

"Jane. You'll do whatever I want anyway."

"Oh God. Please. What can I offer you?" Tears were running down her face. Desperate. "You can whip me until I pass out. I won't complain. I. I won't scream. You can have my body for whatever you want."

"Jane. That's not necessary. And I could make you do everything but not scream. And if I didn't want to hear you, I c ould tape your mouth. You know that."

"Oh God. I'm begging you." She dropped to her knees on the sidewalk. Face a mask of misery. Pressing her bare body to my jeans. "It wouldn't be the same. Knowing that you were hitting me and I was controlling the screa ms. For you. Please. Master. I'm yours forever. Just, have some compassion. Let my family go. I'll do anything. Anything."

I thought about it for a moment. Trying to come up with something suitably distasteful to subject her to in return for this. Truthful ly, I was planning on dealing with her family soon anyway. I couldn't keep them that way without them dying. And that wasn't necessary. Though overall, it didn't really matter. Jane knew that as well, but I suppose the reality of things just don't matter w hen it's loved ones. No matter if they won't remember the suffering, they are feeling it here and now. And that hurt Jane as well. Knowing it.

"Jane? I'll swing a deal with you. I'll give you part of what you want."

Chapter 55

"Please. Master. Have pity o n a poor slave."

"Jane. Feet." She awkwardly rose to her bare feet. "I've got an idea how you can earn their release."

"Oh God. I ... This slave isn't usually fond of your ideas. Please just let them go. You've tortured them enough."

"Jane."

"Oh God. Okay. I ... This slave said that she'll do anything and she will."

"That whipping without screaming sounded interesting."

"Oh God. Please no. I don't know if I can do it."

"Why'd you offer then?"

"Oh God. I had nothing else to offer. Please don't make me do that. Please."

"So then you aren't offering me anything."

Confusion laced her face. I watched as she sorted out the implications. "Please. I'll do anything you want. You can whip me. Hard. Anytime you want. I' ll try. I'll do my best not to scream. Oh God. I don't know if I can do it. But I'll try. Please."

"Alright. But that's not all I want from you."

She looked at me, tears in her eyes. "You want me to go into the mall as well."

Sharp girl. "Yup."

"And not just as an observer." Really sharp. "Oh God. You're going to torment them. You are going to make me torment them. Aren't you? What are you going to do to them?"

"Now, it wouldn't be any fun if I told, now would it? But in the end, I'll let them go. The suffe ring will be temporary. At least for them."

"Oh God. Please don't do this. Just let them go."

"Jane. Here's the deal. I'm going to ask you to do some things that you are going to absolutely abhor doing. You won't want to do them. You can beg, but understan d that you will have to do them in the end. Clear?"

"Will you let them go? Will you return them to the frozen state? Where none of this will have ever happened? They'll forget what I ... this slave ... had to do for you?"

I nodded. "Only you, me and Elizab eth will ever know what you had to do."

"You are a monster. What's the alternative? Them dying? What happens when they die? Do they go back to the frozen state? Or are they gone?"

"I really don't know." I was actually lying. I was pretty sure that if they died they would just magically return to the point at which they left their prime timeline when I decided to restart the world. To make everything smooth, it had to work that way. Able to resume their lives as though the secondary timeline had never existe d. But it had never been tested. This is why I had to be careful of the girls. If I did have to kill to prevent other problems, I would lose them. I'd have to recapture them. And except for Christi and Jane, it was unlikely that I'd bother. Luckily the gir ls didn't know that. Might be smart enough to use it to their advantage. Place me in a position where I had to kill them. I'm actually surprised that none of them had tried it yet. Or maybe that was what Amy was trying? Silly, considering that she'd just r eform in the living room where I originally found her, making it a simple matter to take her again. But she didn't know that.

"You don't know? You bastard. And you are playing with their lives? Our lives?"

“Jane. Come on. You want to do this? Or not?”

“God. I’m sorry. I said I’ll do anything and I will. Just let them go. Okay?”

I nodded and kissed the top of her head. Her body wracked with her sobbing. Dreading what I would do with my power over her.

“Come on. We’ve got things to do.” I pulled gently on her leash and aimed her up towards where Elizabeth was sitting on a car, quietly waiting for us. It was actually a curious sight. This naked, bound woman idly sitting on the hood on a taxi. Under other circumstances, that taxi would be dashing along like a ma niac. But here, now, the same car was frozen in the middle of the street. Driver frozen giving somebody the finger. And none of them, the driver, not the passengers aware of the handcuffed, nude redhead perched comfortably on the hood of the taxi. Never wo uld be aware of it. And Elizabeth, unselfconsciously sitting cross legged. Enjoying the morning sun. Head tilted back. Hair cascading down her bare back. If I only had a camera.

When we reached Elizabeth, I picked up the pack lying on the ground. I rooted through it, finding a pair of bright red ball gags. Jane’s eyes widened when she saw what I had. Then she closed her eyes.

“Why?” she asked me. Pleading in her voice.

“Part of your deal.”

“I don’t remember making this a part of the deal.”

“Anything. Remembe r?”

“Oh God. Why Elizabeth?” Noting that I had two gags.

“Because I feel like it.”

Elizabeth was just watching the exchange with fear and confusion. Slipping her body off the hood of the taxi.

“Oh God.” But Jane stopped and opened her mouth obediently. I made her stand like that for a moment and then stepped forward, pressing the ball in behind her teeth. She moaned a bit at the intrusion, but accepted it as I reached behind her head and tightened the strap. I turned to Elizabeth. She’d seen what I’d done to Jane and was shaking her head. Not wanting the gag. Understandably.

“Please no. Why? I haven’t done anything.” She was backing away from me.

“Elizabeth. I just want you two quiet for a while.”

“We’ll be silent. We won’t talk. I swear it. You don’t need ...”

“I know I don’t have to do this. I want to. Your faces look so pretty with the gag in. I’ll take it out soon. I promise.”

“Oh God. Please no.”

“Liz. Come on. You don’t want worse things, do you?”

“Please. I haven’t done anything. I’ve been good. I’ll be quiet. Please.”

I stepped up to the frightened girl. “Are you going to disobey?” I stroked her arm, reassuringly.

Tears running down her face, she shook her head. Closing her eyes, as though to shut out the sight of the ball, she tensed herself and opened her mouth. I gently pressed the ball behind her teeth. I don’t think that Elizabeth had even seen anyone gagged before, much less felt it herself. I could tell that she was struggling not to push the intrusion out with her tongue. I secured the thing into her mouth and she moaned. Pleading with her eyes for me to remove it.

Instead, I picked up their leashes and gave them a brisk swat on the ass. Indicating that they should walk ahead of me. Their muffled s queals echoing off the buildings.

After a while, the women stopped shaking their heads, trying to dislodge the balls occupying their mouths. Finally accepting their position, they merely walked in silence where I guided them. Perhaps thankful that they wer en't crawling along as I'd forced them to do last time they traveled this route. In an hour or so, we arrived at the mall. I could see Jane's body alternately tensing and then almost struggling forward against the leash as we got closer to our destination. I presume the changes in demeanor was due to her mind switching between excitement at seeing her family again and realization at what was going to happen when she did.

When we arrived at the mall, I had the women sit down on the curb outside of the mall entrance. About where I'd released Catherine and the BMW ride. I sort of regretted losing that car. It was nice. A lot nicer than the Toyota. Though, I'm not usually partial to BMW's. It was comfortable. But I suppose, if I bent myself to the task, I could easily pick up another.

The girls thankfully sat down. Breathing heavily through their noses. Chests displaying their fantastic bared breasts. Heaving and a bit damp from perspiration. The women were unable to prevent the drool from falling from around the ir gags. I didn't find the drooling particularly attractive, but the gags weren't going to be in much longer anyway. The women, trying their best to plead through the muzzles.

Wiggling their bare toes. Still breathing heavily. Their feet probably sore from having to walk barefoot on the hard surface of the roads and sidewalks. Perhaps on the return trip I'd allow them to walk part of the way on the grass.

On impulse, I reached for Jane's legs and guided them up into my lap. She looked curiously at me. Not q uite sure what I was going to do. Resisting a bit, but not quite daring to stop me. I pressed my thumbs into the soles of her feet. They were a bit dusty, but not as dirty as I would have imagined after having walked for miles barefoot. I guess I'd have to let her shower again when we got back, or at least wash her feet. Jane moaned at the unexpected kindness. With her hands immobilized behind her back, she couldn't massage her own feet and I could tell that they were bothering her. I almost asked her jokingly if she'd prefer to crawl to give her feet a rest. I resisted the impulse. I'd been cruel enough to her with the gag and all. After working on Jane's feet for a few minutes I guided Elizabeth's feet and repeated the procedure. Elizabeth, seeing what hap pened to Jane, was far less hesitant about bringing her feet up. Even helped me by raising her legs one at a time into position. Oblivious, or not caring anymore, about the show she gave me. The girls had given up on privacy. If I wanted to see their bodie s, I would. That's all there was to it. They simply didn't have the right any longer as to who saw and touched their bodies. Their bodies were essentially mine. To do with as I pleased. The tired girl flushed, and moaned a bit through her gag as my fingers pressed into her feet. I had a sudden impulse to tickle her, but resisted. She too had been through enough in the torment department with that gag.

I released Elizabeth's toes and touched the girls' arms, indicating that they should rise again. Elizabeth pleaded with her eyes. The girls really wanted those gags off. I looked at her with a puzzled look on my face. She actually stamped her foot in frustration. I don't think I've ever actually seen a girl do that. It was kind of cute.

She leaned forward and rubbed her mouth on my arm. Trying her best to beg for me to take it out. I just looked at her quizzically. “Elizabeth? What’s up?”

“Urg.” she managed to mumble around the gag. Stroking my arm with her head. Trying to make me understand.

“You want something?” I asked her. Hardly being able to maintain a straight face.

She nodded her head vigorously. I’ll bet she wanted something.

“I wonder what?” I teased her. Her face fell as she realized that she was going to have to endure some humiliation before I took the thing out of her mouth. If I took it out. She just looked at me. Her eyes beginning to form tears. Her face fell and her body fell to her knees. Classic begging stance. Despite the fact that there was no indication that I would remove the thing from her mouth, she had to try. Struggling to ignore the humiliation of begging.

“She wants something?” I talked almost to myself. Maddening the tormented female at my feet.

Nodding.

“She wants to be punished?”

A big shake of her head.

“She wants to crawl instead of walk?”

Another big shake of her head.

“She wants to beg?”

A slow nod.

“Beg for what? Sex? She wants to have sex with me?”

I watched as her face fell into confusion. I could tell just what was going through her mind. Would having sex with me get me to take that gag out? Should she agree to it? Or tell the truth and tell me that she didn’t want sex, but just wanted the gag out? Hard decision when all you can do is nod or shake your head. I was actually curious how she was going to answer. After a moment, she very slowly shook her head.

“She doesn’t want to have sex with me? That’s strange. I was planning on removing the gag so she could use her mouth if she did. I guess that’s not it.”

She realized her mistake. Truthfully, she couldn’t help but make a mistake. I was going to torment her no matter what her answer was. She mewled behind the gag and shuffled forward on her bare knees. Probably scraping them on the sidewalk. She just looked up at me from her knees, tears running down her helpless face and nodded. Trying to tell me that she would have sex with me to get the gag out.

I chose to interpret it differently. I was being a bastard. Had her mouth been free, she probably would have told me that too.

“You want sex, now? But not with me? Who then? Jane?”

A shake of her head. Still crying.

“This is so damn confusing. You don’t want sex. Then you want it. Then you don’t. Silly female. Typical though.”

She just hung her head in defeat and sobbed.

I spoke down to her kneeling form. “Elizabeth?”

She raised her face.

“Sweetheart. I don’t understand you.”

She managed to stop the crying and gave me one of those famous faces that females can do so well. One of those you’d-understand-me-if-you-took-this-damn-gag-out-of-

my-stupid-mouth looks. I'd seen this face before. She tried her best to speak around the gag. The words just not being formed in any intelligible way. The ball tangling her tongue and muffling the sounds. As she realized the futility of her situation, her frustration got the better of her and the tears began again. She struggled with the handcuffs. Wanting so much to be able to take the gag off herself. Her face a mask of frustration, pain and helplessness.

I just couldn't keep a straight face any longer. I almost laughed as I said to the tormented girl, "Maybe it would help if I took this thing out." I touched the ball wedged behind her teeth. She nodded. Bigtime.

I reached down and released the gag at the back of her head. She immediately pushed the gag out with her tongue. Sighing.

"Now, what is it that you wanted to beg for?", smiling evilly at her.

She worked her mouth. It must have been *really* cramped after having worn that thing for an hour or so. I had it in tight. And the ball wasn't the smallest in the world. It had really stretched her jaw.

"Oh my God. You have no idea how damn uncomfortable that thing is. It's okay for about the first five minutes. Then your jaw aches. Then it begins to cramp. Then it just plain hurts. Please don't put that thing in me again. I'll do whatever you want. God."

"Elizabeth? Why are you telling me this?"

"You just don't care if we're in pain do you?"

"Sometimes I like it."

"I noticed. Please. Leave it out for a while. I'll do anything for you. I'll crawl. I'll give you the blow job you wanted." She moved her face closer to my jeans. "Anything. I'll be quiet if you want. Just tell me. Just. Please. No more gag."

"So. Do you think Jane's mouth is hurting too?"

A mewling noise from behind me. Jane making herself known. Probably trying to plead through the gag. She was hurting as well. It was almost a rhetorical question. Except I expected an answer from Elizabeth.

"Master. Please. I'll beg for her. She's in agony too. Please take it out. Please. She's in pain. Trust me."

"But isn't that a reason to leave it in?"

"I guess. If you are punishing her."

"What if she said that she'll do anything for me and what I want is her mouth in agony?"

"Then you're an unfeeling monster. You have no idea of how much it hurts. You probably wouldn't do it to us if you had ever felt it. Please. You don't need to gag her. She'll keep quiet on her own."

"If I take that gag out of her mouth, the first thing she'll do is beg me to stay out here instead of going in the mall." I turned to Jane. "Isn't that right?"

Her face was tear streaked. She closed her eyes and shook her head. Probably trying to tell me that she'd be quiet if I wanted. Anything to get that damn ball out of her mouth.

Elizabeth spoke from the ground. "Please. Master. If you are going to keep her gagged, don't tease her. But don't you like hearing her beg? Please. She's hurting."

I ignored Elizabeth and came close to Jane. I looked her in the face.

"Janey?" She nodded. "If I take this out, will you behave?"

She nodded. She would have behaved an yway. The girls were still frightened.

I reached behind her head and unbuckled the leather strap. She wearily pushed the gag out of her mouth and tried to lick the drool from her lips.

She sighed. “A slave girl thanks her master. She’ll be silent for you, now.” She sank to her knees and kept silent. Presuming that I still didn’t want her to talk. Actually I didn’t care. But it was fine if she didn’t talk yet. She would talk when we entered the mall. Begging me. I doubted if she could stop herself, unless I expressly forbade it, or gagged her.

Chapter 56

I tossed the gags into the pack. I'd have to have one of the girls rinse off the toys later. No sense in getting the whole pack of them sick by switching around gags and stuff. Just because I was controllin g a new timeline doesn't mean that I could be careless of basic hygiene. Not a lot of doctors wandering around. Same reason I didn't want to hurt them too badly. Infected cuts could cause problems for me.

I helped the two girls off their knees and guided t hem towards the mall entrance. Jane hesitated, as I knew she would. Wearily I turned back towards her, knowing what was coming. I knew I should have kept her gagged. At least until we got to her family.

"Please. Master. Can this slave speak now?"

It wasn't going to do her any good at all, but I thought it might be entertaining to hear her beg.

"Alright."

"Th-this slave was wondering ... hoping ... that you might reconsider taking her into this mall."

"Why's that?"

"Please. This slave is begging her master n ot to have to torment her family. It's not right. Not fair. She's been a good girl. Even helped you with the others. Please. God. Have some mercy on her."

"Your family is going to want to see you."

She looked down at herself. Collar. Leash. Bare. Hands cha ined behind her. "Please. Sir. Not like this. They won't want to see me like this. And I ... th -this slave doesn't want to see them suffering. Please. Just return them. Have some compassion."

"You father is going to think that I hurt you. And your mother a nd sister. Maybe even killed you. How am I going to convince them that you are alright, if you aren't there."

"Oh God."

"And if you aren't there, whose going to be there to stop me from hurting them more than I should? Who will be there to beg for them?"

"Please. Don't hurt them."

"If there's nobody around to beg me to stop, why wouldn't I just keep hurting them?"

She just looked at me dully, defeat in her eyes. "Alright. You bastard. I. Th -this slave will come along if you allow her. Master?"

"Yes?"

"What if they have already ..." she broke down crying unable to continue the thought.

"Jane. They're fine. Very thirsty. Very hungry. Maybe uncomfortable. But they'll be there. Okay?"

She nodded. Tears still rolling down her face.

I gathered up the womens' leas hes and led them past the glass doors. As I walked into the mall I heard singing. A throaty voice singing "Joy, to the World." As Jane's bare feet crossed over the threshold and into the mall, she stopped, bringing us to a stop. Elizabeth almost walking in to me again.

"'lainey?" she whispered. Then raising her voice. "'lainey?"

I heard a faint voice from down the mall, croaking. “Jane? Thank God. Are you alright?”

I turned to Elizabeth.

“Lizzy?” she nodded. “I need you to find water. A fair bit of it. Bring it to the center aisle of the mall. Can you do that?”

“Please. Master. Maybe. But my hands.” I reached forward and she turned around. I released her cuffs. “Back in front.” Meekly she held out her hands in front of her and I slipped the cuffs back onto her. I nodded to her. She scampered away in search of water.

Jane just whispered to me, “Please. I’m begging you. Do what you want to me, but please just let them have the water and free them. Please.”

I tugged her leash and pulled her stumbling behind me. Ignoring her plea. In moments we were in front of the suffering family. I must have left them longer than I’d intended. Hard to keep track of time in this timeline. I couldn’t quite recall when I’d left them. They looked like hell.

Dora, the mother, was still lying on top of Elaine, the sister. Her lips parched. Her eyes slightly sunken. Her wrists badly chafed where the rope held her to her elder daughter. Probably bruised her wrists trying to free herself. Getting out of Jane’s knots, though, you may as well not bother trying. Elaine, her eyes closed looked a bit better. But still awful dry. The father, Dave, was still sitting bound in Jane’s knots. Though he had managed to push the gag out of his mouth. His eyes were closed as well. He appeared to be sleeping.

Dora looked up and in a raspy voice spoke. “Thank God. I thought that you’d left us for dead.”

Jane whispered to me. “Oh God. Please. Master. This slave begs to be allowed to go to them. Please.” I nodded and she scampered forward on her bare feet. Kneeling down beside her mother and sister. Nuzzling her mother. Unable to touch her with her hands bound behind her. They cried a bit. Calling each other’s names. Asking if they were alright. They lied to each other telling that they were fine and not to worry. The usual. Finally, Jane just leaned in closer to her mother’s ear.

“Mom? Listen to me. He’s going to give you water soon. Okay? He’s just sent Elizabeth to find some. He’s going to make me do terrible things. I’m going to let him.” She choked a bit on her tears. “It was the only way to get you out of this. Okay? He’s going to let you go at the end. I promise. All of you. Just do whatever he says. No matter what you think of it. It will be alright. He’ll hurt me. Maybe hurt you. But at least you’ll be alive. Please. For me?”

“Jane. Has he hurt you? Raped you? Is he going to let you go as well?”

“Mom. I’m going to be honest with you. He’s hurt me. Not badly. He hasn’t raped me. I promise. And I don’t think he’ll let me go with you. But I’ll be alright. He hasn’t treated me badly. As long as I obey him, it’s okay. I’m strong. I’ll be fine. Don’t worry about me. Worry about Elaine and Daddy. Just do what he says and he’ll let you go.”

“Oh God.”

I looked over my shoulder. Elizabeth was walking quickly towards me. Concern on her face. I waited for her to approach. Jane continued talking to her mother.

Elizabeth had come empty handed. Before I could question her, she spoke. “Please. Sir. Don’t punish me. But ...”

“Water?” I asked her.

“Please. I was trying to e xplain. I found water. But I c -couldn’t get at it. Please don’t punish me. Oh God.” She was very frightened for some reason. Perhaps just a remainder of the Amy incident.

“Couldn’t get at it?”

“I. I found a variety store back there. Please. It’s not my fault. It has a fridge at the back. Lots of bottles of water. I couldn’t get at them. I couldn’t open the doors. I tried. I really tried. I even tried to break the glass for you. I just hurt my hands. Please do n’t punish me. I don’t want the gag back. Please.”

“Do you need your handcuffs off?”

She looked confused. “Sir?”

“Could you open the fridge if your handcuffs were off?” I was thinking she couldn’t reach the lock.

She began to cry helplessly. Shook her head . I was completely confused. She was frightened. That I understood. She didn’t want to be punished. Was afraid of the gag. No use lying. If she couldn’t open the doors with or without the handcuffs. I’d find out. She couldn’t understand herself why she cou ldn’t open the doors. A seemingly simple task.

“Calm down, Elizabeth. Stay here.”

I walked back to Jane, still talking and crying softly with her mother.

“Janey? I have a problem here. I have to leave for a minute. Come here.”

“Oh God. They need water. Ple ase.”

“I’m trying to get some water. You have to come with me for a second.”

She climbed to her feet. Still babbling. “Please. My father. He passed out a while ago. A few hours. Mom hasn’t been able to wake him. Please can we see if he’s alright. Oh God.” The girl was starting to get hysterical. I wasn’t too surprised. I knew it was a risk if I wanted to involve Jane in this. I gently slapped her face. Not hard. Just to bring her back to reality. Dora moaned, but Jane just snapped back. She’d been through w orse than a light slap. Much worse. “Oh God. I’m sorry. But my father. Please.”

“Alright. Alright. Just come with me.”

Jane looked over her shoulder at her bound family, but allowed me to guide her a little way away. Nearer Elizabeth. I walked her to a lar ge support pillar that stood in the middle of the mall. I fished a short length of chain out of the pack and wrapped it around the pillar. Using a padlock to secure it. I connected a link of the chain to Jane’s collar and locked it in place. Jane protested weakly. “Please. Why?”

“Jane. That’s your family over there. Hurting. I can’t risk you being free and about while I deal with this problem. Normally, I’d trust you. I have before. But not now. I can’t risk you doing something silly.”

She understood. No ma tter how hard it was on her. She was a bright girl. She knew that I just was keeping her from doing something she’d regret. She nodded and simply asked, “What problem?”

“I don’t know yet. Elizabeth was having trouble with the water.”

“Oh God. They need wat er.”

“I know dear. I know. I’ll be back in a few moments.”

I walked back over to her father. Dave, I think his name was. I checked. His wrists were chafed as were Dora’s. He just appeared to be sleeping. Perhaps getting away from the pain for a while. He w as breathing shallowly. I didn’t wake him. Probably just exhausted. I’d wake him when the water was available.

I reported back to Jane. “Janey. Your father is just sleeping. He’s alright. He’s breathing. Okay?”

The girl was crying, but she nodded. Maybe it wasn’t such a good idea to have her here. But what was done, was done. No sense in backing things up. We’d make out alright. Jane would survive.

I walked over to Elizabeth. “Show me.” She led me back to the variety store.

Along the way she tried to explai n herself to me. “I don’t understand it. I feel so useless. Please don’t punish me. It’s not my fault. Really, I tried.”

“Elizabeth. Honestly. It’s OK. I won’t punish you unless you did something really braindead.”

She looked relieved. Until she realized t hat she may have missed something obvious. A catch on the door. Something. She wasn’t in the clearest state of mind. She held her breath as I approached the fridge she had indicated. She pointed with her bound hands. It was just one of those upright refrig erators that keep soft drinks, bottled water, juice and such. True to her word, the top shelf was full of spring water. There wasn’t a lock. There didn’t seem to be any reason that she couldn’t just slide the thing open and do what I asked. I looked at her puzzled. She just looked a little uneasy.

I tried to open the door. No go. The damn thing wouldn’t open. Stuck. I checked for a lock. Ice. Anything. Until, my brain kicked in. Elizabeth and I were in our own little pocket of normal time. The refrigerator was sitting in the prime timeline. Frozen to us. In the hardware store it had been easier to cast a large bubble of time around the whole store and remove the people that I wasn’t interested in from the timeline. Jane was able to get at the water in the of fice and nothing was frozen. As long as you didn’t step foot outside of the store doors. And even there I just slowed time down, so any escape attempt wouldn’t end up with the girl snapping back to normal time. I couldn’t do that here. Too many people in t he mall. Too hard to remove the pockets where the people were. Too many places to miss people. Store rooms. Washrooms. Offices. I must have been getting tired not to realize this right away. I stepped back.

I concentrated and cast a bubble of normal time a round the cooler. I heard it hum to life.

“Try it now.”

Elizabeth walked forward and tried to open the door. Surprised that it slid open without a problem.

“Please. I’m confused. Please don’t punish me. I swear it didn’t open before. What did you do?”

I toyed with the idea of messing with her mind. Punishing her anyway. But I had work to do with Jane’s family. The father was in rough shape. Needed water. I left the issue open.

“Elizabeth? You know there’s a punishment for lying.”

“Oh God. Please. I’m no t lying. I couldn’t open it before. Please. I. Don’t want to be punished. I. The doors wouldn’t open before. Really.”

“We’ll see. Grab some water for now.” She held out her bound arms. I’d intended to just have her pick up a couple of bottles, but she was right. We were going to need a lot of water. That was a whole family out there. Dying of dehydration. I picked up a bunch of water bottles. Loading them onto her arms. I’m sure that they were heavy. At least for a girl. But she didn’t complain. I picked up a couple of bottles in my hands and

she trailed me carefully and a bit slower making her way back out to the tormented family.

I approached Jane, still chained to the pillar. Her eyes locked onto the bottles of water.

I began to unchain the nude woman fro m the pillar, leaving the links hanging from her throat. She whimpered, but didn't speak.

"Jane. I know you won't understand, but remember the way I had you give Kimberly the water? At first?"

"Oh God. Please don't make me do that. It's. It's so humiliatin g."

"Jane. You have to trust me on this. It's for their own good." I wasn't lying here. Giving them the cold water in great gulps would just make them sick. Their bodies desperately needing the fluid, but rejecting it.

"You are such a bastard. I'll do it. Please. Unchain my hands? Please?"

I nodded. "I'll unchain your hands from behind you so you can get the water yourself. Do you promise to behave yourself?"

She looked down. "Yes. I'll behave."

"Okay. One mouthful to each. Slowly. Move from person to perso n." I unlocked the handcuffs from behind her back. Moving her wrists in front of her. I pressed the cold bottle of water into her hands and undid the top. Her eyes were begging me not to subject her to this. It was one thing to have to kiss Kimberly. Not r elated. But she was going to have to give her mother, her father and her sister water through kisses. I couldn't help her here. Her family simply couldn't take the water any other way. I'd have to let the water stand to cool and somehow convince the thirst y ones to sip it. And Jane would be angry at me anyway for making them wait. Not that I cared. But this had a dual purpose. The family was far too dry to care how they got fluid.

Jane, hate filling her eyes, raised the bottle to her own lips, filling her m outh. She held the water, distending her cheeks with it. She walked over to her mother and sister, touching her mother's lips with her own. Their lips making a seal, opening. I watched her mother's throat muscles kick in and swallow the water. Jane broke t he forced kiss and filled her mouth again. Prepared to give her mother another mouthful of the precious liquid. I gently touched her shoulder.

"Jane. Give the next mouthful to Elaine. You have to rotate."

"Listen to him," her mother whispered. I suspect th at the mother knew why I was forcing this to go slowly. With body temperature water. I never knew what she did. Perhaps a nurse?

Not quite understanding, Jane shuffled to her sister. Leaning down between her mother's legs, kissing her sister full on the mo uth. Giving her the mouthful of water. Elaine sighed as the kiss was broken. Wanting more. Much more.

I indicated the father. Still blissfully asleep. Not having to watch this.

I sat on the bench beside him and gently shook his shoulder. He stirred but did n't awaken. I gently slapped his face. He awoke with a start struggling with the bonds. Probably not realizing where he was. His eyes registered comprehension and he growled at me.

"You fucking son-of-a-bitch. I am going to kill you. My family," he was ver y calm about it. His voice was far more raspy than even Dora's. I think I read somewhere that males get dehydrated much quicker than females.

Jane, still having not filled her mouth with water, spoke from her knees.

"Daddy? It's OK. Please don't threaten h im. He's going to let you all go. Everyone but me. Please. He's going to give you some water."

"I don't want his water. The son -of-a-bitch. Are you alright sweetheart?"

"Daddy. I'm fine. He hasn't hurt me. He's treated me well. Better than you. Please. Trust me. You'll be fine."

"Sweety. My sweet Jane. You sure you are alright?"

She swallowed any semblance of pride and willed the tears out of her eyes. "Yes Daddy. I wouldn't lie to you," she lied. "Please. You have to take some water or he's going to hurt you. Or me. I'm sorry Daddy, but he's making me give the water mouth to mouth. I don't know why. I've already given a mouthful to Elaine and Mom. It doesn't bother me. Please?"

"Water. God. What does that taste like again?" he rasped.

"Please Daddy? Let me give you some water."

"Alright, sweety. For you." Hate in his eyes.

Jane just tilted the water bottle up again, pleading in her eyes. Filled her small mouth again. Rose up on her knees and leaned into her father, giving him a full kiss on the mouth. Transferring the water. His throat muscles working, taking every drop.

Jane worked tirelessly. Moving from person to person. Giving them the water until the water bottle was gone. Colour began to return to them all as the water was absorbed into their systems. Finally the water was gone and Jane rose up on her knees and looked at me questioningly.

"Please. Master. Can a slave have the other bottle?"

Chapter 57

"Jane. You have to earn the next bottle."

"Oh God. What now?"

"Jane. Remember those nipple clamp s I put on you a day ago?"

"Oh God. How could I forget? Please."

"I want you to go get them."

Her eyes darted to the pack. "Please no. Don't make me do this."

"Jane. Anything. Remember?"

"But why? Please. I've done everything you wanted. I don't need to be punished. Oh God. Please don't make me wear them."

"Jane," I spoke to her a little more gently. "I just want to see you in them. After you put them on, I'll let you give your family another bottle of water. Okay? I'm not punishing you. You can put them on yourself. You don't have to tighten them beyond keeping them on your nipples. It doesn't have to hurt. Relax. Okay?"

"Oh. Please. Alright."

She rose to her feet and walked over to where Elizabeth was quietly kneeling and watching this. She picked through the pack of equipment, finally coming up with the pair of clamps. She walked back and knelt down. She tried one last time.

"Please don't make me wear these things. No matter what they hurt when I move."

"Put them on Jane. Maybe later I'll let you beg to ha ve them off."

"Oh God." Her slender fingers worked at the small wheels, drawing her nipples into the clamps and tightening them. Wincing as she tightened them on herself; just tight enough that those small sensitive bits of flesh would hold the clamps and chain to her. Not nearly as tight as I'd done to her to punish her. Tears threatened, but she willed them away again.

I opened the second bottle of water and held it out to her. She inched over on her knees and grasped it with her bound hands. Taking a dee p breath and taking a mouthful. She resumed her task. Giving water mouth to mouth to mouth in a big cycle. Each member of her family drinking greedily from the offered fluid.

As the bottle slowly depleted, I crouched beside Elaine's head. She had a pretty good view of her mother's open crotch. Though I doubt if she appreciated the picture in front of her.

I whispered to her. "How are you feeling Elaine?"

"Better," she replied weakly.

"Would you like me to untie you?"

"More than anything in the world. Please."

"Soon."

"God, what's it like to stand?"

"Oh you won't be standing. The correct question would be, what's it like to kneel?"

"Whatever you want. As long as it doesn't involve me lying on the floor in ropes."

I nodded, rose an d returned to Elizabeth. She just looked up at me.

"Why are you making her do this?" Meaning Jane.

"I have my reasons."

"You made her do this to that other girl, Kimberly, too. Didn't you?"

"Yes. Why?"

"You're doing it on purpose, aren't you?"

"Hello?"

"I mean. After jogging, I never could drink cold water. It would make me sick. You are forcing them to drink slow. So they won't reject the water."

"Pretty smart girl."

"They should be thanking you."

"I don't need thanks. They'll have plenty to hate me for as soon as they are a bit stronger. Besides, thanking me would be a bit ironic don't you think?"

"You make us thank you for our punishments."

"Sometimes."

She lapsed into silence for a while. We just watched Jane work her way through that second bottle. On her bare knees. Naked. Moving from person to person. Kissing. Releasing. Moving on. The nipple clamps and attached fine chain gently swinging from her chest. Finally Elizabeth spoke again. Softly. "What are you going to do to them? Us? Me?"

"I'm going to torment them for a while. Humiliate Jane. If you behave you can keep pretty clear of this mess."

"Do you have to humiliate us? Constantly? We are people down here you know?"

"I don't know why I'm telling you any of this. But I'm just an odd one. The guy that figured out time just happened to be a pervert. He's a bastard. And he likes to dominate women. I know you are people. I know you don't like it. And I know it turns me on. Terribly. Can't help it."

She just nodded. "You know that there are plenty of women that *like* to be subservient. Why us?"

"You were there. You were attractive. I don't have to wait until I find a subservient woman. You are now a subservient woman. Like it or not. If I happen to find a submissive woman, I wouldn't turn her away or anything."

"Are you frustrated?"

Another one of those female things? Abrupt change of conversation? I pulled the typical male response. "Huh?"

"Please don't punish me. If you don't want to answer, just ignore me. I don't count anyway. I was just wondering if you were sexually frustrated?"

"Now why would you ask that?"

"Come on. I know I haven't exactly been around all the time. Being tied up in the hotel, and left in cars and stuff, but I get the impression that you haven't been ... uhhhh ... partaking of us as much as you could. I mean, you are surrounded by gorgeous girls. Don't think I haven't noticed. Jane and Christi could be models. You keep us all naked. And completely helpless. You could rape us at will. You haven't even touched me beyond what was necessary to tie me up. And I don't think you've raped any of the others. Christi told me that she was going to try and have sex with you. Don't know if that happened or not. I fell asleep that night."

"I'm alright. If I needed favours, I'd take them."

"I know. I don't doubt that you are capable of it. But if it would help. If it would stop you from needing to see us completely humiliated all the time. Stop some of the punishment. Please. I'm offering myself. I'll do it whenever you want or need. Please."

I looked at her. Her head now bowed. Jane was almost done that second bottle of water and would be back looking for a third.

"Elizabeth? Are you alright?"

"Not really. I've just offered myself in exchange for some better treatment. How do you think that makes me feel?" Her bare shoulders shaking.

"Elizabeth, listen to me." I crouched down and cupped her face. Forcing her to look at me. "I'm not going to rape you. I might take you up on your offer someday, but not now. I don't need it. When I do, I will ask. And at the moment I'm not sure that I want to make any deals that involve giving anyone better treatment. Okay?"

"I know. But I also know how hard it is. On the others. Amy. Me. Everyone. We're not used to this life. As slaves. As human pets. God what I wouldn't do for some clothes. Or just some privacy. I never knew what I had until you took it away."

"If it makes you feel any better, I think that you are adjusting a lot better than I ever would have imagined."

"That's scary coming from a guy that doesn't give a crap what I want. And can make me do almost anything he wants."

I noticed out of the corner of my eye Jane rising to her feet again. An empty water bottle between her fingers. Walking to towards us.

"Elizabeth. I'm not going to keep this going forever. Promise. You'll go home and never realize it ever happened. Happy in your life again."

"Thanks for letting me vent without punishing me."

"My pleasure. I occasionally need to know how you women are feeling. But who said anything about not punishing you?"

A scared look crossed her face until she saw my grin. Knowing I was kidding. She stuck her tongue out at me playfully. I wish I knew where these girls had picked up that habit. I would punish the girl who started it. I guess I could have stopped it, but they needed some release. And it was harmless enough. Kind of cute actually.

By this point Jane had approached.

"What were you two talking about. Me?"

"Sort of," I replied. "You doing alright?"

"Yeah. I'm peachy."

"Didn't sarcasm get you in trouble once before? Those clamps not tight enough for you?"

She turned pale. "Oh God. I'm sorry. I'm truly sorry. It won't happen again. A slave girl begs you to forgive her. She's just a little tired. She's never had to perform such a marathon of kissing like that before. Please don't tighten them. Oh God. Please."

"Perhaps we should get you more used to kissing marathons."

"With you?" A mischievous grin spread across her face, somehow knowing that I wasn't going to punish her this time.

"How about we tighten those things more instead?"

She sobered quickly. "Please no."

"It's alright. Just watch yourself. Okay?"

She sank to her knees. Handing me the empty bottle. Too frightened to say anything more. I took the bottle from her fingers and placed it on the floor with the small pile of full bottles of water that Elizabeth had carried over. Jane's eyes followed the path of the empty bottle. Couldn't seem to tear her eyes away from the pile of bottles. Wanting to

ask for another bottle but a bit afraid of opening her mouth. A bit afraid of what she'd have to do to get another bottle for her family. But nevertheless knowing that she'd do it.

I settled myself on the floor with the two girls. Just watching Jane. She began to shift her weight on her knees. Uncomfortable at my scrutiny of her. Finally it became too much for her. She slipped into her slave talk.

"Master? Please. Can a girl speak? Please?"

I nodded.

"Oh God. Please. My family ... I mean ... This slave's family still needs water. Can this slave please beg for more? Please?"

I could see that her family was beginning to recover. They had gained colour already. Their faces becoming more alive. Their struggles against the ropes becoming more pronounced. Especially the father. It was as tho ugh the dehydration had completely drained their will, but now, having some water again, the thirst abated somewhat, they again had become a little more aware of themselves. Their positions. And not liking it much. Dora was wincing as she moved her wrists against the rope. But she still tried. I guess I couldn't blame her.

I turned back to Jane.

"Beg me to whip you."

"Oh God. Please God. No. Not in front of my family. Please. Oh God." She began to weep. Murmuring. This was just too much for her. I could tel l that I was pushing her beyond what her mind would accept. That could be dangerous. I realized that this situation was simply too much for anyone to stand. She'd held up unbelievably well. But she had warned me. That she couldn't do this. It was her famil y after all.

I felt Elizabeth touch me gently on the shoulder. I turned back away from Jane.

"Please. You can't do this to her. That's her family. My God. I couldn't imagine if you'd asked me to do half these things in front of people I loved. I couldn't d o it. You just have no concept of this. She'll have a nervous breakdown if you force her to do much more. And she'll be good for nothing. Please. I don't believe that I'm going to offer this. God. If you need to humiliate someone, please, let me take her p lace. Chain her up outside if you have to. I'll beg you to whip me. I'll take her pain. Please."

She was serious. I couldn't imagine her doing such a thing. Offering herself to be dominated. Hurt. For Jane. A complete stranger. Perhaps, complete stranger i s a bit strong. They had some things in common. And I guess that ultimately, they might know each other more intimately than your average best friends. I guess I could understand.

I heard a soft whisper behind me. Jane. "Please, master. A slave begs t -to be wh-whipped. Please." Still crying.

I leaned down to Elizabeth. Her face falling. "Elizabeth. I appreciate the offer. And I might still take you up on it. But I really do want Jane to do this. I have my reasons. I'll let her know that you offered though. I'm not going to put her through much more. She can't take much more. Her mind is already beginning to turn off. I don't want a catatonic girl either."

Elizabeth, crying a bit, just nodded.

I turned back to Jane. Her teary eyes turned up towards me. A glim mer of anger, and helplessness glowing behind her eyes. As I turned she whispered again. "Please don't make me do this."

"Jane. This is the last thing. I promise. I'll let them go after this."

"You swear it?"

"I do. There is one more big show. And I'll fre e them. They won't even need more water. Though, I will get Elizabeth to give your father more. I just thought you should know. Elizabeth offered to take your place. I wouldn't let her."

Jane took a deep breath. "Oh God. Elizabeth. I couldn't have let her do it either."

"Jane. This is not going to be fun for you. I know that. You might even hate me forever. But I can live with that."

She managed to stop crying. Steeling herself for the task ahead of her. "I won't hate you. I don't believe I'm saying this, b ut I won't. I'll be alright. What do I have to do?"

"Have you ever used a vibrator before?"

She gasped. "Oh God."

"Have you?"

She just shook her head. Eyes wide.

"How do you normally masturbate then?"

"Oh God. I can't. I never ... I won't ... Oh my God."

"Jane? You've never masturbated yourself?"

"Oh God. I can't tell ... Oh God."

"You have. There's nothing to be ashamed of." Again her body language betrayed her. It was pretty easy to tell that she had.

"Oh. God. Please. That's my father over there. Please. No. I can't. Not in front of him."

"With a vibrator? Dildo?"

"I ... I ... please god ... my fingers. Once." Tears began to form again in her eyes as she made the admission.

"Jane, calm."

"Please no. I just tried it once to see what it was like. It. It felt dirty."

"Jane." I spoke a bit more sharply to her. I raised my hand to slap her again. She was falling off the edge into hysteria. She managed to get control of herself without me having to slap her.

"Please. Th-this slave doesn't want to do that. She can't. Please. Master. Please don't make her. Please." She whispered the last word. I could hear Elizabeth crying softly behind me.

"Jane. Listen to me. You've done so much worse. I've forced you to beg for an orgasm. I've whipped your breasts and it turned you on. Jane. This is nothing. Christi's done it for me. Lots of times." Even though I was trying to get her to calm down. I didn't believe my own words. We all have our personal daemons. Our irrationalities. Our personal horrors. Yes, she'd been through a lot. She'd been through humiliation that I couldn't even imagine. But this seemed to be above and beyond all that for some reason.

"Please." She just wept and begged. "Please don't make this slave m -masturbate in front of her father. I'll do it. I'll masturbate for you. Gladly. I'll do it in front of everyone else. Just not my father. You have no idea. Oh God. Please. I'll do anything else. Whip me in front of him. Make me scream until I'm hoarse. I'll crawl. I c an't. Oh my God. I just can't. Not in front of him."

I wasn't quite sure of anything anymore. Only that she really didn't want to pleasure herself in front of her father. Her father that had seen her strip for him. Watched his daughter who made love to her sister in front of him. Had watched her breasts bound

and beaten. Listened to her screams. Watched as she gave herself to me to reduce their suffering. This man that she had French kissed, nude, to give him a mouthful of water. I was surprised that she ha d any self-respect left. But she was pretty adamant. The only way that I was going to get some agreement on this issue was some other persuasive techniques. I knew I could make her do it, but what would be the consequences? It wouldn't kill her. She'd be a shamed. Embarrassed. Humiliated beyond comprehension. The only real danger would be if she went over the edge. Insane. I could only push these women so far. But I wanted them sane.

Chapter 58

Jane was a strong girl. She'd be hysterical, but I thought she could take this. She'd have to rest a long time before I could push her again, but I thought she'd survive it.

"Jane. I can give you an option."

"What?" She sniffled. A bit of hope crept into her eyes. Hope that I had to dash if I wanted her to do as I'd a sked. Still nude on her knees.

"You can do something else I'd like to see."

"Oh God. What?"

"You can give your father a blow job." I didn't really expect her to do that. I would never, in a million years expect her to do that. Unless I forced her to. Impos sible. It was just a suggestion that I figured would be a lot more distasteful than having her masturbate for him.

She just numbly nodded. Surprised me all to hell. She'd prefer to give her own father a blow job, than to masturbate in front of him. I brief ly entertained the notion of allowing her to switch tasks. Problem was, that giving her own father a blow job *would* traumatize her. This would be fine if I was just going to return both of them. The trauma would disappear with their memories. But I was f ully intending to keep Jane for a while yet. I wasn't about to allow her to do it. Not now, anyway. Didn't need a traumatized girl.

"After you whip him. And you know where. Plus fifty strokes on Elaine's breasts and pussy," I quickly added to the task. Eve ntually it would become distasteful enough that she'd choose the direction that I wanted from her.

"Oh God. You can't be serious." I remembered my original threats from when I had originally took them. The thing Jane couldn't stand was to cause her sister pain. Her father, she might do.

"So?"

"I'll give my Dad a blow job for you. I swear it. But you know I can't hit her. Especially there. I can't. I can't hit him. Not there. Oh God."

I affected a quizzical look. "I'm hearing a lot of 'can't' from a girl tha t swore that she'd do anything."

She paled. Her eyes still letting tears fall down her face like there was a flood behind her face.

"Oh God. Please have mercy on me. I didn't want to be here. I begged you not to bring me here. Please just let them go. Do w hatever you want to me."

"Jane. I am doing what I want to you."

"Oh God. Do I still have a choice?"

"Choice about what?"

"Please. I'll beg you."

I was truly confused. "Beg?"

"Oh God. I can't believe I'm going to do this." Her face completely flushed. "Please. Master. A slave is begging on her knees. Please allow her to masturbate in front of her family." Choking. Tears falling freely. Face burning. Breasts heaving with her distress.

I began to realize what choice she "wanted" to make. The one I was desperately trying to guide her towards. I didn't really want to see her give her father a blow job nor whip him or her sister. Granted, it may have been interesting, but the picture that I was

planning held my interest. And it involved her willingness to pleasure herself in front of her family.

"So now you want to masturbate?"

"Yes. Please. It's better than having to whip them." She managed to choke out around sobs.

"Beg me to hit you while you masturbate."

"Oh God. I can't. Please don't make me do that. You know what that will do to me."

I did. That is why I suggested it. I just looked at the tormented woman.

She managed to choke out another line. "Oh my God. Please whip me while I ... I ... I'm doing it."

"Doing what?"

"You goddamn bastard. Pleasuring myself."

"You want to be hit while you are masturbating?"

"Yes." Resigned.

"And you'd like to tongue your mother while you are doing it?"

"Oh my God."

"Wouldn't you?"

"Oh shit. Please."

"Wouldn't you?"

"No." Sullenly.

"Wouldn't you?"

"Oh Christ. Please."

"Wouldn't you?"

"Yes." Resigned. I watched as her eyes retreated. Her face blanked. I was afraid that I'd pushed her too hard and that she had retreated into herself. She was retreating to avoid the pain. I reached out and brushed one of her clamped nipples lightly. She gasped. Expression returned to her face. I suspect that I'd almost lost her there. The soft brush on her nipple catching her attention just before she lost herself. I gathered her up into my arms and kissed her cheek. Rocking her. Sobbing quietly to herself. Knowing what I was going to force her to do. Finally, I let her climb back to her knees.

"You ready?"

"No. You bastard. I hate you."

"I know. Why don't you get a vibrator. Pick one that you think will be comfortable."

"Please don't make me do this. I can't. I'll die."

"You'll be fine. I won't let you die."

"I know. And you are a bastard for it." But she moved to the pack and dug until she found a smallish smooth pink vibrator. She looked at it with fear in her eyes. Knowing that she was going to have to use it. Like it or not. A flush climbed to her face. "Please. Can a slave beg for something?"

"Not if it involves you not doing this."

She gulped. "Lubricant?"

"Lubricant?"

"Please. Can a slave use some lubricant for her ... thing?"

"Thing?"

“Oh God. Vibrator.”

“You need lubricant?”

“Th-this sl-slave is frightened. She doesn’t think that she can get w -wet enough to make it comfortable. At first. Please ?”

I weighed the options in my mind. I was pretty sure that after the initial hesitation. A couple of blows with the whip. Once she managed to shut out the image of her family, she’d produce enough natural lubrication. On the other hand, I really had pushe d her this time. She deserved something. She was behaving far better than I ever would have imagined. I nodded and she let her breath out. She’d been waiting for my answer. She lifted a tube of K-Y out of the pack. She closed her eyes and climbed to her ba re feet. Crying as she approached her family. Kneeling down by Elaine’s head and her mother’s crotch. On the side opposite to where her father was bound. Silently waiting for me. Not anxious to start her own humiliation.

I crouched to Elizabeth. She spoke before I’d even gotten settled.

“You fucking despicable son of a bitch. Can’t you see what this is going to do to her. She has been nothing but cooperative on this whole insane game of yours. Most women would have curled up in a little ball, mumbling in th eir insanity by now. She’s strong. I’ll give her that. But I saw her. You almost fucking lost her into herself. Fuck. What the fuck are you trying to do? Make her insane? Can’t you give her a break? She’s a human being you know? She hurts? Just like you do . Just like I do. I can’t believe what a complete shit you are. We try so hard, and you don’t even acknowledge it. Please. Don’t make her do this. I’m begging you.”

“Elizabeth. I’m not going to deny it. I’m a fucking despicable son of a bitch. And Jane just scared the hell out of me there. I almost lost her.”

“Let her go then. Don’t let your perverse desires kill her. She deserves better than that. At least let her out of this. She doesn’t need to do it. I’ll do it for you if you absolutely need to see it.”

“You don’t understand. She’ll survive it.”

“Barely. Fuck. And if she goes insane? Catatonic?”

“She’ll be alright.”

“Jane was right. You are playing with our lives. Please. For the love of anything that you might hold dear. Let her stop. She’s been through enough of your perversity.”

“Sorry Elizabeth. She has to do this. I’ll give her a long rest after this. Will that make you happy? But, I need you to do some things for me.”

“Fuck you.”

“Elizabeth. Calm down. Remember Amy this morning?”

Her face went ashen as she recalled Amy’s similar struggle this morning. Open defiance.

“Oh my God. Please. I forgot myself. I. I’m so sorry. Please. I don’t want to be punished. I. I was just. I don’t have an excuse. I. Please. Jane. I was just so angry for her. I’ll behave. I’ll do anything you want. Please. Don’t punish me. I’ll be good from now on. You won’t hear another word out of me about Jane. Please.”

I didn’t particularly want to punish the crying woman. Though I suppose that I’d have to eventually. But not now.

“Elizabeth. It’s alright. I understand.” Maybe I wouldn’t punish her at all. This was turning out to be a bit stressful. “I need you to do something for me.”

“What?” She was resigned to it now.

“The family still needs a bit of water. Take two bottles. Divi de one up before we start. A third of a bottle to each. Then the last bottle, you are going to give to the father. But not right away.”

“Mouth?”

“Huh?”

“Mouth to mouth? Like Jane had to?” Hope in her eyes that she wouldn’t have to crawl around on her bare knees kissing them all.

I shook my head. “They can probably drink out of the bottle now. Give the women the water first then the father. Wait for me there.” She looked relieved and scampered to her feet to get the water. I watched as she knelt and allowed the thirsty women and man to drink a third of the water bottle each. Finally ending up beside the father. Sitting demurely with the final water bottle lying in her bare lap. Carelessly tossing the empty water bottle behind her into the mall. She said some things to Jane while giving Elaine her water, but nothing serious. Probably encouragement. Jane cried a bit, but managed to control herself.

When the girls were settled I walked over to Elizabeth. “See that?” I pointed to Dave’s crotch that had been expose d by Christi’s scissors so long ago.

“Yes.” She mumbled.

“I want you to make sure that Dave here watches Jane. If he closes his eyes. I want you to give him a reason to watch. Understand?”

“Oh God.”

“I want you to give him the rest of this bottle of water as well. From any body cavity that you can manage. Mouth is probably easiest, but if you really want to, I’m sure your vagina can hold a bit. I want you to use your hands on him, the entire time.”

Just glad that I was allowing her to use her mouth with the water thing. “Alright.”

“Don’t let him come in your hands. After the water is gone, I want you on your knees in front of him. Use your mouth. Let him come, if he’s even reacting. If he comes, swallow. If he doesn’t come, I’m going to whip Elaine next. Und erstand?”

“Oh my God. You bastard.”

“Yup.”

Dave finally spoke. “Please. I’m begging you. Do what you want to me. Kill me. But just don’t make my daughters and wife do this? They haven’t done anything to you. I’ll do whatever you want.”

“Davey boy. No disre spect intended, but you can’t do what the women can do. You are missing certain parts that make them very interesting. Just do what I’ve explained to Elizabeth here, and everything will be fine. I promise that I’ll let Elaine, Dora and yourself go.”

“What about Jane?”

“Jane is going to stay with me for a while.”

“You’ll take care of her? You won’t hurt her?”

I decided to lie to this tormented man. “I’ll take care of her.” True enough. “And I won’t hurt her. Promise.” Another promise that I intended to break .

He seemed satisfied. And he lay his head back. Elizabeth just glared at me, but was still frightened enough to just accept what she had to do.

I walked over to the bound women. Crouched by Dora’s head.

“Did Jane tell you the plan?”
“Oh God. What plan?”
“Guess not. She’s going to pleasure you.”
“Pleasure me? That’s a laugh.”

Chapter 59

"Well, I certainly hope that it's pleasurable, because your body is the key."

"The key?"

"The key. Until you climax, nobody goes anywhere."

"Oh God. Please. Have some decency. That's my daughter. You've had me tied up naked for days. Tied to my other daughter. You have no idea ..."

"Dora. This is the last thing. You will be freed after this. Your husband. Your daughter. All it takes is one climax."

"You are a bastard."

"Yup."

"Y-you aren't going to hurt her again are you?" Remembering the timed tasks from our last encounter.

"I'll be whipping her as she does you. Yes."

"You fucking bastard. If I ever get out of these ropes. I swear I'm going to kill you . Worse than kill you."

"Dora. You aren't even going to remember me when you finally get out of these ropes. And besides which, your last attempt at killing me got your daughter a more thorough whipping than I'd ever intended."

She thought over this silent ly as I rose to join Jane. Still on her knees and quietly crying. She tried one last time.

"Please. Have some decency. Some mercy. This is my family. I'll do this for you. A hundred times. With strangers. Gladly. You can whip me until I bleed for all I car e. I'll scream for you. Forever. Please don't make me have sex with my mother. It's. It's not right. It's gross."

Dora spoke up quietly. "Janey, darling. It's the last thing. Just do it and you'll be free of this. I. I don't mind. I'll try really hard to c -climax quickly. Okay?"

Jane, still crying, just nodded. Unable to speak to her mother.

"Jane. I know you don't want to do this. It's the last thing. I promise. Then we'll go back to the hotel and you can rest. No more sex. And your family will forget all about it."

"I won't."

I shook my head. "You're right. You will remember for now. Are you ready?"

"Oh God." She fumbled the cap off the tube of lubricant. Crying. She spread some of the slippery stuff onto the tip of the vibrator. I watched intently as she pressed the plastic into her vagina. With the lubricant, it slipped into her relatively easily. She gasped, but it didn't seem to cause any real discomfort.

I beckoned her to the other side of the women. The side where her father would see the intrusion in to her body and her fingers working on herself. Once she moved to the correctly side, her crying intensifying, I unlocked her wrists. She'd need her hands free to do what she had to do.

I nodded to Elizabeth who reached down with her right hand and began t o tease Dave. He closed his eyes and I watched as Elizabeth began to dig her long nails into his cock. He opened his eyes in pain, and kept them open, learning his lesson for the day. She filled her mouth with water and kissed him full on the mouth. Exchan ging the fluid. His throat working to swallow the liquid from Elizabeth's mouth.

I turned my attention back to Jane. Indicating that she should lean forward on all fours. Giving her mother the attentions of her tongue. She began to beg one more time, but cut herself off mid sentence, realizing it was fruitless; I was going to see this show one way or the other. And this way was preferable to having her parents and sister in pain as well. As her tongue touched her mother's lower lips, Dora gasped. She had be en naked and tied down for days. And humiliated. Perhaps the masochism ran in the family. Or maybe she just wanted to get this final act out of the way. Either way, she was obeying. Trying her damnedest to get to orgasm.

I whispered in Jane's ear. "I'm goi ng to whip you. Not too hard. Okay?"

Her head nodded while still working between her mother's legs.

"You have to come as well. Your father is watching." I reached down between her legs to the protrusion of the pink vibrator. Turned the end of it. Turning i t on. Hearing the muffled buzzing from within her body. I don't think she was expecting the vibration from the intruder. She jumped. Her whole body arching as the vibrations worked into her sensitive flesh. She moaned into her mother's pussy.

I raised the crop. Brought it down lightly against Jane's upturned bare ass. She jumped, but after the breast croppings that she'd received at my hands, this was nothing. It was just an annoyance. I watched as she hesitantly brought her fingers of her right hand up between her legs. Lightly stroking herself. Playing with the pink vibrator. Slowly pulling it and pushing it in and out of her vagina. Supporting her body with her left hand. Face still buried in her mother. Tongue working.

I let another blow fall on her thig hs. She jumped again, but didn't cry out. Just continued to do what she had to. I let the crop drop onto her lower body a number of times. Her thighs, her ass, her calves and her upturned feet. The light blow to her feet caused her to cry out a bit. I gues s that the soles of the feet were kind of sensitive to the kiss of the crop. Kimberley certainly thought so. However, I was unable to tell if Jane's cry was in pain, or in frustration. Her fingers still working the vibrating toy in and out of herself.

I crouched down beside the tormented girl. Touching her head. She raised her face from between Dora's legs and looked at me quizzically.

I whispered to her. "Janey. You can play with the vibrator and it may feel good. But you may need to use your fingers, or t he toy on your clit, you know?" I had noticed, while hitting the poor girl, that she seemed to be really unsure of what she was doing. I could tell that she wasn't getting nearly enough sensation from the vibrator alone. She was probably one of the majorit y of women that couldn't achieve orgasm by pure vaginal stimulation. She would have to pleasure herself differently. But she was either too ashamed, or too frightened to do this. Perhaps permission from me was necessary. If she was telling the truth, then she may not have masturbated enough to know what she liked.

She looked at me with a thankful look on her face. I was unsure what that meant. Whether, me telling her how to do it to herself had made it easier somehow on her. Or whether she just needed the g uidance. She closed her eyes. "Please. Don't make this slave girl do this. Please master. Do it for me? She ... your slave ... doesn't know how. Please?"

I doubt if I've ever been tempted as much to listen to any of them. But with a colossal force of will, I closed my eyes, telling myself that I was a moron, and shook my

head. When I opened my eyes, she was still looking at me. Her face a mask of resignation.

She dropped her voice even further. Glancing down at her sister's face. Her sister that had such a perfect view of Jane tonguing their parent. "Please. They won't remember anything. Right?"

I thought she just needed reassurance that she could masturbate here and now, and her family would never remember her shame, humiliation, and discomfort. She surpris ed me when she closed her eyes, Licked her lips and whispered something even lower, something I couldn't make out.

I touched her hair. Cupped my ear. I couldn't hear her.

"Please. Sir. Harder."

Then it clued in. I'd almost forgotten that she was mildly mas ochistic. She wanted the crop to hurt her more. It might make it easier for her to climax. I'd really messed with this girl's head. I briefly considered making her clarify herself, so her family would know as well. But I reigned in that fantasy. She was cr ying and humiliated enough as it was. I just nodded and she returned to her task of having sex with her mother. Dora was moaning with the stimulation, and tears were falling down her face. She was pulling against the ropes holding her face down on Elaine. Grinding her bare body against her older daughter. Trying to press her pleasure center into her younger daughter's licking mouth. Crying. Pulling. Straining.

I glanced over at Elizabeth. Her face was ashen. She had just given Dave the last of the water. Sh e must have been trying to make it last. Trying to avoid the final instruction that I gave to her. Though, she knew she didn't really have a choice. Dave had to climax. Like it or not. Or there was going to be some serious pain. She'd pushed her luck far enough for one day. Though I'd only threatened Jane and Elaine with punishment, Elizabeth knew that she'd suffer, bigtime, if she didn't manage to get Dave excited enough to climax. Chances were, that Dave wasn't going to have trouble with that, despite the torment of his family. I watched as Elizabeth gave me one last beseeching look and lowered herself to her bare knees. Leaning forward and taking Dave into her soft mouth. Using her tongue and fingers to further excite him. Watching his face intently, uptu rned face. Penis deep in her mouth. Careful that he was watching Jane and Dora and I. He did close his eyes once. Not to shut out the images, but in an agony of ecstasy. Elizabeth did what she had to and increased the pressure on Dave. Using her teeth. Dave's eyes snapped back open and focused again on his youngest daughter and his wife. Having sex in front of him. Elizabeth looked pretty talented though. Of course it had been two days since Dora had been forced to suck him. And two days of pain and suffering. Any pleasure was bound to be magnified.

I turned back to Jane's upturned and slightly striped bottom. I raised the crop and brought it down on a much harder arc. Felt it spring as it impacted the soft bare flesh of her buttocks. She screamed into her m other. The scream was muffled by her forward movement as she tried in vain to get away from the stinging pain.

Dora softly cried out at the increase in stimulation. Calling me a bastard over and over.

I brought another stroke down hard across Jane's firm c alves. The flesh almost molding around the crop. Her agonized scream barely muffled by her mother's body. Then incredibly. "Oh God. More. Please. More."

I brought another one down across her calves. The girl jumped. Crying out. Her agonized screams causing Dave and Dora to wince. Feeling for the pain Jane was experiencing. I gave her another right across both ass cheeks. And another in swift succession across the bottoms of her cheeks. She pulled her hand away as the fingers got rapped, working industriously between her silken legs. She cried out. Her body heaving. Her tongue buried in her mother. Fingers working at the vibrator, brushing her clit.

Finally, I brought the crop down once more on her welted calves and she exploded. Her fingers rubbing between her legs. Her whole body arching, her red and welted legs kicking in response to the hard blow that I'd administered. Her forward thrust forcing her tongue against her mother. Dora followed with that last thrust of her younger daughter's tongue. She climaxed. Not as spectacularly as Jane, but nevertheless, it didn't look like a fake to me. The two women shuddering, and tensing. Dora against the restraints, Jane finally falling to her side, curling up in a ball crying. Trying to ease the pain in the back of her legs and backside. Pulling the pink plastic intruder from her naked body. Holding the toy loosely in her hand. Bawling.

I wandered over to Elizabeth. Her mouth still working on Dave. I touched the hair on her bobbing head. Easing her off the stranger that she hadn't even met before today. He was still erect, but I could see the remnants of some semen on Elizabeth's lips and chin. I touched her face and she brought her fingers to her face. Touching the wetness of him. Closing her eyes and wiping the remnants from her face. Grimacing as she licked her fingers clean. Finally, she opened her eyes.

"Please. Don't make me do that anymore."

I nodded. He'd obviously come as instructed. She was done.

"Just so you know. He came twice." She actually looked perversely pleased with herself at the admission. I almost laughed at the absurdity.

"Pretty talented. Wrists."

She looked a bit confused, but automatically raised her arms. Offering me her wrists. I snapped a pair of handcuffs around her slender wrists. She was far too exhausted to ask why I'd bound her. They were getting used to it. There just simply wasn't a good reason. I used another pair to secure her to the bench. Sitting on the mall floor. She just sat there quietly as I returned to Jane.

Jane was still sobbing her eyes out, curled up in a ball on the floor. Unable to bear the abuse, the shame, the humiliation any longer. I sat down on the floor beside her. Intending to comfort her. Let her know that I was going to free her family. I gently touched her shoulder.

What followed wasn't surprising but was a complete blur. At the touch, Jane screamed. Like a cat, she just snapped to a fighting position. Her face a mask of wildness and pain. She threw the only thing she had. The vibrator missed my face by millimeters. Glanced off my shoulder and spun across the floor. Cracking. No longer buzzing.

She growled at me. "I hate you. You fucked up fucking bastard. I hate you."

With the words, she sprang to her bare feet. I was expecting her to attack me. I had readied my time defenses, but instead of throwing herself at me, she turned on her heel, and blindly began to run in the opposite direction. Blindly crashing into frozen people. Her bare feet thundering on the tile. Crying. Shaking.

I just calmly watched the distresse d girl run. I let her. Maybe she needed to get away from all this. I'd put her through more than enough. In a strange way, I was beginning to care about them. About them all.

I could sense the time bubble. Hers. It was almost like radar. I was ultimately controlling it and it tugged on me. Even after I could no longer hear her bare feet slapping against the tile, I knew she wasn't far.

I turned back to Elizabeth. Pulling on her cuffs. Wantin g to go after the girl. Fright on her face.

"Please. Master. Don't punish her. She. She was just upset. You'd be too. Oh God. Please let me go after her. God. After what you did to her. You can't blame her. Oh. Please. God. She's hurt. She's in pain. She j ust needed. Oh God. Please. She won't go far. God." Elizabeth was in tears. Pleading for Jane. Almost babbling. Remembering her close call. Remembering Amy. It seemed to be the day for defiance.

I crouched and cupped Elizabeth's face in my hands. She pulle d against her bonds but finally held my eyes.

"I'm not going to punish her. Promise. But I can't let you go after her either. I know you want to, but she just needs some time alone. I'll go see her in a while. Okay?"

"You promise? If you have to punish som eone, I'll take it for her. Okay?"

"Elizabeth, you are a noble one. But I'm not going to punish her or you either. Not this time. I promise."

Elizabeth, just numbly nodded. Still crying.

"If I release you, will you stay here?"

The frightened girl just nodd ed.

"I need your help, but if you are going to run as well, I won't be as understanding in your case. Okay?"

"Yes. Master." The girl sighed. I reached forward and snapped open the cuffs. Allowing the girl her freedom, for now.

I sat up on the bench with Da ve. Lightly slapped his face. Bringing him out of the trance that he had dropped into after Elizabeth had stopped giving him head.

"Davey?"

"You fucking bastard. My daughter. You didn't have to hit her that hard."

I couldn't bring myself to tell him that h is daughter had asked me to do it. *I* was hardly touching her, considering what she'd been through before. Further, Elizabeth was in earshot, and at the moment I was respecting Jane's right to keep these masochistic tendencies to herself. At least amongst the captives.

"Dave. Forget about that for a moment."

"Shit. It's my daughter you are playing with. I swear I'm going to kill you for her."

"Dave. Listen to me." He cocked his head. "I need you to promise me that you are going to behave. I'm going to rele ase you from those ropes that Jane tied. But I can't have you attacking me. Understand?"

"Shit. You better watch yourself if you untie me, bucko."

"Dave. You don't understand. See those lovely women over there? Dora? Elaine? If you try anything. I swear, a nything. I'll make you wish that you hadn't. Their bodies will be so red from the welts, that you will be begging to do anything to stop them from hurting. They won't even be able to scream because their voices will be gone. Then I'll kill you. Is that cle ar?"

“Oh my God. You are an animal.”

“Now. Behave yourself. I’m going to get Elizabeth to untie you. Don’t think that you can threaten her either. I don’t particularly care if she gets hurt. But I’m betting you care if Elaine’s breasts are a pale colour or a nice angry red. Got it?” Actually, I did care about Elizabeth getting hurt. If anyone was going to hurt her, it would be me. But, I really wasn’t all that worried about Dave trying anything. It was the mother that I was worried about.

“Yeah. You bastard. I got it.”

“Elizabeth,” she had gone completely pale at this exchange. I had to be tough on him. Couldn’t afford not to. “I need you to untie this guy. I want you to cuff him to the bench first. I don’t need any trouble.”

“You’ve made yer point. You don’ t need to cuff me.”

I nodded to Elizabeth who picked up a pair of handcuffs and slipped them around Dave’s tied right wrist. Locking the other side to the bench slats. Then she knelt and began the tough job of undoing Jane’s knot job. Her fingers working at the knots.

Turning to the women, I crouched by Dora’s ear.

“Dora?”

She looked up at me. Still in tears.

“Please. Jane?”

“I’m going to see to her in a moment. She just needs to be left alone.”

“You aren’t going to punish her are you?” Pleading.

I shook my head.

“Thank God. I was going to offer myself instead.”

Jane had some friends here. That was for sure. “Dora, I’m going to untie you and Elaine first. Okay? But I don’t want you to cause any trouble. I’m going to let you completely free soon.”

She looked puzzled, but she probably didn’t understand about the time thing completely yet. I would have released them right away and saved myself a rope loosening job, but I sort of wanted Jane to know that I was actually going to adhere to my end of the bargain. Visual proof that she hadn’t been tortured in vain.

I slipped a pair of handcuffs joining Elaine’s right wrist to her mother’s left ankle, and Dora’s left wrist to Elaine’s right ankle. That would keep them out of trouble after the ropes were released.

Elaine looked up as me. “Oh God. I’m going to be untied?”

“You got it,” I murmured back to her. I began loosening the knots holding the women together. As Dora came free of Elaine, she rolled off her older daughter. The handcuffs still holding her head to toe, but a lot freer than the rope had provided.

I cut the ropes holding Elaine into her spread-eagled position. The women rubbing their limbs. Trying to get two days worth of cramps and strains eased. Crying a little at their freedom. Having to move together because of the cuffs, but managing.

Elizabeth still hadn’t quite finished with Dave, but she was close. Just the arms left. I wandered over to the bench in time to hear a very red-faced man tell an equally red-faced girl that she was pretty talented in the mouth department. A furtive glance at his wife. Elizabeth murmured something like that she was sorry and hadn’t wanted to do it. And finished with the final ropes. Dave, one hand free, stretched. Gasping as his cramped muscles made themselves known. Elizabeth rocked back on her knees leaning on her

hands behind her. Dave, adjusted himself, Trying to tuck himself back into his ruined pants, but making a decent job of it. Elizabeth just smiled to herself. She hadn't had anything to adjust herself in for days. Nakedness does have some advantages.

I touched Elizabeth. Her breathing was a lot more even now that the pressure was off. She actually seemed pleased at the red -faced compliment from Dave.

Pretending to be cross, I motioned her to another bench away from Dave. I handcuffed her loosely to the leg of the bench. Making her sit on the floor again. She just stuck her tongue out at me, knowing that I wasn't angry with her at the moment.

I just shook my head and turned away from them without a word. I began to w alk back the way Jane had run.

Chapter 60

I walked slowly in the direction that Jane had run. My running shoes making far less noise than her bare feet had made. I could sense her presence. Or rather the presence of her time shift. It was difficult to detect at all, but I knew that she wasn't very far. I was expecting her to be outside. As I approached the far end of the mall, I heard soft crying.

I wormed my way through the frozen people, following the soft sounds. I finally found her. Curled up near the entrance to a store. Curled up in a ball. Her knees to her chest. Just rocking herself. And quietly weeping. Not really caring that she was naked in the middle of a mall. She had removed the nipple clamps and they were lying on the floor at her toes.

She looked up as I approached. Miserable. Knowing that she was probably in a lot more trouble than she ever thought possible. Agonizing trouble. Tears running down her face. Scared. She looked down as our eyes met. She murmured something that I couldn't quite make out.

I sat down near her on the floor. She glanced up but couldn't keep looking at me. I was actually expecting more of an Amy response. Indignation. Anger. However, she managed to choke out between her sobs. "Please. Master. Th-this slave doesn't know what happened. Please. She doesn't even know how she got here."

"Honey. You ran."

"Oh God. P-please don't punish me. My legs."

I reached forward and gathered the crying woman into my arms. Stroked her hair. Whispered to her until she calmed herself. Finally, she managed to control herself and looked into my face.

"What happened?" she asked me.

"I was about to ask you the same question."

"Oh God. I don't know. All I remember is you coming over to torture me more, and then I was here. Crying. Please. I don't remember anything else. I swear it. I wouldn't. I wouldn't run. I know better than that. Why did you let me?"

"Jane, darling. I was coming over to comfort you. I pushed you too hard and you were upset. I touched your shoulder and you went berserk. My shoulder got vibrated and then you were off and running. Pell mell down here." I smiled at her kindly. Not wanting to panic her.

"Oh God," her face registered the enormity of what she'd done. Run. And perhaps the memory of her throwing the vibrator at me was returning. "Th-this slave is so sorry. She. She didn't mean it. Please. My legs hurt so much. I don't. She doesn't need to be punished. Oh God please." Her arms wound around me and she buried her face in my chest. Sobbing again. Thinking that she was going to get punished for her actions. Afraid. I couldn't blame her. Especially after the Amy incident.

"I'm not going to punish you. It was my fault."

"It-it was?" she was incredulous through the tears.

"It was. I pushed you much too far. You're only human. And you tried so hard. You didn't hurt me with that thing and you just needed to run. I understand. Don't think that you'll always get away with it, but this time it was my fault. No punishment required."

"Oh God. I'm. Th-this slave is still sorry. And she is so grateful." She buried her head in my chest again and I just held the weeping girl until she calmed down again.

"What happened?"

She was confused. "I. This sl-slave told you."

"No. I mean, what set this off? Why?"

"I don't really know. I. She doesn't remember." I just waited. She shifted herself in my arms. "Please. I. Th-this slave was. Please. My father. He hasn't seen me .. her nude s-since she was five. And you made me ... her touch my - herself. H-have sex. Oh God. I can't do this."

She was beginning to have trouble with the slave talk. I couldn't blame her. I don't think I'd ever seen her quite this upset. Even when I took her.

"Janey. Slave talk. Don't try. It's alright."

"Oh God. Thank you. I. I'm not sure what hap pened. I was hurting. Look at my legs." She held up one of her slim legs. Red angry marks were still evident across her calves. I hadn't realized that I had hit her that hard. Maybe it was a sensitive area? It's not as though I've ever been hit there. "I g uess I wasn't thinking straight. I thought that you were going to make me do something else. Torture me. Hit me more. I. I just couldn't handle it anymore. I guess I threw what I had at you and ran. I don't remember it." She'd fallen into quietly crying ag ain.

I just rocked her bare body for a while until she stopped again. I felt her body tense and then relax. She was looking up at me. Indecision on her face. Fright.

I spoke soothingly to her. She was like a rabbit. Needing comfort now. "What is it?"

"Please. I can't."

"You know better than that. What is on your mind?"

"How do you always know?"

"You can't hide much like that." Meaning her body language was accentuated when she was nude.

"A couple of things? Promise not to get mad?"

"What have you done?"

"Nothing." She responded quickly. "It's just that. Th-this slave ran away. And she knows that this is the worst thing she could do, other than trying to hurt her master. Oh yeah, she tried that too ..." I nodded. "Please. Will this affect you letting Mom and Dad and Elaine go? She didn't mean it. You can punish her later. She knows she was a bad girl."

All this girl wanted in the whole world was for me to release her family. Even after all the abuse I had heaped on her this afternoon. She would take more if it meant the family being released.

"Jane. Don't worry about it. I haven't let them go yet, but I have Elizabeth untying them right now. Is that all?"

"Oh God. I can't."

"What else?"

"Please. Th-this slave is confused."

"What's the matter?"

"You. You completely humiliated me. Forced me to m-masturbate in front of my father. You made me have sex with my mother. I was forced to break nearly every taboo ever taught to me. I had a damn vibrator in me. And you were whipping me. And I wanted more. I felt lik e a slut. Enjoying the pain. The sex. My pussy is still tingling. I'm

still fucking wet. It's not right. I feel so dirty. Why do you make me do these things? I'm sitting here half hoping that you'll hit me again, so I can feel the tingling. My body hates me. I swear it." The tears began to form again, but she somehow willed them away. She'd been in tears a lot today. I don't know where her small body came up with the moisture for them. "Why do I feel like this? Why?"

"Jane." I held her shaking body close. " I don't know. And I wish I did. I wish I had answers for you. All I know is that you are going to forget about all this. You might discover these things on your own one day. Or maybe not. But if you are feeling them now, you probably will too on the prime timeline. Some lover is going to want to tie you up one day. For fun. And you are going to enjoy it. Either way, it's alright to feel this way. Personally, I suspect that it is normal. But I have no idea why you feel that way. Why your body reacts as it do es. Just if you do discover it in the real world, make sure that you don't find an asshole like me to sleep with."

She just cried a bit more and then I felt her squirm a bit. Wanting out of my arms. I let her.

"Thanks for talking to me again. I. I don't kn ow what the hell is wrong with me." From her knees.

"I'm what's wrong with you Jane. You are in a really weird situation that I'm not about to let you out of. You are a strong girl, and you are adjusting a lot better than I had ever imagined. You did well today."

"Well enough for a present?"

I thought about it. Her face had brightened with the thought of anything. Any reward. They didn't have much. But it wouldn't be much of a present if she knew about it. Would it?

"Isn't sending your family back a gift en ough?" I teased her.

Her face fell a bit. "A slave shouldn't expect presents. Please, I'll be happy if you send my parents back. Please."

I helped her to her feet. She winced a bit as her weight pressed down on her bare, sore soles, but she didn't complain . We walked carefully and slowly towards the other end of the mall.

About halfway back to her parents, I stopped Jane. I guided her into a store. Her eyes questioning me.

"Pick out something nice. Something I'd approve of."

Jane glanced around the lingerie shop. Her eyes widening.

"For me? You are going to let me wear something?"

"Consider it a present. You can wear it for now. You were good today. Despite your little unapproved marathon."

She actually let out a little laugh and moved quickly through the st ore. Running her fingers over satin and silk. Trying to determine what I'd want her to wear. Knowing that to pick something too conventional would probably mean not getting to wear anything. I'm not sure I've ever seen a woman as anxious to wear lingerie.

She quickly made some choices and showed me.

"I can't tell. Put them on." She wandered towards the change rooms out of habit. I stopped her by calling her name. "You don't need a change room."

"Oh God. I keep forgetting."

I watched as she slipped on some s heer black stockings. A lacy garter belt. A very tight black lace bra and a pair of high cut panties over the stockings and belt. She looked gorgeous, although she looked wonderful nude as well.

"Just need a pair of high heels and you'd look like a playboy model." I was kidding about the shoes. No shoes for her. At least not yet.

She blushed. Knowing what she looked like. And not caring. Her body, her sexual parts were somewhat hidden. She reached up and kissed me.

"I don't hate you anymore."

"I know. Come on silly."

She pranced out on her stockinged feet, almost wanting to see her family again.

When we arrived, Elizabeth and Dave were quietly talking. Elaine and Dora were just quietly resting. Jane's eyes widened at the sight of her family. I guess still ge tting used to the fact that they were nude and she wasn't. She stopped as I touched her arm. I could see her body quivering. Wanting to run to her family.

Then they saw her. I saw her mother sigh. Probably glad that I'd allowed her clothing. No matter how skimpy. Her father, a quick look of lust, and then he fought that away. Jane did look ravishing in the lingerie. Elizabeth, an open look of jealousy. She probably couldn't believe that instead of punishing the girl, I'd dressed her. Albeit in lingerie. Master's prerogative.

I whispered to Jane. "I'm going to return them now. You want to say good -bye?"

Without having to be told again, she rushed forward. Practically leaping into her father's arms. Whispering urgently. Telling him that she'd be alr ight.

Slowly walking over and embracing her nude sister and mother. Quietly whispering to them as well. Meanwhile, I released Elizabeth from her bench. Pulling her off to the side letting Jane have a moment with her folks.

There were tears in her eyes as s he walked over to Elizabeth and I. Wanting them off this timeline and not wanting them to go. Knowing that she'd miss them. But that they'd be safe. She nodded to me and turned around to watch.

The family tensed as they felt the time flow adjust around the ir bodies. As the three of us watched, Dave popped off the bench and rematerialized bored in the women's clothing store. I heard Dora gasp as she saw what happened. Dora disappeared next. Back into the change room. I heard Jane whisper to herself, "Good -bye Elaine." And Elaine shimmered out of sight to reappear, blissfully unaware of her antics, back in the store. Fully clothed. Looking through dresses.

Elizabeth scampered forward and collected up the various restraints. Bits of rope. Handcuffs. Left the br oken vibrator on the floor. Placed everything in the pack and approached us, pack in hand. Jane just stood and stared at her freed family.

There were still tears brimming in Jane's eyes as we turned and walked away. She took one look back, let out a wrench ing sob, but turned around and allowed me to guide her outside.

Chapter 61

As we left the mall, I let Jane collapse on the sidewalk. She curled herself up again and just cried. Probably missing her family. I couldn't blame the girl for crying, and motioned for Elizabeth to join me as I moved away to give the crying girl a bit of privacy.

Shortly, she stopped shaking and unsteadily rose to her stockinged feet. Still sniffling, she padded over to where Elizabeth and I were waiting. Leaning against a compact car of some sort. A Civic, maybe.

She sank to her knees. Teary eyes quietly looking up at me.

"Thank-you." she whispered.

"For?"

"Letting me cry."

I just nodded at her. She ducked her head and let out one last sob. She raised her head again. I watched her battle to control her emotions. She raised her wrists. Offering them to me.

I loosely slipped a pair of handcuffs around her slender wrists. Not tightening them into her skin, but tight enough that she couldn't slip her hands out of them. She sighed and dropped her hands into her lap.

Knowing what was coming, Elizabeth, beside me, did the same.

I helped Jane to her feet. Her face brightened a bit as she glanced down at herself. No longer completely nude. Stockings. Bra. Panties. She wasn't covered much, but it was better than nothing. Better than walking around nude as Elizabeth still was.

"Girls? I want you to walk on ahead. We're heading back to the hotel. Nice day for a walk, don't you think? Walk where you like. Grass, road. Whatever."

They just nodded. Elizabeth, probably shocked that I wasn't leashing them and forcing them into an uncomfortable stroll blurted, "What, no gags?"

"Don't tempt me girlie."

The two girls, knowing that they'd pushed their luck further than would normally be allowed scampered on ahead. Talking between themselves quietly. I matched their pace, but let them get fifty meters or so ahead. They glanced back occasionally, but stayed on course. Walking through the grass at the side of the road softer on their unprotected feet than asphalt. I just lost myself in thought and watched them as they walked ahead. One nude girl strolling along with one in tight lingerie through the grass. Quite a picture.

I didn't want to end this timeline. It was paradise. The girls behaving. Having access to their beautiful bodies. No pressures. No stress. The complete feeling of freedom and control over the women. Knowing that I couldn't be caught. Finally being able to do these unspeakable pleasures. I was enjoying myself. Who wouldn't be?

But I knew it had to end eventually. I didn't have the strength to maintain this timeline forever. Nor would these girls be able to maintain the pace I'd set for them and still remain sane. Jane had really scared me today. I had pushed her far too hard. And timeline or no timeline, you could only push someone so far before they snapped. I was surprised that none of them had snapped yet. I guess Amy and Jane were the closest that I'd come to completely losing any of them. I really had to be more careful. Elizabeth was right. An insane or catatonic girl was absolutely no fun at all.

The girls had set a reasonably fast pace. We arrived back in at the hotel in about forty minutes or so. They were tired. Especially Jane. I could see it in her face. She was not going to be able to keep her eyes open for much longer. She was nearly asleep on her feet. It had been a long day especially for her. I was feeling tired myself, the activity and the maintenance of the timeline wearing me down a bit.

The girls trudged up the stairs ahead of me. Elizabeth leading. I was a bit apprehensive as we entered the suite. After all, I hadn't left Christi in significant bonds this time. I doubted it, but she could have released Amy and been planning to jump me as we entered. I needn't have worried. As we entered the suite, Elizabeth and Jane both cringed as we heard an agonized screech from the bedroom.

"Ahhhhhhh. Oh God. Please. For the love of God. My nipples. Hurt. Oh my God. Please no more. He doesn't have to know. You could stop. Pretend that you were hitting me. You don't know what this is like. My legs. Argh. Please not another one. Oh God. Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Christ. Christi. God. My tits. How can you do this to me? You must know how much this hurts. You have tits too . Oh God. Please. I'll be good. I'll do anything you want. Just no more. Oh God."

Amy's hoarse voice cried out her pain. It would appear that Christi was still doing exactly what I'd told her to do.

Christi emerged from the hallway. Padding barefoot back i nto the living area. Her head bent. Tears falling down her face. Leaving Amy to cry to herself back in the bedroom. It took her a moment, but she noticed us standing just inside the entrance. She sank to her knees. Her robe opening. She crawled forward as best she could with the handcuffs and latched herself onto my thigh. Turning her head up towards me.

"Please. Master. Allow your slave to stop. I. She can't do this anymore. Amy. Slave Amy. Has learned her lesson. Her breasts. Oh my God. I can't do this an ymore. Please let me stop. It's too much even for me. Her poor breasts. Please. I can't hit her anymore. She's in so much pain."

I gently took the crop from Christi's hands. The sobbing girl just stayed on her knees at my feet. I whispered to Jane and Eliz abeth, "Go sit down. It's okay. I'll deal with this."

Jane and Elizabeth walked to the furniture. Elizabeth settling in the easy chair, nude. Jane reclining on the sofa, stretching out her sheathed legs. Stretching her toes. Probably glad to be off their f eet.

I guided Christi to her feet. She unconsciously tried to wrap the beltless robe around her body, but finally gave up. She just stood in front of me letting it hang. Exposing one bare breast. Really erotic though she probably didn't think so.

We entered the bedroom. Amy was still in tears. Her bound body shaking. Pulling against the ropes that held her. Her breasts, poking through the ruined sweater, were both an angry red. Her thighs also bore some welts. Her nipples were a deep shade of red. Angry red welts covering them on a variety of angles. Leaving Christi by the doorway, I walked over to Amy and touched her cheek. Her eyes were still closed.

"Please don't hit me again. It's not time. Please."

I leaned down and kissed her on the lips. This made her open her eyes and realize that Christi wasn't the one touching her. Her eyes opened wide. Afraid to say anything further. I let my lips drop down her bound body and gently kissed the tips of both bare breasts. She cried out softly at the touches to her ac hing mounds.

I sat down in front of her. Waiting.

"P-Please. Can a slave speak?" she whispered.

I nodded.

"Please. I. Th-this slave is so sorry. She promises that it will never happen again. Oh God. Please don't hit me anymore. It hurts so much."

"You are ready to behave then?"

She nodded.

"Sure you don't need to be gagged again?"

"Oh please. God. No. I'll do whatever you want. Gladly. Oh God. Please let me go. Please don't let her hit me anymore. My tits are on fire. I'll do anything. I'll never talk back again. You can rape me. I'll crawl. I'll do anything you want." Pulling against the ropes. Breathing ragged.

"What if I want to keep having Christi hit you for a while more?" I heard Christi moan from the doorway.

"Oh God. Okay."

That was enough for me. I began to undo the ropes holding her ankles together. I removed the knee ropes and the ropes holding her torso so firmly to the chair. Finally removing the toe cords and the ropes holding her wrists to the bottom of the chair. She sat quietly as she was released. Waiting for permission to get out of the chair. I removed the cuffs from her wrists last. Unconsciously, she pulled her hands in front of her and rubbed the circulation back into her hands. She carefully traced a particularly angry looking welt on her right bare thigh. Gasping at the pain.

"Amy?"

She looked up at me. Her vision a bit glazed, tears still falling down her face. To her credit she still hadn't tried to cradle her damaged breasts.

"On your feet."

She stepped out of the chair, which had been her prison and torture chamber for the last few hours. Without even being told, she hooked her fingers into her panties and slipped them down her legs. Grasping the sweater, she pulled it over her head, crying out in pain as it dragged across her breasts. She reached behind herself and released the bra clip, allowing the ruined garment to fall to the floor. I could see the effort in her face as she forced herself to stand still, dropping her hands to her sides. Determined to please me.

Again without being told, she slipped to her knees. Looking up at me.

"Please. Master. Can slave Amy please hold herself? Please? My tits. They hurt."

I was beginning to see that she had purposely restrained herself from cradling her own breasts, despite the pain. Hoping to please me by asking my permission. To show her subservience. To show that she'd learned her lesson. Trying her best to use the slave talk that Jane had taught her so long ago. And doing a passable job too.

I nodded. A bit surprised that she had thought of this on her own. But I guess one thinks of ways to be pleasing after enduring the pain that she had. As soon as I nodded, Amy raised her arms. Closing her eyes, trying to block out the pain as her hands explored her breasts. Cradling them. Trying to ease the pain inflicted by the crop. Crying out as even her own light touches burned her abused nipples.

I saw her look up at me. She was crying again. She managed to whisper, "Th-thank you for releasing me." She knew that the punishment could have gone on indefinitely. Her screaming and in pain until she passed out.

I motioned Christi over. She walked over and crouched beside me. I whispered to her. “Get some cereal. Okay?” She nodded and walked from the room towards the kitchen. I sat on the bed, watching the crying and shaking girl on the floor in front of me.

Christi returned moments later with some cereal awash in milk between her bound hands. She looked at me questioningly. I motioned to her and she bent and placed th e bowl on the floor in front of Amy.

Without any hesitation at all, the tormented girl fell to her hands and knees. Gasping as her sore breasts swung beneath her. She tentatively let her tongue snake out of her mouth and lapped at the food. She had to be f amished. This had all started because she wouldn’t eat her breakfast. She began eating her food with a little more enthusiasm. Almost like a dog or cat. Spilling a fair bit, but managing to get some into herself. After she had licked the bowl clean, Christ i bent to the still crying girl. Whispered something in her ear. She nodded and bent herself to eat the spilled cereal and milk from the floor. Cleaning up thoroughly with her tongue.

Quite a change from this morning/afternoon. But I guess having one’s bre asts tortured for the entire day would be fairly convincing. I had Christi get some ointment from the bathroom. Cuffing Amy’s hands behind her and holding her to prevent the inevitable struggling, I had Christi apply some of the soothing gel to Amy’s breas ts. After the initial pain of anything touching the sensitive mounds, she began to moan as the gel settled in and soothed the burning skin. Christi had been careful with the crop. Still no broken skin. But those welts were going to be tender for days. But for the most part, Amy would be fine after a rest and a few hours of relief from the constant pain.

After the gel had been mostly absorbed by her red skin, I guided the two girls to their bare feet and out into the living area. Amy was still quietly crying . But the intensity of the crying had diminished considerably.

Christi’s eyes widened as she saw the lingerie gracing Jane’s body. I suppose in her distress earlier, she probably hadn’t noticed. Jane was quietly sleeping. Her breasts rising and falling with a regular rhythm. Elizabeth raised her chained hands to her lips and motioned for us to be quiet.

I whispered to Christi and Amy. “Quietly, go kneel by Elizabeth.” The two girls hurried to obey. I wandered over to the sofa. Looking at the sleeping girl’s peaceful face. I gathered her up in my arms and lifted her gently. She didn’t stir. I carefully carried the sleeping lady back to the bedroom.

Stretching her out on the bed, I carefully released her bound wrists. I began to undress her. Removing the const ricting bra. Slipping the panties off her body. She stirred and mumbled something as I slipped the stockings down her legs leaving her nude once again. She awakened with a start as I slipped the handcuffs back onto her right wrist. Locking it to the bedpos t. Probably the cold steel against her pale skin awakening her. She cried out softly.

“Shhhhh. It’s okay. Go back to sleep.”

“My clothes ...” she glanced down at her again bare body.

“I’ll let you put them back on later. Sleep time.”

Her fuzzy mind wasn’t completely operational. “I don’t mind. You are going to let me sleep in the bed? With only this?” She rattled the handcuff.

I had never allowed her to sleep in the bed. And normally I bound her up tight to sleep. This time, she'd really been through a lot. I nodded. She wasn't going anywhere tonight. The handcuff would hold her.

"A slave girl thanks you." I looked at her a bit quizzically. "For the bed and for letting her parents go and for being lenient on her."

"Lenient?" I thought I had been pretty hard on her today. Especially with her parents, but also forcing her to confront her masochism again. I knew that these things bothered her.

"This slave knows that you could have made her do worse things than you did. She is grateful that you didn't. She knows that you should have punished her for lots of things today, but that you didn't. I. She knows that she shouldn't have taken off the nipple clamps without permission. She knows that she shouldn't have run and she knows that she never should have thrown thin gs at you. Thank you. You can still punish her, you know." A mischievous grin graced her mouth. She'd be all right, after all. To give her credit, I had never even mentioned her taking off the nipple clamps without permission. At the time, I had other thin gs to worry about. Like a very very upset female.

I kissed the top of her head. "Good night, sweetheart. Sleep well. Pleasant dreams." I switched off the light.

She sighed and curled herself up on her side. Her cuffed wrist extended, her head lying peacefu lly on her outstretched arm. On her side. Legs askew. In seconds she was breathing regularly again. Her eyes moving gently back and forth beneath the closed lids. Fallen back into a deep sleep. God knows what she was dreaming.

I watched her. Realizing that this was probably the way she normally slept, minus the handcuffs, of course and perhaps minus the nudity. But I would never have gotten the chance to see it if I'd bound her up tight again.

I left the room quietly. Leaving her to her dreams.

Chapter 62

I was tired. The other girls were tired. Elizabeth had been somewhat overwhelmed by the mall experience. Christi had had a long day. And Amy just needed some rest after her long ordeal. Amy and Elizabeth hadn't gotten enough sleep the previous night anyway.

I had to decide what to do with the women before falling asleep. Thankfully I wasn't nearly as tired as I had been over the last couple of days. Maybe my body and mind were getting used to the stresses of time control.

I motioned Christi to her feet. She rose and walked over to where I was standing. She held up her wrists when asked and I removed the cuffs from her. She pleaded with her eyes as I reached forward and slipped the robe from her shoulders. Not having done anything to deserve what she felt was punishment. But she knew better than to complain. I touched her arm in reassurance, and she blushed. Blushed because she was completely uncovered again, I guess. But I wasn't angry. There was no punishment here. I just wanted the girls bare for the sleep period. The other two were already that way.

I picked up Christi's wrist and put the handcuffs on her again. She whined a bit, but accepted the restraints. I motioned for the other two to rise, which they did. I moved Elizabeth's hands behind her back. Again, a hurt look. She didn't think that she deserved to be handcuffed behind her back. I touched her arm to reassure her, but she was a little cranky or preoccupied. Just turning her head away. Understandable.

I spoke to the girls.

"Elizabeth, if you behave, I'm going to let you sleep on the couch. Okay? And Amy? I'm afraid you've earned a place on the floor. Christi. Bedroom floor for you tonight. Jane deserves the bed. For tonight."

Elizabeth spoke first. "Please. I'll sleep on the floor if you'll let Amy sleep on the couch. Look at her." Glancing at the bare girl's red and angry breasts. "Please. She's uncomfortable enough without having to sleep on the floor."

Amy was about to say something but I cut her off. "Elizabeth. You are a noble soul. I'll give you that. But Amy's behaviour today doesn't warrant comfort for sleep. Don't you think?"

Amy just numbly nodded and Elizabeth just swallowed. The girls were protective of one another. I doubt if Amy would have accepted the sofa anyway.

I motioned Amy to the floor and she sank to her knees on the carpet. She used her bound hands to help lower herself to her side. I crouched beside her.

"Amy?" She looked up at me. The tears from her punishment still hadn't quite stopped. "Do you think that you deserve to be hog-tied for your sleep."

She stared at me, tears brimming in her eyes. "Please. Master. A slave begs that she isn't forced to sleep in a hog-tie again. Please. My tits hurt so much." Envisioning her breasts pressed against the floor. Her muscles cramping from a night in a hog-tie.

"But do you deserve it?"

"I. This slave. Please. I suppose."

"So you'd be happy if I just tied your ankles and knees? And not connect them to your hands? Let you sleep on your side?"

"A slave would be grateful. Please. You don't need to tie her up at all."

"I know. But you have to realize that your behaviour this morning was not acceptable."

“This slave knows.” She brought her legs close together. Offering her ankles to me to tie together. I wrapped her slende r ankles in rope. Trying to make sure that her circulation wasn’t being impeded. Did the same above her knees. She shouldn’t be that uncomfortable for the night. Better than a strict hog -tie anyway. I decided to give her a break and retrieved a throw pillo w. Tucking it up under her head. Allowing her some comfort despite the other bondage. She smiled a bit. Whispering “Thank -you”, as I rose to take care of Elizabeth.

Elizabeth had already moved to the sofa. Stretching herself out. Lying back on her bound hands. I rummaged for a pair of ankle restraints. Wrapped the steel around her left ankle and attached it to the leg of the sofa. No complaints from bound nude girl.

I rose and motioned for Christi to join me. Together we walked to the hallway to the bedroom. As we entered the hallway, I switched off the light for Elizabeth and Amy. I heard Elizabeth cry out softly. As I was turning to move back to the bedroom, I heard a tentative voice from the sofa.

“M-Master?”

“Wait here,” I whispered to Christi. Pressing her shoulders, having her sink to her knees.

I stumbled through the dark room and crouched by the sofa.

“What is it Elizabeth?”

“Oh God. I can’t.”

“You dragged me away from my bed, which incidentally I’m looking forward to. You better be able to. Whatever it is.”

“Oh God. Here goes,” she whispered. “I can’t believe I’m doing this. Please. You remember in the mall? When I offered you something?”

I wasn’t sure if she was referring to taking Jane’s place, or what? It didn’t make sense. “I remember some things. Elizabeth, I’m tired. What is it?”

“Oh God. I offered myself. To you. For better treatment?”

“Yes ...”

“What if I told you that it wasn’t entirely for you?”

“Huh?” Dense male that I am.

“Oh God. You are going to make me ask. Aren’t you?” I was just getting more confused by the second. Maybe my mind was foggy. I was tired. Or maybe I’m just a dumb male. “What if I told you that I’m available without the need for better treatment?”

“I know that.” Still not quite understanding where she was going with this. I could take advantage of them without rhyme, reason, or deals. That was the beauty of having sex slaves. They had very little to offer me that I couldn’t just take.

“Oh God. I can’t. Please. I ... nee d ... you. Please.”

The light dawned on me. She was trying, in her own subtle way, to ask me for relief. Sex. She was turned on and I was a complete idiot. I touched her shoulder, feeling the heat of her body. She squirmed against her restraints. Her body shaking. Perhaps crying a bit in the dark.

I rose quietly and walked back to Christi. She was still obediently kneeling in the hallway waiting for me. I crouched down and took her face in my hands. I whispered to her.

“Christi. I’ve got ... ahhh ... someth ing to discuss with Elizabeth for a moment. Okay? Can you take care of yourself? Find a comfortable place in the bedroom?”

Christi just looked at me. A hint of jealousy resurfacing in her eyes.

"Can I take a shower before I go to sleep? I've been dying for one since you left. But I wasn't sure if I'd be punished if I just took one without permission." I hadn't let any of the girls shower before bed tonight. Intending to have them shower first thing in the morning.

"Christi, you can take one in the morning w ith the others. Okay?"

Tears formed in her eyes, but she just nodded.

"Can I clean up then? Wash my face? Brush my teeth? Please?"

I nodded to her and she nearly jumped to her bare feet. Padding down to the bathroom without another word. I just shook my he ad and rose from the crouch. I walked quietly back to Elizabeth. Dropping down beside her. Oblivious that Amy could probably hear us.

"What's up, Elizabeth?"

"Oh God. Please. Don't."

"Come on. Doesn't make sense."

"Do you think that guys are the only ones to have urges?"

"I guess not. But I didn't think that you females were as anxious for sex."

"I wouldn't be if you'd leave me unchained for a while. I can take care of myself, you know."

"Now that I'd like to see."

"Oh God."

"Relax. I'm just talking to you. I'm not going to make you do anything you don't want to do. Not now. Not tonight. I'm far too tired."

"It's. It's just that. Oh God. Think about it. I've been naked and tied up for days. You've made me watch the most erotic damn shows that I've ever seen. And that is surprising. I've seen tons of porns. And you haven't given me any opportunity for release. I'm not sure that I like it. But I can't help it. I'm horny. There. I've said it. If you don't want to, just untie my hands for a half hour. Please. I'l l let you tie me up again afterwards. I swear it. Where am I going to go?" She rattled the chain holding her ankle. "I just want relief. Honest. Please? I'll do whatever you want."

"How do you want it?"

"Huh?" Her turn to be confused.

"What do you want? Yo u want intercourse? Or do you just want to orgasm? Manually? What were you thinking about?"

"I have a choice?"

"Yup. Too tired to think. Too tired to impose my wants on you. Don't get used to it."

"Oh God. You remember. You made me. Oh God. You made me s -suck that guy?"

"Uh-huh."

"I don't believe I'm doing this. I can't get the picture out of my mind. Me on my knees. Doing that to you. God. I never realized that it could feel so good for the girl too."

Well. Now I was very interested. "Interesting."

"Oh God. Then after you come in my mouth, I swallow it and you do it back to me. You don't even have to untie me." She'd obviously thought about this. She was horny. And I hadn't even known. Like I said; dense.

I lifted her feet and guided her to her knees. She adjusted herself as best she could with her hands still bound behind her. I stood and pulled off my clothes in the dark. I lowered myself onto the sofa in front of her kneeling body. Her silhouette just becoming visible.

She moaned a bit as she engulfed me with her soft warm mouth. I guided her, hands resting lightly on her bobbing head. Her tongue doing wonderful things. Her moans emerging around the penis in her mouth. Feeling wonderful. After the day, and the erotic shows I'd orchestrated, this felt unbelievably good. I had to slow her down. Adjusting her rhythm. Slowing down my unavoidable climax. Scenes flashing through my mind. Amy punished. Kimberly tormented. Jane climaxing so unwillingly. Jane humiliated with her family. The nude and handcuffed girl, so eager to have me in her mouth. Working. Lightly sucking. Her teeth lightly grazing my sensitive flesh. Head bobbing. I could feel the tension rising in my body. Gripping her hair. Making her cry out around me. Forcing her head down. Gasping for breath as I exploded into her. Muscles tensing. Relaxing. Pumping into her. Feeling her frantically swallowing. The orgasm seemed to last forever, but was probably only fifteen seconds. I released her hair. Letting he r off me. Felt her breath on me. Felt her tongue. Still licking at me. Cleaning me.

I touched her face. Tracing her lips. Still finding wetness there. Probably what she wasn't able to swallow fast enough. Feeling her tongue trace over my fingers. I touched her arm, her rising to her feet. Sitting back on the sofa.

I guided her legs apart. Willingly, she spread her legs. I crawled up between them. Feeling her tense. Probably thought I was heading for intercourse. But I stopped well short of that. Merely lyin g between her legs. Feeling her heat. Lightly stroking her breasts. Her hard, erect nipples. Lightly pinching. Her gasping. Breathing erratically.

I leaned back. Teasing her. Running my fingers along her lips. Tracing her vulva. She squirmed at the touch. Wanting more. Begging quietly for more. Trying to press herself into my fingers. Crying softly. Pulling at the chains that held her. Frustrated. Wanting to touch herself. But couldn't.

Finally I slipped a finger between her lips. Her body almost went rigid . Tensing. Finally letting her breath out. Softly calling out. "Master. Oh God. Master."

I slipped a finger inside her. Two. She pressed down. Trying to get them deeper into herself. Crying out. Wanting more. I traced her breast again. She was lost in the sensations. Not caring if Amy, or Christi heard anymore. Not caring about anything except the maddening tease going on between her legs. Finally, leaving my fingers inserted into her, I lowered myself to her. Searching out her erect clitoris with my tongue . Gently licking and sucking at her. Tasting her. Working my fingers slowly back and forth. She pressing herself down onto my face. Crying out. It didn't take long; she was more than ready. I felt her gather in her breath. One last press. One last flick of my tongue across her. She exploded. Screaming. Her body spasming. I felt her internal muscles pressing on my fingers. Milking them. Her orgasm nearly threw me off her.

After she seemed done, I slipped my fingers from her. She gasped at the sensations. Her body still twitching a bit.

I moved away from her. Raising her leg back up onto the sofa. Turning her gently on her side. I kissed her on the mouth. Feeling her tongue gently touch my lips. Tasting herself.

She whispered to me, “Thank you. I know you coul d have used this against me. Tormented me with my own body. But you didn’t. Thank you. Maybe you aren’t so much of a bastard after all.” She pulled again at the handcuffs holding her wrists.

I smiled. Hard to punish a woman to whom you’ve just made love. E ven if she had just practically called me a bastard.

“Sleep well.”

“I will now.”

I crouched down to Amy.

“You okay?”

She mumbled. Half asleep. “How the hell is a girl supposed to sleep with all that racket going on?”

“I see you’re fine. Sleep well.”

“Right.” But I suspect that she was almost back to sleep as she made the sarcastic comment.

I gathered up my clothes. Listening to the girls. Both of them breathing regularly. Hard to tell in the dark, but I could swear that they were both fast asleep already.

Chapter 63

I padded back to the bedroom. Carrying my clothes. I slipped into the darkened room. There was a sliver of light emerging through the heavy curtains, but it only served to eerily light the room. Jane was sleeping peacefully on her side. Christi was curled up at the foot of the bed. Her bound wrists under her head. Feet tucked up. She had settled on the only carpeted portion of the floor.

I crept across the floor. Trying to keep quiet. Not to wake the girls.

As I passed by Christi, I heard her stir.

"M-Master?" she whispered.

"Shhhhh. Go to sleep."

"Please."

I knelt down on the carpet in beside her.

"I'm really tired, Christi, what is it?"

"You made love to her. Didn't you?" A touch of jealousy in her voice.

"What's going on? Why do you care?"

"Oh God." I could sense the tears falling from her eyes. Silently.

"Christi?" I touched her shoulder. It was shaking.

"You. I. Don't know."

I opted to tell her the truth. "Elizabeth just wanted some relief. She was horny. That's all."

"So you had sex with her."

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Isn't that self-explanatory?"

"Oh God. Do you like her?"

"Uhhhh. What's going on, Christi? I like all of you. Or I wouldn't have taken you. What's the point in having a girl naked around all the time if you don't fi nd her attractive?"

"I just thought. I don't know. I'm being stupid. As usual. I just thought that we. That I could take care of your needs." She was crying now.

After everything I'd done to her. After all the abuse. All the degradation. All the humiliation. Everything. She still was attracted to me. Now, I really didn't know what the hell to do. I never expected this. Horny women, yes. Even horny women that might need me for sexual release. I could understand this. But Christi was falling beyond that. Jane had warned me.

Damned if I was going to return her though. I'd invested too much time in her to just let her go because her emotions were running wild.

"Christi. You don't want to do this to yourself. You are just feeling weird. I've put you in a very odd situation. You are completely controlled. Your life has changed. Completely. And you simply don't have anyone else. Think about it. You are a slave. I keep you naked. You have nothing to hide."

"But. I feel so. So bizarre."

"Of course you do. But believe me. I'm going to let you go eventually. You are going to forget this reality ever existed."

"Why don't I hate you?"

“I have no idea. You should.”

“I don’t.” Probably as close as she was going to come to admitting that she was falling for me.

“Christi. You have to understand. This reality is for me. I love when you wake me up with kisses and sex. I love it when you press against me. But you have to understand that you aren’t the only one here. I can’t fall in love with you.”

“I know.” She was really starting to cry now. I reached forward to pull her into my arms. She pliantly let me.

I let her cry for a while. Just soft weeping. She finally cried herself out.

“Can a slave wake you tomorrow?”

I touched her face. “Christi, I would like nothing better.”

She sniffled and squirmed. Wanting out of my arms. I let her. She curled herself back up on the throw rug. Shivering a bit.

I hadn’t really considered the girls comfort before tonight. Didn’t seem important. But if I was going to keep them for any length of time, I had to temper the amount of idle abuse that I put their bodies through.

I padded out to the linen closet and retrieved four blankets and a pillow. I walked back out the living room. Elizabeth and Amy were gently snoring. I carefully covered their bare bodies. Noticing that Amy was really cold. She was shivering in her sleep. Neither stirred.

Going back to the bedroom, I slipped the pillow under Christi’s head. She wasn’t completely asleep yet, and she mumbled something sleepily. Probably a thank -you. I covered her naked body with the blanket and she unconsciously pulled the blanket under her chin with her bound hands. Drifting back to sleep.

I climbed up onto the bed. Jane stirred in her sleep. Softly crying out. Dreaming. She tried to turn over. Her bound wrist pulling her up sharply. Again she cried out. Partially awakening. I leaned over her body and released the cuff from the scratched bedpost. I touched her shoulder and she obediently turned herself towards me in her sleep. I carefully pulled her limp wrists together in front of her and connected them using the cuffs. She murmured something in her sleep.

I worked myself under her. Allowing her to use my shoulder as a pillow. She murmured something else and snuggled herself against me. Her body was cool. Probably attracted to my body heat. I covered both of us with the last blanket and drifted off to sleep feeling her soft warm breath against my bare chest.

Chapter 64

I was awakened by a pair of soft lips against my own. As I opened my eyes, still a litt le bleary with sleep, I felt rather than saw her tongue trace along my lips. I sighed.

Within seconds of awakening, I felt another tingling sensation and suddenly my penis was engulfed in a warm, soft cavern. Finally, coming awake I could see the brunette beauty softly, erotically tracing my lips. Kissing me.

I could only assume that the blonde girl was working between my legs. Between them, I was pretty aroused. I reached up and traced Jane's breast causing an unconscious gasp. The movements between my leg s were teasing. I could feel her tickling the testicles with her fingers as she sucked. I was just feeling the climax approaching when Christi moved. She simply stopped. I moaned in frustration. Jane still kissing me.

I felt a body moving around. Finally felt a different touch; tight, warm and wet slip over me. Slowly moving. Rhythmically. I could hear Christi's soft voice crying out. I could just see the back of her blonde mane falling down her back as she rode me. Slowly quickening the pace. Until there w as simply no holding back any longer. Jane's mouth. Christi's sex. I exploded into Christi. Crying out. Thrusting into her. Jane's tongue touching mine.

I collapsed back into the bed. Gasping for breath. Jane gave me one last kiss and settled back. Kneelin g on the bed. Christi slipped off me to kneel beside Jane. I finally opened my eyes. Christi was flushed. Jane was just breathing a little hard.

"What was that for?" I asked the two nude, handcuffed girls kneeling on the bed.

Christi just blushed. Jane ans wered. "Christi wanted to. And I figured you deserved a few kisses for letting me go from the bed." She rattled her joined wrists.

"How long you been up?"

"A couple of hours."

"Breakfast?"

"Not yet. Didn't want to get in trouble."

Christi looked at me. Sti ll flushed. Still breathing hard. "Please," she breathed.

"What's the matter, Christi?"

"Oh God. I. I still need. Please."

It dawned on me that she hadn't climaxed yet. But I was finished for a while. No way, even with the most intense images of nude women handcuffed in my bed, was I going to be ready for a while yet.

I teased her. "Do you think you deserve an orgasm?"

"Oh God. Yes. Please."

"How?"

"Pardon?"

"How would you like an orgasm? Manually? Orally? Intercour se? Yourself?"

"Oh God. Orally." She closed her eyes.

"Christi. Good thing you didn't want intercourse." I didn't really feel like giving her oral sex. Not after I'd just had intercourse with her. "Will Jane do?"

"Oh God. Please. I'd rather you did it."

"Not gonna happen this morning. I'll do it for you later if you like."

"Oh God. Can I change my mind?" Realizing her error. "Oh God. Jane. Please. No offense intended." She kissed Jane's cheek.

"No problem. None taken," Jane looked relieved a bit.

"You can change your mind," I allowed her. I had just had sex with two gorgeous women. Christi's idea. I was in a decent mood.

"Oh God. Will you let me do myself?"

"If we can watch."

"Do I have a choice in that?"

"Hell, no." I almost laughed.

She closed her eyes. Letting her hands run over her body. Lightly stroking her breasts. Her nipples. Her left hand stealing between her legs. Stroking her lips. Slipping inside. Still kneeling. She brought her fingers up from her pussy. Running them under her nose. Smelling her own musk. Lightly sucking them. Running her fingers down her body again. Entering herself. Slowly. Sensually exciting herself further. Eyes closed. Completely oblivious to Jane and I. Jane watching the show with wide open eyes.

I could hear the chain between her wrists rattling against her skin as she explored her own body. Slipping her hands further south. Touching her anus. Crying out softly. Slipping her fingers back between her legs. Legs apart. Rubbing around her clitoris. Finding her own unique rhythm. Moaning as she pushed herself further and further. Finally falling over the edge. Two fingers pressed into her vagina. Making small circles against her sex. Crying out. Trying to keep upright. Falling towards the foot of the bed. Still moaning. Breathing raggedly. Fingers still slowly rubbing herself.

She lay on her side. Recovering. Finally opened her eyes and smiled at us. Whispering to me, "Thank you for letting me climax."

I looked at Jane. "You okay?"

"I'm fine. Really. If you want me to masturbate, I will. But I don't really need it."

I nodded to her. "If you don't want it, don't worry about it. Up to you."

Christi struggled back to her knees.

"M-master?"

"Yes?"

"Can a slave take a shower now? She really needs one."

"Sure. I'll join you in a moment." I reached forward and released her wrists. "Make sure you clean your feet." She turned her back and looked down at her bare feet. They were dusty from the floors and such.

Christi turned her blonde head back to me, grinning. "I'll make sure. Can I use hot water?"

Since I was going to join her it only seemed prudent. "Go on. Use all the hot water you want. I'll be joining you shortly."

Christi scrambled off the bed. And scampered into the bathroom. In seconds I could hear the water running and the happy girl began to sing in the shower. Didn't recognize the tune.

I turned my attention back to Jane. Still kneeling quietly on the bed.

"Why'd you let me go from the bed post?"

"You were pulling against it. Wanted to turn over."

"Since when do you care if I'm comfortable or not?"

"You had a really rough day yesterday. And I wanted some company."

"Oh. I slept on you all night, you know. I was surprised when I woke up nestled into you."

"You minded?"

"I don't have the choice to mind."

"If I'd given you the choice."

"I didn't mind. I kissed you this morning didn't I?"

"I still haven't quite figured you out."

"And you never will. I intend to make sure of that," she grinned mischievously.

"You want a shower?" I asked her.

She nodded.

"Join us." I released her hands. Tossing the handcuffs onto the bed to join Christi's. I touched her arm. Together we walked into the already steamy bathroom. Stepped into the shower. Drawing the second girl in with me.

Christi was just finishing her hair. Rinsing out the shampoo. She finished quickly and gave up the spray, allowing Jane to soak herself. Christi immediately began to soap my body. Working the soap into everywhere. Her soft hands causing the typical male reaction. She teased me a bit, but I had no intention of allowing it to go any further. I had things to do today. And I wanted my sex drive at it's peak.

Finishing me, I rinsed. Ordered Christi to wash Jane and stepped out of the spray. I toweled off and dressed before the dripping women emerged from the shower stall. I sat on the counter just enjoying the sight of the girls drying themselves and styling their hair. Making themselves up. Their glistening bodies nearly driving me nuts. And they knew it. No longer shy, they were purposely running their hands up and down their own bodies. Occasionally touching each other. Pouting. Helping each other with make up.

I should just watch them more often. Female things can be fascinating. Especially when said females are completely nude. They finished off and stepped in front of me. I looked them up and down. Whistling my approval.

They both grinned. Christi gave a wistful look at the bath robes. Remembering the feel of being covered yesterday. I debated allowing them the robes for the morning. They had been overly willing to please this morning. That should be worth something.

I reached forward to the robe on the rack. Removed the belt.

"One robe. Who wants it?"

Together. "Me!"

I just cocked my head to the side and looked at them.

Christi broke the silence. It must have been really hard for her. "Jane. Let Jane wear it today. I had my chance yesterday. I don't mind."

Jane, suddenly looking guilty. "It's alright. I don't mind either. Let Christi wear it. I'll be fine."

I tossed the robe to Jane. Christi's face fell, but she managed to force a smile. Jane, all smiles shrugged into the bathrobe. Being smaller than Christi, it fit a bit better than the robe I'd put on Christi yesterday. I gently lifted Jane's arms and slipped the handcuffs back on her. No complaints. Christi, resigned to the restraints, lifted her wrists as well.

I just looked at her. "Don't you want to put on your robe first?"

Her face registered disbelief and almost pure joy. She nodded. Tears almost forming. I nodded to her and she raced back to the bedroom where she'd left the robe. She returned with it. Still not putting it on. Standing in front of me. She finally shrugged her shoulders into the terrycloth and wrapped it around her body. Lifting her wrists much more happily. Allowing me to cuff them.

The robes really didn't afford them much protection without the belts. I still got plenty of flashes of their shining skin as they moved. And it made them happy. I figured they deserved some happiness, consid ering my plans for them. They weren't going to be overly happy about them later.

"Christi? Care to make some breakfast?"

"Gladly. I'm famished."

"What would you like for breakfast?"

She hung her head. "Cereal?" It's practically what they had subsisted on f or days. She was obviously just saying what she thought I wanted to hear.

"Really?"

"Can I really choose?" Not believing me. I knew that they had to eat something a little more filling. They were going to need their energy today.

"What would you really lik e?"

"You'll let us eat?"

"If you don't tell me, you'll never know, will you?"

"I. Please. I just don't want you to take it away."

"Christi. If I'm going to take it away from you, then there is precious little you can do about it."

"Pancakes."

"Pancakes?"

"Oh God. I would do almost anything for a big plate of pancakes."

"Christi. If I told you to, you *would* do *anything* for those pancakes."

"Oh God. What do I have to do?"

"Cook them?"

Relief. Pure relief on her face.

"Can your slave please make breakfast now? Before you change your mind?"

"Go." I smiled at her.

She practically ran to the kitchen. I heard her toss a casual, "Good morning," to the women still bound in the living area.

Jane and I walked out to living area. Amy was squirming on the ground unde r her blanket. Trying to find a comfortable position. She looked up hopefully from her position on the floor as Jane and I entered. I crouched down beside her.

"Good morning. How's the breasts?"

"They still hurt." Tears almost forming in her eyes.

I lifted off the blanket. Checked her breasts. Still an angry red. Some of the worse welts were still visible as a pale red criss -crossing her nipples. I traced the worst of the lot. One I think I placed on her body. She cringed and tried to stay still. Te ars forming out of her eyes.

"Amy?"

"Yes?"

"Are you going to behave this morning?"

"God. Yes. Please. I don't want any more punishment. Ever."

"What are you?"

"Anything you want." She lowered her eyes as she said the words. No hesitation. "Your slave. Your pet. Your slut. Your bitch. Anything you want me to be. I'll behave. I swear it."

I kissed her cheek. “Good girl. I’m impressed. Guess I won’t have to punish you further.” I began to loosen the knots holding her legs together. Her legs finally free, she stretched them. I released her hands and she automatically rose to a kneeling position.

“Do you want a shower?”

“Oh God. I’d do anything for one. I don’t even care if it’s cold or not.”

“Go on, you scamp. Enjoy a nice hot shower. Get everything clean. Eliza beth will join you in a moment. Make sure she is clean as well.”

Amy rose to her bare feet and practically ran to the bathroom. Moments later I heard the shower running again and her happily splashing. I motioned Jane to sit in the easy chair, which she di d as I approached the last bound woman. I whipped the blanket from her body. She blushed as her bare body was exposed. Perhaps remembering what she had done last night. I actually thought I could still see some of my semen dried on her chin. I bent down an d gently kissed her nipples. They hardened obediently. Probably just a reflex response. But it sure wasn’t a reflex response last night.

I casually unlocked her ankle from the restraint. Lightly slapping her thigh. She gasped. I looked into her eyes.

“Good morning.”

She responded with a cautious, “Good morning.”

“Sleep well?” She sat up and I turned her so that I could get at her wrists. Releasing them from the steel as we talked.

“I did. You?” Almost like a hesitant lover. Not quite sure of what had happen ed the night before. Regret?

“I slept fine. Care to shower?”

“I think I need it.” She wrinkled her pretty upturned nose.

I gave her a playful slap on the rump. “Go on. But make sure that Amy washes you. Understand?”

“I understand.” She bent to my ear and w hispered low so Jane couldn’t hear. “Thank-you for last night. That’s the best I’ve felt in a long, long time.”

I wasn’t sure if she meant before or after she was taken. But it didn’t really matter. I turned my head and gently kissed her on the cheek.

She rose and padded off to her shower. I sat back in the sofa and just let my eyes travel over Jane’s body. Her robe had fallen completely open and Jane hadn’t bothered to adjust it. She flushed at my scrutiny but didn’t move.

Finally she remarked, “You want t o take this away from me, don’t you?”

“I will eventually. You look nice right now. I won’t take it away.”

“Thank-you,” she murmured. “How come you are being nice to us this morning?”

“Nice is relative. You are still mostly naked. And you are handcuffed. If I’d told you four days ago that this was going to be your life you wouldn’t have thought I was being nice at all.”

“True. Relative or not, you are being nice. You’re planning something, aren’t you?”

“Of course. I’m always planning something.” Though I knew what she meant.

“I mean. You are being nice to offset what you are going to make us do. We aren’t going to like it much are we?”

“Have you liked anything that I’ve put you through.”

“Some things.” She flushed c ompletely. I knew she meant that some of the punishments had turned her on. She knew I knew.

“I mean in general.”

“Not really.”

“You think any of the others like me forcing them to do things?”

“I don’t think Christi minds.”

“She minds. Her judgment is clou ded a bit.”

“Tell me about it. Care to tell your slave what you are planning for us?”

“That would ruin the surprise. Wouldn’t it?”

“I guess.”

Amy and Elizabeth walked out of the hallway. Elizabeth hadn’t dried her hair. It was still dripping onto her bare shoulders. Amy was dazzling. The shower having reduced the small aches and pains that had plagued her from the night spent tied on the floor. Her breasts were still a little red and I’m sure were tender to the touch, but she didn’t seem particularly phased as she practically bounced into the room. Probably just happy she wasn’t in for punishment this morning.

Elizabeth walked over to me. Without being told. And offered her wrists. I slipped a pair of handcuffs onto her. They were just getting used to being in cuffs. Amy was right behind. I cuffed her as well.

Glancing around, the two girls simply sank to the floor. Unselfconsciously sitting cross-legged in the middle of the room. Idly playing with the cuffs on their wrists. Not saying a word.

Elizabeth was about to open her mouth to say something when I saw a blonde head stick out from around the kitchen door and announce, in a most unladylike manner,

“Grits on!”

Chapter 65

The girls scrambled to their feet and piled into the kitchen. Their noses telling them that breakfast was going to be better than cold cereal this morning.

I walked in a little more dignified to find the women pressed up around the table. Leaving plenty of room for me. My plate had cutlery beside it. The girls had plates. A big jug of syrup sat in the middle with a healthy plate of pancakes.

I sat down. The girls looked at the food anxiously.

"Smells good."

"Thanks." Christi replied. A smile playing on her lips. Knowing that she was going to get to eat some of them today.

I picked up a couple of the pancakes with my fork and prepared them. The girls watched me. Waiting for permission to eat, I suppose.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked them mischievously.

Jane got her fingers into the pile first. Pulling four pancakes from the pile. The others playfully fought over the remaining pancakes. Jane waited quietly for me to finish with the syrup, then asked,

"Can us slaves be permitted syrup as well?"

"Of course." Though from their perspective, it was better to ask these things.

She reached forward and daintily poured some over her breakfast. I watched, fascinated, as she used her fingers to separate and eat small portions of the food. Very carefully. Trying not to spill sticky syrup on her bare body.

The other girls had the same problem. I almost completely forgot about my breakfast as I watched the women eating with their fingers. It was damn hard to ignore them, as they carefully licked their fingers clean from the sticky mess. Amy was completely oblivious to herself. No sign of trouble like we'd encountered yesterday at breakfast. The girls seemed happy, despite their challenges. They were excitedly talking amongst themselves. Laughing even. The perfect image of happy girls.

Finally, I tore my gaze from the women and I ate the pancakes in front of me. Very. Very. Good. It tasted like Christi had made the batch from scratch. Real pancakes. Delicious. Pancakes tended to fill me up, so I only ended up taking one second helping. They had disappeared before the women had finished their first. Eating with your fingers slowed you down a bit.

I sat back and watched the girls interact. Polishing off all the pancakes. They must have be ravenous. I really hadn't fed them enough over the days. But strangely enough, they hadn't complained about that. Probably had too many more pressing things to complain about. Like sore breasts. I marveled. These women. Complete strangers until four days ago. Laughing and talking like friends. Acting as though everything was normal. Everything normal about four complete strangers sitting around a breakfast table, completely nude, and eating with their fingers. I watched as Amy even fed a piece to Jane. Jane licking Amy's fingers. Bemused, I sincerely hoped that this didn't deteriorate into a food fight. And god help them if I got hit. So, they'd need another shower. If they went that far, they were showering in a damn cold spray.

The girls behaved and finally finished. No food fight. Lucky for them. Amy and Elizabeth immediately rose to their feet and began to clear the table. Running the water

for the dishes. I relaxed as Jane and Christi just watched as the other two naked women cleaned up the kitchen.

I wasn't quite sure what I wanted to do with them today. Amy was probably a bit too sore to be involved in any really rigo rous activities. I could live with hurting her further. But it just didn't seem necessary. And Jane deserved some rest after the hell I'd put her through yesterday. I guess I'd have to make do with Elizabeth and Christi today. Or find something different t o do.

Elizabeth and Amy finished washing the dishes and returned. They simply stood and waited. Knowing that with breakfast done, I would probably give them further orders.

"Girls? We're moving." I opted for different.

"What?" Almost all together. It was a lmost as though they had considered Amy's hotel suite a sort of home. It was a fantastic suite, I had to admit. I idly wondered what Amy's father did for a living. To be able to afford this place.

"I think we'd do better in a house. What do you think?"

Elizabeth was the one that spoke up. "But. We like it here. We're used to it."

I looked at her quizzically. "Does it really matter what you think? Or like?"

"No. I guess not."

"Okay. Gather up the toys. Make sure you forget nothing. You can have a vote on where we settle next. Okay?"

Elizabeth sighed. "Yes. Master." No sarcasm. Just defeat.

The girls all rose and began to hunt down discarded handcuffs. Refilling the packs with bondage toys. Ropes. I watched as Jane recovered the crop. When she thought I wasn't looking, she closed her eyes and tapped it against her thigh. Feeling the pain settle into her flesh.

Amy, a look of dread on her face dropped the tongue clamp into a pack.

Jane wandered up. Yesterday's lingerie folded neatly in her arms.

"Please. Master. Can a slave take her clothing?"

I shrugged. We could always pick up more. But she seemed attached to this stuff. I nodded.

She scampered away. Tucking it into another pack. Finally, the girls lined up in front of me, as though for inspection. I rose and l eft them there making a quick tour of the suite. I couldn't see anything they had missed. I picked up the two packs and handed one to Amy and the other to Elizabeth. They grasped the packs in their fingers.

We trudged out of the hotel room for the last tim e. Amy looking back at her frozen father one last time, a tear forming in her eyes. She whispered, "Good -bye" and turned around.

Their mood brightened as the girls stepped out into the morning sunshine. Their bare feet touching the warm asphalt. Jane turne d to me. Her bathrobe twirling around her body. Pulling at her bound hands and said, "Please. Master. Can a slave please walk in the grass again?"

"Sure. Knock yourself out."

She skipped away to tell the others. I walked a bit behind them. Their mood seemed to have focused back on finding new shelter instead of melancholy about leaving the suite. They talked quietly amongst themselves. I really couldn't hear much, but I definitely picked up the word "sex" a number of times. Amy shaking her head a lot. Girls

would be girls. I'd probably have to separate them to keep them quiet. I really didn't care, I let them talk.

Soon, we had walked out of the commercial core of the city back out to where there was a bit of residential housing. I began to watch for a decen t place to make our new home base. The girls just enjoying the sunshine and the day. Not particularly uncomfortable. I only had them loosely handcuffed. More for visual effect than restraint.

Jane stopped up ahead. I caught up to the girls.

"That one." She pointed with her bound hands. I followed the line of her arms. She had picked a large house. Almost a mansion. Gates and everything.

"That one?"

"Yeah."

"All of you happy with that?"

The other girls nodded. Probably had never even dreamed of being in a house like that.

"Let's see who's home then?" I opened the gate.

The girls followed.

The front door was unlocked. I opened that and stepped foot into this huge Victorian mansion. Enormous foyer.

"Stay here." I ordered the women. They obediently knelt on t he foyer tiles and continued their conversation quietly.

I poked my head into the downstairs rooms. Library. Den. Large dining room. Entertaining room. Living room with a huge entertainment system. TV. Stereo. All empty. Until I hit the kitchen. An enormou s place. Christi was going to like cooking in here. There was a cook. An elderly lady frozen while preparing something. Perhaps tea. I ignored her for now.

I wandered back to the foyer. The girls looked up from their knees expectantly.

"Okay. You can make yourselves comfortable. Don't go too far. Stay out of the kitchen. And wait until I come back down. Understand?"

The girls nodded in unison and began to climb to their feet. Anxious to start exploring their new home. I walked slowly upstairs. A feeling of dread permeated me. I have no idea why. It isn't as though there could possibly be any danger. I patted the gun that I'd shoved into the waistband of my jeans.

The upstairs consisted of a long hallway. Closed doors. Maybe five or six of them. I opened the first one I came to. A bathroom. And what a bathroom. It was the biggest bathroom I'd ever seen. Toilet. Bidet. Counter with two sinks. Huge mirror. Shower and tub that all four girls could fit in at the same time. Looked like a whirlpool tub. Magazine rack. Tons of space.

I closed the door. Next room looked like a guest room. Queen size bed. Empty.

Next room. Some kind of den. Or sewing room. It was hard to tell. But the decor looked masculine. A den but with a sewing machine. Strange.

The next room contai ned a huge four poster covered bed. Very Victorian. Flowery. Lacy. There was a prone woman sleeping in the bed. Older. Fifty or so by my guess. I'd have to get rid of her. Huge mirror. Lush carpeting. After the hotel suite, the girls weren't going to bitch about sleeping on *this* floor.

I wandered back out to the hall. The next room turned out to be a closet. Holding linens and towels.

The final door took me aback. It was locked.

I'm not really one for locked doors. I could have kicked it in, but I figured that lady in the bed would know where the key was. I had to unfreeze her eventually if I was going to sleep in that very comfortable looking bed of hers.

I wandered back to the bedroom. I sat on the edge of the bed and unfroze the woman lying there. She just continued to sleep as though there wasn't a strange man in her room and nothing odd had happened.

I gently shook her. Without opening her eyes she mumbled, "Evan, five more minutes, 'kay?"

I shook her again. This time her eyes fluttered open. She screa med when she saw me. Gathering her nightgown around herself. Crawling up to the head of the bed and huddling there.

"Who the hell are you?" she whispered.

"Doesn't matter. Who are you?"

"Gertrude. Gertrude Mayer. What do y-you want? Money? It's in the safe downstairs. I'll open it for you," she babbled.

"I don't want money."

Her eyes betrayed her fear. Her mouth opened and she bellowed, "Sheila!!!"

I just looked at her. I assumed that she was yelling for the elderly lady in the kitchen.

"She can't hear you."

"Oh my God. What have you done to her?"

"Relax. I haven't done anything to her. She just can't hear you."

"I. I don't understand."

"Lady, you don't have to understand."

"Are you going to hurt me?"

"No. Just displace you for a while."

"Are you going to r-rape me?"

"No. Relax."

Her eyes showed her confusion. "What do you want?" she repeated.

"Gertrude. You know that locked room in your hall?"

It took a second to skip tracks. Completely confused. "Yes."

"Where's the key?"

"Th-that's my husband's room. I. I don't go in there. Why?"

"I don't like locked doors."

"I don't know where the key is."

"You realize that I can hurt you, right?" A bit of menace in my voice.

"Oh my God. You are going to torture me?"

"I have to be sure that you don't know where the key is."

"Please. All right. I'm not supposed to know. Please just let me go. The key. I can show you where the spare key is. Please."

I nodded. She slipped off the bed. She looked over her shoulder at me. Judging whether she could make a run for it. She start ed towards the door and suddenly made a run for it. I wasn't too surprised. I just nonchalantly narrowed her time bubble. Trapping her in a slower time. I casually walked in front of her, between her and the door. I

released her from the time constriction and she stumbled out of it, her timing off. I grabbed her by the nightgown and gave her a good hard slap across the face.

She screamed in fright and in pain. To her it would have looked like I'd just materialized in front of her. She was startled by the ph enomenon and the slap stinging her cheek. She brought her hand up to her face, rubbing the red hand print. Her eyes tearing.

She fell to her knees. Begging. "Please. Oh God. Please don't hurt me. I didn't mean. I'll do whatever it is you want. Just don't h urt me. Oh God."

I touched her shoulder. "Gertrude. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to slap you that hard." I did, but I was trying to calm the distraught woman. "Just show me where the key is, and I'll let you free. Okay?"

She nodded. Tears still running down he r face. Fear in her eyes. She stumbled back to her feet. This time I kept her within arms reach. Letting her lead me to the den. She opened a drawer on the left hand side and fished around. She finally handed me an ornamental key.

"Please. I'm not supposed to know about this. I. I think he does his business in there. I haven't been allowed in that room in ten years. Please."

"Your husband will never know about this. At least not from me. Promise."

"Do you know Evan?" her eyes becoming shrewd.

I shook my head. The woman probably thought I was involved in Evan's business. And had come to check up on things. Or something. I idly wondered what I'd stumbled into here.

Chapter 66

“Gertrude. I don’t want to panic you, but I need you out of the way.”

“What are you going to do to me? Kill me?”

“No. No. Nothing that drastic. I’m going to introduce you to someone. And she is going to take care of you. Alright?”

“She? Who? What?” Confusion reigning again in her mind.

“Janey!” I called. My voice echoing around the ho use. I could feel the girl moving throughout the house. The house making every movement known. We were in the room closest to the stairs. I could hear her bare feet moving on the tile until she reached the base of the stair.

“Yes?” Jane called up. Gertrude ’s face was a mask of fright. Someone else was in her house?

“Jane. Come up here. First door.”

I could hear the girl climbing the stairs. I glanced out the window. The backyard was huge. A pool. Tennis courts. Tall oak trees graced the property. I wasn’t a ware that there were places left like this in the city.

Leaving Gertrude in the room, I met Jane in the hallway. I whispered to her so that Gertrude wouldn’t hear.

“I’ve got a woman in there. Her name is Gertrude. Older lady. She’s scared to high heaven.”

“No wonder. You’re here. She naked yet? Poor woman.”

I glared at Jane. “She’s in her nightgown. I don’t find her particularly attractive.”

“Lucky her,” Jane mumbled. I glared at her again, and this time Jane paled a bit. Knew she had overstepped her bounds . “Oh God. I’m sorry. What do you need me to do?”

“Take her. Calm her down. Take her into the backyard. Tie her to a tree. She isn’t going to like that, but explain to her the alternative. When you’re done, let me know. I’ll slow time to a crawl for her, s o she essentially is out of time again.”

“You are letting her go?”

“She’s in the way at the moment. And she doesn’t understand.”

Jane just nodded. Not unwilling to help a woman escape my grasp. I released the handcuffs on her wrists. I didn’t want Gertrude deciding to take advantage of Jane because she was handcuffed. Jane was younger and stronger than Gertrude. I just hoped that Gertrude listened. I didn’t particularly want her to force me to hurt her.

I walked back into the room. Gertrude was standing on the far side. Away from the door. Trying to get as far away as she could. Badly frightened.

“Gertrude. I’d like you to meet Jane. She’s going to help you. If you listen to her, you don’t have to get hurt. Okay?”

Gertrude nodded. Her eyes widening as Jane s tepped into the room. Her robe still unbelted not really covering her nudity. Jane tried her best to wrap it around herself, but was only partially successful. Any time she had to use her hands for something other than holding the robe closed allowed it to swirl open, revealing her nakedness beneath. Jane was used to it.

“What the hell is going on here?” Gertrude blurted out.

Jane took a deep breath, let the robe just fall as it would, and walked over to the frightened woman.

"Gertrude. You have to listen to me. Please. This man. He. He's capable of very bad things. He can hurt you, and me, very badly if we don't listen to him. I know you don't understand. You haven't been whipped yet. But if you listen to me, you never have to feel it. You are so lucky. Please listen to me."

At the word "whipped", Gertrude pulled in her breath. Fear really settled in her eyes.

"Wh-what does he want from me?"

"Oh God. Gertrude, I know this won't make any sense. But you have to do what I say. Okay?" She numbly nodded. "I'm going to take you downstairs and outside. Okay? And I'm going to ... to ... tie you to one of those oak trees. It won't hurt. I promise."

"Oh my God. You have to be kidding."

"I'm not Gertrude."

"You won't get away with this. The neighbours. T he police."

Jane took a deep breath. "Gertrude. You have to listen to me. Please. You wouldn't believe what he is capable of. The pain he can put you in."

"No. I'm not going to let you tie me to a tree. Are you crazy?"

Jane sighed. "Look." She opened her r obe. Exposing her bare chest to the woman. She pointed to herself. Various places on her bare breasts. Gertrude averted her gaze from the bare youthful body displayed in front of her. "Gertrude. Look at me. Please?" Gertrude finally couldn't keep her gaze away any longer. "Look at the marks. See these? This bruise? Here? And here?"

Gertrude nodded. Horror reflecting in her face.

"He whipped me. A couple of days ago. The marks are still there. You don't want to have that happen to you, do you? I made the mis take of not listening to him."

Gertrude just numbly nodded. Really badly frightened.

"He can do this to you too. Please. It's for the best. Trust me. Just do what he wants. You'll do it eventually anyway."

"What makes you think that he won't just whip me w hen I'm tied to a tree?"

Jane sighed. "I don't know that. But I've known him a lot longer than you have known him. Please. If he wants to whip you, he will. Nothing you can do to stop him."

Remembering how easily I caught her when she tried to escape, she nodded.

"I'll do what you say. Please. Just don't hurt me. Please?"

Jane nodded. "I won't hurt you unless he tells me to. And he hasn't yet. Okay?"

Gertrude nodded. Jane took her hand reassuringly and began to lead the trembling woman out of the room. I he ard Gertrude scream just before she was led outside. Not sure what that was about. I watched from the window as the ill -robed girl led Gertrude out into the backyard. Their feet making soft tracks in the grass.

I could see Jane talking to the woman. From m y vantage point there was no way to know what was being said, but it looked like Jane was trying to comfort the woman. Gertrude stood still, looking around. Probably not quite understanding why her neighbours weren't helping. Weren't even noticing the sigh t of her in her nightgown tied to an oak in her own backyard. But she was docile enough as Jane wrapped the rope around her wrists and ankles, loosely holding her to the tree. Jane climbed back to her bare feet. She checked the ropes and gave Gertrude a re assuring kiss. She fairly ran back

into the house, letting Gertrude begin to struggle with the bonds. No doubt calling out for help.

Soon Jane re-entered the room.

"Done." She was out of breath.

"Nicely done, too."

"I didn't want to do that, you know. She was such a nice woman. She deserves better."

"I'm not torturing her, am I?"

"I guess. But she was so frightened."

"I'll deal with that as well."

I looked out the window and concentrated on Gertrude's bubble of time. I narrowed it until it moved at barely a thousandth of normal time. It was enough to keep her in our timeline, but not enough that she'd even be aware of the events around her. The ropes would prevent her from moving around, even at that slow time rate. She effectively became very unaware of any events around her. Jane watched the transformation with me in fascination.

"I really wish I knew how to do that."

"And if you did, that would be the end of my control over you."

"Christ, yeah."

"And that, my dear, is why you don't know ."

"Someday maybe you'll teach me."

"Right."

Again without being told, she raised her wrists, offering them to me. I slipped the steel back around her. She twisted her wrists a bit to find the most comfortable position. She was getting used to the ornament s as well as the others.

She looked at me. "You know you don't have to put these on us anymore. We aren't about to disappear or anything."

"I know."

"You just like to see us in them. Don't you?"

"You've got it."

"So we better get used to them for the rest of our stay, huh?"

"They aren't so bad. It could be a lot worse."

"I guess. At least you don't keep us in ankle chains, gags and nipple clamps all the time. Or make us wear things that cut off our circulation."

"Leniency. As long as you are good."

"I learned that lesson. Remember."

I smiled at her and changed the course of the conversation. "So, what did our host scream at down there while you were taking her out?"

"Actually, she screamed twice. I just managed to cover her mouth before the second one erupted into an ear splitter."

"What the heck happened?"

"Well. The first one caught me off guard. Elizabeth has taken the liberty of catching up on her reading. Sprawled out in the library on a leather recliner. Well, she left the door open understandably. You'd freak if she had closed it. And well, Gertrude happened to glance in. Saw our nude beauty in handcuffs quietly reading Dickens or something. Gave both of them quite a start. You didn't tell Gertrude about the rest of them, did you?

Anyway, I hurriedly explained about the other two. Hoping that we wouldn't run into them on our way out. We didn't. Problem is, the way out was through the kitchen. Well, you had told us not to go in there and we haven't. So even I didn't know about her cook, Polly or something, standing there. Frozen. Making tea or something silly. Nearly startled me to death. I managed to stifle Gertrude's next screech just as she was opening her mouth. Do you have any idea how hard it was to explain that to her? Poor frazzled woman. Thou art a shit, you know."

I watched a grin play across Jane's fine features. She was pretty proud of herself.

I acknowledged her. "You done good." I kissed her on her offered cheek. I gave her a light slap on her rear end. "Go on back to what you were doing before I interrupted you."

"What if I was making love to Christi?" Her grin widened mischievously. I could tell she was kidding.

I gave her another sharper whack. Couldn't have hurt her very much through the terrycloth. I was going to have to relieve those ladies of the garments soon. I hated not being able to connect with bare skin at a time like this.

"Well then, by all means, get back to it. I'll call when I need your services again," I responded to her.

She pranced away, seductively swinging her hips as she left the room. I listened to her as she descended the stairs. Far happier than I'd seen her in a long time. I didn't have an explanation. Perhaps I wasn't tormenting her enough.

I wandered back around the hallway. Stopping in front of the mysterious door. I guess I was about to find out what her husband did for a living.

Chapter 67

I unfroze the door and slipped the key into the lock. I heard a faint click as the bolt withdrew from the door frame. I glanced at the door as I twisted the knob. For an interior door it was solid. I could have smashed through it if necessary, but it would have been an effort. Mr. Evan Mayer was concerned about his security. I stepped into a large room and looked around.

The room was decorated in a very masculine fashion. Greens. Browns. Bookcases filled with binders, notes and books against the far wall. A large desk. Picture windows covered with heavy green draperies. A mirrored wall helped enhance the size of the room. A leather sofa and recliner. What looked like a closet, or an entrance to another room. Dark green carpeting beneath my running shoes. Tasteful art hung on the wall. A few potted plants.

Evan was seated in the recliner, wearing a dark business suit. Gray hair. Relaxed but intently watching a young woman standing in front of him. My gaze traveled to the woman. Her back was to me. She was wearing high heels, a short uniform and nylons. Long blonde hair cascaded down her back. Her posture looked a littl e strange.

I closed the door behind me and carefully relocked it. I wandered to the bookcase. Law reviews. Case studies. Law references. Some fiction. Mostly court fiction. John Grisham. Some horror. Stephen King. Peter Straub. I raised my eyebrows at a pa rticular paperback by Pauline Reage.

The desk was organized. Neat. A blotter. Stationary and writing instruments. Didn't look like it had been used recently. Curious.

I picked up a letter from the corner of the desk. Addressed to Judge Evan Mayer. That sol ved that little mystery. A judge.

I wandered over to the judge. Wondered what he would think of his wife bound in the back yard. I suppose that I'd find out when he joined her. I followed his frozen gaze, seeing the young woman from the front for the first time. She was a stunning young lady. Blonde. Twenty-something. Perfect figure. Beautiful face. Except for the gag in her mouth. I did a double take. Gag?

On closer inspection, the woman was not just wearing a short uniform. It was nearly non-existent. A very skimpy French maid uniform. Barely covering her body. I could easily make out the slightly darker flesh of her aureole but the sheer fabric just covered the tips of her erect nipples. It was cut that low. The uniform looked like it was about three size s too small for her. She was carrying a tray, with what looked like a drink of some sort. A bloody ceasar or something similar. Her hands were encased in sheer black gloves. A thin pair of leather cuffs with tiny padlocks adorned her wrists over the gloves . Another tiny pair of padlocks held her wrists to the handles of the tray. The tray almost looked like it was built to allow for the small padlocks.

I walked up to the girl. She didn't even look real. Her face looked like a porcelain doll's. Her make up w as applied heavily enhancing the effect. The make up was slightly marred around her eyes where tears were frozen on her cheeks.

The gag pressed cruelly into her mouth. I'd never gagged any of my girls this tightly. Except maybe when I had punished Amy. It was a large white ball wedged firmly into her mouth. Her red lipstick marred the white surface. A leather strap wrapped from each side of the ball cutting into the sides of her mouth, forcing her to grin horribly. The

strap of the gag snaked around her hea d, under her hair to be fastened somewhere behind her head. I could just imagine the discomfort that it must be causing her.

Finally, there was a constricting band, probably leather, wrapped just above her nylon encased knees. It was pressing into her skin . This is what I missed when I looked at her from behind. The black band almost melted into the sheer black nylons that she was wearing. I recalled thinking that she was in an unusual posture. Her knees were forced together. It must have been very difficul t, if not downright painful to walk like this. And everything in her posture indicated that she was, indeed, trying to walk with the tray.

I shook my head. Not quite sure what to make of this. It was pretty obvious that this judge did his 'business' in thi s room. The wife had indicated that she wasn't allowed in this room. I guess I now knew why. Was it possible that this character had managed to spirit this woman into this room, while his wife was sleeping? Mid morning? That was brave. And she didn't know? I guess I also knew the reason for the tight gag.

Who the hell was this woman? Was she here willingly? She couldn't even be half his age. I toyed with the idea of freeing them both and finding out what the hell was going on. I was almost dying of curiousi ty.

I glanced around the room. My mind was telling me that it would be more than interesting to just let them continue. Free them, without knowledge of me and see what happens. Kind of like what I did to Christi when I first found her. That turned into qui te a show.

The room was large, but really didn't afford much cover. I glanced behind the drapes. The view of the front yard was spectacular. From above, the manicured grounds were quite picturesque. More so, even, than from the gardens themselves. Hiding b ehind a curtain, though, seemed like such a Hollywood kind of thing to do and it wasn't likely to work. Damn, it would have been nice to discover invisibility along with time manipulation. But that was pushing things, I suppose.

I stepped over to the close t. Opening it, I discovered a deep walk -in closet. My eyes widened as I discovered kinky clothing by the racks. Corsets. Stockings. Racks of high heels on the floor. Lacy things. Jungle things. Thank God, Judge Wapner in there hadn't chosen to be Tarzan to day. I think I would have been ill. I suddenly felt very sorry for the girl tied up in the business room. There was video equipment. Cameras. Along one wall, whips and chains to rival anything I had in my equipment pack. No crop though. Restraints. Handcuf fs. Steel and leather. Hoods. This guy was equipped.

Another smaller door led to a small bathroom. The door had been locked, but the key still in my hand had opened it. Washbasin. Toilet. Shower. Nothing spectacular. Another door led into a smaller bedroom . Feminine decor. Flowery. Single bed. Writing desk. Not fancy like the other rooms. Opening the main door to the room from the inside clicked the lock on the door. It had been locked from the inside. Just one of those flimsy privacy locks used on interior bedroom doors. I opened the door and peered out back into the hallway. The last door which I hadn't gotten to before coaxing the key to the business room from Gertrude. Interconnected rooms. Cool.

I wandered back into the walk in closet through the small bathroom. Closing and locking doors as I'd found them. I wondered whose bedroom I'd just been in. Obviously the girl's. But, who was she? A daughter? Despite my tendencies towards abusing women, and forcing incest, I somehow found the idea repulsive. Sure I liked to see it, but after the fact, the women wouldn't have to live with the trauma. They'd forget everything

when I returned them. I was a bastard, but I wasn't a total bastard. I wouldn't ever consider forcing a woman on the principle time line. I beg an to see red. Took some deep breaths. Better to find out what was happening first before jumping to conclusions.

I just shook my head. I was betting that Gertrude, tied up in the backyard, had no idea what her husband was up to in here. Ten years? I just had to get the scoop on this. I stepped back into the closet. Closed the door. I noticed that there were two small holes drilled in the door. Light was streaming through them from the room beyond. Sure enough, one could bend down a bit and place one's eyes against them and see perfectly into the room beyond. Convenient as all hell. I was guessing that the eye holes were just about at Evan's height since I was bigger than he was. This guy had probably watched Porky's. Got off on watching her when she didn't even know he was in here. Curiouser and curiouser.

Shutting the door firmly, I positioned myself. I mentally prepared for the time shifts. I had to be ready in case either one of them decided that they needed something from the closet. Though, if that happ ened, it might just be better to let them discover me. I was going to have to take them eventually.

I concentrated and formed a large time bubble around the entire room. The girl grunted and stumbled forward. Straining against the strap around her knees. H er eyes betrayed her pain much more than any scream that she was unable to produce. Struggling in the shoes and against the strap, she finally managed to walk to the chair where Mayer sat.

He had been silent, simply watching the girl's progress. I had a pe rfect view of the two of them. The mirrored wall giving me a good view of both. The girl was pleading with her eyes. Tears still streaming down her face. Mayer smiled up at her. Absolutely no warmth in the smile whatsoever. She shuddered.

She bent daintily at her waist. Struggling to keep the tray level. I could just imagine what would have happened to her if she'd spilled it.

Mayer let her stay bent over for a minute, balancing the tray in her bound hands. Then slowly, an evil smile still playing on his li ps, he lifted the drink from the tray. The girl straightened as he took a sip of the drink.

He grimaced. Then with no warning at all, he simply splashed the red drink into the girls face. She tried to turn away, but the drink still covered her upper body. Her face. Her hair. Her upper chest. Red. She stumbled, trying to cry out. Mayer reached out with his foot and let it kick into her unprotected side. She tried to twist away from the blow but her bound knees prevented the quick movement necessary. She look ed like she was in good shape. If she hadn't been bound, she probably could have avoided it. The blow landed viciously into her side, just under the ribs, knocking the wind out of her. I could see her struggling to draw a breath through her nose. The gag n ot allowing her to breathe normally through her mouth. Her body lurched to the right, her feet struggling in the high heels to keep her balance.

But the shock of the drink being thrown at her and the kick finally toppled her. She fell heavily to the carpet unable to break her fall with her hands. I was surprised that she didn't break anything. She just pulled her legs up and sobbed after she regained her breath. Though I couldn't really hear her through her gag, it was easy enough to te ll that she was in pain and her body shaking showed that she was crying her heart out. One of her high heels had come off in the fall, her stockinged toes were curling and uncurling

with her agony. Her fingers in the gloves spasming, trying to reach her si de where he'd kicked her. The tight bands on her wrists impeding her. One breast had peeked out from the bodice of the uniform. I could actually see some faded red marks on the bottom of the bared breast.

Mayer sat in the chair calmly watching the girl wri the and rubbing his crotch. After a few minutes he stood and approached the girl. The girl seeing him approaching tried to shuffle herself away. But with bound knees and wrists she wasn't going anywhere fast. She was begging through the gag.

He sauntered up to the girl and crouched down.

"Sheila. I thought I told you to bring me a bloody MARY!" The girl on the floor just lay there and cried. "You dumb cunt. Not a bloody CAESAR." I had guessed right. Mayer stood and aimed another kick at the defenseless girl s stomach. She convulsed as it landed, sending her into more violent sobbing. "Can't you get anything right? Stupid dumb fuck. If you want something done right you gotta do it your -fucking-self."

Mayer pulled a remote control from his pocket aiming it at t he wall. A section of the wall rotated and a mini bar came into view. I'd have to remember that feature. There was another red drink sitting on the shelf. Mayer picked it up and sipped at it. Touching the remote control again, the bar rotated back out of s ight.

"Ahhh. That's more like it. Fuck. I don't think you've ever picked the right one. Dumb cunt." As the judge walked back to his seat he aimed another kick at the prone girl. She tried to shy away but got it in her side again. She tried to scream throug h the gag but it just came out as a small wail. Tears coursed down through the clamato juice covering her face. She just lay there as he took his seat and watched her writhe, squirm and sob as he slowly finished his drink.

By the time he had finished the b loody mary, the girl had stopped shaking on the floor. She was trying to breathe quietly and carefully through her nose. He set aside the empty glass on the table beside the chair and spoke to her again.

"Sheila?"

She just looked at him dully.

"Christ you are dumb. I think that you need more punishment. Don't you?"

She just slowly shook her head. Still crying a bit.

"You've made a mess of yourself. You've made a mess of the floor. You wasted a perfectly good drink. And you are a worthless cunt."

She closed her eyes and nodded her head. Crying. At this, Mayer got out of the chair and crouched down by the bound girl. Being careful of the spilt drink caking her upper body he lifted her off the floor and carried her back to the chair. He somehow managed to place her, attached tray and all, over his knees. For an older guy, he was pretty strong. I'd have to be careful of that.

She squirmed and muffled pleading noises came from behind her gag. Ignoring her protests, he casually lifted the back of her skirt and pull ed her high cut panties down to her cruelly tied knees. Then, as though it were nothing, he began to spank her. His bare hand rising and falling on her upturned bare bottom without mercy. After about twenty she really began to cry, kick and struggle, but h er bondage was far too tight to allow her to escape the blows. His hand at the base of the back easily holding her petite form across his knees. At a regular pace, not particularly in a hurry, he hit her. He talked quietly to her the whole time. I couldn't quite make out his words and I seriously doubt if the girl

was paying any sort of attention through her sobbing. I did catch a few words. Just small phrases.

"Teach you a lesson." "Bad slut girl." "Cunt whore."

Finally he just gave the girl a push and she fell heavily to the ground at his feet. Crying uncontrollably. She grunted through the gag as she fell.

Finally he looked at his watch. I glanced at mine. Though it had seemed longer I'd only been watching them here for about forty-five minutes. I idly wondered what was going on in the rest of the house. What the girls were doing with their freedom. I supposed that I really ought to find out.

My eyes returned to the peep holes.

"Well, Sheila. Fun time is over. Gerty is expecting me to take her shopping this afternoon. The old ball and chain." He grimaced.

The girl just looked up with a glazed look in her eyes. The man reached down and used a small key to release her wrists from the tray. He used the same key to release the padlock on her knee strap. Her hands had automatically wound around and tried to ease the pain in her bottom from the spanking. Making a small detour to probe gently at her side where she'd suffered the kicks.

"On your knees, you fucking useless wench."

She struggled to kneel, I could see her body shaking from the abuse. He lifted her soiled hair, he used another key to release her gag, She pushed it out of her mouth with her tongue. It made an audible pop as it came out from behind her teeth. She just hung her head. Refusing to meet his gaze. I didn't blame her.

"Goddamn it. Why do you always make me punish you? Jesus Christ. You'd think you'd be tired of it by now."

The girl spoke very softly into the carpet. "Please. Sir. I'm sorry. I'm just a worthless slave slut cunt." She had almost a musical voice. But there was just a hint of something behind her docile words. A tiny element of rebellion? Perhaps it was just hate? Either way he completely missed it. If it was even there.

He reached forward and slapped her face. Hard. Her head snapped to the side with the force of the blow. She cried out softly and almost fell to the side. She somehow managed to stay on her knees.

"You are such a stupid cunt. Fuck. You can't even do anything right. Goddamn it. Here. Maybe you can do this right."

I watched as Mayer lowered his pants and waved a pathetically small penis in her direction. I watched as the spark left her eyes and she mutely shuffled forward on her knees and took the organ into her mouth. Using only her mouth she moved back and forth on him. No real effort on her part. Very mechanical. He didn't seem to care. He closed his eyes and about a minute after she started, he gripped the back of her head and pumped into her mouth, finally withdrawing and ejaculating over her face and hair. She moaned and closed her eyes, allowing the indignity. I seriously doubted if she had a choice in the matter.

After he was finished he reached forward and gave her another good hard slap. She cried out again and this time fell to the floor and curled her body into a ball. He crouched down beside her and showed her his hand.

"You fucking got my hand dirty." It was covered in cum and bloody caesar from the drink he'd thrown at her. It had clung there after he'd slapped her. "Clean it."

She began to cry, and he hit her again. She cringed and cried harder. “Fucking cunt. Who the hell do you think you are? Fuck. Can’t you do anything you’re told? Christ. We had an agreement.”

She finally got a hold of herself and reached forward with her head. She hesit antly stuck her tongue out and began to lick at his hand like a dog. Cleaning it.

Finally, he stood up and glanced around the room.

“Fuck, this place is a mess.” Glancing down at the girl still lying and sobbing at his feet. She lay almost in the middle of a large clamato stain resulting from the thrown drink. I couldn’t imagine what it would take to get that out of the carpet. “I want this place spic and span for my meeting this evening. You hear? I want that uniform of your’s cleaned. You’ll need it for the meeting. I’ll need this suit cleaned. And I’ll need this carpet cleaned. Jesus Christ. You would have to get fucking bloody caesar on the carpet. And if you miss anything, I’ll fucking make sure you regret it. Christ.”

He began walking towards the closet. I readied the Time manipulation. About halfway to the closet he turned around and addressed the girl again.

“You understand, cunt?”

She just moaned.

“What?” He took a step back towards her.

“Y-yes s-sir.” she quavered from the floor. Her small gloved hands making a warding off gesture.

This girl was going to have bruises from this. Damn good bruises too. Especially where he kicked her. The face slaps would be just high colour for a while, but those kicks were vicious on an unprotected body. I wasn’t quite sure what was going on here, but I had a damn good idea. On the other hand it could be really realistic role playing. But I doubted it. The only question was, whether to take them in real time with the gun, or slow Mayer down and find out what was happening with the girl only. She might talk to me if she saw Mayer was out of the way.

I opted to talk to the girl alone first. Mayer turned around and began to walk back towards the closet. Probably intending to change out of the soiled suit and return to “normal” life. We’d see about that routine today. His life was about to become decidedly UNnormal. No matter what the girl said.

As he turned around and began to walk back towards the closet, I isolated his body space from the continuum around it and restricted the time flow to about a pace of a thousandth normal. He’d actually almost be in sync with Gertrude’s time phase. Until I released him.

I took a deep breath and exited the closet.

Chapter 68

The girl was still lying on the carpet quietly weeping. Her he ad covered in bloody caesar and cum cradled in her arms. She sobbed, not realizing that the world had changed for her again. I could see her whole body shaking with her distress.

My running shoes were soundless on the carpet. I was right beside her prone f igure before she realized that someone was there. She didn't even look up.

"Please no more," she moaned.

I gently touched her shoulder. She raised her head and looked up at me. She screamed and scrabbled away across the carpet sideways like a crab. Fear ra diant on her face. She moved away until she backed into a wall. She drew up her nyloned knees, hugged herself and just watched me out of fearful eyes.

"Wh-who are you? H-he didn't give me to someone else again. Did he? Please don't hurt me? I have to clean up the carpet first. Please." Her breathing was really ragged. I wasn't surprised.

"I'm not going to hurt you."

"Wh-Who are you, then?" Her eyes darted to the frozen Mayer. "Wh -What happened? Wh -Why i-isn't he moving? Please."

"Is Sheila your name? Your r eal name?" It could have been a play name for all I knew. Though I was pretty sure that Gertrude had hollered for Sheila as I took her. At the time, I thought it was the cook.

She nodded.

"Sheila. I want you to calm down. Okay? I promise I won't hurt you." The frightened girl just nodded. "I just want to talk to you for a minute. Okay?" She nodded again. "You'll talk to me? I'll stay over here if you like." Again she nodded.

"Do you mind if I sit over here?" I indicated the chair that Mayer had tortured her from. She shook her head and then looked down at herself and realized that her panties were still around her knees and her right breast was poking out from the flimsy uniform that she had on. She swallowed and used her gloved hands to pull back on her pan ties, returning them to her hips. Watching me out of the corner of her eye, she carefully and slowly tucked her breast back into the bodice of the uniform. Tears were still coursing down her dirty face. I recalled the beauty that was hiding under all that clamato and tears.

"Wh-who are you?" she finally asked me.

"I really don't know anymore."

She accepted that. "What have you done with him? How'd you get in here? Did he let you in?" She had indicated the semi -frozen Mayer with a quick jerk of her head. She had tucked herself back up into a ball against the wall. She was deeply afraid. I suspect of Mayer, but also of me. She thought that I was a friend of the judge.

"Sheila. I just stu mbled in here. I swear it."

"But he keeps it locked when he's 'playing' or 'working'. I don't understand."

"Sheila. I'm not sure you can understand. But *I* froze him. The whole world is frozen except us." I stretched the truth a bit. Sheila would meet the rest of the girls eventually, but not now. Not until she was calmer.

She just shook her head.

"Sheila. Will you come over here? I won't hurt you."

She again shook her head. I could have forced her, but I was suspecting that she was in a very fragile state of mind at the moment. Frightened badly and in pain. I'm not sure I'd be overly cooperative after I'd been beaten senseless and raped either. I decided to find out what the hell was going on before I began to assert myself.

"Okay. That's fine. Will you ta lk to me?"

"I guess," she mumbled.

"What is going on here? I saw that little display out here from the closet. He was knocking you around a lot."

She glanced at the frozen Mayer and pressed her lips together. Her eyes began to brim with tears again. She hu gged her knees and rocked herself.

"Sheila. Listen to me. Are you here willingly? Do you enjoy this treatment?" I had to know whether I was dealing with consentual, albeit really rough, sex or abuse and rape here. I would have put money on abuse and rape.

Sheila slowly looked up at me. Her eyes blazing. "You think that I like being treating this way?" Anger was beginning to creep into her voice. "You think I like being kicked around?"

"Sheila. Please. Calm down. I don't think anything. Honestly. You have to understand I just watched some bizarre stuff, and I know some people like abuse. B&D. S&M. That sort of thing. I just want to know if that was the case here. It matters on how I'm going to treat this guy when I unfreeze him."

"You're going to unfreeze him ?"

"Eventually. But he can't hear us now. And I won't be telling him anything that we talk about. I swear it."

"Oh God. Please don't unfreeze him. Are you a cop?" Hopeful.

I shook my head. Her face registered confusion. "He can't hear us?"

"No."

"Oh God. N o. I hate him. I'm not here because I like it. I swear it."

"Then what the hell is going on?"

"You'll help me?"

"Sheila. This is a very weird situation. I'm not sure what your definition of help is. But you have to tell me what is going on. Will you let me show you something?"

"What?" Suspicious.

I got up out of the chair and walked to the window. I opened the curtains and Sheila squinted in the sudden brightness. I walked away from the window and sat back down. A safe distance away.

"Go to the window. Look out."

Sheila glanced at Mayer. Still frozen. Glanced at me. I was doing my best to be non-threatening. She slowly got to her feet. Wincing. Probably at the pain in her side. She kicked off her remaining shoe and padded in her stockings to the window. She looked out.

"What am I supposed to see?"

I could see some of the tree tops from the chair if I twisted around a bit.

"Look at the trees."

"Yeah. So?"

"Are they moving?"

"No. So what? There isn't any wind."

“Actually there is.” I concentrated on the trees. Gave them a time bubble. They suddenly jumped to life. The breeze moving branches and leaves. I released the time bubbles and the trees stopped again. “I controlled that. Same way that I control the judge here.”

She turned around and looked at me.

“Sheila. This is going to be really hard for you to comprehend. Okay? But we are the only two people up and about on the planet. So in a way, yes, I’m going to free you from this bozo here.”

“Oh thank god,” she breathed a sigh of relief.

“Sheila. What is the situation here? I swear I won’t tell anyone.”

She sank back to the floor. Hugging her knees again. Shoeless. I watched a war fight itself inside her head. Not sure what her internal daemons were but I could imagine that they weren’t much fun. Finall y she licked her lips, making a decision.

“That son-of-a-bitch blackmailed me. Three years ago.” It sounded like she’d wanted to tell someone this a long time and it came tumbling out of her mouth like water flowing down a mountain. “He actually was a judg e back then. He’s retired now. Anyway, my stupid brother got nailed for armed robbery. Guilty as sin. I knew it. Judge knew it. But he was only a kid. I knew the judge’s wife. Gertrude. Through the church. I begged her to try and get Evan to go easy on my brother. She agreed to try. She’d known Robby since he was a kid as well. I get a call from the judge the next day telling me that it would cost him his bench if he messed with the court and that he couldn’t do it. I begged. I promised him anything. I just didn’t know that anything was this.” She spread her arms out, indicating the room. “I couldn’t see my brother going to jail. He couldn’t handle it. Finally the judge relented. And true to his word my brother walked. Kept out of trouble too.” Tears were be ginning to roll down her face. Tracing through the grime.

“The next week I get a call from the judge politely inviting me into a new position. A maid in his household. Obviously, I tried everything not to do this. It would mean giving up a very good job at IBM. Finally I convinced him that I’d help part -time. And I did. It was a bit degrading to do the housework for them, especially since they didn’t pay me. But Gertrude was kind to me and seemed to appreciate the help. Finally he demanded that I quit my other job to become a full time maid. He swore that he was a couple months from retirement anyway, and that he’d squeal on the deal and that my brother would get retried. Not having any choice I quit and became the full time maid around here. The first coupl e of weeks it was alright. But then one night I found him standing in my room. Telling me that I still had to work off the debt. At first it was just sex. Then the kinky stuff about three months ago. Christ. Videos. Snapshots. I couldn’t get away if I tried. He threatened to send it to my *parents* and friends. I didn’t even know what was in this room until three months ago. At first he just got off tying me up. Then the bondage got tighter. And longer. And then he. He. Began to h -hit me. Nowhere it would s how. But it was for nothing. For nothing. I didn’t do anything to deserve this. Oh God. It hurts. I hate him.”

At this point she just broke down crying. Her gloved hands pressing against her side. Sobbing.

I sat back in the chair, unsure what to do. I hate d him too. This was real life. Real time. Sheila was going to have to live with this for the rest of her life. I couldn’t do a thing about that. I mentally made a note that when I did restart the world to ensure that

this asshole got caught somehow. An ano nymous tip or something. For now though I could make things a little righter. At least in this timeline. I didn't fail to see the irony. Here I was fully planning on making her a slave as well. I'd already abused women beyond comprehension. Especially Jane . And I hurt them. Perhaps I really wasn't much better than this prick. Difference was I knew that the girls would never remember. This guy was doing this as a hobby in real time. Sheila would never forget him. I had to tell Sheila the truth about me thoug h. Otherwise things were going to go off track quickly.

"Sheila? Sweetheart?" She looked up at me with bleary eyes. "Will you stay here a moment? Not move? I'll be right back. I swear it."

She nodded. To be safe I narrowed her time bubble and she slipped i nto a time phase with Mayer. She wouldn't be in the same time phase with him long enough to interact.

I used the key and left the door open. I slowly made my way downstairs glancing through the rooms. Amy was relaxing in the front room. Eyes closed. Cuffed hands lying on her bare stomach. Headphones on. Bare body slowly moving to some unheard music. Listening to something slow on the stereo. Elizabeth looked up from her book as I entered the library. A Tale of Two Cities. I raised my eyebrows and she just s miled. Turning pages two handed, forced by the cuffs. Like a child.

I glanced around and spotted Christi lounging in a leather chair. Holding a Stephen King paperback.

"Christi?" She looked up.

"Break over?"

"Kind of. I've got a really strange situation he re and I need your help. And Jane's. Know where she is?"

"Dining room, I think. What's happening?" She could tell that something was unusual by my tone. This wasn't a call to torment her again. Instinctively she just knew. She was serious, not her usual sa rcastic self.

"I'll explain it to both of you. Don't want say this twice."

Christi rose from the chair, her robe twirling around her. She placed the book down on the chair to hold her place.

"Whatcha reading?"

"Talisman. Same one that you let me read when you took Jane. Remember?"

"I don't remember. Any good?" I didn't think that I had even asked what she was reading when I left her alone in the bookstore. Not important.

"Amazing. What's up?"

We arrived in the dining room. At first I didn't see Jane. Then Christi pointed with her bound hands. Jane was stretched out like a cat in the bay window. Her robe open. Letting the morning sun beat down on her bare body. Fast asleep. My kitten.

I wandered over to her. Shame to wake he r. But I really needed her. I gently shook her. She mumbled something.

"Urg. Not yet, Mom. Too early for school."

I just shook her again. This time her eyes fluttered open and she sighed.

"You've come to torment me again. Haven't you?"

"Nope. But I need yo ur help. Okay?"

"What can I do for you?"

I sat backward on one of the dining room chairs. Jane simply sat up on her perch and Christi stood barefoot on the carpet.

"This is a very weird situation. Even I can't believe this one. I'm going to give you the short version. Our host, at least the male side of it, is a former judge." The girls nodded. "Problem is. He's worse than me. In real time." Jane and Christi both had looks of confusion on their face.

"I found a locked room upstairs. Our host likes to play w ith women. Rougher even than I do. And he doesn't control time so this woman is going to remember all of it."

Jane piped up. "What does he do? Kill them?" She was being flippant.

I glared at her. She hadn't seen the display I had.

"Shush. The maid here has been abused by this guy for at least three months."

Christi went pale as the implications sunk in. She at least knew that she'd forget about this place as if it never happened. "What did he do to her?" she whispered.

"I just watched him put her through th e wringer. Stuff I wouldn't even dream of doing to you unless you really really pissed me off. And even then I'd think twice about it. And even if I did do it to you, you wouldn't be traumatized for life from it. You won't remember it when you go back."

The girls just nodded together.

Jane spoke up. "What are you going to do?"

"When I restart the world, I'll take care of it in real time. For now, there isn't much I can do."

Christi looked up at me. A strange glow graced her eyes. She softly remarked, "You could let me and this girl at him for a while."

I nodded. "Actually, that's exactly what I had in mind. But, my problem now is that I need you two to explain our situation to this girl. I really don't want to frighten or hurt her any more than she already i s. On the other hand I want her while we stay here. But I'm afraid that a less subtle approach might end up with her in hysterics and completely unmanageable. She knows that I can freeze things, but she isn't in the frame of mind to understand. She's hurt. "

Jane looked at me shrewdly. "So you want us to help you snag yet another victim?"

I nodded.

"What's in it for us?"

"I don't whip your breasts until you pass out. Plus, as a bonus, you don't revoke on your deal to do anything for me."

"That sounds fair." Jane shuddered and paled a little. "This guy did worse than whip her breasts? Glad I'm not *his* captive."

"If you're not careful I might give you to him." I was only joking with her. "Wrists."

The girls obediently raised their wrists. I removed the cuffs from them and they stood rubbing them idly. I held out my hands. "Robes."

The girls gave me a hurt look, but shrugged out of them and handed them to me. Glorious in their nakedness.

Jane braved the questi on. "Why?"

"I just thought it would be better if you were naked when you talked to her. If you are good, I'll let you have them back later. Okay?"

The girls nodded. I crooked my finger and the bare women followed me up the stairs. Jane yawned.

I took them to the room and their eyes widened as they saw the red stains. Probably thinking it was blood. I didn't doubt that this character was into blood play. However the stains weren't blood and I told the girls so.

"Calm down. It isn't blood. Just a spilled drin k. That's her in the corner." Sheila was still huddled in the corner. Semi -frozen. "Do either one of you know first aid?"

Christi piped up. "A little."

"Good. I don't know what went on before I arrived, but while I was watching he kicked her in the side tw ice, once in the stomach. While she was bound. He slapped her hard enough to make her fall. In the face. I'm surprised she wasn't spitting teeth. Or knocked out. Okay? He orally raped her as well. She's been through a lot. I've talked to her. She's pretty calm, though you may surprise her. I think she needs another woman to talk to. You think you two can do it?"

Christi took a deep breath. "God. I hope so. You're right. This guy is a real animal. I wouldn't put him in the same category with you. Brutal."

"Can you check her ribs? She'll have bruises like you wouldn't believe on her left side. I just want to make sure that she didn't crack a rib or something."

"I'll try. You're serious. He kicked her that hard? And we didn't hear it?"

"I don't know why he kick ed her that hard nor why you didn't hear it. Maybe the room is soundproofed or something. She was gagged when he kicked her. She couldn't make a lot of noise anyway. I should have stopped it earlier." I felt guilty as hell that I'd let her suffer through t hat.

I wandered back and sat back in the chair. Turned it to face the huddling frozen girl. I sent Christi and Jane in the hall out of sight.

I unfroze her. To her it would have just looked like my chair had twisted a bit suddenly.

"Sheila?" I asked softly. I leaned forward on my knees towards her. She turned back to the sound on my voice. "I lied to you a bit. There are other people around. I want you to meet a couple. Okay?"

"Like this?" She looked down at herself. "Please no."

"Believe me. You won't be u ncomfortable around them." I raised my voice a bit. "Christi? Jane?"

The two nude beauties walked slowly into the room. Sheila's eyes widened. Frightened again. Christi couldn't help herself any longer. She advanced quickly on her bare feet. Fairly running across the room. Grimacing as she stepped across the wet carpet. Christi dropped to her knees beside the shuddering girl and gathered her into her arms. Sheila just melted against Christi slowly crying and rocking. Really needing the comfort. Christi's eyes brimmed as well. Whether in sympathy with the girl, or just at the situation in general, I don't know. The girls stayed like that for a while. Just comforting each other. Jane had slipped to her bare knees beside them. Just silently lending her female p resence and support. It seemed like enough. I watched as Christi whispered comfort to the girl and softly kissed her hair. Closing her eyes. Not believing what some women had to go through. Christi was getting the clamato and other fluids smeared over her bare body as well. Just from holding the crying girl. Christi didn't appear to even notice or mind.

I walked over to Jane and drew her away from the other two. I whispered in her ear. “Listen. I think you two can do better without me around. That okay?”

Jane turned her head and whispered back. “We’ll do what we can. God. She’s a mess.”

“Let her use the main bathroom. First door after the stairs. You and Christi can use it as well. You might need it.” I glanced at Christi’s smeared body.

“Give us some time. She’s really hurt.”

“I know.”

“You won’t consider letting her go?”

I shook my head.

Resigned Jane nodded. “We’ll get her ready. But she’s going to need sleep and no abuse until after she sleeps or you won’t be able to keep her. I don’t believe I’m helping you. You’re such a bastard.”

I stroked Jane’s hair and kissed the top of her head. “I know.”

Chapter 69

I glanced back at the girls and watched Jane move back to Christi and Sheila. She knelt and whispered something to the other two. She glanced back at me in the doorway and nodded.

I slipped out, walked around the hallway and made my way down the stairs. Amy was still listening to the stereo, quietly humming. I couldn't make out the tune. Elizabeth was still buried in her book. I poked my head into the library and she looked up from Revolution France.

"My break over?" she asked with obvious disappointment in her voice. I think despite the cuffs and their nudity, the women were enjoying this quiet time. No demands. No pain.

I shook my head. I just wasn't in the mood to play with them. The Sheila thing had bothered me a bit. Maybe I needed some relaxation as well.

"You hungry?" I asked her.

"A little." I couldn't imagine that she was anything less than ravenous.

"What would you like for lunch?"

"I have a choice?"

"If you'll make lunch and mine."

"What about the others?"

"I'll find out. Just a sec."

I wandered back to the living room where Amy was still stretched out on the couch, listening to music with her eyes closed. Peaceful. I smiled to myself and walked over to the stereo. I gripped the volume knob and suddenly turned it up and immediately back down. Even I could hear the music suddenly blare through the headphones. Amy just about jumped through the roof. Her eyes flew open, she screamed and her cuffed hands rose frantically to her head, her fingers scrabbling at the source of her panic. The headphones finally fell from her ears and she looked around the room wildly. Her gaze fell on me, laughing hysterically by the stereo. I think I really needed some release. Such a childish thing to do.

Before I knew it, Amy was off the couch and approaching me. I couldn't help myself laughing. She slowly advanced on me. Yelling something. I couldn't make it out over my laughing. My stomach hurt.

She finally got herself to me. This small girl. Naked and cuffed. Trying her best to keep a straight face and affect anger. I managed to stop laughing and tried my best to look at her face without smirking.

Her lips quivering, trying to keep herself from laughing, she managed to get out an admonishment.

"You think that was funny?"

Just before I burst out laughing, she raised her small fists and began to ineffectually pound them against my chest. The cuffs making the job much harder on her. Finally I couldn't take it anymore. I just about collapsed on the floor. I was holding my stomach and crying. This poor girl. I could hear her laughing as she mock hit me.

Finally, she gripped my shoulder with her hands and managed to pull me to the floor. Not like I could resist a lot. I vaguely heard Elizabeth wander into the room and remark.

“What the hell is going on in here? Hmmmmm?”

By this time Amy had managed to straddle my chest. Pinning me down. Her bare body looking luscious as she wrestled with me .

She pretended to choke me. Not really threatening me. Just playing.

“Listen to me, you brat,” she hissed at me. “That wasn’t funny. I could have had a heart attack.”

I just couldn’t stop laughing. I felt Elizabeth’s weight come down on my legs. I heard her voice distantly.

“What did he do to you?”

I managed to control the laughter for another moment. Enough to hear Amy speaking over her shoulder to Elizabeth.

“There I was. Quietly listening to AC/DC. Minding my own business. Enjoying myself for the first time in like three days. And this turkey sneaks in and turns up the stereo to like eleven. I just about had a freaking heart attack. And this bozo,” I felt her fists hit me again, “thinks it’s hilarious.”

I began to laugh again. Shaking the bare girl s sitting on me.

I managed to gasp out. “It was freaking hilarious. You should have seen yourself.”

I could feel Elizabeth begin to laugh as well. It was infectious. Finally Amy just gave up and just let herself laugh. Falling across me. Nearly smothering me with her bare breasts.

Finally, the giggles nearly left us.

“All I wanted was to find out what you wanted for lunch.”

I could feel Amy begin to giggle again. I felt Elizabeth roll off my legs and just sit cross-legged beside us stupid people. At last th e giggles were spent. My stomach hurt. But I felt better. I gently pushed Amy until she gave up and rolled off me. The bare girl just lay back on the floor and tried to stop her laughing. Tears were streaming from her eyes and she brushed at them with her bound hands. There was a shine and a smile on Elizabeth’s face.

I sat up.

Elizabeth looked at the two of us with a mocking severe look on her face.

“You two quite finished yet?”

I nodded. But the question managed to get a few more giggles out of Amy.

“If you two idiots are done with your giggling, I’m hungry. What am I making?”

Amy managed to gasp out. “I’m famished. Please. How about a Club sandwich.”

I looked at Elizabeth. “You know how to make a Club sandwich?”

She gave me a withering stare. “I was a wai tress in a former life. I can make a Club sandwich. Geez.”

I had no idea what any of the girls did in real time. Except maybe Jane. She was probably a high school student. Amy was probably a college student. But that didn’t preclude employment I suppose.

I smiled at Elizabeth. “Go on. Careful though. Polly, the cook is in there. Don’t let her surprise you. Make six sandwiches. Okay?”

Elizabeth gave me an odd look and carefully rose to her bare feet. To her count there was only five of us. I guess she’d find out about the newest addition to our family soon.

I looked down at Amy, still gasping for breath on the floor. Her bare breasts rising and falling erratically. She opened her eyes.

"You are such an idiot." Her belly convulsed a couple more times as she tried to control the impulse to laugh. She finally succeeded. I lay back down beside her on the floor.

"I needed that." I remarked to her. "Sorry that you were the victim."

"You're sorry?" she was completely incredulous.

"Yeah. It was childish."

"You torture me for hours on end and you're not sorry, and you deafen me as a prank and you are. I'll never figure you out." Amy rose up on her elbow and looked at me. She scrambled over to me. Pressed her bare body against my clothes. "I sort of liked it up there. More comfortable than the floor." She struggled a bit but managed to get herself back up on top of me. Her weight didn't bother me. She was light enough.

Her face hung inches above mine. She ducked her head and gave me a quick kiss on the lips. Traced my lips with her tongue. She gave me a quick kiss on the tip of the nose.

"Your slave Amy, thanks you," she whispered to me.

"For what?" I was completely confused.

"She needed the laugh too. It felt good. Though her stomach hurts, now."

I nodded and she smiled. She worked her body down a bit so that she was lying further down me. Her bare crotch pressed at my jeans. I could feel myself reacting to her. My legs were apart, hers were lying easily between mine. She had extended her arms above head. Almost cradling my head between her arms. Having trouble lying on her front with handcuffs. Her head lay on my chest just under my chin. Her hair smelt wonderful. She lay quietly. Not making any other sexual movements. Just lying there. Breathing hard.

"You're welcome," I murmured to the girl on my chest.

We lay there like that for perhaps fifteen minutes. Amy didn't stir. I was beginning to think that she had fallen asleep, but she raised her head immediately as Elizabeth wandered in.

"Sandwiches are ready."

"Lunch time!" Amy announced from her perch. Elizabeth kind of gave us a weird look, I guess meaning the position. Amy hiked herself up me again, making me stir. She gave me a big kiss right on the lips and rolled off me. Bouncing to her feet.

I slowly sat up. Realizing that I was breathing easier without her weight on my chest. Not that I minded. I looked up at the standing girls.

"Why don't you bring three sandwiches out here. You can continue what you were doing before I so rudely interrupted you."

The girls looked like they were in shock that I wasn't going to torment them with their lunch, but hurried to obey. Elizabeth returned with two plates and handed one to me.

"You sure?" she asked me.

"What?"

"You're going to let me go back and read and eat alone?"

"Yeah?"

"Not going to make Amy feed me?"

"Elizabeth. Do you want me to?"

Her eyes widened and she straightened up. She shook her head and hurried back to the library while the getting was good. She remarked over her shoulder, “We should make you laugh more often.” I guess she attributed my being nice to them to my good humour. Truth was, I simply didn’t feel like tormenting them at the moment. Maybe it was the good laugh.

Amy just wandered back to the sofa and stretched out. She placed the plate on her flat stomach and, giving me a dirty look, carefully brushed her hair behind her ears and placed the headphones over them. Soon she had closed her eyes and was gently moving to the music again. Slowly eating her lunch.

I just shook my head. I couldn’t believe t he resilience of this girl. Yesterday she spent the entire day in horrible punishments. In pain. Her breasts still bore the marks of the crop that I’d used on her. Her thighs, too. And today, she was laughing and voluntarily kissing me. No longer even self conscious of her bondage or nudity. Just enjoying her free time.

I doubted if I’d ever understand the female of the species. I hoped that Sheila would be as resilient after a good sleep and some loving care from Christi and Jane.

I ate my sandwich in sile nce, watching Amy, and thinking.

Chapter 70

Shortly after I'd finished eating, I suddenly heard the faint sound of water flowing. Sounded like the shower running as heard from a basement. Like in an old house I used to live in.

I sighed and rose to my fe et. I poked my head in on Elizabeth. She looked up from her book as I entered the library. She had finished her sandwich and there were only crumbs on the plate.

"Lunch good?"

"Mmm-hmmm. Wouldn't mind some more. And a drink."

"Do you deserve it?"

She blushed a little as she remembered who and where she was. "I don't know," she whispered. I ultimately controlled when, what and how much she ate.

I nodded. "Go on. Make Amy another as well. And get us all some milk."

"Milk?"

"Milk."

"But there's some p op in the fridge." She looked at me hopefully.

"Milk."

She nodded. Not wanting to push things. Calcium is good for the girls. And I quite enjoyed a cold glass of milk. Elizabeth rose to her feet and pranced out of the library towards the kitchen.

In a few minutes she returned with a plate and a glass of milk in her bound hands. She placed them in front of me.

"Elizabeth?" She turned around. On her way out for another trip. "I didn't want another sandwich."

"Oh God. I'm sorry. Please. I just thought that you wanted one too. Please. You don't have to punish me. I'll eat it."

"That's alright, babe. Just leave an extra in the kitchen. Jane and Christi can fight over it."

Her face was a mask of relief that I hadn't punished her for the slip. Normally I probably w ould have.

"You wanted the milk, right?"

I nodded. Taking a sip. Cold milk. Ahh. I watched as Elizabeth made two more trips. Bringing Amy her second sandwich and then bringing herself a glass of milk to go with her sandwich which I'd just slid across the t able to be in front of her. I watched as she tasted it and grimaced.

"You don't drink milk?"

"Not in a long time. Can't stand the taste."

"It's good for you. And I want you to drink it."

"I will."

I rose as she took another sip. I downed the rest of my mil k in one long swallow. Elizabeth watched me with undisguised envy. Really wishing that she liked the taste of the liquid as much as I.

"Behave yourselves down here. 'kay?"

"When don't we?"

I raised my eyebrows and she just lowered her eyes quickly and resu med reading.

Leaving Elizabeth in peace, I wandered back out to the main foyer and the staircase leading upstairs. As I walked slowly up the stairs I could hear the shower more clearly. I could smell the clean odor of soap and steam as I approached the hug e bathroom. The girls were talking softly in there. The door only half closed. It sounded as if all three were in the shower together.

There were two sets of wet reddish footprints on the white carpet of the hallway. Bare feet. Heavier the closer to the bu siness room they got; very faint by the bathroom at the other end of the hallway. I looked at them. Christi's and Sheila's feet, I was guessing. I was willing to bet that Jane had been careful to avoid stepping in the large red stain in the business room.

I entered the large bathroom without bothering to knock. These women no longer had anything to hide from me. As I suspected all three were in the shower. The doors were opaque but I could easily see the three female forms moving around. Washing each other. Enjoying the cleansing of the hot water.

I sat up on the counter and listened.

"God, he got you good, didn't he?" Christi's voice.

Sheila murmured something back. Something like, "Yeah, the fucking bastard." I heard Jane gasp and Sheila again spoke up. "I t will fade in a couple of days."

A few seconds of silence.

"He keeps you naked all the time?" Sheila's musical voice drifted out of the shower. It was hard to tell to which of the girls she was talking.

"Lately he's been letting me and Christi wear robes. But I wouldn't count on him letting you wear anything."

"Nudity is better than corsets and high heels any day. Trust me. You've been with him for days?"

"Yeah."

"Why haven't you attacked him?"

"Why didn't you attack Mayer?"

"I guess. Couldn't you escape?"

"Why didn't you run from Mayer?"

"Because of my brother."

"You can't escape this guy. Please Sheila, you have to listen to me. You can't get away. I've watched it happen so many times. Me. Others. He just stops you i n your tracks and holds a gun on you. Or worse your family. You always end up doing what he says. You wouldn't like what happens to you if you try to escape."

"He won't hurt me if I don't try to escape?"

I heard Jane sigh. "Sheila, honey, I can't guarantee that. He likes hurting girls. I don't know why. But he's not malicious about it, like that asshole in the other room. He wants to see something. You don't want to do it. Problem is, he can make you do it. And it is so much easier and less painful if you j ust do it the first time. Believe me. He can be kind."

"W-will he rape me?"

"Hold still. I'm trying to get this goddamn clamato out of your hair. Hold still," Christi chastised the girl.

"I don't know, sweetheart," Jane answered Sheila's question. "He hasn 't raped anyone. Never demanded sex. As far as I know. He hasn't raped me. And Christi has had

sex with him, but I'm not sure you could count that as rape. Sometimes I've heard women offer sex to him to avoid something. But he rarely takes them up on it. I 've offered myself numerous times but he's never taken me." Jane conveniently left out the forced lesbian sex epidemic that was going around.

Sheila sighed at something.

Christi spoke up. "You okay?"

"Yeah. I'm okay. It's just a bit tender over there. I'm sorry."

Jane spoke to her. "Sheila, honey. You sure you understand? We really don't want to get into trouble if you decide to make life hard on this guy. We've been through it. Time and again."

"I'm okay with it. I've been a sex slave for the last three mo nths already. Another few days aren't going to matter. And he did rescue me from that monster in the other room. If you two aren't completely off your rocker then I won't remember it anyway. And if you are wrong then he's going to get caught soon."

"God, don't we wish," from Jane wistfully.

"I'll behave for now," Sheila promised.

"He's going to tie you up, you know."

"That's okay. You should have seen some of the stuff that I've been through. One night the fucking bastard decided that I had to sleep suspend ed from the ceiling. Upside down. Yeah. I got a lot of sleep that night. And he didn't even give a crap. Still had to be on duty at five. He took me down at 4:45, slapped me around to wake me up and then went back to bed. I'm used to ropes." I could almost hear the shudder in her voice.

Another long silence. Just the sounds of the girls washing themselves.

"He punished your breasts?" Sheila asked.

Jane answered her. "Yeah. I was dumb though. I disobeyed. He wouldn't have done it if I'd done what I was told." This wasn't entirely true. I would have found some excuse to punish Jane's breasts anyway. She probably knew it as well, but there really wasn't any sense in frightening the new girl.

"What happened?" I wondered which incident she was going to relate. I smiled to myself.

"He was tormenting another girl. Badly. And he'd just told me to sit and watch. I got up and stopped him. He took it out on my breasts. But he was careful. No lasting marks. Just pure agony for a while. He didn't send me into some insanity if that's what you are worried about. It hurt. But it wasn't unbearable. I survived. I'll always survive."

So she picked the Kimberley incident. Or maybe the Amy incident. No, the Amy incident had been when Jane hadn't whipped Amy when ordered. She hadn't stopped me from tormenting her. Different story. Must have been thinking of the Kimberley incident.

"Oh. Will he hit my breasts? God. I remember the first time that fucker hit my tits. Oh my God, I thought I was going to die. I thought I had died and gone to hell. That is what it's like. That fucker drew blood. I couldn't wear a bra for a week. I could barely wear my uniform. I cried every night after that. He won't do that to me, will he?"

"I doubt it," Christine piped up. "He's pretty careful about going overboard. I accidentally drew blood when he made me whip another girl and he urged me to be careful. And though I've seen him leave marks, the pain generally fades after an hour or so. Whatever he's done. No matter what a bastard he is. No matter how cruel he seems.

He's never punched or kicked anyone as far as I know. And he doesn't leave any bruises that we don't put on ourselves."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean, if your breasts are being whi pped and you are tied down, then you tend to ahhhh struggle a bit. Right? And the ropes can leave bruises if you pull too hard. But you can't help it. Right? They're usually small bruises and they tend to fade quickly. At least on me. I don't think that he finds bruises particularly attractive on a girl."

"I see. God. If I had to be a slave, I'd take your master over mine any day."

"Me too," Christi piped up.

There was some movement in the tub/shower. The door opened letting out a cloud of steam. Jane scree ched as she stepped out of the shower, not expecting me just sitting there quietly on the counter.

Christi immediately called out. "What is it, Jane? You okay?"

Jane closed her eyes and tried to slow her breathing. "Fuck, you scared me."

"I'm sorry. I was just waiting for you slowpokes to vacate the shower."

"No. I'm sorry. I guess I'm still not used to having no privacy. God, you gave me a start. I had no idea you were in here." She looked at me shrewdly. "How much did you hear."

"I heard you taking cheap shots at me." Jane paled. "But then you defended me so it all evened out in the end."

Jane began breathing again and reached behind her to shut the shower door. I handed her a huge bath towel. She began to dry her hair. After she was done I motioned her out into the hall. Christi and Sheila had fallen silent after they realized I was in the bathroom with them.

The dripping girl followed me out into the hallway. Soaking the carpet with the water dripping from her naked body. She continued to towel off slowly .

"She okay?"

"Mentally, or physically?"

"Both."

"Mentally, she's strong. If she could survive some of the abuse I heard about, then she should be okay with your brand of abuse. She's getting better now that she's out from under Dickwad's thumb. Physically , she's a little worse off. He's raped her. A lot. And you were right, she bruised badly from those kicks. Christi suspects that she's got a cracked rib. But I think she'll be alright. The shower helped a lot. Since we scrubbed her, she has cheered up a lot. She's quite beautiful underneath all that crap he threw at her. She's got bruises all over. Her ass. Her back. Her boobs. Her face. Her arms. Legs. You name it. He got her there. And not lightly. I couldn't imagine what she went through to get them all. But her body will mend itself. She should be a lot better if you just let her sleep for a good eight hours. You are going to get him back for this, aren't you?"

"I am. You want a shot at him?"

"Normally, you know I'm not a violent person. But if you were to order me to, say, give him a dose of his own medicine, I doubt if I'd risk my hide and say no." She gave me an evil grin. "You want us to give her anything to wear? She's going to want something." I shook my head. "I know. What use are clothes on a woma n? I doubt if she's particularly shy anymore anyway after what she's been through."

“Finish her up. Get her dried off and presentable. Don’t bother with make up for her. I’m just going to put her to bed anyway. Meet me in the next bedroom. The master bedroom. She’ll know which one. Assure her that I’m not planning on raping her.”

Jane nodded curtly and turned on her bare heel. I was proud of her. She’d had the huge towel the whole time. She’d dried off and then simply held it at her side. No attempt to wrap it around herself. It would have covered her small body neck to toe. She disappeared into the bathroom and I heard her trying to coax the other two out of the shower before they turned into prunes.

I quickly made my way downstairs to the kitchen. I glance d in on the girls but they were engrossed in their activities. Elizabeth looked up from her classic and waved as I passed. Amy didn’t even know I’d checked on her. I assumed that AC/DC had her attention.

In the kitchen, I found four sandwiches sitting on p lates sitting on the kitchen table. Polly, the cook, still stood frozen by the counter forever pouring tea. I walked over to the refrigerator. Opening it, I discovered the largest and best stocked fridge I’d ever seen. I grabbed the milk and set it on the table beside the sandwiches. I had to browse through the cupboards to find glasses, and eventually found some. I suppose that I should have gotten Elizabeth to do this for me. After all, she’d already done this once. She wouldn’t have had to search for thi ngs.

I quickly poured a tall glass of milk and returned the milk container to the fridge. Picking up a sandwich and the milk, I turned and made my way back upstairs. I detoured on my way up the stairs to pick up three pairs of handcuffs from the equipment pack. I walked into the master bedroom and placed the food and the cuffs on the night stand. I lay back in the bed propped up on the pillows. This bed was far more comfortable than the hotel bed. I closed my eyes, faintly hearing sounds from the adjoining bathroom. Soft female voices. The occasional item hitting the counter.

I may have dozed for a second. I heard a soft throat clear and I opened my eyes and sat up. The girls had entered the room. They were standing just inside the door. Radiant. Christi and Jane were standing easily behind Sheila. They had brushed out their hair until it shone. Their face bore light makeup and their skin fairly shone. Their nails were painted a light peach colour. Fingers and toes. Sheila was standing in front of the other two. The blonde was stunning. Perfect figure. No attempt to cover her nudity. Even without the heavy make up her face was like a china doll’s. Except for the bruises. I let my eyes run over her exposed body. She flushed but made no attem pt to cover herself with her hands. Her hands stayed limply at her sides.

I could see the beginnings of a really ugly purple bruise beginning to form on her left side. Just under her ribs. I could see fainter bruises on her upper arms. Her neck. Her thighs. Even her face and breasts. I was sure that she was in worse shape on her backside as well. Despite all the aches and pains that she was undoubtedly suffering, she still managed to stand straight and look stunning.

“Sheila, come here.”

A look of fright crossed her features, but she took a deep breath. Jane whispered in her ear and she began to move slowly and daintily towards the bed. When she made it to the bedside, she slowly sank to her bare knees and lowered her head. Very submissive posture.

She spoke, “So you are my new master?”

"Shhh. In a minute. Okay?" I turned to the other two girls. "Jane? Christi? Come here."

They padded over, knowing instinctively that they didn't have to kneel like Sheila had. They were about to be dismissed.

"Wrists."

Jane began a soft protest but I cut her off with a glance. Her mouth snapped shut. As I was carefully placing the restraints back on their wrists, I spoke quietly to them. "You know this isn't a punishment. Seriously. I want to thank you two for helping Sheila. You did a great job. She needed you two. Are you hungry?"

The girls nodded. For some reason Christi and Jane were both fighting back tears. Not sure why. I'd have to ask them later.

"Elizabeth has made Club sandwiches downstairs in the kitchen. They're good . Pour yourselves some milk. There is a sandwich each plus an extra she made accidentally. Share the extra between you. You can go back to what you were doing before I so rudely pulled you away. Enjoy your lunch. I'll be down for you soon."

Christi looked at me, fear in her eyes. She spoke softly, "Sir? Can I speak?"

I nodded reassuringly to the frightened girl.

"Please. The milk."

"What about it. It's good for you."

"Oh God. I know. And I love it. But, please. It doesn't love me."

"Allergic?"

She nodded. Tears almost falling but she fought them back.

"Truly?"

"Yes sir."

"Alright. You can have water instead. That better?"

"Thank-you." I suspect that she was remembering the peanut butter incident where I'd forced her to eat it despite her intense dislike for it. But this was different. She was allergic to the stuff. I needed Christi sick like I needed a sudden flood. "One more thing?" she was feeling a little braver since I'd allowed her to drink water instead.

"What is it?"

"Please sir. Sheila. She. She's hurt enough for today. Please don't hurt her. If you need to hurt someone, I'll take it for her. Okay?"

I nodded. I had no intention of hurting the girl kneeling on the carpet. Christi was right, she'd had more than enough for the day. "Go on. Go eat."

Jane and Christi both turned and I heard them make their way slowly down the hallway. Finally I could just sense the vibrations from their bare feet through the house as they descended to the first floor and to their meals.

I turned back to the girl kneeling nude on the floor. She was shaking like a leaf. Tears brimming in her eyes, but not falling. She was looking up at me. I smiled at her, trying to put some warmth and kindness behind it. Unlike her former master.

Chapter 71

I just sat up on the bed and gazed at the new girl. Her eyes were lowered and she just knelt quietly and suffered my scrutiny.

Finally, she spoke softly, "Sir, you aren't going to hurt me are you?" She sounded so forlorn. So resigned to her fate.

"Sheila, honey. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise."

"Wh-what should I call you?"

"I'm not sure. Sir? Master? Hey you?"

I actually saw a smile play along her lips. I could still see a faint red hand print embedded on her right cheek where she'd been slapped earlier. It distorted a bit when she struggled to control the smile.

"You don't have a name?"

"Nope. I'm nameless."

"A shadow in the dark? I think I'll stick with Sir or Master. I get the feeling 'Hey you' will probably get me in trouble."

She was finally looking up at me. Her defenses were beg inning to crumble. I was being careful to be kind to her. She was actually on the verge of a smile. In her position I doubted if I'd ever smile. I nodded to her.

"Sheila? I have to admit that you are a sight to see kneeling there, but why don't you come up here? It's more comfortable."

Her eyes betrayed her fear. "If you don't mind, I'd rather stay here." Still afraid of rape, I'd wager. She simply didn't want to come up on the bed with me there. Even if it was infinitely more comfortable than being on her knees on the floor.

"Sheila. Sweetheart. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise. I won't even touch you." I slid down to the foot of the bed and leaned back against the foot board. Giving up my spot for the naked female.

The girl warily got to her bare feet and hesitantly walked to the bed and sat down. Sighing as her bare body sank into the bed.

"Comfortable. Isn't it?"

She nodded. She hitched herself up onto the bed, pulling her bare legs up onto the coverlet and relaxing back into the pillows. Her bare leg s and feet lying alongside mine, legs together modestly.

"You know. I wasn't even allowed in this room. Gertrude cleaned it herself. Very private woman. This is the first time I've ever even seen it."

I thought of Gertrude on display tied to an oak tree in the backyard in her nightgown and smiled. Private, huh? Sheila didn't miss my quick smile.

"Something funny?" she asked.

"Just thinking of someone. Relax. You hungry?"

Her eyes darted to the food on the night stand. Her eyes rested briefly on the handcuffs, but she finally tore them away to gaze at me. She shook her head. I wasn't too surprised that she wasn't hungry.

"I want you to eat something eventually." I paused. "Sheila. Honey. I have to handcuff you."

"I know. I'm used to it." Resigned.

"I won't tighten them. They won't hurt."

The girl fought back tears but raised her right wrist. I got off the bed and wrapped the steel around her slender wrist. This was the most I'd touched the girl since I'd met her. Her wrist had faint marks on it. Perhaps the re mnants of bruises from a particularly cruel or tight binding. I closed the cuff carefully and locked it, tested it to make sure she couldn't slip her hand out from the loose steel and clipped the other end around the bedpost. She let out an involuntary whi mper but suffered the indignity mostly in silence. Her mind was probably rushing around to other horrors that had happened to her while she was helpless and nude; things that weren't going to happen to her this time.

I pulled one of the decorative desk cha irs over to the bedside and sat down facing her. She just looked at me waiting.

"Sheila, I know this is hard for you. I hope Jane and Christi helped you understand what is going on."

She bit her lip and nodded. "They were wonderful. I feel so much better. I really do. And that shower they gave me. I feel. Cleaner. I think I would have gone nuts if it wasn't for them."

I was actually surprised that she hadn't felt a little uncomfortable around the other girls. I mean, they had taken a shower together. A little much for a first date, I would have thought. But the girl was a bit of an enigma. Who knows what she'd been forced to do. Showering with a couple of people of her own sex was probably tame com pared to some of the stuff she'd had to do. Maybe this girl just wasn't shy around other women. Maybe she didn't mind being touched and washed by another woman. I'd heard that women weren't as paranoid of same gender touching as men. Perhaps, she'd been traumatized into rejecting males. I couldn't blame her. Or maybe she was bisexual or lesbian even before being taken by Mayer. I supposed that I would have to probe more into this later. It might help me understand her. Like I had a hope of understand a fema le anyway, much less a lesbian. But I was curious, there really wasn't any real evidence that she was homosexual at all, just my overactive imagination.

"Honey. You have to eat. Okay?"

She nodded. She used her free left hand to pick up the glass of milk. S he downed it in one quick swallow, her throat muscles working at the fluid. She put the glass back down and took a deep breath. Her breasts rose up as she filled her lungs with air.

"Thirsty?" I asked, surprised at how fast she drank it.

"Like a desert. Ab use makes you thirsty, don't you know?" She flashed me a brief smile.

I smiled back at her and watched her pick up the sandwich and nibble at it.

"I'm going to let you sleep after you eat. You must be tired."

"And achy," she replied around small bites. "Pl ease. Sir. Master. I. I'm not really hungry."

"Eat half then. You'll be hungry when you wake. You can eat the rest then."

She continued to eat the half sandwich in her left hand as she was told. Shortly she finished, but it looked like she almost had to fo rce herself to eat. She licked at her finger tips and then lowered her hand to rest easily on her bare belly. I watched as she experimentally probed the discoloured area of her side with her fingers. She winced and let her hand fall back to her stomach. Th at was going to be one hell of a bruise she was going to be sporting for the next few days.

"Why are you doing this?"

“What?” I was confused by her question. Could have meant any number of things.

“Why are you keeping me? What are you planning to do with m e?”

“Sweetheart. Even I don’t know the answer to that.”

“You are going to hurt me as well, aren’t you?”

“Not like that animal that was keeping you before. And I will let you go.”

“When?”

“I don’t know. You won’t remember any of this when you return.”

“So they tell me. Then what’s the point?”

“*I* will remember. Problem with you is that I’m going to be returning you back to something worse than this reality. I feel bad about returning you. The others are going back to a better place.”

“Please. Don’t send me back. You can do whatever you please to me, but I can’t go back.” She’d made a similar deal with Mayer. But I doubt if that occurred to her. She seemed genuinely afraid of Mayer. Understandably.

“Honey, I have to. Eventually. But, I swear, I’ll find some w ay to get you out of this when I get back to the main timeline. I’ll make sure that bastard pays for what he’s done to you.”

Sheila swallowed heavily. Fighting back tears. “O -okay. You aren’t going to hurt me as much as he did are you?”

“No honey. I’m not. Right now, I’m just trying to take care of you. Not hurt you. You’ve been through quite enough for the last couple of months by the sound of it.”

“Jane told me. She told me that you could be kind.”

“Jane is a good woman. Strong. Like you. Smart.”

“You actually respect them in some ways. Don’t you?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “Honey, you have to get some sleep.”

She hitched herself back down the bed. Extending her right arm to accommodate the handcuff, lying her blonde head down on her extended arm. She had turned on her side and drawn up one leg. She looked almost comfortable despite the restraint on her right hand. She closed her eyes.

“You don’t have to handcuff me, you know. At first I was horrified that I was moving from one monster to another. God, how I cried. But if the girls are telling the truth, at least you aren’t as bad as that other asshole. And I’m not going to run. Jane told me that you actually kept your word. If I obeyed I wouldn’t be punished. Mayer, that fucking bastard, would force me to o bey. Usually with promises that I wouldn’t be punished. And then kick the hell out of me anyway. Please. You don’t have to keep me bound. I’m not going anywhere. I can’t.”

“I know, sweetheart. I know. It’s just a safety and decorative thing. At least for now. It shouldn’t hurt too much.”

“It doesn’t. It’s better than what Mayer made me sleep in.”

“Get some sleep. Try to rest.”

“I will. And thank -you.” I turned to look at her naked, reclining figure. Puzzled. “For getting me away from him. And being nice to me,” she continued. “Even if you couldn’t let me go.”

I bent down and kissed her forehead. She didn’t flinch at all, but merely closed her eyes again. I walked to the door and touched the light switch. The room fell into a semi -

darkened state. I could see her body moving rhythmically with her breathing and I softly shut the door behind me. Allowing her to sleep off the horror and abuse of the morning.

I walked swiftly back downstairs. I checked in on the girls again. Amy was still quietly listening to her music. Elizabeth was still reading Dickens. Christi had picked back up the Stephen King/Peter Straub novel. I found Jane lying back in the sun, delicately eating the last of her sandwich. She looked up as I approached.

"The sandwich was good."

"You should tell Elizabeth."

"I will."

I sat there watching the bare girl for a moment. "What are you thinking?" I asked her.

"I was just thinking about Sheila. And what she had to go through. What she still has to go through when you return her."

"I know. Scary ain't it?"

"You aren't ever going to treat us like that are you?"

"No. Why?"

Tears formed in her eyes. She willed them away. "I couldn't handle that. She shouldn't be sane. That went beyond cruel, what that asshole did to her. At least when you are hurting me, I can rationalize. Some day it will be over and I will forget about it completely and continue to live my life as though none of it ever happened. She doesn't have that option."

"Maybe she's not sane."

"She is. Tired. Battered. Frightened. Terrorized. But she somehow retained her sanity. That guy was going to kill her you know. Still is, I guess."

"The thought had crossed my mind. Janey, I'll take care of it. When I restart the world. That bastard is going to be 'discovered'. Don't you worry your pretty little head. Sheila will be okay. Here and there."

Jane blushed. "Why'd you come down here?"

"Couple of reasons."

"Torment time for the rest of us?"

"Not yet. I came down here because I wanted to talk."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. And you talked to me. The others are engrossed in books. And music."

"You could have forced them to talk."

"Not the same."

"Why else? You want sex?"

I was surprised. "You offering?"

"If you want. You know I will. Don't have much choice."

I shook my head. "'fraid not now. Not in the mood."

"I thought guys were always in the mood."

I just looked at her.

"Might help you take the edge off this," she remarked. She idly arched her back, thrusting her bare breasts out towards me. This woman was full of surprises. I felt myself react to her offer, but this wasn't the time. Later perhaps.

I shook my head. "We've got to deal with our elderly cook out in the kitchen. And then I have to have a little chat with our judge."

Jane nodded. “I don’t believe that you are choosing Polly over me.” She smiled mischievously. “I’ll help with our cook. You realize that you are going to give her a heart attack if you unfreeze her. I’m assuming that you want her out in the backyard as well.”

I smiled. “How the hell am I going to unfreeze her without giving her heart failure?” I touched Jane’s arm. She picked up her plate and glass in her bound hands and carried them back to the kitchen.

We entered the kitchen and Jane dropped the plate and glass into the sink. We both regarded Polly. Still oblivious to the people around her. The nude girls moving in and out. The sex. That was going to change for her unfortunately.

I reached down and released Jane’s hands from her restraints. I sent her off to get some rope to deal with our cook. Poor old woman. I felt sorry for her, but I had to move her out of the way. And to do that I had to slip her into a different timeline. Ours. I’d try and make it as painless as possible for her.

I guess it had to be done. Soon she’d be obliviously in a slower time frame and out of all this. I sat on one of the kitchen chairs. I pulled the gun out of the waistband of my jeans and lay it on the table. I concentrated, freeing the elderly lady from the time freeze. She began to pour the tea which she’d been doing when I froze the world. Her back was still to me.

I let her finish pouring the tea, not wanting to startle her while she was holding the hot liquid. When she put the teapot down, I spoke to her, “Polly?”

She whirled around. Far faster than I’d expected. Her accent was distinctly English, “And who the ‘ell might ye be?” Her eyes found the gun lying on the table immediately. “Aye. Come in to rob the place, eh?” She laughed. “The Judge will love ‘at. ‘fraid that I don’t ‘ave naught but tea for the likes of you.”

No fear. Her calm demeanor surprised me into laughing.

“Polly. My dear. I’m not here to rob you.”

“Aye lad. What else you need one of them popguns for? Silly man.”

Just then Jane waltzed through the kitchen door. Obviously not aware that I was going to unfreeze the old woman without her here .

“I got them, Master!” she announced jovially. “Oh shit,” she continued as she saw the old cook standing there. Polly’s jaw had just about dropped to the floor as this naked teenager just walked in like there was nothing unusual about being unclothed in h er kitchen.

In amusement, I watched as Polly’s eyes rolled back. Her hand flew to her breast and she exclaimed a quick, “My word.” She promptly began to sway. Jane dropped the rope and scampered to the tottering old woman. As she fainted, Jane just reached her and had real trouble lowering the bigger woman to the floor. I just sat and watched, unable to react quickly enough to help.

“Ooof.” Jane grunted as the woman was laid out on the floor. “Couldn’t wait could you? She weighs a ton. A ton and a half. Way to avoid heart failure.”

“Your fault.”

“My fault????” Jane looked at me. Completely incredulous.

“Yeah, I was having a nice conversation with the nice old woman and you barge in like you own the place. All naked and all. Make her faint.”

Jane gave me a dirty look but checked the woman. Loosened the collar on her uniform. Jane breathed a sigh of relief. Just a faint. Not heart failure.

“Like I had a choice,” Jane remarked as she worked.

“Come on, what’s done is done.” I got up and wandered over to where Jane was. “You take her feet. I’ll get her arms.” Jane moved around to where she was told gripping the woman’s ankles.

Together we struggled with the woman, dragging her out the door and to the near est tree outside. I sat her up with her back against the tree. I relaxed in the grass as Jane carefully bound the helpless woman to the tree.

“Not too tight. Doesn’t have to be,” I instructed Jane.

“I know.”

“God she was heavy.”

“I told you that,” Jane sai d smirking.

The woman stirred just as Jane was forming the last knot.

“Wh-what?” she began.

I concentrated and she slipped into a different time phase with Gertrude. They could interact there. At least they had company. Though it wouldn’t be for long. Even if I kept them here a week, they’d only have time for maybe few sentences. They were moving that slow. I hardly had to take the precaution of binding them at all.

Jane just looked at me. “That is just so amazing. I’d be really impressed if you used it for the common good, instead of for enslaving me.”

I smiled at her as we walked back into the house, Jane’s bare feet making a slight trail through the grass in front of me.

Chapter 72

As we re-entered the kitchen, Jane picked up her handcuffs from the table and handed them to me. She raised her wrists, allowing me to lock her wrists together again. No complaints.

I hesitated before putting them on her.

"Janey? If I don't lock your hands, will you behave?"

"Of course. I've only been telling you that for days. "

"No. I mean I think I need your hands free for a while."

Her perception kicked in. "You want me to be there when you deal with the asshole." A statement.

"You tie better knots than me. You think you can make him uncomfortable?"

Jane actually smiled. "If you let me tie that jerk up, Christ, I'm yours forever. He'll be uncomfortable."

I nodded. "That's my girl. Come on."

We practically ran upstairs.

Jane shuddered as we entered the business room. Mayer was still standing in the same position that I had refrozen him. Technically he could have moved a couple of millimeters, but I doubted if he even moved that far. I saw Jane glance at the red puddle on the ground. I guess I could have returned that piece of carpet back to the prime timeline. It should clean itself. But I wanted a reminder of this man's behaviour. I still held Jane's handcuffs in my hands.

I carefully walked to the leather chair, motioning Jane to close the door and follow me. I vaguely wondered if I should have brought Christi up as well. She'd want a shot at this guy. I considered it, but I'd let her have her fun after I had this guy under a semblance of control. He was going to be a challenge. I figured that he would be a coward underneath the tough exterior. Far more concerned for his own skin than anyone else's. I should be able to use that to my advantage.

I pulled the gun out of its impromptu holster and aimed it at Mr. Mayer. Jane just stood quietly behind the chair. I glanced up and regarded her face. She was doing her best to control her emotions. But I could see it in her eyes. Almost rage at this animal in front of us. She'd talked to Sheila far more than I. She was probably far more aware of the horrors that had happened here than I was.

"You ready?"

"Let's get him." Jane was ready.

I concentrated and released our judge from his time block. Without really noticing anything wrong, Mayer continued his turn towards the closet. Fuming about his now non-existent slave who was peacefully sleeping in his bed.

"Oh Judge?" I called out softly.

He turned at the sound of my voice. He stopped dead as he saw me sitting in his chair. I saw his eyes travel to Jane. Eyeing her. Lingering on her exposed chest. Then the eyes fixed on the gun. This distraction only held for a second or so.

He exploded. "What the fuck?!?!?!?"

"Sir. I think we should get something straight here. This is a gun." I let a shot off into the ceiling above his head. Chips of wallboard shattered across the room. Mayer

screamed. “It’s loaded. And I won’t hesitate to shoot your balls off if you don’t cooperate.”

He stood still and glanced around the suddenly small room.

“What do you want? Money? It’s in the safe. I’ll get it for you.” He’d noticed that Sheila was not in the room but he hadn’t mentioned it yet.

“Sir. I have no interest in your money. At all.”

“Then what do you want? How did you get in here? Who’s the bitch?” I felt Jane’s fingers tighten on my shoulder.

“You are Judge Evan Mayer. Aren’t you?”

“Yeah. Who the fuck are you?” Still not moving.

“Evan. Can I call you Evan? Yes. I suppose I can. I’m the one with a gun. Evan. I’m getting tired of all this profanity. I don’t let my girls use it idly. And I won’t let you.”

“In case you hadn’t noticed. I ain’t one of ‘your girls’. Fuck you.”

“Evan. I’m going to give you this last warning. You can quit the swearing, and apologize to Jane, or, and I think I’m being reasonable here, I can happily shoot you in the elbow. Or perhaps you’d prefer a bullet in the balls? At this range I doubt if I could possibly miss. What do you think?”

His face paled and he stammered. “Wh-what. What. What do you w-want? Please.”

“At the moment I want you to apologize to Jane here. The only person that calls her a ‘bitch’ is me. And I would only do that if she was being particularly disobedient. Or I had her acting like a dog. She has never deserved it. Now apologize to the lady.”

He took another look at the gun. “Lady. I apologize.”

“That okay Janey?”

“For now.” Her voice was like ice. She hadn’t met this guy before now. But she knew him. She was holding herself in check pretty good. She was good at self-control. Perhaps it was better that I hadn’t involved Christi in this, after all. I’m not sure that she would have the self control necessary for this situation.

“Now. Evan. You remember that girl you had a moment ago? Sheila was her name?”

“What have you done with her? Where is that cunt? Is she behind this?”

“Uh-uh.” I raised the gun. Let him be very aware of it. “Language judge. Language. You remember what you liked to do to her? Tie her up? Had a good time with her, didn’t you mister judge?”

“I swear. I’m going to kill her for this.”

“You are going to do nothing of the sort. You will do exactly as I say or you are going to meet some agony that makes what you put her through seem like a cake walk.”

“I never touched that stupid cunt.”

“I’m getting really tired of your mouth, Evan.”

I glanced up. In the ceiling above his head were two eyebolts. Similar to the ones I’d used to torment Amy yesterday. Looked like they were sunk right into the overhead beams. Solid as all hell. Probably Sheila had discovered the hard way what they were good for. I felt a pang of empathy for the sleeping girl.

“Evan. I’m going to have Jane here do something to you that you probably did to Sheila. That’s fair isn’t it? Turnabout and all that? You won’t like it, but if you don’t resist you can keep your joints. Sound fair?”

Fear began to enter into his eyes. I think he was beginning to sense the depth of the anger that was present just below my calm. And he was frightened.

"You can't be serious. Who sent you?"

"You are going to let Jane tie you to those eyebolts above you. Aren't you Mr. Judge?"

"The hell I am."

"Do you like your elbows and knees, Mr. Mayer? I hear that a bullet in each is an extremely slow and painful way to die. I hear that you might even deserve it."

Evan paled again. "Can't we talk about this? Man -to-man. Get rid of the bitch ... I mean, lady, and we can sort something out. It's pretty obvious that we are alike."

"We can talk. But I want you immobilized. F or my safety and that of Jane. The 'bitch' is staying right here. One more slip and I swear to god I will make you so regret it. She's a lady. Got it?"

"Okay. Okay," he mumbled.

"Jane?"

"Gladly," she muttered. "Can I gag him too?"

"Tie him. But don't gag h im. Not yet."

Jane walked up to the man, her bare feet whisking along the carpet, a vision of cool efficiency. As she reached for his right wrist, he moved like a cat, grabbed her wrist and twisted her against him, using her as a shield. Jane screamed. He grabbed her hair in his other hand. Her head bent to the side, trying to ease the pressure on her scalp. Involuntary tears formed in her eyes from the pain.

"Now. You ain't going to shoot me through your bitch. Are you big man? Now drop the fucking gun. Or I swear, I'll break her fucking neck."

I was expecting this. Jane wasn't. She had gone completely white. Her body shaking. I could still see the anger burning in her eyes just behind the fear. I idly wondered how many times this guy had tried to rip the h air from Sheila's scalp.

"Evan," I remarked casually. Still speaking calmly. "I'm not afraid of killing her to get to you. She simply doesn't matter to me that much," I lied smoothly. "But if I have to kill that innocent little woman to get at you, I swear I'll make a bullet in your joints seem like heaven. It's not that I particular care if she lives or dies, it's just that she's been good today and I really don't want to mark her beautiful body. She doesn't deserve it. Not something you would care about, I know. You fucking animal."

I easily narrowed the time bubble around his body. Isolating it from the time continuum, slowing just his body space back to a rate where he couldn't hurt Jane any further. Jane felt a slight tingling at the proximity of the sl ower phase but she was still free of the time freeze. Despite the time shift, she couldn't get out of his frozen grip, and she began to cry. Shaking. Really not wanting to be in his embrace. Not wanting to be the hostage. I couldn't blame the frightened wo man.

"Relax, sweetheart. You're doing fine. I was expecting this out of the fucker." I was really angry. I actually debated just putting a bullet into his knee for the hell of it. I just couldn't bring myself to do it despite my threats. Perhaps later. Aft er I'd calmed down. I had to get control of this. Losing control with this guy could be dangerous.

"E-easy for you to say. You're not the one being used as a bullet shield." She closed her eyes. Still crying and shaking softly. "You wouldn't have shot me, would you? I've been good."

“I won’t let anything happen to you, sweetheart. I swear it. Watch this. I’m going to enjoy this.” I sneered at the coward using the woman to shield himself. So ineffectively.

I walked up behind the jerk and pressed the barrel i nto the base of his skull. I wound my arm around his throat holding his head and my gun firmly together and choking him for good measure. I released him from the time freeze.

“Now. Release the girl. Slowly. And I mean, now. I swear you’ve strained my patience about to the breaking point. You wouldn’t want me to SNAP would you?”

He jumped, almost making me pull the trigger. From his perspective, I’d just disappeared from the chair and suddenly appeared behind him. Like magic. Must have shocked the hell out o f him. I watched as he slowly released Jane. First the hair, then the arm. Jane shuddered and pulled away from the grasp of the former judge. He raised his hands, like in the movies. Letting me see them.

“Oh God. Oh God. I don’t want to die.”

“You will want to die when I’m done with you. You have no idea what that little stunt cost you.”

“H-how did you do that?”

“Doesn’t matter. Jane. You still have a task to do.”

She shuddered. Not even wanting to touch the guy after her ordeal. I’d let her get even soon enough. She silently obeyed. Evan pleaded with me as Jane began to wrap the ropes around his wrists. She wasn’t gentle with the knots. This was definitely one rope job I wasn’t going to have to check. I felt him wince as she tightened the ropes.

She retrieved the desk chair and stood up on it, feeding the ropes through the eyebolts. He didn’t resist as she snaked them to each side of the room and tied them off to other rings set in the walls. I felt him test the bonds as she tied them off. He was going nowhere fast. She played cowgirls and Indians with her brother. I felt sorry for the kids she played with.

I released Evan’s throat and allowed Jane to back off from him. I walked back to the chair and sat down, idly turning the weapon over in my hands.

When I glanced up, I could see Evan, still standing in the middle of the room, his arms extended above him, stretched apart by the ropes running through the eyebolts. His gaze was fixed on Jane who was standing a little uncomfortably beside my chair. His eyes held undisguised desire. Imagining what he’d do to Jane, if only she were his. I shuddered along with the naked woman beside me.

I looked at Evan again. “Give me one good reason that I shouldn’t shoot you right now.”

“Oh Christ. Oh God. I don’t want to die.” His eyes had torn away from Jane’s nudity and returned to the threat at hand. Me.

“That isn’t a very good reason.”

“Oh shit. You can’t just kill me.”

“Sure I can. Easy.” I raised the gun, aiming at his forehead.

“I have a family. Please. Why are you doing this?”

“Who was the girl?” I changed direction. Kept him mentally off balance.

“What have you done with her?”

“I’ll ask the questions. Who was she?”

“Just some worthless cunt.” He actually saw her this way.

I motioned for Jane to come closer. I gathered her into my lap and she gratefully sat down for the interrogation.

"Sir. I believe her name is Sheila."

"Fuck you. She's mine."

"Actually, she's mine now. And I'm treating her a lot better than you ever did."

"I never touched a hair on her head."

"What's that stain?" I asked him.

"It's her blood," he sneered. God I was going to enjoy watching the girls go at him.

"I thought you never touched her," I was calm.

"What are you? A fucking cop? Did that goddamn whore bitch call the fucking cops?"

"I, sir, am your worst fucking nightmare. By the end of this, you are going to wish I was only a cop."

"You can't do this to me. I have fucking rights. Arrest me."

"Evan. Evan. Evan. If I were a cop, would I be arresting people with this along for a good time?" I pointed to Jane.

His eyes registered the truth of that. "That bitch brought you in. I'm going to kill her." Meaning his former slave, Sheila.

I just looked at him. A strange calm on my face. "I'd be surprised if she doesn't torture *you* to death first."

His face paled at the implication. He began to plead.

"Please. I have money. I can get it for you if you just let me out of these damn ropes. I'll pay you triple whatever she's giving you. I'll do anything."

"Anything?"

He began to shake. Nodded. I just sat there. Waiting. Jane patiently sat in my lap. Fascinated.

"Whose the girl? Jane you called her?" Mayer was interested in Jane. He was ready to try reasoning with me again. He'd calmed down.

"She's mine as well," I answered his query.

"Yours. So she's your slave? You and I. Maybe we have something in common."

I humoured him.

"Maybe."

"You keep cunts as well. Right?"

I nodded. "Ladies," I patiently corrected his vernacular.

"We're not so different. Sheila is ... was ... mine. Maybe we can make a deal or something. We could ... have fun ... together. You and I."

"Evan. Let me explain something to you. I keep women. I even torment them. I enjoy it. But never. Ever. Think that you and I are alike."

"You can keep Sheila. I swear it. You can do anything you want to her if you let me go."

"Can I kick the hell out of her?"

"Of course."

"Can I punch her in the head?"

"Sure. I've blackened her eyes a couple of times. It's a bit harder because she has to wear dark glasses for a while, but it's so satisfying. I indulge in it once in a while."

"Can I whip her until she passes out?"

"Of course."

"I can make her fuck me?"

"Cunt and ass. Until she bleeds. No problem. Best blowjobs in the world. Nothing like a crying woman giving you head. And even if she bleeds you don't hav e to stop. Better lubrication." He smiled and laughed. At some memory of his terror. He pulled against the ropes holding him. "Please. Just let me down. We can have fun together with her." His eyes narrowed shrewdly. "Maybe we could trade for a while?" Eye ing the young beauty perched in my lap. I felt Jane shudder just a little, but she managed to fix him with a stare of pure hatred hiding the disgust. She knew that Mayer would never touch her.

"Can I kill her?" I asked. Ignoring his 'trade' offer for now.

"Slowly if you want. I've had to get rid of girls before. It isn't a problem. Have you ever killed a helpless woman before? It's quite a rush." Add murder to the list.

"See Evan. We aren't alike at all. You see. I wouldn't do that to Sheila. I might punish her for disobedience. And I will play with her. But that amount of pain isn't necessary. Further. If our positions were reversed. I would be smart enough to realize that I didn't have anything to bargain with. You see. I already have Sheila. She's mine no w. I can do everything I mentioned and more. Without letting you down. You know that. Right now she's sleeping peacefully. But if I wanted to, I could wandering into *your* bedroom and screw her silly in your own bed. I could kill her if I wanted to. I don 't, but that's beside the point. Not a thing you could do about it. I could do the same to Jane here. And I certainly don't need your permission. I don't need you. Period. And I would never, ever, let you get your filthy paws on any of my girls. Especially Jane here. She deserves better than you. She deserves better than *me*."

Evan swallowed heavily at the tirade.

"What are you going to do to me?" Realizing he'd lost. Bigtime.

"Well. I haven't quite decided yet. But I'm sure that Jane and Sheila could thin k of tons of stuff. Especially Sheila. But she's sleeping right now. When she wakes, we'll see what's going to happen to the great judge Mayer. Doesn't everyone love a mystery?"

I gently pressed my fingers into Jane's bare side. She obediently slipped off my lap and knelt quietly on the floor. Still glancing at the bound man with hate in her eyes. I could see that he was in for some real trouble with Jane. She was going to be taking out more than her anger at him. If I wasn't completely mistaken, she was going to be transferring all the pain, all the guilt, all the horror that I'd inflicted on her into this as well. Evan was going to suffer not only for his crimes, but mine. That didn't par ticularly bother me. It's not like I was fond of the asshole.

I got up out of the chair and walked over to Evan, my face just centimeters from his. His eyes were wide and scared. I pressed the gun against his left elbow. He closed his eyes, pleading with m e. Babbling.

"You are such a fucking animal, it disgusts me," I hissed at him. "This is my shot. For Sheila, and any other women you've had over your lifetime." Instead of shooting him, I drove my left fist hard into his stomach. He sagged in the ropes. St ruggling for breath. Hanging from his bound wrists.

When he finally recovered and got his feet under himself, I moved back to his face. Tears were flowing down his cheeks, and his mouth was set in a determined line.

I continued. “That was the last time I’m going to touch you. But I’d get ready for the girls. I have a bad feeling that they aren’t going to be as kind to you. Think about it. And while your stomach recovers consider how many times Sheila felt exactly like this.”

I turned away from the gasping p athetic excuse for a man and helped Jane to her bare feet. Without another glance at him, I guided her back to the door and we slipped out. She spat at him as we passed. I wasn’t watching so I have no idea if it hit him or not. I didn’t care.

I heard his voice just as we slipped out. “We are alike, you know.”

We’d see about that.

I softly closed the door to the business room. Jane stood up on her tiptoes and kissed my cheek.

“You were wonderful in there. So calm. You scared the hell out of *me* and I wasn’t the one in ropes. For a change. God. I hope to god I never piss you off that badly. He doesn’t know what hit him.”

“You’ll get your chance at him. I promise.”

“I can do anything?”

“Yeah. I’m going to let you, Christi and Sheila convince him that it isn’t nice to do what he does in real life. I’m going to let him think about it for a while first though.”

“Oh God. This is one time I’m not going to fight you when you want me to hit someone.”

Chapter 73

I poked my head into the master bedroom as we passed. Sh eila was still fast asleep in the bed. She'd pulled the covers over her as best she could with her one free hand. She'd tucked the cover up under her chin. Her slow, steady breathing visible even through the covers. The covers hadn't quite covered her legs and feet. And with her right wrist bound to the bedpost, she probably couldn't fix it herself. I slipped in and arranged the cover to cover her bare legs and feet. She mumbled something in her sleep, but didn't wake. I returned to the hallway.

I silently closed the door, letting her sleep. Jane and I walked back to the main floor in silence. We stopped at the base of the stairs.

"Wrists."

"Please. You don't need to ..." she began and then realizing the futility of that decided to simply raise her arms for me. I slipped the steel bands closed around her wrists. In resignation, she simply let them fall in front of her.

"Just feeling antsy."

"Uh-oh."

"Don't worry. Your skin isn't in danger. Need you fresh for our friend Evan. You feel like relaxing for a while ?"

"What did you have in mind?" She smiled mischievously.

"Not that. Go on. Go back to your patch of sun."

"Really?"

"Yeah."

"I'm offering myself to you, and you are sending me to my patch of sun? Goddamn. I'll never figure out the male of the species. What are you going to do?"

"I think I'm going to go off and play with Amy and Elizabeth."

"Oh. God help them."

I aimed an easy slap at her bare ass but she twisted and got it on her thigh instead. She yelped. She stuck o ut her tongue and scampered back to the dining room and her bay window.

I walked back into the living room. Amy was still listening to music. I walked over to her and gently lifted the headphones from her head. She looked up and smiled at me.

"At least you didn't deafen me this time."

"You ready?"

"For what?"

I slipped the headphones over my ears. Thunderstruck pounded into my head. You've been ... THUNDERSTRUCK. I slipped the headphones off my head and looked at her quizzically.

"What?" she asked. Complete ly confused.

"Thunderstruck?"

"Yeah." She smiled at me.

"Never would have figured you for that kind of music."

"I wouldn't have guessed you'd recognize it either."

"You ready?"

"I guess. Where are we going?" I guided the naked girl to her feet. "Oh no. Playing?"

I nodded.

"Wrists."

She obediently gave me her wrists. I unlocked the left wrist and pulled her arms behind her. I relocked them.

"You don't have to ..." but she trailed off when she noticed that her hands were going to be bound behind her no matter what she thought of the situation.

I guided the pouting girl to the library. Elizabeth and Christi looked up from their respective books and noticed Amy with her hands bound behind her.

Christi spoke up. "Break over?"

"Not for you. You are going to need y our strength for later."

"I am? How's Sheila?"

Noting the way the conversation was going, Elizabeth put on a resigned face and gently closed her book. Carefully marking her spot. I continued to speak to Christi while I recuffed Elizabeth's proffered wrists behind her.

"Sheila is sleeping pretty soundly. She'll be alright. If she wakes up, you or Jane should go and make sure she's alright. Try to get her to rest. She needs it. By the way, you have an appointment with the Judge later."

"Oh God." She gasped. M isunderstanding. Thinking that I was going to let the judge have her for a while.

"No. No. Perhaps I should rephrase that. The Judge has an appointment with you. And Jane. And Sheila. I'm guessing that he ain't going to like it much. For now, keep out of that room. Okay?"

"Other than that and these," she rattled her handcuffs, "I'm free?"

"Yup."

"Thank-you," she whispered.

By this point, Elizabeth's wrists were securely fastened behind her. Her face registered disappointment, but she knew better than to complain.

I took Elizabeth and Amy by the arms and gently walked them to the front hall. I opened the front door and walked the two of them out into the bright sunshine. Amy was bouncing her hands behind her, pur posely making the chain between her wrists jingle. I sort of liked the effect.

We walked through the gardens with the girls silent in front of me, their bare feet walking free on the path to the front gate.

When we reached the front gate, Elizabeth's curio usity got the better of her.

"Master? May a girl speak?"

I smiled. I was wondering how long her curiousity would be held in check. "Sure." I answered the bare girl. She'd stopped walking and she was facing me.

"Whose Sheila?"

I almost laughed. I guess I wa s so used to the fact that Sheila was around, that I hadn't considered that Amy and Elizabeth both didn't even know of her existence.

"A new girl."

"Five of us now?"

"Sort of. I doubt if I'll keep her."

"Lucky her."

They didn't know the circumstances here. I sobered. "Not really." I refused to say any more. Noticing my change of mood, Elizabeth wisely changed the direction of the conversation.

"Can a girl ask where are we going?" Elizabeth spoke again as we passed through the gate.

"You'll know when we get there."

Elizabeth sighed as I guided the women to the left. Amy followed in silence.

Actually I hadn't planned on taking them too far. Just to the neighbour's. However, with the size of the lots in this area of the city, it took us about ten minutes to mak e our way to the next house. But we weren't walking very fast. The girls enjoying the sun on their bare skin.

I stopped the girls in front of a much more modest house than the home we had just left. It was a two story house, painted yellow, but without the grounds or obvious wealth associated with the last house.

As we approached the front door, Amy spoke up. "Why are we here?"

I answered her. "Just exploring."

"You aren't going to hurt us?"

"Not yet, darling. Not yet."

Elizabeth shivered.

The mailbox read, 'The Johnsons'. I tried the front knob. Locked. I idly wondered if anyone was home or not. I left the two bound girls on the front porch and wandered around the back of the house. The gate was unlocked. The house had a large backyard bordered on one side with a stone wall, facing the Mayer residence. The Johnsons had a small swimming pool and a back deck. Modest. I tried the back doors. They were standard glass patio doors. Locked as well.

I wandered back into the yard and found a large rock. Not elegant, but I couldn't see any way for my time abilities to help me get into a locked house directly. I threw the rock through the back door. Glass all over the place; on the deck, on the kitchen floor. I carefully picked my way through the jagged glass and into t he house. I concentrated and removed the time bubble from around the door. The glass magically reattached itself and mended the door. End of glass problem. I would normally have just left the destruction, but the girls would have been in some serious dange r in their bare feet. And I had no intention of punishing them by making them walk over broken glass nor was I about to allow them shoes.

I glanced around the kitchen. It was a nice size. There was a pretty woman working at preparing some meal on the counter. Twenty something. Perhaps very early thirties. I walked through the house and opened the front door from the inside.

Elizabeth and Amy were still waiting quietly on the front porch, sitting on the rail.

"I heard a crash." Elizabeth spoke to me.

"Back door."

She looked down at her bare feet as she stepped across the threshold.

"Glass?"

"I cleaned it up. Your pretty toes will be fine."

"And here I was thinking you were finally going to let me wear shoes."

I laughed. Amy smi led at me as she stepped inside.

"Anyone home?"

“There’s someone in the kitchen.”

I took the pack from Elizabeth’s bound fingers and rummaged. Finally I selected a short length of chain and connected Elizabeth’s and Amy’s wrists with it and a pair of padlocks. The girls stood quietly back to back. I ran the chain into the front closet locking it to the hanging bar. The girls watched all this in silence. When I was done, Elizabeth spoke up. “Proud of yourself?”

“Yeah. Actually.”

“You realize that we’d have s tayed where ever you put us without the need for any of this.”

“Yup.”

“Why then?”

“I wanted to.”

“I see.” But she still didn’t understand. I guess I couldn’t blame her.

I turned away from the girls and walked up the stairs. I could hear Amy and Elizabeth softly talking as I moved away. Not much else to do when you are chained up.

I wandered through the house. No surprises like at the Mayers. No locked rooms. No hidden abused sex slaves. Nobody else home. The last door on the right held a small child. Asleep. Less than a year old certainly. There was a huge poster on the wall above the child’s crib with a picture. Like what you could get at the photo development places. Blown up to poster size with a likeness of the kid. The word across the bottom, in fancy script, was ‘Autumn’. Didn’t quite know what that was all about.

I closed the door and wandered back to the women.

“Anything interesting?” Amy spoke. “Please. Can’t you let us out of this?” She rattled her wrists against the chains. “We’ll be good. I promis e.”

“How good?”

“I’ll do anything you want. You know I will.”

“Would you threaten an infant?”

“Huh?”

“If I gave you a knife. Would you threaten an infant?”

“You have to be joking.”

“Not really hurt it. Just pretend like you would.”

“Whatever for?”

“Would you?”

“I guess. As long as you didn’t ask me to really hurt it. That I couldn’t do.” She was serious. She’d take whipping until she died, but she wouldn’t hurt a child. That was fine. I didn’t want or expect her to.

“Hmmm. Wait here.” I was actually surprised that she agreed to do it this easily. Perhaps her lesson from yesterday had sunk in.

“Where am I going to go?”

The girls went back to whispering. Probably trying to figure out what the hell I was up to.

I wandered back to the kitchen where the w oman was working at preparing that food. I laid the gun out on the kitchen table and sat in a chair. I concentrated and released the woman from the time freeze.

“Ms. Johnson, I presume?”

She whirled at the sound of my voice. A large knife held out in front of her.

“Wh-who the hell are you? How did you get in here?”

“Who I am is unimportant. I broke in.” I smiled, thinking about how I had quite literally broken in. I was still somewhat amazed that the doors were back to an intact position. Or more correctly, a more intact time. This time stuff really took some getting used to.

The woman began to shake from the adrenaline rush I’d given to her.

“Wh-what do you want?”

“I just want to talk.”

“We don’t have anything in the house. I swear it. Please just go.”

“What’s your name?”

“Why?” Her eyes followed as I idly picked up the gun. “Karen. I’m Karen Johnson. Please,” she quickly blurted out at the sight of the gun.

“Why aren’t you at work, Karen?”

“I’m on maternity leave. Please what do you want?”

“Your son or daughter upstairs?”

“Oh God. Please,” she began to scream. “AUTUMN. Oh God. What have you done to her?”

I tried to calm the frantic woman. “Calm down. I haven’t touched her. That’s her name. Autumn? That’s very nice.”

“Oh God. Oh God. Please don’t. Please. Why ?”

“Karen. You’ll wake her up.” I lied.

“What the hell do you want? You bastard.” Karen began to advance on me with her knife. “I swear. If you hurt her. I swear to God. I’ll kill you.”

“I’m not going to hurt her. But you might want to reconsider coming any closer with that knife. You wouldn’t want Autumn to be motherless, would you?” Her eyes widened. “Come on, Karen. Bringing a knife to a gunfight?”

“Oh God. Please what do you want? I’m so frightened.”

“I know you are. Karen. You have to listen to me. Put the knife down.”

She closed her eyes. Realizing the futility of the situation. She carefully put the knife down on the counter.

“You are going to rape me. Aren’t you?”

“Is that what you think?”

“Why else would you be here? We don’t have anything.” Her eyes lit up as she lied to me. “Listen. You know my husband is coming home. Right? Soon. It’s only fair to warn you.”

Even if I hadn’t stopped time, I would know she was lying. I idly wondered if there even was a husband. I’d find out.

I just sat there quietly thinking. The woman stood in her kitchen, her eyes darting around trying to determine if she could escape or not safely. Get to her child.

“Karen?”

“Yes,” she answered a bit dully from the other side of the kitchen.

“You can’t escape. At least not without getting really hurt. You don’t want to piss me off. Do you? Will you do what you are told?”

“I don’t know. Depends on what you want me to do.”

“Will you take off your clothes for me?”

“I. I guess. Please. I don’t want to be raped.”

“I know. Nobody in their right mind does. I’m not going to rape you. I promise.”

“Then why do you want me to take off my clothes.”

“I’d just like to see your body.”

“Oh God.”

“Will you?”

“You won’t hurt me? Rape me?”

“Not if you do as yo u are told.”

“Okay. I’ll take them off. Oh God. I’m not wearing anything underneath.”

“Don’t worry. I don’t mind. And if it’s any consolation, I was going to strip your underwear anyway.”

“Oh my God. I can’t do this.”

“We could go get Autumn, if you prefer .”

Her hands stole to the base of her sweatshirt. She closed her eyes, tears beginning to form there. In one fluid motion, she pulled her top over her head. True to her word, her bare breasts sprang into view. She had small breasts. Small nipples which sto od erect probably due to her fear.

She pleaded with me. “Please. I can’t. Please just let me get dressed and go. I swear. I won’t tell anyone.”

Yeah. And as soon as I left, she’d be calling 911. She had no idea that it would do her no good. Nobody moving a bout to answer 911 calls. I motioned for her to continue. Tears now falling like rain from her eyes.

She closed her eyes again and hooked her fingers into the waistband of her track pants. She slowly lowered them to her feet and stepped out of them. No pan ties either.

“Socks too.”

She bent at her waist and peeled the woolen socks she was wearing from her feet. She had a nice body. Not unpleasant on the eyes at all. Especially for a recent mother.

“Turn around.”

Her face flushed, but she did as she was told.

After a complete revolution I ordered her, “Kneel.”

She fell to her knees on the tile.

“Please. What do you want?”

“I have what I want. You.”

“Oh God. Please. I’m a recent mother. Have some mercy.”

At her last words, I narrowed her time bubble and she lap sed into silence kneeling immobile on the floor. I wandered back to Amy and Elizabeth. They were both pulling on the chain holding them to the closet.

“She’s a mother for Christ sakes.” Elizabeth exploded. “Don’t you have any compassion.”

“I haven’t hurt h er yet.”

“Making her worried sick about her kid and stripping her naked isn’t hurting her?”

“Perhaps you’d like to join her?”

Elizabeth went white, but bravely continued. “I’m not a mother, but I am naked. I know what it feels like. Humiliation to the nth degree.”

I began to free the girls from the connecting chain between them and the closet. Soon they were only held by the handcuffs behind their backs.

“Come on.” I grabbed Elizabeth by the upper arm and propelled the struggling girl to the kitchen. Elizabeth stumbled along. Her eyes widened as she saw Karen kneeling on the kitchen tile. I sat her in a chair and began to tie her into it. Spreading her legs and tying them securely with the soft cord. Elizabeth squirmed but by now was used to being tied up in revealing positions. She cried out a bit as I tightened the rope on her right ankle. She squirmed in her ropes, but didn’t complain. I knew that I had her a bit tighter than I normally would have tied her.

I wandered back to the front hallway. Amy was still standing there. Nude. Hands cuffed behind her. Waiting. I released the cuffs.

“Can I ask what you did to Elizabeth?”

I nodded. “She’s just tied to a chair. Nothing bad.”

“Are you going to hurt us? Her?”

“The ropes are probably uncomfortable.”

“I see. What do you want me to do?” She was rubbing her wrists.

“Go upstairs. Get the baby. Be careful with her. I don’t want her hurt. Her name is Autumn and I just want to scare the mother. That’s all. Try not to wake her. You know how to carry a baby don’t you?”

Amy nodded. “You are a bastard. You know that? Threatening a child.”

“I just want the mother’s cooperation for a few minutes. That’s all.”

“What are you going to do to her?”

“Make her scream.”

“Oh God. That will wake the child you know?”

“Not if she’s in slow time, it won’t.”

“You bastard.” Amy turned on her bare heel and headed upstairs. I followed. When we reached the baby’s room, Amy walked in giving the typical female “Awwww. She’s so cute.”

“Go on. Get her. Try not to wake her up.”

I released the sleeping child from the time block. She resumed breathing quietly.

Amy gathered the child, blankets and all, into her arms. Actually smiling. Probably forgotten the purpose of all this.

We returned to the kitchen.

Chapter 74

Elizabeth's eyes widened as Amy and I walked into the kitchen. Amy was holding Autumn, still sleeping in her arms. I considered how best to proceed.

"Amy?" I addressed the nude girl softly. "Why don't you wait out by the stairs with Autumn. I'll call you when I need you. Try not to wake her."

Amy nodded and padded back out to the foyer, her bare feet whispering on the tile.

Elizabeth was looking up at me from her chair. "Please. You don't have to do any of this. Please let me out."

"Elizabeth, darling. This is just pure play time. I'm go ing to have some fun with you and Karen here. If you behave and obey, then you don't have to experience any punishment. After that, we go back to the house and you can do whatever you like. Honest."

"But the kid. How can you possibly justify that? It will kill her." Meaning Karen.

"It will frighten her. I have no intention of hurting the child. I'm not a complete monster."

"I can't make you change your mind? Can I?"

"You have no idea what an appealing picture you present. Naked and tied to that chair."

She squirmed. "Please. I'm uncomfortable. I'll do whatever you want without the ropes. I swear it."

"You'd torture this new mother?"

Elizabeth swallowed. "How?"

"You'd whip her breasts? Threaten her child?"

"Oh God. Leave me in the ropes. Please."

"Alright. I'm going to unfreeze Karen. It would be a really bad thing to wake up the baby. Let's see if we can keep her quiet. Okay?"

I concentrated and released the bare kneeling woman from her time prison. She snapped to life. Her eyes immediately taking in Elizabet h. Her eyes widened. Fear and confusion. Whatever she was planning on saying died on her lips.

She finally spoke from her knees. "Wh -what happened?" To her it would have looked like Elizabeth just appeared, nude and bound to the chair. Quite disconcerting I would imagine. "Are you some sort of magician? David Copperfield or something?"

Elizabeth spoke up from her chair. "Karen? That's your name, isn't it? Karen?" The naked woman on the tile just mutely nodded. She looked like she was fascinated that Elizabeth could even talk. That she wasn't some kind of pretty doll. "You have to listen to me, Karen. This guy. He's dangerous. He is sort of a magician. Christ, he sometimes can even tell what you are thinking. You have to listen to him. Do what he says. Karen. Honey. You are going to think you've gone to hell. Believe me. He's going to ask you to do things that no sane woman would do. Please. No matter how insane it sounds. You have to do it. You couldn't imagine what he's capable of. He'll hurt you. Badly. But please. You have to just do it. Trust me. It will end. He'll let you go. Your daughter too. Just try and remember that. Whatever he makes you do. Can you do that Karen?"

Karen spoke softly from the floor to Elizabeth. "Please. My daughter."

Elizabeth spoke from her bonds. "Karen. Honey. You have to do what he says. He's a monster. Please. He will hurt you and your daughter if you don't do what he says."

Karen mutely nodded. “I’ll do whatever he wants. I swear. Please. Can I see my daughter? Please?”

I finally spoke up. “Karen. Dear. I am going to let you see your daughter. But I don’t want any funny business. She’ll be fine if you behave.”

“Oh God. Please. I’ll do whatever you want. You can hurt me. You can even rape me. I don’t care. Just don’t hurt Au tumn. Oh God.” The tears began to run down her face again. Pitifully sobbing. I watched as Elizabeth cringed, afraid of what I was going to make this woman do for me. I really believed that Karen would do anything to protect her daughter.

“Amy? Come here a moment.” I raised my voice slightly so the girl out by the stairs could hear me.

I watched as Karen’s face registered confusion through her tears. Not realizing that there was yet another woman in the house with us.

I turned to the entrance of the kitchen as Amy walked gingerly through. She was cradling the infant against her bare breast. Trying her best not to wake the child.

Karen closed her eyes as though she was in pain. Perhaps the sight of Amy, a stranger, nude, cradling her child caused her distress . Not having the control of the situation to protect her daughter.

Without permission, the nude woman rose to her bare feet and practically ran across the kitchen. Whispering her daughter’s name. She reached for the sleeping child which was so unaware of t he drama taking place around it.

Amy looked at me, seeking permission to let Karen hold her child. I nodded and Amy carefully passed the sleeping girl to her nude mother. Karen was openly weeping now. Her tears tracking down her cheeks. Nearly sobbing at t he unfairness of it all. Having to seek someone’s permission to hold her own child. Whispering that it would be all right. Convincing herself. Not understanding.

I walked over to the women. I carefully stroked Karen’s long hair and she shuddered at the tou ch.

“Karen? You have to let her go. It’s best for her. Okay?”

“Please don’t do this?” she implored me. “You don’t have to do this. You can just go. Leave me and Autumn. I swear. You can take whatever we have. I won’t report it. I swear to God. I won’t.”

I actually believed her. If I left her and her daughter alone and took everything from her. She’d be happy. She actually wouldn’t call it in. She wouldn’t try and report it. Not that it would do her any good. But her intention was there. Her entire world was pressed against her chest. Quietly sleeping.

“Karen. I swear. If you do what you are told, I won’t let any harm come to Autumn. She’ll be fine. And if you behave yourself, you’ll be fine as well.”

“What do you want?” she asked me with trepidation in her v oice.

“Right now? I need you to give Autumn back to Amy. That’s all. We can’t have our fun if you are holding her. And I really don’t want to have to take her away from you. Might hurt the baby.”

Karen gave her daughter one last soft hug and kissed the top of her head. She closed her eyes, tears still leaking from the corners. She carefully handed her child back to Amy who held the still sleeping child to her breast.

“Please. Take care of her? While I can’t? Please?” Karen pleaded with Amy.

Amy replied as kindly as she could. “I’ll take care of her as though she was my own. I swear it. She won’t know any of this.” Amy shot me a withering look. Hating me for doing this to this woman who didn’t deserve this worry and pain.

“Karen? Go kneel over there. Okay?”

Through her tears, Karen managed to understand and walked slowly back to the other side of the kitchen, slowly sinking to her bare knees on the tile. Her eyes never leaving the child.

I whispered in Amy’s ear. “Put her back in the crib and come back here.”

“What if she wakes up?” Amy hissed.

“She won’t.”

Amy nodded. Understanding that I would slow Autumn’s time bubble to prevent her from knowing anything about this horror that her mother was about to go through. Amy turned carefully and headed back upstairs, still holding the infant to her.

I turned back to the mother who was quietly weeping on her knees on the tile, her eyes lowered.

“Karen?”

She just continued to cry. I let her for a few minutes. The woman was going to need to cry more than once.

Elizabeth spoke up from the chair after a few minutes. “M -Master? Can a girl speak?”

I turned to Elizabeth. “What is it?”

She paled a bit but continued. “Please. I know that it probably won’t do any good. But can I offer myself? I’ll do whatever it is you want Karen to do. Let her go to her daughter. Please? I can’t stand to watch this.”

I walked over to the bound redhead and looked down at her. I bent and kissed her forehead. She let me. Hope shining in her eyes. Hope that I’d finally let her take someone else’s pain. That she could feel good about herself; even if the agony that I inflicted on her was unbearable. Sometimes doing something, even something unpleasant, was preferable to seeing an innocent suffer.

“Elizabeth. Sweetheart. You know I can’t let you do that .”

I heard a soft voice from behind me. “Thank -you. God bless you for trying.” It was Karen. Thanking Elizabeth for her chivalry. I pursed my lips and turned back to the woman on her knees. Her eyes had taken on a note of defiance. Elizabeth’s brave offer seemingly bringing back Karen’s spirit. Coaxing her to just endure this and get it over with.

She spoke to me from her knees. “Just do whatever it is you are going to do to me. Let’s get this over with.”

As she spoke. Amy walked back into the kitchen. Kare n’s eyes watched her enter. Hoping for some indication from the girl that her daughter was all right. Amy spoke to me softly. Karen could hear her from her position on the floor.

“Autumn is back in her crib. She was beginning to fuss a little in her sleep. She’s going to be awake soon. But for now she’s sleeping.”

Karen spoke from the floor, entreating me. “Please. Have some compassion. Let me feed her, if she wakes. Please.”

She wouldn't wake. But I turned slowly and looked at the woman on her knees. Tears forming in her eyes. Probably humiliated that she had had to beg to feed her daughter.

"I'll think about it. Depends on how cooperative you are."

She paled. But nodded. Anything to see her daughter again.

I concentrated fiercely. Locating Autumn's small b ubble of time. I removed the bubble and she slipped back to the prime time line. She hadn't even been here. I staggered a bit. Manipulating time at any physical distance was far more difficult than close, line of sight, manipulation. It could be done, but it took a lot out of you.

Amy's eyes widened as she saw me stumble and she unconsciously reached out to catch me if I fell. But I regained my balance and forced the world to stop spinning. I recovered quickly and Amy took a step back as she realized that I was alright. I saw the look in her eyes. Just a very fleeting flash of bravery. Wondering if she could somehow take advantage of the brief moment of weakness. But any chance she had, was far gone. And she knew that.

The woman on the floor had no idea what had just happened. But I could see that Amy had a pretty good idea. I'd have to watch that.

"Wrists."

Amy, resigned, padded over and held her hands behind her back. Karen watched in fascination as I slipped the steel handcuffs around Amy's wrists. Karen w atched as the bare girl just let me bind her. No complaints. No struggling. Just mute acceptance of her situation; that I would bind her, no matter what she wanted.

I guided Amy to a chair on the other side of the table. Allowing her to sit for now. Her bound wrists lying easily around the back of the chair. She was probably just thankful that I hadn't tied her into it, like I had Elizabeth.

I turned to Karen.

"Why are they bound like that?"

I was about to answer but Elizabeth spoke first. "Karen. You may a s well ask why we are nude. Why you are nude. Why he's going to hurt us. Why he's tormenting you and your daughter. He likes it. It gets him off humiliating, tormenting and embarrassing women. You get used to it after a while. Being nude. You never get use d to the pain, the bondage, the humiliation. But you learn to accept it."

"Oh God. Are you ever going to let me go? Please. You don't have to hurt me." the frightened woman asked me. "I'll do whatever it is you want. I swear I will."

I looked at her again. Her small shaking naked body. "Karen. If you do exactly what I want, I'll let you go. I promise you." I fully intended to let her go. I had enough problems. Five women in my direct power. Granted most of them were a bit more accepting by now, but Sheila w as an unknown. And any of them would still do nearly anything if a chance to escape or incapacitate me presented itself. Last thing I needed was an unstable mother worried about her daughter. I didn't know for sure, but I suspected that this would be a ver y dangerous situation if I let down my guard. Or tried to keep her for any length of time. She'd value her daughter's safety far above her own, and I didn't have the strength or resources to bring along her daughter to keep my control over her. No. I couldn't keep her. Luscious as she was.

"Please. What do you want? Me? Would giving you sex make you let me go? You want to rape me?"

I heard Elizabeth mutter behind me. “Never that easy, lady. Good try though.”

“I told you I didn’t want to rape you.”

“It wouldn’t be rape if I consented.”

“You’d willingly give me sex?”

“If it would make you go away and get me my daughter back unharmed. I swear. I’d be good. The best you ever had.”

I seriously doubted that. But I had to give her credit for trying. I answ ered her. “So. Let me get this straight. If I let you go. With your daughter. You’d be willing to have sex with me? Not because you particularly want to. But to save yourself and your daughter?” She nodded. Tears forming in her eyes. “Doesn’t sound much li ke consent to me.”

“But I’d let you have me.”

“How?”

“Any way you want.”

“You’d let me tie you up?”

“If you must.”

“And you’d let me have anal sex with you while you’re trussed up?”

She swallowed. Tears forming again. “Oh God. Please. I’ve never. I couldn’ t. It would hurt.”

“Yes. It would hurt. A lot. Would you still consent?”

She gulped again. Tears actually running down her face now. She slowly nodded her head. Her bare body shaking in fear. Still on her knees.

“Please. W-wouldn’t my vagi ... I mean cunt,” she swallowed at her use of the word, “feel better?” She probably thought I wanted her to talk dirty to me. Degrade herself.

“I’m not going to rape you. I told you that already. I have two women right here that I could have sex with, anal or otherwise, i f I wanted.” Both Elizabeth and Amy paled at the suggestion of anal sex. But they kept quiet.

Karen began to protest, probably about the consent thing. “But ...”

I cut her off. “However, I do want you to crawl for me.”

“Crawl?”

“You know. Hands and knees.”

“Why?”

Elizabeth spoke again. “Karen. Honey. It’s better than being raped. He just wants to see you humiliated. Please. Just do what he wants.”

Karen flushed but obediently fell to her hands and knees.

“Where do you want me to crawl?”

“Just around the kitchen. I’ll tell you when to stop.”

She concentrated on controlling her breathing, and began to move on her hands and knees. Slowly moving her bare body in a small circle in the middle of her kitchen. I watched her. Her muscles straining at the unfamiliar m otion. Her small bare breasts hanging beneath her, swaying slightly as she moved. Her thigh muscles moving her bare legs across the tile. Quick flashes of her sparse pubic hair and the lips it concealed. After a few tight revolutions, I stopped her.

“Okay. Enough. Stay on your hands and knees. Look at me.”

She raised her head, her hair falling around her tear streaked face. Her eyes betraying fear, humiliation and hatred. I left her on her hands and knees for a few minutes

and just gazed at her. She was bre athing a little hard from the exertion of the unfamiliar motion. She tossed her head, tossing her hair like a mane as she patiently waited for me to tell her what else to do.

"You ever been tied up before?"

"Please. You don't need to tie me up. I'll do whatever you want without ropes. I swear it."

I wasn't sure of that. "I know. But I like to see a woman restrained."

"Oh God."

"So. Have you ever been tied up?"

She thought about it, and she didn't lie. Good thing. I suspec t in her state I could have told a lie pretty quick.

"When I was a kid."

"Yeah?"

"Yeah. Just the standard cowboys and Indians type stuff. I was a squaw or something. My neighbour was a cowgirl and I was tied up to a picnic bench for a while. Not tight. I could have gotten out if I wanted to. We were kids."

"Anything else?"

"Oh God. In college. I tried it once."

"Tried what?"

"An old boyfriend wanted to tie me up. I let him."

"What happened."

"Must I?" I nodded and she hesitantly continued. "This guy just wa nted to try it. He'd read about tying someone up being fun in bed. So I agreed to try it. He tied me down to the bed, spread-eagled with some scarves. He fucked me. And then untied me. It didn't do anything for me. It was kind of boring actually. I broke u p with him shortly after that."

"Nothing else?"

She shook her head; her hair tossed around with her movement.

"I'm going to tie you up."

"I know." She sounded resigned. "Are you going to rape me when I'm tied up. You can you know."

"I'm not going to rape y ou. Why do you keep offering? You want to be raped?"

"Oh God. Please no. Don't think that. Oh God. I. I just thought that you'd want that. And I just want to stop this. I just want you to leave. Please." I understood. She was frightened. "How do you want m e?"

I was confused. "Huh?"

"How do you want me tied up? Hand behind me? In front? Hands to feet?" She'd risen back to her knees. She used her hands to demonstrate where I could tie them.

"I'm going to tie you to the ceiling."

"How?"

I pointed to a hanging plant which was hanging high off to the side of the kitchen. Her mind registered comprehension. She began to rise to her bare feet. Just wanting to get this over with.

She held out her wrists. Palms together in front of her and waited. Surprised at her compliance, I wrapped the rope around her offered wrists and lashed them tightly together. She cringed a bit at the tightness of the rope, but didn't complain. I'd have to

release her hands reasonably soon. That rope would cut off her circulation. Her hands were already a bit redder than her arms from the restricted circulation. But for now, she'd be fine.

I took down the plant and began to feed a rope through the hook. It didn't look particularly sturdy, but I suspected that it would hold most of her weight b efore pulling out of the ceiling. She wasn't a particularly big girl.

As I turned around, I noticed something not quite right.

Chapter 75

I caught a flash of her calf as she moved swiftly out of the kitchen. Running. Amy was struggling to get up out of her chair to go after the woman. Elizabeth was pulling at the ropes holding her to the chair. Frustrated.

I calmly turned to the women. Elizabeth shrugged and began speaking rapidly.

"She just ran. I wasn't paying attention. Oh God. She's just frightened. Don't hurt her. She doesn't understand. Please."

I motioned for Amy to stay put and she sank back into her chair allowing her bound wrists to relax behind it. She sighed but didn't say anything.

I sensed Karen's time bubble. She hadn't gone far. That was certain. I was willing to bet that she was heading for the stairs. To her daughter.

I walked swiftly to the front hallway and took the stairs two at a time. I poked my head into Autumn's room. Karen wasn't there as I'd expected. I suddenly became disturbed. Her hands were bound, but she could still be dangerous. No need for me to get killed here. She knew the house better than I.

"Karen?"

No answer. Not surprising. She couldn't have gotten out of the house. Outside the doors was a no time zone. She'd just return to the kitchen if she stepped out the door. Where was she? How many places could a mostly bound, naked woman hide?

I walked back down the hallway. Slowly. Readying the time defenses if she tried to attack me. Though I suspected that if her intent was to attack me, she would have tried it in the kitchen where there were weapons. Knives. Perhaps, she had a gun stashed in the house. I walked back down the stairs cautiously. I could still sense the time bubble. Close.

As I reached the bottom of the stairs, I noticed that the front closet was closed. I had opened it to chain Amy and Elizabeth to the clothes rack earlier. I'd never closed it.

"Karen?" I stood by the closet. No answer. Perhaps Amy had closed it earlier. I had left her unbound here for a while.

I heard a small whimper. My ears located it. In the closet. The frightened woman hadn't had time to get upstairs. So she had simply ducked into the open closet and was sitting in the dark. Frightened. Bound. Nude.

"Karen. I know you are in the closet."

A very small voice from the bottom of the closet. Near the floor. "Oh God. Please. I'm so scared."

"Come on out."

The door cracked open. Just a touch. I watched as she used her toes to open the closet door from the inside. Her face was tear streaked. And her whole small body was shaking. She was seated on the closet floor. Hugging her knees with her bound arms. Underneath the hanging jackets. Pulling weakly at the rope around her wrists.

Her voice was shaking. "I. I'm sorry. I just couldn't. I had to try."

"I thought we had an agreement. You did what you were told, and I wouldn't hurt Autumn."

Her face went pale. Frightened. "Please. I didn't mean to run. I. Please don't hurt my daughter. It was me that ran. Punish me." Sobbing.

“Karen. I’m going to give yo u one more chance. You will be punished for this. That I can promise you. But I won’t hurt your daughter this time.”

I reached down to the sobbing woman. I’m not even sure if she heard anything I had said to her. Didn’t matter. I helped her to her bare fee t and walked her back to her kitchen. Elizabeth and Amy both wouldn’t meet my eyes. They both knew that they were in trouble for not warning me that Karen had run. To be fair, they probably didn’t know until it was too late either. But, no matter. It was a n excuse to punish them. I had to take care of Karen first.

As I led Karen back into the kitchen, Elizabeth moaned. “Please. Don’t hurt her. She was just scared.”

I ignored the bound girl and led Karen back under the plant hook. She was docile as she watch ed through teary eyes as I looped the rope through her bound wrists and pulled on the other end. She willingly raised her arms above her head and gasped as I increased the pressure. Soon she was stretched to her limit, her arms lifted above her. She was positioned about four feet from the corner where her counters met. I had increased the pressure on her arms such that it was actually easier for her to stand on tiptoe to relieve the pressure of her own weight on her wrists. There was enough give in the over head rope to allow her to stand flat on her feet, but that caused her pain in the wrists. She stared back at me defiantly. She had managed to stop crying and was realizing her precarious position.

I stepped back. Her breasts rode high on her chest as her a rms pulled them upwards. They were going to be a fun target. Her eyes, a strange mixture of hate and fear. Her long brown hair cascaded down her back and over her shoulders. I just gazed at the picture of her standing there. Helpless.

Finally she spoke. “Please. I’m sorry. Please. It will never happen again. I’ll do anything you want. Even a -anal sex. My arms hurt. Please. Can’t we loosen the ropes? Just a bit? I have to stand on my toes.”

“Karen. Didn’t I tell you that you’d be punished if you did n’t obey?”

“Oh God. Yes.”

“Part of your punishment is that tight rope holding you. You got a problem with that?”

I heard Elizabeth moan.

“Please. It just hurts. I just wanted it loosened. Just a bit. Please? What did I ever do to you? You don’t need to hur t me.”

I shook my head. Tears began to form in her eyes. It was actually pretty. She was realizing that she didn’t have a lot of control over what happened to her.

“Please. What are you going to do to me? Please. I’ll do anything for you. You don’t have to hurt me. I let you put me here. Didn’t I?” Her bare body was shaking and straining at the ropes holding her. She squirmed a bit under my steady gaze.

“Do you deserve to be punished?”

“No. No. Please God. No.”

“Karen. Do you know what the punishment for ly ing is?”

“Oh God. What?”

“Worse than for running. Now. Do you deserve punishment?”

“What do you want to hear?”

“The truth. I laid out the rules. Did you break them? Did you disobey?”

“Oh God. I did. But ...”

“Then do you deserve punishment?”

“Please don’t make me do this.”

“Do you?”

“I suppose.”

“You suppose?”

“Yes. I deserve punishment.”

“Good. That’s what I thought as well.”

“Oh shit. Please.”

“Karen. Do you have a cucumber in the refrigerator?”

“What?”

“A cucumber.”

“I think so.”

I turned to the refrigerator and opened it. I checked out the vegetable drawer and found a medium sized English cucumber. I picked it up and closed the fridge door. Karen watched all this with real fear in her eyes.

“Karen. Have you ever masturbated with a vegetable? I hear that some women do.”

“Please.”

Elizabeth piped up from her chair. “Oh God. You can’t do that to her. It will kill her.”

I turned to the bound woman in the chair. “Would you rather have it?”

“Yes. I’ll take it for her. She’s a recent mother for Chris t sakes. You have no idea how much that thing will hurt her.”

“I’m counting on it.”

“God. You are a bastard.”

“It won’t kill her.” I turned back to Karen. “Have you ever used a cucumber before?”

“No. Yes.”

“No? Yes?”

Her face flushed. “Oh God. Yes. A coupl e of times. I was just experimenting. Please. You said you wouldn’t rape me.”

“And I won’t. At least not in any standard way.”

“I won’t let you.”

“Karen. Look at yourself. You are hanging from your wrists. You are completely naked. All I have to do is to u se a bit more rope and tie your ankles to a broomstick. You’ll be hanging from your wrists. Off the floor. And you can’t stop me from doing anything to you. You really want to go through that?”

I watched her face as the mental image burning into her mind. Knowing the pain that would be caused if I did what I threatened. A tear overfilled her left eye and traced down her face.

“Please. Use some lubrication? Please?”

That I could do. I walked up to her. I placed the vegetable on the counter behind her bound b ody. I slowly traced my hands down her body, starting at her bound wrists, down her bare arms. Down her sides. Brushing the sides of her breasts. Down over her hips, ending at her straining ankles. Traced her instep while she was still trying to stay on he r toes. To her credit she shuddered at the touches, but didn’t try to move away. She

couldn't have gone far anyway, but she could have moved her feet away from my touches quite easily. I carefully took her nipples between my fingers and thumbs. Pressed gen tly. Her nipples unconsciously came erect. She shuddered again.

She mumbled one word. "Please."

I retrieved the cucumber. I judged that she shouldn't have any trouble with it, if I wasn't too rough. I held it up to her mouth. She looked at the vegetable in fear. Knowing that soon it was going to be violating her. Whether she wanted it, or not.

"Open."

She closed her eyes and opened her mouth. I slowly placed the end of the cucumber into her mouth. She automatically began to mimic oral sex on it. Probably th inking that this is what I wanted. Tears falling down her face.

"Just hold it."

She struggled to hold the thing in her mouth. Her teeth gently sinking into the flesh of the vegetable. She lowered her head, as the weight of the thing tried to pull it out of her mouth. She tried to mumble something around the gagging cucumber and then gave up.

Leaving her like that, I wandered over to the equipment pack which was placed by Elizabeth's bound feet. She spoke to me as I crouched down, searching. "You fucked up bastard. She's a new mother for Christ sakes. You can't do this to her. This is going to kill her."

"Elizabeth. Haven't you earned yourself enough punishment?"

She paled. "Please. Have some compassion."

I looked up at the bound girl. "Elizabeth. Whatever I do to her, she won't remember. Whatever I have to do to you, you will remember. For a while anyway."

"Yeah. She'll forget in like a few weeks when you let her go."

"Elizabeth. I don't know why I'm even telling you this. But I'm not keeping her."

"Why not? She's gorgeous. Your type."

"I'm not keeping her. She's going to be tormented. And then I'll let her go. I swear it."

"That doesn't make it any better what you are doing." But she wasn't convinced. I honestly think Elizabeth felt better knowing that the gi rl was going to be released. I could see it in her body. The way she relaxed. Her body language accentuated by her ropes and her nudity.

I had found what I was looking for. Lubricant. And the nipple clamps.

I walked back over to the bound mother. Still fri ghtened. But effectively gagged. I could see her drool beginning to coat the end of the cucumber in her mouth. She tried to look up, but the weight of the cucumber prevented her head from rising too far. Her eyes flashed at me and she tried to mumble somet hing around her gag.

I put the nipple clamps on the counter behind her and used my hand to raise the other end of the cucumber. Keeping it in her mouth, but raising her head. She was forced to watch as I carefully spread lubricant over the end of the veget able. Pleading in her eyes. I gently pulled the cucumber from her mouth and held it up. I carefully used her hair to wipe the slight remaining lubricant from my fingers. She cringed at this use of her hair, but didn't complain. She began to beg.

“Please. You can’t do this. I don’t want this. Please. Please don’t put that thing in me. I’ll have sex with you. I’ll crawl. I swear I’ll never run again. Oh God. Please. You can leave me tied up. Forever.”

I traced the drool moistened end of the cucumber down her body leaving a very light wet trail. Between her taut breasts and down her belly. I paused at her belly button and she tried to dance away. Didn’t get very far. I traced it through her sparse pubic hair. She had closed her eyes. Trying to somehow will away what was happening to her.

I reversed the vegetable. Presenting the lubricated end towards her body. As I touched her thighs she took a deep breath and parted them for me. I guess she didn’t want them bound apart. With her legs apart she really did have to stand on her toes to take any pressure off her bound wrists.

I slowly ran the unwelcome probe along her outer lips and she shuddered. Standing bound. Unable to stop this invasion. Softly crying.

I gently began to part her lips and press the vegetable into her. She cried out, but with the amount of lubrication on the phallus, she couldn’t prevent it from slipping into her, no matter how much she resisted with her vaginal muscles. I touched her between her folds. Completely dry. Understandable.

She cried out a number of times as the cucumber slowly slipped into her. Tears were flowing down her face as she cried. Cried from the invasion. From the humiliation. From her absolute powerlessness. Finally, I felt it bottom against her cervix. She cried out again as she felt it from the other end.

“That’s it, I guess.”

“Oh God. Please. Take it out. Please.”

“Karen. Honey. I’d get used to it being there.”

“You’re leaving it in? You bastard. I can’t take it.”

“You can. You already have.”

There was a good portion of the cucumber protruding from her shaking body. My fingers preventing the slippery intrusion from falling out under the influence of gravity. I began to wrap some cord around her waist. She cried out and opened her eyes. She spoke. “What are you doing?”

“Making sure you don’t push it out.” I could feel her vaginal muscles pulsating. The pulses running along the cucumber from deep inside her. She probably wasn’t consciously doing it. Her body was just trying its best to get rid of the overlarge object invading it. I actually kind of hoped that she wouldn’t cramp because of it. But if she did, I guess that was life.

I finished the rope belt around her waist, tying it off. I dropped a length of the cord down between her legs. I carefully wrapped the end of the cucumber with the cord making sure that it was secured. I then ran the cord up behind her, between her buttocks and tied it off. The belt and the ropes securely holding her invader in her body. Her body was wracked with sobs. Realizing that this thing was going to be in her until I chose to remove it. With her hands bound, she had absolutely no way to remove the cucumber from herself.

I wandered back to the kitchen table and sat backward on one of Karen’s chairs. I sat beside Elizabeth who was watching Karen with a kind of morbid fascination. I watched the bound woman as well. She struggled with her wrists. Alternately pulling against them and bucking her hips. Moving her legs. Dancing on her toes. Trying to

loosen any of the knots. Trying to find the least pain ful position. Given her restraints, I don't imagine any position was particularly comfortable. Anything to bring about some comfort for her aching body. After letting her struggle for about five minutes she looked over at me. Forlorn expression on her face .

She just begged. "Please. Please let me go."

"Karen? You have to be punished yet."

"Oh God. This isn't the punishment?"

"Part of it."

"What are you going to do to me? God. Please just let me go."

I finally got up and rummaged through the pack again. I found the blindfold I was looking for. I don't think I'd ever blindfolded any of the girls I tormented. Always a first time. I didn't want Karen to know what was going to happen to her.

I approached her and picked up the large knife from the counter where she'd placed it much earlier. Her eyes widened, her face went ashen and her whole body began to tremble.

"Please. Don't cut me. I'll do whatever you want. You can stick the cucumber up my ass if you want. Please. N ot a knife. Oh God. You can't be serious. I'll do anything. Anything."

"Karen. I'm not going to cut you. If you stay still."

"Oh God. Oh God. Oh God."

I brought the sharp blade up in front of her face. Her eyes followed it. She just kept repeating her mant ra. "Oh God. Oh God."

I took the tip of the knife and circled her right nipple about a millimeter from her flesh. Any slip and she was getting a nasty cut. Her nipple had hardened involuntarily in fear. She was trembling, and having trouble keeping still e specially being up on her toes the way she was. But I could tell that all her concentration was on that knife and keeping her bound, bare body still. She was doing a good job. I suppose desperation will let you do some amazing things.

I softly touched the hardened nub with the blade. Scratching carefully down it. She gasped as she felt the cold dangerous steel dragged across her sensitive flesh, but she kept still. Any move would have meant immediate blood and pain. And a completely ruined breast. She knew that. I knew that. Together, we were very careful.

Finally, I released her. She let her breath out and began to shake more violently. Tears falling silently. Unseen by her, I had flipped the knife over. I brought it to her left nipple. The dull side of the knife. But she didn't know that. I rested the knife just above her erect nipple against the flesh. She was crying and pleading. She drew in her breath and concentrated on staying still again. Again, she did an amazing job. Reverse the positions and have s ome woman threaten my private parts with a knife, I doubt if I could have kept as still as she was. Holding her breath.

"Ooops." I said softly. At the same time I dragged the knife down and across her nipple. Like I was slicing chicken. She screamed in ter ror and fear. Making the other two girls cry out and jump in surprise. The dull side of the knife slid harmlessly across her erect nipple. Her face paled and she looked like she was about to pass out.

She managed to keep conscious and she finally looked do wn at her breast expecting blood and injury. Probably psychologically even feeling the burning pain of the knife; the imagined slice to her nipple. She had nearly passed out from fear. Seeing her breast still

intact. Her nipple still where it ought to be. No blood. The look of pure relief and disbelief was actually quite pretty on her face. She looked at me and mouthed “Thank you.” She must have been really frightened to thank me. She let her breath out in a whoosh.

“Karen. Next time you disobey. I won’t be so careful.”

“Oh God. I’ll be good. I’ll be so good. Please. Just give me another chance. I’ll prove I can be good. I’ll do whatever you want. Oh God.”

I nodded. “I’m going to put this on you.”

“A blindfold? Why?”

“A surprise.”

“Oh God.” But she stood sti ll while I fitted the dark cloth over her eyes. She cried out a bit but didn’t complain beyond that.

I waved my hand in front of her face. She didn’t react. I pretended to slap her. Stopping just short of contact. She didn’t flinch. She was blind.

I traced my finger down over her right nipple. She jumped at the touch, but controlled her impulse to move. Probably sudden movements made themselves known through the inertia of the foreign body deep in her vaginal canal.

I rummaged through her drawers finally co ming up with a pair of wooden spoons. Lightweight. They would serve.

Chapter 76

I placed the spoons on the counter beside the nipple clamps. Then I walked back to the opposite side of the table. Adjacent to Amy. She looked at me, fear in her eyes. I coul d see it. She wanted to be anywhere but here.

"Amy?"

"Y-yes."

"Do you think that you could help me, if I untied you?"

"Please. I will if you force me to. But I don't want to help you hurt her."

"But you will?"

I could see Karen squirming in her bonds. Blind. And afraid. She could certainly hear me talking to Amy. Knowing that I was going to get Amy to hurt her.

"Of course. Do I have any choice? I remember the tongue thing."

"Good girl."

"What do you want me to do? You basta rd."

I raised my eyebrows. I was expecting to be called a lot of names before this day was done. I couldn't punish them every time they released some tension calling me names. I reached behind her and released her from the cuffs. I placed them on the kitch en table. Amy sat quietly rubbing her wrists.

I motioned for her to rise and be quiet. She did as she was asked. We walked over to where Karen waited. Her arms must have really been aching in that tight bondage. And she wasn't going to be let free for a wh ile yet.

I whispered in Amy's ear. No way for Karen to hear.

"Take a wooden spoon. I want you to hit her from behind. Be creative. If she turns around, hit whatever she presents to you. If I see you avoiding her breasts, you'll regret it."

I watched as Amy closed her eyes, but silently walked over to the counter. She returned with a wooden spoon. "Wait for me to tell you," I whispered to the unwilling girl.

Amy pleaded with me with her eyes. I'd never had her hit anyone yet. For some reason the girls had re al trouble hitting another helpless woman. Even Christi sometimes had trouble. And she claimed to be a dominant personality. Probably some empathy happening. "Please don't make me do this. I don't know if I can."

"You have to, sweetheart. You can do it."

She silently accepted it. Bracing herself. Trying to convince herself that she had to do this. Cause this helpless woman in front of her real pain. Like it or not.

I wandered over to the counter myself and picked up the second spoon and the nipple clamps.

I walked up to Karen and she jumped a bit as I spoke to her. "Karen? This is going to be a bit uncomfortable."

"Worse than I am now?" she said between gritted teeth.

"A bit."

I traced her right nipple with my finger. It involuntarily tightened and she gaspe d. I slipped the tiny clamp over the nipple and began to tighten it. I was careful not to tighten it too much, but this woman had almost certainly never worn one before. Tears began to fall from her eyes beneath the blindfold. I watched her face as it bega n to tighten in fear

and pain. Not quite knowing what was happening to her breasts, but knowing that it was damn uncomfortable. If not downright painful. Her nipple was securely trapped and suitably uncomfortable.

"I told you that it would be uncomfortable ."

"Shit," she hissed. "What the hell is that? It feels like my nipple has been crushed. Please. Whatever it is. Take it off. Please? It burns."

I just silently repeated the procedure on her other nipple. This time she cried out as the clamp was tightened.

"Please," she begged. "No more."

I released her breasts and let her rest. I reached forward and touched the chain between her nipples. It swung, eliciting gasps from the bound lady.

"Oh God. Please. It hurts. Please take it off me. Whatever it is. I can't take it much longer."

She'd have other things to worry about in a few minutes anyway. I watched as my unwilling naked assistant moved behind the suffering girl. I nodded to her.

Amy raised her arm and closed her eyes. She brought the wooden spoon down softly against Karen's exposed back. Karen hissed through her teeth. Even that light blow had caused her pain. Perhaps she had jumped and caused the nipple torment to move. Perhaps her sudden movement had caused the cucumber still deep inside her to shift. Perhaps she was just in such an uncomfortable position, any further pain was magnified.

Amy looked up at me. "Please. I can't do this."

I walked back around Karen to join her. "Why not?"

"Please. She's in such pain as it is. Her nipples. Her arms. Please. Have mercy on her. My mother used to punish me with these things." She held up the spoon in her hand. "I know how much they hurt. Please."

"Amy. We could change positions if you like. Let Karen down. An d put you up there instead."

"Oh God. I'll do that if you don't make me hit her anymore."

"No. You'll go up there until you beg to hit her. Then we change positions again. You hit her again. Twice as hard and twice as long."

"Oh God. I'll hit her."

I raised my spoon and let it fall against Karen's bared shoulders. She pulled in her breath and screamed. Finally falling into incoherent pleading.

"Like that. Got it?"

"Oh God. I can't hit her that hard."

"You want to change places."

She shook her head. "But I d on't have that much strength. Please."

"Just do your best then. It doesn't take much with these things."

Amy mutely nodded and raised her arm again. Karen was bracing for the blow. Knowing it was coming. Just not knowing where. Trying to twist. Anticipatin g where the spoon would fall on her unprotected bare skin. She screamed again as the spoon fell into her unprotected back. Her feet actually left the floor as she struggled with her bonds. Trying to escape the pain or ease it.

I aimed a hard blow to her ex posed belly. She screamed again as the spoon made contact with her defenseless skin. Squirming. I watched as she choked. The cucumber

moving in her. The nipple chain dancing against her skin. Her feet dancing and twisting. Trying to ease the pain raining d own on her. Begging.

Alternating, Amy and I let the wooden instruments of stinging pain fall onto Karen's bare body. Karen twisting. Never knowing where the next blow was going to land. Her ass. Her thighs. Her stomach. Her calves. She let out particularly enticing screams when the spoon caught her bare breasts. Or touched the nipple clamps. I made sure a few strokes caught her face. I finally decided the poor girl had had enough. Hell, she'd probably had more than enough after the first blow. Her bare body sported red welts all across the front and back. She was hanging by her wrists, her feet barely supporting her. She was moaning pitifully. Gasping for breath. Begging for forgiveness. Begging us to stop. Just begging.

I motioned for Amy to go back to the table. Gratefully, she scampered away. Glad to be away from the torture. Probably glad that she hadn't really earned any punishment this time. Maybe even glad it wasn't her, bound, naked, and writhing in pain.

I turned back to Karen. The blind girl was sti ll sobbing. Dancing her bound body from foot to foot. Trying to ease the stinging over most of her body. Oblivious to the extra pain she was causing herself from the nipple clamps and cucumber. I just watched her for a while. Finally, her breathing began t o return to normal and with an act of will, she managed to stop moving her body. Finally easing the pain from her wrists, nipples and between her legs. She even managed to get her uncontrollable crying under control.

I spoke to her. "Karen? You okay?"

"No." She just hung in her bonds.

"You ready for more?"

"Oh God. Please no more. I can't. It hurts. Oh God. You can't imagine how much I hurt. I'll do anything you want. You don't have to hurt me anymore. I swear. I'll do anything."

"Anything?"

"Yeah. Please. I'll fuck you. No problem. I'll crawl for you. I'll do anything. Anything you want. Just please. No more. I can't take it anymore. Please let me down. I've learned. I don't need to be punished anymore."

I nodded. Though she couldn't see me. I reached towar ds her body and began to release the nipple clamps. She screamed as my fingers touched the metal and the vibrations transmitted themselves to her body through her nipples. I wasn't particularly careful either. She screamed again as the blood rushed back in to the tortured bits of flesh. Finally, gasping for air, she simply hung by her wrists.

"Please. No more. My tits hurt. Please."

"I had to hurt you a bit to get them off. It wasn't intentional."

"Please. What were they?"

"Nipple clamps."

"You clamped my ni pples? Oh God."

"They're off now."

"My tits. My nipples. They're burning." I watched as she unconsciously pulled at her wrists. Wanting to pull her hands down and cradle her breasts. Softly crying. Unable to comfort herself. Just having to endure the pain.

I stepped back. Letting her suffer a little longer. Finally she spoke.

"Please. What do you want from me?"

I was silent. She waited a few minutes and repeated the question. I watched as her face became puzzled. She shook her head. Struggling with her bond s. Finally becoming quiet. Trying to determine where I was. Only hearing her own ragged breathing. Elizabeth and Amy were silent in their chairs.

"Are you there? Please? I hurt. Please. Please let me down."

She began to feel out with her legs. Sweeping the air in front of her with her bare toes. Trying to determine where I was. If I was even there. She began to cry again. Pulling at her bound wrists. I noted that they were turning an angry red tinged with blue. She could be in the bonds a little longer, but not much more. Her wrists were probably bruised as it was.

I silently moved closer to her. Just inside the range of her searching leg. Standing on one foot and using her other leg to search must have really moved the cucumber which was still inserted into her vagina. But she grimly continued. Needing to do something. Not able to just stand there waiting for me. Gritting her teeth.

Her toes brushed my jeans and she jumped. She drew in her breath and almost screamed. Not expecting to touch anything I suppose . She ventured her foot forward again and tried to grip the material of my jeans with her toes.

She pleaded. Now she knew that I was there. Watching her.

"Please. I know you are there. Please talk to me. Whatever I've done. I'm sorry. God. I'm sorry." I was silent. Wondering where she was going with this. "Please. I'll do anything. Please. All I want is to be let down. This damn cucumber out of me. Oh God. Please, at least take off the blindfold. Oh God. Please what do you want? I'll do it."

Finally, I relented. "What will you do? Make some suggestions."

She looked surprised that I'd finally spoken to her.

"Oh God. Please. What do you want from me? You must know that I'll do it. I don't want to be punished. I'll do it. Whatever it is." I was silent. Waiting. She was silent. Waiting for an answer.

Not getting one, I watched as her mind began to work. It was actually pretty to watch. Her bound body straining. Her mouth set in a grim line. It would have been interesting to see her eyes as she tried to figure out what I wanted, but that would have given her some balance. Right now, not being able to see was disturbing her. She didn't even know where I was if she was speaking to me. Couldn't read my expression to see if she was getting anywhere. Trying to figure out what I wanted from her. Trying to ignore the cucumber. I reached out and touched the end of it. Moving it deep inside of her. It had slipped down a bit with her struggles, but it was still deep enough in her that there was no chance of it slipping out. She cried out at the touch. Obviously uncomfortable.

"Please. Just tell me what you want. Please. I just want out of this. Oh God. Please."

I'd already told her what I wanted. I was curious how long it would take her to figure it out. I remained silent. She lapsed back into silence, thinking as best as she could considering the pain she was experiencing. I was surprised that she was able to think at all. But I suppose that desperation could drive one to do things that one would be otherwise unable to do. I watched as she reached out with her toes again. Searching. This time, I just moved a step back. Just out of her range. She searched with a sense of futility. Softly crying.

"Please. My arms. My vagina. My hands. Oh God. I can't feel my hands." She wiggled her fingers. They moved slowly, but they moved. Her hands were turning a

distinct shade of blue. She replaced her bare foot under herself and raised back up on her toes. Relieving the pressure on her wrists. A bit of colour flowed back into her hands. But not much.

She stood there crying for a moment. Then begged a bit more. “Please. You have to let me down. Please. I’ll do whatever you want. Are you even there? Please?”

I had to give Elizabeth and Amy credit. They must have been having trouble with this. Not being the one’s in pain, they probably knew what she had to do. But they kept silent. Knowing that opening their mouths would mean a gag and severe punishment. Elizabeth, especially, knew what it was like to be gagged.

Karen, just hung in her ropes cryin g softly. Rocking herself. Mumbling, “please” every so often.

Suddenly her head snapped up. She’d probably been going through what I’d said earlier in her mind. Her blind head searched me out. She spoke towards a spot about two feet to my left. Frightened.

“Oh God. You’ll let me down if I tell you what to do to me. Won’t you? You wanted suggestions?”

“See. You are a smart girl.” Her head snapped towards my voice. Her ears guiding her. “Oh God. Please.” This time she faced me unerringly. I waited. She pulled again at the rope holding her wrists in the air.

She took a deep breath. Trying to think what I wanted to hear.

“I’ll crawl for you. As long as you want. Out in the backyard if you want.” Her eyes began to tear again. I was sure that blindfold was soaked. Her voice sped up as thoughts occurred to her. “A pet. I’ll be your pet. You can put a collar on me. Leash me. I’ll crawl. I’ll bark. I’ll be your dog. You can walk me. Oh God. Please let me down.”

I watched her. Her face was turning red. Her pain overrid ing her shame, she continued.

“I’ll fuck you. I’ll be the best lay you’ve ever had. I’ll give you head. You can tie me up on my knees and I’ll give you head. I’m good at it. I swear. You can screw me. Use my pussy. My a-ass. Oh God. You can hit me some mor e. I’ll do my best not to scream. Please. Have some mercy on me. My arms. I’ll do anything you want. Please.”

I watched her. Struggling. Crying. Begging. She looked up, pleading evident on her face, tears streaming from beneath her blindfold.

“Please. What do you want me to do? To say? Please. I’ll do anything you want. I’ll cry for you. I’ll beg. I’ll crawl. I’ll fuck you. I’ll fuck them. You want me to make love to Amy? I will. I’ll do anything if you’ll just let me down. Oh God. I. I’ll masturbate for you. Right here. I’ll use the cucumber. I’ll even use it in my ass. Oh God. My arms hurt so much. Please. I can’t feel my hands. I’m so frightened. Please let me down.”

I finally spoke to her. She’d have no way of knowing this. “Not I. Not me.”

A look of con fusion crossed her face. I could see it through her grimaces of pain and even with the blindfold covering her eyes. “Please. I don’t understand.”

“You are no longer Karen. You have no identity.”

“Oh God. I don’t understand. Please. No more.”

“You will not use the word ‘I’ or ‘me’ any longer. If you do, you get punished more.”

“Oh God. I. Please what can I use then.” I struck her across the right breast with the spoon. She cried out and tried to back away. Her wrists stopping her. She was sobbing. Not understanding.

Elizabeth finally spoke up. Helping the girl. I gave her a dirty look, but she continued regardless. She paled, but I suppose that this was getting too intense for her. I was surprised that she’d held her tongue this long.

“Karen. Honey.” The bound tormented woman turned her face towards Elizabeth’s voice. “He’s made women do this before. You have to remember to use the third person. You can do it. Refer to yourself in the third person. You know, ‘This slave’ and ‘This slut’, that sort of thing. I know it’s demeaning. But he won’t let you down until you do. You can do it.” She lapsed into silence and I slowly turned back to the crying woman in front of me.

“Oh God. I can’t.” I hit her again on the left breast and she screamed. She was undoubtedly in agony this time. She was getting a bit hoarse from her screaming. Her hands were now getting to be a bright shade of blue. I didn’t doubt that she couldn’t feel them. I had to loosen her soon if I wanted to keep playing with her.

“Okay. Okay. I. This s-slave will try. I. This slave doesn’t know if I .. she can remember. Please don’t hurt me anymore. Please let me ... this slave ... down.” She tried to speak in the unfamiliar way. She’d slipped but I had to give her credit for trying. It must have been really hard on her.

Chapter 77

I stood in front of her and just watched as she struggled with her pain. Shifting her weight from foot to foot. Pulling weakly at her wrists. Moving her hips gently, trying to adjust the position of the cucumber still bound in h er.

Finally she spoke. “Please. I. This slave hurts so very much. She begs to be released. If she could, she’d kneel and kiss her master’s feet. Anything. What else can she possibly offer?”

She finally lost her hesitation. Any trace of pride. She had slipp ed into a completely submissive role. Her pain driving her.

I reached forward and touched her blindfold. Soaked with her tears. She flinched away from the touch, but slowly moved her head forward again until it touched my outstretched fingers. Allowing me to check her blindfold.

I reached around her head and removed the wet cloth. Her eyes were red. Her eyes expressing her pain. She glanced up, trying to see her hands, blinking in the sudden light. She wiggled her blue fingers. Gasping at the pain and the s ight of her blue hands. She began to cry again. Frightened that she might lose her hands if I kept her in this much longer. She had to figure out a way to make me release her.

I began to free her from the rope belt she wore. I simply released the rope arou nd her waist, allowing it to fall loosely around her hips. I knelt in front of her and watched as the cucumber began a slow viscous journey out of her vaginal canal. She shuddered at the sensations of it slipping out of her. Unable to clench herself enough to keep it in place or force it out of herself quicker. After a few minutes, I gripped the end of it with my fingers and began to pull it gently from her. She gasped and cried out as the invader finally pulled free of her body. She began to weep. Tears fa lling from her eyes, unashamedly. Tears of relief. Even without the invasion of the cucumber, her vagina still gaped wide. I imagined that it would take a while for it to relax and close the stretched muscles where it was forced to accommodate the larger t han normal invasion of her body. She unconsciously brought her legs back together. She stood back up on her toes helping take some of the strain off her wrists. I could see her calf muscles straining to keep her raised on her toes. They were quivering slig htly. I doubted if she could stand like this much longer. Her wrists were going to have to take her weight again pretty soon. I could see it in her face. Her pain.

I placed the now warm cucumber onto the counter behind her and walked back around. She looke d up at me. Her tears never stopping.

“Please,” she begged me. “My wrists.”

I just closed my eyes and let the spoon fall on her body at random. I think I caught her just under her bare breasts. Her lower ribs. She screamed again.

“Oh God. I’m. Oh shit. Ple ase. This slave is sorry. She begs forgiveness. She forgot. Her wrists. She can’t think with her wrists. This slave. This slut begs to be let down. She’ll do anything to be allowed down. Please. Her wrists hurt so much. Her arms.”

I picked back up the knif e and showed it to her. Even though she knew that I wasn’t going to cut her, she begged anyway.

“Please sir. Your slave. Your c -cunt begs her master not to cut her. Oh God. Your slave is so frightened. Please let her down.”

I dragged the blade down her upt urned nose as she struggled to keep her face as still as she could. The blade passed harmlessly over the skin of her nose. Just scratching her skin like a hunter might check the edge of his knife against a fingernail. Her body was shaking badly. Not sure i f it was her fright or just muscle fatigue. She'd been hanging there for a long, long time.

"Karen? Are you ever going to disobey again? Run? Even think you can escape?"

"Please. Never. I'll. I mean. This slave is yours to do with what you like. I'll do. She'll do anything. She'll never run again. She'll never disobey. Please. My. Her wrists. She is going to pass out from this. Please. You don't want me ... her ... to pass out. Do you? Please?"

I nodded. She'd done a passable job of sticking in the third p erson. Actually excellent for a first attempt and considering the obvious pain she was enduring. I raised the knife away from her face and easily cut through the rope holding her to the ceiling. The knife was very sharp. She was very lucky that she hadn't gotten nicked with my playing. A credit to her will and her ability to stay still despite her pain. Bet she never imagined that her kitchen knife would ever be used to release her bare bound body from her plant hook.

As the support was severed, she collaps ed. I was ready for it. Holding the knife carefully away from her falling body, I moved to catch her. Her eyes rolled back and her legs simply collapsed under her. I caught her around the waist and gently lowered her bare body to the tile. I could have jus t let her fall. But then she may have broken a bone, or hurt herself badly. Smacked her head on the tile. Not a lot of doctors around. I would have had to return her immediately. End of fun. She was light anyway. No strain.

She lay back, slowly bringing he r still bound hands in front of her, pulling weakly at the ropes. She tried unsuccessfully to restore circulation to her blue hands. All her twisting only served to give her rope burn. Her hands stubbornly remained a deep shade of blue. The ropes holding h er wrists together were the problem. No way for her to adjust them any longer. She wasn't getting circulation back into her hands until I released her wrists. She just began to cry again and lay back. Just letting whatever was going to happen, happen. Comp letely resigned to her fate. That I was in control of her and whether she would lose her hands or not.

I released her waist and reached for her wrists. She cried out as I lifted her hands but tried to help me. With her hands so numb she really was more of a hindrance than a help. But I think she needed to do something.

"Be still, Karen. I'll have you out of this in a second." I gently chastised her. She wasn't really helping the effort to get circulation restored to her hands.

She nodded, tears still tracin g down her face. Holding her shaking arms as still as she could.

I lifted the knife and carefully guided it to one of the strands of cord holding her wrists. She was still, as ordered and I easily sliced through one of the cords cruelly circling her slende r wrists. I fished the cord around, unwrapping the loops of cord, using it to release her hands, not bothering with the knots. Her hands were ice cold as I touched them. I wasn't surprised that she'd lost feeling in them. She cried out and whimpered as the rope came free. The cord had badly chafed her skin, but as the rope loosened, her hands almost immediately began to regain a healthy pink colour. I'd caught the

circulation problem in plenty of time. She'd have been fine even for another half an hour. Uncomfortable as hell, but no lasting damage would have occurred.

She sighed as her hands were finally separated and I'd released them into her own care. She began to moan as the circulation caused massive pins and needles to crawl across her hands and fingers. She closed her eyes and tried to hold her hands as still as she could. She struggled to control the unavoidable body tremors which were a result of the adrenaline and endorphins running havoc through her bloodstream. She was probably going to feel slightly sick after the adrenaline kicked down. Unless she was lucky and could maintain her adrenaline production until I freed her from the timeline.

I sat beside her and stroked her hair while she recovered. She didn't even flinch as I touched her. Her breathing slowly returned to normal and her hands began to feel a little better. The pain began to leave her face.

The female body recovers so quickly from pain. Though, the stinging pain from a wooden spoons does tend to fade reasonably quickly anyway. The nipple clamps and cucumber had been removed a while ago. Her nipples still looked red, but I suspected that they no longer were in pain. Unless I touched them. She closed her eyes briefly.

After she had slowed her breathing down and was beginning to feel a little better, she rolled herself over and managed to get to her hands and knees. She bent her head and kissed at my shoes. She looked up at me, not a trace of shame in her face.

She whispered, "Thank you for letting this worthless slave down." She ducked her head, unable to maintain eye contact with me. Probably couldn't believe that she'd actually said the words on her own. Without 'encouragement'.

Finally she raised her head and looked at me from her hands and knees.

"Please let me go?"

I let the first person reference go this time. I shook my head. "Not yet."

"What do you want me to do? Please?"

I walked over to the bag and retrieved a collar and leash. I turned and her eyes widened. As I was fastening the collar and leash to her throat she tried again.

"Please. This slave begs you not to do this. She'll happily screw you and your friends even. Please. You don't have to make her act like a dog." She instinctively knew what was about to happen. She'd suggested it after all.

She gasped as I tightened the collar and picked up the leash. Ignoring her pleas.

"Do pets talk?"

She looked up at me, frightened and pleading with her eyes. She closed her mouth. Whined. Surprisingly very dog-like.

I walked in front of her and gently tugged her leash. Resigned to her fate, she began to crawl for me. I guided the miserable naked female through the dining area and into her living room. I sat down on a leather chair and left her on her hands and knees in the middle of the room.

"Beg?"

She slipped out of her role. "Pardon?"

"I could swear I heard a non-canine voice."

She clapped her mouth shut and I could see her mind working. Finally figuring out what I wanted. Her face flushed, but she obeyed. She pushed herself into a kneeling position and exposed her bare front to me. Her breasts jiggled as she raised her front paws and did a passable imitation of a dog begging. Panting.

“Roll over.”

Her face flushed again but she fell to her side and rolled over ending up on her back. Limbs raised as a dog would. She was really trying to please. Her hind legs parted, exposing herself shamelessly for my amusement. Biting her lip to keep from saying anything.

“Bark.”

She took a deep breath and let out a soft bark. “Woof.”

“Louder.”

“Arf,” her face was bright red. Not believing that I could force her to these depths of humiliation.

“Okay bitch. Hands and knees.”

She closed her eyes and rolled back to her hands and knees.

“Leash.”

She bent her head and gathered the leather into her mouth. Sh e then crawled to me and raised her head. Offering me her leash. Her face bright red. I could see her mouth muscles fighting. She desperately wanted to say something. Beg not to have to do this. But I just gathered the leash and gently pulled her, stumblin g on her hands and knees back into the kitchen. Tears rolling down her face. Not quite believing that I was making her do this. I was having trouble walking with the erection I was sporting. Seeing a grown woman humiliating herself like this was really tur ning me on. I thought that I might just have to have one of the other girls do this as well.

Elizabeth broke her silence. “Please. She doesn’t have to do this. No woman should have to do that. My God. Have you no feelings? Put yourself in her place, for Go d’s sake. She’s frightened.”

“Okay. Our first volunteer.”

Elizabeth shut up. A look of completely confusion crossed her features. She pulled at her ropes, not understanding.

I turned to Karen. “Karen? You know what dogs do to girls?”

She shook her head. Afraid to say anything.

“They sniff them, don’t they?”

Karen’s face flushed again and tears began to fall again from her eyes. Understanding, she crawled forward and made a production of sniffing at Elizabeth’s leg. Starting at her bound foot and knowing tha t I wouldn’t allow her to do otherwise, Karen moved her head slowly up Elizabeth’s bound thigh and ended up with her nose right between Elizabeth’s legs. Elizabeth was pulling at her bonds more forcefully now.

“Lick her.”

Karen raised her head and looked i mploringly at me. Begging with her eyes. Not wanting to do this. Not with another woman.

Elizabeth spoke. “Please. I don’t want to do this. What am I being punished for? Master?”

I looked at Elizabeth’s earnest face. Struggling to figure out why I was torm enting her. There wasn’t always a reason. But I tried to give her one anyway.

“Elizabeth. You are being punished for not warning me when Karen, our mutt here, ran away without permission. Now, this isn’t much of a punishment.” I picked up the crop from the pack. “But this is.”

“Please no. Don’t hurt me,” Elizabeth begged. Tried to back away into the chair. Make herself as small as possible. “You don’t have to. I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll cum for you. I’ll enjoy Karen. I swear it.”

I stepped over to Elizabeth and let a soft blow fall across the tops of her breasts. It left a slightly red mark, and Elizabeth cried out. The crop hurt terribly, even if not swung hard. I’d swung it lightly against my palm once. I couldn’t imagine the pain it would inflict on breasts. But it should be bearable at this strength. At least I thought.

I looked at Karen, who had begun to cry again. I could see it in her eyes. She wanted to beg. She so much didn’t want to do this.

“Karen, what is it? You can speak.”

“Please. Master. This. This b-b-bitch. She. She isn’t gay. She can’t do this.”

“I could have sworn that you claimed that you would fuck my friends earlier.”

“Please. I would have promised anything. I. Oh shit. This slave hurt. You must understand that. I. She has never been with a woman before. Something else. Whip your slave. Anything but this. Make her crawl more. Act like a dog. It turned you on. I. She could tell. She’ll bark for you more. Please.”

Elizabeth took a deep breath and helped. “Karen. Honey. I don’t want this any more than you do. But he will make you do it anyway. He’ll put you back up on that hook. And whip you. Your breasts until you beg to have sex with me. Either way I have to cum from it. You only have to try and pleasure me. I ’ll try to hurry. Oh God. He’s going to whip me until I cum. You have to try. Or we’ll both regret it. It’s just skin. Try not to think about what you are doing. Please try.”

I watched Karen swallow. Frightened. She mutely nodded and lowered her head again to Elizabeth’s lap. I saw Elizabeth tense and I knew that Karen was exploring her sex with her tongue. Trying her best to get this over with. Trying to ignore what she was doing with her mouth. Somehow.

I stood beside Elizabeth’s bound body and at random brought the crop down on her body. Sometimes as high as her collar bone. Sometimes as low as her lower ribs. Most fell on her heaving breasts occasionally catching a nipple. She cried out at every blow to her bare body, but managed to retain her concentration. Always returning to the sensations from her crotch. Struggling to get herself to her edge. Karen appeared to be doing a passable job. Overall, Karen should know what a woman should like. Being one herself. She ought to be able to give decent head if she wanted to. Elizabeth didn’t recover as quickly if the crop caught a nipple. She just howled and begged until the pain subsided. I usually gave her a bit of extra time if I caught that sensitive part of her. I really wasn’t aiming. And I really wasn’t putting very much strength into it. Somehow that seemed to make it worse for her. That I was disinterested in her pain, but still giving it to her. Really emphasized her helplessness.

“Argh. You bastard. Please stop hitting me. I can’t cum like this. My tits. Hurt. Arghhhhh. No more. Please no more. You goddamn bastard. It hurts. Ow. Please. Let me go. I can’t. I can’t. I can’t.”

But she did. Finally after about ten minutes she began to tense.

“Fuck. Please no more. I’m cumming. Oh my God. Please stop. Argghh hhhhhh.”

Her body spasmed against the ropes. Karen’s head was still bobbing between her legs. I tried to judge the peak of the climax and brought the crop down once more lightly flicking the erect nipples. Elizabeth screamed and pushed her breasts outwards. Straining

at the ropes holding her. Tensing. Crying. Her body finally relaxed and I touched Karen's head. Allowing her to stop her stimulation. She gasped and I watched her as she worked her tongue around in her mouth. Grimacing at what I'd forced her to do.

Elizabeth finally recovered. "What the hell just happened?"

"What?" I asked her bewildered.

"Oh God. I've never felt anything like that."

"So now you like lesbian sex?"

"Fuck no. I was just fantasizing it was some guy down there. But. I don't understand. I came. I swear I did. And then you brought that fucking thing down across my nipples again and I thought I was going to die. Instead, it only hurt a little and the next thing I know, the world is exploding again. I. I think I had two. One right after the other."

I grinned. "Ain't being a female wonderful?"

"Not with you around," she griped. But I think she was kind of proud of herself. Having a multiple orgasm. I was beginning to suspect that her experience of sex prior to me might have been a little m inimal. And her experience of kinky sex, probably non - existent.

I looked up at Amy and she was watching with wide eyes.

I addressed her. "You want a orgasm?"

Amy looked at me warily. "Not really. If I have a choice." She knew exactly how she was going to g et one. Given the choice, she probably didn't want the crop on her body as another woman used her tongue on her.

"You'd allow Karen to make love to you though. Right?"

Amy swallowed and nodded her head. She spoke. "I don't really have a choice if you tell me to do it. Right? But please. I helped you whip her. Please."

I nodded. She didn't want the lesbian contact. I'd spare her this time. Amy had behaved herself. Her punishment could be simply helping me whip Karen earlier. I know that was hard on the poor girl. She really hadn't wanted to do that. Besides I think it was her trying to jump out of her chair that had tipped me off that Karen had run. Amy looked relieved. Bigtime.

I turned my eyes back to the mother on the floor. She was still on her hands and knees. Her whole body was shaking. She looked up at me with pleading in her eyes. Begging. She was crying again. She struggled. Not knowing if she was in the dog role still, but desperately wanting to plead with me.

I sat down in one of her chairs and rega rded her. Finally she braved it.

"Please. Master. Don't punish this b -bitch for talking. If you don't want her to talk, she won't."

I was silent. I didn't mind her talking. I was curious what she wanted.

Finally she wracked up her courage. "Please. This sl ave is sorry for whatever she's done. All she wants is to be let go."

"Why should I let you go?"

"Please. I've. This slave has done everything you wanted. Please. Your slave is tired. She's hurt. She'll do everything you want, but she needs some rest. Plea se."

I could see that she was tired. She was having trouble even keeping herself upright on her hands and knees. Having trouble lifting her head. The adrenaline and endorphins were probably coming out of her system. She probably felt sick too, but she didn't say

anything about that. And with the withdrawal of the endorphins, her pain was probably returning. Aches and pains that she probably didn't even realize were there. Her whole body was shaking uncontrollably. Probably a reaction to the adrenaline and fear combined. She just continued to beg. It was all she could do.

"Please. Your slave begs you to let her go. I'm. She's so worried about her daughter, Autumn. Please. Can your slave beg to see her daughter. Just one last time?"

"What have you got to offer me?"

"Please. Master must know that his slaves have nothing to offer. You can take whatever you want. Your slave is just begging her master for some rest and to see her daughter. She loves her." Tears were rolling down her face as she remained on all fours. Naked. Shaking.

That surprised me. I was expecting her to offer me herself again. Or anything. She was catching on that she didn't really have anything anymore. I nodded to her.

"Karen. Honey. You can drop the slave talk. Get to your feet."

"Oh God. This slave isn't sure she can." She was actually having trouble stopping from talking in the third person. I watched as she struggled to her knees. She tried to get to her feet, her thighs straining. She finally made it. Tears falling down her face. Swaying on her bare feet. Struggling to keep her balance. She looked like she was fighting faint nausea as well. She didn't complain about it though. "Please. I can't do anything else. I can barely stand. Please don't make me do anything else. Please."

"I know you are tired, Karen. Can you get dressed?"

Her eyes looked at me questioningly. "You want me to put my clothing on?"

"Unless you particularly want to orgasm or something."

"Please don't tease me. I hurt."

"I know. You've been very cooperative. And I'm going to let you go."

"Please. I don't need my clothes. Can I just go to my daughter? Please?" She had nothing left to hide. I'd forced her to hold a cucumber in her for what seemed like hours. Might have been. I'd completely lost track of the time. Nevertheless, she didn't care about clothing anymore. I'd seen everything.

"Karen. Put on your clothes."

"Alright. Just don't hurt me anymore. Okay?"

She stumbled over to her discarded clothing on the far side of the kitchen. She looked at me once again. "Really? You are just going to let me dress myself and walk away?"

"Sort of."

I reached over and began to release Elizabeth's bonds. Keeping my eye on Karen. Karen was pulling her sweat pants over her legs. Moving gingerly. Her legs and arms probably aching. She picked up her sweatshirt and tried to pull it over her head. She cried out as her muscles cramped when she tried to put her arms over her head. She struggled with it anyway. Her desire to cover her nudity more important to her than the transient pain in her body. Maybe she did still have some pride left. She ignored her socks and stood barefoot in front of me. But mostly covered. After seeing her bare body, it was much easier to visualize her without the clothes. I undressed her again with my mind. I debated making her take off the clothing again, but she didn't look bad with them on. A little disheveled, perhaps, but she couldn't hide her beauty. Even the red marks on her chin and face, leftovers from the wooden spoon treatment enhanced her features.

By this point, Elizabeth was free of her chair except for her wrists cuffed behind her. She was still flushed from her climax.

I motioned Amy and Elizabeth to their feet. They struggled out of their chairs. Their bound wrists impeding them, making basic balance a bit of a chore.

Karen spoke. “What are you going to do with them?”

“Keep them for a while.”

“You are just going to let me go? Why?”

She’d never understand the time thing. She thought that I was going to just walk out with the girls and she’d call the police . She couldn’t understand why I’d just let her do that. And I didn’t feel like explaining it to her.

“You’ve been cooperative,” I answered her.

“Why didn’t you rape me?”

“I didn’t want to. Not in the mood.”

“I’m not attractive?”

“Very attractive. Under different circumstances, you’d be joining Elizabeth and Amy here.”

“I noticed that they were attractive.” She flushed. Probably thinking how up close and personal she had had to get to Elizabeth.

I took a last look at Karen. The red welts on her face from the spoons already fading. Her amazing body hidden under the clothing. It wasn’t necessary let her get dressed, but I wanted to watch her pull on her clothes. She was feeling much better with her clothing returned to her. Standing taller. Less defeated looking. A bit stronger. More human.

“Can I go to my daughter now? Please?”

“Who are you?” I asked her a last question. She looked a bit puzzled.

She considered her answer. “I’m your slave. Your slut. Your bitch. Your pet. And I’m Karen Johnson. All rolled into one.”

I nodded. It was a good answer. I concentrated on her body space and released it from our time line. She gasped as she felt the time collapsing around her and she winked out of existence. Her body jumped from one side of the kitchen to the other. Instantaneously. Her body again frozen with the rest of the world in time.

I left Elizabeth and Amy standing quietly by the kitchen table. I walked up to the frozen woman. Her socks had materialized back on her feet. She was holding the knife. No marks on her body. Happily preparing her lunch. Having no idea that I had taken her, broken her, tortured her. This woman was still blissfully unaware that she could bark like a dog and she still had no idea what nipple clamps were. I actually hoped that she’d never find out in real life.

I kissed her time frozen hair and whispered to her. “You were fun Karen. That’s why I let you go. Sleep well. Say good-bye to Autumn for me as well.” She couldn’t hear me, but I just somehow wanted to leave her with something.

I turned on my heel and approached Elizabeth and Amy. The girls were a little pale from their adventures. I touched their bare arms and guided them towards the front of the house. The girls walked silently beside me, their bare feet moving across the tiles in the silent house.

Chapter 78

I guided the women out the front door and onto the porch. I concentrated and collapsed all the time fields within Karen's home. I never did find out if she actually was married. She probably was though. Whoev er it was, was a lucky man.

Amy seemed to be in her own world. A distant look on her face. Elizabeth sighed.

"Amy?" The nude girl turned towards me. Questioning me with her eyes. "You know the way back right? Can you lead? A bit ahead?" I wanted to talk to Elizabeth on the way back.

For some reason her face brightened. "Of course," she replied. Perhaps she just wanted some time alone. She had witnessed the complete degradation of another woman. She had helped in the complete degradation of another woman. Sh e knew it could have just as easily been her begging and pleading. Her wrists bound above her. Humiliated. Barking like a dog. She looked a bit rattled. It had been a while since I had put any of them through an ordeal. I suspect that they were getting use d to slightly better treatment. Their free time.

I held Elizabeth back as Amy bounced on ahead. Her mood improving as she moved away. Elizabeth looked a little frightened, but she stood her ground somewhat defiantly. Pulling weakly against the restraints s till adorning her wrists.

I looked at her and we began walking slowly back to the Victorian home next door.

"What's the matter?" I asked her.

"Look at me. What do you think is the matter?" She pulled against the handcuffs to make her point.

"Elizabeth. You've been in chains for days. You have to be getting used to it by now."

"Hmph. You try being nude and in chains twenty -four hours a day. No privacy at all. Always frightened. See how you like it."

"I can understand that. But I don't believe you."

"It was Karen," she admitted.

"Karen?"

"Yeah. You were really really rough on her. It scared me."

"She's fine now."

"I know. I couldn't believe that you let her go. She was such a nice looking woman. So much better than Amy or I. Her breasts were perfect. And that body." She paused. "I was thinking what if you decide to do that to me before you send me back. I don't think I could do all that. I know I offered to take her place. But I don't think I could h ave gone through the pain she did. That kind of humiliation." She paused again. I just waited for her to continue.

"That crop." She began to cry. "It was all I could do not to scream my heart out. And you weren't even hitting me hard. I don't know how Jane survived. I've watched you hit her, like, ten times harder. All on the tits. Christ."

"I won't torture you that bad unless you disobey me. Piss me off. I promise."

"She was obeying you. And you still put her through the wringer. You scared me."

"I should scare you. Means you are still sane."

"What if I can't keep up?"

"Keep up?"

"Keep you happy. You'll kill me? I don't want to die."

"Don't be silly. Amy really pissed me off the other day and she's still alive. I have no intention of killing you. Or of even hurting you badly. Even the punishment I gave Amy wasn't *that* bad."

"She might be of another opinion. She won't even talk about it. She's changed."

"If you went through what I put her through. You'd change too. Believe me. She hasn't changed that much though. She's just more frightened of me. More obedient now. More accepting of her position. I saw her eyes flash at me once today. She hasn't been broken. Believe me."

Elizabeth lapsed into silence. We were about halfway back. Amy was walking about 100 meters ahead. Well out of hearing range. My eyes traveled the back of her body up ahead. From the top of her head, down her bare back, her hair gently bouncing with her gait. Her hands handcuffed behind her. Her bare feet gently falling on the asphalt.

"That's not all. Is it?" I asked the bound beauty beside me.

Elizabeth grimly nodded. Her eyes beginning to tear up again.

She swallowed. "Please. I don't understand."

"Understand what?" But I had a pretty good idea. I was beginning to think of it as Jane's syndrome. But the other girls didn't know about Jane. At least I hadn't told any of them.

"Please. I can't."

I decided to help. I knew what the problem was. "Elizabeth. It's normal."

"How would you know? You aren't a girl. You aren't bound up all the time. You aren't being tortured all the time. It scared me."

"Elizabeth. Sweetheart. It's precisely because of that. Any pleasure is magnified. You are just having a normal reaction to the pain. It doesn't mean you are weird. You just turned it into something more pleasant. That's all. Honestly."

"But. I don't understand. Why pain? Why are you doing this to me? I can't believe another girl got me off. I'm not. Honestly. I'm not lesbian."

"You are just in a strange situation. I'm forcing you to do this. You're fine. It's just that I'm not giving you any choice."

"But I wasn't thinking about some guy tonguing me like I told you." The tears really started to flow. "I was feeling the pain of that damn crop. I was thinking of you and Amy hitting Karen. I was seeing Karen naked and begging. Crying. I was visualizing her head between my legs. HER head. Not some guy's. I was thinking of Amy and Karen. Oh Christ. Naked. Maybe I am a lesbian. I orgasmed to thoughts of you torturing me and Karen making love to me. My own thoughts. I hate myself. And I didn't have a normal orgasm. No. Not me. Not just a tiny climax to satisfy your twisted game. I have the mother of all climaxes. Some multiple thing. I can't even work myself up that high when I'm by myself. You and some girl took me there and I'm scared."

Her voice trailed off. I didn't quite know how to handle this. "Elizabeth. Baby. Please. You've got to believe me. You are alright. You aren't a lesbian. And you aren't into pain. I'm forcing this on you because I enjoy it. You are just identifying with me. Don't hate yourself. Honestly. You were only enjoying the sensations because that was all you could feel. And you just managed to turn it into something less painful. The mind does these things to protect you. That's all I let you feel. Your mind had to do something

with it. You would have had the same reaction if I'd been eating you out. Or Tom Cruise. Same reason that you wanted to make love to me the other night. I haven't given you the opportunity for sexual release and any st imulation is going to make you hot. And besides it is normal to have thoughts of the same sex. Especially in women. It doesn't make you gay. It doesn't even make you bisexual. It's normal. It was just a fantasy. In normal time, you know, the real life that I took away from you a while back, you'll never feel these things because there won't be some asshole tying you up constantly and preventing you from normal sexual expression. Elizabeth. You'll be alright. You can't let this get to you. You'll be nuts before you know it."

She thought about this for a minute. "I'm not all that experienced, you know?"

"I know." I had suspected as much. The almost virginal pleasure she was finding in everything. She seemed to feel almost proud of herself when she managed to g ive a good blow job. Have a multiple orgasm. Losing herself into this unfamiliar sex. But then, she dropped into this guilty mode. I suspect that this was just those age old daemons and sexual taboos surfacing again. Despite the multiple orgasm things, may be there was some disadvantages to being female. Always fighting these daemons. Didn't sound like much fun.

"Don't get me wrong. I've had a couple of lovers. But. It was always straight forward. Boring. I. I can't ... I had better orgasms by myself. Then y ou come along. Whips and chains. Visions that I never should have seen. Lesbian acts. Pain. Torture. Incest for crying out loud. And I'm getting horny? I've been turned into a sex slave. I don't even have control over my sexual urges. Incest! My god I shou ld be disgusted. But no. Elizabeth gets turned on. Goddammit. The sex I had with you the other night, the stuff I *asked* for? You know that you are the one and only guy I've ever asked for sex from? The oral sex? It was the best sex with another person I' ve ever had. And I'm not in love with you. And now a complete stranger. A woman. Is forced to have oral sex with me while I'm bound and being whipped. I have a fucking multiple orgasm. Maybe the only one I'll ever have. I'm so confused."

"Elizabeth. I know. Honey. I wish I knew. Everybody reacts to stress differently. And believe me. You are under stress. You'll be alright. You are such a strong woman. Don't let it bother you. Just enjoy yourself when I let you. There's no pressure here. No inhibitions. I'm not going to think anything. That you're some kind of slut. Honest. If anything, I'll be impressed that you can actually find some kind of pleasure in all this. I'm betting that most women would fall apart completely. Go insane. If they were put into your place. I'm forcing you to do it. Try to remember. It's only temporary. You get to forget everything when I send you back."

Elizabeth just pulled against her handcuffs and stopped in the middle of the road. She looked so lost. So alone. Standing in the middle of the asphalt. Naked. Handcuffed. Tear streaked face. Body shaking.

This suffering creature managed to choke out. "But. But what if I never get to have another multiple orgasm again?" She just collapsed into tears .

I moved to her and gathered her into my arms. Giving her a hug. She trembled and I could tell that she wanted to return the embrace but the handcuffs behind her back prevented it. She just stood still and cried into my shoulder. I stroked her hair until her shakes subsided. Finally she pulled away. I checked over my shoulder. Amy wasn't in sight, but the gate to the house was just up ahead.

“I’ll be alright? You promise? I’m not a lesbian?”

“I promise. Maybe you should talk to Jane. She’s pretty good at t hese things.” I knew that Jane had been, and was still, going through this process. I don’t think she was worried about turning into a lesbian, but she certainly was concerned about the pain and degradation turning her on. She was far more naturally masoch istic than Elizabeth, but the feelings were similar. They might be able to help each other through the confusion.

“Jane is feeling this too. Isn’t she?”

Perceptive. “A little. Her situation is a little different. But she’ll tell you if she chooses.”

“You are respecting her privacy?”

“Yeah. And I’m not going to tell any of the girls about this conversation either. No need. I figure you’ll tell them if you want them to know. Why do you think I sent Amy up ahead?”

“You knew? You knew I was feeling this way?”

“Of course I knew.”

She managed to get out a smile and I kissed her forehead.

“I’d be better if you didn’t find it necessary to torture us so much.”

“I know. Not an option. This is my timeline.”

“Don’t remind me.”

She began to walk. Quiet. Lost in her own t houghts. Thoughts of her feelings. Thoughts of her body. Tears threatened a number of times, but she fought them off with an obvious effort. I let her walk in silence. Let her deal with her thoughts. We passed through the open gate. I turned and closed it behind us. Up ahead I glimpsed Amy. She was sitting in the grass beside the path. Her hands supporting her behind her back. Her legs stretched out. Enjoying the sun.

She waited for us to approach and struggled to her bare feet.

“What the heck took you so l ong? Stop for a quickie?” She’d been tied up in the same room that night that Elizabeth had asked me for sex. It was her attempt at humour.

I aimed a slap at her ass. She managed to block it with her bound hands. She laughed. Her mood had certainly improve d with the time she spent alone. She stuck out her tongue and ran to the front porch. Her breasts bouncing as she ran through the grass. She was completely oblivious to the show she was giving me. I doubted if she even cared anymore. They were pretty used to being naked all the time. Not having control of their own bodies. The chain of her handcuffs jangled as she ran.

As she approached the door, she turned around and managed to open it with her bound hands. She slipped inside leaving the door open. I linke d arms with the naked bound girl left beside me and we walked slowly up to the door and also slipped inside. Compared to the bright sunshine outdoors, the hallway looked dark and gloomy. My eyes began to adjust to the lower light level. It was actually qui te bright in the foyer. Light streaming in through a skylight. Amy was waiting for us sitting daintily on the bottom step. Her legs modestly together. Her hands still attached behind her back.

I turned Elizabeth around and removed her handcuffs. I tossed t hem on the foyer table. Automatically, she knelt. I motioned Amy over and did the same for her. She absently rubbed her wrists but sank to her knees beside Elizabeth.

“Girls? Feel like showering?”

Elizabeth glanced behind her and grimaced at the state of t he soles of her feet. She'd been walking without shoes for a couple of days. She ought to be used to dirty feet. "I'd happily fuck you a million times if you let me have a hot shower. God. I feel so dirty." I could tell by her tone that she wasn't just ref erring to her dusty bare feet.

Amy piped up. "Well, I wouldn't fuck you a million times, but I'd give you a really good tumble for a hot shower. Maybe even a good blow job." She stuck out her tongue again. I wondered what had gotten into her.

I turned to Amy. A smile playing on my lips. "If I ordered you to fuck me a million times you would."

She lowered her head before I could see the mischievous smile. She tried to feign a gruff voice. "I guess. You couldn't keep up with me, though."

I knew that I couldn' t. I probably should have punished her for that remark, but I just couldn't bring myself to do it. She was just having fun. And they had precious little of that with me around. Just blowing off steam from the ordeal they'd just been through. Probably was healthy for them. I let it slide, smiling ruefully. She was right after all. I probably didn't have a hope of keeping up with her beyond the first climax. She was female after all. And their bodies did give them some natural advantages.

"After you finish. Make yourselves presentable. Make up. All that. And then you have free time until I need you. You can go back to Dickens and AC/DC if you want." I smiled at the contrast in their free time activities. "Just keep the noise down to a dull roar. Shower is first door on the right upstairs. Keep it down. Sheila still may be sleeping right next door. No singing."

The girls rose to their bare feet. They both thanked me before disappearing upstairs. They knew that they were expected to shower together. They would. They had bounced right back. Free of restraints. Free of torment. Completely happy again. Female resilience. I'd never figure them out.

I moved off into the living room. The room that held the st ereo equipment. I leaned back on the sofa that Amy was using to listen to AC/DC. Comfortable. The Mayers did know how to buy comfortable furniture. Though I had my doubts at the comfort of Sheila's bed. I rose and poked my head into the library. Christi was sitting in her recliner. Head still buried in the Talisman.

She jumped when she saw me. "Oh. Hi. I didn't hear you come in."

"Enjoying the book?"

She curled her bare legs under her and nodded. I could see the look in her eye. Hoping that it wasn't time t o put down the book. I walked over to her and kissed the top of her head. "Keep reading little one. You'll be busy soon enough."

"Oh." She wagged her tongue at me. A mischievous smile playing along her lips. "Not with this I hope."

"I somehow doubt it. But one never knows."

I turned away from her and wandered into the dining area. Jane was asleep in the sun in the bay window. She looked very peaceful. Smiling in her sleep. Though she seemed to be pulling gently at her cuffed wrists in her sleep. I walked ba ck out. I wanted to relax for a while. No need to disturb her.

I walked back through the library, past Christi. I touched her hair as I passed and she smiled.

"Anything I can do for you? To you?" she inquired sweetly.

I laughed. “If you want.” I wasn’t in the mood to force her to do anything. I’d had my fill of forcing females today. The images of Karen were still dancing fresh in my memory. Christi’s eyes darted back to her book and I laughed again. It was pretty clear what she’d prefer to do.

I wandered back into the entertainment room. I picked through the compact disks. A whole collection of AC/DC. I couldn’t imagine who in this household would listen to it. Perhaps they had a teenager or university kid away from home. I guess I ought to find out. Later. Some Celtic music. Country and western. Some rock and roll. Some light jazz. An eclectic mix.

I wanted to relax so country was definitely out. I didn’t particularly want to raise my stress levels. I debated putting on the classic Back In Black album, for about 0.36 seconds. I pulled out an Enya disk and slipped it into the player. I raised my eyebrows. An older B&O system. One thing was for sure. The Mayers had taste. Thinking of Sheila briefly, I’d have to say that at least Evan definitely had taste.

I wandered back to the sofa and lay back. I slipped the headphones over my ears and felt myself slipping away to another land. Another place. The haunting notes and clear voice of Enya transporting me. I closed my eyes. I could have sworn it was only for a moment.

I awoke to feel someone unbuttoning my jeans. Soft hands began to play with me. Storms in Africa crashing about my ears. I felt myself engulfed in a warm wet cavern. I felt teeth graze me. My breathing quickened as I hardened. I thrust up towards her. I still hadn’t opened my eyes. I had no idea which of them it was. I was guessing Christi, but I really didn’t care. I felt the soft mouth leave me and I heard myself moan over the music.

I felt a different warmth. Warmer. Wetter. Tighter. Engulfing me. I felt a warm leg pressing against my jeans as she straddled me. She began slowly. Softly kissing at my lips. She cried out as well as she increased the tempo. Soon she was moving in rhythm with the drums crashing into my ears. As Storms in Africa ended, and silence ensued I felt her heat rising. I could feel her fingers gently probing between our legs. Pushing herself. Touching her clitoris. Gasping. I dimly realized that the CD had ended. Meaning that I’d been here for the better part of an hour. Until who ever it was had come to find me. I didn’t want to open my eyes. Enjoying the sensations of the sex. Experiencing the girl. Whichever one it was. I could feel her fingers speeding up. Finding her own rhythm which was far faster than mine. Her hips rising and falling. Slowly. She let out a small cry and I could feel her internal muscles spasming. Tightening. Forcing herself down onto me. I felt myself rise. Unable to hold back with the sensations of her orgasm. I thrust deep into her. Feeling myself tense and gasp out. I felt her weight fall forward onto me as she finished. Her chained hands pressing into my chest through my T-shirt. Her cuffed hands pressing between the softer pressure of her bare breasts. Her lips gently licking at mine as she came down from her climax. Her muscles still twitching. She just lay there panting. Not even bothering to extract me from her. Just enjoying the afterglow. I finally opened my eyes. Flipping the silent headphones from my ears. A blonde head rested on my chest just below my head. I could smell her hair. Clover. With an effort she rose. Pressing against me with her bound hands. She smiled.

She whispered. “I was just going to swallow. But then I realized that I needed it too.” She was still breathing hard as she rose off of me. I was soft and I shuddered at the sensation of coming out of her. She smiled again. She knelt and took my limp penis in

her bound hands. She leaned forward and used her tongue and soft mouth to clean me. Despite having just had sex with the girl, I fo und myself reacting to her again. I just found it incredibly erotic, this nude, restrained creature kneeling beside me after sex and cleaning her own fluids from me. She finished her task and carefully tucked me back into my jeans and rebuttoned the pants. She had some trouble because of the handcuffs, but she managed.

"I think I'll go back to reading. You want the CD on again?" She padded barefoot over to the stereo. I shook my head.

"Where are the others?" I asked her.

She turned just before disappearing into the library. "I think Jane is still asleep in the dining room. Elizabeth and Amy showed up a while back. Pretty clean. Amy was livid that she couldn't listen to the stereo, but you were asleep. She didn't think it was a good plan to wake you. She's ju st lying on the floor of the library staring at the ceiling. Elizabeth is reading that dreadful bore Dickens. Enough of an update for you?"

"Do they know what you were doing?"

"Yeah." Christi blushed. "I heard you had some fun with the neighbours. I though t you might be able to use the relief. I heard you managed to control yourself. At least you didn't rape her."

I sat up. "You can send Amy in. I'm not using the stereo anymore."

"Alright. Hey? You mind if I have a shower? I wasn't going to ask, I mean I ju st had one with Sheila, but after ... what we just did ..." She glanced down at herself. I could see the wetness on the tops of her bare thighs.

"Come here." Christi pranced over. Proud of herself. I unlocked her cuffs. "Go enjoy your shower."

"I will. And thank you."

"Make it quick. I have plans for you."

"Oh no."

She practically ran to the library doorway and stuck her head in. "Stereo's free Amy." Christi ran back through the living room. A streak of nudity and scampered into the foyer and up the stairs. Minutes later I heard the shower running.

Amy slowly walked in from the library. Eyes lowered. I was surprised that her hands were cuffed in front of her. I was sure that I'd left her and Elizabeth free. She noticed my scr utiny.

"Elizabeth and I thought that you would want us cuffed like Christi and Jane. Christi recuffed us."

I was surprised. "You really don't want to be punished, do you?"

"Would you in my position?"

I smiled at the girl. She looked radiant. Fresh make up. Fresh nail polish. Fingers and toes. Her hair shone as it fell across her bare shoulders. She simply glowed, exuding sexuality. Her skin looked silky soft. She walked over to me and carefully knelt on the carpet in front of the sofa.

"Can a slave please l isten to her music in her spare time. You are giving us free time, aren't you?"

I nodded and handed her the earphones. I kissed the top of her head. I debated having her lie on the floor instead of the sofa, but couldn't really see the point.

"Why did you let her go?"

"You mean Karen?"

"Yeah. As Elizabeth pointed out, she was your type."

"You think anything female with a pulse is my type."

"No. She was drop dead gorgeous. And you know it. Maybe not as nice as Christi or Jane. But she was certainly nicer loo king than me or Elizabeth."

I decided to be honest with her. "She had a kid. She would have been a handful."

"I thought you liked your women feisty."

"She wasn't very feisty at the end."

"You just about killed her. What did you expect? She'd have regained her self-esteem after a rest. I saw her face when you let her dress herself at the end. She still needed a rest, but she would have been even more frisky afterwards. And you know that too."

"I have enough girls right now. Honest. I can always go back for h er if I want her."

"I guess." Not really understanding. But she didn't have to. I gave her a peck on the cheek and she smiled. She used her bound hands to place the earphones on her head.

"What were you listening to?" She changed the subject.

"Enya."

"You have to be joking."

"Enya. It's relaxing music. I should force you to listen to it. Tie you to this sofa. Force the earphones on you. And turn it up."

She paled, getting the image. I smiled and she grinned uncertainly. I rose and walked over to the stereo. "Back in Black? Or Thunderstruck?"

"B in B, please," she replied quietly from the sofa. Completely unused to me doing something for her. Even something as simple as putting a disk on for her. Normally I'd make her crawl to the disk rack, take out somethin g she hated, make her put it on and listen to it. I smiled at her confusion. I switched disks for her and pressed play. Not quite understanding. But not willing to question the small kindness, she simply settled herself back into the sofa. I could see her moving her body to the initial bells on the album. Hell's Bells indeed.

She had closed her eyes, and didn't notice as I slipped back into the library.

Elizabeth looked up from her book. "Hi." She regarded me with a mixture of slight apprehension and relaxa tion. Probably afraid I was going to take the book from her.

She was stunning as well. Freshly scrubbed. Clean. Her red hair catching the light. Shining. Fresh make up and nail polish. I couldn't see her feet, as she was seated at the table. But I assumed that all of them knew to put on nail polish. Finger and toes. The handcuffs she wore almost looked like jewelry adorning her wrists. I couldn't quite tell but I thought she might have coloured her nipples. Or maybe she was just aroused and they had deepene d in colour. I couldn't imagine Tale of Two Cities arousing her, though. Maybe her mind was on something else. She saw where my gaze was falling and let her book fall gently to the table. Not losing her place. She raised her bound hands so I could see her chest more clearly.

"You like?"

"Of course I like."

She gave me a mischievous grin. "I thought that your sex drive would have been diminished." Referring to Christi. She was still holding her bound arms out of the line of view. "Alright. You are confused. I used some rouge on them. You like?" I nodded. "I

thought you might." She lowered her arms. Partially blocking my view of her chest again. "My face is up here, you know." I jerked my eyes away from her bare chest. It was surprisingly hard to do. She was smiling. Knowing that she'd surprised me. I'd have to have a closer look at her nipples later. I couldn't believe that I was reacting to this as well. I certainly hadn't had time to recover from Christi. Yet, there it was.

I blew her a kiss and began to walk towards the dining room.

"She's sleeping."

"Not for long."

"Oh. I still have free time, right?"

"Considering your little surprise, I guess it would be really cruel to take it away from you."

She allowed herself a self-satisfied smile and bent back to Revolution France.

I wandered into the dining room. I slipped into a chair quietly and just watched the nude woman reclining asleep in the window. The morning sun caught her bare body as she lay easily on her back. Her breasts rising and falling gently with her regular breathing. She looked so peaceful. I almost hesitated to wake her. Unfortunately, I needed her. I let myself watch her for a few more minutes. Just enjoying the sight of her.

Chapter 79

As I watched, Jane's eye s fluttered open. I hadn't even touched her or made her aware of my presence. She just came awake. Somehow feeling my eyes on her as she slept.

She yawned and stretched, raising her cuffed wrists above her head and pulling her bare breasts into a delightfu l position. Her legs reached, toes pointed. She seemed unaware of the effect she was having on me. I couldn't understand this. There was absolutely no way I should be interested. No matter what the stimulus. Even this gorgeous teenager nude and stretching. Completely at ease in her nudity. Christi had drained me. I just tried to ignore my reaction to her. Somehow.

She had pulled herself up and was now sitting on the window ledge gently swinging her bare legs.

"I wonder why there weren't plants here."

"Huh?"

"The morning sun is beautiful here. Warm. Bright. It would be a perfect place for plants. Lots of room." She indicated the wide shelf upon which she had stretched out.

"Maybe Gertrude slept here in the nude as well."

"Right." She yawned again.

"Still tired?"

"Not really." She was swinging her legs again as she sat on the edge of the window shelf. Completely uncaring that she was nude and I wasn't.

"Sheila make any noise while I was gone?" I asked her.

"Not that I know of. But I was asleep. Maybe you would be better asking Christi. Christi didn't wake me up. I'd assume if there was a problem, she would have come to get me to help. Those were your orders. Where'd you go?"

"To the neighbours."

"Why?"

"Exploring."

"Anybody interesting?" Not anything. Anybody. Jane knew me too well.

"Maybe."

"You took another one?"

"Sort of."

"I'll bet she wasn't thrilled."

"Not really. I doubt if she liked acting like a dog."

Jane just raised her eyebrows. "You'll have to tell me more later."

"Perhaps. Amy and Elizabeth can tell the tale as well."

Jane just looked at me. "You just want to talk, or was there another reason you woke me up?"

"I didn't wake you."

"You were going to." I nodded. She was too perceptive. "Time to take care of our Judge? Or are you going to rape me?" She said it calmly. Almost dispassionately.

I set my mouth in a grim line. "Our judge has reached his judgment day. You know it."

"You haven't told Sheila yet? Have you? She may not even want to see him, you know?"

I couldn't imagine that his former slave wouldn't want the chance to get back at him. "What do you mean?" I asked the naked girl in front of me.

"He's abused her so long, she might not be capable of striking back at him. I'd keep my eye on her. He might still have influence over her. Even if the bastard is tied down, she might be so used to following his orders that she might turn on you if he tells her to. She might be too afraid to go back into that room. She might not be capable of hurting another person. Even if he deserves it. She knows what being hurt is all about. She might not be able to inflict it back on someone else. Even her tormentor. Don't punish her if she can't. That's all."

I nodded. That made some sense.

"I'll talk to her. Are you going to be alright with this? "

"I think so. I just keep thinking how he just was casually calling me a bitch and I see red. He has no respect for women at all. He actually thinks of the whole female of the species as animals. His animals. No better than your average cute monkey. I've lived my life hating people like that. I think I can strike back at him. I might even enjoy it."

"You thought I was just as bad once."

"Sometimes you still are. Sometimes I hate you just as much. Luckily, or maybe unluckily, you usually have me tied down when that happens. I can't do much. And then you ease up. You can actually be nice to us. And my anger melts. I mean, I've just been lying here nude in the sun for hours. Just relaxing. Thinking. Sleeping. I can't do that in the real world. I have to go to school. Impress my friends. Hold down an after school job. Worry about college. And obviously I can't just lounge around without my clothes. Maybe a bit of torment once in a while is worth it just to have this peace. You know, I still haven't figured you out. I just know that I don't hate you like I hate that bastard upstairs. I do know that I'm freer here. Despite these." She rattled her handcuffs. "I'm not sure that I can explain it."

I nodded. I was thinking that I might just have to explore her a bit more. Figure out what she was feeling. It felt vaguely important. But now wasn't the time.

I motioned for her to rise. She padded over to where I was sitting. She made a quick motion to kneel, but I stopped her. We were going upstairs anyway. I reached for her bound wrists and released them. She stood quietly rubbing her wrists. There were marks where the steel had dug into her skin. Not because they were particularly tight, but because of the position that they had fallen into while the girl had slept. She didn't make any comment about the deep indents.

"Come on." She fell into step beside me as I made my way back out to the foyer and the stairs. As we climbed the steps, I heard the shower cease and the sounds of clean bare feet squeaking against porcelain.

I opened the door to the bathroom and a cloud of steam flowed out into the hall. Christi had just stepped from the shower. Her skin produced goose flesh as the cooler air from the hallway kissed her bare body. She shivered but immediately dropped the towel from around her as I gazed in. Sensing that she ought to present herself bare unless told otherwise. Her body looked radiant as she stood there dripping. Her nipples were hard from the sudden indraught.

"You can dry yourself."

She thankfully resumed toweling herself. Rubbing the moisture from her skin. Purposefully running the towel between her legs. Sighing. Not even a hint of self -

consciousness as I watched her. The girls really were getting used to me just watching their bare bodies moving in everyday ta sks. At one point they were distinctly uncomfortable with me watching them. Now it was almost as though they enjoyed it. At least in Christi's and Jane's case.

"Didn't wash your hair?" It was only wet below her shoulders.

"I washed it this morning. It didn 't think it needed it. If you want, I'll get back in and wash it for you. Not like I'm dressed or anything."

"That's alright. I was only curious." I could see that the portion of her hair that was still dry shone in the light. It didn't need cleaning. She was telling the truth. I was sure that after she'd brushed it out it would be as lustrous as though she'd just been to the hair dresser.

She smiled and continued to dry off. Running the towel down her legs and lifting her foot to dry her toes.

"Janey?"

"Yes sir?"

"I want you to help Christi get ready. Help her with her makeup and touch up yours. I'm going to rouse the sleeping beauty in the next room."

"Be gentle with her. Okay?"

I nodded, watching as Jane stepped into the bathroom with Christi. I turned away as she picked up a bottle of nail polish off the counter.

I walked to the master bedroom. I found myself consciously holding back my arm from knocking. Sheila couldn't answer the door anyway. I silently opened the door and slipped into the room, turning the knob so that the door shut quietly. I waited for my eyes to adjust to the gloom. Sheila was still sleeping peacefully under the blankets. The blankets rose and fell with her soft breathing.

I slipped into the chair that I'd left by the bed and just watched her. I really enjoyed watching them sleep. So peaceful. Sheila moved in her sleep. Her wrist pulling against it's restraint. She mumbled something softly and wrinkled her nose. She settled ba ck down and was peaceful again. I watched her for a few more minutes, then leaned forward and gently kissed her forehead. She mumbled something in her sleep and tried to roll over.

Her right wrist snapped hard against the steel around it and her eyes flutt ered open. She screamed as she saw me beside her in the dark. Startled by my presence.

"Shhhh. Shhh. It's just me. You're okay. Relax. I'm not here to hurt you."

She closed her eyes. Trying to control her wild breathing. Gasping for air. I'd really frightened her. Pulling at the handcuff holding her to the bed.

"Oh God. Oh God. Oh God," she mumbled. "Not a dream. Oh God. Not a dream."

Her face was in profile as she lay on her back. Her lips moving as she rocked her body. She weakly pulled against her restra int and struggled to control her body. I could see her shaking under the covers. Second time today I'd given a girl an adrenaline rush. I just gave her time to recover. I doubted if the rush of adrenaline was enough to make her sick.

Finally she managed to control her breathing; it returned to a slightly fast, but regular beat. I was sure her heart was still hammering a mile a minute. She gingerly grasped the covers in her left hand and lifted them. Regarding her body beneath. Just as nude as when she fell asleep. She closed her eyes and then reopened them.

She turned her head towards me in the dark. “Oh God. It wasn’t a dream. Was it?”

I shook my head. “No, Sheila, it wasn’t.”

“You aren’t going to let him touch me again are you?”

“He won’t touch you while I ’m in control here. I can promise you that.”

Her body began to shake again and she struggled to control it. With an effort, she succeeded.

“Jane? And Christi? Where are they?”

“In the bathroom. They’ll be here shortly.”

“I’d like to see them. Please?”

“As soon as they’re done.”

She swallowed. “Please. I’m thirsty. Can I have a drink?”

I rose from the chair. “Sure. Be back in a minute.”

I walked out to the bathroom. Blinking in the sudden light. The girls were just about finished. Christi was drying the bott om part of her hair. She playfully thrust her bare chest out as she saw me enter. Her hands above her, her right holding the hair dryer and her left buried in her hair. Most of the steam had disappeared from the room. Escaped through the open door. Jane wa s drying her nails. She’d changed the colour to a deep red. Her make up was perfect again. No sign of the sleep she’d had. She’d brushed out her hair as well. Still soft and shiny from this morning. I couldn’t help myself. I ran my fingers through her ches tnut hair. She allowed the touch and actually smiled and gave a small laugh. For some reason pleased that I’d done it.

I searched around and found a plastic cup. Probably used by the former occupants of the house for brushing their teeth. I rinsed it in th e sink and filled it with cold water.

“Come to the master bedroom when you are both done,” I left them one last instruction as I left carrying the water.

I slipped back into the room with Sheila.

“Lights,” I announced to the only other occupant of the room. I flicked on the lights.

Sheila cried out as the bright light hit her. Not quick enough to close her eyes before the lights snapped on. She had scrunched up her face, closing her lids tightly against the harsh light. Her left arm was thrown across her eyes. I sat back in the chair beside her.

Finally she opened one eye and managed to brave the light. “You could have warned me,” she chastised me.

“I did.”

“Not much of a warning. I’m barely awake. I don’t want to be awake.”

I looked at her again in the light. Her eyes were both open, but blinking furiously. I cringed as I saw her face for the first time in the light. The right side of her face was slightly swollen. There was a angry red bruise formed on her rig ht cheek. About where the bastard had slapped her. Her right eye was blackened. Not the worst shiner I’d ever seen. Hell, I’d gotten worse myself in the schoolyard in my younger days. But seeing it on this delicate woman seemed wrong somehow.

“What?” she a sked seeing my scrutiny of her face. She hitched herself up towards the head of the bed, sitting up. The covers fell away from her bare breasts. Noticing, she tried to cover herself by pulling the covers up with her left hand.

“Sheila. Honey. Leave it, it’ s nothing I’m not going to see anyway.” I was far more concerned with her face anyway.

She noticed that my gaze hadn't fallen to her bare chest but remained on the right side of her face. She lifted her left hand and touched her right cheek, letting the covers settle around her waist. She winced at her touch. She traced along her eye, involuntarily moving away from her fingers. She dropped her hand back to the covers and began to cry silently.

"I'm a mess aren't I? I'm sorry."

I couldn't imagine for what she was apologizing. Maybe that bastard in the other room had made her apologize for her appearance. Even after he'd caused the bruises marring her perfect face. I couldn't understand what would possess him to be so brutal with such a delicate creature. Control didn't require this kind of heavy handedness.

I lifted the cup of water towards her lips. I noticed that the right side of her upper lip was slightly swollen as well. She allowed me to feed her, wincing as the cup touched her upper lip. She drank the whole cup of water in one big long swallow.

I gently asked her. "How are you feeling?"

"Sore as hell."

"I'll bet. What were you sorry about?" I asked her.

"Me. My face. I. I guess I just didn't want you to see me like this."

"Sheila, you'll be alright. It's not your fault. It will heal."

"I've been through worse." I couldn't imagine her looking any worse unless he had gotten to the left side of her face as well. Then it would have been twice as bad, I guess. "Why did you wake me up? Why are you being so gentle with me?"

"I didn't mean to frighten you."

"I know. It's just that, my Master ... I mean the judge ... would wake me up by slapping me, or shaking the hell out of me. I can't count the times I was awakened screaming in pain."

"I'm sorry. I don't wake up my girls like that. Usually they are up well before me anyway."

"Thank God you don't wake us up like that. God I hated that. Why'd you wake me up then? You want something."

"Sheila. Honey. I just didn't want you to sleep all day. You wouldn't sleep when we do. Tonight."

"That's not all is it? You want to hurt me. Or rape me." Suspiciously. "Why aren't Jane and Christi here?"

I almost laughed, but I controlled the impulse. "I think that you are hurt enough. I don't need to add to it. And I think raping you qualifies as hurting you. I'm not going to hurt you. I promise. And I told you. Jane and Christi just have to finish in the bathroom and they will be here."

She sighed. "You are so different. He wouldn't have cared. He would have raped me and added to my bruise list just for fun. And god help me if I complained."

"I'm not Mayer. Never will be. And speaking of Mayer, you feel like getting back at him?"

"Getting back at him?"

"Yeah. Paying him back? Getting some revenge?"

"What do you mean?" She was truly confused.

“Let’s hypothetically pretend that I had him helpless. You know, how he kept you. Maybe bound up. Uncomfortable. Would you want to pay him back for some of those bruises? Give him a taste of his own medicine?”

She closed her eyes and thought about it for a second. “I’d be yours forever if you let me at him for just a half hour.” A thought occurred to her. “He couldn’t get at me. Retaliate? Ever?”

“Nope. He’d be completely at your mercy.”

“Oh God. I don’t know. I want to. God, do I want to. But. I know what it’s like on the other end. Being helpless. Having someone just beat the hell out of you for no reason. It’s wrong.” She closed her eyes. Remembering some abuse from the past.

“Alright. I won’t force you to do it. But I think you should reconsider. You have a damn good reason to do this. It would hardly be for no reason. I doubt if I’ve ever met someone who had a better reason for beating the hell out of someone. There aren’t any courts here to determine right or wrong. Just m e. And I think that he deserves it. Any damage that you inflict is temporary anyway. I won’t let you kill him though he probably deserves that as well. And even if you decide to spend the time relaxing in this comfortable bed instead of getting some much d eserved revenge, just so you know, I am letting Jane and Christi take out some of their frustrations on the guy. And believe me. They have their frustrations. Not to mention a touch of anger at what he did to you. They didn’t have a problem with it after b eing with you earlier.”

“Jane and Christi are going to do this? They’ll be there as well?”

“Yes. For you. Personally, if I were in your shoes, I’d want to just beat the hell out of him. Maybe you should see your face before you make a decision.”

Sheila thought about it. “I’m not wearing any shoes.” She managed a smile. “You wouldn’t let me. So I don’t think that you could be in them. But I guess you are right. If they can do it, I guess I can. I’ll do it.” Tears began to fall down her face. She’d bowed her head a bit while thinking and her tears fell slowly off her cheeks and onto her bare breasts.

“You sure?”

“Yeah. I’m sure. I hate him.” Simple sentiments. I could hear the simple truth in her words.

I nodded. I heard a knock on the bedroom door. Could only be Jane and Christi.

“You okay?”

I watched as she exerted her will and fought back the tears. She nodded wiping viciously at her face with her left hand. Crying out as she forgot about the bruises on the right side of her face.

“Come in.” I called.

I saw Jane poke her head around the door as she opened it. “I wasn’t sure if you wanted us to wait outside.” She gasped as she saw Sheila’s face. Without waiting for my answer she practically ran into the room and jumped onto the bed with Sheila. Taking her face in her hands. Gently stroking her.

“Oh God. He really did a number on you. Didn’t he?” She looked over at me. “I can do anything to him? I’m gonna fucking enjoy this. See how he likes it.”

Christi had walked into the room and came to stand by my chair. Ga zing at Sheila’s bruises. Tears beginning to form in her eyes as she realized in stark detail just what this woman had had to endure. Sheila was wincing a bit at Jane’s probes of her bruises, but

she just closed her eyes, sat still and let the other girl r attle on. Finally, Jane noticed that she was hurting the other girl and withdrew her hands.

"Oh my God. I'm so sorry. I didn't mean to hurt you."

"It's okay. I've endured worse and with a lot less love." Sheila impulsively bent at her waist and gave Jane a quick kiss on the cheek. Definitely not shy around women. She was far more nervous when we were alone together, even though I'd never done anything to suggest that I'd hurt her. Or even touch her. Only what had to be done to keep her in my control which p retty much consisted of placing a handcuff on her wrist. Hardly on par with mauling her. But I guess I couldn't blame her. I was her new master and she didn't really have a clue what I was like.

Sheila turned to me. "M -master? Can your new slave clean hers elf up before we do this?"

I nodded. I handed Christi the key to Sheila's restraints and Christi moved towards her. Sheila suffered another kiss to her bruised cheek as Christi moved towards her. Christi whispered to her. "We'll get him back. Just you wait ."

As Sheila was released from the bed, she idly rubbed her wrist. She smiled and then cringed a bit. Even smiling hurt her.

Chapter 80

Sheila took a deep breath, cringed again as something inside her twinged with the motion, and threw off the covers. They landed pretty much on Jane who was still kneeling on the bed beside her. It didn't look like the cover thing was intentional on Sheila's part. I smiled.

"Ooof." Jane mumbled as she untangled herself laughing.

Sheila swung her legs off the bed and stood on her bare feet, slightly swaying. I swallowed as I looked at her perfect figure. Her face looked like it had gone through a war. Her hair was tangled. She sported a number of minor bruises along her arms. Probably where Mayer had gripped her before I met her. Her left thigh had a yellow bruise just above the knee on the inside. Again, it looked like an older discolouration. I motioned her over and she gingerly walked towards my chair.

Her entire left side was purple. I closed my eyes, trying to imagine the discomfort that she was experiencing. The angry looking bruise began just below her breasts and extended all the way to halfway down her hip. It wrapped around to her back and touched her belly on the other side. A bright purple tinged with yellow.

I ran my finger slowly down the discolouration and she cried out softly. She didn't back away, which surprised me. I really was concerned that she had a cracked rib. I couldn't imagine anything else causing this kind of bruise. If she did have a cracked rib there wasn't a whole lot I could do about it. She'd just have to suffer. But she seemed to be in decent spirits despite the pain. Perhaps she was just glad that she wasn't under Mayer's control any longer.

I heard Christi whisper, "Oh my God," as she saw the injury.

Sheila spoke up. "I've had worse, you know. Don't worry about it."

I just shook my head in disbelief. I couldn't believe this girl was standing here, much less calmly talking about it. She must have had an incredibly high tolerance for pain. Perhaps she'd just learned to accept it during her stay with the judge. I'd seen it inflicted on her, but I had no idea that he'd kicked her this hard. Nobody deserved this. Even a dog wouldn't have been treated this badly.

She calmly continued. "Last time I had one of these, he forced me to crawl for him, he raped me, and then he laughed as he kicked me in the same place again. I think I passed out. And the next day it was like twice this big. And so purple. I bruise easily." Tears began to fall from her eyes silently as she dispassionately described what had happened to her. "It eventually healed. This will heal. If I don't get kicked again."

I closed my eyes. It was going to be a pleasure watching these girls go at this monster.

I rose and gently guided the injured woman from the bedroom. Jane and Christi just followed us silently, their bare feet whispering across the carpet. I leaned on the bathroom doorjamb as Sheila cleaned herself up. She gasped as she splashed cold water on her face. Gingerly drying it off. Dabbing at her right cheek. She picked up the brush in her left hand and was unable to raise her arm to run it through her hair. She transferred it to her right and raised her arm again. Cringing at the pain from her left side. But she managed.

I heard Christi's voice close behind. "May I?"

I nodded. Even I was having trouble watching this beautiful creature struggle with the pain. Such a simple task too. Brushing her hair. I couldn't imagine her having to do anything strenuous. Like crawl. Or be raped. Christi walked into the bathroom and gently took the brush from Sheila. Sheila gladly relinquished it and Christi began to carefully brush out the tangled blonde hair. Sheila tilted her head back and sighed as Christi took care of her. Even with all the bruises, all the pain, and absolutely no makeup, she was still gorgeous.

"You know. I was never allowed to use this bathroom. I had to clean it. But I wasn't even allowed to pee in here," she spoke to me. I could have guessed as much. Servants use the good facilities? Even unpaid sex slave servants? Never!

Christi finished and Sheila thanked her. She surprised me by walking over to me and giving me a quick kiss on the cheek. Rising up on her toes carefully to reach my face with her lips.

"What?"

"Because I know that you could have made me brush my hair myself. Evan would have."

"Oh."

"You want me to put on makeup? Cover at least these?" She pointed at her cheek and eye. She was still worried about her appearance. She'd been knocked to hell and back, and she was worried if she looked good enough for me.

I shook my head. There wasn't any need. I didn't mind. The bruises didn't particularly detract from her natural beauty. And the reminder of the brutality might be useful in the hours ahead.

"He would have made me." Meaning Evan and her makeup. I could have guessed that as well. Destroy a beautiful face, and then force her to make it beautiful again. So he could destroy it again. All because of a power trip. Bastard.

"Maybe later. You won't need it for now. You can stand to touch those bruises enough to cover them with makeup?"

"I've done it before."

I shook my head. "It's alright. I'm not going to make you go through that. At least not now."

"Okay. If you can bear looking at me."

I could stand looking at her. As I'd noted before, she still looked ravishing. Despite her pain and the bruises. I doubted if there was any way that you could completely destroy her natural beauty. She was in the same class as Christi and Jane. Model material. High firm grapefruit sized breasts. Long athletic legs. Tight ass. Long flowing blonde hair. A real blonde.

I guided the girls around the hallway and stopped in front of the business room. I had no idea what Mayer was doing in there, but I doubted if he was happy. He'd been left in those ropes for a long time. I hoped he was damn uncomfortable.

I unlocked the door. Before opening it, I glanced around at the girls. Sheila was shaking and Christi had an arm around her shoulders.

"I. I don't know if I can go in there."

"He can't hurt you now."

“I know. But. You don’t know what went on in there. What I had to do.” She drew herself up to her full height. Threw back her shoulders. Took a deep breath. “I can do it.” Taking some emotional support from Christi’s closeness.

“Okay. I’m going to talk to him first. I don’t want you three to go at him until I tell you. You’ll get your chance. He might be offensive towards you. Don’t let it bother you. He’s a coward underneath. Okay?”

The three females nodded.

I opened the door and walked in. Mayer was just where I’d left him. Hanging with his arms bound above him. Jane’s knots holding him nicely. As the door opened he twisted in his bonds, looking over his shoulder. His eyes widened as the girls followed me into the room.

“It’s about fucking time,” he exploded. “Do you have any idea how hard this is on your arms?”

I walked in front of him. His eyes and head swiveled to follow my movements. I sat down in his chair and silently regarded him. The girls stayed out of his sight, standing easily behind him.

I spoke quietly. “I know exactly how hard that would be on anyone’s arms. In your case, I could hardly care less.”

“This isn’t funny,” he continued. “Let me out of this right now.”

“How long have you been like that Mr. Mayer?” A feminine voice from behind him. Sheila. He didn’t even bother to turn around. I don’t even think he realized that his former punching bag was in the room.

“What is this? Why’d you bring back the bitches? This is between you and me.”

“Answer her.”

“A long time. Five. Six hours maybe,” he gruffly answered. Still talking to me and not to her. “And I demand that you let me out of this. Fuck. I’m not a goddamn animal. Do you any fucking idea who you are messing with?”

“Now you know what I felt like when you left me like this for a day and a half. But you were kind enough to have me stripped naked and gave me some entertainment. Between my legs. I begged you for hours to let me down before I gave up and just hung there. Crying my eyes out. You’ve only been there for five hours or so. Imagine what it would be like for twenty-four. Or thirty-six pain filled hours. Just imagine. I was sure that my arms were going to fall off. Why didn’t you let me down?”

Mayer twisted around. Finally realizing who was behind him. He sneered at her. “So. Cunt. Come to see me again? Just couldn’t keep away from my handsome face, huh?”

I motioned for Sheila to join me. She carefully walked over to my chair. Limping. Favouring her left side. Her small hands trying to ease the discomfort. Pressing just outside of the purple bruise. She just silently stood beside me, looking at her former tormentor. She was shaking a bit, but she held his gaze. I was proud of her.

He spoke again. To her. “So, you worthless little slut, you finally called some help in. Couldn’t handle my love on your own? Cunt?”

I spoke, “She didn’t call me in. I just stumbled into this. Decided I didn’t like you very much.”

I could tell that he didn’t believe me. I didn’t particularly care.

"Well, bitch, are you happy? You belong to hi m now?" He smiled cruelly. "Like your new decorations? They're kind of pretty. They hurt? Answer me, you fucking worthless cunt."

I saw tears begin to form in her eyes, but she didn't back down. She still held his gaze. I saw Jane had balled up her small h ands into fists behind him. She was barely keeping her anger in check. She was shaking; she was that angry. But she didn't go at him. Obeying.

I touched Sheila beside me. I could tell that Sheila was fighting the urge to answer him, as he'd demanded. She w as definitely conditioned to an extent. But she was fighting it. Successfully.

"You know what I'm going to do when I get out of this? And I will get out. You are going to regret the day you were born. You think those pretty bruises hurt you? Try some broken bones on for size. I'm going to break every one of your fucking fingers. One at a fucking time. Then I'm going to break your toes. With a goddamn hammer. Then I'm going to fucking ream you until you fucking pass out, you goddamn BITCH."

I sat calmly thro ugh this tirade. Sheila just stood beside me. Anger and fear flashing across her bruised face. Her body was shaking. But she had managed to keep a handle on her tears. I was surprised. This had to be very difficult on her. Facing this guy.

I spoke gently from the chair. "Sir. There is no need to scream. We can all hear you just fine without it. And swearing isn't really necessary, is it? Now. I'd like to get something straight."

"Fuck you and the fucking horse you fucking rode in on."

"I'd like to get something straight here," I repeated, ignoring his blustering. "Sheila is mine now. Got it? If you want to break her fingers or her pretty toes, you are going to have to go through me first. I happen to like her body intact."

"You fucking little asshol e. When I get free of this, I swear, I'm going to kill you." He sneered again. "And when I do, I'm not only going to break her fingers and toes, I'm going to break the fingers and toes of those bitches back there as well. Christ, I'm going to enjoy doing that. They look like they'd be really good fucks while they're screaming their lungs out." He ran out of steam again. Pulling against the ropes that held him.

"You know as well as I do that that is really unlikely to happen."

"We'll see."

"After I let these girls go at you, I very much doubt if you'll care about Sheila's fingers or toes. I suspect that you'll either be glad to be alive, or wishing you were dead. Her pretty fingers and toes will be the last thing on your mind. Believe me."

"Oooooh. Big man. C an't even deal with me himself. Has to tie me up and let his 'girls' do his dirty work. That's real fair. Three on one."

I calmly looked at him. "Let me get this straight. You blackmail a girl. Hardly out of college. What is she, maybe a hundred, hundred a nd ten pounds? Five foot four? Maybe five five? You keep her tied up. Naked. Subservient. Because you can extort her because her brother is an idiot and you. You claim to be a judge? Now that sounds fair. What are you? Five eleven? Six feet? Two hundred po unds? Two fifty? Sounds like a fair fight to me. Blackmail and physical size. Yeah. You play fair."

He gazed at me with hatred in his eyes. Realizing that he wasn't going to be able to intimidate me like he could the women. He tried a different approach.

"You know. We're about the same, you and I. You are just deluding yourself that you are different. Look around you. Check out the female flesh. Your bitches. Your cunts. Your fucking little harem. You keep women too. You rape them. You abuse them. Just like me. Only I was smart enough to only take one at a time. You think you are going to get away with this? You think they fucking like being under your power? They'll turn on you too. Just like that bitch turned on me. You fucking hypocrite."

Actually I knew I was going to get away with this. As long as I kept control of the situation with him.

"Janey? Come here."

She walked towards me, stopping on the other side of my chair across from Sheila. She gazed at the monster with utter disgust in her eyes. I noticed for the first time that the girls were about the same height.

"Evan? Look at her." That he didn't have trouble with. His eyes were glued to Jane. Traveling up and down her proud bare body. Just his type I would guess. Petite. Young. Smart. Feisty. And best of all, naked. I watched his face as he imagined what he'd do to her. To her fingers and toes before he fucked her. I pointed to Sheila's bruised face. "Evan. Pay attention, you fuck. Look at Jane, then look at Sheila. See any difference? I don't put these things on my women." Referring to the bruises gracing Sheila's body.

"So? I'm a bit rougher. Give yourself time, and you'll do the same thing."

"I think not. Jane? Given that you had to be someone's slave, who would you prefer?"

"You, of course," she answered immediately.

"Sheila?"

"Please don't make me do this." She paused. Her eyes flicking to Mayer then back to me. Probably still unsure if Mayer could get to her. She took a breath. Made her decision. "Y-you."

"Christi?"

"You know my answer." From behind him.

I raised my eyebrows at him.

"You fucking little weasel. Let me out of this." He strained his arms pulling at the rope on his wrists. There was no way that he had the brute strength necessary to part the ropes holding him. And if I knew Jane, there was no way he was going to get anywhere with the knots. Hell, I had trouble untying her knots and my hands were free.

"Care to apologize to the ladies? Especially Sheila? Might make them a little less angry with you."

"You can fuck right off. I have nothing to apologize for. They deserve it. Every fucking bruise. Especially Sheila. Fucking worthless cunt. Can't even fucking wear clothes. At least I dressed her."

I thought of the French maid outfit Sheila was wearing when I first met her. Falling out of it, was more like it. Three sizes too small for her. Some dress. But, I kept my opinions to myself.

"Evan? How many girls have you had here?"

"What the fuck is it to you?"

"Call me curious."

"Seven. Counting the bitch over there, eight. Mostly hookers desperate to keep out of jail. What are you a fucking cop? A fucking FBI agent?"

"How many have you killed?"

He sneered. "Seven." I couldn't tell if he was lying or not. I thought I saw truth in his eyes, but I had a hard time telling. It was easier for me to tell if a female was lying.

Jane bent her head to my ear. She whispered, "I think he's telling the truth." She shuddered. Jane was pretty good when it came to these things. I believed her. Thus I believed him. I was dealing with a goddamn serial killer here most likely. And I now knew what Sheila's ultimate fate would likely be if I didn't intervene for her on the prime timeline.

I nodded. I turned Jane's head and whispered in her ear. "Tie his ankles apart." She looked at me questioningly but walked past him to the closet to get some rope.

I held the madman's gaze until he finally looked away.

"Sheila?" he called his former slave. I wasn't sure what he was up to. But I was taking Jane's warning seriou sly. Sheila might turn on me if she was afraid of Mayer enough. "Honey? I didn't mean to hurt you. Truly."

Sheila turned to me helplessly. Frightened.

"Awful big bruises for being unintentional," I commented.

"Tell him, Sheila. Tell him that I didn't mean to hurt you. You fell down some stairs by mistake."

I waited wondering what she'd do. I knew what had happened. If you renamed his feet stairs, then the descriptions might have been more accurate.

Tears were forming again in Sheila's eyes. I briefly debate d the idea of getting her out of here, before he managed to get to her. If he managed to regain control of her, I would have a hell of a time reasserting myself as her master. I didn't particularly want to go through that. On the other hand, if she managed to resist him, she'd be well on her way to recovery. To usher her out, or have her stay and fight him.

Jane emerged with the rope. She paused as she processed what was going on. I could almost see her mind working. She was still behind him holding the rop e easily behind her, out of his sight.

Jane spoke up, saving me from making the decision. Mayer turned and glared at her. "Sheila. Sweetheart. Look in a mirror. That one over there." Sheila's mind locked onto the female voice and obeyed. Looked at herself in the wall mirror. Cringing at the sight of herself. "See that stain on the carpet?" Jane pointed to the remains of the bloody caesar. Sheila nodded mutely. "When we found you, honey, he'd just kicked the hell out of you because you brought him the wrong drink. You couldn't pick the right one. They were both bloody caesars. Or tomato juice. Or whatever the hell he put in them. It didn't matter. That's the point. He'd poured the thing over your head, whatever it was, and kicked you until you fell. He raped you. You wanted to have sex with him after that? Did he even ask? Then he slapped you silly. Look at your face darling."

Christi had walked slowly over to the weeping girl. Gently touched her shoulder. She continued where Jane had paused, "He did this. You think he didn't mean to hurt you? You honestly believe you fell down stairs? This is your chance to kick the hell out of him instead of the other way around."

I watched Christi and Jane in amazement. These naked women saying all the right things. Far better than I ever could have. They far better understood the workings of the female mind.

“You fucking little whore,” he hissed at Christi. “Who the FUCK do you think you are?”

Christi turned to face the judge. “Your worst fucking nightmare. I’m going to make you wish you were never ever fucking born. It’s going to be a pleasure to kick the shit out of you. You worm.”

Jane moved slowly in front of him. Still holding her coil of rope loosely in her hands.

“What the fuck do you think you are going to do with tha t, bitch?” he growled as Jane moved into his line of sight with the rope.

“I’ve been ordered to tie your feet,” she replied with hate in her eyes. She really didn’t like this guy calling her a bitch. And he knew it. He was taking advantage of it. Trying to provoke her. She’d get her chance to get even. If she held on to her self -control.

“The hell you will. Bitch.”

“I have to.”

“You come within kicking distance and I swear I’ll give you a kick that will make that cunt’s ribs look normal.”

I nodded to Jane. It wasn’t necessary to force her to endure one of those kicks. She paused just outside what she judged was his kicking range. She silently gazed at him, almost rage smoldering behind her brown eyes. Waiting. I rose from the chair and walked over to him unt il my face was centimeters from his. He didn’t try to kick at me. Knew better. “I’m getting real tired of your mouth.”

“Too fucking b ... ooooooooooooofffff.” The air collapsed out of him.

My right fist crashed into his stomach. I drove my left into his s olar plexus. He looked a little like a fish out of water. Trying to convince his paralyzed muscles to breathe. Mouth silently opening and closing. I smiled and motioned for Jane to continue. I walked slowly back to my chair.

Jane knelt by his feet as he wa s far more interested in trying to breathe than to worry about what she was doing. Jane had wrapped cord around both ankles and tossed the ropes to the side before he could draw breath. She had scampered well out of range before he had recovered sufficient ly to even think about kicking out at her. She bent to tie the cords off to spread him, as ordered, but I signaled to her to wait. She padded over to my chair.

“He’ll resist you tying them off anyway. Wait until he’s a bit weaker. Just tie them off loosely so he can’t get an effective kick at you.” I turned to Sheila as Jane moved off to tie off the ankle ropes loosely to the eyebolts set in the wall. Sheila was still gazing at her battered body in the mirror, tears silently tracing down her face. “S heila? You want the first shot at this guy?”

She was still crying a bit. She shook her head. She’d join in when she was ready.

I motioned Jane and Christi. They didn’t need to be told twice. He was still shaky from my punches, and his face actually registe red some fear as the two girls approached him. It briefly crossed my mind that I was really glad I wasn’t in his place. I knew these girls.

Chapter 81

Mayer weakly aimed a kick out at Jane, but being unfettered she easily danced out of the way. His ankle actually didn't get very far or have any real strength, being brought up short by the ropes Jane had attached to him. I thought I even heard her stifle a laugh. My mind flashed back to Sheila desperately trying to avoid that same foot. Her knees and hands bound. Unable to simply dance away. She wasn't laughing at the time.

Mayer simply wasn't all that coordinated. I actually had my doubts if he could have mounted any kind of offense or defense against Jane. Even if he'd been unbound. She was more in shape and faster than he was. Hell, even Sheila was probably a match for him despite the size differences. His style was to use blackmail and treachery to wear the girls down. Bully them. Then, when they were bound, and defenseless, he'd break them. Batter them physically while they were unable to fight back until they no longer believed in themselves. Believed that he was bigger, stronger, more powerful than them. Sheila hadn't been completely broken yet. But she was well on her way. The technique, while not elegant, would work. I had to give the bastard that.

Jane sauntered up to him, behind the kick and whispered something in his ear. All I caught was the word "balls". He paled at whatever she had said to him and tensed. She casually balled her fist and swung it in an wide arc. It hit him under his ribs. Not quite hitting his solar plexus. He grunted and then incredibly he grinned.

Jane had struck out at me once. Granted she wasn't really trying at the time. Just hammering her small fists into my chest in an expression of female frustration. I remembered after her marathon in the mall. It hadn't actually hurt all that much. She simply didn't have the strength to seriously hurt him. Not with her fists. But I wasn't even sure she was trying to hurt him at this point. Just getting out her frustrations.

Christi stepped in and let her right hit him in approximately the same place. This time his eyes registered a bit of discomfort. After all, I had softened the area already. Jane got the idea and again drove her fist in to his midriff. She grunted as she felt the force of the blow in her hand and arm. Christi followed with another strike. Alternating, the girls used their small fists, always aiming to hit him in the same place. Just below the solar plexus. Finally, he began to break under the constant pounding. I suspect that the girls were hurting themselves more than him, but I wasn't really sure. I could still see the hate smoldering in their eyes and his.

Finally Evan began to breathe a little harder and grunt as the small fists continued to rain down on him. Quantity was making up for quality. At least that was the theory.

Jane suddenly stepped back, cradling her right hand. She managed a weak smile in my direction.

"I think I softened him up for you," she managed to get out. She was breathing hard. Her hand obviously in pain. You could hurt yourself if you didn't know how to throw an effective punch. I doubted Jane knew how. I was tempted to teach her.

"You okay?" I asked her.

"I'm alright. I'm feeling a bit better now." I assumed that she meant that her anger was fading. Punching someone tended to be a good release for anger. Even if it wasn't particularly effective and hurt the puncher more than the punchee. Pure stress relief.

Christi threw a couple more weak punches at him and stepped back as well. Knowing that she wasn't being particularly effective. He felt them, but it wasn't hurting him to the degree these girls wanted. Christi rubbed her knuckles as well.

Evan recovered his breath faster than the girls.

"You fucking bitches hit like girls," he taunted them. Despite his words, I could see that he was feeling it. I decided to let the girls fight this battle themselves. They didn't need me. Let them figure out how to hurt him. They were smart.

At the words, I could see the anger building back in Jane's eyes. When he'd finished speaking, she suddenly whirled on him. She hissed at him, "For the last fucking time. You don't have the fucking right to call me a bitch." Tears of hate and anger were forming in her eyes.

She instinctively swung out her leg. It actually was a damn good approximation of a roundhouse kick. Probably dumb luck. Her bare foot caught him hard in the side. About where he'd let Sheila have it. She almost fell with the effort. Her anger more than made up for her small size. I wouldn't have wanted to be on the receiving end of that kick. Even with her foot bare, she managed to connect hard.

Evan gasped as her foot connected with his body. Again, he completely lost his wind. Not expecting the vehemence behind the blow. Trying to draw breath. Jane managed to regain her balance and stumbled back to her feet. Her bare breasts rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. This was quite visually stimulating. The way the girls moved and strained, trying to hurt Mayer. Their perspiration sheening their bare skin.

She watched Mayer as he managed to convince his paralyzed diaphragm to begin working again. He struggled to gasp out one word. "Bitch."

Jane closed her eyes, looking defeated. She'd put everything into that kick. She drew in another deep breath and lashed out again with her bare foot. Aiming for the same place. She was an athletic girl. Her legs had some muscle behind them. Her foot connected just under his ribs again. She cried out as her bare foot took some punishment from the effort. I could see that she was hurting herself. But she was more than determined to hurt him more, despite her own pain.

This time, when her foot hit him, Evan grunted in pain. I couldn't imagine him maintaining his obnoxiousness much longer in the face of these kicks. I knew that when Jane tired, or couldn't take the pain any more, Christi would gladly take over. If I were him, I'd be saving my strength instead of insulting the women. They'd barely begun.

Jane's kick didn't knock her quite as off balance as last time. She was beginning to get the motion of the kick down a little better. She returned to her feet and regarded him. More satisfied with the look of pain on his face. This one had almost definitely hurt Mayer more than her.

This just looked so surreal. Here was this older guy, in a business suit, tied to the ceiling. This petite completely nude teenager standing shakily in front of him. Almost pure rage emanating from her. It was like a palpable fog surrounding her. Completely and utterly focused on her task, ignoring her nudity. Drilling roundhouse kicks into his double breasted gray suit. It just struck me as unreal. Watching her bare foot, with her deep red toenails, so feminine, so delicate, so viciously striking into him. Flashes of her sex as she stumbled. Her bare body sheened with her efforts, like she was covered in baby oil. Her soft grunts as she kicked him. Sounds like you might expect a quiet woman to make

during love making. I shook my head, trying to c lear the impressions. Wanting to watch the display. Make sure everything was going smoothly.

He raised his head and looked at her. Still breathing hard from her last kick. “All your fucking fingers and toes. Enjoy this while you can, bitch. I’ll have you s creaming soon enough.”

Jane closed her eyes at the words. Opened them and aimed another kick into his side. This time he tried to avoid it. The first sign that he was actually feeling it. The ropes held him in place as Jane’s bare foot connected again. He let out an involuntary cry, but I doubted if he was anywhere near the pain level he’d caused in Sheila with the same technique. Jane simply didn’t have the weight or the technique. She tried t o make up for it in pure spirit.

This time Jane didn’t wait for him to recover. She lashed out again. Regained her balance. Kicked him again. And again. And again. He was twisting in the bonds. Christi and I were watching in fascination as Jane just contin ued the onslaught with her feet. Mayer couldn’t breathe. Completely unable to tense, or avoid the kicks to his side. Jane finally stumbled and fell to the carpet. She buried her head in her arms and wept there. Her right leg slowly moving back and forth on the floor. Her breathing a mixture of frustrated sobs, simple fatigue and pain. She was certainly getting her work out today.

Christi bent down to Jane. “Are you alright?”

“I. I guess. My foot hurts.” Jane managed to get out.

Christi smiled. “If it makes you feel any better, he’s hurting too. Probably worse that you are. Guess we aren’t much in the fighting department. We’ll do it together. He’ll hurt.”

Mayer recovered more quickly than the upset girl on the floor. Incredibly he mouthed off again.

“Hey bitch? That the best you can do? Christ, it’s going to be fun to break your fucking weak fingers. And I’ll teach you not to fucking kick me either.” He was breathing a bit hard, and was in some obvious discomfort. But he still managed to be an asshole. Didn’t he realize that it only made it easier on the girls to hit him when they were angry? Not the brightest star in the sky.

Christi rose to her bare feet and regarded the bound man. She began to walk towards him. Getting ready to continue the kicking exercise . She stopped when she felt a small hand on her shoulder. Turning, her eyes widened as she realized it was Sheila.

Sheila, her face showing obvious fright but also a measure of pure determination, whispered to Christi. “My turn.”

Christi gave her a kiss on the cheek, her unbruised left one, and backed off. Nodding silently. Knowing that Sheila needed to do this. To confront her tormentor.

Sheila walked hesitantly up to her former master. She glanced down briefly at Jane who had managed to draw herself up in to a sitting position, hugging her knees and rocking herself slowly. Her eyes were still tearing a bit mostly in frustration, but she watched Sheila approach Mayer. Fascinated.

“What the fuck do you think you are doing, cunt?” Mayer stared in hate at the n ude frightened woman in front of him.

“Y-you hurt me.” Sheila whispered.

“And I enjoyed every fucking second of your pain. Those bruises hurt? How about your ribs? Bloody useless cunt.”

Sheila dropped her eyes. Tears overfilling them. Her bare body shook a s she tried to control her fear and pain. I watched the drama in fascination. I idly wondered if she would break, or she'd manage to overcome her fear.

"I. I hate you." She managed to gasp out.

"You pathetic little cunt. Fuck. Why don't you just untie me a nd let things get back to normal. I won't punish you."

I watched as her head rose, her eyes flashed and she drew in her breath. She gathered some of her formidable inner strength. She managed to stop crying. Her eyes locked with his.

"You will punish me. Y ou always will no matter what I do. I hate you. I may be standing here, naked and scared. But I'm ten times better than you are. A hundred time better. I'm not a cunt." She spat out the word. "I have a cunt. And you'll never ever use it again. I'm not worthless. I'm not useless. I'm Sheila McBain. And that was never. Ever. Fucking. Good enough for you. I deserve better than that."

She gathered her strength and spat in his face. Her spit splashed into his forehead trickled down.

He sneered at her. Unable to comprehend what she was going through.

"You are a pathetic worthless cunt. Remember those fingers and toes? That's really going to hurt. I promise it. I'll do it nice and slow. Breaking one every ten minutes. Letting you feel it. And when I run out of fing ers and toes, after I ream you, I'm going make you watch as I gut you alive. You fucking waste of skin."

She closed her eyes and took a deep breath. Wincing at the pain in her side. With no warning at all, she mimicked Jane's roundhouse kick. She put every ounce of her strength behind that kick. Her bare foot connected with his side and he twisted in agony. She fell heavily to the floor, in tears as the force of the fall drove the pain deep into her side. She lay there gasping and wept. Jane, favouring her right foot, crawled over to Sheila and just cradled her. Trying to ease her pain. Even through her tears, Sheila looked like she had just shaken the weight of the world off her shoulders. She'd just let out months of pain, suffering, frustration and humili ation. She was beginning to heal. She needed this. Badly. She sobbed uncontrollably in Jane's arms.

Evan just moaned as he tried to control his pain. Despite her handicaps, the kick had been a vicious one. It had landed squarely on the same spot that Jane had targeted. I wasn't a great judge of these things, but it wouldn't have surprised me if she had managed to crack a rib on him. An eye for an eye, if she had actually managed to do it.

Between gasps Mayer still managed to get the word out. "Bitch," he wh ispered. Still defiant. The man had more stamina than I had originally given him credit for.

I watched as Christi moved slowly towards the man.

She spoke to him. "I want you to apologize to both of them and me."

"Fuck you, bitch."

She stiffened her fingers and slowly pressed them into the area that Sheila had just kicked. Deep into his flesh. I could see the pain in his face as Christi probed his side. But he gritted his teeth and refused to yield.

Jane murmured from the floor. "It's not worth it Christi."

Christi held his gaze. She was taller than the other two girls and could pretty much look directly into his eyes, though she did have to look up a bit. Her eyes were mere centimeters away from his. He glared back at her, easily enduring the pain her fingers

were causing. Keeping her left fingers ground into his side, I watched as she brought her right hand up to touch him through his pants.

"You want to fuck me. Don't you bitch? I'm a lot better than him. Trust me little girl." He had noticed the pressure of her hand. Mistaken it for an intimate gesture. He rocked his hips obscenely into her hand.

His mouth then opened in a soundless scream. I saw her right hand gently squeezing about where his balls were. It didn't take much of a squeeze there to cause intense pain. Ask any male. She released him.

"You fucking bitch. You can't do that." He pulled desperately at the ropes. Bucking his hips against the pain.

Sheila had managed to control her crying and was watching Christi with her undivided attention. Jane idly stroked Sheila's hair but was all eyes as well.

Evan turned to me with desperation in his eyes. He spoke to me. "Call your bitch off. You must know what it feels like. You can't let her do this."

I shrugged.

"Evan, darling. I can do whatever the hell I want. I told you I was your worst nightmare," Christi spoke softly to him. She jerked her head towards me. "He gave me permission to do whatever the hell I want. As long as it doesn't kill you. Why he wants a fuckhead like you alive, I don't understand." To be honest I doubted if any of the women had the stomach to actually kill anyone anyway. She gave him another squeeze. He cried out again. "This won't kill you. Unfortunately."

"God that hurts."

"Think about how much it is going to hurt when I whip you there."

"Christ, you fucked up bitch you can't do that."

Sheila's musical voice spoke from where she lay on the floor. "You fucking shithead. How many times? How many times did you have me like that? Hanging from your fucking hooks. Naked. Helpless. My legs spread for you. How many times? How many times did you come out here? That goddamn grin on your face? That fucking whip in your hand? How many times did you make me kiss it? Huh? How many times did I beg you not to use it on me? How many times did you use that fucking whip on me? On my pussy? Even on my asshole? While I screamed? And begged? How many fucking times?" Tears began to fall from her eyes again. She fought them back. Fought back the memories. "How many times?" she whispered.

Christi hadn't lost eye contact with him. I saw her eyes flash. Taking in Sheila's words. I watched as she struggled to contain the impulse to kill him on the spot. Instead she smiled. A scary, evil smile. He paled. I'd have paled too in his position. I watched as Christi purposely applied pressure with her fingers to his testicles again. Watching his face intently as it fell through the stages of fear, pain and then to agony. She kept the pressure on as he fought to pull away. Fought with the ropes holding him. Fought like a daemon. And finally simply held back his head and screamed. Much like Sheila probably had in another time as he whipped her mercilessly between her spread thighs. I couldn't imagine that kind of pain.

Finally Christi released him and backed away. Her face a mask of satisfaction. She'd finally broken the bastard. He fell forward, still gasping for breath. Moaning. If he wasn't bound, I was sure he'd be doubled up in pain. Unable to utter any intelligible sound.

Christi returned to her stance by my chair. Jane and Sheila shakily got to their feet and limped over as well. The two of them sunk to their knees watching Mayer. Too tired to stand.

I raised my eyes to Christi. Noticing my attention, Christi looked back at me.

"Nice," I remarked to her.

She smiled. While she had my attention, her hand purposefully snaked down her bare body, lightly brushing her hard nipples as it traveled down. I watched as her hand lightly traced her outer labia and she moaned quietly. She was showing me that she was turned on. I wasn't too surprised with her. I'd seen this reaction before. She had even admitted her sadistic tendencies to me. I saw Jane's eyes flick over and widen, but she probably just assumed that I'd asked Christi to do that. I didn't think that Christi ha d shared her dominant tendencies with the other women. But it was hard to tell. The look that crossed Jane's face had an element of understanding in it as well. Maybe she just knew. Jane was incredible perceptive.

With an obvious effort, Christi withdrew h er hands from her own body and shivered. Mayer was beginning to recover. I glanced down at Sheila and out of the corner of her eye she knew I was looking at her. She glanced up from her kneeling position.

"Master? You wouldn't believe the pain he put me th rough up there. Can I? Can I kick him again? In the balls? Please?" Her face was flushed. She couldn't believe she was asking this. That she was pulling enough away from Mayer's control to ask this. She's probably dreamed, fantasized about doing this for m onths.

"Sheila honey. You can do anything that doesn't kill him. You don't have to ask my permission. I'm just observing. I doubt if a kick to the balls will kill him. He might wish he was dead, but it shouldn't kill him."

"Really?"

"Really."

Mayer had hea rd the exchange. He shook his head. Moaned. "Please. No."

Finally he was losing the attitude. Christi had a way with men. He'd felt her fingers. I couldn't imagine the pain of getting kicked there. Even by a small woman like Sheila in bare feet. Schoolyard mishaps were enough for me.

Sheila climbed to her bare feet and walked slowly and carefully until she was standing in front of him again. His eyes traveled over her nude body. She silently suffered his attention. Not much she could do to cover herself. No t like he hadn't seen her before.

I watched as he managed to regain some of his self -confidence.

"Well cunt? Can you do it? Put me in as much pain as I put you?"

She hesitated. He was clever. Playing on her feminine side. Trying to get her to remember how awful the agony was. Trying to make her think twice about inflicting it on someone else. Playing on her female tendency towards sympathy. However misplaced. It might have worked if he hadn't slipped and called her a cunt. He probably didn't even realize his mistake.

She slowly shook her head, "I'm not a cunt."

"You fucking cunt. I swear you'll regret this. Fuck you."

She closed her eyes and lashed out at him with her bare foot. I heard it connect with him. Right through his pants. Directly on target. His mo uth opened in a soundless scream, pure agony crawling across his face. His whole body convulsed and twitched against the

ropes. Finally, he gasped in another big lungful of air and screamed. If I didn't know better, I would have guessed it was a woman unde r extreme torture. I was actually surprised that he didn't pass out.

She had fallen again to the floor. Her face a mask of pain mirroring Mayer's. Her side, bruised muscles and cracked rib flaring into her nerves. She'd put all her fading strength into that kick. Tears ran down her face, but she managed not to cry out. Trying her best to control her breathing. Finally she raised herself to her hands and knees. She leaned forward, retching from the pain. Her stomach was completely empty and nothing came up. Finally she just hung her head, crying out as her stomach muscles contracted. She finally regained control of her breathing and looked up at me wearily. Tears falling freely from her eyes. She managed to get a smile out.

"Got him. Didn't I?" She gasped out . Proud of herself. I nodded back to her.

She struggled her way to her knees, looking at the man in agony hanging from his wrists. She waited a few minutes, breathing deeply, and then with a huge effort, managed to raise herself back to her feet. She cring ed and gently held her injured side, but faced him again. Swaying from side to side. Even keeping her balance was an effort. A stunning bruised woman facing the rapidly failing man. She managed to hold her head up and quietly waited for him to recover.

Finally he raised his head and whispered to her. "Fuck. You fucking goddamn cocksucking bitch."

"Now you know why I was screaming so much when you whipped me between my legs. But you didn't fucking care. Did you? You just kept it up until I couldn't scream any more. No. No rests for me. You fucking bastard. Didn't matter if I hurt? Did it? I'll bet you fucking care now."

"I hope it hurt you. You deserved it, you fucked up bitch."

"Apologize."

"Apologize?"

"I want you to apologize. I want you to stop calling us degrading names. I'm not a fucking cunt. I'm not a whore. I'm not a BITCH. Got it? And neither are Jane and Christi. We're people. Human beings." Her voice had dropped to a whisper.

"Who the fuck do you think you are, bitch? You are a goddamn slave. If no t mine then his. You're a fucking pet. You better fucking get used to it."

"I know that I'm his slave n -now. If he wants me called a bitch, then I'll accept it. But. I. Don't. Have. To. Take. It. From. You. Anymore. I also think that I'm the *woman* that is about to boot your balls up through the roof of your mouth if I don't hear an apology and right now."

I felt like applauding. She as getting the hang of it. Letting her pain and anger go.

"I. I can't take another kick. Not there."

"You think that I could take that whip of your's on my pussy? I didn't have a goddamn choice, now did I? I wished I was DEAD, you fucker. I just about committed suicide, you fucked up bastard. I would have if I wasn't afraid for my brother. And you think I won't kick you again? It hurts me to do it. I'm in fucking agony thanks to you. But I swear to god I will kick you again, and I'll keep kicking you until I can't anymore, if you don't fucking start APOLOGIZING." Her voice had risen from a soft whisper to a scream. She was nearl y hysterical. She was scaring me, and I wasn't even the one she was pissed at.

"Alright. I'm sorry. Fuck. I'm sorry already. Just don't kick me again. I won't be able to have children. Christ. I'm sorry I called you names. I swear it. I'll never do it again. I swear."

"You weren't too worried about my future children? Were you? Care to apologize for whipping my cunt? Care to apologize for not giving me a chance? For raping me every fucking day for the last three months? For whipping me even though I was beg ging and pleading? Even though I couldn't beg because you fucking gagged me to keep me quiet? Care to apologize for kicking the shit out of me for no goddamn reason?"

"I sorry. I'm so sorry."

She closed her eyes. Seeing what was coming, he braced himself a s best he could. Her foot lashed out again and traveled the short distance to his crotch. The flat top of her foot connected with him again. Again, he screamed silently. Twisting. His body retched. His stomach was empty as well and nothing came up, thankfu lly. He ended up mimicking that tortured woman again. Screaming. Crying. Begging. Much like I imagine Sheila did when the positions were reversed. Only in her case it went on and on. Her whole world just a wall of red pain. I was beginning to wonder how sh e'd survived as sane as she had. What I'd seen appeared to be just the tip of the iceberg.

She had fallen to the floor again. Tears running down her face as she tried to get her breath. This time, she was facing him as she'd fallen. Crumpled on the floor. When she could breathe again, she managed to hiss at him, "I don't believe you."

I seriously doubted if he could even hear her; his agony overriding all his other senses.

She collapsed onto the floor, sobbing. Christi and Jane were just watching this whole thing with tears in their eyes. Paralyzed. Not quite believing this woman's courage.

I slowly got out of the chair and walked over to her fallen form. I knelt beside her.

"You alright?"

"Emotionally or physically?" she managed to gasp out. Tears coursing down her cheeks. Her right cheek was turned towards me, the bruise, if anything, looked worse than before.

"Both."

"No." I took that to mean that she was hurting both physically and emotionally.

"Sheila. You certainly got him back."

"I. I can't get up." Her fingers weakly scraped at the carpet.

"I know. That's why I'm here." I very carefully rolled her over onto her back. I could have sworn that the bruise on her left side was larger as well. I reached for her hands and she placed her small hands in mine. I gently pulled her into a sitting position. She grimaced with the pain, and looked like she might be sick again for a moment. She fought off the nausea and actually managed a smile.

"He apologized. Ev en if he didn't mean it." She grinned and then shifted her weight trying to avoid the stab of pain running through her body. I waited for it to pass.

"Shhh." I admonished her. She nodded.

I bent down to her and guided her shaking arms around my neck. I tuc ked my left arm under her knees and lifted her. It was as though I'd lifted a trembling feather. I doubted if she was even a hundred pounds.

As she came off the floor, she let out an involuntary scream as her weight settled into my arms. I saw Evan's head glance up dully, but he immediately fell back to

moaning. Not caring about her pain. He was still obviously in considerable pain. Probably still sick, too.

"I'm sorry. It had to be done. I had to lift you."

She whispered, "I know. It's okay. Thank -you for coming to get me."

I carried the bare female back to the chair. I carefully sat back in it, still cradling Sheila in my arms. She rocked slowly in my arms. I lowered her into my lap. Her arms still around my neck. She was moaning to herself softly. Crying into my shoulder. Trying to ease the pain in her wracked body. Her eyes closed.

After a while, Evan managed to stop moaning and just hung in his bonds. Silent.

Sheila finally managed to fight off some of the agony coursing through her. She smiled up at me weakly.

I spoke to her. "Let Christi take over now. You can't do any more. Okay?"

"No. I have to kick him again. He hit me so many times. He just didn't care."

"I know. I know, sweetheart. You can't though. You'll kill yourself."

"I don't care. I want to k ick him again and again and again."

"I know. You are one brave little girl. But you have to let Christi have her turn. Okay? She hasn't been knocked around as much as you. She can hurt him more. Right? She'll kick him for you."

She closed her eyes. Looked like she was going to argue, but then a spasm of pain shot through her body again making her cry out.

"Honey? You can't even stand up anymore. You've done enough for now. Rest." I felt like I was comforting a child.

She silently nodded through her tears. I ncredibly, her breathing began to slow and her eyes closed. She simply fell asleep in my arms.

Chapter 82

"She's asleep?" Christi whispered to me incredulously.

I nodded. I couldn't see much choice. I just sat there and cradled the girl in my arms.

"Do we stop then?" Jane asked me. Concern in her eyes. Concern for the nude woman in my arms. She didn't particularly care if she got to continue the torment of the monster. All she cared about was making sure this abused creature lying in my arms was taken care of. The asshole would always be there.

"No. Male domination isn't really my thing," I confessed. "The only reason you are doing this at all is because he is such an asshole. And he deserves it. I was thinking of leaving him to you anyway. Go get some sleep myself. I'll take care of her. Somehow."

"You are going to leave us alone with him? Unbound?"

"I'm sure you'll behave."

Christi's eyes fairly shone. "You know. It doesn't seem to be quite fair. Us all naked and him getting to keep his clothes."

Jane nodded her agreement.

"I definitely don't want to see this. There are scissors in the closet. I'm sure I saw them. You don't need my permission to strip him."

Jane scrambled to her feet.

"Hold on a second." She stopped midstep. "I'm going to lock you both in here with him. You won't be able to get out. Key works both ways. The place is soundproofed. I can't hear you once you are locked in. If you let this guy free, he probably will break all your fingers and toes. You'll probably be dead before I ever find out you are in trouble. Understand? He's dangerous. Have your fun. Knock him around. Knock him out for all I care. But be careful. I don't want to have to be setting busted bones. At least not yours. Or have more than one girl full of bruises. Okay?"

They both nodded. I suspect they understood the danger even better than I. They were female after all. This guy knocked women around for sport. And when he got tired of them, or they finally fought back, he just casually murdered them.

I rose with the naked girl still fast asleep in my arms. She murmured something in her sleep.

"And remember. Don't kill him. Use whatever you like from the closet though. He used most of it on Sheila here and she survived. You two going to be alright in here on your own?" Christi nodded. "I'll be back for you later. Remember to sleep."

I made my way past Mayer. I walked up to him, still cradling his former slave in my arms. He looked up at me dully. Most of the fight left him after Sheila's kicks to his groin.

"You fucking bastard. I'm. Going. To. Kill. You. For. This." He was a determined asshole.

"I'd save your strength. I think Jane and Christi know what your weak spot is."

"I'll never give in to those fucking bitches."

"We'll see."

I walked away from the pathetic madman. I struggled with the door. Though she was light, the girl in my arms was awkward. I found it incredible that even asleep she maintained her grasp around my neck. Holding on to me like I was a lifeline. I took one

last look in the room. Christi was carefully cut ting his clothes off, ignoring his protests and insults. Jane was busy tightening his ankle restraints, spreading his legs further than they were. He was far too weak to resist. The naked women looked like they had things under control.

My eyes were closin g. It had been a really full day. Most of the girls at least had gotten some rest, but I had been moving all day.

I carefully carried Sheila to the master bedroom. I placed her gently on the bedcovers and she stretched her nude body out as soon as her head touched the pillow. Automatically releasing my neck from her grasp. I found it amazing that her unconscious mind could do that. Know when to hold and when to let go. She was so fast asleep. She sighed and winced in her sleep as her injuries twinged. I wal ked out the door quietly. I had to deal with Amy and Elizabeth before sleeping. Jane and Christi were safely locked in the business room.

I padded down the stairs. Amy had turned off the lights and drawn the shades in the living room. The headphones were s till on her head, but I noticed that the stereo wasn't playing. The red digits on the CD player were just softly flashing 00:00, giving the darkened room an eerie glow once very second. Her eyes were closed and she was breathing softly. Her breasts rising and falling gently. Seemed everyone in the house was asleep but me. I debated just leaving her to sleep the way she was. But, of all the girls, I was worried about Amy the most. She seemed to still have trouble, once in a while, accepting her captivity. I gently took the headphones off her head. She muttered something in her sleep. Sounded a bit like Elizabeth's name actually. She settled back down. I retrieved a set of ankle restraints from the equipment pack. I slipped back into the living room and knelt beside Amy. I carefully lifted her right leg and attached one end of the steel cuff to her slender ankle. I attached the other end to the leg of the sofa she was lying on. She never awoke. She'd be fine. I'd fallen asleep on that sofa. It was plenty comfortable. As I moved to the library, I switched off the stereo. The red lights on the CD player faded out to black. The eerie pulsing red illumination faded from the room.

Elizabeth had dimmed the lights in the library as well. There was a desk lamp burning on the table presumably illuminating her book. She still sat at the library desk, her head down using A Tale of Two Cities as a pillow. Her cuffed hands rested easily on the table in front of her. She was gently snoring.

I softly touched her on the head. Sh e moved her cuffed hands a bit. "Come on Catherine. Let me sleep. Just five more minutes. Please?" Groggily. Catherine? That had been the feisty girl in the BMW. The one I'd released when Elizabeth had agreed to be my 'hostage'.

"Elizabeth?" I whispered to her. Her eyes fluttered open. She sighed when she realized that she was neither in her own warm bed nor was I Catherine. She glanced down at herself. Nude in a stranger's house.

She slowly sat up. She stretched her bound hands above her head and yawned.

"I can't believe I fell asleep."

"You did. And you were going to have one hell of a pain in your neck if I'd let you sleep here."

"You ain't joking." She felt at her neck with her fingers. Twisting her head trying to work out the kinks that had already settled into her.

"Come on. Bedtime."

"Bed?"

"Well. Sort of."

"You are going to make me sleep on the floor again. Aren't you." It was a statement. Not a question. Her eyes lowered. "Can I at least have a pillow tonight?"

"Nope. If you want, I think there will be room for three in the master bed."

"You're kidding."

"Why would I kid?"

"Whose the third?"

"She's already asleep. Sheila."

"I finally get to meet the mythical Sheila?"

"Maybe. Maybe I'll blindfold you."

"How kinky." She wasn't even phased. She knew she didn't have much control over what happened to her. And she'd much rather sleep in a bed blindfolded than on the floor unblindfolded.

I touched her arm. She rose obediently and shut her book. I actually thought I cou ld see a faint hint of print across her pale cheek in the pale glow from the desk lamp. She placed the book neatly on the corner of the table with her handcuffed hands.

She silently followed me back through the dark living room to the stairs. Still bright there with the morning sun streaming through the skylight. We climbed the stairs. As we passed the bathroom, Elizabeth touched my arm.

"Can a slave brush her teeth before sleeping? Her teeth feel furry."

I nodded. "But you don't have a toothbrush." I made a mental note to go shopping tomorrow. Pick up some basic toiletries for the women.

"I'll just use whatever is there." I watched as she ran her tongue over her teeth. Frowning.

She padded into the bathroom and using both hands picked up a pink toothbrush from the holder. I would have guessed that it was originally Gertrude's. She ran it under hot water and struggled a bit with the toothpaste. Using both hands she brushed her teeth thoroughly. Either not realizing, or not caring that I was watching her brush . Her nudity was the last thing on her mind. She looked tired as well. She picked up the hairbrush and stroked it through her hair.

Finally she walked back out.

"Did I give you permission to brush your hair?"

She paled. "P-please," she stammered. "I didn't mean. I was only trying to make myself pretty for y-you. Th-this slave is so sorry." She tried to sink to her knees in the hallway.

I stopped her from going down with a touch to her bare shoulder.

"It's alright. I was just kidding."

She let her breath out. "You shouldn't do that. You scared me."

"I apologize." I actually was sorry I'd done it. But her reaction was interesting. Probably just overtired.

We entered the master bedroom. Sheila was still fast asleep. Curled up on her side. Shivering in her sleep. In the dark she just looked like a normal woman. Asleep. You couldn't make out her injuries.

I bent down to her. I gently kissed her forehead. She mumbled something in her sleep. I carefully slipped a pair of handcuffs around her limp wrists. I connected her

ankles with another pair. She slept through it all. She was really knocked out. I doubted if I really needed to bind her hand and foot, but I hadn't really known her long enough to trust her. And I was going to be sleeping in the same bed with her. I wanted to restrict her movements in case she woke in the night and had some bright ideas of how to go from a monster to another unknown master to complete freedom. I seriously doubted that she'd have the courage or strength to attack me, but why take a cha nce? She seemed to be sleeping alright despite the bondage.

I idly wondered what Jane and Christi were up to. I was willing to bet that Evan wasn't liking it. Whatever it was. I debated looking in on them but decided against it. I trusted them.

"Wrists." I whispered to Elizabeth.

She obediently presented her cuffed wrists to me. I released her right hand and pulled her arms behind her. She protested weakly as I reconnected her wrists behind her back.

"Please. I'll behave. You don't have to put them behind m e. I won't attack you. What good would it do me?"

"Elizabeth. It's just a safety precaution. I can cuff your feet instead if you'd like. Bring your hands back around front. Like Sheila."

She thought about it. "Leave them. I can live with this." She pulled at her wrists. Adjusting the cuff position to something more comfortable for her.

I carefully covered Sheila. She snuggled into the covers. Her bound hands grasping at the sheets. She almost immediately stopped shivering.

I quickly undressed. Too tired to look for pajamas.

There was tons of room in the bed. I slipped into it from the opposite side. Sheila's warm hip pressed softly against mine. She was turned away from me. Elizabeth slipped in beside me. Having a bit more trouble getting into the bed with h er hands bound. Her head nestled into the crook of my shoulder.

I pulled the covers over us, tucking them under Elizabeth's chin.

She sighed.

"Master?"

"Yes?" I replied a bit sleepily.

"Can a slave speak?"

"Of course. Just make it quick." My eyes felt like they were going to close on their own. I was warm. I was in bed with two warm women. And I was tired. Problems could wait for the morning.

Elizabeth kissed my bare chest. "You know what we were talking about earlier today?"

My mind wasn't working quite ri ght. Elizabeth. Sex. Her experience. Something like that.

"Yes. No."

She looked up at me. A bit confused. She continued along anyway. Determined to speak. "If I'm a lesbian or not? If. How I reacted to Karen? And the crop?"

"Mm-hmmmm."

"I was thinking."

"I thought you were reading Dickens."

"I was. But. That orgasm. I couldn't stop thinking about Karen. And everything. I'm one confused little slave girl."

"I know you are sweetheart. But I can't think right now. My brain isn't working. You'll be fine. I promise." I felt her pulling at her chains. Frustrated. Wanting to use her hands for something. "Can we talk about it tomorrow?"

"I guess." She seemed a bit disappointed. Frightened even. "Master?"

"What is it?" A bit gruffly.

"Please. Your slave is sorry. She 'll be quiet now."

"Elizabeth. What is it?" I asked her a bit more gently.

"It's. It's just. It's Christi."

Now what? "What about her?"

"Well. Please don't be angry with me. She went to you earlier. On her own. Right?"

"We had some fun together. Yes." I remembered vaguely that Christi hadn't made it a secret that she was going to have sex with me when I fell asleep to Enya earlier today.

"Is it monogamous?"

"Huh?"

"Is it only her you want? That way?"

"Don't be silly. Why would I keep all of you around, naked, if she was all I wanted?"

"I don't want to rock the boat. That's all."

"What is it?"

"Please. Master. Don't me angry with me. If you don't want to, just say so. I. This slave will be quiet and sleep as she was told. Honestly."

"This slave is going to get punished if she doesn't start explaining herself."

"Please no. I don't. I can't." She took a deep breath. "I want more," she finally whispered.

She was talking in riddles. And I was far too tired to decode her talk.

"More what?"

"Ever since you made love to me that night. Then today. Forcing me to be with Karen. You've been bringing out a part of me I didn't know existed. I really hated you at first. But. I don't know what's come over me. My body. My. My breasts. They ache. And my stomach flutters. And my pussy. God. My pussy. And you. All that humiliation and pain. All those erotic sights I get to see. Like it or not. Even Amy, naked," she whispered. "I know I've already climaxed once today. Twice technically. But I can't seem to g et my mind off sex. I. I feel like a high school girl. Just discovering myself and I'm almost thirty. I know I shouldn't. I know Christi will be jealous. But. I just don't have any choices. I'm sorry. If you don't want to, I'll understand. I didn't want to ask. But ..." her voice trailed off.

I touched her face. Wet. She was quietly crying again. I kissed the top of her head.

"M-master? I'd even be happy just giving you head. You don't have to do anything. I swear it. I'll swallow and everything. Then I'll leave you alone. You don't have to do me or anything. You don't even have to untie me."

I reached behind her and released her hands from the cuffs leaving the things dangling from her left wrist. "Come on then," I said to her. I lifted the blankets for her to get back out of bed. We could use the guest room. It was empty.

"M-master? Why not here?" She'd gotten to her hands and knees on the bed.

"Here?"

"The other night. I. I thought it was kind of different having Amy tied up only a few feet away. She heard everything. It. It was kind of exciting." I was sure her face was completely red at the admission.

I didn't want to wake up Sheila.

"Okay. But keep it down. I don't want to wake up Sheila. I have my reasons."

"I'll be silent. Like a mouse. I promise."

She turned herself around on her hands and knees and crawled down the bed until her head was between my legs. I could feel her smooth body pressing against my legs. She slowly and sensually took me into her mouth. I felt her warmth as I entered her. Slowly she swirled her tongue around me, achingly slow. Bobbing her head. Taking me deep into her mouth. Softly sucking. I lifted my head. She was lying easily between my legs. Her calves raised into the air, her bare feet crossed. If she lowered her legs she'd be hanging off the edge of the bed. She continued her ministrations. I could feel her hot breath around me, tickling my pubic hair gently. I closed my eyes letting her do the work. She didn't seem to mind. My mind wandered to the days events. Karen. Barking l ike a dog. The discovery of Sheila. Even the simple pleasure of watching the girls emerge from the shower. Wet and shivering. Imagining what Sheila had gone through with that monster. Visualizing her hanging from the eyebolts. Screaming as Evan laid into h er pussy with his whips. Ignoring her pleading. Karen screaming and screaming as she was tortured. My mind flipped from image to image. Even falling back over the last few days. The warm mouth on my penis. Slowly sucking and touching me. Her fingers gently tickling my scrotum. Seeing images of Amy tormented. Her tongue clamped. Her bare thighs straining in the chair. Struggling to talk to me, to beg. Jane, licking her own mother while masturbating for her father. Holding her in my arms afterwards, crying he r heart out. Frightened. Even as far back as Kimberly. Tied to her chair in the hardware store. Breasts bound and aching with the clothespins. Begging. I briefly wondered about Andrea and Linda, Christi's mother. I felt Elizabeth slowly increase the tempo, sensing that I was ready. Her mouth and fingers driving me nuts. I felt myself thrusting into her willing mouth. Exploding into her. Feeling her mouth desperately swallowing. Her gasp as I finally finished. I felt her tongue licking at me. Finishing. Clea ning me. Swallowing everything. She crawled back up and lay on her back beside me. Breathing hard.

I felt my eyes closing in the afterglow. No way in hell I could ever keep them open. The images still roaring about behind my closed lids. All the women.

"Beth?"

"Mmmm-hmmmm."

"You mind finishing yourself off for me. 'kay? I just don't have the energy. And make sure you put the cuffs back on before you sleep."

"Thank-you master," she whispered. I could faintly smell her musk. I knew that she wouldn't have finished herself without permission. If I'd fallen asleep without remembering or finishing her myself, she'd have just cuffed herself and suffered through the night waiting for morning. She had some self -control. All the girls did.

I felt her slowly moving beside me. No shame. Not self -conscious that she was masturbating beside an essential stranger. Her body demanding the release. I could vaguely see her hands touching her body in the semi -darkness. It didn't take her long. She was pretty worked up. I was still not quite in dreamland when I felt her stiffen. Her

left hand moving from her breast to cover her mouth. She cried out softly around her muffling hand. Finally relaxing. Her breathing returning to normal slowly. I felt her turn onto her side. Check if I was still awake. I feigned sleep. She sighed happily and I felt and heard the cuffs click shut against her wrists again. She gently kissed my mouth and settled herself into the crook of my shoulder. Her hair cascading across my chest.

I reached over and pulled the covers back over us. I tucked the sheet under her chin again and she sighed. “So you are still awake.”

“Barely.”

“Thank you.”

I almost felt like I should be the one to thank her. She was willing to give me a blow job. And excellent one at that, for nothing in return. If I’d fallen asleep, she would have had to stay frustrated the rest of the night. But she didn’t seem to mind.

“Pleasant dreams.”

“Pleasant dreams. Maybe you can have your next conquest make love to me as well ...” she said dreamily. I lay there for a few minutes. Thinking. Her breathing turned shallow and she slipped into sleep again. Sheila hadn’t stirred through the whole encounter. I was aware of her in the bed with us, her light weight beside me, but I suspected that she wasn’t going to be awakened by much less than a freight train running over her.

I kissed Elizabeth’s clean red hair. “Pleasant dreams.”

My exhaustion finally caught up to me. I slept.

Chapter 83

Both my shoulders felt heavy. I slowly opened my ey es. I glanced down. A blonde head and a red one. I faintly smelled the clean scent of their shampoo. I could feel their gentle breathing against my bare chest. Sheila's handcuffed hands lying easily between us. I could feel the light pressure of both of th eir bodies next to mine.

I feared that my arms were asleep. They felt odd. Thick and heavy. I stirred, not wanting to wake the sleeping women. Elizabeth muttered something in her sleep. Sounded like "Not yet." Her unconscious mind interpreted the stirring of her pillow as a sign to turn over. She muttered something else and rolled over her bound hands, curling up on her right side, turned away from me. I flexed my freed right hand, beginning to feel the blood return. I winced as the pins and needles began. My mind briefly realized that the girls had to go through this everytime I released them from tight rope work. Elizabeth's head must have been pressing on a nerve or something. I didn't mind; I patiently waited for feeling to return to the limb.

I gently moved my right hand over and touched Sheila's shoulder once the pins and needles had receded. She mumbled something incoherent but wasn't quite as cooperative as Elizabeth. She burrowed herself further into my shoulder and refused to wake.

I slipped my hand under her head and gently lifted her. I was careful of the bruises I knew were still there. I extricated my left arm from below her head and lowered her back to the pillow. She unconsciously reached for me with her hands, but settled down into a fetal position. Her bound ankles drawn up. I crawled over Elizabeth and dropped to the floor. I carefully covered the still slumbering women back up. Sheila sighed in her sleep as the covers were tucked around her.

I picked up a bathrobe off the back of the bedroom door and slipped it around me. Probably Evan's. A bright blue terry cloth.

I carefully closed the door behind me, letting Elizabeth and Sheila sleep.

I padded down the stairs and wandered into the kitchen. I flipped on the coffee pot. The women were going to want coffee when they finally got up. Soon the smell of fresh coffee filled the kitchen. I was ravenous. We'd skipped a meal last evening. No dinner for anyone. I guess everyone was too tired. None of the girls had complained that they were hungry.

I found some orange juice in the refrigerator and poured a big glass for myself. I drank it in one long swallow. Tasted like real orange juice. Not that from concentrate stuff. In this house, it wouldn't have surprised me.

I padded out into the living room.

"Good morning," Amy was sitting up on the sofa. Awake as I walked in. "I wondered how long I was going to have to sit here twiddling my thumbs."

I flipped on the lights and wandered over to the window, pulling the shades open. I yawned and turned to the bar e girl just swinging her legs. She still had sleep in her eyes. Her hair was a bit of a mess, but it looked like she had at least run her fingers through it.

"Good morning. Been up long?"

"Not too long. When did you put this on me?" She raised her right le g and rattled the ankle chain.

"Last night. You were kind of asleep at the time. I didn't want to wake you."

"You didn't have to do it. I wouldn't have moved or tried to run."

"I know. Call me suspicious."

"You still don't trust me."

"Would you?"

"I guess not. But I would have started breakfast if I had been able to move."

I smiled. "You can cook?"

"Not very well. Not like Christi." Her stomach growled. "God I'm hungry. Can a slave beg to have something more than cereal this morning?"

"What do you have in mind? Since you and I are the only two awake, I guess you get your choice this morning."

"Oh God. I'd love some of those pancakes that Christi made the other day. But, I can't make them like that. I'm not that great in the kitchen."

While she was talking I knelt down and released her bare ankle from the ankle restraints. She instinctively raised her right leg, bending her knee and placing her bare foot up on the sofa cushion. She idly rubbed her ankle. The steel had left a slight mark on the back of her leg, near the Achilles tendon. Probably just slept on it there. I hadn't tightened it into her skin.

I gathered the cuffs into my hands, moving to drop them back in the equipment pack.

"What can you cook?"

She didn't even suggest that I cook something . She just accepted the fact that I could force her to do anything, may as well just do it. Making breakfast was far more pleasant than getting whipped. She understood that it was going to be her job to make breakfast this morning. It didn't look like she minded.

"Mmmmm. I can cook scrambled eggs. And bacon. And toast. Hard to screw that up." He stomach rumbled again as she thought of the food.

"That would do just fine. Hope they have enough eggs."

Amy stood up. "You'll let us eat them too?"

"Yeah. You all missed dinner last night. I'm sure you are all as hungry as I am. Hungry girls can't perform."

"I noticed the lack of a meal last night. But you were a bit busy. I was afraid to mention it. I thought maybe you were punishing us." She spoke as we both walked barefoot into the kitchen. "What were you doing up there, anyway? Mmmmmmm. Coffee. Can a slave beg for a cup. Please. Please. Please."

"I wasn't punishing you. I just forgot. And I was taking care of a pest last night. And I'll get you a cup."

Confusion crossed her face, but she didn't ask for more details. Her face brightened when she realized that I was going to allow her the coffee. I'd turned on the coffee maker and I certainly didn't drink the stuff. It was for the girls. I opened the refrigerator and picked up a dozen eggs. "This be enough for you?" Amy nodded. I picked up a package of maple flavoured bacon as well. "Can you cook with your hands cuffed?"

"I guess I'll have to learn."

I walked to the bare beauty. "Wrists."

"You have to be kidding. I can't cook with them behind my back. Honestly." She thought I was going to recuff her. She was so used to being bound.

"Relax. I'm taking them off you." And I did.

Again, confusion crossed her face. But she just rubbed her wrists once and picked up the carton of eggs. I walked over to the coffee maker, dug out a mug and poured her a cup of coffee. "Cream and sugar?"

"Just cream if you are allowing me."

I smiled. She did know what to say this morning. I was in a good mood. I found some cream and poured a drop from the carton into the steaming mug. I stirred it and delivered the poison. She smiled like the Cheshire cat. She raised the cup to her lips and took a sip. Savouring the taste. I didn't allow them these pleasures all that often. Didn't want to spoil them.

"Oh God. That's good. Your slave, she thanks you. You said that there was another girl?"

"Yeah. Sheila."

"When do I get to meet her?"

"At breakfast." I settled into a kitchen chair. There were only four chairs around the small kitchen table.

"Hmmm. Two eggs each. That should be enough. Unless you want more for yourself." She knew that the girls would have to split whatever I allowed them to have.

"Two's fine." I watched as she struggled with the package of bacon. Finally cutting it open with kitchen shears and dumping the contents into a pan. It immediately began to hiss. She began to break eggs into a bowl, mixing them up with a whisk. Soon the captivating smell of bacon permeated the kitchen.

"She happy about being here? I guess not," Amy returned to the subject of Sheila.

"Actually, I think she's happier about being here than where she was in real life."

"She hasn't disobeyed yet then." Amy didn't realize the hell I'd taken the girl from. She'd find out eventually.

"You can handle this?"

"I guess. It will be ready in about fifteen minutes. You want me to call you?"

"Sounds good."

I took one last glance at Amy carefully turning the bacon. Trying to avoid the grease spitting on her bare skin. I smiled. She seemed happy this morning. Rested. She didn't even seem to mind her nudity.

I slipped out of the kitchen and slowly made my way upstairs. I poked my head into the bedroom. Sheila and Elizabeth were both still asleep under the covers. I left the door slightly ajar and moved around to the locked room.

I took a deep breath. I was surprised that I was apprehensive. Not sure what I'd find behind door number five. I wasn't concerned about Mayer. I didn't much care what hell they'd put him through. Whatever it was, it wasn't enough to make up for what he'd done to Sheila. I was actually concerned that the girls had let him go. Maybe for a second to retie him in another position. Maybe he managed to break free. Visions of Jane and Christi, screaming as he used his hammer on their hands and feet. Being raped by him . Finally lying in a pool of their own blood. I supposed that I could return them to an earlier time. I had marked the timeline before I left them as a precaution. It wouldn't cost much to return to the earlier time when they'd been alive and kicking. But then I'd have to kill Evan. And much as he deserved it, I didn't much want to do it. I hadn't had to kill anyone yet, and I didn't want to find out how it worked.

I unlocked the door in front of me. I held my breath.

The door squeaked open. Mayer was in th e same bonds, hanging where I left him. His head was rocked forward on his chest. He was completely naked. I was looking at his back. His back and ass were crisscrossed with red welts. I could have sworn some of them were bleeding, or had bled. I moved tow ards him until I was close enough to see if he was still breathing. I closed my eyes. I would have to punish the girls if they'd managed to kill him.

But as I approached I could see his ribs expanding shallowly. He hung there either stunned, unconscious, o r merely sleeping.

I took my eyes off him. I found the girls huddled together on the floor in front of the leather sofa. I idly wondered why they hadn't slept on it. It would have been much more comfortable than the floor. At least one of them could have s lept there. If they'd each taken an end and curled up, they both would have fit. A little less comfortably, but it would have worked.

Christi was lying on her back. Her bare breasts gently rising and falling with her breathing. Jane's head was pillowed on Christi's left breast. Her brunette hair spilled over Christi's shoulder and her own. Jane's left arm was thrown casually over Christi, just under her breasts. She too was fast asleep. Her head rising and falling with each of Christi's shallow breaths. Chr isti's arms were loosely encircling Jane's body. Holding her. Her right hand tangled loosely in Jane's brown hair. The position looked odd to me. Almost intimate. But as I'd noted before, women often weren't as afraid of same gender contact. Jane and Chris ti had gotten along well since the beginning of this. In fact, all of the girls had supported one another. As if they were old friends. Whatever was most comfortable. They'd been nude around each other for long enough to feel comfortable with it, I suppose d.

I knelt by their outstretched feet. I gently traced Jane's instep. She sleepily moved her foot, but didn't quite wake. I thought I saw traces of blood along her back. She didn't look injured. Didn't make sense.

I reached out and traced her bare instep a gain. This time she murmured, "Stop it, Darren. You bastard. Let me sleep." She tightened her arm across Christi in her sleep. My eyebrows raised. Who the heck was Darren?

I smiled to myself and did it to her again. This time she kicked out at my hand. I snatched my fingers from her bare foot. Her eyes fluttered open and she gave a startled little shout.

"Where the hell am I?" Still groggy. Her startled voice waking Christi. Jane's eyes scanned around the room and she uttered an understated, "Oh."

Christi awakened and squirmed around. Jane stretched and rolled off Christi and sat up.

"Not enough sleep."

"Long night?"

"Yeah."

"What was that all about?" Meaning the position they were sleeping in.

They both flushed and pressed their lips together.

"Never mind. You can tell me about it later. It's almost breakfast time."

Christi glanced up at Evan who still hadn't stirred. "We put him through the wringer."

“I can see that.” The girls were stumbling to their bare feet. It honestly looked like they’d been through a marathon. They looked far more tired than Amy did. I wondered how much sleep they had gotten.

“Can I take a shower?” Christi asked, running her hands through her blonde hair and grimacing. It no longer looked clean and shiny like last night.

I shook my head. “After breakfast. It’s almost ready and you don’t want it cold, do you?”

Jane spoke up. “We get more than cereal then? Who’s cooking?” Our usual cook, Christi was right here in front of us. “God, I’m so hungry.”

“We going to feed Evan, here?” Christi asked.

“Are you joking?” The pig could starve for all I cared.

I grasped the girls’ arms and propelled them out of the room. They moved as quickly as they could. Still trying to work out the kinks of sleeping on the floor. Jane stumbled a bit.

“You sure we don’t have time for a shower?” Jane asked this time. She was feeling her hair. “We really need one.”

“Right after breakfast.”

“Don’t blame us if the others complain about us.” I leaned towards Jane and smelled her. There was a faint trace of female musk about her. And that wonderful smell that always seems to be a part of being female. But she was hardly offensive.

“Don’t worry about it. You’re fine. Your hair is a mess, but you can fix that after breakfast. I don’t mind.”

She shrugged. Not much she could do about it if I wouldn’t let her shower.

“Go help Amy. I don’t really trust her cooking. I have to wake the last two sleepy heads.”

“Tell Sheila that she did good last night,” Christi said over her shoulder as she walked down the hall. “Tell her that the bastard suffered.”

I watched as the nude girls padded down the stairs and, by the sound of their footfalls sounded like they raced for the kitchen.

I walked into the master bedroom. Sheila’s eyes opened as I entered.

“I woke up and you were gone,” she spoke softly.

“Yeah. Couldn’t sleep.”

“I woke up in the middle of the night. I was so cold. Shivering. I. I moved over to you and shared. She won’t mind will she?” Sheila glanced at Elizabeth’s sleeping form on the other side of the bed.

I just about laughed. I was surprised that Elizabeth had stayed close to me all night, herself. For some reason it was cooler in this room.

“Hell no. Don’t worry about that. How are you feeling?”

“A lot better. I really needed that sleep. How’d things work out? You know. I can’t believe I fell asleep on you in there. One minute I’m taking out my revenge on that asshole, the next minute I’m shivering in this bed. And. Having to snuggle up with you for warmth. I’m sorry. I didn’t mean that the way it sounds. You are my Master now.”

“I understand. I didn’t want to be in there anyway. Male domination. Not really my thing. I left him to Jane and Christi right after you passed out. So I really don’t know what they did to him after I left. Honestly.”

She nodded. “They didn’t kill him, di d they?” Almost a spark of hope back there in her eyes. I couldn’t see very well in just the light streaming in from the hallway. She might actually wish him dead though.

“They didn’t kill him. I checked. But he didn’t look like he had a good time with the girls.”

“I can imagine. Who is that?”

“That’s Elizabeth.”

“Your girlfriend?”

“She’s another slave. Definitely not my girlfriend.”

“Oh my God. You mean there’s more? Christi and Jane aren’t it?”

“No. There’s one more as well. Amy. She’s currently cooking o ur breakfast.”

“You’re kidding.”

“Have I ever kidded you?”

Sheila seemed to be a lot more comfortable around me. I guess since we’d slept in the same bed and I hadn’t raped her. She was perhaps feeling a little safer and less vulnerable. Maybe she had shed some emotional baggage from her healing activities last night. Perhaps her bruises just weren’t causing her the same level of pain. Constant pain can do strange things to a person.

“No. But I think I’m hungry.”

“I’ll bet.”

“Can we please take these chains off me? I don’t think I have the strength to attack you, much less hurt you.”

I smiled. I’d forgotten that I’d cuffed her last night. She was still mostly hidden beneath the covers. Her hands and feet included.

“I’m sorry. I forgot. Of course we can take them off.”

I lifted the covers off of her. She shivered slightly, but held up her hands. I unlocked them. I still couldn’t see what her condition was. I wouldn’t be able to tell until I turned on the light. She shifted around and gave me her feet. I took t he handcuffs off her ankles as well.

She sighed. “I was kind of surprised when I woke up in the middle of the night and found myself in handcuffs. It shouldn’t have surprised me. You have no reason to trust me yet. They didn’t hurt or anything. But you did n’t have to restrain me. I wasn’t going anywhere.”

I nodded. The girls, for the most part were good. Apart from Jane, they had never risked attacking me while I slept. And Jane hadn’t gone through with it. Didn’t even know that I knew.

“I’m going to wake u p Elizabeth.” I walked around to the other side of the bed. I gently touched Elizabeth’s hair. Smoothed her bangs back from her face. Her eyes opened. Not startled. Looking rested.

“Time to get up?” she inquired.

“Yup. Breakfast is on. Give me your wrists. ”

I heard her stomach rumble under the covers. She quietly turned over presenting her cuffed wrists to me. While I unlocked her, she noticed that the other woman was awake.

“Hello,” Elizabeth greeted her a little uncertainly. “You must be Sheila.”

“Yes. Good morning.” All civilized. As though there was nothing strange about sleeping in the same bad when they had never even met. Naked. Handcuffed. Sharing the

bed with a strange guy. Even sharing his body heat. These women. Such a different world they lived in. I'd never figure them out. I swear.

"I'm Elizabeth."

"I know. He told me."

They lapsed into silence. Elizabeth's hands clicked free.

"You ready for lights?" I asked them. I walked slowly over to the light switch.

"Yes," from Sheila.

"Don't you dare," from Elizabeth.

Smiling, I snapped them on. Sheila blinked rapidly, but she'd been awake a lot longer than Elizabeth. Her eyes adjusted quickly. Elizabeth just squeezed her eyes shut and moaned. Shielding her eyes with her hand.

"You can't do that to a girl before she's fully awake."

"You were awake. And besides which. You know fully well that I can do anything I want to a girl. Awake or not." I grinned playfully at her.

"Shut up," Elizabeth mocked me. She was just playing.

Sheila swung her legs off the bed and climbed to her bare feet. Her fingers reaching up to run through her tangled hair. She winced as she straightened.

Her bruises were as bad as yesterday. Her side was still that nasty purple colour. Her face still had the mottled reddish bruise on her right cheek. That bruise, perhaps looked a little better. Her eye looked a little worse. She gently touched her left side and softly cried out. She put her hands down at her sides and simply waited for Elizabeth to rise.

"How do I look?" she asked me.

"Like you've been dragged through a hedge backwards." I returned to the doorway by the light switch waiting for the girls.

She smiled at the expression. "I'll look better after a shower."

"After breakfast."

Elizabeth had finally managed to stop blinking. Her eyes adjusted to the higher light levels. She glanced at Sheila and gasped. She was on her feet in a split second.

"You fucking bastard," Elizabeth practically screamed at me. "How could you do that?" Her bare feet pounding on the carpet as she launched herself at me. Her fists driving into my chest. I stepped back and grabbed her wrists. Stopping her from continuing her assault. Gently.

"Calm down. Calm down."

"You filthy fucking animal. How could you do that to her? What did you do? Use her as a fucking punching bag? Jesus Christ. Look at her. Nobody deserves that. Holy Christ. Look at her." She was in tears. From frustration. Horror. Fear.

"Elizabeth."

She paled. Horror crawled across her face. Her eyes brimmed with tears. Knowing what she'd done. It didn't matter what I did to any of them. It never justified trying to hurt me. Those were the rules. And she knew it.

"And I fucked you last night. Jesus Christ. You are a monster." She slowly sank to her knees. Frightened. Realizing what she'd done. Knowing that she'd be punished for attacking me. For screaming at me. For swearing at me.

"I am a monster. And you are right. Nobody deserves that. Elizabeth. Honey. I haven't touched her."

Elizabeth looked up from her knees. Wanting to believe me but not qui te being able to. Wondering why I wasn't angry with her.

"It's true. He hasn't touched me, Elizabeth. He's been nothing but kind to me. He freed me. Thanks for coming to my rescue though."

"What?" I could see the confusion spreading across Elizabeth's face . "How?"

Sheila walked carefully across the room. Favouring her left side still. She slowly sank to her knees. Held Elizabeth's face in her hands.

"Christi and Jane explained to me what this place is all about. The time stuff. I don't understand it. But I don't need to. This guy. Our Master. He isn't the only one that likes to hurt women. He's not unique in the world. Christi and Jane told me that he does unspeakable things sometimes. But not like this. Look at me. This was done before he came and took me away. He didn't do it. You know that. In your heart. My. My former master. He was. Rough. Rougher." She pointed at her body. Her left side. "Evan. That's my former master. He kicked me here. Twice. He slapped me here. Hard." Her right index finger circled her right cheek and eye. "God it hurt. I know it looks bad, but I'm used to it. He saved me from this. I swear to you that he hasn't touched me. I swear it."

Elizabeth began to cry, her bare body shaking on her knees. "Good God. Look at you. You mean. This happened to you in real life? Oh my God. You'll never forget this?" Sheila shook her head. Tears beginning to fall from her eyes as well. Elizabeth looked back up at me. "Oh God. This. This slave is so sorry. She presumed. She. She deserves punishment. Please forgive her." She reached out and softly touched my leg with her hand. "Please."

I touched the women's shoulders, urging them to their bare feet. I spoke reassuringly to Elizabeth. "It's okay. I understand. I wasn't thinking how you'd might take the sight of Sheila here. My fault. She looks like she's been through a war or something. Doesn't she? Can't really blame you for thinking it was me. And if you weren't horrified about this, I'd think something was wrong with you. I'm not going to punish you. You actually did the right thing. If I ever do this to anyone I'm going to keep, I'm giving you permission right now to take your anger out on me. Understand?"

Elizabeth nodded mutely, tears still flowing. Confused. I stroked her tangled hair.

"Still regret making love to me?"

"I'm so sorry. I didn't mean that."

"You did. And I understand."

"No. I don't regret it anymore." She moved towards me. A bit hesitantly. She wrapped her arms around me and gave me a big hug. "Thank God you didn't do this." Her body shook a bit.

I kissed the top of her head and she managed to control her crying. Sheila stood uncertainly watching her sister in captivity and I interact.

Elizabeth sniffled and reached up on her toes to give me a kiss. "That's for helping her instead of hurting her."

Jane poked her head in the door. A whirlwind of brunette. "I'm sorry to interrupt your little party here, but didn't you hear me hollering for you? I've been yelling for like five minutes. Breakfast is ready."

Chapter 84

Jane disappeared and I gently guided Elizabeth and Sheila out of the bedroom. Sheila looked wistfully at the bathroom and shower as we passed, but we all padded down the stairs together. I needed a shower as much as they did. Well, maybe not quite as much.

I smelled the heavenly aroma of coffee, bacon and eggs greet me as I walked into the kitchen. My stomach growled. Elizabeth and Sheila trailed me, wrinkling their noses as they entered.

Elizabeth muttered, "Coffee. I would do anything for coffee." Her eyes glued to the mug that Amy held in her hands. She looked at me hopefully.

"Can a slave beg for coffee. Please?"

Suddenly I had a clamour around me. All of them but Amy trying to speak at once. All of them begging for coffee.

"QUIET!" I barked out at the women. They silenced themselves. I sighed. "That's better. Like a pack of hyenas you are. Yes. You can all get yourselves coffee." Amy's eyes twinkled. Amused. "And before you all start asking, the cream is in the refrigerator and the sugar is on the counter."

Jane, Christi and Elizabeth practically dove at the coffee machine. Amy had placed four mugs beside it. All different mugs. Catchy sayings on them. I Hate Mondays. I'm a Bear Until I've Had My Coffee. Hard Work Never Killed Anyone, But Why Take Chances. I smiled at the nude girls scrambling for the coffee. Sheila had hung back. I looked at her quizzically.

"What's up? Why aren't you in there as well?"

"Couple of reasons," she answered. "This." She pointed at her side. "Last thing I need is one of them to accidentally elbow me. They look a little rambunctious in there. And I'm not so sure I want any. Evan, that prick, wouldn't let me have coffee at all while I lived here. It didn't matter how much I begged and pleaded or how obedient I was. I had to make it for them. But I wasn't allowed to drink it. It was one of his little torments. Showing his power over me. After a couple of weeks I realized what he was doing and stopped begging for it. I guess I broke the habit. I'm not sure I want to start it up again. I thought I did. As soon as I smelled it. But now I'm just not sure. You'd really let me have coffee?" A bit incredulous. Not quite used to her new 'freedoms'.

"Want some orange juice, instead?"

"I'd love some."

"It's in the fridge."

She walked gingerly over to the refrigerator and pulled out the jug I'd found earlier. Amy handed her a glass.

"Hi Sheila. I'm Amy. I'm glad to meet you. I hear you've been through a lot."

Sheila smiled at the other girl. "Someone has been telling stories. Don't believe everything you hear."

"Jane and Christi. And your face and body kind of tell it as well." Sounded like Jane and Christi at least managed to warn Amy. She hadn't blinked an eye when Sheila walked in. At least I hadn't had to deal with another performance like Elizabeth's.

Sheila poured herself a glass of orange juice, and raised the glass to her lips. I glanced around the kitchen. It just seemed so normal. Five nude women, happily interacting. Fighting for the sugar bowl and laughing on one side. I was almost sure I saw

some nipple tweaking as they playfully fought. Like a bunch of school girls. And two others just quietly talking over by the refrigerator. I wasn't sure I'd ever get used to seeing this.

I touched Amy's shoulder. "How's breakfast coming?"

"Oh shit. I forgot about that." She rushed back to the stove. She opened the oven portion. She breathed a sigh of relief, knowing she'd have been punished if the breakfast had been ruined. She had the plates and food keeping warm while she had waited for me.

"'fraid we don't have enough chairs here. Two will have to be on the floor. I guess I'm newer, I'll take the floor. Someone else will have to as well," Amy called out to the others.

She started to distribute plates around the table. I sat down at one end.

"I'm newest, I'll take the floor too." Sheila spoke up.

Christi and Jane exchanged a glance. They nodded to each other. Sipping at their coffee.

Christi spoke up. "That's not really fair. You cooked this morning, Amy. You take my chair. Please."

Jane stepped in as well. "Please. Sheila. You take mine. I can't let you sit on the floor. Not with those bruises. I'll be fine on the floor with Christi."

Sheila smiled thankfully at Jane and reached for a kitchen chair. Jane and Christi moved to the side and sat on the floor. Their bare backs pressed against the floor cabinets, knees up in front of them. They were talking in whispers together. Sipping at the coffee. Savouring it.

Amy distributed the plates. "Watch. They're hot," she warned as she placed the first one in front of me. Scrambled eggs. Bacon. Toast. She placed three more plates down on the table. Same fare in front of Elizabeth, Sheila and where she'd be seated. She carefully handed plates to Christi and Jane on the floor. All the girls thanked her as she served .

She pulled out a drawer and picked up some utensils. She handed me a knife and fork and then sat. Sheila picked up a piece of bacon and was raising it to her mouth. Amy touched her arm and whispered to her, "Wait for permission." Sheila nodded and dropped the bacon back to her plate. Not realizing the rules that the girls had made up. I actually had nothing to do with that one. I think Jane had made it up in the hotel room one morning in an effort to please me. And it had just been accepted as fact that the women waited for me to tell them to eat. At least at breakfast.

I smiled at Sheila. "Go on eat."

"Please. Sir? Can I get cutlery?"

Amy whispered to her. "I know. I hated it too. Still do. He won't let us use cutlery."

Sheila just nodded as though she understood. Maybe she did. Maybe she was just used to accepting unreasonable situations. She picked back up her piece of bacon and nibbled at it. Without another word she simply began to eat her breakfast. The eggs were going to be a bit messy, but they all needed showers anyway.

I wolfed down my breakfast. It was surprisingly good given that we were a bit late coming down. Still warm and we were all so hungry that anything would taste good. I finished, as usual, far ahead of the women. All of them were struggling with the eggs. Having to let them cool a bit before they could get their fingers into them to eat. I watched Christi and Jane eating on the floor. They didn't seem to be having more trouble because they were on the floor. No more so than the women at the table. They were still

talking to each other in hushed whispers. Glancing my way once in a while. I idly wondered what they were up to.

Sheila looked a bit uncomfortable having to eat with her fingers. Probably still used to using cutlery. I caught her a couple of times staring wistfully at my knife and fork. A symbol. For them, being forced to eat without cutlery just reinforced my control over them. It seemed almost uncivilized. I had taken away a small portion of their humanity. Animals didn't use cutlery. But Sheila ultimately accepted it. It was better than the symbols of her slavery that Evan used. She was wearing them on her face and side.

Finally the girls finished. Jane and Christi automatically rose to their bare feet and began to clear the table. Christi washed and Jane dried. The other three just sat a bit uncomfortably, waiting for me to dismiss them or give them instructions.

I spoke to Elizabeth, "Shower time?"

She nodded enthusiastically. The other two were nodding as well. I glanced around at them. They were a mess. All of them. They had all made an attempt at straightening themselves after their rest, but none of them had really succeeded. Though they'd all licked their fingers clean after the messy breakfast, they still looked sticky and uncomfortable. They were all still beautiful in their nudity, and I debated forcing them to stay disheveled for a day to see how they'd take it. Maybe even punish them for not looking their best. But that was evil and unfair. Though I didn't mind being evil and unfair, it just didn't seem right for today. Perhaps tomorrow.

"You know the drill then. Shower together. Wash each other. I might check in on you. You can use hot water this morning. You look like you need it. Be careful of Sheila. I'm sure she's kind of sensitive. She can wash herself if necessary. Make yourselves presentable."

The three of them stood and begun to file out.

"Sheila?"

"Yes master?" She didn't have any hesitation using the word master as the other's did. She'd only been in my power for less than a day. I guess Evan had conditioned her to use the word.

"You don't have to put on make up. I like nail polish, but don't worry about your face. It still looks sore."

"You sure? I don't mind if you want me to touch it up."

"I don't mind. You look fine. Really."

"Thank-you master. I'll do my best." She just stood there. "You know the shower in my room? The one I had to use? He didn't even bother hooking hot water up to it? Yesterday's was the first hot shower I've had in months?" She moved forward and kissed my cheek. "I never thanked you for letting me take a hot shower. It. It felt so good." She scampered out of the kitchen to catch up to Elizabeth and Amy.

"That was nice of you," Jane spoke from the sink. She pranced over to me. "And so was that hot breakfast you let us have for a change. A slave thanks you." She kissed my other cheek. She walked back to drying the dishes. As she approached, I noticed some faint red marks under her bare breasts. I thought back. When was the last time I'd punished her? It seemed like ages ago. And I couldn't remember seeing those marks on her last night. Granted I was tired and had other things on my mind.

I heard the shower start upstairs and I was almost sure I heard a playful squeal from that direction.

I leaned back in my chair and watched the nude beauties as they cleaned up. Everyday tasks made so much more interesting when the ones doing it are naked. Disheveled. But naked. They were no longer even aware of their nudity. Probably not even caring anymo re.

"You two have been acting like you have a secret all morning. Like two high school girls passing notes. What's up?"

Christi stopped washing the dishes and looked at me. Her face flushing.

"Why would you say that?"

"You think you can hide things from me ? What are you two up to? Hmmm? Planning a coup?"

"No. No. Oh God. Please don't think that. I don't need punishment for things that aren't true. I get enough for things I've actually done."

"Why didn't you two sleep on the couch last night? You would have both fit if you took separate ends. Your legs would've tangled up together but I wouldn't have thought you would've minded. I didn't tell you that you had to sleep on the floor." My sixth sense was telling me that their sleeping like that had something to do with all this secrecy. But I couldn't imagine why.

Christi flushed again. Jane tried to busy herself with the dishes.

"Alright. Jane. Look at me." She turned slowly. Fear evident on her face. Her toes curling against the tile. She dropped the dish she w as drying back into the drainer. "Knees." The two of them sunk to their knees on the kitchen tile. Squirming.

"Please. Master. These slaves beg you not to punish them," Jane spoke softly.

"What have you done?"

"Please. We couldn't help it. We didn't think you'd mind. We know we didn't have permission. But. We. We just couldn't help it. Please."

"I am going to punish you both. On the breasts. Hard. If you don't start telling me what the hell happened last night. What you two are so bloody secretive about." C hristi paled and Jane shuddered at the threat. They knew damn well that I'd make good on it.

Christi whispered to me, her face bright red, "We. We were together last night."

"I know that. I locked you in the same room. Oh." The penny dropped and I realized what she was saying. I wasn't expecting that. But I guess I should have. I sat there as the silence thickened around me. The girls just knelt quietly, their faces flushed, their breathing laboured. Their eyes on the floor. All I could hear was their shall ow breathing and the soft sound of water running upstairs.

I was used to the girls being forced into lesbian acts. I quite enjoyed watching it. But Christi was telling me that her and Jane had done it without me forcing it. These girls that claimed that th ey were straight. I could admit it. I was confused.

I cleared my throat. "I. I don't know quite what to say here. Um. What are you saying? Are you telling me that you are coming out of the closet here? That you, ahhhh, have feelings for one another?"

Christi actually began to laugh. "Oh God. Good Christ no. Don't worry, you can still force me to tongue a woman and I'll hate it. God. I'm not a lesbian. And I don't think Jane is either." Jane was shaking her head. Not laughing, but not a lesbian either. "And I love Jane. I love all of them. She's. Like a sister to me now. We've been through so much together. You've put us through so much. But no. She's not my girlfriend or anything. Even if I had the choice of having her as my girlfriend."

"I don't understand," I truly was confused. "I think you'd better explain."

Christi continued. Her initial hesitation gone. "Oh God. I don't know how to explain. Last night was so nuts. I think you fulfilled every fantasy I've ever had. You saw me last night. You saw the state I was in. Jane knows. Now. It was turning me on. You knew it would, you bastard." She was smiling. Remembering. "After you left, it even got more intense. Jane and I were really taking our frustrations out on that asshole. We used nearly everything in there. God, he could yell. We had to gag him for a while. And everytime that whip fell on him, and he screamed for me, I swear another bolt of electricity singed through my body. Starting at my nipples, and ending in my clit. Jane was hitting him. I was hitting him. It was just nuts. Crazy. I finally noticed that he'd passed out. I tried to revive him, but that wasn't about to happen. I finally gave up and sat down. I was so tired. Jane was practically asleep on her feet. We'd probably tortured him for three or four hours. Though I have no way of knowing. Not like you let me even wear a watch."

She paused. I could see that the story and her memories were affecting her. She was flushed and breathing heavily. Nipples red and swollen. Not like she could hide them. Jane was just flushed. Embarrassed by the whole thing, I was guessing.

Jane swallowed and continued the story. "At the time, I kind of suspected, but didn't really know that Christi was really getting turned on by torturing this guy. I was just dead tired. I asked her if she wanted the couch. She just shook her head. I figured that she'd just sleep in the chair. I lay down on the couch. I was just about asleep when I heard Christi crying. I managed to open my eyes and she was just sitting there weeping. For no reason."

"I was hot. I was horny. I didn't want to masturbate with Jane there, or in front of Evan if he woke up. Hell, I just wanted someone else. I just didn't feel like pushing myself over. And I didn't have your permission. Though I knew you'd never know if I did it, I still felt weird. Almost disloyal or something dumb. So I was crying. Not knowing when you'd let us out of the room. If you'd indulge me when you did. I don't know. The stress and exhaustion got to me. I was so screwed up. I couldn't help it. I just cried. Anyway, Jane was suddenly right there. Holding me. We cried together for a while. I told her. I told her about me. How I felt. About domination and submission and how you messed me up."

Jane had closed her eyes. Remembering last night. "And I couldn't help it. I told her about me. I didn't think I could ever tell anyone. And now both of you know. I hate myself."

Christi touched her. Leaned over on her knees and kissed her cheek. "Jane. It's normal. No weirder than what I feel. Anyway, I know we weren't supposed to, but we did it anyway. We were so tired we weren't thinking straight. It's my fault. If you want to punish anyone, punish me. I deserve it. We hardly even spoke. It was like we were telepathically linked. I don't know. It was the strangest thing that has ever happened to me. Jane and I just got up. I tied her. I tied her to Mayer. Her bare skin against his. Back to back. He woke up as I was tying her to him. He was so sore I doubt if he even knew what was going on. I stood there and looked at her. So delicate. So helpless. I gagged her with a pair of panties I found in the closet. Crotchless ones I think. Before I placed them in her mouth, she whispered to me to hit her hard. I couldn't. I'm sorry, Jane. I just couldn't. But I used a cane on her. Not hard. I swear it. I was playing with myself. I was

hitting her. I remember she was screaming. But she never pushed the gag out. She could have. But she didn't. She just stood there and let me cane her breasts. Tears were streaming down her face. It just seemed so unreal. Like a dream. Finally I collapsed. Jane was just hanging. Tied to Evan. I. I think I crawled over to her and untied her. I remember thinking that I had to be careful not to untie Evan as well. I remember catching her as she fell. Having her in my arms. Crying. I was crying. I remember crawling over to the couch. And. God help me. We. Were together. It felt so good. I didn't care that it was Jane. That it was another woman. I just didn't care. I remember being cold. I remember holding her afterwards. We talked about it for a long time. I don't remember falling asleep. That's why we didn't sleep on the couch. And then she woke me up when you came in." Christi's voice faltered and fell silent.

Her eyes were brimming wit h tears. Jane was openly crying.

I sat there stunned in the silence. I didn't think anything could surprise me anymore. But these two nude, kneeling beauties had managed it. I hung my head back. Picturing it. Picturing what they'd described. I'd long ago d ecided that I wasn't going to punish them for whatever they'd done. And this wasn't something to punish them for. I just wish I'd seen it.

"Please. Master. We're sorry," Christi's small frightened voice came from the floor. "I swear. We were just tired. We weren't thinking straight. It was wonderful. But it was only once. We swear. Maybe we just wanted to try it without being forced. Please. It won't ever happen again."

I got up from my chair and walked over to the two girls. Th ey were still on their knees. Their faces frightened. Not knowing how I felt about what they'd done.

I knelt down, my knees between their knees. Facing them. I leaned forward and gathered them into my arms. Hugging them fiercely.

Chapter 85

They quietly wept in my arms. Their bare bodies shaking, strangely silent. I just held them until they calmed.

"You aren't going to punish us?" Christi whispered.

"I think. I think you've punished yourselves enough. I don't think that I have to do anything."

"Oh God. Thank-you." Jane whispered. She turned her head and gave me a kiss on the cheek. "I. I don't know what came over us. I. We. To call us confused is an understatement. I don't know what to do. We've been trying to make sense of it since you woke us. I'm sorry. That's what we were whispering about. Honestly." I believed her.

I hugged them again. "Girls. Don't worry your pretty heads about it. As far as I'm concerned it was perfectly natural. You were dead tired in this really weird situation. You just were comforting each other. It got out of hand. I doubt if it means anything." I'm not sure I believed my own words, but they seemed to make the women feel better.

Christi swallowed. "I wish that was all there was to it. I'm scared."

"You'll be fine." I gave each of them a kiss on the forehead. They quietly allowed the kiss. I released them from the embrace and rose to my feet. I glanced towards the counter. I'd interrupted Jane as she was drying the last plate. Christi had finished washing.

Jane silently rose to her bare feet leaving Christi kneeling on the tile. She picked up the last plate from the drainer and took the dishcloth to it. She returned it to its cupboard and then sank back to her bare knees. Silently waiting. Brooding.

I heard the faint sound of the shower cease. I was sitting in a kitchen chair just watching the girls. They were shifting a little uncomfortably. But they remained quiet. Their eyes downcast. Ashamed?

As the shower stopped, I rose to my own bare feet. I padded over to them.

I touched their bare shoulders and the two women looked up at me.

"You two alright?"

Christi nodded and Jane sort of mumbled, "I think so."

"We have to finish with our Judge friend."

"Master?" Christi looked up at me.

"Yes?"

"I know we don't deserve it. But. But this slave. This slave begs. Begs her Master for a shower. Please? Th-this slave feels so very dirty. Please, even though she doesn't deserve one, please let her shower? She'll even be happy with a cold one. Please?" her voice had dropped to a whisper. It wasn't often that Christi deigned herself to use slave talk. She must have really wanted a shower. I can't say I was surprised. After their little confession, I could now see why Christi and Jane had particularly wanted a shower this morning.

I touched their bare shoulders again, indicated that they should rise. Jane was shaking a little, but they both managed to get to their bare feet.

"Listen up. Okay? I know you two are feeling a little odd this morning. I can't blame you. I'm not going to punish you for your adventure. I promise. That means that we're about to go have a shower. But I want you two to realize that I'm not going to treat you any different. Okay? You are still my slaves and I expect you to perform the same as

if last night hadn't happened between y ou. It also means that I'm not going to keep you apart or anything. I might even still make you have sexual contact for my enjoyment. Are you two alright with that?"

Christi swallowed hard. She nodded. Jane followed suit. They exchanged a glance, but then looked back at me.

"You two want your shower now?"

"Oh God. Please." Jane was restraining herself from just being a normal girl and racing upstairs to use the shower.

I smiled at them and gave them each a playful pat. They practically bounded out of the kitchen and raced upstairs. I sat down on the kitchen table and swung my legs underneath. What the hell was that all about? It was pretty clear that those two had gone beyond simple lovemaking. I was actually worried that they had somehow managed to displace their feelings. Being in this situation may have driven them into each others arms. Both physically and emotionally. They may not realize it themselves yet, but I was guessing that if left without some protective measures these two girls were going to f all in love. I could see it on their faces. No matter how much they protested that they were still straight. They didn't want to admit it. And I could understand that. They probably hadn't even admitted it to themselves yet.

What the hell did this mean? Sh ould I just back off and let whatever happens, happen? That could prove to be very interesting. On the other hand, wasn't I in control here? Did I want this to happen? What did it impact? And if I chose to prevent it from happening, how did I go about it? Keep them apart? Keep them together? Force them into sex with others? I could see drawbacks to all the plans. If these two were going to love each other, I wasn't sure I could prevent it. I'd have to ponder it later. For now, it simply wasn't a problem. I wasn't sure it ever would be.

I lifted myself and dropped back to the floor. I knew what the girls felt like. I felt icky myself. I walked slowly back to the foyer. My head still spinning from the morning's events. The problems of being in control.

As I climbed the stairs, I heard female voices raised in laughter. I smiled. At least they were happy this morning. I stood at the door for a good two minutes before the girls noticed me.

Elizabeth and Amy were fighting over the hair dryer. It was actually a sigh t to see. These bare dripping women sliding around playfully pulling the device this way and that. Sheila was standing a safe distance away, on the toilet seat. Carefully watching the battle. She was laughing hysterically. It must have hurt her like holy h ell to be laughing that hard, but it was nice to see her in better spirits. Finally, with a cry of triumph Amy pulled the hair dryer out of Elizabeth's wet fingers and turned it on. This appeared to end the battle. Sheila daintily stepped down from her per ch.

"Master." She spoke as she saw me watching the fight and her.

"Hi girls. A disagreement?" Amy and Elizabeth just looked sheepish. "Amy. Now that you've managed to win your Waterloo, perhaps you'd like to use it to dry Sheila's hair?"

"Of course, Master ." She moved to obey. Her face twisting, trying her best to keep a straight face. And failing miserably. She finally broke out into a grin, but managed to control the giggles. She didn't seem to mind helping Sheila before drying her own hair.

Elizabeth pulled a towel from the rack and began to dry herself off. Her face a mask of self control. I could still see the giggles in her eyes. But she managed to control her laughter.

I removed the bathrobe I was wearing and handed it to Amy. She held it in her fingers. Staring at it wistfully. Wishing that she could don it.

I smiled to her. "Go on. Put it on until I get out."

"You're kidding. I haven't worn anything in like a week and you are allowing me to wear something now? Why?" A week was an exaggeration, but I got the point.

"You cooked a good breakfast for all of us. I think everyone here appreciates it. You've been a good girl. Obedient. And you did win the hair dryer. This is your prize for a brave battle to the death." Her mouth broke out into a grin again. Scarcely believing this turn of events.

I heard Jane's voice from the shower enclosure. "Don't argue with him Amy. I'd just wear it while you can. Silly girl."

Amy handed the hair dryer to Sheila for a moment and pulled the terry cloth around her bare body. She closed the belt. Her nudity disappeared in a flash. Pure pleasure graced her face. She actually looked stunning in it. Her figure filled it out despite her petite frame and the fact it was a man's robe. She did have to roll up the sleeves, but even that looked charming. The robe fell to her ankles. The bright blue of the terrycloth almost matching the colour of her eyes. She twirled in it. Unable to believe I'd allowed her to do this. Flashes of her pale skin as she moved. I hadn't realized I was going to do it either. I was originally planning on just having her hang it up for me. I supposed that it was hung up. Just on an exceptionally beautiful hanger.

She danced over to me and rose up on her tiptoes. She kissed me full on the mouth.

"Thank-you. Thank-you. Thank-you. Thank-you," she gushed.

"Keep in mind you are just keeping it warm until I get out."

She nodded and happily pranced back to Sheila. She didn't care that she would only be allowed to wear it for ten minutes or so. She was allowed to cover herself for the first time in days. She began to blow dry the nude blonde again. Being exceptionally careful of the bruises. All smiles. One happy little girl.

I pulled the shower doors open and stepped inside the steam bath. Christi was leaning against the far wall of the shower enclosure, her eyes closed. Jane was using the soap to wash the other girl. They knew the rules. Unless I allowed them the rare privilege of showering alone, they were to wash each other thoroughly. As though they were washing themselves. Christi's hair was full of lather. Her blonde mane matted with water and shampoo. Her hands idle at her sides. Enjoying being washed.

Christi opened her eyes as I stepped into the shower. Her face flushing. Probably, still not used to showering with me, or with other women. Maybe just enjoying the feel of Jane's fingers a little too much.

The two girls advanced towards me. I expected them to be still a little unsure of themselves. A little reserved. Again, I misjudged the female of the species. Jane grabbed one arm and Christi the other. Between them, the two nude girls managed to maneuver me into the stinging spray, soaking me. Laughing, they pulled me back out from beneath the spray, spluttering. I allowed them to manhandle me around the shower enclosure. Jane practically attacked me with the soap, beginning on my chest and drawing it down my torso. Christi poured shampoo into my hair and began to wash and massage my hair

and scalp. If you ever get the opportunity to have two women wash you in the shower, my advice is to take it. I relaxed under their care. I closed my eyes and allowed the sensations of their slippery fingers to whisk away all the small aches and pains of the morning. Completely forgetting that these two beauties kind of caused them all.

I felt Jane's fingers being a bit more intimate as she returned to wash my groin a second time. I felt myself reacting. Christi's fingers were still buried in my hair. I touched Jane's head. She was kneeling in the tub below me.

Mistaking the gesture, the girl moved her head forward and engulfed my penis in her mouth. Her tongue running up and down as I entered her. I gasped in pleasure. Suddenly hard as a rock. I could feel Christi's soapy breasts against my back. She was purposefully pressing her bare body against me.

Originally, I was going to stop them before this got out of hand. Not really wanting or expecting sex at the moment. I had plans for the rest of the day. Wanted a strong sex drive.

Perhaps the girls knew this. If they managed to get me first thing in the morning, it might reduce my sex drive enough to prevent me from wanting to abuse them later. Probably sound reasoning. And all of the girls were smart enough to figure it out. I wondered if they had collaborated on this somehow. A conspiracy of sex of sorts? Watergate? I smiled at the thought.

I resolved to make sure to upset their plans, if I wasn't being paranoid.

Jane's tongue swirled around me again and I completely lost my train of thought. Was I a complete idiot? In the shower with two gorgeous nude women. One on her knees in front of me? With me in her mouth? And I was thinking of stopping it?

I ran my fingers through her wet hair feeling her small movements taking me into her mouth. I glanced down. One hand was busy moving on my soap lubricated scrotum. I gasped as I reacted. Her other hand was moving between her own legs.

One of Christi's hands was pinching gently at my left nipple. Her body was moving slowly to the beat of the shower. She was moaning softly. Her mouth nibbling at my ear.

I couldn't help it. I exploded into Jane's waiting mouth. She frantically swallowed. Her own moans emerging around me. Even after I'd finished and released her head, she voluntarily remained on her knees. She kept me in her mouth. Her tongue still slowly circling me as I softened. Christi had stopped touching my nipple, and her hand had disappeared. Her soft cries becoming more insistent. Jane's voice too had become more and more desperate below.

Jane's mouth released me and she looked up at me. I could see her desire in her eyes. Her lips ruby red. Water streaming over her.

"Please. Master."

"Wha?" I managed to get out. The sight of this naked teenager, soaked, kneeling, not allowing my brain to operate.

"Hit me. Let me climax. Please?" she whispered. I could barely hear her over the beat of the shower and the hair dryer.

Christi whispered into my ear from behind me. "Oh God. Please. Allow a slave to orgasm. Oh God. Please?"

I suddenly understood. These girls weren't going to let themselves climax without permission. I turned and looked at Christi. Her soapy body writhing. Her hands busy on her own body. One deep between her legs, the other brushing her very erect nipples.

I leaned in to Christi. "You want to hit Jane?"

"Oh God. Yes. No. Please. I don't know. I don't think so. Please just let me cum. I'll do anything you want. Please."

I closed my eyes and turned around. I slapped Jane's face. She gasped in pain. Her head snapped back and her eyes flew open. The open handed slap would leave a red mark for a few minutes, but wasn't anything like the slap that Mayer had delivered in anger to Sheila.

"Harder," she whispered.

I leaned down to her ear. "You can orgasm as soon as I slap you again."

"Oh God. Please. Hurry."

I turned to Christi. "You can climax as soon as I slap her again."

"Oh God. Please don't hurt her."

"I won't. She wants it. You understand."

Christi nodded. Her hands still working furiously. Slowing down once in a while to prolong things. Stop her from climaxing early. She moaned low in her throat. Wanting to climax but afraid to without permission.

I turned around. Jane was still kneeling. Naked. Vulnerable. Her eyes frightened, but strangely at peace.

I reached forward and slapped her cheek again. Her head slowly tilted back and her fingers flicked her clitoris one last time. Her wet hair streaming down her bare back. She screamed. Startling me. Her whole body tensed on her knees. Her mouth opened. She climaxed hard. Her whole body showing her pain and pleasure.

I heard Christi's low moan. I turned just in time to see her draw in a last breath of air and hold it. Her whole body tensing. Her head falling to the side. Finally taking a last breath of air.

I felt a weight against my bare foot. I looked down to find Jane collapsed off her knees and quietly crying under the spray. Christi had somehow managed to keep her balance. Jane's fingers were pressed against her right cheek. It was probably stinging like a thousand bees had settled there to let their anger be known. I crouched down, more concerned for her than Christi who'd managed to stay upright.

"You alright, Janey?"

She nodded. She managed to get herself to her hands and knees, looking at me.

"Soap tastes awful," she remarked casually. A smile breaking over her face. Her cheek was red. But not seriously. "I should have rinsed you. Remind me next time." She opened her mouth and let water flow into it from the waterfall cascading over her body. She spit, grimacing. Very unladylike, but under the circumstances I wasn't about to punish her. She looked up and smiled. "Yuck."

I hadn't realized that she had given me head while I was still soapy. I couldn't imagine what kind of self-control that took, not to react but continue her task. What a way to wash your mouth out with soap. And she hadn't even been swearing.

I helped Jane to her feet.

"Thank-you," she whispered. I knew she meant for the slaps. I nodded and kissed her mouth. She returned the kiss.

I stepped under the spray again. Rinsing out the shampoo and the soap covering my body. I was actually surprised that the shampoo hadn't crept down and into my eyes. Lucky for Christi. Soap in the master's eyes was a punishable offense. Christi waited

patiently, her own body still needing rinsing. If I wasn't mistaken, shampoo had crept into her eyes. They looked a bit bloodshot and she was wiping at her forehead and cheeks with her wet hands. I had no idea if Jane was done or not. But they hadn't really been in the shower long enough. Jane probably still had to wash.

I stepped out from the spray. Christi leaned down to whisper to me. "I. I guess I'm not a lesbian. Not really. All I could think about was you that time."

I smiled. "I think Jane had other things on her mind as well."

Maybe they'd be alright after all.

Chapter 86

I slipped out of the shower leaving the two girls to finish cleaning themselves. They were laughing and splashing each other. I just shook my head and stepped out.

The mood in the outside bathroom was more somber. Elizabeth was standing near the counter, waiting for the hair drier. Her eyes downcast. Amy was running her hands through her own locks. The hair drier humming away. Her face looked almost grim in her mirror. It looked like she had cleared a patch of the mirror with the hair drier, the steam having disappeared from the glass in a big oval. Sheila glanced up at me from the other side of the washroom. Her hair dry and loose around her shoulders. She was gingerly mopping up the last of the moisture from her left leg and foot with a pink towel.

I caught Sheila's eye and she quickly looked away. A look of fright crossing her bruised face.

"Sheila?" I raised my voice over the hair drier. I touched Amy's shoulder. A look of fright crossed her face and she immediately switched the device off lowering the ambient decibel level. The only sounds were the splashing of the shower and the occasional giggle from the shower enclosure. I could see Christi and Jane moving as silhouettes behind the frosted glass. A lot happier than the girls out here. I idly wondered if there had been a disagreement out here while I was being washed and pleasured.

Amy ducked her head and shrugged off the robe. She lay it down on the counter. She immediately picked up a towel and began to dry my body. I had only meant the touch to make her stop the hair drier for a moment. But I enjoyed the girl's initiative. Even if she was sullen.

"Sheila?" I repeated. Her frightened face looked up from drying herself. She swallowed heavily and dropped her towel to the floor. Revealing herself to me. Thinking that I wanted to see her nudity.

"I'm sorry. Whatever I did. I'm sorry. Please don't hit me."

"Sheila. Honey. You didn't do anything. I'm not going to hit you. Why do you think you did something?"

"I. I just don't know all your rules yet. I don't know." Her eyes brimmed with tears. She was shaking. I wasn't following this at all. They had been happy before.

Amy had managed to dry most of the moisture from my skin. I picked up the bathrobe and slipped it on, letting the terrycloth soak up the rest of the water from my skin.

"Knees. All of you."

Elizabeth scampered over to Sheila. Amy was already on her knees beside me. Sheila and Elizabeth sank to the floor. Confusion and fright still mirrored on their faces.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing Master," Sheila replied.

"If I don't find out what is the matter with you three, I am going to punish you all. I'm serious here."

The three girls exchanged glances. Finally Sheila spoke. I was surprised that she was the one to speak and not Amy or Elizabeth.

"Sir? Please. Why did you slap Jane? She was doing what you wanted. She didn't deserve punishment."

Now I was beginning to understand. They'd noticed what was going on in the shower. They thought I had punished Jane with some slaps. And they couldn't understand. They probably saw the silhouette of us in the shower. They could see Jane on her knees. See me. It didn't take a genius to figure out what she was doing. And the shower and hair dryer would have masked both Jane and Christi's voices, but probably not the sharp slaps. Or Jane's final scream. After what had happened to Sheila with Evan, I imagine that all the girls were going to be sensitive to face slapping for a while.

I knelt down with them on the floor. "Sheila. Honey. I slapped her but it wasn't a punishment." I traced my finger gently down her face across her bruise. She flinched but didn't back away. Problem was I didn't want to explain what had really taken place in there. That Jane had wanted it. I continued. "I didn't really hurt her. I would never hit anyone enough to cause this." Meaning the bruise I was tracing. "You know that I enjoy a bit of pain in my women. I was just indulging. Honest. She's used to it. I didn't hit her hard. I doubt if she even minded. Ask her."

Sheila's lower lip quivered as she struggled not to cry.

I spoke to her gently again. "Ask her."

"You hit her because you enjoy it. She didn't mind? And she's not going to be bruised?" Sheila sounded really doubtful.

"You know that I enjoy it. But I wouldn't go this far. It's not necessary. Ask the others. Elizabeth? Have I ever hurt you for no reason?"

"All the time."

"Ever seriously? Physically?"

"N-no. I don't think you've ever bruised me."

"Amy?"

"You hurt me worse when I disobeyed. But no bruises. Unless you count what I did to myself trying to get free of restraints. Ropes."

"Sheila. Baby. I'm not denying it. I do hurt them simply because I enjoy it. I know that it's unfair. But I've never hurt them so that they were in agony for days. Like you are."

"Are. Are you going to hurt me as well?" Sheila asked in a quavering voice.

I nodded. The tears finally broke free and crawled down her cheeks.

"I won't ever hurt you this much though. No matter how much you disobey. It won't last. I promise." She pulled in her breath and managed to stop crying. "Ask Jane. See if she's still hurt."

Sheila closed her eyes and rose to her bare feet. She walked over to the shower, knelt back down and opened the door just enough to stick her head through.

"Hey! Close that door. That's cold. Oh, Sheila. I'm sorry. What can I do for you?" It was Jane's soft voice from under the spray. I could see Sheila hesitate. Jane's bright demeanor telling pretty much all of it. But she continued anyway.

"Jane? Can I ask you a question?"

"Of course, honey. What's up?" I watched Jane's silhouette as it crossed the frosted glass. Christi changed positions with her, allowing the spray to soak her again. I thought I heard Christi sigh.

I strained to hear Sheila's soft voice.

"He just hit you. Didn't he?"

“Oh honey. Yes. You saw that?” Sheila’s blonde head just nodded. “Oh God. I didn’t think you’d seen that. I’m sorry.”

“Did he h-hurt you?”

“It hurt. But, honey, it’s alright. I can’t explain it.”

“Does it still hurt?”

“No. I’m fine. He didn’t really hurt me. Just for the moment. See?” Jane must have turned her cheek towards Sheila. “No marks.” I was sure that Jane leaned forward and kissed Sheila’s forehead. “Don’t worry your pretty little head. I’m fine. I know what you are thinking. He won’t hurt you until you can take it. It’s not as though he doesn’t have his choice of women to hurt. He won’t hurt you yet. I promise. I’ll offer myself if he wants to hurt you. He can’t resist me.” I smiled at this. “You alright ?”

I heard Sheila’s voice. A bit shaky. “I. I guess. I don’t want to be hurt.”

“Honey. I’m sorry. All I can promise is that he won’t hurt you for a while yet. And when he does, it won’t be as bad as that monster you were with for so long. I understand that you are afraid. I would be too. I. I may look brave to you. But most of the time, I’m scared to death. We’ll make it. Alright?”

Sheila just nodded. Her bare body shaking. Probably crying softly. I saw Jane lean down and kiss the frightened girl again.

“You’ll be fine. I promise. Now close this door before I actually do hurt from freezing to death.” I saw Jane’s wet hand ruffle Sheila’s hair. Another gentle kiss and Sheila backed out of the shower, softly closing the door.

I was mistaken. She wasn’t crying. Her relief was written all over her face.

“You see? She’s fine.”

Sheila nodded. “I’m sorry Master. I was just worried.”

“Considering what you’ve been through, I understand. Sheila, honey, I don’t hurt my girls like that. I’m not going to lie to you. I do hurt them. But I swear it doesn’t last.”

“Why do you have to hurt us? We. We don’t need to be hurt. We’ll do whatever it is you want. You must know that.”

Amy spoke up. “Honey? He just likes it. And, much as I h ate it, he can do whatever he wants with me. With us. We are his slaves now. He keeps us nude. He keeps us bound most of the time. He just enjoys it. Pain. Our pain. Is just part of it. I doubt if he can even explain it. He’s not as brutal as your former m aster. I should know. Jane and I have been through his worst punishments. Believe me, you don’t want to disobey.” She swallowed heavily. “Sheila, darling. I tried to escape once. He ended up punishing me. I thought I’d gone to hell. I was in such pain. But the marks and the residual pain only lasted a few hours. Don’t get me wrong. I never want to go through that again. But I’m fine.” She spread her arms out. “See. No bruises.”

Sheila nodded. Still not understanding me, but having to accept it. That someday , I’d hurt her.

Sheila crawled over to Amy. “Tell me?”

I rose to my feet and sat up on the counter. Elizabeth had brightened on hearing Jane so cheerful. She looked at me questioningly. Wondering if she could rise as well. I nodded and the woman climbed to her bare feet. Smiling she snatched the hair drier from the counter. Pleased with herself that she’d managed to steal it from Amy.

“Can a slave use the hair drier? Please?”

“On low.” I wanted to listen to Amy. I heard the much less harsh hum of the drier start up as Elizabeth began to dry her hair on the lower setting. I watched Elizabeth drying her hair while I listened to the girls still kneeling on the tile. Elizabeth looked delightful with her arms up, exposing herself. She noticed the scrutiny and jus t tried to ignore my eyes on her. She wore one of those boys -will-be-boys looks.

Amy took a deep breath. “I’m not sure you want to hear about it Sheila. It might frighten you.”

“I want to know what happened. I’ll tell you something worse that happened to m e if you want.”

“I don’t think I want to know.” She took another deep breath. “Here goes. Stop me if you get too upset. Okay? It was only a day or so after I was captured. God. I remember. I couldn’t stand being nude around him. I. I felt like an animal. F rightened. Cornered. Something small sparked it. Probably the cutlery thing. I hated what he’d forced me to do. I hated how he had taken a part of me. Taken part of my humanity. Molded me into his pet. I simply hated him. I didn’t think it could get any wo rse. The constant humiliation of being naked. The pain of his games. I just wanted to die. I figured if I disobeyed him, tried to run that he’d either let me go because I was too much trouble, or he’d shoot me. Kill me. I didn’t care at the time. He caught me in the bedroom. I was dressing myself. God it felt good to put on those clothes.” She paused. “But it wasn’t worth it. He. He forced me to submit to his will again. I couldn’t. I wasn’t strong enough. He gagged me. With a tongue clamp. I’d do anything to avoid that pain again. Oh God did that hurt. I can’t even describe the agony. I’m not sure I can tell you the rest.” She paused again. Pain flashing across her features as she relived the torment I’d put her through. “He. He tied my toes to the clamp. T hrough a pulley arrangement in the ceiling. I thought I was going to die. That my tongue was going to ripped out of my mouth. That he was going to wait until my thighs gave out and couldn’t support themselves. Watching me. My own toes tearing my tongue fro m my mouth. I swore that I’d never talk back again. That I’d do whatever he demanded of me. I’d kill for him. I prayed. Even though I don’t, didn’t, believe in God. I didn’t care. Praying made me feel better. Somehow. I tried to beg. I didn’t care anymore what I looked like. I didn’t have the energy to feel humiliated. Did whatever I had to do. I just wanted out. The pain to stop. Finally. My thighs were in agony. They were about to give up and he let me go. He let my tongue out. I remember. It felt so good . My mind was telling me, somewhere that it was a fallacy. That it was like that old joke. Why you bang your head against a brick wall? Because it feels good to stop? It was like that. It felt like heaven to have that clamp released from me. It hurt, but b eing freed made me feel so damn good.” She paused her narrative again. Thinking. “He followed it up with a breast cropping. He cut my breasts out of my sweater, my favourite sweater, and cropped me. Until I screamed and begged for him to stop. And then to teach me, he had Christi hit me until he returned. And she did. Slowly. All day. God did she hit me. I was incoherent by the end of it. But it was alright. He made sure that I wasn’t seriously hurt. The marks stayed for a day or so. And my tits hurt like hell for a few hours. But I survived.” She pointed to her bare breasts. “Not even a welt to be seen. I’m fine now. And not nearly as eager to disobey, I might add. The tits I could handle. It hurt. But that tongue trick. Shit. Don’t ever let him do that to you. Whatever you are fighting for, it’s not worth it.”

Sheila had paled. But then, incredibly, she smiled. Somehow the story had relieved her. I couldn't understand that. But she actually smiled.

"I can top that, you know."

"Your last session with the Jud ge can top that." Amy said seriously. "Those bruises on your body can top that. Seriously, honey. You can tell me later. I want to hear it, but I can't right now. I'm not sure I can take it. Whatever brutality that monster did to you. I. I guess I'm still in a bit of a fragile state right now."

Sheila just nodded in understanding. "I'll tell you when you are ready. I don't mind."

Amy climbed to her bare feet. Extended her hand to the bare girl still kneeling. "Come on. If we aren't done soon, he's going to tongue clamp us both." She playfully stuck her tongue out at me. Telling her story of pain to Sheila seemed to have lifted a weight off her shoulders. I'd never understand the female. Never.

Sheila rose with Amy's help. Still wincing at her aches and pains . They returned to the counter.

"Hey!" Amy spoke to Elizabeth using her hair drier. "Hurry up with my hair drier."

Elizabeth smiled and spoke, "Mine now. He let me use it."

"Come on girls. Finish up."

Elizabeth switched the drier to high, her red locks alm ost dried. Sheila and Amy began to apply their makeup and nail polish.

As Elizabeth handed the hair drier to Amy, Jane and Christi stepped out of the shower looking very scrubbed. Their fingers were pruned. They hugged themselves in the suddenly cool air. Their nipples at attention. They looked a bit like a pair of drowned rats. I almost mentioned it to them, but refrained. Not sure they'd have appreciated the compliment. They scrambled to the towel rack and began to dry off.

Christi walked up to Amy and ge ntly took the hair drier from her fingers. Amy was never going to get her hair done. Amy began a protest but Christi whispered something in her ear. She paled and let Christi have the device.

Christi walked up to me still sitting on the counter. She was st ill damp, her hair dripping over her bare body. She began to run her fingers through my hair. Teasing it. She directed the warm air onto my head and styled my hair.

"What did you say to her?"

"Just that you still had wet hair. That's all."

"I see." My hair was much shorter than the girls. It was mostly dry anyway. She was finished in a matter of moments. I turned to look in the mirror. She hadn't given me a mohawk style or anything. She'd done a damn good job.

Christi returned the hair drier to Amy. Amy looked in my direction as I slipped off the counter. "I'm so sorry. I. I just forgot. I should have dried your hair first."

I stepped over to the bare girl. "It's alright. I didn't mind. I liked watching you dry your hair. Quite erotic actually." Amy flus hed and I kissed her head. "Relax. I'm not going to punish you. Yet."

"I'm still sorry."

I turned on my heel and simply walked out of the bathroom. I heard the hair drier switched back on. I wandered back to the main bedroom and slipped back into my clothes. I lay down on the bed, faintly smelling Elizabeth and Sheila in the sheets. I waited for the girls to finish.

Chapter 87

I relaxed into the pillows and closed my eyes. Within minutes I heard the patter of feet enter the room. Whoever it was saw me lyin g back on the bed with my eyes closed and caught her breath.

I opened my eyes. Sheila stood just inside the doorway. Looking decidedly nervous. She began to sink to her knees. When she was settled, she spoke softly.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you . I. I wasn't even sure I was supposed to come in."

"It's alright, Sheila. I wasn't asleep or anything."

She nodded and looked down at the carpet upon which she was kneeling.

Her soft voice spoke again. "What are you going to do with us?"

"Do?"

"Today. I'm just curious. You don't have to tell me if you don't want to."

"First, we finish up with your former boss."

"Oh. Am I going to be involved?"

"Probably. You know him best."

"Then?"

"I don't know. Maybe some shopping."

"Shopping? Forgive me, but you don't s eem like the shopping type."

"I'm not. But we need some stuff. Besides, shopping is more fun with nude females along, don't you think?"

"Oh." She was probably sorry she'd asked.

Elizabeth wandered into the room next. Still sporting some goosebumps. Seeing Sheila kneeling, she also sank to her knees.

Before she had dropped, I noticed that she had rouged her nipples again. She saw my gaze. From her knees, she spread her arms wide and smiled.

"Before you ask. Yes. I did it again. You didn't have much time to n otice them yesterday. I tried to convince the others to try it, but that was less than successful. I guess if you like it, you'll have to tell them."

I grinned. One adventurous girl was enough for me. At least at this time.

As she finished speaking, the other three wandered in. Their bare feet softly scuffing at the rug. They quietly filed in and knelt down. I just gazed at them. Not quite believing the sight. Normally, the women just wore their hair loose around their shoulders. I liked it that way and it was easier for them. Not normally having the freedom to keep their hair in any style.

Christi's blonde hair was pinned up. Her make up perfect. Amy had her hair loose as usual. Jane had put her brunette hair into a long ponytail pu lling it back from her face. Christi and Jane looked like completely different women with their hair styled. Even these relatively simple styles.

"Wow." I remarked.

Jane and Christi flushed. Jane spoke. "We can't take the credit. It was Elizabeth's idea. I hope you don't mind." She smiled. Pleased that I'd noticed the effort.

I slowly shook my head. I didn't mind. Christi and Jane looked so ... different.

All the women looked revitalized. All of them, hair done or not, shone. I loved the sight of them even more after a shower. They looked so clean. So fresh. So female. They were more relaxed.

They all knelt easily. Sitting back on their heels. Hands resting casually on their knees. Breasts slightly thrust forward.

I leaned back. “Alright girls. This is the p lan for today. Elizabeth and Amy. You get free time for a while.” The two girls smiled. Looking forward to the time alone. “Christi, Jane and Sheila are going to keep me company with our host.” Sheila paled, and Christi and Jane exchanged another glance.

“After that. We are going shopping. I haven’t decided who, but two of you will be bound until I return. Alright?”

The girls didn’t look too happy about the bondage part, but they all nodded.

I spoke to Elizabeth and Amy. “Go on. Enjoy your free time.”

“You aren’t going to handcuff us?”

“Do you want to be handcuffed?”

They shook their heads in unison, afraid to say anything further. And without another word, the girls jumped to their bare feet and scampered out of the bedroom. I could hear them thundering dow n the stairs through the open door.

I looked at the remaining girls. “We are just going to finish him off. Shouldn’t take too long. Anyone want to stay? I can tie you to the bed instead.” I was concerned about Sheila. I was pretty sure that I could trust C hristi and Jane to keep their self control.

Sheila nodded. “I can do it. I want to do it.” Despite her words she didn’t seem very sure of herself.

“Good. On your feet.” The girls scrambled to their feet. Together, we reached the room with Mayer and unlocke d it. “Last chance to be in a bed, instead.”

The girls didn’t say anything. I walked in. The girls in tow.

Evan stirred. Moaned. He was still in rough shape.

“God. Please let me out of this.”

I took my seat. I glanced over the floor by the sofa. Knowing wh at happened there. Feeling almost aroused. I thought I saw Christi and Jane glance over as well.

“Mayer. It will be over soon. I promise.”

He just looked at me dully. I motioned the girls over beside my chair. They all filed past him, without looking at hi m, and knelt around the chair. Christi had knelt in front of the recliner and she leaned back easily against my legs. Even through his pain and humiliation, Mayer managed to eye the women. Almost disgusted, I saw him react. I thought I heard Christi stifle a smirk.

“Mayer? You said you killed seven women last night.”

“God. I need water. I’ll tell you after you give me water.” His voice was hoarse. Probably from screaming last night.

Jane rose up on her knees. Pulling me down to her lips. She hissed at me. “ You can give him water if you want. But last night I asked him. He was more than willing to tell me about it. He strangled them. Sometimes made the new slave kill the former one. I doubt if that happened to Sheila though. He wouldn’t tell me. I can’t imagi ne her sane if that had happened to her. Buried them in a field near his winter getaway.”

I looked at Christi. “Go get him a glass of water. Okay?”

She tilted her head back and looked up at me upside down. Not really wanting to get it for him, but she obeyed. She rose to her bare feet and padded out into the hallway. I watched his battered face as he moaned quietly. But I could still see defiance burning somewhere behind his eyes. The looks he was giving the naked women weren't just of desire, but also of sadistic fantasy. He was breaking their bones behind those eyes. I shuddered that he could go through such abuse from these women and still not be broken. I doubted if the women even realized of what this man was capable.

I whispered to Jane. "What the hell did you do to him?"

"We played." She flashed me an evil smile. It looked like she'd taken a cane or a whip to his entire front. Including his face. I cringed at the welts in his groin area. I had to remind myself that he'd done as bad or worse to Sheila in the past. For her part Sheila was gazing at the damage to his body. Probably picturing herself in similar conditions. She was far more delicate. I would imagine that the damage to her would have been worse, in general. Hell the bruises alone could be considered worse. If I let the bastard down now, he'd be sore as hell for a few days, but not suffering for a week or more like Sheila would be.

Christi returned with a tall glass of water. She knelt with it carefully, falling back easily into her kneeling position. I bent to her ear. "Give him the water. But pour it over his head. Make him beg for it first."

She closed her eyes. She wasn't as angry at the man this morning. She'd had her way with him last night. Letting her anger go. She looked like she was about to say something. Perhaps a small protest. But she rose to her feet and approached him. For a change his eyes were glued to the glass of water in her hands, and not her bare chest.

"Evan? You remember last night?"

He nodded.

"You want the water?"

"I'll tell you anything you want to know. Just don't hit me anymore. Please."

"The water?"

"What do you want to know?"

I spoke softly from the chair. "You killed seven women over the last few years. I need their names. And where they are now."

"A sip?"

I nodded. Christi raised the glass to his parched lips. He tried to drink, but she maintained control of the glass and only allowed him to wet his lips. Just a taste.

"Okay. I can't remember all their names. But other than the bitch over there they were all tried by me. Over the last twenty years. I remember a few. Doreen Stills. Hannah Waters. Gladys Lifkin. I remember them. Hannah was fun. She wasn't a hooker. She was a house wife. In for something stupid like indecent exposure or marijuana possession. Maybe both. For a while I used to play with her at her home while her kids were in school. I buried them at night up by my winter retreat. Clearwater."

I committed the names to memory. I'd need them after all this was over.

"Christi. Give him the rest of the water."

Christi stood on her tiptoes and reached above his head. She slowly turned the glass over his head, soaking him.

He spluttered and coughed as the water ran over his face. "What the fuck did you do that for, bitch? I told you what you fucking wanted to know."

I sat back. I had everything I needed from him. Christi realized that I'd just released them to torment him again.

"He told me to, asshole. *I* wanted to let you drink it. Are we back to, calling women, bitches?"

"Fuck you." But there was real fear in his eyes. "I saw you last night. I know what you did with that other bitch. You fucking weird dyke. You prefer that over 'bitch'? Dyke. Or lesbo? Cunt sucker? Give me a second with you and I'll show you why men are better." I seriously doubted that his kind of love would convince any girl of that. He turned to me. "You know that your cunts are dykes? Fucking weird dykes too."

I saw Christi flush, but she wasn't about to let him get under his skin. Jane had gone ashen at the words. Probably thanking the lord that I already knew about what they'd done last night. That they were safe from punishment for their small tryst. If I'd found out this way, I doubt if I'd been as lenient. Sheila didn't even seem to notice. Probably thought that the guy was just blowing off steam, trying to rattle the girls. Maybe not surprised that Jane and Christi were lovers. Maybe thinking that I had ordered them to have sex while we were asleep. Didn't matter to her.

Christi backed off suddenly, tactfully ignoring his tirade. She pointed to a device on the desk. A black box with switches, a dial and wire running from it. "What is that? I found it in your closet last night. Couldn't figure out how to use it."

He shook his head.

"I can make you tell me." Christi reached forward to grip his balls again. Sheila stopped her.

"Christi. Wait. I know what it is. And he'll never tell you." I watched a bit of irritation crossed Christi's face. She wanted to at least try and make him tell her. His outburst, trying to get her punished would have succeeded if she hadn't been fortunate enough to tell me in advance. Her anger was returning by leaps and bounds as he verbally degraded his tormentors. Sheila continued from the floor. "It's electronic. It's a pain inducer."

"A what?"

Sheila had paled. "It's an electronic pain inducer. I don't know how it works."

Fascinated, I got up and walked over to the desk. I picked up the toy. I knew what it was. I turned over the black box in my hands. It looked like some sort of home made job. It had five black wires protruding from it. Two with alligator clips. Two that ended in connectors. And one standard wall plug. A dial with numbers inscribed from one to ten, a switch, and a LED.

"Oh God," Sheila continued. She took a deep breath. "He only used it on me once. I don't remember why. Not that he had to have a reason or anything. I. He. The clips went on my nipples. I remember they hurt even before he turned it on; they drew blood. I still have the marks. He slipped these smooth metal dildos into me. My. My cunt and my ass. And he plugged the thing in. That's all I remember. And the pain. From deep inside me. It pulsed. And he said he'd turn it up to three. And he left me there to suffer as he watched. God, how I screamed. God. I've never felt anything quite like it. The agony is. Indescribable. It comes from so deep inside you. You don't know whether to pay attention to the shocks from your bowels, or your cunt or your nipples. Or all of them. Or none of them. I. I think I passed out. When I revived. He. He was there. The dildos weren't in me anymore. But the clips were still on my nipples. I remember him inside

me. Grinning. And turning it on again. Fucking me as I screamed and writhed. I thought my tits were going to explode or something. The agony was indescribable. He pulsed the thing. Letting me rest from time to time. Keeping me awake. Ignoring me. My begging. I don't remember him taking them off me. I only remember waking up the next day in my own bed, screaming. I hurt for days after that. Thank god he only used it on me once."

I heard a deep growl from deep in his throat. "I never used it again because I was afraid of killing you too soon, you fucking bitch. But you looked so fucking beautiful hanging there screaming your guts out. If I ever get out of this, I am going to use it again on you. After I break your fucking fingers. Make you crawl around like that for a while. See how long you can take it on ten before it kills you."

Sheila paled, but held his eyes. Despite her ongoing pain and bruises, maybe even a cracked rib, she looked like she was in a hell of a lot better shape than he was. And despite the bruises looked ten times more beautiful. A hundred times.

Christi padded over to me. "What say we find those dildos? Huh? Though we probably only need one for him."

I shrugged. Christi padded away to the closet. I continued to turn over the device in my hands, studying it. Moments later Christi returned with two silver phalluses. Complete with short wires and matching male electrical connectors. Evan's eyes widened at this. Knowing that he was about to feel the pain that he'd subjected at least Sheila to, if not all his slaves. For all I knew, he'd even killed some of them with this little gem. I wouldn't imagine it would take too much electricity across the chest to interrupt the heart. I could almost picture it happening with the nipple electrodes.

Jane rose and walked over. "Maybe you should let Sheila have the honours."

"If she wants them."

Sheila had gingerly walked over as well. S he nodded and held out her hand. I gently placed one of the metal dildos in her outstretched palm. Grasping the instrument of her own torture. She closed her eyes and swayed a bit. Probably remembering her own torment with this very phallus. When she opene d her eyes, she had that look of hate smoldering behind her baby blue eyes again. She picked up one of the dildos and walked back over to him. He looked at her dully.

"Remember this?"

He swallowed. "You don't scare me, cunt."

She closed her eyes. I couldn' t believe that this guy had the strength to be insulting them.

She silently walked around him and stood behind. He craned his neck to try and watch her. "I wouldn't do that cunt. You are only making it worse on yourself."

"I wouldn't do that cunt. You are only making it worse on yourself," she mimicked him cruelly in her higher voice. "Evan. I've had this used on me before. It hurt. But I survived. The question is, will you?" She continued in a very calm voice. "I want you to apologize to me. For doing this to me the first time. I did nothing to deserve it. And I want you to apologize for calling me a cunt. Either call me Sheila, or Mistress. Got it?" She got a worried look on her face and looked in my direction. Wondering if she'd overstepped her bounds.

I smiled at her and shrugged. I didn't mind if she could make him call her Mistress. Kind of liked the touch actually.

“Let’s get this straight right now. I loved watching you writhe when I tortured you. I’m not apologizing. You can torture me until death an d I won’t. And I’m not calling a cunt like you Sheila or any other name. Cunt. That’s all you are.” Brave, brave words. I was reasonably sure that he was going to regret them.

She was still calm. I watched as she lowered the metal invader towards his ass. “Don’t say I didn’t warn you.” With one brutal motion she rammed the dildo into him. Even I cringed. His head fell back and he howled. She mercilessly kept her hand on it. Forcing it into him as he bucked and pulled on his restraints. Desperately trying to get the thing out of his ass.

She whispered to him after he calmed down. “That’s how I felt when you did it to me. Only I have two holes to do it to, don’t I? If you’d apologized I would have had the kindness of using some lubricant. And I would have set it on three, instead of five.”

“Oh God. It burns. It hurts. Take it out. Please.”

“Those words sound familiar. Did you listen to them when they came out of my mouth?”

“No. M-mistress. I. I’m sorry. Oh God. Please. Take it out.”

The pain must have been inte nse for this turn around.

Jane walked over to Sheila carrying the black box and some duct tape. Sheila smiled at Jane, who didn’t return the smile. This was far more brutal than anything they had done to him last night. I suspect that Jane wasn’t quite as into this as she was earlier. The displays of outright pain a bit much for her. I debated letting her out. She was a pretty sensitive girl and she had expended her anger last night. Instead of an insolent, obnoxious jackass, the pathetic creature in front of us was merely in pain. Exhausted and nearly out of resources.

I spoke to Jane as she returned, “Hey? You alright? You want to leave? I’ll let you. I’ll understand. You can join Amy and Elizabeth downstairs if you like. I won’t force you to be bound on the bed.”

“God. That sounds nice. But. No. I’ll stay here. I. I just feel like I should see this. Understand Sheila.”

Jane hadn’t gone through what Sheila had. Sheila deserved this. I was determined to let her go through with it. Christi just watched. Vague ly turned on by the whole drama, despite its brutality. I tried my best to simply distance myself from it. But I thought it was just about time to end Evan’s agony. I’d let Sheila finish this, but that was it.

Sheila had taped the invasion into Evan’s ass so he was unable to expel it. She knelt and carefully connected up the device. Instead of placing the alligator clips on his nipples, she attached them to his scrotum. She left the second dildo connection free having nowhere to place the second metal probe on a male.

She knelt in front of him. Looking into his face.

“Evan? Can you hear me?”

He nodded. Tears of pain streaming down his face.

“Good. How long did you subject me to this thing?”

“I. I don’t remember.”

“Well I sure don’t either. But it seemed like forever. When I was conscious.”

“Please. Mercy.”

She reached forward with her small hand. She ran her fingers along the length of his penis. Despite his discomfort and outright pain, he reacted and began to stiffen. Jane and Christi just watched in fascination.

"Remember this touch Evan, darling? Remember forcing me to do this to you? Tease you for hours before you raped me, again? I might point out that this time, I'm doing it by choice. Not using my mouth, if you'll notice. I'm not going to use my mouth unless I'm ordered to. And I don't think I will be. And remember that cunt that you are so fond of reminding me that I have? Yeah? You aren't going to be raping it either. What do you think of that?" She wore a look of disgust on her face. I was surprised that she had brought herself to do this at all. Touch him. Even with her fingers. But she knew that it would ultimately increase his discomfort. The female of the species is far more dangerous than the male.

Evan had closed his eyes. Concentrating on the light touches that her fingers were imparting to him. He rocked his hips forward, trying to increase her stimulation. He was raging hard. The only pleasure that he'd had in the better part of the day. The rest being pure pain. Of course, he reacted.

"Evan? Dear? Remember teasing me? Whipping me? Then giving me some pleasure? Using your fingers? Your tongue? Gently on me? Whether I wanted your attention or not?" Her words were making me hard. His erection seemed to be getting more and more solid, if that was possible. "Teasing me? Using vibrators? Remember how I reacted to it? Any kindness? I moaned? I begged? But did you ever let me climax? Ever let me have any kind of release? Any pleasure? No matter how small? It was fun to deny me? Wasn't it?"

"I let you climax, bitch." He'd opened his eyes again.

"You made me masturbate for your friends while they all catcalled. And if you hadn't tied my hands at night, sometimes I could masturbate myself in private. Yeah. A great sex life I had."

"You orgasmed other times. You can't lay this one me."

"To stop the pain. You were whipping me between my legs. I couldn't help it. My body just did it to feel better. To stop that horrible pain even for a few seconds. But it was only for a second. Wasn't it? You saw the climax. And you thought that you could make me do it again. The same way. Thinking I liked it. Despite all my pleading. Didn't I pass out from the pain that time?"

Her fingers still idly touching him. He was moaning.

"Please don't do this to me."

"I know those words. Written and performed originally by Sheila. Queen of the Slaves. You want to apologize? Or shall I flick this button?"

"Oh God. What do you want?"

"I just want you to be sorry for what you did to me. What you put me through. And degrading women in general. For the last fucking time. I'm not a cunt."

"I. I can't do it."

"Evan? Do you have any concept how much this thing hurts?"

"I watched you in it."

"Not the same as experiencing it. I'm planning on sitting here and watching you experience it first hand. But I won't feel a fucking thing."

“Oh God. I. I apologize. I swear it. I’m sorry. Anything you want to hear. Just don’t turn it on. Please.”

Sheila lay back on the carpet and arched herself. His eyes never left her bare bruised body. She finally sat back up.

“Let’s compromise then. I’ll only leave it on five for a few minutes. Then you can experience what three is like.”

“No. Please. Have some compassion.”

Her fingers set the dial. I couldn’t see it from my vantage point, bu t I assumed that it was set at five. Her pretty finger with the peach nail polish rested idly on the switch. The box balanced easily on her outstretched thigh. That one slim digit controlling his world. His pain.

“I lost my compassion for you when you never. Ever. Fucking. Listened to me. Even when I was screaming in pain.” Her face was an unemotional mask as she flipped the switch. The red LED flickered to life and the reaction was instantaneous.

His whole body tensed. His face a mask of agony. His mouth opened as I looked away. As far as I knew all the girls managed to watch.

“You fucking BIIIIIIITTTTTCHCHCHCHCHCH!” he screamed into the uncaring room.

She let him dance for a full ten seconds before she switched it off. Not t he few minutes that she’d threatened. I’m sure that a full three minutes in that agony would have nearly killed the man. Though even the ten seconds probably felt like an eternity to the bound monster. I turned back as he slumped in the bonds. Breathing ha rd. Straining desperately against his ropes. Still breathing hard, he managed to gasp out one word. It would be his last for a while.

“Cunt.”

Sheila’s fingers moved slowly to the dial and turned it counter -clockwise. I presume to the three level. Her eyes still locked with his. Her voice was calm.

“Evan? You don’t have the right to call me that anymore.”

She casually flicked the switch on the box on the floor. His body went rigid again. His mouth opening in a soundless scream, finally falling through the oc taves until he sounded a high pitched squeal. Sounding like the tortured woman again. His body convulsing with the shocks.

Sheila struggled to her feet and walked over to the group of us. Leaving the device on and Evan screaming. Her eyes were closed as sh e approached. Silent tears falling from her eyes. I had thought that she was cold. Her words. Her actions. But she was driven by hate. And that hate had been extended beyond her capacity to handle it. She was unable to even look at the man she’d brutalized . She practically fell into Christi’s arms, sobbing into her bare breasts. Christi held the woman. Rocking her. Whispering to her.

Suddenly the keening scream was cut off as Evan passed out. The electronic toy still causing his body to involuntarily twitch . The room lapsed into silence only broken by Sheila’s quiet sobbing.

Chapter 88

I nodded to Jane. She took a deep breath and walked over to Evan. She knelt down and flipped off the switch. His body slowly stopped its involuntary twitches. With a look of distaste on her pretty features, she reached forward and gingerly removed the duct tape and withdrew the metal phallus from his body. He was completely unconscious. No reaction as the instrument of torment was removed. Jane unclipped the nipple clamps attached to his scrotum. A few small drops of blood accompanied the torments. Fell onto her small hands. She shuddered.

Still on her knees, she unplugged the unit. She looked up at me.

"He's still alive," she whispered. I knew that, I could see his shallow bre athing. But I nodded. Jane was fighting back tears. She looked sick.

She shakily rose to her feet, handing me the black box as she approached. I gently pressed her fingers back around the box and the metal phallus.

I whispered to her. "Take these to the wa shroom and sterilize them. Really hot water. Okay?"

She nodded. Still a bit stunned. I hoped that getting her out of the room would revive her spirit. Make her feel a little better. She looked very pale. Problem was, I kind of needed her to get this lunk o ut to the backyard.

We walked to the door together and I unlocked it. I left it open for her return.

"Sheila?" she asked softly as she stepped out into the hall.

"She'll be alright. Christi is taking care of her."

"Get her out too." Jane was clever enough, even in this state to realize why I was sending her to sterilize the electronic device. A break from the horror. Give her mind time to recover without the sight of the tormented man hanging in front of her.

I nodded. I fully intended to get the shaken gir l out of the room.

I walked over to where Sheila was crying in Christi's arms. I touched her shoulder but she didn't turn. Christi looked at me, unsure what to do.

"I'm getting her out of here. If he wakes up. Ignore him. Don't let him bait you. Whatever he says. Alright?" Christi seemed to be holding up the best out of all the women.

Christi just nodded. She helped to lift the sobbing girl out of her arm. Together we gently pried Sheila's arms from around Christi's neck and turned her bare body towards me. She almost fell against me, her legs not wanting to support her weight any longer. Her arms reached up, encircling my neck. Supporting herself. I bent and placed my left arm beneath her knees. Lifting her into my arms. She just allowed me to carry her, pressing her face into my shoulder. Sobbing. Unable to stop. This was getting to be a habit. Carrying this sobbing girl from the room.

I glanced back at Christi and she just nodded. Sinking back to her knees. Watching Evan.

I stepped out into the hallway. I could faintly hear the water running in the sink in the bathroom as Jane washed the implements as she'd been ordered. I carried Sheila to the bedroom and lowered her body to the bed. She gave me a quick squeeze and then fell back to the bed. Her head turned to the side. Curling herself into a ball. Still sobbing.

I sat back in the chair and just watched at her. She continued crying, though it was softer than in the business room. I waited patiently for her to cry herself out.

Jane stuck her head into the bedroom.

"Sir?" I turned to Jane. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to disturb you."

"You aren't. What is it?"

"Is. Is she alright?"

"She hasn't stopped crying yet. I'll let you know."

"Sir? Do I. Have to go back in there?"

"I'm sorry Jane. I'm going to need your help to move him. Unless he wakes up."

The bare girl nodded and slipped back out. I could hear her faintly moving back towards the room and Mayer. She was a strong one. She'd manage to keep her self-control. The break to wash the torture items would help.

Sheila had managed to slow her crying to the point that she just had tears slowly tracking down her face.

"You okay?" I asked her.

She nodded. Miserably.

"Sheila. What happened in there?"

"I. I really don't know. I'm frightened."

I felt like holding her, but I wasn't sure that she'd welcome it. I stayed in the chair.

"You were pretty rough on him."

"I know. I know. I. I hate myself. I can't believe that I did that to him."

"He deserved it sweetheart. He really did."

"It was as though I wasn't in control. I couldn't get the images out of my head. Of me. Of what he'd done to me. What he's going to do to me when I return." She swallowed. "I just hate him so much. I. I wanted to kill him. I'm not that kind of person. I. I have never hated anyone in my entire life. But. I. Just. Wanted. To. Hurt. Him. Worse than he hurt me. And that scares me. What have I become? I don't want to be like him."

"Sweetheart. Torture does that to a person. You'll be alright. You're strong. You are so not like him, it isn't even funny."

I wasn't sure that she'd be alright at all. I couldn't imagine what this woman was going to go through for the rest of her life. But the words seemed to make her feel a little better.

"You aren't mad at me? For falling apart in there?"

"Sheila. Honey. I honestly didn't think you'd go as far as you did. I was proud of you. For lasting as long as you did. If you hadn't fallen apart I would have been worried."

"I was trying to please you as well. I have to live with you for a while, after all."

"Yeah. He deserved it."

"He did. I know he did. I just wish that I was capable of hurting him a tenth of what he did to me. Before I break down and cry like a child."

"I'm not sure it would make you feel any better anymore. Hurting him."

"I know," she whispered quietly.

"Sheila. I have to go back there and deal with him."

"I know. Please don't make me go back in there. I'll do anything else you want."

"I wasn't going to let you back in, even if you begged me on your knees." She looked relieved. "Honey? I'm just going to tie you to this comfortable bed for a while. Until I fix him so he's out of our lives. Okay?"

Tears sprang into her eyes at the mention of tying her up.

“Okay. I suppose I don’t mind. As long as I don’t have to go in there. But you know you don’t have to tie me up. I’ll stay wherever you put me. I promise. You could lock me in a room or something. I hate being bound.”

“I know, honey.”

She closed her eyes. “But you like us bound up. Even if you’re not around.”

I smiled ruefully. She had to start getting used to this. “I’m sorry.” And I still wasn’t quite comfortable with her running around free without my supervision. Especially in this state. Hating masters and all. I really didn’t know her yet.

“How do you want me? Spread-eagled?” She rolled and spread herself out, no shame in revealing herself. Bruises and all.

I picked up some soft rope and gently wound it around her outstretched wrists. I pulled them back to the bedposts individually and secured them. Not tight.

I touched her bare legs, indicating that she should close them. A surprised look crossed her face but she slid her ankles together. Expecting, if anything, I’d want her legs spread. I looped another length of rope around her slender ankles and lashed them together. I watched as she tested her bonds. Squirming a little trying to settle in a little more comfortably. Content that she wasn’t wildly uncomfortable, even with the ropes holding her down.

She actually managed a smile. “This is actually a lot more comfortable than I’m used to. Thank you.”

I kissed her bound wrist and rose to my feet. “I’ll be back in a little while to release you. Okay?”

She nodded and I walked back to the room with Jane, Christi and Mayer.

Jane and Christi were kneeling quietly together by the sofa. About where they’d made love the night before, or so I judged.

Their eyes flicked over to me as I walked in but then returned to Mayer. He was unaware of my presence. But he was awake. Turned away from me. I leaned back against the doorjamb to watch.

“Please, ladies? I’ll free you from him if you let me down. Can’t you see that?”

Christi spoke softly. As though I wasn’t even there. “You’ll free us? You promise?”

“Please. Honest injun. Those things she said. Sheila. They just aren’t true. We had some fun. She. She liked the stuff we did. It was all consentual. I swear it. She was into pain. And I liked to give some to her. But I swear. I didn’t put those bruises on her. She’s just trying to get in good with that ... master of yours.”

“She fell down a flight of steps, right?”

“Yeah. Something like that. Listen. Between the three of us. If I’m free, we can handle him. How’s he going to stop all three of us?”

“You don’t know him very well. Do you?”

“We have to try. You like being his slave?”

“It’s better than having our fingers and toes broken.”

“Oh God. I’ll let you free. I swear it. I didn’t mean that.”

“You wouldn’t, say, kick us for bringing you the wrong drinks? Hang us upside down and use that electronic device on us before you let us go? You wouldn’t whip our pussies until we passed out? Just a little fun before you freed us? Once he’s out of the way?”

“Oh God. You believe her. That fucking little bitch. Fell down the stairs and I’m the fucking bad guy. Shit. You fucking little cunts. You can’t even see what is goo d for you. That I’m your only fucking chance to get out of this.”

“Seems to me that you are offering us a chance to experience your brand of slavery. I believe her. And I think I’m better off with my current master. Thank you very much for the thoughts though.”

“Jesus Christ! I don’t fucking believe you. Both of you. You’re just as stupid as that other cunt. You have to let me go.”

“Let me get this straight.” Christi looked like she was actually having fun with this. “We let you go. Right? And then our guy comes in. What? We all jump him? Then what?”

“We put the asshole up here, where I am. Torture him until he agrees to send us back. Maybe kill him if we have to. We all get what we want.”

“You certainly know about killing. Don’t you ? But ignoring that for a moment. Let’s just assume for a second that this worked. That we managed to overpower him before he froze us all. Let’s even assume that he lets us string him up. Let’s even assume that we can torture him until he sends us back. W hat if I don’t want to go back?”

“You don’t want to go back? You like being a sex slave? A cunt?”

“You don’t have the right to call me a cunt, whore or a bitch. Only my master does. You really want another taste of the whip? And besides which. What’s stopp ing you from having us help you overpower him and then take advantage of the situation. You are bigger than us. Right? So what? We help you restrain him. Maybe even have us help you torture him. Then you grab us. Not much we can do about it. Huh? And then what? Next thing we know you are taking out your pain on us? Us hanging naked like you are now? Legs spread? Screaming? You telling me that you don’t want to get even with us too? Even if we didn’t have a choice in hurting you? I’ve seen your eyes. They ha ve that look in them now. Like you just want to hurt us unbearably and then fuck us.”

“You want to be his slave? For the rest of your pathetic life?”

Christi thought about it. She took a breath. “It’s not for the rest of my life. Unlike you, I believe him. He’ll let us all go. Eventually. And not into a six foot deep hole in the ground. I’ll survive. Despite what you might think, he isn’t anything like you. Besides which. I don’t have a choice.”

“You have a choice. Let me help you.”

“And if you fail?”

“I won’t.”

“I’ve seen what he’s capable of. Jesus Christ, man. He’s a hell of a lot more imaginative than you. He doesn’t leave us in agony for days, but believe me. If you’d ever been through one of his punishments, you don’t want to go through another. No matter if you’re not bruised, and you don’t have broken bones. Believe me. It hurts enough. And if I helped you. And failed. As I know it would fail. It would make your punishments so far look like heaven.”

Evan just hung his head. Sheila wasn’t here. These g irls were far too smart for his pathetic attempts at winning them over to his side. He was completely defeated.

“You stupid fucking bitch. I am going to enjoy you, you know. I am going to break every fucking one of your fingers and maybe a rib or two for g ood measure. And I will

string you up here. Maybe by your broken thumbs. Let you have a good scream before I fuck the living shit out of you."

Christi just remained on her bare knees. Her face impassive. Just as I'd ordered her. Jane was a little pale, but I was sure that I could see a flash of anger. But she too just knelt there quietly. Both girls knew that even if the asshole got free that I'd intervene before he had a chance to lay a finger on their bodies. But still, the brutality of this man must have shaken them. It even shook me, and I was capable of some pretty brutal stuff myself.

I walked silently up behind him. I whispered into his ear.

"Two things." He gasped and tried to spin to face me. "One. I have half a mind to personally break all your fin gers for that. You should know better than to try and convince the girls to turn against me. They know better than that. You should too. They aren't as stupid as you, you know. Much as you might like to think so. Underneath those kneeling beauties is a per son. And believe me, they ain't dumb. And number two. I don't recall giving you or anyone else permission to degrade them. If anyone is going to do that it's me. Got it? They are to be addressed as Christi and Jane. Lady if you prefer. Or better yet, Lady Christi and Lady Jane. Mistress would suffice, if you can't handle that. But under absolutely no circumstances will they be addressed as bitch, whore, cunt or any of your other very lovely names. Otherwise I might just have this uncontrollable urge to start breaking bones. Do we have an understanding? Mr. Mayer? Care to apologize to my lovely girls?"

He had turned pale. But his mouth returned to a grim line and he refused to say anything.

"You are a glutton for punishment. Aren't you? My God. I would have t hought that you'd be tired of pain, by now." I casually reached up and grasped the index finger of his left hand. He struggled with the grip, but being bound wasn't about to break my hold.

Jane whispered to him. "I don't know why I'm helping him. I swear I don't." She raised her voice. "He'll do it you know. Same as you would have to us if you'd gotten the chance. He will break your finger. And keep breaking them until you do what he wants. I really would do what he says unless you particularly want to be i n agony for the rest of your stay. Please." She whispered.

I felt his finger tense and he tried to pull it away.

"Last chance. The human finger is remarkably easy to break if you simply bend it backwards enough. You might even be able to resist it for a wh ile. If you are strong enough. But believe me. I'll win."

He took a deep breath. "L -ladies? Oh God. I apologize."

"For what?" I asked him.

"For. For calling them. Degrading names."

"Degrading names? Like what?"

"Don't make me do this."

"Let me get this straight. You don't want to apologize to such beautiful women? Aren't they beautiful today? After their showers? And their make up? Perfect? Aren't they just radiant kneeling over there?"

"I. I don't know what the right answer is. Please."

I twisted the finger. He gasped at the increase in pressure on his trapped hand.

"Yes. Yes. They are beautiful."

"And what are we going to do with them?"

I could see the indecision flash across his features. Wanting to say that he wanted to break them. Destroy their beauty. Make them scream. He opened his mouth and then closed it.

"I. I'm going to apologize to them. For calling them cunts. For calling them whores. For calling them bitches. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

It was perhaps the least sincere apology that I'd ever h eard in my life. But it would have to do. I'd have to start breaking bones to hear a more sincere one. The girls looked happy though. That I'd finally stood up for them.

"I'm going to let you down now. But I want to get something straight. Right here. We are going to have a nice calm walk out to the backyard. Easy right? Now. Remember our little earlier encounter? Your earlier plan simply isn't going to work. I'll freeze you far before you have any possible chance to attack me. Or the girls. Remember Jane? When you tried to use her as a shield? Didn't work too well. Did it?" Confusion crossed his welted face. Didn't quite understand this freezing thing. "I wouldn't count on the girls helping you at all. Despite that sincere apology of yours. Now we can do th is the hard way, or we can do this the easy way. The easy way involves you walking with your beautiful female escorts downstairs and allowing us to tie you much more comfortably to an oak out there. The alternative is that I stun you into unconsciously aga in with the electronic zapper you like so much, and then dragging you down the stairs and tying you to an oak anyway. You understand your options? Simple aren't they?"

"I'll walk."

"Now. I want to get another thing straight. For every time I have to freeze your sorry ass along the way. For example if you, say, decide to attack Jane or Christi while you walk along. For every time I have to freeze you, I break a finger. Period. No deals. No last minute reprieves. I simply break a finger. After a while, you wo n't be able to attack anyone. And your stay here will be so much more painful. Do we understand one another?"

He slowly nodded.

"Jane. Get the handcuffs."

She rose to her bare feet and cradled a pair from the desk in her small hands.

I backed off, turning the gun in my hands over. Idly stroking the weapon. I saw Mayer's eyes on the gun as I stepped in front of him. Freezes he may not understand. But guns he did.

"Jane. Get his wrists. Handcuff him behind his back. If he so much as breathes wrong or resists you in any way, let me know."

She nodded and a bit apprehensively approached him. Still unsure of letting this guy go. He was an unstable one, and I recognized it. That's why I backed away. Unfortunately that meant that the girls were going to have to put their delicate bodies on the line. If he moved fast enough, he might get at them before I could freeze him. Unlikely. But possible. Especially if my attention wandered for a moment. I was sure that Jane was glancing at her pretty toes and fingers as she ap proached. Hoping that they'd still be intact at the end of this.

She stood up on her toes and released his wrists. The knots had tightened somewhat as he struggled, but she worked at the knots patiently with her deep red nails. Eventually his hand fell fro m the ropes that had held him so long. He glanced at me, murder in his

eyes, but he carefully placed his hand behind his back. Very non-threatening. I think he did like his digits after all. Jane released his right hand a little faster. He again glanced at me. Gauged his chances. Didn't like them and allowed Jane to cuff him. He stood on his still bound feet and glared at me.

"Aren't you going to let me at least dress?"

"What for? You'll be out of my sight. I won't have to look at your ugly ass anyway."

He sighed and waited as Jane knelt and released his ankles from the ropes. All the ropes still dangled from the hooks, she'd released the knots holding his limbs.

"Christi? Jane? Take an arm. Remember. Any sign of trouble, sing out."

"Believe me. We will." Christi's face was showing some fright. She was concerned. This guy hadn't been this free in a long time and he was dangerous. I felt almost like I was leading Hannibal Lecter to the gas chamber or something; the fact that they were all naked sort of shattered the illusion.

Christi stepped over to him and took his right arm. Jane took the left.

Slowly, the man and the two flanking girls made their way out of the room. As they passed the master bedroom, he glanced in. I'd made the mistake of leaving the door open. His eyes widened as he saw Sheila. Naked. Stretched out, tied to his bed.

He smirked and pulled free of Christi and Jane. The girls cried out as he broke free. He was smart enough not to make any overt threats.

"Mayer. Behave." I warned him calmly. Casually making the gun more visible. "Back to the girls."

He sneered with his battered face into the bedroom. Sheila had gone white upon seeing Mayer. Pulling weakly against the ropes holding her body. Mayer took a step towards the door and spoke.

"So. I get to see her one last time, huh? How do you like his ropes, cunt? Any better than mine? I'll be back for you. And those fingers and toes of yours."

He turned away from the doorway and allowed Christi and Jane to hold his arms again. They shuffled away from the doorway. As I passed the door, I glanced in. Sheila was softly crying in her bonds. Keeping one eye on Mayer, I leaned in. "I'm sorry about that," I apologized to her. I closed the door. I hadn't foreseen the exchange.

The girls and Mayer had reached the stairs. If he was going to cause grief, this was the place to do it. He might try to throw the women down the stairs. Maybe throwing them down the stairs just to get back at me. Despite my words to the contrary, I suspect that he knew that I cared about the women more than I showed. I could see the hesitation in the girls demeanor. They didn't want to flank him down the stairs. They were just as aware of the waiting ambush as I was.

"You'll regret it if you try," I softly warned Mayer. Letting him know I was aware of the danger.

Christi and Jane took a deep breath and led the monster down the stairs. He calmly walked down, as though he was completely unaware of the girls apprehension. Though he was watching the nude females. Their legs. Their breasts. Probably wishing that he could get at the fingers lightly grasping his arms. He had to be aware of their tenseness.

We carefully walked him out through the kitchen. I thought that I saw him raise his eyebrows as he glanced into his living room and saw Amy, nude, listening to whatever it

was she was listening to. He didn't make any comments. He'd probably already figured out that if I had three women, there was likely more.

His eyes widened as we led him outside. Polly and Gertrude, tied to separate t rees. Frozen in place. Well, sort of frozen.

"What the hell have you done to them?"

"Done? Whatever do you mean?" I asked innocently.

"Are they dead is what I mean, asshole?"

"Much as I'm sure you love your wife, she's fine. So's Polly. They are just ... w ell, frozen. Just like you'll be in a minute."

"Wait a fucking minute. I'm going to be like that?"

"Yeah. What of it? Nobody will be hurting you anymore. Enjoy the peace."

"Fuck."

"Back up against that tree." I pointed with the gun. The girls guided him to a sturdy oak tree. I held some rope out for Jane she walked over through the grass to take it. She wandered back to the tree and Mayer and began to loop it around him. Carefully tying knots, leaving the handcuffs in place. Finally, she was done. He was se cured. These knots I didn't have to check.

"When do I get out of this?" he asked.

"I only have one question for you. How often did you ever tell Sheila how long she'd be bound?"

He nodded. Understanding that he wasn't about to be told.

Christi stepped up to him, rose up on her tiptoes and whispered in his ear. "Nice to have made your fucking acquaintance, asshole."

I narrowed his time bubble before he could bluster out what a bitch she was.

Without another word, we all turned and headed back into the house.

Chapter 89

Jane took a deep breath as we entered the kitchen. “Thank God that that is over.”

Christi echoed the sentiments.

The two bare girls walked slightly ahead of me as I gently guided them into the library. Elizabeth was bent over her classic quiet ly reading. She looked up as we approached.

“You handled our host?”

I nodded.

“Tough?”

“On Sheila mostly. She’s pretty upset.”

“I can imagine. Can a slave ask a question?” I nodded. “Am I going to be left here or going with you on your shopping expedition?”

“You don’t want it to be a surprise?”

“Not really. You’ve come to get me for one or the other.”

“Come on.”

She carefully closed the book, slipping a small piece of paper between the pages. Marking her spot. It o ccurred to me that there was little point in reading in this timeline. She’d just forget it when I returned her. I guess that didn’t stop any of us reading in the prime time line. No guarantee that we’d remember any of it in any afterlife, if there even was an afterlife.

She almost pranced over to stand in front of us.

“Ready and willing,” she spoke jauntily.

I guided the three bare women upstairs. We all entered the master bedroom. Elizabeth’s eyes widened as she noted Sheila bound to the bed.

“Master?” Sh eila’s voice rose from the bed.

“Yes?”

“Are you going to release me now? Please?”

I looked at her. “Sheila, honey, you aren’t in any shape to be walking around shopping. You need rest. I’m going to leave you bound here until I get back.”

“Oh God. Please do n’t leave me tied up here. I’ll be good. I promise. You don’t have to tie me up. I hate it. Please. I’ll do whatever you tell me.”

I leaned over and kissed her forehead. “Not today. I want you restrained while we’re out.”

Tears had begun to form in her eye s. But she nodded. Accepting her bondage.

“Master?” she had almost whispered. I turned back to the bound woman. “Please. My right wrist.” I glanced up to her bound wrist. “It’s tight. Please. I know you don’t have to care. But. Your slave begs you to loose n it. It. It’s cutting off her circulation. She’d be so grateful if you would retie it. She tried to adjust it, but it just got tighter. Please?” Sheila had fallen into slave talk. It had been a while since I’d heard it used. At least seriously. But I supp osed that Sheila probably had had more time to master it than the others. I couldn’t imagine Mayer letting her speak normally all the time. He had controlled so many aspects of her life. Then again, he’d let her use cutlery whereas I hadn’t.

I kissed her w rist. Her hand looked like it was having some circulation problems. It was getting tinged a little blue.

I turned to Jane. Our resident knot expert. “Jane? You want to do the honours?”

She nodded and stepped forward. Sitting down beside Sheila, talking qui etly to her as she worked at the bonds. I heard Sheila sigh as her hand was released, sharply bringing in her breath as the circulation returned.

I checked the rope work as soon as Jane was finished. It was secure and not nearly as tight. Sheila’s wrist co uld now rotate in the rope but there was no way even her small hand could work it’s way out. And there was no way for her to reach the knots either.

“Good job, Jane.” She smiled at the compliment. I turned back to Sheila. “You alright other than that? Anyt hing else falling asleep? You might be there a while.”

Sheila pulled gently against the ropes holding her. Wiggling her toes. She shook her head. “I’d be better if I wasn’t tied up at all. But I guess I’ll be okay. My feet are going to fall asleep, but I think they’ll be fine if you aren’t gone too long.” She sighed. Resigned to her bondage.

I turned back to Jane. “Feel like tying up another girl?”

“Not really. But I will, of course. Who?”

I pointed to Elizabeth. The bare girl paled and began to protest imm ediately.

“Please. Sir. I. You don’t need to tie me up. I’ll just sit quietly and read. Honestly. I won’t wander around if you don’t want me to. I’ll be good. Please don’t tie me up again.”

I looked at her. I could tell that she really didn’t want to be bound. I’d been lax with all of them as I’d dealt with the owners of the house. They had all enjoyed relative freedom. At most a pair of handcuffs adorning them. Free time. Time to themselves. Almost privacy. Suddenly they were being asked to give it all up again. It was going to be hard on them. Almost like I’d just captured them off the main timeline again.

“No Elizabeth. I want you bound as well while we are out.”

“Oh God. Please. I’ll do anything you w ant.”

“Would you rather be gagged as well? Then I wouldn’t have to listen to these protests.”

“Oh God. Please no. I. I’m sorry. I would rather not be gagged. If I have a choice anymore. Please.”

Elizabeth had sunk to her bare knees on the carpet. Tears beg inning to form as she realized that her freedom was about to be taken away again. I just watched her struggle with the knowledge for a moment and then look up at me.

“Where?”

“Huh?”

“Where are you going to tie me up?”

“In here. If you behave and don’t end up being gagged, at least you’ll have someone to talk to.”

She nodded. Miserable. “How?”

“Huh?”

“How do you want to tie me up, dammit?” she swore in her frustration. Tears beginning to form in her eyes again.

“Elizabeth?”

She paled. “Oh God. Please don’t p unish me. I apologize for losing my temper. I. Please. How do you want me tied, sir?” She swallowed. Hoping that her anger hadn’t bought her a punishment. Nothing she could do about it now, though. She’d just have to suffer if her mouth had gotten her in t rouble again.

"On your front, Elizabeth."

Obediently, she dropped to her hands and knees. Rocking forward and pressing her bare body into the carpet. Lying prone.

"Hands behind you." She whimpered but placed her hands behind her back, crossing her slender wrists. I motioned for Jane to secure her. Jane picked up a short length of rope left over from tying Sheila and wrapped Elizabeth's wrists, lashing them together. "Cross your ankles." Elizabeth crossed her bare ankles, not so silently waiting for the rope.

"Sir? Please. You don't have to do this. I. I'll behave. I swear it."

"You are already misbehaving by trying to get out of this. You know that I want you tied up."

"But why? I haven't done anything."

"You don't need to do anything. You know that. This is n't a punishment. If you were being punished, you'd know it. You just look pretty that way. Now. Do you want to be gagged as well?"

She shook her head. Afraid of saying anything further. Jane had finished binding her ankles.

I spoke to Jane. "Elbows and co nnecting rope. Hog-tie her. Make sure she's as comfortable as possible. She's going to be in it for a while."

Jane bent to her task. I simply sat back and watched the girl work. Slowly, Elizabeth become more and more immobile. She grunted a couple of times as her elbows were secured, but she didn't have the bravery to actually complain any further. She'd been gagged before. She wasn't fond of it.

Finally Jane rose to her feet and nodded that Elizabeth was secure. Elizabeth was lying on her front. Her arms s ecured behind her back. The rope work was intricate. Her elbows. Her wrists. Her ankles crossed and bound. A rope looped back between her ankles and her wrists, bending her legs back. Her bare feet in the air. Squirming. Her back was arched slightly with t he tightness. Her bare breasts almost lifted off the carpet, but not quite. Her knees had spread involuntarily to reduce the strain on her body. She was going to be one sore lady by the time I released her. I crouched down and double checked the ropes. Sec ure as always. Jane apparently wasn't in the mood for a punishment either.

I bent down and looked into Elizabeth's teary eyes. Touched her face.

"You alright?"

"I've been better. Can I speak?"

"Not if you are going to beg to get out of this. You are staying in this until I decide to let you out. End of discussion."

"I know. Please. I'm just not used to it. Please don't punish me. Don't gag me," she whispered.

"Unless you do something else to deserve it with in the next three minutes, I won't gag you. You two can talk while we're gone. Okay? I just wanted to know if anything was going to cause problems. Circulation problems over the next few hours."

She cringed as she heard the words, realizing that she was go ing to be in this uncomfortable position for hours. "I. I can't tell yet. I think I'll be alright. Sore as hell at the end, I'm sure. But I'll survive. Why do you like doing this to us? You won't even be

here to look at me." Her tears overfilled her eyelid s as she thought about the unfairness of this.

"I don't know. I really don't."

She just lowered her head to the floor and sighed.

"Get something for me?"

"What?"

"You are going shopping, right? Get something for me?"

I smiled. Just like a woman. I halfway suspected that she was missing going shopping more than bothered about being hog -tied, naked for hours. She wiggled one of her bound bare feet.

"We'll see."

I stroked her face and then rose to my feet. She craned her neck trying to follow my movement. Gave up and just looked at the carpet beneath her.

I ushered Jane and Christi out of the room. I glanced back at Elizabeth. I couldn't imagine what she must feel like. So helpless. But yet so beautiful. Sheila. The same. More comfortable. But bruised to hell a nd back. Still beautiful in the ropes that held her body.

I heard Elizabeth begin to talk to Sheila, "Well, Sheila, it looks like we're going to be here for a while. Lucky us. May as well get to know each other. We've slept together after all ..." her voic e beginning to fade out as I moved down the stairs to join Christi and Jane kneeling quietly at the foot of the stairs.

I left the girls kneeling in the foyer and stepped into the living room. Amy was in her usual position. Lying on her back on the sofa, e yes closed, headphones playing. I walked over to the stereo and flipped off the amplifier. Her eyes popped open as her music died. She sat up and took the headphones off her ears.

"Free time over?"

I nodded.

"Well?"

"Well what?"

"Do I get the pleasure of g oing shopping, or the pleasure of your ropes?"

"Maybe both."

I pressed the CD eject button. Lifted the small circle of light. Enya. I switched off the unit, the red numbers fading into oblivion.

"Yeah. I broke down. Listened to it."

"Tired of Twisted Siste r?"

She made a face. "AC/DC. There's a bit of a difference. By the way, that Enya stuff is pretty good. I didn't think I'd like it."

"Wait until I tie you down and force you to listen to Country and Western."

"Oh God. Please no. I'll do anything to avoid that torture."

"I hear you. I don't think I'm that cruel. Perhaps if you try and run again. Now there's incentive to be good. Hands behind you."

She took a deep breath but moved her hands to behind her back. I moved ove r to her and she twisted to allow me access to her wrists. I slipped a pair of handcuffs onto her and she gasped as the cold metal touched her skin. She didn't protest as I'd expected. Just sat quietly on the sofa, legs together, waiting for my next instru ction.

"Feet."

She lifted her bare feet, carefully holding them together. I looked at her puzzled, finally realizing that she'd mistaken the order. Thought I was going to cuff or tie her ankles as well.

"No. To your feet. Stand up."

She flushed, and lowered her legs. She stood up. I guided her to the front foyer where Jane and Christi were still waiting on their knees.

I spoke to them. "Hands behind you. Same as Amy."

They rose to their bare feet and allowed me to handcuff them all. No protests.

I opened the front door and they followed me out to the front porch. I admired their bare bodies as they moved outside. The sun reflecting off of them. Still sparkling from their shower. I shrugged and left the front door wide open. Who was going to break in? Find the two nude beauties bound up for my pleasure in there? It kind of felt odd walking away from the house, leaving it unlocked. Unprotected. Especially knowing what the house contained. Specifically Elizabeth and Sheila. But I suppose that it was one of the side benefits of this timeline. Not much crime beyond whatever mayhem I managed to cause.

"Okay, girls. Lead on to the nearest mall. Drug store. That sort of thing."

Jane turned to me. "Sir? We don't really know the area. We don't know where the nearest mall is."

"Well, I guess we will just wander around until we find one. It's not like we are short on time or daylight."

She swallowed. "One more thing?" I nodded to her. I might indulge her. "Can your slaves walk on the grass? Please? It's so much easier on the feet than asphalt. Have you ever walked on pavement in bare feet?"

"I have half a mind to have you crawl."

He face clouded. Frightened. Not sure what they'd done to inspire my wrath, and afraid that her tongue was about to get them all in trouble. She just begged. Hoping that would appease me.

"Please. Master. Don't make us crawl. We'll gladly walk on the pavement if you want us to. I was just asking, in case you didn't care. Please. Please don't punish us," the suddenly frightened girl's voice fell to a whisper at the end of her plea.

"You may walk on the grass for now."

Her face brightened a little. Realizing that I was just tormenting her a little. She thought for a second and managed to organize her speech.

"This slave. Thanks you."

She scampered over to Amy and Christi who were just waiting silently up ahead. I couldn't hear her voice as she whispered to them, but they had a worried look on their faces, probably as Jane related my mood, and then a little happier when told that they could walk on the softer grass.

I caught up to the bare girls. "You want to be out here all day?" I asked them.

Jane swallowed and answered for them. "No sir." And the girls began to walk, moving off to the side into the green grass. I walked about five paces behind them. Admiring the view. Just enjoying the way their bodies moved. The way the steel cuffs jingled softly against their skin. Watching their bare female feet, painted toenails, whisking through the dewy grass. Aware of my presence, the girls didn't chatter much. Just raising their faces and enjoying the morning sun as we walked. Almost ignoring me.

About an half hour later, Jane spoke again to me. “How about that one?” She indicated a shopping complex with a nod of her head. It looked fine to me. Didn’t look too crowded, but by the advertising signs outside appeared to have most of the types of stores I wanted.

Our small group walked in that direction. The girls wincing as their feet struck the pavement of the parking lot. It had been a long time since I’d had any of them in such a public place. I could almost sense as their discomfort grew. Feeling their nudity, bordering on exhibitionism. But not being able to do anything as we slowly made our way past men and women, wheeling shopping carts, baby carriages and high school kids cutting class.

I had to open the door and hold it for the girls, their hands not being particularly useful still cuffed behind them. The bare girls and I filed inside. We had to let our eyes adjust to the darker interior of the mall. It was a standard strip mall. One floor. A multitude of specialty shops. Shoe repair. Fabric places. Women clothing. A grocery store near one end. A video store. Jewelry shops.

Jane was the first the speak. Braver than the rest. As usual.

“M-master? Can this slave ask what we are shopping for?”

“You want to eat, don’t you?”

“Yes sir.”

“I thought we’d grab some food before the kind Mayers run out of the basics. And I thought that we might do a little other shopping.”

“For other women?”

I smiled. Perceptive. As always. “Perhaps. But I think we ought to get the food first. What do you think?”

Jane silently nodded. Her bravery run out.

I herded the bound girls towards the far end of the mall. Dodging the odd pedestrian. The mall wasn’t particularly crowded at this time in the morning. I took note of some of the shoppers. Families. A couple of late high school girls caught my eye. Frozen talking to one another as they strode down the hall. A young mother, wheeling her infant in a carriage. Talking to it, by the look of things. A family. Boy. Girl. Mother and father. Almost looked like tourists. A clerk in a jewelry shop caught my eye. Blonde. Athletic looking.

I listened to my charges’ bare feet against the tile as they walked down towards the grocery store.

The girls stopped in front of the entrance door. Helplessly looking at the automatic door.

“Come on. We don’t have all day. Get in there.” I admonished them.

Christi looked at me. “Sir? But the doors are automatic. They aren’t opening.”

“I don’t want to hear any excuses. Get in there.”

Her eyes welled up with tears and she walked towards me instead of the doors.

“Please,” she whispered. Really frightened by my sudden change of mood. “You know we can’t get in without help.” She gently rubbed her bare breasts against my arm. I reacted. Of course, I reacted. “Please. If you are looking for someone to punish, you know you don’t need a reason. You can punish us anytime. For anything you deem fit. Please. You don’t need to torment us with this.” Her eyes were the perfect vision of helplessness and frustration.

I gently moved her away from me. Tears still falling silently down her cheeks. Her hands moving ineffectually behind her, wanting to brush the tears away, but unable. Amy and Jane were standing by the d oor, looking frightened and helpless.

I let them wait there for a few moments and then released the auto doors from the time block. The heat sensor sprang to life, sensing the warm girls standing in front of it. The doors slid open.

Relief flashed across t he women's faces as they realized that punishment, whatever I was planning for them, had been staved off for little while at least.

Chapter 90

The store was nearly deserted. I left the girls huddled by the door and walked along the front of the store. Pop cases were piled up against the front windows. The cashiers and tills a step or two back.

There were a few customers lined up at the registers. Four cashiers were ringing up the sales. A more senior woman was taking care of the express line. Another middle aged woman was ringing up a elderly woman's purchases in lane four. Down at the other end two younger women had their lanes lighted. Lanes ten and eleven. Both brunette. The shorter of the two looked like she was helping bag for the one in charge of lane ten.

I walked over to them. They were both mid twenties. Perhaps late twenties. Kathleen and Nicole their name tags read. They almost could have been sisters. Similar builds. Similar upturned noses. Kathleen was ringing up the groceries of an older gentleman. His young grandson, seated in the cart. Kathleen was smiling, talking to the older man as her hand swiped a bag of milk across the laser reader. All frozen in time.

I wandered back to my nude girls. They were still frightened and huddling near the door. Whispering.

"Christi?"

"Sir?" She stepped forward hesitantly.

"Turn around." She did and I unlocked her hands. I released the equipment pack from her fingers. She turned back around to face me, her hands limply at her sides.

She looked at me. Apprehension still evident on her face. "You are going to take them. Aren't you?"

I pursed my lips. "Probably."

"Why are you angry with us?" she whispered.

"I'm not angry with you."

"You sound angry. Please. We haven't done anything."

I touched her shoulder. "Christi. I really am not angry with you. I'm just in a strange mood."

"It's not about what Jane and I did? Is it? Amy doesn't deserve to be punished for that."

I shook my head. "I'm not punishing anyone, unless there is a reason to. We might play a bit, though."

She wore one of those, I'm-not-very-surprised-about-that looks. "You are going to hurt us. Aren't you?" Her voice was flat. And almost unemotional. Though tears had begun to well in her eyes.

"Maybe. We'll see. For now, we need to do some shopping. Come here."

The frightened girl followed me meekly to where the shopping carts were stored.

"Hands."

She held her hands out in front of her. Expecting the cuffs back. I gently took her hands and placed them on the pushbar of a shopping cart.

"Oh no. Why do I always get tied to the cart?"

I smiled. She still remembered the hardware store. And Kimberly. Seemed like a lifetime ago I'd tied her naked body to that shopping cart. I silently used short lengths of cord to secure her to the cart. She pulled idly at the bonds, not expecting to be able to work herself free. She didn't complain further. Probably frightened to.

I motioned the other girls over. I turned them around, one at a time and changed their handcuffs from behind their back to their front s. Jane and Amy just waited quietly. Pulling at the restraints on their wrists.

"Alright girls. I'm going to let you go nuts here. Buy the good stuff. Make sure that you get staples. Bread. Peanut butter. Cold meats. Stuff like that. Milk. Eggs. You can ge t some cookies or something. Whatever you want as a treat. Don't go too nuts though. Remember whose carrying all this stuff home. Okay?"

Jane and Amy nodded. Christi was grimacing at the mention of peanut butter.

I watched as the girls slowly made their wa y down the first aisle. Jane and Amy reaching for items with their bound hands. Soon they were out of sight. The naked women softly talking amongst themselves as they did the shopping.

I wandered back to Kathleen and Nicole. I turned the gun over in my han ds. Wondering how to release them. I decided not to release them at the moment.

I walked through the store. Towards the back. Finally I reached a door marked Employees Only. Private. I shrugged. I pushed the door open. There was a flight of steps leading upwards. I walked up the stairs and opened the door at the top. Lunch room on the right, manager's office on the left. I peeked into the lunch room. Couple of older guys smoking in the corner. I opened the door to the manager's office. The manager had a small office. Desk. Chair. Phone. And a small window that looked out over the store. The manager was a woman. Coincidentally named Jane according to the name plate on her desk. Jane Orton. She looked to be in her mid -thirties. Nice figure. Reddish hair. Business suit. She was talking to another younger woman across the small desk. Orton was holding a piece of paper in her hands. Almost studying it. The younger woman was dressed nicely as well. Dark skirt and blouse.

I ignored them, for now, and glanced out the private window. It was high and gave a good view of the store. I could see the nude girls slowly making their way down the third aisle. I couldn't tell what they'd thrown into the cart from here. I'm sure they were doing an adequate job. They knew what ki nd of mood I was in. Forgetting something would be cause for punishment.

I turned back to the women at hand. May as well have some company if I was going to wait for the others to finish shopping.

I studied the gun in my hands. Probably the easiest way to get them under control. I closed the door. I leaned back against a wall, just under a framed Escher print, and concentrated. The new Jane and the younger woman suddenly began to resume their conversation. Unaware of my presence.

"... and I have a head for numbers. Have a look at my math marks. Miss Orton ... who's that?"

The younger woman had just noticed me. Jane looked up and screamed as she saw me.

"Who? Who are you?" after her initial startled reaction, Jane had raised her right hand over her breast and calmed fairly quickly. Calm under fire.

"It doesn't really matter who I am." I tapped the gun idly against my thigh. Jane's eyes immediately glued to the gun. The younger woman shrank back in her chair. Really uncertain about this situation, but not reall y frightened yet. But I wasn't sure that she'd seen the gun either. Her view of it was blocked by my thigh.

“What do you want? I can’t open the safe. Brinks is the only one that can do that. How did you get in here?”

Jane had begun to raise her hands, like in Hollywood. The younger girl had finally seen the gun. She also began to raise her hands.

“Listen to me. I’m not interested in your safe. Keep calm and nobody will get hurt. Understand?”

The two women nodded.

“Put your hands down. You look silly. I know that you don’t have any weapons. Why would you?”

Both women lowered their hands and held them lightly at their sides.

“Wh-what do you want from us, then. If you don’t want money.” Jane stammered.

“First of all, I’d just like to kno w who you both are.”

“Why do you want to know that?”

“Well, by your name plate on your desk, I’d guess you are Jane Orton. What’s the point in not telling me?” I waved the gun vaguely in her direction.

“I. I’m Julie. Julie Kensington. Please. I’m only here about a job. I. I don’t even w - work here. Please just let me go.” The other woman spoke up softly front her chair answering my question.

That explained the dress and the paper that Jane had dropped to the desk. Probably the application, or resume.

“Alright girls. You do what I say and nobody has to get hurt. Okay?”

They both nodded. Terror cemented to their features.

“First of all Jane. I’m afraid that your name kind of clashes.” The woman looked really confused. Of course, she didn’t know about the *other * Jane currently shoplifting from her store. “What’s your middle name?” I asked her gently.

“Kara.”

“That’s pretty. Can you remember to answer to that name instead? You don’t really look like a Jane anyway. How old are you, Kara?”

She looked a bit confused. Probably difficult to get used to answering to a new name. I gave her some leeway.

“Kara?”

“I’m. Thirty-three. Why do you want to know that?”

“Julie?”

“Twenty-six. Please just let us go. What do you want?”

I picked up her application. I scanned it. Out o f the corner of my eye I could see her shifting uncomfortably in her chair.

“I’m just curious, Julie. You are twenty -six. And you’ve listed your education to third year of college. What are you doing here for a job?”

“Please just let us go.”

“I asked you a question, Julie. I guess you don’t have to answer it if you don’t want. It’s not like I work here either.”

“Oh God. What did you ask me?” Fright apparent on her face.

“Why are you applying for a job here? When you obviously are more qualified for, what is it? Astrophysics?”

She swallowed. Afraid not to answer. “I just ran out of money. I haven’t finished my courses. And there aren’t a lot of summer jobs in astrophysics. Please. I just want to get out of here. Alive.”

I nodded. “You just want to get out of here alive. You seem like a smart girl. Third year astrophysics, after all. You want to live. That’s understandable. What are you willing to do for me, if I agree to let you go?”

Julie paled. Her mind doing the female thing. Gun plu s threats plus not wanting cash equals rape. Simple. Fascinated I watched as the thoughts flitted across her eyes.

“Please. I don’t want to be raped.”

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kara begin to rise out of her chair. I casually swung back towards her . Gun leveled at her chest.

“Kara. Be smart. Sit back down. You aren’t going to be real effective with a hole in your chest.” Kara paled and sat back down heavily.

“Okay. Okay. I won’t try anything. Calm down. Please. Can’t you put the gun down? Please? We ’ll do whatever it is you want. You look nervous. Are you on drugs?”

I laughed. “Drugs are for losers. What the hell would I need drugs for?”

I turned away from Kara and concentrated on Julie again.

“Julie? I’m sorry. What were you saying?”

“Oh God. Please don’t rape me.”

“Don’t me silly. I’m not going to rape you.”

“Wh-what do you want from me then? I don’t have much?” She began to reach for her purse. She didn’t really look like she believed me.

“I don’t want your money. Sit still.”

She snatched her hand back and sat up straight again.

“What do you want?”

Kara echoed the sentiment. “What do you want?” she repeated.

“What if I asked you to strip for me? Both of you?”

They both paled. It took Julie a second to respond.

“I thought you said that you didn’t wan t to rape us.”

“First of all. I said that I wasn’t going to rape *you*. And I won’t. Second, I didn’t say anything about Kara over there.” Kara paled significantly. “Third, having you strip is hardly raping you. You might be embarrassed a little, maybe eve n border on being humiliated, but it will hardly hurt you. You take off your clothes every night, don’t you?”

“I don’t want to take off my clothes.”

“If I thought that you wanted to, why wouldn’t I just walk up to you and ask? Why would I need this?” I twi sted the gun in my hand.

“Oh God. Please. Just let me go? I haven’t done anything to you.”

“Julie, honey. You aren’t going to like anything I want you to do. And you are absolutely right. You haven’t done anything to deserve this. Sometimes life just isn’t fair. But I’m the one with the gun.” I shrugged.

“I’ll scream. Someone will come.”

“So scream. I won’t try and stop you. I won’t even shoot you for trying it. But I do promise that I will punish you later for it. And you’ll like my punishments a lot less than you’ll like stripping for me.”

I watched as Julie took a deep breath. Considering her options. Suddenly she let go an earsplitting scream. I almost covered my ears.

“Please! Somebody! Help me. Help us. He’s got a gun. Please. Call the police. Help.”

Kara had added her voice to the commotion. I just leaned back against the wall and let them holler. Shaking my head. I glanced towards the window and saw the three nude women, in aisle six now, look up and try and locate the source of the noise. Looking up towards the ceiling.

Finally, they let up. Probably feeling a little silly, especially when I hadn’t dashed from the room at the slightest call for help.

“Finished with the noise making, ladies?”

“Someone will come.” Kara intoned without emotion. “I would be gone by the time the police show up, if I were you.”

I actually laughed. The two women looked distinctly uncomfortable.

I raised the gun again. I aimed it at Julie’s knee. She went pale.

“Please. You said you wouldn’t shoot me. Even if I yelled. Please .”

“I’m not going to shoot you for yelling. I’m going to shoot your knee because you aren’t stripping.”

“Oh God. Please.”

“You want another chance?”

“Why are you doing this to me?”

“Simply because I want to see your body.”

She tried to keep me talking. “So you can rape me?”

“Goddamn. How many times do I have to reassure you. I’m not going to rape you.”

Her face paled.

“Now. Are you going to strip. Or am I going to shoot your knee?”

Slowly her hands moved to the throat of her blouse. Her fingers fumbling at the buttons. Her nails were long and painted a deep shade of purple. It looked professionally done. Even a star pattern painted onto her right index finger. I seemed to recall that one of the most effective things in an interview being clean, well groomed hands. She had certainly taken that advice. She whimpered, took another look at the weapon in my hand and finished unbuttoning it. She swallowed heavily. Lowering her eyes, she pulled the blouse free of her skirt and dropped it on the floor. She was wearin g a plain white bra. Front closure.

“Julie?”

She looked up. Uncertain what to do next anyway. Tears in her eyes.

“Can I see your hands?”

She obediently held her hands out. Palms up. Confusion in her face.

“Turn them over.” She obeyed. Turning over her hand s. “Nice nails.” I commented. “Professionally done?”

“I. I had a couple of interviews today. I had heard it might help to do it. My. My friend does them. As a hobby. Sort of.”

“Stand up.”

The frightened girl stood. She was still wearing a dark skirt. Nylon s. And three inch black pumps. Being topless, except for the bra, was actually quite appealing. She had nice breasts. Probably didn’t even need the bra.

“Continue.”

“Please don’t make me do this. I don’t want to take them off. Please?”

“Julie. You must know by now that I will make you do it no matter how much you beg. Taking off the blouse didn’t hurt, did it?”

Her mouth clamped shut. Frightened again. Her fingers reached behind her and pulled the zipper down. The skirt dropped around her ankles. She stepped out of it and kicked it away with her foot. She was one of those girls that didn’t wear panties with their pantyhose. I supposed it really wasn’t necessary, but I’ll bet she regretted it today. I could faintly see her through the thin material. Her face was flushed bright red.

“Happy now?”

“You ain’t done, are you?”

“Oh God. Please don’t make me go further. Please? Haven’t I humiliated myself enough for you, yet?”

“Julie?” I motioned to her lower body with the gun.

“Oh God. Okay. Okay. Stop waving that thing around.”

She closed her eyes and her hands moved to the front of her bra. “Please?” she implored one last time. I didn’t even bother replying.

“Oh God,” she whispered as she unsnapped the clasp. The bra fell to the sides, still covering her. She shrugged her shoulders and peeled the material back from her breasts. She shuddered as the satin slipped off her body and fell at her feet. Tears were falling down her face as she tried to cover herself with her hands.

“Julie. Still more to go, you know. Take your hands away. I’ll see them eventually anyway.”

“Oh God. Not more. Please. Have some mercy on me.” This girl still had no idea that this strip show would probably be one of the easier things I wanted her to do.

“Come on. Don’t have all day.”

“God. Why aren’t they coming?” she whined. Referring to their yelling match earlier.

Hanging her head, she worked her pumps off with her toes. Finally, resigned that she was going to have to do it anyway, slipped the dark nylon down her legs. Her legs were perfect. Pale skin in contrast to the pantyhose. She pressed her bare legs together. Her light pubic hair was just vaguely visible as she squirmed.

She swallowed. “Please. Can I put them back on now?”

I laughed. “Julie, honey. You aren’t going to be putting them back on for a while. Or until your police show up.”

“Oh God. Please. Have some decency.”

“Me? Decency?”

“Let me at least sit back down.”

“Okay.”

She self-consciously sat her bare bottom back into the chair. Squirming. Crossing her legs and crossing her arms over her breasts. Softly crying.

I turned to the woman I’d renamed as Kara.

Chapter 91

"Kara?"

"Oh my God. Please."

"You know what I want you to do."

"I. I can't."

"You can't?"

"I can't do that. Not in front of you."

"Why not?"

"You have to ask why not?"

"Well. The way I see it, is either you learn to strip in front of me, or I can start making holes in Julie here. Maybe she'd like a new hole in her breast." I stepped over to the terrified girl and pressed the barrel of the gun into the side of her right breast. She gasped and began to pray. "And if the sight of all her blood doesn't convince you to take off that suit, perhaps the sight of your own blood might."

Julie was almost hysterical in fear. Tears were running down her face, falling onto her naked chest in rivers. She was gasping for breath. Trying not to move. Not to make any threatening gestures.

"Please, Jane. He's going to sh-shoot me. If I could do it, you can. Please. I don't want to die."

Gently I corrected her. "Kara."

"Oh God." Julie lips moved in silent prayers again.

"You son-of-a-bitch. You wouldn't shoot her because I refused to strip."

"Try me?"

"Alright, you bastard. I'll do it. Calm down. Move away from her."

I shrugged and returned to my post against the wall. Julie collapsed. Bending at her waist. Sobbing uncontrollably.

I watched as Kara began to strip. She slowly pulled her clothes from her body. Her face beet red. To her credit she didn't whine at the underwear and so on she was standing naked behind her desk. She lightly held her hands to her sides. She had a passable body. Looked like it had gone through a couple of children, but it also looked like she worked out. Her short blonde hair was really blonde, I idly noticed. She suffered my gaze.

She spoke. "Can I go to her?" Meaning Julie still crying hysterically in the chair. "Without you freaking out with that thing?"

I nodded and Kara moved slowly around the desk and knelt beside Julie. She tried to comfort the sobbing girl.

"Julie. You have to be strong here. He's not going to hurt us. Come on. I need you here."

Julie managed to control her shaking. She sat back up, tears still rolling down her cheeks.

"Why me? God. He's going to kill us."

Kara whispered to her urgently. "He's not going to kill us. We'll do whatever it is he wants. He'll rape us. And then he'll go. We'll call the police. You have to stay with me here."

"I don't want to be raped."

"Neither do I sweetheart. Neither do I."

“This is a dream, right?”

“I wish it was. I’ve pinched myself three times already. And every time I keep waking up without my clothes, here with you.”

I finally intervened. “Ladies?”

They both swiveled their heads and looked up at me.

“See how Kara is? On her knees? Julie. I want you lik e that.”

“Oh God.”

Kara tugged at Julie’s arm and she slipped off the chair. Ending up kneeling beside Kara. Still tears falling down her face.

I tossed them a pair of handcuffs each. They looked at them. Frightened.

“Put them on. Behind your back.”

“Oh God. Why?” Julie implored.

“Because I don’t want you to have any bright ideas of attacking me.”

“Just let us go then.” Kara interjected logically.

“Not yet, my pretty ones.”

Julie hesitantly picked up the cuffs and looked at them. “Please. You don’t ne ed to do this.”

Kara spoke as well. “Really. You walk out of here. You’ve had your show. You’ve had your cheap thrill. Us naked for you. You walk out of the store. And that’s it. We don’t call the cops. We never even mention it happened. Period. You don’t get caught. Everyone wins.”

“Sorry ladies. Have other plans. And I doubt very much if I’ll get caught. And besides. As soon as I’m out that door, you’d be on the phone to the police. You probably wouldn’t even bother getting dressed first.”

“Please don’t m ake us do this.”

“Put them on.”

Kara reached for her pair of handcuffs. She closed her eyes and snapped the first side around her left wrist. She wound her hands behind her and I heard the ratchet close. I watched as she made some kind of eye gesture at Ju lie and Julie did the same thing. I wasn’t sure what Kara was trying to tell the frightened girl.

I casually walked behind the women. They stayed on their knees, Kara looking decidedly nervous. Watching me. Her head turning on her long neck.

I crouched down behind them and ran my fingers around Julie’s left wrist. Tight. Same with her right wrist. She wasn’t getting out of the steel until I released her. I moved to Kara. Her left wrist was tight. I rattled her right arm and the cuff fell off her wrist, dangling.

She immediately sprang to her feet and dashed towards the door. The handcuff still dangling from her left wrist.

“Kara?”

She turned just before she got to the door. I could have frozen her, but that wasn’t necessary.

“My name is not Kara. It’s Jane.”

“You open that door, Kara, and Julie here is going to be very uncomfortable.”

“You wouldn’t shoot her.”

“I wouldn’t? Care to try me?”

“No.”

“How about if I shoot you instead?”

“Shit.”

“Come back here.”

The naked woman walked back on her bare feet.

“What are you going to do to me?”

“Turn around.”

Shaking she did.

“Hands.”

She reluctantly put her hands behind her. I closed the handcuff tightly around her right wrist. Pressing it deeply into her skin.

She cried out. “Oh shit. That hurts. God. You didn’t need to make it that tight.”

“Kara? Last time it appears to have fallen off. I just wanted to make sure that it didn’t happen again.” I pressed on her shoulders and pushed her hard to her knees. Tears welled up as she pulled against her restraints. Trying in vain to get her right wrist into a comfortable position.

Kara glared at me with determination in her eyes.

I left the women on their knees and walked back over to the window. Gazed out. Christi, Jane and Amy were ju st finishing up the last row.

“You got an intercom in this store, Kara?”

“Of course.” The sullen voice floated up from the other side of the desk.

“How?”

“You dial 9-1-4 on the phone and then just speak, you fucking bastard.”

“Such language from such a bea utiful woman.”

Kara muttered something, but I didn’t quite catch it. I walked over to the phone on her desk. I picked it up. Dialed the magic numbers.

I heard the intercom system announce itself with a soft bell. The naked women shopping in the store looke d up in surprise.

“Christi?” I thought I saw her lips move. But from where I was standing I couldn’t make out her words. It was probably just an acknowledgment.

“Christi. When you finish down there, take it all to the front and wait for me. Read a National Equirer or something.”

I saw her speaking and nodding.

I turned back to the women on the floor. I sat up on Kara’s desk and gazed down at them.

“Who was that you were talking to? Who the hell is Christi?” Kara asked.

“None of your business. Yet.”

“It is my fucking business. It’s my fucking store.”

I reached down and casually slapped her. Her head snapped back and she cried out at the blow. I hadn’t hit her hard.

I crouched down, my face centimeters from hers.

“You listen to me. It’s your *fucking* business and your *fucking* store when I tell you it is. You are nothing right now. You don’t even have a name anymore. You are mine. You understand? And I don’t want to hear any more unladylike language emerging from that mouth of yours. Or I’ll gag it. Understan d?”

She nodded. But she didn’t understand. Julie was in tears again.

I pulled her to her feet. Painfully, the cuffs digging into her wrists, she stumbled to her bare feet. I dragged her around her desk and practically threw her into her chair. Involuntary tears of pain surfaced in her eyes as she fell against the cuffs. A faint "ooof" sound escaped her lips.

I knelt in front of her chair. It was not one of the new comfortable reclining chairs, but one of the classroom chairs with four sturdy legs. Cheap sto re.

"Feet."

The frightened woman allowed me to guide her bare foot to the chair legs. I lashed it securely there. Her other foot followed. I could see her wincing at the tightness of the bonds. She was secured to the chair. She wasn't going anywhere fast.

"Please," she gasped out.

"Please what?" I hitched myself up on the desk in front of her. Facing her. Her short hair was messed up and terror was across her face. I wasn't used to treating women this rough. I swung my legs.

"Please."

"You want to beg?"

"I just want to be left alone."

"Kara. Let me explain ..."

"My name isn't Kara," she softly protested.

"It will be Kara until I tell you otherwise."

"Alright. Just don't hurt me."

"Kara. How are you feeling right now?"

"Sore. Please."

"Please what?"

"Please. If you have to tie me up. Alright. But please. My feet are already falling asleep. They don't have to be that tight. And my wrist. Please. I'll do whatever you want."

"Kara. I thought you wanted them tight?"

"Wanted them tight?" she said incredulously. "I don't even want to be here. You fucking insane psychopath."

I ignored her language for the time being. She'd slip again. "Well. I did give you the chance to put the handcuffs on yourself. And you did a pretty lousy job." She began to cry. "So I naturally a ssumed that you wanted me to tie you up instead."

"You can't treat me like this. I demand to be let go."

I laughed. "You demand? That's cool." I casually reached forward and slapped her face again. She cried out. "You demand that I stop that as well?"

I heard a soft voice from behind me. I turned. Julie, tears still streaming down her face was talking to me.

"Please. I don't even know what your name is. Please don't hurt her anymore. She didn't do anything wrong."

"Julie. Do you really want to get involved with this?"

"No please. Please just stop slapping her. I'll be quiet back here. Please just let us go."

I turned back to Kara, seated naked and bound in front of me. I reached out and began to lightly fondle Kara's bare breasts. She twisted and tried to ge t away. She screamed at me.

“Leave me alone. You fucked up bastard.”

I gripped her right nipple. I began to apply pressure. In gradients. I watched her face intently. Her face beginning to register the pain emanating from her breast. Finally, as I began to twist the nipple she cried out.

“Argh. No. Please stop. I’ll do whatever you want. Just stop hurting me.”

I released her. She sat breathing hard. Gasping for breath. Struggling with the handcuffs.

“You’ll do what I say?”

“Yes.” Resigned. “You’ll make me fuck you anyway.” She thought I wanted to rape her. She was in for a surprise.

“What if I don’t want you to fuck me?”

“What?”

“What if I don’t want you to fuck me?”

“What the hell do you want then.”

“First I want you to listen to me. I want you to put handcuffs on properly when I tell you to. I want you to stop using unladylike language when I tell you to. And after you’ve learned that lesson, I’ll let you know what else I want.”

“Oh God.”

“Just sit there and be quiet while I take care of your friend. Then we’ll decide what to do with you.”

She nodded. Not wanting to feel the nipple torment again.

I hopped off the desk and approached the cowering girl on the floor. I crouched in front of her.

“Julie?”

She looked at me through her te ars.

“Julie. I want to tie you into that chair. We can do it the hard way. Like Kara. Or you can just let me do it. You can be in pain, like her. Or you can be a bit more comfortable. Ask her which is better.”

I looked at Kara.

“Julie. Just let him tie you up. He’s going to do it anyway. And my feet are already asleep from his fucking ropes. You don’t have to go through that.”

“You going to do this the easy way?” I asked the terror -stricken girl.

She nodded dumbly and I helped her climb to her feet. She pla ced herself into the other chair with her cuffed hands on the other side of the backrest. I knelt in front of her and lashed her slender ankles to the chair legs. I was careful of her skin and made sure it was just tight enough to hold her. She wouldn’t ha ve the same circulation problems that Kara had.

Satisfied, I let myself out of the office. I ran down the stairs and walked briskly to the front of the store. The three girls were waiting as instructed by the cashiers. Jane as reading the National Equirer aloud to the other two. Laughing at some two headed baby from Mars tripe.

I moved to release Christi from her bonds holding her to the cart. As soon as her hands were free she held them up. Knowing that I was going to recuff her. I slipped the steel over h er wrists and then led them all back into the store.

“Clothespins. Where?”

Jane thought about it. “I think I remember seeing packages of them with the cleaning stuff. Please. What do you need them for?” Knowing full well what I needed them for.

“Don’t worry. Your nipples are safe for now. Run and get me a package.”

Jane scampered away, her bare body doing delightful things as she ran down the main aisle. Her bare feet flawlessly gripping the tile as she turned into the cleaning aisle. She returned seconds later, completely out of breath but holding a package of like three hundred clothespins between her bound hands.

“Enough?” she managed to gasp out. When I told these girls to run, they ran. I shook my head. I wasn’t really intending for her to run a marathon.

“You didn’t have to bring me enough to sink Titanic.” I stepped back. Briefly pictured Jane, bound and naked with three hundred clothespins pinching her body. All over. I smiled to myself.

“I’ll get you a smaller package if you want,” she replied breathlessly. Missing my smile.

“It’s fine,” I told the nude beauty.

We began to walk back to the employee’s stairs.

“Okay girls. I don’t want any shocked women here. I have a couple more women upstairs.”

“Oh no.” Amy groaned.

“What?”

“We only shopped for six.”

I actually laughed, expecting another diatribe about me subjugating women. “I’m not keeping them, bozo.”

She flushed, but grinned.

“Now. We are going up there. I don’t want to hear a peep out of any of you. No matter what you see. What you hear. Got it? If I hear you sneeze, I’ll gag you for the rest of the afternoon. You stay where I put you. Jane? You understand?”

“I understand.” She flashed me a mischievous grin. “Why are you picking on me?”

“You know full well why I’m picking on you. I’m serious here. You won’t enjoy the punishment. I’m not kidding. I have half a mind to gag you right now and avoid the trouble later.”

She paled a bit. “I’ll be good. I promise.”

The girls stopped out of habit as I guided them towards the door marked Private. I almost laughed.

“Since when is anything private around me?”

The girls smiled ruefully and waited for me to open the door for them. We all climbed the short flight of steps together. Christi and Jane ahead. Me and Amy trailing. Their bare feet scuffing at the stairs.

“Remember. Not a peep.” We approached the manager’s office door.

I opened the door and the girls filed silently into the now crowded office. I gently took the clothespins from Jane and the three nude beauties sank to their knees on the threadbare carpet just behind Julie’s chair.

I was immediately faced with questions from Kara.

“What the fuck is going on here?” She was beginning to recognize that this wasn’t your average hold up, break and enter, or rape scenario.

“I thought I told you to watch your langua ge.”

“I want to know who the hell they are? And how the fuck you managed to get them in here like that?”

I could see the desire burning in Jane’s eyes. Wanting to explain to this woman what was going on. Make her understand not to disobey. Help her. She ma naged to keep her tongue. I glanced around the room. Christi and Amy were sitting back on their calves trying to be impassive. Not really succeeding, but trying. Julie was just staring over her shoulder at the new passive women. Frightened out of her mind. Realizing suddenly that events had passed far beyond her ability to understand and control them. Beginning to realize that rape might be the least of her concerns.

I sighed. I sat back on the desk in front of Kara.

“Kara. Kara. Kara.”

“That isn’t my fucki ng name. Are you going to answer me? Who are they?”

“Kara. Each time you swear, you get another one of these on you. Eventually, you aren’t going to care about cursing anymore.”

“What?”

I reached forward and grasped a small pinch of flesh on her right brea st. Just above her budding nipple. I snapped a clothespin over the patch of skin. It stood up from her flesh like a small tower.

She cried out. “What the fuck do you think you’re doing? That hurts.”

“I know it hurts. What does that make? Seven? Or eight?”

“What the hell are you talking about?”

Patiently I looked into her frightened eyes. “Kara. I told you. Unladylike language.”

Her eyes teared up. “Please? What do you expect from me?”

It was Amy that broke the silence. Surprised the hell out of me. I was su re it was going to be Jane if any of them.

“Ma’am. Please. You have to listen to him. Believe me. I’m going to be punished horribly for even opening my mouth. But. He’s going to hurt you like you’ve never been hurt before if you don’t listen. If he told yo u not to curse, you can’t. No matter how much you want to. Please.”

I dropped off the desk and rummaged through the pack. I picked up a red ball gag and walked over to Amy. She closed her eyes. Shaking her head.

“Please. Master. I was only trying to help.”

“Do you know why you are being gagged?”

“Yes.” Tears were running down her face.

“Why?”

“Because I was ordered not to speak. But. Please. I couldn’t help it.”

“I know. And you are a brave girl. Silly. But brave. She won’t listen to you, you know?”

Tears just rolled down her cheeks and she opened her mouth.

“You are just going to let him gag you? Just like that?” Kara asked incredulously.

Amy opened her eyes. “Please. I knew what I was getting into when I opened my mouth. If I don’t let him, he’ll just gag me more painfully and then whip me or something. Something I won’t like. Easier just to take my punishment. Please don’t let it go to waste. Listen to him.”

Her words were cut off as I pressed the gag gently into her accepting mouth behind her white teeth. Her eyes still trying to express her earnestness over top of her stretched mouth. She held it easily in her mouth as I moved to the back of her neck. I buckled it behind her head but didn't wrench it into her. She'd be uncomfortable, but as long as I didn't leave it in for hours on end, she'd be alright. She'd end up with a slightly sore jaw. Nothing worse. No more outbursts out of her.

"Hands."

The glum girl just obediently raised her cuffed wrists. I removed the left cuff and she unconsciously touched her lips, stretched around the ball. She moaned and then realized that I hadn't given her permission to move her free hand. She paled a bit and placed her left hand back into position with her right. I grasped her wrists and moved them behind her. I could hear her protesting behind the gag, but couldn't understand her words. I clipped her wrists back together behind her and then rose.

I returned to the desk and sat back in from of Kara.

"Now. Where were we?"

"Please don't do this."

"Clothespins, right?"

"You were placing eight clothespins on my tits for my swearing." Kara's attitude seemed to have changed with the appeal from Amy. Maybe she was beginning to realize that she was in some real trouble and she better start cooperating if she expected to get out without some real pain. Perhaps realizing that Amy had taken punishment for her to try and warn her.

I began to systematically attach the clothespins to the firm flesh of her bare breasts. She squirmed against he ropes holding her, but not significantly. Twisting her body probably was painful in itself with the tight bonds. She cried out as the sixth one settled into her left breast. Julie was still softly crying behind me. Not being able to stop.

"Now. The hard part."

"Please. Not the nipples."

I nodded. "You ready?"

"Please. I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I'll never swear again. As long as I live. I'll do whatever you want. God. Please. You don't have any idea how much that is going to hurt. These hurt enough. I'm begging you."

I reached out and touched her right nipple. I could see the concentration across her face. Trying not to squirm. Trying not to twist away. Trying not to react to my gentle caresses. She lost. Her nipple hardened involuntarily and she screamed as the clamp squeezed the tip. She thrashed in her bonds. Shaking herself. Trying to dislodge the pain.

"Ahhhh. Noooooooo. Oh my god. Oh my god. It hurts. Please take it off me. I'll do anything you want. I'll fu ... make love to you. Any way you want it. Please."

I waited for her to calm. The pain to subside to a dull throbbing in her nipple.

"Kara?"

She turned her head. Looking at me through bleary eyes.

"If you mean love making, you can say fuck. That's acceptable. It's only when you embellish with it. 'Fucking bastard' doesn't really sound very ladylike. Unless you are in pain, like now, in which case I can sort of understand losing your composure."

"You fu ... bastard."

"See. You are getting the idea."

I reached out and lightly touched her left nipple.

"Please no. I'll do anything you wan t. I'll fuck you. I'll crawl for you. I'll do anything you want. I'll degrade myself. But please. Don't clamp my other nipple. It hurts so much."

She didn't even try beyond the begging. Her nipple slowly tightened to my touch. Again she screamed out her pa in as the clothespin closed on her.

"Argh. No. No. Please. Oh God. My tits. It hurts so goddamn much. Please take them off me. I'll do anything."

I leaned back on my hands and watched the woman as she hurt and pleaded. Finally the pain peaked and descended into that dull throbbing. She was breathing hard. Her clothespin decorated breasts rising and falling with her distress.

I hopped off the table. Done tormenting her for the moment. I looked out the window. I had a fine view of the front of the store. Cash iers. Front doors. The works.

I turned around. Jane and Christi looked pained. Having to watch Kara sitting there naked as she had to watch her breasts being tortured. Wanting to comfort her. Wanting to at least say something. But somehow holding their ton gues. All they had to do was look at Amy. Head hung, gagged. Hands cuffed behind her back instead of in front. Actually I was proud of them. It must have been near impossible for Jane to keep quiet.

Julie just sat and cried in her chair. Trying to pretend that she wasn't handcuffed naked in some interviewer's office. Waiting to be tortured.

"Ladies?"

All the heads in the room perked up as I addressed them.

"Kara and Julie. I want you to think about something. Okay? I have a few other things to do. When I ge t back, I expect you both to be ready to have sex."

Julie looked up at me. I was surprised after all she'd seen that she'd care. "I thought you said you wouldn't rape me."

"And I'm not going to. I meant have sex with each other."

"You have to be joking."

I turned back to the window. "Just be prepared. I am going to ask you to do it. Ask Kara what the price of disobedience is. Hell just look at her chest."

Chapter 92

Ignoring the soft crying coming from the women behind me, I glanced out at the store again. I studied the cashiers from above. I had a perfect view of Nicole and Kathleen at lane ten. Frozen in time.

I concentrated. I isolated their body masses from the vicinity in space -time. Seeing them made it easier, but they were a fair distance away. And there was a plate of smoked glass between us. I felt their space assert itself onto this timeline and I groaned at the effort. Dizziness washed over me. Kara gasped as I leaned on her bare shoulder shaking her tightly bound body and the clothespins.

I glanced over at Christi, who was struggling to get to her bare feet. She paled at my look, falling back to her knees. She looked like she was desperate to say something, knowing that she wasn' t allowed.

I shook my head and the dizziness cleared to be replaced with a very faint nausea. I straightened.

Looking out the window, I watched as the two stunned girls excitedly spoke to each other downstairs. I couldn't hear their words, but I was willin g to put money on that they were trying to sort out why their old friend Mr. Gramps wasn't moving. And neither was his grandson. Kathleen carefully stepped out from her cage. Both girls looking around desperately. Frightened.

They crept down the front aisl e between the cases of pop and the cash registers. They stopped in front of lane four. Pointing at the middle aged woman. Finally, Nicole, at least I think it was Nicole, got braver and opened the enclosure. Reaching out tentatively with her hand and touch ing the frozen woman's face. I heard the scream faintly as she pulled her hand back from the frozen cold flesh.

She scrambled out of the cashier enclosure and desperately hugged the other girl. Trembling. Her lips moving soundlessly. Probably trying to mak e sense of all this. The girls carefully crept around other frozen people. Frightened to touch them. Staying together.

Finally, panicked, they began to run for the door. I had long ago ensured that all the entrance doors were frozen on the prime time line. No matter what they did, they couldn't have opened them.

Kathleen actually ran into the doors. Expecting them to open automatically. She fell backwards onto her bottom and began to shake. Nicole tried to pry the frozen door open with her fingers. Finally, after a few minutes they gave up and sank to the floor. I couldn't tell, but it was looking like Nicole was crying as well. The girls shifted until their backs were to the door and just waited. For what, I have no idea.

I turned to my other captives. "Gir ls? I want you all to stay here. Quietly. You can talk together. But quietly."

I stepped around Kara and the desk. I petted Julie's head as I passed her. She cringed.

I crouched in front of Jane and Christi. I whispered to them.

"I don't want you telling t hem about the time thing. But explaining the rules is alright. Get them ready for the sex. I don't want either one of you off your knees while I'm gone. Understand?"

They both mutely nodded. I rose to my feet and slipped out of the room. I silently made my way down the stairs. As soon as I opened the door into the store, I could faintly hear the girls through the silence. I carefully closed the door and made my way towards the front of the store. As I approached them, I began to be able to make out their individual voices and the odd word.

"... Nicole ..."

"... trapped ... Ms. Orton ..."

I waited just out of their sight. Curious what they would do. I could barely see them. They were definitely in tears. Trying to make sense out of the messed up world.

"We have to get out. Get help," the girl named Kathleen was speaking.

"How? We can't even open the damn doors."

"We'll break the glass or something. Find a phone that works."

"Come on. Maybe there is someone alive upstairs."

I watched as they got to their feet and began to walk towards me. I stood stock still. Trying to look like one of the frozen people. Kathleen and Nicole walked past me. Carefully moving around my body to avoid touching me. Touching the frozen people, must have really spooked Nicole earlier. I let them get ten meters or so towards the back of the store, before I made any sound.

I softly spoke. "Going somewhere ladies?"

I think you probably could have heard the double scream at the South Pole. Nicole almost fainted. Her eyes actually rolled back but she managed to catch herself and hold onto consciousness.

Kathleen whispered. "Goddamn you scared us. Thank God. You're alive. We aren't the only ones."

I let Nicole regain her composure before I continued.

"The others aren't dead exactly. They just can't hear you."

"Excuse me? Do you know what is going on here?" Kathleen's face had lit up. "Who are you?"

"The people are frozen. They aren't dead."

"Why aren't we?"

"Because I let you free."

"You?"

"Kind of."

"I don't understand."

"You don't have to understand."

"What the hell is going on here?" Her tears had dried up. Anger replacing them. Then plaintively, "Are you going to help us?"

"Girls. You are currently on a separate time line. The others are frozen on the original one. Does that help?"

"No."

"I doubted it would."

"So, how do we get back to the original timeline? Back to normal?"

"I start it up again."

"You. Start it up again? So why don't you?"

"I like it here at the moment."

“So where do we fit in?” She was still mighty calm. I could see it in her eyes. A conscious decision to remain cool and calm. Similar to Jane the first time I met her.

“It’s actually very simple. If you do whatever I say, then you don’t get hurt.”

“This is some elaborate robbery? I don’t have any money.” Still calm . But I noticed her eyes darting around.

“Kathleen. Nicole. You look like smart girls. Right?”

They both nodded.

“Were you able to get out of here?”

“No. What have you done to the doors?”

“Believe me. You can’t open them. You can’t break them. You can’t ge t out of this store unless I let you.”

Nicole moaned. Despite the fact that Kathleen was doing most of the talking, she caught on quicker.

“You want us. Don’t you?” Nicole moaned.

“Kind of. Kathleen. I see your eyes. You can’t escape. Believe me. Save your self the trouble.”

“What do you want with us?”

Nicole answered the question for me. “He wants *us*, Kath. He’s going to r -rape us. Or something.” She had begun to cry and her body was shaking.

Kathleen absorbed the assertion. Nodding. Not panicking.

“What if we just turned and ran?”

“I wouldn’t if I were you. You don’t want to piss me off.”

“Oh God. Tell me why we shouldn’t just attack you. Right here. You couldn’t stop us both.” I saw her begin to tense her muscles.

“Kathleen. You look like a smart g irl. What if I have a gun? A knife? You willing to risk your pretty body for a futile attack? And what if you don’t succeed? What if it just makes me angry? What if I have that gun and I decide to shoot you? And not to kill you? Bullets can be really painf ul.”

Both girls had paled. Kathleen was shifting her weight from foot to foot.

Kathleen spoke again. “What do you want us to do?”

“Are you two sisters?”

Kathleen answered. “We actually get that a lot. No. We aren’t.”

I just watched them for a few minutes. Considering what I wanted them to do. They stood uncomfortably. Frightened, but not crying any longer.

“Girls? I know you aren’t going to like this. But I need you out of the way for a little while. Okay?”

“Please. Just let us go.”

“I need to tie you up fo r a while. Okay?”

“Please. You don’t need to tie us up. Why?”

“Got other things to take care of.” I lied.

“If we let you tie us up, will you leave us alone? You can do whatever it is you want to do, and then leave. You can just call someone to come untie u s.”

“Perhaps.”

“Okay. Just don’t go ballistic here. Nobody wants to get hurt. We’ll do whatever you want. You want to tie us up. You can. I’ve been tied up before. I have brothers.

Where do you want us?" Kathleen was still calm. Nicole was beginning to cry again. Kathleen threw her arm around Nicole's shoulders and tried to comfort her.

"Nicole. Calm down. It's just a bit of rope. He'll tie us up for a while. No big deal. Better than being raped or shot. Okay? Honey?"

Nicole snuffled but managed to control her crying. "You aren't going to hurt us?"

I considered the question. I really didn't know what I was going to do with these two. I wanted to see them nude. That almost went without saying. And I was picturing them screaming.

"I'm not going to hurt you," I lied again to them.

I had the girls walk ahead of me back towards the front of the store. As we walked, I watched their bodies as they moved beneath the uniforms. So soon to be removed uniforms.

I glanced up. The ceiling in this store was very high. A goo d six meters up. I wanted their hands above them. Somehow, I'd have to get a connection up into the rafters.

I moved towards the women. They had stopped by the second cash line. Waiting quietly for my instructions. I produced another couple of pairs of han dcuffs. I could have frozen them again while I prepared, but the dizziness had scared me a bit earlier. Last thing I needed was to pass out trying to refreeze them. Kathleen would have me in knots, if not dead, in a matter of seconds.

"This won't hurt you. Hold out your right hand Kathleen. Left for you Nicole." Nicole was standing to Kathleen's right.

I walked up to the girls and carefully slipped the first pair of cuffs over their extended wrists. Nicole began to cry again as she watched her left wrist en circled by the steel. I double checked since I hadn't tightened the cuffs into their skin. Nicole shuddered at my touches. The cuff was secure between them. I connected another cuff to Kathleen's left wrist and led them together to the second cash. There w as a convenient red railing marking the lanes. I slipped the cuff around the railing securing them to it temporarily.

"You are just going to leave us here?" Kathleen asked.

"For now."

"How long? Shush Nicole." Nicole struggled to control herself.

"I need to work out a few things. I'll be back for you in a little while."

"Take your time," Kathleen told me. She pulled a bit against the handcuff holding her to the railing. Realizing that she wasn't going anywhere.

I wandered back towards the rear of t he store. The store had advertisements swinging from the rafters. There must be a maintenance area somewhere. A big ladder for putting up those signs. After a brief search I located a long stepladder. It was a bit of a struggle, but I managed to drag it to the front of the store.

Kathleen and Nicole had dropped and were sitting quietly on the floor. Cross - legged. Kathleen's left wrist was extended up, dangling from her tether.

"Sir? Can I ask who you are? And why you need that ladder?" Her eyes betrayed her confusion. But it hadn't settled into worry yet. She was a cool customer. By now, she had to have figured out that if I really only wanted to tie them up, I could have just left them cuffed to the railing. I could see the knowledge burning behind her brig ht blue eyes. I was sure that she hadn't voiced her concerns because of Nicole.

I set up the ladder and called down to her as I climbed it. “Kathleen, I don’t really have a name. Not really. Sir will do.” I didn’t want to frighten her by suggesting that Master would also be acceptable. “Who I am is really unimportant.”

“I just feel odd, you knowing my name and me not knowing yours. After all, I let you restrain me. That should put us on a first name basis don’t you think?”

I considered telling her my real name. I wanted her off balance a bit so I just decided to wait. I’d tell her if the time was right. Until I had complete control of her. I was almost sure that she was just stalling for time. Waiting for an opportunity to either try an escape or incapacitate me. She was a smart girl. She’d go along with whatever I wanted to do to her, and she’d just wait for the right time. I’d have to watch her.

“I don’t have a first name. You want to make one up?”

She considered it. “You’ll hurt me if I come up with one you don’t like.”

Pretty bright girl. “Uh-huh.” I’d reached the top of the ladder. I reached up and touched the rafter above me. Idly I wondered if any of the girls could see me up here through the private window in the manager’s office. I glanced down. Damn good thing I wasn’t afraid of heights. I idly considered what would happen if I fell off this thing. Perhaps I should have made Christi or Jane do this. Too late now.

I fished a length of rope out of my pocket and looped it over the rafter. It was one of those warehouse steel beams. Strong as hell. It would need to be.

I let the end of the rope fall to the floor, six meters down. I gripped the other end and descended the ladder, pulling the rope down with me. After I reached the bottom, I retrieved a can of apple juice from the shelves and tied it off. Didn’t want the rope slipping back up. I gathered up the ladder and moved it off to the side.

Kathleen looked up at me from her seated position.

“What’s the rope for?”

“You are a smart girl. What do you think it is for?”

“Us.”

“Uh-huh.”

She glanced at Nicole who was pulling gently at her cuffed wrist. By extension pulling at Kathleen. Kathleen just suffered the motion in her right hand quietly. Thinking. Probably wanting to ask more, but afraid of frightening Nicole further. Knowing that this wasn’t as innocent as it appeared.

“Why?” She finally asked.

I considered my answer. This could go two ways. If I managed to frighten Nicole, then Kathleen was going to become uncooperative. She was being cooperative to spare Nicole and thinking that doing what I told her would prevent her from being hurt, or raped. In that she was correct. At least, she wasn’t going to get punished if she cooperated. She was sparing herself a lot of agony. She didn’t know that though. She would still hurt, but not like she would if she actively resisted. But if Nicole got spooked, then she really had no reason to cooperate and she might become a little more dangerous. I’d probably have to use my gun. At least as a threat.

“You are going to be in the way if I leave you here.” I made something up on the spot. Not particularly plausible, but Nicole wasn’t really in any shape to notice.

She nodded. Not understanding, but realizing that she wasn’t ever likely to understand why some strange guy could freeze people and wanted to unfreeze her and tie her up.

She raised her right arm, carrying Nicole's wrist with her. I carefully released the cuff from Kathleen and guided the free end to the railing. I cuffed Nicole directly to the railing. I then released Kathleen from the rail and recuffed her hands in front of her. Her blue eyes held a questioning look, but she didn't complain. She just accepted the bonds.

I guided the girl to the shorter end of the rope. The end I'd protected from escaping from the rafter with the can of apple juice. I slipped the rope from the can and attached the end to the chain between Kathleen's wrists. She squirmed a bit.

She glanced over her shoulder at Nicole and then turned back. Nicole was crying, not really paying attention to the restraint of her friend.

Kathleen whispered to me as I attached her.

"Please. What are you going to do with us? You aren't just going to tie us up are you?"

"I'm not sure exactly."

"You are going to hurt us? Rape us? Aren't you?" Calmly.

"Kathleen. If you cooperate, I'll try to go easy on you." She didn't really deserve full fledged lies. I hedged around the truth a bit to keep her calm. "And I'm not going to rape you."

She nodded. "I'll do whatever you want. Please. You don't have to hurt us. And, I'll. I'll do *whatever* you want. Please just leave Nicole alone. She. She can't take this. Can't you see her crying?"

Girls always seemed to come in pairs. The strong one. And the weak one. Must be something in pairing. One always felt protective of the other. Kathleen and Nicole. Jane and Elaine. Lynn and Janet. Catherine and Elizabeth. Even Evelyn versus Ashley and Lisa. Kara and Julie. Always a stronger one.

"Who is she? You look too similar to be friends."

"We are friends. But she's also a cousin. A distant one. That's why there is a resemblance. Please. Don't hurt her. I'll do whatever it is you want. You want me? I'll let you have me. I'll give you whatever you want willingly. Just let her go. Please?"

"I'll try not to hurt her, but I need her secured as well."

"She is secured." Perceptive. No fright in her eyes anymore. "I'll start to resist you if you don't let her go."

"Kathleen. Be smart. You don't want to resist. And how do you know that I'm not turned on by a girl resisting? Huh?"

"Shit. You are a bastard. What are you going to do to us? Me?"

"Right now, I'm serious. I just want to have you both bound. Easy. A little embarrassing. But I'm trying to make sure that you aren't really uncomfortable. You are somewhat comfortable because you've been behaving so far."

"Actually, I noticed. My brothers used to tie my up worse than this." She knew I wasn't lying about making her uncomfortable at least.

"I'm going to move Nicole over. Alright? I won't hurt her. I promise."

"Please. Just let us go. You don't have to do this."

I smiled at her, but ignored her plea. I returned to Nicole who looked up at me with frightened eyes. Her eyes, I noticed, were brown. Matched her hair.

"Nicole. Honey. I'm just going to move you over there with Kathleen. Okay? You aren't going to do anything dumb are you?"

"N-n-no. I'll do what you want. Please. Just don't hurt me."

"You'll be comfortable enough. Okay?"

I released the cuff from the railing and coaxed the upset girl to her feet. I handcuffed her like Kathleen. H ands in front of her. I walked her over by her cousin. I gently pulled on the other end of the rope. The rafter working like a pulley. Kathleen's hands rose and though I could feel the weight of her arms, she didn't resist.

"Nicole? Raise your hands above your head. High. Reach for the ceiling."

She just stood there crying.

"Nicole? Sweety?" Kathleen spoke to her friend. "You have to do what he says. Or he's going to hurt me. Please? It's just me that you are going to be attached to. Please? For me?"

Nicole looked up and raised her hands above her head. Fingers outstretched towards the ceiling.

I wrapped the rope around the short chain between her wrists and tied it off. I had to reach up a little, but neither girl was all that tall. I was able to secure the knot adequately. I stepped back from the bound women to check the scene. The women just stood quietly with their arms bound above them. Their cashier uniforms pulled tight across their chests with the arms high position. Breasts flattened against their je rseys. There was slack in the tethering rope, but the women couldn't move very far apart. Any movement on the part of one was transferred through the tether to the other girl. I nodded. It would do.

Kathleen spoke. "Don't make me regret letting you do this to me."

Chapter 93

I left the two cashiers and slowly made my way back upstairs. As I approached the manager's office I could hear soft voices inside. Jane's and Kara's. I stood outside the doorway and listened.

Kara's voice floated through the door. "You are freer than I am. Please."

Jane's quiet voice. "I can't. I wish I could. God how I wish that I could."

"But, he's not here. I'm not suggesting that we attack him. I know it won't work. But, I could get out of here. Get hel p."

"Didn't you say that you yelled earlier?"

"I don't understand why the police aren't here yet. God, this hurts."

"It looks like it. Jane? Kara? Whatever your name is? You have to listen to him. You have to obey him. I know it is hard. I know you are an independent woman. So am I. I know it doesn't look like it. But I was. You aren't going to like what he wants you to do. But believe me, you have to do it. It will be over soon. I promise. I know that he doesn't want to keep you. You'll be freed if you coo perate." Jane spoke soothingly to the other woman.

"Oh God. I can't take this much longer. Just. Please. If you won't untie me, please get these things off my nipples. Please?"

"I can't. I'm so sorry. I feel for you. I really do. I know how much that hurts . Having clamps on your nipples. But he could be outside the door listening right now. I'm not allowed to move."

"He's not here, goddammit. Why are you so afraid of him?"

"Kara. Listen to yourself. Your feet are blue. Your breasts have a half dozen clothespins on them that you can't remove. You've been slapped. My God. Aren't you afraid of him?" Jane reasoned.

"I just want out of this."

"I know you do, sweety. I know." It sounded strange this teenager calling a woman twice her age 'sweety', but Jane managed to pull it off. Strange situation. "He'll let you out if you cooperate and don't go out of your way to piss him off."

There was a pause. I was about to walk in, I had my hand on the doorknob when I heard Julie's soft voice begin.

"He's. He's not really go ing to make us do that is he?"

Christi's voice floated through the thin door. "Honey? Julie? You have to try and get used to the idea. He is going to make you two have sex together. Honestly."

"I can't do it."

"Sweetheart. That's what I thought as well, th e first time he made me have sex with a woman. God. I hated it. I still do."

"Then why?"

"Why do I do it for him? I don't have a choice. The alternative is so much worse. Jane. She's been through it. I've seen her screaming. I couldn't do that. So I just c lose my eyes and make love to whoever he tells me to. I just try to forget it's a woman. It's just skin. I know it's hard to think that way, but you are going to have to try. It won't kill you. But the alternative might. I don't want to watch if you can't do it."

"What. What will he do to me? What did he do to Jane?"

"Honey, he'll probably whip you. If you are lucky."

“Wh-whip me? I. I think I can do that. It would be better than having sex with Kara. I mean Jane. I don’t even know what I mean, I’m so scare d.”

“You don’t know what it feels like. Look at Kara ... Jane. Now imagine that ten times worse and ten times longer.”

“I. I can’t have sex with her. I can’t.”

“Yes you can. Believe me, he’ll keep whipping you until you either pass out or beg to make love to her. You will do what he asks. You can’t take that pain.”

“I can.”

“Honey. He’ll whip you on your breasts. Between your legs. Your face. You can’t take that very long. I’ve seen much stronger women than you begging to be raped by a dog rather than take another stroke across the nipples. You’ll do anything to avoid another stroke. Trust me. It hurts.”

There was another pause here. I thought I could hear the bound girl quietly weeping. I heard Christi mutter, “God. I wish I could move.”

“I know,” Jane’s voice filtered through. “Me too.”

I slowly opened the door and peeked in. Julie was hanging in her ropes. Pulling weakly at them. Crying softly. Kara just glared at me in hate as I walked in. Jane and Christi turned their heads.

Christi spoke first. “Sir? Permission to go to Julie?”

I nodded. Christi scrambled to her bare feet, her handcuffs jangling. She knelt again near Julie’s bound feet and stroked the girl’s thigh. Whispering to her. Trying to calm her. Julie wept, but seemed to be react ing to the female comfort. Calming a little.

Amy just looked over her gag. Trying to speak through it to get my attention. Wanting it out. I’d remove it for her, but I had some other things to take care of first.

I walked over and sat in front of Kara agai n.

“Well? How’s the breasts?”

“They fucking hurt, you son -of-a-bitch.”

“I see. You want me to take them off you?”

“What do you think?”

“I think you actually look pretty in them,” I remarked casually.

“Bastard.”

“Do you want me to take them off you?”

“Yes.”

“Beg.”

“Beg? You fucked up maniac. Never.”

I slapped her. Not hard, but enough to remind her that she was the one tied into her chair, not able to move away. Tears sprang to her eyes as the blow settled into her face. She looked up at me again with loathi ng.

I reached forward and grasped the two clothespins attached to her sore nipples. I gently pulled them out from her bare breasts. Her face registered disbelief at the level of the pain, seconds before her mouth opened and she screamed.

“Argh. Please. Oh fuck. My nipples. Please. Please. Please. That hurts. Oh God. Let me go. I’ll do what you want. I’ll beg. I’ll beg. Please. No. Stop.”

I released her nipples and her breasts snapped back against her chest. She sagged in her ropes. Moaning.

I left her there and hopped off her desk. I walked to her window, waiting for her pain to subside. Kathleen was standing close to Nicole. I had a perfect view of the two bound girls on the store floor. Kathleen was on her tiptoes trying to reach the knots holding her hands. Her fingers scrabbling at the tether holding her arms up and to her cousin. Nicole was trying to give her as much slack as she could. With the handcuffs interfering and the way I'd tied the knots in the tether, Kathleen was going to have a hell of a time even reaching the knots, much less loosening them. For now, I'd let her try.

I turned back to Kara. Stroking her hair from behind. She just sat still and suffered the touch.

I hopped back up on the desk. Facing her. Her eyes were still tearing but she had gotten the old defiance back again. She opened her mouth to say something. I slapped her again before she could get the words out.

"Ow. Please. What was that for?"

"I felt like it."

"God. Please. I was just going to tell you ..."

I slapped her again. Tears began to fall down her cheeks. Not understanding why she was being hit.

"Owowow. Please. Stop slapping me. I'll do whatever it is you want."

I slapped her again. This time she tensed for it and her face flipped to the side. Slowly she brought her face back around. I wasn't hitting her that hard. Her face would sting for a while, but there wouldn't be any lasting damage. Couple of red hand prints. I'm sure it wasn't comfortable but overall she'd be fine.

"Please?" she implored me. Not having a clue what I wanted. How she could stop me from slapping her.

I slapped her other cheek. Her head rocked. She turned back towards me. Hate burning in her eyes, but this time she kept her mouth closed. She just waited for the next slap.

I leaned back on the desk and just regarded her. Her pinned breasts heaving as she softly cried.

"Have you been thinking about Julie?" I asked her.

"Please."

I slapped her again. Her left cheek again. Her cheeks were getting really red. Tears were free flowing down the reddened cheeks. Her head rocked to the right and she wept there for a moment. Finally she turned her head back towards me. Beginning to understand that she wasn't to speak.

I waited a few moments and then repeated the question.

"Have you been thinking about Julie ?"

This time, Kara just shook her head in the negative. I stroked her face instead of slapping it this time.

"You realize that you two are going to have sex for me?"

A confused look on her face. So wanting to talk to me about this. Wanting to somehow persuade me not to play this perverse game.

She shook her head. Wrong answer. I slapped her face again. Right cheek. Her head rocked to the left. Weeping. She didn't turn her face back this time. She spoke, turned away from me.

"I can't. Please. I'll do whatever else you ... aahhhhhhh. Please. No more. Fuck. That hurts. Oh God. Please. My nipples. My poor nipples. Fuck. Stop. No more. Please. For the love of Christ. Stop."

I released her nipple pins. As soon as the pain faded she managed to turn her face back towards me. The spark of defiance still showed through her pain. I slapped her. Harder this time. Still not telling her why. I think she was beginning to make the connections. She speaks, she gets slapped. If she tries to avoid it, her nipples get my attention and she gets slapped anyway. Harder.

After she managed to get control of herself, she slowly turned her face back towards me. Begging with her eyes.

"You realize that you two are going to have sex for me, right?"

She took a deep breath. Still wanting desperately to protest. She slowly nodded.

"Because you are going to sit there and get slapped unless you do as you are told. Right?"

She nodded again.

"So. Don't you think that you should be thinking about that nude woman currently tied to that chair over there?"

Another look of confusion crossed her face. Not wanting to answer but knowing she had to. She nodded again.

I stroked her short blonde hair. "Good girl."

Her face flushed. I could see her wanting to turn her face away in shame, but knew the consequences. Her nipples knew the consequences.

"Now. Do you want those clothespins off your breasts?"

A big nod. Easy to tell the truth here.

"How about having your ankles loosened?"

Another huge nod.

"Do you want to make love to Julie?"

A look of confusion crossed her face. Tears welling up again. She slowly nodded. Thinking that this was the answer I wanted. I knew that she was lying. I gave her a light slap. Not even enough to really feel compared to the others, but enough for her to know that she had done something wrong. Tears welled up in her eyes again. Afraid. Not knowing what the hell I wanted from her. Not being able to ask.

She slowly shook her head. Negative.

"Kara. I just want the truth. I know that you don't want to make love to her. I still am going to enjoy watching you do it, but I know that you don't want to."

She nodded. Slowly. Tears falling. She understood. She understood the pain of the slaps.

"Now. I gave you a chance to get those clothespins off your breasts once before. By begging. And you messed it up. So I guess that you'll have to live with them for a while. You want to beg to have your ankles loosened?"

She closed her eyes and nodded.

"You can speak now."

No hesitation this time. "Oh God. Please. I'm begging you. I can't feel my toes. They're numb. I don't want to lose them. I'm afraid. There's no circulation at all. I'll get down on my knees if you'll let me."

"Beg Jane. Not me."

Confusion crossed her face. But she was beginning to see that disobedience caused discomfort and punishment. Whether it made any sense to her or not. And she really was worried about her feet. That I could see. She was trying desperately to twist in her ankle ropes, trying to find somewhere to allow some circulation. There simply wasn't any position because of the tightness of the ropes. She could barely even twist her ankles.

"Jane? Please? I'm begging for my feet. Please? The ropes on my ankles. They are too tight. Oh God. I'm going to lose my feet. I don't want to lose them. Please. Have mercy on me. I'm not asking to be released. Just loosened. Just a bit. Please? Let me have circulation? I'm begging you."

I turned to Jane. Still on her knees behind Julie.

"Jane? You think that you can loosen these things with your hands cuffed?"

"It will take me a while. But if she cooperates ..." Jane's voice trailed off.

"You going to cooperate?" I turned to Kara.

"Yes, sir."

"Come here, Jane."

She rose to her bare feet and padded over to the desk. I had her raise her hands and I released her handcuffs letting them dangle from her left wrist. She immediately knelt and gasped as she saw the pair of blue bare feet in front of her. Her fingers immediately began to work at the knots. They were my knots so she didn't have as much trouble as if she'd tied them. In a few minutes, Kara's right foot was free of the chair leg. I watched as the pink colour returned to her lower extremity. Tears of relief dripped down her face. Jane worked on her left foot while I talked to her.

"Kara?"

She looked at me. Almost defeated.

"Are you sorry about the handcuffs?"

She slowly nodded. I actually believed that she was.

Her left foot came free of the ropes. She flexed her toes. The colour returning to her left foot as well.

Suddenly she gasped. Pain crossing her face. Pulling at her hand cuffs. Tears of pain crawling down her cheeks again.

"Please. Oh God," she gasped out. "My feet. Oh my God. My feet."

"What's the matter?"

"Tingling. Pins and needles. Oh God. I can't take it." Trying to hold her bare feet still against the floor.

"Janey? Massage her feet."

"Sir? That will hurt her."

"I know. Kara? You keep your feet still for Jane. Okay?"

"Oh God. Please don't touch .... God. Oh God. Please. I'll do anything you want. They fucking hurt. Please make her stop. Oooowwwwww."

I let the woman suffer, eventually Jane's fingers massaging the blood back into the poor woman's feet. I could see the relief flow into her features as the pain faded.

"Jane. Retie them. But not as tight. Okay?"

Jane nodded and I hopped off the desk, leaving the tormented women to finish. I crouched in front of Julie. My forearms easily rested on her bare thighs. Christi was still kneeling there, stroking the girl. She'd raised up on her knees and was stroking the girl's long brown hair with her cuffed hands.

“Julie?”

She was still quietly sobbing. Probably scared by what I’d done to Kara.

Christ whispered in the girls ear. “Julie, honey? You have to answer him. You don’t want to feel what Kara felt, do you?”

“Please? Don’t hurt me. I’ll do whatever you want.”

“That’s good. So you’ll make love to Kara for me?”

“I. I’m not sure I can.”

“But you’ll try?”

“I’m not a lesbian. Please don’t make me do that.”

Christi spoke up. “Remember what we talked about, Julie? You have to try.”

“I’ll try. Just don’t slap me. Please?”

I ran my fingertips down her bare exposed breasts and she cringed. I rose.

Jane had finished re-tying Kara’s ankles. I crouched and double checked the knots. I’d never caught her not tying up a girl to the best of her ability. Kara wasn’t going anywhere but her feet wouldn’t fall asleep due to lack of circulation again. I ran my finger along Kara’s right instep and up her calf. She shuddered but was smart enough not to make a complaint.

“Thanks, Jane.”

She just smiled. Knowing that she was damn good at knots. She cra wled out from the foot of Kara’s chair. Knelt by Julie’s chair.

“Christi? Jane? On your feet.”

The girls obediently rose to their feet with me. I recuffed Jane’s hands. She made no complaint. I guided them towards the doorway. Their bare feet moving ahead of me. As we passed the door, I turned back to the remaining women.

“Amy?”

She turned towards me hopefully. Forced to remain voluntarily immobile. Her hands still cuffed behind her. The ball gag still stretching her mouth.

“I’ll let you out of that gag when I get back.”

Her face fell. Hoping for the use of her mouth again. But silently accepting her punishment. Not having much choice. Not as though she could take it out of her own mouth.

“Julie and Kara? When I get back, you should be rea dy to have sex. Okay?”

Kara defeated, nodded. Julie shook her head. Neither was very enthusiastic about it. Julie pulled once more at the ropes holding her bare body and gave up. Slumping in the bonds.

I picked up the pack and I closed the door as I walked out with the girls.

Chapter 94

Once outside the office, I quickly connected leashes to their throat collars.

"You didn't have to slap her that hard, you know." Christi spoke to me as we made our way out of the employee area and back down the stairs. Tugg ing a bit against the leash.

"She was not being obedient."

"She's new. She doesn't even know what is expected of her. You didn't even tell her why you were slapping her. Torturing her."

"She figured it out."

"Sometimes you are such a bastard."

I put my hand on her shoulder and stopped her. Jane stopped as well, gazing at us. We'd almost made it to the bottom of the stairs. The cuffed blonde in front of me was shaking a bit. I couldn't tell if it was anger or fright.

"Christi. Do you want to be the next one being slapped?"

She paled. Suddenly really frightened. I couldn't blame her.

"No sir. Please. I'm sorry. Truly I am," she managed to get out shakily. "You don't have to hurt me."

"I don't want to hear anymore about how I'm treating them. I'm not in the moo d to put up with it. Alright?"

Tears had begun to form in Christi's eyes and she clamped her mouth shut and nodded slowly. Not understanding. Frightened. Jane looked like she was about to say something but decided not to. Her mouth set in a grim line.

I opened the door and let the girls walk out into the store again. They padded out and stood waiting for me to join them. I walked them along the back of the store, and finally down the aisle leading to the front of the store. As we approached, Kathleen and Nicole both stared at us. Not quite believing that I was leading a pair of nude women by their throats, their hands in handcuffs down the store aisle towards them. Along the way, I picked up some broom handles as we passed.

Kathleen found her tongue first. " Oh God. Is that our fate too?"

Christi and Jane just sank to their knees on the store tiles. Keeping their mouths shut. I walked over to the bound cashiers.

"Kathleen, that isn't your fate. I promise you. We are just going to have some fun and then I'll re lease you. If you cooperate."

"By fun, you mean rape. And I let you tie me up. I have been cooperating. I thought that you weren't going to hurt us. Why should I believe that you'll let us go after raping us."

Nicole was almost incoherent in fright. Tears running down her pretty face.

"You can't. But I can't keep you like I'm keeping them."

"Why not?"

Jane spoke from her kneeling position on the floor. "Honey. You'll end up doing what he wants anyway. Trust me. It doesn't much matter if he's telling the truth or not. I've been with him long enough to know that it is always just better to cooperate with him."

"Who are you?" Kathleen asked the naked kneeling girl.

“I’m Jane. And I have no id ea if he’s even going to punish me for talking to you. I’m frightened like hell, and I just don’t want to see you hurt more than necessary. Please. Just listen to him.”

Kathleen nodded. “You’ll let us go after you’ve had your fun?”

I nodded. “I can’t keep you.”

She looked a bit confused, but didn’t question it again. “If I willingly have sex with you, will you let Nicole go? Spare her at least?”

“I can take whatever I want from you. And from her.”

The first tears began to form in her eyes. “I swear. I’ll gi ve you the best time of your life. I don’t. Have much experience, but I’ll make it up in effort. I’ll try my best. You won’t regret it. Please.” She tried to move towards me, but the tether stopped her short.

“Kathleen. You don’t really want to do that.”

“Of course, I don’t. But I don’t have much else to bargain with, now do I?”

I picked up the scissors from the pack. Kathleen’s face went ashen. Her mouth moved, but no sound came out.

“Oh God. You know I’ll do whatever you want. Please. Don’t hurt us. I don ’t want to die,” she finally managed to gasp out. She thought that I was going to use the scissors on her body.

“Relax. You’ll be fine if you don’t move. I’m just going to relieve you of those pretty uniforms.”

“You are going to cut our clothes off. You do n’t have to do that. I’ll take them off if you just release me for a moment. I’ll let you tie me back up. Please.”

I ignored her and moved to her bound body. She aimed a kick at me, but her body was stretched upwards by the ropes and she wasn’t able to get it to land with any force. Just glanced harmlessly off my hip.

I stepped towards her. Cutting off any further kicks. I grabbed her lower jaw and held her face. Staring into her frightened eyes.

“Kathleen, you don’t want to do this. You don’t want to resis t. Listen to Jane,” I hissed.

“You are going to rape me anyway. What the hell do I have to lose?”

“This.” I slapped her hard across the face. Her head rocked to the side and involuntary tears formed in her eyes. Defiance burned in them. She struggled not t o cry out.

“I don’t care. Slap me all you want. I’ll still kick you whenever you give me a chance. And god help you if you ever let me out of these.” Meaning the handcuffs.

“Kathleen. Honey. I’m not going to slap you. I just wanted you to feel how much it hurts. I know you can take it. I just wanted you to know that for every kick you aim at me, Nicole gets a slap like the one I just gave you. Understand?”

“You are a bastard.”

“Now, you are going to let me cut your clothes off, right?”

She nodded. Hate burn ing in her eyes.

I slipped the sharp shears into the throat of her uniform. She shuddered at the touch of the cold steel against her bare skin. In one quick motion I tore the material down her front. I snipped out the straps of her bra, cutting it between her breasts. A few more cuts and the garments lay crumpled on the floor. I stepped back. She was well built. High firm

breasts. Small nipples becoming erect at their exposure. She was shaking, but still managed to glare at me. Probably beginning to feel more vulnerable being topless.

I repeated the procedure on Nicole. Nicole was far more cooperative. Just standing still while her top was removed. Same build. Almost the same nipples.

I walked back to Christi and Jane. I crouched and released their hands. They remained on their knees idly rubbing their wrists. Afraid to speak.

"Jane. I know you don't want to do it, but I want you to tie their feet apart. To those broomsticks."

Without a word, Jane scrambled to her feet and obeyed. Taking some rope from the pack and approaching the girls. Whispering to Kathleen. Trying to calm her. Both girls allowed the spreaders on their ankles without need of coaxing. Jane was pretty persuasive when she had to be.

She returned and knelt back beside Christi.

"Now. Both of you. I want to hear them scream."

Christi spoke up. "Please don't make us do this. They'll do whatever you want."

"Christi. Honey. What I want is to hear them scream."

"They'll have sex with you if you want. Wouldn't that be better than making us make them scream?"

"Perhaps after they've screamed."

"You don't have to do this."

"I know."

"But you can. What's up with you today? You are scaring me. Scaring the hell out of everyone," Christi finally broke down and raged a little at me.

"Not sure. Just do what I ask, and you can avoid punishment."

"Yes sir," Christi's face fell, not understanding, but knowing that she couldn't take the punishment that I would give her for disobeying.

I reached into the pack and withdrew the crop and a small stranded whip I'd picked up in the adult store before snatching Jane. Their eyes widened at the sight of the implements.

Jane moaned. "I. I don't think I can."

"Janey. You have to. I want to see them both across the breasts."

"They aren't ready for it. They can't. I can't."

"Remember what this feels like across your breasts? Want to feel it again? I'm in the mood."

"If it will get me out of hitting them. They. Don't deserve it. They haven't done anything but obey you."

"Jane. Listen to me. I know that you can take the pain. And that you'd gladly let me whip you until you passed out to avoid this. But eventually you'd break. I'd make you beg to whip them to make it stop. Believe me. It won't get you out of it. Remember Amy?"

She took a deep breath and let it out slowly. "You bastard. Which one do I have to hit?"

"Nicole. Christi, you get Kathleen."

"Why? What did they do to deserve a breast cropping?" Christi tried to reason with me.

"Nothing. I just want to see it."

“Hit me instead. I deserve it more than they do. They’re just frightened girls trying to do what you want. It’s not fair,” Christi choked out the offer.

“Christi. Darling. I’m going to hurt them, and then just return them. They won’t remember a thing. Remember the time thing? I wouldn’t do this to them if I was going to keep them.”

The two nude girls nodded. Not quite understanding why I was making them do this, but realizing that the other women’s pain would be temporary at least.

I settled myself to the floor to watch. Kathleen’s eyes widened as she watched Christi and Jane approach with the whips.

She questioned them silently, begging with her eyes for them to release her.

“Please. What are you going to do to us?” she finally asked.

Jane closed her eyes.

“Kathleen. Honey. He’s going to make us hurt you. A lot.”

“Oh God. Please. I haven’t done anything. Please just let us go. I. I’m not good with pain.”

“I’m so sorry. I tried everything to make him not do this to you. I even offered myself in your place. He wants to hear you scream. I don’t know why.”

“You are going to whip us? God. How can you do that?”

“I. I don’t have a choice. He’ll. Punish me if I don’t. And eventually, I’ll do it anyway. Please don’t make it harder than it already is.”

Jane moved towards Kathleen and hugged her fiercely. I could hear her soft voice whispering. “Kathleen. It’s going to hurt. A lot. Don’t hold back. Just scream your heart out. It helps.”

“You’ve been whipped?”

“Yes.”

The girls separated.

“I really don’t want to do this. But. I just have no choice,” Christi spoke to the bound woman in front of her.

“I know.”

“You ready?”

Kathleen nodded her head. Bracing herself.

Christi stepped forward with the crop. I heard her whisper, either to herself or Kathleen, “Forgive me .”

I heard the whistle of the crop through the air. Watched as the tip crashed heavily into Kathleen’s chest. Catching her just above the nipples. A red line appearing immediately. Her bare breasts dancing on her chest. The look of complete shock on her face as she realized that she really wasn’t ready for this kind of pain. Her mouth opened and cried out her pain in one long sound.

“Aiiieieeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeeee,” she screamed wonderfully.

I heard the smaller whip land on Nicole’s breasts. She follow ed her cousin’s wail of despair as the pain settled into her body.

Kathleen was crying and pulling at her bound feet and hands. Jane had closed her eyes. Wobbly on her bare feet. Looking decidedly sick about this.

Christi let another fall onto the still cr ying girl. Kathleen tensed and cried out again.

“Aiiieeeeee. Fuck. Fuck. FUCK. Please no more. It hurts. Mercy. I’ll do whatever you want. Please.”

Nicole was simply hysterical as her breasts were caught again by Jane's strands. She was already broken. Sc reaming incoherently and crying. Sagging against her handcuffs, pulling Kathleen's arms up painfully through the tether. Not even having the energy to beg.

Kathleen began to beg. "Please. Whoever you are. God. You have tits. You know what this feels like. Please no more. I'm begging you. I can't take it."

Christi closed her eyes, bring the crop down against the bound woman's nipples.

She arched backwards and her mouth opened in a soundless scream. Incoherent. Tears falling unheeded down her face. Struggling against the steel and the ropes holding her body helpless.

She finally caught her breath. Crying.

"God. Please. Stop. No more. I can't take any more. If you have to hit me hit me somewhere else. Not the tits. You are going to kill me. Please," she whisper ed. "I'm going to pass out if you hit me again."

Christi closed her eyes and raised her bare arm again. Having to hit her until I told her to stop. I watched as Jane whipped Nicole's breasts again. The girl arched with the blow and screamed. But her voice was already getting hoarse. Her eyes were closed and she would pass out with another blow. Both girls. I could tell.

"Hold." I spoke to the nude women. I rose to my feet and approached Christi.

"Thank God," she whispere d. "She was going to pass out. You fucking bastard. Are you fucking happy?"

Kathleen was slumped in her bonds, hanging from her wrists. Breathing heavily, sobbing at the pain radiating from her chest. I ignored Christi and stood by Kathleen.

"Had enough?"

"Good Christ," she gasped out. "You have no fucking idea how much this hurts. I want to die."

"You won't die."

"Please. No more. I'll do anything you want. I would have before. You don't have to keep hitting me. Please."

"So, you don't want any more crops to your breasts?"

"Please. I'm going to pass out. I almost did on the last one. What do you want from me? I'll fuck you. I'll let you do anything to me. Anything. You can have me anyway you want me. Just. Stop. Hitting. Me. And Nicole. Please."

"How about your pussy?"

"You can have sex with me. I don't care."

"I meant, instead of your breasts."

"You want to hit me between the legs? Good God. Why? Please no more."

I turned to Christi. "Cut her pants off."

Christi just looked at me. "You can't be serious. She 'll faint. If you don't destroy her forever."

"Forever isn't very long for her."

"Please. Don't kill me. I swear. I'll be your sex slave forever. I don't want to die." Kathleen interrupted. Probably misinterpreting my forever isn't very long for her comment. Christi had begun to cut the green uniform pants from Kathleen's body. Her long legs were exposed. Her bound feet still encased in white socks and running shoes.

Christi took a deep breath and cut the panties off Kathleen in two quick strokes. Kathleen shuddered and begged quietly.

Jane had walked over and put her small hand on my shoulder. She whispered in my ear.

"Please. I'll take her place. You can whip me between my legs."

I turned to her. "Whip?"

She handed it to me.

"Will you stand still while I d o it?"

Tears had sprung into her eyes. She slowly spread her legs apart, bare feet gripping the tile. She held her hands easily behind her back. She nodded. Tears running down her cheeks. Waiting for the pain. She closed her eyes.

I casually flicked the st rands up between Kathleen's bare legs. She was intently watching, expecting me to hit Jane instead. Her head rocked back and her screech echoed around the store.

"Oh God. Oh God. Oh God. It hurts. Please not another one. I'll do anything. Argh. No. No. No. No. Ahhhhhhhhhh. Argh. Shit. Please. Whip my tits. Not my pussy anymore. Oh God. I'm going to die. I can't take this. Please. Oh God. Please. The pain."

Jane stood in her stance. Tears rolling down her cheeks. Knowing that she failed. And not being able to look.

I knelt down. There were faint red marks running across Kathleen's thighs, her lips and through her light pubic hair. She was moaning and trying to ease the terrible pain. I hadn't even hit her very hard. Still not really knowing how hard I could hit her without causing damage. It didn't look like any strands had penetrated the protection of her outer lips.

I let her rest. Jane had returned to her feet. "You are such a bastard."

All the girls were in pain. I didn't pay any mind to the name calling.

Finally, Kathleen turned her red eyes towards me. Pleading. A hurt expression on her tear streaked face.

"Please?" she whispered.

"Please what?"

"Please stop hitting me. I swear I'll do whatever you want. I don't even know what you want."

"What if I told you I wanted you to orgasm for me?"

"I'll masturbate for you. I'll fuck myself. I swear it. Just let my hands free. I'll do it however you want me. On my knees? On my back? I don't care."

"What if I had Christi rub you instead?"

"You'll stop whipping me? H aving them whip me?"

"For now."

"Yes. I'll do my best to climax for you. I can't believe I'm doing this."

"Christi? Care to give your tongue a work out?"

"Not really."

I turned to her. The blonde woman was standing there crying. Shaking.

"Come on," said a little more gently. "After she climaxes, I'll let them both go."

"You promise?"

I nodded. I fully intended to let the girls go after this. I'd just about gotten as much out of them as I could. Without one of them going insane.

“Don’t hit her while I’m doin g this. Okay? She’ll pass out. Please, I don’t want to be punished for not being fast enough. Please?”

I nodded again. I’d lay off Kathleen. She did look like she couldn’t take much more. She seemed to have a low pain tolerance. The only reason the girl ha dn’t passed out was sheer will power which simply wasn’t going to last much longer. Jane would have been able to take three times as much before she even started to beg.

Christi sank to her knees in front of Kathleen. I saw Kathleen try to close her legs instinctively. Tears running down her face.

Christi gazed up at the frightened girl above her.

“Kathleen? Honey? I don’t want to do this any more than you want it done to you. He’s not going to hurt you while I’m down here. You just try and relax and enjoy it. Okay?”

“It’s okay. I understand. I’ll do my best to hurry.”

Christi’s head tilted up and she ran her tongue down the lips in front of her. Spreading them with her fingers. I watched as her tongue darted inside and flicked at Kathleen’s clitoris. Within moments, Kathleen was pressing her bound body into Christi’s mouth and tongue. Flushing. Within minutes, she had tensed, holding her breath, and climaxed heavily. The fastest that I’d ever seen a woman climax. Especially a woman in pain. Her pussy had to still be tender from my kisses with the whip.

Christi rocked back on her bare heels. A self satisfied smile on her lips. Working her tongue back and forth. Happy that she hadn’t had to spend a half hour between the other girl’s legs.

“You getting better at that?” I asked her.

She blushed. “Maybe. But she was really wet. Didn’t take much.”

Kathleen blushed bright red in her bonds. I idly wondered if she just liked girls, or whether she was yet another one that got excited by the pain.

I walked up to Kathleen. “You alright?”

“No. I hurt like I’ve been run over by a truck. Are you going to let us go now? Please? Haven’t I done enough for you?”

“I don’t know. Weren’t you going to fuck me?”

“I will. If it will get me closer to getting out of here. God my tits hurt.”

“Christi. Jane. Come here.”

The nude women padded over. I reached up and released Kathleen’s right wrist. She immediately dropped her hand to her bare breasts. Cradling them. Tears still falling down her face. I placed Christi’s left wrist into the cuff I’d just released. I released Kathleen’s left wrist and placed Jane’s right hand into it. Christi and Jane stood quietly with their arms extended above them. Wondering what I was up to.

“I have to cuff you,” I spoke a little more gently to Kathle en.

Kathleen, with an effort, held her arms out in front of her. I was surprised that she was even able to stand. I gently turned her around. Slipping the cuffs on her behind her back. She kicked off her shoes, using her toes. Not bothering with the socks. I had no idea why sh’ had done that. Anticipating getting raped, perhaps she thought she’d be more comfortable without her shoes.

I guided her off to the side. Her stocking feet swishing ahead of me. A little distance from Nicole, Jane and Christi, I stop ped her.

She looked into my eyes. Tears still falling down her face.

“Please. I don’t want to do this.”

“That’s alright. I won’t force you to. I can put you back on the tether line. I can always have sex, whenever I want. I don’t have to force you.”

“Are you going to hurt me more, if I choose to go back? Are you going to hurt me until I have sex with you?”

“No.”

“You’ll just leave me alone?” Her face registered incomprehension. At last, her eyes lit up with understanding. “You’ll hurt Nicole until I have se x with you?”

“I won’t hurt her anymore either. I told you. Jane or Christi are there if I need release.”

“I said I’d fuck you and I will. I don’t go back on my promises. If you want it, I’m here.” She looked at me defiantly. Her hands pulling at the cuffs behind her.

“Kathleen. Sweetheart. You can go back on this one. I just whipped the hell out of you. Forced you into lesbian acts. Hurt you. Threatened you. You would have said anything to make it stop.”

“I would have done anything to avoid it in the first place. You didn’t have to whip me,” she said accusingly.

“I know. You are a smart girl.”

“Why did you whip me?”

“Because I enjoyed it.”

“You enjoyed me hurting? Screaming?”

“Yes. I enjoyed watching you naked and squirming and begging.”

“At least it wasn’t for nothing,” she remarked caustically. “Why? Why does hurting a defenseless, vulnerable girl turn you on?”

“I don’t know. Just in my nature.”

“Is it possible to like being hurt? And abused?” she asked quietly.

“I think so. But I imagine it’s rare. Christi said you were ready for her.”

“You mean the sex afterwards?”

“Yeah.”

“I was wet.”

“Why?”

“Maybe my body just reacted to the pain. Found some way of turning it into something more pleasurable. I didn’t like the whipping if t hat is what you are thinking. I’d even fuck you to avoid it again. Please. Just fuck me and get it over with.”

“How about Christi?”

“She’s very attractive. You want me to do her as well?”

“You don’t mind sex with girls.” A statement.

“Not really. I liked i t then. I climaxed. It wasn’t a fake. But I was pretty screwed up. The pain. It still hurts. I’ve never been with a girl before, if that’s what you are asking. I just want this to end. Please.” This girl had regained her calm. Almost distant. Distancing herself from the things happening to her.

One mystery solved. In the very least she was bisexual. And not embarrassed about it.

“Come on. I’ll take you back. Release you.”

“You don’t want sex?”

“Sure I do. But you really don’t. I’ll get my relief later.”

“Thank you. I would have fucked you, you know. Even without the cuffs and the threats.” She rattled the chain behind her. “I promised and I would have. I wouldn’t have tried to kill you until after we’d finished.” She actually managed to flash me a smile.

I led her back to the tether. I reached up and released Christi and Jane. They both wore big expressions of confusion. Not having a clue what had just happened. Not understanding why I hadn’t forced her to have sex with me. I wasn’t quite sure why I hadn’t either.

Chapter 95

I moved Christi and Jane off to the side where they stood quietly. Shifting their weight a bit uncomfortably.

I turned to Kathleen. I released her wrists. I watched as a quick thought of escape or revenge flashed past her blue eyes. She t ook a deep breath and lowered her eyes.

"What do you want me to do now?" she inquired quietly.

"Just go give Nicole a hug."

"Excuse me?"

"Just go give your cousin a hug. She's pretty upset over there."

Wonder crossed her delicate features as she limped ove r to where Nicole was still standing. Her topless body slumped in her bonds, but she hadn't quite fallen yet. Her feet bound apart. Her marked breasts heaving as she sobbed. Her handcuffed wrists hung in front of her. With the weight of Jane and Christi re moved from the other end of the tether, Nicole had lowered her arms, raising the other pair of handcuffs a few extra feet in the air at the other end of the rope.

Kathleen wrapped her free arms around Nicole. Hugging her. Breast to breast. Not caring about her nudity. Stroking Nicole's hair and whispering to her. The two girls crying together.

I turned to Christi and Jane, gathering up their swinging leashes.

"You are going to let them go aren't you?" Christi asked softly.

I nodded. Still lightly holding the nude girls by their leashes, I turned to the two cashiers.

"Good-bye Kathleen."

The nearly naked girl turned her head, still holding her friend and cousin. Tears still tracked down her cheeks. A brief look of confusion crossed her features.

"Good-bye," she whispered. Perhaps expecting to be shot.

I narrowed the time continuum around her and her cousin. Joining them together in their embrace. Allowing them to fall out of time, rematerializing back by their cash registers. Their bodi es undamaged. Their uniforms back on them. Completely unaware of the torture that they had endured.

I released Christi's leash. Not even needing to tell her what to do. She slowly moved around the area, picking up the stray cuffs, ropes and whips. Returnin g them to the pack.

Her eyes lowered, she finally picked up the pack and walked back over to Jane and I. Pressing her leash back into my hand.

I guided the quiet girls back upstairs. They walked ahead of me, free except for their collars. Their bare bodies looking almost dejected.

As we reached the top of the stairs I stopped their motion with a quick tug on the leashes. They stopped, slowly turning towards me. Their faces silently questioning me.

"You two look like you are about to get shot."

Jane spoke qu ietly. "I feel like I'm about to be shot."

"Too much excitement for one day?"

She nodded glumly. I gently guided the naked women into the lunchroom instead of the office. The two guys were still sitting in the corner smoking. The white smoke

hanging around their heads. I guided Christi and Jane to a side table away from the smokers.

I sat on the table, leaving them to stand in front of me. I unhooked the leashes from their collars, folding the leather up in my hands.

"What's the matter?" I asked them.

"I honestly don't know," Jane spoke for both of them. Christi just stood awkwardly, shifting her weight from bare foot to bare foot.

"Was it the cruelty?"

"I guess. I know I should be used to it by now, and you did return them."

"But it was unfair. I know. Kath leen was ... different."

"Please. Can I speak freely? Will you punish me? I know you are in a weird mood."

I nodded. I felt a bit drained myself. I was curious what was going through that pretty head. Sometimes I had to remind myself that this beautiful nu de teenager actually did have a head on her shoulders. She was usually far more perceptive than I. That her captivity must be just about killing her.

"Kathleen didn't deserve that."

"I know. She was doing everything she could to avoid pain. And I whipped h er silly anyway. I let her off in the end."

"I know. Why didn't you rape her?"

"I couldn't."

"You couldn't?"

"No. She was. Different. She was willing, you know. She would have. To save herself any more pain. Or to save Nicole."

"I see. You know if you want, that Christi or I will take care of you. I'm sure even Elizabeth or Amy would, as well. You didn't have to rape her."

"I didn't."

"You didn't have to torture her either."

I nodded slowly. "Jane. I know you can't understand this. I don't e xpect you to. I. Just wanted to. That's all. I knew that I was going to return her. She'll never remember it."

"It just seems wrong. That's all."

"I know it does, sweety. I know."

"I just feel drained. I wish you hadn't made me hit that poor girl. She was in such pain. She was screaming. And crying. She couldn't even beg, she hurt that much. I wish you'd done it yourself."

I took a deep breath. "She's fine now."

"What if I'm not?"

"You'll be alright. Try not to think about it. Christi? You feel the same way ?"

She nodded. Tears were brimming in her eyes.

"How about if I let you two just relax in here while I deal with our office ladies?"

"I. I'd like that. If you'll let us," Jane spoke softly.

"You promise not to move? To behave?"

She nodded.

"Do I have to tie you into the chairs?"

"Please no. You can if you want, of course. But we'll stay where you put us. We promise. Where would we go?"

“Alright. Sit here.” I indicated the chairs beside the table. I hopped down. The nude women slowly moved to the chair and l owered themselves into them. Both clasping their hands on the table.

“Wrists.”

The girls just raised their hands. Out towards the middle of the table. They didn’t even seem to mind that they were going to wear cuffs again. Handcuffs were better than being tied up, hand and foot, to the chairs they were seated in. I slipped handcuffs over their slender wrists, connecting Christi’s right hand to Jane’s left. They were facing each other. They let their hands fall to the table with a soft jingle of chain.

“You want a snack? A drink?”

Christi’s eyes lit up. “Chips? Oh God. I’d do anything for a bag of sour cream and onion flavoured chips. I’d crawl for a bag of chips. Please. Please. Please?”

“Jane?”

“A muffin, maybe. If there is any.”

Leaving the girls at the ta ble, I walked over to the smokers. I wrinkled my nose at the smell as my time bubble intersected with the air around them. I hated the smell of smoke. I briefly entertained the idea of having the girls shove the smoker’s lit cigarettes into less comfortabl e orifices. The smokers had some change strewn about the table. I freed the change from the time block and gathered it up. A couple of bucks. They were probably headed for the vending machines themselves in a few minutes.

I walked over to the machines. Bou ght a bag of Hostess chips for Christi. I turned to the girls. They were just whispering together.

“Janey?” She looked up. “Blueberry, or chocolate chip?” I asked her. Betting that I knew the answer.

Her soft voice floated across the silent lunchroom. “Cho colate chip. If you are giving me a choice.” She smiled. She looked beautiful when she smiled. I won the bet with myself.

I grabbed a couple of cans of cokes from the beverage machine and carried the food over to the table. I distributed the snacks to the girls.

Jane looked at the junk food and I could almost hear her stomach growl. I dropped the remainder of the change on the table with the food. There really wasn’t that much left.

“Go on. Enjoy yourselves. You ha ven’t had a break in a long time. If you want anything else, feel free to go buy it. Just there isn’t a lot more change.”

“Your slaves thank you, Master,” Jane said softly, her face flushing.

“Just enjoy the time. I’ll be back for you soon.”

“Thank you for not making us go back in there, and for the treats,” Christi whispered.

I nodded to her. Watching her as she tore into the bag of chips. A look of happiness gracing her face for the first time in a while. She picked up a curled chip and closing her eyes let it fall between her perfect teeth. Sighing.

I turned from the naked beauties and made my way back to the office door. I could hear faint voices behind the door. Kara’s voice. Very faint.

“One last time. Okay? I don’t know which of us he’ll free, but if you get a chance. Kick him in the balls. And run. Don’t worry about the rest of us. Okay?”

I heard Julie make a non -committal answer. Mumbling something. I waited a few more minutes and opened the door. Amy was still on her knees, gagged behind Julie’s

chair. Julie still hung in her ropes. Kara was defiant again. Her face a little worried that I had heard her. I gave her no indication that I had.

I walked over to Amy. I knelt behind her and unbuckled the gag from behind her head. I felt her bare body tense as she held the gag in on her own. Waiting. I placed my hand below her jaw and she pushed the intrusion out of her mouth with her tongue, letting the wet ball drop into my hand.

She swallowed a couple of times heavily. She had been drooling around the gag. She worked her jaw back and forth. Sighing.

"Oh God. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you."

"Did I give you permission to speak?"

Her face registered fright. Thinking that her instinctive gratitude would be punished by the gag going back in. She shook her head . Closing her eyes.

"It's alright. You can speak. Just not to them. Yet."

She let her breath out. Relief. The gag was going to stay out. For now.

"Please. This slave wants to say she is sorry for earlier. Very very sorry. She'll do anything not to be gagge d anymore."

"Apology accepted. Just remember. No speaking to the women here. Got it?"

She nodded her head. "Thank you for taking it out. It hurts when it has been in that long."

"I know it does. Had to teach you a lesson though, didn't I."

"I learned."

"I doubt that very much. But for now, I'm almost sure that you'll behave."

She hadn't told me about the plan yet. I didn't even know if she was involved. I doubted it. But I expected her to tell me about it, at least. Perhaps, she was just being passive. Lett ing the kicking plan play out. If it worked it might be in her benefit, even if she didn't help in it directly. I'd find out later what the heck she was thinking. Maybe she just forgot about it, in the relief of having the gag out. Maybe she'd still let me know about it.

I rose to my feet. Glancing at Kara and Julie.

I sat on the desk in front of Kara again. She glared at me. I didn't particularly like that look of defiance on her face.

"You want those pins off?"

"You know I do," she almost hissed at me.

"Ready to beg to have them off?"

"You pig. Yes."

I waited.

She swallowed. Her face turning bright red. "Please? Take them off me?"

She was having real trouble with the begging. Sounded about as sincere as your average politician.

"Kara. You can do better t han that. Do I have to hurt you some more."

"I can't beg. It's not in my nature."

"You begged to have your feet loosened."

"That was different."

"What? The clothespins don't hurt enough?"

"They hurt. But not like my feet did." The initial pain of the pins had probably dulled to an annoying ache. Not really painful until they were removed. I smiled at her.

“I can make them hurt more if that would help.”

“You don’t have to hurt me. Why are you treating me like this?”

“Because I can, Kara. Haven’t you figured that out yet?”

I casually reached forward and gave her nipple pins a quick sharp twist.

“Oh shit. Not again. Ow. Please. That hurts.”

I hadn’t really given them a really painful pull. Just a twist. Her nipples just had rolled with the pressure. It hurt, I’ m sure, but not like the torment I’d put her through before.

“There. See. You can beg.”

“You bastard. Just let us go.”

This time I pulled the nipple clamps, and gave them a sharp twist at the end. Stretching her bare breasts by their nipples. Holding them like that. Her face twisted in agony. She screamed.

“Ahhhhhhh. God. Please. Stop. No more. I’ll do what you want. I’ll beg. Please. Oh God. Please take them off me. Jesus Christ. My tits. My nipples. They hurt. Oh Jesus. Stop. Stop. Please stop.”

I released the pins from my fingers. Letting her breasts fall naturally. She gasped as the pain reduced again. Her trapped nipples throbbing.

“Well?”

“Oh God. Okay. Please. I’m begging you. Take them off me.”

“No.”

“Why? What have I ever done to you? I’m sitting he re, in pain. Please. I’ll do anything you want. Just take the damn things off my tits. Please.”

That sounded a bit better. I reached forward and flicked one of the clips on her left breast. Enough to dislodge it. The clip snapped over her pinched skin and fell to the floor.

“Oh God.” She gasped as the pain of the removal hit her.

I continued in this way with all the clips except the ones clamping her by now very sensitive and sore nipples. She cried out as each clip left her skin.

She looked up at me. All traces of defiance gone. She knew what was about to happen to her. Realizing that the ones on her nipples were really going to hurt coming off. If I flicked them off, like the others.

“Please?” she asked plaintively. “Please just remove them nor mally. I’m begging you. You have no idea how much it hurts.”

I casually flicked the left clothespin off her nipple. She screamed.

“Argh. Ah. Ah. AH. God. Worse than I thought. My nipple. God, you tore it from my tit. Shit. Please let me go. Arghhhhhh.”

She screamed twice as the clip snapped off her nipple and again as the circulation returned to the sensitive mound.

We repeated the procedure on her right breast. Her screaming. Me watching her. Finally, she calmed as her nipples fell into a dull ache rather than the burning agony of before. Her breathing falling back to normal slowly.

“You ready to make love to Julie?” I asked her as she recovered.

“Fuck you.”

“You really want those pins back?”

She ignored me. I gently slapped her face. Reminding her that she had to answer.

“Please no. I can’t take that again. Please. I’m sorry. I really am. Don’t slap me.” She babbled in her bonds.

“You ready to make love to Julie?”

“Not really.”

I turned my body and looked at Julie. Bound to her chair. “You ready?”

“Please. I. Can’t. I’m not a lesbian. I’ve never even thought about making love to a woman. Please don’t make me do this.”

I turned back to Kara. “Alright.” I rubbed my hands together.

“Now. I don’t want any funny business here. I’m going to release you from the chair. You are going to fall to your knees and crawl out to Julie. I’m going to leave her in the chair. You are going to make love to her. Until she orgasms. Then you are going to wait for further instructions.”

She paled. Realizing that she was going have t o do this. Like it or not.

“If either one of you look like you aren’t trying. I have this.” I held up the crop. “It’s really nasty on bare skin. Here.” I flicked it lightly across Kara’s sore breasts. She cried out at the light blow. “Imagine that but hard er. Across whatever I can reach. On Julie. On you. Trust me, making love is far more comfortable. Do you both understand?” Kara nodded and looking over my shoulder, Julie was just crying. I knew that they didn’t understand. That they would both need some c onvincing. I’d try to keep the pain to a minimum. I really did want to see Julie climax to Kara’s attentions. And she didn’t look like the strong type that could concentrate to an orgasm while being whipped. The applicant applying for more than she bargain ed for.

Chapter 96

I bent down on my knees. Cursing Jane's knots. I worked my fingers trying to release the bindings around Kara's ankles. It took some time, but I eventually managed to release her bare feet. Mindful of any possible kick. None were forth coming. Yet.

I rose and touched her shoulder. The naked woman wordlessly dropped to her knees from her seat. I guided her towards Julie, ignoring her soft protests. Julie just watched in horror as Kara approached. Creeping forward on her knees. Hands still cuffed behind her. Her right hand was getting noticeably bluish from the tighter cuff.

I sat up on the desk and watched the older woman creep across the floor. Finally she sat back on her bare heels in front of Julie. She turned her head, her eyes tearing and pleaded with me.

"Please? Don't make me do this."

"If you prefer, I can whip your breasts for a while."

"Will that get me out of this?"

"No. I'll whip you until you beg to do it."

"Oh God." She turned her face up towards Julie. "Sweety, you heard what the other girls said. He'll do it. And I know that I'll break. No matter how much I try to be strong. He'll whip my tits. I. I'd be in pain, more in pain, and still doing this. Please try. For me?"

Julie nodded. Kara whispered to her. "Good girl. I can't do this alone. I don't do this for all my applicants."

She shuddered and lowered her head. Instinctively Julie tried to snap her legs closed, but the ropes held her bare body securely open on the cha ir. Tears were rolling down the girl's face but she closed her eyes and tried to concentrate on Kara's tongue. Probably, Jane or Christi had advised her to just pretend it was her boyfriend or something. I was surprised, after all the protests, I was fully expecting to have to crop at least one of them to convince them to make love. They continued, aware of my scrutiny of them, but trying to ignore it. Trying to get it over with. Perhaps it was useful letting them think about it beforehand.

Lost in her own private world, Julie had her eyes closed. Breathing harder and harder. Fantasizing. Bare breasts rising and falling. Faster and faster as her rate of breathing increased. Concentrating on the sensations of Kara's soft tongue flicking across her clitoris. T racing her lips. Amy was kneeling watching in fascination at the sex in front of her. I thought even her lips were flushing, her nipples hardening. It was erotic. No matter who you were. No matter what gender.

Finally, Julie took a deep breath and cried ou t. Pulling desperately against the ropes binding her. Her soft cries filling the room. Struggling to catch her breath.

Julie spoke, as her breath returned. "Kara? I'm done. You can stop now."

Kara raised her head and looked at me. Instinctively knowing tha t she wasn't to stop until given permission. I nodded to her. Julie slumped against the ropes and sighed. Tears beginning to fall as she realized that she had just had oral sex with another woman. In front of other people. Naked and tied up like a slave. A nd she had managed to enjoy it. Her face flushed.

I walked over to Amy. Crouched down behind her. I stroked her hair and whispered in her ear. "You're next."

She shook her head wildly, her soft hair whipping across my face. I turned her head sideways, so she could see me. “Amy, sweetheart. One way or the other, you are next.”

“Please no,” she begged. “I’ll do anything else. I’ll let you whip me. You can rape me. Wouldn’t that be more fun? You can tie me up. Gag me. I’ll try to resist you. You can fuck me while I squirm. Please? I’ll masturbate for you even. Just not another woman. Please? I hate that.”

I stroked her hair again. “Kara? Feel like doing another one?”

“Oh God. Please no. Don’t make me do it again. You can fuck me. I’ll do it with Amy there. Together. Two women at once. Please.”

I gently guided Amy’s body down into my lap. Her cuffed hands pressing into my lower legs. I stroked her face. “Amy. Darling. Be a good girl. You know you don’t want to be punished more than you already have managed to earn.”

“Oh God. Alright. I’ll try to enjoy it for you. Just don’t get the tongue clamp out again. Please.”

She melted back against me. Tried to relax.

“Kara?” She hadn’t moved. Just watching in horror as Amy spread herself out.

Amy spoke up. “Please. Kara. You have to. I’ve been punished before. You don’t want that. You’ll be begging to lick me. Before he’s even started. Remember the clothespins? That was nothing. Remember the slapping? That wasn’t even a punishment. Come on. Come here? Please?”

Feeling her small nude body pressing down on me, I was reacting fiercely. And I was sure that she could feel it against her bare back. She closed her eyes.

Kara began her slow journey towards us on her knees. Hate flashing in her eyes as she stared at me. Not quite daring to make an escape attempt. Especially with her hands handcuffed tightly behind her. She arrived on her knees between Amy’s outstretched legs. She glared at me sitting easily behind Amy, my arms wrapped around her, almost protectively.

I felt Amy swallow. “Kara? I know that you don’t want to do this. I don’t particularly want to do this either. But believe me, its better than being whipped. Nobody, least of all me, thinks you enjoy this or that you are a closet lesbian or something. You are being forced, honey. I’ll be thinking about my boyfriend. Not you. If it makes you feel any better. As Christi says, it’s just skin. Damn sensitive skin, but just skin.”

“You aren’t the one licking the skin.”

“I know. But I still might have to. Depends on what he wants. I haven’t had to tongue a girl yet, thank god. I don’t even know if I could. But I’ve been tongued enough. And I know it’s a hell of a lot better than being whipped. Trust me on that one.”

Kara hesitated a bit but finally acquiesced, “I’ll do it.” She stared at me. “Will you let me go if I do a good job?”

“I’ll let you go if she climaxes in five minutes.”

“Really?” Suspicious. “And Julie?”

“And Julie. Your time is ticking away.”

“Oh God.” The nude woman practically dove between Amy’s legs. I had a perfect view down Amy’s bare body of the woman using her tongue. She didn’t even bother teasing her; she just dove between the folds desperately searching for Amy’s clit. Amy sighed as the tongue found her center and began stroking her. I could see Kara twirling her tongue around Amy’s clit. Sucking gently on her. Amy had closed her eyes and her

breathing had almost immediately began to quicken. Determined to help this woman escape my torments. Fantasizing about whoever her real boyfriend was. Determined to climax before five minutes were up. Struggling, trying to think of a man, rather than Kara between her legs. Pulling against her cuffs.

Her eyes still closed she whispered to me, "Please. My nipples? Please?"

I smiled to myself and let my hands idly stroke her bare breasts. She arched, trying to get more contact. Shivering. I slowly circled her erect nipples, feeling them tighten still further to my touches. She was breathing like a train, quick short breaths. Trying to concentrate on the sensations from the girl between her thighs and my wandering pinching fingers on her nipples. Trying to imagine it was her boyfriend and that she wasn't having sex with virtual strangers. Handcuffed.

She exploded in my lap. Her whole body tensing, grinding herself into Kara's tongue. Screaming. Her voice carrying through the entire store. Not caring who heard her. She spasmed and collapsed into my arms. Panting. Unable to speak. Kara, feeling the climax, raised her head from licking and sat back on her knees. Her face flushed, her breasts heaving. Pulling against her wrists. Tears forming, but not quite falling from her eyes. Working her tongue through her mouth, against her teeth. Trying to escape the taste of the other women.

I released the nipples and turned my left wrist. Glanced at the watch.

Amy saw the movement and craned her head to look at my face.

"Did. Did we make it?" she asked softly.

"Five minutes and sixteen seconds."

Her face fell. Tears almost brimming. All that fantasizing. All that effort. For nothing. Well, not quite for nothing. I watched as Kara's face collapsed. Her bare body shaking. Wanting to spring at me. Pound my face. Hurt me. Not believing that she'd failed after all that. By sixteen bloody seconds.

"Please," she begged. "I tried my best. At least let Julie go? Please?"

"I'll do better than that. You come up here and give Amy a big kiss and I'll let you both go. You were close. At least you tried."

Her face fell and then brightened. A kiss. After her adventures between the other's legs, a kiss should be simple. I watched her hesitate. Not quite sure of this. The sex had been, well, forced. Impersonal. She didn't have to see the woman she was licking. Not really. A kiss. She had to look at the other woman. It just seemed more intimate somehow. Kara made her way slowly up to Amy. Amy watched her face. The bound girl in my lap turned her face up to me.

"Please," she begged. "Don't make me do this."

"Amy. This woman has just licked you to orgasm and you have a problem with kissing her."

"I. That's just it. She was. Just. Licking me."

I laughed. "You've never tasted yourself?"

Amy blushed and nodded. "Ick."

"Personally, I think that a woman tastes wonderful down there."

"Please? I'll kiss Julie instead. I don't mind kissing another woman. Just. She's got me on her. And Julie." She grimaced. "Please?"

"I never knew you were so shy of yourself. You've never tasted your fingers after, you know, masturbating?"

"I. Never. Don't."

"You never masturbated?"

She shook her head.

To my surprise Kara spoke up. "You've never masturbated? I thought everyone did."

She shook her head again. Serious.

"That's alright. Please, Amy. I really really don't want to kiss you. No offense. But I have to. I just want out of this. Your pussy didn't taste that bad. And I'm sure it's faded off me by now. It's just a taste. Think of it like a strange new food. Please? For me? And Julie? You got gagged to try and help me before. You climaxed to help me. Just this one last thing. He'll make us do it anyway. Please?"

Amy closed her eyes and nodded. Turned back towards Kara's waiting lips.

Kara looked up at me. "Any particular type of kiss you want? You bastard?"

"I don't know. Open mouth. I want to see your tongues touch."

"Oh God."

She closed her eyes as well. Amy watched with fear on her face as Kara leaned down. Briefly opening her eyes to find Amy's lips and then closing them again as they pressed their lips together. Amy grimaced, but returned the kiss as best she could. I watched, fascinated, as their lips touched and traced each other. Finally opening and allowing the other's tongue to thrust into each other's mouth. They separated and let me see their tongues touch as they separated. Just the tips touching each other. Lingering . Almost intimate. Two females. Kissing. Kara rocked back on her bare heels.

"That okay?" Absolutely no warmth on either girl's face. It was a mechanical kiss but that was probably the best I was going to get out of them without punishment. And Amy was already getting punished later. She didn't know it yet, but she was.

I nodded. The girls visibly relaxed.

I concentrated on Kara and isolated her from the time continuum, releasing her body space from this timeline. Her body vanished and rematerialized behind her desk. I idly wondered what would happen if I'd been sitting there at the time. Her hands held an imaginary sheet of paper, Julie's application. I hadn't freed the entire room from time, so that would return as I did so. Her clothes had returned to her body. She sat frozen. Unaware of her timeless fate. Clothespins still strewn about the floor by her feet which were now encased in leather shoes.

I sat Amy up and released her wrists. I whispered to her, "Pick up our equipment and then wait outside."

She turned to me. "You are going to let Julie go as well, aren't you?"

I nodded. I just was going to talk to her again, before I did. Amy scrambled to her bare feet and began to pick up the bondage toys. The handcuffs, the gag, the clothespins from the floor.

While Amy quietly picked up the toys, I walked over and sat down on the floor in front of Julie. She flushed and pulled at her bonds, suddenly very aware of her vulnerability. Her nudity. Her restraints. The perfect view of her most private areas if I chose to look. No way to close her legs. I rested my arms on her bound knees and looked up at her face. She looked away. Her face flushing.

"You are a monster, you know?" she whispered.

"Didn't you have fun?"

“What the hell do you think? How would you like hav ing to strip naked for some sick stranger? Tied up like some sort of animal? Threatened? Forced to have sex for their amusement? Shit. I forgot. You are the guy and I’m just a helpless female. Right? I don’t count.”

“Julie? Calm down. It was just a questio n. I’m not here to torment you any longer.”

“It’s hard. You know? I ache.”

“I know, sweetheart. I’m going to let you go in a minute.”

“What did you do to Kara?”

“You mean the Amy thing? Or the freezing thing?”

“She just vanished. And now, she’s over there? I don’t understand.”

“I know. You don’t have to understand.”

Amy slipped out of the room. Softly closing the door behind her. Carrying the bondage equipment pack in her fingers.

“Those other women. Who were they?”

“That was Christi, Jane and Amy.”

“You aren’t going to let them go?”

“They interest me. I’ll let them go eventually.”

“They wouldn’t help us. Kara really tried, you know. You can understand that. But even though they didn’t seem particularly happy, they weren’t unhappy either. And they seemed to be really frightened of you. You should treat them better. They are people you know. Females. But people. Like me.”

“Christi and Jane are currently munching on their favourite snacks in the lunchroom. Perfectly comfortable. Perhaps not normal. A pair of nu de women, handcuffed together. But reasonably comfortable. Compared to how they might be. Amy, I’m afraid deserves some punishment, but that will happen later. I’m being as kind to them at the moment as I possibly can.”

“You care about them, don’t you?”

“In a way.”

“Not like us. Me and Kara. You didn’t care what we felt like. How much we hated you.”

“I was always intending on releasing you. I didn’t have to care.”

“Am I going to remember any of this? After you do that to me?” Julie indicated Kara sitting behind her desk.

I shook my head. “You won’t remember a thing. I promise.”

“I won’t remember what you put me through? Stripping? Having sex? Sitting here tied to this chair talking to you?”

“Not a thing.”

“I can understand why they don’t mind being here, t hen. No responsibility. If you weren’t so rough it might actually be fun. Being able to roam around without clothes. Not worrying about paying for anything. Not worrying about idiots. Not having to worry about enjoying sex. Or getting it.”

I nodded. “It can be kind of peaceful. And I’m not that rough on them. Most of the time.”

“You were rough on us.”

“I know. But you won’t remember a thing. No marks. No memories. You could have just let yourself go and enjoyed it.”

“Easier said than done. You sit here, nak ed and let me torment you and see if you can let yourself go and enjoy it.” She paused. “You’ll remember. Won’t you.”

I nodded.

“Oh God. Then you could see me. Later. Walking down the street. Knowing what I looked like having sex with another woman. Tied t o a chair. Open.”

“Yup. And you won’t have any idea why I’m smiling at you.”

“Shit. I promise not to attack you. I couldn’t possibly hurt you. Can’t you at least untie me? Let me dress? Please?”

“Julie. I’m going to let you out in a second. Like Kara. It w ill take me longer to untie you than to just free you.”

“Alright. I guess I’ve been in these damn ropes so long another few minutes aren’t going to kill me. You’ve seen me anyway. Have a good look. Nobody but you is going to remember this. Right?”

“Nobody. Just you and me here. And even you aren’t going to remember.”

“Can I tell you something?”

“Sure.”

“I don’t believe that I’m going to tell you this. I. I didn’t have that bad a time. If I’m not going to remember it anyway.”

“What?”

“I didn’t have that bad a time. I mean, I could have had a worse time here.”

“You cooperated.”

“Yeah. I don’t think that Kara had much of a good time.”

“I told you up front it would be easier to cooperate. She didn’t have to go through all that. She would have still had to have s ex with you, but she didn’t have to be in pain.”

She blushed furiously. “You know. I even. Liked. When you made her. Lick me. I haven’t climaxed like that in a long time. I didn’t fake it. I wasn’t just fantasizing about some guy either. I did. At first. B ut I also was thinking about you watching me. Getting turned on by my humiliation. That I was helpless and naked. In a store office. And my interviewer, my female interviewer, was between my legs. Licking me. I’ll probably never experience anything like th at ever again. Will I? I can’t believe I just told you that.”

I smiled. “Doesn’t mean you are a lesbian, you know.” I almost laughed.

“I know. I was just frightened. I’m not scared anymore. I am glad that I’m not going to remember any of this, though. I can’t believe I’m just sitting her, nude and bound, talking to you like this.” She was blushing.

“Julie? It’s been a pleasure meeting you.”

“I wish I could say the same,” she replied softly.

I grinned and stood up. I bent do wn and gave her a kiss on the lips. She stretched her bound body up as far as the ropes would allow her and returned the kiss. To my surprise. I wasn’t expecting that.

“Good-bye,” I whispered to the bound bare girl. “Good luck with your interview. Try not to call her Kara accidentally. And you’ll make a damn fine astrophysicist some day. At least a really nice looking one.”

“Good-bye.” The bound bare beauty tossed her head one last time. Cascading her hair around her shoulders.

I narrowed the time bubble ca st around her and the chair. They instantly popped out and back into existence. The ropes formerly holding her fell to the floor, still knotted. She

“Christ, *I* need a massage,” she mumbled a s she tried to work out the aches in her own arms, stretching.

“Sheila?”

“Yes sir?”

“I want you to give me the best massage of your life. I’ll let the others free and give them coffee based on how well you perform. Okay?”

She paled a bit. “Wh -what happens if you don’t like what I do?”

“Then I guess they go without breakfast and can stay that way for the rest of the day. You’ll join them as well.”

Jane looked like she was about to say something and thought better of it. She just hung her head, hoping that Sh eila was able to satisfy me. She knew that she’d remain hungry and bound all day if that was what I wanted. She was in no position to protest.

I pulled off my shirt and sat down in a chair. Sheila hesitantly walked up behind me and began to work her finger s into my sore muscles. I leaned forward as she worked, her fingers finding all the knots and gently working them out. She was quite good. She eventually sank to her knees in front of me and I looked at her earnest face.

“Is that better? Evan always made m e ... suck him ... afterwards. I can do that as well, if you want. Or I can try to work out more. If it will make you let the others go.”

I stretched my back. It felt wonderful. It was as though I hadn’t slept in that awkward position.

“Sheila, honey, you’ re hired.” I sighed.

The girl looked like she’d just won first prize at the county fair. She beamed from her kneeling position.

“D-does that mean you’ll let them go?”

“And give them coffee. They don’t even have to drink it black. Go on. Untie them.”

Sheila scampered over to Jane on her hands and knees and quickly began to loosen the knots. Soon all the females were thankfully shaking out their arms and sighing as they were released. Jane slowly climbed to her feet and walked over to the coffee machine. She turned to me, “Sir? May I?”

I nodded. Sheila had more than earned them all coffee this morning.

Sheila walked over, still smiling. “Can a slave beg for orange juice instead?”

“As much as you want. Go on.”

Sheila practically ran over to the refrigerator and pulled out the pitcher of juice. She poured herself a huge glass and then walked back over to the table. The others had prepared their coffee and were standing sipping it, watching Christi preparing breakfast and leaning back on the counter. They were all unconsciously trying to straighten tangled hair and work out their various complaining muscles from the awkward night and the bondage.

Sheila sat beside me and spoke quietly.

“Showers?” She ran her hand through her tangled locks.

“After breakfast. I promi se.”

She nodded.

I spoke towards the three girls by the coffee machine. “Elizabeth?”

She paled a bit, already having been punished for no reason once this morning. Her nipples were still tender to prove it.

“Yes sir?”

“Come here.”
“Oh my God. Please. I hav en’t done anything.”
“Just come here.”
The girl walked over in trepidation.

Chapter 105

"Sit." I ordered her. She sank her nude body into the chair opposite me. She still wore that frightened look, not quite sure what to expect. "How are you feeling this morning?" I gently asked her.

She looked confused at the question, perhaps not expecting a normal request.

"My nipples hurt a bit, if that's what you are asking."

I smiled at her. "Good. They ought to hurt. How's your back?"

She grimaced. "It hurts." She t wisted a bit in the chair. "I'll be alright, though." She had slept sitting up, the same as I.

I turned to Sheila. "Sheila? Do you do as good a job on girls as boys?"

She shrugged. "I guess." She rose to her feet and padded over to Elizabeth. Soon Elizabeth was sighing, all her aches and pains disappearing under Sheila's soft hands. When she was done, Elizabeth sat back up straight and smiled up at her.

"Oh God, that felt good. Thank -you."

Sheila smiled back and kissed Elizabeth's forehead. "You're welcome."

"Alright, all of you. On the floor."

All the women dropped whatever they were doing and gathered in a line on the floor. I stopped Christi before she knelt, motioning her back to her cooking tasks. Sh e could listen from there.

"Everyone except Christi gets to eat on the floor today." There was a bit of a murmur from the girls, but they remained quiet. They knew better than to complain about direct orders. If they even got breakfast, they knew they'd pr obably end up bound for it, if they complained. "It isn't a punishment, I just want to watch you eat from there. You can get your food from the table without asking. Understand?"

They didn't understand why, but they understood their orders. They all nodded . Christi walked over carrying a huge plate of pancakes. She dropped them onto the middle of the table and looked at me.

"I can sit at the table?" she asked meekly. I nodded to her and watched as she settled her gorgeous bare body into the chair opposite m e. "Why?" she whispered.

"Because you cooked. And those look delicious," I grabbed myself a plate of the pancakes. She tentatively reached out to take her own. Her eyes were a bit frightened, not sure why she was the only one given a chair, feeling a littl e awkward to be put into a special position. She almost looked like she'd prefer to be kneeling on the floor with the others. She carefully pulled a couple of pancakes from the serving plate and waited. The other girls were looking up expectantly from the floor. I nodded to them and one at a time, they rose and carefully carried a plate and their food back to their kneeling positions. After the girls were settled, I poured some syrup onto my food and began to eat.

I heard a small voice, Jane's, speak from t he floor.

"Sir?"

I looked down at her small body, kneeling. Her face looked up at me. "Can we eat as well? Please?"

"Of course, eat. It's excellent." I'd forgotten that at breakfast their tradition was to seek permission to eat. I still wasn't completely u sed to their submission, even though I'd been the cause of it.

Amy spoke up quietly. “Please sir. I know that we maybe don’t deserve it, though I can’t imagine why, but can we have syrup as well? Please?”

I smiled. I had been waiting for one of them to ask . I rose from my seat with the jug of syrup and crouched by Amy.

“I could have gotten it myself ...” she spoke quietly.

“You sure you want it?”

Her face was a mask of uncertainty. “What am I going to have to do to get it?” she asked.

“Nothing.” I smiled at her evilly. She was completely unsure what I had in mind, just that she wasn’t likely to enjoy it.

She nodded, probably sorry that she’d been the one to ask the innocent question. But knowing that it was probably far too late to change her mind.

“Lean back.”

“Lean back? Why? Please.” She extended her hands behind her and leaned her bare body back, thrusting out her chest as she was forced into the awkward position.

I carefully poured a line of syrup across the top of her chest. She cried out as the cold liquid hit her bare skin, but she endured it.

“Sit up.” I ordered her. The sticky liquid began to flow down her body, slowly dripping down her breasts, coating them. She shivered as the liquid slowly dripped down.

She crunched up her face and spoke. “I. I so rt of meant more for my pancakes.” She couldn’t quite keep a straight face.

I carefully lifted the jug and poured the liquid into her tangled blonde hair. She sharply moved back, not expecting me to do that, her eyes opened wide. Her quick movement caused me to spill a little onto her thighs and onto the floor. She gasped.

“Amy?”

“Oh God. I’m sorry. I.” She moved herself back into position, knowing complaint or refusal was useless. I’d just tie her down, not give her her breakfast and pour as much syrup over her as I wanted. She would drown in the stuff if I wanted her to.

“Amy? There’s some on the floor because of that.”

She looked down, confused, at the small puddle of syrup by her left knee.

“Don’t you think that you should clean up your mess?”

She looked around, beginning to rise to her feet to get a cloth. I touched her shoulder.

“Not that way.”

She closed her eyes. She reached down and extended her fingers, intending to wipe it up onto her skin.

“No fingers.”

She looked at me, finally realizing how she was going to have to do it.

“Please? Don’t make me do this. Please? I. I don’t want to.”

“Amy.”

“Oh shit. Alright.”

She carefully got to her hands and knees and bent her head. She tried to keep her hair out of the way, but wasn’t too successful as she bent her head and carefully licked the small puddle from the floor. The syrup was slowly dripping from her hair and her breasts onto the floor. She could be at this all day if I wanted. But I stopped her as she

began to move towards one of the drops that had f allen from her body. I'd humiliated her enough.

"Knees."

She looked up thankfully and returned to her knees, kneeling in the syrup drips, but not really caring at this point, as long as I wasn't forcing her to clean the floor with her tongue.

She swallowed and stayed still as I finished pouring syrup over her head. The sticky substance coated her hair, ran down her face, and mixed with her tears. Her sticky hair stuck to her shoulders and her bare back.

"Would you like some on your plate as well?"

She swallowed and closed her eyes. "You aren't going to fill my pussy if I say yes?"

"If I was going to, you can't do much about it."

She took a breath. "This slave would like some syrup on her breakfast. Please?" she begged. If she had to be humiliated, at least s he wanted something out of it.

I smiled at her and poured a liberal amount over her pancakes.

"Why didn't you say so?" I teased her.

"Oh God. You bastard." But she was smiling now as well, realizing that syrup washed off. Not like she was ruining her cloth es or anything. This was mild torment compared to other things I'd put her through. "At least I don't have to worry about getting my fingers sticky."

I moved over to Elizabeth.

"You want syrup as well?"

"Do I have a choice?"

I grinned at her. "You have a c hoice. If you say no, you only get it over your pretty head and on your chest. If you say yes, you get it on your breakfast as well."

"Yes," she replied quietly. Without even being told, she leaned back allowing the syrup to be poured over her bare breasts . After that was done, she sat back up and stayed motionless as I poured more into her hair. She licked at it as it fell down her face. I completed the show with some across her breakfast.

She whispered quick thank -you as I moved to Sheila.

"Oh no," she mu rmured as I approached her. Without another word, the bare blonde beauty allowed the same treatment. She looked up at me from her kneeling position.

"Sheila? Sweety? You want some on your pancakes?"

She nodded shyly.

"Beg."

"Beg?"

"Beg."

"Please? Master? A dirty slave begs for syrup on her breakfast." She fell into the begging role so easily, probably having been taught it by Mayer.

I finished with the tormented girl and moved to Jane. Jane just looked at me with her deep brown eyes. Pleading.

"Ple ase. We haven't done anything. I'd like some syrup, but ... oh God." She gasped as the cold liquid ran over her head. I didn't bother with her breasts but just poured a bit extra over her hair, allowing it to drip onto her chest. I brushed her hair forward across her bare shoulders. I forced the girl to lick the syrup from my fingers that

I'd gotten sticky from touching her head. I couldn't imagine the feeling of that. Being nude, helpless, and having syrup poured over you. Having to sit still. Jane's nippl es had risen, but I'm not sure if that was due to the cold of the syrup, or something else.

I didn't make her beg, but simply finished off by pouring some over her food.

I stood and surveyed the girls. They looked a bit miserable on their knees and covered in syrup, but they knew better than to complain.

Jane saw me looking at her. "If I thought that I could take whatever punishment you'd give me, I swear I'd come over there and hug you for this. God. I'm sticky. You are going to let us shower after this, a ren't you?"

"Maybe, if you are good and don't complain."

"God. Alright. I'll even tell you I like it if you let me shower."

"We'll see. Eat. Your breakfast is getting cold." The girls all began to pick apart their pancakes with their fingers. One advantage to this treatment was that they weren't worried about their fingers anymore, not concerned about getting sticky.

I sat back down.

"You want syrup?" I asked the only clean girl in the room.

"Oh God. Not me too. I cooked for you," Christi spoke softly, tryi ng to get out of it. "Please?"

"Don't worry about it. I'm not going to cover you too." I reached forward and simply covered her breakfast in syrup. I watched as she carefully dug into her breakfast with her long fingers, popping pieces into her mouth and l icking her fingers clean.

"Thank-you," Christi whispered. "I can't imagine what that must feel like."

"You still might find out."

"Oh God."

I finished up my breakfast and just watched the girls eat. Jane and Amy both asked for seconds and I indulged the st icky women. The pancakes slowly disappeared into their mouths. I allowed Jane and Amy to pour their own syrup on their second helping. They seemed grateful not to have to endure the food to skin contact once again.

"You girls are a mess," I joked with them . Jane just shot me a dirty look from her syrup streaked face. "Alright, on your feet. Put your dishes in the sink."

The girls scrambled to obey. I could see that the ones from the floor were fighting the instinct to wipe their skin, their faces, their bar e breasts. Desperately wanting to clean themselves. I looked down where they had been. Syrup was evident all over the floor. All five girls stood awkwardly in front of the sink.

"Christi?"

"Yes sir?" she asked innocently.

"Hug them. All of them."

She paled. "You can't be serious."

"When was the last time I joked about you hugging another woman?"

"Please no."

"Christi?" I asked in a warning tone.

"You are going to let us shower, right?"

"Does it matter?"

She looked down and softly said, "No sir."

She turned and hesitantly placed her hands around Jane's neck, their bodies still far apart. She looked back at me, pleaded with her eyes. Not wanting to do this to herself.

She finally took a deep breath and before she was ready, Jane helped her by grabbing her waist and forcing their bare bodies together. Christi yelped, and Jane actually laughed, rubbing her soiled skin against Christi.

"Thought you were going to get away without it?" Jane gaily asked her friend.

Christi just stepped away and ran her fingers across her bare breasts. She licked at her fingers and smiled. "I guess not," she said ruefully.

She breathed in deeply and moved on, taking care with Sheila, but hugging each nude girl in turn until she was nearly as covered as they were. Her hair had escaped serious stickiness, but that was all.

"Alright. That's enough of that, as erotic as it was." I noticed that despite herself, Christi's nipples had managed to tighten during this skin on skin contact. Perhaps the food play had excited her as well.

"Kneel."

All the women dropped obediently to their knees.

"You all ready for a shower?"

They all nodded in unison. They were more than ready for a shower.

"Who's first?"

They all began to talk at once, wanting to be first.

"Alright. Quiet. Elizabeth, Sheila, and Amy. Go on. Cold water. I don't want to get up there to a steamy bathroom. Got it? Make it quick."

Elizabeth spoke up. "Please, master? Can we please use hot water. At least cool water?"

I turned to the girl. "Elizabeth? Would you prefer if I put you back in that hog-tie for the rest of the day? Without a shower?"

She paled. "No sir. We'll use cold. Please."

I reconsidered. Syrup was going to be damn hard to get out of their hair without hot water. And I didn't want them sticky and dirty all day.

"Wash each other, and you can use hot water to wash yourselves. Okay? Cold to rinse. But I want you shivering when you get out. And I don't want you in there all day. Understand?"

Elizabeth nodded mutely. Afraid to say anything further.

"Thank you," Sheila whispered as she pushed herself to her bare feet.

I watched as the girls filed out of the kitchen. I hoped that they managed to get to the bathroom before they dripped that syrup all over the carpet. Otherwise I might have to punish them.

"Alright, you two," I addressed the remaining girls. "Dishes."

Christi sprang to her feet and began to run the water into the sink. I watched the naked girls as they washed and dried and cleaned up. The syrup was still dripping out of Jane's matted brown hair, down her back and even down her legs. She seemed uncomfortable, but she knew that she was going to get to wash soon and she didn't complain. This punishment wasn't severe enough to warrant complaints and she knew it. Christi was just lightly coated.

I stopped Jane as she bent to clean up the floor. The floor was going to get more syrup on it before it got cleaned. I'd get Amy to do it later. Maybe with her tongue.

They finished quickly and knelt back at my feet, their faces upturned expectantly. They probably hoped that I was going to release them to the shower.

Instead, I leaned back in my chair and gazed at the beautiful sticky girls. After a few minutes, they shifted uncomfortably and Jane spoke.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"Can we please shower? I. I'm so dirty. " Her hand reached up and touched her hair. She grimaced as her fingers came away sticky. She was covered in the syrup. It was dripping off her body.

"Soon. I want you to do something for me first."

Christi spoke. "We'll do it. Whatever it is. Please."

Chapter 106

I picked up the jug of syrup again and approached Christi. She paled. I guided her body up. She remained on her knees on the tile, but she wasn't back on her haunches.

"Please. You don't have to do this. I. Christ, that's cold." I upturned the syrup over her blonde mane, matting it to her head. She coughed as the liquid flowed into her protesting mouth.

I bent behind her and poured some more over her calves and feet.

"Lie down."

"Please no."

"Christi?" That warning tone came out again.

The frightened girl lay herself down on the tile, syrup was gathering in the small natural pool at the base of her neck. She was covered. I carefully poured a small amount through her pubic hair and into her belly button and left her lying on her back, softly crying. She struggled to lie still.

I glanced at Jane. She shuddered, but stayed still as I poured a little more over her pretty head. I poured a bit more along her calves and then put the jug on the table. I slipped a pair of handcuffs around Jane's unresistin g wrists pinning her hands behind her back. I had Christi rise to her knees and repeated the cuffing procedure. I sat back down and regarded the miserable girls.

Jane looked up at me, trying to blink away the new syrup that was streaming down her face.

"Why, master? What have we done?"

"Nothing Janey. Absolutely nothing."

"Then why?"

"Do you have any idea what you two look like?"

"Pathetic?"

"Sexy as all hell."

"Thank-you. I think."

"Listen. You two are pretty covered with sticky stuff, aren't you?"

They nodded. Still miserable.

"Well, I don't want to get it on the carpet."

"So you are going to let us shower?" Jane asked hopefully.

"Eventually. Unless you fail."

"Fail in what?" She didn't look happy to be asking this question.

"Are there carpets on the way to the shower?"

"Of course there are."

"How are you going to get from point kitchen to point bathroom without dirtying the carpet?"

"Run fast?" Jane asked hopefully.

"Let's assume that you are crawling. Through the dining room and entert ainment room."

"Please no. We can't do it. I. I don't want to be punished. Please. It's impossible. You can't expect us to not drip this stuff. That's not fair." Christi began to beg.

"Life isn't fair," I said turning towards the blonde.

Jane took a deep breath. She was pretty quick. “Will you give us some time before you make us do this?”

I smiled. She was catching onto what I wanted from them. “Sure. But not enough time to let that stuff drip off you onto this floor.”

Jane took a deep breath. “Christi? Honey?”

Christi looked over at her fellow captive a look of questioning on her face. Jane stuck out her tongue in response, slowly and seductively licking the syrup form around her own mouth.

“You are joking.”

“You think he’s joking? That’s what he wants.”

“Oh God. Please no.”

Jane just moved on her knees towards Christi. She bent her face towards her shoulder and slowly used her tongue to lap up the syrup that had coated the surface. Christi knelt and closed her eyes. I settled back into my chair to watch the women. Christi with a sigh, settled herself back onto the tile. Her bound hands beneath her. Jane gave me a withering look but began her slow task of licking at the pools of syrup that coated Christi’s body. Her tongue traced along Christi’s face, the hollow of her chest, her bare breasts, her hips, her belly button. Christi being ticklish squirmed deliciously, but allowed Jane to lick up as much of the excess syrup as she could. These girls were going to be completely sick of the taste of the sweet stuff by the time they were done. Jane even had to lick at Christi’s bare toes causing Christi to gasp uncontrollably.

I got to my feet and quickly walked upstairs, leaving Jane to her task. The shower was still running as I walked into the bathroom.

“Just about done in there?” I asked to a chorus of squeals.

“We’re just about done. Do you have any idea how hard it is to get syrup out of long hair?” Elizabeth asked, poking her head around the shower doors. “I had to have Amy wash my hair four times.”

“It gets harder when the water is cold.” I opened the door a bit and reached in, shutting off the hot water. Whoever was under the spray, Amy I think, screamed as the cold water hit her body. The girls scrambled out of the spray.

“Amy?”

“Y-yes sir?” she responded from where she was pressed up against the other two girls, shivering.

“Under the spray. A full two minutes.”

“Please no. I’m rinsed. I’m clean.”

“Two minutes. You want five?”

She gingerly stepped forward, gasping as the cold water hit her bare feet.

“Please?”

I shook my head and she took a deep breath. She screamed as she threw her unprotected body under the freezing spray. I glanced at my watch and tried to ignore her begging as she stood under the water. After two minutes I touched her. She was dancing under the water trying to warm herself.

“Thank God,” she whispered as she emerged dripping from the shower. Her teeth were chattering and she hugged herself as she stepped out. I handed her a towel and she immediately wrapped it around herself, trying to get the cold water off her body.

I motioned for Elizabeth to do the same thing. She threw me a pleading glance, but stepped under the spray. She screeched as well as the cold water hit her. I forced her to stand under it for two full minutes and then allowed her a towel. I had to ignore her begging and pleading. She too was shivering as she stepped out of the shower.

"You bastard," she hissed at me as she emerged. Her nipples had contracted to tiny hard points under the freezing cold spray.

Sheila simply stepped under the spray without any hesitation or sounds. She was shivering, but stood still while the cold water cascaded over her bare body. When I allowed her out from under the water, she daintily stepped out, hugging herself and shivering. I let her have a to wel.

Amy couldn't contain her curiousity. "You didn't scream?"

"I'm used it," Sheila explained. "Evan didn't have hot water in my shower at all. It's cold, but I guess I'm just used to it. I had to shower. He. He would have been rougher with me if I'd been dirty."

"Alright. Dry off. Warm up. And wait for me in the bedroom."

Sheila touched my shoulder as I turned to leave. "Master? I. I feel a lot better today. Do. Do you want me to put on make up."

"If you feel alright." Her bruises had reduced a great deal . Her face was almost back to normal. Her side still looked tender though.

"I'll put some on. Maybe Elizabeth can help me."

I nodded and exited the bathroom. Elizabeth and Amy were fighting over the hair drier again as I left. I was sure that they'd be don e and waiting for me by the time I was done with Christi and Jane.

When I reentered the kitchen, Jane had turned over Christi and was licking at her shoulder blades. Christi looked a lot cleaner. At least enough to be able to crawl without too much danger of dripping.

"Ladies?"

They looked up at me.

"I hope you are enjoying Jane's mouth, Christi?"

"It feels alright," she answered back. "Better than a whipping."

"Did she do your breasts?"

"Yes." Christi flushed a little. It was harder to tell with Jane, syru p was still all over her face.

"That's good, because you both have to climax before I take you upstairs."

"You're kidding."

I shook my head and settled back to watch.

Jane spoke. "God. I don't think I can use my tongue much longer."

Christi struggled to he r knees. "Let me, then."

With the words, Jane lay back on the tile and let Christi use her tongue to clean the syrup from her body. I watched, fascinated as Christi once again used her tongue on another woman. Jane flushed as Christi was forced to circle h er nipples with her tongue. Gasping. Finally, before moving down to clean Jane's legs, Christi dipped between Jane's legs, urging her thighs apart.

"May as well get this part over with while I'm here."

Jane nodded, knowing to protest was useless. I watched as Jane closed her eyes and concentrated on whatever her fantasy was. Christi's tongue darted between her folds,

finding her clit and finding her rhythm. Soon Jane was lost in pleasure, moaning and completely unaware that I was watching her make love with another woman. The seventeen year old cried out as she climaxed, arching, screaming, and finally panting as she finished.

"I'm done. Christi, sweety, I'm done."

Christi looked up. Curious. "How was it?"

"Good. God did that feel good."

"I have to finish your legs, okay?"

Jane nodded, lying her head back, her matted hair sticking to the floor behind her. Christi continued to lick her way down Jane's thighs and calves slowly cleaning the excess syrup from her. She took more care around the knees, knowing that they'd be crawling and I'd be looking for any excuse to punish them. Finally she licked the excess from Jane's bare feet and knelt up.

Jane struggled to her knees. I looked at the women.

"Christi needs to climax as well."

"Please no. You know I don't want to. I. I'll do whatever you want but that."

"You'll whip her for me?"

"Please no. I. I'll do what you want. I can't whip her." Christi began to lower herself back to the floor, cringing at her state, her stickiness , the floor.

Jane looked pleadingly at me, but bent to her task. She quickly lowered her head between Christi's thighs and began to pleasure the other woman. The blonde closed her eyes and began to concentrate on the sensations between her legs. Jane's tongue wasn't as experienced as Christi's was, but Christi was soon moaning anyway. It had been a while since I'd allowed them any relief. Either one of them.

"Beg Jane to let you climax."

"What?" Christi's eyes opened wide, uncomprehending.

"Beg Jane for a climax. I don't want you fantasizing that it's a guy down there. It's Jane. A woman. Beg her for your orgasm. Call her a slut."

"You must be joking. I can't."

"Would you rather be hog-tied all day, right where you are now? Or perhaps you'd prefer to be bound into a chair with Jane licking you for hours?"

"Oh God no. Please don't make me do this."

Jane had not stopped her ministrations while I was talking to Christi. Christi moaned as the sensations of Jane's tongue made their way to her brain.

"Alright. You don't have to do it. But you may as well get the rope now."

"Oh God. Okay." She closed her eyes. "Please let me climax."

It sounded very flat. I crouched beside Christi and began to pinch her nipples. She cried out as the pressure became painful for her.

"Ahhh. Please stop. It hurts."

"Beg her. Use her name."

"Alright. Alright. Just stop."

I released her and forced her to lick at my fingertips that had picked up a light coating of syrup from her nipples. When my fingers were clean, Christi took a deep breath, unable to continue whatever her fantasy was. "Please, Jane? Use your soft tongue. Make me scream. Let me climax. Oh God. I can't do this. Please?"

I returned to my chair watching the girls.

“Oh God. I’m sorry Jane. Use you tongue on my pussy, slut. Make me cum for our Master. Oh God. Make me scream.”

At the last words Christi exploded to Jane’s tongue. Her body arched and she bucked against her bonds. She cried out as she climaxed. Her head fell to the side, whispering Jane’s name.

As she fell over the edge, Jane rocked back on her knees, finished her task. She worked her tongue around in her mouth, working out the cramps, perhaps trying to lose the sweet taste of the syrup and Christi.

I let Christi recover for a few minutes before ordering her to her knees.

I released both girl’s hands and forced them to their hands and knees. They complied, too exhausted and dirty to care. I carefully poured a last bit of syrup onto their insteps. I indicated that they should lift their feet slightly to ensure that they didn’t spill any. I was going to force them to lick it off later.

The two girls remained on the floor as I rose to my feet. Their dirty hair hung in matted braids beside their faces. Their still sticky bare breasts hung beneath their bodies. Their bare feet raised, their soles stained with the syrup.

“You two ready for the shower?”

“Please?” Jane and Christi both whispered. They hadn’t been up more than two hours and already I’d put them through a grueling torment.

I watched as their nude bodies fell into an awkward crawling motion. I held doors for them as they slowly and painfully made their way, the long way, through the house. They had a lot of trouble with the stairs, but I forced them to remain on their hands and knees despite their groans and begging to be let up. They looked like a pair of gorgeous abused females as they obeyed my directions. I wished I had a camera to capture the sight of them as they crawled. Miserable.

Finally we made it to the bathroom. Elizabeth, Sheila and Amy were long gone. Presumably, they were waiting as ordered in the master bedroom.

“Knees,” I ordered the miserable girls on the floor. They automatically found their way to their knees. Their sticky hands resting easily on their thighs. “Thighs apart.”

They complied, sliding their knees apart and exposing themselves for me. They seemed a little surprised at the order. I usually let them kneel a little more modestly. I sat on the edge of the bathtub and just looked at them. They did look pathetic and I almost felt sorry for them. Just two naked, syrup encrusted women trying to make the best of a terrible situation. I don’t know how they did it. Stayed sane. They looked so sexy kneeling there for me.

I spoke to them gently. “You two have been really good today so far. I’m surprised. No complaints. Good obedience. I’m going to take a quick shower, if you are in exactly this same position when I get out, I’ll let you take a long hot shower together. And you’ll get a pleasant surprise when you get out. Alright?”

They both nodded. I was sure that they wouldn’t move an inch from those positions. I suspect the only thing on their minds was to get into this shower and wash the remainder of the syrup from their bodies. They waited as they had to.

Chapter 107

I slipped out of my clothing and placed it on the counter. Christi followed my movement with her eyes, probably wishing for her clothes back. I stepped into the shower and turned it on very hot. I scrubbed myself. I knew that I could have forced Christi and Jane in here with me, but for once, I just wanted to shower and get back to my plans for the day. I finished quickly, rinsed and turned off the shower. I stepped out to find the girls exactly as I'd left them. Kneeling and sticky gazing wistfully at the shower. Jane was really restraining herself. All her instincts were screaming at her to be a normal girl and just jump into the shower, turning on the wonderful warm spray. But she knew that she couldn't without my permission.

"Ladies? Remember that small amount of syrup I put on your feet before we left the kitchen?"

They nodded unhappily.

"Time to clean it off. You know the drill."

Resigned, Christi rose up on her knees. The upturned bottom of her feet still were covered in the syrup. Jane sighed and bent herself down, supporting herself with her hands. Her tongue snaked out and she daintily licked up the other woman's soles. Christi squirmed at the sensations, but managed to keep still enough to allow Jane to finish. The sight was exceptionally arousing. I didn't know how much longer I was going to be able to hold out before using one of the girls.

Jane and Christi reversed positions, Jane allowing Christi to lick the syrup off her feet. She finished and looked up at me from her hands and knees.

Jane touched her hair again and spoke. "Please. God. Please can we shower? Master? Please?"

I nodded and the girls just about tripped over one another scrambling to their bare feet. They were in the shower and gasping beneath the spray before I finished dressing.

I left them to wash each other and wandered out into the hallway towards the master bedroom.

I peeked into the master bedroom where the three girls were kneeling on the floor and quietly talking. They hushed as Elizabeth noticed my presence. She looked up at me expectantly. I just gazed in at them, three young women, glowing from their shower, kneeling for me.

Without a word, I carefully shut the door on their confused faces and walked back down to the dining room. I picked up the clothes laid out so carefully on the table from the previous night. Pursing my lips, I draped the fabric over my arm, the fabric of the evening gown sensual, the jeans and sweater a bit harsher against my skin. I reminded myself that I could always make them strip for me, and made my decision.

I made my way upstairs and silently entered the bathroom. The girls were still splashing in the shower. I carefully laid the clothing down on the counter for them and breathed in the smell of the steam and the soap.

"God, that was awful," Jane murmured to Christi behind the shower curtain. I smiled.

"You'll never get it all off me. Christ. I'll never eat syrup again as long as I live. I swear it."

“Quit squirming, I can’t get your hair clean if you keep moving around like a monkey.”

“We have to get clean and quick. I wonder what his problem is today. He was so nice to us last night.”

“I don’t know. I’m not sure he ever really has a reason. Am I done?”

“Hell no. I’m going to have to wash you again. Jesus, you’re sticky.”

“You think we can rinse with warm water? He didn’t let the others.”

“I guess not. I can go beg him, once I’m clean.”

“He’ll punish you for leaving the shower.”

“I know. But, I want a hot rinse.”

“How would he know?”

“He’ll know.”

I smiled to myself. Truthfully, I had n o idea if they followed my instructions when out of sight. For all I knew they could have used the shower individually and rinsed any way they chose. But there was always the chance that I’d sneak in when they didn’t know I was there and find out. Then the re would be hell to pay. I almost just left then, interested what they’d come up with on the cold rinse problem on their own, but as I was leaving the bathroom I decided to give them a break. It would reinforce that I could listen anytime I wanted. Their p rivacy was nil.

“Girls?”

They both screamed as the unexpected voice registered with them, surprising them.

“God, you scared us.” Christi managed to speak from behind the shower stall.

“Doing something you shouldn’t?”

“No, master, just showering like ordere d,” Jane replied. “Please, Master ...”

“No questions, girls,” I cut her off before she could ask the rinse question.

“Yes, sir,” Jane replied quietly, knowing that she would have to risk punishment no matter what they decided to do. It would be easy for me to tell what the temperature of their final moments in the shower were. Amy had been ice cold for at least ten minutes after suffering the cold spray.

I turned to leave smiling at their discomfort.

“Warm water is fine for rinsing.” I said over my shoulder as I turned away from the bathroom.

“Thank-you, sir. Thank-you,” I heard Jane’s voice calling softly from behind the stall.

I smiled and returned to the bedroom. The girls were still kneeling and they all turned towards me as I pushed open the door. They all remained silent as I plopped onto the bed.

“Talking about me?”

Elizabeth nodded while the other two shook their heads.

“Elizabeth? You were talking about me and the other’s weren’t?”

She paled, realizing their mistake. “No, sir. I. I got confused. It’s . It’s just that I’m still not used to being here.”

“After all this time?”

“No. You never quite get used to being nude and subservient all the time.”

“So you were talking about me?”

“Yes. I mean no.”

“Elizabeth. Calm. I’m not going to punish anyone for talking about me. Doesn’t really matter. I’m not even going to ask what you were calling me.”

“Yes,” she finally replied. Beaten. She knew that I knew.

“Good. Now, how’d you like your morning? Your breakfast?”

“Truthfully?”

I nodded.

“I can’t speak for everyone, but the pancakes were wonderful. I could have done without the syrup shower, though.”

“So you didn’t like the syrup?”

“You have no idea how icky that was.”

“Hmmm. I’ll have to keep that in mind.”

“Please not again. We’ve been good girls, haven’t we? We even let you do that without a single complaint.”

“Well, you are all nice and clean now. I’m not about to spoil it.”

All the girls looked relieved. I lay back into the pillows and closed my eyes.

“Sir?” Sheila hesitantly raised her voice.

I opened my eyes and stared at her. I’d never seen her like this. Her face had on light make-up and her hair was brushed out around her shoulders. Except for the bruise on her left side, she was radiant. I could see that her side was still causing her discomfort, but she was bearing it well.

“I just wanted to know what you wanted us to do,” she asked meekly.

“Just kneel there and look pretty.”

She looked down and swallowed, a bit embarrassed still that she had to follow orders like that. The girls remained silent for the next five minutes. Finally I rose up onto one elbow and gazed back at them. All of them lowered their eyes, knowing that something was finally up. On one hand the waiting was over, on the other, whatever was planned for them they weren’t likely to enjoy.

“Amy?”

“Yes, sir.”

“To your feet.”

The girl struggled to rise to her bare feet. She stood uncertainly looking at me on the bed. Not sure what was expected of her, knowing that she would do it. Whatever it was.

“Drag that chair out into the middle of the floor.”

Sheila and Elizabeth shifted on their knees to allow Amy to place the chair approximately where they were kneeling. It was the straight-backed desk chair that Gertrude used as a cosmetic seat, the same chair that I had sat on so often comforting the women when they were stuck in the bed. Amy placed it and then went to sit. Realizing that I hadn’t told her to sit, she caught herself before lowering and simply stood at the side with her hands at her hips.

“You can sit.”

“I don’t mind standing.”

“Sit.”

She paled a bit and lowered herself into the chair, crossing her legs modestly, facing me, hands demurely in her lap. The bondage pack was lying on the ground by the side of

the bed. Normally, I'd wait for Jane, her being a better knot tyer than I, but I wanted to feel Amy's silky skin as I bound her into the chair.

I reached for the bag, pulling some soft cord from it.

"You don't need to tie me up, you know," Amy implored quietly.

"I know I don't, sweety. But I want to, this time. I'll try not to make it too uncomfortable."

"Being restrained is uncomfortable. I'll do whatever you want without it. I've learned my lesson."

"Hush, sweety. I don't want to gag you as well, but I will. What I want is your pretty body tied into that chair. It isn't a punishment. I'm not going to hurt you beyond putting rope on you. Okay?"

She mutely nodded, tears rising unbidden to her eyes. Her helplessness was still coming home to her. She knew that I would do with her as I pleased. It didn't matter what she wanted. She was fighting every urge in her body not to simply rise out of that chair and run. There was so little stopping her. And yet she knew that she had to sit there, nude and vulnerable, and let me tie her up. Like it or not. Reason or not.

I lifted myself off the bed and crouched beside her chair. The other two girls just waited quietly on their knees, happy that it wasn't them being bound.

I touched her wrist gently, guiding it to the back of the chair. Her skin was silken from the long shower she has just taken. She smelled of spring flowers. That scent that is so uniquely female mixed with the flowers, intoxicating. I almost regretted what I was about to do to this creature.

I fought back my urge to let her be, and carefully bound her small wrist to the back support, lashing it in place. I was careful not to obstruct her circulation, she could be sitting here for a while. I repeated the procedure on her right wrist. I stepped back and watched as she unconsciously pulled at her trapped wrists, tears still falling slowly down her face. She didn't have a clue what was going to happen to her while she was unable to stop anything.

I knelt at her feet. Her legs were still crossed. I touched her delicate ankle and she closed her eyes, letting her legs fall apart towards the chair legs, knowing I was going to tie her legs apart as well. I carefully moved her bare feet to the outside of the chair legs and lashed them in place. Again, she pulled at the bonds, but knew that she was stuck there until I freed her. She squirmed, but didn't offer up any complaints as I bound her knees to the chair arms and placed cord above and below her bare breasts, accentuating them and securing her back into the chair.

I pulled at her ropes gently, and satisfied, I returned to the soft bed. She continued to weep quietly in her chair as I watched her. Finally she lifted her eyes to look at me with pleading there. She spoke softly.

"Sir? Please? If you don't want me to speak just tell me, I really don't want to be gagged." She paused, waiting for a moment to give me time to chastise her. I didn't. I could see the vulnerability in her wet eyes. She knew what she was wide open and helpless, and it frightened her. None of the girls knew what they were in for this morning. I'd been very unpredictable. She continued her plea, "I. I don't want to be tied. I'll do whatever you want. I'll fuck ... I mean you can rape me. I. I don't mind. I'll kneel all day for you. Please don't hurt me. I haven't done anything."

“Let’s see now. What have you done this morning? You spilt syrup. You spoke without permission. You tried to get out of a cold shower. You screamed under the cold water. You lied about whether you were talking about me ear lier. And you are pleading now, even though I warned you that I wanted you to hush. I think I’ve been rather tolerant of you, so far.”

She paled, not having any idea that she had made so many mistakes in one morning. But I wasn’t punishing her. I was just pointing out that she wasn’t as innocent as she was making out. Truthfully, I was being rather unfair, and I knew it. Most of the things I’d mentioned didn’t bother me at all, and in some cases were hardly her fault. But she also knew better than to questi on such unfairness. She wasn’t in any position to question it.

“Oh God. Please don’t hurt me. I. I don’t want to be hurt. I’ll do anything to make it up to you. I can be good. I will be good. I’ll try harder. Please. Oh God. Please.”

Even the other women h ad paled here, realizing that they were just as guilty of the perceived disobedience that Amy was.

“Shush,” I said to her kindly. “Amy, darling, I’m not punishing you. You are not tied to that chair as a punishment. It might be a little uncomfortable, but I have no intention of hurting you yet.”

Amy struggled to keep her tongue, wanting to beg, wanting out. Frightened. I watched fascinated as the emotions and the tears fell across her face.

I took a breath and looked over at the other two girls, evaluating. I made my decision.

“Elizabeth?”

She was still pale but answered automatically.

“Yes, sir?”

“I’m interested in seeing a girl -girl scene.”

“Oh God. Please no.”

“Are you refusing?”

She swallowed and took a deep breath. “I don’t know. Please. I’m clean. I. Please don’t make me. I can’t. She’s upset. I’ll do anything else. Wouldn’t you rather have me?”

I looked at her quizzically. She hadn’t been one to refuse anything. I mentally stepped back and approached from a different angle. Perhaps she was just begging, but her voice had that edge to it. She might dig in her heels on this one. Why, I couldn’t fathom. It wasn’t like I was going to whip her while she licked Amy or anything. This should have been easy.

“Elizabeth, I’m ordering you to lick Amy between her legs. I don’t care if she orgasms or not, I just want to see you do it.”

“Oh God. Please. No. I can’t.”

Amy whispered from her chair. “Elizabeth, come on. You have to. I don’t mind.”

I turned to Amy. “Haven’t you said enough?” I asked her quietly but with some menace. Amy’s mouth snapped shut, and she struggled with her ropes a bit then quieted. Afraid of being gagged.

“Elizabeth?”

“Oh God. Please. I’ve let you pour shit on me. I’ve placed myself under a freezing cold shower for you. I’ve crawled for you. I’ve done everything you fucking asked. Please, don’t make me do this. Not to her. I’ll do you. I’ll let you tie me up all day again. I’ll crawl on my hands and knees all day for you. I’ll switch places with her. I’ll let you

have all of them lick me. You can rape me. But please. Not Amy. Don't make me do this."

Her face was getting redder and she was beginning to panic. For some reason she didn't want to make love to this girl. I guess I couldn't blame her. For some reason it had stuck in her mind as something worth fighting about. It wasn't and she was going to discover that the hard way.

I considered. "Alright. I won't make you lick Amy right now. But you realize that you've earned yourself a pun ishment."

Elizabeth paled and swallowed heavily. "Yes, sir. I realize that. Thank -you." She looked relieved. She wouldn't be relieved for long, but for now she thought that she'd had some control over her fate.

I turned to Sheila who was kneeling quietly, watching in fascination, on the other side of Amy's bound body. As she noticed the attention shifting to her, she looked up at me.

"Mayer made me do women. I've done it before. I'll do it," she said reluctantly. "What are you going to do to her?" Meaning E lizabeth.

"Telling would ruin the surprise."

"Don't hurt her, okay? You'll get your girl -girl sex. You don't need to hurt her."

I nodded, though I had every intention of hurting her. Until she begged to lick Amy.

I watched as Sheila reluctantly shuffled fo rward on her knees and placed her hands atop Amy's bare knees. She took a deep breath and spoke to the girl that she'd only met recently.

"Amy, sweety. I want to be clear on this, before I start. I know you can't talk. I know you don't want this any more t han I do. But I have to do it. I don't want to see you punished, or me punished because of this. It's just skin. I know you understand, but I just wanted to be clear. Its. It's the first time we've been together. Alright? I don't mind if you don't."

Amy nodded through her tears and braced herself. I hadn't ordered her to enjoy the sensations, and she realized that. She closed her eyes and sort of turned her head away as much as she could, as Sheila slowly lowered her head between the widely stretched thighs. I heard a moan from both women as Sheila's tongue began its exploration of Amy.

Chapter 108

I turned away from Sheila and Amy briefly to turn my gaze to Elizabeth. The woman was still on her knees watching Sheila perform the task she was rightfully her 's.

"Elizabeth?"

She turned towards my voice, fright plastered across her features. I motioned for her to approach the bed. She swallowed, and shuffled forward on her bare knees, probably frightened of increasing her punishment by rising to her feet.

"Please sir. This slave begs forgiveness."

I touched her bare shoulder, indicating that she should rise to the bed. She did, sitting on the edge, looking in fear at my face. I could still hear Amy and Sheila's small noises as they had sex, but I tried to ignore it, having to deal with this woman in front of me first.

"Kneel." Elizabeth hastened to obey, bringing her legs up onto the bed and kneeling demurely beside me. When she saw me pick up the handcuffs from the bedside table, she gave be a look of pleading, but allowed me to cuff her wrists behind her back. She didn't even ask why, knowing the reason.

"Come lie down with me."

She struggled with her hands pinned behind her, finally stretching her bare body out with her back against me. Her bound hands reached for my groin, but I stopped her. She turned her head as much as she could, confused.

"Why, Elizabeth?"

"Why do I want to touch you?" A note of incredulity crept into her voice.

My eyes had returned to the view of Sh eila slowly licking at Amy's pussy in front of me. Amy was pulling at her ropes, eyes closed. Concentrating. I wasn't sure if she was concentrating on Sheila's sensations or on trying to ignore them. It wasn't like I'd ordered either female to enjoy it or climax.

Still watching the girls having forced sex in front of me, I wrapped my arms around Elizabeth, letting my hands idly brush at her nipples. She gasped as she realized what I was doing, but finally just relaxed, knowing that if I wanted to touch her, I would. If I was going to put her in pain, I would. Nothing she could do about it.

"Why wouldn't you do what Sheila is doing? You knew you'd be punished."

She paled, I could see it from where I was lying. "Please, sir. I. I don't know. Normally I would h ave. I swear it. But. I don't know. I'm tired. And I'm tired of having to listen to you. And I didn't feel like making love to another woman."

"It's going to be worse. Your punishment."

"I know. God. I'm hoping I can make you forget about that." I felt her finger tips find me through my jeans. "There are nicer things that I could do for you rather than punish me."

"Elizabeth. Stop. You are getting punished whether you play or not. Right now, I just want to watch the two beautiful women in front of us and fi nd out why you disobeyed." I carefully pinched her erect nipples making her cry out a little. Amy opened her eyes, seeing me fondling Elizabeth. She moaned again and closed her eyes.

He hands stopped their probing behind her with the pain in her breasts. S he tacitly understood that she wasn't to play with me. For the second time today, I wondered if I was complete moron.

"Please, sir. I'll be good. I swear it. I'm sorry."

"I don't understand. Did you want a punishment?"

"No sir. I. I just didn't want to lick Amy. Badly enough to risk a punishment. I. God. I'm so fucking tired of being a slave. Having to lie here naked and handcuffed, not being able to stop you from caressing my skin, not being able to stop you from hurting me. Not being allowed clothing. You have no idea what it's like. Never knowing. Being punished because I didn't want to have sex. I'd give you all the sex you want. Willingly. Why do you want me to make love to another woman, when you know I'm straight?" Tears were falling from her eyes as she spoke.

"It excites me."

"Of course it does. We're not even human to you anymore, are we? I'm a person down here. I have a will. I hurt, and cry. Remember? I can choose who I'm with, can't I?"

"Not in this timeline. I choose for you. And I know you hurt . That's why you are supposed to listen to orders." I pinched her again, letting her know I was still there. She cried out again and squirmed in my arms. All the instincts in her body telling her to get up and stop this. She fought them down, knowing that it would just increase her discomfort later.

"Please. I know. I know. I'll do what you want. I'll take Sheila's place. I don't want to be hurt. I. I'm frightened."

"Change your mind?"

"Yes. Yes. Please stop pinching me. Oh God."

The two women had stopped at Elizabeth's cries of pain. I glanced over at them and Sheila quickly bent back to her task, slurping noises came from the chair.

"Elizabeth, I'm afraid it's far too late. I can't let you get away with outright disobedience anymore than I'd let any of the girls get away with it. Whether you lick her now or not, I'm going to punish you."

"Oh God." She closed her eyes and tried not to think about what I might have planned for her. I continued to lightly brush at her nipples and watch Amy and Sheila. Amy's breathing had significantly increased since Sheila had begun.

Elizabeth fell in and out of soft sobbing as I played with her body. Eventually I stopped touching her as Christi and Jane walked into the room. I was surprised to see that they were both unclothed. Their clothing was draped over their arms. As soon as they entered the room they both dropped to their knees.

They were both stunning, as usual. After a shower, these girls absolutely glowed. Their hair shone, their finger and toe nails were both bright pink. Their faces had light make-up.

"Why aren't you dressed?" I asked Jane.

She swallowed her pride and replied, "This slave was unsure whether she was allowed to dress. I. She knows that her clothes were in the bathroom, but she also knows the penalty for dressing without permission. Master had not given her explicit permission. She really doesn't want to be covered in syrup again. Please let her dress. Please?"

I smiled at that. I thought I'd been clear that they should dress by just laying out the clothes. They were obviously hoping to dress, but decided to play it safe. Smart girls.

I nodded, pleased at them. "Go on. Get dressed."

Smiles broke out on their faces and they looked positively radiant as they pulled the clothing over their nudity. Jane adjusted the garment around herself and knelt quickly. It took Christi a bit longer to get into her sweater and jeans, her fingers still playing at the top button of the jeans as she, too, knelt for me.

I could see that they were dying to ask about the two girls having sex, but held their tongues. I made them stay on their knees for a few minutes just watching the naked women making love in the chair. Amy was almost certainly getting flustered in her ropes. Her nipples had reacted to the stimulus and she st ill had her eyes closed. I had no idea how good Sheila was, but apparently she was fairly good. Perhaps I'd have to sample her mouth soon as well.

I tore my gaze away from Amy and Sheila and addressed Jane and Christi as though Elizabeth wasn't in my arms.

"Elizabeth has already earned herself a punishment."

"Oh Liz," Christi sighed. "What did she do? If I'm allowed to ask."

"She was supposed to be where Sheila is."

"Elizabeth, honey. You know he'll make you do it anyway."

"I. I know," the girl whispered in my arms.

I released the nude woman in my arms. "Kneel."

She scrambled to obey, already afraid of her punishment that she'd been unable to avoid so far. I gazed into her soft face, brushing at her hair that curled around her face.

"Now, Elizabeth, you get an extra torment."

She just hung her head, not wanting to know. Not even knowing what brought this latest torment on.

"You get to choose a girl to join you in your punishment. We don't want you to suffer alone, now do we?"

She looked up in horror, realizin g what I was asking of her.

"Oh God. Please no. Just me. Don't punish anyone else. God. They haven't done anything."

"I have half a mind to just punish two of the others and make you watch what you caused."

"Oh God. You bastard. You can't do that."

"Actually, I can. But I think it would be much more effective if I punish two girls with you being one of them."

Tears began to run down her face. "Oh no. Please no. I'll take whatever you want. Just punish me. Twice if you have to. They don't deserve it. It was me. Not them. Please, have some pity. They'll hate me. Oh God ..." she broke down to sobs at this point, her hands softly fighting the restraints on her. Wanting to strike out at me, but unable. I let her cry for a while until she calmed a bit.

"Elizabeth, you should think about these things before disobeying."

"Jesus Christ. It's not fair. We. I. Please. What can I do to stop this? I'll be good. I'll beg to have sex with Amy. All of them. Anything. You don't need to punish anyone else. Oh God. We're not an imals. We're people. Please. We all have feelings. I don't like it, but I'll let you punish me. Even that's not fair. All I wanted was to be free. I just didn't want to have sex with Amy. That's not that unreasonable. I. Please. Not anyone else. I'll do what you want." Her tears were falling uncontrollably down her soft face.

"I want you to choose someone else to join you. If you don't choose, I'll pick for you, and all five of you will get punished. Or I'll punish you until you pick someone."

"Oh God. I can't. I can't."

"I'll make it easier on you. I don't want to untie Amy, and Sheila really isn't ready for the punishment I have in mind for you. So that just leaves either Christi or Jane." Both girls shifted uneasily on the floor, but knew that one of them was getting punished, essentially for nothing. But they'd accept it easier than Elizabeth was going to have a time choosing.

"You are such a bastard."

Jane spoke up quietly from the floor. "Elizabeth, honey. Listen to him. Choose one of us and get it over with. It's going to happen anyway, and we're not going to hate you, no matter who you choose. We know who's hurting us and it isn't you. Relax. Pick me. I don't mind."

Christi swallowed hard and spoke in a small voice as well. "Elizabeth, sweety. I don't mind either."

Elizabeth looked up miserably at me, tears rolling down her face.

"I can't," she cried pitifully towards me. "Please don't make me do this. They're the only friends I have."

"Elizabeth, would you rather I crop your breasts?"

She hung her head and nodded.

"You realize that I'll crop them until you decide."

She nodded again miserably.

Jane lowered her head and spoke softly. "Please, Elizabeth, you don't have to go through that. I'll do it. I'll be your punishment partner. Please."

Elizabeth looked up and thrust her chest out towards me.

"Elizabeth, you don't want to do this."

"I'll hold still. Maybe this will lessen what comes later."

"It won't."

"I'll chance it. Can a slave scream?"

"You're not going to be able to hold it in. I promise you."

She tried to control her fear and her tears, her hands weakly pulling at the steel behind her.

"Christi? Can you get the crop for me?"

"Please no. You don't have to do this. Elizabeth, please. For us. We don't want to watch this. Just choose one of us. We don 't mind. Honestly."

Elizabeth just shook her head. Seeing this, Christi sighed heavily, trying to control her own tears and retrieved the crop from the pack. As she approached she still tried to avoid this.

"Elizabeth, please."

"Christi, I can't."

"You will anyway. Just pick one of us. Now. Your breasts. It's going to hurt."

I held out my hand. I watched as Christi seriously considered slicing my hand with the crop, but thought better of it. She placed it gently in my hand and glumly turned herself away. She padded back to her spot on her bare feet and knelt, her clothes rustling as she moved. If Elizabeth picked Christi, she was going to lose those clothes and she knew it.

"Ready?" I whispered to Elizabeth.

She nodded, holding her breath. I glanced over to Sheila and Amy. They had stopped again, and were watching the show with Elizabeth in morbid fascination. Softly I spoke to them. "You two girls want to feel this thing too?"

Sheila paled and dove back to her task. Within moments, the two girls were moaning again, though I don't really know if it was in ecstasy or humiliation. I'd put my money on humiliation.

Without any further warning I brought the riding crop down vertically against Elizabeth's right breast. It danced crazily on her chest and a red mark a lmost immediately formed beside her nipple. It took a moment for the pain of the blow to register to her brain, and she just knelt calmly until it hit. Her face screwed itself up in a mask of agony, but she clenched her teeth around it and bore it somehow without crying out. I watched as both Christi and Jane cringed at the sound of the blow. I had held back so that I was on the border of breaking the girl's skin. She would hurt for a long time, but it wouldn't last beyond a few hours.

"Choose?"

She shook her head, this time real fear entering her eyes as she knelt there unable to protect herself from the pain. I let another fall just as hard beside her right nipple, careful not to hit her sensitive nub. This time the pain hit her faster and she gasped in a breath. Her breath came in short bursts, like a woman in labour, trying to ease the stripe of raw pain burning down her breasts.

"Elizabeth, choose."

"I can't."

"You can. The next one is across the nipples."

"Oh God. I can't. Please don't make me do this. Please stop."

I sighed and carefully lined up the next blow. To her credit she knelt still even knowing where the next one was going to land. She wouldn't be able to take much of this. She didn't flinch as the crop lash ed across her vulnerable nipples.

"Ahhhhhhhhhh. Shit. Oh God. It hurts. Please no more. I can't. Can't you see that. I can't. Ow. Ow. Ow. Owie. Oh God, it hurts. Not there. No more. Please."

She had collapsed across the bed to the side, her bare feet kick ing weakly, her wrists pulling at their bonds. Anything to cradle her burning breasts and nipples. I let her cry and moan for a few minutes and then got a little impatient.

"Kneel."

"Oh God. I can't."

"You can."

She struggled with her body, trying to force it back up to her knees, her hands impeding her progress. I sat back and watched. Next time I was going to have to help her, but for now she still had the strength to do it herself.

She finally got back to her knees and looked at me miserably through her tears. "Why?" she asked.

"You know why. Because you won't choose. Because you are being disobedient."

"I'm not a damn dog."

"If you are, you're a damn pretty dog. Please. I don't want to hit you again for this. Please just choose one."

“Think about what you are asking. I can’t. You’re asking me to choose which of two girls are going to be tortured for no reason. I’m not God. Please don’t make me do it. You choose.”

“We are going to keep this up until you either pass out, or choose. It’s going to hurt.”

“I know. It hurts already. Believe me, it hurts.”

I sighed. It was going to take some time to break her. Eventually it was going to hurt so much that just the thought of another stroke across her vulnerable breasts was going to make her choose, but it was going to take a while. She really didn’t want to choose. And I couldn’t blame her. But this was part of her punishment. I wasn’t going to allow her not to choose. I was becoming a battle between her and I. Her will against mine. She was going to lose.

Chapter 109

She screamed out her pain as I lashed her vulnerable breasts twice in rapid succession. First her left, then her right before she had time to recover from the first blow. I carefully avoided the nipples, but the crop still left angry red welts across her pale breasts. She fell again to the side, trying to curl her bare body up to protect herself. Moaning and rocking. The pain flooding her mind. The only thing she could think of was to avoid another blow. Stop the awful pain.

I watched Amy and Sheila as Elizabeth fought down her pain on the bed. Finally Elizabeth looked up at me with teary eyes from her lying position and gasped.

"Oh God. Please no more. I can't take it any more. It hurts. Christ, it hurts."

"I know it does. Are you ready to choose yet? "

"Oh God. Please no. My tits. My poor tits."

"I won't hit you again if you choose. Jane or Christi? Simple."

"You can't make me do this. I won't."

"Alright. Knees."

I watched out of the corner of my eye as Jane's mouth opened and then shut. She fought with herself while Elizabeth struggled to right herself. Elizabeth collapsed, moaning again into the bed. I had to reach forward to help the crying girl and between the two of us she finally kept her balance on her knees. Moaning.

"Elizabeth," Jane finally braved opening her mouth again. "Please. Just choose me and get it over with. I. I want to do it. Okay, honey? Stop this, before you faint. It's not necessary."

Elizabeth closed her eyes. "Janey, I love you. I can't. Just let me do this my way."

"Elizabeth, please. I can't watch this anymore." Jane looked up at me with pleading in her eyes. She addressed me, switching back to slave talk. "M -master? Please. You are going to kill her. She can't take this. Take this slave. Please. She'll do what you want. She'll let herself be punished with Slave Elizabeth. Willingly. She can't choose. You must understand. I'll do it. Please."

I took a deep breath and looked back at Elizabeth, trying to ignore Jane.

"Elizabeth. The next one is coming across your nipples again."

"Oh God. No. No more. Please. I'll do what you want." I could see the raw fear in her eyes. The fear of that crop crashing across her nipples again. Afraid that she wouldn't pass out. She was cringing back now, not bravely thrusting her breasts towards me anymore.

"You'll do what I want?"

"Anything."

"You'll choose a girl to be punished with?"

"Yes. You bastard. I will." Her breath was ragged, her striped breasts rising and falling with her efforts at controlling her pain. "Just, for the love of God, quit hitting me. Please."

I lay back onto the bed and watched the girl suffer. She closed her eyes and moaned as another residual wave flowed through her body. I glanced back at the nude girls making love on the chair. They looked frightened as well, but continued their ordered activities. Amy pulling at her ropes.

"Well?" I spoke softly to Elizabeth.

"I. I don't deserve this. I just didn't want to have sex with a woman. Please."

"You knew that you were going to be punished."

"But it hurts."

"Punishments usually do."

"But ... you have no idea ... please. I'm a person over here," she was in tears again.

"I know you are, Elizabeth. Come on. I don't want to hurt you anymore. At least not in this pointless game. Pick one and we can move on. Alright?"

"You are such a god-damn bastard."

"Choose."

Her voice dropped to a whisper as she turned her head towards Jane and Christi kneeling on the floor in their clothing.

"I'm so sorry. I wanted to hold out. But it hurts. God it hurts. Janey? Please forgive me. Please?"

"You're choosing Jane?"

"Yes, goddamn you."

Jane rose to her bare feet and walked carefully over to the bed. Giving me lots of time to order her back to her knees. I didn't. Jane carefully embraced the naked woman kneeling on the bed. Both having tears running down their faces. Jane carefully traced Elizabeth's welts, gently kissing her bare breasts. Nothing sexual, just comfort.

"We'll do this together. Okay? Don't worry about me, just worry about getting yourself through whatever he's going to do to us. Alright?" Jane whispered to Elizabeth. "Be strong. You can do it."

Elizabeth, still sobbing in her pain, just nodded. Underneath, though, she knew that she wasn't even strong enough to hold off the pain enough not to choose her punishment partner. She wasn't so sure she could take whatever I had planned for her. But she'd have to.

I let Jane hold Elizabeth in her arms and slipped off the bed. As I walked over to Christi, Amy began moaning a bit more urgently. My attention riveted to the two women by the chair. Amy had her eyes closed and was pulling against the ropes holding her. I watched fascinated as she did her best to thrust her bound hips towards Sheila's mouth. Crying out softly. Biting her lip. Finally, she took a deep breath and held it, straining every muscle in her small body against her bondage. She let her breath out in a gasp and a cry as she crashed through an orgasm. Her breathing ragged. Tears running down her face. When she was done, she opened her eyes, flushing bright red as she realized that we'd all witnessed it. Sheila rocked back on her heels, working her tongue through her mouth, working out the cramps.

I clapped softly. I really hadn't expected Amy to even enjoy Sheila's mouth. I had just had them doing it to provide a distraction and reinforce that I could make them do it. Her orgasm was completely unexpected. I suspect that she hadn't expected it either, judging by her tears and her flush. True, she hadn't been allowed relief for quite some time. And she had been in erotic situations, including this one. Perhaps she was just super-sensitive or something. Amy blushed even deeper as she heard the soft clapping.

I tore my eyes away from the heaving bound girl and crouched by Christi. She had some evidence of fright in her eyes, but she was reasonably composed, considering.

"You didn't have to do that. What she did wasn't worth cropping her breasts. And I couldn't have chosen either. No matter what you did to me. She's hurt enough. Don't punish her more. For me? Please?"

"Christi, I'm almost tempted to listen to you, but she needs it."

"She's not an animal. She'll do what you want, now. You've won. Leave her alone."

"She's not an animal. I know that."

"You want to punish her, don't you?"

I nodded.

"God help her. Jane didn't do anything. Go easier on her. Okay?"

I nodded. I had no intention of punishing Jane with the same intensity as Elizabeth. Christi was right. Jane hadn't done anything to deserve her punishment. Truthfully, Elizabeth hadn't either. I sat silently, just looking at the fine lines of Christi's face. The others were right, she could easily have been a model.

She got nervous at my inspection of her.

"What?"

I remained silent.

"You want me to do something, don't you? Please don't get me involved in the punishment. I swear, I'll do anything else. Don't make me hurt them. Please."

"Alright. You can do something else for me."

"Oh God. I don't like it when you get in these moods."

"Take Sheila's place."

"You ... you want me to make love to Amy? Please no. Not again."

"Would you rather help me with Jane and Elizabeth?"

"Please. Neither. Tie me to the bed or something while you play. Take me. I want you. I'll make love to you . You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

"I would, but right now, I need you to lick Amy."

"God. Alright. If you'll go easier on Elizabeth and Jane. Please?"

"Bargaining? Christi, let's get something straight, okay? You are going to do as I ask, or I will go harder on Jane and Elizabeth."

Realizing that her bargaining power was reduced to ashes, Christi's eyes brimmed with tears.

"You bastard."

I smiled at her. "I won't kill them. I promise. They might be a bit uncomfortable, but they'll be alright. They've been through worse."

"I know. I. I just feel bad for them. As another female."

"They'll be fine. Now, are you going to make love to Amy?"

"If I must."

"You do."

Christi's hands stole to the base of her sweater and she slowly pulled it to her neck. Her whole body was shaking with her soft crying as she did.

"Christi?"

She stopped undressing and looked at me with teary eyes.

"Why are you taking that off?"

"Don't I have to be nude to have sex with Amy?"

"No. You are just licking her . You can keep your clothes on."

Her eyes widened as she realized that she wasn't going to lose her clothes this quickly. A smile almost graced her lips.

"I want you to keep licking her until I tell you to stop. If she climaxes again, give her a few minutes of break and then continue. I'm going to trust you with this. Okay?"

"I guess."

I rose to my feet and approached Amy. Sheila was still kneeling quietly at Amy's bound feet. I touched her blonde head and motioned her to sit up on the bed which she did silently. I crouched beside Amy who was still breathing a bit hard from her climax.

"I wasn't expecting that, you know."

"Neither was I." Tears were dripping down her face as she realized the enormity of what she had done. Climaxed voluntarily with another woman.

"Amy. What happened?"

"I don't know. I really don't. I closed my eyes, and it started to feel good. And I haven't been allowed any relief in days. And I. I guess I got turned on. I'm sorry."

"Nothing to be sorry about. I'm impressed that you could do it. Listen. I'm going to have Christi continue where Sheila left off."

"Oh God. Please no. I. I don't want it. No more. I climaxed for you. Please."

"Amy. There is precious little you can do about it. Christi is going to be on her knees, right here, and lick you until I tell her to stop. You can enjoy it if you want, or you can hate it. My guess is that hating it will make the time pass a lot slower. Pretend it's your boyfriend or something."

"Why are you doing this to me?"

"Because I want to think about you in here with Christi licking you. Knowing it is happening."

"Oh God. Please."

"Up to you, how you deal with it. Okay?"

"I'm not a lesbian. Oh God. Please. I've done everything you want. Please untie me. I don't want to do this. Please?"

"Amy, nobody here thinks you are a lesbian. If you were, this wouldn't be nearly as much fun for me. You are just following orders. Okay?"

"I can't make you change your mind?"

"'fraid not."

She nodded, tears beginning anew as she realized that spread out the way she was, there was absolutely nothing she could do about it. And if she tried, it would just mean punishment.

"Good girl. Christi?"

Christi shuffled forward, her jeans whispering on the carpet. Her bare feet, upturned as she moved. She looked up at Amy who turned her face away, flushed and crying.

"I know, Amy. I don't particularly want to do this either. But he'll go easier on Jane and Elizabeth if we behave. Alright? I'm not into girls either. I've got it harder on this end. Believe me. Mighty hard to fantasize that I'm doing this to a guy when it's you I'm licking. Try to enjoy it, alright? It'll make the time go quicker. I get the feeling we are going to be at this a while." She turned towards me with a look of sadness. "You are a bastard you know. We've been good."

"I know, sweety. I'll give you a long rest after this. Okay?"

She nodded and placed her fingers lightly on the ropes that held Amy's knees apart. She sighed heavily and looked up at Amy again.

"You ready, sweety?"

"As ready as I can be, I guess," Amy took a deep breath waiting for the female tongue to touch her bound body.

Christi leaned forward and hesitantly stuck her tongue between her lips and traced up Amy's lubricated lower lips. Amy gasped, and Christi moaned at the touch. Given Amy's look, I wouldn't be surprised to see her reach another climax eventually. After watching the two women for a few moments, I turned back to the three girls on the bed.

"You three ready?"

Elizabeth had managed to stop her crying in Jane's arms. Jane shook her head negative, but she knew that it wasn't going to help them.

Sheila spoke gently from her seat on the bed.

"Master? Can a slave ask why she is involved in this? She was kind of busy during your explanation."

I smiled. She had been busy bringing Amy to her first climax of the day.

"Sheila. You are going to help me with Jane and Elizabeth."

"Doing what?"

"I find myself having to punish them. Are you going to be alright helping me?"

"You want me to hurt them? I. I don't know if I can do that."

"I'll keep my eye on you. If you look like you can't do it, I'll decide and get you out. Fair enough?"

"Yes, sir."

"Jane? Come here."

Jane squirmed out from beneath Elizabeth and rose to her bare feet to come stand in front of me. I could smell the flowers in her hair from her shampoo. She was still silky clean. Quite a difference from the sticky girl I had created earlier this morning.

I reached out and fingered the bodice of her dress. It was a strapless dress held up by her breasts. The strapless feature might just come in handy. She looked at me with regret in her eyes.

"I suppose that you are going to want me to take it off."

"Net yet."

"I'd rather strip than have you ruin it. If I have a choice."

"I won't ruin it. And if I do, we'll find you something else to wear."

"Jeans?"

"Maybe. Turn around."

She did, knowing what was coming. She held her hands loosely behind her back allowing me to place the handcuffs around her slender wrists. She whimpered a bit as she felt the steel bite into her skin, but she didn't resist. She knew that she was getting punished one way or the other, and resisting wouldn't make it any easier on her. I'm not sure she quite understood why she was getting punished with Elizabeth, but she was a smart girl. She probably did.

I motioned for the other girls to rise from the bed. They did, Elizabeth having a bit of trouble and favouring her chest, trying to move it as little as possible.

I led Jane out into the hallway, leaving the door open, giving me a view from the hall of Christi licking Amy. Amy's breathing was already getting heavier again as we left

the room. Elizabeth and Sheila both trailed me out into the hallway, their bare feet whispering on the carpet.

Chapter 110

I guided Jane towards the work room. As we approached, the girl hesitated. She knew what was in there, knew that she didn't particularly want to go in there as a victim, bound and at my mercy. She didn't want to feel most of the stuff that was contained in the room.

Her bare feet dug into the carpet as she resisted my guiding hand on her cuffs. She twisted as best she could with an imploring look on her face.

"M-master?"

"Yes?" I indulged her for a moment before we entered.

"Please. I. This slave. She begs for forgiveness. For whatever she or Slave Elizabeth have done. She doesn't want to go in there. Please."

"You'll be okay. I'm not going to kill you."

Elizabeth paled, the whiteness extending her entire body.

"We'll both behave. We'll do anything you want. We' ll crawl, we'll beg to make love to you? To Amy? To Christi? Sheila? All of you? Please. This slave doesn't want to be punished," Jane continued in a quick voice.

"Didn't you volunteer, earlier?"

"You were whipping her so hard. And I didn't know we were go ing in there. Please. Please give us another chance. Whatever we did."

Her whole body was shaking in fear beneath the dress. Her eyes were beginning to tear, but she was struggling for control of that. She knew full well that she had done nothing. Perhaps, that bothered her as well, that she was going to feel pain in there, and she hadn't done anything, perceived or otherwise, to deserve it. She'd been a model slave all morning.

"Jane. You didn't do anything."

"Then, why are you going to hurt me?"

"Who said anything about hurting you?"

"You aren't going to hurt us?"

"I guess you'll have to go in there to find out."

"Oh God. Please."

I heard a small voice from behind me, Elizabeth's. "I'm sorry Jane. I'm so sorry."

Jane gave Elizabeth a reassuring smile throu gh her tears, realizing the effect her pleading was having on the other girl. She took a deep breath, exerted that powerful self - control and stopped the tears. She squared her shoulders and nodded grimly.

I turned. Sheila and Elizabeth were both pale, from their noses to their pretty toes. Sheila, like Jane, and perhaps more so, was fully aware of what was behind door number three. Elizabeth just knew that Jane was really frightened of it, and that was enough to cause her tears.

I turned the knob of the door and Jane bravely walked through the doorway. The den looked very normal at the moment. A few eyebolts, but otherwise a normal den. The red stain was still marring the surface of the dark carpet, but it had long si nce dried. I motioned the two nude women into the room. Sheila hesitated, but forced herself to walk in, probably expecting to see Mayer still there. Elizabeth, unknowing, walked in a bit more relaxed, glancing around, not really knowing what had caused th e other girls' trepidation.

Two ropes hung from the ceiling where Mayer had been secured. Jane had tied them there, and they dangled like a gallows, gently swaying in the air that had been disturbed by Jane's passing.

Jane swallowed heavily and turned towa rds me as I closed the door behind us.

"Where do you want us?"

"By the ropes there."

She paled a bit but moved herself towards the dangling ropes stopping beside one. She stood there uneasily, shifting her weight from foot to foot. I stopped Sheila from following Elizabeth, as she walked over beside Jane. I gently pressed on Sheila's shoulder, urging her to her bare knees. She sank down, almost automatically.

I walked over to the frightened girls and smiled kindly at them.

"Calm down you two, you look like you're about to be shot."

"Aren't we?"

"I promise not to shoot you, unless you get really out of hand."

Jane swallowed, her nervousness still evident on her face. I touched her shoulder, turning her gently around. She turned on her bare feet and presented her back to me. I lightly grasped her wrist by the chain between them and guided her backwards to the rope hanging from the ceiling.

I tied a quick knot in the rope, capturing the chain. I urged Elizabeth into a similar position on the other rope. The rope s had previously held Mayer's wrists, and were threaded up through the eyebolt and secured to the other bolt in the wall. Almost a pulley arrangement.

Leaving the girls tethered, I walked back and sat in the leather chair. Jane and Elizabeth turned themsel ves slowly to watch me, remaining silent. I gazed at them, still marveling that I could have these women so far under my control. They had allowed me to do this to them. This teen, in the unfamiliar and stunning evening gown, her hands encased in steel beh ind her, tethered to the ceiling. Not allowed underwear or shoes. She gazed back at me, almost defiantly. She'd be screaming soon enough.

And Elizabeth. The red head was standing completely nude. She'd allowed me to restrain her, knowing that she was going to be punished for disobedience. Her eyes were lowered, realizing her helplessness.

I let my gaze wander over Sheila. She was more relaxed, knowing that she wasn't going to be punished, just waiting quietly on her knees and watching. Used to being nude.

I turned my attention back to Elizabeth.

"Elizabeth?"

She looked up, her eyes tearing as she realized that she was going to have to speak as well.

"Do you know why you are here?"

"You want to punish me."

"Why?"

"Because I disobeyed. Because I refused to do what you asked."

"Do you know why Jane is here?"

"No. Please let her go? She doesn't deserve this. I'm the one who disobeyed. Please? I'll take whatever you want to do to me, but she's innocent. Please?"

"Do you know why Jane is here?"

"No," she replied. I could see a spark of anger beginning to form in her eyes as I kept reminding her that Jane was here.

"Jane is here as part of your punishment."

Elizabeth's eyes overflowed with tears again, her whole body wracked with sobs as she wept at the unfairness.

"She is going to suffer everything you do."

"Please. I'll be good. I'll do what you say. I'll be obedient. Please."

Jane just looked on grimly. Ironically, she was feeling like she was the cause of Elizabeth's distress.

I rose, ignoring Elizabeth for now and walked to the rope connected to Jane. She turned to watch as I loosened the rope from its anchor. I gently pulled on the rope, using the eyebolt in the ceiling as a pulley. Jane obediently allowed me to raise her hands behind her back. As the pressure increased on her hands, she began to bend involuntarily at her waist. She finally cried out as her arms were pulled up into the air behind her and she was unable to relieve the pressure on her shoulders any more. I was vaguely reminded of Catherine, and the tree when I took Elizabeth.

Jane whimpered as I tied off the rope, holding her into the awkward position. She softly let one word escape her lips before pressing them together.

"Please."

I ran my hands down her exposed flank, and she involuntarily kicked her bare foot. Not at me, just into the air. She squirmed as much as her arms let her. She felt soft beneath the material of her gown. Soft and vulnerable.

I slowly walked over to Elizabeth's rope. She spoke again.

"Please don't do that to me. Please? Let her go?"

I ignored her again, and gently pulled on Elizabeth's tether. She began to resist almost as soon as her hands began to rise. She squirmed, her mouth forming pleading words.

"Please. Talk to me. Please? M-master? Th-this slave begs you."

"Elizabeth, hush. I'll talk to you after you are like Jane. Okay?"

"No. Please. I can't."

I heard another soft voice speak from the other tether. "Elizabeth? Honey? Just let him do it. You'll end up this way anyway. You don't want a gag do you? You don't want any more welts do you? You have to listen to him. He'll talk to you after. Okay?"

"But ... oh god, please?"

I ignored her again, but this time when I applied pressure to her tether, she didn't resist. I purposely pulled her arms up a little tighter than Jane's, but she had no way of telling that. All she knew was that she was helpless, vulnerable and aching. She had risen on her bare toes to relieve some of the strain on her arms. I casually ran my fingers over her hanging breast, causing her to moan a little at the touch.

I left the girls in that awkward position, and returned to my comfortable chair. They remained quiet as I just watched them for a few minutes.

Elizabeth raised her head and looked up at me.

"Please, Master. Can a girl speak? Please?"

I sat back in my chair and nodded slowly. I'd allow her to speak for a moment.

She gathered her thoughts, knowing that this was probably her last chance to speak to me before she was screaming or gagged and unable to talk.

She took a deep breath, grimacing at the sen sations in her bound arms.

"Master. Please. Can a girl beg for release?"

"You know you are going to be punished, Elizabeth," I told her gently.

"I know. Please. I want to beg for Jane's release from this. I'll do anything you want." She hung her head at th e last words.

"You'll beg to have sex with Amy?"

"In a second, if you'll release her. Please. Jane didn't do anything. She doesn't deserve to be in this pain. Please. My arms hurt. Her's do too."

"Elizabeth, you'll beg anyway once I'm done with you."

"Please. What can I offer you?"

"Don't scream."

"Don't scream?"

"Whatever I do to you, you can't scream."

"Oh God. I. I can't. I'll try. Just let Jane go. Please."

"I'll let Jane go when I'm sure you aren't going to scream."

I knew that this was an offer E lizabeth wasn't going to be able to hold up. She didn't know, but I wasn't going to hurt Jane anywhere near the amount that she was going to hurt. But having Jane here was part of her punishment.

"I'll try. Oh God, you can be a monster."

I smiled at that a nd rose to my feet. I walked back to the kneeling girl and crouched by her.

"Sheila? You alright?"

"You aren't going to hurt them are you? Not really?"

"They'll be fine. A bit sore, but I promise, no bruises. Alright?"

She nodded, tears still forming in he r eyes.

"I want you to blindfold Elizabeth and tie her ankles apart."

Sheila just dumbly nodded her blonde head and fell to her hands and knees.

"Sheila, honey. You don't have to crawl."

"I. I'm sorry."

I assumed that Mayer probably had expected her to cra wl sometimes. Perhaps she'd been through something like this before. She slowly climbed to her bare feet and made her way to the closet with the toys. I walked back to my chair and watched the girls uncomfortably shift, trying to ease the ache settling int o their arms.

Sheila emerged seconds later holding a leather blindfold and a bar with leather cuffs attached to it. I'm quite sure that she had been the last person to wear them, and she looked distinctly uncomfortable even touching the things. But she wal ked over to Elizabeth, murmuring something, probably an apology. She slipped the blindfold over Elizabeth's head, carefully working her red hair out from under the elastic strap. Sheila then knelt behind Elizabeth, urging her feet about three feet apart an d attaching the spreader bar to her. Elizabeth moaned as she felt the increase in pressure on her arms as her legs spread apart, but remained relatively quiet.

When she was done, Sheila walked over to my chair, handing me the tiny keys to the padlocks she' d used on Elizabeth's ankles. She then knelt demurely beside the chair, trying not to look at Jane or me.

I bent to Sheila's ear and whispered a command. She paled a bit, but obediently crawled towards Jane. Jane looked up from her bent position and caught my eye, a bit of fear in her face. She remained silent, though.

Sheila knelt in front of Jane and whispered something to her. Again, probably an apology, but this wasn't going to hurt her. Sheila brought her free hands up and slowly began to caress Jane's breasts through the thin gown, just lightly touching her. Jane gasped at the sensations and tried to stop herself from pulling away, knowing that I'd ordered Sheila to do this to her.

I sat back and watched the women, still loving the sights of them playi ng. Elizabeth was beginning to look really uncomfortable; she was shifting her weight and softly moaning.

I rose silently, and entered the closet. I picked up a small paddle from a shelf and walked back out. I motioned the other girls to be quiet, and Jane , who had twisted around a bit just widened her eyes and hung her head. She knew that the paddle was going to fall on her at some point in the near future.

I walked up behind Elizabeth, still silent. The only warning she got was the swish of the air as the paddle traveled towards her defenseless bare body. The sound probably reached her before the pain did. The paddle left a red mark across her left thigh and she jumped, desperately pulling against the bonds, trying to close her legs, wanting to scream but knowing that she couldn't. Wanting to see, but blind. She twisted, trying to free herself.

I watched as she gritted her teeth to the pain as it washed over her. Finally she drew in a huge breath and spoke in a strained voice.

"Please. Master. This slave be gs you. She didn't cry out. Please release Jane."

Jane moaned again from her position. Sheila was now running her soft hands along Jane's calves. Jane's feet were free but she remained still for the exploration, struggling not to move.

Ignoring Sheila's plea, I brought the paddle down on her right thigh. Not hard, but I'm sure that she had never been exposed to this before and any unexpected blow was a struggle not to cry out. Again she fought her impulses not to scream and won.

"Oh God. I can't take much more of this. Please stop. You said if I didn't scream you'd let her go."

"Hush, Elizabeth. We've only just begun."

The bound girl fell into sobs, her entire bare body shaking with her silent crying. She was beginning to realize that I wasn't jus t going to hit her once. She'd have to keep control for a while yet before I'd let Jane go. And she knew, as well as I did, that there was no way that she'd succeed. She'd cry out involuntarily soon.

I crouched and let another soft blow land on her left ca lf. Instinctively she fought the leather holding her bare ankle, trying to move away from the pain. Again, she caught the gasp of pain before it rose to a wail.

Her right calf broke her. She finally cried out, not loud, but enough to be counted as a scream. She fell against her wrists and hung there, defeated.

"Oh God. Please. It hurts. Why? Please let her go. You can paddle me forever. I'll scream, but that's what you want, you bastard. Just let Jane go. Don't make her do this, too. Please?"

I gave her one last quick snap of the paddle against her right buttock wrenching another scream from her lips. She twisted her body more, trying to avoid the next blow that wasn't coming. She continued to beg between gasps and tears.

I crouched by Sheila, leaving Elizab eth to cry to herself in her ropes.

"Sheila, give her a big kiss and then go kneel by the chair."

"Who? Jane or Elizabeth?"

I smiled. "Both."

"You weren't hitting her very hard."

"She hasn't been hit before. I don't constantly beat my women, you know."

Sheila nodded and rose up on her knees. She gently touched Jane's lips with her own, waiting for Jane's response. The girls kissed gently and Sheila crawled her way over to Elizabeth, still crying from her defeat and her pain.

Sheila whispered something to El izabeth and reached up to touch Elizabeth's face with her lips. Elizabeth kissed back and Sheila crawled over to the chair, demurely kneeling.

Tears welled in Jane's eyes as I carefully worked the bodice of her gown down to reveal her naked breasts. She wa s breathing hard and her nipples were tight.

I whispered to her. "Sheila's talented, isn't she?"

"God. I just wish more guys knew how to touch girls like that." Jane paused. "You didn't have to hit her, you know. You knew she wouldn't be able to keep quiet ."

"I know."

"If you didn't want to let me out of this, you should have just told her."

"She wouldn't have taken no for an answer. She wanted you out. She was willing to try for you."

"I suppose. What are you going to do with us. With me." Jane looked at h er hanging naked breasts.

I reached up under her gown and let my finger trace through her pubic lips. She was wet, and she knew it.

She groaned. "Please don't do this. I. I hate when you do this to me."

"I haven't hit you yet."

"You will."

"Perhaps."

I brushed her nipples with my moistened finger, making her gasp again.

I whispered to her again.

"I am going to punish you both."

She just stood there and shuddered.

"Can you please loosen her arms. I know you've got her tighter than me, and I hurt. Please? For me? I'll do whatever you want out of this game of yours, but you don't need to hurt her as much as you are. She's not used to it."

"She'll be fine."

Jane sighed, knowing that she wasn't going to be able to influence this any further.

"Do what you hav e to, then." Resigned.

I picked up the paddle and retreated around Jane. She braced herself, knowing what was coming. I let the paddle fall onto her ass. Even through the material she yelped. I continued, mirroring the punishment that I'd given to Elizabet h. Jane, being more used to the pain, was able to get by with sharp intakes of air, until I increased the strength of the

blows to her calves. To her credit, she managed to stay relatively still as I punished her. I wrenched some involuntary cries out of h er with the calves and the last harder blow to her buttocks. I knelt in front of her and kissed the tears from her cheeks.

She whispered to me, “Let her go. Please? I’m hot. Wouldn’t you rather fuck me?”

I kissed her again and returned to my chair.

Chapter 111

Truthfully, between the syrup play and this punishment, I was more than ready to take advantage of Jane's offer. I knew that she'd gladly have sex with me, and it wouldn't be entirely forced. Tempting as it was, I wanted to finish this first.

I looked back up at the girls as my right hand strayed to stroke gently at Sheila's hair as she knelt quietly beside me. Jane's tears had stopped reasonably quickly and she stood resigned that she was going to have to endure whatever I had planned. At leas t she wasn't blindfolded or forced to stand feet wide as Elizabeth was. I'd even allowed her to keep her dress for the moment, though it was pulled down revealing her breasts. But in her current position, there wasn't much she could do about that.

Elizabeth stood in her bonds and cried quietly, not even aware of where I was, or if I was watching her. She twisted her trapped wrists occasionally, testing her tether, desperately wanting out of this.

After a few minutes, Elizabeth shifted a bit, turning her hea d towards where she thought I was.

"M-master?" she inquired a bit to my left.

"What can I do for you?" I asked her innocently. Her head reoriented on my voice and she spoke more towards me, her ears guiding her.

"My arms hurt."

"They're supposed to."

"Please let me down. I'll do whatever you want. I promise. I'll be good."

"I still have more planned for your defenseless little body."

"Please. I've learned my lesson. I'll do what you want. I'll beg you if you want."

"I want you to beg. For your next punishme nt."

"Please no."

"Elizabeth?"

"Alright. What are you going to do to me?"

"You and Jane."

"Me and Jane," she hung her head obscuring my view of her bare breasts with her hair.

"Just beg me to continue your punishment."

"Oh God." She swallowed, a flush rising over her entire body. "Um. Th -this slave ... I can't do this. Please."

"For every moment you procrastinate, I double the amount of time you and Jane spend here."

"Oh God. I'm sorry. This slave begs for her punishment. Please do wh atever you are going to us. Please?"

"Do you deserve your punishment?"

She stopped. She brought her head back up as if to look at me. I could tell by the set of her mouth that she didn't know what she was supposed to say. Truth, or what she thought I wante d to hear.

"This slave doesn't know. Does she deserve punishment?"

"Weren't you ever taught not to answer a question with a question?" I tormented the nude bound woman.

"Oh God. I don't know. Please."

“Do you deserve punishment?”

She took a deep breath. I could see her bare body shaking as she struggled to find the right answer. She finally whispered, “Yes. This slave deserves her correction.” Her voice picked up speed, “Please, Master, but Jane doesn’t. Please let her go.”

I walked over to her silently and crouched in front of her. I traced my finger down her cheek gently. Not expecting the touch, she jumped, putting more strain on her bound arms and moaning. She carefully placed herself back into her bent position and murmured, “This slave is sorry for mov

long silver chain and a roll of tape. Sheila knelt and laid them all at my feet on the carpet, shuddering.

Jane spoke quietly from her bonds.

"Please no. I've seen that thing work. Oh God. We'll do anything at all for you. You don't have to do this."

"What is it, Jane?" Elizabeth spoke quietly, relying on the other to see for her.

Jane looked at me seeking permission to answer. I nodded. I wanted Elizabeth to know.

"Oh God. Elizabeth. It's some sort of electronic toy. I don't know how it works. But I've seen it used. On the guy that was in here before us." Tears began to fall from Jane's eyes. "It. It shocks you I guess. From the inside. And he passed out. Screaming."

"Oh God," Elizabeth mumbled.

Jane looked back at me. "Please don't do this to us."

"What if I was only going to do it to Elizabeth?"

"You said that whatever you did to her, you'd do to me too. Please. I'm begging you." Jane began to pull a bit at her bonds. Fright was evident in her face. "That thing could kill us."

I smiled at her. "Janey, sweety. It isn't going to kill you."

"You won't turn it up?"

"Only if you do something to deserve it."

"It'll hurt us, though."

"Isn't that the point of punishment?"

"Please. We haven't done anything to deserve this. I'm scared. Please."

I rose off the chair and picked up one of the silver probes and approached Jane. She tried to back away, but the rope holding her wrists up prevented her from going far. She only really succeeded in increasing the strain on her arms. She moaned.

"Where are you going to put that thing?" she asked in fear, her eyes glued to the probe.

"In you."

"Oh God. Please no. I'll do anything. I'll crawl. I'll masturbate for you. I'll fuck you. Anything you want."

"Where would you like it? The way I see it, you have two choices."

"Please no."

"Alright, I'll choose for you."

"No."

"Sheila, I'm going to need some lubricant."

I watched as Sheila got to her feet.

"I'm wet. I swear I am. You don't need lubricant. Please don't put that thing in me."

"I suspect you'll need lubricant."

Jane's face clouded until she realized where the thing was going if she didn't do something about it.

"Oh God. No. Not there. I'll do anything. Don't do this to me. I'm begging you. Let me go. I'll kneel for you. I'll kiss your feet. Anything."

"I gave you a choice."

"Please. I'll choose. Not my ass. I can't take that."

"You will if I tell you to."

"Please no. I. This slave begs you to put it in her pussy instead. Oh God. Please."

I nodded to Sheila who knelt back down.

I knelt under Jane's bent form and slowl y ran the probe up under her dress, tracing up her bare legs. Still crying, she spread her legs a little, accepting finally that she was going to get violated with this thing, like it or not. If she resisted she'd just be put in more pain that she couldn't stop until she agreed to have the thing in her. The probe wasn't all that wide, which surprised me considering it's primary use was as a punishment. Jane groaned, but easily took the cylinder into herself. Using a small strip of tape, I secured the intruder into her so that she wouldn't involuntarily expel it.

I retreated from her. She had hung her head, her brunette hair hanging limply around her face, hiding her tears.

"Please. Oh God. Please. I don't want it in me. I'll do whatever you want. Please, you don't need to do this," she begged quietly.

I ignored her pleas and crouched in front of Elizabeth. I removed her blindfold, wanting her to see the probe I had.

She blinked furiously in the sudden light and finally registered the probe in my hand.

"Oh God. No. Please no."

"Your choice where it goes."

Jane whispered shakily from her position, "Elizabeth. Choose. Don't let him choose for you. Be glad he's allowing you to choose."

She looked at me, tears beginning to form again in her eyes.

"Oh Christ. My vagina. Please, I don't want it at all. Oh God. Please."

I walked around behind her and let my finger trace through her lips. She shuddered at the touch and instinctively tried to close her legs. The cuffs held her ankles securely apart. She wasn't as lubricated as Jane, but she wasn't completely dry either.

"Do you want me to lubricate this for you?" I asked the vulnerable girl.

"Am I wet?"

"You can't tell?"

"Not really. I'm scared. Please don't do this."

I thought that she was probably moist enough that it wouldn't hurt her overly to insert the probe. Spreading her lips a little, I slipped the probe between her legs. It met some resistance, but it may just have been her natural tightening at the unwanted intrusion. She groaned and cried out as she was violated, begging piteously all the time. I taped the silver contraption inside of her and walked back to the chair.

I picked up the nipple clamps and chain from the floor and approached Jane.

"What now? Please don't do this . You have no idea what this is going to do to us." She'd managed to control her tears again, squirming in her ropes probably trying to dislodge the probe inside of her.

"I do know that in order to have you both feel it, you have to be connected, electrically."

"Oh God," Jane spoke quietly as she realized how that connection was going to be made. As I carefully slipped the clamp around her erect nipple, she cried out as it tightened. This wasn't as bad as the time I'd forced her to walk from the mall, nor n early as painful as the crop against her, but I'm sure it was uncomfortable.

"Please take it off. I. I'll do anything at all."

"I know you will, Janey. It's just for a little while. You can do it."

"You wouldn't be so sure if you were standing here, tied u p and nearly naked."

I smiled at her and kissed her cheek. "You'll be fine. Just look forward to the nice rest you get after this."

She fought back her fright and tears and stood motionless, trying to control her breathing.

Without even speaking to her, an d ignoring her pleas, I did the same to Elizabeth's exposed breast, only I tightened the clamp a little more than on Jane. After all, Elizabeth was really the one being punished, here. She screamed as the clamp bit down on her, trying to twist away from th e burning in her nipple, but her feet and wrists held her more or less still for me. She finally held herself as still as possible, moaning. The chain stretched between the girls, well off the floor. I smiled as I realized that any motion of one girl would transmit to the nipple of the other through the connection. By Elizabeth and Jane's postures, I'm pretty sure that they realized it as well.

I quickly connected the wiring up to the girls' probes and ran the wire back so that I could sit in the chair and watch them. I plugged in the unit and twisted the setting knob to its lowest level. I had no interest in frying them, only making them uncomfortable for a while.

"Please. Master? This slave begs to speak. Please?" Jane spoke quietly from her restraints. Sh e looked like she was braced and accepting that she was going to have to experience this, but wanted to give one more attempt at avoiding the pain she knew was on its way.

"What is it Jane?" My finger was playing with the glowing button which, when pressed, was going to provide them with plenty of distraction.

"Oh God. This slave begs you not to press that button. She's afraid."

"I know you are, sweety."

"Then why? Elizabeth didn't do anything to deserve this much. Are you just playing with us?"

She was a b right girl. I wasn't just doing this to punish them. Elizabeth's infraction perhaps warranted being bound for an afternoon, and perhaps a light spanking until she begged to make love to Amy. Not this. And both girls probably knew it. I was playing. I hadn't played with the girls for a while, and I needed to remind them of their place, and their lack of freedom. I'd been too lax with them, and I suspected that they'd forgotten that they could be punished whenever I chose. It sort of served a dual purpose.

"Yes, Jane. I'm playing with you," I admitted. "Elizabeth didn't cause all of this."

"Oh God. That makes more sense, at least."

"That helps you?"

"A little. I don't know why."

I did. They didn't want to think that small infractions were going to result in th is kind of over-reaction. And truthfully, I didn't want them thinking that either. It wasn't true, and there was no need to have them constantly worrying about minor infractions of my unreasonable rules. They were human after all. They would make mistakes, and I didn't normally care too much as long as it didn't go overboard into outright rebellion or cause me a lot of grief.

"Can I do anything to convince you to take this thing out of me and let us go?"

“I doubt it.”

“Can a slave try?”

“Of course.”

“You’ve already punished Elizabeth, haven’t you?”

I nodded slowly.

“She’s learned her lesson right?”

I nodded again. Elizabeth had learned her lesson as soon as I bound her arms so uncomfortably behind and above her.

“You don’t need to do this to her. She can’t t ake it. Let her go. I’ll entertain you if you need to play with someone. You can whip me. My breasts. My pussy. I’ll stand her like this and take it. I’ll scream for you. And then I’ll make love to you. I’ll kiss you. Please?”

She had managed to keep a hol d on her tears up until this point. She began to cry a little, but she was determined to try, despite how humiliating this must be for her.

“I can do that to you anyway.”

“I’ll do it willingly. I’ll let you do it to me. You can have me while I’m tied up. I ’ll even tell you I like it.”

I silently rose and placed the black box down on my chair. I walked over to Jane and bent to her face. I cupped her cheeks in my hands, feeling the wetness of her tears. I gently kissed her tears away.

Without answering her, I walked to the doorway, leaving the girls bound and hooked up, and let myself out into the hallway. The door closed gently behind me.

Chapter 112

I took a deep breath. I leaned against the closed door, wondering what they were feeling in there. Helpless, bound, naked, in pain, and anticipating more. I smiled to myself and walked quietly back towards the master bedroom.

Amy was still completely nude and bound securely into her chair. She was moaning and pulling at her ropes, her bare toes curling at the carpet as she fought the sensations of the girl between her spread legs.

Christi was still on her knees, her bobbing head buried between Amy's thighs. She wasn't moving her head very fast, and almost looked bored with her task.

I crept silently into the room, Amy's soft cries masking my presence. I tapped Christi's shoulder gently. She screamed, not expecting the touch. Breathing hard she whirled from Amy's vagina, her small hands forming fists as she turned.

"Shit, you scared me," she gasped as she realized that it was me.

I laughed gently as I sat down on the bed, crossing my legs. The clothed girl turned herself on her knees, resting her hands on her thighs. I could almost see her bare feet under her as she knelt.

"Who told you to stop?"

"Please, sir. My tongue is tired. And. I'm sorry Amy, I don't like the taste. Please can I stop now? I've been at this an hour at least."

"More than that actually. Did Amy climax?"

Christi sat back on her heels and kept silent. I glanced up at Amy who was reddening.

Amy spoke softly, embarrassed. Embarrassed to be sitting there helpless and nude and having to tell me, "Once more. I couldn't help it."

"That's alright. I didn't tell you that you couldn't."

"It helped if I just enjoyed it as much as I could. I don't think I can go again, though. I. I tried."

I turned back to Christi. "Christi? You say your tongue is tired and you are getting sick of the taste? I can't imagine.

"Please sir. My tongue is cramped."

"Does it matter? If I want you to lick her all day, will you?"

"Please don't make me do that."

"Would you?"

She reluctantly nodded. I left her sitting on her knees and just looked at her expectantly.

She sighed and began to turn herself back to her task.

"Christi?"

She turned, a questioning look on her face. One of those please -what-else? looks.

"Would you rather be bound, than tongue her?"

"Please. I. This slave. She would prefer that."

"You sure?"

"What are you planning for me? How long am I going to be tied this time?"

"A while, until I finish with Jane and Elizabeth."

"Oh God. What. Can I ask what you are doing with them? Please. You aren't hurting them are you?"

“Perhaps a little, but they’ll be fine.”

“I’m sure. What do you want me to do?”

I shifted on the bed.

“Come here.”

Obediently, Christi rose to her bare feet and padded over to the bed. She wasn’t sure if she was supposed to kneel, or sit up on the bed with me.

“Take off your clothes.”

“Oh God. Please. I’ll lick her more. I. I don’t want to lose my clothes. ”

“You can have them back. Relax. I just want you naked for the next few minutes.”

Her hands reluctantly stole to the base of her top, tears forming in her eyes.

“I can dress afterwards?”

“I’ll let you dress before I tie you up.”

“Oh God. Alright.” She had thought that I was intending to tie her nude as I normally did. Her hands pulled the sweater from her body, revealing her bare breasts. Her fingers began to fumble with her jeans, but I stopped her with a touch. She looked at me quizzically.

I reached up and gently gripped her blonde hair, pulling her down towards me. Her breasts inviting as she bent. I kissed her gently on her lips, feeling her respond. I could taste Amy’s lubrication on Christi’s mouth as I let my tongue trace along Christi’s lips. It tasted arousing, I couldn’t imagine why Christi would find it distasteful, but then again, I’m not female nor had I had to taste it for better than an hour.

I felt Christi’s fingers fumbling with my jeans, unbuttoning them and releasing me. She tugged the clothing down my legs, until she could lower my briefs as well. I laid back on the bed, feeling her weight press into the bed.

“You sure you don’t want me to take these off as well?” Christi whispered, kneeling up and touching her own jeans.

“You’re fine the way you are,” I murmured to her.

Knowing what I wanted, she lowered her head to me and I gasped as her tongue found me. Her softness traced and teased me as images of Jane, and Elizabeth bound and waiting in the other room tantalized me. I groaned as she pressed her silky breasts against me, cradling me between the gentle hills, licking me as she rose and fell with me between her breasts. I could feel her soft breath against me, and her clean sweet skin of her fingers. I felt myself engulfed in her as she again used her mouth.

I closed my eyes, knowing that Amy was bound naked only a few feet away, watching this. Knowing that Christi was going to be bound after this. Feeling myself tightening. So ready.

I touched her bobbing head and she released me from her warm mouth.

“Please,” she murmured, breathing hard.

I closed my eyes and struggled with my own desires. I wanted her. Badly. Sometimes things are sweeter if you wait. I reached down and slowly pulled up my jeans, re-buttoning them.

“You have to be kidding,” Christi breathed, her breathing still ragged.

I wasn’t kidding. I slowly shook my head.

“You can’t do this. You. I haven’t finished.”

“I thought your tongue was tired.”

“Of licking Amy, you wise ass. Please. Let me finish.”

“Later. I promise. We’ll fin ish this a little later.”

“Oh God. I. I want you now.”

“You’ll just have to wait, my dear.”

“You’ll have to tie me up, now. I’ll finish on my own if you don’t.”

“Not if I ordered otherwise, my dear. We’ll see about that. Give me your wrists.”

She flushed but obediently raised her wrists, an incredulous look on her face. She couldn’t believe that I was leaving her for something else. After she’d had me in her mouth.

“No way, behind you. I don’t want you being able to reach yourself.”

“Please no.”

“I don’t want you finishing on your own ...”

She took a deep breath and turned herself around, holding her wrists crossed behind herself. I carefully wrapped soft cord around her slender wrists and lashed them together securely. She wouldn’t be in this for very long, and I was pretty sure that her circulation would be fine.

“You don’t have to do this, you know. We. I want to finish. Please.”

She pulled at her bound wrists as she spoke.

“Lie down. On your front.”

She struggled a bit with her hands bound as they were, b ut eventually pressed herself into the bed, lying quietly. I moved to her feet and she squirmed as I tied them together with more cord. She cried out as I wrapped her bare toes in another smaller length of cord.

“Roll over.”

She turned her head and looked up at me.

“Please. Let me go. We can finish.”

“Roll over.”

She resigned herself and rolled onto her bound arms, face up. I reached out and traced her bare breasts with my fingers. She closed her eyes, falling into the sensations. I caressed her face, her neck, and her breasts, until her breathing was ragged and she was begging softly. I leaned down and gave her one last quick kiss on the lips, tasting Amy again, and slipped off the bed. I took one last look at her bound, half naked body and turned away.

“Don’t go. Please?” her quiet voice pleaded from the bed. “I’ll do anything you want.”

“I’ll be back soon, and you will do anything I want,” I softly replied.

I touched Amy’s hair as I passed her naked and bound form. Her hair was slightly damp, probably from her exertions over the last hours.

“Thank you for letting her stop,” Amy whispered as I touched her head. I assume that she was thanking me for letting the lesbian contact cease, at least for a little while. I’m doubt if either of them par ticularly enjoyed it, despite the climaxes.

I nodded and bent, giving Amy a quick kiss on the cheek.

“Will you let me out of the chair before you go?”

“Not yet, Amy.”

Not understanding why she had to remain restrained, she knew better than to question it, especially after all that had happened today. She nodded with tears brimming in her eyes, resigned that she’d be let out when I decided to let her out. She had no idea

how long she would be forced to sit in this chair, and she was probably already uncomfortable. She couldn't even shift her position and she was horribly exposed. But I would have thought that she'd be used to the exposure at least by now.

I turned quietly and left the girls alone. Amy, a bit more relieved and, I was guessing, Christi a lot mo re frustrated. Hell, I was frustrated.

I walked slowly back to the other women bound in the judge's old chambers.

The voices inside stopped as I opened the door. I caught the last sentence from Sheila.

" ... I only experienced up to three. I think. I can't describe it. God, I hope he doesn't do that to you. OH ..." as I entered the room.

"I won't subject them to even the three level, Sheila. Don't worry about that."

"Please. I haven't asked you for anything at all. I've done everything you ever asked of me. I've been good, right?" Sheila spoke softly from the floor by the chair. "I haven't complained about anything. You are so much better than Mayer."

"Yes ..." I replied softly.

"Please. I'm begging you. A soft, naked, slave on her knees is begging you not t o do this. It hurts. From deep inside. Like you couldn't imagine. Please don't do this to them. I'll do whatever you want. I. I'll let you rape me. Anything but that. Please. I know you don't owe me anything, but I'm begging you. I'll even let you whip me, if that's what you want."

I walked over to the naked girl and crouched down beside her. I lifted her face by her chin and looked deep into her beautiful eyes.

"Sheila, I am tempted, but I don't want to hurt you. Not now, at least. And I've already decided. I promise that I won't let it get beyond their ability to handle it, not like your former master did to you. Okay?"

I kissed at the tears that were falling down her cheeks. She nodded, knowing enough not to resist and knowing that further begging wasn't going to work either. Jane and Elizabeth were just going to have to suffer this.

Chapter 113

"Girls? Are you ready?"

Jane looked up at me from her bent position and begged silently with her eyes. She really didn't like this, and I couldn't blame her. She whispered quietly.

"Please don't do this to us."

Elizabeth just silently cried, looking down at the floor.

I picked up the small black box. It felt warm in my hand. I ensured that the settings were low. I couldn't imagine what this thing did, how it would feel, what these women would be going through. I decided to take it slow, try to determine how much to torment them with it. I really didn't want to hurt them as much as Mayer had hurt Sheila.

I rested my thumb on the small red button. Jane just closed her eyes, trying to brace her bound body. She had resigned herself that begging simply wasn't going to free her from the pain. Tears ran down her face as she anticipated it.

I swallowed, almost hesitant to press the button. They had been tormented enough. I couldn't imagine what they'd already been through, being bound, helpless, violated.

I watched them both carefully as I let my thumb press the button. The reaction was instantaneous. Both girls bodies snapped rigid. Jane managed to hold onto her pain better than Elizabeth. Elizabeth raised her head and screamed pitifully. Her bound body strained against the ropes holding her, even her bare toes curling. Jane's face raised as well, and I could see her pressing her lips tightly together, desperately trying to control the scream.

I relented and released the button. So little effort on my part, so much torment on theirs.

Elizabeth and Jane slumped into their bonds, both breathing heavily. Elizabeth was mumbling quietly, "I'm sorry. Oh my God. I'm sorry. I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

Jane gathered in her strength and looked at me, tears running down her face.

"Please," she whispered to me.

Sheila had turned her head away, her fingers tugging gently at my jeans.

"God. Please don't do that again to them. Please?" Sheila begged, upturning her face towards me.

I gently stroked Sheila's hair as she wept. She knew exactly what the girls were going through.

I caught Jane's eyes and she begged, not knowing what else to do.

"Please. Master. A slave. She begs you not to do that again to her. It hurts. She. She can't describe how much it hurts. Inside. Please don't. She'll do anything you want."

Elizabeth just hung in her bonds moaning. Unable to speak.

"It didn't kill you, did it?"

"Please. I can't take it again. It hurts so much. Please turn it down. Take this thing out of me. I can do things for you. Anything. You'll like it more than hurting me. Please. Oh God. Please. You can take away my clothes. I'll stand here all day if you want. Please don't press that button again. Please?"

"Janey? It's already turned all the way down."

"Oh God. Please not again. Elizabeth has learned her lesson. We don't need to be hurt like this. Oh God. Please. Please."

Elizabeth, finally raised her head. Misery writ ten across her features, tears falling shamelessly from her eyes. She twisted her hands in her cuffs, desperately wanting this to end.

"Please. I've learned. I'll obey. I'll do whatever you want. Anything. Just not again. I. Hurt. Please."

"You'll lick Amy?"

"Yes." She seemed almost eager now.

"You'll beg to lick Amy?"

"Oh God. Anything. Please, let me lick Amy. I'll lick her for as long as you want. I'll enjoy it. Anything you want. Please don't."

"If I agreed to let Jane go, would you allow me to press th is button again?"

Her face collapsed, her own pain overwhelming her. This wasn't a fair question, I could see how much she hurt, how much she didn't want to be pulsed again.

She pressed her lips together, squirming in her bonds. She reluctantly nodded her head.

"Sorry? I didn't hear you."

"Oh God. Yes. Please let Jane go. I'll let you do it again to me if you want. I don't have a choice anyway. What can I do to stop you?"

"It's more than that, Elizabeth. I want you to beg to be hurt again."

"Oh God. Don't make me do that." Her face was flushing. She knew that she was going to get it again, like it or not. But if she begged, Jane might not have to endure it as well. But she didn't want to b eg for it, either. She pressed her lips together.

"Alright. No problem."

"Wait." Elizabeth cried out just before I pressed the button again.

"Yes?"

"Please. This slave is begging to be shocked again. Please hurt her. She deserves it. But please. Jane doesn't. Not again. It hurts so much. Her. Her pussy is still hurting. Please release Jane. Shock me if you have to. I'll take it. I'll scream. But I'll take it. Turn it up, even. I'd beg you on my knees. But let Jane go. Please."

I nodded. She'd had enough. I didn't want to completely break her. I just wanted to make sure that she obeyed in the future. This thing really hurt, by the sound of it.

"You sure you want to do this?"

Elizabeth pulled at her cuffs but silently nodded. She'd take the pain alone, rather than have Jane involved any further. If she had a choice.

Jane looked up at me.

"You bastard. I'll take it as well. Don't make her beg for this, you son of a bitch. Nobody should have to endure this."

"She's already begged enough, Janey. Relax. You'll be o ut of this in a second."

"Oh God."

I rose, leaving the box on the chair. I approached Jane and cupped her face in my hands, forcing her to look at me through her tears.

"I just wish I could put you up here, just once," she whispered to me. "You have no concept what you just put us through, do you? It hurts. Feel my nipple."

I reached up to her trapped nipple and felt it throbbing and warm beneath my finger. Jane gasped at the touch but managed to stay still.

“Feel it? Imagine what it feels like from this en d. I had fucking electricity flowing through there. It hurt. Like hell. Now imagine the worst pain you’ve ever had and then multiply it by ten. That’s what it felt like between my legs. Please. I kept quiet for you. Please, have mercy on her. She can’t tak e it. I’ll take it for her. Let her go. I can take another pulse if you don’t leave it on. If you must see a girl in agony. Please. For me?”

“Jane, you are one brave little girl. I can’t. It has to be Elizabeth.”

“Why? Don’t get me wrong. I don’t want this either, but she’ll pass out. She won’t be any fun if she passes out, will she? You don’t have any idea how much this hurts. How much it hurts to even have your arms like this. Oh God. What can I say to convince you.”

I kissed her cheek. “Nothing, my sweet one.”

“Oh God.” She hung her head in defeat, tears falling from her eyes again. I glanced over at Sheila, who was looking positively sick at this exchange.

I traced my fingers slowly up Jane’s leg, under her dress, savouring the feel of her silken skin. She cried out a bit at the touch, but didn’t move. She was probably sensitive all over her body from the shock I’d forced her to endure. I couldn’t imagine how Sheila had taken a shock at a higher level if Jane was having this much trouble at level one. And I could see how higher levels might be lethal.

I carefully felt for the tape between Jane’s legs and carefully peeled it from her skin. She cried out again, as the tape lifted some of her sparse pubic hair with it. But that indignity couldn’t have been an ywhere near as bad as what she had endured earlier.

I slowly eased the probe from her sore vagina as she gasped. She sighed in relief as I pulled the shiny phallus out from under her dress.

“Thank-you,” she whispered as she was relieved of her violation and the source of her torture.

“Feel better?”

“Much. But please don’t do this to Elizabeth. She doesn’t deserve it.”

“I know she doesn’t, sweetheart. I know.”

“Why then? What can I offer you not to do it.”

“Your breasts?”

“My breasts? You already have them. They’re yours.”

“Beg me to whip them.”

“You know I will. As much and as long as you like.”

“Don’t scream when I hit them?”

“Oh God. Please. You know I can’t do that. Gag me if you want me to be quiet. Please.”

“Try. You’ll have lots of motivation.”

“Will trying be good enough? Will you shock her anyway if I scream?”

“Hold off screaming for the first five. How’s that?”

“And you’ll let her out of the shocks?”

“Yes. But I don’t promise that I won’t hit her b reasts as well.”

“Oh God. Alright. I’ll try. What if I fail?”

“You won’t. But if you do, I’ll shock her. And I’ll increase the shocks to level two.”

“You bastard. So it’s all up to me.”

“You begged me to let you offer something. I was just going to give he r one more small dose. You raised the stakes here.”

“Oh God. I’m sorry.”

"You still have the choice. I don't really mind either way."

"You are a monster. You know that? I'm not sure if I can keep quiet."

I smiled at her. "You did during the electricity thi ng."

"That took every ounce of my strength. I'm not sure I can do it again. Please. Just let us go. We've suffered for you enough."

"Janey? Sweety? Do you want to try this, or not?"

"Oh God. You son of a bitch. I don't have a choice, do I? I'll try. I can' t watch her go through that again. Knowing it was because I couldn't stop it."

"Jane. Please don't. I might pass out, but I won't feel anything if I do. Let me do this. I got us into this," Elizabeth pleaded with her from her tether. "I. I have to do this. "

Jane whispered to her, "I'm sorry. I have to do this as well. He could do all this anyway to me. Don't you see? He's giving me a chance here. He didn't have to. I have to try."

I carried the silver probe over to Elizabeth and knelt in front of her.

"Elizabeth, I know that this is going to be hard, but you have to do this. Otherwise, I'm going to make it a lot worse on you. Okay?"

"What do you want me to do?"

"I want you to hold this thing in your mouth."

"But. Please. It's been in her."

"I know, baby. If Jane fails, then you still have to hold it while I press that button."

"I can't do that."

"You'll have to."

"Oh God. Please don't do this."

"Kiss it." I held the device of torment to her lips. She wrinkled her pretty nose and pressed her lips together, refusing to touch it with her mouth.

"I'm going to give you one more chance, Elizabeth. Don't do this to yourself." My fingers stole up under her bound body and caressed her right nipple gently, the unclamped one. She gasped but still refused.

"Elizabeth. Sweety. Do what he says. Don't you remember how much it hurts? He'll shock you until you do what he says. My pussy still aches, I'm sure your's does too. Just hold it. I'll make sure you don't get shocked again. I don't taste that bad," Jane coaxed the girl from her bonds.

Tears welled in Elizabeth's eyes as she regarded me, a mixture of fear and anger in her eyes. She pressed herself forward against the bonds and quickly touched her lips to the slick probe, tasting Jane. I pressed the tip of the phallus against her lips and she reluctantly opened them, allowing me to press the thing into her warm mouth. I watched as she was forced to provide some suction with her cheeks to hold the thing in her mouth. She moaned a bit, but succeeding in controlling her in stincts to push it out. She was effectively gagging herself. She actually looked quite beautiful, but I'm sure she wouldn't have thought so.

I moved back over to Jane.

"You ready?"

"Not really," she glared at me, knowing how much this was going to hurt her and not being allowed to scream.

I turned back to my free assistant, Sheila still on her knees by the recliner.

"Sheila, get me a small paddle?"

“Please don’t make me help with this. I don’t want to hurt her.”

“I’m not going to make you hit her. I promise .”

Sheila, resigned, climbed back to her bare feet and padded back to the closet. Eyes downcast, she handed me the paddle as she returned. She begged me with her eyes and then knelt back down in her spot beside the chair, wanting to look away, but morbidly fascinated how Jane was going to make out.

Chapter 114

I looked at the paddle in my hand. It was a small leather paddle about the size of a table tennis racquet. I let it fall experimentally into my left hand, cringing at the pain with even that light blow. I wasn't going to be able to hit her very hard with this, if I expected her to keep her screams in.

Jane looked up at me with fear evident in her eyes.

"You don't have to do this. Let us go. We'll do whatever you want."

I touched her face with the paddle, stroking it gently. She cringed a bit at the touch, but managed to stay relatively still.

"I know, sweetheart. You'll be down soon."

"Just get it over with, then."

"You ready?"

"I just have to be quiet?"

"You can say things, but I don 't want to hear any screams or protests. That's all."

"For the first five?"

"For the first five."

"Can a slave ask how many she's going to get, in total?"

"Until I'm tired of hitting you."

"Oh God."

"Ready?"

"Not really."

I gently swung the paddle up under her bent body and let it connect with her left breast. The blow was about as hard as the test blow I'd put into my hand. My hand still stung, so I could imagine how much this was going to hurt her.

She hissed, letting her breath out. She closed her eyes, gritting her teeth.

Finally, she spoke calmly. "God. That hurts. Please don't do this. Please."

I let the paddle flow upwards again into her hanging left breast. This time I let it fall a little harder. She drew in another breath, struggling not to cry out . "Oh God. Oh God. Ow. Ow. Ow," she whispered. "Please. I can't do this."

"Would you rather me shock Elizabeth?" I glanced at the other girl. She was hanging and crying in her ropes, trying not to pay attention to what Jane was doing for her.

Jane just gritted her teeth and shook her head. "Go on, you fucking bastard, hit me."

I swung the paddle, targeting the side of her breast. Again, I increased the force of the blow a little. Tears formed in her eyes and she struggled with the pain of the stroke. "Fuck," she whispered. "Please. No more. I'm begging you. Just let me down. Please?" She pulled at the handcuffs holding her arms in their awkward position.

"You are doing great, Jane."

"Fucking easy for you to say. Christ, my boob hurts. Please."

"Would you like a rest?"

"Please. Just a few minutes."

"Alright." I knelt in front of her and ran my fingers down her left breast. I'd been avoiding the right one because of the nipple clamp attaching her to Elizabeth. I intended to really test her with the last stroke. I ran my fingers lightly down her bodice until I reached the hem of her dress. She obediently spread her legs apart as I traveled my

fingers up her thigh and touched her lips. I could feel her wetness without even parting her. She moaned at the touches. I looked at her face hanging down, trying to watch where I was going. She was bright red, knowing what her reaction to the pain was. I let one finger slip inside of her, causing a groan and a few struggles in the bound female. But she didn't protest the invasion of her body, in fact she pressed against the pressure of my finger lightly.

I withdrew from her, holding my damp finger in front of her. She closed her eyes and allowed her tongue to lick the finger, probably hoping that her actions might cause me to forget about hitting her. When she had licked all of herself off my finger, she looked up at me, questions in her eyes.

"Yes, little one. You managed to get yourself out of a few strokes. But you still have to take the five."

She breathed a little easier. I let her relax for a few more minutes and then stepped forward.

"Please," she begged simply as I swung the paddle. This time I aimed directly for her defenseless left nipple. She closed her eyes as the intense pain washed over her mind. She fought with it, and managed to keep her mouth closed against it. Finally she allowed herself to quietly verbalize it.

"Oh God. Please. No more. Stop. I can't do this. It hurts too much. I'm going to scream if you hit me again. I can't help it ."

"It's worse than that, Janey. The next one is on your right breast."

Her face registered confusion until she realized that she was still clamped on her right nipple.

"Oh God. Please no."

"If you can resist that scream, I'll let you both down."

"God no. Please. I can't do it. It hurts already. Please?"

I carefully swung the leather up towards her right breast, ensuring that it would hit her trapped nipple. She threw back her head and her mouth involuntarily opened in a silent scream. Her vocal cords wouldn't even work, she was in that much agony. Her voice finally returned to her and she let out an incomprehensible screech of pain and agony.

"Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Christ. No. Ow. Oh God. I can't. Fuck. My boobs. Oh my fucking God. Please. No. Ow. Ow. Fuck that hurt."

Tears rolled down her face as she realized that she hadn't been able to keep her voice down on the fifth. She immediately began to beg pitifully.

"Oh God. I'm sorry. I didn't mean to scream. I couldn't help it. Oh God. Please don't shock her. Hit me again. I'll be quiet. I promise. God." She collapsed into sobbing. Defeated. "I'm so sorry, Elizabeth."

I cupped her face, forcing her to look at me. She looked at me, pleading in her eyes.

"Hit me again. I'll be good. I won't scream. H it my clamped nipple again. I swear I can do it. Please," she whispered to me.

I kissed her face.

"You don't have to Jane. That's the end. Five. You did better than I thought you would."

She collapsed sobbing, defeated, upset and in incredible pain. Her fa ilure meant pain for Elizabeth, and she knew it. Her anguish was evident on her tear streaked face.

I returned to the chair, picking up the box and shifting it from hand to hand. Sheila looked up at me from her knees.

"I couldn't have taken that either. I know how much that paddle hurts."

"Jane did well."

"Please. Master? Can I go to Jane? Please? She helped me when I was hurt."

I nodded. Sheila didn't even bother getting to her bare feet, but just crawled over to where Jane was bound. She whispered to her and Jane nodded. Tentatively, Sheila reached up and began to caress Jane's breasts, kneading out the pain and soreness, occasionally using her lips to almost kiss the sore orbs better. I watched Sheila comfort the crying woman above her for a while then ma de my decision.

"Sheila?"

"Yes sir?" She turned away from massaging Jane for a moment.

"Bring the probes here, alright?"

She looked confused.

"The ones currently in Elizabeth?" I replied to her unspoken question.

Elizabeth looked up sharply at me, relief e vident in her face. Sheila crawled over to the naked woman and put her hand in front of her face. Elizabeth thankfully let the suction of her cheeks relax and dropped the silver probe into Sheila's hand. Sheila then moved between Elizabeth's stretched legs and pulled at the tape, slowly easing the silver phallus from her as Elizabeth gasped. She shuffled forward with the probes in her hand.

"Thank-you," she whispered as she handed me the instruments of torment. "She would have passed out, you know."

I stroked the bare girl's hair and guided her more comfortably to her knees.

"Elizabeth?"

"Yes sir?" she said with a quiver in her voice.

"Don't you think you should thank Jane?"

"Oh God, I would kiss her feet if I could." She turned to Jane to whom she wa s still connected via the nipple chain. "Thank -you. I don't think I could have taken another one. Thank-you." Tears were running down Elizabeth's face as she spoke.

Jane was still in tears from her sore breasts, but I thought I saw her nod her head in acknowledgment.

Elizabeth turned and looked up at me, tears running down her face as well.

"Master? Can your slave speak?" her voice cracked as she struggled with her pain and tears.

I nodded.

"Please Master. Your slave is so sorry. She's been sorry since you brought her into this room. Please, allow your slave to do what you wanted from her in the first place. She'll do it gladly. She doesn't want to be punished anymore. Please?"

That was a lot better than earlier. I rose and walked back to the bound nude girl . I bent and released her ankle cuffs. She didn't immediately close her legs, not knowing if she had permission or not to do so.

I released her nipple clamp next. She cried out as I released the pressure and her blood flowed back into the sensitive flesh. She kept still, though. Jane cried out as I dropped the clamp to the floor, pulling at her still trapped and very sore nipple. I regretted it almost as soon as I did it. I hadn't meant to hurt Jane further. I stopped releasing Elizabeth and turned to the s till sobbing girl beside her. As an act of kindness, I released

Jane's nipple from the clamp as well. To her credit she had never begged for it's removal, and I knew that she hated the clamps, perhaps more than anything. I gently kissed the sore nipple and Jane flinched at the touch.

Leaving her to her tears, I returned to Elizabeth, finally letting her hands down. She remained bent over, but was unable to hold her hands up without the rope. She fell to her knees, sobbing in relief. She'd probably been drea ming of this moment since this had all begun.

"Oh God. Thank -you," she whispered.

I released her wrists from her bonds and guided her to her knees, hands in front of her.

"Jane?" she whispered.

"I'll let her down in a while."

"Don't hurt her anymore. She d oesn't deserve it. I'd rather go back up there. Please."

"I won't hurt her much more."

"Oh God."

"Can you crawl?"

I watched as the freed girl flexed some of her sore limbs. She nodded silently, tears brimming in her eyes as she realized that she didn't hav e much choice. She would crawl if I told her to, sore or not.

I reached down and carefully gripped Elizabeth's red hair, gently guiding her to her hands and knees. She knew that she was expected to crawl, and she strained to keep her balance with her thigh s and arms protesting. I knew crawling, or even standing, was going to be hard for the naked beauty, but she had been spared a lot of the pain I was intending for her. This discomfort wasn't in the same league.

I was approaching the door as Sheila's musica l voice called softly out to me.

"Master? Can this slave go to Jane? Please? Don't leave her alone like that. She's hurt."

Sheila could see that I'd intended to leave Jane in her bondage until I returned, and she knew that Jane's arms had to be aching horr ibly being bound above her like that. I wanted her to stay there, but I couldn't see any problem with letting Sheila try to comfort her while I was gone.

I nodded to Sheila and watched as she crawled forward whispering to Jane, who was still crying softly in her ropes.

I turned and continued to guide Elizabeth out into the hallway and towards the master bedroom with her hair. She cried out once as she stumbled and I wasn't able to release her hair quickly enough. She struggled back to her hands and knees, t ears in her eyes, and waited for me to take her hair leash before falling back into the unfamiliar gait.

Chapter 115

I pushed open the bedroom door and allowed Elizabeth to crawl into the bedroom under her own power, releasing her hair. She sighed as she crawled over to Amy and quietly knelt by Amy's bound feet.

"Elizabeth? Are you alright? What did he do to you?"

Elizabeth looked at me, seeking permission to answer Amy's questions. I shook my head, denying it.

"Amy, honey? I. I can't tell you. I'm sorry."

Amy, shrugged as much as her bonds would let her. She didn't understand why I wouldn't let Elizabeth tell her what had happened to her, but she knew better than to push the issue. She wasn't in the best position to defend herself if I chose to punish her for not accepting my decisions.

Elizabeth looked down at herself, shivered, remembered her punishment and looked back up at me.

"Can ... can a slave begin her task, now? Please?" She wanted to get this over with as well.

I swallowed, looking forward to seeing Elizabeth having sex with Amy. I nodded slowly.

With a last look of pleading in her eyes, Elizabeth spoke softly.

"Please don't make do this. I'm begging you."

"We can go back to the other room if you like."

"Oh God. Please no. I'll do it. I didn't say I wouldn't. I just asked ..." her voice trailed off.

"It's alright. You've touched women before. You've slept with them before."

Tears brimmed again in the girl's eyes and she bent her head.

"Can I ask how long?"

"Until I tell you to stop."

"Yes sir."

She reluctantly shuffled her bare body around until she was facing Amy. Amy was still bound nude and spread open in the chair, looking down calmly at Elizabeth.

"If it makes it any easier, Elizabeth, I don't mind anymore," Amy spoke quietly.

"Y-you don't?"

"I've already had Sheila and Christi down there. I'm used to it. I don't like it. I wish I didn't have to do it. But I don't have a choice. Having you down there is no worse. I'll try and enjoy it. Okay? Maybe he'll let me out after you're done." Amy attempted a weak smile.

"I. I guess." Elizabeth shivered and Amy visibly braced herself for the third female tongue of the morning. She squirmed a bit in her bonds belying the words she had just spoken to Elizabeth. But she didn't complain.

As the first gasp emerged from Amy's lips, I sat down on the bed. Christi was still breathing heavily, watching the girls make slow love by the chair.

"What did you do to them?" she whispered to me.

"Played."

"Oh God. How's Jane?"

"Sore. But she'll be fine."

"You didn't hurt them too much?"

"They won't forget the morning."

"I'll bet. Are you going to untie me?" She pulled at her bound wrists. "We have something to finish."

I was sitting by her bare feet and I reached out and traced along her instep. She squirmed a bit, but the cords holding her body prevented her from kicking her feet as she no doubt wanted to. She cried out at the touch and wrenched her bare toes as they pulled against the small toe cords.

I did it again, and she willed herself to tu rn the touches into something less ticklish. I looked up into her face.

"Please. Untie me. We can finish what we started earlier."

I traced her right instep once more and shifted up towards her top end. I leaned down to her and touched her lips gently with mine. She hungrily returned the kiss, pulling at her ropes.

"Untie me," she whispered to me. "You can tie me back up after we're done. If you have to. I don't even mind if you leave me naked."

I ignored her voice and traced along her bare breasts which we re heaving with her breathing. She closed her eyes to concentrate on the sensations.

I traced her breasts, purposely avoiding her erect nipples. She moaned, thrusting herself as best she could towards the light touches. Her skin was silky smooth and warm to my finger tips. Her lips parted as she cried out when I touched her nipples gently with my tongue.

I idly touched her chest as she lay there while I turned my attention to the girls by the chair. Elizabeth was doing exactly as she'd been ordered. Her hea d was moving as she licked the bound girl in front of her. Amy had her eyes closed and she was pulling gently against the ropes that restrained her bare body. Her breathing was quickening, and her nipples betrayed her arousal. She looked like she was headi ng for some release, but she also looked like she was fighting it on some level. I could feel my arousal building as I watched, almost jealous of Amy. Elizabeth's mouth would have felt good at that point, but I simply didn't have the capacity that a female did. If I let Elizabeth pleasure me, I'd have to forgo the pleasures with Christi. At least for a while. I closed my eyes as again I felt the jealousy rise that Amy could recover so much quicker than I. She was heading for her third or fourth climax of th e morning. Being female has some advantages.

As I turned my attention back to the girl squirming under my gently caressing fingers, I felt an odd sensation, almost like a spider crawling through my mind. I gasped as the sensation intensified, filling my mi nd and darkening my vision. I vaguely heard Christi's voice crying out as darkness overwhelmed my senses and I lost touch with the outside world.

I awoke sometime later, my hearing returned before the rest of my senses.

"What the hell are we going to do?"

"You can start by untying me," Amy's voice rang through my consciousness.

"In a second," Elizabeth's voice sounded close. I struggled to open my eyes. My strength was slowly returning, but I would have to wait for a moment before I could move. It didn't so und like I'd been out very long.

I felt soft fingers trace down my cheek and touch my lips.

"He's still breathing, thank God."

“Thank God? Tie him up before he wakes up,” Amy’s voice again.

“Amy, shush,” Christi’s voice sounded really near. I though I coul d feel her breathing close by, perhaps even under me. “He’s the only one who can get us out of here. And if he can get free, you don’t want to be the one who tied him up. Trust me.”

I could almost see Amy paling. I heard Elizabeth grunting some assention.

“I’m worried enough that I’m not still between your legs. Hush Amy.”

I felt Elizabeth rise off the bed and leave the room. Moments later I heard her small footsteps and her weight settle into the bed beside me. I felt a cool sensation across my forehead.

Finally, my eyes worked and I fluttered open my eyelids, wincing at the sharp pain of the light. Elizabeth’s face was peering at me.

“Thank God you woke up. What the hell happened?”

I struggled to move my lips and felt a rush of energy into my system.

I coughed. “Blacked out.”

My strength returned, almost as though I hadn’t even had the episode. I rose to my knees. I had indeed fallen across the bound girl. Elizabeth, being the only free girl had helped me as much as possible. I plucked the cool wet fac e cloth from my brow.

Elizabeth was kneeling, her eyes downcast.

“Sir? Please. I was only trying to help. I. I thought ...”

“It’s alright. Your help is appreciated. I’m not going to punish you for stopping what you were told to do.”

Elizabeth heaved a big sigh of relief. The after effects of the black out were fading quickly. My sex drive was returning like a lion. And the squirming female in ropes in front of me helped drive it.

Elizabeth looked up at me with teary eyes. “Does this slave have to continue h er task? She just helped you when she didn’t have to.”

“I heard.”

Amy paled at this. “Please,” she whispered from her chair. She knew that I’d heard her suggestions.

I thought about this. I didn’t know what caused the black out, but I had to seem in control, even if I really didn’t feel like I was. My body was betraying me, somehow. But I felt fine now.

“I’ll let you stop early, how’s that?” I smiled gently at Elizabeth. “I was going to make you lick her for most of the day. Just until I finish with Christi ?”

Elizabeth nodded, disappointment still evident in her face. Still less time at her task had to be better than licking Amy all day. Resigned, she slipped off the bed and back to her bare knees in front of Amy.

I watched her as she reluctantly returned to tonguing Amy’s bare body. Amy, still a bit pale, closed her eyes and pulled at her ropes, accepting the stimulation again. Not much she could do about it.

I turned my attention back to Christi, who was looking up at me with frightened eyes. I could see th e questions buzzing through her head, questions that she was afraid to voice and questions to which I had no answers.

I let my fingers trail lightly over her bare breasts again, causing her to gasp. Her arousal hadn’t faded with the episode. I bent towards her bound feet and slowly released her toes and ankles while watching Elizabeth and Amy. When her feet were free she

squirmed, flexing her toes and bending her knees. I sat back, leaning on my hands, watching the nude girls. Amy was looking more and more like she was losing the battle not to get aroused. Her breathing was erratic and her nipples rock hard. She'd lost the pale complexion, to be replaced by a red glow to her cheeks.

"M-master?" Christi's small voice came up from her lying position. She had stopped squirming her legs, and was lying patiently waiting for my attention. Her breathing was still erratic and she was flexing her arms, pulling gently at her bound wrists.

I turned to her quickly and then returned my gaze to Amy. I kind of wanted to see her climax.

"Please. I know you aren't going to release my hands, but your slave is begging you not to ignore her any longer. Please?"

I shook my head, tearing my gaze away from Elizabeth and Amy.

"You want these off?" I touched the jeans that still tight ly hugged her lower half.

Christi swallowed, fighting off the instincts to say that she wanted them. She wanted them, but she didn't. Hard choice in her position.

"Can a girl ask if she'll get them back?"

"Does it matter?"

"I. I guess not." Tears brimmed i n her eyes, but her arousal overcame them easily.

"Ask me to take them off you."

She swallowed again heavily and closed her eyes. "Please. This. Oh Christ. This slave. She begs her master to take off her jeans. They. They are in the way." She quickly added, "And she begs to have them back afterwards."

I smiled at the addendum. She wasn't the type to often use her slave talk. But in this case, she really wanted something. Her clothes back after we'd finished. So she indulged me. Smart girl.

I turned my attention back to Amy and Elizabeth as my fingers reached for the button at the top of Christi's jeans. As I unzipped her, Amy began to really pull against her ropes, moaning quietly and holding her breath.

Christi arched her body as best as she could to help me remove her jeans. She knew that if I wanted her out of them, that she had to take them off. To do otherwise would mean losing the concealing garment forever. There was absolutely nothing she could do if I decided to cut them off her body.

As the jeans slipped down Christi's smooth legs, I heard Amy take one last deep breath and let it out in a small cry. Her body strained against the ropes, her whole body involved in her orgasm. She cried out again as Elizabeth conti nued her task. Amy's breasts moved with her laboured breathing, tears running slowly down her face.

Elizabeth looked up at me, pulling her head from Amy's sex. She looked at me with pleading in her eyes.

"Please, sir. She's done. She's climaxed. Oh God. Pl ease can I stop?"

I slowly shook my head, forcing the girl to continue stimulating Amy.

Amy whispered, "Oh God. Please," mostly to herself as Elizabeth resumed her task, tears falling from her eyes. Amy squirmed at the touches, probably not quite recovered enough to take the renewed stimulation to her clitoris, but not having any choice. Not like she could move away, or push Elizabeth's head from her.

Christi was watching the other girls, and turned as she noticed that I had taken her into my gaze instead.

She looked a bit uncomfortable, with her hands bound. She looked up at me, face flushed.

"We are going to finish this time. Aren't we? Please? I ... I need you."

I smiled at her and she flushed more. I could see her thoughts running through her head. Such a difference from her former life. She probably couldn't believe that she was naked, and tied up on an unfamiliar bed. Asking for sex. For relief. Feeling things for me that she probably wasn't fully comfortable with. Fighting with herself.

I nodded. I wanted her.

She swallowed heavily again. "H-how do you want me?" she asked a bit shyly. She'd always initiated the sexual contact in the past, just doing whatever she thought I wanted. In most cases, I imagine it was what she wanted as well, but I'd never bothered asking.

I smiled at her, lying here quietly looking up at me, bare breasts heaving. "How do you want it?" I asked softly.

"I. I don't want my hands tied," she looked up at me hopefully.

I slowly shook my head, letting her know kindly that her hands were going to remain behind her. I wanted her like that.

Her face took on a resigned look, not quite daring to ask again, or beg.

"If it pleases you, I, I'd like to be on top, then."

I could understand that. If she was on the bottom, her arms would probably be a bit uncomfortable. Though, they would sink into the bed below her, I'm sure she'd be more comfortable on top.

I moved myself down to lie beside her, letting my fingers caress her bare breasts. She moaned, and with an obvious effort, she pulled away from the soft touches. She was breathing hard, as she struggled to her knees.

"God, that was hard."

Thinking that getting to her knees with her hands tied was difficult I replied to her, "Didn't pay attention in gymnastics?"

She flushed. "I paid attention. That isn't what I meant." She paused for a brief moment, probably debating whether she wanted to elaborate. "I. I meant that it was hard pulling away from those touches." She pulled at her bound wrists. I could see that she wanted to be free to touch her front. But that wasn't happening. She'd have to get her touches from my fingers and my body. That's how I wanted it, and she knew it.

"Your jeans?" Christi looked at me hopefully.

I just smiled at her, waiting for her to realize that I expected her to get them off me. It registered on her face.

"Please. I'm tied."

"You can do it."

She flushed, but turned herself around with an effort. She tried to use her bound hands to undo the top button of my jeans, her fingers causing my arousal to increase as she struggled. After a few minutes, she turned her face to me, tears coursing down her cheeks.

"Please. I'm sorry. I. I can't. Please don't punish me. Please." She was nearly sobbing with her distress. I was watching her fingers and her wrists were tied just

awkwardly enough that she couldn't get her fingers to release the clasp. I wasn't too surprised.

I looked at her, trying to keep a straight face and keep it severe enough to convince her that she was in trouble, despite the fact that she was not. I was far too aroused to punish her at this point anyway. Nevertheless, the naked, vulnerable female didn't know that, and she quickly tried to quell her tears.

"Please. I. I don't want to be punished. I'll try again."

She pressed herself harder to her task. I cringed as I watched her, her trapped wrists bending in what looked to me like a really uncomfortable position. Her face was a mask of concentration, she probably didn't even feel the pain from her hands. I really didn't want to hurt her, so I gently touched her shoulder. She looked at me questioningly. As her concentration slipped she involuntarily pulled her bound wrists away from me and cried out softly as she felt the odd position of her wrists.

"Try your mouth," I urged her gently.

The bound girl took a deep breath, knowing that she wasn't going to have any more success with her teeth. She had to try though, she believed that she was going to be punished if she failed. And that punishment could range from denying her release to outright pain from a crop or paddle. Either way, she'd be restrained for the foreseeable future. Exactly what she didn't want.

With tears in her eyes, she again turned herself around and knelt facing my body.

Chapter 116

She bent again. I could feel the tremors from her body as sh e struggled with her teeth to release the clasps of my jeans. Her head pressed against my body, and I could actually feel her sobs of frustration and fear as she strained with the button. I raised my head, trying to see what she was doing down there.

Finally, she let out a cry of dismay and frustration. I felt her take the edge of the denim in her teeth and pull back. Her teeth slipped, but the fabric came free. She almost sobbed in relief as the stubborn button released its hold. Tears running down her fac e, she knelt up and looked at me, triumph replacing the frustration.

"Ouch," she whispered. She moved her jaw and pulled at her bound wrists, her face crunched up in mild pain.

"What happened?"

"My teeth slipped. Clacked together."

"Open."

She stared at me , but obeyed, opening her mouth widely, probably expecting a gag. I merely reached up and ran my finger over her lower teeth, trusting that she wouldn't try and bite me. She didn't.

"Nothing broken."

"I could have told you that."

I smiled at her. "And if I wanted to touch your teeth."

"They're yours to touch." She flushed. She sighed and bent her nude body back to her task. I felt her hot breath against me, through my underwear, and heard the zipper fall. She tugged ineffectively at the denim of my thigh wi th her mouth and then rose back to her knees. Her face was tear streaked, but with her success with the button, she had managed to stop crying. A new frustration had appeared.

"Christi?" I inquired sweetly.

"I. I can't."

"Can't what?"

"Get them off. Please , sir. You. Please help me?"

I reached down and raised my pelvis at the same time. I pushed the jeans over my hips and off my legs. I sat up and pulled off my t -shirt as well for her. I kicked off my shoes and socks, leaving just my underwear for her to st ruggle with. I lay back down, taking the weight off my pelvis.

Her eyes followed my movements, probably surprised that I'd helped her this much. She was probably expecting at least a half hour of painful struggling against her restraints in order to get my clothes off. I'd done in thirty seconds what would have taken her thirty minutes. Minimum.

She smiled down at me, gratefully. "This slave thanks you."

She bent again, nuzzling me through the thin material of my underwear. I gasped at the sensations. If it was possible, I found myself getting harder. At last, she teasingly gripped the material in her teeth and pulled them slowly down my legs until they caught at my ankles. I lifted my feet allowing her to pull them completely off me. She looked up at me, smiling as she bent again to take my toes into her mouth.

I shivered as her tongue explored my toes. After a few minutes she glanced up and began her slow journey back up towards my head. With her hands behind her, she had

some difficulty maneuvering herself upwards. At last she straddled me, her bare legs lying easily on either side of my body, looking at my face. Her bare breasts were rising and falling beautifully with her laboured breathing and I could feel her arousal and he at as she pressed herself into my belly.

Carefully, she lowered herself to touch my lips with hers. I could see her frustration, knowing this would be ever so much easier if I'd just release her wrists. But she didn't complain or beg me to let her free. Sh e merely kissed me, pulling lightly at her ropes.

"I can't wait any longer," she whispered as she ground her pelvis into my body. "I swear, I'm going to cum like this."

I smiled up at her. "You'll do no such thing."

She closed her eyes, remembering that I wasn't a normal lover. She needed my permission for her release. She nodded, silently promising that she wouldn't climax without my permission.

She lifted herself, straining her thighs. I had to help her a bit, she not being quite strong enough and being r estrained, she couldn't find the leverage. Finally she was poised over me, her thighs straining to keep her body lifted off mine, her toes curled into the bed sheets.

She moaned as I guided myself to her. I nodded to her and she gently lowered herself, impaling her body with mine. We gasped together at the penetration. Slowly, she slid herself up and down, pumping, gripping at me with her internal muscles, rocking herself. After the mornings activities I wasn't going to last very long. She took her time, savouring the sensations, feeling the sexual energy. She had cum once this morning with Jane, but she was more than ready for me.

I glanced once at Elizabeth still working diligently between Amy's legs. Amy had her eyes closed, trying to ignore Elizabeth's t ongue now. She was probably spent for the day. The sight of the female lovemaking heightened my arousal again. I closed my eyes to concentrate on Christi's softness. Images flipped behind my closed lids. Knowing that she was restrained, couldn't use her ha nds made it so much more enjoyable for me. Amy. Elizabeth. Jane, still bound in the other room with Sheila. The syrup. The girls, trying so hard to be pleasing.

I exploded, not being able to hold back any longer. Christi cried out as I thrust one last time deep into her softness. My body arched, muscles fighting with one another, moaning. I fell back to the bed under her, gasping and fighting off the residual spasms. Christi had stopped her thrusting as I climaxed. I could still feel her wetness and her arousal as I remained inside of her.

"Please?" she whispered. Seeking permission for her release. I imagine that she had been holding back. She was as ready as I was after the morning of being bound and teased.

Not getting an immediate answer, the flushed gir l began to cry softly. She needed the release, but I wasn't allowing her. She pulled futilely at her trapped wrists, wanting to touch herself, needing just that tiny push over the edge. Resignedly, she lifted herself on quivering thighs and extracted me fr om her. I gasped at the sensations.

She moved her bare body as best she could and lay down, still crying softly beside me. She buried her head in my shoulder, her skin still hot pressing into me. I let her cry for a few moments as I recovered.

"That was wo nderful," I whispered to her.

“Please. I. This slave. She wants to cum. Oh God. Please.” She looked up at me with earnest deep blue eyes. “Whatever I did, I’m sorry.”

“You didn’t do anything.” I gently told her.

“Then why? Please untie me? I’ll finish myse lf. You don’t have to do anything? Please?”

“Will you accept a gag?”

Her face registered confusion, probably so aroused she couldn’t form any thought that didn’t directly involve her swollen clitoris.

“You know, to keep you quiet?” I elaborated.

“You want me to keep quiet? I will. You don’t have to gag me. I. Please.”

I reached over the side of the bed, fishing through the equipment bag that was still lying on the floor. Finally I touched a shiny hard ball shaped object which I pulled up onto the bed with the attached leather straps. Christi’s eyes opened wide as she saw the ball gag, not understanding why she had to have it. She would keep quiet if I told her to. Not even a cry. She had enough self-control and I knew it. It wasn’t like I was going to whip her.

“Please. Why?” she pleaded with me. She knew, by now, that she was going to be gagged, like it or not.

“I just want to see you in it. I’ll let you climax if you willingly take it. You have a choice.”

Christi’s brow furrowed, but her body betrayed her. She didn’t like the idea of being gagged, I couldn’t remember if I had ever made her wear one before. She had always been good at keeping her mouth shut when told. She slowly nodded, wanting the climax more than she didn’t want the gag.

She silently opened her pretty mouth as I approached her with the intrusion. I slipped the red ball behind her teeth and gently connected the straps behind her head. I worked the hair out from under the strap, allowing it to fall free around her bare shoulders. Her mouth stretched wide to accommodate the gag, but I hadn’t wrenched it in, like I had a few days ago with Elizabeth and Jane. Christi wasn’t going to have to wear it very long. I just wanted to see her climax with it.

Christi tried to mumble something around the gag , but it wasn’t intelligible. I was guessing that she had tried to beg for its removal, but she wasn’t in any position to get rid of it herself. In frustration, she tried reaching around her nude body with her bound hands, but she wasn’t even coming close to her breasts, her vagina or her mouth with her hands tied the way they were.

I gently urged her legs apart with my fingers. She lay her gagged head back into the pillows and more than willingly spread her long legs, her toes curling as she did.

I idly stroked her skin, causing unintelligible begging noises to emerge from her mouth. She breathed easily through her nose, eyes closed as I gently parted her lips. Her body went rigid at the first light touch of her swollen clitoris. I eased off, teasing her, lightly stroking her slippery outer lips and entering her with my fingers. I purposely avoided her center until her mewls of dismay and arousal came at fever pitch. If it wasn’t for that gag, she would have been begging shamelessly and unreservedly.

I whispered to her, “You may climax, little one.”

Relief flooded into her unusually expressive eyes as I began to lightly stroke her clitoris. It didn’t take much, she was so aroused and ready. She exploded with a scream

that was evident through the gag we dged behind her teeth. She screamed repeatedly into the gag as she orgasmed, her entire body arching and tensing as I continued to rub her lightly. Finally, spent, she collapsed into the sheets, trying to pull away from my still stroking fingers. I gave he r one last light stroke on her sensitive clit causing her to jump and then allowed her to rest. She shivered as I ran my fingers lightly down her leg as I rose to my feet.

I gently touched Elizabeth's head, and she gratefully stopped licking at the girl in front of her. Using a pair of handcuffs, I had her sit with her back to the footboard of the bed. I casually connected her wrists to the bedposts, but she was far too tired to care. I suspect that she was thankful that I had even let her stop. She let her head droop towards her bare chest, her legs drawn up and pressed together. She looked pretty sitting there on the floor, arms outstretched, but I didn't tell her. She closed her eyes, resting her tired body.

I returned to the bed and sat down beside Chris ti. She looked up at me, helplessly, pleading with her eyes.

"You want something, pretty girl?"

She nodded her head. She was still flushed from her exertions, I could see it in her distended cheeks. She wanted the gag out of her mouth. I could see her tong ue pushing against the intrusion. Even though it hadn't been in her mouth long, it was probably uncomfortable.

"More sex?"

Her eyes betrayed her confusion. She didn't know what the right answer was. She wanted the gag out, but she also would be willing to put out more to keep herself out of trouble. She was likely fully recovered from her climaxes and could probably go again if I wanted her. Problem was, as enticing as that gagged, naked, gorgeous creature was, there was no way that I was ready. Perhaps in a while. She struggled and opted for honesty. She slowly shook her head, preferring to take her chances that I'd guess again what she wanted. I could see it in her eyes. She knew that I was teasing her.

"You'd like to sleep?"

She looked a bit worn out, but that would have been normal, I supposed. She had been struggling in ropes, forced to exert herself without the benefit of her hands. But she shouldn't be sleepy tired for a while yet, despite her rigorous activities. Elizabeth, and maybe Jane, could use s leep again, but Christi should still be viable. Predictably, she shook her head again, mewling into the ball. Probably trying to beg for the gag out.

"What does she want?" I mused to myself as I idly stroked her skin. She squirmed, kicking her bare feet at the touches. Leaving her frustrated, I rose and quickly dressed myself. When I finished, I lowered myself back to the bed and gently kissed at her lips. It was an odd sensation kissing a gagged girl. Her lips were tight around the intrusion and she moaned at the touches. She probably thought it was more odd than I did.

She tried to talk around the ball again, but finally gave up, realizing that I would take it out of her mouth eventually, and that she just had to wait. I touched the red surface of the ball between her lips.

"Must be hard to talk with that in there," I commented idly.

She nodded her head vigorously, her eyes pleading with me.

"You want it out?"

She nodded again. My fingers were idly caressing her nipples, causing them to involuntarily, or pe rhaps voluntarily, harden. She squirmed, but didn't pull away.

"Will you be a good girl?"

Her eyes registered disbelief that I would even ask. She'd done everything she was ordered to today without complaint. She'd taken off her clothing, had sex with me, made love to Amy, made love to Jane, suffered the syrup. She knew that she hadn't so much as complained. She'd been good and didn't deserve to be lying there naked begging for her gag to be removed. Despite all that, she swallowed her pride and slowly nodd ed her head.

"You'll be quiet?"

Again, a hesitant nod. I could see her squirming, trying to keep still but so anxious to get the ball out of her mouth.

I smiled at her and gently lifted her blonde head. I reached under her hair while she struggled to help me, twisting her head to allow me better access to the clasps. I slowly released the straps and then let her head fall back onto the pillow. The gag was no longer forcibly in her, she had closed her eyes and held it behind her teeth voluntarily, waiting for my fingers to pull it free for her. I watched her face for a moment, stretched by the intrusion and struggling not to push it out with her tongue. I wouldn't have punished her if she had, I kind of expected her to do it. But she lay there, fighting with herself. It was beautiful to watch. Finally, she opened her eyes and looked at me, pleading. I was surprised that she'd had the self control to hold the uncomfortable position.

I gently grasped the ends of the straps, slowly pulling the gag from her lips. As she felt the outward tension, she opened her mouth a little wider allowing the ball to slip from behind her teeth. She gasped audibly as the ball gag swung out of her mouth. It was wet, but it hadn't been in her long enough to cause uncontrollable drool . She began to say something, probably a whispered thank -you, but I touched her lips with my finger before she could utter more than the initial "Th -", gently reminding her to keep quiet.

"Stay there. When I come back, I'll let you get dressed again. If yo u are good."

"Please untie me," she whispered pulling at her trapped wrists.

I motioned for her to be silent and she closed her mouth, realizing that she would be bound until I returned. At least I had left her ankles free.

I rose and walked towards the do or. As I passed Amy, she looked up at me with hopeful eyes. She whispered as well, "Please. I've been in this chair for hours. Please let me go. I won't go anywhere. I'll sit still wherever you put me."

I raised my finger to my lips, shushing her. Her face drooped as she too realized that she was stuck in the ropes for a while. She squirmed, trying to get more comfortable. I felt a bit sorry for her, her bare body was probably aching. Probably her rear end was numb from sitting in one position so long on th e hard chair. I stroked her hair gently.

"When I get back, I'll let you out. I promise."

She numbly nodded, tears falling gently from her eyes. She had been good all morning as well. I know I really should have let them free, but as I turned, regarding the three bound beauties, I again marveled at their exquisiteness lying and sitting throughout the room. Such delicate and desirable creatures. Mine. I didn't want to let them go.

Chapter 117

I quietly closed the door to the master bedroom. I was sure that as soon as I left, they'd begin talking. I didn't mind. As long as they were smart enough to stop when I returned. If I'd really wanted them silent, I would have left them gagged.

I walked quickly to the business room where Jane and Sheila were trapped. I twirled a pair of steel handcuffs around my finger as I approached. I set the key in the lock and took a breath. I wasn't used to Sheila yet, and though she had never shown outward aggression, she also had never seen me punish the other girls. She might have some ideas of how to incapacitate me. She had some weapons in there, and she might have released Jane to help her. I readied my time defenses and unlocked the door. Really, I should have left Sheila restrained.

I watched carefully as the door swung open. Sheila was on her knees, leaning back on her hands quietly talking to Jane. Sheila looked up as I entered, Jane tried to twist her bound body around to look at me. I watched as a look of hope crossed Jane's features, but she pressed her lips together, not saying anything. Her arms looked sore bent up towards the ceiling behind her. She still couldn't rise, and her legs looked tired. That was unfortunate, because she was going to remain there for a while, yet.

Sheila spoke softly as I approached.

"Please, master. This slave begs for slave Jane's release. She's in pain."

"I know. I'll let her out soon."

Jane groaned as she realized that she was in for further pain and punishment before I'd let her down. I crouched down beside Sheila.

"You didn't let her go?" I asked Sheila.

"You would have put her back up, and punished her twice as badly if I had."

I nodded and reached for Sheila's wrist.

"Please. I've proven that I'm not going to do anything. You don't have to tie me up."

"You won't be as uncomfortable as Jane is. And it's not for long."

Sheila, realizing that any further protests would probably lead to further discomfort, allowed me to hang the steel from her wrist. I bid her lie down, which she did. I carefully attached her right wrist to Jane's right ankle, having her lie easily under Jane.

I addressed both of them.

"Girls? I don't want to gag you, but I want you to be quiet. Can you do that for me?"

They both nodded. Sheila from the floor, and Jane from her bent over posture. They didn't know why I wanted them quiet, but they knew better than to question it. They'd at least be quiet when I was around.

"I'll be back in a while."

Jane looked like she wanted to say something, perhaps let me know in graphic detail how her arms were screaming, but she decided to keep quiet, not wanting a gag to extend her discomfort.

I stroked their hair gently and silently left them in the room. I carefully locked them in, though it was probably unnecessary with their restraints.

I took a deep breath, allowing the shakes t o finally take hold of my body. I gripped the handrail until they receded. Taking another deep breath I got myself in motion, walking swiftly to the stairs and down.

I settled myself into the comfortable sofa and lay my head back against the cushions.

What the hell had happened to me? One second I'm teasing Christi, the next I'm lying overtop of her bound form, with Elizabeth taking care of me as though I was an invalid. I couldn't fathom it. What if it happened again? What if I didn't wake up? What if it was more severe? What if the girls decided that next time, they'd take a chance at freedom by incapacitating me while I was helpless? Like Amy was already suggesting? I couldn't blame her for that. She must be damn uncomfortable in that chair. My head swam with concerns.

I rose to my feet and carefully walked to the front of the house, letting myself outside. I looked up at the house from the front walk. Inside, I had five girls, completely dependent on me. Without me, they couldn't get back to their former lives. Without me, at the moment, they couldn't even get themselves free enough to move. They deserved better.

I forced myself to clear my head and began walking. The clean air of the morning helped the fogginess recede from my being. It felt good to be al one, enjoy the sunshine, breathe the air. I was tempted to release the few people that I passed, just to play with them in the morning light. God, this timeline was idyllic. Except for that damn blackout. My thoughts returned to the girls, restrained insid e, unable to enjoy simple things at whim as I did.

I hadn't traveled far before I spotted a sports car, stopped in the middle of the road. The driver was a young attractive brunette, concentrating on the unmoving road in front of her. If I chose, she could be mine. I could add her to the women I already had. Make her my slave. I fingered my gun, but I realized that I didn't need it. I could take her with a combination of time and brute strength. She was no match physica lly for me.

My mind snagged, a nagging suspicion entering my consciousness. I sat down on the road, staring at the cute driver, letting my mind wander. It hit me like a ton of bricks falling from a building under construction. Bad scene.

I leapt to my feet and ran around to the other side of the Mazda with the girl. I carefully exerted a minimum of will, allowing the passenger door to free from the time block. I slipped into the passenger seat, fighting the urge to take the brunette. She was exquisite. But I didn't have time. I rummaged through her glove box finding paper. I dug in her purse in search of a pencil or pen. Lifesavers. Tampons. Condoms. Kleenex. And a wallet. Her wallet had a fine gold pen buried in the fold.

I climbed out of the car and stretc hed out on the hood of her car. If I'd freed her now, I would have been in some serious trouble lying as I was. I feverishly scribbled equations and inequalities on the page, filling one, then another. The variables were complex, and almost unreadable, but after an hour or so, I read the last equation in disbelief.

I could control time, but there were limits. I knew that. I just hadn't bothered with the specifics because according to the assumptions, the limits should be far longer than a human life span. I knew more, now. Time control was taking some energy from my system, and that energy was fading. Not quickly. Not drastically. But I simply couldn't

maintain this time line indefinitely. With practice, perhaps, but I couldn't yet. I knew that going in, but the line had proved to be so distracting that I had forgotten to keep my eye on it. According to the last equation, the controller might slip into a state of timelessness if the energy was to low. If the energy levels fell enough, then the timelines would collapse. The black out state was an attempt by my body and mind to conserve the timeline unconsciously. It would happen more and more frequently until the time line collapsed. I had a bad feeling what might happen to my body if the energy levels fell tha t low. Not to mention the effects on the people on this timeline. It might collapse into the primary timeline, but then again, it might not. The equations weren't that accurate.

I took a deep breath, the shaking now completely gone from my body. I was beginning to understand the realities of this. That is why I recovered so fast. It wasn't a physical affliction. Problem was, I was vulnerable when it happened, and so were the girls.

I slowly dropped off the car and sat at the side of the road holding the pag es of numbers as a kind of bible. I couldn't know when, but it would happen to me again if I tried to maintain the timeline. And there was absolutely no way to tell how low the energy reserves might be in my system. I needed rest. And I needed it on the ma in timeline where I wasn't in control.

I stared at the numbers, wanting to be wrong. I would have been happy staying here for a few more weeks. Perhaps someday I could.

I really didn't want to let them go. This whole peaceful world and the girls. They were great creatures. They had adjusted so well, and it had been fun. Probably more for me than them, but they had their freedoms as well. As Jane had so aptly put it, on the prime timeline, where could they go where they could romp around without clothes or cares? No school. No work. No worries. Someone else looking after your needs. They might have to put up with my games occasionally, but that wasn't that bad a price to pay.

I hung my head, breathing steadily. I knew what I had to do.

I rose to my feet, hear ing my own feet against the pavement in this silent world. I walked back to the house, dreading what was coming.

Chapter 118

I could hear soft voices through the master bedroom door. I smiled, wondering what the girls were talking about in there. I t didn't matter that they weren't obeying me.

I walked over to the business room, slipping the key into the lock as quietly as I could. I turned it, and entered in one motion. They were talking quietly. More Sheila talking from the floor and Jane softly cr ying. Sheila had sat up, her wrist still holding her to Jane's ankle. She paled as she watched me enter, knowing that I'd told them to be quiet before I left. She made to lie down into the position that I left her.

I watched her struggle with her instinct to say something. She succeeded and lay quietly. Jane's quiet crying was the only sound in the room.

I crouched down beside Sheila and began to release the cuff from Jane's bare ankle.

"Please." Sheila whispered.

I looked at her. Taking my lack of admonish ment as a sign to continue, Sheila begged. "Please. She's hurt. Let her down. I know how much it hurts. Her arms hurt. She. She told me."

Jane shot a look at Sheila through her tears. Probably not wanting me to know how much she hurt.

I didn't answer Sheil a and lifted her to her bare feet. I gently handcuffed her hands behind her back which she didn't protest.

"Sheila, honey. I need to talk to Jane. Will you go into the master bedroom with the others?"

"Will you let her down?"

"I'm going to let her down soo n."

Sheila nodded, tears filling her eyes at her helplessness and she padded quietly towards the open door. I watched her as she moved into the hallway, and towards the other side. She'd have some trouble with the doorknobs with her hands cuffed behind her , but she'd manage. If not, she'd be smart enough to kneel in the hallway and not return until I asked her back.

I settled myself into the leather chair and gazed at the half dressed, crying girl in the middle of the room. I couldn't help but notice the co ntrast. Her having nothing and me comfortable with everything I ever wanted. Almost everything.

I mentally marked the timeline as I sat. I felt a brief crawling sensation in my mind as I did, but nothing serious. I didn't black out again.

"Janey?"

"Oh God. Please let me go. My arms. Hurt."

"I know, baby. I know."

"I didn't do anything to deserve this. Please. I'll do whatever you want from me."

"Will you kneel and listen to me?"

She managed to raise her head and look at me, incredulous that I'd even asked.

"You can tie me on my knees for all I care. Just let me down. I'll do whatever you want. You don't have to hurt me to have me."

I rose slowly from the chair and approached her. She watched, apprehension filling her face. She had no idea if I was going to p unish her before letting her down or not.

I knelt in front of her, looking up into her teary face. Still looking into her eyes, I ran my fingers softly up under her dress, stroking her soft skin. Relishing her feel. I

touched between her legs. Sopping wet. Her eyes were still glued to mine as she squirmed in her restraints, knowing that her body was betraying her again.

I rose, carefully untying the tether from the chain between her wrists. With a gasp the girl fell to her knees as soon as the support of th e rope fell away. Her arms audibly smacked against her back. She was breathing hard and her eyes teared from relief. I knelt behind her and gently massaged her upper arms and shoulders. She moaned at the unexpected kindness. After ten or so minutes of that I crawled around front of her and adjusted her dress over her exposed breasts. She looked stunning kneeling there in her evening wear, tears still slowly dripping from her eyes.

"You didn't need to do that," she spoke quietly. "I. I appreciate it, but I k now you didn't have to. Thank -you."

I didn't know if she was talking about the massage, or the dress.

"Janey. Sweetheart. I have to let you go."

"You just did."

"No. I have to let you all go."

My eyes began to tear, but I forced the wetness from my eyes. S he was quick, probably the most perceptive of any of the girls.

"What happened?" she asked softly.

"I was playing, and I blacked out. I. I can't maintain this timeline much longer. It's a symptom of my losing control. If I don't stop this, at some point I' m going to blackout and never wake up. And I have no idea how much danger you or I are in."

She sat back on her heels studying my face. "I wish I could say that I'm sympathetic."

"I know. I don't expect you to be upset or anything. I just thought you shoul d know."

"Why me?"

"Because you might understand. And you were always good to talk to."

"Are you going to tell the others?" She pulled at her bonds again.

"Eventually."

"How long until you black out again?"

"Have no idea. Could be hours. Could be days."

"How much longer are you going to keep us."

"Not much longer."

Her eyes registered her perception. "You are going to have one last fling with us. Aren't you?"

I'd considered that on the way here. I'd decided on something a little different. I slowly shook my head and Jane's eyes betrayed her confusion.

"You aren't going to use us all one last time before you have to let us go?"

"No, sweetheart. I'm going to give you all a choice. To a degree. I'm going to let you all decide if you want anything specia l before you go. You won't remember it, but you may as well get something you always wanted to do before you go. Doesn't have to be sexual. As long as it doesn't take too long. That's all. You might want to think about it."

"When?"

"When what?"

"When are you going to let us go?"

“By the end of today. Not much choice, I’m afraid.”

She lowered her head. When she raised it again, she was fighting off tears. Not sure why.

“Can a slave beg for lunch? Or are you purposely making her wait? She’s hungry.”

I smiled at her. I wondered what she was going to ask for. This seventeen year old, gorgeous creature kneeling so docile in front of me.

I had her get to her feet, and I released her bonds. She turned on her bare feet rubbing her wrists and biceps.

“How are your br easts?”

“God awfully sore. You didn’t have to do that to me, you know. Whatever you asked, I would have done. Even this dress hurts now.”

“How are the arms?”

“A little better.”

“You think you can make lunch?”

“Depends what you want.”

“Anything you would no rmally make.”

“I can make sandwiches. Egg salad, or cold meat.”

“Whatever strikes your fancy.”

“You are really going to let us go?”

I nodded slowly. Not wanting to.

“I know what I want.” And with those words she bent down quickly and kissed my forehead. In a whirl of black fabric, she turned on her feet and hurried to make some lunch for everyone, I could hear her bare feet whispering down the hallway and down the stairs.

I slowly rose to my feet and followed her but only as far as the master bedroom. I hesitated, but forced myself to turn the knob. I entered the room, glancing around. Sheila was kneeling in the center of the room, her bare body still on display. Idly, I wondered how much trouble she’d had with the doorknob with her hands bound behind her ba ck. Amy was still tied into her chair, squirming slightly. Christi lay quietly on the bed looking at me. And Elizabeth remained exhausted, sitting at the end of the bed, arms outstretched, vulnerable.

I made my way over to Amy’s chair and knelt in front of her. I slowly ran my fingers up her calf and across her smooth thigh. She shivered, but didn’t protest. She began to say something, probably wanting to beg again for her release, but then remembered her orders to keep quiet. She knew about gags and really didn’t want another. She remained silent. I waited for a few minutes there, just enjoying the sight of her, and finally began to unknot the ropes holding her bare ankles. She sat still, breathing easier as she realized that she was getting a measure of fr eedom. After a few minutes, her limbs were free of the chair. She still sat quietly, not sure of my intentions. She was shaking a little.

I picked up a stray pair of handcuffs from the pack and motioned for her to come to me. She stiffly managed to rise ou t of the chair. She began to walk towards the bed where I stood, but realized that she hadn’t been told how to move. Closing her eyes, she opted for safety and fell to her knees. She awkwardly shuffled towards me on her bare knees, finally ending up at my feet. She bowed her head.

“Turn around,” I spoke gently to her. “Hold your hands behind you.”

She looked up at me, tears forming in her eyes. She had done everything I wanted, including being bound to a chair for hours suffering female attentions. Rightly, she didn't deserve to be bound, and she knew it. She hadn't been free of restraints for a long time. But I had my reasons.

"It's not punishment, Amy. You've been a good girl," I tried t o reassure her.

She looked up at me, begging with her eyes, silently asking why. I couldn't give her an answer. Not yet. Not getting a response, she resigned herself and turned slowly on her knees, her wrists held behind her bare back.

I bent and slipped the steel around her wrists, being careful not to tighten them into her skin.

"Go kneel with Sheila. Okay?"

Amy nodded silently, and began her slow journey to Sheila on her knees. I rose and walked over to where Elizabeth sat slumped at the foot of the bed.

I crouched in front of her. Her breathing was regular, her eyes closed. Her legs were drawn up, trying to make herself more comfortable on the floor. Her wrists were hanging loosely in the cuffs.

I touched her shoulder gently, whispering to her.

"Elizabeth? Sweetheart?"

The girl awoke with a start, but she wasn't as disoriented as I'd feared she might be. She pulled once at her restraints and then moaned a bit. She looked up.

"I'm sorry," she mumbled.

"Sorry for what?"

"For sleeping," her eyes widened as s he realized the rest of the room was quiet except her. Her mind focused and she remembered her orders to be quiet. The girls were taking me seriously today. I couldn't blame them. "And for talking, just now. I'll be quiet."

"It's alright. You can talk. Jus t not loudly. I'm going to let you go from there, alright? I'm going to handcuff you like Amy and Sheila."

She numbly nodded, not even being fully awake yet. She didn't have much choice in how free or not free her body was anyway.

I reached up and stroked the soft skin of her face. I let my finger trace over her jaw and down her throat. I traced down between her bare breasts, and touched her belly. She shivered, but didn't protest the touches of her skin. She had been through a lot worse.

I reached up and r eleased her left wrist from the cuff holding her. She pulled the hand in, and gently held it on her thigh. I released her right wrist by releasing the cuff attached to the bedpost. She just looked at me and spoke, "Front, or back?"

She was clearly hoping f or front, but I had to disappoint her. "Back," I told her. Her eyes registered a bit of disappointment, but she squirmed her bare body around, reaching her knees. Mimicking Amy and Sheila, she held her wrists behind her and allowed me to attach them togeth er with the chain. She pulled idly at her bonds, but satisfied with her helplessness, she turned herself back around to face me.

I gently kissed her cheek, which she again allowed without complaint.

"Jane's making some lunch and you're probably hungry. All of you. Head down. And you can talk between you. Tell Jane that she can talk to you as well. Alright?"

The faces around me brightened a bit, as they didn't have to worry about keeping quiet. All four began to rise to their feet, struggling against their r estraints.

I rose, seeing that Christi had managed to rise to a sitting position on the bed. She was swinging her bare legs off the bed.

"Except you, Christi," I spoke gently to her. She looked up at me questioningly, but stopped her movements obediently.

She braved speaking.

"Please. I'm hungry too." She had made her voice purposely pitiful, like a hungry child being denied food. Perhaps she actually felt that way. And it tore at me. The vixen.

"I'm not punishing you. You'll get to eat, in a moment. I prom ise."

Her face brightened a bit at the promise and she slowly lay herself back onto the bed, wistfully watching the other three girls exit the room. The door closed quietly behind the retreating beauties.

I sat down on the edge of the bed, looking at this woman that I knew so well. Her blonde hair cascaded over her bare shoulders. Her arms looked uncomfortable held behind her, but she wasn't complaining. Her full lips were slightly parted, her breath coming in short bursts. She stared back at me, not angry, not upset, not in accusation. None of the things she should have been feeling as I watched her. This beautiful creature that I had possessed for what seemed like forever. I idly wondered what she'd want before she left. If anything.

I silently motioned for her to sit up. She struggled with it, her abdomen straining with the awkward sit up that I'd demanded of her.

"What's the matter?" she whispered.

I couldn't tell her yet. "In time. I'll tell you."

"Something is the matter, then. I could feel i t," her shoulders shook a bit as she craned her neck to try and look at me. My fingers fumbled at the knots holding the rope around her wrists.

"Is it me?" she asked tremulously. "Whatever I did, I'm sorry."

I was silent. Not knowing what to tell her.

Christi continued as her wrists were freed from their restraints. "I truly am sorry. Not because I'm afraid of punishment. I am. But you seem different. Quiet. Melancholy. And whatever I did to cause it, I'm sorry."

I finished with her hands and she pulled the m in front of herself, rubbing at her wrists. She slowly turned her body on her hands and knees, falling into an easy cross - legged position.

I looked into her deep blue eyes and spoke solemnly. "Christi, honey. Honestly. It isn't anything that you did. Eve rything is fine."

I tried my damnedest to get a smile onto my face. It shouldn't have been hard with her, nude, and available sitting there in front of me. But I knew I had failed when tears threatened to form in Christi's eyes.

Instinctively, she threw he rself forward and hugged me. I'm not sure what possessed her to do it, but it was right. I felt her bare body press itself into my clothes tightly. She held me for a few minutes, and then slowly backed away, falling back to her knees on the bedspread. Stra ngely I felt better somehow.

"Thank-you," I spoke quietly. Christi raised her pretty eyebrows at that. I don't think I'd ever thanked any of them for anything that they did. They were human, but they also had to be reminded of their status in small ways. S he still looked a little worried, but she managed to speak.

“You’re welcome. I know you can make me hug you whenever you want, but that one was real.”

“I know.”

She held her wrists out, close together, offering herself.

“Don’t you want to get dressed first?” I asked her gently.

Her eyes brightened immediately as she was distracted from my state. She nodded her head slowly.

I lay back on the bed as she crawled off and picked up her discarded clothing. I watched her lithe body as she covered it, pulling the t oo tight jeans over her hips, and the top over her head. I marveled that she could look so perfect both nude and clothed. She smiled brilliantly at me as she stood there, waiting for my approval.

I smiled at her as I sat up and swung my legs off the bed. I was really going to miss her.

Chapter 119

She held her wrists out again expecting the handcuffs. She seemed almost eager to have the restraints, or perhaps she was simply more accepting of her treatment since I'd allowed her the clothing back.

Instead of attaching her wrists together, I grasped her right hand firmly in my left and walked with her, allowing her to open the bedroom door and lead the way out and into the hallway. If she was surprised at the fact that I hadn't handcuffed her, she didn' t show it.

As we approached the kitchen, I released her hand, and watched as she wiggled her fingers. She smiled at me, not quite understanding my mood. Her bare feet danced in nervousness on the hardwood of the entranceway to the kitchen.

"I feel like it's my birthday or something. Everyone in there is going to jump out and yell 'Surprise' when I walk in."

I smiled at her. "Maybe it is. Maybe they will," I spoke quietly.

She gave me a confused look, and waited with her hands at her sides for me to allow her to enter the kitchen.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed open the kitchen door and motioned for Christi to enter. I watched as she walked into the kitchen, the sway of her feminine body exaggerated as she moved.

As I followed her, I noticed that the other women were scattered about the kitchen. Amy and Elizabeth were quietly talking at the table, their hands impeding them a little as they sat upright in the kitchen chairs.

Jane was swirling around the kitchen, finishing up maki ng sandwiches. Sheila was doing whatever she could at Jane's direction to help. Her bound hands making any chore difficult. But she didn't seem to mind as she moved her bare body around. Christi moved over to Sheila who was trying to carry a small tray of cookies behind her. Christi immediately took the tray and spoke a few whispered words to Sheila. Sheila looked a bit relieved and moved towards me, kneeling at my feet.

"Can a slave ask to have her hands released so that she can help with lunch?" she inquired with a sweet look on her face. The bruises had faded considerably from her features, but they weren't completely gone yet. She was still beautiful.

"Sweety. Go sit with Amy and Elizabeth. Christi can take over."

She looked a bit disappointed, probably hoping to be released even if it meant chores for her to do. She slowly climbed to her bare feet, with a helping hand from myself, and walked over to table, settling her bare bottom onto one of the hard chairs.

I leaned against he wall watching the activit y. Jane and Christi quickly set the table with plates and trays of small sandwiches. As Jane fished pickles out of a huge jar, I couldn't believe the sights. Three women, completely nude from the tops of their heads to their pretty toes, handcuffed, talkin g like it was the most natural thing in the world. Christi, in her tight jeans and top, no underwear and barefoot. Jane in evening wear, her feet bare and moving against the tile. Busily making lunch. They were all just so ... exquisite, delicate creatures .

It was hard to believe what I'd put them all through over the last days. Pain. Humiliation. Sexual slavery. I closed my eyes and pictured them, just this morning, covered in syrup, sticky, eating without complaint, in a situation that just wasn't

imaginable for most people. And they were here. Still alive. Still surviving. And unbroken. Even happy. I watched a quick smile flash across Amy's face as she laughed at something Sheila had said. The female of the species is a wondrous creature.

I took a deep breath.

"Christi?"

She looked up from her tray of sandwiches that she was placing on the table, her eyes questioning. If I was to tell her to make love to Jane on the floor, she would. No questions. No complaints. If I was to ask her to whip Amy's breasts for a few minutes ... she would. She'd protest. Try to avoid it. Try to offer herself. Any number of things. But she'd do it for me. Any of them would. I felt a tingle race through me.

"I think we are going to need a couple of chairs," I spoke to her.

She looked at me incredulously. I was implying that all of them might actually get chairs? At lunch time? Not make two of them sit on the floor, or worse eat off the floor like pets? She didn't move, her thoughts freezing her body.

"Christi?"

She shook herself and looked at me again, her mouth open.

I laughed gently. "Yes, you all get to sit like human beings today."

She finally took a breath and scampered towards the dining room. Smiling, I watched as she struggled with the larger dining room chairs. Hugging them as if they were a person, using her whole smaller body to lift the things and bring them into the kitchen. She used her bare foot to push open the door.

After she was done, there were six chairs gathered around the small kitchen table. She had arranged the chairs with a little help from the three nude girls, such that one dining room chair had more space than the others. Presumably mine.

I looked at the girls. Jane had finished preparations, all the food was on the table. The girls were all standing demurely beside their chosen chair, waiting quietly.

"Christi?"

She looked up a bit fearfully, afraid that she'd done something wrong. Something in my tone, I guess.

"Relax, silly female. Two things. You could have dragged them," meaning the chairs that she'd struggled to carry in here. Christi blushed a bit at that, realizing that she wasn't thinking. I continued, "And even out the chairs. You'll never have enough room like that." The girls chairs were really jammed together giving my chair an excessive amount of space. While I liked the image of them pressed together and a little uncomfortable, it wasn't necessary today. No need to have them unable to eat easily, constantly bumping elbows and other softer things.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. Given past treatment , there was no reason for her to think that I would allow them more room at the small table. She was apologizing anyway, as though it were her fault for not reading my mind. After this morning, I suppose that I couldn't blame her for being careful and thinking any perceived transgression might be punishable. She quickly moved to separate the girls' chairs. She still left me more room, but I didn't push the issue.

I slowly moved to the chair intended for me and sat. The rest of the girls sat down as soon as I touched the chair. They were quiet, not really knowing what was happening. Except Jane probably had an inkling what my unusual mood was about.

A tremulous voice rose from beside me. Elizabeth spoke, almost fearfully.

“M-master? Are we. Is it,” she stamme red and finally found her tongue. “Was it your intention for some slaves not to eat?”

I looked at her quizzically. She looked down quickly, probably sorry she’d spoken at all.

I was a little confused by her question. She looked up quickly, saw the confusio n and took a breath. She rattled her wrists trapped behind her bare back.

The light dawned on me. I smiled and reached forward, picking up a small egg sandwich. I touched it to her trembling lips. Obediently, she parted her lips and accepted the food into her mouth. I watched her chew slowly, comprehension dawning of her pretty face. She flushed a little, realizing that she was sitting next to Sheila who was similarly bound. Unless I relented and released her wrists, she was going to get fed b y me. Or I would force Christi or Jane to lean across the table to feed her. Tears briefly brimmed in her expressive eyes, but she managed to control them. I guess just the image of her not even having the control to feed herself had washed over her. For m e it was exciting, for her probably a bit humiliating.

I looked around the table at the four stunning faces watching my movements. Perhaps they were waiting for permission to eat.

“Jane? Share your fingers with Amy. Christi? You feed Sheila. And I’ll take care of Elizabeth.”

Taking that as a sign to begin, I watched as Christi hesitantly picked up a ham sandwich and offered it to Sheila. Seeing my gaze on her, and seeing the look in my eyes, she anticipated my next request. After Sheila had bitten off a sma ll bite, Christi turned the sandwich to her own mouth and shared the food as well as her fingers. Jane watched and did the same. Soon, the women were eating slowly and talking softly around the table. I tried to remember to share with Elizabeth. The girl t ook whatever was offered to her from my plate. Sandwiches of a multitude of flavours and pickles. She seemed to enjoy all of them. She was happily talking to the other girls, and directing some questions to me. Asking to try some foods that I hadn’t taken. I wasn’t very hungry, but I did share my food, allowing her to request whatever she wanted. I figured if she was willing to sit there naked and cuffed being fed by me without complaint, then she deserved to eat whatever she desired.

Finally, Elizabeth was full, and I didn’t want any more. She obediently licked the crumbs off my fingers after we were done. I idly sat back, stroking her red hair, watching the other’s still interacting. Christi and Jane still slowly fed the naked women and themselves.

The girls got into an animated discussion of the relative merits of oral vs. conventional sex. I wisely refrained from entering the discussion and they continued as though I wasn’t even there. But I did notice a gleam of mischievous intent in Jane’s eyes. If I recalled correctly, she had initiated the discussion with some inflammatory comment. Considering that she was the only girl what had escaped oral sex with Amy this morning, it was actually ironic.

At last, the conversation began to show signs of weakness, an d Jane rose to clear the table. Christi automatically followed, being the only other female free of fetters. She began to run water into the sink.

“Just clear the dishes. No need to wash them.”

“Why? Are we moving again?” Christi turned off the water and j oked with me. “You harbouring a run -out-of-plates-and-move mentality now?”

Jane had transferred most of the plates and trays to the counter beside the sink.

I didn’t answer right away, and Christi’s face became more worried.

“Or are you just anxious to pla y with us, again?” Christi whispered. Fear had begun to creep into her eyes despite her obvious efforts to remain casual.

I took a deep breath. “We’re moving. Sort of.”

Christi looked at me. All the girls looked at me, except for Jane.

Christi’s lips moved gently. “Please. Master. We like it here. It’s comfortable. We picked it. Please don’t make us move again. I’ll. We’ll do anything you want. Please let us stay here.”

“You’ll do anything I want, anyway. Whether we move or not.”

“Oh.” Her face fell betrayi ng her disappointment. I could see the resignation cross her face. If I wanted to move them, they didn’t have a lot of choice in the matter. “I suppose you want us to pack all our chains and ropes and stuff.”

“Actually no. I don’t. I said we are moving. So rt of.” This time I emphasized the ‘Sort of.’

“I. I don’t understand,” Christi spoke quietly. The other girls didn’t know what to think, letting Christi speak for them, for now. They just watched quietly, Jane closing her eyes and watching the floor. I cou ld see the smile playing about her lips, the vixen, but she hid her involvement here well.

I took a deep breath and looked at Christi’s deep blue eyes until she looked away, resigned that I’d explain to her when I was ready. Not much she could do about it.

“Janey?”

Jane looked up with widened eyes, not expecting me to call her.

“Yes, sir,” her mouth automatically formed the words.

“Tell them.” I leaned back in the chair, crossing my arms across my chest and trying to keep my face neutral.

Her face dropped i n surprise, but she recovered quickly. She looked around at the four intent faces staring at her. Waiting for her to speak. Confusion infused all the expectant faces. They didn’t know what was coming, but they knew that this was far more important than a m ove from a hotel to a mansion. They could tell by my behaviour, by how they’d been treated over the last hour or so, and the look on Jane’s face.

Jane took a deep breath, holding her hands to her face as though she was going to cry. Finally, the soft, almo st whispered words fell into the silent room.

“We’re going home,” Jane whispered, tears running down her face. She caught her breath and continued to her stunned audience. “He’s going to let us go. Today.”

Amy whispered from her chair. “You. You’re kidding . Please. Don’t.”

Tears had formed in all their faces. They knew instinctively that Jane wasn’t lying, that she was telling the truth to them. That they were going to return to their former lives. Forgetting about this time, this place. What they’d all wanted since I’d dropped into their normal lives.

Almost as one, the girls surged out of their places. Had I ordered them to stay where they were, they wouldn’t have listened. Their voic es mixed together, laughing, crying, talking. They moved together with Jane overwhelmed in the middle. The two free girls hugged and kissed the bound ones, pressing their bodies together in a show of happiness

and relief. They'd made it through. Sane. Even Sheila was excited and participating. Christi and Jane hugged fiercely, crying onto each other's shoulders.

I sat back, shaking my head, just watching them. I don't think I will ever see such a display of such relief and happiness as long as I live. The g irls couldn't stop talking, asking Jane questions, overwhelming her.

I let them get it out of their systems, waiting patiently, quietly enjoying them. Finally, Jane extracted herself from the mob of girls, gently pushing them away from her. She walked slow ly to where I was sitting and spoke slowly and somberly.

"I honestly thought that you were going to keep us forever. I thought, that you were maybe even going to kill us one day. I was sure of it. No matter what your reasons are, I for one want to thank yo u for this. Even if I have to wait a little longer yet."

She bent and kissed me on both cheeks and then full on the lips, holding my jaw firmly between her hands. Each girl, in turn, followed Jane. Kissing me the same way, Christi last, running her tongue softly over my lips before breaking away.

Amy looked over at me after Christi was done. Her bare skin shone clean despite her exertions this morning. Her hands pulled gently at the cuffs holding her.

"When?" she asked quietly.

"Soon," I answered her vaguel y. Truthfully, I didn't know when they'd all be released.

Her face paled. "You want to hurt us one last time. Don't you?"

I looked at Jane who turned to Amy. She touched Amy's bare shoulder, turning the girl to face Jane.

"Sweety. He's done hurting us. He got that out of his system this morning. Those handcuffs are about as close to hurting as you'll get. He's going to let us go later today."

"Why not now?" Amy was understandably the most anxious to leave and get back to her real life. She'd been a bit of a firebrand since that day where she'd discovered what pain really was. A tongue clamp, a riding crop and some rope.

"Amy, honey. He does have some plans for us."

Amy paled. "Rape hurts some of us, you know?" she whispered.

Jane actually laughed. "Honey. He 's not going to rape us. At least I don't think he is. Christi already gave him a tumble from what I heard." Christi blushed fiercely for some reason. "He. He's going to let us all do something *we* want to do. Something that we normally couldn't."

"I just want to go home," Amy spoke quietly.

Jane took a deep breath. "You are going to be here until tonight anyway, honey. Think about it. I'm sure there are limits here, but make it worthwhile being here. If he's going to let us do something for us, take advan tage of it. Think about it."

Amy nodded in that way that says, I -don't-want-anything-but-to-go-home, but she managed a smile. At least her worst fears weren't being realized. At least it wasn't looking like she'd be raped or tormented any longer.

Christi looked like she was about to say something, but I cut her off.

"Girls? Remember that you are still slaves. There's just an end in sight. I don't want to see any last minute disobedience because I'm letting you go. Jane and Christi? Remember the clothes? Rem ember how you knew you were going to lose them if you didn't remember what you were? You did well with that, but remember that I can take potential freedom away as well."

The girls sobered a bit at the words. They all nodded grimly. It was probably easier for Elizabeth, Sheila and Amy to accept this, still being naked and handcuffed. I imagine it is tough not to remember that you are under control when you have no clothing and are restrained physically. But Jane and Christi had always been good at keeping m e satisfied despite freedoms that I allowed them. I suspected that when I told them to kneel, all of them still would.

I shepherded the girls out into the hallway. They resumed their excited chattering as though I wasn't there. I guided them into the libra ry where I had them kneel and carefully placed handcuffs on all of them. Jane and Christi looked hurt a bit, but I ensured that the bonds weren't tight and just restricted their motion a little. The nude women, I merely changed their hands from behind them to in front.

"Couldn't have done this before lunch, could you?" Elizabeth smiled up at me playfully.

"Then I probably wouldn't have had the pleasure of feeding you."

She blushed and accepted the cuffs over her wrists again.

I felt a bit drained and wanted a few moments to think.

"Alright. You all have free time for a while, but don't move out of these rooms. Okay?"

The women nodded, understanding. Christi and Elizabeth jumped immediately to their bare feet and headed for their books, not wanting to waste free time. Sheila more slowly climbed to her feet and began to scan the book shelves. Amy moved to the doorway and slipped into the stereo room.

Jane remained on her knees looking up at me.

"If you want company, I'll do whatever you need." Her expression told me that she would do anything I wanted, whether that involved her crying in pain, or held in my arms. Or she'd simply sit and talk.

"Thanks for the offer, Janey. I appreciate it. But I just want to think for a while."

"I understand," she spoke softly from the floor. She struggled to push herself to her bare feet. "Can I ask if I'm allowed in the dining room."

An image of her stretched out on the windowsill in the still morning sun caught my mind's eye. Her feline form, breathing softly in sleep. With and without the evening dress, she flitted behind my eyes.

"Are you alright?" she asked worriedly. She'd never seen a blackout and she was understandably worried. Her life could be in the balance of anoth er blackout and she was so close to going home.

I shook off the images with a smile. She didn't understand why I looked her up and down the way I did, but I nodded to her.

"I'm fine. And, of course you go to the dining room. Little kitten."

She gave me a strange smile making me wonder just how much she did know. In a swirl of black fabric, interrupted only by her pale bare feet she scampered away to her window.

I turned away and made my way slowly upstairs. I lay back on the bed, closed my eyes and let the images of the week flash through.

Chapter 120

I must have relaxed on the master bed for an hour or so, just reflecting on the journey, from the moment I took Christi, through all the excitement and emotions all the way to the happiness in Jane's eyes as she related her news in the kitchen. They were wonderful girls. And I was going to miss them. I closed my eyes and shuddered. The small black spider crawled over the recesses of my mind. Relaxing, I managed to stave off another episode, but I knew the time was coming. The girls deserved to be returned. They deserved better than this.

Slowly I sat up and stretched my limbs. I was tired, but it was time. I gained my feet and made my way to the door, slowly opening it. The hallway reminded me of the short journey that we had left. A straight arrow with a set of stairs leading down.

I arrived in the library, silently entering. Elizabeth was at her perch, reading the Tale of Two Cities again. Christi was curled up in the chair reading her Talisman. Both girls looked up at me as I entered. Elizabeth slowly raised her arms to display her bare breasts, flushing a little as she did. I could almost see the thoughts in her pretty head. Not much longer, and anything to make the last few hours less painful for her. I smiled at her, appreciating the gesture, but indicated to her that she didn't have to display her body to me. Not this time. She slowly lowered her arms, a look of gratefulness crossing her features. Her arms obscured her breasts, but it was still obvious that she was nude. She looked beautiful in either position.

Sheila was lying quietly on the floor, thumbing through an atlas of all things. She hadn't looked up as I entered, intent on something in the reference book. I nodded easily to the other girls, who slowly turned back to their books. But I could feel their eyes still on me as I crouched beside Sheila. She finally looked up as my shadow crossed her book.

She smiled weakly, somehow understanding that I wanted her. She pushed herself off her stomach with her handcuffed hands and knelt. Not a word had been exchanged yet. I gently touched her shoulder as I rose to my feet. She followed, somehow knowing that it was expected of her. Her bare feet whispered across the carpet as I guided her out of the room. At the entranceway, she turned, gazing back at her friends. Christi and Elizabeth both were watching us intently now, their books forgotten. Elizabeth waved her bound hand, and Christi followed suit. They had no idea if they'd ever see Sheila again. Tears formed in Sheila's eyes as she waved back. But a weak smile also graced her features.

As I guided her to the stairs, she tried to speak. I shushed her gently. She obeyed, and silently climbed the stair, her bare legs working in front of my eyes.

We reached the bedroom and I sat on the bed. Looking around, a bit confused, she finally decided that the safest course was to kneel, which she did. I let her kneel there quietly for a few minutes. She broke the silence.

"Master? Are? Are you going to rape me?"

I laughed gently. "If I haven't raped you yet, little one, I'm not going to."

She looked a bit relieved. "Why am I here then?" she asked quietly.

I looked at her. She was a vision of beauty. She perhaps had the most stunning physical attraction of all of them. And I'd never even touched it. She was kneeling easily with her hands held in her lap. She was squirming a little, but not as much as I would have in a similar situation.

“You know why you are here,” I spoke gently to her.

She swallowed heavily. I wasn’ t making it easier for her. She thought she knew, but she was afraid of being wrong. I couldn’t blame her.

“Master? I. I know what I want.” She finally found the courage to take a chance.

I nodded to her, letting her know that it was alright for her to continue.

“I. I haven’t been allowed to leave this house in three months. I’ve been raped. I’ve been beaten. I’ve been put through things that even you couldn’t imagine. What I really want is to stay, he re with you. Relatively safe. But I’m pretty sure that I can’t,” her voice faltered and she paused for a moment, her thoughts spinning through her head. “I. I want to go outside. I just want to be free, just for a while.”

I smiled. That was easy enough to grant. I slowly got off the bed and released her wrists. I dropped the handcuffs to the floor with a jangle. She remained on her knees, slowly rubbing her freed wrists.

I urged her to her bare feet and guided her silently downstairs and through the kitchen. I could see the tears brimming in her eyes as she anticipated the outdoors again. Anything but this house, her prison. She didn’t care if she was naked. She didn’t care if she was still sore from Evan’s treatment. She didn’t care about anything except fe eling the air against her skin, the sun beating down on her.

I opened the back door for her, letting it swing open. She hesitated in the doorway. She breathed in the fresh air wafting in from outside. She almost seemed like a dehydration victim, willing he rself to take it slow, knowing that her body would reject water if she gulped.

In one slow and careful motion she stepped outside, her bare feet touching the grass.

She turned to me, “I can go?” she asked quietly.

I nodded. And she turned her bare body, he r arms reaching for the sky. She ran. I watched as her steps faltered a bit as she ran past Evan’s frozen body, and again as she passed Gertrude, but she continued, turning her face from them and running like the wind. I stepped out into the bright sunshin e and watched her. She was like an antelope, a deer, a cheetah. She ran with the abandon of an alcoholic who was desperate for her next drink. I could hear her cries and laughter as she ran through the grass. I walked after her, just enjoying her pure joy and happiness.

Occasionally she stopped, plucking flowers from the garden and smelling them. She trailed her hands over the rough bark of the trees. And she knelt in the grass, running her hands through the blades.

I slowly approached her as she knelt. I s ettled beside her, unable to stop smiling at her simple happiness. Her teary eyes turned to my face. Her smile was enough to thank me forever, but she said the words anyway.

“Thank-you,” she whispered. “I wish I could stay out here all day.”

“And I wish I could watch you all day,” I answered her back.

She smiled at that and carefully lay herself out in the grass. She arched her back, pushing her breasts out into the sunshine. She was breathing hard from her exertions, her nipples hardened into small points.

She reached her arms out towards me, beckoning me to join her with her fingers. Such a difference from that frightened paranoid girl that I’d found with Mayer and

afterwards. All she needed was some respect and some care and this girl would be yours forever.

I touched her fingers with mine, and then withdrew. She looked up at me quizzically. “I know I’m still knocked around a bit, but you don’t want me?” She was genuinely surprised, her fingers touching her still bruised face. I suppose she was used to men wanting her.

This was the same girl that not a half hour ago was worried about me raping her?

I slowly nodded my head. The sight of her bare body was more than arousing. Even after my tumble with Christi this morning, I could react to Sheila.

“Come on then,” she whispered.

“Sheila, honey. I didn’t give you what you wanted so that you’d have sex with me. I promised I wasn’t going to rape you. I enjoyed just watching you.”

She smiled shyly in the grass. Her breasts were still rising and falling in an irregular rhythm. Her nipples still hadn’t fallen.

“Master? A slave wants to point out that it isn’t rape if the girl wants it too.”

“Do you want it?”

She shyly nodded. She’d probably been used to some sexual activity on a daily basis for a long time. Even if it hadn’t been welcome. And while I’m sure the break was nice for her, her body probably expected the stimulation. I hadn’t seen any indication that she had ever pleasured herself while under my care, but I suppose it was possible. Her body was healing, and she certainly looked interested. I guess I could understand.

I slowly moved into her embrace, taking pleasure in her soft skin. She embraced me fiercely, pressing herself into my body. She kissed me, aroused me. I fell into her lips, letting her guide this. My body felt like it was on fire as her fingers gently pushed me down into the grass.

I watched her as she straddled me, her fingers pulling at my shirt. She bent, pulling me to her, pressing her bare body into me. I felt her nipples against my bare skin for the first and last time. She kissed me again, her tongue carefully exploring.

She whispered in my ear, her breath hot and desirable. I lost my bearings, enjoying her sensations, enjoying her softness. I closed my eyes, feeling her tugging at my jeans. I felt myself, at last, naked and nude as she. I gasped as I felt her moving up my body, her skin becoming a part of mine. I unconsciously reached for her breasts, caressing her firmness, eliciting her gasps as I stroked her nipples.

Slowly I was engulfed by her. I felt her arousal as she lowered herself onto me. She rocked gently, seeking to get me further into herself. She moaned slightly, probably not even aware of it as she began her rhythm. Her hands left my chest and I concentrated on her sensations. She was gasping for breath, her breath hissing between her teeth. Slowly she accelerated her rhythm, searching for her own rhythm. I opened my eyes. This gorgeous creature straddled me, her blonde hair damp. Her left hand caressed her nipples alternately, her right was gently pushing herself between her straining thighs. Her eyes were closed, head thrown back as she worked. I could feel her muscles quiver once as she took in a last breath of air. She shuddered, and screamed as she exploded, her fingers a blur working herself between her spread thighs. I could feel her tight vaginal muscles contracting around me. The sensations were too much. Her image burned into my mind, I exploded upwards, emptying myself into her. She cried out again as she felt the warm rush of fluid within her.

Her climax lasted longer than mine, but eventually she came down with a small moan. She fell forward, trusting me to catch her as best I could. Her body was bathed in perspiration, her vaginal muscles still spasming around my soft ening impalement.

She pulled me close, tears falling down her face. I held her on top of me, letting her cry. Eventually, she raised her face, wiping at her tears.

"I'm sorry," she whispered. "I. I didn't mean to cry."

I smiled at her, understanding. Sort of. She'd been through a lot and it was ending. I almost felt like crying too.

I was beginning to feel a little uncomfortable, still being inside of her, but for now, it was bearable. She shifted her weight a little and whispered t o me again.

"I. I never knew what I was missing with Mayer. I. I had climaxes, because he forced me to, but I didn't know what a real climax felt like. Thank -you."

I wasn't sure that I had anything to do with it. She'd done all the work.

"Thank yourself. Y ou did this."

She smiled and rested her head on my chest. We were still joined.

Finally her musical voice spoke again, softly turned away from me.

"I. I don't want to go back."

"I know. And I don't blame you. I'm sorry."

"It's not your fault. But. I've tas ted freedom again. I'd forgotten what it was like."

"Sheila, honey. You are probably my worst problem. I care about you. Well, I care about everyone, but I really don't want to send you back. I have to, but you are going back to the worst situation that I can imagine."

She lay still for a moment, unknown thoughts moving through her head. She turned her head towards me, tears streaking her face again.

"You honestly have to send me back? I. I prefer it here. I. I don't mind being your slave. I'd happily stay for you. I'm going to miss this."

"I know you will. I know."

She turned her head back, resigned. She knew that she was going back, and she was well aware of how bad her fate was. I had to admire her bravery. She didn't even beg me to keep her. Even if she didn't understand why, I think she understood that I would have done anything in my power not to send her back if I could.

"Sheila, honey? I want you to know that I will take care of him for you in real life. You won't remember any of this. You won't remem ber me. But I will make sure he's caught. And I will make sure that you are freed. Somehow. He won't get away with this. And I won't let him torture you to death. You only have to survive a couple of days. That's all."

She had turned to face me again. She forced a weak smile onto her face.

"Even though I've seen what you can do, and what you did to Jane and Elizabeth in there. You will never be the asshole that he is. You care about them, and I want to thank you. For everything. For freeing me. For not rapi ng me. For taking care of me. And for what you are going to do for me. You never owed me anything, and, I know it's ironic, but you are kindest person I've ever met. I wish I knew who you were."

I smiled at her and brushed her damp hair back from her face.

I squirmed a bit, feeling the tight friction of her against my soft penis. She screwed up her face and actually laughed, feeling the odd sensation from the other end. I don't

think I've ever felt myself go complete soft inside a woman before, and I doubt if she'd ever felt it either.

"I'm sorry. I was just so comfortable."

She hastily withdrew and eased me out of her sex. I sighed as I slipped free of her, and she laughed at the expression on my face.

"Time to go?" she asked quietly.

"Unless you want anyth ing else. Like to take one more shot at Mayer."

Her eyes clouded a little, but she managed to force them back to a brighter shade. She was outside, free and just had sex that she had actually enjoyed. God knows how long it had been since the last time she had enjoyed sex. She spoke quietly.

"Much as I'd like to see him suffer more, I don't want to ruin this by even seeing him. The only thing I want is to say good -bye to the others, if I can." She took a deep breath and quietly continued. "I. I think I'm rea dy. As ready as I can be."

I rose to my feet and extended my hand. She smiled up at me and grasped it, pulling herself to her bare feet. She stood and watched as I quickly replaced my clothes. As I approached her, she stood on her bare toes and kissed my lips. She returned to her easy stance and smiled shyly at me. She reached out and gripped my hand. We walked almost like lovers back to the house. She purposely avoided looking at the former occupant s of the house as we passed.

She hesitated by the library door, tears beginning to form in her eyes. I patiently waited for her to control her emotions and let her decide when to push open the door. In a few minutes she wiped at her face and entered the ro om. Her bare feet moved in a stilted motion as the other's looked up.

Amy had joined the other two, and they were talking quietly together. They all looked up, concern on their faces as Sheila walked in.

Taking in her tears, Christi rose from her chair. Sh e spoke quietly.

"It's time to go, for you. Isn't it?"

Sheila just nodded, her tears falling from her eyes uncontrollably. She just let them drip down her face.

Elizabeth and Amy rose and walked over to Sheila. Despite their handcuffs, they pressed their n ude bodies to Sheila, hugging her as best they could.

I listened as Elizabeth whispered to her.

"I really didn't know you as well as I wish that I did. You are a brave and wonderful girl. I know you won't remember me, but I only want the best for you. I kn ow what you are going back to, and I hate it. Be strong. For me."

She kissed her cheek. Amy, tears gently falling down her face, kissed Sheila as well.

As soon as the naked women finished, Christi enveloped Sheila in a huge embrace, pressing her clothes in to Sheila's nudity. They separated, and looked at one another, tears falling down their cheeks.

"Thanks. For everything," Sheila whispered. "I couldn't have done this without you."

Christi choked, only able to cry. They kissed lightly on the lips and separ ated. Finally, Christi managed a few words. "I'm going to miss you."

Sheila kissed her once more and the girls separated. Sheila approached me, unable to even see, she was crying so hard. The other girls looked on helplessly. I took her hand gently and spoke to her.

"Do you want to say good bye to Jane?"

She nodded silently through her tears.

I guided her slowly to the dining room. Jane was stretched out in the sunshine of the window, her black evening dress looking odd on her, but stunning nevertheless. As we entered, she looked up. She was almost immediately on her feet, running towards Sheila. Instinctively she knew. The tears, the look on both mine and Sheila's face.

The girls hugged, Sheila crying into Jane's shoulder. I watched them rock one another. Jane struggled with her emotions, but she was unable to stop a single tear from tracking down her face.

"I'm sorry," she whispered to Sheila. "I should be happy for you, but I'm going to miss you."

The girls pulled back a bit, looking into one another's eyes.

"You were like a sister to me," Sheila whispered. "You helped me so much. Adjusting to this. You were there for me. I wish I could give you back a tenth of what you gave to me."

"You just did," Jane whispered as she gently kissed Sheila.

She pulled back and held the crying naked woman by her arm. "Now you listen to me. I know what you are going back to. I know it won't be easy. But he's going to help you. Okay?" She shot me a look, making sure that I knew she'd never forgive me if I didn't help this girl. Truthfully, I was her only hope, and I was painfully aware of it. "You just have to hold on for a day or so. You're strong. You can do it. I promise. You promise me, that you'll hold on."

Sheila dumbly nodded. Her promises wouldn't mean much, but I had a strange feeling that she would do exactly what she'd promised despite not remembering it. She was a strong girl. Considering what she'd gone through already in her real life, perhaps the strongest out of any of us.

"Take care of yourself," Jane spoke softly with tears now rolling slowly down her cheeks. Sheila wiped at the tears while ignoring her own.

"I will." They hugged once more, both girls looking reluctant to release the embrace.

Sheila presented herself back to me. Jane just stood and watched. Sheila bent as though to fall to her bare knees, but I stopped her with a touch. I touched her small hand and took it in mine. I slowly guided her out of the room. She turned and whispered a last good-bye to Jane as we left the dining room, throwing herself in to renewed sobs. She silently cried all the way up the stairs until we were outside the master bedroom. She stood in the hallway, looking at me through blurry eyes.

Her voice was surprisingly strong as she spoke.

"You won't keep me?"

She shivered and threw a fearful glance towards the doorway across the hallway. If I didn't relent, she knew where she'd be in a few moments. Dressed in her maid's uniform, three sizes too small, and bound. About to be kicked and tortured and raped for hours by her old master.

“I’m sorry Sheila. I truly am. I can’t. I so much wish I could. I don’t want to send you back into that.”

“I. I understand,” she whispered. She moved forward and embraced me, pressing her soft body into mine. She began to cry again, but she strugg led and managed to get control. She tilted her blonde head and let her lips gently touch mine. Visions of her bare body making gentle love to me out in the grass flew through my mind.

“Thank you for giving me so much,” she whispered.

I took a deep breath, “I’m going to miss you.”

“Me too. Maybe look me up once you’ve freed me. Ease up on the punishments, and maybe ...” her voice trailed off. She resumed after a quick pause. “I’m going to miss you too.” Her eyes teared up again at the words, but she managed to control them again.

I took another deep breath and began to collapse her time bubble. She gasped as the tingling overtook her bare body. She whispered one last quick “Thank -you,” before she winked out of existence.

I knew exactly what state she was in b ehind the closed door of the business room. I didn’t think that I could handle checking on her. She’d be right where I’d found her. Bound, carrying that tray for Mayer, and about to be abused. Yet again. My heart ached, but I had no choice.

I turned away from the door, fighting off my own tears and slowly walked back downstairs.

Chapter 121

As I entered the library, all three girls looked up halting their quiet conversation. Amy had taken the remaining library chair, and the other two girls were in their usual spots.

Elizabeth spoke quietly, "I feel like were being taken to a firing squad. Please, can't you tell us what is happening? With us?"

Her face was tear streaked, and frightened. I considered, and then spoke to them.

"Girls. You know what is happening. I've told you. I'm letting you all go. And I'm giving you all a chance to do one last thing on this timeline. For yourselves. Not for me. Sheila had some fun outside. She hadn't been out in months. I'm not going to hurt you. You can relax."

Elizabeth considered for a moment. "Does it hurt?"

"Hurt?"

"Yeah, when you sent her ... us ... back?"

"Not at all. You shouldn't feel a thing. Maybe a slight tingle as time slows and then stops for you."

She didn't look convinced. "I guess we don't have a choi ce anyway. Probably easier than having your breasts whipped."

I smiled. "You got it." I turned to Amy. "Amy? You ready?"

She took a deep breath, and looked like she fought off some butterflies. She slowly nodded and climbed to her bare feet. She silently w alked to the entranceway, a look of determination on her features. She didn't even turn as she walked out. She didn't look angry, just preoccupied.

I heard Elizabeth and Christi resume whatever their discussion was as the door softly closed behind me. Amy was waiting quietly in the hallway, unsure where we were going. She was twisting her wrists in her restraints, her face a mask. I motioned her up the stairs, and followed behind her as she climbed.

When we entered the room, I sat back down on the rumpled b ed. Amy stood awkwardly in the middle of the room looking at me.

She spoke quietly. "Am I allowed to sit? Or do I have to join you on the bed?" Her voice trembled a little as she mentioned the bed. I reflected that I had never actually had intercourse with this girl either. I'd forced her to use her mouth, but only a couple of times. I looked at her, standing there, nude and handcuffed and felt a quick twinge of desire flow through me. I pushed it away and spoke gently.

"I'd rather you kneel."

She shot me a look of disappointment, but obediently fell to her bare knees on the carpet. She had wanted the dignity of a chair. She pulled idly at her wrists and finally lowered them into her lap, resting on her thighs.

I lay back on the bed and just watched her for a moment. She shifted awkwardly. I couldn't tell what was flitting through her mind. I couldn't imagine what it felt like to have to kneel naked in front of someone who had complete control over you. I twinged again.

She finally spoke. "What do you want wi th me?"

"It's not about what I want. It's about what you want."

She considered, cocking her head to the side. I could almost see the thoughts burning across her mind. Wondering if I expected anything out of her, or whether she could actually ask for someth ing and have a reasonable chance of getting it.

"It's alright, Amy. You aren't here to be hurt. You aren't here to be raped. You are here for whatever you want."

She hesitated then made up her mind. "I just want to go home. I don't want to be hurt any more , I don't want to be punished. I don't want to be constantly naked. I want to see my father. I want to forget that this ever happened to me. Please."

I smiled at her. "Amy, I will send you home. Soon. I promise. Think about it though ... you can do whateve r you want. One last time. You won't remember it. You don't have to feel guilty."

"I just want to go home," she repeated softly.

"You sure?"

"I would like to say good -bye to the others. If you'll let me."

"I'll let you. Of course."

I rose off the bed and c rouched in front of the kneeling girl. I cupped her face in my hands, and she stared out at me, her eyes unreadable. Her face was pretty, always had been. I couldn't help picturing her with that tongue clamp attached to her, screaming. She didn't have the stunning beauty of Jane or Christi or Sheila, but nevertheless she was beautiful. I lifting her hands and released her wrists. She knelt quietly, suffering my inspection of her and holding my gaze.

I motioned for her to get to her feet. She started to rise and then sat back on her haunches. She looked up at me, tears beginning to shine in her eyes.

"You really are going to honour my wishes. Aren't you?"

I was confused. "Huh?" I grunted as I rose to my own feet leaving her on her knees.

"You will try your da mnedest to give me whatever I want before you send me back."

I nodded slowly.

"Can a slave change her mind?" she looked up at me, her hardened demeanor completely gone.

I shrugged. I was going to give her whatever she wanted anyway. As long as it didn't take too long and wasn't dangerous.

"I ..." she hesitated. "I'd like to talk."

"Talk?"

I settled myself back onto my bed.

"Talk. I'd like to know about you, and I'd like to tell you about the girl that is kneeling here in front of you. If you'll let me."

"What do you want to know?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm just some guy that discovered the secrets to time. That's all."

"Are you married?"

I shook my head.

"What do you do? When you aren't creating new realities?

"I'm a research assistant at the local college."

"What field?"

"Quantum physics."

She looked a bit confused, but she nodded her pretty head anyway.

"Why do you do this? I mean take us? Women?"

"I really don't know. It. It excites me, I guess."

"Do you think it excites us?"

"It doesn't really matter to me ," I lied, "but yes, I think that being under my control does excite some of you."

Amy took a deep breath. "Not me. But, I have to say that you could have done worse to me. I didn't think so at the time, when you had me in that tongue clamp, and were whipping me, but I know you could have tortured me a lot more. I want to thank - you for not putting me through more."

"What about you?"

"Me? Christ. I can hardly remember myself. I'm a student. Second year. Art. I know ... it hardly compares to quantum physics, or time control, but I enjoy it. I enjoy music mostly. That's my major."

I smiled. "Amy, honey. Engineering and science isn't all there is in the world. It would be a really boring place without emotion and art. Believe me."

She smiled unexpectedly at that. "I work ... worked ... part time at a restaurant. Waitressing."

"Where?"

"A small pizza joint where I get pawed by the regulars. But it's harmless. And I don't mind. They'd love to see me now ..." her voice trailed off.

"You are a strong girl, you know that?"

"I begged. I couldn't take all that you did to me."

"Doesn't make you weak. The pain was designed to make you beg."

"I know. But I still feel weak. I couldn't get away. I'm dependent on you letting me go. My entire life is in your hands."

"I'll let you go. I swear it."

"I know. It's all I've been able to think about since you discovered me in the hotel suite. I did what I was told, but only because you'd hurt me. Not because I enjoyed it."

"Amy, honey. I know. You've never quite accepted captivity."

"I accepted it. I just didn't like it. You try being tied into a chair without your clothes for hours on end. Hell, add in a homosexual encounter or two without your consent and see how long you last."

I slipped off the bed and knelt beside the girl. Tears were beginning to form in her eyes. I kissed them gently away for her. I held her gently.

"I may have control here because I managed to find the secrets of the universe, but you are far stronger than I'll ever be. I'd have been a raving loon if I'd been put through half the things I've put you girls through. I recognize it."

She lifted her head, gazing at me, willing her tears to stop.

"You really do mean that."

"Of course, I do."

She leaned forward and kissed me gently on the lips, letting her lips linger for a moment. When she broke the kiss, I stared at her, confused.

She spoke softly. "You do horrible things. And I can't like you. But at least you have the courtesy of knowing us."

“What was the kiss for?” I wanted so much more from her, but I had promised not to take her. I could have anyway. She’d have forgotten it. But I couldn’t. My mind wouldn’t let me.

“Just because I know that you could have me, anyway you want me, and you never did. I may have been uncomfortable, but you never pushed me beyond my limits, even when I pissed you off. I hate you, and I love you. All at the same time. And I wanted to kiss you once, when you hadn’t forced me to.”

I smiled and rose to my feet. I extended my hand to her. She grasped me lightly and pulled her bare body to a standing position. She smiled at me.

“I’m going home now?”

I nodded slowly. I didn’t want to let her go anymore than I wanted to let go Sheila, but I had to and she seemed to realize that.

“I’m ready,” she slowly said as I took one last private look at her beautiful body. In response to my look, she sighed and lifted her arms above her head. She daintily pirouetted for me, her bare feet whispering across the carpet.

She grinned as she returned to an easy stance, I guess the open look of admiration flattered her.

“I know that I’m no beauty like Christi or Jane, but thank you. I think.”

I smiled and guided her back out to the hallway. She walked easily, her step happy and looking forward to going home. I couldn’t blame her.

She stopped herself just in front of the library. She turned and tilted her head up towards me.

“One last thing?”

“What’s that?”

“Kiss me? I feel odd. Guilty. I mean, I have a boyfriend who I’ve tried to picture whenever you were around or you made me have sex. But it didn’t always work. And I kissed you, I want to be kissed. Once. Before I leave and forget all this.”

“You are a strange girl.”

She smiled, obviously taking the comment as a compliment. I’d intended it as a nice thing, so I was glad to see that she could recognize it for what it was.

I gently leaned down, feeling her bare arms encircling my neck. She raised her head, letting me gently kiss her lips. I briefly felt her tongue touching my lips. She kissed me until I broke the kiss. She looked flushed, and she smiled as she stood there. She was no longer conscious of her nudity, she stood easily. Her small nipples were hardened and she was breathing heavily.

“Thank-you,” she whispered. “That was my bit of naughtiness. That’s what I really wanted.”

I couldn’t understand, had no hope of understanding. She was female, in a strange situation. There probably was no explanation. All I knew was that the kiss had ignited me, yet again, and I knew that she wasn’t going to pull a last minute Sheila and ask for sex. I would never have her, but maybe that was alright.

She smiled, knowing what she’d done to my passions, she’d been pressed against me after all. I wondered how much of it she’d orchestrated, but I didn’t mind. She deserved her small victories, and I was pretty sure that she’d managed to get herself into a bit of a state at the same time. Not like she could hide the flush of her skin from her bare toes to her rosy cheeks.

She pushed open the doorway and fairly pranced in to the library.

"Amy!" Elizabeth nearly shouted as she entered.

"Elizabeth. I'm going home," she seemed so happy as she spoke. I stepped into the room to watch the naked women embrace. Amy, with her hands free, wrapped her arms around Elizabeth. Elizabeth had tears in her eyes, though it was hard to tell if they were of happiness or melancholy. They remained in the embrace for some time, Elizabeth shaking slightly. Finally the girls separated and looked at each other.

"I can't believe you are leaving," Eliz abeth whispered.

Amy's breath hitched but she managed to keep her control.

"Me neither."

"I'm going to miss you, kid," Elizabeth said.

Amy smiled and kissed Elizabeth.

"We've been through a hell of a lot together."

Elizabeth nodded. Probably remembering the recent trip to the neighbours. This girl in front of her had seen her first multiple orgasm. Had been there when she had asked me for sex the first time. They had been bound to each other, standing up all night, ropes running through their sex, each movement felt by the other. If that didn't make two women feel close to one another, I'm not sure what would. Both girls flushed at the memories.

"Take care of yourself," Amy whispered.

She turned to face Christi. Christi couldn' t help herself, she practically leapt into an embrace, pressing herself against Amy, holding her as she cried.

"I'm going to miss you, too," Christi whispered.

She gave her a full hug again, kissing her cheek. Amy flushed a bit at the attention, but stood easily. Amy nodded, and an understanding passed between them. Something unspoken.

Amy whispered a quick "Good -bye" and turned back to me.

"Jane?" she whispered.

I nodded and took her small hand in mine. As we left, Amy turned to the other two girls.

She grinned. "I'm going to miss our showers," and she turned quickly and pulled me along behind her, before the other girls could say any further good -byes.

We entered the dining room and Jane was sitting again on the window sill, swinging her bare legs under he r gown. She smiled as Amy walked in.

"Still didn't let you have clothes?"

Amy grinned and spread her arms outstretched. "I'm used to it, and what's the point in asking for them. I'm going home soon." She smiled widely at the words. Jane rose to her bare fe et and embraced Amy. The girls hugged. As they separated, a single tear traced down Jane's features.

"I'm sorry I had to whip you," Jane whispered.

"I know who to blame for that," Amy reassured her, shooting me a dirty look. "You helped me a lot more than you hurt me," she continued.

Jane smiled. "I only wish you the best. You. You are strong."

"Not as strong as you are," Amy smiled back. Then she whispered a quick "Good -bye."

She turned back towards me. I nodded to Jane as she turned to sit back in her sunshine. I guided the nude woman back out into the hallway. I led her through the front door and out onto the front porch.

I took a deep breath.

"You ready?" I asked the nude beauty.

"This is it?" she asked quietly.

I nodded gently. "Time to go home. Go watc h some television with your father."

She took a deep breath, unsure if she actually wanted to say anything further. She opened her mouth and then re -closed it. Finally she spoke.

"I can't believe that I got used to it. All the things you made me do, I woul d never have imagined that I could. Even through all the pain, and the humiliation, you were fair. Even if I hate you, I have to respect you," she said haltingly. "I want to thank you for not hurting my father."

"You did that. By being good and not making my life hard."

"I made your life hard, and you could have hurt him just to get to me. You knew. I just wanted you to know I appreciated it. Even if you made me do things that I didn't like to ensure it. At least you kept your word."

"Can I ask for one last thing?" I asked her.

"Do I have a choice?"

"You have a choice. I'll let you go whether you indulge me or not."

"If it's sex and I have a choice ..."

"It's not sex."

She cocked her head to her bare shoulder, her face a mask of puzzlement.

"Ask me."

"Just one last hug?"

She smiled and moved quickly towards me. I felt her bare body as she pressed herself into me, holding me tight. I held her, rocked her, for a few minutes. She held me until I broke the embrace. She stepped back, then rose up on her ba re toes and kissed my lips for the last time.

I wasn't sure, but I thought I heard her breathe, "Good -bye, Master," as she settled herself back down onto her bare feet. She stepped backwards, her head tilted up, her hair catching the sunlight.

I took a deep breath and collapsed her bubble. She gasped slightly, and smiled as her body slipped into another plane of existence.

Chapter 122

I stood out on the porch for at least a quarter of an hour, simply staring at the spot where she had stood. I missed her already. Missed her laughter, her strength, her determination. I smiled briefly as I recalled laughing with her after deafening the poor creature.

"Good-bye, Amy," I whispered to nobody in particular.

I swallowed heavily and turned back towards the ho use. My heart was heavy as I knew that I still had three more good-byes to get through in the next few hours. If they were all this hard, I wasn't going to last.

Elizabeth looked up from her book as I entered the library. Christi was curled up with her nose stuck in the Talisman. Christi didn't bother looking up at the intrusion.

"I guess I'm next?" Elizabeth took a deep breath and spoke gently from her seat behind the desk.

I nodded slowly. Elizabeth rose to her bare feet and carefully closed her book. She set it aside on the side of the desk and looked over at Christi. Christi had dropped her book to her lap and was looking at Elizabeth's bare form. Both Christi and I watched silently as Elizabeth looked up at me.

"I'm not going to finish it, am I?" Elizab eth was referring to her book.

I shook my head, unable to speak.

Tears formed in Elizabeth's eyes, though I wasn't sure if it was because she was uncertain of what was about to happen to her, or she was genuinely upset at not finishing the book. Slowly she picked back up Tale of Two Cities and withdrew the slip of paper that was marking her page. Almost reluctantly, she let it fall to the table. She slowly walked back to the bookcase behind herself and slipped the book between David Copperfield and Great Ex pectations. The sound of the book sliding home echoed through the still library. Elizabeth turned.

"I'm ready," she spoke quietly.

I extended my hand, reaching for the bare girl. She slowly walked over, the chain of her handcuffs rattling a little as she m oved.

"Don't hurt her? Please?" Christi's smooth voice called out as I pushed open the door.

I turned back to the clothed girl still curled up on the chair. Tears were in her eyes as well.

"I won't."

"Bring her back to say good-bye?" Christi pleaded.

"I've brought all of them back. Don't worry about that."

"Can I go to Jane?"

"Of course, if you want to." I told her gently.

With that, I gently guided Elizabeth out into the hallway, guiding her up the stairs towards the master bedroom. She followed the s oft commands of my fingers obediently and slowly climbed the stairs in front of me. I cherished the view of her bare body as she moved. I wasn't going to have her much longer.

I shut the door behind us. I wasn't afraid of Jane or Christi coming upstairs to eavesdrop, nor did we particularly require the privacy. But it felt cozy, just the two of us.

I turned and Elizabeth was standing awkwardly in the center of the room, much like Amy had. She looked over at me.

“Can you take these things off me?” she asked quietly, rattling the chain on her handcuffs.

I walked over to the bed and sat down, gazing over her nudity.

She sighed, and sank to her knees, knowing what was expected of her. “I guess not.” She murmured mostly to herself, in reference to her wrists bein g joined.

I sat and gazed at her. She wasn’t a ravishing beauty, but she exuded an inner beauty, and inner strength, a certain nobility. All despite her submissive posture on her knees in front of me. And she certainly wouldn’t be out of place in a bikini on the beach. She lowered her head and suffered my last inspection of her without complaint.

“Elizabeth?”

“Yes, master?” she relied in deference.

“You don’t ...” I began and then realized that she simply didn’t have any other title or name by which to call me. I was going to tell her that the word “master” wasn’t necessary. But I had created a situation where it couldn’t be avoided.

“Why do you keep us?” she asked quietly. “If I can ask that.”

“I don’t know, Elizabeth. I really don’t know. I’m letting you g o, now.”

“I know. I. I can hardly believe it. I’m. I’m sad in a way.”

“Me too. I like you.”

“I know. Can I ask why you won’t let me out of the chains?”

“Because I like to watch you in them. Are they uncomfortable?”

“No. Beyond the humiliation of wearing th em at all.” She rattled the bonds on her wrists again to make her point.

“I’ll let you out of them soon. After we talk.”

She nodded slowly, her mind processing that she wouldn’t be restrained much longer. A smile almost graced her features.

“Amy. I miss her,” she spoke slowly.

“I do too.”

“I’d like to know her in real life. And the others.”

I slowly shook my head. “I’m really sorry. Unless you meet by chance, and that would be unlikely, I fear.”

“You could ...” Elizabeth began.

“Do you really want me meddling in your real lives?”

She closed her mouth and thought about it, unsure of herself suddenly. Finally, she closed her eyes and shook her head. I had no intention of meddling in their real lives, even had she agreed now to it. That would make me as bad as Mayer.

“What did Amy want?” she asked quietly.

I was thrown by the unexpected turn of the conversation. Females were good at that. I answered with a very intelligent “Huh?”

She wore an exasperated expression, like I should have followed her l eap of connectivity. She explained patiently, “Amy. You were going to give us something we all wanted. What did she want?”

I couldn’t see any harm in telling the girl. “She didn’t want anything. She wanted a kiss, and to say good -bye, but mostly she wanted to just go home.”

Elizabeth thought about that for a moment. “I can see that. She really wanted out.”

I nodded as Elizabeth lapsed into silence kneeling there quietly and thinking. I watched her, but she showed no signs of continuing the conversation.

“Elizabeth?” I asked gently. “What do you want?”

She looked up as though wakened from a dream. She began to say something. Something I couldn’t make out then she took a breath and spoke.

“I can have anything? Anything at all?”

“No. You can have anything reasonable. Anything that isn’t going to take a lot of time. And nothing that will hurt me or any of the other girls.”

She snorted. “You think I’d want to hurt one of the other girls?”

I looked at her. “No, but I just wanted to be clear.”

She thought for a moment. I was sure she’d known what she was going to ask for since I’d mentioned it. But now the time was here, and she was getting cold feet. Perhaps it was her lack of socks.

“I’m not going to remember any of this, am I?”

I shook my head.

She took a deep breath. She began slowly, and built up momentum, her words beginning to tumble from her lips near the end.

“You. You know that I’m not exactly the most ... um ... experienced girl that you took. Right? I mean, I may be the oldest, but that doesn’t necessarily make me the most sexually active. I. I’ve always been shy, and I’ve always avoided sexual contact. I. I masturbated. A lot. But that’s it. I mean, I’ve had partners in real life. But nothing like you’ve shown me. I didn’t even know that some people get turned on by these.” She rattled her hands. “I didn’t even know that I got turned on by these,” she whispered. “You’ve opened my eyes. I’ve never felt any of these things before, and I’m afraid of losing them when you send me back. I’ve never had a multiple orgasm, never been with women, never felt the rush of being in bondage. Even the whipping. I can’t say I liked that, but I didn’t hate it as much as I thought I would. Oh God. You are going to think I’m the biggest slut ever.”

She collapsed into crying gently, her bound hands rising to her face.

I slipped off the bed and crouched in front of the bare girl, letting her cry for a few minutes. Finally she sniffled and looked up at me, surprised that I was so close to her.

“I. I wanted you to take me to the neighbours again. Let Karen ... oh Christ ... I can’t do this. Let her pleasure me again.”

I looked into her teary eyes, not quite believing my ears. She continued swiftly.

“You can tie me up. To the chair again. Whip me if you want. Have Karen lick me. Down there. Please don’t think I’m weird. I just want to feel that again.”

I swallowed. We could do that, and I certainly didn’t have any objections to it. I’d love to see it again. I couldn’t believe that she wanted to do it, but I suppose I could understand. However, it would take far too much time. We would have to take Karen again, take the time to walk over there.

I controlled my impulses and slowly shook my head. “I’m so sorry, Elizabeth. I want to do it too, but time ... doesn’t permit. Is there anything else?”

Her face was a mask of disappointment, but she managed to control herself.

“Christi is going to hate me. I know it. But what about you?”

“Me?”

“Yeah. Make love to me?”

That threw me. The girl wanting to make love to me. Offering herself, as her last wish on this timeline.

I sat there stunned. I actually thought I saw her grin slowly, proud of herself that she'd managed to shock me.

She spoke gently. "If I let you tie me to the bed, could you make me feel that multiple orgasm thing again?"

I had no idea. I only knew that last time, I'd whipped her while she was being licked. I wasn't sure I could raise her to the right level of stimulation on my own. And I didn't want to involve Christi and Jane at this time. Not without their consent. And I had a funny feeling that they wouldn't consent, given a true choice.

I took a deep breath. "Elizabeth. I really don't know if I can take you there. I can try, but you'll have to accept whatever I do to you. And I still can't gu arantee that you'll have a multiple climax."

"What other choice do I have?"

I shrugged. "Will you be disappointed if you don't have a multiple orgasm?" I asked her gently.

She thought about it for a moment then shook her pretty head. "As long as it's interesting and pleasurable. That's all I can ask, isn't it?"

"That's all you can ask in real life as well."

She took another deep breath. "I wish I could remember that advice in real life." She leaned forward, her bound hands resting on my thigh. She kissed me gently.

Without releasing her hands, I guided her to her bare feet and onto the bed. I lay her back, stretching her out, gently guiding her bound hands above her head, spreading her ankles to the sides of the bed. She shivered, but held the position.

"You sure you want to do this?" I asked her gently.

She nodded.

I fished around in the pack, finding some soft cord which I used to gently secure her to the bed posts. I pulled her bare body taut, watching as she tested each restraint by pulling gently against it.

"I can't move," she remarked unnecessarily.

I sat cross legged between her spread thighs and looked her over. She flushed, but didn't have much choice but to lay there and accept my gaze. It wasn't as though she'd never been tied down before, it was j ust that this time it was by her permission and desire. Not mine.

Don't get me wrong. I desired it as well. It was unrealistic, I knew, but I sort of wished that they all would choose a bit of fun in bondage as their last wish on this time line. I smiled to her.

"Elizabeth. I want you to listen carefully. This isn't my game. This is yours. I'm going to do things to you, that I think are going to make you feel good, and perhaps raise you up high enough to really orgasm. I might hurt you," I spoke quietly.

She flushed deeply at the words, getting a very frightened look on her face. She hadn't expected that I might hurt her after she allowed herself to be rendered helpless. She began to protest, but I leaned forward and touched her lips, urging her to be quiet.

"If it were my game," I continued, "I'd hurt you as long and as hard as I liked. It wouldn't matter how much you think you can take." I paused to let that sink in. She paled even further. "But, this isn't my game. We're doing this for you, this time. Unde rstand?"

She nodded, still pale. She didn't want to be hurt unbearably. And I couldn't blame her. But I knew that she needed some extra stimulation if she wanted to orgasm as heavily as she wanted.

"I'm going to give you a safeword. Do you know what that is?"

She shook her pretty head, afraid to speak. She was pulling again at her ropes.

"I want you to be able to protest, scream, do whatever you want to do, but not stop me. Okay?"

She looked confused but I continued on.

"A safeword is something that will stop the play. I will stop when you use it. But a word of caution. I'll try to keep things within your limits, this time. For you. But if you stop it ... then we both have to decide to continue. You might not get to continue if I stop. Okay?"

Understanding finally lit her eyes. She nodded silently. Still not wanting to interrupt. The concept was fascinating to her. She'd be able to scream, and protest but I wouldn't stop. But she still could stop if she wanted. This was so unlike anything else I'd ever done to her. She had never had the option of stopping me before, no matter how uncomfortable she was.

"Do you have any suggestions for safeword?"

"How about 'safeword'," she replied unimaginatively. It would have worked, but I preferred something with more flair.

"Try again," I prodded her thigh with a finger.

She swallowed. "How about 'Lazarus'"

That had a nice ring to it, and she was unlikely to use it in any cursing I might wring from her vocal chords. At least not accidentally.

"Alright. Are you ready?"

She nodded, a smile playing about her lips. Those lips that with any luck I'd have begging soon enough. And by her request.

Chapter 123

We began slowly. From my sitting position, I gently caressed her bare skin with my fingertips. I ran my fingers along her stretched legs, along her tummy, along her ribs. I teased her, purposely avoiding her breasts and pussy. She squirmed, occasionally gasping, pulling against her bonds as my fingers explored her body. I continued, touching her face, her thighs, her underarms, her calves, her knees, her toes. I continued until I could see her arousal between her legs. She couldn't hide it, unable to press her legs together.

One word emerged from her lips, "Please."

I had her begging already.

She closed her eyes to better feel the soft gentle touches over her silken skin.

Abruptly I stopped and stepped off the bed. She cried out as the stimulation left her soft skin. I rummaged in the pack as she watched, not saying a word.

I carefully slipped a blindfold over her eyes, which she allowed without complaint. I couldn't gag her, because the safeword was verbal. I didn't want her gagged anyway.

I picked up the crop, realizing that I hadn't used it on one of the women in a long time. I let it fall gently into my palm, feeling the sting of the leather. This was going to hurt her. I hoped that she wouldn't safeword out. I wanted this to work for her.

"What are you doing?" she asked quietly, unable to see the crop but hearing it.

"I'm going to whip you," I spoke gently to her.

"Oh God," I watched as she shuddered in her restraints at the words. "Not too hard. Okay?"

"I'll hit you as hard as necessary. Now I want you to do something for me."

"What?" she asked breathlessly.

"I want you to concentrate on turning the pain into arousal. Alright? And I want you to count."

"Count?"

"Everytime the crop touches your skin, I want you to count for me."

"How high?"

I was thrown again by this helpless girl. She switched tracks so quickly.

"What?"

"How many times are you going to hit me?"

"How many do you deserve? You pick."

"I can't. Don't ..." she began.

I relented. "Ten."

"Only ten?" she spoke mischievously.

"Would you rather have fifteen?"

She shook her head. She inquired quietly. "Where?"

"Where am I going to hit you?" I asked her for clarification.

"Yes. Please not on the breasts. Please?" She began to beg, even before the first blow fell on her helpless body.

"You have a safeword. I'll hit you where I think you need it," I reminded her. "If it's too much, safeword."

"I. I don't want to."

"I don't want you to either."

I took a deep breath and let a soft stroke fall onto her stretched belly. A red stripe appeared contrasting against her pale skin.

"Arrrrghhhhhhhh," she screamed into the room, twisting in t he bonds. Her fingers twitched as she struggled with the steel bands. All she wanted in the whole world was to get her hands to her bare belly, to protect it and comfort it.

I waited until she calmed herself. The stroke had been light, not anything to caus e her too much trouble. I'd increase the strength as she could take it, but I was more interested in getting her to feel her helplessness, her vulnerability than to actually hurt her. This was nothing compared to what Jane, or even Amy, had endured at my h ands. And they hadn't had a safeword.

"Concentrate," I whispered to her.

"Christ. That was a light one, wasn't it?" she spoke in ragged breath.

"Yes."

"Oh God. Nine more?"

"Nine more."

The numerals she had spoken reminded her.

"Christ. One," she spoke with out further hesitation. "I can't take ten. Even like that."

I let the crop fall against her right thigh, marking it as well. She screamed again, not expecting the pain. I watched as she struggled to control her voice, her pain. Her face contorted with the effort. That blow was slightly harder. Finally, after some incoherent gasps, she managed to remember to say, "Two."

I wasn't in this to punish her. I wasn't going to restart the count or anything if she forgot to count. This was her game, and she'd remembe r on her own time.

Her bare body was sheened in perspiration as my sixth stroke fell onto her bare left foot. The third had graced her left thigh. The fourth had kissed her right calf. Five and six had caressed the bottoms of her bare feet. Each blow was s lightly harder than the last.

Eventually she gasped out the word, "Six."

She didn't stop there. She began to beg coherently.

"Please. I need you. Please stop hitting me. I. I'm so turned on. Just touch me. You don't need to hit me anymore. Please? I'll do whatever you want. I'll fuck you. I'll suck you. Anything. You can make me do anything anyway."

Her lips formed the words in a tumbled rush, her teeth gritting against the pain.

"Elizabeth?" I ventured.

"Yes, master?" she was breathing heavily. I still hadn't touched any of her obvious erogenous zones. I had purposely avoided her breasts and between her legs. She was pulling rhythmically against the ropes holding her.

"Are you ready for something else?"

"If you don't hit my feet again, I swear, I'll do whatever you want."

"Beg me."

"Beg for what?" she asked, slightly confused. I didn't answer her right away. After a moment, the blind bare girl tried something. Anything was better than lying there not knowing what I was going to do to her. "Please. Master. This slave begs to be fucked. Fuck me. Please?"

Well, that certainly increased my arousal. If it was possible.

"Beg me to hit your breasts," I whispered to her gently.

“Oh Christ. I can’t. No,” she responded, fear refl ecting in the set of her lip. She had probably been wondering why I’d avoided her breasts up until this point. They were beautiful there, protruding from her chest, heaving with her breathing. Bare breasts, just aching to be touched with the crop. No defen ses.

“Beg me.”

“I can’t. Don’t make me do that.”

“Concentrate, Elizabeth. Concentrate on turning the pain into pleasure.”

“It’s hard. It hurts.”

“I know it does. Concentrate.”

I could see the concentration flow across her lower features. Her eyes still hid den by the blindfold.

“Hit my breasts? Please, master?”

I nodded to myself, she was ready. I lifted the crop and let it fall against the tops of her sensitive and helpless breasts. The cry far outstripped any other I’d wrung from her.

“Ahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Oh God. Oh God. It hurts. Fuck. Please no more. Fuck me. While I’m hot. Please. You’ll kill me. Argh. Bastard.” But she remembered to count. “Seven. Fuck. Only seven.”

I waited patiently for her heaving body to settle. I could see her tears running down her face, leaking from beneath the strip of cloth covering her eyes.

When she had managed to get her breathing back down to a somewhat normal voice, she squeaked out a request.

“Please, sir. I. I don’t think I can take another one, but hit my breasts again. Please?”

I smiled at that one, but I gently swung the crop up at the tender undersides of her small breasts. Again, the response was instantaneous as the red stripe appeared. She screamed out her pain, pulling in futility against the ropes holding her. I was sure that she was going to bruise herself. I could see all her desires to stop this pain. She wanted to cradle her breasts that had become the center of her world. She softly sobbed after counting out the eighth stroke.

She swallowed heavily and spoke again.

“Please. My breasts hurt. Hit me somewhere else? I can’t take it again. Please? Why are you hitting me? I’m ready for you. I’ve never been more ready. Touch me.”

I obliged her. True to her word, she was sopping wet. I could feel her heat before I even ventured a finger between her lower lips. She was lubricated beyond belief. She tensed and screamed as my finger lightly stroked her swollen clit. I withdrew, determined to finish this properly.

She cried out in frustration as the sensations left her clit.

I waited patiently, and finally her small voice spoke again.

“Hit me again. My breasts. Please. Make me hurt.”

I smiled, an evil thought crossing my mind.

“Your nipples?”

“Oh God. No.”

“Beg me.”

“No. I can’t. Not anymore. I’ll safeword.”

“No, you won’t. You won’t climax if you do.”

She struggled in vain with her restraints. Frustrated. Wanting to touch herself even if I wouldn't. She didn't care.

"You bastard. Okay. Hit my nipples. Please."

I took a deep breath, watching her tense. When she finally relaxed her muscles, I let the crop fall against her swollen nipples. She wasn't expecting it and she opened her mouth and screamed soundlessly into the room. Her entire body tensed thrashing against the ropes. Her ankles nearly pulled the bedposts from their sockets. Her wrists were bright red from fighting the steel trapping them.

Then her voice finally made it down to normal human hearing range she sounded like a wounded animal. I hadn't softened the stroke, leaving her with the ever increasing power of the crop. I couldn't imagine the pain that she must be in.

"Ieeeeeeeieeeeeeeee. Ow. Please God. Make him stop. Fuck. Nine. One more. I can't do it. Oh God it hurts. Not my tits. Anything but that."

She collapsed into hysterical crying, constantly pulling at her wrists. I could tell that all she wanted was to curl up into a ball and alleviate the pain washing over her. After a few minutes she slowed her breathing. I gently kissed at her red and swollen nipples, caressing them as best I could, trying to help her turn that agony into pleasure.

"Lazarus," she spoke with a shudder in her voice.

I immediately pulled away from her, honouring our agreement. She was still in tears, but she must have been in serious pain to use the safeword. Perhaps I was being too rough with her. I reached for the blindfold, but she spoke as she felt my fingers at her face.

"Please. Leave it on me."

"Alright. What's the matter?"

"Fuck me. I need you now. I can't take anymore pain to my breasts. Please understand."

"I understand. But I'm not going to fuck you."

"Please? Oh my God. Why?"

"Because you stopped. I told you that we both had to agree to continue. And I'm not sure I want to."

"Oh God. I went through that for nothing?" she cried out pitifully.

"I will continue if you like," I spoke gently to her, stroking her face with my fingers. "You can finish." I wasn't sure of that. She wasn't the type of girl to call safeword for no reason. She was nearly beat.

"Please. I can't take anymore on the tits."

"I know."

"You won't hit me there?"

"I'll tell you what. You can safeword back in by saying 'Lazarus' again. If you immediately beg me to hit you between the legs for the last stroke, I'll play," I said to her with a grin on my face. I was curious what she'd do. Stop. Or continue.

"You can't be serious. Not there. Hit my thighs. My feet again. You liked that." She swallowed. "Hit my breasts again. I'll take it somehow."

"You have your options. You can say 'Free me', or you can say 'Lazarus'."

I shut my mouth, determined to play this out properly. She lay quietly in her bonds, pulling against them, crying softly at her predicament. She was still highly aroused, I could tell. I could scent her musk from sitting beside her. And I wanted her.

“Will you fuck me?” she asked into the room, not being able to turn her head accurately towards me. I fought down my urge to answer her.

“Will you at least let me masturbate myself if you let me go?”

Again I had to fight with myself to force her to make the decision on the information she had. Truthfully, I wouldn’t deny her the climax in whatever form she wanted. This truly was her show. But she didn’t know that. She’d almost fallen completely into the submissive role for thi s. It was part of her game, even after she’d safeworded out.

She shuddered and took a deep breath. Obviously she had arrived at some decision.

“Free. Free. Free,” she stuttered. “Fuck. Lazarus,” she said in a strong clear voice.

I stepped back from the bed and waited beside her bound form. Within fifteen seconds her small voice issued forth.

“Please? I’m begging you to reconsider. Talk to me.”

“Beg me.”

“Please. You don’t have to hurt me like that. I can’t.”

“Why did you safeword back in, if you can’t take it.”

She thought about it for a moment, tears beginning to form beneath the blindfold again.

“I. I don’t know. You wouldn’t talk to me,” she admitted.

I refused to answer her, letting her think. I could see her desires warring across the features of her face that I could see. She wanted the experience, but the pain was so intense. I couldn’t pretend to understand what she was going through, but I knew it wasn’t easy. Finally, after a few minutes of thinking, her voice began again, soft and pleading.

“Please. Hit my pussy. I can’t take it, but I need you. I want you. Hit me this one last time. Why couldn’t you have picked ‘nine’. My poor body. Please don’t hit me hard.” I let the crop fall one last time between her legs. I still had never figured out how hard to hit a girl there, despite practicing on Amy so often. I was a gentle as I could, but I suspect even the most gentle tap on such sensitive skin is exceptionally painful for them. The tip of the crop sank deeply between her puffy lips, I felt it connect squarely on the rigidness of her pubic bone. I was sure that I’d connected with her clitoris. It took a moment for the reality of the pain to hit her.

She nearly sat up, nearly wrenching her shoulders from their sockets. She screamed loud enough to make the windows rattle. She cried and begged for minutes, sobbing incoherently, trying to curl her restrained body into a ball, wanting to close her legs, bruising herself in her struggles. I felt like I was forcing this on her, when she’d chosen it herself. I cringed at her obvious distress and pain. I hadn’t meant to hurt her quite to that extent. I felt like I did when I punished Jane, or Amy and accidentally went too far. Only Jane and Amy had never had any options for safeword.

She finally collapsed against the bed, her bare body wracked with sobs. After a while of watching her, she finally whispered a coherent word, breathlessly.

“Ten. Thank God. Ten.”

I let her cry for a few moments, inspecting her body as she struggled. There was no blood, except where she ’d cut her wrist on the handcuff on that last blow. The blood at her wrists wasn’t serious. I was sure she’d be tender, her breasts and clitoris, but there

would be no lasting damage. Even if I was keeping her, I wouldn't have worried. She'd be fine after a rest.

I almost returned the crop to the pack, but then decided on something more interesting. I took the instrument of her pain, and held it to her face. I gently touched her lips with it.

Misunderstanding my intent, she gently kissed the crop, as though to thank it for her pain. Very erotic, but not what I'd intended.

"Elizabeth. I know you hurt. I'm going to try and make it better. Alright?"

She nodded, exhausted.

I pressed the leather against her lips again. "Open," I commanded her. With only a slight hesitation, she opened her mouth. I settled the crop between her teeth and she obediently held it. She was still crying inconsolably around it, her whole body shaking.

I knelt between her still outstretched thighs and slowly ran my tongue from her bare toes, up her leg, tracing the welts on her thigh. She squirmed at the touch to the welts, but forced herself to accept the tease.

I finally lay easily between her thighs, letting my tongue stroke gently across her swollen lips. Her sobbing slowly turned to gasps that I could easily hear around the crop. She whimpered as I purposely avoided slipping my tongue between the lips. I tasted her, smelled her. Her wet course hair felt delicious against my roving tongue. She was rea dy, had been for some time.

She murmured something around the gagging crop in her mouth. I was quite sure she was unashamedly begging for relief, for me to delve between her soft folds and lick her, let her finally get some pleasure amongst the torment. Al low her to climax as she had wanted from the beginning.

Acquiescing, I let my tongue dart between her lips. Her clit felt twice as large as it had last time I gave her oral sex, oh so long ago. I wasn't sure if it was due to the crop on it, or just her ext ended state of arousal. She moaned deep in her throat at she felt the soft contact of my tongue against her. She squirmed, trying to get more contact, but I insisted on teasing her. Nothing she could do about it.

I plunged one finger deep into her vagina, pumping slowly with my purposely slow rhythm. I could feel her frustration as she pulsed her vagina, wanting more, and faster. After teasing her for a few more minutes, I relented, letting my tongue trace around her clitoris in a faster circle, finding her natural rhythms within moments and feeling her body tense.

The crop fell out of her mouth as she screamed into the room. I could feel her body tensing beneath me, her vagina gripping and spasming around my inserted finger. I felt her peak, and I gently su cked at her again, plunging another finger into her. I felt her explode again, reaching a high plateau. Her cries filled my senses, as did her tensing. I flicked her clitoris again with the tip of my tongue, plunging into her with my fingers again. She climaxed again, for the final time. Soon, I felt the pulses within her body recede and her muscles stopped straining at her restraints.

"I'm done," she murmured. "I'm done."

Her bare body stretched out in front of me was flushed from her forehead to her bare toes. She was pulling again at the restraints, whispering to herself.

I lay beside her and released her eyes from the blindfold. Her deep eyes looked up at me. I could see wonder, pain and perhaps love in them as she looked up at me.

“Three. Thank you.”

“Don’t thank me,” I smiled at her. “Thank yourself. You did it too.”

She rattled her handcuffs held above her head.

“Can your slave ask for the use of her body back?” she asked almost shyly.

I smiled at her and moved down her body. As I was releasing her ankles from the ropes, she spoke quietly.

“That was the most wonderful thing that I’ve ever felt.”

“Glad I could help.”

“I hurt like hell, but it was worth every second of it. Christ. My tits are on fire. Please, let my hands go.”

“Legs first. Then I’ll let your hands go.”

She lay back quietly accepting my decision. As her ankles were freed, she instinctively moved her sore legs together. Probably trying to ease the ache that must still be settled between her thighs.

I moved back up the bed to lie beside her. I reached up and slipped the ropes free that held her hands to the headboard. They remained handcuffed, but she was essentially free of the bed.

I’d expected her to immediately cradle her breasts or her pussy, but she didn’t. She immediately reached down and touched me through the material of my jeans.

She whispered quietly to me. “Let me suck you? I want to have intercourse with you, but I think I’m too sore.”

I considered refusing her offer. I didn’t know what I’d be up to with Jane and Christi, but I had some ideas. And I’d already had sex with Sheila this afternoon. I wasn’t sure I’d be able to perform later if I indulged with Elizabeth. I wasn’t Superman.

But she’d already managed to release my jeans and unzipped my zipper. Even with her hands in handcuffs. She urged me to my feet standing on the bed. With an obvious effort, she rose to her knees, and knelt in front of me. Her small hands pulled at my jeans and underwear, baring me to her.

I closed my eyes, and felt as her fingers teased me. I was harder than a rock, my erection insistent and throbbing. Hurting her and then pleasuring her had turned me on far more than I cared to admit. But she knew that. Now.

I just about exploded as I felt her warm lips engulf me. Her soft fingers toyed gently with my pubic hair and my scrotum. I thought I heard her sigh as I entered her mouth. I willed myself to wait, to enjoy the sensations she was giving to me. But I knew I wouldn’t last long.

I felt my hands circle to touch her bobbing head. Her hair was like soft velvet, as I guided her rhythm. As I knew it would, her soft mouth quickly coaxed me to the point of no return.

Groaning, I exploded into her. She didn’t hesitate, or withdraw. I could feel her mouth still working on me as I climaxed, shooting my fluids into her mouth. She gagged a bit, but didn’t complain as she swallowed my ejaculate. When I’d finished, she finally released my penis from her mouth, her tongue still lapping at me, cleaning me. She looked up at me with those deep eyes. I was going to miss her. Unbearably.

I sank to my knees, not bothering to dress. I hugged her tightly into me, feeling her feminine body against mine, her softness against my shirt, against my lower nudity.

“I don’t want to go,” she said softly into my ear.

“I don’t want you to go. If there was any way ...” I began before she shushed me.

“I understand,” she whispered.

I reluctantly broke the embrace and rose to my feet on the floor this time. I replaced my clothing. She knelt quietly on the bed, tears falling from her eyes . She looked on almost wistfully. She didn’t have any clothing to replace, a fact that she was aware of at times like these. Her bound hands twisted into her lap. She looked up at me, and forced a smile to grace her lips. I couldn’t help admiring her one l ast time. She was so feminine, so desirable kneeling there.

She slowly rose to her own feet, bare against the carpet of the bedroom. I wondered at the freedom of being barefoot for so long. No shoes. No socks. No clothing at all. I abruptly realized that t his girl had not been allowed coverings for as long as I’d had her. And I don’t think she ever had complained about it.

“Time to go?” she spoke softly and with regret.

I nodded, not trusting my voice. This was getting harder and harder.

I reached for her h andcuffs, intending to finally release her from the bondage. She took a step back, slowly shaking her head.

“I don’t mind. Leave them on me. Until I’m gone. Please?”

I nodded again, marveling at this woman. I opened the door for her and held it as she walked her bare body out and into the hallway. Together we walked down to the main floor. I cringed as I watched her move, the welts somehow seeming too deep and angry for this delicate creature. She didn’t seem bothered by them, beyond an initial cringe as her bare soles touched the tile in the main hallway. The bottom of her feet would have been tender; I remembered hitting them harder than I’d originally intended as well.

She hesitated outside the library. She turned to me. “A private good -bye? Afterwards?”

“You got me,” I spoke with a joviality I didn’t feel.

She solemnly reached for the doorknob and swung open the door into the empty room. She glanced around confused. I had this fleeting vision of Christi running from the house as quickly as she could as I made violent love to Elizabeth. But then I remembered her request as I’d left her last time.

I touched Elizabeth and guided her to the dining room where we’d had the nice dinner a few days ago. Jane was perched on her window ledge quietly talking to Christ i. Christi had dragged a chair over to the window and was sitting on it backwards, her chin resting on the backrest, her hands encircling the back of the chair. Jane stopped speaking as Elizabeth entered the room. Christi turned, her eyes closing as she to ok in the fresh welts on Elizabeth’s bare body.

She rose out of the chair, her joined wrists hindering her.

Christi fixed me with her soulful eyes and spoke quietly. No anger or blame in her voice.

“You couldn’t help it, could you. We heard her down here. I. I thought you were torturing her to death up there,” she just sounded mournful. There was no accusing in her voice, just acceptance and perhaps disappointment. All the girls were still mine, no matter how much they knew I was releasing them soon. One lo ok at any female’s wrists and the bondage still holding them would verify that. They still were ultimately under my control.

Elizabeth stepped forward and hugged Christi, pressing her bare body into Christi's clothes, her still bound hands encircling Chris ti's neck.

"Sweety, I wanted him to do it. It was my last request. I wanted him to hurt me. It's okay. I won't feel it soon. But I wanted to feel it. My choice, for once."

Christi's eyes widened, and Jane nodded in understanding.

Christi took a deep breath and turned her face to gaze at Elizabeth. She spoke softly.

"I was jealous of you. And I still am. A little. But I love you too. I'm going to miss you." Tears began to run down her face.

"I'm. I'm sorry. I never meant to hurt you."

"I know," Christi spoke truthfully. "I got used to sharing. Took a while, but I did."

To prove her point, Christi leaned forward and gently kissed Elizabeth's lips, her only way of convincing the girl that she was forgiven for whatever had happened. Truthfully, I think that Chri sti always had understood.

Jane had lowered herself to her bare feet, walking over to the other embracing girls.

"I'm going to miss you too. A lot. You always tried to protect us. You always cared," Jane spoke softly as she struggled to embrace both Christ i and Elizabeth. The girls remained together, crying softly and hugging each other for a few minutes.

Eventually, Elizabeth broke the embrace. She kissed both Christi and Jane on the lips.

"I have to go. I'm going to miss both of you terribly," Elizabeth spoke quietly.

I watched as Elizabeth turned away from the remaining two women, tears falling uncontrollably down her face. She lifted her hands to try and wipe them away, but wasn't very successful. As I guided her from the dining room, she turned and whispered one last "Good-bye", to the others, who were watching her leave silently through teary eyes.

We walked slowly to the entertainment room. I settled into the sofa. Elizabeth stood in the center of the room, watching me watch her.

"I remember that night, when you fed us that Italian food. And allowed us to use cutlery and shared your dessert. And then we watched movies. That was the most romantic thing I've ever done. So I was nude and I was tied up for the night. I didn't care. You know that?"

I nodded slowly. I wasn't sure what she was trying to say, but it seemed important to her. I'd enjoyed that night as well. The girls had all been happy.

"I wish that I'd be able to remember this."

"No, you don't," I admonished the girl.

She knelt easily on the carpet.

"Actually I do," she said quietly and I believed her. "If I had a choice, I'd stay with you. Even though I know you'd hurt me, I know that I ... that I don't mind it here. I. I feel wanted. I'm not su re I can explain it."

She waited there on her knees for a few minutes, thoughts of her captivity and her adventures flitting through her mind. Finally she rose to her bare feet again and stood in front of me.

She bent at her waist and kissed me passionatel y on the lips, her fingers caressing my face.

"Despite all the things I didn't like, there was more that I did. I hope that I can find them in real life."

"Perhaps you can," I spoke to her quietly.

She bent again, and I thought that I was going to feel her soft lips again. Instead she whispered in my ear.

"If you do this again, find me," she whispered in a voice that I wasn't even sure was hers.

She straightened back up, thrusting out her bare breasts almost proudly one last time. I swallowed heavily, tears forming in my eyes.

"Remember me," she whispered as she felt her time bubble begin to collapse around her. A moment later, she was gone, returned to her seat in that BMW with Catherine. I'd never found out what their relationship was. I regretted not know ing her better.

The handcuffs that she had worn clattered to the carpet, probably still warm from her. The necklace and the anklet that I'd given to her a day ago fell to the floor as well. I couldn't bear to pick them up as I rose heavily to my feet.

"Good-bye, my noble one," I whispered into the space where her beauty had just graced. It was getting harder. I missed her already.

Chapter 124

"And then there were two," Jane spoke softly as I entered the dining room.

I mutely nodded, still missing t he other girls and unable to hide it. I carefully pulled a chair from below the table and reversed it, straddling the chair as Christi was. I faced the girls, my chin resting on the wood of the backrest.

Christi spoke gently from her seat. Her hands still encircled the back of the chair, but she turned her body to face me.

"Do you want us to kneel?" she asked even as she began to struggle to her feet and out of the chair. Jane was making motions as if to drop to her feet from the window sill.

"You don't hav e to kneel for me anymore. Stay comfortable."

A mischievous smile broke across Christi's lips. "Will you let us out of the handcuffs as well, then?" she asked lightly, obviously not expecting a positive answer.

"Nice try," I actually managed to smile back at her. Silence descended into the room for a moment before Jane broke it.

"What happens now?" she spoke so softly it was almost a whisper.

"I'm not quite sure."

"I'm sorry," Jane was still speaking in soft tones.

I looked up at her, confused. "Sorry for what?"

"Sorry that you have to let us go. Let them go. It's obviously hard on you."

I nodded. It had been a lot harder than I'd expected. Originally I'd just picked up these girls as playthings. As sexual objects. As slaves fo r my pleasure and my pleasure alone. But they were more than that, now. Perhaps, I'd kept them too long. Perhaps they had just become more than just pretty girls walking down the street, available for my games. Despite what I did to them, they were thinkin g, breathing, feeling human beings. Women. This was harder than I'd ever expected.

"How much time do we have?" Jane asked, breaking my train of thought.

I really didn't know. It might be days, it might be minutes. I wouldn't know until that cursed black sp ider began its journey across my mind. And I had no idea if it would be the last one, or the first in a procession of little spiders. I was hoping to hold onto the timeline long enough to give the girls whatever they wanted. I hoped that the spiders weren't hungry.

After a moment I answered her. "I really don't know, honey. I really don't know."

I gazed at the girl, resplendent in her black evening gown and handcuffs. Even though I knew that was all she wore, and she still would look more natural in jeans a nd a sweater, she was beautiful. She was beautiful as only a seventeen year old girl can be, nonchalantly swinging her bare legs and feet, gently twisting her wrists against her fetters, her face strong and sure. Her dark hair curled around her shoulders a s soft as a downy comforter. Her lips curled into a gentle smile.

"Do you want me?" Jane asked softly, knowing what the answer was. But I had promised myself that I wouldn't force myself on any of them. It wasn't necessary. I had already made love twice th is afternoon. Three times today if you counted Christi in the morning.

I continued to gaze at her, not answering her simple question.

"You do. You can have me, if you want. You know that," her perception had always been correct.

“Janey. Of course, I want you. But this isn’t about me. It is about you. It’s about what *you* want. I’ll do whatever I can to make it happen for you. But there isn’t much time left. I’m sorry for that.”

She swallowed heavily. “Does that mean that I’m the next one?”

I nodded slowly at her. I so much didn’t want to let this girl go.

She took a deep breath, raising her breasts beneath the dress. She let it out in a long steady stream through her nose. Her breasts fell again beneath the fabric. I thought I could detect the points of her nipples. The nipples that I knew so intimately.

“You are going to let me do whatever I want?”

“Almost anything.”

“I’m going to assume that the ‘anything’ doesn’t include letting me try out that crop of yours on *your* hide? Let you know what you put us through.”

I considered it for about half a second. “I don’t think so. Nice try though.”

She smiled radiantly. She knew that I wasn’t going to agree to that, no matter how fair it might seem. But she was just trying to make a point. I knew that. I let her have her small victory.

She tilted her head down, staring at her toes. She took a deep breath and spoke quietly.

“Do you remember the night that you let us free to teach the Judge a lesson?”

I didn’t know where she was going with this, but I wasn’t about to let her at that asshole again. Even if she deserved it. No. I didn’t particularly want to spend my last time on this timeline dealing with him. I didn’t even want to think about him.

“Yes ...” I replied cautiously.

She continued, lowering her voice even further, almost to the point of inaudibility. “Do you remember what happened that night?”

I let my mind wander back, trying to find what she was driving at. I glanced over at Christi who was also staring downwards, suddenly fascinated with her own small toes. The sight of Christi brought it home to me. I still wasn’t sure where she was going, but I knew what she was referring to.

“You. And Christi. Yes.” I spoke carefully, not wanting to dissuade her from speaking whatever was on her mind.

Jane finally raised her eyes. I watched as she fought her discomfort and embarrassment that it had even happened in the first place. Her toes curled against the air as she continued in her soft voice, her eyes capturing and holding mine.

“Christi and I talked about it. We can’t say good-bye. We just can’t,” her voice cracked a bit and tears began to form in her eyes. “We. We would like to use one of our wishes, it doesn’t matter whose, to ... to leave together. So we don’t have to say good-bye. We would like to spend our last time together. As long as we have. Please? And if we can’t do that. If you won’t let us. Then don’t make us say good-bye to each other. I’m begging you,” Jane was crying softly by the time she’d finished.

I leaned back a little, surprised by her request. I had honestly thought that they had worked it out, that their feelings for each other, if they even existed, had been resolved. Christi had tears in her eyes as well as she sat there, twisting her hands against the steel holding her wrists. I thought I understood. If they did have any feeling for one another, then the good-bye would even be harder than anything I’d felt so far letting the other women go. And they had recognized it.

I spoke quietly. “Janey? Christi? You don’t have to use up your last requests. You won’t have to say good-bye to one another if you don’t want. I won’t force you.”

“Thank-you,” Jane whispered into the quiet room.

I let them sit there for a while with their thoughts, not wanting to interrupt them.

Eventually, I turned my attention back to Jane. She was staring at her bare feet again as they swung back and forth.

“Jane?”

She looked up, unsure of what else I might want from her.

“What do you want, truly? You can include Christi if you want. If she wants.”

Jane took a deep breath. It looked as though she’d made a decision that she wasn’t sure that she wouldn’t regret. She let her breath out slowly and spoke.

“You know what I’m like. Right?”

I thought about it. “Stubborn. Strong willed. Caring.” I smiled at her.

“And masochistic. No matter how much I hate it,” she continued.

I nodded slowly.

“I might never get another chance to experience this. Being completely in someone else’s control. Let’s face it, I’m unlikely to discover this on the real timeline. Right? Not safely anyway.”

I nodded again, slowly. I was getting aroused just anticipating her request. I had a feeling I knew what it was going to be, though not the specifics.

She turned slowly to Christi. “Christi? Honey? I know how you feel about him. I won’t ask if you don’t want me to .”

Christi lowered her blonde head and stared at the floorboards for a moment. She took a deep breath. She obviously knew what Jane was talking about, even if I hadn’t figured it out yet.

“It’s alright. I don’t mind,” she attempted a smile, not completely succeeding, but close enough.

Jane nodded her thanks to Christi and turned back to me. She pulled against the handcuffs on her wrists.

“I. I want to be your slave. One last time. I want to put myself in your hands. I want to be taken,” she shivered slightly at the words coming from her pretty lips. “I. I don’t care what you do to me, but I only ask not to hurt me more than I can take. You know where that is better than I.”

Tears began to form in her eyes. I watched as she struggled to will them away. Her strength prevailed as I watched the tears recede. Her mind was at war with her body again. But she knew that her mind had lots of time to win on the main timeline. She might never experience what her body wanted ever again.

It took me a moment to respond. I have to admit that I wasn’t completely surprised by this, but nevertheless I had never been sure if she would ever accept this part of herself that I saw so clearly.

“Are you sure, Jane?”

“I’m sure,” her voice became a little stronger.

“Do you want sex to be involved?” I just wanted to be clear what her intent was.

“I ... if you want it, I am going to be your willing slave. I’m not sure I have a choice.”

I swallowed. This wasn’t the answer I wanted.

“No. Do you want sex to be involved?” I asked her a gain.

She thought about it for a moment. I had never taken her, never forced her into sex. At least with me.

She licked her lips. “Yes,” she answered simply. When I didn’t say anything she continued softly. “What is the point of being all hot and bothered if I don’t get to climax?”

I nodded slowly.

She whispered again, “You can’t tell right now, but I already am. Hot and bothered.”

I looked up at her. Her breathing was heavier than normal, but with the dress between her skin and I, I couldn’t see the other outward signs of her arousal. If they were even there. I took her word for it. For now.

“Would you like Christi to be involved in this?” I asked slowly.

Jane nodded slowly, almost shyly.

I didn’t want to offer Christi’s services if she had an objection. I had a funny feeling that she wouldn’t, especially considering the circumstances. I turned to Christi, a look of questioning on my face. Christi nodded slowly, giving her permission for me to include her. If I ordered her, she wouldn’t have a choice. She kn ew that. But this was no longer about my control over them, and I think that Christi sensed that. If she’d objected, I wouldn’t have forced the issue.

“Who am I?” I gently asked Jane.

Her eyes clouded for a moment as she considered her answer. Then, as nat urally as if she was in church, she slipped off the windowsill and sank to her knees on the hardwood, the black fabric of her gown flowing around her feminine form. Her bound hands rested easily between her kneeling thighs; she was no longer twisting in he r restraints.

She spoke clearly but quietly, looking up at me.

“You ... are my Master.”

Chapter 125

I rose from my chair. Leaving Jane kneeling on the floor, I approached Christi. She looked up at me as I approached, her blue eyes boring into me.

She remained seated, so I ended up towering over her. She held my eyes with her own and licked her lips.

"Just because I've agreed to help you with Jane doesn't mean I've given up my wish."

I was aware of that, but I thought that given her position, her wor ds were a bit spunky.

"You would have helped if I'd told you to anyway. I haven't let you go yet."

She flushed a little, but lowered her eyes at my words.

I smiled, having gotten the desired effect. I continued more gently. "I haven't forgotten you. I'm st ill going to give you whatever you want. Just tell me when the time is right. Fair enough?"

She looked back up, a smile curling her lips. She had a secret. She knew exactly what she wanted, and I didn't. And she didn't have to tell me. I wasn't going to pu nish her until she told me her secret. Her life was changing, and even I was finding it difficult to keep her in the slave role. Especially as she sat there, looking up at me with those irresistible eyes. She was still wearing that sweater and the tight je ans that would have looked more at home on Jane. The only concession to her role as mine was the handcuffs adorning her wrists, that she couldn't remove. Nevertheless, she looked spectacular. She should have been a model.

"What?" she asked in confusion, no t understanding why I was staring at her.

I decided to tell her. "You should be a model."

She flushed. "You never asked ... but I am. Or at least I was." She tossed her blonde hair about her shoulders and gave me one of those sexy pouty glances that she might throw at a camera. My heart caught for a moment at the sheer beauty of the pose.

I swallowed hard. I hadn't expected that. She smiled as she realized that she'd somehow surprise d me. Though I'm not sure that she knew the reason. The girls seemed to revel in that. Surprising me. Or shocking me. Even if they didn't mean to.

Because I couldn't move my tongue anymore, I crouched down and fitted the chrome handcuff key into her restra ints. She sat still as I released her wrists. I watched in fascination as her fingers gently massaged the skin of her wrists where the metal had held her. The handcuffs were still warm from her body heat. I placed them on the ground and looked up at her. S he remained in the seat simply letting me regard her in silence.

Christi surprised me again when she spoke.

"Let's take her outside," she said.

I was confused, not quite understanding what she was saying. I suppose I'd dropped into her beauty, unaware of t he other girl still kneeling quietly beside us.

Christi saw my confusion, and I could tell that she wasn't sure why I hadn't understood her. Only that I hadn't.

She continued. "Jane. Remember her? Your other slave? She and I were talking earlier. She wante d to go outside for this."

I turned slowly to Jane who was completely flushed. She nodded her head nearly imperceptibly. Christi was telling the truth.

Christi's voice continued on behind me. I felt almost intoxicated by the girls.

"Maybe we should use the front yard? If you agree? Then we wouldn't have to see Mayer? Or have you put him back already?"

I shook my head, clearing it. The spider crawled along the base of my head at the back. I felt the world closing in, but again it receded. I was grateful. Although the danger here was minimal, Christi and Jane would take care of me if I fell into unconsciousness, there was no guarantee I would wake up. If I was smart, I would let them go now. Forget their requests, and hightail it back to the prime time line. But I wasn't smart. I truly wanted to give them something. They had been so good to me. They deserved something. A small voice at the back of my brain was shouting that they didn't deserve to be trapped on this timeline forever or some unknown limbo, but I carefully ignored it. I was reasonably sure that we could get through this.

"Are you alright?" Jane asked worriedly from her kneeling position in front of me.

I nodded. "It didn't get me."

Jane still looked worried. "We don't have to do this. We can just go back. We aren't going to remember anyway. Are we?"

"You won't remember. But I'm fine now. Really."

I felt fine. As though nothing had happened at all. I just hoped that the next close call would happen after I'd had my time with Jane and Christi. Preferably while I wasn't on this timeline. Of course, the spiders would disappear once I regained the prime timeline.

After a moment, I moved over to Jane. I removed her handcuffs quickly, dropping them beside Christi's.

"Is crawling going to ruin your dress?" I asked her.

She looked puzzled. I understood. She couldn't imagine why I'd care if the dress was ruined. She'd figured out that she was going back as soon as this last scene was played out, and the dress was useless at that point. And I'm sure she never expected to have it covering her much longer in any case. She was probably surprised that she was still wearing it at the moment.

She shook her head and nodded at the same time. Quite a sight actually.

"Yes, Master," she breathed. "Crawling will ruin it. I can remove it if you like."

She hadn't even blinked an eye at the prospect of crawling. She'd done it for me before, though it had been a long time ago. But she was determined to play her role, accepting whatever I asked of her.

"You may keep the dress. Try not to ruin it."

"Master? Can a slave ask if she'll be punished if she ruins the dress?" Jane slipped easily into slave talk. I was surprised. I hadn't heard it from her lips for a while. I wasn't even sure she'd remembered how to speak that way. She was full of surprises.

"I'll decide that when you are outside."

"Yes, sir," she responded. "But, your slave begs to remove it first if she is going to get punished for ruining it. She knows that she is being punished anyway, but she doesn't want to make it worse."

Her words struck a chord in me. I was aroused simply by her manner and her words. I had to adjust my jeans. I couldn't believe that I could react so soon after Elizabeth. Jane's mouth curled into a quick grin as she watched me adjust myself before she caught herself and forced a straight face. I was going to have to punish her for that.

I answered her slowly, “Crawl with the dress. I’ll decide later what you will be punished for.”

“Yes, Master,” she spoke with a hint of sarcasm in her voice. Despite her own willingness to be in this role, she was unable to completely discard her normal strong will and defiance. I loved that about her.

She carefully fell to her hands and knees, waiting for a command to begin crawling for me. I motioned Christi to her feet and then to Jane’s left side. I strode to Jane’s right. Jane looked up at us towering over her diminutive and vulnerable form with a look of worry on her face.

I smiled to her reassuringly. I wasn’t going to hurt her yet. I carefully gathered up a handful of her full brown hair in my fingers, indicating for Christi to do the same. Christi hesitated, but reached down and gathered up some of Jane’s hair in her hand as well.

We began walking slowly, gently tugging at Jane’s hair as a leash. Jane cried out a little at the initial tug, but fell into a rhythm, moving her hands and legs in the unfamiliar and slow motion, relieving the pressure on her scalp. Christi and I moved along beside Jane matching her slow pace, not trying to hurt her. It would have been a simple matter to increase the pace to the point where Jane couldn’t keep up, her scalp in agony. But I didn’t. She would be uncomfortable enough, soon enough. Neither girl complained about the procession.

We moved slowly from the dining room, and down the main hall. The only sounds were Jane’s laboured breathing and the whisk of her dress as it touched the tile. I looked back as we crossed the front door threshold. The mansion that had been our home. The mansion with Sheila and Mayer and all the good times and the bad. I felt that I’d lived there forever, when it had only been a few days at most. I couldn’t believe that this was the last time I’d ever set foot in the place. It seemed so odd to be leading this girl outside using her hair as a guide. The tender soles of her bare feet upturned beneath the elegance of the evening gown. It all seemed so surreal and so erotic. The former occupants of the house would probably be shocked at the display, well most of them anyway.

I took a deep breath.

“Christi?”

She turned to me, waiting for instructions.

“Run upstairs and gather up the pack. Be quick, or you are going to join miss slave, here.”

Christi flushed, remembering that essentially she was still a slave as well. She dropped Jane’s hair that she had been gently holding. I watched as it fluttered back to Jane’s shoulder. As Christi turned and quickly walked towards the stairs, I admonished her. “Run.”

The denim clad girl threw a withering look over her shoulder but decided it was still in her best interests to do as asked, and jogged the last few steps. Her free breasts bounced beautifully under the top and her bare feet thundered as she ran up the stairs.

“You didn’t have to make her run, we have time,” Jane spoke from her hands and knees.

“I don’t remember anyone asking you.” I spoke half jokingly to the elegant girl at my feet.

Jane twisted her head as best she could, pulling her own hair in her attempt to find out how serious I was. When she managed to see that I was smiling at her, she returne d to looking at the floor.

"Bastard," she mumbled.

"That earned you another couple of strokes."

"Bastard," she said more loudly.

"Hmmmm. She wants more, huh?" I speculated out loud. "Little one. You don't have to be defiant. All you have to do is ask, and I'll make sure you can't sit down for a week."

We both knew that she wouldn't feel anything at all from this in a week's time, but she shivered nevertheless.

"I'm sorry, Master," she apologized. It sounded sincere enough.

I heard Christi's feet thundering down the steps as she ran back. I suspected that she had probably dropped to a fast walk as soon as she was out of sight, and I could have punished her. But I wanted to save my creativity for Jane, who actually did want it.

Christi was out of breath, even from the short run. She was dotted with sweat. I liked the effect, and especially liked the effect of her breasts beneath the sweater still heaving as she fought for breath. She smiled at me as she showed me the pack in her fingers.

Without being told, she shifted the bag to her left hand and picked back up Jane's soft hair with her free hand. Together, the three of us stepped out for the last time. I took note of the address as I looked back. I was going to need it.

As we reached the steps to the front por ch, Jane halted as Christi and I stepped down onto the first step.

"M-master?" Jane spoke.

"Yes slave?"

"I. I don't think I can crawl down. I'll fall."

I knew that she could do it. It would take some concentration and some balance. But I didn't force her.

"If you like, you can suggest an alternate."

"Add some to my punishment, instead? For not being able to do this?"

I nodded as she looked up at me, her hair still extending from her head to my fingers. And Christi's.

"I'll try not to scream the first two ti mes you hit me."

A challenge. Could I make her scream anyway? I was betting I could.

"Alright, slave. On your feet."

Christi and I both released her hair at the same time and Jane struggled to get to her bare feet. The evening gown had worn where her knees had pressed into the fabric against the tile. I was quite sure that it had never been meant for this type of activity. I couldn't imagine most women crawling in that thing. Jane smiled, glad that she hadn't been forced to crawl down the steps. She was wel l aware that I could have forced the issue and she would have had to at least attempt the crawl down the steps. She was happy even if it meant making her later punishment harder. I could imagine that it would have been very painful on her unprotected knees to have to climb down. Either way, she was up for extra discomfort, she'd simply chosen her route.

I took Jane's hand and led her down the steps. As we reached the bottom, the girl automatically fell back to her knees. She rocked forward ready to crawl ag ain, without being asked. I left her there, not taking her hair.

"Jane?"

"Yes, Master."

"Pick a tree."

"Master?"

"Just pick one."

She carefully balanced herself on one hand, centering her weight. She pointed to a thick trunked oak tree just off the front p ath.

"On your feet. You don't have to crawl."

She gave me a dirty look as she rose to her feet. One of those, then -why-did-you-let-me-make-a-fool-of-myself looks. She sighed and climbed back to her bare feet, not quite daring to voice a complaint. The dres s was now quite dirty around her knees from her kneeling on the earthen path, but I had no intention of having it on her body much longer anyway. She knew that as well.

I took her right hand, and Christi lightly grasped her left. Jane shivered slightly. Probably anticipating her upcoming punishment and pleasures. We slowly walked towards the tree. I felt like singing something right out of Wizard of Oz. We made an odd sight, I would imagine, walking slowly hand in hand together.

Lions and tigers and bears. Oh my.

I smiled at my inner thoughts, but neither girl noticed.

Chapter 126

Jane was remarkably easy to secure to the tree. Made me wonder just how much the girls were resisting previously whenever I tied them up. She almost seemed eager to be bou nd, and happily rose up on her bare toes, reaching for the low branch above her head. She gripped the branch lightly with her fingers and waited patiently as I slipped the steel handcuffs back around her slender wrists. Her position raised her breasts wond erfully under her dress. If she had been a little less endowed, the dress would have slipped right off her as she stood like that.

I stepped back, watching as she twisted her wrists in their restraints. Sighing, she let go of the branch and let herself dow n off her toes. The handcuffs, stretched over the branch became taut well before she was able to get her heels to the grass. She took a deep breath, knowing it was useless to complain, and resigned herself to being on her toes. She gripped the branch again , trying to ease the weight on the balls of her feet.

I ordered Christi to her knees. The other girl knelt quickly, sensing that I wasn't going to tolerate a lot of protests from her. I'm sure that the designer jeans she wore were getting grass stained aro und the knees, but like Jane, she probably didn't care much about the state of her clothing. As long as she didn't get punished for it.

I slowly walked around the suspended girl, admiring her figure, admiring the way her body stretched in its restraints. S he tried to watch me as I circled her, unsure of what she'd gotten herself into. Probably regretting her last request. I smiled at her as she was forced to watch my progress by whipping her head from right to left.

She spoke softly. "Can a slave change her mind?"

I gently shook my head. I'd arrived back in front of the girl.

"I didn't think so," she whispered. "Can I ask what you are going to do to me while I'm like this?"

"That would ruin the surprise, wouldn't it?"

She swallowed. "Can I stop you, if it gets to be too much?"

I thought about it. I could give her a safeword, like I had with Elizabeth. But I didn't want to. She was still my slave. A lovely slave, true, but still my slave. I could still do whatever I wanted with h er. Even if she was here by choice. I would try not to go over her limits with my play, but I didn't want to worry too much about safewords. It was part of the game for her. She needed to have absolutely no control. I could see it in her frightened eyes. It wouldn't work if she could stop it. Not for her. She wasn't Elizabeth.

"Are you my slave?"

She nodded slowly.

"Will you accept what I do to you, and for you?"

"I don't have much choice, like this ..."

"No, you don't."

She shuddered a bit. I couldn't tell if she was shuddering at her lack of control, or shuddering simply because of her arousal. I was entirely sure that if I checked between her legs, the anticipation would be showing.

Leaving her, I walked slowly back to the pack. I retrieved a bright blue ball gag, the crop, some soft rope, the nipple clamps, a blindfold and the pair of scissors.

She watched in apprehension as I approached with the items in my arms. I dropped them at her feet in the grass. She took a deep breath, let it out in one long stre am, and

reached out to touch the gag with her toe. It required a bit of balancing on her part, but she did it anyway.

She licked her lips. “I. I don’t want to be gagged.”

I touched her red lips and traced them gently.

“Does it matter what you want anymore? ”

A tear slipped from her eye as she looked at me. She slowly shook her head. If I wanted her gagged, she would be, and however reluctantly she’d accept it.

“I’m scared,” she whispered.

“You should be. Means you are still sane,” I answered her as I gave he r a quick kiss on the cheek. I had meant to get her lips, but she turned her head at the last moment.

She looked back at me after I’d withdrawn. The words seemed to make her feel better. I could almost see the thoughts going through her mind. She could hav e had anything she wanted. A rest in a nice soft bed. A nice meal. Even a walk in the park. Instead, she had chosen to be here. Handcuffed and stretched on a tree, waiting for the pain to begin. I watched as she shivered.

I bent and picked up the crop. Her eyes followed it with extreme trepidation.

“I’ll do whatever you want,” she whispered. “You don’t have to punish me for whatever I did ...”

Still looking into her eyes, I let the crop fall hard onto her thighs. The dress didn’t provide much protection for her and she wasn’t expecting the blow. She cried out more in surprise than anything else.

“Ow. Shit. That fucking hurts. I’d forgotten. Shiiiit.”

Her legs danced through the grass as she tried her best to pull out of the handcuffs. I was certain that she was really going to hurt her wrists if I left her in her current restraints. At least she would if I was going to be tormenting her as much as I intended.

I smiled at her as she tried to control the pain in her legs.

“I thought that you were going to contr ol your screams.”

“Oh shit. I’m sorry. I. This slave forgot. Please give her another chance. Hit her again, she’ll be quiet. Oh God, please don’t punish her for it.”

“We made a deal ...”

“I. She knows. Oh God. She’s sorry. Your slave was surprised. She didn’t mean to scream.”

She had regained most of her composure. She was still hurting, I could see it in her eyes, but she was determined not to scream on the next two punishments. One way or the other, I considered, I wanted to break her of that promise. Just for fun. She would scream.

“Alright. You can have another chance.”

“Oh God. Thank -you.”

She wouldn’t be thanking me later.

I bent and retrieved the scissors, dropping the crop back to the grass. Her e yes widened at the sight of the sharp blades. I held the instrument up in front of her face, waving them slightly.

She licked her lips and spoke softly. “Can a slave speak?”

I nodded.

She seemed to be struggling with something internal, but she arrived at a decision. She opened her mouth and closed it again. Finally she opened her mouth and spoke softly.

“This slave. She has to tell you something. She doesn’t want you to get angry with her, though.”

I considered it. “I can’t promise you anything.”

“Please don’t get angry with me. I mean ... angry with your slave. She’s sorry and she didn’t know what she was doing ...”

I was curious now what was going on in her pretty head. She squirmed against the restraints in front of me, knowing that I was about to cut th e dress from her body. Perhaps, she was stalling me, not wanting to part with her only possession. I could understand that.

“Jane? Better tell me quick, before I get tired of this and gag you.”

“No. Please. I. This ...” her voice trailed off.

“It’s alright. Drop the slave talk.”

She looked a little relieved. “Please. Master. I. I’m frightened. And I don’t want to make it worse on me than it is. But I have to tell you the truth. I don’t know why. But I have to.”

I stepped back, lowering the scissors to my si de. I looked at her quizzically, not really knowing what to expect.

She continued hesitantly, “Those scissors ... I can’t do this.”

I glanced at Christi who was shaking her head at Jane, obviously telling her not to continue whatever it was she was going t o do. Jane ignored her and spoke in a whisper.

“The first night after you took me. In the morning. I made breakfast. Remember?”

I nodded slowly.

Jane continued, her words rushing out of her mouth now. “Christi let me free in the morning to make breakfast a nd ... and ... and I picked up the scissors you’d left. I. I was going to stab you. And I couldn’t. Christi was begging me not to, and I couldn’t. Even though you’d put me through hell. I don’t know why. I couldn’t do it. Oh God, please don’t stab me.”

I had no idea what kind of bravery that took. She didn’t have to tell me that. I had forgiven her that long ago. I’d forgiven it almost as soon as I heard it from Christi’s mouth so long ago. I’d watched her a bit more carefully and never understood it. But h ere she was, more vulnerable than ever before, stretched on her bare feet to a tree, knowing that I was going to punish her, and she braved to tell me the truth. It almost brought tears to my eyes. She was so strong, and so confused. I resolved that I woul dn’t punish her for it, no matter what.

I licked my lips. “I. I know, Janey.”

She looked confused and glanced over at Christi still kneeling in the grass. I hurriedly continued, lying for Christi.

“She didn’t tell me, though she would have if I’d asked. I wasn’t asleep,” I lied to her.

Jane’s eyes shifted back to my face. “You knew?”

“Of course, I knew. Why do you think you were more actively restrained on the next nights than you were that first night?”

She took a deep breath. “You never punished me for it, though.”

“I understood. And you stopped. I never quite understood it, but you never tried again, to my knowledge.”

“I didn’t. I wouldn’t.”

I stepped over and gave her a kiss again. This time she didn't turn her head. When I broke the kiss, she was breathing harder and she spoke quietly.

"I'm glad I didn't."

I grinned at her. "Damn right you are glad you didn't. A second attempt, stopped or not, and you really wouldn't have sat down for a week."

She paled a bit, realizing what I'd threatened for this session.

"Even so, I'm still glad I didn't hurt you when I could have," she spoke softly. I could see in her eyes that she at least suspected that Christi had told me, but she didn't seem to mind. Probably understo od. She was a perceptive one. Hard to lie to her.

"Are you ready?" I held up the scissors again. Jane blanched but nodded her head.

I walked up to her, placing the sharp scissors just inside the neckline of her dress. She shivered a bit, tears beginning to form in her eyes. She had been allowed the clothes for a day or so. She was getting used to being covered. The evening dress was not only the most expensive she'd ever owned, but it was her only real possession. That and the jewelry she still wore for me. I was about to remove it irretrievably, rend it from her physically. She took a deep breath and braced herself.

In one quick motion I let the scissors fall through the expensive dress. She was careful not to move as the material parted for the blades. She cried out a bit at the tearing sounds, but waited until the black fabric fluttered uselessly to the grass around her bare ankles. When the material was lying still on the ground she finally gave up and let the tears flow. She cried silently staring at the ground, caressing the fabric with her bare toes.

I turned to see Christi's eyes wet as well. A fellow captive in tears and not from physical pain. I licked my lips. Much as I hated doing it, it had to be done. It didn't really matter, I'd seen her bare bo dy before, and she needed to be separated from the dress before she left. The dress would have been in the way, and it heightened her sensations to have it forcibly removed.

I sat back in the grass beside Christi. I slowly stroked her arm as I let Jane cry . My eyes took in her nude beauty. Robbed of her garment, she was a stunning sight. As pretty as I remembered her. Even with her head hung in tears, her flawless breasts were upthrust into the sunlight. Her body was shining from head to toe, radiating an i nner strength and beauty that was unique to her. Only a thin red line crossed her silky thighs on an upward angle. The mark from the crop.

"I'm going to cry, too, when you take mine," Christi whispered as she knelt beside me.

I nodded. I was sure she would as well.

Jane finally managed to stop her weeping, and raised her eyes to look at me. I slowly got to my feet, and she spoke quietly, "I'm ready."

I walked over to her. "Are you?" I wiped gently at her tears.

"Thank you for letting me cry," she said as sh e twisted her arms. "Can I ask how long I'm going to be here? My arms hurt already."

"I know, they do. I'll let you down soon."

I turned towards Christi and motioned her over. Without being told, she automatically crawled the short distance to me. It was p robably easier than standing and then kneeling again. At least in her mind.

"Kneel behind her."

Without question, Christi shuffled behind Jane, kneeling and waiting for my next request.

"Touch her."

Christi began a protest, and then realized that it was us eless. Besides, she was here for this. Jane and her had something between them. A history. They'd been together many times, and not always because I'd forced it. I suspect the protest was just automatic, not really thought out. She quickly realized that it was just the three of us, and that I didn't care what she did with Jane.

She reached up as Jane spread her legs. The posture forced more pressure on her wrists, but Jane knew that it was expected. Her feet barely touching the ground, she gasped as the first light touch of Christi's fingers caressed her lips.

Christi gasped as well. I looked around Jane's form silently asking Christi what was wrong.

Christi whispered, her face beet red, "She's very wet. I. I guess I wasn't expecting it. I'm sorry."

I looked up at Jane, but she had her eyes closed, her face flushed as well. I couldn't really tell if it was the humiliation, shame or just sheer excitement level.

"Jane?"

Her eyes snapped open. I could tell from her eyes that it really was a combination o f arousal and humiliation. Even being here by her choice wasn't enough to stop her feeling guilty for her body betraying her mind. She was an independent girl and still couldn't understand why her body reacted to this kind of treatment. She probably simply wanted a change from real life. Less control in her sex life, and it was falling to an extreme. Probably only because I was here, and she didn't have much choice.

I held up the scissors and her eyes followed them.

"Hold still," I whispered to her.

I gently dragged the sharp edge over her cheek. She shivered, but managed to keep her face pressed to the blade. She didn't flinch which was good for her. I traced the blade over her pert nose. I watched as she wrinkled it prettily after the blade went on to touc h her sensitive lips. I withdrew, not a speck of blood gracing her.

She let her breath out in a long sigh of relief. I let her rest for a moment and then began at her chest. I traced the tip of the scissors along her bare breasts, circling the erect nipples. She tensed immediately, trying to hold her breath, trying to keep still, trying not to flinch or move away from the dangerous steel. I could see her struggling with the sensations of Christi's fingers. Trying not to buck, trying to remain motionless. On e move in the wrong direction, for her or me, would mean big trouble for her soft skin. She knew that and I knew that. We almost had to become one.

She took a quick breath as I moved the blade from her breasts. I looked down and watched as Christi's middle finger slowly entered Jane and pumped up and down. Ever so slowly. Christi was well aware that if Jane climaxed, not only could Jane hurt herself, but that I would probably punish Christi. I didn't want Jane climaxing yet, no matter how much she deserved it.

I carefully scraped along Jane's erect nipples, careful not to cut her quivering breasts. She desperately wanted to move away. I can't imagine how protective of her nipples she would feel. If possible her nipples got harder under the scrape of the blad es. I

did that to her twice before she begged. I could see her body trembling, fatigue causing her muscles to protest at keeping completely still.

"Please. I. Can't. Please don't cut me. Oh God. Please."

"You can't keep still?" I rested the blade carefully just above her right nipple.

"Please. Not much longer."

"You don't want a cut on your breasts? On your nipples?"

"Please. I like my nipples on my body. Oh God. I'm scared."

Truthfully, I didn't want to hurt her that much anyway. And I'm not into blood. I would have felt very badly if I'd cut her, but I had faith in her control. Despite the stimulation between her legs and her fading strength, I thought she'd be able to hold it for a few more minutes.

To her credit she tried. Despite the shaking of her body and the trembling muscles she managed to stay still for a few more minutes. She screamed as her thighs refused to support her. As she inhaled deeply for the scream, I moved the steel from her nipple. She screamed again before she looked down at herself. S he looked like she was readying herself to be greeted by the sight of her nipple separated from her breast. Instead, she saw her intact bare breasts heaving in her fright.

Jane moaned as Christi resumed her slow pumping of her vagina. It looked like Christi had inserted two fingers into her and was purposely teasing Jane.

"Thank-you," Jane breathed.

"For what?" I asked quietly as I reached for the soft ropes lying in the grass.

"For taking them away before I got cut. I. I couldn't hold it any longer. I didn 't want to lose a nipple. Thank -you."

I smiled. I guess because she knew that she was about to be sent back, she assumed that I was capable of anything. Truthfully, had I cut her, I probably would have fainted. Blood, especially female blood, makes me ligh theaded. I was being careful as much for myself as for her.

Silently, I began to wrap the rope around her upper chest, running rope securely above and below her bare breasts. She didn't squirm, but seemed to be more interested in the sensations happening b etween her legs. As I began to wrap the base of each breast in rope, and the sensations of pressure began to increase she opened her eyes.

"Can I ask what you ware doing?"

"What do you think?"

"Tying up my boobs?"

"Good guess."

"Why?"

"You'll see."

"I'm not going to like it am I?"

"You will. On one level."

"Oh God."

I felt her tense as she tried to push down onto Christi's teasing fingers.

Soon her breasts were tight, tied adequately for my purposes. I traced the sensitive flesh, feeling the unnatura l tightness of her soft skin. Jane gasped.

"It hurts," she whispered.

"It's supposed to."

"Last time ..." she began.

“I tied you up like this, you got it across ‘em,” I finished her thought for her.
“Oh God. Please no. I can’t take it.”
“You don’t have muc h choice, my dear.”
“Oh God.”

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She squirmed a bit in the bonds, feeling the unusual sensation of her bound breasts on her chest.

"Remember that you aren't to scream."

She closed her eyes. "If you hit my boobs, I can't. Please don't do th is to me. Hit me somewhere else."

"How about if I hit *someone* else?"

I watched as her numb mind worked. Realized that I would be hitting Christi instead of her. She definitely didn't want that. Christi didn't enjoy this kind of thing at all and even thou gh it would protect Jane's skin, this was for Jane. She slowly shook her head. Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Christi's fingers hesitate between Jane's legs as she clued into my offering her skin instead. Of course, I knew that Jane wouldn't let it get to that.

"Remember. No screaming."

"Can I talk?"

"Just don't raise your voice. After the first two, you can scream for me."

"Believe me, I will. Christ. I don't know if I can do this."

"Try."

Her eyes registered understanding. I wouldn't punish her if she couldn't do it, as long as she made her best effort. I couldn't imagine how she could even think with the sensations from her crotch mixed in with fear of that simple whip about to mark her beautiful breasts.

I lined up on her bound breasts and made two practice swings. She flinched both times, gritting her teeth, expecting the searing pain.

The third swing connected with the tops of her breasts. I couldn't hit her hard since I didn't want the taut skin to break and it was a very real danger with her like this. However, with her breasts bound as tightly as they were any touch was going to hurt her, even something as simple as a fingernail scratching gently down her skin. The crop would have been unbearable.

She threw back her head, whipping her hair around as she struggled with the agony of the crop. I could see the red mark beginning to form as soon as the crop fell away from her. I was sure she was going to howl like a wounded animal. Instead her self control kicked in and she hissed through her teeth. She managed to hold her vocal chords from crying out her pain. I have no idea how.

"Oh God. You bastard," she spoke finally in a conversational tone. "You have no fucking idea how much that hurts. I didn't remember how much tha t hurt. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. Please no more. Hurt me somewhere else. Not there again. I can't. I'll scream."

There really wasn't anything stopping her from screaming. I wasn't about to stop her, and she knew in her heart that I wouldn't punish her. I had no i dea why she was holding it in.

"Ready?"

"No."

I lined up carefully on her heaving chest. I'd meant to hit the bottoms of her breasts, but when the crop fell, she flinched and managed to get her nipples directly into the line of fire. The crop landed square ly on her still erect nipples, crossing them both with a fine

red line. I thought that she would either bring down the branch or dislocate her arms. She twisted violently, her hair damp and whipping around as she tried to get away. Somehow, she managed to keep her lips shut around the muffled cry of agony that threatened to emerge. I have no idea how she managed it. I felt bad for her. I hadn't intended to put her in that much pain. Tears were running down her face, and she had managed to pull herself away from Christi's fingers. As Christi moved to touch the girl again, I motioned for her to stop. I thought that Jane had enough on her mind, without worrying about the sensations there.

Her voice finally came out, choked but soft. "Jesus Christ. You didn't ha ve to hit my nipples," she said through her tears, as though I'd betrayed her. Truthfully, I felt like I had. "I can't feel them, and I can. It hurts so FUCKING much. Owie," she sobbed as she stood there unable to move or to strike out at me. She wanted to , I could see it in the set of the her nude body. If she was free, nothing could have stopped her from trying to hurt me back. I couldn't blame the girl.

I dropped the crop in the grass and held her. Enough for now.

Finally, she allowed herself to press he rself uncomfortably into my shoulder and cry herself out. I held her for a number of minutes until the shaking in her bare body receded.

"I'm. I'm sorry," she mumbled as I released her from the hug.

"You're sorry?" I looked at her incredulously.

"I did this to myself. I got myself into this. I shouldn't blame you."

"It hurt. I know. If it means anything, I didn't mean to get your nipples."

She hung in her restraints, and sniffled. "I. I'm alright. It hurt. It still does. But you can continue. I can scream n ow, right?"

I nodded, a half smile playing about my lips. I was sure that she'd beg to get out by now. But she hadn't. She was a strong girl.

"Christi?" I spoke to the girl on her knees behind Jane.

"You didn't have to hit her that hard. She's there becaus e she wants to be. Not because of your twisted games. Go easy on her," Christi spoke for the first time.

"It wasn't intentional," I assured Christi. "If you don't want to be involved anymore, I can let you go now ..."

Christi paled. "I. I didn't mean ..."

"I know," I reassured Christi. "Relax. I was just offering you a way out, if you didn't want to go through the next part."

"Next part?"

"Yeah," I rooted through the pack and came up with a less painful stranded whip. This would hurt Jane, but nothing compa red to the crop.

I handed the small whip to Christi who took it and held it limply at her thigh. She looked at me, her mouth forming the word of protest.

"Please no," she whispered to me.

"You've done it before."

"Because she wanted it, and I couldn't hit her hard, even then."

I glanced over at Jane. Her bare breasts were heaving and she was twisting again in the bonds. Her feet were dancing over the grass in her attempts to get more comfortable.

Jane spoke softly from the branch. "Christi? Honey? Mayer isn't here. And I hurt." She paused for a moment, gathering her thoughts and her strength. "I'm here because I want to be. Honestly. I'm not sure what happened between us that night, but I'm willing

to try this again." She paused again, shorter this time. "Christi. Sweety? I want this. I want you to hit me. Just go gentle on my boobs. Okay?"

Christi swallowed heavily as I watched her face. She took a breath, and stared at me.

"It doesn't seem right," she spoke softly to me. Her eyes were betraying her though. The bright blue orbs were shining, almost anticipating it. Her dominant side, the part of her that was aroused by the power aspects of sex, were rising in her despite her desires to keep them quelled.

"You can do it. If not for me, for Jane," I touched her shoulder gently as I spoke. She was shaking a little as she stood there.

She nodded, not understanding Jane, not understanding herself. She nodded anyway.

I settled back into the soft grass as Christi turned on her bare heel and began to walk towards Jane. The whip swung gently by her side as she carried it towards her friend and perhaps lover.

I was close enough to the girls that I could hear them.

"You sure?" Christi whispered to the bound girl.

Jane nodded, staring at Christi's face. "I want you to do this to me. I want you. Please?"

Christi glanced back at me once, her eyes shining with unshed tears. I nodded to her. Jane honestly did want this, with part of her being. She was somehow suppressing her mind, letting her sensations take her through this. She might hate herself afterward, but not for long. Not this time.

Christi slowly brought the whip up and let it fall against Jane's unprotected side. The strands curled around her hip, striking the back of Jane's body. Jane grunted as the pain washed over her body.

I watched as Christi slowly let the whip fall against Jane's skin. She moved around her, striking her back, her thighs, her flat stomach, even her calves. Jane's tears fell constantly from her eyes, but she never cried out or begged or protested at the treatment. She twisted occasionally, trying to avoid a blow, but she couldn't move far and only managed to succeed in getting the strike in a different place. Christi moved slowly and methodically around Jane's body, letting the pain peak before administering the next blow. Her aim and strength improved as she spent more time with Jane, somehow knowing what the maximum that Jane could take was without seriously hurting her or making her beg.

Finally, Christi stood easily on the balls of her bare feet in front of Jane. She swung the whip easily through the air, not striking her friend any longer. She waited until Jane raised her face to look at her. Tears coursed down Jane's face as she struggled with the residual pain of the whipping. Her skin was a faint red over most of her body.

"Oh Jane," Christi dropped the whip to her side and reached forward with her free hand. She gently wiped at Jane's cheeks, trying to staunch the flow of tears. She unconsciously tasted the liquid from her finger. I knew how salty the tears would be. I was tempted to take my own taste. Jane wouldn't have minded. Christi carefully brushed the mussed hair from Jane's shoulders towards her back.

Jane closed her eyes for a moment and then opened them again. She stared into Christi's eyes, bracing herself.

Christi slowly raised the whip and eyes locked let the whip crash against Jane's bound vulnerable breasts. Jane managed to hold the gaze for a moment and then closed her eyes and let her head rock backward, spilling her hair down her back.

"Aaaahhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh," Jane cried out into the uncaring world. "Jesus. Christ. Please. No more. My boobs. Oh my God. Please."

Christi waited for the pain to subside, and then repeated the blow after Jane raised her head and locked gaze again. This time Jane collapsed. I watched as her thighs gave out, and she hung limply from her handcuffs. I watched a trickle of blood appear as her weight dug the steel into her small wrists.

"Aaaeeeeeeiiiiiiiii. Please. God. No more. My boobs. I can't take anymore. I hurt. Let me down. Please. Please. Please?" she begged into the skies and perhaps to the tree holding her body.

Christi raised the whip again. She was shaking. I quickly rose to my feet and grasped her wrist before she could strike Jane again. Despite her pain, despite not being able to stand, Jane had locked her teary eyes back on Christi's, silently begging her. For what, I'm not sure.

"Enough," I whispered. "She can't take anymore. She's exh austed."

And she was. She still hadn't managed to take her weight off her wrists. I was truly afraid that she'd get seriously hurt with this play. And I cared about her.

Christi immediately dropped the whip and ran to Jane, trying to help support her weight, hugging her fiercely, oblivious to the fact that she was probably hurting Jane in the process.

"Oh my God, I'm so sorry. I got carried away. Forgive me. Please, Jane. Please?" Christi murmured the words into Jane's ear. Jane was shaking with her sobbing . Her whole body a mass of pain.

Christi murmured other apologies quietly as I let them embrace. At last Christi separated from Jane. Jane maintained her posture despite her trembling thighs. She was still crying softly but it wasn't the heart wrenching so bs that had been caused by the whip on her breasts.

I stroked Jane's face gently, trailing my finger down her fine jaw line. She smiled up at me weakly, through the tears.

"You alright?" I asked her.

"I've been better," she whispered.

I nodded, understanding. She was still fighting the daemons. I let my finger trail down her hot body, between her heaving breasts, bumping over the ropes, touching her belly button, and finding my way through her sparse down and separating her lips. She was far more lubricated than I'd expected. And I was expecting a lot. She was practically leaking her arousal. She cried out as my finger found her swollen clitoris. She tried her best to press herself into my touch. I teased her for a moment, realizing that it wasn't going to take much to push her over the edge.

"Better?" I asked her. I was quite sure that I'd taken her mind off her breasts, at least for a moment.

She nodded, breathing really hard. She moaned desperately as I withdrew my fingers from her.

I bent to the grass at her feet and picked up the blue gag and the nipple clamps. She watched in trepidation as I straightened.

“Please no. I just want to cum, now. Please, no more. I don’t want to be gagged. And I hate the clamps. Oh God. No more. Please.”

I smiled at her. She was going to have to wait for a little while before I let her climax. She was twisting in the bonds.

I turned to Christi. “You can refuse, if you want.”

She somehow understood what I wanted her to do. She walked over to me and Jane and slowly fe ll to her knees. Her fingers traced along Jane’s hot skin and gently touched her, stroking her knowingly. Jane gasped, not caring who was touching her, as long as she was touched.

“Don’t let her,” I whispered to Christi. Jane moaned as she realized that sh e wasn’t going to be allowed to climax. Not yet.

I watched as Christi again let her fingers gently enter the bound girl, pumping at a very slow maddening pace. She took a deep breath and leaned forward. I could see as Christi’s tongue caressed the girl abo ve her. Jane spreading her thighs as far as she could, wanting more than the slow maddening touches.

I held up the gag and waited until Jane opened her brown eyes. Her eyes registered understanding and pain and acceptance. She gazed into my eyes as she str uggled to ignore the sensations from between her legs long enough to do what I wanted from her. She opened her pretty mouth and held it open waiting. I gently pressed the blue ball behind her teeth. She held it without further complaint while I moved aroun d her to buckle the leather straps behind her head, trapping her long brunette hair under the strap. She wouldn’t have the gag long. I just wanted to see her in it one last time.

Her muffled moans began again as soon as the gag was secured. I hadn’t wrench ed it into her mouth, this wasn’t a punishment. I could see her probing at the gag with her tongue, but satisfied that she was going to be silent like it or not, she accepted it.

I reached forward and lightly stroked her nipples. She shook her head a littl e in protest, but when her nipples reacted to the stimulus of my fingers, she hung her head and again accepted her fate. I carefully tightened the nipple clamps onto her erect nipples until I saw a look of pain cross her features. She wailed into the gag. I did the same to her other nipple until she was supporting the light chain between them only by her upthrust and aching nipples.

As the pain dulled, her breathing returned to a more normal pace. At least normal for a sexually aroused female being taken fu rther down the path to oblivion.

Chapter 128

I wandered back a few meters and sat down in the grass. I watched the two girls as they slowly moved together. Jane's eyes were closed as she absorbed the sensations from Christi's fingers and tongue, and the throbs from her bound and clamped breasts. She was breathing heavily and I was surprised that Christi was able to hold her on the edge without letting her over. I was actually surprised that Jane wasn't falling over the edge at the slightest touch of wind.

I watched them for a few more minutes, just enjoying the sight of them. Jane's nudity and helplessness, her gagged mouth, her brown hair cascading behind her, her soft muffled moans. Christi, still clothed, kneeling easily in the grass, concentrating. Her upturned bare feet buried into the soft blades of grass even looked beautiful as she knelt there. I couldn't let them go. They were simply too precious. How could I?

I took a deep breath and rose to my feet. I gently touched Christi's shoulder causing her to break away from her pleasant task. She left her two fingers buried inside of Jane, but turned her head to look up at me, questions flowing across her face.

"Can I let her cum?" she asked quietly, still pumping gently with her right hand. I could see Jane's lubrication coating Christi's fingers. Jane was nodding and moaning, desperately wanting her release.

I gently shook my head, leaned down and gently pulled Christi's arm so that it withdrew from teasing Jane. Jane cried out through her gag, tears forming in her eyes. I could see the arousal painted on her face, her disappointment, her need.

Slowly I guided Christi to her bare feet, taking her a few meters from Jane. As she rose, she moved to wipe her fingers on her jeans. I softly touched her hand, feeling the wetness myself, stopping her from doing so. She looked at me quizzically until comprehension dawned on her. She was used to the taste anyway from tonguing Jane so she didn't protest as she licked her fingers clean.

We sat in the grass, our legs outstretched. Christi's eyes were glued to the crying female with her arms held above her. The female that she'd just been stopped from pleasuring. Her friend that only wanted an orgasm, more than she even wanted to be let out of her restraints, more than anything else in the world.

She spoke softly, "She needs release."

"I know. She'll get it."

"She'll hurt herself when she ... you finally let her."

"I'll try to make sure she doesn't."

We were silent for a moment, both captivated by the sight of Jane.

"She's only seventeen," Christi spoke again. "I couldn't imagine myself being as strong as her at seventeen."

"She's incredible. But you all are. Were."

Christi turned her eyes from Jane and looked at me.

"I don't want to go back."

"I know. I don't want to send you back."

"I want to use my one wish. Will you let me?"

I had wanted to finish with Jane before we got into this with Christi, but I shrugged. I wanted Jane to be beyond ready, insane before I finished with her. I wanted the proverbial earth to move for her. I nodded.

I waited for a few minutes, but Christi took her time. Perhaps savouring the moment.

She started haltingly, “I. I know this sounds crazy. And it probably is. But. I. I really don’t want to go back. I like it here despite what you do to us. Maybe the effect won’t come after you’ve let everyone else go. Maybe we’ll be okay, just the two of us.”

I started to protest. It wasn’t the number of bubbles, or the difficulty of maintaining them. It was the fact that I was on the wrong timeline, mai ntaining anything beyond the primary timeline. She held her finger to my lips, so soft.

She continued, “I. I want my last wish to be not to stop this. Send Jane back, and ...”

Her eyes teared up as I slowly shook my head.

“Christi, dear. I’d do anything to keep us here, but I can’t. We have to leave. It’s too dangerous. Even us being here now is dangerous. It’s your life ... and mine ... that we’re talking about here. I’m not willing to risk your existence.”

A single tear dripped down her soft cheek. She se emed resigned as if she’d known what the answer would be.

“I am,” she whispered. I didn’t reply to her. There wasn’t a reply. She may have been willing to risk herself, but I wasn’t.

She spoke softly, I doubt if Jane could hear. Not that she would be liste ning to us anyway.

“It seems so long ago,” she almost whispered. “You pointed a gun at me, and I swore I’d do anything to kill you. I’d do anything to escape. And you did such awful things. Made me do such awful things. I. I hated you. But you never whippe d me. I don’t know why ...” her voice trailed off.

She seemed to want an answer from me. One I didn’t have. I just watched her face. She was crying softly as she spoke.

At last, she found her voice again and continued.

“I don’t know why. It’s dumb. I’m dum b. But every time you touched Jane, or Amy, or Elizabeth, I felt an ache. I still do, though I’m getting used to it. I cared about you. I know that you can’t care about me the same way, and it hurts, but I’ve learned to accept it and be quiet ...” she paus ed for a moment. “Jane told me not to do this. And I love her. I love her almost as much as I’ve loved anyone. You taught me that. That it was alright to love someone, even if it was crazy or if she was the same sex as I was. I wish that I could remember a ll this when I go back.”

I swallowed, not sure if I should let her ramble on, or stop her before she said something she’d regret. Jane was probably right, Christi probably should have kept these things to herself. For the sake of her own sanity. On the oth er hand, it seemed like it was helping her, so I sat back and allowed her to talk about her heart.

Her soft voice continued. “I know that I’ve changed from the girl you took so long ago. I’m still her, but I feel better about myself. I know that sounds ins ane, and maybe it is. I had this dominant personality before. You never really saw it, because you had never met me in any other situation than being ultimately under your control. I guess I still am dominant. Whipping Jane did turn me on, much as I hate t o admit it. But I don’t mind being under your control. Oh God. Jane, I’m sorry. I’d be happy being under your control forever. I don’t know why, but I’d like to. And I’ll never get that chance. I love you, and I don’t even know your name.”

I closed my eyes. Underneath, somewhere, I knew that about Christi. I knew that this was going to happen. Jane had warned me long, long ago. Begged me not to do this to the female sitting in the grass beside me. I couldn't love her as much as she loved me, and I think she knew that. It didn't matter to her. Love is a strange thing. But I still felt like I was taking advantage of her. In my own way, I suppose that I did love her. But I loved all of them.

When I opened my eyes, she was kneeling in the grass beside me, facing me. Her bright blue eyes shone into me, tears still falling gently. Again she spoke softly, in a whisper.

"I so much wanted to use my wish to make you love me as I think I love you. But I know that you can't, so I won't even ask."

Her tears began to fall even faster from her eyes. She continued and I could barely hear her, even though she was only millimeters from my face.

"I want to make love to you," she said. "One last time, before we go. That's something that you can't refuse. Is it?"

I shook my head. I wasn't about to say no to that. Even if I couldn't fall in love with her the way she wanted, I could do this for her.

Her tears began to fall harder as she forced herself to continue.

"I don't want you to gag me. Even if I slip and say something th at I shouldn't while we make love. Okay?"

I nodded. I wasn't going to punish her for anything. She was far too precious to me at this point. I may have briefly fallen for her, despite all my defenses.

"If you want to tie me up for this, I don't mind."

"Do *you* want to be tied up?" I asked her.

She thought about it for a moment and then slowly shook her head.

"I want to be able to touch you, if you'll let me."

I nodded. This was her wish, so her desires went. For now.

Her tears still hadn't stopped. Her fin gers were playing with the bottom of her sweater. She took a deep breath and I thought that she was going to remove it for the last time.

Instead, she released the sweater and looked into my eyes. Her tears were still falling slowly and silently, but not i n a flood. Just soft female crying because she didn't know what else to do.

"I. You," she stammered. "If you want to cut these off me, I don't mind. Or I can take it off. Or you can ..."

I was tempted to ask her again what she wanted, but I didn't. I could tell from her voice what she wanted.

"Christi?"

She looked up at me as I reached forward and tugged at her top. I closed my eyes as I pulled it over her head. She raised her arms to help. When I opened them, she was still kneeling, but bare chested. Her n ipples were hard and they rose and fell rapidly with her breathing. She stood, balancing easily on her bare feet. She quickly unbuttoned her jeans and pushed them down her long legs. They pooled at her ankles and she stepped out of them.

She was absolutely stunning. I had seen her naked before, many times. Had seen her naked and restrained. Had seen her hurting. Had seen her pleading. Had seen her upset,

angry, loving, shy, and noble. Nothing compared to her nudity right here and now washed in the morning sunlight. She stood there for a moment, taking in my stare and gently laughing. Tears were still falling from her eyes, but that was easing.

"I told you, I'd cry when you made me strip."

"I'm not making you strip."

"I know. It's still hard," she whispered.

I nodded as she knelt back down. I felt her soft body as it pressed into mine as she embraced me. Her soft lips found mine and kissed with a passion that I had never felt from any of the girls before. I fell into her lips and her breath. I felt her fingers tugging at my clothing, felt the fabric parting and slipping from my skin. I helped her and soon I was as naked as she. The grass felt wonderful against my back and legs. I was overwhelmed by the sheer exposure.

I felt her lips leave mine and her tongue s oftly tracing down my skin. I felt her hot breath tickling my pubic hair as she began to gently lick at me. Her fingers played with my skin, her bare breasts lightly brushing the insides of my thighs. Despite the amount of sex that I'd already enjoyed toda y, I found myself reacting to her caresses and her mouth. Soon I was hard and accepting the warmth of her tongue. I could feel every small sensation from her breath from her nose to her teeth lightly grazing my penis. I opened my eyes, feeling Jane watchin g us.

Over Christi's bent form I could see the poor girl, still restrained and gagged, watching us. We were so free, allowed to enjoy ourselves. Such a contrast to her intense frustration.

I gasped as Christi's mouth left me. I felt empty, like I needed to have her connection. Needed her touch on me. She shifted herself, her bare legs spreading. She straddled me, her fingers guiding me.

She gasped as my penis touched her lips. I could feel her arousal.

"Christi?" I whispered to her.

She glanced up at me, frightened that she had done something wrong. She halted before I entered her.

I reached for my jeans that were lying in the grass beside me. I could feel Christi trembling above me, not sure what I was doing.

I fished a small chrome key out of my front pocket and held it out to her.

"Now?" she whispered, disbelief on her face.

I slowly nodded, not wanting to. I wanted to be in her, with her, almost more than anything else in the world.

She swallowed heavily and sat back, letting me fall free of her fingers. I could feel her heat on my thighs as she sighed. She was flushed, her nipples like small bullets. She idly stroked her left nipple with her fingers as she reached for the key.

She struggled to her feet as I lay there, unmoving. I watched as she gave me a dirty look, but continued the few steps towards Jane. Again she touched herself, between her legs. If I wasn't mistaken she'd actually run the key through her lips. She swayed, wanting touches, wanting love, wanting to touch.

She carefully hugged Jane, careful of her bound breasts, careful of her nipples still painfully clamped. She kissed her on the lips, her lips tracing Jane's stretched lips around the gag.

Jane looked at her with pleading eyes. Her arms had been stre tched above her for so long. They had to be aching horribly. There was some dried blood that had run down her right arm from where she'd cut herself against the handcuff.

Christi turned towards me. "Can I take out her gag? Please?"

I shook my head. I wante d her gagged for a little while more. I just wanted her free of the tree.

Christi stretched up on her toes and carefully inserted the chrome key I'd given to her into the cuffs. The right cuff snapped free with a jolt. Her support gone, Jane collapsed to her knees in the grass. Her face was a mask of pain as her hands immediately went to cradle her bouncing breasts. She fingered the nipple clamps, gasping through the gag, but didn't make any move to remove them or the bindings on her breasts. I couldn't imagine the pain that she was enduring. Her breasts were beginning to fade from red to a light shade of blue. I wouldn't be able, nor did I want, to leave her in the torments very much longer.

"Behind her, Christi."

Jane gave me a pleading look. One of those haven't-I-been-through-enough, looks. I couldn't blame her. She was aching, and not simply from the bondage. I was surprised that she hadn't plunged a hand between her legs as soon as she fell.

Christi gave me a dirty look as well, but she obeyed. Jane did n't resist as Christi pulled her hands behind her back and refastened them. Jane pulled in frustration at her wrists but she was probably glad that I'd released her from the tree.

"Help her, Christi. Come here. Both of you."

Between them, the girls struggl ed through the grass. Jane still on her knees. Jane knelt there quietly, not being able to speak.

I sat up, suddenly conscious of my nudity.

"Jane?" I spoke gently to her.

She looked at me with tear streaked eyes. She began to cry again, mostly from frustration, I suspect. She really didn't like gags.

I motioned for Christi to remove it. She fumbled behind Jane's head for a moment, but eventually succeeded. Jane pushed it out of her mouth into Christi's hand.

"Please," she begged.

"Do you need the nipple cl amps off as well?" I asked her gently.

She knelt and thought about it. She, of course, wanted them off but she had something else on her mind. She turned slowly to Christi. It seemed so surreal, this bound and naked girl talking so easily to the other free girl.

"Christi? Sweety? I won't ask if you don't want me to."

Jane's face was completely flushed. I had no idea what was flowing through that pretty head of hers.

Christi turned her head away and closed her eyes. I could almost see the wheels turning. She obviously knew what Jane was talking about. Slowly, Christi turned her eyes back to Jane's earnest face. She nodded slowly as though she was giving orders to a firing squad to terminate a life.

Jane licked her lips and whispered, "Thank, you, Christi. I l ove you."

Christi just nodded, tears springing to her eyes again.

Jane took a huge breath and spoke to me, her voice calm and studied, almost as though she'd rehearsed this.

"I. I've had to have sex for you. A lot. And I can't say I always enjoyed it. But you've taught me so much about myself, and my sexuality, and my mind. I'm not like Christi. I love her dearly, perhaps more than I should, and I didn't want to hurt her."

At this point she turned to the other girl. She whispered a quick apology again,

"I know I'm hurting you Christi, and I wouldn't, but this is my last chance. Please. I know you love him, and I don't, but this. This is my last chance. My only chance. I do love you."

She turned back to me, tears now coursing down her cheeks. Christi had simply looked away.

"I. I don't love you, and I never will. I care about you, and though it sounds strange I appreciate some of what you've taught to me. I'm not sure I'll ever be everything I can be, but this ... situation ... has allowed me to do things I might never ever get to do again." She paused as though to gather her courage. "I. I. I don't care if you untie me. Whatever you want. But I want to make love to you. Once before you send m e away. Please?"

I couldn't say no to her. Both these girls were special to me. But her request had surprised me a little. Jane had offered herself so often. And I'd never taken advantage of it. I'm not quite sure why. Jane was strong, and rebellious, and so perceptive. I guess I never thought of her as needing this. That somehow she could get what she needed no matter what I did to her. She simply wanted the experience. I knew that she couldn't love me, but I suspected that she cared. Somehow.

I turned to Christi, who was kneeling quietly beside Jane. She was wiping at tears again which were falling from her eyes.

"Christi?" I spoke quietly to her. "You don't have to stay here if you don't want. I'll come get you when we're done."

This caused further tears to fall from her eyes. Her sobs hurt me, as I'm sure they hurt Jane.

"Christi," Jane spoke quietly. "I don't have to do this. I can do myself. Or maybe I could do it with you instead. That time we were together. I mean, when we were in there," she glanced up at Mayer's window, "It was really special to me. I loved you. And I still do. I don't want to hurt you."

Christi spoke gently. "Don't. I'll be fine. I've shared before, and ... I'm used to it. I think."

"No you aren't, and you never will be," Jane spoke . I have no idea how this girl maintained her composure being bound with her nipples on fire. "I don't have to do this."

Christi turned and touched Jane's face. "I love you too. I don't know how, or why, but I do. You deserve this. More than anyone, includ ing me. We can share," her face had set into a mask of determination. She was sacrificing for Jane. She really did care for Jane, and always had. She leaned forward and gently kissed Jane's lips.

Jane nodded. "Thank -you," she whispered.

Christi turned towa rds me and came to some decision.

"I'll stay, if you'll let me."

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I nodded, agreeing that Christi could stay.

Jane spoke quietly from her kneeling position in the grass.

"Can this slave beg to have her breasts freed?"

"Why?" I asked her as she stared at me with her deep brown eyes.

Her expression was a classic what-kind-of-stupid-question-is-that? But she managed to control her mouth, knowing mouthing off wasn't going to help her.

"Master. Please. This slave hurts. She doesn't want to hurt anymore."

I sat up and idly traced my finger down her right breast. The flesh was taut and straining against the ropes squeezing her. The clamps were still tightly compressing her nipples. It did look very uncomfortable. Her bare breasts were slightly discoloured from the bondage, but she wasn't really in any danger of having true circulation problems there.

Even though I'm sure that my touch was causing her discomfort, she knelt still, grimacing.

I let my finger trace down between her breasts, feeling the roughness of the ropes there. I let it drag on the chain between her nipples causing her to cry to out. I continued down until I touched her pubic hair. I toyed with it, as though I owned it. I suppose I did, in a way. She moaned at the sensations, as I lightly pulled at her hair and softly stroked her sex.

I glanced quickly at Christi kneeling nude beside us. Her face was a mask of disappointment, but she hadn't started crying yet. She held herself a little stiff, but didn't interfere. When she caught my glance at her, she tried to smile. It didn't really succeed, but at least she had tried.

I let my finger slip between Jane's lips, finding her as wet as Christi had indicated earlier. I was surprised at her arousal, though I suppose that I could understand it. After all, this was my intent from the start of this. Jane was moaning and struggling to keep herself still as I explored her. I could feel the slight movement of her hips as she knelt. I couldn't imagine the effort she was putting into keeping still. As I lightly circled her swollen clitoris she shuddered. Fearful that she was going to go over the edge before I wanted her to, I withdrew my fingers. She cried out, almost begging for the touch to resume.

Instead, I lay back in the grass. Jane watched and sighed as she watched my movements. She swallowed heavily, twisting at her restraints. The poor creature only wanted to climax. She was the one in chains, and in pain, and she was expected to do the work. She shuddered, but rose up on her knees and shuffled forward towards me. I could feel her heat as she moved up my legs. I had to stop her as she pressed herself into my thighs as she made her way slowly up my body, rubbing herself and sighing.

She straddled me, her thigh muscles quivering. Her eyes shone with tears as she struggled. She twisted her body trying to help herself, trying to reach around with her bound hands. Her efforts were unsuccessful. She couldn't reach around herself to touch me, to guide me into her. Finally she collapsed, letting herself fall against me. I was pressed up between her folds, where I'd never been before. I wasn't inside of her, but she began to rub herself slowly up and down the length of me, gasping.

"Jane?"

“Please no. Let me climax. Please.”

“Not like this.”

She stopped her movements, crying in frustration.

“I can’t get you inside. Not like this. And you won’t help. Please. I want you inside me. I’m begging you.”

She rose up again off me. I could still feel her heat even fr om that far away. I began to reach forward to help her when I felt another light touch. I gasped as Christi moved forward and reached for me.

She took a deep breath and held me. Jane leaned forward and kissed Christi’s cheek as she positioned herself over top of me. Christi used her hands in place of Jane’s trapped ones to guide me inside of the girl. I couldn’t imagine the will power and self sacrifice that it must have taken her, but she did it. I cried out and closed my eyes as I felt Jane engulf me. Jan e cried out at the sensations, throwing her own head back. She sat still, and I couldn’t help but enjoy the softness of her, her arousal, her gentle internal pulsing.

I opened my eyes as a shadow crossed them. My vision was full of a blonde slit hovering a few centimeters above my face. I glanced forward, between the silky thighs on either side of my head and saw Jane rocking herself very slowly, impaled on me. Her eyes were closed, and her tormented breasts were rising and falling with a fervor that I don’t think I’d ever seen on her.

Christi glanced down at me between her legs, smiling.

“I’ll move if you want,” she said mischievously.

I didn’t say anything. Like I wanted her to move. Like hell.

Satisfied with my lack of an answer, she said to me softly, “I don’t want to cum like this. Alright?”

It sounded a bit too much like an order for my liking.

“You’ll climax if I tell you to,” I mentioned to her as I lifted my hands to stroke at her soft skin of the backs of her thighs.

“Yes, Master,” Christi spoke qui etly, probably more to appease me. She knew that if she didn’t anger me, I’d do as she wanted.

She lowered herself slightly and brought herself on quivering thighs to my mouth. I gently licked at her, enjoying her sweetness and her soft skin. I found her c litoris, completely engorged, and teased her. I could hear her moans as she pressed herself down, trying to tell me silently where to touch her. Smiling to myself, I refused, I licked her, but purposely to tease. She ground herself down as I touched her wi th my tongue. I could hear her soft begging.

I tried to concentrate on Jane’s tightness, her slow rhythmic rocking. I’d had so much sex this morning that I was a little numb. I had excellent control of this. Jane could probably ride me as hard as she liked and I would have to concentrate completely to climax in her. So I wasn’t too worried about performance. I continued to lick Christi until she tensed. Crying out, she pulled herself away from me.

The girl was breathing very heavily as she climbed off my fa ce. I watched her in amusement as she knelt beside us. Her bare breasts were dancing with her arousal. She was flushed from head to toe.

“I. I didn’t want to cum that way,” she spoke in explanation. My teasing had driven her to the point of climax, despite how careful to only tease her I’d been.

I watched as she let her own fingers drop between her thighs and give herself a touch. She looked like she was trying to keep herself on the edge without going over.

I let my gaze wander to the girl currently teasin g my penis. She was beginning to find a slow rhythm, rocking herself and slowly riding me. I have no idea why she wasn't pushing herself harder. She was one hot little girl and she seemed to be prolonging this, trying to make it last.

"Janey?" I called gen tly to her.

She looked up and opened her eyes. She twisted in her cuffs a little, but managed to answer. Her eyes were glazed.

"Yes, Master?"

"What's the matter?"

"Matter, sir?" she stopped her rhythm, settling herself down with me completely buried in her softness. "Aren't you enjoying it?"

"You don't seem to be working towards a climax."

"I. This slave doesn't have permission to climax."

She was still deep in this submissive role. But I had a feeling that this wasn't her problem.

"You do now," I spoke gen tly to her.

"Does her master want more?" she asked, still a little glazed.

"I want what you want," I answered her. "I don't mind if you want to keep it slow."

She licked her lips. "I. This slave apologizes. She. She likes this. Please don't misunderstand. She loves this. But she also knows that ..." she voice trailed off.

"What?" I asked her. For some reason I was getting concerned.

"I wanted to do this. I really did. But. I. I can't climax like this."

"Huh?"

Jane continued patiently. "I like intercourse. D on't get me wrong. I. I feel full, and I love the sensations, but I can't get enough. Some women can't. I can't climax like this. I never have."

I smiled at her. This I could understand. I wondered how long she meant to keep this wonderful sex up for me, b efore she admitted her inability to me.

Christi spoke quietly from her position in the grass. I glanced over to her. Her hand was still stroking her nipples and vagina, although she wasn't allowing herself to dip inside to give her the stimulation that she no doubt desired.

"Can, I help?" Christi asked softly. I wasn't sure if she was addressing me or Jane.

"You can remove her clamps," I told Christi quietly. Jane looked up in surprise, probably expecting to wear them until I let her go.

Christi moved her b are body towards Jane and reached out, stroking Jane's bound breasts. Jane cried out at the touch and I could feel her reaction from inside.

"This is going to hurt, Janey. But you want them off, right?" Christi whispered to the shaking girl.

Jane simply no dded and braced herself. The clamps had been tight and removal was going to throb and stab her. She'd been through this before.

I watched and reacted to Jane's squirming as Christi, as gently as she could, began to loosen the screws. Jane screamed as the f irst clamp fell from her trapped nipple. Blood rushed back into her nubbin and caused her to shake. I had to concentrate on holding

back as she pulsed with the pain. She pulsed and struggled as her other nipple fell free of the clamps.

Christi watched Jane as she struggled to hold herself still through the waves of pain. I could feel her quivering on me. At last Jane opened her eyes and resumed her slow rhythm on me. She hissed through her teeth, "Goddamn, that hurt. I'm sorry."

Christi bent and gently kissed at the swollen nipples that were riding back and forth in front of her. Jane moaned at the new sensations.

I watched as Christi moved her blonde head from Jane's chest and began to kiss her. The women kissed gently and passionately as Jane continued her slow movements. I watched as Christi's hand stole down her body to stroke at herself. I watched as her arousal built once again to a fever pitch. Jane began to increase the tempo of her thrusts. She was getting tired, I could tell, but she wanted her climax more than words could express.

Christi's hand left her own lips and reached forward. I had a clear view of the slender fingers brushing at Jane's pubic hair. Slowly Christi's fingers traced through the coarseness and found the softness. I gasped as I felt her fingers brushing at my sensitive skin as Jane continued her thrusting, becoming longer and a little faster with each stroke. I was beginning to have to concentrate to prevent my climax. Between Christi's soft fingers and Jane's wetness, I was having trouble controlling it.

I knew that Christi was teasing Jane. I could see her fingers bringing Jane to the point of orgasm, then slowing, teasing unbearably. Jane broke their kiss, her lips moving soundlessly.

I almost couldn't hear the words from Jane.

"Hit me. Please."

Christi backed away from kissing Jane.

"I can't, honey. I love you dearly, but I can't."

Jane whimpered as Christi's hands kept up her stimulation. Her breasts. Her sore nipples. And her clitoris. All teased, slowly. Her thrusts were becoming more urgent, more sensual.

"Please?" Jane whispered.

Christi looked helplessly at me, not knowing what to do.

"I can't reach her," I spoke gently to Christi.

Christi licked her lips and turned slowly back to Jane. She kissed her again, softly on the lips.

"I. I love you, Janey," Christi whispered.

I watched as she leaned back to regard the straining girl in front of her. She switched her hands, moving her left to slowly tease Jane between her legs. Knowing exactly what Jane wanted, she closed her eyes and let her right hand slap gently at Jane's bound breasts. I watched as Jane grimaced even at the light pain. The bondage on her breasts exaggerated even the lightest touch for her senses. She pressed herself even harder onto me and into Christi's fingers.

"Harder," Jane hissed, her face concentrating on the pain, on the sensations between her legs.

Christi took a deep breath and aimed. Her open hand fell hard across Jane's bare breasts making them dance crazily on her chest.

“Unghhhhhh,” Jane moaned as the pain washed over her. I could feel her take her last breath and hold it. She arched, pulling at the handcuffs on her wrists, probably reopening the cuts on her wrists. She groaned again, a deep throa ty groan from deep inside of her. I felt her begin to climax, her body pulsating around me. I had to concentrate on darkness to prevent myself from following her. She writhed, screaming out Christi’s name into the silent air. Her body flushed, as I’d never seen it before. I’d seen her climax before, but nothing compared to this. She climaxed for what seemed like forever. As she peaked, I could feel her internal muscles contracting around me. At her highest point, I have no idea how Christi knew, I watched a s Christi let her hand fall again onto Jane’s squeezed breasts.

Jane cried out again. I could feel Christi’s fingers still massaging Jane as she crashed through another orgasm. Jane twisted and shivered, though being inside her, it didn’t feel quite as pow erful as her first one.

I could tell as the pulses slowed around me and her body began to relax that she was going to fall. I raised my arms and caught the small girl as she fell forward. She couldn’t stop herself, her wrists were still trapped behind her. I gently lowered her onto my chest, feeling Christi withdraw her fingers from between us.

Jane was sobbing, twisting in her restraints. I held the girl, not extracting myself from her body. I let her cry for a few minutes before she raised her face and ge ntly kissed at my lips.

“Thank-you,” she whispered.

I held her tightly to me, even though I knew that she had to be uncomfortable with her breasts squeezed into my chest. She didn’t complain though.

I let her cry on my shoulder. I glanced over her, Christi was watching with a mixture of confusion and acceptance on her face. She loved both of us, and she couldn’t understand it.

She caught my gaze and slowly nodded, mutely understanding what I needed from her. I could feel Jane’s shuddering as Christi slowly released the ropes that encircled Jane’s body. I gripped Jane’s shoulders and bench pressed her up a little allowing Christi to pull the ropes free. As her breasts released from their entrapment, Jane sighed. It was a wonderful sound, full of contentment, love, and relief. After her breasts were freed, I allowed her back to curl up on my chest. I could feel her small pulses, almost like aftershocks through my still rigid penis. I hadn’t climaxed yet.

I cherished the feel of her nude skin pressed against me, my arms circling her body. Her bare breasts felt so different without the ropes squeezing her. Softer and gentler against my skin.

After a few minutes, she struggled a little, squirming like a cat to get out of my embrace. She slowly sat up, still impaled on me.

She looked at me, her face soft and gentle.

“I. I’m sorry. I know that you can keep me here if you want, but ... this is a getting a little uncomfortable for me.” She glanced down at her open crotch. “Either let me make you climax, or let me get of f. Please?” she asked quietly.

I hadn’t realized that she might be uncomfortable. And it hadn’t occurred to me that she might have thought that she’d be punished for extricating herself from the sex. But I suppose I should have realized it. Poor girl had b een through a lot today.

I nodded to her. Much as her body was comfortable for me, I didn't want to climax inside of her. I still had to finish with Christi. I owed her something at least.

Jane understood the nod and carefully extricated me from her by sim ply climbing off me. I fell from her, and ached for her softness. I lay with my hands behind my head, watching her slowly kneel in the grass to the opposite side from Christi.

Jane looked at Christi and smiled gently.

"Thank-you," she whispered to Christi. "I'll always love you."

Chapter 130

Christi picked up the chrome key from the grass beside her and tossed it over my body towards Jane. It fell buried in the grass by her left knee.

Jane looked at me quizzically, unsure of what she was allowed to do. I simply nodded and watched as she struggled to turn herself around to get the small key between her searching fingers. I was sure that she'd manage it.

I felt the soft weight of Christi as she resumed the position that she had been in before I'd made her free Jane. I heard a faint click in the direction of Jane.

"Back where we started," Christi whispered to me. I felt her fingers slowly stroking me. "Nobody else to free."

I nodded slowly, peripherally aware that Jane had moved a little way away and was quietly kneeling in the grass. She was giving us a little privacy, finally free of all her restraints. Her handcuffs glinted in the sun in front of her. I cringed a little as I saw her rubbing gently at her wrist, rubbing the red gently away with her own saliva.

I turned my attention back to the irresistible sensations from Christi's gentle fingers. I felt Christi as she began to guide me into herself. I slipped inside her easily, she was nearly as aroused as Jane had been. I felt the soft moisture engulf me. I wouldn't be able to hold back this time.

She began a very slow rhythm, enjoying the sensations. Her hands roamed her body, pinching nipples, stroking skin. She moaned almost constantly as she slowly controlled her speed. She wanted to make this last. I concentrated on her body, her closed eyes, her blonde hair, her upthrust bare breasts, her belly, flat and smooth, her straining thigh muscles as she moved with the sex.

I glanced over towards Jane. She was gone. I quickly glanced around, but Jane was nowhere in sight. I was sure that she'd just given Christi some privacy and gone for a quick walk, enjoying her last moments on this timeline, enjoying her freedom from the real world.

We moved slowly together, shifting positions a few times. Her on her knees in the grass, her face pressed into the blades. Her standing, arms around the tree that had held Jane. Her on the bottom. Touching. Kissing. Moaning. And crying. It was going to be the last time, and both of us knew it.

At last, we ended up back where we started. Christi straddling me, her beauty silhouetted by the sun behind her. She was breathing hard, so very hard as she pumped. She shone.

I closed my eyes, not being able to hold back much longer, wanting to cherish these last caresses of her.

When I opened my eyes, after Christi moaned a little louder than before, Jane was there. The girl had moved up silently, her bare feet not making a whisper in the grass. The girls kissed, Jane's fingers trailing over Christi's bare body. I closed my eyes again, knowing that Jane was doing for Christi what Christi had done for her. I could feel the gentle touch of her fingers as they caressed Christi between the folds. I could feel Christi rushing towards orgasm, her muscles twitching, her breathing becoming less and less regular.

Surprised, I felt Jane's fingers stroking my scrotum, toying with the soft hair, coaxing my climax.

Christi plummeted over the edge moments before I. She screamed into the world, letting her pleasure wash over her like a surf. She ground herself onto me, pulsing her internal muscles in unison. Her climax triggered mine, and I cried out, thrusting into the girl, arching.

We came down together. Christi gave a last moan and fell forward, huggin g me fiercely. Jane knelt back on her haunches, quietly looking the other way. She looked a little uncomfortable, but she didn't get up to move away.

Christi held me for a few moments, overcome with emotions. She simply cried there. I held her gently and w aited through her sobs.

Eventually, Christi moved, pushing on my shoulders with her hands. She gently rolled off me. I had shrunk inside of her and it felt a bit odd coming out. She curled up, her arm across my chest, her head cradled in the crook of my ar m. Jane took a deep breath and lay down to my right. I could feel their bare toes playing gently with my legs.

"Thank-you," Christi whispered, still out of breath. She was thanking both me and Jane.

We lay there holding each other for a few minutes. This w as so out of sync with the real world. Lying in someone's front yard, nude as the day we were born, leather and steel strewn through the grass. It seemed like a dream. Perhaps it was.

Christi took a deep breath, and let it out in a whoosh that I felt again st my nipple.

"I don't want to go back," Christi whispered.

The other girl echoed the words quietly. I glanced down at them. Both were crying gently. I couldn't feel the wetness of their tears, but the tears were there.

They were silent for a few more minu tes, I could feel their quiet breathing as they cuddled up with me.

I felt the familiar dragging of the blackness touch the back of my mind. I steadied myself, thinking I would have to send them back to protect them, but the feeling receded again.

I shivered.

"Again?" Jane murmured into my chest.

In answer I struggled to rise. The girls didn't budge, letting their gentle weight keep me down. I could have fought them, but I didn't.

"Not yet, please," Christi murmured.

I sighed and let them curl up for another half hour. Jane slept gently, I watched as her breathing became more regular. Christi was silent, thinking, but I could see her blue eyes moving so I knew she wasn't asleep. I held them both.

I half considered sending Jane back while she slept, but I didn't think that was fair on her. Instead, I gently shook her until she opened her eyes. She kissed me gently and rolled off my shoulder. She lay quietly in the grass. Taking her cue from Jane, Christi released me as well, rising t o her knees.

I picked myself up and gathered up my clothing. I had a heavy heart as I slipped the jeans over my hips. When I turned, Jane was kneeling beside Christi, their fingers entwined.

I knelt down with them, hugging them both.

"I want to remember," Jane whispered.

"I do, too," Christi murmured.

"You can't," I spoke gently to them.

Jane looked at me, tears still falling from her eyes.

"It will kill us to stay, won't it?"

I nodded slowly.

"Tell us, then."

"Tell you?"

"Tell us. On the other timeline. Find us and tell us. You know who we are. What we are. How we really feel."

I took a deep breath.

"You wouldn't believe me. Think about when I took you. You wouldn't believe that you would be here doing this. You couldn't. I can't." I paused for a moment, gathering my thoughts. "I'm sorry," I spoke with real regret.

Tears were falling down both girl's faces.

"It wasn't enough time," Jane spoke.

"I know."

"Are. Are you ever going to do this again? Stop time?"

"I don't know sweety. I don't know."

"Can I ask something?" Jane asked quietly.

I nodded to her. I watched as she gripped Christi's hand tighter.

Jane whispered, almost too low to hear. "If you do stop time, take us again? You know us. We got along. And I liked it here. You'll have to train me again, I know that, but I can't imagine that you would hate that. And even though I won't like it at first, I'll get back to this point. I'm still me. You can do that, can't you? Unless you are bored with me. With us." She paused for a moment. "I'm going to miss you."

Christi nodded through the entire speech, lending her agreement. She wanted to come back as well, if I would let them.

I couldn't promise them that I'd take them again. But they would never know.

"Alright. If I do this again, I'll be sure to track you down," I assured them, despite the fact that I really didn't know if I'd ever stop time again. Much less if I'd subject them to this again.

"Thank-you," Jane whispered. She flushed a little. "For everything."

I looked over them. Blonde and brunette. Holding hands, nude in the sun. I wished for a camera, anything to be able to keep them. Even if they wouldn't miss me, I was going to miss them horribly.

"I'm ready," Jane spoke quietly.

Christi opened her pretty lips and closed them again. She turned to the girl kneeling next to her.

"I'm going to miss you, Jane. I know that we promised no tearful good-byes, but we shared something. Something that I'm not sure I can explain. But I know that I love you. As a sister, as a lover, and as a friend. And I hope that we meet in real life, as any of them."

Tears fell from both their eyes as Christi rose up and kissed Jane tenderly on the lips. They embraced, pressing their nude bodies together one final time. They rose, still hand in hand.

I rose to my feet to join them.

Jane released Christi's hand and stepped towards me. She kissed me gently on the lips and smiled through her tears. She carefully stepped back and reached for Christi's hand.

Christi slipped her hand away and stepped over towards me, her bare feet indenting the blades of grass. She embraced me, pulling me close and not letting go. She finally released me and held my arms.

"It's been a hell of a ride," she tried to smile as well but she failed.

I nodded. I couldn't stop my own tears. I was going to miss her. I'd had her from almost the first moment. She'd been my first.

"Can I ask you one thing?" she whispered.

I swallowed heavily and nodded.

"I don't even know who you are. I don't even know your name. I fell in love with someone I don't even know."

"It's better that way," I whispered to her.

She looked into my eyes and nodded carefully. I'm not sure she understood, but she accepted it. She carefully rose up on her tiptoes in the soft grass and kissed me passionately on the lips.

"You may not believe it," she whispered. "But I do love you. If you can, find me on the real timeline."

She stepped back and allowed her fingers to entwine with Jane's. They held each other gently as I took a last long look at them.

They were beautiful together. Feminine, strong, and simply beautiful. Tears were flowing down their faces gently as they mouthed the words "Good-bye" together.

I closed my eyes and whispered, "Good-bye."

When I opened my eyes, they were gone.

Epilogue

The front page screamed out the headlines as I scanned it. I was sitting like any normal person at the bus stop, reading the morning paper.

It appeared that a former judge had been apprehended last evening without a struggle at his house in the exclusive Beaches neighbourhood. Judge Evan Mayer and his wife had been indicted on a number of charges including first degree murder, keeping a common bawdy house, indecent exposure, indecent assault, extortion, assault and battery, sodomy and forcible confinement. If convicted, he'd probably be confined to solitary. He certainly wouldn't be safe in prison. The former judge had been apprehended due to an anonymous tip and basic police work. There was a list of victims found on his summer property in an unmarked shallow grave. Doreen Stills, Hannah Water, Gladys Lifkin. And other names of women that hadn't deserved to die horribly, frightened, alone and in pain at the hands of a monster. All names that I had spoken quickly into the receiver of a pay phone a week ago on the other side of town. The police were looking for the caller, but didn't think that they would ever track him down. There were no witnesses to the phone call, and no finger prints in the booth. The article extended thanks to the caller, praising him for social responsibility. How ironic.

There was a brief statement from the latest victim who was found battered and nearly unconscious in a locked room of Mayer's mansion. The girl was recovering in hospital from her ordeal and was expected to testify at the Judge's trial. Sheila McBain personally thanked the anonymous caller for her rescue from the depths of hell. I smiled at the graduation picture that the paper had run of Sheila. She was stunning in the picture, probably a lot more at ease than she was now. She was probably lying in a hospital bed somewhere, police protected, with bruises like nobody should ever endure. She had been at that house for an extra week before the police finally moved. She would recover. Of that I was sure. She had a strength that not many on this planet could equal.

The article ended with an appeal for an end to violence against women. I closed my eyes, picturing Sheila's bruised body beneath my lids.

I was unafraid of the black spiders for the first time in a while. It had been an irrational fear. The black spiders had disappeared since I'd returned to the main timeline a week ago. But still, I dreaded them.

I heard the screech of the brakes of the bus as it pulled up to the stop. I wearily climbed to my feet, fishing a token from my front pocket. I dropped it into the coin box with a jingle.

I sat down near the middle of the bus and stared idly up at the advertisements. With a shock, I saw Christi. Her pretty hands held a chocolate bar, an Oh Henry. I could hardly read the sign, my whole body was shaking so hard.

I forced my eyes from the ceiling and glanced around the bus. A beautiful woman, perhaps twenty-five sat across from me quietly reading a book and jerking as the bus hastily stopped for the next passenger. Her hair was red and flowing. She reminded me a little of Elizabeth. Sensing my eyes on her, she lifted them from the book and smiled at me. I smiled back and looked away.

I was tempted to stop time. I almost invoked the formulae. Just for a moment. I could have her, if I really wanted to. But I still needed to rest. I knew that. Those black spiders weren't pleasant. It shouldn't take long to recover my temporal energy, not

according to my calculations, but I wasn't sure a week would suffice. I resisted the temptation.

I let my mind wander a little, remembering the girls, the timeline, the freedoms. I wanted to go back. Perhaps I would someday.

I kept seeing the girls everywhere I went. A flash of blonde and a petite build and I saw Amy in a crowded mall. But Amy was probably back where ever she was from, long gone from the hotel room where I'd taken her. A flash of red and a long trim form, Elizabeth would smile from a cashier booth or from across a bus aisle. Jane would pass by on a crowded sidewalk, I'd turn to say hello, but she would be gone replaced by some teen bouncing happily along oblivious to my notice. And Christi, she appeared more than the others. A tall blonde striding down a set of stairs, beautifully clothed. I could see right through her clothing, and yet I couldn't. At the last moment, I'd see her face and realize that the woman wasn't Christi after all.

I had seen them, but I hadn't. Sheila, in truth, was the only girl I really knew what she was doing. And the advertisement, up there, featuring the girl who had begged me to find her on the real timeline. The girl I'd only discovered was a model in the last few hours of the timeline.

I swallowed heavily, and prayed that the bus ride wouldn't be very long.

A familiar quiet laugh turned my head. A flash of brunette near the back of the bus. I held my breath, shaking my head. The girls were gone. I would never acknowledge them, even if I did see them for real. I couldn't. And I wouldn't. Even if it was her this time, it was immaterial, no matter how much my heart ached.

She turned, Jane's face flashing across my visual line of sight. This time, it was real, not a product of an overactive and hopeful imagination.

Her face - none of the fake Janes had had Jane's face. She was sitting alone, reading quietly near the back of the bus. She was reading something funny, her smile easy and light on her lips. I closed my eyes and when I'd reopened them she had returned to facing away from me. But it had been Jane's face whereas all the others were not. I was sure of it. This wasn't just a passing resemblance.

I tensed and let my breath out slowly. I had to force myself to stay in my place. Not get up and sit near her, ask her if she remembered anything, remembered any of the slave talk she was so good at, remembered anything she had done, anything she had loved.

She turned back to her book, oblivious to my knowledge of her. Oblivious to me noticing her. She was used to being noticed.

The bus pulled into a stop. I had no idea where I was any longer.

I forced my eyes away from Jane and glanced back at the red-head across from me. She gave me a dirty look, had seen me staring at Jane. I flushed.

A familiar scent washed over me. Every girl has her own wonderful scent and the sense of smell is perhaps the strongest for evoking memories. I looked up from the red-head just quickly enough to see the long legs pass by me, walking easily in low comfortable shoes. I knew it was her before I saw the blonde hair pulled back in a ponytail, the tall voluptuous body in jeans and a light sweater. I breathed in her scent, not believing the twists of fate that happen.

The blonde walked by me without a flash of recognition. No reason for her to recognize me. I breathed a sigh of relief, but the thoughts began immediately. Both of

those girls wanted to remember. They wanted to meet me on the real timeline. Here we were, by some unfathomable twist of destiny.

What could I say?

“Hello, Christi ... Jane. You don’t know me , but you made wonderful sex slaves ...”

If I wasn’t locked up immediately, I would get a good slap. Probably two. And perhaps I’d get the joy of being locked up *and* slapped. A good slap from the women that until so recently feared my hand as much as th ey loved it. I couldn’t. There was no way.

“Excuse me? Mind if I sit down?” the blonde girl’s musical voice inquired near the back of the bus. It was still as beautiful as I remembered it. I looked up again as though her voice was directed at me which it wasn’t.

The petite brunette girl looked up from her book, nodding easily. The blonde settled down beside the girl I thought was Jane, crossing her legs demurely. My heart ached at the sight of the girls together. I could still remember the soft touch of t heir skin against mine before I let them go.

My stop came and went. It was of no concern to me. I watched them as surreptitiously as I could.

The last stop was announced. A transfer point. The girls both rose to their feet, smiling to one another. Same s top friends. As they walked by me, the blonde girl flashed one of her easy smiles to me. I smiled back, my heart hammering in my chest.

“Hey, isn’t that you?” the brunette pointed at the advertisement I’d noticed earlier.

“Yeah, but don’t hold it against me. I don’t even like Oh Henry’s,” the blonde smiled back at the smaller girl as they moved past, washing me with the mixture of their scents. The scents that I remembered so very clearly.

“I’m Jane,” the brunette extended her small hand to the taller blonde.

“Christi.” the blonde flashed her radiant smile at Jane, taking her hand in greeting as they stepped off the bus.