

# Harriet

*Or, on the perversity of women*

By Sadyst 18/5/2009

*Story codes: M/f, rape, torture .*

An evening's conversation

One evening the gentlemen were sitting around the crackling log fire discussing a wide range of topics. Eventually, the conversation turned to whether a slave could truly love the master who raped her, sodomised her and beat her. "Oh yes" said one of the more experienced gentlemen. "Let me tell you a story." and the stewards recharged their brandies and they settled down in the leather chairs to listen.

"Many years ago, when I was young and vigorous, I took one of the chamber maids at my father's estate to bed. She was young, slim, vivacious and....." he paused, remembering her. "Well, she had all of the qualities that we men love. It was not difficult getting her into my bed; it was obvious that she had eyes for me, and it was not difficult to manufacture a reason for her being in my room, alone, at night. And she seemed in no hurry to leave, so in the quiet of my room, as she stood there, I slipped behind her and ran my hands inside her dress and over her breasts." "Bravo!" said one. "Well, it was obvious that she was enjoying my attentions, for her nipples stood out from her like the organ-stops of the church organ. And so, as she stood there unmoving, it took no time to slip her clothes from her, and let them fall to the floor, until she stood naked in front of me."

The narrator now had the gentlemen's full attention, and now there was no noise as he continued. "At first, she was bashful, covering her mound with her one hand and her breasts with the other. But her breasts drew my attention, and so, as I was still standing behind her, I pulled her arms behind her back, and while I held them with my one hand stroked, then twisted her nipples in my the fingers of my other hand. Perhaps I was not as gentle as many would have been; I was young, and inexperienced, and I had not yet learnt the art of a more gentle seduction. I suppose too that I was eager for her, and so I twisted the nipple that I grasped perhaps rather hard, yet as I did so, do you know, she moaned, and closed her eyes. So I twisted it again, but this time more roughly, but again she only moaned, and made no attempt to move away, and the swelling of her nipples, which were becoming so dark and hard, told me that she was enjoying my attention to her. Indeed, she soon twisted her head back so her soft white neck was exposed to me, and I could bite her neck, each bite eliciting a moan from her. Next, I turned her to me; as she turned, her legs opened somewhat, and for the next I thrust my hand into the fuzz between her legs, so that her hot slit was running over my fingers, and she gave no answer except to put her lips to mine and thrust her tongue into my mouth." The gentlemen listened, spellbound.

"Now, here is the thing. Her nipples were extraordinary, erect, and hard, and dark, and standing out from her breasts. And so they received my full attention. But it was soon apparent that if I twisted her nipple, she kissed me passionately. However, if the twist were harder, the passion of the kiss was proportionately greater. And so as I played with her, I learnt from her; as I pulled her nipples hard away from her body, or twisted them as though I was trying to twist them off, each time harder than the previous, she pulled her lips from mine, grimaced with the pain I was causing, moaning partly, I think, with passion, and partly with pain; yet as soon as the pressure was released she once again thrust her tongue into my mouth, each time more passionately than the last. So it was apparent that the great the pain I was causing her, the greater her pleasure in me; her body was telling me to continue, and the harder, the better. So what would any young man have done in such circumstances? I continued, and the play became ever harder." They nodded.

"It was not only her nipples where pain and pleasure went hand in hand. I soon discovered that, whether it was having her nipples twisted, her breasts wrung in my hands until they were bruised, her cunt forcibly invaded by my hand or, if I cared to move a finger or two backwards, her arsehole invaded, the result was to make her twist, and moan, and thrust her body even harder against mine. And her pleasure lay in the pain. The gentle stroking of her clitoris that had served so well with the other maids, did not serve with her. But, should I pinch her tender bud hard with my fingers, or grasp the lips that surrounded it and pull them sharply away from her body, she would swoon, and open her legs to force that between them against my hand. Having learnt what she liked, and enjoying myself, I continued in this way, and soon, she was running with juices."

"So what happened?" said one, eager to hear. "What were her limits?". "Here is a strange thing" he said. "She crooned into my ear quite casually if I would like to bind her hands behind her back. And so I did, using a scarf she drew from the pocket of her dress. Had she prepared for the evening? Or had she just carried it there against the possibility of rain? I do not know. But whatever the case, her hands were soon drawn behind her and secured with it, and I held her against me and kissed her, and for some minutes we continued as before, she never once asking me to be gentle, and indeed, encouraging me to greater and greater roughness in my handling of her. And so I manhandled her breasts, roughly holding them and squeezing until a little milky fluid leaked from her nipples, and as our excitement built smacking her arse, at first a slap, and then a full hard blow with my hand that left a mark on her. 'Now', she whispered in my ear. 'Strike me'. At first, I didn't understand. 'Strike me' she said again 'on the face'. So I stepped back, and as she tilted her face upwards I slapped her face, not too hard.". The gentlemen looked askance. Men did not normally strike women, and he saw their hesitation. "Well, you must understand that she made it very plain that she wanted me to strike her there." "Pray continue" said one. "She recoiled from the slap, and then stood facing me again. 'Now strike me again' she said. 'And this time, strike me like a man, not like the pathetic slaps of my mother.', and she lifted her head somewhat to offer her face to me. A young man, confident in his virility, I was stung by her insult, and strong feelings were flowing through me, and this time without further thought I indeed landed a powerful roundhouse slap on her that this time span her round and knocked her to the floor. For a moment, I panicked. Had I gone too far? But no, when she had shaken her head, rested for a moment on all fours but then clambered to her feet again, she presented her face to me, obviously intending me to continue, and so I slapped her to the floor once again."

"After a few more blows, the last of which must have made her head spin, and knocked her sprawling to the floor, she did not rise, but instead this time rolled to her back, showing her cunt that was pink, wet and ready for me. She looked at me, and spread her legs open wide, and said to me 'now fuck me, you brute'. I remember the words so well. As you can imagine, I was ready for her myself, and the crude words coming from the lips of one so young and innocent-looking aroused me in the extreme, and so we lost no time in making love, and I must say, it was the most animal and passionate coupling I can recall, not to mention the roughest, she calling in my ear to make it as hard as I liked. And over the next week, having discovered the delights of a hard spanking followed by rough sex, I made sure that she returned time and time again to my room, both day and night."

"You may well imagine, for a young man who was just discovering the spicier dishes that love had to offer, the experience was profound. But after that week, she seemed more reluctant to visit my room, and all I could do was to watch her as she went about her tasks, demure, even wearing a scarf around her hair and neck. After a day or two when I had not seen her, and finding a quiet moment alone with her, I begged her to return to my room. She resisted, so grasping the moment, and seeing that no-one was around, I pulled her by one arm to my room, she fighting and telling me to let her go, which I was not about to do. While she was safely in my room, and I had closed the door, I tried to undress her. She resisted, showing no sign of the passion my presence had caused just a few days before, and said that she must go as she had work to do. Trying to encourage her to shed her clothes as she had so willingly done before, I grasped her scarf and pulled it from her. Imagine my surprise; as it slipped away from her, her neck that had been underneath it was covered with the marks of a man's teeth, that had bitten deep into her flesh, and the lovebites continued downwards over her shoulders. So the scarf

had been, not to keep her warm, but to hide the signs of another man's passion. Enraged, I held her arms behind her with my one arm, hard enough to hurt her, and unbuttoned her dress with the hand of the other, allowing it to fall to the floor to leave her naked. She was covered in bruises. Her breasts were rich purple and blue where they had been manhandled, livid blotches covered her body, and on her bottom, there were the unmistakable marks where a cane had struck, and with some force."

"For several moments, I just looked at her. I was furious, I think partly on her behalf at the damage perpetrated on her body by another, but mainly on my behalf that someone else had taken possession of her from me in this way. 'Who has done this to you?' I said. 'I will kill him.' She smiled at me. 'But it was my will to be so treated' she said. Again, I said 'I will kill him; who is he?'. 'Oh. I do not think so' said she. 'It is your father'. For a moment, I was stunned; I had never expected that my father, so many years older than I, might have been the one to treat her in this way. 'Why have you let him do this to you?' I asked, astounded, for he was not in his first flush of youth. 'Because he is a man, and old, and experienced, and hence knows how to deliver that which a woman sometimes needs' said she. 'Sometimes a woman prefers the dog to the pup.'. And as I let this sink in, and continued to survey her, it became apparent that the lovebites mainly lay on the back of her neck and shoulders. 'why has he bitten you from behind?' I asked. 'Oh, do you not know?' she asked. 'I suppose he might well not tell his son. He prefers to have me that way. A lord he may be, but he still prefers to enter by the tradesman's entrance. Look.' And do you know, the minx parted her legs, and bent over, holding the cheeks of her arse apart so that I could see what was between. And what she showed me, by its slackness and the sticky deposits left there, was the unmistakable signs that she had been used that way not long before. And she flicked her hair, picked up her dress and pranced naked from my room."

For a moment, silence fell amongst the group as they considered his revelations. "And what did you learn from this?" said one of them. "Many things" he said. "For one, that it is much better if gentlemen from the start share their female consorts with their fellows, rather than allowing women of that sort to enjoy making their gentlemen friends compete with one another for their attention, or even worse father with son. Really, it is we gentlemen who should be deciding who they will entertain, and when, and how, rather than leaving them to decide for themselves, and prefer one or another with their attentions. But, in respect of our discussion, I chiefly learnt that there is a type of woman whose fulfillment lies in abasing themselves to a man, wishing him to use her with no more regard than he would give to the carpet under his feet, or the paper that he uses to clean his behind. And their fulfillment is reached in the very fact of the careless regard in which they are held. It is the perversity of women's nature; let her suspect that the man cares for them; they will not care for him. Yet let him misuse her, and grind her hands under his feet, or tear her body for his pleasure in hearing her screams, and she will love and respect him for it."

He looked around the gentlemen who were listening to his words, and who recognised words of wisdom. "And so, gentlemen, I give you my answer. A woman enslaved can most certainly love the master who beats her; in fact, if he rapes, sodomises and beats her often enough, and hard enough, she certainly will. And you should not be too surprised if her preference is for he who beats her the hardest."

"And how many women do you think are of this type?" one asked. He looked at them. "I can only say this. The slavemaster has done a fine job of finding many such women to satisfy the men of this club, and he should be thanked for that."

"And what of the woman?" said another. "Some of the older gentlemen will know her, for she served here for many years" he answered. "It was I who brought her here, and it took the instruction of the slavemaster, and many long nights with the cane and whip, before she was able to prostrate herself on the floor and declare her true and undying love for me. And it was here that she was taught the lessons which she required to put her skills to proper use, and serve all of her masters equally according to their commands."



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### For the love of a master

"I love you" she said to him, through her tears, as he sat on the side of the bed that had held her for the last hour. Although the bonds that had held her so firmly while the gentlemen had had their way with her had now been untied, she was still lying motionless on her face, and the blood from the cruel cuts his cane had left on her bottom oozed down her skin onto his bed, and some trickled between her legs to run over her anus, to mix with the dribbles of semen leaking from her, telltales of the copious contributions that he and his friends had left deep inside her. The friends, tired from their exertions with her, had left to regale themselves in the club room, and the two of them were left in private together. He had volunteered to have her cleaned in case they wanted to use her again; she had noted many times how he was less careless of her than the others. She rolled painfully onto her back, smearing blood over the sheets - he realised that the stewards would not be happy to have to replace the soiled sheets at this time of the night, and would probably require a little encouragement with a coin or two dropped into their hand - and, unbidden, opened her legs to him. He leaned closer to her, and as he did she put a tentative hand on his leg, a suggestion that her body was his, in case he wanted her again. Again she broke the silence between them. "I love you" she said once more, this time her eyes, deep and dark with the pain, looking deep into his. She didn't know why she had suddenly said it, but now that it was out, there was no turning back. She looked into his eyes, and felt herself moistening between her legs as he looked back into hers.

For a moment, surprised, he softened, then he remembered who he was, and who she was, and hardened to her once more. "You don't" he said. "It's normal that you think you do. It quite often happens that a slave, once they have been here on the island for a time, become attached to one or another of the gentlemen. Often the one who treats them with the greatest contempt." This was well known to the gentlemen of the club, and had been the subject of discussion amongst his colleagues many times, since it often formed part of breaking a woman to their will. But, in this case, he certainly was not he who treated her with contempt, indeed he treated her with a great deal of respect, in the main for the way in which she stoically bore the attentions that he and the other gentlemen lavished on her.

A woman's acceptance of the gentlemen's will was key to the process by which a woman became a trusted whore and slave to the gentlemen of the club. Whether she was a dutchess, or a flower girl from the streets of London, when she came to the islands she might expect rough treatment, the worst in the first few critical days when the gentlemen were intent on breaking her to their will. The stewards lost no time in ensuring that a woman, newly on the island, had her ankles and wrists put in chains, the easier to secure her when needed, which was much of the time. Then, brought to the gentlemen in their clubroom and secured for their easier attentions, she would be raped, tortured and mistreated to their satisfaction, as the gentlemen tested her mettle with cock, or dildo, or whip. The scene, of the woman at the centre of a circle of gentlemen, a chain around her neck securing her to a ring in the floor or ceiling, being worked upon by one of the gentlemen while the others looked on, was not dissimilar to that which could be encountered in many a stables, where a fine new racehorse, working at the end of a lunge line, was put through its paces to the satisfaction of its new owners.

Indeed, the gentlemen brought much to the island from their experience of horses, and much that they enjoyed with women, they enjoyed with horses. Any gentleman will have spent evenings in the stables, admiring their friend's mares, observing their build, passing their hands over their flanks admiringly, enquiring as to her performance in the saddle, what desirable characteristics should be bred into the bloodline, and how she might perform if put to the stallion. And those gentlemen might test the mare, lifting her tail and pressing her flanks, to see whether she would move, or stand her ground and wink her vagina in the way that a mare does when it is ready for the stallion's services. And, if the gentlemen so requested of the stable hands, a stallion might be brought to cover the mare, the men first wiping a cloth under the tail of the mare, then holding it under the stallion's nose so that, smelling the mare, it shuddered, whinnied, jumped and span looking for the source of the smell that was enticing it, its muscles glistening in the dark stables as they worked. And as the stallion's excitement built, its penis would slip from its sheath and hang below as it built to that full and magnificent symbol of a horse's power and strength. And, so excited, the stallion must be brought to the mare, for he could not be contained, and if not there was no alternative he would fight his way to her, and wreck the stables. Brought to her by cautious stable hands, the stallion would rudely thrust his nose under her tail, which she, sensing his approach and ready for his services, would lift high in the air, and having thus satisfied himself that the mare was indeed ready for him, he would rear in the air, landing his front feet on either sides of her back and grasping her neck in his teeth to ensure that she stayed beneath him, his cock thrusting and soon finding her entrance. And for a short time, the two horses would be locked in the act of procreation, and the gentlemen, standing not two feet from the horses, could take this moment of relative calm to observe the horses working, compare the build and temperament of the two, and decide how the offspring would be. And when the stallion dropped from the mare, she would be left dribbling his good semen on the ground, although that left inside her was more than enough for the job.

And so the gentlemen knew horseflesh, and they knew women's flesh, and many of the elements of training a new horse were borrowed for their purposes with the women of the club, and the women of the club were ridden just as hard as any other mounts the gentlemen possessed. Even the terminology was brought to the gentlemen's speech, since a gentleman was often referred to as being "in the saddle" with one slave or another. And, if she was not performing to his satisfaction, he might ask a colleague to flick her with a whip to increase her pace, just as a jockey might encourage the best performance of a horse at the last. And it was not then perhaps so surprising that the gentlemen sometimes decided that a woman had particular breeding qualities that could be harnessed, and a suitable mount was found for her, perhaps one of the tall dark slaves from the plantations in Jamaica, or a powerful and neckless convict from the docks of London, and the two would be chained together, and watched in their couplings, until the woman's monthly flow ceased, and her nipples turned dark, and he who had left something of himself deep inside her could be rewarded and released from his service. And the gentlemen would casually watch the swelling of her belly, discussing towards the end whether her time had yet come. And when she was full bellied, and ripe, they might attempt to induce the discharge; she would be brought to crouch on all fours on the bed, her belly hanging low beneath her, as one then another gentlemen fucked her hard in arse or cunt, trying to dislodge her cargo. Often, if well timed, this worked, but if not, it was at some point it was inevitable that she would signal the dropping of her load by the pains of childbirth and the water bursting forth from her, and she would be brought before the gentlemen so that they might watch the show she would now put on for them.

There is another interesting parallel between the way in which the gentlemen liked their women and their horses, which perhaps sheds more light on the preferences of the gentlemen. The horses a gentleman rides in Spain and France are bred to be well mannered, to put up a show of strength and power, but to be docile in the saddle. Not so those of England; the English lord prefers the headstrong horse; his saddle hard, his mount unpredictable and fiery, his ride a fight between the wayward will of

his mount matched against his iron will that it will be ridden, and ridden as he desires, where he desired, when he desires. For an English gentleman, riding is not just a matter of getting from one place to another, but how one makes that journey; each journey is a renewed conquest of the horse. It may well be that, deep in the English soul, there is a strong streak of wildness, perhaps from the Celts who used to rule the land, and who, sole amongst the tribes of Europe, threw out the Romans; the denizens of the countries that have been unwilling host to English armies, that is, most of Europe, know well to avoid the short, swearing ambassador of the King who betrays his Celtic roots by the ginger colour of his hair.

And so, it must be admitted that the English, at heart, like their horses wild, and their women wild, and their warfare wild, and they cannot live without this challenge; take away this challenge and the Englishman is a eunuch. There is nothing so sad, in his mind, as an obedient mount, a loving, faithful and dutiful wife, and a warship, lying quietly at anchor with its cannons quiet. No wonder that the heroes of England are those for whom the challenge of simple warfare is not enough, and hence stand on the deck amidst the hail of bullets, like Nelson, or who stroll into battle, armed only with an umbrella to keep off the rain, like Wellington. And no wonder that English is spoken in so many parts of our world, and why the sun never sets on the British Empire, for under our good Queen Victoria, such men have also tamed the wildest reaches of the world.

And so, challenge, the triumph of will over resistance, the authority of ownership conveyed when wildness is tamed, are parts of the character of the ruling class of England. And hence it may be seen why the gentlemen liked a challenge; for them there was nothing so satisfying as when a woman, her first few weeks spent arching her back as she fights her bonds, crying filth at them, flashing her eyes, telling them of how she would make them suffer, finally succumbed to them in mind, and body, and soul, and came to them to prostrate herself on the floor, offering herself as their servant and whore, her arms spread in front of her with her hands on the floor, so that they might crush her fingers under their feet if they so wished, and her bottom in the air, and her legs slightly parted to put her anus on show, so that if it was their will they might take turns to sodomise her. Or she would raise her head to suck a cock that was presented to her, careless if it carried the musky smell of a woman's cunt that had previously embraced it, or the rancid smell of her arse. And, now understanding how she might satisfy them best, she might ask the gentlemen if she could perhaps bring them the whip of their choice, so that they could whip her as hard as was necessary to ensure the best performance of her duties to them. And it was undoubtedly true that, the greater the will of a woman to resist, and the harder her passage to being a servant consequently was, the truer she was in eventually yielding to them and obeying and satisfying their will.

To some extent, this was rather like the owner of a new racehorse observing how their mount performed its services; these gentlemen, many of whom were indeed experts in assessing horseflesh, and how it would perform when trained, could due to the novelty of testing how this new recruit would perform when sodomised, or put to the whip, or branded, but it also formed part of the process by which a woman was trained to serve. There were no women, arriving at the island, who would not initially fight against their attentions; many of the gentlemen, standing in the clubroom at a convenient distance, quaffing their brandy, would observe to their colleagues standing around how wonderful it was that a woman, secured face down, unable to resist their commands, but for the first few days or weeks because they were commands, and she could not resist, rather than willingly, out of duty. She would fight them, reached the nadir where she learnt her duty and truly became their slave and servant, in mind, body and soul. It was impossible to know when this transformation would happen; it was generally held that the harder a woman's treatment, the sooner she would pass the gates that took her to her new life, and so it was common that where the gentlemen wished to accelerate the process for one who deserved it, or to encourage a particularly recalcitrant woman to shed the

trappings she carried from her previous life and open her body and soul to them, she would be There was always a time when

Many one of the slaves would pretend to love one or other of their masters, vainly hoping for preferential treatment. He didn't think for one moment that Harriett fell into this category; her protestations of love were too sincere and heartfelt, and out of kindness to her, he would not think it of her; for if the slavemaster heard of such duplicity, he would be sure to whip it out of her.

"But I really do" she said. And she meant it. For whether she loved him because she was trapped, and now knew nothing of the outside, and he had become central to her new small world because there was nothing else to take its centre stage, or whether she would have loved him in the same way if she was still as free as he was, and away from the island, she did not know, nor could anyone judge. For who can judge the strange circumstances in which love will strike? But a slave as she was, love was still hers to offer as a gift, and against her better judgement, she had just offered it to him. Indeed her love was all she had to offer, because the gentlemen already owned all else she had, including her body. But to this man, who raped her, sodomised her, whipped her, encouraged his colleagues to do the same, and yet who she longed to be with, she had offered the last thing that was still hers, because she wanted him to be hers, as she was his.

"I love it that you enjoy my pain" she told him, watching as his mouth dropped open; he had not realised the depth of her feelings for him, but her simple statement made it now obvious. For a moment, she hesitated, but now she had started, there was going back, so she continued. "I love to watch you play with your cock, as I twist and writhe for you." And just saying it made her hungry for him again, and now that she had said what she had to say the hot wetness flowed freely between her legs. Unbidden, the words spurted from her mouth "Beat me, Master. Cane me. Whip me. I am yours." Perhaps she was not as other women, but she did not fear the pain she was requesting from him at all, but indeed loved it as part of his attention to her, her offering to him. When she received the cane from him, for each stroke that he struck into the soft flesh of her arse, she would scream, and twist her hips down and away from the stroke, but the searing pain of the stroke and the sickness at its onset was followed by a warmth flooding through her body, that made her wriggle and drive her clitoris against the bedclothes covering the bed, to try to find a fold that she could manoeuvre against her clitoris and grind it there fast up and down for a few seconds, trying to satisfy the yearning there, the greatest cruelty lying in her wrists being secured so she could not feel the warmth of her finger stroking against her clitoris. The touch of the cloth on her as she ground, which was too gentle by far, only served to inflame her sexually, to make her mad with lust, and so the only satisfaction she could achieve lay in quickly twisting her hips upwards again, opening the cheeks of her bottom to tease him, as he was teasing her, with that which was between, and presenting herself to his cane so that he could strike her again at his pleasure, and her pleasure too. He had not failed to realise the mixture of pain and pleasure that she derived from his strokes, and note the way that she twisted herself up for him, so that the stroke could fall with the maximum power onto her tortured arse. The first time she had been caned by him, they had both been surprised; as the number of strokes moved into the thirties, her exhilaration at the pain of each stroke increased, and she cried to him to please strike her harder, and harder; she ground herself against the bed, and twisted, and swore with the pain, yet urged him on, and to her surprise, and to his, as he reached the fortieth stroke, she orgasmed. And this was no normal orgasm, it was a flood that built deep inside her, increasing in its force as the last stroke cut deep into her arse, taking her breath away until the waves of exhilaration flooded through her and her orgasm could not be constrained any more. It burst from her, racking her body, and the muscles of her body knitted so that she arched high from where she lay; she shuddered and wriggled and twisted until she was spent, all the time spraying juice from between her legs, calling out as the final throes shook her, and then falling to the bed to moan and twitch as the aftershocks of her orgasm ran through her.

As she spent herself, he stopped striking her, and that was as well, for her orgasm having been taken, her ecstasy at the stroke of the whip would have become pain, and as she returned from that elevated nirvana where she had been she became conscious of how much pain she now was in. He was happy that she had so enjoyed his attention, and was content to lie next to her on his side, she on her front, lazily stroking his hand down over her back, and across the raised and bloody weals he had raised on her arse. As she recovered, he slowly intied and unwound the leather thongs that had held her to the bed, and as he rolled onto his back she realised that her duty to him was not finished. As soon as she could stiffly raise herself, she lowered her head to his waist and took his erect cock in her mouth, running her lips along it and down to its base, loving the way it sought the back of her throat, and not pulling away as it touched there despite the slight nausea it caused and her temporary inability to breath as it filled the back of her throat. For a few blessed moments, nothing existed but his cock in her mouth; as she stroked her lips and tongue against it, it hardened to steel, and she felt him shuddering in anticipation of what was to come. As she drew back again, she could feel his cock twitching, no, drumming in her mouth, and she knew that he could not survive too many more of her strokes along his shaft. A few strokes more, and he came; not gently, but like an animal, grasping the back of her head so that he could thrust his cock deep into her, choking her, and spraying his hot semen deep down her throat.

For a few days, this was enough for her, and as her cuts healed the gentlemen were kind to her, and she played the whore for them, offering one and then another the comfort of the two hot entrances she kept between her legs. But, the need for him became like an unsufferable itch in a place that could not be scratched, a need that was as natural as to eat or drink. A week or so later, he called for her, and she lay again in her lover's bed. She pulled his head nearer to hers. "Whip me" she whispered in his ear. It was strange to her how pain had now become unremarkable to her, and she craved the touch of his body, or his whip, as he desired. "Whip me" she said again. The thought of his whip, driven by his strong hand, cutting into her naked back flooded her with an erotic jolt, and she thrust her hips up at him, and, despite herself, stroked a finger against the button between her legs. She pulled his head nearer to hers, and looked in his eyes deply. "Whip me" she said once more, now a demand. He paused, surprised; he had never had a woman ask him to inflict pain on her in the insistent way she now asked him. The request raised deep conflicts in him; he found her request to inflict pain on her thrilling, yet feminine, and intimate, yet erotic, and his cock throbbed as it swiftly rose to meet the challenge she was offering him. And she was just as surprised at the way that the need to be whipped by him had suddenly flooded her once more, yet there was no doubting it was what she wanted. "Are you sure?". "Yes, whip me, my love" she said. "Now is the moment. I love you, and I want you to whip me.". He said nothing. Did he not care for her? "You do like me, don't you?" she asked, confused at his reaction. "Yes," he said "I do. But why are you asking me to whip you now?". "I love you, and I want to give you my body" she said. "I am your slave, and you are my Master. Whip me until I scream; don't stop, this time I would like you to whip me till I pass out. I am yours, take what I am offering of my free will." He still said nothing.

She considered a moment. Perhaps he was bored with the whip? "Here, try this" she said, and handed him a small pair of pliers that she took from the table, where they had lain from their previous use. "Put them to my nipple.". And, as she asked, he grasped one of her nipples between the hard steel jaws of that device. "Now" she said "take your cock in your hand and stroke it for me." And he did as she said, with his other hand. "As you stroke your cock for me" she said "build the pressure on your cock, and on my nipple.". Finding that the stroking of his cock not only gave him pleasure, but also the will and the strength to do as she was asking, he slowly built the pressure on his cock, and on the arms of the pliers, until she could contain it no more and threw her head back and screamed with the pain. And this time, he found her screams erotic, and, not caring for her, he clamped down cruelly on her nipple as he sprayed his semen over her body, face and hair, and even gave her nipple a good tug as he came. And as he shed his last drop, he squeezed both his cock and her nipple as hard as he could for a last time, he crying out as he spent himself and she howling as her nipple was crushed flat in that cruel tool of her torture. Remembering where he was, and now solicitous of her, he asked "was it too hard for you, my love?" She, groaning, tears leaking from her eyes and rolling down her cheeks,



responded with a question. "Is my nipple still there?" "Yes" he said, looking at it. It was still there, although the blood leaking freely from its tip bore testimony to the force with which he had clamped it. "Then it was not too hard." Realising that he had called her his love, she was happy to know that her sacrifice to him, his pain that she had so willingly borne, had brought them together.

And so it was that he learnt to be cruel with her, and to enjoy her suffering, knowing that it satisfied and released her. And things passed in a similar matter as time wore on; she gladly suffering at his hands, when once in every week or so he took her to a quiet place, fulfilled his cruel desires with her, then asked the stewards to cast her back into her cell, where she moaned and cried with the pain, yet masturbated herself to an orgasm with his face floating in front of her eyes.

To cast some light on the woman Harriett, and the regard in which she held her master and his wishes, we can reveal a *vignette* of a matter that passed between them some months later. For she, knowing how well he liked watch her in her suffering, and to stroke his cock as she squirmed at his hands, noted a cooling of his desire for her. Had he found another? Or was he just bored with her, since he had taken all from her that he desired? She did not know, but she dreaded the thought that she would fall from her exalted position as his lover and preferred recipient of his pain. And so, she determined to offer him a sacrifice that exceeded all he had had from her so far, or that he could possibly ask for, that he could not ignore, in order that he realised her feeling for him, if that were not already apparent. She realised that she could not undertake it herself, and that he might even stay her hand when she told him what she had prepared, and so she enlisted the help of one or two of the gentlemen, who agreed to help her as she requested, and lend their hand to prepare his surprise.

So, one evening as he sat at the fire in the clubroom, the two gentlemen entered the clubroom and sat next to him. They looked at each other and him, and said to him "You are a lucky man. Harriett has had us help to prepare a little surprise she has for you." "What is it?" he said. "Come and see." they replied. And he walked behind them, as they led him down the stone steps to one of the underground rooms, that had previously served as a cellar for provisions, but now provided a quiet place where a master might spend a few intimate hours with his slave, without her cries disturbing the gentlemen quaffing their brandy in the comfortable rooms above. They opened the strong door, and ushered him in. "We will leave you with her" one said. "I believe you will find what she has arranged erotic. She wished us to say that this was especially prepared for you, and that she hopes you enjoy it." And he winked at him.

In the roof was a metal ring, that had probably originally served to hang hams, or sides of meat, away from the rats that might scurry around the cobbled floor, but which now provided a sturdy anchor in the roof from which other loads could be slung. Hanging from the ring was a rope-block, which held two ropes terminated in two strong hooks; hanging from the hooks, and well clear of the floor, was his lover, Harriett. The two hooks pierced and ran completely through her small breasts. The weak flesh of her breasts was the only thing by which she hung; as a consequence they were stretched well upwards and away from her body, her skin stretched close to tearing by the immense load that was placed on it by carrying the weight of her body.

When she had privately broached the possibility of putting on some erotic show for her lover, the two gentlemen had been very helpful, and had recommended to her the hooks that now pierced her. They had seen them used, although it must be admitted only for slaves who had considerably larger breasts than those possessed by Harriett; they had themselves enjoyed the spectacle of a woman hanging only by her breasts, squirming and crying out in pain to be released, and found it highly erotic and satisfying. And it may well be that the prospect of being invited by Harriett herself to hang her in this way, as she had indicated she wanted to present a special spectacle to her lover as a *fait-accomplis*, had weighed in their considerations. It must be admitted that the description that they had given to her of the use of the hooks was rather glowing, and centred on their erotic qualities, rather than the pain and permanent marks they would bestow on her. She had agreed that it sounded a rather special offering to her lover, and so agreed to be taken to the cellar, to be there prepared in this way for him.

And there was perhaps another reason that they were so willing to help.



Harriett and the hooks

Harriett was young, and attractive, and vivacious, and was certainly the slave who most willingly submitted herself to pain. Indeed, they were wont to disparagingly refer to her behind her back as "the pain-slut", were she but to know it. As a consequence, she was thought to be very erotic, and one of the most, if not the most, desireable of the slaves. However, there was as a result no little discomfort in the club that she had aligned herself so closely with her lover, who to a large extent monopolised her services, to the detriment of the other gentlemen. Unfortunately, her lover was not only a favourite of her, but also of the chairman of the club, and so the situation persisted. Most of the gentlemen were annoyed with this situation, but there was little they could do. As it happened, the two gentlemen whose help she had enlisted were no less annoyed than the others. So they had few qualms about betraying her trust in them, and they thought, like her, the idea she had brought to them excellent, but for another reason than hers, and they had no qualms about betraying her.

Once she was within the cell, they had drawn her arms behind her back and secured them in strong wrist-cuffs. One stood behind her and with one arm held her arms tightly, and with his other

placed a hand over her mouth, for they did not want her cries to distract the gentlemen in the club above. His companion brought forth the hooks; they were fashioned by one of the craftsmen who provided their services to the club, and had been worked in heavy and strong steel, since they were required to hold the weight of a body without bending. Shaped not unlike a fish hook, but without the barbs, so in their absence they were more easily withdrawn after use, they were perhaps a half-inch or so in width, but at their tip they tapered to a thin and sharp point. As she looked down and watched, she realised the reality of what they had in mind for her, but it was too late to call a halt. The other gentleman held a hook in his hand, and with his other grasped her left breast firmly, pulling it forward and away from her body, as hard as was possible, so that it was stretched thinly and tightly away from

her. As she watched, terrified, he pressed the point of the hook under her breast, then sharply pulled her breast downwards and the hook upwards. She gasped through the hand that covered her mouth at the sharp pain. And again he pulled, and again, forcing the tip upwards against the poor resistance of her flesh, and pulling her breast hard downwards, Harriett hanging her head backwards and wailing as she felt the tip working its way through her breast, until she something felt different; she looked downwards to see its tip pressing from the inside against the skin at the top of her breast, having completely penetrated through her soft inner tissues, and now having only the final barrier of flesh to break through. And then, with a final thrust, the tip broke through, and he was able to rotate and slide the hook completely through her breast, so that she knew that now there was no escape. Leaving that hook hanging from her breast, he next applied its companion to her right breast, and soon, despite her howling, it too hung from her. For a moment, he who was holding her let go, and helped his companion pull the ropes through the block hanging near the roof. She stood there unmoving, for she had no thought of escape; the pain in her breasts was severe, and she did not dare move, since it would only serve to make the heavy hooks bounce against her and increase the pain. Now, the two men tied the two ropes to the hooks, and then, watching her, they both pulled against the rope to pull the hooks into the air. But this did not work well; there was no snatch-block, and hence no way of securing the rope when it had been lifted a little way. And, in addition, as they pulled, Harriett staggered backwards, for the lifting of her breasts to the front had tipped her backwards. For a moment it looked as though she could lose her balance and topple backwards, perhaps ripping the hooks through her breasts and despoiling them, or perhaps even pulling her nipples permanently off. And they well knew that the slavemaster would be very displeased if they damaged her in this way, without his consent.

For a moment they thought, and then one had an idea. He dragged over old but strong table that was standing in corner of the room. "Climb on this" he said, and since her hands were still tied behind her back, he helped Harriett climb first onto a chair, and then stand on the table. Now, there being no weight on them, the ropes were easily pulled tight and secured. "No" she wailed, as she realised why she had been asked to ascend, "please don't drop me!". She probably thought that they would simply pull the table away, but of course, they would not have, since the sharp drop would have led to the hooks pulling through her flesh, and the loss of her breasts, or a proportion of them, which would of course have ruined the pageant they were preparing for her lover.

So they slid the table to one side, as she shuffled across it to keep the block above her head, so the hooks were pulling upwards, rather than sideways, and soon she was standing at its very edge. They held her waist and legs, and slipped her heels off the table; one kicked the table aside with his foot, and they gradually let her down, until, her weight was taken by the hooks in her breasts, and they could step back from her. For a few seconds, she squealed; at the end of each squeal of pain, she gasped for air, and then as she found her voice she wailed deeper cries from the pit of her stomach at the pain in her breasts. But, as one observed, they were quite clearly capable of taking her weight, and only a small dribble of blood found its way from her punctures.

Standing back and watching her, they could not but wonder at how erotic she looked, hanging by those most feminine attributes, and they stroked their erect manhoods as they watched her swing gently in front of them. And yet, there was something missing. She was in pain, but she was not yet at her limits, and they discussed whether if they were to present her to her lover, suffering for him, they should not show him the lengths to which she was prepared to venture to please him? "I have it" said one. He struggled back from another corner with a steel ball that on occasions was used to secure a slave, usually attached to a leg cuff by a short length of chain; it was in fact an old ball and chain that had been used to secure the male convicts, in the days when the island's quarry provided a place of hard labour. The chain had a shackle at its end, and as one of them with difficulty held the ball in the air, the other clipped it to her wrist cuffs where they joined at her back. As it was slowly lowered, her arms were pulled backwards and downwards by the weight, her shoulders twisted hard back behind her, and her head falling backwards. Her breasts, hard pressed before, now with the extra weight were stretched well away from her body, their skin white from the tension and dribbles of blood leaking

from their punctures. "Will it pull her arms from their sockets?" asked one. "No, I do not think so" said the other "but it is a close thing. And her breasts will certainly not take any more without tearing.". And so they had clearly taken her to the limit that her body would stand. "I think she will be pleased" said one of them, although there was little sign from her that this was the case. And they could not ask her, for she was by this time quiet, as she was semiconscious with the pain, her head hanging backwards, saying nothing but only moaning a little, her legs hanging below her and slightly apart, the feet tilted downwards. So, surveying their handiwork, they decided that she was ready, and went to get her lover, so that he could enjoy her sacrifice for him.

And her lover did indeed enjoy the sight. He realised, for they told him, that this was a surprise she had prepared for him, although he was equally surprised, and not a little gratified, when he was told how she had wanted to offer her body to be punished so severely in this way for his pleasure. The gentlemen, being gentlemen, did not tell Harriett's secret, that they had perhaps interpreted her requirements a little more rigorously than she had intended. And as they watched her, it was obvious that in her oblivious state she did not any longer retain full control of her body, for first a stream of piss burst forth from her, spraying from side to side, running down her legs, and splashing on the floor. This load having been discharged, as her muscles relaxed behind, a long low fart burst from her. "We will leave you alone" said the two men, and leaving, shut the door on the two lovers. And her lover watched her, and admired her, and stroked his cock, and slowly brought himself to climax as he watched her hanging there, groaning slightly, for him. And when she had been taken down, and put in her bed, she was satisfied with her service to him as he sat beside her and stroked her back.

This *vignette* tells only a little of Harriett; it skims the surface of a character that was deep, and difficult to sound. Was she was a masochist? The word is an imprecise bludgeon of a description that conveniently categorises all who weave pain into their relationships with others. Some, more charitably, thought that she used her pain as a vehicle to carry the message of the intensity her love to her lover. The true reason may never be known, and perhaps Harriett did not know herself, but just knew that for her love for her master to be true, and deep, that she had a sacrifice to make for him. She wore the scars on her breasts with pride, and did not hesitate to explain why they were there, and for whom, when she was asked. It is part of the mystique of women that we love that they have such an ability to yield themselves so fully, to abase themselves in totality, for he who they love.

It is for you to judge what lay inside her, for even the good gentlemen of the club, well versed as they were in the ways of women, could not answer that question in any definitive way for themselves, no matter how late into the night the subject was discussed over the glasses of good French cognac that lay on the table in front of them.

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