

Delila and the dynamite

by Sadyst 13/4/2009

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

The club was expecting an influx of new and young slaves that had been secured for training by the gentlemen, and as a consequence it was thought that it might be best to dispose of a dozen or so of the older slaves to free up cell space and clear the way for these new companions. The resources of the club, and the attentions of the gentlemen, would shortly need to be concentrated on these new challenges.

The matter was brought to the committee, and the resolution was spoken to by several of the gentlemen.



One pointed out that as a result of the prodigious use made of their arseholes in the last few months, several were becoming unacceptably slack. As he pointed out, to the agreement of the committee, a real gentlemen, of course, prefers to know that when a he has enjoyed her from the front, the slave will provide a tight fit when she is rolled onto her face. In

one or two cases the younger and thinner slaves, and especially those with the most feminine bottoms, who had consequently been bugged exceptionally hard and often by the members and their guests, had become stretched and torn behind to the point where they could no longer guarantee to close after use and hence had become incontinent. Since the withdrawal of any part of their body from service was unthinkable to the gentlemen of the club, a rather unsatisfactory arrangement was reached whereby a plug was inserted in their anus and secured to a belt at their waist when they were not in use by padlocks and fine chains. While this at least ensured their continence, and full availability for the gentlemen's use by the simple expedient of the unlocking and removal of the plug, it had the disadvantage that it stretched them permanently, rendering their arseholes even slacker. As they were consequently less preferred than those slaves who had retained a degree of anal tightness, they chiefly served as sex partners for the less discerning members, for providing casual entertainment for member's guests (who, as non-members, did not have call on the finest that the club could provide), and for more severe duties for those whose entertainment in part relied on the pain of the slave. A common theme amongst these latter members was to find the largest objects that could be forced into the arse of the slave, and these fellows could still elicit the screams they enjoyed by thrusting home the largest dildos, the size of a man's wrist, that hung on the walls of the club.

Another spoke, this time the representative of the staff; the gentlemen should realise it placed a burden on the hard-pressed staff to unchain these slaves each morning, take them to the open grass beyond the club gardens, remove the plug and allow a few minutes for their bodily functions. The other gentlemen murmured agreement.

Another stood up, and advised the chairman that the somewhat liberal use of the whip and the branding iron as a means of training had lead to many of the older slaves having little in the

way of smooth skin to offer the gentlemen. Another agreed, he did not enjoy running his hands over calloused skin bearing the brands of others and a lattice of whipscars in his bed. Such slaves had served their time as bedmates and were now only fit for the more severe duties. As these could equally well be offered by the newer and less spoilt slaves, slaves having such damage had little utility for the gentlemen. The other gentlemen stood again; he agreed and added that some were also missing nipples, looking at one of the more dignified members, who met his gaze and laughed. "I am truly sorry" he said. "I am indeed the culprit, at least in some cases. I find that a woman who has a nipple held between my teeth seems always to be able to excel in the duties she must perform. If she fails to please, what does it matter if on occasion she loses a nipple?" But what of Candice, the black slave, they cried? She served diligently, yet lost a large black nipple to Sir R? "Ah yes" he said. "That was a special case; she was indeed erotic, and exotic, and anxious to please...." He thought for a moment. "But it seemed right that she complimented my cries of ecstasy with her cries of pain." The members nodded. Sir R was fastidious in his sexual tastes, a connoisseur who would not let compassion overrule sexual excellence. At the moment of her loss, she had been tied to the bed, surrounded by the gentlemen to whom she had already provided the evening's entertainment. Sir R, who was acknowledged by the gentlemen to offer the slaves the hardest ride, had taken her last, and they were admiring his performance with her, he groaning as he neared completion, she moaning and twisting in the bed as her nipple was crushed in his teeth, and then his climax, her scream, and the nipple, bitten clean from her, spat onto her chest as Sir R rose from her. Had another of the members spoiled her in that way, they would have been censured, as in general they were required to keep the slaves in good order, other than for such superficial damage as might be caused by the whip. But since he had not only provided the club's premises, but also provided many of the slaves, including the exotic black woman who had lost a nipple, the gentlemen were content that he could do as he liked.

The chairman decided that the gentlemen had talked enough, and that a resolution was needed. "I put a resolution to you, gentlemen, that twelve slaves are no longer required and should be disposed of." They voted, and the decision was taken. "Who shall we choose?" a gentleman said. "It is for the Slavemaster to decide" said the chairman. Sir R, who filled that role, nodded his assent. "And how?" said one young man. They looked at him, a relatively new member of the committee. "In the traditional way. You shall find out. You may light the fuses." The young man looked confused, but no-one enlightened him .

The word went around the club, although not to the slaves, whom in accordance with custom were not informed of the decision. The newer members learned that as their fate had been decided, the normal need to preserve these slaves in good condition had now been dispensed with, and hence they might use them as they wished. If any gentlemen felt that a slave had failed to perform adequately for him, now would be his opportunity to settle the matter, or if he had any unsatisfied requirement for the girl, now would be her opportunity to meet those needs, in their few days as final arrangements were made. Consequently, on the allotted day, as they were brought one by one to the disused quarry where they would meet their end, many of the dozen bore the marks of their tribulations. Indeed, the first slave, who had to be carried to her fate, was a spirited woman who had made the deep mistake of prolonged scorn and disobedience for her masters. She had been whipped soundly from neck to foot, and her breasts had been removed that morning as a final lesson to her.



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The gentlemen knew how to keep their counsel, and it was not until these unfortunate woman saw the wreckage of previous slaves, many of whom they knew, strewn around, that they realised their fate. None tried to flee, but while some cried and begged the men not to kill them and were summarily gagged, most meekly accepted their fate and let the men chain them down. All of them finished up on

their faces with their legs chained wide apart, before the stick of dynamite that dispatched them was forced deep into their arse. The origin of this custom lay in the use of the quarry as a place of dispatch many years before, and the fortuitous discovery that the explosive that was used to shatter rock, which was at the time stored in a small building there, offered a fast, reliable and effective end when a slave was no longer required, and provided some sport for the gentlemen. While the quarry had not been worked for many years, the tradition survived and a supply of dynamite was brought onto the island when required, which was why a decision having been made, the gentlemen generally had several days to settle outstanding matters with these slaves.

By two o'clock, Delila arrived. She was still young, perhaps only in her late twenties, but her long hair did not cover the whip scars on her back. Her skin had been otherwise little damaged, although she had an "R", which Sir R had by custom branded deeply on her bottom in recognition of his provision of her to the club. The crime that had consigned her to the quarry was that she was not only doubly incontinent, but had also lost all of the small parts that made her fully a woman. In the earlier days the gentlemen were unanimous in declaring her their favourite buggeress, and her exceptionally tight and deep rearward passage had provided rewarding entertainment for many of the gentlemen over the last year or two. Too many; for she had become slack, and as she was starting to inconveniently leak from behind, the gentlemen had reluctantly decided it was time that she was fitted with a permanent plug and chains. Her nadir arrived when she had been left without relief for several days by an overworked staff member, who was less diligent than he might have been; when the plug was later unchained and removed by an unsuspecting gentlemen intent on enjoying her, she had copiously and explosively soiled herself and him. He was livid; his friends watching could not stop from laughing at him, and he was the butt of jokes for long afterwards. To some extent it was his own fault; most gentleman would have paid to have one of the staff prepare

her. They would inspect her, unplug her, watch while she squatted on a Turkish toilet to ensure she had cleaned herself out both front and back, wash her down with a hose, dry her, perhaps even splash a little cheap perfume for those gentlemen who liked to flatter their chosen slave by making believe that she was an expensive whore, and bring her to her master for the evening in chains ready for his use. Yet he had not bothered; perhaps he had been too impatient to make use of her, or perhaps again he had thought to save the few pounds an experienced steward might expect as recompense for his work. His ire was not assuaged by the blood she spilt during the several severe whippings she later received at his hands. And so, when she was announced as one of those no longer required, and the requirement for the gentlemen to keep her in good condition was lifted, she paid the price. He had her taken to a deep dark room in the club where she was tied face up on a heavy table, and tested her bonds for tightness. Satisfied, he dismissed the staff who had brought her there and closed and bolted the heavy door. Alone with her, looking deep into her eyes, he explained to her what he was having to do, and why he was having to do it. He had been humiliated, and she was to be punished, and when soon she understood as a result of his careful explanation exactly what her punishment was going to be, and realised that he would not be dissuaded, she was terrified. He removed an old surgeon's scalpel from his pocket; ignoring her screams and pleading he tugged a nipple, hard with the cold, outwards; he pressed the scalpel against it and commenced slowly and carefully sawing through its base. The scalpel was not as sharp as perhaps it should be. But no matter; he was not in any hurry. He cut at her nipple well away from its tip, retaining much of the dark areolae around it, and the knife made its way through the flesh. Soon with a tug the nipple came away with most of its areola and a patch of jagged flesh in his finger and thumb, and he placed it on the table. He turned to the other; with more



careful sawing, it was soon hanging by a thread of flesh; with a good sharp tug, it came free to join its partner on the table. Now he took them in his hand and inspected them; satisfied, he took a small bottle of formaldehyde from his pocket, placed it on the table beside her, and dropped her nipples into it. He now turned his attention to the more difficult matter of her clitoris. Pulling it firmly outwards in his fingers so that he could cut deeply beneath it, he hacked at her, his intent to remove it by the roots complete with its surrounding lips.

He botched the matter, though, and in digging deep pierced the passage from her bladder, so as he was cutting red-stained piss suddenly sprayed in the air. Perhaps it was an accident, although he had rudimentary medical training acquired during service in the army; perhaps again he botched it deliberately, in the heat of the moment, through his desire to satisfy his ire in the fullest measure upon her. He waited until her bladder was empty, and sawed at her again. The full lips of her cunt, at their upper edge where they tapered to frame her clitoris, were easily cut free from the flesh underneath, as was its hood, but as he dug further under them, slanting the blade to allow him to remove her clitoris by its roots, rather than removing it superficially, it seemed intent on staying attached to her. But eventually, having cut most of the way through to its roots, and realising that he was hampered by the bluntness of the scalpel, he managed to grasp the small piece of flesh with a finger and thumb well enough,

despite the slipperiness of the blood, that after a yank or two he managed to rip it free from her body. He inspected his work; her clitoris, excised deeply and complete with its hood and the upper part of the lips that had formerly surrounded her cunt, were added to its companions in the bottle. As her screams subsided, he hung the bottle containing his souvenirs of her on a ribbon around his neck, accepting them in full recompense for his embarrassment, and he now considered the matter settled. He left the room to give orders to the staff, who entered a few minutes later to carry her to her cell. Once there, she was laid on a soft mattress, disinfected, stitched up, bandaged and given penicillin, but even though over the next few days she healed rapidly she did not again regain full bodily control front or back.

It was not until she had recovered her senses a little that she realised how severe and unkind the punishment she had received from this gentleman was. Many late nights she had been carried to her bed after she had provided the evening's entertainment for the gentlemen, groaning from the weals the whip had left on her back, the weeping cuts left on her pretty pert bottom by the hard strokes of the cane, the bruising of her tits where they had been used to manhandle her into the position that was required by the gentlemen, or to hold her in place as she was violated, and the tearing of her back passage by the succession of cocks, small and large, that had been thrust into her. She had been accustomed to lie on her front (for generally this was the more comfortable position after the gentlemen's attentions), and writhe with the pain, which at first would be severe. As the night wore on, eventually the pain would subside and become duller; when all was quiet, since she was not sure whether she was allowed or not, one hand would slowly steal between her legs, a finger creeping between her wet lips and stroking the small pink button between them, as the fingers of her other hand touched one nipple then the other, rousing her and bringing her to the answer to the pain, the arching of her back, the shuddering and deep climax, biting the pillow to stifle her moans, that fulfilled her and released her into deep and restorative sleep.

And now, the means of this comfort, that most private part of her she had never dreamt could be taken away, had been deliberately ripped from her body. She had borne the pain and humiliation inflicted on her by the gentlemen stoically, accepting it as their right as her masters to inflict and hers as a slave to bear. But the loss of her clitoris was cruel beyond belief; she was effeminated, an enforced celibate, who now felt her loss even more keenly as a result of only now truly realising how important it had been to her. When a few days later the bandages were removed that bound her breasts, she dared to look down; she saw with a shock that the nipples that she was accustomed to seeing on the round horizon of her breasts had gone, replaced by a gash and some uneven stitches in the bruised flesh. The loss of her nipples she could bear; she had seen the other slaves who had lost them in the heat of their master's passion for them. But she did not dare to look between her legs, the sense of loss was too great. As she gently touched there with a finger, she felt jagged edges of stitched skin, and a deep cleft where she had been accustomed to slide her finger. She then knew she was as deeply ruined as a woman can be, a laughable shell, resembling a woman on the outside but extinguished and cold, without the fire that had yesterday burnt in her.

She had time to think as she remained chained in her cell, and as she could not control her functions, and had deep gashes and stitches where once she had the outward tokens of her femininity enjoyed by the gentlemen, she came to realise that there was really no further use for her. The gentlemen had been fond of her, and as she healed she was treated kindly; the plug was not replaced, she was allowed a small bucket permanently in her cell as a toilet, and a bucket and water to wash any of her mess away. She was even given some toilet paper that she might use herself. Normally, paper was applied by staff after slaves were paraded,

chained together, at the start of each day to defecate and urinate under the careful eye of the Slavemaster and any of the gentlemen who had decided to view the stock, on the lawn at the corner of the grounds set aside for the purpose. There they were arranged by the staff on all fours in a circle around him, their cunts and arses presented towards him, so that he could watch their bodily functions, when having been given the order they spread their legs and strained in the few minutes they were allowed to relieve themselves. Satisfied, he would give the order for them to be wiped clean by the staff, and their droppings to be removed. And so, to be given toilet paper and allowed to relieve herself at will was unusual. But she knew that this was because while she had been a valuable companion to the gentlemen previously, she now had little value, and indeed unknown to her it was quickly agreed following the committee's resolution that her services were no longer required and she should be disposed of, and no-one spoke for her retention.

And so, she knew better than the other slaves what was happening when the time arrived for her to be taken to the quarry. She arrived in better condition than most, other than some residual discomfort as the scar where her clitoris had been removed pulled as she walked. To her surprise, when she arrived they were laughing, bent over double; from their conversation she gleaned that the previous slave's cunt was blown cleanly off by the dynamite that had been thrust into her arse to dispatch her, and to their great surprise had landed in one piece at the feet of one of the gentlemen. "It is a present, she wanted to say she loves you!" says one, weeping helplessly with laughter as he waved the slave's dismembered cunt in front of the recipient's face. When that entertainment had run its course, he now found that by poking his finger through from the side where the womb was missing, he could make it emerge from between the lips of the vagina. As he showed it around, and wiggled his finger in their faces, one made as if to lick the clitoris, causing them all to burst again into laughter. Then another grabbed it from him; he opened his flies and dropped his hard cock out. "One last time!" he cried. Was he going to? Yes, he thrust it over his cock, and made a great play of thrusting it in and out. Once again, they burst into laughter, tinged with revulsion. "My God, you are an animal, John" said one, still laughing. "Throw it away. For God's sake, throw it away". At their combined insistence he threw it away into the bushes, and the laughter subsided.

Eventually, they composed themselves and turned to Delila, who had been waiting during this display. "Do you know why you are here?" asked a young man, composing himself, who seemed to have been charged with the proceedings. She nodded. "Lie, please". Delila lay to be chained down, her face pressed into ground that smelt of the rank tang of blood and the chemical smell of the explosives. She did not argue; as her ankles and wrists were chained to the metal posts driven deep into the ground, she realised that now that she was no longer a complete woman, those small but essential items of her femininity having been plucked from her body to hang round a man's neck, she did not fear the crushing blow of the explosion, but welcomed it as a kindness, and a release from the shell of a woman she had become at that unkind gentleman's hands. So she willingly offered herself up to the stick of dynamite that was forced into her, helping he who was dispatching her pushing her bottom a little upwards to receive it in a travesty of the way she had been taught to offer herself to a gentlemen's cock; but she cried out as it was forced in, not at the width, which her training had prepared her for, but for the depth; it was thrust deep into her without regard until she groaned as it pressed her navel from inside against the cold ground, firmly lodged in her pained bowels.

Being sporting gentlemen, before lighting the fuse and retiring to a safe distance to watch the fun, Delila listened as they stood over her taking bets, careless that she was listening. "She is petite and has narrow hips, I think her legs will be ripped clean from her body" said the

young man. "Done, twenty guineas" said the other; Delila recognised Sir R's authoritative voice. "I think not. While her hips and all between will be shattered, her muscles are strong



and will hold them in place, even if they do finish up a trifle wider than she has opened them for us recently. They will fly around, and perhaps finish up under her ears, but I think they will stay attached.". "And if only one is separated from her?" said the young man. "Then we will let hold the bet over for the next" said Sir R, who was he who had who received the gift of the previous slave's cunt at his feet. He looked down at Delila, and turned to the young man. "And do I remember that you had a special affection for Delila? I cannot believe that any woman would show such affection for you as the last showed for me. Let us say that if Delila too drops her cunt at your feet as a sign of

her love I will personally pay you one thousand guineas." The other man dropped his mouth slightly open, and looked at Sir R. One thousand guineas? A fortune. And there was no risk for him; Sir R did not expect any payment if he did not succeed. His mouth a little dry, He stooped to Delila, and whispered in her ear "Delila, be a sport, you heard what Sir R said; please try your best for me.". He speaks intensely, almost lovingly, just as he did to her in her early days in the club, when every night he had her chained face down in his bed and wanted her to raise her arse again and again for his use throughout the night, working himself into a frenzy, alternately bugging her unmercifully, his large cock thrusting deep, parting her until she bled, then caning her where she lay, the hard blows splitting the skin on her bottom, until he was satisfied, his cock exploding for the last time into her, calling into her ear that she was a slut and a whore as he came. For a moment, he would rest, his cock twitching inside her as the last of its load was shed, then he would rise, his semen, and that of any friends he had invited to join in, running freely from her violated arsehole onto the bed beneath her and mingling with the blood oozing from her cuts. Careless of her, he called the staff to take her from his bed and throw her into her cell, where it was his face that floated in front of her when she afterwards she brought herself to orgasm. For despite herself, she was indeed his slut, and his whore; she loved him for being so cruel to her, for the thoroughness with which he tortured her, and then discarded her, careless of how she was abused by the other gentlemen of the club. And even afterwards, when a fresh slave had captured his attentions and displaced her from his bed, it was him for whom she masturbated.

"It really does not now matter for you one way or another, but a thousand guineas is really a great deal of money for me." he says. He surveyed the path that her cunt would have to traverse to land where he will stand. "Lift your bottom a little, if you would, my darling Delila, and point your cunt upwards, so it has a clear path along which to fly. I will stand over

there, behind you. I would be so grateful if you could land it at my feet. Please do try for me, I know you can do it.". The young man kissed her a last time, and stood.

She heard a match splutter into life. As the fuse crackled and the men strode away, she obediently lifted her bottom and twisted her arse upwards for him this one last time. "I will do your bidding" she whispered to herself as he turned to watch her final few seconds, laughing with Sir R; she pushed her mutilated cunt up as far as the chains would allow, just as when she had offered her arse to him when she was still complete, and chained in his bed, and whispered again. "Torn as it is, it is my parting present to you, my master and lover."

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