

Of the Dickinson dilator, and other matters

by Sadyst

Story codes: M/f, torture.

"Do you know, there must be a better way to do it.". These words, which have been the genesis of many a new idea and letters patent, were uttered by one of the gentlemen as they discussed the matter of the stretching of women's arseholes for their easier accomodation of their cocks from behind. The stretching of a new recruit to the club, perhaps only used to her arse being a means of relieving herself, and never as a means of a man having his way of her, was one of those matters to which the gentlemen sometimes needed to address themselves in the evenings.

A young and *petite* woman entering the club for the first time would learn to serve her masters sexually in the fullest way, and no distinction in this respect was made by the gentlemen between the charming cleft between her legs facing to the front, that traditional, delightful, and most feminine opening, and the rather tighter opening that opened to the rear, that served to offer entry into a women's bowels and provided the hotter, more sordid satisfactions that many of the gentlemen craved. A woman within the club was, in essence, a slave, who had to serve, and serve without thought of her own preferences, having heed only to the commands of the gentlemen, who might well at the snap of fingers be required to lie on her back and open her legs wide to present herself, so that the gentleman who had taken a fancy to her might lie on her and, placing the tip of his cock into that cleft, thrust so that it entered her deep, and hard, and high into her womb. And, his cock esconced in her, she would thrust her hips up at him as he thrust at her, and as the temperature built lift her legs high over his back, and whisper dirt and filth in her lover's ear to encourage him. He might, thrusting at her, rise to a climax, and shed his seed in her, to mix with that left by any of the other gentlemen to whom she had been a lover by that opening previously.

But there again, perhaps the gentlemen might restrain his enthusiasm for the woman sufficiently that he might save himself from discharging himself into her, perhaps recollecting that to the rear lay a far greater treasure, a subterranean passage leading to the underworld of a woman's bowels, a place of wonder, excitement, and danger. The gentlemen of the club were men of the world, who could afford the time, application and practice that was necessary to understand and release the true and innermost sexual nature of women, who could tap this hidden resource that every woman possesses. For, learning of what might be possible from their friends, or by hints dropped by their fathers, they had practiced on their lovers, or the wives and daughters of the workers on their estates, or their scullery maids and chamber maids that were bidden to their rooms and released, flushed and dishevelled, some hours later, until they realised that a woman who did not yield to a man all three means by which he could enter her, did not yield herself to him in any measure. And, furthermore, it was that tight opening behind, of the pair between a woman's legs, that alone was capable of arousing those most exquisite passions that were redolent with primitive energy; that like a volcano were full of hot springs, deep rumblings and hidden hot lakes, and were released in explosive discharges. And so, any man, that knew himself to be a man, would at times, or all the time, ask - no tell, for a man requiring his lover's anus brooks no refusal - her to roll over so that he might enter from behind, his cock, fully hard from its ensheathment in that warm passage at the front, now tearing her puny muscles open in its passage to her innermost recesses. And the woman, if she knew herself to be a woman, would turn her face to the pillow, and lift her hips slightly for his more convenient access to her rear, and welcome the pain that heralded his entry into her, and was the prerogative of a woman who fully knew herself, and men.

The gentlemen of the club were exceptional in their experience of the world, and women, and they, and the women of the club who served them, were chosen to complement each other, in that it might

be said that the gentlemen were expected to know how to ride, and the women to be ridden. And the women were required to learn how they could best be mounted. And, rather like racehorses, the whip was regularly used these mounts where some further encouragement was required. Thus, in the closed world (at least, for the women) of the club, where such things could be concentrated upon, they soon learnt of the importance of yielding themselves fully to their mounts, and the provision of a warm and inviting passage to the rear was not the least of their duties, and, to a woman, they soon became experienced and enthusiastic buggeresses.

Now, here lies a difficulty that pertains to mounts that are ridden by all that does not pertain when a man has a buggeress for himself. It will be well known that all men are not created equal in respect of the size of their personal members. Some men, no doubt damned for some foul deed in a previous life, have the smallest of daggers between their legs. Others, by comparison, may flaunt a mighty sword, that like the english broadswords of old, requires two hands to be properly handled. While both may be formidable weapons in their owner's hands, in the right circumstances, what suits one may not suit another. The owner of the former may well, by virtue of the smaller size, be able to slip effortlessly into a woman's tight and virgin arsehole, while he wielding the latter may well struggle to enter the most well-travelled back passage of the most slatternly of backstreet whores, however wide it is opened for business. Now, remember that a woman's arsehole is not of a given and fixed size. Given the daily penetration by a lover, it soon stretches to accomodate him, and the woman becomes "moulded to her man", in that her arse becomes as stretched as is necessary to readily accomodate him when the need arises, yet small enough shrink afterwards to perform its other duty, of retaining her waste within her body. Where her lover is of small disposition, the degree of stretching may be small, and at a casual glance from another, her arsehole may appear the tight virgin rosebud of a maid that has not received the attentions thereto of any man. This may well be a blessing for those many aristocratic ladies who from time to time entertain themselves with the male workers of their estates; picking a man who is of small girth may reduce the chance that her lord will discover, by the ease with which a finger slides into that which should be tight, that another is riding his lady by the tradesman's entrance. And for those lords who readily acquiesce to their woman entertaining herself with a young fit stud from the estate during the long dark evenings when he has business in town, it may well be convenient if she choses one of smaller encumbrement, if only to keep her feminine charms in prime condition. And, of course, a wise lord and master will require her to entertain only with her back passage, for the involuntary discharge of a man's semen within her womb and the consequent growth of a cuckoo in the nest would be most inconvenient for all, and require her ladyship to spend a few weeks in Bath, taking the waters for her health, before returning miraculously cured of the tendancy towards overweight she had been increasingly displaying beforehand.

Now consider the lady that is penetrated by he that, erect, resembles one of the stallions that service the mares on her estate. Or perhaps he resembles the donkeys that, standing while firewood is loaded onto their cart, careless and dreaming of donkey conquests, sport erections the tips of which almost drag on the ground. When the question is asked by the man, looking for new sport now her cunt has been well and truly conquered, as to whether she would like to roll over, and the lady agrees that undoubtedly her arse has been provided for fun as well as function, she will lay on her face on the bed for him, or on all fours like a bitch on heat, holding her cheeks apart to show him that which he may still conquer. He, as any man, could not fail but to rise to his full size at the challenge of the sight of that tight passage, a virgin arsehole challenging him to make his way within. But he should not think that she, a tight maid behind, will accomodate him readily. He may press into her, and she will struggle, but her opening up to him is no foregone conclusion. It may take hours, or days, or weeks, and she may decide more than once to change her mind about the matter, and have to be held down until the tight muscles she possesses behind finally acquiesce and he enters her. And, many times during this process, he may envy the smaller man who can slip into such a small entrance at will. Woe betide him if, his first lust for her now slaked, he leaves her behind alone for a few days. It will close, for her rectum, while possessing a remarkable ability to stretch a surprising amount, also possesses the equal ability to contract when the cause of its stretching is removed for a few days. And so, if he is so unwise, the entire process must be repeated again. And thus regular attention is the key to a buggeress

retaining an ability to accommodate her larger gentlemen. An experienced gentleman may read the signs, which unlike the former case may not readily be hidden; her anus, no longer a dimple, may well be the size of a half-a-crown or even more, surrounded by the brown and wrinkled skin that stretches to accommodate his cock, and with a deep depression in the centre where a degree of permanent stretching has taken place as cocks enter her. If inspecting a woman new to the club sporting such a sign, the gentlemen, careless of her feelings, for she is just a slave to them, might well comment that she had "a slut's arsehole" and ask how many men had ridden there, and for how long. And sometimes she would tell them that it was the lord of her estate, and sometimes she would tell them that it was her lover, and sometimes, for the more unfortunate women who had been released from enslavement by Moors, she would, crying, confide that it was the entire crew of the vessel from which they had been rescued, for it was well known that their religion expressly forbade them sex with a christian (that is, the use of a woman's vagina), but said nothing of (for perhaps their clerics did not know of it) the use of that hole which the enslaved women possessed in common with the boy slaves, which, it would appear, did not count as sex.

It was well known how unkind the Moors could be to those not of their religion, and the gentlemen would sometimes shudder at the tales of women who had been chained and used by all, yet counted themselves lucky to be rescued before they had been tortured, mutilated and tossed over the side of the ship, as had reputedly happened to many. And it was not only the misfortune of women; consider the true tale of an unfortunate cabin slave of one ship, who thought he was wise in avoiding being buggered beyond endurance by the crew by acquiescing willingly to the captain taking him as his sole lover. Poor boy, there were no women on the ship, and hence, having no alternative, and no inclinations to the contrary, the captain willingly took the boy's offer to become his lover, and furthermore, as many arabs will, he conceived a great fancy to him. For the first few

weeks of the long slow passage, he had little opportunity to wear clothes, as the captain, having no pressing matters requiring his urgent attention on the deck, took the opportunity to prostrate his new friend on the deck amidst the barrels and boxes, so that he might spend his time embedded in him from behind. Yet, surveying the boy lying there after he had risen, the captain was increasingly offended by the sight of an effeminate male manhood hanging there, always limp, of no practical use (since he was required by the captain only in a receptive role), contrasting so with his own, which he knew was masculine and virile and strong. Soon, having little squeamishness or concern for the boy's feelings in the matter, he conceived a simple way to resolve his dilemma; the boy was taken to the ship surgeon where, at the captain's order and the boy's high-pitched screams, heard by all the crew, he was castrated, for the captain had heard of the eunuchs that serve the higher ranks of their nobility, and how tantalising they could be as a plaything. And why should he not have such a servant with whom to pass time, and additionally increase the boy's value, since he knew well that eunuchs brought a good price in the *bazaar*? At so, at the request of the captain, the surgeon took his time to ensure that the boy's cock and balls were cleanly and fully removed in one piece from his body and the gash closed and stitched, leaving a smooth patch of skin, pierced only by the residual hole for the discharge of urine, which was of course still required. It may seem strange to christian sensibilities, but his cock



and balls were retained, and eventually presented to him preserved in salt like a bizarre trophy at the end of the voyage, rather than being tossed over the side to feed the sharks that swarmed around the ship. Why? Well, this may be easily explained, for it was believed by the superstitious crew that a man must be buried complete at the end of his life, and even if his genitals have been cut from his body, they must at all costs be retained and buried with his body, so that in death the man would be complete. The crew thus knew that it would be bad luck to separate these items from their bearer, although physical proximity was perfectly acceptable even if they were not still attached to his body, and hence he could well have been thrown over the side, provided his cock and balls were first hung around his neck. It is surprising to relate that their eunuchs regard the box containing their male parts as so crucial to them, that many will wear them permanently around their necks, so as to not be parted from them under any circumstances. It is also surprising to note that no similar considerations applied to christian women, who it was said frequently had their breasts cut away and tossed over the side of the ship when they had failed to please.

The boy was young and fit, and soon healed, and to the great satisfaction of the captain his pubis, seen from behind, now more closely resembled that of the woman that, until then, he had only played at being, although the skills of the surgeon (which were considerable, for the medical skill of the Moors was greater than that of others at the time) did not run to providing the cleft that women possess. And so, for a time the captain was happy, having a clean-cut and sexless bedmate to play with, and the crew were content, for while they were previously somewhat unhappy that he had not been provided for their entertainment, they were now somewhat contented that he had paid a suitable price for his ruse to prevent him providing for them. Only the boy was not happy, partly because of his loss - or detachment - of the parts that were of course of much more importance to him than they were to the captain, and partly because once the captain had tired of him as his new plaything on the long voyage, he was in any case treacherously turned over to the crew so that he might entertain them as well. But he withstood the attentions of the crew, partly because as the voyage reached its completion he had developed a woman's voice and breasts, and had ceased to grow facial hair, and hence fascinated the crew, who asked him to dress as a woman and sing and dance in addition to providing sexual services. By the end of the voyage, he could speak their language passably, and could sing and dance in quite an accomplished way, and had not lost his ability to present himself for their sexual attention in a way they found attractive. Consequently, he was sold for a high price, to a good household, and while he was kept as a novelty for the men's back room rather than in the main household, it is said that he eventually rose to a high rank amongst the Moors, who value eunuchs highly as servants and councillors, and so perhaps his loss of his genitals (which, in keeping with tradition, he wore round his neck) was to some degree compensated for by this eventual success.

We have digressed, but this interesting discussion serves to emphasise how service in a club such as that run by the gentlemen might well be much preferable to the short and miserable existence that a woman (or indeed, man) might well pass elsewhere, for while they might expect severe treatment from the gentlemen if they failed to please, the terms of their service were well explained beforehand and were generally found immensely preferable to the alternatives of hanging, transportation and service in the brothels of the New World.

However, let us return to the paradox of the gentlemen's requirements on the island. One must accept that the entire stock of slave women should not be left permanently stretched behind by the biggest gentlemen, for those of lesser girth would not want to be surrounded by women who were all an unacceptably slack fit to their cocks. All agreed that a degree of tightness was essential to the greatest pleasure in the use of a woman's arse, but a paradox lay in the wide range of sizes she might have to accommodate. So, it was necessary to ensure that at any time, a range of arseholes in a suitable condition, from the smallest to the widest, might be available for the various members' use. One might say "I say, I think her bottom would be rather nice", pointing to one of the slaves, to the slavemaster, who would glance at the gentleman's cock (for no-one, except the servants, were allowed to wear clothes) and realise that the woman he fancied could barely close her arse over his small cock, let alone offer some reasonable degree of tightness to him. He might quickly suggest "Nicole is

exceptionally tight at the moment, shall I have the stewards fetch her?" to him. And this slave, her arse recovered to a degree of tightness, would offer some resistance as he entered her. And thus, this master would have rapidly had his cock matched to a mistress who was able to use those muscles behind to pump and squeeze from him the last drops of his contribution to her. To another asking the same, but at his glance much better endowed, he might point him to the woman he had just deflected the other from, saying "I would recommend Francesca there; she was stretched last night and I think you will find her very satisfactory and eager to please.". And the gentleman would find the arse of the chosen woman wide open, an easy fit to him, warm and accomodating to his cock, and the woman exceptionally anxious to please, since this was the only means to avoid a further painful and humiliating experience of the wooden dildos that were used the previous evening to stretch her. These considerations indicate the importance of an experienced slavemaster in a club such as that on the island. He will realise the importance of retaining a retinue of women having an adequate spread of anal tightness or dilation, appropriate to the needs of the gentlemen at the time.

But this relates to experienced slaves. It must be admitted that, for women who had just been indentured to the club, there was undoubtedly great sport in addressing this means of entry for the first time. There was no choice for the woman, who had agreed to serve them as they required, and hence might be asked to bend, hold her ankles and stand firm while the first man was chosen to mount her anally, to the applause of those around if he were successful. If, as often was the case, she fought, they thought nothing of stretching her face down across a desk or one of the benches made for the purpose, and securing her with her legs apart so all she had between them was on show, and then taking by force what she had not given willingly. For if she screamed in pain, and fought, and bucked and twisted in her attempts to evade his cock, then they knew that when she was conquered she would be all the better a ride for it. And the gradual opening up of a woman behind was important to the gentlemen; the slavemaster might well for instance request the gentlemen to attend to the rear of a new slave in order of girth, allowing her to stretch naturally and increasingly, gentleman by gentleman, throughout a long evening (it was certainly long for the woman), until to the applause of all she accommodated in comfort (the gentleman's comfort, that is, for a slave's comfort, or rather, discomfort, was of little concern to the gentlemen) the last and largest of those gentlemen who were welcoming her.

And even when she was physically broken in, the woman might still not give willingly what they had previously taken, or might be too tight for the comfort of the gentlemen who were riding her. When this was the case, the dildos were required, turned from a dark and polished hardwood, and in some cases provided with handholds, racked on the wall of the clubroom. The term was a sailor's; "dildo" referred to the wooden pins that were used to secure ropes to the rails of a ship. The term was originally used because of the similarity of the gentlemen's turned wooden tools to these pins on the boats that brought the gentlemen and their women to the island, or possibly because an actual ship's dildo was originally commandeered to stretch an unfortunate woman. The term stuck, and many years later one gentleman who had just completed a visit to the New World reported to their amusement of the gentlemen that the term was now being used in the whorehouses there.

While it was possible that the dildos, as in the case of the whorehouses, were used in the club to stimulate a woman, this was not their original intention and was rarely the case on the island. They were more commonly inserted in a woman's arse when the gentlemen required it to be opened wider to accomodate those gentlemen who were better-endowed, or for punishment, or for training. The smaller of the wooden tools was perhaps less than an inch wide, and could be used to seduce it open, but the larger tools were cruel, and designed to force the woman's arse wide open, and to cause her the maximum pain in so doing. Which was used depended on the requirements; should a woman's lover simply require her conveniently open behind before he took her to bed, the easier to mount her, the smaller tools would be used by the stewards, and removed prior to her being delivered to his bed. In the case of the breaking of the resistance of a new recruit, she might entertain the gentlemen with her screams as she had the largest size forced in, its brass studs raking her rectum, to be left for a day, or two days, or until she was conquered, and returned to the gentlemen, kneeling prostrate on the floor

and willingly inviting them to use her in any way that they desired. For as those who have read the Bard's *The Taming of the Shrew* will note, a woman learns the love of her masters not by their care of her, but by adversity.

Now, the wooden plugs in this respect had a serious deficiency. All women, whether queens or commoners, will pass gass from behind from time to time. A genteel lady may rise and pass to her robing room to make a few quiet and unladylike squeaks in private. A common fisherman's wife in the market, not versed in social politeness, may make a feature of it, lifting a leg to point her arse at the baliff, and releasing a loud rasping fart in his direction to the cheers or groans of those around. And it may be wondered, what happens to this gass when the arse is plugged with the gentlemen's tools? Well, of course, the answer is that it builds up within. If a plug is removed after a few minutes, little happens. Leave it for a few hours, and the woman will release a fart. After a day, the rumblings of her stomach may herald the explosion that occurs when the cords that tie it into her are released, and the plug is fired from her by the pressure within, followed, in most cases, by the contents of her bowels. The stewards were well versed in the requirements of unplugging a woman after long use of a dildo, and that was one reason why the toilets the slaves could use were of the Turkish sort, a hole in the floor, with footsteps on either side, more easily sluiced down after use than the English sort. If the plug had been in for some time, it would be release with care from arm's length. And, of course, it could not be left in, since the woman had to shit from time to time, not to mention pass the gas that had been built up in her.

And so back to our thoughtful gentleman. "There must be a better way" he repeated. And, at the high table that evening, removing the metal ring that secured his rolled *serviette* on the table, it came to him. "Of course" he said, inspecting the ring, "That is the answer".

The next morning, he spoke to a craftsman retained by the gentlemen for his skills in repairs and fabrication of the many tools the club possessed, and within a week it was done. The Dickinson Dilator - for so it was nicknamed by the gentlemen, and he was Lord Dickinson - was a ring of metal, similar in size to the *serviette* ring that had been its inspiration. The size of the tube was the same as the dimensions of the woman's anus that it was intended to achieve, which, in its first test, was one and a half inches, for the lord was well endowed, which was why he had considered the matter in the first place. However, on each end it flared a quarter inch or so wider; these flanges were intended to (and did) retain the tube within a woman's rectum while it did its work. For some time, he had considered how it could be inserted into the woman; the answer, of course, was that prior to use it was threaded onto a wooden staff; this had a rounded tip that could enter the woman, and rapidly flared to the internal diameter of the dilator threaded on it; behind, a shouder stopped the dilator from moving futher backwards on the staff as it was forced into the recipient, and provided a handle by which the whole assembly could be firmly inserted. And a stroke of genius; a wooden plug was secured to it on a short chain. Inserted in it, the plug ensured that the contents of the woman's bowels were kept in place during the day. Should she need to pass gas or shit, the plug was easily popped out as she squatted over the toilet, the contents of her bowels freely gurgling out through its centre, and re-inserted afterwards; there was no need (as with the dildos) to remove the ring, and due to the quickness and ease of its use she might perform this function several times a day. The gentlemen soon found that if extra cleanliness was required, a jug of water could easily be used to fill the woman's bowels through the dilator, if she were simply arranged bent over with her hands on the floor and her arse in the air, and flushed by the simple action of her squatting bottom-downwards once again. Due to its design, the flanges securing it firmly with the woman, no straps were required to retain it and consequently the woman could be still used by the gentlemen (vaginally, that is) with it in place. The only improvement made in the light of some further thought was to add a small leather strap to the plug which secured it to the dilator, to prevent it popping out accidentally.

Lord Dickinson had a woman in mind when he designed the dilator. Sarah, who had only just arrived at the gentlemen's club, was the daughter of a minor member of the aristocracy, fallen on hard times, and recently the subject of a scandal (subsequently hushed up) when she was found to be working in a



whipping parlour in London, offering her fair back to the customer's whips and scourges and receiving as a result good pay for her services. The brothel (for that was the more common name of this sort of establishment) was soon raided by officers of the law (the Prince of Wales, who was there at the time *in flagrante*, was quietly escorted from the building via a back door); she was arraigned for common prostitution, and with no political influence to bear she was scheduled to appear at a London law court to defend herself against a charge that would certainly lead to her family's disgrace and probably her transportation to die in the colonies. A discreet offer from the gentlemen to arrange that the charges were dropped and support her family if she were prepared to offer herself, body and soul, to them had met with her agreement. She was slim, and fair, and athletic, and, they were delighted to discover, regarded pain as an important seasoning for her sexual appetite, which encompassed all of the spicier dishes. Her fine body ran to her virgin arsehole too; it was small, and tight, and the gentlemen realised that if it were to be incorporated into their entertainment it would have to be attended to.

Sarah was very much to Lord Dickinson's liking, yet an early exploratory investigation had revealed that her back passage was only just capable of taking the tip of a finger, and was very obviously in its current state quite incapable of offering accommodation to even a medium sized cock. He had conceived the idea of being the first man to travel by that route. However, he was thwarted by being one of the best-endowed of the gentlemen. And he undoubtedly had the right to make first use of her, having negotiated the private arrangements that released her from the courts and made her available for the gentlemen. And so the first use of the Dickinson Dilator was made, the aim being to sufficiently stretch her prior to her accommodation of his cock deep within that untravelled route to her

bowels. On the second evening of her residency at the island (for he wished to waste no time) she was brought before the gentlemen, and the dilator was shown to her and its use explained. She pleaded with them, explaining that her bottom was much too tight to be able to fit that cruel device within, but the gentlemen were insistent; it had to fit within her. As two gentlemen held her lying across the broad oak table of the club, and two more, crouching near the floor, held her legs apart, the dilator was thoroughly greased, and the tip of the wooden staff pressed against her anus. The gentlemen holding her braces themselves; Lord Dickinson, who was wielding his new device, pushed more firmly, and slowly it slipped within. But she struggled, and soon it slipped out again. "One moment" said another gentleman, and he stepped onto the table, and sat on her waist, pressing her so firmly against the table so that she could not wriggle free. And so, soon, the device was soon within her once more, and this time, despite her wriggling and her howls that shattered the night air, the front flange of the dilator was soon pressed against her stretched anus. Out of kindness, Lord Dickinson let her rest for a few short minutes, then, with a final heave, and the high pitched screams of Sarah, it slipped fully within her, its outer flange now nestling against her anus, the tube of the dilator fully within her, the inner flange within her and preventing its withdrawal. But had it worked? She was let go, and for a few moments she cried and groaned and clutched her behind, jumping from one foot to another and begging for their device to be removed. "Sarah" said the slavemaster. "You came here of your own free will. Accept what we require of you, and learn to serve. It will not be removed, and if you persist we will whip you. And now, you will kneel in front of us." And so, still crying, she knelt and showed their handywork to them, the gentlemen observing how firmly it stayed within her. And when they were satisfied, the plug was pushed into the tube, the strap secured and Sarah was lead to her cell to be chained to the bed there while it did its work.

For two days, the Dickinson Dilator stayed within her, and the stewards were delighted to find that, unlike the women plugged with conventional dildos tied into them, her toilet was a simple and rapid matter of positioning her over the hole of the Turkish toilet, and releasing the plug. By the following morning, she was in less pain and consequently had ceased to ask for the dilator to be removed, as her muscles were grudgingly stretching to accomodate it. By the end of the second day, she had completely ceased to fight the dilator with her muscles, which had now fully stretched to encompass it. The gentlemen, well experienced in these matters, knew this would be the outcome too; she was consequently brought to the gentlemen once more. The dilator had not only triumphed over her physically, her initial mental resistance to becoming, in effect, a whore of the gentlemen, had been overcome too. She knew that she must do what she must do; she kneeled in front of them, submissively, bending over until her head touched to the floor. "Gentlemen, I am yours" she said, quite unprompted. I would like you all to do with me what you will.". She paused for a moment to hear their reply; there was none; they were content. "But first, if you wish to remove the dilator, I would like to thank the Lord Dickinson in the way he has enabled me to thank him.". And so, the dilator was pulled from her.

Lord Dickinson walked to her rear as she submissively knelt there on the floor; she spread her legs wider, and reached back with her hands to pull the cheeks of her bottom wide apart, so that he could admire all that she offered there. And he could see the effect that his device had had, for what was displayed there was now, as the gentlemen would say, "the arsehole of a whore", in that it was now much wider, and inviting to a man's attentions in consequence of its obvious openness. And the lord appreciated that which she was displaying to him too; his cock consequently rose for her, until it was mightily erect, and, not moving from where she knelt as he pressed its tip against the arsehole that she proffered to him, she willingly took his cock within her in one stroke. Now deep within her, his balls stroking her clitoris, and unmoving for a few seconds, he savoured his domination over her, before withdrawing his cock to begin its slow and deep strokes into her as it for the first time in her life, Sarah was slowly and thoroughly bugged. And to her surprise Sarah's finger strayed to her clitoris, and, to her further surprise, she soon came hard, moaning at the lord as he moaned back at her, the gentlemen excitedly exclaiming to each other what a whore and slut she was. And as he disengaged from her, she looked them in the eye, and said to them "Yes, Gentlemen, I am a whore and a slut. And I am your whore and slut.". And so she proved to be.



And so, a new invention entered the world, and unlike the many ideas of hopeful inventors that fall by the wayside, it served the gentlemen of the club well for many years. Indeed, it soon spawned a further device; one gentleman, inspired by its use, developed a similar ring that could be secured to hold open a slave's mouth. Its use was mainly aimed at women who showed any revulsion in swallowing either the gentlemen's semen, or piss, or anything else they required; it held their mouth open so that they had little choice in receiving whatever the gentlemen required within, and soon learnt to accept that which the gentlemen left in them with gratitude.

This latter development proved of particular use in the case of Rose, a particularly hardbitten and stubborn woman who despite promising the earth to the gentlemen if they were to save her from the gallows, firmly opposed the gentlemen's will. She, alone of all of the women, refused many times to undertake particular

requests that gentleman made of her, using words forbidden to a slave, "no, I will not.". Her argument as to why she would not, such as it was, was that "she could not be so made", despite the promises she had formerly made that she would serve them in any way they wished if she were saved. And so, she rapidly became very unpopular with the gentlemen, yet the slavemaster did not want to give up on her, surmising that he should not give up on her, and if she could yet be trained, the very

spirit that made it difficult to ride her would prove to be an asset in her future service to the gentlemen. Even the whip that she received daily in the course of her struggle with her masters made little impression on her; even when beaten so hard that the blood flowed from her back freely, she seemed to shrug it off, and rather than learning from her lesson, and acquiring the proper and submissive demeanour of the other slaves, she seemed to become ever more obstreperous as the days passed. In the end, she sealed her own fate by sinking her teeth into the cock of a gentleman who was in the process of thrusting it deep into her throat. While he was not severely damaged by her teeth, all of the gentlemen were concerned by his experience, and they, as a man, decided that this was enough; she must be made an example of that would serve to dissuade her, and other slaves, from similar behaviour.

So the full lips of her cunt were pierced with the tip of a bradawl, leaving holes through which large iron rings were driven and welded closed, as she was informed that henceforth, her cunt would not be required, but she would solely satisfy the gentlemen with her arse. And she seemed to care not. So she was taken to the dungeon, so she could not disturb the gentlemen in the clubroom, or sleeping in their rooms, where the ring that pierced her lips was used to padlock her to a ring in the floor. And while she now could not move, lest her lips were torn quite from her body, still she flashed her eyes at the gentlemen, and cursed them roundly. So her arms were shackled behind her head, and the stewards, who were by now rather annoyed with her, as they appeared to not be able to control her, cruelly drove pins through her nipples, and while she screamed and swore at them, and told them of what she would do to them, were she released. Yet still she did not once ask for forgiveness or mercy. And so, nor did they relent; next they drove steel rods through her full tits, this time being as rough as they wished, letting the cruel metal bars tear her skin and the soft inner tissue of her breasts. They cared not at all for her cries, and thrusting them hard through these most sensitive parts of her body, blood leaked from her nipples, since the ducts within had been torn, and where they pierced her from the points of entry and exit, down her waist and to the floor, and this time she most certainly screamed long and loud from their attentions. But still she did not bend to their will.

One of the gentlemen, reasoning that if she were fitted with the ring that had been developed for a mouth, she would certainly not be able to sink her teeth into anything, and so it was fitted to her. And it served well; the centre of the tube was wide enough that a man's cock could fit through it, and try as she might to use her tongue to prevent its access to her throat, the feeling of that tongue working around and against their cock was, if anything, rather pleasant to the gentlemen, and served to enhance the sensation when, stimulated by her prolonged fight with them, they discharged their offering to her directly into her throat. And she had no choice other than to allow what they had left there to slowly leak down her throat. "I know" said one. "She will make a capital urinal." And so, as she squatted there secured on the floor, they took turns throughout the evening to piss into the tube, one grasping her hair and holding her head tilted back at a convenient angle, while the other discharged the contents of his bladder into her mouth. And while she coughed, and spluttered, and managed to force some of the gentlemen's strong piss out of the tube again, she also had to drink much of their contributions if she were not to drown. And now, she did not fight as much, and it appeared they might be making some headway.

So they continued, and she served as a urinal for the night, until the gentlemen had all gone to bed, and she thought that perhaps all was ended. But the stewards, annoyed by her fight and their master's displeasure, entered the dungeon in the following early morning to discharge their strong piss into her mouth as well. And then, later that day, a masterstroke; it was provided with an integral funnel. Secured on her back, the gentlemen, and some of their trusted whores too showered their piss, and any semen or other material that deemed required, into the funnel running through the tube into her mouth, where if she were not to drown she had no alternative to swallowing it. It may be argued that this was perhaps unkind, and while her resistance was weakening, it still did not lead to the desired effect.

Later that evening, a senior and trusted whore came to her; Rose was once again secured sitting on the floor, her cunt-ring padlocked to the floor. "Do you think that you can continue like this?" she said. "You knew, when you came, that you would have to serve. Yet you do not. The gentlemen are annoyed with you. And, because they are annoyed, we too are suffering on your account." And she showed Rose the whip marks on her back, left there by a grumpy gentleman the previous night, who had whipped her unfairly on a pretext. "It seems that you cannot accept the gentlemen's authority over you, and you are upsetting it for all the others. So the girls" (for that was what they called themselves) "have asked that I pass this message to you." And she withdrew a short, heavy and severe whip from behind her back.

Let it never be thought that a man is most severe on a woman. Any woman who knows the capacity of a woman to inflict pain would much prefer the attentions of an enraged man, than those of an enraged woman. The trusted whore was lean and wiry, and had the strong hard arms of a washerwoman, perhaps from the physical duties she performed for the gentlemen, and braced, and used all of her force to strike her, and Rose gasped at the pain that suddenly coursed through her back as the whip split her skin. And she struck again; the stroke of the whip this time drew the breath from Rose's body, and the whip fell twice more before she could draw her breath to scream. But the tube was still in her mouth, and all that left her was a muffled gurgle. And the woman perhaps felt that she had a score to settle with Rose; since for ten minutes, whipstrokes fell on Rose's back, drawing weals, until the blood ran as freely from her back as the screams ran from her mouth. Then, her tormentor stepped to the front. She paused for a moment, as Rose uncomprehendingly looked up at her. Had she finished? No, for now she took her time to square up, then drove an accurate and powerful stroke against her damaged breasts. She squirmed in the pain, and tried to roll her head down to protect her breasts. "Put your head up" said the woman. "Or I will strike your pretty face." And she pulled Rose's hair to pull her face backwards, and told her to keep it there. There was no mercy in the woman's face, and Rose's chest and breasts were whipped until they were red raw.

At last, she stopped. "I have finished with you" she said. "You have another chance now, the last you will have." And now she had enslaved Rose, she once again freed her; she removed the ring in Rose's mouth, that had played such a part in humiliating her, and hence opening her mind to the possibilities of serving the gentlemen as they required. Nor did she stop there; with a click the padlock was removed from the ring between her legs, and her hand cuffs were removed; she was helped to her feet, free once more. Quite unbidden, Rose put her hands around the waist of the woman who had whipped her, and lay her head against her shoulder, and hugged her as she sobbed, tears running down her face. More softly, the woman put her hands around Rose's waist too, felling the weals she had raised there, and whispered in her ear "you must obey. We all love you, Rose, but you have agreed to be the servant of the gentlemen, and this behaviour won't do. They will send you back to the scaffold. We are all trying to help you." And Rose wept and whispered her thanks to the woman who had whipped her. Not realising what she was doing, she turned her head upwards and softly kissed the woman who had tortured her on her lips. Suddenly, she panicked, should she not have so done? But the woman put her hands behind her head, and kissed her back full on the mouth. "I will be your lover" she said. "I will help you. If you promise me to obey the gentlemen I will share my bed with you, and tell you how to please them." And Rose said that she would like that.

"Let me tell you of tomorrow" she said. "You will not let us down again. You will go to the gentlemen, and prostrate yourself before them, and ask their forgiveness, and request that they use you in any way they see fit. And whatever they do, whether they whip you once more, or crush a nipple as a reminder to you, or brand you once more, you will thank them for their attentions to you, and any attentions they may wish to bestow on you in the future." Rose sobbed and agreed, and to her credit it must be said that she not only did as she was told this time, very completely, but also, now she had been taught to obey, became, as the slavemaster had suspected all along, a valued and trusted whore to the gentlemen and bedmate of many of the women. The gentlemen turned a blind eye to the whipping she had received, which had been the idea of the whores and had not been sanctioned by them, and indeed accepted that it had achieved her complete submission to their will, where their

administrations had not. And Rose did not suffer more, at least that evening, for they decided that in view of her complete submission to them, the whipping and preceding humiliations she had already received were, for the time being, quite sufficient. And so, she was at last welcomed by the gentlemen as a companion.

And so it may be seen that sometimes a woman may prevail over another woman when a man cannot. And, returning to the theme of our introduction, one may well wonder at the vicissitudes of life; for had that simple *serviette* ring not have laid on the table, would the useful device of the Dickinson Dilator, whether inserted in a reluctant arse, or in a shrewish mouth, ever have seen the light of day? One can only wonder.

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