

Francesca; the willing slave

by Sadyst 27/4/2009

Story codes: M/f, rape, torture.

Francesca was brought naked to the clearing as the sun fell. "You may go" the gentleman said to the steward who had brought her there. "I will bring her back to the house.". The steward turned and set off down the path that lead to the house.

He turned to Francesca, who waited with her head respectfully lowered. "Francesca, it is time for you to be branded" he said, and paused to watch her reaction. She raised and turned her head slightly to look briefly at the brazier burning fiercely in front of her, and the iron that was heating in it, and then, taking it in, lowered her head again. "All of the slaves who attend the gentlemen are branded.". He paused again, but no reaction passed over her lowered face; she seemed to accept that whatever the gentleman willed was her command, and , in any case, she had had enough contact with the other slaves in the short time she had been on the island to realise that this was fated.

He stepped to her, and despite the promises he had made to himself, he slipped one hand behind her head, his arm around her waist, and pulled her lips onto his, their tongues entwining. She made no attempt to hold him in return, her arms still at her side, but nor did she attempt to move away from him; her belly pressed against his cock that was rapidly becoming hard. He brushed a hand down over her breasts and nipples, hard from the slight cool breeze that was now blowing from the sea. "I thought you might prefer this" he said. "To be branded here, in the open, and away from the club." She said nothing. "The slavemaster has recognised that I have a particular interest in you, and has allowed me as a special favour to put his brand on you. Will you accept his brand willingly?" It was true that it was very unusual for a slave to be allowed the favour of being branded anywhere other than in one of the clubrooms, the gentlemen clustered around to watch the slave's face as the iron burned into her flesh. For the branding was an important moment in the life of a slave, the moment when she was truly accepted into the company of the gentlemen.

He had a particular fondness for Francesca. Unlike the thin willowy waifs the gentlemen seemed to prefer, possibly on account of enjoying the contrast between the torrent of filth that could emanate from the mouth of one who, in appearance, looked so like the fairy engravings of a children's nighttime book, Francesca was tall and full bodied. Yet she was not at all overweight; she had broad hips and a full round arse, crying out for the stroke of the cane, as several of the gentlemen had already noted. She did not sport the petite breasts of many or most of the women in the club; to the contrary her shoulders were broad, and her breasts, capped with dark brown nipples, were full. She was still young enough, and her breasts had not been damaged by the gentlemen's sport that was still to some, that they were firm and pointed forwards, envoys leading the way for her. And this may make one think that her build was heavy. Yet she was no washer-woman; the strength in her hips and shoulders was offset by her waist, which was narrow, and her neck, which was long, and her legs, which were firm, and set on her hips wide apart so that the gentlemen could see all between with ease as she walked. She, as a consequence of these attributes, had a most pleasing figure, strong yet feminine, an Amazon, (but with her breasts intact, since she had no desire to use a bow) that commanded attention when she entered a room. Her nipples, like her light coffee skin, hinted at distant Mediterranean blood. Or perhaps even blood from distant Africa; which would perhaps also account for her lips, which were full and pouting. Whatever the source of these characteristics that the gentlemen found intriguing, it had also given her eyes which were dark brown; but she had not inherited the dark temper that so often went with hot blood; in some slaves, such dark deep eyes could flash danger, but her eyes were soft, and yielding, and (thought he would never say to her) reminded him of the deep brown eyes of the cattle on his father's estate. And, in keeping with her eyes, her demeanour was obedient, even docile; she had not questioned any order of the gentlemen so far, and had obeyed every command given to her without question and to the best of her ability.

The gentleman was torn. From the moment he had set eyes on her when she had been brought to the island, he had been smitten by her, although her would not dare admit it to anyone, or even himself. The gentlemen were

not allowed to love slaves, who were the joint property of all, yet he had to admit that he was particularly keen on being with her. He had stolen to her bed in the small hours of the morning several nights running, at first persuading himself that he was welcoming her to the island in his own way. And from the first she had accepted his welcome, and parted her legs to offer him a cunt that was hot, and wet, and the better for being thrust at him in a way that left no doubt how welcome he was with her. And as soon as she discovered how he so enjoyed the feeling of her tongue running along his cock, and her parted lips first taking in its tip, then inviting it fully into her mouth, she ensured that when he entered the room, she immediately left her bed to kneel at his feet, at first softly playing her lips along the length of his shaft to tease him to complete hardness, but as his body stiffened in need, turning her head upwards to him and grasping the cheeks of his bottom to encourage the rhythmical thrusts that took him deep into her mouth, her lips now firmly sealed onto his cock. Often, she performed this service to him so well, that he could not help but rapidly and impetuously come to his first climax, grasping her head roughly and pulling it brutally hard against his groin so her nose was pressed hard into the fuzz above his cock, her lips pressed around the very base of his shaft. And as he groaned with pleasure, his cock twitched rhythmically as his seed pumped copiously from him to trickle deep down her throat, she firmly gagged by his shaft and briefly completely unable to breath until, with a final twitch, he was spent and withdrew from her so she could breath, her breasts heaving until she could caught her breath once more.

Each night they would retire to her bed, and sometimes she would slowly touch and stroke him until he rose once again for her, and she could lie on her back and part her legs for him to enter her just as deeply and hard into her cunt as he had previously into her mouth. For an eternity, they would writhe and twist together, her body, now wrapped around his, complimenting his efforts by the heat of her cunt, and its flowing wetness, until she sensed her was near. "Master?" she whispered into his ear. "May I come too?". "Come with me" he said. And as the waves of their orgasms shook them both, she cried "Master!.... Master!..... Master!" in his ear each time a wave passed.

And so passed three nights, the first nights she was on the island. On the first night, he had returned afterwards to his bed, but on the following nights, they spent the night together in her bed, he only leaving just before the sun rose and the staff of the house yawned, stretched and set about their tasks. Although the bed was small, and uncomfortable, they could not take the risk of being caught in his room in the gentlemen's quarters; for that was forbidden and a slave caught there would expect a penalty of several hard whippings or worse to be extracted from her as a lesson. And in any case, it would be difficult and dangerous to get her there, since there were many comings and goings of the gentlemen at all times of the night, and they might be observed. And so they stayed in her room. And, in principle, there was no reason why not; gentlemen were certainly allowed to visit the rooms of any of the slaves, at any time, to make use of them as they saw fit. The only problem lay in the relationship between slave and master; it was a firm rule of the club that while a slave could be a favourite of one of the gentlemen, in the sense of being chosen by him to receive nightly whippings or other regular attentions at his hands, a gentleman was not allowed to become attached to a slave. This was because an attachment was not compatible with the interests of the club, for slaves were there to serve, and were the common property of all. It was unthinkable that a gentleman, becoming attached to a particular slave in an emotional way, might think to attempt to stay the hand of another gentleman, if he had intentions for her that were too severe for the other gentleman's liking. The slaves were there to serve, and to serve in any way that any gentleman required, provided only that it was within their rules of use, which had been drafted and agreed by committee, and by which all members were bound.



Playing with dildos

Some of these rules were designed to prevent premature and permanent damage, which might preclude a slave from further service to the club. There were no rules covering sexual conduct, and each gentleman could make use of any slave in any way in this respect that took his fancy. The use of the whip was ubiquitous, and a slave chosen to serve the gentlemen

for the night might well expect to have the last ounce of performance teased out of her at the end of her ordeal by the unflinching use of whip, cane or lash, although there was an agreement that the most severe of these implements should be used sparingly, as slaves that had been in service for some time often had a back criss-crossed with the scars left by their use. Dildos, also, were provided and used freely both front and back; but while there was little to learn in their vaginal use, a gentleman was expected to learn their proper use in the tighter anus, since no-one wanted a slave rendered unserviceable by careless splitting from a dildo that was too large, or inserted too forcefully, or too quickly. On the contrary, they were expected to learn the art of gradually seducing a reluctant arsehole open under the careful instruction of the slavemaster, who was experienced in such matters, learning to spend a long evening with the slave tied over a bench made for the purpose, applying the dildos in increasing size, starting with those that were little more than a thin polished wooden rod. Under the slavemaster's admonitions to take their time, they learned to sit back to allow each wooden staff, once inserted, to do its work in stretching her for an hour or so, while they surveyed her, quaffed brandy and anticipated how much better she would be able to serve them when she was opened fully behind. Or perhaps, the delights between her legs being rendered unavailable by the protruding handle of the plug, the slavemaster would suggest that it be tied so firmly into her that it would not move, and she would be released from her bonds and invited to kneel between the legs of each member who desired to release his sperm into her mouth. And, as they noted, this had the dual purpose of not only providing some entertainment, but also ensuring that the tool they had applied had the greatest effect, since in standing, kneeling, and walking between one and the other she unavoidably worked the tool deeper into her arsehole, and the constant movement of her hips and the consequent tugging of the reluctant muscles that surrounded this tool, greatly aided its acceptance within her. Late in the evening, the culmination would be reached; to a crescendo of wails from the recipient and the applause of the gentlemen that was reminiscent of that given to a sportsman on achieving a difficult objective against all odds, the largest dildo, the size of a man's wrist and bristling with rounded brass studs, would finally be driven home into her arse.

And a gentleman was free to make use of the more severe tools, the clamps, tongs, and pins, provided only that a reasonable request was made to the slavemaster, and that he was on hand to ensure that no permanent damage resulted, unless of course it was intended.

And so it may be seen that a gentleman fostering a romantic attachment to a slave was very much out of place, given the ethos of the club. And, in many ways, it was unfair to the woman concerned, since she might well be forced by that gentleman to say that she too loved him, and hence bring punishment on herself, if it became known that she had said it, even if it were not true. So all in all, it was much better that the woman knew her role clearly, to serve the gentlemen, and the gentlemen knew their role equally clearly, to be the masters of those placed under them. And in such accord lay the smooth running of the club.

On the fourth night of her captivity of the island, the gentleman had again entered Francesca's room. This time, however, she did not rise to greet him, but lay, face down, in her bed. He stepped to the bed; she was shaking slightly and crying. "What is it?" he asked. "Why do you cry?". At first her voice caught in her throat, and then she spoke in a rush. "I have been buggered" she said. "Several of the gentlemen wanted me to entertain them this evening. She took his hand and guided it to her arse. He could feel the wetness behind, and his finger accidentally slipped into her, meeting little resistance. That evening, they did not make love; he lay in bed and soothed her, forgetting the rules of the club which he was now so flagrantly breaking in deepening his attachment to her.

While the gentleman had thought his visits to Francesca private, it was difficult to conceal much that passed within the club from the stewards. They were, after all, charged with knowing the gentlemen's will before the gentlemen knew it themselves, and much of the skill in their service lay in keeping a weather-eye to the currents within the club. They knew much, or all, of what was going on, and they never seemed to sleep (or so the gentlemen commented), so it should not be surprising that the next day a casual hint about the gentleman's fondness for Francesca was dropped in the slavemaster's ear. The slavemaster did not react, since he did not discuss matters with stewards, but the hint was well taken; it may well have been that the slavemaster had himself suspected that something was afoot. And so, when he let it be widely known that the new slave, Francesca, was to receive her brand that evening, he was not surprised when he soon received a visit from the gentleman that was so fond of her, asking if she had yet to receive it and if not asking him to delay, an hour or two at most. "She has not yet, and why should she not?" asked the slavemaster, now full knowing what the true

answer was, and that he was trying to buy time for her. For a moment, the gentleman thought. "Because I would like the honour of branding her" he said. For he realised that it must happen, for no woman had yet entered the club and not been branded, but perhaps he could minimise her suffering, for many of the gentlemen, excited by the spectacle of the brand being burnt, as was the custom, deep into the right cheek of the woman's arse, used the opportunity of her remaining afterwards tied and bent over before him to welcome her in his own way. "May I take her to the woods, and return her to you branded?"

For a moment the slavemaster thought, and then decided. "You may". He had introduced the slave, and in any case as slavemaster it was his decision when and how she was provided with the marks that marked her as the property of the club. And it was more than likely that a woman, having a brand burnt into her, might well lose interest in he who had made her suffer.

And this is why the two lovers were standing together next to the brazier. As the sun went down and the darkness fell, he spoke to her. "I do not want to do this, you know" he said. For a moment, she looked in his eyes. "You have no choice. It has to be done, so I suppose we should do it now.". She paused for a moment. "Do it well. I could not stand being branded a second time, and I would prefer it was by you than by the other gentlemen".

For some reason he remembered a story of being cruel to be kind, the women who paid the hangman a few shillings to allow them to pull on the legs of their husbands to break their necks when they had been hung, and were slowly strangling in front of them. He had no choice. He could brand her himself, or allow her to be branded in front of the gentlemen. She looked at him. "Be a man" she said, "do what you must do", and knelt on the ground in front of him. Without needing to be told, she lowered her head and shoulders to the ground, presenting her arse upwards towards the gentleman so that he could conveniently do his work.

The gentleman stepped to the fire basket and removed the iron, its tip glowing in the dark. For a few moments, he stood behind her, holding it close to her, but not wanting to press it to her flesh. She waited to feel the warmth as it approached, and the searing pain of it burning into her, but it did not come. She glanced behind. He was still holding the iron, which was now losing its heat and dulling to a dull red. In desperation, for she was terrified of the iron yet wanted to get what had to come over with, she cried "If you let it go cold, it will not brand me properly. They will have to do it again, and make a mess of my skin. Heat it up again, and for God's sake be a man and do what you must."

Once again the iron was heated, and this time, stung by her criticism, he said no more as he drew it from the fire, but knelt behind her and pressed it hard against her buttock. Her skin sizzled as the iron did its work, and she screamed as though her lungs would burst, yet she did not move, and he did not remove the iron, until after a few seconds he judged it was enough, drew it from her and she rolled away and onto her back, sobbing. The iron had done its work, and done it well, sinking into her flesh and burning the slavemaster's "R" deep into her skin, marking her forever as the property of the gentlemen of the club.

The steward, hearing her screams from the house and surmising that the matter of her branding was now resolved, set out along the path to the clearing, a horn lantern in his hand, to help them to the house. He met them, she leaning on his arm and walking painfully, he trying to console her.

She was taken to the club room and inspected, the gentlemen asking her to turn around to show them her backside, then stiffly walk up and down, and then bend and touch her toes, so that they could admire the way she displayed it, high enough that it could be seen as she walked, but low enough that it could be seen adjacent to her cunt and arshole when she was bent over. The brand was burnt deep and dark brown into her cream skin, and was, the slavemaster had to admit, of first quality. He sniffed; it exuded a smell reminiscent of the smell when the meat for the evening meal was cooked au feu du bois, sizzling on the grids above a fire outside the kitchen door. He rubbed some cream into it that would protect it and help it heal, her gentleman friend wincing on her behalf. But he did not have to worry; around her new brand she was numb, partly as a result of the

numbness that comes when a trauma is inflicted, and partly because the iron had in any case burnt away the nerves in her skin.

Over the next few days, as she recovered, she was kept incommunicado, but the constant requests from the gentleman as to her condition made his position clear to all in the club, disturbed the slavemaster and set his resolve, and so at his request the gentleman was called into the study of the chairman, who was the first amongst equals for the club.

He seated the gentleman in one of the studded leather chairs that were in front of his desk, and poured them both a brandy. He stared out of the window at the sea beyond the island. "You know, no-one is allowed to fall in love with the slaves" he said. The gentleman looked at him, but said nothing. He allowed a few seconds to pass, then said "I think you know what I mean.". There was no point in denying it, and no gentleman would tell anything but the truth to another, and so the gentleman coughed, and admitted quietly to the chairman that he was indeed very fond of her. "You can see why we have the rule" said the chairman. "It would not do if each slave had a



gentleman as her champion". He could but agree. "So it would appear that you have broken a rule of the club.". A long silence fell, as the gentleman considered. He had no choice. "I would like to tender my resignation from the club" he said. "I accept your resignation" said the chairman, now smiling at him, and shaking his hand, for he had done the decent thing. "I will let the other members know. Perhaps you would like to clear your room?". "One thing, if I may" said the gentleman. "What is it?" said the chairman. "The woman - Francesca - I would be grateful if she could be spared any ill treatment on my behalf. It was not her fault.". The chairman thought for a moment. "I suppose being branded by you was enough, for the time being. She will still have to learn serve like the others, but she will not be punished tonight.". And within a few hours, the gentleman was on his way back to the mainland, never to return to the island.

Over the next few days, Francesca recovered, and was soon put to the gentlemen again, now sporting her new brandmark. And if she had been obedient before, it seemed that now she had determined to be obedient to their smallest

whim. She complied with the every request of the gentlemen, prostrating herself at their command on her back, so those that preferred her cunt could satisfy themselves with her, then, when told, turning over on all fours for the satisfaction of those whos preference was to satisfy themselves in the tight hole she possessed behind. On occasion, she was put to the whip, and even on one occasion had her nipples crushed in the tongs, but she bore it stoically, wailing pathetically (as might well be expected), yet making no effort to avoid torments they were meting out on her. There were no complaints from her, no flashes of anger, no reluctance to deny any order they made, and, it would seem, she did not resent their treatment of her, and completely accepted their will. In short, they were soon bored with her.

One evening, the gentlemen tried to raise some sport with her. When she had satisfied those present, a steward was called to bend her over the whipping bench and secure her. Duly secured, they selected one of the harder canes, made of hardwood, thin and green enough to flex as it was wielded, yet heavy enough to inflict a severe stroke on her skin. "Gentlemen, a sweepstake" cried one. "One guinea each, one stroke each; he who can make her cry out the best takes all.". "Done" they cried, and the guineas were dropped into a pot that the steward

brought; he was asked to remain as an independent judge of the best any could wring from her. "Should I decide on the basis of the loudness, or the length of her cry?" he asked. For a moment, they discussed this important matter, and decided that both length, and loudness, should be judged.

"Who will go first?" asked one. "After you" said another. If the truth be known, this was not so much for the sake of politeness, but more in anticipation of the best place to go in the batting order, for while those who were inexperienced might have thought that the first cries elicited from a woman would be the strongest, in fact, those who had experience of slaves enduring the long sessions with the whip that the gentlemen occasionally required of a slave knew that, as opera singers also know well, the human voice requires a little time to come to its full power.

Twenty minutes later, one of the gentlemen, chuckling as he pocketed his winnings, which he had earned for a great bellow she let out when his stroke of the cane split her skin, was consoling his colleagues by complimenting all on the accuracy of their strokes, all of which had struck with great power, and all of which had landed within a few inches of each other on her bottom. Francesca herself was moaning quietly, her bottom bleeding slightly from the severe strokes they had inflicted on it, yet when she was released and told to position herself on all fours on the couch, she did so without demur. The gentleman who had commanded her sat behind her and surveyed all she was showing him. "How far has she been stretched behind?" he asked. The gentlemen looked at each other. Other than buggery, and some play with the dildos, it appeared that she had little experience. "I offer you double-or-quits" he said, for he was the winner of the previous wager. "She is so tight that I do not believe any of you can get his hand into her arse as far as the wrist." "And if we succeed, you will repay the winnings?" they asked. And he said that was the case. Now it should be explained that a guinea was not a great deal for men of their status, but that was not the point; it was the principle of the thing, no man liked to lose a wager, and now the chance had come to square the score, they jumped at it. "Who shall we chose?" said one, and one of them was chosen as their champion, and pulled a rubber glove onto his hand, for it was plain that it could be a messy affair.

Francesca was bent over a little more, and some lubrication was spread on her exposed arsehole, and on the glove, to ease its entry into her. "Shall we tie her?" one asked. "No" said their champion "I do not think it will be necessary.", as he wiped some lubrication over his finger tips. For he had the measure of her already. He squared himself up to her, putting his left hand under her belly, grabbing the chain that was around her neck as a handhold that could ensure, if needed, that she did not move forwards and escape from him. He pressed the tips of the fingers of his other hand against her anus, cupping his thumb inside his fingers and pointing all to the front, so that the whole made a sort of blunt cone. At first, progress was fast, and soon he had his all four fingers in her to the knuckle, but he did not release her from the pressure; to the contrary, he pushed his fingers with increasing force into her. Soon, it became a contest, between the gentleman's strong arm and will, and the muscles of Francesca's rectum, which seemed intent on not allowing him entry. To give Francesca her due, as he pushed, she screamed at the pain that his entry into her was causing, yet unlike the many other slaves who had been in her position and who had called again and again for mercy as they were so intimately violated, she did not once ask the gentleman to desist, although, of course, having taken the position of champion on behalf of his colleagues he could hardly have done so, and so her requests would have in any case been in vain. And while her hands were free, and now and then touched his leg or arm, her she did not grasp his wrist to attempt to prevent him from the course of action he was set on.

"I think I nearly have her" he grunted, and indeed, as he spoke, his hand slipped through, and deep into her bowels, to a rising peal of squeals from Francesca. Having at first tried to keep his hand without her, the ring of her anus, closing around his wrist, now held him within her, and seemed to welcome him within.

The gentlemen, clustered around he who had conquered this innermost recess of this slave on their behalf, sensed something of the intimacy of the moment that passed between these two. Her arsehole had put up such a defence as it was capable of, but he had been resolute, and she had truly been invaded behind, and he was within, and all that was left to conquer was the tender flesh inside her body. He was indeed in all ways her



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master, because, defeated, she had no alternative than to accept him as such, and trust that in yielding herself fully to him that he would respect the bond that lies between slave and master, and protect her. So she had no choice other than to offer up that tender flesh to her master who had conquered her, and to wait his mercy. And so, as her screams subsided to a muffled sobbing, Francesca dropped her arms to her side and pressed her head against the cloth on which she lay, submissively welcoming him within her. The more experienced of the gentlemen around her could not help but mark how naturally this submission came to Francesca; some of the slaves would fight the gentlemen for weeks, or months, perhaps doing as they were told but not yielding to them, until that moment of Nirvana came where they first submitted themselves to the gentlemen, at last accepting that their body was their master's, and they were their master's to do with as they pleased, and that they were there to serve, and serve gratefully.

For a minute the gentlemen clustered around (for several more had heard Francesca's wails, and had come to watch the sport) admired the picture that was presented; her conqueror had his hand in her arse to the wrist, as the wager demanded, and he moved away from her as far as he was able, but kept his hand in her, so that they could survey his

work and confirm this fact; the ring of her blood around the base of the glove that covered his hand confirmed the effort that had been required to satisfy this wager. And so the gentleman who had won the preceding bet, and had proposed this one, could but accept that he was firmly within her, within the terms of the wager, and said that he would settle with them, once they had tidied up.

The gentleman made as if to pull his hand from her, but a gentleman stayed his hand. "She is leaking" he said. And it was true; in the excitement of the wager, she had not been cleaned behind before they started on her, and now they realised that the brown residue that was mixed with the blood signified that an explosion might be forthcoming should the gentleman remove his hand. For the gentlemen had noted that the stirring of a woman's bowels by their play often lead to a release of their watery contents, if she had not been cleaned first. "You might call a steward" he said. "They will not want to have to clean up any mess she leaves on the couch or the carpet, if it can be avoided.". One of the more experienced stewards was called. He sighed slightly, for it would have been so much more sensible for the gentlemen to have asked him to clean her behind before they had had their fun with her. He soon confirmed with Francesca that it had been the previous day when she had last passed shit. "I believe that when the hand is removed, she may leak copiously, Sirs, and my advice is to take her to the sluice room first.". The sluice room was nearby, and was a large washroom, set with drains in the floor, and tools to wash and clean, and the tiles which covered it were glazed, so that any residue that was left there could be easily removed by the simple action of flushing with a hose pipe.

The steward led the way, and behind walked Francesca. Or rather, waddled, for the hand that was inside her

made it impossible to walk in the usual way, and so she moved with stiff legs, set well apart, like one who had been in the saddle all day. And she was required to bend slightly forward at the same time, so that her arse was presented to the rear, for otherwise the gentleman could not have kept his hand in her. And he uncomfortably sidestepped beside her, since he had to bend low to keep his hand within her, yet keep his feet from striking hers and tripping them both over.

And so with difficulty they set off in a strange procession along the corridor that led to the sluice room, their difficulty not relieved by the laughter and jokes that followed their progress from the clubroom. And it should be recorded, that the steward was right (as indeed they usually were); as the gentleman's hand left her, a flood of the liquid ordure that had been loosened from within her, flecked with blood, ran from her and down her legs. But it did not matter; thanks to the good advice of the steward it was soon washed away, and even the gentleman with his hand in her was only slightly splashed by the flood he released, and soon recovered in a warm bath.

If we now look back over these events a moral should be drawn, for the intimacy that had passed between Francesca and the gentleman who had befriended her and had now left the island had been forgotten, and the affairs of the club were better for the absence of that distraction. It seems unlikely that, had he still been there and guarding her, the gentlemen could have had their fun, and the club would be the poorer for the weakening not only of the bonds that tied the gentlemen together, but also of the clarity of the relationship they held with those placed under them. And so it may be seen that the rules of the club were wise; love and slavery do not make good bedfellows. Gentlemen certainly take lovers, and gentlemen may also enjoy the attention of slaves, but no wise gentleman would entertain the thought of a lover and slave, combined in one.

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