

Rosalinde

by Sadyst

Story codes: M/f, rape, torture.

Rosalinde was brought to the club to be introduced to the gentleman early that evening. As with many of the slaves that were brought to entertain the gentleman, she was a convict who had been saved from transportation and an early death, either from illness or from being worked to death in the many brothels that served the rough men and convicts of the colonies.

The gentleman had retired to the drawing room to the lounge in the wide leather seats, draw on their cigars and wash their dinner down with a good cognac. That evening they had wine and dined exceptionally well, and the conversation flowed freely. Eventually, and with rising of interest, the subject turned to the new slave. They had heard that Sir R. had found some new entertainment for them, but as was the custom, until she was formally introduced to the gentleman she would remain unseen by all except her procurer, and untouched by all. The custom, which had grown in the club over many years, ensured that all of the gentleman had equal and simultaneous access to the woman, and could decide by consensus how she would commence their services to them. In addition, it perhaps had a pleasing echo of the woman remaining untouched until she reached her marriage bed, and her introduction to the gentleman had something of the introduction of the new bride to her arranged husbands. In fairness, it should be said that precious few of the women arriving at the club had never lain with a man, but there again the way in which the woman would learn to serve the gentleman of the club was much more complete than the simple surrender of virginity that a bride might make to her betrothed. The loss of a hymen was as nothing to the complete surrender of all rights in her body that was required to be given by a new slave to the gentleman, and so her marriage to them transcended the mere parodies that served to bind husband to wife outside the walls of the club.

"And so, Sir R., what of this new slave? Is she going to keep us warm this evening?". Sir turned to his questioner, fixing him with his eye while taking a sip his brandy. "I think she will serve" said Sir R., "but perhaps you, gentleman, should be the judge.". He turned to one of the stewards waiting with his back against the panelled wall, and indicated that she should be brought in. The steward left the drawing room, and a minute or two later, with gentle clinking from the wristcuffs and chains that tied her arms in front of her, and the neck collar and chain by which she was led, a naked and exceptionally beautiful fairhaired full-bodied woman in her early twenties was brought to the centre of the room. As she had been taught, her eyes were fixed on the floor. She would not be allowed to the liberty of looking the gentleman in the eyes until she had served for some time, and had joined the ranks of their more trusted whores. The steward knew his task; stepping to a dark corner of the panelled wall he inserted a steel handle into the keyway in the wall, and cranked the handle round and round. Slowly, a hook and chain wound their way down from a hole in the centre of the ornate plaster ceiling boss in the centre of the room. Originally, in the days when the gentleman's club house was lit by candles alone, it had been used to lower the huge steel candelabra hanging from the roof so that the hundred or so candles it held could be tediously replaced and relit. It was not uncommon that the candles had to be replaced two or three times during a long evening, so the stewards of the club breathed a concealed sigh of relief when oil lights were introduced, which would easily burn through an entire evening before recharging was required. Since the fashion when they were introduced was for shaded lights attached to the walls, or standing adjacent to the leather seats, there was no further requirement for the hoist that was used to lift them. However, the gentleman rapidly discovered that the hoist that remained was perfect for displaying a slave while they settled their intentions for her.

When the hook was a little above her head, and for the time being in silence, the chain was attached to the slave's wrist cuffs, and the tedious process of raising the hook in the air commenced, the ratchet that served to prevent it from winding back down rattling loudly as the steward continued. As the hook rose well above her head, the slave's arms were drawn high up above her. But still the lifting did not cease; the steward, occasionally glancing at the slave before turning back to the wall to wind the crank handle, continued until she was standing on her very tiptoes. The cuffs were cruel on her wrists, and what was initially discomfort in her joints as she stretched up into the air soon became mild pain. Her breathing became more laboured with the stretching and the pain, which was exactly what the gentleman enjoyed; as she panted her breasts bounced slightly up-and-down, captivating the younger gentleman of the club, some of whom were not so used to having a woman displayed for their entertainment in this way. "I think that will do" said Sir R., and the lifting ceased. "Gentleman, I would like to introduce Rosalinde to you. She is here to serve you." And, as was the custom, his acquisition was applauded by the gentleman, the clapping, shouts of "hear hear" and general approval of Sir R.'s contribution to the club slowly dying away. Sir R. invited the gentleman to draw near to her, and survey their latest distraction.

Rosalinde was a fair full-bodied blue eyed Nordic beauty; perhaps her hips were slightly wider and her breasts somewhat fuller than the gentleman normally preferred, but she was undoubtedly in her female prime, and there was little doubt that she would pull her weight with the other slaves when providing the evenings entertainment, or keeping the gentleman warm at night. Her body, hanging from her wrists and hence stretched as tight as a board, was displayed to the best advantage. Her breasts, as the gentleman soon discovered by taking turns to squeeze them, were large and firm; perhaps the only drawback of her fair complexion lay in her small pink nipples, which as Sir R. commented would be difficult to entrain within their teeth and bite in the event that she required some encouragement in her duties as they lay on her. But while they were small, it was apparent they were sensitive, as the twisting and pulling of the gentleman as they attempted to make them stand out soon elicited moans of pain from their owner.

The attention turned to matters lower down her body. The stewards had been diligent in shaving her, and one or two exploratory fingers managed to thrust between her legs and reach the wet cleft within, or, from behind, explore the far tighter hole that lay there, but the gentleman's viewing of her more intimate areas was rendered impossible by the way in which she held her legs together in order to achieve the maximum elevation on her toes, and hence reduce the pain from her enforced stretching into the air. "I think we should inspect her between the legs" said one of the gentleman, who had just been running a finger into her cleft, and now held it to his nose, sniffing. "What is it that I can feel there?" he said, pushing his hand between her legs once more. "Feel there?" said Sir R, now concerned because he had only given the slave the most cursory of inspections when she was procured for the club. "Feel there? She must be inspected". And so, the order was given for the steward to lower her; rather grumpily, having only just raised her up to that height, he lowered her until she could stand on her feet once more, and unclipped her cuffs from the hook. Standing full square on the floor, but still in wrist cuffs, Rosalinde was given the order to spread her legs on the floor a good yard apart, and to bend over and place her hands on the floor.

A muffled laugh broke out of the gentleman surveying her from behind. In all of their days, they had never seen a woman who was so fully endowed with labia, or rather, over-endowed. They ran along virtually the entire length of her cunt, and hung down a full inch below its entrance. They were a full quarter of an inch thick, and, so packed were they within the space, they were bunched up like the folds of a heavy curtain. "Good God" said one "it would be like putting one's cock between two warm beef steaks". "Yes" said another. "I believe my prime Herefordshire cows have smaller lips than she!". A gale of laughter broke out from the gentleman.

Sir R. was mortified, and realised that, in this instance, in his excitement at securing this woman, to some extent he had failed in his duty in spotting this defect prior to the gentlemen's inspection of her. The woman was undeniably highly attractive, and, his head turned by her beauty, in his haste to

secure her from the club he had failed to ensure that she would pass the thorough inspection that tested a woman's suitability for entertaining the gentleman, which was not based on mere superficial attractiveness, but on a more stringent criterion which included their appearance when providing sexual attention to the gentleman. And indeed, the parts of their body on which the gentleman would rely for the entertainment were of great importance in their selection for suitability, and yet had obviously not been inspected prior to her being secured, as her deficiency in this respect would have easily been detected. And so, in this respect, Sir R. had to accept that he had failed, and delivered to the gentleman a woman who was deficient in meeting their stringent requirements. And still the laughter and jokes continued.

For a moment, he thought, and the decision was made. There was nothing for it. "Gentleman" he said "I accept that perhaps, in this instance, I have made a mistake, and the standard of this woman is a little lower in this respect than you have come to expect of me. However, I am willing to rectify it." He whispered in the steward's ear, and the steward departed through the door, returning struggling with a large box. He placed it on the floor, and withdrew from it large steel shackles, designed to bind each wrist and ankle of a slave together, but then to hold each of those pairs well apart, spreading her legs wide so that the wearer's cunt and arsehole were displayed to, and easily available for, the gentlemen that had applied it to her. This tool was the finest available, of course, and unusually in addition to the two long bars that made the shackles also had a chain that connected from the centre of the bars, between the wearer's breasts, to a neck collar; the chain could be adjusted in length and was generally set to pull the shackles upwards until the woman's knees touched her nipples, thus rotating her hips upwards and exposing as thoroughly as was possible all that a woman had between the legs, while rendering them immobile and hence incapable of escaping any attentions that the gentleman might decide to lavish upon these treasures that the tool put on display. These rather superior shackles were often used by the gentlemen, most commonly to secure an unwilling slave while she lay on her back, to be then rolled over and rendered immovable on the firm tripod of her head and widely spread and secured legs, helpless with her arse high in the air so that the gentlemen could take turns to slowly and brutally bugger her "until she learns to be willing" as they would say. Then, perhaps, while still immobilised in this way the gentlemen would take the ready availability of her arse to have the cane applied, which would not only improve its appearance but also her willingness to perform any tasks that the gentlemen might subsequently require of her.

However, as Sir R realised, the shackles were also provided with rings enabling a slave to be secured. And indeed, once Rosalinde had been secured in the shackles, the hook was first lowered to the floor where she lay (the steward muttering about why it should be that he was always the one who had to break his back on the hoist) and then when the shackles were secured to it, slowly raised until her cunt was at a convenient working height (the steward as she rose increasingly rebellious, muttering "up-down-up-down, I wish you'd make up your mind..." until Sir R. took the hint and pressed a guinea into his hand for his inconvenience.).

Once she was secured at a suitable height, Sir R. took a small roll from the table, and extracted some forceps and a scalpel. He stepped to her head, and spoke gently into her ear to explain what was required; a seasoned denizen of the club would have known to accept the gentlemen's will without question; but Rosalinde was ignorant of the ways of the gentlemen and struggled vainly against the shackles and tried to plead with them not to violate her in that way. She was vociferous, because she was intent on persuading Sir R not to proceed on his chosen course of action, and so despite the gentlemen's requests she would not cease in her pleadings. And so Sir R had to call for the gag. Not having specified which should be brought, the steward that was attending them chose on their behalf a gag of leather that was whimsically fashioned from the tip and first few inches of a bull's cock; it had been skinned, tanned, and well stuffed with rags to preserve its shape and had been polished to a fine dark hue. The gag was provided at its base with leather straps and brass buckles that were long enough to secure it around a woman's head. The workmanship was excellent, and it stemmed from one of the craftsmen of the club, who in his life before conviction and subsequent exile to the island

had been a master leatherworker. As Rosalinde opened her mouth to cry once more, a gentleman behind her, to whom it had been passed, and who was working in concert with Sir R, thrust the gag swiftly between her teeth. Surprised, she sunk her teeth into it, preventing its further entry into her mouth. Her teeth marks were by no means the only that had been made upon it; indeed there were many such marks. In particular, at its base, at the position that a woman's teeth would rest when it had been fully inserted into her mouth, the leather was tattered and dented by the teeth of the many women who had worn it. And perhaps the provision of the gag was kind, the equivalent for the slaves of the bullet that serviceman bite on when the doctor in the field needs to open a wound to remove a bullet, and to some extent biting deep into the gag equivalently relieved for a woman for whom pain that was coursing through their body as she was receiving the gentlemen's attentions. For the gag was often used to stifle the screams of a woman who was being whipped, or who was enduring the gentlemen's tools tearing or crushing one sensitive part of her body or another. And so it was not surprising that it had been bitten so hard by those who wore it. And so, the gentlemen did not complain when the gag was removed, and had the clear imprints of the woman's teeth at its base; the craftsmen would steam the leather to soften it, and massage the leather back into shape with their fingers, restuff it if needed, and clean and polish it back to its former fine hue before it was replaced in one of the cabinets such tools resided in.

And, as it was commonly used, the way to deal with the matter of Rosalinde preventing its further entry into her mouth by the simple action of biting it was well known and simply resolved. Sir R knew just how to encourage her to open her mouth to allow its full entry. Taking a small pair of tongs from the tool roll, as would be used to remove an unwanted nail from a piece of wood, he carefully grasped one of Rosalinde's small pink nipples between its hard iron jaws, ensuring that it was held squarely and hence would not, at this point, be cut or damaged; he suddenly squeezed hard with his strong hand, hard enough to crush her nipple flat between the jaws, yet not so hard as to tear it from her body, or to cause enough damage that it would eventually have to be removed from her. The degree of pressure was well judged; Rosalinde threw her head back and opened her mouth wide to scream, as the gentlemen of course knew she would. And that was just what was required; as she opened her mouth wide to draw in air, the better to scream, the gag was thrust to its back, stifling the scream before it could leave her. And in a trice, her cries became fully muffled as the strap was wrapped around the back of her head and tightened to hold the gag firmly into her mouth. And so, the matter of silencing her, or at least reducing her pleas and screaming to an acceptable level, was easily dealt with.



The gentlemen have decided that Rosalinde's labia protude too much, and they need to be removed.....

"And now, gentlemen, I will deal with the matter" said Sir R. And so, as they gathered around and watched, accompanied by a few trusted whores, he firmly grasped the edge of a labium in the jaws of the forceps, and pulled it outwards and up, stretching it tight and causing Rosalinde to wail through her gag. Starting at the bottom, he sliced away at it with the blade of the scalpel to remove it at its base where it joined her vagina; the muffled cries that she was making rose to a higher pitch as the cut progressed. But the knife was sharp, Sir R's hand was well guided, and despite a little caution towards the end as he trimmed it carefully away from her clitoris, which he saw no reason to remove, in a few minutes, he was able to separate that unwanted flap of flesh from her for good. Soon, the other labium joined its partner, and Sir R. was able to display to the gentlemen her two labia, laying on his hand. And, the offending articles removed, they were delighted to find that in respect of her appearance between the legs she showed every prospect of being as attractive to the gentlemen as the rest of her full body was. The attractiveness of her cunt was apparent now the lips had been removed; they commented on how much they had formerly covered and obscured that future focus of the gentlemen's pleasure with her. They wondered at the extent of those obscuring curtains that had now been removed, and on how much of Sir R's palm on which they were lying they covered, as he displayed them to the gentlemen around. They were really quite exceptional; none could recall ever having seen anything like it. "We really should keep those" said one. "I have never seen their like.". And Sir R contemplated this comment, for he had learnt a lesson. The wails from Rosalinde were subsiding, and the little blood flowing from her where they had been removed was already stemming, and what remained was carefully washed from her by one of their trusted whores. And so the modification to her that had been required was fully satisfactory.

This, however, left them in a dilemma; it had been intended that she would provide the evening's entertainment, yet the gentlemen agreed that her cunt was clearly now unavailable until the effects of

their work upon it had healed. However, one gentleman saved the day; he remarked that her labia had previously so held his attention, he had quite failed to consider her adjacent arsehole. Stepping to her, and asking them to step near, he pointed out for their attention its principal qualities. It was pink, and heavily puckered, resembling nothing so much as the rosebud of a fine English rose, and perhaps only the size of a sixpenny piece. Yet when he pushed the tip of a finger into it, they were all delighted to see its muscles contract powerfully, crinkling the skin around its opening, grasping firmly onto his finger, signifying an exceptional degree of tightness that would have to be overcome by the gentlemen before they could pass by this way into her. They were experienced men of the world, and from their inspection deemed it unlikely that any previous lover had preferred entering her by this back door; indeed, a shake of her head when the question was put to her indicated that it was completely untrammelled by other's use. And perhaps it was Rosalinde's misfortune that it was so prettily displayed, and so conveniently arranged at a suitable angle and working height. The gentlemen soon decided that as it was there for their use, there was absolutely no reason why she could not entertain them for an hour or two yet. And, of course, they were all enchanted by Rosalinde and intent on her exploration; they relished the prospect of being the first into new territory and opening up this new route through which none had passed before. And after all, should she not be fully welcomed to their club?

And so, for the first time, the gentlemen did indeed welcome her in their own way. And it should not be thought that the matter was easily resolved; the muscles of her back passage put up a spirited fight. But the gentlemen were resolved, and intent on the process of opening up this delightful opening in that charming cleft of her backside for their use. And, of course, they were mostly men of science, who could build the huge furnaces that forged the steel that was building England's empire, and for men of this stature, the task on hand was a trivial matter. Bearing in mind the way that new ideas and approaches were sweeping the country, it should be no surprise that they were also well provided with a wide selection of tools, some forged in those very furnaces, to aid in their inevitable victory over her puny muscles. That is not to say that anyone should underestimate the resistance those tight muscles were able to mount, but only that the outcome was certain, and indeed in the end the twelve men who surrounded her vanquished her, and celebrated their victory by shedding, as a flag of victory, twelve copious contributions lodged deep within her bowels.



An hour or so later, they judged that their duty was done, and withdrew to their wide bucket seats to quaff brandy and admire how well she looked. At the request of the gentlemen who were the later entries into her, she had been lowered to the ground, released from suspension in the irons, and secured in a leather harness, which was somewhat kinder on her wrists and ankles, but her gag had been judged to be still required, and left in her mouth. She still had her wrists secured to her ankles, but she had been turned over, such that her bottom was now thrust into the air for the convenience of the gentlemen, and her face was pressed onto the ground, her breasts

hanging beneath her wide shoulders and brushing the rich carpet of the clubroom. One by one, late comers entered the clubroom as these twelve good gentlemen rested, and were entranced to see the new recruit displayed in this way. It was obvious to all that the gentlemen had been successful in their endeavours; Rosalinde's arsehole, while still relatively tight when compared with those slack items possessed by the trusted whores who received the attentions of the gentlemen in this way every day, was now considerably larger than it had been a few hours earlier. And it was still open, just a crack; for from it was slowly leaking the contributions the gentlemen had left within her, dripping to the floor between her legs to join a small but growing puddle on the carpet underneath her. "Do you require the whip, Sirs?" asked the steward attending them. They conferred, and decided that, for today, they were content; she could be taken to her cell, cleaned and medicated, and chained to her bed to await their further commands.

In the interests of completeness, it may be reported that Rosalinde healed quickly and without scars, and within a few weeks was judged by all to have a cunt as attractive as the rest of her body, and much the better for being on show and readily available to all. And much to the surprise of the gentlemen its rapidly transpired that she had a unique gift for the duties she was required to perform. The gentlemen found her appearance of Nordic beauty and air of untouched innocence most charming, and she never lost those attributes, at least when she demurely entered the clubroom in the early evening and spent some time talking to the gentlemen of the club, or on the occasions where she was provided as an escort to a new club member, dining like any other loving couple before they retired to his bed.

In clothes (not that anyone in the club, except the stewards, was ever allowed to wear them), she could easily have passed as the young daughter of the more aristocratic members of the club. Yet, in contrast to her demure demeanour, she showed an unexpected and great aptitude in learning the new skills the gentlemen required of her. With little prompting, she would expose her naked body to them, in any way that they wished it displayed, without the slightest hesitation. Often, she would initiate the gentlemen's evening entertainment, lying on the floor in front of them, arching her back and spreading her legs wide to show all that she had between without any shame, and encouraging them to use the two holes she was presenting to them in any way they wished, either individually or in combination. Many evenings she would abandon herself on all fours on the carpet in front of the fire, facing away from them, dropping her breasts until her nipples brushed the floor so that her bottom rose high in the air, pointing towards them and putting on show her arsehole, that while still as pink as the day they first beheld it, was now, like those of her sister whores, permanently distended from the gentlemen's attentions, but as a satisfactory result providing a very easy access for them to enter her bowels. And if they failed to take the hint, she might explain to the gentlemen that this evening she was a bitch on heat and would like her pack of dogs to take her one after another from behind, in which ever hole they preferred.

One evening, having heard this exhortation several times, one member decided to call her bluff, and suggested to the gentlemen that perhaps they should make this fantasy a reality. So a steward was called, and she was put to one of the mastiffs that guarded the club. At first, the dog was nervous, and unwilling, and it seemed as though their game would come to an unsatisfactory end. But, in contrast, she was not at all nervous, indeed she was determined, and they were intrigued to watch her stroke the brute until it was comfortable with her, then play her hands between its legs until the tip of its penis emerged, and then, as soon as she was able, fall between its legs and willingly suck there until, after much effort, it rose to a full erection in her mouth. But the dog did not appear to want to mount her. Understanding animals, one of the stewards brought a cloth that he had rubbed under the tail of a bitch that was currently in heat, and by passing the cloth with its enticing smells under its nose, the dog immediately rose to a frenzy, its nervousness forgotten, fretting to put its paws upon her body and mount her as it would any other bitch in heat. So, understanding the signal, she rolled over, and it immediately mounted her from behind, thrusting vainly at her. But the gentlemen all possessed stables, and knew what to do from their experience with the stallions, so the dog's cock was guided by a gentleman's hand into her, and the dog, now secure within her, thrust rapidly as the men, fascinated by the sight, shouted words of encouragement for it to ride her. For perhaps thirty seconds only, the dog thrust, and Rosalinde ground at her clitoris with her finger, until both she and it came to an orgasm. And for several minutes, she stayed there on the floor, the dog now dismounted and turned away from her, yet still locked deep into her, until it finally detached, its seed dripping from her onto the floor, and she asked quite unabashed if they would like to watch again, and they asked for another dog to be brought forth. And so that evening not only did she keep the gentlemen satisfied, but at their bidding the guard dogs too. And that was by no means the most base sexual service she performed.

And it could not be doubted that she enjoyed the services she offered; during every evening that she entertained the gentlemen, many times the attention would prove too much for her, and her body

would become rigid as the gentlemen brought her close to orgasm, as she reached her climax shouting filth that would make the most brazen of prostitutes blush. And, to the delight of the gentlemen, the signature of her orgasm was a great gush of fluid that squirted from her as the muscles of her cunt spasmed with the power of her orgasm, and which would spray all around. So she rapidly became the favoured whore of most of the gentlemen, frequently spending the day being skewered front and back by the gentlemen's cocks in the clubrooms, not even sparing a moment to pause to use the nearby toilets. Rather, she would ask a steward to bring one of the gentlemen's piss pots, and, breaking from her duties and placing it on the floor, she would squat over it and piss or shit quite shamelessly in front of them, not even bothering to wipe the hot wet cloth proffered by the steward between her legs to wipe off any smears before resuming her entertainment of the gentlemen, spending the entire night being passed from one to another of them, or entertaining them three at a time, one in each of the holes she was provided with, snatching sleep as she was able.

Even the matter of her pissing was soon turned into a game. In the course of relieving herself, she had soon discovered that by the simple action of spreading her legs a little wider than normal, and pulling aside the lips of her cunt with her fingers to reveal the piss-hole that lay within, she could turn the broad spray of piss that would otherwise leave her into a fine and powerful golden jet. At first, she used this as entertainment, joining the men at their urinals to amuse them with how she, too, could relieve herself standing up and into the bowls attached to the wall. However, discussions at the urinals about the accuracy of her womanly jet and its aim, compared to that of a man, soon led to direct competitions between gentlemen and whores in the clubroom, and, in this respect, Rosalinde was soon found to be the champion of her sex. Rosalinde soon developed a way that gave her a great advantage over a man. Facing away from the target, rather than towards it, she would spread her legs wide apart and bend over until her head was nearly between her legs. By this means, her hips were rotated so far that, pulling her lips apart, she could send an arc of piss jetting upwards and high into the air. She was accomplished at this achievement, and her bladder was strong, and her technique was good, and the first time she demonstrated this skill, which she had practiced in private, the gentlemen around were spellbound, and applauded her at the end. Not only was the jet powerful and elevated, but she could sight between her legs, (as the gentlemen noted, using the cleft of her cunt like a rifle sight) to ensure that it struck its target, an advantage that a gentleman, unable to sight in such a way along his own cock, did not have. This skill of hers became a way for the gentlemen to tease the new members of the club, since they were encouraged to compete with her as to the distance at which they and Rosalinde could fill a wineglass, the gentleman often being encouraged to believe that his victory was a foregone conclusion. However, it was common that, at the end of the game, her wineglass would be full to brimming, while the contributions of the newcomer would be spread all over the floor before and around it. "And now, the forfeit" would cry the ringleader of the gentlemen. "Forfeit?" would enquire the newcomer. "Since you have lost to her, Sir, you must drink it." His colleagues would, of course, make it clear to the gentleman that he had no choice other than to sip at her piss, or down it in one great gulp, until the glass was emptied, while they, standing around, laughed and slapped him on the back. While at first, on occasions, Rosalinde had to drink the gentlemen's piss rather than the other way round, by the practise she received on those many evenings where she provided the sport, she soon ensured that it was always the gentleman who had the honour of drinking the golden champagne which she had provided from that fountain between her legs.

So, it may be seen that even a slave, especially one who was a favoured whore, could tease the gentlemen. But however favoured the slave, she would still be tortured from time to time, so that she would not forget her station in the club and would remember to serve the gentlemen gratefully and without question. And perhaps in this respect Rosalinde was wiser than the other slaves, because she fully accepted their domination over her, and their right to use her as they saw fit, and she was ever solicitous of their enjoyment of her, and strove to be an ever better whore to them. She took trouble to satisfy her mount, often asking the gentleman fucking her if he was satisfied with her performance, and would like to use her in any other way. And on the rare occasions that she was not attentive enough to him, and as a consequence he perhaps yawned or lost attention with her, she would

apologise, and suggest that the stewards bring him the whip so that he could take a short break to whip her to his complete satisfaction and her complete attention before mounting her once more.

And so, to the whip. Can we leave this scene without discussing one of the paradoxes that women are? While, as any woman would, Rosalinde knew well and feared the searing pain of the whip cutting into her tender flesh, she also realised that it alone was the catalyst by which her femininity was released in floods. The whip turned her from a whore to a Madonna; before its touch, she was but so much fuck-meat; a cunt, and arsehole, and breasts, and mouth, all willingly offered for his service, but after the whip had performed its magic on her, she was complete, a woman, whose was so much more than the sum of these individual parts, whose soul was released to join his. Wherein lay the change? It was not a physical matter; she still would open the same legs wide for him to plumb her, and wrap the same arms around him, and press her same breasts against his chest, and squirm for him as she had before. But it was the way, and the feeling, and the conviction, and the depth of what she was offering; she would thrust her tongue into his mouth, and dare to look into his eyes deeply, then whisper in his ear that she loved him, and tell him, not verbally, but by all those other means of communication granted to women, to shed his seed deep in her womb, and to leave it there to grow within her. How can one define the hairsbreadth of difference between a woman in a man's bed, and the same woman, whipped, only ten minutes later, offering her soul to him? Suffice it to say that a man experiencing that which the whip, yielded in his hand, its cuts searing into a woman's back or arse, may release from a woman will never forget the experience. She may say to him that she loves him, and he may be safely defied to not tell her that he too loves she who has offered herself to him so fully. He will vow to her to return ten times, a hundred times, to her bed at night to whip her, to experience again and again the depth and power and majesty of that bonding with her, and she will, careless of the pain, say back "Yes, my Master, whip as hard as you can, make me bleed, make me yours.". For a man may care a trifle for a whore, and love his mistress, and cherish his wife, but although not all men know it there is yet a deeper level of that spectrum of love which is reserved for those who are bonded by the whip. A man may dimly remember that first fumbling time when a woman gave her body to him, but no man will ever forget the depth of the relationship that is forged by the whip.

And yet, in the role of Rosalinde as a whore to all of the gentlemen, lies a paradox. Any man who whipped Rosalinde had this special and unique place with her. Did that love, for love it was, wane after an hour or two, when the euphoria faded, and the pain of the weals on her back and arse returned to her? No, it did not, for like a marriage, the excitement of the experience that ran through them both at the time was gradually replaced as the exhilaration faded by a sexual heat between them. And it seemed that this bond was not exclusive, but was shared between those men in the club to whom she had submitted her body to their whip. It was in some respects a marriage, in that an unspoken commitment had been made, but a commitment made not just between two, but between Rosalinde and those twenty or thirty gentlemen that had whipped her. And yet, each individually could at any time call on a level of intimacy with her as deep as the moment they had dropped the bloody whip at the side of the bed and entered her. Was she in love with them? Were they in love with her? And what is the unique of the bond that ties a whipped woman to the men who have tortured her? Could it really be so shared by all? Or could it be, strange thought, that it was not those gentlemen, but the whip that she was in love with, and them only as its agents? It is true that she sometimes kissed it, sometimes when it was still in their hands and often wet with her blood, before they claimed her by mounting her. And at times the experience was so erotic to her, that she had grasped it and rubbed its handle roughly between her legs, until she cried out and came. Was her passion aroused because she loved the feel of the manly shaft of the whip against her clitoris, or the unforgiving hardness of the whip and he who wielded it on her, or the burning sting of its kiss on her back, or was it just an inanimate tool not in any way different to the dildos the men enjoyed watching her use on herself? Did she love the man, or the whip?

To those that wish to judge, and say that in some way this woman was a victim, and that he who whipped her was an unthinking sadist, and did so from a wish to be vicious, consider this; how does a

man who has not actually experienced the mutual ecstasy of such a pairing - yes, mutual, he craving to whip her, and she yearning for the fall of the whip on her body - understand the deep intimacy that passes between the torturer and the recipient of the torture?

Even those who have been so blessed achieve, at best, only a partial understanding of the full nature of women; we will never truly understand that fair sex. As the child of nature that Rosalinde was, it is doubtful if it ever passed her mind to ask why she was made that way, or to question her role as a willing slave to the gentlemen and recipient of their attentions. It was her total compliance to their will, her complete offering of her body to them, and her willingness to please, that made her a very suitable servant to them. Paradoxically, however, as a consequence of this willing and total surrender, Rosalind was actually encouraged in her duties by torture less frequently than the other slaves. Because she tired the gentlemen out before the end of the evening, when the whips would normally be drawn from the cabinet to encourage the final ounce of performance from the woman that was the subject of the gentlemen's attention, she was rarely whipped. And because, in general, the gentlemen found her exceptionally willing to please them, she rarely needed the clamps screwed down upon her fine and sensitive pink nipples to encourage her to open her legs a little more.

The more petite slaves might require their
arse stretched open for the convenience
of the better-endowed gentlemen



Nor did her arse require special preparation. From time to time, some of the gentlemen who were better-endowed might complain of the unacceptable tightness of one or another woman's arse, cursing that she was going to tear his foreskin off, should he thrust any harder, and ask that she was stretched to accommodate him more easily before being returned to him once more. Therefore, some of the slaves, especially the more petite of them, might expect from time to time to be brought before the assembled gentlemen, and, standing before them, be instructed to bend and touch their toes while the tool was applied to their reluctant anus. Sometimes, it would be used by one of the gentlemen, but more commonly, the woman was attended at their request to by an experienced steward, intent on stretching her arse open wide for the gentlemen's current entertainment, and subsequent more convenient access. When

fully bent, or if the gentlemen thought it was needed secured over a stool, the broad steel speculum, intended for veterinary inspection, would be inserted into the unfortunate woman's arse. In general, the shape of the jaws was a blunt cone, so that it could be inserted without too much difficulty. However, at their tips, the jaws flared slightly, so that once inserted in the recipient's arsehole, and as soon as the jaws were slightly open, these same tips would prevent it from withdrawing. In addition, as it was first opened, the jaws tilted backwards, causing it to slide, if anything, further in. So while in use it was soon firmly lodged within the unfortunate recipient, and should, for instance, the gentlemen allow the

tool to stay in, the better to do its job, while they attended to another matter, or she sucked the cock of one gentleman or another, it would not slip from her. Once fully inserted, simply winding the turnbuckle on its side was all that was required to gradually force its hard steel jaws open. The tool was cleverly designed, so that as the opening jaws pulled apart on either side, the arsehole, pulled open by the tool, was displayed between them, allowing he who was twisting the screw to test its skin for taughtness with his fingers, or survey its walls for the signs of tearing, if the reason for the tool's use was a determined yet unsatisfactory attempt to enter her by that route, or merely to offer a glimpse of her bowels for the gentlemen who were curious to see how pink they were, or perhaps to view and admire a deposit they had just left within her. But to stretch a woman thoroughly and permanently took time and patience, and that is why the stewards were the experts in the matter. The appropriate degree of stretching was accomplished rather in the way that a cobbler stretches the leggings of riding boots when they are a little too tight with a steel boot-jack, turning it a half-turn at a time until, listening carefully, he can hear the leather creaking, signifying having reached its limit of elasticity, and therefore the point at which it will yield permanently, but beyond which the boot will fly apart, broken for ever. In the same way, the steward applying the tool on behalf of the gentlemen would turn the screw to open its jaws a turn at a time, allowing it time to do its work between each turn, and listening to the cries of the woman, which a trained ear could hear rising and changing in *timbre* as her limit was reached. A gentleman new to the club would be surprised to see the truly prodigious size, given the steward's careful attention, an arsehole could be stretched to in some cases where it was required, or where the gentlemen had a wager as to which of two women could be stretched the furthest before splitting. But in general this was not the point of the exercise, as the aim was not to leave the woman's arse so, since no gentleman would wish to fit his cock into such an opening - "it would be rather like putting a carrot into a barn door" as one memorably said. Rather, the aim was to stretch the offending item wide enough, so that when the tool was removed and it was subsequently allowed to contract once more, it would have taken an adequate degree of permanent stretching, so that it would close back not to its original tight size but rather to a more accomodating fit. And when a steward was satisfied with the reults, the woman might be passed back to the gentleman she had previously failed, for his inspection, testing, and approval, and, if he were satisfied, perhaps pressing some coins into the hand of the steward.

Since due to the attention it received Roaslinde's anus remained permanently stretched, perhaps even tending towards slackness, it was not ever necessary to have this painful and embarrassing procedure performed on her. She was still branded, as the gentlemen would not have ever made an exception for any slave, but she received neat brands on both breasts and one cheek of her bottom, and she did not receive any of the sloppy brand marks that the gentlemen of the club who were in their cups late at night occasionally fancied forcing on the woman of their choice. And, for the same reason and by common agreement of the gentlemen, when she received the "W" brand that marked her as a trusted whore of the gentlemen, it was burned low on her shaved pubis, the lower legs of the "W" straddling her clitoris, rather than on her back as was the case for most of the other slaves.

So, with an apology for this lengthy but necessary digression on the nature of women, let us return to the start of the story. It may be seen that Sir R. had fully recompensed for his inattention when selecting her for the club, and Rosalinde had compensated in spades for any shortcomings she brought at her inception. In the one case where a member subsequently laughed openly about the time that they had discovered Rosalinde's exceptional curtains, that gentleman was roundly told by the other members that the matter was closed and he was never to mention it again. The gentlemen realised that that in view of her untouched and fresh demeanour, and acknowledged and exceptional beauty, she would in all likelihood still have been selected, and she had certainly proved a most welcome distraction to the gentlemen. The small imperfection, undoubtedly, would have been attended to in the same way that Sir R. had dealt with it, although probably on a more leisurely timescale, and by the club's doctor, prior to her being introduced to the members. But it did not matter; Sir R had readily dealt with it.

In all probability, Sir R was the hardest judge, on himself. He felt he should have inspected her properly and drawn those exceptional lips to the attention of the gentlemen prior to her acceptance; every gentlemen was expected to do his job and those placed in the highest positions should be reproachless. No veterinary working for one of the gentlemen would have been instructed to inspect a stallion, and have been judged to be competent if he failed to note that one of its balls was missing. He was, in essence, the veterinary for the woman entering the club, and he had missed a matter he should have revealed. Thoroughness was all, and in this case he admitted he had been deficient.

And that was a lesson he felt he should never forget. And so, on the day of their removal, he had decided that he should retain a memento that would serve to remind him of the importance of attention to duty. In the broad oak desk in the richly panelled study that was provided to him as first among equals of the gentlemen of the club, a cut glass decanter of fine cognac brandy stood, into which he had dropped those full labia soon after their removal. They lay within it, lying at its base, soon becoming a leathery brown rather than the pink at their first removal, but preserved by the brandy in rather the way that Lord Nelson had been when brought in a barrel of it from his death at Trafalgar once more to the mainland. And that is where they stayed, until some fifty years later, long after Sir R. had gone and Rosalinde was an old maid, esconced in a country estate. The club was being renovated, and the old decanter, its purpose having been forgotten, and serving solely as a curiosity, was casually thrown aside. The particular reason for those full lips being there had long been forgotten, although at some point two more sets of labia, several individual nipples of varying shades and sizes and an excised clitoris had joined them, no doubt each of them carrying their own forgotten stories.

But yet again we digress; let us finish the story. A week after Rosalinde was introduced, one of the stewards brought him a new member that it was his duty to welcome. They stood in the study, and he poured them both a generous draft from the decanter. The new member, excitedly looking around and drinking in the detail of the club he was just to enter, espied and remarked on those full curtains lying in the bottle, and asked why they were there. Sir R thought for a moment, and replied by raising his glass to call the toast; "Sir, I give you the Queen, the Club, those within it, and our unstinting duty to them.". And he that was entering the club forgot his question, raised his glass and responded with the club motto as he had learnt, calling out "The Queen, Club and Duty!". And that was the answer to any who later asked the same question.

A gentleman will serve the Queen, and respect his Club, in that it forms a collection of his true friends, brought together by common purpose; a real gentleman also knows the importance of selfless duty, the means by which he discharges his obligations towards all, a quality that is sadly lacking in our modern age. And, knowing this respect of the four pillars of their club, it should not surprise anyone to know that *Regina, Stipes quod Officium* was emblazoned under the coat of arms that stood proudly above the entrance to their establishment.

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