

The sentence

by Sadyst 13/4/2009

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

Atop the metal stand above which she had been suspended was a thick metal arrow, its sharp tip a few inches below her. The distance was carefully chosen; the gentlemen wished it to be sufficient to allow her to build a little downwards speed, so ensuring it would efficiently penetrate her. And for the same reason, the barbs had been aligned with the slit of her cunt, that is, so as to slice into her front and back, rather than side-to-side, the gentlemen reasoning that this would facilitate its entry into her. The few inches which she had been set above it ensured accuracy of aim; it allowed her anus, via which it was to enter, to be aligned accurately above its tip. And once it had entered there was little to stop its cruel progress, since her arms and legs, secured high up against her body, could not serve to stop her downward plunge onto it, and her weight, and the sharpness of the tip and barbs, was more than sufficient to ensure her continued plunge until she was brought to rest by the cheeks of her torn arse thumping against the cold metal of the stand. This cruel device, which had only been used a handful of times in the long history of the club, was provided by a founder member, who, spying it in the corner of a gentleman friend's study, had asked whether he might take it for the purpose. It was the metal head of an old whaling harpoon, and the clever barbs that accompanied its tip ensured that, once it had entered, the gentlemen's sentence had been irrevocably served; while they were razor sharp on their forward edge, so as to cut cleanly and efficiently through the blubber of a whale, they were blunt on the edge that trailed, so that the tip would not break free again without these blunt edges catching and ripping asunder the flesh through which they had previously passed.

In joining it at its wide base onto the heavy stand to which it was secured, the bolts had deliberately been left protruding, the more to inconvenience the woman who plunged down onto it. It had been assembled by an elderly servant of the club, a skilled craftsman, who was responsible for making the tools of metal, leather and wood that the gentlemen sometimes liked to apply to the slaves, and who realised that in many cases the gentlemen considered that if the tools were severe, the better they would perform their tasks. It was he who had laboured over the set of fine polished lignum vitae dildos that were proudly set in a rack on the walls of the clubroom, racked in order of severity from a small gently flared plug that could be used to seduce a virgin arsehole open, to a thick blunt wooden staff that the gentlemen had required to be provided with a shaft long enough that they could stand only slightly bent between a slave's legs, take a double handhold on its handle, and use the weight of their body to help to force it into her rectum as she lay flat on the floor. Given the size of the end that would enter her, it would be certain to be a very tight fit, and hence difficult to introduce into the woman, whatever the size of her anus, and indeed since its purpose was to tease open the more reluctant of the openings the gentlemen encountered it was very likely that the orifice it served would be on the tighter side. In addition, it could not always be guaranteed that in the heat of the moment the gentlemen would remember to apply some lubrication, and so, it could not be denied that it was a wise decision to provide a firm handhold. The latter item had been used shortly after its introduction, and from the servant's quarters he could clearly hear the bellows of the slave into which it was driven. But, to his surprise, despite having been successfully driven into her, and held with ropes to allow it



time to do its work in stretching her, the next day the gentlemen declared it was not enough, and returned it to him. He spent some time thinking about their requirements, and eventually his gaze alighted on some tacks that had been bought for him to repair the leather bucket seats the gentlemen sat on in the club rooms. They had a wide and rounded brass head, that served to retain the leather of the seats, and thus were ideal for the gentlemen's

purpose; the gentlemen were delighted to have the tool returned that evening studded with several dozen of them, polished and oiled to a fine finish and ready for use. So as not to waste any time, that very evening the same slave on which it had previously been used was recalled and they were able to determine that the studs driven into the tool greatly increased its effect by heightening the slave's sensation of it raking into and out of her arse. But, being rounded, in reality they did not cause any more damage than the tool equipped without them might have caused. And indeed, since a given degree of suffering might be caused in a shorter time with this improved device, it might be argued that in reality it was kinder to the slave in limiting the time over which it would need to be applied. And so, the gentlemen were now very satisfied with the tool's effect and asked the steward to convey their thanks, and a bottle of fine whisky, to the craftsman. And so, when he was asked to construct a base for the harpoon, and having in mind that its purpose was to be severe, he had reasoned that the protruding bolts, in raking through her rectum as it was stretched wide open by the thick base of the shaft, would also satisfy the gentlemen's requirements by adding to its effect. But, as the gentlemen had realised, but had thought not to advise the craftsman, not wishing to demean his services to them, the protruding bolts really mattered little. For by the time that the unfortunate recipient had dropped down that far onto it, it was unlikely that the bolts in further ripping her anus would serve to greatly

increase her suffering, as the harpoon would have done its work not only in tearing her open, her anus now a bloody slit which merged with the slit of her cunt, but also in cutting its way deep inside her, coming to rest somewhere behind her breasts, and in all probability she would only have a short time left in this world.

And thus it was sure that the gentlemen's sentence would be carried out, for there was surely no way that a woman it had penetrated could have it removed and live. And so, as the candle burned at the thin cord, there was an respectful silence and mounting sense of expectancy amongst the gentlemen present. And the young slave who, having lit the candle, was now required to watch, would carry back to the other slaves the message of the consequences of repeatedly and wilfully breaching the gentlemen's rules in such a manner. She shivered in increasing terror of what was to come, dreading what she was about to see yet not daring to turn away or close her eyes, and determined that in future she would be certain to serve their masters in any way instructed, which was, after all, the reason that she was commanded by the gentlemen to watch. And while, in fact, it was only used in extreme and willful cases of disobedience, should a gentleman wish to encourage a reluctant slave, it was enough to negligently run his fingers over this cruel spike, standing in the corner of the club's study, to make her shiver, her nipples standing out in fright, and offer willingly whatever the gentleman desired.

Imogen had committed not one, but three breaches of the gentlemen's clear rules. Within a few days of reaching the island, she had tried to solicit the help of a visitor in escaping; unbeknown, to her, all of their conversations had been relayed by that visitor to the committee. She was brought the gentlemen, her arms behind her, and her legs tied wide open to the ends of a bar, by which she was then raised upside down into the air; they took turns to soundly flog her, and as she span, the blows fell equally on her back and breasts. When they had their fill, they asked the visitor, who unusually was allowed to join the gentlemen of the club while they resolved this matter, if he had anything further in mind for her. He did, not only because he was upset by her arrogance in choising him as suitable for her purposes, but also because he hoped, in the fullness of time, to become one of the gentlemen himself, and hence we was keen to demonstrate that he, too, could uphold the rules that the gentlemen had set down., and so as they held her from turning his thin cane cut deep between her legs, laying waste to her cunt, the more accurate blows cutting deep into her clitoris. They had thought she had learned her lesson and knew the consequences of any further such attempts, yet she had nonetheless twice more attempted to escape. The first attempt was ill planned and futile; she left the buildings without permission and wandered around the island helplessly trying to find a way to leave the high cliffs. She was soon recaptured, and lost a nipple to the tongs that were part of her punishment that evening. The next morning, when she had recovered sufficiently, she was warned, and very clearly, of the consequences of any further attempt. She was shown the spike in the corner of the study, and its use was explained to her. But the next attempt was altogether more serious, and could have succeeded. Stealing late at night into the servant's quarters, she bedded a young and foolish boatman, exclaiming her undying love for him, and promising her hand in marriage, and the bounty of her wealthy, grateful and imaginary family when they returned to the mainland together. Eventually, he besotted by her, she managed to enlist his help in taking her from the island. They were soon missed, and discovered in the boathouse, readying a small boat for the sea. Imogen was returned



Imogen is impaled

to the house, and the boatman, who like most of the staff was a convict saved by the gentlemen, was returned to his sentence and died in a swamp in New South Wales a few months later.

The gentlemen could not ignore her latest attempt, or others might try the same. The following evening she was brought naked and chained before them, and their decision explained; her terror was such that she lost control of her bodily functions, and soiled herself both front and back. Cleaned by a grumbling steward, she was taken to the place where she was to meet the spike, for they thought that now a decision had been made, it should be carried out swiftly, and a call was made for the gentlemen to assemble. Her arms and legs were tied tightly high up on her chest, and she was suspended from

thin whipcord and hoisted to a suitable working height, her bottom protruding below so that her soft cunt and arse were fully exposed to the gentlemen's hard metal tool that was now positioned beneath her. A slave to whom she was partial, to whom she had confessed her intentions, but who had not thought fit to advise the gentlemen, had been brought to the room and was now instructed as her punishment to light the candle that would burn through the cord and release her on her downwards plunge. In the few minutes now left to her, the gentlemen relaxed in their seats, quaffed brandy or stroked at their cocks as the fancy took them. For none had pity for her; she had been warned, and warned again, and the consequences had been made very clear to her.

Small tremors shook Imogen's body as the strands of the cord that so far had suspended her one by one twanged and parted, each time dropping her an imperceptible amount, harbingers of the drop that would take her life. Her voice rose in pitch as she moaned and pleaded desperately for their mercy, telling them of the endless filth she would offer them day and night if she were spared, how she would service, three at a time, day and night, as many battalions of men as they cared to put to her, or bend over in front of them, hold her ankles so that they had best access to her, and yield as often as they desired to the pear stretching her cunt and arse wide, the clamps tearing at her intimate parts or the branding irons burning deep into her, or have the club's dogs brought to her and then let them have their use of her, kneeling with one dog still knotted into her from behind as she sucked the next to readiness to take his place, and indeed when she was no longer needed for those services, station herself prostrate in their toilets, and open her mouth for the gentlemen to use as their personal toilet, since she was sure they would find the prospect of relieving themselves front and back into her mouth, and having her afterwards lick them clean behind, greatly preferable to troubling themselves with cold porcelain toilets and hard paper. And all of this, and more, oh so much more, would be theirs if they would but pardon her.

Yet even as she raised her offers higher and yet higher, she realised that the gentlemen were ignoring her, and indeed were now pointing and laughing at her vain attempts to clench the cheeks of her bottom, which was just about the only part of her body that she could move, against the entry of the harpoon. They clearly found the prospect of her demise stimulating, even erotic, for many of them were now stroking full and magnificent erections. And it was this, their obvious enjoyment of her predicament, that finally made her aware that there was little chance that she would be pardoned at this late stage.

(C) Sadyst 14/4/2009