

Strange World

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By TopLegal

WARNING This contains graphic descriptions of sexual intercourse and sadomasochistic activities between adult males. If this offends you, is not appropriate for viewing in your location, or you are not of legal age, do not read it. Any resemblance of characters in this story to the living is purely coincidental.

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Introduction

I was holding hands with my boyfriend and we were walking down the street. It was a nice winter evening in San Francisco. The air was warm and despite the time of year, the streets were crowded. That is the last thing I remember.

Next thing I knew, I was laying on the shores of a beach, my body pressed into sand. I looked up and there was a woman dressed in what looked like a black lycra outfit, but it was not lycra. She was mounted on a horse and staring down at me. I couldn't see my boyfriend and my head was throbbing.

"Another shipwreck from afar," the woman said to nobody that I could see. Then several more of the mounted people in black moved into my perspective. Two men on foot and another woman on horseback. One of the men approached me and in my head I felt a strange tingling.

"He's one of us," the shorter man said to the first woman and she nodded in assent.

"Take him and that woman back to base," she responded. "Also, get the villagers to pick up the others," she added.

I blacked out again and awoke later in what seemed like a primitive field hospital. A gentleman in white was standing by my bed and spoke to me softly, "You've got nothing to worry about, you are one of the Queen's Guard, you'll have the finest care available till you get well." I had no idea what he was talking about, I was a 23 year old gay man from the Castro and last time I checked, I was finishing college majoring in Mathematics. Furthermore, the only Queens I knew of were men in women's clothing.

It was several weeks before I could walk and talk much. In that time, one or more black clad men would periodically visit me in the field hospital and while they were visiting, my head would tingle. All of the food they provided me was strange and somewhat alien. Shortly after I was able to walk again, the woman from the beach approached me in the garden outside the field hospital. She didn't say a word, but inside my head, I could hear her talking.

Introduction to the Queen's Guard

<<I'm Queen's Guard Eighth Order Tanya>>, she said to me in my mind. I nodded. She continued, <<this has been happening a lot recently, we've found members of the Queens Guard who disappeared for months at a time on the coast in a delirious state with no recollection of their names or roles.>>

My vacuous stare must have prodded her to continue. <<Generally, they are found two or three together. You've been missing for six months and given your rank that has been the source of some consternation. Fortunately, during your recuperation, we've had time to telepathically provide you with a rather thorough reeducation. As far as we could scan your memories were all but blank except for strange memories that make no sense to us. We hope that in a few weeks you will be ready to return to the capitol and resume your role on the Inner Circle.>>, she elaborated.

As she finished speaking, information began coalescing in my mind, facts about my life in the Central Kingdom, facts about the Queen's Guard, and my own history here in the Kingdom became clear. I responded aloud, still unsure of my telepathic skills, "Thank you Tanya, I think it would be wise for me to return to the capitol tomorrow."

Tanya responded, "As you wish Queen's Guard Twelfth Order Tom." Tanya then bowed slightly and took her leave from me. I was big here, the Queen's Guard were crucial to the Central Kingdom, we were spies, messengers, military leaders, judges, our distinctive uniforms were the sign to all to respect us. Each order represented an order of magnitude of telepathic abilities, a one could detect a simple lie and they were typically used as couriers and low grade spies. An eight which was the last order that was common, could communicate several farthings. A farthing is about a thousand paces by an average sized man or woman. Everyone in the ninth order and above was a member of the Inner Circle, as a twelve, I was one of perhaps five people the world over who could communicate with anyone regardless of distance.

Back at the Capitol, my wife awaited me, he was a young handsome man who acted and sang in the Queen's Theatre Troupe, Thespian Scott. He was widely admired among the men. Central Kingdom operated under a strict regimine under which procreation was the only legal reason for members of the opposite sex to have intercourse, or just about any type of physical contact. In other kingdoms on our continent, there are other legal and sexual regimes, only the Central Kingdom with its Breeding Program and the Queen's Guard could survive the famine years with strength. For that reason, we were the envy of the other kingdoms. Therefore, we use phrases like "wife" and "husband" in a way different from our neighbors, a member of the Central Kingdom would never be caught dead fondling a member of the opposite sex let alone having a martial relationship with them.

Capitol

It was odd, in the carriage ride from the field hospital back to the capitol, much of my past and my knowledge about the Central Kingdom came back to me. Similarly, I could

remember bits and pieces of a different life. As each week would pass, the memories of that different life would fade.

The carriage pulled up outside my house, and I recognized it at once. A four story structure on the corner of one of the main intersections. Scott must have been waiting because as the carriage pulled up, the front door opened. The head house slave stepped out. The thick slave collar around his neck stood out as the single point of color on his white naked shaved body. He greeted me with a nod and indicated that I had been missed and that Scott was waiting. I entered the house and my wife was laying on the couch naked for me. He was gorgeous, his smooth body was tan and his hair freshly cropped. He smiled as I entered and said, "I missed you Tom, please take me." I lifted his strong body up and carried him to our bedroom.

Scott immediately went down on my cock. He smiled as he sucked me off, my cock stiffening and throbbing as he sucked. After a few minutes, I pushed him onto the floor and started fucking him with gusto. My huge 8" cock was hard and throbbing. I spit on my hand and fingered his hot tight fuckhole. I poised the tip of my hardcock at the entrance to his hot fuckhole. I could feel his body tremble slightly, he craved my cock. My cock pushed firmly against the opening and Scott opened slightly. The tip of my throbbing cock slid in. Scott began to moan as I kept pushing, my hard cock slid into his tight fuckhole. His fuckhole clamped tightly around my hard shaft and I could feel him around my hard tool. I began to thrust my cock in and out fucking him. I pulled him to me by his hair and began biting and kissing his ears as I kept fucking him.

Periodically, I would pull my cock all the way out and start again fucking him thoroughly. His fuckhole was suberbly lubricated by my wet cock and his ass was perfectly tight. Loose enough to accomodate my wide throbbing cock, yet tight around the shaft of my massive tool. I played with his nipples from behind as I continued to fuck him. Scott began moaning louder and calling my name out loud. I pulled out and pushed him onto his back and fucked him face to face. My cock went in and out as our mouths locked in deep tongue kissing, our bodies lost in passion. As I continued fucking him, my passion became extreme, I shouted in pleasure as my body began to tremble. I felt it deep in my body as I shot a stream of intense cum into Scott's hot fuckhole.

After I orgasmed, he followed suit and then we lay in bed together, his body resting on my strong chest. We did not discuss my absence, it had already been covered by other members of the Guard. I summoned my sex toy slave, Boy Brian. He came in eager to see us, like all slaves, he sported a thick black collar around his neck. The collars are telepathically keyed to enslave the wearer and provide torture if they try to remove it or disobey. Of course, good old fashion lashings and beatings were also carried out by most slave owners to discipline slaves. Scott and I were no exceptions. Brian massaged our bodies and legs as we continued resting in bed.

Sanctioned Punishments

Later that evening, Brian handed me a thin piece of cane at my request. I took Scott over my lap and began to thrash him with the cane. Corporal punishment is a regular part of married life in the Central Kingdom. The partner with the more powerful job, typically, is the “husband” and the other partner is the “wife”. Husbands beat their wives regularly using corporal punishment on the buttocks, back, back of the legs, and soles of the feet.

Other forms of discipline are not acceptable. For example, punching a wife is not acceptable. However, spanking or whipping a wife daily or several times a day is perfectly acceptable. Even in public. Over time, I found that the thrashings and regular discipline of the spouse did increase their sexual ardour and kept relationships alive over time. I spanked Scott with a cane on his buttocks regularly and intermittently disciplined him with other implements.

Remarkably, any wounds, regardless of how seemingly severe would generally heal in less than a few hours or at most a day.

Slaves were disciplined in a similar fashion. The collars channeled any form of pain inflicted at the direction of their master into feelings of failure, discomfort and a need to obey their master.

Corporal punishment was also used for judicial purposes with punishments carried out in public. Any offense no matter how severe—save one, was punished with public corporal punishment in the main square. The only offense punished differently was the crime of sex with a member of the opposite sex outside of a breeding fair, that was punished by death.

My Household in Detail

I suppose it would be helpful to tell you a bit about my home. It was as I said a four story home on a central square. This was a relatively wealthy part of the town. My home also includes a basement consisting of two stories for storage and slave quarters. We have approximately fifteen slaves at present sleeping in the quarters. One of whom is Number 1 and who disciplines the other slaves both at my direction and to carry out our household policies. Additionally, we have a boy slave who sleeps in the general household areas.

The ground floor has a sitting area, a kitchen, and a dining area. The next floor had several guest rooms and my office. The third floor was the master bedroom suite. The fourth and final floor was comprised of other rooms for household members. Slave Boy Brian slept in one of the rooms on the fourth floor. The roof was a sun deck.

Daily household life was managed primarily by the head slave. Number 1 made things work. He managed the kitchen, sent other slaves out to buy groceries and supplies and kept the house clean. If there was anything unsatisfactory about the house, Number 1 got lashed first. I would punish him away from the other slaves, but with a thick cat o’ nine tails, so that the blood and lash marks on his naked body that reflected my displeasure could not be hidden from the other slaves. Shortly after I returned to the capitol, I had occasion to express my displeasure.

Flogging Number 1

I suppose in my absence, the household standards had been somewhat lax. Scott was not one to pick up a whip or belt and discipline a slave directly. And although with the collars, the slaves had no choice but to obey each order, without regular discipline, they sometimes will not do more than is ordered. Thus, the need to discipline them.

Two days after I returned, dinner was not ready at six o'clock when two important ministers from the Breeding Committee were visiting to discuss security arrangements for the next breeding fair at the capitol. The mistake was that Number 1 had not been directly supervising the kitchen work and a slave let the meat get overcooked. Number 1 promptly thrashed the slave responsible for the mistake and then informed me of the delay. I was not pleased, telepathically, I tweaked his collar to begin administering low level pain. Scott and I then proceeded to take the ministers from the Breeding Committee to a nearby restaurant, a poor substitute for a properly presented meal and something that would no doubt become the subject of rumors as to my weakness to serve as the Queen's Advisor.

When we returned, the house was quiet, the slaves were all locked downstairs in the slave quarters. Scott proceeded to the master bedroom on the third floor while I stopped at the second floor in my office. Number 1 was already there. His naked body was trembling visibly and he was crying. I deactivated the collar so that he could more fully appreciate the pain that can be caused by a good cat o'nine tail.

I restrained Number 1's hands on manacles built into the wall of my office. Restrained to the pillory, I bound his legs as well. I selected a cat o'nine tail from the punishment implements on the wall. Standing behind his crying trembling body for a moment, I felt sorry. Then, I started lashing him. I was merciless. Lash after painful lash landed on his back violently. After fifteen minutes of steady lashes, I drove the whip harder still and began to break his skin open. After an hour his back was a bloody mess and his voice was gone from screaming in pain.

After releasing him from the pillory, I made him kneel in front of me and suck my cock till I shot a load of cum in his mouth. I then carried him downstairs to the slave quarters without doing anything to treat his bleeding wounds. By the same time tomorrow, no evidence of the savage lashing would be visible, but Number 1 would be on top of the slaves like he used to be. The man of the house was back and there would be no more slacking.

Dinner at the Palace

The Queen herself was a member of the Guard. Every ruler of the Central Kingdom in recorded history was a telepath and the Queen was no exception. I suspected that my popularity with the Queen was as much to do with lust in her heart towards my wife, with whom she had copulated at a recent breeding fair, as with any confidence in my own abilities.

Traditionally, the Queen's Advisor is of the same gender as the ruler because of the close working relationship between a ruler and their private advisor. However, Queen Sophia

was about to make an exception. I received a dinner invitation by personal messenger on Saturday to attend a formal palace dinner on Monday. With a little informal messaging among members of the Queen's Guard, I learned that I was to be named advisor as Sophia had already informed the only other serious contender Queen's Guard Twelfth Order Nell that she did not have the position. My household would be moving onto the palace grounds to place me in daily contact with the Queen.

I took Scott dressed in a sexy cocktail dress to the party while I wore the only clothing allowed by law, my black Queen's Guard uniform. Dress is a slight misnomer, Scott is around five and a half feet tall, but all muscle due to his roles as a thespian. The dress consisted of a bikini underwear that left his firm buttocks visible and a top that covered his entire chest and back except for two holes making his nipples visible. The outfit was midnight blue and highlighted his deep blue eyes well. It was also calculated to appeal to the Queen's prurient interest in my wife.

At the palace gates, we were greeted by the Chief Protocol Officer for the palace, Ilan. A short handsome man, Ilan was well known in the capitol for his preference for boys that had just reached the age of consent, 14. That was not really what made people talk though, it was what he did to them that made people talk. Rumor had it that he would cut the boys with knives to make them bleed. Despite the rumors and an investigation by the Guard, nobody could ever find a boy who would talk. Nor could anyone find a boy who had been injured by Ilan.

Ilan explained that this was a private dinner and that it would just be Scott and I along with the Queen and her wife, the Kept Woman Patty. Ilan also made it clear indirectly that the Queen would appreciate it if we had sex at the dinner table as is customary among friends, but not at a formal event. This was the sign that made it totally clear that I was to become the Queen's Advisor.

The dinner was held in a small room off from the main public areas of the palace. It was not however held in the royal suites. Patty greeted Scott and I at the entrance to the room. Patty's outfit looked remarkably similar to Scott's except that her entire breasts were bare and the outfit was a deep shade of red.

The meal was surprisingly unremarkable given the reknown of the royal chefs. The conversation however was to the point. As Patty began to perform oral sex on the Queen to start the meal and Scott followed suit on me, the Queen said, "Let me be blunt Tom, I need you as my Advisor, turbulent times lie ahead and I am convinced that with your assistance, I can ensure a strong future for the Kingdom."

I taken somewhat aback, Scott momentarily stopped sucking me and I pushed his head back onto my cock firmly. Then I responded, "It would be my honor to give my advice and counsel to you majesty. May ask however, why not Nell?"

The Queen smiled, "I'm glad you feel comfortable enough already to ask. I chose you because Nell was afraid to challenge me and despite the rumors of some sort of weakness on your part due to your disappearance, you are the best we have according to everyone in the Guard." I blushed and nodded.

The rest of the dinner was filled with details that I had been aware of due to my roll on the Inner Circle. After the dessert, the Queen asked if Scott would perform a small bit from a famous play for us. Scott eagerly assented and the remainder of the evening was spent with my stunning wife presenting to the Queen. After the meal, Ilan approached me about moving into the palace by Wednesday.

Ilan introduced me to Tim, one of the lesser protocol officers who would be responsible for coordinating the move. I invited Tim to visit me in the morning and decided that my wife and I would walk home. On the way home, I noticed a young woman running from a man, my duty superceded and I took charge asking my wife to continue home. I ran and caught up with the man who once he recognized my solid black uniform began to tremble in fear. Luckily, for him, he had only been trying to steal her money, I summoned guards to place the thief in the stockade. I sentenced him to 100 lashes on the spot. The woman thanked me profusely and I continued home. Two long candles after sunrise, the next morning, the man was paraded from the detention facility to the whipping pillory and an expert torturer carried out my sentence. Recidivism was low. Of course the fact that few people escaped punishment due to the ability of the Guard to telepathically determine guilt or innocence was what probably kept crime down.

Home Again

Back home, I found my wife already naked in bed. Slave Boy Brian was sucking his cock. I pushed Brian's head further onto my wife's gorgeous cock and picked up a strap.

I started on his buttocks. I used the belt firmly to redden his cheeks. With one hand I kept Brian's mouth firmly down on my wife's thobbing cock, with the other, I kept striking the slave's body for my own pleasure.

After, his buttocks were reddened, I moved to his upper legs, then his lower legs, next I beat the soles of his feet. With his mouth on Scott's hard cock, he couldn't cry or protest, but he did not dare his move his hands to stop the strap either. Once, the slave pretty boy's body was red from the butt down, I started hitting the slave's back. Scott shot a load of cum into the slave's mouth and I stopped. I watched my boy toy swallow my wife's warm load of cum deeply and then I let go of the slave's head. Brian looked up at me and smiled. I laid down on the bed and let my wife suck my cock as Brian kissed my mouth to thank me for the thrashing.

I then allowed Brian to tongue me wildly as Scott kept sucking my cock. As Scott sucked me off, Brian licked and tongued other parts of my body. Brian's tongue licked my nipples. He ran his tongue in careful circles to titalate my nipples. He sucked my feet deeply. And I took my time. I drew out the oral lovefest into the late hours of the evening before I finally shot a thick load of cum into Scott's eager mouth.

Judicial Punishment

Given how quickly the wounds from a beating can heal, one might be surprised that corporal punishment was used in the Kingdom. In fact it makes sense. It is fast, cheap, very visible and very deterring. Also, special lotions are rubbed onto the criminals' backs to slow the natural healing process. Another aspect is that the criminals' family and coworkers are all assembled to watch the lashing.

At two long candles after sunset, the streets around the main square were fairly quiet. Several hundred spectators were assembled in the mandatory viewing box. They were the family members and coworkers of anyone scheduled to be punished that morning. In the square there were also several thousand who regularly showed up to watch the Queen's punishment.

The thief I had caught last night was scheduled for the second lashing and I was watching from across the square on a guard tower. As the first punished criminal was led away from the pillory by medics, the caller read the thief's name. "Merchant Loral, for chasing a woman and attempting to steal her gold, you are sentenced to one hundred lashes." The thief was paraded in front of the mandatory viewing area and then bound with rope to a wooden post. Once his hands and feet were restrained, a torturer stepped up from the ground. The crowd cheered as the torturer raised the whip into the air and snapped it. I could feel the thief crying and praying as the first lash swung down on him.

The torturers are trained to keep the prisoner from fainting during the punishment. They are also required to cause a prisoner to bleed from the lashing. The first lash is generally the worst for most prisoners. Some spray urine all over themselves. Others faint. If they faint, a guard quickly supplies a stimulant and the prisoner is drugged awake to feel the excruciating pain of a forcefully administered lashes. By ten lashes, most prisoners need to be drugged to stay conscious for the remainder of the punishment. By forty lashes, most prisoners have lost their voice screaming for mercy. Loral was somewhat of an exception. He screamed throughout the entire ordeal. With each lash I could sense him praying that it would end and that it could get no more painful. With each lash but the last, he was wrong.

Protocol Officer Tim

I watched through the eyes of my slave telepathically as one of Ilan's assistants, Protocol Officer Tim, arrived to prepare arrangements to move my household into the palace. He was not a bad looking man, he looked to be roughly thirty, a long age outside the Central Kingdom, but not so old here. At six odd feet he was unusually tall. His body was lanky and his face well worn. The slave led Tim up the stairs to my second floor office where I was waiting.

"Good morning sir," Tim said curtly to introduce himself, "I'm Protocol Officer Tim and I've been assigned to handle your move to the palace." I nodded and dismissed the slave with a motion. "Ilan has selected a fine suite of rooms connected by a private passage to the primary royal suites for you and your wife," he continued.

I interjected, “And the rest of my household?”

Tim actually had the audacity to snort at me contemptuously and then responded, “I wasn’t aware that there were any other household members to move.”

“Protocol Officer Tim, I take it that you’ve been permanently assigned to my household,” I inquired almost rhetorically. He paused and nodded. “Then in that case, let’s start off with the proper level of respect for my position as your boss,” I said firmly while reinforcing my words telepathically. He trembled slightly unsure of exactly what I meant. “Hand me that wooden paddle please,” I said pointing to a standard foot long piece of hard wood that was laying on the desk. He approached me slowly but knew better than to seriously argue.

Many employers in the Central Kingdom, especially if the employment is of a fairly personal nature employ a mixture of corporal punishment and sexual demands in the treatment of subordinate employees. Tim handed me the paddle gingerly and I motioned for him to come across my lap. He undoubtedly could feel my hard cock through the tight Guard uniform. Once I had him positioned across my lap, I placed one hand on his back and with the other, I began to paddle his buttocks. First, I started with his pants up. After just five quick strokes, I could tell he was feeling quite humiliated.

Ilan was not known for disciplining subordinates in this fashion, rather Ilan chose to fire Protocol Officers who did not meet his standards. His method produced rather high turn over, mine produced none. By the twentieth stroke of the hard paddle on his covered buttocks, I could tell Tim was perhaps ready to cry. I let go and ordered him to stand up and pull down his pants. That was all it took to start a water works factory from him. His embarrassment got the better of him and he started crying and blabbering like a small child. I pulled his pants down without concern for his predicament and rang a bell to invite in some observers. When he saw my wife, my boy slave, and several of the slaves, he pleaded for me to stop. I announced that Tim was learning a valuable lesson about obeying the master of the house to the assembled audience and then proceeded to work his buttock severely with the paddle. With each blow, I struck a little harder, I varied the pacing allowing a whole minute to elapse at times between strokes. After about a half hour the tenderness of his buttocks was making him buck with each crack of the paddle.

Scott volunteered that perhaps he needed to be restrained. Tim cried louder and louder like a big baby. I shook my head gently and asked the guests to leave. Once they had left the room, I pulled my uniform pants down slightly and pushed Tim onto the floor in front of my cock. I said only one word, “Suck.” He did.

After I orgasmed into his mouth, we discussed the details, with Tim suddenly having a new found respect for my requests concerning slave quarters for my own staff and using my own staff for running our suite at the palace. Amazing what taking charge can do.

Write the Author

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