

## Bought and Paid For

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# **Bought and Paid For**

by [Deathsdoll](#)

## Summary

COMPLETE - An American girl backpacking through Europe is kidnapped and sold into sexual slavery.

## Notes

I know the Dutch have their own language, but she is drugged so she just lumped it in as Germanic sounding.

Please review! Let me know what you think!

Warnings: bdsm, rape, slavery, explicit sex, and elements of Stockholm syndrome later on.

# Chapter 1

## Prologue:

My arms were up over my head, chained with harsh manacles to the water pipe above me. My shoulders ached something terrible as I struggled to support my weight on my trembling shaky legs. My bare feet slid against the cold concrete floor, and I knew I had been drugged. I could not straighten my legs to ease the grating and yanking on the ligaments in my shoulders. I wanted to cry, but my head already felt like it weighed a hundred pounds and I did not want to make things worse. My head was muddled as it was and I felt like I was in a fog as my head rolled back in forth in my attempts to look up and open my eyes.

I knew I had to be in a sort of basement. I heard the dripping of water off of pipes; I could feel the dampness of the pipe I was chained too on my freezing wrists. I must have been down there for a long time because my bones ached from the cold. I felt like the slightest little bump and my bones would shatter into a million pieces. So when I thought I got my foot firmly underneath me and attempted to stand and fell when it gave out once again, my arms screamed in pain as I plummeted to the ground, only to be stopped by the unforgiving yank of the chains.

When I heard the door creak open, the rusty hinges warning me of my captor or tormentors coming, I tried to open my eyes, but they were too heavy. A low moan, the only sound I could make not being able to form any words, left my lips. I heard more voices approaching me, speaking in an eastern European language I did not know. As they got closer I realized there were only two men, at least only two men engaging in conversation. I felt fear thicken in my throat and I almost stopped breathing. It is no exaggeration. The drug still in effect and the seizure of fear gripped me tightly and my chest restricted, my throat nearly closing. I gurgled a moment and then the ability to breath returned to me and I panted. I wish I could have known what they were saying, but when I felt a hand reach out and rest gently on my hip, fingers stroking my skin gently, I tried to wiggle away but to no avail.

“Can you speak?” the voice was in English this time, but there was no denying the accent was decidedly German sounding to me. Whether it was Austrian, German, Dutch or Swiss I could not tell. Had my mind not been so muddled I might have been able to distinguish, having spent so long studying in Salzburg, but I could not. I tried to speak back to him but it was a little moan. My lips would not move. The one who spoke to me and turned to speak in another language to whoever he was with. It was not a Germanic language. I knew that. I assumed it was Hungarian, the language of the country I was in when I was taken, but I really had no way of knowing. It did not sound particularly Hungarian, but that might have been because the man speaking to me had a German accent on top of it.

“You are my slave now,” the German said. I tried to protest but it was just another moan. “Obey me and you will be treated well. Disobey me and I can be a cruel master.”

Tears did slip from my eyes now, terror gripping my heart. His hand moved down my side and to my thigh before pulling away. Fat tears rolled down my nose and off the tip onto the

hard cold ground. I was left alone then. I heard their voices trailing off in the language I did not speak. I faded in and out of consciousness for a long time, and I do not know how much time passed, but right before I was beginning to regain my faculties I heard the door creak open again and a needle was forced into my arm. After that, I only saw darkness.

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## **Chapter One:**

Maximilian Furst sat across from Istvan Belko waiting for the money transfer to go through. The money had to transfer through four different banks, one in Hungary, one in France, one in Latvia and one in Denmark, before ending up in the slavers Swiss bank account. And Istvan Belko had his rules. You did not leave with one of his merchandise until he had confirmation the money had made the round trip. And Maximilian had his own security net, so an additional three banks were made along the way. One could never be too careful when endeavoring on these types of nefarious activities, and his new little Jessica was an added risk.

Most girls taken were backpackers, the further away from Hungary they were from the safer the sale, so Jessica should have been an easy victim. She was an American, backpacking through Europe the year after she graduating from college. Backpackers met untimely ends all the time. It could be dangerous. But Jessica had lived in his native Austria for a year before she set off on her European backpacking trip. She had studied in Salzburg and had friends in the country. Her disappearance would become known much sooner than anyone in this business preferred. But he was paying Istvan Belko for the added threat, and the greedy man could not say no.

Maximilian had first seen Jessica a few months before her graduation on a train returning to Salzburg from Berlin. He had been there on business, and she had been on a trip with her friends presumably. Maximilian had always been a man who knew what he wanted, and Jessica was not the first girl he had purchased from Istvan Belko. The moment he heard her laugh and looked up from his newspaper to see her he knew in time, if he was patient, he would have her chained to his dungeon floor with a collar around her neck. Now, after seven months he was only a computer notification away from realizing that fantasy.

She had big brown doe eyes, innocent and guileless, eyes he would love to see filled with fear and submission. Her lips were full, soft little clouds that would look marvelous stretched across his cock. Her nose was delicate and straight, her teeth even and white, and her frame small but curvy. She looked the perfect slave; now all he had to do was make her one.

He glanced up at Istvan Belko to see if there was any sign the transfer had gone through. It could take almost twelve hours and they had already been waiting three. Maximilian reached back into Jessica's wallet. She had some money, her state ID, her school ID, and some rewards cards he could not care less about.

"If she was not a virgin my friend I'd let you go down and fuck her while we were waiting," Istvan Belko finally said. Maximilian nodded, but did not look up from her license. Where the hell was Delaware anyway?

"She is unconscious," Maximilian said after a few moments of thought.

"She's your property. You can do what you want," the man suggested with his greasy smile. Maximilian looked up at him, his blue eyes sharp and icy cold.

"I don't want to fuck a corpse," he replied.

"She'd still be warm —"

His computer dinged and Istvan Belko took his feet from his desk and leaned forward. He hit a few keys, fixed the glasses that rested on his bulbous nose and nodded.

"It went through," he smiled and reached out to shake Maximilian's hand. Maximilian hid his contempt for the man and shook his hand without a word. Istvan Belko walked with him out of his office, a small room on the third floor of his abandoned warehouse. He ordered a man to go down and get Jessica, but Maximilian waved a hand at him when he asked him to wait by his car. Maximilian did not trust these scum with such an expensive new toy. He walked down the three flights of stairs and then entered the basement, his black, newly polished shoes glistening in the dimly lit, dripping cellar.

He walked past the cells that held the other merchandise, men, women, boys and girls. He waited for the man to unlock the door to the room Jessica was in and stepped inside with him. She was naked, as was customary for a man to inspect his slave before purchasing it. But now that she was to be transferred a thin black robe was wrapped around her before she was unchained from the ceiling. Maximilian stepped forward when the worker made to pick her up. Maximilian took her in his arms and followed the man to the top of the stairs. Jessica moaned low in her throat and he looked down at her, wondering if she was beginning to wake up again. He had wanted her to speak to him when he inspected her for the first time. He wanted to hear her speak to him in her pretty accented German, begging, pleading, expressing her fear to him.

She was so fragile and vulnerable. He would not have to do much to break her, mentally or physically. He watched as her lips parted slightly, giving her the appearance of a fish looking for air. He felt his lips curve slightly. A little moan left her mouth again, then a little gasp, an "oh". He had been told by a friend that waking up from whatever it was that Istvan Belko gave them was a truly horrific experience in and of itself. They were cold, disoriented, confused, and they ached physically. He wondered how the slaves that were bought by cruel men ever recovered. His own dear friend had hosed his whore down with ice cold water when she tried to wake up. He had recorded it and shown it to Maximilian and their other friends at one of their gentleman's nights. Maximilian had thought it excessively cruel, and the girl was nearly comatose now. He pulled Jessica closer to his body and she tried to move her face to press into his chest, seeking his warmth.

"Calm down, little slave," he said in English as she continued to try and move. His words did not seem to calm her, but her struggling ceased some. When his car was brought up he laid her across the hood, binding her ankles and wrists with zip-ties. He retrieved a gag from his car, something safe that would not suffocate her in her current state, and placed it on her. She began breathing through her nose, though it was partially stuffed and she struggled for a few

moments. Gently he stroked her hair and eventually her breathing evened out. Only then did he blind fold her.

“Help me with the trunk,” he told the worker following him and he gently placed her inside. The nameless worker handed him a syringe and a piece of silk cloth once the trunk was shut.

“At about five o’clock she will be ready for one more, in case you have not reached your destination yet,” he said and Maximilian nodded and thanked him. It would take him nearly eight hours to get to his home in the Alps, and so he would definitely be needing it if he did not want her to get sick all over his car and begin to fight. He got into his car without any more to do and began driving home.

He had a home just fifty miles outside of Innsbruck, nicely hidden in the Alps. No one would come looking for them there, and so no one would ever find her. When the tourist season was at a low, he might even be able to let her outside from time to time, if she proved to be a good girl for him. He enjoyed training, he enjoyed punishment and discipline, (he considered them different things), but what really turned him on was when they stopped fighting. When they gave in and submitted to him completely. When they realized that their only purpose in life, their only reason for living, for breathing, for being, was to worship him.

He liked how they looked on their knees in front of him, whether they were sucking him off, or kissing his feet and sucking on his toes, he didn’t care. That was the proper place for a woman, and this little one would look so good there. It had been too long since he had a proper slave. One that couldn’t leave when she was tired or freaked out by what he asked. He sold his last slave after realizing she got off on being sodomized by more than one man. She was not what a proper slave should be. A proper slave should worship her master and only her master. It is her master’s body she should desire and crave, and the order to pleasure another man should be seen by them as a punishment, not a reward.

After that he had tried dating. He was rich, handsome, and when he travelled, foreign. Most were willing to put up with some kink for the money he had to spend on them, but when he began asking too much they left. There were two major problems with those relationships. He should *never* have to *ask*, and two, they should *never* be able to *leave*. He was coming out of one such particular relationship when he spotted Jessica on that train. Speaking German so *badly* had been almost charming. When a man tried to ask her if she wanted any refreshments she had tried so desperately hard to speak properly, looked at him with such a need of approval, that she had done well, that he knew she would make a perfect slave. He had watched her for much of that train ride, growing only more desirous of owning her as time went on.

He remembered when the train pulled into the station in Austria and she and her girlfriends began to collect their bags. Maximilian had grabbed his suitcase and briefcase and made for the exit. He had to pass her to get to the door, and when he did his body collided with her, sending her to the floor, her passport and wallet falling out by his feet. He apologized as he hunched down, pulling her up to her feet and grabbing onto her passport and license.

Jessica Allen, Delaware, USA, DOB 1990. It was all the information he needed to give to Istvan Belko’s men and he handed it back to her without her even knowing he had seen it.

She blushed and wiped herself off, apologizing to him instead; saying she always took up too much room. Gratified by her supplication he moved on and left the train. He did not wait to get off the platform before calling Istvan Belko's man in Austria.

He drove with the radio off so he could hear her stir if need be. Anxiously he kept his eyes on the clock, making sure he would be in an area to stop at five and give her the injection. It would not be the first time he had done so, and so he knew where to stop. All girls were picked up outside of Budapest, no matter where they were taken from. She could have been captured walking past his home in Innsbruck and she would have been transferred to Budapest first. It was how Istvan Belko insured he got his money. But she had been in Budapest itself when she was grabbed, and so Maximilian did not have to pay those transportation costs and good too. She was expensive enough.

She was expensive for two reasons. She was American and she was known to be travelling around Europe by European friends who would be expecting calls. The fact that she was American was only relevant for two reasons; they were rarer to find around Europe, (a reason Canadians had a similar price) and people liked to hurt Americans, especially in the circles he ran in. Istvan Belko was not just a sex trafficker. He cared little what you bought from him for. Some had no qualms about buying people only to kill them, and many rich men given the chance, would rather have an American. The fact that she was known by European friends to be travelling in Budapest during this time just heightened the risk of being caught.

When five o'clock rolled around he was just outside of Graz and pulled off onto an old side road. When he opened the trunk her eyes were open but her muscles were still paralyzed. He smiled at her and ran his knuckles over her cheek. Fat tears rolled from the sides of her eyes and down her temples as she looked up at him. He reveled in the fear he saw. Fear was recognition of power and he so loved seeing it on a woman's face. He took out the syringe and gently placed it into her arm. He shushed her when she began making little mews of protest, cooing to her like she was a child. As he slowly pressed the clear liquid into her arm he watched her eyes grow heavy.

He closed the trunk when he was sure she was asleep and went back to the driver's seat. That would last her to Innsbruck and probably well into the next morning. He struggled to keep himself from speeding as he drove toward home. He did not want a cop to see him and pull him over with a bound, drugged and kidnapped girl in his trunk. Luckily he got home with no problems. The air was cold when he pulled her out of the trunk, but she did not shiver or stir. Her body lay limp in his arms and he enjoyed the feel of it. So utterly helpless, unable to defend herself, and at his mercy. He carried her into his home, away from prying eyes, and down the basement stairs.

His basement was finished for the most part, just one little square walled off remained that he used for a punishment room. He laid her down on a little bed of pillows, something one disobedient slave informed him she would not sleep on because it looked like a dog's bed. Her last few weeks as his slave took place in a small dog crate in the cold punishment room in the basement, until he finally managed to sell her back to Istvan Belko for a decent price. He put a blanket over her but kept the zip-ties in place. He removed the gag but left the blindfold. No one would be hearing her screaming up in the mountains and he did not want

her vomiting into a gag. It had been a necessary risk on the road, but here he could do without. He glanced at her once more before leaving the basement, making sure the dead bolts and locks were all in place and turned. He went up stairs to lay down and wait. He wondered if this one would scream for help when she woke, or simper and cry until he went down to begin her training. Both thoughts brought on a stiffening between his legs and a smile to his face.

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## II

### Chapter Notes

Warning: Rape

Waking up from the drug Istvan Belko had used on Jessica was an experience like no other. Her [brain](#) woke before her body, a dangerous side affect for some of the more unfortunate slaves, or masters depending on what position one looked at it. Many would panic and their breathing would be affected. It was not unheard of that they would suffocate. Some even had [heart attacks](#) due not only to the fear, but the drug itself. Jessica was luckily not one of these people, but the experience was none the less horrific. Her head felt like it was far too large for her body, there was a terrible throbbing behind her eyes, and her nose was stuffed up. Her stomach twisted, and cramped, and on top of that she was overcome with nausea. She was on her side, but she wanted to roll over further in case she threw up, but she could not move any of the muscles in her body.

She tried to cry out but it only came out as a pathetic moan. She felt her eyes fill with tears as she fought off the pain and nausea. But the confusion was what made it all that much worse. She did not know where she was or how she got there. The last thing she really remembered was going to sleep in the Hostel in Budapest. After that there was nothing. But she knew that where ever she was it was a place she did not want to be. So on top of the pain, the nausea, and the confusion, there was dread. It rooted in her cramped stomach and spread throughout her limbs, causing her immobile body to tremble from within.

When the ability to move returned to her she felt the zip ties digging into her wrists and ankles and she whimpered. Weakly she yanked at them but her muscles were still too weak. She cried out, hardly able to [form](#) the word 'help' and hardly able to raise her voice to a shout. She hardly recognized her own voice when she finally was able to call out. It was low, scratchy, and slurred. It was a pitiful sound. Had she been thinking clearly she might have known that the only one likely to hear her was the one that did this to her, but all she knew was she needed someone to help her make the pain stop, ease her quivering stomach, and cut the zip ties that were gnawing at her soft flesh.

Her head lolled from side to side when she heard the door open. She could not hold her head up and when she tried to sit up straight her body fell back to the pillows. She heard a deep, soft and masculine chuckle from the other side of the room and her breath hitched, fear consuming her. She did not have enough control of her mental faculties to realize it was hopeless, but she tried to crawl away from the laugh, her hands and knees stumbling over the many pillows underneath her. She felt the bed she was on sink underneath her as another weight was added and she knew without looking that he had sat or stepped onto the bed.

“Where are you going to run to, little slave?” his voice met her ears from above as she reached the end of the bed and she hesitated. She did not know she was on the ground, and so she reached her hand out, looking for a bed post to grab onto to help lower herself down to the floor. He knelt down beside her and grabbed her by the face, his thumb and forefinger curved under her chin, the rest of his fingers pressed against her cheek. She tried to squirm away but his grip was too strong and her too weak. She tried to press her bound fists against his chest but her attempts were pathetic. He laughed again and she felt sick. This was what her parents had warned her about when she decided to backpack around Europe on her own. She was going to be raped and murdered by some sick freak and she had no way of fighting him.

“Please,” she whimpered when she felt his other hand go to her hip.

“You beg so pretty,” he answered. Her head almost fell to the side, too heavy to hold up on her own, but he held her face up with a large, strong hand. “Say it again. Beg me to let you go... In German this time.”

“Let... let me go... please... I... please...” She breathed, using what German words she could retrieve. At the current time only English seemed to be working in her brain. “Lass... mich...”

“No,” he said and she tried to hit him. He easily swung his head out of the way and she was pushed backwards. She simply fell back onto the bed with no resistance, her body still weak. She lay back, trying to get her strength back and opened her eyes. She was able to keep them open for a longer amount of time with each passing minute and she tried to get her a look at her captor. Her eyes landed on his back as he crossed the room, before fluttering closed again. She took a few deep breaths and then opened her eyes again. When she did he was right in front of her, leaning over her feet. He cut through the zip ties on her ankles and yanked her legs apart. She tried to press her knees together but she was not strong enough.

“Pretty pussy,” he taunted. She tried to kick but her legs were far too slow. She began to weep softly and she felt him hover over her. His mouth hovered over hers and she tried to move her face away from him but he wouldn’t let her. He shushed her and she felt his fingers wiping some tears from her cheeks.

“You’re my slave now,” he told her in German. She shook her head.

“No,” she cried, screwing her eyes shut. Everything was spinning and it felt like she was floating. She thought if she opened her eyes she was going to throw up.

“I own you,” he told her away, his fingers trailing down her wet cheeks.

“No,” she wept, shaking her head and back forth.

“Shh,” he said softly and she felt his tongue, hot and wet, slide up her cheek, tasting her salty tears. “Your body belongs to me now.”

"Bitte, lass mich los," she begged. She tried to open her eyes to see her tormentor, but her eyes were clouded with tears. She missed the cruel curve of his lips as he listened to her.

"I'm going to fuck you," he told her and she tried to squirm away. He held her down with little work, his fingers slipping between her legs and playing with her pussy. "And you are going to tell me how much you like it."

A long, slender finger slid inside of her, pumping her dry, tight flesh up to the knuckle. She spasmed around his finger and his thumb stroked her clit hard, causing an automatic shiver run through her. She tried to push at him but he grabbed both her wrists in his, keeping her still. When she tried to kick at him she realized he was sitting on her legs at the knee, keeping her from bucking him off. Every time she tried to buck her hips her knees cried in protest at the restriction of movement and she was forced to stop.

"Does it feel good?" he bit out between grinding teeth, pumping his finger in and out of her at a rapid pace. The way his thumb rubbed at her clit made her body react against her own volition. She bit on her bottom lip hard, confused between the pain and pleasure but she managed to shake her head no.

"No?" he asked and his pace quickened as he worked his finger in her. Another was added and she cried out. "You'll like it. I'll make you like it."

She cried out when he removed his fingers and retrieved rope from beneath the pillow bed. He tied her wrists together and then attached it over her head, hooking her to something behind her so she could not move her arms. When he moved off of her she nearly placed a solid kick to his face. He was able to push her foot to the side and force her legs wide apart. He lowered himself down between her legs, kissing the inside of her thigh, nipping the soft skin as he made his way upward. She tried to kick but she was too weak and he was too strong.

His tongue licked her, sucking her into his mouth and then nipping at her gently. She jumped, gasped, and bucked, never before feeling so violated. She strained against her bound wrists and he played with her clit, licking and sucking it into his mouth. She could feel herself growing wet and tears came to her eyes. She had never been so ashamed of herself in her entire life. To act like a whore with a man who was about to rape her. She hated herself so much in that moment that she almost stopped fighting. But when she felt his teeth on the inside of her thigh and he nipped a little too hard she kicked out. He lost his grip on her ankle for only a moment, but it was enough to get a good kick to his right side. He got her leg again with a German curse and lowered himself back to her hot core.

"Yes, so wet," he breathed against her. He let go of a leg and pushed his finger inside of her again. "Tell me you like it. Tell me you like it."

"No," she panted and yelped when he slapped her, his finger leaving her pussy and slapping down on her clit hard.

"Tell me you like it."

"No," she breathed and he slapped her again.

"Do not lie to me or I will make you scream," he told her. She felt tears leak from her eyes and her lower lip trembled. She cried, her shoulder shaking, and told him what he wanted to hear.

"I like it," she whimpered. His thumb stroked her clit again.

"Call me Master," he said and she shook her head. She would not do that. She could not. No matter what. But he slapped her again, and again, and again, until she was crying in earnest.

"Master!" she cried out. "You're my master!"

"Tell me I'm the master of your body and soul," he said, rubbing her clit. This time he only gave her a small moment of hesitation before he pinched her clit hard, causing a cry to leave her throat.

"You're... the master of my.. my... body and soul..." she cried and he pushed two fingers inside of her again. He sat back up after a moment, looking down at her with hot eyes. He positioned himself between his legs, picked up her hips to better position himself.

When he slid off his belt she used all the energy she possessed in an attempt to squirm away. She rolled onto her stomach and tried to crawl back to the edge of the bed, regardless of the ropes around her wrists that was attached to a concrete floor. She could see now they were on the ground and it made her try even harder to squirm away. He let her get a few feet away before he grabbed onto her ankle and yanked her toward him violently. Her arms pulled when the ropes tightened and she cried out again in pain.

She slid on the pillows toward him, yelping in terror. She continued to struggle and almost got away again, as far as the ropes would let her, when he took the ends of the belt in his hand and looped her around the neck with it, keeping her from moving. He fisted the two ends in one hand and reached into his trousers. He was throbbing with need, and the ease in which he was able to overcome her sent power surging through his veins. He yanked on the belt and she arched backward trying to get away from the biting leather. The fear of strangulation and suffocation had stopped her in her tracks. The belt was wrapped around her neck tightly, but not enough to cut off oxygen, but she did not know if he would strangle her, if he would anyway once he had raped her. She had no way of knowing how much money he spent on her.

"Good girl," he cooed as she stopped fighting.

"Please don't," she begged, tears dripping over her flushed cheeks. "Please, stop."

She felt him at her entrance and trembled. She was trying to support herself on her bound wrists but her arms ached. She felt him lean over her body, his grip still tight on the belt, and push the head of his cock into her wet virgin pussy. The pain started almost immediately and she began crying again in earnest.

"Be a good girl and tell me you like it," he told her as he slid into her, slick, hot and tight. She shook her head. He arched his hips, pushing himself a few more centimeters inside of her and

the belt tightened around her neck.

“Tell me you like it,” he bit out.

“I... I like it,” she whimpered.

“Hmmm,” he said pressing his nose to her temple and inhaling deeply. His lips pressed to her cheek in a sloppy kiss, his warm breath smelling of mint, his lips soft and warm. He smelled good, like expensive cologne. His face had not been shaved in perhaps a day and she could feel the hard stubble from his jaw against her cheek, irritating her smooth skin.

She felt the invading appendage leave her body and she was flipped over. She looked up at him, her vision clearer than it had been. He had a cruel smile, cold blue eyes, and thick dark hair. She might have thought he was handsome had she been in a different situation. She lay there for a few seconds, but the moment he made a move for her again she tried to run. Her energy by this point was beginning to return and she had to keep fighting, she had to get away. She had no idea what he was going to do after he raped her.

“I was going to be gentle with you,” he said when he grabbed onto her. She had not even gotten off the pillow bed before he caught her. “Stupid bitch. All you had to do was obey me.”

“Please don’t. My... my name is Jessica. I’m from America and I’m twenty three. I... like to read, I have a degree in history and German... I...” she struggled to find things about herself to tell him. She had heard on a murder show on ID once that a woman had been left alive by a serial rapist and murderer by humanizing herself to him. Maybe if this man saw her as a human he would not kill her.

“I don’t care,” he said and positioned himself at her entrance. “Not right now.”

She pulled at her the ropes around her wrists again.

“Please don’t hurt me,” she nearly whispered.

“Shh,” he whispered and pushed himself inside of her. She cried out at the invasion, weeping. He lowered his mouth to her face, breathing in her scent as he raped her, thrusting into hard. Her only relief was that her body had responded to his earlier ministrations. She tried to bite him when he kissed her mouth, but when he caught his lip between her teeth he only laughed, slapping her on the face. It was not a particularly hard slap, but it stung.

“Feisty,” he smiled. He lowered his face back down and kissed her jaw, nipping the skin. His mouth went to her neck, nipping, kissing and licking as he went. She gasped when he bit down hard on her shoulder. The pain was terrible and made the pain between her legs disappear for a moment. “We can both bite.”

“No, please, don’t,” she cried. “Please.”

“Please what?” he asked, his hips moving hard. He held himself up over her on his elbows, panting and sweating slightly.

“Master?” she breathed out and he smiled. He looked even more terrible smiling than he did when he was angry.

“So sweet,” he cooed. “So sweet, and innocent.”

He sat up and grabbed her waist in a bruising grip, thrusting into her as hard as she could. The pain on her shoulder hurt where he had bitten her and now the pain returned to her pelvic region. She cried softly when he finally climaxed inside of her with a grunt and a groan. He wiped his forehead when he finished, sweeping his thick dark hair away from his face. He leaned down at kissed her forehead, shushing her as she continued to cry.

“Say thank you,” he whispered in her ear. “Say thank you.”

“Thank you,” she croaked, her voice breaking.

“You are sweeter than I could have imagined,” he told her, his voice dripping with an accent she once found so charming and attractive. Now she could only trembled at it, find fear it. Tears leaked through her eyes. “I will be good to you, little slave, if you are good to me. Understand?”

She nodded but kept her eyes closed. She felt his lips press to her ear lobe, and he inhaled the smell of her hair again.

“Go back to sleep,” he told her. Despite having been unconscious for close to three days she was exhausted and her body ached. She wanted to disappear into oblivion and she was thankful for the chance to sleep. “You’ll need your energy when you wake.”

She fell asleep and nightmares plagued her dreams.

### III

Jessica woke up to the sound of a door creaking open and the undeniable sound of a deadbolts being thrown, but it was not until she heard the heavy footsteps on the stairs that she orientated herself enough to feel the full force of her terror erupt inside of her. She got up onto her knees and began yanking at the chains, sleep and confusion still rocking her. The chains were loud, her attacker could no doubt hear them as he descended, but she knew of nothing else to do. She would not lay back and let him rape her again. She would not submit to whatever horror he had planned for her. He shoulder still ached painfully where he had bitten her, and though he had not broken the skin, it had bruised an ugly purple. She heard his footsteps getting closer and the horror that was coursing through her veins urged her on, memories of her rape flashed before her eyes. When he rounded the corner she felt a desperate sob escape her lips and she began to yank harder.

He paused when his eyes found her and leaned against the wall that blocked off the stairs from her view. Seeing him out of her drug induced disorientation she could see now why she had been able to put up such little fight against him the night before. He was in a pair of khakis, and wore a white dress shirt, a long sleeve black cardigan on top of it. The very bottoms of the shirt tails stuck out but in a neat, fashionably European manner. But under his clothing she was able to see the strong muscles of his arms as he crossed them over his chest, his masculine broad shoulders and superior height. Though relatively lean she could see the strength he possessed and in comparison to her much smaller frame, she had no chance.

But this only had her yanking at the restraints with more urgency. He watched her silently, his icy blue eyes taking in the pathetic spectacle before him with a tiny, cold smile creeping over his lips. As the futility of her actions became more clear to her tears began escaping her eyes and she yanked with more force, hardly even noticing the pain of the manacles cutting into her soft skin. She only halted her actions when she saw him move from his spot against the wall. Her eyes were on him, waiting for his next move, waiting for him to attack, but none came.

“This can be easy,” he finally said, his accented voice meeting her ears like a deep hum. He went to a table Jessica had not seen before and looked it over, his back to her. His back was broad and she could almost see the muscles flexing underneath his clothing. She was quiet as she watched him, waiting for him to strike, or speak, or look at her. She wanted to be prepared for whatever it was that was coming next. If he was going to rape her again, she was going to make damn sure she put up a hell of a fight. Maybe then when they found her body they would find his DNA under her fingernails. She had always watched those ID shows and she always told herself when watching them, ‘if it was me, I’d make dam sure I’d help them catch the bastard.’

“But I would prefer you make it hard,” he added after a moment’s pause and when he turned back to look at her he had a leather strap in his hands.

“Who are you?” she asked him, speaking in German this time.

"Your Master," he answered in English. Even in her situation she blushed as she looked into his eyes. His message by responding to her in English was quite clear. His English was far superior to her German, and it was just another way he had power over her. And by speaking in English he did not only point out her own inadequacies in German, but proved that even in her own native tongue, he still had the upper hand.

"Why are you doing this?" she asked him, this time in English. He gripped the handle of the leather strap and looked down at it, contemplating it for a moment. He placed it back on the table and turned his back to her once more. She felt tears come to her eyes in frustration and looked around the room for means of escape. It appeared that the only way out of this room would be by the stairs, and that was locked as well. Still, the next time she was unchained she would fight with all her strength.

When he turned again she felt the color drain from her face and it only took her a half second to begin yanking on her chains again. The cane in his hand was black and looked to be about three to four feet long. Her stomach twisted and churned as she watched him test the cane by giving it a hard swing. He laughed when he saw her renewed struggles and walked to the other side of the room. Various pieces of furniture were scattered around the room, but he stopped at one area that only heaped on to her mounting terror. It was basically a black post sticking out of the ground, but on top she could see the chains and black leather restraints. After what she could only assume was an examination he turned back to her, a tiny smile on his face.

"The sooner you accept you are going nowhere, the sooner we can begin our life together," he told her simply, rotating the wrist of the hand that held the cane. She heard the sound of his bones cracking with each turn and whimpered. She was off the pillow bed and on the carpeted ground, but could only get about two feet away from the concrete slab she was connected to. He walked toward her, and the closer he got the taller, more threatening he appeared.

"Please, sir, I've never done anything to you," she pleaded but her words fell on deaf ears. She was devastated when instead of unbinding her wrists he only unhooked her from concrete slab. Still she garnered up what strength she could, and while he was in the transition from kneeling to standing she yanked as hard as was possible for her, hoping to wrench herself from him while he was unbalanced. Unfortunately, all she managed to do was lose her own balance. She stumbled, hoping to regain her footing, but her attacker had recovered first and gave his own violent yank of the chains. She lurched forward, first into him, and then onto the hard ground beneath her when he shoved her. The wind was knocked out of her and she lay there still, tears stinging her eyes at her own failure. The entire episode lasted only seconds and save for a grunt on his part, and heavy breathing on hers, it was mostly silent.

She felt him walk toward her and he grabbed onto the chains he had let drop with her. He picked them up and gave them another yank, forcing her to her feet after a moment of dragging her across the floor. She cried out at the pain of the carpet burn, and before she knew what was going on she was pressed up against the pole, her wrists locked to the top. She tried to kick out at him but he walked behind the pole to secure her feet, avoiding the dangerous area in front of her. As the final manacle clapped around her ankle she felt herself

immobilized. Although she truly had no chance of bettering him physically, at least when she was unchained she felt like she had a fighting chance. Chained like this she had absolutely no hope. She was vulnerable, helpless. She had never been so utterly at someone else's mercy, and never at someone's mercy who meant to do her violence. She felt tears come to her eyes as her chances to flee slipped away and yanked hard at the restraints.

"What did I do?" she cried, her face turning toward him as he went to stand beside her. Through her tears she saw that he had turned his head to look at her. "What did I do to deserve this?"

"You were born a woman," he said softly, his pointer finger brushing over her wet cheekbone gently. "This is your place."

"I won't tell anyone, sir, please, I promise I won't tell a single soul —"

"Master. I am your Master. I care not if you want to say it in German or English, or Russian or French, but you will refer to me with the respect I deserve," he hissed, grabbing a fistful of hair. She cried out and nodded, looking up at him with wide eyes. "I am your Master, now say it."

"Master," she breathed.

"I am the Master of your body and soul," her told her.

"You are the Master of my body and soul," she repeated and he released her hair. He pointed a finger at her, only an inch or two from her face before speaking again.

"You deserve everything you get," he told her. "Woman was put on this earth to serve man. Women are weak; they can be forced to submit. That is what I require of you. Submission. It is simple is it not?"

She said nothing, amazement, confusion, and horror vying for dominance inside of her. Surely men like this, in this day and age... they could still exist. Not in western civilization. She cried out when he brought up a hand and slapped her right breast hard. It stung so badly that a few more tears left her eyes.

"I asked a question, slave," he said, his accent coming out harsher and more thickly with his anger.

"You're crazy," she answered defiantly and he moved away from her, a snarl on his face. She watched him, regret and fear rooting in her stomach. She wanted to cry out to him, to take it back, but her pride would not let her. He took a step back and raised the cane, bringing down on her lower stomach with a loud crack. The moment she felt the pain reverberate through her body she felt her pride dissipate. She cried out, wailed perhaps, but he did not stop with one. A second blow followed, a second, a third, a fourth...they continued until she was nothing but a mass of fresh tears. Pain spread thorough her body despite his very calculated blows and when she looked down she could see the red lines forming on her stomach.

"Stupid bitch," he said and moved to the other side of her, but this time when he swung the cane down it landed on her thighs. She yelped and tried to move her legs away but her range of motion was drastically limited by the restraints. "You will learn respect."

A blow landed just above her knee, and then to her hip, and then to her belly button. They were scattered now and that almost made them worse. She had no idea where they were coming from next, where he would decide to strike, where to brace herself. Tears cascaded down her cheeks as he struck her, large red lines spreading up over her skin. Finally it became too much and she cried out to him. Her body slumped, her knees bent, and it was only her restraints that kept her from falling.

"Please stop, please," she cried but he kept striking her. It was not frenzied. In fact, he had complete control over himself and each blow was evenly spaced from one to the next, but to Jessica it felt as if they were coming in a mile a minute, and what was really only eleven moderately spaced, if powerful, strikes, felt like a hundred, unrelenting smacks of the cane. "Please stop!"

No matter how hard she cried the cane continued to rain down sharp kisses on her vulnerable skin. She writhed, and when he hit the fifteen mark, what to Jessica felt like the two hundredth, she became desperate for it to stop. Her boy was trembling with pain, her eyes were red with tears, and her nose stuffed. She kept her face turned away from him, terrified he would decide to hit her there, not knowing he would never do anything that would damage her face, and continued to beg. Finally understanding washed over her and she cried out again, this time receiving the response she was begging for.

"Master! Please stop Master, please! It's too much, Master! Please!" she cried. She trailed off when she realized he had stopped and looked up at him. He was looking her over, and trailed a hand over the raised skin gently. The touch was so gentle that she was almost saddened when it was taken away. Almost.

"What am I Master of, slave?" he asked her. It took her a moment to answer, her brain to muddled to realize what he wanted her to say. She cried out through when he raised the cane again and he paused momentarily.

"Please wait... Master, please, I can't... my body and soul, you are the Master of my body and soul," she told him and he lowered the cane.

"You have prettier cries than I could have imagined," he told her. He stepped closer to her and rested his hand on her stomach. The backs of his fingers brushed over the soft creamy skin, and he eyed her almost tenderly. But hidden in his icy gaze was cold dominance, a hunger for power, and a willingness to hurt her.

"Did you bring me here to torture me?" she asked when she saw that willingness. He did not look up at her when he answered her, but looked at his handy work. She looked at him as he thought a moment, trying to remember every little detail about his face in case she ever got out. She would bring him to justice if she could. She promised herself that right then and there.

But as she looked at him she was struck by his good looks and his relative youth. He was perhaps in his mid thirties, give or a take a few years, older than her, but still young. His eyes were icy and piercing, but a magnificent light blue that was prized by many. His hair, nearly combed, was thick and full, soft and wavy. He had a strong jaw, a straight nose, thin lips. He was tall, lean, well dressed. He smelled nice, not just the expensive cologne he wore sparingly but his own scent as well. He was every woman's dream man. Why he felt the need to kidnap and rape... it baffled her. This man should be able to, until a woman learned of his obvious perversions, walk outside and get any woman he wanted. Had she met him outside of these horrid walls, she was forced to admit to herself, she would have accepted an invitation to a date from him. If one were to show her a straight, warm blooded woman who claimed otherwise, they would be showing her a liar as well.

"Torture you? No, not torture," he answered. "But I will discipline you when necessary, and punish you when you are deserving."

Even his voice was firm, but soft, a rich, if slightly raspy hum that would make any woman drop her pants at his request.

"...Are you going to kill me?" she asked. She had been too frightened of the answer to ask until this point, but now that the answer appeared to be a negative she had the courage.

"I spent a small fortune buying you," he told her, his hand moving up to cup one of her breasts. His hand was large and firm. It was a hand that should protect, not destroy, and she felt tears pressing at her eyes. "I would not kill you."

"You bought me? Like..."

"Like property?" he asked and smiled. It was a cool smile, a knowing smile, one that tied her stomach into painful knots.

"I have a future," she told him, hoping to apply to some sort of human element within him.

"You do," he agreed with her. "With me."

"What..." she licked her lips. "What happens when you are tired of me?"

"I sell you," he replied bluntly. He reached up and gently stroked her cheek. "And trust me slave, you would best hope I don't get tired of you."

## IV

*Ich vestehe nicht, warum sie kämpfen- I don't understand why they fight.*

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Her attacker had left after that chilling assurance and Jessica began to renew her attempts to escape the restraints. The pain in her wrists was beginning to return as the metal dug into her soft wrists and a little stream of blood dripped down her forearm. Perhaps, if she were thinking clearly, she would have seen that the chains were only clipped onto the post and not locked on right away. Instead, it was not until she had a sizable cut in her wrist that she saw the [clips](#) and reached up to undo them. Though her wrists were still bound together she was free from the post and could look for a means of escape.

It was not the door that she ran to first, but instead the table her attacker had been at when he picked up the cane. She was sure she could find something there she could use as a weapon and fight her way out. She didn't care if she was naked, she'd run down the street, find the nearest road, and get away from this fucker. The table gave her hope but always sent dread coursing through her. This man would no doubt do terrible things to her if her escape was unsuccessful. Her eyes found the police baton and she reached for it, feeling its weight in her hand. One good crack on the head with that and she could get away.

Her hope of escape plummeted when she heard the door open and close again, and then footsteps on the stairs. Mustering up all her courage she ran to the side of the door that lead to the enclosed staircase, gripping the police baton as hard as she could. Her [heart](#) beat pounded in her ears as she waited, each heavy foot step on the stairs a blow to her courage. Her stomach felt hollow and nausea rose up inside of her. She forced it down, doing her best to strengthen her resolve. His attitude on women made her stronger and she played his words in her head over and over again as he walked down the stairs.

She'd show him. She was no one's slave and she was not weak.

She saw the [door handle](#) turn and raised the baton, poised herself for the attack. The door opened slowly and he stepped inside, but before his eyes could find her missing from the post she swung, cracking him across the face. She heard a crack, but what she thought was his skull was really just his nose. Her muscles had been too weak to do too much damage, and although she saw blood the blow was not as debilitating as she would have liked. She heard the clattering of a plate hitting the floor as she tried to push past him but his arm stuck out and he caught her. She was pushed backward back into the room and she let out a cry of frustration and fear.

His cursed out, swearing in German, and held his face, giving her time to retreat back to the far side of the room. She held the baton still, knowing better than to drop it after the first hit, and waited. But her attacker did not move from the door and had recovered quickly from the blow. She watched him wipe the blood from his mouth and nose, a terrible fury written on his face. The fury passed though, and then to her utter amazement he looked at her and laughed.

"And I was going to reward you," he said, nudging the spilled plate of food with his foot. He wiped the blood from his hand onto his shirt, not caring about the stains. Jessica held the baton in her hand, eyes wide, breathing heavy. He looked at the baton in her hands with a smile. "Naughty girl. You know what happens to naughty girls?"

She said nothing but looked over at the post.

"That's right," he said. He paused and touched the bridge of his nose, wincing a moment. "But if you drop the baton and go over to the post willingly, I will drastically reduce your punishment. Or, you can try to get past me."

He paused a moment and glanced over his shoulder.

"And in the event you reach the top of the stairs, I will... let you go," he said and her eyes darted to the post and then back at him. It seemed both too good to be true and a sure set up. Even if she did make it to the top of the stairs she would never get out of the house. How could she possibly believe that he would be true to his word? Surely he did not think she would get away and not go to the police. She bit her bottom lip hard, shifting her weight on her feet, trying to make up her mind.

"But let me tell you, pet, if you try to escape, and I do catch you before you make it to the top of the stairs, I'll whip you till you are unconscious," he said, his eyes twinkling.

"If I get to the top you will let me go?" she asked him timidly.

"You have my word as a gentleman," he told her, though she did not reply that his assurance meant nothing to her.

"And if you catch me..."

"You will live to regret it," he finished. He crossed his arms over his chest, his nose beginning to swell, and already turning a deep purple. Slowly she got down to her knees, her heart pounding violently in her chest. The door behind him was open and she eyed it hesitantly before lowering her hands to the ground. She left the baton behind, her throat dry and aching, and began to crawl toward him. Because of the intense adrenaline coursing through her she could no longer feel the painful stripes all along her body. She felt humiliation wash over her as she crawled toward him, swallowing down her shame. She glanced up at him when she was half way across the room and saw his eyes glowing with triumphant pride. She looked down again, hanging her head. Her heart pounding in the hollow of her throat, her ears buzzed and her muscles tensed.

"That's a good, good, girl," he said and she could hear the smile in his voice. She felt rage well up in her chest and it competed with the humiliation rooted there. "Kiss my feet, and tell me what I am Master of."

She paused in front of his spread feet and glanced toward the open door behind him. Slowly, she lowered her face down, pressing her lips to the black leather shoes. She heard him let out a breathy groan and took that as her moment. She flung herself forward, between his legs, and scrambled through the doorway. There was an explosion of anxiety in her muscles that

helped catapult her up the stairs. Hope coursed through her muscles as she saw the top of the stairs getting closer, the white door that meant promised freedom. Perhaps it was the taste of that freedom that made the feel of her attacker's hand wrapping around her ankle so heartbreaking.

She was pulled downward and her stomach slammed onto the wooden steps. For the second time that day the wind was knocked out of her and she felt him settle on top of her. Her arms were forced behind her back and she cried out, her body suddenly susceptible to pain one again. Tears leaked from her eyes as she glanced up, seeing how close the door was, how close she had been to freedom. Suddenly, the possible reality that he would not have let her go even if she had made it no longer mattered. In her mind she lost her chance at freedom, and her heart was breaking.

“*Ich verstehe nicht,*” he breathed out. “*Ich verstehe nicht, warum sie kämpfen.*”

She knew he was not talking to her, it was meant for himself. When he said ‘sie’ he meant they. He certainly, judging by everything he had said previously, would not have used the formal you when referring to her. She felt him tie her wrists behind her back with something and he heaved her over his shoulder. She kicked but it did absolutely no good. He carried her back into the basement, stepping over the food on the ground and Jessica felt regret once again wash over her. She might have been eating had she not taken that chance. He might have unchained her for a few minutes even.

“Please,” she cried and heard his harsh chuckle.

“Please,” he taunted. “I gave you a choice, you chose the wrong one. Typical of a woman.”

He moved her off of his shoulder and she tried to run again, but he was too fast. He got her wrists untied through some struggling, and she soon found herself chained to the ceiling, her toes hardly able to balance on the ground. She tried once more to kick him but he moved out of her range, looking her over with lust, anger, and excitement.

“Why do you hate us?” she asked him. His eyes looked up at her, confusion in them. “Why do you hate women so much?”

“Hate women?” he asked. “I do not hate women.”

“How can you say that?” she cried, her lower lip trembling.

“I love women, but you belong bound, chained, and owned... mastered,” he said, his eyes moving over her body again.

“You will pay for this,” he told her, pointing at his nose. “And for running.”

“What did you think I would do!” she yelled as he went to the table. “You bastard! What did you expect?”

“Obedience... submission,” he replied as he came to stand before her. “We’ve met before, Jessica. Do you remember?”

She frowned and wracked her mind for where she might have seen his face. Her eyes darted around as she tried but she failed. She did not remember.

“On the train, back from Berlin, you bumped into me,” he told her and her eyes widened. She did not remember his face, but she remembered the handsome Austrian businessman. As she tried to remember that man’s face her memory failed her, but she did not doubt his words.  
“You were so sweet then, try and be sweet now.”

She said nothing, but glanced down at the flogger in his hand. Her lower lips trembled as she saw it and she closed her eyes. She hung her head, terrified to feel that terrible pain again, and she knew this time it would be worse than the last. She sensed him rather than felt him circle her, and jumped when she felt his hand reach out and stroke her bottom. His hand gently stroked her skin, almost soothing her into a sense of security. She cried softly, petrified and beaten in that moment. She could see the door in front of her. So close. So unattainable.

She cried out when she felt the flogger come down on her back hard, the snap of it filling the air. Her skin turned hot and screamed in protest. As the stinging swept through her she bit her bottom lip hard, trying to bit back the pain.

“You will count and thank me,” he ordered. “Each time you do not count and thank me I add another three blows. Now.”

“One, thank you,” she bit out and cried when she felt three hard, fast strikes.

“Thank you... what?”

“Master. Thank you, Master,” she corrected herself. He nodded and swung again, smacking her just above the bottom.

“Two! Thank you, Master!” she cried out. He swung again, smacking her on her upper thigh hard. The sound of it was almost worse than the sensation. She could hear it a half moment before she felt it, and the sickening sound of the leather cracking against her skin was an ominous promise of the pain she was going to feel.

“Three! Thank you, Master!”

“That was a clever rouse, slave,” he told her and smacked her again, on her bottom this time.

“F-Four, thank you, Master,” she cried.

“I thought you were going to be a good girl for me,” he said as he swung again. She bit the inside of her cheek, biting on the inside of her cheek.

“Five, thank you, Master,” she said with a cracking voice.

“My head hurts, slave,” he told her. There was a half beat before she spoke, hoping to appease him some.

“I’m sorry, Master,” she told him.

“Hmmm.”

He swung again and after she thanked him, again, and again, and again. Her body burned and her muscles ached. He touched her only once, and that was to steady her when she swung slightly from the ceiling, after lurching away from a particularly painful strike. Her throat hurt from crying, and her eyes were red and puffy. By the time he was finished, at her count of twenty five, his breathing was elevated and there was some sweat coating his forehead. He came to stand in front of her, a soft smile on his face. He looked at her and a look of mock sympathy came over his face. He reached up and touched her cheek, stroking her wet skin gently.

“Shh,” he cooed. “Almost over.”

“Almost?” she croaked.

“That was for the escape,” he told her, and raised a finger to tap his swollen. “There is still this to worry about.”

His nose looked to be broken, but it did not look like it was out of place or crooked. He disappeared again and she turned to look at him this time, her chains twisting.

“I’m sorry, Master,” she told him and he turned to look at her briefly, a disbelieving smile on his lips. “Please no more.”

“Good girls get leniency. Obedient girls,” he told her. “You are neither.”

“I can be,” she replied.

“You will be,” he shot back, raising the wooden spoon in his hand to examine it. “I will make you one.”

“Master...”

“Count again, and thank me,” he ordered. She tried to wiggled away from him but his words cut through her, freezing her motions immediately. “Do you want even more slave?... I did not think so.”

She bit down on her cheek hard, drawing blood, tasting the bitter iron, when he spread her pussy, revealing her clitoris, with his fingers. She watched as he raised the wooden spoon, one someone would use for cooking, and brought it down hard on her clit. She cried out, nearly biting off a chunk of her cheek. For a moment her mind was blank and she could not even speak. It hurt so badly, but her attacker was not so understanding. He smacked the spoon down three more time in quick succession.

“One, thank you, Master!” she cried out. He hit her again and she cried out. Every time the wooden spoon came down on her she would cry out, but quickly made sure to count and thank him. She did not think she could stand another quick three strikes right after each other. Finally he was satisfied and moved away to look at her, checking her back, bottom, and legs again, enjoying the sight. Jessica sniffling bit back her tears, regaining her control.

"There, there," he said softly. "You had to be punished."

He came back, having dropped the spoon back on the table, and stood in front of her.

"What am I Master of, slave?" he asked. She licked her dry lips, looking down at the floor, trying to block out the stinging.

"My body and soul," she whispered.

"You will refer to me at all times as Master. We have established that rule yes?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," she told him.

"Good girl," he smiled.

"Second rule, when I come into a room and you are not bound, you will get down onto your hands and knees, crawl to me, and kiss my feet. You will do the same when you enter a room I am in, only you will ask permission to approach when you enter a room I am in, understood?"

"Yes Master," she told him. He nodded and moved toward the stairs, shutting the door and locking it.

"Now, if I untie you, can I trust you will not run?" he asked and she nodded.

"Yes, Master," she whispered. He reached up and untied her. She rubbed her wrists and glanced up at him, before moving to her knees. She was too tired to take anymore punishment. She would simply have to wait for a better opportunity.

"The rest, slave," he ordered and she lowered her lips to kiss his shoes. "Crawl over to the bed and sit."

She obeyed silently, sitting on the edge of the bed and curling her knees up to her chest. It felt like her entire body was on fire and her eyes followed him around the room. He returned with a small box and kneeled in front of her. He placed the box on the ground and opened it. She looked down hesitantly, but relaxed when she saw it was simply a first aid kit.

"Give me your arm," he said but she hesitated. He looked up, icy blue eyes cold and harsh. "I gave you an order."

Slowly she held out her arm. The blood had dried and it was a dark brown, but she could see now how bad it was. He held her wrist gently, placing it against his knee and ran a little alcohol pad over the cut. She winced but made no sound. What was a little stinging after that wooden spoon?

The dried blood slowly washed away and she could see what was really a much smaller wound than the blood had just seconds ago lead her to believe. She frowned as she saw it. He looked it over, and ran one more little pad over it. His touch was so gentle, his eyes almost tender, that she felt less threatened for a short moment. His fingers trailed around the skinny four inch long gash. The rest of the wrist was raw and had little nicks around it, but nothing

compared to the main cut. He reached back into the box and pulled out a little wrapping of gauze and wrapped it around her wrist.

"Does this happen a lot?" she asked him and he looked up at her, cold blue eyes causing her breath to catch in her throat. "Master."

"No," he answered simply.

"Are there more like me... Master?" she asked.

"In general or with me?" he asked.

"With you, Master," she clarified.

"Another rule, slave, you need only refer to me as Master ever three or four sentences. It gets excessive during conversation," he told her, tying the gauze.

"Yes, Master," she answered.

"You are my only slave," he told her. He took her small hand in both of his and brought it up to his lips to kiss. She watched in confusion and horror as he kissed her knuckles gently, and then placed her hand against his cheek. He had shaved recently and his cheek was smooth, but she could feel the strong outline of his jaw.

"I will take care of you. I'll keep you warm, and fed, and safe. You have no other concerns but me now. You will find, Jessica, as you come to accept your place at my feet, that there is a freedom in your servitude. One day soon you will come to enjoy it and you and I will be very happy," he told her.

"Yes, Master," she croaked, but the words came out hollow. "I will be able to eat?"

"Of course," he said, his smiling suddenly ice cold. "Go eat."

When her eyes went in the direction he was pointing, her eyes found the food spilled onto the carpet.

# V

## Chapter Notes

Please please please leave your thoughts or questions! Means a lot!

Jessica crawled across the carpet, tears stinging in her eyes, wishing she could simply overcome the overwhelming hunger in her stomach. But her hunger outweighed her shame, and with one hateful glance at her captor she reached out to collect the spilled food. She did not know when she last ate, but she knew it was at least two days. She was thirsty too, but she certainly would not ask him for something to drink. Lord only knew what he would give her, and what he would make her do before she could drink it. Instead she settled for the food. He had brought her two rolls of bread, a few slices of cheese, and a fourth of a Schlackwurst. She just about had the two rolls in her hands when she felt a smack on the back of her ass. She winced but did not cry out. Instead she looked up over her shoulder at her captor, waiting.

“Like the bitch you are,” he said and using the cane he had retrieved forced her head down to the carpet. She felt tears in her eyes as she opened her mouth to take a slice of cheese into her mouth. She felt her eyes screwed shut as she chewed, utterly consumed in humiliation. She knew he was looking at her, could sense him moving around her, but could not bring herself to look at him. It was all too horrifying. She could taste tears as she picked up another square of cheese with her mouth. She felt him trail the cane down her spine gently as she ate and she shivered, trying to scoot away.

“Stay still,” he said curtly and she did her best to remain still. She glanced up at him when she heard him whisper, “Scheiße,” under his breath. He was gingerly touching the bridge of his nose. It was beginning to look worse with each passing moment and she prayed he would not renew his anger as the pain increased. She had been relatively lucky in his treatment of her. Hopefully her luck would continue. She had eaten all the cheese and Schlackwurst when she looked up at him again. He was looking down at her, the end of the cane resting against her lower back. His eyes were so cold that she almost shivered.

“Master?” she asked and continued when he only stared at her. “Can I please use my hands to eat the rolls, please?”

“That sounded terribly sarcastic,” he said and she swallowed. She had done her best to keep the bite out of her voice, but she could not hide her contempt for him it seemed. She looked down at the carpet and closed her eyes, knowing more pain was coming. She wanted to curl up into a ball and cry, sleep until she woke up somewhere else, but she would not give up. He would find too much satisfaction in seeing her curl up into a little ball and cry.

“I’m sorry,” she replied.

"And the sarcasm continues," he said. She flinched when he knelt down, but he only grabbed the rolls and the plate. Her eyes followed him over to the table. He dropped off the plate with the rolls and the cane, grabbing onto the flogger he had used earlier.

"Please, no," she said, moving onto her bottom and backing up against the wall. "I didn't mean to sound sarcastic."

"I think you did," he replied. "I understand escape attempts. I do not like them and they will stop, but I understand it. Disrespect I will not tolerate."

"I didn't mean to... M-Master —"

"Do exactly as I say, and I will be lenient," he cut her off and she nodded wordlessly. "Lie down on the center of the floor on your stomach."

Slowly she moved to obey, praying it would make him go easier on her. She had few options. She could fight, in which he would beat her some more, do what he wanted, and then beat her again, or she could obey and bide her time. Once she was in the center of the room she waited, her heart pounding. When he approached and knelt down in front of her, rope in his hands, she panicked, but when her body jerked, her initial reaction to run, his eyes locked on hers and he waited. She took a deep breath and forced herself to remain still. He said nothing and then leaned forward. When the rope was tied around her neck her body began to tremble almost violently, but she knew he would not kill her. If she had believed for one second his intent was to strangle her she would have begun fighting immediately. She certainly would not have run that risk. Still, it was a nerve wracking experiencing having someone you did not trust or know, a man who had raped and whipped you, tying a rope around your neck.

Once he was done he stood and walked behind her. She felt her arms forced behind her back and tied, her ankles following. A second rope was tied around her upper arms, and then her middle. Once it was done Jessica felt a slight pull on the rope around her neck and arms and legs, and they were all connected around mid back. The tightening of the rope around her neck frightened her, but she said nothing. The only sound she made was a little gasp when he picked her up this way and put her on a little black, leather table. He reached up and pulled down a metal ring, then connected the ropes to it.

When he pulled the table out from under her she let out a cry, but she did not fall to the floor. Instead she remained suspended over the floor, hogtied. She was about level with his waist and he circled her a moment, checking the ropes again and making sure she was secured. When he was satisfied he stood in front of her, arms folded over his chest. He reached out and touched her chin gently. He said nothing and took his hand away, walking behind her. She hung there a moment, not sure where he was going, unable to turn her head.

She screamed when the flogger came down on her back, harder than ever before. Or perhaps it felt worse because her skin was already raw. She couldn't be sure, but it felt terrible, and it had been so unsuspected. He swung again and she yelped. The flogger landed again on her bottom, then again on her thighs. She cried out, the pain too much, but he did not relent.

"You filthy whore," he breathed, swinging again. She felt tears streaming down her eyes and he swung again. "Say it."

He swung again when she only bit down on her lips.

“Say it!” he said and swung again. “Say it!”

“Say what!” she cried out as he continued with the flogger.

“That you’re a filthy whore,” he said and she shook her head. She would not. He swung again and she cried out. “Say it!”

“No!” she screamed and he swung again, harder this time. Each time they got harder and she realized she had not yet experienced his full strength.

“You’re a filthy whore,” he breathed. “Say it.”

“No,” she wept and he hit her again. He swung again, hitting her lower beg and she finally felt her resolve break and she screamed it out, praying it would make it stop. “I’m a filthy whore!”

He swung again and hit her thighs.

“You’re a worthless whore,” he said, and swung.

“I’m... I’m...” she trailed off, shaking her head. She could not say it. She yelped when he hit her again.

“You’re a worthless whore,” he said, swinging again hard.

“I’m a worthless whore,” she cried out. He swung again.

“Yes, cry little whore,” he bit out and swung again. Finally, and for a moment he stopped. When he came back she began to squirm again. She might not have been the most experienced person in the world, but she knew what nipple clamps looked like. She stopped when she felt a curt slap to her right cheek. It was not all that hard, just a pat really to remind her to behave, and it got her under control. She found it odd, that a man that would rape and spank, cane, and whip a girl, would be hesitant to slap her across the face.

“You have perfect nipples,” he praised, pinching them causing her to wince. “You know what women are good for? All they are good for?”

He placed the nipple clamps on her and when he realized she had not answered him gave the chain a tug. She winced but said nothing and tugged again.

“What are women good for?” he asked.

“I don’t know, Master,” she replied.

“Your sarcasm will be dealt with,” he said, his voice cold. “Women are only good for their service to men.”

"That's not true," she whispered, a tear dripping down her nose. He gripped her chin and forced her to look up at him.

"You will find it is," he told her. He walked away and she waited for what else he might think up to humiliate and hurt her. She gasped when she felt a vibrator pushed inside of her pussy, cold and wet with lube. She felt herself panic momentarily when she felt something pressing at her asshole. He shushed her as he pushed in the small plug inside of her. Once he had finished he came to stand in front of her. "Open your mouth."

She shook her head, not even taking the chance to speak. She ground her teeth together, lips pressed in a tight line, and she waited.

"Open. Your. Mouth," he said slowly, but she wouldn't. She refused to let him put that in her mouth. It was a metal ring wrapped around metal, and by the looks of it was made to keep her mouth open. "*öffne deinen Mund!*"

He reached out and squeezed her shoulder where he had bitten her and she cried out. Her mouth opened, and before she could snap it closed the gag was in her mouth and secured around the back of her head. Her jaw hurt, her mouth open wide, and she looked at him with fear. He knelt down so he was at eye level with her, a little smile on his face. He reached up and touched the side of her face. He looked at her a moment, his eyes twinkling, before moving to put his finger into her mouth. She tried to bite down but it was no good, she could not close her jaw around the metal gag.

"I've been imagining what your mouth would feel like for months now," he said and stood. Her eyes widened in horror as she watched him unbuckled his belt. "A time will come when I won't need the gag, but when that time comes, and you do choose to bite, I will rip every single one of your teeth out with rusty pliers, and then sell you back to Istvan Belko."

She tried to move her face away from him but the rope bit into her neck, holding it straight. Her aching arms and legs flexed as she tried to move away but it was all in vain. She could hardly move far enough away, and once he had his large, throbbing erection in his hand, all he had to do was grab onto the back of her head. He slid his cock into her mouth with a groan and tears stung in her eyes at the violation.

"Shall we test your gag reflex?" he asked, slowly sliding himself deeper into her mouth. She did gag when his hard cock pressed to the back of her throat. He pulled his cock out and patted her cheek with it, rubbing the hot skin against her cheek. He put his cock back into her mouth and fisted her hair by the side of head. Slowly he slid his hips forward, then backward again.

"Do you like it?" he breathed. "Do you like my cock?"

She tried to yank her head to the side, but his grip was too firm. She could not push her head forward, because the rope was there.

"Almost as good as your pussy," he told her, not expecting answers to his questions. He reached down with one hand and gave the nipple clamps a hard tug. She moaned from the

sensation, but she could not say, if it hadn't been him, it was all bad. "I wonder how that tight little ass is going to feel."

Panic gripped her, and tears ran down her cheeks silently.

"That's good," he breathed. She jerked when he pulled on the nipple chains again and her tongue jumped from the bottom of her mouth to touch his cock. He groaned when she did, his hand tightening in her hair. "Oh, you are a whore."

He pulled his cock out of her mouth again and rubbed it against her cheek again. She screwed her eyes shut, trying to get away from him again. His grip of her hair tightened and he ran his cock over her lips, going over the small circle her lips made. His cock slipped back into her mouth and he began fucking her mouth. He moved his hips back and forth, using her mouth like her pussy, putting his cock in as deep as he could. When he was nearing climax he removed his cock and began pumping his fist back and forth over his cock.

"Look at me," he breathed. When she did not answer he put his cock back into her mouth. The head of his cock pressed again her cheek and he slapped her cheep. "Look at me."

Her eyes opened and she looked up at him, eyes wet and filled with humiliation and fear. His lips parted as he looked over her. She could see the arousal in his eyes, the intense hunger he had for her. He pushed his cock back into her mouth, looking down at her, eyes locked. When he finally did pull out and pumped his cock again it did not take long before he spurted all over her face. Her eyes shut in surprise, and she felt his hot seed spray out onto her face. She felt sick as he finished, panting slightly, but bit everything back.

"Oh, ja," he said, reaching out and rubbing the cum against her skin, all over her face. "You look so good like that... worthless whore."

He reached out and unclasped the gag. He walked over and tossed it on the table, wiping his hands on a cloth as he did. She tried to move her face from side to side as best she could in order to fling the cum off of her face but it did little good.

"You should be thanking me," he said, his voice smooth and light. "For my cum."

"Fuck you," she said and though she was proud of herself, the long, still, silence that followed was sickening. "You fucking pig. You... you... *Schwein*."

All she could hear was her own breathing and the sound of her pounding heart.

"I have been too lenient with you," he said, his voice calm and soft. "I had hoped we could have avoided this."

"Avoided what?" she asked, her voice cracking. She tried to move her head but couldn't. "... M...Master?"

"Master now is it?" he asked.

"I..." She did not want to apologize, but she was now terrified. What would being proud get her in the long run? A nice spot six feet under in the middle of some German forest? Scars on

her back? Extreme pain for the rest of her life? But she had nothing now because of him. Nothing but her pride and now he was trying to take even that away from her.

“I tried to be gentle,” he told her, coming to stand before her. He leaned down, and tightened the clamps around her nipples to a painful level. When he straightened up she saw the whip in his hand. Not a flogger, or a paddle, or a cane, things she knew were common in consensual BDSM relationships, but an actual whip. Her throat went dry and her lower lip trembled.

“I’m sorry,” she pleaded with him. “Please don’t. Master –”

She was cut off when a ball gag was forced into her mouth. She tried to talk around it but he smacked her hard on the ass with his hand.

“You know the difference between whips made for BDSM and actual bullwhips?” he asked, pulling the vibrator out of her pussy. Whatever he had planned for it he obviously decided against it now, and he tossed it to the table on the other side of the room. “Bullwhips crack. Most whips sold for BDSM are made specifically for use on humans, made not to crack. It prevents permanent damage… bullwhips have no such preventions. Which one, I wonder, is this?”

She heard the loud crack as he whipped it out through the air and terror gripped her heart.

“Tonight, slut, I will break you.”

She tried to plead with him not to use a bullwhip on her. She was hysterical, tears streaming down over her cheeks. She did not see him place the bullwhip back down on the table and pick up the other. All she felt the stinging of the leather on her back and terrible pain that followed.

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## VI

The [pain](#) of the whip far surpassed the pain of the flogger and the cane. She was amazed that she did not feel warm blood seep out from her skin with each crack. The gag prevented her from really speaking, but each time she felt the leather make contact with her red skin, she cried out around the red ball. Tears streamed down her face as she prayed and begged that he would stop. But the whipping continued, and it seemed like it would never end. Only ten lashes in she was already regretting her words and truly believed that if he would only take the gag out she would beg him for forgiveness if it meant making the pain stop.

But he did not take the gag off, and he did not say a word for a long time. She had enough control of her mental faculties to find it odd that she should get off so lightly, relatively, to breaking his nose with a police baton, but get so angry when she insulted him verbally. She could hear him breathing hard between her choked sobs, and as time went on he began taking [longer](#) pauses between lashes. Each time the pauses got longer, and they got so long that when it finally ended, at least for now, she hung there waiting for the next lash, knowing it must be coming.

Instead he came to stand by her side. He reached up and unhooked her from the ceiling. When he lowered her to the ground he walked away from her toward the table. She cried around her gag, trying to beg him but it did no good. He returned and cut through the ropes around her ankles, but left her wrists bound and the rope around her neck. His silence frightened her, as he was usually more talkative, and she struggled to catch his eye, turning her head to look at him. She whimpered when he grabbed onto the rope attached to her neck and yanked it. She moved on her knees behind him, trying to keep up with his fast steps.

She fell onto her stomach once but he did not stop. She scrambled back up onto her knees and continued to follow him, her back burning. She saw the whip still in his hand and she trembled when they came to a stop. He said nothing but bent down and grabbed her by the arms, forcing her to her feet. He cut through the ropes on her wrists and shoved her over to a piece of furniture that looked like medieval stocks, but was black metal instead of wood.

She did not fight him as he locked her in, but the trembling of her body was obvious. She felt one of his hands trail down her back and she winced, but the touch was gentle. She was almost about to relax, thinking he had forgiven her, when she felt a hard slap to her abused bottom. She cried out around the gag, tears returning to her eyes. He spanked her ass again, five times in total, before stopping. He came around the side of the stocks to look at her, and she poured all her pain and regret into her eyes as she looked up at him. He reached out to touch her face, but what she thought was going to be a little caress of forgiveness, was a curt slap to her right cheek.

“Stupid cunt,” he said and moved back behind her. He walked around her again and out of sight. “I should have whipped the [skin](#) off your back.”

His voice came from the other side of the room. She heard him shuffling things on the table and though she had not thought it possible moments before, her fear grew. He walked back

over and she felt the cane come down hard on her bottom. She cried out around the gag again but it only seemed to encourage another strike. The strikes were evenly placed and all concentrated on her bottom. Each strike, though of equal force, got more and more painful.

Another blow landed and she spread out her fingers in their confines, and then squeezed them into tight fists. She tried to move away from him, scooting her abused bottom to the side. She stopped when he grabbed her hips and wretched her back to the side.

“You will take your punishment,” he said curtly, and she noted he was speaking in German. She tried to beg him to stop around the gag but he paid her no attention. Instead he renewed his caning. By the time he had stopped she lost count and she prayed he would not ask her how much she had taken. She would be unable to tell him and no doubt she would get even more abuse. Instead she felt a soft touch on her bottom. It stung, but was oddly soothing, and she wanted him to go back to the way he was before. Though still her rapist, her attacker, and demeaning and hurtful, there had been an odd tenderness in him that had disappeared and she regretted it. She had not realized how much worse things could really get for her, and she knew this was still not the worst he was capable of.

The hand disappeared too soon and she once again tried to speak to him. She cried out ‘Master’ around her gaga, but he either did not understand her or ignored her.

“I told you when I took you from Belko, I could be a loving Master, or a cruel Master. You have made your choice,” he told her and she shook her head frantically, tears on her cheeks. “I had hoped things would have been different.”

She tried to tell him she was sorry but the gag prevented her. As she continued to plead she was cut off by a harsh smack to her abused bottom and she let out a painful cry.

“You lost your chance for mercy,” he told her and smacked her again with his hand. “Mouthy cunt. You could have gotten far worse than me and you chose to be an ungrateful bitch.”

She felt him behind her, tears streaming down her cheeks. She heard the sound of his belt being unbuckled, and the sound of unzipping.

“I made sure you liked it last time. You came like a common whore,” he bit out. “I don’t care this time.”

It hurt more this time than it had when he took her virginity, but he gave her no time to adjust. It was a terrible pain, an even worse violation, and he fucked her hard. His hands were on her raw hips, his hips collided with her abused bottom. When he finished he pulled out of her without a word and put himself back into his pants. She fell silent as he walked away, no more tears left to fall. He walked in front of her for a moment, the first time she had gotten a good look at him since her punishment began. She saw him grab a bar resting on two other bars, attached to and sticking up from a metal base. When he grabbed it he made eye contact with her very briefly, but she could see the anger and fury in his cold blue eyes.

He came around her and slid the bar under her hips. It helped her stand some and she was thankful for it. She was about ready to drop, and if she did she would no doubt strangle herself on the metal stock. Once she was propped up he left the basement without a word.

Her body shivered from the cold air against her burning skin. His seed could be felt dripping down her inner thigh. Her face was wet from tears. Her nose was stuffed up and she struggled to breath around her gag.

“Master?” she called out, a fat, lone tear dripping from her eye. Her jaw was beginning to hurt, but she continued her desperate pleas, as pointless and unintelligible as they were. Slowly she faded in and out of consciousness, the bar saving her from a slow suffocation.

One of those times she awoke her Master stood in front of her, placing a water bottle to her lips. The gag had been removed and she opened her chapped lips. The cold water was poured slowly into her mouth and she sucked it down greedily. When the water bottle was taken from her lips she moaned softly, but quieted when she felt something gently rubbed against her lips by his fingers.

“Thank you,” she whispered. “Thank you.”

“Thank you, what? Pig... schwein?” he asked. She shook her head, unable to keep her eyes open.

“Thank you, Master,” she breathed. She felt a light slap to her cheek and he was gone, and she was back in blackness. When she woke up again it was to the feel of the flogger on her back. She cried out, no more gag in her mouth, shaken by the rude awakening.

“Please, no more, please,” she pleaded but he continued without a word. “I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

He must have wanted to hear her beg, because he did not move to put the gag back in, but neither did he stop nor did he answer her. The flogger landed again, and she jerked slightly. The flogging lasted a long time, and once again she was greeted with blackness.

The next time she woke up the stock was being opened and she was lowered to the floor by strong arms. She glanced upward toward her Master, but did not open her eyes. Gently he patted her cheek and her eyes fluttered open. His eyes were cold as he eyed her and she opened her mouth to apologize. No words came out though and he scooped her up in his arms. She felt joy spread through her limbs as he carried her over to the pillow bed, but it was short lived joy. He stepped passed it and over to a little room boarded off from the rest of the basement. Inside she saw a dog cage, hardly big enough for her to stay in on all fours, and she felt tears come back to her eyes.

“Please don’t,” she whispered, voice hoarse. “I’m sorry, Master, please don’t. I just want to sleep.”

“You should have thought of that before disrespecting your Master,” he replied. He put her on the ground and stood. “On your hands and knees.”

She struggled to obey, and it took her sore body far too long to comply, but eventually she was on her hands and knees as he had commanded. Once she finally got onto her hands and knees she felt his foot on her side and he shoved her back to the floor. She cried

out as her raw skin hit the ground, but he had not really kicked her, only nudged her, and it was not as bad as it could have been.

“Get back up,” he ordered curtly. Once again she struggled to obey. She was back on her hands and knees when she felt his foot again, and she was once again sprawled out on the floor. He ordered her back up again and through her pathetic struggling she knew the moment she obeyed she would be nudged back onto the floor. But this time he circled around her, nudging her other side. His cold laughter bit into her and she closed her eyes, fat tears dripping down her cheeks.

“Please,” she begged, looking up at him. “I’m a human being.”

“Are you?” he asked. “You look like an animal to me.”

She wracked her mind for something that might end her torment. She looked up at him a moment and as his foot came up to nudge her to the ground again she made up her mind. This time as she got up she swallowed her pride and crawled over to him. She gripped the back of his ankles with her hands and lowered her face to his shoes. She heard him laugh as she kissed the black leather, and though she was overcome with shame she continued, hoping it would appease him. She realized when he crouched down, his hand touching her hair gently as she kissed his feet, that if she wanted to escape with her sanity intact she had to give him what he wanted, at least until the time came that she could escape. If he trusted her, even a little, she might get away from him.

And if what he said was true, that other Masters were worse than him, which the gentle stroking of his fingers through her hair told her it was, she did not want to be sold. As demeaning as he was, as much as it was clear he enjoyed caning and flogging her, it had been nothing compared to the past few hours.

“Ass in the air, slave,” he said and she obeyed. He other hand, the one not now stroking her cheek, went to her abused bottom. “Your lesson is not over yet, slave.”

She felt her tears drip onto his shoes as she heard his words.

“Good girls sleep in beds, bad girls sleep in cages,” he said, though his voice was not as harsh has it had been earlier it was not as tender as it had been in the past either. She vaguely remembered the way he had held her hand to his face. He had promised gentleness if she obeyed. If she needed to give up some of her pride for comfort, gain his trust until she would be able to escape, she would do so. In the long run she would get out, get the police, and *he* would be the one in a cage then. She would strive for that day, and that image would be what would get her through this ordeal. He had not made her weaker by his efforts, he had made her stronger. She just had to make sure he did not realize that.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered, voice still hoarse. She kissed his shoes again, and then rested her cheek against it. “I’ve been a bad girl.”

His hand was so gentle as it stroked her cheek that she could have fallen asleep right there, her face on his shoe, ass in the air, body covered in goosebumps from the cold. He let out a little sigh as he tucked her hair behind her ear to reveal her face better.

“Go, into the cage. You need to sleep now, pet,” he told her. She nodded and moved to crawl into the cage. The floor underneath her was cold concrete, and she longed for the soft, warm, pillow bed, but she knew that she would earn it back if she was good. That was, he would think she earned it back if she did what he wanted. She had nothing to earn. She deserved it anyway.

“Good night, Master,” she whispered as she lowered herself to the hard floor.

“Good night, pet,” he said from the doorway.

“Good night, Master,” she repeated and he chuckled as the door closed.

“Good night... night...” she whispered a long time after he had already left. “night... good night... night... pig... you fucking pig...”

Finally, blackness took her once again.

## VII

Maximilian gently prodded his nose with his fingers as he read the email over, a grimace covering his face. Not only was his head throbbing, a dull ache coursing through his nose, but the CEO of the company he worked for had just emailed all the board members informing them of a mandatory meeting in Berlin in just a week's time. It presented a difficult but not unique problem for him, specifically because of the wayward little slave currently sleeping in the dog crate downstairs. Usually he had months in which he was able to [work from](#) a home of his choosing before he was required back in either Vienna or Berlin. He read over the words for the third time, trying to think up a satisfactory excuse for not attending the board meeting, but he could find none.

"But sir, I can't leave the girl I have kidnapped for sexual slavery alone so soon. She isn't trained yet," he mumbled under his breath. He twirled his pen around in his fingers, gently rubbing the new bump he had on the bridge of his nose with his other hand. It hurt in its own way, but the rubbing took away some of the throbbing in his forehead. He glanced at the calendar hanging just to the left of his desk to think, his fingers now touching the swollen, black skin under his blood shot eyes.

He had never been so impressed, and so angry at a slave in his life. He had expected her to have figured out the clasps, but when he entered with the breakfast he had prepared for her, he was sure that she would be hiding, crouched in a corner attempting to cover her naked body. That she would grab a weapon and take a swing at him had not even crossed his mind. None of his slaves in the past had ever grabbed a weapon.

When the [pain](#) first exploded behind his eyes he had been furious, but when he looked up and saw her there, standing with the baton, a standard NYPD issued baton ironically enough, he had been struck by a strange admiration for her. He laughed despite himself, and it was perhaps because of her courage and fire that he had not given her the punishment she deserved. Now he knew that had been a mistake. He had given her a sense that he would not beat her into submission if need be. She had become too comfortable with him. She needed to learn he was not to be disrespected.

He looked away from the calendar and reached into a drawer of his desk. He pulled out her license and passport again. His own passport looked like a mug shot, but her picture was beautiful. She had a natural smile, wide and warm, and twinkling brown eyes. He ran his finger over her lips on the little plastic card, a smile on his own lips. She was so beautiful. He only wished she would be more affectionate. He was now beginning to understand fully that she was not as pliable and intrinsically submissive as he had believed when he first saw her on that train. She had fire, and independence and spunk.

But if she believed for one second that he had bought that little act down stairs, her fire far surpassed her intelligence. Despite this he had what he wanted and so he allowed her to sleep. She now knew what he was capable of, that she had come dangerously [close](#) to losing a gentle Master. If she wanted comfort, then she would give him obedience. For now, that was what he wanted.

He sighed and pushed away from his desk. Walking out of his study, past the library, through his bedroom, and into the bathroom he went to the mirror to better examine himself. His eyes were now black, the bridge of his nose, already slightly curved, was swollen and purple with a slight gash in it. She had hit him hard, and had she not been so weak, she might have managed to knock him unconscious. He grimaces as he took some painkillers. He would ice it again before he went back into the basement. He did not want her to know just how badly she had really hurt him.

Reaching into his pocket he pulled out his cell phone. He went through his contacts, flipping past name after name, not satisfied with his choices. He could hardly take her with him to Berlin. Even if he did drive instead of taking the train, and he got her to his Berlin home with no trouble, one good scream and his neighbors would be over at his house... or even the police. He couldn't have that anymore than he could have any of his friends come over to watch her for the two nights he would be gone. Two of the men were too far away to be expected to come all the way to Austria for two nights with such short notice, and the only other friend he trusted was close enough, but required to go to the same meeting he was.

Men violated each other's slaves without permission occasionally. It was not common, but not unheard of, and the main reason was the lack of legal recourse. You might be shunned by the men in your inner, most secret circle, but short of being killed, there was no other real risk you ran. Maximilian would not run the risk of one of his friends thinking it was alright to take his new slave for a drive. Even with men he was friends with, even if he gave them explicit instructions not to touch her, he did not want to run the risk. Jessica was too special. Glancing up at the mirror one last time he punched the send button. He waited, listening to the ringing of the phone anxiously.

"Ulrik," he heard on the other end of the phone.

"It's Max," he said curtly, pressing at the black skin around his eyes. He hoped it faded significantly before his meeting. He was not sure how he was going to explain this.

"How can I help you, Max," his friend asked lightly. "I am working. Some of us cannot afford to play all day."

"I need to ask a favor of you," he told Ulrik. He wished in times like this, he knew Norwegian. Most people were supplicated when you switched to their language. Alas he did not speak Norwegian save a spare few words, and so they both continued on in German.

"Of course you do," Ulrik responded, a smile in his voice. Maximilian could imagine him leaning back in his home office chair, a smug smile on his pale face. "Why else would you call?"

"I need you to come down to Innsbruck on the third," he said and waited. There was silence on the phone, the sound of shuffling paper, checking his calendar no doubt, before he responded.

"I am all the way up in Alta, Max," he told him.

"I know. I got the girl but I need to be in Berlin for business on the fourth," he explained.

“Jens?”

“He is on a business trip to Tokyo,” he told him. “And before you ask, Mikhail is in Toronto and then on to New York for the next three weeks. There is no one else I trust.”

“I will need to make my own arrangements for Maria,” Ulrik said.

“Maria is broken, take her with you if you must,” he pushed.

“Not so broken that I want to take her on three flights into the heart of Europe,” Ulrik responded and Maximilian heard more paper being shifted. “I will have Sven take care of Maria. I will be there on the third.”

“Thank you, Ulrik,” he smiled.

“You are welcome, Max. Now, I need to get back to work. I have an unexpected vacation coming up very fast.”

“*Farvel*, Ulrik,” Maximilian told him.

“*Auf Wiedersehen*, Max,” Ulrik said and the phone was disconnected. He felt better knowing a friend he could trust would watch Jessica. He popped a few more pills to ease the swelling and the pain and jumped into a quick shower. As he felt the pain in his face slowly fade to a dull ache he decided it would be wise to show his little pet that the door was on a keypad, and he did not carry a key for it. If she killed him down there, as outlandish as the thought may be , it was not impossible with this little spitfire, she would die down there with him.

He stepped out of the shower and dressed, anxious to get back down into the basement. His cock was already hard, and he had decided before he even got out of her punishment room that he was going to fuck her when he went back downstairs. It was so good to once again have a toy for his own personal pleasure. A woman he could do whatever he wanted with. He looked forward to the time he could order her to suck his cock without the fear she would bite it off. He would not be putting his cock into her sweet mouth without a gag for a long time yet.

On his way back to his slave he stopped in the kitchen to gather a small meal for her and a bottle of water. She had a perfect body shape, and he did not want her to get any thinner. It was a difficult situation he found himself in, when normally he enjoyed withholding food. It was an easy punishment, and it kept him from having to bruise them. Fortunately for him, or unfortunately, she was already covered in bruises. He put two hardboiled eggs into a cup and grabbed the water bottle before descending the stairs.

As he walked into the punishment room, he eyed the hook she had been hanging from a few hours earlier. She was magnificent swinging there and his already semi-erect cock sprang fully to life. He entered the punishment room, expecting to see her sleeping, but instead he found her curled up and crying, her arms hugging her knees and her face curled downward. He placed the water bottle on the ground and the eggs beside it. He reached into the cup and grabbed one of the eggs, gently cracking the shell on the side and peeling it.

"Come here, slave," he said but she did not move. He felt a flare of annoyance, and it competed with the compassion he felt. "I gave an order. I do not want to have to punish you again. Not after the progress we made yesterday."

Slowly she pushed herself up into a sitting position, bending her neck to avoid hitting the top. She came to stop in front of him, gripping the bars with her hands, tears coating her white cheeks. He finished peeling the egg and ripped it in two with his fingers. He brought it up to the bars and she bit into it greedily, chewing it down. He prepared the next half the egg as she chewed, looking at her softly.

"I miss my family," she whispered as she swallowed. "They aren't much.... But I miss them."

"I am your family now," he told her.

"Do they think I am dead?" she asked.

"I have not checked any news headlines," he informed her. He usually did not have conversations with his slaves so soon into their time with him, but she was so sweet.

"I remember now... I didn't before but... I dreamed it. I was leaving St. Stephen's Basilica... right in broad daylight I was grabbed. There was a pin prick and I was in a van and then... nothing."

He said nothing but raised the egg to her lips. She accepted it, thanking him softly after she swallowed.

"Did you do it?"

"No, one of Belko's men did. I was in Salzburg when I got the call," he said softly.

"I will try to be good," she whispered, one stray tear leaving her eye. "I just don't want to be hit again."

He nodded, peeling the second egg.

"Obedience and submission. That's all I ask of you," he told her. He raised the egg to the cage again and she bit into it. He smiled softly. "I can be very kind. In time you will even come to care for me."

He saw the flash of defiance in her eyes and the curve of his lips turned sour.

"Yes, Master," she whispered. He gave her the last bite of the egg.

"Clean my fingers, slave," he told her and she glanced up at him hesitantly. When he kept his fingers through the bars, looking at her expectantly, she brought her lips to his fingers. "Slowly."

She obeyed, her tongue moving around his fingers as she tried to suck them clean. His cock twitched and tingled in his trousers as he took in the scene, holding eye contact with her as

she sucked his fingers. When his fingers were clean she began to move her face away, but he stopped her with a harsh glare.

“I did not give you permission to stop,” he told her and she paused. Slowly she brought her mouth back to his fingers, sucking on each digit slowly. He had to remind himself she was acting for him, but the scene was so intoxicating, and her tongue so warm, that he almost allowed himself to forget for a while. But that would put him in a dangerous situation. If he began to think she meant it, he would end up putting his guard down, and this little minx would not need much to push herself to slitting his throat while he slept. Another reason he would have to show her the locking mechanisms on his home sooner rather than later. He withdrew his hand, searching for a reaction, but she hid her relief well.

“Water,” he said and brought the water bottle up. “Your lips are chapped.”

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a little tube of Chap Stick as she drank. He took the water from her and put the Chap Stick to her lips.

“I love your mouth,” he whispered. “What is your favorite color?”

He raised his eyebrows when he saw her blank stare in response, but the budding of confusion and trepidation in her eyes.

“For your collar,” he told her and she immediately looked down, hoping to hide her gaze from him. If she was trying to be submissive she was failing miserably. “A mark of my ownership and your enslavement.”

“I know what it’s for,” she replied. His face darkened.

“It amazes me how quickly you turn sour,” he said and stood.

“No, I’m sorry, Master. I’m sorry,” she said and looked back up at him. “I don’t want you to be angry again, please.”

“Turn around, hands and knees,” he ordered curtly. He watched her lower lip tremble as she obeyed.

“I’m trying, Master, really, I’m trying to be good,” she said and he could tell she had begun to cry again.

“Ass pressed to the bars, face to the floor,” he ordered and she obeyed. “I have another cage down here in another room.”

He reached for his belt and began unfastening his pants.

“It’s smaller than this one,” he told her. “I could keep you in there for days.”

“No, I’ll be good,” she told him, pressing her abused ass cheeks against the bars. He gave his cock a few hard pumps before getting down onto his knees again. He spit into his hand, more for his own comfort than hers, which he cared little for in this moment. He would never understand why they fought him when he tried to be, he *wanted* to be, gentle and loving.

“You will be,” he agreed as he pushed himself into her. “I will make you.”

She moaned at the discomfort and pain as he began thrusting slowly. Her face was pressed against the floor of the cage and her sounds were muffled slightly, but they still sent bolts of pleasure through him.

“What am I Master of, slave?” he asked her, panting slightly.

“My body and soul,” she said.

“Say it all,” he bit out, grabbing the bars with his fists. There was enough space for him to slip a hand through, but getting a firm grip on her would be difficult and uncomfortable, and so he relied on her keeping her ass pressed against the bars for him. He was surprised and pleased to see that she continued to do so without the threat of violence.

“You are the Master of my body and soul,” she cried and he sped up his thrusts. “Oh, it hurts.”

“You deserve pain, bitch,” he told her and then asked between heavy breathing, “I give you food, water, tenderness, and what do I get in return?”

He felt her hips begin to sway slightly and move away from the bars. He knew she was not doing it completely on purpose, but it still angered him.

“Answer me,” he bit out.

“I’m sorry!” she cried. “I’m sorry!”

“I get sarcasm, and harsh glances, and disrespect,” he snapped. He growled and pulled out of her abruptly. He reached into his pocket for the key to the lock on the cage. After unlocking it he grabbed her by the hips and yanked her out onto the floor. She yelped in surprise, and then again in pain as she hit the concrete floor hard. He rolled her onto her back and crawled on top of her, thrusting back inside of her violently. When he did he gave her a cruel smirk.

“You’re wet, you whore,” he told her but she shook her head. He knew it was not blood, and he was not so inexperienced or ignorant to believe she actually liked it. A lot of women got wet while raped, some even orgasmed, but he knew enough that it was a simple bodily reaction. It was almost normal. But nine times out of ten, the woman in question did not know that, or was too ashamed to believe it, and he was very skilled at using it to his advantage.

Her eyes were closed and she shook her head, fat tears leaving her eyes. He looked down at her as he thrust, his arms pressed to the floor on either side of her head to support himself above her.

“Look at me,” he breathed. “I said look at me. Open your eyes!”

As he shouted in her face her eyes opened and she looked up at him in fear, pain and confusion.

“You’re wet,” he told her again, the smile on his lips.

“I... I don’t...” she breathed out, obviously well aware of the fact.

“Tell me you like,” he ordered, shifting his hips to get deeper inside of her. As he did a moan left her lips and he felt triumph and hot arousal course through him.

“No...” she breathed.

“Don’t lie,” he told her. “Would you be so wet if you didn’t like it? Tell me you like it.”

“I like it,” she breathed but her voice sounded strangled.

“Say it again,” he said, his own voice breathless.

“I like it,” she replied.

“Oh, you whore,” he breathed. “You filthy slut, you like it. You just need a man, a real man, to put you in your place and you’ll love it. Isn’t that right? Answer me.”

“I...no...” she breathed. He felt himself nearing completion but he regained control of himself. He had her in a perfect limbo of psychological torture right now, and he did not want to blow it by... well... blowing it.

“No lies,” he said and reached between her legs. “Now you’re sopping. Look at this.”

He pulled up his fingers to show her, her glistening fluids on his fingers. He pressed his fingers to her lips, forcing her to suck her juices from them.

“Do you think a girl who really doesn’t want it gets that wet?” he asked. When he saw the fear in her eyes he realized he had just made significant progress in the breakdown of her resistance. “There have been slaves before you, and none of them were such perfect little sluts.”

That was both the truth and a falsehood, for they did get aroused as she did now, partially through breaking them and partially through their body’s reaction, but he had never possessed one as perfect as the sweet girl pinned beneath him.

“Do you like it?” he asked. He watched her skin flush and her lips part. He had to wait though. He needed her to orgasm on her own, without any other stimulation. “Tell me the truth.”

“I like it,” she said again. He bit down on the inside of cheek hard, drawing blood, to keep himself from climaxing.

“You’re a filthy whore,” he breathed. “You’re a filthy whore. Say it.”

“I’m a filthy whore,” she panted.

“What am I master of?”

"My body and soul," she responded quickly. He angled his hips again, aiming to give her more pleasure. He was moving with no resistance now. She was tight, but hot and wet, gripping his hard cock greedily. He leaned down and sucked on her earlobe, nibbling at the soft skin. He felt her body lurch and her back arch and he breathed hotly against her.

"You like it," he whispered in her ear. "You like being mastered. You like belonging to a powerful man."

He felt rather than heard her orgasm. She bit back her cries, smothering them affectively, but her body tensed, jerked, and then shuddered as she came down from her high. The moment he felt her shudders, the end of her orgasm, he pulled out and came on her pretty shaved pussy. He grunted as he came, overcome with that warm afterglow he enjoyed so much after sex. He placed one last kiss to her earlobe and then stood, putting himself back into his jeans. He could see his cum and her arousal mingled on her thighs and on the floor between them. It was an intoxicating sight.

"Back in the cage," he ordered but she lay there on the floor a few moments, staring up at the ceiling, silent tears leaving her eyes. "Slave."

At the threat in his voice she rose and crawled back into the cage. She flopped down onto the ground, perfectly silent. He would have her shower later, something he enjoyed watching but not just this moment. For now he would have her lay here in her cage, alone, covered in their arousal, and think about what just happened. Though he knew she was intelligent, he hoped she did not know too much about biology. Let her shame herself into submission. It would make his job easier.

He flicked the lights off as he walked out of the room and left her in darkness, the smell of sex still hanging thickly in the air. He'd have her bathe in a few hours, stand there and watch as he made her scrub herself clean and shave. It was something many women found humiliating, and that only added to his pleasure.

He reached the top of the stairs and punched in the key lock, smiling at the memory of her escape attempt. She never would have made it to the top of the stairs, and so his lie that he would have let her go did not make him feel guilty. Though she had come closer than any other slaves he had tried that on. Her clever little ruse had amused him, and that was probably why she had not felt his entire wrath.

He sighed and shut the door behind up, returning to his bedroom for one more shower.

## VIII

She woke up in strong arms, surrounded by warmth, and a slight stinging in her head. She felt the damp cloth pressing to her head and the pain subsided but only just. A moan left her, a groggy, tired moan. Where was she? She could not remember. Had she overslept? Had she drank too much at the bar last night? And whose arms was she wrapped in, whose lap was she settled in, and whose strong, broad chest was she leaning against. She had never gone home with a man before, and the prospect had her rousing from her sleep, panic gripping her. When she opened her eyes, and she looked up at the man who belonged to the strong, warm body she was leaning against it all came back to her.

“You sleep walk,” he said when he found her eyes on him. She frowned as he dabbed at her forehead. “I thought you were trying to bash your brains in when I first came down.”

“I would have no reason to do that,” she replied emotionlessly. The cloth paused on her forehead and he eyed her coolly.

“Do you find yourself amusing?” he asked her. She said nothing, knowing she would no doubt get herself into trouble no matter what she said. “I do not.”

“Did I cut myself?” she asked, raising a hand to touch the split skin. He moved her hand away from her forehead and tossed the rag to the side.

“Did I cut myself, Master,” he responded.

“Did I cut myself, Master?” she asked, doing everything she could not to sound sarcastic.

“A small one. A sizable bruise,” he answered.

“I don’t remember,” she whispered. She knew she should move away from him, but she was too tired, emotionally and physically, and the touch was not terrible. He was only holding her, for now at least, and to move away would arouse his anger. She did not want to cry again. After last night, she didn’t know if she had any tears left. He nodded and ripped open a little alcohol swab. She thought it was funny, how gentle he was being. How hard had he hit her with those whips, canes, and whatever it was he used? Kept food from her and made her crawl. Raped her repeatedly and violently? Now he held her and gently, so gently, dabbing at her sore forehead. “I had terrible night terrors when I was little. They went away, but then I started sleep walking. I was ten and we were vacationing in Florida. I got up, opened the door, and walked three blocks completely in my sleep. Luckily a policeman found me.”

“I hope you kept a lock on your door after that,” he responded. “One must be careful. There are dangerous people out in the world.”

“Do you find yourself amusing?” she asked him, repeating his words from earlier back at him.

“Hmm,” he said softly, and deeply, but his lips curved upward slightly, as if amused by her, despite saying he was not. “I make attempts to be... from time to time.”

She smiled despite herself, but it was a small, sad, tired smile.

“I don’t want to fight today,” she whispered as he lowered the little alcohol swab to the kit next to him.

“Then don’t,” he replied. He reached up, both hands free now, to touch her cheek. So gently his finger tips trailed down from her cheek bone, along her jaw, and to her throat. She looked up at him, her eyes trying to flutter closed again. Would it be so bad, living life like this until she could escape? This man, this deranged man, wanted her to obey him, he would hurt her if he didn’t get what he want. Obeying him just seemed easier, at least right now, when she so desperately wanted to be in a bed, under warm blankets, sleeping peacefully.

“You’ll still hurt me,” she said softly, gazing up at his icy blue eyes. “I’m in so much pain.”

He looked down at her, saying nothing. His eyes were intense, hot and cold at the same time, and with all the emotion in them, impossible to read.

“Please let me lay down in the bed, Master,” she begged him, not even really feeling the shame in that moment. “Please?”

“What will you do?... to earn it?” he asked. Her skin flushed and her lower lip trembled in rage as she answered. Her voice was soft and it trembled, but he smiled.

“What do you want from me, Master?”

“A Kiss,” he told her. “A kiss that will not end with my lips being bitten off.”

She nodded slowly, bracing herself for the feel of his lips on hers but he did not move. She waited, biting the inside of her cheek hard, hoping it would take away the terrible aching and stinging in her body, as well as steel her nerves.

“Ask nicely,” he told her and her skin burned red. He demanded a kiss as payment, and then makes her ask for it as if she wanted it. She did her best to keep her body from tensing up, he would most certainly feel it with his arms wrapped around her the way they were, and prepared her voice. She managed to keep the tremble of rage out of it, but her voice was far from the emotionless void she had hoped it to be. It was pregnant with her pain, and embarrassment, and anger, and judging by the bitter smile on his face, he heard all three.

“Please Master, kiss me?”

“Kiss me is an imperative. Never use an imperative when speaking to me, or my friends,” he told her and she was suddenly hit with the realization that she had much more to fear than him. It was odd that in that little, offhand remark she could be struck so hard. The fact that she relied on this man for more than just surviving had never really entered into her thought process. When other’s came, it would be him that would have control over what terrible

things were done to her. She had already been raped by him, she could take it now, but not others, not multiple strangers she did not know. Not that she knew her “master”, but at least he was becoming... familiar.

“How would you like me to ask, Master?” she asked, swallowing some of her pride, suddenly afraid even the smallest sign of disrespect would send her off to be gang raped.

“May I please have a kiss, Master,” he said for her. “Always use the passive voice.”

“May I please have a kiss, Master?” she asked him. Her eyes moved to his lips despite herself. He had a handsome mouth, thin lips, but she had never been a fan of the puffy, pouty look on men.

“Since you asked so nicely, pet,” he told her with a little half grin. He leaned down, placing his lips to hers. His lips were warm and soft, and unlike last time when his face was rough with stubble, he was clean-shaven, and his skin soft and smooth. One of his hands cupped her cheek, the one hand holding complete control over the movement of her face. She did her very best to react in a favorable manner, but her body tensed. He seemed to have expected it though, and his other hand, the one wrapped around her waist, began stroking her back gently. His lips left hers for a heart beat before lowering again, this time slightly parted. His tongue ran across her lower lip, demanding entrance, and she forced her mouth open. His tongue entered her mouth, tasting her, playing with her tongue, pressing it down with his own.

She did not know how long it went on, but when he pulled back he was very pleased, and she a little breathless. Once again she was struck with confusion. The kiss, though terrible because of who she was kissing, was skilled, and gentle, and almost enjoyable. Why this handsome, obviously wealthy, erotically skilled man needed to do this was beyond her.

“How long have I been sleeping?” she asked him, struck by how tired she still was.

“Not long... our juices are still wet on your thighs. Can you not feel it?” he asked. She rubbed her thighs together and shuddered. “Or maybe much time has passed. Perhaps you were dreaming of me, hmm?”

His little teasing smile angered her. It was the little teasing smile that one might give a loved girlfriend. Though it still had its arrogance, it was too familiar, too normal. How dare he act like she was not here against her will? How dare he act like he has done nothing wrong? He could at least have the decency to acknowledge that they were nothing more than victim, and victimizer.

“That would explain why I was trying to bash my brains in,” she responded. She was on the floor in a moment’s time. He stood, catapulting her from his lap, sending her sprawling out on the hard floor. Panic suddenly gripped her once again and her body began to tremble. She held her hands up to protect herself, but she knew it would do very little good. But it was not the beating she was about to get that frightened her. It was the word ‘friends’, spoken in his voice, pronounced “freunds”, that rang in her ears.

"I am done being gentle with you," he told her, shaking his head. Though she had seen him angry before, furious even, this was different. It was a bitter disappointment she saw in his warped frown, his lips turned downward and his face tight.

"Please, master, I was just trying to make a joke --"

"A joke? That was no joke," he replied.

"I thought we were... I thought we were teasing each other..."

"Do you think I am stupid, whore?" he snapped. Gone was the nickname pet. It was once again replaced with whore, slut, or slave it seemed. In a ridiculously hard to understand way, it stung her slightly. "Do you think that every time you are sweet to me, it means you can turn around and be disobedient moments later, and nothing will happen?"

"No, please, I didn't --"

"You will receive no more tenderness from me, slut," he told her. "When you are obedient I will reward you with coldness and indifference and when I feel like it, the lash, but no more will I give you my tenderness."

"No, please, master. Master, please let me lay in your arms a little longer," she pleaded, hoping that begging to be closer to him would ease his temper.

"My arms," he sneered at her. He reached down and grabbed onto her. She yelped, but kept herself from fighting him. She did not want to give him anymore reason to hurt her. One of his hands gripped her hair as he yanked her over to the pillory. He locked her into it, but this time she kept locks clasped around her ankles as well and she could not even shift her feet to ease the strain. She cried as he locked her in, begging him to have mercy, that she didn't mean it, but he responded with silence. Once she was locked in he grabbed the side of her head and forced her to look up at him. She cried out in surprise when he spit on her. There was no mucus in it, he had not worked anything up, but it was still disgusting and she was momentary stunned. It landed on her right eye lid and slowly slid down her cheek. When her eyes fluttered open they met his icy gaze.

"Stupid, ungrateful, slut," he said smacking her cheek. "You could have gone to a man that would spit on you, piss on you, *shit* on you, beat you, cut you, burn you, and you hate *me*."

He moved around behind her again.

"Please Master, please, I'm sorry," she cried.

"Stupid cunt," he growled. "When I am done with you will be a shell. Nothing more than a shell and then I'll sell you to men far worse than me. Men that will use you in ways I would never even imagine. Men that will prostitute you to their friends, to strangers. You'll be begging for death before they are finished."

"No," she wept. "No! Please I'll be good!"

“How many times have I heard that?” he asked. “So many times. You are a lying, manipulative whore. Your soft little cries and sweet wet tears might have touched me before, but no longer.”

“What do I have to do?” she asked. “What do I have to do?”

“What do you have to do? Nothing, slave. You have run out of chances,” he answered and she cried out as the paddle landed on her skin. She cried out, begging him to stop, but the blows kept on falling. By the time it was over her ass was burning and she was weeping. She thought he was going to stop, but very quickly she realized she was wrong. He only changed implements. The cane was then used on her thighs and no matter how hard she cried or how loud she begged he did not stop.

“Please stop! Please!” she ended up nearly screeching. “Master … I… please…”

She began to hiccup as she cried. Her bruised bottom was on fire again and now her thighs were coated with lash marks. She tried to wiggle out of the stock, but it only chafed her wrists raw.

“Don’t… please… I don’t… don’t let other men touch me, please,” she cried. He paused his strikes.

“Is that what you fear most, slave?” he asked. “Not the pain, but other men fucking you?”

She nodded, sniffling and hiccupping.

“Please, please,” she begged. She tried to put all her fear and regret into her voice, sounding as contrite as she possibly could.

“You beg so pretty,” he mused. “Yesterday it might have meant something.”

He smacked her again and she yelped. He continued to strike her and she did not think she could stand anymore. When he finally stopped she thought it was over, but his hands slapped down on her ass cheeks and spread them apart. She prepared herself for the violation, but instead felt his finger press into her tight asshole. She jerked, cried out, and tried to swing her hips away from him.

“No, no, no, please, no, I’m begging you, please,” she cried out. His finger left her and she thought that he was going to leave her be. Instead he came back only moments later and she felt his finger enter her again, this time covered with lubricant.

“I shouldn’t even use lube,” he told her, pushing his finger into her up to the second knuckle. “I should rip that asshole apart until it bleeds, but I will not ruin an investment.”

“Please, anything but that,” she cried and he chuckled cruelly.

“You stupid, naïve, little girl,” he spoke, his words dripping with condescension. “Anything you say. You have no idea how lucky you are.”

He pumped his finger in her ass and then added a second. She winced and bit down on her lip hard. When his fingers were removed a small object was placed inside of her in its place. It was uncomfortable, an invasion, a humiliation, and she tried to sway her hips and force it out. It did no good though. When he came back around he forced the ring gag into her mouth, the one he used when he had forced his cock into her mouth. She tried to fight it, but not as hard as she could, terrified she might accidentally bite him and anger him further. Tears dripped down her cheeks and she shook her head but it did no good. She was immobile. Her ankles, hands and head were restrained, keeping her securely in place.

She was completely at his mercy, and that, coupled with the pain, had her trembling. She tried to beg around the gag but it did absolutely no good. She could not form words and even if he did know what she was trying to say he ignored her. She felt whatever it was that had been put inside of her pulled out and she waited. She felt his cock at her asshole and shuddered. The stretching was an amazing sensation as he entered her. There was pain, but a sensation shot through her pussy and down her legs. She shook her head and tried to groan but the gag did not let her. He groaned as he slowly pushed inside of her. The grip he had on her hips was bruising, but it actually helped distract her from the pain.

“Another thing to be grateful for,” he said as he pushed into her. “How many men buy from Belko I wonder, that fuck their toys with no condom, that have all manner of diseases?”

She shuddered but despite herself, *was* grateful that he did not. At least, that was what he made it sound like. Once he was completely inside of her he waited a moment. He was breathing slightly heavy, and he moaned deeply in the back of this throat. She cried out when he smacked an abused ass cheek hard.

“Look at you now,” he breathed. “You were so beautiful on that train. So sweet and innocent. I knew I’d have you like this sooner or later. In my basement, bound, bruised, my cock up this tight, little ass.”

She moaned in protest but it only seemed to make him move his cock backward and then push forward again.

“How’s that feel, whore?” he asked and slapped her other ass cheek. His thrusts began to move faster, harder, and his hips slammed into her ass hard. “I bet when... I am done...you’ll be...dripping...”

He was panting as he thrust and she moaned. He pulled out of her abruptly and she felt him begin to undo the latches at her ankles, then her wrists, and then lifted her head free. But he was not done. Her yanked her over to a nearby table and bent her over, forcing her hands behind her back. He pushed himself back into her asshole and there was another explosion of pain at the initial thrust but then it faded. She began to cry but not because of the pain. She could no longer pretend that there was nothing wrong with her. She had orgasmed last night, and now she felt a similar pressure building up inside of her. It hurt, and she still felt her body reacting to him. The shame could have swallowed her up. If she ever did get away from him how could she explain that to the police, to lawyers, or a jury. He could tell them she liked it and... she did. Who could believe she did not want it, if her body acted this way.

When her clit brushed against the table with every one of his violent thrusts it made it even worse. She bit back a moan, but because of the gag it escaped her. She heard his cruel laughter, felt a hard slap on her ass, and his thrusts slowed slightly, but became harder.

“You really are a dirty whore,” he breathed. “And all mine. Once you learn to obey me you will be perfect. Absolutely perfect.”

She moaned but she did not know if it was pleasure, pain, devastated acceptance, or a stubborn protest. The table shook as he thrust, and his hands gripped her arms hard, using them as a bracer as he held them behind her back. Her face brushed against the cool metal of the table with every movement, and her breath fogged it slightly. She stared at the fog as he thrust, trying to go somewhere else in her head. She would have been able to as well, ignore the pressure, the underlying pleasure, and pain, if he had not kept speaking. Every deep, accented word kept her in the present, kept her pressed to that table with him thrusting behind her.

“Oh you like it,” he breathed. “Is that why you fight so hard? Because you don’t want to accept that you’re my good little whore. One day you’ll beg me for my cock in your ass and it won’t be a punishment any longer, but a reward.”

He fucked her faster now, his thrusts staying hard and steady.

“Imagine the day, slave, when my cock will be a reward for you,” he said and her clit brushed against the cool table hard and a moan escaped her. He laughed again. “I don’t think it’s so far off.”

She felt his body tense behind her and his thrusts became slightly more erratic. His arms on her wrists tightened and she was sure she would be bruised in a few hours. He came inside of her and she could actually feel his seed shooting into her. He grunted and even when he was finished gave her a few more thrusts. When he pulled out of her she thought it was over, but he yanked her off the table and she fell onto her knees. He grabbed onto her hair and forced his semi-erect cock into her mouth. She could not fight it, the gag keeping her mouth open, but brought her hands up to the side of his pants. She fisted the fabric, looking up at him.

“How’s your ass taste?” he asked her, bringing her face to press against his lower abdomen. She gagged and he pulled back but kept his cock in her mouth. “Go on, clean my cock, use your tongue.”

She obeyed, but screwed her eyes shut as she did.

“Look at me!” he screamed, his accent coming out harsher. Her eyes snapped open and she looked up at him. Amazingly he got hard again, and he fucked her mouth as he had her ass. When he finally came again it was down the back of her throat and she sputtered and coughed when he pulled back. He let go of her hair and she fell down to the floor in front of him. She had no time to relax. “Crawl.”

She tried to get up onto her hands and knees but it took longer than he wanted. He removed his belt from his unbuttoned pants and wrapped it around her neck. Her eyes opened wide and she was sure he was going to strangle her as he looped it around her throat. But he only

used it as a leash and pulled her after him. It was into a small room that he lead her and as he flicked the light on she could see it was a bathroom. He removed her gag without a word but the belt remained around her neck.

“In the shower,” he ordered and she obeyed, moving her jaw as she did. She coughed as she climbed into the tub, but yelped when the water was turned on. It was frigid as it rained down upon her. A cloth was tossed at her, landing on her forehead, and he retrieved a bottle of shampoo and soap from underneath the sink.

“Clean yourself,” he said curtly and sat down on the chair by the door, watching her.

“I-i-it’s so c-cold,” she said as she got soap on the rag.

“Good girls get hot water,” he told her. She was shaking as she brought the rag over her body. “Not so hard.”

His voice was harsh and she realized that she was scrubbing her skin raw. She just wanted to get the shame, and the hurt, and the humiliation off of her skin, but no matter how hard she scrubbed it remained. She was struck with how cliché it was, but it was true. She thought if she scrubbed hard enough it would just fall off her skin along with the bruises and the red stripes.

“Hair now,” he ordered. She glanced over at him still shivering and then bowed her head. He sat there watching her as she bathed herself. It was yet another humiliation. This man seemed capable of stripping her entirely of her dignity and she hated him for it. All the same she obeyed him and washed her hair. She was too tired to fight and did not think she could take any more today. She was nearing her breaking point, she could feel it, and she knew she could not let that happen. Once she was rinsed she collapsed on the ground, curling up into a tiny ball. She wrapped her arms around her legs as if it could protect her.

“Get up,” he said but she could only shake her head. “Get. Up.”

She couldn’t. She shook her head.

“*Steh auf, schlampe,*” he bit out. “*Steh auf!*”

She heard him rise from his chair and forced herself up. He was standing by the side of the shower as she pushed herself up on shaky arms. Her muscles trembled but eventually she got up. Her ass hurt, but it was not as horrible as it might have been she knew. She was on her feet, but her knees gave out and she was hurdling to the ground. Yesterday he might have caught her, but he let her fall. She hit the ground and pain coursed through her. It might not have hurt had she not been so cold.

“If you do not stand up and crawl out of the bathroom so help me God...”

She crawled over the edge of the shower and she knew how pathetic she must have looked. She began making her way over to the soft pillow bed, but his cruel voice cut through the air, stopping her. She continued to stare at the bed, wishing that she could go back to this morning. She wished she could be laying in his arms again, warm, gentle caresses on her face

and body. She had been comfortable, he had been smiling, she had not been hurting so badly. And it was all her fault. She made him do this. Tears left her eyes as she cried. All because she couldn't keep her mouth shut. All because she could not let him win. But in the long run she would lose if she continued on. She had to make him think he won, as much as it killed her. He would be good to her then. He would be soft, and gentle and loving and then she could get out. She could get home.

"Master," she whispered as she fell onto the floor. Her muscles trembled. She was too tired. Only a few hours of sleep, not enough food, the pain, the rape, the cold water, the shame, the humiliation. It built up inside of a person.

"The cage."

She began to crawl toward her cage.

"No. Not that one," he told her. "That one."

She looked over. It was a tall, skinny cage, one she would have to stand in.

"No, please, I need to sleep, Master..."

"No should not be a word to ever pass your whore lips," he told her. "Go."

She crawled toward it. He needed to lift her up and put her into it. He removed his belt from her neck and clasped a metal clasp around her neck that kept her in place against the cage. Another clasp went around her waist. She still needed her energy to support herself, but if she did drop, she would not strangle herself.

"I'll be good," she told him, her voice cracking. "Give me another chance please."

"What did I say about imperatives?" he asked her.

"Please... let me have another chance?" she asked him.

"You've proven your behavior is only ever corrected a short while. When... *If*... I decide to give you another chance I will be certain to make your behavior correction permanent."

"Master..." she breathed looking at him.

He shut the cage on her, locking it with a padlock. She felt panic grip her and her breathing quickened.

"Can I know your name?" she asked him. She did not know why, she wanted to know his name. If he had a name he was more human, it might be easier to get through this. Some might prefer him to be a monster. It would make hating him easy, but she was so alone, and he was all she had.

"I won't call you it, but please. I just need to know," she said. She had no more tears to fall from her eyes onto her wet cheeks, and she was shivering from the cold water still on her body. He looked at her, his icy blue eyes, bloodshot from the crack to the face, watching her

skeptically. His skin was turning a blackish purple but it did not diminish from his good looks. She was angry at him, for being so handsome.

“Maximilian,” he told her, but she could see the hesitation in his face. He looked like he was waiting for her to do something with the information.

“Thank you, Master,” she said and one stray tear left her right eye.

“You be a good girl for me, Jessica,” he said, using her name for only the second time. “I want to be gentle with you. I want to be. You are not letting me.”

She thought it was odd that someone who claimed to have all the control, would give her that much power, but she knew to keep her mouth shut and only nodded. He nodded in return and left her then, walking up the stairs, leaving her alone, cold, wet, and scared.

## IX

Maximilian tossed the beer cap onto the kitchen counter with a sigh, listening as the ridged metal spun atop the dark marble surface. It was still pattering in his ears when he heard the pounding on the door and the beer bottle froze over his lips. There was a coldness that crept from the crown of his head downward until it consumed his entire body. With the coldness came the tightening of his muscles and an immediate aching behind his eyes. He was only four or five feet from the basement door, and despite knowing it was sound proof, listened for any sign of the girl he had in his basement. The pounding paused, but started again a moment after. The sound exploded through the house.

Boom. Boom. Boom.

He scrubbed a hand over his face, cursing and wincing immediately as pain shot though his nose. He placed the beer on the table and walked toward the front door. With each step he struggled to lift his heavy feet. His nose was throbbing now, his head hurt, and he could hear his heart beat pounding in his ears. When he opened the door, he was positive he was going to see a police officer standing in front of him, or a detective perhaps. Who else would be disturbing him at his vacation house? Few knew he owned it, fewer knew where it was, and those who did would call him first. When he opened the door to see the postal service there he could only stare at the visitor. His heart was still pounding in his ears but the nausea building up at the base of his throat was beginning to subside.

The man waited to be greeted but Max only stared, his icy eyes glaring at him from the black skin surrounding them. The man was obviously taken aback by the bruised skin and swollen nose, and surely the way in which Max was leaning against the semi cracked door did not lend a comforting air to him. Still, Max said nothing and the postman stared back, openly and rudely assessing his bruises. Finally, Max had enough and spoke, his speech harsh and clipped.

“Can I help you?” he asked stiffly.

“I have a package for you,” the postman said.

“A package,” Max said, glancing down at the large brown box the man had beside him.

“Yes, sir,” the man replied. “If you could sign here...?”

Max took the clip board and signed his name, glancing at the package hesitantly. He couldn’t imagine what it could possibly be, and with a recently kidnapped slave in his basement he was on edge. Once it was signed the man bent down to pick up the package and carry it into the house but Max stepped in front of him, taking the package into his own arms.

“Thank you,” he said curtly, stepping backward into the house. He kicked the door shut and locked it. Leaving the mysterious package in the hallway, he went to the living room window and looked out. He did not leave the window until he saw the postman driving down the windy road that led down the mountain and out of sight. Retrieving a knife from the kitchen,

along with his beer he sliced into the package. The moment the brown cardboard box was open he was able to see the backpack. He reached in and grabbed the note pinned to the top.

Got the address from a mutual friend. Thought you might like her affects. I have no need for them. Enjoy. -B

Max cursed as he crumpled the note. Belko knew he did not like having any more contact than he had to. It was an unnecessary risk he did not like taking. He reached in and pulled out the backpack, leaving the cardboard box in the center of the hallway. He plopped down on the couch, running his fingers over the bridge of his nose. He unzipped the larger zipper and reached inside. Most of it was clothing, which he put on the couch beside him. Deeper down, hidden under the clothing, was a camera, a contact book, and other necessary backpacking items, toothpaste and brush, cosmetics, a first aid kit, shaving cream ect. He set the shaving cream to the side, reminding himself that he had not had her shave when she took her cold shower. It had only been two days since she was waxed by Belko's people, and so she would not need to shave for a day or two yet, but it would be nice to be able to give her some female shaving cream when the time came, if she was good that was.

He searched for a cell phone, turning the bag inside out, searching pockets once, twice, three times. If there was anything in that bag that could be tracked he would make damn sure to get rid of it. Luckily he found no cell phone. Tossing aside a scarf with the colors of the German flag he sat back down on the couch. He was still anxious there was a cell phone in the bag, but when he found a bag of Euros labeled 'payphone' he relaxed some. He spent an hour or two going through her photos on her camera. He was able to track her trip backwards. The most recent photos were from Hungary, then Slovakia, the Czech Republic, Germany and beginning in Austria. The photos she was in made him smile.

She looked so happy. He wished she would smile at him like that. As he placed the camera down he told himself that one day she would, he just needed to be patient. He always had some difficulty being especially cruel, but with Jessica it was even more difficult. When he was seeing to the little cut on her forehead, he realized that he liked her. When she used his own words on him, 'do you find yourself amusing?', he had been amused. He only wished she had not taken it so far. He would be lying to himself if he did not admit that her second jab had cut deep. The moment the words left her lips, he felt his anger flair.

He stood with a sigh. When she had told him she did not want to fight, that she just wanted to lie down and sleep, he had envisioned a nice, long day laying in the pillow bed with her, holding her soft, naked body to his protectively. Entering the kitchen, he began boiling some water and grabbed a small plastic bag of rice. He stared into the boiling water, bitterly regretting the way the day had turned out. He knew it was his own fault that she was being so disobedient. He had let her get away with far too much. If he wanted to come back to a more obedient slave he would need to make sure he kept up his current treatment of her until he went on his meeting in Berlin; let Ulrik do with her as he will, barring any sexual contact or permanent damage. She would learn that she was lucky to have him.

He cut the bag of rice once it was done cooking and poured it plain into a small white bowl. He did not want her losing any more weight, though keeping food from her was what she deserved. He set the rice to the side to cool and went back into the living room. He switched

on the television and turned on the news, wondering if there would be any news of Jessica's abduction. It had been a while, but there might be updates. He also pulled out his phone and checked some news websites for international news. He found little blurbs about her here and there, but it was in the American news he found the longest article.

Twenty three year old Jessica Allen of Middletown, Delaware. He smiled as he read it. As he was reading the article about her life back in Delaware he heard her name on the television. He looked up in time to see the news cut to her crying mother, begging anyone who knew anything to go to the police. Her voice was dubbed over in German, but her pain was still palpable.

It did absolutely nothing to affect Max. He felt nothing as he watched it. It was times like these he wondered if there was something wrong with him. He chalked it up to the knowledge that Jessica belonged to him, and he would feel nothing for someone that would take her away from him. He shut the TV off when he felt his anger getting the best for him and went back to the kitchen. He left his phone on the counter as he collected the rice. If she discovered he had a phone on his person she might have no qualms about hurting him, thinking she could call for help. He checked to make sure the rice was cold, grabbed a bottle of water and then went to the basement. As he descended the stairs he could hear her sniffling and the moment that his foot made a loud noise on the steps she began to call for him.

"Master? Master, I'm sorry, please, I'm sorry," she begged and he smiled. She sounded so pretty when she begged. It sent blood rushing to his cock. He rounded the corner and saw her in the little cage. She was rubbing her thighs together and biting her lower lip hard. "Master please, I have to go to the bathroom."

"Do you," he murmured and then added coldly. "Better not piss yourself."

He examined her throat. He could see the chafing around her skin and knew she had been in and out of consciousness. He was glad he had secured the bar around her middle when he left. Had he not, she no doubt would have strangled herself. Her legs were trembling and only partially from her full bladder. He was once again struck with the weight she was losing. Her body was working overtime to keep up its energy, she was working on little sleep, and she had not had a lot in her system while she was drugged in Belko's warehouse. He would need to get more nutrients into her soon. One more day withholding food would suit her.

"I'm trying really hard not to, please, please, let me use the toilet," she begged and he placed the rice on the table. If it was not for the fact that he was decidedly not in the mood to clean up afterward, he would let her piss herself. The humiliation would be worth it. But he detested the smell and went over to remove her from the cage. He was pleased when she immediately went to her hands and knees and kissed his shoes. He would have relished it longer, but he could see her trembling and nudged her away.

"Crawl to the left corner," he ordered and followed her. He enjoyed watching her crawl, but her bottom was too bruised to really arouse him. He did not like seeing his property that marked up. He opened the door he had directed her too and she crawled inside. "In the corner, crouch over the drain."

He knew she was confused. She had seen the toilet in the room he had her shower in, but good girls got to use toilets. She looked up at him, eyes wet, cheeks tear stained, lower lip trembling. His cock twitched and he motioned with his chin toward the corner. He could see her consider protesting, but she hung her head and obeyed. As she prepared herself she looked up at him. He crossed his arms and leaned against the door frame. He did not find any pleasure from it, but he knew little would humiliate a slave more than being observed going to the bathroom. She hung her head again as she began to urinate and he waited.

“Is there any... Master, May I please have something...”

He looked at her a moment and then stepped inside, picking up a hose. She yelped as he sprayed her with the cold water, focusing on her legs and pussy. As he did he examined her. She could go a day without a shave and still be acceptable to him. Once he was pleased she was sufficiently hosed down he turned off the water and ordered her to crawl back to the cage. As she obeyed he grabbed some rope from the table. As he turned he saw her fall to the ground, unable to support herself. Her arms and legs were shaking as she lay against the ground. Her back rose and fell as she struggled to regain her breathing. The journey from the little closet back to her cage had taken a lot out of her. He grabbed her by the arms and yanked them behind her back, yanking her up to her knees. He had to hold her there for a few moments. She struggled to steady herself and he waited silently while she did. Now steady on her knees he tied her hands behind her back. She kept her eyes lowered, but he did not know if it was more out of submission or in order to hide her anger and hatred from him. Right now he did not care. It was early yet and no matter what, this was an improvement. He then went back and grabbed the bowl of cold, plain rice. He placed it in front of her and ordered her to eat. She looked up at him, pulling gently at her binds.

“If you want to eat, then eat,” he said curtly. She nodded, shivering, a tear dripping from her eyes. She did her best but it was difficult for her. She nearly fell a few times but he caught her before she could hit the ground. He kept a grip on her shoulders as she hunched over the bowl and watched as some rice fell to the carpet. “Every piece of rice that falls on the floor will get you a lash.”

He heard a little sob leave her and his lips tightened into a thin line. She finished the bowl and looked to the ground, counting the grains of rice that had fallen. He looked at her abused bottom, wondering how exactly he could do this without hurting her too badly, when she lowered her mouth to the carpet and began eating the grains off the floor. He could not keep the little satisfied smirk from his face.

“Gutes Mädchen,” he purred, rubbing the sides of her arms gently. When she was finished she looked up at him, fearful he would be angry. “What am I Master of, slave?”

“My body and soul. You’re the Master of my body and soul,” she told him. He removed his belt, relishing the fear in her eyes, and looped the belt around her neck. He stepped up to her, keeping her face against his trouser clad erection, but her chin angled upward so she could look at him.

“This is where you belong,” he told her. “Right here.”

She nodded and he leaned down to grab the bottle of water. He unscrewed the cap and brought it to her lips. She began drinking it, sucking it down fast and he pulled it back.

“Not so fast. Your stomach will cramp up.”

She nodded again and drank more slowly. He stopped her when the bottle was half empty. He did not want to overload her with water. He did not know a whole lot about the human body, but he had owned a few slaves. He had made the mistake once of letting one overload with water after keeping it from her and she had gotten violently ill, her muscles at cramping up.

He let the belt drop and pushed her to the floor. She cried out in surprise and stayed sprawled there a moment.

“Get up,” he ordered and she struggled with her bound hands to get up. The moment she was up, he nudged her with a neatly polished black shoe. She fell again. He laughed as she struggled to get up. She got back up to her knees and looked up at him. “We will go over rules today. Over to the hitching post. Over there in the corner.”

She looked and crawled over on her knees. He walked close behind her, but did not help her as she fell to the ground. He watched her struggle to get up, saw the trembling over her weak muscles. It was when it became clear that she was not going to be able to get up by herself that he got her back onto her knees. He left her by the hitching post on her knees, and went to go get a knife. She gasped when he cut through the ropes holding her arms behind her back.

“Crouch down on the wooden platform,” he ordered and she obeyed, her thighs already trembling. He wondered how long it would take for her to collapse. He clasped her wrists with handcuffs and then hooked her to a metal loop on top of the wooden post sticking out of the platform. The post was between her knees and he moved her so she balanced on the balls of her feet. She tugged on the handcuffs to test them out, but she could not move them away from the post. Her knees kept bending, and one foot gave out from underneath her, but he went over and corrected the position. He grabbed a flogger and walked back over to her, circling her and enjoying the look of her bound to the post. She winced in pain as her muscles burned but she managed to stay on her feet this time.

“I want you to repeat after me,” he told her. “I obey my Master.”

“I obey my Master,” she said and he swung the flogger to gently rain the leather strips over her shoulder blades. She tensed but did not cry out. He was not hitting her hard enough to cause anymore than a subtle stinging.

“I serve my Master,” he said.

“I serve my Master,” she repeated and he swung the flogger again at the same strength.

“I please my Master,” he said and she nodded.

“I please my Master,” she repeated and tensed for the flogger.

“Now all three,” he said and waited.

"I obey my Master. I serve my Master. I please my Master," she said, arching her neck to look up at him. He hit her with the flogger each time she spoke and she shivered. Her thighs were trembling and she bit her lower lip hard. He could see the muscles in her thighs working to hold her weight and he looked over her tightly shaped ass. She was in wonderful shape, no doubt due mostly to all the walking she had been doing around Europe. It was probably the only reason she was even able to stand right now.

"Again," he said and she repeated it back to him.

"I obey my Master, I serve my Master, I please my Master," she spoke, her voice breathy and trembling.

"I worship my Master," he told her.

"I worship my Master," she repeated.

"Now everything together," he told her.

"I obey my Master. I serve my Master. I please my Master. I worship my Master," she breathed and he swung the flogger each time she spoke.

"What am I master of?"

"You are the Master of my body and soul."

She leaned back, relieving some pressure from her thighs, using the post to hold her up. He swung the flogger, this time hitting her harder across her back.

"Up straight," he said curtly and she shifted again. She fell though, her legs giving out from beneath her and she let out a little sob. No doubt she expected a terrible punishment. He sighed and moved to kneel behind her, holding her up against his back. She leaned into him then, and he wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her closer to him. "Better?"

"Yes, Master," she breathed. "Thank you."

He snaked a finger between her thighs and rubbed her clit with his fingers. She moaned and laid her head back on his shoulder.

"Repeat it back to me," he said softly in her ear as he rubbed her pussy.

"I obey my Master, I serve my Master, I please my Master, I worship my Master," she said, biting back a low moan.

"Who is your Master?" he asked her, cupping a breast with his other hand.

"You are. You're my Master," she breathed.

"And what am I Master of?"

He slipped a finger inside of her and pinched a nipple. She was leaned against him, her arms outstretched and yanking at her handcuffs.

“My body and soul,” she groaned. One finger slid in and out of her, while her thumb messaged her clit gently. She moaned, tensed, and her hips bucked. Her juices slid down his hand and he smirked into her hair, breathing in her scent.

“What do you do for your Master?” he breathed into her ear. He tugged and tweaked at a nipple.

“I serve my Master, I obey my Master, I please my Master, I worship my Master,” she choked out and he pinched a nipple hard. She cried out in pain.

“Correct the order, slave,” he ordered and she thought a moment.

“I obey my Master, I serve my Master, I please my Master, I worship my Master,” she corrected herself. He messaged her reddened nipple.

“Good girl,” he purred. “Good little girl. Moan for me.”

She moaned and he slipped another finger inside of her.

“Beg for it, slave,” he ordered. “Beg for your relief.”

“Please Master,” she begged. “Please, oh God, please. I obey you, I serve you, I please you, I worship you.”

“Yes,” he hissed in her ear. His cock was straining against his trousers and pressed against her abused bottom. He watched her lips part, her cheeks flush. He heard her working up for an orgasm, her body trembling. He could see it in her face. He pulled his fingers away from her and stood, leaving her to support herself. She closed her eyes and silent tears dripped down her cheeks as she realized he was not going to let her climax.

“If you orgasm you get forty smacks with the cane,” he threatened. He uncuffed her from the post and brought her over to a small dog cage. She would not be able to remain standing, but he did not want her comfortable either.

“I obey my Master,” she murmured as he opened the cage door. She crawled inside and immediately fell to the ground.

“I serve my Master,” she breathed..

“I please my Master,” she said when he did locked the cage with a padlock.

“I worship my Master,” she spoke and it sounded like a plea. Her eyes opened and she looked up at him. Her brown eyes looked almost green when she cried.

“Keep saying that,” he told her. “I want to hear it when I come back.”

“Yes, Master,” she said. “Please don’t leave.”

He smiled softly and reached through the bars, touching her cheek gently.

“Say it to me again,” he told her.

“I obey my Master, I serve my Master, I please my Master, I worship my Master,” she breathed. “You are the Master of my body and soul.”

“I’ll be good now, Master,” she promised. “I’ll be good now.”

“You will,” he agreed. “You will.”

He stepped back and stood.

“No, Please!” she called after him, her voice cracking. “My legs... please!... You can’t!”

He stopped in his tracks, freezing halfway to the stairs.

“I can’t?” he asked, not looking back at her. “I... can’t?”

“I didn’t mean it like that... please, Master, please I didn’t mean it like that.”

He ignored her. He could not even hear her. He was furious. He felt the anger course through his muscles as he turned back, stopping in front of the cage. He looked at her through the bars and his eyes were on fire.

“Did you say I can’t?”

He spit the word out in disgust. She looked at him, eyes wet, shaking her head. He saw tears dripping down her cheeks and the desire to hurt her left him. He was furious, livid even, but he did not have it in him to cause her anymore pain. He wanted obedience and submission, he did not want to cause her any more pain than was necessary. He held a hand up, pointing at her, but said nothing. He had trouble finding words. His fury was competing with the feelings that stirred in his chest as he looked into her wet, sad, frightened eyes. He wanted to be the one that protected her, that made her feel good. He did not like being the one to torment her. He remembered the smile she had in her photographs. He reached out and touched her trembling lips and gently caressed the skin with his finger tips. He leaned in close, speaking in a hushed voice, not even noticing he had switched back to German.

“You do not tell me I can’t,” he told her softly. “I can do whatever I want. Whatever I want. It is you that can’t unless I decide otherwise. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she breathed. “I’m so sorry.”

“You don’t tell me I can’t,” he said, his own voice trembling, indicating his anger.

“I’m sorry, I know I can’t Master, I didn’t mean in it like that,” she pleaded. “I swear I didn’t mean it.”

He nodded, stroking her cheek gently.

“Never again,” he told her.

“Never again,” she agreed. He backed out of the cage and closed it. She said nothing this time as he left and he walked up the stairs, once again leaving her alone.

# X

Whatever the next stretch of time amounted to, it went by in a daze for Jessica. She remembered waking up to the feel of her Master gently pulling her out of the cage. His hands gently caressing her arms and legs as she sat in his lap, she was fed and given a few sips of water. The world blurred, and though she knew he was speaking to her, she could not understand the words. Slowly he laid her back down in her cage, her body cold against the hard concrete floor, and she faded into black again.

He came back again, taking her out of the cage and feeding her again. Her eyes remained closed, but she was able to sit up. As she spooned the scrambled eggs into her mouth she moaned, pain seeping from every joint, muscle, and inch of her body. He rubbed her back and ran his fingers through her hair. Just a day or so before, if he had pressed his lips to her hair and murmured soft words to her she would have tried to move away and block it out, but now she leaned into him, straining to hear his soft tender words.

She tried to speak to him but no words would form. She was too tired despite all the sleep she was getting. He shushed her as she slurred and she fell silent. Her head fell backward onto his shoulder and she looked up at him. He smiled softly, blue eyes shining. His finger tips caressed her cheek and trailed down her throat, gentle, loving touches. She promised herself that when she was stronger she would do as he said. She preferred this to the pain. She liked the way his hands felt gently caressing her aching body. His nose in her hair, which might have infuriated her just days before, now comforted her.

She faded out again, and when she woke up she was sitting down between his legs, her back to his chest, and she had a warm, wet rag between her legs. When it was removed he dunked it into a large bowl of hot soapy water beside him, and brought it back to her. He ran it up her legs and she reached out, touching her legs. They were soft, clean, and bare. Her hand dropped down, to her side and her head lolled back again. She was more aware now, but her body was still so tired. She brought her left hand up to grip the hand he had resting on her hip. She squeezed it with all her might, which was not a lot, and she leaned her head back to look at him.

“Thank you, Master,” she breathed.

“Shh, don’t speak,” he said curtly and she fell silent. She squeezed at his hand harder, wanting to show him, if not at words, that she was ready to be good. He placed the rag back into the bowl and ran his hands over her body. “Can you sit up?”

She nodded and sat up, not speaking. Gently his hands went into her hair, brushing it through with his fingers. He tied it back with a hair elastic and then had her lean back. She obeyed, looking up at him. His finger tips trailed over her throat again, trailing over her collar bone, and then going back to her throat.

“I want a kiss. A soft, gentle, loving kiss,” he told her and she nodded. Her lips parted and she held her chin up. Slowly he leaned toward her and pressed his mouth to hers. It was

chaste at first, but when he slipped his tongue into her mouth she did not protest. She mustered up every ounce of energy she had to respond to his kiss. She tried to move her tongue against his but he pressed it down to the bottom of her mouth. He pressed his lips to hers with more force, his hand closing around her throat gently. When he parted she saw a deep frown on his face and she panicked.

"I'm sorry Master, and I'm... I'm sorry for speaking, I know you said not to, I'm sorry... I'm just... really, I'm sorry for talking... but I'm just not very good at kissing, but I'll learn. I swear, and really, I'm sorry for speaking. I know you said not to. I'm not trying to be bad. Please don't punish me, I'm sorry," she started to hyperventilate and tears fell from her cheeks. He shushed her, wiping the tears away.

"Quiet now," he said gently. "No speaking."

She nodded and he stood up. She looked up at him, moving onto her hands and knees. Her body protested and she trembled, but she managed to crawl behind him. She felt like crying when he motioned to the cage, but she crawled in dutifully. Her lower lip trembled as she looked up at him. She wanted to beg him so badly, tell him she was sorry, but she knew if she spoke again he would be angry. He was looking down at her, his jaw set, and he looked angry already. A tear left her right eye and she saw him grimace. He looked like he wanted to say something but he remained quiet. She could see longing in his eyes, gentleness, even tenderness, but something was holding him back. Her lips parted and she was about to speak but she looked down instead. She knew if she spoke any tenderness she saw in his eyes would disappear. She'd be beaten again and this time she might not be forgiven. He would get tired of fighting her eventually, and she did not know just how far she could push him. She looked at his face, the bruises now a light yellow, mixed with some purple and red. Some men, she knew, would have murdered her just for that. She wished she could stand from her cage and gently kiss the skin, tell him how sorry she was and that she would never do something like that again. Not until she would escape anyway.

She got up onto her knees and gripped the bars. She bit her lip, looking up at him and he tilted his head to the side, whatever inner conflict he was going through evident on his face. Finally he closed his eyes, shook his head, and began walking toward the stairs. She wanted to call out, and would have a day or so ago, but she couldn't. She was too scared. She was ashamed, felt like she was letting him win, but she tried to remind herself she had no other choice.

"Go to sleep, slave," he nearly barked as she heard him walk up the stairs and shamefully obedient, she did.

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The next time she woke she actually felt well rested. Her body ached, she was starving, and thirsty, and aching, but she was well rested. When she looked around now her vision was clear, and she could think in more than short muddled thoughts and emotions. She lay in her cage rolled up in a ball, preparing for when her Master came back down the steps. She would be obedient and respectful, do what he wished and give him what he wanted. He had proven what he was capable of. He had made his point, and if she was going to be honest, she wanted his gentleness. When she had been dozing, it had felt so nice, and it was such a nice

relief, that she was willing to swallow her pride to keep from going back to that place. She could not remember a lot of what had happened, but in those short snippets, despite all the aching and pain, she had felt warm and safe.

When she finally heard the door open she sat up. He had placed her in a large cage, and she was able to get as high as sitting up on her knees in this one. She looked toward the door that had the stairs on the other side and waited anxiously. He would most certainly be kind and gentle now. Even though the look on his face when he left last had confused her, and she was still uneasy about it, she thought back to the kiss. She was almost excited to show him she had learned her lesson.

But when the door opened and she saw the person walk around the corner, she was horrified to see it was not her handsome, bruised-faced Master standing there, instead stood a tall, middle aged man with blue eyes and ash blond hair. She nearly threw her back against the far wall of her cage, eyes wide and breathing hard. He grinned, cold and cruel, and she saw real malice in his eyes.

“No, no, no, no, no,” she breathed, gripping the cage bars behind her.

“Yes, yes, yes, yes,” he replied, a thick accent morphing his words.

“Where’s my Master,” she breathed, her chest heaving. He looked at her, cold, leering, taunting smile on his lips, but said nothing. He had one hand in his pocket as he circled the cage. She did her best to keep on the opposite of the cage as him and he laughed.

“You are not as pretty as he said you were,” he told her in German. She suddenly knew he had sold her, that his kiss had been a kiss goodbye, and that everything he said was true. He did want to take care of her and be gentle, as sick as he was going about it, and thought she would never learn. That’s what that look had been. He did not want to sell her but she had obviously given him no choice. She felt tears come to her eyes and shook her head. No, she was still in his basement. He would have drugged her and she’d have woken up somewhere else if he sold her.

“I want my Master,” she said in German and his cruel, twisted smile widening slightly.

“Now you have respect,” he mused. “Now you call him Master.”

“Where is he?” she asked, voice cracking. “Master? Master! Master!”

“He cannot hear you in Berlin,” he laughed. “You’re mine now.”

“No, that’s not true,” she breathed, eyes as wide as plates. Tears dripped down her cheeks and she wondered if she was even in his house after all. What if this was some sort of slave dungeon that these men kept women in, and now that he didn’t want her he had left her for this man. What if this was some sort of twisted, trial dungeon? Her heart pounded so hard she thought it was going to burst from her chest. Her lower lip trembled and she pressed herself to the back of the cage as he came to open it. He reached in and grabbed her ankle, yanking her out of the cage violently. Her body scraped against the ground and she felt a wide gash on

her arm as she caught one of the hard edges of the bars. She yelped, screamed, kicked, and bit, but this man was more unforgiving than her Master had been and she was still too weak.

When she did finally get a good kick on him he slapped her so hard across the face that she was stunned. She was slammed down on a hard surface, a table she saw, and the wind was knocked out of her. She looked up at him with wide eyes, terror and pain rushing through her body. She began crying, fighting to break free from the vice like grip this new man had on her wrists.

“Maximilian has a softness for a crying woman,” he told her. “I do not.”

“I want my Master,” she cried. “I want my Master. I want my Master.”

“I want my Master,” he taunted. “I saw his face, ungrateful cunt. Ungrateful, you’re all the same.”

She was grabbed again and despite how hard she fought she was too weak, and he secured her to the ceiling with no problems. He came to stand before her, a cane in his hand.

“Do you know what a cane is really capable of?” he asked her and she shook violently. Even with her Master she had not been this frightened before. She had never felt this kind of fear. The slap to the face had hurt, and she could taste the blood on her split lip. He held the cane up, and when she did not answer she flicked her face with the cane. She yelped, the stinging in her cheek bringing more tears to her eyes.

“Don’t mark her face, he told me, she’s too beautiful,” the man said. “You’re not so pretty.”

The salt of her tears mixed with the taste of her blood in her mouth and she felt like throwing up. This couldn’t be happening. It wasn’t fair. She wanted her Master back. Things were about to get better and now she was worse off than ever.

“I will show you, whore, what a cane is capable of,” he told her and disappeared behind her. She screamed so loud that when he was finished, her voice was hoarse.

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Maximilian felt his hand tremble as it covered his mouth. His laptop rested on his lap, his head phones set in his ears, and he kept the volume down despite having his own compartment. Ulrik knew he would be watching, and so he was even more offended when he saw him slap Jessica across the face and then smack her with the cane. The camera feed was not great, but the audio was as if he was in the same room, and he closed his eyes a few times as he listened. In the past, if he heard a girl calling for him like that, begging for him to come back and save her, he would have been hard as a rock, brimming with arousal, but coming from Jessica it was painful.

When Ulrik arrived at his home the two had a long talk about what he was allowed and what he was not allowed to do. Then Max went downstairs and bathed, shaved, and fed Jessica. The kiss had been amazing, and he almost considered cancelling his trip. He had to order her to be quiet to keep his resolve in place, and when she spoke to him anyway he had not been

angry. He had been conflicted. He did not want to leave her, especially with another man, but he had to. He had responsibilities. He knew she wanted to speak to him before he left, and he waited, willing her to, and praying she didn't at the same time. If she had, he no doubt would have lost his will and stayed with her.

Now, watching Ulrik cane her he felt anger, jealousy, and fear. He told Ulrik not to hurt her too badly. She was already too weak and he believed he had broken her sufficiently. He did not want her to be nothing but an obedient zombie. He had been sure Ulrik would listen to him, but the slap to the face, the flick of the cane... it had been excessively violent. And the way her voice cracked as she said she wanted him, called out to him to go to her and rescue her. It tore him to pieces that he would not. His hand shook as he listened to her little cries of pain.

It was not even entirely that she was in pain. He did find pleasure in knowing he could and sometimes actually causing some pain, but watching another man with his slave, with his Jessica, it drove him crazy. He scowled, and pounded the mute button with his finger. He lowered the top of the laptop and looked out the window. He bit his thumb nail down to the quick. He'd be in Berlin tonight, go to his meeting tomorrow and be on the five o'clock train back to Austria. She'd be in his arms again tomorrow night.

He lifted the laptop back up and turned the volume back on. Perhaps, he thought to himself as he felt his stomach tighten and twist, he was as much a masochist as he was a sadist. Why else would he endure such torture? Every cry of her voice ripped through him.

"If you draw blood, you bastard, I'll murder you," he breathed. He regretted telling Ulrik he could hit her. He wanted her to realize, desperately needed her to realize how lucky she was, how good he could be to her. He trusted Ulrik, loved Ulrik, but Ulrik was cruel, sadistic, and had a very different definition of 'not too violent'. But he wouldn't look away no matter how hard it was. He needed to know that Ulrik did not touch her beyond what was necessary. He did not even like the idea of him being able to see her beautiful, naked, body.

"I want my Master! Master! Please help me, Master! Come back, please, come back!" she cried out and he ground his teeth together hard.

"I'm coming back, darling girl," he murmured. "I'll be back."

And you'll be good for me, he thought to himself, you'll be a good girl for me now.

He heard her cry out again, and he closed his eyes.

# XI

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Max only half listened to the CEO drone on about quarterly financial reports and merger deadlines. His voice grated on his nerves, and between staring down at his own copy of the reports, and glaring at the infuriatingly arrogant, women on the board, he would answer questions put to him with simple curt responses. As the FP&A manager, he was not asked much during the meeting. His business was all in order, and when he did speak he made sure to point out the major failings of the financial accounting department. That dreadful hag of a woman was after his job, and though it would be a lateral position move, the status was more lucrative. The only way that beast of a woman would get the FP&A position was when he was made acting CFO, a move he knew would be coming within the next few months.

He checked his phone every ten minutes or so, anxious for an update from Ulrik. He had called the night before and chastised his friend bitterly for hitting her in the face, but Ulrik had set him straight. He was doing him a favor truly. Jessica would be grateful when he returned, and there was nothing more sweet than a gentle, loving, and grateful slave. Still, a part of him was scared it would backfire, and she would be angry with him for surrendering her to someone who would hurt her so badly. Along with this came a sense of extreme guilt. He wanted her to know him as the man that would care for her and protect her. Serving her up on a silver platter to a cruel man were not the actions of a master who would protect and care for his slave.

He told himself he had to, however. It would be the final step to her realizing how much she should value him. During their lunch break he went down to the little café on the ground floor of the corporate office in Berlin. He settled himself in the corner and turned on his laptop, ordering a double shot of espresso and butterbrot. Ulrik was not down in the dungeon with Jessica, but he could hear her crying. She was in one of the smaller cages, usually kept in the back, but Ulrik had brought it into the middle of the room upon Max's request so he could watch her. Her shoulders shook and he strained to see the marks on her skin. The camera quality was relatively good for home security systems but the lights in the basement were off. Only a lamp in the corner lit the room and he struggled to see. He wished that he recorded everything so he could look back and see what happened while he was in the morning portion of his meeting. He made sure nothing recorded, so if anything happened there would be nothing for the cops to see, and he would not have to delete anything, making him look guilty should they come knocking.

“Here you go, sir,” the young waitress said smiling. “Did you get into a fight?”

He glanced up, annoyed, and gave her a hard look.

“No,” he said curtly and picked up his espresso, drinking it plain in just a few sips.

“I bet you did and I bet you won,” she smiled. “I bet you beat him up real good.”

"I am on the board of directors of a billion dollar corporation. I do not get into street fights," he replied coolly. Weeks ago he would have smiled at the girl, charmed her, gotten her name and number, and had her in his hotel room that night to play out any wicked desire he had. Now he was insulted by the attention. Insulted she dare think she could compete with Jessica. He only wanted one girl and this flirtatious young waitress was not her.

"I didn't mean to offend you, sir. I just thought it made you look handsome. Do you think, maybe some time –"

"I am married," he replied, lowering the computer screen slightly, despite her being on the other side of him.

"Oh... I'm so sorry... you just weren't wearing a ring so I thought –"

"Yes, well now you know, and if you want a tip I suggest you leave me alone right now," he did not take the time to see her reaction. He frankly did not care, and she left. He lifted the laptop back up and looked at Jessica. Something about this girl had gotten under his skin, but he was not as frightened as many in his case might have been. After fifteen years of searching for the right slave, six years of which he had been taking them against their will via Istvan Belko, he had finally found one he saw himself keeping for years to come. His past slaves he went to Belko's warehouses and looked them over like cattle before making his decision. This one he had chosen specifically after seeing her out in the real world. He had been able to keep eyes on her from afar. His obsession had grown from there and now he wanted her obedience and affection more than ever before.

He watched and listened to her lay in the cage and cry as he ate, feeling both guilty, infuriated, and satisfied. She needed this. She needed to be educated. This was the education she needed and when he returned it would be to a good and obedient slave. He looked up from his sandwich when he heard motion in the room. She was still lying on her side, but she had reached up to clutch the bars with a hand. She looked so small curled up in the little cage.

"Master?" she cried her voice cracking. It made him smile. Her voice was a harsh whisper. She wanted to call to him, but she did not want to bring Ulrik back down the stairs to hurt her anymore. "I'll be good now, please come back."

She would be. He suddenly knew she would. He imagined returning to her in a few hours. He was giddy for it. She'd beg him for his forgiveness, kiss his feet, and prostrate herself before him as any good woman would. The thought that she was finally coming to terms with her duties as a woman and a slave had his insides spreading with warmth. As he closed up his laptop, threw some money on the table, and went back to the afternoon portion of his meeting, he was in a much better mood. He even had a small smile on his lips. The next five hours went by with extreme slowness and the moment they were dismissed he hurried for the train station. One of the men on the board that knew of his lifestyle, and shared it, gave him a curt nod and smile as he hurried from the room, but said nothing.

He made the five o'clock train, but barely, and settled in for a long journey back. The normally eight hour ordeal felt like it lasted days. When he had to switch trains in München he knew that the longest stretch was behind him, but it only made time go by more slowly. When he finally arrived back at Innsbruck it was two in the morning. It took him another

forty five minutes to drive home. He entered the front door anxious to get down to his slave, and found Ulrik up and watching TV in the living room. Max ignored him and walked into the kitchen, placing his small bag and briefcase onto the counter. He poured himself a glass of milk and took a deep breath, calming himself. As he did so he saw a stack of bills on the counter and he reached for them. After counting, he determined there were twenty hundred Euro bills. He frowned and walked into the living room.

“What is this for?” he asked and Ulrik looked up.

“The bruise on her face. I hit her a little harder than I meant. I’m sorry,” he said genuinely and Max nodded. Because woman (or slaves in general, but the social circles he ran in only focused on the slavery and subjugation of women) were property, a lot of masters would pay one another when they were overzealous. He accepted it wordlessly, but he was slightly angry that Jessica’s face was bruised. He could say nothing without appearing weak though. Jessica was an object to be bought, sold and used. Ulrik had paid him for damaging his product and she would heal. Still... it put a very sour taste in his mouth.

“She’s beautiful,” Ulrik said. “Not as far gone as I thought she would be though.”

“I don’t want a zombie,” Max replied, leaning back against the wall. He wanted to go down stairs right away, but he did not want to appear too eager in front of his friend. Ulrik was never ashamed of growing attached to slaves, he had Maria now for nearly two years and seemed quite fond of her, but they both had reputations and appearances to uphold.

“I know,” Ulrik responded. “You’ll be angry with me when you see her, but you’ll thank me tomorrow before I leave.”

“What have you done?” Max asked, a dark frown coming to his face. He had been quite specific that he did not want blood drawn or her face bruised. The way Ulrik was making it sound, he had done both.

“Nothing you shouldn’t have done yourself,” Ulrik said. “But now she’ll see you as a kind, gentle master, which is what you want right?”

“Has blood been drawn?” Max asked. “If you broke the skin-”

“Just one stripe. It won’t scar. I’ve done worse to Maria,” Ulrik informed him. “She called me a nazi.”

Max laughed.

“I’m actually surprised she hasn’t called me that yet,” he admitted. He laughed now, but if she were to do so, he would be far from amused.

“I think it has more to do with my coloring than heritage,” Ulrik smiled and shut the TV off. “Bruise goes from here to here, her lip is split and swollen. She ate earlier, but she threw it up, so you might try feeding her again now that she will be more at ease with you. Might want to bathe her first though, she got some in her hair and I didn’t think you wanted me bathing her. Plus... I find it distasteful.”

"Ulrik I called you so she would be taken care of," Max said, voice low. "I called you because I trusted you."

"We'll talk tomorrow," Ulrik said and stood. He walked over and placed a hand on Max's shoulder. "Then we'll see about that thank you. Good night, Maximilian."

Max cursed slightly and went into the kitchen. He made some eggs and mixed some blueberries and strawberries into a bowl with some yogurt. He also grabbed a water bottle and a glass of milk. He knew as he made it she wouldn't be eating all of it. He doubted she would be able to keep it down, but he wanted her to have a little bit of all of it. He collected everything in his arms, and with a deep sigh of apprehension, he walked downstairs.

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Jessica moaned when she felt the hand close around her ankle, but she did not have the energy to fight anymore. Weakly she tried to pull her leg away, but the man that had the grip on her tugged. She shook her head and moaned again. She could hear the man speaking but she did not know what he was saying. It was like she was listening to his voice from the end of a long, dark tunnel. The hand patted her calf and she moaned a third time. She felt her body being dragged across the hard ground and pain once again took hold of all her senses. She was now certain her Master had sold her. Too much time had passed and he would not be coming to save her. It was only a matter of time before she was raped by this new man and he showed no signs of having her Master's propensity toward gentleness.

"I want my Master," she breathed out, but she knew it would do no good. She had been ungrateful and now he was gone and she was getting what she deserved. She only wished he would give her one last chance. This other man had beaten her until she bled. He had force fed her when she refused to eat and left her in her own throw up when her stomach could not hold it. She had no fight left in her physically, and mentally she was spent. She felt a hand patted her cheek gently but she did not stir. She only breathed out, "I'm sorry, Master," as if he could hear her and would come up.

She was scooped up in strong arms and brought into the bathroom. She heard the water come on and waited for the freezing spray of water come down on top of her. Instead, as the man that had her in his arms stepped into the spray still fully clothed, she felt hot, steaming water on her face. She opened her mouth immediately to drink the liquid gold, but a hand gently went to her chin and closed her mouth. The world slowly began coming back to her. The voice whispering to her was tender, the caressing gentle. It was not like the man her Master had sold her too. She tried to open her eyes but the water kept her from doing so.

"Master?" she asked, voice cracking, when she focused on the sound of his voice. The accent she once loved, then grew to hate, she now loved once again and she gripped his wet shirt hard. "Is that my Master?"

"It is, Pet," she heard him say and she began to cry, but these were not the tears of sorrow and depression she had grown so used to. Relief, happiness, and affection all burst out of her. She gripped at his wet suit hard, pressing her aching body to his with as much force as she could. She had been so positive she would never see him again, and now that she was in his arms again, she was overcome with joy.

“Oh, Master,” she cried into his chest. “Master, master, master.”

It was all she could think to say. His hand gently stroked at her but she could not get close enough to him. She tried to press her body against his harder, but she had so little strength. She clung to him like a drowning man would a life saver.

“Shh,” he said softly and moved her so her bottom was on the floor of the shower and her back was pressed to his chest. She leaned into him, her head lolling to the side of his shoulder and she felt him put shampoo on the top of her head. She could hardly remember the last time she showered and the gentle massaging of his fingers on her scalp was heavenly.

“I missed you,” she whispered as he rinsed her hair.

“and I missed you, pet,” he replied. His hands ran over her body gentle as he lathered the soap all over her body.

“Do you want me, Master?” she breathed. “I won’t fight you.”

“No?” he asked.

“No, Master,” she breathed. “I won’t ever fight again.”

“That’s my good girl,” he coed. “But first you need to eat and rest.”

“No...” she breathed and his hand slowly slid between her legs with a hot rag. “I need to serve you.”

“Serve and obey me, pet, by eating and resting,” he told her and she nodded.

“I... I please my Master,” she whispered to him, desperately trying to show him he had no reason to beat her anymore. “I obey my Master. I serve my Master...I...” she trailed off, her head aching as she tried to think of the other.

“...worship...” he helped her gently, running a comb through her hair, still under the hot spray of the shower. He must have brought it with him when he carried her into bathroom. The fell of the comb going through her hair, the hot water, the soup, the smell of her own vomit and blood and piss leaving her body was amazing. She closed her eyes and kept her head up toward the spray of the hot water, letting it fall over her. She knew when her strength returned all these words she kept saying would need to be put into action if she was going to preserve herself, but in that moment she did not care.

“I worship my Master. Please don’t ever leave me again, Master. Please don’t,” she begged him. She could withstand his attentions. Being raped by him had been traumatic, and wile every time he did it, it was an invasion and a violation, she knew her Master. She had some sort of relationship with him. She could not go through that with other men. And this man he had left her with kept telling her about how much money he could make renting her out to friends. A life of rape by countless men, a never ending line of willing abusers, had terrified her. Her Master could be cruel, had kidnapped her, bought her, whipped her and raped her, but he would not share her. She found solace in that and she was thankful to him for it.

"And why not?" he asked her softly. One of his hands skirted along her hip, pulling her back up into her sitting position. She had been slipping slightly and had not noticed. He continued running the rag over her thighs, but he paused a moment to slip his fingers between her legs, his fingers prodding her opening. She did not think she had the strength for sex right now, but she would refuse him nothing. Not if it meant him keeping her safe, keeping her away from that terrible man.

"Because you are the Master of my body and soul," she told him. He was always telling her to say it and she knew he would like to hear it. Men like him liked having their egos stroked. She knew that if she ever got a second chance she needed to not only obey him, but verbally confirm his mastery of her. It was what would take him off guard and show him she truly did not want to be given to anyone else. His hand touched her cheek and his mouth touched hers for a moment... soft... chaste.

"Say it again," he told her, his voice hot. She tried to look up at him but the water was in her eyes. She needed to obey, give him what he wanted, let him know how powerful he was and that he had her submission.

"You are the Master of my body and soul," she told him again. "I'm all yours. I belong to you."

"Yes you do," he said in her ear. He placed a kiss to her jaw. "I paid for you. You're my property now. I have rights to you."

"I'm sorry for this."

She had enough strength to raise an arm and gently touch his nose.

"It hurts," he told her and after a few moments of struggle turned in his lap. He leaned down half way to help her, and she presses her lips to his eyelids and then nose. She looked at him, her head facing away from the water, and in that moment he was the most handsome man she had ever seen in her entire life. He had a little smile on his lips, a scruffy little beard from a day and a night of not shaving on his face. His blue eyes twinkled and his dark brown hair was plastered to his head as he sat under the water with her. She pulled back slightly, placing on last kiss to his nose, and touched his suit. She had always had a thing for a man in a suit, and she knew an expensive suit when she saw one. The fact that he got into the shower with her, fully dressed, to hold and bathe her aroused some affection in her. It was an affection she could not really understand but it was there. The bottom line was when the other man came she was forced to chose. She had chosen her Master, and now she saw him differently.

"I'm sorry," she said again. "I was scared and I didn't understand my place."

"But you know it now," he told her. His hands touched her own bruised face and she licked the area of her lip that had bled so badly. She would never have dared call her Master a Nazi. Such a comment might hit a little too close to home for a people that were still very much healing from the small era in their history, but she had no trouble throwing it out at this other man. It had been a mistake. The moment it left her lips she regretted it and he hit her across the face again. Unlike the first time he had hit her across the face, which had split her lip initially, he backhanded her with such force that she went sprawling out the floor and blood

pooled from the soft flesh of her split lips. Her nose had began to bleed and she knew that the bruise would be horrendous. She would need to be more careful about who she called Nazis and keep from throwing around such a loaded word in this area of Europe.

“Yes Master,” she told him and she leaned into him again, pressing her face to his neck. Her strength was leaving her again. She had been working on little bursts since her Master left her. She had partly recovered from her Master’s earlier treatment when the new man had arrived, but this new man had beaten her back into oblivion. After the initial slap in retaliation of calling him a Nazi, he had hit her so hard with the cane that her skin had cracked and split, sending hot blood trailing down her legs.

“Do you know where your place is, pet? Do you know where you belong?” he asked her softly, hands gently massaging her arms and shoulders, moving up and down her body as she leaned against him. “At my feet, on your hands and knees, ready to obey any order I give you with excitement and enthusiasm.”

“I was bad Master. I didn’t understand. I promise I’ll be good now. Please, you have to believe me... I mean... you don’t have to do anything... what I mean is... please I didn’t mean that...”

Her jaw began to quiver and he shushed her gently.

“Please believe me’ will suffice,” he told her, correcting her on the proper way of wording that plea. “Continue.”

“I was bad, but I’ll be good now. I understand that you have all the power. I’m weak... I can’t fight you. You’ll always win... and I don’t want to fight anymore. I really don’t want to fight anymore.”

“Do you mean it?” he asked her. “Are you truly sorry? Do you see how lucky you are to have me now?”

“Yes, Master. I promise. I promise. I’ll be good and obey you now.”

“Then you are forgiven,” he told her and she actually giggled. It bubbled up inside of her and burst from her throat in a painful crack. Her shoulder shook and there was a smile on her lips. But slowly tears began to form in her eyes and it sounded like she was choking. Slowly, her giggles morphed into sobs, and she fell asleep in his arms, under the hot spray of the water.

## Chapter End Notes

Please leave feedback!

## XII

He stripped off his wet suit jacket once he laid her down on the bed. She struggled to stay in the upright position he put her in. He took the tie form around his neck and placed it on his work bench as he watched her sway. She looked so utterly defeated sitting there, staring off into space in a complete daze. Her big brown eyes looked almost glazed over, but he knew she would recover mentally. She had enough of her previous personality left that he did not have to worry about having a comatose zombie obeying him in a complete daze for the rest of her life. It was a beautiful sight, but it would have been far more enjoyable if it was not for the angry bruise on her face. It extended from just above her right nostril down to just below her bottom lip and went sideways from the corner of her mouth to the middle of her left nostril. Her usually pale pink lips were dotted with purple and black little spots and they were swollen. Her lip was split in two places, her upper lip and her bottom lip, but it appeared as if it was one long cut across her mouth. He had glanced at her striped bottom and thighs only briefly, but it was not as bad as he had feared. Her abused thighs would be healed in just a week or so.

He unbuttoned his wet dress shirt and tossed it over his tie. She glanced up at him for a moment, but the moment their eyes met she looked down again. Even though he was soaked through completely he left his trousers and white t-shirt on. His shoes and socks he had removed before stepping into the shower with her. He grabbed the eggs and yogurt in his hands and tucked the water under his arm before approaching her. She flinched slightly as he sat down and set the plate down on the bed to gently touch her cheek, gently running a thumb over her split, bruised lips. She chanced another look at him and he gave her a tiny smile. She tried to smile back, but it looked pained and she lowered her eyes back to the ground.

“I am not hungry, Master,” she told him as he picked the plate of eggs back up.

“Just a little,” he said, scooping up some of the egg onto the fork. “You need to eat.”

She said nothing and opened her mouth as he brought the fork to her lips. They were cold now, but the look on her face was one of ecstasy as she tasted it. He smiled and brought another bite of eggs to her lips. She was obviously hungrier than she thought and he hoped that now that she knew he was with her, her stomach would be able to take the food. No doubt Ulrik had been less than kind when feeding her. He remembered the stories Ulrik had told him about his treatment of Maria. Ulrik loved her in his own way, but his idea of love was quite different than Max’s.

“Are the eggs alright, slave?” he asked her and she nodded.

“Yes, Master,” she told him between bites. She spoke again but her voice was wooden, and Max did not know if it was her exhaustion and pain, or the hidden resistance still hidden beneath the surface. “I... I don’t deserve such a good meal.”

“You’ve been very good. Obedient girls get treated well,” he told her and brought the fork back to her mouth. He lowered the plate when about three quarters of the eggs were gone and

grabbed the bowl of yogurt and berries. Her eyes actually lit up some when she saw it and he stirred it with the spoon for a few moments.

“Tastes so good,” she breathed as he went to collect more on the spoon.

“Good,” he smiled. “Are you in a lot of pain?”

“Yes, Master,” she told him. “My thighs... and my ... my face... but I know I shouldn’t complain about my face... not after I... well...”

She blushed and looked down.

“Shh, it is alright. Women are weak,” was all he said. She nodded and waited for another bite. She finished the bowl and he handed her the bottle of water to drink. “Now, my pretty little slave, if I go upstairs for a few minutes, can I trust you not to get into any trouble?”

“Yes, Master, you can trust me,” she said and reached out to touch his arm. She gripped his wrist with her small, freezing cold hand. She had a large, thick, and warm towel around her shoulders, but she still shivered slightly and her skin was chilled. He cupped her cheek with his hand, enjoying how small she looked. He stood and collected the empty bowl and plate of eggs. He paused as he was about to go through the door to the staircase and looked back at her.

“You be good for me now. I want you awake when I come back downstairs,” he told her. He glanced toward the work bench, covered with possible weapons for her to use. With one last pointed look in her direction he moved and walked back up the stairs. He changed, made himself a quick dinner, and grabbed some vitamin K cream from his bathroom. He walked back downstairs, expecting to find her asleep or with a weapon in her weak little hands. He was afraid this change would be too good to be true and he dare not get his hopes up. He was pleasantly surprised to find her awake, if not dozing slightly from her seated position, and with no weapon but an empty plastic bottle in her hand. She looked up as he entered and flinched again when he tossed the bottle onto the bed.

“I want to show you something before we go to bed,” he told her and reached out. She winced as he collected her into his arms, but it was from the pain, and she grabbed onto the front of his dry, grey t-shirt. He walked her around the corner and brought her up to the door. He knew she had seen it on her first escape attempt, but he did not know how clearly she saw the lock, and he needed to cover all his bases. “See this lock? It will only open when I put in the code, so if I were to be bludgeoned to death while I sleep, or if a pillow were to find its way over my face... do you understand?”

She nodded.

“I wouldn’t dare,” she told him, voice soft, hardly above a whisper. He nodded, believing her, he only wished it was out of affection, love, and obedience, instead of fear. He walked back down the stairs, enjoying the feel of her small hand clutching his shirt and placed her back down on the bed. He ordered her to place the towel to the side, and though she clearly did not want to, she put it aside without hesitation or protest.

"Lie on your stomach," he said once the towel was to the side and she obeyed. He leaned down on his side next to her, resting his head in the palm of his hand. He flicked the vitamin K cream open with the thumb of his free hand and squeezed some onto her bottom. She shuddered at the cold, but moaned softly as he began messaging it into her thighs and bottom. He smiled softly at the sound. She turned her head so her face was toward him and she looked up at him, big brown eyes wide with fear, pain, sadness and... trust. He definitely saw trust shining in those shiny brown eyes. "It will help the bruises fade."

"It feels nice," she told him. He looked at her bruised thighs and bottom, gently massaging the skin, but making sure to avoid the broken skin.

"My poor girl," he said gently. "I hate to see you so marked."

"I'm stupid. I did it to myself," she said weakly, her eyes fluttering closed.

"I wanted you the moment I first saw you," he told her his hands gliding up her back now that the cream was rubbed in. He rubbed small circles on her upper back, gently massaging her shoulders, and then trailing back down to rub her lower back. "On that train, I imagined following you into the water closet and taking you right then."

"I don't remember... I remember the incident... but not you," she murmured. A bitter smile warped his lips. "I remember thinking you were handsome though. I just don't have the memory of you in my head... does that make sense, Master?"

"It does," he replied. His hand gently ran over her back, enjoying the feel of her soft skin.

"You could have asked me out," she said, a tired little curve of her lips as she spoke. "I'd have said yes."

"And when I tried to fuck you?" he murmured. "No... this is the best way... you belong to me. I own you. You were bought and paid for. You cannot leave. That's the way it should be."

He sat back up and left the bed for a moment. He could feel her eyes on him as he got up and her gaze followed him as he crossed the room. He retrieved the emergency first aid kit from the work bench and moved back to the bed. He sat beside her again and pulled out an alcohol swab. Peeling it open he looked over the abrasion on her thigh. It was nearly four inches in length, not terrible, but sizable, and angry looking. The skin around it was a darker purple than the rest of her bruises.

"This will sting," he told her but did not give her much time to react. She tensed and groaned, but lay still and waited for him to finish. It was in an awkward position to cover. Every time she bent her leg or moved the bandage would be affected, and it would become more trouble than it was worth. It had stopped bleeding and the skin looked like it was already beginning to heal. He put the swab to the side and closed the kit. "Sit up now."

She obeyed, moved awkwardly as she sat on her abused bottom. He squeezed a little bit more of the cream onto his fingers and very gently wiped it under her nose and around her mouth. She crinkled her nose at the smell but remained silent. She really was far too beautiful to

marked, especially on her angelic face. He looked down, finding himself growing angry as he looked at her.

“Lay back down,” he said and she went right back onto her stomach. Her eyes closed a moment as he resumed the gentle rubbing of her back.

“Please don’t leave again, Master,” she said, eyes opening again and looked up at him. “I was so scared.”

“I’ll keep you safe,” he promised.

“I was so afraid he’d rape me,” she whispered.

“I’d have killed him if he did,” he told her honestly and was glad he did when he saw her smile. “Who am I pet?”

“You’re the master of my body and soul,” she told him.

“And your heart some day,” he said, stroking her cheek. His eyebrows rose. “Yes?”

She nodded slowly, but she had a queer look in her eye.

“Come now, under the covers,” he said and she got up on her hands and knees, slipping under the blankets. She moaned as he settled in and she reached for him. It did something to him, being the soul focus of a woman’s life, her soul provider, protector, lover, companion. He wanted to be all she had, and seeing her reach for him, that soft vulnerability in her brown eyes, his chest bubbled up with emotion.

“You won’t leave me will you Master?” she asked him. “Are you going up stairs?”

“Do you want me to stay?” he asked and she nodded. His cock jerked in his flannel pajama pants when her hands tightened around his shirt.

“Yes, please, Master. I don’t want to be alone,” she told him. “Can I... can I sleep in your arms tonight?”

“Can you sleep in my arms... that’s a very special privilege,” he said and she nodded slowly, looking down. Her lower lip trembled and he felt his cock harden. He considered fucking her before bed, make her earn a place in his arms, but he did not want to press his luck. Right now she saw him as her comforter and protector. Violate her and that might change things. He had every right to her body, what lay between her legs was owed to him as a man. For what other reason was woman put on earth than to serve man? But he needed to mold her into a slave that accepted that golden truth. In the mean time, he needed to be gentle with her mental state.

“I understand, Master,” she said and looked up at him again. It was the look in her eyes that had his resolve wavering.

“Can I do anything to earn it?” she asked and his mouth went dry. “I... I don’t have a lot of strength, but if I lay here... or... you could use my mouth like you have before? I wouldn’t

need much strength for that.”

“You’ve been a good girl for me tonight, slave, and you are falling asleep as you speak. You will service me tomorrow,” he told her and grabbed the end of the blanket and flipped it up so he could slide in next to her. He pulled her toward him, but his erection pressed against her soft, supple body through his pants, and he grunted slightly.

“I want to make you happy,” she breathed. “Please.”

“Please,” he grinded his teeth together as he pressed himself against her. “Begging for my cock? I told you it would happen didn’t I?”

His arm released her.

“On your back,” he ordered and she rolled from her side to her back. She grimaced as her thighs brushed the pillows beneath them, but she soon found a comfortable position. He straddled her waist and pulled his erection free. “Give me your hands.”

She obeyed and he brought them upward. He spit in them and rubbed her palms together, enjoying the confused, if slightly disgusted look on her face. He then wrapped them around his cock and placed his hands around hers. He moved them up and down his shaft so she would not need to spend energy moving her sore arms. The feel of her hands on him was heavenly and the look in her eyes almost did him in instantly. It was so satisfying seeing her this way. He wished she had more energy; he’d have given her a hard fucking.

“That’s a good slut,” he breathed as he helped her pump him. He watched her tits jiggle as her arms moved. “You were made for this.”

His voice was hot and full of desire as he looked at her. He focused on her breasts or her eyes. If he looked at the bruise for too long, he felt some of the desire leave him.

“You were made to pleasure me,” he told her, their eyes locked. “This is your soul reason for being alive and you do it so well.”

His muscled flexed and his toes curled slightly as he looked at her.

“You are a perfect little sex toy. And all mine,” he breathed and fought the closing of his eyes. With her so intensely focused on his face he did not want to give any sign of weakness. He looked down at her, eyes hot and full of need. He dropped her hands and moved them to the side before grabbing hold of himself again. He leaned forward slightly and rubbed the head of his cock over her nipples. He continued to stroke himself and he felt himself nearing climax. He moved upwards again until he was pumping himself right above her mouth.

“Open up for me,” he ordered and she obeyed, her bruised mouth opening. He climaxed, careful that he did not get any on the bed or anywhere but her mouth. He had just bathed her, and he did not want to make a mess. He came hard, filling her mouth with his cum. On his first burst he got some cum on her upper lip, but the rest he got securely in the hot, warm cavern and he shuddered. “Don’t swallow yet. Keep your mouth open.”

She obeyed without a word, her tired eyes gazing up at him. He dragged the tip of his cock across her bottom lip, wiping off the last of the cum.

“Sehr schön ,” he breathed, using his fingers and wiping the spilled cum from her lips and into her mouth. “Schön...Swallow.”

She did and he was not angered by the grimace on her face. She’d grow used to the taste. He was not like some Masters who thought if a woman did not inherently like the taste of his cum that they were disobedient or being bad.

He lowered his mouth to hers as he got back into bed beside her. His lips gently pressed against the cuts on her lips. His hand gently cupped her breast, kneaded it, and pinched the nipple gently.

“Isn’t this nice pet? This is what I want. No pain... well...” he flashed her a smile. “not a lot.”

“Thank you Master,” she said and he frowned.

“For what, slave?” he asked her.

“For taking care of me. Holding me tonight. Feeding me. The shower. The bruise cream. Saving me from that man,” she said and he felt his cock twitch again at the tender look on her face. A little smile came to his lips. He knew some of this was an act. She might see how lucky she was now, she might be desperate to keep him with her, and she might truly value his presence now, even feel some slight affection for him he dare hope, but her attitude did not change so drastically over just two days. Still, this was exactly where he wanted her to be. She was ready to obey to prevent the pain, she was thankful for him, and was willing to play her role. Now all he had to do was get her to like it.

“You are welcome,” he told her, tucking a strand of damp hair behind her ear. “Who am I?”

“The Master of my body and soul,” she told him and he smiled.

“Yes I am,” he murmured. “And what do you do for your Master?”

“I obey my Master. I serve my Master. I please my Master. I worship my Master,” she said and her eyes began to flutter closed again.

“Go to sleep my little slave,” he told her, kissing her forehead. The kiss was long, gentle, and loving. He pressed his lips to her soft, cool skin, and inhaled, taking in her scent. “I will be here. I will keep you warm and safe.”

“Thank you Master,” she said as he pulled away. She curled into his arms, snuggling into his chest and gripping his shirt again. She whispered into his chest as she began to fall asleep and he stroked her hair with his fingers. “I was so scared... I thought you sold me... my face... oh my god... my mouth...it hurts... Master are you there?”

“I’m here,” he said and had to smile. She was in his arms, her hands had a death grip on his shirt, and he was stroking her hair, but she still asked. His little slave was in dire need of a

good night's sleep.

"Please don't leave me," she whispered. "I don't want to be left alone."

"I'll never leave you again, Jessica, not if you are an obedient girl," he told her.

"I obey... I please... I serve... I obey... obey and serve..." she breathed. He assumed it was the pain that kept her awake for as long as she was.

"Worship," he said softly. "That's the most important one."

"I worship my Master... worship, worship, worship," she breathed. She would fade off to sleep and then jolt awake, asking her if he was still there. Finally she fell asleep and stayed asleep, and even when he got up to use the bathroom and he pried her iron grip from his shirt she did not stir. When he crawled back in beside her, pulling her into his arms, and she only snuggled into him, a little moan leaving her lips, and he knew she would be asleep for the night. With a contented sigh, he fell asleep with her in his arms.

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## XIII

She woke up still exhausted and she fought the pressure in her bladder as her body did its best to return to oblivion. Unfortunately, it proved too much and her brain would not allow her to collapse back into nothingness. She highly doubted on top of everything that her Master would be pleased if she wet the bed. She lay facing him, her head resting on a strong arm, and her hands were still gripping his t-shirt hard. His arm not acting as a pillow was draped across her middle underneath the blanket, holding her to him firmly. But unlike when she first lost consciousness, her Master was sound asleep. His chest rose and fell steadily and she could hear the sound of his breath coming in and out of his nose.

He looked gentle lying there... harmless even. Looking at him now, sound asleep and unthreatening; he did not look like he was a man capable of the things he had done to her. He was psychotic, a rapist, and an abuser, as misogynistic as he was chauvinistic. He had kidnapped her, beaten her, raped her... he bought her... paid for her like she was some cow or dog. And yet she felt her hatred for him lessening. The feel of his hands last night as he massaged that cream into her skin had been amazing. She even found herself truly worried he was going to go upstairs and leave her alone. Even warm, bathed, fed and in bed, all she should really need, she was terrified. She was terrified of being alone, and she had wanted him as a result.

When he got into bed beside her she was relieved, but when she felt his erection, and he said she could just sleep, she was not happy. Terror gripped her heart again. It was no doubt a test. He wanted to know if she was willing and though her whole body ached, she would have been willing to do anything to show him she was done fighting. No physical punishment from her Master could ever amount to the horror she felt when she saw that other man walk down the stairs... and judging by the pain that man had dealt, physical punishment would have done the trick.

That was another problem. She could not help but feel thankful to her Master. He had been holding back. She knew that now. She had thought he was giving her all he had to give... she would not make that same mistake in ignorance again. He didn't want to hurt her. She truly believed that now. He might like whipping her or caning her but that didn't count. She had seen the look in that man's eyes. Her Master did it to derive a sexual pleasure. This man did it to hurt. He wanted her to scream and cry... he wanted her to bleed.

She reached up and very gently touched the fading bruises around her Master's eyes. She remembered what the strike of the cane felt like when it split her soft skin open. She had screeched, cried and called for her Master, but she had heard the man's soft curse. He stopped right after that, locking her in the cage and leaving her be. The next thing she remembered was that her Master had come to save her. She could not really remember his first reaction to her face and her thighs, but she had seen the way he looked at her last night. He was sick, cruel at times, but he cared... in whatever way this man knew how to care about another human being... a woman... he cared about her. She could not understand it, did not want to, but she knew it was true.

“Maximilian,” she whispered. He looked like a Maximilian. Strong square jaw, straight, perhaps slightly hooked nose, bright blue eyes and dark brown hair. She regretted knowing his name now though. It made him too human. She had to be careful. She had to keep herself separate from him. If she didn’t he’d win.

She wanted to wake him up but didn’t know how. She was also too afraid too. He might be angry with her, decide it was a form of disobedience, and decide to punish her. She really couldn’t take anymore punishment right now. She ran her fingers through his thick head of hair, enjoying the feel of it despite herself. She only needed to wake him up gently. She was too terrified of getting up and slipping into the bathroom herself. If he woke up and found her gone, he might punish her for not asking for his permission. He was her Master, after all.

“Master?” she whispered softly, gently patting his shoulder. He grunted and she almost decided to chance the bathroom. “Master?”

“I do not like being woken up,” he said in German and she felt her heart stop. She said nothing, eyes wide, waiting for his wroth. Instead, his eyes slowly fluttered open to look at her. His eyes were tired and he looked slightly annoyed, but she did not see anger. She licked the split of her lips and struggled to find her words. He waited patiently, but the longer he waited, the more frightened she became. She was in a good spot at the moment; she did not want to ruin things like she had last time. He must have sensed her fear because he raised his eyebrows and looked at her. “What do you need?”

“Am I allowed to go to the bathroom?” she asked him. His hand moved from her middle and stroked her cheek briefly.

“Can you walk yourself?” he asked and she felt her heart leap. Would she be able to use the bathroom in privacy, alone and in peace?

“Yes Master,” she said. “but... but not if you don’t think I should...”

“It’s the third door from the stairs. Remember the lock, pet,” he said and closed his eyes again. “Be back in two minutes.”

She nodded and slipped out of the bed, wincing and pausing as pain wracked through her body. She hissed in a sharp breath and paused a moment, lowering herself down to her knees as she waited for the pain to pass. She closed her eyes, but it never passed. The intensity slowly lessened, but the dull aching remained, spreading through her torso and down her limbs in shock currents of pain.

“One minute,” she heard her master say and she jumped up, another bolt of debilitating pain running through her. She ignored it this time, pushing through, and hurried to the bathroom. She did not know what he might do if she did not do her business and then get back to bed in the time he had designated. He might make her hold it until either she no longer could or it was good for his schedule. When she could no longer hold it he would punish her. Or, he might skip the games and punish her anyway. A third possibility was he would bring her to the bathroom himself, and she desperately wanted the privacy that had been taken from her since everything had begun. She hurried but knew that she had gone over her allotted time. By the time she came hobbling back toward the bed and slipped under the covers, too much

time had passed and she was sure she was about to be beaten again. Instead, he wrapped an arm around her.

“Besser?”

“Yes, Master. Thank you,” she replied and bit her bottom lip as he pulled her closer to him.

“Back to sleep for now. I will use you later,” he told her and she nodded. Use, she thought bitterly, he will use me later.

It was not the easiest thing, knowing you were really only a toy or a slave. It was dehumanizing, and against her will, as she closed her eyes and nuzzled her nose into his warm chest, she felt very, very small. She tried to make herself comfortable, but every way she moved hurt. The longer she was awake the worse it got, and soon she was struggling not to cry, both from pain and frustration. No matter how she moved she ached. When she heard him grunt and shift she was sure she had awoken him and he would beat her again, but she was unable to keep the tears from breaking past her eye lids. She covered her face in her hands and immediately curled into a tight little ball, waiting for the assault to begin. Instead she felt gentle hands caressing her shoulders and running through her hair.

“Where did this come from?” he asked. “Hmm?”

He continued to gently stroke her as she cried, but she managed to dry her tears relatively quickly.

“Aren’t you going to beat me?” she asked, sniffling.

“Have you given me a reason too?” he asked, sounding genuinely confused. “Unless you give me a reason, I will not be striking you again until you are healed. We shall train in other ways.”

“Pro-promise?” she asked, looking up at him.

“You don’t demand promises from me, slave,” he said shortly. “Understand?”

“Yes Master. I’m sorry,” she said and he wiped a tear off her cheek with the back of his pointer finger.

“Come here,” he said and scooped her up, bringing her back toward him. He lowered them both down again, running his hands over her abused skin. It was odd how the hands responsible for this pain, could do so much to help soothe it. “Shh... just breath... the pain will pass. Pain always passes.”

“Yes Master, thank you,” she breathed.

“Go to sleep now,” he ordered, but he did not stop the soft, gentle caresses until she had fallen back into darkness.

When she woke up again she was alone, and when her eyes found her master on the other side of the room she could see he had changed out of his pajamas and into his normal attire.

She sat up slowly, keeping the blanket around her shoulders, and waited for him to glance toward her. He was leaning against his little workshop of horrors, and had a plate in his hands. His head was to the side, and as he spooned the food into his mouth he appeared to be reading a newspaper resting on the surface of the bench beside him.

"They gave up on you much faster than I anticipated," he told her. "'Searches called off for missing American girl. Presumed dead by authorities.' It would have done no good anyway. They were searching for you in the wrong countries."

Jessica felt numb as he spoke and her face remained blank. Then, once the numbness began to fade there was a crushing sense of hopelessness. Once people stopped looking it was all over.

"It... how long has it been?" she asked.

"Not nearly long enough," he replied and she looked down.

"My parents... they haven't given up..."

"Parents accept Hungarian and Austrian officials analysis of case details'," he read before taking another bite of whatever he was eating. She felt like she was smacked across the face, and recently she had a lot of experience of just what that feels like. She blinked, squinted, and shook her head.

"That's not true," she whispered. "They would never give up on me."

"I do not normally allow slaves to call me a liar," he said and put his bowl on the table. "But read it yourself."

He brought her the newspaper and she read it. She read it over a few times, praying it was just a mistake in translation.

"The difference between me and them? If you ever got away from me, I'd hunt you down to the ends of the earth, and I would never stop," he told her as he took the paper back. She looked at him and realized he meant it, but she attributed it more to his psychosis than any sort of love or affection for her. She shivered and wrapped the blanket more tightly around herself. "I made you pancakes. Americans like pancakes."

She said nothing as he brought the plate over and poured a tiny bit of syrup onto it. Despite herself her eyes widened at the sight and she ate it as if she had not eaten in days.

"Thank you, Master," she said between bites.

"We are going to have fun today," he said, watching her from the workbench. He sipped at some coffee as he watched her eat. "Now you will truly see how good obeying really is."

"I'm ready to obey," she told him and his eyes narrowed slightly.

"You will obey because it is your place, not because you are ready to. Things are done on my terms, not when you decide you are... ready," he said and she nodded.

"I didn't mean it like that," she told him, face scrunched up in fear. She really did not understand the way he read into her words so seriously. She had only meant she was going to obey now. She had not meant to make it sound like it was on her terms. "I'm sorry."

"We need to change the way you speak. You are inherently disrespectful with your speech."

"I'll learn," she told him, praying he would keep to what he said earlier and not strike her again until she was healed. If she angered him, he no doubt still would. He smiled at her softly, his eyes uncharacteristically soft.

"Yes you will," he said and placed his coffee cup on the table. He went towards her and leaned down, placing a kiss to her slightly sticky lips. Her first reaction was to pull back, but a hand clamped down behind her head, holding her in place. "And you will be so perfect when you do."

She heard the door at the top of the stairs open and she looked up at him, fear in her eyes. Her heart stopped beating for a moment, at least that was how it felt, but seemed to resume at an unhealthy rate when she heard footsteps on the stairs. Her eyes did not move from her Master's and she watched as his lips turned into a little smile.

"Obedience and servitude. You please and worship. And Jessica..." he trailed off, his tone growing more serious, his eyes more intense as the footsteps got louder and closer. "Trust."

The door opened and the terrible man stepped in, looking more infuriatingly smug and arrogant, cruel and evil, than she ever remembered seeing her Master. She immediately began to shake her head and the fear returned, along with a spasming of her muscles and a nagging throbbing all over the surface of her skin. Her Master had moved back toward the workbench, but before he could speak again she was scrambling toward him, half walking, half crawling as her feet failed to support her. She collapsed to her knees in front of her Master, grabbing onto the front of his shirt and gazing up through tear filled eyes.

"Please don't Master, whatever it is, please don't. I swear I will be good now. I promise it. I don't understand what I have to do –"

"Silence," he said curtly and her vocal cords involuntary shut off at the command. "What part of obedience, servitude, pleasure, worship, and trust are you displaying right now slave?"

"I...none," she whispered, feeling defeated, a few sobs scattered throughout her heavy breathing as she looked down.

"Then I strongly suggest you recalibrate your behavior before you force me to punish you," he ordered.

"She is a mouthy bitch, Max. Let me beat her into submission. I will turn her into jelly," the cruel man remarked and though she no longer begged, she pressed her face to her Master's lower abdomen as she gripped his shirt. "Beat her to the ground and then rape her until her vocal cords are bloody."

She shook and waited, knowing whatever terrors lay before her would be far worse if she angered her only source of protection. She could not help but feel slightly betrayed though. He had promised to protect her and cause her no more serious harm. He had promised she would not be hurt again until she had healed fully. Where were those promises now? What was she supposed to trust? Certainly not that he would protect her. Was it trust that his opinion would always be the right now, and even if it caused her indescribable physical and emotional harm it would be alright.

“Slave, get on your hands and knees,” he said but she did not move until he grabbed the fists she had clinging to his shirt and moved her away from him. “Release me and do as I ordered.”

She moved onto her hands and knees, another sob raking through her. She waited for a slap, or a strike, or a violation, or cold water... something. Instead there was only the sound of her Master moving away slightly before he spoke again.

“Crawl to my friend, slave, kiss his feet, and thank him for handling you while I was away,” her Master ordered, and though she was dumb struck, offended, insulted at the very thought of it, her body was in self preservation, and she began to crawl toward the evil man her Master considered his friend. She felt bile rise in her stomach as she was overcome with the shame, humiliation, and injustice of it all, but she lowered her face to his shoes, pressing her lips to the leather, and felt any ounce of dignity and pride she had left fleeing her body.

“Thank you for handling me while my Master away,” she whispered, silent tears soaking his feet.

“Address him properly and speak up,” her Master ordered.

“I...” she paused. She did not know how to address him. Not Master... only her Master was her Master. She could not use her name for she did not know it, and even if she did it was too familiar. “How do I address him Master?”

She tried to ask using as much vulnerability and submission as she could put into a voice, praying it was not considered a refusal to obey a command or insolent. She was almost joyful when he answered, no displeasure in his voice.

“As sir,” was his short reply.

“Thank you, sir, for handling me while my Master was away,” she said, kissing his shoes again for good measure.

“Now tell him how sad you will be that he is leaving us,” her Master ordered.

“...I...I will be so sad... that...” she remembered the fury in his face, the hatred in his eyes, the pain of his slaps and strikes and verbal barbs. The words caught in her throat. She looked up toward her Master, eyes wet. “Master, please....”

She sounded pathetic, no doubted looked pathetic, but in truth, in that moment, she felt... was, pathetic.

“I will not ask again,” was his reply.

“I will be so s-sad that you are leaving us... sir,” she said, head hanging.

“And I will be so sad I cannot make you bleed or cry any longer,” the man responded, and before she could react, he nudged her to the floor with his foot and she landed on her abused bottom in her attempt to stop the ball. She hissed in a breath, cried out, and reached for the abused skin, but only time had the pain fading.

“Back on your hands and knees,” he ordered. “Stay there until I return.”

She obeyed as her Master left with the cruel man and she dried her tears, throat aching. Despite herself she was pleased when her Master came back. He scooped her up and brought her over to the bed without a word, and she remained stubbornly silent because she was angry with him, and obediently silent, because he had not spoken to her first. The anger evaporated when the cream was rubbed into her thighs and bottom again, and once again that affection was finding its way back into her chest.

“Was that so bad?” he asked.

“No Master,” she was forced to agree. Humiliating, degrading and shameful, but he thought that was her place in life as it was. He did not let the man abuse or molest her, minus the little nudge with the foot, and she had to be thankful for that.

“The last of your commandments as a slave, the five reasons for existing, five facts you must live by what have you, is trust. I don’t want to share you, and if you are good to me, obedient and respectful, affectionate and loving, I will never have to,” he said and she nodded, enjoying the feel of his hands on her ass cheeks.

“Obedience, Servitude, Pleasure, Worship and Trust,” she said to him and he half smiled.

“An important note, however.... Whose pleasure?” he asked.

“Yours,” she responded looking up at him and he nodded.

“Gutes madchen,” he purred, and she began to understand when he praised her in German he was indeed, very pleased with her. “But I am a good Master, when you do all of those things, I will give you pleasure in return. Ulrik likes seeing his women cry, I like to see mine contented with her position.”

“I am contented right now,” she answered almost honestly. She would rather be far away from this place, from him, but in the current circumstances, warm, on a bed, having cool cream massaged into her soft skin, felt nice. He smiled and gently patted an unmarked area of her battered thighs.

“On your back,” he ordered and she obeyed. His hands moved from her hips, gliding down her thighs as he appraised her body, a little smile on his face.

“Obedience is sweet, is it not?” he asked with a little out rush of air. She nodded and waited. He only needed to apply the tiniest bit of pressure on her thighs before she parted them for

him, a shiver of fear and disgust coursing through her. He did not notice them, and instead gazed at his property. He lowered his mouth to her without a word and her hips immediately arched upward into his mouth. She did her best to fight the pleasure, but as his tongue circled her clit, sucking it into his mouth, and then ever so gently trailed his teeth over the sensitive pearl, she failed. It competed with, and then surpassed the pain, and when his tongue prodded at her, sliding against her, into her, she was blinded by it.

“Honey,” he purred, kissing her inner thigh. “Do you like it?”

“I-” he gently touched her clit with his thumb, massaging her juices into the skin surrounding it. She cried out and he smirked.

“Do not lie to me,” he said and lapped at her again. She was disgusted with what her body was doing, but she knew that it was not the first time she had orgasmed for her. And as she came she felt him smirk against her inner thigh. “You haven’t answered me.”

“I liked it,” she breathed and he crawled so he was placed over her.

“You’re a good girl,” he smirked, plucking at the buttons of his trousers. “Or are you just a whore?”

“I’m not, Master,” she said, slightly afraid she would anger him.

“No,” he breathed and reached into his trousers. He seemed very pleased. “Just for me. Yes?”

“Yes, Master, just you,” she answered and her eyes moved down to the throbbing erection in his hand. He gave himself a few more hard pumps before placing himself at her entrance. She yelped as he thrust into her, but it did not hurt as badly as it had in the past.

“Who am I?” he ground out between clenched teeth as he slid into her.

“The Master of my body and soul,” she breathed and clutched at his shoulders with her hands.

“Do you find me handsome, slave?” he asked her taking a long pull out of her and then thrusting back inside.

“Yes, Master,” she breathed. “Yes.”

“Say it,” he hissed. “Tell me.”

“You’re so handsome, Master,” she breathed, wanting to please him. One of his hands palmed a breast and played with her nipples, squeezing and plucking gently. “I missed you, Master. I missed you when you were gone.”

“You missed me,” he breathed, lowering his head to suck on an earlobe. Her body pulsed, pain and pleasure fighting within her. He grabbed into her waist, leaving her empty momentarily, and twisted her around so she was on her stomach. He helped her up onto her hands and knees and closed his hand around the back of her neck. He squeezed and thrust back into her hard. It hurt her bottom slightly, but he did not hit the most painful area of her

thighs and it was not terrible. When he leaned over her more fully, and once again began stroking her clit, she felt the familiar build up return. But this time she had less energy to fight it. She had come for him so many times now, at least it felt like so many times, what was one more now?

“How’s that?” he panted. “How do I feel?”

“Good, Master,” she panted a long with him.

“Tell me,” he hissed, his cock thrusting in at a hard, fast speed. She would be ashamed of herself when it was over, that it came so easy, but words were not truth. She could tell him what he wanted to hear and remain strong.

“It’s so good Master,” she breathed into the pillows on the bed.

“Not it,” he said and she yelped when he placed what would be a light slap on her bottom, but because it of the bruises, it strung terribly. “Me.”

“You are. You’re so good. Master,” she breathed as the burning faded. He rubbed her clit again, building her up toward another conflicting climax. Conflicting, both emotional and physical.

“Das ist mein gutes Mädchen,” he breathed. “Gutes, gutes Mädchen. Gutes, kleines Mädchen.”

It was when he began rubbing her more firmly that she climaxed, and the moment her walls began to clamp, release, and then clamp around him again he pulled out of her. He twirled her around and moved to straddle her by the shoulders, pumping his throbbing, pulsing erection with a firm grip, keeping the head of his cock pressed to her closed lips. She opened her mouth but he ordered it closed curtly and she waited, looking up at him. Her orgasm was beginning to fade when she saw his body tighten and his fingers jerk slightly. As a result, she managed to close her eyes just as he ejaculated, spurting his hot cum across her face. It was hot, wet, and sticky, and it seemed like it would never end. A few smaller little bursts were all that remained when he ordered her to open her mouth. He traced his cock around her lips for a moment, presumably enjoying the view, before he pulled back.

“You look so beautiful like that,” he told her, leaning down next to her.

“Thank you, master,” she answered as she felt his fingers gently press at her eyes and wipe some of the semen away.

“Open,” he ordered and her she obeyed as he dragged the salty cum across her face and flicked it into her mouth. “Your master’s cum is not something you even want to waste. Are you thankful for it?”

“I’m thankful for it, Master,” she told him after she swallowed. She prayed he was not offended by her grimace as she swallowed. He was quiet until her face was once again clean and he slipped his fingers into her mouth. Hoping to earn some points she closed her lips around the digits, sucking and flicking her tongue against his skin.

“You sound robotic,” he scolded. “A slave should have more feeling. You should crave my cum, beg for it, yearn for it, as you should everything concerning me.”

“I’m sorry, Master, I’m still in a lot of pain,” she answered. It was not entirely a lie. In truth, she had never been good at dirty talk, and her Master seemed to enjoy it. He obviously wanted to be told how great she thought he was, and in a sexual manner. She always thought, when she had tried doing lighter stuff with past boyfriends, she sounded wooden and awkward.

“You’ve been good for me today,” he said. “I will get you something for the pain.”

“Really?” she asked, and the soft little smile he gave her as her eyes widened and she reached for him made his eyes a little brighter. She liked his face when he smiled.

“Really,” he told her and stood. “I’ll be back in a few moments.”

“Thank you, Master,” she said with sincerity and a reverence that both surprised and shamed her. It was like a slap in the face and she paused a moment, staring at his retreating back. Perhaps that was the tone he wanted when she was talking him up during sex. She only wished she was a better actor. Though it frightened her. Days ago she would not have used that tone even. It was hard not to be grateful though. He was being kind and gentle, affectionate and protective. She tried to remind herself he was the reason she was in this position in the first place, but it seemed like an irrational argument against him.

“Thank you...” she called after him weakly when he did not respond. Surely the emotion in her voice deserved some sort of reaction from him. He should have looked back and purred “gutes Mädchen”, like he usually did when he was pleased. She waited as he went to the workbench to collect the empty plates and coffee cup. “Master?”

“Yes, slave?” he asked dismissively, unattached.

“Thank you,” she said as if he had not heard her.

“You are welcome, pet,” he told her and opened the door to the stairs, balancing the plate, bowl and cup expertly. “Be a good girl while I’m gone.”

“I will,” she answered. “I promise.”

He smiled at her, and shut the door.

## XIV

When her Master returned he had a bottle of water and a pill pinched in his fingers. She watched him as he kneeled down in front of her. She waited nervously and opened her mouth when he gave the order. He placed the pill on her tongue and brought the bottle to her lips. She swallowed and thanked him again, but he said nothing once again. She bit the inside of her cheek as he put the bottle in her hand and went to the work bench. She waited for him to grab a paddle or a whip, to tell her he was lying when he promised not to hurt her again, but he never did. He simply glanced down at the newspaper again and then looked back at her.

“You are beautiful,” he said with a little curve of his lips. “And all mine.”

“Yes Master,” she said and waited, taking another sip of her water.

“It’s something you know, the power you feel owning another human being,” he told her. His blue eyes were hot as he looked at her. She did not know what to say to that, and she looked down at her hands where they rested in her lap. “You’ve enjoyed these last few days, slave?”

“Yes Master,” she said to him, nodding.

“They will continue, if your attitude remains so pliable and demure,” he replied. He moved to stand in front of her, gently running a hand through her hair and looking down at her. His hand tightened slightly in her hair, forcing her to look up at him at a more severe angle and her muscles trembled. When he spoke again his voice was soft and there was a smile on his lips. The hand not in her hair moved to stroke her cheek, and his finger tips trailed down her jaw. “You and I are going to be so happy. I know it.”

“Yes Master,” she said. She had no idea what he wanted to hear from her. His finger tips very gently touched her split lip and her bruised skin.

“Poor girl,” he said gently. She smiled softly at the regret she saw in his eyes. “There’s a smile. Tell me, Jessica, what’s your purpose in life?”

“To serve, obey, pleasure, and worship,” she repeated nearly automatically.

“And you worship me,” he whispered, hands very slightly trembling. “I am... your world.”

“Yes, Master you are,” she replied in hopes of supplicating. She would do anything at this point, to keep him happy with her. “My world.”

“Don’t,” he said curtly, pressing a finger to her lips. “Don’t lie to me.”

“I’m not lying,” she said and grabbed his shirt, pushing herself up further on her knees. She gripped him tightly; terrified he would become angry, but confused as well. One moment he wanted to hear it, the next he didn’t. He ran a hand over the back of her head, stroking the hair and nodded. “Truly Master, you are my everything.”

Her eyes were wet as she said the words, and though they disgusted her, they held a glimmer of truth in them, even though at the current moment it made her want to vomit.

“I am. You have nothing without me...” his finger trailed down from the center of her forehead down the curve of her nose and paused on her lips. “... not even life.... You are afraid... that’s good. You understand my power. Oh, shhh, hush now, no tears.”

He wiped the tears of fear from her cheeks.

“Do you remember what I said about trust?” he asked.

“Yes Master, I trust you,” she told him but she could not stop herself from trembling and the tears from spilling from her eyes. Her eyes glanced downward toward the bulge in his pants. “Do... Do you want me... to...”

“You should say ‘How can I serve you,’ or ‘how can I please you,’ ” he said “That is how you will ask.”

“How can I serve you, Master?” she asked.

“You will use your mouth,” he said and unbuckled his belt. He paused to bend down slightly, taking her chin in his hand firmly, almost to the point of pain. “If I feel teeth –”

“You won’t, you won’t I promise, Master,” she said and there was a flash of annoyance in his eyes when she thought there would be approval.

“Do not interrupt me ever again,” he said slowly and she nodded. She bit her lip, wincing at the pain of the cut.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered and he nodded.

“You are trying,” he recognized. He stood back up and unbuttoned and unzipped his pants. “I can hardly be too angry. Your sweet face... it undoes me.”

He took out his cock and she waited, surging up all her courage and strength. She was not entirely sure what she was feeling as she looked up at him, waiting, but it had her stomach in a twist of painful nerves. She was anxious, to get it over with, to please him, to avoid punishment. She kept her eyes on him as he stroked himself. He was uncircumcised, something she had always thought she would be disgusted by, having heard her roommates back home talk about the uncut men they had been with, but it was really not so bad. He was always clean and so she did not really understand what all the fuss was about.

“What do you think of it?” he asked as if reading her mind.

“It’s perfect, Master,” she replied smoothly and he smiled. He licked his upper lip and pulled back the foreskin.

“Kiss the tip,” he ordered and she obeyed, pressing her soft lips to the glistening skin. She shuddered, wanting to pull away, but she did not want to change his attitude. She needed him to believe she was broken, and although she might not have the same rage for him, the

unbearable hatred, and though when she looked at his face she saw a handsome protector instead of a vicious rapist, she was not broken.

He dragged the tip of his cock over her lips, wetting them with his pre-cum.

“Suck the tip into your mouth,” he ordered. “That’s it. Good girl. Good slave.”

She wanted to hear him say *gutes Mädchen* again. He seemed to purr when he said it. It was only said when he was very pleased and despite herself, it made her feel warm.

“Your tongue now, in circles, yes,” he hissed in a breath as she obeyed. “You listen closely now. I expect to be pleasured fully with my slave’s mouth. You will learn how to do so properly.”

She nodded, her mouth still around the pulsing head of his hard erection.

“Little more now,” he said and pushed his cock further into her mouth. She took everything he gave her, flicking her tongue against his cock. One hand had a firm grip in her hair at the back of her head, and the other guided his cock into her mouth, but once he had decent penetration he moved his hand to brush back some stray strands of hair from her forehead.

“There is nothing more beautiful than a subjugated woman,” he told her, eyes hot and breathing elevated. “So utterly submissive... as you should be.”

He pulled out of her mouth and moved the hand not buried in her hair back to his cock. He slapped her lips a few times with his erection, but she did not feel any pain from her abused lips. The pill he had given her was quite clearly taking effect, and the pain was dimming.

“Lick up and down the shaft,” he ordered and she obeyed. She dragged her tongue against the heated skin, circling it around the sensitive head of his large cock, and he hummed slightly in the back of his throat. When he spoke his voice was controlled, but thick and laced with pleasure. “Worship me slave. Make me feel like a king... like a god.”

She briefly wondered what had happened to this man to give him such a complex. He clearly had a propensity toward violence, but she believed to her core that something must have happened to him at some point in his life to make him the way he was, something that made him feel inadequate to an epic level, and something to instill a deep seeded hatred for the fairer sex. She kept that in mind as she licked and sucked at the impressive erection. She did not know what tiny little thing might make him snap and perceive some sort of disrespect. She tried to make certain she would give him nothing he could possibly misinterpret.

“It’s a delicious dilemma,” he breathed as he pushed his cock back into her mouth, sliding his cock down her throat. She gagged, felt her ability to breathe decrease dramatically, and brought her hands up to grab onto the side of his pants. She knew better, even in her panic and discomfort, than to try and push him away, but instead patting on his thigh, whimpering and gagging, pleading silently to be released. “Not knowing where to cum. On you, or in you. And when that decision has been reached, where.”

He pulled back, leaving her mouth completely and she struggled to catch her breath. He grabbed her chin, forced her face back up, and slid into her mouth again. Very briefly her jaw muscles failed her and her teeth scraped over his shaft. Terror took hold of her heart like an icy vice when he hissed in a breath and placed a light little smack to her cheek, but he did nothing else but scold her sternly.

“No teeth,” he reminded her. “Or I will be forced to punish you.”

“No teeth,” she agreed when he took his cock out of her mouth again.

“Tell me who I am,” he ordered, rubbing his cock against her cheek.

“The master of my body and soul,” she told him.

“Where do you want my cum, slave,” he asked hotly. “You’ve been a good girl for me. You may chose.”

“I...” she didn’t know what he wanted. Either way it was a violation, either way it was disturbing. She was more tempted to ask him to cum on her breasts, but she was terrified he would realize she was trying to avoid the humiliation of it being on her face, or inside of her in any way. “I want you to cum where you want to, Master.”

“Hmm, gutes madchen,” he said and she smiled. He put his cock back into her mouth and guided her head up and down on his length. She struggled to take all of him, but he gave her no option. “You take education well.”

Even with his voice laced with arousal the condescension in it had her stomach turning slightly. She found it odd, she did not feel such a turning of the stomach with his cock in her mouth, but with the words he spoke.

“Look at me, eyes open,” he ordered and she realized her eyes had been closed. “You are a sex toy, Jessica; you are no different than anything over on that workbench.”

Despite herself his words stung. She wanted to be valued as more than an object, she wanted to be cared for, even if it was by the man who had stripped her of everything, her pride, dignity, freedom... it still stung. He must have seen it in her eyes because he smiled, his eyes glowing with hot pride. He thrust into her mouth harder, using her. He pulled out and shoved her shoulders hard. She fell back on the pillow bed and he crawled on top of her. He pressed his fingers to her core and seemed disappointed to find her dry. He murmured something under his breath in German and slid his fingers inside of her. She was surprised when he only masturbated her though, and made no effort to enter her. He slid his cock over her dampening slit before taking a nipple into his mouth and sucking.

“Oh, ich muss nicht,” he breathed as he groped her breasts, his hot breath washing over her nipples. “Ich soll nicht.”

She frowned but slid her hands into his hair.

“Aber sie können alles machen,” she replied and he growled. He lifted himself slightly and thrust into her. She cried out, surprised at the sudden invasion, but he did not slow down.

“Ich kann alles machen,” he grunted in her ear as he thrust. One of his palms pressed to her forehead, pushing her head backward into the cushions beneath her. His other hand squeezed her breast hard, pinching and pulling on her nipple. He sucked an earlobe into his mouth, nibbling at her skin. She moaned and he laughed, almost cruelly, in her ear.

“Whore,” he breathed. “Dirty slut.”

She shook her head but he ignored her.

“I bet if I had followed you into that water closet on the train, you’d have given yourself to me like a common hooker. I bet you would have writhed around my cock like a wanton whore.”

“I’m not.... I’m not...” she breathed but his mouth took control of hers. He kissed her, slipping his tongue into her mouth. He sucked her own tongue into his mouth next before pulling away. He got onto his knees and angled her hips upward, pounding into her hard. She felt warm and her vision was very slightly blurred, but she attributed it to the pill he had given her. All her pain was gone and she felt like she was floating. But mixed in with the slight europium was a bombardment of conflicting emotions. She knew she was not supposed to like it, she knew he was raping her, she knew he had hurt her terribly, but she wanted him to care about her. She needed to be cared for. She had nothing, no one else. It was a painful admission of her own vulnerability, but she felt so beaten down, emotionally and physically, and he the only one to show her any sort of compassion since it began, whether or not he was her abuser to begin with, she desperately needed his affection. She was starved for it. A human being could only take so much.

“Master,” she breathed and reached for him. He said nothing as he thrust into her, but he looked at her with a searing gaze. “Master.”

She was so confused, physically and emotionally, that she felt tears in her eyes despite the pleasure.

“Cum for me, whore,” he said and he rubbed her clit. “Cum for your Master like a good girl.”

It took a moment, but the stimulation of her clit was too much and she shuddered out an orgasm. He pulled out of her as her walls clamped and squeezed around his cock. He came on her slick pussy, and as the ending spasms of pleasure worked through him he rubbed his cum into her clit with the head of his cock.

“I have ordered birth control from a friend of mine. Then I can cum inside of you whenever I want,” he breathed and laid down on the bed beside her. She was covered in sweat and panting, and she looked over at him as he put himself back into his trousers.

“Am I allowed to ask you questions?” she asked him and he nodded as he buckled his belt.

"Why haven't you ever undressed?" she asked him. He touched the damp shirt as it clung to his body with his own sweat. He smiled softly, eyes closing.

"Once you fully understand your place I will undress," he replied and she frowned.

"I don't understand why it matters," she said softly. She did not know if he would take that as a challenge or not and watched his face sharply for a change in his features. He remained relaxed, his afterglow still holding onto him.

"It's a power differential," he explained. "At the moment if we are both undressed you might mistake that as equality. You and I must remain separate until I know you have learned your place and your purpose."

"Oh," she said and sat up. She tried to examine her thighs and bottom, but she could not get a good angle to see the broken skin. All she knew was she could not feel it and she actually felt slightly happy. She would have to be good more often, so he would give her more of whatever it was he gave her. She gasped slightly when she felt his hand clamp down on her wrist.

"Come here," he said and yanked on her. She fell down beside him and he looped an arm around her waist. He pressed her head to his chest and held her to him firmly. She smiled. He would not cuddle a dildo or nipple clamps. She wasn't just a toy, no matter what he tried to tell her. That cruel man, Ulrik her Master had called him, might think of woman as nothing but objects, and her Master clearly had his own issues, but he wanted, from what she could tell, a companion of sorts. He wanted her to be a slave and he wanted to be worshiped, but he wanted her to want him. That was something she did not think Ulrik had cared about.

"I should be the center of your attention," he told her. "Always."

She nodded and touched his damp shirt, feeling the hard body underneath.

"I think I want you marked," he said and her heart stopped at the possibilities behind those words.

"Marked, Master?" she asked trying to hide her terror. He shifted, moved her to her back and leaned on his side, looking over her body.

"Here, perhaps," he said and touched the spot just above her mound. "Or here," he touched her hip. "Property of Maximilian. Or simply, Maximilian's."

The thought had her stomach turning. She knew if she escaped, when she escaped, she could get it removed, but she would always know it had been there.

"A tattoo?" she asked and he laughed, gently massaging a breast and then the other.

"Do not sound so horrified, slave," he said. "Think of it like this. If I have you tattooed, I could hardly turn around and sell you at any decent price. Unless I find a buyer named Maximilian."

She nodded and looked down at her body, wondering what it would look like with such a mark on it.

“Up,” he said patting her thigh before standing. “To the bathroom. You need to brush your teeth and shower.”

“Yes, Master,” she mumbled and stood. Before she could begin her walk to the bathroom he caught her around the middle and pulled her to him.

“A kiss, like the one before I left,” he murmured. She obeyed, standing on her tip toes to press her mouth to his. She did everything she could to show him how hard she was trying, and she felt his mouth curve into a smile. He broke the kiss and she went back to her flat feet.

“I don’t want to be a toy,” she said quietly, hardly a whisper one could hear. “I want to mean something.”

“You have to earn that. You have to prove yourself worthy of my affections,” he said gently and she nodded. “You are a good girl.”

“Gutes Mädchen,” she asked. He hummed softly as his eyes twinkled.

“Gutes Mädchen,” he agreed and his finger tips trailed over her thigh. “Go now. The bathroom.”

She hurried to obey.

## XV

### Chapter Notes

gutes Mädchen = good girl

Schätzchen = literally little treasure but generally means sweetie, darling, ect.

süßling = sweetie/sweetling

Liebchen = literally I believe it is 'little love' but is like love, honey, sweetheart. Same basic concept.

Liebste = like dear, dearest, love

For fellow native English speakers and most importantly those who have never taken another language, other languages often after an informal and formal "you" form. In German it is Sie (formal you) and du (informal you). So the possessive pronouns are ihr (your-formal) or dein (you-informal)

Deine hure = your whore, informal

ihrre hure = your whore formal

I'd also like to say: My German is decent, but I am not a native speaker, so I tend to make mistakes when speaking it (the whole feminine, neuter, masculine thing never fails to kick my ass, I once had an extremely nice German man try not to laugh at me while I tried to figure out which of the fourteen million forms of "the" to use in a sentence.). However, I do my best to make sure everything is correct before I publish it. If I DO make any mistakes, and a German speaker happens to be reading this story, feel free to point it out to me. I won't be offended.

I just can't help but put the German in. My favorite language :D

Also, my email is eatten@yahoo.com if you would like to contact me

Maximilian watched her as she finished brushing her teeth. She held her damp hair back and spit into the sink, her small naked body covered with bruises and shivering slightly from the cold air. He watched a droplet of water drip down the side of her breast, following her soft curves, sliding over her thighs, and finally touching the ground. As he looked at her, the sweet little thing she was, he could hardly believe that she truly belonged to him. No woman he had ever owned was so perfect a slave, and the fact that she was not even completely broken in yet, made it all the better. He could hardly imagine what it would be like when she finally submitted to him, when she finally saw that her self-worth was only what he saw in

her, that he was the most important aspect of her life and deserved to be worshiped accordingly.

When she had awoken him in the morning he had been curt with her, but only because she had woken him from a wonderful dream. He had been pleased with her for not getting out of bed and using the bathroom without his permission, but even her obedience could not outweigh his disappointment of being wakened. Rarely did he have such perfect dreams and being awoken from it so prematurely had irked him something terrible. Though, he had to admit, waking with the object of his dream in his arms helped abate his disappointment slightly.

He had dreamed he returned from a long business trip. He entered the country house to the smiling face of his ecstatic and obedient slave. She fell to her hands and knees as he entered, pressing her lips to his shoes before straightening up on her knees and wrapping her arms around him, holding him close. He had lead her into the kitchen where she had a meal all ready for him. She asked him about his trip as she served him and as he ate, she rubbed his shoulders and stroked his hair, and told him how perfect he was and how desperately she had missed him. He could still remember the sweet look on her face as she kneeled down by his chair, expressing her love and devotion to him. Waking up from her never ending professions of devotion had been a severely disappointing development.

He relived her sweet little words of love as he watched her rinse her mouth with some water from the tap before she wiped her mouth clean. She turned to face him, smiling softly, her bruised and cut mouth drawing his eyes. He stepped toward her and raised his hand, gently running his fingers over the abused flesh. As he did he looked toward the mirror to survey his own fading bruises. It was a dull yellowish-green now, and the swelling was completely gone, but he assumed it would still be a few days before the visible signs were completely gone.

“I’m sorry,” she said quietly and he looked from his reflection back to her. He smiled softly and touched her lips, running his finger tips over the split lip. Timidly, fearfully, she reached her own hand up toward his face and gently touched the bridge of his nose. The soft, nearly reverent touch, made his smile widen slightly and he waited, eyeing her face intently. “That man said I was ungrateful. I’m not anymore. I see now.”

He said nothing and gently smoothes down her damp hair with his hand. He enjoyed having her like this. Sweet, obedient, timid. This was how a woman should act in the presence of a man, especially a man that owned her. He remembered the look on his father’s face the day he told him that his mother had left them. He remembered the way his father would come back from work and drink well into the night, and he remembered the day his father stopped working all together. She had been the first woman to ever do him such terrible wrong, but she would not be the last. All women were the same, and they all needed to be put into their proper place or they would do nothing but cause pain. As he thought of all the women in his early life he felt a painful, hateful rage swell up in his chest. He saw Jessica’s face collapse from fear and he realized his face had taken on a scornful scowl.

“You’ve been a good girl,” he told her and her little face brightened. He could not help but return the little smile. “I only hope that your disposition will not change.”

"It won't," she assured him, gripping his shirt in tight fists. "I realize now how lucky I am. I'm lucky you were the man to buy me, and that I could be with a man that would do terrible things to me."

He cupped her cheek and stroked the smooth skin. He only looked at her for a few moments. He needed to look at her, see her small fragile and battered body, and know she was his, submissive and not going anywhere. It calmed him some and he gently stroked her face, patted her hair, and ran his hands up and down her arms. She was a magnificent purchase. He remembered how he had felt when he first saw her on that train, how perfect he knew she was even then, but now, having her here, having paid for her, fucked her, and made her his completely, she was so much better. She was beyond all imagination. And now it seemed she was coming to terms with the fact that she was nothing more than an object to own and use. A sweet little toy for him to find pleasure in. Someone to worship him and love him and never, ever, *ever* leave him.

He saw her grimace slightly and realized he had been squeezing her arms tightly. He released her and saw the red hand printed left behind on her soft flesh. She tried to smile at him, but he saw the way her hands jerked slightly. She stopped herself before rubbing the newly abused flesh, and he saw the fear in her eyes. He enjoyed fear, there should always be fear, but he remembered the way he felt in his dream, seeing her devotion and love in her eyes. He wanted to see love in her big brown eyes. He needed it.

"Go to the bed, lay down on your stomach," he told her and she hurried to obey. He turned to watch her go, and when she thought he was not looking she rubbed her arms. He felt slightly guilty as he watched, knowing she had not deserved the hard squeeze, that a good master only punished their slave when they deserved it, a concept many did not subscribe to as he did. Still, he pushed it to the back of his mind, reminding himself she was property, valuable property, but property. He grabbed the first aid kit from the top of the medicine cabinet and walked toward the bed where she was obediently laying on her stomach.

He sat down beside her and examined her skin as he opened the plastic box. The bruising was not nearly as bad as it had been the night before, and not nearly as angry, but he saw more clearly now just how hard she had really been hit. The skin had simply split open under the force and despite Ulrik's assurances he was frightened it might leave a little scar. He ground his teeth as he realized even if it did scar, there was little he could do. Ulrik had paid him for the damage. He owed him nothing for the girl's emotional damage. In the circles he ran in, a woman's emotions meant absolutely nothing. Their feelings, quite simply, were of little importance, if any, to many, many men like him.

She moved her face so she could look toward him and he glanced down at her face briefly. As they made eye contact she smiled softly at him but he did not return it this time. He picked up a bottle of hydrogen peroxide and looked at it a moment, sighing softly.

"This will sting," he told her and she nodded, squeezing her eyes shut and tensing. He avoided pouring it into the actual wound. He had made sure she cleaned it thoroughly with warm water during her shoulder, but made sure to get some of the skin surrounding the cut. Next he added a thin layer of an antibiotic cream. "Get onto your knees, don't sit."

She obeyed and he grabbed the bruise cream from the box. She obeyed, but he immediately saw her thighs begin to tremble. She still looked so tired and so weak, but he did not want her sitting on the abused skin. He gently rubbed the cream into the purple bruise on her face and then applied some medicinal chap stick to her lips.

“Thank you, master,” she said softly as he closed up the first aid kit.

“One does maintenance on a car, do they not?” he asked and watched her face fall and her eyes lower to the ground. She only nodded and he saw tears swell in her eyes but they did not fall. He reached up and touched her cheek, looking at her with a growing warmth in his chest. “Does that bother you?”

She shook her head but could not meet his eyes.

“You will look at me, you will use your words, and you will not lie,” he told her sharply and she obeyed.

“Yes, Master,” she whispered, voice cracking.

“Why?” he asked.

“I thought you were doing it because you c-cared about me,” she said and struggled to keep her eyes raised.

“Have you ever had a car you loved?” he asked and she her abused lips trembled.

“I’m not a car,” she said pathetically, looking up at him just as one fat tear dripped from her eyes.

“No… you are a woman,” he agreed, snapping the plastic tabs of the first aid kit. “I hardly know which one has less worth.”

When he returned from putting the first aid kit away she was still on her knees where he had left her, but frantically trying to wipe away her tears.

“You will wash the cream away,” he scolded and she nodded frantically apologizing as she tried to regain control of herself. He knelt down in front of her, gently taking her face in his hands. He smiled softly as he looked into her sad face and she glanced up timidly. “You are worthless.”

She sniffled, hiccupped, and her lower lip trembled.

“Would everyone have given up on you so fast if you were not?” he asked and her face crumpled further. She tried to turn her face downward but he forced her head up with a firm grip on her chin. “Tell me if you have worth.”

He waited, wanting to hear her tell him she had none, that she was absolutely nothing. Instead she looked up at him, disobeying his order, but he found no anger. She looked so sad, so beautifully broken, that instead, as he listened to her hurt words and soft voice, he felt warm affection burrow its way into his chest.

“You don’t care about me at all?” she asked. He could hear the plea in her voice, the soft begging for him to tell her he cared. He considered lying and telling her he did not. It would surely hurt her in her drained and emotional state. The no doubt mind altering affect the pill he had given her had her perfectly pliable. He saw the final blow, the opportunity to crush her spirit once and for all, but the look in her eyes, the pleading, the absolutely dependence on him to tell her he cared had him torn.

The fact was, she *did* mean something to him. She was an object, something to be owned, but he cared. He feared if he lied now, she would never open herself up to love him the way he needed her to. He reached up and touched her face, gently wiping the fat tears that leaked from her eyes away with his finger.

“What do you think, slave?” he asked her instead, voice soft, his hands gently caressing her. He saw confusion in her eyes, fear, and uncertainty. Surely his soft words and little caresses, mixed with his words from just moments before had her unsure, and no doubt she feared if she told him she thought he did care she would be punished for disobeying a command to tell him she was worthless. But she also saw the painful horror just beneath the surface of voicing allowed that the only person she had contact with, the only person left on this earth to know she was alive, did not care. Seeing the distress he added, “Answer me honestly, I will not punish you.”

“I want you to care,” she simply whispered. “I... I think you do... sometimes...”

“Sometimes,” he murmured with a little smirk. “And right now?”

She burst into tears, falling back to sit on her feet and covering her abused face with her hands. He smiled as he reached over to collect her in his arms and put her in his lap. He relished the way her hands gripped at his clothing and her small little body pressed into his. She clung to him so desperately, her body trembling as she cried, and he wrapped his arms around her. He gently ran his hand over her hair, pressing her head to his chest gently, all the while softly shushing her.

“Sweet girl,” he cooed softly as she continued to sob. He chuckled softly as she continued to clutch at him. “You cannot get much closer, darling.”

She turned her red, tear stained face up at him, eyes wet and searching.

“Darling?” she asked and he smiled. He touched her face, gently running his knuckles over her cheek.

“Do you like that?” he asked her softly, lowering his face closer to her. She raised her face to him but he stopped her with two fingers to her lips. “I asked you a question. Do you like that?”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered.

“How about something German? Hmm?” he asked and she nodded. “*Schätzchen? Liebchen? Süßling?*”

“And *gutes Mädchen*,” she said softly sniffling.

“Of course,” he said soothingly and she offered him a timid smile. He smiled and ran the back of his fingers over her lips. Her hands kept a firm grip on his shirt and she pulled lightly, scooting closer to him.

“I will serve you, and obey you, and please you, and worship you,” she said quietly, running her fingers over the fabric of his pullover. “...won’t you care about me in return?”

She looked up at him and he frowned.

“I *owe* you nothing,” he told her sharply, eyes hard once again and panic crossed her face.

“No, no, no, I know, I’m sorry, I know, I’m sorry, Master please –” she said but he quieted her.

“Are you hungry?” he asked her and she paused a moment.

“Do you want me to be hungry?” she asked after a long pause.

“I want you to be honest,” he told her and slowly she nodded. He removed her from his lap and stood. He went to the work bench, but when he turned around and she saw the blindfold and wrist restraints she began to panic again. He said nothing as he knelt down beside her.  
“Your wrists.”

She obeyed, but her eyes were full of fear. He clasped the leather restraints around her wrists and secured her thumbs with a leather loop. The restraints forced her to keep her forearms together, keeping her mostly immobilized with a very simple restraint. He blindfolded her but made sure he did not look at her. Blindfolded as she was, all he could see was the bruise and split lip, as well as her glistening tears. When he reached down to scoop her up she leaned into him, pressing her blindfolded face into his neck. She tensed when he climbed the stairs. He pressed the button to the keypad and the door opened. He jostled her slightly as he brought his hand back to get a better grip on her and brought her into the kitchen.

“Stay seated,” he told her as he placed her at the kitchen table and she obeyed silently. She trembled as she sat down and he glanced at her bottom.

“What are you thinking right now, slave?” he asked as he prepared her meal. “Are you thinking that because you are in a kitchen right now, that a knife is in your immediate vicinity? That if you were able to grab it and plunge it into my chest, all you would have to do is pick up the phone five feet to your right, or walk out the front door?”

“No, Master,” she responded hurriedly.

“I don’t believe you,” he replied.

“Truly, Master,” she answered. He looked over to see her knee shaking quickly and her heel bouncing off the floor.

“No? Then what are you thinking of?”

"Honestly, I was thinking about what your house looks like, and that you must have a lot of money, since you were able to buy me and have such a large, finished basement," she replied and he smiled sourly.

"So like a woman," he mused. "to think only of money."

"I don't care about money. It's only an observation... Master," she added.

"Women are whores," he told her curtly.

"I was a virgin," she whispered and he looked over to see her face crumple up again.

"And now you're my whore," he replied and she nodded.

"Deine Hure," she muttered.

"*Deine?*" he asked sharply.

"*Ihre!*" she corrected herself. "I forget sometimes, we don't have the formal in English, I just always use the familiar, I'm sorry."

He said nothing as he placed the plate of food in front of her and sat down.

"Open."

She opened her mouth and he fed her. He glanced at the back door and back at her as she chewed. Once she had finished he stood and moved behind her. She shivered as he placed a hand on the back of her neck and leaned down. He pressed his lips to her ear, sucking an earlobe between his lips. She shivered and he smirked.

"Who am I?"

"The Master of my body and soul," she said softly.

"And what is your purpose in life?" he asked her, nibbling at her earlobe.

"To serve, obey, please and worship," she replied.

"Hmm," he breathed and kissed her cheek. "*Mein Schätzchen,*" he purred and watched her lips turn upward. He nipped her earlobe. "*Meine Liebste.*"

She turned toward him and turned her face upward. He smiled and placed a kiss to her lips.

"Master," she breathed and he could not help but smirk. He leaned in, and placed another kiss to her lips.

## XVI

He had tied her to the front of his desk in one of the most uncomfortable positions she had ever been in in her life, but she managed not to whimper as he moved away from her. She knew it was a desk because as he brought her into the room, which she presumed was his study, he told her he had work to do. Her arms were pulled out and tied at a slight angle downward. She was made to kneel, but ropes bound her legs together, two on her calves and two on her thighs. He said nothing but ‘back straight’ as he tied her there and finished with ropes tied around her chest, securing her more firmly to the desk.

She had no idea how much time passed, but she heard the sound of keys being hit, pens scribbling on paper, and the occasional sound of his chair creaking as he moved. She bit her lip as her thighs began to burn and she jumped when the sound of the phone ringing met her ears. He said nothing at her sound and she quieted herself. She listened as he brought the phone to his ear and began speaking. The language was German and he spoke quickly with disinterest. She heard a few words, but his accent was too thick and not what she was used to and so she could not understand most of the conversation. If she did not know he was Austrian, she might have thought he was speaking Bayrisch.

She contemplated screaming but who knew whom he was speaking to. It might be a man like him. Or he might have a good explanation. It was too much of a risk. He was being kind to her and she did not want to ruin that. She needed to be obedient for now. He was treating her so well she did not want to go back to how it was before. She leaned back into the desk, her legs burning terribly and focused on his voice. It should not calm her but it did. His voice did not bring her back to the rape or the beatings or the pain. No, now it brought her to a place of security. She felt his arms around her in the hot shower when he came back to her. She felt him laying in bed with her stroking her hair, rubbing the cream into her body and gently kissing her lips. She knew how backward it was but the feelings were there and because it made her feel better, she did not fight it.

She jumped again when the receiver was slammed down and her entire body tensed. Surely if he was angry it would be taken out on her. She closed her eyes and tried to steady her breathing as she heard the sound of a notebook, or envelope, or something slapped down on the table and the sound of fluttering pages.

“Arschloch,” he muttered and she heard the sound of keys again. She tried to lower herself down on her feet to help alleviate the pain, and she was not sure how he knew, but he immediately scolded her and ordered her right back up. She obeyed, her muscles straining and she felt an ache on the cut on her thigh. She bit on her lower lip and wished that he had at least removed the blind fold from her eyes. She whimpered as she shifted slightly, pulling lightly on her binds. After a long while she heard him stand and waited. She made sure she was perfectly straight and waited. She felt his hand touched her hair and gently untied the blindfold. She opened her eyes and gazed up at him as he laid the blindfold across the desk behind her.

“Thank you, Master,” she whispered and he grunted, hands running along her jaw.

"I did not do it for you," he said and put some pressure on her forehead with his right hand, forcing her head back slightly, and gripped her chin hard with his left hand. She looked up at him and waited. He pulled at his belt and unfastened his trousers. She licked her dry lips in an attempt to wet them as he pulled out his throbbing erection. It was the hand on her chin that went to his erection and he placed some sharp slaps of the hard organ to her cheek. Her eyes stayed on him and he seemed pleased. She struggled to keep eye contact, as his gaze was glued to hers and hot, but she could not look anywhere else.

"Schön," he breathed and stroked his cock slowly. He rested the hot skin against her face and threaded his hands through her hair, forcing her head back further so it was nearly parallel with the floor. His cock was hard and hot against her face and it brushed over her swollen, cut lip. She took a sharp intake of breath but he did nothing. He grabbed his cock again and the hand on her forehead went to her chin and made her open her mouth. She stuck her tongue out on impulse and was rewarded with a tiny little smile. He slid his cock into her mouth but only continued to gaze down at her.

Her lips stretched across his throbbing organ and she tugged unconsciously at her binds. His eyes flicked over to her bending wrists but she found no anger in his icy blue eyes. She was actually surprised to see amusement... satisfaction. He let out a long shaky breath, but it was of arousal and nothing else. He pressed his hips towards her and his cock pressed to the back of her throat. She gagged around his cock and he smirked, pinching her nose with his free hand. She tried to breathe through her mouth but his cock stopped her and she gagged, face turning red.

"Good whore," he told her and released her nose. Her nostrils flared as she tried to suck in oxygen but his fingers went back to her nose. She yanked at the binds as her lungs began to burn but it did no good. Mercifully he released her again and his fingers wiped away an automatic tear that had slipped from her eye. He pressed his cock back into her throat further before pulled back slowly. He continued the motion and she continued to look up at him. His eyes moved to her mouth, watching as her lips stretched around his cock. She felt a slight stinging as the cut on her lip stretched and it began to bleed slightly.

"We both benefit from this relationship," he told her, only slightly out of breath. "We take care of each other... only in different ways. You will never have to worry about paying bills... working... being warm or fed....anything. I will take care of everything. All you have to do is obey me."

"And serve," she tried to say around his cock but he was pushing it to the back of her throat and it came out as a grumbled. He groaned as the feeling of her vocal cord vibrations worked up his shaft and one of his hands fisted her hair tightly.

"And one day..." he pulled back before pushing back in, his hold on her head firm. "You will love me."

He looked down at her as he said it, eyes burning into her.

He groaned after what felt like a long time and removed his cock form her mouth, stroking himself wildly.

"Mouth closed," he ordered and she obeyed without a word. Her eyes snapped shut at the sudden ejaculation and she felt his hot seed land on her nose, then a spurt to her eyes, and then to her lips. She listened to his heavy breathing and waited for him to wipe the cum away. Instead she heard only the sound of his fly zipping and his belt being buckled. She sensed his departure from his spot before her and heard him retake his seat.

"Master?" she asked softly after a few minutes. His cum was still on her face and as she spoke some slipped from her lips into her mouth.

"Yes, slave?" he asked sharply and she heard anger in his voice. She felt her heart quicken and her body tense. She did not want him to be angry. She could not take another punishment, but worst of all, she could not take being left alone again in one of those cages. She could not possibly withstand his cruel words of degradation. Her brain raced and her breathing turned slightly erratic.

"Thank you for your cum, master," she told him and tried to think of the most degrading thing she could say. "I don't deserve it."

He grunted and she was unsure if he believed her sincerity or not. Though, it did seem to please him.

"You have been good," he answered dryly. Whether or not he was simply playing the game with her or if he was being genuine she did not know. "You have earned the privilege to wear my cum. Now be silent. I have no need of you right now."

"Yes, Master. I'm sorry," she said softly. The phone rang again and she listened to him speak. She understood him this time. He spoke a more understandable dialect of German than before but the conversation was rather boring. It had to do with money, finances of some company, and she assumed he was some type of accountant. She heard the sound of keys being hit, and because he was speaking of calculations she was able to put together he was using a calculator as he spoke. She leaned her head against the wood of the desk and tried to relieve her aching legs.

"Schmutzige Fotze," he snapped as he hung up the phone, once again in anger. She bit her lip and looked around the room. There was a couch on the far side of the room and she longed to go lay down on it. She wanted to sleep and ease the terrible pain in her thighs. "You women..." she could hear the anger in his voice and she grew scared. She heard him push his chair back and she waited in fearful anticipation. He came around to stand in front of her and grabbed her chin in his hand hard. His fingers pressed into the bruised flesh and she cried out, looking up at him in fear. "You think you're so fucking smart. Look at you now."

"I didn't... I've never thought I was better than you..." she told him, tears leaving her eyes. His eyes softened slightly and she thought she saw regret as his eyes followed a tear trailing down the discolored flesh. He leaned down toward her, fingers gently removing any remaining cum from her lips before he kissed the split skin softly. He looked to be teetering between anger and compassion as she pulled back and she once again thought as quickly as she could.

"How may I serve you, Master?" she asked him quietly. "I'll show you I don't think I'm better than you. Please let me worship you."

A breath left him and he stood back, eyeing her in her entirety. His cum was still on her face and she could only imagine what she must look like to him at that moment. She suddenly realized she had something over on him. His ego was too large and the perceived hurt at the hand of women so deep that he was incapable of being completely critical of her behavior. He could not totally separate himself from her words and analyze it affectively because he wanted, needed, it to be true too badly.

"What will you do for me?" he asked after a moment, voice low... hot.

"Anything you want me to," she told him. "When that man was here I promised myself if you came back to me I'd do anything you wanted. You have no idea how grateful I am to you."

What frightened her is as she said it, she felt a rush of affection for him bubbling up in her chest. His finger tips gently trailing over her bruise.

"I only wish...may I be honest Master?" she asked him timidly and licked her lips, tasting the salt of his semen still on her skin. It was a gamble, but it was a perfect balance between truthfulness and what he wanted to hear. She only prayed he would not be angry with her for it.

"You must always be honest with me, Jessica," he murmured, his finger tips collecting the drying cum from her forehead and flicking it to the side.

"I wish that you had just asked me out," she said and there was a flash in his eyes but his face betrayed no anger and she went on. "I wish you could have taught me to be your slave that way."

"You say that now," he told her softly and shook his head. "Only because I have taught you the way I have. Normal dating... you would have thought we were equals."

"Maybe I... Maybe I just wanted my friends to know a man like you was interested in me," she said and this time she saw his eyes light up with satisfaction. "I am grateful for you, Master. I see what you have done for me. I... I feel safe when I see you... you scare me... I never know what to do, if I am doing the right thing or wrong, but I... I liked lying in your arms."

"Hmm," he said and his knuckles continued to stroke her cheek. "I want to whip you."

Her eyes widened and her stomach sank.

"Master... I'm sorry! I didn't think I was being bad I swear! I –"

"Shhh," he cooed. "It is not a punishment. I merely enjoy it."

"If it will please you," she told him but her lower lip trembled as her fear re-seized her.

"It will... and what is one of your reasons for living, slave?"

"To please you," she responded and when he gave her a small smile she added without thinking, "I want to please you."

She was so desperately confused. Her brain seemed to rationalize her more submissive behavior, and yet her feelings were not detached or disinterested. Her thoughts remained independent, and yet she found her emotions mirroring her words.

"Pretty whore," he murmured and bent down, placing three hard slaps to her pussy. His palm slapped her clit and she hissed in a breath, but a slight spark of pleasure ran through her at the contact.

He was so tall, thick dark hair and piercing blue eyes. He truly was an amazingly handsome man. The type of man any girl would kill to have. She could see his muscles flex under his rolled up shirt sleeves and his biceps strained just barely against the material that covered his upper arms. She wondered if he worked out, what he might look like under his clothing, and to her absolute shame and horror, she found herself excited at the prospect of finding out. Only because it was forbidden she told herself though. Only because he had told her she could not see. It was a form of defiance... but still... she could not ignore the feelings coursing through her.

He ran a hand over her belly, his finger tips grazing the soft skin, before he slapped her pussy again. Once he was satisfied he stood and removed his belt in steady, methodical motions. Her eyes widened as fear gripped her but she kept herself steady. He had promised he would not hurt her badly if she was good. She would have to trust him. But as he folded the belt in half and gripped it in his hand she felt her stomach quiver. He smirked slightly as he looked at her and his blue eyes penetrated her.

"You will tell me you like it, and thank me for each stroke," he told her slowly. She nodded and licked her lips, breathing heavy. He swung the belt and though it stung when contact was made, it was not as painful as it could have been. A large red stripe appeared across her belly and as she hissed in a breath she bit her bottom lip hard. He waited for her, but she knew he would not wait forever, and she turned her gaze up at him.

"Thank you Master... I... I like that," she told him and he nodded slowly. He swung again, harder this time and she groaned slightly, thanking him and telling him she liked it. He waited until a red welt was visible on her chest. The next time he swung the black leather caught a nipple and she nearly wailed at the pain. He chuckled and knelt down, reaching out and gently messaging the sensitive skin. The feeling sent waves through her and could not help but moan. His fingers gently massaged the skin and then pinched ever so lightly and another moan left her.

"Thank you, Master, I... ooooh, I like that," she breathed and his lips curved upward.

"The difference between your lies and honesty is astounding," he murmured as he continued to rub the breast. "I would have you like this all the time."

"Yes, Master, hmmm," she moaned again when the hand still holding the belt went to her clit. He stood back and resumed his swinging. It really was light compared to the past, but it stung all the same. Tears swelled in her eyes at a particularly hard hit to the thigh and she managed

to thank him and tell him she liked it. He swung again, hitting the top of her other thighs and she felt her strength beginning to leave her. The pain was too great and the position she was in too hard to sustain. She looked up at him pleadingly but he did nothing, only swung again.

“You’re a whore,” he told her.

“Yes, Master, I’m a whore,” she breathed and he did not swing again.

“You filthy slut,” he practically purred and trailed the belt from her collar bone down to the pussy. She waited for a harsh blow there but he merely stroked the clit with the leather. She moaned as the pleasure broke through the stinging of her body and he smirked.

“I like that, Master,” she moaned as he stroked her. She’d rather this continue than the whipping.

“I bet you do,” he told her. “Slaves enjoy when their Master’s give them pleasure. Though very rarely do they deserve it.”

“Thank you,” she moaned and he shifted the belt to the side so the side rubbed her clit. It was a rougher texture and the friction increased, heightening the pleasure.

“You are dripping onto my floor,” he told her and she felt arousal leaving her.

“I’m sorry, Master,” she moaned. “You are too good.”

“Too good....” He murmured and took a step back. The belt left her and he went to rummage around in his desk. She waited in fear, though she would have been less frightened if he came back with a cane or lash. Instead he held a camera in his hand. He snapped a picture of her, but she noticed only one captured her face. The rest were of her body from different angles and he reviewed them thoughtfully.

“So pretty...” he murmured and his eyes looked up from the camera screen to her.

“Will you... sorry Master...” she murmured, knowing better than to ask questions.

“Yes? You have begun. Now finish,” he told her shortly.

“Will you put them online?” she asked and he laughed.

“And let everyone know you are alive?” he asked. “No.”

He crouched down and reached out to touch her face.

“You would not like that?” he asked and she shook her head. His hand moved lower and ghosted over the red lines his belt had left behind before ending at her clit.

“I want my body to be only for you,” she said, frightened he would hear her insincerity but he only nodded. He grabbed her breast hard and tweaked a nipple before standing. She could see he had an erection again but he made no move to take it out. Instead he struck her again with

the belt. It smacked against her side and she took in a deep breath. Her pussy was still throbbing and dripping, but the pain battled to the foreground.

He finally stopped and the front of her body glowed red. Her thighs burned horribly and trembled, and the gash on the back of her leg was beginning to protest. He began untying her and she let out a large breath of relief, but he did not untie her completely. He let the rope remained around her limbs and torso but picked her up and placed her on the desk. With her back on his paper work, folders, and pens, she thought he was going to fuck her, but instead he walked around the other side of the desk.

Her eyes widened when she felt the belt loop around her neck but she said nothing, gazing up at him in fear. He tilted his head to the side and smiled very softly. It was not a loving smile but one hot and full of arousal. He grabbed the belt and tugged it down so her head was angled toward him more. It was then that he began unfastening his trousers. He revealed his erection, giving it one hard pump before forcing it into her mouth. She had to bend her neck back further than even the belt had made her do because of the angle, but he managed to slide all the way down her throat. She gagged slightly but he pulled back, only going in a little ways next time.

She yelped as his hands went to her breasts and he squeezed them before pulling at the nipples hard. She moaned as he then began to message her nipples, his hips moving at strong, even thrusts. It was no longer so unbearable and when she could she tried to use her tongue on him. He hissed in a breath the first time she did and one of his hands left her breast. Instead it went to wrap around her throat. He tilted her chin up toward him as he continued to thrust and she could hear him breathing hard.

He would slap a nipple hard, pinch it and make it hurt before rubbing it softly. Her little cries of pain turned into pleasure and she felt her stomach burn. He reached down over her and rubbed her clit briefly, but stopped as she felt herself working up towards an orgasm. She didn't know what was wrong with her, why she reacted this way for him, but she decided fighting it only made things worse. She moaned as his hand went back to her throat and she felt the juices from her pussy on his fingers.

"Come on," he breathed. "Work for it bitch."

She flicked her tongue against him and closed her lips more firmly around his cock. It had an immediate affect for he began thrusting with more enthusiasm. Though the position had her eyes watering and she struggled to breath, she needed not wait long after the new adjustments.

"Don't swallow yet," he ordered just a half second before his cum shot into her mouth. Just the tip remained in her hot, wet cavern and so it did not go pouring down her throat and she waited obediently, gazing up at him. He pulled out and she waited as he rubbed the tip of his cock over her closed lips. His semen stung the cut slightly but her eyes could only water more if she began to cry.

"Open your mouth," he ordered and she did. She moved her tongue slightly so the semen was more visible to him. He reached over beside her and grabbed the camera again. She colored when he snapped a quick few photos and then placed the camera down. She was surprised

when he dipped his fingers into her mouth and collected some of his cum. He trailed it over her lips, making them glisten with his seed. When he was satisfied he took a step back and began refastening his pants. It was not until he had removed the belt from her neck and slid it back through his pant loops that he ordered her to swallow.

“Thank you, Master,” she told him after she had swallowed. She could still feel his cum on her mouth as she spoke and he nodded.

“Lick your lips,” he answered and she obeyed. His fingers gently stroked her hair as he watched. She was amazed that eyes that were so cold could look so hot.

“Now slide down and come here” he said again and sat down in his chair. She slid down from the desk and moved to her knees, crawling toward him. He was pleased and she knelt before him, glancing up timidly. His legs spread and he beckoned her closer. She obeyed and he gently forced her cheek to rest against the side of his thigh. “Keep looking at me.”

She did and he stroked her cheek.

“Talk to me,” he said and she knew what that meant.

“You are the Master of my body and soul,” she told him and she realized her voice was beginning to sound less and less robotic every time she said it. “My purpose in life is to obey, serve, please, and worship my Master.”

“And do you do these things, slave?” he asked her. “Do you worship me?”

“You are the only reason I am alive right now,” she told him. “The center of my world...” though she knew he took it to mean something different, it was still disturbingly true. “I worship you.” He looked skeptical and she timidly reached up, ropes dangling from her wrists. She took the hand that was stroking her cheek and held it firmly before moving her face to the side to kiss his palm. She glanced up at him anxiously to see if it had been presumptuous of her but he looked like he was enjoying it.

“Good, good, whore,” he breathed and she put one of his fingers into her mouth. Slowly she began sucking on it and he hissed in a breath. He gazed down at her as she continued and she looked back. They stayed like that for a long time.

## XVII

### Chapter Notes

Thank you so much for everyone that has given me feedback! Please take the time to tell me what you think if you are still reading. I am not adverse to begging ;-)

It really gets the creative juices flowing when I hear back from readers.

Also you are going to be seeing some changes to Max. He'll appear in some instances, and in some whole chapters in the next bit of the story, very gentle and tender. It's a way to get to Jessica, and though he does want to be able to be gentle with her more often, the part of him that gets off punishing her and dominating her has not gone. So don't worry on that front.

Please, please, please comment!!!

Her eyes fluttered open to the smiling face of her master. He stared down at her, head propped up by his hand, elbow pressing into his pillow. His finger tips trailed over her jaw very gently and trailed downward to her collar bone. She remembered him blindfolding her hours before and carrying her back down stairs to sleep and felt a little smile come to her lips. He had laid her down on the bed and very tenderly tucked her in, kissing her hair and standing. It was not until she called to him, begging him to stay with her that he informed her he disliked the bed, that it gave him back pain and he preferred to sleep in his own bed. She had sat up and pleaded with him, and she had been able to see the conflict on his face. Should he punish her for being so impudent when he had made his decision, or should he reward her for her desire to be near her Master. He had opted to reward her and slide into bed with her.

She was merely required to lay in bed with him and let him kiss her on the mouth as he pleased. It was strange to her, that sex with him felt less intimate than kissing. Any man could fuck a woman. Kissing was intimate and affectionate. She could not imagine a man kissing a prostitute. No, sex was different. It had always meant something to her but to him she was a sex toy. It was her purpose, like anything else one could buy at Spencer's or some other store. But his desire to kiss her made things very different. His lips were soft, sometimes gently, sometimes bruising and he nipped and nibbled at her constantly. Finally he let her sleep and then the dream had started. She blushed as she remembered it and looked up at him and his smiling eyes. She tried to imagine him the first time she had seen him, the horror she had felt and the pain she had experienced as he raped her, but it completely eluded her. Instead, she felt more of what she had felt in the dream.

"I don't know if I should punish you, for calling me Maximilian, or be pleased at the sweet little noises you were making while saying my name," he told her and palmed a breast. She blushed and looked down. He chuckled as he tweaked a nipple. Once satisfied he through the

blanket off of her so he could look at her entire body. “I suppose it's my own fault for telling you my name. A truly silly decision on my part. Never have I told a slave my name before.”

“I like your name Master,” she told him. “It suits you.”

He smiled and said a little “hmmmm”. She found she liked it when he did that.

“Tell me about the dream,” he ordered imperiously, his hand squeezing her breast.

“We were having sex...” she trailed off.

“Details, pet, position, tempo, what was being done, said, touched....”

“I was on my back and you were on top of me,” she told him and he nodded slowly. “You're mouth was close to mine but not touching mine.... That's all really.”

“You were enjoying yourself?” he asked and I nodded. His finger tips circled a nipple and he bent down to kiss it. His teeth enclosed around it and for a horrifying moment she actually thought he was going to bite it off. Luckily only his tongue brushed over it and he leaned back.

“Very much, Master,” she answered honestly. His fingers slipped between her legs and gently massaged her slick slit. She moaned and he smirked, eyes light.

“I can see that,” he smirked. “You're turning into the perfect slave. Just so utterly perfect.”

She felt a twisted sense of pride as he said it and her lips curved upward slightly. His smirk intensified and he slid a finger inside of her, pressing it up to his knuckles, before slowly pulling it out. He brought it to his lips and sucked it clean, bringing a hot blush to face.

“Tell me how happy that makes you, slave, that I think you are perfect,” he mused and resumed stroking her.

“It makes me happy, Master,” she told him, afraid of sounding disingenuous. “I... I'm glad I'm not just a toy to you.”

She knew it was a chance, that he might be angry she was asserting herself worth, and in fact his eyes did harden a moment, but he nodded slowly.

“You're just...” she kept going trying to think of ways to stroke his ego. “so perfect that... I want to be special to you.”

“Special to me?” he asked with a smile. “Good, obedient, doting girls are special to me.”

“I'll be that,” she told him and his icy blue eyes moved from observing his fingers playing with her wet pussy to her face. They shined with amusement and his lips were still curved slightly.

“Hmm, good and obedient perhaps,” he said. “I have yet to see you doting.”

She reached for him, grabbing onto his arms and tugging him slightly closer. She could see he barely contained a laugh and she felt her face burn red with humiliation. Surely she was utterly pathetic. How degrading it was to try to supplicate so desperately to her rapist, but somehow it was more important to show him she would obey than fight for her pride in that moment.

“What do I have to do,” she asked him, gripping his shirt sleeves like it was a life boat. “I can dote on you. I can bathe you? Give you a back massage? A foot rub?”

“Hmm,” he mused and closed a hand over a breast and massaged gently. “No... I don’t want any of those right now... perhaps later.”

“What do you want now, master?” she asked and he smiled.

“Stand up,” he ordered and she scrambled to obey. He stood as well and walked over to his work bench, sighing and stretching his back. She bit her bottom lip when he turned back with a cane in his hand and his little half smile-smirk intensified. He came to stand before her, towering over her. The fingertips of his free hand trailed up and down the side of her thigh gently and the cane went underneath her chin, forcing her to look at him. “How far we have come, no? Not long ago you were trying to bash my face in. Now you stand here and wait for your Master to tie you up, whip you, and fuck you sweetly and obediently. You were born for this.”

“Just for you,” she whispered. The thought of serving another man like she did him turned her stomach, and she was terrified he would change his mind about sharing her if he thought she would not care. He looked at her, eyes unreadable and she licked her lips. “The thought of anyone but you touching me is horrifying.”

It was the truth at the very least. He seemed to understand that and smiled softly if slightly sourly. She had to remember he was smarter than his small bouts of instability lead her to believe.

“I...” she stopped and reached out to grip his clothing hard. “I want to please you, Master, but only you. The thought of you wanting to share me... that you don’t care...”

“That bothers you. doesn’t it, pet?” he murmured. The cane pressed to her chin harder and forced her to arch her neck more severely. He leaned in, hovering his slightly open mouth over her lips as he continued to smile slightly. “Get on your knees.”

She obeyed and moved to her knees.

“My feet,” he said simply and she knew he meant for her to kiss them. She realized then he was barefoot, but she did not hesitate as she pressed her lips to his feet. Remembering the comment about doting on him she peppered his feet with firm kisses, gripping the back of his ankles with her hands as she did. A terrible shot of pain rocketed through her bottom as he smacked the cane down hard and she looked up at him in confusion. She was trying so hard, he had promised not to hit her until she was healed, why would he do that? He tilted his head to the side as he looked down at her.

"I did not say stop," he told her sharply and she lowered her face back to his feet. The cane rested on her bottom as she kissed his feet. The cane left her bottom and this time she was able to brace herself for the coming smack. She yelped against his feet and he chuckled softly. "Look at me now, slave."

She looked up and he observed her a moment.

"So many things I want to do to you," he mused as he looked down at her. He rested the cane on her shoulder, where his bite mark was still fading. "I can scarcely decide."

She waited for him to make his decision and finally he did. He jerked his head to his right and ordered her to crawl after him. She immediately obeyed and followed close behind. He stopped her and ordered her onto her back and once again she immediately obeyed. Thick, black leather cuffs were put on her wrists and ankles as she watched in apprehension. He reached up and grabbed a large wooden block above him with metal hooks jutting out from both ends. Her wrists and ankles were attached to the same hooks on either side and he leaned back to lift her back up. He stopped her so her pussy was level with his cock and he went back to the work bench. She looked at him and tried to remember whatever he would do would be worse being done by someone else. Also, he was far worse when angry and she did not want his wrath.

"Try and wiggle free," he ordered and she tried to glance at him. Why would he want her to fight?

"What if I fall, Master?" she asked and looked down to the ground below her.

"I don't really care if you fall or not, whore, I gave an order."

The sound of his voice caused an involuntarily trembling of her muscles and immediately began tugging at the block of wood. She did not stop until she felt his hands ghost over her back. He was not angry when her tugging ceased, and his hands circled around her and gripped her breasts. His fingers rolled her nipples into tight little buds. He had to lean down some, but she felt his tongue glide from her lower jaw to her temple. Then he murmured in her ear,

"You have been good and I know you are scared of being punished. Because of this I will overlook that question to a direct order. From now on, when I give an order, you obey. It does not matter if you do not understand why I order it or if you think if you did such a thing without an order I would punish you. You follow my orders. You are my slave and you will obey me in all ways, without hesitation or question. Understand?"

"Yes, Master, I'm sorry," she told him and he pinched her nipples hard. She bit down on the inside of her cheek and his hands left her. There was a few moments before he came into view again. She wanted to protest when he attached the clamps to her nipples, they bit into her and hurt, but she knew better. The chain that attached the clamps to each other was then attached to a chain that hung from the wooden block and her nipples were tugged upwards. He looked her over, eyes shining with that familiar arrogance and triumph, but somehow it did not give her that same visceral hatred it had previously. Instead she merely waited and looked up at her master.

The first thing she saw in his hands was a black plug looking thing. He stepped toward her and pressed it to her lips. Her mouth opened and he smiled, placing it into her mouth. It was not large and did not totally fill her mouth, but she knew it would be inside of her soon and that had it feeling larger.

“Go on, get it nice and wet. Slobber on it bitch,” he ordered. “It’s all the lube you get before I shove it up that sweet little asshole.”

That was enough encouragement for her. She worked up as much saliva as she could and worked her tongue around it.

“Suck it like it’s my cock,” he ordered and then let out a breathy laugh as she obeyed. “God you’re a filthy slut. Look up at me. There we are, those big innocent doe eyes. You fear me but you want to please me. That’s a woman’s place.”

His voice was almost gentle as he spoke the last part but there was a cruel glint in his eyes. He took the plug from her mouth and moved to her spread legs. She felt it press against her ass and he pushed gently. It entered her and she felt herself spread open. She supposed if this was preparation for him fucking her in the ass she should be thankful he was preparing her in such a way, though no doubt he knew how humiliating this was for her, and enjoyed that as well.

“Is there any placed you’d rather be, slave, than in this basement with me?” he asked and brushed a thumb against her clit. She bit back a moan and stared at him, totally conflicted. He must have seen it on his face and his lips warped into a cold smile. “How to answer? That is what you are wondering? The truth or a lie. You know I will know, and yet what is the answer I am looking for? Do I want to hear the lie knowing it’s a lie, or do I want to hear the truth, despite it not being what I really want to hear? Choices...”

His eyes lit up and she felt her lower lip tremble.

“I... I’d rather be with you than that man,” was her answer and she yelped when he flung the flogger he had been holding behind his back down on her hard. The leather straps collided with her stomach, a few catching a clamped nipple and tears came to her eyes.

“Not my question, slave,” he scolded. “Is there any other place you’d rather be?”

She did not answer and he flung to the flogger down hard again, this time on her inner thigh. She cried out but as she opened her mouth to answer he hit her again. She waited for him to stop but the flogger kept landing on her naked skin.

“No! No!” she cried out and he stopped, breathing heavy. “There’s no place I’d rather be.”

“Liar,” he said pointing the handle of the flogger at her.

“You’ll leave again,” she heaved and he cocked his head to the side. “I can’t... I can’t take that again...”

"Where would you rather be right now?" he asked and she bit her lip. He came to stand by her side, grabbing a fist full of hair and arching her neck back so he could better look at her. "Where would you rather be?"

"With my mother," she said, tears filling her eyes. His lips curved into a sour smile and he released her. He went to the workbench and then returned. He held the news paper up in front of her, turned to the proper page and waited for her to read. His pointer finger pressed down to where he wanted her to begin reading. She scanned her eyes over the page, trying to properly process the German words in front of her but she had some trouble processing them. She bit her bottom lip as she read, not believing what she was reading. It simply couldn't be true. It didn't make any sense. What she read had her eyes watering. "Why..."

"They don't care about you," he replied taking the news paper away. "Remember what I said?"

"You'd hunt me down to the ends of the Earth," she whispered. The look in his eyes, the intense obsession, the near insanity, she actually found peace in it in that moment.

"And I would never stop," he told her vehemently. "It's been a month and a half," he informed her, giving up the information she had been afraid to ask for. "I have done this some time, Jessica," he murmured and reached up to stroke her bruised cheek. "Never have I seen a family give up so fast."

Tears spilled down her cheeks and she looked at him.

"Without your family pressing the Austrian and Hungarian governments... do you think they will keep your case a priority??" He asked and she shook her head. The backs of his knuckles grazed her purple skin. The changes in his moods terrified her and her body stung, but all the pain he caused seemed unimportant now.

"No, they won't" he agreed. "They have their own murders and kidnappings and rapes to investigate. One American that America does not even care about will make no difference to them."

"They never cared," she hiccupped. "I ..." tears came out of her eyes more steadily now and his fingers wiped them away gingerly.

"Go on. I want to hear," he said gently.

"I was an accident," she breathed and he smiled softly.

"Shh, what a lovely accident you were," he said quietly. She licked her lips, tasting her tears. He held the newspaper back up before reading , "We told her not to go on the trip. We stopped paying for her education when she said she wanted to go backpacking. She probably put herself in a position where something like this was bound to happen. I will miss my little girl, but she should have known better... This is who you want to be with?"

She closed her eyes and hung her head, emotional pain filling her body. She had hoped her German had failed her. She could hardly think in English right now let alone German, but his

reading has proved she had read it correctly and she felt like her heart had been ripped out of her chest.

“She thinks you’re stupid. She blames you for this,” he continued. “Put herself in a position where something like this was bound to happen’... would you like to check to see if I am translating this right?” she shook her head and he continued, “Put yourself in that position’... you were walking down the street in broad daylight... you were leaving a church... You’re not stupid,” he paused when she looked up at him at that and smiled softly. “I know that, slave, you’re not stupid. That is why I believe you can be taught. You will learn your place and my superiority. And I want you, Jessica. I want you. They gave up. They don’t want you. Where would you rather be, with people who think you are stupid, that don’t care, or someone who wants you, who values you.”

Her watery eyes searched his face for sincerity.

“You were so concerned yesterday about whether or not I care,” he said softly and leaned down, kissing a tear off the purple side of her face. “I care.”

“You care?” she asked, lip trembling. He smiled and nodded.

“Now tell me, mein gutes kleines madchen,” he cooed, filling her with warmth. “Who would you rather be with?”

“You, Master,” she said and pulled at her binds slightly, wanting to wrap her arms around him. He only walked back to stand in front of her.

“Hmm, mein Schatz,” he breathed and swung the flogger.

“Master?” she asked and he swung it again. He hit her a few more times before he went and retrieved a dildo from the workbench. He found her pussy dry and pushed a finger into her first, rubbing her clit hard his thumb. Despite herself she felt herself getting welt. After three fingers were pumping in and out of her he withdrew and shoved the dildo into her pussy. She cried out at the invasion but then moaned as he slowly pulled the plug out of her ass. He placed the plug on her stomach and positioned himself at her spread asshole.

“Talk to me,” he breathed as he slowly pushed the head inside. She moaned as she stretched further, her pussy clenching around the dildo and began to speak.

“You’re the master of my body and soul,” she moaned out, eyes still wet. “I obey you and serve you and please your and worship you. I... I trust you,” she let out a low moan as he pressed into her further with one more hard push. She looked up at his fiery gaze and handsome face. She liked him with stubble on his face. “You care about me. You’re the only one I can count on.”

He gripped her hips and pulled out of her completely. The feeling had her moaning again and he pressed his cock back to her asshole. He spit at her, the spit landing on her pussy and he rubbed it into her clit. He reached out and pulled on the nipple clamps and she hissed in a breath. He fucked her hard and she didn’t care... she came hard. He spilled himself deep inside of her, grunting and letting a deep breath leave his nostrils. He pulled out of her and his

eyes moved to watch his seed drip out of her. She breathed hard, laying her head back as she tried to catch her breath. He came around the side of her and forced her head back up so she would look at him. His face was flushed and his eyes filled with crazed lust, but his voice was soft as he spoke.

“No one else cares about you,” he said. “No one else wants you. Outside of these walls you are nothing. You are nothing without me. In here, in the basement with me, serving me and obeying me, you have worth. You’re my good little girl. You understand that don’t you?”

Hesitantly she nodded, still coming down from her high.

“Tell me what you are without me,” he said softly, running his finger tips over her lips.

“Nothing,” she whispered.

“Say it all out, baby girl,” he said gently.

“I’m nothing without you,” she said.

“You have no worth without me,” he whispered over her lips and kissed her.

“I have no worth without you,” she whispered when he pulled back from the kiss.

“You’re a dirty whore,” he said and she repeated it before he placed his mouth to hers again. “You’re a filthy slut.” Once again she repeated it and she received another kiss. “Dirty whores need Masters to own them and protect them... to guide them and turn them into good girls.”

“I’m a good girl now,” she said, voice cracking. He ran his knuckles over her cheek before tucking a strand of hair behind her ear.

“See to it you stay that way,” he replied and she nodded. “Because... what are you without me?”

“Nothing.”

“That’s right. Nothing.”

## XVIII

### Chapter Notes

Ein Starker Mann – a strong man

Ein mächtiger Mann – a powerful man

Du bist – you are (familiar)

Sie sind – you are (formal/polite)

Sklavin – female slave, slave girl

Ihre – your (formal/polite)

Mein –mine

Gutes kleines mädchen – good little girl

Gutes mädchen - good girl.

So sorry about leaving out the German before. It totally slipped my mind to put it in there. Again, if any Germans happen to be reading this and you find a problem please let me know. I can speak a fair amount of German, but I'm by no means fluent.

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

He gazed down at her with a feeling of warmth in his stomach and a tugging in his chest. She was sleeping peacefully, her shoulders rising and falling under the blanket he tucked up under her chin, and there was actually a little smile on her face. He had her lay down on the bruised side of her face so he could enjoy her unblemished skin as she faded off to sleep. She had asked him to stay with her again and he almost relented a second time. Her lower lip trembled and she was so vulnerable at the moment that it was a true struggle to say no to her. Never once in his life had he ever had such a problem telling a woman no before and it unsettled him. In the past he would have said no and walked up stairs and leave her to sleep. Though he had managed to refuse her, he agreed to stay with her until she was asleep. She had fallen asleep nearly fifteen minutes ago, and still he remained to watch her.

He wondered as he gazed down at her small form how he could have been so lucky as to spot her on that train. He had been honest when he told her she was becoming a perfect slave. In perhaps a half of a month he would be able to bring her up stairs and begin training her in housework. In a month and a half he might have her bringing him his lunch as he worked at his desk. He smiled softly and gently smoothed his fingers over her hair. He felt the warmth return to him and he gently trailed the back of his knuckles over her cheek bone. They would

be happy together. She was learning so fast and was becoming so affectionate that it was only a matter of time before she'd be everything he had dreamed of in a woman. This one he would even bring to his bed, his real bed upstairs. He'd hold her while they slept and she'd be there in the night to please him. He'd have her close by to care for him and tell him how much she loved him.

He had been tempted to order her to tell him she loved him but decided against it. It had been hard and he wanted to hear her say it so badly but he knew in the long run it would be better. If he ordered her to say it when she did not feel it he would never know if she truly felt it. He wanted to be loved so badly by this perfect little angel sleeping so soundly before him, but he needed it to be true. He could not live his life always wondering, always doubting. If she was the girl he thought she was, she'd be with him a long, long time. The thought of selling her was unfathomable. Other slaves had come and gone without much ceremony. The slave he had the longest, four whole years, he sold because he simply grew board of her. There was no sense of loss as he saw her go. He did not see that happening with the girl before him. What he felt for her right now was too strong. It was incomparable with anything he had ever felt for a woman in his entire life.

He leaned down and placed his lips to her cheek, already regretting his having to leave her. He wanted to be there when she woke up, but he knew if she awoke alone then his returning to her would be far more enjoyable to him. Seeing her excited gaze overflowing with happiness and affection as he walked into a room had been what he had wanted in a slave since he first realized this was what a woman was. He had never been able to find the right one. The perfect one. Now he was afraid she would disappear if he left her alone too long. He glanced at her one last time as he left the room, but made sure to scan the room and make sure he had not left her anything she could hurt herself or him with. Once satisfied he tucked the newspaper under his arm and made his ascent.

It had been easy enough manipulating her. Her German was poor, at least it had been the first day he heard her on the train, and now he knew it had not improved. With simple placement of his fingers he had cut off the most important aspect of those three lines. 'People will say' were perhaps the three most important words in the article, and without them her mother went from a loving woman who supported her daughter when others doubted her, to a uncaring, disinterested bitch who had virtually already disowned her daughter for her foolish mistakes. The tears, the pain in her eyes, the quivering of her jaw sent a feeling of triumph through him but the desire to make the pain stop always overwhelmed him. The joy on her little face when he told her he cared for her had been electrifying.

True enough were the facts that the mother apparently had stopped paying for her education and that her parents had accepted the Austrian, Hungarian, and German authorities evaluation of the case. That they accepted the cease in priority of the case did surprise him, but they were not so uncaring as he lead her to believe. It was better this way. She would stop missing them faster if she felt they no longer cared and she would have him to lean on now. He sighed as he placed the newspaper on the kitchen table. He poured himself some scotch and went into his office to sit down. He wished he had a friend closer than Salzburg who shared his interest. He had a friend in Bern as well, but he disliked travel. If Max wanted to see them he would have to go there.

He leaned back in his chair and took a sip of his scotch as he checked his email. No doubt if Jessica saw how other slaves were treated by their masters she would be even more grateful to him. He sighed and read through his work emails. He was anxious to get back to her already and not ten minutes had passed. Physically she was so easy to overpower, and mentally she was just about broken. He had pushed her far enough he believed, now he just had to bring her back from the brink, but on his standards. When he had seen Ulrik's most recent slave Maria, a beautiful little thing from Spain, if slightly too young for Max's liking, and he had looked into her eyes he saw a void. A dark, empty void. Whatever Ulrik had done to the girl, her spirit was broken, her mind was broken. The moment he had looked into her eyes he felt coldness come over him and he had felt sick the rest of the night. He could never do that to a slave. Objects they might be, put on this earth to serve man, but humans. How could a woman worship and love you if there was nothing left inside? Then what was the point of punishments if they did not fear?

When you finally did find the right one, the one worthy of your affection and dare he say love, they needed to be protected. They were too weak to defend themselves and it was their job to protect the little creatures from harm. He had an involuntary image of Jessica looking like Maria had and he downed his scotch in a single gulp.

He signed out of his email and left his study. He moved to the stairs and made for his room. As he moved into the bathroom he glanced at his bed and imagined Jessica lying under the covers, snuggled underneath warm and comfortable, smiling at him as she waited for him to climb in with her. One day she'd look up at him and smile, tell him how much she loved him, tell him she obeyed, served, pleased, worshiped and trusted him and mean it.

He showered quickly and shaved, taking care to add an appropriate amount of after shave and cologne. Once done he moved back into the bedroom and laid down. The bed was cold and empty without his little slave in his arms and he fought the urge to go back to the basement. He could not appear too needy for her affection. He had to remain separate from her, more aloof. She needed to understand he had the power. When a woman discovered a man's feelings they took advantage of it. They took the love given them and twisted it into something painful and hurtful, leaving the man with nothing. But Jessica was the one with nothing without him. It was not the other way around.

He felt a smile come to his lips as he imagined the day when he could bring her to Berlin with him on his business meetings, to Vienna when needed, to Italy or Greece on vacation. He'd lie on some Italian beach with her lying beside him, sipping martinis, so young and beautiful, and all his.

"Oh, Jessica," he breathed. "Gutes kleines Mädchen."

He set his alarm for a few hours so he could wake up and get work done before returning to his slave. Once he was sure it was on, he rested his head back down on the pillow.

When he rounded the corner he found her awake, sitting up in bed, looking around the room at the furniture and toys. She bit her lip nervously as she surveyed her surroundings. She seemed fairly alert, more awake than she had been since he left her with Ulrik. He shut the door behind him and she jerked her head to the side toward him. Her eyes were wide and as

he had thought alert, but no defiance had returned to them. There was a slight, hesitant curve to her lips as she looked at him and he raised his eyebrows.

“What do you do when your Master enters a room?” he asked. He knew it had been a while ago since he told her, but he was pleased when, after a moment of pause, she crawled toward him and placed her lips to his feet. “Gutes Mädchen...” she looked up at him and smiled. He crouched down and took her face between his hands, running his thumbs over her lips. “Remember what I said about doting?”

She nodded.

“Go to the workbench and fetch me a blindfold,” he ordered and she hurried to obey. “Put it in your teeth and crawl back.”

She crawled back to him, glancing up hesitantly as she stopped before him. He wanted to bring her up to his bed and simply lie with her, feel her hands in his hair and on his face. He felt his hands tremble slightly as he reached out and touched her cheek.

“When I was gone,” he said very softly. “Did you think of me often?”

“Every second,” she whispered and fire pulsed through him again.

“And you missed your master,” he said and she nodded.

“I knew,” she said softly, the volume of her voice matching his, “I knew if you would only come back you’d protect me. I knew I could prove to you that I could be good.”

“You have been very good,” he told her. “I am very happy with you.”

The smile that brought to her face had his own widening. It turned sour again as a dark mood suddenly took hold of him. Her own smile fell as she saw the change on him and he looked at her healing mouth.

“You should have remembered me from the train,” he murmured, trailing a finger over the split skin. “I could never have forgotten you... you should have remembered me.”

He did not stop her as she got up on her knees or place her hands to the side of his face. He felt so angry suddenly that the feel of her small hands on him gave him some peace. His breathing was slightly elevated and he looked over her fading bruise. As she spoke to him he tried to calm himself, hanging on every one of her words.

“I get nervous in social situations. When I do new things or go new places, I get very anxious. On the train I was anxious and when I got in your way and you bumped into me I was so flustered and embarrassed that my brain went kind of blank. It happens to me all the time. But... you are so handsome, Master, and... and foreign,” she tried to smile but her jaw quivered, “That probably made me even more nervous. Had I seen you from afar, or noticed you in a different situation, there is no way I could have forgotten you.”

He grabbed onto her chin and forced her to look at him squarely and they stared at each other a moment. He searched her eyes for insincerity before she licked her lips and spoke again.

"But I'm here now," she said and her cool hands trailed down the back of his neck. One stayed to gently play with the hair at the nape of his neck and the other rested on his shoulder. "I'm all yours now and you are my everything. My entire world is consumed by you."

She leaned forward and placed a kiss to his mouth. He felt her soft lips against his own and in a moment his anger faded but his need to reestablish his dominance over her filled him. He placed a hard shove to her shoulders and she fell back, sprawled against the floor. She looked up at him in fear, tears ready to fall but he was on top of her in a second, pressing his lips to hers again hard. He expected her to begin to struggle at the sudden assault but she was limp beneath him, her lips soft and yielding. He only placed two or three more hard kisses to her mouth before he felt himself begin to calm again and he pulled back to look at her. He smiled softly as he saw her fear and gently touched her now slightly bleeding lip. The cut had opened by the force and he wiped away the small beads of blood.

He sighed and picked up the blind fold and tied it around her face. His hands were shaking but he made sure that she could not see it. Her arms went around his neck when he scooped her up and he carried her up the stairs. She rested her head on his shoulder and leaned up once to kiss his neck.

"You smell nice," she murmured and nuzzled his shoulder. He said nothing and moved to the other stairs and continued to climb. He moved to his bedroom, glancing toward the bed. He was tempted to lay her down on top of the rich red covers and take her on it, but he knew better. She needed to earn it. She did not get to sleep in his bed simply because she behaved. He moved into the bathroom and gently lowered her down onto the tile. While the outside of the home looked like a rustic cabin, if very large, the inside looked like the near mansion home he had outside of Vienna, though his favorite home was perhaps his penthouse in Berlin.

The tile floor was tan and the shower in the far left corner was two sides brown tile, two sides clear glass. The bathtub was raised from the floor and perfectly white porcelain. He enjoyed his bathroom, though it was not his favorite, and he looked forward to spending time with his slave in it. He removed the blind fold from her and allowed her to look around the room.

"Wow," she breathed and he shut the door from his bedroom so she would not see anything more than the room she was in. "I knew you were rich."

He said nothing as he walked around toward the sink.

"...size of my kitchen..." was all he got out of her soft mumble and he looked at her, slightly amused. Usually he did not take kindly to women commenting on his wealth. When he had tried dating it always reminded him that it was the only reason they were with him. They did not like him. They liked his money. When slaves commented on it in the past, as rare as it was, them having other things to comment on, it had put him into rages. This was the second time she had brought it up and though he had been annoyed the first time, he was amused now.

"Do you know how much money I spent on you, slave?" he asked and she looked toward him. She shook her head very slowly and though she did not ask he could see the curiosity in her eyes. How much was I worth, he saw in her eyes. Even if she thought she could not be

bought, she wanted to know her price and his smile widened slightly. He looked back to the mirror and picked up a comb, placing it at his part and dragging it through the silky locks. He had always liked his hair and combed it constantly. Once at a party with Ulrik the Norwegian has joked he acted like a woman. After the subsequent fist fight the two had not spoken for nine months.

“Nine hundred thousand...” he said and lowered the comb. He glanced at her. “Euros.”

He eyes widened slightly.

“Normal human trafficking normally does not break a hundred thousand but... well... Belko runs a tight ship. It is worth avoiding the risk,” he said and looked at her. He leaned against the sink and crossed his arms. “Get on your back and put your feet on the floor, legs spread... good girl...” he took a deep breath, “now spread your pussy apart for me to look at. I must survey my property... hmm yes... Worth nine hundred thousand...”

He walked over and kneeled down between her spread legs.

“You had a perfect hymen... I saw it myself,” he told her and slid a finger inside her. He felt her muscles tighten around him. “When I saw you were a virgin... well... I could not have been more pleased with you.”

He removed his finger and stood. He turned on the hot water of the bathtub and tossed off his sweater. As the tub filled he began unbuttoning his shirt. He tilted his head to the side as he came to stand near her head. She stared up at him and he smiled. When he slid the shirt off, he tossed it to his sweater. He smiled as he saw her eyes move to his now bare arms. The white t-shirt he wore was not tight, though it fit snugly to his body and no one could call the look in her eyes anything but approving.

“Stand up,” he said and went to sit on the edge of the tub. He checked the level of water before looking back at her. “Come here.”

She came to stand between his spread legs and he touched her hips gently pulling her closer.

“Touch me,” he ordered and her hands moved to his shoulders. Slowly they trailed down his biceps to rest on his forearms. He watched her face, eager to see her excitement and approval. Her fingers gently squeezed as she moved back up to his biceps.

“You are very strong,” she whispered then added with a smile, “Ein stark Mann.”

“Hmmm,” he smiled back. “Ein starker Mann.”

“Starker,” she said quietly and blushed. He took one of her tiny hands from his bicep and placed it on his abdomen. She bit her lip and he slid the hand underneath his shirt.

“Ein mächtiger Mann,” she added softly. “How would...”

She hesitated and looked up at him, fear in her big brown eyes. He looked at her a moment, pleased with her at the moment and touched her cheek.

“Go on,” he said.

“How would you say Master in German?” she asked him. “Is it... Herr, Meister... Gebieter?”

“Take your pick,” he said softly. “Though... Herr is too common place for my liking. Herr Furst I am called by everyone. I prefer Meister or Gebieter. Gebieter is more like... Lord though.”

“Ich bin ihre sklavin...” she said softly, her eyes moving up from his chest to his eyes. Her chin was angled slightly downward and his eyes were filled with trepidation. Still he saw some affection, even happiness there, and he smiled.

“Ja, du bist... und ich?” he asked her.

“Du bist...” she stopped abruptly and he saw terror overcome her features but he kept his face blank. She would not be punished unless she did not correct herself. “Sie sind...” she paused and he gave her a little nod. He reached over to turn off the water, steaming up around them, and waiting. “Sie sind mein starker, mächtiger Meister.”

He smiled and removed his white t-shirt. He ordered her back before she could react and unbuckled his belt. He stepped toward her and looped it around her neck. He held it not pull it tight however and left it snug as he unbuckled his pants.

“You will bathe me,” he told her as he slid off his jeans. She nodded slowly and her eyes moved over his body. He knew he was in good shape, perfect shape really. He was lean, but covered with muscle, not too thin, not too big, but still he worried about her opinion. He wore boxer briefs, he thought they were stylish and helped showcase his large member, but he did not remove them right away. He looked at her a moment.

“Come remove them for me,” he said and she fell to her knees in front of him. She slipped her fingers under the waist band and slowly pulled them downward, keeping her eyes averted from his hardening cock. He fought to keep himself from becoming aroused but it little good with her in the room with him, acting so sweetly submissive. It did falter slightly when he saw her glanced toward the water, fear, discomfort and confusion coming to her eyes. He wanted her eyes to be focused on him and filled with love and devotion. Now was not the time for fear. That was when he had her strung up and whip in his hand. Not when she was supposed to be worshiping his body.

“What’s wrong slave?” he asked curtly and she looked up toward him.

“I just...” she whispered and looked back toward the water. “I have a fear of drowning...”

“You have to be a special kind of stupid to drown in a bathtub,” he said and when her eyes turned on him he realized her meaning. He smiled softly and got onto his own knees before her. He still loomed over her but grabbed her face and made her look up at him. “If I ever decide to kill you, I promise I will not drown you.”

He saw more terror fill her and he could not help but smile softly.

"Shh," he cooed gently. "I doubt you could do anything that would make me want to kill you... well... I may want to kill you but," he shook his head, "I would not. I care too much about you."

She smiled gently and she reached out and gently wrapped her arms around his neck. He wrapped his arms around her body and pulled her close. She felt so small, her small body and soft flesh pressed against his skin, and he felt power once again pulse through him. His mouth found hers and he kissed her gently. He pulled back and stood leaving her on the floor. He slid into the steaming water with a groan and leaned back.

"Come on, slave," he nearly barked and she scrambled over to him. He grabbed onto the belt and yanked her toward him. She grimaced and that look of fear and confusion he was coming to love came to her face. "It is something to know I could yank just a little hard and pulled you into this water with me... it would take nearly no strength at all to hold you under... soon the bubbles would stop coming up to the surface..." tears came to her eyes and he gently wiped a stray one away. "Why would I do that, pet, my sweet slave, when you are such a good girl for me?"

"I don't know..." she whispered.

"I wouldn't..." he told her. He looked into her eyes, letting his own guard down slightly to show her his sincerity. "I am not a murderer. I've never killed anybody. I certainly won't start with my little angel. You are the best slave I have ever known."

"Do you mean that?" she asked him.

"Of course," he told her and she smiled. He saw the raw vulnerability in her eyes as he leaned in for the kiss. "There are cloths in the drawer right of the sink, third down."

He released the belt and she moved to obey. He watched her glance toward the door and his eyes sharpened slightly. She would ruin everything if she tried to run now, absolutely everything. If she thought she could get the jump on him because he was naked and in the bathtub she would be sorely disappointed. All his doors were locked and reinforced, his windows the same, and he would have her before she got out of his bedroom. But his worry was unfounded. She went directly to the sink and retrieved a white cloth and came toward him again.

"The doors are all locked," he said anyway when she kneeled back down in front of him. She looked at him in surprise and he began to believe the glance was incidental.

"I'm not going to run, Master," she told him and he nodded, leaning back again and resting his arms on the sides of the tub.

"It's been so long," he breathed. "So long since I've had a good woman..." he laughed bitterly. "Never have I had a good woman. They don't exist you know... a good woman... a good woman is as rare as a unicorn or bigfoot..." he laughed again. "A fucking yeti."

"I want to be good," she whispered and he felt the water move and then the damp cloth dab at his neck. He opened his eyes and looked toward her. Her lower lip was trembling and one fat

tear slid from her eye. She couldn't meet his eye and he observed her.

"It's in your nature," he told her. "You're born bad."

"I wasn't," she whispered and licked the tear as it reached her lips.

"You fought me," he reminded her and she shook her head.

"I was scared... you... you even said I was lucky. I could have been bought by a man much worse. One that..." she licked away another tear. "one that would have drowned me by now... It's human nature to want to protect your life... How was I supposed to know you were so kind and loving?"

"Loving?" he asked sharply and she looked down. "You presume too much."

"I'm sorry," she whispered and moved the rag over the other side of her neck. Her eyes remained on the rag and her face was red, eyes filled to the brim with tears. He glanced down and watched her hand tremble as she moved it gently over the skin above the water. Her shoulders were slumped in an attempt to make herself look smaller and he tilted his head to the side.

"You want me to love you..." she said with a soft, small voice, surprising him. "Is it... so wrong that I might hope for the same? ... Do you think that... I'm... I am incapable of loving?"

Two more fat tears dropped down from over her cheeks and into his bath water. He watched the little ripples.

"Look at me," he ordered but she shook her head, looking down, tears silently leaving her eyes. "That was an order."

She turned her eyes up at him and he noted they looked almost green when she cried. She struggled to hold eye contact.

"Do you think you are worth my love?" he asked her waiting for her to be a good girl and say "no". Then he would tell her he thought she was and have her crawl into the tub with him. He would hold her a little while and then she would continue washing him. He fought a smile as he thought about it.

"Yes," she said surprising him. She held eye contact but he could see her entire body shake as she feared the beating he should give her. "I think I am."

He looked at her, eyes very hard. He should hold her under the water long enough to terrorize her. Make her think he would kill her then pull her out, rape her little asshole on the bathroom floor until it was bloody mess, and then whip her until she was unconscious. This was a challenge. He could see it in her eyes. It was something she would not back down from except through physical force. He had her submissive and she clearly was beginning to bond with him, but she still thought she had worth outside of him. She did not believe she was

nothing more than an object. He had to beat that out of her. But her body shook and her jaw trembled and her eyes looked so sad. Instead he reached up and gripped her chin gently.

“I think so too.”

## Chapter End Notes

Please comment!

## XIV

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Her master laid her down on the bed gently and she smiled timidly at him as she glanced up to meet his gaze. His lips twitched but he did not give her a whole smile. Still, she found comfort in it, as it was a far cry from the anger he had shown her earlier this morning. She understood why he was angry. To a man who wanted to be the center of her world, the most important thing in her word, the fact that she did not remember him would be infuriating. Though she did her very best to calm him she still feared his rapid changes in mood. She had no way of knowing what might set him off, but she was beginning to believe she had finally figured out how he ticked... in certain aspects. She knew how to calm him down, what would please him and what words he needed to hear above all else. Her master was not the monster she had believed him to be originally, but still dangerous. Now she knew how to gain his trust and hopefully, it might lead to an escape.

“You are the first slave I have ever had on my bed,” he told her and despite herself she smiled.

“Really?” she asked him and he nodded. He sat down on the bed beside her. He gently trailed his finger tips down her sides. She told herself that it was because his special affection for her would help her chances at escape that the fact made her stomach tingle and her face heat and warmth to fill her. She could not stop the smile that came to her face and she reached out to him to grip his wrists. He looked away from her breasts to meet her eyes again, blue eyes shining. His face had just the slightest bit of stubble and it gave him a more rugged look. She found she liked and considered telling him as much, but forced herself to stay quiet on that regard. Instead she settled on “how can I serve you master?”

He hummed softly and his lips twitched again. One of his hands went to grip a breast, squeezing firmly but not painfully, and then he moved to the other. Her breasts were not large but not small, and his hand was able to enclose them nicely with his large hand and long fingers. His thumb stroked her nipples a moment before he moved his hand downward, over her stomach and down to her hips.

“This is where I want it,” he murmured and stroked the area just under her left hip. “Maximilian’s...” he smiled and looked up at her again. “I want you marked.”

“Then I want to be marked,” she answered and touched the area he had indicated. Their fingers touched and she moved her hand back to gently stroke the inside of his wrist.

“Maximilian’s,” he murmured. “A friend of mine has his girls marked with bar codes,” he laughed. “It is amusing, but not something I would entertain. Though it would limit your value less than my name would.”

“Whatever you prefer, master,” she said. He leaned over her and kissed her mouth softly. “I... my goal is that you will never have a need to sell me. Then it won’t matter.”

“Da ist mein gutes Madchen,” he purred and kissed her again. “Do you cook?”

“A little,” she told him. “I only know two or three German recipes and I did not cook them very well.”

“You will learn,” he told her and she was struck with excitement.

“Oh! Do you like apple strudel? I make very good apple strudel,” she told him and he tilted his head to the side.

“I am Austrian, slave, of course I like apple strudel,” he replied and she laughed. “There is that smile. A real smile... you will cook dinner tonight.”

She felt a sense of dread wash over her and he smirked and let out a tiny chuckle.

“And suddenly the smile is gone,” he said dryly. “You do not want to cook for your master?”

“No, master, I do,” she told him, frightened of his anger. “But... what if... what if it is bad, I can’t help not knowing how to cook. I just... I don’t want to be punished and I will do my best but –”

“Shh, shh,” he said and touched her face. “Calm down. I can cook. I will teach you.”

“You won’t be mad if I mess up?” she asked and he gripped her chin, moving her face so he could look over her fading bruise. His was nearly completely gone she noticed. There was only the slightest yellow hue that remained around his eyes.

“A friend once poured a pot of boiling water on a slave because she let the pasta boil too long,” he said quietly, viewing the bruise the man he was speaking of had given her. “Not only was it a horrible waste of an expensive investment, it was exceedingly cruel. Do you believe me to be exceedingly cruel?”

She shook her head frantically.

“No, no, not at all, master,” she told him honestly and he nodded.

“Have you ever smelt burnt flesh before?” he asked and she only shook her head. “It is horrifying.”

“You were there when it happened?” she asked and her stomach turned.

“I spent much time with Ulrik and a small inner circle in my younger years. They taught me much, but they have done some terrible things, truly sadistic things,” he told her and his eyes went to look over her body. He trailed his hands over her soft naked skin, almost reverently, as if he were imagining those things happening to her and truly disturbed by the images it rustled up in his mind. “Things that gave me nightmares.”

He paused a moment, saying nothing, and gently stroked the side of her ribs, gliding his finger tips, then nails, then tips again over her skin. She said nothing, trying to understand the

look in his eyes. She was unable to place the emotion she saw there before it was gone and he looked back at her, straightening back into a sitting position.

“Bratwurst oder Wiener schnitzel?” he asked. “I like both.”

“Um... are you asking me?” she asked hesitantly and he gave her a half smile and nodded. “I really like Wiener Schnitzel but....”

“But?” he asked.

“I don’t like eating veal... I just feel like... they usually aren’t treated well in captivity, and they are only babies... I try not to eat it...”

He smiled softly.

“Bratwurst then?” he asked and she nodded timidly.

He nodded back once and stood. He reached out a hand to her and she gave it to him, smiling softly as he pulled her to her feet gently. He looked her over a moment, a little smile on his lips, before he turned and walked to the cabinet. He collected a shirt from his dresser and turned back to her.

“I think you’ve earned the privilege,” he mused and held it in her hands. Her spirits lifted immediately and she stepped toward him, ready to take the shirt from him. Instead he put it on her himself, and she was once again surprised by the gentleness of his hands on her. She thanked him softly, relishing in the feeling of once again wearing clothes. It was obviously his t-shirt. It was too big for her, but it brought a heat to his eyes and despite herself, she felt nice in it. He jerked his head and told her to follow him, and she followed behind silently.

His house, in a word, was magnificent. It was like a luxury hunting lodge, but classy and warm. She looked around it in wonder, too tired to even realize she was not trying to think of ways to escape, but to simply admire it. She wondered what he might do for work. He was rich. Rich as hell. For what had to be the millionth time, she wondered how he couldn’t just find a girl that was willing. She knew some people were turned on by this. Certainly someone would do it for such a handsome, wealthy man.

They arrived in the kitchen and she tried to look out the window but they were all covered up. The curtains were pulled and looked thick, and she made no other attempt to look past them. She was positive if he saw her he would think she was looking for a means of escape and his kindness would end. Now that she knew how gentle he could be if he wanted, she couldn’t go back to the beatings. It would destroy her.

“You have a beautiful home, master,” she said, hoping he didn’t think she was once again commenting on his wealth, but take the compliment with grace. He seemed to find pride in her words and looked around with a small nod as he opened the fridge.

“It is not my favorite home, but I quite like it,” he said and began pulled out ingredients for their meal. Well... his meal. She was still unsure, despite being able to choose the meal, if she would be eating it or not.

"Come here," he said and motioned to her. She walked to him, terrified, and he had her stand before him, her back to his chest. His hands touched her waist and he bent down slightly so his face was close to hers. He listed the ingredients to her and motioned to them, lips grazing her cheek and placing a kiss to her temple when he was finished. He explained to her how it was cooked as he went to his stove and showed a type of built in grill that looked absolutely amazing to her, and turned it on.

"Now come here," he said and beckoned her toward the grill. She hesitated a moment, remembering what he said about the boiling water, and then reminded herself that he wouldn't hurt her. Even if she made a mistake, her master was kind. She walked toward him but her hesitation had him look toward her and she saw what could only be trepidation in his eyes. It was as if neither of them now knew what the other might do. A smile came to his face when she stopped in front of him and reached out to touch his arm gently. He pulled some oil from the counter above the inside grill and handed it to her.

"Lightly oil the grate," he told her, and moved so that he was behind her, holding her hips and looking over her shoulder. "Hmmm, good girl. Now, come here. This is my favorite recipe, cut the onions, and then go into the fridge and take out four cans of beer. Fill the pot with it, then add in the onions, the bratwurst, the garlic, and the salt and pepper, then let it boil."

He watched her as she worked and as she glanced at him she saw the littlest of smiles, a real smile of affection, covering his face. Her hands trembled as she began to cut the onions and she must have been doing it wrong, cutting them in little cubes, because he came to stand behind her again, and steadied her hand.

"Like this," he murmured and controlled her hand as she cut the onions.

"Oh," she blushed and he kissed her cheek again. She actually leaned back against him, relishing the strength, warmth and gentleness, but he shook his head and spoke firmly.

"Task at hand."

"Sorry Master," she murmured and focused on the onions.

"Now, put them in the pot with the beer. And everything else.. yes, good girl," he said and she smiled at him. "Now that must boil for about ten minutes. Come with me."

She followed him into a beautiful living room with a flat screen TV mounted to the wall above a beautiful fireplace and she looked down the tan suede couches longingly. She knew she would be sitting by his feet if she was even allowed to be in the room, but she still enjoyed looking at them, and imagining herself sitting there. The fire place was beautiful, and nearly the whole wall it was on looked like it was made of stone, and she could not help but admire it. There was a large window on the far side of the room, but once again it was covered with curtains.

"Do you like movies, pet?" he asked and she looked at him in surprise totally confused. She thought she knew how to deal with him. She thought she understood him. Now... now she didn't know. It was too confusing.

"I... um... if you want me too, Master," she said and he laughed.

"Slave," he said, but it was not as disparaging at it always was. In fact, it was almost affectionate. "I do not expect to command your tastes. What is your favorite color?"

"W-what?"

"You favorite color... answer me honestly..."

"P-purple..." she said and he smiled.

"No, your favorite color is green," he said and she frowned. "Is your favorite color now green... come now... answer me honestly... that's right it's not... now what food you like, the movies, music, or colors, I can't control things like that. I don't pretend to. If I did how could you take my other demands of control seriously? I'm not crazy.... I control you, your actions, and I need to educate you, but I cannot change who you are fundamentally. I don't want to." He paused and touched her cheek, looking down at her, looking more handsome than ever in her eyes. "So... do you like movies?"

She nodded and he nodded in turn.

He went over to a shelf she had not seen and he motioned to the movies.

"Pick what you like," he said and his arm once again wrapped around her waist and pulled her closer. She looked at him, a hesitant smile coming to her face and she looked at the movies.

"Can we watch something funny?" she asked and then looked at him, panic stricken. His eyebrows raised as he saw her panic and then more his smile grew in amusement. "Not that I assumed we were watching a movie. Oh god, please don't put me in the cage. Please. I –"

"Shh, pick a movie," he said and she looked back, still breathing slightly heavy. "Whatever my gutes madchen wants."

He kissed her cheek again and she looked at the large shelf of movies.

"I never thought I would see a movie again," she breathed and he said nothing, merely watching her. "Oh God there are too many..."

She ran her fingers over the movies as she read the titles.

"Oh! Can we watch this!" she said in excitement and took it from the shelf. "I wanted to see this but never got the chance."

She looked at him, eyes wide and searching.

"Can we?" she asked and he took it from her.

"For such an obedient slave?" he asked and touched her cheek. "Anything."

She smiled and to her later horror, stepped toward him as if to wrap her arms around him. She paused, her horror evident on her face and he tilted his head slightly, watching her closely.

"Thank you, Master," she said and looked down. He nodded slowly and placed the movie on a side table.

"Back to the kitchen now."

They walked into the kitchen and her heart was pounding. She could not believe her excitement at the simple pleasure of watching a movie. She has never even imagined she would watch a movie again, and the possibility of it blew her mind. She almost reached out toward him as she followed him into the kitchen but she restrained herself.

They finished cooking, but it was primarily her that did all the work. He remained leaning against the counter table, beer in hand, and watched her, lazily giving orders for her to comply with as she prepared the food. He had her prepare one plate, and she blushed as he stomach growled as she looked at the incredible amount of food he was going to eat. It had been so long since she had an actual meal like this, that felt her mouth nearly begin to water.

She looked back to her master once the plate was waited and he moseyed toward her, examining the plate as he came closer. He stood behind her, looking over her shoulder, but there was no time for her to feel nervous or anxious as he examined in her work. The soft touch of his finger tips on the back of her neck, and the gentle touch of his lips to her temple immediately calmed her and she was once again struck with the painful inner turmoil and fear. She wanted this to continue and was terrified of once again incurring his wrath, yet this kindness had her both trying to reconcile her feelings for him and gauging his to act around him. She wanted to hate him and yet this new attitude toward her had her wanting more. She wanted the affection and the companionship. She wanted to be reminded when it felt to have arms wrapped around her in love and protection.

"Come with me to the living room," he murmured against her temple before pulling away. She obeyed, following him into the room obediently. He sat down in a chair, not a couch, and she immediately went to her knees by his feet, looking down and waiting.

"I want to continue to reward you, mein liebchen, but I am frightened that you will turn sour as you usually do when I try to show you kindness," he mused and she chanced a look up at him. He was cutting into the sausage with his fork and knife, and looked from his food to her as he put the little piece into his mouth. He chewed slowly and continued to look at her.

"I won't master," she told him. "I promise."

"Hmmm..." he mused. "Should I give you a chance to prove you can keep a promise? It would be a rare feat indeed for a woman."

"I will, I promise," she said and blushed when he smiled. He look another bite and then nodded.

"Come up here with me," he said and she crawled up onto the chair. He lifted the plate up so she could settle onto his lap. He cut into the sausage again and jabbed it with his fork, before

he brought it up to her lips. She took it into her mouth and bit back a moan at the deliciousness of the food. He smiled and looked at the food and collected another bite for her.

“Sweet girl,” he cooed as he fed her. “Are you thirsty?”

She nodded timidly, unsure if this was a test of gratitude. Should she say no because he has already done so much for her, or was it a genuine question. She waited, heart pounding in her chest and he only reached to where his newly opened beer rested beside him on the side table and brought it to her lips.

“Do you like beer?” he asked her and she nodded.

“Yeah... I usually drink mixed drinks though... or... drank....” She said and he nodded.

“What is your favorite?” he asked and placed the beer back on the side table.

“I like gin and tonics a lot,” she answered and he nodded again.

“Those are good,” he said and placed another piece of sausage to her lips. “You did a very good job cooking.”

“Thank you, Master,” she said and felt herself beginning to get full. She was unsure if she should tell him or not, but he seemed to sense her hesitation as he brought up the next bite, and though he had taken it, he asked her if she was full instead of making her eat any more. He began to eat himself slowly and calmly, with no sign the silence between them was even remotely uncomfortable.

“May I, Master?” she asked when she thought she saw his shoulders turn more rigid and his jaw clench. It must have been her imagination, or just a quirk he had, because when she spoke he looked surprised and unsure what she was asking.

“Feed you,” she clarified and he smiled softly.

“If you like,” he answered but she could tell he was pleased. He handed her to the plate and she settled it on her lap so she could better cut into the meat, and brought it up to his lips as he had her.

“I am so happy with you,” he mused and she was once again struck with that emotion she had felt before. So long she had been degraded and unwanted, totally dehumanized, that now his kind words were doing something to her internally that she could not explain and she found herself not wanting to fight the warm feeling they produced. Why try and cut out the only warmth she was likely to receive until this terrible ordeal was over? She might as well enjoy what little comfort and happiness she could receive. “Do not return to how you were before. It hurts me to cause you pain.”

He gently stroked her bruised cheek and accepted another bite from the fork. He smiled softly when she leaned into the touch and he lowered his hand. Once he was satisfied with how much he ate he took the plate from her without a word and placed it on the side table. He picked up the movie she had selected and looked at it a moment before handing it to her.

“DVD player is right there,” he pointed and she slowly slid off his lap, hoping that if that was not what he intended with his generic information, then his face would show a sign and she would be able to stop herself. He showed no sign it was not what he intended and she went over to the DVD player and began turning it on. Once the DVD was inside she turned to look at her Master and he told her how to do the rest. Once the movie began playing she walked back toward him, but did not crawl into his lap, frightened it would be a terrible presumption to make. Instead he ordered her to drag the ottoman over, and once his feet were up on it he motioned her to come closer.

She crawled back onto the chair with him and he pulled her too him, keeping her up against the side of his body, her cheek on his chest, and reached lazily for his beer.

“Comfortable?” he asked before taking a sip and she shifted slightly, taking it as an invitation, and put her arm in a more comfortable position.

“Yes, Master,” she answered and he nodded.

Despite laughing at the first half of the movie and hardly believing how blessed she was to be where she was now, instead of where she was just a day or so before, she fell asleep against him warm body, his hand gently stroking the side of her arm, and when she awoke and her eyes fluttered open, a soccer game was being played on TV.

Horror consumed her, positive he would be insulted that his reward went presumably unappreciated, but when she sat up and begin to sputter, that softly amused surprise came to his handsome face and she paused, waiting for be punished or ordered back into a cage.

“I didn’t mean to fall asleep,” she told him and he nodded.

“I am not angry,” he informed her. “You needed to sleep,” he said and then added more softly, “I find myself totally bewitched when you whisper my name in your sleep.”

She blushed and looked at his chest, reaching out and playing with the buttons.

“I don’t want you to be mad at me,” she told him and later she might come to realize that when she said it in that moment she did not mean because of what he might do, but because she did not want him disappointed in her. It was a slippery slope she did not even see herself approaching, still so strong was her ability to rationalize to shield herself from the shame, even now.

“I’m not mad,” he said and motioned for her to lie back down. “You like to cuddle don’t you?”

She nodded slowly, leaning closer into him, and he wrapped an arm around her waist. Her hand went to cover his where it rested on her stomach and he laughed softly. He did not say why he was laughing, and she did not bother to ask, both out of fear of his reaction and of the knowledge it might bring. Instead she rested her cheek against him and watched the game.

“Do you like football, slave?” he asked.

"Not really," she answered honestly and glanced up at him, frightened he might be angry, but reminded herself of his little exercise with colors. "It's boring and they fall over for no reason like they've been shot."

She waited, heart pounding, but even though he did not answer immediately, the hand on her stomach did not stop its gentle rubbing.

"That aspect of the game can be disheartening, however, it is not as prevalent as Americans would like to think."

"Yes, Master," she said and closed her eyes again. Her hand rested on his abdomen and she felt the strong muscles underneath. It was more out of boredom than anything else, but when his hand came to rest on top of hers and gently press her hand more firmly against him she looked up to find her actions had an arousing effect on him.

"Did you like my body?" he asked her.

"Yes Master," she said and remembering his insistence on being worshiped she sat up slightly. "It's perfect."

"Do you want to see it again?" he asked, voice hot and she nodded.

"Yes please," she nearly whispered. He gripped the end of his shirt and pulled it upward, revealing his abdomen and lower chest. She moved to straddle his legs and glanced up to gauge his reaction. When he only leaned back further and leaned closer to him, pressing her lips to the hot skin of his taut body.

"You're so strong," she told him and ran her hands up his flexing biceps.

"Do you like that?" he asked and she nodded.

"I have the most powerful master," she answered and thought he sensed insincerity when he sat up abruptly, but he only removed his shirt and tossed it to the side.

"Come here, schatzi," he breathed and she went back toward him. She kissed his body, reminding herself she had to show him she worshiped him, and he leaned back, watching her with hot eyes. She ran her hands over his arms before placing kisses to the veins pulsing in his powerful biceps. He had to work out, though he was not incredibly defined, and he was lean and not bulky, the muscle tone was obvious.

"Oh, you love it," he breathed, his hand moving to grip her hair as her lips ghosted over his pectorals. "Good girl."

She kissed one of his nipples and then the other, licking it gently before taking it between her lips to suck. He groaned softly and she continued her actions. His body was smooth and warm, and she could not help but be thankful that if she had to do this until a chance presented itself, she was lucky enough to have a handsome man and not some old fat slob she would be forced to serve.

“Such a good mouth,” he breathed and pulled on her hair slightly, pulling her lips from his body. “Put that slutty mouth to better use.”

He kept a grip in her hair and remained leaned back as she lowered her hands to his belt, but once the belt was unbuckled he pulled it off and leaned forward to tie her hands behind her back. Once done, he collected her hair in his hands and pulled out his throbbing erection and stroked it a few times.

“Beg me for it,” he ordered her and she obeyed, begging for his cock like it was water and she stranded in the desert. When he finally lowered her down onto his dick it was weeping with pre-cum and she could feel the heat radiating off of him. By the time he climaxed into her mouth she thought she felt the stirrings of desire in her lower stomach. She did not have a chance to really think on it however, whether she thought it was natural, a conditioned state, or if she was actually beginning to enjoy it.

Before her brain even registered the sound of a knock at the door she was on her back on the floor, her Master on top of her, and his large hand covering her mouth.

## Chapter End Notes

IMPORTANT NOTE: This is now caught up to the point where I have it all written. Updates won't be as instant one right after the other. But I hope to be updating soon and want to get on a regular schedule for you guys.

Thanks again to everyone who has been reading and especially those who comment. It means the world to me!

Also I will be updating Euphoria now as well. If you haven't read you might like it. It's totally consensual though.

Thanks again to everyone who has been reading and especially those who comment. It means the world to me!

## XX

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

His heart pounded in his chest as he kept his hand pressed to her mouth, gazing down into her wide, terrified eyes. He could not remember a time he had been more frightened. It seized his entire being and as he stared down at her he realized that it was not the fear of being put in prison. It was the fear of losing the most perfect slave he could have ever possessed. He could not have imagined a more perfect slave than his Jessica and he could not lose her now. And it was not just losing her physically that was at stake. He'd kill whoever it was at the door if it came down to it. He would not be going to prison and he had miles upon miles to work with if she made a noise. No it was losing what he thought he had with her these past few days. If she called out now he would know that she wasn't truly his slave. She was just like all the others. A soulless, callous, lying, manipulative woman.

"Don't say a fucking word," he breathed close to her face and she nodded, eyes wide. "I'll kill them."

She nodded again and he made his move. He pulled her up to her feet, maneuvering her around so her back was to his chest, his hand still covering her mouth. The knocking continued as he moved her over to the basement door. He just had to get her inside there. Then whoever it was at the door would not be heard.

"Good girl," he cooed in her ear quietly as she walked with him, staying completely quiet save soft whimpers. He felt tears drip down over his hand. "Good girl. Close your eyes."

She obeyed and he jabbed the code into the basement door and opened it.

"Inside, go lay down on the bed," he told her and very hesitantly released her. His hand left her lips and he was ready to slam the door shut immediately if she began screaming. Even though she did remain silent he shut the door quickly. He had enough time to see her lean against the wall of the staircase, legs shaking, as she tried to obey his command. He would need to reward her, he thought as the image of her small, mastered body, clothed in his shirt, made its way down to her bed.

His heart beat was still pounding in his ears as he walked to the door. If he thought he was truly capable of it outside of self preservation, he'd murder whoever it was at the door simply for scaring him so badly. Simply for destroying what was one of the best moments of his life. Having sweet and perfect Jessica so submissive and so willing to embrace her place as his slave. To worship him and love him. The feel of her hands moving over his body, her lips on his skin, was still at the forefront of his mind and he was furious that it all ended too soon. He could only hope that when he went back down to her this little disruption would not have changed things.

He swung the door open and waited impatiently, glaring at the man. He almost laughed when he saw it was a delivery man, and as he signed for the brown box, he knew exactly what was

inside and he could only smile and shake his head. How he could have been so completely idiotic as to bring her upstairs when he knew full well this package was supposed to arrive this week was beyond him. She made him lose his senses. It was what all women did. They made men weaker. It made his mastering of her all the more sweeter. Intoxicating little Jessica could bring many men to their knees, but not him. He had her on her knees and soon, in his collar. If she had been more true to her nature as a woman, she would have been able to manipulate the devil himself into doing her bidding.

“Beautiful house,” the delivery guy said, looking up and admiring it. “And such a view.”

Max nodded as he handed the clipboard back over and tucked the brown box under his arm.

“Do you ski?”

“No,” Max said simply and shut the door in the man’s face. He went to the kitchen and as he grabbed a knife to cut the tape on the box his hands trembled slightly. He laughed then, shaking his head.

“Good fucking thinking Max,” he breathed and reached into the box. Had anything terrible happened it would have been his own fault. Bringing her upstairs knowing this was coming. What a fool he was. He picked up the collar and a smile came to his face. He had two made for her. One more true to what a slave collar should be. Ulrik had always preferred metal collars. They were uncomfortable and with a strong enough tug on a leash could seriously hurt a woman. Though they could be put on very tight as well, he did not like how they looked on women.

A collar to him, represented the relationship between master and slave. The leather collars, put on snugly, fit the neck nicely, firm but gentle, strict but forgiving. It was the master he wanted to be and the sight of a leather collar on his slave’s necks reminded him of that. He had a fair few collars left over from woman he had in the past but he had not wanted to put any of them on Jessica. She needed her own collar. One just for her. She was one of a kind. Her collar needed to be to.

It was a double strap with a nickel locking buckle. The strap was real black leather, lined with black lambskin. It was not as harsh as either no lining or leather lining, but masters that gave their slaves fur linings sickened him. This was a woman that would take his lashings when he desired, to give her fur lining... he shook his head as he continued to examine the collar. It was left unstudded, as he liked things simple, but the front where he would attach the leas and the locking mechanism were more elaborate than normal.

He read the tag over, front and back, and smiled. It read her name on the front and on the back simply *Property of Maximillian Furst*.

Putting full names on things such as this was riskier but if anyone were to find her with the collar he would be right there and there would be little hope of escaping imprisonment as it was. The second one he purchased was more for when she was a good girl and would receive rewards as she had today, a meal with her master, a movie, perhaps some TV, and cuddling. That he did not expect to arrive for some time now.

He pocketed the key to the lock and moved over to the basement. He was surprised when he opened the door to hear her weeping softly, and it soured his mood slightly. She needed to learn to be happy here. Eventually he had no doubt she would look forward to hearing him come down the stairs. She would love him. He wondered how it would feel when she finally looked up at him from her knees and professed her love for him.

He came around the wall of the stairs and found her in her bed, but in a ball, crying softly. He grabbed a chair from a locked closet on the other side of the room and set it down, taking his seat and examined the collar a few moments more.

“Slave,” he said and she sniffled and shifted slightly, sitting up to turn her face toward him. “Crawl to me, sweet one.”

She obeyed, arms shaking slightly, and he enjoyed the sight of her crawling toward him. Every time he looked at her he felt a bundle of warmth in his chest and the desire to hold her to him closely. He also felt the need to tie her up and whip her, listen to her feeble cries, relish in her helplessness, and bask in his own power. He hardened at the thought of it and glanced around a moment, wondering what he should put her in after this.

“Why are you crying?” he asked her and she sniffled.

“I didn’t want anyone to die because of me,” she answered and he gave her a lopsided smile.

“Is that why you stayed quiet?” he asked and after a moment of pause she nodded slowly. He sighed and nodded himself.

“I cannot fault you your honesty,” he said and reached up to cup her cheek, stroking her soft skin gently with his thumb. “Who do you belong to?”

“I belong to you, Master,” she said, eyes drying, but cheeks still glistening.

“Mine,” he whispered as he looked down at her.

“Yours,” she answered and his cock hardened.

“I take good care of you don’t I?” he asked her, though it was more rhetorical than anything. “When you obey, am I not good, kind, and just?”

“Yes, Master,” she said and he held up the collar. Her eyes found it but he could not read her facial expression.

“Wearing this should be the proudest thing you ever do in your life,” he told her. He showed her what was on the tag and she gave a hesitant smile. He reached out and touched her cheek again. “You will learn. You’ve already learned so much.”

He leaned down and placed his mouth to hers softly.

“A slave’s only desire should be to be her master’s special girl. To be the object he finds most pleasure in,” he said. “She should live to serve him. I should be the most important thing in

your life. Your god or your king, your everything. One day, Jessica, I will be that to you and you will love me.”

She nodded slowly, blinking tears back.

“You know how lucky you are,” he said. “I know you do. Now ask your master nicely, beg him, to bestow his collar on you.”

“Please Master, may I wear your collar,” she said and he felt some disappointment seize him. Where was the girl that had wanted so desperately to cuddle with him earlier? There had been affection in her gaze. It was gone now. In its place was sadness and fear. He reached up and touched her chin.

“That is all the desire you can muster?” he asked and shook his head with nearly crippling disappointment. That disappointment slowly began to turn into anger. He stood and she had to stumble back slightly to keep from being stepped on. “Up.”

“Please Master don’t be angry with me,” she pleaded, true desperation in her voice this time.

“I’ll make you beg for it,” he said darkly. “When you convince me you really want my collar, your punishment will cease.”

“No, please Master!” she begged, voice cracking. She crawled to him, grabbing his shirt with weak fists, eyes full of fear. “Please let me wear your collar!”

“Release me, whore, and take off that shirt,” he said and turned around. She obeyed him, body trembling. He brought her over to a bench and tied her feet at the legs of one stand, bent her back over where she would normally lay down on her torso, and tied her arms down by where her feet were. The ropes were long enough her body was not to contorted too violently and he went over to get an instrument to strike her with.

“Master,” she called desperately from the bench and his cock grew harder still. He grabbed a flogger made of braided rope and walked back to her, running his eyes over her vulnerable and open body. “Master, please, I’m sorry.”

Tears dripped from her eyes and he swung the flogger over her stomach. She cried out as he struck her.

“Still ungrateful,” he said and swung again. “Why can’t you just see?”

“I’m sorry,” she breathed and he swung again, and this time she cried out her apology. “Master, please!”

Her voice cracked.

“Please let me wear your collar,” she begged but he was unconvinced.

“I should cover you with bruises. Turn your skin purple, black, and blue. Treat you not like a cherished pet but a worthless whore. A *woman*.”

He struck her hard as she said woman and she yelped. That one would most certainly bruise.

“Please,” she cried, turning her eyes on him. He saw the desperation there then. The desperate call to him to stop the pain. To protect her. This was not supposed to turn him on. Her little cries and helplessness did, but the hardness in which he had struck her did not. This was a beating he normally did not partake in. He swung the flogger again. Hard. He caught her breast and she screamed. When he waited a moment he could see her right breast growing red and swollen around the nipple.

“Please, master, please let me wear your collar, I’m begging you!” she cried out, tears dripping down over her forehead and into her hair due to her position.

“You have to earn it slut. I thought you deserved it. Being such a good girl for me earlier. Feeding me, pleasuring me, obeying me. Sweet little girl curled up beside me but that was a lie wasn’t it?”

“No!” she cried, eyes begging him to cease his punishment. “I swear!”

“You were just being a woman. Playing with my emotions. I should have known,” he said and swung again.

“Master, please!” she begged. “Please I’m sorry. I want it! I want your collar!”

“Hmm,” he said and swung the flogger again, one of the braided ropes catching her clit and earning another screech.

“Master, please,” she sobbed and he swung it again.

“Cunt. I can’t think of a word in any language that is degrading enough to describe you. A word that would describe your complete worthlessness and vileness.”

“Please, Master, don’t!” she cried. “Please. Please let me wear it. I want it!”

“You want it?” he asked and swung again.

“I need it!” she screamed and paused, breathing hard. He dropped the flogger and reached for his belt. He came to stand before her and pulled out his erection. Without caring if she was ready he shoved his cock into her mouth, his balls pressing against her nose and eyes as he pushed himself into her throat.

“Show me you need it,” he gritted out through grinding teeth. Her tongue worked against him and her throat constricted as she gagged around him. He pulled out and back in, fucking her face like he would her cunt.

“Make me cum,” he ordered and reached out to grip her abused breasts. He rubbed a thumb over her nipple, wiping away the smallest bead of blood, and moved his hips.

“Fuck yes,” he breathed as he felt himself nearing climax. He didn’t want to hurt her this badly but she needed to be taught that she should be grateful for him. Truly grateful. So grateful that the thought of wearing his collar gives her pride.

"This is how uncollared cunts are treated. This is how a man treats a piece of meat, not a loving slave," he told her as he fucked her throat. When he finally came he had to make the decision to cum down her throat or over her face. He decided to keep his cock buried deep in her mouth as he climaxed. "Take it all, slut. It's clearly all you're good for."

He pulled out and caught his breath, looking down at her. She was weeping, tears coming from her eyes and he waited. He really did not like seeing her like that. He wanted to flog her and fuck her but he wanted her to like it. Once he taught her to value him, he would teach her to enjoy it. Until then he had to be more violent. So she knew. This was her alternative. Not freedom. It wasn't his gentle ownership or freedom. It was his gentle ownership or a life of beatings and raping and abuse. She continued to weep as he untied her hands and feet and she crumpled to the floor.

He walked over to the pillow bed and sat down, picking up the collar and carrying with him. He waited a few more moments, listening to her crying.

"Crawl to me, whore," he said and she got up to her hands and knees with trembling arms and legs. She sobbed, body shaking, and crawled to him. He watched. He didn't know what he should do but he needed to make his decision before she got to him. Was this finally it? Was she finally broken? Had this been the one to push her to the edge. He had always believed in accumulation, not duration. With her he did not know if it would work. Should he keep her like this a while? Beat her again. Use her. Tie her to a bench and just use her for pleasure and beatings. He didn't want to, but was it what she needed to see how lucky she was that he wanted to be gentle. Or would she see now if he took her into his arms? What did she need?

He sat on the edge of the bed, one leg bent at an angle beneath his other outstretched leg. She stopped before that outstretched leg and gripped his foot with her hands. She lowered her mouth to his toes, kissing his skin. He could feel the tears on her face as she pressed her face to his foot. She kissed the bottom of his foot, pressing her face to it between kisses. Her body still shook and tears left her. He sucked in a breath when she took his big toe into her mouth a moment.

"Please, Master," she begged, voice utterly broken. Broken, but not empty. He felt triumph course through his bones. "Please, I'll be a good girl. I want to be your special girl."

Her lips found his foot again and he only watched her. She dragged her tongue over his toes before kissing the top of his foot reverently.

"Please," she looked up at him, eyes red. "I didn't know. I didn't know a collar meant that much."

He felt better than, his anger dissipating slightly.

"I didn't know."

Of course she didn't know. Poor little girl. That was why she needed a man. To be educated and taken care of. She couldn't be trusted to take care of herself.

“Do you know now. What my collar means?” he asked her.

“It means... I serve, obey, please and worship the master of my body and soul and...” she looked up, face so sad, he just wanted to hold her but he couldn’t. Not until he knew she understood. “...if you give me a collar it means that... that I’m my master’s good girl?”

He nodded slowly.

“When I put a collar on a slave, it’s because she is special to me,” he told her and there was a change in her eyes and he felt his cock growing hard again. That look was what turned him on. Submission, total submission, but also longing. Ulrik... he didn’t need to be worshiped. Owning a woman, overpowering her, that was enough for him. Max needed them to want it. He needed them to crave it. He needed them to *see*.

“...Am I still special?” she asked, a lone tear leaving her eye and running down her cheek to her still healing lips. Her cries had ripped a little edge of the almost healed cut and there was the littlest bit of blood there. “Can I... may I please wear it, master? Please.”

He smiled softly and reached out, brushing the blood away with the tip of his finger.

“Come sit in my lap, love,” he said and she the smallest of relieved smiles came to her face. She crawled into his lap and he put the collar around her neck. When he heard the lock click into place he was once again as hard as he could be.

“Thank you, Master,” she breathed, one of her hands moving to touch the breast he had made bleed and she grimaced. He ducked his head down and kissed the nipple softly. Gently he collected it between his lips, sucking gently, soothing to abused skin and she moaned softly.

“That’s what good little collared girls get,” he told her and then trailed a finger down a budding bruise on her torso. “That’s what bad uncollared girls get.”

“I didn’t know,” she breathed again and he smiled softly. She reached up, touching the back of his head and neck with her small, cold hands. She played with the hair at the nape of his neck. “Does it really mean that you care about me?”

He nodded slowly. He could only hope that the fear or realization that she could lose the kindness and gentleness she had received today had sunk in. When he lowered his head to her nipples again, gently kissing and sucking the abused skin, and he felt her wrap her arms around his neck and head and pull him closer, he realized it had.

## Chapter End Notes

A/N: Sorry for the wait and sorry it is so short. I’m at a turning point in the story, so the next few chapters will be kind of a swivel toward that. Jessica’s POV and what was going through her head during this chapter will be explained next chapter. Hopefully, if you liked Max before, you still do. And if you totally hate him well...

sorry.

Thanks again to everyone for reviewing! I am so glad you enjoy the story! Love feedback!

## XXI

### Chapter Notes

So sorry for the long delay! Hopefully you are still with me!

I am hoping to update again at semi-regular intervals. I am currently in law school, so I've been very busy. However, I don't want to give up on this story.

Hopefully you enjoy it. Let me know!

She awoke a few hours later still in the pillow bed, but now her Master was gone. She bit her bottom lip and looked around, praying he would be somewhere close. Her stomach sunk gently when she did not find him. Her bladder was full and her body hurt terribly. Her breasts were bruised, the skin just over her right nipple cut a fraction of an inch. She looked to the door to the bathroom longingly, but fear kept her rooted to the spot. She did not know if she would be punished for getting up and going to another part of the room.

She looked to the door, as if any moment he would come stepping through to take care of her. He didn't and she waited, the pain in her bladder just growing worse with each passing moment. Her body continued to ache, the pain increasing with every passing second. She had no idea how much time passed, but soon the terrible discomfort, the pain, receded in her bladder, but she felt heat between her legs, and looked down in horror as she saw the cushions grow wet.

Fear seized her and she began to tremble, the pain in the rest of her body growing, the skin hot. She did not know how much time past, but tears came from her eyes when she finally heard the door open. She looked to the bench, the cross, the hooks hanging from the ceiling, wondering what he would use to beat her with this time. She did not think her body could stand it. She trembled, shaking violently and stared to the door.

He walked around the corner, a basket by his side, a plate in the other, and his eyes found hers, soft and gentle, a little smile on his face. She sucked in a breath, hiccupped, and her face contorted as she began to cry harder. She moved to the side, away from the wet patch on the bed and curled into a little ball, holding her legs to her aching breasts. She listened as he walked toward her and he went to the work bench. She heard him put the items in his hands down on the counter and then slowly approach her. She chanced a glance, looking at him through squinting eyes, and watched him lean down and touch the wet spot. She closed her eyes again, pressing her face into the cushions and did her very best to ready herself for his anger.

“*Meines gutes Maedchen,*” he purred, coming closer and gently tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “Oh, shhhh.”

She felt his lips press to her cheek and she looked up, sniffling, breathing hard. She trembled and he brought up a hand, very gently trailing his finger tips down her arm.

“*Komm mit mir,*” he breathed, “*Mein Schätzchen.*”

She continued to shake, but he scooped her up in his arms and she turned her red eyes to him. He looked down at her, those piercing blue eyes soft and affectionate, his hold gentle and kind. Her heart constricted as she thought of him carrying her like this to the bench. That he could look at her as he was now and still beat her afterward. She reached up, touching the collar around her neck and his eyes moved downward to look at it.

“My poor girl,” he cooed, bringing her up the stairs.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered, hot tears still leaking down her cheeks. He shook his head, lips curving upward once more. “Master?”

She reached out, touching his chest. He wore a pair of gray pants, a red collar button up shirt, and a blue sweater on top of it. His hair was combed neatly, and his face covered with a little bit of stubble. He looked so very handsome, and she closed her fingers around the fabric of his shirt, pulling on it gently. She said nothing and lowered her head down onto his shoulder. She raised her hand, pressing her hand to the side of his neck, touching the hot skin with her cool fingers.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered again, tears leaving her eyes. It took her a moment to realize the feeling she was currently experiencing. It was shame. But not shame because she had been forced into a situation in which she had to endure the humiliating event of wetting herself, but because she had somehow failed him. He said nothing and she looked to his chest as he carried her up into his house, and then up the stairs. She looked up in some confusion when she realized they were back in his bathroom. He lowered her down to the floor and touched the back of her head.

“Stay right here, alright, mein schatzi?”

She nodded and whispered very softly, “Yes Master.”

He went over and turned the tub on, feeling the water until it was warm and then switching the drain. Once done he sat on the edge and turned his blue gaze on her, icy, but warm, and he shook his head.

“*Mein Engel,*” he purred. She felt a warmth spread through her chest, momentarily forgetting the throbbing of her bruised skin. He came towards her and gently picked her up once more. He brought her over to the tub and put her into it. He stepped back and rolled up his sleeves slowly and calmly. He smiled down at her, eyes running over her body. Once his sleeves were rolled up he crouched down and put a hand in the water.

“Is that too hot?” he asked her and she shook her head. “Be honest,” he added sternly.

“A little,” she whispered and he reached up, turning it a fraction to the right. He put up a hand to feel it.

"Besser?"

She reached out and nodded. His hand was still there and she wrapped her fingers around his. His smile widened and he brought her hand to his lips.

"I am going to go back downstairs and get your food and the creams for your bruises. Can I trust you in here alone?"

She heisted, blinking, and his eyebrows rose.

"The door will be locked," he told her. She nodded silently.

"I don't want you to go," she murmured, voice small.

"I will come back," he promised and reached up to touch her cheek. "Turn the water off when you like."

She nodded and he turned and left the room. She heard the door click shut and leaned back into the water, relishing the soft stinging of the hot water again. He still had not returned by the time she turned off the water and leaned back, wincing as the hot water touched the cut on her breast. She looked around the bathroom, once more stunned by the wealth the man that owned her possessed. She was struck by a sudden curiosity. She looked over her shoulder toward the beautiful sink, and the door lock clicked and then slowly swung open. Her Master entered, arms full, and went to the sink.

"You like this room," he mused. She said nothing, still nibbling on her lower lip. Her eyes were puffy and swollen, and they ached. She wanted nothing more than to sleep. He paused and leaned against the sink, watching her curiously. "Tell me what you are thinking. And remember to be honest."

"I was wondering if you were born into a rich family or if you made all your money," she said and immediately regretted it. She looked down into the water, reaching up to touch a bruise, wondering if she would soon be receiving another.

"I made all my money," he answered, turning his back to go through the basket. She was not sure if he was angry or not and felt her eyes burn.

"You were wearing a red tie," she mumbled and he turned, a small frown on his lips. "On the train, you were wearing a red tie."

He came toward her with empty hands and knelt down beside her. He lowered an arm into the water, slipping a hand around her ankle and gently trailing it upward. His finger tips moved along her inner thigh and her stomach tightened.

"From now on," he spoke softly, "if you need to use the bathroom and I am not present, you may use it."

He took his hand out of the water and tucked a strand of hair behind her ear.

"You've earned that privilege."

"Thank you," she said. She looked up at him, feeling a pull toward him, a desire to be in his arms and feel his strength. Her insides trembled and she felt so scared, so alone, and though she knew full well this man was the cause, she also knew he could be the one to alleviate it. His hand went back into the water and he trailed his finger tips up her calf.

"I cannot tell you how beautiful you look," he said very softly, eyes on her collar.

"I'm just happy you still let me wear it," she answered.

"Does it make you feel safe?" he asked, surprising her. "It should. When you wear that, it represents my ownership... my protection."

"I'm afraid," she answered honestly, softly. His eyebrows knitted a fraction and she saw his eyes swimming with both dislike and concern. "I want so badly to please you. I'm... terrified... of... like this morning... I'm so scared of being beaten again..."

She touched her breasts, the purple gash above her nipple. He looked down at her, eyes moving over the bruises.

"Jessica," he said softly, the sound of her name on his lips sending a bolt through her body. He looked into her eyes. "I don't want to hurt you like that."

He motioned to her bruises.

"I received no real pleasure from that," he told her. "Do you believe me?"

She continued to look into his eyes and searched for any insincerity. She found none and nodded. He reached up and gently took a breast into his hand, squeezing softly. She winced slightly, but soon the pain gave way to slight comfort.

"You needed to be taught a lesson. You need to learn that you owe me absolute obedience and submission. If you give me that, this won't happen. I do... find pleasure in binding you, whipping you, spanking you, but nothing like this."

"What if..." she hesitated, looking up to meet his gaze again. He smiled.

"Go on, Jessica. Talk to me."

"What if I disobey and I don't mean it?" she asked.

"Discipline will be enforced to educate you, but this," he ran his thumb over her nipple. "This won't happen."

"Could... could maybe, if you wanted," she forced out, looking down to the water. She paused when he hooked a finger under her chin and forced her to look into his eyes. "You could... go over all the rules? Tell me what you want, what I can and cannot do?" tears came to her eyes. "I just don't know."

"I can do that," he agreed. "Tomorrow, once you've eaten and slept and I get some pain medication in you. Then we will have a nice long talk."

She nodded.

"I like when you say my name," she admitted, looking down at her hands.

"Hmmm," he hummed, the sound reverberating over her and cocooning her in a feeling of safety. He once more turned her face upward with his finger. "Do you? *Jessica*?"

She blushed and nodded.

"Yes... It makes me feel.... Human," her lowered lip trembled and her eyes once more filled with tears. His gaze softened and he looked down at her lip, still split from that horrible man's hard slap.

"Shhh," he said softly. He leaned down and placed a kiss to her lips. He lingered there a moment and kissed her once more. Her lips parted for him, and though he accepted the willing invitation to deepen the kiss, he kept it mostly chaste. He pulled back and rolled his lips inward, eyes still on her mouth, hot and full of desire.

"Dunk down now," he murmured, hands resting lightly on her shoulders. She hesitated, fear seizing her. His fingers squeezed her shoulders gently. "You obey, serve, please, worship, *and* ...?"

"Trust," she whispered.

"Trust," he agreed. She nodded, took a deep breath, and plunged under the water. His hands held her there a moment, definitely applying pressure dictating when she was to be released and find oxygen. He left her there just long enough to cause a little bit of anxiety, which was truly not that long at all, and then let her back up. She pushed her hair back, wiping the water away from her eyes, and gave her Master a nervous smile.

"Do you want to stay in the water a little longer?" he asked her. She nodded, enjoying the feeling. He went over to the sink and came back with a razor, shampoo, conditioner, and a bar of soap.

"My sweet girl was so frightened," he mused, pouring some shampoo into his hands. He rubbed it together, moving his icy eyes back to her. "I told you, fear is good."

He stood and moved to sit on the edge of the tub behind her, and gently began to message the shampoo into her hair.

"It means you understand my power," he continued, gently rubbing her temples. She closed her eyes, lips parted, breathing elevating, the comfort too great. "But I do not want to have you a trembling mess every time I step into a room. I want you to want nothing more than to see me stepping into a room."

"I do," she whispered and he trailed his finger tips over her scalp, gently threading into her soapy hair.

"Oh?" he asked.

"Yes, Master," she breathed. He pushed her hair to the side, over her shoulder, and then gently moved his hands to squeeze her shoulders. A moan left her lips and her brown knotted. She rolled her head back and heard him chuckle softly. The back of her head touched his thigh, but he did not care that it was wetting the expensive material. He continued to massage her scalp, far longer than was needed to clean her hair, and then once more softly ordered her to dunk. This time she did so immediately and his hands remained on her shoulders. Again, he let her rise and he rang her hair out.

"That smells nice," she murmured as he gently massaged in the conditioner. He said nothing, but his hands continued to work gently. They were large, warm, strong, and so, so gentle, that she almost fell asleep as he did so. "You always smell so good."

Once more he said nothing and after a heavenly stretch of time, he ordered her to dunk. It was far too soon, but she was grateful he even took the time to do it, and dare not make a single protest.

Once her hair was rinsed out he tied it atop of her head in a messy bun and then came back around with the razor in his hand.

"Now, give me one of those beautiful legs," he ordered. She raised one out of the water, slightly embarrassed to give him a stubbly leg. He took it scooped up a bit of water running it over the leg and gently applying the razor. He shaved the leg slowly methodically, occasionally placing a soft kiss to the skin. Once finished with both legs she waited to be ordered out of the bath but he looked at her, lips curving upward, a twinkle coming to his eyes.

"Get out and lay down on the floor," he ordered. She obeyed on shaky legs, leaning heavily on the side of the tub. She nearly fell once, but her Master was there to steady her. "Alright?" he murmured and she nodded. She lowered herself down to the floor, wincing once, sucking in a sharp breath as pain rushed through her skin. "On your back , legs up and spread, you can bend the knees."

She obeyed and he knelt down in front of her. She waited for him to remove his erection and fuck her, but instead he reached over and grabbed a can of shaving gel.

"Hmm," he murmured, putting it on his fingers. He reached down and gently rubbed it over her exposed center. "The money I spent on this pussy."

A shiver ran down her spine as he said it.

"All mine," he growled and she saw that possessive glint return to his eyes. It was when he seemed least stable, when he was overwhelmed with this need to express his ownership, his absolute authority.

"All yours Master," she agreed. He continued to look at her vagina, bringing the razor down and gently dragging it along the skin. "For the rest of my life."

He looked up as she said it, eyes stern.

"I hope," she added softly. The coldness seemed to snap and he smiled softly, looking back down to his work with a happy twinkle in his intense blue eyes.

"I don't think I will ever let you go," he murmured. "Even when you age."

There was a slight change in his gaze and he was silent a moment. He continued to shave her, lips parted. Once finished he looked up at her, eyes hot. He reached for a rag and gently dabbed at her center. Once finished he stood and held out his hands to her. She sat up, putting her hands in his, and he pulled her to his feet.

"I got your clothing wet," she murmured as she stood before him. She touched his chest once more, feeling the heat radiate from his powerful core. He rubbed her arms a moment as she began to shiver and went to a cupboard.

He came back with a bathrobe, his own, black, light, but heavenly warm, and it smelled strongly of both him and his cologne. He put it over her shoulder and brought her over to the sink. He picked her up by the waist, mindful of her bruises, and put her on the counter. He put some cream into his palm and gently rubbed it into the skin.

"How badly does it hurt?" he asked her. She thought a moment.

"A lot," she answered. He reached to his left and revealed a medicine cabinet. He read over the pill bottles and reached for one with the label removed.

"Birth control will be arriving soon," he informed her as he took a pill from the bottle. It was strange, having him speak to her in such a manner, so casually, as if he was having a real conversation with her.

"You don't want children?" she asked, simply curious. He looked at her a moment before answering, gently moving her off the sink.

"Someday," he answered and flipped the sink on. He pinched the pill and slipped it between her lips. He motioned for the water and bent down and took a sip, swallowing the pill.

"What -"

She immediately stopped, and her voice was so tired, so nearly broken, that it sounded like a little cry of pain instead of the question. *What if you had a girl?* She almost asked. She had little doubt he would not have appreciated such a question and she was terrified of losing this gentleness.

He slowly slid the robe off her shoulders and she was struck by a feeling of loss. She looked up to him and reached out. She didn't want to go back to the basement. She gripped his sweater, fingers tightening around the fabric. He stepped closer and embraced her.

It was an amazing feeling, to be hugged. His arms encompassed her, holding her safely and securely to his body. Her lips parted and she closed her eyes, letting herself fall into the blissfulness his embrace offered.

"Master," she said, the only plea she was willing to risk. She knew better than to push her luck and ask for more. His arms tightened around her and a very real, if small, smile came to her lips. Finally he pulled back and the smile fell. She looked up to him, amazingly tired, and he picked her up.

"You work out," she observed, touching his arm, squeezing the bicep. She felt it flex under her hand.

"I do," he answered. "I have a home gym on the other side of the house. Perhaps you can use it someday, if you continue to be so agreeable."

He carried her into the bedroom and she looked toward the bed longingly. Her lips parted when she realized he was carrying her *toward* the bed and not away from it. She looked up at him questioningly. He smiled at her and placed her at the end of the bed. He pulled down the covers and motioned for her to move. She crawled in disbelieving, and he tucked her under the covers.

"I am going to go get some work," he told her. "I will be right back. You'll stay right here," he told her. She nodded.

"I will," she promised. "I won't move an inch."

He smiled and leaned down to kiss her. He pulled back but she seized the collar of the shirt underneath his sweater. He chuckled as she pulled back for another kiss.

"Not an inch," he repeated and left the room. She did not hear the door click, but she did not even consider moving. She snuggled deeper into the covers, amazed at how good his bed felt. She pressed her face into his pillow, breathing in deeply. He came back in and this time locked the door. She did not even think to turn and see where he put the key. She peeked up over the blankets and watched him move to put his laptop on the side table. He took a water bottle from underneath his arm and handed it to her.

He untangled the cord, looking shockingly normal as he did so. He plugged it into the wall but did not open the laptop or move onto the bed. Instead, he went over to his bureau and opened it, tossing his sweater off to the side. He unbuttoned his shirt and tossed it with the sweater in the hamper. He put on a long sleeve knit black shirt and then changed into a pair of tan pants.

"Are you hungry?" he asked, moving over to his laptop. He fiddled with the cord and looked over at her, eyebrows raised. She shook her head, sucking down the water greedily. She was beginning to feel the beginnings of hunger gnawing at her, but she did not want him to leave. She did not want to be ordered from the bed. He sat down on the edge of the bed and smiled, running a hand over the top of her head. He looked down at the nearly empty water bottle in her hands. "I would hate to have to punish you for lying to me after such a lovely afternoon."

"I'm a little hungry," she admitted. He nodded and began to move away. She reached out, ignoring the pain in her chest, and caught his wrist. "Please don't leave."

"Let go of me," he said simply but her hand remained and she readied her next desperate plea. "Let. Go. Of. Me."

Her hand left him as if it burnt her and felt the beginnings of fear seize her. How stupid could she be, to disobey at such a time, when he was being so good, so gentle. He watched her face contort but his gaze remained hard. He leaned down, grabbing the back of her hair, not painfully, but firmly, and forced her to look in his eyes, their faces close.

"You forget so quickly," he murmured with exasperated disappointment, but not with a blind rage like he had when he had just beat her.

"I'm sorry," she whispered, trembling. A tear left her eye. "Please, I'm sorry, Master, I swear I didn't mean it." More tears finally filled her eyes and she felt despair consume her. "I just keep messing everything up."

"Shh," he said softly. "Will I be making a mistake? Giving you another chance right now?"

She shook her head.

"No, no I promise."

"OK then," he said softly, but she felt some of his unrestrained affection leave him. "Not an inch."

He got up and left the room again. She shook her head trying to collect herself, sniffling and wiping her eyes. He seemed to return in an instant, and he found her sitting up on the bed, blankets around her waist, shoulders trembling and wiping her eyes.

"Oh, my pet," he said, walking toward her.

"I'm sorry," she repeated and came to sit on the edge of the bed with her.

"Look up at me, *schatzi*," he ordered. She hesitated only a minute, mindful not to, but then looked up, realizing it would be disobedient. "You should have obeyed me. You know you should have. I'm not going to punish you."

"I don't... I don't care," she hiccupped and he raised his eyebrows.

"Oh?"

"I don't want you to be angry," she forced out. He chuckled softly, lips curving upward.

"Oh," he answered and stirred the bowl in his hands. "*Schatzi*, if I was angry, do you think you'd still be sitting in my bed? *My bed?*"

"No," she said weakly.

"No," he answered. "Do you understand the significance of this?"

"I do," she replied, turning her gaze to his earnestly.

“Good, now, be a good girl and eat.”

She raised her eyes again and looked to the bowl. He raised the spoon and offered her a spoonful of oatmeal. She ate silently, and he seemed to enjoy feeding her, but each moment she sat across from him the more she wanted to cry. She could not understand it. She felt so tired, not just physically, but emotionally, mentally. Once finished he reached over and placed the bowl beside his laptop.

“Master?” she asked.

“Hmm?”

“How can I serve you?” she asked softly. She did not want to go back to before. He was being so kind, so warm, she needed it to stay that way. He looked to her, a smile on his handsome face.

“A manner of ways,” he answered. “Do you want to serve me right now?”

“More than anything,” she answered far too quickly. She ignored the shame those words brought her and focused on the warmth and happiness that shown in his eyes. He hummed and stood. He gently pushed on her shoulders, lowering her down to the bed, and she waited for him to throw off the blankets and climb on top of her. Instead he pulled the blankets up, shielding her from the slight chill in the room.

“Sleep now,” he ordered. He raised a finger when he saw the beginning of protest. “Obey me.”

She fell silent, catching her bottom lip between her teeth, but obeyed.

“When I have use for you, you will serve me enthusiastically then,” he added. She nodded and he gently nudged her to the center of the bed. He lay down beside her, atop of the blankets, and reached for his laptop.

“You’re going to stay?” she asked soft and he nodded. A smile came to her lips and she nestled back into the covers. He typed a password into his computer and pulled up a spreadsheet. As much as she wanted to see what he did, she knew better than to disobey his order.

“If you should sleep for a significant amount of time,” he added as she scooted a fraction of an inch closer to him. “And you awake and I am sleeping, and you have pain, you may wake me.”

“Thank you, Master,” she whispered. He smiled but did not look over at her. She fluttered her eyes closed once more and immediately fell off into oblivion.

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Just an hour or so after Jessica had fallen so sleep Max got a call from that whore trying to get his job. He started the conversation feeling angry, but kept his voice neutral. As the

conversation continued, and the stupid bitch did not listen to his clearly better plan, his far more thought out proposal, his better educated reasoning, his anger rose, his ears and skin grew hot, and he felt the need to hit something. Brigitte Schultz was everything he hated in women. Arrogant, cold, willful, obstinate. He finished the call abruptly hanging up before she had finished her goodbye and let out a deep shuddering breath. He closed his eyes, trying to dampen this horrid rage he felt swelling up within him.

“Fucking women,” he bit out. “I fucking hate them.”

He thought about his mother, pain exploding behind his eyes, and squeezed his hands into fists. He looked down toward Jessica, so sweetly sleeping beside him. He reached out, gently sliding his hand underneath the blankets and touching her lower back, pulling her closer to him. She stirred, a little breath leaving her, and her eyes fluttered open.

They were bloodshot, she had dark circles under her eyes and her skin was pale, but Max was struck with his affection for her, how beautiful he thought she was. He wanted to see her healthy again. If this change proved permanent he would give her all the sleep she required after the past month and a half. He would feed her as she needed to be fed. He would keep her clean and even clothed from time to time, in clothing of his choosing.

“Master?” she asked, voice soft and questioning.

“*Schatzi*,” he replied softly. She moved closer, wrapping her arm around his middle and pressed her nose to his ribs, nuzzling him. His chest tightened and he watched her, so small and tender, so easily hurt, but so deserving of gentleness and protection.

“What did I do?” she asked when she turned her eyes back up at him, fearful and questioning.

“You were born a woman,” he told her softly. Her lower lip trembled and tears swelled.

“Can I ever be more than a thing to you?” she asked. He watched a tear fall from her eye and trail down her nose. He stopped her from looking down, cupping her cheek.

“You already are,” he murmured. She scooted closer, pressing her side to his and her eyes found his lips. Hers parted partially and he leaned down to place a kiss to her mouth. She smiled against his lips and he pulled back to look into her eyes. He reached up to touch her cheek. Against his better judgment he told her, “You are very special to me.”

She reached up and placed her hand over the one he had on her cheek, letting it fall so her cool fingers could wrap around his wrist.

“I’m going to prove I’m worthy of that,” she told him earnestly. When she had asked him in the bathroom to tell her all the rules he had, he knew that she was at a turning point. She was no longer going to fight. She was thinking of her future here with him, she wanted to know how to obey him. It filled him with pleasure and he knew that soon it would be time to start training her. He had her broken. Now he had to build her back up. And then there would be training. And then, happiness.

"I have no doubt you will," he said, demonstrating his confidence. He saw her eyes light up and he leaned down to kiss her once more. He shifted after a moment and placed the laptop to his side table. He rolled back to face her, resting a hand on one of her bruised breasts. He looked over her body, noticing the poking through of her ribs. It was time to start feeding her again, the way she needed to be eating. He did not like her so thin. She looked far from sickly, but she'd lost too much weight over the past month. And soon the bruises would fade, her lip would heal, and she'd be up in the main house, cleaning, doing his laundry, cooking his meals, bringing him drinks as he watched football, seeing to his needs as he worked. And then... further away, he might be able to travel with her. Bring her to Berlin with him. Take her to Greece or Italy, Spain, France, Croatia. He imagined laying on the beach, sipping on a drink, his sweet, young Jessica rubbing tanning lotion into his skin, peppering him with kisses.

He leaned down and placed a kiss to one of her nipples. One of her hands went to his hair and she stroked his forehead gently. She could soothe him like no one else could. He closed his eyes, pressing his face to her breasts.

"I still don't understand," she murmured. "How a man like you could see me and... want me so much to go through the trouble."

He looked up, face still by her breasts. Her eyes were bloodshot, dark circles around her eyes, lips split, body bruised and just a little too thin, but he thought she was stunningly beautiful even then. He would be able to take care of her the way he wanted to now. He could feed her more, let her bathe more, brush her hair, he'd no longer need to hurt her. He found himself consumed with a feeling of warmth as he thought of the coming phase in their lives.

"You are beautiful," he told her. "I knew... the moment I bumped into you and you looked up at me that you were naturally submissive. That you would be perfect."

He looked back to her breasts, bringing his lips to one, gently palming the other. She moaned, partially in pain, partially in comfort, and he very gently trailed his tongue along her nipple.

"You could have spoken to me," she said. "My friends would have been so jealous."

He looked up at her again, lips curving upward.

"Oh?" he asked.

"You know how handsome you are," she murmured with a little blush on her cheeks.

"I still like to hear it," he told her. He ran a hand down her thigh and kissed the spot between her breasts this time.

"Maybe it's good you didn't say anything," she said. "I would have been so nervous. I'd have embarrassed myself."

"I would have found it endearing," he murmured back. She jumped when the phone rang and he felt her body tense. He felt a stab of annoyance and reached for it. "You know better than to scream, yes?"

She nodded and he punched the button.

“*Hallo?*” he asked and listened. He lowered down, shifting so he was more on top of Jessica than beside her. He pressed his lips to her ribcage, to the right, the left, then middle. “No, I said not to transfer those funds.”

The idiot on the phone was a business contact in France. Their old contact had moved to another corporation out of New York, where he could live closer to his beautiful American wife. He had been replaced with the current idiot on the phone. He circled a finger around Jessica’s right nipple, examining the gash above it, and grimaced slightly.

“I understand,” Max said, though he was far more annoyed than he let on. He hung up the phone and made another call. He waited as it wrung, almost positive his boss was not going to answer, when he heard a curt, “Werner.”

“It’s Max,” he said, gently pulling at a nipple. She smothered a squeak and he looked up to her sharply. When he spoke, he spoke in German. “Laurent just told me I’ll need to go to Berlin to finish the Dupius report. You told me I wouldn’t be travelling.”

He felt Jessica stiffen and before looking up to her bent down to kiss her just above the belly button. He saw the look of concern take over her face, the fear in her eyes as she tried to grasp the meaning of his words. They held eye contact a moment and he looked back down.

“I understand but I was also promised a winter without travel. Yes I do. Yes. I understand.”

He hung up the phone and tossed it to his right, letting it fall onto the bed. He lowered his face again, pressing his cheek to her stomach before adding a few more kisses to the skin.

“I would have liked to see you flustered,” he told her, continuing their conversation, but her hands found his shoulders, fisting the black shirt tightly.

“You are leaving?” she asked, voice strained with fear. He looked up and his eyes softened.

“Have no fear. Do not worry on it.”

“But –”

“I just gave an order,” he said firmly. She fell silent but her lips trembled and her eyes watered. He hoisted himself up on his arms and moved upward, placing a firm kiss to her mouth, one meant to comfort, but was far from gentle. “You need to trust me.”

“I do,” she whispered.

“Blindly,” he added.

“I do,” she said again. “I just,” she began but fell silent, a slight shake to her head, and touched her lip.

“If I need to go away again, it won’t be like last time,” he promised. He would not normally have continued after informing her she needed to trust him. He would have expected

obedience and silence. But so desperate was he to keep that look of longing and near admiration in her eyes, he continued. "I promise, if you continue as you have, it won't be like last time."

She nodded and he felt her body relax.

"I trust you," she nodded patting and squeezing his shoulders. He smiled at her and lowered himself back down. She added with a whisper, "I trust you."

He kissed her a nipple, licked the other and moved down. He placed another kiss to her stomach, and moved further.

"So perfect," he breathed, parted her thighs further and placing a kiss to the soft skin. He breathed, more to himself than to her, "all mine. Mine, mine, mine."

He kissed the other thigh, pulling her so her back was flat against the bed. He settled down onto his stomach, pressing a kiss to her clit. She sucked in a breath and his lips curved upward. When he extended his tongue, tasting her, she let out a little gasp. She tasted delicious and her thighs trembled and he pressed his tongue inside of her. He would never have a need to look at another woman again. Not when the one lying before him was so goddamned perfect. He felt her fingers course through her hair as he dragged his tongue upward, seizing her clit between his lips and sucking. She bucked, a whimper leaving her, and he thought she might tear out his hair. She gusted into his mouth, her pussy telling him how appreciative she was of his attentions and he felt her shudder, tasted her orgasm.

He continued, reaching up to gently squeeze a breast, mindful of her soreness. She came three more times before he sated himself, and even then he lay there, head resting against her thigh, and place a few more kisses to her center. He crawled back up, eyes landing on a sweaty but satisfied slave. A little smile was on her lips and her eyes were fluttering as she was fighting sleep. He knew she had been in pain earlier, but an immediate release oxycodone tablet at the dosage he had given her would leave her feeling slightly euphoric. He could see it now in her eyes, the effect it had been having on her.

"Thank you, Master," she whispered. He almost asked her to say his name, but he fought the urge. One day he would hear Maximilian leave her lips reverently. Right now her submission was too fragile. He could not confuse her with the ability to use his name, even once upon instruction. He leaned down and placed another kiss to her mouth.

"Now go back to sleep," he ordered and pulled the blankets back up over her.

"What about you?" she asked. He shook his head.

"Sleep," he ordered.

"You're a good master," she breathed. He paused as he heard it, his chest bursting with warmth. The approval, her approval, it washed over him and he stared down at her. He reached up with slightly trembling fingers and touched her cheek. Her eyes fluttered opened and she smiled. "The best."

“Jessica,” he whispered hotly. “I will *never* let you go.”

Her eyes locked on his but her face was impossible to read. Her eyes were thoughtful and she reached up to place her finger tips to his lips.

“I’d kill for you,” he said. “If someone... ever tried to take you from me.”

He trembled, eyes moving to her mouth.

“If anyone ever tries to take you from me...”

He finger tips, still on his lips, pressing slightly, silencing him.

“No one is going to take me from you,” she told him softly, her voice so soft and feminine, soothing him. Her hands rest to his hair, brushing the short strands back. They paused at the back of his neck, gently rubbing the fuzz at the base of his scalp. He closed his eyes. “I’m right here.”

He nodded and kissed her again.

“Go to sleep now, slave.”

“Yes, master,” she said and pulled the covers up under her chin. He laid back down and retrieved his laptop. He replayed her words over and over again in his head. *You’re a good master. The best.*

He kept repeating it over in his head as he worked, well into the evening, and every time she shifted in her sleep, made a little noise, he would look over at her and simply watch her. He went to sleep early, around seven, but he wanted to lie down beside her underneath the covers. He locked up the phone, the laptop, and double checked the bolts on the windows and doors. Once he was sure she was not going anywhere he climbed in next to her.

She awoke briefly as he pulled her closer. Her fragile, naked body curled into him happily and she was back to sleep in an instant. He remained awake a short while, breathing in the smell of her hair and holding her close, running his hands over her soft curves, now not so soft due to her weight loss.

*It’ll all get better now*, he vowed silently, kissing her forehead. He fell asleep and awoke again in the middle of the night.

He awoke without her in his arms and when he reached for her his eyes popped open, finding the bed empty. His heart lurched and he was just about to throw himself from the bed when he heard the sound of the toilet flushing. He listened, ears straining, as the sink turned on. The light in the bathroom was off, but he heard her turn off the sink. The door opened and her feet pattered across carpet. He heard her circle the bed and climb in on the opposite side. He kept his eyes closed as she climbed into the bed. She scooted underneath the blankets and pressed back into him. A smile came to his lips and she shivered, burying her face to his chest.

“Are you cold?” he asked her and she started.

“Yes,” she murmured into the darkness. He reached around, moving to his back a moment, and grabbed the remote. He hit the button a few times and the fireplace turned on, flames lighting the room dimly. “Thank you.”

*You’re a good master. The best.*

Yes I am, he thought, wrapping an arm around her middle, holding her close. And now someone was finally seeing it. Now a woman was finally seeing his worth.

He kissed the top of her head and fell back to sleep.

## XXII

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Jessica woke up alone, cocooned in warmth. The smell of coffee tickled her nose and she heard the clicking of a keyboard being jabbed at repeatedly. When her eyes opened she saw her master beside her, seated up on the bed and propped up by a mess of pillows, trying rapidly, a serious and concentrated frown on his face. He was so engrossed with what he was doing he did not even notice that she had awoken. For a few moments she watched the words as they sprang up in his email. Whatever it was he had planned for the day, she was not entirely up for it. Her head hurt and she was tired still, despite having such slept for another considerable stretch of time. She hoped he meant only to lay in bed and cuddle. That she could do with some ease.

“Fotze,” he muttered as he hit enter. She watched him begin to grow angry. He had this ability to work himself up, thinking up scenarios in his own mind where women had done him wrong. She was terrified of facing his wrath for something another woman probably hadn’t even done, and reached up to reveal she was awake. He looked down as her slender fingers curled around the fabric of his shirt and she smiled timidly at him. Yesterday, when she awoke to him angrily rambling about women, she had thought the best course of action was to be timid and demure. That only seemed to feed into his anger. This time, she hoped feigned obliviousness might subdue him.

“Good morning, master,” she whispered.

“Good afternoon, slave,” he replied. She did not like the word he used and her eyes lowered, but he did not seem angry. She gently stroked his chest, snuggling closer to him. She turned her gaze back up toward him and found his eyes were back on the computer. He pulled up a graph and she watched him work silently. He seemed to like the feel of her fingers gently stroking his collar bone. She stopped once and he grunted. She resumed her motions and he fell silent.

He liked obedience but more importantly he liked being worshipped. He wanted a woman to look at him and see a God. She was beginning to believe that as long as she did that, he would be happy with her. The thought filled her with warmth and she turned her gaze from the computer to him. She kissed his shoulder and shifted, choosing to run her finger over his bicep.

“It is getting cold out,” he suddenly mused. She was not entirely sure what to say. For a moment, she thought he was on the phone. If he had a blue tooth in she wouldn’t be able to see it. He looked down at her with lifted eyebrows. “When I speak to you, the general rule is that a response is permitted. Unless I give the specific order I want you silent, you have no reason to worry.”

“I like the cold,” she said softly. “Autumn mostly.”

He nodded slowly and looked back at his computer. He paused and stared at the screen.

"I get very sad in the winter," he murmured. She looked up at him. "Very lonely."

"I'm here now," she offered and he looked at her. A small smile came to his lips.

"Yes, you are," he replied. He moved his laptop to the side and lifted an arm, pulling her into his arms. She nuzzled his chest and leaned into his warmth, ecstatic that the affection had continued. She would do anything this man asked of her, so long as it continued. He stroked her hair gently, pressed his nose to the top of her head, and breathed in deeply. "We're going to be so happy."

He whispered it softly, almost to himself, and squeezed her more tightly. He tilted her chin upward and placed a soft kiss to her lips. He gave one more little smile and then extricated himself from her arms. She watched him as he rose and walked over to the wardrobe. He grabbed a thick gray cardigan and put it on, gazing at her.

"You are a good girl?" he asked.

"I am," she responded, sitting up in the bed. She held the blankets to her and he nodded slowly.

"Come with me," he ordered and she slid out from beneath the blankets. Though his bedroom had been warm, the rest of the house was cool and she wrapped her arms around herself. Her stomach did a little turn as he came to the stairs that lead to the basement and he blocked her view as he put in the code. With the door open he ordered her inside. She walked down the stairs slowly, anxiety beginning to build up inside of her once more. She heard the beep as the door locked and looked behind her. His eyes found hers and he motioned with his chin for her to continue down the steps.

She obeyed, but her apprehension began to grow. She gnawed on her lower lip and turned as she entered the room, hoping for a smile or an encouraging word. She was met only with grim determination. She reached up and touched her collar. She used it as a shield. A pathetic attempt to try and remind him how much he cared about her. His eyes watched her fingers close around the tag. His lips twitched but he seemed un-swayed.

"There is food in the fridge," he told her. She followed his gaze to the corner where a fridge suddenly appeared. She frowned and looked at him. He turned to leave and she called out.

"Master?"

He turned to face her and raised a hand, voice calm but stern.

"You do not speak to me again until I say you may. That is a direct order. Do you understand?"

She nodded slowly. He did not smile.

"Good. Go lay down."

*Like a dog*, she thought and her lower lips trembled. She felt horribly dejected as she slowly moved over to the pillow bed. She laid down on it and looked to the door, hoping that one last forlorn look might weaken him and bring him back to her. But as she turned her gaze to the door he was gone, the door shutting behind him. She listened as he walked up the stairs, trying to figure out for the life of her what she might have done to anger him.

*Nothing, he's just a strange man*, she told herself, but the discomfort lingered. The desire to start calling for him welled up within her and her lip trembled. She felt suddenly very alone. She cried for a little while and she wasn't sure why. Being apart from him should have brought her peace. Instead, she could think of very little but having him come back.

She fell asleep and awoke a few times. There was food in the fridge as he said. Some fruit and yogurt mostly, fresh cold cuts and milk and orange juice. She ate twice before he came back down the steps and she waited anxiously. She touched her collar, reminding herself that she had to trust him. Still, there was that sickening fear in her stomach that the man might be coming back. What if he had simply decided to wait until she *did* trust him to let his friends come rape her? How funny they would think it is. A tear fell down her cheek as she waited.

"You have to trust him," she whispered. "Obey, please, serve, worship, trust. Obey, please, serve, worship, trust."

The door opened and silently thank God that it was only her master stepping through the door, looking as handsome as he always did. He wore tan pants and a long sleeve, white cotton shirt. She dropped to her knees almost immediately and then crawled toward him. She kissed his feet, excited to hear his praise and feel his kiss to her lips. Instead, the black, polished shoes moved away from her lips and he walked into the room.

"Come stand here," he ordered. She got to her feet and walked to the place he pointed to. It was with a long, thin cane that he pointed to the spot. She hesitated a moment, lower lip still trembling. He walked around her and his hands gently pressed to the small of her back. His other hand pressed to her collar bone, gently moving her so her breasts stuck out. He took her hands and moved them behind her back so her fists were pressed together. He nudged her feet part with a gently tap of his foot to her calf. Lastly, he placed a hand to her chin and gently tilted her face up. He stepped back, circling around her slowly and examining her.

"Presentation one," he said simply. "Feet together, bend at the knees. Back straight. Hands on knees."

"Master?"

The cane smacked down on her bare bottom with shocking force. Her eyes immediately watered and it took her a moment to realized what had happened.

"Did I say you could speak?" he asked. The tone of his voice hurt more than the reddening stripe on her bottom.

*Obey, please, serve, worship and trust*, she reminded herself. That was what made him kind. It would do it again.

"Orders are obeyed," he continued sternly. She gave a little nod and remained silent.

"Back straight. My girls have good posture."

Her nose crinkled at the use of the word girls. He had always spoken of her as though she were special. She knew others had existed. To be spoken of as though she was just one of them... ones he had not kept...

*Obey, please, serve, worship and trust,* she told herself again. Whatever she had done, she would prove her worth again to him. She was better than the others.

"Presentations two," he said. He gently trailed his fingers over the burning streak across her bottom. The remnants of the affectionate touch encouraged her. "Presentation one."

She moved into the first position. He looked her over carefully, walking around her slowly. "Presentation two."

She bent her knees, bringing her feet together, and got into the position he had described. "Presentation one," he said again and once she was in her position and he was pleased she was doing it appropriately he snapped his fingers at her.

"Bend," he ordered but as she moved to get into presentation two he swatted at her with the cane, landing a stinging glance to her thigh. It was nothing compared to the strike from when she spoke. "Crouch," he corrected himself anyway. She lowered herself down, balancing on the balls of her feet. "Hands behind your head."

He spoke casually and moved to her left. She struggled to balance, thighs already burning, and he dragged a chair into view. About ten feet in front of her he plopped down the chair, taking a seat and crossing a leg. He leaned back and examined her thoughtfully.

"Endure," he told her. Her body trembled. "Used for punishment."

She said nothing, rolling her lips inward as she tried to stay on her feet and keep her back straight.

"Presentation one," he ordered again. She obeyed. "Presentation two."

She obeyed again.

"Position one."

She moved into the position and he stood.

"Women are naturally wicked," he told her. The cane traced her bottom, down her thigh and she trembled. "If they don't have a firm hand to guide them... they will do evil things."

He came to stand before her and placed the cane beneath her chin, bringing her face up toward his.

"If another man was here right now... that would offer you pretty things, money, jewels, cars... you'd get on your knees for him..." she began to shake her head, eyes swelling with tears. "You'd suck his cock and take him in your ass like the vile little whore you are."

"No," she whispered.

"Don't speak!" he bellowed. She flinched, eyes closing, and then looked back up to him. His fingers touched her cheek. "But you see," he whispered. "With the proper guidance and discipline, I can *make* you a good woman."

He moved away. "presentation two," he said as he walked back to the chair. "Endure."

She did her best as he rattled off the three positions, but he seemed totally unfazed. He watched her with icy, critical eyes.

"Drop down to your knees. Toes together, but knees spread, yes, hands still behind your head."

He stood and circled around her. He swatted at her back. "Straighten."

"Expose," he said. "Knees together, on your ankles, hands on your thighs."

She obeyed. She whimpered as he swatted at her hip.

"Back *straight*."

"I'm sorry," she whispered on impulse and she received a harder smack.

"Speak again and you go in the standing cage for a week."

She swallowed thickly and closed her eyes. She nodded and took in a shaky breath. She did her best not to cry, but that was all she wanted to do.

"Kneel," he said simply. She remained in the position, trying to commit them all to memory.

"Presentation two."

She got to her feet, almost went into the first position, and then bent down, correcting herself. She made sure to keep her back straight.

"Expose." She moved into the position. "Endure." "Presentation one." "Expose."  
"Presentation two." "Endure."

The only thing she could say for certain is he was not trying to trick her. He repeated them close enough together that it was easy enough to remember them.

"Now, lean forward, balance on your elbows and knees, back on a line," he ordered.

She got in the position, but her body trembled. Her muscles ached and her limbs hurt. When her body collapsed and her belly and abused breasts hit the floor she waited for the beating.

She waited for the shouting. She waited for the abuse. She had already begun to cry, but it was not the physical abuse that frightened her so. She wanted to apologize but she knew better than to speak. When she was greeted with only silence she pushed herself back up on trembling arms and forced herself into the position.

“Punishment,” he told her as she finally managed to keep herself in that position. “On your hands and knees. Crawl to me.”

She crawled to him.

“Kneel.”

Once she was on her knees he grabbed the back of her hair in a tight fist and began to unfasten his pants. She looked up at him with teary eyes and he leaned down. Her lips parted, her heart soaring, and she waited for the kiss. Instead, he spit into her face. She closed her eyes just in time and felt the hot saliva trail down her cheek. A hand cruelly rubbed her face, spreading the spit into her skin, and then he spit again. Before she had time to recover his cock was in her mouth and he was pushing her head back and forth with his grip on her hair.

“Oh, ja,” he breathed, brushing her hair up so he had it all in a single fist. She gagged as he forced his cock to the back of her throat, panting for air when he finally removed himself from her mouth. “Do you want me to stop?”

She turned her tearful gaze up to him and shook her head. He forced his cock back into her mouth, fucking her face cruelly, fistful of hair in his right, a firm grip to her face with the other. He fucked her until she thought she would throw up and he pulled back again, letting her breath.

“Such a good girl,” he breathed as he grabbed her back and put his cock back down her throat. “Such a good girl.”

Her heart soared and she did her best to look up at him. His eyes were hot as he stared down at her. He pinched her nose and forced his cock back into her mouth. Her throat constricted and he swore, a laugh leaving him, and he released her again. She fell to her bottom, trying to catch her breath and he leaned down again, pulling her back up the hair.

“You’re such a pretty whore,” he murmured to her affectionately. He wiped away the water leaking from her eyes. “You’re such a good little cunt.”

He spit again. She was thankful it was just saliva and her lips parted on instinct. He let out a low, breathy laugh, almost one of disbelief, and slapped her cheek gently. He then pinched her chin, forcing her mouth open more widely, and spit again. She wanted to say his name but she fought the urge. He leaned down and kissed her. A hard, bruising kiss. One that knocked the wind out of her. When he released her she collapsed again, exhausted.

“Get up, slave,” he ordered. “Your master is not done with you.”

She got herself up back in the kneeling position, trying to keep her back straight. She was panting, tears doming from her eyes but from the gag reflex, not any certain level of distress.

His praise helped calm her.

“Good girl,” he breathed as she opened her mouth for him. He collected her hair in his hand again and tilted her head back. “*Gutes Maedchen*,” he purred but he did not kiss her. He pulled back and forced himself back into her mouth.

*He's not angry. It just turns him on,* she reminded herself.

“Suck,” he ordered, this time being more gentle with how far he forced himself inside of her. She did her best to obey and he moved her head back and forth, groaning in appreciation as she moved. Her scalp hurt from the rough hand in her hair, but it was nothing like the pain she had experienced in the past. She was almost grateful for his treatment of her. He had told her he enjoyed such things but promised he would never *hurt* her again. With tug of her hair, little slap to cheek and spit to the face, she felt her trust grow for him. He finally released her and she crumpled to her hands and knees to catch her breath. His erection still strained proudly and he stroked himself as he looked down at her.

“Are we done yet, slave?” he asked her. She shook her head. “Answer me now.”

“No, Master,” she croaked. He purred and moved to examine her from the side.

“That's right, *liebchen*,” he answered. “Over to the bench with you.”

She looked up to see where his cane was directing her and then crawled over to it. She waited for her next order but he picked her up by the hips in with ease and lowered her across the padded bench on her stomach. She had trouble classifying his manner. It was not the brutal treatment she had experienced in the past. No rockets of pain coursed through her body. But the word gentle in no way could be used to describe his conduct.

“I was at a party once slave,” he told her as he shackled her right ankle to the platform. “Paul strapped his girl to a bench just like this.”

He shackled her other ankle.

“She was lucky though. There were only fourteen of us.”

A shiver coursed through her and her arms were seized. He shackled them out in front of her, connecting to a long bar. Her arms were stretched and she could move none of her limbs with any real freedom.

“I say that not to scare you,” he told her, slowly circling the bench and trailing his finger tip down her spine. “But to impress upon you the sheer vulnerability of your position.”

He moved behind her and trailed a finger along a stripe on her bottom.

“What would you do... if Ulrik were upstairs, and I called him down to play with you?” he asked. She pressed her face into the bench, unsure if she had permission to respond or if it had been limited. “What if I had other men upstairs... and let them come and go as they pleased... what would you do? Answer.”

*Nothing.* Was the response that made to mind. She pulled at her restraints gently to test them. There was absolutely nothing she could have done. But when she opened her mouth and let out the soft broken murmur she surprised herself.

“What was that, slave?” he asked. “Speak up.”

“I trust you,” she answered. She twisted her wrists around so she could wrap her fingers around the chain attaching her shackles to the poll. There were a few moments of silence and then his hand gently slid up her back.

“Say it again,” he said, voice a strange combination between a whisper, a croak, and a murmur. It was throaty, but controlled.

“I trust you,” she said more loudly. It wasn’t really an answer to the question. Not the answer he was expected clearly, not the one he had necessarily wanted in that moment, but the one he wanted deep down, the one needed but could never voice allowed as it would diminish his control over her. It was the one he needed.

“Completely?”

“Completely,” she answered. She felt him settle behind her, finger tips ghosting over her ribs. They closed around her hips hard and pulled her against his erection, but did not enter her.

“Under what circumstances, can you refuse me?” he asked her.

“Never,” she answered, straining anxiously against the restraints.

“Answer the questions properly,” he scolded sternly. “Under what circumstances is what I asked, not when you may say no.”

“Und-under no circumstances.”

“Under no circumstances,” he agreed. She felt his cock at her entrance. He rubbed the head against her slick entrance. She marveled a moment, how could she possibly be wet after what he had just done to her? A moan escaped her as his head rubbed against her. He slid him the tip inside of her and pulled out as he spoke. “When do you say no?”

“Never,” she breathed out almost reverently. She felt empty. It almost hurt. She pressed her breasts into the bench, arching her bottom toward him in an offer.

“And why is that?” he asked.

“Because I belong to you,” she answered. “You’re my master. Of my body and soul. You own me.”

He slid deeper inside of her this time and then retreated again.

“Master, please,” she begged and he moved to the side.

“What brings you pleasure?” he asked. She paused. Was she allowed to feel pleasure? Surely he could not expect otherwise.

“Y-you... when you, when you use me –”

His cane smacked down on her bottom and she yelped softly, pressing her face to the black leather.

“Did that bring you pleasure?”

She squeezed her eyes shut and tried to think but another swat went to her bottom and her mind blurred.

“Did that bring you pleasure?”

“Yes,” she answered, thinking it was what he wanted.

“Yes?” he asked in surprise. He hit her harder this time. The swats did not stop, but they were not a flurry. Measured, controlled strikes to her bottom meant to cause pain, but not to cause damage.

“Sto-please,” she said instead, terrified how he might react to the word stop.

“It brings you pleasure,” he responded, smacking the back of her thighs.

“It doesn’t. It doesn’t!” she cried and the swats stopped. His hand gently moved to caress the burning red skin of her bottom. His hand was warm and gentle as he brought it across her skin.

“It brings *me* pleasure,” he told her. “How does that knowledge make you feel?”

“I want... I want to make you happy,” she managed to respond. “I want to bring you pleasure.”

“Why?” he asked.

“Because you’re my master –”

“I know who I am. Why does my pleasure bring you pleasure?” he asked.

“Because...” she panicked as her brain clouded, but his hand continued the gentle stroke to her stinging flesh. His fingers slid down her wet pussy, spreading the remaining juices over her skin before slipping his fingers inside and pulsing slowly. “My... purpose...” she began questioningly.

“Very good,” he purred. A smile came to her face. She was encouraged and continued.

“My purpose is to bring you pleasure and... when I do...”

“Do you feel proud?” he asked. She paused.

"Yes, but..." she tried to look back at him. He was looking down at her bottom as he slowly moved his fingers in and out of her, a thoughtful look on his face. He wasn't trying to trick her, at least she didn't think so. *Obey him, he'll be good to you. He might have to hit you if you don't understand, but only to teach you. It won't be like before. He promised. You can trust him.* "But... it's not pride really..."

She knew he wouldn't want her to be too prideful. This was about him. His finger left her but continued to rub at her. She was slick from the ministrations, juices sliding down her thighs. She felt a lightbulb go off.

"It's not about me," she continued. "It's about you."

"It's about me," he agreed.

"And I know that you'll take care of me," she whispered. *Because he promised.* "Please, master, take pleasure in me."

"It will bring me pleasure to strike you right now," he informed her. She closed her eyes.

"Please, master, strike me?" she whispered. It caught in her throat but she got it out smooth. One hand went to rest on her back to steady her and then he stepped back. He struck her twice with the cane. Hard, quick strikes and then paused.

"How badly does this hurt?" he asked her. "Be honest."

"It hurts," she answered.

"How badly?"

"Very bad," she answered. It was true, but she was afraid he would think she was lying to get out of it. He touched the area where the cruel man's strike had split open her skin. He had been careful to avoid it. He tossed the cane to the side and she watched it rattle to the floor. Before she had time to be relieved he slid into her with no warning and a moan left her. His hands were hard on her hips, the feel of his pants brushing up against her red bottom painful.

"Oooh, thank you Master," she moaned, voice rising and falling with each thrust. His hand went back into her hair and he forced her head back. She could look at him, but it was with some difficulty.

"My fuckin' pussy," he gritted out. "Oh, you're a good little bitch."

One of his hands went to her cheek, his finger moving into her mouth, pulling the side of her cheek back. She panted, eyes wide as she looked up at him. There was nothing she could do but lay there and be used. It was degrading, demeaning, put her in a position of terrifying vulnerability, yet her pussy drenched her thighs, her belly burned and her heart pounded.

"You're a good little slave, aren't you, baby?" he asked. She tried to nod, difficult with his hand fisting her hair and the other holding her face. Spit dribbled down her chin as his thumb kept her cheek pulled the side. He nodded at her, his own eyes wide. "Yeah, that's right. You're such a good little slave for me. So obedient for me. Good little girl."

His words made her chest burn. She wanted to kiss him. A moan escaped her as she felt pleasure well up within her. She did not want his kind words to stop.

“You going to come for me, *Schatzi? Meine Süße?*”

She nodded, panted hard.

“Please,” she mangled. “Please, master.”

“Come for me, slave. Show me how good I make you feel?”

As if on command an orgasm ripped through her. He barred his teeth as he continued to fuck her. He finished a few minutes later, pulling out and spilling himself on her abused bottom. Slowly he refastened his trousers and then went about releasing her from the shackles. She was relieved she would not be left there for a significant amount of time.

“Presentation one,” he suddenly said. She paused a moment, confused, and then moved to obey. “Presentation two.”

She hesitated and he picked up the cane. She sunk into the position she remembered and he walked around her slowly. His hand was gentle when pressed it to her back.

“Back straight. I want good posture from you.”

“Yes, Master, thank you,” she whispered. He walked around her again, face stern and nodded slowly.

“Expose.”

She obeyed, focusing on her back. He tapped her chin with the cane and she raised it.

“My girl has a good memory,” he praised. She smiled proudly at him as he walked around her. “Punishment.”

She moved to obey and he nodded slowly. She watched his shoes as he walked around her slowly. She wanted to kiss them, anyway to show him she respected his position, but she knew better than to move. He crouched down before her and looked over her bottom and thighs.

“DO you remember Endure?” he asked. She moved to get into it but he halted her with a gentle press of the cane to her shoulder. “Do you remember it?”

“I do, Master,” she replied.

“I believe you,” he answered. “I don’t want you to get into that right now.”

“Thank you,” she breathed.

“Over to the bed,” he ordered and stood. She crawled, looking over her shoulder to see what he was doing. “On your stomach!” he called casually as he grabbed the first aid kit. He

walked back over, a small frown to his face, and applied the creams without a word. Next, he offered her something for the pain.

“Understand, what you just experienced does not warrant medication,” he said severely. “But for the previous injury and your breasts, I am giving you some.”

“Thank you, Master,” she said and took the water bottle he had retrieved with the first aid kit.

“Alright. Be a good girl now,” he ordered and softly shut the first aid kit shut. “I will return soon.”

He rose and went over to the locked cabinet, putting the first aid kit back inside.

“You are leaving?” she asked softly. He moved over to the door and glanced back at her.

“I am leaving,” he answered. She bit her bottom lip, a small frown coming to her face, but, perhaps luckily, before she could ask him why, he was out of the room with the door shut behind him. She stared after him a long while, thinking he would return. When she finally settled herself down into the blankets it was with a strange and painful gnawing at her chest.

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Max plopped down in the living room with a beer in his hand and a smile on his face. He put up his feet and stared up at the ceiling. He already missed her and he had not left her five minutes ago. He needed to be strong though. He needed to be smart. Everything was so close. She was so close to being perfect. He could see it in her eyes, the budding devotion.

He checked his watch. She had to sit there and long for him a short while. She had to know how much she missed him when he was gone, to understand how much she valued his presence.

“I trust you,” he murmured in English. He brought the beer bottle up to his lips and laughed as he took a sip. He was overcome with happiness he had not felt in sometime. In truth, no woman had ever made him feel so good, so happy. And her trust did not something he had not foreseen. It inspired within him an unyielding desire to prove to her he could be trusted. The opportunity of losing her high opinion of him was not something he wanted to entertain. It was a level of responsibility he had never felt toward a slave, but it was not at all unenjoyable. It gave him warmth.

He checked his watch again. With a groan he rose and walked into his office. He smiled at his desk. She was becoming a part of his home. His kitchen, his living room, his bedroom and bathroom, his office, they all now had memories of her attached to them. His affection for her swelled.

“I will never let her go,” he breathed in German, waiting for his computer to start up. He hummed happily and took another sip of beer. “My pretty, Jessica. Oh, Jessica, Jessica. I love you, Jessica.”

It didn't frighten him the way it might some men, because frankly, she was never leaving. His only pressing issue was to be the master that would inspire her love in return. Earn her respect and her love. He could do that. He just had to be smart. She'd want to stay with him. She'd worship him and love him and everything would be so perfect.

He leaned forward and signed in.

"Pretty Jessica," he smiled and went through his photos. The ones Belko had sent him before she was taken. Shopping at a market. Coming out of an old church. Giving an old man a euro. He closed his eyes, reminding himself he owned her.

"Mine, mine, mine, mine, mine," he whispered to himself as he reached for his drawer. He pulled it open and retrieved from his credit cards. Soon, within a few years, he would be able to bring her to his meetings in Berlin, Paris, Prague. He'd be able to bring her into hotel suites and shower her with gifts, and champagne, and fine meals. *And she'll worship you. Her eyes, always on me. The center of her world.*

He typed into his computer and slapped the enter key. As he waited the next few hours until he could go back down to Jessica, he passed the time purchasing her some lingerie and dresses.

*That she'll wear for you*, he thought as he added each item to his cart. *All for you.*

## Chapter End Notes

Woah now! I'm back!

Please, please, please comment! And thank you so much to those of you that have stuck around. As some of you know, I am in law school full time. Life is very busy, but I am hoping to update regularly again.

I cannot remember if I did this previously or not, but I am willing to send up an mass email when I update. If you so desire, please email me and let me know.  
eatten@yahoo.com.

Thanks!

## XXIII

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

It felt like days had passed since her Master had left her, but in reality, it could only have been a few hours. She had not eaten or used the bathroom, nor had any need to do either. She listened as he walked down the stairs and tossed off the blanket, revealing herself to the cold air. When the door finally opened, she was already moving onto her hands and knees. He stepped inside, closing the door behind him, looking as handsome as ever. She hesitated as she looked over him, lips parting in concern as she realized he was dressed in a business suit, face clean shaven, and hair combed neatly. He was fussing with a button on his cuff when he looked up toward her. She immediately began to crawl toward him, shivering slightly in the cold basement.

She kissed his feet, clad in handsome black business shoes, and kept her face pressed to them a few moments. She kept repeated her mantra over and over in her head. *I trust him. I trust him. I trust him.* If she didn't, she would go insane.

“Stand up, pet,” he said shortly. He did not sound angry but his words did not sound particularly warm either. She obeyed and stood before him, waiting for her next order. She only hoped that if he was going to leave her, it would not be with that horrible man. Her lower lip trembled and he made as if to leave the room, but hesitated upon seeing the look on her face. His eyes remained locked on hers a moment before he finally turned, ordering her to follow him.

She climbed the stairs, staring at his back as they went. His suit was made beautiful, the fit absolutely perfect. She was tempted once again to tell him if he had just asked her out she'd have done anything he wanted anyway. How could any girl think to turn down such perfection?

“I want to show you something,” he said as they got to the top of the stairs and he punched in the code. She looked down as he did, not wishing for him to think she was trying to see the numbers. He nudged her out first, his arm hand on her cool hip, and she was greeted with the delicious warmth of his home. She paused briefly to examine the spread on the kitchen counter, but moved on when she realized he was moving toward his office. She hurried after him, almost colliding with him when he pulled out a key to unlock the door.

“Number one house rule,” he said as he opened the door. “This is the only room in the house that you will *never* enter without express permission and under my direct supervision. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Master,” she said and he stepped into his officer.

“Come here,” he said and stood behind his desk. She heisted, unsure if he wanted her to stand in front of the desk or behind it. He was straightening his tie when he realized her concern

and beckoned for her to join him. “I have a video-conference in about ten minutes. You are going to make me dinner.”

He put one hand on her hip and the other to the mouse. He clicked something and then an array of images popped up on the screen. She realized after a moment it was his house and she was looking at a surveillance system. She saw the kitchen, the living room, a dining room she had not yet seen, and a bathroom. It flicked a few moments later to the upstairs, then to the basement, then the exterior.

“Do I need to say it?” he asked, tugging her closer gently. His chin went to her forehead. His arms hands to her hips. She shook her head and leaned into him, relishing the feel of his warmth. “The doors are all locked, the windows, sealed. It is forty degrees out right now, Fahrenheit, it will drop to below freezing once the sun sets. We are twenty miles from the nearest town.”

“I’m not going anywhere,” she vowed. He patted her hip and released her. It suddenly occurred her why this was the one room she was not allowed in without him. Access to the outside world. His landline, his cell phone on the desk, his desktop and his laptop. As she walked back into the kitchen she looked around and realized he had no other phones around, at least within sight.

“Should be simple enough,” he told her. “Cook book is there, that is what I want. Everything you need is on the table.”

He paused to check his watch and then took hold of her face gently, stroking her cheeks with his thumbs.

“No working yourself up into hysterics,” he cautioned. “If you make a mistake, I’m not going to punish you. It is simply something you must begin to learn.”

She nodded slowly, biting her lower lip.

“And...” he smiled. “I want you to make me that apple strudel you were so excited about.”

She smiled. *That* would be good at the very least.

“Now,” he said severely. “I hear... a *noise* from you while I am on this call –”

“– You won’t –”

“ – and I am going to be very, very disappointed in you.”

“I promise,” she vowed. He took hold of her chin.

“You realize that if you do, our relationship will be forever altered.”

She nodded.

“There would be no going back.”

She continued to nod. She reached out and took hold of his lapels, moving closer to him.

“I promise,” she said reverently. He looked over her face and nodded slowly.

“I’ll be out in an hour or two,” he said, looking over the items on the table. “You have time so no need to rush. I don’t want you to feel unnecessary pressure for this.”

“Thank you,” she said, truly grateful. He checked his watch again. Her eyes widened as she saw it. Her hands seized his wrist and she looked at the watch, lips parted. “How much did that cost?”

“Less than you,” he answered and took his hand back. “You may use the bathroom if needed. Down the hall to the right. I will be watching. Stray and you will be punished.”

“Yes, Master,” she answered. He looked at the clock.

“At … hmm,” he decided to check his watch. “At quarter to five, I want you to go into that cabinet and take out *Meursault-charmes*. Put it in the freezer for ten minutes. Then take it out. Understand?”

She nodded, trying to repeat the French word in her head so she would not forget.

“Good,” he said and patted her bottom. Hard enough to make a sound, but not hard enough to sting. “Get to it.”

He left the room and she looked around the kitchen, took a deep breath, and obeyed.

---

He left his office just past six thirty and she was just nearly finished preparing the apple strudel for baking. Despite his assurances that he would not be angry if she messed up dinner, she waited anxiously for him to come down the hall. When he did he had a phone to his ear and a smile on his face. He was messing with a cuff again and lifted his eyes brows at her in greeting. It was such a shockingly normal and familiar greeting that for a moment she forgot where she was and who she was with. She smiled at him in her own greeting, and then felt the weight of her collar around her neck.

“Thank you,” he chuckled in German. “No, she’s making me dinner. Perhaps later. Yes, thanks again. Bye.”

He surveyed her hard work and nodded, a smile on his lips.

“Smells good, slave,” he said. He was clearly in a good mood. His conference had gone well and she was grateful for it. It seemed every time he got off the phone he was in a poor mood. Usually that was taken out on her.

“Thank you,” she smiled and he put a hand on her hip, reached around her to taste the sauce.

“Hmmm,” he said appreciatively. “Already better than Meg. Girl couldn’t microwave a frozen meal.”

Her lips twitched downward at the mention of another woman's name. It was irrational. She never even considered that this Meg was as much a victim as she, that this Meg was probably had no desire to cook for this man, and she was now probably in a much worse place, suffering untold horrors. She leaned back into her Master, hoping to take his mind away from slaves he had in the past.

"I've been promoted," he told her happily, releasing her hips and moving to the wine bottle. He touched it with his fingers and put it back in the freezer.

"To what?" she asked.

"I am now the chief financial officer at LLCP Software," he said proudly, removing his coat and draping it across a kitchen chair.

"Loeb, Lohse, Clauber, and Rothberg, software?" she asked in shock. He looked at her with a sideways smile.

"You know it?" he asked.

"I toured the facility. It's the fastest growing company in Europe," she said excitedly. "Last June. We were in Berlin for the week."

"June?" he smiled. "I was there."

"Small world," she said with a tiny smile. He loosened his tie as he moved to the wine cabinet. Her heart lifted some as she watched him retrieve two glasses, but she refused to let herself have too much hope. "We were supposed to go on a different weekend," she found herself explaining as he put the glasses down and moved to the fridge. His eyebrows lifted as he looked at her. "Not to Berlin. When we met on the train. Brigitte got sick and we had to cancel. We got those train tickets last minute by chance."

He took the wine from the fridge and felt the bottle. Placing it on the counter he touched her naked hip, bringing her closer to him tenderly.

"You were meant to me mine," he explained softly. She nodded slowly, wondering if it was true. If the universe had pushed them together for some reason. He leaned down and placed a kiss to her lips. It was soft, chaste. Just a pressing of their mouths together and he pulled back with a smile. "Will you celebrate with me tonight, Jessica?"

"Of course," she replied. He looked over her face, blue eyes twinkling.

"Hmm, you won't forget what you are? Who I am?" he asked. His words stung and her smile slipped slightly.

"I'm just a slave," she whispered.

"Just," he whispered back, almost sadly, and reached up to touch her cheek. "Not just, Jessica. Don't ever doubt your worth to me."

She touched his tie, running her hands down it slowly and blushed.

"You are very handsome," she told him. "In a suit."

"Hmm, I was to change. Now I think not," he smiled. She gave tiny a giggle up at him and stepped forward. His hands slid around her, gripping her bottom firmly and he held her to him.

"You like a man in a suit?" he asked. She nodded, biting her lip. He leaned down but did not kiss her. "Because you like powerful men."

She paused a moment and he lifted his eyebrows.

"Ah. It is true, no?" he murmured. He leaned down and placed a kiss to her lips. He tried to move away but she halted him, putting her arms around his middle and holding him still. He chuckled softly and touched her hips, finger tips digging into them firmly, but without pain.

"Tell me true, Jessica," he purred, pushing her backward against the counter. Her heart fluttered at the sound of her name. "Does it turn you on, to belong to man like me? Who owns multiple houses, multiple cars, CFO of a multi-billion-dollar corporation. And the only woman in the world that I have eyes for... is you? Does that turn you on?"

A soft moan came to her lips as his leg forced its way between her bare legs.

"I know it does," he whispered. "Because I could see it in your eyes the day I met you."

He gripped her chin and she looked up at him with wide eyes.

"I can see it in your eyes now," he breathed. He spun her around in a quick motion and she was bent over the counter, her face pressed closed to the hot stove top. He had a fistful of hair, holding her back tightly, and she felt the heat of the stove.

"You make me so fucking hard," he told her, pressing himself against her bottom and tugging on her hair. "You want me to fuck you right now?"

"Please," she breathed and he placed a wet kiss to her cheek.

"Do you like my power?"

"I love your power," she breathed, but she found that as she sought to stroke his ego, she felt a pooling of warmth between her legs and she pushed her bottom against his clothed erection.

"Will you be my dirty little slut tonight?" he asked. "Show me how grateful you are to me?"

"Every night," she breathed and he tilted her head so he could kiss her lips.

"My dirty girl," he breathed against her lips. "What are you?"

"I'm your slave."

"And?" he asked, tightened his hold on her head and yanking. A little cry left her but her pussy clenched as his hand wrapped around her and his fingers plunged inside of her.

“Your whore,” she choked out, his fingers massaging her clit firmly.

“My dirty whore,” he corrected her.

“Dirty whore.”

“My filthy slut,” he breathed.

“Filthy... slut,” she tried to swallow her moan.

“My sweet little plaything,” He said. He removed his hand from her hand and shoved his fingers into her mouth. Immediately she began to suck on them, struggling to hold eye contact with him. She could feel the heat of the stove against her breasts, but she trusted him. She had no fear. “Remember what I said about doting?”

His fingers pumped inside of her and she nodded.

“Are you going to date on me tonight?”

“Yea-yes,” she breathed and he nodded, his eyes fixed on her parted lips.

“Yes, yes, you are,” he whispered hotly against her mouth. “Because what am I?”

“My world,” she breathed and he grunted, pressing his groin harder against her bottom. Her hips dug into the counter almost painfully but it did not bother her.

“Do you want to come, baby?”

She nodded desperately. She nodded, tossing her head back to rest on his shoulder. His fingers were still in her mouth, his hand directing the motions of her head. He pulled her face toward him and breathed in harshly, dragging his tongue along her cheek.

“You have to ask nicely, baby,” he cooed. “Beg your master for release.”

“Please, Master! Please!”

“Master of what, you dirty little girl.”

“My body and soul, uh! Please!” she cried. She was so close, she tried to grind her hips into his hand but he pushed his fingers further into her mouth, halting her.

“What are you good for, huh? Can’t even cook a meal without turning into a wanton little whore. Soaking my fingers, you vile girl.”

“Please, Master, please, I’ll, oh God.”

“Good girls don’t come without permission,” he reminded her. “Who gets you this hot.”

“You, you do, pleeaasse,” she whined, trying to grind herself against his hand again.

"What would they say, hmm,, everyone looking for you if they saw you now," he taunted and she closed her eyes. She pressed back into him, whining as he spoke. "They'd see you for what you are hmm? You get so hot for me."

"Master, I'm begging you, please," she cried out.

"You want to make me happy?" he asked her. She nodded. "You want to serve me?"

He removed his fingers from her throbbing pussy and her aching mouth and gripped her hips gently. He kissed her cheek and whispered softly in her ear.

"Then finish making dinner."

He moved away from her and her legs trembled. She felt like she was going to fall over. Juices slid down her thighs and pussy ached. It was beyond cruel but she knew he would reward her if she impressed himself tonight.

Even after she finished with dinner and she made up his plate, her pussy still ached. She poured him a glass of wine and went into the living room. He was rubbing the front of his trousers, lounging comfortably on his spot on the couch, the TV on.

"Hmm," he mused with a smile on his face. He was in a wonderful mood and it lifted her spirits. "That is a pretty sight."

She blushed as she came toward him, thighs shining, a plate of food in one hand, a glass of wine in the other. He moved in his arms in such a way that she took it to be an invitation. She slid onto his lap, careful not to spill the food or the wine. He smirked as he looked over her, eyes twinkling.

"The best part was watching that old cunt's face when Stephan made the announcement," he chuckled as he helped steady her in his lap, hands gentle as they touched her waist. He took the wine glass from her so she could better manage. "I helped build this company. They'd be nothing without me."

"What is it you do exactly?" she asked softly, running her fingers through his hair. He raised the wine glass to his lips and took a sip. She cut into the meat and prepared to feed him.

"As the FP&A manager I would compile data and analyze it to put forth the best possible business strategy for the company. It would include, monitoring and managing performance and tracking the relevant performance indicators. Track revenue, our investment returns, overhead, operational costs. But my job was to look at the numbers and see what would be best for us moving forward."

"Wow," she murmured with genuine admiration.

"And as CFO, I'll have controllership and treasury duties, as well as overall economic forecasting. More strategy," he said. His hand caressed her thigh gently, edging upward slowly before retreating down to her calf. "I promised myself, I'd make it before I turned forty. Got there four years early."

He raised his glass and took another sip.

“You don’t look thirty-six,” she told him. He looked at her.

“No?” he asked. She shook her head. He tapped his lips and she raised a bite to his lips. She waited anxiously, swallowing hard as he tasted it. “Very good, pet. Very good.”

She smiled proudly and he raised the glass.

“A sip?”

He brought the glass to her lips and she took a little sip, eyes widening at the taste.

“I’ve never had wine that tasted so good,” she said appreciatively. He chuckled at her.

“I doubt you’ve ever had a four hundred dollar bottle before,” he answered. Her eyes widened further. He chuckled softly. “I only buy the best.”

She blushed and touched his tie, balancing the plate on her lap.

“Does that include me?” she asked softly, biting her bottom lip as she looked at him. His eyes were hooded as he looked at her.

“Of course,” he said, his fingertips once again wandering up her thigh. She collected some food on the fork and brought it to his lips. “You are, by far, my very best investment.”

She raised another bite to his mouth and looked over his face, the bruises now completely faded.

“I am sorry for hitting you,” she said and he smiled.

“I forgive you,” he said. He reached up with his free hand to stroke her split lip. “I told him explicitly you were not to be struck.”

“I believe you,” she answered. She looked down to the plate. “It was my fault.”

“It will not happen again,” he vowed. “I will make better arrangements when I need to leave again.”

“I don’t want you to go,” she mumbled pathetically. He smiled softly as he ate.

“I can’t bring you with me,” he said regretfully. She nodded.

“But you can’t stay away long,” she said, looking back up at him. “Promise?”

“Demanding promises, are we?” he smiled. She bit her lip and blushed, nodding slowly. “I let you get away with far too much,” he said and took another bite. “It’s those eyes. Look at me. Oh yes. That look right there.”

She blushed and looked down, a breathy laugh leaving her.

"Oh, she's shy now," he teased. His hand squeezed her knee and pussy heated again.  
"Where'd the little slut from the kitchen go?"

"You make me nervous," she said. He took the fork from her hand and raised a bite to her lips.

"Do I?"

"Of course, you do," she answered. "You have so much power over me and..." she shrugged.  
"I want you to like me."

"You don't think I do already?" he asked, bringing up another bite to her lips.

"You don't really know me," she said. She missed the way he blinked, the slight lowering of his gaze. "It's just... I don't want to do something that will upset you and... and make you want to sell me, or, or get another girl or something."

"Never," he told her with a little frown. He took a sip of wine and put the plate to the side. He ran his hand up her waist. It moved to her poor, abused breasts and squeezed gently. He took a sip of wine and hummed appreciatively. "Such a young body," he breathed. She moved her hands to his shoulders, moving so she straddled him. He looked at her hotly, hand moving down the front of her body.

"Master?" she whispered. "Will you please finish," she started. "Please make me cum?"

"Greedy girl," he scolded and took a sip of wine. He leaned back and reached into his pocket. He pulled out a little black device and placed his wine glass to the side.

"Master?" she asked, squeezing on his shoulders. He inserted part of it inside of her, pushing gently inside of her already wet pussy. It sunk deeply inside of her, stopping only when the upper portion pressed to her clit, covering it fully. His eyes closed and he had a little smile on his face when he clicked a button. A cry ripped from her throat and he chuckled. Her nails dug hard into his shoulders. "Oh, no, no, no," she moaned as the vibrations rocketing through her body.

"Oh, yes, yes, yes," he chuckled. A long, wound out moan escaped her and she shuddered. She writhed there in his lap, trying desperately to stop the shockwaves of pleasure from taking control of her. "Ah, the slut's back."

"Hmmmmmuugh, yourr slutt," she got out and he leaned back, wine glass back in hand, and looked over her. She pressed her groin into his, pressing the vibrator in deep, and another cry left her.

"My slut," he purred. "Hands behind your back."

She moved to obey, the motion pushing her breasts out toward him and he licked his lips.

"Go on, baby, make yourself come. Grind that pussy on me," he ordered and she did. She didn't even care how degrading it was, how pathetic she looked. It felt so good. She was just

about to reach her climax when he gripped her hips, halting her. She whined and looked at him in desperation.

“*Wo ist mein apfelstrudel, meine Schlampe,*” he asked and she groaned again.

“Please, Master, I’m begging you,” she all but sobbed. He patted her hip. “Go on, and bring the other glass of wine. Keep that in your pussy or you’ll be getting a spanking tonight.”

She pressed her legs together as she went back into the kitchen. It was the hardest few minutes of her life, standing there, preventing herself from finding any real relief and then walking back in with his strudel. He had her stop in front of him and he shook his head.

“Oh... Jessica,” he purred. “You little whore.”

“Y-yours,” she breathed and moaned again. Her body tensed and she shuddered.

“Did you cum?” he asked her. “Be honest.”

“Yes,” she admitted, pressing her thighs together tightly.

“Naughty girl,” he scolded. He rose and took the plate from her. He put it off to the side and circled around her. “Naughty, naughty,” he scolded, squeezing her unharmed ass cheek hard. He disappeared for a moment but she knew better than to move. When he returned, he stopped behind her, leaning over her and sucking her ear into his mouth. “My naughty little whore.”

She moaned as he bit on her ear lobe, nibbling firmly.

“Your naughty whore,” she breathed, leaning against him. She felt the leather close around her upper arm tightly and opened her mouth. His mouth found hers, kissing her with an open mouth, his tongue entered her mouth. The second strap closed around her other arm and he caught her lip with his teeth. Biting hard and tugging firmly. She moaned as he tightened the restraint, fastening her arms behind her back. He closed a hand around her throat and made her look up at him. She did with wide eyes and parted lips.

“Look at you,” he said with disbelief.

“Master,” she whimpered.

“On your knees,” he ordered and she dropped to the floor immediately. He reached into his pocket and all of a sudden the vibrations were more intense. “Did I turn that up?” he asked, latching a chain to her collar. He down in a hair and looked down at her.

“Master, yessss,” she said and he turned it down.

“You don’t come again until I tell you, you can. Understand?”

“Yes, master,” she said.

“Good. You cooked a lovely dinner. I would hate to have to punish you now.”

“Yes, master,” she said. He took a sip of wine and looked over her.

“Hm hm hm,” he smiled. “Come closer, slave. You can’t suck my cock from over there.”

She moved forward on her knees, breasts jutting outward, arms straining painfully, pussy pounding. Slowly, he unbuckled his belt and unfastened his trousers. He smirked slightly as he looked over her. She bit on her bottom lip, forcing herself to focusing on anything than the pleasure coursing through her.

“The sooner I come, the sooner you come,” he told her, taking out his cock and stroking it firmly. Pre-cum oozed as he pushed his foreskin up over his shaft and then pulled it back to reveal the shiny, head of his throbbing erection. He continued to stroke himself, the head of his shaft wetting her closed lips. “Show me how much you appreciate your master. How much you love him.”

She opened her mouth wide and took his cock into her mouth. He leaned back, watching her with burning eyes. She oved her head back and forth. She moaned around him as the vibrations grew stronger. She shifted, trying to forced it more deeply inside her. Her lips tightened around him. She sucked harder. Her eyes found his. His cock fell from her lips, but stayed on her face. She leaned forward and it fell back against him. He leaned forward and dragged his tongue up his shaft. When she lowered back down he grabbed the back of her head, pressing her face to his balls. He adjusted, pushing his trousers down lower and she wrapped her lips around a testicle. She sucked it into her mouth and he let out a cross between a moan and a groan.

“Fuck, ja, ja,” he breathed. “Oh, gutes Mädchen,” he moaned. She sucked back up his shaft, drooling slightly along the skin and he took him back into her mouth. She trailed her teeth along his foreskin, eliciting another tense moan from him. He gripped her hair and bent down, jamming his fingers into the strudel. He trailed it over her lips, smiled at her as he did. “Dirty whore,” he breathed. She repeated it back to him. “Naughty slut.”

“Naughty slut,” she breathed. “Master. Fuck me.”

“Demands?” he asked.

“Please, please,” she begged. She moaned, body contorting as the vibrations picked up once again. “Please, master, use me.”

“But I gave you that pretty toy to play with,” he said, feigning offense. “Don’t you like it.”

“I do,” she whispered. “I do.”

“Then why do you want me to take it out?” he asked.

“I don’t I... I... fuck me, please.”

“Hmmm,” he said standing and tugged on her leash. He brought her into the center of the room and bent her forward. She rested on her knees, her face pressed to the soft carpet, her ass in the air.

“Please fuck me,” she begged.

He spread her ass cheeks apart and spit on her asshole. A shudder coursed through her but she didn’t care. It was as though she couldn’t think. All she felt was the sensation coursing through her and she needed more.

“Please, master,” she begged him. “Take your pleasure in me.”

“You don’t deserve my cock,” he told her, settling down behind her. His hand moved over her back gently. “But I’m a kind master.”

She felt him at her entrance, slowly forcing himself into her tight hole. He got up on one foot, balancing on a knee, and sunk more deeply into her. He gripped her hips hard. His hips began to move faster as she stretched out. She came more than once as he fucked her. She didn’t really hear what he had to say about that but she apologized all the same. He pulled out of her and she collapsed onto the floor.

“I’m not done, slave,” he told her. He tugged on the leash and she moved toward him. He scooped her up and put her back on his lap, straddling him on the chair. “Hmm,” he mused, looking at her. He put on a condom before lifting her up and removing the vibrator from her. She moaned at the loss of the sensation and he lowered her down on him. She sank onto him with ease. Her thighs were drenched as they settled down on his trousers.

“Make me, cum, now, baby,” he ordered. “Show me how much my pleasure means to you.”

She circled her hips, grinding into him and a cry left her. He leaned back in the chair, his knuckles turning white as he gripped the chain attached to her collar and groaned.

“Not good enough, baby. Show me how much of a slut you are. Degrade yourself for me.”

She moaned and continued to move her hips the best she could, breathy moans escaping her. She pulled at her arm restraints, wishing she could hold on to his shoulders to better move.

“Oh, Master,” she moaned.

“Ride me, Jessica. Worship your master,” he breathed.

“I do,” she moaned. “I worship my master.”

She wasn’t even sure what she was saying anymore.

“I worship you, hmmmmuhg.”

“Worship me?” he breathed.

“Yes!”

“You worship your master.”

“I worship my master.”

“You worship your master?”

“I worship my master.”

“You love your master.”

“I love my master,” she moaned. “I love my master.”

His fingertips dug into her and he lifted her up and brought her down hard. She moaned loudly, eyes closed shut, and another orgasm ripped through, this one sending shockwaves through her entire body and she saw stars behind her eyes as she came down. He grunted and shuddered as his own orgasm ripped through him. He leaned forward, breathing hard against her collarbone with an open mouth, tongue darting out to taste the smooth skin. When he fell back against the chair she sagged against him. It was her turn to pant against his chest, rubbing her cheek against the soft white fabric of his shirt.

“Good girl,” he murmured to her, brushing sweaty strands of hair back from her face with a gentle hand. “*Mein gutes kleines Mädchen. Gutes Mädchen.*”

An arm closed around her lower back, just under her bound arms, and held her to him gently. A little smile came to her lips and she nuzzled his chest.

“Master,” she whispered. His heart was pounding hard in his chest and she listened to the steady drumming contentedly. “Master.”

“Are we done yet, slave?” he asked her softly. She shook her head sleepily.

“No, Master,” she whispered. “Please, no.”

“No,” he agreed. He gently released her arms. “Go get my strudel.”

## Chapter End Notes

Thank you all who reviewed! I tried to email everyone on my update list. If I missed you, please send me an email again and I will make sure I get you next time!

# Chapter 24

## Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

She slid from his lap obediently, ready to follow his command and retrieve his strudel like the good little girl she was becoming, but she did not immediately move to fulfill his command once on the floor. Instead, she pressed her temple to his knee, eyes closed, and continued to try and regain control of her breathing. In the past he would have grown angry with a slave that failed to comply with an order in a speedy manner. He would have stood and put her over the table to paint her bottom red for daring to think she could take her time. Instead, a smile came to his lips and he gently stroked her sweat head. Her face leaned harder to his knee, her shoulders hunched and face turned upward. She was a beautiful sight. Magnificent. Obedient and submissive, vulnerable and collared, nestled securely on the floor between his feet.

“I gave an order, slave,” he reminded her gently. Her eyes fluttered open in surprise, sleep in her eyes. She crawled over to the table, not because she wished to degrade herself for him, he knew that much, but because she was so tired. She retrieved the strudel and walked back on her knees. She settled back between his feet and held up the plate. He chuckled softly and smoothed out his tie, gazing at her a few moments, admiring her beauty.

“No, no,” he scolded kindly. He patted his lap. He then cooed, “Good girls sit on their Master’s lap.”

Her lips twitched into a smile and she crawled up hesitantly, almost shyly, and presented the strudel. He lifted his eyebrows.

“Do you expect me to eat that myself?” he asked her. She shook her head and reached for the fork. He stopped her. He took the fork and reached behind him to drop it on a side table. “With your fingers,” he instructed. She bit her lip as he pinched a part of the strudel and brought it to his lips. He closed his lips around her thumb and pointer finger, enjoying the feel of her fragile digits in his mouth as much as he did the tasty dessert. He decided against the murmur of appreciation he considered giving her. The apprehension desire for approval was far more delicious than any sweet morsel could ever be. He took hold of her hand as he took her fingers from between his lips. He chewed and swallowed before placing her thumb back into his lips. He sucked on it slowly before adding the second finger. She waited anxiously, lips parted and eyes widened ever so slightly.

“Delicious,” he told her and she smiled proudly. She pinched off another piece and brought it to his lips. He could not imagine a more perfect scenario for himself. Promotion. Significant raise to his already impressive salary. A sweet, young, beautiful woman, naked in his lap, feeding him dessert with her hands, available for any desire he might have.

“Has your IQ been tested?” she asked softly, but as she looked back up, her gaze on her fingers as he took them into his mouth, there was a curious glimmer in her eyes.

"It has," he answered. There was no reason he needed it done. He simply needed to know. A number. A mark of his intelligence. Hard, solid proof that he was better than the average man. Something no one, no woman, could ever dispute.

"I bet it's really high," she said, looking down at the strudel. She blushed at him when she looked up, a shy smile on her lips. "What is it?"

His lips twitched and he placed a hand on her hip, gently stroking the smooth skin, eyes slowly moving over her body, admiring what was his.

"145," he said and looked up to her face. She frowned.

"Isn't that like, genius level?" she asked.

"There are certainly people with higher IQ's... but yes," he answered. She looked down at the strudel and broke off another piece for him.

"I really am lucky," she said. Her eyes were down and her voice was soft. He felt a tingling in his chest, almost giddiness. It was not said for his benefit. It was for her own. He looked down to the strudel, saw half of it was gone, and reached down. He pinched off a piece and it brought it to her mouth. For a moment, she seemed surprised, and then opened her mouth happily.

"I told you," he reminded her. "I could be a gentle master or a cruel master." She sucked on his fingers and his lips parted, eyes heating, as he watched her. "It is entirely up to you. It always has been."

He pinched off another piece and fed her silently. She reached up to take hold of his hand. She kept his finger in her mouth and sucked gently. Slowly he pulled his finger from her mouth.

"I want to make you happy," she told him, taking his hand and curling his fingers. She pressed his knuckles to her cheek and closed her eyes.

"Oh?" he asked. She nodded against his hand. He said with some amusement, "I don't recall that being in my five tenants."

"Anyone can do those," she answered, eyes fluttering open again. "Doesn't matter what girl you have, she can do that. Not every girl can make you *happy*."

He stared at her a moment, blinking thoughtfully.

"This is what I want to do," he said murmured, taking the last bit of strudel and bringing it to her mouth. "I want you to go into the kitchen and make sure that everything is off. I want you to get the bottle of wine and two glasses. And I want to go upstairs."

"Two glasses?" she asked with soft hopefulness. He smiled.

"Two," he answered. She took hold of his tie, running her hand down it and smoothing it against his chest with a smile.

He patted her hip gently.

“Go on.”

She slid off his lap and collected the dinner plate, the strudel plate, the discarded fork and his wine glass. He followed her lazily into the kitchen, examining the fading stripe on her thigh. As she picked up the kitchen a bit, he crouched before the wine cabinet. He considered the bottles thoughtfully. He grabbed a merlot and stood. He leaned against the cabinet and looked over the kitchen. She’d done a marvelous job of cleaning up as she cooked. She just had the strudel pan to put into the sink when he looked. She filled it with water and then paused to turn to him.

“Leave it for morning,” he dismissed. She nodded and grabbed the *Meursault-charmes* and the two glasses. With a jerk of the head he motioned for her to walk ahead of him and she obeyed with a smile. As she walked past him he followed behind her, hand on her bottom, squeezing one round globe firmly. He removed his hand and slapped her bottom firmly.  
“Faster.”

She hurried up the top of the stairs and then looked side to side with a frown.

“To the right,” he murmured. “Third door.”

She moved down and glanced at him as her hand wrapped around the handle. He gave her permission to enter with a nod. He looked at the bed as he stepped inside and was warmed by the thought that he wouldn’t need to sleep alone ever again. He could fall asleep, nestled in her warm, loving arms whenever he wished. She walked across the floor without picking up her feet, enjoying the feel of the soft carpet beneath her feet.

She put the glasses and bottle down on his nightstand and then turned to await an order. He smiled softly at her as he put the merlot down on the dresser.

“Here is another house rule,” he instructed. “When not in the basement, unless otherwise stipulated, your movement is not restricted.”

“Can you explain that?” she asked as he pulled out his top drawer.

“Well, certainly, you can’t just walk out of the room right now or go jump in the shower without permission. But if you wanted to lay down on the bed, walk over to look at the movies, sit down in a chair, things along those lines, you may,” he told her. He retrieved a blank white shirt from his dresser.

“May I go clean myself off?” she asked. He turned and she motioned downward. “My thighs are... sticky.” She blushed.

“You may,” he gave permission and she disappeared into the bathroom. He pulled at his tie and tossed it onto the dresser. By the time she returned from the bathroom, he was down to his slacks and undershirt. He smiled as he changed into a pair of sweatpants. She crawled up onto the bed, settling into place in a cross legged position and waited for him. He walked over to the night stand and poured two glasses of wine.

“Did you like the wine?”

“I did,” she answered, a little smile on her face as she waited for his glass. He held out his white shirt to her.

“You can put this on.”

She put the shirt on happily and then took the glass from him. He picked up his own glass and laid down on the bed, lifted upward by his pillows, and lifted the remote to turn on the TV. She sat cross-legged beside him still, sipping the wine and waiting.

“Are you enjoying yourself, pet?” he asked. She nodded with a tiny smile on her lips.

“Good.”

He handed her the remote.

“Pick a movie.”

She took the remote, hardly able to contain her smile, and looked to the TV on the wall. He said nothing when she went straight to American films and began to search through the available titles.

“What kind of movies do you like?” she asked.

“I don’t watch movies enough to really know,” he answered. He stroked his knuckles gently over a bare thigh, enjoying the softness of her. “I spend most of my time working.”

“Or with me,” she mumbled, looking over the titles.

“The timing was not ideal,” he admitted. “Purchasing a new slave, unbroken, right as I was attempting to secure a promotion.”

She turned to look at him curiously.

“Have you bought girls that were already trained?”

“Once – bad idea,” he replied. “You have to reteach them. It is difficult because they’ve been trained to think one way, then you ask them to do something entirely different. It’s as unfair to them as it is frustrating for me.”

“Is that when men get tired and want to re-sell their slave?” she asked with a little mumble. He smiled. She had done her very best to appear disinterested.

“Jessica,” he said, holding the wine glass against his chest. She looked over at him. It was when he said her name that he found her to be most genuine. It was the surest way he knew to gauge her level of submission, but he had to use it sparingly or it would lose its effect. The look that came upon her when he used her name had his loins burning again already. “I have no plans to sell you.”

"I don't think I'd survive it," she said, turning those big brown eyes up to him. He looked at her a long time and then nodded. He reached out and touched her arm before shaking his head.

"You don't have anything to worry about."

She took hold of his hand and squeezed gently before looking back to the TV. He watched her take another sip of wine. He would have to be mindful of how she reacted to alcohol. It had the potential to turn her more submissive and affectionate, or wayward and aggressive. He did not want her to get herself into trouble. Perhaps it could serve as a test to see how deeply her current obedience and submission was eternalized, but he did not think the test was entirely fair.

Gently, he stroked her knuckles with his thumbs, feeling utterly content as he watched her pick a movie. He was tired, but he could already feel himself stirring for her again.

"Are scary movies OK?" she asked him. He glanced to the TV to examine the titles she was looking through.

"I don't care," he answered, taking a sip of wine and then resting the glass against his chest. He smiled softly and closed his eyes briefly. His eyes opened when he heard a movie start. He considered teasing her and asking if he had given her permission to make a purchase, but he doubted she would take it as the playful teasing he intended it to be. She was still far too skittish for playfulness in that manner.

"I'm so happy," she smiled, scooting back against the pillows. She looked down at him and ran a hand through his hair. His eyes glimmered with amusement, looking to the wine glass and finding it nearly empty. Any other slave he would have been angry with. Wine was not a drink he thought should be used for the sole purpose of intoxication. The amount of money he spent on that bottle and she was drinking it like it was cheap beer. But the feel of her hand in his hair silenced him and he couldn't find even an ounce of annoyance within him.

"That makes me happy," he answered. Her nails scratched his scalp gently. She looked back to the TV and took another sip of wine. She settled in to watch the movie beside him, but her hand remained on him. It moved to his neck, gently scratching the warm skin.

He found himself paying only limited attention to the movie. Instead, he focused on the feel of her hands on him, her presence beside him, his beautiful home, his promotion...

"That's not how you play," he heard her murmur. He looked up to find a bunch of twenty-somethings sitting around a table in a cabin in the middle of the woods with a multitude of alcohol around them.

"And how do you play?" he asked, though he wasn't quite sure what she was talking about. He slide his hand up the back of her shirt, stroking her bare, lower back lazily.

"You ask a question and they have to answer honestly or drink. At least, that's how we played. You don't ask a question and then guess whether or not the answer was a lie and then drink. It's too involved. Especially for a drinking game."

“You played this often?” he asked and she blushed. She shrugged.

“Sometimes,” she admitted. “It was an easy game to play at parties where you didn’t know a lot of people.”

“Hmm,” he mused. His ran a hand up her spine, gazing at what was visible of her bottom as the shirt lifted up and the lowered his hand again. “Let’s play.”

“What?” she asked, eyes filling with anxiety.

“Let’s play.”

“That seems like a really good way to get myself into trouble,” she protested weakly. He picked up the wine bottle from the night stand and refilled her glass. His needed only a little bit added. He made it a rule not to get drunk with slaves. It was not even because it was undignified for a slave to see her Master drunk, but because it had an element of danger in it. If he got angry, if he took something too far... he needed to have a clear head.

“If I don’t want to answer I simply won’t. If I don’t want to drink I won’t. You won’t be punished for any question you ask. The most you’ll get is a warning you’re on thin ice.”

She looked hesitant but then took a sip of wine.

“You go first,” he said.

“Ok... um...” she took another sip “Are you religious?”

He paused and looked to his wine glass, considering.

“No... I was baptized, confirmed, grew up Catholic, but I haven’t gone to Mass in some time. I believe in... something... but the rules,” he made a face and coupled is shrug with a shake of the head.

“I’m Catholic,” she offered.

“I know,” he answered. She frowned.

“How?”

“I know a great deal about you, Jessica,” he replied. “Jessica Allen, twenty-three years old, Middletown, Delaware. Went to Catholic girl’s school up through middle school. You attended Middlebrook High School, then Boston University, where you scored top marks. Major in history and minor in German, though you lied about your proficiency to get into Salzburg, where you studied philosophy for a semester. On June 1<sup>st</sup>, you left Salzburg after breakfast with friends, stopped for three days in Vienna, travelled up to Germany, where you then circled down through the Czech Republic, Slovakia, and then Hungary. Went missing in Budapest on August 17<sup>th</sup>. ”

Her lips parted.

“The internet, Jessica, and a great deal of money, provide a person with a wealth of information.”

“Oh.”

“And your favorite color is purple and you like gin and tonics,” he added with a smile. “That you told me.”

“Well, are there any questions left to ask?” she joked.

“Do you like to read?” he asked. She nodded.

“I do... historical fiction mainly.”

“I’ll buy you some books,” he said and reached up to touch her cheek. Her gaze was somewhat glassy, but he so loved the look in her eyes. She looked away at a loud crash from the TV. A woman, quite scantily clad, was a top a man in a chair, having knocked something off the desk, they continued their antics, loudly. He looked away, uninterested. He ran his knuckles down the side of her arm. She looked away from the television. She examined him a moment and then looked back to watch the movie, sipping at the wine contentedly.

He watched with contented disinterest until the attack on the young twenty-somethings began. One of the killers, having killed almost everyone else, chased a young girl through the woods. He felt his blood heat as he watched, and when the pretty heroine was grabbed by the hair and thrown to the ground he felt his cock beginning to harden. He brought a hand to the front of his sweatpants as the killer crouched over the girl on the screen.

There was nothing sexual about what was happening on screen. But he felt his passions becoming enflamed once more. It wasn’t the violence that did it. It wasn’t that the man on the screen only wished to kill her. It was the power. The vulnerability of a captured woman that could do nothing.

Jessica turned her head again and watched his hand a moment. He did not want it to scare her. To a casual observer, it looked very much like he was masturbating to the strangulation of a young woman.

“Was it the chase?” she whispered. He looked at her, closing a hand around his erection from over his sweatpants. She rested her wine glass against a pillow. It was empty.

“The chase,” he replied. “The power.” He felt the need to clarify to her, “It’s not the murder.”

She looked to the screen. Another young woman was being chased, screaming and crying in fear. His eyes fluttered closed a moment. He felt movement on the bed and his eyes opened. She was crawling to the edge of the bed. He looked at her, eyes narrowing.

“Come suck my cock,” he ordered, voice low. She shook her head.

“No,” she said. He stared at her. His ears buzzed a moment.

"What did you say to me?" he asked. She slid off the bed, standing on her feet. She glanced to the door. He leaned forward, eyes burning.

"No," she said again. She stared at him. He stared at her. Neither blinked. They reacted at once. She bolted for the door and he was in hot pursuit, heart pounding, blood hot and cock rock hard.

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The door was unlocked. She managed to get out and into the hallway, but he was close behind. Her heart pounded and she was almost excited. She had seen the look in his eyes. It wasn't anger. If he wanted her to stop he'd tell her so. He was silent behind her. She almost tripped going down the stairs, but managed to round the corner. She was hurrying down the hall and let out a cry as he was suddenly in from her. A giggle erupted from her as she turned to flee the other way.

She got into the living room where he once again cut her off. She bit her bottom lip. Her heart leapt when he made a move to pursue again, but it was a fake. She giggled softly, backing up slowly. She ran before him, hurrying down the hall again and let out another cry as he nearly closed his hand around her shirt.

She soon found herself in the kitchen. She paused to catch her breath, heart pounding. The island separated her from her master. He stopped himself against the island, eyes burning as they pinned on her.

"You cornered yourself," he said hotly. She looked from side to side, eyes alert. "Naughty girl," he said lowly. His eyes burned. "You manage to stay away from me," he said, taking out his phone from his pocket and setting a timer, "for five minutes." He put the phone back into his pocket. "And you get to sleep with me tonight. I get you first, and I'll show you what happens to little girls that run."

She nodded and waited for him to make the first move. He moved from side to side, looking almost maniacal, but his lips were curved upward and she felt a rush of pride and excitement that she gave him reason to enjoy himself so much. She bit her bottom lip and jerked to the side. He moved to intercept her and she paused, halting. He waited, smirking at her as she thought of which direction to go. He played with a few moments longer before letting her escape. He pursued her quickly, but she could not help but feel that he was simply playing with her. He knew his own house well, and more than once she thought he could have grabbed her if he wanted.

A cry of delightful dread raced through her as he nearly caught her in the hallway and it was simple adrenaline that sent her rushing up the stairs and back to his bedroom. She got all the way down the hall and as she spotted the bed she felt her mind racing. If she got to the other side, he would either crawl over the top to get to her or he would come around the side. Either way she might have her escape.

But just as she was about to jump up onto the bed his hand closed around her upper arm. He yanked her back hard and she went colliding with the floor with a violent thud. He let out a

breath as he stalked over to her, movements lazily and confident. She gazed up at him, suddenly frightened by what he might plan to do. Her head buzzed but she suddenly felt sober, amazed at the game she had tried to play with him.

"Master," she breathed and he lowered himself down to one knee. He shook his head slowly.

"Nein," he whispered back. He pushed hard on her shoulder and she went falling back onto the floor. He bent down, bit the top of her shirt, and then ripped it through with a violent yank. A cry escaped her as the fabric was torn from her body. He tossed it away and bent over her.

"Fight me," he breathed. She frowned.

"What?" she asked.

"Fight me," he said again. His hand went to her throat, squeezing tightly. Instinct took hold and she reached for his wrist. Immediately his hand loosened. She did as he commanding. With all her force she tried to push him off of her but it was like trying to move a brick wall. His muscles flexed and his eyes burned, his lips curved upward ever so slightly. He looked utterly maniacal. He kept a hand on her throat as she struggled.

She threw up a hand and caught his chest, pushing at him with all her might. She had not fought him like this since the first time they had been together. Only she dare not try the easy kick to the groin or an attempt at his face. He released her neck just long enough to place a bruising grip to her thighs and yank her closer. A cry of surprise left her as her back was dragged along the carpet, her pussy pressed to his erection beneath his sweatpants. She tried to turn and squirm away, he let her, and he grabbed her legs again, yanking her back hard.

He retrieved his erection as she squirmed and in an instant he was inside of her. He chuckled as he felt her dampness. He put his weight on her arms, holding her down as he thrust into her. He fucked her hard but she continued to fight. It only seemed to arouse him further. She got a hand to hair and pulled. At first she feared she had gone to far, that it was not allowed in their little game, but he growled and flipped her over, entering her wet pussy from behind and lowered his body atop of hers.

His arm wrapped around her, hand holding her throat, and pressed his mouth to her ear. He licked her skin, bit on her earlobe, and whispered terrible, vile things in her ear as he fucked her. Words spilled from her lips in turn. How she loved the way he violated her. She loved the way he raped her. How she loved being his whore. His little girl.

By the time he finished, he was leaning against the bed, seated on the floor, and his cock was down her throat, shooting the evidence of his pleasure down her throat. She swallowed as he commanded, but she had little choice in the matter. Once done, she collapsed at his fit, taking hold of the side of his sweat pants with a tight grip.

"Come here, baby," he ordered. She crawled closer and he scooped her into his arm. Once again she settled comfortable in his lap. Again he stroked her sweaty hair. He caressed her tired, trembling body. "Such a good girl," he cooed. "My good girl."

She turned her face toward him and he kissed her mouth. She leaned against him and rested her face against his shoulder. She leaned closer, pressing her lips to his throat. His Adam's apple bobbed. She reached up and ran a hand through his own sweaty locks.

"What can I do?" she whispered. "To service you?"

"Oh, *schatzi*," he breathed. "I am spent."

She nodded and kissed his neck again. She moved herself, straddling his lap and leaning forward so she could sag against him, arms around him. She kissed his neck some more before murmuring against his hot skin, "Master?"

"Mhmm?" he asked.

"Can I still sleep with you tonight?" she asked, keeping her voice small. His hands moved up her back. She reminded him, "I've been good."

He chuckled softly.

"Oh, *schatzi*," he said. "You are still far too willful."

She looked up, ready to dissolve into a pit of pathetic remorse. Anything to keep him from turning on her again. But she paused when she found him gazing down at her tenderly.

"Audacious and spoiled. I should not indulge you," he said, but the moment he reached up to touch her cheek she knew she would be in his bed that night. It brought her far more joy than it should have but she did not even try to fight it.

"Can I have some more wine?" she asked, playing with the bottom hem of his shirt shyly. She looked back up. His gaze was difficult to read. Both aroused, amused, scolding, and affectionate.

"We didn't finish the movie," he said, hands moving to cup her bottom.

"We can start another one," she offered. "And have more wine."

He chuckled and she smiled, leaning against him, almost flirtatious. He smacked her bottom.

"Up."

She scurried up onto the bed, settled down and smiled as he refilled their glasses. He handed her a glass and then settled down on the bed. She did not even care about the dampness of her thighs. He settled down and she leaned against him. Head to his chest, his arm around her, he flicked through the channels and she happily sipped on the wine.

"What do you want to watch?" he asked. She hummed disinterestedly. Timidly she moved her foot toward his. She threaded her feet between his.

"I don't care," she answered.

“No?” he asked. “Something scary?”

“Yes, please,” she said.

The movie he picked was in German and genuinely frightening. She spilled wine on him one, the jump scare sending a rush of terror through her limbs. She patted his chest when she realized the movie was to be a good one and told him, “turn off the lights.”

“Far too much...” was his murmur and he moved over to turn the lamp off. The main light he shut off with a remote. When she finished her wine she asked for no more and leaned against him. He took her glass from her and put it on the nightstand. As the movie ended and the next TV screen popped back up, he gently turned her chin toward him.

He kissed her softly, but the kiss soon deepened. Once more, as he had before, he seemed perfectly content simply kissing her. She let his tongue into her mouth, and when he seemed to desire it, put her tongue into his. She continued to kiss him leisurely, allowing herself to enjoy the feel of his lips against hers. She only wished he had a bit more stubble on his face.

“You worship me, baby?” he whispered against her mouth. She nodded and he resumed his kiss. He kissed her more deeply and lowered her down to the pillows. She wrapped her arms around him tightly.

“Master?”

“Hmm?” he asked, a hand resting on her hip.

“I have to go to the bathroom,” she whispered regretfully. He paused and pulled back. “I’m sorry,” she whispered, grabbing his shirt when he moved to get off her.

“Shh,” he whispered. “No fear.”

He got off the bed and put on the lamp.

“Go on,” he said and she scurried from the bed. When she glanced at the clock she was surprised to see it was just past eleven. She cleaned her inner thighs after relieving herself and looked up in surprise when her master entered.

“Come brush your teeth,” he ordered. He opened the mirror and retrieved a toothbrush. She smiled as she took it from him. When she finished, she asked him where he might want it and he took it from her. Her smile widened when he put it beside his. “On the bed now, under the covers.”

She moved past him but he remained to finish his own nightly ritual. When he exited the bathroom, he came to the bed and slipped underneath the covers. He called her closer and she slid across the cool sheets and into his arms. She fell asleep to the soft kisses he pressed to her lips, and the soft murmurs of ownership, control, and possession he whispered against her ear.

## Chapter End Notes

So this portion of the story is coming to an end and the second part for lack of a better word will be starting soon.

Also, please let me know what you think? With everything that goes on, reviews/comments really do help with the inspiration for writing.

Thanks!

## XXV

### Chapter Notes

Thank you to those that are stilll with me and for being so patient! I had a very busy and difficult past half-year. Hopefully this chapter will make up for it.

Sometimes my work and school schedule can get amazingly crazy, but please know, I have NO plans to abandon this story and I know exactly how it will end. Sometimes it is just easier to update than other times.

Thanks again! Enjoy!

[I'm going to do some touch ups, some more in depth editing, but I felt like people would rather not wait the extra time that would take me]

They fell into a type of routine. Her master had to work quite a bit, but he did not keep her locked up in the basement when he could not give her his attention. Instead, he kept her upstairs with a list of chores to do. She was allowed to come in and ask questions when she had to, but she made sure they were limited. He seemed to appreciate it when she came in and asked a slew of questions at once so he need only take his attention away from his work once. She didn't really have all that much to do. Her master was a clean man who cared about his home. He did not make a mess and was happy enough to clean up after himself. If he took out a book he put it back. He put the remote back in the drawer. When he had a beer after he finished work for the day he would have her go to the recycling and retrieve a new one. He had her cook and clean the dishes, but often he would stand in the kitchen as she cooked, slowly sipping at a beer and speaking to her. He would sometimes go over rules. She reserved this time for any of the non-pressing questions she had. Mostly, he took the time to talk to her about his work. Annoyances and challenges, successes and excitement.

About three days after his promotion, he shocked her when he sat at the kitchen table as she stirred the sauce and asked her if she thought he should call his boss and complain about the H&R rep at the new Prague office. She remained where she was, staring down at the sauces she was preparing. He said nothing as she paused and she turned her head to look at him. He was seated at the table, picking his nails thoughtfully. She told him she thought that if he thought there was a serious problem he owed the company to report any misconduct. She told him it was hard for her to know, having not experienced what he knew, but if her master believed there was something wrong, that she thought he should trust in his intellect and business instinct and act on it. The next day he came to her as she began dinner with a smile on his face. He took a beer from the fridge, threw the cap in the garbage, and told her that the H&R rep had quit when it was announced that there would be a routine audit into his department's expenditures. Of course, there was nothing routine about it. The CEO had

initiated the audit at Max's urging and the CEO was mightily pleased with his new CFO's attention to detail.

In this time, her master did not let up entirely on her physical and sexual training. Though he was very busy, he still took the time to take her downstairs. He went over his rules and positions, would sometimes tie her up and take her roughly, whip her or spank her, say terrible things, but he always held her afterward and brought her back upstairs. Since his promotion, she had not slept alone. Sometimes during the day he would call her in and she'd be instructed to kneel at his feet or to bend over his desk. She did as he desired, bringing him to completion, and then he would send her on her way. She was now certain as well, that as long as she was obeying him and stroking his ego, she could get away with almost anything. Once, she did not want to bother him while he worked, she went ahead and poured herself some of the apple juice in the fridge. When he came out of his office that day she greeted him with a kiss and a smile. She complimented him as she retrieved his beer. Brought him a sample of the meatball she had made, and stroked his hair gingerly. When he went to the fridge to retrieve his own drink and found the apple juice opened, she admitted regretfully that she had drank some earlier in the day. She could see he wanted to be angry, but when she came closer and wrapped her arms around his middle, pressing her naked body to his and played frightfully with the tag on her collar, he relented. He stroked her cheek and playfully scolded her, lamenting on how her big brown eyes did him in. That night, after she served him dinner, she gave him, what he called, "the best Goddamn head he'd ever gotten."

And *sometimes*, when he seemed in a fine enough mood, she would refuse an order. Whether it was to get on her knees, to get on her hands and knees, bend over a table, lie down on the bed... His eyes would turn dark when he looked at her and he would reiterate the order. Only once did she give in and apologize. It was the inflection of his tone, instructing her he was not in the mood. His hand grabbed her hair so hard as he fucked her that night that the tears that pricked in her eyes were real. Still, she was more than willing to take the chance, for the times he did not make it quite clear any further refusal would be met with a harsh punishment, he took her with exhilarating passion and she could see the need in his eyes. He didn't need to tell her to fight. She simply fought. Veins would pulse in his neck and forehead. His muscles would flex. The sound of his voice when held her down and whispered in her ear, yelled in her face. Sometimes, he would spit on her, on more than one occasion he slapped her, rather hard in her opinion, shocking her and frightening her when it was first happened, but he never really tried to hurt her.

Afterward, he would remain on top of her, either face to face or face to back, holding her throat and face and telling her that she belonged to him, that she was *never* going anywhere, and that she was born, put on this earth, to love him. Not *serve*. Not *obey*. Not *pleasure*. Not *worship*. She was put on this earth to *love* him. After her renewed subjugation and submission, she would repeat her vows to him. *I serve you, obey you, please you, worship... oh Master, take me again... teach me.* She wrapped her arms around his neck the first time and pulled him closer. When he scooped her up off the floor and carried her to the bed, he plopped her down gently. As they went to bed he gripped her chin firmly and murmured to her, telling her she was a naughty girl, a bad little girl. He liked it when she begged for forgiveness, when she degraded herself in her desperate attempt to get back into his good graces. It was after that first attempt to keep him from getting bored, to give him the

sensation he clearly enjoyed so much, of overpowering an unwilling woman, that he really began to show his affection for her with very little restraint.

About four days after his promotion, she awoke in the middle of the night with wet thighs and a terrible ache in her back. She slipped from his possessive grip, thought it was not difficult. He kept his arm draped over her middle, usually in a tight grip, but he often slept on his stomach, face pressed to the mattress just beneath the pillows, pointed in the opposite direction. When she walked into the bathroom and found her thighs coated in blood she was frightened. It took her a moment to realize she had simply gotten her period, but then she was struck with another realization. How long had she actually been with Max? She wiped her thighs clean the best she could, then panicked when she realized that she had ruined one of his expensive cloths.

She pattered into his room, dealing with a vast array of emotions, fear, and the terrible cramps in her stomach. She patted Max on the shoulder gently, drawing him from his sleep. He grunted, eyes fluttering open.

“Master,” she whispered into the darkness. “I’m bleeding.”

Suddenly he was awake. He jolted upward in bed. He touched her hips, asking her what was wrong. She told him and he chuckled tiredly, scrubbing a hand over his face and breathing out, “Oh, Gott sei dank.”

He lead her into the bathroom, cleaned her up, provided her with the necessities, and sat her up on the sink as he dished out the anti-inflammatory.

“I thought you were pregnant,” he laughed softly. He scrubbed a hand over his face again.

“What would you have done?” she asked softly. He hesitated a moment, looking at her thoughtfully and then shrugged.

“So early?... I’d have terminated it,” he shrugged, unable to meet her eye, and put away the little first aid kit back under the sink. He patted her cheek and turned his pretty blue gaze back at her. “I just can’t trust you yet.”

She nodded and hopped down from the sink. He moved them away from the little spot of blood and they fell back asleep. It might have been the hormones, but when she awoke, she cuddled closer to him, moaning in pain softly and mumbling that she needed more pain killers. He rolled out of bed without a word, provided her with a few more pills. She took them happily and then sank into the mattress.

The next day, as she made him breakfast, she asked him if it had truly only been only a month since she was taken. She was nervous that it might anger him, but she now felt satisfied that she knew how to soothe his anger. He liked his ego stroked. Even when his anger seemed irrational, when she saw him beginning to work himself up into a rage filled frenzy, all she needed to do, most of the time, was to stroke his hair or face and remind him that he was in control, that he was the most intelligent, most handsome, and most masculine man she knew. Luckily, she did not need to try again now. He was seated at the kitchen table, flipping through a report he had printed. He did not even stop flipping through.

"It's been close to three months now," he answered. He paused a moment and looked up as he considered. "Before I left, you had a fever.... You were in a bad state for about a week. Normal... stress, malnutrition, exhaustion. During that time you spotted, but it was not a proper menstruation. Again... normal from my experience."

She nodded and looked back to the pancakes. There was a few moments of silence and he was flipping pages when he spoke again.

"Does it feel longer?"

She considered that a moment.

"No... shorter," she said. She looked over at him and he was looking up from his papers. "I feel like I'm missing whole chunks of time. Days or..."

"That is normal," he said gently. "It was very traumatic." He turned to look back into the file. "What you went through."

She flipped the pancake and then put the spatula down. She walked over to him, dressed in his plain white t-shirt and a pair of his sweatpants. She touched his shoulders and he released his grip on the papers. A little smile came to his lips as he leaned back in the chair, letting her move into his lap, straddling him with spread legs. His hands slid underneath her shirt and slid up her back. Her hands wrapped around his neck, threading up through his hair.

She asked him softly, "what did you think... when you first saw me on the train?"

He smirked.

"I thought...that is the most beautiful woman I've ever seen," he answered. His hands tightened around her waist. Her heart fluttered. "Sweet and accommodating and submissive." He leaned forward and kissed her throat. "And I knew I'd make you mine." He nipped at her skin. He liked to bite. He had not bit her as he had the first time they had sex, but he enjoyed making her think he might. "I only pay for the very best." His breath was hot against her throat. "You're perfect, Jessica," he breathed. "There's no woman alive that compares to you."

He kissed her hard on the lips. His hand gripped the back of her neck. They dug into her skin hard. When he pulled back from the kiss he reminded her not to burn his breakfast. She made it for him happily, his words ringing in her ear.

She was making breakfast a month after his promotion, her Master taking an uncharacteristic break in work and relaxing on the couch to watch the German national team, when there was a knock at the front door. She froze, listened, and then heard another knock. She walked into the living room to find her Master lounging on the couch still, his arm bent back as a pillow for his handsome head.

"Master," she said, heart pounding. She had to be careful. If she reacted badly all his kindness and affection would be gone. She'd be in the basement again, in a cage, beaten. He'd be

angry and disappointed and she'd be just like any other woman in his eyes. "There's someone at the door."

"Then go answer it," he replied, looking back to the TV.

"But I – I don't want to," she answered. He lolled his head to the side, eyebrows elevated.

"That was an order," he replied curtly. She stared at him, lip trembling, and then nodded. She walked through to the living room, pulling up her sweatpants and fixing them at her side. She walked through the hall, wondering what might happen if she told this person who she was. If she asked for help and asked them to take her away. Would he kill them? Would he kill her? Would he *sell* her? That was what frightened her most. She heard another knock, louder this time, and opened the door. She kept it cracked, allowing only her face to peer out at the newcomer.

"Well, hello there, Darlin'," the man greeted kindly, voice laced with a thick southern drawl. Her lips twitched upward when she realized he was American. His smile was warm and friendly, eyes a pretty gray, twinkling brightly. "Aren't you just the sweetest looking little thing. It is frightfully cold out here though, let me in, Sweetheart?"

"Oh, sorry," she breathed and stepped to the side, letting him enter the home. He put down two suitcases on either side of him and removed a fine pair of leather gloves. This was clearly a man of means, and by his lack luster reaction to the collar around her neck, she knew he was one of Max's friends.

"Now who're you then?"

"I'm Mas-Ma-Max's Max's girlfriend," she said, suddenly unsure if he really *was* one of her master's friends. She couldn't risk him becoming angry with her. She wanted to make him proud.

"Well I'll be damned, I can't tell if I'm more surprised you're American or that he has a girlfriend. Max! Did you know you had a girlfriend?"

"She wasn't told who would be at the door," her master said from behind her. She stepped to the side and her master stepped forward. The two embraced warmly, slapping each other warmly on the back.

"Good to see you, Monty," her master greeted. "Thank you for coming."

"Of course, it's been too long and I wanted to meet this new girl you seem so fond of," 'Huck' answered. He smiled, dimples popping from his cheeks. He looked a few years older than Max, and not what Jessica found attractive, but certainly a handsome and charming man. Tall, lean, and well manicured. He also seemed far friendlier than her master's other friend. She only hoped she would impress him. "Besides, I was giving a lecture in Zurich and I will never say no to a few days in the Austrian Alps."

He held his gloves in his hands, but made no move to remove his coat. Jessica waited patiently for an order, unsure what might be expected of her. Her heart pounded as she looked

back to her master. Her throat hurt, but she was not terrified. *I trust him. I trust him. I trust him.* She kept repeating it over and over again in his head, and she believed it.

“Does she look familiar to you?” her master finally asked and those slate gray eyes were on her again. He looked at her a moment and this eyes fluttered closed, he tilted his head back, and he chuckled softly.

“Oh, Max,” he approved, eyes opening again. “When I first saw news break that an American girl had vanished on the streets of Eastern Europe, I *prayed* she was tied up in some man’s basement. You must have paid a fortune for her.”

“Belko had me by the balls – I had to have her.”

“Come here, then,” the newcomer beckoned. She looked to her master. He only stared back. Slowly, she moved down to her knees. Seeing the little lift to her master’s lips, she crawled toward the guest and placed her lips to his feet in greeting.

“She’s a good girl,” her master said. Her heart warmed.

“Up on your feet now, beautiful,” the southern man said. She got up to her feet in front of him.

“Help him with his coat, Jessica. Ask him what he wants to eat and drink.”

She moved around him to remove his coat, obeying her Master’s orders.

“How about a beer and I can wait till dinner. Ate on the train,” he replied. She held his coat in her arms, unsure where she was supposed to it. She looked at her master again.

“In that closet, go bring him in his beer into the living room. Hand it to him. Drop to your knees. Remove his shoes. Ask him if he requires anything from you,” her master directed. She obeyed and they walked into the living together. She entered again with the beer and followed direction. As she gently pulled at the laces of the newcomer’s black shoes, she gratefully noted that hygiene appeared important to him.

“Is there anything you require from me?” she asked, and then when he lifted his eyebrows, quickly added, “Sir.” He smiled softly at her.

“Just for you to remove your clothing now, darling,” he replied. Her heart stopped and her head whipped around to face her master. He stared back with a little tilt to his lips and nodded slowly. She nodded, stood, and gently removed her master’s shirt and sweatpants. When she looked back up, trembling, eyes misty, he was rolling up his shirt sleeves.

“My name is Doctor Elliot Easton Eldon Montgomery III,” he introduced himself with a wry smile. “I come from what you might call, ‘old southern money.’ I’m also a doctor. I’m a neuro surgeon, but I think I can still give a routine examination. If that’s all right with you of course,” he said. It took her a moment to realize he was speaking to her. She nodded rapidly. He had a kind smile and a gentle manner. She liked him far more than Ulrich. “Now, I want

you to relax and I need you to be honest with me. Totally honest, or I can't help any. Understand, sweetie?"

She nodded.

"Speak to him when he speaks to you," her Master ordered curtly.

"I'm – yes, Doctor, I'm sorry, Master. I'm sorry doctor," she rushed out. Doctor Montgomery was smiling as he rubbed sanitizer into his hands.

"She's polite," he told her master. "I didn't need to tell her to call me doctor. Eddie's girl didn't call me doctor even after he told her to."

"Eddie is an idiot," her master responded. Doctor Montgomery chuckled.

"Might I bother extending another invitation to you for Christmas?"

"I uh," her master responded, scratching his forehead and sitting down. "I'm considering it."

Dr. Montgomery looked over in genuine surprise. He motioned for her to sit on the couch. He started with her neck, massaging the skin of her neck, looking for what she did not know.

"Really?" he asked.

"We'll talk later," her master responded. Jessica was disappointed. She wanted to know what they had to say.

"How're you feeling?" there was a pause, his hands moved to the base of her neck. "That question is for you, sweetheart."

"Oh, I'm sorry, Doctor." She looked at her master to see if he was upset. He was examining his nails. He did not seem to be paying attention. "I feel good, sir."

"Aches and pains?" he asked.

"No."

"You have to tell him in the truth," her master spoke. "I won't be angry. You won't see doctors often, when you do, and something needs to be addressed, you address it."

"The cut, on my leg, it still hurts a little bit," she answered.

"How long ago did she get it?"

"About two months," her master answered. Dr. Montgomery nodded slowly and resumed his examination. He looked at her finger nails, listened to her breathing and heart, kneaded at her breasts and stomach. He was very professional. Not once did she violated, did he make an inappropriate comment, or lead her to feel inadequate. He spent a long time looking at the healing bit mark on her shoulder. He traced it, rubbed some cream from his bag into it, and had a short exchange with her master.

“You all but took a chunk out of her. Unlike you.”

“She bit me. I bit her back.”

The doctor chuckled.

“I bet you haven’t done that since, hmm,” he smiled. She shook her head. “Aren’t you a good girl.” He touched her chin. She liked his gentleness. “Stand up.”

She rose and stood before him. His hands went to her waist and pulled her closer. Her body pressed to his, but it was not overtly sexual. She glanced to her master, but he did not seem concerned.

“You’re a pretty little thing. Prettier than your pictures,” he complemented. His hands gripped her sides firmly but gently. He had the same air about him as her master. Powerful and domineering. She hated the part inside of her that wanted to please him, wanted his approval and praise. “Do you like being owned? Hmm?”

She nodded.

“Speak when spoken to like a good girl,” he scolded gently.

“Yes doctor,” she answered.

“Oh,” he said and looked at her Master, a hand touching her cheek. “What I would not give to hear her call me daddy.”

Her master just smirked and chuckled.

“You can play with her some tonight, if you’re not too tired.”

She looked at him with wide eyes. His gaze caught hers. She said nothing. She made no protest. *I trust him. I trust my master.*

“What was that?” Doctor Montgomery asked gently. She only then realized she had actually spoken allowed, if only a murmur.

“Nothing, doctor,” she answered. His hand lowered to the small of her back and he held her closer. Her eyes fluttered closed. It was times like this that she realized just how vulnerable she was. She had somewhat forgotten the past week or so. The man seemed to know what he was doing and a smirk came to his face. He relished in it. She was at these men’s mercy. Whatever they wanted, she couldn’t fight them. It sent a tinge through her. His hand touched her chin and tilted her face up. He ordered her eyes open and she obeyed.

“I love,” he whispered to her. “A frightened woman.”

“I am not frightened, doctor,” she answered, but her voice trembled.

“Oh?” he asked with a lift of his eyebrows.

“My master will take care of me,” she said. He clicked his tongue together.

“Isn’t that sweet,” he cooed. “We will see if you still believe that when he lets me have my way tonight.”

He released her and almost immediately her master said, “endure.”

It took her a moment to realize what was being said, but she quickly moved into the indicated position. He took his phone from his pocket and began hitting buttons.

“I think we can start with a hundred,” her master said. He turned his icy blue eyes on her. “One hundred lashes from my friend here, to see if he can get you frightened enough. But because I am a kind master, every minute you hold that position, I’ll take one lash off. That is fair, isn’t it?”

“Y-yes master.”

Her thighs were already beginning to burn.

“Oh, that is pretty,” Montgomery said, raising his beer to his lips. His eyes raked over her. She was getting used to her objectification, but sometimes, like now, it hit her with an oppressive wave.

“Ready to begin, slave?” her master asked.

*Begin?* Her legs were already on fire. Her muscles were trembling.

“Yes Master,” she answered. Almost the moment she spoke her right leg buckled and she hit the floor. She grimaced and looked up at her master.

“Best get up. One hundred from my friend here is no easy task.”

She looked to her Doctor Montgomery. He had a smile on his lips. She got back up onto her feet and screwed her eyes shut. Her legs ached.

“Are you ready to begin?” he asked her. Montgomery chuckled and sipped his beer.

“So cruel,” he chuckled.

“Yes, please, Master,” she begged. He hit a button.

“You brought birth control?” her master asked Montgomery. Montgomery looked at him and the two fell into conversation.

“I did. Enough to get you through. Give it a few weeks, of course.”

“I haven’t worn condoms, came inside of her once and then she didn’t have a period for two months. Gave me a fucking heart attack.”

“That’s normal. Like with gymnasts, but simply stress. Did she spot at all?”

"She did," her master recalled.

A little cry escaped her and she fell to her knees. She grimaced, looking up with wide eyes. Montgomery looked at her, eyes twinkling, but her master blinked and clicked his tongue.

"Oh, slave. Not even a full minute."

"Please, I, please," she said getting back into position. "My legs..."

"Should I give her a second chance?"

"Oh, yes," Montgomery purred.

"TH-thank you, doctor," she breathed. She closed her eyes again, working hard to keep herself upright. Her muscles trembled and her entire body burned. Hot flames rippled up brought her muscles.

"It would be a shame to ruin her so young," Montgomery said. "She's young. Best enjoy her now."

"Her body would recover," her master said dismissively.

She let out a painful breath as one knee buckled. Her toes rolled back and she grimaced in pain. She pushed herself back up, looking anxiously to the two men before her. Neither said a word and her master looked at the phone.

"I have a new flogger you can try out on her," her master said.

"Rope or leather?"

"Leather," her master responded. "Braided."

Montgomery laughed, lips pressed together and took a deep swig of his beer.

She fell again. Her master was kind. He gave her a good long while to regain herself, but her body was too weak, her muscles would not hold her.

"A minute and twenty-two seconds. That's... 99."

"Oh, sweetie, I'm going to have fun with you," Montgomery smiled.

"Master, please, let me," she said, trying to get back into position.

"No, I think we've been plenty fair. Ready?" he asked. Montgomery stood and placed what was left of his beer on the side table.

"I am always ready to give a Yankee the whipping she deserves," Montgomery replied.

"Come on now, slave. Down stairs," her master said. She knew better than to stand and moved on her hands and knees. The key code was pushed in and the door opened. Her master told her to be careful as she moved down the stairs. She did and a foot helped nudge her

along. Center of the room. Her heart began to pound. She did not like this room. She looked over to the pillow bed. The place he had first taken her.

Her master reached up and retrieved a bar from the ceiling. He took it down, fasted her wrists to the bar tightly, and then hoisted it back. Her tiptoes grazed the floor and her body began to tremble.

“Here you are El,” her master said from behind her.

“Thank you, Max,” Montgomery said. He circled around and paused in front of her. He had a flogger in his hand. He stroked the leather ends lovingly. “Scared yet?”

“No,” she answered defiantly. She looked to her master. He leaned against his workbench with a smile, arms crossed over his broad chest.

“That will change,” Montgomery grinned. He raised a hand and the leather smacked against her skin. A cry of surprise left her but it truly didn’t hurt too badly. He made a sound of approval and walked past her. He touched her hip, warm skin brushing over her belly. “Very good, darling.”

He hit her again, this time on her upper back. She might have grown fearful if he was not so careful to avoid her lower thigh. He struck her again and slashed the flogger down on her other thigh. It was a bit harder this time. She bit her bottom lip and let out a little cry. He laid down another strike, this time just below her breasts.

“Hmmm,” Montgomery said, placing his hands on her waist to steady her. “Are we scared yet?”

He reached up and touched a nipple. He played with it, gently stroking the bud with his thumb. She sucked in a breath and tried to look at her master, but Dr. Montgomery was in the way.

“See the thing about you Yankee girls, is you’re so proud,” he murmured. “With your soft Yankee boys....”

“I can’t believe you still call us Yankees,” she whispered, slightly out of breath, skin burning. He chuckled softly, air coming through his nose and his lips pressed together. He pinched a nipple hard and she cried out in pain. He stepped back and swung again, hard. She cried out and he struck a few more times, all in rapid succession. It brought a genuine cry of pain from her lips.

“Stop, stop, please!” she cried out when the blows kept raining down. He slowed, landing on last leisurely swat to her bottom.

“Oh, darling, we aren’t anywhere near finished,” he taunted, running his fingers down along a fresh line of red stripes. “Now tell me, how many soft Yankee boys you waste yourself on before you met my friend here?”

“None,” she whimpered.

"None," he smiled. "A shame. Can't show you how a southern man compares," he smiled. He was behind her and he pulled her back against him, grinding her bare bottom into his clothed erection. She looked her at her master. He was watching with intense blue eyes. "Don't look at him sweetheart. You're mine tonight."

"No, he, Master-"

The doctor gripped her chin hard, pushing her lips together.

"Be quiet now, Yankee girl," he grinned against her cheek. "Talk to me tonight and call me Doctor or sir. Don't talk to him."

Her master just stared at her.

"Please, Master," she begged.

"Get me a gag. I need to shut your cunt up," Montgomery said. There was real bite in her voice this time. A frightened forceful hint of real displeasure for the first time since he had arrived. Her master retrieved a gag and handed it to the doctor. The gag was placed into her mouth and fastened tightly behind her head. "Nice and quiet. Aren't women so much more beautiful once they learn how to shut the fuck up?" he asked Max, He was behind her, hand on her chin, face turned in toward her. "Now, you can scream and you can cry, but no more talking."

He began again with the flogging. He swung harder this time. She bit into the ball gaga, using it to help temper her pain. She made sure she kept as quiet as possible. He only struck her harder, and by the time he was finished, and 99 whips of the braided leather had coated her flesh red, she had hot tears coming down her cheeks and was crying out around her gag, smoothing the dark chuckles coming from her tormentor.

"Oh, Max," Doctor Montgomery purred, tracing her hip with a single fingertip. "This is a piece," he said reverently. He reached up and unfastened her from the bar. She fell to her knees with a loud thud. His hand went to her hair and he tugged her along. She seized his wrists and followed him, tears still in her eyes. She looked toward her master, but he only followed lazily. She was forced over a bench roughly. Dr. Montgomery tied her down with skill. It was quick, and she was overcome with the vulnerability of her position.

"Master," she tried to cry out from behind her gag, but it was a muffled mess.

"Hmmm." Doctor Elliot said. He came to stand before her, tears welled up in her eyes. He unbuckled his belt and she looked to her master. She could not find him. Her heart thundered in her chest. "Oh yeah, I'm going to fuck that smart little mouth of yours."

She shook her head. Tears went down her cheeks and her nose began to stuff up.

"Master," she cried from behind her gag. "Please." It hardly sounded English. Montgomery laughed cruelly. He pulled his belt from the belt loops of his pants and approached her. Before she knew what was happening, he had the belt wrapped around her throat, buckled pressing cruelly into her skin, and he whispered in her ear. "Scared yet?"

And then the belt tightened and she found herself entirely unable to breath. It continued until she saw spots, her eyes sight waned, and she was certain her Master was finished with her. She had submitted entirely. She had tried to do everything he asked. And she had bored him.

She awoke blinking. Panting from her untagged lips and looked up at Dr. Montgomery crouched in front of her. His eyes were a light with frightening glee. He bit his bottom lip as he looked her over.

“Do you trust your master still?” he asked. She nodded. Her lower lip trembled and she just wanted to be able to look at him. “Good,” the doctor said. He held up a wooden padded and pressed it to her lips. Her cheeks were wet and her eyes hurt. His belt was still wrapped around her neck, but loosened, and she didn’t feel any pain in her throat. “That doesn’t mean you shouldn’t be afraid,” he clarified. He stood. He had a sizable erection. Her entire body continued to tremble.

“Now,” Montgomery continued, “Since you’ve been hurt here, it looks like I’ll be giving this ass cheek, extra attention,” Montgomery smiled. She could not see him as he grabbed onto a creamy globe with a painful grip. Something about the way these men touched her. It made her feel a thing. Then again. She was a thing to them. Not her master though. She was sure of that now. She craned her head to try and find him. She just wanted to look at him. “Will you count for me whore?”

“Y-Yes, doctor,” she said. She was prepared for another build up. Some light smacks to work her up like he had with the flogger, but he simply brought the paddle down with a single, whistling blow. It smacked against her skin, sending a shockwave of pain from her buttock, down her thigh and up her lower back. She cried out, but made the mistake of not counting. “I said count,” he reminded her, bringing down the paddle and slamming it into her skin again.

“Two!” she cried out and he chuckled. He caressed the burning skin gently. It was almost soothing.

“Clever bitch,” he praised. “No, no, we will start over. Start with one.”

He hit her again and she jerked her head back and cried out the right number. He did not seem to like her ability to move her head. He came forward and tied the belt to a lever at the bottom of the bench, leaving her cheek pressed to the cold leather. Her eyes darted around the side of the room. He was still there. She hadn’t heard him leave. Where had her master gone?

“Two!” she cried as another blow came hurdling down upon her abused skin. She began to cry. She should not have told him she had not been afraid, not after he told her he liked frightened women. It had been foolish in retrospect, but she had meant it. She had trusted her master. She wasn’t so sure if that was a mistake or not.

“Three! Master please!” she cried out in agony. Montgomery purred happily. He stroked her skin once again. Kneaded the flesh, soothed it tenderly.

“No, no, focus, little girl,” he ordered.

“Yes, I-I’m sorry.” Another painful smack. “Fouuurrnnn.”

It went on until she all but lost the ability to count. She said a number, but she couldn’t quite hear it.

“A small break?” Montgomery suddenly asked. “Hungry now.”

“Of course,” her master finally said.

“Just let me shove my cock down her throat,” she heard Montgomery murmur. “Just one fucking blow. I’m as hard as a rock.”

She heard no response and then they were climbing up the stairs. She panted, face crumpling as she tried to forget about the terrible pain radiating all throughout her body. She waited for her master to come back downstairs until she fell asleep. She awoke to rough hands on her waist and then something large and hard being forced inside of her. She moaned out in pain. She wasn’t ready for it. And then she felt panic set in. She panted hard, screwed her eyes shut hard. She wasn’t prepared to know who it was. It needed to be her Master. She might just die if wasn’t. He had promised. He *told* her. He... He wouldn’t have lied. He wouldn’t share her. He grabbed onto the belt and pulled. Her master had never done anything like this. She very seriously thought she might throw up. A brand-new violation. She thought this was over. Her master was supposed to protect her. She heard grunting, but she only rolled her face harder into the leather bench. Tears slid slowly from her eyes.

He was out of her then. Some footsteps. A few more grunts and she felt him on her face. Hot, wet, sticky. A gob landed in her closed eye. Her lower lips trembled. Two fingers wiped her eyes clean. Slowly they opened. Her heart fluttered and her lips parted. His eye blue eyes looked down at her, twinkling darkly, a warped smile to his lips. “Subjugation suits you so well,” he murmured. He placed his fingers to her lips. She opened her mouth and took his cum covered fingers between her lips. She sucked them clean. He removed them and gave her his thumb. He watched her suck his digits. She heard a door open and her master’s gaze lifted. “Doctor Elliot made you dinner,” her master said. “Hungry?”

“Yes,” she whispered. Her voice was hoarse. He untied her from the bench, but the belt remained around her neck. He grabbed onto it, leading her tightly over to the corner, like a dog on a leash. She followed on her hands and knees. Dr. Elliot placed a bowl down in front of her. It looked like oatmeal or something similar. She really didn’t care at the moment. She just needed to eat. She looked up at, eyes straining and he smiled. He gently tucked a loose stand of hair behind her ear.

“Eat, princess,” he cooed gently. He lifted his eyebrows and spoke to her like a child. “You’re going to need your strength.”

She lowered her face and began to eat from the bowl. She licked the bowl clean, both starving, and desperate the please the men above her. Somehow, despite the cruelty in their laughs, the absolute objectification she felt, she yearned for those laughs, those condescending cooes and gentle, degrading praises. She yanked back up by the belt. Her master had hold of it.

"Look at your face, pig," he said. She could feel the food on her face.

"I'm sorry, Master," she said. He looked disgusted.

"Here, let me," Dr. Elliot said. She was yanked over in his direction, he leaned in, and spit. Once again, it was all saliva, and he scrubbed it into her face with a rough hand. "Hmm, not working."

"I've got something that might work," Dr. Elliot suggested. He unfastened his pants. She was yanked back in his direction. Her neck was beginning to hurt. Her master's hand was in her hair. It fisted her locks tightly. Suddenly, she began to sputter. It took her a moment to realize what was happening. Horror gripped her, disgust, fear, but mostly, horrid humiliation. She wanted to cry, and a little sob did leave her as this strange man continued to piss on her. *Piss* on her. Finally, he finished and she turned her gaze up to her master. She begged him with her eyes for something. A smile. A twinkle of his eye to remind her that he cared. But he was cold again, detached. He had a smile on his face, but it was cruel.

"Look what you did, you foul bitch," her master said. "You got piss on my carpet."

She looked down and true enough there was a dark circle by her knees. Her breasts were wet and her thighs were speckled.

"I'm sorry, Master," she tried again.

"Clean it up," he demanded cruelly. She was bent over, face pressed into the warm stain. She screwed her eyes shut. She tried not to breath. Tried not to move. "Go on. Clean it up."

Unsure what to do, her tongue slowly left her lips. It touched the carpet and her face crumpled into a disgusted grimace.

"Aw fuck," her Master breathed. She heard him rustling with his belt. The hot stream hit her face. It soaked her hair. It almost got up her nose. She coughed, pressed her face harder into the carpet, but she did not turn away. Dr. Elliot was laughing.

She was suddenly being yanked back to her master. His cock was hard now and he forced it between her lips. He pinched her nose.

"Look at me."

She obeyed.

"Good girl," he praised her. She was encouraged by it. She gagged around his cock. She tried to catch her breath. Finally, mercilessly, he let her go. "Suck my cock clean."

She obeyed. She gripped the sides of his trousers, eyes on him, and made sure to worship his cock as she moved her mouth up and down along the shaft, licked the oozing precum from the tip and sucked the foreskin into her mouth. At once time his eyes closed and his lips parted. He tilted his head backwards. She was spurred on by it. She was encouraged by it, but it did not last long. He grabbed the back of her head and forced his cock deeply down her throat. She gagged, gripping his pants until her knuckles went white. When he came, he came

in her hair and on her forehead. He nudged her away and it was all that was needed for her to hit the floor with a thud. She looked up with watery eyes. She just wanted to make him happy. She wanted to be back upstairs again, cuddling with him in his arms.

Dr. Elliot took to beating her again. He did not seem to have a preference. He liked paddles. He liked floggers. He liked whips and he liked canes. The canes, she hated the most. They hurt, and it was a terrible stinging. The paddle hurt less, though she did not know why. Soon, everything began to blend. They would leave and she would sleep, then they would return. Sometimes together, sometimes alone. Dr. Elliot did not touch her, but what he lacked in sexual gratification he made up for with his foggings. He was rather cruel. He'd set tasks she could not achieve. He made her say horrible things about herself, and he tied her up in horrid positions.

But not once was she allowed upstairs. She slept on a bench or in a cage. She was hosed down instead of given the ability to shower, and the water she was allowed to drink was the water she could get from the hose when they cleaned her. It was degrading. It was humiliating. But what hurt the most was the painful need she had in her chest to be in her master's arms again. He would offer praise, but never the gentle stroke of her hair or a sweet, loving compliment. It ripped her heart in two, and the crueler he was, the more she longed to please him, yet the harder she worked, the more she was humiliated.

"I'm a pig," Her master said, listing off yet another insult. Another hard strike hit her.

"I'm a pig!" she cried out. The vibrator was turned up higher. She could not take much more. It buzzed. She'd never felt anything better, and yet she'd never been in such terrible agony.

"I'm worthless," he continued.

"I'm worthless!"

*Thwack.*

"I'm nothing."

"I'm nothing!"

*Thwack.*

"I'm not worthy."

"I'm not worthy!"

*Thwack.*

"Does anyone want you?" he asked.

"No!" she cried out. Her chest hurt. "No one!"

She dissolved into a mess of tears as the next smack landed on her breasts. It was softer. Half-hearted. A pause. No more hits. The vibrator remained against her. Her master moved around

and took it from Dr. Elliot. He rubbed it into her more firmly. He leaned over her.

“No one?” he asked softly. She wept. She shook her head. She couldn’t do it anymore. It was just too much. Too much.

“What about me?” he asked again, voice just as soft. Her hips bucked. It was automatic. He pressed the vibrator harder, he turned it up. Her belly burned and her pussy dripped. She wanted to go to sleep, she wanted to come. She wanted to cry. She wanted to crawl into her master’s arms and beg him to love her.

“I – Don’t – I – No,” she hardly managed to get out. It was hardly even words. Her orgasm ripped thought her and as she rode out the terrible sensations of bliss, she continued to cry. She tried to turn her face away so they would not see her cry. She wondered what sort of cruelty she would suffer through next. “I worship, serve, serve, obey and serve and trust. Worship. Obey. Serve. Trust.”

It was a hardly comprehensible stream of blubbering.

“Shh, shh, shhh,” her master whispered. The vibrator was taken from her body.

Dr. Elliot crouched beside her and gently stroked her hair back. His hand started with her forehead, gently rubbing backwards. It was soothing. She sniffled and looked at him with bloodshot, timid eyes. His smile remained gentle and when he spoke it was soft and kind.

“You were so good,” he told her. She looked at him, face blank, not understanding. She felt her arms being freed and she gently she was pulled from the bench. She fell against a strong warm body. She looked up into icy blue eyes, stubble on his face, strong jaw, Grecian nose. He was so handsome.

“How’s my girl, hmm?”

“Your girl,” she smiled tiredly, voice cracking just above a whisper. He chuckled softly. He scooped her up in his arms with no trouble at all. He asked Dr. Elliot to get the door for him. She melted against her master as he carried her up the steps. Strong and steady. She pressed her hand to his chest so she could hear his heart beat. Her fingers closed around his light sweater.

They stopped by the stairs and Dr. Elliot came to stand before her master. He touched her cheek gently.

“Magnificent, darling,” he told her. She sniffled. She didn’t understand what was happening. “Truly something.”

“Th-thank you,” she murmured.

“Goodnight, sweetie.”

“Good night, Dr. Elliot,” she whispered. Her master and he exchanged some words and he began to carry her upstairs. He brought her into his bedroom, and straight into the bathroom where he turned on the shower. He placed her gingerly on the floor and went to get his first

aid kit. He kneeled down before her without a word and she simply watched him. She sniffled again and he looked up. He got some toilet paper and instructed her to blow her nose. She did and tossed it into the waste basket. He checked the water and then instructed her to get inside. She crawled to the shower. She didn't have the strength, but that wasn't why she didn't stand. She stopped before him and pressed her lips to his feet. She settled down on the floor, face pressed to his socks. He crouched down and threaded his hand through her hair. It was damp. From the water they had hosed her down with. From sweat. She didn't know.

"I need you to get into the shower now, slave," he told her. She nodded slowly and pushed herself up. He did not care that he got wet as he helped her in. He let her sit, placing some shampoo, conditioner, and body soap beside her on the shower floor. The water was warm and heavenly. She wanted to sleep forever.

"Hair and body. Don't shave. I don't want you handling a razor right now, ok?" he asked gently. She nodded. Remembered. Speak when spoken too.

"Yes Master," she murmured.

"Take your time, relax, but don't fall asleep. I'll come back when I hear the water shut off."

"Yes, Master," she answered again, still timid. Her face crumpled and her eyes filled up with water. She lowered her face to her knees so he would not see and he left her be.

She did fall asleep, but not for long. When she awoke she cleaned herself quickly and turned off the water. As her master had promised, he returned almost as soon as the water turned off. He came toward her with a warm towel and wrapped her in it snugly. She looked up to him again. He dried her off, dried her hair.

"Come on now, *schatzi*." He said gently. She looked up at him. He touched her cheek. She followed him into the bedroom. The bed covers were pulled down. The fireplace was on. Only a side lamp was lit.

She sat down on the bed, face crumpled and looked up to him as he settled before her. He gently collected her hair and tied it into a bun at the top of her head. Hot tears dropped down her cheeks as she gazed up at him. Every gentle touch was like heaven. She hungered for it. Her heart all but burst when he looked down at her with a kind, warm smile, affection glowing warmly in his icy gaze.

"Oh, mein schatzi, no tears," he said gently, hooking a finger beneath a tear and wiping it from her cheek. "You've made me so proud."

"Really?" she asked, more tears dribbling down her cheeks, scorching hot against her skin. She reached up, towel falling from around her shoulders and gripped at his shirt. Her entire body was trembling.

"Yes, really," he smiled. He sat down beside her and wrapped her in his arms. She closed her eyes, pressing her face to his chest. He was so warm, so strong. She'd never felt safer, more cared for. He kissed the top of her head.

"You were so good," he praised. "Obedient, humble..." he hooked a finger beneath her chin and made her look at him. "And strong. You lasted far longer than I thought you would."

She played with his shirt and mumbled, "I wanted to please you."

She flickered her gaze upward. "I.. a few times... I stopped trusting you... I'm sorry. For not having faith in you."

"It was a scary situation to be sure. But you obeyed," he smiled. "Served and pleased me."

He touched a breast.

"And tomorrow you will worship me."

"Tomorrow?"

"You need to sleep, now," he said. "You're exhausted. You were down there for three days you know. I think you slept maybe eight hours total."

"Three days?" She asked. He nodded.

"I told you, you were so strong," he murmured kindly. "Now, let's get you to bed."

"Was Doctor Elliot impressed?" She asked hopefully.

"Very much," her master said as he pulled back his covers and she scurried inside. He tucked her in and sat on the edge of the bed. "He likes you very much."

"I like him."

"Oh? Should I be worried?"

"No!" She cried in horror, leaping up in the bed and seizing him by the arms. He chuckled and pushed her back down.

"I know," he smiled. "Next time I need to go away, I will try and get him to come stay with you."

"I'd like that," she answered. She could serve the doctor for a short trip. He wouldn't rape her, and he had a kindness about him, even when being cruel, that condescending southern drawl made one eager for approval.

"Go to sleep, Jessica," he ordered softly, gently stroking her forehead.

"Please don't go," she begged, holding onto him, eyes filling with tears once more.

"Shhh," he comforted. He had a little smile playing on his lips. "Elliot has one full day tomorrow and then he goes back to America. I want to spend some time just chatting. We've been busy over the last few days," he teased. She nodded.

"Tell him I say hi?" She asked. He nodded. He no longer seemed to care how she phrased things.

"Good night," he said gently and leaned down to please a soft kiss to her lips. He pulled back and got up to leave. She felt a panic in her chest as he began to cross the room. She looked at his broad back, his trimmed neck, and well combed hair. The feeling in her chest – It was painful.

"I love you," she called after him. It was a rush of air, a desperate plea to let him know how much she... loved him.

He paused, freezing in place, and then turned very slowly. She gazed after him and sat up, holding the blankets over her breasts.

"I know I... I'm just a woman... but..."

"Shhh," he said gently. Another fat tear rolled down her cheek. She sniffled. "Go to sleep now."

She nodded and settled down. He paused in the doorway.

"Jessica?"

"Master?"

"It will bother me if I know you're up here crying."

"I'll stop," she vowed.

A gentle smile came to his face. "*Mein gutes kleines maedchen,*" he purred. He shut the door softly and before her head hit the pillow, she was asleep.



## XXVI

### Chapter Notes

WARNING: DRUG USE IN THIS CHAPTER.

Thank you for all the reviews! I really do love reading them! I hope you enjoy this newest installment.

And to my lovely German-speaking readers. If I have butchered your beautiful, sexy language, please let me know so I can make the corrections.

She was all but yanked out of bed. She hit the ground hard and when she finally managed to catch her breath and look upward, it was to the smiling face of the charming, but frightening, southern doctor. His eyes twinkled behind thick rimmed glasses. He was dressed in sweatpants and a t-shirt. He was in fine shape. She could see as much by his bare arms.

“Good morning, darling,” he smiled down at her. She frowned in confusion. Her scalp stung. He had yanked her out of bed by the hair.

“Good morning, doctor,” she greeted. He looked down at her with his head tilted just to the side.

“You’re going to help me get ready for the day. That sound good, darling?”

“Yes, doctor,” she answered.

“You see,” he said. “Usually, when a friend visits, and he’s between slaves, he gets his hosts slave for the stay. So, you see, I *should* be fucking you up that ass right now. I’d pay money to see you choking on my hard, fat cock. That’s how it is with my friends, anyway. But Max likes you something fierce. So, I’m going to have make due. Alright?”

“Yes, doctor,” she repeated.

“Good. Now, be a good little slave, and crawl behind me now. Yes?”

She nodded, still trying to wake up.

“Good. Come on now,” he said and walked from the room. She followed him down the hall to the guest room. She followed him into the adjoining bathroom, remaining on her hands and knees.

“Stand up, baby girl,” he ordered. She obeyed. She wanted to ask where her master was but knew better than that. He reached up and retrieved a razor from the inside of the mirror. He

glanced at her with one of his charming smiles. He looked quite handsome in glasses. She thought they suited him. He should wear them more often. She knew better than to voice that observation of course.

He draped a towel in her hands and applied some shaving cream to his face.

“I did enjoy turning that bottom red. Can you still feel me on there?”

“Yes, Doctor. It stings.”

“Good,” he chuckled. “I like when my girls fall asleep with red, hot little bottoms. Squirming and thinking of me. I don’t share my own girls. Keep that in mind. But I usually get a blow or such from my friend’s girls. Max has always been possessive, but with you,” he whistled. Slowly he brought the razor down the side of his cheek. “I bet your lips would look mighty fine stretched around my cock. Don’t you think so?”

“I... if I did not have a master, yes,” she said.

“Oh?” he asked, eyebrow quirked. He shaved his neck carefully. “Would you put on pretty dresses for me and call me daddy?”

“I... my master –”

“I’m not talking about your master right now. Answer my question.”

“I would... I would do what you wanted me to ... if I belonged to you,” before he could respond she added. “I would be lucky to belong to you. If I could not have my master I mean. I love my master.”

It spilled from her lips, but it felt so natural. So true. He chuckled slowly. He was carefully bringing the razor over his face.

“I remember when news broke you were taken. Pretty little Yankee girl all over the news. My dick got hard the moment I saw you. I fantasized about how violently you were being raped...” he rinsed his face and then grabbed the pillow from her. He dried his face and stepped closer to her. “Did you cry, when he fucked you?”

“Yes,” she whispered. His eyes were hot. He stared down at her. His tongue darted out to wet his bottom lip.

“Did it hurt?”

“Yes,” she replied. “I... I begged him to stop.”

“I bet you did,” he answered hotly. “How about the first time he ripped that little asshole apart?” he asked softly. He reached up and tucked some hair behind her ear. His fingers were hot against her face.

“I cried. And begged.”

"You were scared?" he asked.

"Yes," she answered.

"How scared?" he asked.

"Terrified. I thought... I thought he would tear me apart. But he... my master..."

"He's a good master," Doctor Elliot told her. "Most other men, I'd have you bent over this sink with my cock up your ass."

She swallowed thickly.

"And I'd cum in your hair and piss in your mouth and you'd spend the day collecting my cum in that sweet little pussy. And you'd be thanking your daddy for it." His voice was hot. He reached around and squeezed her bottom. She bit her lip. It stung slightly, but her pussy tingled despite herself. She thought of her master. She wanted to be with him now.

"Call me daddy, sweetheart. Let me hear it," he breathed. His mouth was close to hers. She was afraid he would kiss her.

"Daddy," she breathed. His hands tightened on her ass. "My daddy."

He groaned loudly. He held her tightly against him, grinding her bare pussy against his hard, clothed erection.

"Good girl," he said, pulling his face back. "My good little girl."

He released her.

"Go into my suitcase and take out a pair of jeans, collar shirt and sweater," he ordered. "Before I say fuck it, and bend you over this sink and make that asshole bleed."

She scurried into the bedroom and did as he instructed. When he returned, she had the clothes laid out on the bed, and he was combing his hair.

"Where are you from again, sweetheart?" he asked. He removed his sweatpants. She looked to the floor as he pulled his boxers down and put on a clean pair. He did not force her to look at him.

"Delaware," she answered. "Middletown. Near Warwick, Maryland?"

He said nothing. She looked up as he was putting on his shirt. His pants were already on. He was not as fit as her master, but he clearly worked on himself.

"Wh-where are you from?" she asked, her curiosity getting the best of her. She did not know if she would be punished for the question. It just kind of spilled out.

"Where do you think I'm from?" he asked, a smile on his lips.

"Um... You're southern you said," she answered. "Rich but... maybe... Georgia?"

"Not so southern," he answered with a grin.

"Carolinas?" she asked. He nodded. She bit her bottom lip. She really had no idea, but she thought seriously anyway.

"North Carolina?"

"South Carolina," he winked at her. "Some beautiful land down there. When I was a boy, I took the girl a few houses over out into the woods. Thought we were just goin' to play a game," he told her with a chuckle. "Me and another boy, we tied her to a tree out there. First time I ever raped a woman. Not the last a course, but one a the sweetest. I can still remember the way she cried."

Jessica swallowed thickly.

"We were out there for hours. She got awful thirsty, but I had somethin' for her to drink," he smiled at her. "How'd my piss taste?"

"It tasted good, doctor," she answered.

"Told her we'd slit her throat if she said anything. She was a few years younger. Still see her time to time. Never did tell."

He considered her a moment.

"Does that disgust you?"

"Women are weak," she remembered her master saying to her one day. "They can be made to submit."

"And they should submit," he agreed. "Me... your master... we take care of our girls, once we find girls worthy of it. Most women are dirty little girls. It's hard to find... innocent girls. The feeling of holding down a little virgin and ripping inside of her, her little cries and whimpers... that's how you teach a girl who her daddy is. Who's your daddy?"

"Master. Maximilian," she answered. He smiled.

"That's right. He's your daddy, dirty little girl." He stepped back. "Get my cellphone out of the bag. First pocket," he ordered. She obeyed. She handed it over without ever once considering using it. He looked through it.

Without knowing she was even speaking, she asked, "Are people still looking for me?"

He looked up from his phone, a little smile on his lips.

"Oh... baby girl. You know I have to tell him you asked me that, yes?" he asked gently.

She bit her bottom lip, realizing her mistake, and nodded.

"Shhh, no tears," he said kindly. "I can tell him what you asked, or you can go down and tell him. It's your choice."

"I'll tell him," she said.

"Good girl," he purred. "Into the bag now. My contacts."

She nodded and went into his bag. Her hands trembled. She was well aware of the punishment she was going to receive when she went down stairs. She could take the punishment. She just couldn't take his anger, his disappointment. She felt the overwhelming crush of failure wash over her.

She waited for him to put them in and then followed him down the stairs. She did so, upon his instruction, on her hands and knees. She followed him into the living room, and upon seeing her master's feet, she crawled toward him. She lowered her face to his bare feet. She pressed her lips to his skin. She licked the top of her foot.

"Does she simply like the taste of my feet or has she done something?" he asked, lifting his foot. She licked the sole of his foot. It was clearly what he wanted. She continued to kiss his feet.

"Go on now, darling," Doctor Elliot said. She removed her lips from his feet. She looked up at him. He stared down, blue eyes as icy as ever.

"I... I asked him..."

She lowered her head.

"I can tell him if you wish," Doctor Elliot offered. She shook her head and looked up at her master again.

"I asked him if people were still looking for me," she admitted. It was hard to get out. He gust of air escaped through his nostrils and he leaned back.

"And here I thought we would be having a fun day," her master said. He leaned back into the couch.

"I'm sorry master, I –"

"Did I say you could beg for forgiveness, cunt?" he asked harshly. She fell silent. "No, I didn't. Now shut your whore mouth until I tell you, you can speak."

She lowered her head and closed her eyes.

"Go make breakfast. My friend and I are hungry."

She said nothing and crawled into the kitchen. She had no instruction. She had no note. She could not ask a question. This would inform her just how angry and how cruel her master was. She made coffee, two croissants, some jam, and a bit of cheese. A typical breakfast for her master. She crawled in once it was ready and bent down to kiss his feet again.

He stood without a word and they walked into the kitchen. He did not yell or berate her. He simply sat down at the table with his friend to eat. She settled at his feet, hunched over obediently.

Once breakfast was finished, she had a chain hooked her to collar and she was brought downstairs. Her master put her into a small cage, but not one of the standup cages, and then left. She knew better than to say anything to him. He left for some time. Dr. Elliot returned next, just as her hunger pains grew painful. He opened the cage and placed down a bowl before her.

She hunched her ate and ate. He watched her briefly. She was well aware he was masturbating. When she looked up, he still had his hard cock in his hand. He was well endowed. She knew what he was going to do almost immediately. He stepped toward the cage. He continued to stroke his cock. He was circumcised. It curved upward, hard and long, thick, pulsing, veiny.

He struggled a moment, and soon she was sputtering. The hot, stream of piss came out to clean her face. He bared his teeth, ground his molars together.

“Open your mouth, cunt,” he bit out. She obeyed. Bitter, hot, salty. She coughed. She wanted to vomit. “Now swallow, baby girl. I know you’re thirsty.”

She obeyed. He did not cum on her. He ejaculated onto the floor. He shook his head.

“Finger yourself baby. I want you hot and bothered with my piss still on your tongue.”

She hunched over, face and shoulders on the ground, and reached beneath her. She put her fingers into her pussy. She listed to his footsteps walk away as she thrust her fingers in and out of her pussy.

The door opened sometime later. She had fallen asleep, but her fingers were still in her pussy. Her cunt clenched and dripped. Her face was still damp with piss. She could smell it. She heard two male voices. But amazingly, she trusted her master enough not to be sick with fear. The limitations were clear. She only hoped she had not angered her master enough to extend those boundaries.

Her cage was opened and she was ordered out. She was not sure who ordered it. When the next voice spoke, she knew it was her master.

“Now, dirty slut. You’re going to be punished,” he told her. She crawled to him. She knew better than to speak. Still, she kissed his feet, now in a pair of brown leather shoes. She licked the laces. She opened her mouth, nearly French kissing the leather. She stuck her ass in the air. Pussy dripping. “Tenets slut?”

She felt a smack on her bottom. It was a cane. A moan escaped her. The skin ached. Stung.

“I obey you. Serve you. I please you. Worship and trust,” she answered.

“Crawl this way.”

She followed him. Watching his feet cross the basement.

“Lay back.”

She obeyed. Her ankles were seized and she felt binds around his ankles. Suddenly, she was heaved upward. Her head hung toward the floor. Her hands fell free. Each wrist was seized by each man. They were secured outward. Blood rushed to her head. She closed her eyes. She fought the fear.

*Remember. Trust.*

“It baffles me that this punishment is necessary,” her master began. It soon became clear he was speaking to Dr. Elliot. “I am the one that cares for her. I protect her. I comfort her and hold her, teach her, guide her, love her. And yet she still wonders about the outside world.”

She wanted to protest. The word ‘love’ had her heart in rapture. But she knew better. She’d been ordered. She had to obey.

“Women are inherently ungrateful,” Elliot agreed.

“Hmmm, the cane I think,” her master mused.

“I agree.” Dr. Elliot came closer. He pressed his fingers inside of her. It was the most serious invasion as of yet. Still she had faith in her master. “Oh, what a pussy. Let me fuck it, Max. I’ll teach this cunt a lesson. Give it to me.”

“Pussy is mine,” Max answered. She saw him walked around her. She could see him only from the waist down. “The cunt is mine.”

She suddenly felt the smack of the cane to her side. She cried out. It was not as bad as it could be. That bad man’s strike still rang in her head. The wound still healing on her thigh. Still, it stung, it hurt. This was meant to hurt. Not to maim. Hurt. Her master was angry, but she could trust him not to hurt him.

He smacked her again. Upper thigh. Hard. It stung. A red stripe rang out over her thigh. Red, bright. A mark of punishment.

“Oh, I love that sound,” Dr. Elliot breathed. Her master struck her again.

“Tell me slave. I will give you the choice,” her master said. “Either we pain your body red. I mean hours of fun for us... or you suck my friend’s cock. Real simple. Close your eyes if you want. And then it’s over. You may speak.”

“No, please, Master. The cane,” she answered.

“Oh?” he asked. His hand stroked her abused thigh tenderly. It was the answer he wanted. She knew that. She did not know if he would have allowed the blowjob had she gone for it, and simply been disgusted with her, but it did not matter. Even if she had the option without repercussion. She wanted only her master.

“Are you thirsty?” he asked. She shuddered.

“Yes,” she answered. She heard the zipper, he took his cock out. Her mouth opened. She hot stream. She made sure she took it all into her mouth. She swallowed. It was from her master. She wanted it.

“Isn’t it sweet?” Dr. Elliot asked. “That’s what a woman should drink.”

Her master groaned as he finished. He wiped the head of his cock on her cheek. He then put his cock at her mouth, foreskin pushed upward.

“Suck that dry,” he ordered. She did. She sucked the cock into her mouth. She sucked at the foreskin. She pushed her tongue inside of it, circling it around his cock. His hand went to her hair. He sunk his fingers into her hair.

“This is what you Americans will never understand,” he said breathlessly. “A woman who understands an uncut cock. The way it should be.”

His words spurred her on. She continued to work at the foreskin. Circling her tongue inside of it, between the outer layer of skin and the head of his penis.

He moved away from her and put his throbbing erection back into his pants. A cane hit her hard. She actually cried out in pain. Another strike.

“I think it’s a good change,” her master said. “Until she realizes that I’m the one that cares most for her, she doesn’t get water. She gets my hot piss in her mouth.”

“You’re little girl?” Dr. Elliot actually said kindly. “I think she’d like it.”

“Is my friend right? Do you want my piss? Speak.”

“Anything from you, Master,” she answered.

“Anything,” Dr. Elliot cackled. Another sharp smack to her thigh. “She knows she is talking to a German, right?”

“Austrian. Shut up,” her master responded.

“You should show her some of those live sights on the dark web. That’ll put things into perspective. Have you done that yet?”

“I haven’t.”

He struck her again.

“I should.”

“Do it,” Dr. Elliot said. “She’ll change her tune. I guarantee you, even now, she doesn’t know how lucky she has it.”

"Take this," her master said through gritted teeth. They exchanged the whip. Her master stood before her. He took his cock out again. Clearly, he could not hand it. "I haven't face fucked her nearly enough."

His hand went into the back of her hair. She felt a whack to the back of her thighs with the cane. Her master stroked his cock in front of her. He was dripping with pre-cum. She stuck out her tongue and stole a taste. His hand tightened. She truly was a whore. His whore. She'd do anything for him. She did not care about the outside world. She may have asked for it this morning, but she no longer cared. She wanted him. Only him. He was her master.

He stroked his cock. He rubbed his cock over her lips. He rubbed it against her face. He came closer, grabbing his ball sack, and put it to her mouth.

"Clean those balls," he breathed. She opened her mouth. Dr. Elliot continued to strike her as she lapped at his balls. Licked, sucked, smelled. She lathered them with her tongue. She sucked both into her mouth. She pressed her face closer. It was musky, clean, but the smell of a man. His hand tightened in her hair and he forced his cock into mouth. He gripped her face hard. He fucked her face. Hard thrusts. Deep into her throat. She gagged. He continued. This was about him. Not her. Dr. Elliot hit her thighs, her bottom, her sides. He avoided the healing wound from the bad man.

When her master came, it was in her eyes, up her nose, over her mouth. He continued to jerk himself hard. He continued until his balls were drained. He was breathing heavy.

"I don't blame you, Max. I really don't. I wouldn't share her either."

Another strike her to bottom. Her healthy ass cheek.

"Any other slut, I'd let you drain yourself inside of her," her master said. "This bitch.... Oh, this bitch is mine."

Dr. Elliot struck her a while longer. They left rather abruptly. She was left to hang there. Covered in piss, cum, sweat. She just prayed that was her punishment.

They returned shortly afterward. She might have slept. She wasn't sure. Her head hurt. A vein was full in her scalp. She was dropped to the floor. It was partially padded. A movable pad.

She hit the ground and looked up in a bit of a daze. She hooked back up to her collar. She was dragged by the chain into a back room. She was hosed off with cold water. She shuddered and trembled. The water was cold. It hit her hard. It lasted too long. But finally, she the water was turned off. She was dried off roughly. It took her a moment to realize it was her master rubbing the towel over her, scrubbing hard between her leg, tweaking her clit hard between her legs.

"Follow me," he said suddenly. She followed on her hands and knees. She followed him up the stairs and into the home. He stopped in the kitchen.

"Make us dinner," he said, yanking her up to her feet by the chain. He forced a vibrator into her pussy. She moaned as he did. His hand was around her throat. He sucked her earlobe into his mouth. He licked the shell of her ear and squeezed harder. She said nothing, but she wanted to, she yearned to. He released her.

There was instructions this time. It was a simple dinner. Beef schnitzel. Simple enough. She crawled into the living room to demonstrate it was ready. She was ordered to carry the plates into them. She was allowed to walk on her way back. Her dinner was their scraps scraped onto a single plate. She ate at her master's feet on her hands and knees.

"Expose," her master ordered when she was finished. She settled into it, onto her spread knees, ankles together, hands behind her head, elbows out straight and breasts exposed.

She expected to be struck, but instead, he sat back down. He leaned back, extending his arms over the back of the couch and looking her over.

"You know, I've been saving this for a special occasion," he said. He reached into his pocket. He pulled out a little baggy, filled with white powder. Dr. Elliot laughed and slapped his knees.

"Oh, yes, please!" he cried. Her master laughed as well.

"Crawl to me, slut," he said. She obeyed. He flicked the little baggy twice and then held it out in front of her. "Do you know what this is?"

She examined it closely.

"Is that... crack?"

"Crack," her master snorted. He reached out and seized her hair roughly. "Do you think I'd buy crack?"

"Cocaine?" she asked.

"Cocaine," he answered.

She watched him spill it out onto the table. He smoothed it out, straightening it out into a thin line. He rolled a euro together carefully.

"Go on then," he prompted. She took the bill, but she stared with somewhat wide eyes.

"I... I can't... I can't do... drugs. What if I... what if I get addicted."

"It is good then that you will depend upon me to get it. Hard to get addicted then, hmm?" her master asked. She nodded and leaned forward.

"Have you... have you ever..."

His hand tightened in her hair. He jerked her head upward.

"Look at this house, whore. Does it look like I'm a man that snorts coke?"

"No, Master," she said.

"Good," he said. He forced her face into the table. "Now snort."

"Will I... is it... master I'm scared."

"Do what I tell you," he ordered.

She took the bill and placed it to the powder. She positioned her nostril. With one more glance toward him, she breathed in sharply through her right nostril. To her amazement it did not hurt. She felt almost numb.

She looked at her master.

"Good girl," he said to her. "Good girl."

She waited a moment or so and then let a deep breath escape from her lips.

"Woah," she breathed.

"Feel good there?" Dr. Elliot asked. She turned her head to look at him. Her master leaned forward and cut the remaining cocaine. He spread it out into a line, but did not take it. Dr. Elliot remained seated. He had an arrogant little smirk on his face.

"Stand up, slave," her master ordered. "Go get a beer for my friend and I."

"Have you ordered clothes for her?" Dr. Elliot asked as she walked from the room.

"On their way. What I wouldn't give to see her in some lingerie right now."

Dr. Elliot chuckled. When she returned with the beers in each hand, her heart was beating rapidly and her eyes blinked. She brought the beer to each man.

"Ever given a man a lap dance, slut?" her master asked. He had the stereo remote in his hand. She shook her head. She suddenly wanted to have sex. She looked at her master's handsome face, smart clothing, well combed hair and shaved face.

"No, Master," she answered. She stepped toward him as he put on the stereo. He shook his head.

"My friend wants a dance," he told her. She moved over to him, but soon her nerves began to fade, and she was overcome with a surge of uncharacteristic confidence. Her heart continued to beat rapidly. She put her hands on the doctor's shoulders and moved to straddle him. She looked at her master. He sat back and raised his beer to his lips. He gave a nod. Dr. Elliot's hands slowly caressed her back and sides, easing her into the beat.

Just months ago, dancing on the lap of a forty something year old man that wanted to be called daddy would have sent a shiver of disgust up her spine. Now, as his hands held her in

place, so commanding, sure, powerful, moved her hips, rubbing her pussy against the steel erection confined by his pants, she felt a disturbing rush of elated adrenaline.

She wanted her master. She preferred her master. She did not want this man fuck her, but she felt a wicked desire to tease him. She wanted to turn him on. She wanted to get him hot. She wanted to be an object of desire to this rich, handsome, powerful man.

“Oh, yes, baby girl,” he cooed. His hands gripped her ass cheeks hard, pushing her harder into his clothed cock. It was hard, hot. She imagined that poor girl, young scared, tied to a tree, raped, totally at his mercy. And her reward, a face full of piss.

She shuddered. A little moan left her. His jeans were wet.

“Hmmm, Master,” she moaned. She looked over at him. Dr. Elliot’s hands slid up her sides, thumbs brushing the bottom of her breasts before they slid to her back, gripped her shoulders, and then moved back down.

“Turn around on him,” her master said. His voice was hot. He looked her over slowly, sipping at his beer patiently. She turned in his lap, pressing her sore bottom against his throbbing erection. The doctor gripped her hips and bent her at the waist.

“Shake that ass for me baby,” Dr. Elliot ordered. She moved backwards. Her ass pressed into him, working in circles. She cried out when he placed a hard slap to her uninjured ass cheek. The skin jiggled and she heard his rush of breath.

She was tugged backward, her back against his chest. His hand moved over her belly and between her legs, but he did not touch her pussy. His gripped her thighs, bucked his hips, and turned his face against hers.

“What a little girl you have here, Max,” he gritted out. She looked at her master. One of her hands moved upward to grip the back of Dr. Elliot’s head. He lightly bit her neck, but withdrew quickly.

Her master’s gaze was hot. Possessive pride shown in his eyes. She found she truly trusted him that he would not let things go too far. It was a game. She was his, and he found some sort of warped pleasure torturing his friend with her. Only *he* could fuck her. Only *he* could really use her. She wondered if he was more turned on by her dance, or by how worked up his friend was growing.

They locked eyes and she bit her bottom lip. A moan escaped her. Her hand tightened in Dr. Elliot’s hair, but it was that look in her master’s eyes that had her pussy clenching. She panted, rubbing her ass against the Doctor. Her master’s lips parted. His tongue flicked out to the side of his lip.

He put his finger into his mouth and closed his lips around the digit. He pulled it free and dipped it into the cocaine on the table. She opened her mouth as he approached. She continued to grind against Dr. Elliot as her master placed a hard slap to her mouth. He gripped her chin and put his finger into her mouth. He rubbed it into her gums tongue. It was bitter and salty. Soon her face felt numb. Her gums. She felt a bit light headed.

He slapped her again. He was speaking to her. She was hyper aware of the sound of his voice. Every little lilt of his accent. The nature of his voice, sure and low, but the words escaped her. Dirty, cruel, degrading words. He put his lips close to hers. His lips opened. Hers did, but he held her by the back of the hair. She could not move forward to kiss him. Their tongues touched, but he pulled back.

Dr. Elliot pulled her hips. Her upper body pitched forward, but her master was there for her hold onto. Her face was at level with his own clothed erection. Her pussy felt so empty, even as Dr. Elliot rubbed her sopping pussy against him. She wanted her master inside of her.

She opened her mouth and closed her lips around the bulge in his pants. She was not supposed to speak. She suddenly remembered that. She continued to mouth at his erection, eyes turned upward longingly toward him.

“*Schmutzige schlampe,*” he breathed. He gripped her hard. He yanked at her pony tail, forcing her head upward. It hurt a bit, but she could not fight it. He was too strong. “*Ach. Dieser Mund.*”

A long finger circled over her parted lips before she sucked the digit into her mouth.

“*Bitte, Meister. Ficken Sie meinen Mund,*” she breathed.

“*Nein, nein, nein,*” he breathed. Her tits hardened. His voice, that language. “*Verehre meinen Schwanz.*”

He unbuttoned his pants and retrieved his erection. Her lips parted greedily as she watched the pre-cum oozing from the pink head of his cock. He pushed the foreskin forward on his cock and brought the head closer. She remembered what he said earlier and wrapped her lips around the head of his cock. She drew her head back and pressed her tongue forward. She tasted the salty pre-cum, but she focused on the sensitive skin of his foreskin.

“*Schau mich an,*” he ordered. She lifted her eyes to him. She sucked on the head of his cock, cheeks sucked in. She moved her face, licking the shaft the burning hot iron. Her hands gripped his pants tightly to help hold her up. Dr. Elliot slapped her ass hard. “*Augen auf mich,*” her master breathed, pointing to his eyes. She nodded and wrapped her lips around the side of his shaft. She dragged her mouth up and down the shaft, tongue pressed to the burning skin.

“*Meine dumme Amerikanische Hure,*” he breathed. “*Ja, Lutsch ihn. Lutsch...*”

He took his cock and put it into her mouth. He jerked the bottom of his shaft and so she focused on the head of his cock. She sucked on it, licked at it. Suddenly he withdrew. He slapped her lips with his cock. Rubbed the precum against her mouth. Jerked his hand up and down slowly. She watched the foreskin work up and down the shaft. She stuck out her tongue, hoping to get one more taste, but he withdrew and put himself back into his pants.

“Come here,” he ordered, but did not give her the chance to obey. Dr. Elliot’s hands left her hips and she was yanked to the center of the room by the hair. “Elliot, the table?”

He moved the coffee table to the side of the room as her master put her onto the floor and fastened spreader bars to her ankles. Her face was pressed to the floors, arms pulled down to her ankles beneath her, and fastened to the spreader bars. Her ass was left up in the air. Cool air rushed against her sopping pussy and she wagged her bottom, desperate to be filled.

“I need another drink,” Elliot breathed. “Hard as a rock.”

“In the kitchen. Grab me one?”

“After that dance. Whatever you want, my friend,” Elliot said and left for the kitchen. Elliot returned and handed her master a beer. She felt the vibrator as it was forced into her pussy. It was long and deep. She moaned as it entered her. Next, she felt the steel plug being pushed into her unprepared asshole. She moaned and cried out and Elliot chuckled softly.

“I need to get myself a girl, Max. It’s been too long. I want to hear a little girl cry for me again.”

“Well, in the meantime,” her master said and took a swig of beer. “Make this one cry.”

Elliot chuckled. “Do you have a wooden paddle?” his voice was low. A shiver went through Jessica’s spine.

“Just a minute.”

He returned with the paddle and surrendered it to Dr. Elliot.

“It’s the sound.”

He walked around her. She could see her master’s shoes as well. She tried to look up at him but could not. Slowly, he master walked to stand just in front of her, feet centimeter’s from her face.

“The sound...” she cried out as the paddle came down on her bottom hard. A resounding smack, a rush of heat, the reddening of her skin. “And that pretty little stripe.”

He hit her again. She cried out but did not ask him to stop. Her master moved from in front of her. Her eyes followed his shoes. She wanted to kiss his feet. She wanted his cock back inside of her.

Suddenly the vibrator in her pussy went off. She threw her head back as far as she could. She turned her eyes upward. Her master was standing far enough away that she was able to see his smirking face. He stood back, one hand in his pocket, where the remote was, and his other hand holding his beer to his chest.

“No coming until I say so, bitch,” her master said kindly, eyes on hers. She nodded, lips parted.

Dr. Elliot struck her again.

It continued, the hard strikes of the paddle, the vibrator, she came without permission. Her master said nothing, but she knew he was taking note of it. Every time she came, she knew her master would make her pay for it.

Finally, Dr. Elliot jerked himself off into a mess of tissues, standing over her and looking at his handy work on her bottom.

"Thank you, Max, for letting me use your toy," he thanked her Master. "I'll leave you to it then."

"I'll see you for breakfast tomorrow before you go," Max said. Dr. Elliot left the room without a word to her. She was left with her master. She was breathing heavy. Her body was covered with sweat. Her pussy was a wet mess. The cocaine was beginning to leave her completely. She was beginning to feel a rapid deflation, but he appeared and put a pill between her lips. She swallowed it without question.

"Master," she breathed. "*Meister*."

"You're a loyal little cunt, aren't you," he mused. He was not drunk, but there was clearly some intoxication. "Your eyes were never off of me long."

"You're my master," she answered.

"I am," he answered. He walked around her. She could see his feet. He picked up the cane. She heard it as he whipped it through the air. A shudder and her pussy clamped around the vibrator inside of her.

"Master," she begged pathetically. He disappeared. The vibrator remained inside of her, buzzing steadily. She bucked her hips. It was torture... the pleasure with no release. She needed him inside of her. He returned and put a plate by her face. She ate it, burying her face into the plate. How pathetic she must look. It was degrading, humiliating, but as she looked up at her master, arching her neck and straining her eyes to do so, she wanted only to degrade herself further for him. It seemed, the more she degraded herself, the more submitted to his superiority, the closer she was to him.

He bent down and wiped her face clean. He was gentle, his eyes twinkled.

"That is the extent of it. A close friend. Occasionally. No more than that will be expected from you," he told her.

"Yes, Master. Did I make you proud? Did I please you?"

"You did," he cooed. Two of his fingers pressed to her lips

"I'm sorry," she breathed against his fingers. "For asking him... about looking for me, I'm sorry."

"Shh," he said. He got to his feet. She felt a swat to her side. A swat on her thigh. A swat to her shoulder.

"Master," she moaned. She did not know if it was pleasure or pain, but her head felt funny. It was different from the cocaine. There was a rush of feeling. She felt super focused, high... she'd never felt anything like it. She liked it better than the coke. It felt so god.

"You feel hot, baby?" he asked. She moaned.

"Yes, Master."

"Talk to me."

"Master, fuck me please. You own me. I belong to you. I'm your whore, your slut. Slave. I serve you, please you, obey you, worship you, trust you. I love you. I love you."

He knelt down behind her. He closed his hand around her throat and forced her neck upward. It hurt, with her hands tied beneath her. She was totally immobilized. Utterly at his mercy.

"You love me?"

"I love you," she panted. Her chest heaved. The plug was pulled from her asshole. She moaned at the feeling. His hand tightened around her throat. He bent over, placing his mouth near hers.

"Fuck me, master, please," she begged. "Fuck your slave."

"I'm going to tear that little asshole apart."

His hand went into her hair. He yanked her head back. Her mouth opened. He spit into her mouth. His saliva lingered in his lips. It hung down slowly. She collected the spittle greedily.

"Fuck me please," she begged softly. "Fuck me hard."

He leaned back and grabbed her ass cheeks hard. He cared little for the stung cheeks or the mark on her thigh. She could feel her asshole open in preparation. Her body begged for him.

Slowly, that hard, fat cock slid inside of her. He wasted little time. His hands fisted into her hair, forcing her face down into the carpet, and he fucked her hard. This was her place. This was her life. She was here for this man's pleasure, and she made him happy. A man that hated women. A man that thought no good woman existed. *She* made him happy.

She moaned as he continued to fuck her. She cried out. He pushed her face into the carpet harder. He fucked her harder. He pounded her. Like she was an object. Not a human, but a hole to use. She cried out as he continued. The vibrator buzzed. There was blinding passion. She needed him deeper, harder.

She was vaguely aware she was begging him. He silenced her with a yank of her hair and one of his hands reaching into her mouth and grabbing her tongue. If she knew what this man was capable of when she saw him on that train, she would have dissolved into a puddle at his feet.

He pulled himself out of her. He did not cum inside of her, but instead pulled her head up and put the tip of his cock into her mouth. Her ordered her to stay still and jerked himself off into

her mouth. He ground his teeth together as he looked down at her, icy eyes burning. God, he was handsome. The perfect man. She would do anything for him.

“More, master,” she begged breathlessly. Her pussy was still slick, still buzzing. It was cruel, blissful torture. Her ass burned, but it was a pleasurable pain.

“More?” he asked, chest heaving. He brushed some loose, sweaty strands back from her face.

“I need my master right now.”

“Need, hmm?” he asked.

He leaned back and released her from her binds. Her body was still, her shoulders hurt.

“What does my slut want, hmm?” he asked. She was abruptly bent over the arm of the couch. He held her down at the back and spanked her hard with her bare hand.

“Did you like dancing for him?” he asked. He spanked her again. “Did his cock feel good against your pussy?”

“I danced for you,” she breathed. “Everything is for you.”

“Hmmm,” he said. He smacked her ass again. He squeezed her abused globes.

“Master... oh god... Master please, I need... I need to... to do *something*.”

She was full of energy. Her body hummed.

“Something?” he asked.

“Anything,” she continued.

“Ok, dirty girl,” he said and let her up. He plopped down on the couch and reached for his beer. “Do what you want.”

She looked at him, lips parted. Her first instinct was to drop to her knees. Instead, she moved toward him, straddling him with her wet pussy. The vibrator remained inside of her. She pressed her pussy down to his half-erect penis, barred from her by his pants. The music still played. She ground herself into him to the beat. She had never been a very good dancer, but it didn’t matter right now. She felt alive, on the top of the world, like nothing could stop her. She was overcome with a rush of euphoria. Absolute pleasure. And she needed to be closed to him.

His hands slid up her sides. They moved over him freely. She wrapped her arms around his neck and his face moved forward. He sucked her tits. Each nipple receiving kisses, nips, licks. He squeezed, massaged, and soon her master’s cock was hard as a rock.

He stood, putting her on her feet and turned her. He put his hand on her lower stomach, just above her pussy, and pressed her into his cock. She continued to dance. Her hands moved up. They wrapped around his neck, grabbed at his hair. His hands continued to move over her.

Slow, certain movements. A man that was enjoying his property, seeking pleasure in his slave.

His lips were on her neck, on the sides of her arms. Everything about his touch commanding her body, demanded obedience. She loved it. She yearned for it. His hands moved upward. He palmed her tits. Squeezed her nipples. She continued to dance against him.

“Master,” she moaned. One of his hands remained on her breast, the other moved down to her pussy. The vibrator pulsed, and he flicked at her clit. He turned her face toward his. His lips took hers. They kissed. Tongues meeting, sloppy, wet, needy kiss. She was a puddle in his arms. She worked herself against his hard cock.

“Worship me?” he whispered against her mouth. She nodded.

“Yes,” she breathed.

“Love me?” he asked.

“You’re my world,” she answered. “I love you.”

He pinched her clit and bit her bottom lip hard. Their tongues touched again. He reattached the chain to her collar.

“Get on your hands and knees and crawl,” he ordered. She obeyed. It was an odd sensation, the vibrator still inside of her, but she crawled behind him. She followed him up the stairs and into his bedroom. He sat down on the bed.

“Take off my shoes.”

She obeyed. She unlaced the shoes and slid them off. Once off she kisses his feet. He told her to take off his socks. She did. This time, she licked the top of her foot. He picked her up by the air and threw her onto the bed. He yanked her into position, ass at the edge of the bed. One of his socks was shoved into her mouth. He wrapped the chain around his hand, holding her tightly. He pulled himself free and yanked the vibrator from her pussy. It still buzzed on the floor as he thrust inside of her. He fucked her hard. Pounded her. He yanked on the chain, angled his hips, fucked her deep. He spilled himself inside of her. He slowly pulled the sock from her mouth and kissed her lips as the last spasms rushed through his cock.

“My good whore,” he breathed. He kissed her lips gently. He brushed her sweaty hair away from his face. “My dirty girl.”

She wrapped her legs around his waist. He leaned down closer to her. He licked her lips.

“I want a bath before bed,” he breathed.

“Yes, Master. Anything Master,” she breathed.

“Come now baby,” he said, getting to his feet. He pulled out of her. She felt him dripping from her. He pulled her to her feet by the chain. She looked up at her, eyes wide, open, longing. He leaned down and whispered against her lips, “on your knees.”

She immediately obeyed. And as she crawled after him into the bathroom, collar and chain around her neck, she could think of no place in all the world she would rather be.

## XXVII

Since the departure of Dr. Elliot, things went back mostly to normal. They never said a word about her inquiry to the outside world. She did her chores, serviced him as she liked, worked to calm his vicious and amazingly short temper, and worked his ego so often to avoid any undeserved punishments that the words spilled out of her tongue now, mostly unsolicited and with comfortable ease. When she sat in his lap after one of his long workdays, stroking his hair and face, she believed the words she told him.

He was tender often. He had been telling her the truth when he told her he preferred to be a gentle master. That is not to say he did not enjoy his time with her in the dungeon, as she called it, striking her hard with canes and paddles and floggers, for nothing she did, but simply because her soft cries of pain brought him a powerful pleasure.

But when, on days like today, he went into his office and told her he did not care what she made for lunch, as long as it was ready for him at noon, he meant it. Even when he grunted with some displeasure, realizing suddenly he hadn't wanted *that* particular meal, he ate, remarking only on how well cooked it is. There were no cruel punishments. He rarely tricked her into anything. He was a good, kind, master, with a terrible, frightful temper she would do anything to avoid.

She checked the clock anxiously as she continued to cook. She would be cutting it close, but she thought she would have his lunch ready by one today as he asked. Her heart was pounding with excitement, and thought she had more still to do in the house, she was anxious for the time to come.

He had woken up, and unlike most mornings, he rolled out of bed without requiring something of her. He went into the bathroom, showered himself, shaved, combed his hair, got dressed in a handsome black suit, combed his hair again, and told her she could sleep an hour longer, and then come downstairs to the chores list he would leave on the table.

"I have a video conference today. It will take most of the day. You'll bring my lunch in at one exactly. Stay out of sight, don't say a word. Put it on my desk and leave. Understand?" he asked.

"Yes, master," she answered, but now there was no hope she would sleep. She was too anxious. Did it mean that when she went in there he would still be on his conference? She had no idea how long she'd been with him. She was not even sure how long had passed since Dr. Elliot had left. She did know that when he returned from the village with a new batch of groceries just a week or so earlier, he had the smell of snow on him and his cheeks were flushed red.

She was too anxious to sleep. She was actually *excited*. She wanted to prove to him that he could trust her. When she brought in his food to him, she would do exactly as he said. She would not say a word. She would not alert anyone to her presence. She could only imagine the look in his eyes. He would be happy with her. *Proud*.

A clock chimed and she went to the oven. He was working very hard. She wanted to make sure lunch was perfect for him. She finished just in time and went to his study door. She could hear him speaking. He was speaking in German. She let out a deep breath, suddenly terrified, and opened the door as slowly as she could.

He glanced up from his computer but did not miss a beat speaking. He leaned back in his chair, twirling a pencil in his fingers. He looked very much the dashing, charming, international businessman. He was the type of man you read about in those trashy romance novels. She moved to the desk, careful to avoid the webcam, but it was not difficult at all. It was directed directly toward him.

He stopped talking and she heard a woman's voice. The dialect was one she could not understand. She heard a word or two here and there, but not nearly enough to understand what was being spoken about. She had enough sense to know this was the woman that he spoke about so often. The one he hated.

She smiled at him. He looked at her. There was a certain alertness in his eyes. His face remained blank as he listened to the new voice that chimed in. She settled the plate and then turned to leave the room. She paused at the door, eyes lingering on him, hoping to find a glimmer of pride and love in his gaze. He simply raised a hand and waived her out.

She left, suddenly terrified that she had ruined everything. What if he thought she was thinking about turning on him? What if he thought that she had wanted to betray him? She cleaned up the kitchen, telling herself he knew the look on her face was one of wonder and affection. She wanted him to be proud so badly. It was all she thought about the rest of the day.

She had just finished cleaning on of the bathrooms when he walked out of his office. It was about three and he was scrubbing a hand over his face. She got to her hands and knees the moment she saw him. He moved to the fridge, retrieved a soda, and stared down at her. He leaned against the counter and let out a sigh.

"Come here, Jessica, and stand up," he ordered. The use of her name sent a rush of relief through her. He never used it when he was angry. Only when he was happy. She crawled to him, kissed his feet, and then got up to her own. She leaned against him, hands stroking his tie gently. His hand touched her now totally healed bottom and thigh. He stroked the skin gently and bent town to put a kiss to the tip of her nose.

She loved when he did this. It was like she was a real girlfriend. Not just a slave.

"*Du bist meines gutes Maedchen*," he told her with a smile. Her heart burst with my pride. He patted her bottom gently. "I have a bit more work to do. Set the table for two, hmm. Have some wine chilled?"

Her knees went week and she nodded. She leaned against him. He smiled down at her and stroked her cheek.

"Take a shower. Get cleaned up."

She knew what that meant. She nodded and he gently removed himself from her grip. He paused and looked around before returning to his office.

“The house looks nice, slave,” he told her. She smiled and nodded. She was at a loss for words. She was simply too overjoyed.

She finished up her chores, started dinner, and then went up to shower. She took her time. She shaved her legs, her pussy, everywhere she could reach. She washed herself thoroughly, she brushed her teeth again, she put her hair up. As she finished, she pinched the tag on the collar around her neck. She smiled as she pinched it.

She looked different. So different than she remembered. Thinner, older. Wanted by a wonderful master.

She hurried downstairs and set the table and selected a bottle of wine. Unless he gave her a specific, she was free to choose. That went with most anything. When he said she could wear one of his shirts, when he told her to get him a drink. He was an intelligent man. He never simply forgot. If he said nothing, he meant to say nothing.

When her master returned he was in a good mood. He looked tired, but happy. He beckoned her closer silently and she walked toward him. She wrapped her arms around his shoulders and accepted a gentle kiss to her lips.

“I have a present for you,” he murmured to her. Her lips twitched up into a smile but her eyes sang.

“A present?” she asked. He nodded.

“Would you like to see it?” he asked. She nodded happily. He took her by the hand and lead her into the living room. He had her sit on the couch and then went into the hall. He returned with a white box.

“Open it up,” he ordered gently, seating himself on the couch beside her. She obeyed. Her heart beat happily. She tried to keep the smile on her face somewhat subdued. Sometimes, he found her interest in the things he had as a comment on his power and success. Sometimes, he thought it made her a shallow whore who’d suck a stranger’s dick if it meant a pretty toy.

She removed the cover from the box and her eyes widened slightly. It was a dress. A real dress. It’d been so long since she’d worn clothing. Not including an oversized t-shirt of course. She looked at him, lips parted. He had a tiny smile on his lips.

“Take it out,” he gave her permission and she reached for it. She pulled it out and examined it. It was a pretty black dress. Short, classy, sexy. Within it was a bra appropriate to the dress and a pair of shoes. She noted there were no panties. “Do you like it?”

“It’s beautiful,” she breathed. “For me?”

“For you,” he smiled. He lifted another box, one that had been resting on top of it when he came in. “Open.”

She opened it. Her lips parted again. Her mouth all but hung open. Her mouth was a bit dry. Slowly, she ran her fingers over it. The most beautiful necklace she had ever seen. Diamond after diamond after diamond strung together in a magnificent, but tasteful necklace. And at the bottom, a slightly larger diamond. He reached out, flipping it over. Inscribed, so small she hardly thought it was possible. Scrawled, beautifully, was simply the word, *mine*.

“Master,” she breathed.

“Do you like it?” he asked softly.

“It’s... it’s amazing,” she said. “Master it’s... it’s too much.”

“I think I get to decide what’s too much, hmm?” he asked with a smile. He unlocked her collar and slowly took it from her neck. She felt naked with it off, vulnerable. She wanted it on. But he lifted the necklace carefully from the little box, the word *mine* written so beautifully on the back, and she felt the weight of the diamonds as a type of blanket as he placed it around her neck.

“You were made for a man that could cover you with diamonds,” he told her softly. He looked over her neck, her collar bone.

She turned to look up at him. He was smiling softly, eyes twinkling.

“I’ll finish dinner. You go up and get dressed. There’s some makeup under the sink now. Make yourself pretty for me, hmm?”

“Yes, master,” she said. Her fingers trailed over the diamonds. She was afraid any little move would send them scattering the floor, necklace ruined. She collected the box with the dress. Another smaller box was at the side. He placed that on top of the box. She rose and went upstairs.

Putting on the bra and dress felt amazing. The shoes were magnificent. Perhaps a bit higher than she was used to. She applied her makeup as best she could. She fixed her hair in a type of simple bun that a friend had once shown her. It was not nearly as good as her friend had done, but it was the best she could do.

She walked back downstairs with butterflies in her stomach. She was nervous. Like if he saw her like this, he would realize she wasn’t *that* pretty, and decide to find a more beautiful woman. She wanted to impress him. She wanted him to look at her and see a gorgeous, sexy woman. Not just a cute girl he saw on a train.

She rounded the corner and stepped into the kitchen anxiously. She rang her fingers in front of her. She bit her bottom lip. He had a spoon to his lips, tasting the sauce. He went Italian tonight. Odd for him. He had a glass of wine poured. Her heart swelled at the sight of him.

*My God, he’s handsome*, she thought as she looked at him. Handsome and worldly, intelligence, confident.

"Master?" she announced herself softly. He turned, the spoon still in his lips. The look on his face had a smile come to her face. He put the spoon back on its little plate.

"*Gut Gott*," he breathed, expanding her smile wider. Even in her heels, she had to look up at him. His arm slowly wrapped around her middle. She grabbed onto his shirt sleeves. He lowered a gentle kiss onto her lips. So soft, yet filled with passion. She felt it in every fiber of being. Every part of him called to every part of her. When he pulled back, she was content to stare into his eyes.

"Look how beautiful," he mused. "You look like a proper lady," he continued, voice low. "Not the wanton little whore you'll be later tonight."

A little gust of air escaped her.

"Dinner's ready," he said and moved to the table. She set about readying it and bringing it to the table. "The sauce is delicious," he praised her as she put the spaghetti on the table. She beamed. She made it from scratch, like the meatballs. The pasta had been easy. "And a fine wine selection."

"Thank you, Master," she smiled and refilled his glass to a respectable level. She did not pour any into her own glass. That she would do only with his permission. As she sat, he picked up the bottle and poured for her.

"Did you get another promotion?" she asked hesitantly. He chuckled.

"I did not," he said and put the wine bottle down. "It is my birthday."

"Oh, happy birthday," she breathed with a genuine smile. She wanted to reach out and touch him, but this felt so odd. Dressed, seated at the table, eating with him like this, the diamonds. She was terrified any action that felt too familiar would be an act of disrespect.

"Thank you, slave," he said warmly.

"Thirty-thirty-nine?" she asked. He chuckled.

"Thirty-seven," he corrected. "Do I look so old?" he asked. Sheer terror gripped her. Her eyes widened. She shook her head. He looked over and winked at her. He lifted his fork and knife. "Eat, Jessica. Act freely at the table. If you begin to overstep I will tell you. Ask permission before you leave the table."

"Yes, Master," she answered. "What –"

She broke off and looked at her food. She regretted even starting. This would ruin everything. He would think it was because she wanted to know how long. Because she wanted to know... to know *something*.

"Speak," he ordered. He brought the spaghetti to his mouth.

"What date is it?" she asked. He considered and answered only once he had finished chewing.

“December 2<sup>nd</sup>,” he answered. “My mother was pleased by the timing. One set of presents. Not two. I could choose. Birthday presents or Christmas presents. I could not have both.” There was a bitter bite to his voice.

“I was born April, 28th,” she told him, hoping to avoid the subject of his mother. It only ever angered him.

“I know,” he answered dryly.

“Oh,” she breathed with some embarrassment. “Do you celebrate Christmas?”

“I haven’t in some time. I think I might this year,” he said. He paused to look at her. “Would you like that?”

She nodded with a shy smile.

“A Christmas Tree?” she asked.

“I will see what I can do,” he promised. He took a sip of wine. He smiled over at her. “I look forward to not being alone on Christmas,” he admitted. “You are so beautiful, Jessica,” he breathed.

“Thank you, Master,” she smiled. “I... Thank you so much. The dress, the necklace.”

“I told you,” he said sharply. “I’ll take good care of you... I’m a good man. I am. And as long as you obey me, I will be good to you. I want to. I told you that the day I brought you home with me. You didn’t believe me then, but you do now. Don’t you?”

“I do,” she answered. “I promise you I do –”

“And now you’re obeying me,” he cut her off. He reached out and touched her cheek. “Behaving as you should, and look at you.” He looked over her affectionately. She reached up and placed her hand over his. He smiled at her. He removed his hand and went back to his food.

“Elliot called to ask about your thigh. I think you made an impression on him,” her master said. He seemed in a fine mood.

“I’m glad he liked me,” she answered. Her master snorted.

“Any cocaine cravings?” he asked.

“None,” she answered. “I’m surprised, actually, that I didn’t.”

It felt odd, speaking to him like this, but he had opened the door to it. She was afraid he would think she did not want such conversation if she remained quiet.

“I think that I...”

She trailed off and jabbed at the spaghetti. She paused, swallowing thickly.

“Continue,” he coaxed with gentle firmness.

“I think maybe, if I had been able to dance just for you instead. I would have liked it better,” she said with a little smile. He looked over at her, a tilt to his lips.

“You’ll be asked to do things you don’t like in the future,” he said. “But you can trust me.”

“I do,” she smiled. “Like I said. Once, I doubted you, but after that... I knew you’d take care of me.”

“I figured the cocaine would make it easier for you,” he mused. “Now it won’t be so daunting.”

“I won’t have to do it often though?” she asked. “You said it would be only occasional?”

“I don’t like when another man puts his hands on you,” he explained. “I don’t like it at all. But... one must be a good host,” he said begrudgingly. “And Elliot is a good friend. He’s like me, he... he understands.”

“Understands?”

“Generally speaking, there are two types of men. Men that want a slave to be a toy, and those that want a slave to be a companion. Elliot wants a companion. Men are more likely to share a toy than a lover,” he answered. “Refusing to share you to some men is a... a weakness.”

“Would you ever use the word *lover* to describe me?” she asked softly.

He looked at her, eyes twinkling. God, he was handsome.

“Aren’t you my lover?” he asked.

“I’m your slave,” she said quickly. It was a test. She should have known better. But his eyes glimmered and he chuckled as he finished chewing.

“You don’t think you can be both?” he asked.

“I honestly don’t know,” she replied. He nodded.

“I think you can,” he said. “And you are.”

He leaned back in his chair and took a sip of wine.

“When the time comes...” he said and then broke off, like he realized who he was speaking to. He stared at her, considering his words. He shook his head and took another sip of wine. To her amazement, he reached out and took hold of her hand. He squeezed gently and smiled at her.

“Tell me about yourself, Jessica,” he said and took his hand away.

“What do y – I- I’m your slave.”

He gave her a bit of a smile. His eyes twinkled. Bright blue and icy.

“Tell me about *you*, Jessica.”

“Umn... well I... I um... I...” she giggled anxiously. She bit her lip. Wet her lips with her tongue. “Well I... I obey and I serve and –”

“About *you*, Jessica. You know what I mean. Misunderstand again and we will go down stairs.”

“Yes, Master. Um... I’m not really sure where to start,” she said.

“Your politics?” he asked. She told him. He winked at her. “Good girl.”

She giggled softly. She took a sip of wine and felt a bit lighter.

“When I was a bit younger, I used to think I wanted to go into politics. Then I thought I might go for my Phd. I promised myself I’d make the decision before I returned home. Um. To Delaware I mean. This is home now.”

“Phd in?”

“History. I didn’t have the languages though. You needed two European languages. I had a hard enough time speaking German and I studied it for four years.”

“*Sprichst Deutsch mit mir,*” he ordered. She switched to German.

“I learned high-German in school. Coming to Austria, I had trouble with the accents. You don’t have the accent.”

“I lost it on purpose,” he answered. She took a sip of wine.

“Why?”

“Why do American’s change their accents when they go into business or enter Hollywood. Same principal.”

“I like the dialect,” she said with a shy smile.

“You wouldn’t have understood me as a boy, before I left for Uni. That’s where I made an effort to speak more standard German.”

“I am surprised you can understand me at all,” she laughed.

“You are doing very well,” he praised. “I suppose I should have you speak it more. You’ll be fluent in no time at all.”

“I just um...”she looked at her wine glass. She bit her lip and he reached out to touch her wrist gently.

“Talk to me,” he encouraged her.

"I only ask that if you are leaving instructions, or giving orders, that you still do it in English. That way I'll know exactly what you want and I won't screw it up."

He chuckled softly and nodded. "It's a deal."

"You didn't ask for a dessert," she suddenly realized. "Not a cake... a strudel?"

"The amount of time I'll spend feasting on your pussy will more than make up for it," he answered and gave a wink. She blushed and reached for her wine. She finished the glass and he reached out and poured her more. She thanked him. "I'm going to spend a lot of time between your legs tonight. I haven't eaten that pussy in far too long."

She let out a breathy laugh. She had never been very good at dirty talk. She never knew what to say. He did not seem to mind. In fact, he seemed to enjoy her shyness.

"It amazes me that after so long, and for such a dirty whore, you can be so bashful," he chuckled. His eyes glimmered affectionately. "Is that a little game you'd play, hmm? To get the boys come chasing?"

"No," she laughed shyly. "Boys didn't like me until college really."

"Oh, no?"

"No. I was a tom-boy. The boys in the neighborhood treated me like one of them. I remember, I remember I got so angry, Jimmy Criv, I hated him, I beat him up this big sycamore tree when we were twelve. He said I couldn't do it because I was a –" she looked at him with slightly widened eyes.

"Because...?" he was finishing up the last of his food, eyes twinkling.

"Because I was a girl. I –"

"Even a monkey can climb a tree," he said dismissively. "You certainly don't look like a tom-boy now," he said appreciatively, his fingertips gently walking their way up her calf. "They never thought I'd be anything, and look at me now. In one of many homes, CFO of a thriving, billion dollar company, owner of the most beautiful woman on Earth."

Her cheeks turned red and he leaned in. The kiss he placed to her lips was gentle, chaste.

"Happy birthday, Master," she breathed when he pulled back. He gave a little smile.

"Thank you, pet," he murmured. "Clean this up. Meet me in the living room. Bring the wine glasses. I'm going to my wine cellar."

"Yes, Master," she said, but he stopped her as he stood, seizing her by the wrist and pulling her into his lap. He touched her with such command, pure ownership, confident dominance. His hands moved up her waist and his eyes moved over her body.

"Absolutely perfect," he mused softly. She put her hands on his neck. She stroked his skin, touched his hair. He gave a firm squeeze to a breast and then sent her on her way. She cleaned

as fast as she could. When he was *this* affectionate, she wanted to be with him. It killed her to waste even ten minutes cleaning the kitchen. She entered returned with clean wine glasses just as he re-entered the room.

"I was saving this for a special occasion," he said. She smiled at him. She waited on the couch. He had the fire started, only a dim lamp added to the light, the TV off. It was rather romantic. She almost didn't feel like his slave. "*Domaine Leroy Musigny. '99.* I bought it when I made my first million. I've purchased more expensive wines, but this has always been special."

He sat down beside her and retrieved a small cork screw from his pocket, from his wine locker no doubt.

"I can think of no better occasion," he smiled. He pulled the cork from the bottle and poured it into the glass. It was red wine, dark.

"H-how much? How much did it cost?" she asked.

"Four thousand two hundred and twenty seventy seven dollars," he said with a wry smile. He looked at her. "Let's hope it is good."

He handed her the wine with a wink. She waited to drink. He stretched an arm out across the back of the couch. She scooted closer to him. He trailed a knuckle over her cheek. He had a tiny smile on his lips. She could see the pride twinkling in his eyes as he looked at her. The arrogance. The pride. He was basking in how grand his life was, and she was a part of that. She was his prized possession, the thing he was most proud of. Somehow, that sent her heart a flutter.

"Thank you, Master, for letting my celebrate with you," she said softly.

"To us," he said, raising his class between them. "To the perfect slave."

"And a better master," she added. He smirked at her. It was amazing how that one little smirk made her feel more owned, more defeated, more mastered than anything he had ever done before. What amazed her even more, was that she did not care one little bit. She fed on it, felt protected by it. He gently clinked his glass to hers. She took a sip as he did.

"Hmm, thoughts?" he asked her.

"I usually don't like dry wines," she answered.

"That is a five thousand dollar bottle of wine, is my slave telling me she doesn't like it?" he asked. It took her a moment to realize he was teasing.

"I don't *dislike* it," she answered. He stroked her hair with his free hand. She pressed her thighs together. Her pussy hummed and clenched. She waited for him to begin kissing her more earnestly, but he simply stared. She itched anxiously. She wanted him on top of her, inside of her, she wanted his large, warm hands on her throat.

"You look so good in diamonds," he whispered. He trailed his fingers along the diamonds and stopped at the tag. "Mine," he whispered. He rubbed his thumb over the engraving. "We've come a long way, haven't we?"

"We have," she answered. She reached up and touched the wrist of the hand at her necklace. Her fingers touched the hot skin gently, played with the cuff of his shirt.

"My beautiful girl," he praised. "What will you do for me tonight?"

"Anything," she answered.

"Anything," he smiled. He switched hands with the wine glass and wrapped a hand around her ankle. He lifted her legs up to drape across his lap. He ran his hands up her legs slowly, gently. He leaned in to kiss her, but the moment his lips touched hers, she started. The sound of the phone ringing was jarring. It surprised him too and he pulled back. He glanced over his shoulder and reached for the phone. He stared at it a moment and then handed her the phone. "Pick it up."

"Master?" she asked.

"Obey," he scolded gently. She heisted a moment, steadying her breath, and then jabbed the button with her thumb.

"*Hallo?*" she answered. She looked at him. His fingers went up her skirt, gently massaging her thighs. There was a long pause on the other end of the phone.

"*Hallo?*" It was a woman. An older woman from the sounds of it. Her voice was low and scratchy. Jessica frowned and looked at her master.

"*Hallo?*" she repeated again, a bit more aggressive. Her master's brow furrowed ever so slightly. He was slightly concerned she was trying to signal the person on the other end. In truth, the thought never crossed her mind.

"*Wer bist du?*"

Jessica was surprised at the disrespect.

"*Ich bin seine Freundin,*" she answered. Her master did not seem angry. "*Wer bist du?*" she returned the disrespect. The woman seemed to realize the tone she had used and corrected herself.

"*Sind Sie Amerikanerin?*"

"*Wer Sind Sie?*" she asked again.

"*Gib meinem Sohn das Telefon, Amerikanerin.*"

The word *Sohn* had her blood run cold and her lips parted. She looked at him with wide eyes. She almost burst into tears. This would ruin everything. She could already see the anger, the fury, the rage. He frowned and took the phone from her.

*“Wer ist das?”* he asked. She watched his face change. Her lower lip trembled and she took a healthy gulp of wine. He spoke slowly, curtly. *Was Wollen. Sie? Was Wollen Sie? Was. Wollen. Sie.* Some curt words. *Mehr Geld?*

He jabbed at the phone and threw it across the room in a single, violent jerk of the arm. She wet her lips. Her heart pounded in her throat. She could see sweat on his brow. His hand quivered as he brought it up to his mouth.

“Master?” she finally said softly. He looked at her. His eyes burned with rage and hatred. It frightened her, to see him look at her like that. “I’m not your mother,” she reminded him weakly. He continued to stare. His breaths were slow, controlled, but heavy and deep. She put the wine down and got onto her knees on the couch beside him. She touched his face, cupping his cheeks. She held his gaze, no matter how it made her feel.

“I *love* you,” she told him. “I *worship* you. My *entire* goal in life is to make you happy. I’ll do anything for you. I’m not like her. Like any of them before. I promise.” She smoothed a hand over his hair. She placed a kiss to his temple, his forehead. His skin was hot to the touch. It was red and blotchy. She pulled back. She could see the distress he was under. It amazed her. This man, so shaken by a phone call that could not have lasted more than two minutes. “Take me down stairs,” she suddenly said. His eyes flickered with surprise. “Tie me up and... hurt me,” she said. “Punish me. Work it out. Do what you want to. What you need to.”

She continued to stroke his face. Anything to make him happy. Even if it ruined their night. Even if she didn’t get to sit on his couch and drink his wine, wear his dress and hear his praise. He could hit her, spit on her, piss on her, degrade her. If it made him happy, if he found pleasure in her use, then so be it.

“Take me downstairs,” she whispered again, resigned to her fate. He reached up and touched her cheek. His hands trembled. It was not visible to the eye, but she could feel it. He stroked her cheek gently. He looked at her mouth. He blinked rapidly and slowly shook his head.

“No,” he murmured. “Not tonight.”

He looked back up at her. His thumb ran over her bottom lip. She swallowed thickly. It hurt.

“You’re not my mother,” he said. Her heart leapt. He slapped her thigh gently and brought his wine to his lips. “Now, dote on your master.”

She moved forward, legs draped back over his lap. She stroked his face, kissed his cheeks, stroked his hair. She whispered loving words to him. He was the most handsome. He was the smartest. The most powerful. Most masculine. She would never leave him. She loved him. Worshiped him. She ignored the other tenets for the moment. Those were the ones he wanted to hear now. His hands went from her hair and hips. He had a fair bit of wine. She got her fair share. She could taste it on his tongue.

With boldness that surprised her, she reached down and placed her hand over the throbbing erection. She closed her hand around it through the trousers. She breathed against his mouth.

“Let me worship you, Master,” she begged breathlessly. “Please, let me suck on your cock.”

He growled.

"No," he answered. He flipped her backward with ease. She landed on her back on the couch, heart thundering. Her body warmed with desire. His hands slid up her thighs. He pushed the dress up around her hips. With a bruising grip he yanked her closer. "Now lay back, my sweet little toy. I'm going to enjoy this million dollar pussy."

She nodded. She could find no words. His head disappeared between her legs, and the moment she felt his lips close around her swollen bud, she was blinded with an indescribable pleasure.

## XXVIII

### Chapter Notes

Sincerely sorry for the long wait. I hope you enjoy this chapter. I really hope that the next chapter does not take nearly as much time.

Thank you for all the support and kind words!

Let me know what you think!

### XXVIII

She placed a soft kiss to his neck. He had stubble on his neck and face. If he wanted, he would grow an impressive beard. He hummed softly, indicating she was away. She kissed his lips and ran her hand through his hair.

“Good morning,” she whispered.

“Good morning,” she murmured.

“You have your conference call this morning,” she reminded him. “It’s seven o’clock.”

She trailed kisses along his jaw.

“I have the shower running. I’ll have coffee for you when you get out and your suit ready.”

He murmured again. She scratched his chin.

“You need a shave,” she told him. His eyes fluttered open.

“What’s for breakfast?”

“I’m going to go make some eggs and toast,” she told him. His arms went around her middle. His hands moved lower. He squeezed her bottom firmly. He ground her hips against his erection.

“After you take care of that for me,” he said. She nodded and he gently pushed her off of him. He got out from underneath her and she followed him into the bathroom. The water was running. He undressed and tested the water and then looped his fingers beneath her collar. He pulled her into the shower and pushed on her shoulders. She moved down her knees and reached for his erection. He leaned against the wall of the shower and closed his eyes. She wrapped her lips around his cock.

He stroked her face, before he grabbed her hair. He dictated her pace and how much of him she took in her mouth. She did her very best to bring him to completion quickly. She had a lot to do today and he had work to do before his conference call. Her master did not seem to want things to end quite so quickly.

He pulled her from his cock with a firm grip in her hair. He pulled her up and spun her around. He bent her over beneath the hot spray of the water. He was able to slid into her with ease. She wasn't sure when it happened, but after seeing to him with her mouth, he never had problem fucking her directly afterward. She was always ready for him.

He slid into her from behind. His hands remained on her hips for a moment before they reached up to close around her breasts. He massaged them as he fucked her, groaning sleepily.

"Oh, fuck, ja," he breathed. One of his hands went to her shoulder so he could fuck her harder. It wasn't enough for him. He groaned and wrapped his arms around her waist. He hunched down and angled his hips.

"Oh, god, Master, I'm gonna... can I... please, can I?"

He readjusted them again so his hand was on her chin and he nose was pressed to her cheek. He fucked her up against the wall.

"Come for me, baby," he breathed. An orgasm rippled through her and she bent her head back on his shoulder. His hand wet to wrap around her throat. He fucked her a few more moments before coming inside of her.

"Good girl," he whispered. They kissed beneath the spray of the water, both beneath the hot spray of the water.

"I picked out the blue tie for you," she whispered. She reached her arms back to touch his head. His hands pawed at her breasts and he ran his lips across her cheek. "I love how it makes your eyes look."

He said nothing. His hands slid downward. His fingers slid into her.

"Master, breakfast..."

"*Halt die klappe,*" he said. "*Ich will dich wieder.*"

A smile came to her face as he thrust inside of her again. He bent her back over and grabbed onto her hips. He fucked her hard. Despite the pleasure it did bring her, he made no attempt to see to her own satisfaction. He came again, and this time, after a few moments of silence and a slap on the bottom, ordered her to go make breakfast.

She hurried outside, laid out his suit, ran downstairs and got his coffee, brought it up to rest on his night stand and then hurried down to make dinner.

He walked downstairs, in his suit, his blue tie tied neatly, sipping at his coffee.

"After the conference call I'm going to go change. Have some fresh coffee for me."

"Of course, Master," she said and came forward with his plate of eggs and toast. "You look very handsome."

He sighed.

"I don't want to do this," he said. "Two hours of a waste of time." He picked up his fork and began to eat. "Two hours I could be working on something meaningful."

She went toward the kitchen and began to clean up.

"What's it on?"

"I have to spend two hours talking to that cunt of a woman." He jabbed at the eggs on his plate. "And some idiot American about expansion into overseas markets. I can tell them how to expand into overseas markets and yet I have to sit here and listen to them give me their idiot ideas so I can put it into a report."

She came closer with a glass of OJ. He grabbed her by the wrist and pulled her into his lap.

"I'm going to wrinkle your suit," she told him, but could not help but smile. He wrapped an arm around her and continued to eat. "I'd much rather have spent my morning in bed with you."

"You'll get through it," she assured him. "And I'll be out here, waiting for you when you get back."

"Hmm," he said. He wrapped his hand around her breast and closed his lips around her nipple. "Awaiting me eagerly, I expect."

"Do you want anything special?" she asked. He had a few more bites of egg.

"Just be ready to see to whatever needs I might have when I come out," he said.

"I will," she promised, wrapping her arms around his neck. "Nine to eleven?"

He nodded and took a bite of toast.

"And fresh coffee at eleven-o-one."

He grinned and took a sip of his coffee.

"Yes."

"You need to go in and review your numbers," she reminded him. He sighed and she gingerly ran a hair over his neatly combed and gelled hair. "You look so handsome," she told him. "And you we both know you're smarter than them. It's just a game, and you'll outsmart them and get what you want. You always do."

She knew how to calm him down now. It was actually rather easy. Instinctively, she usually knew what he needed to hear, and when she gave him that, he was generous with his affection.

"I do get what I want," he agreed. He looked up and she took the subtle invitation for a kiss and leaned down to place her mouth to his.

"Oh, it is hard to leave you and I'm right down the hall," he grinned and gently patted her hip. She slid from his lap.

"I'll miss you," she said. He smiled and pulled her closer to him. "I do like when you have your conference calls though," she admitted. She touched his tie. "You look so handsome in suits."

"I think you just have a suit fetish," he said, but he was smiling still. His eyes still looked tired. They stayed up late last night. He had put on a German show she liked. She had no interest in it, but he had started the conversation, and soon they were talking most of the night. She fell asleep with her head on his chest, talking to him softly.

"Maybe," she smiled. "There's nothing better than a man in a nice suit. Especially not one so handsome and successful."

This was the difficult part. Sometimes he wanted to hear it. He wanted to know what she thought of his power, money, good looks and business success. Other times, he needed to hear that it was just *him*. The money, his business, his success, it didn't matter. It was *only* him. Sometimes there were hints as to what he would prefer, but it was always a gamble. This time, she chose correctly.

"Hmm. Alright, I need to get to work. Make sure your chores are done. While I do enjoy punishing you, I'd rather have a nice afternoon."

"I will."

He kissed her again and then headed to his office. She had everything done by eleven, and waited anxiously for him to come out. When he did come out at 11:13, the coffee was made, hot and fresh. He shook his head as he walked down, looking incredibly normal as he unbuttoned his coat and tugged his tie loose.

"You asked me why I hated women once," he said as he came around the island and took the coffee from her. "And I told you I loved them, they just needed to learn their place. Well let me tell you. After *that*, I think I *do* hate women."

He took a large sip of coffee.

"Though obviously... not you," he replied with a sideways smile.

"It did not go well then?" she asked. She removed his tie for him.

"No, it went fine. I got my way. Or I will. But that *bitch*."

“You’ll win,” she reminded him. “Don’t let her ruin your day.”

He sighed and calmed himself.

“You’re right,” he said.

“Do you have a lot more work to do?”

“A bit. I have some clothing for you. Upstairs in my dresser, top drawer, a pair of swear pants for you, and a t-shirt,” he said. He reached into his pocket and pulled out a key. He put it into the lock of her color and removed her color. She frowned. “Someone is going to be coming to the door around one o’clock. I want you to answer it. Ok?”

She nodded, but her heart was already pounding.

“Do I get you first? Or –”

“Just open the door,” he cut her off. He handed her the half empty coffee cup. She went to the maker and poured the cup of coffee. “Chores done?”

“I just have to clean the upstairs bathroom,” she answered.

“Alright, finish that up, get dressed, and you can read a little bit. No T.V. Understand?”

She nodded quickly.

“Good. I’m going to go change,” he said. She hurried off to the bathroom so she could finish her work and possibly take a nap before the person came to the door. She was nervous about it. She didn’t know who to expect. It was obviously a friend of his. She did not know if she could take another visit like that of Dr. Elliot’s. Not right now. She would endure it, she trusted her master. Still, she was tense all day. Even when he kissed her and went back to work, and she headed upstairs to change, and finally, when she laid down in the living room to take a nap, she was tense, a bit nauseas, and could not relax.

The door bell jarred her from her stressful musings. She prayed as she walked. It just couldn’t be Ulrich. That terrible man from before. She didn’t even really want it to be Elliot. She had liked him... kind of... but she didn’t want to deal with others. She wanted to stay here forever, with just her master.

She took a deep breath, put her hand on the handle. The door bell rang again and she opened the door. The man smiled, gave a nod, and spoke to her in German.

“*Guten Tag, Fraulein,*” he greeted. “I have the delivery for you.”

“Oh um, fr Ma-Mas-Mx? Maximilian Furst?”

“He checked his clipboard. “*Ja.* That’s it.”

“That’s my boyfriend,” she said, licking her bottom lip. She played with the bottom of her t-shirt a moment. “Come in and I’ll go get him.”

He stepped inside and looked around appreciatively. Just as she turned to go to her master's office, she found him coming down the hall with a smile.

"Ah, *Guten Tag. Ja, Ja, danke,*" he said. He looked to her with a smile and put a kiss to her lips. "Do I have to sign."

"Yes, right here. You're from America right? Canadian maybe? Sounds American," the delivery man said with a smile. He seemed like a jovial man. A bit heavy, rosy cheeks, but a happy smile.

She glanced at her master, but he had his eyes down, scribbling his signature. She looked back to the delivery man.

"Oh, Yes. I'm from Montana," she lied.

"Montana? I've never heard of that state." The delivery man had a crease in her brow. Her master looked up as he handed the clipboard back, a knowing twinkle in his eyes, a proud, smug lift to his lips. "That's down by Texas?"

"It's north west, kind of. Up by Canada," she explained. "Oh, you know California? So then there's Washington and Oregon," she demonstrated with her hands. "And then there's... it's a state, and then Montana. And Canada is right here."

He nodded with an excited smile.

"Very nice. I love the accent," he said with a grin.

"Thank you," she smiled, though she wanted to tell him she was from Delaware. She had a *Delaware* accent when she spoke German. Not a Montana accent.

"Do you need help bringing it in?" her master asked.

"Oh, No. Its not too big. You have a spot ready for it?"

"I do," he answered. The man nodded and tugged the clipboard beneath his arm.

"I'll be right in with it."

He disappeared out the door.

"What is it?" she asked, rubbing her arms. It was cold outside. He put his hands over her arms, warming her.

"It's a surprise," he smiled. She grabbed the front of his sweater and tugged.

"What is it?"

"Making demands?" he asked, teasing gently.

"Please," she whispered.

"You're a good girl, you know," he told her. She grinned and tilted her head back. He took the invitation and gave her a kiss.

The delivery man came back up the steps grunting.

"Eh, might need your help, sir!"

Her master pulled back, sighed, and went to the closet to quickly slip on his boots. She saw it as her master walked out the door and he turned his head to see her face. A large, genuine smile came to his face.

The two carried the Christmas tree into the living room. She smiled brightly, following them in.

"One moment. I'll go get the stand," the delivery man said. They leaned the tree up against the wall. The delivery man hurried out to get the stand.

"You got me a Christmas tree," she grinned. He put his hands on her waist. "You got me a tree."

"You wanted one," he answered. She put her arms around his neck.

"Thank you," she whispered. He smiled.

"I take care of my girl," he answered softly. "I told you... I can be loving or cruel. It's your choice."

She got up on her tip toes and kissed him.

The delivery man walked in with a brig crate, the stand resting on top. She examined it and then looked at her master in some confusion.

"What's a Christmas tree without decoration?"

She all but squealed in excitement. She wrapped her arms around him and kissed him again.

"While we set this up you go and find out what we're having for dinner."

"Ok," she smiled. She wanted to say "yes, master," but knew better. She gave him a look, hoping he understood what she meant, and then went on her way into the kitchen, a bright smile plastered across her face.

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"How'd you manage to snag that," the delivery man asked with a smile, setting the tree into place. Max looked at him, momentarily not quite sure what he was asking. He soon recognized the glimmer in the man's eye and followed the jab of his chin toward his little slave. Max was torn between pride and anger. An incredibly rude thing to ask, yet Max chose to embrace his pride instead of his anger.

“Can’t give away my secrets, now can I?” he responded lightly. The man grunted as he slid the tree into the stand. He stood with an appreciative smile and jabbed his chin toward the kitchen where Jessica was scurrying to complete her task.

“Lucky you. What is she... twenty years younger?” the man asked. Max was unsure why the man thought such chummy behavior was appropriate. They were in no way friends, in no way equals, but his pride got the better of him once again, that damnable ego driving him forward.

“Just thirteen,” he answered.

“Lucky number thirteen,” the man laughed. “Well good for you, man. If I was half as handsome and half as rich I might have myself with a girl half as beautiful.”

The man slapped Max on the shoulder. A small smile was one Max’s face. He ignored the sting that the man thought he was so much older than he was. Jessica was young, youthful looking, but in no way looked to be in her teens. The only possible explanation is that this man believed him to be well into his forties. He was going to have to speak to Jessica about that later.

“Just sign here one more time?” the man asked. Max signed his name and walked the delivery man to the door. He thanked him again, waved his hand, and locked the door tightly behind him. He walked through the kitchen on his way to his study. Jessica was reading the cookbook intently, but looked up when he entered the room. He gave a motioned of his hand to tell her she could remain on her feet and walked over to her.

He stood behind her wrapping his arms around her middle and pressed her back into him. He looked over her shoulder at the cookbook.

“We have the ingredients for this and this,” she told him, flipping between two recipes. He considered, pressing his nose into her hair and breathing deeply.

“You pick pet. I’m content with both,” he answered. She nodded and flipped between the two.

“What time do you want to eat?” she asked. He smiled and kissed her neck. Such a good girl. Even when the choice was hers, his needs were her determining factors.

“How about four?” he mused. “And after we can decorate the tree.”

She squirmed and turned in his arms. Her arms wrapped around his neck and he embraced her waist warmly.

“I love you,” she told him. “Obey, serve, please, trust, worship, love.”

He touched her cheek and looked at her mouth. It was almost frightening, the crippling need he had for this woman. She made him weak. The thought of losing her threatened to send him into frenzy every time he considered it, and with each passing day, as his love for her grew, it seemed like an ever more likely scenario.

"Master?" she asked softly. His eyes darted back up to hers. "You went away from me again."

Her voice was gentle and she ran a hand through his hair.

"My thoughts get the better of me sometimes," he admitted. He was obsessive. He knew that. It was not something he thought was negative. He had very few negative traits and in fact, if asked to name them, he would come up empty. His obsessive nature was what brought him such success in life, it was what brought him Jessica, but sometimes, those thoughts threatened to take hold of it, and it sent him into a dark place.

"There is nothing to worry about right now," she comforted. "Just to finish your work and come back to me so I can soothe you."

She ran her hands down the side of his face and neck and lay them to rest on his shoulders.

"Maybe a nice massage after dinner? A foot rub?"

He saw her on her knees, naked but for her color, gently kneading at his feet, devotion in her eyes as she looked up at him. Now, he had a much better image to focus on as he worked.

"I quite like the sound of that," he answered. He pinched her chin and brought his mouth to hers. He reached around her and picked up her collar. He slowly placed it back around her neck, relishing in the feeling. He let out a soft, but deep breath as he clicked the lock back into place. He caressed the tag that marked her as his. Bought and paid for, signed, sealed, delivered. He had nothing to worry about. This one wasn't getting away from him and he'd never sell her. He'd kill her before he let another man touch her.

"Dinner at four," he told her, releasing the tag.

"Yes, Master," she said. She took his hand and brought it to her lips. She smiled at him as he pulled away.

"Be a good girl," he ordered and walked back into his office. She bothered him only once the rest of the day. He was on the phone with the CEO discussing a possible merger with a smaller software company. She was very quiet, waiting for him, and then revealed a sizable cut on her thumb she had received cutting onions.

He put his CEO on speaker, and without missing a beat, and without a single peep from her, cleaned up the gash and applied a butterfly strip through it. For a moment, when he saw her walk in with the hand in the bloody rag, he feared stitches would be necessary. He was not sure what he would do in that situation. He could not stitch someone up nor did he have the materials. The closest doctor he could bring her to was three countries over, and he couldn't yet trust her in a hospital. But upon closer inspection and to his great relief, the cut was not so severe, although she did do quite a number on herself.

"Be more careful," he scolded softly as he sent her back out the door to take some pain medicine from the cabinet. Once his phone call was over, he went out to check on her and found her dutifully, although somewhat comically, continuing to cook.

“How on earth?” he asked, coming around the island.

“I’m so sorry, master, I was burning the sauce and tried to finish cutting as fast as I could and I –”

“I’m not angry,” he calmed her down and took her injured hand. He brought the finger up to his lips to give a kiss. “I don’t like seeing you hurt.”

She smiled at him and he placed another kiss to her thumb. Some blood was already seeping through the outer bandage. He shook his head.

“Does it hurt badly?”

“A little bit,” she admitted. “The pain medicine helped.”

He nodded and kissed her forehead.

“Be careful now,” he told her. “I want you in one piece when I come back out.”

“Yes, Master,” she said and he moved to return to his office. “Master?”

He paused and turned with elevated eyebrows.

“You’re a good master. The best.”

She said it with a shy little smile and he saw the beautiful sight of an undamaged, obedient woman. Somehow, he had managed to force her obedience and servitude, without breaking the woman she was. His emotions threatened to get the better of him again and was rushed with the need to dominate her. He wanted to hold her down and rape her and make her feel how deep his ownership ran. Beyond the physical and mental and emotional. He owned her *soul* and her *heart*.

“Back to work,” he said instead, face untouched by his feelings. She obeyed without a word.

When he next left his office the house smelled divine with only the slightest hint of burnt food. It brought a smile to his face and he was unwillingly reminded of that poor girl that had burned Ulrich’s Christmas dinner. His stomach flipped but he pushed it down. Jessica was still in her shirt and sweatpants, finishing dinner anxiously.

“I burned the bread,” she said, holding up her bandaged hand and scurrying around the island. “But only the sides here. So if you eat this piece and I can just cut around it... or I can put the others in. They’ll be ready super quick, I just didn’t know if I was allowed to and I didn’t want to bother you, but it’s not that bad I don’t think –”

“Hush,” he scolded, putting his hands on her slender waist. “It looks perfect.”

She smiled and looked over at the food.

"How close are we to Christmas?" she asked.

"About ten days," he answered, jabbing his finger into a steaming bowl of stew. He tasted it and hummed in appreciation. "Delicious."

He released her and walked toward the sliding door. He peaked out the blinds and smiled.

"Set the table," he ordered without taking his eyes away from the view. She hurried to obey.  
"Have you been snacking?"

She had a habit of sneaking food throughout the day. He didn't mind. She wasn't gaining weight. But any amount of defiance or autonomy on her part frightened him. He couldn't bear it if she regressed now and he had to go back to harsh discipline and humiliation. It might destroy them.

"I had some of the bread and a few bites of beef," she admitted anxiously. He could almost feel her anxiety.

He nodded.

"Come here," he ordered. She came over hesitantly, clearly thinking she was going to be punished, but she had been honest so he would let it go. To keep her balanced, she could not be afraid of every little thing she did. That was how you got a zombie, a mindless robot, too afraid to ever be able to love. Love was rooted on respect and trust first and foremost. And he did not think you could respect or love what you feared absolutely. "I want to show you something."

He placed her in front of him and slowly pulled the blinds. His back porch offered a breathtaking view of the alps, and as the first flurries of snow were beginning to come down, it was a magnificent sight. She gasped softly, staring in wonder. He smiled, more entranced by his sweet little slave than any mountain.

“That’s amazing,” she breathed.

“I think we can leave the blinds open, hmm. You won’t go running from me?”

“Never,” she answered, turning from the view to embrace him. She wrapped her arms around his middle, chin pressed to his chest as she smiled at him. “I love you.”

He bent down and kissed her nose. He applied a light smack to her bottom.

“Dinner on the table.”

She left his arms in a moment. He would never get tired of watching a woman obey an order so readily. It would never cease to bring him that warped burst of pleasure that pooled in his chest.

He took his seat and pulled out his phone.

“What would you like to drink?”

“I’ll have a beer. Drink what you want,” he answered. He looked through his phone for Elliot’s message.

She sat down beside him once the table was finished and waited. He tapped his plate and said nothing eyes still on the phone. She began serving his food.

He found the message, wrote out a response, deleted it, and then put the phone in his pocket.

“How was work?” she asked. “It sounded important.”

He rubbed his eyes. “Oh yes. We’ve been looking into buying or merging with a smaller software company. Smaller than us, but with a strong foothold in their region. With our resources and their leads, we would double in size by this time next year.”

“That’s exciting!” she said. “How does that work?” She laughed anxiously. “I don’t really know a whole lot about software or business.”

He smiled, pleased with her interest, and began to explain in more depth what he did. She seemed genuinely intrigued and did not once show any sign of boredom. They spoke through dinner, though he dominated the conversation with his response to her questions. The awe he saw in her gaze as he explained his responsibilities kept him quite happy, even as he nibbled on burnt bread.

Once finished, and after some lavish praise on her cooking, he took his phone out again and he walked into the living room. As Jessica cleaned up he wrote out another message. This time he punched send. He plopped down on the couch, dropped the phone on his chest, and sighed. He rubbed his forehead, mind racing.

“There’s my girl,” he said when he heard her enter the room. She knelt down before him, beside the ottoman his feet were resting on. He gently stroked her cheek with his thumb.

“How may I serve you, Master?”

“Hmm, how about that foot rub?”

She smiled and moved to the end of the ottoman. Gently, she kneaded at his sock clad feet. She was lucky. He was a clean man, he was meticulous about his hygiene. She kneaded gently, at his feet. She did a fine job at massages, her skill left nothing lacking, but it was

always the sight of her at his feet, so obediently seeing to his needs, that brought him the most pleasure.

He flipped on a game, sipped at his beer, and enjoyed the sight of her at his feet. Once satisfied with his massage, he beckoned her closer. He relished at the speed in which she crawled up onto the couch and laid beside him, legs stretching out across the ottoman. A reward for a job well done. He loved her eagerness.

“How about you go make some hot chocolate, I’ll find a Christmas movie, and we decorate the tree? Hmm?”

Her face lit up and she nodded. With one more smack to her bottom, he jerked his head and sent her on her way. He remained where he was and flipped through the channels. His blood was pulsing, but he didn’t quite have an erection. He had worked himself hard that morning.

He continued to flip through the menu. He called, “do you like the old movies?”

“Traditional!” she called, and was suddenly present, sliding into side on the wood floor. “Rudolf, Frosty, a year without a Santa clause, the Grinch who stole Christmas. A Christmas Carole - oh! I do really like A Miracle on 34th Street! It’s a wonderful Life! That’s my favorite!”

He shook his head and chuckled. He knew the movies, but oh so American.

He selected It’s a Wonderful Life and queued it up. She had a habit of giving him options, even when he told her she could choose. She always made sure the choice was ultimately up to him. He always had the final say. He felt another rush of contentment. Never had he had such peace in his life.

She came back in, carefully holding the hot chocolate. She placed it down and waited.

“Go on then,” he said. “I’m content to watch.”

She smiled and went over to the crate of decorations he had ordered. He took comfort in how happy such a simple thing had made her. The cost was negligible, the inconvenience minimal. The last time he had a tree in his home, he had been a little boy, and he'd decorated with his mother.

"That gold one is too close to the other," he pointed out. She saw it and moved it carefully. She looked back at him. He gave a single nod. She smiled.

"I used to love to decorate. We would get the tree right after thanksgiving. After we brought it home, my dad would —"

"Jessica," he cut her off gently, but sternly. Her voice cut off immediately and she looked at him anxiously. "This is your home now. Your life before me does not matter. Understand?"

He feared that if she dwelled on her life before she might regress, remember what she had been taken from and desire to return. He couldn't allow that to happen. *He* was her world now. Anything besides *him* should not matter.

"I'm sorry," she said, voice barely above a whisper. She was very sensitive to scoldings. Even gentle scoldings.

"Just remember who I am and what I mean to you."

"My master and my world. My whole world," she repeated. Her eyes were a bit wide, eyes wet, and he realized why she was so shaken. She was terrified he would grow angry and decide the decorating could wait or that she did not deserve it. "I'm sorry, Master."

"Hey," he said softly, a smile on his lips. He got up from his chair and stopped before her. His hands took hold of her cheeks, his thumbs stroking the soft skin. "I'm not mad at you."

Her small hands wrapped around his wrists and she gave a timid smile. He moved his hands and wrapped them around her waist, holding her closer to him.

“I love my girl,” he told her. He was careful with how often he told her that. Women were skilled at taking that powerful and vulnerable emotion and twisting it into something unbearable painful. “But a master is supposed to guide his slave, right? That’s all I’m doing.”

“Thank you,” she replied softly. She leaned forward and placed a kiss to his lips.

“Now,” he said, bending down and taking a bulb. He placed it on the tree. “Let’s get this tree decorated and watch the movie. You’ll get the fluffy blanket from upstairs and we’ll cuddle for the afternoon.”

Her smile was one of the brightest she possessed.

“Did um... did you have Christmas traditions?” she asked, unsure if that was an acceptable question.

“I’m not going to talk about that,” he answered rather brusquely. She nodded and fell silent. He watched her put a Christmas ornament on the tree, looking rather unsure and dejected. “After my mother left,” he told her, voice gentler, “my father never bothered. I had girlfriends that had trees. I would sometimes decorate with their families, but... the last time I decorated a tree with my family I was... eleven I think.”

“I can’t picture you with a girlfriend,” she mused. He looked over sharply. “I mean, obviously girls would want to be with you,” she explained, coming closer and touching his arm as she put on the next bulb. “But you going out on dates and being a boyfriend and not a master. It seems wrong.”

He nodded, unoffended by the clarification. He looked through the crate for another ornament.

"I met Ulrich when I was nineteen at an underground BDSM club in Berlin. He sat down next to me after a demonstration of a woman being whipped and raped by a number of men. It was all staged of course. She was quite willing. He lamented that it wasn't real. That the cries of a real woman, truly at a man's mercy and unable to escape...were so very different. I asked if he'd ever heard it. He was careful, obviously, but he knew I understood. That it wasn't enough. It needed to be *real*. We went back to his hotel, where he had a girl there, a young prostitute, they never go to the police... That was the first time that I treated a woman the way they deserved to be treated."

He paused, examining the bulb. Jessica listened intently, carefully placing the next ornament on the tree.

"She was scared. She cried," he remembered. "She couldn't have been older than sixteen, but... I was only nineteen," he reminded her. "Ulrich was... Jesus... twenty-five. He's always liked them a bit on the young side. Sweet little French girl. Probably dead now...."

He bent back down for the next bulb, concentration broken.

"When did you start buying slaves?" she asked. He wasn't sure if it was a question she should ask or if he should discipline her for it, but he was not angered by it, and he had shut down most other avenues of conversation. Besides, Jessica was different. She would be his forever. He'd never part from her. Easy conversations needed to take place.

"Ulrich, he found Belko first on the dark web. Took a chance and went to check out what he had. Belko has most of his used girls just online, transaction over the internet, middlemen deliver, no trace. That's how we started. I would mostly pay for time with his girls. Bought my first when I was about twenty-eight. Megan. She was Irish. Green eyes and strawberry blond hair. Very cute. Her whimpers used to drive me insane..." he remembered fondly.

"Well why get rid of her then," Jessica asked, venom dripping from her voice. His first reaction was to hit her for *daring* to use that tone on him, but with a single glance at her his lips curved upward. He reached out and seized her hair in a painful grip and yanked her toward him. Her eyes widened and she looked up at him in fear. He just smiled down at her, a cold, smug smile of amusement.

“Because she was like every other woman on this planet,” he answered. “Arrogant, vapid, disobedient, ignorant, ill-mannered, foolish, short-sighted, simple, deceitful, insincere... I can go on, Jessica. Do you want to me to go on, Jessica?”

“No, Master,” she whispered and his smile widened.

“No, Master,” he repeated with a whisper. His hand tightened in her hair and she grimaced slightly, but arched her neck the way he wanted it. He leaned down, but merely hovered his mouth above hers. He pulled back a fraction and spit slowly onto her mouth. He raised his other hand and caressed the saliva into her lips with his thumb. “Now, apologize to me for using that tone.”

“I’m sorry, Master,” she breathed. As her lips parted and she spoke the tip of his thumb went into her mouth. Once finished, she closed her lips around his thumb.

“Good girl. Now apologize for being jealous of a girl vastly inferior to you,” he ordered. Her lips curved as they opened around his thumb.

“I’m sorry, Master.”

“Good girl,” he said and released her. She patted her aching scalp and licked her lips. She knew better than to wipe his spittle away. “I sold her after two years. Her disposition was displeasing. She couldn’t cook, she rarely spoke to me, and she was fresh. Sold her at a loss actually. First offer,” he snapped his fingers, “got that ungrateful cunt out of me house. Lenka was my last slave before you. Turned into a whore with minimal effort. Once she was trained, she didn’t care who touched her... a woman who worships a man, cannot stomach another having his way with her. Then I dated. Women will do what you want when you have the money I do. Tie me up, of course, now how about a new pair of boots from Gucci....”

“You weren’t dating the right girls,” Jessica informed him. “I never understood fashion.”

He chuckled.

"It's not just that," he explained. "It's the sound... it's different. It's... it's everything."

"I think I understand," she answered. She stepped closer as she found a spot for the next bulb. "They didn't deserve you."

"And do you?" he asked. She looked up.

"I try to," she answered.

"You're too smart for your own good," he answered. She made to protest but he put his hand on her back and gently tugged her closer. He kissed her softly on the mouth. He whispered against her lips. "The sounds you made, the first time I raped you...." He kissed her again and pulled back.

"Will you put the angel on top?" she asked with a smile, taking it from the box. "You should do it. It's always the man of the house."

He took the angel and smoothed out her dress. She watched happily as he reached up and placed it on top of the tree. She hurried over and turned the lights on. It had come pre-wrapped. They backed away to look at it and she wrapped her arms around his middle.

"I love it," she smiled. He only nodded, a little curve to his lips.

"Go get the blanket," he ordered. She hurried to obey. He plopped down in his favorite spot and took a sip of hot chocolate. She came back the blanket in her arms. She turned off the lights to the room without his permission, but she moved around with such excitement he did not have it in him to even scold her. The tree lit up the room, and she scurried up next to him. He relished the feel of her cuddling up to him beneath the blanket. She pressed her face to his chest and he played the movie.

"Master," she whispered just as the movie began.

“Mmhm?” he asked.

“I forgot to turn the fire place on,” she told him.

“You can put it on,” he answered, thinking she was looking for permission.

“But I’m nice and warm now,” she replied after a few moments.

“Ah,” he mused. “So it’s me that needs to get up and cross the room.”

She bit her bottom lip and turned her eyes up toward him. He sighed and tossed the blanket off of him. She giggled and he took the blanket, pulling it from her completely. She gasped and giggled as he crossed the room with, turned on the fire place, and walked back toward her.

“That was mean,” she scolded with a smile.

“I’m a mean man,” he answered, wrapped her back in the blanket and holding her close to him. “And I have to put up with a fresh little slave.”

She pressed herself closer to him.

“I love my mean master,” she told him. He looked down at her.

“I’m trying to watch a movie,” he said. She giggled again.

*How'd you manage to snag that? he remembered as he looked into her twinkling eyes. I wanted her and I took her, he thought, happily. And I made her mine.*

He slid his hand down her back and squeezed an ass cheek hard. He patted her and looked back at the screen. She settled in against him again, resting her face on his chest.

His phone buzzed and he reached into his pocket. He read the text from Elliot and typed out a response. His thumb hesitated above the send button before he finally tapped it. His friend responded a moment later.

“Good news, slave,” he told her. “We’re going to Hungary for Christmas.”

She glanced up apprehensively.

“I’m sure you’re anxious to see Elliot again?”

“Yes, Master,” she said softly. Her arms tightened him. She put her head back down, cheek on his chest.

“My friends will love you,” he said, rubbing her back gently. There was pause.

“Friends?”

“Mmhmm.”

Her hand slid beneath his shirt and rested on his stomach.

“My good girl,” he smiled and gently pulled her closer. She snuggled closer to him. He felt her tense up. Her breathing was a bit labored. She was whispering something softly. He

grabbed her hair and arched her head back gently. “What was that?”

“I trust my master,” she whispered a bit more loudly. He smiled and kissed her one more time.

“I’ll take good care of you,” he promised. “I’ll protect you.”

“I trust you,” she said again. “Good. Head down, watch the movie.”

She obeyed. If possible, her arms tightened around him even further. He watched the rest of the movie with a smile on his face.

## Twenty Nine

### Chapter Notes

I want to thank everyone who has been so supportive over the past few months (years?). Many of you know, not only am I in law school, but I've been having some rather serious health problems that have been difficult to get through. I am feeling better and truly hope I will be able to continue writing this and updating in a more consistent manner.

Some of the comments have disturbed me slightly and I do want to address that briefly. Because I know your time is valuable, I want to be upfront. If you want this to have a kind of empowering and feminist ending, it will not. I sincerely implore to stop reading if you will be upset or disgusted by an ending that, if it occurred in real life, would be upsetting to many of us. I cannot say any more without giving away the ending, but I hope the message is somewhat clear.

Once again, thank you very much for your support and I hope you enjoy this chapter!

Her master came out of his office in a good mood. She was scurrying back and forth to get the table set in just her apron and her collar. He did not relieve her anxiety verbally. He had finished his work early and she didn't have dinner ready. Instead, he caught her on her journey back to the oven and played with a nipple through her apron, kissed her a moment, and then took his spot at the table. He talked about work as she finished up. Once done, she removed the apron and knelt down by his feet. He began to eat, every so often cutting off a piece of sausage and placing it between her lips with his fingers. He fed her until she told him she was full and then finished his own meal. Once finished, he lowered the plate to the ground by his feet for her to wipe clean with her tongue. He stopped talking as he watched her, arm draped over the back of his chair, a satisfied smirk on his face.

"Mein Gott," he breathed. She looked up from the plate. He was reaching into his pants and pulling out his erection. "You get me so hard."

"How may I service you, master?" she asked, nudging the plate out of the way and settling between his knees. He grabbed her hair but it was not hard or painful. He simply used the grip to tilt her head back. Her mouth opened immediately and pushed out a string of saliva for her. He leaned back and released her hair. She always knew what he wanted based on whether his hand was in her hair. If his hand was in her hair it would be a rough, rather father, somewhat violent blow. When his hand left her hair, he wanted it nice and slow, a needy and desperate worshipping of him.

She wrapped her fingers around the throbbing erection and pressed her tongue to the base of his cock. She glided her tongue upward. She pulled his foreskin back and wrapped her mouth

around the sensitive tip. She would look up only periodically. She found he liked that better than maintaining eye contact. It was shy and submissive, the way he liked her.

When she looked up, he gently pushed her hair back from her face. His hand stroked her cheek gently with his thumb. He told her how beautiful she looked on her knees. Her chest bloomed with pride. She removed his cock from her lips and pressed it to her cheek so she could tell him how much she loved him. A kind of cold smirk came over his face, but his hand remained gentle.

“Crawl to the basement.”

She immediately obeyed. Her pussy tingled in anticipation. She liked going downstairs now. He never hurt her too badly... and even when he did... the look in his eyes lit her on fire.

“You’re already wet, you little slut,” he observed as he followed her. He opened the door and ordered her to her feet. He never had her crawl down. Once at the bottom of the stairs she got back down onto her hands and knees. She waited anxiously. Certain areas she liked more than others.

“On the cross,” he ordered. She was indifferent. She did not like it, but it was not like some of the hitching posts where she had to focus so intently on the burning in her legs she could find no pleasure in his pleasure.

Her life became easier once she realized her own pleasure was derived directly from his. It was not what he was doing, but the look of passion in his eyes as he did it. That hot, violent, possession lust that was saved just for her. She stopped before the cross. He was at the bench, picking out what he was going use on her.

“Ass out,” he ordered. She got up and stood before the cross, breasts pressed up against the wood. He fastened her there tightly. There was a little clip to attach to her collar. It kept her low enough that when he fucked her, he could lean over her, twist her head back, and spit on her face from above.

He gave an approving hum as he looked her over. His fingers gently prodded at her inner thigh.

“Mein gott, du bist eine hure,” he breathed. *My god, you’re a whore.* “Look how wet you get for me.”

His fingers slipped inside of her. “Just from sucking cock. I knew the day I saw you, you little cock slut.”

“Just your cock, master,” she said, tilting her head back as far as she could.

“Just my cock?” he asked, thrusting his fingers in and out of her.

“I love my Master’s cock,” she said, hoping he would continue. Her vaginal walls closed around his fingers tightly and he withdrew his hand.

“Not yet, my greedy little cock whore,” he scolded. “You don’t cum until your master does.”

She nodded and barely breathed out her “yes master.”

She did not cry out when he struck her the first time. It was a paddle. She hated the paddle. It hurt the most by far, save for the cane, which he only used to punish her. He struck her again, a bit harder this time. He’d make her cry this time, she knew it by the strength in the strike. She bit her bottom lip and readied herself. She thought about his pleasure. He wanted *her*. He liked *her* tied up and bound and hit. She was special. She was lucky.

His hand gently massaged the burning skin. Sometimes, he just liked watching her up strung up and bound. He liked having a woman at his mercy. He told her as such before. He could kill her if he wanted and no one would ever know. He could torture her. He could do anything at all he wanted and she had no choice. But he was a good master. A kind master. He would not hurt her too badly. Not if she was good.

He struck her again. She cried out this time and bit on her bottom lip. He trailed a finger over her ribs. He was pleased they could no longer be seen. She was absolutely perfect now. Small and fragile, lean, but with full breasts, a soft ass, and enough to throw around and grab onto.

“Did that hurt?” he asked.

“Not too badly, master,” she answered honestly. He liked honesty. When he knew she was being honest, and he told her it was too much, he would often times stop. She did not think he was in a mood to stop today. He ran his hand down her arching back gently. He hit her again. A hard smack to the other cheek. Then another. And another. She cried out, each smack growing in intensity.

He walked away from her then. To the bench, though she could not see him from her position. When he returned, he pushed a vibrator inside of her and turned it on high. She fought off the sensation, focusing instead on the pain of her bottom. He did not hit her again. He reached around the massage a breast. He groped at it roughly and pinched a nipple hard. She could look up at him from where he was standing, and she did so with a pleading gaze.

“Master,” she whispered.

“Yes, slave?”

“Please.”

“Please what?”

“I need you to fuck me. I need it so badly.”

“Hmm.”

He stepped out of view and struck her again. The skin burned and her muscles tensed. The vibrator continued to hum until, quite against her will, an orgasm ripped through her. She did her best to hide it, but her master paused.

“Did you just cum?” he asked her. She hesitated a moment, considered lying, and then decided against it.

"Yes, Master, I'm sorry," she half breathed, half sobbed. He grunted and swatted her again. He alternated cheeks. He didn't like leaving bruises but she did not think that lessened her pain any. He simply spread his spankings out, leaving her entire body a red mass of burning flesh.

There was a pause. She listened to his footsteps across the floor. This time when he struck her, it was with the flogger. The leather straps, tied into little knots at the end, smacked against her skin. He had put some force on the strike. The skin stung hotly in their wake. He peppered these strikes all over her back. He continued until she was weeping, both from pain, and the pleasure building up inside of her again. He turned the vibrator up even higher.

"Cum again and you sleep down here in a cage," he warned her. She nodded frantically and bit down hard on her tongue. The vibrator turned up. This was the ultimate torture. He gave her a task she could not possibly complete and he decided on a whim whether or not she would face punishment. She knew it was about power, but it felt so unfair. She wanted to be in bed with him at night. She wanted to wake up with his large hands running the length of her body, his tongue in her mouth, his hard cock inside of her. He reached around her. His fingers pressed down on her clit and rubbed in little circles.

"Don't cum, Jessica," he ordered in a soft murmur. "Be a good girl."

"*Gutes maedchen,*" she whimpered. She gazed up into his cold blue eyes. An arrogant smirk spread across his lips. His fingers ghosted over her clit.

"*Meines guetes maedchen,*" he cooed.

"*Bitte. Bitte...*"

She moaned but did not orgasm. She jerked her hips against his hand. Tears still fell down from her eyes and her skin burned hot. It was a terrible, glorious feeling. One she both loathed and loved. Like her master, but each day the loathing faded, and she felt only love for him.

While his left hand massaged her, his right hand struck her with the paddle. It brought her down from her climax, but it soon built back up once more. Pleasure pulsed through her and she felt like crying again.

"Only a whore would get so worked up," he told her. "A virtuous woman doesn't like getting hit like that. What are you, slave?"

"A whore. A dirty whore. Your stupid little slut. I... oh my god. A dirty whore."

"God, you're a filthy cunt," he scolded. He hit her again. "Look at you. You're pathetic."

"Yes, master. Pathetic. Please."

"You can't even control yourself. You feel this on your thighs?" he wiped up her juices and smeared it over her face.

"Master –"

His fingers pressed into her mouth. She sucked on them greedily, because she knew that was what he liked. “A woman’s true nature, is a groveling dog, panting hard for a good rut. The greater flaw of society is they’ve accepted this masquerade that women put on to hide that. Because a woman operates on desire. Desire for sex, money, luxury, decadence. And they’ll do anything to get it. Lie, scheme, cheat, betray...”

“I would never betray you,” she said from around his fingers. He pulled his fingers free.

“What was that, dog?” he asked. “My sweet little bitch in heat.”

He ran a hand over her sweaty hair as he said it, grip all at once violent and painful, and, affection and tender.

“I would never betray you,” she vowed. “Ever.”

He looked her over closer. He murmured, “Never betray me, hmm?”

“Never,” she said vehemently.

“Would you ever try to leave me.”

“Never master, I promise. I could never leave you.”

He moved away from her. She panted against one of the rough wooden posts of the cross. He readjusted the latches she was tied to and lowered her arms an inch or so. Next, he unclipped her collar from the post. He grabbed onto her hips and nudged her back so she was at a 110 degree angle. The vibrator was pulled from her, leaving her empty.

She was soon filled by him. She tried to focus on the pain on her back and the heat radiating from her abused bottom. There was a slight flair of pain every time he thrust into her. She focused on that until it was all too much and a blinding orgasm ripped through her. He reached around to paw at a breast, the other hand still on her hips to keep control of his movements.

“Dirty slut,” he scolded behind her, voice thick. “It’s the cage for you tonight.”

“Master, please –”

“Silence.”

She obeyed. She came once more before he was done. He pulled out of her to climax and readjusted himself before releasing her from the cross. It was odd, as she had seen him worked into a frenzy before, red faced, sweaty, panting, wild eyed, but sometimes he did not want her to see him like that and he would wait until he had composed himself.

He unhitched her and ordered her to the floor. “My cum, slave, are you going to waste it?”

She looked down to find it on the basement floor. She bent her head to lick it up obediently. He watched, fussing with his shirt sleeve.

“Into the bathroom.”

She crawled over and got in front of the drain. Rarely he allowed her to use the shower for purely hygienic reasons. He had her in the shower or bath to pleasure him, sometimes it was just efficient to have her bathe at the same time. Usually, after play in the basement, he used the hose.

The water was ice cold but she knew better than to react. She stood facing him, arms out. He sprayed down her front and then let the hose simply dribble over the top of her head. He never sprayed her right in the face.

“Turn.”

She did, and he sprayed down the back of her. Next, he ordered her to wash herself. He simply watched, leaning up against the side of the doorframe with a smirk. Once her hair and body was lathered he sprayed her down again.

The drying off process always varied and she never knew what to expect. This time, he towed her off as she looked in front of the mirror. He was drying her hair when he stopped to place a few tender kisses to her neck and shoulder.

She would have a scar from where he bit her. That was clear now. He loved the scar. It was a mark of his ownership. It reminded him of their first union. Sometimes, when they laid in bed, he would trace the teeth and tell her about the first day he saw her again, the process he went through to get her, the money he spent buying her, the time he invested, how good it felt to tear into her vulnerable virgin body and listen to her crying. Then he would make her tell him how she felt during that time. Every detail she could remember from those first days. She had a hard time remembering a lot of it. She always ended up telling him about her favorite memories of him. Getting into his bed for the first time, the showers, their first dinner upstairs, the tree and the hot chocolate. The list grew every day. When she was done, he would ask her how much she loved him. Not if she loved him anymore, but how much. That was usually what they were talking about when they fell asleep. She hoped that would be their routine tonight.

She leaned against him and he nuzzled the scar. “How is the temperature in here?” he asked.

“A little cold,” she answered. She felt the rush of dejection and lowered her gaze. It was the basement for her tonight. He wouldn’t have asked her about the temperature otherwise. She just hoped she would be able to sleep in the cage with the dog bed in it. She’d disobeyed an order, but it was not willfully. Surely he would appreciate that.

He turned her around and leaned down as if to kiss her. She tilted her head hopefully and readied her lips. He simply paused and pulled back, a little smirk gracing his lips.

“Hands and knees.” She obeyed. “Crawl. To cage A.”

Her heart soared. She’d have a bed at least.

"Thank you, Master," she was sure to thank him for being so kind. He said nothing and she crawled into the open door. He locked it with the padlock and put the key on his bench.

"Goodnight, whore."

"Goodnight, Master."

When he walked out of the room, she lowered her head, and did her best to find a comfortable position.

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Max didn't know how truthful her words were downstairs. He believed she meant them as she said them, but he was not so sure that when faced with the ability to escape, she wouldn't. It made this journey all the more concerning. He was fully packed. Clothing she could travel in had arrived. He just didn't know if she should be in the trunk or the front seat. Much of the journey was highway. He'd know very quickly if she tried to flag someone down. He would have her medicated to keep her docile. The truth was he didn't want her in the trunk. He wanted her beside him. He wanted to be able turn his head and look at his pretty little slave in the passenger seat.

He opened up the bag that had her knew clothing. Simple, unassuming. She would be comfortable for a long drive but looked nice. He sighed and went into the kitchen to clean up. She needed her sleep. Once done he went up stairs to get a few hours of sleep himself.

He would give her the choice and gage her reaction. That would be key. He would need to be aware of every movement of her face. Every little twinge. The slightest sign she wanted to escape, the smallest hint of autonomy, and she'd go into the trunk. Part of him wanted to see the autonomy. Because Maximilian was not like most men. I wanted to own *Jessica*. That meant who she was before she came to him. He also wanted obedience and servitude. It was a difficult line to draw. Once women got to a certain point, they were all the same. The personality just vanished.

He agonized over it until his alarm went off. It would be a hard drive this tired, but he had to get up if they were going to get there by the end of the day. He glanced at the clock longingly. Two o'clock.

He showed, shaved, and dressed himself. He stacked their items by the door to the garage. Next, he went downstairs to collect his slave. He brought the new clothing with him. She did not stir as he flipped the light on. A small smile came to his lips as he approached. She was talking in her sleep. She did that often. He unlocked the cage and opened the door, climbing in the lay beside her. He listened patiently.

"Master..... please... I don't want .... I love you..." he listened for a half hour or so. He reached up to trace her cheek with a gentle finger.

"You love me, slave?" he asked.

"I love you," she mumbled, still asleep. He applied a bit more force to his finger.

"How much do you love me?"

She stirred slightly.

"So much. So much."

She tried to press her face into the cushion.

"I love my master.... Hmm...."

Her eyes fluttered open, foggy with sleep, brow furrowed in confusion.

"Will you ever leave your master?" he asked.

"Never leave my master," she answered, reaching up to touch his face. She closed her eyes to go back to sleep. He smiled. She did not know she was awake. He leaned down to kiss her throat.

"Say you love me, slave."

"I love you. Mean master," she murmured.

"Mean?" he asked, pulling back to look at her. She wrapped her arms around his neck and tried to pull him closer. He chuckled and gently stirred her away. Her eyes fluttered opened once more. "You call your master mean?"

Her eyes blinked and she looked around.

"I-I didn't say that," she said, coming out of her fog.

"Oh you did," he teased.

"Master I – "

"Hush," he scolded gently. "Now why do you think you would call me mean? Be honest now. I know when you're lying."

"Putting me in the cage," she answered without hesitation and he knew she was telling the truth.

"Any why is that mean?" he asked.

"Because I want to be in bed with you," she answered. "Unless you wanted to sleep in the cage with me..."

"You'd be OK with that?"

She nodded with a little smile. He lowered his lips to kiss her. Goodness, she drove him insane.

"I don't want you to ask me any questions until I tell you you can. Yes?"

She nodded. He crawled out of the cage and ordered her out. He handed her the clothing and told her to dress. Obedient as ever, she did so without question, but he was pleased to see that little twinkle of curiosity in her gaze. Once he was certain of her loyalty, he would begin to let her rediscover herself. In a way that her old self was inextricably linked to her love of him. Then everything would be perfect.

"Follow me, you can walk."

He lead her upstairs and put her at the table. She rubbed her eyes sleepily and he made a quick breakfast. She gazed at him quizzically. She usually made breakfast.

"What time —"

She broke off, eyes widening slightly. He smirked at her.

"It is quarter to three," he answered. "That wasn't what I meant by questions."

She nodded silently. He put a plate of eggs in front of her. He checked his phone as they ate. She seemed to be afraid to say anything and focused on eating in silence. He checked his work email, texted Elliot, and then slipped his phone into his pocket. He put the dishes in the dishwasher and then joined her at the table.

"Look at me," he ordered. She did. There was fear in her eyes. "I am going to ask a question and I need a very honest answer."

"Yes, master."

"We are going on a road trip. Mostly highway."

He reached into his pocket and put the pill bottle on the table.

"You be drugged regardless, to keep you calm and docile. My question, is can I put you in the passenger seat, or do I need to put you into the trunk?"

She swallowed thickly, her eyes betrayed so flash of triumph or excitement. He didn't see a flare of rebellion. He saw surprise and concern.

"How um... how drugged —" her face took on a glimmer of fear as she realized she was asking a question. "The trunk."

He considered, brow lifting in some surprise. "The trunk? You want to go into the trunk."

"It's just safer," she answered. Her lower lip trembled. "I don't know..."

"Shh," he calmed her with a hand to the side of the face. He popped open the bottle and ordered her mouth open. She took it before asking what it was. He let it go. If she had asked before swallowing, he would have been angry, but the question was out of curiosity, not distrust. "A benzo."

She nodded and looked at her hands in her lap. She took another sip of water. He went outside to get the trunk ready. He would need to use it anyway. When he came back in she was still at the table staring off into space.

He sat down across from her and smiled gently. "How do you feel, slave?"

"Calm," she said and smiled.

"I will put you in the trunk if you tell me to," he said. "We will not be stopping at any rest stops. You will interact with no one. We will be on highways and main roads."

"What if someone recognizes me?" she asked.

"No one will get a close enough look."

She looked at him and said very softly, so genuinely, with tears in her eyes, "I'm afraid of screwing everything up."

It filled with him warmth and an affectionate smile came to her face. "What do you want to do, Jessica?"

"Can I have one more?" she asked. He glanced at the bottle.

"Half. That will put you to sleep as it is."

"Then the front," she asserted, with more decisiveness, force, and confidence than he had ever seen in her. "And... if we go by a lot of people, you need to stop and put me in the trunk... or give me another one so I sleep. I just... I don't want to... but I don't know what I might do in the situation... I..."

Her words were slurring just a bit as the pill took greater affect. He looked her over. God, he had it bad for this little woman. What a perfect woman. He felt a violent rush of affection. He almost told her he loved her. He needed to be sparing with those words. What a woman would do once she knew she had your love..

"You're a good slave," he told her. She smiled and reached out to grip his shirt. He grabbed onto her wrist and tugged her gently. She crawled into his lap and rested her head on his chest. "Want to talk to me?"

"I love my master. I obey my master. I serve my master. I please my master. I worship my master. I trust my master."

"What am I master of?"

"My body and soul." She reached up and touched his lips. "And my heart."

His arms wrapped around her middle and held her close.

"You're my prized possession." He patted her bottom. "Time to go."

She slid off his lap and waited. He collected his car keys, presented her with a pair of new sneakers and a winter coat, and had her put them on. She was lethargic and asked no further questions. As she tied the shoe laces, she heard him saying, "I trust my master. I trust my master."

It was clearly the hardest thing to come to terms with for her. He understood. Giving up all control over yourself and to put yourself totally at the mercy of another was not easy. Once she was finished, he grabbed her by the arm and drew her close. He spoke to her softly.

"You know how much I treasure my girl," he told her. "You think I'll let anything happen to you?"

She shook her head.

"I don't like not knowing," she admitted. He touched her cheek.

"Trust your master," he ordered. She nodded again.

"I do."

He opened the door and nudged her out the side door into the garage. She looked over the cars there but didn't say a word. He paused by the Audi and put a hand on the trunk affectionately.

"I brought you home in this car," he informed her. He stopped at the BMW and got her into the passenger seat. He retrieved the pill bottle and removed a half pill. He put it into between her lips and handed her a water bottle. She took it and gave him a brave smile. "Be a good girl for me now."

"I will."

"Because I'm trusting you," he told her. "Do you know how many women I've ever trusted in my life?"

She shook her head.

"None," he told her. "Because women can't be trusted. Isn't that right?"

"You're right, master," she said.

"But I'm trusting you, because I think you're very special. Are you special?"

"Yes, master," she said, a smile budding on her lips.

"I said one time that you were no different than any sex toy on my work bench. That maintaining your health was the same as maintenance on a car. Do you remember that?"

She nodded. Her eyes were a bit wet. He smoothed out her hair. Oh, she was so pliable right now. He'd never known such contentment.

"I've changed my mind about that," he told her. "I think you're special. I think you're different than all those other women out there. Are you different?"

"I am different," she said hopefully. "I am."

He smiled. "I think so too. You're going to prove that to me today. Yes?"

Her nodding grew more insistent. "I'll show you how good I am. I'll prove it to you."

"Good girl," he said. He gave her a soft kiss on the mouth. He closed the door and walked around the other side. He reached around the back seat and retrieved a blanket and pillow for her. "It's about a twelve hour drive. We're going to try and do it in one day."

He planned on one day. He was just far too tired right not to say for certain they'd make it. He could get her into some tiny little motel along the way if need be. Elliot had given him more than enough diazepam for the trip.

"Where are we –"

She stopped. He put a small smile on his face. He should have fucked her before he gave her the pill. He was getting rather hard. He rubbed the front of his pants. No this would not do. He reached over and grabbed the back of her neck. He fussed with his pants and pulled out his erection.

"Make it quick," he ordered and pushed her face to his cock. She took him into her mouth without complaint and did her very best. There was something quite enjoyable about getting a blowjob from a drugged woman. It was enthusiastic but sloppy. Her body was almost limp and very pliable as he moved her up and down.

"I don't care what you're on, Jessica, I expect effort," he informed her. Her tongue flicked and she gave more attention to the head of penis. He felt his climax approaching and he pushed her down on his cock. "Swallow it now. Don't make a mess in my car."

She obeyed. When he pulled her back and she looked to be in a bit of a daze. He let out a satisfied sigh. He got so overwhelmed by her. He just wanted to hold her down and hurt her. Grab her and shake her. Whip her so hard she bled. It was the only way he could think to get his emotions out. To show her how violent his need for her was. Instead, he backed out the car and shut the garage door. She was asleep before they got out of the driveway.

He got clear through Hungary before he decided he could not finish the drive. His eyes were growing heavy and he found himself swerving off the side more than once. The last thing he needed was to be pulled over.

Jessica came in and out, but she was on a lot of benzo's. She'd lift her head, look around, reach out to make sure he was still there, and then lower her head back down to her pillow. Every time her little hand would rest on his over the stick shift, his affection for her grew.

He pulled off to a highway side stop and parked in the far side of the parking lot. He pulled out his phone and found the perfect little inn. It was out of his way by about 40 minutes, but

he could not risk stopping at a populated area. Especially when she was clearly drugged.

"Are we there?" she asked softly. She lifted her head and looked around bleary eyed.

"Not yet, slave, go back to sleep."

"...Can I go to the bathroom?" she asked. He looked at her and then over at the stop.

"I'll get you somewhere," he promised and reached into the center console. He presented her with a protein bar and she ate it happily. She glanced around at the people walking a few hundred feet from their car, disinterested and blank faced. He felt a bit better. Still, she could not get out of the car here.

"How badly must you go?" he asked her.

"I can hold it a bit longer."

He threw the car into reverse, turned, and pulled out. He drove for about twenty minutes before he pulled the car to the side of a little dirt road and ordered her out. He did not let her out of his sight. His heart beat was rapid when she scurried down the side of the embankment and into the trees. He smiled softly as he saw her climbing back up the little hill. He got her back in the car and they went back on their way.

She remained awake until they got to the motel. He needed to give her enough to sleep while he sleep. They pulled up to the motel and he stopped the car. He was a bit aways from the office, away from the other cars.

"Jessica," he said. She was still pretty groggy. Her eyes were glazed. He removed the pill bottle from his pocket and poured on into his hand. He gave her one. She took it without question. "I'm going to go inside and you're going to stay here, yes?"

She nodded. She looked around. She didn't even seem to know where she was. "I can see you from that window."

"I won't try and leave. I'm a good woman," she told him. He smiled softly.

"Prove that to me, yeah?"

"I will."

She leaned in to kiss him. He let her kiss him. Her hands cupped his cheeks. He gently pulled her away from him. "Stay here now."

He settled her down and tried to calm his pounding heart. His hands were sweating. He shut the door and hunched down to look into the window at her. She was settled down with her hands folded in her lap.

He did his best to keep his strides calm and measured. His palms were sweating and his heart was beating violently within his chest. He glanced back once more as he opened the front door and stepped into the lobby.

"Hello! Nice car!" The clerk behind the desk greeting. Max looked out the window again. Jessica was seated in the front seat, looking around the car. He did not think she was considering escape. She was quite high, far too lethargic to concoct a plan, let alone carry it out. As long as she wasn't knocking on the windows or trying to flag someone down, he felt secure.

"Thank you," Max said in English. He didn't understand Romanian nearly enough to speak it, but he could understand a few words. "Will it be safe?"

"Oh, yes. We have good patron," he answered in English. Max reached into his pocket and retrieved his wallet.

"I want the best room available. How much?"

The clerk looked at the little penciled in map in front of him.

"Room 203 is good."

"Bottom floor," Max said, shaking his head and pulling out a wad of Romanian leu. He didn't need someone seeing Jessica walking up stairs in her state.

"Oh. Room 107. Is 121 leu."

Max counted it out and handed the cash over.

"Name?" he asked as he counted the cash.

"Hans Schmidt."

"I just need ID," he said, holding his fingers up in a rectangular manner. Max counted out a few hundred leu and slapped it down.

"No, you don't," he answered.

"No, I don't," he answered and checked off Hans Schmidt in room 107. He handed him the eyes with a smile. "Enjoy stay!"

Max nodded, gave a tight smile, and left the lobby. Jessica was pressing at buttons on the radio when he opened the door. He did not think she was searching for any news. She hadn't even managed to get the radio on. If she weren't stoned, he would have punished her, but poor girl now, she didn't know any better.

He got into the driver's seat. She looked at him, still jabbing at the radio.

"It won't turn on."

"The car is off," he informed her. She paused, looked at the dashboard with slightly widened eyes.

"Oh."

He smiled and draped his arm over the head rest.

"I'm so proud of you," he told her. His eyelids were heavy, but he fought it off. This was an incredibly delicate time. He had to take advantage. He had to do it right. She smiled at him.

"Really?"

"So proud," he answered. He stroked her cheek. "Maybe you are a good woman."

"I am," she said vehemently. She was pleading with him to believe her. She was so desperate to show him she was a good woman.

"We'll see," he answered. She was grabbing on to his sweater with white knuckles.

"I'll show you," she promised. "I will."

"Come on then, open the door and stand by the car," he said. She began to obey but he latched onto her wrist and held her still. "You are going to get out, stand very still, and wait for me to get you. If you feel like you can't stand, or are going to fall down, lean against the car like you're tired. Alright?"

"I am very tired," she told him. He nodded.

"We'll go to sleep soon. Do you think you can stand and walk?"

"Yes," she answered.

"OK. Go on now. Be a good girl for me."

"*Gutes maedchen.*" She smiled. He smiled back.

"*Gutes maedchen.* Go."

She obeyed. He watched her very closely as she got out of the car. She did as she was told and carried herself surprisingly well. He walked around to her and put his hands on her hips. He kissed her softly. She kissed him back happily. If anyone was watching, they saw a loving couple about to share a night at a quaint little motel in the Romanian countryside.

"Come on now," he said, pulling away from her.

"I love you," she told him, grabbing onto his hand. He smiled at her. She walked to the door with him, holding onto his arm. She was a bit uneasy on her feet, but he didn't think anyone who observed them would think she was so badly intoxicated.

He opened the door and looked around the little room. There was a single bed, large enough for them both, a tiny TV, and a bathroom on the far side of the room. It was certainly not what he had grown accustomed to, but it was not the worst room he had stayed in.

"Go sit on the bed."

*She obeyed. He retrieved his burner phone from his pocket and texted Elliot. Stopped at a motel so I could get some sleep. I didn't sleep well last night at all. I've given her quite a bit of those benzos. How much can I give her safely to keep her asleep while I rest?*

*Elliot responded shortly after. Give her a half. She'll be asleep a good long while but it won't kill her. If she's speaking clearly and can walk she'll be alright. Don't give her more than ½ a pill.*

Max thanked him and told him he'd let him know when he was back on the road. Max left the room to grab a bag from the car. He had Jessica eat another protein bar, gave her a glass of water, helped walk her to the bathroom, and then got her onto the bed. He then gave her the second half of the pill.

"I did good," she asked after she swallowed the pill.

"Very good," he praised her. "Lay back now."

She was struggling to keep her eyes open. He told her, "When you wake up next, we'll probably be in the car again."

"The radio is broken," she told him.

"I'll fix it before we leave," he chuckled softly.

"Music on road trips," she muttered.

"You want to listen to music tomorrow?" he asked.

"Music. It's a road trip."

She continued to murmur but he could not understand her. He got up to use the restroom and wash up. He sat back down on the bed beside her and shook her. She did not stir.

"Jessica, wake up," he ordered. He shook her more violently. She still did not stir. He bent his head down to listen to her breathing. It was slow and steady.

*Her breathing is slow and steady. Shook her and she didn't wake up, he texted Elliot.*

*She'll be asleep a long time. She won't die. I promise. Get some rest. She's not going anywhere.* Elliot responded. Max felt a bit better, but he was afraid to sleep. He considered taking a half a diazepam but decided against it. It would be a foolish, idiotic decision.

He set his alarm for a few hours out and then laid down beside his drugged little slave. He held her close to him and breathed into her hair. He was never going to let this girl go. He'd die before she was taken from him. He squeezed her tightly and let his eyes close. He was asleep in moments.

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Jessica's eyes fluttered open and she found herself staring out a car window, trees and rushing by in a blur. Her eyes were heavy. They hurt to move. She was beyond confused. Where were

they going.

She did not lift her head from the pillow. She didn't have the energy. They were on a dirt road. It was slow and windy.

"Are we going to Baltimore?" she asked.

"Baltimore?"

"Did we cross the bridge yet?" she asked. She loved looking over the bridge before going into Maryland.

"Not yet."

She sat up. She blinked rapidly. Her mouth was incredibly dry. She looked around the car and found a water bottle beside her. She twisted off the cap and took a big sip. She finished the entire thing in a few swigs.

"That was mine."

"It's mine now," she answered dryly. There was chuckling beside her. "Can stop at Talbot's after the bridge?"

She turned her head. She stared at the driver. She tried to place him. Who was this person... he... she knew that face. She...

The color drained from her face and immediately her mouth was dry again.

"I'm sorry master," she said, putting the water bottle back, now empty. "I didn't... I forgot... I..."

"Calm down, slave. It's going to be a few more hours before you're aware enough to be held accountable. Lay your head down and go back to sleep."

She nodded and obeyed. She said again, "I'm sorry, Master."

"Go to sleep."

She did not think she would be able to, but before long, she was asleep once again. She awoke to a soft knocking on the window. Her head lolled as the glass rolled down and she blinked the sleep from her eyes. She was greeted by a smiling face filling the window. His arms were on the car door, head ducked down, intense eyes staring back at her from behind thick rimmed glasses. Her stomach roiled and the color drained from her face.

"Well, hello there, darling," he drawled. "Goddamn, I'm excited to see you again."

## Thirty

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

Max got out of the car and walked around the front to greet Elliot. He stood up from the window and the two shook hands warmly. It was cool out, but he was comfortable enough in just his sweater for a few minutes.

“How was the trip?” Elliot asked.

“Not bad,” Max answered, opening the passenger side door. He held out a hand and Jessica took hold of his arm with two hands to get herself up and out of the seat. “Not too much traffic. I could have made it in one night if I wasn’t so tired.”

He wrapped his arm around Jessica’s middle. He was the only reason she wasn’t falling to the ground. She pressed her face into his chest and held onto him tightly. She was trembling slightly. He wondered how she might have reacted if she was still not so heavily drugged. Max punched the button of his key fab and the trunk popped open. Elliot walked over with him and retrieved his bag. Max slung Jessica’s bag over his shoulder.

“I do envy you over this one,” Elliot said. Fog was coming off of their breath. Max looked down at her. She looked back up, eyes glassy and slightly widened, lips parted.

“She’s a special one,” he agreed. He looked back up and then glanced at the old hunting lodge in which they would be spending the next week. “Is Radoslav here?” he asked.

“I told you he would be,” Elliot said with a wry smile.

“If we ever get caught, my friend, it will be because of him.”

“He’s grown up. I doubt you were always cautious at that age.”

Max bristled. Thinking back at some of his more dangerous dealings, he was always horrified at how easily he could have been found out. He would give this young man the benefit of the doubt, if his own liberty were not in jeopardy.

“I don’t want to see him.”

He looked down at Jessica. She was looking up at him, chin to his chest.

“I don’t like him.”

“Well that’s damn rude. I thought we got along quite well,” Elliot chuckled. When she spoke next, it was to her master.

“Not him, the other one. I –”

Elliot chuckled smugly. Max bristled and shot him a glare. Max touched her face gently and assured her, “He’s not here.”

“We’ve got more civilized men within these doors,” Elliot added.

Max collected her around the waist and readjusted the back on his shoulder. He began walking them up to the front of the hunting lodge. “You piss on little girls, don’t you?”

“Young women,” Elliot snapped defensively. It was the one thing he was very sensitive about. His preference was teenagers, far younger than Max was comfortable with, but Max had never known him to touch a girl under the age of sixteen. Still, Elliot was fiercely sensitive. His sexual kinks, coupled with the age of his conquests, opened the door for some playful teasing, teasing that Elliot had never appreciated. *I’m not a fucking pedophile*, he had shouted one night, hurling a full bottle of brandy across the room at Max. Elliot added acidly, “And I don’t pour boiling water on them.”

They shared one last angry glare. Max looked up at the hunting lodge. It was a beautiful building. Eight rooms, a sauna, a hot tub, one dining hall, a few dens, and a magnificent infrastructure. It was white stone with a long wrap around porch and a red roof. It was nestled in the Romanian countryside, miles from prying eyes, and was owned by their host, Aleksander Dragoi. Aleksander was one of the few of those he had met before, excluding Elliot, that he truly liked. He was responsible, cautious, even tempered, and was by far, the most tender to his slave of any others he had met. He’d had her nearly... my goodness, it would be close to thirteen years now. He looked down at Jessica as they made their way up the steps. Her feet shuffled up the steps and his arm tightened around her middle. She was intently watching her feet go up the shoveled off stairway.

They swung open the heavy wooden door and stepped into the warmth. It opened into a modest hall, old portraits covering the wooden walls within. A gorgeous staircase rose up to their right, and a manner of doors were closed, keeping the rest of the bottom floor blocked from view.

“I’ll bring you up to your room first. She should sleep the rest off. She’s still pretty stoned.”

Max readjusted the strap on his shoulder. “Will you examine her tomorrow?”

“I will,” he agreed.

“How many girls here?” he asked out of pure curiosity. He did not make note of Jessica’s head jerking upward to look at him, but a small smile crept over Elliot’s face.

“The Russian brought three with him. Sweet little girl from France, I rented out for the week, very timid, and two Poles. I’ve never been very interested in blondes myself. Then of course, Elena. Elias has a girl, I think her name was Katerina –”

“Elias is a German name?” Max asked curious. “How do I not know him?”

“He knew Aleksander from University. They used to rape women together. He has no presence on the dark web.”

Max nodded. They entered a long corridor, walls white, floor a dark wood, old landscapes dotting the walls. Elliot began to chuckle.

“This is good, there’s this Bosnian here, Tarik Ahmetevic, survives the genocide, right, first thing he does, goes out and gets himself a little Serb girl to torture. Her father worked in one of the camps, I think. Now if that’s not justice, I don’t know what is. From the looks of things, it seems like he’s quite fond of her. He’s kept her anyway, and she’s in her thirties now.”

Elliot stopped at a door and opened it, “This is your room. And then there is Viktor, who brought two girls.”

“That’s quite a surplus,” Max mused. Elliot’s face brightened.

“I know. I’ve fucked five different women in three days,” he laughed. “It’s been a wonderful vacation. Tarik won’t share, Alex won’t share, Elias says he’s willing, but set such a high price, I don’t think he has any intention of sharing. He just doesn’t want to admit he doesn’t want another cock inside of her.”

“Radoslav didn’t bring a girl?” Max asked. “Isn’t that against the rules?”

“I didn’t bring a girl,” Elliot pointed out.

“You’re also travelling from America. I don’t think any of us want you to risk getting a girl on a plane. Jessica, lay down on the bed.”

She obeyed silently. Elliot’s eyes lingered on her as she struggled to crawl up onto the mattress. It was a queen-sized bed. Max didn’t mind. He enjoyed being pressed up against her soft, warm body as he slept. Elliot said nothing, eyes still on Jessica, and Max asked, “Who is this Russian?”

“Some pimp in Moscow,” Elliot said. “Nice guy. Gets girls from clubs, gets them hooked on heroine and then rents them out. The prettier girls he sells. Stays primarily in Eastern Europe though.”

“Mob related?” Max asked.

“I think so. He’s not a bigtime player though. I think he actually got Elias Katerina. That’s how he got to know Alex.”

“And this Viktor?”

“You met Viktor two years ago at my birthday party.”

Max wracked his brain and then laughed. “Is he the one that made that girl eat dog food?”

Elliot nodded and the two shared an amused chuckle. Max glanced over at Jessica. She was sitting up on the bed, staring at him with an odd look on her face. He stared her down but she stared back. Her mouth was open and her eyes were still glassy. She didn't have the sense to avert her eyes. Elliot stepped closer, drawing his eyes away from her.

"What are the chances I can get a piece of her this week?" Elliot murmured. "She doesn't need to remember it. Give her a few of those pills and give me an hour. She'll probably think it's you."

"No," Max said simply enough. "You had your fun with her last time."

"A lap dance?" Elliot asked in slight disbelief. "That's all you give a friend?"

"You have five girls here to fuck, Elliot, you're not getting mine," he answered. He then added, no judgement in his voice, just genuine confusion. "Besides, she's too old for you. Why do you want her so badly?"

"Because I can't have her," Elliot responded honestly.

"It's a no, Elliot," Max said. Elliot nodded and stepped back.

"I'll give you your time to settle in. Go down the stairs and turn right. It's the first door, go through the den until you get to the far side of the house. We're all in there."

"Thank you, Elliot," he said and slapped him on his shoulder. "I'll be down shortly."

Elliot left and Max dropped the back to the floor beside his own. He looked over at Jessica and let a small smile come to his face. Without speaking, he went over to the bed and climbed on top of her. He straddled her hips and plucked at the button of her jeans. He unzipped her next and then pulled them down over her hips.

"Master?" she breathed. He looked down at her.

"You were so good," he praised, settling down between her legs. He put a firm kiss to her mouth. "I'm so proud of you."

"I'm scared," she told him. He kissed the side of her neck. Her hands went into his hair. Unless he gave her the order, she was allowed to use her hands as she wished. He liked the way she'd stroke him.

"Do you trust me?" he asked against her throat. He felt her nod and her arms wrapped around him. He fumbled with his pants and freed his erection. It was hard and fast. He just needed some relief and he didn't really care what she got out of it. His body remained pressed to hers as he jerked his hips. He fucked her as hard as he could manage in that position. Once finished, he pulled himself free of her, collected himself, and retrieved a pair of shorts from her bag. He ordered her to put them on and she pulled them up over a pair of slender, creamy legs. He pulled the blankets down and ordered her to get in.

"Go to sleep," he ordered.

"You're satisfied, Master?" she asked him. She reached out and slid her fingers into a belt loop.

"I am," he answered. He unhooked her fingers.

"I can do more," she offered. He chuckled and sat down on the side of the bed.

"Greedy girl," he said, stroking her hair with a smile. "I'll return when I want you."

She nodded.

"You'll be safe up here. Don't leave the room until I come back or I am going to assume you're trying to runaway from me. Alright?"

She nodded again. He cupped her cheek. "You were so good," he whispered. "So good for me."

"I love you," she whispered as well. He gently nudged her to lay back. He rose to walk away. She stopped him as he got to the door. "Master?"

He turned to find her sitting back up, holding a blanket up to her chest. He did not let her speak. He said curtly, "Jessica. Lay down and go to sleep. You've been a good girl for me. Are you going to be a bad girl now?"

She shook her head and laid back down without a word. He left the room and headed down the way Eliot had instructed.

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"Master," she called hopefully as the door opened. He bladder was about to burst. She did not know what was to come, but none of that mattered. Not until her bladder was empty.

"It is me, slave. Awake, I see."

"I need a bathroom," she pleaded, throwing off the blankets. He was not angry with her. He saw the urgency in her eyes and he understood how long she had gone without using the bathroom. Her jerked her head and nudged her into the hall. Just a door down, he pushed her into the bathroom and shut the door behind him. Without a care in the word, she yanked down her shorts and sat down on the planet. Her bladder emptied and she titled her head up to the ceiling, eyes closed, lips parted with pleasure as the agony dissipated. It was violent and loud. She felt no embarrassment as her master chuckled and leaned against the door, arms crossed over a broad chest. She finally bent forward, pressing her face into her hands, elbows on her knees, and said bluntly, with a sigh, "I was picking out which corner I was going to piss in when you came in."

"It would have been my fault if you did," he surprised her with that admission. She looked up at him. He lifted his brow and shrugged, "I told you not to leave the room until I returned."

She wiped herself and pulled up her shorts. He remained leaning against the door as she washed her hands.

“What is the last thing you remember?” he asked. She dried her hands on an expansive hand towel.

“Seeing Dr. Elliot. But everything is so blurry. That last thing I remember clearly, was being at home, in the kitchen.”

His lips twitched, no doubt at the word *home*. She turned to face him, squinting and wracking her brain. “And then... we stopped somewhere to sleep. That wasn’t at home...”

“No. It was a motel.”

“And then very vaguely, I remember... I thought I was in Baltimore, driving toward the bridge. It looked like it,” she said. She stopped in front of him. “And then being here. I remember you talking to Dr. Elliot, and putting me into bed.”

She grabbed onto the front of his sweater. He was dressed casually. Jeans, slippers, a white cotton sweater over his dark collared shirt underneath. She looked him directly in the eye and told him, “I trust you.”

She knew those words, and certainly the depth of sincerity and pleading in her gaze, resonated with him. He was a good master and he wanted her to know it. He would protect her... he promised to. He wouldn’t let someone hurt her. His hands touched her face. His eyes bore into hers, a little smile creeping over his face. His thumbs stroked her cheeks. Finally, he told her, “Get on your knees.”

She obeyed immediately, dropping to the ground as if her legs were made of concrete. She begged him to protect her through her motions. She worshiped him as lovingly and desperately as possible. He stroked her hair and gazed down at her intently. She saw the heat in her eyes when she glanced up. He didn’t like to hold eye contact. Her liked her shy and timid glances, then he liked her to go back to her task, and focus on the rock-hard cock in her mouth.

“Work for it,” he ordered. She knew what that meant. Her lips wrapped around the head of his cock, she jerked her hand back and forth along the shaft, waiting anxiously for that explosion in her mouth. She wasn’t to open her mouth. He wanted to see her lips still wrapped tightly around him when he came. Finally, he did. She showed him what was in her mouth, and once given permission, swallowed. She remained on her knees and pressed her face to his thigh as he readjusted himself. She looked up with one of his fingers under her chin.

“We’re in Romania,” he told her. “To spend Christmas with like-minded people.”

He gently stroked her cheek. “Remember what I let Elliot do with you?”

Her lower lip trembled. She waited for him to tell her that was what all the men present would be able to do to her.

“You’ve been so good for me, such a sweet and obedient girl, that I’m not going to let anyone do that to you. No one here will touch you. I knew you’d be perfect, but so perfect? ... I

could not fathom a woman like you could exist. A good woman. An obedient and loyal woman.”

“I am,” she assured him, heart swelling with such affection she thought it might burst from her chest. She gripped his hands pant legs. He liked that.

He murmured, “stand up.”

She did and his arms circled around her middle. He bent down and she pressed her mouth to his. “Make me proud?”

“I will,” she murmured, stepping up on her toes to kiss him again. “I’ll make you proud.”

He opened the bathroom door and walked her back into their room. Opening the door, he gently nudged her inside. She stopped in her tracks, stepping backward right into the chest of her master. Dr. Elliot sat on the edge of the bed, elbows to his knees, examining his cellphone. He looked up with a little smile as she tried to turn in her master’s arms, but he held her firm by the shoulders. He bent down to murmur in her ear, “Trust me now, girl.”

“Good morning, Jessica,” Dr. Elliot greeted, getting to his feet. “How’re you feeling today?”

“Hungry,” she answered honestly. He chuckled.

“Just a quick check up,” he said. “Take off your clothes.”

She looked over her shoulder to her master. He nudged her along and nodded. She stripped out of the shorts and removed her shirt. With another nervous glance at her master, she removed the bra she had been given and stood naked in the center of the room.

“Any unusual aches or pains?” he asked her. He stood beside her, hands gently prodding her throat.

“No, sir,” she answered. His fingers prodded lower, breaking off at the shoulders.

“Lie on the bed.”

She obeyed and he pressed her belly. “Any problem with your menstrual cycle?”

“No, sir, it’s very regular on the pill,” she answered.

“Excessive pain or bleeding?”

She blushed, but answered in the negative.

“Will that scar?” Max interrupted. Dr. Elliot looked at him with a confused frown. Jessica knew what he was talking about.

“Her shoulder,” he said. Elliot looked at her shoulder and nodded.

“It’s already scarred,” he answered.

“But it won’t fade?” Max asked, stepping forward. His fingertips brushed the skin.

“It might fade, but you bit her pretty good. You’re very lucky she didn’t get an infection.”

“So, it won’t go away completely?” her Master pressed. Dr. Elliot looked up with a slightly annoyed smile.

“No. It won’t.” He looked back at Jessica. “Any pain during intercourse?”

“I mean… not more than normal,” she answered. He chuckled.

“I mean internally,” he said.

“Oh, no. Nothing like that.”

“Any family history of—”

“No,” her master stopped him. “No.”

“Max, you want to know if—”

“No. Stop,” he answered. Elliot dropped off and Jessica looked over at her master. He hunched down in front of a duffle bag and rummaged inside. Dr. Elliot gave her a breast exam and examined the fading stripe on her thigh and then gave her the go ahead.

“Think about my offer,” he said as he walked from the door.

“The answer is no,” her master said. Dr. Elliot stopped in the doorway, shot him a glare, and then left the room.

“What offer?” Jessica asked, sitting up.

“None of your business, slave,” he answered. She fell silent. “What are you murmuring?”

She looked up. She hadn’t realized she was talking out loud. “I trust you.”

He rose from the bag and walked over to her. He put a hand on either side of her on the bed, smiling at her. “Trust is hard for you, isn’t it?”

She nodded. His eyes went to her shoulder. She spoke, “It’s hard… being so helpless. I just, you know, *no* control over what happens to me. It’s scary.”

“I understand,” he murmured softly. “I want you to work on trust this week, ja?” she nodded and he continued. “I want you to remember when you get scared, that you can trust me. Good girls get protected and cherished. Good girls aren’t shared. Are you a good girl?”

She considered the risk of answering in the affirmative. “Yes,” she said softly. He cupped her face and straightened.

“Yes,” he agreed. She smiled at him. He wasn’t cruel, she reminded herself. He had always been honest with her. If she was going to be shared, he would tell her. He turned and returned

to the bag. "What should I put you in, hmm?"

"Did you bring the black babydoll?" she asked. "You like that one."

"I do like that one," he agreed. He tossed it onto the bed. She was relieved. It was not see through. It was dark, black silk with spaghetti straps and it ended just above her midthigh. He tossed a lacy black thong on top and then retrieved a small plastic bag from the bag. It had her toothbrush, toothpaste, razor, shampoo and conditioner, and shaving cream. He also pulled out a bag of makeup she had never seen before, but was curious to look at it, a hair dryer and a hair straightener. He jerked his head toward the hallway. "Come on."

He brought her into the bathroom but did not shut the door. He turned on the water for her and waited for the water to get warm. She went to the sink and opened the makeup bag. He had gotten her new make up.

"Nothing too heavy," he ordered, holding her chin. "Straighten your hair and wear it down. Shower, get dressed, and come find me downstairs. Go left out of the bathroom and go straight down the hall until you get to the stairs. At the bottom of the stairs, turn left. It's the first door. Go through it and walk to the end of the house. Will you remember that?"

"Yes, master," she said. He nodded.

"When you come into the room, get down and crawl to me, and sit at my feet. Ja?"

"Ja Meister," she smiled, holding onto the front of his shirt. He smirked down at her and placed a kiss to her mouth.

"On your way down, if you see someone in the hall, just walk right passed them. Alright?"

She nodded, heart racing a bit. She squeezed her master's hands one last time and then he went on his way. He shut the door behind him. She took her time in the shower, though she did not linger. She knew better than to push her luck. She shaved herself bare, scrubbed herself clean, and left the shower feeling refreshed.

Her eyes flickered to the fogged up window and then she glanced at the door. She approached the window, glancing over her shoulder at the door. With a racing heart she wiped the fog from the window and looked outside. What she saw was truly magnificent. She saw snow covered trees, sinking downward, and stretching out in the distance were rolling hills. A small smile came to her face. Well, at least she was still seeing Europe.

She cracked a window to help remove the steam from the room. Surely if her master walked in at that very moment, he would not think she was trying to scale down the second floor window in the middle of winter, wet and naked.

She dried her hair thoroughly with her towel and then applied her makeup. She knew what he liked. Enough to be dolled up, without looking like a whore. He bought her red lipstick some time ago and had her put it on. She had rather liked it. Her complexion was well suited to red lips. He had railed against her for an evening for looking like a hooker. She had a dangerous thought as he struck her with the belt. *I wonder if his mother wore this shade of lipstick.*

After her makeup was done, she dried and straightened her hair. She got dressed last. She was quite comfortable being naked now, but of course, not in front of a group of men, and she was very grateful her master had picked a rather modest outfit.

*Be a good girl, she coached herself as she put on the mascara. He wants a loyal, submissive girl, a whore only for him. He won't share you, not if you love him.*

She tried to remember more from the road, but everything was so blurry. She remembered seeing people, being outside, but had possessed no desire to speak. She had hardly been able to get her brain into focus.

*Love him the way he wants and you're safe, Jessie. Worship, obey, serve, please, trust. Trust. Do all those things and you can trust.*

She checked herself in the mirror. She had managed to remain calm for quite some time, but as she walked down the hallway and toward the staircase, her heart started to burst in her chest. She walked as slowly as she could, rubbing her hands together nervously. She paused at the top of the stairs. She took a long, steady breath. Another, and then she took a step down the stairs. She continued, one step after another, telling herself she needed to trust her master. He'd been so good to her, and when Dr. Elliot last visited them, she had not been very good for very long. It would be different now. It had to be.

She followed his instructions and soon she heard voices. She paused before the door and rang her hands anxiously. She was startled by sudden movement to her right. She was in a small, but comfortable room. It had white walls, a wooden floor, and some nice furniture, a large oriental rug on the floor. Curled up between the dark red couch and the white washed wall, was a small pale figure with her arms wrapped around her legs, knees pressed to her chest. She had wide blue eyes, a small frame, and looked absolutely terrified. She slunk further back into the wall, pressing her face to her knees.

“You better hurry.” Jessica jumped. Her head whipped around. She found another woman on the floor before the couch, draped lazily, but not seductively. She looked tired, older than she really was, yet Jessica knew it from the look of her. She was younger than she looked. Her eyes were glazy, not quite focused. She was high. Her accent was eastern European, though she spoke English well. “I was late once. Ilya whipped me so badly I couldn’t leave my bed for a week. Didn’t stop them...”

She lifted a thin dark eyebrow and jerked her chin toward Jessica. “Go. They’re in some sort of mood.”

Jessica scanned the room. She saw no others. The other just looked back at her hands, eyes too old for her age. She gave one more glance toward the girl hiding in the corner and then timidly opened the door. She stepped inside and then very quietly closed the door behind her.

Some of the men turned to look at her. They glanced lazily, draped comfortably along couches and puffed on cigars and drank dark colored liquor. She found Dr. Elliot, and despite herself, she found comfort in his little smirk and small nod. She found her master next, on the far side of the room in a dark brown, leather chair. She felt a burst of love. She knew it was wrong, but she felt it anyway. She was truly lucky. Very blessed. She paused, unsure what to

do, suddenly feeling all these eyes on her. She looked back at her master. He was watching her intently. Then she remembered. She dropped to her knees and crawled to him. She blocked out everyone else around her. Then, she bent down, pressing her lips to his sheepskin slippers.

"I could make much money on her," came a thick Russian accent. *Illya*, she knew. "Five hundred Euro an hour. Just for pussy. American. They expensive. You know rare women. The rarest women, very expensive."

"Jessica Allen," a new voice with a different accent said. She kept her face pressed to his shoes. "I saw her on TV. I was glad. She was not fucked and killed. Cute girl. A waste, it would have been."

She glanced upward at her master. He was smiling down at her.

"I could imagine her raped and thrown into a ditch somewhere," her master said. He reached his hand downward and she sat up. He touched her cheek. "But what a waste. She was not meant to be used and discarded."

He smiled warmly at her and her heart sang. He reached down and gently guided her into his lap. She wrapped her arms around his neck and placed a loving kiss to his jaw. She could feel his smirk. She could feel his arrogance, his pride. She felt it in his arm as he circled it around her middle.

She turned her head to survey the room. She could look at only part of it, but she saw one grim faced man in his late forties or early fifties with a woman at his feet. She was sleeping, her head resting against his knee. His hand lazily stroked at her hair.

Another man sat on the other side of the couch. He looked to be in his sixties or so, with a small pot belly and balding head. She turned her head as far as she was willing and saw one other man on the other side of Dr. Elliot. He was a younger man, maybe a bit younger than her master, but had a bulbous nose and bad skin. He looked mean. She tried to hide her face back into her master's neck but his hands gripped her waist.

"Don't be rude, Jessica. Turn around and say hello."

He turned her on his lap so that she was facing the men. Her master's hands remained on her protectively and she felt more secure. She looked at Dr. Elliot the longest, finding some comfort in the familiarity of him.

"Will she be for use?" a young man said, accent thick.

"She will not," her master responded curtly. The man scoffed and leaned back with a huff. "She is a good cook," he told the man with the pot belly. "She can help Elena."

"Elena would like that," the man said. "I can have her collect her now, if that is alright?"

Her master must have indicated it was, because the man reached over and rang a little bell. Jessica took the time to glance around the room. That was when she saw the other women in

the room. There were three of them, draped on a velvet blanket off to the side, looking tired and bored. They were all very young and very beautiful, but they reminded her of the girl in the other room. Eyes hard and dead, looking older than they really were.

A woman then entered the room. She looked to be in her late thirties or early forties and was dressed in a modest dress that she thought was only slightly more fashionable than what an Amish woman would wear.

“Elena, take Jessica into the kitchen. She will help you.”

Elena nodded and smiled kindly at her. She spoke English very well, “Come with me, Jessica.”

Jessica looked at her master for permission and he gently pushed her toward the older woman. She followed her out of another door and she followed her into a long but narrow kitchen, a counter stretching from one end of the room to the other. There was another girl in the room, cutting carrots with a large knife. She glanced over at her, took in the sight of her, and then went back to cutting carrots.

“Katerina, will you not say hello?” Elena asked. “This is Jessica.”

“Hello, Jessica,” Katerina said. She was a dark-haired woman with low cheekbones and green eyes. She was absolutely stunning. She was dressed in a dark green, silk robe, her hair down and draped over her shoulders.

“Hello,” Jessica murmured back shyly.

“Come here, darling, cut potato.” The woman took her by the shoulders and guided her to free counter space beside Katerina. “Do you speak language other than English?”

Katerina scoffed. “She’s American,” she said, shooting a sardonic half smile over at Elena. Jessica turned her head and shot her a nasty glare. Katerina gave a mocking smile back at her. Elena came to stand beside them, putting a kind hand on either of their shoulders and murmured.

“We stick together, yes? We’re all in same boat,” she said. Though Jessica had said nothing, she felt she’d disappointed this kind woman, and she nodded slowly to indicate she understood. Katerina did the same.

“I speak a little German,” she answered.

“I speak German,” Katerina offered. “My master is German.”

“Mine too,” Jessica said. She gave a little smile. “Well... Austrian.”

“How long?” she asked softly. Elena had moved away to let them speak. Jessica began to peel the potatoes into a nearby bucket.

“A little less than a year, I think,” Jessica answered. “You?”

"Going on three," she answered. "I went to Moscow to meet a boy... we had been talking online..." she looked down at the carrots. She chopped with measured force. Each press of the knife left a loud popping sound. "He wasn't real."

"I was taken off the street. I was backpacking." She stared down at the potato she was peeling. "He's a good man though. I'm lucky."

Katerina turned her head to look at Jessica. "Good man?" she whispered softly. Jessica turned to look at her to find her eyes on the white bite mark on her shoulder. She looked back at the carrots and continued her task without anymore words. Jessica felt a rush of righteous anger and was glad the conversation was over. Her master *was* a good man. He treated her well and kept her safe. He didn't need to do that. He could torture her if he really wanted.

They worked in silence for some time after that. Elena came in and out and would occasionally give a new order that both girls would obey without any protest. Elena was checking on the duck when the kitchen door opened. Jessica glanced over to find Dr. Elliot walking into the room.

"Smells good, ladies," he said and shut the door behind him.

"Doctor Montgomery, what can I do for you?" Elena asked. Dr. Elliot looked at Jessica, a small smirk on his face. He walked over slowly and stopped very close to her.

"How're you doing, Jessica?" he asked her. "Not too cold in this?"

He brought up a finger and gently dragged his knuckle down her arm.

"No, Dr., thank you."

He nodded and let out a slow, deep breath. Finally, he turned and looked at Elena. "I'm looking for my little Frog."

"She is the red room," Elena said. Doctor Elliot nodded, snapped up a cut carrot and popped it between his lips, and then left the room.

"I hate him," Katerina said, glancing over her shoulder to look at the door he walked through.

"We don't talk negatively about the gentlemen," Elena cautioned. Katerina returned to her task. When Elena left again, Katerina leaned in toward Jessica and whispered.

"Elena was taken over twenty years ago. She stays with him now because she *loves* him," Katerina said. The disdain in her voice sent Jessica's stomach roiling. Her heart began to race and her hands turned sweaty. It was a weird feeling, hate flickered in her heart for him, a sudden desire to weep. She wanted to go home. She wanted to be in Maryland with her mother and father and her friends. She missed America, and the sun, and walking down the street, and wearing what she wanted, and doing what she wanted and ...

She wanted to go see her master. She needed to. She stared down at the food they were preparing with tingling limbs. When Elena came back in, Jessica went up and asked softly if she could return to her master for a moment. Elena did not ask why. She just gave a small

nod. She retrieved a bottle of scotch from under the sink, and sent her in to offer it to the gentlemen.

She paused just before the room holding the gentlemen. She sucked in a deep breath, reminded herself of trust, and pushed on.

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He smirked into his hand as he watched her come forward, obviously frightened, the bottle in her hand.

“Do you want some?” she asked him. He raised his glass silently. Her hands were trembling. When he told her to stop, she looked toward him with wide, waiting eyes. There was something odd in her gaze. Hoping not to alert the room, he kept a close eye on her, but did not ask her what was wrong.

“Ask the room,” he urged kindly.

She turned, swallowing thickly. He gazed over her slightly hunched shoulders. It was an interesting defense mechanism humans had, to try and make themselves look small when frightened. He wanted to reach out and touch her, but he refrained.

“Do any gentlemen want some scotch?” she asked, voice only catching once. She stepped back until her calves were touching his knees. The small, little vulnerable act of trust lit him on fire. He wanted to wrap her in his arms and make her feel as though she was in the safest place on earth. He looked at the Bosnian, who was watching with cold, dark eyes. The eyes of a man who had seen horrific suffering. He was watching her critically, all the while playing with the dark, silky locks of the woman between his feet.

“Right here, darling,” the Russian said. “Come, let me look at you.”

She turned to look at Max, eyes searching.

“He can look, but will not touch.” It was as much a comfort to her as an order to him.

She took the few steps forward and poured him the glass. She knew the appropriate serving and then stepped back, just out of arm’s length, and waited.

“She is pretty. I take off street maybe. But not so beautiful to order.”

Max’s eyes turned sharply. To avoid conflict Aleksandr laughed and held out a hand, beckoning Jessica closer. She turned her head to look at Max and he gave a curt nod, eyes still burning into the Russian.

“His English is not so good, sweet girl. You are stunning.”

“Thank you, sir,” she thanked him politely. She remained standing, but had her shoulders hunched and her head down.

“You are fond of this one,” the Bosnian observed and took one last sip of his glass, emptying it. “Otherwise you would not be here.”

His fingers tightened in the woman at his feet's hair. Her head tilted back to look at him but it did not look like his grip was painful.

"I am," he answered. She poured Aleksandr a glass and then went to the Bosnian's raised glass. When everyone was satisfied, Max held out his hand to her. He had a small smile on his face as he gently tugged her into his lap. He slid a hand up a creamy calf and gave firm, pulsing squeezes. "I never thought I'd ever feel so strongly for a woman."

He looked at her. She understood the invitation and took a small kiss. Her lips were trembling slightly. He murmured against her mouth, "are you alright?"

She nodded and kissed him again. Her hands squeezed at his shirt and she pressed herself to him. He saw tears in her eyes but she did not let them fall.

"The other girls are being nice?"

She nodded and murmured, "I like Elena."

Max looked across at the German. His eyes were more alert, listening for the sound of his slave's name.

"And Katerina is very nice. Her master is German too."

"I'm not –"

"German," she finished softly for him, a little smile on her lips. "I know."

She traced the color of his light sweater and then scratched his neck gently. Not so long ago she would have been whipped for that insolence. Now it inspired warmth. She leaned forward to kiss him again.

"Get back to work, hmm?"

"Can I stay with you," she whispered.

He wished she could, but he was expected to contribute, and if they couldn't fuck her, his contribution would be her labor.

He assured her gently, "We'll spend some time after dinner."

"Promise?" she asked.

"I thought we didn't demand promises," he asked, his tone that of a playful scolding. She shrugged shyly and ran her hand down his chest. Though the others were continuing the conversation they were having before she interrupted, he hoped they noted the affection she was showing him.

"It's a request for one," she responded. "I'd rather be punished by you than separated from you."

"Is that so? A light whipping for you then?" he asked. She bit her bottom lip, clearly frightened he would take her up on that. He caressed her calf a few moments longer.

"After dinner, now go on to the kitchen. The men are talking."

She did not seem to like that statement, but she placed a kiss to his mouth and left the room without another word.

"You made quick work of that," the Bosnian observed.

"Max could train professionally," Aleksandr complimented.

Max was flattered but felt a bit uncomfortable with the connotation.

"I've trained and resold a few girls, but their purpose was not resale. I had hoped to keep them when I purchased them."

"It is difficult to find a good girl. We cannot understand their character before purchasing them."

"You can," Elias disagreed. "I gave Illya a very particular list of requirements. Katerina fits them all. I am very pleased."

"Jessica is as perfect as I could have hoped for," Max said, and although his tone was very measured, an admission such as that from a man such as him was something to take notice of.

"She shows you unrestrained affection," Elias observed. Max's chest puffed slightly. "You must tell me how you managed that."

"We may speak later," Max said. Elias seemed pleased. As he glanced over his shoulder toward the door that lead to the kitchen, Max believed that Elliot's observation had been correct. He did not want to share any more than Max did, he simply did not want to make such an admission toward a slave that was clearly at best now indifferent to her situation.

"We have sign up sheets for different areas of the house. For example, if you want privacy with your slave in the playroom or the hot tub, you can block off up two hours at once."

Max nodded. "After two days in the car the hot tub sounds glorious."

"No one's signed up tonight. I'm sure everyone would be happy to give you the room for the evening."

There were a number of nods. "After dinner? Just an hour or so." Max said to more nods.

"You should sample one of my girls." Illya said. "When you tire of this one, you buy from me. I cheaper than Belko."

"With suspect taste," Max replied with unconcealed disdain. Radoslav snickered off to the side. It was the first time Max ever had any sort of warm feelings toward the man.

"I only mean, special order, blond, blue eyes. Very pretty. Skinny. Not normal woman."

"Some men like normal women," the Bosnian said.

"You have one of mine. I give you good price. Darja," he snapped at a girl with his fingers.  
"Come here."

A girl from the side of the room rose. She went to Illya, but he turned her to face Max. "Thin, big tits, great ass. Clean. All my girls stay clean. I make sure. Who wants same girl over and over?"

Max observed her. She was young, perhaps the same age as Jessica, and very beautiful. Her body was in wonderful shape. Any man's dream. And it was true, she looked clean, in every sense of the word. On a business trip into Moscow, she'd cost quite a bit a night. Still, he found himself not stirred by her. He thought only of how badly he wanted to be inside of Jessica. He missed her warmth, the softness of her body. Yes, a relaxing evening in the hot tub, her gentle hands massaging the tension from his muscles would be quite enjoyable.

"I'm not interested."

"She – "

"Don't be pushy, Illya," Ellias spoke lazily. "It's tacky."

Illya nudged her back to the side with a scowl.

"You buy her affection with fidelity," Illya accused angrily. "You are her slave."

Max's face immediately flushed red. He felt the veins in his forehead pulsate and his knuckles turned white as he squeezed his hands closed in his lap. His eyes flashed and he felt an uncontrollable urge to split the man's head open with the closest available object. He swallowed thickly, working down his temper, when Aleksandr spoke.

"That crosses a line, Illya."

"It is true. He –"

"Illya. My house, my rules. Apologize."

There was tension. It was thick in the air as the Russian looked across at the Austrian man. The manner in which he spoke his apology, suggested he was anything but.

"Your girl's mother flew to Hungary to speak with police, last week," Radoslav said as if he thought it would diffuse the tension. The Serb girl looked around quizzically. Max slammed his fist so hard into the side table he was afraid he not only broke the table, but his hand. The Serb girl jumped and her Bosnian master gently calmed her with a tender stroke of the cheek.

"Forgive me, Max. This is embarrassing for me," their host said, flushed. "My guests have never so blatantly disregarded the rules."

"If she heard that –" Max cut himself off, so great was his anger and the restriction of his throat. He was leaned forward in his chair, pointing in the direction of the kitchen.

"No female in this room will repeat what was just said. Understood?" Their host spoke forcefully. All nodded. The Serb girl, well, woman, hesitated slightly, glanced at her master, and then nodded.

"This is a delicate phase in her training." Max's voice was trembling. He was starting to feel pain radiate in his hand. "She thinks she's been abandoned. I want it to stay that way."

"I am sorry. I did not know." To Radoslav's credit, the young man looked genuinely surprised, genuinely embarrassed, and genuinely remorseful. Max just nodded and downed his drink.

Elena came in and whispered in Aleksandr's ear. He smiled and stood. "Dinner is ready! If everyone would follow me." He snapped his fingers at the girls on the side of the room. "One of you girls, go find Dr. Montgomery."

Everyone began to funnel out of the room. One of the girls smiled coyly at Max as she left the room. Max's stomach turned in disgust. No woman should be happy being used by multiple men. No good woman, anyway. Not his Jessica.

Dinner was good. He had Jessica at his feet. Without hesitation he fed her from the table. She was grateful for each bite, and her cold, slender fingers gently caressed his calf under his pant leg. Every time he looked down, he'd find her looking up at him and he'd place his fingers to her mouth. She suck in the gifted morsel, making sure to clean his fingers with each bite.

After dinner, he had her follow her up the stairs and put her in a bathing suit. Her excitement could hardly be contained. She practically scampered down the hall in front of him, despite not knowing where she was going. Once at the bottom of the stairs, he took her hand and lead her to the back of the house, where he was told the hot tub was.

"Master?" she asked as he opened the door. The smell of chlorine hit his nose and they stepped into the steamy room.

"Yes, pet?" he asked.

"I don't think you should leave me alone with Dr. Elliot," she said. He turned his head, brow lifted.

"Oh?"

She shook her head. "He's kind of... I don't know..."

"He wants you," Max admitted, "but he knows better," he assured her. He removed his shirt. He enjoyed the way her eyes raked over his body. "He isn't used to not getting what he wants. He sees a girl he likes, he gets her, whether she wants it or not. But trust me," he cautioned her, "he wouldn't touch a woman that belongs to another man without his permission."

"I trust you," she answered. She ran her fingers over his abdomen. He was not nearly as defined as he enjoyed being. He'd been so busy, so distracted, he hadn't worked out in some time. Still, her nails ran down his biceps appreciative and he reminded himself his body was better than the vast majority of the population.

"Get in the water," he ordered. "I'm sore."

"From driving?" she asked. He nodded and stepped into the hot water. It stung a moment, but then felt absolutely heavenly. He sunk into the hot water and leaned back, closing his eyes and putting his head back.

She settled in on the other side of the hot water. When he opened his eyes, she was smiling and moving her arms back and forth in the hot water. He smiled sleepily back at her.

"Out of curiosity, what did Elliot do?" he asked. "Did he touch you?"

"No," she answered. "He just... I don't like the way he looks at me. He makes me feel like..."

"Like an object?" he asked, a small curve to his lips. She smiled back sadly and nodded.

"I've always been a possessive man, what belongs to me is mine. The most I've ever shared is a few blowjobs. I think I let him fuck Meg a few times, once I realized her worth. But you deserve better than that," he said.

"Do you know what it would do to me? To be touched by another man?"

"What would it do?" he murmured, slightly amused.

"It would destroy me. I don't think I could handle it," she whispered. Her eyes were earnest. He could see the terror in her gaze.

"You don't have to worry about that," he calmed her. "No one else will ever touch. Ever."

He was growing angry just thinking about another man's hands on her. He kept seeing her on Elliot's lap, grinding into his clothed erection, gazing back at him longingly.

"I'd kill any man that tried," he added. "Anyone that tried to put their hands on you..."

She swam across the little opening in the middle of the hot tub. She sat beside him and her hands on his damp shoulders. Immediately, he felt his tension begin to dissipate. He reached up and touched her face. Almost afraid, he admitted, "I believe in monogamy. I've never met a woman worthy of it before. I think you might be."

She reached up and gently dripped hot water along his neck and shoulders.

"I worship you," she told him softly. "I serve you and obey you, I please you, I trust you..." she slid into his lap. His hands slid up her slender waist. Her felt so good beneath his hand. So soft and mailable. She kissed his jaw, her lips soft and tender. He fought to keep his eyes

open. When she whispered softly, "I love you," his eyes did flutter closed. She placed soft kisses along his jaw and throat. Her hands massaged his skin.

"You said you were sore?" she asked in a soft murmur. He nodded, eyes still closed. Her hands slid down his chest and then back up to his shoulders.

"Very sore," he answered. Her hands prodded at his shoulders gently. He waited impatiently with slightly bated breath before she finally breathed appreciatively, "You're so strong."

Her hands gently prodded at the back of his neck, working out the tensions in his muscles. "Your body's just perfect."

"Perfect huh?" he asked. He opened his eyes to see her nod.

"Turn around," she said, turning him slightly.

"Giving me orders, slave?" he asked her lightly. He let her turn him in the water. He half leaned, half floated. Her hands kneaded more firmly at his muscles.

"Maybe."

"You're getting bold," he mused. He pressed himself back on her. Her arms wrapped around his middle, her legs around his, and she nestled her chin on his shoulder.

"I'd never really disobey you," she said, lips close to his ear. She kissed his earlobe. Her hands flattened over his abdomen and she caressed him gently. "I'm teasing you."

"I like being teased," he answered.

"Sometimes," she replied. "When you're not grumpy."

"Do I get grumpy?"

Her fingers trailed over his jaw and temples.

"You sure do," she answered. He opened his eyes and turned around. Her hands settled on his shoulders.

"You're feeling fresh tonight." His hands went to her waist. His body was beginning to hum. She skirted away from him, outside of his grasp, and pressed her back up against the far side of the hot tub. With her arms draped over the edges. Flashing her a playful glare he came closer again. She pressed her feet out, catching him on the chest. She tried to push him away but he easily swatted them to the side. She turned, squealing in delight as she tried to get out of the hot tub. He grabbed her by the waist and lowered them back down into the water.

She relented immediately and wrapped her arms around his neck. He spun them around very slowly in the center of the hot tub.

"Take that top off now, maedchen," he ordered. "Let me see."

She reached around herself and conveyed, gently drawing at the strings of her top. She removed it and draped it over the edge. His eyes raked over her. What a beautiful woman he owned. So young, tight, and supple. And she loved him. She loved him.

"That's better," he mused. He sat back down and extended a hand. She put hers in his and he guided her back into his lap. With his arms around her middle, he bent his head and wrapped his lips around a nipple. She moaned softly, running her hands through his hair. He looked up at her, placing a kiss to her mouth. He asked, voice husky, "Are you horny?"

She nodded and breathed, "yes."

"You feel that?" he asked. He grabbed her by the hips, grinding her into his erection, straining painfully beneath his swim shorts. She nodded, hands on his broad shoulders. She pressed herself into him more firmly. "Ride it. Put in some work."

He leaned back, arms stretched out on either side of the hot tub. He watched with hot eyes as she reached into his swim shorts to free his aching erection.

"I can just put it in in the water?" she asked. It was such a striking contradiction, the sultry little sex kitten she was just seconds before, and the inexperienced good girl he had first raped all those months ago. His blood boiled with hardly constrained passion. He struggled to contain himself. He hated what she did to him sometimes. She did away with his ability to control himself. Ilya's words rang in his head. He pushed it away. What fool wouldn't realize that she was *his* slave. *She belonged to him.*

"Right in the water, *Kaetzchen*," he comforted. Her fingers wrapped around his cock and she lifted herself up. He nipped at her breasts as she lowered herself back down on him.

"How fast do you think you can make me cum?" he asked her.

"Fast," she said. He lifted his brow.

"Oh?" he asked. She moved her hips in a tantalizing manner. "I want you to come as many times as you can before I do. Understand?"

She nodded and bit her bottom lip.

"You like that idea, don't know," he smirked. "Be greedy baby. I want to see you cum." She ground her hips into him. She rotated her hips, working hard to bring herself pleasure. He got to watch two orgasms rip through her before he climaxed inside of her, open mouth panting hot breaths hard against her heaving chest. He leaned back and she collapsed against him.

"Do you love me, Jessica?" he asked her, running his hands up her back beneath the hot water.

"Yes, master. I love you," she murmured.

"Is there any place in the world you'd rather be right now?" he asked. He wanted to wrap his arms so tightly around her the air would be gone from her lungs. He couldn't get close enough to her. Even still buried deeply inside of her, he couldn't get close enough. She turned

her head to look up at him, face still pressed against his shoulder. He had to lean his head back to meet her gaze. She looked over his face with an intent gaze.

She was thinking about it. The realization astounding him. She was considering that answer. No automatic, calculated response designed to make him happy. She reached up, finger tips gently pressed to his mouth. A tiny smile came to her lips and she shook her head against his shoulder.

“No, Master,” she answered. “There’s no place I’d rather be. In the whole world.”

He looked down at her even after she let her eyes fluttered closed. He watched her long after she had fallen asleep. He felt the same as she. There was no place he’d rather be. No person he would rather be with. And for the first time in a long time, not a single, painful memory came to mind.

## Chapter End Notes

So, I ended up cutting this and the next chapter in half. (The next chapter is not finished), because it was just getting way too long.)

I hope to have the new chapter up soon. As some of you know, I will be taking the bar exam on Tuesday and Wednesday, so it's been quite busy on my end. How scandalized Max would be! A female lawyer!

Hopefully you like the new chapter!

Let me know what you think!

## Thirty One

### Chapter Notes

Very excited to be able to say I have passed the bar and have a job working as an attorney! I'm in the middle of a pretty big move, hence the delay in this chapter. I really hope you enjoy this one though. Let me know what you think! Comments really keep those juices flowing!

I feel the need to repeat, THIS STORY WILL NOT HAVE A FEMINIST ENDING. I like to think it won't end as obviously as some might think, but again, NOT FOR THE DIE HARD FEMINIST HERE!!!

Thank you and enjoy!

Jessica sat at the edge of the bed and watched her Master with affection shining brightly in her big brown eyes. His crisp white shirt was tucked neatly into his black slacks, and his blazer fit him perfectly. She wore his oversized undershirt and played with the tag of her collar.

“Come here, slave,” her master said, gazing at her through the mirror. She slid from the bed and knelt at his feet. She took his hand in hers and slowly slid his middle finger into her mouth. He watched her with a heated gaze. He slowly pulled his finger from between her lips and placed his hand under her chin.

“Who’s my beautiful girl?” he asked softly.

“I love you,” she told him. He smiled smugly and traced her mouth with the pad of his thumb. He had to bend slightly to grab the metal loop of her collar. He pulled her to her feet and held his face close to hers.

“Should I let you wear clothes today?”

“Yes, please, master,” she breathed.

“What if I want everyone to see that body of yours?”

“Th-then, it’s whatever you want, master.”

“Whatever I want,” he smirked into the kiss he placed to her mouth. “The black baby doll and the silk robe.”

He released her chin and she dropped back to her knees. She retrieved them from the drawer and dressed quickly. When she returned to him before the mirror, she placed a kiss to his black shoes. He ordered her up and took her hair in his hands, putting her hair up into a messy bun.

“My beautiful girl,” he said appreciatively. She smiled weakly.

“Do you want me to put makeup on?”

He shook his head ever so slightly. It almost went unseen.

“Have you ever thanked me?” he asked her, “for buying you?”

“I don’t think so,” she answered. He stepped closer to her. He loomed over her.

“Don’t you think you should?” he asked.

“Thank you, master, for buying me,” she said. His lips twitched.

“And for making you my slave?”

“Thank you, for making me your slave.”

His hands touched her waist. He put a kiss to her mouth.

“Thank you,” her murmured against her lips, “for raping me.”

“Thank you for raping me,” she breathed, knees trembling slightly.

“Never forget who I am, Jessica,” he instructed.

“I won’t,” she promised. He kissed her again. Why did he make her say it so often? *I love the man that raped me.* She swallowed down any disgust she had for herself. One of his hands closed around her throat. His other hand went to her hair and he tilted her head back. He pressed his nose to her jaw and breathed in deeply.

“*Perfekt,*” he breathed. “*Komm mit mir.*”

She obeyed and followed him out of the room. They walked down the hall and back into the room they had spent most of the day in the day before. Her nerves grew with each step, but she stared at the back of her master’s head and repeated her tenets over and over again in her mind.

They entered the room and she was pleased to find only their host, Elena, the other German man, and his slave, Katerina.

“Quiet morning?” her master asked their host. The older man smiled in greeting.

“Tarik is still in bed with his girl and our Russian friends are down in the playroom with the other girls.”

“I would like to take a look at the room,” her master said, taking a seat. “My girl needs a good whipping every few days or she starts to get fresh. The German gave a little puff of air to indicate he was amused. He shot a hard glare over at his slave. “And of course, Jessica is at Elena’s disposal.”

“I am just about to start lunch, sir, if I could borrow her now? And Katerina, Herr Schuster.”

Katerina’s master gave a nod. Jessica watched as Katerina made to leave. Her master stopped her and forced a kiss to her mouth. Katerina returned it, though it appeared it took all she had not to wretch at his touch.

“I will take you down to the room now, if you like,” their host offered.

“*Ja, Aleksandr, thank you.*”

Her master looked to her. “You behave now. Do as Elena says.”

“I will,” she vowed, a small smile on her lips. She got on her tiptoes, ready for a kiss, but he stopped her, eyes twinkling.

“I indulge you far too much, if you think you’re entitled to a kiss whenever we part,” he scolded gently. She blinked, terribly embarrassed.

“I’m sorry,” she rushed out. He smirked at her.

“Go on. Be a good girl.”

She obeyed, unwilling to meet Katerina’s gaze as they walked into the long, narrow kitchen. Elena set them about their tasks. Katerina and Jessica sat in silence at the table. Katerina

lazily peeled the potatoes. Jessica very carefully kneaded the dough.

“Did Elias go downstairs?” Katerina asked abruptly. Jessica actually jumped she was so surprised.

“I believe so, he went down with Herr Furst, yes.”

Katerina’s jaw clenched. “Well... hopefully he will tire himself,” she murmured. The dark-haired Serbian girl entered the room looking bored. She wore a dark red, silk robe. “And he will have no need for me tonight.”

“He is not,” the Serbian girl said. She put on an apron and walked over to the stew. She stirred it. “He is watching Herr Furst.”

Jessica’s head whipped upward.

“Watching what?” Jessica asked sharply. The Serbian girl turned with a little smile on her lips.

“He’s showing Herr Schuster a new whipping technique. I am sure Katerina will be learning it later tonight.”

Katerina scoffed. Jessica looked to the Serbian. “But he hasn’t... is he touching them?”

“Not that I saw,” she answered. “But I was... a bit tied up.”

“So are you actually going to help for once?” Katerina asked. The Serb looked back sharply.

“Katerina and Ruslana,” Elena snapped. “Katerina, you and Jessica are the youngest and not for common use. You know the rules.”

“She isn’t shared either and she ever does anything.”

“And she’s ten years older than you,” Elena answered. “Back to work. Ruslana, if you want to stay you can make yourself useful.”

Ruslana threw her dark brown locks over her shoulder and sat down beside Jessica.

“Was he showing him on a woman?” she asked. Ruslana looked at her, a knowing smile on her lips. Her eyes were very dark, glimmering with intelligence.

“Why would he whip the air when there are five warm bodies down there?”

“Do you care?” Katerina asked. Jessica shot her a glare and then looked back down to the dough. She folded it the way Elena had instructed.

“How long have you been with him?” It took Jessica a moment to realize Ruslana was speaking to her.

“Close to a year now, I think. I’m not sure.” The Serbian girl just nodded. “He wouldn’t touch another girl.”

Katerina let out a quick, bark of a laugh.

“He told me so last night.”

“And you believe that?” Katerina asked.

"I don't think it's our place to undermine her relationship with her master," Ruslana replied lazily.

"Don't call him that," Katerina sneered.

"Kat!" Elena yelled. "I will be forced to tell your master if you continue with this."

All three fell quiet, sitting in embarrassed silence. Jessica finished the rolls and handed them to Elena.

"If your master told you he wouldn't touch any of them, I'm sure he won't dear. Men like him don't need to lie about things like that." Elena put a maternal hand on Jessica's shoulder. Jessica smiled at her, but it was far from confident. "You said you like baking desserts? I have just the thing for you to work on."

The cook book was placed before her. She could not read it, but the picture brought a smile to her face. Elena smiled at him. "I will write it in English for you. Start the apples. Peel and remove the core."

It was great fun baking, and Elena was a wonderful help. Ruslana assisted some, but it soon became clear that she only meant to steal the caramel.

Ruslana was seated on the counter of the kitchen beside her and Jessica was just starting the cake topping, when three girls came in from the kitchen. Two were laughing happily. One had their head hung low, shoulder's hunched. Elena went to her, seating her in the corner and providing her with a cup of water.

"How are the pets doing?" one heavily accented Russian girl asked. She sat down at the table. Katerina looked up.

“You really think you should mock *us*,” Katerina asked? “How many different men have blown their loads inside of you, Darja?”

“A fair few,” she answered with a smug smile. “Elias included.”

Jessica was surprised by the look that flashed across Katerina’s face.

“You’re high,” Katerina sneered.

“Your master is something, Amerikanka,” Darja grinned. “A handsome, clean man. Such strong hands.”

Jessica whirled around. The girl seated by herself looked up. Her eyes were red from crying. Elena had gone, where, Jessica did not know.

“You are lucky. He’s the best I’ve had in a long time.”

“What does that mean?” Jessica asked.

“Darja makes a game of it, how many men she fuck in a week.”

“Wouldn’t you?” Darja asked.

“Darja –” a young blond girl interjected, but she was cut off abruptly by Darja.

“Oh, shut up Zuzanna,” Darja snapped. “Did he fuck you this morning, Amerikanka? If he did, even more impressive. Stamina.”

“Shut your fucking mouth,” Jessica demanded, her voice the strongest it had been in months. Ruslana’s eyebrows rose up sharply as she watched the scene unfold.

“Wow. Big talk from the blubbery mess of girl I saw yesterday,” Darja said. “I’ve never seen such back Stockholm syndrome.”

“He wouldn’t touch you,” Jessica demanded. “He only wants me.”

“Do you believe that?” Darja asked, standing up from the table.

“It’s true,” Jessica said. “He said so. I’m special.”

Jessica felt a rush of rage. Her hands trembled and suddenly the kitchen was hot. So very hot. The thought... the mere thought of him... putting his hands on her...

“You’re an idiot. You love a man that beats you and rapes you. Bite you so hard you have that scare on you. Forever. Tell him, Zuzu... *Josephine*.” The girl cowering in the corner lowered her head and shook her head. “You love him and while you were up here cooking,” Darja stepped closer. “I had your master’s cock inside me. His hands all over me.”

“Shut up,” Jessica snapped.

“Does he like to spit in your mouth? He spit in mine –”

No one seemed to realize that Dr. Elliot had walked into the room.

“What is going on here?” he demanded. Jessica’s hands rose. She planted her hands hard into Darj’s chest and shoved her backward.

“You bitch!” Darja yelled, coming back toward her. Darja slapped her across the face with a stunning force. Jessica took one step back and then reached out. Her hand delved into Darja’s hair and balled into a tight fist. She yanked as hard as she could, earning a cry from Darja. They stumbled backward, slamming up against the counter. Jessica was vaguely aware of Ruslana’s hands on her, but Jessica had her chance, and she took it.

Hot tears blinded her, but, with a firm grip on Darja’s hair, she brought her other hand firmly into Darja’s face. She had landed probably another three solid blows before she was pulled off of the Russian whore. She was aware of strong arms wrapped around her, but in her craze, she continued to kick outward, clawing at the arms around her waist.

“Jessica, Jessica, *stop*.”

“You bitch!” Darja cried. Zuzanna was at her side, trying to help wipe the blood from her friend’s nose.

Dr. Elliot pulled her back toward the other end of the kitchen. A man was shouting in Russian. She then heard her master’s voice, calm and measured. She stopped fighting Elliot and looked toward him through the haze in her eyes. He stood, face grim, a dark look in his eyes.

“Jessica.”

“Master –”

“Be quiet,” he ordered. “Go upstairs.”

“Master please –”

“Elliot, bring her upstairs for me,” he said. “Carry her if you must.”

She turned in Elliot's arms. "You don't have to carry me," she assured him. "I'll go."

He released her. She stopped before her master. She blinked rapidly, tears falling down her cheeks.

"Upstairs now."

Jessica lowered her head and nodded. She stepped passed him, unable to elevate her gaze until she and Dr. Elliot were alone in the hallway upstairs. She turned to face him, putting her hands to chest. She spoke to him imploringly, "Dr. Elliot, what happened down there? Please, did my master touch her?"

"Calm down, Jessica," he said gently. He kept moving her along the hallway until they got to the door. She continued to beg him for answers.

"Did he touch her? Or any of them?"

His hand touched her face. He looked over her face. She thought nothing of it at first. "What do you think Jessica?" She frowned at him. His thumb moved over her cheek. "Don't worry, little girl... how about a little pay back, hmm?"

She was stunned when his mouth was one hers in a rather shockingly gentle kiss. She yanked herself back, placing a solidly placed slap to his face in the process. He fixed his glasses. Suddenly, she was in the room with the man that tied young women to trees and raped them in the forest. He looked terribly frightening.

He was on her in a second, taking her in a frightful grip. He threw her down onto the bed and for a horrifying moment she thought he might try and rape her. Instead, he leaned over her, a terrible scowl on his face, and said, "What do you think, Jessica?" He leaned over her, a hand in the bed on either side of her. "Do you really think you're special? Do you really think he hasn't said the very same thing to every girl he's owned? You think he's in love?"

The contempt brought a renewed tremble to her bottom lip.

“He’s going to keep you a few years, and then, once you’re too old, he’ll sell you off to some pimp in Eastern Europe and have a new girl. And he’ll tell her she’s special and dote on her and she’ll think he loves her and then it’ll start all over again.”

He looked down at her mouth, then back at her eyes.

“When he left you with Ulrich, and went to Berlin, you don’t think he fucked some hot young prostitute? The man can have any women he wants. He’s got wealth, and looks, and power. And you, you self-absorbed over inflated cunt, think he’s going to be .... faithful?”

Tears fell from her eyes.

“Do you really think you’re that special?” Her entire chin trembled. “Answer me, little girl. Do you think you’re that special?”

“I don’t... I don’t know... he said ...”

“He lied,” Dr. Elliot answered, straightening and stepping away from her. He put his hands in his pockets and stepped closer.

“Don’t cry, sweetie,” he comforted. “You’re a beautiful girl. Very sweet.”

He placed a knuckle to her wet cheek.

“But just a woman.”

She looked down, swallowing a sob. He put his fingers to her chin and forced her to look up. He leaned down.

“Remember that, Jessica. When you tell him how much you love him. You’re just one in a long line of girls. They’ve come before, and they’ll be more afterward. Don’t push your luck.”

He turned and left the room. The door clicked behind her and she began to weep. She cried a while. When the door opened she sat up, eyes puffy. Her master walked in, grim faced. He scratched just above his eyebrow with a single finger, brow lifted.

“Tell me what happened,” he ordered, voice very calm. The sight of him relit the spark. Dr. Elliot’s words rang loudly in her ears. Her heart burst. She pushed herself up from the bed and stomped to the middle of the room, just a few feet away from him.

“Did you touch her?” she demanded. She looked at him through a glaze of tears. “Did you have sex with her!”

He looked at her, face mostly blank, but brow furrowed. She sucked in a shuddering breath.

“You said you believe in monogamy. I - she said you slept with her.”

Her lower jaw trembled violently. Her vision was obscured and she violently wiped the hot tears from her eyes. He remained by the door, staring at her silently.

“I can’t - I - I,” she said. “And you just... you slept with her like I’m... like I’m nothing. Like I’m *nothing* to you.”

She hardly heard him when he started to speak. His voice was low and measured.

“Jessica. You’re going to calm down,” he ordered. “You’re going to re-evaluate your attitude and your tone, and you’re going to tell me what happened.”

She jabbed a finger into his chest. “No! You’re going to tell me what happened!” She screeched. “Did you sleep with her?”

He paused a moment and looked toward the window. He put his hands in his pockets and walked toward her. He put a finger to his lips, a frown on his face. He waited a moment before speaking again. She was shaking.

“Any other girl would be black and blue right now. Do you think I won’t hit a woman that deserves it? Really hit a woman? A punch to the teeth? You think I have reservations about that?”

She waited, jaw trembling.

“Answer me!” he barked.

“No,” she answered. She looked down. She sniffled. Her master walked away. She was not able to look up. When he returned, he placed a tissue to her running nose and gently wiped it clean.

“This is your first experience seeing me interact with other slaves. I’m trying to be understanding,” he informed her. His voice was calm, but there was a slight tremor somewhere there. He seemed so calm, but she could feel the tension radiating off of him. “I am very angry right now. Very angry. So, I’m going to go for a walk and then I’m going to come back, because I have half a mind to choke the air out of you, for *daring* to speak to me like that. You’re going to calm down. You’re going to think about how you just spoke to me. And you’re going to be very contrite when I return. Understand?”

She kept her gaze down. She sucked in a deep breath. He wiped her nose one more time, tenderly. He turned to leave and she grabbed him by his shirt. He’d removed his blazer. Before or after he’d fucked Darja, she wondered.

“Master, please don’t go,” she begged. “Please don’t leave.”

“Let me go,” he ordered.

“Master, please – ”

“Jessica. If you don’t let me go, I’m going to hurt you. Do you understand that? I don’t want to hurt you. So you are going to let me go.”

She released him, jaw trembling. He turned and walked back toward the door. The moment he was gone she fell to the floor. She sobbed again.

She fell asleep at some point. She woke up to the sound of the door creaking open. It was dark out now. Her eyes were still puffy and her head hurt terribly.

Her master observed her on the floor and then sat down in a chair with a sigh. “Come here,” he ordered calmly.

She knew better than to walk. She crawled toward him on trembling legs and arms, head hung. When she arrived at his feet, she lowered her face to his slippers and grabbed onto the back of his ankles. She stifled a sob of regret, and waited for him to speak.

“Ilya accepted a modest sum to make up for the damage you caused. No one downstairs is aware of your outburst this afternoon and believed your cries were from punishment.”

She nodded against his leg, waiting for the storm that was to come. Her master would not forgive such a transgression. The way she had yelled at him... but she’d been so worked up... the things Elliot had said...Her heart seized again and she sniffled.

“Jessica,” he said. She waited. “Jessica, look at me.”

She obeyed, but struggled to meet his gaze. “Are you ready to talk now?”

She nodded and whispered, “yes.”

“Tell me what happened.”

She recounted the story as best she could. He reached out and trailed a finger along her hairline.

“She told me... Darja, that you had sex with her,” she took in a deep breath to remain calm. “I said she was lying and I told her to take it back. Be-because I knew you didn’t, because I was special to you and you care about me. She laughed at me and said ...”

“And said what?” he asked.

“She said it was just Stockholm syndrome. I should be ashamed that I care about a man that has beaten me and raped me, and bit me so hard you can still see his teeth marks on my skin.”

Another deep breath. She remembered how angry she’d been. Mostly because it was all true. But she could handle that cold hard truth, because he loved her. But if he had slept with that woman, if he didn’t truly love her...

“I told her to stop. She wouldn’t and I... I got so mad. I just pushed her. I didn’t mean to hurt her.”

He nodded. She looked back down. She squeezed his leg tightly. Her chest hurt and her throat ached.

“Look at me,” he ordered. She obeyed. She had to be perfect right now, if he was going to forgive her.

“And then,” she ventured, unsure if it would anger him, if he’d believe her... she looked down and forced out, “what Doctor Elliot told me...”

“Look down again and I’m going to lose my patience,” he said. Her head farted upward. His eyes had a curious glimmer in them. “What did he tell you?”

“That I’m not special,” she answered. “That a long line came before me and they’ll come after me, and everything you’ve said to me you’ve said to them and you’ll say it the ones that come after me.”

Her lower lip trembled. “And I - I just lost it,” she admitted simply enough. “I was so... so confused. Because I should hate you. I should,” she told him, as if trying to convince him. “Right? But I don’t. And that all seems bearable... because you love me. But if you don’t...” a slow shuddering breath. She whispered, “I need you to love me.”

He very gently put his hand on the top of her head. She pressed her cheek to his knee and closed her eyes. Hot, fat tears rolled silently down her flushed cheeks.

“You can’t talk to me like that,” he murmured. “But you know that.”

She nodded.

“I spent the day thinking... about whether I was going to punish you or not.”

She sniffled and waited.

“How bad the punishment should be... I’m at an interesting crossroads. One I’ve never... I’ll admit something to you, slave. I don’t know what to do.”

She looked up, stunned.

“You were distraught,” he explained. “Very dangerous thoughts were being put into your head. Thoughts you knew weren’t true. Your actions were unwise, but the motivations behind them... How can I punish you for that?”

He paused and then continued.

“And you obeyed me in public. You did not embarrass me.”

“Good,” she murmured in relief. She took his hand from her head and kissed his knuckles. She placed her hot, damp face against his hand and tried to collect herself.

“Perhaps I brought you here too soon,” he considered. He put his hand to her chin and examined her face. “This has been a lot for you to process, I’m sure.”

“No, you didn’t,” she assured him. “I can handle it.”

“But you didn’t,” he disagreed. “When faced with frightening thoughts, you resorted to angry demands and reassurances of loyalty. You didn’t come to me as you should have. As though you’re entitled to that. As though...”

He paused and shook his head.

“I simply don’t know what to do with you...” he mused. He leaned to the side, elbow to the armchair, and placed his hand to his mouth. He muttered with a shake of his head, “You’re so willful.”

"I'm sorry," she told him, trying to stop from falling to the floor in a heap of tears. She whispered desperately, "Master..."

He looked down at her. A very soft smile came to his face. He looked her over closely.

"I'm so disappointed in you, Jessica."

The words, so softly spoken, so sad sounding, ripped her heart in half. It was the worst thing he could have said to her. She's rather he beat her, call her vile names, but this? This was cruelty like she had never experienced.

"Master?" she asked. He stood.

"I thought you were better than this."

He pulled his hand away from hers.

"I'm going to go have a few drinks. You can stay up here for the night."

"Master," she pleaded, reaching out to catch his pant leg. He shot such a withering glare in her direction that she yanked her hand back as though the fabric had burned her.

"Have no fear my sweet girl," he said kindly. He touched her face gingerly. "There's plenty of girls down there."

Her face contorted and she looked down, shoulders slumped. She heard the door close softly behind her. She did not cry, she simply laid down right there, eyes glazed and defeated, and stared off at the wall.

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Max sat in the corner with a whiskey in his hand, watching as Viktor swing the cane down on one of the younger prostitutes.

Tarik sat beside him, his Serbian girl between his knees on the floor, arms draped over either thigh, watching with a tired, lazy gaze.

As she had been earlier in the day, Darja had been offered to him again. He had refused. He refused all of them. Watching him come down without his girl, Viktor and Ilya had been like sharks that smelled blood. They came to him with new offers. Nearly a thousand euro cheaper than before. Max refused. These women disgusted him. He didn't want these women. He only wanted one.

"She went through the same thing," Tarik finally spoke, very very softly. The others could not hear. He was lazily stroking the top of the Serb's hair. "My Ruslana. A very jealous phase."

Ruslana turned her twinkling gaze toward Tarik. He gave her a little smirk. "She's a possessive woman."

Ruslana looked back at the display in front of her.

Max considered her a moment. His eyes went back to the bruised skin of the girl's abused bottom.

"I have no intentions to overstep my bounds, but it is inevitable. When you want their love..."

Max looked at the man. He did not feel like being lectured to. He was thirty-six. A grown, full fledged master. He did not need education.

"My Ruslana was present during the entire interaction. If you'd like to hear from her, she will tell you what she observed. I believe you were too quick to pay Ilya for the trouble."

He looked at Ruslana. She was the most like Jessica of all of them. She had a quiet intelligence about her. There was thought going on behind those eyes. She was constantly thinking. But she appeared obedient, content, fond of her master. And who were his mentors? A man that poured boiling water on a woman for... what had she done? Oh yes, she'd burned the bread.

"Can we speak in a different room," Max asked. Tarik lifted his brow in response and stood. He helped Ruslana to her feet with a hand.

They left the room and walked down the long rustic hall with portraits gazing down at them. They arrived at the back room, which was cold, but Ruslana went about starting a fire in the fire place while Tarik went to the cupboard and retrieved a bottle of scotch. He examined it closely as he finished his whiskey.

"Ruslana, tell Herr Furst what happened as you saw it," Tarik ordered. He retrieved two new glasses and poured the scotch. He returned as she told her story.

Ruslana stepped forward and sat down on the couch. She placed her hands on her thighs, knees pressed together, and spoke. Her English was very good. Her accent was better than Tarik's. She gave a story almost identical to Jessica's, though she was able to explain it far more coherently, and with added detail.

"Darja takes pride in it," she added at the end. "Sleeping with men other girls are possessive over. It's her way of regaining control over her life. We all have some way of doing it. That's hers."

"Thank you, Lana," Tarik said, taking her hand and pulling her up to him. He placed a soft kiss to her mouth. He spoke softly in a language Max could not understand.

She nodded. They murmured softly to one another and she left the room. Tarik handed Max the glass of whiskey and then sat down with a soft groan. He looked nowhere near his sixties,

but the man would be turning fifty-seven in only a few days' time.

"Can I give you some advice?" he asked. Max steeled himself but sat down across from him with a nod. He took the glass of scotch from him without a word.

"You can't have everything," he told Max. "It's not possible."

"Care to explain?" Max asked a bit sarcastically. His head was beginning to ache and he didn't want to be lectured to.

"I was trying to take my afternoon nap when you went to speak to her. This house has thin walls," he explained. Max's face flushed with embarrassment.

"I... she hasn't acted like that in months," Max said in exasperation. "She knows she can't talk to me like that."

"And you can punish her for it," Tarik said rather dismissively. "You should punish her for it. But are you really angry?"

"Of course I am," Max answered. "Did you hear her?"

"Yes, very thin walls," Tarik chuckled. Max turned a deeper shade of red. "But... you love her, yes? No need for embarrassment. I will admit to anyone that asks that I am in love with my Ruslana."

"Yes," Max admitted. "I love her."

"She got so angry, because she was hurt, and in her anger, she could not control her emotions. She was hurt, because she thought you touched another woman. Jealousy is a hard thing for a human to contain. Would you have rather she been indifferent to such comments? What

would you have thought, if you discovered she was relieved? A reprieve from being touched by you.”

Max considered.

“She lost herself, because she was so jealous... and the poor little thing, knows there’s nothing she can do about it. She can’t what.. end the relationship? Withhold sex because she’s angry? It was an inevitable meltdown, considering how you have been molding her.”

Tarik looked at him. Max blinked. He had not considered that.

“Surely, you see.... you set her up for this,” Tarik said. “If she reacted in any other way, it would mean you failed.”

Tarik fell silent. He sipped at his scotch and looked into the fire. Max stared down at the brown liquid in his glass.

“I’ve always wanted...” he tumbled out. “A woman to love me. Absolutely. An obedient, loyal woman. Who sees me... and sees God.”

Tarik looked from the flames and back to him, waiting.

“She’s so willful,” Max said. “She... pushes. She pushes her boundaries. And I can tolerate that. I – I even like it, but *that*? ”

“She’s a human being, not a robot,” Tarik said. “Love is a powerful emotion. If you want it, other emotions will be left to foster as well. Anger and jealousy being just two of them. If you want to temper her, you need to break her and keep her broken.”

“I can’t have it both ways, is what I hear you saying,” Max replied wryly, a dark smile on his face.

“You can’t preserve their personalities and get what you want. If you like who she is, there are certain things you cannot have from her. But if you do not care losing the person she is, then you must leave her broken. Or, break her so completely, that who she was before will be lost forever. I got Ruslana when she was young. Young enough to really shape who she is today. Jessica Allen was too old when you took her for that to happen.”

“You said she went through something similar though?” Max asked.

“My Ruslana? Oh yes,” Tarik answered. He had a small smile on her lips “But I took her to kill her, not to keep.”

Max was surprised by that admission. Tarik took another sip of his glass. His eyes were back on the flames.

“We lived in the same village. Her father and I were friends. Do not mistake that I did not have these desires before. I did not discover these desires upon the murder of my family. Ruslana, I had always thirsted for, long before I am willing to admit...”

He considered. “But when it all ended... and I returned to my home... she came to my house with flowers. She didn’t really understand what happened. She was sixteen... she wasn’t too young to understand but her father kept her well shielded from the horrors he had committed...”

He paused, as if he was back there again, and no longer in the room with him.

“I invited her in and... I made the decision right then... the moment I opened the door and saw her standing there with the flowers in her hands that innocent smile on her face. I wasn’t worried. You see I wasn’t afraid of getting caught. I wanted to get caught.”

He considered. “I put on some tea, sat down and spoke with her for an hour or so. When she made her very sweet and polite goodbye, I grabbed and bent her over the kitchen table and ripped right into her. I’ve never felt greater satisfaction than hearing her cry.”

He took in a breath and sipped at his drink. “So good I decided to enjoy her for a few days. I thought I deserved it. While I fucked her, I would tell her the different ways I planned on killing her. The more violent the more she cried. She called for her mother and father. I told her... how my wife was raped and shot in front of me... she apologized of course. I never blamed her. It wasn’t about punishing her. It was about punishing the people that loved her. Why I hoped to be caught...”

He cleared his throat and waved a hand. “Anyway... she would ask me every morning if I was going to kill her, and she always said, she didn’t want to know when it happened. She would tell me, no warnings, make it fast, and I could just *tell* her parents it was painful. At some point, I promised her it would be fast. I meant it too, I didn’t want her to suffer.”

“More than once I walked down to the basement where I kept her chained. I used the old dog collar and chain. I walked down there to kill her. I couldn’t do it. I always told myself, I’ll just do it tomorrow...and amazingly, no one ever came looking for her at my house. No one ever came... I had her in that basement for *years*...”

“Well. To answer your question... I knew Aleksandr from before... the first time I brought her here, the girl I usually used was there. She came up, she was a whore, but very sweet, she came up and wrapped her arms around me. She was actually genuinely concerned about my well being. She had seen it all on the news and thought me dead. She was happy to see me, after it all happened.”

He smiled. “Ruslana did not like seeing me interact with other women, though I never had any intention to touch another in any sexual way... She displayed her displeasure through obstinance. She refused commands. She talked back. I tried to kiss her... and she spit in my face.”

Max’s brow rose.

“The outburst that followed was very much like what I heard today during my nap.”

“What did you do?” Max asked.

“I’m not *as* strict as you, so I cannot tell you what I did was the right thing to do for you. I punished her...I fucked her... then I talked to her. She told me why she was angry... I told her I had no desire to touch another woman. I believe that was a very important turning point in our relationship.”

Max nodded solemnly.

“I...” he swirled the dark liquid around in his glass. “I’ve never gotten this far. It is an important moment in her training...”

“If I can be a bit pretentious?” the Bosnian asked. Max nodded. “It is an important moment in your training.”

“I’m sorry,” Max laughed, ready to be offended.

“Well, I don’t think you know what you want. Elliot tells me you spend your holidays with... crueler men than we. And you have this new girl, so you come here, where she will not be hurt... and you are young man. Not even forty. I was already thirty-seven when I took Ruslana. Only very recently have I started to put it all together.”

Max sighed. He thought of his Jessica, the look in her eyes when he left her today.

“I think you have much to think about it. If you have nothing to ask, I will leave you to your thoughts?”

Max nodded, eyes glazed. The Bosnian paused by his chair and put a hand to his shoulder. “It will resolve itself, my friend.”

Max gave an appreciative nod. He remained a short while, gazing into the flames. Soon he rose, leaving his empty whiskey glass on the side table and staggered slightly toward the

front of the lodge. He found the stairs. He heard a girl off crying somewhere in the darkened house. One of the prostitutes he thought, left to go to sleep, thinking everyone else was tucked away in bed. She sniffled, hiccupped, and a new rush of smothered sobs slowly crept their way through the house.

His stomach turned. The alcohol, no doubt. Still, he was left with a violent urge to calm Jessica. He wanted to remind her that she never had to feel the way that unknown whore felt, alone in the dark, arms wrapped around herself, scared, sad...

But Jessica knew that. She'd grown so comfortable, it wasn't enough that he would not let another touch her. Now she needed assurances he would not touch another woman. His replayed Tarik's words over and over in his head.

If she did not react that way, it meant he failed.

And that was true. A woman who did not react that way to a man she loved touching another woman... well she simply didn't love him. What had he expected? She'd get on her knees and weep and beg and plead. He had to stop living in his fantasies. For so long, it was all he had. Now he had a living, breathing, *perfect* slave. He had to remember that she wasn't a robot. She was a woman... a human being... and though her place was at his feet, worshiping him and obeying him, he had to remember.

He walked into the room and closed the door softly behind him. He didn't want to wake her. She'd be exhausted. He kicked off his slippers and crawled into bed clothed. He wasn't so drunk he couldn't change, but he wanted to be close to her. He wanted to hold her.

He got onto the bed and ran his hand over the comforter. His heart burst through his chest as he found the bed empty. Had she run? In this weather? She'd freeze. Even if she got the clothing he'd brought for her, she'd...

“Jessica?” He jumped from the bed and turned on the light. “Jessica?”

“Master?” her voice came softly. He turned and looked to the floor. There she was, right where he left her, curled up in a little ball on the floor. Her eyes were still puffy and her

cheeks were red. She'd been crying recently. She asked him softly, in a broken whisper, "Did you have fun?"

He said nothing, but bent down and scooped her up in his arms. She rested her head against his chest, but her hands did not clutch at his sweater as they normally did. He tossed back the blankets and put her into bed.

"Give me a kiss," he ordered as he got in beside her. She obeyed. He could taste her tears on her lips. "Now go to sleep."

She nestled against him. He was calmed by her closeness, until he heard her sniff. She was smelling him, trying to smell another woman on him. He closed his arms around her. He'd tell her tomorrow. He couldn't have this conversation right now.

"We're going to talk about what trust means to me tomorrow, Jessica," he told her. He knew she liked when he used her name. "Ja?"

"Yes Master," she whispered. He fell asleep to the sound of her clogged nose trying to smell cheap perfume on his shirt.

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She woke up with a bit of a headache. She was alone in bed. Her muscles ached and she stretched out her arms in legs in the bed. She remembered her Master coming back last night. He hadn't spent the night with another woman, even if he had fucked her.

Her lower lip trembled and she tried to push the pain down in her chest. A glass of water was beside the bed, partially drank. She picked it up and took a few sips. It had been foolish to open herself up to him as she had. Her embarrassment was the worst part. She'd actually thought... she'd thought he'd be... faithful? He thought women were objects. He stole her and imprisoned her and raped her... why would he...

She shook her head and rubbed her eyes. The swelling had gone down. Her head was a bit clearer, though there was a bit of a sniffle in her nose. The door slowly creaked open and her master stepped inside.

“Good morning, *maedchen*,” he said to her. She was ashamed at the love she felt, and once again a fresh wave of pain washed over her.

“Good morning,” she whispered. “I’m sorry,” she told him as he crouched before her suitcase. “I... I know I have no right. That... I’m ... an object and you... you can touch any woman you like...”

Hopefully it would lessen her punishment. He rose, something in his hands, but she did not see it. He shook his head and stopped in front of her.

“Hush,” he ordered. “Put these on.”

She looked down at the clothing he had put in her lap. Flannel pajama bottoms and a plain white t-shirt. She frowned in confusion. He jabbed his chin at it.

“Are you going to disobey me?” he asked her, brow lifting. She loved when he did that. She loved the little movements of his face.

“No,” she answered. Tossing the blankets back, she got out of bed and removed the negligee. She put on the flannel bottoms and the shirt. She had no bra but she didn’t mind. She was just glad she was covered.

*Less sexy though, she thought as she pulled the pants up over her hips. He’s covering you up for the rest of the stay, because he’ll be fucking those other girls, to put you in your place.*

Once she was dressed, she looked to him. He reached out and held his hand out to her. There was hesitation in her movements. It looked like he wanted her hands, but she wasn’t sure.

Something horrific was planned for her below. After the way she carried on yesterday, he wouldn't forgive her so easily.

*I can be loving or cruel*, he told her. And now he would be cruel. She was sure of it.

Her hand slid into his, and he smiled softly at her. His gaze appeared tender. Without a word, he walked with her down the hall. She went with him, more and more confused with every step she took. He lead her down the hall and down the staircase, through a room she had no yet seen, and into a small room tucked in the back of the lodge. The far wall was mostly all windows. A small fireplace burning off to the side, and there was a comfortable couch, blankets strewn about it, pressed up against the wall opposite the windows.

Outside, snow was falling onto a beautiful Romanian landscape, and on the table before the couch, was a freshly cooked breakfast with coffee and hot chocolate. She looked at her master, more confused than ever. He had once told her he could be kind or cruel. Did his cruelty run this deep? Was this a cruel game. Any moment the rest of the men would come in and they'd rape her in this painfully romantic setting? Or was it the opposite? Were the women to come in, and she'd have to sit there and watch as the man she loved went through the line of women...

“Come sit,” he ordered gently. She obeyed. He sat them down on the couch, lifted a plate of steaming eggs, bacon and sausage. He scooped up a forkful of eggs and placed it between her lips.

“Please,” she whispered to him after swallowing. “Please don’t be cruel...”

He gazed at her a moment and then sighed. He put the plate down and draped his arm over the back of the couch.

“Do you remember what I said last night?” he asked. She thought a moment.

“We’re going to talk about trust.”

“Jessica, I want you to look at me.”

She looked up. She’d been staring at her hands.

“Since the moment I saw you on that train,” he said, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. “Jessica. Eyes up... since the moment I saw you on that train... I haven’t touched another woman... and I have no plans to. You need to remember that you’re my slave. You are not my equal. What happen yesterday... *cannot* happen again... but I am prepared to forgive you...”

She looked at him, not sure if she believed that or not.

“Now, you tell me...” he said, looking at her closely. “What do you expect from me?”

“I... I don’t,” she said. “I don’t expect anything...”

“Yes, you do,” he answered. “And I want to hear it and then I can tell you if I can give it to you.”

“I know I don’t deserve... I know you don’t have to be faithful. I’m your slave, not your girlfriend. I know you can be with any woman you want. And I know it’s stupid to think that... that you won’t want other woman. Even that man said, I’m not that pretty –”

“Hey,” he said, cutting her off with a hand to her cheek. “I want honesty, but you have to be respectful.”

She frowned. “I wasn’t –”

“Do you think I’d waste my time with a woman anything less than perfect?”

She blushed and shook her head. “No.”

“The man is a blind fool and his opinion means nothing to me, and so it should mean nothing to you. Now continue, but watch your lip.”

She took a breath, offered a nervous smile, and then pushed on. She sat up, sitting on the couch with crossed legs, her hands in her lap, fingers threaded, palms up.

“I guess... I know there are other women... and it’s foolish to think that you’d be faithful. Men aren’t built that way. But maybe... I guess, I want you to care enough about me... and how I feel... that you won’t want to cause me that much pain. I just... thinking you had touched her... I just lost it.”

She turned her gaze upward again. His eyes were soft. He trailed the back of his knuckles along her cheek.

“I have to admit something to you, Jessica,” he began. “This is very new to me. I’ve never had a woman who...” he paused, considering what to say next. “I didn’t touch her. I wasn’t going to touch anyone. I didn’t touch anyone. Do you believe me?”

She considered a moment and then nodded. He would have no need to lie. It wasn’t like she could do anything about it.

“What disappointed me was that you didn’t you could come talk to me about it. That you immediately assumed –”

“ – But you’ve never told me –”

“Do *not* interrupt me,” he said curtly. She bit her bottom lip. “I am willing to forgive your outburst yesterday because you were upset. You’ve calmed now and I expect you to remember yourself. Who am I?”

“My master,” she said, switching from sitting with crossed legs to her knees in front of him. “The master of my body, my soul, and my heart,” she told him.

“Master of your heart, hmm?” he smiled.

“I wouldn’t... I just... I saw red,” she said. “I can’t even explain it, I... I was so angry, and hurt, and confused, and... I can’t *do* anything. *Nothing*. I think pushing her... I...”

“You wanted to take some power back,” he said knowingly. “Regain some control. You did it the only way you could.”

“I’m sorry for yelling at you. I just... I love you.”

“I haven’t said it often, have I,” he mused softly. “I’ve been careful not to.”

Her gaze was wide and searching.

“Leaves you open,” he explained. “Vulnerable. I don’t like that.”

His eyes were on her mouth. He gently traced the pad of his thumb along her bottom lip.

“Jessica,” he said. “Look at me.”

She obeyed. She had been looking at the lines of her palm.

“Jessica, I love you,” he told her. He continued to caress her lips. “Now, I don’t expect you to think I’ll be any less strict after that. I’ve loved you for some time now. It changes nothing.

Do you understand?"

She nodded. A happy tear dropped from her eye.

"I should have sat you down and had this conversation with you before we got here. I had hoped..." he laughed softly. "to teach you to trust... and to show you that I would protect you... I hadn't even thought about your getting jealous," he gently traced her hairline. "There is no woman on this planet I would touch over you. They're *beneath* you."

The look in his eyes was frightening and obsessive and almost crazed, but it wrapped her in a warm glow of comfort. It made her feel safe and loved.

"You think I'm perfect?" he asked. She nodded, scooting closer.

"I know you are," she answered, touching either side of his neck. "I know you're perfect."

"Do you think I'd touch a woman that didn't deserve me?"

She shook her head and stroked him gently.

"No woman deserves you," she answered.

"One does," he smiled gently. His eyes were back on her mouth. "*One* woman, deserves me."

He bent his head and caught her lips in a soft kiss. "I wouldn't waste my time, or my affection, on a woman that didn't deserve it. Do you think I would?"

"I know you wouldn't," she answered.

“Women,” he told her. “They’re deceitful, lying, vengeful whores that don’t appreciate a good man when they have one.” His voice was low and intense, but his hand was tender on her cheek. “Women were made weak, to be dominated and controlled, and used, and enjoyed. A hundred years ago, we understood this but now... and you get so *superior*...”

“Master,” she said softly. She was slightly worried about interrupting him, but it was always safer to interrupt him when he started to work himself up. Better a light tongue lashing than the beating she’d receive if she let him go. And at the moment, she didn’t feel like suffering for all the perceived sins of all women.

She put herself in his lap and placed her hands on his shoulders. “I only want to make you happy. I shouldn’t have yelled at you like that...”

“It’s because you love me,” he said. His arms wrapped around her middle. “I should have seen that for what it was. Emotional little thing.” His arms squeezed around her. “Do you believe me then? When I tell you, I won’t touch another woman. Not ever. You’re too perfect.”

“I believe you,” she answered. She did too. She could see it in his eyes.

“Master,” his eyes flashed up from her throat to her eyes. “Dr. Elliot...”

“Will not be trusted alone with you again,” he vowed. “I should have listened to you. He is no friend of mine... to try and poison your mind like that... and with you already so fragile...”

He kissed her. She squeezed her eyes shut and pressed herself into him. “Master,” she breathed when he broke off the kiss.

“Slave?”

“He kissed me,” she told him. “He said you did sleep with her... that he would help me get back at you...”

The look on his face was frightening. His thumb touched her lips, trembling. She hurried out, “I didn’t want him to. I hit him when he did it. I promise you. I wouldn’t ever -”

“I’ll deal with that later,” he cut her off sharply. She kissed him, running her hands over his face.

“Master?” she murmured against his lips.

“Yes?”

“Can you say it again?” she asked.

“Say what again?” he murmured.

“That you love me.”

He chuckled and kissed her again. “I knew you’d get greedy once I said it.”

“No, I -”

Suddenly, he flipped her legs back. Her pajama pants were off in a blink of an eye.

“I don’t think I fucked you once yesterday, did I?”

He threw her legs apart. She looked up at him, on the couch, flat on her back. She shook her head. "No, Master," she breathed.

"I think that's the first time, since I bought you, I've gone a day without fucking you."

"When you left," she reminded him. "That was the only time."

He crawled over her.

"Do you feel empty? Going so long without your master's cock inside of you?"

She nodded. "So empty...Master, I love you..."

He grabbed a fistful of her hair and yanked her head back. She gasped in pain. He bent down and breathed in deeply against her throat. He dragged his hot, wet tongue, along her skin. He kissed the scar on her neck. He licked it, sucked on it.

"I love you," he whispered. "My perfect little slave."

He smirked down at her. "You got so jealous," he chuckled. "I've raped you, Jessica," he told her. Her lips parted. "He looked at her scarred shoulder. "Do you remember it clearly? Or was it a fog?" He slid into her with a hard thrust. He entered her easily. To her shame and her extreme exhilaration, she was soaking wet for him. He loved her. He'd said it *twice*. He *loved* her. "When I came down those stairs and there you were, crying, ripping into you... you're tight, virgin body, and you trembled and begged. It was so easy, holding you down." He pulled back and thrust in hard. She moaned and tried to pull him close to her. He didn't let her pull him closer. He was too strong. He asked, "Do you remember?"

She nodded. "Mostly."

“You were tight. Your thighs trembled.” She whimpered, but she wanted more of him. “You begged me to stop. You cried. Now you’re just a whore.”

“Master –”

“You want to hear it again, then you beg for it,” he told her.

“Please, tell me, Master. Tell me you love me,” she panted.

“You’d like that,” his hand closed around her throat. “You should have recognized me from that train, you stupid girl.”

“You were in a red tie,” she breathed. He fucked her hard, strokes slow but forceful. “If you followed me into that water closet...”

“Yeah?” he panted, eyes on fire.

“I would have let you do what you wanted to me,” she panted.

“Oh yeah?” he asked. The veins in his neck were pulsing. “Because you’re a slut?”

“Because of your power...” she ran her hands up his arms. “Because of how handsome you look in your suits. Because of how perfect you are.”

His hand squeezed around her throat. He bent down, breathing hard against her neck. His hand in her hair squeezed tighter. His mouth closed around her scar. He licked the white skin.

“Master,” she wrapped her arms around him. “Fuck me, please, as hard as you can. I love you. I love you so much.”

She felt him tense up. A ripple of pleasure rushed through her. He continued to kiss her neck.

“You’ve have let me fuck you in that water closet?” he asked. His lips were hot. She nodded.

“I would have known... how perfect you are...”

He moved to pull back.

“Stay inside of me,” she said. “Forever.”

He chuckled arrogantly. All that mattered was that he was happy with her again. She’d say what she had to, as long as he was happy with her. As long as he loved her. That was all she cared about.

“My sweet slave.”

“I can’t handle the thought of another woman touching you,” she whispered in his ear.

“I won’t,” he promised vehemently. He pulled back to look at her. She bit her lip. She ran her hand through his hair. She believed him. The look in his eyes, the sound of his voice. He did love her. He needed her approval the same way she needed his. If she did all the right things, said all the things, she had nothing to worry about. She felt a surge of power course through her as she stroked the back of his neck.

“I love you,” she told him. “I’d die without you.”

His lips parted and his eyes got wider.

“Ja?” he asked.

“Ja,” she whispered back. He smirked.

He pulled back, situated himself, and tossed her her pajama pants. Once on, he grabbed the tray of food, pulled her closer, and scooped a fork.

“You need to eat,” he told her. She let him feed her. It was cold, but she enjoyed it.

“You forgive me, Master?” she asked him.

“I do...” he said. “I should have talked to you before. I knew how good you were... but to not know a woman like you could exist... I didn’t really comprehend how insecure you might be in this environment.”

He put her plate of food down and handed her a cup of hot chocolate. It was still warm, but not hot. She looked at him, unsure if it was the right thing to say, but continued anyway...albeit, hesitantly.

“When you said you were disappointed in me...that’s the most hurtful thing you could ever say.”

He smiled softly. She felt better.

“I’m trying so hard,” she whispered. She cuddled close to him. She breathed in his scent. She felt that panic again. The same thing she felt when that *bitch* was talking about her master. *Hers.*

“You wouldn’t touch another girl?” she asked.

"Of course not... *mein gutes, kleines, maedchen.*"

Why did those words turn her insides to jello?

"Weißt du, warum?" *do you know why?*

She shook her head.

"Weil ich dich liebe." *Because I love you.*

"Ich liebe... Sie? Ihnen?" She didn't know... who used the formal when telling a person they loved them?

He chuckled. "Ich liebe dich," he said.

"But that's –"

"Ich Weiß." *I know.*

"Ich liebe dich..." she whispered. He smirked.

"You're special, slave... when you want to talk to me... you can use the familiar. Remember this... no other woman in my life has that privilege."

She ran her hands over his chest and snuggled closer to him. "Can we speak German more?" she asked. "I don't want to lose it. I want to know it better. It's my master's language."

"We can," he smirked.

"I've always thought it was a sexy language," she told him.

"Ja?"

"Well... I mean, a *real* German would be sexier..."

She erupted in giggles as he stared down at her. She cuddled even closer and bit her lip as she got even closer to him. "I'm kidding."

"Are you?" he asked.

"I am," she answered, eyes softening. "I love you... You really won't punish me?"

"I think you were punished enough yesterday. I hope this isn't a mistake."

"It's not. It's not," she vowed. "It... what she said drove me crazy. I couldn't control myself."

"Shhh, kiss me, again," he ordered. She obeyed immediately. When the kiss ended, she trailed her hand down his face.

"I can't believe I yelled at you like that," she whispered. He smiled and she took a sip of her hot chocolate. She looked into the dark, rich liquid. She mumbled, "And I can't believe you aren't punishing me..."

"I think you were punished well enough," he answered. "Not all punishment need be physical."

She looked up at him and gave him a small smile. "I'll be better now," she promised. "I promise."

They spent some more time kissing. It was something he liked to do. His tongue licked her lips, played with her tongue. His teeth raked her skin gently. His hands wondered, touching as he pleased.

“I have a special day planed for us,” he murmured against her lips.

“The playroom?” she asked, a little chill running down her spine.

“Do you want to use the playroom?” he asked, tone light and teasing.

“I want to do what you want to do,” she answered. He gripped her chin with a commanding grip and looked her over smugly.

“We’ll use the playroom tonight,” he told her. “But that’s not what I have in mind.”

A small part of her was positive that this was a trick. A punishment still awaited her. The worst part would be the humiliation. That she believed he loved her. And they’d all have a good laugh and then …

“Jessica,” he said. She was ripped from her thoughts. “I know that look,” he told her. “What are you thinking?”

“That I’m going to be punished,” she answered honestly. Lying would only hurt her more.

“Punished? For yesterday?”

She nodded.

“I’ve already told you, I have forgiven you for that,” he said. “Do you think I am lying?”

"It's just... I've been punished much worse for much less," she answered. "Things I don't even think I should be punished for..." *why would you say that to him?* "And I've been punished for it. And then I yell at you like that and..."

"If it were to happen again, you would be severely punished. I am forgiving you this time and we're going to move passed this with a new understanding. Have I ever lied to you before?"

She shook her head.

"No, Master."

"That's right. So, no more fear. *Trust.*"

"I'm sorry," she said. "I trust you."

His hand went to the back of her head and he kissed her again.

"Are you still hungry?" he asked her. She nodded. He reached forward and rang a little bell.

One of the prostitutes came in and Jessica sank into her master to avoid having to look at her. Her master ordered some more hot chocolate.

He fed her. He had already eaten. They had some hot chocolate and watched the snow fall. It was all painfully romantic. He told her where they were, who everyone was, and why they had not gone to his usual Christmas vacation spot. She felt more at ease after that. It was horrible, being so in the dark.

After breakfast and their lazy morning, he ordered her upstairs to shower and get ready for the day. He ordered her hair dried and makeup applied. When she returned to their bedroom,

he was lying out clothes for her on the bed.

Her lips parted when she discovered a pair of jeans and a long sleeve shirt. He ordered her to get dressed and she obeyed without a word. Once finished, he motioned for her to follow him down the stairs.

Waiting for them by the front door, dressed in winter coats and boots, was Ruslana and her master, the Bosnian. Jessica was glad to see them. She liked Ruslana very much.

“We’re going to go for a walk,” her master told her. Jessica’s lips parted and she asked, “outside?”

Her master went to the closet where he retrieved a pair of boots in her size and a winter coat. He returned with a smirk. “Outside.”

She was almost unable to tie the laces of the boots she was so excited. She kept waiting for something to happen. She glanced over the old Bosnian, over his slave, eyes lingering on her Master, but none of them began to laugh and tell her it was a joke. Once her boots and coat were on her master stepped closer and gently wrapped a scarf around her neck.

“You do everything I say without hesitation out there,” he ordered. He touched her face with a lambskin glove. “No questions, no pushing boundaries. If I tell you to stop, you stop. If I tell you to come back to me, you come back to me, understand?”

“Yes, master,” she said, a budding smile on her face. He handed her a hat with gloves balled up inside. They were much like his, though clearly made for women.

“We’re ready,” her master told the Bosnian. He gave a grim nod and opened the front door. He nudged Ruslana outside before him. Her master went next.

Jessica hesitated in the doorway. There was some sort of invisible forcefield keeping her from stepping outside. A small part of her was still not so sure that this was some sort of trap.

“Maedchen,” her master said, extending a hand. “Come.”

She stepped onto the porch and placed her hand in his. He guided her down the porch and into the front yard. The Bosnian and his girl were a bit ahead.

“This feels so strange,” she breathed, looking around the yard. Her breath was visible. The trees were covered in snow, the snow was covered.

“We’re miles from the nearest town,” he told her. She nodded silently and looked around. The snow was freshly fallen. Everything was so perfect, pure and white. He beckoned softly, “Come.”

She obeyed. She wrapped her arms around his, holding him tightly. They walked along a little path. Ruslana and her Master kept a distance. Only once did Jessica remove herself from her master’s side, and it was to bend down and pick up a handful of snow. She brought it to her lips and look a lick. She giggled at her master, who shoved his hands in his pockets and watched her with a small smile. If possible, her love for him had grown. He had forgiven her, for such a terrible transgression... and he wouldn’t touch another... he only wanted her. For some reason, a reason she could not fathom, he only wanted her.

*Because he’s insane*, a small part of her whispered deep in the dark recesses of her brain. She didn’t care though. She loved him. They walked through the path, until the Bosnian, up a few hundred yards ahead, began to beckon toward them. They walked closer until they came to a little bend.

“It is right here,” he said. They walked through a significantly windier path until they walked into a tiny clearing. Her lips parted at the sight of it. It was amazing. Out stretched before them was a magnificent view. Snow covered mountains, miles ahead, stretched out across the horizon.

“Beautiful? No?” The Bosnian asked. Jessica’s mouth was open wide. She was amazed.

“Master...” she breathed. She walked closer, hand in her master’s, bringing him with her.  
“My god... it’s so beautiful...”

Her master smiled at her. “Tarik? Take a picture of us?”

Jessica watched as her master gave the Bosnian his phone. He lead her a bit closer to the edge of the short drop off.

“Smile for a photo?” he asked her. She nodded and grinned. They smiled toward the camera, his arms around her. She smiled brightly, deliriously happy in that moment. When she sensed his head turn to look at her, she turned her head back to his. She reached up to touch his face and brought him down to place a happy kiss to his cheek.

She was excited when he asked if she wanted to see the pictures. He flipped through the pictures. She was amazed.

Was that her in those pictures? That wasn’t the person she remembered. But she looked happy. She looked in love. Before he finished scrolling through the photos, she looked back at him. How kind he was, patient and understanding. Another man would have done horrible things for how she had acted, but he understood. He forgave her.

She’d show him she was worthy of him.

“I love you,” she said. He looked away from the photos, eyes thoughtful and tender.

“I love you, pet,” he answered. She wrapped her arms around him tightly, and pulled him down for another kiss.

## **XXXII**

### Chapter Notes

Thank you for your patience!

I am estimating five chapters left. Hopefully, you guys won't have to wait ten months before the next chapter. I am excited for the ending, so hopefully you guys will like it too.

Again, thank you all for sticking with me.

### **XXXII**

To her infinite relief, the Russians and their whores left just three days before Christmas day. Dr. Elliot usually remained the rest of the week with the others, but had a very urgent call from a patient and was forced to return to Virginia. Her Master would tell her later that night that he had been given the opportunity to leave gracefully or he would be asked to leave. Aleksandr had given him the option as a friend. One did not touch another man's woman under his roof without her owner's permission. He had been very disturbed to hear it. Very disturbed indeed. What level of disrespect, touching a man's woman without his permission.

Dr. Elliot had apologized to Aleksandr. He did not know what had come over him. As he left however, he paused with his bag in his hand, and shot a cold, hard look at her Master. "You chose a woman over a friend. Remember that."

Her master did not answer. His hand tightened in her hair, and he forced her face into his inner knee. She was afraid the comment would have negative repercussions for her, but nothing happened to her that night.

In fact, it was very much her own doing that inspired her Master's ire. She had been seated with Ruslana and Katerina. Ruslana and Katerina had been speaking Russian when she sat down. They switched to English for her without making much of a fuss. She asked them if they could speak German. Ruslana could not. Apparently, however Jessica reacted to that news did not sit well with Katerina.

“How many languages do you speak?” Katerina asked her.

“Well, English and some German,” she answered. Katerina smiled.

“I’ve heard you speak German. You do not speak German.”

“Neither do you,” Jessica snapped. “Not very well.”

“So you speak *one*. Your native language and *barely* one more?”

“How is that so much worse than you? You speak Russian and English and almost no German either.”

“I’m not Russian,” Katerina sneered. “And I speak three languages, *plus* my German.”

“I don’t really understand why we’re having this argument,” Ruslana observed lazily. “You don’t need to try and make her feel bad.”

“You were in St. Petersburg when you were taken,” Jessica said.

“And you were in Budapest. Are you Hungarian?”

“You’re like... twenty. What were you doing in Russia?”

Katerina looked down at her hands. Her haughty demeanor was suddenly gone. She looked embarrassed. “I was going to meet a boy I had been talking to... I lied to my parents and I

got on a train and... by the end of the night, I was drugged and tied up in the back of a warehouse. I was seventeen. I was stupid. At least neither of you did it to yourself."

"You didn't do it to yourself," Jessica murmured. Katerina glanced up to look at her master. He was reading in the corner, apparently not listening to a thing Jessica's master and Tarik were saying.

"I remember him coming in to look at all the girls and he stopped at me. He crouched down, pulled the gag from between my lips and asked me my name and I told him and... well, past three years, I've been locked in a room in his house. Because I was stupid."

"I was fifteen," Ruslana murmured. "But after everything that happened he... he deserved it."

"I was backpacking," Jessica said. "I guess I saw him on a train. I don't remember at all, but I tell him I do, because it makes him angry."

"I was in New York when I was thirteen," Katerina offered.

"Never been," Jessica said. "I'm from Delaware."

"What's Delaware?" Ruslana asked.

"It's a state."

"It is next to California," Katerina said. Jessica frowned at her.

"No," she said. "No it isn't."

“I would kill to see a movie again,” Katerina murmured, leaning back against the wall.

“I’ve never been in a movie theater,” Ruslana admitted with a tiny smile.

“I saw a movie the last night I was at home,” Jessica added. “Maleficent. I went with my best friend Shannon. It was a little going away party.” She said very quietly. “I miss her so much.”

She glanced up and her blood ran cold. Staring at her, one finger pressed to his lips, eyes boring holes into her, was her master. Elias had looked up from his paper and was speaking to Tarik. Before she could react, her Master looked back at Tarik and rejoined the conversation.

“I’m in trouble,” she murmured, bringing her knees up to her chest.

“Why?” Ruslana asked, glancing over at the three men.

“I’m not supposed to talk about anything before him,” she whispered. She shook her head. “He’s going to be furious.”

“Over that?” Katerina asked.

“He gets very angry when I talk about my life before him,” she whispered.

Katerina said something in Russian. Ruslana gave a tiny smile. Ruslana dropped her voice and explained, “none of them speak Russian. It’s a safe language.”

“I don’t think he’d let me learn it,” Jessica whispered.

“Voices got very soft over there,” Tarik cut in. “I think they’re plotting something.”

“Probably mine,” Elias said dryly. “She’s gone a few days without a beating.”

“Shall we bring them down stairs, then?” Aleksandr asked, coming into the room. “When women start to get comfortable, it’s time to remind them what they are. Elena, you will have dinner ready by eight.”

“Yes, Aleksandr,” Elena agreed.

The men rose.

“I think they need some individual attention,” her Master said. She looked at him, and he was glaring quite menacingly at her.

“Let’s take her first,” Elias said. He stepped between them and grabbed Katerina by the hair. She grabbed onto his wrists to try and alleviate some of the pain, but based on the look of her face, it only helped minimally.

“You will sit and say nothing. You will do nothing. You will only wait,” her master instructed her. She nodded. “If I find out you’ve spoken, you’ll be punished.”

She nodded again. She spent the rest of the morning caught in a web of nerves. Ruslana caught her eye a few times, but Jessica wished she would say something. Any sort of comfort from the older woman would have done wonders to ease her nerves. Her Master said *she* couldn’t talk. He didn’t say she could listen to someone else talk. But neither Ruslana, nor Elena when she came in to check on them, said nothing.

Sitting in silence, doing nothing, was increasingly boring, and the stress of the past few days began to get to her. Her eyelids grew heavy. For a very brief moment, her anxiety faded to the back of her mind.

She leaned against Ruslana, closing her eyes and resting her cheek to the older girl's shoulder. She was not nudged away and she enjoyed the feeling of having her warmth so close by. It was a non-threatening touch, one of pure comfort.

"Don't fall asleep," she urged Jessica softly. Jessica nodded but kept her eyes closed. Just for a moment, no one would know. Just a little rest - Ruslana began to jostle her arm. She moaned in objection. Just a bit longer -

"Well, I think we found our next volunteer."

She jerked to the side, suddenly quite alert.

Her Master stood there, glaring down menacingly. "Master, I'm sorry -"

"I did not say speak," he snapped. She fell silent and nodded. He leaned down and placed a blindfold over her eyes. He grabbed her by the arms and guided her to her feet. His touch was not rough nor punishing. She repeated the words over and over in her head. *I trust him. I trust him. I trust him.*

She was going to be punished though. She knew that. For speaking about the life she had before him. She had no life before him. She had to forget about Shannon, about movie theaters, about her family. There was only her Master. He was an amazing man. He protected her and fed her, and remembering what happened before him was an insult. It was disrespectful. She understood that. Once she was allowed to speak, she had to let him know that.

He guided her down stairs and then let go. Without an order, she remained still. She felt a new set of hands on her, and she began to tremble. Her silk robe was taken off her shoulders. The spaghetti straps of her baby doll. It fell to the floor at her feet. She clasped her hands in front of her and hunched her shoulders.

The hands ran over her belly, down her hips, and then up her shoulders. Slowly, the blindfold was removed from her eyes. She turned around to find herself in the arms of the German, Elias, who had a terrible look in his eye as he smiled smugly at her. “So,” he mused, accent terribly thick, “I hear you like German men.”

“I like Austrian men,” she answered. The sound of her Master’s boisterous laughter gave her some peace of mind. He shoved her backwards and she slammed into her master’s chest. She knew it was him without first seeing him.

The force in which she had been thrown back frightened her. Sometimes she forgot how helpless she was, the security of her Master’s protection keeping her shielded from the truth of her grim reality, but in times like this, it was only too clear.

“You offended my friend,” her master scolded. She was thrown forward, down onto her hands and knees. Unable to break her fall, her elbows bent and she hit the ground with a thud.

“I’m sorry, Herr Schuster,” she said before another prompting was needed. She had not been told to fight, which meant obedience and submission was still expected of her.

He reached down and grabbed her by the arm. He yanked her up to her feet and slapped her. He put a finger to her face. When he spoke next, it was in German. “That sounded flippant.”

“No, sir,” she promised. He slapped her again.

“She just takes it,” he observed. He slapped her again. “She’s well broken in.” Again. His slaps were not gentle. He took no care to spare her pain.

“She knows her place,” her Master said warmly. She was thrown back to him. She stumbled over her feet. She was no match for them. Her master twisted her in his arms. He asked her, “and what is your place?”

“To serve you,” she answered. “A woman’s place is to serve men.”

The dark chuckles from the men in the room made her feel queasy. It was her master's turn to slap her.

"Why should women serve men?"

"Because women are weak and men are strong. Women are liars and deceitful and manipulative and ..." she recited everything he had ever said about women. By the end, even as her Master's eyes twinkled and his hand placed painful slaps to her face between her words, Aleksandr clapped from one of the couches.

"Bravo, Herr Furst. You've done brilliant work with her."

The way her Master looked at her, so cold, so darkly, so terribly triumphant, she wondered if what Katerina had said was true. She pushed that to the back of her mind. She would not allow those dangerous thoughts to intrude. She would not disappoint him again.

"Let's take a look at her then," Aleksandr said, rising from his chair.

"Presentation one," her master said. She got into it immediately. The men purred in approval. They all took pleasure in the sight of an obedient woman. They touched her, hands prodded at her, poking at her. Neither her nipples nor her vagina was touched. In fact, the violation did not come from the sexual nature of any touch, but the absolute callousness of it. It was an inspection. Like she was some purebred in best in show. Tarik, the handsome, salt and pepper haired Serb with the dark complexion and sad eyes, placed his fingers into her mouth to examine her teeth.

"We must have fun with her," the Bosnian said. "You have a woman of superb quality."

Jessica felt some pride and turned to look at her Master. His smug smile proved his own pleasure at the statement.

Aleksandr suggested the rotated stockade. It was a stockade, but facing toward the ceiling. She was able to stand, her hands up by either side of her face, her neck well secured.

A vicious clap of a riding crop. A cry ripped through her.

“Oh, she cries so sweetly.,” Aleksandr said.

Tarik asked, “do you remember the girl from Novi Sad?”

Aleksandr laughed. “Oh yes. She screamed like that.”

Another vicious hit. Hard on her left cheek. Another hit. On impulse, she tried to yank her hands from the restraints. It was so painful, her knees buckled. As she fell, her neck came under the strain of the stock, and she struggled to find her footing.

“A tight asshole. You don’t use it often.” Elias.

“This cunt I plan to keep. I want to keep her tight.”

“So... not her asshole, lets shove something up her cunt.”

“How does she do on command?”

“Very well from experience.”

“I want to suck on her nipples,” Elias said. “Just like my Kat’s.”

A pair of hands grabbed her by the hips. She was pulled backwards. She did not believe it was her master's. It didn't feel like it. But nothing else happened.

Then, Aleksandr, "I take my belt to them."

A wicked whack. "That is how a man puts a woman in her place. With his belt."

Another wack. She grit her teeth together to swallow the cry. That was clearly not what they wanted, for she was hit again, this time much harder.

"A woman should take a whipping a week, no matter how obedient. Keeps them humble."

"What a shape," Elias said. He smacked a hand down on a thigh and squeezed. "She's perfect."

When the whipping ended, her master came forward with a vibrator. "She's a faithful woman, so I know you won't get her to cum."

He handed the vibrator to Elias. The German flicked it in and it began to buzz. Her master pulled up a chair and leaned backward, a smug look on his face. "Don't cum for him, now, or you'll be punished."

Her hips bucked as the German placed the vibrator to her clit. She got as far away as he could, but he continued to press firmly.

"Break any woman down far enough, she'll be a whore for any man," Elias disagreed.

"Not my Jessica."

The hot, wet taste of metallic filled her mouth as she bit down on the inside of her cheek. The German massaged her clit gently with the vibrator.

A glass of whiskey was placed in her Master's hand and he took a little sip with smirking lips. The massaging continued and she began to wonder if swallowing too much blood would make her nauseous. She didn't want to throw up on such a pretty play room. As she decided to take a look around the room. It was a welcome distraction.

The carpets were white and lush. The couches and chairs the men lounged comfortably on were dark brown leather. It was tastefully decorated, and one might easily believe it was merely a den for rich, sophisticated men to sit around sipping expensive whiskey while discussing current events and politics. Except, in the corner, Katerina was in the corner, crying softly, face pressed into the wall, shoulders shaking.

"She's cheating," someone said. She snapped back to reality. "She's gone off somewhere else."

She realized it was Aleksandr. He began snapping his fingers at her. "Stay right here with us, darling. Focus on what Herr Schuster is doing to you."

She looked at her master. He was aiming his whiskey and speaking to Tarik. The feelings came rushing back to her and she almost broke down right there.

"I like watching them squirm," Aleksandr observed.

She gave the right side of her shredded tongue a break and moved on to the left. She would not do this, not when her master said she wouldn't. She'd prove him right.

At some point, Aleksandr retrieved a watch from his pocket and held it out to Tarik and her Master. The two began to laugh. It was a dark, but thoroughly amused laughter, and to a casual observer, the scene might have made their stomachs turn. It was the smugness, the apparent humor they found in the entire circumstance, the degradation of the woman in front of them.

“Well, she’s the record to beat,” Tarik mused.

“She cheated,” Elias argued, pressing the vibrator harder into her. She could not stop the moan, but it was not entirely from pleasure. “She knows how to detach.”

“She’s never done that to me,” her Master said. Her only source of comfort was the small smile on his lips and the fact that the twinkle in his gaze was far from malicious. He took the watch from Aleksandr and watch the numbers tick by.

“Jesus Christ,” Aleksandr laughed as her Master showed him the watch again. Tarik and her master joined in the laughter.

Increasingly annoyed, Elias pressed harder, massaged more tantalizingly, and even the taste of pennies and the pain in her mouth could stop the little ripple that rippled through her bodies. Elias flicked the vibrator off triumphantly.

“Every woman’s a whore,” he said. “Even yours.”

Her master rose, eyes twinkling, a smile on his lips. “Naughty girl,” he scolded her.

“Master, I -”

He reached out and grabbed her by the chin, scrunching her lips together and revealing slightly bloodied teeth.

“I cannot fault her effort,” he observed. He retrieved a ball gag and forced it between her lips. He looked her in the eyes, eyes steel, “but she will be punished.”

She tried to speak around the ball but he slapped her hard on the cheek. He then stroked the stinging skin with a gentle thumb. Another smack and he was behind her.

“Use the whip,” Aleksandr suggested.

“No, the flogger.”

She heard dark chuckles and felt her master’s hand grope cruelly at her bottom.

“I cannot remember the last time I gave her a hard paddling.”

She swallowed thickly. She hated the paddle. It hurt so bad. Somehow, it was worse than anything else combined.

“Back straight now,” he ordered. “Legs spread.”

She obeyed, but he did not give her the usually “gutes maedchen” purr. Instead, he pressed his finger tips into her bottom to position her just right.

The first smack of the paddle was terribly hard and she actually shrieked around her gag. She was not so sure he had ever hit her so hard. Her back arched and she did a small running in place with the balls of her feet.

“Don’t move,” he ordered, putting her back into place. “You’ve taken worse.”

She disagreed. That was a terrible whack. He hit her again. The second was enough to bring tears to her eyes. Elias laughed and, as one hand brought the glass of whiskey to his lips, the other yanked at his sizable erection beneath his jeans.

“I must invest in wooden paddles,” her Master said. Another hit and she sobbed around the gag. “I use only leather.”

“I am a believer in old school discipline,” Aleksandr said. She was unable to make it to ten, which was usually the bar she set for himself when he was in a particular mood, but she’d never felt so much pain. She let out an unintelligent plea for mercy around the gag. He stepped away, but only to switch sides.

Her other cheek was smacked just as hard. On one hand, the pain added a needed distraction to the violent pulsing of her previously damaged skin, but it also amplified the pain.

“I used to date women,” her Master told them as he rained down another blow. “They’ll do anything for money...” the others nodded in agreement, “but the moment you get to this point...” another horribly whack. “they used their safe words. Removes all the pleasure when you’re made to stop.”

“The only good thing about a girl saying stop, or no, is being able to ignore them when they say it.” Tarik mused.

“Jessica would like me to stop. Is that so?”

She nodded through tears. His hand closed around her chin and jerked her head back. She arched her neck and rolled her eyes upward to look at him. He liked this position. He put her in it often. In truth, it was the position she felt most vulnerable in.

“Please,” she begged around her ball gag. “Please, I can’t.”

He released her face and her head fell forward. He hit her again.

“Tell us, about your first time with her,” Aleksandr asked.

“Always the most enjoyable experience,” Tarik agreed. Max took a deep breath behind her. He paused a moment, running his fingers over the hot, pink skin.

“I saw her on a train,” he started early. “And it was like this.... uncontrollable need. I sat there the entire train ride, watching her, imaging all the different ways I would violate her. Thought about what her cries might sound like, what her eyes would look like, full of fear, wet.”

He hit her again. “I bumped into her on the train and helped her collect her things as we left. I found her ID without effort. Jessica Allen, April 28th, 1990, Delaware, USA.”

He smacked her so hard she thought she might vomit. Luckily the urge passed and she was grateful for it. She did not want to embarrass her Master. “I called Belko that night.”

“I’ve heard he’s less than reputable.”

“Some of his girls are dirty,” her master agreed. “She was my special order but... even so, I had her tested before I sent the money through.”

That was new information. Despite being clean, that bothered her. He wouldn’t have wanted her if she’d been dirty. It was a reasonable statement, one she agreed with, but it hurt her anyway.

“But he’s discrete and has over a hundred girls at any time.”

He hit her again.

“How young?” Tarik asked.

“I’m not sure,” he answered and then whacked her again. He slammed a hand down on a glowing cheek and squeezed. He walked around her and put the paddle underneath her chin.

She looked up at him with tearful eyes. “The first time I had her, she trembled so badly, I thought she might bring my house crumbling down.”

Some laughter behind him.

“She cried, and begged, and fought...” he kept eye contact. “And there was nothing she could do to stop me. I was going to have what I wanted. And I wanted her.”

He tapped her chin with the paddle. A small part of her was terrified he would hit her in the face with it. He must have seen that fear, for his eyes grew hot and dark.

“I get what I want, don’t I?” he murmured. She nodded. “I don’t want to stop.”

She nodded again. He walked around the side of her. He renewed his strikes. Whatever the conversation was that followed, she either could not hear, or lost the ability to remember. By the time she was released from the stocks, she was sobbing around the gag. She hit the ground with a thud, sending more painful shockwaves up her limbs. She did not reach for the gag, but her Master removed it for her. His touch, as it always was after a good beating,

was gentle.

“Over in the corner now,” he instructed. She reached up her arms in a silent plea for an embrace, but he smacked her hand away with the paddle. This time, her eyes burned with embarrassment, and she pulled her arms back. The smug laughter of the men seated around her did not help. She sniffles and got into her hands and knees. She crawled into the designated corner. Her master was close behind. She turned her gaze upward, hopefully he would comfort her now. He did not.

“Endure,” he instructed. She shook her head and she saw his face turn a dark shade of red.  
“Endure.”

“I can’t,” she whispered. “Please.”

He crouched down, eyes such an icy blue, looking nearly black. He said slowly, “endure.”

She moved to obey, swallowing through a dry throat. She had the endurance on a good day to stay in that position close to a half hour now, but she was so tired, in so much pain, she didn’t think she could.

“Break that position, and Elias will make you come again, this time with his fingers.”

She wasn’t sure if he’d actually allow that. If he had said he’d let Elias fuck her, she would not have been concerned, but such a specific and, in the grand scheme of things, minor threat, had her worried.

Ruslana was brought down next. Jessica did not pay much attention. She kept her eyes shut, jaw clenched. She remained in that position until her burning, trembling legs gave away and she collapsed to the floor with a thud. She looked over at her Master, who was watching closely. She pushed herself back into the position and he returned his gaze to Ruslana. Tarik was striking her with a braided rope.

Shortly after she fell again. She cast a frightened gaze back towards him. His response was a soft murmur “Expose.”

She had never loved him more. She got into the position, body immediately crying in relief. It was still not the easiest of positions, but she could hold it for at least another hour or two.

“How did you do it?” Elias asked, once everyone was finished. Katerina remained where she was, Ruslana was between her master’s knees, arms draped over either leg, her face pressed to his crotch, and he gently stroked her hair. “How’d you do that to her.”

Her master smirked. He snapped his fingers and pointed at the spot on the floor in front of him. She immediately began to crawl forward. Her elbows buckled more than once, but she got there and waited.

“Jessica,” he said. “Who am I?”

“The master of my heart, body, and soul,” she told her master. His little smirk grew. “I want you to tell them, everything I’ve done to you.”

“I- I don’t understand -”

“Tell them, honestly, the things I’ve done to you.”

“I -”

“Do not misunderstand me again.”

She swallowed thickly and he added, “start at the beginning now.”

“Y-you kidnapped me,” she said. “You bought me and raped me.”

“Where have I raped you?”

“Everywhere,” she breathed.

“Be specific.”

“My... my mouth. My...”

“She still doesn’t like using crude words,” he chuckled to Elias, “Use the words I’ve told you to use when you talk to me. And use full sentences.”

“Y-you raped my mouth, and my, my - you’ve raped my cunt. And you’ve raped my asshole.”

“And?”

“And you’ve... you’ve hit me, and beaten me.... you hit me with paddles, and leather, floggers and I can’t remember all the worlds.”

“Have I caned you?”

“Yes,” she answered. She hiccuped. “I hate the cane,” she admitted.

“That’s when you’re an exceptionally bad little girl. Go on.”

“You p-pissed on me,” she said. “And... locked me in cages and... took pictures of me, made me do, made me do cocaine.”

“I want you to tell me, what you remember about the first time I raped you.”

“It hurt so bad,” she admitted. “So bad,” she hung her head, but immediately looked up. “And you bit me -“ she touched the damaged skin. “I was so scared. I felt so... so violated.”

A little sigh left him. “Violated?”

She nodded. “Violated and... and dirty and... cheap and... used.”

Her eyes were full of tears now.

“Is that so?” he asked her. He told her to be honest, so she nodded and said, “yes.”

“And... how do you feel about me?”

“I love you,” she said without a moment’s hesitation. She glanced around at the chuckling men. She looked back at him. She added, “I worship you.”

The pleasure in his eyes was enough to put her forward, despite the terrible shame she felt every time she looked at the dark amusement in the other men’s gazes. She leaned forward, pressing her breasts to his knees, gently grasping at his lower shirt.

“I’m so grateful, you did all that to me.”

Her master’s lips curved slowly into a little smirk. He touched the back of her head and gently lowered her face to his lap. She fought down a sob but her shoulders still trembled. He rubbed a hand over her back.

“You must show me how to do that,” Elias said softly, leaning toward her Master. “She is perfect. Exactly what I want.”

“Takes some work,” her master said. “Well, once you buy your new girl, let me know.”

“I’m not going to do that,” Elias snapped. “I said that for her benefit she... I do not want to part with Katerina. She is not so defiant behind closed doors.”

“To get her to behave like Jessica, you’ll have to break that one. She’s stubborn.”

“I’ll break her,” Elias said darkly. “If she’ll love me like that.”

“Women are weak,” her Master said. “You know that. They need protection. They long for it. They yearn for it. It’s in their DNA. Look at this one.”

He tilted her face up from his lap. “She trusts me. You need their trust. A woman cannot love what she does not trust.”

He let go of her chin. Elias leaned in a bit more closely, voice dropping. “I’ve never... let anyone else touch her. She knows I won’t. I’m a handsome, fit man. Yet she... she’s repulsed by me.”

“You gave her your affection too soon. She uses your affection and she manipulates you with it. That’s what women do. She has too much power. You need to take it back from her.”

“How?”

“Do you have a playroom?”

“A room I keep her in. Behind a book shelf.”

“Is it comfortable?”

Elias paused. “She has a bed. A tv. A book shelf.”

“Too much,” Max said. “Everything she has, she has from you. Every scrap of food, ounce of enjoyment, moment of pleasure, must come from you. And when she disobeys, when she doesn’t give you the respect you’re entitled to, she’s punished.... brutally.”

He picked up Jessica’s chin again. “Isn’t that so.”

“You’re my entire world,” she answered. She knew that would make him happy. Tenderness returned to his eyes. When he released her chin again, she nuzzled into his erection.

“It’s not enough she’s there for sex when you want it. You must put her where she belongs. At your feet. Make her serve you. Make her beg you for an ounce of affection. We owe women nothing. It’s only when they’re obedient, that they deserve our love.”

She wanted to crawl into his lap and have her hold him. She tilted her face, still streaked with tears, up toward him. She smiled sleepily. He trailed a finger tip down her cheek.

“Perhaps, we may speak in more detail after dinner?” Elias asked. Her master nodded.

“Of course.” He raised his voice. “Speaking of dinner, if you gentlemen don’t mind, I need to feed this one and put her to bed.”

He received murmurs of assent. He had her crawl until they were at the top of the carpeted staircase. Once they got to the cool, hardwood floors up above, he instructed her to walk.

“Thank you, master,” she murmured as she got to her feet. He brought her into the kitchen where he made her food for her. Scrambled eggs, some bacon, and a protein shake. He fed her with his fingers, kneeling at his feet, and she ducked down the protein shake greedily.

“Did I make you proud?” she asked once finished. He smiled softly, taking in the sight of her, before responding, “you always do.”

“I love you,” she said. “So much. So much, it scares me sometimes.”

“I won’t ever let anything happen to you,” he said. “You know that.”

"I'm sorry," she murmured. "For talking about home earlier. Not-not-not home. I mean before. I'm just tired," she said. Tears began to swell in her eyes. He gently ran a hand over her head.

"You were punished for it already."

"Thank you," she told him. "For protecting me. For taking such good care of me. I'm glad you chose me."

She took hold of the hand stroking her face and took his fingers into her mouth, one after the other. With his finger hand, he unbuckled his belt. She did her best to show him how much she loved him. She must have done well, for he did not last long.

After he had come in her mouth, and observed the sight of it on her tongue to his satisfaction, he grabbed her by the hair and said, "you would be nothing without me. Isn't that true?"

She nodded. "Nothing," she agreed. "You're my everything. My master, my lover, my king, my God."

His eyes fluttered slightly. He took her by the hands and pulled her upward. She settled in his lap, wrapped her arms around his neck, and murmured in his ear, "you're more powerful than any man I've ever met. More powerful than any man on earth."

She kissed his earlobe and nibbled on the skin. "No other man comes close to you. You're intelligent, handsome, wealthy, competent and powerful."

He turned his face toward hers and kissed her.

"What would you do, if I sold you?"

“I’d kill myself,” she answered. He was hard again. He forced her to straddle him and grinned her into him. A groan left him.

“You’d kill yourself?”

“Life wouldn’t be worth living without you.”

He grabbed her by the hair and yanked hard. “Say that again,” he bit out between gritted teeth.

“My life wouldn’t be worth living without you,” she said. He kissed her hard. It was a painful experience. Their faces mashed together, teeth clanking, noses bended. She found herself enjoying it.

“Get upstairs,” he ordered. She obeyed. He followed her close behind. He slammed the bedroom door shut behind him and grabbed onto her arm. He yanked her around like a rag doll.

“Try to get away from me,” he demanded. She did. “Go on. Fight me.”

She tried to wrench herself away from him, but he was too strong. He threw her back on the bed like she was nothing. He had not told her to stop fighting, so she tried to get up. He shoved her down on the bed hard and held her hands up above her head.

“You pathetic, weak, little woman,” he sneered. He used only one hand to hold her wrists together. He massaged a nipple between his fingers. Her hips bucked against his. There was no getting him off. He flipped her over before fucking her. He liked having her on her stomach as he lay on top of her, her arms crushed beneath her, his arms wrapped around her head, keeping her entirely immobile. When he climaxed, he kissed her neck, sucked her earlobe, and licked her cheek, before he got back to his feet.

“Get into bed while my cum is inside of you,” he ordered. “Hips up. Keep it there.”

He put a pillow under her to keep her elevated. He put a hand to her belly. “Can you feel me in there?” he asked. “Hot, sticky.”

“Yes,” she murmured. He kissed her hard.

“Good,” he said when it was over. “Now go to sleep. You need it.”

“Yes master,” she called after him. “Goodnight. I love you.”

He closed the door. When she plopped her head back down on the pillow, she had a smile on her lips. And it was true. She loved him more than she ever had before.

## XXXIII

### Chapter Notes

Y'all got THIRSTY when you thought Jessica was getting pregnant. Just to be clear, she's still on birth control.

As this story is coming to an end, I have been thinking about my next story. I am considering finally focusing on Euphoria and completing that, which will be more or less consensual. However, I have an idea for a stalker story, which will be NOT consensual. Curious to see which one you guys would be most interested in?

See the end of the chapter for [more notes](#)

Her master informed her on New Years day that they were going home. She was both relieved and disappointed. She would miss Ruslana and Elena. Even Katerina. It had been so nice to be around people who had gone through what she went through, even if the words themselves were never spoken.

Elena hugged her warmly and made sure to tell her how well she was doing. If she kept it, she would make her master very happy. She smiled proudly and turned to look over her shoulder. Her Master gave a small smile and a nod to her. She thanked Elena warmly and hugged the older woman again. It was like being hugged by her mother. She did not relish the feeling of warmth for long. She should find comfort only in her Master's arms.

Ruslana embraced her as well. "I am so pleased to have a new friend," she told Jessica. Once again, she felt a rush of acceptance and she squeezed her tightly. She pulled back and said, "be good for him. He is a kind master."

She nodded. "I will," she vowed. "I promise."

She had stopped before Katerina, unsure how the goodbye would go. There were tears in her eyes and Jessica was shocked to realize that the girl did not want this time to end any more than Jessica did.

"We'll see each other again, I guess," she said. "Unless either of us is sold or killed."

"We won't be," Jessica encouraged with a small smile. She added, "If you were better for him, he would not be so cold to you."

Katerina sniffed. "Unlikely," she answered. She stepped forward and they hugged. It was an awkward embrace, but when it came time to part, Katerina wrapped her in her arms again and squeezed. In an instant it was over and she stepped away.

She was directed to say goodbye to the men next. Tarik smiled warmly and placed his hands on her shoulders. "You are a fine slave. You should be proud."

She smiled again and nodded. She looked to her Master. She wanted to make sure he heard it. The German smirked at her, arrogant and condescending, not at all the warm, kind smile the Bosnian had given her.

"Be a good girl now," he said.

"Yes, sir," she answered.

"I enjoyed playing with you," he told her.

"Thank you, sir," she decided simple, polite answers were the best. He reached up and tapped her cheek with surprising tenderness.

"You're a good girl."

She smiled, eyes once again finding her master. Lastly, she bid farewell to their host. He was warm and affectionate. "You are a good little girl and a good slave. You've made your master very proud."

“Thank you,” she said again. He stroked her hair in a very fatherly gesture.

“Be good now. I look forward to seeing you again and when I do, I expect good reports from your owner. Yes?”

“Yes, sir. I promise,” she said again. Her master had said his goodbyes and grabbed her by the upper arm in a controlling and firm, but gentle grip. He had their bags at his side and he shook Aleksandr’s hand firmly.

“I had a wonderful time,” he told Aleksandr. “Thank you for hosting me.”

“You are a welcome addition to our little circle. You will certainly receive invites in the future.”

“Please,” her master said. “You have my information.”

She asked to help him with the bags but he declined. He got everything into the trunk and then got back into the car. Her feet crunched against the snow as she walked. She got into the passenger seat and buckled up. When he got in beside her, she waited for him to hand her the pill. She watched him start the car and pull out, lips parting.

“Master?” she asked him. “What about the pill?”

“Do you need it?” he asked her. He backed the car out and paused before going down the long driveway. “Do I need to drug you for a car ride?”

There was an edge to his voice. She saw the annoyance, the anger, the disappointment. She shouldn’t need it anymore. She should be trusted not to do anything to disobey him. She swallowed tightly, furious at herself for being so stupid, for not being where she should be.

“N-no,” she said. “I wouldn’t do anything to hurt you.”

“So, do you need a pill? Or will you keep me company?”

“I’ll keep you company,” she said, smiling happily. He wanted to spend time with her. “I can do it. I don’t need it.”

“Good girl,” he praised and began driving down the road. She asked him if she could name a nap and he answered she could. She woke up a few hours later as he Master stopped the car at a small gas station off the highway. It was rather out of the way, and she saw one other car on the far side of the parking lot.

“Women’s room is right there. I’m going to get the key. Stay here.”

She nodded. To her surprise, he got out of the car and left her there. Her heart began to race and she reached out, jabbing at the lock button. The car’s doors locked with a woosh and she felt a bit more secure. She glanced around at those at the gas pumps. Her breathing grew a bit heavy, but she shook her head. All would be fine. Once her Master came back, she’d feel better.

He did not take long. He returned with the keys. He opened her car door and hunched over to talk to her softly. His eyes pinned her down firmly and he asked her, “Can you get out and walk to the bathroom?”

She nodded. “Yes, Master. Will you be close?”

“I will be.”

She nodded. “I promise.”

He held out a hand and she took it. He guided her into the single use stall and stopped her before she shut the door. He told her, "Stay inside until you hear me knock on the door."

"Yes, Master," she murmured. He gave a quick glance around, but no one could have heard her. He jabbed at her with his chin and had her go inside. She relieved herself, washed her hands and waited. She did not have to wait long for the knock on the door. She heard him say her name and then opened the door. He had her get back in the car before returning the keys. When he got back into the car, he did not immediately close the door.

"You are so much more than I could have imagined," he praised her. Her lips parted. Emotion swelled in her chest. Her heart nearly burst with happiness. "I knew you would be a perfect slave. I had no idea a woman like you could exist."

"Thank you, Master," she murmured.

"You make me so proud."

She bit her bottom lip, tried to contain her smile, and nodded. "Thank you, Master," she breathed again.

He handed her a small paper bag and then started the car. She was responsible for removing the sandwiches and drinks he had purchased. She ate happily, listening to the radio patiently. Her master took two work phone calls over bluetooth. She remained silent the entire time. He praised her warmly once again. The more he praised her, the more determined she came to never let him down.

For the rest of the day, he kept them to secluded restops, but he allowed her to go in of her free will. Always, she had to wait for him to knock on the door. It was only about four or so when he pulled off the highway and drove on some backroads until they arrived at a small motel. She waited patiently for instruction. As he parked the car and remove the key, she kept her eyes on him. Her poor Master. He looked so tired. A hot shower, a good meal, a thorough back rub. It would do him good.

"Come in with me," he ordered, unbuckling his seatbelt. Her brow lifted and her lips parted.

“What?”

“What?” He repeated back sarcastically. “You heard me. I won’t repeat myself.”

“Master -”

“Are you going to refuse?” he asked her. She considered thoughtfully, biting her lower lip. His eyes did not appear angry, but they were stern, and she knew what refusing would mean. He would be disappointed with her. After she had made him so proud, she didn’t think she could bear the disappointment. She shook her head. He came around the side of the car and opened her door. Only then did she unbuckle her seat belt and step out. He offered his hand and she took it gladly. He gently pulled her closer and gave a kiss to her lips. She leaned into him, breathing in the scent of him as deeply as she could. He pulled back and without a word, guided her into the little lobby of the motel.

A kid with a face full of acne looked up and grinned. “Ah! Hans Schmidt!”

Jessica squeezed his hand tightly.

“Bottom floor again?” the desk attendant asked. He grinned at Jessica and then looked back at her master. He was counting out bills and shook his head.

“Best room you have?”

“Open is uh, 217, up top. New bathroom.”

Her master put the bills down, the kid gave him the keys, and they were out the door. A bright smile spread over her face and she looked up at her master, holding his arm close. He would be very proud. And indeed, he looked down, a smile on his face, pride twinkling in his eyes. He leaned down and gave her a kiss.

“Gutes maedchen,” he purred and kissed her again. She squeezed his hand with both of hers. She could have jumped for joy, she was so happy.

He collected a bag from the car and slung it over his shoulder. “We stayed here on our way over,” he explained. She remembered nothing of it. They got up into the room and he flung the bag on the bed.

She dropped to her knees and placed her mouth to his shoes. “How may I serve you, Master?”

He smirked down at her, removing his coat and flinging it to the side.

“Get undressed, then go start the shower. Come back to help me out of my clothes.”

She kissed his feet, murmured her assent, and went on her way. When she returned, he was seated on the bed and unbuttoning his shirt. She removed his shoes and socks, giving extra attention to his feet. She peppered soft kisses over the skin and massaged his calves tenderly.

At some point, he reached down to stroke the top of her head. She reached up, very much like she had that day in the basement. She had a lingering bruise from when he had smacked her arms away with the paddle. The rejection had hurt so badly. She was afraid he would do so again, but he accepted her embrace and kissed her without restraint. The pain from the last rejection lingered, but it made his current embrace all the more thrilling.

He fucked her in the shower. He took her hard, face pressed against the wall, back arched, legs spread.

Once finished, he had her scrub him down, and then herself, amazingly, he fucked her one more time, and then they excited the shower. She massaged him a while. He was tired and stiff from driving. She kneaded his arms and shoulders. His eyes were closed and he said nothing. Only occasionally, he’d let out a soft groan of pleasure. She pressed her thumbs into his neck, rubbing the corded muscles in tiny circles. He sagged into her, his back to her chest,

and she gently ran her finger tips along his jaw and face. She continued even after he had fallen asleep, smiling down at him softly. She bent down and placed a soft kiss to his forehead.

He started with a violent jolt and whipped around to look at her. He swore, got up from the bed, and rummaged in his bag. He got her a bottle of water and placed the pill in her hand.

It had not once crossed her mind to run, but she took it obediently.

“Will you have trouble? Getting medicine now that Dr. Elliot is gone?”

“I know a doctor,” he answered sleepily. He sat down on the bed with a sigh and widened his eyes. He pulled her closer, setting her head on his chest. “Go to sleep.”

She tried to go to sleep as quickly as possible. She knew he would not go to bed until the pill he gave her took effect. It must have happened quickly, because the next thing she knew she was on her back, her Master inserting himself inside of her, and light was streaming in through the edges curtains. She was still a bit groggy, but she found he liked it when she couldn’t really participate. He could do as he pleased, take what he wanted, and he had a soft, pliable body to use.

When he was finished he got up and showered, allowing the last of the drugs to fade away. She fell asleep again, but when he woke her up, it was with a kiss to her forehead and a gentle murmur.

She was still groggy when they walked out to the car and she fell asleep again almost immediately upon the drive. When she woke up, it was nine. She smelled coffee and he handed her a small brown bag with a pastry in it.

“Where are we?” she asked.

“Almost to Austria,” he answered.

"It will be nice to be home," she mused, looking out the window. He reached over, placing a hand to the back of her neck, and squeezed firmly. She turned her face to smile at him and picked at the pastry. The coffee was still hot and she wondered if him going through the drive thru had woken her. As she came out of her fog, she realized they were getting back on the highway.

"Europe is so beautiful," she murmured as she looked out at the countryside. She turned to look at him. "Have you ever been to America?"

"New York and Boston. On business," he answered. She nodded thoughtfully.

"It's funny - to think when I toured your company, you were up in your office."

"We were meant to be," he said. "Had I left my office in time to see you coming down the hall, I would have had you that much earlier."

She smiled. "You think you would have noticed me?"

"I know I would have." He reaches out and seized the back of her neck again. He pulled her a bit closer, keeping his eyes on the road. "I saw you on that train."

"But you were seated in a way you could help but see me. If I had just been another girl in a crowded -"

He squeezed more tightly.

"No. I would have seen you. Do you know why?"

"I was meant to be your slave," she answered. He turned to meet her eye briefly.

He said, "that's right," and then released her neck and looked back at the road. "Born to be."

They listened to some music. An American song came on and she bounded forward in excitement to turn it up. She worried he might be angry, a sign she was thinking about things before, but he was not concerned. It appeared she could enjoy American film and music, as long as she did not talk about her family or friends.

They stopped for food. He had her stay in the car while he went in and bought some sandwiches. When he came back, he told her they would eat outside if she wanted. She agreed. She wanted to show him, it was so important to show him, that she wouldn't betray him. She was everything he believed her to be.

As she leaned against the hood of his car, she gazed around at those around her, watching in wonder as everyone moved about. It was a surreal experience, to be out in the open again, to be around so many people. What a different world than the one she remembered. She felt like she was in a dream. Most were tourists, coming for the magnificent winter views of the mountains. She heard a mish mash of languages.

She saw a group situated on the far side of the building. Many were taking pictures and she watched them curiously.

"It's a pleasant view," her master said between bites. They were both sitting against the hood of his car, enjoying the cold fresh air and the ability to stretch their legs.

"Can we go see?" she asked. Her master considered a moment, his eyes darting around those around them. She put her half eaten sandwich down and grabbed his hands.

"I promise," she vowed. "I will never betray you."

She said it so reverently and with so much force, he could not help but believe her. He gave a little smile, stroked her cheek with his thumb, and then nodded. She scooped up her

sandwich, took his hand, and they went on their way. She was finished with her sandwich by the time they arrived, and she shoved the wrapped into her back pocket.

The view was breathtaking. Stretching out in front of them were miles of lowly rolling mounds of white, and in the distance, jutting out from the ground were the massive, blue and white mountains, reaching up into the foggy sky brilliantly. It really was a beautiful view for a highway rest area.

“Take a picture with me,” her master said, pulling her toward the side. She obeyed happily. He held out his cellphone to take a picture of them. She wrapped her arms around him, her face at his chest, and smiled happily into the camera. He took another after she accepted his turned down face for a kiss.

“You’re perfect,” he murmured to her softly. She smiled and bit her bottom lip.

“Can you kiss me again?” she asked. “Please?”

He smirked and lowered his head for a kiss. She tried to deepen it but he pulled back and called her a greedy girl. She wanted to stay a bit longer, but she dare not protest when her Master told her it was time to go back to the car. She held his hand as they walked back to the car, very much aware and very hopeful that everyone there thought that she was this perfect man’s girlfriend. Maybe, even his wife. She wondered if he would ever buy her a ring to wear. She would really like that.

They got back to the car and he held the door open for her. Once inside, she asked him for another kiss.

“You’re getting greedy,” he mused. “I think you’ll need a good spanking tonight.”

For some time now, when it was just the two of them, and he made those comments, a tingling would rush through her belly and between her legs. It took some time before she realized it was arousal, but now she welcomed the feeling.

“To put you in your place. Yes, slave?”

“Yes, Master,” she said.

“My bratty girl,” he said. “Do you think you deserve a kiss?”

He put his seatbelt on and started the car.

“No, Master, but please?”

He took her by the back of the neck again and leaned forward. “You’ve been so good for me today. Of all the women in this world, vapid, gold digging, disobedient whores... but you... you’re so good. A good girl. Yes?”

“Yes, Master. I love you.”

“I think you deserve a kiss.” He took her by the hair and placed a soft kiss to her mouth and then pulled back. “It was a good two weeks, but I’ll be pleased to have you to myself again.”

She tried to kiss him again and he pulled her back by the hair. He smiled, eyes on her lips. He kissed her once more. A soft, lingering, tender kiss. He murmured against her mouth, “I’m going to fuck you so hard when we get home.”

“Yes Master.”

“I’ll shove my cock so far down your throat you’ll choke on it.”

“Yes, Master,” she said. One more kiss, this time hard, and he pulled back.

Hesitantly, she reached over and took hold of his hand. She did so once they were back on the highway and he would not need to change the gear. He did not pull back. He did not scold her. Instead, he took her hand in a firm and commanding grip.

She felt slightly overwhelmed with her love of him. She felt almost drunk. She was content to hold his hand as they drove.

The pressure in a bladder grew within an hour and she suddenly realized she should have asked to go to the bathroom while they were stopped. She was well aware he wouldn't want to get off the road so soon.

She pressed her legs together, her bladder growing more painful. She refused to tell him. Not yet. She didn't want to ruin anything. He'd drug her or put her in the trunk. He'd give her a beating when they got home. He would make her sleep in a case downstairs. At the very least, she'd be on the pillow bed. He wouldn't let her in his bed. She hated being separated from him as they slept and after two weeks of sleeping, wrapped securely in his arms, she couldn't bear being separated from him now. She just wanted him to be loving a bit longer. She loved it so much. The way he looked at her when he was happy with her.

"Master?" she finally asked, in too much discomfort to wait any longer.

"Slave?" His thumb stroked the back of her hand. She could have cried. She was so angry with herself.

"I know - I know that I should have said something. Back at the other rest stop. And I know you're going to punish me. And that's fine. I mean - it doesn't matter if I say it's fine, you can do what you want. So, I'm not saying I have to be OK with anything. I just want you to know that I know I've been bad. Not on purpose though -"

"Out with it, slave," he ordered.

"I have to go to the bathroom."

He was stone faced for a second. A smile erupted over his face and he chuckled. He took his hand from hers, slowed, dropped a gear, and changed lanes.

“You think you should be punished for this?” he asked. It was a test. She knew it.

“Yes master. I should have gone at the rest stop. I mean, I should have told you I had to go. Asked you if it was ok, I mean. So I know I need to be punished. I know that.”

He switched another lane. “Pick your punishment.”

She looked down at her hands. She considered, trying not to cry. Her bladder was ready to explode, she knew he was mad at her now. She should have thought to ask. How stupid. She’d ruined everything.

“The cane,” she said. If she showed him she knew how serious this was. If she let him know she would take the punishment she hated the worst, he might continue his affectionate manner. She hated when he got cold. She’d rather take the caning.

“The cane,” he mused. “I’ve given you some pretty good bruises with that cane. I do love the sound of that cane smacking against your skin. That strip of red. The beautiful cries that leave your lips. And the way you beg. You only beg like that when I use the cane.”

“I’m a woman and I make mistakes but I know I need to be punished and you can teach me to be better in the future,” she said. He’d see, she wasn’t like the other women. She was special. She was different. She said what she knew he wanted to hear.

He flicked on his blinker. She rejoiced. A rest stop right on the highway, right here! She pushed the pain in her bladder to the side and looked to her Master. He parked about a hundred yard from the rest stop.

He turned off the car and turned to look at her. “You think you deserve a caning tonight?”

She nodded and whispered, “Yes, Master.”

“How badly do you have to use the water closet?”

“Very badly, Master. I’m sorry.”

Once again, his hand went to the back of her neck. “I don’t think you deserve a caning.”

Her lips parted.

“I don’t think you deserve a punishment.”

“B-but-” was this a test?

“You’ve been such a good girl for me today,” he murmured. “Do you know how proud I am of you?”

She felt a surge of absolute joy.

“Really?”

“You’re not like any other woman on this earth. My perfect little girl.”

“*Gutes Kleines Maedchen* ,” she said. He let out a little breath from his nose, lips curving upward.

*“Gutes kleines maedchen. Meine dreckige amerikanische Schlampe. Schmutzige Hure.”*

*“Ich gehör dir vollkommen.”*

“Can I send you in to use the bathroom?” he asked her. “Will you be my good little girl?”

“Yes, Master. I promise. I’d never do anything to hurt you. I promise.”

“I trust you,” he told her. His voice was heavy. “Do you know what it means? For me to trust a woman?”

“I won’t let you down,” she vowed. And she meant it. With everything in her. “I promise. You can trust me. I’m special.”

She remembered being in that cage, tired, hungry, cold, the words he said, the things he called her. She was better than he even knew. He’d spent so much money, and she was better than he even thought. And she’d prove it to him.

“I believe you.” He released her. “Go on then. Go relieve yourself and come right back to me.”

“I love you, Master,” she told him. She wanted him to know he was making the right decision. “I love you so much.”

She almost began to cry, she was so overwhelmed. He kissed her softly. “Go now, Jessica. Go to the bathroom, and come back to me. Don’t talk to anyone.”

“I won’t. I promise.”

He unbuckled her belt and she got out of the car. She walked as normally as possible. It was a strange feeling. She walked passed the different bodies, but they meant nothing to her. All that mattered was the man standing at his car, watching her closely.

She paused before entering the building. He was watching her, a small smile on his lips. He seemed so far away. Her anxiety began to rise and she wanted to run back to him. There were too many people, it was too big a rest stop. She wasn't safe unless he was nearby. She needed him closer. He gave a small nod. She felt a rush of renewed confidence. She'd do it and she'd do it well. He'd be so happy. She could only imagine how wonderful tonight would be. Maybe, they would have dinner at the table, he'd get them a nice bottle of wine from his collection, she'd spend the night in his bed. She loved being in that bed.

She waited in line, staring at her sneakers, listening intently to the voices all around her. Slowly the line moved up. Finally, it was her turn. She felt like everyone was staring at her, but she knew they weren't. Her face was red, her ears were burning.

The intense pleasure that came from releasing the urine from her overburdened bladder momentarily distracted her. As she walked to the sink, she made sure to keep her gaze down. She did not want to draw attention. She turned on the water and dipped her hands within. It was ice cold. She turned on the heat and turned down the water. She waited for the water to get hot and decided to look up at the mirror. She found looking at her reflection fascinating. It was so different.

There was a flier taped on the mirror and she felt a flare of annoyance. She wanted to look at herself. She didn't care about some cause someone decided to force on everyone else who came in the door.

There was a girl on the poster. A missing poster by the looks of it. A young woman. Around her age. She wondered if she was in the same position as her. Locked somewhere in someone's basement.

Her blood ran cold as she saw the smiling, red cheeked, slightly heavier girl smiling back brightly from the mirror across from her. For a moment, her mind crumbled and warped. It was not her reflection, but it was her staring back at her. She was struck with a rush of

disorientation, unable to comprehend what she was seeing. Perhaps, she had finally gone insane.

The water turned hot, steam rushed up from the sink and her hands turned red. She did not remove her hands. She didn't feel the heat. A woman glanced over at her, cried out softly, and turned off the water.

"Careful, you'll burn yourself in some of these sinks," the woman said. She spoke in English. Jessica would have placed her as Australian if she had taken the time to process her words.

Jessica continued to stare. It drew the young woman's gaze and she gave a sympathetic shake of the head.

"Such a beautiful young girl. A shame," she mused. Jessica blinked and her lips parted. It was her. Above her fuller face were large block letters written in red. VERMISST.

She turned her head. There was another one on the other woman's mirror. Another on the next one. Down the row of at least twenty sinks, one after the other after the other. Her face, staring out from the windows.

The woman was looking at her quizzically now. She looked back at the poster. "You - you look like her."

Jessica swallowed thickly, snapping to attention. She turned an alert gaze at the woman. Pure amazement flashed through her brilliantly green eyes and her lips parted.

"Oh- oh my God. You are her," she said. "Oh my God."

Jessica tried to back away. The Australian woman reached out and grabbed her by the wrist. "Isn't it? Jessica Allen?"

The name was like a strike across the face. Her reaction must have notified the woman that she was indeed, Jessica Allen.

“It’s her!” She cried. A few other heads turned. “It’s Jessica Allen. The missing girl!”

A few people meandered over. Jessica remained still as a board. Her face was the same color white the toilets at the rest stop should have been. Brows knitted together in disbelief, comparing her closely with the picture.

“Ja. Das ist sie!” A teenage girl with headphones still blaring in her ears called.

“Someone call the police!” A voice with an English accent cried. The Australian had pulled her phone from her pocket and was dialing angrily.

“Oh, sweetie , you’re safe now,” a heavily accented woman told her. “Look how pale she is.”

The hands on her shoulders once again spurred her on. She jerked her arm so violently, that she freed herself from the Australians grip, but not without her nails taking violently across the skin, leaving deep, red lines in their place. She shoved the kind German woman that had tried to embrace her. She struck someone else that tried to grab her. Next, she was fighting her way out the entrance tunnel. She was yelled at. Someone said something along the lines of “must be American.” But the voice was clearly American itself, and she laughed quite proudly at her joke, looking around at her neighbors, waiting for the approving grins at her self-deprecating joke.

She burst free and glanced around the busy rest stop. Steam rushed from her mouth in large plumes and her feet quickly began bringing her down the walk to where her Master he parked. If they got away now, they would get away before the police arrived.

She stopped and spun in a circle. This was where they were. She’d noted it. The third light post. That one was one, the next two, this three. He’d parked right in front of it.

But the spot sat empty. A tiny oil spot on the ground, shining slightly in the sunny day. A car honked at her as it tried to pull into the parking spot. She stayed still. The car inched closer. Another loud honk. People were looking.

“Stop her!” The Australian and English woman called in heavy pants.

“*Halte sie auf!*” A gaggle of Germans joined them. The car honked and inched. Jessica shook her head. Her master would need the spot when he came back to get her. He wouldn’t leave her. She was certain of that. Maybe he moved his car. He was nearby, waiting for her to find him.

“You’re safe now. The police will be here soon,” the English woman comforted her as the Australian reared back a foot and kicked at the oncoming car. The driver laid on the horn in anger and the Australian woman continued to kick. She soon gave up kicking, but took her purse, and began whacking the hood of the car with it repeatedly and with intense force.

Her vision stopped focusing and she stared down at the oil spot. At some point, after the honking had stopped and the Australian woman and the driver began shouting at each other in different languages, she heard sirens. After that, she didn’t really remember a whole lot.

## Chapter End Notes

Have some faith in me my friends.

## XXXIV

### Chapter Notes

Thank you all for the comments! Hope you like the new chapter. Not super long, but I think considering how long you've waited in the past for updates, this will be a nice surprise.

*Three years later.*

The clock on the wall made an infuriating ticking noise with every passing second. The room itself was designed to be homey, though Jessica very rarely felt any sort of comfort in the room. She sat on the cream colored sofa, playing with the frayed edges of the rich, blue throw blanket draped over the back of the chair. A fireplace remained unlit to the side. Even with the sound of the rattling air conditioner to the side, the air was thick and heavy. Her hair had been unmanageable for the past week, and she wore it up in a messy, uncontrollable bun.

The room might have been more comfortable if it were not for the large, oak desk on the other side of the room. Though Marsha also sat on the large chair by her bookshelf, the desk loomed, reminding Jessica of the coolness of the environment. It all felt very sterile to her.

Jessica glanced up as Marsha raised her fingers and pushed her glasses up her nose. She was a small woman, grey, but not very old, and Jessica thought she had some work done. Not very much work. It was tasteful and she was a very pretty older woman.

“What about the ones that come after?” Marsha asked.

“What others?” Jessica asked.

“Don’t you think he’ll do it again?”

Jessica examined her nails. They were bit down to the nubs. Two years ago the answer would have been no. He wouldn't do it to anyone else, because he would come back for her. But three years had passed and he hadn't.

"Better him than someone else," she murmured.

"Have you done the reading?" Marsha asked.

"I've read it," she answered. Marsha had given her a fair amount of literature on Stockholm Syndrome. She had read it but it had only made her angry. It didn't apply to her. Their situation was *unique*. It couldn't possibly be understood by anyone else but them.

"Do you have thoughts on it?"

Jessica looked up to the clock. "What does it matter, now?" she shrugged and shook her head. "I'm back. I'm free. It happened to *me*. If I don't want to talk about what happened, I don't have to. Who says anything even happened? I was alone at that rest stop."

"Someone did that to your shoulder," Marsha said gently. "Do you know how hard someone needs to bite a person to leave that kind scar?"

Jessica looked out the window. The doctors at the hospital had spent a lot of time looking at the scar. It was taken care of by someone who knew what they were doing, they concluded. The injury would have been severe. That all happened long before she began talking again.

"If you wanted to identify him, could you?" Marsha asked.

Jessica stared at her. "What do I do about the nightmares?"

Marsha sighed and tapped her pencil on her notepad. "Until you've resolved some of these issues, no amount of medication is going to cause your nightmares to stop."

Jessica looked down at her hands. She picked at a cuticle.

“And we will resolve these issues by talking about it. I can’t do what you want me to do, if you aren’t willing to get to the root of it. The root of it is the trauma you went through.”

“I was given a full clean bill of health in the hospital,” Jessica reminded her.

“You were covered in bruises,” Marsha pointed out. “You were on IV fluids for days.”

“There was no reason for that,” Jessica said dismissively. She flicked a cat hair from her dark jeans. “I wasn’t dehydrated. They wanted me to be worse off than I was. To sell papers.”

Jessica could still hear the clatters of the camera when she left Baltimore/Washington International airport. Her mother had covered her with a towel so they could not get any good photos, but she remembered the flashes through the fabric.

“He took care of me,” she added sharply.

“Do you miss him?” Marsha asked. Jessica pursed her lips and looked out the window.

“I know it wasn’t right,” Jessica finally said. “I’m not an idiot. I know it was sick.”

She listened to the ticking, pulling at the blanket. “But yes,” she murmured. “I miss him.” she paused a long while. Then, “I miss him a lot.”

“What was he like?” Marsha asked. Jessica looked up at her. She stared. Her eyes darted up to that terribly annoying clock. She dropped the blanket, grabbed her purse, and stood.

“Hours up,” she said. Marsha looked disappointed.

“I’ll see you next week, Jessica?” she asked. Jessica sighed.

“Same place, same time,” she agreed. The office was in her residence, and so she left the side door and walked down the driveway toward her car. She read the sign as she pulled her seat belt across from her. Dr. Marsha Lilton had been her doctor for almost a year now. She had only agreed to go to get her mother to leave her alone.

It was just after 2:00pm when Jessica got home. She let herself into her parents house and did not stop until she was in her room with the door shut. She plopped down on the bed with a sigh and opened her laptop. She ignored the facebook notifications. People had come out of the woodwork after she returned, but she had no interest and talking to anyone. Everyone wanted to know what happened. She couldn’t tell anyone. It was too painful, but not for the reasons they thought.

She reached over to her night stand and retrieved the necklace. The Austrian police had taken it from her in the hospital. It was evidence, they said. She had been back in the US a year when they returned it to her. They had tried to trace the diamonds but couldn’t. It was impossible to trace. It was clear she would not cooperate with them.

It was not the diamonds she cared about. She ran her fingers over the pendant, the word *mine* written so beautifully into the side. Her computer chimed and she pulled up google. Every night, she would factory reset her computer. She was terrified her mother would go onto it and look through her history or give it to the FBI to go through. Her mother blamed the Austrian authorities for not finding out what happened to her. She had tried to get the FBI involved. But Jessica refused to talk. During her interviews, she would sit in silence, picking at her nails. Sometimes, they’d sit there for hours. She never said a word. For a long time, she would sit there proudly. Her Master would be so happy when he took her back. She would imagine his praise as they asked her questions. As their frustration grew, so did her little smile.

She googled *Loeb, Lohse, Clauber, and Rothberg* and Maximilian Furst. His professional head-shot would come up, followed by whatever update there was to his career. It was strange how different he looked to her from the man she remembered.

He was as handsome as ever. To the casual observer, that's all there was. A rich, handsome man. But she saw the confidence in his eyes, the little smirk on his lips. As she stared, she felt that same painful longing she had felt since the moment she got back to that spot and realized he had left her.

She had not actually believed she would get out of Europe. At some point, she would be taken out of the hospital. She would be grabbed from the hotel they were put up in. The police had them stay for nearly three months until it became clear that she would not cooperate. She had refused the physical examination. She allowed them to look at her after she had thoroughly showered, washing any ounce of his DNA off of her they might get. They took her clothing. The police said they had DNA, but she was not so sure. Regardless, unless she said something, it wouldn't come back on him. It really wasn't until she stepped off the plane in Baltimore that she realized what happened.

Her throat turned dry and tight, her chest ached, her stomach did flip flops. She didn't allow herself to believe what they said. He *had* loved her. In his own, twisted way, he had loved her. If he didn't, then everything he did to her, everything she had done and said...

It was too horrifying to even consider. So she rejected it completely. It was wrong, it was illegal, he had hurt her, but he loved her. She knew he did.

She was reading about the newest advancements Loeb, Lohse, Clauber and Rothberg had made when her alarm went off. Her mother and father came home around 4:00pm, so she left for her run at 3:30pm.

It was light when she went out and dark when she came home. Her mother hated it, but she made a point of it. Her schedule was the same and had been the same, every day, for two and a half years. It would be easy for someone to learn her schedule. She ran the same route. She went shopping on the same days to the same places. But it didn't matter. Every day she came home, red faced and sweating, legs jelly. She got into the shower, went to bed, and woke up to do the same thing all over again.

She had trouble with her parents. They did not understand why she would not say what happened. She told them she did not understand how they gave up trying to find her. Her mother had not spoken to her for a week after that. She had taken out a second mortgage on their home to help finance their visits to Europe to look for her. Those fliers, the ones that got

her rescued, she had those made, she had those put up. Jessica did not speak to her mother for two weeks when she found that out.

Her mother started to see Marsha first. She became more understanding after that. She gave Jessica her space. She did not press. She let her do what she needed to do. But soon, she could hold her tongue no longer. She asked Jessica to talk to her. Reluctantly, and after months of begging, she finally agreed.

“The fact that he left you,” Marsha mused at their next visit. “How did that make you feel.”

Jessica listened to the ticking. She picked at her nails. “He knew I’d been recognized. He had to leave.”

That nagging fear she had been fighting for so long came creeping back into her brain. *He thinks you said something. That’s why he hasn’t sent someone to get you. He thinks you betrayed him. You’re just like all the other women in the world. Vapid, treacherous, lying, manipulative.*

Marsha tried to talk to her, but that night she woke up in a cold sweat, screaming, and her mother and father were at her bedside. It took her four hours and two valium to fall asleep. She woke up, her mother in bed with her. She must have fallen asleep with her. She rolled around, curled into her mother, and cried.

The hardest part was that she couldn’t even tell them what bothered her the most. That three years had passed and he had not come after her. That she knew he thought she had raised the alarm. That he thought she was like every other woman in this world and not the special girl he had thought she was. It killed her. She rarely saw friends. She rarely spoke to anyone other than Marsha and her parents. She had no energy to socialize.

The nightmares only seemed to be getting worse. They were the same. She was at the rest stop in Austria. She was trying to fight through the crowd to get to him. He stood there, waiting for her. But eventually, she took too long. He turned his back to her. Another woman appeared. He took her by the hand and they walked away, leaving her to be ripped away back to America.

"I want the dreams to stop," she told Marsha for the millionth time at her next visit.

"They won't stop until the root of the issue is resolved. To find that, we must discuss your trauma, openly and honestly."

She would not do that. She refused. The root of her trauma. *He thinks I left him. He didn't come for me. He promised. All those times. He'd stop at nothing to get me. He'd track me down to the ends of the earth. Yet she'd been here for three years... waiting. Liar.*

That afternoon, before her run, she searched the LLCR website for contact information. She found their offices in the UK, the offices in Germany, and their offices in Moscow, but she found nothing for any of the executives. She felt foolish for even trying.

She sank back in her pillows and sighed. She examined the necklace, running her fingers over the words. Her eyes darted to the screen. She typed rapidly. Without a trouble, she found him. She bit her bottom lip, staring into those dark, feelingless eyes. Her heart pounded. She looked down at the necklace in her hands.

*You must overcome the trauma. Find the root of it.*

She double checked the contact information. The next step she took was to look for plane tickets.

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The air was thick. Very thick. Hot and humid. The moment she stepped out of the airport and into the hot, open air, a grimace came to her face. She took the shuttle to the rent-a-car lot and rejoiced in the air conditioned air. She necked her watch anxiously. The practice closed at 6:00pm. She would think he would be there until at least 6:00pm. Doctor's worked long hours and he was very highly rated. He would be busy. The practice was in Columbia, but she had flown into Charleston.

She drove the two hours with white knuckles and a pounding heart. Memories she had long since forgotten came rushing back with a vengeance. The pain of the cane, the salty, acidic taste of his urine, the cruel manner in which he had viewed her.

It was these memories that made her sick with conflict. How could a person love someone so much who had allowed such horrible things to happen to her. Sometimes, when she was not dreaming of the rest stop, she would dream of being locked in a cage, hungry, frightened, scared, and she'd just hear his laughter. She'd wake up in a cold sweat. Maybe he *hadn't* loved her. Maybe what everyone had said was true.

She forced those thoughts down and turned up the radio. Her hair flicked about her wildly with the wind rapping in from her open windows. Her sunglasses helped fight the glare off the grey asphalt.

She arrived at the practice about fifteen minutes past six but she was hopeful that he was still inside. There were still a number of cars in the parking lot. Probably all staff at this point. She saw a few people come out. Around quarter to seven, most of the cars had gone. No one paid her any attention. She sat in the far corner of the parking lot, engine off. The air had lost some of its bite, though it was still quite warm.

She took out her phone and texted her mother. "I'm safe. Will text when I'm at the hotel."

She told her mother she just needed to get away for a bit. Her mother had not been pleased. How could she even think of travelling again. And alone! Jessica had paid her no attention. She had slung her bag over her shoulder and left for the airport.

Her mother had always been protective, but nothing like she had become since her abduction. About six months after she had come back to the US, her mother had taken her to the doctors. Jessica had not been quite sure why. When she found out she was scheduled to put a little tracker in her arm, Jessica had about lost it. *Is that even medically ethical?* She had railed. *It's for your safety,* her mother had pleaded. She screamed with surprising venom, *I spent the last nine months in a cage and you want to chip me like a fucking dog!* She and her mother had driven home in silence.

Finally, as the light was beginning to fade, a man in black slacks, a blue collar shirt, and a black tie, came out of the building. He locked it as he left. She spotted the black rimmed

glasses on his nose and her heart began to pound. He walked lazily, with an air of arrogance. A calm, conceited, confidence.

She almost stood frozen but she saw a pair of icy eyes flash through her brain and she opened her car door and got out. She walked with long, meaningful strides toward the black Mercedes he was approaching. He was looking for the correct key to his car, his back to her, when she spoke.

“Dr. Elliot,” she said. She could see his profile from where she was standing. His face remained stoic, though she was certain he heard her. He processed the information and found the key to his car. A tight smile slowly came to his lips, though it was not a wide smile. She did not think many women called him that particular name.

He turned his face to look at her. His gaze almost took her breath away and she physically took a step back. His eyes lifted and he looked over shoulder.

“Do I know you?” he asked her, looking back at his car key. Her lips parted and her brow furrowed. Realization hit her and she spoke.

“No one is coming,” she said. “I didn’t bring the cops.”

He turned slowly, clearly unconvinced. His smile widened slightly, but his eyes were alert. He looked dangerous. His eyes raked over her and just like that she was that beaten little girl in the basement again. She felt another deep rush of pain. She would have given anything to have fallen into her masters arm. To spend the night in his bed in the Austrian alps. To feel his lips on her skin and his nose in her hair.

“Would you like to come back to my office?” he asked. “We can speak in private.”

“Not at all,” she answered him. His lips twitched. He removed his glasses and wiped them with a small cloth from his pocket.

“Well, didn’t take long for your mouth to come back,” he said softly. His eyes twinkled with angry misogyny.

“I know what happens if I go in there with you,” she said.

“I’m afraid I don’t know what you’re talking about,” he answered. “And I don’t feel the need to speak to you unless I know there’s no one else listening.”

Boldly, she grabbed the bottom of her shirt and lifted it up, revealing her milky belly and black lacy bra. The man had done terrible things to her and had seen her in terribly degrading positions. A look at her bra covered breasts meant nothing to her. She turned and then pulled her shirt back down. Next, she took her eyes from her purse and tossed it to him. Her jeans were far too tight to be concealing a wire. He went through her purse, checked to see her phone was not recording, and then tossed it back.

“Thank you for that,” he purred. “A public place then? Let me take you out to eat. There’s a little place French in the city in a very nice hotel.”

She did not like his tone.

“Do you have his number?” she asked him. He frowned.

“Who?”

“Max Furst,” she used his name. “You have his number?”

Elliot observed her closely. “I might,” he answered. “Why in the world would I give it to you?”

“Because he would want to hear from me,” she said.

“Would he?” Elliot countered. “Three years is a long time. He’s likely replaced you by now.”

Her lower jaw trembled violently.

“And you’re a lot mouthier than he’ll remember.”

“I want - ” she stomped her foot and choked back a sob. She collected herself. She took in large breaths in through her nose and let it out her mouth, just the way Marsha had told her. Her panic attacks had only lasted about a year. It was when she had to leave her home. Without her Master, she hated straying far from the four safe walls of her bedroom. Elliot was smiling.

He purred, “Oh, there’s the little girl I knew.” He took a step toward her, lips curving up darkly.

“Don’t,” she demanded. She wiped her cheek, furious at herself for letting him make her cry. He ceased his approach and held up his hands. He gave a mocking look and then took a step back.

“I want to talk to him,” she said. “If I wanted to hurt him, he’d be in prison already. All of you. You know that.”

He considered and then nodded very slowly.

“I have not spoken to him since Christmas,” he mused. “Christmas three years ago,” he clarified. “But he’s had this number since I ever knew him.” He looked up. “Come now, sweetie. I’m not shouting it across the parking lot.”

She retrieved her phone and stepped closer to him. He held it out to her, angled so she could read it. She put it into her phone. It seemed like an impossible number of digits, and she

checked it a few times before stepping away from him.

“Let me take you out,” Elliot purred. “I’ll put you up somewhere nice. Where’re you staying?”

“I’m not going anywhere with you,” she said.

“Fine then, I’ll fuck you in the back of my car. Come on now, he’s off fucking some model. Come take daddy’s cock in the back of his Benz.”

Her face flushed and she turned to walk away, tears of anger and humiliation burning at her eyes. “A slave without a master is just a whore!” he called to her. He began to laugh and her face contorted. She would not let him see her cry. She marched to her car, mindful for footsteps behind her. Dr. Elliot was not a man she wanted to be owned by. He’d use other women. He’d let other men use her.

And ... he wasn’t her Master. No, he wasn’t Max. Not her master. Max. Maximilian Furst. She didn’t think he was her master anymore.

She nearly drove into a tree on her way to the hotel. Her eyes had glazed over and she did not see the curve in the road. She drove a bit too long. By the time she had pulled into the parking lot, she had been awake nearly eighteen hours and the stress of the past few days were weighing on her. She had booked a hotel about four towns over and though she used her maps to get her there, she took a number of wrong turns. She did not want to risk Dr. Elliot being able to follow her.

She threw herself down on the bed once checked in. The air was cool from the humming AC and the room smelled clean. She would have fallen asleep right there, fully clothed on the bed, if she had been able to. But after what felt like an eternity, she pushed herself up and got into her sweatpants and tank top. She turned on the TV and retrieved her laptop.

She sat on the bed of the best western, the phone number she had received from Dr. Elliot typed into her cellphone. It was too late to call, but her thumb hovered over the green button. Dr. Elliot’s words rang in her brain.

*A slave without a master is just a whore.*

She tossed her phone down and picked up her laptop. She searched his name again. For most of the night, as the TV droned on in front of her, she stared at his picture on the company website. She thought about her nine months there with him. The good and the bad. She focused on the bad. Maybe everyone else was right and she needed to embrace the pain of letting the fantasy she had built up around her crumble and see him for what he was. A man who trafficked women, a man who raped women. A sex trafficking rapist.

But he loved her. Dr. Elliot was wrong. She wasn't just one in a long line. He had trusted her ways that he had never trusted anyone else.

*And you failed him,* she thought. She reached for the phone. She did not want to give up her newfound freedom. She thought of being back in a cage, never knowing if another group of men would be brought down to play with her and degrade her. If only she could go back and live her own, perfect, secluded world with just him.

She dialed the number again. Her thumb hovered over the button again. She needed him to know that she hadn't betrayed him. Maybe that was the root of her trauma. If she could get him to understand that she hadn't said anything. It hadn't been her fault

She tossed the phone down. She didn't think she could face the rejection. If she didn't speak to him ever again, she could preserve the fantasy. It was too dangerous for him to contact her. He couldn't risk prison. He'd send someone once he knew it was safe. She'd be jogging one day and she'd end up in a van, then she'd be on a boat crossing the Atlantic, then in a trunk being driven across Europe, and then he'd be there to take him in her arms and he'd murmur gutes maedchen to her and all would be perfect again.

If she called, he could be cruel. He might tell her she never really did matter. Why did he not come after her? Because he didn't really care. Oh, how funny it was, seeing her get on her knees and worship him, and all she was to him was a passing fancy. She just couldn't take that.

She stayed at the hotel for a week. For days she agonized. She spoke to her mother daily. Her mother begged her to come home. Jessica assured her she was safe. She just needed to get away for awhile. To her credit, her mother tried to be understanding. Jessica promised to call her in the morning and in the evening.

Every night, she'd type out the number. She couldn't bring herself to jab the button. But the nightmares got worse. She stopped sleeping altogether. She opened up her laptop and looked at his picture again.

She reached for her phone. She typed in the number. Her finger hovered over the green button. Her heart began to race. Her breathing increased. She had to just do it. She had to know. If he rejected her, she could move on. And if he knew, if he wanted her back, well...

She jabbed at the green button. She checked the clock. He would be awake. He'd be working. He should answer. She felt like she might be sick. Her heart beat so hard, it felt like it was going to come out of her throat. She sucked in a deep breath. It continued to ring. She had a crushing thought Dr. Elliot had played a cruel joke. It wasn't his number at all. She'd never be able to contact him. She'd never know.

Then the phone stopped ringing, there was a pause on the other end of the phone, and a voice. Crisply, clearly, and without a question as to its identity, the voice said, "Furst."

## XXXV

Sitting in a corner office at the top of a shiny high rise in the heart of the Berlin financial district, Maximilian Furst barely heard the phone ringing. He sat, hand over his mouth, blue eyes racing across the excel sheet. The numbers were beginning to blur, but he would stay for a few hours longer. He found solace in numbers. They were cold and unfeeling, orderly. They made sense.

He reached over when the phone did not cease ringing. He checked the screen to find it blank. A deep frown brought his brow together. Reaching into his inner pocket, he retrieved his private phone. It was the phone reserved only for those close friends well aware of his darkest proclivities. He saw the foreign number flash across the screen and brought the phone to his ear.

“Furst,” he greeted. After that terrible day at the rest stop, he had scrubbed his computer and phones of everything that could implicate anyone should the police come to him. It was up to the others to contact him when they felt safe. Tarik had contacted him a little less than a year after it happened. By that point, it was becoming clear that she would remain quiet. Tarik had been contrite. The Bosnian blamed himself for Max’s loss. Max had been touched but he did not blame him. Jessica had been ready for it. It was the world that wasn’t.

Silence buzzed on the other end of the phone. Max waited a moment longer. He spoke again, louder and more clearly, “This is Furst.”

He heard a soft breath. A sharp intake of breath. The crease in his brow deepend and he removed the phone from his ear. He looked at the number. It was the country code for the United States. He brought the phone back to his ear. “Who is this?”

The only American with that particular number, he had not spoken to for three long years. It was unlikely he would be calling now, though there was no other logical alternative. A wrong number perhaps.

“Call me back if you’d like to speak,” he said curtly and punched the red button. He dropped the phone on his desk with a clatter. His mood, which was usually quite dark, had grown

darker, and as he stared at the numbers on the screen, his brain began to ache. He lost himself in his thoughts and was ripped out of them only moments later.

He glared at the buzzing phone a few moments. He grabbed it, examined the number again, and brought it to his ear.

“Who is this?” he demanded. He pulled up a browser and jabbed at the number pad on his keyboard. Over the angry clicking beneath his fingers, he heard another deep breath. The watch on his list buzzed, alerting him to the sharp increase in his heart rate. The browser refreshed and the moisture evaporated from his mouth. His tongue darted out to wet his bottom lip.

Why now? Three long years had passed and he had resigned myself to his loss. It was unlikely the call was being traced. She knew his name, where he worked, and where he lived. He was not difficult to find. He feared that perhaps, after three years of listening to the lies others undoubtedly put into her head, she had decided to cooperate with the police and turn against him. Three years of silence would make the case against him harder to prove. A confession or some other incriminating statement would make their case far stronger.

He still had the pictures of her on his phone. He would look at them at night before bed. He'd sit in the dark, the phone illuminating him, and stare. She looked happy. There was love in her eyes as she stared at him. Throwing that in front of a jury would certainly case doubt. If not for that goddamn bite mark. The media had a field day with that one.

The smart thing to do would be to hang up the phone and pretend she never existed. He had lost her, he grieved that loss, and he had gotten away with it. No good could come out of opening up this door again. Three long years had passed. It was very possible that the police were listening to this phone call. And if not... well, she should have come back to him far sooner than this. After months of silence, he had truly believed she would come back. When news broke that the American girl from Delaware, Jessica Allen, missing for nearly ten months and sparking an international search, had landed safely in Baltimore, he had suffered a crushing blow. It was a greater pain than he felt the day his mother walked out on him.

It was then that he had made inquiries to Belko. Belko wouldn't hear a word of it. She was too well known. Her face had been everywhere. He'd let her get caught. Belko wouldn't sell to him again, and he certainly wouldn't help get her back from America. He'd searched the dark web. Finding anyone to bring her back to him was impossible, not only for her notoriety, but

transporting a well known woman across oceans wasn't easy. Anyone worth hiring wouldn't touch her. Anyone willing to try, would have seen him behind bars. He couldn't end up in prison. He'd lose her anyway and end up in a cage.

He'd kill himself before he let that happen.

His instincts urged him to hang up the phone, say nothing, and continue on with the half existence of a life he had grown accustomed to in the three years since he lost her. He needed to come to terms with the fact that what they had was lost, no matter how painful that was.

He heard a sniffle. It was a shuddering breath. He leaned forward in his chair, lips parting, and spread his free hand out across the desk. His emotions surged. Against every instinct he had, he murmured softly, "Is this Jessica?"

From the other end of the phone came a strangle moan. He felt deep in his heart. It was the sound he believed his heart made as he drove down the highway, leaving her behind at that rest stop. He had screamed, though he hardly heard himself. He'd banged his fists into his steering wheel. By the time he arrived home, his hands were bruised.

He took a sobering breath. If the police were not listening, he might never have the opportunity again. He considered carefully. He had to be smart about it or he'd lose her all over again.

He spoke very softly, like one might speak when approaching a wounded kitten. "Jessica... why did you let them believe all those lies about us?"

Another sob and the line went dead. He sat very still, the phone still pressed to his ear. His eyes moved side to side rapidly. He pulled the phone from his ear and stared at it. He waited for the phone to begin ringing again. It didn't. He swallowed thickly.

After her escape, reports were slow to reach the news. It took less than a week for the Australian cunt that recognized her to give her interviews to any news outlet that would listen. It had comforted him greatly to know that she had not betrayed him.

In some ways, it eased his pain. In other ways, it only added to his misery. If he had discovered she was like all the other women on this planet, he might have moved on. For three years, he'd been stuck. The thought of starting fresh left him feeling sick. He wouldn't do it. He couldn't do it.

He spent a good long while fantasizing about strangling the Australian woman that had taken her from him. He truly believed, if he had the opportunity to be alone with her, he would have taken her life for what she had done.

He put his phone into his pocket and pushed himself away from his desk. He unplugged his laptop from his three monitors and carefully placed it into his brief case. He stepped out of his office into the small main hall.

"I am going home for the night, Anna," he told his secretary. "Hold my calls."

"Oh! Of course, Herr Furst."

He reached into his pocket and double checked his cell phone. He needed to make sure it was not on silent. He told Anna, "I will be in late tomorrow."

"Yes, Herr Furst. Sleep in tomorrow!" she called as he walked down the hall and toward the elevator. He saw no faces as he walked. If anyone spoke to him, he did not notice them. He felt the beginning of a headache begin to take hold. He checked the time.

It was a long walk to his car. He had sold the Audi and his BMW. They were too painful to look at. Of course, he replaced them with another Audi and BMW, but he could get into his car knowing that she had never been inside of it. He got inside and checked his phone. He pulled up the number, hovered his finger over it, and then decided better of it.

He got to the parking garage attached to *Persephone's*. The moment he stepped into the club, he wanted to leave, but he caught his friend Johan's gaze and he walked over to the booth he

occupied. A woman scantily clad danced on the table.

“Early for you to be here,” Johan grinned up at the topless woman. Max reached into his pocket. His erection strained painfully in his trousers, but he cared little to look at the woman on the table.

“It’s been a long week,” Max answered. Johan laughed and lowered his eyes from the gyrating woman long enough to say, “It’s Monday.”

A waitress appeared with his usual drink. He scanned the room. It was early. Only a few creeps were present, greedily watching the young bodies dance from their booths. He took a sip of his whiskey and checked his phone. He pulled up the picture of them taken in Romania on their walk.

“Lilly in?” he asked. Johan glanced over his shoulder. He snapped his fingers. A young waitress came over. Johan slid his hand up the back of her thigh.

“Lilly in?” he asked her.

“She’s not set to be in tonight,” the girl said, draping her arm across Johan’s shoulder and sliding into his lap. She smiled across the table at Max shyly. He looked her over. She was gorgeous. Bright blue eyes and blond hair, a petite build and a twinkle in her eyes that said she knew her way around a man. Max felt nothing but contempt.

“Any brunettes in?” he asked her. She pouted and ran a hand down Johan’s cheek. Johan was kissing her neck, his hand groping at her breast.

“Hannah,” she said.

“Brown eyes?” Max asked. The blond nodded. “... boundaries?”

“Anything goes,” she smiled, eyes twinkling. “For the right price.”

Max finished his drink and stood. The blond slid from Johan’s lap and brought Max out back. Hannah was shorter than her, but a similar build. He handed the blond the bills before going into the room. He dimmed the lights. It made pretending easier when he couldn’t see them well.

When he left that night, just after two in the morning, he was perhaps more frustrated than when he entered the club. Hannah was in tears, but the extra bills he handed her seemed to cheer her up some.

He drove back to his penthouse and crawled into bed fully clothed. He awoke with a headache, though he had only the one glass of whiskey the night before. The clock read ten o’clock and he groaned. By the time he had showered, eaten, and dressed, it was noon. He checked his phone. Six o’clock.

He ignored Anna and sat down at his desk. He plugged in his laptop to his monitors and let out a low breath. He pulled up a browser and typed in her name. A number of images popped up. He clicked on the first. It was her leaving the police station in Salzburg about three weeks after her escape. Her eyes were on the camera. She glared angrily. Her cheeks were gaunt. Dark circles were around her eyes.

The media took her appearance as proof that her disappearance had been due to foul play. She had been so poorly mistreated. She had lost weight. She had been underfed. The abuse she had suffered must have been horrific. They would put up the pictures of her before coming to him. It had infuriated him.

What she looked like coming out of that police station was not what she looked like while in his care. Her skin had been pale yes, she had not been in the sun for some time, but she was well fed, she was well hydrated, he had her on vitamins and supplements. I was being separated from him that did that to her

He clicked on the second image. She was getting out of the car with her parents at the airport. She had the same look on her face. Sad, lost, angry. Angry at him, he wondered, or at them for taking her from him? Sometimes, he wondered if he should have waited for her there.

Could he have gotten her into the car with him in time to escape? Would she have lied to the police to save him? Three years of silence seemed to suggest she would have.

He stopped himself. That was what he could not do. If he dwelled on it, he would find himself back where he was when she first left. Only an invitation to Tarik's for a couple weeks had been able to take him out of his despair. The Bosnian did not shame him for his grief. He found no shame in loving a woman. Not when that woman deserved to be loved. Her silence had proved she was worthy.

Dwelling would do nothing but cause unnecessary pain. He could not have stayed to collect her. At the time, he had believed she had raised the alarm. He was staring into eyes, dark and cold on the computer screen in front of him, when the next call came through.

His hand darted for the phone and he checked the numbers. American. Delaware. He took a calming breath and raised the phone to his ear. He answered smoothly, "Hello Jessica."

He listened intently. He heard sniffling on the other end of the phone. He could see her clear as day, squinting back tears on the other end of the phone, shoulders hunched and back arched, longing to speak, but too afraid to do so. No one else was listening. He was certain of it. His lips curved into a dark smile and he murmured her, "What took you so long?"

The phone disconnected. He lowered the phone, face stone. His watch buzzed, alerting him to his rising heart rate. A small smile came to his lips. The phone lit up and he lifted it back to his ear.

"Don't hang up on me again, understand?" his voice was gentle, but stern.

"Y-yes, M -" she broke off abruptly. He frowned. So, she wouldn't call him master, but she wanted to. She had regressed. His heart thundered. It was manageable. She had called him. She was vulnerable. He just had to be smart. He remained silent. He wanted her to speak. He could hear her breathing on the other end of the phone. "I - I didn't - I didn't -"

She broke off again. He heard that same strangled moan as he had the other day. A sniffle and then a hiccup. Oh, his poor girl. His body purred. She was struggling. She was really

struggling. He wet his lips. Pleasure coursed through him. She finally said, very softly. “It wasn’t me.”

“I know that,” he all but cooed. His skin was hot and sweat beaded on his forehead. He leaned against his desk, elbows to the wood. One hand brushed over his forehead and to the back of his head, wiping the sweat backwards and slicking his hair. He heard another sob. It was an abrupt, painful sigh of relief. She was in a vulnerable state, that was clear. Whatever it was that prompted her to reach out to him, he could not squander it.

He could get her back, he realized. It was well within the realm of possibility now.

“Jessica? Is anyone else listening?” he asked her.

“N-No,” she whispered. “I promise. I-I-I...” she sucked in a breath. “D-do you think...”

“We’re not going to talk about this over the phone,” he scolded gently. His voice was low. He spoke slowly. “So, what I want to do -”

The phone disconnected. He punched his desk once. He punched it again. He *told* her not to hang up. He landed a number of violent blows to the desk. Anna came hurrying in, wide eyes, lips wide.

“Herr Furst?” she cried.

“Get out!” he screamed at her. She looked terrified but quickly retreated. He picked up the phone and dialed her back. It rang twice and then stopped. His face flushed red. Hives erupted over his skin. He waited for her to call, but the call did not come. If he ever got his hands on her again, she’d take a hard caning for that.

Blood was rushing to his lower extremities. It was a rageful, hate-filled kind of arousal, not at all enjoyable. It was the only kind of arousal he could now manage. His tapped his aching

knuckles on the desk. The time was now. She was vulnerable. She had reached out to him for a reason. He had to act on it before the lies he knew everyone was telling her took root.

He searched for flights. He needed to make sure he gave her enough time to get to the airport, but not enough time to talk herself out of it. He sent them to her number and waited.

His heart pounded as he watched the screen. Moments passed and then minutes. Then more minutes. He worried a moment his hand might have been broken, but he did not look away from his phone.

Dots appeared on the screen. They disappeared. They appeared again, then disappeared again. Finally, they continued. A message popped up. It said, "I'm in North Carolina."

He frowned - why would she - he figured it out very quickly. The thought unsettled him greatly. So, she had traveled to North Carolina to find Dr. Elliot Montgomery in order to contact him. He did not like it, but her commitment to finding him touched him greatly. If ever given the opportunity to again, he'd punish her for putting herself in so dangerous a position.

He was furious with Elliot. Despite not having spoken, the bad terms on which they parted, he should have reached out to let him know he had seen Jessica.

He purchased new tickets and sent them to her phone. After sending her the information she required, he told her, "Collect your bags and go to the Lufthansa Senator Lounge; first floor in gate A. I will collect you there."

He waited. Bubbles popped up and then disappeared. Minutes passed before the bubbles popped up again. After that, he saw no more. He took the rest of the day off and returned to his penthouse.

The penthouse was cold and sterile. He missed his home in Austria. He had stayed there all of four months after she left. It was too painful. He saw her in everything. Smelled her in everything. Felt her in everything. His penthouse hadn't been touched by her.

He did not sleep that night. He considered ordering a hooker to help ease some of his tension, but his stomach turned at the thought of it. He could not imagine bringing another woman into his bed, while she was boarding a plane to return to him.

He spent the night staring up at the ceiling, wondering why she had chosen now. Why had she waited so long? Why hadn't she come home sooner? He gave up on sleep just after four and made his way to his office in a daze. Perhaps a few hours of staring at numbers would help distract him.

An hour and a half before her flight was set to take off, he received an email that she had checked in to the flight. His heart lurched to his chest and he felt as though he might vomit. He reminded himself it might mean nothing. Just because she checked in doesn't mean she'd be on the plane. At any point between now and arriving in Berlin, she could change her mind. Perhaps she might even miss her flight, checking in at the last possible moment for an international flight. He shook his head. Unless she was already through security and checked in at the gate. He wondered if it was a game. The authorities might want her to believe she was coming. Though to be honest, he found that most unlikely. If she had spoken they'd come arrest him. These games were not necessary.

He received an alert when the flight took off. She had two stops to make before arriving in Berlin at 9:58 the following evening and she was flying premium economy. He could find no first class flights at such short notice. He refreshed his app multiple times but there was never any change. There was no need to check in to her layovers, and it was impossible to know if she got on any of the other planes. He kept an eye on his phone. He could only hope that if she ran into trouble or was in need of money, she would know to call him.

By noon the next day, he reached into his drawer, tossed back a Valium and called Anna at her desk outside his door. He would not be disturbed for the next couple hours.

He went over to where he had his cot set up for long nights working and plopped down. Despite his anxiety, the Valium helped him sleep. He awoke around 4:00pm. He switched into his backup suit and went out to retrieve his messages from Anna.

"Are you alright, Herr Furst?" she asked him. "You do not look well."

Max was annoyed. She was a fine secretary. His life would be a disaster if not for her efficiency and skill, but she often spoke out of turn.

“You can go home early, Anna. I won’t be in the rest of the week. Do what you need to tomorrow and then take some time off.”

“Oh? Oh! Well, alright then Herr Furst, thank you,” she grinned.

He returned to his office and checked the flights. On time and arriving as scheduled. He shaved in the bathroom, combed his hair, and made sure he was presentable before leaving his office and walking to the garage where his car was. He drove to the airport and got a bite to eat at one of the restaurants before security. He headed to the lounge. By the time he took his seat, he had two hours to wait before the plane was scheduled to land.

He sat himself down in the corner of the lounge and ordered a whiskey. He removed his laptop and did some work. About a half before the flight was scheduled to land, he pulled up the tracker and leaned back in his chair. He checked to see where she was. If she’s on the plane, he reminded himself.

He stared at the screen intently, clicking the refresh button every few moments.

As the time ticked by, he grew more anxious. He had no plan. He hadn’t thought that far. If she was on the plane, if she came to meet him, he did not think it would be difficult to convince her to stay with him. He just needed to remind her of how happy she was with him, what he could give her and the protection he could provide.

He was consumed with a fit of anger at that and he . He shouldn’t have to do that. She should have returned, begging for his forgiveness and pleading with him to take her as his slave again. Or better yet, he should bring her home, drug her, tie her up, throw her in the trunk, and bring her back to Austria, put her in the cage, and they’d go back to how it was before, whether she wanted it or not. But he bought the tickets with a credit card and she checked in using her name. He’d never get away with it now. He cursed himself, but he could think of no other way to get her here. He should have been patient. He could have figured out a way to get her here without detection. He had acted on impulse. Now he was at her mercy. If he was going to have her again, it needed to be her decision.

He checked his watch and verified the time on his laptop. They were coming into Berlin.

He finished his whiskey. It was the same one he had ordered upon arriving. When he got the confirmation that the flight had landed, he packed up his things in his briefcase. He kept his phone face up on the table. He wasn't sure if she would try to call him if she got lost. The thought of her, frightened and lost in the airport, calling her master for guidance and comfort and help, sent warmth flooding through him. Jessica was a good girl. She'd come home, beg him for his love, and once alone, get down on her knees and kiss his feet. She knew her place.

But no call came and an hour passed. He glanced up at the door to the lounge and found it empty. Perhaps baggage had been delayed. He considered getting up and waiting outside the door. He had left specific instructions that she be allowed in. She had the ticket. They should let her in. He pictured her outside the door, pacing nervously, her decision not yet made if she wanted to see him or not.

But he remained where he was. Were the police outside waiting for him, unwilling to breach the lounge and waiting for him to come out? Possibly, but he did not believe it.

There were only three options: she wouldn't come, she'd come alone, or she'd come with police. As the time passed, one was becoming more and more likely. He checked the airport's website but he could find no way of tracking baggage without a special baggage code. That he did not have. He cursed himself. He should have required her to pay for tracking.

He glanced up at the entrance of the lounge. No one stood there. He double checked the flight's arrival time. It had landed over an hour ago. He spent the next hour or so opening and closing apps. He couldn't focus. Every so often, his eyes would dart up toward the door, expecting to find her there. Every time his eyes darted up, he didn't.

Perhaps he should leave. He wasn't a man to be made a fool of and that was precisely what she was doing to him. He ran his finger tips over his lips as he continued to go through his phone. He pulled up her number and then closed it. He would not call her. He would not give her the satisfaction. He had the power here. He was in control. She'd come begging *him*. Not the other way around.

He pushed those thoughts to the side. She was a good girl. She just needed the firm hand of her master to help her make the right choices. He checked his watch. The plane had landed two hours ago. She should have been here by now. He felt a crushing blow of humiliation. He checked his watch with a sigh. She wasn't coming, he realized, no one was coming. Not her and not the police. He'd really lost her and she wasn't coming back.

He continued to scroll regardless. He might have waited there all night, but when he glanced back up from his phone, he found a young woman with big brown eyes and brown hair, a small duffle bag in her hand, standing in the doorway to the lounge, staring at him with widened eyes and a pained look on her face.

He stared, face hard as stone. He almost forgot to breathe. She looked beautiful. Beautiful ... and terrified. Good, he thought darkly. She should be. Slowly, without breaking eye contact, he raised his hand, and slowly curled his finger.

## **XXXVI**

### Chapter Notes

One or two chapters left.

NOT a feminist ending. Dark, twisted, kind of sick. Full warning. I don't want to hear how sick it is. I get it. I know it. No need to point it out to me. Unless it's about how you get off on that kind of thing ;-).

Thank you all so much for the reviews. It really means the world to me. Genuinely. I can't tell you how touching it is to check my email and see so many comments. And many of you have been around since chapter one. It is amazing how long you guys have stuck with me. Much love.

She remained seated, staring ahead at the seat in front of her with unfocused eyes. Her heart fluttered in her throat and her stomach turned over. Other passengers filed out of the plane happily. Many were happy to be home, others were ready to begin their vacations. Snippets of conversation ebbed and flowed, but she continued to stare straight ahead. Soon, the plane was empty and the happy, tired conversations came to an end. Still she remained seated. She was toward the front of the plane. The tickets he had purchased her offered ample leg room. She was at the window. She turned her face to look outside. The airport was lit up before her, the sky black, moonless.

“Ma’am?” a German voice asked. She turned her head to look at her. The woman gave her a queer look. “You need to leave the plane.”

Jessica nodded dumbly and began to move from her seat. She reached up overhead to grab her carry on. She had not slept an ounce on the plane. She had sat, watching the movies playing in front of her, but if someone had asked her as she stepped off the plane, what movies they had played, she would not have been able to answer.

She exited the plane and glanced around, half certain her master would be there waiting for her. Half certain Maximilian Furst would be there waiting for her. Her master would not have let her wait for three years. He would have tracked her down to the ends of the earth in order to bring her home. The real Maximilian Furst was not the man she had created in her head. Or so Marsha said. She would find out soon, if she was brave enough to move forward.

She lowered herself to sit down at the gate. She closed her eyes, hugging her carry on to her tightly. She felt the world begin to spin, her skin begin to flush, and her breathing started to increase rapidly. She breathed in deeply through her nose and exhaled through her mouth. When that did not work, she breathed in through her mouth and exhaled through her nose. Finally, her heart rate slowed and she regained control of her breathing. She had to know. She had to confront him and get the answers she needed so badly. If she did, the nightmares would stop, and she could move on.

She did not need to go to baggage claim. She only had the one bag. She had not planned to be in North Carolina long and she certainly had not planned to fly to Germany. She wished she had better clothing. She wore jeans and a t-shirt. Her hair was thrown up into a bun, she wore no makeup. She did not want him to see her like this after all these years. She bit back the crushing desire to please him. When she decided to get on the plane, she promised herself she would be ready for his rejection. She was ready to meet a cold, mean, cruel man who cared nothing for her. The only difference between him and Dr. Elliot was that he had manipulated her mind into loving him. Her brain had turned him into something he wasn't in order to survive.

At least, that was what Marsha said. She still was not so sure she believed it.

*Why did you let them believe those lies about us? His words kept running through her brain. What took you so long?*

While she was waiting for him, was he waiting for her? She followed his directions to the lounge. She checked her phone. He had not texted or called her. Her plane landed over an hour and a half ago. She had a terrible thought he might have given up waiting for her. She had made him wait too long. He'd be angry with her. She had let him down already.

She squeezed her eyes shut tightly. She couldn't think like that so soon. She had to know he was the man she had fallen in love with, not the man Marsha said he was. If she expected to find her Master and found only a cruel, unfeeling man, she did not know if she could survive it.

The longer she waited, the more afraid she was to go inside. If he was there, he would be terribly angry with her. If he wasn't there, he might not even be willing to meet with her for

making him wait so long. She checked her phone again. She considered texting him. She considered calling him. She shook her head and moved forward. She took a few deep, calming breaths. She was stronger than this. She showed the man her ticket. He directed her inside.

She stepped in with a pounding heart. Her eyes scanned the room. She found him with ease. He was striking. Seeing him in person after all these years, seeing him out in public, as a regular man, not her master... she wasn't so sure her brain could process it. He was as handsome as she remembered. Tall, lean, absolutely gorgeous. But he looked like a stranger. A very, very familiar stranger.

She felt the urge to turn and run. She could not face him. She wanted to remember him like this, as this perfect, handsome man that had done what he did because he loved her so much. Not because he was cruel, not because he hated women, not because she just happened to be the one that sat within his line of sight on that train. If she went through with this, she couldn't pretend anymore. She'd know. Perhaps not knowing would be better.

Suddenly, glowering, icy blue eyes were on her. She felt a violent jolt. She squeezed the handle of her duffel tightly. She could still run. In a crowded airport, he wouldn't pursue her. He raised a hand and curled a finger at her. She let out a breath through her nose, tightened her hand around her bag, and stepped toward him. He watched her approach, eyes frightfully intense. She remembered that gaze. It did something to her.

He remained seated until she stopped in front of him. Slowly, his eyes raked over her, slowly, coolly. Her hands were shaking slightly. Finally, he stood. He did so slowly and gracefully. She arched her neck back to look up at him. He did not say a word. He reached out and took her bag from her hand. His skin touched hers and her knees quivered. She wet her lips. Her breathing grew a bit audible.

"Control yourself," he said softly in German. She looked up and nodded. She looked down to his feet and took a deep breath. He took a step closer. The scent of him invaded her senses and her eyes fluttered closed. She thought she might fall over. His hand closed around her upper arm. It was a controlling grip, firm, but not painful. She focused on it, took comfort in it. "Will you be able to control yourself?"

She nodded. She could. She wouldn't cause a scene. She didn't want to embarrass him.

“Ready to go?”

She nodded again. He used his grip on her upper arm to turn her but he removed his hand once they were facing the door. His hand went to her lower back and he guided her along. She was hyper aware of the feel of him on her. Her upper arm was on fire. His hands sent shockwaves rocketing out in bursts. She only wished she could fall into his arms and ask him to make it all better. To make all the confusion and pain and torment she had been feeling go away.

She followed him to his car. It was not the car she remembered but then again, she could not really trust her memories. He popped the trunk as they approached and she waited anxiously. He placed the bag inside.

His icy blue eyes found hers and he reached up to grab the back of the trunk. His eyes remained on hers as he closed the trunk. The thud caused her to flinch and she momentarily looked away from him. When she looked back up, he had a small upward curve to his lips.

There was something very sinister about seeing him like this. Seeing him out in the world like this, not in the little world he had created in his home in the alps, reminded her what he was. Marsha’s words came to mind.

*He was not a benevolent protector; Jessica. He was your abuser. Your captor. Your rapist.*

She swallowed thickly. Standing before her was not the master she knew, but a man that thought he was entitled to the purchase of women, to sexual violence. And she wanted him to hug her so badly.

He walked past her, around to the passenger side of the car and opened the door. She hesitated a moment, and then walked over. Wordlessly, she got into the car. He closed the door and walked around to the other side of the car. He got in beside her and started the engine.

"How was your flight?" he asked, his voice a low rumble. He was speaking in German. She was unsure if that meant something. She always remembered him speaking to her in English.

"Long," she answered. She gave a nervous laugh. She wrung her hands in her lap. "B-but comfortable. Thank you. For putting me in the premium seating."

"I could find no first class tickets on such short notice," he answered. He started his car but then waited. His hands squeezed the steering wheel. She stared at his hands. Those hands had done terrible things to her. Brought her wonderful pleasure. "Did Elliot touch you?"

She frowned in surprise and shook her head. "N-no. We were in a parking lot."

He nodded. They exited the parking lot and got on the highway. They fell silent. She wracked her mind for something to say, but nothing would come to mind. Was she supposed to say something? Would he say something? Were they going back home to Austria? Was he going to turn on her in a moment? Would he kill her? It was a terrifying, brief thought. She dismissed it. He wouldn't kill her. She didn't think he would.

It became clear rather quickly they were not leaving the city. He parked in another parking garage. As he got out of the car, he retrieved her duffle bag.

"Is this your penthouse?" she asked him. He gave her a strange look, cocked his head, and came closer. He grabbed her by the arm again and nudged her toward the elevators. Before he let her go, he squeezed her arm hard. Once alone in the elevator, he jabbed the L bottom.

She was confused when the doors opened up and she found her herself in a hotel lobby. It was absolutely beautiful but it was clearly the lobby of a hotel. She followed him to the check in counter. She listened as he checked her in. Her jaw about dropped to the floor when the attendant gave the price.

As they waited, his eyes landed on hers. He stared intently. She struggled to meet his gaze. "Your German has improved."

"I take classes," she admitted.

"Alright, Herr Furst, your room keys," the attendant smiled.

He accepted the keys from the attendant with a grin. He put his hand on her back to bring her toward the elevators. It was silent as they waited in the elevator. She took a step closer to him. Her arm brushed his. He looked down at her, but as much as she wanted to, she could not bring her gaze up to meet his.

She started as his hand touched her back and he gently nudged her out of the elevator. Her legs felt heavy as they walked down the hall. As they stopped at the door and he put the key into the lock, time seemed to slow down. She watched him turn the key, she heard the creak of the door, and then it was open, and he was nudging her inside. He stepped in after her and closed the door. He hesitated at the door, giving her an odd look. She swallowed thickly and began to speak.

"I wanted - I wanted to -"

He raised a finger to his lips. She fell silent. He dropped her bag and stepped closer. She tensed when his hands went to her hips but she did not resist. She would not resist. Her heart began to race and she waited. She did not think he would hurt her too badly. She had returned willingly. That would count for something.

But his hands moved around her middle, up toward her breasts, and around her back in a very cool and calculating manner. He did the same to her legs and bottom. Once done he grabbed the bag. He marched over to the bed, a single, king sized bed from the looks of it, and tossed the bag down. She followed silently and watched as he opened it up and went through it. By the time he finished, she was shaking her head slowly.

"I didn't tell anyone," she said. He finished examining her things.

"You look tired," he observed. She let out a breathy laugh.

“I don’t think I’ve slept in a week,” she answered. He gave a tiny smile.

“We will speak tomorrow. Go to sleep,” he ordered. He removed a pair of her pajamas from the bag. Plaid shorts and a white tank top. “Wear this.”

She nodded slowly, but then said, “Tomorrow?”

He pinned her with a hard gaze. “I have not slept either. I would like to be rested. I will text you.”

She could only think to nod. She was not happy with that. She thought things would go differently. He walked to the door and handed her one of the two keys.

“Stay in the room. Order room service when needed. It’ll go to my credit.”

“Ok,” was all she could think to say. She walked with him to the door. He stopped in front of the door and stared at her again. She somehow managed to hold his gaze. He leaned down toward her. Her heart rate increased and she was filled with warmth. Her eyes fluttered closed, she lifted her face upward, and her lips parted.

When she did not feel his lips touch hers, her eyes fluttered open. He was looking over her face. In his eyes she thought she saw amusement, a glimmer of affection, but there was also a hardness there.

“Jessica,” he murmured. Her knees quivered. He raised a hand. His fingertips hovered over her cheek bone. He did not touch her, but she could feel his hand. Like an electric charge passing from his fingertips to her cheek. “The moment that door closed, you should have gotten on your knees.”

She stood still, stunned. He opened the door and stepped out. “Stay in the room, now,” he directed.

“I-I,” she wanted to pull him back inside. She could start over.

“Good night, Jessica,” he said and pulled the door shut, leaving her alone. She stood there, a frown on her face. She had no idea what she was feeling. It was such a powerful combination of feelings that no feeling could really take hold. It left her feeling a violent rush of emotion after violent rush of emotion. She felt it come over her in waves and her breathing accelerated.

She walked to sit on the edge of the bed. It was a magnificent room. He had spared no expense. She wondered what might have happened if she had gotten on her knees when the door shut. If she had gotten on her knees and kissed his feet, would he be holding her right now, telling her everything would be ok, telling her he had missed her and he loved her and he was planning to come get her, he just needed a little bit longer?

She picked up her phone, face crumpled, and texted, “Are you mad at me?”

She sent it. She immediately wished she hadn’t. Was she going to scrape for the affection of the man that raped her, only to be rejected by him. She needed to know he loved her, and then she would tell him how much she loved him. *Then* she would get back on her knees.

“We will talk tomorrow,” he responded. She got up and went to the door. She put her hand on the handle. He might not be at the elevators yet. She could ask him to come back. She stopped and wrote out a text. She deleted it. She grabbed the handle. He had told her to stay in the room. She bit her lip hard and texted, “I won’t sleep tonight.”

He wouldn’t care. It wouldn’t matter. She struggled to stop from crying. She wasn’t sure how long she sat there, but there was a knock on the door. It was soft. She started, frightened. He hadn’t said anything about opening the door. Only that she couldn’t leave the room. She got up, ready to look in the eye hole when he spoke.

“Open the door, Jessica.”

It was her master. Max Furst. She opened the door. He reached into his pocket, retrieved a small plastic bag, and retrieved a white pill from it.

“It will help you sleep,” he told her. She nodded and took it from him. She wanted to ask him to stay. It was on the tip of her tongue. She couldn’t bring herself to say it. She needed to know why he hadn’t come after her. Why was he being so cold? Didn’t he still love her? Did he ever?

Max spoke and his voice was gentle, but stern. “I am very tired, Jessica. I haven’t slept since you called me. You don’t look like you’ve slept either. Am I right?”

She nodded. Her eyes were wet. She couldn’t speak. She didn’t trust herself to.

“We’re going to have a long, hard talk tomorrow. I want us both well rested. Do you understand?”

She nodded again.

“Put those on,” he instructed, motioning to the pajamas on the bed. “Go to sleep.”

Again. She nodded. “If you need me, text me or call me.”

More nodding. He gave a small smile. “Your German really has gotten quite good.”

It brought a real smile to her face. She laughed softly and almost started crying. His smile grew softer, affection came to his eyes. Her chest filled with hope. “Good night.”

“Good night,” she murmured. He stepped out and closed the door. She heard him on the other side, “Throw all the locks.”

She obeyed wordlessly. She changed into the clothing he had picked for her and crawled onto the bed. She took the pill and downed a glass of wine from the minibar. She crawled into bed. He still loved her. She was certain of it. Tomorrow he'd tell her he loved her and he'd missed her. He'd tell her he was always going to come for her.

Then she'd tell him. Once she knew he loved her, that it wasn't some sick game, then she'd get on her knees. She still loved him. She never stopped. They tried to turn her against him, but she didn't listen. They were special. What they had was unique. She felt it.

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Max walked down the hall of the hotel, a budding smile on his lips. His stress levels were amplified, but he was certain he was making the right decision. He needed her to understand that *he* was still in control. She might be here of her free will, but he still owned her. She was still his property. She did what he told her to do when he told her to do and she'd like it. He couldn't have her thinking she called the shots.

She would be easy to manipulate. She was scared and vulnerable and she still loved him. The look she had given him when she opened the door... he had seen it many times before. He never thought he would have the opportunity to see it again. He checked his phone as he made his way to his car. He believed that she would do as he said. She'd stay in the room until she received her next instruction. He only wanted to make sure she didn't need him.

If he got the text - I need you, Master - Please, come back, Master - he'd be there in an instant and he'd reward her. If that text did not come, she would wait until tomorrow. *She* would break first.

He was an intelligent man. He knew what the conflict was. Her pride was getting in her way. With him, she had no pride. He owned her pride. She needed to be reminded of that. He just wasn't sure how to do that.

He checked his phone last time before he started his car and made his way back to his penthouse. Before falling into bed, he checked his phone again. She would be asleep. She'd take the pill he gave her. It would do its job. He retrieved the plastic bag. He always had a few in his pocket for when his anxiety got out of control. He knocked it back and laid with his head on the pillow.

Tomorrow, she'd get on her knees for him, beg him for forgiveness, pledge her undying devotion to him, and then they'd start their future over again. His cock burned. It was the first time in three years an erection was even remotely enjoyable. He reached into his pants and grabbed his cock. All he had to do was envision her on his knees at his feet, looking up at him with that *look*. He was too tired to get up and change. He didn't care. Sleep found him fast and hard, and he fell asleep with a smile on his face.

## XXXVII

### Chapter Notes

See the end of the chapter for [notes](#)

She woke up at 2:37pm the next afternoon. She was groggy and she struggled to rip herself out of the fog. She rolled over with a soft groan and reached for the clock on the side table. Her heart lurched when she saw the green numbers illuminating the clock. She grabbed her phone and checked for messages. He had not called or texted her. She bit her bottom lip. She took the time to respond to her mother, who was quite frantic.

She ordered room service and showered as she waited. She wanted to make sure she was presentable when he came to talk to her. She wolfed down the food she ordered and then went to do her makeup and hair. She made sure it was done tastefully. He never liked it when she put on too much makeup. The one time she had, he had railed about how she looked like a whore for the rest of the day and she'd received a terrible caning for thinking he would find that attractive.

By the time she was all finished, it was about 5:00pm, but she had still not received any word from him. She thought it was odd that he hadn't texted her yet. The night before, he had said that he was not sleeping either. Was he still sleeping? She really doubted it. Not so late. She panicked for a moment, believing he didn't have her number, but then felt silly. He'd been texting her for the past two days.

She picked up her phone. He told her not to leave the room. He put no conditions on her trying to contact him. Her stomach roiled nervously, but she texted him anyway. It was possible that he was waiting for her to let him know she was awake. He had told her to sleep. Perhaps he believed she was still sleeping. That didn't seem like him though. He wouldn't just wait around for her. He would do things on his terms.

"I'm awake," she texted him. She waited. An hour passed and no response. She tried to watch TV, but she was unable to focus on anything. She scrolled mindlessly through her phone, waiting impatiently for him to text her back. She would open and app and then close it. Open another, close it, and return right back to the other app. The phone whistled at her and her eyes found the message drop down from the top of the screen. Her cheeks flushed red and her stomach roiled.

“We will talk tomorrow.”

She was disappointed, embarrassed, sad, and very, *very* angry. She stared at the phone angrily. She stared until her eyes glazed over and began to dry out. It was late, but she was ready to see him again. Surely, he should be anxious to see her again as well? Why wouldn't he want to see her tonight? Why wouldn't he want to have her in his arms as badly as she wanted to be there. She would do what she had to this time. She'd get on her knees the way he had wanted. She'd made up for her mistakes the night before. Why didn't he want to see her?

*Because he has a new girl. He doesn't need you anymore.*

She dismissed it. It was a thought that had crept into her brain many times before, but she never allowed herself to dwell on it. It was far too painful a thought to consider. And now, she was convinced he would not pay to fly her here and put her up in a very expensive hotel if he did not miss her.

But as the evening stretched on and she heard nothing, the thought began to creep back into her brain with more insistence. Her breathing began to race and her head ached. She texted him back, “I want to talk today.”

He had his read receipts on. She would rather he hadn't, because the message said read, and she received no response. She received no response for hours. It enraged her. She tried to ignore Marsha's voice as it spoke soft and sadly in her head.

*Men like that don't care about anything other than themselves. He didn't care about you. He only cared about what you could give him.*

She thought back to some of their very early days together. The names he called her, the ways he hit her. She had a very clear memory of being forced to urinate over a drain in the corner, being hosed off with icy water...

Why wouldn't he have another girl. Was he with her right now? He refused to take her to his penthouse. That's why they had been in Austria. Did he bring this new girl with him? He had

never brought her to Berlin, but Jessica had only been with her for nine months... this girl could have been with him for close to three years. Was this new woman as good to him as she had been? Was she better? Had she learned faster?

Jessica had bit him, attacked him, ran from him, called him names. She had been obstinate and insolent, rude and sarcastic. And she had got herself taken away from him. She hadn't gotten on her knees the way she should have. This new woman, would she have gotten on her knees the moment they were alone together?

She texted him. "Can we talk tonight?"

It was already 11:00pm. It was unlikely he would agree. She stared at the phone, waiting for the *read* to pop up on it. At 11:47pm it did. If she had to wait long, she did not think she would have been able to handle it. Immediately, his response lit up the screen.

"I have been busy with work. I just arrived home and I need to sleep. Tomorrow."

She sighed and dropped the phone down. She got up and went to the mini bar. She took out a mini bottle of wine and drank it down quickly. Unsatisfied, she finished a second within five minutes of the first. She somehow managed to find sleep, through all her anxiety and overthinking. She woke up the next morning around 11. She woke up expecting a text. She did not have one waiting for her.

She got up, showered, and did her hair and makeup. She was finished by 12:30. No text came through. Once more, her skin flushed and she was overcome with an incredible sense of rage. She shouldn't be the one feeling bad. *He* was the one that had something to prove to *her*. He said he'd always come after her. He said he'd go to the ends of the Earth to bring her home. It had always brought her comfort. She had relied on it for nearly two full years before she realized he wasn't coming. He should have told her how sorry he was he had put her into a position where she had been taken away from him. He was the master. He should have protected her better. And how dare he, after everything he had done to her. She had come back. Was that not enough for her?

She picked up her phone and punched at the buttons. She had no hesitation in hitting enter.

“I’m done waiting. We’re going to speak now.”

She waited ten minutes before the message was marked read. He responded immediately, “No.”

Her thumbs raced across the keyboard. “Yes.”

He’d seen it. No response came. Each moment that passed, her heart raced faster.

“I’m not sitting here waiting for you to decide you’re ready to talk.” she jammed the send button. She paced. Her mind began to race. Was he with her right now? Was he touching her, kissing her, squeezing her?

She was overcome with humiliating shame. It was pathetic, to have come so far for a man who cared nothing for her. She blinked back tears and picked up her phone to view again. He had seen it. Some tears fell and she wiped it away angrily. She checked her makeup. She did some slight touch ups and grabbed her phone again.

It was nearly two o’clock. She picked up her phone and texted, “If you don’t see me within the hour I’m going to the airport and leaving and you’ll never see me again.”

She sent the message and threw her phone on the bed. She pressed her hands to the sides of her head and pressed firmly. A violent urge to open her mouth and scream came over her. Instead, she just hunched over and groaned. She straightened back up and reached for her neck. She massaged the damaged skin. Her phone chimed. She hurried over and grabbed it.

“A driver will be there to collect you in twenty minutes.”

She let out a sigh of relief. She was filled with an intense sense of satisfaction. Things weren’t going to be done on *his* terms. At the very least, he was going to hear what she had to say. She would tell him what she thought of him. He was a cruel, cold man who had done terrible things to her, but she didn’t care anymore. She wasn’t the beaten, pathetic woman

locked in his basement, kissing his feet and scraping for an ounce of affection. If he was going to toss her aside for some other woman, he would know that it didn't matter to her. She felt nothing.

She got to the hotel lobby and her phone buzzed. "Driver's name is Dieter. Code word Hallstatt. If he does not say that to you do not get into the car."

She walked from the comfortable, plush seat of the hotel library. A black Mercedes waited there for her, a driver standing by the hood of the car, hands clasped in front of him. He grinned as she approached.

"Fraulein Allen?" he asked.

"Dieter?" she responded.

"Ah, ja. Hallstatt, ja?" he grinned wider and opened the door. She gave a nod of thanks and slid into the back seat.

As they drove through the city, her pride and confidence began to fizzle and her nerves began to creep up over her once more. She rang her hands in her lap. She dug her nails into her thighs. If he said he was sorry... if there was a good reason he had waited this long to see her... if he loved her... if she knew there wasn't someone else.

She saw the massive building, the letters LLCP emblazoned proudly on the side. She swallowed thickly. There were razors in her throat. She remembered the building. It seemed like a lifetime ago that she was touring it. And he was in there the entire time. How funny the world worked. She wondered just how close they had been to each other.

Her mouth was uncomfortably dry as they got to the front of the building. Dieter left the car double parked and brought her all the way to the elevator. He put in his key to get her up to the top floor and told her to let Anna know who she was. She was expecting her.

The elevator doors opened. She took a deep breath and held it. She stood there, unable to move. She couldn't face him. She should leave. Get things from the hotel and go back home and forget him.

The doors began to close. In a panic she held out her arm. The doors sprung back open and she stepped out. She was in a well furnished suite, a black desk with a thin, pretty blond seated behind it, a blue tooth in her ear, a number of monitors out in front of her.

She looked up with a kind, bright smile, but Jessica immediately disliked her. She swallowed thickly. Her eyes blinked. Was this the woman that had replaced her? She was older than Jessica, but absolutely beautiful.

“Jessica?” she asked. “Herr Furst is expecting you. He is right through here.”

Anna led her to the large, wooden doors a few yards behind her desk. His name *Maximilian Furst* was proudly displayed. Her heart began to pound again. She thought she would be sick.

“Herr Furst?” Anna asked as they stepped inside. “Fraulein Allen here to see you.”

“Thank you, Anna,” he rumbled from behind his desk. His head was down and he was writing rapidly on top of an inch thick stack of papers. The closed softly behind her, but she heard it loudly in her skull.

He kept his head down. He was imposing, seated behind the desk, three monitors to his right, his laptop plugged into an intricate docking station to beside that, large, glass windows behind him, offering a magnificent view of the city.

Once more, she struggled to reconcile the man she saw and the man she remembered. She felt the same affection, the same love, the same fear, yet he was not the man she remembered. He was cold and distant. Seeing him out in the world, a regular man, it somehow made the things he did to her so much worse, so much crueler. She was desperate for him to tell her she was wrong. He was *exactly* who she remembered.

He finished writing with one last flourish and then glanced up at her. The look in his eyes was frightful. On his face was an angry scowl. Her jaw trembled and so she bit her tongue hard. He looked back down, shuffled through one more piece of paper, signed it one last time, and then moved the paper to the side. He straightened his desk and made sure it was tidy. Even now, he made certain things were done on *his* schedule. She did not mind. She just needed to hear the words she had travelled so far for. The nightmares hadn't stopped since he told her he knew she had not betrayed him. This was the only thing she could think of. She needed to know.

Finally, he looked back up. He still had the scowl on her face. It was a kind of tight, painful smile. His eyes glowered angrily. No, this was not the man she remembered. This was a stranger. This was a sick, cruel man who thought she was an object, a toy, a thing. And she came all this way to see him. She felt the crushing blow of devastation.

He leaned back in his chair, clicked his pen three times. His face remained dark and blank.  
“Well, Jessica?”

Her face flushed red. Her mouth went dry. Her throat constricted. She stared a moment. Eyes widened and dry.

“Well Jessica?” she whispered. He just stared. “Well, Jessica? Well Jessica!”

“Lower your voice,” he said, dangerously low. An intensity came to his eyes she had not yet seen in him. She was too angry to take note of it.

“How dare you! That’s what you say to me? That’s what you fucking say! Well Jessica?” she demanded. Her voice broke. He leaned forward, eyes burning.

“Lower. Your. Voice.”

“I’ll yell if I want! I flew all the way to Europe to see you! After - You-you - after what you did! Everything you - you - you- Marsha said so, she said you were a monster and you are!

You're a monster!"

"Quiet!" he bellowed, slammed his fist down on his desk hard.

"Is there someone else?" she demanded to know. She marched to his desk and stood over him. He looked genuinely surprised. "Did you replace me?"

He stared, lips parted, eyes slightly widened. It was a look of genuine shock on his face. She could hardly register it.

Tears slipped from her eyes and her lips quivered quite beyond her control. "After everything you did to me? Don't you care?"

The door flung open behind her and the beautiful young secretary came hurtling in, eyes wide, mouth gaping. "Herr Furst? Do you need me to call security?"

Jessica burst into tears and she buried her face in her hands. She did not think she could bear the humiliation of it. Was this how it ended? Would he send her away now without any sort of explanation. Her master would forgive her for her outburst and make everything ok. Would this man?

She continued to cry. She had never felt so alone in her entire life. She just wanted the building to crumble to the earth and swallow her up in the debris. She just wanted it all to end.

"No, Anna, thank you," he said. His voice came closer. His hands touched her shoulders. She leaned forward and sagged into him. He did not push her away. Instead, he gently caressed her upper arms. "Jessica is just very tired. She'd had a long trip."

He continued to hold her firm, but he did not embrace her. "If you could give us a moment?"

Anna said nothing else, but the door opened and closed behind Jessica. Once the door clicked shut, he stepped closer. He smelled the same as she always remembered. She was suddenly back in the basement, lying in the pillow bed, wrapped in his powerful arms.

Then, as if in one of her dreams, his arms wrapped around her and he held her close to his chest. He made her feel so small. So small and so safe.

“Jessica?” he asked. He placed a hand beneath her chin and tried to turn her face up to his. She couldn’t face him and she pulled her face away from his hand. She pressed her face back to his chest. She squeezed her arms around his middle as tightly as she could, as if he might disappear completely if she let up even the slightest bit. She trembled violently. From the inside out, her body trembled.

“Oh,” he mused softly, his arms tightening around her. “I had no idea.”

“You-you-you,” she hiccuped. “You abandoned me. Why-wh-why didn’t you come for me? Don’t you want me?”

“Shh,” he murmured tenderly. “If I knew you were this fragile, I never would have left you alone so long.”

He tried to lift her face up to meet his with a gentle hand, but she resisted. She continued to squeeze him and nuzzled her nose into the center of his chest. He grew more forceful, gripping her face with both hands. He leaned his head down and placed his mouth to hers. The kiss was hard and commanding. It almost hurt. It brought her more peace than she could have ever hoped for. He pulled back and kept his mouth close to hers.

“You never stopped belonging to me,” he murmured against her lips. “You’re as much mine today as you were the day you left. You realize that, don’t you?”

“You never came for me,” she accused softly. His icy eyes raced over her wet face and puffy eyes. “I waited.”

One hand slid down her face and closed around her throat. She asked desperately, “Do you still love me? Did you ever?”

“Did I ever?” he asked, face contorting into a pained and confused frowned. “Oh, Jessica... I shouldn’t have left you alone.”

He pulled back from her and stepped away. He pointed to a chair. “Sit there. I need to collect some of my belongings.”

She breathed in as deeply as she could but her nose was stuffed up. She still got a whiff of him. He smelled so good. In his arms, she felt safe. She sat down obediently and watched him. Tears continued to come to her eyes and she struggled to keep her breathing calm.

“I need you to try and calm yourself down,” he instructed as he unplugged a number of cords from his laptop.

She wiped her eyes. Her makeup was ruined. She felt so stupid. She was supposed to stand up to him. She’d failed at that. She was supposed to prove to him she was still his perfect slave. She failed at that too. She’d failed Marsha. She’d failed her Master. She couldn’t do anything right. She nodded and wiped her eyes again. Her face contorted and more tears came out.

“Jessica,” he said. She looked up with puffy, tired eyes. Now all she wanted to do was sleep. “Come now.”

She pushed herself up from the chair. He had his briefcase in one hand. He gently ran his hand over the top of her head. “My sweet girl,” he murmured to her. “I know you’re upset, but be good for me now.”

She nodded. He placed a single finger to the bottom of her chin and tapped. Her eyes fluttered up to meet his and he said, “*trust.*”

She sniffled. "Just tell me you love me," she whispered. "Tell me you were going to come get me."

He smiled at her and then jerked his head to the side. She followed him out of his office, her hand clutching his tightly. The beautiful young secretary's eyes cast a judgmental glance at their hands and then she brought her eyes back to Max.

"I'm going to bring her home. I will be unavailable for the rest of the day," Max told his assistant. Jessica watched the horror spread across her face, but she did her best to keep her face turned downward.

"Herr Furst. What do I tell the trustees? The client - he needs the report by end of day."

"-I will send out the report by end of business tomorrow," he interrupted her. "He can wait."

Jessica felt his arm around her shoulder and he directed her to the elevator. He punched the lobby button and then stepped back. He leaned over her, head hunched, and asked, "Can you get yourself together? I can't have you looking like this on camera with me."

She glanced up a moment and then looked back down, nodding. "I'm sorry," she whispered. He tilted her face up. He gently wiped her face with his thumbs.

"Everything will be alright," he murmured tenderly. Her eyes threatened to fill up with tears again. Her lips turned upward but the smile could not fully form on her face. The doors opened and he stepped away. She made sure to keep her face down as they walked to the garage.

He opened the passenger side door for her and guided her inside. He shut the door with a thud and walked around to the other side of the car. She leaned against the door of the car, her hand to her mouth, and she took in some shuddering breaths. He leaned over and reached across her body to retrieve her seatbelt. Once she was securely belted in, he started the car. Nothing was said as he drove. She focused on pulling herself together, though it was difficult. She kept her elbow pressed against the car door, her knuckles pressed to her mouth, nose nearly pressed to the glass. She took in deep, steady breaths.

She felt the car come to a stop and her eyes fluttered open. They were in a parking garage. The one from the hotel probably. It looked like it, but she'd never seen a parking garage that really looked different from the next.

He reached out and put his hand on the head rest behind her. He leaned in close to her and murmured softly, "Who is Marsha?"

"My therapist," she admitted weakly. He paused for a few moments.

"Did you tell her about us?" he asked. His voice was soft but firm. She tried to glance up but could not meet his gaze.

"I never gave you up," she vowed. She turned her face toward him. "I just... I just needed to talk about it... to someone..."

"You let her put lies into your head," he scolded softly.

"I didn't," she moaned pathetically. She buried her face in her hands. She leaned over the middle console and pressed herself to him. He held her as she wept. It was a glorious feeling, to have his large, warm arms wrapped around her. She felt safe, loved. She'd missed it so much. The feeling of absolute security. She realized it was a feeling she'd never find anywhere else.

"You did," he said. He pulled her hair back from her face. Strands stuck to her cheeks. "You sat in that hotel room and let yourself get so worked up. You were fixated on her *lies*. You trusted *her*. Not me."

"I'm sorry," she cried. "I let you down."

“No,” he disagreed softly. His hand continued to stroke her hair. “You came back to me. Just in time.”

“Please, can you just -”

“Shh, shhh,” he pulled back and cupped her face. “I want to have this discussion inside. Can you make it upstairs? Pull yourself together for me, hmm?”

She nodded and sniffled. He stroked her cheek with the pads of his thumbs. “You’ve had to be strong for three years, but you’re back where you belong now. You don’t have to be strong anymore. That’s what your master is for.”

She nodded and sniffled again. She reached out and gripped his tie tightly. She had so much she wanted to say, but her brain remained empty. She looked at him. His blue eyes glimmered as they darted across her face.

“Come now,” he said. He removed her hands from his suit and got himself out of the car. She waited for him to open the door for her. She couldn’t get her limbs to work. He opened the door and guided her out with a firm grip to the arm.

“I need you to be strong just a few minutes longer. There’s a security doorman in the lobby. I don’t want him to get suspicious. Understand?”

She nodded. She tried to smile at him. He reached around her and shut the passenger side door with a slam. She flinched. His hand, large and warm, cupped her cheek.

“Jessica. I bought your plane ticket with my credit card. I paid for the hotel with my credit card. We used your true name. I put myself on the line to bring you back to me. My freedom. Do you understand that?”

She nodded. She whispered, “I’d never betray you.”

“I know that,” he murmured. He ran his large hands up and down her arms. Hands that had done terrible things to her. She found only comfort in them. “Come.”

He took her hand in a comforting grip and guided her toward the elevators. She followed him through the parking garage, gripping at his hand tightly with both of hers. She squeezed it as hard as she could, as if she was trying to hurt him. They got into the elevator and she leaned against him. He embraced her again for the duration of the elevator ride. He kissed the top of her head. She almost began to cry again, but she stopped herself. She focused on squeezing him instead.

“You’re more fragile than I’d thought,” he murmured to her. “Or I wouldn’t have left you alone so long.”

She figured it was the closest thing to an apology she would get. The doors opened and they stepped outside. Her brow knitted in confusion.

“This isn’t the hotel,” she observed. He took her hand and guided her through the lobby.

“It isn’t,” he answered. He greeted the security officer, “Good afternoon, Paul.”

“Herr Furst. Good morning. Fraulein.”

She smiled at him. To make up for the state she was in, she wrapped her arm around her master’s. It felt good, knowing he needed her to protect him, and knowing how proud he would be that she did.

They got to the elevator and he used a key to get to pick a floor. She asked him, “is this your home?”

"I haven't been back to Austria since you left, or very near to it. It was too painful. I saw you everywhere. This place, it's untouched by you. Bringing you here... I hope I'm not making the wrong decision. Because Jessica... as much as I may want to, I cannot make you stay. We'd be halfway to Austria right now if I had the choice. I don't. So I trust you to make the right decisions in the hours that are to come." He cupped her cheek. "Hmm? Maedchen?"

Her heart melted and she sagged into him. He pulled away from her and a frown came to her face. The doors opened and they stepped up onto a little lobby. He unlocked his door and directed her inside. He shut and locked the door behind them.

She looked around the room. It was a large, open concept penthouse with a cold, modern look to it. It was unlike the warm country home in Austria. He walked toward the white couches and grabbed a remote from the side table. He punched a button and the blinds began to rise on the window, revealing large windows and a beautiful view of the city. They were fairly high up. Even with the windows open, they had privacy.

He removed his cell phone and tugged at his tie, though he did not loosen it. Once again she was struck by the sight of him. How he could be the master she loved so much, and a complete stranger at the same time, was something she had trouble really understanding.

He sat down and pinned her with his icy blue eyes. He took a deep sigh and then looked at his phone again. He typed out a quick message and then tossed it to the side.

"Jessica," he finally said. His voice was tender. "Come here, *schatzi*. Where you belong."

She knew what he wanted. She swallowed thickly and looked at the floor at his feet.

"Just..." she muttered softly. "Just tell me you love me. Tell me why you didn't come get me."

He smiled softly. "Making demands?" he asked. "You know the answers to those questions."

He considered a few long moments. Finally, he spoke again.

“You don’t trust me anymore, do you Jessica,” he mused.

“You abandoned me,” she whispered. “You left me there. Three years and... you never came to get me... and I waited...” his eyes were soft and sad as he watched her. Her lower lip trembled violently. “You said you’d search the ends of the earth for me.” she shook her head. “But that wasn’t true.”

“I’ll explain it all to you. I’ll tell you what I went through being apart from you. How I feel, how I felt then, how I feel now... but we’re going to do it the right way.”

He paused, eyes intense, alert. He pointed at the floor in front of him. “Get on your knees.”

Her face crumpled and she lowered her head to her hands. She shook her head. She needed to hear him *say* it.

“Come here, *schatzi* ,” he beckoned. “Come here.”

Her lower jaw trembled violently and she squeezed her eyes shut. She thought of Marsha. How sad she might look to see her now. Desperate for the affections of her rapist. The sad but hard look in her pale green gaze. She was a disgrace to women. She was weak and feeble, to love him so much. She just wanted him to be proud. She just wanted him to love her no matter what.

“Unconditionally,” he agreed and she realized she had said that outloud. She looked at him. He had a small smile on his lips. He said very softly, “You know I do.”

“I don’t know what to do,” she whispered.

“Yes you do,” he answered. “When is the last time you truly felt safe? Loved. Protected. Have you felt it these past three years away from me? Be honest. Answer me now.”

She shook her head. “I missed you everyday,” she admitted.

“Come here,” he beckoned again. His voice was soft and tender. “Come here, and let me make everything better.”

She moved toward him, though it was more of a shuffle than a walk. She stopped just a few more strides from him. She pressed her hands to either side of her head and squeezed her eyes shut. She didn’t know what to do. Her chest tightened. Her throat hurt. Pressure builded in her brain and her breathing grew more elevated.

“Go on now, Jessica. Be my *gutes kleines maedchen.*”

Her knees bent and hit the ground with a heavy thud. It hurt. She hit the ground so hard, pain radiated up her legs. She inched closer to him, using one hand on the floor to help her along. He was encouraging her. Showering her with soft, low rumbles of praise. Her other hand was on her face as she half inched forward, eyes wet.

She sagged into his lap, scraping an arm over either leg, and pressed her face to his thigh. His lap was warm and welcoming. She pressed her face to his budding erection. She had to look horribly pathetic, having travelled thousands of miles to break down on her knees at the feet of the man that had bought her, beat her, and raped her.

She moaned, “I missed you so much.”

“Good girl,” he purred. “Now, kiss my feet and tell me who I am.”

She obeyed and lowered herself down. Her lips went to his shoes, black Italian leather, shiny, square toed. She pressed her face to his feet. She had some trouble speaking for a long while.

She gripped his ankles tightly and kept her tear stained cheek to the black leather. She placed sloppy, tired kisses to the laces.

“You’re my master,” she eventually got out...of my body, mind, heart and soul.”

“Three years was too long,” he lamented. “They almost turned you against me.”

She squeezed her hands around the back of his ankles. She cried softly against his feet. He continued, “I never thought you would doubt my love for you. That is what disappoints me the most.”

She kissed his right foot and then the left. Her shoulders hunched. She should have been stronger. She should have just gotten on her knees when she first showed up.

“I thought I would be able to see to my work and you would wait for me patiently. I am a busy man and I am in the midst of an emergency.”

“I’m sorry,” she said. She should have been patient. She was so angry at herself. She just hadn’t been able to help herself.

“Come on now. Come. Rest your head here.”

He patted his inner thigh and she straightened. She draped her arms over either leg and pressed her face to his lap. She could feel his erection beneath his trousers and she pressed her face into it. His hands stroked her hair gently.

“I’m sorry,” she whispered against the fabric of his trousers. “I just... I’m so confused.”

She squeezed her eyes shut and more tears came eeking out.

"Come," he ordered abruptly. His large hand closed around her arm in a powerful grip and he pulled her up. "In my lap."

She greedily obeyed. She climbed into his lap and wrapped her arms around his neck in a vice like grip. She squeezed, holding herself to him as tightly as possible. His own arms closed around her tightly, pressing her to him with a sense of ownership.

"I love you," he murmured in her ear. "I love you more than anything in this world. I missed you everyday. I tried to bring you back. The thought of owning another woman sickened me. Hearing you on the other end of that phone... I've never been happier in my life. My Jessica. My sweet, perfect Jessica came back to me. Joy like I'd never known. I want you to stay with me, Jessica. If you leave me - I'll survive, but I'll be a shell of the man you know. And I can't stop you from leaving me. That tortures me. Do you know how hard it is for me? That I have no control? I know what I deserve, what I'm entitled to, but I can't just take it this time. And as reluctant as you are to be vulnerable before me... imagine how I feel. To have my happiness once again be dependent on the whim of a woman. Do you think if I didn't love you, I'd have taken the risk of bringing you here? I would have pretended I had no idea who you were and hung up the phone. And if you spoke? Poor feeble girl, broken, became obsessed with a powerful, wealthy man she saw on the news, looking for a big payout. I didn't need to bring you here. I'm risking my freedom for you. I'm opening myself up to be rejected by you. Do you understand what that means, Jessica? Do you really understand what that means?"

He grabbed her face hard and forced her to look at him. "Do not doubt my feelings for you. I love you Jessica. With everything that I am. If I didn't, you wouldn't be here. Believe me - that is not something I ever expected to admit to a woman. No matter how I felt. It gives you power over me you do not deserve. But I will not lose you again. You will stay with me now. You'll come home willingly."

She nodded. "I want to come home. I've wanted it... since the moment we were separated. I didn't understand ... I didn't understand why you left me there. I wouldn't have said anything. I'd have lied. I'd have said whatever you wanted me to say."

He looked at her mouth. He lowered his head to kiss her in a bruising grip. His hand squeezed at the back of her hair, curling his fingers into the thick locks in a commanding hold. He wanted power and ownership, and she'd give to him. If his fear was rejection, she would show to him it was the last thing on her mind.

She pressed her face more firmly into his. He pulled back and yanked her head back. His eyes were alight with a frightening passion. That was the master she knew.

“You love me?” she asked. It was almost a plea.

“More than anything,” he answered hotly. He pulled her head back further. “When I lost you... I was devastated. Devastated, Jessica. The only woman I could ever love, my perfect girl, gone. Forever.”

“I worship you,” she said, running her hands over his left thumb where it stroked her cheek. “I’d never betray you. I want to come home,” she insisted, sitting up in his lap. He released her hair, eyes pinned on her hard. “I want things to be the way they were before. Back home in Austria. Can’t we just... just go back there and pretend everything is the same?”

“It will never be the same,” he answered. “You can leave whenever you want.”

“I can’t,” she answered. “Maybe physically ... if you’ll take me back... I can’t just walk away from you.”

He smiled and cupped her cheek. “When you decide you don’t want to do something?”

“You’ll make me,” she answered.

“And when you decide to go to the police...”

“I won’t,” she pleaded, pressing her hands to his chest.

He picked her up and flung her on her back on the couch that rested a few feet away. The action happened quickly and in an instant he was looming on top of her, glaring down at her with hot, frightening eyes. Her heart pounded and her lips parted. He grabbed the top of her

head with a fist full of hair and tilted her head back. The hold he had her was firm and demanding.

“You’ll take what I decide to give you?”

“Yes, Master. I promise.”

He looked down the length of her. It felt like the first time since she’d been back he looked at her in a sexual manner.

He reached down between them and jammed his fingers between her legs, pushing the jeans hard into her rapidly dampening vagina.

“And you’ll be happy about it?” His fingers pressed harder into her jeans. It hurt, but her panties slickened.

“Yes,” she answered. “Because it’s you.”

Her let out a bitter laugh and a dark smirk came to his face. He murmured, “because it’s me...”

He cupped his entire hand between her legs and pushed upward. Her hips jerked into his hand.

“Still a whore, I see.”

“Y-yours,” she answered.

"Still my whore? You didn't waste yourself on some pitiful American cock while you were away from me?"

"N-no. Never! The only man that's ever touched me is you," she assured him. He got off of her and flipped her over. He moved them so her torso was on the couch and her knees were on the ground. He moved her with fast, rough movements. His hands wrapped around her middle and unfastened her jeans. Before pulling them down, he grabbed a fistful of her hair and ripped her head back. It hurt. It hurt very badly. A cry left her and she rolled her eyes back to try and see him. He looked around at her, breath hot against her face.

"My whore would be wet for me," he told her. "Are you wet for me?"

She nodded. She was. Her pussy clenched and burned. Her insides trembled. The harder he pulled at her hair, the more pleasure she felt. This was the passion she had been expecting. The first night, she thought he would take her like this. Punish her for being away for so long.

"I bet you are," he answered. "My fucking whore."

He pushed her face back into the couch. When his hands left her hair, she turned her face to the side so she could better breath. He yanked her jeans down without much ceremony. They scraped against her skin, but it hurt nothing like the harsh slap to the thigh he planted on her creamy skin.

"You're in magnificent shape," he complimented her. "Beautiful."

"I've been running," she said, unsure if she could speak. She continued. She wanted him to know, "I'd go out at the same time everyday. Until it got dark. The same route. Even in winter."

"I don't like to hear that," he said as if scolding a child. "There are bad men out there."

"I thought it would make it easier for you," she said pathetically. His hand gently played with the lining of her panties. He leaned over her, pressing his erection to her bottom and speaking with his lips to her ear.

"I tried to bring you home, Jessica. I would have paid any amount. I couldn't get you across the ocean. You shouldn't have left Europe. If you'd stayed in Europe, we would not have been apart for so long."

She squeezed her eyes shut as tears fell down her nose. "I'm sorry," she whispered.

"Shh," he murmured. He pulled back. "You're back now. I'll make everything ok."

She felt a flood of warmth at that. For the first time in three years, she felt not a single ounce of concern. He'd make everything better. She just had to trust him and do what he told her to do.

He pressed his fingers to her over her panties. She was suddenly embarrassed. They were simple, purple, cotton panties. Nothing sexy.

"H-have you been with other women?"

"What do you think?" her asked curtly. Her chest burned and she pressed her face into the cushions. Beautiful women, no doubt. Ones that work lacy thongs and sexy lingerie.

He pulled her panties down to her knees. His fingers pushed inside of her. He was met with limited resistance, but three fingers pushed inside of her, and she moaned deeply.

"Oh, still tight," he gritted out. "I've missed this pussy. Let's fill her up, hmm?"

She tensed in anticipation. One hand grabbed her hip. He asked, "Are you still on birth control?"

“N-no,” she answered. She ventured timidly, “do you have a condom?”

There was a pause and her stomach clenched.

“Do I have a condom?” He asked. His accent was thick. That’s when she knew he was truly angry. His accent grew thicker. “Do I have a condom?”

He grabbed her by the hair again and ripped her back. His hands went around her throat and he held her to him, his face arched to look her in the eye. “Did you just ask me if I had a condom?”

“I just - so I don’t get pregnant,” she offered weakly.

“I decide if I want to fuck you with a condom,” he seethed, squeezing her neck tightly. She was surprised by the very real rage she saw in his eyes. She had not expected him to react so negatively to that. “That’s my decision.”

“Yes, master, I’m sorry. -“

“Do I have a fucking condom.”

“I’m sorry. I’m sorry,” she pleaded. How’d she mess up again so quickly?

“You’ve forgotten so much,” he said, pushed her back down into the couch like a rag doll. “Do I have a condom.”

Something about their position didn’t please him and he grabbed her by the arm and yanked her back. When her back hit the ground, the air rushed from her lungs. He grabbed her legs and dragged her toward him. He pulled at his belt as he glared down at her.

“You don’t ask me those questions,” he panted. “Would you have ever dared ask me that before.”

“No,” she breathed.

“No,” he agreed. “Fucking cunt. Do I have a condom.” He whipped the belt off and for a split second, she thought he was going to strangle her. Instead, he grabbed her wrists and deftly tied them above her head. He fasted her to the coffee table and then pushed up her t-shirt. Once again, it was a plain purple bra. No lace... no frills... just support. The gurgle of pleasure at the back of his throat suggested that pleased him. He ran his hands down the swell of her breasts to her well manicured nestle of hair.

“I never thought I’d see this again,” he breathed. His fingers slipped beneath her cup and he massaged her nipples. “You’re going to stay with me, Jessica?”

“Forever,” she breathed. “Until you don’t want me anymore.”

“I’ll always want you,” he breathed, running his hands down her body again. “You’ll always belong to me.”

He lifted her hips and readied himself. She waited in anticipation. He thrust into her with a steady but measured motion. His mouth opened and his brow knitted. He pushed himself in as far as he could and he stayed there. He closed his eyes and waited.

“I remember the first time I fucked you,” he got out. He remained still. “As clearly as I feel you now.”

She was truly surprised when he slapped her across the face. He hit her quite hard. He took her face in his hand and pulled his hips back. He thrust back into her, slow, but forceful. She bit her bottom lip and let a moan pass through her lips. It was heavenly, the feeling of him.

“Still a whore... say it, I’m still your whore master.”

“I’m still your whore, master,” she breathed. He pulled back a hand and slapped her quite hard. He gripped her face as he thrust again and pulled back.

“You exist for my pleasure.” He slapped her again. “My use.” Another hard slap. It actually hurt and her eyes blinked rapidly. “And I love you so much.”

He shoved his middle finger and pointer finger into her mouth and used it to keep a firm grip on her face. She gagged slightly. His fingers were long and his knuckles pressed against her lips. He fucked her line that a while, his hips moving harder and faster. The belt bit into her wrists tightly. Her back thudded hard against the cool wood floor. Her face stung from here he’d hit her. She had some trouble breathing with his fingers in her mouth. Her eyes watered. She was in absolute bliss.

His fingers left her mouth and he slapped her again. “Who’s my good little whore?” He panted.

“I am,” she panted. He slapped her again.

“Who’s my dirty little slut?”

“I am.”

“You crossed an ocean to be used like this,” he said cruelly.

He cupped her face and forced her mouth open. He spit into her mouth with a grunt. “Do you know what that makes you?”

“Pathetic,” she answered on impulse, eyes watering. He shook his head.

“Perfect,” he corrected. “My perfect slave.”

He leaves down, pressing his lips to the bit mark. He raked his teeth over it. Her body tensed.

“Those first couple weeks,” he gritted out. “You’d cry and beg me to stop.” He moaned low in his throat. “But you were so fucking wet. Do you remember that?”

She nodded.

“You always liked it. Being treated like a whore.”

He grunted a few moments. His forehead beaded with sweat. He grabbed one breast and squeezed hard.

“You see that? That you always liked it?” she nodded. “If this wasn’t what you were born for, do you think you’d be so wet?”

“There’s something wrong with me,” she whispered. He shook his head.

“No, you’re perfect. Absolutely perfect.”

“S-Serve,” she breathed. “O-obey. Please you. Trust you. Worship.”

His hand closed around her throat and squeezed, but not tight enough to constrict her breathing. “Again.”

“I serve you - obey you - please you - trust you - worship you.”

He leaned down so he was pressed again. He thrust as hard as he could. Each thrust was measured. A cry left her with each vicious thrust. An orgasm ripped through her. It was so powerful and so consuming, she did not even realize he had finished inside of her until he was leaning back against the couch, breathing hard, and wiping his forehead with his tie. His eyes raked over her and he reached for his phone. He punched a few buttons and raised it to his ear.

“Ja, this is Max. I’ll have it finished by tomorrow. Something came up. Ja, end of business. End of business.”

He hung up and tossed the phone down. He asked her, “are you hungry?”

She nodded. She was starving.

“Chinese?” he asked. He grabbed his phone and started jabbing at numbers again. “I could use some Chinese.”

“Whatever you want,” she answered. He looked at her, still on her back, stripped down, bra pushed up, panties around her knees, latched to the coffee table at the wrists with his leather belt.

“Gunter. Go to the hotel and grab her bags. Bring them here. Close out the bill and give housekeeping a good tip. Now. Thank you.”

He hung up. Her heart soared and he made another phone call. He got up to his feet, fixed his trousers, and moved on into the kitchen. She lifted her head to watch. She could still see and hear him.

“Anna, I’ll be working from home the rest of the week. Something’s come up. Tell Fritz to expect that report by Friday. I’m certain.”

He hung up and came into the room with a beer. He sat down on the couch and looked over her again. He said nothing and then grabbed her jeans. He pulled her cellphone from the back pocket.

“Password.”

“0424.”

“That’s a terrible password,” he said and put in the numbers. He chuckled softly. “Your mother doesn’t know you’re here?”

“I didn’t know what you were going to do,” she answered. He nodded.

“She’s concerned,” he observed. He continued to go through the phone. “Who is Adam?”

“My cousin,” she answered. He stared at the phone a few moments.

“Jimmy?”

“An old friend from high school.”

He continued. She was certain he was reading their conversations. There wasn’t much. Just check ins, some random talk about new movies. He sighed, stood, and held the phone above her face. The little box swirled and the check mark popped up on screen. Her email was opened. It read her face and then popped open. She saw two unread emails from Marsha before he pulled away.

He sat back down and began to read. His eyes got hard, his features darkened.

“Cunt,” he grumbled. “Your Doctor is looking for you.”

He searched a few moments longer. A small, satisfied smile slowly spread across his face. Arrogance oozed from every pore in his body, and she felt nothing but love. Nothing but a desperate need to be loved by him. He continued to scroll. “Interesting search history.”

“I missed you,” she murmured, pulling gently at her binds. If he went into her camera roll, he would find all the pictures she had pulled off the internet of him.

He scrubbed a hand over his face and reached for his phone. She had not heard it buzzing. He picked it up. “Furst. No. The tax firm will answer this questions. Ja, fifty thousand of tax exposure. It will be in my report. Tomorrow. Yes, tomorrow at the latest.”

He hung up the phone. “You’ve made my life far more difficult with your threats and demands,” he mused as he continued to scroll through the phone. “You only needed to wait patiently one more day.”

“I’m sorry. I just -“

“Didn’t trust me,” he answered curtly. He took a sip of his beer and then slid down to his knees. He gently pulled at one of her nipples. “It doesn’t matter. You’re where you belong now.”

He reached over and untied her wrists. He handed her back her phone and ordered, “call your mother and tell her where you are and that you’re safe.”

“If she finds out I’m in Europe -“

“Orders are obeyed,” he snapped. “I gave you an order.”

She sunk down, fixing the cups of her bra, and scooted her panties up around her hips. She dialed her mother. It picked up on the second ring.

"Hi mom. No, I'm safe. I'm uh - " she looked up at her master. He had his back to her, standing by the bar in the kitchen. "I'm in Germany."

Her mother erupted on the other end of the phone. Immediately, her voice grew shrill.

"There was someone I needed to see," she said, voice rising. "It's my life. I'll make my own decisions. You can't tell me what to do."

Max turned at the bar and watched her, a thoughtful glimmer in her eye.

"I'm safe. I trust him. No - you're being ridiculous."

She looked to her master for aid. He took a sip of his beer, watching curiously, a little frown pulling his eyebrows together.

"I'm not telling you his name. Because I know what you'll do, mother," she said sarcastically. "Marsha can't tell you what I've said to her so go ahead and ask. Mom I'm going to hang up now. I'm in Berlin and I'm safe. Well he's not German so, have fun with that. No- no, that's not true. Don't get on a plane, I won't be allowed to see you."

Her master tilted his head and gave her a stern look.

"I-I mean I don't want to see you right now. I'll call you tomorrow morning. Yes, I know how late it is there but - well then what time do you want me to call you? No you can't speak to him. Because he's busy. He's working. I told you, I've been staying in a hotel. You're tracking my charges? Mom what the actual fuck is wrong with you? I'm a grown woman. You can't tell me how to live my life! Fine then. I'll call you when I feel like it then. Yeah, since it's so fucking late there right now. Good night."

She punched the red button on the phone, threw it angrily at the empty chair to her left, and buried her face in her hands. Her master put the beer on the bar in the kitchen and began walking toward her lazily. She began to weep, and he gently collected her in his arms.

“Shh,” he murmured. He settled them down on the couch. She sagged into him and cried. She cried more violently than she ever thought she had cried in her life. She stayed safe in his arms. He said nothing, he only kept her securely wrapped in his warm embrace. She fell asleep like that, her head on his chest, legs curled up, hands curled into her chest. She awoke to the soft rumble of his voice, his chin moving against the top of his head.

“We cannot absorb a company with over three hundred thousand of exposure. If we want to move into North American markets then we have to be certain that the tax exposure remains low. We’re buying the company for the distribution and connections. It doesn’t matter if they sell software.”

She shifted in his lap and looked up at him. He gently stroked her hair with his free hand. He looked down at her with tender eyes.

“It will be in my report. Yes, I know it was needed today, but something came up. Yes, more important. I need to go now. Goodbye.”

“Feel better?” he asked. She nodded.

“How long did I sleep?”

“About two hours,” he answered. His fingers felt heavenly in her hair. “How about a hot shower, some food, and we get some sleep?”

She nodded. “I’d like that,” she smiled at him. He stared down at her, a little smile on his lips. “You have a fiery spirit. It’s still there. The same girl that broke my nose with a baton. I never want that to leave you.”

She sat up in his lap and put her hands on his shoulders. Her eyes welled with tears but they did not fall. His eyes focused on her intently.

“I’m so confused,” she admitted. “Sometimes I believe you. That women are weak and it’s my place... sometimes I know what you did to me and to the girls before me is horrible, and wrong, and sick.” His eyes hardened. It had been the word sick. She took note of that. She shook her head. “... but I just don’t care. I was happy before they took me away. I was really happy. And since then... I don’t think I’ve had one moment of peace since being away from you. I don’t care. I just... I don’t care anymore. I just want to be with you. I just want it all to stop. The nightmares and the panic attacks. I’ll do whatever you want. I’ll be whoever you want me to be. I just need you to make it stop.”

“I’ll make everything better, Jessica. You know that.”

“You lied,” she accused. He blinked. “You said you never lied to me but you did. My parents... they came to Europe as recently as a month before I was found. Those posters were new. You told me they gave up.”

He stared. He admitted, “I lied. I didn’t know how recently they’d been here. The news stopped reporting. Otherwise I wouldn’t have let you in there but... yes, I lied to you. They accepted the Austrian and Hungarian authorities’ decision to shut down the search but... they kept looking.”

She looked down at his tie. His hand ran up her bare back.

“Marsha said that a woman can orgasm during rape and it’s still rape. It doesn’t mean she wanted it.”

“That’s the lie,” he told her, tucking a strand of hair behind her ear. Her hair must have looked terrible. “You were soaking wet for me the first time I raped you. Do you remember?”

She lowered her eyes. Did she orgasm that time? She couldn't remember. She nodded. His lips twitched.

"Do you think if you didn't like it you would have cum for me like that?"

"But I -"

"You fought it. You didn't want to give it up, but you liked the power. The control. Even talking about it, is your pussy getting slick for me?"

She nodded. It was pulsing. She hated herself for it. "Marsha said -"

"I lied to you, to manipulate you. I know what Marsha said." He tapped her temple. "You didn't want it up here, because of what society had programmed you to believe. But I'm here," he tapped the center of her chest, "everything that I did to you, you loved. Your body wanted it. All I did was teach you that it is alright to embrace that."

"But - if I'm just some mindless sex toy then... what makes you so special?" she challenged him. The look on his face had her blood running cold. She hurried to clarify. "Wh-what I mean is... I know I'd never have felt like this for Elliot, or Ulrich or Tarik, or Elias. But I feel it for *you* ."

"Because you and I were made for each other," he answered. He cupped her cheek. "You're a good woman. A rare thing on this earth," he laughed bitterly. "Because you're faithful and loyal. I bought you, I took you, I own you. And I never touched another woman. I didn't let another man touch you. I treated you gently. I was kind and affectionate and loving. And women need that to thrive. Elliot and Ulrich, they don't think women deserve it. It's a game to them."

"If... if Elliot raped me... would I like it?" she asked. It was a genuine question. He gently ran a hand over her head. "I mean I'm - I'm either a whore or I'm not."

"I don't think so," he answered. "Maybe before me, but not now. Because you have a master that you know you must serve. You love me. If another man touched you now, your body wouldn't react the way it reacted to me. You didn't have an owner then. Your body wanted it. Now, it wouldn't."

She nodded. She thought she understood what he meant. It made sense.

"What else has Marsha said?" he asked.

"She has me read a lot about Stockholm syndrome," Jessica said. "But I don't think it is... even... even toward the end, things were done and I... I didn't really believe it all the time. I had doubts," she admitted to him. She wasn't sure what he thought of that. His face remained pensive. "If it was stockholm I would have believed it, right?"

"It wasn't Stockholm syndrome. Isn't Stockholm. What didn't you believe?"

She paused and thought. "I can't really remember. I just remember not being happy about certain things."

"But you don't need to be happy about them," he said. "What matters is you obey. I know what's best. I know what's right. You need to trust that, no matter how you feel about it."

"I do," she hurried. "But..." she paused. She didn't want him to think she wasn't the slave he remembered. She didn't want him to think that the perfect girl he'd loved wasn't real. Maybe she should stop, tell him what he wanted to hear and be done with it. But gently murmured 'continue' and she obeyed. "... I think I should have to obey you. I don't think I should have to obey men."

She chanced a look up at him. He gave a soft laugh through his nose. His hand closed around her neck.

"Not all men deserve obedience, the same way not all women deserve love. I am not like most men.

"I agree," she said. She pressed her hands to either side of his neck. "Marsha said it didn't matter who you saw on that train. That -"

"The most ridiculous thing I have ever heard," he snapped. "And shame on you for believing it. I took that train twice a month for two years. I pass beautiful women on the street daily. What made you so special then? Do you think I just woke up and decided the first girl I saw I was going to spend a million dollars on? Ridiculous. I could have gotten any other girl ten times cheaper. I saw something on you. I felt it in my bones. I needed you. I chose you. I chose *you*, Jessica. It wasn't random."

Her entire body was engulfed in a sea of warmth. Every time Marsha has told her that, she'd felt her self-worth shatter into a million pieces. She was special to him. Her affection for him surged and she dug her nails into his neck. She felt a sense of worth, a sense of purpose.

"Marsha said that I was with you so briefly, eventually you would have sold me or killed me."

"Do I even have to indulge that with a response?" he asked sharply. She bit her bottom lip and nodded. "You know that's not true. I love you. We were so happy. I was never going to get rid of you. I could never harm you, Jessica, and no other man will ever touch you. I am beginning to believe you told this woman more than you'd like me to know."

"She would mention things... things that weren't true I denied. Sometimes I denied the things she said that were true but... sometimes I didn't. She took it and ran. She specializes in trauma... I've been um... diagnosed with PTSD. I get nervous in crowds. I don't like being in public. I don't react well to changes in schedules. I have panic attacks. I feel so... out of control with everything and I ... I didn't have you to make it better... Everyone kept telling me I had to take the control back. I had to stand up for myself." She turned her wet gaze on his. "I just wanted to curl up in a pillow bed in a basement in Austria with my master's arms wrapped around me."

He smiled softly. He pushed some hair back from her forehead and down the back of her head.

“With me you have no worries and no concerns. I will take care of everything. All you have to worry about, is keeping me happy. I took care of everything didn’t I? You called me, I got you on a plane, I got you a hotel. We spoke five days ago and here we are.”

“I didn’t know how else to contact you,” she said. “Elliot was the only way.”

He cupped her cheek.

“I almost bought a plane ticket,” she admitted. “About a year or so ago. I didn’t know where you would be though. Austria or Germany and ... I wouldn’t even know how to get home. - I also wasn’t so keen on backpacking and staying in hostels.”

She laughed nervously. He stroked her cheek with a knuckle.

“Why did you leave me there?” she asked. “We could have gotten away.”

“No,” he said. “We couldn’t have. And I didn’t know what you were going to do. We can’t change any of that. You’re here now.”

“How many?” she asked. She was looking at his tie.

“How many what?”

“How many women have you been with?”

“It’s been three years, Jessica. Did you expect me to be celibate?”

"I was," she answered. She pressed her lips together in an attempt to keep the tears from slipping past her eyes.

He cupped her face and tilted her head upward. "It meant nothing to me. It left me feeling numb. I'd hurt them for not being you. I'd leave less satisfied then when I started. I wasn't unfaithful. You were taken from me. I didn't think I'd ever see you again."

She touched his hands on her face. She removed them and brought them into her lap. She looked at him and gave a tiny smile. She laughed and said, "I am so hungry right try now."

He smirked and gently nudged her off of him. "I'll order in."

He took his phone and made to walk into the kitchen. She grabbed his free hand and halted him. He paused and looked down at her.

"I love you," she said. He smiled and stepped back, taking her face in his hands.

"I love you too."

He removed himself from her and went into the kitchen. "Chinese? Italian? What do you want?"

"What do you want?"

She came into the kitchen still in her underwear. He discarded his suit jacket and draped it on the chair. Just as soon as he'd dropped it there, she picked it up and put it on. He watched her appreciatively and she sat up on one of the bar stools.

"Whatever you want," she answered. He rummaged through a door and grabbed a menu. He went with Chinese food. She watched him order.

"How long until it gets here?" She asked when he hung up, hopping off the bar stool and walked to himself. She wrapped her arms around his middle, pressed her chin to his chest, and looked up at him.

"About an hour," he answered. He pressed on her shoulders and she went down to her knees willingly. His belt was off and so she only had to unbutton and unzip his pants. His hand was on her head, but he did not push. She removed his erection and gave it a firm stroke. Her eyes stayed on his.

"You missed me?" He asked her. She nodded, giving another firm stroke to his pulsing erection. He said hotly, "show me."

She took his cock into her mouth. It was hot, glistening, and she could taste the cum already oozing out from between his foreskin. She remembered what he liked. She dragged her tongue up the length of his shaft before wrapping her lips around the weeping head of his penis. He sucked in a breath and she lapped the sensitive skin. She repeated the motion until he gave a slight push to the back of her head. She kept her lips around his clock and sucked. He groaned and she tried to take him deeper. Almost immediately she began to gag and tried to retreat. He grabbed the back of her head and shoved her down hard, forcing his cock to the back of her throat.

"Take it all now, Jessica," he instructed with the condescending tone of a disappointed parent. She tried, but lasted only a moment. He released her head and she fell back and tried to catch her breath. "You're going to have to work harder than that. Three years? That's all I get?"

She got back on her knees and inches forward. She took him back into her mouth and moved up and down along his shaft. Her eyes were on him, hopeful for his approval. He glowered down at her with hot eyes and a devious smile on his face.

She did not have to work as long as she remembered she once did and that brought her some satisfaction. As he yanked her head back with a fist full of hair, and blew his load across her lips, she was overcome with the joy of knowing that, even if he had not gone three years without sex, she was still able to make him cum prematurely.

He observed her like that for a few moments before he collected his cum with his fingers and placed them between her lips. She sucked on them happily and he hummed deep in his throat.

“It’s just too good to be true,” he said softly. He stroked her cheek. “My girl, back where she belongs.”

“I love you,” she told him. He smiled. He rubbed his thumb along her lips, scooping up the last bits of cum from her face.

“Let’s get cleaned up before the food arrives.”

He gently guided her to his feet. She was nudged out of the kitchen and into the living room, through a door in the back, and into his bedroom. His home was pristine, but the penthouse had a very cold, detached feel to it. She hoped they would be able to return to Austria.

He guided her into the bathroom, which had the same cold, clean look to it. The floor was white, the counters were dark granite, and the shower and bathroom were a steel gray.

The shower was primarily finished granite and glass. Jets protruded from the walls and it looked to be the most satisfying shower she’d ever laid her eyes on. He did not turn on all the wall jets, but instead the large faucet on the ceiling, sending a cascade of hot water down in a large square. He looked her over as he removed his tie.

“Come here,” he ordered. She obeyed readily. She wrapped her arms around him tightly, chin pressed to chest, looking up at him. He smiled at her.

He undressed them both and they spent a glorious few minutes in the shower. He had her wash her face but lathered the soap into the rest of her body. Once clean, he was content to just hold her a good long while. All too soon, he guided them out of the hot shower and into the cold bathroom.

He got her into a robe and had her wait in the bedroom. She was excited when she heard the buzz from the front door, but was disappointed to see her master come back in with her suitcase.

"If he missed anything I'll just replace it," he said, tossing the suitcase on the bed beside her and flipping it open. She watched him go through it.

"You don't wear underwear anymore," he said, picking up the pairs she had brought and tossing them dismissively onto the floor beside them. She turned her gaze up at him. She saw him more clearly now, the man that was her master. He retrieved another pair of shorts and a plain T. "Put these on."

"Yes, master," she murmured. Her eyes were still heavy. She just needed some food and she'd sleep for days. He grabbed her by the chin so forcefully, she was convinced he was angry. For the life of her, she could not figure out what it was she had done. But as she landed her eyes on his, she found he was smiling, eyes shining with affection.

"It's good to hear that again," he said. He released her chin. There was another buzz just as they both finished dressing. He left and she waited on the bed. He had told her she could move, so she wouldn't. Eventually he called to her. She came out into the kitchen and her mouth started to water.

He had the chinese food boxes out on the table. He told her, "Make your plate."

She hesitated. He looked up, eyes searching. "I just - I never had my own plate. Only on special occasions."

"Isn't this a special occasion?" he asked, looking down to put another large spoonful of noodles onto his plate. She watched him add more chicken. A small smile came to her lips and she turned her hopeful gaze on him. He grabbed the chop sticks and then gave her a jerk of his head.

She followed him into his bedroom and watched him get up on the bed. He was in a pair of pajama pants and a plain t-shirt, but he looked just as imposing as the man sitting behind the

desk just a few hours earlier.

“Come on, now, *schatzi*. ”

She crawled up onto the bed and he picked up a piece of chicken with the chopsticks. He brought the children to her lips. She took the bit and chewed. After she swallowed, she said, “You always eat first.”

“You must be very hungry,” he answered. “I need to make sure your needs are met.”

And she was. She was starving. She ate until she was full, and she took another few bites, only to enjoy the act of intimacy from him. She took the chopsticks from him and blushed.

“I’m not sure how,” she admitted. He rested the plate in his lap. For the next five or ten minutes, he taught her how to use them. She missed quite a bit of the instruction. It was the main reason it took him so long. Her eyes remained on him, watching without listening as he spoke. She focused intently on the soft, rumbling sound of his voice, but she hardly heard a single word.

Finally, she got the hang of it. She only dropped one piece of chicken on him, which he had her collect from his chest with her teeth. When he was full, he brought the plate into the kitchen. He came back and changed his shirt. He ordered Jessica to brush her teeth and use the bathroom before bed. He used the bathroom once she was finished. She climbed up onto the bed, feeling happier than she could remember feeling for a long time.

It was still light outside when he turned off the room lights, but the blinds kept the room dark.

“I’m afraid to go to sleep,” she told him.

“Why?” he asked softly, sliding in next to her. He pulled her close to him. She ran her nails down his forearm.

“I have terrible nightmares,” she admitted softly. He cupped her cheek with a large hand.

“They’ll stop.”

“I’m afraid I’ll wake up alone,” she added.

“Never again,” he promised. “Nothing can keep us apart anymore.”

“Promise?” she whispered.

“I promise,” he told her. “Now go to sleep.”

She closed her eyes and leaned into him. She breathed in deeply. She fell asleep with little trouble. She was surrounded by the scent of him. His warmth. When she woke up the next morning, eyes fluttering open, she realized not a single negative thought had come to her in the night. A small smile came to her lips. It had worked.

Whatever the world might think, whether it was right or wrong, she hadn’t had a nightmare. She was right where she belonged.

And true to his word, as her eyes fluttered open, she found him there, propped up on his side, eyes smiling at her. “Good morning,” she greeted quietly.

“Good morning,” he answered with a smile. “Well rested?”

She nodded. He asked, “No nightmares?”

“None,” she answered. He smiled.

“Good,” he answered. He held something up and it drew her eyes. It took her a moment to realize what it was he had in his hand. Her mouth went dry. “Now, just one thing to get out of the way, and we can start the next part of life together.”

He looked up at the long, slender piece of wood he had in his hand. He twirled it in his fingers carefully. He turned his face back to her.

“So, Jessica. Are you ready to take your punishments?”

#### Chapter End Notes

Hopefully you like it. It took me forever to figure out how I really wanted to do this. I had a bunch of ideas, but again, this was the most satisfying. I hope you guys like it as well.

One more chapter, and then an epilogue. As I wrote this, I realized that Max and Jessica reunited could be its own story entirely. So what I might do is write a sequel down the line. I need to step away from it for a while though. I want to start something new. So I can't promise when that might be, but I think the dynamics are worth exploring in more detail... at the same time, I don't want a sequel to ruin the original. So, I think it's just something to think about.

Let me know your thoughts!

## XXXVIII

Mornings were always a difficult time for him. Mornings and evenings, but mostly mornings. At night, he could pop a little white pill between his lips and before his negative thoughts could take hold of him, he'd be embraced in dark oblivion. Sometimes he dreamed, sometimes he didn't. But in the mornings, as his eyes would flutter open to gaze up at the dark ceiling, he was left alone in his thoughts. He did not have the luxury of slipping a pill into his mouth and numbing his pain. He needed to be crisp and he would not let weakness affect his work. So he'd lay there and wallow, allow his pain to creep up and to lament on the unfairness of his life.

When he woke that morning, he was at first consumed with disgust for the lump that lay in bed beside him. Very rarely did he let a woman stay the night in his bed. He'd see her out with a good tip and if her pimp didn't have a ride for her, he'd make sure she had a car. It felt like a betrayal. Sex was one thing, but letting a woman sleep in his bed was far too intimate.

A mess of cascading brown hair tickled his arms. He was about to pull his arm back, grab some money from his wallet and order her out of his home, but the events of the past few days came ripping through his morning fog and a small curve turned his lips upward. He rolled to the side and pressed his nose to her hair. The same nagging fear tightened his chest and he pressed his lips to her jaw. He breathed in the scent of her deeply. Slowly, the anxiety continued to creep to the point where he was thinking back to the bottle of white pills in his nightstand. He ignored it and instead, placed one more kiss to her cheek.

He had learned at a very early age that women would disappoint you. When his mother left, he had been twelve. He had his first serious girlfriend at seventeen and she had left. She had accused him of being controlling and obsessive. *Needy* she had said. *Needy*. Two weeks after that, just after his nineteenth birthday, he had wandered into a BDSM club for the first time and sat down next to a tall man from Norway.

In the years that passed, he'd struggled to find a relationship where his needs were met and the richer he became, and the easier it was for him to get women, the harder it was for him to be happy. He had been in a place of terrible despair when he sat down in his cabin on that train. His book had been open in his hand but he had not turned the page in some time. He was ripped from his thoughts by the sweetest, most joyous laugh he had ever heard. And for nine months, he had been very truly happy. No terrible dreams, no dark mornings.

He did not allow himself to feel joy at her return. It was a reason she might have perceived coldness from him when she first arrived. In all his life, he'd suffered nothing but rejection and humiliation at the hands of women; His mother, his girlfriends, the women that wanted him for the jewelry he could buy and the places he could bring them. None had the ability to hurt him like Jessica did.

He pushed himself out of bed and went into the kitchen to retrieve his briefcase where he had left it last night. All he wanted to do was flip her onto her back, force her legs open, and thrust himself inside of her, but he had a report to write. He came back into the bedroom and smoothed out his side of the bed. He had promised her he would be there when she woke up and he would be.

He retrieved his laptop from the living room and returned to the bedroom. He straightened out the covers and stretched out comfortably. He had promised her he would be there when she woke up and she was going to keep that promise.

He had made a gross miscalculation and it had nothing to do with his callousness. Despite the fact that he had not wanted to show too much affection with her until she showed her own willingness to submit, he had not actually considered that she would believe he had been indifferent to her. He believed she would be conflicted about choosing a life of slavery or holding onto her freedom. *That* was the conflict he thought he would see. He genuinely had not believed for a moment that she would doubt how strongly he felt for her.

She was fascinating. The layered, complex, nature of her thought process made it almost impossible to put into words and he certainly struggled to make sense of it in any logical manner, but he felt it in his bones. He understood it. He understood it on a level that no one else could. She wanted to be everything he wanted her to be, but she wouldn't do it unless he loved her.

It contradicted much of what he believed. You see, there wasn't a lot of logic in what he felt and thought. He wanted her to submit purely because it was her place. She was a woman. He bought her, he raped her, he dominated her. She should submit to him simply because *he said so*. Whether or not he loved her, whether or not he would be faithful to her. He was a man and he could have what he wanted. He wanted *her* and that was the end of it. If he wanted to fuck another woman while he owned her, then so be it. He was entitled to it.

But if she submitted to him simply because he was a powerful man, then she would submit to Elliot. She would submit to Elias. She would submit to Ulrich. Then, she's just a whore like every other woman. But if she only submitted to *him*, if she only loved *him*, then that meant he was special. That meant that there was something about him that she liked that made her choose him. She wanted to serve him, but only if he loved her, only if he would be faithful. Only if he was worthy.

But there it was! Only if she decided he was worthy. She *didn't* get to decide. Suddenly, he was back on his knees begging for a woman's affection. His mother's, his girlfriends'...He struggled with it. He couldn't put things in a nice little box. Not like he could with numbers. He couldn't make sense of it.

For most of his adult life, he'd struggled with the idea that a woman could leave whenever she wanted. No matter how he might feel about it, if a woman wanted to leave, he could do nothing to stop it. That contradicted everything he wanted, needed, and believed in. He had never really been at peace unless he knew a woman couldn't go anywhere.

And that was why his love for her frightened him so much. He wished she had never been taken from him. That she stayed with him, locked away, unable to leave. Because, she *wasn't* like other women. His good looks didn't matter, his fancy cars, his incredible wealth, his status. She just wanted him to love her. And he did. He loved her so much. His love for her *scared* him.

Because she could *leave*. And if he accepted that her love was dependent on his worthiness... what did that mean if she left? If she got out of bed right now, walked out the door, and never spoke to him again, there was nothing he could really do. He'd survive it. He'd never be the same, but he'd survive it. But could he handle that humiliation? The rejection. Even thinking about it, his heart was racing, his stomach was in knots, his chest constricted.

He decided to focus on writing his report. It wouldn't take long if he was focused. In truth, he should have had it finished in less than six hours, but knowing Jessica was in Berlin, so close, it took him far longer than it should have. Now that she lay in bed beside him, he managed to finish the report within an hour. It was all he really needed when she sent her dramatic ultimatum. In a word, when he received that message, he had been utterly, uncategorically, without reservation, absolutely fucking *furious*.

He'd paid to bring her across the ocean. He put her up in the most elite hotel in Berlin. All she had to do was be patient. When she came into his office, looking so furious, so angry, so nervous, he had been unsure what would happen, but he had been annoyed by it. He made sure to finish signing his internal summaries. It hadn't been necessary, but he'd be damned if he let her run the show. He organized his desk. He made sure everything was proper. He'd do things on *his* schedule.

When she had come closer and demanded to know if he had replaced her, that had been the first moment in which he had gotten an inkling that he had not observed everything as he should have. She was not thinking rationally though. He brought her across an ocean. He put her up in an elite hotel using his own name. Did she think he would have done that if he had another woman? He *never* thought she would have thought that. He genuinely, truly, never thought she would doubt how much he loved her.

He completed his report, checked it, sent it to a lower level associate to proof read, read it again, and then sent it out to the Trustees, the client, the CEO, and all upper level management. Once sent out, he closed his lap top and set it to the side. He wasn't worried. His report was perfect. It was clear, precise.

He hovered over her on the bed. She had a tiny smile on her lips as she slept. Her face was clear, peaceful, content. He did not touch her. He did not want to disturb her. She deserved her sleep. He was content to simply lay there and watch her. Part of him was nervous he had not been clear enough with her. He needed her to know he loved her. He'd been clear. He'd been very clear.

Another rush of vulnerability overtook him. He got off the bed and went into his closet. There, he retrieved the cane. It was simple, thin, thinly polished. It looked delicate, but it could rip flesh from bone. He held it lovingly between his fingers. He felt it in his gut. He knew. It was what he wanted. What he needed.

He looked back down at her. So delicate, so perfect. He heard her laugh echoing in his ears, the first time he'd ever heard her. That beautiful, joyous laugh. He ran his gaze along her delicate face. A sloping nose, low cheekbones, full lips, petite chin. She was as beautiful today as the day he met her on that train. She was twenty seven now. Good lord, he was forty one.

Before seeing her, he had a terrible couple weeks. He had just ended things with Heidi. She'd been angry with him for scheduling a vacation to the eastern coast of Italy instead of Greece. He'd been ready for a horrible trip home. Long. Frustrating. Then he'd heard that laugh. Pure. Innocent. Joyous. She had engaged with the attendant, having her explain words to her, repeating phrases. He'd seen it then. The need to please, the need for approval. She had been waiting at the end of every phrase. The fear of rejection, the hope for approval. Without a doubt, a single moment of hesitation, he had known; the days of dating were over. This was the woman with whom he would devote his entire life. He knew it.

He had been nervous when he first approached her, but he had also demonstrated absolute confidence. He slammed his body into hers hard. She'd stumbled back, eyes growing wide. He was lucky she was an anxious person. She had removed her wallet to double check she still had her license and passport. The moment he saw her pull those free, he had moved in.

She had looked up at him and caught that plump, pink lip between her teeth. If he had any doubts, that ended it. She was magnificent. And the *look*, the look in her eyes. His eyes raked down her as she settled comfortably in his bed. She was so beautiful, so magnificently beautiful. He wasn't sure how long he stayed there watching her. Eventually, she began to stir. Her eyes fluttered. He leaned over her and placed a kiss to her right eyelid, then her left. He pulled back and continued to stroke her hair. She'd wake up to her master, keeping her safe and secure, as he promised.

Her eyes opened and met his. Those big, doe eyes, staring up at him with absolute devotion. Warmth flooding through his veins and he was once again struck with how badly he needed her. She smiled at him and murmured timidly, "Good morning."

"Good morning," he answered. His lips were tugged upward by an unknown force. He asked her, "Well rested?"

She tugged the blankets upwards until they were pressed tightly to her chin. She nodded, pressing her teeth down tightly around her lip. He felt a rush of love. He stroked her cheek. "No nightmares?"

She shook her head. She scooted her body closer to his. "None."

“Good,” he rumbled gently. He groped out to his side and retrieved the slender piece of polished wood. He raised it slowly, his fingers caressing it lovingly. Her eyes offered no recognition for a few long moments. The moment he saw that recognition flicker in her gaze, blood flooded to his lower extremities. “Now, just one thing to get out of the way, and we can start the next part of our life together.”

He looked up at the long, slender piece of wood he had in his hand. He twirled it in his fingers carefully. He turned his face back to her and gazed deeply into her deliciously frightened eyes.

“So Jessica,” he asked with a low rumble. “Are you ready to take your punishments?”

Her eyes fluttered down to his. Her mouth went dry, her stomach clenched, her heart raced. He didn’t need to hear it from her. He could feel it in his bones. In *her* bones. From the look in her eyes.

“My punishments?” she asked softly.

“Yes, your punishments,” he answered. “You do not think you deserve it?”

“N-No. I do...”

“Yes,” he agreed, “You do... so,” he considered carefully, stroking her cheek, “... what am I punishing you for?”

He saw the fear, the terror, the vulnerability. And he wanted to end it, to stop it. And that was what made her so dangerous. She could manipulate him. With those big brown eyes, showing him her love and her devotion... but if it was real, if she was the woman that *deserved* him, then he had nothing to fear. If he lost her today, she wasn’t the woman he really wanted. She wasn’t the woman he knew she was, the woman he needed her to be.

“F-f-for being disobedient,” she stuttered out beautifully. “F-fuh-for making d-d-duh-demands a-and leaving Europe.” Her eyes gripped the cane he held with a forceful grip. It was fear. Anxiety. Vulnerability. “F-for seeing Ellicot.”

All valid guesses. He was proud of her. But he gripped her chin firmly and forced her to look at him. He stared deeply into those big brown eyes. She did deserve to be punishment for those things, but that wasn’t his concern. He had an opportunity here. One that he needed to take advantage of. He cupped her cheek with his hand, stroking her cheek warmly with the pad of his thumb.

“For not trusting me,” he said severely. Her eyes were pinned hard on hers. “You thought I had replaced you? You came to me, making these demands... you’re a good girl, Jessica... you believed those demands were necessary... You didn’t trust me.”

“I-I just...” she trailed off. Her eyes jerked across his face in uneven, erratic patterns. He caressed her cheek. He did not need to be cold.

“Did you trust me, Jessica?” he asked her. “Did you trust that I had not replaced you? That I still loved you?”

Her brow crinkled downward. He knew the truth, and the good girl she was, she answered honestly. “I didn’t trust you,” she admitted. “I believed Marsha. I-I thought you had another woman. I was so obsessed... I really... I thought there was another woman.”

“Obey, Serve, Pleasure, Worship, *trust*. Did you trust me?”

“I didn’t do any of them,” she admitted. Her eyes were sad, timid, weak, but she’d admitted it. Hope bloomed in his chest.

“No. You didn’t,” he agreed. “So... it’s time for punishment.”

She just stared at him. She blinked. He smiled. He ripped the blankets off of them and jerked his head.

“Go to the bathroom, shower, shave, make yourself ready. Come back to me naked, on your hands and knees.”

“Yes, Master,” she whispered. Oh, he had missed those words so much. His body tingled and he felt another violent rush of blood rushing to every extremity he possessed.

She went to the bathroom on her feet. It was a quick, hurried walk. He did not blame her. He did not instruct her to crawl to the bathroom and he had no doubt she was anxious to please him. His body continued to hum. Deep in his bones, he knew it would work, he knew she was the one, he knew she was perfect, even so, why was he so nervous?

She was in the bathroom for about twenty minutes. He heard the water as he made breakfast. He listened keenly. She brushed her teeth, she'd cleaned herself up. He had a fine stock of razors, tooth brushes, and soaps. She thought she knew what was coming... but she didn't. Her willingness and desire to be ready for him though... it sent even more blood pulsing through his veins.

She came crawling out of the bedroom naked. Her body really was beautiful. She would never be a very skinny woman. She came from healthy stock. She wasn't overweight, but there was something there to hold onto. Her muscles were well defined. She ran a lot, that was clear. She was perfect. Full breasts, swung as she crawled, two rounded gloved, ready to be abused, a tiny waist, slender shoulders... a *woman's* body.

He stood rooted to his spot. She would come to him. His mind was made up. He would not stray. She came to stop before him. He was still in his flannel pajama bottoms and plain white t-shirt. Without prompting, she pressed her lips to the top of his bare foot. Her plump, soft lips caressed her hot flesh. He made sure it would not sway him. Even such perfect obedience wouldn't stop him. He tilted his foot upward. It was enough for her. She knew what he wanted.

Her lips wrapped around his toe. Her tongue flicked around the digest. Her lips tighten. He would not allow it to affect him though. Here he was. His perfect, *perfect* woman, sucking on his toe... she would not let him down. He demanded trust from her. He needed to trust her

too. Her soft, hot mouth continued to suck on the digit and hot, pulsing arousal coursed through him from the tip of his toe from the base of his burning cock. She sucked on his toe like she was sucking on his cock.

He was terrified if he continued she would leave. But he needed to know that he could do as he pleased and no matter what, she'd stay. He could not live his life altering his behavior out of fear she would leave him. He was her master. Not the other way around. So he would push on and if she left... she wasn't the woman he was so desperate she would be.

"What would Marsha think of you now," he said. Her big brown eyes turned upward, full of humiliation, pain, vulnerability, and a desperate need to be loved. He had said all he needed to say. He's expressed his truth; his vulnerability. He would not repeat it again and again. He would not say it every time she needed it.

He crouched down and put the bowl of scrambled eggs on the floor. She waited for his direction. He told her to eat and she pressed her face into the bowl. He held the cane in his hands, gently twirling the wood between his fingers. He moved away to change out of his pajamas. He dressed in simple dark trousers and pulled on a sweater over his t-shirt. He sat on the edge of the bed and slipped the black socks on over his feet. By the time he had his slippers on, she had eaten all of her eggs.

"They tried to say you were malnourished," he mused as he picked up the bowl and placed it on top of his dresser. He chuckled darkly. "Dehydrated."

"I'm sorry, Master."

"Stand up," he directed. She stood with hunched shoulders. He considered testing her on the positions, but he did not know if she would remember them at all, and honestly, he did not care at that moment. He just needed to know; was she still the perfect slave that left him.

He ordered her over to the closet door. It was a real door. It swung on a hinged frame and shut with a click, but the door frame came out with a little bulge. "Put your finger tips up on the frame," he instructed.

She came closer and did as instructed. Her elbows remained bent. He used the cane to pat her inner thigh. "Legs apart." she obeyed and he tapped again. "Wider."

Her legs were spread to just past shoulder width. "Now back up. Feet as far back as you can."

She obeyed, inching her feet backward. She edged back until she was on the balls of her feet. Her slender, pale back was arched, breasts pushed forward proudly, little pink nipples hardened into firm little buds. He pressed his hand to her back and gently traced it downwards. Her flesh was soft, tender beneath his hands. His hands tightened around the handle of the cane. His palm was beginning to sweat. His heart pounded violently in his ribcage.

His hand continued downward, over the swell of a firm, round globe of her bottom. He squeezed and prodded at the flesh, running an appreciative eye over her body. Her body was already beginning to tremble from the position he was requiring her to hold.

"I didn't put you in this position very often," he mused. He cupped a breast. "I will rectify that in the future."

"Do you know what I am punishing you for?" he asked her. He rested his cane on her lower back.

"F-for making demands and speaking out of turn," she ventured. He considered. It was not a bad guess. "For being disobedient and obstinate?" she continued when he said nothing. He stroked a firm globe. "For being away for so long and leaving Europe? And going to see Elliot. And hanging up on you when you told me not to. I um..."

She wracked her mind for more transgressions. She was about to continue, but he retrieved the cane from her back and placed it beneath her chin. Her eyes strained to look at him. There was fear and pain and in her eyes. Plump lips parted, body outstretched, she looked beautifully submissive. He was anxious to see how far that would go now that she could leave whenever she desired.

“For not trusting me,” he told her gently. “Because if you trusted me, you would not have made those demands, you would not have been disobedient and obstinate. You would have waited for me like the good girl I know you are.”

“Yes, master,” she whispered. “I’m sorry.”

“I know,” he murmured. “But you must be disciplined.”

She was trembling quite badly now. He appreciated her form for a few moments longer, and then brought down the cane with a hard slap. He had hit her quite harder in the past, but that had been three years before. A little cry escaped her.

“Hold that position,” he ordered. She balanced her weight on the balls of her feet. She steadied herself again. “Count now.”

He gave her bottom another firm swat of the cane.

She got out, “Two.”

“Begin at one,” he instructed. He swatted her again.

“One,” she counted.

He paused. Long, red strips began to erupt from the pale, creamy flesh. He lifted his arm and struck her again. The sound of the cane hitting her soft flesh had blood flushing through his limbs. His hands squeezed the handle of the cane and he took a deep, calming breath.

“Two,” she counted. This time, he hit the yet untouched globe of creamy flesh.

"Three," she counted, rather breathlessly. He tapped her inner thigh and corrected her posture. He took her by the hips and moved her an inch to the right. A slight correction. He took another few moments to appreciate her form. He ran his hand along her back once again. He could feel her tremble beneath his hand. He examined her hands up on the door frame. Her knuckles were white as she clung to the wood.

He landed another swipe of the cane. This landed on her upper thigh. A cry of surprise escaped her. Her hands fell away from the door frame and her legs jerked toward the door to brace herself.

"If you don't count it, I don't it," he said curtly. She hurriedly got back into position. He gave her the time she needed.

"Four," she breathed. He examined her flesh. A large, pink welt jutted outward from the quickly reddening skin. He stuck out his tongue to wet his bottom lip. She stumbled forward briefly. She steadied herself on a flat foot and then backed up once more. He fixed her posture and stepped back again. He swung the cane down again. Another cry of surprise escaped her.

"Five!" she cried. "Master, I'm sorry! I'm sorry! I swear, I'm so sorry!"

He came around the side to stand in front of her. He placed his hand on her face and gently stroked her cheek with the pad of his thumb. Her eyes were wet.

"It's alright, Schatzi," he comforted her. "I forgive you."

A smile spread across her face. She gazed up lovingly. He ran his thumb along her lower lip.

"But I'm not done yet," he told her. She blinked rapidly and the smile slipped from her face. He backed again, gripping his erection though his pants. She was so beautiful, so young, so vulnerable, so submissive. He ran his hand along the curve of her back. He stepped back and lifted the cane again.

He landed another blow of the cane. She did not count and he landed another hit. She tensed, struggling to keep her place, and he hit her again. “I-I-I seven - six.”

“Six,” he agreed. He swung the cane again.

“Seven,” she counted.

“Back in place,” he ordered.

“Master -”

“Back in place,” he barked. She obeyed. She needed him to direct her, but she got back into her place. Her entire body shook violently. He hit her again. He landed the cane down on her bottom with a terrible thwack. He hit her harder than he had ever hit a woman in his life. It was harder than he’d ever hit her before, and harder than he ever intended to hit her again.

She hit the ground with a terrible cry of agony ripping past her lips. He breathed heavily and he watched the skin erupt into a large welt. Almost immediately, the bright pink skin turned purple and beads of blood bubbled up from beneath the coloring flesh. She turned a frightened gaze up to him. Her brow was pulled together. He fought every urge in him not to bend down and collect her in his arms and apologize. He didn’t want to hurt her. He had to. He answered her pleading, desperate gaze with a cold, curt command.

“Get up,” he ordered. “I’m not done.”

“Master,” she pleading, gazing up desperately. Very real agony and terror shone brightly in her big brown eyes. She begged with a trembling whisper. “ *Please .*”

“Get up,” he ordered again. She paused a moment more. On weak and shaky arms, she pushed herself up to her feet. An angry, purple bruise was forming on the swell of her bottom. He waited until she into position. He did not care about counting anymore. Now it was time to make a point, to see who she really was.

He swung his arm back and landed yet another violent blow to her weeping skin. She hit the ground again with a terrible cry of pain. She was crying again. Weeping. "Master, please, I'm sorry," she sobbed. "Please."

"Get up," he ordered. He waited. She remained on the ground, legs curled up beneath her, shoulders hunched, hand to her face.

"Please, master," she cried. "I'm sorry. I'm sorry."

His eyes raked over her a moment longer. "I can't," she cried. "I can't."

"Are you refusing?" he asked. She looked upward. Her lower lip trembled. She pushed herself back up. She got her fingers on the door frame again. He pressed his molars together firmly and he jerked his arm downward. She hit the ground again.

"Get back up."

She crawled over to him. She gripped his pants and tugged gently, pressing her face to the tops of his feet. His heart was pounding. "Master, please, it hurts so bad," she moaned pathetically. He caressed her shoulder blade with the cane. She sat up, clutching at his sweater and pressing her face to his torso. She trembled violently.

"You want to stop?" he asked, caressing the top of her head. She nodded.

"Please," she cried, shoulders shaking with her sobs. "I can't. I can't take anymore."

"I don't want to stop," he said. He continued to stroke the top of her head reverently. "But things are different now..."

She looked up, her chin pressed to his stomach. She nodded slowly and pressed her face into him. She took a few more moments but then pushed herself up to her feet. He resisted the urge to comfort her. She reached upward with quivering arms and tried to grip the door. He could see the muscles quivering underneath her flesh. Her cheeks were wet and she struggled to compose herself. She squeezed her eyes shut and pressed her lips together tightly.

What absolute submission. Absolute perfection. He squeezed his sweaty hands around the cane. Before he had the opportunity to hit her, she fell to the floor. She struggled to get back to her feet. He watched her closely.

"I-I can't. I literally can't," she breathed. "Can you... please... tie me up," she asked, motioning with her hands. "I want to... obey you but I-but I can't. Physically."

"Stand up," he ordered. She did. He bent her over, pressing her hands flat against the door so she did not have to put so much strain on her muscles. She was able to hold the position, but he could see the strain. He hit her again. She shifted her weight on her feet, bending her knees and chewing on her lower lip. A low, desperate moan of misery came gurgling out of her.

When she collapsed to the ground the last time, he ordered her back to her feet. She struggled to get to her feet, but she couldn't. She was sobbing. She was breathing hard.

"I'm sorry," she wept. "I can't." she shook her head. "I can't."

He watched her closely. She sat up on her knees and pressed her hands to the wall. It was the best she could summon. He checked on the clock on the wall. He swallowed thickly. He looked over her bottom. Her bottom was striped, red, swollen, and bloody. Her body trembled violently.

"Please, I can't," she whispered. "I can't. Oh God. Oh God, it hurts so bad," she said, eyes squeezed shut. "I can't. Please. Please stop."

"Tell me to stop and I'll stop," he told her. She shook her head, face pressed against the wall.

“Please,” she begged. “Please, master, I’m sorry. I’m sorry.”

“Tell me to stop,” he repeated. “And I stop.”

She looked up at him with puffy, bloodshot eyes. She sniffled, trying to suck in air through her blocked up nose. “I want you to stop. I’m begging you.”

“I don’t care what you want. I don’t care if you beg,” he answered. “Tell me to stop. I stop.”

“You don’t want to stop,” she said knowingly.

“No,” he answered. Her head hung low, her shoulders hunched and she pressed her hand to the top of her head as it rolled from side to side.

“I serve my master,” she said very softly. “I worship. Obey and please.”

She pressed her hands flat to the floor and squeezed her eyes shut. A determined, pained groan was needed for her to push herself up to her feet. His lips parted, mouth bone dry. “Serve, obey, worship, please.” She got her fingers up on the door frame. Her form was terrible, but there she stood, ready for another vicious blow on her already devastated flesh. “Trust. I love you,” she whispered. He stepped closer to her. “I love you.”

“It can be like it was before,” she promised, head hung low. She was talking to herself as much as him. Her voice was low and breathy. “I can do it. It’ll be like it was before.”

“Ready for more?” he asked her. His voice was a low rumble. She nodded. She was crying, but she nodded. His mouth was still dry. He scarcely allowed himself to believe it. He grabbed her by the chin and forced her to look at him. “I can rip the skin of your bone with this cane,” he told her, low in his throat.

“I trust you,” she whispered.

“Are you in pain?”

“So much,” she said, tears leaking from her eyes. She hiccupped. “It hurts so bad.” She was speaking through heavy breaths.

He nodded and looked her over. He told her simply, “You’re bleeding...” he looked back at her profile. “Ready for more?”

She nodded. “I don’t have a choice,” she answered.

“You do,” he answered. He was hesitant to hit her again. Her skin looked terrible. Black, red, and purple. Swollen. Bloody. He didn’t know if he could do it.

“I don’t,” she answered, she sucked in a deep breath. She shuddered in pain. “I’m a slave.”

He stared at her. Red faced, wet cheeks, muscles quivering, lips trembling. Her eyes were squeezed shut, the muscles in her neck were roped and taut. Her lips would peel back to reveal her teeth and then press back together firmly.

“On your knees,” he ordered. She shook her head.

“No, I can do it,” she protested. His lips twitched into a disbelieving smile. This was how she chose to be disobedient?

“I gave you an order, slut,” he said cruelly. “Get on your fucking knees.”

He reached out and pushed her arm from the wall. The little act sent her falling back to the floor. She hit the ground with a thud and another cry of pain left her. He looked down at her, hand tightening around the cane. She sat there, tears slipping past her eyelids. She remained

on her side, unable to sit on her bottom, but she did not have the strength to get up on her knees. Her gaze was searching, frightened, and full of very real pain. He got down on one knee and pushed her down onto the floor. She looked up at him, red eyed and puffy.

He regretted hurting her so badly, but that did nothing to stop the raging of blood coursing through his lower extremities. He strained painfully against his trousers. How could he not react this way when faced with such pure submission.

“You’re a slave,” he agreed with her, pushing her legs apart. She winced.

“Yes,” she agreed. He thought back to the first time he had fucked her, nearly four years ago. He remembered it like it was yesterday. The fear, the tears, the trembling of her muscles. There was nothing quite like fucking a woman against her will. Feeling her body fight you and knowing there was nothing she could do to stop it. It was a feeling of absolute, unequivocal *power*. He knew that after he had her broken, he wouldn’t be able to experience that again. Not like before. So when he raped her, and she cried and fought, he relished it. He knew, he’d never feel it again like he had those first few weeks.

He had been wrong though. Looking down at her now, laying on her back, legs spread, ready for his hard, pulsing cock to penetrate her without remorse, he felt the very same power. He’d broken her. He’d broken her so completely that she came back to serve him willingly. Perhaps things *could* be as they were before. She would serve him and obey him. No matter what he asked, no matter what he demanded.

He thrust into her without any preparation. It was a delicious friction. She winced and let out a low moan of pain. She was in too much pain to enjoy it. It was something she would have to bear, she’d have to suffer through it. And she would, because *he* wanted it.

“That feel good?” he asked her. She shook her head.

“No,” she answered pathetically. He smiled at her and pulled his hips back.

“No,” he breathed. “You like it. You love it. Tell me you like it.”

“I like it,” she whimpered. He could see the agony in her eyes.

“I like it, Master,” she said. He lowered his head and placed his lips to her neck. He kissed, sucked and nipped. He fucked her hard, pressing her abused flesh into the ground with each violent thrust. Little whimpers and cries of pain came from her lips in breathy pants. He pressed his lips to her ears.

“You’re so sweet,” he ground out in her ear, continuing with his steady thrusts. “So perfect.”

And she was, because she could get up and walk out and there was nothing he could do, but here she lay, beaten on the ground, dry pussy being used like a fucking toy, crying in pain. He was very truly *raping* her and she was letting it happen.

He thrust harder, hips bucking against her as hard and fast as he could. It had been a long three years and he needed her to know that this was the power he still had over her. He pulled at her hair hard and sucked her earlobe into his mouth. He came inside of her, hips still bucking. He kept himself as deeply inside of her as possible. He didn’t want it to end. It was too good. It was the most blinding pleasure he had ever experienced. He remained inside of her in a warm haze. He kissed her skin. He licked a tear from her cheek.

He was taken from his haze by a soft whimper coming from the warm body beneath him. A soft, pathetic, “Ow,” passed from her pink lips. “Oh, it hurts.”

He pulled back. Her lower lip trembled. Her eyes were wet. Now that it was over, she looked to him for comfort. “Master, it hurts so bad.”

She sucked in a violent, shuddering breath. She looked scared. It was very likely the worst pain she had ever had to endure. He pulled off of her, collected himself, and then took her by the elbow. He was very gentle with her and guided her onto the bed. Obediently, she lay on her stomach. She lay there, shoulders shuddering. Her arms covered her head and she bit down on the blanket. With the pleasure from his orgasm fading, he felt some regret wash over him.

He would do it again. It was what he was entitled to, but Max had never been the type of man who enjoyed the side of bruises, swollen, or bleeding flesh. He enjoyed the feminine form unblemished. Soft, sweet, supple. This would take some time to heal. He gently pressed his fingers onto her bottom. She moaned deeply. He ran a hand over his face but did not make a noise. He did not want her to know he wasn't entirely sure what to do.

"Stay here, Jessica," he ordered. He gently stroked her hair. She turned her face up to look at him. He feared he would see anger or resentment, fear, sadness or distrust. What he saw in her eyes was *devotion*. His heart fluttered.

"Are you proud?" she asked him. He smiled and sat down beside her. He stroked her cheek tenderly.

"Jessica, you are by far, the most glorious woman to have ever lived," he told her. "I could not be prouder."

"I love you," she said. "So much. I don't want - I don't -"

Tears swelled up in her eyes again and he hushed her. "Stay here now."

He got up and went into his bedroom. He took the pill bottle from the cabinet and dumped a pill into his palm. He cursed himself softly. He only had valium. He wasn't so sure it would help her or not. Still, he went to the kitchen, poured a glass of water, and instructed she take it. He left her in there and returned to the kitchen to go through his phone. Every article or blog he found about treating injuries like this contradicted the other.

He swore under his breath and scrubbed a hand over his face. He had not anticipated hurting her so badly, but she had *kept getting up*. He picked up his personal cell phone. Not the one he used to speak to his darker connections with, but not his work phone. He went through the contacts and stopped when he found Thomas Adler. He had put him into his phone on a whim.

He had met Thomas Adler for a couple years prior to purchasing Jessica. They went to the same club but ran in different circles. Max had no reason to dislike Adler. They never had a

disagreement. Max had his friends, Adler had his own. It had been as simple as that. One night, about eight months ago, they had been sitting in the same booth, both quite drunk. Max could hardly remember what they had discussed, but he did remember happily accepting the man's number. In the months that followed, Max had never felt the need to reach out. After all, he couldn't remember a word they had said to each other. He remembered seeing him afterward. They had passed each other in the lobby. Adler had given him a queer look as Max marched past him with a curt nod and a disinterested, tight smile of recognition.

He punched the button and brought it to his ear, eyes closed.

“Adler,” he heard on the other end of the phone after three rings.

“Adler, it’s Furst,” he greeted.

There was a moment of hesitation and then, “Ah, yes, the business tycoon.”

He had a slight Bavarian accent, but he had clearly worked hard at losing it. His voice was light, not very deep, and he always sounded like he was on the verge of laughing.

“What can I do for you, Herr Furst?”

“Well... I have a girl here and...” he paused. How to explain this without admitting his own incompetence.

“As flattered as I am, and I’ll never admit to this, but I’m not one for threesomes.”

“What?” Max asked. “No. No,” he said, face flushing. “I was a bit... overzealous and... I don’t want to have to explain it to my doctor and since I know you will understand...”

“Oh, yes. Of course. I often make such house calls. Well, send me your address, I have a meeting at two, I will be there afterward.”

Max was surprised more questions were not asked. Perhaps he should have befriended this man sooner.

“Yes, thank you,” Max said. “If you could get here as quickly as possible.”

“No emergency, I hope?” he spoke more softly, as if to himself, “I suppose I could move the meeting to tomorrow...”

“It’s not an emergency, but if you could... if you could arrive promptly. She is in pain.”

“Of course. Aufwiedersehen,” he said and the phone disconnected. Max sent him a pin with his location and instructions on how to get into the building. Max poured himself a scotch and went back into the bedroom. He had her take a few generous sips. She lowered her head back down to the bed. He stroked her hair and spent the next hour telling her how happy he was with her, how proud he had made her. She would lift her gaze toward and smile through pained eyes. He did not think the valium or the scotch helped much.

It was just before three when he received the text from Adler. He buzzed him up. Adler came in with a smile. He was just about Max’s height, with dark brown hair and dark brown eyes. He had a darker complexion and a rather large nose. Overall, he was a handsome man.

“I arrived as soon as I could,” Adler said. “I didn’t bring my car to the office today.”

“I appreciate you coming here at all,” Max admitted. Adler nodded and looked around the penthouse with a tug to his lips.

“Well, so this is how the better half lives,” he mused as he looked around the penthouse. “And here I was, foolish enough to think I was well off. It is impressive. Lovely home.”

"Thank you," Max said. He was always fond of a man that was willing to admit Max was the superior. Adler removed his coat and draped it across the back of a chair.

"So, where is the lovely lady?" he asked. Max lead him into the bedroom. Adler did not seem phased by her state of undress and while Max steeled himself for judgement or horror, Adler's only reaction was the growth of a tiny smile dancing on his lips.

"Well, she took a beating didn't she," he mused. "She didn't use her safe word?"

"We don't have one," Max answered honestly. He stroked her cheek gently with the back of his knuckles.

"Indeed?" Adler asked. "Interesting. Disobedient?"

"No," Max answered. "She's very obedient."

Adler put his hands behind his back and hunched over to look at the skin more closely. He still had that lazy smile on his lips. His eyes darted up and he raised his eyebrows. "May I touch her?"

Max nodded. Adler placed a bag on the bed and retrieved some hand sanitizer. He applied it liberally and then put on a pair of gloves.

"I'm going to examine your injuries," he told Jessica directly. "It may hurt a bit but I have no desire to hurt you, only to help you. Understand?"

Jessica nodded. Adler gently prodded at the unaffected skin surrounding the mess of purple, meaty flesh. Max felt a little sickened and looked down at his feet.

"On a scale of one to ten, ten being the worst pain you have ever experienced, how would you rate your pain?"

“Um...” she looked at Max questioningly. He murmured softly, ‘be honest’ and she continued. “E-eight.”

Adler nodded. He moved upward, closer to the particular angry looking lash.

“I’ve seen worse,” Adler said after a few minutes of examination. He sounded unimpressed, but he had a pretty . He hovered a finger over the lash in question. “This is the worst, you can see where the flesh just split under the pressure. It’ll take some time to heal.”

“How long?” he asked. Adler considered and then gave him a time frame. “But overall, she will be fine. There’s some vaginal swelling. Would you like me to do a full examination?”

“Do you think that’s necessary?” Max asked. Adler jutted out his lower lip and looked down at her.

“That depends, did you fuck her dry or did you hit her with the cane?”

“I didn’t hit her there.”

“Then she’ll likely be fine. If she begins to experience any prolonged itching or discomfort, give me a call. I’m going to apply an antiseptic lotion. You’ll want to keep the area clean and dry. Apply the lotion twice a day, morning and at night. Is it important to you that she is in or out of pain?”

“I don’t want her in pain,” Max admitted. Adler nodded. He cleaned the area of the drying blood and Max was relieved to see it really was not as bad as he had thought. He gently massaged the area with the lotion. Jessica was grimacing into the bed.

“Then I will use a lidocaine gel and administer oxycodone. She’s going to be in pain for some time but this will help considerably.”

“Will it scar?” Max asked. Adler glanced up at him and then looked down at Jessica’s thigh. He traced the scar left from Ulrich.

“If it does, it will likely be no worse than this,” he answered. He worked the lidocaine into the skin.

“Oh,” Jessica murmured in English. “That feels so good.”

Adler gave a tiny smirk, eyes on the back of her head. “Out of curiosity, what did she do?”

“She didn’t do anything,” Max answered. Jessica looked up at him with adoring eyes. “She just obeys.”

“I haven’t seen her at the club,” Adler ventured.

“She’s never been,” Max answered cagily.

“Who is her regular doctor?”

“She doesn’t have one.”

Adler paused a few moments, looking her over. He pinned Max with his dark gaze, that half smile tugging on his lips, and asked, “Is she trafficked?”

Max stared and swallowed thickly. The lack of denial brought an upward twitch to Adler’s lips.

“This is the girl? The one you told me about?”

Max’s eyes widened a fraction and his mouth went dry. Adler waited, his own eyes a bit wide, brow elevated. His half smile widened. “You don’t remember,” he mused. The doctor appraised her closely. “Yes, well, we were both a bit drunk.”

Max's stomach turned. Had he been that irresponsible? Had he gotten himself so drunk, he admitted to a total stranger...

Adler removed his gloves with a *thwack* and balled them up so that the used portion could not be touched. He retrieved a pad from his bag and scribbled on it quickly.

“We should talk,” he said. “I’m writing her a scrip for the oxy and the lidocaine. I’m going to leave you a tube and a few pills from my personal collection. Give her the oxy as needed to control the pain. Let me know if she needs anything else. My prescription pad is always open to men with similar interests.”

He handed Max the scrips and then went to collect his things. He left behind a tube of lidocaine and retrieved four white pills from a bottle. It would get him through until he could get the prescription filled. He told Max to give her one now. She’d find sleep.

“Your fee?” Max asked as he made his way to the door.

“A courtesy, from one like minded man to another,” Adler flashed a grin. “Stay in touch.”

He walked out of the door then. Max did not feel the need to see him out. He gave her the pill and crawled into bed. He took her by the arms and gently tugged her upward. She settled on her stomach between his legs, her face pressed to his chest.

“It feels better already,” she told him. He ran his hands over the top of her head gingerly.

“Sleep,” he instructed. “You’ve earned it.”

She pressed her chin to his chest and looked up at him. He stroked a cheek with the back of his knuckles.

“I love you,” she murmured.

“I love you,” he said.

“I mean it,” she told him. “Nothing you could do to me could be worse than being apart from you.”

He did not trust himself to speak. He would not cry in front of a woman, no matter how much he loved her or how much she loved him.

“You are the master of my heart, body, and soul,” she said. Her voice was soft, tired. She was slurring just a little, but he knew her mind was still fresh enough to mean it. “And I promise, I will serve, obey, pleasure, worship, trust and love you as long as I’m alive. It’ll be like it was,” she murmured, tears coming to her eyes, “I promise.”

He cupped her cheeks. A smile came to his lips. His face was taut. He dare not smile too widely, or he thought his own tears might fall.

“I know,” he told her. He looked deep into her eyes. His thumbs stroked her chin. He took a deep breath. He kept his face impassive, save the little smile and the love he had in his eyes.

“My perfect, perfect slave. I know.”

She smiled sleepily and laid her head down on her chest. He wrapped his arms around her and squeezed. He squeezed very tightly. He could not trust himself to speak but he hoped to express how deeply he loved her, how overwhelmed with her perfection he truly was. He

squeezed until he thought he might break something and then released her. She looked up at him with tired eyes and a tiny smile on her face. Slowly, her eyes fluttered shut and she was asleep in moments.

He lay his head back on the pillow. Staring up at the ceiling, he felt a wonderful sense of joy overcame him. It was like a release of all the anger and hurt and rejection he had felt his entire time. Every woman that had rejected him, used him, all the hard work, his sacrifices, his dedication, his good looks, his genius, his innovation, his... his... his perfection was being recognized. Jessica, the sweet, innocent girl from that train, the one that had cried so pathetically the first time he raped her, small, pale, frail body squatting over a drain to urinate, covered in bruises, weeping for mercy, lay comfortably nestled in his arms, as devoted to him as a person could be. He finally had what he deserved, and he loved her so much for it. He'd do right by her.

He squeezed her tightly again, as tightly as he could. She remained asleep. He began to laugh. His eyes closed and his shoulders shook. He squeezed her tighter and tighter. His laughter grew louder and louder, but it could not wake the sleeping girl in his arms. He wasn't sure how long he lay there, laughing hysterically, but when he finally did stop, it was to roll over and turn off his alarm clock, which was ringing loudly, alerting him that another day had come.

## Epilogue

### Chapter Notes

So here it is. All over now. I think there is a chance I will do a mini addition at a later date, maybe to show the difficulty in their adjustment to this new life of theirs, but that won't be for some time. I need to step away and do something different.

My next story is back up and is going to be a bit different than this one (It's called "If I Can't Have You"), After that I think I am going to return to the life of black market-human slavery. There's just so much to do with it. I just don't want to jump right into it because I don't want it to seem like I am just writing the same story with different character names.

From the bottom of my heart, thank you all so much for sticking with me through this story, the sometimes year long hiatuses, and for being so supportive. I love your comments. I always enjoy reading what you have to say and to receive so much feedback is more than I ever could have imagined. You have no idea how many of you brought me back to writing this story simply through your kind and encouraging words.

Oh, and I love hearing who you guys picture as Max. That man is definitely handsome and the coloring is perfect, but in my mind Max is not so thin. He is quite tall with a powerful build. Not bulky, but with a more substantial build. However you chose to picture him, though, I welcome it!

Please let me know what you think and I hope you enjoy the next story. Though different, I promise you, it will be as equally dark as this one.

The man had grey streaking his temples. He used to dye it, but one day, his pretty young wife noticed the grey and told him how handsome she found it. Dignified and refined. He stopped dying it after that. He was dressed in finely made European clothing. Dark jeans, Italian leather shoes and belt, layered in a white button down, a dark blue cardigan, and a grey blazer. His wife's young cousins stared at him in awe and she had no doubt in her mind that her cousin Rachel was trying to figure out how to sneak away to the bathroom with him when she wasn't looking. Unfortunately for Rachel, the man was as loyal to his wife as a man could be.

He had his arm draped over the shoulder of his pretty young wife. He had a smile on his face and he graciously answered her relative's ridiculous questions, but his mind was on Greece. In just a few hours, they'd be on their way back to the hotel and from there, back on a plane for Greece, where they'd lay on hot, white sand beaches and she'd rub hot oil into his tanned

skin. He replayed the image of her bringing him a cocktail at the side of their private pool overlooking the ocean, topless and body slick with oil. He hardened beneath the table, just inches from where he hand lay on his thigh.

“You know stocks, then?” Danny asked him. His brow creased.

“Do I know stocks?” he asked in a low rumble, words crispy accented.

“Yeah, selling, buying.”

“I’m not a day trader. I’m a businessman.” He did well to hide his disdain.

“Max sells software,” his wife offered. A sharp ping of annoyance urged him to remove his arm from her shoulder. She fixed her big brown eyes on him in concern.

“I do not sell software,” he clarified. “I am the CFO of the multi-billion dollar company that leases its software out on multi-million dollar private and government contracts.”

Her hand searched for his beneath the table. Her fingers, lean and cool, draped across his wrist. An apology. He removed his hand from hers and placed his arm back along the back of her chair. The two had a language they used in public. One that ensured she never forgot her place, who he was to her, and who she was to him.

He finished his brandy and placed down, gave it a little twirl, and then leaned back. His wife rose, collected the glass, and excused herself to the kitchen. She returned with another glass and placed a soft kiss to his temple before she retook her seat. His hand returned to her knee and he gave a few firm squeezes under the table.

They were a beautiful couple. He was a bit old for her, but he was fit, handsome, and wealthy, and so no one spent too much time questioning it. They met on a train ride in Austria. She had been seated next to him and they had struck up a pleasant conversation.

After eight hours of uninterrupted conversation, he had given the young woman his phone number.

She had been at a difficult point in her life. Her grades were suffering, she had no idea what she wanted to do with her life, she fought constantly with her parents. He had come into her life at the perfect time. One night, she picked up the phone and called him. She told him all about her troubles and he'd invited her to get away for a bit. A beautiful little vacation in the alps of Austria with a handsome millionaire. The planned two weeks turned into nine months and the pretty young American had set off a firestorm by not telling a single living soul where she was going.

After nine months she returned to the world with the horrifying realization that she had sparked an international search and destroyed her parents' lives. He was too frightened to come forward, terrified that she might accuse him of the things everyone was saying he did. She hadn't once told anyone the truth. He had good reason to fear that she might lie for a big payout. After all, she had left him without a word. He did not know if she was really the woman he believed she was.

He had woken up one morning and she was gone. It wasn't until they were reunited three years later that he found out she had heard a voicemail from an ex that led her to believe he was cheating on her. It was foolish. He had only left for Berlin twice since they had retreated into the mountains.

After three painful years, regretting the loss of the man she had fallen deeply in love with, and dealing with the guilt of the pain she had caused, she reached out to him. Upon meeting again in Berlin, both realized their feelings had not diminished.

That was the story they had settled on anyway. When they first flew to the States to inform her parents of their wedding, her mother demanded an explanation. Her daughter disappears for nine months and doesn't say a word about what happened to anyone, and then after three years of silence she jets off to Europe and comes back after three weeks *married* to a man over a decade older than her. "Explain that to me then," her mother had said, jabbing a finger at the scar on her neck. "Explain that to me." A rather awkward conversation had followed about experimenting in the bedroom and the importance of not conducting such experiments when under the influence of too much champagne.

It had not gone over well, but eventually she was satisfied by the explanation and when he paid off their mortgage and bought them a beautiful new home on Chesapeake Bay, all her protests immediately stopped. To say the least, their relationship was strained and in the year

that had passed they did not have much contact with each other. As for the girl's father, he took it all in with grim acceptance and whatever his true beliefs might be, he never said a word.

No one knew about the bruises that were on her arms from where he had held her down in the hotel shower earlier that morning. No one knew about two, long, vicious, beautiful scars she had on her bottom and thighs. No one knew that ten minutes earlier, when the pretty young wife had tried to get up from the table to retrieve another glass of water from the kitchen without first getting her husband's permission, he had squeezed her knee so hard under the table that a tremble of fear had raced down her spine.

He took her hand under the table and gently ran his fingers over her wedding ring. He had not liked it initially, but he realized it was as much a mark of ownership as the necklace he had hanging around her neck. What hung around her neck was for them. The ring on her finger was for the world. It let everyone know that this beautiful young woman belonged to *him*. She had been deliciously grateful to him after bringing her down to the town hall to marry her. It gave her a sense of importance that had at first displeased him. The diamonds around her neck should have been what pleased her most, not the conventional tradition of marriage, which far too many people now equated to partnership. But he soon realized it was that he thought her worthy of the mark. She wanted the world to know how important she was to him. Only marriage could convey that. What dark truths lay beneath the surface weren't important.

"I really do wish you could stay through the new year," the wife's mother lamented.

"Where in Greece will you be going?" Rachel asked, her eyes glimmering on him directly. With the arm draped across the back of his wife's chair, he gently stroked the back of her neck. He disliked making these trips to America. He liked having her all to himself. Sharing her affection or attention always left him in a sour mood. When they returned to the hotel tonight, she'd spend a good deal of time on her knees reminding him that *he* was her world and all she really needed was him. It was only the second trip in roughly a year but to his way of thinking, that was far too much already.

"Santorino," he answered. "I've rented us a place there with a private pool overlooking the ocean. White beaches, hot sun, and pure blue seas. Paradise."

"Uhg, I'm so jealous. Room for one more?" Sarah asked with a smile.

"We have one bed in the suite and I'll be the only woman in it, thank you very much," the pretty young wife smiled and took a sip of her water. He smiled at her. She had a possessive and jealous streak of her own. It never failed to please him.

"Will you ever do a formal ceremony?" Sarah asked. "I mean, you could afford to have a hell of a wedding. Somewhere exotic? I love destination weddings."

He stared at the girl with lazy disdain. "Oh, I am so excited to meet my new favorite German!" she had cried when they first arrived for Christmas dinner. His wife had reminded her gently, "He's Austrian." "Oh, same thing," she had said with a dismissive wave of the hand. He had pressed his fingers quite firmly into the back of his wife's neck at that comment.

"Oh, I don't think so," his wife answered for them. He watched her speak with a lazy gaze. Her mother was staring at him. He could feel her eyes. With his arm draped across her shoulders, his other hand reached across himself to hold her leg, he had her in a frightfully controlling hold. To the others sitting around the room, he looked like an affectionate husband unashamed of PDA, but there was a suspicious twinkle that never really faded from her mother's eyes. "It's been over a year now. I don't need a big fancy wedding."

"Will you ever relocate back here?" her cousin Danny asked.

"Austria is my home," the husband answered sharply. His wife's hand covered his beneath the table.

"I couldn't imagine living anywhere but Austria anymore," she answered, squeezing his fingers. "I don't even really like going to Berlin anymore. Too busy. Max's home in Austria is so remote."

"Our home," her mother noted. His eyebrows lifted and the pretty young wife's lips parted. He understood the challenge immediately. His hand on his wife's knee tightened.

She asked her mother, "What?"

"Well you two are married. You share the home now."

"Oh, yes, of course," she answered.

"Jessica knows what is mine is hers. Obviously, I made her sign no prenup."

"Big of you," her mother said and raised her glass of wine to her lips. His wife's knee shifted uncomfortably and he released his grip. She'd be bruised when they returned to the hotel.

"I've been trying to get him to buy me a home in Scotland," she did her very best to lighten the mood. "But I think he has a mind to buy a permanent place in Greece."

"Why not a place here? On the water?" Danny asked.

"It's so long a trip," she said. She could feel her husband tensing beside her. "Besides, Max feels most at home in Europe. I don't think we'd ever spend any time here."

She was groping for his hand under the table, looking for the reassuring squeeze of his hand.

"Once a year is not enough," her mother said disapprovingly. She squeezed his hand hard. He squeezed it back. He let her call her mother almost as often as she liked. When she asked for his permission he rarely refused it. Only once, as she began to grow too comfortable and had started pushing her boundaries, she asked too many times in a month.

He told her how much happier he would be if he never brought her to that rest stop. It had ruined everything. He'd had everything he wanted. Now he had to deal with her parents. Now she forgot where her focus should be. This wasn't the life he wanted. She forgot the promises she had made when she returned to him and he was so disappointed in her. She'd cried at his feet for nearly an hour before she fell asleep with her face in his lap. He had spoken out of

anger and though a not so small part of him did wish she had never been taken from him to begin with, that he would rather not have to deal with her life before him and maintain these foolish relationships, however strained and superficial the maintenance was, he had not realized in that moment of anger how badly those words would hurt her. He should have though. She'd given him no real reason to doubt her devotion.

He regretted vocalizing it only because it was not her fault. She had not left him and she could not help the situation they were in now. Since her return, she'd proven to him time and time again that her devotion had no limits and she was as much his slave now as she had been before. She had not called her mother for two months following that event. She stopped going to the store for shopping. She ordered everything through delivery. She made sure the only focus of her life was him. She did her chores and she waited for him to come home so she could please him. She asked him if things were better. If things were like they were before. He told her that wasn't possible. It would never be the same, but her behavior had improved. To show her how pleased he was with her renewed attempts to serve him, he came home early from work to enjoy her. He found her sobbing alone in the shower.

He left her there and made arrangements with work. They headed off to Tuzla that night. He spoke to Tarik about how to strike a better balance. Lana was set about reminding her that her only source of happiness should be him. Any efforts to find amusement elsewhere was a betrayal. After a week of visiting, they spent a few days on the Croatian coast. He made sure to remind her how much he loved her. She made sure to vow solemnly she would correct her behavior and ignore the distractions the outside world and other relationships outside of him presented.

"You need to tell me when I'm angering you," she has said to him from the deck of the yacht he had rented for the day. "When I'm not behaving correctly. You need to tell me. I just want to make you happy. That's all I want. But I'm a woman and I'm imperfect. I need your guidance."

He cupped her cheek warmly. Even when she made mistakes, her motivations were perfection. Her desire to correct them was unyielding.

"Let's talk about some new rules, then, hmm?"

Since that time, there had not been a single issue. She was deliciously submissive, absolutely devoted. In some ways, this new life was even better than the one they had before. If she

wasn't faced with these choices, faced with these obstacles, he'd never know how deep her devotion truly went. He would never know just how successful he had been in reprogramming her. He still struggled from time to time with the fact that she even had a *choice* in anything, but she never made the wrong one. She always ended up right where she belonged, at his feet, vowing obedience and servitude. And somewhere along the way, with Tarik's help, he realized that though there was nothing preventing her from leaving him, she really didn't have a choice. She'd stay with him forever because her self-worth was directly tied to him. What he thought of her, what he felt of her. He could tear her down with a look, a word. He could strip every ounce of her self-esteem and concept of self-worth down to a fraction of an atom.

A disapproving look while they were out to a business dinner brought about such a look of fear in those big doe eyes that he had started to enjoy bringing her out into more 'normal' social settings. It was a fun little game he liked to play. He could exert more power over her with a look now, that he ever could with a cage and a whip... though he certainly had no intention to stop using those either.

She stopped asking to call her parents and never once asked to return to America. He would prompt her to call her parents to prevent them from worrying and because, a small part of him hated to admit, her mental-health required an at least minimal amount of contact and affection from her parents.

It was only this new development that had prompted her to request a trip to Maryland. She had asked it timidly. Sheepishly. If he disapproved she understood and would never ask again. She had asked it, settled between his legs on the floor. He was spinning on a whiskey, watching football, gently stroking her cheek where it lay against his thigh. He had agreed and purchased tickets that night.

After dinner they went into the living room. She sat in his lap on the large chair by the fire, her arms draped over her shoulder. She took a few sips of her water and placed it on the table. His eyes watched her necklace glimmer in the fire light. She caught his eyes and leaned down to place a soft kiss to his mouth.

"I love you," she whispered to him. Her voice was low, thick with devotion. I worship you, her tone said. I serve, obey, please and trust you. He smiled softly and brought up a hand to touch her cheek.

“I love you,” he answered.

“Thank you for bringing me,” she murmured to him as the others continued their conversation.

“It is important,” he agreed. He placed his hand on her belly. Her hand covered his. He felt a rush of possessiveness. She felt a rush of devotion. Their eyes remained locked intently, icy blue on doe-ish brown. So much could be said between them with only a gaze.

“Oh my God,” Sarah said. Both looked over toward her. He left his hand where it was. Her hand did not leave his. “The announcement you said you had!” Sarah was pointing at their hands. “You haven’t had a drop of alcohol all night, have you?”

Her cheeks flushed and she could not help the smile from coming to her lips. She looked around at her awaiting family.

“Yeah so...” she started and looked down at her husband. He gave her a little nod. I’m pregnant. We’re going to have a baby.”

Her grin brought a level of contentment and warmth to him that he could only derive from her. Nothing on this Earth could bring him out of his tormented darkness the way she could.

There was a murmur of excitement coursing through the room. Her mother stared with stony eyes. It only helped add to his triumph.

“Do you know the sex yet?” Sarah asked excitedly.

“We found out a week ago,” she answered. She placed her arm around his shoulder. “Can I tell them?”

He smiled and nodded.

"We're going to be having a girl," she said, unable to keep the smile from her face. When he had found out, she feared he might be disappointed. She had whipped her head from the ultrasound technician and watched him with wide eyes, a crinkle in her brow.

"Mas-Max?" she asked him. He was staring at the screen, eyes seemingly detached from the reality of the moment. His eyes went to hers. Cold, icy, frightfully intense.

"I will protect this child," he vowed to her. "I will protect this little girl the way a father is supposed to protect her. No one will ever hurt her," he said with such a level of intensity that the technician had edged his chair back a moment. "I promise you that," he murmured to her, holding her cheeks in his hands. "She will live a happy life and be treated the way she should be."

What that meant to him was not what it might mean to others. In his mind, the woman in his lap had not been mistreated. She was exactly where she belonged and had been treated exactly as she should have been. But his wife knew what he meant. This child would never find herself picked up off the side of the road and thrown into a van. She would never be sold on the blackmarket like a piece of meat. She would never be in the same situation Jessica had found herself in because, as he would tell her many times in the weeks that followed, most women were not as lucky as she had been.

He ran his hand up her back. She looked back at him, deep into his icy blue eyes, twinkling happily. She stroked his jaw, running her fingers over the stubble beginning to appear on his cheeks. "We're going to have a little girl."

Unable to contain her giggle, she leaned down to place her smiling lips to her husband's. Over the murmur of excited congratulations and questions, without a single care to the look of disapproval shining in her mother's gaze, she pressed her mouth more firmly to his. He gripped her forearm with one hand, his hand slowly closed around the hair that draped over her shoulders. He squeezed so hard his knuckles turned white. His nails bit into her skin. She pulled back from the kiss and the happy couple stared intently into each other's eyes. To those seated in the living room, it was a tender moment between newlyweds very much in love. To them it was much much more than that. It was much more powerful. Much more intense. Sometimes it was overwhelming. It was too much to process. It was too much to handle. Too much to comprehend. And for a few moments, they were the only two people in each other's world. Nothing existed but them, together in their own little world. And soon, they'd have a beautiful little girl to show for it, the very best of him and the very best of her.

And though it might have been for different reasons, in the end, that was all the other really wanted.

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