

Service

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Service

by [Takes_On_To_Know_One](#)

Summary

A man decides to kidnap his waitress when he realizes she is the sister of a former slave.

This story is based on the wonderful fic Bought and Paid For by Deathsdoll. The characters of Elias and Katarina are her creation and she had no input in the creation or writing of this story, except for graciously allowing me to post it.

Notes

All credit to Deathsdoll who created the character of Elias and this universe. This is a fanfiction of her excellent work Bought and Paid For. Please go read it and all her other stuff, which is incredible. If you like this, you will love her stuff.

See the end of the work for more [notes](#)

- Inspired by [Bought and Paid For](#) by [Deathsdoll](#)

Chapter 1

It was not a strange thing that he had chosen that particular restaurant. It was designed, after all, with men like him in mind: a neat cafe just across from the train station where the business elite could get their coffee and continental food served to them by pretty young waitresses in starched white collared shirts and black skirts as they waited.

But Elias Wolf would always think it was fate.

He ordered his meal without looking at the waitress. At least not at her face. She had fantastic legs, slender stems that he couldn't help but imagine tied and spread wide as he ploughed into her cunt. He let himself admire her at length from behind the privacy of his designer sunglasses. If he had another day in Kiev, he thought, he might have taken her out for a drink, slipped something in it and had some fun with her. Just enough that she'd be lucid in the morning, reactive to what he did to her, but not remember it in the morning.

He had more than an hour to kill before the fast train to Paris arrived so he took his time savoring a Rostbratwurst that was better than it had any right to be this far east. With a beer it went down just fine at least.

The legs appeared again as soon as he crossed his knife and fork over his plate, indicating he had finished. "May I get you anything else, sir?"

Her English was good, as was her attention to detail. She had noticed immediately the gesture that he was done with his food. He smiled, there were few things he enjoyed more than an attentive woman who knew her place. He glanced up at her face for the first time, wanting to see the lips that spoke 'sir' in such a soft, dulcet tone it made his cock harden in his trousers. For the second time that day, he was glad for his dark sunglasses.

His eyes widened.

It was unmistakable. The same chin and nose, the same eyes that put the blue of the Mediterranean to shame. The same delectable, cock-sucking mouth. Even her build was similar: the willowy fragility he favored, but with a bit of curves where a man liked to feel them. She was smaller, and there was a slight difference in the shade of the hair, but otherwise they could have been twins.

Katerina had mentioned she had a sister to him but he had never considered the girl, never imagined what she might look like. Just like the bitch not to mention that her sisters lips were the kind that just begged for a cock to split them open. That her thighs asked for the same. And that expression of submissive, docile eagerness to please that had always been lacking in her older sister.

His cock was straining against the fabric of his expensive slacks.

"Just an espresso and the check."

“Right away, sir.”

The neat professional name badge on her white shirt said 'Hannah.'

“Thank you, Hannah.”

She blushed at the unexpected attention and scurried off to do as he had asked.

He would rape the girl. There was no question of that. He would miss his train and rape the girl. That was certain. But what he was not prepared for was the surge of possessive rage that almost overwhelmed him as she turned from his table and went to collect the dishes from another on her way to put in his order.

She shouldn't be focusing on other tables, other customers, other *men*. Her attention should be on *him*, always, and him alone. He should be the center of her universe; his pleasure the core of every thought. She should think of nothing else except how to please him, starting with getting down on her knees and offering him that lush, soft mouth to fuck. He would teach her the error of her ways.

A dangerous thought.

And with it came a dangerous plan.

It formed as if on its own, as full and complete in his mind as if he had been considering it for months. Elias Wolf had always been admired for his genius in business and this was often the way of it for him. Where others saw only murky chance and probability he always had clarity, as if he could see through the possibilities to a single certainty. Like a lightning bolt that illuminated the sky for him and him alone.

He had never been more glad of this predilection than at that moment.

The prudent thing would be to do it through a trafficker. He had always been content before to leave the business to the professionals. But something in him rebelled at the idea of her being handled by another man. He wanted her to look into his eyes and know that it was him who had taken her. And he certainly didn't want another man touching those delightful legs. No, no. From now on it would be only him who would control them, decide where they would go. Mostly over his shoulders or around his waist, tied in various positions to facilitate her use.

When she came back with his coffee and the bill he took his wallet out of his pocket. He took off his glasses so she could see his own eyes and smiled at her. He knew he was handsome. He had his mother's green eyes and tan coloring but his father's height and powerful build.

She blushed at his attention and he was charmed again. She was so beautiful, how could she still be surprised at attention? But he knew he was wealthy, well-dressed, and her social superior by many degrees. He probably looked like prince charming on a white horse to a girl like her. No need to dispel that illusion quite yet. He took out three crisp thousand hyvnia notes and put them in the black server book, handing it back to her immediately.

“Keep the change.”

It was nearly a hundred percent tip.

Those sweet lips parted in surprise. “Oh no sir, I couldn't possibly....” She began.

“It's a lovely afternoon, allow me the pleasure of spoiling a beautiful girl.”

She looked down demurely, licked her lips. He almost winced as he felt his cock twitch in response. “I really can't...”

“You can, and you will.”

She bit her lip, but obeyed the command. “That's very nice of you.”

“Spend it well.”

He drank the espresso, wishing he had ordered a double. The plan he had meant a long night for him and he wouldn't be able to stop for a proper meal. No matter though, she was worth it.

He stood and picked up his attache. He nodded to her once as he exited. She was in the corner, celebrating the unexpected windfall with some of the other waitresses, but her instincts were too good not to notice he was leaving. She gave him a beaming smile and the other girls turned to look at him as he passed. Had the tip been a good idea, after all? But, he reassured himself, he had paid cash and only she had seen him without his sunglasses. There were no identifying marks on his person or his case. Besides, Kiev was hardly London. And she was not the kind of girl anyone went looking for anyway when she disappeared.

He walked back to the train station and rented a Mercedes. It was a few years out of date but it had a generous trunk and that was more important at the moment. No time to be a snob. The girl would hardly notice the year of the car when he was pulling her drugged into the back. For this he had to use his passport and credit card but he wasn't worried. A sentimental urge to visit a family home rather than take the train was certainly not suspicious in the least.

He took from his breast pocket the phone he used for such matters and dialed up his contact in Kiev. The man picked up on the first ring.

“I need something for transport. It will be a long trip, thirteen hours or more. I prefer the safest option.”

“For the safest you'll have to redose it at the six hour mark.”

“Acceptable.”

“Approximate weight?”

“Forty-five kilos.”

“Where can I meet you.”

“Train station. Text when you're close and I'll give more details.”

He ended the call without bothering with formalities.

He used the time waiting for the package to find her on social media. She made it so easy, full first and last name with no restrictions on who could see any of her details. Oh, he would take so much better care of her than that when she belonged to him. Her Instagram was active but not profusely so. She posted less than once a week and it was typical fare: a latte, her posing with some other girls about her age at a bar, grouped together and knees bent for some reason, leaning in. The last picture though, less than a week old was a selfie of her pulling a face while waiting for the bus. The translated caption was, “life goes on but the number seven does not.” In the background the name of the bus stand was visible.

That was what he had been looking for. He pulled up the area on his phone. The only route between the restaurant and her neighborhood went through some abandoned old factories. And she would not be able to afford a car.

He amused himself scrolling through her photos. Despite how beautiful she was there was nothing that made him suspicious she had a boyfriend. There were a few old pictures of her and Katarina together, proof he hardly needed. Besides, even if she hadn't been the bitch's sister she looked enough like her to make it worth his time to break her. He liked particularly a photo taken at a public pool. Her legs were visible in the shot. “How glad I am it's summer again,” the caption was translated.

His contact texted him.

Here

Parking on the north corner. Fourth floor. Gray Mercedes near stairwell five.

A moment later the man got into the passenger side of the car. He took a paper-wrapped parcel out of his jacket and put it on the console between them.

“Put the needle in all the way and into something fleshy, thigh would be best, bicep is acceptable but not ideal.”

“Onset time?”

The man smiled was enough to make a frisson of disgust go up Elias's spine. “She shouldn't have time to ask you what you're doing, if that's what you mean.”

“Duration and side effects?”

“Re-dosing at six hours would be best. You could probably go eight, even ten with how small she is before you heard thumping from the boot. I've given you four syringes to be safe. As for side effects... nothing permanent. A splinting headache for twelve or so hours when she wakes up.”

Elias retrieved a nondescript over-the-shoulder bag from the back seat. “Fifteen thousand. An extra five for the short notice.”

The man nodded. "Very kind."

She made tailing her easy as well. She left the building bit past three o'clock. He'd chosen the parking garage because it had a view of the front entrance as well as the side alley, the only two means of egress from the cafe. He trailed her for a few blocks in the Mercedes and almost let out a triumphant crow when she turned off the main street to cut through the old factory district.

If she didn't give him an opportunity on the route he could always buy a large duffel and break into her home but that was less than idea.

He gunned the car and turned down the next street, accelerating a bit despite the rough terrain, until he was at an intersection that was one off from the most logical route she would walk. He got out, leaving his sunglasses in place and pulled a map out of the glove compartment. Of all things it happened to be a map of Lisbon but he spread it over the trunk anyway. She wouldn't be looking at it long enough to notice that.

It took longer than expected for her to arrive a street down. Or maybe it was the terrible thudding in his anxious heart that made it seem long. He was, after all, about to do the most ill-advised thing he had done in his adult life.

She appeared and he let her walk almost across the street before he pretended to look up.

"Hello!" He called, "could you come here a moment Miss? I'm terribly lost."

He leaned on the bumper of the car, trying to appear perplexed and lost. He could see the conflict in her eyes. On the one hand she was alone, and it was easy to see he was strong enough to overpower her. Nothing in her life should have taught her to trust a man she didn't know. On the other he was foreign, spoke RP English and wore a Mont Blanc watch that cost more than she had ever had in her life. Besides, he had left her a tip like she'd never seen.

His investment had paid off. He had read her right. She didn't want to leave someone in a bind, didn't want to be rude to a man who had given her so much money. She convinced herself that a man with such a nice smile, such handsome blue eyes and such nice clothes couldn't mean her harm. Best fifty euros he had ever spent.

She turned down the street to approach him.

"Where are you trying to go, sir?"

"Just some place in the Desna district. I am supposed to be there by three thirty." He threw down the map in an apparent fit of temper.

The threat of a man being angry was enough to hurry her down the street.

He spread the map out over the back of the trunk. "If you could just give me some directions I would be very grateful."

She bent forward to look at the map. With her concentration taken by trying to recognize anything in a map of an entirely different city, he took the opportunity to slip the needle he

was palming into her thigh.

She felt the sting and looked down at her thigh. Like so many others, it didn't occur to her to run. Her first thought was not that he might be harming her. She turned her wide, blue eyes up to him with a confused look. "What are you doing?" She asked, voice slurring even as she spoke.

He caught her as she fell. She was so light, so small it was easy to hold her up and opened the trunk and slipped her inside. A quick glance around told him that he had been unwitnessed.

He took a moment to look down at her before he closed the lid. Her lips were parted, beautiful blue eyes closed and legs spread haphazardly. Her blond hair spread out over the plush, clean interior of the trunk. He ran a caressing hand over her body and down her legs, moving them until she looked more demure.

He stopped occasionally to relieve himself and buy an espresso for a euro at petrol stations. Once in one with a particularly dark parking he opened the trunk and re-dosed the sedative. She opened her eyes as the needle went in, wide and wet and blue, but didn't cry out and closed them as soon as he took it out.

It was nearly two in the morning before he arrived at Pula and turned off onto the familiar road to the marina. He was surprised he remembered the route so well, not having driven it in more than a decade.

He parked the car at the end of the lane and then walked down the dock to the boathouse. He'd called ahead and asked Josip Novak to put the sailboat in the water and he was pleased to see it was essentially ready but to be cast off.

"Will you want a crew or not Mr. Wolf?" Josip had asked when he had called.

"No crew, I can manage myself."

"All will be ready for you, sir." Josip's family had been taking care of his own for more than a century and the Novaks had learned not to ask any more questions than were strictly necessary or argue when orders had been given.

Looking out at the dark waters he wished that he had been able to risk a crew. He had debated with himself on the drive. If he had put her below before they arrived, drugged as she was, the Novaks being who they were... but in the end he had decided not to risk it. He remembered well enough how to sail and the route to the island.

He opened the trunk and hefted the little bundle of limbs against his chest. Her head lolled back, mouth slack. He shifted so her head was more cradled against his chest. She stirred slightly and turned towards him, tangling her slim fingers in the collar of his stylish overcoat, as if he were her lover. His cock hardened. Jesus he was going to rape this woman until she couldn't walk straight.

He carried her to the boat and laid her down on one of the leather padded benches in the cockpit. He wanted to watch her sleeping form as they made the crossing. Both to assure himself she was still breathing and hadn't suffered any irreversible side effects of the sedative but also simply because she was beautiful.

It was a chilly night and her bra must have been thin. He allowed himself to caress the hard tips of her nipples through the shirt, enjoying how they responded to his touch and stiffened further.

Sailing to the island in the dark was harrowing. Even with the GPS it was eerie sailing blind through waters he knew harbored dangerous reefs. If he'd had the choice he would have waited until morning but he didn't think transporting her in the daytime would be advisable.

Besides, he remembered the way well enough. Still, when he pulled the boat up to the dock, he was sweating, despite having divested himself of all but his shirt-sleeves.

He left all the luggage on the boat but the girl. He didn't intend to stay long and she was all he meant to transfer. As Josip had told him there were keys in the ignition of the Jeep waiting on the dirt path up to the house. The island protected itself after all. Besides his family and the Novak's, he knew of no one else who knew the route between the shoals that guarded the cove. The path between the arms of the island that stretched out to surround them was really only visible from one angle anyway.

He drove the few miles up the winding road to the house and got her back out.

He carried her up the slate stone path to the front door. There was no lock on the door. His father had made a point of it. *Anyone who gets to this island is either trustworthy or can't leave, you understand that son?* His father had once said to him.

The house was built from native white stone, with the red slate tile roof that was typical of the region. The inside was open, all windows and space to let as much of the breeze from the Adriatic sea in. Even though it had not had occupants and had been closed for so long it still smelled fresh.

The entrance way opened into a wide, spacious room that occupied the entire center of the house. From the door it would be possible to see the terrace beyond with a pool, a wide lawn that led right up to the steep drop off of a cliff and view down to the cove below, if it weren't two in the morning. There was a sunken couch on one end that faced broad windows that overlooked the pool, as well as a few comfortable couches spread about the house. Doors to the right led out to the master bedroom and his office, the left went to an enormous kitchen, flanked on one end by a comfortable parlor type room for breakfast and the other with a formal dining leading to a balcony that jutted out over a cliff's edge. A staircase between the master bedroom and office led up to the second floor which was mostly guest bedrooms.

He decided not to take her down to the wine cellar immediately. She was still drugged and it was all but dark outside. He had decided not to risk the voyage again in the dark if he didn't have to. He had time to examine his new possession. He took her to the master bedroom and laid her out in the enormous bed. She was still dressed in her waitress uniform: a starched white, high-collared shirt, black skirt that barely covered her mid-thighs and black tights to make it respectable. Still, he couldn't fault her. The real sluts in those places barely covered their asses with their skirts.

He felt like a boy opening Christmas presents as he undid the buttons of her shirt.

He was immensely pleased when pulled back her shirt to discover a bland, utilitarian bra. No slut was his Hannah. It was of poor quality, thin to begin with, and the fraying of the straps made him think she'd had it for a while. No wonder it had offered her nipples such poor protection, they were still peaked with cold beneath. He flipped down the cups and groaned his pleasure. Her breasts were perfect: creamy, nubile peaks capped by rose-bud nipples that rose up as if just begging for attention. Fuck but he couldn't wait to see his cum splattered all across them, cane them until they were red from his lash.

He ran his hands over her breasts, cupping one. It was perfect, just a handful and no more and her nipple hardened instantly at the attention. He ran his fingers over the nipple and then twisted experimentally. She groaned in her sleep, arching against him.

Sensitive too, if she responded despite the drugs. He couldn't wait to see how she would wail when he clamped them or took a cane to them. She was going to scream so prettily.

He reached up below her skirt and pulled down her stockings. She wasn't wearing shoes. The utilitarian pumps must have been lost in Kiev. He stripped her bare and then pulled her skirt down as well, leaving her naked before him. The long, pale legs were so much better not hidden in that nasty black tights. What a travesty it was to keep them hidden. They rose up, slender and perfect and at the junction... a delicate cleft with just a tuft of soft, blond hair.

He groaned again.

He didn't intend to fuck her that night. He would be damned if she didn't remember the first time his cock breached her slick, tight cunt. The first time he raped her he intended her to look in his eyes and know who he was. Her Master.

He threw the skirt and stockings on the floor and then bent her legs until her knees fell open before him. Her cunt was so pretty: pearly and glistening and ready for him. Everything a cunt should be: delicate, small and ladylike. He couldn't wait to punish it. And her asshole. Jesus, that tiny star was just begging for a cock. He'd seen whores bleach their assholes a lighter shade but hers was a natural pink.

But he had missed the main point. He saw that when he took his eyes back up to her pussy.

All the blood in his body raced toward his cock.

The thin, delicate scrap of flesh made his heart rate double. How as it possible? In this day and age? With her looks? Was she not the whore he needed to punish he had taken her for,

but instead a girl he could mold and shape into a good woman? She had waited for him, had she? *A fucking virgin*. Pure and ripe for his cock. She would bleed for him and no other man. He prayed her mouth hadn't been taken. He would know when she sucked him off for the first time. If some other man had trained her, he would beat her until she couldn't stand. Until she couldn't remember her own name, much less what the bastard had taught her.

But he couldn't afford to think like that. He didn't intend to take her for the first time when she was still passed out. No, no, he would hear her beg and scream when he plunged into her. He wanted her to struggle, to know his strength as he held her down and took what he wanted.

He palmed his cock through his trousers. No, he wouldn't fuck her yet. But he couldn't deny himself completely.

His cock throbbed at the thought.

He knew women could be responsive under the influence of this particular drug, could cum even. It had been a long, long time since he'd wanted to do this. Not since... not since Katarina, he thought with a bitter humor.

But her pussy would be fresh, perhaps even sweet. And it would be a long time before he would be able to do this again. Before she would earn such a privilege.

Besides, he had worked hard to kidnap her; he deserved a taste.

He lay on his stomach between her legs. The pressure on his aching cock made him groan. He caught both slender thighs and arranged them over his shoulders. He looped his arm around them, holding them in place. He tilted her hips so her flower opened, then bent his head and gave her slit a long lick.

She shuddered, sighing.

He had been right. She tasted like fucking honey, sweet, innocent but also ripe and needy. He bent and caressed her clit with his tongue, lapping at it experimentally. In her drugged state she couldn't do much but shudder and moan but she gave him enough to show him she liked what he was doing to her. He suckled at her and she arched. She was weak from the drugs, confused, but somewhere in her brain she knew she wanted more pressure.

He found himself drawing it out.

He added a finger, sliding it very carefully past her hymen, then curled it, stroking along her front wall. She bucked her hips, a needy little confused sound almost like pain came from her.

He let her get close and then relented. She made some mewling, pleading noises that he paid no attention to. He took his mouth away, only stroking her with his finger. He looked up. Her eyes were still closed and her body was still limp but there was an expression of confused frustration that made him groan against her.

Fuck he couldn't wait to be in this woman.

He was going to make her cum the first time he raped her. She'd be so beautiful beneath him, sobbing and humiliated, confused and horrified at the way her body betrayed her. His already aching cock throbbed as he imagined it.

He bent his head again and this time gave her a bit of pressure with his tongue, pressing her little nub down against the pubic bone behind it. She almost came that time before he stopped, he got her close so quickly.

But he managed to pull back in time.

Again her frustrated sounds were exquisite.

He lapped at the warm, sweet juice of her for a while, stroking his finger in and out.

“We are going to be so happy together, Hannah.” He told her softly against her cunt. “Just wait. I will make us so happy together.”

This time he let her cum. She bucked her hips against him, head tilting back, neck arching as the crescendo rolled over her. He kept the pressure on her clit as she went, driving her higher until she keened with pleasure.

When she went limp again he smirked and gave her pussy a playful little kiss. He was pleased with her. Her orgasm had been just right: strong enough to wipe her away for a moment but beautiful the way she arched up, asking for more, begging for more.

He withdrew his finger very carefully. His turn now.

He unbuckled his pants and took out his cock, then climbed on the bed to kneel over her hips. He stroked himself lazily, looking down at the girl. With his free hand he palmed her breasts, running his fingers over her nipples and teasing them. Again, she moaned in her sleep, arching a bit into his palm.

Her mouth was open, head to one side and blond hair spread out on the bedspread like a flag.

He stroked himself a bit faster and felt himself approaching orgasm fast. No surprise given how hard he'd been for the long drive and how aroused he had become eating her out.

He came with a groan, directing his first jet over her breasts. His hot seed splashed over her perfect tits, like he was laying claim to her. He felt another peak approaching and came over her face this time. Another jet went across her lips, just a drop sliding past those sweet pink pillows down to her tongue.

He took his phone from his pocket and snapped a few pictures of her face and tits covered in cum. Then he rubbed it into her skin and took a few more focused just on capturing her fantastic body. It was going to be hard to be parted for her for a few days and he deserved something to keep himself satisfied.

He took a few more demure ones with her legs closed, focusing just on her tits and slender legs. Then he opened her knees again to bring her cunt into focus. He took a few of her whole body in each position. Then he took a few close ups of her pussy and ass. He spread her lips with his fingers in a few so her prominent hymen was clearly visible. The contrast between the size of her hole and his hands made his cock throb though he had just come. She was going to scream so delightfully when he raped her.

He liked the effect so much he took a few more to emphasize the contrast. His hand on her breast, cupping it so easily, his hand on her waist, spanning it easily pinkie to thumb. The contrast of his olive skin against her peaches-and-cream also pleased him.

When he had reviewed the pictures and felt satisfied, he picked her up again.

The house was his fathers. He had meant to explore it when the old man had died but then Katarina had distracted him, then work, then something else. The truth was he knew that he should have opened the house years ago. He should have been having parties for men like him for years. The location was perfect: just at the junction of Eastern and Western Europe, luxurious and yet as private as was possible. His father had certainly found it so.

He almost laughed when he carried her downstairs. The room had been labeled in the schematic for the house "wine cellar" but his father had never used it for that. What struck Elias as funny was that it perfectly cleaned. The pillory, the vaulting horse, the spanking bench... it was all quite retro given what else had been dreamed up since the nineteen-sixties, but perfectly free of dust. Whatever sister of Josip's was responsible for keeping the place clean, certainly was also good at keeping her tongue. He would have to find the woman and give her a raise.

The stones of the converted wine-cellar were cold and damp, perfect for wine but not for slender girls with very little fat to protect them. Already her nipples began to harden. But the weather was warm enough he didn't think any real damage would come to her, miserable though she might be. He put her down in a far corner against the stones where his father had seen fit to drive a chain right into the bedrock of the house. The other end dangled temptingly open, inviting use, the key in the lock.

He bent and snapped the cuff around her ankle. It was loose about her ankle but he felt confident she couldn't get out of it, even if she was willing to skin her foot, even if she was willing to break her ankle. Her ankle was so thin. He could easily encircle it with his thumb and forefinger. Still, he did his diligence and slipped his fingers between her ankle and the cuff, satisfied that it wouldn't cut off the blood supply to her foot. The next part was going to be dangerous. He could end up with a corpse if he wasn't careful.

The cellar was larger than it needed to be, and completely cleared of wine. His father had replaced the racks for sour grapes with a different kind of rack entirely. In one corner there used to be bedding, he remembered, for his mother and then the whores that came after her. Closer was a small, utilitarian toilet that flushed to the sea without seat or any other thing that could be used or construed as a weapon against the occupant or master of the cell as well as a small tap that could be turned on for fresh water. She would be able to reach both with her chain on. The water she would have to stretch for but she wouldn't die of thirst.

He made sure to clear away all other objects from her reach. There was no reason to allow an unforeseen element. Not when he was already taking such a risk.

He went upstairs and selected food carefully. He knew he would be gone for around four days but he took only what she would need for the first two. The boiled eggs, brown bread, apples, cheese and summer sausage which he put within her perimeter.

He wanted it clear that she would be grateful for what she had going forward. And he wanted her hungry when he got back.

Once he was satisfied that she was provided for (at least nominally) and that the cellar was locked from above, with the only key in his pocket (sound proof, his father had made sure). He went back to the kitchen. He made himself another espresso as dawn broke through the bay windows, and readied himself for a long day.

Chapter 2

Chapter Notes

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

Hannah woke with a splitting headache. She licked her lips. Her mouth was so dry she could barely swallow. She hadn't felt this bad since she was a child with a fever. But she didn't make a sound, nor stir herself. Calling out for help had never brought her anything but trouble. So she stayed silent as she fought back the woozy feeling that made her afraid to open her eyes, lest she find the room really was spinning.

She opened her eyes and frowned. She didn't recognize the scene before her: dim stones clearly illuminated by a blinding florescent light. She was lying on her back and it was a nauseous struggle to slowly push herself to a sitting position, head pounding in protest.

The sight of her leg encased in a shackle was enough to spur her to action. She scrambled back, hitting the end of her tether with a jolt that rattled her already-tender skull. She hissed in pain but managed to scuttle into the corner nonetheless.

Where was she?

She was naked. That terrified her almost as much as the chain. Who had taken her clothes off? She couldn't think of an answer that didn't make something terribly strong feel as though it was squeezing her chest, making her gasp for breath harder even as she tried to stay as quiet as possible.

With her back to the wall she glanced around the room. It was lit so brightly, like looking into a search light and her eyes couldn't seem to focus yet. There were some pieces of furniture she couldn't quite make out in the glare but they looked odd to her, misshapen. She stayed still for a long time, waiting to hear a sound that might indicate she wasn't alone. Her heart was pounding hard though the surge of adrenaline had done nothing to fight back the feeling that her head weighed far, far too much.

When she was convinced she was alone, she let out a slow sigh. And let her think, rather than just be prepare to fight or flee.

She remembered going to work, a handsome man who had left her nice tip and then she'd seen him later, lost in the abandoned warehouses on her way home. There had been a pain in her thigh and she had looked down to find a needle. She swore in Ukrainian and put her head between her legs. How could she have been so stupid to approach an unknown man in that situation? Hadn't she learned anything from what had happened to Katarina?

As her eyes slowly focused she looked out at the room she occupied and shuddered. It was worse than she could have imagined. There were cages, whips, canes, implements of torture and furniture the use of which she couldn't even begin to imagine.

She forced herself to look away when she felt a paralyzing panic begin to rise in her mind. She couldn't focus on that or it would make it impossible for her to act, to try to escape. She had to push that from her mind and see if she could explore the space in a more productive way.

She was just beginning to think she might test the limits of her chain, formulating a plan to see how she could get it off her, when the lights went out.

Hannah scrambled back against the corner frantically, whimpering pitifully in fear.

Elias checked his watch with impatience as the TGV rolled into the Berlin station. Since he was first-class he was first off and by the time he stepped onto the platform a porter had his luggage into his driver's car but even that was not fast enough. He had to know what she was doing. Had to know she was alive.

The second he was out of range of the train station WiFi, into the anonymous data of the city, he pulled up his encrypted security camera app. It allowed up to look at the footage of the hasty camera he had put up in the cellar before he left. She was huddled with her hands on her knees, not crying but not moving either. He pinched his fingers and spread them to zoom in. She was still breathing. She was awake in fact, her eyes were open.

He fought not to sigh in relief.

The footage wasn't high enough quality to make out much of her lovely features, or the expression of her face but he could imagine those blue eyes must be wide and frightful as she peered around at the instruments of torture he had left her among. He watched her, little chest going up and down rhythmically, as his driver pulled out onto the main highway from the airport.

One of the renovations he had put in the house recently as an AI “nest” that allowed virtual control of heating and cooling as well as the light switches. He'd had it installed primarily to allow the Novaks to manage the temperature of the house to preserve it without having to sail a boat across every time they wanted to change the thermostat.

Now he was interested in a quite different feature.

He had intended to leave the lights on in the cellar until he came back. They were overly bright, floodlights, that would give her little sleep. He liked the idea of her fatigued and unable to tell night from day.

But that same little instinct that had told him she would walk the short way home through the abandoned buildings was niggling at him again. Most people would find it difficult to be so long in such bright light. It would keep them up, disturb their sleep. But she looked so pitiful

there, huddled, alone, cold and trembling. His thumb wavered over the option to turn off the lights in cellar, plunging her into total darkness.

He pressed down.

He could still see her via a thermal camera and the reaction was instantaneous. He groaned, stroking his cock through his pants. Fucking hell. He forward and lower the barrier between him and his driver. "Change of plans, Karl." He said. "We won't be going straight to my hotel room."

He was going to have to beat someone's ass raw tonight, willing or not.

Preferably not.

She was afraid of the dark. His little darling was afraid of the fucking dark. He could hardly believe his luck. Hardly believe the irony. If he hadn't watched her, riveted, for the last seventy-two hours (at least as much as he could between meetings), he wouldn't have believed it. But the way she sobbed and curled into a corner when he turned the lights off was unmistakable.

The power was intoxicating. Of course it was. When she slept for a moment or two he would turn all the bright lights on, waking her from her doze with a groan. When she was about to drift off again, plunge her into darkness, making her sob and shake. In the camera's infrared feature he could watch the blurry, eerie green of her figure. He liked it best when she lay on her side in the fetal position and he got a view of her face, twisted in terror and misery.

She had run out food. Water she could still get from the tap. He enjoyed watching her pull on the ankle cuff and stretch as far as she could and she could to get little mouthfuls of water to sustain herself. But food, that power he had taken away.

He had given her enough for one to two days on purpose. He wanted her to wonder when he would come for her, worry he would come after a day, then worry too that the food wouldn't last. She had been disciplined, as he had expected, but he simply hadn't given her enough. He wanted her hungry, wanted her wondering.

The boat touched against the dock and he could hardly make himself tie it off properly after he had jumped down. But he made it fast and secure, as his father had taught him. There were certain things that were worth the time to do properly, like tying up a boat or a woman. He

drove in a relaxed pace up to the house. The small stones of the path crunched satisfyingly under his expensive shoes, the door with no lock yielded easily. He showered and put on cologne. He dressed in smart gray trousers, a brown belt and oxfords and a black collared shirt which he rolled to the elbows. His hair he wore long on the top but shaved on the sides. He slicked it back and let it dry as he enjoyed a whiskey on the patio.

The girl was a virgin, after all.

She deserved a memorable first fuck. No need to rush matters.

It was around five o'clock in the evening when he went down, but she had no way of knowing that.

When the lights came on again as the sound of the door opening poured in, she scrambled back into the corner of the room, as far as she could.

He forced himself to not to hurry as he walked down the stairs at a relaxed pace. He would be in her soon enough. He didn't need to run at her like a puppy or a schoolboy. He didn't need her approval, or her participation. What happened next would be on his terms, and his alone.

She was breathing hard, clearly afraid. But she sat in a huddled, protective position, knees to chest and tits and cunt hidden, one arm wrapped protectively around her shins. "Who... who are you?" She spoke English.

He did not reply.

He had brought down with him a very expensive, very high-resolution tripod camera. He'd taken a special detour to his house in Berlin to pick it up. It had cost him a day but he knew it would be worth it. He set it up far enough back that the entire radius of her shackle would be contained. He checked the shot. It was wide but the image would have enough detail he could crop it later. He pressed the button to record a video.

"Why... why are you doing this to me? What is the camera for?" Her voice quavered on the last question.

There was a comfortable leather seat a few feet from the radius she could enter with her chain and he went to it and pulled it into the space she could reach. Not enough to crowd her but certainly enough to let her know he was within her reach, and she within his.

He stretched out his feet in front of him. "Crawl to me and kiss my boots, slave."

She reacted to his words as if he had struck her. "You're insane!" She spat at him.

"Hannah Konashevych, crawl to me and lick my boots."

Her name sent a shiver down her back but did nothing to soften her resolve. "Go fuck yourself!" She hissed.

He couldn't contain his glee as he stood. His voice was smooth, almost indulgent in his excitement. "I was hoping you wouldn't make this part too easy. What a disappointment it

would have been if you didn't even fight the first time I raped you.”

She tried to scramble away at the last moment but he was too fast. The chain didn't help either, to be fair to her.

He caught her up by the hair and threw her down in front of him, sprawling her out over the cold stones of the cellar on her ass. He didn't expect to enjoy fucking her on the hard and unforgiving surface but he would always savor the fact that he had taken her virginity on the bare fucking rocks. He wanted this to be as degrading and humiliating as possible. Teach her fucking sister a fucking lesson. He wanted to tear this away from her in the most brutal circumstances imaginable and she was obliging nicely.

He bent over her naked form, kneeling with his hips over hers, trapping her legs. She beat her fists against his chest. He barely registered the blows, though he could tell that her resolve was deadly serious. Admirable, but useless. She was just too small to be any kind of threat to him.

He caught both wrists in one hand, gripping both easily in one palm. His cock, already hard and pressed against her stomach, twitched at the sight of those delicate wrists in his large palm. From his pocket he took out a length of rope and bound her wrists together. She struggled, trying to buck him off and he couldn't help but let a low, throaty laugh escape him. The way she was pressing herself up against his cock, desperate to escape, was arousing in the extreme.

When her wrists were bound he reached up and secured the rope taught to a metal ring in the wall, tight enough to pull her hands over her head. It displayed her tits nicely, forcing her to arch her back or wrist dislocating her shoulders.

She tried to kick and him and was rewarded with a brutal slap to one thigh and his hands forcing her knees open and wide. He pushed them up, spreading her nicely beneath him and kneeling between them. With her hands over her head her torso was spread out before him and he took a moment to run one hand up from her hip to cup a breast. Again, he couldn't help but notice the contrast between how small and pale she was compared to his tan hand.

He hadn't been able to help himself from having a PI look into her. Her medical record had listed her height as one point six meters but even that seemed like a stretch. Compared to his one point nine, she would barely come to his mid bicep. Her weight had been called forty-five kilos, less now certainly since he hadn't fed her well. Even at her normal weight though it was still less than the smallest free weight he had bothered to pick up in years.

It had also contained the convenient detail that she'd had birth control implant placed for painful periods. Perhaps he'd put his child in her someday, but she was far from earning that. In the meantime it meant he could fuck her without a condom and without the annoyance of her periods to get in his way.

He couldn't wait for her to see the cock that was going to go into her.

She was already naked so it was only a matter of reaching between his own thighs to let down his zipper and free his already rigid cock. He wasn't just proportional but larger than he

had any right to be. Even on his enormous frame his cock looked substantial: thick and with a slight upward curve that he knew made it feel even bigger when used correctly.

Her eyes widened when she saw it and she shook her head back and forth frantically.

Gone was the resolve and now she was squirming for her life, begging for her life. “Please, please, please don't... I'm... I'm not.... just please don't.”

He bent and caught her lips, swallowing her sweet pleas. A plundering, dominating kiss. He parted her lips and plunged his tongue into her, a little prelude of things to come. He pulled back and gave her face a viscous slap, hard enough to make her head spin.

He slid himself through her folds a few times just to tease her, admiring how large he was between her small lips. Already she felt heavenly, hot and inviting as he slid his length through those tender, pink petals. They spread around his cock on either side as if he had rested it in a flower. Then he shifted, straightening out push in. He looked down at her. Her cheeks were white, except for a little red patch where he'd slapped her, her eyes wide with fear and her mouth open in horror. Her arms were straining against the rope pulling them taught and her legs were taught with tension as she tried to close them.

It took so little effort to keep her thighs so wide her knees were to the ground. He could feel her straining beneath him but it was comically easy to overpower her.

“No, please... I am begging you. Please... I've never... I've never...”

He caressed the side of her face, almost lovingly. “Such a perfect cunt. Such a good girl to wait for her Master.”

She was perfect—pink lips and cunt, white skin, wide blue eyes and her blond hair around her head like a halo. Her thighs where he held them open were willowy but soft and warm against the palm of his hands.

He slid in his tip in and couldn't help but let his head fall back. Fuck she felt better than anything he'd ever experienced: so warm and hot and tight around him. It was as if her cunt had been tailor made to fit his cock, not an inch of room and just the right fit. Or perhaps it was more honest to say he was creating the perfect fit for his cock. No pussy had ever felt this good. None had even come close.

He pushed in just enough so he was against her hymen, just ready to burst it. She would never be the same after this. He would have a piece of her forever.

“You were so good to wait for me, Hannah. Such a good girl to keep your virginity just for me.”

“God, please don't... please have mercy. Please, God...”

She wasn't fighting anymore. She must have realized that was useless. She hadn't realized that begging was equally useless. She turned that delicate, tear-stained face up to him and

pleaded for her innocence. "Sir, please... have mercy... please, just let me go... I promise I'll never tell anyone, never look for you."

"Do you feel me at your door, little girl? One push and I'll be your first forever."

"Please... please don't. I can't... please...."

With a single stroke he plunged into the hilt.

He scream was the sweetest thing he'd ever heard. He bent, capturing it with his lips as she shook beneath him in pain. He wanted to swallow that scream, drink it like it was manna from heaven. He parted her lips and plunged his tongue into her mouth. It wasn't even a kiss, that wouldn't be the right word for it. It was like he wanted to plant a flag with his tongue-- a brutal, savage, barbaric act of claiming ownership.

He stilled for a second, savoring the frantic clenching of her around him, the shivering of her muscles and the little hiccuping sobs of her breath, as one might savor a very fine whiskey by rolling it around on his tongue. Her head had fallen back but with her arms behind them as they were, stretched tight, she couldn't avoid seeing what he was doing.

She stilled too, probably hopeful that this would be the end, that he would be satisfied.

When he drew back out and plunged in again, she began to struggle again.

He set up a slow pace. Not out of any pity for her but because he wanted this to last. Wanted her to feel the ache of his cock for long after he had left her. "Do you know how good you feel? Like your cunt was made just for me. So fucking tight and perfect." He told her, looking down at her.

She tried to turn her face away but he grabbed her chin and brought it back to look at him. "Look at me while I fuck you, Hannah." He slapped her face again. "Don't be impolite."

It wasn't a hard slap but along with the rough words it was clearly a shock. She wasn't used to being physically hurt. Wasn't used to being degraded. She opened her eyes, turning them to look into his.

The terror and pain in them was delicious.

"Please... it hurts..." She sobbed.

"That's right, slave. I own you now. Own this little cunt..." he trailed his hands up to cup her breasts, "these little tits..." up to her mouth, "this little mouth. I'm going to put my cock in every hole you own, split you open for my pleasure, whore."

He gave her a little stinging slap on the breast. The flinch made her muscles clench down on his cock and he groaned with pleasure. "Yeah, do that again, slut." He slapped the other breast, making her flinch again. "You're milking my cock with your little cunt."

In Elias' experience there was always a moment when a woman stopped struggling when he raped them. For most it was once he'd gotten his cock all the way in, when there was no point

denying that yet another man had fucked them. For a rare few it was later.

For Hannah it was when she began to get wet.

At first she tried to fight him off but as her slit began to grow soaked with arousal instead of blood, all the fight went out of her. She turned her head to the side, as if that would allow her to deny what she felt.

Another slap reminded her to keep her eyes on his face. "Oh, the little whore likes it does she?" He smirked down at her. "Likes to be raped? Likes a big German cock fucking her tight pussy?"

He knew there was no point in the hand that was keeping her legs spread now. She would keep them spread herself, and regret it all the more bitterly. He allowed his hands to skim up her waist, cupping a breast and bringing it to his lips. He pulled the delectable little nipple into his mouth, savoring the way she arched and moaned against him. As he lathed his tongue over her peak, the hand slid down, finding the swollen little bud between them and beginning to stroke it in small, relentless circles.

"So fucking wet. I've never had a pussy this good. So tight, so wet. And just for me."

He knew the reaction was just a physical one, that she wasn't actually enjoying herself. He had raped enough women to know it wasn't uncommon either. But she didn't know that. In the dark, later, she would wonder if she really was a whore, if she really had liked it. Just fleeting little doubts between her sobs like seeds that he would nurture until they took deep root within her mind.

She was so easy to get off.

He didn't need a PI to tell him there was no vibrator in her drawer, nor read her diary to tell him that she didn't masturbate. She was completely naive, perfect and open. A blank fucking canvas. He didn't know what he had done to deserve this, but it wasn't going to stop him enjoying her to the fullest.

She gasped, throwing her head back and pushing her heels into the stone as she came around him, pussy gripping him delightfully. The little fluttering muscles around his cock were like her fists had been against his chest, sending little frissons of pleasure down his spine to where his root was still hilt-deep in her.

"Little fucking whore, cumming on my cock as I rape her." He couldn't keep the pleasure out of his voice as he whispered it to her. "You were made to take my fucking cum."

She was crying before she finished cumming. It was so beautiful.

Now that he had the victory of humiliating her with her orgasm, he didn't give a fuck about her pleasure. Now he wanted to make it hurt. He put an elbow either side of her head so he could more efficiently bend over her. He thrust deep with every stroke, making her feel each one fully. His cock head reached her cervix and she writhed beneath him. She was no longer trying to escape but only reacting to the pain, clenching on him beautifully and letting out a

little huff of pain with every thrust. He flexed the muscles of his ass, driving deeper. He didn't have to remind her to look at him anymore. She let him read her pain and humiliation freely in those beautiful blue eyes.

He wanted her to feel this for days to come. Oh he would fuck her often enough to keep her raw (he didn't anticipate tiring of his new toy anytime soon) but he wanted her to ache in between. There shouldn't be a moment of her day where she couldn't feel the effects of his cock breaking her open. He wouldn't let her forget how he had had her.

He was thrusting into her hard enough to tear her even if she hadn't been a virgin. Her little body beneath him was like a rag doll, buffeted back and forth, breasts bouncing and hands still trapped above her head as he increased his tempo, unable to hold back.

When he looked down at her he saw blond hair, blue eyes, a little tear forming at the corner of one... and his absolute mastery. Her perfect breasts bounced in time to *his* thrusts. Her gasps came as *he* intended. He was a God to her, controlling every breath and every movement.

With one final thrust he hilted himself, banging against her cervix and making her sob, as he spilled his seed deep into her.

He took a moment to savor the feeling of his cock still cradled within her. Whether she liked it or not her delightful little snatch was made as if for nothing else but to be a home for him. He rutted her a bit as a few little spurts of cum came out of his cock.

When he was satisfied he pulled back, kneeling between her legs. She didn't try to close them now, just lying open beneath him, weeping and defeated.

Her cunt was slick, drooling out a dilute mixture of blood, his cum and her juices. He dipped a finger into it and brought it to her lips. "Taste yourself, slave."

She pressed her lips together, turning her head to the other side.

"You'll taste it on my cock then." He spoke without anger. In fact, he was rather pleased with her for not making this too easy. He wouldn't enjoy it as much if she didn't fight back. There was time enough to have her submissive, for now he would enjoy the fight.

He was not foolish enough to try to press his cock into her lips, though he was already hard again and aching to be in her mouth. He would never respect a woman who wouldn't bite him at this stage though.

She struggled immediately to her feet as he moved back.

He went to the table and selected the spider gag.

When he returned to her she had pushed herself into the kneeling position. She couldn't stand with her hands tied to the low ring on the wall. She tried to kick him but not very effectively. He moved in close and in a moment had her against the wall, on her knees, one hand around her throat. Elias had yet to meet a person who didn't open their mouth when they were

suffocating and Hannah was no exception. When she tried to drag in a breath he forced the metal between her teeth and locked the leather strap around the back of her throat.

She had fought against the gag itself but when he thrust his cock all the way into her throat, she stopped struggling again. She was making a little keening sound of distress between the gagging sounds he drew from her throat as he fucked her face. He put his hand on her face, turning it up to his to see those wide, betrayed eyes.

Fuck.

He could have cum just from the hurt look on her face.

“Does it taste nice?” His voice was rough, hoarse with lust. “Does your virgin blood taste nice on my cock? My cum from your snatch going down your throat, another load to follow.”

She moaned and closed her eyes..

“Keep your eyes open or it will be your ass, I'll fuck instead.” He slapped her face. “Look at me while I take what I am owed from your throat.”

She turned her eyes up to him, blue and wide and afraid. He came with a groan, pumping his hips hard enough that her head slammed against the wall with a crack.

When he was finished cumming down her throat he pulled out and wiped his dick and a bit of the mixture of blood and spend he had off her hair. He did it without any ceremony, as if it were a normal thing to do, as she knelt, dazed before him.

“You asked who I am slave? I am your Master.”

She made some noise of protest as he moved up the stairs but it was lost behind the gag. At the top of the stairs he hit the light switch, plunging her back into darkness.

He didn't want to ruin her jaw permanently. And the spider gag could do that, left in too long.

When he went back down a few hours later she was still awake. Of course she was. The gag was too painful to allow sleep.

When the light clicked on he was sure he didn't imagine that she looked grateful. Sweet thing really was afraid of the dark.

She didn't try to stand but watched him warily as he approached.

His instinct was to offer her a choice, to try to give her comfort so she would turn to him. But he remembered what Max had said. No comfort too early. He had ruined Katarina, by spoiling her. He wouldn't ruin her sister as well. He had been given another chance with Hannah. It would be ungrateful not to treat it with some care.

He took her head firmly and pushed his cock down her throat. He used her so roughly he was sure she would have thrown up if there was anything in her stomach to come up. He held her head hard when she struggled, futilely giving their relative strengths and that she was already bound. She pushed her feet against the ground, trying to push back, as if she could go right through the stone wall he had her trapped against if she just tried hard enough.

He laughed mockingly. "Little girl are you trapped? Would you like help getting that cock even farther into you?"

She squeezed her eyes shut against the humiliation.

He slapped her face. "Eyes up, slut. When my cock is in your mouth I want to see what's in those pretty blue eyes."

She closed them tighter.

He laughed, pulling himself free. "Bad choice, slave."

He selected a leather strap from the table. It was hardly the most brutal tool he had but for a girl who wasn't used to pain, it would be more than enough. When he turned to her she was already shaking her head again, scrambling into the corner. She was trying to make words through the gag and he was sure if he could understand them they would be an acquiescence of some kind, promises that she would obey him.

He grabbed her by the chin and tilted her head up. She came obediently this time, looking up at him with blue eyes wide. They were so expressive, her eyes. Not a girl used to keeping secrets. Pain, fear, humiliation... all of them so easily read on her face, so openly available. He had never met a woman who gave him so much of her emotions. He barely had to work at all and she gave him such easy pleasure, allowing him to see how much she was suffering for him. Like the bough of an apple tree so heavy with fruit it had bent down to offer him its bounty.

"What you are going to realize, sooner or later, is that either way, I will get pleasure from you. You cannot deny me what I want. Hard or easy I will take from you what I want and when I want. The only difference is your suffering." He smirked down at her. "I will enjoy either path immensely."

He tested it out on one thigh, cracking it down hard enough to leave a stinging red line across her thigh. She screamed as best she could with the gag propping open her teeth, pulling her legs beneath her. He obliged her by giving her a blow across her torso, another stinging line appearing. She turned to her side. He struck across her back next.

After a few more blows she realized there was no use in turning this way or that. He was going to strike what she presented him. He had meant to go until she was crying but she had begun to cry almost immediately so he decided on the number twenty.

She was so quick to cry too. He hoped that never changed. He had always loved tears in a woman's eyes.

When he was finished he lowered the strap. "Face away from the wall on your knees. Tilt your head up, eyes open." He commanded.

This time she obeyed, presenting her mouth and eyes still shining with tears. With wet lashes and the water around them, her eyes looked bigger, bluer than they had before. And in them he saw such sweet defeat he groaned with pleasure.

They were really just getting to know each other but already he had the impression she had a low pain tolerance. He hoped that never changed either.

He thrust in lightly this time at first, just toying with her. "Your tongue, slut, put it to work."

Her brow furrowed but it was confusion, not defiance.

"Slide your tongue along the bottom of my cock as I slide in, flicker it over the head when I get to the entrance of your mouth or try to swirl it around if you can."

She wasn't very good. "Never had a cock in your mouth either, eh, Hannah? You saved this hole for me too then. Such a good slave you are, coming to me pure."

In truth he was pleased she was trying but wanted to take advantage of this victory, see how far she would let him push it. He brought the strap down on her thigh, hard enough that she jerked.

"A bit of effort, cunt. Your Master's cock in your mouth is a privilege."

She redoubled her efforts but still couldn't quite get the movement, certainly not with the gag in place. Perhaps she would be better once he could trust her not to bite him. Still... he was hardly displeased.

He took out his phone and snapped a few pictures. She jerked when she realized what he was doing but kept her eyes open. And really... there was nothing she could do about it. Gagged as she was, she couldn't protest, couldn't even ask what he intended to do with the photos. He pulled all the way out, admiring the length of his cock compared to her head. Then took a few with her nose pressed hard against the flat muscles of his abdomen. He leaned forward, pressing as deep as he could. With her head trapped against the wall she had nowhere to go so he was able to force past her resisting throat muscles.

After he got the stills he switched to video.

This time she knew better than to try to close her eyes, or look away from the camera and her Master above her.

He let her try until he knew her jaw must be beginning to ache painfully and tears began to slide again from her face. He was pleased to see that, despite her discomfort, the effort to please him remained constant.

He decided she had earned his cum.

He pushed in all the way, breaching her throat in a single push. Her eyes flew wide in surprise, then slammed shut as she wretched involuntarily. Again, he was pleased she had the presence of mind to open them again immediately when he pulled out and she stopped gagging. Happier still when he saw the look of nervous fear that he might punish her for the transgression.

He pushed in again. Her throat felt incredible around his cock.

“Some day you will beg for my cock in your throat slut. When I push it into you, it will be nothing but adoration that I see in your upturned little face.” He told her, voice hoarse with lust. “But in the meantime, I will savor the humiliation in its place.”

The only reply she could make was the sound of her gagging.

His hips set up a brutal pace, thrusting to the hilt. But instead of cumming down her throat as he had before, this time he pulled out, pumping his cum over her mouth and lips. He let himself spill over her breasts, her throat, her face and a in her open mouth as well. He bent and scooped it up with one finger, pushing it into her spread lips. With the gag in place she had no choice but to swallow or choke. When he was finished he took the gag from her mouth.

“That's all the sustenance you'll get for a while, slave. Better learn to savor it.”

With a charming smile as he zipped himself up, and pocketed the phone.

“Please... please...” She began, but the light switched off.

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you think! Comments are love.

Chapter 3

When he came next she had slept some, despite the arms bound over her head. She glared at him through red-rimmed eyes.

He sat again in the chair he pushed into her circle.

“Crawl to me and lick my boots, slave.” He wasn't sure she would be able to reach with her hands tied but he wanted to see her put in the effort

She looked toward the wall, refusing to meet his eye.

He couldn't have been more pleased with her.

He undid his belt buckle slowly, letting her eyes widen as she watched him fold it over in his hands. It took her longer than he expected to realize this wasn't a prelude to him fucking her but something else entirely. She hadn't expected the prick in her thigh was anything sinister in that alley in Kiev. She didn't think him taking off his belt meant he'd beat her with it. The next moment the belt crashed down on her.

She stood, trying to squirm away from him as he laid lash after lash down on her body. He had tied her arms tight though and once he had her in a corner there was nowhere else to go. She stood, head down, as he struck her until her tits and stomach were a red mass and she was sobbing, tears rolling down the gag into her mouth.

“Turn around.”

When she didn't obey he did it himself, facing her against the wall and then beginning to beat her again. She complied easily to his touch, not offering much resistance. But she had enough pride not to do it just for the asking.

When she felt his body behind her she tensed but didn't resist as he pushed her legs apart to stand between them. He had to bend his knees quite a bit to get low enough.

“Fuck, look what you do to me. Already hard and I just came twice in two of your virgin holes only a few hours ago.” He murmured against her ear as he pushed the blunt head of his cock into her, thrusting up without mercy. “Only one left to go, Hannah. But I'm saving that for a special occasion.”

He smiled when she whimpered at the feeling of being split open, letting her head fall back against his broad chest. She was still raw from the first rape, her pussy still recovering from where it had torn.

At this stage he wanted to keep her sore there—a constant physical reminder that she had been violated. He had worried that he should have fucked her cunt instead of her mouth the last time, that he had left this hole alone long enough to heal some. The sounds she was making were all the reassurance he needed that he hadn't. Her hands were tied in front of her,

pulled up and useless. He braced his elbows on either side of her head, giving her the sensation of being caged by his arms, and himself leverage to fuck into her harder.

She didn't scream in pain, which he liked. He hated it when they screamed right in his ear. Instead she made charming little sobs of despair. He knew he was hurting her and it was fucking music to his ears. He pounded into her body with abandon and came only when he could hold it back no longer.

She was bleeding again from how roughly he had taken her. He hadn't given her hymen a chance to heal. She'd torn from a few other places as well. He suspected he would always be able to make her bleed with a rough fucking given their relative sizes. God he hoped so.

When he pulled out of her she didn't move, didn't try to turn around or do anything but lean against the cold stone and cry. He untied the rope that bound her hands from the ring and she slumped against the wall. A blow with his belt was enough to get her up again, cringing and wriggling away from him.

“Crawl to me and lick my boots.” He repeated.

This time she made an effort. With her hands bound it was awkward but she tried to turn her body to face him, to come towards him on her knees and elbows. Another blow with his belt brought her down, lying against the cold and sobbing.

“Crawl to me and lick my boots.”

“I'm... trying...” she moaned.

She forced herself up on her elbows again and he let a vicious blow land across her buttocks causing her to curl into the fetal position.

It was over then. He knew she wouldn't be able to make it and it was kinder, in a way, not to pretend she could. He let blow after blow land on her as she screamed, trying to protest that she would lick his boots if he would let her, begging him to let her. He was done when she stopped screaming, voice too hoarse to go on. She was a trembling mass on the floor. He nudged her with one boot and was satisfied when her only response was a pitiful, cringing groan.

His cock was still out and hard again from beating her. Jesus Christ he was like a teenager again. When he turned her onto her stomach she didn't offer any resistance. He pulled her hips up until her knees were bent, her face pressed against the cold stone floor, arms stretched out in front of her where she had been trying to crawl to him.

He was so much taller than her that from this position he had to angle himself down to get himself into her slit. It made it all the easier to fuck her, using the full weight of his body behind each thrust. Not that he needed the advantage. But it would make her feel more overpowered, more helpless.

She hadn't gotten wet like the last time but the blood was enough lubrication that he had no trouble setting up a brutal pace, even with how deep he was going with each thrust.

He might have thought she was unconscious except for the delightful little 'uh, uh, uh' of pain she made with each thrust. He didn't prolong matters, using her essentially as a masturbatory aid. He came deep in her, thrusting a few more times to make sure his cum went deep within her.

He pulled out and took her by the hair, pulling her limp form around so she faced him. She pushed herself up on her elbows to try to alleviate some of the pain from him pulling her hair. The effect was she was crouched in front of him, in a position of grovelling. He pushed her head down and thrust his cock in front of her face. It was slick with her blood and his cum. "Lick it clean, slave."

He wouldn't put it in her mouth yet but it was better that she learned early he expected her to take care of the mess she'd made once he had given her his cum.

It wasn't very good. She lapped at his cock tentatively until a slap to the face spurred her on a bit more. "Slow, long licks, bitch."

She obeyed and when he was satisfied he wiped it dry on her hair before letting her head drop again. She didn't move from the bent, prostrate position. He bent and slapped her ass as she lay. "You've got a great cunt, slut."

When he was nearly to the stairs she called out in a small, hurt voice. "I was trying... I was trying to crawl to you, Master."

"You should have tried sooner."

The lights went out.

He left her for as long as he could after that. A whole day went by in the dark. She spent most of it crying, unable to sleep, whimpering in the corner. He was surprised she hadn't thought he might have a video camera watching her, hadn't thought to appeal to him directly through it. But she only huddled into a corner, shivering and shaking.

When he came back, he came with a basket of food.

He knew she could smell the food when he opened the door by the hopeful way she raised her head from her knees.

By this time it had been four days since she'd eaten and she did not have fat to burn. He liked how slender she was but he didn't want her any thinner. When she was broken, when she was his, he would make sure that she was well-fed, well-clothed and wanted for nothing. He had always enjoyed taking care of his slaves. Some Masters he knew found it tedious to take what

he considered proper care of a slave. But Elias had always enjoyed the act of rewarding, even indulging the women under his command.

From the start Kat had lived in relative luxury to most slaves he'd met. He would not make that mistake again. But he didn't think he would be able to stop himself from spoiling her entirely, just delay it a bit. When she knew her place, he would be benevolent. He would dote on her, once she understood he didn't have to.

The most he had ever liked Kat was when he had bought her something new, something expensive and beautiful, and she had been so coy and grateful. She reminded him of a cat in those moments, rubbing up against his legs and hoping for a scratch.

He sat in the chair and placed his feet into her perimeter.

This time he did not need to ask. She came on her hands and knees and bent to kiss the Italian leather shoes he wore. A pitiable, awkward display really and clear she didn't enjoy it. But he let her continue until she seemed to think it was enough and looked up at him hopefully, or rather at the basket of food hopefully.

"Not even going to beg, slave?"

"Please... please, Master." Her voice was hoarse and weak.

"Not very pretty. And not nearly enough. The stakes get higher every day you refuse me. Lie on your back and beg me to fuck you."

She looked away from him, then shook her head.

He laughed, standing and plucking up the basket. "Alright slave, enjoy the dark."

He was halfway up the stairs before she cried out. "Wait, wait! Master, wait! Please don't go!"

He turned only because of the force with which she had said it. The desperation in her voice contrasted with the hoarse and weak, pathetic thing who had licked his shoes. He looked down at her from the cellar stairs.

He was interested

She had crawled to the limit of her chain and was straining towards him, tears streaming down her face. "Just please... please don't leave me alone again in the dark. I'll lie on my back. I'll beg. I'll do anything... anything you ask."

That sounded sincere.

He went back down the stairs and considered for a moment. He told himself he should go back up and turn the lights off, to teach her a lesson, to teach her that she couldn't manipulate him. But his cock was hard and he was interested in the pleading willingness to please he saw in her eyes. She was back to being his waitress in Kiev, eager to please. *May I get you anything else, sir?*

“And if I stay?” He asked. “Are you going to make it worth my while?”
She swallowed, then nodded. “I’ll do anything you ask.”

“Beg me.”

“Please... stay.”

He laughed at that.

“Say ‘please Master, fuck my ungrateful holes.’”

She looked down. “Please Master, fuck my ungrateful holes.”

“Look at me when you say it.”

She couldn't keep the displeasure out of her eyes but he wouldn't count that against her, as long as she obeyed. That hadn't been the command. “Please Master, fuck my ungrateful holes.”

“Crawl over there, lie on your back and spread your legs.” He indicated a spot at the limit of her space. He liked to remind her she was chained, after all.

She hesitated only a moment. She looked so weak as she moved, almost about to collapse as she made it to the spot he had indicated. The beatings, the lack of food, it was a wonder she was still conscious really. And still... it had been the threat of darkness that had broken her. A testament to a strong will.

She positioned herself on her back and then drew her knees up and let them fall open. She was staring up at the ceiling as if hard enough concentration could transport her up and out of her current predicament.

When he didn't move, she didn't need to be instructed.

“Please Master, fuck my ungrateful holes.” Her voice was soft, almost pleading. She sounded sincere. *Be kind. Give me light. Give me food.* That's what she was really saying.

He undid his trousers, stroking himself lazily as he approached her, looking down.

“Please Master, fuck my ungrateful holes.”

He knelt between her open thighs and put his cock to her entrance. She'd bleed again, he'd make sure of it. If she wouldn't bleed when he fucked her, he'd see her bleed when he whipped her, he promised himself.

He bent over her, elbows on either side of her face as he thrust in, flexing his spine at the end in a way that made her gasp. He needn't have worried, already he felt blood trickle around his cock and the pained, twisted expression on her face told him a beating would be unnecessary to drive this lesson home.

“Work for it slave.” He groaned. “No one likes to fuck a corpse.”

She grimaced but began to rock her hips against his, much though it obviously pained her.

“Put your arms around my neck.” He commanded.

She obliged, instinct making her curl her small fingers in the small hairs at the nape of his neck. As if he were her boyfriend. As if she weren't kidnapped in his basement. As if this wasn't rape. He had to slow for a moment so as not to cum at that thought, his body tensing with pleasure.

He bent his head and sucked a nipple into his mouth, nipping at it gently. She moaned and arched into him and suddenly her rocking was less wooden. She arched against him, this time not fighting the pleasure back but welcoming it. Before she had been ashamed to cum from being raped, now she only wanted the seconds of relief if offered.

He bit her nipple harder, thrust more violently. Before he had needed to prove a point: that she was a worthless slut who had cum while he raped her. Now he owed her nothing. She would get off on the pain or not at all.

To his surprise however, she did come, arching up and pushing into him, fucking him all the more frantically. He slapped her face.

“Please Master, fuck my ungrateful holes!” Her voice was high, strained with pleasure.

He held out until she came back from her orgasm, wanting her to experience the shame of what she had said in the moment of her climax while still being raped. The look of humiliation and despair in her eyes was what put him over the edge, spilling into her and painting her insides with his cum.

He didn't pull out when he had cum, enjoying the tight, warm feeling of her cunt around his cock. He kissed her cheek gently, stroking her neck like a lover. “Fuck my ungrateful holes, Master?” He smiled, pressing a gentle kiss her her ear. “Do you hear yourself slut? Hear what I've gotten you to beg for in less than a week? Thank God I came along when I did to put that cunt in order. Thank God no one got to you first. You really are an insatiable little slut after all and there are far, far worse than me looking for just that.”

He pulled out and swiped a thumb through the blood and spend between her lower lips “Let's start your meal out with an appetizer, eh, whore?” When he brought his thumb to her lips she licked it, grimacing.

“Kneel.”

She pushed herself up.

“Whenever I fuck you, slave, it is your job to clean up your mess.” He told her. “You will lick my cock clean and dry it off in your hair.”

Silent tears were falling steadily down her cheeks as she licked his length a few times and then brushed her hair over him. It wasn't a very good job but there was time to work on that.

He made her kneel there between his legs, waiting, with his cock nearly against her cheek. Finally he tucked himself away and went to the chair again. He picked up the basket and

snapped his fingers. "Crawl here, slave."

She obeyed immediately and let him arrange her between his knees, looking up at him. He opened the basket and took out a thermos and a large cup, almost as big as a bowl. He unscrewed the top of the thermos and poured into the bowl a rich hot chocolate: whole milk and real chocolate melted in. She watched him closely as he blew on the cup to let it cool. He took a sip to make sure it wouldn't scald her tongue, then brought it to her lips.

She shuddered with pleasure at the first sip.

It would be easy to make her vomit, giving her food after so long without which would be a mess to clean up and counterproductive as well. So he gave her about half a bowl. He gave her a few more sips and then set it on the ground beside his chair. She looked up at him, thinking he was going to produce the next thing from the basket.

"Go on slave, finish what I have given you."

She reached for it to pick it up but he clucked his tongue in disapproval. She flinched and froze, glancing immediately to him to see what she had done wrong.

"You haven't earned the right to eat like anything more than the bitch in heat you are."

For a moment she looked genuinely confused. He took pity. She was, after all, sleep deprived and hungry. "Lick it out of the bowl, slut."

It was strange that only then did she start to cry. She had been chained for a wall to days, raped brutally more than once. She had lain on her back, begged him to fuck her in the most demeaning way he could imagine. But it was when he paid her that she truly broke down. Seeing what she had whored herself for--half a bowl of hot chocolate that she had to lap up from the floor like a dog—broke her. But even as the humiliated tears rolled down her face, she bent her head and began to suck at the side of the bowl. It must have been confusing, the pleasure of eating again mixed with the mortification. Like when she had cum when he had raped her for the first time.

When she was done he was hard again from watching her. He reached onto the table to find the spider gag. She might have been broken enough at the moment that he could have fucked her mouth without it but he wasn't sure yet. When she saw it though she opened her mouth and let him buckle it in place.

He was careful not to fuck her throat too deep. He didn't want to end up with a lapful of hot chocolate on his bespoke trousers if she threw up. But a few slaps to the face were enough to induce her to use her tongue. She slid it along the seam at the base of his dick and swirled it around the head when he came to her lips before pushing back in. When he felt he was close he pulled out and came in her mouth so she tasted it.

"Swallow me down, slave."

It was a ridiculous order. She couldn't spit with the gag in place but it did the job of demeaning her.

“You should thank me for my cum, slave.” He said as he slid the gag from her mouth.

“Thank you for your cum, Master.”

When he stood she caught onto his pant leg. “Will you... will you leave the light on?”

He slapped her hard enough to send her sprawling backward.

She was already back in her corner, huddled and sobbing, by the time the light was off.

Chapter 4

He was not stupid enough to believe that she had been truly broken.

But for the next few days she was docile enough. When he came down into the basement she knelt, crawled, kissed his shoes. When he snapped his fingers she lay on her back and let him fuck her. When he slapped her breast and told her to fuck back, she lifted shifted her hips against him. When he took up the spider gag she opened her mouth. She wanted him to stay as long as possible, wanted to keep the lights on as long as possible. She was willing to appease him to get it.

She moved with the dispassion of someone who has escaped into some place into some numb place in the mind where judgment and analysis are suspended. He remembered feeling similarly in his military days when a bomb had exploded next to his platoon, killing half of them. The remaining soldiers had been left with the unpleasant task of recovering the bodies of their fallen friends from the wrecked cars of the caravan. He thought mostly about how his ears were ringing and his head was throbbing as he carried the body of a good friend to be laid out with the others.

This was not a part of her training he found particularly interesting. Her cunt was wet and inviting and he fucked her regularly, cumming hard. But it was almost like fucking one of the women he occasionally indulged in from a BDSM club —unenthusiastic and perfunctory. The illusion of submission were there, but nothing else.

There was no sense in wasting it though. He took the period of relative calm to teach her some ground rules.

It would be meaningless to teach her how he like his cock sucked or how to ride his lap while she was still unbroken. Those were lessons for later, when she truly wanted to please him. He knew better than to try to introduce them too early. It would only aggravate the both of them and he didn't want to give her the opportunity to provoke him to permanently damage her.

A man he knew had once bitten a slave hard enough to scar when she had angered him early in her training. Max liked the imprint of his teeth that would always be on Jessica's shoulder, a reminder of his dominance over her more personal than any brand or tattoo, but he wanted Hannah unblemished.

He could teach her some manners though.

He brought down a thin, rattan cane for the occasion.

He brought the chair into her space again. She hadn't earned the right to come off her chain yet. "Come here and kneel between my legs." She crawled forward apprehensively but came to kneel between his widely spread legs.

“Tuck your feet under your ass, knees spread to display your cunt.” He tapped the cane between her knees until she parted them to the desired angle.

“Arch your back to display your tits to best advantage.” He trailed the cane over one, then brought it down on the nipple, making her gasp as a stinging line blushed where he had struck her.

But she got the message and thrust her tits forward.

“Your eyes should be down but you can keep your chin at this angle so you can watch me in your peripheral vision, assess if you can anticipate any desire.” He showed her the proper angle of her chin with the cane as well. “Your hands should be on your thighs, palm up.”

“This is called Kneel.”

He stood and was pleased to note that she was indeed watching him from the corner of her eyes. She would be a great slave one day. She had all the natural ability.

“When I enter a room you will assume this position immediately, facing me, and wait for whatever I command. It is your default position in my presence.”

“When another Master is present you will assume a modest variation.” He tapped her knees until she brought them together. “Your cunt is to be displayed for me alone.”

He trailed the cane over her back and she shivered.

“Your every thought, your every movement should be with one end and purpose. To maximize my pleasure.” He told her as he inspected her in a slow walk around her form. “Your purpose is to please me.”

He brought the cane down on her low back, hard enough to cause her to gasp and lose her form. “Back to Kneel, Hannah.” He snapped.

She obeyed, struggling back into form.

“What is your purpose, slave?”

“To please you, Master.”

“Hold out one hand.”

She did and he struck the palm with force.

“The other.”

He repeated the experience.

“Your hands are to be face up on your thighs slave, didn't I just explain this?”

“I am sorry, Master.”

He crouched behind her back and took her hands from her thighs. She trembled with fear as he did and he allowed himself to smile as she couldn't see his pleasure. He brought her hands behind her back, crossing her wrists over her low back. He put a large hand between her shoulder blades and pushed her chest forward again so she thrust her breasts out more pleasingly.

He tilted her head just slightly so that, had she had a collar on he would be able to see where he intended to put his collar. Once she had earned it, of course.

“This is called Bind.”

He stood, admiring her for a moment and letting her memorize the position.

“Walk your hands forward in front of you as far as you can.”

She bent over her knees and stretched her hands forward. He took her hips and pushed them forward. “Ass up. Stretch your hands as far as you can.”

He put a hand between her shoulder blades again and pushed her chest to the cold stone floor. He tilted her hips until she was at just the right angle. The curve of her back was graceful, inviting and exaggerated. He tapped the inside her thighs with his cane and she didn't have to be told to spread her knees. Her sex opened beautifully, like a flower. Her petals pulled, blossoming. Hannah took a sharp inhale at the vulnerability, trembling, though she didn't move out of it.

All the blood in his body seemed to race to his cock when he saw what appeared to be glistening dew clinging to her lips. She was getting aroused by this. Fucking hell.

He had hoped for a blank canvas but really, he had gotten something far better. It was true that everything Hannah would ever know about sex, arousal, lust, even love, would come from him. He would form her opinions and expectations in every aspect of her sexual opening. But she was farther along than he would have expected. Already she had learned to prefer his presence to his absence, if those were her only two options.

He wondered if she'd had some predilection for BDSM before he'd taken her, some longing to be tied up or raped, but dismissed it immediately. Nothing about the way she reacted made him think she had pressed her thighs together under the pew when she was taught the story of the rape of Dinah on Sunday, or lingered over images of Andromeda chained to the rock (if her schooling had ever reached as far as Greek classics).

He favored another explanation. From what he knew of her childhood from her sister, she had grown up without a father, would have been better off without a mother. And the version Katarina he had found kneeling in a kennel for purchase was too consumed by her own inner turmoil, far too full of rage and pain, to have taken much notice of a younger sister, much less be a proper authority figure for a child.

This much focused and undivided attention, even if she did not like the form it took, would be a powerful drug for a girl unused to being thought of at all. No one had ever taken Hannah in hand in her life, taken control of her, even for her own good. The experience of someone

taking note of her, even in the harsh way he was currently going about it, was completely novel to her. Could she be blamed for being overwhelmed by it? For being aroused by it?

God he was a lucky man.

But he didn't think she was in any mental state to reflect on her arousal so impartially. She wouldn't understand it and wouldn't want to examine it, shameful as it no doubt was to her. Which made it a rather perfect tool for him.

He slid a finger through her folds, circling her clit once to make her legs tremble. He gave her a mocking laugh. "Wet already? I haven't even fucked you yet. I've never met such a whore."

He knelt and pulled her arms slightly wider to complete the effect. She looked like some temple maiden, prostrating herself before the statue of a God. She looked like a whore, ready to be fucked hard from behind. She looked perfect.

"This is called Bow. Used to show your submission to your Master." He told her. "You should face me by default. Bow Away means to face the opposite direction. I'm sure I don't have to tell a slut like you the use of that one." He added with a chuckle.

"Kneel."

She pushed herself back and resumed the position correctly. He struck each thigh sharply and she glanced up at him, looking betrayed. She knew she had the correct position. "Move gracefully between positions. Every movement of yours should be beautiful, an temptation for me to caress or use you."

"What is your purpose?"

"To please you."

"Bind."

This time she moved correctly.

"Bow."

He was pleased with how she moved into Bow. She had clearly heard his instructions and had a natural grace to her. Slim fingers walked forward as her ass rose, spreading and opening in a coordinated ballet of small adjustments. A show put on just for him.

"Kneel."

When she came out of it she lifted her chest this time, maintain the curve of her spine as she elevated her head and rotated her ass down to rest on her ankles. It brought the attention to her breasts, round, sweet, small morsels that might as well have been offered up on a platter by the movement. A temptation for his use indeed.

He put down the cane and came to stand behind her. He put his hands around her neck, squeezing gently and making her shudder, then slid them down over her breasts. He cupped

each in one hand, rolling the flesh easily in his massive hands. He kneaded hard enough that she squirmed a bit and shifted. He pinched each nipple between his fingers, squeezing until she let out a short gasping breath. But she maintained her form better than he had expected. He rewarded her with a slap to each breast.

“Bow.”

“Bind.”

“Kneel.”

“Bow.”

He bent and slid her arms behind her so that her wrists were just at the outside of her ankles. The effect was a position less of reverence but of penance. No longer an acolyte in the ecstasy of holy worship but one who has transgressed, ready to accept a whipping.

“This position is called Submit.”

He ran a finger through her slit again. The whore really was soaked. He pushed the digit in and she groaned. He had kept his promise to himself to keep her raw, even his finger was enough to make her flinch. He had struck the right balance he thought between the time she spent in the dark, keeping her eager even to be raped, and enough rough use to make it hurt.

He withdrew the digit.

“Kneel.”

“Bind.”

“Submit.”

He took out his phone and snapped a few photos of different angles of her in each pose as he commanded her. He took a few close ups of her spread pussy in Bow, a few with his fingers framing her slit and then penetrating it. He made sure to document the glisten of her arousal coating his fingers.

“Bind.”

“Submit.”

“Kneel.”

“Bow.”

Hannah wasn't surprised when she heard the sound of his buckle being undone, the zipper coming down. Still, she squeezed her eyes shut in the privacy offered by the hair that had fallen over her face.

She knew he was taking photos of her. But he had taken more humiliating ones. Ones that showed her face, lips wrapped around his cock and looking up like she wanted it. She wanted

to ask what he was doing with them. But, reluctantly, decided she didn't want to know. If her rape was being broadcast over the internet, she couldn't do anything about it. And it wouldn't matter if she never left this terrible dungeon. She didn't have the energy to struggle against things she couldn't control.

She would have thought she would have become used to it after... how many days was it? How many times was it? She had no idea. Already her time in this room seemed endless. As if it had been her whole life. Kiev, the cafe, her apartment... all seemed like something she had dreamed now. But even though the time seemed long, she had become neither accustomed to his size, nor the violation she felt when he took her.

She felt him run the length of his cock between the folds of her slit. He liked that, particularly when she couldn't see his cock. It was a reminder of how big it was, how much she was going to take. How much it was going to hurt. It always made her shiver.

He lined the blunt head up with her but didn't push in.

“Push back on me, slave.”

She hesitated only a second but it was too long. The cane crashed down on her back, hard enough that her head jerked up. She pushed her hips back hurriedly and screamed as his length breached her. God it hurt so much. She was wet (God but she hated herself for that) but so sore it hurt almost more than it had the first time. She felt her hips meet his and stopped, shaking with pain.

Another crack of the cane across her back and she arched, clenching on him.

“Back and forth, slut, don't pretend to be stupid. I want you to fuck yourself on my cock.”

It was hard to get leverage with the curve he had put in her back. She had to generate the power from her knees and soon they were aching from being pressed into the unforgiving stone. But it was nothing compared to the pain she was enduring between her legs.

His hand tangled in her hair and he jerked her head to one side so he could see her face. She opened her eyes, knowing he wanted to see how badly he was hurting her. His square jaw was tight and his bright green eyes, so startling for his complexion, were alight with tight, fearful lust.

“Faster, slut.” He slammed one hand down on her ass, a stinging swat.

She tried, really she did. She pushed with her knees as hard as she could but could only do so much. She was still so weak from the lack of food and it hurt so badly. “Please....I can't, Master, please, I can't.”

His free hand curled around her hip, hard enough she knew she would have a bruise in the shape of his fingers the next day. He held her still as he began to thrust. He drove her chest into the stone with every thrust, driving the breath out of her. Her knees scraped along the rough stone, enough to tear the skin open. His hand gripped her hair hard enough she was worried her was going to tear the chunk out and her scalp was on fire.

The pain in her body seemed all to blend together: her knees, her scalp, her cunt until all she could feel was how bad it hurt. And just when she thought it could get no worse, his hand slipped down from her hip and his finger began to circle her clit. Heat pooled immediately at the core of her, radiating out. She arched against his hand, trying to get more pressure. If only she could get enough pleasure, perhaps... just maybe she could forget about the pain.

He brought her higher and higher but just at the exact moment where her walls began to spasm around him, he pulled back, slowing his circles and lightening the pressure.

She wailed in frustration.

“Beg for it.”

“Please... please... oh Master, please.”

“Does little Hannah want to cum? Cum on her Master's cock as he rapes her?”

“Yes! Yes... oh please God, please just... just let me.”

“Beg your Master to cum on his cock as he rapes you.”

“Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me.”

He slapped her ass. “Again whore.”

“Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me. Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me. Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me. Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me....” She begged, voice high and strained with desperation.

Again and again he teased her until that was a new agony to add to all the others. The most frustrating and the most profound. She was thrusting her hips back against his, headless of how badly it hurt. She was desperate for more, just that tiny bit extra of sensation that would release her.

Finally, what seemed like hours later she felt his cock twitch and swell within her. A gush of hot fluid spilling deep within her. He always put his cock all the way in when he came, right at the center part of her, planting himself within her. He slid his fingers away from her throbbing clit, leaving her aching with need.

He pulled out of her and let her head fall back against the floor.

He stood again and walked back to the chair, sitting down.

“Kneel.”

She was crying. Not from the pain but from frustration, humiliation. He hadn't let her cum. She had begged him in the most degrading way imaginable and he had still withheld her pleasure.

“Hannah, I said Kneel.”

“Fuck you.”

She pushed herself up, but instead of kneeling, struggled to her feet. She was weak but she managed it. Since he was sitting she was almost on a level with his head.

“Hannah, I will give you one more opportunity to kneel before the consequences become very severe.” His cock was still out, legs spread and the hands that gripped the side of each chair had white knuckles. “Crawl to me and clean my cock off.”

“I said fuck you... You fucking Nazi.” She spat on the floor.

Chapter 5

He went back upstairs feeling... good.

His balls were empty, which always helped. And she had screamed so prettily when he'd taken the whip to her. Besides, he'd known this needed to happen. The Saint Martins summer of her first attempt at submission had to come to an end sometime. He knew hadn't pushed her nearly far enough for her to give into him.

She wasn't a naturally willful girl. She would never break his nose as Jessica had done to Max. She was too polite for that. A ridiculous thought, but true at its core. She might struggle but it wouldn't occur to her to genuinely try to hurt him, even if she could.

But she was strong, and had always been independent. Even if, as he suspected, she wanted an authority figure, she wasn't used to it. It would take her a while to accustom herself to being governed by him, to letting him control her.

He knew from what his contact in Kiev had sent him that after Katarina had been taken she had been left on her own essentially. Her father had been killed when she was a baby. He'd fought in some nameless skirmish between Ukraine and Russia. Too insignificant even to be given a name, but it had still deprived her of a parent. Her mother had disappeared early as well, it was unclear why or where she had gone. Drugs, he didn't doubt. At that time in the Ukraine, heroin was cheap and more easily available than most other indulgences. Katarina had been her only family since probably as long as she remembered. She'd had to drop out of school once her sister was gone to get a job as a janitor in a hotel with a fake ID. She had been thirteen at the time. She had been on her own since.

That took spirit.

She'd worked her way up too. She'd quickly gotten a job in the kitchens, working as a cook for two years, then been promoted to the front of the house: first in the cafe attached to the hotel and nicer and nicer restaurants as she went along. Until, finally, she was in the kind of place a man like him might stumble across her.

She had worked so hard to be found by him. She had struggled all those years just to bring him her virgin cunt, the sweetness of being the first to fuck her mouth and train her just how he liked her to pleasure him with her tongue. Someday, some far away day, he would thank her for that. When she was his slave in her heart, he would show her how much he appreciated that she had kept herself pure for him.

He went to the fridge and opened a beer, knocking it back with real pleasure. He had earned it. He had done it just right this time. He had been firm but he hadn't let his anger carry him away either.

He hadn't raped her ass, for example, though he had been sorely tempted. But he hadn't trusted himself not to tear her badly in his rage and he didn't want to ruin her. He wanted to

keep her ass nice and tight for many years to come. Fucking it for the first time, in the mind frame had had been in, could have resulted in permanent damage.

Besides, he had promised himself that as a reward for when she truly broke for him. He'd put her in Bow have her push back on his dick and do it herself after she'd begged properly for it. Or maybe he'd have her straddle him and sink down. Once she got all the way to his base he would let himself fuck her hard but he wanted her to be the one to rape herself. She would always know then she had been complicit in him taking her last virginity.

She had made him angry though.

How had she even known she was German to call him a Nazi? His accent in English was British if anything, having gone to school exclusively there. Ah, he remembered now. He had asked her if she liked a big German cock fucking her tight little pussy when he'd taken his virginity. He smiled at that memory. He hadn't gotten around to reviewing the footage of him raping her virginity from her. Every time he thought of it he just walked down to the cellar and flipped her over on her knees to enjoy the real thing.

He knew he should go back to his office to get some work done but he was too wound up. His mind was still a pleasurable jumble of images: Her upturned face as he fucked her mouth through the spider gag, her back a mass of criss-crossed red lines, flesh almost split open, her cunt raw and red from spanking. She'd been limp the last time he'd taken her mouth, held up only by the hands tied over her head. But she'd come back to life when he'd put her in the pillory and switched her thighs and ass. She hadn't had the breath to beg, even if she'd wanted to, only the most beautiful, plaintive screams of pain.

Instead he turned himself to one of the many home improvement projects he had undertaken since re-opening the house: namely setting up video cameras in every room in the house (except the master bedroom and his office). When she earned the privilege of coming out of the cellar he would be able to watch her at every moment. Escape off of the island was improbable but not, after all, impossible. Besides he wanted to spare himself the tedium of having to hunt her down if she did try to bolt.

There were other improvements he had made in anticipating for being able to take her out of the cellar as well. For example, he had ordered a new bed for the master bedroom. It was larger even than the excessive one his father had kept there. But that was not the main feature. The frame was a special design from a man in Munich who made each one bespoke for the customers precise desires. His had been made as a stockade. It was somewhat disguised by various design elements meant to distract the eye but at the center of it was a circular adjustable ring, of beautiful, ornately crafted copper that was large enough to fit a girl's head through and then made to collapse around her neck with a small dial at the side. Space appropriately on either side were smaller ones for her wrists.

The four posts at the bed were reinforced to hold the weight of any struggling captive and designed in a series of segments that widened at the top, stacked on top of each other. At the base of each, which could be easily hidden beneath the mattress were to manacles designed to fit an ankle. By lifting the ring that held the manacle to the post up the user could choose the height at which the manacle remained and then lock it into place with a small dial. Suspended from the top post he doubted Hannah's hair would brush the top of the bed.

He had asked for the manacles themselves to be adjustable.

“Of course sir, all is possible.” The man had replied promptly. But then, paused. “And, why? If I might be so bold.”

He had smiled. “She has small thighs.”

The craftsman had let out a breathy laugh. “I see sir. You mean to stretch her with it. Very interesting idea... you will not be offended I hope if I suggest it to future purchasers going forward?”

“Not at all.”

By widening the manacles he had no doubt he would be able to slide it up Hannah's whole leg. With training he would be able to put her into deep splits, cunt displayed and open at the bottom of his bed, unable to move as he thrust into her wet, open snatch. On her stomach it would be her ass presented so nicely.

He had ordered some other new furniture for his office. A smaller piece meant to look like a table, perhaps something meant to display a map or precious book but with the same design of posts at each side and made to measure to Hannah's exact specifications. With her legs in the air, her cunt would be just at one end. It was measured to him as well, just the right height that her cunt would be level with his dick. There was a leaf at the other end that could be folded down so her head would hang off the edge, ready to be fucked in the throat.

The spanking bench there was no disguising. He would have to figure out what to do with that if he ever entertained a more vanilla set on the island. It was of high quality though and again, designed for her measurements specifically. He had opted for a simple but cruel design. All in all it looked rather like an antique vaulting bench but with the top sloping steeply down. It was so high he would have to put her on it, she would never be able to mount it herself. But the length of it was such that with her legs dangling on either side of the high end and held firmly in place with two manacles on each side, her arms would be stretched forward to allow her wrists to reach the clips on the low side. The high end was again, exactly the right height for his cock to line up with her holes.

“There is an element of... optional comfort.” The craftsman had offered.

“What do you mean.”

“Well, if I use her exact measurements then it will fit her perfectly.” He paused. “A half inch or so on either side and there's more... stretch, shall I say?”

“A half inch on either side then.”

The man had sounded very pleased. “The pressure, I'm told, can be rather intense. But I know you will be very careful Herr.” The wink in the man's tone made Elias smile.

“Yes, of course.”

He put a few more cameras around the house, then went into his office and pulled up the feed from the cellar on his computer. He switched over to infrared.

He'd left her in the pillory so he would have to be careful not to let her pass out. She could strangle herself if he wasn't careful. He watched her breathe as he finished his beer. She'd stopped crying, or at least she was doing so quietly enough that the microphone couldn't detect it.

He dragged the feed over onto one of his monitors, opened a spreadsheet from work on the other.

He finished with the spreadsheet in two hours and he felt pleased. It had helped him focus, oddly, having her in the background. He was half hard but if anything he found it made his scenes keen and his focus sharper.

He checked his watch. A soccer match he wanted to see would be on in an hour.

He debated with himself going down now to take her out of the pillory. It would be just like a woman to disrupt the most exciting part of the match. But he decided against it. It wouldn't send the right message to release her before she fully appreciated what a dangerous situation she was in. He went and got himself another beer, made a sandwich with dark bread, pork and small pickles, and turned on the television in his office to watch the pre-match discussion.

He was surprised but grateful that she made it through the match without incident. Germany had won and he was more than satisfied.

Looking at her ass, up in the air and vulnerable, he felt himself begin to stiffen in his trousers. Jesus what did this woman do to him? He felt like he was a teenager again. He took out his cock and stroked it languidly, watching the grainy outline of her ass on the CCTV. He wouldn't cum in his own hands though, she would have to take all of what she stirred up in him. But there was value in a fast and brutal fuck. It would show her her place as a thing he used to masturbate, a hole to warm his cock and nothing more. Once he was down there he would just need to push into her, after all.

So far he had only cum in her. She needed to get used to the feeling of him cumming in her. He knew she found it humiliating, degrading. Once she got used to taking his loads—once she began to like it he would start cumming on her face. She would look fantastic with his seed sprayed across her face, her tits, her lips and open mouth. Or over her ass. Eventually he would teach her to understand that receiving his seed in her was a gift and beg him not to withhold it.

On the feed one of her legs slipped and she caught herself hard, cracking her head against the wood of the pillory and gasping in pain. Perfect timing as ever. She really was an agreeable sort. Waited for the match to end and for him to get his cock out. He couldn't have timed it better himself.

He watched her fall a few more times, waiting until she understood the danger she was in.

He wanted her to beg for him in the dark. Wanted to hear that sweet plaintive 'master... master, please...'. But she wasn't there yet and after nearly an hour his cock was aching and he was beginning to worry she really would fall and hurt herself irreparably.

He went out to the pool and got a hose and a bucket from the shed. He filled the bucket with water, then carried it back to the kitchen and dumped the contents of the automatic ice dispenser into it, mixing it until all the water was freezing.

She stiffened when the lights came on but said nothing.

He came down the steps and stood behind her, out of her line of sight.

She had let go of her bladder. Not that he could blame her, it had been nearly twelve hours since he had let her urinate. It had run down her leg with his cum and dried there.

"You pissed yourself, slave." He said, calmly.

She said nothing.

"I won't have such a dirty slave in my house."

"I'm not your slave."

It must really have been shocking to have the icy water crash over her. She hadn't seen the bucket, hadn't known to expect it. She gasped, jerking hard against the wood of the pillory. He connected the hose to a faucet on the wall and pointed it at her. It had an attachment to make the stream more powerful. Something the Novaks probably used to wash the stones by the pool of moss.

He washed her down with a ruthless thoroughness. Turning the hard beam on her swollen and abused slit, running his hands through her slit to make sure the water got everywhere. He hosed down her legs and arms, breasts and torso. He came around to the front and sprayed it through her hair, washing out the cum he had left there but tangling it horribly. She closed her eyes as he did it, shivering wildly from the cold.

When she was clean he came around behind her and kicked her legs apart brutally. She grunted in pain as he thrust in, using her roughly and quickly, spilling hard in a matter of moments. He came around to the front and offered her his cock. "Lick it clean, slave." "Fuck y-y-y-you." She managed through chattering teeth.

He had to choke her to get the spidergag in. In the pillory it was hard for her to hold her neck at an angle where he could easily enter her throat. She was retching almost from the first thrust. He held his cock in her throat and pinched her nose shut, cutting off her air. When her legs began to kick in desperation he pulled out, giving her only a second to gasp before he began to fuck her throat. He put his hands on her head and came deep in her throat.

"Hmm, your hair is too wet to use as a towel, unfortunately." He said with mocking disappointment. "What a pity."

He took her by the hair and released her from the pillory and the gag. He took her back to her corner and put the chain back on. She shivered, huddled in a corner.

“Can I have the lights on? Please.” She whispered.

“What do you think, slave?”

The unexpected business trip had, at first, infuriated him. He had slammed his fist down on his desk hard enough to break an ornamental glass dish when he realized there was no getting out of it. Did it have to come at such a delicate point in her training? He hadn't broken her yet but he was close. These few precious days could be the ones that would finally make her his, he couldn't afford to waste them.

But once he had calmed down a bit and thought it through he began to see it might be quite a good thing actually. Jessica had broken to Max when he'd left, after all, when she'd seen the difference between him and Ulrich. And, while he had no intention of letting that nasty fuck ever meet Hannah, perhaps time without him was just what he needed. He had considered any number of men he could ask to come watch over her before he had decided that the simplest solution was perhaps the best.

He couldn't think of anything she feared more than being alone in the dark.

Of course it was terribly logical to fear being left alone in a cold basement, chained and naked in the dark. But he thought her fear went deeper than that. When she'd first submitted to him it had been to keep him near her. That didn't make sense. She *shouldn't* want to keep him near her, a man who raped and beat her.

Unless you remember how long she had been alone. Her mother and father gone, Katarina had been the last to leave her. It was strange to think of his former slave in such terms, as someone who had been missed, mourned even when she was taken.

Hannah was desperate not to be abandoned again, not to be alone again.

Oh sweet, girl. He would take such good care of her, if only she would let him. He'd teach this fatherless girl what authority meant; this motherless girl what succor meant; this lost girl what it meant to find her place. She would kneel at his feet and know what it meant to be cherished. To be owned.

It was risky to leave her alone, he knew. But a risk he had to take. He took what precautions he could. He checked the weather would not turn too cold in the next few days. He made sure that she couldn't reach anything to hurt herself with. In dire straights he could always risk asking Josip Novak to bring her something. He had fed her well during the days she had been submissive so he thought she could go three days without food. That part he liked the least

but leaving her food would signal he intended to return. He wanted her to wonder if he was ever coming back, if she would ever see anything but the infinite darkness and cold surrounding her.

That was what she needed to feel. The weight of his absence. The fear of his abandonment.

The morning he was to leave he went down to the cellar to see her one last time. This part was for him, more than her. He had been fucking her between three and five times a day since he had acquired her. Going three days with just his hand, the photos and videos he had on his phone, and the grainy video feed was going to be tough.

He didn't bother with the preliminaries. He didn't want her to break just now, that would be damn inconvenient. So he didn't speak. He took her by the hair and dragged her out of the corner she was cowering in. She was a mess. Her hair was tangled from when he had hosed her down and her body was littered with bruises and marks of different ages. And still... she was so beautiful.

She tried to push his hands off of her but a slap to the face and a few cruel twists of her nipples sorted her out. "I'm not fucking around today Hannah. If you fight me I will make you regret it."

Something in his voice must have gotten through to her for she stopped struggling.

He pushed her down against the cold stones and pushed her thighs apart, bending her knees and kneeling between them. For good measure, he slapped her tits a few times. She was limp, letting him move her as he wanted. She didn't have it in her to try to object to the physical violation it seemed, as long as he demanded nothing else.

God he wouldn't miss the stone floor once he could fuck her somewhere softer on his knees, he thought as he unbuckled his trousers. That was forgotten however when he turned his attention to her treasure. He had known she was special since he'd seen she was intact, that she had waited for him. He reached underneath her, spreading her ass cheeks until her slit bloomed for him.

She wasn't wet but it didn't bother him. He spit on her cunt to make it easier to push in for himself and ran his cock between the folds to get some on his dick. He never got tired of seeing the contrasts between them. His tan, large hands were enough to encompass a cheek each of her delightful peach of an ass. His hard, thick cock sliding through the delicate little pink of her pussy.

He pushed in without ceremony. He didn't take it particularly slow or fast. This wasn't a lesson for her but rather just something to tide him over. He did make sure she felt every stroke though, if only so he could enjoy the groan she made when he bottomed out in her.

She tried to look away but he fixed that with a slap. She met his eyes after that.

He came deep within her, thrusting jerkily as he shot load after load into her.

He stood, cock still free and came to stand by her head. He took off his belt.

“Sit up, and lick my cock clean.”

“Fuck you.”

He slammed the belt down over her ass. “Sit up, and lick my cock clean.”

She didn't say anything but neither did she move to obey.

When it became clear that she couldn't sit up even if she tried from the number of times he struck her he went to get the butterfly gag. He had been hoping to fuck her mouth, really, if he was honest. He hadn't given her much time to consider between blows.

He took her head hard and fast against the wall, came down her throat and then wiped himself clean on her hair. Then he took out the gag. He took one final look at her, eyes closed, exhausted and limp at his feet and then went back up the stairs, turning off the lights as he went.

She didn't know how much time had passed before she realized he wasn't coming back. At first her anger at him was enough to sustain her. Fuck him. She would rather die anyway that submit to being raped again by him. The rage felt like a burning flame in her chest that was enough to hold her out through another period of unmeasured time.

But it wasn't enough over the long term. Soon she was screaming for him in the dark. She didn't even know his name but she just shouted, “Master! Master! Master... please come back, please. I will do anything... anything. Please! Oh, please, Master! I will be your slave... your slave. I promise...”

Finally her voice gave out and she could only mouth the words, for no sound came out.

Sometimes the lights came on for an hour and she would crawl to the sink to wet her parched lips and relieve herself in the small toilet. She wondered for how much longer she would have the strength for that. She tried to drink enough water but it was hard. Her stomach hurt so bad from hunger.

If she slept she only dreamed of dark cellars and a lonely, dreadful terror.

When the lights finally did come on and he appeared at the top of the stairs, she knew she was hallucinating. She didn't care though. If she had to die, she would rather die with the company of a figment of her imagination, even a figment of her rapist, than alone entirely.

She was too weak to get onto her knees but she tried, reaching for him. "Master, master, please don't leave me... please.. please don't leave me... let me please you, how can I please you? Just don't leave, oh God, please just don't leave." Her voice was so hoarse it was barely recognizable and though she didn't realize it, she was speaking to him in Ukrainian, It didn't matter though, the tone and message were clear enough.

She felt him lift her up and undo the chain at her leg.

Elias had to hold himself back from taking her upstairs to the soft bed in the master bedroom. She hadn't earned that yet. She was delirious after all. She might still go back to her old ways once she had recovered. Better that she prove herself a bit down here first, let her earn it from him.

Instead he unchained her and took her to the a mattress in another corner. It was old and thin but after so much time on the floor it probably felt like heaven. He arranged her so her back was against his chest, slender legs curled in his lap. He pulled her into his jacket, against the warmth of his body, rubbing her arms softly to bring some heat back into them. He stroked her face and brought a bottle of water to her lips. She hadn't had the strength or courage to drink for more than a day.

"Slow sips, slave."

She took what he gave her, sucking greedily at the bottle but not protesting when he took it away. She looked up at him. "I'm so sorry... I'm so sorry, Master..." Fat tears were squeezing themselves from the corners of her eyes, running down over her parched lips and cheeks cracked with crying for so long. "I didn't know... I didn't know..."

"Hush, slave. Do as you are told and lie still."

He took out bowl of warm milk and some brown bread from the basket he had brought. He soaked the bread in the milk and then fed it to her slowly. She moaned with pleasure at the first bite but he knew better than to give her more too quickly.

She closed her eyes after that but then jerked awake in a panic, reaching for him as though she couldn't believe he was real, as if he might be gone. He smiled. "I'm still here, slave. Sleep. You haven't rested in many days."

"I don't... if I close my eyes and you're gone when I wake up, I'll die." She murmured.

"Don't question my command, Hannah, close your eyes."

She obeyed.

Once she was asleep, she was out cold and he didn't doubt she would be out for several hours at least. But it couldn't be helped. Besides, he hadn't been able to sleep on the train on the

way back, to eager with anticipation to see what his welcome would be when he got back. He lay back on the thin uncomfortable mattress, arranging her small body on top of his and sighed. It wasn't big enough for him and there was a particularly annoying lump that dug into one of his shoulder blades. The things a man would do for love.

He tucked his little slave beneath his arm, and closed his eyes.

Chapter 6

Chapter Notes

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

When she woke again he was sitting up against the wall and she was lying across his broad chest. Her hand had curled instinctively in the collar of his shirt, as if her sleeping mind also feared he would leave her. He was stroking her hair absentmindedly with one hand, tapping out an email on his cellphone with the other.

She couldn't remember the last time she felt this warm. The cellar was freezing, of course. But even before, in Kiev... had she ever felt this warm? Heat from his chest seemed to seep into her in ways that the little furnace in her rundown apartment never had. And the slow, steady beat of his heart beneath her fingers was calming, meditative.

She felt... almost good.

She was frightfully hungry, of course, and her body still ached. Though he'd been away for... well she had no way of knowing for how long, but some time, her body still hadn't recovered from the beating he'd given her. But it was a dull, almost pleasant sensation that made her aware of her body, sharpening her awareness of herself and her proximity to him.

He looked down when she raised her head and smiled. "Ah, you're awake." He continued with the email. He wasn't worried she would be able to overpower him to get the phone and the email was in German anyway so what did it matter if she saw. He frowned though as she continued to stare at it, as if mesmerized.

She must have guessed where his thoughts went for she looked away immediately, ducking her head down and putting it on his chest where he had left it. "Sorry," she said, "it's only... it feels like forever since I've seen a phone. Seen anything except... here. It just feels weird to see one again."

He knew what she meant. She had of course seen the phone when he was taking photos of her. But she had been knelt, mouth forced open and choking on his cock. It was seeing it in the mundane context of writing an email that was so disconcerting. She had come to expect only new, frightening things: a pillory, a whip, a cane, shackles.

"Hmmm..." He said noncommittally.

Was it a mistake to show her something normal again? He couldn't tell.

He sent the email, pocketed the phone and sat up, shifting to sit up a bit straighter against the wall. The mattress really was damn uncomfortable, as was the fucking wall. He had a crick in his neck. She let him arrange her again sprawled over his chest.

"I'm sorry," she said softly. "I won't look at it again."

It wasn't difficult to tell she was motivated by her own needs still, rather than a desire to please him. The stint in the dark he didn't doubt would prove to be a large step towards her obedience. But obedience and submission were not the same. She would do what he wanted because she wanted him to hold her, feed her, leave the lights on. All she had learned really was that she was willing to let him rape her, let him use her body how he pleased to get the things she wanted.

Any prostitute could do that.

He wanted more.

He narrowed his eyes. "Soft words indeed from the same little cunt that called me a Nazi not so very long ago." He said sharply.

She looked panicked, clutching at his shirt. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry, I'm so sorry!" She said.

"Hmm."

The panic looked genuine, as did the tears that were forming. "Please, tell me how, just tell me how I can show you how sorry I am!"

He considered. "I want a kiss. A kiss that I don't have to take."

She nodded and moved up, reaching for his lips.

He shook his head. "No, slave. I will take it. You have not yet earned the right to kiss me. I will *take* it but convince me that I wouldn't *have* to. Make me feel welcome in your mouth."

She nodded, swallowing. "Alright."

He bent and kissed her lips. She froze in his arms but didn't pull back. He could feel her heart beginning to race against his chest. He didn't kiss her roughly but he didn't stop at a peck. He parted her lips and teased her tongue with his until she moaned with real pleasure. She kept her lips soft and open, shyly stroking his tongue with hers.

This was how she would have kissed him on a first date, he thought. Uncertain and sweet and eager to please. That thought was enough to make his cock twitch. She was so innocent, so inexperienced. He would teach her how to please him.

He caressed her arms, heating up the kiss a bit but not moving it anywhere but that, just a soothing stroke along her arm and his warm lips against hers. There was time to fuck her later, now was the time to make her fall in love with him.

She shivered, pressing against him and her hands splayed out over his muscles, curling closer to him.

He pulled back softly and her eyes fluttered open.

"Thank you, Master."

“For what?”

“For the kiss.”

He wanted to smile but he didn't want to let her see how much the words meant to him, how much they filled his chest with warmth. Instead he said, “time for some more water.”

He picked the bottle up for her again and she drank more thirstily this time, a good sign in his estimation. He gestured to the dish of milk and bread. “This would be better warm.”

She shook her head immediately. “I don't mind it cold, Master.”

He stroked her hair, smiling down. “My little slave doesn't want me to leave again, is that it?”

A tear formed at the corner of her eye. “Please... not yet. Just stay with me. I'll do anything you want if you just stay with me.”

He slid his hand up behind her head, gripping it painfully and jerking it back so she was forced to look at him. He spat in her face. “You'll do anything I want regardless, whore!” He snapped.

She cringed back. “I'm sorry.... Master, please... oh, please forgive me. I'm sorry...” The tears were coming steadily now, soft little drops on her cheeks that she let fall. She didn't have the courage to raise her hand to wipe them away.

He curled a bit of hair behind one ear. “You do beg very prettily, slave.”

“Th.. thank you, Master.” She sounded unsure.

He realized immediately the compliment had been a mistake. “You are otherwise quite an ungrateful cunt without any other skills I've seen so far. But your begging may be your saving grace.”

She swallowed. “Thank you, Master.”

He took some of the bread and dipped it in the cold milk. She opened her lips dutifully. He fed her the rest slowly and she seemed to tolerate it. He took it as a good sign she was hungry, that she hadn't vomited up the first bits he had given her.

“It tastes wonderful, Master.”

“You don't have to tack 'Master' onto the end of every sentence. It becomes tedious in a long conversation.”

“How... that is, how will I know.”

“How you will know all other things going forward. I will correct you when you are wrong.”

He decided that she had seen enough of the generosity he was capable of. Sleeping in his arms was a high privilege after all. The carrot had been dangled, time to go back to the stick. He stood, displacing her from his lap.

“Now, back to your corner, slave.”

She looked up at him as he stood. “But...”

“I don't want to beat you while you are so fragile slave, but I will if you require it.”

Looking stunned, she began to stand. He grabbed her by the hair and forced her to her knees hard enough to hurt even through the mattress. “I didn't say stand. Crawl.”

She sniffled but crawled over to her corner and... God bless her, got into Kneel. She had remembered it perfectly. Her palms were up, toes together and knees spread. Her back was arched and her eyes submissively downcast. Her thighs trembled from fatigue and hunger.

It took everything in his power not to command her into Submit and fuck her hard. But he wanted her to really want it the next time he gave her his cock.

He picked up his jacket from the mattress, the basket and went up the stairs.

“The lights?” She called out as he reached the top, voice high and afraid,

He flipped them off.

“Everything has to be earned, Hannah.”

He had been right not to fuck her. He knew it immediately when he came down the next day. He had had to please himself with his hand to some of her photos and the video he'd taken of him raping her mouth, but that sacrifice had clearly been worth it.

When the lights came on she flew immediately into Kneel and didn't speak as he came down. She had finger combed her hair as best she could back into something less than a mass of snarls. Possibly the only thing she could think of to do to make herself more appealing to him.

He sat in the chair and offered her his feet. She came instantly, crawling over and kissing his Derby shoes. This time she showed some enthusiasm, some imagination. But finally he grew bored of watching her tongue the leather. “Bow.”

Again she remembered the position without fault. She stretched out before him, chest to the ground and ass at the perfect angle. He had known she would have a good memory,

waitresses at nice restaurants always did. They had to remember a large parties order, a big spender's favorites, all the daily specials and keep track of who needed what.

She had good attention to detail as well. In the cafe she had put down his coffee with the handle pointed out so it was easy to pick up. The food came hot, the garnish was just so and she put it down quickly, but softly enough so the plate didn't rattle. Now she inclined her chest at just the angle he wanted, the tips of her breasts just brushing the cold stone, her thighs exactly at ninety degrees.

Born to serve, she was.

“Pretending to be obedient today, slave?”

“I am obedient, Master.”

“We will see about that.”

He put her through the positions he had taught her, making a few minor corrections with the aid of a leather riding crop he had brought down with him. All in all though, he was pleased with how well she did them without much practice. But she had hardly earned praise yet.

The real test was still coming.

“What is your purpose, slave?”

“To please you.” Even that she remembered.

“Turn around.” She looked confused. “On your knees.”

She obeyed.

“Submit.”

She knew what was coming. He could tell by the way she was trembling before he unbuckled his pants and knelt behind her. He ran a hand over her shaking haunches, down beneath her to cup her breasts and then back up to run them through the delicate little slit.

He pushed in and she groaned as she was pushed again against the floor. She was tight from lack of use, but still sore and she clenched about him in pain. God it felt good to be back in her cunt. Better than coming home. Jesus he had missed this tight furnace between her legs. A place only he had ever been and ever would go.

“Does that hurt, slut? Be honest.”

“Yes.. sir.” Her voice was high, strained and she had to gasp the words out between his thrusts, which knocked the wind out of her.

“Do you want me to stop?”

“I want to please you.” An honest answer. The days in the dark had been worth it.

She made it so easy. Fifty quid and she came to a stranger in the alley. A few days in the dark and she let him into her mind.

She must have known what he intended when she felt his hands slip down to start to circle her clit. She almost winced as he did it, despite the slick warmth that began immediately to flow. But she couldn't help herself. She thrust back against his cock, pushing, aching for more stimulation, hoping to please him enough that he would let her cum. When he pulled away from her first near orgasm she wailed.

“Hannah, are you so fucking stupid I have to spell it out for you?” He asked, voice hoarse from holding back his own orgasm. “Do you know the words I want to hear or not?”

“Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me.” She whimpered.

“Louder, bitch.”

“Please Master, let me cum on your cock while you rape me.” She said louder.

Soon he didn't have to remind her, she was repeating it as best she could, breathless as she was from being slammed against the floor. In the end she forgot to move her hips. He had brought her so close to orgasm she couldn't think of anything else. He slid his hands back and grabbed her hips hard enough that she would surely have bruises there the next day, and pumped his load deep into her.

He took her by the hair and dragged her back to the chair, positioning her with her mouth at his groin. “Clean up your mess, whore.” He snapped at her.

She was crying again from the frustration of being denied her orgasm, but licked him with acceptable enthusiasm, cleaning his shaft. He was holding her hair in a painful grip but she was doing all the work on her own. “Don't neglect the head. Tongue my slit.” He told her.

“Do you think you deserved to cum just now, slave?” He asked as she continued to work, now sucking gently on the tip of his cock, caressing it with her lips and sliding her tongue into his slit.

She looked up at him, looking for signs of what the right answer might be. “I.. I don't know Master.”

“I'll give you a hint. Whose pleasure were you thinking about at the end? Mine... or your own.”

She looked afraid. She didn't care yet about his disapproval. But she did fear its consequences. “My own, Master. I'm sorry.”

“You want a chance to show me you can please me?”

“More than anything.”

“Go over to that table and bring me your gag and the silver chain next to it.”

She was smart enough to crawl both ways. “Do you know what these are?” He held up the chain.

She shook her head.

“Nipple clamps.” He smirked down at her. “I think you are going to get along with them not at all.”

Hannah swallowed visibly. Based on how badly it had hurt when he'd bitten her breasts and nipples before, she didn't disagree.

“Now, lace your hands behind your head and kneel up.” He slapped her breast when she did it badly. “Arch your back, slave, offer your breasts to me. Make it easy for me to clamp you.”

She opened her elbows arched her back. He adjusted the angle of her elbows to where he wanted them. It hurt her shoulders to keep them so far back. “This is called Display.” He told her, catching her eye. “You'll remember, eh?”

She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

She didn't just wince, she shrieked when the first one went on, writhing back in an involuntary motion from the pain. But she scrambled back into position fast enough he didn't see the need to punish her. More than the clamps were already, anyway. The second one she was prepared for but still gasped when it went on, arching away from it involuntarily.

Jesus, they weren't even close to the worst ones he had. These pinched hard but they weren't serrated and the chain was light with barely any weight to it. He'd chosen them specifically because they were safe to leave on for a few hours. He'd seen men hang dumbbells on their slaves nipples. She was lucky he liked her breasts perky and sweet. She probably wouldn't have survived that.

But he did make a mental note to look online for something she could wear around the house. Something she could leave on all day. Something that she might do quite a bit for willingly in exchange for him taking them off.

He wasn't so naive, nor so romantic that he didn't recognize the stage of the relationship they were in. He didn't think she would rebel again, at least not so dramatically. But for now, her compliance remained transactional. She wanted to please him to keep him happy, not because she felt anything for him in particular. She would have done the same for any man with the right set of circumstances.

It was the stage he and Katarina had stalled at.

She had broken for him only in the sense that she did what he demanded. She had never loved him. Never worshiped him.

“I'm going to take these off you when I cum, Hannah. *Whenever*, I cum.”

He looked at his watch. “In fifteen minutes there is a match on between Germany and Hungary. I'm going to take you upstairs with a blindfold on and enjoy your mouth while I

watch it. I don't want to cum before the final minute. If you get me too hard, I'll fuck your mouth and that will be that. I'll take the clamps off. But if you want to please me, it will be a good blowjob that finishes *after* the game. Do you understand?"

She nodded.

"A football match is ninety minutes, you know this right?" She nodded again. He smirked. "Better hope they don't go into overtime, eh?"

She swallowed. "

"Mouth open." She obeyed, letting him put in the gag.

It didn't surprise him that it was the blindfold that she had the most trouble with. Even compared to the clamps. Her hands flew up to his wrists involuntarily when he slid it over her eyes, as if she meant to push him away or stop him. But he gave her a moment to repent, knowing that it was probably reflex more than a conscious desire to disobey. With perceptible effort, she made herself return her hands to lace behind her head. He always used a black silk scarf from a specific French mark for a blindfold. It was thick enough that it did a terrific job blocking out any spec of light and the visual effect was fantastic. Slaves always looked so helpless in them, like kidnapping victims in some nineteen-twenties black and white film.

"I'm going to tie your hands so you're not tempted to take that off."

She nodded, tears already rolling from beneath the black silk. She mumbled something against the gag that was probably "alright, Master."

He tied her wrists behind her back and then added another tie at the elbows and mid upper arms. The effect was that her shoulders were pulled back painfully, thrusting her breasts forward to be better displayed. She groaned when he added the last tie and pulled it tight.

Feeling rather jovial he bent and lifted her easily, throwing her over one shoulder. It was almost a playful gesture, one he might have done if he were her boyfriend, trying to impress her with how strong he was. But of course, he wasn't her boyfriend. And being gagged and blindfolded made it a shocking, unsettling experience. She shrieked in surprise and fear against the gag, kicking her legs.

Still, it didn't spoil his mood. He slapped her ass, now hanging over his shoulder, a stinging swat. "Be grateful bitch, the alternative was to drag you by the hair."

There was a billiard room at the far end of the house. It had a games table and a poker table on one end. The other was taken up by a comfortable leather couch and a n enormous flatscreen. There was even a small counter and some small fridges beneath a rack on the wall in one corner, clearly what had been intended to be an alcove bar, though it wasn't stocked.

Overall the room had potential, but felt neglected. He wasn't surprised. He had never seen his father play billiards or poker. Those games were not the kind that gave Archard Wolf pleasure. Elias on the other hand enjoyed both.

He should ask his housekeeper in Berlin to get some of the best of his collection of football jerseys framed and sent to him. He could buy some nice bar stools, stock the fridges and drinks rack with the best beer and liquor Germany had to offer and he could imagine watching many matches in this room like a king. His little slave at his feet of course, ready to serve him in any way. She could fetch him beers or whatever he felt like (whiskey and her ass if his team was losing).

As it was at least he'd had the foresight to put a case of beer in the fridge for himself. He got one out for himself and set it on the little table at one end of the couch.

He arranged himself on the couch comfortably and settled her between his legs. He would have liked to put her on the couch beside him and hog tie her. Like that she would have to arch her neck to keep her head off his cock and it would force her to take him deeper into her throat. But she shouldn't be allowed on the furniture. Not yet.

He flicked on the television and took her head in one hand, guiding her to his cock.

She looked incredible: so submissive and sweet at his feet. He took out his camera and took a few photos. He particularly liked one in which he had taken her by the hair to pull her off his cock and angle her head to capture her features a bit better. A little line of drool and precum had been suspended between her soft, pink lower lip, swollen from service, and the tip of his cock.

He took a few more with her off his cock and up fully on her knees to get the nipple clamps into the picture. A few more with her lips at his base, the harsh way the ropes pulled her arms tight captured as she was forced to bend forward.

When he was satisfied with the photos, he pushed her head back down to his shaft.

The game was a good one, tense and with a lot of action. But he was always monitoring the mouth on his cock in the back of his mind, making sure she wasn't getting too eager, getting him too hard, or slacking and not paying attention to keeping him satisfied. He had to admit though, she was doing a good job. She used her tongue on his shaft and tip, took him all the way down, gagged herself until she cried. But it was never too much, never too fast that he tipped into needing to finish in her immediately.

At halftime he decided she was ready for the final element of this test.

From the drawer of the table beside him he took out the wearable vibrator he had put in their earlier in the day. It was a premium item that was molded to the contours of a female body. It would stay in her easily without panties and with her legs spread. It was controlled with a remote and a dial that went from one to seven. She froze when she heard it flick on. He wasn't sure she knew what it was but the sound was enough to startle her. She would get all too well acquainted soon enough however. He switched it back off. He pulled her off his cock and to her feet.

“Legs apart.”

She let out a little breath as he slipped it into her of surprise but not discomfort. After taking him for so many days the slim little thing barely compared. He pushed her back down and she resumed her sucking.

“What you have in your is a vibrator slave. It's a devilish little thing... as you're about to find out.” He stopped himself. He had almost said, *your sister fucking loved it*. Instead he said, “don't cum before I do or there will be consequences.”

She understood the task. She did a fairly good job too. She would still freeze or tense when he changed settings or got her too close to orgasm and she had to focus all her energy not to cum. But otherwise she managed to keep up as she had.

And she managed to last to the last minute of the game (overtime, but a German win that put him in a good mood so she should count herself lucky).

“Alright, slave, I'll cum in your mouth now.” He said as the camera panned over the cheering audiences.

The enthusiasm she gave him was incredible. He couldn't believe this was the same girl who no more than a week ago he'd had to hold down to put his cock in her mouth. She still wasn't very skilled, though again it was hard to tell what her abilities would be without the gag, but her innocent desire to please was more than enough to get him where he wanted. He thrust his hips up into her throat, pushing her down. “Take it down your throat.”

He jerked his hips and pulled back, spilling into her mouth and not her throat this time. “Don't swallow, slave.” he told her as he drew back. “Let me see my spend in you.”

She obeyed, lips raw from her work. He pumped himself with his hand and managed to get another little thrill of pleasure and some more seed spilled from the head of his cock. He dragged it over her lips, as if it were lipstick, leaving a glistening sheen over them.

He turned off the vibrator. “Alright bitch, swallow.”

She obeyed. “Lick your lips.”

She couldn't quite do it with the gag but she tried. He took it off and she exhaled with relief, licking her lips properly.

She turned her face hopefully to him, shuffling forward and raising onto her knees. She couldn't put her hands behind her head but she was clearly asking for the clamps to come off.

“Are you done sucking my cock yet, slave?” He asked, voice low and dangerous.

Beneath the silk handkerchief, her brow twist in confusion. When she realized what he wanted, her mouth opened in horror. “Sorry, Master, I forgot!” She exclaimed. She bent forward, groping blindly with her tongue out until she found his cock. She licked around the head carefully, cleaning the slit almost lovingly and then taking to the shaft with broad strokes of her tongue. When he was satisfied he dried himself on her hair and tucked himself away.

He took her under the armpits and raised her back to kneeling up. She gasped as the blood returned but not as much as she had when they went on and clearly she was glad to have them off.

He pocketed the clamps and her gag, took out the vibrator. She made a little disappointed moan as it left her. She was sopping and had clearly wanted to cum but she knew better than to protest further. He hefted her over his shoulder again before he was tempted to let her stay longer upstairs. He had made a plan, he had to remind himself to stick to it. Not to let his desire to see her happy get the best of him. He would be able to stand it if she became spoiled, like Katarina had.

Back down in the cellar he put her down in her corner and took off the blindfold.

“Well slave, what do you think you've earned?” He asked calmly.

She shook her head, tears welling up but not overflowing. “I... I did it to please you, Master. Only for that reason.”

“Lying bitch. You want me to leave the light on.”

She let out a shuddering breath. “If that's what you think... Then leave me as I am... only please say you'll come back.” It clearly pained her to offer it and he was almost afraid of how it made him feel, the warmth that suddenly filled his chest.

“Come back so you don't starve you mean.”

“I haven't asked for food.” She said softly and her face twisted in agony as she admitted a hard truth. “You're... you're the only person in my life now. The only thing in the world that I have. I only want... want you to like me, care for me... *You brought back the light*. I owe you everything. I just want you to be happy with me.

She was crying again and he could hear her heart breaking in the sobs. Not like she had cried when he hurt her, even when he raped her, but like she had in the dark. Like she was a lost little girl again, waiting for her only family to come back. How she must have felt when she realized Katarina wouldn't return... He had never imagined it.

Suddenly he could imagine it more vividly. She would have been like this, vulnerable and tearful.

She had done it to please him. She wanted his approval. Wanted to keep him near at any cost. She wasn't broken yet, certainly far from fully trained. But it was a beginning. He wanted her to look at him like Jessica looked at Max: with love, with... adoration. He wanted her to look at him and see a God. She wasn't there yet. But this was a big step forward.

He put his hand on her cheek and she turned into it so gratefully. She put her head in his large hand and sobbed. When he allowed this she shuffled forward, putting her head against his strong thigh and crying hard. He stroked her hair until she gentled under his touch. She pressed a soft kiss to his thigh over the thick, expensive trousers. It wasn't sexual but reverent.

“Thank you, Master.”

She was thanking him for the touch, the comfort of allowing her to be close to him.

She didn't try to stop him when he left. How could she have? She sat back on her heels, as close to Kneel as she could get and watched him go up the stairs.

She was still in Kneel when he came back fifteen minutes later and he had the impression she hadn't moved, even though she hadn't expected his return. She startled when the door opened again. And shuffled her knees more widely apart.

He came forward and crouched in front of her. He pulled back the blindfold and undid the bonds on her arms. She put her hands on her thighs immediately, face up, watching him out of the corner of her eye.

He went and got the mattress, pulled it into her corner. He set the basket he had brought down next to it and sat down on the mattress. She looked at him, wary. He gestured with a hand for her to come forward and she was in his arms in a flash, back exactly the way he had arranged her when she woke and he had fed her after the stint in the darkness. She slid under one arm, lying across his chest as though he was some conquering hero of antiquity and she his spoils of war. Her bare breasts were against his fine cotton T shirt and she shyly reached up to take hold of the fabric over his heart.

She had a good memory. Good attention to detail. Born to serve.

She looked up at him and he could see worry in her eyes. He had liked her this way once before. He had arranged her thus himself. Surely he couldn't object to it? Surely it was what he wanted?

He laughed and kissed her nose playfully. “Eager little slave.”

She only blinked up at him with wide blue eyes, unsure but so, so so very desperate to stay where she was, to keep him in the indulgent mood he was in. She was clearly very nervous that she might say the wrong thing and have this taken away from her.

“I never asked but is there anything you're allergic too? Anything you don't eat?”

She shook her head.

“You can tell me if there is. You won't be punished.”

“I don't like sour beer. Or sour anything really.”

“No pickles for you then?”

She made a face, shaking her head.

He stroked her hair. “Ah, Hannah, you haven't tried the right German pickles. That's all.”

To his utter surprise, she laughed. A little tinkling sound that seemed so out of place in the cellar it almost seemed amplified, like it was a hundred times louder than it had been. “Was that... was that a joke?” She giggled. “Because really... you're more like a cucumber *before* it's been shrunk in brine.”

He found himself laughing too. Because first of all, it was funny. And second because she said it with such joy he would have been charmed no matter what. He cupped her ass with one hand. “At least when you're around, eh?” He said with a wink.

He was surprised it didn't break the mood, a joke about sex, about his cock, between her and her rapist. But she really did seem to be just grateful for what she had for the moment: warm arms around her, light and someone to talk to.

He opened the basket and took out a bottle of water. He held it up and let her drink until it was gone. “God, I was thirsty, thank you.”

She didn't say, *sucking your cock for an hour and a half was hard work*. Katarina would have. She would have tried to make him feel guilty for asking so much. But Hannah was only grateful that he thought to slake her thirst.

He took out the little loaf of bread rolled in seeds and a pot of butter. He broke it in half and buttered one side generously, then tore off a piece for her. She ate two morsels and then turned her face to him. “What about you?”

He smiled. “This is for you.”

“You're not hungry? It seems rude to eat in front of you.” She said blushing. “I know that sounds silly but...”

All light his little blond angel.

He was worried about her nutrition. She had lost so much weight he could feel each vertebrae and each rib easily beneath the hand on her back. But he didn't want to discourage the idea that she should think of him, always, even if for now it was only a manifestation of a tumultuous upbringing.

“Very well.” He took the next bite for himself. He could always get her more.

They ate the roll together, though he was careful to give her most of it, then the split the boiled egg he had brought her. He took out an apple and cut it into slices. She looked carefully away from the knife. She had learned her lesson with the phone.

“Do you.. do you know anything about me?” She asked as he fed her bits of apple. “I mean more than just my name and that I was your waitress.”

“I had a PI send me a file on you. I know some things from that.” It wasn't a lie, not exactly, to leave Katarina and what she had told him about her sister, out. “Where you went to school, where you've worked, things like that. Anything official, anything written down, you can assume I know.”

“Am I allowed to ask about you?”

He considered for a moment. “I won't punish you for asking, but I may chose not to answer.”

“Can I ask your name?”

It would go on her slave collar one day so what was the harm? “*Elias Frederick Wolf*.” He said, letting himself pronounce it in the proper, German way. “You are not to call me that though. Even Herr Wolf I would punish you profoundly for.”

She nodded seriously. “Alright so I know you're call... I know your name. And I know you watch football. And clearly you work out.” She said with a small smile.

“I run and lift weights.” He allowed himself the sound modest, only to underscore his own achievement. He was proud of his body and he worked hard for it.

“What do you do? I mean you wear nice clothes so you must have a very good job or come from money or something.”

“I am in investment. Before that I was in the army for seven years. I got out when my father died. He left me quite a bit of money. But since his death I've made enough to make what he gave me seem insignificant.”

“Did you see combat?”

“Yes.” He'd put down riots in Kiev at one point in his service. A bloody business as some idiot fired on civilians the first day they arrived, and then it was nothing but Molotov cocktails and burning cars for weeks. She would have been seven at the time.

“I bet you were very brave.”

He examined her tone for any sarcasm but found none. He was proud of his army service. He'd won medals, some quite prestigious.

He was surprised by her questions. Maybe she was too smart to ask openly about the house, where they were, who he knew, why he had taken her. But he didn't get that sense from her. She seemed genuinely interested. And those wide blue guileless eyes would make it so easy to spot a lie in them.

“How are you German though? When I served you at the cafe I was sure you were British when you spoke. You sounded so very... oh what's that word? Posh.”

She said it like poosh. “Posh.” He corrected.

“Posh.” She repeated it correctly this time.

“My father is German and I've lived in Germany most of my life. But I went to school in England. You don't survive long in a public school there if you speak like a foreigner.”

“I could listen to you talk for the rest of my life. That's what I thought when you spoke to me.” She said. “I'd never heard anyone speak like you did in real life, like they do on the

BBC.”

“I doubt that, in the restaurant you worked at.”

She let out a little bark of a laugh. “It was my first day. Jesus I was so happy. I thought I would always get a big tip like you gave me and then I'd be able to afford some place better to live, tights without runs in them...” She trailed off into a wide yawn.

She put her head down on his chest, little fingers curling in the collar of his polo. He stroked her hair and her eyes dropped shut. She sighed contentedly and in a moment, was fast asleep. He took out his phone and snapped a few photos of her happily asleep on his chest. She was so beautiful like that.

When he was sure she was asleep he disentangled himself from her limbs and arranged her on the thin mattress. After a moment of consideration he went to where his discarded sports jacket lay on the floor from the day before. He shook it free of dust and then settled it over her shoulders.

But he still turned the light out when he left.

Chapter End Notes

I have so much pent up energy after reading the last chapter of *If I Can't Have You*, I HAD to post this chapter.

Chapter 7

Chapter Notes

Happy Thanksgiving! I meant to post this chapter at the beginning of the weekend but instead got crushed at work. But then Deathsdoll posted the BEAUTIFUL Chapter 19 of If I Can't Have You last night and inspired the shit out of me. Jesus she writes good stuff. Let me know what you think!

The next time he came down Hannah was...eager to see him.

A large part of her hated that fact. But she was too honest to pretend to herself it wasn't true. The past few days had given her a strange and fearful sense of hope. Those precious moments lying on his chest, talking about something normal had been more nourishing than the food he had brought her. He had given her something to look forward to. It was impossible to resist the feeling of anything other than sickening, miserable dread of what was to come next.

Even the dark, though she still hated it, was more manageable. She could close her eyes and imagine her Master's broad shoulders, large hands, the way his muscles were so warm and hard beneath her cheek. *Elias Frederick Wolf*. The name suited him. Handsome, strong, powerful. She was lucky, she told herself, that it had been him and not someone else. It could have been way worse for her. Someone ugly and mean who only hurt her. He had shown her he had the ability to be kind to her, at least some of the time.

She shouldn't think that made a difference. She knew that. But the thought floated above her in the dark, more incorporeal than her fantasies about her Master.

The football match had been agony. Her nipples and jaw had ached for hours after he had left. But those moments he had spent with her afterward, feeding her, speaking to her, had been...transformative. Some part of her had never expected to feel good again. Even the pleasure he had shown her in her orgasms always came with pain, humiliation and deep shame. When he'd left her in the dark she had expected to die.

Being held felt like a rebirth.

Had she ever been held like that? She couldn't remember being picked up as a child, though she must have been. She couldn't remember the last time someone had touched her more intimately than a brisk, friendly hug. The winter before she was taken the heater had broken and she and Katarina had had to share a bed as they could only heat one room of the house with the small space heater. But Kat had never liked to be touched and had curled away from her.

And being fed by him? She shivered at the memory. She knew she should hate it. She understood it was meant to humiliate. And she didn't like to eat off the floor. But her relationship to eating from his hand was... more complex. It felt good. She didn't want it to, but she couldn't deny that she enjoyed it. It was intoxicating to watch him select for her the next morsel she would eat. He was capable of such cruelty, to see him be caring felt... like something to be savored very, very carefully.

She flew into Kneel as he came down the stairs.

She was happy when she saw he was smiling, in an apparently good mood. But a good mood did not mean he would take it easy on her. Hannah thought she couldn't have hated anything worse than the pillory but she was to realize she had been wrong. Very wrong indeed.

He came to sit in his usual chair and she crawled to him immediately, kissing his shoes. When she felt she had humbled herself sufficiently she looked up, checking non-verbally that she could stop and resume Kneel.

He could convey so much with a look. How little he needed to do to control her. A different expression and she would have bent her head again and returned to her task. But instead she shuffled forward and came up to her knees between his legs.

When he had taught her the positions he wanted her to submit to him in he had told her she should invite his touch, to try to make herself more appealing to him with the way she presented herself. It was so much easier to do if she imagined next he might caress instead of strike. She arched her shoulders and neck back, presenting her breasts and the vulnerable skin over her collarbone.

His large hands closed around her ribs and lifted her gently to her feet. When she was standing he turned her so she was facing away from him.

“Bind.”

She obeyed immediately.

He tied her hands in a box formation behind her back. It wasn't uncomfortable and she couldn't say she minded. Then he wound the rope next beneath and above her breasts and around each shoulder until he had made a kind of harness with the rope. Again, it was surprisingly comfortable and she had enjoyed the attention he had shown her, the touch that was not painful as he worked. All in all, a good deal she thought.

She was wet from it, though that thought she swept away, unwilling to examine it.

He undid her shackle and took her to stand beneath a large wooden frame like a door but much wider and taller set against the stone to one side of the cellar. He connected a rope from the harness around her chest and put it through a pulley that was drilled into the underside of the top part of the sturdy frame. He pulled the rope taught until her toes were just brushing the surface of the stones with no weight on them. She had been afraid, rising up onto her toes until she couldn't but again, she was pleased to find it was hardly uncomfortable. It was a bit more difficult to breathe with all her weight supported by the ropes but he had tied her

carefully so no one part of the rope took too much pressure. It was almost relaxing, like being held very tightly.

“Try to pull your legs up into the splits.” He said.

She drew her legs up as far as she could but she was neither flexible enough, nor strong enough. She didn't manage to even get close.

He clucked his tongue. “How disappointing. Seems my slave needs a lesson in flexibility and discipline.”

He caught her thighs with his broad, strong hands and pulled them up, stretching them until her muscles began to tense and pull against him.

He pushed and she gasped as he pulled her legs farther up. She had never been terribly flexible. By one hundred and twenty degrees she was sweating, by one hundred and fifty she was afraid her muscles would tear. He relented, letting her relax aback to the full splits.

“Could use some work, wouldn't you say, slave?”

“Yes... sir...” She gasped, panting.

He wound a rope around each ankle and then looped them over the same pulley she dangled from. He pulled the ropes down and wound them around his powerful fists. A tug from either of his fists would send one leg up, jerking higher. He pulled them evenly until she was fully spread before him. With the wall behind her she couldn't pull her legs behind her. He pulled until her legs were just past one hundred and twenty degrees and then tied the ropes off to keep her there.

He was dressed casually, just slacks and a polo. He opened the slacks and took out his cock. She had thought the lack of belt had meant something positive, that he was in a good mood, a merciful mood. And he'd been so cheerful, letting him kiss his shoes and caressing her hair for a bit as they spoke before he ordered her back into Kneel. But good and merciful mood or not she was still sweating with pain, in agony to please him.

He placed himself at the entrance of her tight slit.

He never forgot to stroke himself through her slit. “God your little pussy is perfect. I sometimes wonder how you can take me. I can't wait to see what you do when I put it up your tight little ass.” He slid his cock between the pillows of her ass. When his cock brushed her star it made her twitch in her bonds in fear. “Your screams are going to be so sweet.”

She had wondered so many times why he hadn't already. Clearly he was interested. And he'd taken everything else from her. And there was no question he could do so at any time. Even when she wasn't tied up as she was it would be the work of a moment to subdue her enough to force his way in. Why restrain himself? But she had a better sense of self preservation than to start a line of questioning that ended up with his enormous cock in her ass.

He reached up and pulled the ropes that connected her legs, forcing her a bit farther toward the splits as he pushed into her. She arched her back at the sensation of him breaching her. Every time was like the first time. Would she ever get used to the incredible stretch of

accommodating him? He set up a slow pace, deep but timed thrusts that made her bounce agonizingly on her stretched legs.

He pulled the ropes a bit more and she began to really wail with each thrust. The irony of it was that when he pushed in it relieved the pain in her legs, only at the expense of the pain in her cunt as he banged painfully against her cervix. When he slid out her legs stretched farther, meaning that at all times she was at about an even plateau of pain. Well, perhaps a bit more at the deepest part of his thrust. Elias was a big man, after all.

She was like a marionette on his string. Up her ankles went at his will, in his cock went, buried in her pussy. And that thought... suddenly she was aware of a new element in the ache in her cunt and her legs, something arousing. This man was completely in control of her. She dangled before him, for his use and he took her without restraint, without apology. Like it was his right to spread her legs open, expose the tender flesh between them, push himself into the deepest part of her.

She was so exposed, so vulnerable. Her hands were tied, useless, behind her back and her legs were spread, her pussy and asshole open and exposed. And Elias... her Master, stood between them. His body loomed over hers. The hands that reached up to grasp the two ropes that controlled her legs were so strong and powerful they felt like bars of a cage. She looked up and he was above her too, glaring down at her, face hard with arousal and some others emotions she couldn't quite distinguish. Rage, certainly, but there were others there, dark, brutal thoughts that the sight of her displayed like this evoked in him.

But there was focus there too, a mastery not just of her but of himself as well. This was a man who thought things through. Who never hesitated. Who always had a plan, a tight grip, control.

This was not a man who worried the shift manager at a restaurant was going to fire him, that the land lord would refuse to take a promise of pay next month. He didn't have to think about if he had enough money for the bus or a pastry on the way to work. If his sister had gone missing he would have been able to burn down the world to find her. She had never even met a man like him, except to serve him coffee or a meal with a polite smile. Now he had her naked, spread, his cock farther into her than she imagined possible.

She had always lived at the mercy of men who would have deferred to Elias without so much as a word. Men who didn't care if she went to bed hungry. Wouldn't even notice if the soles of her shoes wore thin and her feet ached with cold by the time she got to work.

And if he never let her go? Could she live in the palm of his hand, beneath his hard body? He would choose where she went, what she ate, when she bent and yielded to him... everything.

It felt so safe.

Tied like this she would be vulnerable to anyone. Another man who came down the steps could easily stand where he stood and fuck her as he liked. But not with Elias there. He would decide who had access to her, when she could come down, when she would have mercy. If she only accepted that... she would have nothing to fear. If he decided for her, he could *decide*.

Life in Kiev there had been no one in charge. Bad things happened to her (let go from a job, the radiator that broke without the money to fix it) at random. There was no will behind it, no decisions, no intelligence that calculated how her misery and her pleasure was rationed out to her. But *he* had stepped into that role. *He* decided when she was punished and when she was rewarded. There would be nothing arbitrary anymore. Her pain, her pleasure, all of it the decision of a terribly rational mind.

She clenched hard on his cock, arching up with a little cry of mixed anguish and arousal.

At first, she had been ashamed that she got aroused when he raped her. Now, she was only glad of it. He usually allowed her to cum since he knew it was intensely humiliating, and it offered very brief reprieve in the pain required to satisfy him. She began to clench on his cock, reaching for that crescendo, grinding her pussy on the hard muscles of his abdomen when he was fully inside her.

But it was so hard. The pain in her legs and pussy seemed to both push her closer to that dizzying release she wanted and also seemed to make the possibility of it retreat maddeningly.

“Please... oh please, Master...”

“Good slut, fuck me like the slutty little whore you are.”

“Thank you....” She gasped. “Thank you, oh please, oh thank you.”

“Beg for it.”

“Please... please let me cum on your cock while you rape me.”

He swore in German and began to stroke into her harder. “Look what you do to me, girl. So fucking hard for you. That tight little body is enough to drive a man man.”

She felt like she might cry from the intensity of her need to cum. “It's yours... yours... Master... my body is yours.... please just let your slave cum.”

He caught her lips with his, a brutal, sharp kiss. “Clench that little cunt. Make it good for me.”

She obeyed as best she could. It was clumsy and uncoordinated. She didn't really know how to do it and she was distracted with pain and her own rapidly approaching release. “Please... just please give me permission to cum.”

“Cum, slave. Cum on your Master's cock.”

“Thank you... oh God, oh please, oh Master, thank you!”

For the first time they came together. Her muscles clenching and he spurting deep into her.

When he was finished he looked down at her. Their faces were so much closer than they usually were when he finished with her. So often she was bent over in front of him, knelt

between his knees or prostrate before him. Even when they faced each other he towered over her. Tied at the right height to take him like this, she was much closer to being head to head with him. He usually didn't allow this intimacy. A strange word when she was bound dangling from the ceiling and her legs hurt more than she could have possibly imagined before meeting him.

He let go of the ropes until she was dangling again, her head back to mid-chest level. Still stretched but less agonizingly so. He took her chin violently with one hand, the other crashing against the wall beside her head.

“Open your mouth.”

His kiss was ravaging, savage, claiming. He parted her lips like an enemy force sweeping, overwhelmingly through her gates. He plunged into her, forcing her head back against the wall, arching her neck painfully. When he was done her lower lip had torn open. His cock was still thrust into her.

“Thank you?” He asked, voice hard. “What were you thanking me for, whore?”

“For.. for... for fucking me?” She asked timidly.

“Try again.”

It wasn't quite the truth but she couldn't think of a more honest answer. For commanding me to cum, for standing over me, for controlling me, for spreading me and showing me how vulnerable I am, how much I depend on your kindness for all in my life that is good. All of that seemed ridiculous to say.

Her torn lip trembled. “I don't know, Master. I don't know what I was thanking you for.”

He stepped back and slid out of her pussy. “Why don't I give you some time to think it over.”

He wiped his cock on her thigh and tucked himself away, zipping himself up carefully. He turned and walked up the stairs. She didn't even ask when he reached for the switch. The lights flicked off and she was plunged into darkness.

It was impossible not to panic. When would he come back? She was still hung in a painful stretch. How long would she have to stay like this? Would she pass out? Would she be able to tolerate the pain? The dark? For the first few moments her breath came rapid and shallow. She had to remind herself she would pass out if she continued to breathe like that. And unconscious she could hurt herself tied like this. She forced herself to take a few, slow, shuddering breaths.

Relax, she told herself, you have to relax into the stretch. If you let your muscles loosen it will be less painful. She focused on her thighs, letting go of the straining way she was clenching them to keep herself from being fully stretched.

Like that she sunk deeper into the stretch, which increased the strain. But there was relief too in having her muscles relax like that. She took in two more deep, shuddering breaths.

She could feel his cum sliding out of her, very slowly. A little bit dripped down onto the floor beneath her. She made herself count the drops as she felt them splash down.

One... two... three...

She focused on that instead of her burning legs, instead of the dark. She made herself think of how handsome he was standing over her: strong jaw and flashing blue eyes, all those muscles surrounding her, dominating her.

Her pussy clenched again and she groaned as her legs tensed as well, painfully.

Her Master. *He brought the light. He brought the light. He brought the light.* She had to trust him. To trust he would come back for her, that he wouldn't let any permanent damage come to her. He would let her down before her muscles truly tore.

He would decide. She had to let him decide. It was the only way to survive.

He is my Master. She told herself. There is a reason for what he does. He is a strong man, a calculating man, a smart man. He takes care of his clothes. His body. He would take care of her, if she only let him, if she only believed and trusted and didn't question.

She sank farther into the stretch and let out a little gasp of pain in the dark. Another bit of his cum slid out of her onto the floor. She focused on that and counted on.

She wasn't sure how much time passed before the light came on again. After a while minutes, seconds, hours felt all the same. She had sunk down below the surface of herself. She could feel that she was in pain, in abject agony. But it was abstract. She thought only of how it had felt when he had breached her, fucked her in this position. She imagined that in the next second he would thrust into her, taking the weight and stretch out of her legs.

The light came on and she looked up toward the stairs.

She was a mess. She had dripped onto the floor a mixture of his cum and her tears. She looked up at him with a desperate hope, pleading. She wasn't gagged but she didn't speak either as he came down the stairs and approached her. He was holding a leather riding crop.

He started by striking her firmly across each thigh, leaving a long, red welt where the body of the crop landed. She screamed, her muscles screaming as she tensed. "What did you learn today?"

"Trust." She let out a shuddering breath. "To trust you will come back."

He seemed content enough with that answer.

Still, he struck her again with the crop, another smack across each thigh. "You will stretch." He told her.

"Yes! Yes... Yes, Master!"

Not a question, not even really a command. He said it like a fact. She would stretch.

“Once you can do this splits, I will bring some tools to start stretching past that. I expect my slaves to be limber, to bend as I wish them to.” He squeezed on cheek of her ass had enough that she squirmed, gasping and panicked.

She nodded, frantically. “Yes... yes, sir, yes I will stretch.”

“You should be able to spread your legs much wider than just the splits if I demand. Isn't that right slave?” He took one thin thigh into his large hand. His fingers dug in so painfully she would surely have five bruises where his fingers were.

She cried out, arching up in pain. “Yes!... yes, Master!... yes I should. I will... I promise I will... just please.... Master, please.”

“I want you to focus on learning the splits first. But you should be able to bend forward over your legs as well in case I want to tie them back to expose your holes.”

“Yes... yes, sir, I will... I promise I will.”

“What were you thanking me for, whore?” He repeated the question she had failed to answer satisfactorily the first time.

She gasped. “For being my Master.”

He trailed a hand over her cheek, almost gently. “Good enough for now, Hannah.”

He undid the ropes that held her legs painfully stretched. She gasped with relief as the came down to dangle beneath her. He reached up and undid the rope that kept her suspended. She pitched forward into his arms, unable to hold her own weight on trembling, abused legs.

He scooped her up in his arms and took her to the mattress, where he had left a small basket. He arranged her so she knelt forward, breasts pressed against his chest. With her arms tied behind her it was a decidedly submissive position. She couldn't force herself up to run. She could barely force herself up to look at him. Her knees straddled one large thigh and she looked up at him, hoping for mercy.

He caressed the side of her face gently, then ran his hand down her back and flank. Like he was gentling a horse. He cupped her ass and brought her up roughly so she straddled him more completely. It underscored only how easy it was for him to move her, how helpless she was.

She lay across his chest, chin up to meet his face. He reached into the basket and brought some soft cheese and baguette and a small bar of chocolate wrapped in bright foil. He snapped off a corner of the chocolate and held it out. She opened her mouth and took what he gave her.

“Thank you,” She murmured softly.

He ran a hand up her spine and she shivered with pleasure.

“Like that, whore?”

“Yes, thank you, Master.”

He stroked her lips. “You have a sweet tooth, don't you, Hannah.”

His voice was conversational and she fought not to show how much she wanted to cry with relief at the change in tone. Had she earned a bit of time being treated with kindness? With some kind of regard? Had the hours or minutes or days or months she'd spent with her legs stretched as wide as was possible, been enough?

She cast her eyes down and let out a small huff of a giggle. “I am sorry, Master. I do.”

He let his thumb trail over her cheek. “Just like a woman, to be so weak.”

She wanted another bit of the chocolate, more food, to stay in his arms for any amount of time she could. So she just looked up at him and let her desperation for him shine through. She knew he wanted that. Wanted her to be willing to do anything if he would just stay. What did it matter if she gave him what he wanted? It was true, after all. She would give him anything to stay.

“Yes, sir.”

“Have you always had one?”

She thought back. “I think so. I can't remember a time I didn't want candy. But... there was only a very little and very rarely.”

“The coco I put on the floor,” he smirked down on her, “if I'd known you were so desperate for sweets I would have had you give me much more than just your pussy.”

She swallowed. “I would have done more. Much more, for that. For any food.”

“Of course you would. You're a whore.”

“Yes, sir.”

He cupped her chin. “Say it.”

“I'm a whore.”

“Good girl.”

He spread some soft cheese on a slice of baguette and put it in her mouth piece by piece. She chewed slowly, hoping to draw the process out. But he didn't appear annoyed or in any hurry. He waited until she was finished before offering her the next morsel.

“You were born to eat from my hands.”

“I like it.” She admitted shyly.

There was a slight twitch at the corner of his mouth that was undeniably a smile. “Do you?”

She blushed and nodded. "I do." When he said nothing she went on. "I... it just feels good. It's like... I mean you aren't thinking of anything else when you do it. Just me. Just what I... what I have earned or what you want to give me next."

He smirked. "And when I give you nothing? When you go hungry for days?"

She swallowed and considered her words carefully. "I suppose I haven't earned anything, then."

He caressed her cheek fondly. "Someday you will realize how true your words are. You were born to be sweet and submissive. I can see the potential in you. You just have to unlearn all these nasty bad habits you have acquired and you will be perfect for me."

"I want to be perfect for you." She said, taking a shuddering breath. "I will try."

He tore off a bit more baguette and she opened her mouth.

"We shall see."

Over the next few weeks he fed her up and fucked her regularly.

She was so well-behaved, so nearly loving even, he was increasingly tempted to leave the lights on for her. She would be so grateful for it. And she was so sweet when she was thankful, eager to please him, eager to open herself up to him. But he eventually decided against it. He wanted to enforce a dichotomy for now: fear and darkness, or his presence. There would be no inbetween. She associated him with light already. *You brought the light, Master*. He wanted to encourage this pattern in her mind.

Besides, she was grateful when the lights came back on, he reminded himself. That he liked very much as well. It showed that she was beginning to accept his dominion over her, not to question the decisions he made. She had stopped asking for the lights, stop asking why he turned them off or pleading with him not to. She was beginning to see it as his right to decide. Not something she could question.

This was a protective mechanism for her, a way she kept herself sane. It would be too difficult to hold the cognitive dissonance between him as her captor and tormentor and him as the man who was responsible for all of her joy. Since she couldn't forget what he did to her, she was beginning to rationalize it. He could see her beginning to make excuses to herself. He lashed her buttocks and the insides of her thighs raw... but she should have spent more time stretching, should have made more progress. He fucked her painfully but she should have gotten more wet, spread her legs better for him. If her jaw ached after he fucked her mouth it just meant she needed more practice.

He wasn't entirely cruel to her however. She did earn other rewards though.

He bathed her again, this time with a bucket of warm water and some expensive conditioner from Spain that he worked through her hair and then brushed free of tangles with a comb. She had been so clearly happy to be clean, she treated having her head dunked in a bucket of warm water as if he'd offered her a bubble bath in his enormous bathtub upstairs. She had loved the feeling of him combing her hair, loved more that he was focused on her, pulling the comb gently through her locks. She had almost been disappointed when he was finished and pushed her head against down into the bucket of water to rinse it free. They were both soaking wet by the time he was finished working out the knots. So he went upstairs to change.

It was only when he came back down the stairs and saw her that he realized, with a stomach churning sense of dread, that he had forgotten to chain her back up. In reality was a small thing, not like she could have escaped. There was still the cellar door, him, the ten mile swim back to Croatia, not to mention his own physical superiority, that would have prevented her from escaping. But it was the first time she had seen him make a mistake.

He did not doubt that she had noticed. She was trembling in Kneel, more afraid than he was if he had to guess. Her arms were shaking as he stepped forward and put the chain back on her leg. When she was secure again she let out a sigh of relief and collapsed forward, hugging his knees.

She was ready. He knew it with the same infinite clarity he knew when a business deal was good, that he was right to take her. He stroked a hand through her wet hair and, without speaking, unbuckled his belt. He had been waiting for a sign and with each passing day it had been increasingly difficult to hold himself back.

He took out his cock.

“Open your mouth.”

She obeyed, trembling, looking up at him with uncertain, blue eyes.

“Suck it, slave, like you know I like it.”

She was so hesitant. After all the times he'd cum down her throat but now she was so shy. It was sweet really, the hesitant way she wrapped her lips around his cock and sucked him into her mouth. Her eyes were on his face and in them he saw how anxious she was to please him, that she was worried she wouldn't be able to without the help of the gag. That alone was

enough to make his dick throb. But then she began to use her tongue and he groaned, head falling back in pleasure.

His hand clenched in her hair but he forced himself not take over. He wanted to see what she would do on her own.

The gag had been so much more of an impediment than he had imagined and her skills had become perhaps better than they would have if she had trained without it. Most women did not learn to give a blowjob with a gag in their mouth, hands tied behind their backs and unable to prevent themselves from being forced down farther than they wanted to go. But Hannah had no experience before he had fucked her mouth. She had different set of expectations. No bad habits. She was used to working hard when she sucked his cock, used to an aching jaw and swollen lips. She expected it to hurt. So she didn't try to hold back, to spare herself. She was generous, gagging herself and keeping her jaws wide to make sure there was no hint of teeth. Just as a slave ought to be.

She flicked her tongue over the underside of him, swirled it around the head and then pushed forward until she gagged hard, throat spasming against his cock wonderfully. She held herself there, choking and trembling, watering eyes turned to him. He could tell she was hoping for and sign of approval. But he didn't want to spoil that perfect fervor to please in her eyes.

She came back to the tip of him, gasping but not forgetting to pleasure him with her tongue, stroking his cock back and forth as best she could as she tried to get in some air. Her eyes were so easy to read. *Please, Master, am I pleasing you? Tell me how I can please you?*

“Put your nose against my abdomen, lazy whore.” He said harshly.

It was hard for her to do without his help. She had managed it before with the gag and a little bit of pressure from his hand but now he offered her none. It took her three valiant tries but she never slid back to his head to rest. He had given her a command and she struggled until she obeyed it. Finally she managed to swallow him down, six inches at least in her esophagus, and press that cute little nose into the dark curls at the base of his cock.

“Hold.”

He brushed her hair to one side to better see his face, then took his phone out from his pocket and snap a few photos of her with her mouth around his cock.

Her throat felt wonderful. She was retching continuously, eyes closing intermittently involuntarily as tears filled them. She was panting hard through her nose. But he felt no movement of her head backward he needed to counter with his hand.

“Such a sweet, slutty little throat.” He hissed, voice tight with pleasure. “How good you look with my cock in your worthless fucking mouth, bitch.”

It took much longer than it needed to. Every stroke he made her touch her nose to his skin and she could only go so fast. In the end though when he was afraid the next stroke would be the last and he didn't want to cum anywhere but with his cock all the way rammed into her he took her head and made little violent thrusts of his hips on the last quarter inch, pulling her head back and forth violently until he spurted with a triumphant bellow into her throat.

He held her there for a long moment before pulling her slowly off of him. Even now that he was softening it was incredible to watch it come out of her mouth. How had it possibly fit in her? How had she even managed to open her jaw wide enough to fit in the head?

He didn't have to tell her to lick it clean, she went to her task without prompting, taking long strokes for the shaft and special attention to his glans. She was still struggling to regain her breath, still crying from the pain as she did it.

"Since I've only just washed your hair and it's still wet anyway you can forego drying it there. Put it back into my trousers and zip me up." He told her when he was satisfied. "But you may thank me for cumming in your throat."

"Thank you, Master, for cumming in my throat." She murmured.

"Thank me for using your mouth to pleasure myself."

"Thank you for using my mouth to pleasure yourself, Master."

He stroked her hair fondly and then ran a thumb over her lips. "Your mouth was made for it, slave. You were made to suck a man's cock."

"Made to suck your cock, Master." She said softly.

"Hmm?"

"I was made to suck your cock, Master."

He didn't comment on that remark. He went to sit in the chair and put down the basket beside him. "Attend."

This was a new command he had taught her but already it was her favorite. She loved it because she was allowed to sit between his legs and put her cheek against one of his broad, strong thighs and gaze up at him with adoring eyes. Her Master had a wonderful body. His legs were so thick and muscular beneath her cheek. One hand was to rest demurely next to her face (not so coincidentally close to his cock and sometimes he used this position to have her stroke his cock slowly while he did another task), the other in her lap. It felt so close, so intimate with him and she loved the chance to admire how handsome he was. Truly he was one of the most beautiful men she had ever seen. She knew that wasn't a thought he had put in her head because she could remember it from the restaurant.

The fact that she was usually fed in this position was her second favorite thing about it.

He rested the basket on a table beside him and got out a glass jug of milk and poured it into a little steel bowl. Her heart sank, expecting him to put it on the floor for her. She hated eating from the bowls on the floor. It was so demeaning and robbed her of the joy of taking it from his hand. But, instead, he tilted the bowl to her lips to make it easier for her to take. He gave her the whole thing and she drank quickly. The milk was rich and tasted so wonderful.

Next came some boiled potatoes and a delicious, spiced sausage that she moaned in pleasure when she tasted.

He laughed. "My little slave likes Knackwurst, does she?"

"I've never had it before but it's wonderful."

"It should be enjoyed with a nice German ale to taste it properly." He said. "There is a pub near my house in Gengenbach that makes an excellent Knackwurst with a very good ale to go with it."

She wondered why he was telling her that. She wanted to say she would like to try the food in that pub but didn't want him to remind her that she would never see anything but the inside of the cellar again. So instead she decided to focus on the things that *he* could do, to listen to him talk about the world that was still open to him.

"Where is Gengbach?" She asked.

"Gengenbach." He corrected.

"Gen-gen-bach." She tried again.

"Close enough." He sounded amused. "It's near the Black Forrest. It's known for the very nicely preserved medieval architecture, the Karnival and the Christmas Fair. The town hall is turned into a huge advent calendar with a door opened every day."

"Is that where you live... for most of the year?" She asked.

From the way he had spoken he made it sound as if they were not in the house in Gengenbach. She was worried about that. What if he would soon return there? What would happen to her? She reminded herself to focus on him, not to think about herself.

He laughed, "no, no. My main residence is in Berlin of course. That house I mostly visit in the summer. Occasionally I spend Karnival there but not every year."

"And the Christmas Fair?" It sounded wonderful to her.

He shrugged. "Not in many years. Not since I was a child."

When he had decided she had had enough he closed the basket. He was still keeping her hungry, never quite satiated. He liked how grateful she was to be fed. He liked even more how clear it was that she was growing to enjoy *being* fed.

Some slaves resisted being hand fed. Some Masters found it tedious. But Elias had always enjoyed the intimacy of feeding a woman who he had power over. He chose what she got, in what order, how much at a time, and she took it directly from his hand. For her, she had only to open her mouth to accept it. Her only choice, as ever, resist or submit.

It chafed more than rape for some women.

Not for Hannah though. He wondered when the last time someone had made a meal for her. Certainly after Kat left there was no one to do it. But before that? Kat had never been anything like maternal. Her mother must have given her food as an infant or she wouldn't have survived. But after that...Could she even remember a time when she had been fed?

He held out his hand to her again. She looked up, puzzled. "Lick them clean."

She didn't hesitate. She sat up until she knelt between her legs. Fully sat up on her knees her sweet, supple breasts were barely at his waist, even sitting. She took one large hand in both of hers and bent her head.

"Eyes up."

She looked up, as she knew she had to when his cock was in her mouth.

"Having newly washed your hair, it seems a shame to get it dirty again." He told her when he felt she had done a good enough job.

"I wouldn't mind mind." She said quickly.

She had enjoyed very much the experience of him washing her hair. The humiliation of having it used by him to dry his hands and cock was a small price to pay for the feeling of his hands working through her hair and his undivided attention on her for the duration.

He took out a handkerchief from his pocket. "Hmm." He did not seem convinced, drying his hands with the white cloth instead.

A few days later he came with something new in the basket.

He sat in his chair and after she had kissed his shoes in greeting he surprised her by opening the top. He had never fed her before she had pleased him. *Everything has to be earned, Hannah.*

"I don't want you to misunderstand this as a gift, Hannah." He said carefully, taking out several items and laying them out on the table. "I am giving this to you to please myself. You may enjoy it but that is not the purpose. Do you understand that?"

She nodded. She couldn't see what was on the table but now she was quite afraid. Whatever it was didn't sound good. "Yes, Master, of course."

"Kneel up."

She knew the command and rose off her ankles so she was able to see the contents of the table. It was quite a wide array of very fine makeup along with some brushes to apply it. She knew the marks but had never been able to afford any of them. There was also a little kit for depilation that did not require heating.

She looked at him with wide, excited eyes. "Oh, Master, it's wonderful."

“I'll turn the lights on a half hour before I come down from now on. I expect you to make yourself presentable in that time and be Kneeling for me when I arrive.” He said coldly. “As I said, the only purpose of this is to render yourself more pleasing to me. Do you understand that?”

She nodded. “I... that is how do you prefer me to wear it? What do you like?” She asked shyly.

He was pleased by the question. It showed she understood his meaning.

“Subtle, nothing whorish. What you were wearing in the cafe was fine. I will tell you if you make a mistake.”

She bit her lip. “And as for the waxing?”

“Legs, armpits and pussy should be kept bald for me.”

“That.. that will take longer than thirty minutes.”

Her hesitancy was so sweet.

“I will give you an hour this evening and every few days as you require it. This is also some lotion for you to apply afterward.”

“Thank you, Master.”

He was glad he had made the change. She was beautiful enough without make up to tempt him and her body hair was fine and soft. More important to him was that she was focused on pleasing him. He put the mirror far enough for her reach she couldn't shatter it to make it into a weapon. Gave her a comb instead of a hairbrush. But she squinted into the mirror and kept herself as neat as was humanly possible with the time and implements available.

It had the effect he had hoped for: priming her to be focused on pleasing him. She started out all of their interactions by thinking how she could make herself appealing to him, preparing herself mentally to obey him, hoping to make him happy. She was usually wet from it by the time he came down the stairs and more submissive than she had been. The thought she put into trying to attract him made her docile, subdued. It made her question her own beauty in his eyes and work even harder to make him happy with her.

She liked being bathed too and he indulged himself rather more than he had intended to. She didn't have much body odor so he could have gone a week or two without bathing her and never noticed. Hell, he'd fucked her for weeks without so much as a bucket of cold water over her.

But she was always so relaxed after he had bathed her.

Usually when he had finished with her hair he laid her down on the thin mattress and fucked her from behind. Her muscles were loose, she only moaned in pleasure no matter how hard he thrust.

Hannah went a day without thinking about her life before. Then two. Then a few more. It was so easy to just focus on the next task Elias set her: bend this way, take this beating, endure the dark, take his cock or learn a new position.

Her days revolved around his pleasure.

Chapter 8

Elias let this relative peace go on rather longer than was, probably, necessary. It was so nice to have her waiting for him when he came down the stairs. She was very early in her training, hardly a polished slave. But that would take years for her to even get close to perfecting. For her to learn all his preferences, to intuit how he would want her to behave, what would bring him pleasure.

For now he only wanted her to begin to try.

She didn't like what he did to her. That part he didn't mind. He couldn't change the fact that she wasn't a masochist and he would have found her less appealing if she were. When he put fucked her from behind and called her a whore, he meant for her to cry at the degradation. When he beat her he wanted to hear that sweet, desperate, keening sob in her voice as she begged him with all her heart for mercy. He wanted her to hate it, and do it anyway.

Because it was his right to do as he wished with her body.

She was beginning to accept this, at least partially. She didn't exactly want to please him yet, but she did want him to be pleased with her, to keep him in an indulgent, kind mood. It was a sign that she was accepting that this was her life now, the permanence and reality of her place as his slave.

When she looked up at him while she pleased him with her mouth he could see her anxiety that he enjoy it was real. When he ordered her onto her back or kneels for punishment or to fuck, she did it willingly, or at least promptly. With luck the cause of her fear and the fear would slowly become uncoupled. She would fear his displeasure merely because it was *his* displeasure. She would forget, eventually, that she had been originally trying only to avoid punishment.

She was making so much progress in the cellar, he didn't want to take a step back.

It might have gone on that way for ever longer, if there wasn't a question of where they slept. He woke hard most mornings. Often he went down to the cellar and pushed her onto her hands and knees for a quick fuck, or up against the wall to push into her throat. But he hated the cold, hard stone under his knees or on his hands as he leaned against the wall over her, and having to leave the comfort of his comfortable bed. And Hannah was usually stiff and shivering in the morning, hardly the warm, soft treat he would have liked.

Fucking her on that pathetic mattress had been necessary at the beginning to teach her her place but it was damn depressing.

So he started the process of beginning bring her upstairs.

Sucking him off during the football match had been a good first step but now he began to incorporate it more.

He decided she would join him for dinner.

He opened a very nice Syrah to air. He grilled a steak out on the patio and paired it with roasted potatoes. He dressed carefully: black slacks, a crisp blue button up and a silver Patek Philippe Nautilus that he had inherited from his father. He shaved, styled his hair and applied his cologne. It was, after all, their first date. She deserved the best.

He put his favorite version of Rigoletto on in the dinning room and went down to collect her.

She scrambled into Kneel when he came down the steps but he didn't sit down, instead he walked forward to stand before her. He let her kiss his shoes for a moment before saying, "Kneel"

He crouched and took the blindfold out of his pocket and she tried not to wince back from it too visibly. He slipped it round her head and cinched it tight. "Open your mouth."

He slipped the spidergag between her teeth and settled it around her neck as well.

"Kneel up and bring your ankles and knees together. Bring your elbows together to touch behind your back."

He went around behind her and tied her ankles together, then her elbows. He didn't bother to tie her wrists but her hands were useless anyway as her arms were thrust painfully back. Was she going back upstairs? Another long blow job in front of the television? Clearly he had enjoyed the last time immensely. She supposed she shouldn't be surprised.

Still, it was a shock again when he lifted her. He was so tall and she could feel how precarious she was. If he dropped her with her arms bound, she would fall to the floor without any means of catching herself. She shivered at the thought and struggled without thinking. She stilled though when he the hand that wasn't around her waist up her thigh, gripping it tightly. It was almost large enough to fit around her thigh completely, even at the thickest part, and squeezed once.

Don't struggle.

She let herself go limp, relaxing against him until her head dangled down his back and her knees touched his broad chest.

He carried her up the steps again and she tried to determine if they were going to the same place. She didn't think so. She tried to count the steps to give herself an estimate of how big the space above the cellar was. She had no conception of where they were, how big the space above the cellar was.

He put a large hand between her shoulder blades and pushed her forward. She bent without resistance and felt her chest and breasts pressed against a hard, smooth, wooden surface. He lifted her hips up until she was lying with the middle of her thighs at the edge of whatever table he had bent her over.

He captured and ankle with one hand and bent it forward so her heel touched the gentle curve of her ass. He tied her ankle to her thigh so her leg was bent completely. Then repeated the

process with the other side. He lashed her wrists to the connection between the two and then settled her such that her pussy was just at the edge of the table.

She wanted to ask where she was but even if she'd been brave enough the gag would have prevented her. He adjusted her head such that her chin rested against the surface and she faced straight ahead. He slid his hands down her body in a gesture of casual ownership, as an equestrian might run a hand along the flank of a horse. He spread the folds of her sex, pushing her knees wider until she was fully displayed and available.

His hands paused at her ass cheeks, one globe in each palm. He gripped and pulled them apart so her little star was displayed. It clenched in fear. "Taking your ass like this would be intense." He told her matter-of-factly. "The angle would be painful but each thrust would drive your pussy down against your cunt. Whore that you are, I bet you'd cum from it. But your ass would be sore for days from me."

She couldn't suppress the shiver of fear.

But that, apparently, was not what he was planning. His hands slid down and he slid a finger up to her little bud, circling and stroking it until she was writhing in her bonds. She made some incomprehensible, pleading noise behind the gag and he chuckled, "You have my permission."

Her hips rocked hard as stars exploded behind the blindfold and she arched up, lifting herself off of the surface as if a current of electricity were passing through her.

When her orgasm had subsided, he released her ass and stepped back. She heard him walk away to somewhere behind her. Then there was the sound of a chair being pulled out and him sitting. A moment later, a knife scraped across a plate.

He had tied her over the drinks table at one end of his formal dining room. It was not a particularly deep cabinet but she was small enough that she could lie across it as she was.

She looked beautiful.

Her pussy was spread, glistening with arousal and fully on display. As if she were nothing more than a piece of art for him to enjoy as he savored his meal. He ate slowly. He had opened a bottle of wine he quite liked and he savored it with the steak he had grilled for himself on the patio grill.

When he had finished he stood and dabbed his mouth with his napkin.

"Time for desert."

She heard him approach and his zipper coming down. Her head was jerked back and his head pressed at her entrance. He slid in and she moaned, arching. She tried to spread her legs wider, to give him more room, but it was no use. He was too big and he was thrusting to hard. She felt as if she were being split in two.

Elias couldn't believe how tight she was. Every time she was like a virgin again—tight warm and heavenly. He pumped lazily but thoroughly, allowing himself to enjoy every stroke, holding himself back from pounding her hard. He made it last. Until she was gasping, panting, throat raw from the little noises she was making.

Then he let himself go with a groan. The feeling of releasing himself into her was second to nothing.

When he was spent, he untied her legs and slid her back down onto the floor. As she licked him clean he considered whether or not to feed her upstairs. When she'd sucked him off during the football match he had made sure that all her reward happened in the cellar.

Instead, this time he bent and picked her up again. She still startled but this time he didn't need to give her the warning squeeze. She caught herself and relaxed against him, acknowledging his right to do with her body as he chose.

He picked up the plate from the table and carried them both into the living room. He put her down in front of a comfortable chair. He took the gag out of her mouth and put it aside, then arranged her so her knees were one either side of one foot, her chin resting on his knee.

“Mouth open.”

He fed her the rest of the steak, which clearly she enjoyed, along with some of the vegetables he had grilled along with them. He could tell she was happy with the reward. Kneeling on a soft carpet, even in a room she couldn't see was nicer than the cold floor of the cellar. And he was generous with the food, giving her almost enough that to satisfy her. He even gave her a few sips from his glass of wine when she had finished savoring a particularly delightful piece of steak.

She was almost asleep when he finally carried her back down to the cellar. She pressed her face into the crook of his arm and yawned contentedly. It was hard to put her down on the thin mattress and leave her there, warm and sleepy and pliant as she was.

Soon enough, he told himself. It would be worth it. He couldn't risk the chance of spoiling her, not when she was doing so well.

Another day he had her kneel, blind folded, under his desk to suck him off while he did his monthly spreadsheets. He took her up for meals as well, after he fucked her. He'd tie to the front of his desk in his office as if she were nothing more than an ornament, a living equivalent of the woman carved into the prow of a ship.

But always blind folded, always bound. He never let her see anything beyond the cellar. She could hear the television behind her, feel the expensive soft carpet in his office beneath her knees or the mahogany under her chest. But these were isolated sensory experiences. And he always made sure to tie her painfully, or put a vibrator in her pussy, to give her something else to focus herself on.

But, finally, he decided that she was ready for the final test before he brought her up to the house. It had been a few weeks since she'd broken and she hadn't shown him any real

resistance since. He wouldn't say it explicitly but she had earned the right for a trial of coming upstairs. Or rather, she *could* earn the right for a trial.

She knew right away that he was in a mood. It was subtle this time, but unmistakable to her. His jaw was tight, his hands clenched at his sides. He came in as he always did, letting her kiss his shoes and then moving on.

He ordered her onto the stone floor in Bow. From across the cellar he fetched a large, frameless mirror and put it in front of her. He took a spreader bar and put it between her ankles, spreading her ass a bit more and preventing her from closing her knees. There were shackles on the bar to put her wrists in but instead he tied them in front of her together and against the shackle in the wall. He made sure to keep the tether loose on her arms, enough she could move if she chose.

He opened his belt and knelt behind her. She jerked when she felt his hands on her hips. She was still terrified of being touched when she couldn't see him. He knew the response was involuntary so he let it go as long as she settled immediately.

He opened her cheeks and spit on her little star. He felt her tense as he did it. "Master?" Her voice warbled tremulously with fear.

He slid a finger into her cunt, pleased to find she was wet for him. Something about the act of being spread, being displayed made her terribly aroused.

He slid two fingers into her, coating them with her juices, then pushed his index finger against her back entrance. She tensed, arching her hips as he breached her. He didn't want to give her too much time to think but there was a minimum amount of preparation required not to damage her permanently.

After a moment, when he had stretched her enough that he deemed she wouldn't tear, he slicked up his cock in her pussy, giving her a few pumps that made her moan, arching hopefully toward him.

With his cock still in her he leaned forward and gripped her hair. In Bow she kept her head down submissively but he wanted to see her face for this part. He pulled her head up so he could see her face in the mirror. She swallowed and he felt her clench on his cock at the sight they made.

It was one thing for her to see him, to see how big he was. It was entirely another to see the comparison between them. She looked so small, so impossibly helpless with her hands tied before her, compared to his own massive frame looming over her. It didn't seem possible that she fit him, as if they weren't the same species somehow.

"Time to lose your last virginity, Hannah." He said, voice rough with lust. "I'm going to fuck your ass tonight, slave."

She froze at the statement but said nothing. She could sense this was one of the times that begging would only spur him to fuck her harder. He spread her cheeks and lined his cock up with her tight little rosebud. "Push back, Hannah. Give me your ass."

She hesitated, swallowing hard. Her breath was coming fast. The rapid, shallow little breaths of an animal of prey preparing for a sprint. But she couldn't sprint. Instinctively she tried to bring her legs together but the spreader bar prevented her.

“Your Master gave you an order, slave.”

Sweet girl, she obeyed. She was sobbing even before she fully had his head in but she managed it. When his glans popped through her ring, she screamed, her face twisting in pain. He could feel her sobs wracking her body, making her ass clench on his cock deliciously. Her mouth was open and the pleading look in her eyes was exquisite.

“Please...” She gasped. “Please don't make me do it Master... please.”

“You've got a long way to go, Hannah.” He told her roughly. “I want to feel my balls touch your wet pussy. You're not even close.”

She pushed back more, shaking and crying. Halfway down she stopped, tears pouring forth. “Please, Master... mercy. I can't... it hurts too much. You're splitting me in half... please, mercy.”

“Not even halfway slut. Do you want to please your master or not?.”

She pushed back farther. When her hips met his thighs she cried out in relief. “Oh God, oh God, oh... God.”

It was cute that she thought the worst was over.

He put one hand between her shoulder blades, crushing her chest against the cold stone floor, the other at her hip. He had put enough lube on his cock he wasn't worried about damaging her asshole. It would hurt, no doubt. Worse, probably, than if he'd fucked her dry and made her bleed because he could fuck her fast and deep. But it would keep her tight for him too.

“Now it's my turn, Hannah.”

He pulled all the way out, until the tip of his cock was just lined up with her. Then thrust in until her ass met his thighs. If he hadn't been holding her against him and down she would have surely collapsed. Her scream was enough to tear the paint off the walls, the clenching of her asshole enough to tear the skin off his cock.

“God that's a tight little ass.” He groaned. “Fucking made for me. Made to take my cock.”

His slick cock slid into her despite her involuntary efforts to keep it out. He breached her clamped down asshole with main force, fucking into her little body with all his strength. She gave out beneath him from the pain, all but collapsed except for his hand at her hip, holding her up.

“Feel me take the last bit of innocence you have? All your holes you've given to me.”

He slid the hand at her hip down, slipping it into her pussy. “Feel that slut? Feel how wet you are from me from this?” His laugh was sharp and cruel. “No denying you're a whore after

this? A little whore who got on her knees and fucked herself on my cock just for the asking.”

She whimpered. “Please...”

“Please, what?” He spat. “Please fuck me harder, Master?”

“Please... I was a virgin.”

He didn't stop buffeting her body with hard, deep thrusts. “And now you're just a useless slut. Nothing more than three tight little holes that I keep around to cum in.”

When her head fell forward he jerked it back up, wrapping a hand around her throat. “Keep your eyes up, bitch. I want to see your face while I rape that tight little ass.”

She was all but limp at the end, letting him have his way with her. But when he came in her ass she found it in her to squirm again as he filled her with his seed, pumping relentlessly at that previously untouched hole.

He pulled out and left her slumped on the thin mattress.

He went to the desk and took out some wipes. He cleaned himself off with them, taking care to do it thoroughly. He intended to kiss her again, after all. She had fallen forward when he stopped supporting her. Her legs were kept apart by the spreader bar but she had buried her face into the space between her arms and her little body was shaking with tears.

He didn't think she was crying from the pain. At least not entirely. He had seen her face when he had called her a useless slut. It had hurt. Whatever she believed personally, she had been raised in a place where the church valued virginity. Equated it with purity. A woman's gift to her husband on her wedding night. She didn't want to be told that she'd given that a way, that now she was worthless, precisely because some part of her believed it was true.

He had done it just right.

She had been too afraid when he raped her that first day to fully mourn the loss when he'd taken her pussy and mouth. But this had happened after they had established something like a normal routine. He had warned her that eventually he would take her there. And she had helped. She had done it to herself.

He bent and freed her ankles from the bar. He didn't untie her hands but released them from the rope that kept them chained together. He picked her up and carried her back to the sad little mattress where she slept. He sat and gathered her against his chest. She was crying to hard to speak and turned her head to his chest, pushing her forehead against the expensive white cotton of his shirt. Her fingers clutched at his shirt and she was shaking.

He stroked her back gently.

“You're just a woman, Hannah.” He told her gently, pressing a soft kiss to the top of her head. “That's all your good for. Your only use is to serve a man. To give me pleasure with your body.”

She was shaking her head against his shirt. But either she couldn't get the words of contradiction out, or she was too afraid to.

He pulled her up so she was sitting up, straddling his waist. Her bound hands between them, resting on the firm muscles of his abdomen. She was still crying so hard. He put a knuckle beneath her chin and guided her face up so she was looking at him through a haze of tears. "You're just a whore," he said, almost kindly, "there's no use in pretending otherwise now, is there? Now that you've let me fuck your ass. Helped me do it."

She pressed her lips together to sniffle another sob but a fresh set of tears came anyway.

He pressed a kiss to her lips. She tasted just right with the salt of her tears on her sweet lips. And he could barely contain a smirk of triumph as she parted her lips to welcome him into her mouth. He slipped his tongue into her mouth, sampling her fully and firmly but not rough. Like a conquering king surveying the palace of a defeated enemy, content to admire the art and beauty of the place it, rather than destroy it.

He broke this kiss and was pleased to find that she had stopped sobbing. That too was a good sign, that she took comfort in his affection to that degree. He held her head, using his large thumbs to wipe away the tears on each cheek.

"You should thank me," he told her. "Don't you think? For fucking your ass."

"Thank you Master, for..." She took a deep shuddering breath, hesitating at the vulgar words.

"For fucking your ass."

"Thank you Master, for fucking my ass."

"Thank me for cumming in your ass."

"Thank you Master, for cumming in my ass."

"Thank me for my cum."

"Thank you Master, for your cum."

"For showing you your place."

"Thank you, Master, for showing me my place."

"For showing you what a whore you are."

"Thank you, Master, for showing me... showing me what a whore I am." That one she had more trouble with, having to take a large, hiccuping inhale in the middle and squeezing out a few tears before continuing.

He stroked a languid, soothing hand along the length of her back and she shivered with pleasure and warmth. "That's better now, isn't it? To have admitted what you are."

She bent her head down but he caught her chin again. "Hannah, look at me." She met his gaze and he almost groaned in satisfaction. She didn't look defiant, she looked... embarrassed. Defeated. Almost grateful. Not exactly there yet, but certainly heading down that path.

"It's better," she said, voice no more than a whisper, "to have admitted I am a whore."

"Good girl," he praised.

He didn't think she noticed the way that she had changed the sentence. Certainly she displayed no understanding of the significance. He hadn't told her to use the word whore. She had come up with that on her own.

There was a well of insecurity in this girl so deep he wondered if he would ever find the bottom.

"What is your purpose?"

"To please you."

"Who brought the light?"

"You brought the light."

"Good." He leaned back against the wall and spread his legs. "Now lick my cock like a good little whore, I want to get hard and fuck your ass again."

"Yes, Master."

She didn't hesitate. She slid down to kneel on the thin mattress between his knees. She brushed her hair back from her face so he could see it better as she took his cock into her mouth.

Chapter 9

Chapter Notes

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

He brought her up the next day.

He had told himself that she had proved she was ready. It wasn't just that she had obeyed the command to push back on his cock. She had made real progress in the aftermath.

But, if he was honest, he couldn't wait. He was tired of sleeping alone without his slave to warm his bed and his cock. Tired of not having her to cook his meals and suck him whenever he wanted. Tired of waiting to start their life together.

He came down in the morning. She was Kneeling as she should be. He'd given her an extra bit of time to wax her legs and put on her makeup. She looked perfect. Her gamine legs were curled beneath her, her legs spread to offer what lay at the crux of them to him, slim hands poised on top, head submissively cast down. Her blond hair hung in soft waves down her back and her nipples were pink and perfect, hard in the cool air of the cellar. She was ready to be introduced to his home.

He came forward and undid the chain at her ankle. "Follow me, slave."

She knew to come behind him in a crawl as they crossed the cellar. When they got to the bottom of the stairs, she hesitated. Except for the times he had carried her up blindfolded and bound, it was the farthest she had been from her corner since he had taken her.

She didn't stall out though until the top of the cellar stairs. He turned and gave her a cold look. "I said follow, slave."

She was shaking as she came out. She was still crawling with her head down as he had taught her but he could tell even what she could see in her peripheral vision was enough to overwhelm her. The bright, natural light, the clean tile floor and then the soft, luxurious carpet beneath her hands and knees. It was all so unexpected and different from what life had been for her in the past weeks.

He had kept her on a schedule that was approximately the right time zone but she couldn't have known when was day and night until then. It was about nine in the morning. The bright summer sun pouring in front the huge windows that lined every wall of the house made her scurry closer to him on her knees, as if she was afraid.

He took her out to the patio by the pool and stopped. She pressed her face against his legs, not daring to throw her arms around them but clearly wanting to. She was so small that her face only came to his mid thighs. She was too afraid to insist on it but she pressed as close to him as she dared, terrified and overwhelmed.

He put an arm on her head, gripping her hair painfully. "Shhh-sh-shhhh Hannah, I'm here."

The little bit of welcoming affection was enough to make her cling to him, wrapping her slender arms around his legs, burrowing her head into his hip.

“Your Master is here, slave. It's alright. You have permission.”

He couldn't help but admit how much it pleased him how frightened she was. He had expected she would be impressed but was more gratified by far by her terror.

He laughed. “I am intending to work today slave, so you will have to let go of my legs eventually.”

She flinched back from him as if burned. “I'm sorry, Master! It's just.. I'm... I... I haven't seen this much light in so long. Nor this many colors. I don't... I don't... I just don't know what this means.”

He stroked her head gently. “I have decided that you have earned the right to serve me at all hours of the day. When you are up here you will be more readily available for my use and able to serve me in ways you couldn't before..”

She swallowed. And he could see her trying to calculate what answer he wanted. Was she asking herself what would please him, or only what would help her avoid punishment? That remained unclear.

“Thank you, Master.” Was what she decided on, spoken in a soft, demure voice.

He chuckled. “Besides, don't you think it's beneath a man of my wealth and power to fuck only in that dreary cellar, on that thin little mattress?”

She cringed at that. Humiliation, he thought, from the animal conditions she had been reduced to. But even that was a positive sign. On some visceral level she was embarrassed to be reminded with him present, an indication that she was beginning to forget, at some level, that he was the one who had imposed the hardships on her.

“Yes, Master.”

He laughed. “I should be fucking your ass with a better view, shouldn't I?” He gestured to the white sandy beach visible below the edge of the pool and the infinite blue sea beyond.”

“Yes, sir,” she said quietly. “You deserve the best.”

He examined her face for any sign of irony and found none. In the same way she had been taught that a woman's chastity was her value, she had been taught that the rich deserved what they had. She looked at him and saw the expensive clothes and watch, a nice car and the ability to tip more than she'd make in the next week and she couldn't help but be impressed. Couldn't help but equate that to worth. To someone who was in some way her better.

“Now Hannah, before we go back inside and I show you the rest of the house, let me point something out to you I hope I will never have to repeat.” He pointed down to the beach.

“That isn't the coast of Europe. Or any other continent. We're on a private island. That beach

is the only place to land a boat. The rest of the perimeter is high cliffs with irregular shoals beneath the water that could rip anything but a very small boat to shreds.

“The path down to the beach is about five miles of rough terrain. Even running on the road it would be hard going because the dirt isn't particularly well packed. I keep the keys to the Jeep locked up at all times. The sail boat you see too. I keep the keys impossible to access at all times. The distance to the mainland is over ten miles and is fraught with currents and shoals that would make it impossible to swim even on a calm day.”

He crouched down so their faces were as level as they ever were. He gripped her chin and brought her face up so her eyes met his. “Do you understand what I am trying to tell you?”

She nodded as best she could with his hands in place.

“If you were to attempt to escape, the most likely outcome would be your death. And if that were not to be, I would make you wish it had been.” He said, voice very low.

“I won't.”

He studied the cerulean orbs that looked up at him. She had never been able to hide much. She wore her heart on her sleeve, or in her eyes rather. And for now he saw only uncertainty and fear.

He made a skeptical noise. “We shall see.” He stood and clapped his hands together. “Now that's done, lets see if you learned anything from working in a restaurant.”

When she began to crawl after him he shook his head. “Now that I am allowing you into the rest of the house you will be moving over longer distances. Having you crawl everywhere will only make you dirty and you knees unsightly. You may walk from now on, unless told otherwise. Still, always a pace behind me and with your head lowered respectfully.”

“Yes, Master.”

She pushed herself up to a stand and followed as he directed.

The kitchen was beautiful—large and white with all new appliances including a beautiful commercial gas range that looked barely used, an espresso machine worthy of a very nice coffee shop and a restaurant sized fridge. There were also a few large supplementary chest freezers in the enormous and well stocked pantry room to one side.

Hannah had worked in restaurants that had less available and she fought not to gape. She supposed she shouldn't be surprised. A man who could afford a private island, a sail boat, a summer home somewhere in Germany and who knew what other properties, probably wouldn't try to save a penny when outfitting his kitchen. He must be so rich. Rich, powerful, handsome.

She was so lucky.

She had to remind herself that those thoughts were insane.

But there was no denying that if he had asked her out in the cafe she wouldn't have been able to believe her luck. It would have felt like a fairy tale, a Cinderella story. A poor girl from some slum in Kiev and someone so handsome, so rich. Broad shoulders, an expensive watch, beautiful eyes, a Western accent, a charming smile and an expensive car. He had so many things she had been taught to desire.

He hadn't asked her out though. He had kidnapped her, raped her, beat her and locked her in a dark room for who only knew how long. The fact that he had also fed her, comforted her, talked to her when she was the loneliest she had ever been in her life did not negate that. She had been hurt worse than when Katarina was taken. She had to remind herself that it was *he* who had hurt her.

"I'm going to give you the morning to explore the kitchen since it is your first day using it." He checked his watch. "It's ten twenty-seven now. I will take my lunch at one-fifteen on the table on the balcony. Through those doors is the dining room and the balcony is on the far side of it." He pointed to the set opposite the ones they had entered through.

"If I want something particular for a meal I will tell you but otherwise I don't think I am so difficult to please." he smiled. "At least not when it comes to meals. When you have prepared the table, Kneel by the chair and wait for me."

She nodded.

"And slave, remember that I am German. I don't mean one-sixteen when I say one-fifteen, alright?"

She bit her lip, trying not to smile at that. "Of course, Master."

"Other rules of the house should be obvious but I would hate to punish you later for something I hadn't told you explicitly. You are never to go into my office without me. Finding you in it alone, will result in very severe punishment. Otherwise your movement around the house should be confined only to the areas you need to enter to do the tasks I have given you. For the morning you are restricted to the kitchen until you are ready to serve lunch.

"If you have completed your tasks and you are to find a logical place to Kneel and await further instructions. You are to make as little noise as possible, particularly if I am on the phone. You are, obviously, to come immediately if I call for you.

"You should not touch anything without permission. And," here he paused to smirk at her, "you may not eat or drink anything that doesn't come from my hand or I don't put on the floor in front of you."

He pointed to the subtle camera on the ceiling. "There are cameras all throughout the house so I will know if you have been somewhere you're not supposed to be, do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

"What is your purpose?"

“To please you, Master.”

“Who brought the light?”

“You brought the light.”

Hannah was nervous, but not panicked when he left. She was confident in her ability to cook. Growing up, Katarina had been completely unwilling to do any of the housework so she had been cooking since she was old enough to stand on a chair to reach the stove and hold a pan. She had been a descent cook by the time Katarina had disappeared and had worked for a long time in restaurant kitchens before some owner had noticed that she had a nice shape and was quite pretty under the formless kitchen whites and moved her to the front of house.

Another kind of girl might have hoped to impress him. But if Hannah had ever had an arrogant bone in her body, Elias had entirely beaten it out of her.

She did not think he would be displeased however. And she knew enough of his tastes from what he had brought her to eat in the cellar. She smiled. He didn't have to remind her that he was German, she had eaten enough sausage and potatoes to remember. But neither did he seem the type who would only eat that. He was far too worldly to stick only to what he had grown up eating.

But, she decided, she would explore his tastes later. For now she would stick to what she knew he liked. And what she was sure she knew how to make.

She started by opening all the cabinets to see what was available to her. Then she inventoried the fridge, pantry and freezers. Really, it was impressive.

She decided roasted potatoes and bratwurst was about as safe as possible. She was glad he had given her so much time however. Despite the simplicity of the dish she didn't know the kitchen at all and wasn't used to cooking in one so big. Besides... it felt like a long time (how long had it really been? She had no way of knowing) since she had made so many decisions. She had gotten used to Elias making all her decisions for her, comfortable with doing exactly as he said without thinking. It took her a long time to decide on even something as simple as which cutting board to use.

Her head ached by the time she started cutting the potatoes.

She finished the dishes at a quarter to one and put them in the warming pan. Next she tossed a very simple green salad with small, quartered tomatoes, grated pecarino cheese and a light dressing of olive oil and lemon and shallot. She cut some bread into slices in a small basket and covered it with cloth and scooped some butter she had let warm to room temperature into a little dish.

It was almost one by the time she finished. Just in time.

She followed his instructions, passing though an impressive dinning room with a table that could seat thirty at least, and out large glass double doors and to a gorgeous, wide terrace that wrapped around the Southeastern side of the house. A shaded trellis roof extended from the

house over a beautiful teak dinning table and chairs on one end, a four-poster day bed large enough to comfortably fit three to four, with a shaded canopy and curtains that billowed out in the sea breeze. Below it was a straight drop down a steep white cliff to the sea several hundred feet below.

She was so stunned by how beautiful it was it took her a moment to remember her task, and that she only had fifteen minutes.

She set out the salad, bread and butter as well as a napkin, knife and fork. She took out the ale she had thought would pair best with the food and the glass she had put in the freezer out and set them by his table. Finally, wanting the food to be as hot as possible, she made herself wait for a few agonizing moments, eyes glued to the clock before she began to plate the potatoes and bratwurst. She left the kitchen at one-thirteen.

She had chosen the seat with the best view of the ocean for him, at the head of the table closest the door. So she settled down on the rough, natural stone surface of the patio beside the chair and let herself enjoy the view from the corner of her eye as she waited. Beneath the terrace she could hear the waves crashing against the cliffs below and the sound of the wind in the trees behind the house. The air felt so unbelievably fresh on her naked skin.

How was it possible that this morning she had been in the cellar, in the dark... and now here she was in all this light and open air? She was so grateful to him. She knew it was wrong to feel that way, stupid and shameful. He had put her in that cellar, kidnapped her and kept her there against her will. He had raped her, beaten her, deprived her of light, spit on her. And yet... *he brought back the light*. Now more than ever that seemed true.

When she lay in the dark in the cellar what had gotten her through it was thinking of him. His broad hands on her body, the power in his arms and chest as he positioned her in exactly the way he wished, bent her before him and to his will. How masterfully he took her with his cock, the sure deep thrusts that went right to the core of her, breaking her open and showing her how small and weak she was compared to him. Her Master was a powerful man, one who could afford a house like this. And he had chosen her to be his slave. She couldn't help but feel proud. And grateful. And hopeful that one day she could please him, be worthy of him.

The more she tried not to think that way, not to feel that way, the harder it became.

She heard his footsteps approach and tried not to shiver. The sound of his expensive shoes on the stones of the terrace felt impossibly loud. She hated that she couldn't see him, facing forward as she was. It felt unnatural not to be looking at him, not to be facing him and ready to take his command. She didn't like not being able to see his expression, to try to read if he was pleased or angry. But he had said to kneel by the chair. Surely he expected her to be facing forward?

He sat without speaking to her and took a moment to take in the sea, then considered his food.

“Bratwurst, slave?” He asked. “The only thing you could think of to serve your German Master?”

She risked a glance up. She needed to see his expression. She felt so shaky from what had transpired the day before, a violation of her person and something less corporeal but much more fragile. She was relieved to see he seemed amused.

“I.. I... I wanted to make something I was sure you would like.”

He was pleased with the food. Very pleased, in fact. It was simple fare, but she had taken care with how she presented it. The salad, the bread, the knife and fork were all arranged properly. And it smelled incredibly tempting.

He took up the fork and knife and sampled the potatoes and couldn't help but smile. So his little slave had learned something in those fancy restaurants after all. Jesus, he was a lucky man. The potatoes were rich and buttery, roasted and then pan fried with onions and bacon. He cut into the wurst and it was so moist the juices ran out, a perfectly done sausage. He poured the ale into the frozen glass and took a sip.

A man could get used to this. A beautiful view, a well cooked meal, and his slave at his feet waiting on his every word. He almost ordered her into his lap and have her feed it to him, but he couldn't give her that privilege on her first day. He reminded himself that he had the rest of his life to enjoy her submission. He could afford to take it slowly. So far she had responded so well to his training, there was no need to rush things. He was so wary of spoiling her, as he had Katarina. It would break his heart to see her become selfish. Not to realize her full potential.

When he had finished she cleared away the dishes while he savored his beer. She came back and knelt again beside his chair. He checked his watch. He had time before his next conference call.

“Submit, slave, in the center of the day bed, facing out.”

She stood and went quickly to do as he ordered. He didn't hurry, finishing his beer and answering a few emails while she waited, displayed and vulnerable. Finally he rose and walked to the day bed. He knelt behind her and put his palm against her cunt, pleased to find her slick for him already. He parted spread her wide with a hand on either cheek. “Jesus, whore, are you never not wet for me? I can't remember the last time I had to rape you dry. Or even work to get you sopping for me.”

Her only reply was a little moan on pleasure as he teased her with his cock between her folds.

“Answer me, are you my soaking wet little whore?”

“I am, Master.”

“Say it.”

“I'm you're soaking wet little whore.”

“Tell me you want my cock in your tight pussy.”

“I want your cock in my tight pussy.”

“Tell me you're wet for me to fuck you.”

“I'm wet for you to fuck me.”

He held her hips steady as he pushed his cock in. She groaned, arching her back even more delightfully. He began to give her slow, steady strokes that she pushed back to meet eagerly. “Got wet just from cooking me lunch. What a good little slave you're turning into. Nice and obedient, just like you should be.”

“I am obedient...” She moaned.

“Obedient fucking slave, wet and ready to give me anything I want.”

“Yes... yes... yes, Master.”

He could tell she was getting close to cumming quickly as he picked up the pace by the way her thighs were trembling and her hands were clenching and unclenching by her ankles. “Ask for it, slave.” he said sharply, giving her a smack on the ass. “Ask your Master's permission to cum.”

“Please... sir... please let me cum. Please, let me cum on your cock. Let me please just cum on your cock.”

“Cum then, slut.”

She clenched hard on him, hands fisting into the stiff canvas of the daybed as she lost herself in pleasure. She milked his cock hard but never stopped pushing her little hips back to help him impale her on him. “Thank you, thank you... oh God thank you for your cum!”

That was enough to push him over the edge. He would have expected himself to take longer, given how frequently he used her. But his refractory period had shortened considerably since he had taken her. Such a tight little body, how could he resist?

He lay back on the daybed, an arm lazily pillowed beneath his head, while she cleaned him carefully with her tongue, wiped him dry on her hair and put him back into his trousers. He held out an arm and she snuggled against his chest, looking up at him with wide eyes.

He lay with the beautiful, naked girl in his arms for a bit longer, enjoying the warm sun filtering through the roof of the day bed, the fresh breeze and the sound of the surf as well as the lazy, contented feeling of the good meal and emptying his balls in her.

After lunch Hannah was permitted to explore the house.

“Besides my office you may go where you like, within bounds of the house.” He told her. “Unless you have my explicit permission you are not to use any of the outer doors. Not even onto the balcony again. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Master.”

He wasn't genuinely concerned that she would try to escape. If he had been, restricting her from the terrace would have been pointless. There was a lawn beyond it and a winding metal stair down the side of a cliff face, but all it led to was a small beach cut like a semi-circle into the towering cliffs. Like the cove where the boat was anchored it faced away from the coast of Croatia and was surrounded by powerful, dangerous currents. And the front door of the house, though it could not be locked from outside, did include a mechanism to lock it from the inside which he had engaged. Another purposeful addition of his fathers, a symbolic message to visitors as well as a practical consideration.

Confining her was an arbitrary rule, but carefully considered. Bringing her up from the basement was a big step, restricting her to the house alone made it clear that she was still trapped. Nothing had fundamentally changed. He had given her a more beautiful cage but nothing more.

“I have people who come once a week to clean the house so you needn't bother with vacuuming or scrubbing the floor.” The house was far too big for one person to clean, even if he didn't intend on giving her quite a few supplemental duties each day. Giving her such an impossible task would only make her anxious. And he deemed she was frightened enough as it was. A nervous breakdown wouldn't be productive.

“But cleaning any mess and straightening up, making the bed for example, that I will expect you to do without being told.”

“Yes, Master.”

“And you will take care of my laundry.”

That was sentimental. He hardly needed his clothes day to day, rarely wore the same shirt twice in a month. Perhaps it was even foolish. Would the Novak girl who usually did it wonder why it was suddenly done for her? But he loved the idea of her ironing his shirts and folding them with care. It was such a quintessential chauvinistic fantasy. The woman he owned doing his washing. He knew he'd get hard watching her do it over the cameras.

There were other potential benefits as well. Doing a task so personally related to him, to his body, would keep her mind appropriately focused. Folding his shirts was far more intimate than scrubbing the floor. With any luck the smell of him in them would keep her nervous, aroused as she was doing it. The size of them would remind her of his power, his physical superiority.

And besides... he had a devilish suspicion that she wouldn't be very good at it. Her own clothes were not of the same quality and surely required much less careful care than his own. She had never worked as a laundress as far as he could tell or anything that might teach her to take care of them properly. A singed sleeve from an iron on too hot, a single red sock slipping in with the whites to ruin them all with a pink hue. He could already imagine her tears. Would she try to hide it from him? Or come immediately to confess? And if she did confess how sweet it would be to decide if he should punish or console her.

Would it be '*bend over the bed and count and thank me, useless whore*' or '*there, there come and sit on my lap, Hannah, accidents happen*'? Perhaps first one and then the other, he thought with a smirk.

As for Hannah, he rather thought she would have preferred to remain a little more restricted. It was clear that she was fearful as she explored. Probably she would have been fearful regardless, of a house like that. Even if she hadn't been a slave, naked, and bottom still aching from his attentions the day before. He didn't have to ask to know she had never seen anything like it. If she had been a maid in Kiev she might have cleaned something half so grand. Through the cameras he watched her move timidly from room to room.

She must have known he would be watching her on the cameras as he worked, but she couldn't help herself from trailing light fingers over the expensive leather of the couches, from staring at the beautifully decorated rooms and marveling at how soft the rug felt under her feet. And the more she looked, the more she felt a sense of... dread.

She had been elated to see the sun again, to be outside again. Now, that began to wane as other emotions came to the foreground of her mind.

The kitchen had been contained. It had been small enough not to overwhelm and she had been so consumed by the task he left her there was little time to think. The balcony had been completely overwhelming, like a paradise. She had been so happy to be in the light and sunshine, the sea breeze on her skin had felt surreal.

The rest of the house felt surreal too, but it was too much. Looking at such opulence would have been frightening for her under any circumstance. After a month in the cellar, the house terrified her.

Usually when she lay in Elias's arms, when he seemed to be pleased with her—as he had been after taking her on the balcony, she could speak to him. She wanted to speak to him, to ask him questions about himself. She had hardly been able to look at him that afternoon.

She had been afraid of him before, but now there was a new element to her fear. He was her rapist, her captor, her Master. But he was also her *better*. He owned the machinery that controlled her life. He didn't pay rent, he owned companies. He didn't worry about coffee that cost a bit more in the grocery store, he expected the best of everything. He wasn't taken, he took. She couldn't imagine his life. Couldn't imagine what it would feel like to be that powerful. To be that *rich*.

She stood at the entrance to the bedroom and looked in for a long time.

It was ridiculous to be afraid to go in. If Elias wanted to fuck her he didn't need to take her anywhere in particular to do so. He had proved that to her time and time again. And yet, it felt almost like an invitation. And she was scared of him. Sometimes he made being taken pleasurable for her, even extraordinarily so, but she could never be sure if it would be, how long it would last, if his mood would change.

She was also intensely aware that she was naked.

She had grown used to being without clothes in the cellar. Everything had been so different, it had seemed almost normal down there. Her surroundings were not anything familiar. But she had seen places like this, in the movies or in magazines she read while she waited to check out her groceries.

She felt a renewed sense of vulnerability. The house seemed to loom around her—elegant and enormous and worth more money than she could even imagine. The rooms were so big, as if made on a different scale than she was, as if waiting for some giant to return. It made her feel very small and very weak. Nervous that she was not supposed to be there, that she would be found there and recognized as a trespasser.

She steadied her nerves however and made herself walk into the bedroom.

The bed itself was enormous and imposing. The headboard with its geometric pattern and the towering four posts felt intimidating in a way she couldn't explain.

She padded on silent feet to peer into the bathroom. The inside was the original stone of the mansion, cut perfectly flat. An enormous sunken stone tub dominated one side, an enclosed glass huge glass shower the other.

The other door led into a closet the size of her apartment bedroom. A perfusion of impeccable suits hung on the left wall, the other taken up by wooden drawers and a display of various shoes. Everything looked new. There wasn't a hint of wear to the clothes or a scuff on the shoes.

She wanted to open the drawers to see what was inside but decided that might be something she could be punished for. Even more than that she wanted to slip into one of the large shirts hanging on the side, but knew she would be punished for that. She stayed there for a while, running her fingers through the expensive fabric. It smelled strongly of Elias—sandalwood and salt. It was a calming smell for her, arousing even. She hated that he had made that true, but he had. She could feel her heart rate beginning to slow and heat pooled between her legs.

She allowed herself to pull one of the shirts out and bring it close to her nose, inhaling deeply.

Finally, she decided after looking around the closet, that the basket of laundry must be in one of the cabinets. Surely she was allowed to open them to find it? Her fingers trembled as she reached forward and pulled open the first one. She found only what she expected, neat stacks of shirts on wooden shelves, drawers with perfectly arranged socks or underwear. In the second she found an enormous, ominous looking safe that almost half again as tall as she was. That one she shut immediately with a shiver. In the final one was the neat wicker basket

lined with canvas and the laundry within below more shelves with various clothes stacked neatly.

There wasn't much. The Novaks had come only two days before. But she decided she would wash it anyway. If only to give herself a task to do, something to keep her mind busy for the afternoon. If she went back to the kitchen she could easily spend nearly five hours agonizing over what to cook, wondering if he would come in. And if he did, what he would do to her.

It was such a pleasure to have something to occupy her. The stimulus of the house, of tasks, of decisions was almost overwhelming after so much time spent in the dark, with only brief interludes with him to break up the monotony.

To her surprise, however, Elias did not consume her thoughts any less than he had done before.

In the dark she got herself through imagining the next time he came down that he might be kind. Would he bring her a bowl of hot coco? Let her cum? Let her lie on his chest and talk to him? She imagined the smell of him, the warmth of him, how good it felt when he ran an enormous hand along her back, his thumb sliding over the bumps of her spine.

Now there was less fantasy. She didn't have to merely imagine him. He seemed to be all around her. As she searched for the laundry room her heart was in her throat. He could be around the next corner. The next room she came into he could be standing there.

When she found the laundry room she stayed in there, watching the clothes spin through the window in the front. The room was small, the only one so far she'd come across that seemed in any way normal to her, something built on her size rather than his. She found it comforting to sit in the corner as well. She'd gotten used to having her back against a wall, to being literally and figuratively cornered. She watched the door handle, waiting for it to turn, for him to come in and order her to the floor or over the dryer.

She had read the labels of the clothing very carefully before putting into the washing machine. She knew about separating out whites and that some clothes should be washed in cold or hot water, though she had never had the change at the laundry mat to do it for her own. She read them again before putting them into the dryer. Those that she was unsure of, she hung carefully on a hanging rack to one side to dry.

When that was finished she carried the dried clothing back to the closet with the basket. She knelt on the floor and carefully took each item out of the basket to fold on the floor. The socks and boxers were easy but she had to study the way his shirts were folded and tried to reproduce that too.

She had just thought she finally had the knack of it and was applying it to a large, gray Henley when he appeared at the door of the closet. She jerked in surprise and scrambled back from the shirt instinctively before remembering herself. Heart pounding in her throat, she forced herself into Kneel a few feet from the shirt.

He looked down at her with an unreadable expression.

“I came to see if you had any questions for me.” He said, finally.

She swallowed, shook her head. “No...no, Master.” Her voice trembled.

Again she was struck by how strange it was that she was far, far more afraid of him up here than she had been in the cellar. He had been so much easier to talk to when she didn't have to see him in his own environment. The more she had seen of the house, of his wealth, the more frightened she had become. He belonged in this house. He owned this house. He wasn't impressed or intimidated by any of it. He was clothed. She was not. That felt more significant than it had in the cellar.

Before she had been a sex slave in a sex dungeon. Of course she was naked. It hadn't felt out of place.

In this setting though it served to magnify how unsuitable she was. She owned none of this, could never have owned anything in it. If she broke something, damaged an article of his clothing, she would never have been able to afford to replace it. She felt poor, proletariat, common, not even fit to be clothed or to wear shoes.

He checked his watch. “It's just past three, now.” He told her. “When you have finished here, shower. There is makeup in the bathroom in the drawers by the right hand sink that you are permitted to use and I think I want your hair braided.”

She nodded to show she understood.

“I don't usually require a hot meal in the evening so you needn't worry about preparing one. Usually I'll have some cheese, bread, hard sausage... something you can prepare when I ask for it.” He told her. “Once you are presentable you will Kneel in the living room and wait for me.”

“Yes, Master.”

She Kneelt for around an hour and a half before she heard the door of his office open. She heard his footsteps go into the bedroom and he came back in a moment wearing athletic wear and carrying a length of chain. “Follow.”

He took her back to the kitchen and, after she Kneelt, shackled her ankle with one end of the chain. The other he connected to a subtle bolt in the floor, half hidden under the edge of one of the cabinets.

The chain was mostly for her benefit. At this stage he wasn't concerned about a successful attempt at escape, but there were other dangers he had considered. She didn't seem the type but it wasn't unheard of for slaves to attempt to kill themselves, or their Masters. Knives in the kitchen, the plunge off the balcony, cleaning products that could be used as a poison for either one of them. He couldn't watch her at all times up here. He would never be able to guarantee her safety here in the same way he had when she was in the cellar. There were too many variables.

He would have to trust her training.

But he was disturbed by how quiet she had become since exploring the house. Usually she jumped at the opportunity to talk to him but she had been timid in a way she hadn't since the first days. She always wanted company. The pleasure of having someone to talk to was one of things she prized most highly. The retreat back could turn out to be a good thing. Certainly he had liked the trembling, vulnerable awe she had regarded him with when he'd found her folding his shirts on the floor in the closet. God that had been a sight he wouldn't soon forget. But it could also be a sign of something sinister brewing too.

He had considered putting her back in the cellar when he exercised or left the house or the cage concealed in one of the cabinets in his office. But ultimately he wanted to give her an opportunity to gain his trust in this way. What was the use of bringing her upstairs if he was only going to lock her away when she should be at work preparing his meals or serving him in some other way?

Still, he couldn't help but admit that there was an uncharacteristic doubt as he closed the door behind him and set off on a trail that ran along the perimeter of the elevated part of the island. He made much better time than normal, something about the tension of having left her drove his feet faster. Still, he made himself cool down appropriately, taking the final stretch back to the house at a walk.

Hannah might have expected that she would feel a sense of relief with Elias out of the house. Until she heard the door open she could be certain that she wouldn't be beaten or her body used in a way she didn't like. But she only felt more anxious. What if he fell and couldn't get back? She might starve on the island before someone found her. What if he had left for good? What if he'd grown tired of her, decided she wasn't worthy of him?

It wasn't rational. He had been dressed for exercise, clearly he was going for a run or some other sport outside of the house. But her heart beat rapidly, and she felt like crying.

And she was afraid. Ironically, she felt vulnerable without him in the house. He had said it was a private island, that there weren't other people on it. But without his presence the house felt hostile, almost creepy, as if there were something worse than him to fear that might be approaching now that he was gone.

He is the worst thing, she told herself. *He is the worst thing that could happen to you. And it has already happened.*

But she knew it wasn't true. He hadn't killed her. Hadn't tortured her. *He brought the light.*

To keep her mind occupied she decided to organize the kitchen to her. She didn't think Elias would mind. He had made it clear that she was to prepare his meals going forth. How she organized the kitchen he would see as beneath his notice.

She was beginning to develop an instinct about how she was to behave. She would have known, for example, that he was to decide what and when she ate or drank even if he hadn't told her. But the act of arranging the kitchen was a submissive one. It was effort spent making it easier for her to serve him, and therefore better at doing so.

When she heard the door open again, she almost sobbed with relief. She had been on her knees organizing mixing bowls in a low cabinet and she slumped forward, putting her hand on the wood to support herself. *Thank God he's back*, said one voice in her head. *You're a fucking lunatic*, said another.

Chapter End Notes

Happy Friday! Please let me know what you think... it will make my whole weekend!

Chapter 10

Chapter Notes

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

He had considered a period of putting her back in the cellar to sleep, or making her sleep on the floor or in a cage before earning the privilege of his bed. But decided against it that first day. She showed no signs of being spoiled by the new environment. Quite the opposite. It was all too clear she felt supremely vulnerable.

She wanted explicit permission for almost everything.

Any intimacy she had felt with him before, whatever had prompted her to talk with him, even joke with him, had retreated back inside her. She was skittish in a way she never had been in the cellar.

It reminded him of how she had acted when she'd served him at the cafe: keenly aware he was her social superior, eager to impress him and terrified to make a mistake. Not because he might beat her, but because he might notice her.

The first night when he'd commanded her to follow him into the bedroom, she had come very, very shyly, looking down and with her hands clasped nervously in front of her. She had watched apprehensively out of the corner of her eye as he pulled his shirt over his head and dropped it into the laundry basket. He took off his belt and rolled it into a coil. He opened the drawer of belts and put it in its place. The watch came next, going into its display case in another of the many drawers. He took down his trousers, putting them in the basket as well. He selected a soft, comfortable t-shirt and boxers and put them on.

Later he would teach her to dress and undress him but for now it was probably frightening enough simply to watch his belt come off, his zipper come down.

She followed him into the bathroom where he took two toothbrushes out of one of the drawers. He had given her one in the cellar of course to keep her teeth clean but this was much nicer: an electric one the same mark as his own. He put it on the counter next to the second sink.

She didn't step forward to take it, keeping her head down.

He let her stand for a moment, until he was almost finished, to see if she would pick it up, or even ask if she could. She said nothing, only trembled, visibly aware he was watching her in the mirror.

Finally he said, "pick it up, brush your teeth in that sink."

She scurried forward to obey. She looked down at the toothpaste on the counter, then up at him. He nodded and she picked it up. She turned it over in her hand for a moment until she

found the button to turn it on. It was clear she'd never used an electric one before. There were so many little things that gave away how poor she had been. It was charming.

When he had given her mouthwash and her mouth was clean, he said, “is there anything else you usually do at night? Before you get into bed?”

“I wash my face,” she said, “And put some lotion on it. Usually I put some lotion on my legs as well.”

“You may do so.” He nodded at one of the drawers on her side.

She opened it and found various soaps, lotions and creams. The mark she'd never heard of but it was all clearly very high quality. She didn't know what half of it was for and wanted very much to experiment with it. But he was leaning against the counter, watching her so she selected one of the soaps hurriedly and washed her face, patting it dry with a hand towel. She put some cream on her face, then a different one on her legs. It smelled wonderful—light and floral and fresh.

When she was finished he led her back into the bedroom.

“Lie in the center and spread your legs.”

She swallowed. It was a good thing, she told herself, to be allowed on the bed. It might mean she wasn't going back to the cellar. That she would be allowed to sleep in the bed with him, something she had barely dared hope.

But she felt very small and very afraid as she crawled onto it though.

It was ridiculous, just as it had been to be afraid to come into his bedroom. He had fucked her more times than she could count, proved over and over that he could and would take her whenever and wherever he pleased. But getting on the bed felt like wanting it. In her mind this was a signal that a woman gave a man that she was ready to sleep with. Come in for a drink after dinner, go to his bedroom, lie on his bed and spread her legs.... these were things she had been taught to avoid, that only girls who wanted sex did. Only sluts did. Whores did.

She came to the center, just under the pillows and lay on her back. Her throat felt so tight, as if she couldn't breathe as she pulled her legs up until her knees were bent at ninety degrees and then drew her legs apart. She felt the bed shift as his weight joined her. She looked up at the impossibly high ceiling. A tear slid out of the corner of one eye, silently sliding down onto the bed sheet.

You should thank me. Don't you think? For fucking your ass.

She couldn't get the words from the night before out of her mind.

That's better now, isn't it? To have admitted what you are?

“You've been on this bed before, you know.” His words jerked her out of her thoughts. “The night I brought you here from Kiev, I laid you here to inspect my new property.”

Two large, warm hands, closed around each knee and he spread her wider.

“I took off your shirt, that thin, pathetic little bra first.” His hands slid up her waist and cupped each breast. He teased her nipples with his thumb before bending and taking one into his mouth. She gasped, arching up toward him as he pressed his tongue down.

He kissed his way down her sternum, her stomach and the hairless little mound above her slit. He slid his large fingers through her folds, contemplatively, then spread her. “Next your skirt, tights, panties.” He blew on her sex and she gasped, arching.

“I was so pleased with you when I saw you were untouched.” He told her as one thumb slid up to start slowly rubbing circles at the apex of her folds. Her legs shook and her hands fisted fearfully in the covers. “When I saw you knew that no other man belonged in your cunt.”

Hannah felt like her brain was on fire. He had never done this before. Never made it good like this before. Why was he choosing to do it now? She couldn't think. She couldn't think about anything at all except the finger that had begun to circle the little nub right at the center of her. She was wet already, he didn't need to make her wetter to fuck her. He didn't need to make her wet at all. Sometimes he liked to take her when she wasn't ready.

He slid his middle finger into her and curled it forward making her legs shudder. “You had such a pretty hymen. Someday I'll show you the pictures I took of it.”

He slid one slender leg over his shoulder, wrapping his thick bicep around it to trap it, then repeated the process with the other. His thumb returned to rubbing her slowly. “And you tasted so sweet.”

He bent and sucked the little scrap of flesh into his mouth.

She let out a cry that was half a sob and her hips would have jerked violently if he hadn't held them firm. Her head tilted back and she arched her back as if in pain at the sensation. “Oh God... Oh God... Oh....”

She let herself stop thinking, stopped worrying about what he meant by it. The pleasure felt like destruction. A complete obliteration of herself. All she was was a series of sparks in the darkness of her tightly closed eyes, each time he licked or sucked her. She was nothing more than his finger against her inner walls, an exquisite pleasure that made her feel almost as though she had vertigo, afraid what would happen when she reached its apex.

“You have permission.”

She tipped over. Her body shuddered, arched in a terrifying, hysterical ecstasy.

He sucked her gently as she came down. She was crying quietly. On the bed, no handcuffs or sharp blows, pleasure without pain, an orgasm just for her. Like he was her lover. Like he wasn't the man who had forced her legs open and raped her, beaten her until she was nearly unconscious, starved her and left her in the dark until she was willing to do anything, give him anything, for mercy. Like she wanted it.

She'd never felt more like a whore.

Elias let her legs go. They fell to the side limply. He was aching hard underneath the boxers. The sight of her cumming had been so beautiful. He knelt over her chest. "And afterward, do you know what I did, Hannah?"

He pushed down the front of the shorts and took himself lazily in hand, stroking himself.

She knew from the hard, dark expression on his face he wanted an answer. "No." She murmured, softly.

"I came on your face."

She flinched at that but knew better than to turn her head away.

Her hands were free, he hadn't restrained them, even her legs she could have kicked. She could have arched her hips and tried to push him off of her, to escape. But she didn't. She lay there as he stroked himself to completion.

When he was close he leaned forward, one hand planted by her head to make sure he was close enough none of it would spill onto the pillow or the bed. He didn't have to tell her not to look away from him, not to turn her head.

The first he put across her face, almost across her left eye, groaning at the release. He pumped his shaft a few more times and sent another lower, landing over her mouth. The third and forth he spilled on her breasts.

He was still pumping himself as his dick began to soften, a little bit of cum left at the tip. He smeared it across her lips. "Tongue out."

She obeyed, letting him wipe the tip clean on her tongue.

He smirked down at her.

"I knew it would be better when you were awake." He wiped a tear gently from her cheek before it could mix with his cum and wash it away. "With those wide blue eyes looking up at me."

She couldn't speak. She just looked up at him. The humiliation so clear and so beautiful in her wide, wet blue eyes.

"You look so beautiful with my cum on your face. Such a beautiful whore I own."

He pushed a thumb into her mouth and she sucked it automatically.

"You should thank me, don't you think? For cumming on your face."

"Thank you, Master, for cumming on my face."

He was tempted to make her sleep like that, with his cum drying on her face. But he liked the way she felt tucked under his arm and didn't want to wake up sticky from it. He had been looking forward to going to sleep like that with her since the first time she had snuggled up there. So he scooped the cum up from her chest and brought it to her lips, then from her face, making her swallow it all.

He arranged her as he liked her and switched off the lights.

He could hear her breathing in the dark and he was surprised that she had stopped crying. Her breath came evenly, slowly. He felt a soft kiss pressed gently, almost shyly, against his skin.

“You brought the light, Master.” She whispered.

In the dark, Elias smiled.

The first week passed in relative peace. She was highly motivated to keep him in a good mood and even the smallest indication of displeasure made her nearly panic. Being upstairs, staying out of the cellar was clearly something which she feared being taken away profoundly.

He was very careful not to give her physical privileges too fast. No clothes, no sitting on the furniture (unless it was on his lap), no food that was not from his hand, no television or books. The only small improvement was that she was fed more frequently, as she now knelt beside him at all his meals. But that was inevitable. She had lost weight and she needed to regain it.

But when it came to other kindnesses, that he found harder to resist.

It wasn't in his nature to be an overly cruel Master. He believed in correcting bad behavior, that to truly understand her place she needed the blows she got. If she showed signs of rebellion he didn't hesitate to meet out punishment—spit in her face, slap her, take her roughly, even take her back down to the cellar to take his belt or cane. That he did not find difficult. And there was no denying he found it arousing.

But he didn't enjoy hurting her needlessly or past a certain point. He had seen men scar their slaves, burn them, truly torture them. It had never made him anything but nauseated. And the

nothingness it created within the slave was equally chilling. There were men who taught only with punishment, never with reward. But he would never be one of them. When she had earned his approval and lay on his chest, happy and content and desperate to make the moment last, that was irresistible to him.

There was a delightful incident where she tripped with his lunch. The plate had smashed onto the tile of the dinning room—pottery and pasta sauce going everywhere. He had heard the noise and come to investigate. He found her picking up the pieces, crying so hard she couldn't speak. She managed to choke out, “sorry” and “please” once, but otherwise was inconsolable with fear.

It was incredible to bend down and scoop her into his arms. She was a mess from the sauce and tears, his shirt was soon ruined with them both, but he didn't mind at all. She had been so sweet, trembling against him like a little bird he'd caught in his hands, all fluttering wings and a pounding heart rate.

He carried her to a couch in the living room, tucking her against his chest so she straddled his lap and letting her sob and shake as he held her. When her tears subsided she looked up at him. Her eyes always seemed bigger after she cried, magnified by the extra liquid and lashes dark and damp. “Am I going back down to the cellar?” She asked, voice quavering.

He should punish the question. It wasn't appropriately differential. She shouldn't question what he chose for her, shouldn't seek to avoid misery if he decided that's what she had earned. But she was so fragile he was worried he could easily break her.

He had hurt her the night he had opened her ass, and again when he'd cum on her face before he let her sleep on his bed. That had been intentional. But he didn't want to crush her entirely. He didn't want the blank, robotic look some slaves had after their Masters had pushed them too far, nor so paralyzed with fear that she couldn't experience any other emotions in his presence. He wanted her to fear him, but also love him.

He decided it wouldn't harm in indulging himself a bit, allowing himself to be kind to her.

He stroked her hair. “No, Schatzi, I'm not going to punish you.”

She took a deep, shuddering breath. “Really?”

“Don't question me.”

She shook her head quickly, fearfully. “I didn't... that is, I didn't....”

He stroked a thumb along the curve of her cheek. “Don't argue, either.”

She bit her lip. “Yes, Master.”

She looked down at his shirt and ran remorseful fingers along the collar that was soaked with tears and black from her makeup. There was a smudge against the side of his ribs too where her knee had brushed and left a smear of pasta sauce. Since he'd brought her up from the

cellar she had been too afraid to initiate touch on her own. He wanted to encourage the progress.

“I ruined your shirt.”

“Yes, you did.”

“I am sorry I did. And that I dropped your lunch.”

“It was an accident. Not intentional disobedience.” He tipped up her chin and kissed her.

“Your tears are enough to satisfy me.”

She shivered but not, he thought, in fear. He could feel the little frisson of arousal go up her spine as she whispered, “you like it when I cry.”

It hadn't been a question but he answered anyway. “Yes, I do.”

She trailed her hands shyly over his chest. “I like it when you hold me.”

He didn't reply but he did let her stay in his lap for a few more moments before he said. “I'll need to change shirts and you'll need to shower. You can clean up the dining room and then make something simple for lunch. I'll take it in an hour.”

She followed him to the bedroom but when he went to the closet she did not proceed to the bathroom. She stood just at the door, head down, looking nervous. He turned, pulling his shirt tails out from his pants. “Do you want to ask something, Hannah?”

“It's just... I mean...” He didn't press her, letting her struggle with whatever she wanted to say. She finally managed, “may I please help you undress, Master?”

It was not as surprising a request as it might seem, not if you understood her the way that he did. She was starved for touch, affection. If given the choice between sitting by herself and sitting in Attend with him, he had no doubt which she would choose. Even if the later carried more risk that she would eventually be required to do something she liked less. She even liked sex with him, when he allowed her to—if he didn't make it too painful or humiliating.

And she liked his body, like how fit and big he was. Liked how powerful he was. He hadn't taught her to want a strong man. Growing up in the unsafe environment he knew her home life had been, it was small wonder she would want someone she knew could protect her. He was more than happy to take advantage of that. It was easier to refocus her desire for protection into a desire for mastery, rather than create it de novo.

Not surprising, but he took it as a very good sign.

He nodded.

Hannah felt like she was moving in a dream as she approached him. She couldn't believe she'd had the courage to ask. But it had felt so good to be held, to be reassured she wouldn't be punished. She wanted to prolong the interaction for as long as she could. She had to reach up to undo the buttons of his shirt, had to get on her tip toes to push it off his shoulders. She

allowed herself to run her hands over his powerful shoulders and arms as she pushed it off him. She dropped it on the floor, hers to retrieve later.

She swallowed as she knelt down and undid his belt, pulling it through the loops. She stood again and took it to the drawers along one wall. She had to open several before she found the empty square for it. She coiled it up and arranged it neatly in its place. She got back on her knees again to undo the button of his trousers.

When she reached for the tag of the zipper, his hand closed over hers.

He looked down at her. "Is this another question, Hannah?" He asked, voice hoarse with lust.

She nodded.

"Use your words."

"Please... please, Master, may I suck your cock?"

"Go on, then."

She took out his cock and started with a long, slow, soft licks from the base to the tip of the shaft. She swirled her tongue around the tip, then sucked it into her mouth. She slid herself down to the base. The sound of her choking seemed impossibly loud in the small space of the closet. He didn't help her. Nor did he put a hand on the back of her head to keep her there.

She stayed there for a moment, then pulled back, gasping but flickering her tongue over his sensitive head. She bobbed her head a few times, pleasuring his sensitive glans, before pushing herself back down so he breached her throat.

None of it was new. He had shown her what he liked from the beginning.

But the look in her eyes. He felt the hair on the back of his neck stand up.

She *wanted* to do this for him.

She wasn't thinking about his belt, or cane or how hungry she was or even the cellar. Her motivation was to give him pleasure, to see him happy. What she was doing was degrading, painful. But she wanted to do it for *him*. His approval. His satisfaction.

He held back for as long as he could, wanting to prolong the moment. But it was impossible to last when she was looking at him almost... almost *lovingly*. His little slave, at his feet, looking up with worship in her eyes.

"All the way down, Hannah, I want to cum in your throat."

She put her nose to his abdomen and he spilled into her with a roar.

When he regained sense she was lapping at his shaft. She didn't seem to have noticed the difference in the same profound, earth-shattering way he had. She licked him clean and then slid his pants down his legs for him to step out of them. She looked nothing more than

focused on her task. While his heart was beating almost twice as fast as it normally did. The blood in his head was pounding.

He had seen it. He had *seen* what Max had told him about. A loving slave. A woman on her knees who thought he was a God. He felt drunk, elated. He felt like he'd raped her again for the first time, like he'd raped again for the first time.

She looked up at him. "I know where most of your clothes are, if you tell me what you want." Her voice was hoarse from the rough use of her mouth.

She fetched what he asked for and buttoned up the shirt again shyly. He tucked the tails of it into his pants, closing the belt. She was on her knees again. He let her stay there for a few moments, making it clear he was pleased with her, pleased with how she had dressed and sucked him. He stroked her cheek with one large thumb, letting her bask in his contentment.

It was hard to go back to focusing on work, knowing she was showering. He almost went into the bathroom to fuck her against the wall. Before he ate the cold sandwich she had brought him for lunch he bent her over the table and fucked her hard enough that she tore again, blood trickling down her leg as she Knelt again beside him.

But she kissed his fingers before she licked them clean when he fed her a bit of summer sausage.

Chapter End Notes

This chapter was mostly just horny world building of the life in the house together. Next chapter I promise there will be advancement of the plot, some really messed up psychological torment for Hannah and a surprise I don't want to hint too much about.

DD if you're reading this... please, please post another chapter. I just re-read Untitled (because I've already re-read If I Can't Have You like... an undisclosed number of times) and it is 100% what inspired me to post this one. Holy shit Elliot Montgomery III can get it. THANK YOU.

Chapter 11

Chapter Notes

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

Elias gave her a week of relative tenderness, giving her time to adjust to her new environment. Doubtless it didn't feel like restraint to her, but he was holding himself back. There was no question that he was firm, brutal even. Any hint of disobedience, a task done less than perfectly and he was more than happy to teach her a lesson. She gave him opportunity enough that he was satisfied, by no means denying himself.

But at the end of seven days he decided it was time for a new kind of lesson. A reminder of the absolute power he held over her. A reminder that if he was kind, it was because he *chose* to be kind. And a test. She had clearly been trying, but he had also been generous. The change in her circumstances from the wine cellar to the house was radical. He didn't want her to misconstrue what it meant, take it for a sea change in how she was to be treated.

Besides, he deserved to indulge a bit, didn't he?

She had cleaned the dishes after lunch and come back out to the table to kneel by him, but found him standing instead. He was holding his cell, answering an email with one hand.

“Come, slave. You will join me in the office for a few hours.”

She looked surprised and apprehensive.

“The office?”

It was the one room in the house she hadn't been into before. She could see it through the door sometimes, when he left it open, but she never looked long, in case he caught her.

He laughed. “Don't worry, I don't intend to put you at any risk of displeasing me.”

She didn't know what he meant by that, but soon found out.

His office was enormous—a large, ornately carved desk, comfortable, expensive chairs, wood paneling interspersed with bookshelves built into the wall. A case study in masculine opulence.

It was on the far Southwest corner of the house with two walls dedicated to windows out onto the sea and the down-sloping, verdant forest that made up the western side of the island. The wood was dark oak and all the furniture seemed enormous to her, as if it were built for creatures bigger than humans, though when she saw Elias use them they seemed appropriate.

He led her to a piece of furniture she had never seen before. It looked like a rather high table, meant to display something with four posts rising from each corner almost six feet in the air. Elias took her under the armpits and lifted her onto it so she sat on the edge, her legs dangling down.

He picked up the roll of duct tape that sat next to her—he had planned this, she realized when she saw it. He pulled out a length and tore it easily. His eyes were dark, intense and frightening as he looked down at her.

“I’ve tried most gags I think that have been invented. Never found anything that works better than just duct taping the bitch’s mouth shut.” He said with a low chuckle.

He lifted the strip he’d torn to her lips, pressing it firmly over them. He’d chosen black duct tape rather than the traditional silver to match the black silk over her eyes. Aesthetics were important, after all.

“Sometimes if I’ve taken some slut home to rape her, I make her put her panties in her mouth first, so she tastes how wet she is. But you don’t even have panties to put in your mouth... do you slave?” His voice was mocking, taunting.

She shook her head, blushing. The humiliation was to be expected but there was another reason for the heat in her cheeks, one more sinister. She didn’t like the idea of him taking another woman home with him. But she couldn’t have said that, even without the gag to prevent her.

Next he took from his pocket the dark silk handkerchief he always used as a blindfold. She shivered, not wanting to go back to the dark but didn’t resist or protest as he lifted it to her eyes and tied it securely.

He slid a hand through her slit and she parted her legs, nervously. “Wet. As I expected.”

He put his hand in the center of her chest, the other behind her head and pushed her back until she lay back on the table.

“Hands over your head.”

She felt rope close over one wrist and he drew it down, tying it to the leg of the table such that the crook of her elbow was bent right at the edge. He repeated the process with the other wrist. She heard him move around the table and come again to stand between her legs. He slid his hands under her hips and re-positioned her easily such that her ass was just at the edge of the table. The edge of the table bit into the soft flesh of her arms. His fingers slid between the crook of her arm and the table, checking the compression wasn’t enough she might suffer nerve damage. He picked up one leg and drew it up so that it was perpendicular with her torso. She felt a shackle close over her ankle and he locked her to the pole that jutted up from one corner before repeating the process with the other ankle.

Now she knew what this was for. It was to display something after all... but that thing, was her. And she didn’t think it was a coincidence that the table height left her cunt and ass at just the height of his hips, the perfect level for him to slip in. She knew too what he meant when he said he would give her no chance to displease him. How could she, rendered helpless as she was.

“Oh and just one last thing, Hannah... to keep you docile.” She felt him slip something over her ears and suddenly everything was completely silent.

It was like being back in the cellar again... dark and silent. She was alone, again. In that profound emptiness she felt his hand close over her calf. She jerked in her bonds, unable to help herself. It was so startling, so unnerving. She had no warning at all of when or how he would touch her.

His other hand spread over her stomach and she was panting hard against the gag, panic rising in her. She shivered, trying not to fight him, trying to remind herself that he was her Master. But he could be anyone. Even though she knew it was him, terror consumed her. Like this he could invite someone over and let them rape her. It wasn't just that she wouldn't be able to fight back, she wouldn't even know it was happening. His fingers dipped into her cunt and thrust roughly in, causing her to arch, moaning into the gag. A stinging swat on her bare thigh and then his hands were gone.

She shivered, trembling. When would he be back though? How long would he leave here there. She couldn't beg him with the gag in place, couldn't move, bound as she was. She was so helpless, so vulnerable. Beneath the blindfold, she began to cry pitifully.

God he was half-hard again already looking down at her as she trembled pathetically on the table. Fuck. What she did to him. The table had been expensive, as had the noise canceling headphones. He had picked a pair that was used by the military for the soldiers that worked on the decks of aircraft carriers. But he now realized it would have been worth it at a hundred times the price. She made everything so perfect for him, didn't she just?

He had wanted to make sure that she understood that he didn't have to send her back to the cellar to punish her with darkness and silence. He could put her back to where she had been and still enjoy the delightful sight of her spread cunt and slender legs in the air. Could still enjoy the ease of stuffing his cock in any hole he chose and that would be all the more punishment for her.

He made himself walk back to his desk though. He needed to get on the conference call in another minute and he needed to give himself a second to let the blood cool. There wasn't time to fuck her... not yet.

He splashed some cool water on his neck in the bathroom attached to his office and then went back to work cheerfully. He enjoyed the video call. He couldn't help but smirking a bit as he spoke with the CFO of the company he was purchasing on his screen, with the sight of her tied and ready in the background. Her pink cunt was at the edge of the table, her legs tied open. This was the view he deserved when he did business: a beautiful, bound woman, available for anything he chose to give it. This was her place, where she belonged. She had been wasted in that cafe, serving the needs of lesser men. She was meant to be at the disposal of a powerful man, one who could buy and sell companies as easily as he bought her with a fifty-quid tip.

When the conference call was done he almost leaped to his feet.

He unbuckled his belt and took out his cock. It was already hard but he gave it a few swift strokes to make sure it was ready. The only warning she got was his hand on her thigh before he pushed into her. He hilted himself with a single thrust. Despite her fear (or perhaps because of it) she was sopping wet again and he had tied her legs open and available for him.

The scream against the gag was enough to make his head fall back in appreciation. He took a slender thigh in each hand, holding her steady as he fucked her as hard and deep as he could. He wanted this to hurt, to upset her. This wasn't a punishment, it wasn't as bad as he could make it. But he wanted to give her a taste of what he could do to her if she displeased him.

And besides, it made him hard to think of how terrified she would be. She was afraid of the dark, To have herself plunged into a soundless, black void, then violated... she would be frightened out of her mind. That was enough of a reason. Even if she was good, he didn't doubt she'd still spend quite a bit of time tied in various positions with the blind fold and headphones on. To keep her docile, he had told her, and he meant it.

No one could deny he was doing it right this time. He wasn't spoiling her like he had her sister. He was keeping her in her place, showing her the depth of control he exerted over her. The wound in her, that deep suspicion that she deserved to be treated badly, was opening for him beautifully.

He came fast and hard in her pussy. He considered whether or not it was worth it to take down the duct tape to use her mouth to clean himself but decided against it. For the moment, better to keep her without the ability to plead with him. He had told her, after all, he wouldn't give her a chance to displease him. He was a man of his word. He contented himself with cleaning himself on her hair, though it took longer he managed to satisfy himself he was clean.

The bitch could feel it thought, knew what he was doing.

Next time, he'd put her in the spider gag so he could use her mouth as well. The appearance wasn't as nice and she would drool on herself but he didn't see a way around it.

He held off as long as he could, finishing up some of the details of the sale. He took a few more meetings with his lawyer, accountant, with the company's lawyer and accountant and finally both together. But when the documents had been digitally signed and the money transferred, he decided he had earned a reward. Her ass, he decided.

He was in a celebratory mood, he'd gotten quite a good deal on the company, and the sun setting over the bright, reflective surface of the sea was even more beautiful than usual. He poured himself a glass of a good vintage of whiskey that he set down beside her head. She jerked as she felt the table vibrate as he did so, turning her head toward it, muscles of her legs tightening in useless fear. He chuckled and spread her lips with two fingers. She was so wet and his cum was still coating her lips. He pumped his cock into her a few times to lubricate it. Then took it in hand and pushed it against the lower hole.

She tensed, muscles clenching against the invasion. But it was a losing battle. He forced his cock past the tight little ring and she screamed against the gag, arching off the table at the feeling of fullness, of being invaded. He wasn't going fast, he didn't intend this to be as painful as possible. He did want it to last. And he felt he was making his point well enough that it was futile for her to try to resist him.

She seemed to come to the same conclusion for a moment later he felt her force her legs to relax, to spread wide again, trying to allow him in. She was still panting hard through her

nose but she put her chest back down and opened herself as much as she could to accommodate his huge cock.

He stroked her clit, making her jerk again, clenching deliciously on him. A low moan of pain made it past the gag.

He had just set up a slow pace of deep thrusts, intending to drag out her agony this time when his phone rang in his pocket. It was the private cellphone, the one given to only a few select people.

He smiled when he saw the country code.

“Wolf.” He answered.

“Elias, it's Max Furst.” The other man said in German.

He wasn't surprised it was Max, nor that it was a new number. Like him, Max changed the private number every few months as a security precaution.

“Good to hear from you. It's been too long.”

“It has.”

“How is your slave?”

“Jessica is well, thank you for asking.”

They spoke a few moments about pleasantries, catching up. “Dieter said you wouldn't be at his party in Berlin next week.”

“Calling to check up on me? I never took you for the grandmotherly type.” He laughed, taking a deep drink of the whiskey.

Furst let out a sigh. “Jessica is worried about you. No one has seen you for a few months now.”

It had been more than a year since Kat, but Furst didn't have to say her name. There was no question as to why his absence had worried his friends, why Jessica might wonder how he was doing. He glanced down at the girl in question's sister, tied, blind folded and with his cock rodded up her ass.

“If it's a matter of finding you a girl for the weekend, I'm sure Gregor or Henrick could find you someone nice enough for a few days.” Max continued.

He reached up and took her tit in his hand, hard enough to make her arch her back and her ass clench then spasm around him. He gave it a hard slap before moving on to the twin.

Maximilian Furst was not someone who would mistake the sound of a woman's flesh being abused. Far less the muffled moan of pain and terror that followed. He let out a little snort of amusement. “Unless... of course, we have all misunderstood the very point of your disappearance.”

Elias was enjoying himself immensely. "What do you mean?"

Max sounded amused. "You're training a new slave."

Elias chuckled. "Balls deep in her ass as we speak, in fact."

"I suppose this is what I get for listening to the nagging worries of a woman. That delightful little slut has made me soft in my old age. Perhaps she needs a trip downstairs to the pillory and a good, hard beating tonight." Max didn't sound angry but Elias didn't doubt that Jessica would find the evening difficult to endure but would take comfort that she still had her Master's approval.

"Perhaps she does." He agreed. Jessica was a very beautiful woman, particularly when Max took her in hand with a whip.

"You're rather the coy one, aren't you though, Wolf? Didn't say a word to anyone. And I never heard anyone mention you had made a new purchase."

"You'll meet her in a month and I'll tell you all the story then. Ulrich contacted me a few days ago. His house is being renovated so I offered to host Midsommar this year."

"Oh? I'm delighted to hear it."

"I'm finally going to open the house in Croatia. Should be a fun weekend. I do hope you'll be able to make it."

He heard Max open his calendar. "What are the dates?"

They settled the details and exchanged pleasantries and then Max disconnected. He turned his attention back to the girl he was still fucking in front of him. She was beginning to sweat from the pain of taking him. He pushed her knees back as far as she could manage with her ankles chained as they were, so her ass was tilted up a bit to him. It let him push a bit deeper into her. Behind the blindfold she began to sob more earnestly.

Fucking music to his ears. Being reminded of Katarina made him want to punish her.

He came deep in her ass with just a few strokes.

He finished his whiskey as he cleaned off his cock with a wipe from his desk drawer. Then he returned and took down her legs and untied her arms, sitting her up. She fell forward against his chest, limp and exhausted from crying and the mental strain of the day. She didn't reach for the earphones but just lay pitifully limp in his arms. He pulled off the earphones and blindfold, pulling off the duct tape. She had one hand gripped tight in his collar and she was crying hard with relief.

He let her cry herself out and then turned her head up to him. He stroked her hair. "That wasn't a punishment Hannah." He told her gently. "That was just a little taste of what I can still do to you even up here. Do you understand that?"

She nodded vigorously.

"I can do much, much worse. You must realize what a beating would feel like, how much longer I could leave you there. All night, with cum dripping down your fucking asshole. Then come fuck your tight little pussy in the morning, when you'd spent the whole night wondering how much time had passed, when I would return." He tapped her lips. "With a cloth in your mouth, you would feel like you were suffocating. With your nose pinched shut, you really would be."

She nodded, unable to speak.

"I may do any of those things because I like to see you helpless before me, to please myself. But you will know the difference when I'm angry." He stroked a thumb across her lips. "You remember the difference, don't you?"

She shuddered. "I remember." She whispered. "I don't... I don't ever want to go back to that."

"I hope you won't." He said. "I hope I won't have to. If you really are the good little slave, the willing slut you've been for me for since the last time you were in the dark for a long time, then I won't. I would please me immensely if you were."

She smiled weakly. "I will show you I am. I... I want you to care about me."

"You're just a slave to me, Hannah. Your worth to me is because you have a nice little cunt and a mouth that was born to suck my cock." He told her. "Before I opened your holes you were just a woman. Completely worthless. I am making you into a slave. But that is something you should thank me for."

She nodded. "I do... I do thank you, Master."

"But you're still not even a slave true yet. Just a woman that I am taking the time to improve."

She looked crestfallen. "I can't believe that's all I am to you. I have to believe there's more. That you can..." She couldn't say *love me*. "Care for me."

He shook his head. "You still have many things to learn, Hannah. I will show you how worthless you are."

Tears leaked from the corners of her eyes again and her throat was too tight to speak.

"You're a mess, cum dripping down your legs and eyes all puffy. You're not fit to serve me." He told her cruelly as he lifted her down from the table. "Go into the bathroom and clean yourself up. There are washcloths under the sink for that filthy cunt. Try to make yourself presentable, then clean the top of this off where you've soiled it."

She nodded and nearly ran into the bathroom. It took all her will not to cry. Crying would only make her look worse. She ran cold water over a washcloth for her eyes and then cold water over another for between her legs. She wanted to use hot water but she knew the cold would take down the swelling a bit, hopefully please her Master better. She wished she had

some of the makeup from downstairs to put on. She arranged her hair as best she could, and tried to pat it into place with a bit of water.

When she came back out he was standing at his desk, looking at the computer. He looked her up and down with haughty disdain. "Clean, at least."

In truth she looked beautiful. Her cheeks were pink and cracked from the tears, eyes still shining and watery. Her lips were red and puffy from the duck tape.

She went to clean off the table with her head down. He smiled when she didn't need to be told to lick up his cum. She was smart, a quick study with a good memory.

When she was done he pointed to a drinks cabinet on one wall. "Get out the MaCallen whiskey with one of the glasses with a thick bottom. Use the large, round ice cubs and fill the glass until it's three fourths up the ice cube. When I tell you to bring me a whiskey, you will do this unless otherwise specified."

She nodded, hurrying to do as he said.

When she was done she brought it to where he was now sitting behind the desk. She assumed a modified Kneel with the drink offered up. He took the drink from her and then snapped his fingers, pointing to his belt. He didn't have to specify what he wanted farther.

She scooted forward and began to undo his buckle.

Before she met Elias she had never undone a man's belt before, nor had much experience with their trousers. Now her nimble little fingers had plenty of practice. She took him out and put her mouth on him immediately though he was only half hard. He didn't like her to stroke him with her hands when her mouth felt so much better and was readily available.

He looked out the window at the sea beyond and she worked until he was hard.

When he had cum down her throat she fetched another whiskey for him. "Attend."

She was so grateful for the command. She rested her head on his thigh and felt all the tension leave her body. She couldn't help but release a shuddering sigh, though he took no notice of it. Everything was going to be alright if he let her kneel there for a bit. She would please him eventually, prove that she was worthy of being his slave. She would show him he hadn't picked the wrong girl. And then she would be able to endure even the dark.

"Today I bought a company worth twenty million euro." He told her.

Her eyes widened. "Wow. I mean I knew you were rich but... wow."

"You're impressed with your Master's power, eh slave?"

She nodded. "I can't... I can't even imagine that I am with someone like you. Someone so handsome and so rich. You could have any girl in the world if you wanted."

He laughed. “When I first inherited my father's money I spent a year dating models. For enough money you can do almost anything you like with them. But not anything... and there is the difference between them and you. You *can't* say no to me.”

“Well, that and I'm too short to be a model.” She said with a little grin.

He laughed. Her humor was so unexpected. It was almost disconcerting that she could still joke with all she had been through that day, all she had been through in the last two months.

“Besides, I wouldn't say no to you anyway.”

He laughed again. “Forgotten so soon how you lost your virginity, have you Hannah?” He didn't sound angry though, only amused. He tapped her nose lightly with a finger. “That forbidden word you mentioned left your lips several times the first time I put my cock in you, didn't it?”

She pressed her cheek to his thigh. “I was afraid. And I didn't know better. I didn't know you were my Master.”

He stroked her hair. “But I taught you better since.”

“Yes, you did.”

He let her kneel with her head on his lap a bit longer, then sent her to prepare dinner. She made Chicken Kiev with a nice bottle of white wine which he took in the dining room. As he drank the wine she wondered if she knew she'd picked a five hundred dollar bottle.

Chapter End Notes

Happy holidays! Let me know what you think!

Chapter 12

Chapter Notes

Happy New Year!

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

A few weeks past as they got used to a routine. Elias got up every morning promptly at seven am without the use of an alarm clock. Hannah was a more variable sleeper. Before being taken she had suffered from insomnia, but she found she slept immediately and through the night once her Master switched off the light and bid her goodnight. She thought it was likely due to the profound darkness. Elias slept with thick curtains drawn over the large windows, where as she had always needed to leave a light on with the door cracked before. Perhaps it's not so strange, she thought as she lay in his arms, that in his arms I don't fear monsters in the dark. He is, after all, the most monstrous creature I've ever met. What worse thing could be coming for me? Nothing that Elias couldn't defend her from. When she slept in his arms, she was his property. He wouldn't let her go.

If she woke first, he liked her to watch the clock until just before seven and then slip beneath the covers and take his cock into her mouth. Usually it was stiff already but she wasn't to start to move until he awoke. Then he would put his hand on her head over the covers as he began to thrust.

More of then though, he woke first and rolled her onto her stomach to take her from behind. With how soundly she now slept he could usually get his cock halfway in before she woke with a frightened start, struggling and scrambling beneath him. He was always so pleased when that happened and would hold her down cheerfully with a hand in the middle of her back, pinning her easily as she squirmed beneath him. The other hand at her buttocks kept her open so he could thrust in hard and fast.

“Like raping you for the first time all over again,” he told her cheerfully, voice hoarse from sleep and heavy with lust against her ear as he bent over her. “The way you startle and struggle.”

After he was satisfied he would take her downstairs and chain her to the bolt in the kitchen floor so she could cook breakfast. He went for a run first thing in the morning for an hour and she hadn't earned the right to be alone in the house without being chained. Then he lifted weights for another half hour to hour depending on the day.

From a certain vantage point in the kitchen, she could see into the gym room where he lifted weights. Once he caught her sneaking a glimpse she had scurried back to her task with a little mortified squeak. But she needn't have worried. He came to her when he was finished, still

with sweat clinging to his arms. The tight athletic t-shirt a little bit damp where it stretched over his broad chest.

He backed her up against one of the cabinets and put an enormous forearm on either side of her. She had been beating eggs in a small metal bowl but he took it and shoved it onto the counter. His biceps were perhaps bigger than her thighs. She didn't dare meet his eyes, turning her head to one side. He kissed the vulnerable pulse in her neck with exaggerated care. It only underscored how easy it would be for him to bite, to punish.

“Does my little slave like my muscles?” He asked her, sounding smug, but very pleased.

“Yes... Master.” She had stuttered, blushing very prettily.

“Go on... touch them if you like.”

Blushing she had caressed his arms and chest, enjoying the taught skin stretched over corded power. There was not an ounce of fat on him, nothing that would slow down the wicked engine of his desire.

He was hard soon enough from her attention and his hands began to slide over her in return. He bent and kissed her, parting her lips and sampling her sweetness. He pressed kisses down her neck, sliding his hand over her naked breast and lower. She was already naked, as she always was, available to him. He cupped one of her breasts, pushing her back against the counter.

“Try to fight me off.” He murmured into her neck.

She was too enthralled by the sensation of him kissing her neck that she didn't hear him at first.

He leaned back, a dark cloud at his eyebrows. “That wasn't a question, slave.”

“What? I'm sorry Master, I didn't hear you.”

He leaned in closer, hands still sliding over her breasts and belly and down to hook into her slit, making her gasp. “Try to fight me off.” He repeated.

Her brow furrowed. Was this some kind of test? But he had been clear with his order and she knew better than to think too long.

She took both hands and with all her force tried to push at the center of his chest. He laughed, leaning in against her and capturing her hands with his own. She flailed against his hold on her wrists, trying to force him back, bucking her hips against his hard length in an attempt to gain some space to maneuver. He stepped back, a taunting move of acquiescence but she took it, pushing forward and trying to overbalance him. He stepped aside and she went forward, allowing him to spin her so now he held both hands behind her back.

He nudged the back of her knees, not hard enough to hurt but certainly enough that they buckled, sending her to the floor. She tried to wrench her arms forward but he was far, far too

strong. She heard the hand that wasn't holding her wrists together at the small of her back sliding down his athletic shorts.

She was still struggling as that hand came to her back, pushing her forward until her prone beneath him on the cold tile. He knelt over her thighs and pulled one cheek to the side so she was open and slid in. She was so wet when he entered her he let his head fall back, vision almost swimming. Had it been his muscles that aroused her? His strength? The struggle? He didn't think she would know. Her cunt always felt amazing but as she continued to try to fight him off she was clenching her muscles, giving him a fantastic fuck.

Her too if how quickly she came was any indication. Soon her movements became more jerky, less rational as the edge of pleasure approached. "How wet it makes you to struggle and be over powered," he laughed in the back of his throat. "Cum from me, little whore. Cum on the cock of a man who has forced you to the floor to fuck you."

The orgasm took all the fight out of her. She let him pound her against the tiles after that. Her little body buffeted back and forth with only the slap of his thighs against hers to mark the time. He came a moment later, thrusting to the hilt and spilling deep.

Then he stood, and without a word, left the room, leaving her where she lay, face down and with cum leaking out of her. When she was sure he wasn't returning for more, she pushed herself up to her hands and knees and considered the cum sliding down her leg and where it had dripped onto the floor.

He would never know, she told herself. He hadn't told her to do anything specific. If she wiped it up with a cloth she could hide it beneath some old coffee grounds in the trash and it would be impossible to tell what she had done. She could hear him in the shower and she didn't think the cameras around the house recorded anything.

But he would know.

Shaking, she slid her hand along her thigh, gathering his spend up and bringing it to her lips. Then she bent and licked the rest from the tiles.

When she thought she had gotten it all, she stood and hurried back to making him breakfast. She didn't want to be late, after all.

He worked in the morning. Often he liked her company in his office while he did if he had no phone calls to make or virtual meetings. Well, company was a strong word. He liked her body in his office. Sometimes it was as simple as kneeling beside his chair, ready to suck his cock at a moment's notice. Usually she was blindfolded for that. Most of his work too place in German and she would have to read it out of her peripheral vision, but he didn't want her to give her some detail that might orient her—the date, their location, some news from the outside world. It was better at this stage of her training that she not think of anything but the island, of him and how to please him.

But Hannah found she didn't mind the blindfold as much in this context. She found it soothing to sit beside him. She could hear the sounds of him breathing, the keys clicking under his fingers. Occasionally he gave her head a gentle caress.

Other times she was displayed. He liked the table he'd put her on with the headphones and she often spent hours in the same position, legs tied open and waiting for him. Usually he only gagged her but left the blindfold and headphones off.

Her sexual training went on, of course. He taught her new slave positions, drilled her in the old ones. He spent time teaching her exactly the way he liked her to take his cock. He continued with her stretching regime until she could easily be put into the splits, bent over her legs, have her arms tied with wrists crossed between her shoulder blades.

But there were new elements to her submission that required his guidance and discipline now that she had chores that were not carnal.

There were small infractions, things that she could tell didn't truly bother him but still needed to be corrected. He never punished her for bad luck—the dropped lunch, an expensive pair of shoes she had ruined by choosing the wrong shoe polish, or a cake that had failed to rise despite carefully following instructions.

One morning she burned her hand on a hot pan and had gone to him without thinking. Only when she was in the door of his office did she hesitate, rethinking if it would be wise to disturb him with it. He always kept the door of his office open unless he was on a phone call and he looked up when he heard her there. She immediately went to her knees just outside the door frame. She wouldn't cross the threshold of the office without his permission.

“What is it, slave?” He asked.

She held out her burned hand instead of answering.

He was on his feet in a moment, striding across the room. He took her by the upper arm and pulled her to her feet. He brought her to the bathroom attached to the master bedroom and lifted her onto the sink counter. He ran the cool water tap and put her hand underneath it. He held it there with one hand as he took out his phone and searched quickly for information on how to analyze and treat a burn.

It seemed fairly mild, he noted with real relief. Not something that would require medical attention. He smeared some aloe cream on it from his stash of medications and wound a clean bandage around it. He gave her some Paracetamol but didn't think she'd need anything stronger.

He leaned against the counter between her knees and kissed her forehead gently. “Can you finish cooking? Or do you need to rest?”

She shook her head. “No, Master, I can finish.”

He stroked her cheek. She bit her lip. “Will... will it scar, Master?” He always told her how perfect her skin was, how much he valued how smooth and unblemished it was.

He shook his head. “I don't think so.”

She breathed out a sigh of relief.

He could be forgiving.

But if he felt she had been careless or forgotten something, he didn't hesitate to correct her.

One morning she had unthinkingly made his coffee to her own taste, putting in so much cream and sugar it was almost impossible to even distinguish the flavor of coffee. When he'd taken a sip he had grimaced and her stomach had turned over as she realized what she had done. She had made the drink moving automatically.

“Stand and bend over my lap.”

She stood, trembling and did as she was bid.

He put her hands at her lower back and then took her hair and wound it into a pony tail which he wrapped over one fist. He spanked her with his hand until her bottom was rosy and she was squirming and biting her lip. It was surprising how much he could make even just his open hand hurt when he wanted.

“I'm sorry... Master!” She begged. “Please... I didn't mean any harm! I wasn't thinking... please... please forgive me!”

When he put her back on her knees beside him she had looked up at him, lip quivering as she said, “but I didn't mean to, Master. It was just a mistake.”

“No, it was carelessness.” He correct her. He knew she didn't understand why she had been punished for this but not for ruining a shirt worth thousands. “I won't punish you for things you couldn't have known or anticipated. But I will not accept inattention to detail.”

He stroked her head to show he wasn't angry. “You're just a woman, Hannah. A slave. I wouldn't be doing my job as your Master if I didn't correct your deficiencies. Isn't that right?”

She sniffled. “Yes... yes, sir.”

“You need a firm hand. You need to be taught right from wrong, don't you?”

“Yes, Master.”

A month before she would have wanted to tell him she didn't need to be taught morality by a man who raped her. Now she only felt despair that she had displeased him. She looked up at him. “May I please kiss your shoes, Master? To show you how sorry I am?”

Elias tried not to let how much the question pleased him show.

“You may always grovel, slave. Whether it does you any good or not, is for me to decide. But you may always degrade yourself.”

She bent and kissed his shoes, prostrating herself before him and murmuring how sorry she was against the Italian leather. He turned back to his breakfast, ignoring her.

He ate slowly, enjoying the plaintive little missives coming from his feet and the sight of her well-warmed ass high in the air. When he was finished he put the plate on the ground beside

his chair. "Finish it. No hands." He told her, standing and leaving the room without another word.

When the door had shut, Hannah bent, and began to eat.

There were bigger errors however, things she could tell truly displeased him. The first week, prior to the arrival of the Novak's he had taken her back to the cellar after breakfast. When she had seen the door open she had stepped back.

He turned, his eyes flashing with anger. "Hannah..."

"Master... please, Master... no...."

"No?"

His hand has flashed out, seizing her wrist and dragging her forward.

She stumbled as he hauled her down the stairs to the cellar and compounded her error by pulling back against him, trying to dig in her heels not to go down the stairs. She was panicking now, pulling at her wrist in a futile attempt to slow him. But all she did was make him angrier.

He hauled her across the cellar to where a pair of thick cuffs hung from the ceiling over a pulley. He pulled them down and clasped them around her wrists. They were wide enough to go halfway down her forearm. He pulled hoisted her up until she was dangling by her wrists. He added a spreader bar to keep her legs open.

When she saw him pick up a thin rattan cane she began to thrash, truly in panic. "Please... Master... please... please... forgive... forgive me..." She could barely get the words out, thrashing as she was.

The first blow landed across her back, making her arch and scream.

"No, slave?" His voice was low and dangerous. "Do you ever get to say 'no' to me?"

"Master... I'm sorry..."

Two more blows cracked across her back making her jerk and scream again.

"I didn't mean to... I promise... I didn't mean it... I don't... I won't..."

He silenced her with another blow, this time across the soft flesh of her stomach. He was hitting her hard enough that she was swinging, spinning slowly. He stepped forward and took her by the hip. She was half a foot off the ground but still had to look up to meet his furious gaze.

He glared down at her. "Stupid, ungrateful whore!" He slapped her face, hard enough that her head whipped back and she saw stars. "I feed you. I teach you. I keep a roof over your head. I train you. And this is the thanks I get? Disobedience? Defiance?"

She looked up at him pleadingly. “Please.. I panicked. I only... I didn't... I'm sorry...”

He stepped back and landed a few more blows until she was spinning again and sobbing in agony. “I keep you in luxury, give you food from my own plate, let you sleep in my bed because I thought you were a good slave. An obedient slave.”

“I am... I am... Master... I promise...”

He stabilized her again long enough to spit in her face. “You don't deserve any of what I give you. Do you? Nothing but an ungrateful, selfish whore.”

She was crying. “Please... I didn't...” A glob of his spit ran down her cheek, mixing with her tears. “I will be obedient. I'm sorry.”

Another two blows sent her spinning again.

He stopped when her voice was so raw from screaming it was little more than a harsh, rattling sound. He undid the rope and let it go, letting her fall to the floor. She was weak and unable to balance with the spreader bar so she sprawled out on the cold stones. He bent down and took her by the cuffs still connecting her wrists. He dragged her across the floor to the corner where he had chained her in the first days. It was impossible to get to her feet, and she wailed as her abused flesh was dragged over the rough surface. He clipped the chain to the cuffs and then turned her over with one foot.

His cock was rigid from beating her. He took it out of his pants and began to stroke himself. He looked down at her, cheeks red from tears, ass, stomach and back red from the cane.

“Useless, disobedient woman.” He growled at her. “I'll teach you what defiant girls get.”

“Master... please...”

With the hand that wasn't stroking his cock he landed a blow on her calf. “I will tell you when I want to hear your voice again, whore.”

He found his pleasure and tilted his head back, letting himself cum over her abused form. When he was finished he looked down at her for a long moment. Then, without a word, he spit on her and turned toward the stairs.

She had made the mistake of trying to clutch at his boot, hoping he would be placated by this nonverbal pleading. But he had only slammed the cane down on her again and left her in the cellar until morning for the impudence.

That had been a bad day indeed.

But there were days she hated when she had not displeased him.

He had woken that day in a very good mood in her opinion (and she was becoming very, very good at reading any subtle shift in his mood). He had been happy with the blowjob she'd given him in the morning, going so far as to say “your cocksucking has improved remarkably, slut. You were born to please me with your mouth” as she licked him clean. He had fed her

well at breakfast and hadn't made her lick anything off the plate at the end, indulging her by letting her eat it all from his hand.

She had been happy when he said, “you can do the dishes later slave, you'll come to my office for the time being.”

She liked to be with him, particularly when he was in a good mood. Once or twice she had been allowed to sit just in Attend as he worked and those mornings had passed in an almost blissful, meditative state. She didn't want to examine why the position had the effect of instantly calming her. She knew she shouldn't want to be with Elias. But she did. He was the only person she saw these days.

But it was more than that. He taught her what to do, corrected her behavior, disciplined her. It took time and attention to do those things—something she could never remember having before. If she didn't come home at night or if she fell behind at school or work, no one would have scolded her or even paid attention. But Elias... he noticed everything she did. Not dropping into Kneel quickly enough, an ungraceful movement, not stroking his cock with her tongue in exactly the way that he liked. But also a well cooked meal, how well she had taken a hard fucking or sucked his cock, the care she took with her hair and makeup.

It was intoxicating.

A beating or an orgasm, a frown or a smile... it all was starting to mean much for to her than it should. When he was displeased with her, it wasn't only the blows that made her cry. And when he was pleased with her... it was unlike anything she could have imagined. A stroke on the cheek, a fond caress on the head and she would glow with pride.

The smell of him, the feel of his thigh beneath her cheek and the sound of his voice on the phone was as soothing as any caress. He mostly spoke German so she didn't know what he was saying but the rich tones of his voice were enough.

That was not to be that day, however.

He took his time tying her wrists together, winding the rope around her wrists and then leaving a inch between them. He tested it with a sharp tug and laughed as she almost fell into his lap.

He had led her to one of the beams of wood that stood out between the enormous bay window doors that made up one side of his office, leading onto a private patio. Since his desk faced the windows to give him a view of the ocean, she would be almost directly in his sight line. He raised her arms over her head and she looked up, realizing he meant to suspend her from a small hook driven into the beam.

She had to stretch onto her tiptoes as he raised her arms up to get the rope onto the hook. Even when it settled at its lowest point she was still on high the balls of her feet to keep pressure off her wrists.

He stepped back to examine her and smiled. “I thought I had measured it out right.” He remarked, clearly pleased with himself.

“Mast...” She began but stopped at his look.

“I will gag you slave if you speak out of turn.”

She slammed her lips shut, cursing herself for being so stupid.

He went down and sat at his desk, turning on his computer and putting in the code to open it.

At first it wasn't so bad. She could lean against the beam and that helped her stay on the balls of her feet. Also the way he had tied her wrists it didn't hurt too bad if she needed to hang on them for a moment to give her legs a rest.

At least for the first hour.

She was truly uncomfortable by the time he stood and came to stand in front of her. He opened his pants and took out his hard cock. He bent and a large hand closed over each globe of her ass, lifting her up and spreading her wide so he could thrust his cock into her. She groaned at the angle of penetration but it felt so good to be off of both her wrists and toes she was thankful to him for the reprieve. She worked hard to make it last, to make it good for him. She wrapped her legs around his hips and tried to swivel her hips as he brought her slowly up and down his shaft.

“Draw a figure of eight with your hips.” He groaned.

He had pressed her body firmly against the beam, one hand braced next to her head, the other still pulling her open. His head had let fall forward as he felt her exquisite heat close around him. His words ghosted across her neck.

“That's it, whore, that feels good. Flutter your muscles on my head when I am almost out and clench hard as I push back in.” He squeezed her ass hard as she came to the tip of him.

It made it more intense to clench her muscles when he was pushing in and it was difficult to remember to draw the figure eight and flutter her muscles at the right moments. But she was trying and he went slow, giving her ample time to practice. By the time he unloaded in her though she was sweating and mentally exhausted.

He let her back down and went back to his desk.

By the time he stood the next time she could barely hold herself up for more than a minute or two before her trembling muscles collapsed and she gasped in pain as the ropes pulled tight on her aching wrists.

She was so grateful when he took her ass in his hands, lifting her up and pinning her against the beam she moaned. He slapped her face. “Focus slave. Your attention should be on my pleasure, always, not on relieving your own discomfort.”

“Yes, Master.” She agreed breathlessly.

“When a whore has a cock in her, she should think of nothing else.”

“Yes, Master.”

She did her best to follow his instructions, clenching as he split her and moving against him as he wanted her too. When he thrust in particularly deeply or particularly hard and she had to bite her lip to keep from crying out she reminded herself to focus on him, his cock, his pleasure.

He came hard again within her but when he was finished, he did not begin to soften again. He chuckled. “Your cunt is so welcoming my cock is still hard. You should be proud.”

“I am proud.” She said softly. She didn't want him to return to the desk, didn't want to be left alone again for who knew how long. With him here, close to her, she had some chance of influencing him... of pleasing him. At least of keeping his attention.

“Because you worked my cock so well with your pussy, I'll give you a choice. I can fuck you again and I will let you come down off of the post and under the desk for the rest of the day. But this time I'll fuck your ass with only the lube from your cunt.” She considered her options for a long moment. Then she looked up at him and he could see in her face the sincerity when she said, “whatever will bring you the most pleasure, Master.”

He laughed and gave her a playful kiss on the nose. “You would have made a great diplomat, slave. Up your ass it is then.”

He pulled out of her pussy and realigned himself with the back hole. He hadn't prepared her and she wasn't in ideal position. She meant to impress him with her stoicism but that hope was lost almost immediately. She wailed when he pressed the head in, arms shaking as she clenched, trying to pull herself instinctively away from the pain.

He groaned at the sensation when her tight little ring slipped over the edge of his glans. It was hard work and she was crying hard by the time he got the last centimeter of cock in. She had known it would be bad but she was already in agony and he hadn't even started to thrust.

His large hands held the globes of her ass wide, stretching her. The pull of it felt terrible and she knew enough by now to realize it meant he would be fucking her hard. He was opening her to be sodomized deep and long. He had just cum too so she knew it would take a while. She felt as though tendrils of agonizing pain were radiating from the base of her spine to her legs, her abdomen, even her arms.

“Want to change your mind, Hannah?” He said, voice low and full of lust. “Want me to finish in your snatch after all?”

She shook her head. “No, Master, not if I am pleasing you.” She bit out the words through a sob.

He went slowly, careful not to tear her. Not for her own sake but because he didn't want to damage the integrity of her. He intended to keep her tight. He dipped his fingers into her pussy and spread some more of her juices and his spend onto his cock as he began to move in and out. Each time he thrust in she swore it was worse than the time before, that he found some deeper place in her, that his cock was bigger, that she would die in a moment.

But her mind certainly wasn't anywhere but his cock, his pleasure. "God you feel incredible." His voice sounded ragged. He was enjoying this. And that thought made heat pool in her belly along with the pain. She began to squirm, her cunt clenching on air and his head tilted back, a little sound of surprised triumph leaving his lips.

"That's it, whore, make it good for me."

He slid one hand down and began to stroke her sweet, slick nub. "You can come all you like, bitch. When you do you clench so beautifully on my ass."

It took forever. She came twice, little shameful orgasms that were not even enough to dull the pain but made him laugh and taunt her. "Never thought you would cum from a cock up your ass did you, whore?" He said as she came down from the second one. "Never imagined yourself here. But it is where you belong, on my cock and working me like your life depends on it."

But finally he came, harder than he had the first two times, spraying the inside of her with his seed.

She was a mess. Her cheeks were pink and cracked from tears, her eyes puffy and aching. Her thighs were a mess of his seed. She looked so beautiful.

He reached up and brought down her arms, allowing her to sink down onto a flat foot. She was so much smaller than he was. Her head barely reaching his mid chest. It was a wonder she could take him at all. But then again, she had no choice.

He took her by the hair back to the desk. He took out a wipe from a desk drawer and cleaned his cock meticulously. She was glad he never made her suck it before he cleaned it after he fucked her ass. She thought it was probably for his benefit and not her own. Her Master was a clean man and she didn't think he would want to kiss her after she had sucked a dirty cock. Still, she was grateful.

When he was satisfied he went back to work. And she went back to focusing on his cock.

Most afternoon she had some chores to do. After the first week he let her set her own schedule and figure out what needed to be cleaned when. It was easier for him and it gave him an excuse to punish her when he found things dirty or out of place. Not that he needed an excuse to beat her. But he enjoyed making her repent and apologize with a contrite, crestfallen expression.

He ordered a set of nipple clamps that were two small, light silver bells. They were safe to wear for up to twelve hours and sometimes he would have her do her afternoon chores in them. She hated them. They hurt badly after an hour or two and she found it demeaning to wear a bell like a cat.

She had not been able to hide her displeasure when he had first put them on her and had subsequently been ordered to bend over and grip the edge of his desk while he took the cane she liked least to her ass for her impudence.

“I thought women were supposed to like it when men bought them jewelry.” He had laughed as he landed a cracking blow that made her scream in pain. The little bells jingled merrily from the force of the blow.

It delighted him no end however the way they rang with each thrust when he fucked her or each blow when he struck her. Whenever she had them on he would call her into his office to be taken from behind at least once, over his desk or on the floor. Each peal seemed like a little mocking laugh at her expense.

“You look like a secretary, bent over and taking the bosses cock for a pay raise or a bonus,” he told her with a chuckle as he fucked her particularly hard one day. “But all you get is my cum, isn't that right, Hannah?”

She grimaced. “Yes, Master.”

“Don't you think you look like a whore like this? Naked. Not even a scrap of clothing but those bells.”

“Yes, I look like a whore.” She groaned.

She was pushing her legs together, he could tell she was close to cumming.

“Thank me for my cock.”

“Thank you for your cock, Master.”

“You may cum.”

She clenched on him almost before the words were out of his mouth. “Oh... oh God, thank you...”

He bought her other ornaments. He always called them jewelry but she only sometimes agreed. The beautiful, matched rose gold bracelets he sometimes let her wear she agreed had been a real gift even if they did remind her of handcuffs. The gold butt plug with his name written in flowing calligraphy on the end, she had been less enthusiastic to receive. He liked to fuck her ass early in the day and then put it in to keep his semen in her. He always took a moment to admire his name between her cheeks before he'd give her a slap on the ass.

“Alright, Hannah, about your duties then.”

He also bought a large silver sphere that had lead in the center to make it heavy. He would put it into her mouth as a kind of gag from time to time. It was too big to be swallowed or to fall into the back of her throat but it made her speech difficult to produce and impossible to understand. Used in conjunction with duck tape over the mouth and she couldn't make any noise at all.

Other afternoons she spent looking through cookbooks and planning meals for him. Once a week someone came to the island to bring whatever her master wanted and tend to the gardens as well as clean the house thoroughly. She spent that time in the cellar, much to her chagrin. After a while he grew tired of her asking for specific groceries individually and

would let her write out a list each week to give to him the day before the groceries were brought.

He, on the other hand, usually took his leisure after the midday meal. He swam often, in both the sea and the pool. He read as well and was an avid fan of soccer, following both the German national team and a club called Borussia Dortmund. If she didn't have chores to do and he was in a good mood he often included her in these activities. Lying next to him on the daybed by the pool as he read, sitting in his lap as he drank a beer and explained the rules of soccer and the various leagues to her, she could almost, *almost* forget for a moment that he wasn't her boyfriend. That she hadn't chosen this. That she was his slave.

Sometime she could imagine that she was only sitting on his lap because she wanted to, not because she wasn't allowed on the furniture otherwise. She could imagine she was naked because they had just made love, not because she was always to be kept open and available for his use.

But there were always moments that brought her back.

After a few weeks he had decided to take her with him when he went swimming in the little cove below the house after she mentioned she had never swum in the ocean. She had packed a picnic lunch and a bag with a large blanket, a shady umbrella and a change of clothes for him. The steps wound down the side of the cliff, zig zagging as they went.

"You aren't scared of heights?" He asked as they approached.

She shook her head. "No."

At the bottom the volcanic rocks were too sharp to walk across. He had lifted her into his arms, carrying her bridal style as she giggled and clung to his broad, strong arms, because, of course, she had no shoes. He had spread out the blanket and opened the umbrella for shade. He'd smeared her creamy skin with sunscreen before they swam.

The water was heavenly. She wasn't a very good swimmer and she was afraid of the rougher waves. She stayed close to Elias, which it was clear he enjoyed. He wrapped her in his arms, kissing her salty lips. She yielded beneath beautifully, shivering a bit from the contrast between the cold water, the warmth of his skin, and the heat that pooled between her legs.

"Nothing to fear, shatzi, I'm here."

He showed her how she was more buoyant in salt water, teaching her to float on her back without effort.

"Do you want to swim out a bit farther?" He asked when she had gotten a bit more comfortable.

She looked out at the deeper water. At the mouth of the cove, even on a day without much wind or rough weather, there was a shallow stretch of rocks that made rocky, frothy waves. She curled her toes in the sand and then shook her head. "No, Master."

He kissed the top of her head. "Alright, let's go in and take lunch."

It felt so normal. The two of them swimming and laughing together.

She followed him back to the blanket where he wrapped her in a towel to keep her from getting cold in the fresh breeze and fed her crisp, sweet grapes one by one as he drank champagne and lay beside her as she made him a sandwich of cold chicken, good mustard and heirloom tomatoes. When he had eaten and fed her quite a bit of the sandwich, he finished his champagne with a smile.

"Time for my desert."

He caught her ankle and pulled her toward him. She giggled as she slid down the blanket until she lay beneath him. He tasted like the champagne as he kissed her deeply. It wasn't a brutal kiss but deep and thorough, sweeping the warm cave of her mouth with his tongue. He feathered kisses along her jaw, her collar bone, before sinking lower. He parted her legs and knelt between them, claiming her with his mouth without a word.

She gasped, arching up against him as he flicked his tongue against the aching, warm, slick nub. He pushed her thighs open and feasted. The salt water added a rich new note to the sweet, honeyed liquid of her and he groaned at the taste. Better than champagne, better than anything, to have her spread and open. Nothing could stop him from drinking from her as deeply as he chose.

"Cum."

She obeyed, arching her hips against his mouth with unschooled ecstasy, her cry high and girlish and unrestrained. "Oh... oh, God, oh.... Master... oh, God..."

By the time she recovered he was over her body, pressing his aching erection between her trembling thighs. He kissed and bit along the tender flesh of her neck, nipping in a way that made her gasp with pleasure as he pushed in. The stretch of him was still incredible. She would never be able to take him without keenly feeling how big he was within her. But as wet as she was, he slid in with barely any resistance.

He laughed against her ear, nipping at the lobe playfully. "God, Hannah, you undo me."

It didn't take much for her to cum again, the way he was lathing kisses along her neck, occasionally dropping down to suck one of her sensitive nipples into his mouth and the friction of his pubic bone against her mound. He didn't seem to be inclined to hurry however and drew it out, letting her cum twice more before he groaned and found his own release.

She lay boneless as he drew back, laughing and pouring himself another glass of champagne before he reclined back, pillowing his arm under his head. She pushed herself to her hands and knees and came to clean his cock with her mouth. Her body shook as she had to bend to lap at him.

"Don't bother," he told her, "I'm intending to swim soon anyway and you look as if you might fall over."

He held out his arm and she snuggled beneath it grateful and limp. She kissed his chest. "Thank you." She murmured.

She was almost asleep by the time he sat up. She pushed herself up too, rubbing her eyes. He reached into the canvas bag and brought out two metal handcuffs. He snapped one around each ankle and the other around the wrists she offered him without a word. He winked at her, "can't have you going anywhere while I swim out, can I?"

Despite his jovial tone, the metal cuffs were so anathema to the seen of otherwise tranquil romance. He hadn't put them on tight but the cold, hard feel of them was a sharp juxtaposition to the warm sand beneath her. It was needless too. He'd had to carry her across the rocks, she'd told him that she was afraid to swim out. There was no danger she could escape. It was only a reminder of her place.

But she didn't protest. She wasn't surprised.

Everything has to be earned, Hannah, he had told her. She hadn't earned his trust yet and she wondered if she ever would. She meant what she had said the day he'd tied her in his office with the earphones. She wanted him to care about her.

Love her.

That thought was more dangerous still.

But it was impossible to resist. She had gotten through the darkness in the cellar by thinking about him, imagining him when he was gentle and kind to her. She didn't think of escape, Kiev, freedom. She thought of pleasing him, of being able to lie in his arms, take food from his hand. Kind words in a warm, deep, British voice. Soft caresses from hands big enough to encircle both her wrists easily. And nothing had changed since he had brought her up to the rest of the house. When he bent her over the desk and hurt her, she closed her eyes tight and imagined he might take her in his arms when he was finished, stroke her head and gentle her tears. He might say something kind to her. *You took me well, slave. Good girl, Hannah, you're a good girl.*

He told her she was nothing more than tight holes for him to fuck, nothing more than a pathetic woman. Little better than a dog that needed to be broken and trained to be more docile and useful. But the way he kissed her, held her, stroked her back softly when she lay against his chest... those were not the acts of someone training a beast they didn't care for.

She had to believe she could nurture that in him. If she was only good enough, sweet enough, submissive enough... if she sucked his cock and washed his clothes and cooked just the way he liked, didn't resist when he used her roughly or beat her just to please himself... surely he would grow to think of her as more. The day that she had dropped the plate of pasta and then sucked his cock after she'd helped him change, there had been something in his eyes that was more than hatred, lust, power. He had looked at her with longing.

But a longing for what? That was less clear to her. There was nothing he couldn't have from her. She gave him her body whenever he asked, did whatever he told her to with minimal resistance. If she did resist, there was nothing stopping him from punishing her as harshly as

he pleased. If he wanted to hurt her, damage her past repair or even kill her, he could do that. What else could he possibly want?

She lay back on the blanket once he stood and walked back toward the ocean. She lay on her side so she could watch him swim out toward the rougher water. She was asleep by the time he returned to the blanket, curled on her side, cuffed wrists tucked under her head and ankles as far apart as the chain would allow. He had enjoyed the view, the rest of the grapes and champagne, and when she woke again, fucked her ass in the manacles until she cried before he carried her back up to the house.

He had made it hurt, a clear enough message that she couldn't mistake it. Whatever it looked like, taking her swimming, using his tongue to give her pleasure, feeding her grapes, she was still his slave.

There were always manacles.

Chapter End Notes

A long chapter but really just a bunch of vignettes about their day-to-day before we start progressing the plot. I hope you aren't too disappointed. I promise next chapter the plot will advance. But first I just wanted to show a little bit about how Hannah and Elias are both progressing. Please let me know your thoughts!

Chapter 13

Chapter Notes

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

Elias was interested in her, Hannah came to realize.

He asked about her childhood, her family. It was easy to talk to him. He didn't seem surprised or disturbed by the level of poverty she had come from. He took what she said in stride, even when she talked about unpleasant things: her mother's drug use, her lack of family, how shabby and dreary her life had been.

He talked less about his own past. It seemed as though both his parents were dead, though he never mentioned his mother at all, and his father he spoke of only briefly and without emotion. Only occasionally did he speak about his life outside of the island, and when he did the details were not satisfying. He had the house in Gengenbach, an apartment in Berlin, and another in Paris. He was very well traveled, both for business and pleasure. He seemed like he had been everywhere: to the United States, Russia, Australia... everywhere she had dreamed of going as a child.

About his business he was much more forthcoming, which she also hadn't expected. He often told her what he had done during the day, which often required long explanations. She didn't understand even the most basic parts of venture capitalism but she learned quickly and remembered all the details he told her—names of companies and people he interacted with. He thought, not for the first time, what a shame it was that her formal education had been cut so short.

When he found out she liked to read, he bought her books in Russian. Reading in English gave her a headache, and those were the only books in his library she would even attempt. He bought her a surprising mix. Some of it was the trashy thrillers she told him she liked, but other books as well. Classics. Bulgakov, Pushkin, translations of Mann, Roth, and Hemmingway.

They weren't things she would have thought to read on her own, but once she found that it was something she could talk to him about, she consumed them voraciously. There were so few things in their life that intersected, so few shared prior experiences or common interests. She often wondered what it would have been like if he had asked her out in the cafe, if he hadn't taken her as a slave. Probably they would have had little to talk about, and she was sure she would have been so intimidated as to barely look at him.

He liked that she read. Her duties around the house really were minimal and often she had hours of free time in the afternoon or morning. If she had been good she was allowed to kneel on the bed. What she liked even more was when she got to kneel by his chair while he took his leisure.

One afternoon he had let her bring *For Whom the Bells Toll* out to read by the pool while he swam laps as otherwise he would have shackled her. When he had finished she looked so

engrossed he had allowed her to continue, rather than lying with him as she usually did.

After about a half hour where he read the German newspaper and she read her novel, she looked up at him. He folded the newspaper and returned her gaze. "You may speak, Hannah."

"Do you have any history books in English, Master?"

The question itself was surprising, as was the fact that she initiated the conversation. She rarely did that, even though he could tell she often wished too. She was still testing the waters, cautious not to do anything that might send her back to the cellar.

"I might, I'm not sure. Why do you ask?"

"I was just wondering if there was one that might explain something about the Spanish civil war. I didn't even know there was one and it's hard to keep straight all the different political groups. He assumes an awful lot about what the reader already knows." She said.

His lips quirked into a smile she couldn't quite interpret. "It's a pity that you never finished school." He told her. "I think you would have liked University."

She blushed. "I never really thought about it." She said, honestly. "It's really hard to get the marks required for a scholarship." She bit her lip. "And even then... I think I would have felt out of place."

Maybe he'd let her take a few courses at the Universität der Künste, once she was fully broken and in Berlin. He liked the idea of her taking art or history classes, improving herself so she could be a better companion to him. He deserved an educated slave, didn't he? Someone who he could talk to about art and culture.

But it was far too soon to tell her that. Instead he took her chin in his hand and bent down to give her a light kiss. "I like your curiosity, Hannah. I hope it never changes."

A little shiver went down her spine and she looked up at him with wide, unsure eyes. "Thank you, Master."

He leaned back. "This afternoon if you wish, you can look in the library for a book you can read about it. If there isn't one there, I will buy you one."

"Thank you, Master."

He slid his hand up to grip her hair, almost playfully. He dragged her forward. "Now be a good girl, and suck my cock."

He allowed her to cook him some dishes from Ukraine as well. She could tell they were not his favorites, but he said she could cook them occasionally if she wished.

It was on one of the days she had tried a new Ukrainian dish for him that he first spoke about other people coming to the island.

“We are going to have a party here, slave.” He said as he cut through the dumpling made of cabbage and ground, spiced meat.

She was so intent on his reaction to the dish that it took her a moment to process what he had said. “A party, Master? What kind of party?”

Her blood ran cold at the thought. She wasn't sure she wanted to meet the kind of men that he might invite here. Besides, their new equilibrium was so precarious and so precious, she didn't want any new variables introduced that might change it. She would die if she had to go back to sleeping in the cellar, to never hearing any sweet words from him or having the occasional gentle caress. *He brought the light. She would die without him.*

“I have invited a group of friends. They are coming to celebrate Midsommar on the island with us.”

She thought this holiday was called Ivan-Kupala in Ukraine. She had loved it. The children were allowed to stay up late, given special treats and taken to see the bonfires and girls in flower garlands. A neighbor always made sweet pastries called verhunyn and shared it with the whole building. But something about the idea of Elias and his friends celebrating it sent a chill down her spine. What did these men do on a pagan holiday?

And then she thought of something that made her feel as if she'd been plunged into cold water. Her heart turned over in her chest and her whole body felt numb with fear.

“These friends...” she began, but trailed off. “These men are like you then.”

“They take slaves and participate in rape, if that is what you mean.”

She swallowed and suddenly she couldn't speak, nor see for the tears in her eyes. She felt as if her throat were closing, like she couldn't breathe. She held back the sob by balling her hands into fists, clenching them so painfully her nails might draw blood.

He put down his knife and fork and looked down at her, frowning. He took her chin in his hands, turning her head to look up at him. “What's this about then, Hannah?” He asked.

She couldn't hold herself back. She threw herself against his knees, wrapping her arms around his waist, the tears spilling over onto her cheeks. “Please... please... please don't... Please... I couldn't-couldn't-couldn't... I only want you, Master. Please don't... Don't let them rape me!” She put her head on his knee, already resigned for a harsh beating from this outburst but still murmuring over and over again, 'please don't, please don't, please don't.'

When she had quieted herself to no more than ragged breathing he caught her chin again and tilted her head up so he could look into those beautiful blue eyes. They always looked bigger, brighter with tears in them, magnified by the liquid like a lens. “It would bother you immensely if I let another man fuck you?”

“It would kill me.”

“You're a whore, slave.”

She shook her head, tears still sliding down her cheeks. "I was a virgin when you took me. I've only ever been with you. I only... I only... please let me be only your whore."

"You lay on your back for a man who raped you and spread your legs. For a bowl of hot chocolate you let me fuck you on a cellar floor." He reminded her coldly. "I could snap my fingers and you'd give me any hole I chose to take."

"*You brought the light, Master.*" She reminded him, "*I would die without you.* Please... please don't do this. I only want to serve *you*, only want to please *you*."

"And if it pleased me to watch another man fuck you?"

She shuddered but shook her head. "Please, anything but that."

"You'd rather be beaten?"

She nodded, unable to speak.

"Rather me fuck you raw? Put you back in the cellar for a week or more in the dark?"

She pressed her lips together but nodded again.

If she hadn't been so distressed she would have noticed the dangerous edge that had crept into his voice as he spoke. But as it was she only realized that she had truly provoked him when his hand flashed out, wrapping around her throat.

"Lying fucking whore." He snarled. His voice sounded inhuman with rage but he wasn't shouting. "*Genau wie deine Schwester.*"

His fingers tightened and cut off her air. She was shaking her head, unable to speak.

When she felt she might black out, she met his gaze as his fingers loosened slightly. "*You brought the light.*" She gasped. "*I would die without you.*"

"Well let's see if you're lying or if you can back up what you say." He said, standing fast enough to knock the chair over. He took her by the hair and dragged her too fast for her to do more than stumble along on her knees, tripping and falling as she went.

He opened the door to the cellar and pulled her down the stairs. She was crying but she didn't fight him as he put neck into the pillory and snatched up her arms, forcing them into the slots as well. The wood slammed into place with a bang. She shuddered as it closed over her but hadn't tried to move. She had meant what she said. She was frightened out of her mind by what was coming. But the alternative: someone else pushing into her body, thrusting, groaning as they came inside her... she couldn't imagine it. The thought felt like a black, icy void that would swallow her permanently.

"Please... please beat me." She begged. "If it means that I won't be shared, I will take any punishment."

The first blow of the cane sent fire exploding over her back and she screamed. He had hit the back of her thigh and the knee buckled. The back of her head hit the hard wood of the pillory. She tried to push herself up but he landed another blow to the back of the other thigh and she collapsed again.

“Let me know, when you're ready for another man to fuck you, and I will stop.”

“Please...” She began but he silenced her with another blow, this time across her buttocks.

“If you aren't going to tell me the truth, Hannah, I won't have you speak at all.”

She bit the inside of her lips hard and put her head down, breathing hard. She made it through the next two blows with only a whimpering gasp of pain. But the third made her scream.

“Some Masters like to watch their slaves being gang raped.” He told her in a tone that was a mockery of casual conversation. “I could have you here in fact and they could take you two at a time, front and back.”

He slammed down another blow just where her thighs met the curve of her ass and she screamed, her lower body squirming as if she could get away from the next.

“Load after load in your pussy, ass and stomach.”

She shook her head but said nothing. A tear rolled down off her nose and dropped to the floor.

“Maybe after a while we would get you down so we could take all three holes at once. Would you like that, slave?”

He slammed down another blow that knocked the breath out of her.

“I asked you a question, slave. Would. You. Like. That.” Each word he punctuated with another stinging crack.

“No!” She managed to scream. When she regained her breath a bit more she was able to add. “No, Master, I wouldn't like that.”

He landed two blows across her thighs.

“I've seen women who pretended not to want it before.” He snarled. “They all get used to it. Some whores even grow to like it.”

There was only the sound of her ragged, panting breath for a moment, then another crack and she let out nothing more than a huff. The blow had split the skin of her thighs badly but she didn't have it in her to scream again. Her mouth was open and drool ran from it, mingling with the tears below her.

He circled around to the front of the pillory and crouched, so they were nearly eye to eye. She looked up, gasping, eyes pleading with him for mercy. “The kind of girls who cum when

they're raped.” He said with a tight, bitter smile that betrayed no joy. “Those are just the kind of girls who like it.”

She shook her head.

She wouldn't like it, she wanted to say. She only came for him, only wanted to serve him. Couldn't he see that? But if he was the kind of Master who wanted to see her taken like that then it was only defiance to want not to be shared. Was that why he was so angry? Did he want her to want that? She had given him so much more than she thought she could. Her body. Her innocence and her obedience. And now her love.

But she didn't think she could give him this.

If he forced her to let another man take her, it would be a kind of death. She would cease to be who she was. That blackness she feared so much would finally reach out and consume her. The shape of Hannah Konashevych would have to go on without her.

She met his gaze and shook her head. “*You brought the light. I would die without you.*” Her voice was ragged from screaming.

For a moment he looked... almost startled. There was a flicker of upward movement of his eyebrows. But it was gone in an instant and the hard, furious mask slid back into place.

“I won't tolerate a lie from you, Hannah.”

There was another crack and the world narrowed to a tunnel and finally darkened completely.

When she woke she was prone on the thin little mattress and Elias was fucking her hard. She had torn again, she could feel the blood trickling down from her slit. It hurt so bad from this angle and he was being as rough as he could be. It was worse even then the agony of his thighs slapping against her bruised, split flesh.

He paused for a moment and she felt him pull her ass open. He slid out of her pussy and pressed himself against her star. She whimpered as he pushed in and began to thrust again.

“You don't have to endure any of this.” He reminded her cruelly. “One word from you and I'll stop. Just one little 'yes' and I will stop it all.” His voice was a snarl in her ear, he was bent over her, a broad hand on either side of her head, positioned so that each thrust could be delivered with his full weight.

She shook her head, unable to speak. Her little body rocked back and forth as he slammed into it and with each thrust his thighs met her own painful, red ones. She screamed when he came in her abused hole.

He didn't stay to savor her as he usually did. He turned her over angrily, as if he was furious she hadn't given in. He knelt over her hips and slapped her face hard enough that her lip split. She only lay still, unresisting.

“This is what happens to whores that lie to me.” His eyes were black with rage and his jaw was clenched so hard it was a wonder he could get the words out.

She didn't say anything, knowing better than to provoke him again.

He took her again by the hair and dragged her now-limp body over to the corner. He chained her and turned without a word, going up the stairs. As he reached the top and just before he turned out the lights he heard her say, quite clearly, "I will take anything from your hand Master. Please just let it be your hand."

He didn't say anything. The lights went out.

She woke next when the light came back on.

She tried to sit up but found it was immensely difficult. Her body screamed in protest as she forced herself to Kneel as quickly as she could. The skin of her ass and thighs were bruised and split open but she didn't have the strength to keep them from touching. She let out an involuntary gasp as they touched and her weight settled onto her ankles.

She glanced at him through her lashes but he had a strange expression on his face, unreadable as he approached and sat in the chair.

At least she knew what he expected next. She crawled forward, head down and kissed his shoes lovingly. It hurt her split lip but she made herself do it anyway. When she felt it open again she licked the blood off of it frantically, so as not to get any on his shoes. When she had groveled for the usual amount of time he liked, she looked up.

He undid the chain at her feet. "Go lie face down on the mattress."

She crawled back to where he had fucked her ass the night before and assumed the same position he had taken her in, face down. Did he mean to do it again? She wasn't sure how she would be able to take it. It had been so painful and she could tell she was still sore. *You will take it because it pleases your Master, because he brought the light*, one voice in her head said. *You will take it because you have no choice*, said another.

But really, what did it matter which was the truth? She would endure whatever he decided for her regardless. If she submitted in her mind, if she didn't reproach him, it made no difference.

He could make her fuck another man. If that was what he wanted, then it would be done. He could hold her down easily by himself. With another man it would be even simpler. But if he did... she would lose him. The comfort of lying on his chest, the warmth she felt suffuse her body when he stroked her head or gave her a kind word, her longing to please him and her love for him... it would all shatter.

And he was the last thing she had left.

She would be back in the dark, alone.

A tear trickled down her cheek and dropped onto the mattress.

She tensed and jerked visibly when she felt his hand on her calf. She had been anticipating a blow but his hand was gentle, caressing and there was something cool on it. "It's a cream, to take down the swelling." He told her.

It felt wonderful to have his hands move slowly over her body. She thought that alone did far more for her than any lotion ever could. When he was finished he sat next to her, leaning against the wall and pulled her to lay across his chest. He took out an orange prescription vial and she opened her mouth to let him put a pill on her tongue. He held up a bottle of water and let her drink it down.

"A pain killer." He said, though he didn't have to. She was past the point of caring what drug he was giving her.

Her ass and thighs still hurt but the heat from his chest seemed to fill her. She could hear the sound of the valves in his heart opening and closing. It felt like sinking into a warm bath. For the first time since dinner the night before, she felt her muscles relax.

"I will take anything from your hand, Master. You brought the light. I will take anything from your hand. You brought the light. I will take anything from your hand..." She said her mantra softly to herself over and over.

He let her lie against his chest for a moment before speaking, enjoying the sound of her chanting, like a prayer to some God. But he was that God. And the thought made his chest swell with a warmth he had never felt before.

There were still things left inside of Hannah that did not belong to him, still little parts of her that hadn't quite broken and rebuilt in his image. She was like a country he had conquered but not all the monuments to the former Gods and dignitaries were smashed, not all the books from the previous era burned to make room for the new Gods, new dignitaries, new knowledge. But the war had been won. He knew that now.

She had made much more impressive progress than he had expected. He was looking forward to showing her off at Midsommar. Max had been so smug when he brought Jessica to the hunting lodge, so proud of his training. Elias had been annoyed at the time, but now he knew that it had only been a jealousy so deep he couldn't name it.

"It pleases me that you do not wish to be shared." He told her quietly. "Many girls... slaves I have had before, would rather take another man's cock in their hole than suffer. Like I said, some men don't mind their slave being taken by another man, even enjoy it. But I am not one of them. If another man fucked you, you would never be the same to me."

She wanted to tell him that she would never let another man to take her. That she would die if he shared her. But something in his voice told her these were words he really needed her to hear. So she made herself listen instead.

"If I were to see you spread your legs or open that pretty mouth for anyone but me, that would be the end of my kindness. Do you understand that, Hannah? Do you understand that

all this training, all this time would mean nothing? You would go back to being just a common whore, a worthless woman, not even worthy of being trained.”

She nodded against his chest. “I understand, Master.”

“Your only worth is between your legs. The only reason I bother with training you is because you keep them pure for me, keep them ready for me and me alone.”

She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

“If you let another man touch what I own, I will make you understand that everything I have done up until now has been for your benefit. You will wish I killed you the first day I met you.”

The harsh words made her wince but at the same time, she was glad to hear them if it meant he wouldn't let another man fuck her.

“Yes, Master.”

She could barely keep her eyes open. The dark and the pain of her legs had been more than enough to keep her awake for the entire night. And the combination of the painkiller and his hand stroking her head was impossible to resist. She closed her eyes without even trying to fight the urge to sleep.

When she was asleep he carried her back upstairs and put her in his bed. He shackled her to the bed and went back out. He put on his running clothes and headed out to run in the dark. He felt like he could have run a marathon. After he had left the night before he had watched her on the infrared camera. She had been saying it over and over again. “*I will take anything from your hand.*” And his heart felt as if it would burst.

Had he finally found a good woman? Had he finally found one worthy of his time and training? And *her* sister of all people. He could have laughed. He had taken her to punish Katarina, to get another chance to make her into a whore. When had his plans changed? When had he seen the potential in her? When he'd seen she was pure? When she came the first time he raped her? When she sobbed so prettily when he turned out the lights? He wasn't sure it could ever be one thing in particular.

Hannah took almost four days to recover from the beating. The only time he had beaten her even close to that hard was when she had called him a Nazi. Elias did not begrudge her the

time to heal. She did her best. She struggled through cooking, and her other chores, but needed to lie down often and couldn't have endured much of the usual routine of submission while he worked. The first day after it he found her curled up asleep in his closet, halfway through folding his laundry. He carried her to bed and when she woke the next morning, he knew from her lack of fear that she didn't realize that she had slept through making his dinner, that he had finished folding the laundry and putting it away himself.

He was keeping her well dosed with oxycodone, but it wasn't entirely that. It wasn't uncommon for slaves to lose time, particularly in the first year. The trauma of what happened to them, the mental work of reshaping a lifetime of habit and thought was enough that she hadn't noticed a whole afternoon had gone.

He had thought to give her even a break from use but quickly abandoned it when she nearly had a panic attack when he tried to leave the bed in the morning without fucking her.

He had turned around when he heard her strangled sob to find her, white knuckling the sheet with a look of mixed terror and horror. "Why... what... why, Master? What have I done to displease you? Please tell me and I will fix it."

He had needed to bite back a laugh. "I had only thought you might be sore, slave." He assured her, caressing her hair soothingly. "I wanted to give you time to recover."

She gripped the soft white shirt he slept in, breathing fast. "Can't I please you another way, please? I want... I want... I want to please you."

She didn't want to go back to the time before, when there had been no kindness between them. Now that she knew what it felt like to be held by him, fed by him.

He smiled and kissed her lips softly. "Alright, since you begged so prettily."

He put her on her back with her head dangling off the bed and fucked her throat.

He had told himself he would take it easy on her but couldn't help putting a hand around her neck, squeezing slightly when he was hilted in her. It had the wonderful effect of making her gag harder and the pressure on his cock was exquisite.

But finally the swelling had gone down and bruises were tender but fading and she had recovered her strength. It was time to start making preparations for the party. The two days delay were acceptable but just barely. He had invited them for a long weekend only ten days away, and it was a big task for her. And he didn't mean for it to be a punishment.

Max had offered to come a day early to bring Jessica to help her and he had agreed gratefully. He had said yes partly because she would really need the help. But the more she socialized with Jessica the better. Already the routine they had had become normal to her, acceptable, but the other slave would help further solidify that. Seeing how beautifully Jessica submitted to Max, how much she gave to keep her Master happy would set a good example for her to follow.

“What countries are the other men from?” She asked as she knelt on the floor of the central room, pouring over cook books. Since she couldn't sit on the furniture if she wasn't in his lap, a rule long established, he had put a child's laptop writing desk on the floor, one of his own from many years ago, to allow her to make notes and write out her plans. It had the unexpected advantage of displaying her ass quite nicely when she bent over it to write.

He was reading on the sunken couch and admiring the view.

“Why do you ask?”

“Well... will they all like German food?”

He cocked an eyebrow at her. “You think to please them? Rather than your own Master.”

For a moment she looked afraid but then bit her lip and shook her head. “I want to show them what a good slave I am for you.”

His fist tightened, looking closely for any sarcasm in her tone. But those wide blue eyes had never been good at lying and in them he read only open sincerity.

“Adler is German, well Bavarian at least. Max is Austrian, he would never admit it but their cuisine is very similar to German cuisine. The rest are from elsewhere Eastern Europe or Scandinavia. You may assume, however, that anything you might make to please me will do for the others.”

In the end he was pleased with the menu she arranged. She had even written out to the side some suggestions for types of wines that might pair with each meal and each course of the dinners.

He was also pleased with the shy, nervous way she presented it to him and how much she squirmed as he looked it over. She wanted his approval very badly.

“Make a list of ingredients you need and I will see they arrive by next week.” He said finally, putting it aside, careful not to let any of his pleasure seep into his tone. Her anxiety was productive. She should be nervous for the weekend. It would keep her off-balance, eager to please.

She pressed her lips together and bit her lower one.

“You may speak.”

“I had hoped... that is I was thinking it might be better if I started earlier to prep the ingredients. Some of the fresh things will need to be prepared the day of but I can roll out and freeze the dough for example and I meant to make the ice cream by hand...” She trailed off.

“It will mean an extra shipment from the mainland.”

He did not need to explain what he meant. It would mean another trip down the cellar, something she hated more than almost anything else. He was tempted to offer to tie her gagged in the Master bedroom so she didn't have to suffer the dark at least. But he wanted to

see if she would agree to it voluntarily. If she would make the sacrifice for his guests (and ultimately for him).

He wasn't sure what the Croatian family knew about what went on on the island. His father certainly had been less careful than he was. But there was no reason to trust them.

She nodded. "If it's not too much extra work for you."

"It's a phone call and chaining you up in the cellar. I'll manage." He told her dryly. "The question is, is it worth it to you?"

She didn't hesitate. "Yes, of course."

He was pleased by that. She was naturally generous, very willing to sacrifice her own needs for his own. He thought this was something that came easily to her, or at least that she had been doing all her life for people she loved. It was in her nature to want to please, even at great cost to herself. He had only needed to teach her to focus her attention on him and his pleasure.

The day after the Novaks had come he showed her the other thing that had come in the extra shipment. He had ordered it a week or two back but it had only just arrived. He decided his office was the best place to introduce the concept to her. Of all the rooms in the house it was where she was most afraid of him, save perhaps the cellar. He wanted her grateful for this, relieved it hadn't been a punishment and eager to please him with it. He did not want her to think this marked any sort of elevation or change in her status. It was far too early for that.

He did some other things to get her in the proper mindset. He didn't feed her by hand her breakfast but made her eat it off the floor, which usually signified he was in a bad mood and she should expect to be punished. He gave her a few hours after breakfast to wonder if she had done something to displease him before he called her in.

"Hannah, Kneel."

From the kitchen he knew she could hear him from his office and a moment later the door opened and she slipped in. She looked surprised to find him leaning against the front of his desk instead of behind him but quickly sank into Kneel. Her form was perfect but he nudged her knees apart with his Oxford and he could tell she didn't like it. Not the correction, but the fact that he felt she needed to be corrected. She was far along enough in her training that it wouldn't occur to her that she might have done the form right. If her Master changed something, it should have been done differently in the first place.

"I have told you that you won't be shared at this party." He began. Already the mention of that had her heart racing and she glanced up at him with fearful eyes. Good, he thought, she should be nervous for this. "The other slaves whose Masters will not share them will be covered, at least their tits and ass, except when they are used of course. I will not have my own property more casually displayed."

Despite the demure downward tilt of her head, he saw her frown slightly in confusion.

He took the large box from the desk, opened it and placed it on the carpet in front of her. He had chosen quite a few items. In truth he had let his imagination run away with him and she could change five times a day and still not run out of new outfits, but this was one of his favorites. It was a sheer teddy with understated dull silver mesh except for a handstitched working of flowers that bloomed from between the legs and climbed up one side to cover the treasures of the wearer. It had cost more than a thousand euro. With it he had chosen a pair of precariously high platform heels in the same dull silver.

“It's beautiful, Master.” She breathed. She knew him well enough to know that he wouldn't mind her meeting his eyes just then. In fact he would want to see them.

The look in her eyes told him that she had taken it as he intended. She had understood that the clothes were for him, not for her. They were to protect his property from the view of other men and to make her more appealing to him, to tantalize and entice him to use her more.

“Would you like to try it on?” He asked, voice a little hoarse.

“Yes, please, Master.”

She reached out and lifted the fabric. She stood and slipped it on, stepping into it first and then pulling it up until it covered her shoulders. It was strange to feel fabric press against her skin. She had been kept naked for so long she had almost forgotten what it felt like.

Or maybe she had never known what fabric of this quality could feel like. It felt like a caress against her skin, tight against her ribs and waist like a possessive hand and it felt far, far more revealing than her nudity had been.

She looked just as he had envisioned—radiant and angelic and pure. In the heels she still came a few inches below his shoulder and if anything she looked unsteady in them, less sure of herself. Besides, it showed off her already fantastic legs and ass to great advantage. She took a step forward and pitched into his arms.

He caught her easily as she apologized profusely. “I'm sorry... I'm sorry... I've just never worn shoes this high before!”

She'd never worn anything like this before. The two items alone cost more than all the other clothes she'd worn combined, he had no doubt. The entire shopping trip had been more than a luxury sports car or two. But he only smiled. “Well, then, you shall have to practice. Furst and his slave arrive in three days. You should be able to at least walk in them by then.”

She glanced up at him, suddenly looking even less sure of herself than when she had fallen. “Who is that?”

“His name is Maximilian Furst. He's a friend of mine and a Master. His slave, Jessica, is an American he claimed while she was studying abroad in Salzburg.”

She swallowed.

He chuckled. “You have no need to fear, slave. He is quite devoted to Jessica.”

“He... he is?”

She had never thought about the possibility of a Master devoted to a slave. The... affection, if that was the right word for it at all, between the two of them it felt unique. Certainly she had never expected to be subjected to a man's whims in such a way but she had learned not to question it. When he had talked of Masters who liked to see their slaves gang raped, even that had seemed more... not exactly reasonable, but logical.

Devotion, she thought, is a very strange way to think of a slave.

He slid a large hand up her side, starting from her hips and ending such that his thumb teased lightly over her nipple. His hands were so big compared to her torso and the stimulation made her press her thighs together.

“I once saw her resist orgasm for over ten minutes at the command of her Master.” He mused. “A slut, but only for her Master. A good woman.”

Hannah wanted to drop to her knees and take him into her mouth. She could show him she was a good woman, a slut only for him. She couldn't say the words so she reached out a hand and took hold of his shirt. He was still dressed from the workday in a pressed white collared shirt. It wrinkled beneath her hand.

He looked down. “What's this?”

She glanced up at him, her eyes full of lust. “I want to be a good woman for you... a slut, but only for you.”

He slid his hand up to her shoulder and only the slightest pressure was needed to send her to her knees. He leaned against his desk as she undid his pants and took him out, starting with long licks of the thick shaft. She ran her tongue along one of the prominent veins that ran the length of him and he chuckled, letting his head fall back.

“That's it, whore, suck me good.”

She pushed down his length, eager to oblige.

Chapter End Notes

1) DD if you are reading this... Max and Jessica are arriving in the next chapter. I hope to Jesus you like that and aren't totally offended. I will do my very, very, very, very best to write them true to who they were in B&PF but let me know if I am overstepping/taking them out of character and I will mend my ways. Cross my heart and hope to die. But also I would totally appreciate a little note letting me know you don't object to the whole concept of them arriving??? 2) Dear readers, I obvi don't speak German. LMK if there are mistakes in the google translate 3) Please let me know what you're thinking, dear readers. I'm, as always, bugging out about posting my secret

fantasies on the internet and interested to know what you think is revealed about the characters this chapter too!

Chapter 14

Chapter Notes

Okay so Max and Jessica from Bought and Paid For have enter the chat this chapter (I assume you have all read Bought and Paid For by Deathsdoll.... if not wtf are you doing go read it now!)! I'm very excited about this but also very nervous about it as well. I am going to try my damndest to keep the characters true to who they are in the original fic but... this is NOT cannon universe Max and Jessica. Deathsdoll owns them entirely and I am just borrowing them shamelessly. Whatever they do in this fic is essentially like ... fan service for myself lol. I am VERY willing to be called out if they are acting OOC though so please let me know in the comments if you spot something amiss.

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

It was endearing how nervous she was the day Max and Jessica were to arrive.

He had educated her on his expectations, basic etiquette she was to observe with the other Masters. She was to address them as Sir or by an honorific with their last names. She was taught standard greetings and words of gratitude. She should kneel when another Master was addressing her but with her knees modestly together and her hands folded in her lap and head completely down, particularly if Elias was not present. It was a reserved, but certainly humble position.

“You are to obey the command of any man this weekend, within reason.” He told her. “Fetching them drinks or food will be most of what they will ask you.”

She was Kneeling on the floor of his office as he leaned against the front of his desk. Somehow this had become their default position for him to teach her in. He liked it. It gave the proper power differential. She reminded him of a school girl like this, taking a scolding before her behavior was corrected with a paddle or ruler. He used it too when he punished her sometimes if there was a behavior he truly wanted corrected. Sometimes he'd stripe her bottom red before he did so, sometimes after. He couldn't decide if he liked better the little sniffles she made if she was still recovering from the spanking, or the nervous shifting of anticipation.

He always took her over the desk afterward.

After he had informed her of her error he had her apologize at his feet. Next he would stand her up and bend her over the desk, gathering her hands at the small of her back. Usually it was his belt or a paddle after that to redden her bottom. Sometimes he liked her to continue to tell him how remorseful she was, other times he would punish her for any sound she made.

And finally he would have her hold open her ass cheeks, little fingers pulling herself open as he lined himself up at whichever hole had had chosen. He always came hard, looking at all the creamy skin and the little form that lay beneath him.

“I may give permission to some close friends to take you by your hands, wrists, even upper arms.” He told her. “But your breast, pussy and ass should not be touched. Likewise you should not obey a command to take off clothes or expose a part of your body that I have left covered, unless I am there to give permission. Do you understand?”

She swallowed, heart pounding at the thought of even her wrist being taken. “Yes, Master.”

“Your body is, after all, my property. Isn't it?”

“It is.”

“Punishment, likewise, should be done only by me, or in my presence.”

“Yes, Master.”

His jaw tensed and his knuckles whitened on the edge of his desk where he leaned. “We have already discussed what would happen were you to whore yourself for another man. I trust I made myself clear.”

She nodded vigorously. “Yes, Master.”

“I want you to show me how sweet you can be, Hannah. What a good girl you can be for your Master. Do you understand that?”

She nodded again. “I will, Master. I will try my best.”

“You want to make me proud, don't you?”

“Yes, Master, more than anything.”

“Then you will strive to be the demure, yielding, pliant little slave I know you can be.”

She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

“Obviously, you cannot be taught all the etiquette in a single weekend. If you are uncertain, you may ask me, or Jessica if I'm not around. You will not be punished for asking.”

“Thank you, Master.”

“You are still just a woman, barely have you earned the right to be considered a slave. You have not yet earned the right to be unchained, when you are unsupervised. It will be impractical however to chain you in one place. Often you will need to move around the house to serve my guests, while my attention is elsewhere.”

He took from the top of his desk a chain, with cuffs on each end. The cuffs were thick, three centimeters wide at least of steel and between them ran a length of chain about sixty

centimeters long. The inside of the cuffs was lined with lambskin, since he intended for her to wear them for long periods of time.

“These will serve instead.”

The chain was almost entirely symbolic. He didn't think she would try to escape the island, and certainly a weekend with more people around would be the worst time to make an attempt. But he didn't want to change more of her routine. The disruption to their life would be great enough as it was. He wanted to leave in place as much as he could of her usual structure and restrictions. Change this early in training was always a gamble. Correctly applied he thought she could make progress over the weekend but there was an equal chance she could regress. He would have to be very careful with her.

The chain would also serve the purpose of reminding the men that she was not yet fully trained, still newly broken. For Max and Tarik, it would be a reminder to look out for her, to protect her from anything that might be damaging to her obedience this early in training. For Ulrich and Illya it would be a signal that she was not as vulnerable as she looked, and she remained under his protection even if he wasn't present.

The morning of the arrival of their guests he selected for her a white, lacy teddy to wear. It was a cute, quaint design with a satin bow around the waist. The high heels were equally precious, with matching bows on the toes and slim, buckling straps across her ankles. Unabashedly, he meant the outfit emphasize how young she was—something fresh that had just ripened. A girl only just out of adolescence.

He told her to take care with her make up that morning and she had taken it to heart. It was subtle but highlighted her sweetest features—the soft lips, round cheeks and large, innocent eyes. He had her wear her hair down but held back from her face with a matching white silk headband. The resemblance to her sister was not subtle, but he wanted it fully highlighted.

She looked perfect.

The white was no accident either. Virginal. He wanted the men coming to this island to know that he had been the one to deflower her. The first and last into every one of her holes. The only man she had, or ever would, spread her legs for. She wobbled when she walked a bit, from the chains and heels, looking unsteady, needy, vulnerable. Slender legs rose up to gently flared hips, a tapered waste and small, perfect breasts. A little doe, his Hannah was, soft and weak in the lion's den. In need of protection. His protection.

He worked into the afternoon, knowing that he would get nothing done over the coming days with his guests in the house. She was, in theory, supposed to be straightening up the library but in reality he suspected she was pacing in front of the window, watching for a boat. Still, he couldn't bring himself to be angry. He could tell she was thinking correctly about this. She was anxious to impress his guests, afraid of them and afraid of making a mistake, but eager to try to impress them as well.

When the sound of the boat was heard, she shouted to him, “Master! Master! The boat is coming!”

He stood and walked into the library. She was so enraptured she almost forgot to kneel when he entered. But when he cleared his throat and tapped his shoe once, she scrambled down immediately. "Hannah, we don't shout in this house." He said, trying for sternness but couldn't help but smile, charmed by her eagerness despite of himself.

She was almost vibrating with contained energy. "Please forgive me, Master."

When he said nothing she looked up. "Can I please..."

"Yes, go assume your position." He said, not able to help himself from smiling. She was off like a shot.

There was no question, of course, of her coming down to the dock. He had told her she would greet their guests in the large entrance hall that led into the main space of the house, while he went down to collect them.

He went back to his office to close his computer and make sure there was no technology out that needed to be locked away, then went into the main room. She was already kneeling with a ceramic bowl decorated with an ocean motif. In it she had placed a cool washcloth soaked with water she had put lavender oil and cucumbers into. Another idea she'd gotten from her days working in hospitality.

He had brought with him the padded leg shackles and he approached from behind. He smiled as she watched her tense slightly at the sound of his footsteps.

"Ass off your ankles."

She rose elegantly up as he crouched behind her. He picked up one ankle, making her rock slightly forward until she steadied herself and slipped the cuff on. He'd seen stress positions where slaves on their knees held their ankles off the floor a few feet. Maybe he'd try that with her. But not now. He slipped the chain and other cuff through the bolt on the floor that marked her place to kneel, and closed it over the other ankle.

He would drive down to pick up the guests from the boat. It was only hospitable. Besides, Josip and another Novak would be on the boat to bring them over. He had considered leaving her only in the leg shackles, as he intended to do for the weekend. But she was so on-edge already. The strain of being left alone in the house without the usual ritual of shackling her to the floor might have pushed her to hysterics.

He drove the jeep down in such a good mood he could have whistled. He was excited to see Max and Jessica again, even more than the rest of his guests. And more than that, he was excited to show off Hannah.

By the time he came down the pebble path to the jetty, Josip had tied off the boat and was unloading the luggage. Max was lifting Jessica onto the dock. She was as beautiful as he remembered, shinning dark hair, warm brown eyes and a perfect figure. He came forward, clapping Max on the shoulder. "Furst, good to see you." He nodded to Jessica. "A pleasure as always, Jessica."

“You are good to remember me, sir.” She said. The traditional words of greeting from slave to a Master that was not her own if she was acknowledged was '*you are good to remember this humble slave, sir.*' But in front of the Novaks the modification wouldn't be taken as a sign of disrespect. She should have knelt down as well, Instead she made a subtle bend of her knees to indicate she would have, if they had been in a more private setting.

The Novak's loaded the luggage into the back of the jeep. “I can manage from here Josip.” He told the man. He took out his wallet and tipped him a few hundred euro. Josip took it with a nod.

“Thank you, Mr. Wolf.” The two men began the process of beginning to cast off again, to make their return trip.

Max helped Jessica into the back of the jeep and then took the front seat next to Elias.

“Damn fine place, Wolf.” Max told him as he turned the car on and began the drive up. “I'm glad you've finally opened it up for use.”

“I think the party will be comfortable.” He didn't have to say more. Furst understood what he meant.

They always went somewhere isolated. They did not want to be disturbed or observed and they wanted to be as loud as they liked. Difficult to get out of as well. Inevitably one of the whores wanted to change her mind after the first night. There would be none of the usual tedium of having to watch her carefully to ensure they didn't try to run.

The island was perfect for their needs.

“I hope your journey wasn't too taxing.”

“No, not at all.” He smirked. “The first class of Croatia airlines has a little curtain you can draw across the isle for privacy and plenty of leg room.”

“Bought two seats and only used one, did you?”

Max laughed. “I waited until the captain turned off the fasten seat-belt sign before I unbuckled. I'm a civilized man, after all.”

An interesting thought. He couldn't wait until Hannah was well trained enough to take on an airplane. He usually traveled often for his job, and he imagined it would be much improved with her sweet, warm little mouth doing her best to please him for the duration.

He parked the Jeep and pocketed the keys.

He went to the back and opened it, taking down two suit cases. He had seen the size of them and he didn't think Hannah would be able to lift them, even with Jessica's help.

Max swatted Jessica on the ass. “Look how I spoil this slut, Wolf, she doesn't even think to reach for the luggage. And nearly all of it hers!” But he came to help Elias with the bags anyway.

Elias smiled and winked at Jessica. "It's the last thing we'll do for her, let her enjoy it."

"For her, but not to her." Max agreed with a chuckle.

The two men carried the luggage up the slight incline to the front door. Elias it for his guests. "Welcome to the island house." He told them both.

Neither of them were looking at the house however. All eyes had gone immediately to the girl who still sat, quivering with fear, in the very center of the wide hall that led to the main room. She looked perfect, vulnerable and overwhelmed in the big space on her knees.

"Welcome to my Master's home, Herr Furst." She greeted, voice trembling only a little. He had told her the exact words she was to say, that etiquette demanded, but still she blushed at them. "Please let this humble slave know how she can make you more welcome."

She lifted the little dish up, offering it to him as she finished her greeting. Max walked forward and took the cool towel with disinterest, wiping his hands with it and dropping it back in the dish. "Look up at me, slave."

She turned her face up and the man's eyes widened slightly. His smile was all teeth and when he turned to Elias he appeared to be trying not to laugh. He said something in German that made Elias run his hand over the back of his neck, looking half sheepish and half pleased. In English he added, "well you certainly have a *type*, don't you Elias? Not my taste, but I can see why you like her."

Hannah felt her heart drop into her feet. She was stunned by the words. If he had slapped her face she wouldn't have reacted half so violently. He did not find her desirable. Her Master's friend did not see her worth. If he didn't... how long would it be before Elias would come to agree with him? Her Master was a prideful man after all. If his friends were not impressed with his choice of slave, he could certainly find another...

"Hannah, offer Herr Furst something to drink." Elias was frowning at her.

She cursed herself. She had meant to do this well, and already she was fucking it up. She swallowed down the welter of panicked emotions. Nothing would be served by losing her head. If she cried in front of this man from one cruel remark and a missed cue, he would never think she was a proper slave.

"Master and Sir, may I offer you a drink?"

Max laughed. "Oh, why not. Certainly I think we should start this *celebration* correctly. Bring me some nice whiskey, your Master always has something worth drinking."

"The Glenfidich. Same for me. We will take it by the pool." He bent and took off one cuff of the chain between her legs and freed her from the bolt on the floor before refastening it.

"A glass of white wine for my slave." Max added.

Elias often gave her beer, even spirits from his own glass but had never given her her own. Hannah might have been shocked that Herr Furst let his slave have her own glass if she

weren't already so off-balance. Her mind seemed like it was buzzing with a terrible noise that made thinking difficult.

Legs shaking, she rose to her feet and walked as quickly as she dared to the kitchen. When the door closed behind her she collapsed against it. Herr Furst scared the shit out of her. Not in the bone-deep way she feared her Master, but rather the way she might feel about walking a high tightrope. Seeing them together, already she could see profound similarities between him and her Master: the arrogance, the haughty assumption of being entertained, doted on, the driving need to bend others to their will and the disdain for women. But in Furst it was not tempered by a desire to fuck her. He didn't see in her the potential her Master did. When he looked at her he saw nothing but a whore, a woman who didn't deserve to be elevated to slave. What if he convinced Elias that he was right?

She realized, numbly, that she didn't fear that Elias might hurt her, even kill her if he decided she wasn't worth the trouble. She feared he would send her away. She *wanted* to be with him. When had that happened? What had made the difference? But of course there hadn't been one thing. It had happened gradually enough for her to barely notice it. She had stopped thinking about Kiev, escape, her old life... anything but him, and their life together.

She had no idea how long she had been on the island. Certainly more than a month, but also certainly not a year. There had been no way to count the days in the cellar and she hadn't even tried once she was out. She had been too off balance from adjusting to the house and the routine he demanded from her. He didn't keep a calendar anywhere in the house—something she couldn't help but think was intentional.

It felt like her whole life. Everything that had come before was meaningless, inconsequential.

She took out two whiskey glasses and placed the round ice cubes set aside for this drink in them and poured the whiskey up to three fourths of the ice, as she had been taught. She opened a bottle of good white wine and poured it into a glass with a long, elegant stem and small rim. She put both drinks on a small tray along with some aperitifs she had prepared: a cheese and meat board along with some crudite.

She walked carefully. She had been practicing walking in the chain. It was shorter than her natural stride by about twenty-five percent. She suspected that was intentional, both to make her unsteady and to force her to take demure, lady-like steps. Harder to flee, more pleasing to look at. With the heels it was a real challenge. She had begged Elias to let her wear them every day for at least a few hours until the party to get used to them and he had agreed with a small smile she couldn't quite decipher. The stones by the pool were particularly challenging. Sometimes her shoes caught against the rough surface and she had fallen a few times.

She made it without incident though, placing down the tray. She knelt, handing a drink to her master, then to Furst. She had no idea what to do with the glass of wine for Jessica.

“Hand it to her Master.” Elias said, guessing why she was hesitating.

She offered it to Furst, who placed it in front of Jessica.

Jessica was already kneeling by Furst's chair. As Hannah knelt by her own Master's feet she couldn't help but notice the other slave wrap her hand around Furst's ankle. She slid her fingers gently along skin beneath his trousers for a moment before reaching for her wine glass. A gesture of gratitude. It was humble, unobtrusive, but unmistakable. Perfect. But she would never touch Elias so casually and without permission.

The two men were speaking in rapid German. She was stunned to find that Jessica interjected from time to time a comment that made both men laugh or her Master stroke her hair fondly. She felt close to tears. She couldn't speak German, so she had no idea what they were talking about but even if she had she would never have dared speak up. Jealousy overwhelmed her at Jessica's position like a miserable tide. She envied her with a painful intensity.

The other slave looked so elegant, so self-assured as she sat beside her Master, occasionally sipping from the glass in front of her. And she was heart-breathtakingly beautiful—chestnut hair, creamy skin and a flawless figure. Hannah felt so... common and plain compared to her. While she had been fetching the drinks Jessica had exchanged the elegant blue dress she had arrived in for a short baby doll in the same color and made of the same luxurious silk. She also now wore a collar around her neck: a thick black, fur-lined band with a gold charm dangling from the front of it. There were words on the front but Hannah couldn't make out what they were at the distance they sat apart, certainly not out of the corner of her eye.

When Furst put down his drink after the last sip, she raised her head. “Would you care for another drink, sir?” She asked softly.

“Attentive, isn't she?” He said to Elias with an eyebrow raised.

“She is.”

Her heart soared with hope. She wanted to kiss her Master's feet for saying she was attentive.

“You may bring me another.”

She rose and took his glass.

When she returned they had switched back to German.

“Attention to detail isn't bad either,” he remarked to Elias when she had returned and knelt to present him with his fresh drink. “You can tell she took out a new glass and ice cube rather than reusing the old one like a lazy slut.”

Elias smiled. “She was made to please. She didn't know it for a while, but she was born to serve.”

Max snorted. “Rare in a woman.” He ran a hand over Jessica's head. “I've only met one so far.” He turned back to Elias, a slight frown creasing his brow. “But you talk as if you plan on keeping her. I had assumed you took her only as a... reparation.”

“At this point I can't imagine I wouldn't. She's got the tightest little cunt I've ever felt. And it gets better with training.” He chuckled. “Her ass is a wonder too. Feels like I'll never get it in

every time and then when I do, you won't believe how she wails. And the mouth on her... well they have in common. They were both born to suck cock.”

Max gave a derisive snort. “So she is that whore's sister, isn't she? Not just some doppelganger who looks close enough to make it gratifying to slap her around.”

“She is.”

Max shook his head. “A tight cunt and a pretty face don't make up for whore's blood.” After a moment he added. “I would have thought you would have learned that lesson better than any of us.”

Elias let the criticism stand.

“She was a virgin when I took her.”

Elias knew that Max would be interested in that detail. But the sudden rapt attention he paid more than Elias could have hoped. He knew how important it had been to Max that Jessica had come to him pure. His hand clenched on his slave's hair hard enough that Jessica let out a little gasp of surprise as she arched painfully.

But a second later, his eyes narrowed and the look was replaced with a mixture of suspicion and disgust. “How old is she?”

“She's eighteen, I'm not a fucking pedophile.”

Furst held his hands up in a gesture of apology. “Even you have to admit it is a surprise to find a cherry, always a welcome one. But still a surprise.” He caressed Jessica's head. “I still remember how pleased I was when Belko told me Jessica had waited for me.”

“I admit it hadn't occurred to me she might be, until I spread her legs and saw that beautiful little hymen.”

“There is something special about that first rape when she has nothing to compare it to, isn't there? It's not just that their cunt is tight or it hurts them more. It's that you know this is all she'll ever know. She's a block of marble, ready to be molded into whatever you desire. And your cock will be the only one she will ever experience.”

“It doesn't feel the same as it did with any other woman I've raped,” Elias admitted, “and I think that's part of it. She's grown to enjoy the way I fuck her for one. She never knew anything else so she doesn't know how rare it is that she gets wet when I beat her, humiliate her, take her hard. Her docility has a better quality to it.”

Furst smiled fondly at his slave. “She wasn't ruined by knowing what it was like to be able to say no. She's always understood that her body belongs to you. Yours to choose what to do with, when to use or punish or pleasure.”

“It's fucking addictive.”

Max smiled. “Don't I know it.”

The two men sat in silence for a moment, both thinking back on all the subtle ways their respective slaves had pleased them beyond what any other woman had. Perfect submissions, moments of affection and adoration that somehow made all the difference.

“From the hurt look on her face in the foyer, I presume you haven't told her about her... predecessor?”

“No, I haven't.”

“Do you intend to?”

Elias leaned back in the wide couch he sat on and sipped his whiskey before spreading his arms out over the back. “I did.... at first. I thought I wanted to see what she looked like when I told her I was the one who took her last family member. That I had raped her as punishment for what a whore her sister is.”

“And now?”

He lifted one broad shoulder. “I don't see how it would be productive. Certainly not at this stage in her training. She's only just beginning to trust me, to rely on me. I think that particular truth would... set her back significantly.”

Max nodded and stroked Jessica's hair. “I agree. This early on it's not good to let them dwell on the past.” He tightened his grip until it was certainly painful, and turned his slave's head up so she was facing him. “You understand what that means, slave? That you aren't to speak of it to her?”

Jessica nodded as best she could. “Yes, Master.”

“Honestly, it's not her I'm worried about. Illya is the most likely to fuck up and let it slip.” Elias said.

“Yes. My whore knows how to keep her mouth shut, don't you, Jessica?”

“Yes, Master.” Tears were beginning to gather in her eyes and she swallowed hard.

He relaxed his grip and she let out a little breath of relief.

“Illya hasn't already met her? He didn't traffic her for you?” Max knew that he had bought Katrina from the Russian. It was a logical assumption to think he may have liked the price he got for her and gone back for a girl who could have been her twin. And that Elias would have bought from the same man. He had been very pleased with Kat, at least initially.

“I found her in Kiev, actually, by chance. She was my waitress at a cafe across from the train station.” He said with a laugh.

Max's eyebrows rose. “Kismet. Like my Jessica getting on the train to Austria that particular day.”

Elias nodded. "I knew right away who she was. The whore had mentioned she had a sister, and resemblance is striking. Put the needle in her thigh myself that afternoon and drove her down here." He smirked. "Still made my meeting in Paris the next day, but just barely."

Max took a sip of his whiskey and reached a fond hand into Jessica's breast beneath her bra. He twist a nipple hard enough to make her gasp. "Had to have her, eh? I know the feeling."

Elias met his eyes. The truth was hard to speak, even to a man who he knew saw eye-to-eye with him fundamentally. It was an admission that, for the second time in his life, he had begun to see a woman as more than a set of holes. His jaw clenched and his knuckles whitened on the whiskey glass. "I didn't want another man to touch her."

Max's eyes flicked to his hand and then flicked back. "I see." He fed Jessica a cracker with bit of hard cheese on it casually. "I take it she won't be part of the entertainment then."

He wasn't asking if Elias would share her. He could tell at a glance that Elias had something special at his feet and he knew it. Just as it had been when he had first found Jessica. But there were other ways she could be used to entertain his guests.

He shook his head. "It's not that I object to. I'd be grateful, actually, if you'd belt her after dinner. I want to give her some time to think about that other men will strike her, watch me fuck her, before the others arrive."

Max chuckled, leaning forward. "Grateful? Oh, I am more than happy to grant the favor." His eyes flicked to the girl they were discussing. Her head was down and she showed no sign she understood she was the topic of discussion. Neither man had spoken her name or Katarina's. "She looks like she'd sob at the first stroke."

"Max, you have no idea." Elias said with a smirk. But his expression became more serious as he said, "I'll be interested to see how she tolerates it when I fuck her on display for the first time. I think she'll find that harder to to take."

"Hmm, I suppose not much of an audience out here."

"No. Not until now."

"She might surprise you. Jessica used to hate it. But once she realized that she was showing off my dominance, not her body, you should have felt how wet she got."

Max leaned back. "The shackles are a good idea." He snorted. "Chaining her legs together. It's not a subtle message."

"It wasn't intended to be."

"For her, or for the rest of us?"

"For both."

Max paused, then said in a considered tone, "letting me belt her after dinner, taking her ass over a chaise by the pool or whatever it is you have planned. That's one thing. I was asking if

she was going to be part of the *entertainment*.”

Elias ran a hand over the back of his neck. “Five months Max, it's not that much time. She's made great progress but it's pretty fucking early. I'd hate to push her too far and lose some of the progress she's made.”

“Fair enough. Everyone will understand. Though Illya is going to bitch and moan the whole weekend about it. He loves a blond cunt. Says he thinks their skin marks up better, though I have never understood what he means.”

“Perhaps you strike harder, Master.” Jessica remarked with a small smile.

“Cheek, slave. Watch your tongue when you speak about other Masters.” But even Elias could tell the remark had pleased Max.

“How did you break her?” Max asked.

Elias put his hand over his mouth and then rubbed his chin firmly, trying not to smile or laugh. “She's afraid of the dark.”

The other man laughed. “You're kidding.”

“I'm not.” Elias said, chuckling too. “I locked her in the cellar for a few days in it did the goddamn trick. I beat her until she couldn't move and nothing. But a few days of no light and she was ready to open her mouth and suck and open her legs and beg. Anything to keep me from doing it again.”

“Well that's a goddamn treat, now isn't it. I'd love to see what she's like blindfolded.”

“I bought some noise canceling headphones, if you really want to see her frightened.”

Furst laughed. “How long did it take you to think of that?”

“Once she was out of the cellar, it was inconvenient to drag her back down the stairs. With those on and her tied, it's the best of both worlds... she's terrified but available for use. Fucking her like that is incredible. And afterward... such a grateful, obedient and eager little bitch you've never seen. It's a sight to see, the way she'll choke on my cock, not even done with her hysterical crying.”

He couldn't help but smile, thinking of how Hannah clung to him after those sessions. Mostly she couldn't speak, only cry against his shoulder. Sometimes she forgot herself and put her arms around his neck, holding him to her. But that, he knew, was nothing but a positive sign.

Max took a sip of his whiskey and looked musingly down at Jessica. “Could be an interesting tool, even for a slave who doesn't fear it naturally.”

Jessica said nothing, but she kept her head down.

Max prodded her thigh with the toe of his Oxford. “Would you like that, whore? Like me to fuck you when you don't know what's coming next? Couldn't hear the whistle of the whip to

brace for it, don't know which hole I will violate next.”

Jessica looked up at him. “I trust you.” She said without hesitation.

“Good answer, slave. But not good enough that I don't intend to try it at the first available opportunity.”

“If it pleases you, Master, then I want to do it.”

Max turned back to Elias but he reached out a hand and began to stroke Jessica's. “And since then, she's been obedient? No major rebellions?”

For the first time in the conversation, Elias looked down at Hannah. The expression on his face was certainly a smile, but there was something undeniably melancholy about it at the same time. “Only thing she's refused to do since is fuck other men.”

Max's hand stilled in his slave's hair. His eyebrows were up.

Refuse was, of course, not exactly what Hannah had done. There was no misunderstanding that she could be made to do it. It was the fact that she was willing to try that was remarkable. And for this particular act. Furst knew him well enough to know that Hannah had been subjected to what most people would consider equivalent indignities. Certainly Elias was a big enough man that it couldn't be the pain she objected to.

To refuse that particular order, when she obeyed all others was... meaningful to men like them.

A good woman. The phrase remained unspoken.

Max had found one, but oh were they rare, precious beyond measure. He hadn't hoped for one when he took her, as one doesn't expect to find a diamond in among the pebbles on a beach shore. But gradually, he had come to see the possibility in her. The day she'd ask to dress him and pleasure him with her mouth ... he'd seen affection in her eyes. In the pillory when he told her that girls like her, who came when they were raped, were the ones who liked to be taken by multiple men... all he had seen in those wide, sweet blue eyes was an agonizing longing. She had wanted him to believe that she wouldn't. It hurt her that he didn't. She wanted him to keep her for himself. And she knew that she was powerless.

It was painful, to allow himself to hope.

If she turned out to be just a whore after all, she would strike at something even deeper than Kat had. He wasn't sure if he had loved Kat or not but certainly she had captivated him with her beauty. He had been a younger man when he took Kat, more impulsive, and an inexperienced Master. In the army it had been impossible to keep a slave and he had had to content himself with girlfriends and prostitutes who let him do *almost* anything, and the occasional rape when he was on leave. When he got out, it had taken him years to establish trust with a circle of men like him. His father had been dead. And anyway, in his son's eyes, Archard Wolf had only ever taught by counter example.

He had indulged his first impulse with Kat, and spoiled her. He liked to take care of her, liked to see her wear the things he bought her or enjoy the food he gave her. He had thought that simply trapping her in the room behind his living room bookshelf would be enough to break her. By the time he realized his error it had been impossible to correct. Or perhaps he had lacked the will to do it.

When he had returned from the Christmas he had spent in the Alps with Jessica and Max he had tried. He had seen what real discipline could make of a slave. What real obedience looked like. What love looked like in the eyes of a slave. He had beaten her more, given her less, but he had never truly *hurt* Kat. If she had ever had the makings of the kind of slave he wanted, that path had been closed at some point. There had been nothing malleable left in her. Anything that would have changed her also would have destroyed her. He could have made her into a slave Ulrich would have liked: a mindless creature who could only feel fear and pain. But that thought had no appeal. He had sworn he would never become a man like his father.

With Hannah he wouldn't make the same mistake, he had promised himself.

He met the other man's gaze squarely. "When she said she didn't want it, I took her downstairs, put her in the pillory. I told her I would stop when she accepted another cock in her. Eventually I was worried she'd scar from it. She was still begging me not to when I went up the stairs."

Max took a sip of his whiskey. "Loyalty and purity... a very rare combination in a woman."

"The next morning when I came down she was kneeling and waiting. When I ordered her onto the bed, I think she was preparing to repeat the experience rather than stop pleading with me not to allow it."

Elias swirled the whiskey around in his glass and finished it in a gulp. He placed the glass on the table. "Another, slave." He said in English, without looking at Hannah. She stood silently and took the glass, disappearing back into the house.

Max watched Hannah retreat for a long moment, biting the inside of his cheek. Then he said, "Jessica, you may go unpack the room before dinner."

She stood immediately. "Yes, Master."

When she had closed the glass door into the house behind her, Elias gave Furst a questioning look. "Not a conversation for female ears?"

"No." He said curtly.

It was unusual. Max trusted his slave. He had no reason not to. Having her taken from him, how hard she had fought to return and how loyal she had been in the interim had meant a lot to him.

Max seemed to be considering his words for several long moments. Finally he offered, "you believe in monogamy, yes? I never saw you take another woman when you were with

Katarina.”

“I do.”

“Then, may I offer you some advice?”

Elias said nothing, only waiting for the other man to speak.

“Don't let her doubt that.”

Elias's eyebrows rose. “What do you mean?”

“If your not going to fuck another woman, there is no reason to hide that fact.” He said.
“Many Masters... myself included, at one time, think it's a sign of weakness. They believe that if a slave were to have their fidelity, it would be a form of power over them.”

He shrugged. “And, perhaps it is.”

He leaned forward. “But believe me, Wolf, the part of her that will wish you only to take pleasure in her... you'll want to keep it. It's the same part that won't be taken by another man... why she was a virgin when you took her.”

He leaned back. “It's also the same reason she looked so damn terrified when I insinuated in the foyer that I wasn't jealous of you because of how beautiful she is.”

“And why she is worth training.” Elias said softly.

Good woman. Again he couldn't bring himself to say the words. It was too early for that, too early to allow himself to hope so openly.

“And why she is worth training.” Max agreed.

Hannah returned with the drink and knelt, offering it to him.

After another drink, Elias took Hannah to the kitchen to make dinner. He shackled her to the bolt in the floor as he intended to show Max the grounds. He could tell that she wanted some word from him, some praise or at least indication of how the visit was going. But he wouldn't give her that. Her obedience would be tested in new ways that weekend and the desperation to please him he saw in her eyes would be useful.

“Furst and I will be back in an hour or so. Dinner on the table at eight fifteen exactly.”

“Yes, Master.”

He showed Max the house and grounds. He could see the other man saw the potential the island had as well and was interested. Croatia was not exactly central but the peace of mind it offered was almost priceless.

“I can see why your father bought the place.”

“Yes.”

Over dinner he and Max spoke mostly about Berlin and business. Elias had been gone an uncharacteristically long time and it was nice to hear about the city. But when the women brought out the coffee and espresso, they turned again to talking about Hannah's training. When he mentioned that he had documented a good deal of it Max smiled wistfully. He reached down, caressing Jessica's face. “I always wished I'd taken more photos and videos of her training. She is even more beautiful now but sometimes a man likes to remember what it was like to break his slave.”

“If it would interest you, we could watch some of the footage after dinner.”

“Very hospitable.”

After dinner the men took brandy by the pool while the slaves cleared the table and cleaned up. Then Elias led them all to the game room.

Max rolled his eyes when he saw the decor. “I'm not sure I can get aroused looking at all this black, red and yellow, Wolf. Has your taste in decor not changed at all since university? Perhaps gotten worse even?”

Elias laughed, clapping him on the back. “What do American's say? It's my 'man cave.'”

Max settled himself on the couch with Elias with a long suffering sigh.

“Slave, bring Herr Furst a good German beer. And one for me as well.” He commanded Hannah in English.

“Yes, Master.”

She went to the bar in the corner and poured two of the beers she knew were his favorite into cold glasses. She brought them back and knelt, offering them to the two men.

She was kneeling facing Elias, still waiting to see if he wanted anything else before she took her place. But she knew immediately what they were watching when Elias switched on the television. Her blood ran cold. It was one of his favorite videos of her, and he had watched it in this room many times as she sucked him off or fucked her from behind. It was from early on, before even her first, false submission. She hadn't known he was taking it at the time. He had tied her on her back over a short but tall desk against a wall. He had bound her wrists and upper arms together hard enough to pull her shoulders back cruelly, making her arch, and bound them to the legs of the desk such that her shoulders were just off the table. Her head would have fallen back except for the wall behind it that kept it propped up and clearly visible in the video. She had a blindfold on and her lips were split with a ball gag. It had been in for the whole day, she remembered, and in the video it was clear that it was shining with her spit. Her jaw had been aching terribly.

Her legs he had spread and tied wide, her cunt just at the edge of the desk. The bonds had been very firm, enough that she couldn't move an inch. Despite the gag it was clear that

Hannah was crying. For a moment the video lingered on her face, close enough that it was apparent the blindfold was soaked with her tears.

The video panned over her body, then his hand appeared and spread her cunt open, focusing the camera in on it. From off screen he said something in German. *“Lernst du endlich den Platz einer Frau, kleiner Sklave? Oder bereite dich einfach darauf vor, meinen Schwanz zu akzeptieren?”*

He had never told her what it meant, but it made Max laugh. Then the camera panned up over her tits and the hand that wasn't holding the camera slapping each a few times. In the video she winced, arched, moaning into the gag unintelligibly. What she had been trying to say not even she knew now.

The video turned down and his cock slid between her wet folds, teasing her and splitting them. She squirmed in the ropes, trying uselessly to writhe away. An animal instinct more than anything she could have hoped might succeed.

“Fucking cunt.” He said in English and slapped her breast again.

In the game room, Furst snapped his fingers and Jessica began to undo his trousers. He said something to Elias that made him laugh. *“Passt die Wurst wirklich?”*

Her own Master didn't look at her. He pulled her roughly between his legs. He opened undid his belt and zipper and took out his cock. He didn't offer her the chance to suck it on her own, but dragged her head to it with a firm grip in her hair. Furst had offered his slave the opportunity to perform, to show how well she could please her Master. Elias was less generous with her.

He controlled the movement of her head and he kept her mostly right at the limit of what she could take without gagging. He would pump her head along that inch until she gagged, then press her down to the base before allowing her to come up to repeat the process. There was no skill involved in this. He might as well have put the spider gag in her mouth. He was using her mouth only for it's soft, wetness and little more. She felt her stomach clench in fear. Why wasn't he letting her suck him off? Why wasn't he letting her please him? What had she done wrong? Surely Herr Furst hadn't already convinced her Master she was worthless, just a slut, not even worth the time to train.

She couldn't see the video but she knew the sequence well enough. When he took her from behind as he watched her videos with her, he always pulled her head up by her hair to make sure she watched her own humiliation.

On screen Elias made sure to capture the length and girth of himself before he slid into her. She looked tiny compared to him. Her thighs were barely bigger than the forearm as he gripped her waist firmly to keep her from trying to writhe away from him.

The initial thrust he took slowly, letting her feel every inch. When the taught flesh above his cock was pressed against her clit there was a satisfied groan that was audible, a low, pleased sound of real pleasure. The Hannah on the screen whimpered pathetically. But after that he didn't take his time. He fucked her with long, brutal strokes. Each one rattled the table and

made her cry out in muffled pain. He slapped each breast occasionally until both were pink from his attention.

Once he had cum he stepped back and moved the camera down. He spread her cunt open and there was a long shot of his cum drooling out of her. With one thumb he pushed a bit back into her, laughing and said something else in German that sounded mocking.

When that was over they turned to other highlights from her training. A video of her sucking his cock with her hand tied behind her back. He was sitting on one of the comfortable couches in the main room with her between his knees. This time there was no blindfold. She was blushing furiously but her face was turned up to the camera, toward her Master, her mouth open.

“You may begin, whore.” Elias's voice said.

She leaned forward and slid her tongue along the bottom of his shaft, licking him softly in long slow strokes before she took him in her mouth, beginning to pump up and down. She had known the intention of the video when he took it, known the consequences of breaking eye contact would be severe.

After a while of letting her suck him on her own, long, slow strokes that made a mortifying slick noise, his hand appeared, taking her by the hair. He pushed her down to the base of his cock and held her there for a moment, until the gagging subsided enough she could open her eyes and look up at the camera. They were shining with tears and she was breathing hard through her nose, which was smashed against his abdomen.

This time he spoke in English.

“You like my cock in your throat, whore?”

She nodded, lips red and shining with saliva and precum. “Yes, Master.”

With the hand not holding her hair he had given her face a rough slap.

“Say it properly.”

“I like your cock in my throat, Master.”

It was clear how humiliated she was to be filmed but she didn't resist as he began to pump her on his cock.

“That's it whore.”

“Fuck your throat is tight.”

“I bet your pussy is wet from this, slut.”

“Stay at my base, bitch, you have to earn the right to suck my cock.”

The only sounds Hannah had been able to make were mortifying, wet slurping noises.

Neither man seemed inclined to cum. Elias was pumping her head slowly and she hadn't heard Furst orgasm or Jessica speed up the sounds of her sucking. Her jaw ached and she was fighting back tears, both from the pain and the humiliation of her mouth being fucked in front of the other man in such a casual, dismissive manner. And some part of her, a larger part than she wished to admit, was incredibly jealous. She was used as though she had never been trained, as if she were still the girl who he had to take in a gag so she didn't bite him, while the other slave performed so masterfully.

Finally though Elias said, "well, Furst, what do you say to a live demonstration?" This was in English, for her benefit.

"By all means."

She was shaking as he pulled her off his stiff cock. "Crawl to the center of the room and Bow, Hannah."

She looked at him with pleading eyes.

"You heard me, slave."

She almost couldn't do it. She couldn't feel her arms and legs very well, wasn't sure where they were. Her adrenaline was pounding so hard in her ears. He had said he wouldn't share her. He had said that he would sell her if she took another man's cock. If he sold her, she would die. She had no doubt of that. The cost it had taken her to love him she would never find in herself again. He brought the light. No other man could now for her.

She assumed Kneel and walked her hands out, gracefully arching her back and pressing her chest into the carpet. Her arms stretched out and her knees widened, sex opening. Her thighs were trembling and she couldn't keep herself from gripping the carpet with her fingers, as if she were afraid the world might tilt and she could slide off of it.

"Help yourself, Furst."

She couldn't suppress the shudder at the words. She didn't know this man. She didn't love this man. He wasn't her Master. Elias had said he wouldn't share her but what if he had changed his mind? What if what Furst had said at dinner had persuaded him she wasn't worth keeping for himself? She believed him when he said she wouldn't be the same in his eyes if she took another cock into her. Tears rose, hot and stinging in her throat. She felt like she couldn't breathe.

The other man chuckled darkly. "She doesn't appear to want my attention, does she?"

"She does what I tell her," was the sharp reply.

When she heard the clink of Furst's belt buckle being undone, the soft sound of it being drawn off his waist, every muscle in her body tensed. Her mind screamed in protest and it was all she could do not to scramble away. Scramble into the corner and curl into a ball, ready to kick at the man if he approached her. If they were both going to rape her than it would be worth it to fight them, wouldn't it? A final act of defiance before she ceased to be

herself. But her Master... her Master had ordered her to do this. She had to trust him. He had said that she wouldn't be shared

Never had she been more glad to feel the sting of a belt. The joy that exploded in her was enough to make the pain that flamed across her ass insignificant. Furst did not hold back. He struck a blow across her cunt, making her scream, arching into the carpet. He struck her thighs, her ass, her back all with an unrestrained violence.

But it was surprisingly short lived. She had expected him to beat her into the carpet, leave her a quivering mass at his feet. Instead after he'd warmed her bottom well enough that she was crying but by the morning there would be no sign he had, he stopped. "I don't want to mark her up too much before tomorrow. The debutante should look good for her presentation." He said to Elias in German.

"Considerate of you." Elias said casually.

He rather suspected the restraint was more due Max wanting to get his mouth back into Jessica's mouth. But in truth he was grateful for it. He wanted her to look good for his guests. He himself had been holding back, punishing her in other ways for a few weeks so she looked perfect for the revel. Furst always had been a class act.

"Shall I take her ass as punishment instead?"

"Only if you like. Dinner was quite good and she held her posture reasonably well."

"Reasonably well is not well."

"She's still in training." They spoke German so there was no chance Hannah would understand. But Max's dismissive intonation was enough to make her blood turn cold.

"All the more reason to put her through her paces."

"Might be diverting."

"If it isn't, I'll give you another shot to beat her until you're satisfied."

"Like I said, hospitable."

He stood and went to kneel behind Hannah. He turned her ninety degrees to give a better show. He wanted Max to see how perfect the curve of her spine was, graceful, delicate and submissive. He took her tiny hips in his large hands and spread her even more widely. She shivered with pleasure at the familiar feeling of his touch, though she had to know that nothing good came next. He spit into her crack and worked it into her asshole a bit. He didn't intend to make this easy for her but it would be impossible without a bit of lubrication.

She knew what he intended. She knew how badly it would hurt. But she was so grateful that it was him that she pushed back against his cock the instant he put it against her little rosebud. She wailed as he put the head in but his shaft was thicker and she fisted her hands into the plush carpet as he pushed inexorably in.

“Thank you, Master... oh, God, thank you, Master.”

He slapped her ass hard. “No one told you to speak, bitch.”

The feeling when he pulled out was excruciating, worse when he pushed in. He'd never taken her so close to dry, so close to bleeding.

Max was pumping Jessica's head on his lap with real enthusiasm now. “Jesus, Wolf, I can't believe she can even fit you. Like a fucking magic trick you even fit.”

Elias gripped her hips and smiled. His breath was ragged as he laughed, “even I'm sometimes surprised when it all fits into this tight little hole.”

He came first in her ass but Max was soon to follow, thrusting up and filling Jessica's mouth. He pulled out and slapped her ass. “Alright slave, fetch me something and clean me off.”

She staggered a bit as she went to the bathroom and came back with a warm washcloth. He was sitting on the couch again and she wiped him off carefully. She put the washcloth aside and pressed her cheek to his thigh, looking up at him with a mixture of adoration and apprehension. Had she done well? Was he pleased with her?

Max took out a flash drive from his pocket. “Fair is fair. How about something recent with me and Jessica?” He asked with a smirk. “I bought her a very well preserved antique vaulting bench for her birthday this year. She hates it, ungrateful bitch.”

Elias was already hard again at the prospect. “By all means.”

The large hand closed over Hannah's neck again and she was dragged back to her task.

Chapter End Notes

Please, please, please let me know what you think! Reviews are totally writing fuel!
Also... I am curious and open to suggestions or guesses about how things will progress going forward :)

Chapter 15

Chapter Notes

Hello again.

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

She woke before him the next morning so she woke him with her lips around his cock. When he woke he rolled her onto her back so she lay beneath him with him straddling her shoulders and fucked her face hard, powerful arms gripping the headboard as he drove his cock into her mouth. She wanted to say something to him but she wasn't sure what it was and he didn't give her much time to contemplate it. When he had satisfied himself in her throat, he went to change into his running clothes without even giving her a chance to clean his cock.

She sat up in the bed, watching him warily as he stripped and selected the trainers, athletic shorts and shirt he preferred. She was naked, as she always was when she slept. At some point she had gotten used to it. She watched him change without trying to cover her breasts or keep beneath the covers. When he was dressed he went back into the closet and returned with a white camisole. It had lace around the neck and end, a slit up the side to reveal a thigh.

“Put it on.”

She scrambled from beneath the sheets and pulled the thin, silky garment over her head.

“Follow.”

He chained her in the kitchen and went for a run. She stood for a long time without moving, staring off into the two feet of air in front of her. She didn't understand his mood.

But, finally, she decided on apple pancakes. They were easy to make and she knew Elias like them. They could also be kept fresh easily in the oven for whenever he and the others chose to enjoy them. She started to assemble her ingredients and go about her work.

When she turned and saw Jessica standing by the door Hannah startled, almost dropping her knife. She shoved it onto the counter and dropped to her knees into the modest form of Kneel. “I'm sorry, I didn't see you there.”

Jessica came forward quickly and pulled her to her feet, glancing around. She closed the kitchen door. “You don't have to greet me that way. In fact, it's better if they don't see that you did. I'm another slave, same as you. There is no formal greeting between the two of us.”

Hannah bit her lip, feeling foolish. “I didn't... I didn't know that.”

“It's alright,” Jessica said “How could you have? And I am not going to tell on you, if that's what you are worried about.”

It was the first time that Hannah had really looked at the other woman. She had been far too afraid with Herr Furst staring down at her in the entrance hall to notice much of his companion. At dinner she had kept her head down, only able to observe her out of the corner of her eye. And as for the rest of the night, she'd been too mortified with embarrassment to look over at the other slave, even if Elias had let her head up from his cock long enough for her to look.

She really was an incredibly beautiful woman. Each individual feature was not striking, but together the whole made something more. She looked like an American movie star, someone who could play a wholesome girl-next-door type as easily as she could a glamorous New Yorker. She wore a black silk camisole and matching underwear and her hair fell in loose, chestnut curls over her shoulders.

And she looked familiar.

Hannah had read a lot about the Jessica Allen case. It had been big news when she was taken, even bigger when she'd been returned. It had captured Hannah's attention in particular. She'd watched the coverage almost obsessively. There was footage of her looking wan but beautiful as she got off the plane in Baltimore, standing with her head down and unspeaking behind her parents as they thanked everyone involved in getting her back. Some generic B-roll had been made with pictures of her as a smiling, happy girl in a paddling pool, a more recent one with her arms around some girlfriends in a cafe. All of it had been played on repeat for weeks. It had given her a queer, painful feeling, half-hope and half-despair, because she knew her sister would not be returned.

But what was she doing here? She had been found, returned to the US, to her parents, to her old life. Had her Master taken her twice? Hannah didn't remember reading that she'd gone missing again, never mind how risky it would be to try to take her again.

Some of what she was thinking must have shown in Hannah's face. Jessica's mouth quirked at the edge, almost a grimace. “So the story made it to Ukraine then.” She said, not making it sound at all like a question.

Hannah hesitated, but finally said. “Yes, it did.”

A long moment passed where neither spoke. Hannah trailed her fingers through the loose flour spread over the counter. “Where is your Master?” She said finally, unsure of what to say next.

“In your Master's office, doing some last minute work on his laptop.”

Jessica's gaze flitted over to the machine on the counter behind Hannah. It was an espresso machine that would have kept a coffee shop running. Elias loved that she knew how to make a proper espresso and had ordered it to replace the more modest one that she had first used. “I don't suppose you know how to use that, do you?”

She nodded. "Yes, one of my jobs was in a coffee shop... before I was taken."

"Would it... I mean if it weren't too much trouble. I don't suppose you would consider making me a latte would you?"

Hannah's palms began to sweat. She wanted so badly for Jessica to like her but... "does... does... I mean does your Master allow that?"

It was strange to ask, she almost felt silly. Being with another woman for the first time in... God, how long had it been? She couldn't remember. It felt strange. It felt normal, in a way that hadn't been normal since she had arrived. But she hadn't eaten or drank anything that Elias hadn't put in her mouth or put on the floor in front of her since she had met him. And that was a more powerful motivator still.

"I'm not trying to get you in trouble." Jessica said, quickly, seeing the internal struggle. "At home, I make my own coffee in the morning. He learned early on it wasn't worth the trouble to try to break that habit." She laughed a bit at that. "And he usually orders me a latte at the end of lunch in restaurants, if I've pleased him of course. I don't think he'd mind."

Hannah gaped at her. Herr Furst took his slave out in public. A restaurant would mean clothes, travel, so many opportunities to ruin it all. She wondered if Elias would ever trust her that much.

"How about this, if either of them gets mad, I'll take the blame... and the beating." Jessica said with a charming little peal of laughter.

Elias had told her she could ask Jessica for advise. And the other slave certainly looked like she knew what she was doing last night. She nodded. "Alright, how do you take it?"

"Full fat and lots of foam."

She took her time with the drink. If they were to get in trouble for this, she wanted the drink to at least be good. When Jessica took her first sip and groaned with pleasure it made Hannah smile. "Elias said that you were a good cook but after last night, and this, I'm really looking forward to this food."

"Did he?" She fought not to seem too pleased with herself.

"Ah, right, you don't speak German."

She shook her head. *What else did they say about me?* But she couldn't ask. She knew Elias wouldn't like it somehow, and that Jessica would know that too. If he had wanted her to understand, he would have spoken English.

Jessica went to sit on a bar stool to enjoy her latte, while Hannah went back to peeling and slicing apples for the pancakes. She sat loosely, one leg dangling down but the other pulled up onto the seat beside her.

Finally she said, "well, it appears you know how I was taken. Where did your Master find you?" "He found me in a cafe, across from the train station in Kiev. I was his waitress." She

said, not looking up from her work. "After I got off my shift, I was walking home through a shortcut. I should have known better. Those blocks are abandoned, but the way around is twenty minutes, and through is only ten. He was stopped at an intersection and said he was looking for someplace in the Desna district. I felt a pinch in my thigh and looked down to see the needle. And then... I woke up here."

She wasn't sure why she had given so much detail. Except... she had never told anyone the story. There had never been anyone to tell the story too. Her Master knew what had happened to her far better than she did.

Jessica glanced around and frowned. "Upstairs? He brought you to this?" She asked, sounding almost incredulous.

Hannah shook her head and bit her lip. She wanted to tell this part far less. "No, there's a wine cellar where he kept me up until maybe a few weeks ago. It took me a while to... to learn to obey."

"How long has your Master had you?" Jessica asked, taking another sip.

"I'm not... I'm not sure. More than a month I'm sure but...I haven't seen a calendar since I've been here." She added shyly, "and there were times when... when it wasn't possible to keep track of the days."

Jessica nodded. "I think I lost time regularly for the first four months or so."

Hannah noticed that the other slave did not offer her the date. To keep her out of trouble? Out of loyalty to the men who enslaved them? Both?

"How did you end up back with Herr Furst?" The question was out of her mouth before Hannah could stop herself. "In the news, I saw that you were found. Returned to America." She hurried to add, lest her question be misinterpreted as somehow disobedient.

Jessica took another sip of the latte, considering her answer. Finally she said, "I found his number through... a mutual acquaintance."

Hannah's brow furrowed. "You... you were looking for him?"

Warm brown eyes met her gaze without a hint of a flinch. "He is my Master."

The words sent a chill down Hannah's spine. She said them without any doubt. As if it were a fact. Like that things fall down or fire burns or the earth goes around the sun. Jessica shocked her further by adding, in the same tone, "I love him."

It was like hearing her name called in an unexpected place. Hannah's spine straightened. The idea that Jessica both loved her Master and had clearly made peace with that fact felt like a door opening unexpectedly onto a truth she had never expected. A slave could love a Master.

If Jessica could admit her love to her Master, why couldn't Hannah do the same?

"And he loves me." Jessica added.

The door slammed shut.

Hannah knew she loved Elias. Knew that she had loved him since before he brought her upstairs. Sometime after he had left her in the dark but before he had made her give him her asshole to fuck. Love wasn't even really the right word. She worshiped him. He was her life. Even when he hurt her, she knew it was a price she would pay gladly. If she was separated from him, she would try to get back.

But there was no thought in her head that he might love her back. Her Master. Her handsome, rich, confident Master. A man who bought companies worth millions and owned houses worth more. He was not for her. He had told her himself. She was nothing to him but three warm holes. She was a whore. The only thing that made her special was that she couldn't refuse him. That she was always available. Whatever he wanted he could take from her.

But she was not the kind of girl who could delude herself into thinking that might turn into love.

If what Jessica had with her Master required that he love her back, then it was not to be Hannah's fate.

But she made herself smile and say, "I'm happy for you."

Jessica looked surprised. "You're happy for me?"

"Yes, you're lucky."

"Lucky?" She repeated the word.

Hannah's brow twisted in confusion. "Yes, lucky."

Jessica looked like she was almost about to laugh but when she saw a hurt look flash into Hannah's eyes she held up a hand. "No, no, I'm not laughing at you. It's just... I haven't met many woman who would see what you saw Max do to me last night and call me lucky... I'm just surprised, that's all."

Hannah twisted the knife in her hands. "You said you're in love with each other.. I didn't mean anything else."

She put aside the knife and began to heat up the grill to cook the apples. She put some butter in a pan with brown sugar and cinnamon before adding the apples. Jessica tapped her lips thoughtfully as she watched her.

Finally she said, "you know, you're not what I expected."

Hannah's head shot up and she couldn't help but frown. Had Jessica expected someone like herself—glamorous, beautiful and well trained? It seemed her Master certainly had. "What do you mean?"

Jessica held up a hand when she saw the look on her face. "No, no I didn't mean it like that." She hurried to reassure her.

Hannah only stared at her.

“It's just that K... many slaves look down on the ones who are like me, who learn to love their Masters. They see it as a... moral failing, that I love him... that I think myself lucky.” Jessica said, looking back down at her half-finished latte.

Hannah bit her lip and surprised herself by saying. “I do sometimes think that I should resist more... or at least like it less... what he does to me.” She blushed deeply. “I mean, just because of all the years I was taught it was wrong. Of course, I understand now that it is his right.” She hurried to add, ducking her head down and returning to the pan with the apples.

Jessica looked up, eyebrows furrowed. Finally she said, very carefully, “Yes. It is *his* right to own *you*.”

The emphasis she placed was clearly specific but Hannah didn't understand what she meant. She was a woman. A whore. She was lucky her Master took the time to feed and fuck her. Or, at least that is what she had been told. And Herr Furst... Jessica could hardly be his slave if she wasn't obedient. He was not the kind of man who would tolerate such a thing.

“Yes.” She said finally. “It is his right to own me.”

She didn't know exactly what to make of the other slave. She was jealous, that was the predominant emotion. How could she not be? Jessica had what she wanted. And for her that came with a heavy, pervasive dread. Another kind of woman would have been angry, resentful. But growing up with her mother and Kat had taught her that anger was not useful. If she hated them, it didn't make them come home sooner, remember to bring groceries more often, spend more time with them.

She was used to jealousy. Of what meager treats their were in their childhood, Kat had always gotten the lions share. Treats from a neighbor who felt sorry for them, the bed closest to the heater, clothes that weren't hand-me-downs and the attention of any boy she wanted. Kat had been popular, outgoing at school despite how poor they were. That had been the thing that Hannah envied most. Both of them wanted attention, but only Kat knew how to get it.

So she had learned to be meek. To entreat kindness with what she could give the other person. If she cooked dinner, Kat would eat with her, most days rather than not. If she brought her mother to bed from where she had fallen in the living room and cleaned her up, she woke in a better mood than if she was left to wake up stiff and painful from a night on the cold floor.

She wouldn't have made the latte for Jessica, except... except, she was afraid the other woman would dislike her if she refused. If this woman were cruel to her it would be unbearable. She was the only other slave Hannah had ever met, and there were so many questions she wanted to ask her. There were things even her Master couldn't answer for her, simply because he was not a slave.

She seemed like the perfect slave. Her Master clearly cherished her. They loved each other.

Hannah didn't want to be compared to her.

Sitting next to her the night before... it had felt like being back in secondary school, being the *other* Konashevych sister. What if her Master preferred Jessica to her? If he saw how perfect she was, how could Hannah compete? Kat had always gotten what she wanted, with boys as with everything else.

But Hannah had never wanted anything as much as she wanted Elias.

And then there was the other side of Jessica that made her nervous.

She wasn't sure if she could trust her. If Hannah said the wrong thing, she might tell her Master she was disobedient. There was no reason to think this woman wouldn't feel hostile toward her, even if she didn't appear to be now. And even if she wasn't purposely vengeful... her loyalty was clearly with her Master. She might think it was the right thing to do, so Hannah could be corrected.

Jessica added, almost as if musing to herself. "Elias is a good man. He deserves a good slave."

Hannah frowned. "I do, I mean I try to be good for him."

Jessica looked up quickly and shook her head to indicate that wasn't what she meant. "No, no, of course. It's obvious that you obey him."

She looked almost on the verge of saying something else but seemed to hold herself back. She took another sip of the latte. "I guess I was wondering *'why'* it is you try to obey him."

It was a trap.

Whatever she said... if Jessica told her Master... he would know if she was lying. He always knew what she was thinking when he looked into her eyes. He had always made it clear he could see her desires, that the choice to withhold them was entirely deliberate.

Hannah took the apples off the heat to let them cool. She swallowed but couldn't meet the other woman's eyes as she said. "I think about him, when he is in his office with the door shut, or out on a run. Even when he is hurting me... I'm glad he is with me." She took a shuddering breath. "And when he is pleased with me... or when he gives me pleasure. I can't describe it. It's like nothing I've ever experienced. I want... I want to please him so badly."

She closed her eyes tight.

"I would give anything, if he would look at me the way that your Master looks at you."

Elias had told her that Furst would take his breakfast by the pool so she made a tray of food for Jessica to bring him. She was glad she wouldn't have to serve the man who scared her so much without her Master around. But no one could claim she had been inhospitable, making Jessica do it. Not when her Master had chained her in the kitchen. She didn't think Furst would try to touch her in a way Elias wouldn't like, but she was afraid of him.

Jessica had brought back the dishes from Max's breakfast when he had finished.

"I'm sorry I can't clean up. Max wants a blow job by the pool." The other slave said.

She spoke so matter-o-factly As if it were a common thing to be ordered somewhere to give up ones body for the pleasure of another. And really, for the two of them, it was.

Hannah took the dishes. "Oh, no, of course I am happy to clean up."

When Elias came back and unchained her she served him breakfast by the pool. Max and Jessica had changed into swimsuits. He was reading a book while she sucked him slowly. She couldn't help but watch out of the corner of her eye. She knew she should look away, should want to look away. But she was fascinated by the dark-haired slave, and her relationship with her Master.

Love, Jessica had called it. Love between slave and Master. The thought made her feel sick, heady, desperate. Hopeful and crushed together. It was mesmerizing.

"I'm going back to the mainland to pick up the rest of our guests." Elias told her when he had finished his breakfast. "I want lunch to be waiting for them when they arrive."

"But.." She began. How was she going to set the table for the guests if she was chained in the kitchen? She could ask Jessica to do it for her but she really wanted to make sure it was done exactly the way she wanted it. It was a first impression on her Master's guests she could never take back after all. And she'd done so poorly with Max...

Elias held up a hand to stop her mind from spinning out of control.

"You'll wear the chain between your ankles, to remind you of your place. And Jessica has agreed to supervise you."

In truth, he wasn't worried she would run. Not with Jessica and Max in the house, not so close to a party. With more people on the island her chance of escape was at its slimmest and she knew him well enough to know that the punishment she would get for shaming him in front of his peers would be severe indeed. But the psychology of it was better. He wasn't sure she was ready to be taken off of her chain when he was out of the house. Besides, it would set the tone early with the others that she was still in training. She was not yet a collared slave and not to let her forget her place in any way at this critical juncture.

“That's kind of her.”

“Lunch should be ready at noon.” He told her. “At eleven thirty I want you to go shower in my bedroom and put on the clothes I have left out for you. Take your time with your makeup. Nothing whorish though.”

He ran a thumb across her bottom lip. “I want my guests to see the pretty, sweet face I can cum on whenever I like. Do you understand?”

She nodded. “Yes, Master.”

She couldn't believe how handsome he looked when he had dressed for sailing. He was wearing a dark blue button up, the sleeves rolled to his elbows, and cropped tan trousers. She'd never seen him in such casual clothes and yet, they suited him just as well as his suits and blazers. He looked like a model in a magazine selling cologne. How had she gotten so lucky that this man chose her?

She hoped he would give her a kiss before he left. She loved the way he kissed her, full of passion and power. She wanted to scoot forward hopefully between his knees and tilt her head up to offer him her lips.

“If you give Jessica any trouble, I will switch you until you cry when I get back.”

“I won't.”

The morning with Jessica was more pleasant than Hannah had expected. The other woman was warm, kind to her. She didn't get bossy because Elias had left her in charge of Hannah. She was helpful and even let Hannah tell her how she wanted the meal made, which surprised her.

She was still afraid of Jessica, but she couldn't hold herself back from asking questions. And so, after a while, the conversation began to flow quite naturally.

“How long... how long did it take you to get used to the sex?” She asked.

“What do you mean?”

“I mean, my Master, even when he takes me when I'm wet, without intending it to hurt, I feel... stretched apart. And when he wants to punish me... sometimes it hurts worse than the first time.”

Jessica considered. "Do you like it? The feeling of being stretched apart, when he's in you? When he is being gentle, I mean, of course."

Hannah blushed and ducked her head, but finally admitted, "yes, quite a bit."

"Then what's the problem?"

"I just... does it ever get less intense?"

She shook her head. "Max always feels big to me, like the limit of what I can take. But I enjoy that. I like to be filled by him, it's a form of his mastery over me: that I have to accommodate him, whether or not it's comfortable."

Hannah nodded. That made sense to her. She liked it when Elias was inside of her. Sometimes when she thought about him while she was doing her chores or reading on the bed her pussy would clench, as if trying to find that same, exquisite fullness that only he could give her. It was like when she was beneath him. She liked it best when they were face to face and she could see him, how handsome he was, what his expression was, the pleasure she was giving him. But even when he pushed her down in the most degrading way, one hand between her shoulder blades to pin her in place as if she were nothing, she liked to have him over her, in her. It felt safe.

She blushed, thinking of one particularly rough fuck that she had surprised them both by cumming from. He had started in her pussy and had torn her almost immediately, then switched to her ass when she had almost gotten used that pain. When he had pushed in and his thighs met hers he had groaned, flexing himself, pushing that extra centimeter in, hips, the slight upward curve of his dick scrapping against her inside. She had arched and felt herself tip over the edge, cumming hard around him. He had taken a cane to her afterward, for forgetting to ask permission. But even he had even seemed pleased, letting her recover for a long time on his chest.

"Does... does your Master ever take you... from behind?"

It took Jessica a moment to understand the question. "You mean in my ass? Yes. Of course."

"And... do you like it?"

Jessica lifted a shoulder. "I can cum when he's in my ass. It usually hurts quite a bit. But it gives him pleasure. That's what is the most important thing."

"That is the most important thing." Hannah repeated, as if she were trying to commit the words to memory.

Jessica gave her a queer, probing look, as if searching for some deception in her face as she said the words. Finally she said, after a long moment, "do you believe that, really?"

Hannah played with the rind of an orange she was peeling. "Yes," she said finally, "his pleasure is the most important thing to me."

"More than your own?"

“Yes. He is a good man.”

Jessica laughed outright at that, just a small chuckle.

“What's funny?” Hannah asked.

“Nothing... it's just. You reminded me of someone. Of a similar moment. When I said my Master was a good man. But it's nothing... it doesn't matter.”

It took her most of the morning to work up the courage to ask what she had been dying to know since she'd first set eyes on Jessica. She was bending to take an apple tarte out of the oven and before Hannah knew she was doing it, she reached out to touch the small, perfect medallion at the center of the other woman's throat. *Property of Maximillian Furst.*

She jerked her hand back, ashamed of herself. “I'm sorry... only, I'm curious about...”

“About my collar?”

She didn't like to admit she hadn't known the name of it.

“Yes. What does it mean?”

The jewelry that Elias had given her did not have the same significance. She knew this without being told. A collar *meant* something that even the lovely cuff bracelets did not. Certainly not nipple clamps or the ball she had to hold in her mouth.

“My Master gave it to me the day I became his slave.” She shook her head when Hannah looked confused. “Oh it was months after he had kidnapped and raped me. He gave it to me when he saw what I was becoming... a woman he could call his own. When I started to accept my role.”

Hannah pressed her lips together, suddenly feeling close to tears. She had accepted her role... hadn't she? She feared Elias, but she wanted him too. Couldn't he see that? *He brought the light. She'd die without him. She'd take anything from his hand.* She'd said the words to herself so many times she'd made them true.

Jessica must have seen something of her crestfallen emotions because she said kindly.

“People trust on their own timetable and your Master... he has his reasons for holding back. Max had had slaves before who had disappointed him, but none that had really hurt him. When Max told me your Master was getting another slave. I was glad to hear it. Particularly after K... the last one was such a disappointment.”

Hannah fought not to blanch. Elias had never mentioned that there was a woman who came before her. She felt suddenly foolish though, for not having known there had been one. Everything in the house screamed it out: the cellar, the ropes, the whips, canes, cuffs, doors that locked from the inside... even Elias himself. He hit her with just the right amount of force to hurt her just to the point of real damage, he fucked her and tied her as if this was the thousandth time he'd done each. He had hardly been the wide-eyed virgin she had been. He had clearly done this before.

Why hadn't it occurred to her that he'd had slaves before her? It seemed so obvious now.

Hannah pressed her lips together. She wanted to ask about the other girl, about what she had done to be dismissed, but something in the closed expression in Jessica's face made her certain it would be futile. Would only lead to her getting in trouble.

Jessica leaned forward and closed her hand gently over Hannah's own. "I remember this part. It's agony isn't it? Loving them so utterly and completely without any idea if they will ever love you back. If they're even capable of loving you back."

She bit her lip. Love. It was easy for Jessica to talk about it. She had it. She was good enough for her Master. *A woman he could call his own*. That was what Jessica was after all—beautiful, elegant, educated, American. All these things Hannah never could or would be. And she could never imagine Elias would elevate her to anything like calling her his own.

His own.

It was such an exquisitely painful thought.

She wanted to be his. Despite all of it... perhaps because all of it.... she wanted him to own her more than she had ever wanted anything in her life. All the things he did to her, whatever pain or humiliation he demanded, she would do it gladly if she could truly belong to him. Not *a* slave, but *his* slave.

Jessica shook her head. "Perhaps it's too early to talk of such things." She said.

She turned back to where Hannah was assembling the ingredients for a quiche and said, "what's next?"

Thirty minutes before the expected arrival Jessica helped her put the finishing touches on the lunch they had laid out by the pool, and then went upstairs to change. Hannah went back to Elias's bedroom.

He had selected for her a cornflower blue teddy to wear. It was a cute, quaint design with a satin bow around the waist. The high heels were equally precious, with matching bows on the toes and slim, buckling straps across her ankles. Unabashedly, he meant the outfit emphasize how young she was—something fresh that had just ripened. A girl only just out of adolescence.

He told her to take care with her make up that morning and she had taken it to heart. It was subtle but highlighted her sweetest features—the soft lips, round cheeks and large, innocent eyes. He had her wear her hair down but held back from her face with a matching white silk headband. The resemblance to her sister was not subtle, but he wanted it fully highlighted.

She looked perfect.

Jessica wore baby doll in deep red with matching underwear and shoes. She added in a beautiful thick gold cuff bracelet and did her eyes with just the smallest hint of kohl. It wasn't slutty, not even really provocative but it made her eyes look huge and inviting.

Hannah couldn't believe she had to kneel next to this woman. She had never felt bad about her looks. She knew she was pretty enough. Her sister Katarina had been pretty enough to be a model so she thought she would have been used to being compared unfavorably. But she could have cried when she saw how beautiful Jessica looked. But it wasn't just that. She was a perfect slave too, so dutiful and loving that she had won her Master's respect.

Her Master would be so disappointed when he saw them next to each other.

It wasn't that she begrudged Jessica her beauty. The other girl was so kind she would have been happy for her except... except that she wouldn't be able to stand it if Elias preferred Jessica to her. She didn't think Herr Furst would ever share Jessica but still, if she thought her Master thought the other slave was prettier than her, it would crush her.

She felt like she had swallowed a lead weight as she and Jessica went down and took up their positions in the entrance way. Jessica held one bowl of lavender and cucumber washcloths and she another.

"This is a really nice idea, by the way." The other girl said to her kindly. "Max never wants to look impressed but I could tell he liked the touch."

She nodded, feeling wooden.

She could hear the boat dock and then the party walking up. Jessica turned to her. "Oh, by the way, it's you who should speak to welcome the guests. I am not the slave of the house."

Fear twisted in her gut like a knife. Everyone would look at Jessica and bemoan the fact that it wasn't her who was welcoming them.

The door opened and her Master stood, framed in a halo of light from beyond the door. "Come in, gentleman. Welcome to the island house."

Out of the corner of her eye she saw Jessica raise her bowl and followed suit. "Welcome to my Master's house, Sirs. Please let this humble slave know how I can make you more welcome."

Her Master had told her that there would be other slaves and there would be prostitutes. She hadn't expected the distinction to be so immediate and apparent. The slaves walked demurely behind their Masters, heads down and modestly covered. At least comparatively: their tits and sex were not visible. The prostitutes were less fastidious.

There was a redhead in a black, fishnet dress that was already peeled down around her waist, leaving her breasts bare. Her pussy was barely less on display through the sheer fabric. One of the men had his arm over her shoulders and was casually playing with a nipple.

She looked dazed.

Having grown up in post-soviet Kiev, Hannah didn't need to look twice to know she was on drugs. She had seen the effect of heroin first in her mother, who had whored herself on the street for many nights before disappearing into the dark. She had felt so guilty at the time because her mother had sold Katarina a few times once she was pubescent. Not regularly but a hand full of times to men in the neighborhood, when she was truly hard up for a fix. The hardest part for Kat was that she had to see those men later. She went to school with their sons and daughters.

Hannah hated herself for this. But she had been glad her mother had died (or whatever had happened to her to make her not come back one night) before she'd had the chance to do the same to her. Katarina had never been quite the same after. Never again the cheerful, brave girl she had been.

As she looked girl to girl she noticed most looked as though they used drugs. Only the red head looked as though she'd been given any recently but many had distinctive puncture marks and bruising on the backs of hands and crooks of arms that she recognized.

A blond near the front was naked except for precarious high heels and her bright red lipstick was smeared. She had a high pony tail and her nipples were pierced with a heavy chain between them. The brunette too was naked and looked as though she had been used on the boat. She had semen leaking down her leg and a pained expression on her face.

But the one that really scared her was small and blond, almost Hannah's size and very beautiful. She had fashionably tan skin and beautiful green eyes. She was naked and her breasts look like someone had recently switched them. And she standing with her back almost against Elias's chest looking afraid and vulnerable, as if she might turn and bury her head in his chest for comfort. She knew how much he liked to see both those emotions in a woman's eyes.

She let out a breath she hadn't known she was holding when he stepped past her without seeming to notice her at all. He had a wicked smile, one that made her sex clench. He was so handsome her heart hurt. He turned. "Gentlemen, welcome to Midsommar."

She and Jessica had risen once the men had satisfied themselves with the cool cloths. This time she didn't need to be reminded. "Can this slave get any of your sirs something to drink?"

It was a confusing mix of drink orders but the waitress in her made short work of parsing it into a logical list in her mind.

Elias lead the men out to the terrace while she and Jessica went back to the kitchen.

“Jesus we're fucked. Do you remember a single thing anyone wanted?” Jessica asked when they were alone.

“Three whiskeys, a vodka neat, and two gin and tonics.” She said. “Whiskey for my Master, the other German and the taller Russian. The vodka for the one who brought the whores, and the tonic for the Bosnian and the Brit.”

Jessica stared at her. “That's a convenient trick.”

She blushed. “I've been a waistress all my life.”

If Jessica had ever waited tables it was surely for a summer, between semesters. Never anything serious, never anything that she couldn't quit for fear it would eventually be a choice between rent and food. Hannah didn't think Jessica had grown up with anything like the money Furst had, but she was at least in his stratosphere.

“Do you know what your Master will want?” Furst was still in her Master's office on a conference call.

“The same whiskey as yours, if the men are drinking cocktails.”

Together they made quick work of the drinks and put them onto two trays. “Don't go fast, please,” she pleaded. “It's hard to walk on the patio with the heels and the chain.”

Jessica was mercifully slow, striding a step behind her to make it seem less obvious she was the one moving carefully. The men sat on various comfortable chairs and couches scattered around the patio. The women knelt beside them, or sat on their laps, though again you could see the difference in training.

She had the drinks for her Master and the two Russians. She knelt before her Master first, offering him the drink. The first Russian took his without remark but the second turned to her and said, in Ukranian, “how long has Elias kept you under his hat, pretty thing?”

She froze, halfway to offering him a drink. He plucked it from her hands.

“My Master has had me for many months.” She replied, in English.

He reached out to caress her cheek but she shied back, almost stumbling as she took a step too big for the ankle chain.

“Shy is she, Elias?” The man called down the chairs to her Master.

“Not in the right circumstances.” Her Master replied with a smirk.

He had changed out of the boating clothes into navy trousers and a white button up with a dark green blazer over top. He was leaning on the white, native stone balcony that divided it from the lawn, resting his whiskey on the wide top beside him. She hurried to kneel next to his brown leather loafers, fighting the urge to try to cower against his legs.

“Still with her training wheels I see.” He gestured to the chain between her ankles.

She wasn't sure if she was grateful that the common language had transitioned back to English with the arrival of the new guests. Yesterday she had been in agony while her Master and Furst spoke German but now she realized that she might be better off not knowing what terrifying things they were saying.

Elias laughed. “Do you see a collar at her throat, Illya? She fucks well enough, but she still has a lot to learn.”

Hannah was glad her head was down so none of the men could see how much his words hurt.

She felt his hand on the back of her head and his fingers slid forward, tangling in her locks. His thumb and last finger spanned easily between the bony prominences behind her ears and he forced her head down further, until her chin was almost on her chest. His grip tightened possessively, but not enough to hurt. “But collar or not, her body and her mind are my property.”

The words were spoken at a normal volume, in a normal tone. They shouldn't have sounded like a threat. Nor sent a shiver of pleasure down Hannah's spine. But they did.

Max clapped his hands once. “Hear, hear. Elias it's good to hear you say so. So many of us,” he turned a sharp eye on Illya, “have forgotten what it is to own a woman. To do more than just rape her once or twice and move on.”

Illya rolled his eyes. “You sound like a broken record Max. Not all of us can be content with a single pussy for the rest of our days. I get bored after a few fucks. Besides, hook a girl on drugs and she's your willing slave by the time the first time the high wears off. Why bother with all the boring nonsense you seem so keen to go through.”

“She is a slave to drugs, not to you.” Furst snapped.

Illya shrugged. “Doesn't change the cock sucking.” He gestured for the redhead who still had her teddy around her hips to come forward. She did without hesitation and when he took her by the neck she bent easily when he freed his cock, taking him into her mouth and moving mechanically. “Still feels like a wet mouth to me. Still feels like a tight snatch... at least until I'm done with it.”

“I beg to differ.” Max snapped his fingers at Jessica.

She looked up at him with apparent adoration, fingers curling eagerly on his slacks. “Master, how many I please you?”

“Suck my cock, bitch.”

She slid between his legs and began to undo his belt and took him lovingly out.

“Your tongue touches my balls every time. Count to five and then you may come up.”

It was clearly a difficult task. Jessica gagged an inch from his base at the first time. But she didn't slow down. She did as he wanted, never coming off of his tip or hesitating to force herself down again. It was as if there was no one else in the world for her but him. She was completely engaged in her task, thinking of nothing but the smooth cock sliding in and out of her throat. So different from the girl in a daze moving as if she was caught in a tide.

Illya rolled his eyes. "It's a difference in training. Give this bitch a year or two to learn and she'll be blowing me with the same fineness."

Max looked down at the girl who was worshiping his cock. He took her by the hair and pulled her off of him. Her lips were red and swollen, eyes so full of tears she surely couldn't see him. "Jessica, who am I?"

"You are the Master of my body and soul." The response was barely out of his lips before he forced her back down.

"That, Illya, is the difference in training."

"Still seems sentimental to me."

Elias shook his head. "Come gentleman, years of argument and I've never seen you resolve this dispute yet. I won't let it ruin our party. Please, let us eat and take advantage of the beautiful women around us."

But if Hannah was hoping to be among the beautiful women who was taken advantage of, she was to be disappointed. The only notice Elias seemed to take of her was that he put his plate down for her to finish. She was afraid she would throw up. She felt sick to her stomach. She wanted him to take her by the hair and use her mouth. Or push her down on the tile and take her pussy or even ass. Anything so that she would know he still wanted her.

When the men were done the women cleared the plates some of the party decided that they would enjoy the pool to cool off before deciding what to do for the afternoon, while the rest went indoors for a variety of pleasures. The oldest of the men, Aleksander she thought his name was, and a man that Jessica had called "Dr. Alder" when she put his drink down in front of him, decided on a hike.

"Elena can stay behind to begin dinner preparations." Aleksander said softly.

If Hannah had thought she was surprised by Jessica, with her collar, her clothes and a glass of wine all her own, Ruslana and Elena were more surprising still. Elena wore a modest blue dress, conservative even by normal standards and stood behind her Master, one hand gently on his shoulder as he ate, rather than kneeling beside him. Ruslana was dressed in a green silk slip that was as good as a dress and, though she knelt beside her Master, she was given her own plate that she ate on her lap with a fork and knife.

Hannah secretly hoped Elias would choose the pool. Jessica and Ruslana were to go with their Masters. Besides, she was hot from walking back and forth to the kitchen and the water looked delightfully refreshing.

But Elias took up Illya's offer for a game of pool in the games room.

"I'll play the winner then, shall I?" Nigel said.

Of all the men at the party, Hannah had immediately known that she liked Nigel Blakely the least. He had mentioned in passing that it had been him who had caned the blond girls tits on the boat ride over and the girl had tensed and shivered at the memory. He was quite handsome with blond hair and a charming smile (though not nearly as handsome as her Master, of course). Despite that, whenever he touched one of the girls they seemed to shy back in a way they didn't when handled by the other men, as if they couldn't suppress the little frisson of disgust at his touch.

She wished he wouldn't be joining them.

The stakes of the game was decided to be a thousand euros and the two men shook, then took up their cues. It was really quite boring. She and the redheaded prostitute knelt together but were not permitted to speak. Nor could they see the play of the game as they were below the level of the table. They sat, ignored unless one of the men wanted something.

Towards the end of the game the door opened and Nigel came in. He was dragging the blond with her nipples pierced by her hair and she was limp. She had been whipped, Hannah knew at a glance, and badly. He threw the girl down and gave her a brutal kick. "Fucking useless whore." He spat on her. "I'd piss on you if I weren't worried about the fucking carpet."

Her Master didn't look up from where he was lining up a shot. "Courteous of you, Blakely." His voice was mild and he didn't appear to have otherwise noticed the condition of the girl.

Nigel turned, smiling brightly. "Oh yeah, of course." He looked around. "Fantastic game room like this? It would be a shame if it smelled like piss the whole weekend."

"Hannah can always fetch you something to put under her."

"No, no, don't bother. She won't remember it anyway and there is plenty of time to piss on her this weekend." He came and took a glance at the table and the relative positions of the balls. "Oh perfect, I still have time for a fuck. Beating that whore worked me up but she passed out by the time I took her up the bum. So unsatisfying when they don't even feel it."

He turned to where Hannah and the red head knelt. "Don't suppose you'd let me take a crack at that sweet little blond thing, Elias?"

"Hannah is not to be shared."

"I thought you'd say that." Nigel laughed. "Well, worth a try though, anyway. Come here you little ginger bitch."

He took the red headed girl by the hair and lead her to the low coffee table in front of the television. Helpfully, Elias had attached four handcuffs to the legs. He pushed the girl onto it on her back and made quick work of snapping the manacles around her wrists and ankles. Elias had also chosen this coffee table because it was short enough that a girl's head would

dangle off the other end when she was put on it. The red head was even taller than Hannah so almost her whole shoulders were off it.

Nigel knelt between the girls legs and took out his cock. He slapped her pussy a few times and then shoved it into her. The girl grunted once but made no other sound as he began to thrust slowly.

“You know Elias, this is quite the setup you have going on here.” The man said conversationally as he continued to pump, slapping the red head's breasts with every third thrust or so. “Ever think of renting it out? My club members would pay a premium for a weekend away here.” He laughed. “And I'd pay for the cleanup, naturally.”

Elias shook his head. “It's a family home. And I'm not interested in expanding the number of people who know about it.”

“Lucky me then, to get an invite. Thanks Illya.”

“Oh, of course.” Illya said but he was looking at the redhead rather than Nigel. He turned to Elias. “You'll allow me to request a quick break in play?”

Elias smiled. “By all means.”

Illya went and knelt in front of the girls head. She opened her mouth for him but he still slapped her face. “Open wider, cunt.”

She stretched her lips as wide as they could go and he rammed his cock as hard as he could down her throat. This, apparently had been what Nigel was waiting for. He began to thrust harder and more quickly. At first they set up a rhythm where the thrusts of one pushed the girl onto the cock of the other but soon became bored with that and synchronized so they both pushed in deep at the same time.

That made her struggle against the manacles. “Pinch her nose there will you Illya?” Nigel asked. “That'll put some life in her.”

Illya pinched the girl's nose shut and indeed she began to really thrash.

“That's better, you stupid fucking bitch. I'll teach you a little enthusiasm when I fuck you.” Nigel began to slap the girl's breasts, breathing harder now. Finally though pulled out of her, gasping and jerked himself off onto her, cumming on her tits and belly. Illya followed suit a moment later, splattering his own cum over her face.

When they were done she looked terrible. Her breasts were bright red and she was crying. But she still licked both cocks clean as best she could, pulling her head up with difficulty.

They returned to the game, leaving her chained to the table in what had to be an excruciating position and with cum drying on her.

Her Master won the game and shook hands with Illya. The Russian didn't look too put out however as he returned to the redhead. This time he knelt between her legs and from the way the girl screamed, Hannah didn't need to be told he was up her ass.

“Another thousand as stake?” Her Master asked mildly.

“How about something more interesting? Ten thousand against me cumming on your girl's face.”

Elias shrugged. “We can bet ten thousand if you prefer those stakes. But that's all I'll be putting up on the other end.”

“Why not then.”

Blakely lost and though he shook hands cheerily with her Master, he turned to the redhead. “Alright cunt, let's see if you can make this interesting for me.”

Hannah was so grateful when Elias turned and headed for the door out and she was allowed to scramble to her feet and follow. Nigel was fucking the girl's throat as though he really meant to hurt her and she wasn't sure she could watch it without vomiting or crying. She didn't want to attract any more of his attention and something told her that watching her cry as she watched him fuck would be exactly the kind of thing that would get him interested.

“Would you like to go to the pool, before you being preparing dinner?” Elias asked her.

She nodded, eagerly. “Oh, yes, please... yes, please, Master.”

“Go put on your pink swim suit and I will meet you out there.”

She hesitated. She had wanted to go with him.

“You'll be alright with Jessica.” He said, reading her concern correctly. “I've got a bit of business in my office that can't wait.”

She decided it was still a treat. And he was right, she felt comfortable with Jessica around. She scurried to the Master bedroom and made quick work of changing into her swimsuit. She loved the swimsuit and had been looking forward to wearing it once she had seen it. It was a deep rose color. The top was bandeau style with a sweetheart neckline and short sleeves that went around her upper arms, leaving her shoulders bare. The bottom was modest, at least as far as she had expected, and unadorned. It reminded her almost of a vintage evening dress, something from the nineteen-fifties American styles.

Out in the pool, Tarik had his slave bent over one side and was taking her from behind while Jessica rode Max on one of the bench seats below the surface.

She knelt at the side of the pool. “Can I offer either of you sirs any refreshments?” She asked.

Max tapped his whiskey glass but Tarik paid her no attention.

She took the glass from where it sat next to him on the edge of the pool and brought him a fresh one with whiskey. She wasn't sure if she was allowed in the water without her Master so she sat on the side until he came out. He was dressed in his swim trunks and Ray Ban sunglasses and he looked so handsome it made her heart ache.

“Can I get you any refreshment, Master?” She asked hopefully.

Behind her she heard Jessica cum with vocal pleasure on Max's cock.

“Whiskey.”

She went off to fetch it and brought it swiftly. When she came back Max had gotten out of the pool and joined Elias in two comfortable couches on the grass, while Jessica swam lazily in the deeper end of the pool. She put the whiskey down by her Master and knelt, waiting to be instructed.

“You may swim with Jessica, until you're needed again.” Elias said when she put it down.

She didn't know why he would offer her this reward when he was denying her all others. She didn't want it. She would have been overjoyed to kneel and put her head on his shoulder while he spoke to Max, would have taken it over swimming with Jessica. She would have been more ecstatic still if he'd let her ride him in the water as Jessica had Max.

“Thank you, Master,” she agreed, trying not to let her disappointment show in her voice.

She climbed in the water and really it was delightfully refreshing and swam out to where Jessica was floating lazily on her back. The other slave flipped over when she heard her approach and smiled. The two swam to the side and put their heads together to talk while their legs kicked lazily in the water.

“I can't believe you live here,” Jessica said, sounding rapturous, “It's paradise.”

“The island is very beautiful. The most beautiful place I've ever been.” Hannah agreed.

“How was the games room?”

Hannah shuddered. “Not good.” She surprised herself by speaking so honestly. She was beginning to trust Jessica. As long as she didn't speak against her Master, she didn't think the other woman would tell Max.

“Oh?”

“I don't like Mr. Blakely.”

Jessica rolled her eyes. “Me either.”

Hannah felt a knot in her stomach begin to relax. She was beginning to trust the other slave, but she had been worried she would see it as disrespectful. “I don't like the prostitutes being here. It's... they're not slaves, they never will be. What Herr Illya and Blakely do is just abuse.”

“Yes. But our Masters tolerate it, so it is not for us to decide against it.”

Hannah bit her lip.

Jessica met her gaze very directly. "I have no illusions about who Max is. He has raped women, he raped me. He has beaten women, he beats me. He has done all the things that Illya and Blakely have done to women before he met me. And I love him. I can't judge."

"It makes me sick to my stomach."

"Me as well."

"And..." She trailed off. This was harder to admit. "I know it's terrible and selfish but I just keep thinking how glad I am that it isn't me... and how easily it could have been. If my Master were ever to change his mind... it could be me after all."

Jessica frowned. "Elias does not train to sell, surely you know that."

"That's not what I mean..."

It was so hard to tell Jessica this, to make her understand. They were slaves, they had been taken and raped by men who were friends. But aside from that, they had nothing in common. Their lives could have never intersected except in this specific way.

But she waited patiently until finally, Hannah bit her lip and said. "What is the difference between me and those girls? Two of them are from Ukraine, better odds than not at least one from Kiev. And the others... they're from places like me. And honestly, it doesn't matter really what language is spoken in a ghetto. They're all the same."

"I'm not sure I really understand what you're saying." Jessica said carefully. "I can tell that you're worried, but I don't know why."

Hannah wanted to cry. Of course Jessica couldn't even understand what this would feel like, to worry she was unwanted. She gestured to the beautiful brunette. "I mean that you... you're rare. American, beautiful, university educated... that's rare. You aren't the kind of girl who gets trafficked. There was a media storm when you were taken. The first person who noticed me gone, I'm sure, was whatever manager was short a waitress when I didn't show up."

"It's only luck that it isn't me being passed around, or taken two at a time." She added bitterly.

Jessica seemed to consider her words very carefully before she spoke next. "Elias has only ever had two slaves in his life. He waited two years between you and the last one and didn't find what he wanted. He met and took you the same day." She paused. "I'm not sure those are the actions of a man who is indifferent to you. Or who would let go of you easily."

She splashed the surface of the water.

"When Max first took me, I broke his nose. Even after I submitted to him, I hated myself for months. It was even worse when I came, when I liked it... when I went to him for comfort. I am not surprised that you are conflicted. I think anyone would be."

She lifted a shoulder. "I still struggle with it. Not with Max but with the other Masters sometimes. The way they treat their slaves... it turns my stomach. I wish it weren't happening to them. I don't think that will ever change."

When Hannah said nothing, Jessica said. "What you say to me... I'm not going to repeat to your Master."

Hannah met her gaze for the first time in minutes. "And if he commanded you to?"

"He won't."

"How do you know?"

"He wants us to be friends. A command like that would be the death of it." Jessica trailed long fingers over the handle of her coffee cup, considering. "Besides, they have... a set of morals. It may not be the ones that we learned growing up but there is a way that they see the world that gives them the right to own. I think he would find that action... unethical."

"Do you... do you think Herr Furst has the right to own you?" Hannah asked, unable to help herself.

"I am a slave." The way she said it made Hannah think she attached much more significance to the word than most people did. She said it as if it were an achievement, something rare, that only few women could do. Something she had to work at, to struggle to maintain.

"Am I a slave?"

"I don't know yet."

"What do you mean?"

Jessica gestured around to the house. "There is no chance of escape off this island, no real chance. There is no test of real obedience. Nothing to tempt you to disobey, not really."

Her fingers dipped into the front of her bathing suit and she brought out a diamond necklace. She rubbed it in her fingers as if it were a talisman, an unconscious gesture of self-soothing. It glinted in the bright sunlight, on her neck and on her finger too. For the first time, Hannah noticed the ring on her finger. It should have been obvious. The diamond was enormous. But she had been so intent on the little brass collar around her neck she had barely noticed any of the other jewelry she wore.

Her Master had married her.

"That was the only good thing about the three years Max and I spent apart. When I came back, he knew I was his forever. Not that I had *chosen* to be his slave... I can't choose this. But that he had made me his... or at least shown me that we were always meant to be this way together."

There was a pause.

"Do you want to be? A slave I mean."

She opened her mouth to say something else but was cut off. "Slave, join me in the hot tub." Furst was standing by the pool, looking over at them.

Jessica's careful expression turned into a smile at the command. She pushed off the pool side and swam back quickly towards him. Hannah, a moment later, followed. By the time she swam across the pool, Jessica was already in her Master's arms, straddling him. He was running his hands along her body and she was rocking against him. They weren't fucking... yet.

Hannah pushed herself up over the side and looked towards Elias.

He was still sitting on the reclining seats in the grass. He was looking at the couple in the hot tub and she couldn't distinguish his expression at this distance, and with his dark glasses on.

She approached carefully. He didn't acknowledge her presence until she dropped into Kneel at his feet. "Can I offer you anything, Master... anything at all?"

Chapter End Notes

Please, please, PLEASE tell me what you think. Honestly I cannot tell you how gratifying it is to read your thoughts and hear your opinions! It is the only reason I continue to post! Let me know what you liked, what you didn't like and what you predict going forward!

Chapter 16

Chapter Notes

Here we go again....

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

Elias was so surprised by the invitation in the tone of her voice, he almost thought he had misheard her. He took off the dark glasses and caught her chin in his thumb and forefinger and lifted it so she met his eyes.

If anything he had expected a melt down, after the games room. That little display had upset her, he knew. He had gotten used to tuning out the aspects of this world he found less than savory. Hell, he had only invited Ulrich to please Max. But he knew that, even after all that he had put Hannah through, what she had seen would be shocking, unsettling. She had seen herself raped, in videos and mirrors. But she had never seen it done to anyone else. What Max had done to Jessica last night was brutal, but it wasn't rape. And she was a sweet girl, after all, empathetic. He could well imagine how much it had affected her.

He had been avoiding as much as possible a public interaction with her. Max was right. Most of the other men would consider his devotion to Hannah as a weakness. And, though he hated to admit to himself that this was perhaps his biggest reason, he didn't want to push her too hard to fast. The beating he would have to give her for any public disobedience would take weeks to recover from physically, perhaps months or years to get back to where she was in her training.

The night before had been intentional. If she lost it with just Max and Jessica, it wouldn't have been catastrophic. He and Max would have given her a severe beating, though nothing even close to what he had given her the night she had told him she didn't want to be shared. That plus the days of the party spent in the cellar would be more than enough punishment and he didn't think would set her back. So he had pushed her hard, starting with videos he knew she found particularly humiliating, and violating the hole she found the most degrading.

But for the next few days he intended to go relatively easy on her. He would remind her of her submission in private, something she was used to, but had decided the less he fucked her in public the better. There were things he could do to reduce the stimulus too. Taking her mouth or putting her against a wall meant she wouldn't be able to see onlookers. Leaving most of the lingerie on he thought would make it less intense for her.

But here she was, asking if he would pleasure himself in her, looking like her heart would break if he said no. How could he resist?

“Something about your tone makes me think you have something in mind, slave.” He said, putting the Ray Bans on the table next to him.

Her heart was beating so fast and hard he could see the flutter of it at her neck. But she nodded once.

He stood and pulled her to her feet. He took her by the hand. “Alright, follow me then.” His voice was low with lust already.

Hannah was suddenly struck by a strange sense of surrealism, so intense it felt almost like vertigo. They were like teenagers, her hand in his as he took her somewhere to have sex with her. Some innocent, fumbling exploration that was the way most people were introduced to intimacy. If she closed her eyes and focused just on the moment, she could almost believe it.

He lead her across the lawn to a daybed four poster daybed on the far side from the house. There was a canopy of airy white fabric, but it was currently tied at all four corners and he didn't let them down to give them more privacy. Instead he turned and kissed her. His tongue swept her mouth as he undid the ribbon bows at the sides of her swim suit bottoms, letting them fall away. He took her by the hand again and pulled her onto the bed. He sat back against the pillows at the headboard and pulled her so she straddled his lap. He slid one hand from her waist skimming up her back, crushing her chest to his own, the other slid down, pulling her ass cheeks wide and slipping into her pussy from behind. He let out a short, smug laugh when he found her sopping.

He pulled down the front of his swim trunks to free his cock and settle her on him, sinking down slowly, head tilting back and a little moan escaping her at the stretch. In this position the slight upward bend of his cock meant that it scrapped along her front wall. She inhaled sharply twice in succession when she was fully seated on him.

She had never ridden him before. He had never allowed it. But seeing the way Jessica had worked Max with her hips in this position had gotten him hard for his little slave. Besides, he didn't think Hannah would attach the same significance to it that he did. Allowing her to be physically on top meant that he trusted her to understand that she was still only an instrument for his pleasure, there for his use.

It could be exhausting. If he wanted to make it a punishment he could make her go agonizingly slow, let him hold out until her thighs were in agony, trembling and nearly collapsing as she moved up and down at his command. But not today. This he meant to make last, but not hurt.

He showed her the movement first, taking her by the hips and sliding her up until just his head was in her, then sliding back down. He set the tempo he wanted, guiding her hips for a while in the little figure-eights he had taught her when he took her suspended or against a wall. She was not a natural, not yet very coordinated at the movement. She would need a lot of practice to become good at it, and Elias was more than happy to provide it.

But for now, her pussy was so tight and wet and she was looking at him with such an open, desperate desire to please him, he barely noticed. He slid his hands from her hips to her

thighs, resting them there. She continued just as he had showed her. She had a good memory. Born to serve. And she wanted to serve him. Please him with her pussy.

“Pull down your top, and make your nipples hard.”

She obeyed, sliding down her bandeau style top to bare her sweet, creamy breasts. She pinched the pink tips but it was just a formality, they were already hard. Still, she moaned at the stimulation.

He could tell that the position was good for her. She was beginning to get a glazed look in her eyes and her mouth was slightly parted. But she was maintaining her focus on him. She didn't falter change tempo. Her breath was beginning to become ragged.

She slid her hands over his on her thighs, gripping his hands as if they were the only things she was holding onto. “Please... Please may I touch you?” She begged.

“Yes, slave.”

Her hands slid down from her thighs to the smooth muscles of his abdomen, then up feather light over his pectorals, his shoulders and down over his biceps and arms, when she reached his wrist she went back, tracing the same path. The softness of it made his cock twitch deep within her and she groaned. It felt heavenly to be caressed like this, to be admired like this.

She was so beautifully submissive like this. There was a light sheen of sweat on her brow from working so hard to pleasure him. And she looked at him with longing and adoration. She knew she belonged to him as clearly as she knew she didn't deserve it.

She must have seen something of the pleasure in his eyes because she asked.

“May I kiss you, Master?”

But she barely waited for the “yes, slave” before she was leaning forward to press her breasts against his chest. She was cold from the pool, fresh. And heat seemed to pour from him into her. She clenched on him involuntarily at the warmth of his body. Her hands slid up his arms again but this time they wrapped around his neck. The gesture was profoundly different from when he put his hands around her neck. She was clinging to him, a submissive, desperate plea to stay with her a while longer.

She buried her head in the crook of his neck and began to press soft, reverent kisses. Her breath was hot and sweet as she panted. At first she spoke so softly he wasn't sure she was speaking but in the next moment she was intelligible. Her voice was a whisper as she spoke between kisses.

“If I could, I would lie on your chest forever.”

“You're so warm.”

“So strong.”

“You're the sun.”

“The light.”

“Sometimes I feel like I will die without your warmth.”

“You're the light.”

“You're my light.”

“My sun.”

“Please, cum in me.”

“Please, let me have you inside of me.”

He slid his hands up until he was holding her back, one strong arm around her waist and the other palm flat between her shoulder blades.

She sank down one final time and he held her there as something at the root of him, behind his cock and his eyes both at the same time, seemed to clench and explode. She was all around him. Arms around his neck, against his chest. And, oh, that hot, tight, warm, heavenly tunnel that he was hilted in.

He rolled them at the last moment, pulling her body beneath his and driving in as hard as he could. She had taken every last millimeter of him but he wanted more. He wanted his body crushing hers down, safe and soft and *his*. Her body belonged to *him*. Her mind belonged to *him*. She belonged to *him*.

She was clenching around him, spasming. When he had moved her beneath him to thrust in his pelvis had pushed down on the little nub at her base. It had her over the edge. The sweet, panting “oh-oh-oh” in his ear was more beautiful than any symphony he had ever heard.

When she became coherent again, he had pulled out of her, and she felt the loss profoundly. She opened her eyes, slim hands reaching up to bring him back. But she froze when she saw the look on his face. He was still over her but glaring down with a look of fury.

He slapped her face hard enough to make her head turn to one side. Then caught her chin in his hand and brought her back so she was looking at him. He spit in her face. “Fucking whore.” He snarled. “Fucking whore. That's the thanks I get for fucking you? Disobedience?”

He slapped her again.

“My whores ask permission before they cum.”

Another slap.

“But since you're so eager to cum, let's see if you cum from this.”

He caught both her hands and turned her over so she was still beneath his knees but now on her belly. Hannah knew what he intended to do but she still gasped when he pulled her cheeks roughly apart. His cock was still slick from her wetness and his spend so he didn't

bother to lubricate her further. His cock was already hard again, the anger and the prospect of punishing her was enough to see to that.

He lined himself up and thrust roughly in. Hannah arched, a little whimper of pain escaping her lips. Tensing her legs and ass however had been counter-productive and she let out a little sob as he forced himself in farther despite the tightening of her hole.

He leaned over her and pinned her hands down with his on either side of her head. Her head was turned to one side and through the screen of her hair she could see his fingers laced through hers, gripping her hands. His breath ghosted over her neck. A moment before she had gripped his hands, breathed against his neck. But this felt nothing like that.

Now it was his turn to whisper in her ear.

“Fucking whore.”

“Ungrateful slut.”

“You cum when I tell you too.”

“Fuck when I tell you too.”

“Suffer when I tell you too.”

“Nothing but three tight holes.”

“Nothing but a woman.”

“Take my cock in your ass.”

“That's all you're good for.”

“I knew you were a whore when you came the first time I raped you.”

Hannah knew she should apologize, but somehow couldn't bring herself too. The way Elias had been fucking her... he must have known she would cum if he didn't stop. He had acted to push her over the edge, pressing against her just where she needed it. She always knew why she was being punished. He was very careful about that. If he wanted to hit her for his own enjoyment, he was equally clear that she had done no wrong. But she didn't understand this punishment.

It hurt so bad. Pain shot up her spine with every thrust, making her cry out and clench at first. But as the pain went on, the fight went out of her. She lay crying beneath him, body rocked by his thrusts, until he came with a groan in her ass.

When he had spent himself he pulled out, leaving her face down and crying. Her hair spread around her head like a halo, like she was face down in the water, and her chest was heaving with sobs she tried to muffle or swallow back. He put himself back into his swim trunks and stood.

He wanted to sit back down and put a hand on her head, or pull her into his lap to hold her until she stopped crying. That made him angry too, and he wasn't exactly sure why. Truthfully, he couldn't understand why he had gotten so angry that she had cum. He had *wanted* her to cum, just a second before. Not asking permission was a minor transgression at best, one she usually might have gotten a light spanking for or made to apologize while she licked his cock.

And it had been him who had pushed her over the edge. If he hadn't repositioned them, hadn't needed her body beneath his, he didn't think she would have cum.

And that made him angrier still.

He had been unfair to her. He had given her a punishment that she didn't deserve. He looked down on men who did that to their slaves. That was only a way to break a spirit irreparably. If he wanted to teach her how to become a good woman... If he wanted her to love him... this was not the way.

He rarely was angry. Since childhood he had known how to school his emotions, to determine which were beneficial and which were not. Anger was usually not useful, so he tucked it away. But she'd made him angry twice now in the last week.

His feelings... what he wanted from her hadn't changed. If anything seeing Jessica and Max together had only made him long for her to be a loving slave even more. *A good woman.*

He scrubbed a hand over his face and made himself stand. He took one last look at the sobbing form on the bed. Walking away felt like there was some deep pit in his chest that had opened up and now he was slowly sliding in from the inside out. But he made himself do it anyway.

Hannah lifted her head when she heard his footsteps recede. She wanted to call out to him. If she told him she was sorry, she would apologize, she would do anything he wanted if he would just hold her... just for a little bit... just until she stopped crying.

But, eventually she stopped crying on her own. She rolled over. She could feel his cum sliding out of her, trickling down from both holes. She sat up, pulling her legs together as modestly as possible and pulling the bathing suit top back over her breasts. She was on the far side of the lawn, which was practically deserted, and no one from the pool seemed to be paying her any attention. But she knew her Master would not want her to be immodest. She should keep what belonged to him hidden until he chose to display it. And, clearly, she had already displeased him enough today.

She slid herself to the edge of the bed and found her bathing suit bottoms. She reached down and pulled them up onto the bed with her. She tied the ribbons again and then slipped into

them. It was a thin, lacy material, and immediately soaked almost through with his cum.

Her Master was in the pool with Herr Ahmetevic as Ruslana swam lazily in the water. They were leaning against one side and chatting. Her Master looked no different. His Ray Ban sunglasses were on again and he was laughing at something Tarik was saying. She looked around the rest of the lawn. It looked no different either. It only felt different, as if she were looking at it through a gray film, or a dark cloud had covered the sun. She could see that it was still a bright blue sky, a clear summer day. But she felt cold to the bone.

She didn't know what to do. Would he be angry with her for coming to him when she had clearly done something wrong? She didn't want to risk disappointing him twice. Her position already felt so precarious. But on the other hand... where else could she go? Back to his bedroom perhaps? Or the kitchen? She didn't feel she had the right to go to the bedroom without him. And she didn't want to have to explain to Elena that she had been sent away.

She took a deep breath and pressed her palms to her eyes. She finger combed her hair back into place, patting it down. She wished she had a mirror. Then she slid off the bed and walked back toward the pool. She kept her head down, half expecting an order that would send her away. But she reached the edge and knelt down.

“Can I offer you anything, Master, Sir?”

How different she had sounded asking that question not so long ago. The nervous, hopeful desire had been replaced by the tremble of fear and the snuffle of recent tears.

“Not for me.” Tarik said.

“No, Hannah.”

She looked up at that. His tone had been soft, not in the least angry. He had gone back to speaking to Tarik in German but he was holding out his hand, to help her into the pool. Her head swum. She felt dizzy with relief. The oppressive feeling of dread vanished and light and color seemed to flood back into the world.

He looked up at her, frowning. She had been staring at his hand, instead of taking it. She scrambled forward and put her fingers in his. She put her legs over the side of the pool and let him lift her down into the water by her waist. When he pulled her against his chest with one strong arm around her ribs she felt weak with relief.

Elias leaned against the wall of the pool, his legs at a slight angle to it. He adjusted his arm so it was around her waist. She didn't need to wrap her legs around him, they entwined with his. He was so strong he could easily hold her like this forever. It was a little like lying on his chest. Even closer to how they had been when she had ridden him.

Had he liked that after all? If she hadn't ruined it with her disobedience, would he have enjoyed that? He seemed to be telling her he would. Consciously or not, he had put her head exactly where it had been when she had whispered to him that he was her sun. She swallowed and risked putting her hand on his chest. She put it on his pectoral, just next to her head. He didn't scold her, so she slid it across to drape over his shoulder. When that too went unnoticed

she put her head down on his shoulder. She could have leaned forward easily and kissed his neck. She wanted to. She wanted to tell him again how much his warmth meant to her and how much she wanted him inside her again.

But she shouldn't be greedy. Wanting too much had gotten her rebuked once today.

Hannah had no idea how much time passed after that. She couldn't follow the conversation and she felt like she was almost asleep sometimes she was so relaxed. Once Elias had released his grip on her. She looked up at him, panicked he was letting her go. But he only reached between them and jerked down the bathing suit top with a smug grin. He cupped each breast, rolling the nipple between his fingers until she gasped. Then he pulled her back and she was ever so grateful he had had the idea. It was so much better with their bare skin pressed together.

Mostly Elias rested the hand that was not holding her over the edge of the pool, to gesticulate in his conversation with Max or sip his drink. Occasionally he would let it slide below the water and run his fingers along the edge of her bathing suit, sometimes dipping below to breach her pussy or ass with a finger until she squirmed against him.

When Tarik finished his drink he put the glass by the side of the pool.

“Another drink for Herr Ahmetevic.” Elias said, releasing her. From the way he had been holding her, she couldn't be faulted for not having noticed.

He lifted her back onto the side of the pool and she nodded her understanding. “Can I offer you the same, sir? Or would you prefer something else?”

“The same will do.”

Elias had not pulled up her swimsuit top so she was bare as she slid out of the pool. She bent, blushing, and picked up his glass. She stood for a moment, shifting back and forth uncomfortably before her Master looked up.

“You've been given a command.”

“I... I... may I please pull up my swimsuit, Master?”

He nodded and she looked relieved as she did it.

When she was gone, Tarik did not return to the conversation they had been in the middle of. Instead he regarded Elias for a long time before saying, “I see you took what Furst said seriously with this one.”

Elias frowned. Tarik had been in Berlin for the months that he had spent trying to reform Katarina after the Christmas at the hunting lodge. The three of them had met quite often and Elias had spoken quite candidly about his difficulties with Katarina. Furst had recommended quite a few times that he sell the girl and start again, but he had always made some excuse. She was too beautiful to part with or he didn't want to accept the risk of another transport. They were feeble excuses. Not even he had believed them.

“You've got that little girl scared shitless, haven't you? Wrapped around your finger.” Elias got the feeling that this was not quite the compliment it appeared to be on the surface.

“Only a fool makes the same mistake twice.” He said coolly.

“Yes, yes, of course.” Tarik agreed with a laughing smile. “Much more admirable to try a new one.”

Elias felt his fist tighten by his side but his blood ran cold at the same time. Tarik knew more about making a slave than any other man he had known. He had tortured Ruslana, truly tortured her, and still she loved him. He forced his hand to relax.

“What do you mean?”

“She is too scared to touch you.” The Bosnian said flatly. Then added with a shrug, “I just didn't think that was what you wanted.”

Elias straightened and this time it was his jaw that clenched but Tarik didn't even appear to notice. “It's not what I want,” he spat finally.

“Oh, well that's a shame then.”

“Tarik,” Elias said, letting a little of the exasperation he felt slip into his voice. “I know Max likes it when you talk in riddles, but I don't have the fucking patience.”

Tarik considered for a moment and then said. “So I should put this bluntly? With her sister you let yourself do what you wanted. You pampered her, thinking that because that is how you love someone, it would earn her love in return. And she betrayed you.” He waved his hand toward the house. “With this one you withhold everything, not trusting yourself to be able to do half measures, and making the both of you miserable.”

Elias was silent for a long time considering that. Then, he laughed, forcing himself to unclench his jaw and his hand. He rolled his neck and reminded himself that Tarik was a very great friend of his. “I would punch another man for saying that.” He told the Bosnian, honestly.

“Then it is a good thing I am not another man.” He shrugged. “Listen, it's really not my business, but that little display just now: she shows you how much she wants you and you punish her for it... it can only go on so long. She will only take it for so long.”

“She is my slave,” Elias said sharply. “She will take what I tell her to take.”

Tarik looked almost amused. “Yes. And Sophia takes whatever Ulrich tells her to take too.”

That stopped Elias cold in his tracks.

“Not to be repeated, of course, but I'm sure Furst never mentioned that Jessica shouted at him, that Christmas at the hunting lodge. She thought he had slept with one of the prostitutes and she lost control of herself.”

Elias's eyebrow rose but he said nothing. It explained what Furst had told him about monogamy the first night, at least.

“Your little Hannah doesn't strike me as the type to shout, though.” Tarik mused. “I don't think she'll give you any warning at all, in fact. What does that Elliot poem say about it? Not with a bang but a whimper?”

Elias felt like he had been plunged into cold water. He knew that if he ever looked into Hannah's eyes and saw the cold, dead, robotic look in Sophia's it would kill him. He had been careful with her, or at least, he thought he had. He had been careful with Kat. He knew from his father how easy it was to crush a woman completely. There was no skill in it.

“Those months in Berlin, when Furst was giving you his advice on how to make a slave... did you ever consider *his* mental state?”

“What do you mean.”

“Jessica had just been taken from him. He was... a very angry man for those three years, particularly right at the beginning.” He shrugged. “Besides, Jessica is a lot stronger of a personality than the girl you picked. It might take... a lighter touch that he would prescribe.”

“Her sister...”

“Ah, but she is not her sister. I met Katarina Konashevych many times, didn't I? I am sure I never saw her look at you look at you like that.”

Elias snorted. “Katarina wouldn't have cared to cover herself. Not at least after the first year.”

Tarik looked at him quizzically. “I didn't mean that. I meant when you held her. The little thing was practically asleep.”

“It's been a stressful...”

“She wants to be near you. She wants your affection.”

His jaw tightened again and suddenly he was angry again. He finished his whiskey and fought the urge to hurl the glass against the patio stones by the pool. The bitch would get him another one. “She wants to avoid punishment, wants me to give her nice things and fuck her so she cums and give her privileges.”

“I'm sure she does.” Tarik agreed. “But I don't think that is why she puts her head on your shoulder like that. Wanting you to be pleased with you for her own sake or for yours... those two things are quite similar. Are you sure you know the difference between them?”

“She's a woman. A whore. Her sister is a whore and she came when I raped her the first time. I fucked her in her virgin blood and the slut came from it.”

Tarik laughed. “You might have her fooled with that line Elias Wolf, but I was not a blushing virgin when you met me. You think Ruslana didn't cum when I took her? I had a fucking knife to her throat and she'd pissed herself with fear. It's a physical reaction.”

Elias said nothing.

Tarik sighed. "So you need a demonstration?"

Elias frowned. "What demonstration could their be? Like you said, the two look very similar. You and Max... your slaves both had the opportunity to escape and didn't take it. I am hardly going to afford Hannah the same, only to find out that she isn't loyal."

"No... that is not what I was thinking of."

"What then?"

Tarik thought about it for a moment, then seemed to change his mind. He waved his hands. "Listen, it doesn't matter. Let her believe she is a whore if that is what you need her too. All this is just the ramblings of an old man anyway..."

Hannah padded through the quiet house and went straight to the kitchen but when she pushed open the door she heard something in the dinning room. Not voices but a low moan, like an animal suffering.

Thinking it might be Elena and she might be hurt, she strode across quickly and opened the door. She froze. It was not the older slave.

Blakely had the red-headed girl over the dinning room table and was fucking her from behind. The girl had her hands tied behind her back and there was a belt around her neck that he was using to force her back onto his dick. She looked terrible. She had a black eye and her jaw looked dislocated. He had been hitting her in the face. Not a slap but with a closed fist.

He looked up when he heard the door open and their eyes met over the girl's prone form. When he saw her look of fear and revulsion, his face cracked into a wide, dreadful smile. It

was an inhuman expression. The blackness in his eyes seemed to go on forever, like some poisonous ink that threatened to spill out of him and contaminate all it touched.

“Like what you see, girl?”

Hannah stepped back. Her wet feet slipped on the tile of the kitchen and she fell. The glass came out of her hand and flung out across the floor, shattering as it went. She landed hard, cracking her head audibly against the floor.

She lay for a moment, panting frantically in fear, frozen in place.

She closed her eyes in sickening fear as she heard footsteps on the other side of the door. It swung open and she forced herself to open her eyes and look up. His cock was covered in blood. Sometimes Elias used her hard enough that she bled but this was far, far more. He'd torn the red-head open, possibly irreparably.

He stepped forward. “Do you want the same treatment as that piece of trash? Getting wet looking at how I treat her?” He asked menacingly, jerking his head back toward dining room. “When I'm done with her ass I'll fuck her mouth. With her jaw like that it will be easy enough to force her own shit down her throat, don't you think?”

She scooted back as he came forward until her back was against one of the kitchen cabinets.

“Would you like that, slut? Like me to rip your ass open and then stuff my cock down your broken jaw too?”

Hannah was shaking her head frantically back and forth, too afraid to speak.

He looked down at her. “It's a pity Wolf is such a protective fuck. You would look great, skewered from all ends. If you were my slave, I'd be more generous. I'd split that little cunt with my cock and then lean you forward so he could rape you up the bum.”

She could tell that her evident fear was arousing to him and wished with all her might she could stop trembling. But her heart was beating a tattoo so hard and fast she thought it might explode.

He laughed. “Can you imagine what that must feel like? Two big shafts thrusting hard into your, splitting your holes with only a thin little bit of skin between them. Feels incredible for the men who are using it but I'd bet you'd scream loud enough we'd have to stuff your mouth with another cock, eh?”

She felt like she was going to be sick and she was pushing herself hard against the counters, wishing she could get farther away from him.

“I'd tear your ass until it bled, just like that bitch out there. Once they're slick with blood you can go so much faster. Best lube I've ever found.”

He looked her up and down. “And now that I look at you, you're not wearing that chain, now are you. Displeased your Master? Please tell me it's open season on your little cunt now.” He bent, starting to reach for her.

She was shaking uncontrollably. "I'll... I'll scream if you touch me."

He clearly meant to grab it and pull her to him. The words made him pause, fingers and inch from her ankle.

"Is there anything we can help you with, Mr. Blakely?" A soft voice interrupted.

Both of them froze and turned toward the steps down to the food cellar to the left. Elena was standing in the door of it, holding a crate of fresh vegetables. She had a neutral expression as she took in the tableau they made, him standing over her and reaching for her, her cowering back against the cabinets.

Blakely looked her up and down, raking his eyes scornfully over the modest dress. "Not a damn thing, old woman." He sneered.

But he turned and went back to the dining room door. A moment later there was a low moan of despair and then the rhythmic sound of the table being thrust against.

When the door had closed again, Elena put down the crate and ran to crouch beside Hannah. She pushed back her hair gently, a soothing caress. "He didn't touch you, did he, little sun?" She asked in Russian, using an endearment common for girls with Hannah's coloring.

"No, no he didn't." She replied in the same language.

"You should try not to show him your fear. A man like that... it will take his interest."

Hannah's lip trembled and she couldn't speak for fear of tears. The other woman clucked gently and stroked her hair again. "I know it's hard to see another girl get hurt. Particularly at first. Means you've got a good heart though, to have been through what you've been through and still be able to feel empathy for another."

Elena bent and collected the shards of glass carefully, before disposing of them. She went to the freezer and took out another. "A whiskey?" She asked.

Hannah nodded.

She poured the amber liquid over a round ice cube and put it on the counter. She offered Hannah a hand and pulled her to her feet. "Best not tarry any longer."

Blakely had opened the far door of the dining room which meant Hannah had to walk by the scene again on her way back out to the pool.

She couldn't bring herself to look at the prostitute. She didn't want to look at Blakely.

She put down the glass in front of Herr Ahmetevic. He frowned when the glass rattled slightly against the stones. He gave her a piercing look but said nothing. Her Master held out his hand again and she took it, then let him slide her back into the water. He nestled her back against his chest. He looked down at her, frowning. "You're shaking, slave."

"Just cold inside." She lied. "I'll warm up in a minute."

He didn't say anything to that, turning back to Tarik.

She didn't think her Master would believe her if she told him what Blakely had said to her. Even if he did, a threat was not the same as an act. He hadn't touched her, after all. Perhaps he would think she had done something to make the other man think she wanted his attention. He had been so angry at the thought of another man touching her. *It would be the end of my kindness.* He had told her. And she couldn't risk that. Not for anything.

She spent the afternoon fetching drinks, snacks, whatever the men required. She was grateful when Blakely finally joined them so she could stop worrying she would meet him alone again when she was sent to the house.

Around four PM Elias stood again, taking Hannah with him. He lifted her back out of the pool to sit on the side, then hoisted himself out. He and Max exchanged something that sounded like parting words, or a plan of some kind. He pulled Hannah to her feet and wrapped her in a towel before taking her inside.

He took her to his bedroom. "Turn on the shower, take off your clothes, and Kneel under the spray."

She went into the large, glass-enclosed shower and did as he said, neatly hanging up her suit to dry on one of the towel racks. He came into the shower a moment later and pulled off his own swim trunks. He washed his own body and hair before turning to her.

"Open."

He pushed her head back against the tiles and fucked her face with long, slow strokes that made her gag. It was difficult to see in the water and she kept having to blink as water fell in her eyes. She could barely see him towering above her as he filled her throat over and over again. When he had cum he rinsed himself in the stream of water and stepped out.

She was disappointed. Often he pulled her to her feet and let her lean against his chest as he washed her body and hair. She loved leaning against him as he did it and often he kissed her neck, making her shiver, or slipped a finger between her legs to bring her to a trembling orgasm that left her nearly slumped against him. He had done that often when he saw how shaky her legs became and how she clung to him. But he had held her for hours that afternoon, she supposed she should count her blessings.

“Clean yourself, and get ready to serve my guests.”

She washed herself and then dried herself with a towel. She dried her hair and styled it the way he liked, then applied a bit of makeup. When she was finished she stepped out into the bedroom. He was taking a phone call but looked up when she entered and glanced pointedly at the end of the bed.

Laid out for her were a pale pink lace bra and panty set but next to them were two cuffs. They looked like the ankle cuffs he had used to hobble her for most of the day when she wasn't in the pool, but made of a soft, pleasing burnished gold. She didn't think she was allowed to put them on herself though, so she elected to Kneel at the foot of the bed until he had finished his call.

He pocketed the phone eventually and came to stand in front of her. He looked down at her. He seemed to be considering his words very carefully.

“This afternoon, when I took your ass hard by the pool,” she glanced up fearfully. She didn't want him to think about that, remember her disobedience. Was he going to punish her again like that? Had once not been enough?

“That was a rough fuck you took because it pleased me to give it to you, do you understand that?”

Her brow furrowed. She had no idea what he meant by that.

“It was not a fair punishment for your disobedience, was it?”

It took her a moment to realize he expected an answer. “Wasn't it, Master?” She said, very hesitantly.

“No, it was not.”

She had no idea where this was going, only that she was frightened. “I am... I am sorry,” she said finally, “I'm very sorry I came without permission. I will try not to do it again. I promise.”

“An apology is a good first start. But, if the fuck was only for me. Not fair punishment. It means the disobedience remains uncorrected, doesn't it?”

“Yes, Master?”

“What would be a fair punishment for cumming without permission?”

“I... I ... I don't know, sir.”

Was he asking her to choose her own punishment? She bit her lip. If so she didn't want to pick something too light, to appear to be trying to get out of what was properly her due for the act.

“Maybe... maybe a spanking?” She said finally.

“With what? How many blows? Be specific.”

“F-f-f-fifteen with the cane?” She looked down. “Or maybe more? Twenty? I mean.. as many as you would like.”

It had been hard to offer the cane. But they both knew it was what she liked the least.

“Alright then, bend over the bed and pull down your panties.”

She swallowed and obeyed, pressing her face into the bedspread. He went to the closet and returned with the cane. He only gave her fifteen but by the end her screams were unrestrained and her ass and thighs felt as though they were on fire. But she knew what she had to do.

She slid back down off the bed into Kneel, feeling light headed. “Th-th-th-thank you for my punishment, Master. Thank you for correcting my behavior.” She whispered.

He tilted her chin up with his hand and looked down at her for a moment, examining her expression, though for what, she had no idea.

“Good.” He said, finally.

He had her stand and put the chain between her legs. The other went between her wrists. She would be able to fetch and carry for the dinner but little else.

“You are not a full slave, collared like Jessica, Elena and Ruslana.” He told her. “This is to remind you of your place.”

Later she would wonder if it wasn't to remind everyone else of her place as well, to keep it in the open that she was still very, very early on in her training... if the other chain had been as well.

“You cannot serve at the table unencumbered as they do. You have not yet earned that right.”

She bit her lip, trying not to cry. “I understand, Master.”

He cupped her cheek. “I want you to try to please me, this evening.” He told her softly. “Try to make me proud of the slave I have chosen.”

She nodded and one tear slipped out. “Yes, Master, of course I will try.” She swallowed. “I do try... I mean I do... I know I'm not as good as Jessica. Not as trained or beautiful... but I... I do try for you. You are my Master.”

He brushed the tear off her cheek and spread it over her bottom lip, letting her taste it. “You can be sweet and submissive. I want you to show that tonight.”

She nodded. “I will... I will make you proud.”

“You resisted when I told you to kneel for Herr Furst.”

“I thought... I thought you would let him touch me, Master. That is all. That is the only reason I hesitated.”

“And if I ask you to spread your legs and show the other Masters this evening how well you take a beating? How well you take my cock?” He asked, raising one eyebrow.

She blushed furiously but nodded vigorously. “Yes, yes, Master... I will be good for you.”

“If I were to put you in the living room and fuck that little ass worse than I did this afternoon while they all watched?”

She swallowed. “Yes... yes, sir. I would do anything, sir, if it pleased you.”

When the meal was done they moved back into the main room and porch again. Elias opened the doors to make one long connected space between the two and people flowed in and out between them. Someone, no doubt the doctor, had put the red-head's jaw back into place, and given her more drugs. She sat placidly on Illya's lap, despite the black eye. And if the pimp had been angry with Blakely for damaging a girl who belonged to him, he had found ways to make amends. He sat only a few feet away, this time with the small blond, the one who looked most like Hannah between his legs, sucking his cock as he chatted with her owner.

Money. He had no doubt paid for the damage he had done. And that had been that. She shivered. A price to punch a girl hard enough to dislocate her jaw. It was obscene.

Chapter End Notes

Please, please, PLEASE let me know what you think! It means so much more than you think to have people leave me even a small note or a comment! Writing fuel for sure.

Oh and PS I just posted another OC/OC work called Matryoshka if you want to check it out! It's not exactly the same flavor as this but I hope you like it anyway!

Chapter 17

Chapter Notes

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

The next day passed in similar fashion. The men rose at various hours to be served by the women of the house and take their leisure as they pleased. An expedition to the alcove beach beneath the house was organized and Hannah and the others packed a picnic lunch for it. A few more men arrived via boat, brought by the Novaks, including a terrifying Master named Ulrich. The girl he brought with him was small, thin and didn't look anywhere but the floor. She had cigarette burns on her arms and scars that Hannah took to be words in an alphabet she didn't recognize.

When Hannah knelt to greet him, he had commanded her to her feet and then circled her, looking like nothing so much as a lion teasing a gazelle with nowhere to run. Then he grinned at Elias. "Not a mark on this one," he said in a voice that made Hannah's blood run cold. "Easy enough to fix that this weekend."

Her Master had not appeared amused at the comment, In fact, she had the distinct impression that he didn't like the man very much at all. "Not a chance, Ulrich."

"Pity." He turned to look down at Jessica, still kneeling beside Hannah. "Ah, Jessica, now there is a girl who knows what it feels like to receive a scar. Have you missed me?"

"You are good to remember this humble slave, Sir." Jessica said, voice carefully neutral.

The man laughed uproariously "Still haven't forgiven me, eh? One little blow and she remembers it for a lifetime."

Jessica said nothing.

Ulrich was scary. He hit his slave at lunch hard enough to send the girl to the stones of the patio with a sickening crack for putting his drink down too abruptly. She lay there for a moment, as if to see if he would give her more abuse, before forcing herself back to her feet and resuming her place by his side. She was also the only slave who was shared. Despite her scars, she was very lovely and by the end of an the meal she had been passed around to most men at the table.

"She's got quite the mouth on her, hasn't she, Ulrich?" Illya groaned as he finished on the girl's face. "Knows how to use it too. You know how to pick them."

Ulrich shook his head. "No, I know how to *train* them. Bitch was practically a nun when I found her." He said with a laugh. "Now she thinks nothing of it when a man who she doesn't know takes her up the ass."

Illya was stroking himself again. "Oh? Does she?"

“Why don't we have a little demonstration.” He snapped his fingers at the girl. “Bitch, bend over the railing.” He indicated the ornately patterned metal that enclosed some of the patio.

She went without hesitation, question or so much as a look at her Master.

“Who would like to go first?”

Still, Ulrich wasn't as scary to her as Blakely though. He had clearly been a confidant to this circle of men for many years. Whatever he had eluded to about what he had done to Jessica had clearly not been enough to rupture the friendship with her Master. And Hannah knew without asking that Furst doubtless had the same attitude toward sharing his slave as her own Master.

He knew the rules. She wasn't so sure about Blakely.

When the party broke up again for their afternoon activities her Master called for her as she turned back to help the other slaves with the dishes. “Hannah, follow.”

He was standing with Dr. Adler. The two of them had been conversing in German for the meal. She was surprised when her Master turned toward the more private corner of the house, where his office and bedroom were situated. More surprised still when he led both of them into the bedroom. Hannah couldn't help but tense up.

He had said she wouldn't be shared. He had been true to that so far but... she forced herself to breathe. *He had brought the light. She was nothing without him. She would take anything from his hand.* She had to trust him. He had protected her thus far, she had to hope that would continue.

The two men continued to converse casually in their own language as Elias undid the silk ribbon that held together the split sides of the sheer black baby doll he had chosen for her that morning. He pushed it off her shoulders and it fluttered to the ground. Next he knelt and stripped her panties down her legs. She stepped out of them automatically and he tossed both articles of clothing aside. She was naked. She fought hard against the instinct to cover herself. In days and weeks she had spent naked and at Elias's disposal, it had begun to feel normal to be naked while he was clothed. But in front of another man it still felt as shameful as it would have before.

“On the bed. On your back.” Elias snapped.

Hannah swallowed but crawled onto the bed and did as he asked. She looked up at the ceiling and tried to regulate her breathing.

Adler regarded her for a moment, then said to Elias in German. “It is important to you that she remain afraid?” He asked calmly. “You want this to be a frightening experience for her?”

Elias considered for a moment and then met the physicians eyes. “I want her to fear all men but me.”

“It's not ideal, for the doctor-patient relationship. If she's too afraid to tell me the truth.”

“If I command her to tell the truth, she will. She isn't naturally willful.”

“Alright.”

He sat down on the bed without speaking to her and put the small case he had brought beside him. He opened it and pulled on a pair of gloves with a snap that made Hannah flinch.

“Jumpy little thing.” He remarked to Elias in an even tone.

Elias smirked down at his trembling slave.

“Do I have permission to touch her?”

“You do.”

Really, Adler had been such a wonderful addition. He had always liked and respected Elliot Montgomery but the distance he had to travel had been inconvenient, and he understood the decision that had been made to no longer invite him. The insult he had given Furst was not one that could be recovered from.

Adler did a thorough exam, feeling her skull for fractures, looking in her eyes, nose, mouth and ears. He listened to her heart and lungs, felt her abdomen, took her vitals and examined her carefully for scars. It was clear that Hannah did not enjoy being touched by him, but she submitted to it without hysterics or tears when she realized it was a medical exam. When he gave her commands in English to breathe deeply, open her mouth, hold still or tell him if something hurt, she obeyed meekly.

“Does she have any medical history you know of?”

He shook his head. “You can read her file if you like but most of it is a record of her vaccinations. She otherwise was only brought to the hospital once as far as I could tell, a rather bad pneumonia when she was eight.”

“Family history?”

He shrugged. “You can ask her but I doubt she knows much of it.”

“Probably not worth it then.”

Adler stood and pulled his gloves off, tossing them into a little waste bin by the bedside table.

“She's in remarkably good shape, overall. She's underweight. I can tell you without the scale she should gain back five, even ten pounds to be in the ideal range.”

“A period of disobedience at the beginning of her training,” Elias remarked coolly. “It's been difficult for her to gain it back.”

“I can recommend some shakes and bars to help.”

“That would be appreciated.”

“She's eighteen you said?”

“Yes.”

“I can run some blood work. It's not really indicated at her age but it can be reassuring and good to establish a baseline in case you run into problems later.” He said. “Most slaves are anemic as well. For a girl as small as she is even a little bit of blood loss from a bruise or beating can be significant. I'll give you some of the vitamins I think are best and an iron pill. It's a mark you can buy without prescription, so I'll give you the name as well. You can start with one iron pill. I'll let you know if you should increase when her blood work returns.”

He sat back on the bed pulled on fresh gloves. He took out the necessities to draw her blood. Hannah didn't flinch when he put up the tourniquet nor when he slid the needle in her arm but her jaw was very tight and the other hand had white knuckles where it gripped the bed. He filled a few different test tubes with various colored tops. He held a cotton ball over the spot of blood and bent her elbow to hold pressure as he labeled them neatly and slipped them into a small plastic bag before tucking them back in his briefcase. He took out a band-aid, unbent her arm, and fit it over the cotton ball.

He stood. “I'd like to look at her medical records to see if there is anything useful.”

“You're done examining her?”

“I am.”

Elias turned to the girl lying on the bed. “Back to your chores, slave.”

She flinched and slid quietly off the bed. She knelt and touched the clothes he had discarded, looking up at him questioningly. He nodded shortly and she slipped back into the lingerie before scurrying out of the room.

Adler watched her go with an amused smile. “Not fucking around with this one, are you, Wolf?”

Elias looked sharply at the other man. “What do you mean?”

He shrugged. “No, I get it. Questionable blood... who could fault you for being cautious? Besides, I admire a man who can learn a lesson. Most idiots go right back to doing the thing that didn't work the first time.”

Elias forced his jaw to unclench. Adler had known Katarina but he didn't get the sense the man was trying to be disrespectful. In fact he rather looked impressed. “Like you said,” he agreed, voice tight, “questionable blood.”

He raised one shoulder. “As far as I can tell the resemblance is only skin deep.” He smiled. “I know Max told you that you spoiled her by giving too much comfort too soon. But I doubt even Ulrich could have gotten that look out of her sister.”

“Like I said, she is meek by nature. That doesn't make her less of a whore. Doesn't make her loyal.”

Adler shrugged again. "I know I'm no great slave trainer. I wouldn't dare disagree with Max or Tarik. But if you ask my opinion, from what I know from psychology, she looks like you have her almost where you want her."

"What do you mean?"

"She *needs* you. And she knows it. She looks at you when she's really scared, even though she she's afraid to." He picked up his briefcase. "Not a far cry from love, *needing* someone. The only difference is a little affection."

Elias smiled. "Never knew you were sentimental."

The doctor winked. "A romantic at heart." He gestured with his briefcase for Elias to lead the way.

Elias took him into the office. "Drink?"

The doctor checked his watch. "Why not?"

Elias poured them each some whiskey from the drinks cabinet and then went to one of the wood panels behind his desk. He opened it and then put in the combination for the large safe that stood within. The majority of the contents of the safe had belonged to his father. The largest contents were four H&K assault rifles from Archard Wolf's era of army service, which Elias had kept partly out of sentiment and partly because they were in excellent condition, practically collector's items at this point. On the lowest shelf, beneath the rifles, were several hundred thousand dollars of unmarked gold bullion and a few boxes of ammunition for the rifles.

The top three shelves were dedicated to files. Some were his fathers, but most were his own. He took out a leather sheath for files and leafed through the tabs until he found one simply labeled, 'Hannah.' He slid it out and shut the safe.

Adler had politely turned away when he had opened the safe, interesting himself in the table used to display Hannah. He looked up when Elias approached and smiled. "Put the treasure meant to be displayed here somewhere else?"

"She is in the kitchen washing dishes." He said, trying not to sound too smug.

"I figured as much."

Elias took a sip of his whiskey and put the folder down on the display table. "Everything about her that my contact in Kiev could find."

The doctor took his time with the file, examining every page carefully before turning it. But when he was finished he looked up and shrugged. "As you said, little enough information. Presumed healthy but I wouldn't say anyone was really taking care of her. The single incident where she was brought to the hospital is a testament of that. The treatment they give her, the description they give, the fact she had to stay overnight... her parents, or whoever brought her in, waited until she was ill enough it could easily have been fatal."

Elias felt his jaw clench. He hated that thought. Eight-year-old Hannah dyspnic, febrile, diaphoretic and lethargic. Those were the words they had used. He had read that account closely as well and though he wasn't a physician the words still painted a clear enough picture. She had been gasping for breath and too ill even to fuss. Hearing it confirmed made him angry in a way he hadn't anticipated.

“But,” Adler continued, apparently not noticing his sudden rage, “she seems healthy enough. Despite the weight, her vitals are fine. If she had some underlying heart or lung disease she probably wouldn't have survived her training up until this point, judging solely on the way she behaves around you.”

Again, Adler sounded nothing but impressed.

He put the case down on the table next to the file and opened it again. This time he unzipped a compartment at the top and took out several orange pill vials. “In Berlin I'll be happy to write you prescriptions, if you have something specific in mind, but in the meantime, I'll give you some basics.

“The oxycodone is self explanatory. I'd start with half a pill, given how small she is and I wouldn't give her more than five milligrams every four hours unless you call me first.”

He touched the first vial.

“This is a benzodiazepine. Same duration of effect as valium, up to twelve hours but a bit of a faster onset. For anxiety or panic attacks she can half half a tablet, for transport one point five every eight hours.”

He gestured at the remaining three. “A few of the most commonly required antibiotics. If she gets a deeper wound or an illness you're worried about, don't hesitate to call and I can direct you with dosage and which one to give her. Anything more serious than that I can call into somewhere in Pula, of course.”

“Very generous.”

Adler glanced out at the beautiful ocean vista. “Consider it a small gesture of my appreciation for the generosity of hosting.”

“There are also longer term considerations. When she's twenty-three a pap smear would be advisable. Max prefers one of my female nurses perform the procedure on Jessica. She's a discreet woman and I'm sure could be convinced to make a house call. And as for her birth control implant... you like it so far?”

“She doesn't get her period, if that's what you mean.”

“She may eventually. It's not a guarantee with that, and it might simply be the stress and malnutrition at this point. If it becomes troublesome to you, we can switch her to something else. Otherwise it will need to be replaced in two years.”

“Can you do that?”

“A simple enough procedure. Easily done in the home.”

Elias nodded. He collected the medications and the file on Hannah and went to lock them in the safe.

When he turned back, Adler looked uncomfortable. “This next part, Wolf, I say to all the men I make such offers to, so don't be offended.”

Elias raised an eyebrow.

“I am happy to help in any way I can... up to a point. If she is damaged too much, I'll have to step away. I won't lie to you if I think she needs to go to a hospital, but at that point I can't help you. Do you understand that?”

“Of course.”

“It's more for men like Ulrich, but I don't want any ambiguity about it.”

If anything Elias found it reassuring that Adler had such good sense. And he had no plans to hurt Hannah badly enough, or let her get ill enough she would need a hospital.

He had noticed as well that, though Sophia had been offered to him, Adler had politely turned down Ulrich's slave. He saw something in the doctor that he both admired and found familiar. He had come to this world a little bit later than was typical and he was still exploring it, but he knew his tastes. And it was becoming increasingly clear he was more interested in modeling himself after Tarik and Max than Ulrich and Illya.

In the dark weeks after Katarina, Elias had fucked the girl who had been Ulrich's slave at the time. She had been the one before Sophia. He couldn't remember her name but it was something like Penelope or Penny, something ridiculous and wholesome. He had thought he wanted a body he could just abuse. The appeal of a slave who didn't feel, speak or resist no matter what he did had been what he thought he wanted. But it had only frustrated him. When he'd returned her to Ulrich, barely able to walk and bleeding he'd offered to pay damages but the other man had just shrugged.

“Normal night for her. Thanks for warming her up for me.”

If there had been anything that flickered in the girls eyes as her Master took her by the upper arm, it had been fear of returning to him.

Hannah slipped out of the bedroom as quietly as she could. The high heels Elias had given her to wear that morning were high and precarious, difficult to walk on the thick carpet with. She made her way carefully but swiftly to the kitchen. Blakely had gone down to the beach with the others but he could always come back up, and she wouldn't feel safe until she was with other people.

She had almost made it to the door of the kitchen when a voice called from one of the couches. "Slave, bring me a drink."

She turned to find Ulrich sitting on one of the sunken couches with Tarik. She stopped short. The woman between his legs, servicing his cock, was not his slave. It was the blond prostitute with pierced nipples. It was an absolutely ridiculous thing to be startled by. How had she not thought of it before? She had been so afraid of how damaging it would be to have another man have sex with her, but she hadn't even considered the pain of watching Elias take another woman.

But after all... Why should a Master be faithful to his slave? Of all the things he did to her, cheating on her... if it could even be called that truly, was... it was an insane thing to be worried about. Wasn't it?

She felt heat rush to her face and her temples began to pound.

I don't care. she told herself. *I shouldn't care. I don't care. I won't care...*

But this hadn't been an option before the party, not even a possibility. And then the other Masters—Furst, Tarik, Aleksander—had made it all seem obvious that a man would fuck only his slave. He might strike another woman, enjoy the sight of her debasement, but it had seemed obvious that he would eventually gratify himself with her. But why would that be the case? Illya, Blakely, even Adler... none of them restricted themselves to only one woman. Why had she thought that the division was between the men who had slaves and who didn't when clearly it had not.

Besides, she wasn't like the other slaves—polished, doting and perfect. And even if she were, who was to say he was like the other Masters. Perhaps he was like this man. Even if he didn't want to share her, there was no reason to expect he wouldn't want to sample other woman.

It's his right, Hannah, she tried to tell herself. *He is your Master. He can do as he pleases.*

How could she have expected that she would be enough for him? These women were beautiful, submissive, available. Why shouldn't he sample them?

It made her feel like she couldn't breathe. She imagined what it would be like to come into the room and find Elias in this man's place, this girl on her knees before him. Where Hannah was meant to be. That was her place in the world. He'd said that, hadn't he? *You belong at my*

feet. She fought not to gasp at the painful, crushing sensation threatening to overpower her. It was agony. She would have rather taken the cane than this feeling.

Ulrich raised an eyebrow at her. "Slave, a Master gave you an order."

She stumbled forward. She tried to take too big a step and overbalanced, falling to the floor. She picked herself up immediately, apologizing. "Yes... yes, of course, Herr Ulrich, my apologies."

She felt numb as she took his glass from his hands, bending her knees to show her respect, then refilled it at the drinks table before handing it back. She could only crouch, not kneel, to show respect because the other girl occupied the space for that. Hannah tried not to think about that. How it would feel to hand Elias something over a woman doing her job, occupying her place.

"Is... is there anything else, sir? That you require?"

"Sufficient for now."

She stood and walked back to the kitchen, feeling as though she was moving through freezing water. Her body felt numb, distant, stiff and hard to move.

Jessica looked up when she came in and frowned. "Hannah? Hannah are you alright? Come sit down with me."

She was perched on a bar stool, cutting vegetables for a fresh salad. Hannah found a knife and joined her, pulling a carrot towards herself and automatically beginning to work.

A tear slid down her cheek and she wiped it away angrily. She felt so ashamed of herself. She didn't want the other slaves to notice, to ask why she was upset. She didn't want to be told that it was his right, that she was being ridiculous. She didn't want to admit how difficult she found it to submit to him sometimes. Or how much she wanted him. That she loved him. Jessica had guessed she had but the others hadn't, at least they hadn't said anything.

Suddenly, she felt like a fraud. Who was she to sit with these women? She was so unsophisticated compared to them, so young, simple and poor. She didn't have a collar, a Master who she knew esteemed her. She wasn't as polished as Elena, as confident as Ruslana, as glamorous as Jessica. She had more in common with the whores than with them. Two of them were Ukrainian, all of them she could tell at a glance came from circumstances such as hers.

Jessica had grown up in America, with a family that loved her and had looked for her. She'd gone to college and traveled the world before she was taken. And if Ruslana or Elena ever knew what it was like to be anything other than the cherished property of a powerful man, they showed no signs they remembered it.

You could practically smell Kiev on her still.

Jessica put down her knife and reached forward, wiping away another tear. "Here... what's this about then?"

She shook her head and tried to continue with her task but the American's hands closed over hers, bringing her knife down as well. "You'll cut yourself. You can't see through the tears."

Elena and Ruslana had also stopped working and were looking at her, she saw when she blinked away the tears again. She didn't have the words in English, couldn't think of them. It burst out of her in Ukrainian, broken by sobbing, wracking tears.

"What is she saying?" Jessica asked, mistaking it for Russian.

Elena frowned. The languages were similar enough she got most of the message. "I think she saw Master Ulrich," she said, "with a woman who was not Sophia."

"Oh!"

Jessica pulled her forward into her arms. "Oh, Hannah..." She stroked the other girl's back as she sobbed. "Oh, Hannah, I'm sorry."

That only made her cry harder. Jessica had everything she wanted. The fact that she pitied Hannah just made her feel more pathetic. More useless, small, unwanted.

Another hand closed over her head and Elena lifted her chin, wiping her face with a cool, wet cloth. She lifted a glass of water to Hannah's lips. "Drink this, little sun," she cooed.

Hannah shook her head, pulling back. "I'm not allowed... not allowed..." She protested. "I'm not allowed..."

"Hannah settle down or we will have to get your Master!" Elena said sharply. "Drink some water and control your breathing." Elena demonstrated some slow breaths as Hannah gulped frantically at the glass pressed again to her lips.

She followed the instructions, calming her breathing until she felt herself begin to breathe again. Slow, shuddering, wracking breaths. Jessica was still holding her hands, Elena her chin. Ruslana was watching it all with a disdainful expression.

"When Tarik took me, he told me every day for a year how he was planning to kill me." She said coldly. "I was fifteen and I had to learn to suck his cock well enough he wanted me alive for another day. And these are the things you cry about?"

Elena shot her a hard look. "Not helpful!" She spat in Russian.

"I'm only saying, Elena. These new slaves are soft, weak." She spoke in English for Jessica's benefit. "Her Master should make him watch him fuck a dozen women."

"And you would have killed another slave for saying so about Tarik! She cries, but you screamed, made a scene. The others might not remember, Lana but I am old enough!"

Ruslana rolled her eyes. "You're getting soft, Elena, in your old age."

“Enough!” Jessica said finally. “Ruslana either help, or shut the fuck up.”

She turned to Hannah and ran a hand down the side of her face. “I know you're upset. I'm not telling you not to be.” She said softly. “But he hasn't taken another girl. He hasn't. And I don't think he will.”

Hannah brushed away another tear. “Why... I mean there is nothing stopping him.” She said, her voice a little garbled with tears still, but at least back in English. “I can't... I mean... if he wanted to there wouldn't be...” She stopped, her voice going to high and her throat closing at the idea of helplessly watching him take another woman as he took her.

Jessica shushed her softly. “No.. Hannah.... Elias.... your Master, he believes in monogamy. Very, very deeply I think. I never saw him with another while he's had a slave. And when she...” She cut herself off as Elena gave her a hard look.

“He is a good man.” Elena said. “A good Master. If you are good to him, if you take him well... I agree with Jessica. I do not think he is the type to stray.”

Hannah swallowed. “And what if... what if I'm not enough?” She barely got the words out before her throat closed again and she had to wipe away more hot blobs of tears flowing from her eyes. “What if I'm not good enough.”

“You're certainly his *type*.” Ruslana said sarcastically.

Both of the other women whirled to glare at her. She shrugged. “There's certainly no denying it, is there?”

“You are very beautiful.” Elena agreed, continuing as if there had been no interruption. “And you submit well to him. You make him happy.”

Jessica nodded. “I've never seen him so happy. I said that. Never seen him look at a slave like he looks at you. I know he can be harsh but I think... I think... it's for your own good, is what I mean.”

Hannah nodded, swallowing hard. “He is a good Master.” She said softly.

If anything, the party had opened her eyes to that. She was lucky. She had felt ridiculous before to think so, materialistic and foolish simply to be glad that her Master was handsome, rich, clean, smelled nice and knew how to fuck her so her toes curled and she saw stars with every thrust, when he felt like it. But now she saw that she was lucky for far, far more concrete reasons. She could have been a slave to Ulrich, Blakeley or worse. She could have been taken by Illya and hooked on drugs, forced into prostitution.

She loved her Master. She loved him and felt the painful shame of it. She loved her rapist. She hadn't known until now how much worse it would be not to.

“He is a good Master.” Jessica repeated. “A good man.”

Hannah put down the water. “I'm really... really not supposed to eat or drink without permission.”

Elena smiled at her. "The next time he beats you for nothing, consider it punishment for this."

Hannah let out a wet, nervous little giggled at that. "Wouldn't have to feel guilty too long then."

Jessica smiled and picked her knife back up. "There's my girl."

Hannah felt empty, hollow, stunned. But she was able to go back to her work, to joke with the other women and think about logistics for dinner. Sometimes she thought about Elias with another woman, but she was able to swallow the sickening feeling of dread that rose in her. *He brought the light. She was nothing without him. She would take anything from his hand.* And she knew what to do next.

When dinner was mostly prepared she went back to the bedroom to change. Elias was there, freshly showered and already mostly dressed. She slipped out of the teddy and into the bra and panties that were on the bed for her. He watched her slip into them as he pulled on his belt and selected a watch. The leather straps were lying on the bed as well and when she had pulled on the rest of it he came to put her into it.

He picked it up the wide strap for her waist and passed it around her hips, cinching it tight. He was pulling fast the second buckle when her hands closed over his. He looked up, downing her face, surprised at the gesture. It was clear that she wasn't trying to prevent him from what he was doing, only to get his attention.

"Do you have a question?"

She swallowed. "I need..." She stopped herself. The last thing she wanted was for this to sound like a demand. "I would like to know if you are planning to make... make use of any of the other women this weekend." Her voice was a bit strained and wobbled a little bit but overall she was proud of how steady she sounded as she said it.

He looked down at her for a long moment, long, powerful fingers still on the buckle, her own softer, smaller ones resting on top. His expression was considering, even curious, but there was something else deeper in his eyes she couldn't quite describe. It felt almost like the longing she'd seen there when she'd pleased him after he'd comforted her.

His fingers began to move again, pulling the belt tight enough to hurt. "No." He said finally. "I am not."

She let out a breath she didn't know she'd been holding as he stepped back to the bed and came back with the handcuffs. She offered him up one wrist automatically, letting him pull it tight. He looked down at her, moving more slowly than he had before.

"You're pleased?" He cocked one eyebrow.

She nodded quickly, biting her lip. "Yes... Yes, Master."

He took the other wrist and began to buckle her in. "Some slaves prefer it if their Masters take out their attentions on other women. To spare themselves the duty of it."

She met his eyes. “Not me.” She spoke firmly but she let him see how much the idea had hurt her. She thought about how she'd felt when she'd seen Ulrich—frightened, numb, disbelieving and panicked. How she'd felt crying in the kitchen—despairing, pathetic, whimpering, broken. She let all the humiliating emotions show in her eyes.

What she had said to Jessica wasn't exactly true. She could do *something* to prevent him. She could give him what he wanted. And this was her very, very best guess of what he wanted. He would want to see the power he had to hurt her, to destroy her. The thought of him with another woman felt like her guts had been torn, leaving her hollow and bleeding. He would want to see that.

He liked it when they both understood that he could break her. Holding her down on the cold cellar floor, beating her until she was limp, taking her so hard she could do nothing but whimper... and now this pleading desperation that he be faithful to her.

But she didn't hesitate. It was painful to hold her own precariousness so clearly in her mind. She could feel how easy it would be for him to hurt her irreparably. But she was more than willing to pay that price. The only thing she had left in the world was the place where she knelt at his feet. If she had to give it up, it would destroy her fully.

He let out a huffing breath, halfway between a sigh and a laugh. “Oh, now that is a look I could get used to.”

He let her wrist drop and his hand flashed up to her neck, wrapping around it in a firm, suffocating grip. She felt her knees hit the bed and then she was flat on her back, Elias on top of her. His hand around her throat was so tight she saw stars and she was panting, trying to get as much air in as she could. He pushed her legs apart and fumbled with his belt with the other hand and freed his cock, already rock hard.

He pushed aside her panties and pushed himself all the way in without any preparation. She arched, and her mouth opened, unable to scream at the invasion. He fucked her hard and fast, each thrust making her bright spots appear in her already wavering vision. But as he did, he was kissing and biting her neck, her collarbone, sucking sweetly at one earlobe and then dragging it between his teeth.

“Just you, Hannah. Just you. Only you.” He was murmuring.

She couldn't tell if she was imagining his voice. She couldn't trust herself with how much her vision was swimming. She gasped, trying to draw in more air but she was also grinding against him, pushing her hips up to get more pressure at the junction of her legs.

“You have permission.”

She arched and her vision went truly black. Warm heat, infinite pleasure and suffocation. She couldn't breathe, couldn't move, couldn't think. Hannah Konashevych ceased to exist as an individual entity. There was nothing left that wasn't in relation to him. Her hips against his, her throat in his hand, her body beneath his. All of it existed only if he did.

A second later Elias followed her, spilling into her.

When she returned to herself he was still within her, his hand still around her throat. He was looking down at her with an almost curious expression. She slid her hand up his chest to cup his face with her hand.

“Just me.” She whispered, voice hoarse.

He slid his hand from her throat and caught her fingers, dwarfing them in his larger hand. He brought them to his lips and kissed them. He didn't say anything back though, didn't repeat the phrase.

She had imagined it then.

He pushed himself back and stood. She sat up and followed him, kneeling to lick him clean before tucking him away.

When she stood again, his cum drooling down her leg he leaned forward and began to undo the buckles of the belt. He slid it off and put it back on the bed. The cuffs followed suit. She wasn't sure what it meant, that he didn't want to subject her again to that. “You can have just the usual chain.” He told her.

“Thank you, Master.”

He went and brought the chain she had worn since men had come to the island from his closet. She sat on the bed as he crouched and locked the shackles around each ankle. The appearance, as ever, was striking—slim ankles and expensive high heels and then iron links of chain between them.

“Don't clean yourself up or change. You'll serve dinner with my cum running down your leg.”

“Yes, Master.”

That evening Elias had the evening meal served inside, in the formal dinning room. The meal the slaves had prepared was sumptuous and rich, perfectly suited for the elegant but opulent environment. The conversation and wine flowed freely among the Masters, breaking off into side conversations occasionally in another language. They spoke only to her to fetch them another drink.

But there was an undercurrent of anticipation in the room that made her nervous. The men were talking more loudly than before, driven by an eager energy that had not abated with the day of debauchery but instead seemed to be accelerating. But to what crescendo did they race? She felt like a prey animal who has caught the scent of a predator on the wind but has no thought of where the attack might come from.

Dinner was not rushed. Afterward they had brandy, coffee and cigars.

Finally, however, Elias stood clapped his hands together. Immediately all went silent, turning expectantly with looks of anticipation. Her Master smiled back at his guests. “And, gentleman? Shall we begin the real entertainment?”

All were on their feet in an instant, eager for what came next.

“Max, show the way. I will join you all in a moment.”

When the room was empty but for the two of them, her Master looked down at her. She raised her eyes to meet his, the polite response to his attention. His expression was unreadable. His jaw was tight and there was something in his green eyes that was hard and terrible and unknown to her. He passed a large hand over his face.

“My instinct is to put you in the cellar.” He said finally.

In truth he wouldn't have hesitated if she hadn't come to beg him not to fuck anyone else. He had been pleased by that. It could have gone wrong for her, could have resulted in severe punishment. But she felt strongly enough for him that she had been willing to risk it. That was the act of a girl in love. Desperate and illogical. Had Max been right when he had told Elias she was ready for a bit more of his affection? Had Alder when he speculated Hannah's needling was turning into something more powerful? He hadn't dared hope for it so soon.

She shook her head, tears filling her eyes. “What did I do wrong? I... I...” *I know I'm not as beautiful as Jessica but please, give me a chance. I will try to please you, if you let me.* The hard words were impossible to get out around a lump in her throat. “Just please tell me what I did so I don't do it again...” She said instead.

“This isn't a punishment. I won't turn off the lights.”

The tears spilled over... She didn't understand. He had said he didn't intend to fuck anyone but her. But how could that be expected if he was to leave her in the cellar. The energy of the men was frenetic, sexual, unrestrained. If he left her... if he forgot what he had told her... if he found another woman. What if they were better than she was? What if he preferred them to her? What would become of her? It would kill her to be sold. To Illya or Ulrich or Blakely. Each name more terrifying than the last.

One large thumb wiped away the tears under each eye. “Tonight is the main night of the revel,” he said quietly. “And you are very, very early in your training.” He rolled his jaw and seemed to be choosing his words with exquisite care. “If you were to disobey me....”

She shook her head back and forth, careful not to shake off his hand. “I won't! I won't... I swear on all the saints, Master, I won't!”

His eyes flashed. “Don't interrupt.”

She slammed her lips shut, swallowing hard and cursing herself.

“If you were to disobey me tonight, it would be... a difficult moment to overcome.”

This was another moment where she could risk everything. She could change fundamentally in his esteem. *It would be the end of my kindness*, he had told her about letting another man touch her. Was this a similar situation? Was that a gamble she was willing to take? The cellar was the safer choice, she understood that. But.. it was impossible. She couldn't imagine herself going down there, knowing he would follow after the other men... the other women. *She* was his slave. None of the others. It was *her* place at his feet.

“I'm going to fuck you, Hannah, with an audience.”

She nodded.

“It won't be a little fuck on the far side of the lawn with your tits and pussy out for only me to see.” He warned her. “I am going to fuck you for their amusement.”

She swallowed. He didn't have to say it would hurt. She doubted any of the men would be interested to see how much pleasure he could give her when he wanted to. “Yes... yes, sir.”

“The other Masters will beat you. How hard will be at their discretion. I won't intervene.”

She glanced up at him, brow furrowing. “But not... that is...”

He seemed to guess the question. His fingers tightened where he held her. “They won't do anything to take you from me.” He sucked in a breath that was almost a hiss. “But, I *want* them to hurt you. You understand that don't you? I *want* them to see how much you will do at my command.”

“I will do anything at your command, Master.”

His jaw clenched tighter. “I am the host, Hannah. If you come with me... I will make sure that my guests are satisfied with you... I will not have it said that I am not a welcoming man.”

She swallowed. But he had said he couldn't look at her if another man fucked her. And she felt she could handle anything but that. He would protect her. It was his island after all, he was her Master. He would find another way for her to serve his guests, other than that. She would endure what he asked her to endure.

“*You brought the light. I would die without you. I will take anything from your hand.* I want to do anything that you want.” Her voice was almost a whisper but she met his gaze without hesitation as she spoke.

To her surprise, her Master let out a little, quiet chuckle at her words. He scrubbed his hand again over his face and said something to himself in German. “*Wider besseres Wissen. Dieses Mädchen wird mein Tod sein.*”

She pushed her cheek against his hand. “Anything, Master. Anything that will bring you pleasure.”

“Alright, Hannah.”

Chapter End Notes

Uhg, I feel like this is going on too long and people are getting sick of it. I honestly almost cut out the whole scene with Adler because it felt so excessively long. But I hope

you're still reading, and still interested. Please let me know if you are!

Chapter 18

Chapter Notes

Anyway, inspired by Deathsdoll (as usual) posting the freaking INCREDIBLE new chapter of If I Can't Have You. Please go read it because it is the bomb. dom. I made myself go through this enough I felt ready to post it. Hope you enjoy!

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

She had never been to this part of the house. How as it she had lived there for so long (how many months was it anyway?) and never noticed the door. The obvious answer was that Elias had never shown it to her.

He led her over the edge of the pool terrace, as if they were going to the beach. But just before they descended the final steps before the metal stairs that led down to the beach, he turned into an open door that she barely remembered being there. It seemed innocuous all the times she had passed it. It was a dull red with a plain, industrial gray hammer and nothing else to distinguish it. It looked as though you could expect it was for the storage of gardening supplies or a chlorine for the maintenance of the pool or some such thing. Instead it led down three steps into a large and beautiful room.

One wall of it looked into the eerie blue light of the pool. She could see in the clear water the steps, the bench seats, the place where Elias had leaned with her against his chest. If there had been occupants of the pool it would have been easy to observe them, legs kicking for one reason or another. She had swam many times there and noticed that the far end appeared to be made of glass but she had not been able to see anything beyond it so she'd thought it was only the dark of the hillside beyond. Now she saw that there was a large and spacious room that was invisible when unlit.

A beautifully appointed mahogany stage dominated one end of the room, surrounded by a circle of plush, well-maintained leather chairs. The stage was not raised. The audience were also meant to be the participants. On the stage was a table, clear of any implement. Beside it was a rack with various tools: a flogger, a cane, a whip and other sinister things she couldn't name. Had he used them on her before? She didn't think so.

It all looked... retro. Almost nostalgic.

The stage was the only part of the room that was lit but as her eyes adjusted she could see well enough. Some parts of the room looked like something out of American movie. There was a high top wooden bar with studded black leather over the front, matching black leather bar stools and shelves of liquor on display behind it. Book shelves lined all the walls that were not taken up by the side of the pool, except for a wide stripe of brick running down one side to a fire place.

But built into the bar top was what she recognized as a stockade. A woman could be bent and her head put in it while her owner enjoyed a drink. The painting above the fire place was a beautiful oil painting of a woman bound in what she instantly recognized as Kneel. It was correct down to the angle of her open knees and her hands facing up. Most of the painting was in the realistic style but in place of the woman's face the artist had painted a profusion of flowers blooms, rising naturally out of the long, slender curve of her neck. Some of the flowers were floating up, drifting toward an outstretched masculine hand at the top corner. And scattered about were pieces of furniture she didn't recognize and couldn't name but were clearly for displaying and containing the body of a woman.

And there was something about all that was clearly not of the current decade. The chairs were well preserved but elegant, well made. Even the things on the stage, the table, canes and paddles, seemed somehow vintage: high quality but old. Something inherited. It reminded her of the cellar and a shiver went up her spine.

Elias had said things before that made her think his father had been a man who shared his proclivities. And the house emphasized that. This room more than any other. It didn't look like a room that Elias had designed. More likely one designed before he was born.

Elias had said that his father was dead. But looking at the place he had imagined to take his pleasure, she couldn't help but feel she was afraid of Archard Wolf even still.

His hand was at the small of her back, propelling her forward. There was no going back now. He pushed her forward toward the women who were sitting against one wall, close enough to the stage that they would be easily exchanged for each other.

He went to take his seat among the men.

Jessica was bound over the table on center-stage. She had been stripped naked. Her legs and arm pulled down to each leg. She was on her back, spread open and vulnerable. Max stood in front of her. "You all know the rules well enough with my slave." He said simply. "They have not changed."

Her own Master was the first to stand.

He went to the stage and looked down at Jessica almost fondly, as if he were greeting an old friend. He picked up a thick wooden rod and tapped it gently against the table to test it's strength. "It has been too long since you felt my lash, whore, don't you think?" He asked.

The look of fear on Jessica's face was not feigned. Her voice wavered as she said. "Yes, Herr Wolf."

He slammed it down on Jessica's legs hard enough to make her scream immediately. He repeated the movement with the other leg, making her jerk and shake. He turned to Furst. "Such a sweet sound she makes. No wonder you never tire of her."

Max raised his glass of whiskey, a gesture to accept the compliment.

He was ruthless. Some very strange emotion bloomed in Hannah's chest. It was so incongruous it took her a moment to realize that it was envy. He wasn't fucking her but it was still painful to watch him pay such attention to another woman. It made her chest ache and she wished she could squirm without drawing attention to herself. She would have taken Jessica's place if she had been offered the choice, despite how much it clearly hurt. *Anything from his hand.*

After Elias came Illya, then Tarik.

When Jessica was a sobbing mess Max came forward. She looked up at him with hope, desperate and pleading and exquisitely beautiful, but he only took a paddle to her ass, and more cruelly than any of the men who came before him. And when he was finished, he undid her ankles. She lifted her trembling legs and wrapped them around him as he pushed into her. She came almost instantly and then again and again as he fucked her. She was moving against him, so grateful to the touch that wasn't punishment. She was little more than a boneless puddle that hardly moved when he was finished.

When he had spent himself within her he pulled her head up and gave her a brutal, passionate kiss, before carrying her back with him to his chair. Her mouth was on his cock as soon as he sat down, moving at a slow, languid pace. She was reassuring him that she still belonged to him. She had screamed for the other men but for him, only, she opened her real treasures.

Next up was the brunette prostitute.

It was a far less elegant display and in the end, she proved far less stoic than Jessica, despite the drugs. Hannah bit her lip. The scene with Jessica had left her warm in her abdomen, a now familiar wetness between her legs. Focus. Max had been *focused* on his slave. There weren't other thoughts in his head, nothing he wanted more than to take what he chose from the woman before him.

It was a kind of loyalty, owning someone like that. An assurance that he wanted her above all else. Valued her above all else. Would protect her.

Envy this time was easier to recognize.

She wanted that from Elias.

She couldn't remember wanting anything else more.

Blakely was the last to use her and when girl had gone limp and not even Tarik's whip could rouse her, he untied her. He took her by the hair and dragged her body back to where the women knelt. Hannah, who had been watching openly, lulled into a sense of security by the anonymous dark of the corner of the room she was in, was surprised when his eyes met hers. Off the stage he had adjusted to the dimness and he had caught her without her head bent.

And what she saw in his expression made her feel as though she was plunged into cold water. Hatred, rage... a contempt so deep that it left nothing for pleasure. He didn't enjoy sex. He enjoyed humiliation, degradation to the exclusion of all else. He wanted to watch the light

dim in another human's eyes. It didn't matter the physical sensations, only that his partner suffered.

His anger was wholly untempered by the protective side of dominance. Here was a man who only wanted to watch a woman break. What he craved was not worship but destruction. Elias offered her control, but shelter too. He decided the limits, but never crossed them. He was the *only* thing he would let hurt her.

She snapped her head down, trembling furiously. Out of the corner of her eye she watched him approach slowly. His smile was almost so big it threatened to spill off his face and it made a shiver go up her spine. "Since I provided the last entertainment, why don't I chose the next? Let's see what noises we can get out of Elias' little slave, eh?"

She looked up at her Master where he sat in the chair she knelt beside. It was so dim she couldn't make out his expression but it was clear that he nodded once. Permission and a command. She got up on trembling, coltish legs and stumbled forward into the bright light of the stage. The heels still made her clumsy and awkward as she shifted back and forth under the scrutiny of the men she couldn't see beyond the circle of light.

Tarik had remained on the stage once she had been selected. He stood beside her and addressed her Master, now only a silhouette against the gloom. "Any rules for this one, Elias?"

"Nothing goes into her body but my fingers or cock. And no pissing on her."

Illya laughed. "A German opposed to watersports. What a contradiction to the stereotype."

"I won't fuck something you've treated like a toilet." Her Master's voice came back masquerading as amused, but with an underlying hint of steel.

"Any other stipulations?" Nigel asked. He had trailed after her, like a feral dog stalking prey.

"No more than the usual. I want her back without a scar or something that won't heal."

"Anything else?"

"No."

With a single move Nigel took hold of the shoulder of her teddy and ripped it down and open over her body. He took her by the shoulders as Tarik took her ankles and they carried her to the table. She couldn't help but tense, afraid they would drop her, afraid to be so controlled, but she made herself not struggle.

They put her face up on it and tore the rest of her clothes from her. The heels stayed on thought. Her hands were tied, as were her legs. It was terrifying to be touched by four hands at once, rough, cruel hands that were unfamiliar and uncaring. And to be spread so, so open and vulnerable. She was shaking. She hadn't been this afraid since she'd woken in her Master's basement naked, with a chain around her ankle.

If Elias had been on stage with the other men, maybe it wouldn't have been as bad. But she could barely see him past the stage lights. And he seemed an impossible distance away. It would take him only a few seconds to reach her but that felt far, far too long. Long enough for a blow that left a scar. Long enough to slip a finger into her. Long enough to ruin her in the eyes of her Master forever.

She was crying hard and no one had even struck her yet. Her legs pulled at the ropes, even though she knew she couldn't bring her thighs together, that it was only wasted effort and pain. But she was open. So *open*. It was intolerable.

“Please... please... please...” She was begging, even though she knew it would make it worse.

“I might make a suggestion to blindfold her.” Her Master's voice was casual. “She really hates the dark.”

She felt hands hold her head and she shook her head wildly, hoping to shake them off. Someone slipped something dark over her eyes. The bright lights became nothing but blackness and Hannah *screamed*. It was too much. It had already been terrifying but in the dark, she was mindless with fear.

There was the sound of cruel laughter. “How fucking delightful. Thank you for the suggestion, Elias.”

Without her sight it was so much harder to take. An unseen man started with her thighs, beating them until the skin nearly split, then moving on to her abdomen and breasts. It was not her Master and she knew it. She felt no emotion behind the blows except a mechanical desire to hurt her. And whoever delivered them couldn't read her reactions. Sometimes the blows came too fast, a wasted pain while she was still reeling from the first, other times too slow to keep her at the highest edge of pain. But it went on and on until she felt she could take it no more.

“She has taken worse.” Her Master declared when the rain of blows let up long enough for her to take in a gasping breath. “Her nipples, however, seem woefully neglected.”

A rough hand glided up the curve of her stomach, between her breasts to rest gently, menacingly at her throat. It squeezed once, but not hard, and Hannah had the insane impression that it was a friendly sign, almost meant to reassure her. She felt like a kitten being teased with a piece of string—a playful antagonism.

She took a shuddering breath. The first, it felt like, since she'd met Blakely's eyes.

“If she has taken worse, than there is no sense in beating her further. Instead I propose a test... of many things.” The voice of Tarik said and she knew from where he stood it was his hand at her throat. She relaxed slightly. It wasn't Blakeley.

Despite Ruslana's antagonism that day in the kitchen, she trusted Tarik. At least, as far as it was possible to trust a man with his hand at her throat, tied down and blindfolded. A man she'd known for a day. But her Master respected him. And he had always addressed her in a way that seemed almost fond, affectionate. Like one might treat a charming but very young

favorite niece. She didn't think he saw her as something serious, certainly she didn't think he wanted to fuck her. But, of all the men this weekend, he had probably been the kindest.

She felt the restraints being undone and she was lifted by her armpits and set to kneel on the stage. Still blind she sunk into Kneel, grateful to do something that felt familiar and safe. "A good start, little slave, but not enough to get you through this test." Tarik whispered in her ear, low enough she knew no one else had heard.

He crouched behind her and slipped his arms beneath hers, wrapping around to put a clamp on each nipple. She gasped when each went on. They were tight, brutal. Her Master had worse but this was different. She had nothing to guide her here except for her faith in a man she couldn't see. Elias would stop it. If they went to far, he would stop it... wouldn't he?

I am the host, Hannah. If you come with me I will make sure that my guests are satisfied with you... one way or another. I won't intervene. His words from the dinning room rang in her ears. How could she have been so stupid? He had known she wasn't ready, that she should be confined to the cellar.

She should have taken the safer route.

But she was a fool for this man, wasn't she? Taken a tip far too big, walked down an empty alley, fallen in love with him. But this final blunder might be fatal. He had told her in no uncertain terms what would happen if another man were to fuck her. And she knew with a painful clarity that she would die if he sold her. Not a physical death perhaps, but one she feared no less. Without him, she would cease entirely to be Hannah Konashevych.

Elias had never snuffed her out. It would have been easy to do. He had been so careful not to.

She hadn't known the difference until now. What she saw in Nigel, that would be her life away from him: relentless, impersonal pain. No light. There would be no light. *He brought the light. She would die without him. She would take anything from his hand.*

"You know the way, little bird." His voice was low in her ear, spoken so that only she could hear. Then he stood and said for the room to hear, "now, slave, go find your Master."

Her Master. The man who had taken her from a street in Kiev, raped her, trained her, abused every hole in her body. He had tied her, beaten her, humiliated and degraded her. He had tortured her with her greatest fear.

This was the man who she was looking for in the dark.

Her rapist. Her torturer.

But she was also looking for Elias. The man who, in the worst moments of her life, had let her lie on his chest and take food from his hand. The strong arms she slept so soundly in. Hands that stroked her back. When he was all the way inside of her, he felt like her whole world. He had held her in the palm of his hands and, when he had known he could crush her, had chosen instead to hold her. A painful grip at times, but no less secure for it. Her light.

Her rapist. Her torturer. Her light. Her rapist. Her torturer. Her light. Her rapist. Her torturer. Her light. Her rapist. Her torturer. Her light. Her rapist. Her torturer. Her light. The words seemed to tumble in her mind as if caught in a gale.

“Come on, bitch, we haven't got all night.” Nigel's voice sounded bored and annoyed. He struck her across the back with a cane to make his point, hard enough that she dropped forward onto all fours with a muffled cry.

She shuffled forward on her knees to get out of the range of his lash. She had become confused with the blindfold on. She had been turned several times and no longer knew her directions. She couldn't rely on her memory to guide her.

She groped forward, blind, and tears falling past her blindfold, hoping to reach him.

She touched a man's knee but shrank back, sure it wasn't him. There was laughter in the room but what that meant she had no idea. She moved to the right but again it felt wrong when she touched a pant leg and recoiled again. When a third did not seem right she despaired. Would she know her Master when she felt him? What if she had already passed him? What if she was already lost, already doomed to a fate where he cast her out.

Sobbing and hand trembling, she reached out again blindly and nearly gasped with relief when she felt her hands close over his own, familiar trousers. She had no idea how she knew, with just the touch of his knee beneath the cloth. Warmth and heat flowed into her body again and she felt a trembling resolution unlike any she had known. She scooted forward and slid her hands over his thighs. Jesus they were big, as big as her torso it felt like and so powerful. Her Master was a powerful man, so strong.

“You think that is your Master, slave?” Tarik asked from the stage. His voice gave away nothing, completely neutral.

She nodded. “This... this is my Master.” She managed.

“If you're sure... then suck his cock.”

She slid forward, feeling a slight tug on her nipples but ignored it. She undid his buckle and pulled him out. She had missed his cock in her mouth. It felt like years since she had taken him like this. But as she leaned forward the pull on her nipples became tighter still.

She could reach forward comfortably until her mouth was nearly on his cock. Anything past that and the pull on her nipples was excruciating.

Tarik's voice laughed behind her. “I thought I had measured the distance right. What do you think slave? Is it your Master's cock? And if it is, what is it worth it to you to please him?”

She pushed forward, despite the pull on her nipples and managed to get her lips all the way to his base and smooth skin of his abdomen. It made her want to scream to do so (she would have if she hadn't been gagged with his length) but she forced herself.

She ignored the voice in her head that said it might not be her Master's cock. She had sucked it enough times to know every ridge, the exact weight and how it felt in her mouth. This couldn't be anyone else's but his... could it?

“I heard you were a virgin girl. Not a lot of experience with cock. You might be sucking anyone's now, whore.”

She shook her head. “No, it is my Master's cock.” She said, pulling back from it.

Tarik struck a blow across her back. “Is it? Then you'd better start sucking it again.”

She went back down, choking and struggling but she set up a rhythm she knew he liked. It was him, she was sure. And since it was, she wouldn't hurry him. He had told her, hadn't he? When she had his cock in her she shouldn't focus on anything else. His pleasure should always mean more than anything else. She blocked out the voice, the sting of a cane and then a whip on her back. Even the frightful pain of the pull on her nipples.

She felt like this sometimes when she came, like all the world narrowed down to just him. She was nothing, except for the pleasure she could give him. She could feel the silky skin gliding across her tongue, the pulse of him in her mouth, the thick vein that ran along the bottom of his shaft, the heady taste of his precum. And it was all she was.

It didn't matter how much her thighs or back or nipples hurt.

She was nothing but the places she touched him.

How long it went on, she had no idea. She felt like it could have been hours, she felt like she could have endured it for hours.

But finally... finally she felt a large hand close over the back of her head and he began to pump his hips into her throat. “Hannah....” It was her Master's voice-- low and hoarse with desire. Relief like she couldn't believe crashed over her as he filled her mouth with his cum.

She could have cried with relief. The feeling of him—him, it really was him—in her mouth, hot and pulsing with pleasure that she had given him. It felt like a dislocated joint grinding back into place. Like a breath of air after being submerged until her lungs burned. Relief so profound and instantaneous it made her head spin.

Her Master. *He brought the light. She would die without him. She would take anything from his hand.* She stayed with her lips at the base of his shaft as he emptied load after load into her. He must have been aroused indeed because it seemed to go on forever and her throat spasmed over and over again. But she held herself there until he guided her back.

She licked at his cock, pitiful and mewling and grateful. She took long strokes, bathing him, savoring the taste of his spend. She would never take his cum for granted again, she swore. She would thank him always for it when he gave it. In her mouth, her pussy, her ass or face, tits, back... anything she would be so grateful for.

He took her by the hair, standing. “Now I will show you what this bitch will do for *me*.”

He forced her back onto the stage, pushing her face down over the table. He took down his belt and slammed it over her legs, making her writhe. Her skin was already raw but now it hurt, really hurt. The belt was much less than the other implements had been but he was stronger, and he knew exactly how to keep her in agony. When he tired of the belt he took up the whip, then the cane.

He didn't speak to her, as he usually did. There was none of the usual taunting or encouragement. He only waited between blows for her to recover just enough to feel the next as keenly as possible. The room was silent too. In the longer pauses, when he changed implements she could hear, over her own ragged breathing, the wet, primeval noises of men gratifying themselves to the spectacle.

She was beginning to dissociate. She looked into the dark behind her blindfold and she thought she could see the two of them, how they must look. In the circle of light of the stage he stood over her, all power and privilege. A dark and punishing God taking pleasure in his maiden sacrifice. An authoritative man, one who owned the mechanisms that turned the world, his designer jacket pushed to his elbows and his expensive shoes squeaking on the floor boards as he took whatever he liked from his helpless slave. His property.

When he could no longer inspire her to scream he threw the cane down.

“Submit, Hannah.”

She slid down from the table and tried to push herself up. She fell. She tried and fell again. Her muscles were trembling and she was unable to think straight but finally managed to get into something like the proper position. There was a ringing in her ears that was so loud she was surprised she could hear anything else. Spots filled her vision for the moment she knelt, only receding partially as she slid her hands out in front of her.

She wished he hadn't this position. She would have preferred to just lie on the table and let him spread her legs. This would require effort.

He pulled the blindfold off of her and took her by the hips, turning her until she was facing the ring of chairs. He wanted her to see them, to know they watched this humiliation. Wanted them to see her face twist in pain and despair and submission.

She was beginning to see everything as if through the reverse end of a telescope: distant and black around the edges. But her eyes adjusted to the dark and he knelt behind her and she heard him unbuckle himself and the zipper come down.

All of the men watched with dark, feral and hungry expressions. They were wolves, watching another feast. As alert and excited as if they could taste the blood on their own tongues. Blakely had the blond whore who was the same size as Hannah in his lap. He had his cock thrust into her but had bent her forward so her head was over her knees and she didn't impede his view. He was thrusting into her with violent, brutal strokes.

Most of the other men had a woman between their legs as well, heads bobbing rhythmically. Tarik and Aleksander sat with their arms resting on their arm rests. Illya had the red-headed girl's locks in a tight grip and was pumping her violently. Max was still cradling Jessica, who

was limp in his arms, but had taken one of her soft hands in his own, using it to stroke himself.

She felt his head at her entrance. "Push back on me slut." He slapped her ass, rousing her to her task. "Make it good for me."

Her hair was falling forward, despite the clips she'd put in, over her face, as he drove her down into the hard wood of the stage. She couldn't hold herself up with her hands so her sternum took the weight of it, crushing the breath out of her. She was a mess of tears and red marks. She could hardly remember who she was, much less where she was. But the voice cut through the haze of pain. Her Master had told her to pleasure him and she would. She pushed back, sobbing as she did, opening herself to him. He flexed within her as she wailed.

"Please... please... please Master..."

"Am I hurting you, Hannah?" He asked.

"Yes... yes... mercy... please, Master, mercy." The words were hard to get out. He drove the breath from her lungs with every thrust.

"How badly does it hurt?"

"Badly.... very badly."

"Does my cock feel big in your tight little pussy?"

He flexed his hips again as he hilted himself and she wailed. "Yes, Master. Oh, God... Mercy....Mercy please."

She had no idea what he wanted her to say.

"Do you want me to stop? Does it hurt to bad for you to endure it for me?"

She shook her head as best she could. Her chin was slamming into the floor, even as she tried to keep her head up. It made it difficult to talk. "No... no... If you want it... If you want it, I will endure anything. You can have anything. You brought the light. I am nothing without you. I will take anything from your hand."

He slapped her ass, pushing somehow deeper into her.

"Who am I?" He punctuated each question by a hard stroke.

"My Master..."

"Who are you?"

"Your slave."

"What is your purpose."

“To please you.”

He pushed in deep and spilled into her with a groan. She collapsed forward but he held her up, holding her hips against him as he spent himself in her. He pulled out of her, she really did crumple to the floor. She heard him step away and retrieve something from the rack. He bent and she felt handcuffs close over her slender wrists.

“Kneel, slave.”

She fought her way off the ground with some difficulty. Everything hurt so bad. Her nipples, her ass, her legs and back and her ass. She couldn't think of a part that didn't feel like it had been beaten. He pointed to a post near where she had knelt to wait for her turn on the stage.

“High hook.” He commanded.

She didn't need to be told what he meant. She couldn't see it from there but when she crawled toward the post there two hooks jutting from the wall. It was agony to stand, even more difficult with her hands bound but she managed it. She reached over her head, ribs and back screaming in protest and on her tip toes managed to slip the manacles over the hook. She was able to take the weight off her wrists only by remaining high on the balls of her feet.

She hadn't stopped crying, she didn't think since they'd stripped her on the stage but now the tears came with renewed strength. It was agonizing to hold her abused body in such a strenuous position.

How long could she last like this? How long would he leave her?

She barely saw what they did to Ruslana, through the veil of tears. Barely heard the screams, she was so consumed by her own agony. Her legs failed her and she dangled by her wrists for a while until that hurt too bad and she took up the pain of standing again.

She wondered if he'd let her lose consciousness. She could feel blackness starting at the corners of her vision. It wasn't imminent but she was getting there. If they had been alone she would have begged him to take her down and take her ass again, anything to end this.

A dark shape approached. She couldn't see well anymore but she knew it was her Master and she let out a grateful moan. She didn't have enough left to beg. She had no idea even if he were in the kind of mood where he could be appealed to. She couldn't see his face. And she couldn't think. She was just glad he was near her again. The relief of it was profound.

He took her by the hips and pulled her up. Her legs wrapped around his waist and he pushed his cock into her pussy. One hand went to either side of her on the wall and he fucked her hard against the beam. She came almost immediately from the pressure of his pubic bone against her pussy. Too quickly for her to even think to ask. It was almost painful the intensity of the pleasure and she tensed arching and pulling at the cuffs, as if trying to draw away from her own ecstasy.

He said nothing to her but pumped hard into her until he flooded her.

He didn't withdraw from her immediately. He stayed buried deep within her. One hand reached above her and he took the manacle chain off the high hook and moved it to a lower one. He let down her legs and she found she could stand on flat feet. It still wasn't comfortable to stand with her arms stretched over her head, particularly after the beating she'd had but she could stand it for a few more hours.

She felt weak, hollow and numb as dread abated. And just for a moment, she forgot to hold herself back. She let him see it all in her eyes—devotion, worship, love. She would do anything for him. There was nothing he could want from her that she wouldn't give willingly.

Never had she been more grateful. The orgasm, the relief of being taken out of such an agonizing position. Behind them someone, she didn't know who, had taken their place on the stage. She was nothing compared to this man, just a fatherless girl from some slum. But Elias had thought of her, remembered her. No one in her life had ever done that.

In Kiev there had been her mother, distracted and drugged. Kat, wild and in pain. There had never been anyone else. Now his powerful arms were braced on either side of her head, like a cage. She didn't deserve him. He was so much better than she was.

But she belonged to him. His property. He would take care of her. There was no more rent to pay, groceries to worry about. She would eat from his hand, sleep in his bed. Even her disobedience she didn't fear. He would punish the wrong behavior and reward the right. He was her Master, he would teach her how she was to be.

Her whole body felt warm, suffused with light and heat. It was as if some warm liquid was filling her, welling up from the floor like flood water. She felt as if something very strong was compressing her heart, as if he had reached one of his massive hands right through her skin and ribs to literally hold her heart in his hands. It was such a perfect mix of pain and pleasure.

She turned her face up to him.

He was still thrust deep between her legs. Even soft he was large enough to stretch her.

“I love you, Elias.”

She said it so low she was sure no one else would hear her. She had blinked away enough of her tears that she could see his face clearly now but she had no idea what his expression meant. She had become so good at reading him but this she had never seen.

Everything seemed to still in him. She could feel the muscles of his thighs beneath hers contract, the wood under his fingers creaked as his grip tightened. His jaw was clenched and his eyes were almost black, glaring down at her with an intensity that sent a shiver down her spine. She had no way to interpret it. He could kiss her or put his hand around her throat, both seemed an equally likely outcome.

But he did neither. He let out a breath that hissed through his clenched teeth, like a man enduring something excruciatingly painful. He used far more force than he needed to as he pushed back from her, not quickly or roughly, but as if it were hard to do. Like he was

pushing back against some unseen force. He slid out of her and tucked himself away, before returning to sit with the other men.

“Since my slave is, otherwise occupied, I wonder if yours might be borrowed to serve us all some brandy.” She heard him say as he sat back down next to Max.

“By all means.”

At some point Furst had slid his slave off his lap to suck him off again. He took Jessica by the hair and pulled her head up so she came off his cock. He spit in her face. “You heard Herr Wolf, slave.”

Hannah was ashamed of herself, but she was almost gratified to see that Jessica's legs wobbled as she rose and went to the side table to pour them all a measure of brandy. Not that she was glad the other girl had been so badly beaten but it made her feel as though she wasn't a bad slave for having taken so much time getting to her feet and getting on the hook, or needing to come to the lower hook.

As she passed Hannah she reached out and slid her fingers over her stomach: a little gesture of friendship in the dark.

The next morning she woke in a panic. Her Master was not beside her. She sat bolt upright, casting around for him. She ran her hands through the soft, goose-down covers, as if he might be hiding there. But he was so big he took up most the bed. There would be no hiding him.

She had never woken alone. Not upstairs.

She slid off the bed and ran toward the door. The adrenaline was enough that she barely felt her sore, aching muscles and the split flesh on her thighs and ass. There were drink glasses everywhere in the main room and signs of when the party had moved back to the main house at some small hour of the morning. One of the whores was asleep, bent over the back of the couch and naked. She was still breathing, Hannah checked, but otherwise the house felt deserted.

She heard a noise in the kitchen and moved toward it on quiet feet. She found Jessica scowling at a row of picnic baskets laid out on the kitchen counters.

“For the life of me I cannot figure out how you imagined to get all this food into just these baskets.” She said, turning to Hannah with a frown.

Even in that small gesture it was easy to see that she was still feeling the effects of the previous night. She was stiff, everything hurt. Hannah knew she would feel the same, once the adrenaline faded.

“Where is my Master?”

“Down at the dock, getting the boat ready for everyone.”

She was off in a flash to the library, sprinting until she reached the window seat. She put one knee on it, the farthest she dared get onto the furniture without permission. Sure enough, as Jessica had said, she could see him down at the bottom of the hill, unfurling the sails and getting the boat ready to be taken out.

Jessica came up behind her, laying a palm over her shoulder. “He was proud of you last night. Any man would have been.”

After Jessica had served the second round of brandy, the party had broken away from the stage. The men set out to explore the rest of the room, taking the women with them. Only her Master had remained in his chair, finishing his brandy slowly.

When he put the empty cup down, he had come to to take her down from the hook. He had lifted her in his arms and carried her back to his chair. With the sloppy noise of a whore getting fucked front and back behind her, for how many times Hannah had lost count, he had pulled her onto his lap. Straddling him split her thighs, making her wince. But when he guided his cock into her, she was overjoyed, even though it hurt. She leaned forward, putting her fingers around her neck as she rode him. She arched her hips, rolling them as he had taught her that afternoon and let him thrust into her again.

“The sun... the light...the sun...the light...” She was whispering in his ear. She wanted to tell him she loved him again so badly. But she didn't dare. She hadn't know what his face had meant afterward and she didn't want to risk ruining this moment.

“Cum as you like, Hannah.”

He came only a moment after her, the clenching of her muscles driving him over the edge. She slumped forward against his chest, exhausted from the pleasure and pain in nearly equal measures. She fell asleep with him still in her, her cheek resting on his broad, muscular chest.

“Give her some cocaine. Then she'll fuck you again.” She remembered someone suggesting as she was still half asleep.

“She will fuck me again, regardless.” Her Master had replied curtly. “She spreads her legs whenever I like.”

She had been so proud.

There had been more after that. She had made and served more drinks. She had sat on his lap while Tarik gave a demonstration with Ruslana that made her shiver and press back against his chest involuntarily. She would have thought he hadn't noticed except that he slid the hand

that had been at her waist up until his palm was between her breasts, hard against her sternum. She could feel his powerful muscles against her belly and back.

No one would take her from this man.

It went on for hours.

She served more drinks and she could tell he was watching her as she moved. At some point, it had happened during some time she'd lost, he had redressed her in her teddy. He was speaking with Max but some part of his attention knew where she was in the room at all times. She had gone back to kneel at his feet and he'd had her please him with his mouth.

But he hadn't struck her again, and neither had anyone else. Nothing he did was rough or painful. She spent most of the night in his arms, long fingers stroking down her spine. It had been heavenly. More than worth the price she had paid for it. *If that is what it costs to have this, let's do it every night*, she thought as he curled an arm around her, fingers curling behind her knee and the long warm press of his muscles against her back.

Now she just glad to see him again. She was used to waking up with his scent around her, his cock in her cunt, her mouth around his cock. It felt distant, like a betrayal, that he hadn't woken her with his cock.

But it wasn't about her. His pleasure was the only thing she should be considering, she reminded herself.

She turned to Jessica. She had to say it. She had never had a friend she could confide in, much less someone who could guide her in this way. She had never had an older sister. Not in the way most people meant. Katarina had been born years before her, but it was Hannah who had always taken care of her, not the other way around. Jessica was strong enough to be relied on. Hannah could turn to her for advice, solace even.

"I told him I loved him... last night."

Jessica's eyes widened. "For the first time?"

"I couldn't help it. It was after he'd fucked me and taken me down off the higher hook so I could stand. I wasn't even thinking, it just came out of my mouth." She said miserably.

"What did he say back?"

A little tear formed at the corner of her eye and she wiped it away, angry at herself for crying over this. It wasn't a beating after all. Though, truth be told she would prefer that to the aching, raw feeling in her chest. "Nothing. He didn't say anything, just walked back to his seat."

Jessica's arms went around her and she folded Hannah in an embrace. "He was in a good mood last night. He came and brought you back to sit on his lap after that." She reassured. "He looked happy this morning when he left. Happier than I've ever seen him, in fact."

Hannah didn't try to hold back the tears. There was no point. "I want.. want... want him to love me." She sobbed.

Jessica rubbed her shoulders. "Max didn't tell me he loved me back the first time I said it. It took months for him to say it."

Hannah looked up at the taller woman. "Will he ever come to love me?"

"He may. Or he may not. I hope he does, but ... many men love their slaves, but some never do. I don't want to lie to you about that. And your Master... has reason to be cautious."

"But you and Herr Furst..."

"Max is... Max. I have never claimed to understand him before we fell in love with each other. Or why he asks me to do what he does. I am his slave, but *his* slave alone. What is between you and Elias... I can't pretend to know."

Hannah appreciated the truth. She didn't want to hear a lie, even if it was a sweet one.

Elias wondered for the millionth time if he shouldn't have chained her in the bedroom. Last night had been a lot for her to take. He had been surprised she was able to stay awake for the rest of the party. He would have carried her back to the bedroom to put her to sleep if he hadn't been enjoying the warm little body in his arms so much. Selfishly he had kept her with him, though he knew she had fallen asleep a few times with her head on his shoulder. And she needed to sleep, after what she had been through.

That she had told him she loved him... he couldn't decide if that was a good sign or not. When he thought about it his heart beat so fast he felt like he could run a marathon. He had woken with so much energy. Far more than he should have with so little sleep and after the number of whiskeys he had had drunk. It was like waking to a different world. Something brighter and fresher. *Hannah loved him*. He had put on his gym clothes and left her asleep in the bed. He had run the longest circuit around the island. It was just over ten miles and usually took him almost an hour and twenty minutes. He'd done it in under an hour.

But there was another thought that had driven his feet as he'd run. He had woken with the feeling of something nagging in the back of his mind, despite the energy and elation.

She had told him she loved him... but under what circumstance? She had been nearly delirious from the beating and he had offered her the comfort of an orgasm and relief from the pain of the high hook. Katarina had once or twice told him she loved him after he'd

pushed her to the brink too. She had always regretted bitterly the words in her right mind, and would be as sullen and moody as she dared for weeks afterward.

Hannah might feel very differently in the bright light of day, once she had time to reflect on what he had done to induce her to do so. He had beaten her that badly before, once after she had called him a Nazi, and again when she had said she would rather take a beating than another man's cock. But he had done those with provocation. But it had always been only him.

He had fucked and degraded her before. But never in front of an audience.

Even if she didn't understand why he had been angry when she claimed she would be faithful to him, she had felt that he was. This beating he had given her for nothing more than to please himself and his guests. That, after how he'd taken her ass by the pool.... he couldn't count on six months of training to see her though it.

She had gone in the last forty eight hours from only seeing him since she'd been taken, to being fucked and beaten in public, far worse than usual. She had also seen the whores fucked two at a time, which he knew had upset her greatly. And she'd seen him whip another woman. It was a lot of change all at once and he wouldn't blame her if it brought up some emotions she couldn't control.

If she was going to choose now to draw a line in the sand it would be much better her to do so in private. Much better to get it out of her system in his bedroom. There he could pull her back into line discretely, even leave her confined there if he had to. If she humiliated him in front of these men she might not recover the beating he would have to give her.

If he would even be able to bring himself to give her such a beating.

He would certainly discipline her but he didn't see how he would break permanently a slave who had given him so much pleasure. Before he might have done it with the right provocation, knowing he could always find a suitable replacement but... she had wormed her way into his heart in some way he didn't quite understand yet. He wasn't sure there was a replacement for her.

He cursed himself. He should have taken it easier on her. What the other men had done was enough, certainly for a first time. It was customary for the man who owned the woman to have the last turn but he had intended to make it look worse than it was.

Watching her look for him in her blindfold, his plans had changed. The way her body had relaxed immediately when she touched him... the feel of her sweet lips around his cock and the look on her face when he'd taken her blindfold off and she'd seen that it was him... She had looked at him like Jessica looked at Max. Like he was her whole universe. A loving slave. A good woman.

It had aroused him beyond belief.

He had wanted... needed to see that she meant it. Needed her to prove it to him in the worst possible way he could imagine. When he knew she had gone somewhere else in her mind

from the blows, that he could get no more pain from her that way, he had turned to humiliation. She had been so beautiful as she struggled to position herself for him. She had clenched in fear when he'd taken off her blindfold and she had seen their audience.

He had cum so hard.

And after that.... *Elias, I love you.*

He pushed the memory away. If he was going to come back to a sullen, regretful girl, he couldn't think about how it had made him feel.

Better to focus on how sweet she had been when he had taken her off the hook and brought her to sit with him. The soft breath and sweet whispers, small fingers in the fine hairs at the nape of his neck and her sweet, tight pussy trying to work him despite the fact he could tell she was exhausted.

The house came into view again and he slowed to a jog, then a walk to let himself cool down. He waited until his breathing and heart rate slowed to a normal pace. Then he turned back up to the house to see what awaited him. One of the whores was sprawled, ass up in the entryway. Someone had pissed on her and left her lying in the puddle. He stepped over her carefully, to avoid getting any on his shoes. The rest of the house seemed quiet.

He pushed open the door to the kitchen and, for the first time, felt his jaw relax.

Hannah and Jessica were bent together over a sheet of paper, pies and cold chicken and champagne in ice spread out behind them. They were murmuring to each other like sisters as they went through some checklist.

“All will be ready, I presume?”

They both whirled, dropping to their knees, moving quickly despite how much it must hurt.

“Yes, Herr Wolf.” Jessica said, when Hannah said nothing. “Once your guests have awoken, we will be ready for them.”

Hannah only looked at him with a holy terror. As if he were a stranger, a God she hardly knew. He felt his chest swell with pride and love for his slave. The look of respectful fear in her eyes told him all he needed to know. She was his still. More his slave than she had been the day before. All that she had seen last night had only made her more frightened of him, more reverent of him. It hadn't taught her disgust or hatred towards him. She didn't regret what she had said.

Elias, I love you.

He felt he might burst with joy.

He contained himself however. He strode forward until he was standing over her, looking down at the top of her head. Her hands were trembling on her thighs.

“Do you have permission be outside of my bedroom without clothes, slave?” He said, mildly.

She gulped and looked up at him. "You didn't.... you didn't... there was nothing left for me to wear on the bed, Master."

He raised an eyebrow. "And you think that gives you the right to display my property to whoever chooses to come into the kitchen?"

She couldn't answer but only shook her head.

"Follow."

He turned and heard her rise quietly to her feet to pad after him. She waited, head down as he stripped off his sweaty athletic shirt and shorts. He took her into the shower and put her so that she stood against one of the tile walls, her nose and toes touching only. He nudged her feet wide with one of his and gathered both of her slim wrists at the small of his back with one of his hands. Then he bent to slide his cock between her legs. He let her feel how hard she had made him for a moment before he took himself in hand again and slid into her.

He took his time with her. After he fucked her like that he washed them both and held her against him, fingering her sweet folds and nub until begged for permission and came, jerking in his arms as he kissed her neck, clavicles, anything he could reach.

While she dried her hair and applied her makeup he dressed. They would be boating later so he put on crisp, gray-brown cropped slacks, a navy blue polo and brown leather Sperry's. It took him far longer to decide what she would wear. He decided on a sweet blue bra and pantie set. The bra was comparatively modest-- a sweetheart neckline and small, tulle cap sleeves and a bodice that extended almost to the edge of the matching panties.

He put them on the end of the bed, then seated himself in the center of a low couch to one wall, and scrolled through his email until she came out. She seemed startled to find him still in the room but he didn't look up. After a pause she went to the bed and began to put on the clothes. He waited until she had finished and, after another pause, turned back toward the door.

"There is still the matter of your display this morning." He said, without looking up.

She froze and turned slowly. She swallowed. "Yes, Master."

"Come lie over my lap."

She came back to the couch and scrambled up onto it to do as he said. She positioned herself so her stomach was over his lap and her knees were slightly bent, ass turned up. Good girl.

He finished the email he was writing with one hand and sent it before he put his phone beside him on the bed.

"I'm not angry," he told her. "You understand that, don't you, Hannah?"

She nodded, her face against the bedspread.

"But that doesn't change the fact that you need to be disciplined, does it?"

A shake of the blond locks this time.

He began to slide one hand softly up her thigh, a soft, soothing caress on the flesh that was still raw and bruised from the night before.

“Tell me what you think you did wrong.”

“I went out of the room without anything on.”

“And why is that wrong?”

“Because my body belongs to you.”

“And I decide who sees it, who touches it. When we have guests you say in the bedroom if I have left you nothing to wear.” He slid his hand up her thigh and slipped beneath the lacy panties and he pressed his index finger into her slick hole until she groaned. “And only I get to fuck it. Isn't that right.”

When she didn't answer, too focused on the invading finger, he used his free hand to grip her hair, jerking her head up. “I said, isn't that right?”

“Yes... Yes...” She managed. “You decide who sees my body, who touches it... and only you fuck it.”

He slid the finger out and pulled the lace panties down around her thighs, exposing her ass.

“What should you do next time?”

“I'll... I'll wait in the room for you, Master.”

Ten blows with the flat of his hand, under normal circumstances, would be a light punishment. Bruised as she was, she was gripping the leather of the couch with her fingers and all of her muscles were tight as she fought the animal instinct to try to squirm away. She was panting and silent tears were sliding down her cheeks when he stopped.

He rubbed her ass a bit to take the sting away and waited until she calmed down.

“What did you learn?”

“That my body belongs to you,” she said through hiccuping breaths, “that you decide who sees it, who touches it... and only you fuck it.” She gulped again. “And that I will wait in my room the next time there is nothing left out for me and we have guests.”

He let go of her hair and let her head drop down to the bed again. “Good girl. Now off to the kitchen to help Jessica.”

She slid off the couch, pulled up her panties, and slipped quietly out.

He smiled, immensely pleased.

She had done so well last night. Far more than he could have hoped or expected for having had her such a short time. But she was born to serve, after all. Ruslana, Jessica... he didn't think they were as naturally meek as Hannah was. Elena he wasn't sure about, she had been with Aleksander for so long there was little of what she had been that remained to be seen. But the other slaves suited their Masters, just as Hannah suited him.

He hadn't wanted a slave who would break his nose with a bat the first week. He liked his shy little bird just the way she was: quick to cry, easy to frighten, deeply complaisant and eager to please. A weak little girl that needed his protection. Hannah had been ruled all her life, by poverty and circumstance. She had known from childhood that she had to placate people in order to survive. Now it was only him who ruled her, him she had to placate.

For Max, the spirit he had overcome in Jessica had been exhilarating. But what Elias wanted was someone who needed to be taken care of with the same profound imperative that he had to take care of her.

And he was finding it in Hannah.

He knew now why he had been angry at her after she had ridden him in the bed by the pool. She had been so perfect in that moment, so exactly what he wanted, what he had always wanted... like a starving man wants water. Clinging to him, pleasing him, telling him that he was the only thing in the world that mattered, that all her happiness came from him.

But yesterday, after he had cum, it had felt like only words. Like something he might not have again, like something that had been ephemeral, not meant to last. He had hated her for that. The promise of paradise and then bitter disappointment. Like her sister had been.

No wonder he had been so rough on her.

When all the guests had woken, breakfasted and Hannah had plied them with a Blood Mary or a Mimosa, or Illya had slipped them a bit more of their drug of choice, they went down to the docks. The whore from the foyer was gone and someone had cleaned up the piss, he was gratified to see.

Only the younger set—Max, Adler, Blakeley and Illya—had elected to go on the boat. Everyone was worn out from the night before, men and women alike. Aleksander and Elena were still asleep, despite having been the first to leave, around two o'clock in the morning.

He had changed Hannah into a white bikini. It was a simple design with a demi-cup top and low but modest bottoms that rested just over her hip bones. Her eyebrows had raised when she saw he had given her a pair of women's Sperry's to wear with it. She had always either been barefoot or in heels before.

He laughed. "You can't wear heels on the boat, Hannah." He told her with a fond kiss on the forehead. "You'll break your ankle. And barefoot your feet would burn."

He was surprised how much he liked the look of her in them. She looked cute, sweet and in them she came barely to his mid torso.

Despite the spanking and the night before, Hannah was in an apparently good mood as well. She giggled and squealed with delight when he lifted her onto the boat. When he told her to go Kneel by the the wheel in the cockpit she scampered eagerly to do so.

The party stayed on deck once the picnic had been stored. Champagne was poured and passed around and the men conversed pleasantly while the women mostly waited by. Even Blakeley and Illya seemed more to find it more diverting to help Elias take the sails in and out or swing them around than torment the prostitutes that had been brought with them. Max and Alder found it less entertaining, but got up to help when they were requested to help.

He took them out into the channel, cutting lazily as the wind was not strong and the weather good. He took them to a nice beach he knew on a nearby island. It was deserted with beautiful white sand and water so clear the rocks below looked close, though in reality they were several fathoms down.

The rest of the party decided to go ashore in the little motorized, inflatable dingy. But Elias had told Hannah they would stay on the boat. They could swim off the stern deck, if it took his fancy. He had long gotten over the romance of fucking in the sand. It took forever to clean the girl up afterward and inevitably there was sand where there shouldn't be.

It was harder to admit to himself that he was also eager to have his slave just to himself again. It had been more difficult than he had anticipated to watch her fetch drinks for the other men. More than once he'd had to remind himself that she did it because he told her to, that if he snapped his fingers she would come running.

Elias turned onto his back, staring up through the canopy of the sails. He folded his hands behind his head and lay still. He had gotten out an umbrella and put her in the shade of it. His mother had been Persian, where he got his coloring and his eyes. It was one of the few things he had ever been told about her. But unlike him, Hannah had very fair skin and would burn easily.

But he felt her gaze lingering on him. She knew better than to look at him directly but there was a focus in the way she considered him from her peripheral vision.

Hannah knew she should look away. Knew he had noticed that she was essentially staring at him (the equivalent of that at least, as their relationship allowed her to). After a moment he sat up and turned onto his side to face her. He was so tan, so muscled. He was like a Greek God but carved of living, breathing flesh. "What are you thinking about, slave?" He asked.

She answered honestly. "I'm wondering where I would have been, right now, if you hadn't taken me."

"And?"

"Some restaurant in Kiev. Or in my apartment, I guess." She wasn't sure what day of the week it was, nor what time zone they were in. "Someplace where just making ends meet seemed impossible. And I'd still be alone." She reached for him tentatively. When he didn't stop her she put her hand on his chest. It was warm from the sun, even more than usual. "And now, all this... and you."

“I never would have been to this place, never in my life, without you. Without you... I'm nothing. Nothing but a waitress, someone who takes orders and rings up the receipt. Someone unremarkable.”

This was a fine line he needed to walk. He wanted her to be grateful, to realize how lucky she was. But also to remind her that her worth was only the value he assigned her.

“And now?” He said lightly. “Now you are someone who takes my orders. Take my cock. A whore instead of a waitress.”

She shivered but nodded. “Yes.”

He caught her chin and ran a thumb over her bottom lip. “I fucked you in front of a room full of men last night. After they had beaten you, degraded you, made you crawl to me blind and suck my cock, I split your ass open and fucked you raw.”

Two tears ran down her cheeks but she nodded as she brushed them away. It was true, after all.

“And what did you tell me after it was all over?”

She swallowed and met his eyes. “I told you that I love you.” Another tear slid out of the corner of her eye.

He caressed her cheek, rubbing the salty water into it. “That's right.”

He was surprised that she didn't ask him if he loved her in return. That would have been the next logical thing to say. Unless she didn't want to know the answer.

He didn't know how he would have answered either. He wouldn't lie to her. But neither would he tell her the truth. She wasn't ready for that. He did love her. If he hadn't known it before last night, he certainly had when she had found his cock in the dark. When she looked up at him with wet shining eyes. *I love you, Elias*, he hadn't even been angry that she had dared use his name. On the contrary, it had shot through him like a bolt of lightning. 'I love you, Master' could have been said to anyone. He'd seen men make their slaves say it who hated their them. It was, after all, only words.

But Hannah loved *him*.

He had done things to her she couldn't have imagined before she'd met him. In six months he'd taken this virgin teenager and ripped away so much from her. She had taken his cock in every hole. He had degraded and humiliated her in every way he could think of. He had hurt her, broken her. And despite that, *because* of that, she loved him.

How could he not love her?

She was perfect.

He would have said nothing, he decided. If she had asked.

Someday he would need to tell her all that, but not today. Today he would only enjoy her love as a gift. Something she had offered him without coercion, without expectation of return. An act of pure submission. He felt better than he could ever remember feeling.

She, on the other hand looked forlorn, far out of proportion to what he had said. His words had been harsh, no doubt, but he had said much worse to her without this reaction. She clasped her arms around her knees, staring at her feet and he could see she was fighting back tears. One leaked out and she wiped it away quickly, as if nervous he might see it. She looked truly upset.

And, suddenly, he had the strangest idea of what might be bothering her. He wasn't sure he was correct but if he was... fuck but he was a lucky man.

“Hannah,” he said softly. “You may say it again.”

She looked up and he knew he had been right. Her tears were gone and her expression was painfully hopeful. “Can I?”

He nodded. She had more than earned this. She had been so good this weekend and he was so pleased with her for telling him that she loved him. “You may, *Shatzi*. Whenever you like, in fact.

He held out an arm and she snuggled happily beneath it. He turned onto his back and rested his head on the pillow he had taken from one of the bench seats. He could easily look down at her face. She put a hand gently across his chest and looked up at him adoringly.

“And when you do, you may call me Elias.”

She looked now as if she might burst with happiness. “Can I really?”

“Yes. But only in this context.”

She nodded promptly. “Oh yes, of course, Master.”

She bit her lip and he had another idea of what she was thinking. “Would you like to say it again now?” He offered gently.

She nodded.

“You may.”

She tilted her head up to rest her chin on his pectoral, so she could see his face. “I love you, Elias.”

He rolled her beneath him, pinning her hips with his knees. He pulled the top over her head and stripped off the bottoms. He could push them aside but he wanted to feel all of her skin beneath him. He rid himself of his own trunks before settling between her knees. He pushed them wide, one hand at her knee, the other bracing him above her. He pushed into her and she groaned, despite how wet she was.

He began to pump slowly, looking down into those wide blue eyes.

“I love you, Elias.”

He reached down to stroke her clit and she gasped. She came telling him over and over again that she loved him. Only when she was boneless beneath him did he allow himself to spill into her.

Really, he thought as she knelt between his legs and lapped gently at his cock to clean it as he lay on his back, hands resting behind his head, *no one could fault him for loving her. How could he have helped himself?*

Chapter End Notes

Please please please please please let me know what you think! It is so hard to write for the void and every comment means the world to me! (Also please go read If I Can't Have You if you haven't... because it is so very good and I will see you in the comments).

Chapter 19

Chapter Notes

I can already feel the pressure from the last chapter...

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

When they returned all of them needed to be refreshed before the day went on. She sucked his cock in the shower and then he let her help him dress. She so rarely got to do that as usually she was making his breakfast while he showered after his morning run. But he knew she liked it. She savored the task, kneeling to smooth each linen-clad leg perfectly and running her hands over his chest to pull his shirt straighter. She knelt to slip the watch over his wrist and close the clasp for him.

“You're enjoying this, aren't you, *Schatzi*.” He said as she knelt again to slip his feet into the comfortable boat shoes.

“Yes, very much so.” She said, without a hint of shame.

“Hmm, perhaps when you are good you can help me dress during the week.”

“I would like that... very much.”

She wrapped her arms around his legs, feeling bold. His cock wasn't hard but she pressed her face against it through the fabric of his trousers. She looked up at him as she pressed a soft kiss to the organ, meeting his eyes. He caressed her hair.

“Master... what does *Schatzi* mean?”

His eyebrows went up. Her accent was good, just a delightful little lilt that gave her away. He couldn't wait to hear her speak German.

“Hmmm... sweetheart, I think. Or perhaps darling.” He mused.

“Sweetheart.” She repeated. “Or darling.”

He raised an eyebrow. “You're pleased, slave?”

She nodded vigorously against his legs. “Very pleased. I liked it when I didn't know what it meant. Now I like it even more.”

“You would like me to continue calling you that?”

She kissed one of his knees, bowing her head. “Yes... please.”

“Well then, I shall call. When you have earned it.”

She hurried with her own dressing when he was gone, conscious that the other slaves were already starting on dinner. She dried her hair as quickly as she could and then slipped into the teddy and heels he had laid out for her. This time it was plum, with short sleeves and a high neckline. It would have been almost modest if it wasn't made mostly out of mesh.

She couldn't stop smiling as she dressed. *Sweetheart or darling*. He had never said it before this morning, after he had said she could tell him she loved him. That had to mean something... didn't it? His sweetheart. His darling. She wanted it so badly. The night before had been hard to get through. There had been moments when she thought she would genuinely die from the pain, that she couldn't live a moment longer. But today... today had been wonderful.

Even the spanking in the morning hadn't been so bad. He hadn't been angry, he had said so himself. She had made a mistake and he corrected it. As it should be.

And on the boat when he... fucked was not the right word. It took her a moment to decide that he had, actually, made love to her. He had done it before. The first night on the bed he had made a mockery of it, making her cum and then calling her a whore. But since then... on the beach when he took her to swim in the ocean, in the daybed by the pool... that had been almost the same feeling.

He might not love her, but she didn't think he felt *nothing* for her. She didn't he think would make love to any woman, hold any woman like he had her. Allow them to call him by his *name*. He was too good for that. That was something the prostitutes couldn't give him. They didn't *know* him, like she did. She might not be as beautiful or as skilled but he had taught her what he liked, hadn't he? And she had endured better than the drugs or fear had made them. That thought made her feel safe in a way she hadn't since the party had started.

Jessica and the others were already in the kitchen working when she arrived. Elias had told her when she was preparing that she would have to rely on the other slaves to help her.

"Jessica and Elena are good cooks and intelligent women. And you won't always be available to prepare all of the meal if I wish to occupy you with other tasks." He had said with a smile. "You'll have other responsibilities as well."

To that end she had designed a chart on the fridge with each day and her meal plan with recipes pinned to each one. She had similarly made labeled places in the fridge, freezers and pantries with the ingredients for each day. It had been worth the effort. Between the three of them, and Ruslana if the fancy took her, they had managed things very comfortably and with minimal stress.

Jessica was making an apple strudel and berry turnovers while Elena made chicken in a savory red wine sauce. Hannah therefore set herself the task of peeling and slicing potatoes for the roasted potatoes.

"Where are the Masters?" She asked.

"Downstairs with Ruslana and a few of the whores." Jessica answered.

Elena put the dutch oven on a low heat and came to help Hannah with the potatoes. "I like menu for tonight." She told Hannah with a smile.

"Thank you."

She was surprised when she heard her name called. "Hannah, Kneel."

She had thought he would be down with the other men but when she came into his office it appeared he had stopped there to get some work done. He was just closing and locking his computer when she arrived. She came and Kneelt beside him.

He took the collar of her teddy and rolled it down over her shoulders. He took care not to tear the fabric as he slid it down until it was rolled to the midpoint between her nipples and belly button, baring her breasts.

"Display."

She rose off her ankles, hands lacing behind her head and arching her breasts out towards him. He took from his pocket the silver bell clamps and she glanced up at him with a pleading look. "No, Master... please..."

"No, Master?" He asked, cocking an eyebrow, an wicked, amused smirk twisting his lips.

"I mean, Yes, Master... but please..." She corrected herself but she knew he wasn't angry. "How long will they be on?"

He caressed her head fondly. "You know slave, I haven't decided."

She flinched, as she always did, when they went on. He took a moment to admire the effect, slapping one breast to make it bounce and the bell ring. "Lovely." He told her. "You look lovely in the clothes I have given you. Chosen for you."

She blinked away the little tear from the pain of the clamps. "Yes, Master."

"Bow, away."

She had expected him to fuck her now that the bells were on but instead she felt something hard and metal slide into her pussy when he pulled the crotch of the teddy aside. She didn't figure it out though until it was pressed against her ass. She moaned as it slipped in. When he took a moment to admire it, tapping his finger against the base for a moment, she knew it was the one with his name on it. *Elias Fredrich Wolf*.

"Kneel."

She got back into position in front of him. "I don't suppose you've decided how long this stays in either?" She said, looking up at him with a pleading but not very hopeful smile.

He laughed. "Funny little slave." He bent and gave her a fond kiss. "But no, can't say I have."

He slapped her breast again, ringing both bells with the force. "Now back to the kitchen with you."

He didn't have to tell her that she was not to roll her teddy back up until he gave her explicit permission. She would be in the bells with his name in her ass until he said otherwise. She was blushing a bright red when she came back to the kitchen, and struggling to remember how to walk with the plug in. Jessica looked up at the tinkle of the bells and rolled her eyes. "Fuck my life. Max is going to want a pair of those for sure."

Hannah laughed a little nervously. "Sorry, Jessica."

"Hardly your fault." She went back to cutting apples with a theatrical sigh.

Elias had chosen the evening for her to wear the bells with purpose. She had proposed a kind of cocktail hour before dinner where the men could enjoy drinks and some finger food out on the large balcony before dinner. She and the other slaves circulated around the party with little canapes they had cooked.

The bells were a big hit.

Jessica was right about Max. "Oh, I really can't wait to watch you fuck her in these later." He'd said, clearly delighted. "Where did you get them? You must give me the address." "Of course."

"You'll let me take a paddle to the little bitch too I hope? I'd love to hear them ring when I strike her."

Max was not the only one who was enthusiastic and soon Hannah had quite the fearful list of people who wanted to make the bells ring themselves.

The men were satisfied but decided not to go in for dinner immediately. The sea breeze was nice and they were enjoying the cocktails. She was grateful though that now her duties were done she could go Kneel by her Master. Maybe now she would get less attention, without the bells constantly ringing as she moved.

"You may Bow tonight, slave, instead of Kneeling."

She almost laughed. He had planed this. It would be funny if her breasts didn't hurt so much and she wasn't so certain her ass was about to follow suit.

She crawled to kneel in front of him and then gracefully walked her hands out. She lifted her hips and arched her back, opening her knees. Her pussy opened and her ass was on prominent display. Elias leaned forward and pulled the teddy up, cruelly into her crack until it was to one side of the base of the plug. Between her cheeks his name would be prominently displayed.

It didn't take long at all for someone to take notice.

"*Elias Frederick Wolf*, eh?" It was Blackly's amused voice behind her as he read the words. "Good to see a cunt who knows her place, with a man's name in her ass."

"I wanted to get 'Property of' on their too but her ass isn't big enough to fit all those words legibly." Her Master told him. "She is, after all, a little thing."

“How long has she been wearing that?” Nigel asked. He sounded interested.

“Since we returned from boating.”

“She walks well with it. Most whores hobble around with their legs apart and look terrible plugged.”

“She's had practice. And she knows I won't tolerate anything ungraceful from her.”

“You don't mind if I cane her a bit, do you?” Nigel asked.

“By all means.”

The caning was brutal. She was crying by the first blow. Nigel focused on her pussy and ass, making sure each hit landed almost squarely on one or the other. The teddy, thin and crammed into her slit, offered no protection. Soon her lips were puffy and swollen and her ass was a mass of red stripes.

“She holds her form well, doesn't she. Despite the fact that it's clear she's suffering. Quite the sight she was last night too, I don't mind saying.” Nigel said. He sounded interested. “You've got a nice slave here, Elias, really very nice.”

He took a seat next to her Master. “I don't suppose you're training to sell?”

“No, I'm not.” Her Master sounded pleased with the compliment but she fought not to shudder at the idea. To be sold to any man would have destroyed her but to someone as cruel as Nigel Blakely would have been the worst fate she could imagine.

“Ah, too much to hope for.” Nigel said. “It is interesting, the slaves you all have. At first I didn't see it. I've crossed paths with Tarik before and other men like you all. Men who have a girl they keep long-term. It made very little sense to me. Ruslana is beautiful, no doubt, but so are many other women. It's hard to see what would make one worth all this trouble you all seem to go through to train them.”

“It took me a while to recognize the worth of it as well.” Elias said.

“This weekend I think I finally understand it. It is intoxicating the way she looks at you, like you're a God.” Nigel laughed. “I'd love to see that in a woman's eyes... just before I whipped her raw.”

“It takes effort.” She heard him take a sip of his drink. “And the right girl.”

Hannah couldn't help but wonder if they were speaking of the same thing. Somehow they didn't seem to be.

“Oh?”

“Furst was the first person I'd ever seen do it. In real time, I mean. Ruslana and Elena are the only other slaves I know who are as dedicated to their Masters as Jessica is to Max.”

Me... Hannah wanted to protest, *and me!*

"I changed a lot of what I did with her training based on his advice."

"Oh... Jessica. Don't get me started on that tasty number. I would give half the money in my bank to ram my cock up that tasty little ass just to hear how she would wail." Nigel said.

Elias laughed. "I think you're only the most recent name on a very long list of men who could say the same. Myself included at one time."

"But not anymore?"

"No, not anymore."

"Interesting."

Another moment of silence passed and then Nigel said, "I own a club in London that caters to men like us. Illya met me in fact because I buy many of the girls I use there through him." He drummed his fingers on his glass. "In two months we're celebrating the Feast of the Saints. I was wondering if the two of you might like to come."

He held up a hand. "You don't have to answer now. I'll leave you my contact information and you can think it over. But I would be proud to put you up in the club, of course. The penthouse suites are exceptional, if I do say so myself. It would be my pleasure to show you around London."

"That's very obliging."

"Well, self serving as well. No need to give me too much credit. I'd be happy to see this cute little cunt spread and whipped again and, as I said, interested to hear more about your training techniques." He said. "None of the sluts I've bought from Illya are more than a pretty face hooked on drugs, but I'm sure I can find something a little more fresh for a demonstration in two months."

"If I can make it work with my schedule, I'd be happy to."

Hannah prayed he would be busy. She didn't want to see Blakely ever again if she could help it and she didn't like the idea of her Master spending more time with him. What if he learned some things from Blakely instead of the other way around?

But she had other things to worry about at the moment.

She heard her Master stand. "You will excuse me for a moment, Nigel? I need to send Hannah to start organizing the girls to get dinner on the table but before that I think she'd benefit from a cock in her pussy before she starts, don't you think?"

"A fine idea!" Nigel agreed with real enthusiasm. He snapped his fingers and waved over the blond whore who was the same size and coloring as Hannah. "On your knees whore, time to use that fucking mouth for the only thing it's good for."

She heard the familiar sound of her master unbuckling behind her and then the feeling of his blunt head at her pussy. Nigel had done the job he had intended to with the caning. It hurt

when he pushed in. Not just the usual size and stretch but her lips were puffy and raw, and he gave no lenience to compensate. The tender flesh from the beating and the extra pressure of the plug was a heady combination.

She felt one hand close over the back of her head and he pulled her face up. "Hands at your lower back." He commanded.

She crossed her wrists delicately at the base of her spine, as if he had tied them there. But, of course, with her there was no need. She would keep them there with or without a rope. Without her hands to prop herself up the hand at the back of her head was painful as her hair alone kept her chest a few inches off the ground. Besides that it left her with no leverage, truly at his mercy.

He set up a slow but rhythmic pace, accelerating at the end so he slammed into her hips with a bit of extra force. Each time the little bells jingled mockingly. With her head pulled up she was facing Nigel. She looked head, not at him. But she could see, despite the tears, that he had the blond whore between his legs and he was choking her on his cock. But he wasn't looking down. He was looking right at Hannah. Her mouth was open from the pain but she held back, not wanting to give him the satisfaction of hearing her wail.

She couldn't hold back her voice when she came. Her body shuddered and she moaned, clenching her hips and pussy down hard on Elias's cock. White hot pleasure broke like a wave over her body, mixing in with the pain until they both were indistinguishable. She closed her eyes.

"Thank you, Master. Thank you for letting me cum." She gasped when she regained herself.

"Fucking hell, Wolf. What a little whore you have."

He let her down so she lay on the rough tile, ass up and hands still at her back. He slapped her ass and then went back to sit in the chair beside Nigel. She stayed where she was, trembling with her chest against the rough stone of the patio and her hand still at her back. "Up slave, finish your task and then you can go start dinner."

As she licked him clean, lovingly, Nigel finished in the girl's mouth. "Quite the show." Nigel said. "Haven't cum that hard in a while. She's a delight."

Elias looked down at her. She was looking up at him, as she should, and caressing his cock and balls lovingly with her tongue, taking her time to clean him off. Then she tucked him neatly away and pulled the belt snug.

"Thank you Master, for your cum." She said.

She stood. "Can I get Sir or Master a fresh drink?" She asked. She had noticed they were both almost to the end.

"Might as well." Nigel said.

She brought them both another round. By the time she got back the blond slave was on Blakely' lap bouncing painfully on his cock, which was rammed up her ass. The girl was

wincing with every thrust, humiliated tears streaming down her throat as he twisted her breasts with brutal intent. Hannah went back to the kitchen to help the other slaves set the table.

The remainder of the weekend passed very pleasantly. At least for the male occupants of the house. The female occupants, if asked, might have given a more mixed answer. An answer that, no doubt, would have shifted wildly throughout the day, depending on what diversion was decided upon.

The next morning most of the party decided to go down to the beach. But Tarik had told Elias at breakfast that he would be happy to use the time teaching him some new tricks with rope that he might be interested and Elias had agreed enthusiastically.

They went down to the room behind the pool with Hannah while Ruslana and Elena stayed behind to make sure lunch was seen to. She wondered if Ruslana would actually help for a change, since it was just the two of them and she would be punished as well if the meal was tardy.

“Is she flexible?”

“She is. I don't work on it as much as I should but she can do the splits. She can't bend as easily to touch her toes. She can do it but it's not graceful.”

“We will work to display her better attributes then and improve the ones that need work.” He looked at Elias. “It's better if she's stripped. It will allow us to see the strain in her muscles better, to evaluate what the body can and cannot take.”

“Of course.”

Elias turned and stripped her teddy down over her shoulders and body without a word of explanation to the girl. The Bosnian had lived in Germany for many years after Ruslana had been discovered in his basement and he'd had to leave his home country. So together they spoke German, interjecting only commands in English. It made the experience even more disconcerting for Hannah as she didn't know what would happen to her next.

She stood naked between the two men as they discussed what to do to her next.

“Lie face down there slave, ankles together and wrists at your side.” Tarik said in English, pointing to a space on the floor that was under a few pulleys.

She obeyed.

“Start by tying her wrists behind her back.”

She felt her Master's hands around her wrists and he knelt over her hips as he wound the rope between her wrists and cinched it firm.

When he was finished Tarik examined his work. "Not bad, you've improved since last time."

"I've been practicing." Elias said with a wink.

"It has paid off." The older man said. "Now for a hogtie, I always bind the wrists together and bring the legs to them one at a time. The effect is better and I find it's easier."

Elias knelt beside her and picked up one ankle, bringing it forward to meet her hands.

"You'll be surprised at how far down her leg you can attach the leg. A lot of people don't think of it but it's a nice way to up the ante, as it were." Tarik remarked. "Try her mid calf, she seems as though she'll manage it."

Hannah was indeed flexible enough but it meant that she had to strain to lift her chest off the ground. He liked the effect overall. She looked uncomfortable. "See if you can get to her knees by the next time I see you."

"Next lets hoist her up, shall we. I find many slaves find it more intense to be suspended when they are blindfolded. Without being able to see the ground it feels much farther. I think you slave in particular will react well to it."

Elias was all for it. He took the black scarf out from his pocket (rarely was it not on his person) and slipped it over Hannah's eyes. Next he connected a rope to the junction between her legs and arms and threw it over the pulley. The gasp when he lifted her off the ground was a mixture of fear, surprise and pain. A gratifying sound indeed.

But she knew better than to think begging would do anything but antagonize them.

"Lots of options from here." Tarik continued. "I wouldn't leave her supported like this alone for more than a few minutes. Not if you want to avoid dislocating her arms. I find this the most elegant solution. It spoils the form the least, in my opinion. Let me show you."

He wound a rope a few times around the narrowest part of Hannah's waist and then drew it up to connect with where her legs and arms were. The extra support relieved some but not all of the stress on her hips and shoulders.

"This is safe for several hours at least. Not more than six, in my experience." Tarik remarked. "I like to pair this with a breast tie. May I show you?"

"Please do."

He wound the rope above and below Hannah's breasts but didn't crush them between them, rather he appeared to be framing them with the rope. "For me I've never liked tight breast bondage. The natural shape is distorted and it has never been worth the sacrifice you make on the look to get the extra discomfort for the slave."

“I couldn't agree more.”

Tarik picked up a switchy little cane and teased her nipples for a moment before giving her several hard blows on each side. She jumped and screamed in pain, writhing against the ropes to get away. “And I've never had a problem getting a woman to react without it.” He said with a smile.

He put down the cane. “The breast tie is aesthetic mostly but there is some function. Ruslana tells me it can be difficult to breathe when I tie it tight enough. Add a cock down her throat and she gets quite animated.”

Elias ran his hand casually over her abused breasts, caressing her nipples gently. She sighed with pleasure, recognizing her Master's warm hands. Even when he gave each nipple a brutal pinch, she still thought it had been worth it.

“Now let's move on to strappado.”

They lowered her back to the floor but Elias made no move to remove the blindfold.

“Keep the hands as they are.”

“Stand up, slave.” Elias commanded when her legs were free. It was difficult without her hands but Hannah managed it without much fuss. The rope was still over the pulley so Tarik had only to pull it to cause her to bend forward. He paused just before her heels would need to come off the ground, almost as if to let her know he had recognized the limit and decided to push past it.

He drew her up until she was supported only by her toes. Hannah's arms were screaming in pain and she was sweating. “An inch more and truly becomes torture. But her arms will dislocate. I don't recommend going past this if you care to preserve the person in question.”

He released the rope and let her go back down onto flat feet. Hannah was panting, tears leaking out from beneath the blindfold. Tarik nudged her feet apart with his shoe until she was standing with legs widely spread. “I would try fucking her from behind here first before you fuck her on her toes. To get a sense of what she feels like.” Tarik advised. “You must be careful on her toes to give her enough counter balance with your hands on her hips. I can't tell you the number of slaves and whores I've seen damaged permanently because of a moment of slipped attention in that position.

She looked so beautiful. Her thighs and breasts were red from the cane and she was so perfectly presented. Her legs looked long and graceful, presented wide and her back was so elegantly curved. And every part of her, straining, just on the edge of breaking.

“Practice that and next time we meet up we can try some new things.” Tarik said. He was hard beneath his trousers. “Now, if you'll excuse me, this delightful sight has me wanting to fuck Ruslana before we all sit down for lunch.”

“I'll meet you up there.” Elias said with a wink.

As Tarik turned towards the door Elias turned back to Hannah. The Bosnian wasn't the only one who had been aroused by seeing her displayed in so many pleasing ways. Her took her pussy hard and fast and came quickly. He walked around and she welcomed him into her mouth, cleaning him off with her tongue. He wiped himself dry on her hair.

"It occurs to me that there is no reason in the world when I can't leave you down here, just as you are. I can go enjoy a leisurely lunch and when I come back, you'll be waiting for me, so beautifully presented." He told her.

"What... whatever you wish, Master." She said but he could hear in her voice that she was nervous, already cracking with the pain. "I am your slave. I accept anything to please you."

"You're facing away from the door. When I came back, if I didn't speak, how would you even be sure it was me fucking your tight little pussy?"

"I know my Master." She said. "I would know it was you."

He chuckled. "If I hadn't seen you find my cock in the dark, I would call you a liar slave. But maybe you do really know what my cock feels like in you well enough to recognize it."

He bent and began to undo the ropes at her ankles. "I think instead I'll enjoy you by the poolside." He told her. "You'll make it worth my while if you know what's good for you."

She nodded vigorously. "Yes, Master, of course. I will try very hard to please you."

But in the end, he mostly held her by the pool. Her shoulders ached, but felt better tucked under one of his arms. She leaned her head back against his shoulder, legs curled in his lap, listening to the sounds of a conversation she didn't understand. Finally though it was time to start preparing for dinner. When the girls and went back to the kitchen, Elias watched her go. Then said, "excuse me a moment, Furst."

He went his office and took the bell clamps and plug out of the drawer in his desk where he kept them. Beneath them was a square box made of dark blue leather. He hesitated. She wasn't ready for it, but he couldn't help flipping open the top of the box to look at it.

Inside rested her collar. It was made of beaten gold a band about half an inch high. There was a subtle hinge in the front that disappeared completely when closed and a little gold padlock in the back. It was measured perfectly so it would fit around her narrow neck, just at the middle. He had requested the craftsman make it a little tight for her so she would feel as though his fist was around her throat whenever she wore it. Etched in flowing script on one side were the words 'Property of Elias Frederick Wolf.'

It wasn't a collar she could wear every day, of course. More than a day or two in it and the metal would chafe her skin and break it open. He had others for her, softly lined things and soft, subtle ribbon ones with a charm dangling from them, declaring her owner. But it was the one he intended to collar her with.

He had commissioned it the day he had come back from the trip that had broken her and she had slept so sweetly in his arms. He had promised himself then that he would one day make her worthy to wear his collar. *When the time comes*, he reminded himself.

He closed the box and the drawer and then went out to the kitchen.

All the slaves went to their knees when he came in the kitchen. Hannah looked surprised, confused as she knelt before him, looking up with questioning eyes.

“Display.”

That answered her question.

She looked humiliated as he crouched and exposed her. This time the teddy she wore had a deep V neck that he pulled wide to bare her. He caressed her breast, rolling the nipple into a firm little peak before attaching the first bell. She knew as well as he did that the other slaves were watching the spectacle closely in their peripheral vision. He slapped the breast, making the bell ring. Then took the other breast and repeated the process.

“Bow away.”

Please don't do this. The look in her eyes was clear but she did not delay. She turned on her knees and sank into Bow. He slipped the plug into her pussy to lubricate it then pushed it slowly into her ass. He gave her bottom a sharp smack. The bells rang. He stood and turned to the other two slaves. “Pardon the interruption Elena, Jessica.”

“Welcome always, Herr Wolf.” Elena replied.

He turned and left to rejoin Max by the pool.

Once the door had closed behind him, Hannah stood up, cheeks red with humiliation. Elena frowned and came to take her chin. “What this color for?” She asked.

“It's... I mean, it's embarrassing for you to see that.”

It was silly but true. They had seen her, by all means, in way worse positions than that. But there was something uniquely degrading about what he had done. He had done it with only the women present, in the only room of the house that she had any control over and so casually. Somehow it was worse than many other things it ought not to have been. It made her incredibly wet.

Elena shook her head. “You were obedient. You should be proud. Good submission.”

She felt a little better as they went back to preparing the dinner.

On the day of departure Max came to see Elias in his office. He knocked sharply twice.

“Come in,” Elias called in German.

He had Hannah over the desk and his pants were unbuckled. He had tied her hands forward but left her legs free to scrabble for purchase against the desk as he fucked into her with slow, but deep strokes. Even in heels she wasn't tall enough to find a way to brace herself against the onslaught. So she simply endured the her body being dragged across the desk for his use. She'd had a teddy on at some point but he had ripped it down over her breasts and pushed aside the little scrap of cloth between her legs. Her nipples he had clamped with a chain that went behind her back and he was using the chain to inspire her to thrust back on him with more enthusiasm. Though, in reality, she could do very little to help herself with her toes off the ground. For a change he had forgone the blindfold but instead stuffed the same black cloth into her mouth. Her eyes were filled with tears.

Furst could tell that the girl was in pain at a glance. A little trickle of blood was visible down her leg, running into the expensive heels. Elias hadn't lied when he said the girl bled sometimes like a virgin. Little wonder too. Wolf was twice the size of her at least. She probably felt as though his cock could split her in two when he took her like this. Not to mention the bruising grip the man had on her hips and her clamped nipples. But Wolf barely seemed to notice the girl, or her pain.

He looked up at Max. “Don't mind her.” He said, mildly. “Used the wrong glass for my whiskey. Sloppy. She's getting the lesson she deserves.”

He had a hand around her throat. It was large enough to encircle it and he was making it difficult for the girl to breathe. She was breathing hard though her nose, knowing better than to try with the cloth in her mouth.

Max smiled and stepped around the coffee cup at the center of the wet spot on the carpet. He sat in one chairs across from his desk, folding one leg across the other lazily. He had a fantastic view of Hannah's panicked, fearful expression and pink nipples pulled painfully back. He flicked a spec off his pants. “Take your time.”

When Elias had cum and straightened his trousers, he left Hannah where she was and came around the desk. He poured Max a whiskey and leaned against his desk.

“I assume Blakely spoke to you about this Feast of Saints in London?” Max said coolly

“He mentioned it.”

“Are you free?”

“Let me look at my calendar.” He flipped it open on the desk. Next to it Hannah had turned her cheek to the desk and was crying softly in pain. “Yes, I don't see anything that couldn't be moved. I'll have to double check but probably, yes, I could come.”

They were speaking German so Max could be more frank with him than he might have been otherwise, if Hannah could understand him. “Jessica doesn't like the man. She thinks he can't be trusted. She hasn't said anything, except that she doesn't want to be left alone with him. But she doesn't have to. I know what that means.”

“Based on what?”

Max shrugged. “Woman's intuition I suppose. Obviously she doesn't have something concrete or she would have told me immediately.” He shifted. “But it's been a while since I've been to London and that set was always diverting. And Jessica will be glad enough to go if Hannah does.”

Elias smiled. “You want me to bring my slave, so your slave won't complain.”

“Jessica *doesn't* complain.” Furst said sharply. Then relented. “But she does have ways of making her preferences known.” He admitted with a smile.

“It might be interesting. He said he wanted to see some training techniques. That he'd get a fresh girl, someone not hooked on drugs to try out. Could be fun.”

“Indeed.” Max agreed.

“Maybe he just needs some advice on training.” He smiled at Max. “Like I did when we met at Christmas.”

Max waved him off. “That whore was never worth training.”

It was polite, but it wasn't true. He had made mistakes with Katarina.

“This little scrap of flesh on the other hand,” he gestured to Hannah, “has progressed remarkably well.”

“She has.”

“You should be proud of the work you've done with her too. This much progress in such a short time... it's impressive.”

“I am.”

It wasn't as simple as telling Max he would bring her a party in London. How to figure out if she was ready to be brought out in the public was... difficult. She was so good on the island. Since she had told him that she loved him, things had been even better.

Tarik had said that he needed a demonstration, and she gave him one every day, in almost everything she did. Something had opened in her when she had told him she loved him. It was as if she'd given herself permission to do it. The part of her that struggled to remember that he was her captor, her rapist, had gotten much, much quieter. She looked up at him with such devotion, such love when he came on her face or down her throat. She went without resistance to be tied for his use, fucked across his desk, the couch or in any position he could think of.

When she said he owned her body, that she was his slave, she meant it.

He didn't want any of that to change. Not when she was so perfect.

After the Midsommar party, he had been convinced of her goodness. She had found his cock in the dark. She had told him she loved him and cried when she thought she wasn't allowed to say it again.

And then the way she had submitted to him the rest of the party. Such an obedient, subservient, pliable little piece of flesh. So grateful for any touch he bestowed on her: caress or blow. And God but he had been indulgent. Any excuse to slap her, take her over his knee and belt her he had taken. He had belted her hard over his knee at the breakfast table on the last day for pouring a bit too much cream into his coffee.

Still, he was hesitant to take her off the island.

Max had been forced to with Jessica. After all, when she had come back to him, there was no use in pretending he could keep her from the public. They were linked, once he had bought her that plane ticket to return to him.

Tarik or Aleksander also lived openly with their slaves. But they had been with Ruslana and Elena for years prior to attempting it.

He warred with himself.

He could always leave her on the island to go to the party. He had left her there for a similar amount of time when he had broken her in the dark. Or, if he didn't feel like being so cruel, one of the Novaks he trusted would be all it would take. He could convince them to lock her in the cellar before the others came and that would be that. Adeline would be the one. She was a girl who ask any questions, not where money was concerned. She wouldn't blink twice at agreeing to lock a woman in a cellar once a week for the right price.

Another, better, option would be to put her back in the trunk of his car and take her to his house in Berlin. In truth, he should have done that months ago. It was possible to conduct his business remotely but not convenient. He didn't like to admit it to himself but a real part of his hesitation was that he didn't want to put her in the room where Katarina had stayed. It wasn't rational to think she would start behaving like Katarina if he did, but he couldn't imagine her in it.

The trouble was he wanted her in the rest of his life.

He wanted to fuck her over the desk in his Berlin office. He would have her bring him lunch, close the door and then use her with a hand over her mouth so she didn't scream loud enough his secretary would suspect. He wanted to fuck her mouth against the floor-to-ceiling windows in his living room, looking out at the city view. He could just see her head trapped against the thick glass as he leaned over her, thrusting into her throat. He'd put his hands on the glass and push all the way in. He wanted to see her in his kitchen in that apartment, making him french press coffee in lingerie. Take her to celebrate Christmas in Gengbach to see the advent calendar in the windows of city hall.

He even longed to introduce her to his business partners. He would teach her how to submit in public, under their very noses. She would make little signs to him of her obedience and only be taken for a doting girlfriend. Young beautiful, good English and smart enough to pick up German quickly. He would get a lot of envious glances.

How old is she, anyway Wolf? eighteen... Jesus, lucky man.

Where did you meet her? A cafe in Kiev, what's the name? I'll go see if there's a waitress like that for me there.

Where can I get a sweet little piece like that?

But how to start it off. Of that, he was less sure.

The first step was to buy her clothes. Not just lingerie but something she could wear in public. She would also need to be trained a bit. She would need to learn a new set of rules, how to humble herself to him in ways that wouldn't catch the attention of anyone who didn't know what to look for.

He decided on a trip to Milan in a few weeks. He had a meeting there with the C-levels of a company he was interested in. The business could have been conducted over the phone but he was interested to see the culture of the company first hand. The financials looked good but there was something he didn't quite like about the way their meetings had gone. Besides, Tarik had a delightful villa on Lake Como and had always wanted Elias to visit him and Ruslana there.

“Of course! We would be delighted to see you and Hannah again so soon.” Tarik had said when he'd called. “We can see how you've been getting along with the ropes as well.”

“Sounds ideal.”

He decided the safest would be to drive. It was a long drive but beautiful, and he would have the most control over her that way. They would fly to London but he needed her to prove herself before they boarded a plane. He asked Josip to bring his car down from Berlin for the journey.

The next was clothes. Like the lingerie, he found this surprisingly easy. He liked imagining what she would wear for him, how beautiful she would look in the things he bought and chose for her. He bought a range of outfits, everything from casual to very formal. He brought her into the office one morning after lunch to introduce the idea to her. She had sucked him off beneath the table while he ate. He wanted to have a clear head for this.

He'd kept her hungry too. He hadn't given her any breakfast or lunch besides his cum.

He leaned against his desk and she knelt before him.

"In about twenty days I'm going to travel to Milan for some business." He said.

She looked up, looking crestfallen but didn't protest. A trip had always meant before a return to the cellar for her. He had never been gone very long but she was always a sobbing mess when he returned, even with the lights on. He couldn't deny the fact that he enjoyed how fragile she was in the days following. Every beating seemed to hurt worse, every curt remark enough to provoke the most delicious pleading apologies. And she was constantly wet, so happy to have him take her in any circumstance.

"How long?"

"Five days."

It was a real blow. The longest he'd been gone since the trip that had broken her.

"I'm going to take you with me."

Now the sadness in her eyes was replaced immediately with fear. The relief he felt was intense. That was a very good sign. She wasn't eager to come with him, eager to get out where she had a chance to escape. She was afraid—of the outside world, of displeasing him, of all the things she had forgotten how to do while she was learning how to be a slave. But mostly, she was afraid of making a mistake.

But... she wanted to go. He could see that too. She didn't want to be locked in the basement.

"Yes, Master." Was all she said however. What else could she say? If he said she would go, she would go. She didn't think this was something she could plead with him over and likely it would only make him angry.

Hannah had a million questions. How would they go? Would she have to be in the trunk again? Drugged again? Where would they stay? Who would they meet? What did he expect? How could she please him? How could she keep from making a mistake that would make him angry?

She reminded herself to be patient. To trust him, as Jessica had said to do.

"I will be taking you into public places, which means you will need to be dressed."

"Yes, Master."

Since the Midsommar party he often selected some lingerie for her to wear in the morning. She knew he liked the way it looked on her, liked more the way it looked half off her, and the process of taking it off. And she was almost never without heels (unless she was being punished). So she had gotten used to that. Clothes though... it was hard to imagine being *clothed* in his presence.

He pointed to a large array of parcels stacked against one wall of the office. "After we are done in here you can take those into the bedroom and arrange them into the closet. You may choose a space for yourself to put them, as long as it's neat and orderly."

"Yes, Master."

"You will also learn how not to attract attention to the fact that you are my slave when we are in public." He told her. "This is not an excuse to relax your etiquette with me. I will not tolerate impudence." He added sharply.

She nodded frantically, swallowing hard.

"The level of respect you show me must always be constant. But the ways in which you show it, will have to change."

She nodded. "For example, when we eat, I will serve you food. You may not eat anything I don't put on your plate or drink anything I do not pour into your cup"

That made sense. "May I.. that is, may I call you by your name?"

He had gone back and forth on this, but finally what had swayed him was the simple fact that he liked to hear her say his name. She said it with so much reverence and love. *I love you, Elias*. The way she said it was like a physical caress.

He smiled fondly. "You may. Infrequently though. You should do your best to try to avoid doing so but if nothing else makes sense, you may. If I feel you are abusing the privilege, it will be taken away."

"Thank you, Master."

"You are otherwise not to behave in any way out of the ordinary. You may sit on furniture when it is appropriate, though only after I have sat. You do not have to restrict your eyesight as you do here. You can look around freely. Though choose your eye contact with me very carefully."

She nodded.

"The rest of it I will teach you as we go along. There is too much to learn in one day."

"Thank you, Master." Was all she said, though she sounded nervous.

In the interest of arriving not too late in Milan, Elias decided to skip his morning exercise regimen. He did not forgo rolling Hannah onto her stomach for a sleepy fuck from behind.

While she made breakfast he packed two weekend bags for them. He enjoyed deciding what she would wear for the next few days, imagining how he would take her in each outfit.

She was restless with nervous energy as she knelt beside him at breakfast. How she could convey that so clearly with almost no movement, was astounding. She took what he gave her from his plate but he gave her only a little. He didn't want her to throw up on the boat from nerves and the rocking motion. It would be an inauspicious beginning. He had decided he would give her an energy bar in the car to make up for it. She was a slight little thing after all and it was easy to underfeed her, given how often he thought to keep her stomach empty for a particularly rough throat fucking. The shakes that Adler had recommended were wonderful and she had put on a bit more weight, to his pleasure.

"Clean up the kitchen, then go put on the clothes I left on the bed while I put the bags in the jeep." He commanded.

The skirt was a soft sage green, unpleated mini skirt. It was a rich heavy cotton weave with a tight band of fabric at the top that hugged her hips and accentuated her narrow waist. It came up relatively high, ending a little above her bellybutton. The top was a cream white crop top made of a stiff cotton blend. It had the suggestion of a corset about it with a fold of fabric that traced the underside of each breast and how tightly it was cut along waist. Between the two was the barest hint of her skin, just enough to suggest the idea of slipping ones thumb underneath the skirt to stroke her bare skin. The heels were a soft and fawn brown.

No bra or underwear were provided.

There was an enormous mirror at the far end of their bedroom, facing the bed. Elias had put it there because he liked to take her on hands and knees in the bed, pulling her head up to make her watch as he debased her. Besides he could see the agony on her face better in the mirror than with her head turned to one side if he was taking her rough.

She didn't recognize the girl she saw in it. She didn't recognize the slave she had seen in that mirror, naked and ready to be fucked from behind or dressed in lingerie, eyeing herself critically to make sure she was pleasing enough. She certainly didn't see the girl Kiev who could never have afforded such beautiful clothes. And there was something healthy and content about her that was suddenly much more noticeable now that she was dressed. The girl she expected to see looked worried, constantly anxious that her heater would break, she wouldn't make rent or she would be fired from her job. She had taken some sun on the island and her skin, while still pale, was warm and almost glowing. Her cheeks were flushed and she looked... settled in a way she never had before. She had nothing to worry about on the island, except pleasing Elias. And he would get pleasure from her no matter what she did.

She didn't look older, despite how clearly the clothes spoke of quality. If anything they emphasized how young she was, all that perfect skin on display. But she looked so different. Submissive and docile but somehow more worldly and elegant too. She looked like she deserved to be the plaything of a powerful man.

She reminded herself not to keep him waiting and hurried out to meet him by the jeep.

The time he had spent thinking about the clothes had been well worth it, Elias decided as she came down the steps to join him by the jeep. It sent just the right message. He was dressed in gray business slacks and a black Henley that stretched across his broad chest. The watch on his wrist, the quality of his clothes and belongings, all of it marked him as a man with a lot of money and even more power.

But none of it more so than having her with him. It would be so clear to anyone that looked at them that he *owned* her. They might not think of a collar or Kneeling, certainly not punishment with a cane. But they would know that she was a possession of his: a sweet, beautiful young woman that he kept to suck his cock and spread her legs whenever he liked. And that was a commodity that very few people could afford to buy.

And she looked so sweetly shy. She was glancing at him warily, looking for signs of approval. *Do you like it, Master?* She asked with her expression.

He withheld the praise. He wanted to keep her off balance for this trip. But he couldn't help himself. He caught her by the wrist and jerked her forward so she stumbled, bringing up her arms to press against his chest. One hand gripped her ass, hard enough to make her squeak, while the other tangled in her hair. He tilted her head back and gave her a claiming kiss. She shivered, opening her mouth and welcoming him to sample her as he saw fit.

He took her by the hand and led her to the side of the car. "I will always take you by the hand when we transition to a public space." He told her. "This will be your cue that we are changing etiquette protocols."

He opened the car door and offered her a hand to get in. "You must also never enter or leave a car, a table, a room, really any specific location without my guidance, and therefore permission."

She nodded. "Yes..." She trailed off without saying 'Master.'

She tried to remember the last time she'd been in a car. Well apart from the trunk of a car. Some taxi in Kiev? But where would she have been going?

He went around to the other side and turned on the jeep. He put a hand on the knee that was bared by the skirt. His grip was firm.

She did a good job remembering the rule about not getting in and out of things as they boarded the boat. He left her in the car while he loaded the luggage from the trunk. She waited patiently until he opened the door and helped her out, then let him lift her onto the boat. By the time he stepped across himself, she was Kneeling in the very center of the deck. He felt something tug in his chest.

He hoped he wasn't making a mistake. That this wouldn't be the last time he could see her as his sweet little devoted slave. If she betrayed his trust he didn't think it would ever be the same again between them.

He offered her his hand and pulled her to her feet. He lead her back to the cockpit, making sure to hold on to her. He had given her heels to wear that morning and she wasn't very

steady on her feet on the boat.

“You may sit on the seat, there.” He indicated one of the comfortably padded bench seats on either side of the prow.

She hesitated, unsure. She hadn't sat (apart from in his lap) ever in his presence.

“When I phrase things as a suggestion Hannah, do not mistake the *command* that it is.”

She went quickly after that and went to sit on the seat. She looked highly uncomfortable and kept glancing back at him nervously as he piloted the boat out into the channel and turned toward the shoreline. “We're off the coast of Croatia.” He told her as the city came into view. “That's the town of Pula.”

She looked up sharply. She had never been told where she was. Nor the date. But he didn't want to add to her anxiety that he might be angry when she found out where they were (as would be inevitable from the signs on the road). He wanted her nervous, but not a wreck.

“How far is the drive to Milan?” She asked. “My geography this far West is a little lacking.”

“Five or so hours. I can show you the route we'll be taking on a map in the car.” He said. “And we'll break it up. We'll stop for lunch at a place I like in Brescia.”

He estimated that they would drive through Brescia at around two PM. The perfect time to stop in a charming cafe in a square and enjoy some prosecco and pasta.

Suddenly he was struck by a memory.

“Lie down on the seat, Hannah.”

She obeyed with a confused look. She pulled her feet up and stretched out her legs on the seat beside him. He put his hand on her stomach, then slid it under the stiff, luxurious white cotton of her top. He palmed her breast, rolling one of her nipples between his fingers.

“I put you just here, when I brought you over.” He told her.

They were out in the open water, with little for him to do so he locked the steering and turned his full attention to her. He slid his hand out and then used both hands to slide down the straps and pull the top down so her breasts were bared. He continued to play with them casually as he spoke. “It was a cold night and you had nothing but that little skirt to keep you warm.”

He bent and kissed one nipple before sucking it into his mouth, making her gasp.

“That pathetic, thin bra. I should have known you were a virgin when I saw that.”

He slid a hand up her thigh to the wet cleft that was open. He slipped a finger in her and began to stroke her clit with his thumb. She squirmed against his hand. “I thought about fucking you, oh God did I want to. I'd driven all day from Kiev fucking stiff thinking about you in the back. Drugged and pliant and helpless.”

He turned his attention to the other breast, kissing and nipping at it until both her peaks were stiff and she had a few red marks from his teeth on her breasts. "But I knew I wanted you to be awake the first time I raped you. And I was right to wait. You screamed so prettily for me, didn't you?"

"Yes... yes, Master."

He gave her a playful slap on the face. "Master? How soon you forget the rules. You aren't to call me that when we are in public etiquette are you?"

She was too aroused to think clearly. "I did... I did scream for you."

He pulled her down the bench until her legs dangled off the edge. He knelt between them and got his cock out. He pushed it to her wet tunnel and began to thrust. She groaned, arching.

"Did it hurt? Taking me the first time?"

"So badly... so badly."

"You may cum, Hannah."

"Oh, God... thank you!" She arched, clenching and reaching her peak. It wasn't enough to push him over, given how recently he had taken her but she lay limp as he fucked her hard for a moment before spilling into her. He slid his hand between her legs and brought it to her lips. "Better not leave this here to run down your leg. People will notice things like that."

He made her suck the rest of his cum off his fingers and then wiped his hand clean in her hair. Then he sat her up, pulled her shirt back into place, straightened her skirt and then put her knees demurely together. He winked.

"Like it never happened, eh?" He laughed. "Like you didn't just cum for me and lick my cum off my fingers."

Josip was waiting to catch the rope and tie off as they docked the boat. He had thought about it carefully and decided this was an excellent first test. It wasn't too late to easily take her back to the island and he was certain that Josip could forget any information for the right price. He had taken the precaution of obtaining a few more of the sedating syringes, one of which was easily available in his shoulder bag.

But neither Hannah nor Josip seemed to take much interest in each other. Hannah seemed keen on avoiding him, as a man she didn't know. And if Josip found it strange that Elias was arriving from the island with a woman he'd never seen on it before, he didn't show it. He was old enough to remember Elias's father. Certainly, he had seen worse unloaded off the boat.

He handed the man the two weekenders before stepping onto the dock himself. He lifted Hannah under her armpits onto the dock, then took her hand.

"When will you be back, sir?" Josip asked as they walked up to the marina parking lot.

"Five days or so. I'll call you when I want the car driven back to Berlin."

"Very good."

Josip handed him the keys and stowed the bags in the trunk when he opened it. He handed the man a few hundred euro for “whatever came up” but in reality as a tip. Then he opened the door for Hannah.

He tried not to audibly sigh with relief when his door closed. First test down and she had appeared not to even notice it. She was highly attuned to his emotions usually but she'd had so little experience seeing him uncertain about anything, she didn't notice it at all.

He reached over and buckled her seat belt, pleased not to have had to tell her not to do it herself. His hand went back on her bare knee, the grip no less firm.

“Can we listen to some music? She asked as he backed out of the parking lot.

He laughed. “Already demanding things, slave? We're not yet out of the parking.”

She could tell he wasn't angry. “I just thought that's what you were supposed to do on long car rides. That's what they do in American movies anyway. I've never been out of Ukraine before though... well I suppose now I have.” She said with a giggle. “But I didn't know that until this morning.”

He put on a classical station on the satellite radio, one without words or commercials. She still didn't know the date yet and he was hoping to keep the timeline of her life as vague as possible for her. Even in Berlin he had never kept a calendar and he wasn't sure Kat had ever figured out the precise date.

It was incredibly pleasant to drive with her. They drove along the coast for a while and the view was spectacular. If he spoke to her she gave a reply and engaged back but she didn't prattle on and when he wanted silence she seemed more than content to watch the coast roll by.

He gave her a protein bar and a bottle of water since she'd been given so little at breakfast, which he could tell she was genuinely grateful for. She always said “Thank you, Master” of course, but he could tell she had been hungry. The 'Master' earned her a harsh squeeze and a slap on her inner thigh that she quickly apologized for.

They stopped for petrol and he opened the car door, helping her out. “Stretch your legs a bit before we drive on.” He told her.

She stood anxiously by the car, shifting her weight from side to side while he filled petrol. When he offered her the comfort of standing in his arms, she almost tripped in her eagerness to come to him. He was leaning against the hood of the car and pulled her against his chest. Her back was to him and she was bracketed on either side by his long legs. He put an arm around her, spreading his large hand over her stomach in a gesture of casual possession. He slid his thumb under the edge of the shirt, stroking the soft, perfect skin beneath.

At the station next to them a man in a sharp suit filling a new Mercedes was watching them out of the corner of his eye. When he saw Elias had noticed though he looked up and met his gaze. He smiled sheepishly for having been caught staring at her when Elias gave him a

cocky wink. He nodded his acknowledgment before he got into his car and pulled back out onto the road.

Hannah did not appear to have noticed the exchange. She was leaning against his chest and gazing around the petrol station, still clearly struggling with the world that was so familiar and strange at the same time. But she remembered to wait until he opened her door before getting back into the car.

Another test passed.

They arrived in Brescia just at two o'clock in the afternoon as he had predicted. It was the end of the Italian lunch hour so there wouldn't be too many people around but the restaurant wouldn't have closed to prepare the dinner menu.

He parked the car in the square and helped her out. As they approached he held up two fingers to the server wiping down tables that were out on the cobblestones of the square. The man indicated a table by the fountain. He nodded and led her to it.

Elias pulled out a chair for her and she sat, trembling. It wasn't just the fact that she was sitting in a chair, but the restaurant that had her shaking. She always knelt when he ate. She'd sat in the boat and the car. But it was different to sit at a table. As if she were her Master's equal.

The man approached with two menus, handing one to each before disappearing. Hannah took it out of reflex and opened it to look at the options.

"Put the menu down, Hannah."

He had spoken no louder than a conversational level but his tone was enough to make her drop it as if it had burned her. "I'm sorry...M... that is, I'm sorry."

"You can take the menu not to attract attention in a restaurant but you are to close it and place it immediately on the table." He told her firmly. "If we are out with people and someone remarks just smile and say that I know what you like."

She nodded. "Yes... Yes."

He ordered extravagantly. He liked the restaurant and he was in a good mood. She was doing well so far. When the food came the waiter placed two plates down in front of them each and the dishes in the middle, as Elias had requested.

He opened the Preseco he had ordered and her eyes widened when he poured some into her glass. He often gave her a bit of the beer or wine he had with a meal but always out of his own glass. She'd never had her own before. He put a bit of squid on her plate along with a pool of olive oil and some bread for a starter. Looking at the squid she put her hands on the rolled up silverware beside her and looked at him questioningly.

"May I..." She began, sliding her hand forward towards it.

“You don't have to ask for every sip or every bite. If I offer it to you, you can assume that you can take it at your leisure. Like a plate on the floor at home.”

Hannah felt this was not at all like when he put his plate on the floor for her at home but she knew better by far than to say so.

After the starters came some delicious pasta with fruit du mer cooked in an extraordinary, buttery sauce, a veal dish with a bright, lemony flavor, asparagus with grated pecorino cheese over it.

“How many languages do you know?” She asked as they ate.

“You ask because I ordered in Italian?”

“Yes.”

He considered. “German and English, obviously. My French is good enough for business but I'm not truly fluent. Italian and Spanish are conversational but not exceptional. How about you?”

“Ukrainian and English, you know. Russian, of course, that's what we speak in school. I studied French in school but it's not really worth mentioning because I never got very far. My sister spoke Polish because my mother was Polish, but I never learned.”

He hadn't known Katarina spoke Polish.

“Would you like to learn German?”

She brightened. “Ever so much!”

He had enjoyed being able to speak to Max and Tarik while excluding her. It had been fun to put her in the vulnerable position of not knowing what was happening, not knowing what was coming if she was blindfolded. But she would have to integrate into his life in Berlin. The sacrifice was worth it. Besides, there were always the headphones.

“Alright. I will buy you some books and once you have the basics, we can practice.”

She nodded eagerly. “Thank you....” Again she trailed off with the obvious word left unsaid.

When the waiter came to take away the dishes he and Elias spoke for a moment, then he turned to her. “He wants to know what flavor of gelato you would like. There is vanilla, lemon, raspberry and mint.”

Hannah considered the question. He had said that if he offered something she didn't need to ask permission, the offer was permission. “Raspberry please.”

Hannah had been too proud to admit that she hadn't known exactly what gelato is but she was very pleased to find out. Except for the fact that the waiter had handed it to her rather than Elias, which had been stressful. But he had nodded to let her know she could.

While she savored the gelato, he paid the check and they got back in the car.

“Thank you, Master.” She said once they were back in the car with the door shut.

His hand went back on her knee, and they drove on.

He always stayed at the Bvlgari in Milan and had been pleased that the penthouse suite was open on such notice. Hannah was in awe of the lobby, gazing around in open, unfeigned wonderment tinged with unabashed fear. He smiled. He hoped that never went away. It made it so enjoyable to spoil her, how overwhelmed and grateful she was even for small things. She was so impressed with his money, his power, so in awe of him. And, so far at least, she had shown no signs that she would ever become used to the opulence he surrounded her with. As it should be.

He checked them in and had the bags brought up from the car. He opened his satchel and got out the computer as the porter arranged their bags in the bedroom and then gave Hannah a long speech about the wifi, the pool and the gym amenities. Elias didn't listen. He was busy scrolling through emails he'd missed on the road, trying to figure out if there were any he needed to answer urgently.

He had been invited out to dinner with the CFO and with Milan traffic being rather unpredictable, he needed to leave soon to be on time. He had decided not to bring Hannah to dinner. That would be too much. She had been sweet, earnest, trying her best at lunch and he had enjoyed it immensely watching her so eager to please but so unsure how to. But she would need a bit more practice before she could be introduced to Elias's peers.

That was another reason he was pleased that the penthouse suite was open for the weekend, not simply because he liked the wide eyed way Hannah was staring around at the luxury he had brought her into while she pretended to listen to the bellhop. But it had an interesting feature in terms of the elevators. You had to put your key in a slot in the elevator when you got on to push the button for the penthouse and get the elevator to respond. Without it the button wouldn't illuminate and the elevator stayed where it was.

But you also had to put your key in a slot beside the elevator inside the penthouse to be able to call the elevator to that floor. Otherwise the button remained unlit and the elevator didn't come.

He had always wondered who had been responsible for that particular feature. He suspected they might have a lot in common.

Without a key, and he had no intention of leaving her one, Hannah wouldn't be able to get out of the penthouse without him. It wasn't fool proof. Leaving her alone for so long had it's dangers. She could, for example call, down to the front desk and ask for something, then say she forgot she wanted to go downstairs when the service arrived. To that end he intended to collect the landline phones and locked them in a small safe in the closet. But there was always the outside possibility that she could think of a way to get out that he hadn't considered. If she wanted to, that is.

He had considered drugging her or chaining her. Both were options he was still considering.

The second the bellhop had his tip and left, she fell to the floor in Kneel at his feet by the desk.

He was pleased by that.

She looked so good at his feet, waiting for him to serve him. The clothes looked just as they should, sweet but somehow suggestive, the skirt spreading out around her like petals of a flower. He checked his watch. He had time if he made it fast. It wouldn't be gratifying for her but he could satisfy himself.

“Come here and bend over the desk.”

She rose and came to stand in front of him, bending forward over his desk. He lifted her hips until the very tips of her high-heels were brushing the carpet, then flipped up her skirt. He pushed in and began to fuck her hard and fast. The desk rattled hard from his pounding and Hannah was making a frightened little squeak with every thrust as her slender legs dug against the edge of the desk hard enough to bruise. He put his hands around her waist. At the smallest part he could touch his fingers on either side. He moved one hand up, closing it over her throat. He dug into her flesh, pushing her down beneath him, letting her feel how insignificant she was, how weak she was compared to him.

He spurted deep within her with a satisfied groan.

She was crying. From the pain and surprise. She hadn't been expecting it after he had been so magnanimous all day. He was pleased to see she'd bled a bit she knelt and began to clean his cock with her mouth.

“Hurry up bitch, I've got dinner plans and I don't like to be late.” She redoubled her efforts, looking up at him with pleading eyes. He pulled her head away from his cock and gave her face a smart slap.

He wiped himself clean on her hair and tucked himself away. Usually she did that and he knew she felt it like a rebuke when he did it himself. He bent forward and roughly pulled the straps of her top over her arms, jerking it down until her breasts were exposed and her arms free from them.

“Display.”

She knelt up, hands lacing behind her head and breasts offered. He took a set of nipple clamps out of his satchel. They weren't the bells. It was two on the end of a decorative, fine silver chain. It looked fantastic but was exquisitely painful, safe only for a few hours, six at the most. She'd better hope he didn't decide to go out for drinks too late after dinner. Tears slid silently down her face and she didn't have breath to gasp as he put them on her.

He left her in Display. He collected the phones and put them in the safe, splashed some water on his face. He changed into a black button up shirt and reapplied his cologne. He went back to the desk and picked up his satchel. He looked down at her. Her lip was trembling and tears were still sliding down unchecked, splashing down onto her breasts. He didn't think from the pain, not yet, but from the rough way he'd treated her.

She was beautiful.

He walked to the elevator and put in the key. He double checked he had both in his possession. He left without a word.

He didn't end up liking the CFO. The man was late, for a start. And he seemed obsequious to Elias, too servile and submissive to be a proper head of a company. He deferred to Elias about the choice of table, wine and agreed with almost everything he had to say. He didn't think he would be doing business with this company.

So after the coffee he shook his hand and didn't invite him for a drink at the bar. There was still the tour of the building tomorrow, it would be rude not to go but he didn't want to waste more of his time than he needed to.

“Thank you for the diverting evening, Herr Wolf.” The man said with a too wide smile.

“Thank you for taking the time to meet with me and discuss this.”

He called ahead to the hotel restaurant as he drove back and asked them to prepare a Milanese Risotto with roasted chicken for him to pick up and take to his room. After the lunch they'd had he would be surprised if she was even hungry but the Risotto was quite good at the hotel, he wanted her to try it.

“Of course, sir.”

“Charge it to my room and bring it to the front desk for me to collect. Under no conditions is it to be brought to my room.”

“It will be at the front desk.”

The concierge smiled at him and handed him the pasta. Italians didn't generally do “to-go” dining but for the right price or the right customer... they'd found an elegant little tiffan somewhere with the name of the hotel on the front. “Your Risotto, Herr Wolf.”

He almost laughed with the door opened into the penthouse. He had forgotten that the lights worked by sensor to come on when you entered a room. But went off after a certain amount of time too. Without any permission to leave Display, she hadn't. She'd been kneeling in the dark for at least two hours.

He put the Risotto in the little kitchenette and came to examine her. He sat in the desk chair and looked down. She was shaking, knees and elbows trembling. It wasn't a very good version of Display but all things considered, not bad. She was biting her lip in pain as well, tears streaming down her face.

“Time for my desert, I think.” He said, opening his trousers. He took her head and she almost fell, stumbling as she hurried to come between his knees.

He pushed her down to the hilt with the first plunge. She choked, throat muscles spasming against his cock. He held her down there for a moment, enjoying the wide, scared blue eyes that were looking up at him. “That's right whore, choke on my cock.”

He began to pump her head so fast she barely had time to choke or open her eyes at the base. The second her nose touched his abdomen he pulled her off and then started the process again, pushing past the resistance of her gagging with main force. “Your tight little throat feels good around my cock, slave.”

He came down her throat with a contented groan. He wiped himself clean on her hair and tucked himself away. He took off the clamps, making her gasp and rolled her nipples around in his fingers, making her scream when he did it.

Once he was sure that her nipples were the delightful little sweet peaks they had always been he took his laptop out and switched it on. He still had a few emails to answer. “Bring me a whiskey. Then go into the kitchen and put three spoonfuls of the Risotto and a small amount of chicken from the metal container on the counter onto a plate and bring it to me.”

She did as she was told. He took the whiskey without remark.

She handed him the Risotto and he looked down at where she Knelt beside him. He put it on the floor. “No hands.”

Crying in humiliation, she bent and began to scope up bites with her lips and tongue.

For her final humiliation he took her ass hard over the hotel bed, taking care to make it as painful and degrading as possible. He put her on her back, ankles over his shoulders, and made propped her head up so she could watch his dick disappear into her back whole. He put the clamps back on and slapped her around until her breasts and cheeks were bright red.

When he arranged her as he liked for sleep, tucked under one arm with one hand over his chest and the lights were off, she asked in a very soft, plaintive voice, “what did I do wrong?”

“Nothing. It pleased me to do so. That's all.”

He felt her relax against his chest. “Thank God.”

In the dark, he smiled. He was looking forward to the rest of the trip.

Chapter End Notes

Uhhg, I sort of hate this chapter. It's a transition piece to moving the plot forward but also it is SO indulgent. I tried my best to tone down all the weird sexual stuff but honestly... I wrote the story that I wrote and I guess I have to just be happy with it. It made me super happy when I wrote it. I hope it makes you happy too. Please let me know if it does!

Also, I am fucking delirious posting this. Send love! Let me know that I'm not always this tired... not always....

Chapter 20

Chapter Notes

You guys... sometimes I really do worry about myself. This chapter is a PRIME example. I know I say this every chapter but it was SO hard not to take out some of the most egregious stuff. Aside from the usual content warnings there is also some drug use in this chapter (and some VERY magical thinking around it. This is not how drugs work... except inside of the horny little universe in my weird little mind).

The next morning he woke with his cock in her mouth. He let her help him dress. He knew she liked it. He had chosen to dress her simply. It was cream-colored frock with a motif of small blue flowers. It had thin straps, twisted into little more than a thick string for arms and tucked in at the waist, then fell into a soft skirt.

He considered ordering room service. It would be convenient and they had a little terrace balcony with a delightful view of the city. It was a shame to waste it. But the point of the trip was to test how she did in public so instead he took her hand and called the elevator.

They walked a few minutes to a charming little cafe he knew in cobblestone square with quite a nice church dominating one side of it. They were seated at one of the tables on the sidewalk with a good view of the church and the people walking by. She waited until he pulled out her chair to sit. Hannah stared around at the church, the square, the fashionable Milanese people walking by. She remembered what he had said about the menu. She took it politely but put it down immediately.

He ordered a croque monsieur for him and a local pastry full of flaky filo dough, chocolate and butter for her as well as an espresso for them both. The waiter, as he had requested put both dishes down in the center of the table. Hannah was trying hard not to look excited and hopeful that the pastry might be for her but failing miserably. He suppressed a smile at how happy she looked when slid the entire thing onto her plate and put down the espresso beside it.

“Thank you, M...” She began. “Thank you.”

She put her hand on the napkin with silverware rolled inside and looked at him. He shook his head. “No one eats that with a knife and fork.”

She nodded happily and tore herself a little piece. She was so cute the way she tried to savor it, to make it last. But it was too good to be resisted and she finished long before he did.

He paid the check when he was finished and they walked back.

The difference had been subtle between that meal and the last. He didn't think she'd even noticed it. In the square the car was a few meters away, close enough he could have dragged her to it before anyone overcame their shock and protested. It wouldn't have been ideal, of course but it would have been possible. The few minutes walk back to the hotel had made it much more difficult for him to subdue her if she had chosen to try to escape or make a scene.

When they returned to the room, he told her she could read on the bed while he was away on the factory tour. Certainly a big step up from kneeling with the nipple clamps on in the dark. "Thank you, Master!" She said eagerly.

He tolerated the tour with as much good grace as he could and shook hands all around. But really all he could think about was getting back to Hannah and on their way to Lake Como to see Tarik.

He'd told her to have their bags packed and be ready to go by the time he got back. He was pleased to find her kneeling on the bed, which she had made up again after he had left, and the two weekenders zipped and waiting by the elevator.

He had opened the windows in the bedroom to allow her to enjoy the city as she read and she looked so beautiful in the morning sunlight it almost took his breath away. He was overcome by how grateful he was to have found her. He couldn't imagine a life where he had chosen the next cafe over, or decided to stay in the train station to work or been seated at another table with another server.

But, as much as he felt towards her in that moment, he had decided on the next part when he had planned the trip. And he didn't like to change plans, particularly not based on the emotions of a moment.

She slid off the bed when she saw him and knelt as she should when he entered any room.

He took a pill bottle from his pocket and took one out. "Open."

She obeyed though she was looking at the pill with concern. She had told him before how much she had hated the feeling of being drugged, how much she was afraid of that. He placed it on her tongue.

"Swallow." He gave her a sip of water from a bottle.

She obeyed. "What was it?" She had known better than to question him before she had swallowed but now that she had shown him she would take it, whatever it was. She could ask now. Her curiosity would be tolerated.

"A sedative. It will make you unconscious by the time we're down in the car."

"But why? Wasn't I good?" She looked panicked now and her eyes were beginning to look a little bigger as they filled with tears.

He reached down to caress her cheek. "You didn't do anything wrong. But you aren't ready yet."

"You're going to put me in the trunk." It wasn't a question but a somber statement.

"Yes."

She took a deep sighing breath. "Everything has to be earned." She said softly, almost as if to herself.

"That's right."

He took down the bags and by the time he came up she was asleep against the headboard. She woke when he lifted her in his arms and smiled. "I love you, Elias." She murmured sleepily, burrowing her head into his shoulder.

Truth serum, Max had called it. He felt his heart swell with pride at his little slave.

He carried her down to the car park. The elevator wouldn't stop at any other floor coming down from the penthouse and it was a short walk to his car with the sleeping girl in his arms. He popped the trunk and glanced around. He could always put her in the back seat for a bit and then find some secluded turn off to put her in the trunk. But there was no need. The park was deserted and there were no cameras. He slipped her inside, next to the weekenders. He had put down a little blanket for her and he nestled her in carefully with the other luggage.

The drive to Lake Como was incredibly beautiful. Elias followed the road along the edge of the lake through charming little towns and the sparse, raw beauty of the lake between. But it felt lonely without his little slave's knee under his hand and he wished she could have seen it. In truth he stopped more times than he'd like to admit on the side of the road to open the trunk and make sure she was still breathing. Tarik had chosen his villa precisely because it lay in one of the wild stretches, far away from prying eyes and ears so he wasn't worried about other motorists peaking in to see her.

Finally he pulled off the main highway and drove down through a lovely little village full of narrow streets lined with tall hedges. Finally he turned off onto a well-maintained gravel path that was many kilometers from the last house they'd seen. At a high metal gate he got in and keyed in the code Tarik had sent him to open the steel doors topped with barbed wire.

A moment later he pulled into the drive at the back of an elegant Villa and Ruslana opened the door, waving cheerfully. Elias got out and went to greet her. Ruslana knelt as he approached in the gravel of her driveway. "Hello Ruslana."

"This humble slave is honored you remember her, sir." Ruslana said back but she was smiling fondly up at him with something more maternal than reverent.

They were about the same age, him and the slave. But she was from an older generation. She had been a slave before he had committed his first rape. And she had been living the experience of being a slave far longer than he had ever conceived of having one. Besides, something of the gravitas of Tarik was reflected in her. Tarik had not just raped but genuinely

tortured people, Ruslana included. He had taken her with the intention of killing her. It was a seriousness Elias's generation just didn't have, and he respected it.

Tarik stepped out a moment later. "Elias, old friend." They clapped hands and gave each other a solid thump on the shoulder. He glanced around. "Where is your slave? I thought you were bringing the sweet morsel?"

"She's in the trunk. She's only eight months into training and I didn't want to make you feel uncomfortable."

Tarik smiled. "Considerate, but unnecessary. I've seen her devotion to you. Still, I thank you for the discretion."

Elias popped the trunk and hefted the girl out, still breathing thank God. Her eyes opened to the light this time, a change from all the previous times he'd checked on her. He held her to his chest.

"Massster, pleassse... Masssster..." She slurred.

"You're at Tarik's house. You are going to pay your respects." He told her firmly.

He let her down gently on the rough stone drive. She was leaning against him, unable to stand up otherwise.

Hannah was afraid of Tarik. She was afraid of all of them, to be fair. But she would always remember the moment when he had lifted her off the ground a few times in strappado. The pain had been excruciating. He had done it a few times and, though she hadn't understood what he was saying in Elias in German she felt like he was showing him that she could tolerate it for seconds at a time for a very long time indeed. Which begged the question, how did he know that? She knew the answer but wasn't sure she could stomach the details.

She stumbled once and Elias caught her as she tried to kneel but with his help, sank to her knees. She didn't do it gracefully by any means but there was something charming about the helpless way she dropped to her knees in front of the old Master. She was too drugged to take proper care of her skirt, letting it settle in the white dust from the stones of the driveway.

"Hello, Hannah." Tarik said, fondly.

"This humble... h-h-humble sslave is honored you... remember her, sssssir." Hannah's words were thick in her throat. She struggled to get them out.

Tarik looked at Elias. "My God what a tempting sight. Such a vulnerable thing. Just begging to be taken advantage of."

"Quite."

Tarik laughed. "Well you've come to the right place then, haven't you?" He checked his watch. "Far too early for lunch. Maybe best that Ruslana... install you in your rooms in the meantime?"

"Very hospitable."

He helped Hannah up and took her by her slim waist. She wouldn't have been able to stand without him, much less walk. The two of them followed the couple into a beautiful villa. It was open to let the sun in from all angles: skylights, windows, as few walls as possible.

Tarik snapped a command to Ruslana that must have meant to go take their luggage up because the Serb nodded and slipped back to the car without a word.

Tarik glanced at Hannah. "She's overdressed though, don't you agree."

"She is indeed."

He positioned her so she was leaning against his chest to stand. He gripped the thin straps of her dress and pulled it down abruptly, baring her breasts. The stoned girl in his arms was aware enough to blush but her limbs were limp and docile.

"I had thought I had imagined how lovely those sweet peaks were." Tarik said with a smile. "I hope you came often."

Elias gripped the dress and pulled it down to puddle around her ankles. She looked up at him, blushing but placid. She understood that it was his right to bare her body to whomever he chose, whenever he chose.

Tarik laughed. "Carry your prize up the stairs then. Your bedroom is the first door on the right. I'll tell Ruslana to leave the bags outside the door. When you're ready for lunch come down. We'll have a glass of wine, while Ruslana sets the table."

Elias couldn't hold back a broad smile. It was always so pleasant to be back among people who understood what was important. People who valued the same things that he did. Like time to enjoy the sleepy helplessness of a drugged slave.

"Much obliged, Tarik." He said, scooping the pliant little thing up in his arms.

Tarik gestured for the stairs.

The bedroom they had been given was all white and full of light. A door was open out onto a balcony over the water and all in all it was an astoundingly beautiful place. But hardly as tempting as the little stoned thing in his arms.

He put her on the bed. Her eyes were closed by the time he returned to the bed and joined her on it. He unbuckled his trousers and took out his cock. Then he knelt between her legs and pushed her thighs apart, spreading them wide.

The stretch made her open her eyes. She looked confused and startled back from him, pushing away at his chest. She looked like she didn't recognize him. It felt like all the blood in his body rushed immediately to his cock.

She had forgotten.

In the drug haze she had momentarily forgotten who he was, what had happened.

She was going to let him rape her again for the first time.

“No... pllllease...I'm... pleassse...” Her words were still heavy, thick on her tongue.

He put his head to her lips and slid them through. “I’m going to make this hurt, little virgin.” He told her. “Going to bust that cherry wide on my cock.”

She was thrashing ineffectively and he caught her hands in one of his larger ones. He slid his hands beneath the pillows and found manacles. Of course there were manacles in this house under the pillows. God bless Tarik. He forced her hands into them easily and she moaned in terror, arching. She was slow. She had fought back better the first time. The drugs made her slow. But her fear was real. For her it really was as though he was raping her again for the first time.

He moved his hands back to her thighs, spreading them wide. He made sure both knees touched the bedspread. He ran his cock through her slick little folds. She was so wet. Her body remembered she liked this, even if the drugs made her forget. He jerked her head up so she couldn't help but see his cock.

“You see the cock that's going to fuck you open, girl?” He asked her.

She moaned in fear. “Please... mercy, sir... anything you want. I'll give you anything you want sir just please not this.” This time she spoke a bit more clearly, fear making her more alert.

He thrust his hips forward in a single, smooth motion. He slid his hand down to grip her knees, digging in with both hands and pushing her up to spread her wider. He didn't have to hold her head up now, the pain kept her alert enough. And she knew, somehow, from the training that she had to keep looking up at him, letting him see the emotions in her eyes. Keeping herself present for her violation. She didn't know why she knew that was what he wanted, or why she had to obey. Probably she wasn't even aware she was doing it.

She looked horrified but her body remembered him. He could see she was becoming aroused. Her cheeks flushed, breath coming more rapidly and pulse increasing. “That's right you fucking slut, cum as I rape you. Cum as I rape your tight little pussy.”

She moaned and this time there was a heady mix of dread and fear and pleasure that made his cock throb within her. He could have cum right then but held himself back, slowing his strokes until he was sure he could hold out, then speeding back up.

“Never met a virgin who got so wet when I raped you. You really are just a fucking slut.”

“I'm not... I'm not... please, stop. It hurts so bad.”

He reached up to give her a slap, savoring the shocked look. “Call me Master, slave.” She wouldn't have obeyed if it really had been the first time. But he had seen enough to know that the training was still there, she just wasn't aware of it. “Call me Master, and cum for me.” Her back arched and she let out a little cry of horror and joy as her pussy walls began to contract around him. “Master, please...” She whimpered as she reached the peak.

She'd cum hard, a shuddering, strong orgasm that left her shaking and crying. He smirked down at her, enjoying the humiliation in her eyes. “Your cunt felt great whore, giving me

quite the ride.” He ground out through gritted teeth. He was close but he wanted to get in a little more, fuck her a little more while she had been humiliated by her orgasm.

He pushed her knees back to the bedspread and fucked her with his full strength. Now he just wanted to make this hurt as much as possible. Each time he thrust in her little body jerked on the bed, the manacles rattling behind her and her little breasts bouncing. She was crying hard now, from the pain and humiliation.

He felt himself tip over, cumming deep in her pussy. He let himself lean forward, elbows on either side of her head as he spilled. Her hot breath ghosted across his neck and the little hiccuping sob against his ear was so beautiful.

He pumped his cock in her a few more times, then settled in to enjoy the warm slick tightness of her cunt. By the time he wanted to pull out of her, her eyes were closed and she was passed out again. He moved up to kneel over her chest and pulled up her head. He put his cock in her mouth to clean it.

She didn't react when he put his cock in her mouth. The pain and emotion of being raped, truly raped, must have overwhelmed her. Well that and the drugs.

It gave him an idea. He checked his watch. Tarik wouldn't mind a late lunch.

He undid the manacles from her arms and moved her body so she was lying across it with her head dangling off one side. He was half-hard again. It had been so arousing to rape her again for the first time he wasn't surprised. He pushed into her mouth and was so pleased with her when she didn't react.

Really, he would have to give her this again sometime. Even if he didn't think he would need it for further travel... The effects were delightful.

He pumped her throat hard. At the end he managed to inspire a bit of life, she gagged and choked when he pushed to deep. But otherwise her body was slack, limp, available for whatever he wanted. Totally incapable of defending herself.

He was afraid she'd choke if he came down her throat so he pulled out in the end, giving himself a few strokes and cumming on her face and breasts. He wiped himself clean on her hair but left his cum to dry on her skin. Then he slid her back towards the head and put the manacles back on her.

He zipped himself up and went downstairs to lunch.

He found Tarik on a natural stone patio connected to the house. It was a beautiful, almost wild looking place with stones stacked up on a wall on the far end. Rough beams jutted out from the wall and supported a metal framework over grown with ivy so thick as to be a natural awning.

The Bosnian was standing at the highest place of what looked to be another wall that had been a barrier to the sea. It was mostly tumbled down, completely gone in fact for the majority of the side that faced the sea so as to provide an unobstructed view of the lake. He had one hand braced on the wall. The other was gripping Ruslana hard by the hair as he fucked her mouth brutally. Each thrust knocked the woman's head against the stones painfully and she was gagging and choking. He was cursing her in what Elias assumed was Serbian.

He looked up when he heard Elias's shoes on the stones and smiled at the other man. "Oh hello, Elias! Just give me a moment. I'm nearly done teaching this fucking whore daughter of a genocide her place." He looked down at the slave in front of him and spit.

"Don't hurry on my account." Elias said mildly, coming to stand where the wall was completely gone, looking out over the lake.

Tarik went back to cursing Ruslana in the other language. Elias enjoyed the view and the sound of the slave choking beside him for a moment more and then Tarik groaned and spilled deep into her mouth.

The Bosnian pulled out and spit again on the woman who was kneeling, dazed and subdued at his feet. He leaned down and slapped her face brutally, muttering some curse. Ruslana was crying. She looked up and said something pleading to him in the same language, earning herself another harsh slap.

"Well? Get up whore! Make yourself useful and go fetch me and my friend our lunch!" Tarik said sharply. "Be quick about it or it's your ass I'll take next on these stones."

He turned and strolled over to join Elias in looking out at the lake. Ruslana pushed herself up a bit unsteadily and hurried to the house. She knew better than to take her Master's words as an idle threat.

Tarik smiled conspiratorially at Elias and glanced toward the windows of the second floor of the house. With them open he didn't doubt that both Tarik and his slave had heard the exchange between Hannah and himself.

"Little Hannah forgot it all?" He burst out laughing. "You lucky bastard."

Elias tried not to smile too smugly. "An unexpected surprise, I admit."

"I hope you fucked her that hard the first time. God her cries were so sweet. I took Ruslana twice in her mouth before you came down."

"Once it was over she was so exhausted she passed out enough for me to fuck her throat without her waking up. Little thing is up there chained to the headboard with my cum drying on her face and tits."

“How delightful.”

“If she reacts like this every time I give her a benzo, I will be more than pleased.”

Ruslana came back out and began to set a small but elaborately carved metal table quickly but efficiently. The men wandered over to the table and sat in the chairs. “We'll eat out here, yes?” Tarik asked.

“By all means.”

“How has the trip gone so far? How is Hannah faring off the island?” The older man asked as Ruslana poured them each a glass of Prosecco and set out an extravagant charcuterie board, then knelt at Tarik's feet. He knew Ruslana usually ate at the table with Tarik. After so many years, she had earned the right. But she knew better than to do so in the mood Tarik was in.

“She's done remarkably well. I was tempted not to drug her this morning in fact, but I don't like to change a plan once it's set if I can help it.”

“German. Ex-military. Of course you don't.” Tarik said with a smile. “Fucking fascist.”

Elias laughed. “You're one to talk.” He nodded at the little Serb woman at his feet. “But she has done well. She still makes mistakes but she wants to learn, she hasn't done anything to indicate I should worry. Still, it's a change to take her out in public.”

“With Ruslana my hand was rather forced. Once we were discovered I wouldn't have been able to flee with her without her cooperation. After that it would have been illogical to believe her submission was less than genuine, when she had run with me.” Tarik mused. “But it's better, once they can be your slave in public as well. Much better. You'll be surprised the difference it makes.

He slapped his slave's face fondly. “This bitch would suck my cock in the square of her home town just as church let out if I wanted it. It makes a difference when I'm plowing her pussy to know that.”

“I believe you.” Already it had been wonderful to travel with her. Before at best he'd had to go looking for a girl, either through a pimp or on his own. More often than not he slept alone in hotel rooms, too busy to travel.

It had been such a change to have his slave available to him in the hotel, waiting and ready for use when he returned. He couldn't wait for her to be ready to be taken to Berlin, to be ready to join him in social functions with his peers. Her hand in his at a dinner party, looking up at him with that expression of awestruck adoration, bent over his desk in his office, her on her knees in his private box in the Opera—he could picture it so clearly.

The meal was delightful. Ruslana had made quite the meal to welcome him: an elaborate charcuterie for the first course with local cheese and meats featured, then an excellent pasta main with thick medallions of veal cooked to perfection with a fresh green salad, and finally a selection of elegant little pastries from the local bakery. With, naturally, a different wine for every course. The conversation flowed easily as he caught up with the other man.

The meal put Tarik in a better mood. He suggested they all change for swimming off the little jetty that extended off the yard behind the house. Elias agreed whole heartedly. "Don't hurry to join us though, eh?" Tarik said with a wink. "The lake will still be there if you take a moment."

Hannah was still passed out. He wasn't surprised. Given her size he would expect her to sleep until the late afternoon. He turned her onto her belly and undid his trousers, kneeling over her thighs. He took her cheeks in his hands and spread them to reveal the little star nestled between them. He spit on her asshole and then in his palm and lubricated his cock a bit with him.

He guided his cock to her entrance, then leaned forward, putting a hand on either side of her. She woke when his head breached her, her tight little hole slipping past the ridge of his glans. She startled, pulling at the chains around her wrists and lifting her feet off the bed. The movement of her legs caused her ass to contract making him groan and her whimper in pain.

He put his head close to her ear. "That's right little virgin. Time to give me your fucking ass." He told her. "All your holes are mine you fucking whore."

"No... please, don't... please just... just... just fuck... fuck... fuck my pussy again, please not this." She begged.

He turned her head to the side and pushed the hair out of her face so he could see the fear in her eyes, the pain. "You've only got the head in so far, slave, you've got a long way to go."

"Please..." Her voice was low, pleading, desperate. "Please... it's too big. You'll ruin me. Please... please just take my pussy again."

He pushed forward and she gasped. Her mouth opened in pain, eyes squeezing shut as he slid in another inch. "I can't..." She gasped when she caught her breath again.

He chuckled darkly. "And I thought your pussy was tight. This hole is even better. Such a good girl to wait for your Master to come along. Such a good little whore to save this treat for me."

She sobbed when he bottomed out in her. He used one hand to spread her cheeks, making sure he got as much of his cock in her as possible. He loved the look of the base of him stretching her so wide. He knew from this angle it felt like more but in reality he could thrust deeper with her in Bow or Submit. No matter though, the exchange was worth it he decided. He wanted her to feel this.

"I fucked your mouth while you were asleep, bitch. I've had everything from you now. Nothing left of worth now that I've fucked all your holes."

He began to fuck her slowly, taking his time. She gave up begging rather quickly. Maybe she recognized it would do no good. Maybe she didn't have the breath as hard as she was crying. Maybe a bit of both.

He turned his attention to enjoying the trembling beneath him, thrusting in. He told her what a whore she was. What a good girl she was to save herself for him. How worthless she was

now that he'd had all her virgin holes. How he would make her into such a good, obedient slave for him. How she would beg him in the future to fuck her ass, her mouth, her pussy.

Since he was taking shallower strokes, though to Hannah it certainly wouldn't feel like it, he could last longer. She was a mess by the time he thrust in the final time, spilling deep in her ass. She sobbed in humiliation at the feeling of his cum in her ass.

“God that's a nice little hole you saved for me.” He told her, giving her ass a swat. She clenched on his softening cock and he groaned, another little orgasm bringing a little spurt of cum out into her ass.

“You've given your Master all your holes. Thank me for fucking your ass.”

“Thank you... thank you... you for fucking my ass, Master.” She sobbed.

“Good girl.” He jerked her head up and slapped a breast brutally.

He pulled out, leaving her crying quietly, and opened the suitcase. By the time he found his swimsuit and pulled it on, she had returned to unconsciousness.

The water was cool and deliciously refreshing. He and Tarik swam for a few hours with Ruslana. Then he took the sun for a time, lying in a comfortable reclining chair on the patio.

When he came back upstairs to change for dinner, Hannah lifted her head up when the door opened and he could tell the drug had worn off. Well, it had been fun while it lasted. “Hello, slave.” He said with a smile.

“Hello, Master.”

She had known better than to turn over without permission. She still lay on her belly, her ass sticky where his cum had seeped out and dried. She must know that he had used her while she was drugged. Probably she could tell by her sore pussy and throat and the cum drying on her face and sweet ass cheeks that he'd taken all her holes in her stupor.

His swimsuit was long dry so he slid onto the bed beside her, leaning against the pillows. He reached under the pillow and took off the manacles. He pulled her under one arm so she lay across his chest. She snuggled against him gratefully and pressed a soft kiss to his chest.

“Did you have a nice nap?” He asked.

She continued to kiss his chest reverently between the words. “I dreamed about the first time. The first time you took me. I was so scared. You were so powerful, so strong.... I knew I couldn't do anything to stop you.” She looked up at him. “I'm sorry I fought you, the first time. I should have known better. I should have known you were my Master.”

He caressed her bare arm. “As you said, you didn't know better.”

“Thank you for teaching me, Master.”

He let her lie with him a bit longer. In truth he was enjoying her soft breasts against his bare chest, the little kisses she was lavishing on him. Her cheek against his chest was sticky with his cum and tears and her eyes were so beautiful, so loving. It was almost a shame they had to go down to dinner.

They showered together and he took her against the wall, lifting her so she slid her legs around his hips and fucking her long and slow. She came twice, loud and long, thanking him profusely as she did.

It turned out that Ruslana could cook. Quite well, actually. She had merely chosen not to on the island. Hannah might have been angry but actually, she thought it was kind of funny.

She had set up a meal for them on a little natural stone porch at the back of the house, right at the edge of the water. Hannah might have expected Serbian food, even Bosnian food, but the meal was cooked for the place: Caprese salad, pasta with a home made tomato sauce and grilled whitefish from the lake. For desert they had some dark, bitter chocolate and an espresso.

Hannah had noticed the difference in station between herself and Jessica on the island most because that was who she spent the most time with. But the way Ruslana was treated was astounding. She ate at the table, while Hannah knelt on the rough stones. She was properly demure, of course, waiting for Tarik to indicate she might eat or take more of the crisp white wine. But the ease with which she interacted with both men was the thing that shocked Hannah most.

Ruslana had told her the story of how she had become her Master's slave on the island. And she knew they had been together for many years, decades now. In all that time, perhaps Tarik had grown tired of not having anyone sitting across from him at the table. She wondered if Elias ever would. He hadn't seemed to mind terribly at the cafe in Brescia. She thought he had rather enjoyed talking to her, in fact. The conversation had flowed more easily than it did when she knelt beside him.

It seemed more egalitarian however when, after the espresso had been enjoyed, both women were ordered under the table to give the final desert. And if she had had any questions about if the Bosnian had become gentle in his own age, they were answered promptly. He slapped his slave often and hard enough to make her bones rattle, spit in her mouth, cursed her in a language Hannah didn't even recognize before he came in her mouth.

If Hannah had hoped some consideration for the fact she was still recovering from the drug would be taken, she was to be disappointed.

After dinner they went down to the playroom and Elias showed Tarik the result of all the practice she'd had taking him on her toes in strappado. Really, she should have seen it coming. Around the time he had told her he was planning the trip he had started working on it more and more. He had installed a pulley in the ceiling of his office. Often after breakfast in the last few weeks she had been called into his office when she was finished cleaning up.

The first time she had come into the office when he said, "Hannah, Kneel." She was surprised to find he wasn't behind his desk but standing on the carpet in front of it. She hadn't noticed the pulley above her but she had certainly noticed the rope he was holding and the spreader bar on the ground beside him. He smirked down at her.

"Bind standing."

She had to think for a second before she understood the command. Then she stood and crossed her wrists at the small of her back, chest arched and breasts presented. He had walked to stand behind her. He took the silk scarf from his pocket and passed it over her eyes, tying it behind her head neatly.

Next he took her hands and put them palms together, as if she was praying.

"Prayer Hands means to put your hands together like this. Do you understand?"

"Yes, Master."

He bound her wrists together, then her elbows such that she had to arch her back at a more extreme angle. Another rope he passed around the point where her wrists met and threw it over the pulley. Only when she felt the tug on the rope and her arms begin to rise behind her did she understand what was about to happen.

He pulled the rope until she had to rise up onto her toes, not quite to her tiptoes but certainly on the balls of her feet, then tied it off to a hook on one wall. He returned to stand behind her. "Legs apart."

She spread her legs to about shoulder width, it was hard on her toes because she had to push farther onto the balls. "Farther."

She gave another two inches.

He sighed and slapped her ass hard enough that she jerked hard against the bonds and hissing in pain. "Do you think that I can fit this spreader bar between your ankles, slave?"

She shook her head. "No, Master." She gave the rest of the distance he would need, though she had to go far forward onto the balls of her feet to achieve it and the position was significantly more difficult to hold. He bent and shackled her to the bar.

He stood and admired his work for a moment. It wasn't the best presentation of her pussy or her mouth but the form was beautiful and had it's other uses. He ran a finger through her pussy lips and smiled. "Wet already. What a whore."

He returned to his desk and began the day's work. Forty-five minutes passed and Hannah was sweating with pain, making little whimpering noises of distress. She knew better than to think begging him while he was working, a distraction, would be rewarded. And she was trying to keep the noise to a minimum. It just hurt so fucking bad.

He decided to play it safe. He didn't want her to pass out and fall forward, doing herself real damage. He intended to work up to the limit of what Tarik told him he could expect her to tolerate in this position. Besides, his cock was stiff and throbbing from watching her.

He went to the hook he'd tied to rope off on. He undid the not and let her lower down until she could stand with flat feet, then tied it off. She groaned with relief. "Thank you, Master, oh God, thank you."

He said nothing but came to stand behind her. There was the sound of his belt being unbuckled and zipper coming down and then the familiar press of his cock rubbing between her folds. He took her by the hips and pulled back as he pushed in. It would be easy to push her forward which would dislocate her shoulders and she could feel how helpless she would be to stop it acutely. The only thing saving her from it was his strong hands gripping her hips. She whimpered with fear, breath coming fast.

He slid his index finger down to circle her clit slowly. He worked her up until she was sopping.

"Would you like to cum, Hannah?"

"Please..." It was a wail of a please. "Please... please, Master, please."

He had thought about asking her to choose between an orgasm and another forty-five minutes in the position but decided against it. He knew some Masters liked to make slave's choose between punishments or taking a reward at the price of a punishment. But he rarely used that technique on her. Overall it sent the wrong message.

She didn't really have a choice, after all. He could let her cum and take her down, or deny her and keep her up. He was the one to make that decision. Asking for her opinion felt weak and

dishonest.

So he chose for her an orgasm, and another forty-five minutes.

He let her beg a while longer but eventually got her off twice before he achieve his own release.

He went back to the desk after their usual ritual of cleaning himself off in her mouth and using her hair to dry his cock. He marked the time on the clock and made a mental note of when forty-five minutes would be.

By some damn unfortunate (for her) luck, his meeting ran late so fifty-seven minutes had passed before he was pushing into again. He decided she deserved a few orgasms as recompense. He hadn't promised her only forty-five but he had promised himself so he made it up to her. When he had cum in her again he lowered down her arms.

“Kneel.”

Her legs were shaking as she sank to the ground but she made it as graceful as she could. He took off the blindfold and she looked up at him with a grateful, adoring look as she took his cock into her mouth to clean lovingly.

“Now about that little bit of resistance spreading your legs.” He said when she had tucked him away. Her look turned to fear and her fingers froze doing up his belt.

He didn't give her time to finish doing up the buckle. He took her by the hair and pulled her to the front of his desk, pushing her roughly down on top of it. He lifted her hips so her legs were dangling and her was presented. He took the belt buckle and pulled, freeing the belt. He struck her hard across the buttocks.

“Count and thank me.”

“One! Thank you, Master!”

He gave her twenty. It wasn't the worst she'd ever had, not by a long shot, but he had made his point and the last few times she had thanked him it had been breathless and tearful. He untied her arms slowly and then came to the front of the desk and sat. She lifted her chest to gaze up at him with a question, still with her hands behind her back and her legs dangling.

“Go about your chores.”

She had slid off the desk quickly and made a hasty retreat.

He had worked up to fucking her on the balls of her feet over a series of days. It was a process of learning for him more than her. She had no control over whether he hurt her or not. He had to make sure he trusted himself to know the right amount of counterbalance to give as he fucked her. He also worked up the time she spent in the position. The longest she had gone was two hours and fifteen minutes and she had been really sobbing by the time he let her down.

"I've been working on her strappado since the last time," he told Tarik when they arrived in the game room. "Really it's working on my own technique more than hers, though she has improved in terms of the time I am comfortable with her spending in it." They were speaking German so he could be honest, without worrying about giving Hannah ideas.

"Care for a demonstration?"

"Of course."

"Prayer Hands standing. There." He indicated a place under a pulley in the ceiling.

It was short work to bind her with all the practice he'd had recently and soon she was on her toes. "Legs apart."

He had made his point with the belting and she spread them a little wider than even the spreader bar would have enforced. He didn't bother with it though. He wanted to show Tarik she would keep her legs apart with the command alone.

He unbuckled his pants and took himself out.

"Ass or pussy?" He asked Tarik.

"Oh, ass is a better challenge, of course."

When he'd cum in her ass he let go of her hips and moved to clean himself with some wipes on a nearby table.

"Unusual that she'd cum from that. Most slaves don't."

Elias laughed. "A bit of conditioning, on my part."

"Kind of you."

"I like the look of it when she comes. And I like the idea that I can make her cum with my cock in any position. She'll forget I had to use my hands after a while and then it will feel like she really does just cum from my cock alone."

"I see the point. Most men I've met like to preserve the ability to fuck their slaves without them deriving pleasure however."

Elias smirked. "I'm not worried about that. She's small enough I can *always* make it hurt."

Tarik laughed. "Fair enough."

"Besides, she'll never like a beating. She likes pain, but only in a certain context. She'll cum from it if it's mixed in with a bit of pleasure, but she's no masochist."

"And ideal combination."

"Ideal for me."

“You shouldn't worry about taking her too roughly. Your form is good.” Tarik said. “It looks solid. I don't think you'll hurt dislocate her shoulders like that. If you feel like it you can work on lifting her off the ground next. It gives a wonderful sense of helplessness, I find. Ruslana hates it. You can start by just lifting her a few times where she is. Go on, try it.”

With his cock clean and his trousers in place he came to stand behind her again. He didn't press the crotch to her ass because he didn't want to soil his trousers with how wet she had become, or his cum leaking down her leg.

He took her by the hips and lifted her off the ground. The effect was immediate. She flinched, arms jerking in panic. “Master...” She gasped, voice pleading.

“Oh I like that indeed.” Elias said with real enthusiasm.

Hannah understood the silky purr of pleasure and excitement in his voice as clearly as if she'd understood the words. He would be fucking her with her legs off the ground like this in short order, she had no doubt.

He tried it a few more times. She managed to suppress her outburst this time but it was clear she was terrified every time. She squirmed in his grip involuntarily, breath coming fast and hard.

“You might try another modification as well I find interesting.” The Bosnian went to the wall and undid the lead until Hannah was able to stand again. “What command do you give to have her squat?”

“Punishment.” Elias said to Hannah in English.

She sank down until she was squatting, her knees open wide to display her sex. As she sank down the relative position of her arms was now much higher compared to her torso. Tarik examined her closely as he pulled the rope taught until she was just at the limit of what her muscles could endure. It was quite beautiful. He had bound her arms at the wrists, mid forearms, elbows and upper arms tightly so her arms were almost completely together which made her thrust out her breasts beautifully.

“The interesting thing about this position is that she could get out of it, if she wanted. Were she to stand the pain in her shoulders would be relieved immediately. And believe me, the thought will occur in the most loyal slave after she spends a sufficient amount of time in this position.” He said with a laugh.

“She has to choose to stay in it.”

“Exactly. Adds a bit of a mental aspect to the challenge.” The Bosnian said with a smile.

“Excellent position to suck you off in as well, obviously. I like to put in a spider gag for Ruslana sometimes when I take her like this. Adds a bit of humiliation and you take longer to cum.”

She did suck Elias off in that position that night. But first she went over a table so Tarik could enjoy caning her tits and inner thighs while Ruslana sucked him off.

They put her back in Punishment with her arms in strappado while Ruslana took her turn dangling from the ceiling as the two Masters taunted her in German and whipped her with a belt. When Tarik finally decided that he was ready to fuck her, stepping behind her to open her ass, Elias returned to where Hannah was squatting.

“Open.”

He took her mouth slow but deep, long thrusts where he held her head with her nose against his abdomen until her lungs were burning. It took forever for him to cum like that too. Her arms ached and her legs were screaming. With the blindfold on it was impossible to read his face, to get any information to anticipate when he would next put his cock down her throat or when he would allow her to come off to recover and pant.

I trust my Master she told herself when he held her down for a particularly long time and she really did wonder if he would let her go before she passed out. *He brought the light. I am nothing without him. I will take anything from his hand.*

After he had pleased himself he let her arms down and let her Kneel while he undid the tight ropes around her arms. Finally he squatted down in front of her and pulled up the blindfold. It was so rare that they were on eye level (or nearly... This was as close as it got but he was still quite a bit taller than her). He had the most amazing blue eyes, the color of deep water, rich and deep enough to contain her whole universe. And they were so expressive. They could be cold enough to feel like an ice pick through her heart. But now they were warm with something that she could almost imagine was affection... even love.

The relief from the posture and the expression of content pride at how she had taken his commands and shown Tarik his mastery of her felt like sinking into a warm bath. She was so happy and exhausted.

“I love you, Elias.”

His eyes, she had to believe she wasn't imagining it, warmed further. He brushed a lock of hair back from her face, an almost tender gesture. “Would you like me to carry you upstairs, Hannah?” He asked.

She nodded. “Yes, please.”

He bent and lifted her to his chest. She snuggled her head against his armpit. The smell of his sweat was strongest there, particularly after he had exerted himself. It mixed with his aftershave into a rich, complicated masculine scent that she loved. She put her hands around his neck, playing with the fine hairs of his neck. She was allowed to do that. She knew he liked it a lot, as he did all these sorts of small gestures of love and devotion.

He carried her up to the bedroom and slid her beneath the blankets, pulling them over her. “Don't you want me to help you undress?” She asked, sitting up and looking up at him. Usually it was her job at the end of the day. But her eyes were already half closed.

“No, Hannah, not tonight.” He stroked her hair. “Just go to sleep. I'll stroke your hair as you drift off.”

She wanted to keep herself awake to enjoy the sensation of his hands stroking her hair. It was so good she could hardly believe it, like warm heat pouring from his hands down into every part of her body. But Hannah, who had slept most of the day, was asleep almost as soon as her head touched the pillow.

The next day at breakfast Tarik said to Elias. "I have a gift, for your slave. Will you allow me to give it to her after the meal?"

"Of course, welcome."

Hannah did not like the sound of that. She liked it less still when she was taken with Elias into Tarik's private office. "Tie her with her hands over her head on that pulley." He told Elias as they entered.

Elias began to bind her wrists together as Tarik opened a desk drawer. "How do you want her? Tip toes? Off the ground?"

"Hmmm, what? Off the ground is fine. And take the spreader bar over there and put her legs."

By the time he had found what he was looking for Hannah was dangling by her wrists, toes just brushing the ground and a spreader bar between them, forcing her legs out and open.

"You've gotten faster, that's for sure." Tarik said approvingly. "The craftsmanship hasn't suffered either."

"A blindfold, perhaps?"

"Always a good choice in her case. She is so charmingly helpless as it is, emphasizing it does her a great service."

Elias took the ever-present scarf from his pocket and wrapped it over her eyes. Then turned back to the Bosnian.

Tarik had in his hands what looked like a jewelry case for a necklace, long and slender but elegantly designed. He opened it to reveal several round gold balls of identical diameter, a bit larger than a marble but not much.

Elias picked them up. Each had a slightly different weight. The first being feather light and the last quite dense. He looked up at Tarik.

“I had these commissioned after the island party after you said she still tears like a virgin when you fuck her rough. I knew then you were truly a man after my own heart.” The Bosnian smiled. “They're the same make I use with Ruslana.”

Elias didn't need to be told the exact usage of them but he was curious what Tarik had to say about the finesse of their use. “I'm all ears.”

“If she was a virgin you can skip the first half.” Tarik said. Then added with a laugh, “particularly at her size.”

He picked up one of the lighter balls. “They still have their use. She can have them in her pussy for a cocktail party for example. A bit like the plug you sometimes give her with your name on it. Just a reminder of your ownership of the place you have put the item in question. They do hurt if you've fucked her pussy hard enough beforehand.”

“And the others.”

“Well, lets see how she does with them.” He held out a ball a little less than half way to the heaviest to Elias. “Put it in her, and tell her to hold it.”

He took the ball and was surprised at how heavy it was. It would indeed be a challenge for her to hold it. She would have to activate those sweet little pussy muscles to keep it in. He felt himself harden in his pants. She was already so tight and small compared to his own size. If he made her tighter she would feel even more heavenly when he fucked into her. And as for her, his cock would feel even bigger, even more overwhelming.

He went to his dangling slave. He slid his hand down her breasts, waist and hips, gripping them to steady her. The other hand brought the ball to those perfect pink lips. God was there anything he loved more. They were so delicate, so feminine and graceful. He slipped it into the warm, wet cunt. Oh yes, that was what he loved more.

“Hold it in you, Hannah.”

She managed for almost a minute before there was a tell-tale groan of dismay and the clattering sound of the ball hitting the wooden floor and bouncing.

“Not bad, for a first start,” Tarik said, sounding genuinely impressed. “No wonder she bleeds when you fuck her.”

He picked up the heaviest ball. “Ruslana can hold this in her cunt as she comes. With me in her ass.” He smiled. “Tighter than when she was sixteen, but with skills she'd never have even dreamed of.”

Elias took the ball. He was more than intrigued. "Tighter?"

Tarik winked. "Tighter." He confirmed. "She bleeds easily when I'm rough. When her monthly blood stops, it will be the only way she bleeds."

The Bosnian tossed the ball in the air and caught it. "She still drops it sometimes, when I beat her hard enough. But it's nice to have something to work on, I suppose."

Elias smiled. "Speaking of.. my own slut has dropped one, hasn't she?"

"She has indeed."

Elias gestured to the dangling woman. "Would you care to do the honors?"

Tarik looked pleased indeed. "Kind of you."

"The least I could do after you have honored her with such a fine gift."

When Tarik was done beating her, Elias done fucking her she was left to dangle while the Masters went out to enjoy a lovely lunch on the patio. That was, after all, part of what Tarik was teaching her Master, how to safely tie her for long suspensions. When the long and lazy lunch was finished Elias came back and took her hard again until she bled.

Then they went out to join the other couple who were swimming off the charming little jetty off the back garden of the house. Elias led her down onto the plush, green lawn. Tarik was sunbathing on a reclining chair, Ruslana sprawled over his chest, one foot dangling off into the grass. She sat up when they approached, pushing back her sunglasses.

"Oh there she is!" Ruslana said in mock concern. "Herr Wolf, your slave hasn't had a bite to eat since morning. Give her some sustenance or she might faint."

"If the lady of the house demands it." He said, taking the chair beside her and pulling down the top of his swim trunks. Hannah bent and began to give his cock slow, caressing licks before swirling her tongue around the head and beginning to take her into her mouth. She got to work as he and Tarik conversed in a language she couldn't understand.

When he had cum though and she had licked him clean he pulled her up to lay across his chest. He put her head over his heart, her hair spread out over his chest like gentle caressing fingers. Beneath her cheek his skin was incredibly warm as he had been sunbathing all morning while she hung waiting for him. She felt as though all of her muscles were completely relaxed. She felt physical discomforts distantly, the soreness of her wrists and between her legs, hunger. But mostly she felt overwhelmingly happy.

Ruslana said something to Elias in German and then went back to the house. She came back this time with a bowl of strawberries and cream that she put down on the soft grass next to where Elias lay. She winked at Hannah who smiled back at her sleepily.

She said something to Tarik and she heard the two of them move off, down to the water.

Elias took a strawberry and dipped it into the cream, bringing it to her lips. She opened her mouth and he put it in. She thought had never tasted anything so heavenly. The strawberries were perfect—sweet and fresh—a bright note against the sweetness of the cream. She chewed happily and when he presented his fingers, licked the red juice and bits of cream from them.

She looked up at him and was surprised to find that he was looking back at her.

Rarely did he feed her with his full attention directed at her. If she was lucky at a mealtime he took the time to put bits of his food into her mouth, otherwise she ate from the floor. When he watched sports often she made some snack and he was generous with that, giving her almost as much as he took himself. If he felt she hadn't eaten enough recently sometimes he fed her while he read. That was her favorite. She'd sit in Attend at his feet and wait for his strong fingers to bring something to her lips.

He stroked her hair once and she glanced back down, almost shyly.

Unlike the others who had been swimming all morning she was still naked. Elias hadn't bothered to take her upstairs to change. Her breasts and stomach were pressed against his warm skin. He trailed a strong hand down her back and she shivered with pleasure.

He picked up another strawberry and brought it to her lips. This time, however, he hadn't put it all the way past her lips and when she bit down a bit of the sweet juice leaked passed and ran down her cheek to drip onto his chest.

Her head shot up and she looked at him, chewing quickly and swallowing. To her relief he only stared back at her impassively. Slowly she bent and ran her tongue along his warm skin, her tongue gliding over the contours of the muscles beneath. A bit had ran across his nipple and, hesitantly, she took it into her mouth, sliding her tongue across it.

She looked back up at him with a question in her eyes.

He slid his hand up her waist to cup one breast, flicking over her nipple and making her gasp. "No, Hannah, mine do not feel like yours do." He said with a smile, guessing her question. "Don't mistake me, it is a nice feeling." He leaned up slightly and took her nipple into his mouth, rolling it with his tongue and giving it a small nip that made her arch against him. "But I can't think of far better uses for your tongue than that."

He lay her head back down on his chest and took another strawberry, bringing it to her lips. He gave her the whole bowl that Ruslana had brought, even dipping his fingers in the cream afterward to give her a bit more of it.

Hannah wished the day would go on forever. Even when Tarik came back he let her stay where she was, listening to his slow heartbeat under her ear and slowly stroking her back.

The next day was the day of their departure but the drive back was only around six hours and Elias was in no hurry to leave. They swam again in the lake that morning. Hannah, for a change, actually made it into the water. She loved being in the water with Elias. She could swim into his arms and he would hold her and give her long kisses. He was almost always kind to her in the water. It put him in a good mood. She wasn't sure how, but she knew he must have loved to swim as a boy. As for herself, she barely could. Public pools in Kiev were open in the summers and free but her mother had never taken her. She had gone with Katarina a few times, mostly because Katarina wanted to meet a boy there, but she'd never really learned.

That made it somehow sweeter. He could tell she was helpless without him, and that made him indulgent. It was so clear she would drown without him. So he held her tight, softly.

Elias held the little creature in his arms and wondered for the millionth time how he had gotten so lucky to find such a perfect slave. He hadn't believed there were new ones to be found until he met Jessica. He certainly hadn't imagined that there could be two in a generation.

“You may kiss me from now on, Hannah, when you like.” He told her.

Her eyes widened. It was the first thing he had taken from her after she had truly began to break for him. A kiss he didn't *have* to take. He had told her then that he would take the kiss. It was for him to initiate, hers was only to welcome, to accept. *Everything has to be earned, Hannah.* She had earned this privilege. Like she had earned the privilege to tell him she loved him.

She felt like she might burst with happiness.

She swallowed, then leaned up and slid a slender hand to the base of his neck, winding it into his hair. Not a grip. Not the way he took her by the hair as an act of control to drag her by it, pull her mouth onto his cock or pull her back on his cock as he fucked her. Her fingers slid delicately through his hair, caressing and soft. Just that little act was enough to make his skin prickle and his cock harden. Gently, very gently she applied the slightest pressure. It was a question, asked so delicately that he barely felt it. She guided his head down to her lips.

Her mouth opened to him, warm and inviting as always. He explored her with his tongue, finding and savoring her sweet warmth. She asked with her hand for a while and when she stopped, he drew back, allowing her to have the kiss for her own. He was hard, aching and stiff in his trunks.

He had been leaning against an old stone wall that had been built at the perimeter of the back lawn of the house, holding her in chest deep water. He turned so that her body was closest to the wall. As he did he let down her legs. With the free hand he lifted one thigh, indicating she should wrap her legs around his waist, the other holding her against his chest. She complied, wrapping her legs around him, slender ankles crossed behind him. Her arms went around his neck. He put her back against the stone wall and used one hand to pull down his trunks and push aside her bathing suit so he could sink into her.

He put one hand on either side of her head, caging her in. They were almost eye to eye. It wasn't exactly making love. He still thrust into her hard enough that her body slammed against the wall behind her hard enough to hurt, flexing his spine to make her gasp as she felt the extra stretch, the natural curve of him rubbing against something heady and delicious deep inside her.

She rolled her hips against him, meeting each thrust eagerly. He felt so fucking good in her. She couldn't get enough. Her head fell back as she felt her orgasm build. When he fucked her slow and let her cum it was always a devastating orgasm, like a white, cleansing light that seemed to obliterate her and the world for its duration.

He was pushing against the wall, knuckles tight. Not to hold himself back from fucking her faster. This was just what he wanted, this slow, agonizing build for both of them. But he felt like there was something he couldn't contain, some sensation that almost hurt in his body as he looked down at her as she got close to cumming. Her eyes were glazed and her perfect mouth was open.

The little request was back at the base of his neck. She wanted another kiss.

He bent and this time she wanted it less restrained. Whatever it was that he was feeling, that sense of something uncontainable being contained just below his skin. It wasn't wild but desperate, desperate for something, something, something....

"Elias, please may I cum." She pulled back from his lips, gasping for air.

He was sure she hadn't realized what she'd said. It had come out without thought and there was nothing in her eyes to indicate she even knew she had said 'Elias' and not 'Master.'

"Yes, Hannah."

He thrust again and her eyes closed, head tipped back. She had never been the type to scream when she came, for which he had always been grateful. He found few things as annoying as a woman shrieking in his ear just as he reached his own orgasm. More one to groan or even whimper was his Hannah.

Right at the peak, right when her pussy was clamped down so hard on his cock he didn't think he'd be able to push back in if he slid out, her mouth opened. *"Elias..."*

The sound of his name on her lips was what pushed him over. He pushed his body against hers, his cock throbbing in her. It was as if he wanted to press her all the way into his chest, to keep her in a cage made by his own ribs, safe and protected and always with him. He knew he should be careful. She was small enough he could hurt her like this, leaning all his weight

on her. But he needed to feel her body crushed beneath him. Needed her to know his strength, how easy it would be for him to overpower her. She was insignificant compared to him, sweet and weak and vulnerable.

He was her Master. She was his slave. His to protect and to punish, his to use and to maintain, his to have and to hold.

When he had finished cumming and his head had stopped spinning with these thoughts, he drew slowly out of her and fixed both their bathing suits into place. She looked dazed, as placid and content as if he'd beaten her for hours. She was deep, deep in that universe that existed behind the whips and ropes and canes and manacles.

He gave her a soft kiss on the mouth. "Come on, Hannah," he said, lifting her out of the water to sit on the rough stones of the sea wall, "time to get dressed to go."

He wouldn't punish her for using his name. The way she said it might as well have been Master and he had loved the sound of it. Master she could have said to anyone. She was thinking of him when she was in her ecstasy. Besides, he was certain she didn't know she'd said it so what was the harm. The cheerful, lighthearted way that she sucked him off in the shower, then packed their suitcases as he dressed and went down to say goodbye to Tarik held none of the trembling fear of certain punishment he would have expected if she did.

He wondered if the reverent, loving way she said his name was something he could take credit for. And finally decided it wasn't. He couldn't train her to do it. In the same way he couldn't have trained her to love him. That had to come from somewhere deeper than what it took to make a Pavlovian connection between being fucked in strapped and cumming.

What he'd done to her, the psychology of the balance he struck between brutal punishment and the care he took to be the only source of pleasure and comfort in her life, helped to be sure. But he was beginning to suspect that had only gotten him as far as obedience. She could have been a great slave, obedient and beautiful, eager to please and fearful of him. He could have gotten her to kneel at his feet and look up with him in trembling awe and fear, like a brutal God she wished to serve.

And, that probably would have been enough for him if he didn't know what more was possible.

Now that he knew how she looked kneeling there with love and fear so intertwined that she couldn't distinguish them herself, awe and terror and longing all mixed up and almost too potent to be contained in her eyes, he would never accept less.

He had made her fear him. But she had loved him on her own.

And that was more precious to him, still.

Notes:

Alright, here we are... if you aren't horrified, please leave me a comment to say so!

And also if you aren't horrified you can check out my other story [Matryoshka](#) because you might like it! It's like kind of a Russian mafia/spy vibe.

Chapter 21

Chapter Notes

OMG it's been a whole month. Sorry! Here is your update!

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

Despite some of the discomfort that she had endured, Hannah was sad to leave the house. She was afraid of Tarik, intimidated by Ruslana but she was happy to have people around she could talk to who she wasn't afraid would find out she was a slave. One of the things she had learned since Elias had taken her out of the house was how anxious it made her to be around people. She felt like she was constantly performing for them, constantly risking doing the wrong thing, for which she would be punished, or worse she might embarrass her Master.

Besides she could tell how much Elias had enjoyed himself. Her raw pussy and bruised ass were proof enough of that.

Elias had chosen a rich, vibrant lavender dress for her with an A line skirt that fell to her mid calves and ruffled short sleeves that left her entire arms bare. It had a square neck with a high collar. Two ties coming off the back were tied in a large bow in her mid back but otherwise it left her back and the sides of her torso bare. He had tied the bow quite tight so that the dress hugged her curves and brought attention to her small waist. The skirt billowed out into a little circle around her as she Knelt.

Like all her clothes it was girlish, emphasizing how young she was compared to the handsome, well dressed man at whose feet she Knelt.

"I would welcome you into my home at any time, little slave." Tarik said kindly.

They left at around eleven. Elias had decided to stop in Venice for lunch. He wanted to give her a little taste of what his life was like in Berlin and he knew the right restaurant for it. The cafe in Brescia had been delicious and lovely, the pastries and coffee in the square had also been of high quality. And they had served their purpose admirably as necessary first tests. But both had had a charming, rustic quality that, while he enjoyed it, was not his true milieu.

De Pisis was a different kind of test. It was more than just if she would obey in public and not try to escape. It was the kind of place that, for the last minute lunch reservation had taken quite the bribe to obtain a spot on the terrace edge along the canal. It had white table cloths and waiters in jackets and ties who knew exactly where the sea bass was from and what wine would go best with the dish. It was the kind of place that let you know it was built in eighteen hundred and that whatever you ordered it was going to be very, very expensive.

It was going to scare the shit out of her.

It had been Tarik who had given him the idea that had decided him not to give her another benzo and put her in the trunk for the ride back. As diverting as that had been he could hardly take her stoned to falling down into a Michelin star restaurant. Much less take her out of the trunk when he pulled up to the valet.

“You're over thinking this, my friend.” Tarik had said at dinner the final night in German. “With her lips at the base of your cock she is hardly going to be able to note down the villages you pass to remember where this house is. Come in her mouth when you arrive at the valet stand and she won't know she's in Venice until she sees the canal.”

He'd looked down at Hannah kneeling beside her. She looked up at him, smiling adoringly and completely oblivious to what was being said.

“Tell her your cum is the opener she's getting for her fancy meal.” Tarik laughed.

Elias laughed too. “I think that will be her opener for a lot of fancy meals going forward.” “As it should be.”

In the driveway Ruslana and Hannah hugged goodbye, then both got down on their knees to pay respect to the Masters who were departing. “This slave wishes you good health until we meet again, sir.” Hannah told Tarik, the traditional words of leaving as Ruslana said goodbye to Elias.

“Come again anytime, sweet girl.” The older man told her with a fond caress of her head. “Your tits are so pretty after I take my cane to them and your screams are so sweet.”

“Thank you, sir.”

Elias opened the door and helped her into the passenger side before going around and getting in himself. He buckled her seat belt and then his own. He unbuckled his belt and opened his trousers, pulling out his cock. He took her by the back of the head and guided her to the tip of his cock. She came unresistingly, as she always did, though he could tell she hadn't expected it by the way her eyes widened. He was already hard at the idea of cumming in her mouth at the valet. He pushed her down until she gagged.

“Slowly slave, I don't want to cum until we arrive.” He ordered.

With her mouth full she wasn't required to answer. She kept bobbing her head dutifully slowly, caressing his seam with her tongue. He groaned with pleasure as she sucked her cheeks in a bit and pressed down to gag, as he had taught her. “There's that hot, slutty little mouth.” He said, despite the fact that she had already taken his load in her mouth that morning.

Elias threw a wink at Tarik who had watched him pull her down to his cock and waved. The other man was smiling widely and waved back.

It was a shame really, he thought smugly, that Hannah had to miss the drive. The scenery as he drove along the lake and then down through the beautiful Italian countryside was truly spectacular. As was the sight of her head submissively bobbing slowly up and down on his

cock. He did miss her conversation, which he had enjoyed on the drive up, but the pleasure her little mouth gave him more than made up for it. Besides, after they reached Venice he could let her sit up for a change and talk... if he felt like it.

The hours and miles seemed to fly by quite comfortably and soon he was navigating through the streets of Venice. When he was actually gratified to see a line at the Valet. He had decided that the risk of the valet knowing that she'd been sucking him off was worth it to cum in her mouth right on the doorstep but he didn't need to attract attention to them if he didn't have to.

“Alright bitch, make it good.”

He put his hand on the back of her head and pumped her head faster and harder, pushing in and pursuing his own pleasure without regard for her gagging or comfort. After such a long blow job he was close already and came quickly pulling her up to deposit his cum on her tongue. She looked up at him, and opened her mouth. When he came on her tongue he liked her to show him his load in her mouth and wait for permission to swallow.

“Swallow.”

She did and then went about licking up clean and wiping him dry with her hair. She closed his belt buckle and sat up just as they reached the front of the line.

She looked dazed from sucking his cock for three hours and her lips were puffy from use. There were tears in her eyes but all her makeup had been bought specifically to withstand tears. He had never liked the messy look some men preferred. When she saw where they were she quickly wiped the tears away, looking at him with uncertainty in her eyes. It wasn't the fear he was used to seeing. Fear of him. But fear of her surroundings. She was looking to him for comfort and reassurance.

Fucking perfect.

He got out and tossed the keys to the valet. As they crossed in front of the car Elias passed the man a hundred euro. He didn't think the man had seen Hannah sit up but better safe than sorry. He opened her door and helped her out.

“We're in Vienna.” He told her as he took her hands and led her to the doors. “For lunch. I hope you enjoyed your first course.”

She blushed to the roots of her hair. “Yes, thank you.” She didn't start the next word but the sentence sounded short, like it ended unnaturally the way she said it, as if to imply it. He liked that. His clever little slave had found a way of saying Master in public without using the word.

“Wolf.” He said as he approached the maitre d'hotel.

“Right this way sir.”

He led them out onto the terrace that jutted out into the canal. As they passed through the tables he knew he had chosen her dress just right.

It looked fantastic, stylish and chic enough even for Italy, but it also stood out. The bright, rich lavender drew the eye and almost every table looked up as they passed. And the picture the two of them made was exactly what he wanted it to be. Like all her clothes the dress emphasized how *young* she was, how *beautiful* she was. What an expensive luxury he had bought himself: perfect skin, beautiful eyes, perfect breasts, the kind that stood up without a bra, and long legs that followed him dutifully.

He didn't know how she had dressed before he had taken her but he had a sudden insight as well as her blush continued as the people continued to notice them. She hadn't shown this much skin, not by a long shot. All her social media pictures he remembered she seemed to be in jeans and a comfortable sweater: cute, sexy even, but not with much bare skin. It was ridiculous. On the island she'd spent months in at most lingerie. But it was different in public.

Her innocent blushes, the way she crowded closer to him, holding his hand a little tighter was perfect.

He pulled out her chair when they arrived at the table. She remembered to put down her menu without opening it when the matre d'hotel handed it to her.

"This is beautiful." She said looking around with wide eyes.

"Yes, it is." He agreed.

She watched the gondolas go past as he made his selections. She waited until the waiter came and he ordered before speaking again.

"Have you ever been in one?" She asked.

"A gondola."

"Yes."

He tried to think back. "No, I haven't. Have you?"

She laughed. "I've never been to Venice. I think the farthest West I've gotten was a school trip to Lviv."

"Would you like to?"

"Yes, of course. It looks so romantic."

"Perhaps next time we're in Venice, if we have more time."

"Really?" The eager joy in her voice made him think probably he really would. He would enjoy her lying across his chest as they toured the city by water.

He shrugged. "I have no objection to it."

For the first course he had ordered amberjack carpaccio and steamed langoustine in a cream sauce along with a glass of sauvignon blanc for the both of them. The waiter put the two glasses down at their respective places, though he had put the food in the middle. She looked up with a question in her eye.

“It would be impractical and strange to insist on always handing you drinks. If I order you something you may consider that permission to have it. The same is true if I order our meals separately and it is placed in front of you. Though you should look at me to confirm before you begin.”

“Alright. Like this?” She put her fingers on the stem glass of the wine and met his gaze but with her head tilted down.

He nodded. “Yes, that will do.”

She had done it well. It was subtle. He doubted anyone would notice. Except perhaps someone who was looking for it, someone who did it with their own slave.

He put some of the langoustine on her plate. Then picked up some of the carpaccio. “Would you like some carpaccio?” He asked. She knew whatever was put on her plate she was expected to eat and he didn't want to force her to try anything that was disgusting to her. “It's raw fish.” He added.

“Is it good?”

“Yes, very.”

“Yes, please then.”

He put a very little bit on her plate. He would give her more if she liked it.

She put her hand near the array of forks and spoons that were beside her plate and looked up, another question. He nodded again, pleased she had remembered to ask. She laughed a little nervously, “I don't know which one to use.”

He reached forward and tapped her fish fork. “That one you can use for fish and seafood.” She tried the carpaccio first, curious about it and smiled. “It's delicious.”

“I'm glad you like it.” He said, adding more to her plate.

She tried a sip of the wine, then had another when she tasted how good it was. “There will be a glass of wine with every course and there will be four in total. Antipasti, or appetizers, then a first and second course, followed by desert. You must never be drunk in public so go slowly with the wine.”

In truth he was a bit worried about the wine. But honestly, it would have only been half a meal without it and he could always take away the privilege to drink if he liked. Later, when he was more sure of her, she would be lovely a little tipsy, he was sure. He looked forward to when he could get her drunk and take her home as if she was some little trifle he had decided to take advantage of. But he didn't want her inhibitions too low this early. She needed to focus on what she was doing and not make mistakes.

“Thank you, for telling me what to expect.” she said. “I've... I mean obviously I've never been in a restaurant like this. Not even to work in one.”

“You'll learn.”

She frowned at that. “We will go out to more restaurants like this?”

He laughed. “Or places much nicer.” He glanced around, “Oh don't get me wrong, it does

what it is well and it's perfectly acceptable. But it's a bit passe, this style of food for one, and it has only one Michelin star for another.”

“This place has a Michelin star?” She asked, sounding excited.

“Yes, it does.”

“I always wanted to eat in a place with a Michelin star. I looked it up though and there are none in Ukraine so I never thought I would.”

“That's because Ukrainian food is barely edible.”

“Says the German.” She retorted.

She knew from his tone that he was teasing her. And he liked to be teased back, particularly when he was in a good mood, which, after a few days at Tarik's lake house fucking her in strappado for most of it, and a three hour blow job in the car, how could he not be?

“It will be Käsespätzle, Schnitzel and Rouladen for a week when we get back for that remark, Hannah.” He said with a smile.

She made a face, pretending to be sad looking at the langoustine on her plate, then looked back up at him. “So this will be the only edible food for a while. Is that what you're saying?”

He laughed outright at that. “You haven't even tried Sauerbraten. It means 'sour roast' and the sauce is a sweet and sour gravy. Even I can barely eat it.”

“Sounds like the worst punishment I could imagine.” She said with a perfectly straight face.

He laughed uproariously at that. “The worst punishment you could imagine?” He asked, cocking one eyebrow.

“The very worst.” She confirmed with mock solemnity.

He shook his head, genuinely amused. “Well then, you can make it tonight when we get home.”

She thought about rolling her eyes at him. But it would be a step too far. Maybe he would take it as she meant but for now, she didn't want to risk it and spoil the lovely day. It was so easy to love him in this mood, so easy to forget she shouldn't. She wanted it to go on for as long as it could.

For first courses they had ravioli with spider crab and spaghetti with clams. For mains he had chosen grilled wild sea bass and beef tenderloin. Desert was peach salad with lemonade and a millefoglie.

He was pleased she had adventurous taste. It was far more fun to have this meal with someone who was truly enjoying it than with someone who secretly wished it was borscht or something with more cabbage and sour cream.

He let her linger over the millefoglie and peaches. She had a real sweet tooth his slave did. But finally he signaled for the check.

Hannah wondered how much the meal had cost. Several hundred euro at least, surely? If not several thousand? She didn't think he would like it if she asked. It would be impolite, not something he would think she should concern herself with. She wasn't sure how she knew that, but she did.

He paid the check and offered her his hand, leading her back to the front of the restaurant. The valet had his car waiting so he handed her in and got in himself. She looked at him, wondering if he was going to push her head down into his lap again. He met her gaze and laughed. "Hoping to suck my cock right in front of the valet stand, little slut?" He asked.

"I want to please you, Master.

He hadn't been planning on it and he didn't think she was truly hoping to, just looking to see if it was coming. But what the hell. She should thank him for the lunch. He undid his belt and pulled himself out. He pulled the car forward until they were just out of sight of the valet stand, then took her by the hair and pulled her down.

"I'll tell you when I want to come, slave."

Again, his only answer was the slow bob of her head, tongue swirling around his tip.

He let her pleasure him until they were just outside of Monfalcone. The drive down the coast was beautiful and he could tell she had enjoyed it on the way up.

He pulled into a beautiful scenic overview of the sea that happened to be deserted and parked the car.

"Alright bitch, show me how grateful you were for lunch." Her head sped up and she began to really work his cock. He had never allowed her to use her hands when he fucked her mouth and there had been no man before him to teach her bad habits so her cock sucking skills really were phenomenal. Besides, she sucked with such enthusiasm.

He pushed her head back to cum in her mouth again. She showed him his spend on her tongue, as she should. "Swallow, slave."

As she licked him gently clean he said, "My cum for an opener and desert. Aren't you a lucky little slave."

"Very lucky, Master." She agreed.

When she had tucked him back and buckled him up she sat up. Her lips were red and puffy again from the long blow job. "That's how a woman should thank a man for a meal like that, don't you think, slave?"

"Yes, Master."

He ran a thumb over her lips, pulling her lower lip back and forth slowly. "Look at yourself. Your lips look so well used and that was only half the time you spent sucking me off this

morning. I bet every table we passed on our way in knew I dumped a load of cum in your mouth at the valet stand.” He told her. “Even without being told you're a slave, they know it's all your good for. They know I own you and you get down on your knees and take my cock any way I tell you to.”

He pushed his thumb between her lips and she sucked it, running her tongue along the base and swirling it around the head like it was his cock. He laughed cruelly. “Say it. Say 'all I'm good for is taking your cum in my mouth.’” He told her.

“All I'm good for is taking your cum in my mouth, Master.” He was amazed she still blushed at things like that. He hoped she'd never lose that, that sense of humiliation.

He ran his thumb again over her lips. “Every person in that restaurant looked at those lips and knew what I do to you. Right in public. They know you deserve it. They know you were made to be my slave.”

“Yes, Master.” She said, blushing.

The drive along the coast passed pleasantly. They chatted some about cities in Italy he had visited and what he liked or didn't about them. They had left Vienna around three so they arrived in Pula at six. He parked the car and loaded the bags onto the boat. He didn't help Hannah out of the car until he was ready to cast off so she stayed in it until he came to get her. He handed her out again and then lifted her by her armpits onto the boat.

“It feels so strange to be back on this boat.” She told him. “It feels like forever ago. So much has happened since.” She sighed. “I'm glad we're home though.”
Home. His heart swelled to hear her say the word.

It was almost seven by the time they made it to the front door. “I hope you were joking about the Sauerbraten.” She said as he helped her out of the jeep. “You were joking, weren't you?” He laughed and kissed her. “The worst punishment you can imagine? Yes I think I'll save it for a rainy day. Besides, I don't think I could stomach it. Not after how well we've eaten in the past few days.”

He checked his watch. He had some work that he needed to catch up on that couldn't wait for the next day. “We had a late lunch so dinner can be late. Eight thirty in the dining room. You can go unpack our bags in the meantime and shower as well. Put on the light blue bra and panties and the matching garter belt.”

“Yes, Master.”

She enjoyed putting away the clothes, the familiar sights of the bedroom and the shower in the bathroom she knew. She had enjoyed the trip immensely but it was a relief to be back on the island. It had been stressful to try to navigate the public spaces and she had been constantly worried she would make some big mistake.

It felt good to be back in the familiar kitchen too. She decided that after her crack at German food she wouldn't go wrong making amends with mashed potatoes and veal schnitzel .

He was punctual, as always, arriving just as the clock on the mantle said eight-thirty.

He laughed when he saw what she had made. “Trying to make amends? You really must be afraid of the Sauerbraten.” He said as he took a seat.

“Terrified, Master.” She said, gazing up at him lovingly.

After that it was easier to trust her. He occasionally took her into Pula for dinner, if the mood took him. He stopped locking her in the cellar when the Novaks came as well. Instead he dressed her in a little crop top and mini skirt and they both stood together and waved the family off before they went back inside and she yielded her asshole to him.

The training balls that Tarik had given him, he enjoyed immensely. It was an pleasant diversion to have her tied somewhere in his office trying to keep them in. When she dropped them, he would come and beat her, then put them back in and the cycle would start again. Sometimes if she dropped too many in a morning he would put her in strappado and put them back in, which only made it harder and made her drop them more.

That always ended the same way.

“Oh Hannah,” he said one morning when, after twenty-five minutes in strappado she dropped a ball for the fourth time. “What am I going to do with you?” He fucked her hard until she was crying with fear and pain.

But the results where her pussy was concerned... Well Tarik had been right. She felt tighter even than she had and she bled much more easily. He couldn't wait to see how tight she was when she got to the final ball. Already it took less to make her wail so prettily.

He sent a message to the phone number Nigel had left him, confirming they would be coming.

Send me the details of your flight and I'll have you met at the airport. The reply had come almost immediately.

The first time he spoke to her of the possibility of going to England was at dinner. She had made him a quite excellent quiche with apple tarte for desert and she was blowing him slowly as he finished his wine and coffee.

“I have decided to take Nigel Blakely up on his offer to go to London for Feast of the Saints.” He said, taking a sip of the wine.

She did not stop her movement but looked up at him and he could tell he had her attention. She wasn't really intending to get him off but rather let him enjoy the feeling of her mouth, anyway. Oh it would lead to him fucking her face but for the moment it was sweet and lazy, a sign of devotion. She would open her mouth for him, focus on him, for as long as he would let her. That was the important thing.

It wasn't hard to guess that Hannah shared Jessica's opinion of Nigel. He hadn't been kind to her that weekend after all. Her last memory of him was on the last night in the play room. He'd focused in on her that night. He asked Elias to show him a technique with a whip.

Once he'd tried it on her a few times he said, “another bet, Wolf. I'd wager five thousand dollars that I can get your little slave to admit she'd like to suck my cock.”
“You're welcome to try. As long as she comes to no permanent damage.”

“Of course not.”

The result had been that Hannah was reduced to a shaking puddle, hanging limp in her handcuffs (at that point Elias had stopped the display so she didn't break her wrists with all her weight against the handcuffs).

“Quite the tab I'm accumulating with you, eh, Wolf?” Nigel had said cheerfully as he fucked the blond whore, the one that looked a bit like Hannah, in the ass. She was tied over a vaulting bench with her hands and legs immobilized. He had used no lubrication and the girl was already bleeding, though he'd just started.

But he had a trump card. He may have laughed at Furst for trying to convince him to bring Hannah so Jessica would be enthusiastic about the trip. He didn't have to tell the man he intended to use the same trick himself.

“Jessica and Max are going as well.”

She looked eager at that, though still unable to speak with his cock in her mouth. She might dislike Nigel but he knew she would be excited to see the other slave. That she would put up with a lot to see her again.

“Well, you'd better earn it then.”

He had bought the tickets already but he didn't regret telling her to earn it. It wasn't that she was lazy usually but he felt her zeal to see Jessica again keenly. He didn't think she thought of Jessica when she mounted him one evening as he savored his coffee, rolling her hips until he came slowly, nor when she made his very favorite dinner. But when he smacked her ass and told her to earn her ticket to London like the whore she was, he did enjoy how frantic she became to please.

Elias was in a damn fine mood when their plane touched down in London. Max had been right about the first class of Croatia airlines. They had been seated in a cozy little pod of two chairs facing each other enclosed in sloping plastic that made almost a sphere, except for the entrance in and out. There was a table between the chairs that could be folded neatly away and a privacy drape that did double service as a 'do not disturb' sign. *In case Herr wished to take a quick nap to refresh himself*, of course.

It had been far and away the most comfortable flight he'd ever taken with Hannah on her knees before him. It was particularly delightful because of the eager way she sucked him and the fear in her eyes. Hannah had never flown before, and she was clearly overwhelmed by the airport and the plane.

She'd held his hand tightly as they walked through the airport. He supposed it wasn't strange that she had developed some agoraphobia after being confined for so long in isolation. He enjoyed the way she clung to him. She kept a step behind him but close. It didn't look out of place in the crowded terminal but he knew it was her trying to soothe herself.

He had dressed her in a short white skirt, sunny yellow heels and a matching top that was ruched at the waist, collar and puffed sleeves. It left just a tiny sliver of her stomach visible at the bottom. It was elegant, not in the least bit whorish. But, as always, it made it clear that she was his sex object. A girl that young, that beautiful, dressed as she was and holding the hand of a man dressed in Armani slacks, a Tom Ford Henley and Zurich Tourbillon Tufina... well it was easy to guess why he was with her. She spread her thighs or got on her knees whenever he liked.

They stepped into the executive line of security.

He had thought long and hard about it but finally had obtained a passport with her real name on it. He double checked the police reports from Kiev and still no missing person report had been filed. No one had noticed she was gone. So there was nothing to be gained by using another name on the passport. If things ever went so wrong she was fingerprinted for any reason, it would be less suspicious if her name matched her fingerprints on file at the Kiev police station.

He handed the guard both their passports and tickets. He looked at both of them and their passports, his eyes lingering a bit longer on Hannah. "Have a nice day Mr. Wolf." He had said with small look of admiration toward Elias.

They had a short wait at the gate. Elias took out his wallet and handed her a heavy, black credit card. He pointed to a nearby coffee shop. "I will have an Flat White. Would you like a coffee?"

She looked up at him. She was clearly surprised by the question, nervous that she may misunderstand the situation, that this may be some kind of test. Which, in fact, it was. But not about her choice of coffee.

“A latte, M...” She began but cut herself off. “A latte, please.”

He squeezed her thigh. “You may have one.”

She was off in a flash, so eager for the treat that she clearly hadn't considered what he might think of her running away from him in a public place. He himself take out his phone and look at it, rather than watching her in line like a hawk. He didn't see any of the emails he read though until she returned.

She put down both coffees on her seat. She handed him his drink with both hands. He had told her that he would accept as a substitute to the usual reverence of Kneeling when they were in public.

“My credit card?” He asked mildly.

“Oh right.” She took it out of her back pocket and handed it to him, carefully, with both hands. “Thank you for the latte.”

She sat back down and took up her drink. He put an arm around her shoulders and she leaned against him. Suddenly the emails seemed to make sense again. She sipped her drink contentedly until it was time to get on the plane.

She had been impressed with amenities of first class, staring around in awe as he stowed their luggage and helped her into the little pod that held their seats. She folded her hands in her lap and though her head was demurely down, he could tell that she was looking at all the people in her peripheral vision.

He had told her that she did not need to restrict her gaze in public as she did in private. It would be impractical and set her up to break the rules otherwise. But clearly, the habit was hard to break. He reached across and buckled her seat belt.

She made little white knuckled balls with her fists as they took off, gripping the seat beside her until they were in the air, then murmuring something that sounded like Hail Marys in Ukranian. He let her look out the window, wide eyed and awestruck until the orange light in the shape of a seat belt turned dark.

He snapped his fingers and pointed to the floor in front of him, unbuckling his seat belt. She didn't hesitate, didn't worry about the stewardesses who would walk by just a few feet from where she was sucking him off. Hell, she looked more relaxed than she had all morning as she undid his belt and zipper and took him into her mouth.

She looked up, questioningly. She wanted to know if he wanted to cum fast or slow. “Make it last.” He said.

She went to work, setting up a slow, bobbing pace with her head. Only when she made the announcement that the plane was beginning its descent did he put his hand on the back of her head and begin to pump his hips.

He wondered if the stewardess noticed how puffy her lips had become from the work as she exited the plane. If she did she certainly didn't show it as she gave them both a bright smile and welcomed them to London.

There was a car waiting for them by the curb after they picked up their luggage. He opened the door and let Hannah in before going around to the other side. They didn't speak as the car drove through the city, Elias was sending off a few emails he hadn't gotten to on the plane.

They pulled up in front of a luxurious downtown hotel. It was a huge high rise with a red carpet and shaded awning leading up to the large, double front doors. He got out, then helped Hannah out.

"I'll bring the luggage up for you, sir. No need to worry about it." The driver told him. He tipped the man a hundred euros and took Hannah by the hand.

The woman at the front desk smiled brightly at them. "Welcome to *Le Clé*, Herr Wolf." She said as she got a folder out from below the desk and slid it across. "Your room keys and information about the amenities is inside. The Penthouse suite is on the top floor. It's 'P' on the elevators and you'll have to put your key into the slot at the bottom for the elevator to get to it."

Nigel hadn't been exaggerating when he said the rooms were exceptional. A spacious central room with the far wall entirely glass had every amenity imaginable. To one side there was a large bedroom with a California king bed and another stunning view of the city. The other room was taken up half with a kitchenette (though really it was almost a full kitchen) and a dining area.

Hannah looked around in awe. Whatever she had seen in hospitality, clearly hadn't been on this level. She gaped openly at the rooms. The driver came up through the open door with their luggage. "Where would you like these, sir?" He asked.

"The bedroom will be fine."

When the door closed behind him, Hannah dropped immediately into Kneel. She looked relieved to be in the familiar position.

He was still satisfied from the long blowjob on the plane and had some work to do that couldn't be managed on the phone. "Unpack the suitcases in the bedroom. If you finish before I give you another task, you may read on the bed until your called for."

She wasn't allowed to sit on furniture, except in public, but the bed was a kind compromise. Clearly she was allowed on the bed and it was more comfortable for her than on the floor. So being told to wait on the bed was something of a reward.

"Thank you, Master."

She scurried off to do as he bid as he took his laptop out of his shoulder bag and set it on the nice desk in the common room. As he slid the laptop out he caught sight of the other thing he had taken from his desk in the island that morning and put in it. He smiled at the sight of it and slid it out as well. There was no danger. Hannah wouldn't come out of the bedroom until he called her.

He put the blue leather case on the desk and opened it. The gleam of the metal seemed to smile back at him. *Property of Elias Frederick Wolf.*

He had decided to give it to her this weekend. He hadn't decided exactly how he would do it and was enjoying mulling over the possibilities. There were lots of decisions. Would she be shaking with tears or still trembling from an orgasm? And afterwards... what would he choose for her to show her appreciation for his gift?

He hadn't told Hannah yet, but they would fly back to Berlin after this weekend. He wanted to introduce her to his home, his friends, his city as his collared slave. Eventually her wedding ring would say it too, carved on the inside so it would sit right up against her skin. *Property of Elias Frederick Wolf.* But he was in no hurry for that. That meant little to him anyway. But people would expect it after a certain amount of time. Certainly before she gave him children. It would only be proper.

Besides, he knew without being told, that it would hurt Hannah deeply if he made her an unwedded mother and her child a bastard. Hurt her in a way that he did not derive any enjoyment from. She wasn't particularly religious but she believed in God, would probably think it was a sin. Her feelings alone were enough of a consideration that he was sure he would marry her.

When had that become the case?

It was so strange to think of how he had felt when he took her. Full of anger at her sister. Intending to debase and destroy her. Fuck and degrade her until she was no longer the sweet, shy little thing who hadn't met his eyes, trusted a stranger enough to walk down an abandoned ally.

Now all those little vulnerable parts of her were what he loved most about her. What made him wild with lust for her.

He rubbed a thumb over the words.

She had more than earned it. He should have given it to her months ago, after the Midsommar celebration. But he'd held off. He had only ever collared Katarina before and she had turned sourer still once her position in his life had been solidified.

He put the case back in his satchel and sat down at the desk, pulling his mind out of these fantasies.

He got the work done and was lingering over some financial reports of a company he was interested in. It wasn't focused work, just something he wanted to put in his brain to let it be

mulled over. He found not thinking about the work too directly often lead to surprisingly fruitful decisions.

There was a knock on the door.

“Come in.”

The door open and Nigel stepped in. He beamed at Elias, crossing the room quickly and sticking out his hand. “Damn good to see you.” The exchanged a firm handshake. “Welcome to my city!”

“Good to be here. A very hospitable welcome so far.”

“And going to get much more hospitable still, I think you'll find.” He said with a wink. He looked around the suite. “Where is that delicious slave of yours anyway? You did bring her I hope?”

“Hannah, Kneel.” He said. He spoke at the same level of conversation, knowing she was in the bedroom listening raptly to every word.

She came out immediately and Kneel before him. “Sir and Master, may this humble slave offer any refreshments?”

Nigel snorted. “Funny, seeing her in clothes.”

Elias shrugged. “Could hardly take her on a plane in a teddy.”

“Still, doesn't seem natural that she should be so covered. Like seeing a monkey in a dress.”

Elias disagreed. There was something he enjoyed about seeing Hannah in the clothes he had selected for her. She looked beautiful in them, stunning. And there was something powerful about the knowledge that he could have them off her at the snap of a finger, rip them off her if he wanted. He loved the way she undressed too. It wasn't sexy but rather crude and virginal. It made his cock rock hard, a reminder of how innocent she had been when she came to him.

He checked his watch. It was only three PM but he was on holiday. “I'm drinking whiskey, don't make me start alone. What will you have?”

“Well, if you insist. Gin and tonic.”

Hannah rose and slipped off to the well-stocked bar nook that was near the entrance way had a cheeky little passageway into the kitchenette.

“My God she's even more lovely than I remember.” Nigel groaned, watching her walk away. “Please tell me you've changed your policy completely and would be happy to let me sink my cock into that tight little ass.”

Elias laughed. “Not a chance.”

Nigel winked. “Like I said the first time I noticed that tender little morsel, never hurts to ask.”

Hannah came back with the drinks and Kneel to present them to each man in turn.

“Anyway I dropped by on a whim. You don't have to say yes, but I'm at liberty for the afternoon and was wondering if I could tempt you to take a tour of the facilities, as it were.” He said, sipping the cocktail.

“I am curious how you've managed it. Right in the heart of London.”

“Well, let me show you.” He jerked his head toward the elevator.

“Alright.”

Hannah glanced up at him.

She had become quite good at conveying a lot with an expression, just as he had become adept at reading her. She didn't want to be left alone. She didn't want him to go. But he wasn't sure he wanted her to see whatever it was that Nigel was taking him to experience. He remembered quite clearly the sweat and pallor she'd had when she'd watched Nigel fuck the throat of that red headed prostitute on his coffee table in the games room like he meant to really kill her. He had thought she might throw up.

“Good show.”

The two men walked toward the elevator and Nigel said. “Give me your key. I have my own but I want to show you that this is always available to you.”

Elias took out his wallet and handed it over. Nigel put it into the same slot Elias had used to access the Penthouse suite. He pushed the B3 button.

As the elevator descended, he commented to Elias without prompting. “We only ever provide one key to the Penthouse to guests. Without it, you can't call the elevator. The room is absolutely soundproof, of course. If you're wondering.”

He shook his head. “I'm not worried she'll run. If that's what you mean.”

“The staff will tell you if she tried to call it.”

“I took her on a plane today. Had her suck my cock while the stewardess walked by a foot away.” He told the other man. “If she was going to try to run, she would have by now.”

“Did she really? That's just what I'm looking for.” Blakely said with enthusiasm. “I want a slut who can't get enough. A fucking slave who will crawl at my feet, take my kicks and beg for more. A real whore that can't get enough of my cock or my lash.”

The elevator stopped at the ground floor. The doors opened onto an enormous subterranean night club. There was a huge bar on the far wall, lit with eerie red neon light. There were three stages he could see. One with a St. Andrews Cross. The other with a Pillory and the third completely blank. Around the floor their were various pieces of furniture scattered: a spanking bench, a pillory, a vaulting bench. There were stairs on the right leading up to a glass enclosed balcony space that jutted out over the floor. And there were paired stairs leading down on either side.

“It's a big space.” Elias remarked. He hadn't met more than fifteen men he trusted to share his predilections. He couldn't imagine how Nigel could fill the space.

“Hidden in plain sight, that's what I am.” Nigel said with a triumphant crow. “Ninety-nine percent of it is a regular BDSM club. The rich and pretty of London all come down here to smack each others asses and ask whose a dirty girl. All the while missing the point that the man next to them has his cock up the ass of some pretty little bitch from Siberia or wherever, and she'd run if she could.”

“You never get unwanted crossover between clientele?” He asked.

“Almost never. The spaces where the real stuff happens is restricted. The VIP room,” he pointed to the stairs leading up, “or a specific dungeon.” He pointed to the stairs leading down. “Usually there's at least one dungeon on any given night that's real and there's always an extra bouncer at the entrance.”

“And if someone were to... find themselves on the wrong side of the rope?”

Nigel laughed. “Half of them join in once they see the girl is already subdued and have the night of their fucking lives. Another half just brush it off as part of the scene and none of their business. And the rare one that doesn't fit into either of those categories... well lets just say that I've never met a man I couldn't convince that it would be... what did the American's call it? Mutually assured destruction.”

“How long have you been operating?”

“Five years in June.”

“Where do the girls come from?”

“All over. Mostly Eastern Europe just because it's easy and they appeal to most tastes. But I'm not prejudice.” He said with a small smile. “I do try to keep a diverse group.”

Nigel took him behind the bar and down to what would normally have been the drinks cellar. Where the bar staff went to refresh the alcohol from time to time to keep the bar fresh. And, to be fair, it was, also, the drinks cellar. There were crates of beer, wine, liquor stacked against the back wall. But along each side wall were.. cells. There was no other way to describe them. They were metal cages about five by five. There was a small toilet and sink in each but otherwise they were unadorned.

The girls looked up when they entered. Some were apprehensive but most looked merely indifferent to their fate. They watched the two men with dull, calculating eyes. Nigel walked to one cage and the girl immediately lay on her back close to the cage doors. He undid his trousers and pissed over her without ceremony. She opened her mouth and swallowed what he poured into her mouth. He took a drink of his gin and tonic as he did it, as if to underscore how mundane this was for him.

He turned to Elias, “so, which one do you feel like whipping?”

“For me it's the same.”

Nigel considered for a moment and then went to the cage of a pretty blond and opened it. She came woodenly forward and he grabbed her, pulling her out by the hair.

Elias couldn't help but notice that Nigel had been careful not to enter the cage. He didn't like that. A man who was afraid to enter the space of a woman, could never hope to dominate her. Certainly never to make her his slave. As long as he relied on these women to come out and kneel, he would never have a true slave.

He said nothing however. How his host chose to manage his house was not his to remark upon.

Nigel lashed the girl to a St. Andrews cross at one end. He went and fetched a whip. "Alright, show me how to break this bitch."

Elias couldn't help but feel disappointed. He'd thought this man had a bit more imagination, a bit more drive to make himself a real slave. And he was surprised how little appetite he had to whip a whore these days.

He showed Nigel a few tricks with the whip to make the blow land harder and then excused himself. "Hannah and I have dinner reservations with Max and Jessica. I must return upstairs to see she's ready for them."

"Of course. You must allow me to let you take any one of these tempting little sluts for a ride before you go. They're all tested weekly to make sure their clean. And they're all... up for anything." He laughed. "No safe words down here."

But he was already focused on the girl they had whipped. He was slapping her face without restraint as he fucked her with hard, brutal strokes against the St. Andrews cross. Elias didn't even bother to decline.

Elias walked back up to the main floor and then to the elevators. He put his key in and pushed the button for the Penthouse. When the doors opened, the sight that greeted him warmed his heart. Hannah hadn't moved from where he left her. She was still in Kneel, slightly turned toward the desk. The only difference was that she had been crying. Tears had spilled down her cheeks onto the yellow top and her cheeks were red and cracked.

She looked up when he came in and almost threw herself forward, crawling to kiss his boots. "Oh, thank God you're back... thank God, oh Master, please let me serve you... please... please...."

That sight alone was enough to arouse him far more than the display with the whip downstairs. He took her roughly by the hair and dragged her into the bedroom. He checked his watch. Just enough time to satisfy himself. He threw her down on her belly across the bed and flipped up her skirt. He spread her ass cheeks and pressed his cock to her cunt. He took a moment to admire the look of it sliding between those perfect pink folds before he pushed his cock into her and turned his attention to making his little slave scream.

When he had cum in her and she'd cleaned him. He stood and checked his watch. "Get cleaned up in the bathroom, slut. We have thirty minutes before we need to go down to meet Jessica and Max."

When she was clean she fixed her face as he liked and pinned her hair back from her face. She went out into the bedroom and was relieved to find that he'd left a dress over the bed for

her. It was a deep, jewel-tone green. It was modest with capped sleeves and a skirt nearly to her knees and bold red heels. It went without saying that he had given her nothing to wear beneath it.

He took her hand. She followed one step behind.

In the lobby, Max and Jessica were waiting on a comfortable couch. Jessica was in her Master's lap in a lavender chiffon number that was truly fantastic on her. Elias was fairly sure that no one else in the lobby had paid enough attention to notice that one of Max's broad, strong hands was underneath the delicate, chiffon skirt and Jessica had a pained look of restraint. She was trying not to cum without permission.

Furst stood and swept his slave down beside him easily. "I thought Germans were meant to be punctual." He said in German.

"Germans are precise." He answered in the same language. "I'm here at exactly the moment I said I would be."

Jessica and Hannah were beaming at each other from where they stood behind their respective Masters. Despite the fact that Jessica was still panting, still clearly wanting release, she was happy to see the other slave. It wouldn't be polite to speak to each other with the two Masters present but it was clear how overjoyed they were to be reunited.

There was a car waiting for them and the men helped the women in. Again they crowded together in the back seat, pressing as close to each other as possible. The men sat on the outside so it allowed them to hold hands underneath the folds of their dresses. Jessica squeezed once. *How are you?* Hannah squeezed back twice. *Alright. How are you?* After that they contented themselves with interlacing their fingers tightly as the men talked.

She didn't know who had chosen the restaurant, Max or Elias. The car pulled up in front of an incredible facade of London building. All turret sides and beautiful, original brickwork fronts. Hannah was sure she'd never even seen anything as nice as this. There wasn't anything as nice as this in all of Kiev and, after all, she'd never been anywhere else.

The door opened and her Master offered her a hand. She took it and slid out.

Once they were seated waitress came and took orders for the opening course. The two men ordered after a perfunctory glance at the menu, then fell back into conversation. Elias put a delicate shrimp appetizer onto her plate and poured a bit of crisp white wine into her glass. She put her hand on her knife and fork, rolled professionally in a white napkin and looked up, a question in her eyes. He nodded.

She would have eaten with her fingers if he'd shaken his head.

She opened the napkin and sliced what he had given her into pieces. She brought a bit to her lips and almost groaned. It was heavenly. It was so tender and buttery as to melt into her mouth. She lifted the wine to her lips and found the two tastes went together, complimenting and elevating each other.

He gave her a bit of every course and she savored it all. When the small deserts and coffee came, he pulled her close so she looked at him. He caught her chin between two fingers. "Just think, slave," he murmured low enough that even Max and Jessica couldn't hear, "less than a year ago you had to lie on your back and spread your legs for a bowl of hot chocolate. Now you're having a five course meal at the best restaurant in London."

"I still spread my legs for you."

He tilted her lips up and gave her a nearly sweet kiss. He parted her lips and nipped at her lower one, but it felt less like a violation than it usually did when he kissed her.

It turned out that Nigel had given Jessica and Max the Penthouse that took up the other half of their floor. There were two doors between them that could be unlocked to make it into a continuous suite. When they returned to the hotel they quickly opened both. After they had served the men another drink and espresso, the women disappeared into one of the master bedrooms to get ready dressed for the club.

As soon as the door closed behind them, Jessica touched her neck. "No collar yet? I would have sworn he would have given you one."

Hannah shook her head. "I... I don't... I can't think of that now. How are you?"

"I'm fine. Max and I spent the rest of the summer in Austria and then a few weeks in the French Riviera. It was wonderful. I swam on the beach and he read the newspaper and then I came in for him to use me before I made dinner. Perfect."

"That does sound perfect."

"What are you complaining about. That was your life on the island."

"Not exactly. Elias told me I could go down the beach unsupervised the week before we left, and I was too anxious to take him up on it. I could barely dip my toes in the pool without him telling me to."

Jessica stroked her head. "You'll get there. Once you know he loves you, things settle out."

Hannah turned her head away from Jessica to hide her grimace. *What if Elias never loved her?*

But as they were talking and catching up, the women stripped out of their dresses and donned their outfits for the evening. Hannah put on the teddy Elias had left her on the bed. It was the same green as her dress with little red tendrils woven through like poison ivy, and the same green pumps. Jessica put on a dark red chemise and matching high heels. They did their make up and hair and then stepped back out into the common room.

Their Masters spoke as they knelt and fetched them drinks. Jessica put her chin on Max's knee and Hannah leaned against Elias's legs. Finally though, Elias said. "Time to go down."

Max nodded and took from his pocket a long, beautifully made chain of the same burnished gold as the medallion in Jessica's collar. He attached it to a small hook and then leaned back

to admire the look. He said something to her in German that made her smile radiantly up at him, then gave her a brief but passionate kiss.

Hannah tried to ignore the way her heart hurt watching the interaction. She was happy for her friend, she reminded herself. The fact that Max loved Jessica wasn't the reason that Elias didn't love her. It wasn't as if there could only be so much happiness to go around and Jessica was taking her share. He didn't because he didn't. He didn't think she was worthy.

Elias stood and the others followed suit. They got into the elevator, Elias put in the key card and pressed the button. Slowly, the elevator began to descend.

The door opened into a scene full of movement. There was a riot of people on the floor, gyrating to a thrumming techno beat. It wasn't loud, the beat, not exactly, but somehow it was overwhelming, pervasive. A base rhythm for the masses to hump each other too. Elias took her hand and steered her through the crowd. Every edge and corner from the bar to the tables was outlined with red neon lights. There were almost no lights in the room otherwise except for elevated stages, about hip high that glowed brightly from within, a luminescence that lit up the scenes on them with an eerie, ethereal light. A man in a full body latex suit being peed on by a woman in a pointed-tipped bustier. A girl dangling by her wrists being fucked front and back between a man and a woman with a strap on.

Hannah stumbled a few times, trying to keep as close to Elias as possible. She turned a few times to make sure Jessica was still following her but she couldn't see Max behind her. She felt panic rise in her throat but reminded herself that there was no way Jessica would keep walking if she couldn't feel Max's hand on her leash.

She was glad when they reached a set of stairs and were out of the crush of bodies.

Within the glass walls of the VIP section the music was dampened enough to make speech at a normal volume possible. The look of the place was similar to the club below, if there were a few nastier elements than they'd seen before. Next to a St Andrews cross on a table there were an assortment of items including a real bull whip, a police baton and a knife. There was a spanking bench topped with sandpaper. A girl spanked or fucked on that would have a strip of skin taken off from stem to stern. Hannah tried, and failed, to suppress a shiver.

Nigel spotted them immediately and waved them over. He was sitting at the far end of the room at a table that was illuminated in the same way the stages were, with a comfortable red leather chair on each side.

He shook hands with Max and Elias. "Gentleman! What a pleasure to see you both. Come sit."

The two Masters took their seats in the chairs on either side of them. Hannah and Jessica knelt gracefully beside them. Nigel prodded something at the base of the table with his foot. "Up slut," he said, sounding exasperated, "time to get my friends a drink."

The girl who had been huddled against the table rose with difficulty. She had a black eye and her back was a score of whip marks. "What would you sirs like," she asked, quietly.

"A whiskey for me, Gin and Tonic for my slave." Max said.

Elias turned to Hannah. "What would you like?"

"Master?"

"What would you like to drink, slave? I'm having a whiskey."

"Vodka tonic, please, Master?" She finally managed.

When the girl was gone, Hannah noticed that Nigel was focused on her. "Not wearing her little bells tonight." He said to Elias. "What a disappointment."

"Not tonight." Elias said, not offering any explanation.

"You looked pretty in those, slave. Particularly on your knees with a cock in you. Tears in your eyes and pleasing a man, as a woman should be." He said to her.

"Thank you, sir." She said, knowing it would be impolite not to treat the statement as a compliment, even if she hated it.

When the drinks came Elias took his own and put Hannah's on the floor in front of her.

"Thank you, Master." She said. He didn't not acknowledge the remark.

There was a little black straw in it so she bent and took a sip. It tasted heavenly but when she sat up her head spun. She had never been a lush but after so many months of only having a sip of wine or beer from his glass, a cocktail felt like a lot. But yet... it was too good to resist. She sucked another big gulp in and swallowed.

“Herr Furst! I know you are particularly fond of paddles. I have quite the collection laid out for you, if you could be tempted.” Nigel said. “Come, follow me and I’ll show you.”

He led Furst over a spanking bench across the room. Max lifted Jessica onto it and shackled her to it. Then he and Nigel began to examine what really was an impressive array of paddles laid out. “Why don’t you see if you can get through all of them tonight, eh?”

He came back to the table, leaving a quite satisfied Furst. He was only on the second paddle and Jessica was already in tears. He checked his watch and then smiled. “And for you Herr Wolf, I’ve also prepared a little gift. But we’ll have to go down in the dungeons for it.”

“But you’ll have to leave the little filly here, I’m afraid.”

“I’m not interested in fucking one of your whores, Blakely.” Since he’d had Hannah’s pussy, he knew no other woman could compare anyway.

Nigel leaned in conspiratorially. “I’m not proposing, necessarily that you fuck, only that you watch. And believe you me, I think you will want to see this. It’s quite a special little treat I’ve prepared just for you, actually.”

Elias was intrigued. He looked at Hannah, considering.

“Oh her? She’ll be fine. Your friends are a shouts breath away. Besides, she won’t be able to leave the VIP area without my say so, will she? She can hardly be fucked in some dark corner or dragged out under those circumstances.”

It was a reasonable proposition. There was no reason to fear for Hannah’s safety. The worst players in the place by far where Nigel, Max and him. That was apparent. The bouncer in the VIP area had clocked both girls coming in and was keeping an eye on both, Elias had notice that immediately from his army training. Besides, if she was in any real trouble, he trusted Max to keep her safe.

He turned to her. “Wait here for me. I’ll be back.”

“Master...” She began but he silenced her with a hard look.

“Mind where you are, Hannah.”

She couldn’t help but feel she had made some fatal mistake as she watched him and Nigel disappear down the stairs and out of the VIP area. What had it been though? Telling Elias she wanted to come to this party? Not telling Elias how much she feared and hated Nigel? Walking down the alley towards a man who said he was lost and just needed to find the Darja district?

One of the servers, dressed in tight, leather bondage appeared beside her. “Your Master sent me with a refreshment.”

She hadn’t noticed she was done with the vodka tonic. How thoughtful of Elias to have sent her another. She took the fresh one gratefully. She swirled the liquid around in the cup and sucked down the cold, sweet mix. Her head spun a bit more, her eyes becoming more

difficult to focus. She looked at Jessica and Max on the couch across the room. As long as they were there, she was safe.

“You're Hannah right? Hannah Konashevych?”

She frowned when she saw who it was. It was the whore from the island party, the red-headed one who she'd seen taken back and front brutally over the coffee table in the games room. She was standing at the edge of the table, looking down.

“Yes. That's me.”

“Your Master... Elias, he's asking for your. He sent me to get you.”

“Elias sent you to find me?”

“Hurry the fuck up. I'm not taking a beating because you're hemming and hawing.”

She didn't want to go with the girl but on the other hand she wanted desperately to be reunited with her Master. Being in this place without him was terrifying and awful. She looked toward Max and Jessica. “I should let Herr Furst know I'm leaving.”

The girl rolled her eyes. “Does he look like he wants to be disturbed? I'll tell one of the waitresses to let him know where you went if he asks. Which I doubt he will.” She walked to the bar and flagged down one of the women behind it. She whispered something in her ear and then returned to Hannah.

She let the girl take her by the hand and lead her down. They went out of the VIP area and back through the party with the thrumming base drum. She stumbled. How much had she had to drink? But maybe it was just the heels? No she had been fine walking in them before.

They went down some steps. “Stop, you're going to fast!” Hannah had protested and the girl had stopped but just long enough to catch her hand and jerk her forward, making her trip again.

They went down into the room and Hannah stopped short.

The scene was... bad. It was meant to shock and unsettle. There was nothing sensual about it. Almost nothing human about it. Nothing to give pleasure. This was meant to open the senses by revulsion. A man lay on his back, a woman above him, speared on his cock. Another man crouched behind her, his cock settled in her ass. With his hand he gripped her hair, bending her forward to suck the cock of a third. They moved like some kind of awful machinery, thrusting her form one to the other like she was caught in turning gears. Worst of all in the background she could see more men waiting their turn. The girls holes were already slick from the cum of men who had used her before, by the looks of it, a lot more to go.

She had seen girls on the island taken by Illya and Nigel at the same time but this was worse. An unknown number of men. Men whose name and faces the woman didn't know. No way to know how many it would be or how long it would last.

The red-head from the island turned to her and now Hannah could see the smile was not friendly. It was gleeful and cruel. She pointed across the room to one of the men who was watching from a group of leather chairs.

Elias.

Her heart felt like it stopped in her chest.

He didn't have his cock out and he didn't appear to be in line but he looked down at the scene with an unyielding focus.

“There is your *Master*.” The girl crowed, triumphantly.

But her finger was not done moving. It slipped down, indicating the girl caught in those ugly gears.

“And there... is your *sister*.”

In that instant the man came down her throat and for a moment the girl drew back to draw breath. Hannah felt as if the world stopped. She couldn't breathe. It was Kat. Unmistakably her. She looked tired, drugged, haggard. But it was her sister.

She couldn't help herself.

She stepped forward and from her a wail was rising. “No, no, no, no, no, no....”

Katarina looked up, the men looked up. She didn't seem to recognize her sister in the dark. Not surprising given that the scene was lit and Hannah was not. With the bright lights in her eyes it would be impossible to see past them, even if she could focus with as glassy as her eyes were with drugs. It had been years since she'd heard her voice too. But where her sister looked up with mute, dumb, disinterest, the men around her look toward Hannah with a decidedly ugly intent as she walked onto the stage, moving fast towards Katarina's form.

One stepped forward. “You trying to take her place, princess?” His cock was out and he was stroking it menacingly. She didn't slow down, moving past him toward the stage, snatching her wrist away before his fingers closed over the air where it had been only a second ago.

Before she could reach the performers an unstoppable force collided with her. Elias put an arm around her waist and lifted her easily from her feet and carrying her back toward the door she had come in through.

On the steps up from the dungeon she got her footing back and kicked out at him.

He wasn't the only one who had insights in a flash. Max standing over her and remarking he had a “type.” Even Jessica had known. All her cryptic sentences about the last slave to betray her Master. And all along, it had been her sister.

Kat had been his slave.

Everyone always said she looked like Kat.

That's why he had taken her in Kiev.

He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her.

But it was worse than that, so much worse. Kat had been his slave and he had reduced her to... a whore. To worse than there mother had been, worse than anything Hannah had ever seen. Her sister. Her beloved sister. She had been Elias's slave, his responsibility, and he had let her become...

He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat.

Kat.

Kat.

Kat.

The thoughts played over and over in her head.

He pushed her against the wall, trapping her body with his own massive one. He planted a hand on either side of her head.

"Elias, how could you!" She was screaming, flailing at his chest with an unchecked fury. Once in the kitchen he had proven to her how futile it would be to fight him in jest but she didn't care now. She fought harder against him and with the same frantic, desperate strength as she had when he had raped her first. "How could you, how could you, how could you..."

He put a hand over her mouth, pressing her hard against the wall. "Hannah, you need to remember who the fuck you are talking to and where the fuck you are." He hissed. "I'm not joking."

She was beyond reason though, kicking and struggling against him.

He flipped her around so she was against his chest and clapped a hand over her mouth.

She didn't make it easy to drag her through the club. Even in a scene like this, people turned to remark as he hauled her across the floor to the elevators. The doors opened immediately

when he pressed the button and he dragged her inside and hit the button for the penthouse. He let go of her once they were safely within the room with the doors closed.

She collapsed when he let go of her, falling to her knees on the tiles and covering her hands. So often he had blindfolded her, deprived her of her senses but now she longed for that, longed for less stimulus, less input. If she could just go back, just unsee what she had. Kat, her sister... that was her sister, her only family. She felt like she might vomit.

He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat.

He knelt and picked her up, one arm under her shoulders, another under her knees. He carried her to the bed and set her down. She turned away from him and curled into the fetal position, hands over her head.

He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat.

He stood up and looked down at her. "I'm going to give you a little bit of time, Hannah, to process the shock. When I come back, I'll expect you to be in a more reasonable mood."

It was a physical effort to make himself stand and walk to the door. He was furious. He couldn't tell who he was most angry at, himself? The red-headed whore? Katarina? Probably that was the order. Hannah he couldn't bring himself to blame. She should have known not to follow that red-headed bitch but who knows what the whore had told her.

He should have seen this coming. He put a lot on Hannah. But this was not hers to control. It was his. She was to obey and serve; he was to protect and provide. He had always been clear about that. He should never have let her see her sister like that. Let her out of his fucking sight in the club. Gone to see Katarina. Kept from her that her sister had been his previous slave.

It was a long list of things that could have been done better. Should have been done better.

He fought the urge to punch the wall outside the room. Instead he hit the button to go back down to the club.

He cut through the floor and back up to the VIP area. Max was on a couch, Jessica on his lap. Nigel hadn't come back yet. Still in the dungeon watching, or more likely participating in the

gang bang of Elias's former slave. In front of Max a woman was being whipped on a St Andrews cross but wasn't looking at the display. It was fake, voluntary. Nothing to interest him. Her screams were so fucking annoying. She could stop at any time, leave at any time. So what did she even have to scream about.

Jessica was cradled in one arm, head against his collar, recovering from the paddles. He could see she was pressing soft kisses along Max's neck, whispering things to him. He knew that moment all too well. After a good beating, when the girl in your arms was a limp, apologetic puddle. It didn't even matter if the beating had only been for your pleasure, they always apologized.

It was fucking heaven.

He could almost hear Hannah's soft voice in his ear. "Oh, Master... I'm so sorry, Master. Please... please tell me you forgive me. Please... just let me make it up to you." Her sweet, wet little tears ruining the starch of his collar and those soft, loving kisses on his neck. "Tell me what I can do to make it up to you... anything... I'll do anything..."

He felt something black and hard squeeze in his chest.

Would Hannah ever do that again for him? He couldn't stand it if hatred crept into those wide blue eyes. Disgust. Resentment. It would kill him.

He threw himself down on the couch next to Max and gestured for some whore in a bustier to approach. "Whiskey, one ice cub. Make it a double."

"Where is Hannah?" Max asked, brow furrowed. "The bartender said you called her downstairs."

"She saw something she shouldn't have. I put her in the room upstairs."

"Something she shouldn't have?"

Something in his voice made Jessica look up. She still looked dazed, loopy, drunk from the paddles and her love of her Master. But she looked at him with concern.

"Katarina." He let out a long breath. "Nigel thought to arrange a gang bang for her. As a particular welcome gift for me."

Jessica let out a little cry of pain, almost as if the thought had physically hurt her, and clutched Max a little tighter.

Max, however, only looked surprised. "That bitch isn't dead? I always thought you had sold her to scum after you found her with that pimps cock up her ass."

It had happened at a party in Berlin.

They'd fought that day. Nothing major just the usual resentful sullenness that led to him getting angry that led to him disciplining her, which led to more resentment that led to him getting angry and so on...

He'd taken it out on her at the party. In one of the private bedrooms he had beaten her with a cane before he'd fucked her ass hard and brutal. Then he'd gone downstairs with a friend to enjoy a pretty little whore at the party and blow off some steam before he came back to talk to Katarina. One of the local traffickers had taken his place by the time he came back upstairs. He stood where Elias had stood, his cock up her ass. They had both been high, the man with as little sense as she'd had.

The host had kicked the man out of the party, telling him he was blacklisted. But he had left Elias to deal with his slave how he chose.

Elias sighed. "I let Katarina leave." He said, looking at Jessica more than Max. "I didn't hurt her. Didn't even touch her really. I took her home, gave her some clothes and a few thousand euro. I took off her collar and told her she wasn't to step foot in my house again."

There had been no need to threaten or explain to Katarina how little she would be believed if she decided to tell anyone that he had locked her behind a bookshelf for a year and a half. He didn't think she would even try. She would go to man from the party for more drugs and slide slowly down a very slippery slope from there.

He had also been surprised she was still alive when he saw her in the dungeon.

Max frowned. "That whore didn't deserve your generosity."

"One of the pimp's girls had given her heroin at a party about six months before. She was fucking him for more."

"Still, more consideration than she deserved."

Elias shrugged. "It wasn't her fault. None of it was her fault. I had taken her as a slave, but hadn't broken her. If anyone is to blame for what happened, it was me."

Neither of them contradicted him. A Master was meant to lead, to protect his slave. To control her. He had failed Katarina. "I knew there was no use trying to take her back after that. She was useless to me, but no real threat."

The prostitute brought him the whiskey, bending low to get her tits as much into his view as possible. He ignored her except to take the drink. "Letting her live out her miserable life being fucked for drugs seemed like a worse punishment than death."

Max sighed and rubbed his eyes. "Maybe there's a third Konashevych sister." He said bleakly.

Elias laughed bleakly. "Maybe."

He knew it was a lie though. Hannah was different. He would never admit it to Max but if he'd found Hannah over the bed in that Berlin apartment he wouldn't have given her a change of clothes and some money to leave. He would have made them both miserable, possibly forever. But he didn't think he would have let her just walk away. He would have tried to break her again.

Jessica looked at Max. “May I go see her, Master? To see how she is.”

“Up to her Master,” was his reply.

Elias shook his head. “No, I’ll be the first to talk to her. I told her I would give her some time to process what she’d seen. If she can’t do it, I guess I’ll start again. Drug in her thigh, back on the island and try to break her again, if I can.” He ran a hand over his face, pinching the bridge of his nose.

He didn’t want to start again with Hannah. Going back to the way it had been—hurting and neglecting her as he had in the early days was going to be hard (if not impossible) given how he felt about her. She had given him so much joy. He had seen the potential of a perfect slave in her, a woman he loved, who would worship him, revere him, and love him in return. Who would and could never say no to him. All that he wanted. All that he deserved.

But, if he had no choice, he would try.

I won’t give up on her. He left that part unsaid. He had never loved Kat as he loved Hannah. He knew it wasn’t her fault. She had been too jaded by the time she reached him, too worldly. She had gone to Moscow to meet a boy. She hadn’t been a virgin. Hannah was pure. She would never have gotten on a train for as little as Kat had. And she’d given him so much more. The little cries she gave, the squirming beneath him and the pushing back against him was perfect. He couldn’t imagine fucking anyone else but her.

“You love her.” Jessica said. It wasn’t a question. She said it quietly. A soft statement of fact.

“Yes.”

The three of them stayed to watch the end of the beating, then another one. It was almost a comedy to watch these women pretend to shriek in agony. God, why on Earth had he agreed to come to this farce of a club anyway?

By three AM they had had enough. The party was still in full swing but Max hadn’t even pushed Jessica to her knees, hadn’t even offered to let Elias beat her. Not that he had been in any mood too. Jesus. He loved to beat Jessica. Such a beautiful, submissive woman submitting to his lash, even after meeting Hannah, he could appreciate it. But he had no appetite for it.

So as a trio they went back down to the elevators and he pressed the button. Jessica put her arms around Max and pressed her face against his chest as the elevator rose.

“Goodnight.” He called to them both as they turned to walk to their own penthouse.

He opened the door. He felt exhausted. He couldn’t wait to climb into bed with Hannah. He decided the punishment for disobedience could wait. The reckoning of whatever she felt about it could wait. He’d curl his own body around that little trembling ball of flesh she had been and sleep until morning. It would be better to talk about it in daylight.

He walked to the door of the bedroom. He was pulling his Henley from the waist of his pants but stopped short. His blood felt as though it had turned to ice. The bed was empty. The sheets had been pulled off and fell in a pile on the floor.

Hannah was gone.

Chapter End Notes

Well.... ya'll said you wanted to know how Hannah found out about Elias and Katarina. And... here it is lol. Sorry if it wasn't what you were expecting/wanting. Please let me know what you do think! It really does make a huge difference in my motivation to post more. I write this stuff for myself and that makes it all the more vulnerable to share.

I am going to try to focus on this and finish it before I get back to Matryoshka so if you're following that story too... please be patient with me!

Chapter 22

Chapter Notes

Be gentle.

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

Elias knew immediately where Hannah was.

A flash of certainty like he had with business deals, when he knew she would break in the dark, or when he'd known she had needed his permission to tell him she loved him again. Blakely had said it himself. There was only one key up to the penthouse. Or one key given to *guests*.

It took a subjective eternity to find the address of Blakely's estate in Belgravia. He parked on the street and went up to the door, forcing himself to knock, rather than kick it in.

A man who looked to hired muscle some kind opened the door.

“Tell Nigel that Elias Wolf would like a word.” He said, pushing past the through into the entrance way. It took every measure of his self-restraint not to push the man in the chest.

The security scowled. But he was smart enough to recognize that Elias was not a man to be trifled with. He showed Elias into a parlor and went to let Blakely know he had arrived. He couldn't bring himself to sit. Every muscle in his body felt tense, strained with a furious energy to the point of breaking. He stood in the center of the room and waited until Nigel appeared.

Nigel looked... ruffled. He been sweating beneath his suit, his limp hair flopping down into his face despite having been pushed back. “Elias, such a pleasant surprise.” His smile was wide, broad. “I would have thought you were still at the club!”

He fought the urge to punch the man in the face, drag him down the ground and pummel him into oblivion. Hannah's life might depend on his ability to keep his temper in check. “I want Hannah back.”

“Hannah? Your slave?” Nigel feigned ignorance.

Elias took a deep breath and let it out. He promised himself that, whatever happened, he would ruin this man financially in the next year. And once he was insignificant for it not to make the headlines, he would either have him killed, or, preferably, do it himself. But in the

meantime he had to stay calm. Nothing mattered to him more than getting her back. Any revenge would be small solace if she didn't come through this intact.

"I'm willing to forgive whatever it is you've done to her. Clean slate. Just bring her down and it will be as if nothing happened."

Nigel considered him for a long second, deciding whether or not to continue pretending he didn't know what Elias meant. Then, he sneered. "You prided yourself on having trained a good slave, didn't you? But she won't submit properly at all. Obstinate little cunt would rather be beaten to death than open her legs. Hardly worth the name of slave."

Elias took a deep, steadying breath. "Let me take her back then. Take her off your hands."

He considered for a long moment, then snapped his fingers to the man waiting at the door. "Bring the bitch down."

The man left and a moment later he and another man returned with a limp form suspended between them: one with the arms, the other with the legs.

"Toss her anywhere." Nigel said, dismissively.

The two men threw Hannah to the ground and the way she rolled, limp and uncontrolled, made Elias's feel as if something very heavy was pressing down on his chest. It was hard to breathe. Fuck. She was unconscious at best, dead at worst. His heart was pounding.

It felt like he was dreaming, like this was some nightmare. The room looked surreal, too bright, distorted somehow by the destructive energy that had filled every part of him. It would have been easier to put his fist through a wall than stay where he was. He could both feel every part of his body with an usual awareness. He knew the exact distance between him and Hannah, like coordinates mapped out in some field in his mind. And at the same time his usual calculations were wiped away. He wasn't thinking about anything he usually did. His entire mind had narrowed down to the girl on the floor.

She took a shallow breath.

Not dead then. Time to negotiate. The thought was so clinical. As sharp and sterile as numbers on a screen, ones and zeros that made up the commerce and control of the world.

He turned to Nigel. "How much?" His voice was without emotion, as steady as it was discussing any other matter of business.

"Five hundred thousand. I'll give her to you cheap since she's a disobedient little bitch. Useless fucking slut." It was five times the price normally paid for a girl from the Ukraine, even one as beautiful as Hannah. He'd paid two hundred thousand for Katarina and that was only because he had given a very specific description of what he wanted.

"Fine."

Nigel stalked to a desk in the corner of the room. He opened one of the drawers with a key and got out a laptop. He opened it with a long password and set it down on the desk, facing

Elias.

He could feel the proximity of Nigel as he approached like it was a magnetic field. Some dipole of fury that made his mouth dry and his fingers itch for the crack of bone beneath them. But he made himself move past him. He logged into one of his secure bank accounts and initiated the transaction.

“For a sum this big, they'll call to verify before they process it.”

Nigel nodded, without saying anything.

He leaned on the edge of the desk. He put his hands behind himself, gripping the edge of the desk with white knuckles as they waited for his phone to ring. It felt as though an eternity passed though he watched the clock and it was less than forty-five seconds.

Mostly in that infinity though, he watched Hannah.

There was blood at the corner of her mouth and she was littered with bruises and marks he recognized as coming from a whip, a fist and the metal buckle of a man's belt. Her chest was rising but asymmetrically which he knew from his days in the military was a sign of a punctured lung, probably from broken ribs.

But her chest continued to rise and fall.

In and out, keep breathing for me like a good girl.

The phone rang. He answered it, putting it on speaker.

“Wolf.”

“Mr. Wolf, I am calling from Credit Suisse to verify a charge. Fifty thousand dollars out of your personal account with us going out to account number...” She read out a twenty-one digit code that corresponded with the one Nigel had given him.

“Yes, that is correct.”

“Very good Mr. Wolf. The funds will be transferred in the next few moments. Thank you for taking the time.”

Nigel took back the laptop. He verified that the payment had been received, and then nodded..

“Enjoy your corpse, Wolf. Fucking bitch isn't worth anything except to a sentimental man like you.”

He forced himself to walk slowly to the pathetic form of the naked girl on the floor.

He picked her up as gently as he could, one arm under her shoulders, the other under her knees. Christ she was so light, so small and fragile. He carried her to the car. He cradled her

in his arms even as he slid behind the drivers seat. He turned on the car and gunned the engine. A moment later he was flying down London streets, heading toward the center city.

He opened the car's GPS and put in the address for St Thomas Hospital. As he watched the navigation he took out the private phone. He had nine missed calls from Max. He hit the button to dial the number back and put the phone on speaker.

“Where the *fuck* are you?”

He hadn't bothered to tell Max or Jessica what he had found, that he was leaving. He'd only strode back to the elevators and marched down, calling his contact in London for the address he needed and to meet him with a car. They must have heard the elevator go down again and gone to see why he had left.

“Blakely took Hannah. Beat the shit out her. She's barely breathing. I'm taking her to St Thomas.”

“A fucking hospital?” Furst sounded furious.

“Take all the electronics when you leave. Throw them in the fucking Thames. Take the sheets off the bed, put them in the shower and pour bleach over the lot. Neither you nor Jessica touched much else in there. It won't come back on you.”

“And as for you?” Max's voice was tense with anger.

“I'll take care of myself.”

As he went across the Thames he opened the window and threw the cell out over the railing of the bridge into the deepest part of the river.

A moment later he turned into the entrance for the A&E of St Thomas. He pulled the car into the ambulance bay. He lifted her in his arms and ran toward the automatic doors.

“I need a doctor! Get a fucking doctor!”

Elias hadn't been shown to the room where the families usually waited for the doctors to come give them updates. Instead he had been taken to some quiet room with only one exit and no other people in it. It looked like a staff break room with a fridge, a microwave and small table. He hadn't been surprised, and he hadn't resisted. No one has said 'wait here for the inspector to speak with you.' But they didn't need to. Someone must have offered him coffee at some point because there was a cheap Styrofoam cup in his hand with some black liquid in it that smelled awful.

He kept replaying over and over the first moments in the hospital in his head. He had stepped into the door and already a nurse, who had been working at the triage station at the far end of the room, was running forward toward them. "Someone get Dr. Mahmood! And a gurney!" She shouted over her shoulder. "This way, sir."

She hadn't taken Hannah from his arms but rather her hands went to her throat, stethoscope to her chest. "She's got a pulse but it's weak. One-thirty at least. BP feels like sixties over palp. We'll take her to resus C." She wasn't talking to him but a man in a white coat who had arrived along with a gurney.

"Put her here sir!" The doctor had told Elias.

She looked so fucking small on the sterile white sheet, so fucking innocent. Blond hair was damp with sweat and stuck to her head fell around her head like a halo. And she was so pale. She could have been a corpse except for the irregular gasping dragging of her chest moving. It was difficult to make himself let go of her. He stroked her hair as he strode beside the gurney.

They were fast approaching another set of automatic sliding doors. "You can't come back here, sir."

"Hannah," he said, just as the gurney moved out of his reach and his hand left her head, "*Ich liebe dich.*"

Back in the break room, the door opened. He didn't wait for the man who stepped through to introduce himself. "My lawyer's name is Thomas Fitz. He works at Cleary, Fitz and Seemer. I won't speak without him present."

He was arrested, of course. The interrogation was tedious. While they waited for his lawyer two inspectors tried to antagonize him into an outburst. The one he liked least was called Baker, he didn't both to remember the name of the other.

"You're a real piece of work, asshole. What kind of cowardly shit does that to some little girl. You've got what? Ten stone and half a meter on her. Too afraid to pick on someone who can fight back?" Baker had spat at him.

Fitz bailed him out that night for a couple million euro.

“I’m going to make sure you go down for a long time for this, you piece of shit.” Baker told him as he signed him out.

“Verbal battery of my client will be noted, Inspector Baker.” Fitz had said sharply.

He had been subpoenaed to stay London until the case was settled. But he wouldn't have left anyway without her. So he took a room at the Savoy. Fitz had brought him some fresh clothes and a cellphone. He had a splitting headache by the time he closed the door. It wasn't fatigue. He could stay up for thirty hours before he started to have ill effect. He hated the thought of her alone in that hospital. She probably wouldn't be awake yet but still... he should be there with her.

He couldn't get the image of her curled on sterile white sheets out of his mind. Like the sheets they put over dead bodies. Like she lay in a coffin. It made him feel sick. Worry. Rage. He was so fucking angry. At Blakely, certainly. But at himself most of all.

Why the fuck had he left her in the club? Left her in the fucking hotel room?

He showered, and got into bed. He had learned in the army how to sleep, no matter what the circumstances. So he slept for a few hours. He dreamed he was back on the island. He was out on the terrace and Hannah had just served him lunch. Now he was on the daybed and she was on top of him, pleasing him with her pussy. She was working him with her hips just as he liked, that little swivel at the top and then sinking slowly down. Her soft, small hands were braced on the hard muscles of his chest. It was hard for work and her thighs were trembling but she was looking at him with such love, such devotion he knew she would make it last as long as he liked.

He woke in the dark, alone, aching hard. He slammed his fist down on the bedside table, hard enough that the lamp toppled to the floor. He didn't feel like pleasuring himself so he ran an icy shower and then got dressed as he called down to the front desk to arrange a car to take him back to the police station.

It looked bad. Of course it did. They had done a rape kit on Hannah and found semen as well as “*evidence of rough intercourse, both vaginal and anal, consistent with rape.*” They took a sample of his hair and it was his, of course.

“Was there any other?” He asked Inspector Baker. It was the first time he'd spoken without the express advice of Fitz and the man was startled.

“What?”

“Was there any other semen in her? Any other DNA profile but mine?”

“What? No, Wolf. No one else could have done this but you.”

He felt something relax deep in his chest. Nigel hadn't raped her then. She hadn't had to endure that. He had made up his mind to kill Nigel one way or another and, if she had been unconscious for it (which he had prayed she had been), never tell Hannah it had happened at all.

It's possible you may never speak to Hannah again. The thought felt like he'd been kicked hard in the chest. Left him breathless, reeling.

If it hadn't been for Katarina, he wouldn't have worried that Hannah would incriminate him. What she had seen though... he wasn't sure he could count on her love after that. It had been such a shock, and they'd never had time to discuss it afterward, for him to try to find some way to reorganize or push through her reaction to it.

Without her testimony, the state would hardly have a case against him. They would be forced to accept the story that he had told, whether or not they found it believable. He and Hannah had had consensual sex (rough yes, but there was no law against that) earlier in the evening and then she had been assaulted later by an unknown man or men. He had found her in their hotel room and brought her to A&E. Even without Fitz, he knew better than to answer questions about who these men were, what their motives were.

"My client will not at this time speculate about any motive or identity of Miss Konashevych's assailants." Fitz said, sounding bored.

"And what about the room he and Miss Konashevych were staying in? No electronics in it and all the bedding in the bath soaking in bleach?"

"My client will not at this time speculate..."

It went on and on like that.

Even if Hannah did tell the police everything she knew he didn't think he would be too severely punished. He couldn't have chosen a better victim. There was no physical evidence her kidnapping or training in England. The single brutal act committed against her on English soil had been the only one he had perpetrated. And Hannah was too honest to lie and say he had done that to her, even if she wanted to tell the authorities about the rest of what she had suffered. Getting a warrant to search his residences in other countries would take months to even get the permits for, much less execute them. He would have plenty of time to sanitize them. And then it would be his word against hers.

She said he had kidnapped her on her walk home from a cafe after a single encounter. He said he had invited her out and they'd fallen in love immediately. Both stretched the limits of credulity.

She wasn't Jessica.

A missing American backpacker was cause for a media frenzy. A girl with no family from Eastern Europe disappearing was practically routine.

No one had gone looking for her. There were no wanted posters up of her face he needed to worry about. No one had recognized her face or her name when he'd brought her into A&E. He could have brought her to a hospital in Kiev with the same reaction. Until she had appeared, no one had even noticed she was missing.

He had monitored the Kiev newspapers and police reports for any mention of her. But she had disappeared without a ripple. Hannah had filed a missing person report for Katarina, though he doubted the detective had bothered to investigate farther when she told him he'd gone to Moscow to meet a boy she'd met online. Ukrainian police were not going to get a warrant to even try to find her in Moscow, even if they wanted to. Besides, even odds the girl really had just run away with some boy. Who was to say she hadn't?

There hadn't even been anyone to file a report on Hannah. Her job would have noticed when she didn't show up for work but she'd just started there. Perhaps they had been annoyed that she wasn't picking up her phone, that they had to cover the shift but she would be easily replaced. It was a good job after all, she had been lucky to have it. Her landlord had sold her things when she hadn't paid rent that month and found a new tenant within days.

She had never been a missing person. In the sense that there had been no one to miss her.

Besides, Fitz was a damn good lawyer.

The only bright side he could see was that he did think the repercussions would be contained to him alone. He didn't think that Hannah would implicate Max and Jessica but even if she did, Max had probably gotten them back to Austria on the next possible flight. They would be nearly impossible to extradite. Besides, the history with Jessica was already out in the open. It would be easy to say that she knew the story from the newspapers and without Jessica's cooperation, completely discredit her. Tarik and Aleksander had no public presence like Max did and she didn't know where the villa on Lake Como was.

It was agony not to be allowed to see her. Fitz had argued that as Hannah had no next of kin her medical decision making should fall to Elias, as her only known contact. The hospital was working frantically to take him to court to have a guardian appointed but in all likelihood she would be awake long before they even set a court date. The restraining order though Fitz hadn't been able to argue against.

He could call her physicians and get a report, but he couldn't come to see her. She hadn't needed a ventilator, just a chest tube and some blood. Nigel hadn't managed to damage anything in her abdomen permanently and she hadn't gone to surgery. The scan of her head had shown she didn't have any bleeding around her brain.

She was expected to make a full recovery.

Fitz had followed him into his room at the Savoy that first evening when he came to drop off the clothes and cell phone. "I need to know what I'm up against Wolf. What is that girl going to say when she wakes up?"

Elias sighed and scrubbed a hand over his face. "Honestly, I'm not sure."

"Worst and best case?"

"Best case she says essentially what I have. Worst case, something much more damning."

"How much more damning?"

The lawyer had chosen the question carefully, so as not to ask *what* she might say. If he didn't need to know what Elias had done to Hannah, he didn't want to.

“Much.”

Fitz sighed. “Alright then, who is she at least? Broad strokes.”

“She was born in Kiev, lived there all her life until seven months ago. We met in a cafe where she worked across from the train station. She has lived with me since.” None of that, at least, was a lie.

“Family? Money?”

“No family. Certainly no money.”

“Can we go out onto the balcony? I'd like to smoke.”

“Alright.”

When his lawyer had a cigarette in hand he continued, “so her circumstances are in our favor.”

He didn't have to explain what he meant. Elias was a powerful, wealthy business man from Germany. Hannah was a girl from Ukraine, poor and with no family connections or support. Right or wrong, his word meant a lot more than hers did.

“The evidence and overall picture is in her favor if she decides to say... whatever it is she might.” He waved his hand to indicate equivocation. “I don't think you'll do any time for this, no matter what it is. A fine at worst but not one that will mean much to you probably. And I can keep this out of the papers, with enough money.”

“Do.”

Fitz took a long inhale on the cigarette and considered his next words carefully. “I say this next not as your lawyer, but just as some very practical advise that I'm not sure you have any one else to tell you at the moment. So don't be offended.”

“It takes a lot to offend me.”

“If she doesn't tell the same story as you and we do have to go to court.... It can't happen again. Whatever happened to her in those eight months... it needs to stay in the past.” Fitz said firmly.

Elias's knuckles tightened on the railing of the balcony, whitened on his glass.

“Maybe if she goes back to Kiev and a few years pass and all this dies down then sure, no reason to think anyone will miss her the second time around... but in the meantime... she had better stay wherever it is she lands.”

“I understand.” The words were difficult to force out through clenched teeth.

Fitz laughed. "Believe me, it would make me quite a bit of money I'm sure from you if she were to vanish again... for whatever reason. So you can trust me to be impartial when I say this."

Elias rolled his shoulders and neck, as if loosening up for a fight. "And if she were to disappear again? After a few years."

Fitz considered that for a moment. "Well, let's just say she'd better not show up again. Or you better be prepared to pay me a damn fucking lot of money to make sure they don't shove you into a box and lock the door forever."

"I understand."

The lawyer was silent for a moment, then turned back to the case. "That inspector is to our benefit. He thinks he tries to play the strong man, the more I can fuck him in the ass in court."

"I'd like to see that."

"Maybe you will, maybe you won't. Depends on what your girl says."

Hannah woke slowly. Her head hurt abominably. As did her ribs. As did her legs. As did her arms. Honestly, maybe it was better to start cataloging the places that *didn't* hurt. She was surprised that death was so painful.

She opened her eyes. The light made everything much worse. She closed them again.

When she opened them again she felt better. At least a little bit. The sharp pain had dimmed down to a dull ache, throbbing but possible to ignore. She had the distinct impression some

time had passed. She tried to sit up and felt too woozy. She put her head back down in the pillow immediately.

“She's awake, nurse.”

“Hannah... Hannah can you hear me?”

She tried to answer but her words slurred and she felt darkness take her back again.

The next time she woke there was bright sunshine streaming in from the window and she felt as if some long fever had broken. Her mouth was dry and every part of her ached but the splitting pain in her head and the nauseated, woozy feeling had subsided. She pushed herself up on the unfamiliar bed and looked around. It was a hospital room, that was certain. Maybe that shouldn't be the surprise it was, given the last thing she remembered was Nigel Blakely' face twisting into an inhuman rage.

If she'd thought about it, she probably could have said she knew she would wake up either in a hospital or not at all. But the first had seemed such a remote possibility.

She cast her mind back, going over what had happened after Elias had left her to go back down to the club.

When she'd heard the elevator arrive and the doors open again Hannah lifted her head off the bedspread. She had stopped crying once it had been a physical impossibility. And with the waning of them some kind of rational thought had returned. She'd been able to breathe, to force the words (*He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat.*) down to a dull roar in the back of her mind, like pushing the door closed on flooding water.

She turned toward the door of the bedroom, and moved herself into Kneel on the bedspread. Whatever had happened between Elias and Katarina, she couldn't change the fact that she loved him. She wanted to believe he had some kind of explanation, some kind of reason that she could understand. She would listen to what he had to say. If she couldn't live with it, she would tell him. What happened after that was up to him. She would either die or he would let her go. She didn't know which option scared her more.

She didn't think he could break her again. All he had put her through had been training of more than one kind, after all. When she'd met him she'd never been struck in her life. Now she had more experience than she'd ever imagined she would. And she knew her own limits, had seen that there were things she couldn't be *made* to do.

She had seen the edge of that kind of death most clearly when she had told him she wouldn't submit to being shared with other men. She had known with certainty, even as he had punished her for it, that she would die before she agreed to it.

To accept her first assumption, that Elias had left Kat in the conditions she had found her in. That he had taken her to do the same to her.... that was to accept her own death.

She had to listen to what he had to say. Because she loved him. Because she wanted to see Kat again, wanted to help tear her away from what she had become. And Elias was the only person she knew in the world who could do that. Because she wanted to live.

But it wasn't her Master who came into the doorway. She scrambled back against the headboard.

Nigel Blakely stood in the doorway flanked by two men.

“Hello, whore.”

One of the men with him came onto the bed and grabbed her by the ankle. He seemed to her as if he moved with impossible speed. She tried to kick him but he jerked her down the bed. She flipped onto her stomach, grabbing frantically at the blankets but he was far, far too strong. He wasn't as big as Elias but still more than enough to make her kicking more of a show than anything else.

He forced her to the ground with a knee in her back while the other man duct taped her wrists and ankles together. A cloth was forced into her mouth and another piece of tape slapped over it.

She continued to struggle as they took her down the elevator again and through some tunnel to a parking garage. She was shoved in the trunk and then taken out again in the garage of a house. She hadn't seen much of the house as the man dragged her up the stairs. She stopped fighting at that point. It wouldn't make a difference and she wanted to save her strength. Though it was a terrible experience to be carried unresisting.

They'd taken her to a play room and put her up on a metal frame in the shape of a square, arms chained over head and feet below. Nigel watched as she was strung up. He'd poured himself a drink and was savoring it, leaning against a drinks cabinet on the far end of the room.

The sound of the door closing behind the men sounded far too loud.

Strange how it felt so much more dangerous with only him. As if the men who had held her down and dragged her here were some kind of protection. A witness. A possibility of someone who would stop it if things got out of hand.

Her mind flooded with images from the Midsommar party. A broken jaw, blood trailing down the leg of a girl he was taking in the ass. The way he had looked at her when Elias had her helpless on her knees on the porch, the plug in her ass as she came.

“I can't tell you how much I've been looking forward to this moment, Hannah.” He told her with a lazy, smug smile, raking his eyes over her form. “Can you say the same?”

She said nothing but turned her face away, not looking at him.

He came forward and gripped the neckline of the teddy. He tore it down so her breasts were bare. He slapped one and then the other. "There are those delightful little morsels I remember. God am I going to get well acquainted with these once you've been put in the proper mind frame."

He went over to a small table that stood nearby and considered for a moment. He finally picked up the whip. "Do you remember the bet Elias and I had the last night on the island regarding you?"

She said nothing but he had seen that her eyes had widened slightly. "Oh yes you do, don't you. I said I bet I could beat you until you begged to suck my cock. Elias called it off far to early in my opinion. I could have revived you in a hundred ways if he was worried about your wrists breaking." He said with a dark little chuckle.

He ran a hand down the curve of her side then back to grip one ass cheek, hard enough that she groaned in pain. "I got my money's worth that night though. God your screams were sweet. Well worth five thousand dollars." He was hard and palmed himself through his trousers as he spoke.

"Once you're my slave we can recreate the scene and see how long it takes until even a hard cock up your ass doesn't get your attention ."

"I will never be your slave." She spat the words out without really thinking them through.

"Your old Master isn't here, Hannah. There's no need to lie. You only have to please me." He purred. "You can let yourself be the little whore I know you are for me."

Hannah couldn't help herself. She laughed.

Had he really understood so little of what he had seen? Did he think that she would look at *any* man who told her to get on her knees like she looked at Elias? Her Master had brought back the light. She was nothing without him. She would take anything from his hand. But it had to be *his* hand. It had to be *his* command.

He had seen she was a whore. A slave.

He hadn't understood that she was *Elias's* whore, *Elias's* slave.

The laughter had not been a good idea however. It sent Nigel into a rage. "Funny? You think that's fucking funny? Stupid fucking whore!"

It hadn't taken her long to pass out. He'd woken her with a baton to her ribs. She screamed, knowing they were broken.

He had calmed down a bit by then. "Just let me know, Hannah. Anytime you want to stop this, you can. Just say the word and I'll let you down and you can get to the part you really like... having my cock thrust into you." He had taunted. "Listen, I'll sweeten the deal. If it's too hard to breathe with your ribs broken and my cock in your throat, you can take it up the ass instead."

She didn't bother examining the disconnected images she could remember after that. It was like watching a video taken in a strobe light, each flash illuminating something worse than the last.

She was alone in the hospital room. She sat up in the bed and tried to breath deeply. It hurt but she made herself do it anyway, though it made her cough and that was excruciating. She was dressed in a hospital gown. She'd gotten so used to the luxurious fabric of the clothes that Elias dressed and displayed her, it felt rough and it was uncomfortable to be so covered. She pulled back the covers and looked at her legs.

Her limbs hadn't been broken. At least she saw no casts. Only a few ugly bruises over her thighs but on the outside, nothing to indicate that she had been raped after she lost consciousness. She pulled up the gown. The damage to her abdomen and ribs were bad, no doubt about it. But she had lived.

How had she ended up in hospital thought? She cast her mind back, searching for all she remembered.

The penthouse. The car. The house and the play room. But what happened after that? How had she gotten here? Nigel would never have taken her to a hospital, no matter how bad she was. He would have let her die. She was sure of that. And Elias.... where was Elias?

Panicked seized her.

The thought that she was somewhere and he couldn't reach her made her heart race, her breathing pick up. He had controlled every aspect of her life for... she wasn't sure how long. Her entire life, it felt like. And now he was gone.

Did he even know where she was?

But it didn't matter, did it? Not really anyway. She was in a hospital after all. There was no way he would come visit her here. She could find him, of course. Elias Wolf, billionaire, how many could there be? But would he see her? He wouldn't want to be connected to a girl found in the state she had been in. It would be dangerous for a man like him to come under that scrutiny.

He wasn't here... he wasn't here... he wasn't here...

The last thing that had happened.... she'd screamed at him. She had disobeyed him in public. And now here she was, alone in a hospital bed. Whatever sequence of events had brought her here, she was sure he wouldn't want to be associated with it. The smart thing for him to do would be to be back in Germany, to deny everything if she tried to contact him. And Elias was nothing if not smart, rational. He wasn't sentimental.

Except about one thing: her sister.

He'd taken her because she looked like Kat. He hadn't wanted *her*, hadn't loved *her*. He didn't love *her*... the words seemed to well up, uncontrollably, like flood water rising fast and obliterating all else.

He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her.

She began to thrash in the bed, kicking her legs out against the hard plastic sides of the hospital bed. She couldn't stand it. Couldn't stand to be in her body, to be in the bed, to be away from him. To be in a universe where he didn't love her. Where she would never see him again. Her Master. She needed her Master. Without him her skin seemed to be too exquisitely sensitive to be touched by the coarse hospital gown and crisp, stiff sheets. She wanted to get out of the bed, out of the hospital, out of her own body.

And her sister. He hadn't protected her sister. The image of Kat caught in those gears made bile rise in the back of her throat. He had let that happen to her. Even if he hadn't done it himself... he had allowed that to happen to Kat. A woman he had loved. Her sister. Kat.

He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat. He had taken her because she looked like Kat. He didn't love her. He didn't take care of Kat.

Somewhere in the distance an alarm went off and then there were people in the room. She was screaming, a high, uncontrolled wail of anger and distress. There was needle in her arm and she remembered no more.

When she woke next she was in the same bed. She turned over onto her side and curled into a ball. She stared out in front of her, eyes unfocused.

She tried to sift through a series of facts, to put them together into some kind of truth. She loved Elias. She wanted to be his slave. If she hadn't known that before Nigel had taken her, certainly she had seen it was true in the moments like strobe lights. She could have said to stop, that she would let him do what he liked. But she hadn't. Out of love for her Master.

That seemed fairly immutable.

And without him... she would never even know what happened to Kat. Certainly never see her again. The police hadn't helped the first time. She didn't know anyone else with the kind of money and connections it would take to find her sister.

So she was back to where she had been when the hotel room door had opened and she had pushed herself up to Kneel, ready to beg him for an explanation.

Except now... now she had been separated from him. She needed to turn her attention to the task of making her way back to him. The rest of it would have to wait. Once she was back in his arms again, where she belonged, she could plead with him to find her sister.

What could have been an hour or minutes later, a woman in scrubs appeared at the door. She look startled to see her eyes were open, then a wary look crossed her face. "Good morning Hannah, how are you?" She asked softly.

"Where..." her voice broke from misuse. "Where am I?"

"You're in a ward in St Thomas Hospital, London."

"How long have I been here?"

"It's October seventeenth."

Elias had never given her exact dates. "How long does that make?"

"Four days."

"How did I get here?"

"You should rest, Hannah. The doctors will be in to see you shortly."

"Has... has anyone come to see me?" She didn't want to say his name. "Have I had any visitors?"

The nurse gave her a pitying look. "The doctors will be in to see you shortly."

She bit her lip but acquiesced.

The doctors came in after a while. He listened her her lungs, her heart, pressed on her abdomen, asked her how she was feeling. He told her she had had a collapsed lung, a severe beating, as if she needed to be told.

"When can I leave?" She asked when he was finished with his speech.

"Miss Konashevych, your case is under criminal investigation." The doctor said, not meeting her eyes.

"Criminal investigation of who?" She wouldn't be the first to say his name.

"I think it best if the detectives talk to you about that."

After that she was interviewed by a detective. After that a psychiatrist. Both of them tried in subtle (the psychiatrist) and unsubtle (the inspector) ways to get her to implicate Elias in what had happened.

Some distant part of her knew she should. But it was like trying to remember the words of the Polish lullabies her mother had occasionally sung to her and Kat on good nights. Something only half remembered and no longer understood.

Elias had kidnapped her. Raped her. Kept her in a cellar for months, called her a slave, spit on her, fucked her repeatedly and brutally, punished and humiliated her, tied her in excruciating positions for his pleasure... but he was her Master. She knew better than to think that her life would be complete, even bearable, without him. If she couldn't have his hands on her, she would prefer to die.

She had to believe he would take her back.

[illegible]

When the other words came up she would close her eyes tight and make herself say it in her head, over and over and over again until her pulse settled and the world had stopped closing in around her.

She was glad for her medical team. They were weak. They didn't have the stomach for allowing the inspector to grill her as he should have.

Only once had he gotten her alone and spoken honestly.

“Even if I were to believe you that your acute injuries weren't due to Wolf,” he had said, leaning over her in the bed, “the are bruises on your inner thighs were a week old or more. Ligation marks on your wrists and ankles that were older still.”

She had turned her head so she wasn't looking but he had brought his face close enough she could feel his breath on her cheek, the naked collar bone exposed by the hospital gown. "If you don't press charges, you are culpable for all the women he does this to in the future."

There will be no other women, not if I'm good enough. She had been enough for him on the Island. Even at Midsommar he hadn't used any of the whores. And there had been nothing restraining him. Her feelings on the matter were hardly important. But he had wanted only her.

“If you don't get away from my bed, detective, I will scream.”

The psychiatrist had been easier. She was clearly uncomfortable, disbelieving, but she didn't challenge her directly. Hannah had said what she had to to be deemed competent, and then it

was only a matter of time.

Eventually they had to accept what she said, and close the investigation. There was little physical evidence that could possibly lead them back to Nigel. They hadn't even discovered the club beneath the building as far as she could tell. She wasn't going to point them in that direction, though. Not since Jessica and Max and Elias had all been there.

Inspector Baker came to see her on the day the case was closed, to try to intimidate her one last time. "It's not too late, you know. If you tell the truth now, I'll protect you. I can make sure you won't be held accountable. But if you continue to lie he'll go on to hurt more girls like this. Eventually he'll get caught and when he does I'll be sure to name you as a co-conspirator. He might swing for it but I'll make sure you don't get off any easier." He told her with a sneer. "Are you ready to be locked up for a man who raped and beat you so badly that you had to be taken to A&E? Is the Stockholm Syndrome really that bad?"

Yes, yes it was.

That was what Baker and her psychiatrist didn't understand. She wasn't lying to herself. She *knew* she had Stockholm Syndrome. She had never not known that. So trying to convince her that she had it was pointless. She had already decided she didn't care. Every day that passed felt like a day in darkness. To be back in the sun. Back in his presence. She would endure anything for that.

"Where is he?" She asked. "What hotel?"

She knew she was getting close to being discharged and if Elias didn't know that, she would have to find a way to get to him.

"Who? Wolf?" The inspector asked. He paused for a long moment, then smirked. "He flew out yesterday. As soon as he heard the case was being dropped and he was free to go back to Germany. What... did you think he was going to stick around? For you? He doesn't give a shit about you, Hannah."

She shook her head. "You're lying."

"I'm not. Of course I'm not. Wolf is a smart player. He knows extradition from Germany will be a nightmare. Until he gets caught again with a new girl, there's no crime on German soil, so the authorities there won't have anything to prosecute him with."

"He... he wouldn't leave me behind." Her voice broke as she said it.

He... he wouldn't. Would he? Even if he didn't love her, he *owned* her. She was his slave. That had to mean something... didn't it? But he hadn't collared her. He hadn't cared for her. She had just been a poor substitute for the woman he had really wanted. Her sister.

"God. He got you bad didn't he. I'd feel sorry for you if you weren't signing up more girls for the same treatment."

"He wouldn't..."

"Wouldn't what?" The inspector snapped. "After what he did to you... what the fuck can you tell me, honestly, makes you think he gives a shit about you. That you're anything more than

some tight body he used to get his fucking sick pleasure in.”
When he'd left, she'd cried so hard the doctors had given her a sedative.

Once the case was closed, the question was left was what to do with Hannah. They had found her passport in the hotel room, confirming who she was. She was of no use to the British government if she wouldn't testify. They offered her a plane ticket back to Kiev and a thousand euros worth of hryvnia.

Hannah was all for it. She'd be easy to find in Kiev. Even if he couldn't travel there himself, he could send someone to collect her. Another needle in the thigh and she'd wake up in Berlin. Back at his side, where she belonged.

He had taken time with her. She kept reminding herself of that fact. He had taken her himself and that had been a risk. And then all those months on the island with her. The hours he had spent breaking her, teaching her... it was an astronomical sum he had spent on her, given how valuable his time was.

She couldn't be so easy to replace. She *couldn't*.

She was terrified of flying again, particularly without him. She had to close her eyes and pretend she was back on the flight that had brought her to London. That if she opened her eyes he would be across from her, waiting for her to take her place where she belonged at his knees. She waited at the baggage claim until all the suitcases were gone and she was the only one left, in case he had sent someone to meet her flight at the airport.

But that's alright, she told herself, when she finally let herself believe that no one was going to come for her. It might take time for him to discover she was back in Kiev after all, and organize how to get to her.

She paid the rent on a cheap apartment with the hryvnia from the British government for a month. She bought some clothes, groceries, and minimal furniture: just a mattress she put on the floor and a table with a single chair. After all, she didn't plan on staying long. She found a job at a coffee shop she could walk to, to keep herself busy and to give some opportunities for her to be snatched off the street.

At night sometimes she would Kneel on the floor of the apartment and close her eyes. She'd tell herself it had all been a bad dream. When she opened them again she'd be in his office or on the patio on the island. She would look up and find her Master looking back at her. He'd stand up and say “Hannah, Bow,” as he began to unbuckle his belt.

A month passed. Then two.

And slowly, she started to realize that he wasn't coming.

She was going to be in the dark forever.

Once Hannah had woken up it was much harder to get information about her. She could make her own decisions so the hospital wasn't obliged to let him know her condition anymore. It would be too risky to try to obtain her chart via less savory means. Traffic into it would be heavily scrutinized.

“She's refusing to testify.” Fitz told him the next day.

Elias felt as if his heart would explode. She was still his sweet slave, still obedient to her Master despite all she had been through. God, he couldn't wait to give her his collar. To tell her how proud he was of her, what a good slave she was. He couldn't wait to sink his cock into that tight little pussy and put her back in her place. Remind her that she was there for his use, for his pleasure. Once she was recovered properly and he didn't have to hold back, he'd take her to Tarik's lake house again as a reward. He'd fuck her until she was crying and then turn her over to Tarik to see if he could do better with a cane. And once she was a limp, broken little puddle on the floor, he'd carry her down to the lake side and feed her all the strawberries and cream she wanted.

A week passed though and she didn't arrive at the hotel looking for him. At first he thought she might still be in the hospital. He had told the doctors and nurses he was staying in the Savoy and to pass the information along to her. Even if they hadn't, he had checked in under his own name and there were only a handful of hotels he would stay at in the city. Hannah was certainly smart enough to figure out which they were, and then she could call and ask for him. He'd left instructions at the desk to put anyone asking for him through to his direct line rather than the room phone in case he was out.

Then another week passed and still no Hannah. He didn't think her injuries had been so severe that she would need so long in the hospital. But the alternative...

Well, the alternative took him another week to finally believe.

“She's not coming to find me, is she?” He asked Fitz. With all his electronics in the Thames the lawyer was the closest thing he had to a confidant.

“Doesn't look like it.”

“Why would she refuse to testify and then not come back? That doesn't make sense.”

Fitz was smoking on his balcony at the Savoy while the two of them enjoyed a whiskey together. The lawyer was always happy to commiserate with Elias over a glass of nice whiskey, and send him the bill for the time. But, he respected that, found it a little funny even.

“Half my lawyer, half my priest.” He'd jokingly told the man after the first bill arrived.

“True for most of my clients.” Fitz said, rolling his eyes. “But usually they don't have as good a taste in whiskey as you.”

Fitz took a drag on the cigarette and considered. “Well, obviously, only she really knows what her motivations and plans are. I can think of a number of explanations as to why she hasn't come looking for you. But I think the most likely one is that... whatever it was that happened, that last night was a little too much for her. Maybe... *whoever* it was that did that to her, went a little too far. And she lost the taste for it.”

Elias didn't think it was worth the words to try to convince Fitz it really hadn't been him who had done that to her. The lawyer didn't seem to care one way or another so what did it really matter?

But it didn't change the probable truth of what he said. The last night had been too much for her. Not because he had broken her ribs but because of what she had seen. The two girls look so alike that seeing Katarina being gang raped had probably been a bit like seeing herself subjected to the same. And he remembered all too well how Hannah had reacted to the possibility of having another man fuck her.

He hated that explanation. Hated it because it made a lot of sense.

What had happened to her was traumatizing. Not just the last bit with Katarina and Nigel. All of it. All of it since she'd walked down that alley in Kiev and felt a prick in her thigh and looked down to find that the handsome stranger wasn't really asking for help at all.

Everything he'd done to her. Raped her. Beaten her. Humiliated her. Frightened her. Could he blame her for not wanting to go back to it? She might love him enough not to testify against him, but that might not mean she wanted to go back to being his slave.

She wasn't a masochist. She had endured willingly what he did to her because she loved him. But she had never grown to enjoy it. He had made sure of it. He had wanted her not to like it but submit to it anyway. A good woman. A willing slave. A *loving* slave.

God but he hadn't deserved her.

“And if she were to disappear again? Maybe not in England but eventually they'll have to repatriate her to Ukraine.” He said.

Fitz had said she couldn't disappear again if she testified against him. But now that she hadn't, perhaps it would be different?

If he could get her back, he could remind her. That he brought the light. That she was nothing without him. That she'd take anything from his hand. And he could tell her how much better a job he would do from now on protecting her from men like Nigel. He had been stupid, reckless leaving her alone and it would never happen again. He would make sure she never went through that again, was never taken from him again.

He would remind her that she was his property.

That he loved her.

He would make her understand again that he was her Master. And he'd take better care of her than he had.

Fitz took a sip of whiskey. "Well, if she had come to you of her own accord that would be different. But she hasn't. And if I were our inspector friend what I would be doing right now is drawing up all the paperwork for all the different countries where you own property to search them immediately if she were to go missing again. I would be calling my friends at Scotland Yard and any local contacts I had to tell them the whole story so the very next day they could kick down every door you own looking for her. Does that answer your question?"

"It does."

He took a drag on a cigarette. "Again, if a few years go by and people lose interest in her. All that paperwork gets lost and no one is checking on her... that's a different story. After all, no one seemed to notice very much the first time she went missing."

Elias gritted his teeth. It had only been a few weeks and already he was aching for his slave. How was he going to tolerate *years* without her. And after that what if she had forgotten, if her training had slackened its hold? What if he never got her back to where she was? Never saw that doting look, never heard her whisper his name when she was so far gone she forgot herself?

He turned and threw the whiskey glass against the wall, shattering it.

Chapter End Notes

Sorry it's a bit shorter than the last few posts. But I literally crossed myself before I posted this. Please don't hate. I wrote the story that I wrote and I can't write anything else. Here it is. LMK if you like it though....

Chapter 23

Chapter Notes

My apology for the short last chapter is that I'm posting this one so shortly after.

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

Hannah was numb.

A month went by. Then two. She moved through her days because she had to, putting one foot in front of the other to get to the bus, asking what people wanted, making coffee, wiping the tables. She felt like she was dreaming. Everything seemed to be happening distantly, like she saw the world through some thick glass or deep water. Unfocused and distorted. Sometimes she got home at the end of the day and couldn't remember it at all.

She was sleeping terribly. If she could even really be said to be sleeping. She had nightmares about Blakely. Back in the room, helpless and bound. Nightmares about Kat. She was back in the dungeon. Sometimes she watched, sometimes it was her who was caught in those gears. And when she looked up, she could see her Master watching her. Watching her be defiled. Knowing he would never forgive her for it.

She woke over and over again in the night, reaching for him in a panic, looking for his warm, broad chest. For comfort. And every time she remembered what had happened, it felt like her heart broke all over again.

She lost a dangerous amount of weight rapidly. It felt wrong to eat something he hadn't given her. She had to put her plate on the floor by the table and eat it without her hands to manage it so she could only eat in the morning before she left and the evening when she came back. And even then, she could only manage a little bit. She had no appetite and the food all tasted bland and disgusting anyway.

Clothes were impossible. She wasn't used to wearing them, and she couldn't dress like he had dressed her. It was one thing when he displayed her body. But, even if she could have afforded anything like what he bought for her, it would have been utterly terrifying without his broad, powerful fingers wrapped around her own. The attention she had drawn, glances from men, it had all settled into admiration for the man who stood next to her, who so clearly owned her. Without him... without an owner... it was only dangerous.

When she was with him, Elias was the only thing in the world she had needed to fear. And she hadn't realized how much she had to be afraid of now.

She was grateful that it was winter. The bulky coat and thick tights she bought concealed her body from attention and hid how painfully thin she had become. But they felt wrong. Her

Master wouldn't have been pleased. She couldn't bring herself to feel that she was just about to be punished for being so poorly presented.

She was cold all the time. She'd gotten used to the mild climate of Croatia, or maybe it was because she was so thin, but the winter had never seemed so bitingly frigid before. She wrapped her hands in the thickest gloves she could find, bought thick socks and heavy boots and still her fingers and toes were constantly stiff and numb. Even at night under a heavy blanket, huddled next to her space heater, she felt bone-deep frozen and weary.

Everything felt impossibly difficult. Like she was moving through some thick, invisible liquid that dragged on her limbs when he moved them. Sometimes she'd sit down on the bus on her way back from work and wonder how she was going to stand again when it was her stop.

She had gotten used to living under his control. It wasn't always comfortable, of course, what he asked her to do, but she had felt safe for the first time in her life. There had been limits. And she hadn't had to make any decisions. Now she would stand in front of two boxes of porridge for an hour, frozen with indecision in the grocery store.

But nothing was as bad as the moment when she came home and had to face the empty, unstructured time. At work she had a task, a boss, something to do. At the grocery store she told herself she had to buy something, to go through the motions. But at night... there was nothing. Without his permission she couldn't feel comfortable watching a movie, relaxing. Even reading felt forbidden, made her anxious. She spent a lot of time Kneeling, waiting for time to pass, for it to be time for her to get into bed and go to sleep.

She slept a lot, a blessing she supposed, but she never felt truly rested. When she opened her eyes in the morning she was just as exhausted as when she had closed them.

She lived in a different neighborhood in Kiev than the one she grew up in. She had chosen it when she still thought Elias would come for her. She hadn't wanted to see any of her friends or old acquaintances, only to go missing again. Hadn't wanted to risk the possibility that someone might report her gone this time. But the result was that she talked to no one. People at the coffee shop ordered from her but that was not conversation.

Dark. Cold. Alone.

Even in the days of Elias's cellar there had been breaks from it. When he came down to rape her at least there was another human with her, some interaction, a warm body pressing over hers as he thrust painfully into her. And once she had broken, his warm chest to lie on, kind words, food given from his fingers between the bouts of darkness.

Then one day something occurred to her that never had before.

She was standing in her kitchen wondering what she could cook that she had a hope of keeping down when she thought, *I'll make macaroni and cheese. Kat will like that.* It had been her sister's favorite dish and she'd made it for her a thousand times at least. Kat had thought when she was a kid that it was American and a sophisticated dish. By the time they

found out that it was quite common and cheap, a food for children, it didn't matter. They were hooked on it.

Kat.

She had seen *Kat*.

Her sister was alive. She had thought she was dead for so many years she had come to think of herself as an orphan.

But she wasn't. When she'd woke up in the hospital she had intended to beg Elias to find Kat. He knew these kind of people, these kind of men. He could do it if he wanted. She had forgotten about the possibility when she had closed off in her mind that Elias would come for her.

But there was another possibility.

It scared the shit out of her. But if she could have her sister back, would it not be at least worth the risk of trying?

She thought she could make enough money to support them both. She would buy Kat drugs, if that was what it took to keep her from prostituting herself. It wasn't ideal but it would be better than being alone, wouldn't it? Better than allowing Kat to continue as she was. If she could get Kat back maybe she could feel something again. They could sleep in the same bed, like they did growing up, and maybe she wouldn't feel so cold. She could make her macaroni and cheese and try to ignore the drugs. They had been too young to manage their mother's addiction. But she was older now, maybe she could save Kat.

She couldn't afford a computer and wouldn't have dared use it to do her research, even if she had. She wasn't entirely sure that she wasn't still being monitored, that someone from Inspector Baker's office wasn't still waiting for her to do something to incriminate Elias.

She went to the local library. She found a computer in a little alcove where no one walking by could see what she was looking at. She took a deep breath and began her search. It took her a few hours to find what she needed. It was all public, just difficult to find.

Afterward she wasn't able to help herself from typing Elias Wolf into the image search bar. The pictures that came up were all professionally taken for various businesses he owned or was involved with. There he was, her handsome Master. Her heart contracted painfully at the sight of him. Those piercing blue eyes looked back at the camera with a cold dominance that made her clench her thighs together, heat pooling between them. The first warmth she'd felt in months. She was wet enough to take him in a moment. Just from looking at him. Even after all these months.

In the one she looked at the longest he had his arms crossed over his massive chest. One hand wrapped around the powerful muscle of his bicep. Long, blunt fingers. She knew how they felt when they stroked her, penetrated her. The thick wrist and enormous, expensive watch. When he gripped her ass cheeks to spread her, his palm was big enough to span the entirety

of her cheeks, fingers wrapping around her slender hips. Flat and hard as it cracked across one to discipline her. Remind her of her place.

She closed her eyes and thought about an afternoon they'd spent on the sailboat after Midsommar. Elias had sailed them to a nearby island that was uninhabited and anchored them in a small lagoon with the intention of sleeping the night on the boat. They had swum the entire afternoon, salty kisses and his warm arms around her in the fresh, cool water. Afterward she had been hungry, that particular kind that only seems to come after a long time spent in the water.

But before he had allowed her to go downstairs to start making dinner he had stretched her face down on the upholstered sunpad on the prow. He had spent nearly an hour opening her ass. Sliding first one well lubricated finger in as he fucked her pussy slowly until she came. When he had finally taken the three final fingers away and replaced them with his cock she had been beside herself. She had cum with his cock in her ass before but almost always it was *despite* of the feeling.

That afternoon she had moaned, arching her back, desperate to have more him breach her. The head had slid in with a pop and the rest had glided through her tight ring with barely any pain. She had cum so hard she had been sobbing by the time he let her. And when she came back to her senses, just in time to feel him flood her with his cum, she had been so full of her love for him.

When his cock had finished spurting in her ass he didn't draw back. He kept his cock in her and bent forward, pressing a very soft kiss to the bony prominence at the nape of her neck.

“That's a good little slut.”

“Thank you, Master.” She had managed.

How could people not know, looking at these photos, what he was? He screamed it out in the haughty posture, the domineering eyes and the cold, controlling expression. He was a Master. He was *her* Master.

She closed the browser.

But not anymore.

It hurt so bad she couldn't breathe. She cried for a while, trying to keep herself as quiet as possible so as not to attract attention, though the wracking sobs hurt worse when she didn't let the howl of agony within her out. When she was composed she stood up and walked out.

“Which bus will take me to the train station?” She asked the librarian on the way out, a dowdy woman who didn't look up when she spoke.

“The thirty-seven.”

“Thank you.”

She bought a ticket for the night train the following night and then went home. She didn't have much to pack and she only had the black backpack she brought too and from work anyway to use as a bag. She put in some fresh underwear, her toothbrush, some cash, her passport and a book. It struck her as strange that it was the passport Elias had gotten her. He must not have forged it, not exactly anyway because it had passed through the hands of the police many times and no one had ever notice anything irregular. But she'd never gone to any government office to have her picture taken either. She hadn't known she had a passport until he took it out for the flight to London.

She told her work in the morning that she had a family emergency and would be gone for a few days. The owner looked confused at the mention of family but was kind enough about it, saying not to worry, they would find a way to cover her shifts.

She went to the train station directly after her shift ended. It was a few hours wait but the buses were unreliable. She'd rather wait at the station and not worry she would miss it. Her train left at nine pm and arrived at eleven am the following morning. She'd hoped to sleep some on the train but could only afford a seat, not one of the sleeper cabins. It was hard with her head against the cold window beside her. Every time the train his some irregularity on the track she woke up.

But for the first time in months, she dreamed about the island. The photos she'd seen of him must have stirred something in her. Between the blinking glances out a dark window when her head cracked against the glass she was back where she belonged. Hands and knees on the bed as he plowed into her from behind. On her knees, head resting lovingly on one thigh. On her back when him towering over her, legs spread as he thrust into her.

She took a taxi from the station. It cost a lot more than she had expected. She wasn't sure she would be able to afford much to eat during the trip with the cash she had brought. But she didn't trust herself to be able to navigate the buses in German.

Her Master had told her that she could learn German. That they could practice together... She pushed the painful thought away.

And besides, she couldn't afford more than a bunk in a cheap hostel room which would make eating knelt on the floor without her hands rather difficult to explain. She'd have to wait until she got back to Kiev.

The building she was looking for was in a large square, with two other high rise office buildings on either side and a courtyard in between with a fountain. She found a bench outside the door of interest. She sat on the cold stone bench with her backpack beside her and folded her legs. She opened the book in her lap and pretended to read, one elbow resting on her knee.

She watched the people come and go out of her peripheral vision. It almost felt good to use that skill again, though she could tell she wasn't as good as she had been.

Sitting was agony after a while. Her knees began to ache. Her hips hurt too. She was so thin these days her bones protruded out, unprotected. But she could hold strappado for an hour without breaking. She had taken a whipping until she passed out. She had hung on the high

hook until he decided she was allowed down. She didn't move. It felt good to use that skill again too.

He came out at one-fifteen, probably going home for lunch. His home address wasn't available publicly, at least as far as she could find, but it must be nearby for he didn't turn toward the parking. He moved across the square, heading toward the street as if he intended to walk home for lunch.

Her heart went into her throat when she saw him, beating at twice the rate. He looked just as she remembered him. He was dressed in a crisp gray suit with a white starched shirt beneath. Not a hair out of place. He looked so aloof, so powerful she almost couldn't bring herself to move.

But for Kat, she would. She had to try, at least. If he said 'no' then that was that but if she didn't at least attempt.

She staggered to her feet, her legs screaming in agony, and slung the backpack over her back. She wanted to run to catch up with him but her legs were numb beneath her. So she called out to him, "Herr Furst."

She knew he had heard her. And there was no question too that he would recognize her voice, even after so many months. But for a moment, she thought that he might really ignore her.

"Herr Furst... please."

He stopped slowly and then turned and came back to her. "Do we know each other, miss?" He asked. He looked furious. Beyond furious. To a casual observer his face and tone would be unremarkable but she could see that his jaw was rigid and he had clenched his hand into a fist around his briefcase handle as if he'd like nothing more than to crack it against her jaw. Back on the island she would have pissed herself to see that expression, a sure sign of a brutal beating coming. If he could, he would beat her senseless. Hannah could see it clearly enough.

He towered over her, glaring down. She turned her eyes down, submissively. It was so hard not to kneel but in a public place that would only have made him angrier. "Herr Furst, I need a favor... please."

She had never felt smaller, more alone, more defeated. Furst had always frightened her. Not just because of who he was, but because of the way he looked at her. With suspicion. Like she didn't belong. She knew now that it was because he thought she was like her sister, a whore, a worthless woman. Without her Master, she felt herself crumple under his gaze. Her legs began to shake and she thought she might sink to her knees involuntarily in a moment.

Some of what she was feeling he must have been able to see. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw his body relax fractionally, placated by her pathetic display of submission.

There was a very, very long pause before he laughed softly under his breath. He shook his head as if scolding himself for what he was about to do. Then he said, "let me buy you a coffee, Fraulein, you look very tired."

Relief overwhelmed her. She looked up at him with such sincere gratitude he hissed, looking away. "I would like that very much, Herr Furst."

He took her by her wrist and pulled her down a few blocks to a cafe that had tables outside with more force than was necessary. It was an odd thing to do, between strangers, but not something a wire would pick up. Not something that could be proved in a court meant anything. She had the distinct impression he would have liked to drag her by her hair.

He nearly threw her down in the chair at a little wobbly cafe table. Her wrist hit the table hard enough that she winced. He sat on the other side much more slowly, folding one elegantly clad leg over the other.

The waiter approached.

He didn't bother asking what she wanted. "Espresso for me. A latte for the young lady."

The man retreated and came back a moment later with their orders. The time had passed in complete silence. She didn't touch the latte, didn't even try to hint she wanted it, though it smelled heavenly and her stomach growled at the thought of how nice the cream would be. She was so hungry. It didn't matter though, not really. He wasn't her Master. He couldn't give her permission to take it, even if he wanted to.

She wondered if it had been a test.

He took up the espresso.

"So, Fraulein, your favor?"

She had thought really hard about what to say next but the words were still hard to get out. She swallowed. "I'm looking for my sister, sir, and I'm wondering if you might help me find her."

"And why would you think I could help you with that?"

She swallowed. She spoke next with measured, careful words, like she was a bad actor in a play. "I don't know, sir. I saw your picture online and thought you had such kind eyes."

It was something an insane woman would say. A stalker. Someone with no motive at all to pick this particular man. As she spoke she leaned back over her chair. She had picked this sweater particularly. It was baggy but very short and when she leaned back he could see her torso from bellybutton to the edge of her bra. No wire. She had worn tight, thick leggings beneath that would make clear anything concealed beneath. She put her backpack and phone on the table and slid it across to him.

He opened it and riffled carefully through her belongings before sliding it back. He checked her phone to find it wasn't recording.

He didn't speak for a long time after that. He appeared to be making several complex calculations in his head. Finally he said, "you're looking for your sister?"

It was the first time he spoke to her with a real question. That he appeared to be engaged in the conversation.

"Yes."

"Why?"

She had promised herself she wouldn't cry. She cried so easily. That was what Elias had always said. He'd always praised her at the end of a hard beating, telling her her tears were so pretty and she looked so good in them. But Furst wouldn't like them. She had to hold it together. Had to hold it together for Kat.

"I don't want to be completely alone." She finally managed, voice high and tight with tears.

For the first time his brow wrinkled. He seemed surprised by that answer.

"You don't want to be alone." He repeated.

She couldn't speak without crying so she shook her head, tears spilling down onto her cheeks.

For the first time it seemed as if he considered the girl in front of him physically. He took in the sunken, hollow cheeks, the black rings under her eyes. With how badly she was eating her hair had lost some of its luster. She shivered under his appraising gaze. She would be so different than the slave he had last known, healthy and dressed in lingerie and so happy at the feet of her Master. Really, it was a wonder he recognized her.

Finally he seemed to reach a decision.

"I can't help you, Miss, unfortunately." He said with a slow, careful weight on each word. "But I don't want you to suffer from the trip. Let me give you the direction of a hostel and some money *for a return ticket*." He drew out the weight on each of the last words.

"That would be kind, sir."

He took a wallet from his coat pocket and counted out some bills. He put down on the table five hundred euro. He took the napkin and a pen from his breast pocket. He inked an address of it for her and passed it over.

“You are too good, Herr Furst.”

He stood abruptly. “If you will excuse me, my wife is waiting for me for lunch.”

Jessica.

Her heart ached. She wanted to shout. *Take me with you.* If she could just go with him and lie on the floor of his kitchen and have Jessica stroke her hair while she cried. Like some pathetic stray they had taken in. She was so tired. So very tired. She could sleep for a week. She was sure she could. She wanted it so badly.

Maybe... maybe if he took her she would wake up in his house. God she hoped so. She wanted to see Jessica so badly. Even though she knew it would hurt exquisitely to see her with her Master, too much of a reminder of her own Master and what she had lost. But she would take that over being stashed in some trafficker's warehouse until Kat could be located, as was more likely to be the case if Furst really had decided to help her.

But she made herself not run after him. She stood and clutched the napkin hard in her fist. She took the note from the table but left the latte behind.

She went to the address. It was a student hostel. Not seedy, but not luxurious. Certainly no one would notice if she never came back. She checked in and went and read for a few hours kneeling on a bunk bed, listening to American co-eds curl their hair and talk about how cool it was to be in Vienna. When it got dark she shouldered her backpack and walked out the front door.

The streetlamps were bright overhead and she glanced around the street. There were too many people. But where to go? She turned away from the center city and began to walk. Her heart was beating so hard in her chest she thought it might burst. This was insane. What she was doing was madness. She was relying on the good will of a man she knew had bought a woman, raped her and turned her into his slave. A cold man who had no reason to have warm feelings towards her and every reason to think she was a threat to be dealt with.

Maximilian Furst had many more reasons to have her killed than to help her.

But she couldn't go on as she had. Without her Master there was no light. If she had Kat she would have someone to care for and that would be enough to keep her going. She wouldn't give up if Kat needed her. She would fight for her sister, to keep her safe. But if she was going to be truly alone, truly in the dark, maybe it would be a mercy for Furst to let her go.

She was in a residential neighborhood now and there was much less light overhead. She passed into the light, and out, into the light, and out, into the light and....a hand clapped over her mouth, an arm like steel around her waist, and she had no idea if she should feel panic or relief. She smelled something pungent, remembered no more.

His phone rang.

It was a business meal and Elias was glad they were finally at the espresso. He wasn't following the conversation the other two men were having. He liked them well enough but business had been concluded and what they spoke of now wasn't important. He was reviewing in his mind the conclusions they had come to at the meeting, the strategy they had decided to adopt.

He had been a bit more interested than usual in this particular meeting. Some of the maneuvering he had been able to do with these men were instrumental in the damage he intended to inflict on Nigel Blakely.

Blakely made most of his money through family of chains of hotels that spanned Europe. The club beneath the London site was really nothing more than a hobby. He wasn't a serious sex trafficker and out to satisfy no more than his own appetites.

He wasn't a bad business man. Like Elias, he had inherited, but grown up the business by his own merits as well. But he lacked discipline. His personal expenses alone were enormous, far more than they should have been, and without exception the companies he owned were more or less highly leveraged. It was ambitious, but not insane. As long as you had ice water in your veins, there was no reason to think that the flow of capital he relied on would run dry.

But it also suited Elias's intentions perfectly.

He had cherry picked a few of the most profitable brands of hotels and started the process of greenmailing them through his own businesses and his colleagues. Ripping even twenty percent of the top earning part of Blakely's portfolio would be akin to decapitating it. Without

the flow of cash generated by the highest bracket of income, the rest would starve within months.

Once he was ruined, Elias figured he would have to move quickly if he wanted to be the one who had the honor of putting a bullet in the man himself though. The contacts he kept on the wrong side of the law—not to mention the debt he owed them—were just enough that it was a certainty that one would want to recoup some of their losses via the medium of a gruesome lesson for others who couldn't pay their debts.

The project to destroy the man financially was the only thing that made him feel anything other than numb exhaustion. Everything else felt tasteless, irrelevant, tiring. He had enough willpower to muscle his way through the routine of his life, sport, work, social obligations, ect. But there was no pleasure in it anymore. It was hard to maintain interest in what was not mandatory.

Six months. He'd gone six months without Hannah. He had told himself three years. It felt impossible to endure.

Most mornings it wasn't until he rolled over, his hand searching for her in the bed, that he remembered she was gone. He'd gotten so used to fucking her first thing in the morning that he always woke achingly hard and ready for her soft body to take his pleasure in.

The buzzing in his pocket got his attention. The private and public phones he kept were identical except for the screen backdrop. His business phone had the factory preset—an aerial view of waves on a white sand beach. His personal phone was a rather innocuous picture of Hannah looking up into the camera. She was Kneeling but that wasn't entirely clear from the photo as only her face was in sharp focus, looking up at him with adoration so openly displayed in her expression.

This made it easy for him to distinguish them but not for others to recognize he had two phones. But he knew which pocket he kept each in.

The private phone rang very infrequently these days. Only Tarik had reached out after the trouble in London had died down. He understood, even agreed with it to some extent. He'd taken a huge risk taking her to the hospital. He might never be trusted again by that circle of men.

But the number wasn't Tarik's.

“Wolf.”

“I have an item in my possession which belongs to you.”

It felt to Elias as if every muscle in his body tensed at the same time, like the sentence had passed an electrical current through his body. He glanced at the other two men, surprised they hadn't noticed the change in his demeanor. For him it had been like a lightning bolt.

Maximilian Furst could only mean one specific item.

“You have my attention.”

“Call this number back when the fervor dies down.” The line went dead.

He took the phone from his ear but didn't put it in his pocket. He spun it in his hand, thinking. It took him only a few minutes to puzzle out what Furst meant by fervor. He put the password back in to unlock the phone and texted his contact in Kiev.

If Hannah Konashevych is not in Kiev, find out where she went.

It didn't take long. By the time they were done paying the check and were standing to go, his phone buzzed again.

Night train Kiev-Vienna two days ago. Ticket was used.

He pocket the phone. They said goodbye at the door. As he waited for the valet to bring around the car he texted his secretary.

Out of office until tomorrow afternoon. Cancel all meetings.

Understood, Herr Wolf.

He went home and made a few arrangements. He took the private phone and the external hard drive where he kept the only copies of the pictures and videos he'd taken of Hannah's training to his gym. He had a locker there but there were others that were not assigned but could be taken by anyone. To accommodate variable use it was locked by creating a unique code. He keyed one in and checked it was locked.

He knew he should destroy the hard drive. He should have destroyed it as soon as he left London, really. He had gone to Croatia to fetch it himself, with the intention of doing so. But he couldn't bring himself to do it. Some days it felt like it was the only thing that kept him sane was looking at them. And if he was never to see her again on her knees, looking up at him with eyes full of love, he couldn't let go of the evidence that it had happened at all.

He went home and made himself a nice meal, watched the soccer game and went to bed early.

He decided to skip the gym in the morning. He wanted to be there when they kicked his door in. The thought of them searching for him was dramatic and tedious. He didn't want to make more of a spectacle of this part than necessary.

The 'fervor' as Max had called it took three days to resolve. Fitz had been right. The office in London had all the paperwork ready. His residences were searched top to bottom. As was his office. That part was the most annoying. It had been unnecessary. He could hardly be hiding a trafficked girl in the downtown offices of a major investing firm. And he liked his secretary. She was a quiet, neat, polite woman in her fifties who had worked for him for a decade. She had been terrified by the raid and the subsequent interrogation.

One of the first things he did when his bail was posted was to call her and apologize. He wasn't crass enough to say 'expect a big Christmas bonus this year' but he thought she got the message anyway. Frau Bloom was an intelligent woman, after all.

His own interrogation took much longer than it should of. After all, this time around he had nothing but the truth to offer them. Really, Elias couldn't believe the number of different ways they made Fitz say, 'my client has no knowledge of where Miss Konashevych is, nor was he involved in her leaving Kiev.'

But, when they found no Hannah and no evidence of her, they had to close the case again. When they were leaving the police station on the last day, Fitz turned to him. "Invite me over for a whiskey." He told Elias. He held up his hands, "this time I won't charge, if the whiskey is good enough."
"A pleasure."

The lawyer took a long time to speak once Elias had given him his drink and led him out to the balcony to smoke. He studied Elias, as if trying to discern something just from his appearance.

Finally he said, "well, I suppose I was wrong."

"About what?"

"When I said it would take a few years before she disappeared from Kiev again."

"I don't recall you ever making a prediction she would."

Fitz laughed. "That's good, Wolf, really good. I appreciate a client who knows not to say dumb shit."

As the man was putting on his coat for Elias to see him off, he paused again. "Oh and by the way Wolf, they can't do this again."

"What do you mean?"

"They can't search your houses again. Not without new evidence that she might be in them."
He laughed. "So make sure there isn't any, alright?"

Fitz did send him a bill for the time but Elias was only too happy to pay it.

He made himself wait a day, to ensure things really had settled, despite the assurance from Fitz. Once she was in Berlin there was no going back and she would be difficult to hide quickly if the police did find a way to re-investigated.

He went back to the gym and retrieved his phone and the external hard drive. He waited until he was out of range of the gym Wifi and then turned it on, then called back the last number.

Max said nothing when he picked up.

“I'm ready to discuss the transfer back of my possession.”

“I am happy to make arrangements on your behalf. I think it will be... safer to send it than to have one come and pick it up.”

He didn't like the idea, but Max was probably right. Transmitting the information Elias would need to have her brought would be an unnecessary risk. Besides, Furst had always been a good friend. He had called Elias when he had come across Hannah, which had been a risk. He trusted him.

“I agree. Send with the item some indication as how I can reimburse you for the cost of acquiring and shipping it.”

“My courier will contact you when he arrives in Berlin.”

“When should I expect him?”

“Tomorrow evening. You'll need to know a series of numbers. Are you ready to hear them?”

“Yes.”

He listened carefully, committing them to memory.

The line cut off again.

The day went by at an agonizing pace. The gym was easy, he doubled the time he usually spent, pushed himself as hard as possible, and it still didn't feel like nearly enough. He was burning with energy. Work was much harder but he wasn't a school boy. Not some love-lorn sop with a crush. He was a Master waiting to reclaim his slave. He made himself focus and got through a reasonable amount of work. Not incredible but he had put himself well on the way back from the time he'd lost with that useless police interrogation.

He was alone in the office when the private phone buzzed in his pocket.

It was a google map pin and a string of letters and numbers that he took to be a license plate. He pinched the map to zoom in on the pin. It was a parking garage a twenty minute drive away.

He put on his coat. It was almost nine pm and Frau Bloom was long at home with her family so he closed the office himself. He didn't put the pin into his GPS but navigated there

himself. It was a city parking but past hours so the gates were open. So few people needed it at this hour there was no need to pay. He drove slowly up the winding slope of the garage. There were only a few cars but he made himself look at the license plates carefully.

The car he was looking for was on the fourth floor, which was completely deserted otherwise. He parked a few spaces away and got out, slinging a small black backpack over his shoulder. Then he leaned against the door of his Audi and waited. The man got out and examined Elias for a long moment. He had been given a picture of him for comparison no doubt. Then he jerked his head, indicating he could approach.

They went around to the back of the car and Elias saw why Max had given a code. The car was a particular mark from the nineties with no keyhole in the trunk of the car. It opened instead with a pin code. Really, Max was a class act. He appreciated the extra precaution he had taken to make sure the driver didn't tamper with Hannah in transit.

He punched in the code and opened the trunk.

How had he forgotten how perfect she was? He had looked at her pictures and videos a thousand times but it was nothing compared to the living flesh. Silky hair, perfect lips and long legs. She was in jeans and a thin sweater. She must have had a coat, given the weather, but lost it somewhere. Clearly she had gone back to her habit of thin, poorly made bras. In the cold air he could see the sweet, perfect tips of her nipples. He couldn't wait to see her breasts again, to roll those sensitive peaks between his fingers and hear her gasp when he pinched.

She was curled onto her side at the bottom of a very large and sturdy leather duffel and he could see an envelope tucked in beside her. No doubt banking information. If he ever saw Max again he didn't know how he was going to thank him. The man really had thought of everything.

He couldn't help himself from taking a brief moment to inspect her, turning her head side to side and running his hand along her limbs to make sure she hadn't been damaged. He hadn't been able to stop himself from taking the risk of obtaining her hospital discharge summary so he knew Blakely's attack had not resulted in permanent damage. But she had been six months out of his care.

She hadn't been eating, that was immediately clear. Her slender wrists now had protruding bones, her cheeks were hollow. Even in the early days he had never let her get this thin. The thought filled him with rage. He was to blame for it though, there was no denying that. He had been the one to condition her to eat only what he gave her.

He was relieved to see though that she hadn't suffered anything else, at least not immediately noticeable. When he got her back to his apartment he would take his time with a much more thorough inspection but not in public, not with the transporter watching.

He zipped the duffel closed, careful not to catch her hair in it. He put the backpack in in exchange. "For your trouble." It was a ten thousand euros. No doubt Max had paid much more to the trafficker who he had used to obtain her but there was no harm in tipping the man. He had never regretted the service he got for a generous tip.

“Thank you, Herr.” The man said.

Elias picked up the duffel carefully and closed the trunk. He turned and walked back to the car. He opened his own trunk and stored her in it, unzipping the duffel so she got a bit more air.

He got in the driver's seat and turned the car back to his apartment, making sure to obey all the traffic laws as he went.

Hannah woke with a splitting headache. But, she supposed she should be grateful to wake at all. Really, she had felt it was better than even odds Furst would have her killed. She opened her eyes but was greeted with more darkness. She'd been blindfolded enough though to recognize the feel of the fabric across her eyes though.

She was just as familiar with the sensation of the manacles around her wrists. She sat up, feeling woozy and nauseated. She pulled on the manacles and found that she was attached to the floor beside her. She pulled herself up and felt around until she found the metal hook loop. The chain of the manacles ran between it which kept her immobile. Except for the blindfold she was naked. She shivered.

Max wouldn't have *sold* her to a trafficker... would he have? That had never occurred to her. She had thought he might kill her but not sell her. He knew she belonged only to Elias and respected that. Didn't he? For Jessica's sake alone surely he wouldn't... But she'd thought Elias would never leave her in London. She'd thought she was important to him. And Furst had always seen through her, known she was nothing like Jessica, not worth being valued so highly. The thought made a sick panic rise in her chest, threatening to overwhelm her. If another man touched her... if another man took her.... her Master would never forgive her. She sucked in a deep breath and made herself calm down. Panicking would do her no good.

She made herself focus on the physical sensations. The concrete and undeniable. She was blindfolded. Naked. Hand cuffed. She was on a wooden floor of some kind. She had just decided to investigate the space around her when she heard a door open and footsteps approach.

She turned in the direction of them, kneeling as best she could with her arms pulled down in front of her by the shackles. The man stopped in front of her but said nothing. She licked her

lips. "Herr Furst?" She managed. Her voice was tentative and fearful.

"You greet your Master with the name of another man, slave?"

Her surprise was complete. She hadn't even really heard the words, much less recognized the low, dangerous threat in them. His voice. It was *his* voice.

Her Master.

She jerked against the metal hook, forgetting it was there as she tried to scramble forward to throw her arms around his legs and then kiss his boots. She fell forward onto her hands, landing hard. "Master..." She began.

The cane slammed down on her back hard enough to knock her to the floor. She screamed. It had been so long since she'd been struck it was surprising how much it hurt. Another blow fell on her buttocks, her back, her thighs. He went fast enough that she didn't have time to recover between them.

When he stopped she was crying and sprawled on the floor.

Would he want her to beg now or just be quiet? It was so hard to think with her head hurting like this and she couldn't see his face. She was sure if she could have seen him, seen his expression, she would have known what to do or say.

She heard him step behind him and the familiar sound of his belt unbuckling and the zip coming down. God help her, that alone was enough to get her wet. Suddenly it was all she could think about. She wanted it so badly. Even if it was rough, even if he made it hurt... if he would just touch her....He took her by the hips and pulled her up onto her knees. She instinctively tried to move into a modified bow, arching her back gracefully to open her hips for his use.

The back of her head was seized and pulled back hard enough that the chain rattled and the manacles bit painfully into her wrists. "I will position your body how I want, cunt." He hissed. "You haven't earned the right to slave postures."

More than the caning, more than the harsh words, the tone of his voice broke through her confusion. And scared the shit out of her.

Elias was angry.

Really angry. Far angrier than he'd ever been with her.

She shouldn't have come back. He was angry with her because she had come back. She had endangered him, and Max and Jessica... all of them. She hadn't taken the hint and stayed away. She had disobeyed him in a really dangerous way.

"I'm sorry..." She began but the words were lost. He slammed into her with a single, deep thrust, jerking her back with her hair so the manacles pulled and her aching head seemed ready to split open. But none of that compared to the pain between her thighs. It had been so

many months. She wasn't used to his size, if she ever really had been. And he had given her no quarter. She felt like he might really split her in too.

Hannah screamed.

But the next thrust was enough to knock the breath out of her. His hand curled around her hip and he began to pound into her with a merciless pace, each thrust hilted him in her.

They both felt it when her orgasm began to build. It didn't seem possible but her pussy got tighter as her muscles looked for release.

“Don't you dare cum without permission, whore.” He snarled, punctuating his words with a brutal slap of her ass.

She tried. Really she did. She bit the inside of her cheek until it bled but it didn't even slow her orgasm down. The feeling of him in her after so long... even the pain really, it was all far, far too much. She tipped over, spasming painfully on him as white hot oblivion exploded behind her eyes. Gone was the darkness of the blindfold, gone was the pain in her head, gone was Hannah and the universe and everything except the man within her.

Elias. She would have said it allowed, she mouthed the words. But she didn't have enough breath for him to hear it.

He came a moment later, spilling deep into her. He pulled out immediately, not letting her enjoy the feeling of him inside her.

He put her in a pillory next to be whipped for cumming when he had told her not to. After that he took her ass in strappado and left her there as he caned her again. When he took her down he put in a spider gag and used her mouth roughly, then left her with it in while he clamped her nipples and caned her breasts as she held Punishment.

On and on it went. He put her into position after position, as painful and degrading as he could think of, to be struck or painfully taken. He didn't seem to be able to leave her alone. He had beaten her badly before, after she called him a Nazi and after she had told him she wouldn't take another man's cock. But the previous Elias had limits. She had been able to trust he would stop. There had been breaks for her to recover. She'd known he didn't want to damage her permanently. From the first day he had made it clear that he did want a slave with scars or a deformity. This time she was not so sure he cared to preserve her.

And she was fast approaching something that she knew represented some kind of irreparable fracture. Not a physical one but mental. If didn't want her to be Hannah anymore and she would try to do that for him if he kept this up. She was so tired already from the months alone, without the light. She was ready to stop. Ready to not care about anything. She felt as if she had been fighting to tread water in an icy sea for six months. Now she was ready to stop struggling, to sink beneath the surface, into some dark void where nothing mattered and from where there was no return.

He had her dangling by her wrists and was caning her on the breasts again. It hurt so unbelievably bad. Every stroke made her scream but her voice had long lost the ability for

that pitch and no sound came out when she opened her mouth.

But when he stopped for a moment, probably considering what he wanted to do next, she was able to catch her breath enough.

“Why?” It came out in a gasp, low and cracked, but it was clearly audible.

The question stopped Elias in his tracks.

He had never felt rage like he had when she had called out for Furst when he approached. It felt as though some kind of veil had descended over his vision. She was *his* slave. *His*. The fact that she had gone to another Master at all for help had enraged him. But to hear her ask for another man had been a provocation like he'd never experienced. Worse than seeing Kat fucked in it's own way. Because even in those first few painful seconds he had known, somehow, that Kat hadn't done it out of a lack of loyalty. Not exactly. She had been feeding an addiction. And she had never pretended to love him.

If what he'd felt when Hannah had called him a Nazi was a candle, this felt like a supernova.

But the question was so unexpected it startled him. It broke the spell long enough for him to think clearly.

She wasn't asking why he was beating her. He knew her well enough... she knew him well enough that she didn't need to ask that question. But he couldn't think what she meant. It wasn't as if he had a long list of possibilities. In fact, he could think of nothing.

It had also been enough time for her to get a little more breath back. “Why... bother?”

Hannah had to squeeze the words out past a throat that closed with tears. It hurt almost as much as the whip had. It was so pathetic to plead for information from a man she loved, but didn't care at all for her. But she had to know.

If all he wanted was an animal that he could fuck and beat... There were so many girls he could have done this too. Girls that would be much less risk. Someone anonymous that no one would miss. Like she had been. If his tastes had changed and he wanted a slave now like Ulrich made, something broken entirely, it still would have been safer to take someone new.

And she had given him any reason to take revenge. She hadn't testified against him, she had made them close the case in London. Doing this to her now was illogical, cruel in a way her Master never had been.

“Why do this to me if you don't even want me?”

Hannah felt like her throat was closing. It was so painful to make herself say the words. As if her throat didn't want to allow her to get them out. If she said it, it would be out in the world. She wouldn't be able to force it down into some part of her brain and try to lock it away. She would have to think about it. Think about the fact that he didn't want her. She had been crying before the question but now it was a different kind of pain: one deep in her chest, as if something enormous was stepping down, putting its full weight on her heart.

She flinched back when she heard him approach, ready for another blow. But his hands were gentle as they slid up her waist and arms. He put one arm around her waist as he lifted her down from where she was dangling. She couldn't stand. Her body was in too much pain and she hadn't recovered entirely from the drugs she'd been given to be transported.

He brought her to the floor though in a controlled manner so she knelt, hands shackled in front of her. It wasn't Kneel. He'd said not to do that and besides, she didn't feel like she could move anymore. She was tired, so very tired.

His large, strong fingers went to the blindfold and pulled it gently back.

He was crouched in front of her so they were as close to eye level as they ever got. She kept her gaze down submissively. There was no reason to provoke him.

“Look at me.”

She met his gaze and felt her heart throb painfully. There he was. Her handsome Master. He looked exactly as she remembered. It could have been the day after the party in London. He was dressed in black slacks and a white button up under a dark blue sweater with a brown belt and matching Oxfords. Expensive watch on a wrist the size of her biceps. The shirt stretched across his broad and powerful shoulders. Dark, coiffed hair. Square jaw and masculine features. Eyes that were deep enough to contain her whole universe.

She let out a painful sob that wracked her shoulders terribly. *I love you, Elias*. That was too much to get out. Her throat closed against the words. It was so pathetic that it was true, even now. She shouldn't.... she shouldn't.... she knew she shouldn't... but she did.

Seeing him was agony worse than anything he had done to her. She would have rather gone back to the blindfold. Back to being beaten. It was so hard to look at him. He looked just like he had when he had been her Master. The one she loved. The kind one. Kind enough she had secretly hoped he might one day love her too.

He waited until she could look at him without crying so hard she couldn't breathe and she had quieted down to little hiccuping breaths. It took forever, until her body had run out of tears but he didn't seem in any hurry.

“Hannah, I want you to answer this question very carefully and very, very concretely.” He said, voice as dangerous and commanding as she had ever heard it.

He cupped her jaw with one hand, so she wouldn't be able to turn her face from him. “What makes you say I don't want you.”

It was such a ridiculous question, or it would have been, for almost anyone in the world except the two of them. He had just beaten her hard enough she couldn't stand up, fucked her so hard she had blood leaking down one leg and her throat and ass ached still.

It had been the right command. The right question too. She was able to answer without another burst of tears.

“You left. After the case closed, you left.” Her voice was flat, numb, as if it were too painful to explore the emotions those words evoked in her. “You didn't come for me. I thought maybe you would come find me in Kiev but you didn't. Months went by and you didn't.”

Elias didn't need all the fingers on one hand to count the number of times he had ever felt guilty for anything. And now Hannah had two of them. The first was when he'd seen what Nigel had done to her. And the second was just then, as he looked at what he had done to her.

She hadn't deserved a punishment. He certainly hadn't enjoyed it. So it was just wasted pain, meaningless and useless suffering. He didn't believe in that. All those women he had raped and beaten, either he had enjoyed it, or they had deserved it. Always. He had never inflicted pain without purpose before that moment. How had he done that to the women he loved?

He hated that she flinched when he reached for her but he couldn't say he didn't deserve it.

He took the shackles off her wrists, then put one arm under her knee and scooped her up to his chest. He carried her out of the room behind the bookcase and into his apartment. She wasn't looking at the apartment though, she had nuzzled her face into the crook of his arm, just like she always did. He carried her through bedroom and to the bathroom. He turned on the shower.

He let the water warm and then stepped in with her in his arms. Water poured down over them, soaking his stylish clothes and filling the shoes worth thousands. She moaned in pleasure at the warm water sluicing over her, despite how her bruised flesh protested even at the gentle pressure. Carefully he lowered her legs to the floor, still supporting most of her weight with an arm around her waist. She leaned against him as he gently washed her body. He was as careful as he could be but she still winced. He washed her hair too but didn't bother to try to get out the tangles. He'd do that tomorrow.

She was too thin, far too thin. He could feel her ribs and the prominent bones of her vertebrae clearly under his fingers. She hadn't been eating well. And she was covered in bruises and skin so swollen it was about to burst. But still, so beautiful.

When she was clean he brought her out and wrapped her in a soft white towel before carrying her back to the bed. He pulled back the covers and slid her beneath, pulling them over her shoulders. She made another whimpering sound but was again ignored. He stripped off the wet clothes and shoes, put on dry trousers, not bothering with a shirt, and went to the kitchen. He put a pot on the stove. He poured in some milk and then melted in some chocolate. It was the first thing he had fed her. She had a sweet tooth.

When it was melted and had come to a boil he poured it into a bowl. He went back into the bedroom and set it on the bedside table along with a bottle of water. He was surprised her eyes were still open. But maybe he shouldn't have been. She doubtless still had quite a bit of adrenaline from the beating.

He went into the bathroom cupboard and got out a bottle of pills. He took out one and went back into the bedroom and knelt beside the bed.

“Open our mouth.”

He put the pill on her tongue and brought the bottle of water to her lips.

“Swallow.”

He didn't know if she would dare ask so he said, “oxycodone. An opiate.”

He pulled back the covers and slid into the bed beside her. He leaned against the pillows and pulled her against his bare chest. He positioned her so she had her back against his chest, cradled in his arms as he sat. Her wet hair spilled out over his strong bicep and dripped down onto the pillow.

He picked up the bowl of warm liquid and blew on it until he thought it was cool enough. He took a sip to be sure, then brought it to her lips. She drank eagerly and he felt the little shudder of pleasure at the sweet taste.

He gave her half the bowl and then set it down.

“Time to sleep, Hannah.”

He had intended to stroke her head until she went to sleep but she had closed her eyes the second she had understood the command. The adrenaline from the day had lost almost immediately against the narcotics and the comfort of being in his arms. He indulged himself in the desire to stroke her hair a bit longer after her breathing had become slow and regular. Then he slid out of bed and went back into his office.

There were still many things left to catch up on from the raid of his homes.

When Hannah woke she felt... almost good. Her body hurt. She was also frightfully hungry. But her head had stopped pounding in that nauseating way. She had clean skin and hair and

she was cocooned in a soft, white, goose-down blanket. She felt warm for the first time in months. She could have stayed there forever.

She thought perhaps an hour passed where she enjoyed a hazy, demi-sleep in her little nirvana. But when she heard the door open, she made herself sit up and kneel on the bed to face him. She remembered he had told she didn't deserve slave postures so she didn't Keel. But the posture conveyed humble submission well enough.

“You may Kneel, Hannah.” He said quietly.

She shifted gratefully into the posture. As always, it has a soothing effect, safe and familiar. “Thank you...” She wanted to add Master but wasn't sure if he was still her Master.

He understood the way the sentence seemed to cut short, interpreted it correctly.

“And call me Master.”

“Thank you, Master.”

The relief she felt was heady, poignant. She still didn't understand, not at all. But the gentle shower, the hot chocolate, holding her as she fell asleep, letting her Kneel and call him Master... those were unequivocally good signs, surely? She fought not to cry with relief. Being in his presence again, Kneeling for him again... it was as if she could breathe well for the first time in months. If this was going to be taken away again she had to make the most of it while she could, take in the oxygen and light of his presence before she was plunged back into dark water again.

“I didn't think you would be awake.”

“How long have I been asleep?”

He checked his watch. “A little over twenty-seven hours.”

She always had the feeling he knew times like that down to the minute and only said a rounded one so as not to startle people with answers like 'twenty-seven hours and thirteen minutes.' He certainly checked his watch enough for it to be true. How had she forgotten about that? She loved that about him.

Twenty-seven hours. Well, it was no wonder she felt so good. She hadn't slept more than two hours at a time since she'd last slept in a place that smelled like him.

There were a million questions that would have been logical for her to ask but she remained quiet. So instead they were silent until he said, “follow me.”

She glanced at the door to the bathroom and then glanced back at him. She felt like her bladder might explode but she didn't dare ask.

“Yes, of course, I should have thought of that. Go relieve yourself.”

Hannah slid down off the bed and then looked questioningly to Elias and then at the floor.

“You may walk.”

She went as quickly as she could with her body hurting as it did. She felt much better once she had released her bladder. He was waiting for her when she returned a moment later.

She followed him out through the door and stopped short. She had known he was wealthy but she had forgotten what it was like to be in the places he lived. The bedroom she hadn't taken the time to examine except to notice that it seemed too large for her. The ceiling was soaring, higher than any residential space she'd ever seen, almost as if she were in a museum or government building. And there was so much space between everything. It was like the room had been built for Elias's proportions at not her own. It had been the same on the island house. How had she forgotten about that?

But thick curtains had been drawn along two walls of the bedroom and it had been lit only by a few subtle lamps along the wall. Now space seemed to explode around her—vivid and bright and unexpected. It was morning and she was plunged into warm sunlight and the smell of a fresh breeze through open windows again.

The main space of the apartment had no walls or divisions and the ceilings again were tall, looming and intimidating, making her feel small and insignificant. Two long walls were entirely made of floor to ceiling windows looking out at a city skyline. Berlin? Probably. He had said that he spent most of his time in that city. Most of the floor was a rich thick carpet but that gave away into smooth wooden floors to the far end where she could see a long dinning table. There was a kitchen beyond that, divided only from the rest of the space by a long bar with bar stools lined up neatly beneath. To the left of the kitchen was a modern staircase that twisted once before leading up to a second floor she couldn't see and beneath it the opening to a corridor that looked to be the entrance hall.

Again she was struck by the sensation of being too small for all of it, as if she were a child again and all of this was made for adults.

It was like coming out of the cellar into the island house all over again. She wanted to reach for Elias, to fall to her knees and bury her face in his trousers to keep from being overwhelmed. But she wasn't sure enough of her standing to touch him without an order.

“My apartment in Berlin.” He confirmed when he realized she had stopped short to stare around in amazement. “Go Kneel there in front of the couch.”

He indicated a black leather couch.

She obeyed kneeling down between it and a low, glass coffee table. *This carpet is so nice it's like kneeling on a cushion. I'm glad we'll spend a lot of time here.* She thought before she reminded herself that she might still be sent away.

She knelt facing the wall opposite the windows that ran the long axis of the room. Half of it was lined with bookshelves, which gave way to a closed, massive wooden door. Beyond that the wall was taken up by an impressionist painting of a woman of a woman in profile who sat with her feet pointed painfully in front of her in pale pink ballet shoes, her tulle skirt spread out and capturing her legs. She was bent forward, back gracefully arched and hands poised elegantly over her ankles, wrists crossed and fingers pointing down.

In one sense it was innocuous enough. The woman was not nude, in fact none of her features were visible as her face was obscured by her slender upper arm. But there was something about the tension in her body, the purposefulness of how she was positioned that made it impossible for Hannah not to imagine that in the next moment a large hand would close over her wrists. You could see nothing more than a ballerina in the image, or you could see a slave, supplicating before an unseen Master.

It was long and narrow, encompassing little more than the woman herself and the blackness around her but large enough to stretch the meters between the door and the corridor which she could now indeed did lead to what appeared to be the main door. She could see part of what looked like an impressive foyer with a polished marble floor.

She couldn't quite see what he was doing out of her peripheral vision. That skill of doing so really had waned a bit. He went to the kitchen for a time and then back into the bedroom. Finally he came back to sit on the couch before her. He put a plate that smelled heavenly on the coffee table along with some other items.

“Stand.”

She pushed herself to her feet. He inspected her carefully from head to toe. He put something she knew from experience was antibiotic ointment on some of the places where her skin had split open or was close to splinting open. He turned her around and did the same with her back.

“Kneel.”

He put the ointment back on the coffee table.

“Are you in much pain?”

She shook her head. “No, Master.” She knew he was thinking about giving her another narcotic and she really didn't want one.

“I've already had breakfast, so this this is for you.”

She couldn't help but feel disappointed. When she wasn't hand fed during a meal (usually because she was under the table and on her knees with her mouth full of his cock) he would put the plate on the floor. Even if she was allowed to use her hands it wasn't nearly as nice as when he fed her. She reminded herself that she was grateful for the food, grateful for his presence.

But that wasn't to be the case. He had made a fried egg and buttery brown toast. He broke off bits of the bread and dipped it in the egg yolk before he began to cut the rest of the egg up to give it to her in forkfuls. She scooted forward so he wouldn't have to reach far to feed her and when she put her arm around his leg, holding onto the ankle of his shoe as if it were an anchor, he allowed it.

It was heavenly to be fed by him again. She felt as though she were tasting food for the first time in months. The eggs were salty, with just a hint of pepper and the toast had a generous

amount of butter. Each time he picked up a piece his fingers were smeared with it and she was permitted to lick them clean before they moved on to the next morsel.

She could tell he was enjoying himself by the way he stretched it out, giving her small bites and letting her lick his fingers far longer than necessary to clean them. His expression was unreadable but he watched her carefully as she obediently took each bite.

“Do you still drink your coffee the same way?”

“Yes.”

He went back to the kitchen and there was the sound of liquid being poured into a mug. The refrigerator opened, then closed. He returned and handed her the cup. She took a sip. It was wonderful. He had put in a lot of cream and sugar. Usually he gave her some from his cup and he liked it with only a little bit of cream and no sugar. She took another sip and then held the cup, intending to savor the smell and the warm cup in her hands. When she'd drunk about half, he took it away and put it on the table beside her.

He was looking at her with an expression that she couldn't read. She didn't think it was because she was out of practice from the months they'd spent apart. She wasn't sure she'd ever seen this emotion on his face.

Finally he said, “let's start with this. I waited for you for a month in London.”

She felt the words like a hard blow to the stomach, something that hollowed her out and made her feel nauseated.

“I left only when it was confirmed you had arrived in Kiev.”

“But... the... the inspector told me you left the day the case was dropped and flew back to Germany.” She said, voice trembling. “He... he told me that you wouldn't want to see me again...”

He scrubbed a hand hard over his face. “Yes, I figured that out yesterday. Or figured something like that must have happened.”

She swallowed. “But why... why not come get me in Kiev?” She said. “I...”

She decided not to finish the sentence 'I gave you plenty of opportunity.' She didn't think he would be pleased with the idea of her turning down deserted streets, taking the long way home at night unaccompanied.

“It's has been eight days since you went to Vienna to find Furst.” His voice for the first time had a hint of anger in it when he said Max's name. And it didn't take a genius to figure out the anger wasn't directed at the man himself.

She swallowed. She had gone to another Master for help. He wouldn't like that.

“I didn't... I didn't....I only went to Herr Furst because...” She began.

“We will talk about *that* later.” His tone was firm and final but she somehow suspected that this talk was going to happen with her in some kind of horribly uncomfortable position, and

her end would mostly consist of repeating pleading apologies while he would put the period on the end of most of his sentences with a lash.

That was okay though. It was nothing like his anger before.

And when he spoke again his tone was gentle again. “What I mean is that you took five days to get to me, even if you don't remember.” He explained. “Max held off on sending you because the police raided this apartment. This and every other property I own once they realized you had left Ukraine.”

She frowned. “Why?”

He sighed. “Because that inspector is a prick, but unfortunately he's not an idiot. This is the door I would have kicked down too in his place.”

Tears welled up in her eyes, spilling over. The idea that the police could come back, that they could rip her away from him again filled her with a profound terror. “I... I-I-I... I can't. I can't be parted from you, Elias.”

Her grip on his ankle tightened and she pressed herself more tightly to his leg.

He brushed away the tears on her cheeks. She was trembling, eyes full of tears. He liked to see her cry usually, but not like this. But God did he love it when she slipped up and used his name. She didn't even hear it, didn't know she said it. *Elias, I love you. I can't be parted from you, Elias* and that little whisper when she came so hard she, didn't know who she was.

“Hannah you are my slave. I own you.” He reminded her softly. “I own your body, your wet little holes, your pain and all of your pleasure. I even own your love. Do you think I'm the kind of man who lets anyone take away what belongs to me?”

She pressed her lips together, shaking her head.

“What happened in the London and everything afterward, you must understand that I will *never* allow it to happen again.”

She nodded.

“If you hadn't found a way back to me, I would have come to collect you in a few years, when it was safe. I would have snatched you off the street some night and taken you somewhere that belonged to me, to break you again if I needed to.”

He had leaned down so their faces were close and he could see her eyes clearly.

“You will never be taken from me again.”

He was close enough that she could slip a hand his neck and ask the question with that tender pressure. *Will you please kiss me, Master.*

He bent and took her lips. Her mouth was so warm and soft. She parted her lips, letting him sample the sweet taste of her mouth at his leisure. When she began to kiss him back, moving

her tongue against his, not resisting but merely caressing, he pushed her back onto the carpet, moving his body over her. He broke the kiss and she parted her thighs for him, those creamy, delicate legs opening for him of her own accord. He knelt between them and undid his buckle to take himself out. She was looking up at him with such reverence and love he almost couldn't stand it.

He had felt this once before, when he'd fucked her against the wall in the water in Lake Como. As though he couldn't be far enough inside of her, or maybe the other way around. She had initiated then too, a tender pressure to ask him to kiss her. Maybe it was impossible for him to feel this way if she didn't ask him. Maybe it required invitation.

He pushed into her and she groaned, arching her back. He went slowly, but he was trying to fuck her through the floor. Each thrust he tried to push deeper. He put his elbows on each side of her head, a cage, something to make her feel trapped. He needed her to know that she couldn't escape him. That he had control of her again. He pressed down against her body hard enough he was sure she couldn't breathe and still it wasn't enough. He fucked her like he meant to hurt her. Like he needed her. Like he loved her.

Hannah felt like she was trying to crawl out of her skin. Every inch of her felt painfully sensitive. Not like after a beating but worse and better than that at the same time. She felt as if he were running an infinitely delicate touch over every inch of her body.

She wanted more. She wanted harder. Despite how painful it was when he bottomed out in her, it wasn't enough. The pain was more of him so she would take all she could get.

When she felt the cliff approaching she managed to gasp, "please."
"Yes."

She looked into his eyes, into her universe until the last moment. Her head tilted back and white light exploded across the inside of her eyelids. She felt like she was falling through something solid, something not at all there and something bottomless. The world was gone, she was gone, and only he remained, buried inside her.

"Elias."

That was what he'd been waiting for. He hadn't wanted to miss it in his own ecstasy. It had been hard to hold back, to tolerate the overwhelming pain of being separated from her by the space between the molecules of their skin. But oh so worth it.

"Hannah."

He came deep in her. In that moment he really did feel like he was inside her, right in the beating core of her, just where she lived. She had let him all the way in. Into the warm, sweet, soft delicate place where everything that made her who she was lived. It was so different than his own body, all muscular angles, and his own calculating, ruthless mind.

He should have been furious at her. Part of him was. It was so dangerous what she had done, opening herself like that, letting down her guard and letting a predator like him across this final threshold. He could do anything with her here, control or destroy her entirely. Didn't she

know better than that? Didn't she know she needed to protect herself? Couldn't she see that if he wanted to he could snap his jaws and tear into her tender, defenseless flesh? That he wanted to do just that. She shouldn't welcome him in like this, right to the locus of who she was. She should protect that with all her strength.

Instead she opened her arms, invited him deeper.

But it didn't matter. That would be his job from now on. And he was strong enough to make sure he was the only monster who ever crossed her threshold.

Chapter End Notes

Please, please, please, please, please, please, please let me know what you think.
Seriously, I don't want to need reassurance... but I do.

Chapter 24

Chapter Notes

Okay this is long and I got more than a little self-indulgent in the middle with world building/kinky fuckery but I promise the plot advances eventually... I promise.

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

She would spend a month in the apartment he decided.

They both needed it. The months of separation had been harder on Hannah than he could have imagined. It wasn't just that she had starved herself physically. There were more subtle hungers that had gone unsatisfied in his absence. Emptiness that he had opened in her that he needed to fill.

She was clearly sleep deprived. And yet, she couldn't sleep without him. If he sent her to bed before him, he always found her awake by the time he joined her. And in the morning if he tried to shift off the bed without waking her, she sat up immediately in a panic. On weekends when it mattered less what hours he was available, and there were hardly ever scheduled meetings, he read the newspaper or answered emails on his laptop while she slept beside him. Sometimes it was early afternoon, long past twelve hours since they had gone to bed by the time her eyelids fluttered open.

The first time she had panicked, scrambling awake and into Kneel before she was even fully conscious. "I'm sorry... I'm sorry, oh please Master I'm so sorry...."

He quirked an eyebrow at her. "Do you think I couldn't have woken you, slave, if I had needed your services?" He asked.

She swallowed. "No, no, sir of course not."

"Then what are you apologizing for?"

She swallowed. "I... it's only... I slept so late.. and I didn't..."

He turned back to the newspaper. He was still half holding her, one arm around her back. "Put your head back down on my chest. I will tell you when I want you to speak again."

The soft fingers that slid across his chest, wrapping around the curve of it, had gripped him far tighter than he thought she was aware of, heart pounding against his ribs as he stroked her hair.

It had ended with a memorable blow job. Hannah had been puffy-lipped and with tears still drying on her cheeks when he had sent her to make breakfast.

In a way the separation had made her more of what he wanted. Her fragility, the way she needed him all that much closer to the surface. She had seen the reality of living without him and it had nearly killed her. He didn't think she would forget it. Even if she grew to trust their bond more as the years went on, and he certainly hoped she would, she would *know* what he could take away from her. Light. Without him she really would be in the dark.

Food, attention, pleasure and pain, it was easier to allow himself to lavish them on her.

Often he fed her again as he had the first morning she had returned. She learned to kneel between his legs on the couch, her back arched and breasts resting just on the edge of the couch like a begging dog, to feed her a snack or even a full meal. It was more intimate even than hand feeding her from the table and he could tell she adored it. Even more so if he let her stay there, head resting on one of his thighs as he finished his espresso or whiskey.

The clothes he bought her were excessive. He didn't permit her any at first. She needed to go back to the basics, to relearn to be most comfortable around him when she was entirely naked. But when she opened the boxes to hang them in her portion of the closet she ran her fingers over them a little longingly, eyes widening at the price tags.

But there was no hint that she would ever become used to it.

His perfect slave: someone he could spoil, without her becoming spoiled.

As much as Hannah enjoyed the new ease with which he allowed himself to reward her, Elias thought he enjoyed it as least as much. This was who he had always wanted to be as her Master, who he had originally set out to be with Katarina. A God, certainly, but a generous one. Loved and feared in equal measures. Someone she looked for when she needed comfort as quickly as she trembled in front of when she needed correction.

And someone she could rely on. The separation may have demonstrated to her how much she needed him, but it had damaged her trust. She had been taken away from him, lost. He didn't want her to fear it would happen again, though it was not something that he could or wanted to punish her for. Like her love, faith had to be a gift. And he didn't begrudge her the time it took her to rebuild it. It might take her years to fully believe that he would always feed her, keep her safe, reward her for her service and keep her with him.

Believe that he loved her.

But he was a patient man. He could wait.

Which is not to say that he allowed any sloppiness in his slave. He expected perfection and was as quick as he ever had been to take her over his lap or desk with a cane or belt. Certainly his proclivities hadn't changed. She cried as much as she ever had from pain of one form or another.

But she was deliriously happy.

So she would stay in the apartment.

And she would stay *locked* in the apartment.

He had a way of locking all the exterior doors, both to the patio and the rooftop terrace as well as the front door. And he had long ago soundproofed the apartment. It was an important difference psychologically, and he showed her the locks on the first day and told her the details of how impossible he had made it to escape.

It was important that she understand that nothing had changed. She may have wanted to return to him but she was still his captive. He wasn't worried she would try to escape. He had seen enough of how she had suffered without him that he didn't think that trying to get away from him was even something that would really occur to her. Even if he were to leave the front door wide open, she wouldn't walk through it.

But he wanted that foundation reinforced.

Besides, he wanted her to focus on the new routines of the apartment and monitor for any bad habits she had developed while she was away from him. All her attention should be dedicating to relearning how to please him in this new space until it was habit again. Even before their separation being in public had been stressful for her. He wanted her to take some time to relearn what she had forgotten how to do. How to eat. Sleep. Suck his cock. Take him in her ass. Take a brutal blow with a cane and thank him for it.

He woke the next morning with her lips at the base of his cock. He smiled. "So my slave remembers how she starts off her day. Very good, whore."

He wasn't surprised she had woken first. He had put her to bed early in the afternoon the day before with an oxycodone and a xanax. He could tell she wanted neither pill but took both meekly. She was still recovering from the drugs she had been given during transport and the beating he'd given her for saying Max's name. She had slept soundly through the night. He took her head in both hands right away and fucked her throat hard and fast until he came down her throat. "Let's review a little bit of your duties and my expectations, shall we slave?" He asked while she cleaned him lovingly. She nodded, looking genuinely eager for the information.

"You can keep sucking while I talk." He told her. "I think I'll cum down your throat again before we get up."

She said nothing, but kept the eye contact he liked. Both because his cock was in her mouth, so it was mandatory, but also to show she was paying attention.

"Obviously you remember how the day starts." He said smugly. "Once I'm satisfied you can get up and go to the kitchen to make breakfast. You don't have to ask permission or ask what I want, you'll know when I'm done using your holes, and then you should move on to serving me in other ways."

She tried to nod as best she could but his cock was getting hard again so it was difficult.

"Breakfast should be on the table with you kneeling by my chair by nine exactly unless I tell you otherwise. Before you kneel beside my chair you will come into the bedroom and see if

I've left anything for you to wear on the bed." He told her. "After breakfast I will either go into the office or begin work from home. You can use that time to keep the apartment clean or do other chores unless I want you to serve me."

She wasn't worried about that. He had never complained about the way she kept island house. An apartment should be much less work. Besides, he had always been there so she'd spent a lot of time in his office, tied for his display or pleasure. With him going into the office occasionally, much though she knew she would hate it, she would have more time for her chores. "Obviously, if I am home you will be as quiet as possible."

She blinked to show she understood.

"You should have lunch ready and be kneeling by my chair by one-thirty exactly unless I tell you otherwise. If I am at the office or out of the apartment for any reason and not back by two, you may put my plate on the floor in front of you and eat a small portion of it where you kneel. You will be told if I've taken away your right to use a knife and fork or if you are to drink only water."

He folded his hands behind his head lazily, taking a moment to admire the view. He lay stretched out, legs spread with her kneeling between them. Her knees were tucked beneath her and her hair was pushed back so he could watch her eyes while she worked.

"A bit faster slave, and choke on it a bit more. Every time to the base from now on. I want to cum after I finish going over your day. You shouldn't take up more of my morning than you need to."

She obeyed though it was much harder to concentrate on what he was saying when she was gagging every other sentence.

"Dinner is to be ready at seven-thirty. If I have not returned by eight, follow the same protocol as for lunch. If you have finished your tasks for the day and believe I could find no fault with the apartment or your other chores, then you may kneel on the bed or on the carpet if you choose and read until I give you a new task."

He took her head and began to thrust into her throat again. She had timed it right, he came after three more pumps. He pulled her off his cock, high enough so her back arched painfully. The first jet he sent across her face, pumping his cock by wrapping a hand over the one she had been using to massage his balls and guiding it to the shaft. He blew the rest over her face, making sure to get a bit of it into her open mouth.

She was panting, lips red and swollen, face covered in cum and so fucking beautiful. He held her there for a moment. When the hand not holding her hair he cupped her chin. He slid a thumb across her cheekbone affectionately. "Better than I expected, given how out of practice you are." He told her with a fond smile. "But you were made to suck my cock, weren't you, Hannah?"

"Yes, Master." When he let go of her hair she turned to cleaning him with her tongue.

"Do you have any questions?" He asked when she was finished.

“Is there anything off limits? Rooms or items or... anything?”

It was a good question and pleased him.

“Do not go into the room behind the bookcase without me at all. You may go into my office to clean it but do not touch any of the electronics and do not linger. The television is off limits as well,” he wasn't worried about her using his computer or the television. Both were password protected and recorded attempted logins. He would punish her very severely if he had found out she tried to use them but didn't think she would.

“Any other questions?”

She shook her head. “I don't think so. I'm sure I'll think of more but I don't even know what to ask yet as I haven't really been here yet.”

“I will ask again at dinner. I will work from home for today so if it can't wait you may come Kneel in front of my desk and wait until I acknowledge you. But I would use that privilege sparingly, if I were you.”

She nodded. She didn't need to be told that going into his office rarely ended in her favor. She didn't imagine she would leave immediately after her question was answered. He would find some way for her to thank him for teaching her to be a better slave. In fact she had almost laughed when he had told her not to linger in his office. Already she felt the same way she had felt about his office on the island. She knew she would hate going into it without him. Even though it was him who had made her afraid of it in the first place. The irony of that did not escape him.

While Hannah cooked breakfast, he showered and dressed for the day. He found himself looking through the collection of lingerie for her in his closet as he selected his clothes and watch. He had ordered it before London and he had never been able to bring himself to put it into boxes.

She'd never worn any of it and he was eager to see what she looked like in it. He lingered on a Tiffany blue bra and panty set with a matching garter belt. She would look so good in it. But he had decided she would have two weeks of being completely bare to him. A period of adjustment to remind her that by default she was to be naked, exposed and vulnerable. Any clothes she was given were for his benefit alone.

But, he reminded himself, *I have the rest of our life together to see her in it*. Still, it would be the first thing she would wear, he decided.

The thought put him in a good mood. He had the rest of their life to play with her, punish her, fuck her, dress her, talk with her, and enjoy her exactly as he liked.

She came in through the open door a moment later and looked toward the bed, checking, as he had told her, for clothes. He met her gaze without a hint of what he had been thinking. He wondered if she would forget after a few days of receiving nothing. He hoped so.

She surprised him though by Kneeling down. “Do you have a question, Hannah?” He cocked an eyebrow, surprised she had dared so early.

She bit her lip. "It's just... that is... it's only..."

"You are already taking my time, slave, do not waste it."

That made the words come out in a rush so fast it was difficult to tell one from the other. "Can I put on some makeup? I saw it in the bathroom. I mean it was out on the counter so I couldn't help but notice. I didn't look or anything. And I just thought... I mean I want to please you is all." She took a deep breath. "Or at least please may I brush my hair?"

He considered. On the one hand he liked how self conscious she looked, liked the idea that she had contemplated he might be dissatisfied with her appearance and how much distress that thought had clearly brought her. If she thought he might be displeased with her looks, he was curious what ways she would find to try to compensate. He didn't doubt she'd thought about the question all through making breakfast, cursing herself for not thinking to ask it in the bed, before finally deciding it was worth the risk of punishment.

Besides, she was lovely as she was, even with a few tangles in her hair.

But she had valued pleasing him over the risk of punishment. Her best interest would have been served by remaining quiet. She wasn't vain. He truly did think she was asking only because she wanted to make him happy. She knew he liked the way she looked, preferred her with a little make up. She had chosen to please him rather than attempt to avoid punishment. That decided him.

And she'd left enough time to do it without risking being late for breakfast.

"Yes, you may."

She beamed. "Oh, thank you, Master!"

"The necessary items to wax yourself are in the drawers in the bathroom as well. I trust you remember that I like you completely bare and exposed to me?"

He knew he didn't need to say it but the blush he got had been what he wanted. She had been bare when she arrived. He didn't think she'd waxed her pussy to visit Max. Probably she waxed it because he liked it that way and she no longer felt comfortable without keeping herself smooth.

He wondered what other things she had struggled with in that month. Eating certainly. She was far too thin. No matter though, he would get her back to her proper weight in a month easily.

She would tell him at dinner. He was aroused by the idea of her struggling to eat something that he hadn't told her she could have. Little though he liked the result of it, it was a testament to her submission to him.

She had made him an omelet with ham, green onions and peppers, and Guyere with a dark German rye toast. Coffee and orange juice sat beside it.

She was trying to spoil him. On the island she had taken to making him porridge about every third day. It was always about as good as it could be. She went through many recipes and was constantly trying new thing to try to get him to enjoy it. But he had never liked it.

“No more porridge.” He had told her after the second time.

“Master, you can't eat eggs everyday.”

He had been stunned by that response. “I *can't*, slave? Is it ever within your rights to tell me what I *can't* do.”

She had gotten quite a beating for it. Taken down to the cellar and made into a limp puddle.

“I only meant that it's too much cholesterol.” She had told him, in a trembling voice when he was finished and had accepted her apology and was letting her recover in his arms.

He laughed and stroked her head. “Alright then, Hannah, twice a week.”

He hoped she had forgotten that in the intervening months.

She got a generous amount of the omelet, which was truly delicious, as well as the bread and coffee. He really did want her to regain some weight.

He had promised herself he would give her the day to settle into the apartment but found he couldn't. The second he heard her finish cleaning up from breakfast he said, “Hannah, Kneel.”

He had never had to shout on the island for her but he had needed to put a little more volume in his voice to make sure she heard. It wasn't fair to whisper and then punish her for not coming quickly enough. He liked that in the apartment he could merely say it aloud.

She came in and Knelt in front of his desk. “Yes, Master.”

“I think you'll spend the morning under my desk, sucking my cock.” He told her. “Crawl here and Kneel between my legs, where a good slut belongs.”

She crawled beneath his desk and got in the proper position and began to reach for his trousers. Oh this really was going to be delightful, training her all over again. God he promised himself he would make every lesson a memorable one.

He caught her chin between his index and thumb. He slapped her face sharply.

“Two problems, whore. You shouldn't have to be told to kiss my feet and you should know to ask permission. Ass over the desk.”

The command was meaningless. He grabbed her by the hair before she could even begin to stand, almost before he had finished speaking and threw her roughly down across it. He almost groaned with pleasure as he lifted her hips to pull her up onto it. He had forgotten how much he loved the fact that he had to help her onto the desk, and then that her toes just barely brushed the ground. It made it so clear how fucking helpless she really was.

He picked up the cane he had brought in and set beside his desk just that morning in anticipation of this exact circumstance. "Ten strokes for each transgression, slave. You will count and thank me for each."

It was a harsh punishment, far out of proportion to the small mistake. But he wanted to remind her that he didn't have to have a reason, didn't have to justify himself to her as to what constituted a big or small mistake.

He cracked the cane down hard and she screamed. "One, thank you, Master."

By the time she was breathless and crying and he was hard. He considered taking her ass but decided against it. He wanted to use her mouth right away. Besides, he really did have a lot of work to catch up on. As much as he would like to prolong this. *I have the rest of our life together*, he reminded himself.

Which reminded him to get out his phone. He turned on the video recording and set it against his computer. At that angle it would get most of her body in profile and his cock going into it. Not the most ideal view but he wanted to use both hands.

He undid his belt and zipper and parted her cheeks with his hands. She gasped at the harsh grip, bruised and sore as they were. He was so aroused he didn't need a hand to allow him to slide through her folds. Oh those sweet petals. How he had missed them.

"Every fucking time, it's like a miracle I can even fit it in that tight little hole. Don't you agree slave?" He asked.

She nodded vigorously. "Yes, Master."

"And yet, you don't have a choice do you? You have to lie over my desk and present you sweet little ass and holes to me and I get to choose which one has to take my huge fucking cock. Isn't that right?"

"Yes, Master."

"Which one shall it be, Hannah?"

"Whichever pleases you, Master."

He spit on her asshole. What the hell. If he had to work a little after lunch, so be it. He picked up the phone, wanting to get a better view of his cock going in. He could spread her cheeks well enough that her little star looked great even with one hand.

He pushed in slow. Even the head was hard to get in. He hadn't used much lube and she was out of practice. When the glans popped through she wailed.

"That's just the head, little slut. You've got a long, long way to go before I even start to pump."

He slapped her ass and she clenched on his cock involuntarily than gasped at the pain. "I think you'll thank me for each inch that goes in. You can start with the first one. Say 'thank you for that inch of your cock in my asshole, Master.'"

"Thank you for that inch of cock in my asshole, Master."

He pushed in another and she clenched, making herself sob and squirm beneath him.

“Thank you for that inch of cock in my asshole, Master.”

He slapped her ass and she jerked and moaned at the extra pressure as her sphincter tried to tighten around him.

He pushed in another.

“Thank you for that inch of cock in my asshole, Master.”

Each time she got a slap for her thanks. The way her voice rose to something high and desperate by the time his thighs touched the backs of hers was incredible.

He put the phone back against the computer. He wanted both hands back and the angle from the computer would be phenomenal, capturing his length and girth compared to how small she was. He pulled her cheeks apart, stretching her so he could see his thick base stretching her entrance so wide. The muscle was fluttering against him creating a delightful sensation. He leaned some weight in his hands, just enough that her body would be entirely pinned to the table, unable to escape.

“Time to get fucked in the ass, slave.”

“Yes, Master.” Her voice broke as she sobbed out the words.

He pumped as fast as he dared without risking tearing her. Which was plenty fast for Hannah. There was a little extra thrust at the end that buffeted her body against the desk, bruising her thighs. There was plenty of time to humiliate her by having her cum on his cock, this he only wanted to hurt. She was gripping the edge of the desk with white knuckles and had an impressive pool of tears beneath her by the time she finally felt his cock swell and he pushed in to spill his load as deep as possible.

“Thank me for my cum in your asshole.”

“Thank you for your cum in my asshole.”

“Lick up those tears, slave. Don't dirty my desk.”

She groaned when he pulled out, even that was painful. He took down the phone and turned off the recording pocketing it. He took some cleansing wipes from his desk drawer and carefully wiped himself off, throwing it into the little trashcan nearby.

“Alright slave crawl back to the front of the desk and try again.” He told her.

He didn't help her off the desk and the little shimmy with her hips she had to do to get down was adorable. She crawled back to the front of the desk and got into Kneel. She looked up at him, hesitating. *May I start?* Her eyes asked.

“I don't have all day.”

She hurried forward on her hands and knees and positioned herself beneath the desk. She bent and kissed his shoes for what he felt was an appropriate amount of time. Not too short, she didn't rush, but not so long he had to reprimand her again for wasting his time.

She sat up and looked up at him. She had always been exceptional at that, knowing when he wanted eye contact and when he didn't. "Master, may I please suck your cock?" She asked.

He nodded. She leaned forward and unfastened his belt and took him out. Having just cum he wasn't hard yet but she put her lips to the base of his cock and simply held her mouth there. She looked up now that his cock was in her mouth. And to see if he would offer more instruction.

"I have a video conference call in two hours. I want to cum in your mouth just as I get on. As we do introductions you are to clean me and put me away, then crawl out of the room without making any noise."

She blinked to let him know she understood.

She did well. She held him in her mouth until he began to stiffen. Then, slowly began to move her tongue, languidly stroking the bottom and swirling around the head. When he was big enough to choke her she held him in her throat for as long as she could, gagging and then began to slowly pump, forcing herself to the base every time and staying there for a while to let him enjoy the pressure her gagging caused.

He didn't expect her to be able to time it without being able to look at a clock. But she did a good job of keeping him just at the right level of arousal, pleasant without him really wanting to cum immediately.

At eleven fifty-five he said, without looking below his desk. "Five minutes until noon, slave."

She began to work harder, pumping a bit faster, staying down at his base a bit longer, working his shaft and head with her tongue more.

"One minute."

She was gagging on his cock, breathing hard through her nose. He decided she had earned a little reward. He could have held off, made himself a minute late and then taken it out on her in the afternoon. When the clock hand passed noon he let himself spurt. She felt him beginning to cum and pushed herself down all the way so he could enjoy her gagging. He came for a while, given how worked up he was, but she stayed down the whole time and came up gasping for air.

"Quiet slave." He said as he pressed the button to enter the conference. She began to breathe less noisily.

"Gentleman," he said in German, "thank you for joining me."

As they did introductions his little slave was licking him clean with long, loving licks, lapping the bit of cum still at his slit up with her soft tongue. She did a thorough job, not enough to arouse him again and make him uncomfortable during the meeting but enough that he knew she had taken her time, hadn't rushed anything.

She put his cock back in his pants and then very, very slowly and quietly zipped him up and buckled his belt. They were just getting to the power point slides as she carefully began to crawl out of the room. He glanced away from the meeting, enjoying the sight of her gorgeous and recently reddened ass.

He did have to work the afternoon but he did a better job of leaving her alone. The long blow job in the morning had been satisfying and really, he did want her to explore the apartment.

Hannah started in the kitchen. It was a logical place to begin as she would spend so much time there and needed to familiarize herself with it. She opened all the cabinets and did an inventory of what was available so she could know what was possible. She looked in all the rooms to make sure she knew where the laundry was, where the cleaning supplies were and how everything was meant to look.

Besides the master bedroom and his office there two large guest bedrooms, each with it's own bathroom, a more formal dinning room large enough to host quite a large party and two guest bathrooms. There was also a games room with a billiard table, a large television and a set of steps that went up in a small spiral to a glass door. She didn't dare open it but she could see part of the rooftop terrace beyond. It was covered in real grass. There was a wicker dinning table with chairs, two comfortable, enormous day beds and what she thought was a hot tub as well. Maybe she shouldn't have been so sure this would be less of a task than the island home, Clearly the two of them meant different things when they said 'apartment.'

She decided she would make beouf bourginon for dinner, something she knew he always enjoyed and that she cooked very well. It would take a while in the new kitchen but for a first dinner reunited, she wanted to impress. To remind him that she was a good cook, that he enjoyed her food.

She was finished with the dish and had just left it to warm in the oven when she heard him leave his office around six-thirty. She heard the television click on in the living room, a sports announcer speaking in German.

It took her a few minutes to work up her nerve. He had said not to disturb him needlessly in his office, but on the island she had been allowed to come to him when he wasn't in it, even if she wasn't called for explicitly. He might ignore her or send her away but she had never been punished for it. She finished the preparations for dinner, washed her hands, and walked quietly out of the kitchen.

He was watching it on the same couch where he had fed her the first morning, one enormous arm resting over the back beside him. She swallowed down her nerves and came to Kneel in front of him, close enough that she was in his peripheral vision but not blocking the screen. She kept her head down.

For a moment she thought he would ignore her. But, finally, he spoke.

“Whiskey.”

She had seen the drinks cabinet. She made it the way he had taught her and brought it back. She Knelt by his left knee to offer it. He took it without a word. But when he saw that she

remembered the exact specifications of the way he took it, a small smile turned up the corner of one mouth and he patted one thigh. "Come here then."

Eagerly she scooted herself forward to kneel between his legs. She put her cheek against the place he had indicated, winding her arm around one calf. *Attend*. God it felt so good to do it again. She could feel her body relaxing into the familiar position. It felt like she had been given a sip from his glass, warmth sliding down her spine and her thoughts slowing.

When he brought the hand that wasn't holding the whiskey down to stroke her head, she felt like she might melt with the pleasure of it. She turned her head to him and pressed a soft kiss to his thigh through the thick fabric of his slacks.

"I love you, Elias."

She had spoken softly, especially in comparison to the noise of the match behind her, but she thought he had heard her. Another small smile twisted his lips.

At the halftime break he muted the sound and looked down at her. "I assume this means dinner is ready." In truth, he hadn't needed to ask. The apartment had smelled wonderfully of her cooking the whole afternoon.

She nodded. "Yes, Master."

"Do you have questions from the day?" He asked once they had eaten and she had brought him an espresso and a piece of chocolate, along with another whiskey.

"Do you have an office in Berlin?" She asked.

It wasn't exactly the question that had made her stomach twist into knots every time she thought of it that afternoon. But he had understood what she meant. "Yes," he said slowly, "I work there most weekdays."

To her horror, she felt tears beginning to rise at the answer, though she had expected it. "T-t-tomorrow?" She managed to stutter.

"Yes."

But it was no use holding back the tears. She wiped them away as they came but when he didn't seem angry, gave herself over to them. She blushed when she saw that she had left a little wet patch on the fabric of his slacks but he only stroked her head, brushing her wet hair back from her hot, damp cheek.

"How will I know if something happens to you? While you're gone out of the apartment." She asked, voice very quiet when she had regained the ability to speak.

"You mean if I were in the hospital or killed?"
She flinched at the words but nodded.

"I've made provisions. My secretary knows to contact Tarik if something serious were to happen to me, something that would make me unable to return to the apartment. He would come to collect you."

She felt another fat tear well up and she brushed it away with the back of her hand.

“The thought of my death upsets you this much?” He asked, quietly.

“It would kill me.” She said honestly.

“Is that why you're afraid of me leaving tomorrow?”

She nodded, then shook her head, then nodded again. “I don't... I mean I know I will worry about that. But it's not a logical fear.” She admitted. “Not really. I just... I don't want to be separated from you again.” Her voice trembled on the words but she managed not to cry again. “I don't want to be parted from you.” She added in a whisper.

He tilted her head up so they were looking directly at each other.

“I'm not going to let you be taken from me again Hannah.”

She swallowed and nodded, unable to speak.

“When I leave, I will come back.”

But the words did have a calming effect on her. Eventually her breathing returned to normal. He felt the tension go out of her muscles, her head again resting on his thigh, and she gave him her full weight again against his leg, sinking against him.

He debated letting the matter go, giving her time to process it. They could address the details in the morning. But, then again, she might be comforted by the information he wanted to offer her. “I will also give you with a panic button.” He told her.

She looked up frowning to show she didn't understand.

“I will show you tomorrow how to use it, but it will allow you to send an SOS text message to my phone if you need me to come back to the apartment immediately. A fire or an intruder would be an example of when to press it. You are to wear it around your wrist at all times when I am not in the apartment but take it off immediately when I arrive as it is unsightly.

“There is a room behind the bookshelf you can also lock from the inside. I will show you how to do it after breakfast tomorrow. In the very unlikely circumstance of an intruder you are to lock yourself in there if you can and press the panic button.”

“What if I press it accidentally?”

He smirked. “Let me put it this way. It is not a mistake you will make more than once.”

She shivered. The glee in his voice at the idea made a cold shiver run down her spine. He caught her chin in between two fingers to enjoy the fear in her eyes. “And if, Hannah... if I were ever to return home and catch you without it, that will *also* be a mistake you will not repeat. Do you understand that?”

That tone made her pale slightly and she nodded vigorously. “Yes, Master.”

He might not admit it to her, but the fear ran both ways on this subject. He had cameras installed throughout the apartment and he knew that he would probably check them more frequently than he cared to admit through the encrypted VPN he had installed on his work computer. But the thought of her alone was... difficult. They had been apart for months but now she was back. And on the island they had gotten used to not being separated. And there had been no one else they needed to worry about.

Particularly in light of her having been taken by Nigel, he knew he wouldn't be able to stop himself from worrying. In the intervening months he had thought a lot about that moment when he'd come into the hotel room and realized she was gone. Dreamed about it and woken in a cold sweat.

He thought it was a good sign that her fear was slightly different than his own. She hadn't thought of someone coming to take her again, she had filled her mind with the idea of losing him again. He had no doubt that being taken by Blakely had been a profoundly traumatic experience, but that being separated from him had been worse. What Blakely had done to her was similar to what Elias himself had done to her-- a fear she had faced and survived before. It was the months alone that she couldn't bear again.

His brave little slave. The dark had always been the only thing she feared.

That was as it should be though. It was his to assume the burden of her protection. Hers to worry only for how to please him, keep herself near him.

But he was a rational man, at the root of all things. He had taken all possible steps he could to ensure himself of her safety. Locks and alarms on all the doors and windows. The cameras. The panic button. He wouldn't allow himself to be governed by his emotions passed a reasonable point.

She nodded. "I understand, Master."

"Any other questions for me?"

"No, Master."

He unmuted the match and unbuckled his pants. "Time for you to return to training that tight little throat again then." He said. "No need for you to do anything but let me fuck your mouth as I like."

And so they fell into the routine he had outlined. It was wonderful having Hannah back. Though no one in his life seemed to notice a change in his demeanor the renewed energy he had was incredible. Funny what an incredible fuck whenever you like will do for a man, he thought smugly.

And there were old favorites to bring back as well.

During the second week he called her into his office immediately after she had finished cleaning up lunch. He was leaning against the desk. "Display."

He came off her heels and laced her hands behind her head, back arch to offer her breasts. He knelt and took the silver bell nipple clamps out of his pocket. The look on her face made him laugh. "Did you think I had forgotten these?"

"Hoped' I think would be a more appropriate word."

"Oh, Hannah," he said with a smile, "that's not a tone you'll ever take with me again."

And, afterwards, she had to agree.

He took her by her hair to the bookshelf, the little tinkling bells marking their progress.

"Surrender." He told her when he'd dragged her inside.

This command meant that she was to lie face down on the floor, hands to the side and legs relaxed. He used this position for two purposes, to tie her up, and to fuck her hard from behind. He loved the way the tight angle made her scream.

But he had something a little more elaborate in mind. He'd chosen this day specifically, a Sunday when he had little work to do, to bring out the bells. He intended to spend as much of the afternoon as possible in her—pussy, ass, and mouth.

The part of the playroom he'd taken her too was designed for rope work. It was a raised platform, almost like a stage with sturdy metal rings various points on a grid driven into it. There were also strong lights coming from in front, built to illuminate and expose every inch of the girl bound and bare and vulnerable.

The first thing was the splits. When she got into them easily he laughed. "Little fucktoy kept herself limber for me, did she?"

"Yes, Master."

"I'm pleased, whore, but it's hardly enough to spare you."

He tied her in them right at the edge of the stage. With her pelvis rolled forward in such that both holes were available for use, the stage was at exactly the right height for him to kneel and fuck her at the edge. Hannah didn't think that was too bad really and for a second allowed herself to hope he was done.

He pulled her arms behind her back and bound them together tightly behind her back, wrist, elbow and bicep. Another rope connecting to her hands and over a pulley pulled them up until it was a modified strappado. She had to arch her back enough that the bells came off of the wood and started to ring again when he moved her.

It was painful enough that this time she had real hope he was finished. But his footsteps went to retrieve something from one of the tables.

“Given that I'm the only man who has ever fucked you and the only one that ever will, I'm going to assume you don't know what an anal hook is.” He said mildly.

She shook her head. “No, Master.” The bells tinkled.

“Would you like to find out?”

Another day she might have gotten away with saying *not really, Master*. But she had already gotten in trouble for tone and didn't want to push her luck. “If it would please you to show me.”

He chuckled darkly and gave her cheek a brisk slap. “Insincere, Hannah. You'll need to try harder if you don't want to keep extending this punishment.”

He was pretty sure she could figure it out from the name. It was hardly subtle or misleading. It was a large metal hook with a bulb on one end that could be fitted into the asshole. There was a rope connected to one end that could be tied to a post, to keep a slave in a certain sport or hair to keep the head tilted back.

He lubricated it in her pussy, then pushed it steadily against her asshole until it slipped in. She gasped, no doubt it hurt, but it was smaller than he was, particularly at the smaller part that stretched her ring, and he didn't think she'd guessed the true purpose of it. He reached up and grabbed a fistful of her hair, yanking it back. He tied the tool to her hair so she had to keep her head up to keep it from pressing hard into her delicate asshole.

He came around to stand in front of her, looking down. He bent down and gave her a kiss. “Open your mouth.”

He worked up some spit and let it drip, slowly, onto her awaiting tongue. He took a blindfold out of his pocket and passed it over her eyes as the final touch.

He took out his phone and took a few choice photos of her. She looked fantastic and there was so much to capture. The silver bells on her tits, her widely spread cunt, soaking wet for him. He framed it with his hand, a finger on each side of the petals for one, spreading her to show how small it was. Then another photo with his middle finger plunged in. One from above showed how widely her legs were spread.

“Such a pretty whore I own, with such a pretty cunt.” He praised her.

He had three high quality tripod cameras in the play room for just such an occasion as this. That had been yet another reason he had been so eager to get her back to Berlin. She was so beautiful. It needed to be captured. For him only to enjoy, of course. Well him and a few select friends.

He set up one tripod in front of her, framing the shot such that it was as close as possible while still capturing every inch of her. The bright lighting on her face and the high quality camera meant her expression and body would be rendered in exquisite detail. Every little flinch captured for him to enjoy forever. The second he put next to the spot between her thighs where he would kneel and high, angled down. It could never be truly point-of-view but it was as close. In the shot you would be able to see her whole back, how the arms were pulled so extremely back to get the effect of presenting the breasts so nicely. You would see too that her legs were a little more than the splits, the anal hook and his cock relative to her body.

It made quite a picture.

He had taken so long taking pictures and setting up the camera Hannah was already sweating and squirming in pain by she heard the sound of the belt opening, pants coming down. He took off all his clothes for the video. He wanted the contrast between their bodies to be as clear as possible, the sculpted muscles of his thighs slamming against her fragile, slender legs. His powerful abdominal muscles towering over her prone and helpless ass.

He was going to speak very little in this video, he decided. Hannah would be the star of this show. Blindfolded as she was he didn't think she had guessed what he was taking the time to set up. All of her reactions would be genuine, unrestrained and perfect.

He knelt behind her and ran his fingers through her slit. The squelching sound would make it clear on the film that she was already wet for him. He circled her clit with his middle finger, then slipped it inside. She moaned, trying to push back on his finger but unable to. She was able to arch her back a little more, pull her arms up a little more but that was really all the options he had left her.

“You may cum as much as you want.” He told her.

She moaned again. “Thank you, Master.” She gasped.

There. *That* was sincerity. He smirked down at her, splayed open before him. Naive little thing, despite all he had done to her. He removed his hand and slid his cock along her slit, nestling it in the folds and sliding it until the base rested against her clit, his balls against her wet slit. Then he pulled back and slowly began to push into that tight wet little slit.

He went slowly, letting her feel the glans pop past where her hymen used to be. Before he'd taken it from her. Then inch by careful inch he sank in. He felt the moment when she realized what the purpose of the anal hook was. His dick met the edge of the wide part of it through the scrap of flesh between them and she moaned with pleasure and dismay. The sensation of

fullness would be intense, feeling the thin little band of flesh between her two canals compressed.

The psychology of being penetrated front and back was intense. He had participated in rapes where they took the girl three at a time. It was incredible the way they shuddered in agony and shame when the second cock began to breach either their pussy or ass. He liked that the best. Feeling that moment when she realized what he was going to do and then how tightly stretched she was between him and the other raping cock, only that thin skin between him and the other man violating her.

Hannah would never know that experience. But he knew from the anal plugs that she felt it exquisitely when she was even just that little bit fuller. The anal hook would be much closer to the sensation of having him fuck both holes at once.

He continued until the solid muscles of his abdomen were pressed against her soft little cheeks. "Please... please, oh, please, Master." Was she pleading for more or less? He was sure even she didn't know.

He started off slow. He had purposefully held off in the morning, not wanting to tire either of them out. But despite that, he was going to make this *last*. At each end he gave a little thrust to make the bells ring. Hannah was squirming in her ropes. The angle of her pelvis against the wooden plank would great a constant pressure on her clit that would only become more intense when he thrust into her. That plus the heady pain of her position, the nipple clamps and being blindfolded would make an absolutely lethal combination when it came to her orgasm.

He hadn't even begin to pick up the pace when she came for the first time. A little shuddering 'ah-ah-ah' gasp and her muscles clenched around him. It wasn't a very powerful one but they were just getting started. After the forth or fifth time she'd cum she finally realized what she was in for.

"Oh God... Master.. please, I can't... I can't... I can't... I won't be able to take it. Please." Her voice was so sweet in its desperation. "I can't cum again. It's... I'm to sensitive. You're too big. Please... mercy, please mercy.

He had taught her long ago that pain could be transmuted into pleasure. He had conditioned her to cum from taking his cock in her ass, to get wet from being beaten, humiliated, punished. Now he intended to show her that the converse was true. Pleasure, taken to an extreme, was as good as torture.

He neither responded nor increased his speed. He pushed her through two more orgasms before he began to speed up. Each time she wailed afterward when she came down and he began again, thrusting into her when she felt like her body was still on fire. They were increasing in intensity so they hadn't even gotten close to beginning. Every time she came she jerked so beautifully in her bonds, arching back towards him and into the ground, unable to help herself. And every time she begged him for mercy.

She felt like her whole body was a raw nerve, like every inch of her had been dragged over sandpaper and still he pushed on.

The faster he went the more the bells jingled, the more Hannah arched, thrashing her head from side to side. "Please, please, please... I can't cum again. Please, I can't, I can't, I can't." She begged just as she tipped over and her muscles began to pulse against his cock.

Up until that point he had kept his hands braced on the soft, perfect flesh of her inner thighs, pushing her a little bit more deeply into the splits, spreading her a bit wider. Now he moved his hands to her soft peach of an ass. Each hand could easily cup a single globe. He gripped them and pulled them apart, so he could see more clearly his cock sliding into her and the hook penetrating her tight back hole. Hannah gasped at the sensation of being pulled wide and exposed like that. He scrapped his thumb along the edge of her rosebud and she moaned, the bells shaking as she squirmed in her bonds.

But only when he pushed down on her hips, increasing the pressure against her clit did she beg. "Master... Master... Master... please."

He took the curve of the hook and began to pull back, so she had to lean her head back farther. He pulled it out until the widest part began to appear at her rose bud.

"Oh... God, no... no, please, Master, pity, oh God, please.... I can't... I can't take it." Her voice was truly panicked now even as she tipped over into her hardest orgasm yet. Shaking hard and squeezing his cock in a way that made him tilt his head back, unable to keep from groaning in pleasure.

He began to fuck the widest part of the hook in and out of her, never pulling it all the way out but never letting her experience the relief of having it all the way in. It really would feel like she was being fucked in two holes by him.

She began to cum strongly almost continuously.

That seemed to go on for an eternity. Her pussy felt fantastic, massaging him with her muscles without cease for long minutes. But, gradually they started to get weaker. Her muscles were tiring out. She only had so much she could give physically. She hadn't stopped begging. Over and over again she pleaded with him for mercy and received no answer except the sound of his thighs slapping against her own.

By the time he reached full speed she was too weak to struggle and had stopped squirming in her bonds. She hung limp, accepting the pain of her position. He was glad the anal hook kept her head up so her face would be visible for the camera for him to savor every little expression later. She hadn't lost consciousness because she was still making a rhythmic 'ah-ah-ah' sound as he slammed into her each time. Maybe she would have begged if she'd had any breath but he was slamming into her hard enough to knock it from her with each blow.

And the bells. Fuck the bells were perfect. So mocking and gleeful and merry as they swung from her bouncing tits, each thrust marked with a peal. She was still cumming. Weak little ones that made her muscles tense and tremble but nothing more. Still, they must feel excruciating, disorienting

Finally though, he could hold out no longer. He pushed in and came deep in her cunt, pushing her down against the boards and... oh she never disappointed. She gave him one last tiny,

shuddering little flutter of her muscles and a groan of pain and pleasure.

He didn't entirely lose his hardon. He had purposefully taken her no more than the first time in the morning, planning to spend the afternoon (the first he'd had completely free in a while) fucking her. He stayed in her until he was as soft as he thought he was going to get before sliding out. That got a little whimper from her.

She heard him stand and then his feet on the planks coming to stand in front of her.

“Thank you for your cum, Master.” Her voice was hoarse with pleading. For how little head movement he had given her she did her best to lick him clean and he was pleased to see she didn't hurry, trying to get out of her ropes more quickly. She would have been punished most severely for that. He wiped himself dry on her hair and then went to switch off and stow the cameras out of sight.

Only then did he come to relieve Hannah from her bondage. He let down her arms first and she groaned with relief, then the anal hook and finally the legs and the ties holding her hands behind her back. She was lying with her legs dangling off the little stage but she didn't try to move. He rolled her over onto her back and scooted her up the stage. He wiped her cunt with the moist cleansing wipe he usually used to clean his cock after he took her anally. She was a mess. He liked to see that, in fact he had taken a few close ups of the cum and slick dripping out of her pussy before he'd taken her out of bondage. But he still had plans for her. He wanted to fuck a fresh pussy.

He went to the kitchen and got a bottle of water and an orange and then returned to the playroom. He sat her up and put the water to her lips. She still had the blindfold on but she sipped greedily. He peeled the orange and put a slice in her fingers. He fed her half as he savored the other half. She rolled her shoulders a bit subtly as she ate, trying to get out the ache. He'd have to watch that. He'd pushed her harder than he ever had before. He didn't want to do permanent damage.

The snack had revitalized her a bit, she was sitting up on her own for example, in Kneel, though she still looked a little shaky. He wasn't worried though, for what he had planned next required very little cooperation from her. And it would give her shoulders a rest.

He lifted her and carried her to a padded bench with a metal frame like a square made with thick, black steel tubing. He put her on the bench on her back. The width was such that with her shoulders just against the metal, propping her into a slight sitting position, her ass was just at the edge. He took her hands and tied them to the top of the frame, stretching them above her. Next he took one of her ankles and brought it back and tied it outside the hand on the same side. He repeated the process with the other ankle.

The result was that her legs were bent back and spread wide with her knees falling to the level of her chest. Her pussy was spread open and her ass was available below. He added two additional ties around each thigh to make sure that she was as open as possible. She looked so helpless, open and presented and ready to be taken.

He set up the camera again to be essentially point of view, she still had the blindfold on after all. Then took his place, he ran his hands along her thighs, pushing down until she squirmed

in pain from the stretch. "Oh, please..."

He slid his cock between her spread delicate folds, rubbing it back and forth slowly to let her feel the size since she couldn't see it. Her mouth was open slightly in fear. Incredible though it was she had never really gotten used to the blindfold, of being tied so helplessly. Every time it felt as terrifying as it had the first time to know she was completely at the mercy of this powerful, cruel man.

She screamed when he pushed in, ramming his cock to the hilt in a single, ruthless stroke. When he was hilted he paused, spreading her lips with his hands to make sure that she took the last millimeter possible of his cock. Then he began to pump her hard. Each thrust was to the hilt, hard enough that the frame rattled against the wall, her bells jingled and her legs swung back and forth, limp and powerless, her body rocketed back and forth on the bench.

If before he had made her cum until it hurt, now he made sure she didn't. He was taking her with his own pleasure along in mind, pounding her sore little pussy until she was sobbing. "Oh... Master... please, it's too big. Please, I can't take it..."

He knew she didn't expect him to stop when she begged like that but there was no harm in it. She knew he liked to hear it and he thought perhaps she found it useful to feel as if she were doing *something* to try to help herself.

He held out for as long as he could, wanting to punish her sore pussy for as long as possible. When he came long and deep within her she whimpered. He had torn her with how rough he was and he knew that the cum in her abrasions stung. He gave one breast a slap so the bells gave one final jingle.

She was crying so hard she could barely get the words out. "Thank you, Master, for your cum."

He said nothing. She heard him put something away and then he untied her legs and freed her hands from whatever they had been tied to above her head, though he left them lashed together. He took her by the hair and pulled her across the room. She came, stumbling and hoping not to trip. He stopped eventually and she felt him tie something between the ropes binding together her wrists, then she felt her arms being pulled up over her head. He pulled her arms up until she was on the toes of her feet. Next he tied her legs together at the ankles and knees.

With her legs together it would be much harder to keep her balance. Even more difficult still to regain it once she had lost it.

He decided on a wide, inflexible paddle.

It seemed to go on and on. Usually he talked to her, if only to say thing to humiliate and degrade her. But now he was silent. She had no way to guess what he wanted, try to plead with him the way he wanted. There was nothing to let her know when or where the next blow was coming. So in the end, she just cried as he spanked her over and over.

He stopped when her legs gave out for the second time.

She was exhausted.

He smiled. His little slave needed a rest but he was half hard again, what to do? He freed her from the rope suspending her arms.

He lay her down prone, hands stretched out in front of her and still tied and legs still tied together beneath her. He knelt over her thighs. She still had some life in her though. She screamed when he grabbed her abused ass cheeks and spread them wide, thrashing involuntarily at the pain though her bound arms and legs were essentially useless. He spit on her little rosebud for lubrication, then put his cock to it and began to push in.

She made intermittent cries of pain at a particularly fast thrust, and she was crying steadily, as much as she could given he drove the breath out of her with every thrust. It was enough to let him know the little slut was still feeling what he was doing. But overall she just took it. Her little body rocked with each thrust was limp and accepting. He fucked her hard in the ass and made it last.

When he finally came and pulled out she was still crying beneath the blindfold, lying limp where he left her. He let her rest while he wiped off his dick and redressed. Then he returned and untied her. "Kneel."

She pushed herself up, arms and legs both trembling and forced herself to assume the position, facing where his voice had come from. She winced when her butt touched her heels but overall it was a good enough, given the state she was in.

He took the blindfold off and pocketed it, taking her by the chin with his hand to turn her face up so he could peer into it. She blinked up at him. It had been hours since she'd seen light. He waited for her vision to adjust again.

He towered over her, so tall she could barely see his face in the semi-gloom of this part of the playroom. He was fully dressed with his legs spread casually, standing over her on her knees. She barely came to his mid thighs and the hand on her chin could fit so very easily around her throat.

"Did you learn anything today, Hannah?" He asked.

She gave him a watery smile, eyes still swimming with tears. "That I will never use that tone with you again." She let out a little choking laugh when she said it, high and hysterical.

He chuckled. "That's right, clever girl."

He caressed her cheek fondly. "Display."

She rose up, grateful to be off her ass for a moment. "Shake your bells one last time for me."

She obeyed, the little tinkling laughter of them ringing for the last time in the dungeon. At least for today. He took them off her and she gasped with both relief and pain. He rolled her nipples in his fingers and she whimpered. He inspected each to make sure no damage has been done. "Good. My property is intact."

He checked his watch and almost laughed. It was eight seventeen. He'd made her late for dinner. There was no way she'd have it made on time, even if she'd had the strength to stand up in the kitchen long enough. "I think as a special treat for you, I'll order delivery for tonight." He told her. "What a kind and gentle Master you have slave, don't you think?" "Yes, Master." She said.

The strange thing was, she really did believe that. Despite all he had subjected her to, there was sincere love and gratitude radiating from her eyes. When she had been exhausted from the brutal first fucking, he had chosen something that, though humiliating and painful, let her shoulders relax. He had taken her down when she'd been reaching the end of her ability to stand so as not to damage her wrists.

On a whim she bent and kissed each one of his shoes reverently. He had said she had the right to kiss him, after all. He'd never taken it away from her. And she wanted to show him her gratitude for being her Master.

"Open your mouth."

When she obeyed he worked up some spit and let it drop into her mouth. "Swallow."

She obeyed.

"I'll take anything from your hand." She told him. "You brought the light. I'm nothing without you."

"You can crawl until the end of the play room. Once you are the carpet you may stand and walk. Go lie down on your belly on my bed."

"Yes, Master."

When she was gone he took out his phone. He flipped through his emails to make sure he hadn't missed anything at work. Then he called a sushi restaurant he particularly liked and ordered. He was hungry from the hard work of the afternoon. He took out his private phone as he spoke and flipped through the pictures from the day. They were fantastic. She looked so beautiful. Perfect. Ripe and open, displayed just for his taking, like picking a perfect peach off a low hanging bough.

Since she wasn't allowed in the play room without him, so he spent a few moments tidying up and wiping things down. He really had made a mess of her and he valued cleanliness. 'Lick up your tears' was fun, but didn't truly sanitize. He also took the the memory chips from the two tripod cameras he had used.

She lifted her head a bit when he came into the room so he knew she wasn't asleep. He went into the bathroom and brought out an anti-inflammation cream and an antibiotic one. He went carefully, first with the antibiotic and next with the soothing cream.

Hannah thought she would die of pleasure. She loved it when he touched her like this. It wasn't sweet, that word would never describe him. But it was gentle, caring. It was moments

like this when she had first started hoping that he loved her. That hope... she knew it was deadly.

She couldn't think of it as anything but love. She hadn't been able to since she had returned. And that made her nervous. Certainly she liked it. Even that afternoon when she had been hanging in agony, pussy raw and overly sensitive as he fucked it, she had been happy to be with him. But nothing in her life had taught her to expect good things to last. This could all slip back into those early days. Darkness and the cellar.

He hadn't collared her.

He hadn't collared her.

He hadn't collared her.

But the cool cream felt so damn good on her hot, red skin and she let herself think about that instead.

“Do you need an Oxycontin?”

She shook her head. He knew she hated taking medications that altered her ability to think. Who could blame her after all she'd gone through?

“Lie still until I call you.” He wanted to give the cream time to absorb into her skin.

He went to his office and uploaded the pictures and videos to the hard drive that held all of her images, then wiped them from the other devices. It was so tempting to re-watch the videos of her today but he decided against it. First because if he did he'd get hard again and go in and fuck her ass which would defeat the purpose of allowing her to recover. And second because he planned to watch this first with Hannah.

When the food arrived she was still on the bed.

He spread out the sushi over the coffee table. He'd ordered a wide variety and, as usual, far more than they could ever eat. He went and got a bottle of good, cold sake from the fridge with two glasses for it.

“Hannah, Kneel.”

He watched her stand from the bed. It was painful. With every movement she winced slightly. But she came in and knelt, gasping as her ass touched her ankles. But her eyes had widened when she saw the sushi and she looked excited. He had only afterwards realized she might not like sushi. She had liked the carpaccio in Venice but those two did not, necessarily, equate. But she was an adventurous eater, that was something he loved about her.

“From the look on your face I can surmise you do eat sushi.” He said with a soft smile.

She nodded eagerly. “Oh, yes. I've only had it a few times. But it's wonderful.”

“I can almost assure you that this is going to be much, much better than that.”

Halfway through the meal, Elias realized that it was, in fact, he who had been eating sushi wrong his entire life. Whatever terrible version of the Japanese dish she'd had with her idiot friends in some cheap restaurant in Kiev, it didn't matter the difference between that and what he had had before her. There was no way to do it properly without Hannah kneeling naked at his feet. Her pert little tits were nearly touching the fabric of the crotch of his trousers, sore, tender nipples available for him to pinch or admire.

She was so eager, so enthusiastic. She didn't balk at the more exotic things he had ordered but opened her mouth happily to let him put them in with the chopsticks. If she didn't like it she chewed and swallowed politely and moved on to the next bite. She liked the sake too. He let her drink a bit more than normal and refilled her glass twice. She was delightfully tipsy by the end of the meal. She'd eaten more than normal too. He could tell when she was full and never fed her more than she wanted. But she had been hungry and the food had been delicious. Besides, he knew he wouldn't demand more for her. So he had let her get a bit more than satiated.

He decided he would have to order it again, when he'd tied her up (literally) all afternoon. Regularly while she was still trying to gain weight back if it would entice her to eat as much as she had.

He chose a movie he thought she might like and went to sit at the corner of the couch, leaning against the arm rest. "Come up here, slave."

As ever, she was in his lap in a flash, snuggling up and making the most of the time in his arms. He arranged her so she lay in the crook of his arm, her naked body pressed against the broad, firm muscles of his chest and her cheek rested on his sternum, their legs entertained. He draped the soft blanket that was folded on the couch over her. He always kept the apartment on the warm side because she was naked more often than not, and without an ounce of fat to keep her warm. But he knew she would like the weight of the blanket, the feeling of confinement.

Hannah was so happy. She was full of a delicious warm languid feeling from the sake and the beating, as if she were floating in a warm path of just the right temperature, all her muscles relaxed. She was full, content from the fucking and the sushi. And her Master had given her so much to treasure today. The feeling of his hands on her back as he rubbed in the cream, his attention and conversation throughout the whole of dinner and now the comfort of being cradled in his arms. She was so grateful.

"I love you, Elias." She murmured as she settled herself against his chest. With her cheek flat against the warm muscles of his chest it was harder to watch the movie but she didn't mind. She wanted to be as close to him as possible.

She was asleep by the end of it, softly breathing slow and deep against his chest. He turned off the television, and carried his slave to bed.

The trick of having Hannah suck him off until the very last moment before a meeting and then lick him clean as it started was a big hit with Elias. Every part of it was perfect. The long blow job, Hannah's nervousness in the final few minutes as she got increasingly desperate to make him cum, the soft little tongue on his cock as he greeted his colleagues and then the sweet sight of her ass slinking away, terrified to make a noise.

But after a while a new anxiety began to creep in for Hannah. The whole thing was riddled with anxiety for her to begin with. Would he cum at the right minute, would she make too much noise, would he be satisfied with how she had performed the blowjob itself? The only part of the experience where her heart rate came down was when she was cleaning him off with her tongue and her hair. But hearing all that German over the conference calls had started to make her worry about something new.

She was living in Berlin. Even if it was just this apartment for now, she didn't think that would last forever. Elias had started the process of taking her out in public before London. He had gone back to keeping her confined, but she didn't think that would last forever. In fact she rather suspected that he had given her so long with just the two of them for her own sake, as much as his.

She had needed the time to re-adjust. Not just to remember the practical details—how his clothes were washed, how to watch him in her peripheral vision and her stamina for the things he did to her body. She had needed the period to believe it was real. That she wouldn't be taken away from him again.

But nothing had changed that would make him reconsider his decision to bring her out in public.

She thought about the restaurant in Vienna. The people who went to those places (or nicer places, he had told her though she couldn't imagine it) probably spoke excellent English but doubtless looked down on those who did not speak their native language as well. She wanted her Master to be proud of her, to show her off to his colleagues. Besides, he had said she could learn German before London. She didn't see why he would have changed his mind.

She picked an afternoon when he was at his leisure. He was sitting in one of the comfortable chairs near the wall of books reading some sort of newspaper she guessed had to do with football from the picture on the front page. He was leaning forward, elbows on his knees but did not appear to be concentrating too deeply. She was looking through a cookbook in German trying to at least get inspiration from the photos even if she couldn't read the words, kneeling on the kitchen floor and watching him in her peripheral vision.

It took her a while but finally she steeled herself and put the book away. She rose to her feet and went to Kneel beside him.

Elias finished the end of the article he was reading before acknowledging her. Finally he looked up. "Do you have a question, Hannah?"

She swallowed. “I... I...I was wondering if you would please buy me some books to learn German.” As usual with a request it took a while to get started but then came out in a rush. “I only want to impress your colleagues if you ever introduce me. Not that you have to introduce me of course. Well, you don't have to do anything. I mean I'm not expecting you to introduce me. Not that what I expect matters. Only what you want, of course, Master. And I want to be able to speak to you in your own language. And you said I could once before London but then... well everything happened.”

He waited until she silenced herself. Then he stood and went over to the bookshelf and drew down several brightly colored book she had never noticed before. He returned to sit and put them on the floor in front of her. They were primers in grammar, vocabulary and syntax for an adult learner.

“I did not forget, slave. I only thought perhaps it would be better for you to focus on relearning your training and the new house before you began. But if you think you are ready, I do not object.”

She reached down to touch them and looked up at him with such gratitude. “Thank you so much, Master.”

“None of the rest of it gets forgotten.” He said sternly. “Your first duty is to me, and the running of the household.”

“Of course, Master.”

She was just about to collect the books and stand to take them to a small shelf on the bottom of one of the book cases that she privately thought of as her own as it contained the few books in English in the house and one in Russian (though she knew everything really belonged to Elias). But stopped when he said, “does Ukrainian have a formal and informal method of address?”

She frowned. “Yes, it does.”

“What a pity.” He said with a small smile.

“Why a pity?”

“It's just something Max once mentioned about when Jessica started really learning German. Since English has no distinction between the formal and informal she addressed him rudely quite a bit. Which he rather enjoyed. You will still make errors of course, and be punished, but I'm sad to say they will likely not be as frequent.”

She giggled. “I wouldn't worry about it, Master, you always find something to correct.” He laughed. “You're a woman, Hannah. Someone has to keep you in line.”

There were other moments he cherished as the month he had decided to confine her drew to a close. After the two week hiatus he had reintroduced lingerie and high heels. She did wear the Tiffany blue bra, panties and garter belt with white lacy thigh-high stockings. The bra and panties were little more than lace tulle, barely clothes at all. But her eyes had widened when

she saw them on the bed when she came in to check if he wished her to wear anything for the day.

He had watched her openly as she put it on as he buttoned up his shirt, selected a watch and belt for the day. When she had buttoned the last button on the garter belt she looked so perfect he decided she deserved to be christened in it.

“Hands and knees on the bed.”

She climbed up and got into the position. Like in the island bedroom Elias had an enormous floor to ceiling mirror directly across from his bed, for just such occasions as this. He knelt behind her on the bed and pulled the suggestion of panties down around her knees as she watched him in the mirror.

He spread her legs a bit wider with his knee, then undid his belt and freed himself. He didn't waste time with the preliminaries. He took a handful of her hair and pushed in, jerking her back on his cock. He didn't make it good for her. From the start it was hard and fast. He was enjoying the look of pained humiliation in the mirror, just what he had been hoping for.

He spread her cheeks with his free hand, then gave them a slap. “Push back and give me some effort, bitch. I don't have all day.”

She tried to obey but really he was going too fast and with the grip he had in her hair she couldn't really move much anyway.

“Sorry, Master.” She cried out anyway.

He jerked her hair. She was already looking in the mirror. “Look at you. Look at yourself. On your knees, cock between your legs and desperate to get me off before breakfast. You're just a whore who got raped once today first thing in the morning and can't wait to be raped again.”

The image in the mirror was perfect. She was so small compared to him, so powerless. She was in a position of submission, one that wouldn't have offered opportunity to fight back even if she had wanted to. The comparison between her slender arms in front and his large thighs that were visible on either side of her ass.

“I could take anything I wanted from you, little girl. If you weren't the slutty little whore that you are, desperate to surrender your holes to be raped, I could easily have you like this anyway. You couldn't fight back even if you wanted to.”

With one large hand he yanked down the bra so her small breasts were bare, visible in the mirror as they bounced with each thrust.

“No, Master, I couldn't.” She agreed, voice desperate and high with the pain of her scalp and between her legs.

He came deep in her pussy, pulling her hair hard enough to be sure she wasn't enjoying it. “Turn around and bow when you clean me.” He said, leaning back on the pillows and

spreading his arms out to either side like some kind of conquering king. “I want to watch my cum slide out of your snatch while you lick my dick clean.”

“I’ve invited a few guests over for dinner and drinks tonight.” He told her as she worked and his spend slid out of her in the mirror. “The food will be catered so you won’t need to prepare dinner.”

He laughed at the hurt look she gave him. He ran a fond caress over her head. “Some day, *Shatzi*, when you’re ready.”

The men he was having over were the C levels of an American oil company based out of Houston. Several generations removed from the great grandfather who had founded the company, he hadn’t been surprised by the CEO appearing in boots and a cowboy hat to the meeting the afternoon before, though both had clearly been costly. He had no doubt they would have accepted without question a girl who fetched dinner and drinks and spoke only when she was spoken to. Hannah would be perfect, in fact, for this kind of occasion once she was fully trained.

But she wasn’t ready. Deferential and meek was one thing, shaking with fear was another. She needed time to recover, get used to being clothed.

She tucked him back in and closed his trousers, then put her head on his hip, looking up at him. “I want to be ready, Master. I want to please you.” She said very softly.

He ran a thumb over her lip, plump and still glistening from his cum. “I decide when you’re ready. And I am pleased with you.”

The little frisson of pleasure that went down her spine at the words made him smile. This was the difference, wasn’t it? This was what it meant for him to trust her. Not to pull away the praise and pleasure when it didn’t shatter her. To rely on the power his words had over her. Know that she submitted. That she was his slave.

To believe it when she looked at him like he was her whole world.

He pulled her up so she lay with her head on his chest. He pressed a kiss to her forehead. “I am pleased with you, *Shatzi*,” he repeated.

Again the little shiver of pleasure and her hand slid up to finger the collar of his shirt. “Thank you, Master.” She murmured.

He let her rest there for a moment before he stood and slid off the bed. She came to kneel on the side of it. Her panties were still around her thighs and he smiled, taking a moment to pull them back up, adjust the lace of the bra so it covered her again.

“At five you may make yourself a small snack of your choosing and eat it on the kitchen floor. At two thirty you will Kneel at the entrance to the play room and wait for me to lock you in.” He told her.

At the time specified she ate a slice of bread with a little bit of hard cheese kneeling on the floor of the kitchen. Then she did a quick survey of the house and went to Kneel by the bookshelf the play room was behind. He came out of the office on the hour and opened the bookshelf door. She wasn't allowed to walk in the play room so she crawled after him.

“Since you won't be doing anything useful around the house this evening, Hannah, we might as well work on working open that little cunt, don't you think?”

She wasn't sure what he meant by that but she could guess she probably wouldn't enjoy it. “Yes, Master,” was all she said though.

He led her to the raised stage where he'd filmed her being taken in strapped. Two quick jerking motions and he ripped her panties down, pulling her bra off so her breasts and sex were bare.

“On your back.”

She had to slide her panties down the rest of the way, blushing. Then she lay on her back on the boards and he bent, taking her by the hips and moving her until her ass was in the spot he wanted, her legs dangling off the end.

“Splits.”

She lifted her legs and brought them up but was only able to get them to about one hundred and fifty degrees on her own. Before London she had, after much practice, been able to draw her legs completely into the splits by herself when lying on a surface. He liked the look of it better than having to do it himself. She just opened herself completely to him without him lifting a finger.

They'd have to work on that. He went to the nearby table and got a cane. He gave her two strikes on the inner thighs to inspire her and, with visible effort, she managed to spread herself an extra ten degrees. He tried another three swats on the inner thighs but she couldn't get it any farther than that and he didn't have time to punish her properly. Another day.

Besides, that wasn't quite the skill he was going to focus her on.

He tied her legs in the splits, helping her the rest of the way. He tied only the ankles but tightly, leaving her knees and thighs able to move. This was nearly a comfortable position for her now though she'd barely been able to achieve it when he first acquired her. He took the butt plug with his name on it out of the gym bag. Her pussy was wet from the humiliation and stretch of the position so he put the plug in a few times before pressing it to her rosebud. She gasped as it went in.

He came to her head and knelt and took her by the hair, pulling her head up so she could see her legs spread wide and the edge of the stage.

“Now Hannah, you are one board away from the edge of the stage, isn't that right?”

She nodded.

“By the time I get back, I want that little pussy right at the edge, ready to be fucked. Understand?”

She nodded again, looking afraid. It would put her just slightly passed the full splits. The difference wasn't big but she would feel it. And the visual would be incredible.

“If I come back and your pussy is not presented to me as I wish, you'll have my cum for dinner and I will leave you here until morning to give you more time to get it right.” He told her.

He knelt and pulled the blindfold from his pocket. She looked almost hurt when she saw it but didn't protest as he passed it over her eyes and tied it tight.

“I'll know if you take it off, Hannah.”

“Yes, Master.”

He slipped the panic button around her wrist, then stood, and left.

He thought about her as he greeted the caterers, then his guests. His slave working blindly to stretch herself open for him, legs trembling and aching and his name stamped at the entrance to her asshole. With the blindfold she would have no way of knowing how close she was to achieving her goal. She also wouldn't be able to stop once she was close enough. She'd have to have her pussy really ready for him and keep it there.

She would be motivated indeed not to spend the night tied in the deep splits on the rough wooden boards and hungry instead of asleep next to him but he was asking for quite a bit of progress.

He would see.

Dinner was productive. Over very good steak and baked potatoes they agreed to sell Elias's firm a percentage of their off shore interests in the gulf in exchange for the capital they needed to develop them. He liked the CEO. Despite the ridiculous dress, he spoke plainly and knew the value of what he offered and asked for.

They had brandy and cigars out on the terrace rooftop but finally the man bid him goodnight and left.

Elias freshened up a bit in the bathroom as the caterers packed up. He was in no rush to go to her. The longer he stayed away the longer she would have to stay in maximum stretch, whatever she had been able to achieve. If she was at the edge she would have to stay there, unsure when he would return. He watched some match recaps from the week on the television and poured himself another whiskey. But finally his dick was too hard thinking about her to resist.

He opened the bookcase and stepped into the playroom.

She had made it. He could see that her muscles were twitching from the strain but her pussy was exactly at the edge, waiting for his use. As he strode forward his own name seemed to

greet and welcome him from between her cheeks.

He knelt and put one hand on each her small thighs, kneading them softly, enjoying the obvious strain under his hands. "What an obedient little slut I own." He praised. He slid a finger through her slit which was sopping. "This pussy is ready for me, isn't it?"

"Yes, Master."

He opened his pants and took himself out, repeating the movement of his fingers with his cock. He slid his hands to her hips, gripping them tightly. He didn't want her to come a millimeter out of position when he pushed in. He put the head in and pushed in slowly. He groaned. The fullness from the plug had been an inspired idea. She felt wonderful like this.

As he began to thrust he slid his thumb to her clit and began slow circles. Hannah had her arms down at her sides and he could see she was gripping the boards with white knuckles. As he pumped faster she began to arch her back, squirming against the ropes but not against his hands. She kept her pussy where he wanted it.

"Please, please, please... Master, may I cum?"

"Yes, slave."

She arched, sore, tight little muscles fluttering around him. He groaned at the sensation. Just meters away he'd taken dinner, a leisurely drink, talked about the Saudi share of the oil market. And in the dark she had been here, squirming and waiting for him, little pussy spread for his cock. Two worlds who had no fucking idea of what happened in the other one, but he controlled both.

He came with a deep groan into her pussy and then knelt over her head to feed his cock in for her to clean.

As they neared the end of the month in the apartment, he began to think of the collar that was still sitting in the desk drawer in his office. And that led to thinking about Katarina.

Hannah hadn't been ready for the collar when she'd first come back. There was no doubt about that. She had been confused and wounded enough to have gone to another man to meet her needs. But she was making progress in leaps and bounds. And she had certainly proved herself worthy in London. He wanted to see his mark on her, those words at her throat like a fist. *Property of Elias Frederick Wolf*.

He took out the collar one evening while Hannah made dinner in the other room and ran his fingers over the words. She belonged to him. She was his property, collar or not. And she was oh so very vulnerable. That first day she'd found her way back to him and he'd fucked her on the floor wanting to crawl inside of her he had promised himself he would be the last monster across her threshold. And this was part of that, a symbol of his protection.

But for him it wasn't just a question of did *she* deserve the collar. He also had to.

Elias did have a moral code. Granted it was not exactly a commonly accepted one, but he had rules for himself, just as he had rules for Hannah. She had guessed or been told some of them by now. The most obvious was that he wouldn't do permanent damage to her. It might feel like an eternity in the pillory or over the spanking bench but it would end eventually and the swelling would go down and the split flesh would heal. She'd never had a scar from him.

He had also never lied to her. She may not have liked the things he had said. For example when he had told her he was her Master after that first brutal rape on the bare stone. But everything he had ever told her was true. Even his past with Katarina had been a sin of omission, never an outright lie.

He had also never tricked her. He knew some Masters liked to off a slave a choice or reward and then take back their end of the bargain. He understood the appeal and temptation. It emphasized how helpless the slave was, how the power was all on one side. It would be sweet to hear the plaintive wail as they realized that the choice was never really a choice. But a slave you did that to... how could she respect you?

This was the one that was giving him trouble when it came to collaring Hannah.. He had told her that everything must be earned. But the inverse... that was an obligation that he held for himself. If he had promised her something and she had earned it, he *owed* it to her.

Everything must be earned was true. But *everything must be paid* was the truth for him.

She had gone through something during his ownership that he had not chosen for her, that did not live within the confines of his moral universe. He might lend her body to his friends for their pleasure at the end of a lash. But it was always clear that she was still *his*. Under his

control and therefore under his protection. Whatever she suffered, was *his* to dictate and his to control. And there was deep comfort in that for the slave. But Nigel Blakely had done things to her that Elias had not allowed. She was his slave and he had allowed her to fall under the power of another. He had not fulfilled his duty as Master to her.

And yet she had come back.

Killing Blakely was not enough. It might offer Hannah some comfort and security to know he was no longer a threat, he didn't think she really feared another kidnapping. He had made it so clear that it was an event not to be repeated, that he would keep a much closer eye on her going forward, that he doubted she thought of Blakely much at all. He was honest enough with himself to admit that it was him who needed Blakely dead, not her.

A man had laid a hand on Hannah without his permission.

He would have killed Blakely even if she had begged him not to.

The relationship between Master and slave, at least the way Elias conceived of it, was not entirely a one way street. She couldn't say no, she couldn't decide anything. She had to accept his decisions unilaterally, accept the consequences of them. But in return he gave her the luxury of a world narrowed to only the task of pleasing him. Nothing else mattered, nothing else controlled her.

He had failed to do that.

And yet she had come back.

It still rankled him that she had gone to Furst. He understood why she had, had even forgiven her for it, but it still lived in his mind like scar. It had taken time for him to get past his anger around that fact. When he thought about her return he thought about her going to another man to beg and beyond that he could not think clearly.

But, gradually, reason won out. And he began to consider, *what* she had asked of Furst.

She had gone because she wanted her sister back. She had thought that she was beyond hope so she had looked for some small fragment to hang onto.

Viewed another way, her love for Katarina had brought her back to him. Indirectly but still. He owed the love and obligation she felt towards her last blood relative for every time she sucked him off, lay in his arms, took him in her little ass or pussy, cooked him dinner, or told him that she loved him. If she hadn't loved Kat she wouldn't have come back to him. Perhaps she never would have been his again.

This was what she had asked him for. She hadn't done it on her knees. She hadn't even said it directly, not to him. Hell, she probably didn't even know she had asked.

But it was what he *owed* her.

And everything must be paid.

It took another week to get over his disgust at the idea. He was moody as he made up his mind. She took a lot of fucking meant to hurt rather than to pleasure and strikes with cane or a belt for minor provocation.

Once he had settled his mind on a plan of action though, he felt better. He didn't usually equivocate on decisions so it was out of character for him to be indecisive for so long.

It had been a long day. He'd left after breakfast for the office, had a business lunch and then gone back to work. It wasn't uncommon that Hannah ate the midday meal alone on the floor, but today he wished he'd had the time to return home to fuck her over the kitchen table.

He went to the gym after work. But when he left, instead of turning to some chic bar to meet up with a colleague, he turned towards another section of the city entirely. He parked his Audi on the curb outside a club in the part of Mitte not visited by tourists. This early in the day there were no patrons so the street was empty.

Walking down the steps into the subterranean bar he couldn't believe he had ever come to this place voluntarily. In a few short hours it would be crowded with whores and the men who liked to take advantage of them. The women were always beautiful. And not permitted to say no. But Jesus... had it always smelled like this? A mix of sex and human suffering under an annoying layer of thick perfume.

How had he ever gotten an erection with that smell in his nose? Hannah smelled like clean soap and the expensive shampoo and conditioner he bought her—all jasmine and rose water and clean skin—and something underneath that was rich and warm and welcoming.

There was no one at the door, no one at the bar to greet him so he walked back into the offices and VIP rooms. He went down to the last door to a private office. There were lights on and a wet, repetitive noise of someone sucking cock. He opened the door without knocking.

“Jesus Christ!” The man stood so fast the whore between his legs could have bit him. He stepped back from the desk and put his hand on the bat he kept leaning against a filing cabinet. “Who the fuck are you, asshole?”

The last time Elias had seen this man he had been standing over Katarina's back, balls deep in her and thrusting hard as she grunted and pretended to moan beneath him.

“Get out.” Elias snapped at the girl.

The girl didn't need to be told twice. She had better survival instincts than that. She crawled out from under the desk, wiping her mouth and scurried into the hall, disappearing in a flash. She cringed away from him as she passed him but barely spared him a glance otherwise.

Elias walked forward and pulled out a chair in front of the man's desk. He sat down and brushed a bit of dirt off the handle of his chair. He'd shower and change directly when he got home. Certainly before he touched Hannah. He looked at the bat in the man's hand. “You don't need that.”

Unconvinced the man stayed standing, hand on the bat. "I know you. I've seen you before." He seemed to be struggling to place the memory.

Elias nodded. "It was a party a few years ago. At a house. Not here. I went downstairs to the playroom and while I was there you shot up my slave and fucked her in the ass on the bed I had left her tied to." He said in a deadly calm voice.

"Wolf." The man's voice was a groan and his hand tightened on the bat.

"Yes."

"The whore wanted it. Did she tell you she struggled? Fucking lies, man. She begged me for my cock, I swear." He pushed his greasy hair out of his face. "She came to me after you let her go. Little cunt couldn't wait to get back on my dick."

Elias leaned back in the chair. "I'm not here for revenge. In fact I've come to see if I can pay you for a service."

That got the pimps attention. "Oh, I have whatever you need. Little blond girl that looks just like that bitch? I'll tie her up myself and you can fuck any hole you like. All the holes you like. I've got just the right one in mind too. Squeals like a stuck pig when you shove a cock in her ass." He smirked. "I'll give you a deal, given our history, and overlook any permanent damage you care to inflict."

Elias's jaw tightened. "I'm not here to rent a girl from you. I'm here to buy one."

"Even better. What kind of specifications are you looking for this time?"

"I want to buy *her*."

"Who?"

"Katarina Konashevych."

The man's brow furrowed. "You want that bitch back?"

"Yes."

"She is not with me anymore. She was bought a few years ago by a man in Belgrade. I don't know where she is." He licked his lips nervously.

"I'll pay a hundred thousand on her delivery." Elias said flatly. "And this," he put ten thousand euro down, what he thought the man would have to pay at the most to buy back Katarina, "for any expenses you incur."

The price was exorbitant. A equivalent to the usual amount paid for a new slave, some freshly snatched pussy off the street. Max had paid only a bit more to have Hannah taken in Vienna and that only because he had wanted a specific girl. He had sent a very terse note in an envelope in the duffel along with her. It consisted of a single sentence '*wanted to know if I could find her sister.*' Below that was a string of numbers that was an encrypted bank account

and '2€ ' indicating the price he had paid started with a two and had been paid in euros. The order of magnitude was unnecessarily specific.

The man steepled his fingers. “You understand, Herr Wolf, what... condition she is likely in?”

“Her condition is not important to me. I will however come to verify her identity. If she is Katarina Konashevych, I will pay.”

The man raked his hands through his gray, thinning hair. “A hundred grand for a used up old slut who has had each hole fucked by a thousand men by now? And I thought I'd seen it all when it came to perversion.”

Elias didn't bother to disabuse the man of the notion. If he thought Elias wanted Katarina back to fuck her, what did it matter? He leaned forward and wrote the number of his private cell on a piece of paper and handed it to the pimp. “When you find her text 'here' to this number. Do not try to contact me in any other way or with any other information. Do not send any other message. I will come the next day to collect her and pay you and we never speak after that. Do you understand?”

The man took the paper and shook his head. “You're fucking crazy, Wolf.”

“Do you understand me?”

“Yes, Jesus.”

He had gone home and changed his clothes, showered, scrubbed his face before dinner and he still had no appetite to fuck Hannah with the wretched stink of the place in his nostrils.

“Have I done something wrong?” She asked in the dark as he held her.

“No, go to sleep Hannah.” Obedient thing, she had.

Chapter End Notes

You guys.... WTF is this chapter? I don't even know. I think I just wanted to establish for myself that some things have changed between them but other things certainly have not :) Please let me know what you think about it thought! PLEASE.

Chapter 25

Chapter Notes

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

Hannah was surprised one morning when she came in to find that there were clothes on the bed, when she checked for an outfit before breakfast. It was a navy blue silk and cotton weave top with a square neckline and enormous, sheer puffed sleeves that came to her mid biceps with a ribbon detail at the bottom. There was a matching skirt that came just below her mid thigh. When she put it on there was that hint of skin between them, just half an inch or less that he liked to feel when he put his hand on her back.

With it he had left her stiletto platform pumps in the same blue that tied with a thick chiffon ribbon bow around each ankle. The bows and puffed sleeves made it look young, girlish. A reminder to anyone who looked at her that, however elegantly she was dressed, she was still a teenager. Still a girl compared to the man with his arm at her lower back, one thumb slid under her top at the half inch of skin visible above her skirt.

If anyone had thought to take her seriously, the clothes made sure they knew they needn't bother. She was pretty to look at, a decoration, a little sweet thing on the tongue to be enjoyed after a good meal.

Any respect she was given would be due to her status as his property.

His eyes followed her movements as he put on his own clothes. He wore gray slacks and a gray button up shirt which he rolled to the elbows, a black belt and Oxfords. He chose a thick silver watch from his collection and slid it onto his wrist. But he said nothing, nor did he give any indication if the outfit pleased him.

The only thing he said was. "Breakfast on the roof terrace."
"Yes, Master."

It was delightful to be outside again. It was a beautiful, crisp summer day and the sunshine and fresh breeze seemed like a caress on her skin. And the view was astounding. She hadn't been permitted out to enjoy it yet. The metal railing was elaborately carved but she could see through it easily down to the street below and city beyond. She had, as always, given him the seat with the best view but could she help it if it also meant her own was improved as well?

It felt strange to be able to see people walking down below, doing ordinary things like going to work. If she had shouted loudly enough one might have looked up to see her.

She knelt carefully so as not to scuff the beautiful shoes or get the dress dirty in any way. He ate without speaking to her, reading emails on his phone, and then put the plate down on the

thick, smooth marble she knelt on. “Without hands. I don't want to risk you getting anything on your dress.”

He stood and walked back into the house, leaving her to finish his leftovers. He had left her a sausage, an sunny-side-up egg and a piece of toast. The sausage and toast weren't bad though she ate them bent forward, over the plate so as not to risk the dress at all. The egg was a little more difficult but she'd done it before. It didn't taste very good as she had to eat most of the yolk first before starting on the white. She got some yolk on the plate but licked it clean, knowing he wouldn't like it if he saw she hadn't eaten all of what he had given her.

She took the dishes back to the kitchen and cleaned up.

“Hannah, Kneel.”

She came into the desk and knelt. He was sitting behind his desk looking at something on his computer. “Bend over my desk with your hips just at the edge and lift your skirt up.” He said, without looking up. “Hands crossed behind your back.”

She knew what he meant though she had to use a little hop and her arms to get her hips in the position he liked with her toes off the floor. What made it harder was that the front of his desk had what appeared to be a decorative rolled edge that came up two inches above the surface of the desk. It pressed against her hips and she knew it would hurt bad when he fucked her. It also had the effect of exaggerating the curve of her spine such that her thighs and cheeks spread to make the cleft and lips of her pussy visible even without spreading them. She had no doubt that he had noted that feature carefully when he bought the desk.

She reached back and lifted her skirt up over her hips. Then she crossed her wrists delicately at the small of her back.

He finished the document he had been working on, then turned to her. He positioned her head such that her chin was on the table and she was facing forward. He tucked back any strands of hair from her face that were fallen forward. He took his phone from his pocket and set it on the bookshelf behind his desk.

“Look at the camera.”

He took a picture to check the shot.

Her face took up most of the screen but you could see the creamy mounds of her ass and her crossed hands behind her. Of him you would be able to see the mid biceps down. He rolled up his shirt sleeves, wanting to show the muscles of his forearms, how large they were compared to the woman beneath him. The lighting was good on her face too. And those wide baby blues were looking right at him.

“You can close your eyes in pain but you are to open them again as soon as you can. You are not to look away from the camera until I take it away.” He told her.

“Yes, Master.”

He turned on the camera and took his place behind her.

Hannah was naturally shy. He knew she didn't like being filmed, particularly not like this. And she was usual quiet when he fucked her. Unless he made her talk or hurt her she usually only made enticing little huffing breaths or soft, small moans of pleasure or pain. But he would get some sound out of her, some reaction out of her despite that.

He opened his belt and took it off, folding it over in his hand. Both wrists fit easily into one hand so he closed them in his fist. He cracked the belt down. She gasped beautifully.

He spanked her until her cheeks were rosy and she'd be sore for the rest of the day when she sat on it. Then he undid his zipper, pulled one cheek aside and put the head in. She inhaled sharply as he did and then let it out slowly as he pushed all the way to the hilt.

Once he was fully seated in her he began to thrust. The narrow ledge on the edge of his desk would make the act exquisitely painful for her. Each thrust pushing her slim hips against the hard wood. But he was thrusting just the way she liked, a slow, stroking pace and an angle that used the natural slight curve of his dick to give her undeniable pleasure. He clit was also pressed against the hard wood of his desk and soon she was panting and squirming for an entirely different reason.

She fought it for as long as she could. Her breath quickened and the furnace of her pussy became wetter still and she was shifting her legs, trying to relieve the delicious pressure on her pussy since she didn't have permission to cum.

Finally she gasped out. "Master, please may I cum! Please.. oh God, oh, please, oh, Master... please...."

"You may."

It was almost instantaneous. Her muscles contracted and she fluttered around him, moaning long and low as she reached her ecstasy. After that he pumped hard, just trying to make it hurt, slamming her body against the desk until she was giving a little 'huh-huh-huh-huh' noise with each thrust. He spilled into her.

When he pulled out the cum began to drip down her leg, oozing out of that perfect pink slit. He bent and ran his hand up her thigh, collecting it on his index and middle finger.

He reached forward. "Clean up the mess you made, Hannah." He said. She opened her mouth and he let her lick his cum off his fingers.

He came around and sat in his desk chair. "You may come clean me now."

She wiggled off the desk with some difficulty and then came and knelt between his thighs. He took the camera off the book shelf and moved to a POV shot of her licking him clean. She didn't need to be told to look at the camera as she took long, slow licks, slid her tongue through his slit, then dried his cock on her hair and tucked him away again.

“Expose your tits.”

She slipped the sleeves off her arms and pulled the top down until her tits were bare. She was still aroused from the fucking but he gave her nipples a few sharp pinches to make sure they were as hard as they could be. She winced as he roughly handled them.

“Display.”

She moved off of her heels and laced her arms behind her head, thrusting her breasts out.

“Lick your lips.”

She did.

“Did you like my cum in your pussy?”

“Yes.”

“Do you like the taste of my cum when you licked me clean?”

“Yes.”

“Tell me how much you liked being fucked just now in your tight little pussy.”

She blushed beautifully. “I liked being fucked in my tight little pussy a lot.”

“Who am I to you, Hannah?”

“My Master.”

“What would you do for me?”

“Anything.”

“Can you ever say no to me?”

“Never, Master.”

He turned off the camera and pocketed it.

“Kneel.”

He slid the sleeves of her blouse up and smoothed it straight. She didn't look as if she'd just been fucked and humiliated on camera. She looked just as she had when she put it on. The little bit of cum drying in her hair was hardly noticeable and easily mistaken for a bit of dried hair spray.

He opened the drawer of his desk and took out a fine jewelry box and set it on the table. He opened it and took out a large cuff-style bracelet. It was made of beaten gold, studded with sapphires of irregular shapes and sizes. Tear drops on a manacle. That's what it looked like to him. He had no idea what the design had been meant to be.

“Give me your wrist.”

She couldn't see what was on the table. Even if she'd seen out of his peripheral vision the box, she wouldn't be able to see the bracelet. She offered him her wrist.

He took out the bracelet and clasped it around her wrist. It emphasized how small her wrist was somehow, making it seem tiny and vulnerable trapped in the gold manacle.

She looked up at him with a mixture of awe and fear and love. She liked to be given jewelry. She had been told as a girl it was good to receive things of this nature from a man, that it meant he loved her. And even though she knew Elias didn't feel like that toward her, it still made her heart contract painfully. Perhaps even more painfully because she knew he didn't love her, but she wanted him to so very badly.

Elias smiled down at her. She probably had no idea how much the bracelet on her wrist had cost. But she knew it cost enough to make her extraordinarily anxious. Last month she had considered it a luxury to take a bus instead of waking with her groceries. Now she wore a quarter million dollars of sapphires on her wrist.

He put her palm on his thigh, spreading her fingers out.

"You've moved up, haven't you whore." He said, smiling wryly down at her. "You fucked me once for half a bowl of hot chocolate on a cold stone floor. Now it's over my desk for sapphires."

She leaned forward and kissed his knee. "Just like a woman right? All she wants is jewelry and chocolate?"

He laughed. It was funny. But he wanted her to learn the lesson too. He caught her chin in his fingers and turned her head to him. "You know that I buy it right? I never paid for you when I took you but I've paid for you now. And that makes you a whore, doesn't it?"

He had bought her twice actually. Once from Nigel. And another time from Max. But he would never tell her that. That was not something he wanted her to remember, that she had been taken from him. That he had allowed her to be taken from him.

She nodded. "But only your whore."

"Yes. But still my whore."

"Still your whore." She agreed.

"Open your mouth."

When she did he worked up some spit and then let it drip, slowly into hers. "Aren't you glad I don't want to piss on you?" He said lazily. "You would drink my piss if I wanted."

She swallowed his spit. "I would. I don't want to. But I would."

It was a good answer.

He stood and took her by the hand. She looked up at him, confused. This was the signal they were moving into a public space. But he didn't return the glance, only led her out into the

foyer. He opened the door and lead her out into the plush hallway.

She was looking around, almost in awe as he locked the door.

He didn't think she counted the days but it had been thirty one since she had seen anything but the apartment. He took her hand again and led her to the elevator, down to a parking garage.

She reached for the door handle of the Audi but he slapped it sharply. "Not until I give permission."

"Sorry, M..." She began but bit it off.

He opened the car door and helped her in. The seat belt at least she remembered. He buckled her in and started the car. As he navigated out of the parking garage she asked softly, "what do you do with them?"

"Do with what?"

"The videos of me. Am I allowed to know?"

Hannah didn't want to be shared with anyone. She didn't want the world to see her face as she was fucked and spanked from behind over his desk, as she licked her Master clean. He had shown some of the videos to Max and the other men of his predilection but he had also fucked her in front of them. But she didn't want it to go farther than that. She didn't want to be on the internet or the videos given away to other men. If he wished to fuck her in front of other Masters, to show how well she submitted to him, how well he had mastered her, she could take that. But she didn't want to be given to anyone else. Without him present.

He decided to encourage the part of her that wanted to be kept just for him. "I keep them on an external hard drive. There is one copy, locked in a safe in my office. I share it with those that I choose but I never make copies."

"Thank you."

"I own you. I own ever bit of you. Even the videos of you cumming and being fucked. I own those. And I will share them only with who I choose."

"Thank you."

She stared out the windows as they drove through Berlin, watching the people and buildings go by. "It looks so different from the Ukraine." She told him.

"Yes, it does."

She turned to him. "I never would be here, except for you."

The hand on her knee squeezed fondly. "No, you wouldn't."

None of it would have been possible, really. The expensive clothes, the sapphires on her wrist, being this far into the West. If he hadn't wanted to rape her all those months ago when she'd served him his espresso, she would have never known what any of it was like.

He navigated without GPS and then turned down into another parking garage. She remembered this time, letting him unbuckle her belt and hand her out. He led her to the elevator and then out into a magnificent baroque foyer with people milling about.

“This is the Gemäldegalerie,” he explained as he led her toward the docent taking tickets. “It has the best collection of classical paintings in Berlin. We are here to see a special exhibition on paintings from the thirteenth to eighteenth century.”

The special gallery had been the talk of Berlin for three months. He'd bought tickets for this date only a few days after Hannah had returned to him with the intention of taking her as her first foray out of the apartment.

He hadn't felt the need to ease her in, as he had the first time. It wasn't necessary to keep her initially in places where it would be easy to subdue her. Now his only concern was integrating her smoothly into his life. Finding new ways she could serve him.

And this was part of it. She would have to learn to move through this echelon of society. Not just to be among them but to charm them. To make them envious of the possession her Master owned. Hannah was smart, very, in fact. But she had dropped out of school in Ukraine when she was thirteen. She would have knowledge gaps that he would correct.

She didn't know anything about literature, art, history... things that would be expected by his friends. He would not have to emphasize her humble origins. There would always be a nervous, shyness about her that would scream to the world that she had been poor before she had given him her body in exchange for his protection and attention.

But he wanted his peers to see how well he had trained his pet.

They walked together through the exhibit together for a while. He put his hand on the small of Hannah's back to guide her where he wanted to go and she came, unresisting. In front of a painting of a woman prone on a fainting couch, naked and legs spread, she remarked, “I know the feeling.”

But otherwise she was content to let him lead her from painting to painting without remark.

“Wolf, is that you?” A man in the crowd turned and his expression brightened when he saw Elias. He came over, a woman following behind. He shook Elias's hand.

Karl Meyer was an investor, like Elias himself. And he genuinely respected the other man. He had a cunning ruthlessness when it came to business that Elias appreciated. He shook the man's hand back warmly, always glad to see him.

“Meyer. A pleasure.” He said. “This is Hannah.”

Meyer turned to her and his eyes widened slightly. Elias knew he was quite devoted to his wife. He was a kind and upstanding man in his personal life, regardless of how brutal he could be in his professional one. But still, he had to notice how stunning Hannah was. A petite figure, perfectly proportioned, soft, supple lips just begging for a cock and mesmerizing blue eyes and bright blond hair.

“How do you do, Fräulein?” He asked Hannah in German.

“She only speaks English, I'm afraid.” Elias responded in English.

He was pleased Meyer had used Fräulein to address Hannah. The modern style was to address everyone as Frau. But Meyer, the liberated, self-proclaimed feminist, didn't see her as an equal subconsciously. Whether he wanted to or not, he knew those soft lips were for wrapping around a cock and nothing more. Her long, slender legs were meant to be spread to enjoy all the treasures between them. Those supple, nubile breasts were meant to be cup in a man's hands or given slap if a man so chose. Likely he wasn't aware of the form of address he had used, so deep was that knowledge.

“My apologies.” Again, he addressed his apology to Elias instinctively, and not to the girl herself. “I am Karl Meyer. This is my wife Gretchen.”

He held out his hand. A slight squeeze on the hand that was in Elias's let her know she had permission. She took his hand in a brief but firm handshake. “It is my pleasure to meet you, sir.” She said.

It is this slaves humble pleasure to meet you, sir. That was the phrase unsaid.

She and Gretchen shook hands too.

“Where did the two of you meet?” Gretchen asked.

“She was my waitress in Kiev, last summer.”

“Last summer? Where have you been hiding her?”

Elias smirked at the question. Little did Gretchen know how close she was to the truth. “We spent the Summer in my house in Croatia. Then Hannah returned to Kiev for a family matter.”

Meyer laughed. “Play it close to the breast, don't you Wolf? Business and personal life.” He switched to German. “Speaking of that, what do you think about that new venture Krämer has been talking about?”

Gretchen shook her head. “Come on Hannah, they've started talking about business. They'll be useless for a half hour at least. Let's tour the gallery together and leave them to their misery.”

Another small squeeze on her hand gave permission again. “Thank you Frau Meyer, that would be lovely.”

“Polite, isn't she?” She remarked to Elias in German. “But you must call me Gretchen, of course.” She added to Hannah.

The two women moved off together to tour the gallery.

But once they were out of earshot, the conversation did not turn immediately to business. Meyer gave him a long, appraising look. “Never known you to date. Never seen you twice

with the same girl, anyway. Last summer? Must be at least nine months then. What changed your mind?"

Elias smirked. "I mean, look at her."

Meyer laughed. "Is she even old enough to be looking at all these nude paintings?"

"She's eighteen."

"Jesus, Wolf. Your teenage waitress in Kiev. Go fuck yourself. My waitress would have been some matronly cow with an unfortunate face." He said with a roll of his eyes. "How the hell did you get her to agree to go out with you?"

"I was very persuasive."

"Fuck you."

"She does."

Meyer laughed. "Good God. Fucking animal." But it was only too clear how impressed he was. "Now back to Krämer..."

Hannah was afraid of the woman walking beside her. The woman was probably a decade or so older than her and compared to Hannah's mini dress the knee-length cream pencil skirt and pale green blouse looked much more mature. But it was so much more than that. Gretchen radiated a confidence that reminded her of Jessica or the other slaves. She was very comfortable in her environment, confident in her role in it.

But she wasn't a slave. With Jessica and the others, Hannah had had nothing to hide. They had known from the beginning the nature of her relationship with Elias. She had been careful to note the details of their relationship when Elias had said them so she could make her story consistent with his but what would she say if the woman wanted to know too many details.

Fortunately, Gretchen seemed more interested in the museum than prying into her personal life. "Have you been to Berlin before?"

"No, never."

"Oh delightful. It's a wonderful city. Make sure Elias doesn't forget to show you around. The culture available here really is astounding, but it's easy for natives to forget it even exists, we've seen it so many times."

"I'm excited to see it."

"And the paintings, do you know much about this style?"

"No, nothing."

Gretchen took naturally to the role of explaining to Hannah the various paintings, who the painter was and the story of their life. By the time they made it through the gallery and back to the men it had been a very pleasant hour and she'd learned a lot.

“Typical Karl.” Gretchen said fondly as they rejoined them. She took her husband's hand warmly, pressing a loving kiss to his cheek. “Comes to a museum but finds some way not to see the paintings.” She looked at her watch. “And now you don't have time darling.” She turned to Elias. “We have lunch reservations at Facil. You two should join us! A table has four sides after all.”

Elias shook his head. “Unfortunately, I actually want to see the gallery. Hannah won't mind seeing it again.”

The men shook hands and Gretchen gave Elias a friendly squeeze on the arm. “She's lovely, Elias. Don't let this one go.”

“I won't.”

They toured the paintings at a leisurely pace. Occasionally Hannah told him something that Gretchen had said which she found interesting about this or that painting. He would occasionally remark on some aspect of the painting or offer some detail about its history.

When he was satisfied with what they had seen he checked his watch. It was two in the afternoon so the lunch rush would be over. He called ahead to the restaurant in mind and ensured they had a good table available.

It was a short and beautiful walk through the Teirgarten park to the Brandenburg gate so he led Hannah out onto the street instead of back to the parking. He enjoyed the walk. Hannah's small fingers in his own made the sights of the city seem unexpectedly fresh.

After a leisurely lunch, he returned Hannah to the apartment so she could begin preparing dinner while he went to the gym. When he closed the door behind them she knelt immediately in the Foyer. He took her by the hair and pulled her to her feet. He jerked up the top, pulling it roughly over her head. He slapped each breast sharply, hard enough to make her gasp, then pulled the skirt down to the floor to make a dark circle around her feet. He left the heels with the bows on and the golden manacle.

He dropped the top on the floor and pushed her to kneel on the tile. He took her pussy hard enough that she bled, making sure that it only hurt her, pounding her chest into the granite floor. When he had spent himself he wiped the blood and cum on his cock on her thigh and then stood, tucking himself away. He went to collect his gym bag without a word.

Hannah knelt and picked up the articles of clothing carefully. She smoothed it out and then stood to return it to the closet to hang it up carefully.

He left without speaking to her.

The girl in the basement had lost hope.

She didn't know how long it had been there but it felt like forever. Men came down into the dark and used her. Her mouth. Her pussy. Her ass. Sometimes in combination. Sometimes there were multiple men. Sometimes it was many in a row... some long string of them that ended (for her) when she lost consciousness. How much longer after that it went, she had no way of knowing. But she doubted they stopped when she was limp.

The pimp sometimes came and cleaned her up afterward. That part wasn't important though. He always brought a little brown bag, a spoon, and oblivion. If she was too weak to do it herself he would put the needle in her arm himself She had earned it.

The door opened and she didn't look up. It wasn't time for her next fix and she wasn't interested in seeing the face of the next man who was going to rape her.

“Katarina.”

She was surprised to hear her name. Or was it even still her name? It belonged to a girl who she had forgotten long ago.

She lifted her head and knew she was hallucinating again. It happened sometimes. If it was the drugs, the constant rape or the dim room or some combination, she didn't know.

She pushed herself into a sitting position with some effort. She was so weak. When had she last eaten? A day? A week? More? "Master?"

He leaned against the wall across from her. There was no furniture apart from the squalid, thin mattress on the floor where she lay but she didn't think he would have deigned to sit down on anything in this place anyway. He looked surreal, standing there in his expensive suit and watch, as crisp and put together if he'd just walked out of the boardroom, in the dim, fetid space.

"You might as well call me Elias now."

Usually the hallucinations were not this vivid. But he couldn't really be with her, could he?

"What are you doing here?"

"Your sister asked me to find you."

"My sister?" She frowned. "Hannah?" The name sounded as strange as her own. She hadn't spoken it aloud in years.

The years she had lived with Elias she had thought a lot about her sister, missing her bitterly. But it was difficult to remember life in Kiev now, even if she had wanted too. The drugs made it hazy. The shame of her situation made it painful. She didn't want to think about her sister in this horrible place, where men paid a small price to cum inside her.

"How did... I mean how do you know Hannah?"

"I took her. After you left, I took her in your place. She's my slave."

Kat shook her head. "No... no... no... don't say that! Don't say that!"

He didn't say anything. But she knew he was telling the truth. Elias never lied to her. She hadn't thought she had any despair left, not for a long time. Everything that had happened to her since she got on that train to Moscow to meet a boy, she had expected, at least to some degree. She knew that girls were tricked like that, sold into slavery. When Elias had crouched down in front of her and smiled at her through the bars of a trafficker's cage, she had known he would rape her. When she'd seen the room behind the bookshelf, she knew he would make her into a slave. She had certainly know what he would do when she'd let that prostitute put a tourniquet around her arm for the first time, when she'd bent over the bed for that pimp at a party.

Well, after a fashion.

She had expected him to kill her outright.

"And that's what you've come to tell me? That you finally got revenge on me by raping my sister?" She spat on the floor. "You should have just killed me that day you, you fucking

coward.”

Still, he said nothing.

He didn't have much to say to Kat, now that he had told her about Hannah.

Part of him had been tempted to verify her identity via pictures or video. He hadn't wanted to take the time to see Kat, the effort of getting on a plane to look at a body he had no interest in. Besides, Hannah was still at a delicate part of her training, he was at a critical part of the financial year... there were a million excuses he could have made for himself.

But, he had known he had to do this right. If he were to tell himself that this was the way in which he was earning the right to collar Hannah, he would overlook no details.

Besides, he had been curious how he would feel when he saw his old slave. The last time he'd seen her, he had hated her. The time before that, he had loved her. Now he felt nothing.

She still had a remarkably beautiful face. Her body was still young, thin, perfect. A little too thin perhaps and marred with little scars but even the drugs couldn't entirely take away what nature had given her. The perfect curves, cheekbones, eyes.

Katarina let out a death rattle of a laugh. “Funny. I wouldn't have thought you had it in you. You were such a weak fool compared to the others. I'm sure they were proud of you... Max and Tarik and Aleksander... Raping an innocent girl to get revenge on a slave you failed to grind beneath your boots. Did you wait until she was eighteen? Or did you finally cross that boundary too you fucking pedophile?”

“Don't provoke me Kat. I'm not trying to argue. Or to grind you beneath my boots. I stopped caring to do that a long time ago.”

“Failed at that, though, didn't you? Found me fucking another man right under your nose. And you supposedly my Master.”

Elias tilted his head back and took a deep breath. He wasn't here to fight with Kat. He didn't do that anymore. And, in truth, he felt nothing but annoyance and fatigue at her words. The bite she intended was meant for a different man, one who was in love with her, one he hadn't been for a long time.

“I came because I've bought you again.”

Her head shot up and now fear turned to panic. “What?”

“I don't intend to take you as my slave again.” His smile was tight. “There is a place in Corsica. It's a rehab facility—of sorts-- that will take you for the long term. It's three square meals and no work. You won't be allowed to leave but the grounds are beautiful. Hannah and I will visit once a year or so so she can see you, if I think it wouldn't be detrimental for her.”

“And the drugs?” She asked, suddenly on her knees. Almost a kneel but it had been so long she didn't get the form quite right.

“You will get your fix, supervised.”

She scrambled towards him, throwing herself at his knees. “Thank you, Master, oh, God thank you.”

He grabbed her wrist, jerking her up. He took her by the throat, spinning and pulling her to her feet, throwing her against the wall hard enough that her head cracked against it audibly. He pushed her up, cutting off her ability to breathe. He wanted to slap her face, hit her hard enough to break teeth. “The second I mention drugs and suddenly you don't give a shit about Hannah? Couldn't care less if I raped her when she was a child? If I beat her and keep her in the dark, never show her any love or kindness?”

Rage bloomed white hot in his blood. He had never wanted to kill her before that moment. Even when he'd found her with that pimp, he had always pitied Kat more than he'd hated her. If she had done bad things to him well... he had done bad things to her. He had taken her as slave but failed to Master her. He couldn't blame her for the failings of his youth.

But Hannah... she loved Kat. She deserved better than this.

Hannah had gone to Max Furst, a man she feared more than probably anyone but him (and perhaps Tarik), to beg him to find Kat. She had walked towards a group of men she had found attacking her without any concern for her own safety. And Kat was the fucking reason that he had left her in that room to cool off. Left her for Nigel to take.

His fist tightened and her eyes bulged. Her hands were scrabbling at his fingers, trying to pry them open, to get herself air.

“Somethings never change, eh, Kat?”

He relaxed his grip and let her slide down the wall to crumple at his feet. He took a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his hand, as if she'd dirtied it with her touch.

She rolled onto her back, like some kind of insect, dying.

“You can come down now, nurse.” He said.

A matronly woman in a white smock came down the stairs. When he reached the first step on the stairs that led out, he turned back. “I do have one question for you, actually, an academic point more than anything else.” He said.

The nurse had knelt beside Kat and was putting a tourniquet around her thin arm, which the girl was watching with rapt attention. All sign of the despair he'd seen a moment ago was gone as she watched the woman look for a vein.

The nurse paused and they both looked up at him.

“Why is Hannah afraid of the dark?”

Kat sneered. “Go fuck yourself.”

He nodded. "Alright then."

It didn't matter, in the end. He had meant what he said, that it was curiosity more than anything else. He was her light now. And the only thing he would allow her to fear.

Elias looked at the photos on his computer, wondering where to store them. He couldn't keep them on his computer, but he didn't like the idea of putting it on the hard drive dedicated to Hannah. It felt wrong to have them mixed in with the photos and videos of her training, her submission and goodness. He got out a flash drive and moved them on. He'd have to get another hard drive for Kat too, he supposed.

He went through them again. They were pictures of Kat in Corsica that the nurses had sent. They would send a few once a week along with a brief report as part of the service he paid for. The first series was documentation of the condition of her body on arrival, scars, bruises, cuts, ect and Kat had many. There was a photo of her breasts, close ups of her pussy and asshole, and the inside of her mouth. There was a word document that laid out her height, weight, vital signs, the number of her teeth, some lab work as well and a few terse phrases about her overall physical condition and addiction requirements. They had treated her for a few sexually transmitted diseases but she hadn't contracted HIV or hepatitis by some miracle.

But then there were also the pictures of her life in Corsica. She was always dressed in a simple white frock dress and brown leather Mary-Janes. There was a picture of her reading by the sea side, another of her eating breakfast with a group of girls dressed identically (though Kat's face was the only one not digitally distorted) and one of her lying in a wood framed twin bed.

He would have expected the photos to provoke more of a reaction in him, either positive or negative. He had cared for Kat for many years, and hated her for almost as many now. But he

found that he looked at them only with disinterest, hardly focusing on them.

Really, he wasn't thinking about her at all, when he looked at them. He was thinking about the collar in his desk drawer.

He had fulfilled his promise to himself to find her sister. Now that Katarina was settled in Corsica, he felt he had the right to claim her as his full slave. And, he decided, why wait another day? She was his to claim and collar whenever he chose. And he wanted her now.

“Hannah, Kneel.”

She came into his office and assumed her position in front of his desk. He still had the photos of her sister on his screen but from her angle she couldn't see them.

“Fillet Mignon and roasted potatoes for dinner with the Le Pin Pomerol.”

She looked surprised. It wasn't uncommon for him to order his dinner but the combination of food made it clear there was something to celebrate. She waited for a moment, wondering if he would tell her what, but stood to leave when he gave no further information or commands.

“Oh and go put on the red Louboutin pumps as well. You can do that now.”

“Yes, Master.”

The color would look well with the gold collar and her red little ass.

The steak and potatoes were excellent. He could tell she had been careful that everything go well for the dinner, though she didn't know why it was important. When he was finished he said, “go put the bottle of the Moet *Esprit du Siecle* in a bucket of ice and put it and two champagne flutes on the coffee table and Kneel by the entrance to the play room.”

While she obeyed he went into his office and retrieved the two things he would need for the rest of the evening from the safe. She was kneeling by the book case by the time he emerged. He put the two items beside the bucket of champagne, then opened the door to the playroom. She crawled in after him. It would take twenty minutes for the champagne to reach acceptable temperature but he intended to take much longer than that.

He put her over the vaulting bench. He had to lift her hips such that her feet were off the ground to get her over it, properly tilted down. He tied her wrists and ankles to the legs, pulling the rope tight so she would have very little room to wiggle out of the proper position. He particularly liked the look of the broad, thick rope around her pale, slender ankles. He pulled her wrists down until she had to stand on her toes in the heels, legs straining.

“For this beating only I'm going to offer you the option to end it when you've had enough. I will stop when I'm satisfied or you can stop me when you've taken as much as you can.”

“Yes, Master.”

“And Hannah, there will be no punishment for ending the session early. Do you understand that?”

“Yes, Master.”

He had done this before with her, given her a way to stop a punishment. Once when she had said she would rather be punished than fucked by another man. Again when Nigel had wagered she'd rather suck his cock than take a beating. But it had never been this pure, this direct. He wanted to see exactly how much she would choose to endure to give him pleasure.

He started off with the belt. He struck her over and over. He didn't hold back his strength, whipping his arm down and leaving a blistered, red line with each blow. She screamed until her voice was hoarse, pulling against the bonds in futile effort with each blow.

“I think that's enough with the belt. I'll move on to the cane. Unless of course, you'd like me to stop?” The cane was her least favorite.

“No, Master.”

“No, Master? What does that mean?”

“Please cane me, Master, if it pleases you.” Her voice was hoarse from screaming.

The cane renewed her efforts. Her screams got louder and louder and then began to taper off. She pulled at the bonds less vigorously though it must get more painful as he went, strike flesh that had already taken so much.

“Would you like to stop?” He asked when she only whimpered when he struck her.

“No, Master. I want to do anything that pleases you. My body is for your pleasure.” She sounded as if the words cost her dearly to say. She must really be hurting.

He gave her another blow.

“Would you like me to stop?”

“I will take anything from your hand.”

Three more blows.

“And now?”

“I will take anything from your hand.”

He began again and eventually she stopped moving at all. Tears continued to stream down her face and her mouth was open in a wordless howl of pain but she just took the punishment. Without resistance, without protest. Willingly. Because she was his slave and he desired it. He gave her plenty of time between blows to catch her breath, to ask him to stop. She only gasped and tried to steady her breathing, readying herself for the next one.

She lost consciousness and he'd had to revive her with a particularly harsh blow. Her head hung down, limp, hair trailing just above the floor, legs pulled tight by the ropes but otherwise just slack, dangling from the bench. Beneath her was an impressive puddle of tears and drool.

It was worse than any beating he had ever given her, he made sure of it. When she had called him a Nazi, when she had refused to fuck another man, when she had called out for Max in his playroom... those had all been close. But he had pushed her farther now. Farther than she knew she could go. He went until another blow would split her open, could scar her permanently.

Only then was he was satisfied.

He considered waking her with a cock up her ass but decided against it. He had plans for that pussy later and he wanted it pristine for the taking.

He bent and undid the ties at her wrists and ankles. She startled at his touch. She had passed out again. "Master, continue, if it pleases you. Please... don't stop. I will take anything you like." She murmured, pleadingly. "Don't... just don't leave me. Don't... Did I say to stop? I didn't mean it, I didn't mean it, I swear I didn't mean it. Please just please, please let me serve you."

"I have had enough of beating you, slave. Now it's time to take my cock." He lifted her by the hips and slid her down to kneel at his feet.

"Yes, Master, thank you." She moaned, looking up at him.

Her eyes were full of love. Behind the tears she looked up at him with awestruck gratitude. He undid his belt and took out his cock. "Pleasure me with your mouth, whore."

She began to work him skillfully, the way she knew he liked, pumping her head all the way to the base with her eyes never leaving his. He put a hand at the back of her head, gripping her hair to control her pace. He let her do all the work, sucking and pleasuring him, but at the exact speed he desired.

He pulled her off his cock and spit in her face. "Are you worthy of my cum, slut?"

"I want your cum. It is for you to decide if I am worthy."

He pumped his cock to the back of her throat, gagging her brutally.

"On your face? On your tits? Down your throat? On your tongue? Where shall I put it?"

"Wherever you decide, I will be grateful."

He pushed her back so her head was trapped against one of the walls and began to fuck her mouth, thrusting his hips forward to gag her with every stroke. Holding her down at the base until she was gasping for breath when he came off, before returning her nose to the flat muscles of his abdomen. He pressed her down farther, so her nose was squashed against him.

"You're just a worthless slave. Nothing but a receptacle for my cum. Just tits and an ass to whip and abuse at my pleasure and three tight holes to fuck when I choose."

He pulled her off and she gasped. "Yes, Master."

“Tell me, Hannah. Tell me what you are to me.”

“I am nothing without you.”

He slapped her face. “What are you to me?”

“I... I... I am nothing without you.”

He went back to fucking her throat, pounding her with something like fury. As if he wanted to fucking hurt her. He choked her so long she thought she would pass out, brutal thrusts that felt like they were trying to push through the back of her throat, reach her stomach.

But... finally she felt his cock swell in her mouth. His balls tightened and he let out a satisfied groan as he spilled deep in her. “Take my cum, you fucking whore!” He roared.

She was a mess. Her make up smeared, lips puffy and red from use. She'd cut the inside of her lip against her front teeth on the bottom when he was using her and there was a little bit of blood at the corner of her mouth. Her ass was puffy and red, striped with the brutal marks of the cane.

But she looked... happy. Relieved that she had survived the beating, overjoyed that his hands had turned gentle again as they caressed her hair as she licked his cock clean. There was no other word for it. She gazed up at him dreamily, lovingly. “I love you, Elias.” She murmured softly between the last lick and before she began to turn her attention to the glans, swirling her tongue around it and lapping gently at the slit.

He led her back out of the play room. She stood as he locked it and looked at him for further directions.

“Go wash your face, try to get some of the redness down. You can use a cool cloth on your cheeks for a few minutes and then reapply your makeup. Then come Kneel by the coffee table.”

She nodded and went to obey.

Her ass really did look delightful. Just as red as her shoes.

While he waited for her he opened the champagne. The ice in the bucket was beginning to melt, already there was a significant amount of water at the bottom but there was enough that it would still be the proper temperature. He checked his watch. It had taken a little more than an hour in total.

The crisp, bubbly drink was exceptional—light and refreshing. He turned on the television and plugged in the hard drive at the port on the side. He spent some time queuing up the videos he wanted to see so they would play automatically without selecting them in between.

All told it was an hour of content. But he'd cum hard in her mouth and he was up for the challenge.

He went back and sat at the coffee table. He took up his champagne just as she came back into the room. She looked much better. From the front you wouldn't know she'd been beaten so badly, except for the little fingers of red at her hips where the belt had made it around. Her face was back to it's usual, beautiful self except for a trace of red where the salt from the tears had cracked her cheeks

She knelt beside him and he handed her the champagne. She took a sip and her eyes widened, "that's really good!" She exclaimed, taking another. "I've never had such good champagne."

"No," he agreed. "You haven't."

"What are you celebrating?" She asked, looking hopeful. "I've been dying to know all day, since you told me what to make for dinner. Is it your birthday?"

"No, not my birthday." He ran a hand along her cheek, cupping her chin and bringing her eyes up to meet his. "I am celebrating the fact that tonight, Hannah, I am going to put my name around your throat."

Her eyes widened in total surprise. The champagne stopped on its way back to the carpet. Her hand trembled slightly. "You mean... do you..."

She couldn't make herself say it. If she asked if he was going to collar her and he said no she wouldn't be able to bear it. The ember of hope that smoldered in her chest that he might make her his had roared to life at words, raging like a wildfire through her body. Forgotten was her aching bottom, the exceptional champagne. Nothing else in the world mattered but Elias.

Her hands were shaking badly so he took the champagne from her and put it on the coffee table. "Yes, slave, I am going to collar you tonight."

She felt as if the world had closed in around him. So that it was only him she could see and everything else was darkness. He brought the light. She swallowed hard, trying to push down the urge to cry, to throw herself at his feet, to throw herself across his knees and start sobbing with joy. He wouldn't like that. She had to be what he liked.

She couldn't speak but one hand had shot forward, gripping his pant leg with terrible desperation.

He took out the collar from its box and showed it to her. *Property of Elias Frederick Wolf*. She had never seen anything so beautiful in all her life. A collar like that showed the world that she was the slave of a powerful man.

She trailed a finger over the etched words, then looked up at him. Her eyes were shining with devotion, love and a shy hope as she said, "I am your property, aren't I, Elias?"

"Yes, Hannah, you are."

She was crying a little bit. Of course she was. His Hannah always cried so easily. He loved that about her. "It's so beautiful. I'm so grateful. I don't know why you chose me that day. I know why you thought I was worthy to become your slave. I am only grateful."

He opened the hinge and slipped it around her neck. The collar was tight, stiff and thick. It was a bit too tight, almost difficult to breathe with it on. But it felt so good there. Like his fist closing around her throat. He adjusted the collar until the words were displayed properly at the front.

“Thank you, Master, for collaring me.” She breathed.

He caressed her face. “You look so beautiful at my feet, with my name around your throat. Where you belong.”

“Where I belong”

“May I please have a kiss?” She asked. She couldn't reach his head to ask with her hand at the back of his neck.

He leaned down and gave her a slow, lingering, thorough kiss. She slid her hand to his neck, which she was allowed to do when he kissed her. She whispered against his lips. “You brought the light. I am nothing without you. I will take anything from your hand.”

“Yes.” He agreed. “Now take another sip of your champagne and go Kneel in front of the television, and then we will christen your collar properly.”

She took an eager sip and then crawled to the position he had indicated.

He stood and took another sip of his own champagne before walking over to stand behind her. “Hands and knees.”

She obeyed. It was not the most common command. Usually he took her in Bow or Submit from behind as they were more beautiful and submissive positions. But he had his reasons. He took out a gold chain leash and clipped it her collar. He gave it an experimental tug and she jerked up, gasping. As the collar was so tight any pressure from the lead would exaggerate the feeling it was choking her instantly.

He chuckled. He couldn't wait to drag her about the apartment by it. He folded the leash over and wrapped it around his hand so there was no slack in the line. He unbuckled his belt and took himself out, then knelt behind her. Only then did he press play.

“Head up, Hannah.” He told her as he slid his cock through her folds, teasing her.

She recognized the scene instantly, though she had been blindfolded for it. She was on the stage of the play room, legs tied in splits and arms in modified strappado. It was the day he had punished her for her tone when he had put her in the nipple clamps.

She was shown from two angles side by side. On the right hand side of the screen you could see her front, brightly lit. Her pale chest arched up from the boards of the stage, narrow, thin waste leading up to the soft globes of her breasts. The little bells at their tips silent for the moment. Her neck was arched back and her pink lips were already parted in pain, her eyes hidden behind the black silk blindfold.

On the left hand side you could see her from behind, almost looking down. It was a slightly dimmer shot, farther from the bright lights that lit up her face and breasts, but still easily seen. Her pussy lips were open, legs spread and held helpless by the ropes. The metal hook disappeared into her ass.

Behind her, in the living room, Elias was still teasing her with his cock between her folds. He waited until a man's body appeared on screen and knelt behind her. It was clearly Elias by his muscles and size but his face was not visible. He waited until the Elias on screen pushed into her pussy before sinking in himself.

She moaned, arching her back and pushing back against him as he began to thrust slowly.

It had been worth it to watch these videos with her for the first time. She was clearly mortified by what she saw on the screen but also turned on. Watching him abuse her on the television, watching herself cum over and over again, begging him to stop, made her wetter than he'd ever felt. And she was so very tight. The pain from her ass was keeping her tense and tightening her muscles.

“Do you like watching yourself get raped, whore?” He said. “Like watching yourself take my cock in your tight little pussy and fuck it hard to make the bells ring? You're like a little doll up there, all tied up and positioned to my choosing, unable to do anything but take what I give you.”

“Yes, Master.” She was wet already but lubricating heavily despite the pain of him breaching her, tender as she was.

And on the screen... well she was a born star. All of her reactions were perfectly genuine. She was completely unaware of having an audience. With every thrust her face contorted so beautifully. When she came her little mouth opened as if in a scream and her back arched, thrusting her breasts out and causing the bells to ring as she shuddered against her bonds.

From behind it was almost as good. The size of his cock compared to her was highlighted and he was slamming it into her hard enough to shake the stage by the end.

And the Elias in the living room timed every thrust to match the one on stage, making her feel like she was there again, tied on the stage and under his command. It was so degrading, so humiliating. He came deep in her pussy just as the video ended.

When he slid out she turned to get on her knees and lick him clean but he stopped her with a slap on her ass that made her gasp and a jerk on the collar that silenced it. “Oh we aren't done, whore. Back on your hands and knees.”

The scene flipped to her over his office desk, looking into the camera. He appeared on screen behind her, though again his face wasn't shown, and positioned himself. There was the sound of a belt and zipper being undone and then it was clear by her face that he had put his cock against her pussy and was pushing in.

Behind her in the living room, Elias moved her knees together until they touched, kneeling with his on the outside of hers. He put her cock to rosebud and popped the glans in, then

began to sink slowly in. He often put her knees together when he took her ass. It made her tighter, the experience more intense for her. He had already cum twice, it would take a lot to get him off again.

Again the Hannah on screen was so perfect. It was so easy to see how humiliated she was. Her cheeks were a delightful red and her blue eyes full of shame and she let herself be pounded over his desk.

“Look at you. Fucked by a man fifteen years older than you, nearly twice your age. Just bent over his desk with his cock in your slit. And all you can do is moan and ask for more. What do you think about that Hannah?”

“I like it, Master.” She gasped. “I like being fucked by you. I like your cock in my ass.”

He groaned. She was so shy usually she almost never said things like that without a direct command to. She must be really turned on to come up with it on her own.

On screen it was getting more intense. Hannah was really getting slammed against the desk and it was clear that it was excruciatingly painful. Despite this her mouth was open and her panting and groaning was taking on a different quality. She wanted to cum.

Beneath him Hannah was beginning to press her legs together, unable to help herself and she was pushing back on him with a new quality. She always obeyed, she would push back on him no matter how bad it hurt. But when she was starting to build toward orgasm it became a little more frantic, a little less organized.

“Cum all you want, whore.”

“Oh... thank you, Master.” She breathed, voice high and strained.

He pushed her forward onto her stomach, all the way down so he was straddling her hips and her back was sprawled out in front of him. He jerked up on the collar, forcing her to arch up her head to watch her humiliation above. But in this position he could pound her ass harder. He began to fuck her hard and fast. Her body pushed into the carpet and forward at the same pace as the girl on screen. Both Hannah's were buffeted brutally beneath his body. She came from the pressure on her clit, hard and long.

“*Elias*.” She gasped, hands gripping the carpet as if she was afraid she would slide off the edge of the world with the force of the pleasure overtaking her.

He came with a roar, again at almost the same time as his video avatar. He pulled out of her ass, unclipped her leash and went to sit on the couch. “Go get a washcloth to clean up the mess you've made.”

She pushed herself up and went to the bedroom to obey.

She made it back by the time they had transitioned to her licking his cock on the video. She knelt and began to clean him with the warm, damp cloth. When he was clean she put it down and looked up hopefully. “May I lick it clean as well, Master?”

He liked the question. "You may."

"Thank you."

She bent her head and began to lap at his cock as though cleaning it. He was surprised when he began to harden again, having cum so much already. But what the hell, there was no reason not to. She didn't have to be told to transition from cleaning him to sucking him off, she began to bob her head, nice and slow. It was going to take forever, her jaw was going to be aching terribly by the end and her lips were already swollen from the first rough use of her mouth in the play room. But she wasn't going to rush. She wanted him to enjoy it.

Such a good little slave.

"Make it memorable, slave. Remind me why I put my name around your neck."

She would have nodded if she hadn't been all the way at his base, gagging and choking. She wanted so badly to please him. She wanted so badly to do just that, make him glad that he had given her his collar.

Elias poured himself another glass of champagne and then leaned back on the couch, making sure he was as comfortable as possible. He spread his legs an bit and let his arms stretch out over the back. In the glass wall of windows he could see their reflection clearly against the dark skyline beyond.

He looked like some kind of God, lounging back, completely at his leisure with a little supplicating priestess before him. She was tiny compared to him, fragile and weak. Every thing about his posture, the widely spread knees and arms, screamed his dominance of the little huddled form at his feet. She knelt on her sore little bottom, crouched between his knees and working his cock so perfectly.

Beside him on the couch was the remote control for the television. He flipped through videos of her and finally settled on an old favorite. Tarik had taken it at the Lake Como house when he was teaching Elias to fuck her in strappado.

Tarik had assured him that this inlet of the lake was completely private and marked for boats not to enter. He had never had an issue. So they had blindfolded Hannah and taken her out to the patio. She was tied to a high beam that connected the shaded part of the patio. She was wearing blue high-heels but still she was on her tip toes to maintain balance.

The Bosnian had sat at the table, Ruslana between his knees pleasuring him (and occasionally the video turned to her for a moment, usually to slap her or spit on her). It had started with Elias giving her a brutal caning until she was shaking and sobbing and then fucking her ass with her feet off the ground. Tarik occasionally giving instruction or encouragement in German.

Once he spoke in English. "Looks like she's close to cuming. Can't help herself when she has a big cock in her, eh, Elias?"

In the video Elias turned and smiled at the camera. "I own this slut. She knows when her Master is in her slit."

After that he watched another old favorite. It was from very early on. She was on her back on the display table in his office from above. Her legs were up in a V, shackled to the front poles. Her arms were tied together and pulled painfully over her head. She had a particularly nasty set of nipple clamps strung between her breasts. He had put her in the blind fold and headphones but hadn't gagged her. She was clearly trembling in fear from the start of the video, though she had no idea that he was unbuckling his pants, getting ready to fuck her.

Her little terrified scream as he thrust into her was delightful. He fucked her hard and long, buffeting her terrified little body and occasionally pulling on the chain between the clamps or giving a breast or thigh a slap. Eventually she managed to quiet herself but it was clear she was still terrified, writhing against her bonds and bawling pitifully.

He ended on the video of her first rape. She could only hear what was said as she bent, working his cock with her mouth. She sucked him just as she knew he liked, slow and with a lot of gagging as she pushed herself to the hilt, letting herself spasm around his throat. All she could hear was the sound of her virginity being taken behind her.

No, please... I am begging you. Please... I've never... I've never...

Such a perfect cunt. Such a good girl to wait for her Master.

You were so good to wait for me, Hannah. Such a good girl to keep your virginity just for me.

God, please don't... please have mercy. Please, God...Sir, please... have mercy... please, just let me go... I promise I'll never tell anyone, never look for you.

Do you feel me at your door, little girl? One push and I'll be your first forever.

Please... please don't. I can't... please....

The sound of Hannah's scream was unrestrained.

Do you know how good you feel? Like your cunt was made just for me. So fucking tight and perfect

Look at me while I fuck you, Hannah. Don't be impolite.

Please... it hurts...

That's right, slave. I own you now. Own this little cunt. These little tits. This little mouth. I'm going to put my cock in every hole you own, split you open for my pleasure, whore.

He began pumping her head hard as the video began to reach its climax. He held her head with both hands and fucked her mouth brutally, thrusting her down on his cock without mercy. He came with a roar and she licked him clean as he watched himself finish in her snatch on screen.

When she had put him away, he said. "Would you like more champagne, Hannah?" "Yes please." Her voice was rough but cheerful, happy for the treat and still glowing with pride from the collar.

She had cried again when he'd fucked her mouth roughly at the end but it was certainly nowhere near what it had been after the beating. Her makeup was intact and it was only a few little pearls drying on her cheeks, which he found sweet and endearing. Her lips were puffy and the cut had opened again, though it washed away with champagne.

He let her have quite a bit of the champagne. Not so much that he didn't think it would be safe to give her an Oxycotin later but enough that he could enjoy her tipsy: giggly and talkative and loving. Unable to help herself, he would find her doing things like caressing his shoe with her hand, bending down to press a kiss to it or his knee. She even scooted forward and put her chin on the couch between his knees and pressed a soft kiss to his cock through the fabric.

He laughed at that.

She blushed but giggled too. "You said I may kiss you when I like. I still have that privilege, don't I?"

"You do." He agreed. "You won't be punished."

When the champagne was finished he had her lie on the bed and put the soothing cream on her bottom. Hannah had thought that she would lie away all night she had been so excited about her collar. She imagined herself touching it in the dark, to make sure it was real, that it was still there and she hadn't just dreamed it all. But the feeling of his hands moving gently over her body proved too much. She barely opened her eyes when he pulled her up on the bedspread and settled her against his chest after he had taken off his clothes and climbed in.

"I love you, Elias." She murmured sleepily.

The next morning she knew she had fallen asleep right afterward because in her dream, she had heard him say, "I love you too, Hannah."

She woke the next morning and jerked in the bed, her hand flying to her collar. She gasped with relief, wrapping slim fingers around the beaten metal. "Oh thank God!"

Her movement and exclamation had woken Elias who pushed himself up onto one elbow, facing her. He looked amused. "Is this how you wish to wake me up on your first day as a collard slave, Hannah?"

"I just... I thought I'd dreamed it." She said. "I'm sorry to have woken you but I was so scared I'd made the whole thing up in my head."

He wasn't angry with her. It was adorable actually, the real fear in her eyes and the overwhelming gratitude in her eyes when she realized he really had collared her. But he would still punish her. Of course he would.

"Come here, naughty slave." He pushed himself up to sit against the pillows and hooked a finger under her collar to pull her to him so she sprawled over his lap, the soft skin of her flat belly against his cock and her ass presented for punishment. He gathered her wrists in one hand at the small of her back with one hand to hold her still. He held firm.

Normally spanking with a hand in this position would be a very mild punishment, more meant just to humiliate rather than hurt her. There was a sting and a thud but his hand was so large it diffused the impact of the blow. It couldn't sting like a whip or a cane could. Nor could he draw it back as far as he could an implement that lengthened his lever arm. But there was something unique about the feeling his hand gave and a particular humiliation to the act too. Across his knee she was like a naughty school girl being punished by her father for taking a forbidden sweet treat, or her teacher for a bad mark. It emphasized that she was as helpless as a child and he had authority to punish her.

This was not to be the case today, however. It was still red and bruised from the day before so the first blow with an open hand made her scream wildly. She did her best not to jerk, or fight him or give the impression she was trying to escape punishment but she couldn't help it a little bit. And she began crying immediately.

He gave her five blows with an open hand and then took her by the collar again to put her on hands and knees in front of the mirror. He pushed her into Bow with her wrists still in his palm. He pulled her head up to make sure she could see her humiliating position.

He ran his cock through her folds as he spoke. "Apologize."

"I am sorry for waking you, Master."

He pushed hard and fast, setting a pace meant to use her as a masturbatory aid, to punish and degrade her beneath him. "Apologize until I cum." He commanded.

She did the best she could with the little breath she had. "I'm sorry, Master... I'm so sorry... oh, Master, please forgive me... I didn't mean it... I won't do it again, I swear... oh God your cock feels so big... please forgive me, sir, oh please just forgive me..."

Needless to say he came rather fast, tipping his head back and groaning as he filled her pussy with its first load of the day.

After breakfast he called her into his office. Once she was knelt he came around the desk and crouched, reaching for her collar. When she realized he intended to take it off she jerked back, before remembering herself and submitting. But she burst into hysterical tears as she forced herself back into kneel. It was a poor version of the form, her body was shaking so badly it was a wonder she could hold it at all.

She couldn't speak or look at him but he knew what she had thought, why she was distressed.

He caught her chin in his fingers. "Hannah, Hannah listen to me. I'm not taking it away. You're still my collared slave whether you wear it or not. It's not a punishment."

She threw herself forward. If she hadn't been out of her mind, she never would have dared it, but she needed the comfort of his body, and was willing to pay whatever price it cost her. She was trying to say something but she couldn't get the words out around the wracking sobs. She clung to him, hands around his neck, little body shaking.

He slid an arm under her knees and another under her shoulders, lifting her easily to his chest. She burrowed against him, hiding her head in his elbow. Clinging to his shirt with both hands, hard enough to wrinkle the stiff press she'd put in it with an iron.

He carried her to the couch and sat down with her. He held her in his arms, caressing her slim back gently with his thumb, the other running soothingly along her thigh. The tears went on for a long while before they began to peter out. They became less desperate slowly and finally there were only hiccuping little sobs left coming from where she had pressed her face hard against his chest.

Finally she looked up, cheeks pink and cracked from tears. She opened her mouth to speak but one more sob silenced her.

When that was over, he said. "I wasn't taking it away. Even if I take it off temporarily that does not mean you are not my collared slave. You would have to do something..." he almost said 'like your sister did' but caught himself, "very bad indeed for me to take away your collar."

She swallowed but said nothing.

"If I were to take away your collar that would mean the end of your service to me. You would cease to be my slave completely and we would part ways. And that day will never come, I will make sure of it."

"Do you promise?" She asked, voice quavering with the recent crying.

He lifted a thumb to her cheek and brushed a tear away. "I don't make promises to you, Hannah. But I don't lie to you either. I have no need to. I tell you the way it will be, and it will be so. I am telling you now that you will always wear my collar."

She nodded. She knew he didn't lie. If he said she could choose between two punishments, he respected her choice. She had no doubt that if she had told him she'd had enough at any point when he beat her the night before, he would have stopped immediately. Besides, he was her Master. She trusted him.

Her eyes welled up again. "I'm... I'm so sorry, Master. I'm so sorry I cried. So sorry I ruined your shirt. Please forgive me." She sniffled. "I will take any punishment you give. I mean of course I will take any punishment you give. I guess I mean, I want you to punish me for it. I'll feel better if you do."

In addition to the wrinkles she had left quite an impressive amount of her mascara on the area where she'd pressed her head. She looked at it and her heart sank. Already two huge mistakes on her first day. She had been so happy when he'd told her to remind him why he collared her when she sucked his cock the night before because she thought she really had. He must be regretting it now.

He gave her a tender kiss. "I would not have put my name around your neck if you were not the kind of slave who would react like that if she thought I was taking it away." He told her. "I can't punish you for that."

She had cried like her world was ending when she'd thought he was going to do that. Like her heart was breaking. He had seen her take incredible punishment. And the way she had cried, he knew thinking he would take her collar had hurt worse than any of it.

She bit her lip. "I know I shouldn't ask, really I do, really I understand how bad I've been this morning... but if you punished me, do you think that would be enough to let me keep it on a little bit longer. I can't... that is can I not buy a little more time with it on?" She asked, looking up at him with shy but hopeful eyes. "I just... please... isn't there anything I can do to convince you?"

He shook his head, running a finger along the metal edge where it dug into your skin. "You can't wear this today. I should have taken it off last night. Too long and it will chafe your skin."

I don't mind! She almost shouted, remember only at the last second not to interrupt him on top of everything.

"But I have a few other collars for you to wear for various occasions. There is one for at home and quite a few for public occasions. I had thought to put you in the one for home. It's soft and very comfortable, a little like the one Jessica wore on the island. I think you'll like it."

"Oh... you didn't tell me that." Now she looked nothing but eager to see the new collar. "Thank you, Master! Thank you so much!"

He laughed. "Well if you had let me finish in the office I would have explained what I was doing."

She looked crestfallen. "I'm.... I'm so sorry, Master."

He put her on the floor. "Why don't we do this. I'll call you in again and we can start fresh. How does that sound?"

She loved her Master so much at that moment. "Yes, please."

He went to change his first shirt as she had soiled it. He smiled as he did so. What a sweet slave he had. He went back into his office and waited for a moment.

"Hannah, Kneel."

She must have been standing just outside the office because in a flash she was at his feet, looking up eagerly. He knelt and reached for her collar. This time she tilted her head, offering him her neck. He took the collar off and stood. He put it back into its case on the desk and picked up her day collar resting next to it. It was made of a thick strip of black ribbon that had been woven with such a tight weave that it was quite sturdy. The man who had designed it had ensured him that even a much larger slave could be jerked hard, even lifted by it. It was elegantly embellished with a bit of soft lace on either edge of the ribbon. In the center was the brass stud and ring to clip the lead to and from it dangled a thin brass medallion.

Property of Elias Frederick Wolf.

He knelt and let her see it before he passed it around her neck and buckled it in place. She was tearful again but this time beaming with joy. "It's so beautiful, Master, thank you! Thank you, thank you, thank you!"

He stood and smirked down at her. "Is that how you thank me for a gift, Hannah? With words."

She shook her head. "No, no, of course you deserve more thanks. May... may I please suck your cock, sir?" The sincerity in her voice, the little hesitation, as if he might refuse, had him rock hard.

He went and sat at his desk and turned on the computer. "If you insist, little slave."

"You are so kind, Master. Really, I'm so grateful, I don't deserve you. I'm so happy to serve you..." She babbled as she crawled beneath the desk.

"Hush, I need silence to work."

She nodded eagerly as she unbuckled him and took him out. She put her hands on her knees and got to work pleasuring him.

"I've got quite a bit of work this morning, Hannah. I'll let you know when I want to cum."

The only reply he got was the sound of her sucking beneath the desk. At ten he had an online meeting. He decided he was enjoying her mouth so much there was no reason to send her out.

“I’ll be getting on a meeting in ten minutes,” he told her. “Continue as you are but as quiet as possible. No gagging, no choking, nothing that makes too much noise.”

Again, the only reply was the continued work of her mouth.

She did well during the meeting. She couldn’t take him all the way down without gagging, it was simply too big for her, but she pushed herself right to the limit. And she relied heavily on her tongue to get her through the meeting, swirling and licking him with effort. When it was over, she didn’t have to be told to go back to choking herself on his dick.

Finally though he decided he was done for the day. He checked his watch. It was twelve forty-five. She’d have to work hard to get lunch made on time.

“Alright little cock slut, I’m ready to cum in your throat.”

She sped up, gagging more. He decided to let her do all the work this time, not even taking his fingers from the computer until he came with a groan, hilted in her throat. When she had cleaned and dried him and tucked him away.

“Better hurry, Hannah. It’s twelve forty-five. Be sure lunch isn’t late.”

She was determined not to make a third mistake that day (that day of all days). She flew through making a quick quiche and a delicious spring salad. When he arrived at the table she was breathing a little hard but she was where she should be, Knelt by his chair.

He sat down and examined the meal. She hadn’t cut corners. There was a little dish of room-temperature butter, some good brown bread, a thick slice of quiche and a delicious looking salad. All presented very well.

When he offered her a bite of the quiche she took it gratefully. “I’m surprised I can still chew,” she told him with a giggle when she had swallowed it.

“Talk like that and you’ll be under the desk for the afternoon.”

She looked up at him so he could see the sincerity in her expression. “I would like that.”

He caressed her face and then slid his hand down to hold the medallion between his fingers.

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Chapter End Notes

Only more chapter left. It’s so bittersweet. I hope you guys like how this is wrapping up. It’s so hard to finish, I’m going to miss these characters so freaking much. But, at the same time, I’m hoping to finish soon so I can get back to Matroyshka! Please let me

know what you think about it. Honestly, you have no idea how much your comments mean to me!!!

Chapter 26

Chapter Notes

You guys.... am I secretly like just a romantic? Sappy stuff in this chapter (at least grading on the curve of this fic lololololololololol). Also please read the updated tags. And please do not proceed if you are not ready for this whole world to be applied to a pregnant woman or ready to read about what is abuse of a pregnant woman in any reality except this one...

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

The next few days passed in a delirium of happiness for Hannah. It made an enormous difference to be his collared slave. To have her place in his life confirmed and identified clearly. To know he really did intend to *keep* her. He wouldn't take the light away again. When she was cooking or doing her chores she would reach up and touch the little medallion at her neck and smile to herself.

Property of Elias Frederick Wolf.

She couldn't believe how lucky she was.

It was a few days later that she came in to find clothes on the bed before breakfast. As always he was dressing himself at that time and watched her as she donned what he had selected. That day it was a red dress with tiny white flowers on it and buttery soft, gray, suede ankle boots. She wondered where they were going.

When she was finished she turned to him to allow him to see the result.

“Kneel.”

He crouched before her and reached for her day collar. She tilted her head, presenting her neck. He removed it and then went to get something from the drawer where he kept his watches and rolled neck ties. He took out the case with her gold collar and bent, clasping it around her neck. She had forgotten how good it felt, tight, restricting. It made it slightly difficult to breathe but she found that oddly comforting. *Like my fist around your neck*, he had told her, and she had to agree.

He stepped in front of her, putting her body between his and the dresser, crowding her back until her head was against the hard mahogany of his dresser. He unbuckled himself and took out his hardening cock. He put both elbows on the top of the dresser, feet on either side of her knees.

“Ask.”

“Please, Master, may I suck your cock.”

“Start just by licking it, slide your mouth along it and your tongue.”

She bent, making sure not to break eye contact and did as he said, starting at the base of his shaft and slowly coming to the top. It was hard work to balance his cock on her tongue. At the tip she swirled her tongue around the head, lapping gently at the slit.

“Now take it in your mouth and hold it there, not choking, just tasting me.”

She opened her mouth and slid down until he was filling her but not choking her. The warm, impossibly soft skin resting on her tongue. She made slow, languid movements of her tongue, pressing each part of it against his cock so she tasted him fully. He had a little bit of precum at the tip that dripped down at the root of her tongue, sliding down her throat.

“Do you like the taste of your Master's cock, Hannah?”

She nodded.

“Push down to the base slowly and stay there until I tell you to come off. Nose to my abdomen until I say otherwise.” He told her.

It was agony to go so slow. The muscles of her throat protested at every centimeter she pushed down. She was gagging and retching uncontrollably, eyes filling with tears. But she knew better than to speed up. It would be worse if she made him angry.

His head tilted back and he groaned with pleasure. “I forgot how tight your throat is with the collar on.” He said, voice gravely with lust. “Fuck, it feels incredible.”

He looked down at her again and her nose was nestled in the rough pubic hair at the base of his cock, tearful blue eyes turned up towards him and full of fear and trembling awe. She was breathing hard through her nose, fighting to get enough air. She gagged again, eyes closing as she fought every instinct in her body to pull back off him.

“How does it feel to you, Hannah?” His breathing was just shy of ragged. “Does your throat feel as tight to you as it does to me? Like I'm filling every fucking millimeter of your throat, pushing it open.”

She nodded slightly and it triggered another spasm in her throat, worse than before. He waited until she had finished. “There isn't enough space for me in your throat, is there?” He told her with a smirk. “But you make space for me. Because you have no choice. I am your Master and if I want my cock in your throat, you will accommodate me. Isn't that right, slave?”

She nodded again though she knew the result. He waited until her choking stopped and then said. "Put your head back against the dresser and don't fucking fight me or there will be consequences. I want you mouth open and your throat to welcome me in."

He didn't give her time to understand and obey. He stepped forward, pushing her head back against the hard wood and began to thrust with fast, brutal strokes. She managed to hold her head straight, mouth open. But her throat would not cooperate. He was going far too fast. Besides she had never been able to take him without gagging, much less with the collar on. It had been an impossible command.

He came with a roar down her throat but gave her no time to lick him clean. He took her by the hair and dragged her to the bed, throwing her face down over the side. He took her by the hair again and turned her head so she could see them in the mirror at the end of it with one hand as he stripped off his belt with the other.

"Did your throat feel welcoming, slave?" He shouted as the belt slammed down on her ass.

She squirmed on the bed. She would have jumped if her feet hadn't been off the ground. "I'm sorry, Master... I tried.... I promi..."

Another blow cut her words off.

"When I give you a command, I expect it to be followed, slave."

"Please, Master, it's just too big. I can't..."

Another blow cut her off again, turning the words into a scream.

"I'm sorry! I'm so sorry... I just can't. Your cock is too big, sir... please..."

He landed blow after blow until she stopped begging. With the collar on she didn't have the breath for it and so she turned to just trying to get in another air, sucking hard with her mouth and nose open.

In the mirror she saw him put down the belt. She was still turned to the side but now her cheek was pressed to the mattress, still able to see their reflection.

He gripped her abused ass in both hands and she whimpered. He spread her cheeks wide and spit between them. He was hard again. He spit on his hand and lubricated his cock too. He was going to take her hard. He only ever used that much lubrication when he wanted to go fast and hard. She whimpered.

"Please... sir, it's just too big. I couldn't..." She begged. "I'm so sorry."

He pushed in with a single thrust. She arched, screaming at the violation. How was it that his cock felt just as big as it had the first time? She never got used to taking him, no matter how much practice he gave her. Even when he went slow, intending to make it good for her, the stretch was intense, overwhelming. In moments like this it was pure agony. Pain seemed to radiate up her spine and down her legs as he began to fuck her hard into the bed. With each thrust her body was pounded forward, slack beneath him.

He loved her like this. He loved the sweet sound of her begging, the little pleading whimpers that his cock was too big, too painful to take, tearful apologies and supplications for mercy. But this was somehow sweeter, when she just gave up and took the pain. Took his cock. Took anything from his hand. She was crying hard but not hard enough he thought she couldn't speak if she wanted to.

A moment later she proved him right.

"Thank you, Master..." she whispered, voice low with pain and breathless from the pounding. "I'm so sorry... thank you for teaching me. Thank you for teaching me..."

Her voice was like a lightening bolt up his spine. Pleasure as intense as an orgasm. She sounded so fucking defeated, so broken, so grateful that he had taken the time to rape her painfully in the ass. His cock throbbed and he began to spurt deep in her, white hot oblivion erupting from the root of him and spilling out in his body in waves.

"Hannah." He moaned. "Fuck, Hannah, I love you."

He stayed in her until he had finished in her, rocking his hips a bit to bring forth another little ripple of pleasure and another small jet into her ass. He pulled out slowly and left her on the bed.

He went to the bathroom and ran a washcloth under warm water. He wiped himself clean and then went out to the bedroom. She was where he had left her, sprawled over the side of the bed. Her skirt was still over her hips, displaying those slender, perfect thighs. He sat on the bed beside her and ran a hand over her spine in a gesture of easy possession. Despite how careful he had been to feed her properly since she returned he could still feel each vertebrae beneath his large fingers.

It was only when he reached the border of her scapula that he noticed she had turned her face down against the soft, white bedspread and put her hands over her eyes. She was crying very, very quietly.

It was always a bad sign when she covered her eyes. Hannah, who hated darkness, only chose it when she was truly in despair. Something cold settled into the pit of his stomach.

He turned her onto her side with a hand wrapped around her forearm. "Hannah? Hannah what are these tears about?" She came onto her side but resisted when he tried to take her hand from her face. Her mouth was open in a silent howl of pain.

"Hey... hey, stop that. Tell me what this is about." He commanded.

But she couldn't. She physically couldn't. His slave, who could hold the high hook for an afternoon, strappado for two hours, who would clench her fists against the bedspread and take him dry up the ass with a single word... this command she couldn't obey. Whatever agony she was experience was worse than any beating he could administer, any punishment he could dream up.

He gripped the collar of her dress and ripped it down, tearing it off her. It caught at the seem just above her navel but with another jerk he was able to toss it onto the floor. He stepped on her heels with the toes of his shoes, slipping them off her. Then he stripped off his own shirt, not bothering with the buttons but just jerking them free. He slid onto the bed with her and pulled her into his lap, her legs straddling him. Leaning against the pillows he cradled her to his chest, skin to skin.

She took her hands from her eyes but pressed her face immediately to the place where his neck met his shoulder, hands going around his neck. He could feel the warm, salty tears dripping off her nose running down his shoulder in a ceaseless river. Her slim fingers around his neck were clinging to him with all her strength and she was pushing her chest against his own as hard as she possible could. After all the times he had tried to push harder into her body, now it was her turn to experience the same frustration of needing to be closer, deeper and being thwarted by physical forces. All those molecular forces that made it impossible to truly touch. To sink into each other.

He slid one large hand up to her back, holding her firmly against him. He could feel her getting wet against his thigh. His trousers had opened wide, his cock still out and she began, slowly to press herself against his hip in a rocking motion. Her breath against his neck had changed ever so slightly. She was still crying but she was beginning to breathe hard for another reason as well. It was impossible to describe the difference but he could tell immediately.

His cock was rock hard from her tears, the soft little breath at his neck, the desperation in the clinging arms around his neck. He shifted her hips so she straddled him and took his cock to guide it up to her wet little slit.

She moaned so pathetically when he sank in, guiding her hips down until her lips were wrapped around his base. As if it hurt worse than anything he'd done to her that morning. She gasped, a little staccato flutter of breath cracked with uncontrollable sobs.

“Please... please don't...”

He was surprised. She hadn't begged him explicitly to stop in... well since he'd left her in the dark cellar for a few days. She commonly begged for mercy, routinely pleaded for clemency. But now she sounded as she had the first time he'd raped her. She wanted him to *stop*.

He began to thrust, slowly moving her hips to a slow rhythm. With a pitiful, soft moan she began to move against him, rocking her pelvis with each stroke to take him in, to give him pleasure. He had trained her so well, her hips moving just the way he liked, cunt so tight from his training and clenching on him as he thrust into her.

“Please... please... don't.” Her voice was a little louder as she begged but still she didn't stop moving her hips or raise her head from his shoulder. “Please... please... stop.”

Now he was thrusting into her hard enough that her thighs made a delightful little slapping sound as she slammed against him. He moved his hands from her hips, one wrapping around her waist and the other sliding up her back so he could control her body more fully as he thrust into her.

“You can't... Elias, please... you can't...” She gasped.

Rage bloomed in his chest. His fingers tightened on her skin painfully. She'd have ten bruises to remember that exact moment in the morning. Many more in addition, he promised himself.

He wrenched her back from where she was huddled against his chest, the hand at her back sliding up to grip her hair with white knuckles, jerking her face to to meet his gaze. “*Can't*, Hannah? Do you ever fucking get to tell me what I *can't* fucking do?” He asked, his voice was as hard and sharp as a knife trailed between two ribs, ready to plunge into something vital. He jerked her head back to make the point. “**Ever?**”

She shook her head as best she could with his grip, tears still flowing. “Elias, you can't say it, if you don't mean it.” She sobbed. “Please... please don't.... I won't be able to.... I just... please don't say you love me, if you don't mean it.”

His expression, if only thing, got angrier. His jaw was clenched hard, as if he wanted nothing more than to tear into her flesh, rip her open and taste the hot blood within her. Those eyes that held her universe were as cold as ice. He rolled over so she was on her back and he was on top of her. From this angle he could thrust hard her, punishing deep strokes. They were both close, he could tell but he pushed on, heedless, slamming her into the bed with all of his strength.

One hand went to her throat, closing around the collar, her neck, squeezing hard enough that she was truly gasping. She saw stars in her vision. “Can't fucking tell you I love you, Hannah?” He roared. “*Can't* fucking tell you that **I love you?**” He was shouting.

Beneath him her blue eyes were terrified, hurt and... so full of love and devotion. Her hands were free but she didn't pull at the iron fist around her throat, didn't try to push him off or fight back. “I tell you I love you every day, slave! Since the first fucking day. With my cock, my cane, my discipline, my comfort, my attention... all of that. All of that is fucking love!”

He could feel that familiar, warm tightening just at the very center of him.

He leaned forward so they eyes to eye. “I love you, Hannah.”

It was enough to push both of them over the edge. Blinding white light enveloped them both and for the first time, it was as if they were together within it. Hannah had the familiar impression of sliding helplessly off some great, hard surface and then falling through something warm and beautiful and suffocating. But now Elias was there with her. In her. His body pressed down on hers, trapping her, protecting her. Loving her.

“*Elias.*” As he spilled all that he had into the warm, deep, sacred heart of her.

When she regained her senses he was pressing soft, warm kisses across her chest. Her sternum, the tips of her nipples, her cheek, the pulse point of her neck, he seemed to be choosing points with some purpose thought what the pattern was eluded her. One hand was still at the back of her head, but now the grip had loosened and he was cradling her gently. The hand that had been at her throat was there but caressing, slipping his fingers across the soft, sensitive skin and rubbing a thumb over the collar. He was still enveloped within her warm tunnel.

“Welcome back.” He said with a smile.

She slid a hand to the back of his neck, asking for a kiss. He obliged, slow and full of passion. Her lips parted and she welcomed him into her mouth just as easily and naturally as she had welcomed him into her heart a moment before.

When he drew back she looked up at him with shy awe. “You love me?”

He smiled and playfully kissed the tip of her nose. “No, no slave. I say it when I want to.” He chastised her mockingly.

She nodded, swallowing. “But you do? You do love me, right, Elias?”

He bent down and kissed the soft skin just over her heart. “Are you sure you want to push, Hannah?” He asked mildly. “This morning? You gagged when I told you not to. Resisted me physically when I tried to take your hands away from your face, disobeyed me twice. Told me I *can’t*.”

He checked his watch. “And, on top of it all, you should have been kneeling by my chair with my breakfast on the table three minutes ago.” He pressed a kiss to her lips and looked down at her. “Is now the time for you to ask questions that sound quite a bit like *demands*, slave?”

She shivered beneath him and swallowed hard. “No, Master.” The words were so soft he could barely hear them, as if she was afraid to speak louder.

He enjoyed her a bit longer, kissing her soft skin languidly and enjoying the way it looked in the bright spring light pouring in from the windows. He loved her body. Loved the way her frightened blue eyes watched him as he took his time sampling her taste as he liked, always alert for any small sign of displeasure.

But, finally, he sat up and slid out of her. He lay back on the pillows as she crawled between his legs. “Pull the pants off, slave. I’m hardly going to wear them after you’ve made such a mess of them.” Some of her juices were drying on the thigh of them from where she had ground herself against them.

“Yes, Master.” She said meekly, blushing furiously as she slid the pants down his legs and dropped them on the floor. He spread his legs wide and enjoyed the sight of her kneeling between them to lap and suckle at his slick cock.

When she had dried him with her hair, he slid to the side of the bed. He left the discarded clothes for her to pick up and went to the closet to select another outfit for himself.

“Yes, Hannah, I do.”

She froze where she had been picking up the tatters of her dress and ruined shoes, his clothes already draped carefully over one arm. He wasn’t looking at her as he zipped up the stylish trousers he had selected and closed the button. He reached for another shirt, pulling it down and onto his broad shoulders.

She swallowed hard. Had she imagined it? He had spoke clearly and quietly, as he always did. But he didn't seem to have interrupted his dressing ritual at all for it. Did she just want to hear it so badly that she had made herself think she'd heard it.

It didn't matter. She decided.

As he had said, he told her he loved her every day.

When she had put the bedroom back in order she went back to the kitchen. She had to start all over with breakfast. The quiche in the oven hadn't burned but it was overcooked. She slid it into the trash and went about assembling another one. Luckily the ingredients were still all readily available and she had made it personal sized so it only took fifteen minutes to bake. She remade the coffee as well as the carafe had gone cold in the meantime. When the quiche was a few minutes from being done and she'd set out everything else on the table except for putting a slice of it on his plate, she went into his office and knelt quietly in front of his desk.

“You may speak.” He asked, not looking up.

She stuttered. “B-b-breakfast will be ready in five minutes, Master. When would you like it on the table?”

He checked his watch. “Put it on the table at nine thirty-five. Don't kneel by the chair, bend over the table and cross your hands at the small of your back.”

She grimaced. “Yes, Master.”

At the time he had said exactly, he rose from his chair and went out into the living room. His breakfast was on the table, beautifully presented, as usual. But even more beautiful than that was the sight of his slave, bent over and waiting for him. She had put her head forward, in neutral, though it was uncomfortable, with her chin against the table and neck arched, giving a wonderful view of her profile.

He sat down and ate a leisurely breakfast. He had brought a paper on football news from his office and read it as he enjoyed the very good quiche and coffee. When he was finished he set down the newspaper and went to stand behind Hannah.

He shifted her hips so her slit was a bit more exposed, ass a little bit more arched up. "When is breakfast meant to be on the table, slave?" He asked.

"Nine o'clock."

"And what time was it on the table?"

"Nine thirty-five." Her voice was a whimper.

He unbuckled his belt, drawing it off and folding it over in his hand. "One for each minute it was late. Count and apologize with each one."

He slammed the belt down over her ass.

She screamed, already sore from the belting he'd given her for failing to accept him into her throat. "One! I'm sorry for being late, Master."

She was a sobbing mess by the time he spread her cheeks and used her pussy hard enough that the salt and pepper shakers fell over from the rattling of the table. With each thrust she squeaked in pain as his thighs met her abused ones. As he pulled her down to the floor to clean him by her collar she was blubbing. "I'm sorry... so sorry... sorry... please forgive me... so sorry."

But she calmed down a bit with the familiar act of cleaning him and drying him off before tucking him back away. He cupped her head and let her lean against his thigh for a few long moments until her tears had subsided. She turned and pressed a kiss to his thigh.

"Thank you, Master, for correcting me."

"After you have cleaned up from breakfast shower, make yourself look presentable and put on what I have left you on the bed. At twelve fifteen go kneel by the door in the foyer and wait for me. In the meantime I would advise you to prepare everything you need for lunch ahead of time. We will be back at two o'clock and lunch will be on the table by two thirty. I cannot tell you how displeased I will be if you are tardy twice in a day."

"Yes, Master."

"Oh and Hannah?"

"Yes, Master."

"Make lunch impressive."

He stepped away and she let him go reluctantly. He picked up the plate and put it on the ground. "No hands. Eat like the bitch you are."

As he walked back to the office she crawled forward and ducked her head, and began to take what he had given her. She ate as quickly as she could though she did take the time to lick the plate clean. He liked it when she did that. Always made her do it when she was being punished. And, though he wasn't watching, she would have felt guilty not to do so. She had been disobedient enough for one morning.

She made plans and preparations for lunch, working as efficiently as she could. She made a cold antipasti platter and put it in the fridge under a covering. She cooked a bright, beautiful orange squash soup which in her experience was much better if left to cool and then re-heat anyway. She cut all the ingredients for a skillet dish with Italian sausage, green peppers and onions as well as a pasta with creamy lobster sauce. For desert she decided on a berry pie she had made the day before but hadn't quite been ready on time. She put a very nice bottle of white wine for the pasta and a prosecco for the antipasti in the fridge.

She cleaned up quickly and then went to shower. She took her time making herself presentable, pulling back her hair and doing her make up as he liked.

On the bed he had left her a tight black long-sleeved, shoulder-less crop top and burgundy mini skirt with black suede thigh-high boots. As ever, there was about a half inch of skin visible between the top and skirt and another two between the skirts and boots.

With two minutes to spare she went to the foyer and knelt to wait for him.

He was punctual, as always. He came out of his office. He crouched in front of her and turned to collar so the words faced back, hidden within her hair. The edge of them was still visible and it was still very obviously a collar, if you were looking for one. He offered her his hand as he undid the locks on the inside of the door. She took it and rose to her feet, following him out. She didn't dare ask where they were going given how sore her ass already was. She winced when she sat down in the car even though the Audi seats were very comfortable.

She was even more surprised when he took signed marked toward the airport. She couldn't read much German yet but she knew that word and they all had the symbol of an airplane next to them anyway. Were they going on a trip? He had said to prepare lunch and they hadn't packed a bag.

He pulled into the passenger pick up cue and sent a text. A moment later they pulled up to the curb. Elias said nothing but he was clearly watching for someone. She kept her head submissively down but watched him out of the corner of her eye. When his expression sharpened, she followed his gaze to a couple walking toward them.

Jessica! Her heart almost exploded with joy to see her. And a second later she noticed that the other woman's tight white dress was stretched over a very visibly pregnant belly. She reached for the door handle on instinct but drew her hand back as if it had burned her when she realized what she had almost done.

Elias got out but didn't open her door to her dismay. He walked forward to greet his guests. He shook hands warmly with Max, clapping the other man on the back and pointing the porter towards the idling car. She saw him exchange some words with Max, then turn to Jessica. He said something and the slave returned his greeting, dipping her knees in respect.

Hannah felt like she was burning up. She wanted so badly to get out of the car and run towards the other slave, throw herself into her arms and cry with joy. She wanted to tell her every thing that had happened to her since London. Did Jessica know she'd been to see Max? Did she even know she was back with Elias? She couldn't wait to tell her that he had collared

her, that he loved her! He loved her and he'd told her that very morning! Had told her more than once!

He legs were vibrating with the contained urge to propel her forward.

He led them back to the idling car and opened the door for her, giving her a hand out of the car. The beaming expression on Jessica's face told her that she knew at least some of the story, that Max had returned her to Elias at least. But her eyes widened when she saw the collar around her neck and her smile, if anything grew happier.

But now that she was out of the car, Hannah was trembling for an entirely different reason. Maximilian Furst was looking at her with a very measured, appraising look that she couldn't hope to interpret. She bent her knees, wishing so badly she could kneel.

"Hello, Fraulein." He he said. *Hello, slave*. His meaning was clear, even without the spoken words.

"You are good to remember me, sir." She couldn't help her voice from trembling almost so badly it made the words indistinguishable. *You are good to remember this humble slave, sir*.

Max smiled like a shark. "You weren't hoping I would forget, were you?"

She shook her head, looking down. "No, sir, of course not."

"We can get to all that later, Max." Elias said, voice with a tight, forced calmness in it.

"Yes," the other man relented, "of course."

She and Jessica were not permitted to exchange words of greeting, instead the men helped the two slaves into the back seat and then got into the front themselves. They discussed the journey as Elias pulled off into traffic.

In the rear view mirror he saw that the two slaves had come as close together as their seat belts allowed, hands clasped together. Jessica touched the collar. *He has give you his collar?* Hannah nodded happily. *Yes*. She reached out to stroke Jessica's stomach but shyly held back, unsure if she was permitted. *He has given you his baby?* Jessica beamed, and took Hannah's hand to guide it to the center of the swell. *Yes*.

The two women linked hands and looked at each other, even though they listened carefully to the words coming from the front seat. Ever attentive to their Master's needs.

He and Max chatted about the conference as he navigated through traffic back to the apartment. He helped Furst with the bags, again too heavy for Hannah and no question Jessica could do it in her state.

The second the door closed both slaves were on their knees in an instant. Hannah, blushing furiously, said, "please, Master, use my ungrateful holes."

Max shot him a raised eyebrow. "Her protocol whenever you arrive or does the bitch really want a public demonstration of her use?"

Elias smirked. "Protocol. Sentimental on my part, she once called me a Nazi for making her say a similar phrase. But she always wants to be used, at least as far as I can tell."

As he spoke he bent and pulled Hannah roughly to her feet, jerking up the top and throwing it aside, then turning to the skirt, sending it fluttering to the floor with a brutal movement.

"Does Jessica have a bathing suit?"

"She does."

"How about lunch on the roof top terrace then? It's a lovely day and it will be more refreshing than being cooped up."

"Sounds delightful."

Max pulled Jessica to her feet and divested her neatly of the dress.

She looked beautiful. Her skin was still flawless as was the rest of her body. If anything the curve of her stomach made her look more vulnerable, a little off balance but so very, very delectable. Her breasts too were a little fuller than they had been, like peaches ready to burst. Max slapped one proudly and Jessica gasped. He slid a finger through her slit and smiled.

"Fucking insatiable whore."

He turned to Elias. "Do I have time to fuck the whore before lunch?"

"Take your time. There's no rush. Just send your slave to let mine know when you want her to start bringing the meal to the terrace." He picked back up two of the suitcases. "Hannah, show our guests to their room and then come to my office."

She led Jessica and Max down the hallway. She was gratified that they didn't want a tour of the room. Max began to pull at his tie the second they were across the doorstep. "Get on the fucking bed you bitch in heat. Your Master is going to fuck you until you can't walk."

Hannah, worried about lunch timing, sincerely hoped that was the case. She'd need a bit of time to get everything ready.

She almost sprinted down the hall, only making herself walk the last two steps into Elias's office. She didn't even make it to Kneel at his desk. He was standing at his desk when she entered but came around and caught her by the hair before she was even halfway to the ground, unbuckling his belt as he came.

"Another man. My fucking property and you went to another man for help." He snarled at her, throwing her hard enough across the desk she knocked some files off onto the floor and she winced as the elbow she had landed on exploded into pain.

He kicked her legs apart and thrust into her cunt with a brutal stroke. "Fucking whore, take the cock of your Master."

He fucked her hard and fast, Hannah making terrified, high-pitched sounds each time he slammed her into the desk with his hips. "Fucking whore. Little fucking whore. Goes to another man on her knees, begging him for a favor. You take only what I give you. Only what

I give you, fucking slut.”

“Yes, Master. Yes, Master. Yes, Master.” She said squeaking in terror.

She looked fantastic in those boots, really she did, little legs dangling off the edge of the desk, swinging back and forth with his rhythm. A helpless little girl getting fucked hard by a powerful man who controlled her. He pumped his cum into her and pulled out immediately, pulling her unceremoniously down to the floor and pumping his cock in her mouth. He wiped himself dry on her hair and buttoned himself up.

He looked down at her and spit in her face.

He walked around to the desk and sat calmly down. She waited a moment and then began to crawl toward the door, too afraid to attract attention to stand. “Black lace swimsuit. Barefoot.” He said when she reached the door.

“Yes, Master.”

She sprinted back to the hall to collect the discarded clothing there and then to the bedroom to freshen up. She wiped the spit from her face, checked her make up and then wiggled out of the boots, putting them carefully back before getting into the swimsuit he had indicated.

It was designed to look like a teddy. It had thin straps, lace bra cups tied together in the front with a little decorative bow. There was a solid middle with lace on either side and either side was left bare except a little cinched belt at the narrowest part of her waist. The back was low, exposing all of it but with a wide, lace border just at the tips of the jutting bones of her pelvis.

She sprinted back to the kitchen, praying that Jessica was going to keep Max satisfied for a bit longer. It was already two fifteen. She turned on two burners and began on the sausage and pasta sauce simultaneously. In a third pot she began to heat the soup. She could feel his cum still leaking down one leg, slick and calming.

By one thirty she had set the table on the terrace. The white wine for that course was in a bucket of ice in the center of the table but otherwise she hadn't had time to put out any of the antipasti. Elias appeared at the door from the steps up.

She went to her knees instantly, trembling.

He smirked at her. “Jessica hasn't found you to ask you to serve lunch, has she?”

Hannah shook her head, not meeting his gaze.

He laughed and sat down at the table, pouring himself a glass of the wine. “Saved by her pussy, eh? You should thank her.”

“I will, Master.”

“While we wait, why don't we start you off with your favorite appetizer.” He said, unbuckling himself. “Pull down that slutty things so I can see your tits.”

“Thank you, Master.” She pushed down the cups of the teddy-cum-bathing suit and crawled under the table and started with a few long licks of his shaft.

It was five minutes to two when Max and Jessica appeared. Jessica looked as though Max had made good on his promise to fuck her until he couldn't walk. She was dressed in a skimpy, white bathing suit, the roused middle stretched tight over her rounded belly. She looked... thoroughly used. Her lips were red and puffy and when she knelt Hannah recognized the familiar wince of a well fucked ass touching ankles.

Elias took her by the hair and shoved her roughly down to the base of his cock, holding her there while he pumped his hips brutally up. She gagged uncontrollably and continuously as he did so. “Give me a moment to finish in her mouth and I'll send the bitch down to get lunch. You must be hungry after all that work.”

He leaned forward and poured Max a glass of wine as he continued to choke Hannah on his cock.

“Kind of you. I am.”

It didn't take long with him using her the way he was. The rippling of her throat as she choked was enough to push him over the edge, cumming in her throat. He let her lick him clean, dry him and tuck him away. She was still panting, lips red and a bit of drool on her chest.

Furst snapped his fingers. “Jessica, help Herr Wolf's slave in the kitchen.”

“Yes, Master.”

The two girls went down together. The second they were through the terrace door the men could hear an explosion of conversation erupt.

“Not very subtle.” Elias said with a laugh.

“No.” Furst agreed, also smiling.

“It's good for Hannah, to be around Jessica. I thank you for that.” Elias said, raising his wine to toast the man. “She shows her what she can aspire to be.”

“My own bitch likes yours quite a bit,” the other man admitted. “It's good for her to have someone to mentor. As she does it she finds new ways to pleasure me, I find.”

Max leaned forward and put a bit of prosciutto crudo onto a slice of baguette. “But enough about our slaves, you had mentioned something interesting about the hostile takeover of some of the Sabine group businesses.”

“A small gesture of thanks, for what you've done for me in returning my property.”

“I'm not a speculator, like you Wolf. I am a CFO and make my money respectably.” Max said with a small smirk.

“It's the death of Blakely. You deserve a stake, after all you've done, returning Hannah to me.”

Furst considered.

“You're planning to kill him.”

Elias's brow wrinkled. “Would you do less if someone touched Jessica?”

Furst snorted. He didn't bother to answer the question. Of course he would.

“I would like to see that *swine*, in the gutter and then with a bullet in his head.” Furst mused.

“One you will see in the paper, the other I will show you on my phone, if you like.”

Furst nodded, then pointed to the stairs where Hannah had disappeared. “Does she know?”

“That I'm intending to kill Blakely?”

“Yes.”

“No, she doesn't.” He ran a hand through his hair. “I think it will only frighten her to think about it. She doesn't think about him now, at least not as far as I can tell.”

Really it seemed that the most traumatic part of London had been being separated from him. She had nightmares occasionally and when she woke from them she only threw herself into his arms. *I thought you were gone again! I thought I was back in Kiev.* She'd never mentioned the night that had precipitated her being taken from him. If she ever did show signs that she was starting to process that trauma, he would consider telling her that the man was dead and couldn't harm her. But at the moment he thought the image of a dead body would only upset her more.

Furst took a sip of the prosecco. “Illya says you intend to do it yourself.”

Elias met the other man's eyes, looking for disapproval and surprised to find none. “I was in the army for many years, Furst.”

“I remember.”

“You disapprove?”

“It's reckless,” Max hesitated. “But I can't say I wouldn't do the same.”

“I'm still working out some of the details but it might involve a prolonged trip, two weeks or more. I was considering asking if you'd let me send Hannah to stay with you and Jessica, actually. It will probably happen over this summer so she could be put up in the guest bedroom of your apartment. If it's after you return to Austria in the fall, I'll bring her to stay with you.”

Furst snorted. "Jessica would be delighted." He sighed. "And I'll keep the bitch in line if that's what you mean."

Elias laughed. "I don't doubt it."

Hannah would be terrified to stay with Max but Jessica, a baby... besides the alternative would be to stay alone in the apartment alone, which she would hate even more. And he didn't intend this to be a punishment for her. She would miss him but the daily life with the other slave would at least keep her grounded. She wouldn't serve Max sexually, of course. He wouldn't even beat her for pleasure without Elias present. But she would have chores. And he would discipline her, if needed. If she broke a rule or was impolite he had no doubt Furst would cane her brutally. And seeing Jessica's submission and use would calm her, keep her in the proper mind frame.

Furst and Jessica would make sure she ate as well, even if he wasn't always able to check in on her. That was what he thought she would struggle most with. If he told her however, Max was allowed to feed her in his absence, he didn't think the man would tolerate anything less than a clean plate.

"It might be nice for Jessica to have help with the baby."

"Might be nice for Hannah to have practice taking care of one."

Downstairs the two slaves could hardly contain themselves. "I can't believe you're pregnant!" Hannah almost shouted. "Is it a boy or girl? How far along are you? Have you picked out a name? I am so happy for you!"

"I can't believe you're collared!" Jessica said instead of an answer, swooping her up in a bone-crushing hug. "It looks fantastic on you! So beautiful! How did he do it! Tell me every detail!"

"I asked first! I asked first!" Hannah protested.

They knew better than to stop working as they talked. They would be punished if there was any suggestion they had stayed downstairs to catch up and delayed lunch. Hannah sliced

some good Italian bread and poured some olive oil into a dish. She took out the antipasti plate.

“How long are you staying?”

If Jessica was surprised that Elias hadn't told her they would have guests, it didn't show.

“A week! My Master and I usually summer in Berlin and winter in Austria. He needed to come back this week for a few meetings but the renovations for the baby in his apartment aren't finished yet.”

“I'm so glad to see you!”

“Me too. I was so happy when he told me he wasn't leaving me behind in Vienna! And that I was going to see you! I was almost happy the rooms for the baby weren't done!”

She gave Jessica a tray with the bread, olive oil, balsamic vinegar and a little dish of butter. She took the antipasti plate, not wanting the other woman to carry anything too heavy. “Put all those on the left of the table and I'll put the antipasti on the right.”

Elias was quite indulgent during lunch. Part of him was clearly still angry at Hannah for approaching Furst instead of him about Kat but rationally he knew she hadn't wanted to, that she would have come to him if she'd felt she could. He didn't intend to hold back from punishing her this week, in fact he intended to redden her ass regularly, but he was content to be merciful and caring when the mood struck him as well.

And she had done well with the lunch, given the restrictions he had imposed on her. Without the fuck across his desk, she probably really would have been ready in time. So he gave her bits of all the things he knew she liked best and let her put her chin on his knee as he and Max enjoyed a brandy and coffee.

“It's good to see you again, Furst.” Elias said as he took a sip of espresso. “Thank you for visiting.”

“Good of you to put us up for the week.”

He had been surprised but supremely gratified when Max had telephoned to ask if he could stay with Elias for a week while the renovations on his apartment were completed.

He knew Jessica was the reason Furst had asked. Without her they might have seen each other for dinner or drinks nearly every night, but he would have preferred to stay at a hotel. It was uncommon for Germans to stay at each others homes in such a manner but not for men of his predilection. It would be much more comfortable to keep a slave in a home already designed for one. If she hadn't been pregnant, perhaps she would have been left at home. But Elias couldn't imagine Jessica would tolerate being separated from her Master this far along, and Max wouldn't risk distressing her in her state.

He was happy to see Max, happy for the signal that he was forgiven for the rash decision to take Hannah to the hospital and that Max no longer considered association with him too

dangerous. More than that though he was indebted to Furst, and always would be. Furst had given him back his slave. As much as he hated that idea, he knew it was true.

“Not at all, truly, a pleasure.”

“It's difficult with hotels, one must be so damn careful. Particularly with the bitch pregnant. People are less likely to stuff their ears and pretend they don't hear her scream these days. So much more comfortable to be with like minded people.”

“I can imagine.”

“If you hadn't offered to put us up I might have left her at home rather than trust myself for a week with her.” Furst laughed. “You have no idea how mad they drive you when they're gravid.”

Elias cocked an eyebrow. “What do you mean?”

Furst smiled. “Every little touch and she goes through the fucking roof. I won't hit her nearly as hard as usual but Jesus, I don't have to. A light smack with the belt and you'd think it was a whip. You'll see what I mean tonight...”

“Sounds delightful.”

Max winked. “Just wait to you see what she does when you clamp her nipples.”

That perked Elias's interest. “They get more sensitive with pregnancy?”

“Much more as far as I can tell from the way she screams when I put them on and will do anything to get them off again.” Furst chuckled.

Hannah's nipples were already so delicate. She had a few years yet before he would put a baby in her. He wanted to have her attention all to himself for the time being, enjoy her undivided devotion. But he did want children and there was no doubt in his mind Hannah would be an extraordinary mother. But he had never considered the pregnancy itself as anything more than a nuisance.

He was surprised at how he had reacted to Jessica's body as well. She had always been a beautiful woman, a slave he had been excited to beat, wanted very badly to fuck before Hannah came along. But she looked radiant now. He couldn't wait to see her with her clothes off, submitting to Max.

“And don't even get me started on how wet she gets, how easily she cums, how prettily she begs for my cock and her orgasm.” Furst said with a smile.

He turned to the beautiful girl knelt beside him, heavy with his progeny. “Jessica, tell Herr Wolf what a horny little cock-hungry slut you are these days.”

Jessica blushed. “I always want my Master's cock, Herr Wolf.”

“Jessica,” Furst said as if scolding a little girl with a cookie hidden behind her back. “Tell Herr Wolf the truth.”

Her blush deepened. "I want my Master's cock in me all the time... I can't stop thinking about it. I get wet just looking at him and then... and then.... I have to get on my knees and beg him to fuck me, to let me suck him off." She pressed her lips together, looking down.

"And what did you do on the plane?"

Jessica turned almost purple with shame. "I begged him to fuck me in the lavatory. There was no private place on the plane but I was so wet... I was so wet... I just... I felt like I would die without him fucking me."

The two men laughed. "Amazing." Elias said. "I can't wait to see what comes out of this little whore's mouth when she has my child in her." He gave Hannah's head a fond stroke.

Hannah looked up at him. They had never discussed children. She was stunned. She had always wanted children, more than anything in the world she had wanted them. But she had assumed that had been one of many things she had given up to be with Elias. He slid his hand down her chest, cupping one breast and rolling the nipple between his fingers until she made a little squeak of pain and protest.

He looked down at her and winked. "Oh yes, Hannah. Someday you will carry my children, little slave." He told her. "I will see you fat with my baby, hands and knees on my bed with those little bells ringing beneath you with every thrust."

She shivered. The image made her feel as though warmth was pouring through her, filling her up. She blinked back sudden tears, overcome with love for him. She caught his hand as he withdrew it and turned it over in two of hers, pressing a soft, reverent kiss to the palm of it, the part he used to spank her with. "That's the day I'll grow to like the bells." She promised him, eyes full of love.

While the slaves cleaned up the men moved to the day beds on the terrace. He and Max passed a pleasant afternoon catching up, their slaves languidly pleased them in whatever way they saw fit. Hannah lay on his chest for most of it, her cheek against his chest, lightly stroking his muscles

"You collared her, I see." Max remarked.

"I did."

"She wears it well."

"She earned it."

They were speaking German of course but Hannah understood enough she could follow this exchange at least in broad strokes. Still, he knew he didn't need to worry about her hearing too much praise and becoming willful. This morning she had thanked him for punishing her, after all. Besides, she had earned his collar.

"I meant to collar her in London, in fact. Before the incident with Nigel, obviously."

Max looked surprised. "You discuss that in front of her?"

“It upsets her but she thinks rightly of it now. She knows that it will never be repeated. That I will never again allow her out of my sight in such a situation.” He stroked Hannah's head. “And as for disobeying me in public... she'd had quite a shock, seeing her sister being gang raped. Besides, she has apologized to me for that in any number of ways.”

He smiled broadly. “And I've never had a problem with her obedience since.” He caressed her head fondly.

In the late afternoon the slaves were sent down to prepare dinner.

As they cooked Hannah told Jessica the story of how Elias had collared her.

“That's intense.” Jessica said when she had finished. “He must have been so proud of you.”

Hannah blushed. “I ruined it the next day by freaking out when he tried to take it off. He just meant to put on a simpler collar I could wear for longer but I just lost it when I thought he was trying to take it back.”

Jessica looked consolingly, shaking her head. “Oh, no, of course you did. No one could fault you for that.”

Hannah nodded. “He was very kind. He held me until I calmed down enough for him to explain. Then he let me try again as if it hadn't happened.”

“See! He understood you weren't trying to be rebellious, only that you love him enough to treasure his gift that much. He knows you love him.”

Hannah bit her lip. “And he said he loves me.”

Jessica's eyebrows shot up. She stopped cutting apples and came over and took Hannah in her arms. “Oh, Hannah,” she breathed. “That's wonderful. When?”

“It was this morning actually.” She shook her head. She was embarrassed to tell Jessica the story, particularly after she'd just admitted to the reaction about the collar. She didn't want Jessica to think she was a bad slave or her Master weak for tolerating her bad behavior. “It's... I wasn't very good at this one either.” She said, blushing.

Jessica smiled. “I broke Max's nose, remember? I shouted at him the weekend he told me he loved me. I'm sure it can't be as bad as that.”

Hannah smiled but she wasn't sure.

“It started out simply enough. He called me to Kneel to change out my day collar for this one, my formal collar.” She touched the gold at her neck, running her fingers along the name.

“When he saw me in it, well he put my head against the bureau and took my throat roughly.”

“Mmm.” Jessica made a noise to indicate she understood.

Hannah teared up a bit at the memory. “Only.. only... well he said not to gag. To welcome him into my throat and I can't.” She sniffled. “I just can't Jess, he's too big. I was really trying but he was going to fast.”

Jessica stroked her hair. "It's not always that they give a command they expect can be obeyed. Sometimes they just like to see you try and punish you for failing."

Hannah nodded. That did sound right. She knew sometimes he did that sometimes but she hadn't thought of that this morning, it had all happened so fast. "Well so after that he dragged me to the bed and threw me over the side of it. He hit me with a belt for a while and then he..." she blushed.

She still felt inferior to the other slave. Even collared and loved, it would take time for her to feel she was anyone's equal in Elias's world.

"Sometimes when he takes me from behind, he came make it good." She gave a small smile. "Like, really good."

Jessica nodded. "And other times it's just to punish you?"

Hannah nodded. "This time it hurt. Really, really, really hurt." She thought back to the moment. She could see herself perfectly in the mirror, little ass spread and upturned as he pounded into it, driving her face into the bed and snapping his hips at the end. He was so much bigger than her, towering over her in the mirror. Her legs looked ridiculously small next to his, like a child's, pale and slim and weak.

"At first I was begging him to stop. I don't... I mean I didn't expect him to stop." She hurried to add.

"You just know he liked to hear you beg."

"Right. So I was begging and then... all of the sudden I just, I mean I've felt this way before when the pain gets too much and I feel like if he hits me one more time, fucks me one more time I'm not going to be able to take it." She explained. "And then he thrust again and it just hurt so bad...."

She trailed her finger through the flour on the counter. "And I did take it. I just lay there and took it. And then something else began to build. It was like an orgasm but I wasn't close to cumming." She laughed shortly. "It was like I was just suddenly so grateful. Grateful that he was my Master, that he trained me, that he spent all this time and money and thought on *me*. Just *me*."

"That he chose you." Jessica understood completely.

"I'm just some nobody from Kiev and he's so... He could have any girl he wanted and it's me who he taught to Kneel, how to please him. How to take his cock." She was still crying, steady tears dripping down her cheeks but that made her laugh, a bit hysterically. "I mean Jesus in the mirror I couldn't imagine how it would ever go in me each time."

Jessica laughed too, wiping her tears away.

"And so I started thanking him. Just thanking him from the bottom of my heart. I didn't have a lot of breath to get the words out but I was just so... I can't describe it."

It was as if she had been transported back to look at the girl she'd been, huddled on the cellar floor, cold and alone and friendless. No one had missed her, no one had noticed she was gone. But Elias, he would notice if she was gone.

"I couldn't thank him enough. For choosing me, for raping me, for fucking me so hard it hurt." Hannah wiped away the tears flowing steadily down her cheeks. "And when he came in me, he said he loved me."

She pressed her back against the cabinets, shaking her head at the memory, emotion swelling in her chest. "And I lost it. I lost it Jess." She giggled, high and hysterical. "I went to pieces, absolute pieces."

"Why?"

The question was genuine, non judgmental. Just curiosity.

Hannah pressed her palms to her eyes, blocking out everything. "I thought... I thought.. I thought... I thought if he said it, and didn't mean it... I couldn't take it. If he said it just because he'd cum well and liked the way I looked in the mirror." She let out a shuddering breath. "I thought I would die."

"That's not so bad..." Jessica said, consolingly.

"Not the worst part. Not the worst part."

"I've seen him with you since. It's not as bad as you think. He held you all afternoon, fed you only from his hand. You can't have made him truly angry."

"When I regained anything like sense I was riding him. God his cock felt so good, like the only thing in the world that would ever be good. Except his broad chest and the hand at my back. And I just started begging, begging him to stop." She shivered. "And then I just, I just started saying that he *couldn't*. I don't know what came over me but I just... I knew I would die if he took it back."

"Oh, Hannah." Jessica folded her close and let the girl tremble against her breast. "But he did mean it. He did mean it. He does mean it. You can see it looking at him. The way he notices when you want more of something, or less. The way he always knows where you are in a room, gentles at your touch, wants you near."

They were sunk to the kitchen floor now, the dinner forgotten. Each slave braced against the kitchen cabinets, hands interlaced. "Has Elias ever told you what happened the night... the night you were taken by that man?"

"By Blakely?"

"Yes."

"I mean, I know the broad strokes. But he's never discussed it with me exactly. All I remember was being dragged from the hotel and beaten until I passed out."

Jessica bit her lip, as if wondering how to continue. "He came back to the club and he looked... terrible. I offered to go talk to you, try to explain what had happened with Katarina but he said he wanted to talk to you next. When we went up, Max and I went to our Penthouse and he went to yours and then..." She shivered. "Max heard the elevator go down again and then opened the door into yours and realized you'd been taken and that your Master had gone... somewhere, to find you."

"To find me?"

Jessica nodded. "He did too. The next thing I knew Max had us on a plane back to Austria, cursing your Master for a damn fool for bringing you to the hospital."

"Elias brought me to the hospital?"

She had never known that. She had never thought about how she'd gotten from being kicked on Nigel's floor to the St. Thomas's A&E. She supposed that she'd thought the most likely explanation was that Blakely had thought he'd killed her and left her dead somewhere to be found.

Jessica shuddered. "Max was furious. Elias went to go find you at Blakely house in Belgravia and then took you to St. Thomas himself. Max threw all the electronics into the Thames and got us back to Austria on the next plane." She squeezed Hannah's hand, tears leaking from her eyes. "I didn't think I would ever see you again. I thought you were dead."

She broke into real tears and for the first time ever, it was Hannah who comforted Jessica, instead of the other way around. She pulled her companion slave close, stroking her hair. "I'm alright, Jess, I swear I'm alright."

They clung to each other, crying for a while, foreheads pressed together hard and hands clasped at each others shoulders. "What happened to you?" Jessica asked when she was finally able to speak. "What did he do to you?"

Hannah stroked her hair, trying to calm her. "Just a few broken ribs, nothing more. That's all. Blakely never raped me. I looked through my medical records and the only DNA on me was Elias. And the man who dragged me off the bed. I managed to catch with my nails but he was never identified."

She rubbed Jessica's arm up and down. "Just a bad beating, a few broken ribs. That was all it was. Not even a permanent scar."

She had been worried about where they put the tube to decompress her lung, but it had healed well and was practically invisible. Even in Kiev she had rubbed ointment into the small scar to make it fade. She'd had no idea if her Master would ever see it, but she knew how much he liked the fact that she was completely unblemished.

Jessica was shaking her head back and forth. "It wasn't at your Master's decree. You shouldn't have had to go through that."

Hannah bit her lip. "Did... did Herr Furst tell you I came to Austria? To ask about my sister?"

She needed to tell the worst as soon as she could, to explain to Jessica what she felt was certain to come.

Jessica nodded. "He did. We talked it over the afternoon you asked him. I wanted to have you spend the days with us, I promise I did, but Max didn't...."

Hannah shook her head. "No, really, I'm grateful to him. I didn't... I mean I know he wasn't obligated to help me and I was putting you both in danger. It's just that... I knew if I didn't try to find... find my way back to something good, I would die."

Jessica rubbed her thigh. "I know the feeling. But that's a story for another day."

Hannah swallowed. "When I... when I woke up here I thought I was still in Vienna. It didn't occur to me that Elias would want me back. I hadn't even considered that as an option." The tears came faster now. "So chained the floor in the play room here, I called out your Master's name in the dark."

Jessica hissed as if in real pain. For the first time she sounded horrified. "Hannah, you didn't."

"I didn't know... I didn't know... I didn't... the light was gone. I had no thought that it might come back. Ever. I just wanted to know if your Master had sold me to some pimp or was going to kill me himself."

"I didn't... I didn't... I didn't want your Master to be there in the dark except as someone come to kill me cleanly. Rather than some pimp who would sell my body." She gave a hiccuping laugh. "Truth be told, Jess, your Master scares the fucking shit out of me."

Jessica giggled. "Me too."

They were silent for a long moment.

"Elias must have been furious."

Hannah shuddered at the memory. "To this day I'm not sure what changed his mind. He seemed like he wanted to break me permanently that day. And I can't... I only remember a series of fragments. I don't know what stayed his hand. I just remember him taking me down from a peg and then carrying me in his arms."

She closed her eyes and let herself remember back. There had been his arms around her, a gentle touch after so many blows. Then hot water pouring down on her, his strong hand soaping her body and hair as she leaned against his firm, muscular chest. Then a clean towel and the cocoon of his bed.

"He loved you." Jessica said softly.

"He loved me." Hannah agreed.

"He loves you."

“He loves me.”

Chapter End Notes

I can't even. I'm so sad this fic is over. Please let me know how you think I ended it....

Epilogue

Chapter Notes

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

Epilogue

Hannah was nervous.

It wasn't as if she was making any effort to hide it. She sat next to him in the Mercedes he had rented, pressing her hands together in her lap over and over again. The firm grip Elias had on her knee felt like the only thing stopping her from flying to pieces.

They had flown into Bastia that morning. He had rented a private plane for the journey. The stewardess hadn't even blinked when she'd found him with Hannah on her knees with his cock in her mouth. Probably she saw a lot of men like him who brought a plaything for themselves for such journeys. She had handed him the whiskey and asked if he needed anything else without any noticeable change in her chipper, professional tone. The drive down the coast had been incredibly beautiful but she had barely seen it. Her stomach was in knots.

He turned the car off the main high way and they drove down into a village. It was little more than a few small streets but after that they turned off even the paved road and onto a beaten dirt path. Up ahead looked like an old church with a high stone wall around the perimeter. They drove up to a sheet metal gate. A sleepy looking guard at the gate came out and to the driver side to speak to Elias.

They exchanged a few words in French and then the man opened the door and they drove inside. He parked the car in the white stone courtyard and got out. He had left the keys in the ignition and the air conditioning on. He did not come around the side to open up her door and she gave him a quizzical look. But didn't reach for the handle herself.

A matronly woman in her fifties came out from the building and walked down the stone steps, extending her hand. When she stepped out of the shade he recognized the nurse who had come with him to collect Katarina.

"Herr Wolf, a pleasure to see you again." She spoke English with a very slight french accent. "Welcome to Corscia."

"A pleasure to see you again as well, Nurse Rossi."

The woman did not look at Hannah at all, nor ask if she would be joining them.

“I hope your travel was not strenuous.”

”Quite a pleasure, in fact. The flight was diverting and the drive is magnificent.”

“I do not wish to presume on your time. Miss Konashevych is in the garden out back, should you choose to join her.”

“Very kind of you.”

She led him through the old monastery toward the back, where the gardens let down to the ocean. They walked down a path lined with fragrant roses, the sea breeze doing a wonderful job of keeping the summer heat and bright sunshine from feeling oppressive. Kat sat nestled between the roots of one of the enormous oak trees on a grassy part of the gardens. She had put down a little blanket and slipped off her shoes and she was reading what looked to be a rather trashy romance novel. On the cover was a woman with a flowing dress and an open bodice, swooning into the muscular arms of a blond man. He had never seen her look so at peace.

The nurse turned and nodded to him, then retreated back toward the monastery. He stepped off the path and walked through the thick grass to stand at the end of her blanket. She looked up when she saw him in the corner of her eye. Her mouth twisted into a frown.

“Hello, Elias.” She said, putting emphasis on every syllable of his name, making it clear she dared to say it.

“Hello, Katarina.” He replied, tone even.

“They told me you were coming this week. They didn't say it was today.”

“It's today.”

She blew out a breath. “Changed your mind from last time? Decided you'd like to go back and forth between us after all?”

“I brought Hannah to see you.”

He back stiffened. That she clearly hadn't expected. She put down the book, fingers curling into the folds of the blanket nervously. “Hannah is here?”

“I left her in the car.” He said. “I came to see what kind of mood you were in first.”

“You wanted to make sure I wouldn't say anything bad about you?” She asked, sounding haughty.

“I wanted to make sure you wouldn't hurt her.”

“That's rich. My sister's rapist lecturing me on not hurting her.” She laughed mirthlessly.

“Cant remember the last time I beat her until she cried. Can you say the same?”

Elias said nothing. He looked down at the beautiful blond woman before him with a curious expression, as if he couldn't quite figure her out.

“Finally a way to subdue me. Is that what you think this is? A way to make me finally submit?”

“I don't think of you, Katarina. Not anymore.” Elias said without emotion. “I think of Hannah. You should to.”

But she sounded afraid to him. Lord knows he'd heard her voice warble with fear often enough he could recognize it. She wanted to accept but wanted to save face at the same time, Elias could see that easily. He sighed. What a coward. But he wouldn't allow her to hurt Hannah. If she wasn't ready to see her, they could come back in six months or a year, to try again.

It would devastate Hannah but she would accept his decision if he told her she couldn't see Kat yet. Far worse damage would be done if Kat hurled insults at her. She had always known how to drive a wedge. He didn't want her to say something she couldn't take back. That Hannah couldn't unhear.

Eventually, perhaps, her rage would abate and then dialog would be possible.

He turned without comment back to the path.

“Our mother used to put her down for naps and forget her there.”

He turned back. He hadn't expected her to speak again, unless it was to throw an insult.

“What?”

Kat was looking at her bare feet, instead of him. “You asked me before why she's afraid of the dark. Our mother used to set her down for a nap and then go out... looking for drugs or men or both and forget to come back. Sometimes Hannah would be in the crib for hours by herself, crying and screaming before I got home from school.” She shivered and a tear slid down her cheek. “And I only half knew what to do with her then. Sometimes I would hit her to make her shut up because I couldn't stand the noises she made.”

Elias felt his jaw clench.

The image that came to his mind made him want to hit someone. Not the way he hit Hannah but with lethal intent.

But he surprised himself by saying, “you couldn't have been much older. You were just a child yourself.”

She looked up, eyes wet and it occurred to him that he had never seen Kat cry. Even when he beat her she had hardly teared up. Hannah cried just to look at a whip but not her sister. Kat had always screamed down the walls but this side of her he had never seen. He'd never gotten down into that final circle with her. Never even gotten close, really.

The morning after Hannah came back to him when she lay on his living room floor and let him all the way down inside of her. That was what he had always been looking for. But

someone had to *want* to give that. You couldn't beat that out of them. You couldn't get there with fear alone. Certainly not with disgust.

Kat wiped her nose with the back of her hand and brushed away the tear. "You wouldn't forget about her." She said.

It wasn't a question. Kat knew how focused he was. Whatever he was inflicting, pain or pleasure, it was always deliberate. He didn't forget. Not ever. There was nothing sloppy or done by half measures in his life.

"No, I wouldn't."

"When you stuff her into some black hole to punish her you'll always remember to come back for her." It sounded less accusatory than it might have. "I can see how you could have convinced her that's what she needs. Maybe it really is."

She looked up at him slyly and said, "it certainly wasn't what I needed."

For a moment she looked just like Hannah. The girl who had lay on his chest in a cellar, chain around her ankle and giggled at a dirty joke with her rapist.

Elias laughed. "No, it certainly wasn't." He agreed.

For a moment they were silent. "I do want to see her. Really I do. And I don't want to hurt her." She closed her eyes. "Please, Elias. Please let me see my sister. I will beg... if that's what it takes. If that's what you want."

He shook his head. "I don't need you to beg, Kat."

She cocked her head to one side, as if he were one of those ambiguous images that could be a rabbit or a duck depending on which way you looked at it. "I suppose I should be grateful." She said finally. "That it was you and not one of the others. Tarik, Max, Illya... God knows none of them would be here even offering. You always were the most romantic." She let out a sharp laugh. "The sweetest, I suppose."

Of course there was nothing to say to that. "The nurses have set up a table for us with a nice view of the ocean for lunch. If we don't go now the food will get cold."

Katarina considered for a moment, then pushed herself without a word. He didn't offer her his hand and she didn't look as though she expected him too. She stood on one foot and brushed some grass from the bottom, bracing herself against the tree to slip on a shoe .

"You will let me see her then?" Kat asked and the way her voice quavered he knew she was afraid of the answer.

He didn't answer but turned back toward the main building of the monastery.

He walked through the open building and back to the parking lot. Hannah was bouncing her leg with nerves, and act that rocked even her torso with its force. He could tell she was trying to read anything in his expression, any clue of what had happened, what might happen next.

He walked to her door and opened it, offering her his hand.

She took it and he could feel she was trembling. She looked up at him, still looking for any sign of his mood, hoping he would say something.

He led her back through the monastery grounds.

When they saw the figure in the white frock sitting by a table at the edge of a cliff that looked out over the water, he felt Hannah's hand tighten in his own from nerves and fear.

She looked up at him for permission.

“Yes.”

She tore down the path. “Kat! Kat.. oh, Kat!” She slammed into the other girl, who had risen when she heard her name, eyes widening in surprise. Hannah threw her arms around her sister's neck, hugging her tight and hard. She was weeping. “Oh my God, Kat... I never... never... never thought I'd see you again.”

Kat was hugging her back hard, pulling her against her chest. She didn't say anything through, just pulled her closer and harder against her chest.

“I can't believe you're alive. I'm so happy to see you. How are you. I'm so happy to see you.” The words blended together and it hardly mattered which said it.

Finally though it seemed that they had each reassured themselves that the other really was there, really was within arms reach, able to be touched.

Hannah looked up. Elias stood a few paces back. She stepped back from her sister and took his hand again, letting him lead her to the table.

Hannah sat when Elias pulled out her chair. And Kat watched the exchange careful, a very queer expression on her face. She had never sat beside Elias before. He'd never taken her anywhere except to parties, never out in public. He had drugged her heavily for any significant travel.

Hannah switched back from Ukrainian to English. “Do you like it here? What do you do here?”

She couldn't help the question, she needed to know.

Kat didn't try to hide the fact that she was watching as Elias buttered a slice of bread and put it on Hannah's plate along with a serving of the fish and potatoes, then filled her glass with wine. She didn't say anything though. Instead she turned to Hannah. “Yes, I like it here. It's strict but they make progress with you. I'm on methadone now, have been for a few weeks. It keeps the cravings away but it takes some getting used to.”

Hannah put her hand on her napkin and looked at Elias. He nodded.

He didn't think that it escaped Kat the ritual they were performing. He had never taken her out in public but she was attuned enough to the subtle undercurrent of dominance and submission to know that if he didn't put anything on Hannah's plate, she wouldn't eat. If he didn't allow it she would eat with her hands, lap it up like a dog if he required it. After all, she had done the same herself on his floor too many times to count.

"I'm so happy for you, Kat." Hannah said as she took up a bit of the bread, chewing it nervously. In truth she didn't know how she would get through the food that Elias had put on her plate with how nervous she was. "I hope... I really hope you can stay away, come off the drugs for good."

"I've been hoping that after I've proved myself, I," and here she glanced nervously at Elias "will allow me to integrate back, get out of this place. Lots of girls do it, once they're sober or mostly sober."

"I am willing to make certain... concessions. If you stay off the drugs, I will consider some liberty."

In truth he had already rented a small apartment a few blocks from his own in Berlin. It was modest but comfortable and more importantly it was the grandmother suite of the house of a widow slave of a Master he had always respected. Her Master had died almost five years prior and since then she had retired from those activities, as was fitting. But she had screamed wonderfully the last time Albrecht had let him beat her. She was a formidable woman as well. Eloise would be able to handle Kat as she needed, and would report back to Elias with the least concern.

Whenever he thought Kat was ready for it, he would bring her back into Hannah's life.

Not overly soon, based on this visit. But he had the rest of his life with Hannah. That made everything easier to handle. Kat had no power over him any more. She'd had more when she was his slave. The irony of it didn't escape him.

The sisters chatted for an hour as they ate. Katarina occasionally slipped into Ukrainian but Hannah was careful not to and honestly, he wasn't worried. She was his, through and through. He had brought the light. She was nothing without him. He took anything from her hand.

The plates and dishes were taken away and desert was brought, local berry pie and handmade ice cream. They ate together and then it was time to go. They had a flight back to Berlin in the evening.

Hannah hugged her sister tight and gave her a kiss on the cheek. "I hope we can come back soon." She said.

Not, 'we'll be back soon' or 'see you soon.' Hannah knew it wasn't within her control. It depended on Kat, to behave, and Elias, to approve the visit.

Hannah cried a bit as Elias took her hand and led her back through the monastery. Nurse Rossi was waiting for them at the main building. "I hope you are pleased with her condition, Herr Wolf." She said.

“I am.”

He helped Hannah into the car before getting in and buckling them both in. He looked out and Nurse Rossi was watching them from the shade of the arched walkway. He took Hannah by the delicate gold collar on her neck and drew her down, opening his belt with the other hand and taking out his cock. She slid easily down to the base and began to suck slowly.

It would be an hour back to Bastia. He'd come in her mouth at some scenic overlook halfway there and let her enjoy the rest of the vistas.

“I love you, Hannah.”

Chapter End Notes

Awwww... I'm so sad this is over. Please let me know what you thought!

End Notes

Let me know what you think!

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