

Violet (Continued)

Category: Text Stories

written by Sir Valk | November 5, 2005



A fan and writer decided to add on to the Violet saga. This is the result of that work. It's a nice view of what happens after my story ends. Enjoy!

By Geetwo

Continued from Violet by Geetwo (in two parts)

Part 2 (1)

For almost a month, Mr. Reed was the happiest man in town, happier than he had been in the whole six years since his second wife, Jenny's mother, had died. And no wonder, for at the age of forty-one, he suddenly had not one, but two young, sexy girls to share what had been a lonely bed and provide him with every imaginable erotic pleasure.

He was a rejuvenated man, his sexual stamina almost back to what it had been as a teenager. It needed to be, because between Violet and the girl they both simply called "slave" he was getting more sex and better sex than he had ever known.

Violet almost never said, "No" to anything he suggested and the slave had no choice anyway, so he had enjoyed normal straight sex, anal, twosomes, threesomes with them and even girl-on-girl shows using vibrators and strap-on dildos.

The only thing he hadn't done was have the slave perform oral sex on him and that only because Violet insisted that she liked giving oral herself and had no intention of

sharing that particular pleasure.

Other than that though, nothing was too extreme to inflict on the slave and even though he had thought that he liked rough sex, he soon found out that Violet put him to shame. She was absolutely without mercy, whipping and torturing the slave for the smallest error or hesitation and encouraging him to do the same, assuring him that the slave loved being punished and the harder the better.

He didn't know if that was true, but as the girl was always heavily gagged and hooded, he accepted Violet's assurance and joined in, relishing his power and the way the slave's slender body writhed and twisted as the whips painted lines of burning fire onto her pale flesh.

His favorite was to screw clamps onto her nipples until the pierced buds turned purple, then add weights and whip her breasts and between her legs until she danced and gyrated madly and the weights swung and clashed together, jerking painfully at her clitoris and nipples as her large breasts bounced and jiggled to the impact of his lash.

It always turned him on and when he had whipped her as much as he wanted, he would simply order her to her belly or back and take her in whatever way he pleased, using her sex or her ass as he chose. Unless he decided to have Violet instead, in which case the slave was left as she was to endure her pain and misery until they were finished...and sometimes, much longer.

It was a magical time for him and he loved every second of it, until he discovered the appalling truth...

It happened by accident. There was a power-cut and as all the machines in the small metal-fabricating factory he owned were out of action, he sent his men home and took the rest of the day off. When he arrived at his house, Violet was out, but as usual, she had made quite sure that their slave would get no rest or relief while she was absent.

The girl was in the center of the kitchen, naked and hooded, her arms, as ever, rivetted behind her back, her ankles doubled-up to the backs of her thighs by wide

leather straps and balanced on her knees with her whole weight pressing her kneecaps onto the hard tiles of the floor.

To keep her upright, a chain ran from the ring on the top of her leather hood up to the ceiling, but not tightly enough to take more than a tiny fraction of her weight off her knees. It was a diabolically cruel tie and he smiled in admiration of Violet's bondage skills, not giving a thought to the pain the slave must be experiencing. Then he noticed that her zippered mouth was at just the right height to be level with his crotch.

"Why not?" he thought to himself.

Compared to most of the tortures the girl had endured, pleasuring him might be a walk in the park for her. And even if it wasn't, why should he worry?

The zip slid open quite easily, but the huge leather gag packing every inch of her mouth took quite a lot of tugging before he could extract the sodden mass.

He let her have thirty seconds to work her numbed jaw and lips, then snapped, "You know what I want, slut, so get on with it and make it good or I'll whip the hide off you."

Without hesitation, the slave stretched her lips wide and as he ravaged her soft, warm mouth with quick, hard lunges of his long, thick shaft, she sucked and licked his flesh in desperate efforts to please him.

He gave a deep groan of satisfaction as his seed jetted into her throat and she gulped down every drop of his salty spend until he was drained.

Pulling from her lips, he gave a cruel laugh, "That was pretty good, slut.

Maybe I won't whip you after all. But if you say a word about this to Violet, she certainly will."

The slave trembled in terror and whimpered, "I won't. I'll be good, I promise I will. Please don't let Violet whip me and I'll do whatever you want. Anything at all."

To his absolute horror, he recognized the voice of his step-daughter, Jenny.

“Jenny?” he said, “My God, Jenny, is that you? It can’t be. You’re away at summer camp with your friends. I must be dreaming.”

But it wasn’t a dream ... it was a nightmare.

“No, ” Jenny moaned, “I’ve been here all the time. Violet drugged me and when I woke up, I was chained up and helpless in the basement.

She whipped me and pierced me and tortured me until I had to agree to be her slave and do whatever she told me. And then ... then you ...” she broke off in a paroxysm of sobbing.

As he heard the terrible story of what had been done to Jenny ... and remembered what he had done to her ... his brain raced at lightning speed. It was suddenly clear that Violet had laid a trap for him and he had blundered straight into it. The bitch had set him up. He was a well-known and respected businessman in the town and if it ever got out that he had whipped and tortured and sexually abused his own step-daughter, he was finished.

He’d end up in jail, because who would ever believe that a young girl like Violet would be ruthless and sadistic enough to enslave Jenny, let alone be capable of seducing and tricking him into believing that the chained and gagged captive he had tortured and whipped and taken for his sexual enjoyment, was not a stranger with an extreme taste for pain and kinky bondage sex, but his only living relative?

Even if Jenny corroborated his story ... and after the pain and anguish he’d helped to inflict on her, there was no guarantee that she would ... people would probably assume she was trying to protect him and disregard her words as misguided and unbelievable ... especially if Violet played the innocent threatened into silence and unwilling co-operation by an older man, as she undoubtedly would. Blackmail, he decided, it had to be. Violet was going to bleed him dry.

“... knees are hurting dreadfully. Please, it hurts so much.”

He realized that Jenny must have been begging to be untied and he hadn’t even heard her. Without thinking, he began to bend down to release her legs ... but then he stopped. What he needed was time. Time to come up with a way to stop Violet

from getting her greedy hands on his money. The bitch wasn't going to get away with it if he could help it, but it was going to take some heavy thinking to work out how to do it without dropping himself into a heap of trouble.

And if he treated Jenny any differently, Violet was certain to notice and smell a rat. Slowly, he straightened up and looked down at the suffering girl he had provided for and looked after for six long years as she grew from a child to a lovely young woman. Then he crammed the wet leather of the gag back into her mouth and tugged the zip across her stretched lips.

Jenny was going to have to stay a captive until he sorted out what to do ... and he would have to carry on whipping and treating her as a sex-slave until he had.

Violet would probably be home soon and if she wasn't to get suspicious, he had to make it seem as though nothing had changed and that he still had no idea who the slave really was. He had to make it look good and totally convincing.

After a few moment's thought, he went and found some short chains, the clamps and half-a-dozen weights. Working quickly, he screwed the clamps onto Jenny's sensitive nipples, steeling himself to ignore her moans of pain as the serrated jaws bit into her tender flesh, then used two chains to connect her ringed nipples to her nose-ring, forcing her head down towards her chest and ensuring that the chains were short enough to pull her large breasts upwards so that their weight tugged at her piercings. And to complete the picture, he hung two of the weights from each of her nipples and the final two from her clitoris-ring, then stepped back to inspect the result.

Despite knowing that it was Jenny, he was impressed and felt his groin stir as he gazed down at her. Bound on her knees in steel and leather, tightly hooded, her head bowed in enforced submission towards her pierced, ringed, chained and weighted breasts, she was a spectacular sight, the very image of a totally helpless and subjugated slave. He felt a sudden, powerful urge to whip her and as he imagined how she would scream and writhe as the leather burned across her naked body and how her breasts would jiggle and torture her as the weights swung to and fro, his eyes glittered with cruel anticipation.

It wasn't as if a whipping was anything new to her, he rationalized his desire, punishment was an everyday event for a slave and she'd had weeks to get used to it. Besides, if he put a few fresh whip marks on her, it would help his plan to deceive Violet and in the end, that would benefit Jenny, wouldn't it? Of course it would, he decided and if Jenny was going to benefit, then it surely wasn't asking too much to expect her to play a part in the plan.

He knew that maybe his reasoning wasn't very logical and a bit twisted, but he didn't really care. It was good enough to satisfy him and it wasn't as if anybody was going to argue about it. He was doing it for Jenny and if she didn't happen to know about it, well, so what? He reached out for a thin, flexible whip that lay on a nearby work-top and raised it high....

Jenny had long passed the stage where even the most humiliating demand of her captors would compel her to show resistance, or try to disobey. Any attempt to foil their wishes resulted only in the most painful punishment and she had learned to expect no mercy from either of them. When her stepfather ordered her to use her mouth to bring him to climax, she obeyed without hesitation as the total slave she had become, desperate not to displease him and earn herself yet more pain.

Sucking and licking his shaft, she crushed down her shame and horror at being forced to serve him in such a disgracefully lewd manner and when his spend jetted into her throat, she gulped down the salt juices of his release and felt only gratitude and relief that she had not failed to satisfy him.

His obvious shock when he recognized her voice and listened to her explain how Violet had enslaved her, gave Jenny a glimmer of hope, the first she had had since she woke to find herself in bondage and for an all-too brief moment, she dared to believe that he might take pity on her and bring her weeks of pain and sexual subjugation to an end.

But when he re-packed her mouth with soggy leather and she felt the agonizing bite of clamps being tightened onto her nipples, her short-lived dream of freedom collapsed in a million shattered pieces under an avalanche of black despair.

Her tears soaked the inside of her leather hood as chains forced her to bow her head

in submission and as the cruel tug of weights at her nose and nipples added to her misery, she sobbed in heartfelt anguish, realizing that even though her stepfather was fully aware of her dreadful plight, he had no intention of saving her.

Quite the opposite, for as a thin line of white-hot fire blazed across her belly, she screamed into her gag and her body jerked wildly as his whip branded her buttocks and thighs with searing, scorching heat, then rose to paint the under-curves of her full breasts with red stripes of stinging heat ...

End of Part (1)

Part 2 (2)

Violet kicked the door shut behind her and grinned with malicious amusement as the sound of a whip meeting flesh reached her ears. She had been very, very lucky. Thinking that Mr. Reed wouldn't be home until the usual time, she had gone out to pick up a very special piece of equipment she had ordered and almost hadn't bothered to fit Jenny with her hood. If she hadn't, he would have discovered the truth and that would have ruined everything. But the sound of whipping reassured Violet that all was well and that her plan was still working.

Mr. Reed must have come home early, found Jenny in the kitchen where Violet had left her and been unable to resist the opportunity to practice his technique with the whip. Violet wasn't surprised. In the few short weeks since she had delivered Jenny into his clutches ... easily convincing him that she was a willing slave who enjoyed pain and was eager to be humiliated and abused and punished as cruelly as possible by a total stranger ... he had learned to be utterly ruthless and dominating, devising ever-harsher methods of torture to use on the body of his hapless captive as if he saw her absolute subjugation as some sort of challenge.

He didn't know, of course, that his victim was his own step-daughter and Violet had been extremely careful to make sure it stayed that way, keeping Jenny hooded and gagged whenever he was present. She walked into the kitchen and her eyes glittered as she watched Mr. Reed deliver a hard lash to Jenny's belly, the helpless girl's body quivering and her cruelly chained breasts jerking painfully as blistering heat blazed through her flesh.

“Hi, Mr. Reed, ” she called cheerfully, “Nice tie of her tits. You’re home early.”

He turned and just for an instant, Violet thought she saw his eyes flash with anger but then he smiled and lowered his whip.

“Hello, Violet. Yes, we had a power-cut so I took the afternoon off and when I saw this nice little package waiting for me, I thought I’d reintroduce myself.”

Violet chuckled, “Good idea. Don’t want her getting bored, do we?”

“Quite so, my dear. And what have you been up to this afternoon?”

“Oh, not much, ” she lied, “Just window-shopping and I’m starved.

How about I cook us some Italian and then, if you like, we could have an early night? Just you and me.”

He nodded, “Sounds good. You get it started and I’ll chain our slave up in the basement and join you.”

“Personally, I’d leave the bitch where she is,” Violet sneered, “But I guess we don’t want to injure her, do we? Just hurt her, ” and she gave a snort of laughter as he began to release Jenny’s breast-bondage, prior to locking her in the cellar for the night.

In the morning, Mr. Reed had already gone when Violet woke up and she lay in a cloud of scented bubbles in a hot bath, easing her stiff muscles and re-living the previous night in her mind.

He had been almost like some crazed animal as soon as they reached the bedroom, throwing her onto the bed and ripping her clothes from her, then twisting her arms behind her back and pinning them under her with one hand while he mauled her breasts and plundered her sex with the other until she arched and shuddered in need, begging him to take her.

When he did, he had kept her arms pinned while he pounded into her for what seemed like hours, forcing her to come numerous times before he finally flipped her over onto her belly and penetrated her anally, shooting his spend deep into her tight,

hot ass as she climaxed again and again.

She really loved rough sex and that was just what he'd given her.

Which had been fine with her until the third time when he'd taken her against her will, laughing at her objections and futile struggles as he forced her to submit.

It wasn't that she hadn't enjoyed it in some ways, Violet mused to herself, but he was beginning to get far too sure of himself and seemed to think that he was the one in charge and could treat her as he pleased, almost as if she was as much a slave as Jenny.

That was a bad mistake, Violet decided and she was going to make him pay. Just wait until he found out that he'd been whipping and sexually abusing his own step-daughter and that if he didn't want his life and Jenny's ruined by having the whole story revealed to the Police and the newspapers, then he'd better hand over all of his money to Violet.

He wouldn't be laughing then, especially when he found out that she was going to keep Jenny as her slave.

Permanently.

In his house ... or, rather, her house as it would be when she had him thrown out onto the streets. That would teach him not to mess with her and serve him right ...

Her original plan had been to blackmail him for only half of everything he possessed and let him stay around to service her sexual pleasure whenever she felt the need for a man, but after his treatment of her the previous night, she wanted every penny he possessed and him out of the way for good. And anyway, she was getting bored with him and knew that with her looks and the money she'd screw out of him, she could soon find a younger replacement.

One who shared her liking for inflicting pain and torment on a helpless slave and wouldn't know or care who Jenny was, or what was done to her. Violet ached and how...but was in just the right vindictive mood to try out the new equipment she had purchased on Jenny.

Ninety minutes later, Jenny was immovably bound to a massive wooden support-beam in the basement by wide leather straps buckled around her neck, torso and waist, her ankles chained to wide-set rings embedded in the floor and her thighs gaping.

She was tightly gagged with a massive leather ball, but the hood concealing her face had been removed and she watched nervously as Violet assembled and checked the cables and plugs of a complicated-looking piece of electrical equipment.

When she was finished, a thick power cable snaked across the floor to a miniature computer complete with a tiny screen and keyboard sitting on a chair and from there, several thinner cables went to each of a pair of rectangular strips of what appeared to Jenny to be flexible black plastic with long Velcro straps attached to their ends.

Jenny had no idea what the device was for, but the gleam in Violet's eyes told her that she was definitely not going to like whatever it did to her.

She liked it even less when Violet carefully positioned the flexible strips across the upper slopes of her breasts and used the Velcro to hold them in place.

"Bitch slut or slut bitch?" Violet asked and when Jenny simply gazed blankly back at her, she giggled, "No preference? Oh well, I'll choose for you, then."

She went to the computer and typed for a few seconds, then walked to the door and gave a mocking wave, "Have fun, slave. I'll be back in fifteen minutes or so to check if you're done."

For a few minutes, nothing seemed to be happening, but just as Jenny was beginning to think the machine must be broken, she started to feel a tingling warmth coming from beneath the plastic strips across her breasts.

She tensed, waiting for the pain, but it never came and she didn't know whether to be thankful or frightened. The gentle heat was nothing like the awful torment that Violet always inflicted on her and she could only hope that it wasn't just a cruel trick to weaken her defenses before the real punishment began. Not that she had any defenses left. When Violet walked into the basement, checked the computer and

announced, "All done, slave," Jenny could hardly believe it, or hide her relief. Her punishment, if that was what it was meant to be, hadn't hurt at all.

Violet must be going soft and losing her touch, Jenny thought with just a hint of smugness. But Violet wasn't ...

As the Velcro straps were unbuckled and the plastic peeled from her breasts, Jenny's forehead wrinkled in a frown. The plastic seemed to have left some stains or marks on her skin, but with her head held upright by the leather band around her neck, it was hard to see clearly. Squinting down past her nose helped and she realized that the marks were actually letters ...

Shock slammed through her brain and the breath exploded from her lungs in a shrill, distraught wail of horrified recognition. Printed across the smooth, taut upper curves of her breasts in precise, neat black capital letters an inch high were the words, "SEX-SLUT" and "BONDAGE-BITCH". Her eyes bulged and she fought to shake her head in frantic denial, trying to tell herself that not even Violet could be so impossibly cruel and heartless. Until her blonde captor strapped the machine to the hairless mound just above Jenny's sex and switched it on.

Fifteen minutes of screaming and weeping and struggling left Jenny exhausted and still as helplessly bound as before and when Violet fetched a mirror and positioned it so that Jenny had a clear view of her own lower belly and sex, then removed the flexible plastic, the sobbing brunette was faced with her ultimate humiliation.

Between her hip-bones, running in a graceful curve across her lower belly, she now bore the shameful title, "WHIP-SLAVE" in the same clear, sharp lettering as on her breasts ... but at twice the size. Impervious to her tears, Violet laughed with pure delight and crowed, "That's really fixed you, bitch. What I just used on you is a laser tattooing machine and it's state-of-the-art. Guaranteed to tattoo twice as deep and last twice as long as anything done with the old-fashioned needle and ink, so you'd better get used to it, because it's always going to be there. And if you're thinking that maybe they'll wear off or you can have them bleached out or removed, you can forget it. Let's see you try to explain that to a boyfriend if I ever get bored with you and let you go. Even if he doesn't guess beforehand, the moment he sets eyes on your boobs and belly, he'll know what you are and what to do about it."

Jenny moaned in unbearable anguish as she realized that Violet was right.

With the evidence of her slavery emblazoned on her body and impossible to miss, any future partner she might have...if Violet ever freed her ... would have to be a saint not to give in to the irresistible temptation to find out whether she really was as deeply subjugated and hopelessly submissive as the tattoos promised. And Jenny no longer believed that such men existed.

When her own stepfather, a man she knew to be kind, gentle and caring in his day-to-day life, had changed into a ruthless, merciless tyrant when presented with the opportunity to punish and ravage a helplessly chained and gagged slave who was unable to resist him ... and had continued to do so even after he had discovered that his victim was not some unknown stranger, but Jenny herself ...

She stared down at the reflection of her tattooed belly and shuddered, stunned by the knowledge that she would carry its unmistakable confirmation of her slavery forever.

Whatever she did, she could never escape her own body or erase the shameful symbols that marked her as a slave and as Jenny realized that they invited her subjugation by anyone with the strength and determination to act on their clear and stark message, vivid images of bondage and submission and endless torment at the hands of faceless, nameless strangers flashed into her whirling brain.

In seconds, she felt her sex moisten and slow coils of liquid heat spread through her belly, for in the weeks since her enslavement, the intense sexual and physical subjugation imposed on her by Violet and her stepfather had awoken strange and irresistible desires in her belly and brain.

Desires that, at first, confused and humiliated her, because she knew she should not have experienced pleasure ... especially such deeply thrilling and satisfying sexual pleasure ... from being helplessly bound and whipped and forced to satisfy her captors in the many shameful ways they demanded.

But she had been unable to suppress the feelings and now, after many weeks as a total slave, her passions had grown far stronger.

Too strong to resist.

So strong, that pain and pleasure were inextricably mixed in her brain and she couldn't help but want and need them both.

So strong, that Jenny was addicted and could no longer live without them.

So strong, that if she were ever to be freed, she knew it would only be a matter of time ... a short time ... before unbearable sexual frustration and need would overcome her fear and humiliation and common-sense and drive her to seek the release she must have.

Even though to do so would be to risk a swift and involuntary return to abject slavery ...

End of Part 2 (2)

The tattoo machine had worked perfectly and Violet was thrilled by the results. There was no blurring or fuzziness and even from ten feet away, every letter was crystal-clear thanks to the contrast of the black pigment standing out against the pale background of Jenny's skin. No-one would have any trouble reading what was tattooed on her body and that was exactly what Violet wanted, because a lot of people were going see Jenny and recognize her for what she had become and would always be.

In spite of what she had said about perhaps getting bored with Jenny and letting her go, Violet had absolutely no intention of freeing her captive.

Not ever, for as soon as she had dumped Mr. Reed, she planned to take Jenny along to a Club that she had seen advertised on the Web. A Club dedicated exclusively to enthusiasts and practitioners of long-term bondage, rigid discipline and the strict training of female slaves. Via e-mail, she had applied for membership and after having lengthy on-line discussions, had been accepted and enrolled as a Mistress with Jenny as her slave.

Unfortunately, she had just missed the monthly meeting and would have to wait for

the next to introduce Jenny to the Club. But that was OK, because Jenny still had a lot to learn if she wasn't to disgrace herself ... and far more importantly, embarrass Violet ... in front of the other members. She would need hard, intensive training and Violet was going to make quite sure she got it. Starting immediately.

Selecting a flogger with twenty fairly soft strands, Violet flicked her wrist casually and sent the leather snapping over her captive's offered breasts, several of the tails catching her erect, pierced nipples. Jenny gasped, her eyes filling with alarm as twinges of deliciously-cruel pain speared through her breasts and down into her belly, heightening her simmering arousal but leaving her a long way short of orgasm.

The flogger rose and fell again, then again and again and again, each stroke sensitizing Jenny's flesh and adding heat until her swollen breasts glowed a dusky pink and her rock-hard nipples throbbed so powerfully that Jenny feared they would burst. But she didn't climax.

Every time she got close ... so very, very close ... Violet slowed the pace to let Jenny's passion cool a little. Then she repeated the process, over and over until Jenny was nearly driven mad, screaming and begging and pleading into her gag to be allowed to come, for Violet to whip her harder, faster, longer, even between her legs. Anything, if only she could come ... Even though to Every time she got close ... so very, very close ... Violet slowed the pace to let Jenny's passion cool a little. Then she repeated the process, over and over until Jenny was nearly driven mad, screaming and begging and pleading into her gag to be allowed to come, for Violet to whip her harder, faster, longer, even between her legs. Anything, if only she could come ...

And finally, Violet consented to her slave's frantic requests.

Slowly, watching Jenny's eyes widen in fearful dread and helpless longing, she raised the flogger and took careful aim. The leather strands hissed upwards, arrowing between Jenny's spread thighs to impact with stinging force on her defenseless sex, the twenty tails burning twenty separate fires into the velvet softness of her labia and clitoris and wringing a wailing scream of anguish from her throat as the painful ecstasy drove her to the very brink of a stupendous orgasm.

Violet drew back her arm to deliver the second lash that would trigger Jenny's climax and grinned as the brunette managed to nod her head slightly, clearly encouraging her to deliver the blow. Then she opened her fingers and let the flogger drop to the floor, "No climax for you today, slut, but I'll be back every hour or so to keep you on the boil. I want you hot and horny and desperate so that your damned stepfather gets one last good look at what he's going to be missing after I throw him out."

And with a cruel chuckle, Violet strode away, her eyes glittering with pleasure as, behind her, a shrill squeal of disbelief and misery and overwhelming, unbearable need rang around the cellar's stone walls. Violet was feeling a whole lot better ...

Part 3

Exactly as Violet had promised, Jenny spent the whole of the afternoon and half of the evening suffering the most intense and extreme arousal and frustration, responding instantly and frantically to the cruel bite of the flogger on her defenseless breasts and between her thighs, but never being permitted to release the chaotic sexual tensions pent-up in her shuddering belly.

She was on fire with lust, her sex oozing a slow trickle of juices that stained her legs and formed a glistening puddle on the floor at her feet, her fervent desire to submit totally and forever, mirrored in her pleading brown eyes as Violet's remorseless torment drove her into a slavery far beyond any limits or possibility of redemption.

Even in the gaps between Violet's irregular visits, Jenny's belly refused to calm and as each session of merciless training added yet another upward twist to the spiral of her arousal, the whimpering, quivering brunette was enmeshed tighter and tighter in an unbreakable web of permanent and inescapable submission to bondage and sexual slavery.

Until, instead of flinching away and attempting to avoid the burning kiss of the flogger, her spine hollowed and her hips pressed forward to offer her breasts and sex to the leather as though it was the caress of a lover, her screams and moans of

pain changing to hoarse, muffled cries of exquisite pleasure and willing surrender.

And still Violet refused to let her come ...

For the second day in a row, Mr. Reed had given his men the day off, but this time, their unexpected holiday had had nothing to do with power-cuts and everything to do with foiling Violet's plan to blackmail him. After finding out about Jenny, he had known that he was in an impossible situation and that if he was going to get out of it, he had to work fast and keep Violet off-balance.

That was why he had ravaged and humiliated her the night before, laughing at her and taunting her as he took her against her will. Violet was a cocky little bitch and he knew she would be furious about what he had done to her and be determined to get her revenge. He was banking on her sadistic streak, gambling his whole future and probably his freedom on his assessment that she would want to see him squirm when she blackmailed him with threats of denouncing him to the Police and Press. If she had been bright and clear-thinking enough to have already sent a letter to a Bank or a lawyer, with instructions to open it if she didn't keep in touch, he was sunk. But had she?

He certainly would have in her position, but Violet was young and arrogant and might just be conceited enough to imagine that when he found out that the girl he had tortured and taken as a slave, was actually his own step-daughter, he would be so appalled and devastated that he would cave-in and agree to her blackmail demands without a fight.

As he knew he might easily have done ... if he hadn't already discovered the truth and bought himself a little time to get over the shock and make his own plans. Time bought at the expense of Jenny's pain and anguish and he had used the time well. First, he had rung the local private hospital and spoken to a Doctor he knew who owed him a big favor.

The man had been reluctant, but after being assured that his assistance would remain secret and that there would be no awkward questions asked, he had agreed to supply Mr. Reed with what he wanted. After collecting the small packet, he had returned to his factory and set to work, combining his intimate knowledge of Violet's

body with his vast engineering expertise to construct a number of devices that would not only guarantee him immunity from her blackmail demands, but would leave her in no position to threaten him or anyone else, ever again.

Provided that she hadn't sent that letter ... and there was only one way to be certain. Arriving home at nine o'clock in the evening, he checked that the Doctor's package was safely in his jacket and that the results of his ten hours of hard, skilled work lay on the back seat of his car, wrapped in sacking, then he took a deep breath and let himself into his house.

Violet was taking a break, smoking a cigarette with her long, slim legs propped on the coffee table when he came into the room. When he greeted her, she blew out a long streamer of smoke and stubbed the cigarette out in the ashtray, deliberately taking her time before acknowledging his presence with a perfunctory glance. He felt a flare of anger, but controlled it, "Had a busy day, Violet? What have you been doing with yourself?"

She stood up and ran her hands over her breasts and down her belly and thighs as if smoothing the skin-tight red latex of her mini-skirt, "I've been adding a few ... accessories ... to my slave."

He didn't miss the slight but definite emphasis on the word "my" but pretended that he had, well aware that the display of her body in the figure-hugging dress was just a ploy designed to distract him.

"Accessories?" he asked casually, "Sounds interesting."

Her lips twisted in a vicious smile, "Oh, you'll find it a lot more than interesting, " she sneered, "Stunning, I would say. Sort of a final little surprise for your last day of fun with her."

He knew then that the gloves were off and that Violet was about to put her blackmail plan into operation.

He pretended to be surprised, "My last day, Violet? What do you mean?"

She chuckled coldly, "Well, I only offered her to you for a month and now it's up. So

unless we can come to an agreement, I'm afraid that's it as far as you're concerned. Why don't you come down to the basement and have a look and then we can have a little talk."

She turned away and as he followed, his fingers gripped the small package in his pocket and his eyes gleamed with steely determination. Violet pushed open the basement door and strode over to the post where Jenny's helplessly spread and chained body trembled and shuddered in desperate need.

"Surprise!" Violet gave a cruel laugh, "Let me introduce you to the slave you've been whipping and screwing for the last month. You know Jenny, don't you? Your own step-daughter."

As he saw the tattoos branded across Jenny's whip-striped breasts and softly-rounded belly and noted the tremors of obvious lust that sent trickles of her body's juices sliding down her gaping thighs, Mr. Reed felt a twinge of pity for his subjugated step-daughter ... and a powerful desire to take her and use her as the total slave she clearly was.

Forcing an icy calm into his voice, he turned to Violet, "What the Hell is going on here?" he demanded, "What have you done to Jenny? What is this?"

Violet's face contorted into a smile of pure cruelty and malice, "I've made your precious little girl into a bondage-slave, " she hissed triumphantly, "And I tattooed her so that everyone can see what a randy slut she really is. You should know, you're the one who's been helping me. And now, you're going to pay for your pleasure, because if you don't, I'll go to the authorities and let them know just what you've been doing to her." It was the slip he had been hoping for, virtual confirmation that Violet hadn't yet written the letter he feared.

But he had to be certain.

He injected a note of desperation into his voice, "But, you can't do that, " he protested, "I'll be ruined. And what about poor Jenny? She'd never live down the shame. You were the one who enslaved her, not me. I didn't even know."

"Oh, no?" Violet mocked him, thinking she was secure in her victory, "And who do

you think will believe that? All I have to say is that you chained her up and tortured her, then threatened to do the same to me if I said a word about it. And I'd have to admit that you were screwing me, too. In fact, I was so scared of you that I even tortured dear little Jenny myself to stop you whipping me. So stop whining and face it, you bastard. I've got you right where I want you."

He held up his hands as if surrendering, "All right, all right. I know when I'm beaten. I'll give you anything you want if you just get back the letter you've sent to the Police."

She scowled, "I haven't sent any letter. Why would I? I only need to make one phone call and you've had it."

He struggled to conceal his relief and elation, then decided to see just how far Violet had planned to push him.

He let his shoulders slump, "Yes, you're right, Violet, " he said defeatedly, "What do you want me to do? And what about poor Jenny?"

Violet's eyes glittered, "Don't worry about her, " she snapped viciously, "She's staying with me and I've got lots of plans for her. A sex-slut with tattoos all over her body begging for anyone to take her and use her, is bound to be popular at the slave-Club I found on the Web. In fact, I've already applied to join up as a Mistress with Jenny as my bondage-slave. But as for you, I want all your money and this house and your car. And when I've got everything, you can get out and stay out. I'll be rich and it won't be hard to find another man. Especially when I let him whip my slave and do whatever he wants to her. Just like you did."

As she revealed her treacherous plans, Mr. Reed's anger grew. The bitch intended to nail him to the wall and take everything he had, without even giving him the compensation of letting him carry on having sex with her and Jenny. Well, that might be her plan, but it definitely wasn't his. She didn't know it yet, but her greed and ingratitude had hardened his determination and ended his few remaining doubts about going through with his ideas for revenge.

Violet's blackmail scheme was going to backfire on her in the biggest way possible

... and he was going to enjoy every second of her fall. She glared at him, confident that he was putty in her hands and completely broken, "Take a good, long look at my slave, " she said mockingly, "So you'll have something to remember when you're on the streets. Because memories are all you're going to have left after I get through with you. You've had her..and me..for the last time."

He smiled for the first time since he had entered the basement, a slow, lazy smile that didn't reach his eyes.

"Oh, I wouldn't be quite so certain of that if I were you, Violet, " he said calmly and as her brow wrinkled in puzzlement, he reached into his pocket and took out the small package, peeling off the wrapping to reveal a short, stubby tube with a plastic sheath over an inch-long needle at one end.

"What are you talking about?" Violet said, watching as he slipped the cover off the needle, "And what's that?"

He curled his hand around the tube so that the needle protruded from his fingers, "This?" he replied, "I got it from a medical friend of mine. It's an emergency antiesthetic. The latest thing, apparently. Guaranteed to immobilize a patient for up to three hours without affecting nerve-endings or breathing. Tiny, isn't it? But very effective, as you are about to find out."

Her eyes flickered up to his face, then back to the needle, "Wh...What are you going to d...do with it?" she stammered and he smiled again.

"I'm going to use it on you, Violet. And when you're unable to move a muscle, I'm going to strip you and fit you with the steel manacles I've made for you."

She was quick, very quick and was almost past him, racing for the door and freedom before he reacted.

He swung his arm and his hand slapped against her right buttock, jabbing the needle into her firm flesh at the last moment.

It didn't seem to affect her and she was almost at the door when her legs stiffened and she stumbled to her left.

She tried to recover and almost made it, but the drug was coursing through her system and as he watched, she swayed and folded slowly onto the floor as her muscles succumbed.

He walked over to where she lay on her left side and grinned down at her as her fingers and toes twitched in futile efforts to overcome her paralysis.

“It works then, Violet, ” he said, “My friend assured me it was quick, but I was beginning to have doubts.”

“I ... can’t ... m-move,” she moaned indistinctly through lips that were rapidly freezing into immobility “You ... can’t ... chain ... me ... I’ll ... go ... to ... the ... Police.”

“No, you won’t, ” he shook his head, “You’re not going anywhere, ” his lips curved in a smile, “Except, perhaps, to that slave-Club you mentioned. I might take you there. In chains, of course, as my slave. I’m sure you’ll be just as popular as you thought Jenny would be.”

Violet’s blue eyes filled with horror as she realized what her future was to be,.

“No ...” she whimpered, fighting for each word. “I’m ... not ... a ... slave ... like ...her. We ... can ... make ... a ... deal. Let ... me ... go ... and ... you ... can ... keep ... her. I’ll ... go ... away ... and ... won’t ... tell ...anybody ... I ... promise.”

Mr. Reed chuckled, “Your promise, Violet? Not a hope, I’m afraid. You tricked me once, but you certainly won’t get a second chance. And as for us making a deal, I don’t think you’re in much of a position to negotiate. I see this as more of a take-over. Unfortunately for you, a hostile take-over and you’ve just been deposed as Chairman of the Board.”

Violet’s only reaction was the heaving of her breasts under the tight red latex of her dress as she tried and failed to move or talk and he nodded in satisfaction at the effectiveness of the antiesthetic, then put his foot on her hip and rolled her over onto her back.

The movement caused her dress to ride up and as he saw the neatly trimmed

triangle of golden curls that pointed the way to her sex, he bent down and took a single sprig between his finger and thumb, "These will have to go, " he told her firmly, "I prefer my slaves bare, " and tugged the offending hair out by the root.

It was obvious from her involuntary blink that although her muscles were paralyzed, the nerve-endings in her skin were not and she could feel everything that was done to her.

"Hmm, " he said thoughtfully, "That was fun. Maybe I won't bother with a shaver and pull each hair out by hand. What do you think, Violet? Isn't that the sort of thing you'd have enjoyed doing to Jenny?"

He watched her eyelids flutter in response, "I'll take that as a 'Yes'" he said flatly, "But before we get to that, a little insurance, I think. Actually, a lot more."

Violet couldn't turn or lift her head to see where he was going, but she didn't need to. She knew what he had gone to fetch and understood that if she was still in the basement when he returned, she would only ever leave it as a heavily-chained slave, powerless to alter or escape the fate she had imposed on Jenny...and which Mr. Reed now intended to impose on her.

Summoning up every ounce of will she possessed, Violet threw it all into one titanic bid to overcome the chemical bondage which gripped her limbs, totally focused on the absolute imperative of making her limbs respond to the orders of her brain.

For sixty seconds, she concentrated so hard, that she was even unaware that she was holding her breath. But at the end of that time, when her instinctive gasp sucked air into her aching lungs, she tasted the bitter misery of utter defeat.

Not a single muscle had obeyed her mental commands and she lay exactly as before, unable to move, unable to scream, unable to do anything but stare up at the ceiling and visualize the awful torment that awaited her. She had captured and enslaved Jenny, then offered her to Mr. Reed to be used and treated as a slave, encouraging and helping him to live out his most extreme fantasies and desires, no matter what their cost in pain and suffering to the helpless brunette.

Her blackmail scheme had depended on him becoming hooked on the seductive

delights of total power and total control over a slave and he had quickly proven himself to be a highly-demanding and extremely strict natural dominant.

Violet hadn't really given the change in his attitude much thought...it hadn't mattered because she had been going to blackmail him anyway and had assumed he would have no choice but to give-in to her demands.

Only he hadn't.

She couldn't understand why he hadn't crumpled when he saw Jenny and realized that what he had been doing to her for the last month was going to be used to blackmail him. But instead of surrendering, he had counterattacked so swiftly that Violet was now the one facing disaster ...

Trapped inside her own drugged body, she couldn't prevent him chaining her and when that happened, she'd be just as helpless and just as vulnerable as Jenny. He would be able to do anything he liked to her ... and Violet had lots of experience of what he liked. At second-hand, with Jenny as the recipient of the nipple-clamps and whippings he enjoyed so much. Violet stared up at the ceiling, her mind re-living the memories of what Jenny had been forced to endure. And she couldn't even scream as it dawned on her that he had had no particular reason to punish Jenny ... but every reason to exact revenge on someone who had tried to blackmail and destroy him, but had instead, become his slave

The results of Mr. Reed's hours of labor in his engineering workshop, were simple, functional and very, very strong and he wasted no time when he returned to the basement.

He began by stripping Violet naked, peeling the latex dress from her limp body then flipping her over onto her belly and reaching for the slave-collar he had made for her. The three-inch wide, quarter-inch thick band of stainless spring steel demanded all of his strength to open it far enough for him to be able to get it around her throat and when he relaxed his grip, it closed to a firm, snug fit that he knew would require more strength than she possessed to remove.

Even if it hadn't been for the two pairs of one-way screws that he used to make quite

sure that it stayed where he wanted it to stay ...

He checked to ensure that the welded steel rings were correctly positioned, one under her chin and the other in line with her spine, then moved on. Her arms were next and after positioning her hands at the small of her back with her palms facing outward, he slipped matching, one-piece steel bands around her wrists and screwed them together so that the welded central ring was towards him. Then he pushed the cuffs high up between her shoulder-blades into a double hammer-lock and used a short, thick length of chain and a heavy padlock to connect her cuffs and collar.

There was a gap of several inches between her fingers and the rear of her collar, but he was content for the time being. Eventually, he would force her arms higher, until the rings could be connected directly, but there was no need to hurry because as he had told her, she wasn't going anywhere. For the same reason, when he had fitted separate cuffs just above her elbows, he applied only moderate tension to the connecting chain, knowing that he could always make it tighter whenever he felt like it and that by the time he was finished, her forearms would be clamped together all the way from wrists to biceps.

Smiling at the thought, he fastened cuffs to each of her ankles, but instead of linking them with chain, he used a long steel bar that kept her legs hugely spread. Violet hadn't hesitated to use sex as a weapon to seduce him and set him up for her blackmail scheme, but now she was going to learn that her sex, like the rest of her body, was no longer hers to control. With her legs held apart and unable to close, she would remain hopelessly vulnerable and available for his use whenever he wanted to take her. He squatted beside her and let his hands roam over the enticing globes of her buttocks and into the deep cleft between her thighs, his fingers exploring and caressing every fold and recess of her labia and toying with the firm button of her clitoris until he felt her sex grow slippery with the juices of an arousal she couldn't resist or avoid.

"Shame on you, Violet, " he chuckled mockingly, "What would your new friends at the slave-Club think? You're just as hot and randy as Jenny. If you're going to carry on like this, they'll have to put you down as a slave rather than a Mistress."

Her left buttock jiggled and reddened as he took his hands from her belly and gave

her a cruelly-hard spank, "Which is only right, because you're not going to be a Mistress, " he gave her a second spank, equally hard, "You're going to be a slave, " a third spank burned across her right cheek, "And you're going to serve me, " a fourth spank, in the same place, "There's only going to be one boss around here, " spank number five cracked down, "And that, you deceitful little bitch, is going to be me."

With the sixth spank delivered, he rose to his feet, "So from now on, I'm your Master and I advise you not to forget it."

Jenny's limbs and jaw ached unmercifully from her hours of bondage, but her discomfort was nothing compared to the inferno of unsatisfied need that seethed and churned in her belly from the sexual arousal and punishment that Violet had inflicted on her breasts and sex.

For hours, she had been held on the edge of a devastating climax but never allowed to take the last short step that would have plunged her into the submissive ecstasy of a slave's orgasm to the flogger wielded by Violet.

Time and again, she had been brought so close, only for Violet to sneer into her frantic eyes and remind her that she was not going to be allowed to come until her stepfather had seen what a hot and desperate slut she had become and then been banished from his own home. Jenny didn't really understand what was going on, but it made no difference to her evermore helpless responses to the snap and bite of leather across her flesh and as her passion rose to furnace-heat, she welcomed the mixture of pain and pleasure that swirled through her body with soft gasps of unbearable desire and pressed her breasts and belly as far forward as her bonds would permit, to offer herself still more fully to the stinging rapture of her subjugation.

Her gagged cheeks flushed a vivid scarlet as her stepfather followed Violet into the basement and saw the humiliating tattoos that had been etched into her breasts and belly, but her sexual heat was so overwhelming that Jenny knew that if she could have, she would have begged him to take her as the full slave she accepted she was, regardless of how ashamed she was of her own weakness and desperate desire to come.

But she was not given the opportunity and as she quivered and panted to the sexual fires consuming her body with white-hot flames of lust, she could only listen in horror as she heard Violet's extortion plans and realized that the merciless blonde not only intended to blackmail her stepfather out of his home and all his money, but also meant to keep Jenny as her permanent bondage- and sex-slave and allow her future lovers to whip and take her for their pleasure and Violet's amusement.

Her stepfather's ruin was inevitable and as she understood that his defeat spelled the end of any hope of release and condemned her to a lifetime of endless slavery and torment at the hands of Violet and any lovers she cared to take, Jenny's sex pulsed helplessly to send a fresh stream of juices trickling down her thighs as she visualized her enforced servitude to an unknown number of strong, ruthless strangers.

It was the reaction of a true slave and Jenny recognized it as her final acceptance of what she had become. In her body and brain and heart, she was a slave and could never return to the life she had once known. Her destiny lay in the chains and collar of a slave, serving her Masters and Mistresses with all the fervor and passion that her captivity and subjugation had unleashed within her.

She would never be free, for she no longer knew how to be free, or even really desired freedom and as Violet mockingly told Jenny's stepfather that he would never have her or Jenny ever again, the deeply and utterly submissive brunette surrendered to the fate her irresistible desires forced upon her ...

And was stunned when the tables were turned so quickly that it seemed like only seconds before Violet lay on the basement floor, her paralyzed body unable to resist or even speak as her blackmail "victim" fought back and locked her into a wide steel collar and cuffs that held her just as tightly and efficiently as Jenny's own bonds.

Jenny's astonishment changed to delight as she saw Violet's helplessness, then watched her being caressed and spanked against her will. It served her right, she felt as her stepfather told Violet that he was going to turn her into his slave and force her to serve and please him, because after what she had done to Jenny and tried to do to him, the blonde deserved to suffer and it was high time Violet found out that she couldn't treat either him or Jenny so badly and expect to get away with

it.

She would have liked to cheer when he told Violet that he was now her Master, but all she could do was crinkle her eyes to show her pleasure at his decision as he stood up and turned to face her.

Without saying a word or touching her, he inspected the tattoos that adorned her breasts and belly and bent to examine the glistening juices that oozed from her sex to trail down her spread thighs. Then he shook his head.

“My poor, sweet little Jenny, ” he said gently, “That bitch really did a job on you, didn’t she? Well, if it’s any consolation, I’m going to do exactly the same to her, so at least you’ll be a matched pair when I take you both to that slave-Club.”

Jenny’s eyes opened wide as the implications of his words sank into her brain and as she understood that her service as a slave was to continue despite Violet’s enslavement, she lowered her eyes from his face as a sign of her submission to his will.

He chuckled down at her bowed head, “You don’t seem too upset about not being freed, slave, ” he remarked casually, “Not that I thought you would be after the way I’ve seen you change in the last month. So I guess those tattoos are pretty accurate and you really are the sex-slut and bondage-bitch and whip-slave they say you are.”

Jenny shivered wildly, her breasts jiggling and belly rippling as waves of blistering heat rolled through her body to confirm the accuracy of his assessment and as he stooped to pick up the flogger that lay on the floor where Violet had discarded it after her last session with Jenny, she gasped in delicious terror and pushed her hips forward to the limit of her bonds, offering her defenseless sex to the whip.

“Mm, it seems that you are, ” he said and as he sent the twenty leather strands flicking up between her gaping thighs, she squealed in ecstatic anguish and her climax erupted like a volcano to the mixture of pain and pleasure imposed upon her by the Master who had saved her from Violet’s clutches...but only to keep her for his own pleasure.

From deep inside her, a towering wave of molten juices raced upwards and as it

crashed into her belly to flood her entire being with boiling, seething heat, her whole body convulsed in gigantic, unstoppable contractions that set her arching and writhing in her bonds to the devastating power of her long-delayed orgasm.

Her immediate surrender was rewarded with a further two shrewdly placed lashes and as exquisite fire seared through the delicate tissues of her engorged labia and clitoris, Jenny screamed into her gag and her sex pulsed hugely, releasing spray after spray of her silvery juices in unmistakable confirmation of her abject and total submission to the whip of her Master.

He had not even touched her, yet Jenny knew she had climaxed as fully and deeply as if he had taken her himself, her body and brain responding to his authoritative dominance automatically and unquestioningly.

As a trained and obedient slave ...

It was many minutes before the chaotic tumult in her belly began to ease and when her eyes eventually flickered open, she found him watching her. The touch of his fingers as he moved behind her to unbuckle her gag and pull it from her mouth, sent shivers of excitement through her and as she worked her aching jaws, he walked in front of her and held the flogger to her lips.

“Thank my whip for your climax, slave, ” he ordered calmly and without hesitation Jenny obeyed, kissing and licking the leather strands that had given her both the pain and the ultimate pleasure of her whip-orgasm.

Mr. Reed smiled and draped the flogger around Jenny’s neck with its thongs dangling down over her right breast, “Very nice, slave. Now you may thank me.”

Jenny licked her lips, “Yes, Master, ” she replied humbly, “Your slave is grateful for her pleasure, Master and begs to be allowed to please you in return.”

His eyes lingered on the flogger around her neck, “Oh, I intend that you will, slave, ” he assured her firmly, “One way or another. Now, be quiet until I’m ready to use you.”

Jenny understood perfectly and as he undid the wide leather straps that secured her

to the post and unclipped the chains to her widely-spread ankles, she forced herself to resist the urge to groan as pins-and-needles attacked her stiffened joints and muscles as they recovered from hours of immobility.

“Wait there, ” he said, “While I make quite sure that my other slave doesn’t get any silly ideas of escape.”

It took him less than sixty seconds to increase Violet’s bondage, one strap connecting her collar to her spreader-bar, curving her spine into the deep hollow of a stringent hogtie and forcing her neck to arch backwards, while a second ran from the front of her collar to a ring in the floor, tethering her in place.

He checked carefully to ensure she could breathe satisfactorily, then stood up and beckoned Jenny over.

“Advise me, slave” he chuckled cruelly, “Do you think this bitch is adequately secured until we return?”

Jenny gazed into Violet’s up-tilted face and recognized the anguish and terror and pain in her blue eyes as she stared pleadingly upwards, begging mutely for the mercy that she had always refused to show to Jenny.

Holding the frightened blonde’s eyes with her own, Jenny shook her head slowly, “Not quite, Master, ” she replied coolly, “She is new to her slave-collar and may disturb you with screams or cries for help. But if you were to use the gag that I was wearing ...”

Violet’s eyes bulged in horror, but she was powerless to resist as the soggy leather was wedged and packed into her mouth, filling every inch of space and as the gag was buckled behind her head, Jenny grinned mischievously and added, “And if it pleased you, Master, a ring through her nose would make it much easier to leash her when you take her to the slave-Club.”

Violet squeezed her eyes shut for a moment to blot out the sight of Jenny’s smile...but she couldn’t close her ears to her new Master’s laughter, “Just what I had in mind, ” he confirmed, “That and the other rings that she made you wear. Like I said, you’ll be a matched pair and you’ll both be leashed as my slaves.”

Jenny turned to face him and sank to her knees, her body beautifully displayed, "Yes, Master, " she replied softly, "I look forward to it, Master and will make you proud of your obedient slave."

"Good, " he said briefly and strode towards the door, "Follow, slave.

You've had your pleasure and now it's my turn."

Jenny delayed just long enough to stick her tongue out at the ruthlessly-bound blonde, then rose to her feet and hurried after her Master, a smile on her lips at the memory of the hopeless despair in Violet's eyes.

She was still a slave, still with her arms rivetted behind her back, but just for a change, she was the one who was going to be sharing a bed with her Master and it was Violet who was chained and gagged in the basement, waiting in helpless misery to be punished and tormented and turned into a pierced, ringed and tattooed sex-slave.

And Jenny could hardly wait to see it ...

For an hour or more, the only sound in the basement was Violet's quick, shallow breathing, the only movement, the slow drip of tears from her chin as she wept. Then, eventually, the little finger on her left hand twitched. But it was another hour before the antiesthetic wore off completely. An hour in which Violet became acutely and painfully aware that there was absolutely no hope of her escaping the steel which had been locked onto her body.

Her arms and legs and spine ached unmercifully, her stretched jaws and lips protested, her arched neck stabbed her with cramp, even her spanked bottom continued to sting....and there wasn't a thing she could do about any of them.

Her mental anguish was even worse, for Violet knew it was her own fault.

She had been so sure, so certain that she held all the aces, so supremely confident that her blackmail plan was foolproof and that she would be rich with her own slave to enjoy.

Far too late, she now realised why Mr. Reed had been worried about whether she had written a letter detailing what he had done to Jenny. It would have been so simple to write one. Just a few minutes of her time and he would have been at her mercy and unable to refuse her demands without having his guilt made public. With it as insurance, she would have been totally safe and untouchable. Such a small thing and so easy to overlook...but with such enormous and far-reaching consequences.

For her freedom had already been taken from her and she knew with chilling certainty that that was only the beginning of the price she would be forced to pay for her mistake ...

EPILOGUE

Three months later.

The tall, casually-dressed man swung his arm in a smooth, well practiced arc and as the tail of the long leather whip curled across the hip and snapped against the shaven mound of the naked girl, the small audience murmured their appreciation of his skill and watched a thin red line bloom on her pale flesh.

She could neither move nor protest, her ankles locked to widely-set anchorages in the low stage, nose-ring clipped to a tight chain that ran up to a pulley in the ceiling and forced her to stand on tip-toe, lips sealed behind a shaped steel band compressing her cheeks and jaw and concealing the long, thick penis-gag filling her mouth, steel-cinched breasts thrusting forward to display pierced, ringed nipples and arms folded upwards behind her back, confined at elbows and wrists in steel cuffs locked to the rear of a wide, heavy slave-collar clamped around her slender throat.

Taking his time and moving around her, the man applied more lashes, painting her firm buttocks and softly-rounded belly with stripes of stinging fire as he demonstrated his Mastery of the whip...and of the helpless slave before him.

Then he coiled his whip and went to join the watchers for a well-earned drink, leaving the slave where she was.

As he sank into the soft leather, he glanced down to his left, checking that his second slave was correctly displayed, head up, thighs widely spread and spine hollowed to present her breasts and sex.

Like the first girl, she too, was heavily chained, tightly gagged and collared, steel rings glinting at her nipples and clitoris, a chain leash dangling from her nose-ring, her eyes wide with fear and helpless arousal as she watched him sip from a tall glass

“Well done.”

“Yes, an excellent demonstration.”

“You’ve been practicing.”

The small group of three men and two women were members of the slave-Club that Violet had planned to join.

The dominant members, each a Master or Mistress with their own slaves. But their slaves were not present.

This evening was reserved for the newest member to show off his skills and his slaves.

“Thank you, my friends, ” the man smiled at his companions, “As you know, I am still quite new to all this, but I am learning and with your help, I hope it won’t be too long before my slaves and I reach your high standards.”

One of the Mistresses, a small, slim woman with dark, fierce eyes gave a soft laugh and toyed with the riding-crop that lay across her thighs, “Oh, I think we can all agree on that, ” she grinned, “And if you feel that it would be helpful, I am sure we would all be more than willing to assist you in training your little pets.”

He nodded, “Thank you. Yes, that would be a help. Perhaps we could discuss it later?”

The woman nodded and stood up, “Yes, of course, ” then gazed boldly down at the slave by his side, “What a pretty little thing that one is and so delightfully docile. Tell me, is she trained to serve a Mistress?”

“I believe so, ” he replied casually, “But perhaps you would care to check for me.”

Picking up the chain leash, he stared hard into the slave’s anxious eyes, “Serve this Mistress as perfectly as you serve me, Jenny” he warned her coldly, “Or you will join Violet on the stage, ” then he handed her leash to the woman and waved away her thanks, his lips curving in a smile as Jenny nodded quickly, then winced and rose to her high-heeled feet as the leash tugged cruelly at her nose-ring.

He watched as she was led away towards one of the Club’s private rooms, then turned to the other dominants and shrugged, “I am afraid that one of my slaves may be unavailable for your pleasure for some time, ” he apologized, “But until she returns, please feel free to amuse yourselves with the other. She particularly dislikes being whipped between her legs, even though I frequently succeed in making her climax that way. Should any, or indeed all of you wish to try however, I have no objections and should she be foolish enough to try to complain, I am quite sure you are all perfectly capable of teaching her the error of her ways ...”

From the low stage, a faint whimper of terrified anguish followed his words and as the first two Masters rose from their seats and moved towards Violet’s mercilessly exposed and utterly defenseless body, readying their whips as they went, Mr. Reed ... or rather Master Reed as he now truly was ... raised his glass in an ironic salute to his erstwhile blackmailer and settled back in his comfortable chair to enjoy the show ...

The End