

MANSSION OF SLAVES



A TALE OF TRAINING & SUBMISSION

LADY BLADE

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Renaissance

www.renebooks.com

Copyright ©Copyright 2003 Lady Blade

NOTICE: This ebook is licensed to the original purchaser only. Duplication or distribution to any person via email, floppy disk, network, print out, or any other means is a violation of International copyright law and subjects the violator to severe fines and/or imprisonment. This notice overrides the Adobe Reader permissions which are erroneous. This book cannot be legally lent or given to others.

This ebook is displayed using 100% recycled electrons.



Distributed by Fictionwise.com

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

MANSION OF SLAVES

by

Lady Blade

A Renaissance E Books publication

ISBN 1-58873-198-7

All rights reserved

Copyright © 2003 by Renaissance E Books

This book may not be reproduced in whole or in part without
written permission.

For information contact:

publisher@renebooks.com

A Sizzler/B&D Edition

PART 1

The Capture

She sat on the long leather couch watching him across the room. His breathing was deep and even, sleeping off the effects of the drug she'd used on him earlier in the night.

She smiled slowly with the memory of that time, some hours before, when she'd set out for the club. She'd dressed perfectly, the short skirt of her dress tasteful, meant to draw attention to her long tanned legs. Her bodice, a corset actually, just peeked out from the hem and molded to her flat stomach and size 36 chest. Her long legs were enhanced by the almost stiletto style heel of her shoes, causing her muscles to ripple and flex with each step. She'd braided her long hair, the plait swinging almost with a mind of its own, well beneath her buttocks, drawing the warranted attention to the smooth round globes.

She walked into the club knowing full well that every eye drew to her as she did so, but she had eyes for only one. She'd watched him for weeks, each Friday and Saturday, dancing with various women to the modern pop/rock beats of the DJ.

His body gyrated, and sleek muscles rippled as he moved. His slightly long hair whipped this way and that as he contorted himself to the beat. His legs, nearly as long as hers, moved him about the floor with confidence and grace.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

As she'd watched and planned, she'd known he would be perfect. Each night that she'd watched him he'd left with a different woman, but she knew he lived alone, having followed him one night, weeks before. The women never stayed more than a few hours and always left with a smile.

She'd taken the time to find out through her connections, exactly who he was from the license plate on his jeep. Dillon Ryder was his name she'd found out shortly after first having seen him at the club. He had his own shipping business, though he was only twenty-eight; he'd inherited it from his grandfather a few years before. The business was doing relatively well, though it could do better. She knew Dillon wasn't struggling financially, nor was the business, but he didn't dedicate his time to it as his grandfather had. It would soon fall to the wayside, unless it was bailed out—which is where she came in.

A soft smile touched her lips as she stared at him again. She rose off the couch and walked across the room to where he was bound tightly in a large chair. Her slim fingered hand reached out and caressed his bent head lightly and she smiled softly again.

She stood over him, her hand lightly caressing the back of his bent head, as she mused over how easy it had been to capture his attention at the club that night. Dressed as many of the other women who had shared his bed, she caught his attention almost immediately. It had been an easy, casual night of dancing for them both, with Dillon staying close to her all through the night, as she knew he would. He was an easy mark; she'd studied him extensively in the previous

weeks. She knew how he liked his women to act, what body signals set him off, and turned him on.

It had been so simple to cajole him into taking her back to his place—and even easier to slip the harmless sleeping pill into his soda once they were there. Within moments of his first sip, he was out like a light, and she was on the phone. The pill she'd given him was entirely harmless, with only the mildest of headaches as an after effect, but it was enough to ensure that his transport to her home went off without a hitch.

She snapped her fingers and a soft rustling came to her out of the shadows, along with a slight clink of chain, as her first slave shuffled forward on his knees. He came to rest before her, head bent to his chest, silently awaiting her command.

She reached out and touched his head gently, smiling as she did so, pleased with his training so far. "You do well, Jarron," she praised softly, stroking his head. "You'll be ready for sale soon."

His head whipped up at that, and his wide eyes stared at her in surprise. Her smile broadened slightly and she stroked his cheek around the heavy leather strap of the large ball gag in his mouth. "Yes, that's right ... sale."

He grunted slightly, the noise muffled by the ball, and a single tear escaped him. "You knew the contract with me wasn't permanent, Jarron." She turned away from his pleading eyes as she said it. She reached out and stroked Dillon's long hair, her smile bright with expectation of the coming months he would be in her care.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Just as she'd broken Jarron, who now lowered his head again at her feet, she would break Dillon in time. They always broke. They always had and they always would. "Prepare him," she commanded softly, as she turned and left the room, locking the single door behind her with a heavy click of finality.

* * * *

Dillon was jarred awake by a rush of cold water on his face. He jerked in reaction, his brain fuzzy for a moment, then slowly clearing. His sluggish body took a moment to catch up to his mind and he gulped heavily, his jaw aching.

Had he been in a fight? He remembered going to the club, and dancing with a nameless woman; taking her back to his place, as he had done with other women, so many nights; remembered her offer of a drink ... then blackness.

He lifted his pounding head from where it had slumped forward, and blinked open his eyes. It took a moment to adjust to the dim lighting and he wondered again if he'd fallen asleep on the poor woman and rolled off the couch. It would certainly account for his aching jaw and mild headache. He must have bumped his head on the coffee table when he rolled off. He started to rise, but his arms and legs wouldn't respond. He shifted his gaze down the length of his body, trying to figure out why. It took another moment for his brain to register that he was sitting up, his legs held firmly to a chair by five, heavy leather straps that buckled over his skin.

He shifted again and felt another wide belt around his waist, and yet another, around his wide, muscular chest. He

tried to lift his arm and found five more leather straps holding them immobile against the hard wood beneath them. As he came to full awareness, he realized could move only his hands and head.

Dillon began struggling, flexing his muscles against the bonds. He mumbled to himself, or tried to, until he realized why his jaw was aching so much. It was being held wide by something hard and round, pushed back behind his teeth and strapped behind his head.

"MMMMMPHHHPPPPHHHTTTTTT," he screamed out, the sound barely reaching his own ears as he struggled futilely against the heavy leather.

"Shh..." whispered a soft voice next to his ear, as a hand reached out and stroked the back of his head. "There's no need to be afraid. I won't hurt you—much."

He whipped his head around and his eyes grew wide at the sight beside him. The nameless woman he remembered dancing with that night, stood tall and proud, next to the heavy wooden chair. She had changed from what he vaguely remembered. Instead of the short skirt, tight fitting top, and high heels she'd worn at the club, she now wore something that looked like medieval armor of some sort—or something off that TV show, *Xena*.

She even vaguely looked like the actress who played the character. Long legs were encased in high leather looking boots. Flat stomach, high breasts, and wide shoulders were now held erect by a heavy looking leather corset of bright red. Her long midnight black hair, which he vaguely

remembered being braided, flowed freely all about her, as if it had a mind of its own.

She smiled, though it didn't quite reach her eyes, and reached out again to stroke his head like she would a child. She bent close, her face inches from his, as she whispered. "Please don't struggle so, Dillon." Her tone was calm and even. "It's useless, and I don't want you hurt anymore than I deem necessary." Her brilliant green eyes lit with something akin to passion.

"MMMMMMMMPPPPHHHHHHHTTTTTTTTTT," he cried against the hard rubber in his mouth, his eyes pleading for understanding as to what was happening to him.

"Shh..." Her long nailed fingers reached out to caress his chest like a lover. "All will become clear in time," she assured him as she turned and walked a short distance away.

"MMMMMMMMPPPPHHHHHHHTTTTTTTTTT." He cried out again as she seated herself on a wide leather couch he could just make out on the other side of the room. He struggled against the bonds holding him to the chair, trying unsuccessfully to throw his considerable weight against the hard wood to move it. Dillon realized, as she sat calmly and snapped her fingers once, that the heavy chair was bolted to the floor. His struggles were futile until she decided to unbuckle him.

He felt a glimmer of hope that that was going to happen when he heard someone else in the room, shuffling toward her seated position. He tilted his head to see behind him for a moment as the shuffling grew louder, and his eyes widened with something close to fear as another male moved forward from the shadows.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

His wrists were cuffed by two heavy rings of leather, and held to his waist by a single, sturdy looking padlock. A weight lifters belt encircled his trim waist, and Dillon saw it too, was locked at the small of his back as he passed. A thin chain ran from the back to his feet, locked with similar padlocks to the heavy looking cuffs at his ankles. Another short length of chain between his ankles, kept the poor man hobbled, accounting for his shuffling gait as he passed by Dillon.

He had a hard rubber ball in his mouth of bright blue, the leather holding it there locked behind his head. He made no struggling moves, as if he were resisting his bondage, but instead shuffled over to the nameless woman, a manila envelope clutched in his bound hands. He came to a stop in front of her seated position and bent his knees gracefully. Without error, he ended his descent in front of her, head bowed to his chest in reverence.

She leaned forward slightly, and took the envelope from his hands, patting his head much as one would a child that had done a good deed. She sat back again, lifting one long leg over the arm of the couch next to her. A graceful hand snaked out and turned on the light on the table next to the couch. She smiled slightly as she flipped open the envelope in her hands.

Dillon realized that the corset she wore didn't cover her private areas, and she was now fully exposed to his wide-eyed view. He struggled again, futilely pulling at the heavy leather encasing his body. His hands clenched and unclenching tightly in frustration, as he did so.

"MMMMMPPPPHHHHHTTTTTT," he screamed out again, though

the sound barely traveled across the large room. With the secondary light on, he could make out more of the room, and realized with a start of fear that it was a dungeon—or a basement—he couldn't tell which.

Numerous pieces of equipment, some heavy looking wood, some leather, loomed in the shadows. Their straps hung loosely toward the floor. Behind the couch on which she sat was a second couch, their backs facing one another. Beyond them, was a massive entertainment center, complete with TV, videos, VCR and what he thought might be a DVD player, or satellite system.

She smiled as she flipped one of the pages in her hand, scooting a bit further down on the couch in open invitation to the male at her feet. The male groaned heavily behind the rubber in his mouth, shaking with anticipation in his bonds, but he didn't move toward her. A spark of silver at his waist captured Dillon's attention, and he noted the heavy looking bikini style underwear the man wore.

Dillon saw the poor fellow's hands clenching and unclenching at his waist, as if stretching out to touch himself. The man discretely scratched at the metal encasing his genitals, shifting forward slightly, his breathing heavy and ragged, as it expanded his wide muscular chest.

The woman looked up from the pages in her hands and gazed directly at the muscle bound man at her feet. She nodded once, crisply, before her eyes dropped again to the pristine white pages.

Fascinated, Dillon could only watch in disbelief and utter perversion, as the male scooted forward deftly, and dipped

his head between her thighs with a soft moaning sound. One of the woman's hands rose from the folder she held and almost absently stroked his head as he rooted around her vagina.

She sighed softly as the male was set to the task of pleasuring her, though bound as he was, he could use no more than his nose to bring her pleasure.

Dillon watched the man shift closer, pulling in futility at his bound wrists, and trying to grasp himself in that moment. The woman, sensing his frustration, lifted her hand from his head to the back of the couch. When her hand came back into his view she held a long rider's crop. She flicked it once, and Dillon jerked in reaction to the stinging sound of leather on flesh even from across the room.

The male grunted loudly, though Dillon knew it was a scream of pain as the leather was laid across his back. His hands stilled their grasping motions at his genitals and he settled back on his thighs, head still between her legs, thoroughly chastised, it seemed, for his misdeed.

She turned her attention back to the folder in her hands and began to read aloud. "Dillon Ryder, age twenty-eight, six foot two, two hundred ten pounds. Black hair, worn slightly long, despite current business standards. Blue green eyes."

Her eyes rose to lock with his across the room and she smiled. "I think they are more gray," she commented thoughtfully, "but it may just be the lighting here. We'll see."

The half smile that didn't quite reach her eyes was turned to him, and he visibly flinched at the passion held within their depths. She continued reading aloud, her tone even and

calm. "Owns Ryder Shipping. Born in Los Angeles, California. Mother deceased. Father left when you were just a babe."

She glanced at him again from over the file and clicked her tongue against her teeth. "I wonder if he's as good looking as you. It bears investigating," she nodded thoughtfully then turned back to the page she was reading. "Worked hard through high school to support your ailing mother, until your grandfather died, leaving you the business. Graduated Cal State with honors in the top two percent, as part of his will to own the company."

She flipped a page and continued after a moment. "No girlfriend. No brothers, or sisters. Business in a bit of trouble." Her eyes rose to his again, and her smile widened. "Nothing that couldn't be solved with an influx of new contracts," she concluded, then put the file aside.

She rose from the couch, gently pushing aside the man struggling at her feet. The heels of her boots clicked on the hard floor, her stride, confident as she crossed the room. Her smile became more prominent. She bent forward as she reached the chair and pulled something loose from its arm.

As she did so, his arm snapped upward and out to his side, like half of a "T", and remained there despite his attempts to pull it back down toward him. Whatever the chair was made of, it locked him there sturdily. She bent toward the other side, and did the same, causing a similar reaction with his other arm after a brief of pause.

Dillon moaned in pain against the hard rubber in his mouth and bucked against the restraints again. Despite himself, as she read off his life's history in short order, he'd felt himself

reacting to her voice, her tone, and the man rooting around between her legs. She'd ignored the man, until she'd moved him away from her, as if the whole thing were commonplace to her.

He was semi-hard now, his long penis stretching out against his muscular thigh. He heaved his hips at the belt across his waist then settled back with wide eyes, as she swung one long leg over his and seated herself there.

Almost immediately he could feel the warm heat emanating from her nether regions against his skin. His genitals leaped into painful awareness as she rubbed the length of his long thighs, leaving a sweet smelling trail of her woman's juices as she did so.

Her long nailed hand reached between them and touched him gently, before lightly clasping her hand around his growing shaft, and dancing along its length. Dillon moaned despite himself, and his mind cried out in denial as she brought him to a full erection within seconds of her first touch.

How can this be happening? He wanted to scream as he bucked and heaved at the restraints holding him to the hard chair. *Why is she doing this?* He raised his eyes to hers and pleaded with her, mumbling against the hard rubber in his mouth, and straining forward at the same time.

Please, he begged silently, feeling utterly helpless for the first time in his young life. *Oh gods above, please, let this all be some horrific nightmare.* His tortured gaze roamed over her smooth features.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

His head strained forward—it was the only thing that could move—trying to—no, *needing* to touch her then, despite his mind's denial that he was bound, gagged and about to be raped by this deliciously gorgeous woman.

She grinned down at him, watching the emotions flicker across his expressive face and through his eyes. The denial ... anger ... in-comprehension ... and finally, desire. Desire for her. His expressive face was one of the reasons she'd chosen him in those first weeks. It was one of the things she looked for when scouting for a new slave to train. The expressive face and eyes. In those first weeks she'd seen his features flicker with laughter, smile with passion, brighten with joy and pleasure—all the things that made a good slave. So many had learned to hide their emotions from the outside world, but not Dillon, or Jarron ... and so many others, that she'd lost count over the years.

She moved again, sliding up the length of his thighs until she poised herself just above his long, rock hard shaft. "Is this what you want?" she asked softly.

Dillon nodded helplessly, gulping against the gag, his eyes pleading and full of desire, despite where he was in that moment.

She slid slowly down his length and he groaned softly behind the gag, straining forward against the restraints with considerable effort to reach her. To touch her ... to be allowed to react to what she was doing to him.

He gulped again, loudly, and groaned as she rose off him slightly before sliding back, sheathing him fully despite the chair in which he was bound.

She smiled, as he pleaded with her, using a combination of soft whimpering sounds, moans and sighs through the gag. She held his cheeks in her long nailed hands and rubbed the pads of her thumbs over his high cheekbones. Tears pooled in his expressive eyes at his helplessness, as she rose and fell along his length for a long time.

She brought him to the brink of an orgasm several times in the next moments, holding him tightly with nothing more than her wet womanhood, until finally he thought his heart would burst with the pain and agony of it all. The helplessness ... the wanting and desire. Even her scent began to intoxicate his senses. It was like flowers, with just a hint of musk, one thing he'd always loved; that sweet smell of a woman's vagina just when it was on the verge of her own pleasure.

He rolled, bucking and heaving against his bonds in an effort to be free to enjoy this moment himself. He tried to plead with her through the gag, the sounds he made incomprehensible to even him.

She rode him like no one else ever had before, her body teasing and cajoling his manhood with just a tickle of her hair each time she rose and fell. His breathing grew ragged against the ball in his mouth and he gulped several times, trying unsuccessfully to stop the desire she was causing him to feel.

Oh gods above. Make this stop, he whimpered behind the gag. *Don't stop. No.* He leaned his head back and moaned as she rose off him again. The air touched his slick manhood and he groaned again, needing her to finish this before he mentally snapped.

The torture was exquisitely painful and totally controlled by her no matter how much he bucked and strained to be free. Finally, she pulled his head back and locked eyes with him. "Do you want me?" she demanded.

Dillon nodded helplessly, his eyes tearing with emotion as he gulped loudly. *Oh yes ... gods yes*, his mind screamed. *Please ... yes*, his eyes seemed to beg her.

"Then you'll have to earn it." Her voice turned cold and wicked as she rose from the chair and moved away, leaving him dangling just on the edge of relief.

He screamed out, the sound muffled, and strained with renewed effort to be free. The cold blast of air on his manhood brought a shock to his system that threatened to stop his heart. He whimpered against the ball, lifting his head and straining forward again, his eyes begging and pleading with her as she turned away from him.

She snapped her fingers and the other male rose from his unmoved position at the couch and shuffled forward on chained feet again. "He's ready," she said, though Dillon knew the other man undoubtedly heard her riding him.

The male nodded, and came around behind the chair. His nose still held a fine coating of her juices. Dillon heard a soft hiss, then felt the chair being raised, pulling him into a standing position by way of hidden hydraulics.

He gulped as his rock hard erection stood out from his loins, still dripping her juices, and some of his own. He strained against his bonds again, knowing that if he could just touch himself to something he'd go over the edge, but the

design of the chair and his bonds prevented that from happening.

He felt a rush of cold air on his ass and realized with dread that the other male had dropped the seat away from him. Another soft hiss of hydraulics and his feet were pulled slowly in opposite directions until he was standing in an "X" type position.

The woman, his torturer disappeared into the shadows for a moment. He heard a cabinet open somewhere on the far side of the room. It closed, and she reappeared in the ring of light, with something silver in her slim hands.

She strode toward him, confidently, and began fitting the device around his raging erection, crushing it into the small, shadowed pocket he could just make out in the front of it. Once she had him fully encased in the medieval looking metal underwear, she bent the back around the cheeks of his ass and momentarily unbuckled the belt at his waist. Pulling him forward slightly, she fitted the device tightly around him, and then pushed him back against the board with only a finger. She folded the front of it to his flat hips, and within moments, locked the two halves together at his waist with two small, golden padlocks.

She looked up from her work to lock gazes with him again. This time the smile she gave him *did* reach her glowing blue orbs. "You belong to me now," she whispered confidently, as his eyes narrowed with hatred.

He bucked against her hands, his waist free of the restraints, and felt his erection grow painfully hard in the small space behind the cold metal.

"You'll be allowed to relieve yourself in the bathroom once a day." She moved away again, into the shadows of the room, then returned a moment later with a heavy looking piece of leather in her hands.

Dillon felt the chair being lowered slightly as she stepped forward and slipped the piece over and behind his head. She fitted it tightly around his neck and locked it in place. He realized belatedly, it was a collar, much as a dog would wear—much as the other man wore—and too late, he tried to duck away.

She reached out and smacked him hard across the chest, the sound ringing out in the silent room, like an echo of thunder. "Don't move away from me," she warned. He screamed out behind the gag, gulping heavily to catch his breath at the unexpected and painful slap.

He nodded, helpless to do more, and his narrowed eyes still sparked with hatred. But it was more at himself, for the slap had caused his painful erection to pump against the cold metal between his legs. He bucked once more at the restraints in self-loathing, then his reactions then quieted back in seeming defeat, his breath ragged and choppy as he pulled at the air through his nose.

She returned to the shadows and, after a moment of rustling sounds, came back with four long pieces of leather. They looked like leggings to him and it wasn't long before he found out their intent.

She fitted two of the pieces over his arms, further pinning them to the boards that held him aloft, completely immobilizing his hands. She laced them tightly against the

boards and his arms until he couldn't move a muscle against the heavy leather. He tried flexing his fingers inside the encasement, but discovered they wouldn't budge in the slightest. She moved to his long legs, and deftly worked the leather up and over his foot. "These are a special design. The metal in the top will keep your feet pointed and useless." Confidently, she worked the leather stocking over his heel and up his calf. He felt the metal she spoke of pushing his foot downward and locking it in place, much like a ballerina in toe shoes. The arch of his foot cramped painfully, then settled into the position.

Like his arms, she laced the legging around his muscular leg tightly, though without the board beneath, then strapped him down again. He hadn't thought to resist, as she freed his leg that first time, but it occurred to him the second time.

As she undid the straps holding his leg flat, he kicked up and out in fury, pushing her away. His leg free now, he flailed uselessly with it, trying to gain purchase on the smooth board to push himself off it.

The woman staggered upright with a dark smile and strode away for a moment, while Dillon continued struggling to push himself toward the board at his arms. She reappeared with the crop in her hands and he felt the rush of air a second before the first blow landed on his wide chest.

He paused in his struggles, his wide eyes turning back to her then looking down at the rising welt on his chest. She rained four more painful blows, each stronger and harder than the last, until he was whimpering with pain, and tears flowed freely from his eyes.

She hadn't said a word as the blows struck him, but her eyes spoke of a calm anger at his actions. "Never touch me without permission." She released her grip on the crop, letting it dangle from its cord on her wrist as she continued working.

Dillon gulped loudly, staying completely still as she worked the second 'stocking' over his leg and laced it up as tightly as the first. He realized, somewhere in the back of his pain filled mind, that not once during the beating had she broken the skin on his chest; nor had she marked him in a way that wouldn't disappear in a couple of days.

Still, those blows had hurt, and a fire burned in their aftermath. Dillon had never felt anything like it before. It wasn't so much *painful* as humiliating—as if he were a child who'd been spanked and sent to his room without supper.

Dillon knew the other man was still standing behind him and he strained to the side, turning pleading eyes to him, begging for help. *Save me*, he begged, but the man stood rock still, awaiting the woman's command.

He hadn't felt her do it, but she'd released his other leg again, though it was held pointed and rigid by the legging of leather. With both legs finally free, he strained upward, kicking out at something—anything—in frustration at his helplessness and the situation.

Another flurry of blows struck him, and he cried out, this time in pain, for she hit spots just to the side of the first ones. Fire burned in his chest when she was finished, and he dragged at the air in great gulping gasps, through his nose, and around the ball in his mouth.

She nodded to the man behind him and Dillon felt the arms of what had been the chair, released. He dropped heavily to the floor. He sagged there for a moment then tried to push himself upward. The pointed metal of the leggings feet prevented the action, and he got as far as his knees before realizing the futility of it. With his arms fully encased in the hard leather, and strapped to the long board beneath, he couldn't bend them; he could only crawl forward on all fours like an animal.

He was furious, and glanced about furtively for a means of escape to the awful nightmare into which he'd fallen. As he struggled across the room, he felt her eyes calmly watching him. He reached the door and sat back on his calves, looking up at the knob set higher than normal. Dillon reached out awkwardly with his wooden arms and tried to gain a purchase on the knob. It was impossible. His hands slipped away despite his repeated efforts to open it.

After a while, he sat back with a heavy moan of despair then lifted up to bang his considerable shoulder against the heavy wood. After several tries, he realized the stoutness of the offensive door and sagged back down onto his haunches.

"Satisfied?" her voice rang out from behind him.

With a crying whimper, he could only nod. Bound as he was, he knew there was no escape ... at least until she gave him more freedom in some way.

When she stepped around him, he felt something click to the front of his neck. He felt her tug gently on a leash she had attached to his collar. He had no choice but to follow on his stilted arms and bent knees.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

She pulled him across the room, allowing him to become used to maneuvering in the strange position without the use of his feet and hands. His shoulders ached. His jaw ached even more, and he cried silent tears of hopelessness. He vowed silently that he *would* find a way to escape. He would get free and tell everyone what this woman was doing to him, had done to him; that she'd kidnapped and beaten him, almost raped him, and held him prisoner.

He cast his eyes downward, bending his head in seeming submission, as she pulled him gently across the room by the lead at his neck. He whimpered softly. His tears suddenly dried and were quickly replaced with fury and frustration. His erection chose that moment to remind him of its presence and he stopped crawling, sitting back on his haunches to try and relieve himself of it.

Hard metal met with leather-encased wood, and it took only a heartbeat to realize why she'd given him the freedom to move, yet not move all. She jerked on the lead again, and once more he followed her haltingly across the room toward the shadows beyond the light.

Dillon heard the clink of something ominous, a key in a lock, and jerked back in fear as a metal door swung open. She held tightly to the jerking lead and pulled him into the room beyond. It couldn't have been more than ten feet by ten feet, made of stone, with thick plush carpet on the floor. There were no windows. A single, stark bulb harshly illuminated the room with the flip of a switch on the outside of the door. A stack of warm looking blankets had been folded and left in one corner, as if awaiting his arrival. A small pot in

the other corner would undoubtedly serve as his 'facilities', he realized with fear. He gulped around the gag and turned pleading eyes up at her, begging for something, but he couldn't honestly say what it was.

She pulled him forward again with a jerk on the leather lead and into the room, pushing him back onto his bent legs, his toes pointed out behind him painfully. She squatted, the creaking leather of her boots loud in the silent room, until their eyes were level.

"Sleep well Dillon," she whispered softly, bending forward to kiss each of his cheeks and rub a hand softly over the line of his jaw.

* * * *

Nooooooooo ... his mind screamed when he realized her intent as she rose. She stepped out of the small room, closing the heavy door behind her with a thud of finality. Dillon lurched forward, banging heavily against the door in desperation and frustration. *NNNNNOOOOOOOOOOOOOO* ... the plea echoed in his head once more. *Please, no, don't leave me alone.* His stilted arms clawed upwards at the door, scraping along the metal as the light was turned off from outside, plunging him into darkness.

Part Two

The Training

At first he sat back against his calves, staring in disbelief, as he was plunged into the pitch-blackness of the room. Then his fury reared its ugly head and he began struggling in earnest against the bonds into which she'd placed him. He lifted his stilted arms, encased in the hard leather and bound to the two long boards of the chair, and tried to push the leather off with his chin.

He strained with the action, quickly realizing with dread, how useless his arms had become, held straight by the thick boards away from his body. Even with his considerable strength, he failed to bend his hands toward him. Not that it would have mattered, he conceded with a groan of dismay. Even if he *could* get his hands to his face, the stiff leather over the boards held his hands completely immobile.

In the pitch-blackness, he focused on getting the offensive, hard rubber ball out of his mouth—or at least attempting too. He lifted both arms as far as he could to his face, and began to pull, push, or somehow grab the leather holding it in place, and free it from his head.

But she'd been ingenious in her bondage of him, and he quickly admitted it was useless. He gave up without even starting on his legs. The long, semi-flexible leather of the leggings was laced tightly to his skin, zippered over the

lacing, and locked into place about three quarters of the way up his muscular thigh.

The metal in the bottom part of the long piece kept his feet painfully pointed and as completely useless as his arms. He couldn't stand, rise, walk, or even get higher than his knees, which would constantly keep him on a level lower than the surprisingly tall woman who had abducted him that night.

Sometime later, he sat back in the absolute darkness, his whimper of despair echoing in the maddening silence of the room's interior. He could tell that any sound he made would be caught and held by the heavy stone around him, its thickness absorbing the noise.

His raging erection, still present, though it had dimmed in his struggles, rose to the forefront of his mind, and picked the moment that he stilled to remind him of its hard presence in the metal underwear. As he had when she led him by a leash, across the room like an animal on all fours, he sat back and tried to touch himself.

And as before, hard leather and wood met with even harder metal, preventing any type of relief he might have gained if his genitals were free. His erection became painfully engorged, filling the small shadowed area in the front of the device almost completely. He flopped onto his side, and after several attempts, managed to roll over onto his flat, washboard stomach. Stretching his long legs out behind him in an effort to gain some relief and find a comfortable position, he lifted his hips slightly then pressed them back against the thick carpet.

For a moment, he felt the metal encasing him shift slightly, rubbing ever so briefly against his filling erection. The soft groan escaping around the hard rubber ball in his mouth was short lived, as the metal settled once more, not touching him in the slightest.

He tried repeating the action, but the tight fitting metal wouldn't budge, and all he could do was lie there in tormented, agonized frustration. He groaned again, rubbing his face against the heavy, plush carpet trying to remove the gag.

Dillon didn't know what he could gain by the action, but he had to try. He couldn't lie there helplessly until she came back to free him. His mind turned inward, trying to piece together her intent in this nightmare. She was obviously some sick pervert who got her jollies by kidnapping men and torturing them sexually—or worse, if the diminishing fire from her blows were any indication.

But the other man with her that night was also bound hand and foot, wearing similar underwear as he, and seemed perfectly healthy. Besides being chained like an animal, there had been a bright blue ball in his mouth similar to the one Dillon now wore.

The image of that man rooting around in her vagina, as she'd read Dillon's history from the couch, came to his mind. He gulped heavily, remembering too well his own reactions to the scene. He'd always loved to eat out women. He couldn't explain it, or the intense sexual reaction it always brought him, but it was there.

Each of the nameless, faceless women he'd slept with in the last few years of his young life had always complimented him on the skill of his tongue and fingers. He rolled to his side, his heavily bound arms stretching out from his body, and whimpered softly in the darkness.

It couldn't be as simple as that, could it? He wondered as he lay there. Could that be all she wanted? A sexual partner to eat her out? He toyed with the crude thought. If that were the case, he'd be happy to oblige, without the need for the restraints in which he now lay.

But that was not it; otherwise she would have merely stayed at his apartment earlier that night, letting him have his way with her then leaving like all the others.

He sighed softly, gulping around the hard ball, and merely waited for her return. After all, what else could he do he asked himself as his eyes drooped closed.

The last thoughts before sleep claimed him were of his life. No one would think to look for him for several weeks at least. He cursed himself for taking all those unexpected business trips in the years since he'd inherited the business. It was not uncommon for him to just take off, then reappear several weeks later, happy, tanned, and none the worse for wear.

His business manager, Marcus, wouldn't worry if he didn't hear from him for a few days. Dillon sighed regretfully. Even then, Marcus might not become seriously concerned for at least a month.

As Dillon lay there, he wondered what was in store for him. Would she kill him? Mutilate his body beyond recognition and dump him somewhere when she was finished? Would she

rape, torture, and abuse him, then let him go? He knew full well there were male serial killers that kidnapped women, raped and mutilated them for some sick perversion. He'd never heard of a female one, although he was sure they existed.

But again, his thoughts came back to the other man that had been with and helped her. Was he her husband, he wondered lying there in the dark. Were they some sick couple that kidnapped younger men to rape and abuse then dumped them somewhere left for dead?

As all the possibilities ran threw his mind they brought a violent shiver of fear to his long, bound body and he sat up again in the dark, renewing his efforts to free himself out of sheer fear and adrenaline.

* * * *

She sat at the bank of monitors, watching him in the green light of the infrared camera. A smile lit her face in those moments as he went through the invariable emotions of his captivity. It was mostly the same with each one.

First came the effort to free themselves, then the quiet introspection in the pitch-blackness of the room, then another effort of fear and adrenaline to gain their freedom again. Eventually, they fell into an exhausted stupor, which is when she would re-enter the picture, easing their fears, gently explaining what was going to happen from that point forward. Giving them reassurances, and setting in motion the final piece of her trap.

Some took a long time to wind down, others shorter. She turned slightly in the high backed chair and looked at Jarron at her feet. He had taken weeks to accept his fate, his mind and will extremely strong. She reached out and gently caressed his leather-clad cheek.

She'd seen the pleading in his eyes when she'd mentioned his sale earlier. She couldn't miss it, and feared the poor man was in love with her. She sighed softly and asked quietly. "You love me don't you?"

He lifted his head, as he had been trained, meeting her eyes with his own soft gray ones. He nodded vigorously and grunted behind the bright blue gag in his mouth. He jutted his chin forward twice, his signal that he wished to speak, and she nodded, feeling generous tonight. Reaching out, she unlocked the gag from behind his head and he dropped it into her outstretched hand.

"May I speak Mistress?" he asked softly, his eyes downcast once more.

"You may Jarron," she said softly, caressing her long nailed fingers through his hair.

His eyes rose, locking with hers. "Please Mistress, do not sell me," he begged softly, his expressive gray eyes tearing at the prospect. "I ... I know that you sell the others soon, but please, Mistress, not me," he begged again on a soft whimper. "I couldn't stand to be without you," he lowered his gaze again, his hands clenching and unclenching at his waist where they were still bound, as if aching for her. "Please, Mistress," he whispered tearfully, not daring to look at her. "Please Mistress, I love you."

She sat back, her hand dropping to the chair arm to hang loosely over it's padding. Jarron scooted forward on his knees, his chains rattling softly with his movement, and pushed his bent head beneath her loose, limp fingers with a soft whimpering sound deep in the back of his throat. He managed to turn her hand over, and laid his cheek there. His gray, tearful eyes rose slowly to hers, and she saw the truth of his feelings there.

"Please..." he begged on a choking sob.

She rose then, pulling back from him, the ball hanging loosely from her hand for a moment. She shuttered off her own eyes, bending slightly to replace the ball in his mouth. He accepted it readily, opening his mouth wide to accommodate her as always, having said his peace, turning hopeful eyes up at her as he sat back on his calves.

She lifted him, pulling his considerable weight upwards easily and against her flat belly, still in its corset from earlier. He rubbed his face longingly against her, a whimper bubbling up from deep within his wide chest as she stroked his head in a hug.

His hands, of their own violation, reached out as far as his bonds would allow, to gently caress her inner thigh for a moment. Realizing his mistake almost immediately, he dropped them away until she gave consent to touch her.

She smiled softly, pulling him back slightly to stare down into his eyes for a moment. One long nail came up to caress his strong cheek and she smiled slowly. "I'll let that slide." She immediately saw the relief in his eyes. "But not again." she added with a slightly dark grin.

He nodded vigorously, gulping around the gag in his relief that she wouldn't punish him for the one, slight oversight about her rule on touching.

"Now ... off to bed with you. There's much to do tomorrow." She turned away, leaving him in the room alone.

He waited a moment, hearing her footsteps click away down the hall of stone, then rose gracefully to his feet to shuffle away to his own room. He'd become so used to the position he was bound in, that he had no trouble maneuvering through the great halls of her mansion, back down into the cellar where the newest slave was being kept, and into his own room of stone.

He'd earned the right to sleep on a cot, after many months of work and training, and he sat slowly in the dark. The only light spilling into the room came from the hallway as he sat waiting for her to come to him. As always, the Mistress personally tucked each of her slaves into bed at night, no matter the hour or the play that had gone on in the hours before. Only Jarron was awake now, out of the ten that she currently had in residence. The others had been put to bed in the hours before she'd gone *clubbing*, as she called it.

Only Jarron had been allowed to stay awake, patiently waiting for her call that she'd acquired a new trainee—which had come around 4am he figured. He was one of the few who were allowed the luxury of self-release from bondage, as he'd become her helper when bringing in the newbies, as he called them.

This night though, as he'd helped her carry the young man from his home, he'd felt an overwhelming pang of jealousy as

he placed the man over his own wide shoulder. He couldn't miss the look of appraisal she'd given the one called Dillon, and he feared his place in her world was rapidly diminishing.

He sat back against the rough stone of the wall, and his gray eyes burned in the darkness with a jealousy he'd never felt before. For just one brief moment, he felt dark thoughts consume his mind at what he'd like to do to the newbie. But he was no longer that man—no longer the jealous, almost maniacal lunatic she'd captured in the year before.

Had it only been a year since she'd brought him here, he wondered for a moment. Yes, it had. In that time, she'd completely turned his life around. He was no longer the raving, jealous, lunatic he'd been before. A man who beat women because of his uncontrolled anger. A man who used women. A bad man, he had to admit.

She had shown him how to be a better man, a kind and loving man. He loved her with every fiber of his being. He gulped heavily as the truth of it hit him square in the eyes. At first he'd viewed her as some sick pervert. Some evilly twisted woman who got her jollies off on beating men, much as he had on women. But the time he'd spent in her care had proven him completely wrong. Utterly wrong, he realized with a deep pang of longing.

His eyes rose to the door, as he waited in his cell. Where was she? She should have been here by now to tuck him in as she did every night. Then he heard a soft padding of feet coming down the stone hallway beyond his room. That was odd, had one of the others tried to escape? He heard no tell

tale clinking of the chains they all wore. He was about to rise from his cot to check, when she appeared in the doorway.

She was backlit by the lights there, and he saw with a start that she was gloriously naked. Her wide shoulders cast a long shadow as she slowly pushed open the door. Her high, firm breasts jutted out at him proudly and he felt himself clench his hands together tightly with a need to hold them, to touch them. Her trim waist, well-formed hips, and long legs, were accented by the light falling over them from the hall behind her. Her long hair shone softly as she stepped further into the room.

She'd never come to him naked before. He'd never even seen her fully naked, come to think of it. She preferred to present herself as the Mistress she was to everyone, him included, all leather and hardness. He gulped heavily behind the gag in his mouth, a soft whimper escaping him at the picture she presented.

His eyes blatantly roved over her in the darkness and he clenched his hands again, wanting—no, needing to be free of the bondage she kept him in, to go to her, to touch her, to love her. But he couldn't, he realized in frustration. His manhood slammed painfully into the chastity device he wore. He groaned softly, as she came toward the cot on which he sat. *Please ...* his eyes begged in the light now cast from the opened door. *Please, let me love you.*

She didn't speak as she moved to his side in the darkness, instead reaching out a gentle hand to caress his cheek as she had in the computer room above stairs. He moaned at her touch, almost leaning forward to touch her in return, but

remembering the hard learned lessons of the months before and remaining still as a statue.

He shook visibly in his bonds as she touched his shoulders with her long nails, caressing them as she never had before. The erection between his legs, underneath the hard metal of the chastity belt, grew in size and girth as she touched him like a lover, not the slave he'd become.

Until now, their contact had been severely restricted, limited to only what she allowed, and that didn't include physical sex—touching, or even kissing. She'd said he was here for training and eventual sale to another Mistress. That was her business, and how she had afforded all the luxuries she had gained over the years.

She wasn't in it for the sex. She could have that anytime, she'd told him once. She was in it however, to make the world a better place in her own simplified way: by training men to appreciate women, to learn from them, to gain insight into how they thought, acted, loved and hated. But never for sex.

Sex for her, she'd added, was a man's head between her legs, his tongue deeply imbedded inside, bringing her pleasure. But that was as far as it went. She'd never allowed any of the slaves he'd seen since coming here to have physical sex with her, saying it was degrading and meaningless for a man—and even worse for a woman.

Sex for women was so much more detailed. It was more than just having a pumping, grunting man on top of them. There were touches, kisses, hugs, cuddles, everything involved, and Jarron was going to learn them all for his new

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Mistress. He was going to learn how to completely please a woman in every way. Even down to cleaning, cooking, laundry, and caring for her personal needs beyond the sexual.

And he had. He could now cook a seven-course meal in short order. Do laundry without blinking an eye, sew like his mother had years ago, iron all day long and never miss a beat, or singe a precious garment.

Her lessons were harsh, her demands even harsher, but he'd adapted well, once he'd accepted his fate at her hands, and the inescapable bondage in which she kept him, and the others.

He gulped heavily now as her hands fell to his chest, caressing him slowly, softly, almost shyly, and he shook violently with need and desire. In the year he'd been with her, he'd never seen her caress a trainee as she was doing to him. Her touches were gentle, or harsh, depending on the need and the situation, but she'd never caressed one.

He felt pride swell his heart until it threatened to burst with it. That she'd come to him this night, naked in all her glory, and was touching him so, might bode well for his heartfelt confession. Maybe she did mean to keep him. Maybe she wouldn't sell him in the auction that was coming soon.

Maybe, just maybe, she'd fallen in love with him too, in the last year. As her simple caress roved down toward his waist and bound hands, he clenched them so hard his nails dug into his palms. He jerked once on the padlock at his waist, whimpering softly in the light cast from the door with his need to be free in that moment.

But she was having none of it and gently pushed him back on the cot beneath him. Stretching him out on its length, she moved away and picked up the heavy straps that would secure him while he slept so he wouldn't harm himself in his bondage if he should roll off, onto the floor.

She'd always been careful never to harm him, or have him harmed in any permanent way. She'd beat him relentlessly in the first months he'd been with her, using whips, paddles, her bare hand, until he'd begun to accept his training and her position in his life, that of Mistress. But even then, she'd never caused any permanent damage to his large, well-muscled body.

She'd never beaten him in outright anger. He'd pushed her once, over that edge, and she merely walked away, her blue eyes flashing dangerously and left him hanging by his wrists in the dungeon for hours. She'd gagged him of course then returned when she was calm again, and inflicted upon him one of his worst lessons. It would have been better if she'd beaten him in anger, he'd mused later, over the pain in his body—not the cold, calculated punishment she'd devised for him.

He couldn't remember now, as she strapped him down to the cot with the wide leather, what he'd said to push her so far. He remembered well the lesson she'd taught him, about speaking out of turn, or out of anger, as he'd worn the heavy harness gag for almost a month straight, released only to eat food. That was also when he'd learned to use his nose to bring her pleasure because she wouldn't allow him to remove it to use his tongue, or his hands.

She leaned over him now, as she finished strapping him tightly to the cot. Unable to do more than lift his head, he clenched his free fingers against the metal of the chastity belt at his waist, his rock hard manhood coming to the forefront of his thoughts.

He whimpered again, lifting his head from the softness of the cot and jutting his chin toward her twice in the darkness. She smiled softly, squatting beside the head of the cot for a moment and lifted the gag out of his mouth. He gulped, licking his dry lips and speaking softly, his eyes still pleading with her. "Mistress?" he begged, glad that he'd earned the right to speak with her, as so many had not.

"Yes Jarron?" She folded her arms against the cot and leaned close to him in the darkness, close enough he could smell her intoxicating scent.

"Please, let me stay," he tried one more time to gain her acceptance. "Please let me love you," he whispered as the tears pooled in his eyes again. "Don't ... don't..." he choked, swallowed, and tried to bring some control to his voice. "Don't keep Dillon. Please let me stay. I want to stay." His voice threatened to crack in the darkness with the pain in his heart.

She replaced the gag without another word, opening his mouth with a slight push of it against his lips. He accommodated her, and lifted his head slightly so she could buckle it behind his neck. She rose, the tip of her breast grazing his upper arm as she did so. He groaned behind the gag, his erection revived full bore with just the simple contact. He lifted his head, raising pleading eyes toward her as she stepped out into the bright hallway, her hand on the

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

door. She turned slightly and looked back over her shoulder at him lying on the cot in the semi-darkness. Something flashed in her eyes, causing them to glow eerily, then she was gone with a soft click of the door to mark her passing.

* * * *

She stood at the door for a long while, knowing that he couldn't hear her on the other side, and gently raised a hand to its cold steel surface. Laying it palm down against the coldness, she sighed softly once before turning away.

Picking up the robe she'd left on the hook by the door, she pulled the garment on and she moved down the hall on silent feet. Her heart was breaking at his soft plea to stay with her.

She thought she'd hardened herself against their pleas long ago, but this slave—no, this *man* had gotten through to the cold, dead blackness inside. She didn't like it—not one bit. She fumed suddenly with barely controlled rage. Her pace quickened, carrying her through the dungeon, past a security door, and up a long flight of stairs, to emerge in the private section of The Mansion. In reality, if anyone were to look at the plans for the home, they'd be surprised that there were actually three parts to its vast splendor.

The first was the original mansion, a large twenty-room affair that had been popular in the area at the early turn of the century. It had been owned by a great grandfather and passed down through the generations, being added to as time went by.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

The rooms were vast, yet turned homey by some family as time passed. Now, it was barely discernible from the rest of the vast home.

She passed through the original part, coming from the dungeons, an addition during American slave times, and modernized by several of her women ancestors to mark the passage of time to her generation.

She walked slowly, thoughtfully, through the sitting rooms, parlor, and massive ballroom and into the third part of the additions; The private living area had been added during her generation, by her mother, as a place separate from her work.

Her work with slaves. Since the time of the American slaves, brought across the ocean generations ago, the women of her family had been involved with them; their sale at first, when the men abandoned them, to make ends meet during the war torn era of the Americas. For several years afterward, there were no sales, since it was *taboo* to own, or house slaves.

Finally, her great grandmother had hit on an idea that had carried over to this day. Why not use the dungeons again to keep her family in the style they'd become accustomed? This time though, instead of the outright sale, these slaves came with extensive training to serve.

It wasn't until her mother came along, and came of age, that extended bondage of their slaves had come into the picture. She still kept with the training of the slaves, but focused primarily on men, instead of men and women as they had in the past. Her mother had found a niche, training a

modern man to please a woman, both sexually and domestically. It seemed so many had forgotten how to do that in modern times.

She'd grown up in these halls, she mused, as she passed through their opulence, never knowing what her mother was about, but enjoying the fruits of her labor never the less. She'd gone to the best schools money could buy, never knowing where it all came from, and believing the story of a vast inheritance.

It wasn't until she'd graduated from college that she'd learned the truth. Her aging mother had sat her down and explained the family secret in great detail. She'd thought until that point, that her father had died when she was barely a babe, but she found out, that was not the case.

In reality, her father had been one of the slaves her mother had trained some years before; a nameless man from his former life and sold in an auction she'd never known about. That was fine with her for she'd never missed him. She'd never had a yearning as some girls did for their father's presence. Her mother had raised her just fine.

It had taken her awhile to realize that, having felt betrayed by being kept in the dark. Finally, after some months of brooding, she'd forgiven the loving woman she'd known as her mother.

She'd accepted her mother's offer to learn the family business, and spent the next few years learning all she could from the Mistress of the house. And she'd excelled, her mother praised, better than any she'd ever trained before as a Mistress.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

She'd discovered that her mother had trained quite a few women how to handle their men, or men they would buy from her. They came from all walks of life, some learning easily the fine art of controlling a man; others having a more difficult time of it, but coming round under her mother's carefully watchful eye.

Except for her. She'd taken to being a Dominant like a duck takes to water, feeling as if she'd finally found her own niche in this crazy world. She'd felt lost and restless as a child, even more so as a teen, but had covered it well by being the popular student. She had been captain of the volleyball and soccer teams, a cheerleading captain, and so on. Hidden beneath all the smiles and cheers, she felt lost and alone.

Everything changed the day she'd returned from college and learned who, and what her mother was. In truth, she'd never left again, preferring to stay in The Mansion, run the business, train the men, and women as her mother had, hold her auctions for the high society women who ran in blue blooded money circles.

She put away thoughts of the past, and walked into her massive bedchamber. She moved immediately to the small fridge set into the wall and pulled out a soda, then moved out onto the balcony and stared at the vast forest below.

She sipped at the drink in her hand for a long while, lost in her private thoughts, until a familiar voice spoke from behind her. "Well?"

"Well what?" Her tone was cool as she refrained from turning.

"Are you keeping him?"

She shrugged. "I haven't decided," she finally conceded.

"He loves you, you know that. What harm could there be in keeping him around? You can always sell him later."

She spun around, her long black hair flaring out wildly behind her. "I know that," she faced the familiar figure behind her. "But you know mother's advice. "Never ... *never* ... fall for one. They'll only break your heart," she mocked in a familiar singsong they'd both heard before.

The figure behind her sighed heavily. Why wouldn't her twin ever realize that she could be happy with a man, even a slave? She hesitated before speaking again to her twin. "Sister..." she started again, as stepped out onto the balcony. "Not all men are like that." They stood face to face, a mirror image of the other. "Jarron is different. He loves you, with all his heart. I've seen the way he looks at you—at me—when I'm training."

Though they were twins, exact in every detail, including the birthmarks they both bore on their shoulders, they had far different personalities. One sister had grown under their mother's careful and watchful tutelage, while the other had led a more normal life attending school and college. The other had become a Mistress right from the start, while the other had joined in years later.

The fact they were twins was only known to their mother, and kept secret. Even now, they didn't make it publicly known that two existed. Only one was ever seen, and they took great pains to ensure they didn't trip over one another, even when training slaves.

The first twin, Mira, spoke, changing the subject. "I brought Dillon home for you." Her voice was calm despite the earlier flash of anger.

"I know," the other replied. Jordaine, who preferred her nickname, Rain. "I just came from seeing him."

Mira smiled, relaxing a bit from being with Jarron. She hadn't realized she was tense until that moment, but his soft confession had unnerved her considerably. She didn't want him to love her. She was the Mistress, the leader, and should be looked upon with reverence and devotion of course, but never love. It was too unpredictable—too unsettling.

Love made people do strange things, her mother had said once, and Mira had heeded the words since. She'd had her share of high school crushes, puppy love, but never the all-consuming love her mother had kept them both away from. Neither twin had questioned their mother's adamant refusal to speak more on the subject. Both were happy with that decision. They had always assumed their mother would tell them in her own time, but she'd taken it to the grave some years before.

Mira sighed, brushing past her twin as she walked back into the room. "When will you start training him?"

"Tomorrow I think." Rain leaned against the doorframe between the bedchamber and balcony. "Maybe the next day," she added with a casual, characteristic shrug. "We've got time. He won't be ready for at least a day to start. He's not accepting it just yet. But he will," Her voice held conviction as she confidently stepped past her sister and left the room.

* * * *

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Dillon woke slowly, struggling out of the last vestiges of sleep. His entire body ached, and it took his brain a moment to remember why. *Thank the fates it was just a nightmare*, he thought and tried to sit up. He was at home, safe in his bed with some nameless beauty beside him.

When his body refused to cooperate with his commands, the entire events of the previous night came rushing back to his mind. He tried to scream out, but the sound was still muffled by the hard rubber in his mouth.

He gulped, struggling to sit up and push the last of his sleep from his brain. He groaned aloud and was forced to face the fact nothing had changed. Things hadn't returned to normal. He wasn't in his large bed, safe and warm, with a lovely lady beside him after a passionate night of lovemaking.

He was still in his pitch-black cell. Still bound, arm and leg in the constrictive bondage the witch had put him in; still encased in the metal chastity device—and still had a raging erection, which only intensified as the rest of his body woke painfully.

He was unaccustomed to sleeping as he had, on his side, toes pointed painfully downward, arms held rigidly away from him. His shoulder ached considerably, and he remembered slamming it into both doors in his efforts to escape, on and off throughout the night—the one in the dungeon, and the other in this cell.

He screamed out again, and began to weep in earnest. He'd never felt so alone in his entire life. Even after his mother and grandfather had died. Looking back on it now, in

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

the silence of his cell, he realized it was probably why he'd been with a different woman each night; the reason why he never connected with just one woman and stayed with her. Sure, he'd tried it, but he always feared being abandoned again, heartbroken and alone. He'd had one or two relationships, but they never lasted more than a few months before he broke it off, leaving them before they could leave him.

Now, look where that attitude had gotten him—in a cold, dark cell, alone and bound. He sighed around the ball in his mouth. It was his fault. If he'd attached himself to someone—anyone—in his young life, they may, just now, be worried about him, and looking into his disappearance. But there was no one. Not even his neighbors would be concerned about him because of his characteristic disappearances for weeks at a time. His company accountant always paid his rent, whether he was there or not. His mail went to the office and was set aside, personal bills separated for payment, and private mail left on his desk for perusal when he felt like it.

He mentally cursed himself for having taken the easy road in life once he'd inherited the company from his grandfather. If only ... he chided himself again.

If only what, his brain returned.

If only I'd been thinking, he silently confessed to his inner voice in dejection. He probably wouldn't be in this mess if he had thought more of himself.

He shifted in his bondage, pushing himself upright with difficulty, and stretched his long legs out in front of him. It was the only position he could adopt with his legs bound as

they were. His head shot up as a key scraped in the lock to his cell. It opened outward, and a figure was silhouetted against the softly lit room beyond. He blinked rapidly for a moment against the small amount of light spilling into the room, cringing away from it, as if it might burn him.

When he could, he turned back and recognized the figure of the woman who'd kidnapped him. All the fury of the night before came rushing back, and he squirmed in his bonds, finally coming to his knees. He lunged forward at her, swinging his heavy stilted arms in the process trying to fight back as best he could. He saw his failure as she easily sidestepped his telegraphed move. He landed hard on his chest, half in and half out of the door to his tiny cell, with a hard whoosh of air.

He dragged at the air around him through his nose, rolling on his back as fast as he could, trying valiantly to swing his arms upward and hit her. Again she sidestepped the act, leaving him flailing on his back.

She moved closer, placing a booted foot dead center of his wide chest. "You'd best be still if you wish to eat," she warned. There was no anger in her tone.

The comment stilled him as his stomach grumbled loudly in protest, while thoughts of food filled his mind. He had no idea how long he'd been in the dark cell, but his empty stomach said it must have been some time—twenty-four hours at least.

"Good boy," she lightly tapped her boot on his chest, speaking as one might to an animal. She bent over, attached a lead to his collar and gently pulled up on it. "Come along."

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

It took him a few minutes to roll back over and get himself to his knees without her aid, but he managed finally.

He moved haltingly across the floor on all fours, the pits of his arms crying out in protest at the poking of the boards that held his arms immobile from the shoulders down to his hands. After awhile though, he compared it to using a set of crutches. Rolling his shoulders slightly to place one in front of the other as he moved, he made slow progress to the other side of the large room.

She patiently moved ahead of him, leading him with gentle tugs of the collar at his neck. He fumed in anger, but his overwhelming need for food outweighed that—until he realized how she intended him to eat.

She led him to a corner, where a bowl, looking much like a dog's, sat next to the wall. Next to it was another, filled with water. She reached up, lead in hand, and calmly hooked it to a ring set in the wall above both bowls then turned back to him. "This is how you will be fed, until you prove worthy to eat otherwise." She bent his head forward to unlock the gag.

As soon as the ball popped free of his jaw, he immediately began cursing her, her mother, and her mother's mother, forgetting she was offering him food.

She stood calmly until his tirade was finished, then pinched his nose closed until he opened his mouth to breath. She'd picked up something off the shelf above the bowls, and shoved it into his mouth, pushing his aching jaw wide again without comment. The 'O' ring held his jaw just as wide as the ball had, but at least he could breath better through its opening.

He could just push his tongue through the opening between his lips. His protests were still unintelligible, sounding like nothing more than grunts and groans, since he couldn't close his jaw to form words.

After she'd secured it, despite his trying to duck away, he realized what his foolish tongue had just cost him—dinner.

She turned away from him, picked up a can from the shelf above the area, and bent to dump the steaming contents into the bowl. A heavenly aroma of stew wafted to his nose and his stomach growled loudly in protest.

He lifted pleading, yet still flashing eyes at her, but she merely smiled. "When you learn manners, I might decide you can eat." She reached out to casually stroke his head before walking away.

He turned his head, watching her walk over to a cabinet set into the wall near by, open it, then return with something decidedly evil looking clasped in her slim fingered hands. It was round, silver steel, about two inches high with spikes sticking inward around its circumference.

He realized too late what the contraption was, as she bent forward slightly to fit it over his neck and the collar he wore. The spikes pressed inward against the skin of his neck, and though dull so not to pierce him, they would prove uncomfortable if pressure were applied to any one side. As long as he sat there on his knees they wouldn't press against him. But when he tried to lie down, or shift his head in any direction, they would.

He found out as she walked away from him, just how uncomfortable they were as he lunged forward toward the

bowl. He landed on his chest again, knowing that with his stilted arms he'd never be able to bend to the bowl with its heavenly aroma. That was when he found out the purpose of the second collar. He struggled forward on his chest, much like a worm, and eventually came within reach of the bowl on the floor. The spikes pressed into his neck as he leaned over to get his lips to the delicious smelling stew it contained. He discovered, that even if he could have reached the beefy looking stew, the "O" ring kept him from more than lapping at it slowly. The spikes pressed into his neck in front. They closed off his throat and his ability to swallow, but didn't cut off his air.

He groaned loudly around the "O" in his mouth and rolled away from the bowl itself. Lying on his back, the spikes pressed into his spine, causing a tingle to erupt down the length of his body, as if it had gone to sleep suddenly from the neck down. He tried to lift his arms, but they wouldn't respond; the nerve endings were cut off. He lay there temporarily paralyzed then realized that by lifting his head away from the spikes movement was restored to the rest of his body.

With a heavy sigh, he lifted his head, waited until he could move then bunched his stomach muscles to sit up. Getting to his knees again, he sank back on his calves to wait, his eyes going longingly to the bowl before him as a soft whimper of pleading bubbled up from his chest.

Part Three

The Family Tradition

Jordaine watched him casually from across the room as all the inevitable thoughts went through his head. Mira would be pleased to train this one, as would she, but then again Mira was always pleased at the prospect of training a new slave.

She'd told her once that it was the newness of the experience. The new expressions, the new sounds they would make, and the new passions they brought with them into the training.

Not all their slaves were unwilling victims as Dillon was, and Jarron had been. Some of them came to the twins voluntarily, or were sent by their present Mistress for retraining.

She and Mira had gained quite the reputation in certain circles of being excellent Mistresses. Calm and even, with a safety record that went well beyond anyone else's. They were both proud to boast that neither of them had ever caused any permanent damage to a slave, unwilling or not.

For the most part, their training consisted of those skills that a man needed to please a woman: domestically, physically, and sexually. They taught the men under their care how to become consummate lovers, as well as house husbands.

Their business was very tight lipped, as some would consider what they did as evil, or sadomasochistic, but it was

far from either. They both prided themselves on their gentleness or harshness when the need arose for it, but neither of them caused pain for the sake of causing pain.

The punishments they devised were suited to the crime at hand, and never harmful. Humiliating, yes, but never harmful, mentally or physically—meant to bend the will to their wishes, not crush it.

She watched Dillon struggle with himself. His indecision was clearly written on his features. She heard his stomach rumbling loudly, even from across the wide, silent room.

She rose gracefully, her long, leather-clad legs moving her across the room in a few steps. She squatted next to him then, staring into his pleading eyes. "Hungry are we?" Her smile turned gentle but failed to reach her cool blue eyes.

Dillon nodded, his eyes uncontrollably going toward the bowl of stew on the floor. "You're going to be quiet when I remove that gag." she stated firmly, reaching behind him to undo it, her tone brooking no argument.

When the ring was free of his mouth, Dillon popped his jaw back into place and opened his mouth to speak. Before he could, she dangled the ring before him on a long finger, waiting. He thought better of what he'd been about to say, and snapped his mouth shut tightly afraid she'd put it back.

"Good boy." she said, rising slightly to undo the spiked collar as well. "You may eat now." The offensive steel popped free from around his neck.

Dillon lurched forward again and dove toward the bowl, his stomach rumbling loudly as the first bits of the cooling stew hit his system. He felt degraded and humiliated, eating this

way, but the thought slipped from his mind as he continued to do so out of need more than anything else.

His hair slipped forward and into the stew, but he was unconcerned. He felt her gentle hands at his neck, lifting the strands out of the bowl, then a gentle tug as she cleaned it.

What seemed like an eternity was actually only moments before he finished. He rolled heavily to his side and let out a loud belch.

She made a tisking sound from above him as he leered at her crudely from his position on the floor. "That will never do. You will learn to control your bodily functions." She removed his leash from its ring in the wall, and gave it a gentle tug for him to rise.

He struggled upward, finally finding his voice as he did so. "Look lady, I don't know what your trip is, but release me now, and I won't tell anyone about this," he said, his anger rushing over him in waves again as he haltingly got to his knees, jutting his chin out in defiance. He never saw it coming, but the backhand across his jaw startled him more than it hurt.

"You will not speak to me in that way." Despite her violent action, her calm tone was more a warning than if she had screamed at him. Her hand intertwined in his long hair and pulled his head backward. Pinching his nose again, she waited for him to breathe, ring at the ready. He held out longer this time, knowing that as soon as he opened his mouth to breathe she would gag him again. Finally, his lungs craving air, his mouth burst open and air rushed into his lungs.

She shoved the heavy rubber ring back into his mouth, behind his teeth and buckled it behind his neck in short order.

"MMMPPHHHTTTTTT," he growled. His eyes flashed darkly as he shook his head from side to side, trying to dislodge it after it was buckled.

She stood over him and smiled slowly as he struggled to raise his arms and get it out of his mouth. "Don't struggle so," she advised, and gave his leash a tug, forcing him down to all fours again. "Your training will be much easier if you don't fight me." She started across the room again.

Dillon ignored her. Fighting was the only way he would free himself from this nightmare. *Resistance*, his mind screamed out, as he stayed where he was, defiantly jerking back on the collar. "Mmmmmphhhhttttthhhhhh..." he cursed again, and fought to get away from her.

She sighed, dropped the lead and snapped her fingers. Two shadows disengaged themselves and moved forward, the telltale clink of chain he'd heard when he first came to his senses. Two heavily muscled men appeared next to her and she nodded silently in his direction. One of them Dillon recognized as the guy from the night before. They came to him, bent their knees slightly to get their bound hands around his wooden arms, then rose, lifting him bodily off the floor, and dragged him in the direction of the shadows where his cell was.

He shook his head violently from side to side, fear clearly present in his blue-green eyes as they dragged him along. He didn't want to go back into the dark cell alone. He didn't want

to be left again. He kicked out violently with his useless legs at his two captors.

Neither seemed mindful of his struggles as they held him with ease, despite his straightened arms. Instead of going back to his cell, they dragged him further into the dark shadows of the room.

He didn't see the large, steel device until they were almost on top of it. It looked like a medieval birthing chair. A soft light came on set into the wall just above the steel contraption and he got a good look at it just before they strapped him to it.

The chair was made of heavy duty steel and padding, as he'd first surmised. Its seat reminded him of a workout machine, with its high, sloped back and padded bottom. Two metal pieces shot out from the top of the bench, while two more came out of the area behind the seat itself.

His two captors moved him easily onto the seat, still holding his bound arms aloft as they did so. As they lifted the wooden planks on which his arms lay, he saw her come into his line of sight. She began buckling large straps around his arms, pulling them tightly to the rods, pressing him against the high back of the seat.

She moved to his other arm and did the same, the male stepping out of her way without being told to. Both males bent and maneuvered his leather-clad legs over the steel rods at the seat area, between the wall and the rod. Ankle cuffs were attached to his legs, then both males stepped back slightly, allowing her more room. She reached down and attached a length of chain to the ring in the ankle cuff on

each foot before rising and moving away again. He heard her moving around behind him and tried to lift his head to see what she was about, but failed in his current position.

Dillon heard a crank turning, and felt the pull on his ankles. His lower body was pulled forward against the high back of the bench as she shortened the chain holding his feet down. When she finished turning the crank, he was completely immobile against the high, padded back and could do no more than lift his head slightly from where his cheek was pressed into the padding. A wide strip of leather was placed around the back of his head and buckled just to the side. The new restraint kept him completely immobile despite his desperate struggles against it.

Dillon couldn't see her unless she came into his limited line of vision. She still said nothing as she loosened the leather on his leg and began to move it down his muscular thigh much like pantyhose. She stepped to the other side and he felt her doing the same to his other leg, though he couldn't turn his head to see her.

Once the leather was pooled around his ankle she stepped into his line of sight again. "I'm going to give you five lashes for your defiance, slave. Maybe you'll learn not to do such things in the future." She stepped out of his line of sight again and it seemed an eternity before the first lash fall across his back.

He jerked in reaction astonished she'd actually laid a whip to his skin. He felt the welt rising and it took a moment for the actual pain to register in his mind. When it did, he

screamed against the ring in his mouth, struggling against the bonds holding him to the bench.

The second lash fell and he screamed again, pushing backward in an effort to move from the singing swish he knew would strike. Tears pooled in his eyes and he whimpered just a scant second before the third raised a fire across his skin.

The fourth and fifth followed in short order. If he could have seen his back, he would have been astonished at the perfect pattern she'd laid in red there. Five equally long, and equally spaced welts rose in stark prominence on his lightly tanned skin, testifying to her expertise with the implement that dangled loosely from her hand. He heard her stride forward and she came into his blurred line of sight.

"A slave must learn from his mistakes. Your open defiance brought this on. Nothing more, nothing less." She reached out to gently stroke the top of his head.

She unbuckled the strap holding his head immobile and wiped away his tears with a gentle touch that belied the beating she'd just given him. His breathing was ragged. She bent toward the floor, coming back up with a bottle of water he hadn't noticed before. She lifted the open container to his lips and allowed him to drink, holding her hand gently beneath his chin to tilt his head upward and let the water run down his throat through the ring. When he finished, she moistened a white linen scrap she'd picked up as well, and dabbed softly at the welts of fire on his back.

Her gentle care surprised him through his haze of pain. She'd just beaten him. Now she was caring for the marks,

leaning close to inspect them and make sure she hadn't broken the skin. She leaned up with a pleased smile and continued to gently dab water on the welts, taking away some of the sting.

"You will stay here for the rest of the night. Tomorrow we will discuss your situation." She stroked his head once more, in a casual caress, while her other hand reached up and turned off the light above them, plunging him, once again, into darkness.

* * * *

She turned and walked away from Dillon's immobile form on the bench. Jarron and Selik following without command. Both had been in training long enough to know what to do. Her thighs were wet from the beating she'd just given, brief as it was, and she herself ached for relief, remembering Dillon's mewling whimpers as she'd laid the whip to his bare skin.

"Jarron, off to bed," she ordered, eyeing Selik up and down with a knowing smile, as they stepped into the circle of light cast by the lamp beside the couch. Jarron hung his head in shame as he moved away. Jordaine's heart ached as she watched him go.

It wasn't out of love, but his sense of shame that he'd done something to displease her, thinking she was Mira. Rain liked Jarron well enough—he'd certainly done very well in his year of training, adapting faster than most, once he'd accepted his fate at their hands, but he wasn't a favorite for her.

It had been awhile since she'd trained a slave, preferring lately to stay above stairs, running their more legitimate businesses. She knew that Mira favored Jarron when she was training the others. Mira allowed him more leeway than most because, in truth, she was probably just as much in love with him as well, whether she'd admit it or not.

But he wasn't Jordaine's type. Slaves like Selik, with his long, flowing blond hair, wide shoulders, trim waist and heavily muscled legs, were. Slaves like Dillon were going to be with his youthful looks, expressive blue green eyes, and well-muscled limbs.

Jarron was however, just as heavily muscled as the others, but in a brutish sort of way. The term 'brick shithouse' came to mind with his rock hard abdomen, tree trunk like legs, strong jaw and wide muscled chest and back. He'd been a former 'bad boy' before being captured by them. His long defiance of the twins had been a pleasure for them both to bend to their will.

It was Selik who folded himself gracefully at her feet as she lounged on the couch in front of the entertainment center in the dungeon. Selik, with his long golden hair, brightly intelligent hazel eyes, and easy smile would pleasure her tonight. Dillon would pleasure her in the future, she mused with a soft smile, as she spread her legs wide for Selik, sighing in outright pleasure as he dipped his head there without command.

Selik spent an hour or more pleasuring her with simple strokes of his nose, as she hadn't removed the ball gag from his mouth yet. She saw his hands clench and unclench at his

waist as he inhaled deeply of her intoxicating juices—juices that now flowed freely over his face at his insistent stroking. She sat forward slightly, lifted his head and removed the ball gag from between his lips.

"Thank you, Mistress," he whispered, before dipping his head again and pleasuring her further, this time with his lips, tongue and teeth as he'd been taught.

And he'd learned well, she reflected later, as she laid her sweat soaked head against the back of the couch, panting heavily to catch her breath. Selik shifted upward with his own, easy satisfied smile and lay against her flat stomach, silently awaiting her next command.

She lifted his head from her stomach. "I think I'm in need of a bath."

"Yes, Mistress," he responded as he rose gracefully to hobble off in his chains.

Rain watched him go with an appreciative eye, and smiled. Rising, she wiped the beads of sweat off her forehead and moved across the room to the bench where she'd left Dillon some hours before.

She laid a hand lightly on his head in the dark and smiled as she felt him shaking slightly. "Enjoyed that, did you?"

Gods help him. He had enjoyed listening to the other man coax outright screams of pleasure from this woman's lips. This *evil* woman, who had kidnapped him, tied him up, and was now gently caressing his head and shoulders with a lover's touch. He shuddered again in his bonds, but whether it was from her touch or the images burning in his mind, he wasn't sure. He'd watched, like some sick voyeur, and felt his

own cock and balls, though encased in the cold metal, respond. He'd been rock hard from the moment the man had dipped his head between her thighs, and he whimpered now in the darkness.

She sat slowly behind him on the bench, the tips of her breasts above the line of the corset she wore grazing his skin just below the welts she'd created earlier. Her hands snaked across his wide, stretched shoulders and around the front of him to his broad chest. She slipped her hands lightly over his erect male nipples and laughed delightedly as he tried to jerk away from her. She pinched the tiny buds between her fingers, hard, and laughed again when he gasped at the unexpected response of his erection. It jumped within its confines, and he was sure she could hear it slam painfully against the metal itself.

She nipped lightly at the back of his neck, making him shudder once more from the sweet torture she inflicted. She laughed from behind him as he turned his head toward her and released an agonized whimper.

He'd never been this hard in his life, he thought, at least not for this long, he realized with a jerking start. He inhaled through the ring in his mouth, and shifted forward slightly against the padding of the bench, trying to gain some relief from the sweet agony. None was forthcoming, he realized as he heard her rise from behind him. *NO*, he mentally screamed at her. *Please ... don't go. Don't leave me like this ... not now.*

He shifted again, trying to rut himself against the padding of the bench, to no avail. He heard her walk across the room.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

The light by the couch was flipped off. He was again alone in the vast darkness ... alone and feebly crying out to her as he struggled against the bonds holding him tightly to the bench. He groaned as the door shut behind her departing laughter. The sound still rang in his ears many hours later.

* * * *

Jarron had returned to his room alone, as she'd ordered, his massive heart threatening to break with shame and despair. He'd seen the appreciative look she'd given the newbie—saw the gleam in her eyes in anticipation of his punishment, the wetness on her thighs when she'd finished. He must have done something to displease her. Jarron reviewed the day, as he sat on his cot waiting for her to tuck him in again.

His day had been long, filled with many chores she'd set for him. He'd done her laundry, ironing her clothes lovingly with his bound hands and folding them just the way she'd taught him. He'd cleaned the dungeon until it practically shone. He'd vacuumed the open cells, taking extra time to make sure each was spotless. Each piece of play furniture was dusted to perfection, taking extra care to get into the creases of the large variety of equipment where dust tended to harbor itself.

He'd even cleaned the two bathrooms in the dungeon, a chore he detested, but had done out of love anyway. He leaned back against the cold stone of his cell, letting out a dejected sigh around the ball in his mouth. So why had she sent him away? It was customary after a punishment of one

of the younger slaves, or newbies, that he was the one to pleasure her. It had been that way for the past months now, and he was heartbroken that she'd chosen Selik.

It must have had to do with his confession the day before, and he gave a jerk at his bound wrists in anger. He never should have spoken so. Not to her—not about him. It wasn't a slave's place to say such things to his Mistress. He'd learned long ago, not to speak freely. If questioned, certainly, but he'd felt the need to speak his mind last night. He didn't know what had compelled him to do so, then it dawned on him—it was her announcing her plans to sell him soon. It had to have been that. Nothing in the last few days had given him any indication she intended to include him in the coming auction.

For the last few weeks, he'd help her prepare for it: mailing the invitations, doing the background checks at her computer, when he was allowed, reserving the caterer for the affair, preparing the bios that went along with each slave to be sold, along with a set of ownership papers, and the contracts for each of them. But never one for himself.

In his former life, he'd been a construction worker, not very bright, but not completely dumb either. He'd graduated high school, but never made it to college due to alcohol. As with most in his field, he'd worked his way up in the ranks, but not very far. The alcohol and abuse had always held him back. Always kept him at the bottom of the food chain instead of rising to the top. He sighed again, his lips pushing out around the gag in his mouth. He didn't care to remember the man he'd been, preferring to think on the man he'd become under her careful, watchful eye and firm hand.

His captivity had been outright torture at first; he was used to being in the outside world. He had adapted, slowly at first, then gaining speed, until one day she seemed to recognize his worth to her as a helper. She taught him how to read better, how to work with numbers, and eventually, how to communicate better with other people.

Beyond all that was the pleasure, both physical, when he was allowed it, and her sexual pleasure. He groaned again at the thought of Selik pleasuring her that night. It wasn't out of jealousy, but out of pain that he'd disappointed her.

He leaned back and slowly closed his eyes, and failed to hold the tears at bay. A year ago, if someone had told him that he'd be sitting in a cold, dark cell, bound hand and foot with an enormous ball gag in his mouth, crying like a baby, he'd have laughed at them, before punching them dead in the face. But not now.

He leaned to the side, burying his face against the cot blankets to wipe his tears, as his hands were useless at the moment, bound as they were to his waist. He'd learned to do many things from this position, adapting to it almost naturally despite its initial discomforts. He'd finally understood that a person didn't always need their hands to do things. He learned to use the majority of his massive body to accomplish things when he needed to.

That was how Mira found him. After Jordaine had had her bath, with Selik attending, she caught up with Mira and updated her on the night's events in the dungeon. It was one of the safety measures to ensure they didn't trip up each other, constantly keeping the other appraised of the

happenings below stairs so things lessons weren't repeated in the course of a slave's training.

Both twins had been blessed with almost perfect photographic memories, which came in handy when dealing with 10 different men at any given time, each on a different level in their training.

Mira sighed as she leaned against the doorway, watching him as he wiped away his tears once more against the cot blankets. "Jarron..." she whispered, despite her steely resolve not to feel anything for this slave.

She'd trained many in her work over the years, but none had ever affected her. They'd come and gone, sold and bought, each trained well to serve their new Mistresses, or continue to serve their present ones. But none had ever held a place in her mind after they were gone.

She kept tabs on her slaves, ensuring their safety well after they were sold. One of the things the twins prided themselves on was responsibility and safety, which included a system of checks and balances for each slave before they left. At first, weekly updates were made to ensure the slave was safe and happy. Eventually these were cut back to biweekly, then monthly for the first year after they'd been sold. The second year, semi-annual calls then finally yearly for the next three years. If at any point during the first five years, the slave expressed unhappiness, they were immediately retrieved from their present owner, and a partial refund was given—allowing of course for substantial fees and fines.

So far, only a few had been retrieved and sold again after some mental retraining. Only one had been an extreme case,

but neither twin could have seen the woman's darker tendencies; she'd covered them well.

That one incident had been enough for them to complete more extensive background checks, delving deeper into a potential Mistress' past and present, before they were even given an invitation to an auction, much less the privilege to bid on a slave. Nowadays, each Mistress who bid on their property were insured to be safe, of sound mind, and could well afford the exorbitant price the slaves fetched. Mira could admit with pride that her slaves fetched a very high price once they'd been fully trained, and came with certification papers to that affect.

She stepped forward, her private musing interrupted by Jarron's soft sobbing. She'd changed her clothing before coming to him. Gone were the tailored slacks and blouse she'd worn earlier for a business meeting in town. In its place was the typical garb she wore when dealing with her slaves. Her fitted bodice emphasized her slim figure, as she stepped forward on bare feet. She hadn't felt like wearing the boots as she usually did, and adopted instead, a pair of silken and lace boxer looking shorts to compliment the satiny bodice.

Jarron raised his head and stared at her, silhouetted in the doorway. His eyes brightened through his tears. He pushed himself upward with ease, readjusting his position as he'd been taught to wait for her, head bowed awaiting her command.

She stepped forward and squatted between his massive thighs, pushing them gently outwards as she did so. Lifting his head, she wiped away his tears with the pads of her

thumbs as she held his cheeks gently. "Why do you cry?" she asked softly.

He groaned in the darkness, his hands clenching involuntarily at her question. Jutting his chin forward twice, he waited for her to remove the gag. When she had, he lowered his gaze, asking permission to speak in his soft, rumbling timber. She gave her consent, and he looked up at her again, locking there, her outline fuzzy from fresh tears. "I ... I cry because I shamed you yesterday, Mistress." His voice was barely audible as he choked out the words.

Mira smiled, wiping away the tears that coursed over his smooth cheeks. "Shh..." she whispered, rising to wrap her arms around his head and shoulders. "It's all right. You merely spoke your mind as you've been taught."

Jarron sighed against the silken material next to his cheek. She'd never held him this way before, her arms wrapped around him, stroking his head like a lover. He jerked once at the bonds at his waist, feeling an overwhelming need to return the gentle embrace. He lifted his head from her flat stomach his eyes glittering with unshed tears. "Please, Mistress, Let me love you," his eyes roamed over her face. "Let me touch you."

Something inside Mira broke at his humble entreaty and she nodded once, the action a mere movement of her head before she stepped away from him. She would let him love her this night ... this once.

Reaching between their bodies she released the padlock at his waist then ducked under his massive arms and into his embrace. Jarron groaned, like a dying man, as her silken

bodice rubbed over his wide, muscular, shaven chest. He'd never felt anything so wonderful in all his years, he thought as she slowly leaned her head toward his.

He jerked with a start as their lips touched for the first time since he'd been brought to her, then sighed out into her mouth as she parted his lips with her tongue. He groaned again, returning the kiss with everything in his being. She traced the outline of his lips then pushed her tongue into his mouth, like he'd done to her nether regions so many times over the last year. The simple contact had his heart pounding so hard in his chest he was sure it was going to burst.

Finally, he pulled away, needing air, and buried his face in the crook of her neck, inhaling the sweet scent of her perfume. He couldn't believe she was here now, in his arms, touching him as he'd dreamed of for so long.

She was perfect, he thought, as he worked his bound hands back around to the front of her body to softly grasp each globe of her breasts. The short length of chain between his wrists set his hands in the perfect position to lift each to his questing lips, and he spent the next several minutes paying them homage with his tongue, teeth and lips.

She sat astride his lap, rocking slowly back and forth with her own questing need, and forgot she was the Mistress—the cold, calm, leader—and remembered to be all woman, as he suckled and nipped gently at her well-endowed breasts.

She arched against his hands, smiling with pure joy in the dimly lit room. Her hands roamed over his wide chest and shoulders in response to his sensual caress of her breasts. She'd never been loved like this before, and she knew after

this night, she never would be again. Her long hair tickled the tops of his thighs as she leaned her head back with a loud growling moan of pleasure and her hips arched forward against the metal of his chastity belt. *That will never do*, she admitted through the haze of passion he was creating.

She leaned forward, freeing him fully with a simple twist of the locks at his waist, a safety feature she and her sister had decided on long ago, and had all their locks specially made with this in mind. Should one of their slaves need to be freed quickly because of some danger, a certain twist this way, a tug, and a twist that way and the padlock would disengage itself automatically. It was a secret only the twins knew, but it was coming in handy now, she thought with a soft chuckle as his manhood sprang free of the inner pocket. He lifted his hips without being told and she slid the metal away from him, letting it drop gently to the floor behind her.

She raised his head from her breasts, and kissed him again with all the passion he had awakened in her. Sighing deeply, she pushed at his shoulders, guiding him gently back to the cot beneath. He lay willingly, his eyes glimmering up at her with unspoken need and love, as she broke the kiss and settled back onto his long shaft. He did have a long shaft, she'd noted more than once in the year he'd been under her care. He groaned, tossing his head back, as he slid home deep inside her.

Her own sigh joined his as he dropped his hands to her clitoris and gently rubbed the bud with the pads of his thumbs. Carefully parting the folds of her womanhood, he

found the one spot he knew to drive her mad with pleasure, and quickly sent her over the edge of her first orgasm.

Her scream echoed off the walls of the small cell, then she bent forward placing both hands on the cot on either side of his head. Her long hair slid forward, creating a cocoon of intimacy, making him feel, as if they were the only two people in the world.

He wasn't a slave and she wasn't a Mistress. They were simply two people who had come together to share the oldest dance known to man and woman. A dance of love.

* * * *

Long after their lovemaking had ceased, they lay quietly together. She was curled atop his chest, her hand lazily stroking its muscled plane. His bound hands lay at her waist, his fingers slowly stroking tiny circles against her hip. Neither had said a word in the hours previous, and Jarron spoke quietly in the darkness, trying one more time to gain her acceptance. "Please Mistress..." he begged, not needing to say more, as he lifted his head to rub his cheek against the top of her head.

Mira's eyes glittered when she looked up at him from the shadows. She rose slowly, regretfully, from the circle of his arms, and strapped him to the cot for the rest of the night. The action reminded him, with shocking clarity, of his position and he groaned against the ball gag she'd replaced. Great tears pooled in his eyes.

She rose and stood beside the bed to stare at him for a long moment before turning away to the door. His eyes

begged her to let him stay forever ... to let him love her as she deserved to be loved, but she didn't see and he grunted behind the hard rubber in his mouth to gain her attention.

Without turning she left him alone, pulling the door closed with a soft click of metal finality. Mira stood on the other side, waiting for something, but not knowing what. She raised one hand, palm flat to the door and whispered five words that he would never hear. "I love you too, Jarron."

* * * *

Several Months Later ...

"Well, that's the last of the bunch."

Mira nodded slowly, not turning from her position on the wide balcony as she stared off into the night, watching the taillights of a vehicle drive away from The Mansion in the darkness. "How'd it go?"

"Good. We should net about \$500,000 for this bunch." Jordaine stepped forward slowly, coming to stand beside her twin at the rail of the balcony. "How are you feeling?" she asked, though she already knew through the deep connection all twins shared.

"I'm good. A bit tired tonight." Mira stretched the arch of her back slowly with a loud pop.

"How are they?" Jordaine's gaze was drawn to Mira's protruding stomach.

Mira's hand dropped instinctively to her wide waist and she smiled lovingly. "The twins are fine, Auntie," she teased, rubbing her fingers along the skin beneath her long maternity dress. One of the pair kicked viciously and Mira smiled in

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

remembrance of their own childhood. "Looks like family traditions will continue." She turned to go back inside, away from the rapidly chilling night air.

Part Four

The Homecoming

The years passed by slowly. Mira, after the birth of the children, decided her life of training slaves was done for a while. She focused instead, on raising her children and running the family's legitimate businesses.

Jordaine, however, decided that her life as a Mistress wasn't finished, and continued training slaves for many more years. With heirs to ensure the continuation of the family businesses, she felt no need to worry over such matters, and contented herself on being a true aunt, spoiling the children, much to the chagrin of Mira.

The children often confused Aunt and Mother until they grew older and could easily tell them apart. The adult twins dealt with the same sort of problem with the youngsters. Mira seemed to have a better handle on it, unless she was angry for some reason, such as a broken vase, or spilled food, but that was an uncommon occurrence.

The children were well-behaved little things, seeming to have picked up a strong sense of discipline from their elders as the years went by. A few days before their fifth birthday, Mira was seated on the balcony outside her room.

The mellow night sounds, interrupted by an occasional hiccup from her, created a backdrop for her somber mood. She heard the padding of small feet behind her, but did not turn. "What is it Jaron?"

The small child didn't answer at first, preferring to come further out into her private sanctuary. He came slowly around the deck chair and climbed onto her lap. "Why are you sad, mommy?" he asked softly as he curled against her chest.

She chuckled, hugging the already well-built child against her. "Mommy is sad because she misses someone."

When the children were born, she decided she'd be as honest as she could with them, until they were old enough to understand what really happened in The Mansion.

"Who?" he asked looking up at her with eyes so like his father's.

She let out a choked sob, cutting it off as fresh tears pooled in her eyes. She struggled for control. "Someone very special to mommy, honey."

"What happened?" the child asked with a natural curiosity.

"He went away," was all she could manage before the tears choked her speech. She sighed again, and held his stout little body closer. "Now, don't you worry, my love. Mommy will be fine." She gave him an assuring hug, and tender kiss on his small brow.

She picked him up easily, and set him back on his feet. "Why don't you find your sisters, love." Mira stared into the lonely night as she heard the little boy slowly walk away, seemingly torn between playing with his sisters, and consoling his obviously sad mother. She was aware of him pausing in the doorway between the balcony and her room then scampering off.

She sighed, and brushed the tears from her cheeks with a vicious swipe of her hand, angry that she'd given in to them

in the first place. She'd done well, to hold them at bay this long after the day she'd had. It had started out innocently enough this morning until she'd looked at the schedule for the day. It was the last call they would make for Jarron—the final checkup with his new owner, and him.

For the last five years Jordaine had been making those particular check calls, but today, Mira had felt a sense of foreboding and taken on the task herself. She had to know if she was over him, if she was ready to step back into the boots as Mistress.

Mira knew the moment she'd heard Jarron's voice she wasn't ready, and would never be again. He had spoken to her in that soft timber, full of respect, answering her questions promptly and efficiently without hesitation. She'd done well though, keeping her tone professional and calm, giving him no indication anything was amiss in her life. It was nothing more than part of the contract with his new Mistress.

He'd seemed happy enough, his tone calm and even, giving her no indication anything was wrong with him either. The sound of his voice, after so long, was enough to make her want him again. After their one night together, she hadn't taken on another slave, not even to train. She couldn't do it—and she never would again. Jarron was happy, healthy and safe with his Mistress and that was all that mattered.

Mira had carried on the family tradition, birthing heirs to the fortune and the secret that came with it. Jordaine was the Mistress now, happy to train slaves at her leisure, and would soon take the twin girls, who had surprised everyone with a brother, under her wing as the next generation.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Mira and Rain had discussed at length some years before how to handle the triplets, and when they would make them aware of their family heritage. They had decided mutually, not to keep them in the dark, but at the age of sixteen they would introduce the girls to the family tradition.

Jaron, aptly named for his father, and who looked and acted more like him with each passing day, would take a different role in the family. He would be raised to run the legitimate business interests, becoming the next heir to that side of the family's vast fortune.

* * * *

Dillon sat in the shadows of the dungeon, gazing at her with adoration clearly written on his face. He gulped around the heavy gag in his mouth and dropped his eyes waiting for her next command.

His life had taken a definite change for the better in the last five years. He was head of the dungeon now, as testified by the golden collar he wore around his muscular neck. He'd bulked up from her training, developing muscles over the years in places he didn't know he had.

He waited, flinching slightly, as the Mistress laid the whip to a newbie they'd just acquired for training. There were five slaves in residence, this one being number six, and they were on the lookout for four more to add to the current stable for sale. His four underlings were about 7 months along and learning well, but the new one they'd just brought in looked like he would prove to be difficult.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Dillon thought back over his first year in this dungeon and remembered his former life with a slight shiver. He'd been nothing before coming into her life; a man without purpose. She'd shown him that his purpose was pleasing her, and her alone.

He shifted slightly, softly rattling the chains at his feet as he did so. She turned, pausing in her strikes with the whip, to quizzically look into the shadows before returning to the task at hand.

Not long after his arrival, he'd accepted his fate at her hands, willingly pledging himself to her within a few weeks of his capture. Shortly after that he'd made the call to his business manager, of his own free will, telling him he was taking an extended vacation and to handle things; he'd check in with him in a few months to let him know he was ok.

From that point on, he'd dedicated himself to being the best slave he could for Jordaine, eventually winning her eye and her heart within the year. Since then, he'd been in the dungeon, signing over his business interest to be incorporated into their empire, though everything within it stayed the same. Marcus still ran the company and probably would for at least another five years.

Jordaine continued to train him, each day bringing new experiences, as he became more and more in tune with her. He was happy with that arrangement—for the most part—and watched as the last lash fell across the skin of the newbie. He smiled around the ball in his mouth, rising on his heavily muscled legs, ready to come forward when she commanded.

* * * *

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Jarron's situation had not improved, despite what he'd said on the phone that same day. The Mistress to whom he'd been sold was much more cruel than he had expected her to be, and he'd literally endured five years of hell. He sighed deeply now, stretching his cramped muscles as far as the bonds he was kept in would allow. His back was still on fire from the beating she'd given him the night before, and he groaned as his shifting in the chair reawakened the pain.

During the phone call, he'd told the Mistress he was safe and happy, keeping his tone calm and even. His new Mistress stood over him, then dragged him to the basement and hung him by his wrists beating him until he'd passed out.

When he'd awakened, he was in his customary position when she wasn't around—seated upright in an old wooden chair in the cold basement. The chair had recently been designed specifically for his height and he sighed heavily as he tried to stretch again, and gain some relief from the cramps assailing him.

She hadn't put him in his straight jacket as she usually did when she left for work. Instead, she'd tied his hands behind the chair, the tops of his wrists facing one another so he couldn't get at the ropes that held him immobile. Almost every inch of his body was covered with coarse ropes that scraped his skin when he moved, ensuring he'd stay still and not struggle while she was out of the house.

In his mouth was a heavy metal bit, pulling tightly at the corners, and wrapped around a long piece of board that had been bolted to the top of the chair. A wide leather strap went

across his forehead and around the same board, pulling his head backward, hard and flat against the wood.

A high posture collar had been put around his neck ensuring that even if he could move his upper body, he couldn't turn his head. The same coarse rope that crisscrossed his body tightly held his knees together. Another length of rope pulled his bound ankles toward the back of the chair and connected to his wrists, pulling at both so he couldn't move his hands or his feet in the slightest.

He was thirsty, tired, hungry and cold because she hadn't fed him before leaving for work, preferring to let him suffer through the rest of the day alone and immobile. He'd truly brought this on himself over the years, awakening her darker side with a one time, foolish confession. She'd never forgiven him, and he knew his only chance at sanity was escape.

Normally she left him bound to the chair with a straightjacket on, but today she'd given him a way to escape—a single opportunity that he knew if he didn't take now, he'd be lost forever.

The only chance he had was to free his wrists and then his hands. He was fortunate that, while she excelled at actually tying the knots, she wasn't very strong, and the ropes around his wrists were not so tight that some movement wasn't possible.

He began twisting his wrists, gasping out in pain as the bindings burned his skin. The pain didn't matter compared to the first hope he'd had in years of escaping. As he continued to work, he glanced toward the high, basement window to see the sun streaming in. He thought it must be about 10 a.m.

She came home at about 6 p.m., which left him roughly eight hours to free himself and get away.

His struggles to turn his wrists increased with a sense of urgency, and about an hour later, he started making some headway. By early afternoon, his right wrist twisted perfectly and popped around until it faced the back of his other hand. He felt around with questing fingers until he managed to grasp the knot holding his hands together. It took him another couple of hours to untie the knot itself though and around 4 p.m. his hands sprang forward, his shoulders pinching heavily in pain.

He groaned loudly, unable, for the first few minutes, to do more than let his free arms hang at his sides. He shook them slightly to rid himself of the pain then began to undo the rest of his bonds.

Just after 5 p.m. he rose from the chair and walked freely around the room for the first time. He rubbed his arms and shivered in the cold before springing into action. In that one moment he showed more initiative than he had in five years—the initiative of freedom.

And her. Getting to her. Seeing her again. Knowing she was well jarred him into action.

Pounding his way up the stairs from the basement he didn't pause in his upward flight as he burst through the weak wooden door with a bent shoulder. He crashed into the kitchen, and skidded to a halt to think for a moment. He hadn't planned this far ahead and he knew he needed to work things out to fully escape. Turning his head this way and that, he gazed through the upper part of the house, reveling in his

freedom. Blood ran from his wrists, back, and the long jagged cuts down the back of his thighs where she'd whipped him the night before.

He needed clothes, money, and a ride—and fast, if the clock was any indication. The time was just a few minutes before six. He'd miscalculated, he realized with a pounding heart, as he headed for the bedroom in which he'd been kept for the last five years. The place was immaculate, thanks to his hard work, and he knew exactly where everything was. Moving to the dresser he pulled out a pair of sweats, and pulled them over his painful injuries with a grimace.

Grabbing a wad of bills from her private stash beneath a floorboard in the bedroom, he stuffed the money in his pocket without looking, grabbed a pair of tennis shoes and headed out the back door just as the front door was opening.

As he ran down the street, the cold winter wind buffeting him, he thought he could hear her scream of outrage at finding him gone. But it could have been the wind too; he wasn't sure, nor did he care.

He only had one thought. Her. When he'd heard her voice on the phone he'd known something was wrong. Something dreadful, and he had to know what. He was going against all the training she'd instilled in him, training that his new Mistress had beaten out of him in the years since he'd been sold.

A shiver wracked his large frame as the wind lifted beneath the thin material of the sweatshirt. He kept running, unmindful of the screaming pain in his legs, back and lungs, as he gulped at the cold winter air. He knew if he was caught,

he was dead, maybe not right away. She was just dark enough to prolong the torture until he did die. She'd boasted she'd done it before and had no compunctions about doing it again if he misbehaved badly enough.

This was badly enough in her book, he knew as he tripped on a raised sidewalk, almost falling. He regained his balance, his legs still weak from his prolonged bondage and the new injuries he'd recently suffered. Some part of his mind realized he should have waited until this last beating healed up a bit, but he also knew he wouldn't have had another chance at freedom after today.

Jarron ran through the darkening city streets. He had to get to transportation and soon, or she would surely find him. That meant the bus station, but he wasn't quite sure where it was. He hadn't been outside in almost five years, and the town he'd been brought too had changed greatly. He rounded a corner, many blocks from the one bedroom home in which he'd lived and saw the cabs hustling for business.

Raising a hand with a painful grimace, one finally stopped and he slumped into the backseat just as her car rounded the corner behind him. Flopping into the backseat he peeked up just as she went by, her foot to the floor and a look of murderous rage on her face. She wove dangerously in and out of traffic as he sat up in the cab and told the driver where to take him. Calmly the man pulled out, cursing under his breath at her flashing taillights and calling her a reckless driver.

The cabbie, an older man, glanced at his passenger in the rearview mirror, his face marred with a look of concern. "You ok, son?" he asked.

Jarron could only nod, crossing his arms over his chest to hide his shivering. His back felt like someone had poured molten lava into the open wounds. His legs shook violently with the pain from the beating he'd suffered.

He knew he must look a fright, with his hair windblown from his run through the streets, the corners of his mouth cracked and bleeding from the bit she'd used on him, and the scrapes from the hard leather of the posture collar around his neck.

"I'm ... fine," he managed to get out through the uncontrollable chatter of his teeth. "Bus ... sta ... tion," he muttered, closing his eyes against the pain that racked his large body. "Plllll ... eease."

The driver nodded, wanting to discharge his passenger as quickly as possible. The traffic came to a sudden halt ahead and it took them another fifteen minutes to find out why. Slowly they crept forward and Jarron opened his dazed and pain filled eyes as the driver spoke. "Wow. Looks like a nasty accident up ahead." He gave a low whistle.

Jarron turned his head slowly, his neck aching miserably with the motion. His eyes grew wide as he recognized the mangled remains of the car that had been crushed by the front end of an eighteen-wheeler.

It was easy enough to discern what had happened as they slowly wended their way past the mangled remains. She'd

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

obviously run the light in her effort to retrieve him just as the eighteen-wheeler was coming from the other direction.

All that was left of her bright blue Camaro was the back end, which sat almost in the exact center of the intersection. Its front end was crushed beyond recognition beneath the mammoth tires of the rig a hundred yards further down the street.

He hoped she survived the accident, but somehow he didn't think she had. He slumped over, tears of relief pooling in his eyes before he lifted a shaking hand to wipe them away. There was a justice in the world, he thought with an almost violent shudder racking through his frame.

Several days later Jarron staggered off the bus just outside Billings, Montana and started walking. His brain was consumed by fever, his large body shivered almost continuously from it. His limbs felt heavy and lethargic. But one thought managed to control his brain. One image took precedence in his mind's eye.

Her.

Her gentle hands, her loving eyes, and soft voice. The same voice he remembered from their time together. He had to get to her.

The money he'd taken had been just enough to get the ticket to Billings. He'd had only pennies to eat on, and that had run out days ago. The bus ride had taken him almost three days and he knew he looked a fright. He was thankful that the sweats he'd taken were a dark blue for they covered up the blood.

* * * *

Jordaine was passing the front door when the doorbells ringing startled her. She jumped and screamed in an uncharacteristic ladylike squeal. She'd been so lost in her thoughts she hadn't noted where she was in The Mansion, which was silent at that time of night. Catching her breath, she reached out and opened the door just as a large body fell inward, almost toppling her over.

She barely caught him, having to use all of her strength to hold them both upright until she herself caught her balance again. The person she was holding stank to high heaven and she was just on the verge of dropping him to the floor and calling for one of the servants to come and remove him when he whispered a single word, "Mi ... stttresss..." on a soft breath of pungent air.

Fighting back her gag reflex in that moment, Jordaine shifted him to get a look at his face and her eyes widened in absolute horror.

"MMMMMMMMIIIIIIIIIIIRRRRRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAA..."

* * * *

Her sister's bellow woke Mira from a dead sleep and she shot upright in bed, a startled scream stuck in her lungs. She'd been having a nightmare. She was running ... hard and fast ... and she was scared but she didn't know why. She couldn't place it, but something or someone was after her in the dream; something dark and terrifying.

"MMMMMMMMIIIIIIIRRRRRRRRAAAAAAAAAAA..." Her sister's bellow came again, growing closer by the second, until she

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

burst through the door, breathing heavily. "It's Jarron..." she panted out, heaving at the air in great gulps from her long trek through The Mansion.

Mira needed no further encouragement but was out of bed like a shot, pulling on a robe as she followed her twin down the long stairs to the front door.

She skidded to a halt, falling to her knees at the horror lying half in and half out of the doorway to their home. It was Jarron, but not the man she remembered. His hair was long and scruffy and the beginnings of a dark beard shadowed his jaw. His breathing was ragged and racked with pain. From her kneeling position she could smell the stench that wafted off of him. Blood...

She knew the odor well, the sickly, coppery smell of blood. And filth. The man was absolutely filthy. His clothes were ragged, torn in several places, as if he'd been assaulted. His shoes were missing, and his feet were cracked and bleeding as if he'd walked a long distance.

The twins exchanged glances and shouted in unison.
"JJJJJJJOOOOOOOOOSSSSSSSSSHHHHHHHHHHHHHH..."

By the time a very sleepy and widely yawning Josh appeared in the foyer Mira had Jarron beneath the arms and was attempting to drag him bodily up the stairs. He appraised the scene quickly and moved to help, physically lifting the man over his shoulder and heading up the stairs without a word.

Whoever this stranger was, he knew a look of terror when he saw one, and he'd definitely seen it on young Mira's face. She turned halfway up the stairs and barked at Rain. "Call Dr.

Phillips," then hurried after Josh and his heavy bundle. Rain was already on the phone waving absently in her sister's direction.

By the time she was done and headed upstairs after waking Dr. Phillips and gaining his promise to come as quickly as possible, Mira had Jarron laid out on his stomach and was cutting away his clothing with a pair of scissors.

Both twins gasped in horror at the sight of Jarron's mangled back and legs when they were exposed, and Mira began to weep silent tears. Josh reappeared carrying the medical kit they kept on hand, along with a load of towels and a pitcher of water.

Jordaine paused, as Josh pushed past her with full arms. "Dr.... Dr. Phillips is on the way." she whispered around a gulp. "My god, Mira ... what do you think happened?"

Mira turned to Rain with terror filled eyes that were glazed over with tears then bent back to her work without answering. With Josh's help the twins had the majority of Jarron's wounds cleaned by the time Dr. Phillips walked through the door, bag in hand. A quick examination told the older, white haired doctor what he needed to know and do. Without a word to either twin, he set about properly cleaning, disinfecting, and sewing up the worst of the gashes that marred the man's back and legs.

Several hours later the trio stood outside the guest room and Dr. Phillips spoke for the first time. "Did either of you have anything to do with this?" he asked sternly. He knew well what the twins were about, what went on below stairs.

He also knew that neither of them would commit the sort of violence he'd just seen across that poor man's back and legs.

Both twins shook their heads solemnly in response.

"I didn't think so, but, ethically, I had to ask. There shouldn't be any permanent damage, but he's racked with fever. That's our big concern. This was done days ago, and he's lucky to have survived this long." he wiped his bloody hands on a towel. "I've given him antibiotics, and injected some directly into the cuts, but..." he shrugged. "Another day untreated and he might not have survived."

Mira choked off a sob, pushing past both of them and into the room, shutting the door with a soft click.

Dr. Phillips reached into his pocket and produced a couple of bottles. "Give him two of these..." he said handing Rain one, "And three of these a day for the first five days. The first is a painkiller, the second an antibiotic. If he survives the night he'll be lucky, but that fever needs to come down soon. Bathe him with cool water and change the bandages in the morning."

He nodded toward the closed door. "He's the children's father, isn't he?" He asked sure what the answer would be.

Jordaine could only nod slowly. "Yes, Dr. Phillips ... yes, he is." She stared at his retreating back. Dr. Phillips had been the family physician for too many years to count. Not only had he delivered Rain and Mira, but Mira's children as well. He knew the family very well, along with all their secrets. They often called on him to do physicals for the slaves in residence, just before an auction, to certify they were fit and healthy. He

also tended to the children now, giving them their checkups and taking care of them when they caught cold.

They could trust him not to say anything about Jarron's sudden appearance, or his condition, not because the twins paid him to, but out of loyalty to the family.

He paused at the top of the stairs, and turned back to Rain. "Make sure she tells him she loves him if he survives."

"I will Dad, I will." Rain promised to his retreating back as he disappeared down the stairs.

* * * *

Mira sat beside Jarron, silent tears streaming down her cheeks. This was all her fault. She had put him in the care of his new owner, in the situation where he'd been beaten ruthlessly. The scars crisscrossing the length of him from neck to ankle told her all she needed to know. She choked off a sob, reaching out to stroke his shaggy hair. "Oh gods ... I'm so sorry. I didn't ... know."

She pulled herself together, brushing angrily at the tears coursing down her cheeks. Someone would pay dearly for this, she vowed, but first he had to survive. She bent to retrieve a clean towel Josh had brought and dipped it into the cold water in the pitcher. Wringing it out, she spoke, her tone stern and strong. "Don't you dare die on me, Jarron. I've not given you permission for that," she ordered in her best Mistress tone.

At the sound of her voice, he stirred, blinking open his slate gray, fever filled eyes. A half smile graced his cracked and bleeding lips, and he weakly slid a hand toward her

across the bedcovers. "I ... won't, Misss ... tttreesssss..." he dragged out before his eyes slowly closed again.

Mira clasped his weak hand tightly, intertwining their fingers as she wiped at his fevered brow with the cool cloth. Her tears had begun again, but there was no evidence of them in her voice. "Damn right you won't."

* * * *

The days that followed were harrowing at best. Jarron alternated between moments of clarity and dark, fever-ridden moments of violence. He'd suddenly sit up, lashing out at anything that happened to be nearby with almost animalistic growls of rage and fury.

The first day, he was so violent, he opened the stitches on his back with a sickening rip of flesh, and it was decided he would be restrained until the fever passed. It was one of the hardest moments of Mira's life, making the decision to forcibly restrain him when he'd obviously endured so very much in the last years.

But she did it, nevertheless, for his safety and hers. She still sported a dark bruise on one cheek and a slowly healing black eye from one of his violent outbursts on the first day. She stayed by his bedside in those first days, never leaving him for a moment. Nothing else mattered. No one disturbed her, as she kept a vigil over him. Only Dr. Phillips was allowed in the room in those first days, to clean and re-bandage his wounds.

After a very long four days, his fever finally broke and he slept peacefully for another two, before finally opening clear,

slate gray eyes. Mira, ever present by the bed, sat forward as he did so and laid a trembling hand on his forearm, one of the few places that didn't sport a bandage or restraint.

"Shhhhhh ... Don't try and talk" She reached behind his head and quickly removing the gag they'd had to use to keep him from swallowing or biting his tongue in his thrashings. She knelt by the bed, tossing the gag away from her. Running her hands through his dirty, sweat soaked hair, she smiled, touching his face. "Jarron..." was all she could manage before the tears in her eyes spilled over.

She wiped at them with her free hand and smiled again as she stared into his eyes, looking for signs of the fever. There were none and her shaky hand caressed his hollow cheek as she spoke. "Don't move. You've been hurt, very badly, but you're healing now."

He pulled weakly at the restraint on his wrist, clenching his fingers in the effort. She undid the restraint without question. His hand slid slowly across the sweat soaked bedcovers and touched her face with shaking fingers. "I ... was bad," he croaked out.

A choked sob escaped her and the tears came anew, "No love, you weren't bad. She was." Mira's gaze locked with his.

He closed his eyes then and shook his head slowly against the bed. "Nnnoo, I ... was bad. Beee ... cause ... I ... loved..." he pushed the words out slowly, "you and ... to ... old her." He licked his dry cracked lips, and she lifted a bottle of water to his mouth, raising his head gently off the bed to help him drink. He swallowed heavily then laid his head back on the bed. When he spoke again, his voice was slightly stronger. "I

... was bad ... because I never ... stopped loving ... you. And ... and I told her ... years ago." He fought to get the words out before he drifted off to sleep.

"Rest now Jarron," she said softly, tears still flowing freely. "We'll talk about it later."

He nodded jerkily, falling into the pitch-blackness of sleep. Mira knelt by his side before leaning forward to lightly kiss his parted lips. When she stood, her eyes blazed with anger and she left the room without a word.

Several days later Jarron came fully to himself. She was sitting by the bed, calmly reading a book when he woke. He stretched automatically, immediately groaning in reaction to the pain that was still with him. The restraints he remembered were gone and the bed had been changed. Someone had washed his hair too, if the clean smell of lilacs was any indication.

His clear eyes shifted to her. "Mistress?"

She looked up from the book then set it on the nearby table. She smiled as she leaned forward to kneel beside the bed. "Not technically," she replied. "Feeling better?"

He nodded slowly, confused at her first words, but too tired to think much about it. "Hungry," he croaked out weakly. "Thirsty."

"Both of those I can solve." She reached out for the phone by the bed. "Josh, would you bring up some soup and another bottle of water," she said then placed the handset back in its back in its cradle with a soft click.

Jarron heard a door open and a male appeared beside the bed, tray in hand. She took it and set it aside.

"Do you feel like rolling over to eat?" she asked. "Your back is much better, but it's still going to be painful, mind you."

His stomach growled loudly in response to the wafting aroma coming from the bowl, and he couldn't help but nod. Between the two of them, and with some weak help from Jarron, they managed to roll him onto his back after two tries.

She was right in her assessment that it was going to be painful for him. His back burned with fire at the unexpected pressure from his body and he groaned, closing his eyes to catch the tears of pain. Short breathes slowed, then calmed as the pain settled in like a familiar friend.

Josh helped her prop him up a bit so he could eat, and she sat on the bed spooning stew into his mouth. As soon as the beefy broth began to fill his system he began to feel better.

She hadn't spoken to him beyond the initial moments of his waking and he frowned as she set the bowl aside and helped him drink from the bottle of water.

He weakly raised his hand, reaching out for her, needing to know she was real and not a figment of some ghoulish taunting nightmare. His brain was still a bit fuzzy on the events that had brought him here, but there was no doubt he remembered the pain he'd endured. He needed assurance this wasn't a dream, that he was really safe.

She clasped his hand, squeezing his fingers gently. "Jarron ... there's something you need to know." She saw, the fear in his eyes as he reached for her. There were going to be no misconceptions this time around. No omissions and no more lies. "My name is Jordaine. Jordaine Ryder," she began

cautiously. "I am half of your Mistress." "I'm the twin to Mira. Mira Packard." she said.

"Twins?" he croaked out, not fully understanding what she was saying.

Jordaine sighed, holding his hand while she spent the next hour explaining everything to him—every last detail of their lives, and their lies.

Jarron's expression changed several times as understanding finally sank in. "It was you..." his voice shook. "You that night. You that sent me away."

A frown marred Jordaine's face as she tried to recall the night in question. She smiled and nodded. "Yes Jarron, that was I. Not Mira." She calmly, stroked his forehead. "It *was* Mira who came to you later that night, though."

Jarron nodded, and closed his eyes as he tried to process everything she'd told him for a long while. Rain sat calmly and quietly, holding his hand, while he worked it all out. He opened his eyes and stared at her. "Where is she?" he asked hesitantly.

A pained look crossed her face. "She had something to do." Rain offered no more than that, and changed the subject back around to him. "Sleep now. We'll talk again when you're rested." She rose from the bed, taking the tray with her, and quietly closed the door, leaving him alone to sleep.

But sleep refused to come after everything she'd told him worked its way through his tired brain. The idea of twins boggled his mind. And both of them were Mistresses. Training Mistresses. He thought back to the year he'd spent with them; the year that had changed his life. It was then, only

when looking back and knowing the truth of it, that the subtle differences became apparent. Jordaine kept her nails shorter than Mira, whose nails were very long. He shivered slightly in remembrance of those nails caressing his skin on the one night they'd been together.

Jordaine's tone of voice was slightly different from Mira's, but only someone who listened for it could tell. Mira's eyes were quick to flash with anger, where Jordaine's were not, even though Mira had never dealt with him or any other slave in her anger. Both of them were masters at shuttering their emotions, but Mira's eyes were just a bit more expressive at times.

Jordaine tended to moan when a slave was pleasing her, where Mira would pant and moan, before either of them would release an orgasm with a scream, if done properly. Mira's strokes of praise tended toward the head and cheeks, where Jordaine preferred the shoulders and back.

All these things came rushing back at him as he lay there on the verge of sleep. He mentally kicked himself for not having noticed before, but these were such small things, it could have conceivably been one woman. He raised a tired arm and flopped it over his eyes. There were two of them, and it was obvious from the conversation he'd just had with one of them, she didn't feel the same way about him that he did them.

What did the other one feel? He was vaguely aware of her having been there in the room before and something nagged at his brain to be remembered, but he couldn't quite place it. He was too tired to try recalling it.

Sleep finally reclaimed him and he welcomed it with open arms. When he woke he realized he wasn't alone. He turned his head slowly and stared at the male sitting in the chair. He was a younger man, somewhere in his mid thirties, and looked vaguely familiar. He wore a pair of sweats but his chest was naked and he wore a golden collar around his neck. His hair was a long flowing blond, shining brightly in the lamplight coming from bedside the bed. Jarron thought it might be Selik, but the blue-green eyes regarding him weren't from the man he remembered being in the dungeon with him. It suddenly dawned on him and his eyes widened in shock. "Dillon?"

The man smiled, showing brilliant white teeth in his tanned face. "I'm surprised you remember. You were sold shortly after I came here." Dillon spoke bluntly, but there was no condemnation in his voice, merely fact.

A shudder raced across Jarron's body at his words and he closed his eyes against the memory it brought, blocking it away to be dealt with later.

"How are you feeling?" Dillon asked, concerned.

"Better. Thirsty again."

"Can you drink this yourself, or do you want some help?" Dillon's voice came to him behind his closed eyes.

Jarron opened his eyes and reached out shakily for the bottle of water Dillon offered. He took a long swig from the plastic, keeping a hold on it and propping it on his stomach. He turned slowly, eyeing the blue-eyed blond beside the bed for a moment. "Why are you here?" he asked, his voice sounding stronger, more confident after the water.

"Jordaine asked me to stay with you for a while." he said with a casual shrug of his wide shoulders. "Just in case you woke up and needed something."

"Where's Mira?" he asked, after taking another sip of cool water.

Dillon remained strangely silent then spoke. "I can't say, in all honesty. But more because I've been ordered not too."

Jarron turned his eyes to him. "Why?"

"Mistress commands, I obey." Dillon replied easily, but with a wide smile.

"Then you know?" Jarron took another sip from the bottle.

Dillon nodded. "Sure. Have for a couple of years." he added in a calm tone. "I've had to. I'm the head slave." He lifted a finger to caress the golden collar he wore. He shrugged again, his hand dropping away. "They kind of had to tell me when Jordaine and I married ... Officially married, that is."

Jarron's eyes shot over to lock with Dillon's for a moment. "Married?" he managed to croak out around the lump in his throat and the pounding of his heart. "No wonder she told me everything when I woke up..." he whispered, not expecting a response and gaining none. "How long?" he asked after a moment's pause.

"About four years." Dillon shrugged again, never losing the wide smile. "After you were sold, and my training was nearing completion, I begged to stay too, because I'd fallen in love with Jordaine." A look of adoration settled on his face as he spoke about Rain, not only as his Mistress, but as his wife as well. "She's wonderful, loving, kind, caring—and absolutely

'wicked' with a flogger..." A twinkle touched his eyes as he said it. He leaned forward, placing his elbows on his bent knees as he spoke frankly, filling in the gaps for Jarron. "When I begged her to stay she said yes, and shortly after we were married." He touched the golden collar again with reverent fingers.

"It was then I found out about Mira. Rain brought me above stairs for the first time, and Mira came in to join us for dinner." He chuckled at the memory. "Imagine the look on my face when I saw them together for the first time. I think my mouth was hanging open for days afterward as everything was explained to me and what role I would play now that we were going to get married."

A thought occurred to Jarron and he dreaded the answer even as he asked the question. "Have you ever..." his eyes unreadable in the soft lighting of the room. "Have you..."

"Ever serviced Mira?" Dillon filled in for him. He shook his head slowly. "No. After you were sold she remained above stairs and hasn't set foot in the dungeon in well over five years now."

Jarron's heart seemed to miss a beat, then pounded almost painfully against his ribs when it started again. There was hope. Dillon's words confirmed it. Painfully, but it was there. "Does ... she love me?" He couldn't help but ask, fearing the answer to this question even more than he had the first.

Dillon shrugged softly. "I honestly don't know the answer to that question, my friend. I honestly don't know. I don't see much of Mira since I'm only allowed above stairs when there

are no slaves in residence." Dillon continued on a more hopeful note, "Jordaine seems to think she does, but I don't know if that's wishful thinking on her part, for her twin's happiness."

Jarron let out a shuddering sigh, his heart deflating almost as instantly as it had been filled with hope. "So. What happens to me now?"

"That, you'd better ask the Mistress." Dillon rose from the chair, leaving Jarron alone once more.

* * * *

Several weeks later Jordaine, Dillon, and Jarron were seated on the back patio, staring out over the grass while the three children played in the open field that stretched out behind the house.

Jarron had made a remarkable recovery in the weeks after his fever broke, and was now able to move about The Mansion itself unaided by even so much as a cane. His legs were beginning to bulk up again; he'd gained back much of the weight he'd lost and was eating a regular diet. He'd even begun working out as he had when he'd first been in their care, making use of the gym in the main mansion instead of the one below stairs.

Dillon sat on one side of him and Jordaine just beyond him as the children executed a vicious game of tag in the grass. The sun shone brightly above them and Jarron leaned his head back against the chaise lounge, his eyes closed, basking in the warmth on his face. "You two have three beautiful children," he remarked, ending the companionable silence

they'd adopted. He missed the look they shared, but not the silence.

Dillon rose from his lounge chair, heading into the yard to gather up the three rambunctious youths and herd them inside, leaving the other two alone.

Jarron hadn't seen much of the children before today, but when he had happened to gaze upon them, it didn't occur to him to think it would be otherwise. They looked like Jordaine, even the boy with his dark hair that was already reaching his collar. By the wide cut of his shoulders, even for his age, one could tell he was going to be a big boy.

"They're not our children, Jarron." Jordaine's voice floated to him, breaking across the thoughtful silence. "They're Mira's."

Lifting his head up sharply, Jarron stared at her for a long moment before the truth hit him. Like the fact there were two Mistresses, the fact that the three children looked more like him—especially the boy—than Dillon, should have been a clue. But he hadn't spent much time with them since Dr. Phillips had cleared him from the bed rest he'd imposed, concentrating more on his recovery.

"And yours," she confirmed.

His mouth dropped open at her and he knew he must have looked like a fish out of water, lying there with his mouth working but no sound coming out. Finally, he managed to croak, "Mine?" with his eyebrows raised.

Jordaine nodded, waiting for a long moment to speak and explain. "When we were children, I was stricken with a form of leukemia." she began softly. "Mira was lucky and didn't

have it, but I was bedridden for years with the chemo, and the drugs. Mira was normal, but as I grew and eventually conquered the disease, it also came with a price. I was forever barren, having a hysterectomy by the time I was thirteen."

She sighed, her eyes going distant. "For a long time I was very bitter about the fact I would never have children. But Mira wasn't. She assured me she would do it. She'd give our family the heir it needed to continue what we do ... continue our bloodline. But time passed and she never did. She kept putting it off and putting it off saying she never had the time with everything we do. As you know we do much more than the training of slaves." She shrugged casually, almost nonchalantly then continued a moment later.

"She was a virgin until the night she made love with you Jarron. And she's never made love with a man since."

"It was about four months after you'd been sold before we even knew she was pregnant." She locked gazes with him, waiting for a response.

"But, I saw her ... with Dillon ... the night we brought him here. Having sex with him ... riding him ... with him in her," Jarron managed to sputter.

Rain threw back her head and laughed. "No, Jarron, that was me. I had no such compunctions about the physical side of sex with slaves, and we'd often change places when a new one was brought in. Remember when I left while you prepared Dillon?"

When he nodded, she went on. "Mira had gone to the club that night. She drugged him, but I was the one who came

back later and it was me you brought his bio to. I'm the one who rode him that first time." Rain's eyes shone. "In all truth, I think that was when I fell in love with him," she laughed, a shiver running the length of her at the thought.

It was just all too much for Jarron's frazzled mind to take in. Where did it all stop? He leaned his head back on the lounge with a dejected sigh. "Why didn't she tell me ... come for me?"

Rain shrugged. "I don't know." she answered honestly. "She would never discuss you with me. I tried to get her to talk about you, but ... she just wouldn't do it. I'd give her your reports about your new owner and I guess she felt you had moved on and were safe and happy there."

She sat up, gaining his attention with a gentle hand on his shoulder. "Why didn't you say something when I called? Why didn't you give us some indication things were so bad for you?"

Jarron looked into her eyes for a long time, the same eyes that he'd loved for so long "At first things weren't so bad. The calls would come and I'd hear your..." he paused, frowning, "what I thought was her voice and I was ok. She wasn't so bad at first. Sure, she flogged me, spanked me, and I got some pleasure out of it, but it wasn't like it was with you ... I mean Mira." He paused, drawing in a deep lungful of air before he could continue. "And then you'd call ... and I was ok again. Happy that I ... I was serving my new Mistress well ... pleasing her ... then it would get bad again, until all I could think about was her. All I could see was her. I saw her everywhere ... it was her face that stared down at me when I

serviced my other Mistress ... her touch ... her voice that I was hearing on..." He took another shaky breath, tears pooling in his eyes as he went on. "Then one night..." he pressed on past the lump in his throat. "One night I called her by 'your' name ... her name. Mira. And that's when it all changed..."

"It gets kind of fuzzy after that ... hazy ... like a dream. There was pain. Lots of pain, and when there wasn't pain, there was work ... never-ending work. She always had me doing something hard. Building something, fixing something..." There was a distant look in his eyes. "When I wasn't working she was beating me badly." His voice choked off, and the tears streamed down his cheeks unchecked by his hand. "When there wasn't pain, and no work to be done, I was bound so constrictively I could hardly move. I could hardly breathe sometimes, and I thought several times she was just going to let me die."

A massive shudder racked his body, coursing the length of his large frame. "Then a call would come and I knew I could suffer through it ... that I could endure whatever it was she did to me. I had to stay alive. I had to endure ... to see you again. Her. Mira"

Rain's hand tightened on his shoulder, in reaction to his tale of misery. He lifted his tear filled eyes to hers, pleading with her for answer his next question. "Why won't she come to me Rain? Why has she left me again?"

But it wasn't Rain who answered him. It wasn't Rain's voice that spoke out. It was Mira's, and it was directly behind him. "I didn't leave you." She stepped around to face him as

he sat, unmoving. "I've been back for weeks." She stood before him with her head bowed. "I just couldn't face you Jarron, knowing what I'd done to you, and what you'd endured ... because of me." She said raising her eyes to his.

Neither of them heard Rain rise softly and depart as they stared at one another. Jarron noticed Mira's tears as they coursed down her cheeks. Gone was the Mistress ... gone was the cold, hard woman that had trained him all those years ago. Jarron's breath physically caught in his throat at the sight of her standing before him, showing him her own emotions. He'd never seen her cry before, had never seen anything other than the Mistress within. Never the woman.

He rose steadily from the lounge chair and stood before her. Slowly, he knelt on the hard concrete of the patio, bowing his head before her in his own shame.

"Oh gods, Jarron ... If I'd known how bad it was for you, I would have come." She reached out and lightly placed her hand on his head, then lifted his face with a finger beneath his chin, and stared down into his eyes. Mira blinked rapidly to clear the tears out of hers. "Can you forgive me?" she begged him, as she caressed his cheek with her long fingers. "Can you ever love me again?"

Jarron rose and wrapped his arms around her waist to bury his face against her. "I never stopped..." he whispered holding onto her as if he were dying and she was his lifeline.

She slid down, onto her knees in front of him, parting his arms as she did so, until they were eye level with one another. She wiped at his tears, then her own, saying with a sobbing chuckle, "And I never began..." a moment before

pressing her lips to his in a kiss that stole both their breaths away.

When they parted, Mira knelt there staring up at him for a long time, smiling, touching his face with reverent fingers.

"I'm so sorry."

Jarron raised his own hands and laid them against her cheeks. At her hiss of pain, he turned her head slowly, lifting her hair to see what had caused the sound. His eyes widened in horror, then anger at the sight. A long jagged, but healing gash ran the length of her neck, it's ends neatly sewn together with straight even stitches. His mouth opened and closed wordlessly at the sight, and she moved his hands slightly away from it as he finally managed to croak out.

"Who? How?"

Mira grinned crookedly up at him as their lips met once more. "Just call it a battle scar."

Jarron let the matter drop.

Epilogue

Mira and Jarron are happily married with *five*, yes folks, I said *five* wonderful children—a set of triplets and another set of twins.

Dillon and Jordaine have miraculously had a child of their own, though the young baby boy was adopted in the years that followed. A homeless orphan and a victim of abuse, they took the child into The Mansion, willingly to raise him as their own.

Both women still train slaves, with Dillon and Jarron acting as head slaves when the dungeon is occupied. But more than that, they've begun a secondary program to train Mistresses and slaves together.

Now, when a slave is purchased from The Mansion, the Mistress who will be his new owner is subjected to a six-week training program of her own, to ensure the safety and well being of the slave once they are purchased.

The couples carefully watch both Mistress and slave to ensure a situation like Jarron's doesn't happen again if they can help it.

The young lady that abused Jarron for so many years is spending the rest of her life in a wheelchair. As Jarron had first thought, it wasn't her Camaro that was crushed by the eighteen wheeler the night he escaped, but another, where two teens were tragically killed by the drunk truck driver who'd run the light instead of the other way around.

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

No one is quite sure what happened to the young lady, only that she was found in her home, savagely beaten and near death, sometime after Jarron's escape. The police who investigated the crime surmised she'd been attacked and beaten, and held captive for at least a week before her captors became bored with their game and left her for dead. During this weeklong ordeal, in which she was reportedly hung by her wrists in the basement, gagged and unable to free herself, her neck was mysteriously broken by her captors, though neither she nor the police could determine exactly when it happened or how.

They searched for quite some time, but were never able to prove exactly how many there were, male or female, or even what race they'd been. After the young lady had recovered enough to give a statement, the only clue she could give them was a single word. "Rain".

They eventually chocked up the incident up to gangs that had recently moved into a nearby neighborhood, though they never really believed that to be a possibility—They closed the case.

THE END

EBOOKS FROM SIZZLER EDITIONS

Ace of Slaves: A Tale of Erotic Captivity-Adrian Hunter
Bedtime Tales-Michelle Houston. Stories of wicked pleasures and dangerous dreams.

Bisexual—Michelle Houston

Boarding School Slave—J. W. McKenna

Bonded—Madison West

Business Unusual-mariana. Sizzling tales of workplace encounters.

Chain Reaction-Adrien Hunter. The award winning B&D author's newest collection.

Come True-Adriene Hunter.

Controlled!—J. W. McKenna

Daddy's Girl-Victoria Manley. Older dom, younger sub.
"Hot stuff!" the Erotica Readers and Writer's Association.

Dana's Release—Laura Hammond

Darkness Bound: Beyond Bondage and Discipline-Raven
Kaldera

Dark Masquerade—Audrey Godwin

Dark Seduction—Danielle Engle

Domina Tricks: How a French Mistress Enslaves Men-Gala
Fur

Education of a Dominatrix-K. L. Mulvany. Her goal: the complete enslavement of a man.

Foreign Affairs-Eric George. Sizzling obscenity trial leads to sizzling sex.

Foxy: A Smoking Hot Tale of Biker Babes—D. Musgrave

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Frog: A Tale of Torture and Sexual Degradation-Claire Thompson

Hard Time: A Tale of Sapphic B&D in a Women's Prison-J.T. Langdon

Jenny: A Novel of Sexual Enslavement-C. A. Tessler

Julie's Submission-Claire Thompson. Newest tale of erotic B&D from bestselling author of Slave Girl.

Just as I Am—Christina Rhys

Kidnapped—Claire Thompson

Lady Davenport's Slave, Vol. I. The Collaring of Amber-J. T. Langdon. The modern classic of lesbian B&D.

Lady Davenport's Slave, Vol. II: The Claiming of Amber-J. T. Langdon. To claim her, the mistress first had to punish and tame her.

Mask of Passion—Rod Harden

Mansion of Slaves: A tale of training in submission-Lady Blade

Master and Baby—J.J. MacGuire

Memories from the Mind of Sherezade: Erotic Fictions-Mary A. DeCarlo

Midnight Mistress—Audrey Goodwin

Mistress Margot: A Tale of Sapphic Slavery-Susanna Valent

Mrs. Smith's Academy Vol. 1: Amanda's Punishment

Mrs. Smith's Academy Vol. 2: Amanda's Revenge

Naughty Whispers—Michele Houston

Night Sweats-Victoria Manley. Why was the prostitute being stalked by a killer?

Office Slave—J. W. McKenna

Out of Control-J. W. McKenna. Tales of dominance and submission.

Out of Control 2-J. W. McKenna. More tales of dominance and submission.

Power Play and Other Loverotica-Andrew Hobson.

Property Rites: A Deed of Enslavement—Han Li Thorn

Pussy in Boots: The Autobiography of a Very Kinky Lady-Helen Hentley

Sex in Silicon Valley-Kiana Tower. Non-fiction revelations: What computer geeks do and how they do it!

Shadow of the Master—Jay Lawrence

She Devils—J. T. Langdon

Sisters of Omega Pi—J. T. Langdon

Shades of Seduction—Tina Hess

Slave Girl-Claire Thompson

Slave Girls of Lesbos-Corbie Petulengro. Sapphic b&d in ancient Greece.

So Spank Me! Tales of Blistered Bottoms-Lawrence and DeBarquet

Sold into Slavery—J. W. McKenna

Spike Trap-Han Li Thorn. A novel of female submission.

Strictly Bi-: Best Bisexual Erotica-Jamie Joy Gatto

Suddenly Sexy: 20 Ultra-Hot, Ultra-Short Stories-Jamie Joy Gatto

Sweet Tastes of Seduction-Victoria Manley. A new collection of mind-bending erotica!

The Abduction of Anna—Rod Harden

The Boy Toy-Victoria Manley. Every young man's dream: to be seduced by an experienced older woman.

The Ensnaring of Susan—Jay Lawrence

The Hostage—Lady Blade

The Hunting of Bambi—Rod Harden

The Perfect Wife: A Tale of Male Dominance—M. J. Rennie

The Queen's Slave Woman Book I: The Punishing of

Jendri—

Susanna Valent. Another modern masterpiece of Sapphic B&D.

The Queen's Slave Woman Book II: The Training of

Jendri—

Susanna Valent.

The Taking of Keeley—Reese Gabriel

The Training of a Concubine-Jim Miler. She was trained to serve.

The Sintown Chronicles Vol. I., II, III-David O. Dyer, Sr.

Three complete adult novels in each volume! All about the dot on the map residents called "Sintown USA!"

The Watcher & Other Tales of Passion Unleashed—Rod Harden

The Woman's Around-the-House-Guide to Masturbation—Tina Hess

Tracy in Chains: A Tale of Sexual Punishment and Humiliation-Claire Thompson.

Trail of Seduction: A Novel of Frontier Passion-D. Musgrave

Trans-Sexual: Tales Along the Gender Devide-Jean Marie Stine

THE BEST OF CLASSIC EROTICA IN SIZZLER E-BOOK EDITIONS

(From the Victorian Age to the Roaring Twenties)

The Altar of Venus
Autobiography of a Flea
Boudoir
Crumbling Facade
A Crumbling Facade
Darling
Depraved Angels
Ecstasy On Fire
Eveline
Fanny Hill
Innocence
Kama Hourī
Lady F.
Love Pagoda
Mastering Mary Sue
Maudie
Memoirs of Madeline
Memoirs of a Young Rakehell
Misfortunes of Mary
Miss High Heels
My Life and Loves
Nadia
Night in a Moorish Harem
Nunnery Tales
Pauline
The Pearl Vol. I
The Pearl Vol. II
Perfumed Garden
Pleasures and Follies

Mansion of Slaves
by Lady Blade

Presented in Leather
Prodigal Virgin
Professional Charmer
Sacred Passions
School for Sin
Slave Women of the Czar
Suburban Souls, Volume I
Suburban Souls, Volume II
Suburban Souls, Volume III
The Love Pagoda
The Sweetest Fruit
Venus in India
Venus in India 2
Venus in Furs
Vice Park Place
Wanda
Way of a Man with a Maid
Whipped Into Shape
White Thighs
Young Adam
Youthful Days

Visit us at

renebooks.com

If you are connected to the Internet, take a moment to rate this ebook by going back to your bookshelf: [Click Here](#)