

Prima

By Carolyn  
Faulkner

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## Chapter One

She was his. He stared at the faded black and white picture that stared boldly back at him from the computer screen. His woman.

Not by any word of his own or hers, nor of any solemn declaration before a person of religious stature. Legally, it was true, though. He had the email bill of sale, which stated the obscene amount he had paid for her in fuel, batteries, and generators. He owned her; short of death she was his to do with as he pleased . . . and the State pleased that he should impregnate her.

Well, if that happened, he thought, it happened, although he wasn't sure he could sire a child, and at her age he wasn't sure she could conceive one, either.

It had been the ad that had intrigued him while he was casually surfing what now passed for the World Wide Web. In truth it had almost reverted to its origins as a method of communication between small clusters of universities and governmental workers. Nowadays, since the Cultural Retrofit – as he liked to call it with dark humor – it was a connection between clusters of survivors around the world, spotty at best and rife with talk of insurrection, revolution, and, of course, tons of spam.

Like roaches, spam survived anything.

What had caught his eye was not that the solicitation was flashy; it almost consciously wasn't. He had been casually surfing in the eBay listings for a woman, not thinking to find one he particularly wanted in this day and age. He thought they were all too young, with chronoages of twelve and thirteen or even younger, staring out at him with big, frightened eyes.

But this one was different. The ad was wistfully sad and disillusioned. The author was obviously reluctant to give up his treasure, only – unlike the rest of the world currently – it was abundantly clear that he did not look on this female as merely a commodity to be sold for great financial reward.

The man shook his head. Women were at a premium now, and fairly scarce. As had happened so many times in history after a devastating plague, society had returned to its patriarchal roots and women were relegated to lives as virtual slaves. Although this time it was worse than slavery. No “freed slave” status existed for a female in this new world. They were valued for their ability to produce children, and were expected to do so from an appallingly early age for whatever man – or in some cases, men - their father/uncle/brother sold them to. Females no longer had any rights – Joseph was old enough in chronoyears to remember the Before Time, the time of the SuperMom and the SoccerMom, when women were women and men ran scared.

Well, the Plague had put an end to that. The ERA was long, long dead, he chuckled to himself. The pendulum had swung back with a vengeance, and women were in a worse situation now than they probably ever had been in the past – true and utter slaves with only one law that protected them: anyone whose actions resulted in the death of a woman of childbearing age – even by accident – would be killed. Killing a pregnant woman meant a slow, public death by torture.

No, the seller in this ad was obviously what had once been known as a doting father, who probably found himself in dire need of money to fund a Patch habit, or who owed bad debts incurred in the Circus Caesarea, betting dearly gotten meager wages on when – if – a pregnant slave would miscarry, miscarriages being so much more common in this day and age than live births.

Beyond the sheer magnitude of the price, a lot of bidders were probably put off by several questions they were required to answer in order to be considered, regardless of the size of their bid. Questioning a man's qualifications to own a woman was unheard of; the only requirements were that he has the goods to back his bid if he won. But Joseph answered the queries truthfully – they were, as he'd expected, inquiries about his philosophies regarding the treatment of women as well as about his financial stability, and whether or not he owned a home or a vehicle.

Still, there was something about her that tugged at his heart, which he ruthlessly suppressed. In some ways, he had always subscribed to the current philosophy that a woman was to be treated much as a child – kindly, and with care for her worth – but strictly. The days of children being put in “time outs” or being restricted to a room full of toys were officially over, and Joseph heartily concurred with that. Nowadays, a wide range of spanking and punishment implements were available in nearly any retail establishment, even the corner store, and no man ever hesitated to physically correct either his child or his woman, regardless of where they were. As women were never given any money, no woman would ever technically own an implement and they were not even allowed to discipline the children within their care. Joseph smiled wryly. It was much more likely that the well-made and readily available straps, tawses, canes, hairbrushes, and paddles owned the woman, making her dance to their terrible, stinging tunes at the slightest inclination of her owner.

His woman, though, would be well-cared for, even coddled to a certain extent, especially in comparison to many of her sisters in slavery. Although his house was extremely isolated up in the hills, he was a wealthy man for these times, and owned a field of generators that had become a premium in the After

Time, which he rented out as one part of many lucrative pies he had his big, thick fingers in. His house was considered humongous – three bedrooms and he was the only occupant. That was practically unheard of nowadays, but he had electricity to burn, and he did. He owned one of the few automobiles that were still functional, due mainly to his incessant puttering. Gas was free for the taking to those who were willing to siphon it from the underground storage tanks of old gas stations – fewer people used it any longer – generally those who did would be considered rich now. They were unwilling to get themselves dirty retrieving it, so he had become all too willing to support their habit with a little elbow grease, and charge them exorbitantly for the honor. Funny, though, he still carried his old Texaco and Exxon credit cards in his wallet as reminders of the old days.

He would see to his woman's every physical need – and would scrupulously attend to some needs she likely didn't know she had. The ad had made a bold claim – that she was twenty-nine years old, uncut, and a State Certified virgin – license number available upon request. The first two statements may well have driven off a lot of potential bidders, but the last may have made some of them reconsider. A twenty-nine year old virgin. Unheard of, even in the Before Time! As to her uncut status, the State now practiced female circumcision at birth as readily as it had male circumcision in the nineteen-fifties. It was only the older women who could enjoy sex nowadays, and the woman's age had probably worked for her in that she had not been cut since. It would be unwise for even the state to risk the possibility of killing a woman of childbearing age.

Joseph's chronoage was thirty-eight, although he was well beyond that now. He didn't need or want a mindless, tittering twelve-year-old passing for a woman in his house or his



bed. The ad had raised the hairs on the back of his neck when he'd read it, and he had frankly questioned its validity. It sounded a little too damned good to be true. So he called in a couple of favors from people he knew who were not as law abiding as he was, and found out the whole story: the seller was an old man; it was his oldest daughter that he had to sell. He'd been right that the man had not wanted to part with the girl; she'd been his caretaker for many years. But he was reaching his End Time, and wanted to see her safely placed. This was the only way he'd known how to do it.

And Joseph's bid had won – it should have, considering how large it was. He shook his head thoughtfully and hoped she proved worth it. If she was anything less than what the ad said, however, he would be well within his rights to bring charges against the old man that would likely result in his meeting his maker even earlier than he'd planned.

He'd know in a few hours. Female Express was bringing her to him. He'd paid extra to have her sent that way, and handled as "Fragile" as opposed to merely stuffed into a cattle-car with fifty or so other women, driven into what passed for a town and left, where she could easily be stolen. FemExpress would deliver her to his doorstep, and he would be able to see whether or not they had treated her as he'd requested before he signed for her, before the delivery man unlocked their special neon orange travel bracelets from her wrists.

A loud knock interrupted his reverie. When he opened the front door, the first thing he noticed was that the picture on the Internet had not done her justice. She was lovely. Not one to miss anything, he also took in the angry blue bruises beneath the tight cuffs, and the way the label "Fragile" had been plastered all over her faded blue cotton shift, so that there was barely any material showing through the warnings. Betraying her training,

her eyes met his for a fleeting second before she looked down as she was required to. But in that tiny second he had read her thoughts and feelings with amazing accuracy: fear and uncertainty, stubbornness and bravery all at the same time.

As a man, even during the sickness and resolution and rebuilding, he had always been in control of his fate, his life. No one, not even his best boss in the Before Time, had really ever been able to tell him what to do. There were too many other opportunities, and when none had readily presented themselves he had made his own. How horrible it must be to have known such freedom as she had had, only to have it cruelly yanked away from her. Whatever – whoever she had been – nun, prostitute, CEO, or stay-at-home mom, she had become the property of either her husband, her father, or her nearest male relative within a matter of months after the devastation of the Plague. And he could do with her as he saw fit – short of killing her. There was precious little in her life that was actually within her control, and this situation was entirely out of it.

The armed guard asked him the required question: “Do you assume responsibility for this woman and any children you might breed on her?”

When he stated clearly, “I do,” the young man reclaimed the bracelets with absolutely no care for her at all, winked at Joseph, and patted the woman familiarly on her bottom before turning to leave. Anger burned through him so quickly that he didn’t think but merely reacted, pulling the girl behind him and into his house in almost the same movement as he flattened the cocky asshole with one vicious punch.

Joseph was no lightweight. He had been trained to fight in a short stint in the military, and had found he had a knack for it despite his considerable size. When he’d boxed, it was as a heavyweight; there was no mistaking the bulk of those muscles,

and a smart man would take it as a silent warning that they were visible even under the rough cloth of his shirt.

But no one had ever accused Female Express of hiring geniuses.

The embarrassed young man decided against striking back at the big behemoth, instead scrambling back to his truck and peeling out on the rough dirt driveway.

She forgot herself again and met his eyes with her big round ones, remembering a second later that she wasn't allowed to do that, lowering them modestly to the ground. Joseph did not bother correcting her for something he considered at this stage to be a normal impulse, and moved into the living room, closing the door behind them. He noticed that she had her hands clasped behind her, rubbing her wrists absently.

Suddenly uncomfortable, Joseph ordered gruffly, "Follow me." It was probably an unnecessary statement, as a woman was required by law to walk several paces behind the man that owned her, but he didn't want to get to the kitchen and find she was still standing by the door with that sad, lost look. She complied obediently, watching his every move as he dug around in the old chest freezer and came up with a couple of big bags of frozen vegetables - one corn, one peas. He could see her curiosity was piqued, but she held her tongue.

Joseph pulled a chair out from the eat-in kitchen table, commanding, "Sit."

Again, she did exactly as she was told without a moment's hesitation. Her hands lay in her lap until he reached for them, the gentleness of his touch belying his size. She'd seen him deck that man with one well-aimed punch, but he was handling her like she was fine china, arranging her arms in front of her on the table then draping cold bags of veggies over each wrist. She

started at the cold and would have pulled her hands away, but his sharp command to be still made her reconsider.

She was biting her lip and looking frightened again when there was no need, so he began to talk to her as if he was talking to one of the animals he used to train when he was in the K-9 Corp of the Air Force. "Give it a few minutes on each side. It'll help reduce the swelling." That was why the cuffs were so tight. Joseph grimaced at the raw red and blue scrapes on her delicate flesh. She was so white he could see the tiny veins beneath her skin. If he'd had that deliveryman in front of him after he'd had a chance to examine the evidence of her mistreatment more closely, the asshole wouldn't have gotten away so easily.

No one touched or damaged his property. Ever.

He almost couldn't believe she was here; his eyes trying to look everywhere on her at once, her eyes trying to look anywhere but at him. Suddenly, he asked, "What's your name?"

"Prima, Sir," she answered quietly. Her voice was soft and strong. He had forgotten how pleasant a woman's voice was.

The usual name for a first daughter. Joseph sat back and considered this, watching her closely. "What is your real name?" his voice was low and soft as he asked the illegal question, though he hardly had fear of legal reprisals within his own fortress.

When she bit her lip he knew what thought was running through her head from the re-education training she had undoubtedly received: you are nothing but what we men make you. Your name is what we say it is. To answer with anything else is to be punished, immediately and severely.

"Prima, you don't know me, but I am a man of my word, and I am telling you that you will not be punished for answering me truthfully."

That lip was going to need ice shortly, too, if she didn't stop gnawing on it. "Sir - "

Joseph shifted lazily in his chair, never taking his eyes off her. "I will not punish you for answering me, Prima, but I will punish you for not answering me." A second passed, and then another. "I will not wait forever." It was not delivered as a threat, merely a statement of fact. If she did not obey him, he would punish her. Action and consequence. Relentless consistency. Even in the Before Time, Joseph had found women who appreciated his philosophy.

"M -my name was Katherine. Katherine Marie Cassidy, Sir." It had been so long since she'd mouthed her own name it truly sounded like someone else's.

A small smile played about his lips. "Very good, my girl. Next time, though, I will not be as patient." Joseph rose and began walking down the hall towards his bedroom. "Come."

Prima almost had to run to catch up with his long strides, but remained a respectful distance behind him until he walked into his bedroom and motioned her inside. He could tell by the fearful expression on her face that she thought he was going to expect her to service him now, only a few minutes after they'd met, as would be his right as her owner. But he was not about to set the precedent of explaining himself to her. He would demand her obedience to his commands, regardless of whether she understood his intent.

She came forward and he pushed the door closed but not latched behind her, then said casually as he ducked into his bathroom, "Strip."

Alert to her expressions and sounds like he'd never been to any other woman, Joseph heard her sharply indrawn breath as he grabbed what he needed and returned to her. He wondered if she would comply or rebel.

He was pleased that she had done as he'd asked, and his breath was literally taken away by her pale golden beauty. Although the rest of current culture might lean towards taking a girl to bed, Joseph much preferred a woman, a woman like Prima, who was softly rounded in all the right places, almost overly full breasts with largish, taut pink nipples and . . . a hair covered mound.

Joseph frowned. That was highly illegal, and would have to go, although he would require that she keep herself hairless because of his own preferences, not the State's. "Turn around." When she blushed, her whole body suffused with a light pink glow – probably close to that of what she would be like if she were to be bred – but she did as she was told and would have turned all the way back around but he commanded her to stop when she had her bottom to him, making her blush all that more acutely.

A woman's bottom was truly a thing of beauty, Joseph thought, and Prima's was as overly generous as her beautiful breasts. It fairly begged for the kiss of the strap or cane, or anything else he could – and would – use on it, including his own two lips.

The rampaging spike in his pants nearly exploded as he stood and stared at her wonderful perfection, imagining all the ways he was going to punish that lovely bottom. Why, he could almost hear her cries now of how she'd be better behaved, pleas for him to stop that would go entirely unheeded, screams and sobs that would be music to his ears.

"You're very lovely," he complimented. Joseph put a box next to him as he sat on the far side of the bed and patted his leg. "Lay over my lap."

Prima had never felt more vulnerable and exposed in her life. The man who owned her was fully clothed, she was in his

house totally naked and subject to anything he would do to her with absolutely no recourse. There was nothing she could do but obey him, so she did, draping herself over the trunks of his thighs, feeling the rough denim and scratchy wool of his clothing prickling her sensitive skin. A broad palm rested on her vulnerable cheeks, but he did not hit her as she expected, although she tensed when the hand was removed. Instead she heard something being unwrapped, and then he was positioning her far leg out and away from its twin, deliberately exposing her most private, secret area.

Experimentally, Prima tried to close her legs against his grip, but only received two viciously hard smacks to each of her wobbling bottom cheeks for her troubles. "No," Joseph said sharply.

Her head was practically touching the floor, and she had to grab his leg, upside down, after he spanked her to keep her balance. Her small voice drifted up to him. "I'm sorry, Sir."

Soothingly, Joseph crooned rubbing her bottom gently, "That's okay, my girl. You'll learn quickly enough. I want you to relax now while I give you some pain medicine to help your wrists feel better, then I'm going to put you down for a nap. You must be exhausted after your trip."

Medicine? Prima wondered. The only kind of medicine she'd ever had applied in the area he was now examining was an enema – which was a most unpleasant experience despite the fact that it usually stirred uncomfortably embarrassing feelings in her that she had absolutely no interest in exploring.

Before she knew it, he was pressing a large something against the entrance to her bottom hole, while issuing a firm command to be still, which she only partially succeeded in obeying. The intruder was soft and slippery, expanding her rosette uncomfortably as he administered it, watching it pop

inside her while practically salivating all over her. Prima jerked suddenly when his middle finger, coated with something slippery, followed the suppository's path, boldly pressing inside her to adjust the position of the little bullet so that it was lodged deeply in her bowels.

"Shh-shh-shh," he soothed, moving his finger around as he rubbed the small of her back, keeping her legs well apart so that she had no hope of alleviating his embarrassing intrusion into her body. "That's my good girl."

By the time he lodged the third capsule into her bottom she was getting uncomfortably full and she couldn't keep herself from struggling against his hold. "Please, Sir –"

Ten searing swats rained down on those defenseless, parted cheeks. Joseph put his considerable strength into each crisp stroke, listening to her scream from the third one, but not lessening his cruel intent one iota.

After the tenth slap, he went back to what he was doing, and she was almost too occupied with the fire in her bottom to protest the insistent invasion of his finger as it probed and pushed within her. Finally, he was satisfied that she was not going to be able to get those out of herself easily, but just in case, he presented a trailer hitch butt plug against that tight little hole, pressing, pressing, pressing, watching intently as her body was forced to accept it, listening to her sobs and moans although he knew this was more humiliating and mildly uncomfortable than truly painful.

Once it had been absorbed to the hilt into her unwilling orifice, he pulled her off his lap and tucked her under the covers of his bed, which had her wide eyed through her choking sobs. "But, Sir –"

He cut her off. "In my house, I make the rules and no one else." It was against the law for a man to allow a woman to



sleep in the same bed with him. His bed was supposedly to be used for copulation or punishment, but never sleeping. It was too intimate, and gave women ideas above their stations.

Joseph sat next to her, for some reason unwilling to leave, his hand gently stroking her bare back beneath the covers. “Sir?”

“Yes, Prima?”

“May I have a nightgown?”

Joseph smiled wryly. “No, little girl. You will always share my bed, and you will always be naked in it.” He patted her rosy red bottom, and then checked how the butt plug was seated one last time, purposely making her jump a little when he pressed it hard into her. “Now go to sleep. I will stay with you until you fall asleep, but when you wake you must call to me. You are not to get out of bed without my permission.”

Wordlessly, he got up and turned on one of the few MP3s still in existence, and a soft, haunting melody filled the room. When he returned to take his place at her side, she felt something very like a butt plug being pressed to her lips. “Open.” She did as she was told, and found one of the latest methods of quieting a slave popped into her mouth – an adult-sized pacifier that filled her mouth almost like a gag. He had dipped it in something sweetish, and, despite herself, she found herself sucking on it, which was proving to be disgustingly soothing added to that strong, hard hand caressing her back lazily.

Within minutes, she was deeply asleep, and Joseph slipped quietly out of the room.



## Chapter Two

“Sir?”

Joseph was in his office and had consciously left the door to his bedroom open so that he could hear her if she called for him. He was beside her in an instant. “I need to go to the bathroom.”

Joseph sat up to let her pass, but she hesitated. “What?”

“Please, Sir, would you remove the –“

He had forgotten about the plug in her bottom, and removed it as gently as he could. When she returned, he had the package of suppositories next to him along with the only thing she was allowed to bring from her father’s house, her big old fashioned hairbrush, and he told her to lay over his lap, but she began to back away, saying, “No, please, Sir –“

This small rebellion was dealt with harshly as he paddled her bottom with the hairbrush. He was going to use it to brush her hair soothingly, but he knew that the only reason FemEx had allowed her to take it with her was because they thought it was a spanking implement. And it turned out they were right. It was a solid wood brush whose varnish had been worn off the business side in testament to how useful it had been in keeping little girls in line. She sang out loudly from the first stroke to the last, and her wonderfully full cheeks were left a painful shade of deep red when he’d finished her spanking, all the while lecturing that she was not to use the word “no”, and how she was never to hesitate when he told her to do something.

So three more big bullets of medication found their way up inside her as she sobbed softly over his legs, partly in pain and partly in humiliation, her bottom still roasting as his finger

pressed each one deeply inside her, making her sob anew each time. As he seated the last dose well into her already crowded orifice, he let his fingers wander enough to see how her body had responded to his discipline, and he was not disappointed with her abundant slickness.

Whether she liked it consciously or not, her body loved what he was doing to it. Joseph almost roared with his own pleasure at this discovery.

When he was done, he pulled her up and arranged her next to him on the side of the bed so that she was facing away from him and sitting on her well-disciplined bottom. Joseph took hairbrush and used it on her the way it was originally intended – brushing out the few snarls from her beautiful wavy blonde hair.

He had always had a love of long hair – and now it was against the law for a woman to cut her hair except in an instance of sickness or for the need of a pregnancy – and one of the things he adored doing was brushing it. Most of his women in the Before Time had responded just as she was, by settling down and relaxing. He equated it to grooming a fractious animal, and women were the most fractious creatures on Earth.

As he brushed, he spoke softly but firmly. “I will be as patient as I can with you, Prima, until you learn my ways. But I will not tolerate you telling me no. You must submit to me without defiance. Is that understood?”

She had been staring at their reflections in his mirror, but when he questioned her she looked down, as if ashamed. “Yes, Sir.”

“Good girl.” He continued to run the brush through her hair and Prima thought she would fall asleep, despite the burning in her sore cheeks. “I won’t have a lot of rules for you, but obedience is definitely one of them.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Do you know how to cook?”

“Yes, Sir.”

“Good. Then you will be responsible for my meals.”

She had cooked for her father, until she'd been taken away. Tears filled her eyes and spilled out onto her lips. “Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

Joseph missed nothing and went on quickly, hoping to divert her from whatever was making her cry. She had mostly settled down from her spanking, but something else had set her off. She was probably homesick. “You will have a regular bedtime of seven-thirty.”

“Yes, Sir.” A bedtime? She thought. Papa had never made her go to bed at any particular time, at least not since she was a child. Her father had not much subscribed to the changes that had taken place in society, and they had been left relatively unmolested by the outside world on their farm in what had been North Dakota at one time. He had taken sick and become an invalid not long after The Leveling, so her freedoms had never been very restricted.

But it seemed that was at an end.

“If you would like to stay up later than that, you must ask my permission.”

“Yes, Sir.”

“You are not to swear or yell under any circumstances.”

Neither were things that she did with any regularity, anyway. And they were both, coincidentally, against the law.

“Yes, Sir.”

Although he appreciated her efforts at willingness, he was getting heartily sick of those two words. “You don’t need to answer me, Prima. Just ask any questions you might have. You must always address me respectfully, but you don’t always have to say ‘yes Sir’. I trust your hearing works all right.”

He was rewarded with a small smile and a nod of her head.

“Good girl.” Joseph rose and walked into the hall, assuming she would follow him, which she did after a moment’s hesitation. “You will receive no oral medications. All medications will be delivered either anally through enemas or suppositories, or by shot.” Joseph walked out of his bedroom and into his office as Prima followed at a respectful distance.

“I will discipline you at any time, in any way that I see fit. As you already know, my spankings are not pleasant and you would do well to avoid them as much as possible.” He dropped into the chair behind the big desk in his office. “However, as there may well be things that you do that are naughty that I don’t catch for some reason, and for purposes of reminder and consistency, you will be punished once a week, regardless of your behavior during the week, starting this Friday.”

Oh, God, that was the day after tomorrow!

He was going on, but she was dwelling on the fact that every single Friday for the rest of her life she was going to be punished at this man’s hands. “The punishments will not always be just a spanking, though they will always contain a spanking. This Friday you will be given a very thorough and complete baseline examination – height, weight, etc.” That didn’t sound so bad. “The following Friday I will attend to your breasts.” That didn’t sound so good, somehow. “The Friday after that will be an intimate exploration of your tight little bottom hole, up to and including a nice big enema to clean you out, and the last Friday will be devoted to reddening your bottom and the backs of your legs. And then the cycle will begin again.

“Weekly punishments will begin promptly at six o’clock. You will fix an early dinner for me that evening, and stand at attention in the corner of the kitchen in case I require anything,

but you will not be allowed any dinner that night. You are responsible for reminding me of your weekly appointment; if I get involved in something after dinner and it's time for your discipline, you must come and get me. If you do not, then you will suffer the same exact punishment the next morning. And believe me," he emphasized with a pause, "You will need most of the week just to recover from your Friday evening session." He was watching her reaction to his statements very closely. "After a punishment session, I will put you to bed early, or I might have another arrangement for you, but we will deal with that if and when I decide."

Two feelings were warring within Prima: uppermost was the urge to turn tail and run, although she knew that there would be no escape and it would only serve to anger him. It was the secondary feeling, tucked somewhere in the back of her mind, behind all of the mental boxes and baggage in her head, lurking in the deepest, darkest corner of her mind under some old love letters, though, that scared her the most.

That feeling was pleasure, and it scared the bejeezus out of her. Worse than that, she felt a telltale moisture collecting between her legs, and she knew, dishearteningly, what that meant: he was going to be very severe and strict with her and he wasn't going to accept any excuses if she screwed up. She'd be over his lap getting the tar beaten out of her in a heartbeat if he so much as thought he sensed she'd been "naughty".

Papa had been right.

He was just what she needed.

Because she was dreading Friday afternoon at six, time went much faster than it would have. The next two days were spent in relative quiet; he had required her to sleep a lot, and had continued, much to her dismay and humiliation, to administer those awful suppositories every four hours. If she showed even a

millisecond of hesitation in lying over his lap for her medicine, he spanked her mercilessly, and then dosed her with the suppositories anyway. She smartened up quickly, and that only happened one more time.

Although she had slept naked in his arms, he had not forced himself on her that first night as she expected. But she was coming to expect the unexpected from him.

This man was a study in contrast: in some ways, especially as regards disciplining her, he was the harshest man she'd ever known – her father was, apparently, extremely lenient, although she'd've argued the point when she was over his lap. But then Joseph continued to ice her wrists and tsk over them, asking her frequently if they still hurt, and he had bathed her as gently as a mother in a huge claw-footed tub. Prima had found this to be at once both marvelously indulgent and atrociously humiliating, as he had required her to bend over in front of him and spread her legs, allowing him to slickly soap, rinse, and dry every nook and cranny. He had also insisted that she dine with him, and eat as much as she wanted. Prima had looked surprised when he had motioned her into a chair at the table with him for the dinner she'd prepared that first night. "Sit and eat."

She had expected to be given the usual fare for females, which were the State sanctioned MREs left over from the old military establishment. They were barely edible, nutritionally balanced crap, but they lasted forever - no refrigeration required - and they were made in handy-dandy single serving packets. Yuck. No one who had ever eaten one could reasonably consider it to be a substitute for real food.

That first night, he informed her that she would have chores to do around the house starting next week, but for now she was to rest as much as possible. Indeed, he was constantly tucking her into bed and popping that disturbingly soothing



pacifier-gag into her mouth. She had asked him Thursday when he was putting her down for a short morning nap if she was required to use the pacifier, and he replied that she wasn't, but then, for whatever reason, she hadn't gotten much sleep during that nap, and he had noticed, of course. He noticed everything. So when he guided her to his bedroom later that day for her afternoon nap, he pressed it into her mouth, making her wiggle a little in mute protest.

"It helps you sleep, baby girl," he patted her bare bottom gently and that was that.

At one point that evening, after dinner, he had asked her a question that truly scared her. "Katherine, do you know how to read?" Joseph assumed he already knew the answer, but he wanted her to trust him and tell him herself.

Prima wanted to answer him, badly. Her mouth was open, but the truth was too terrifying to come out. Few women who could read were left; those who had been discovered reading had had their eyes put out with hot pokers to discourage them from ever doing so again. Braille documents and audio materials were practically non-existent even for males, so the problem was considered solved. A smart woman played dumb, always.

They were been sitting companionably in his living room, Joseph in a very old, decrepit LaZBoy recliner and Prima on a stack of very comfortable pillows at his feet, listening to some of the same music he had played for her to calm her after one of her first spankings. It was something classical that she couldn't name, but it was hauntingly beautiful and she was just allowing herself to relax and drift along with the melody.

But his question had brought her to full alert. Joseph reached down and lifted her onto his lap with extraordinary ease.

As she sat on him, he pressed her back against his chest, silently encouraging her lean on him.

Gingerly, she did so, but had not decided how she was going to answer him when he began to speak again.

"I understand why you're hesitating, little girl. And you can take your time and answer me any way you feel you need to, although I would hope that you would trust me enough to be truthful with me. You are mine, Prima," his arms tightened around her pleasantly. "I take care of what's mine in what's left of this world, and I would never condone what is currently being done to women who break that stupid law." He felt her swallow, but she remained stiff in his arms despite the fact that his hand had begun to stroke slowly up and down her arm. "Keep something in mind, though: if you tell me that you can't read, and I discover at any point later on that you can, you will be punished very severely for lying to me." He was discovering that she responded well to his touch – it gentled her when she was nervous, and although he knew she didn't like it, he knew that the binky did the same thing for her. "How about if I go get your pacifier?" he moved as if he would put her down and get up, but she clung to him.

"Please, Sir?" Prima boldly captured his hand and put it back to where he had been rubbing her slowly.

Joseph sank back down into the chair with his delicate bundle, taking up where he left off, running his hand gently but firmly from just above the swell of her hip to just below her left shoulder blade then back again. In a few minutes, she pressed her face against his neck and he felt her body relax.

When she spoke, her voice was high-pitched, like the little girl he often likened her to. "Yes, Sir," she whispered. "I can read."

He released a breath he hadn't known he was holding, hugging her lightly and rocking them both in the big chair in silence for a long moment. Although he would probably never acknowledge it, Joseph's heart was lost just then; she felt so good in his arms, and he hadn't even fully possessed or punished her yet. He enjoyed having the responsibility of her care and she, in turn, had proven in a very short time to be very solicitous of his wants and needs with no prompting from him, and with no bad attitude or sarcasm.

"Would you like me to read to you, baby girl?" She nodded vigorously against his neck and he stretched to grab the book he'd been reading: Shakespeare's "Taming of the Shrew", a revised, State-sanctioned manual on how to handle a woman.

Joseph read her several pages from the play, then looked at his watch and stood her up next to him. "Time for your bath, Prima."

It was only seven o'clock, and Prima was a terrible night owl. She knew she was going to have a very hard time with the early bedtime he was insisting on. He drew her bath and popped her into it, washing her with humiliating thoroughness. Prima found herself between the sheets before she knew it, her eyes big and round as he stripped off and followed her, positioning himself up between her legs with no preamble – he didn't need one – he'd been hard since he'd seen her picture weeks ago. Having her here in his house only served to make him want her that much more. Joseph had held himself back as long as he could – hell, ninety-nine percent of men nowadays wouldn't have held off long enough for the deliveryman to have left the driveway, but he was not an animal. He controlled his urges, not the other way around. Although he was certainly capable of taking her without her consent, and there would be times in the future when he would do just that, there was enough of his

former self still in residence that he didn't want that to be her first impression of him.

Moving very little, he reached into a drawer beside his bed and withdrew a tube of something, which he rubbed on himself and between her legs. Prima started when she felt his big fingers invade an area on her body that no one else had ever touched. "Easy, now, girl," he soothed automatically. "Stay still."

Oh, she didn't think she could, and was afraid of the consequences if she couldn't. Those fingers were spreading a slick liquid all over the soft folds between her legs, before one of them tried to press up into her. Reflexively, Prima tried to close her legs and roll away, but he was too big for her to do either of those things successfully. Pushing on his shoulders with all her strength had the same result – none.

"Shh-shh-shhh," his whispers went unheeded as she became increasingly agitated when it became apparent that there was nothing she could do to stop him. So that she wouldn't hurt herself, he caught both of her wrists in one of his and held them above her head until he'd locked them into soft but strong leather cuffs that were chained to the wall behind the bed.

Prima had to swallow back a plea to him not to hurt her as tears of helplessness and humiliation leaked into her hair. Instead, she tried desperately to remain still, hoping against hope that he wouldn't do what she knew he was going to do.

A thick rough middle finger again parted her intimate folds and began to press into her, encountering almost immediate resistance. She was, indeed, a virgin, and well-seated at that. Joseph grunted with pleasure at the idea that he would be the only man to have her, to train her, and, perhaps, to breed her.

But this was going to hurt her, and he did regret that. If he could have taken the pain upon himself, he would have. She'd

done nothing to deserve the pain – in fact, she should have received a great reward for maintaining her chastity. He filed that thought away for another time. Right now, he meant to taste his little woman, in more ways than one.

Having prepared himself and her – well, her less so that he would have wanted but he couldn't wait long enough to do it properly - Joseph gathered her legs over his elbows as he leaned forward and placed himself at her virgin entrance. Prima's eyes were closed, but tears dribbled down the sides of her face.

“Katherine?”

Her eyes flew open and locked with his.

“I want you to keep your eyes open, honey,” the rusty endearment fell from his lips without thought. “and on me. This is going to hurt you, and I'm sorry about that. I'll make it up to you, I promise.” He saw the surprise in her expression. “You'll have enough pain in this life. This shouldn't be part of it.”

Joseph felt that the most humane thing to do was not to draw it out but rather to take her with one hard plunge and get it over with all at once. But, despite his strength, his girth and length conspired against him considering her incredible tightness. She had yelped on his first stabbing attempt, arching wildly as if to try to throw him off, but had not emitted a sound in the next two tries that it took for him to bury himself within her. She had closed her eyes at first but opened them immediately afterwards and kept them opened on the second and final thrusts, tears running rivulets into her hair.

He was entirely unable to keep himself from continuing to drive himself into her, no matter how much he had intended to stop and ask her if she was all right. He reached his end in a humiliatingly short time, but then, the humiliation was all his, as she would never know that he had had a serious lack of control over his ejaculation.

When it was over, Joseph laid his head on her breast and tried to regain control of his breathing.

“May I close my eyes, Sir?” she asked.

Could he detect a note of sarcasm in her voice, or was he imagining it? he wondered, lifting his head to catch her eye until hers quickly darted away from his. “Yes.”

She did so immediately, and he watched as she swallowed hard and convulsed a little beneath him, obviously suppressing sobs as more tears squeezed out. Slowly, spent, he reached up and released her wrists. She didn’t move or acknowledge that she was now free in any way, her arms in the same position, bound or unbound. Joseph rolled to one side so that he was lying on his back, his chest still heaving like a bellows as he tried to catch his breath. Silence reigned for a long while, until he glanced over to reassure himself that she was all right. She looked like she was asleep, but the small clenched fists she’d positioned protectively over her chest gave her away. Her body fairly vibrated with suppressed energy, and he suddenly had a thought.

Turning to her, he asked, “Do you wanna hurt me? Maybe knee me in the balls a time or two?”

“No, Sir,” came the rote reply.

He kissed the soft skin of her shoulder, feeling the rigidity of the underlying muscle. “Tell me the truth,” he warned, watching her consciously relax herself.

“No, Sir,” she repeated.

Joseph turned her chin towards him, and still she didn’t open her eyes. “Look at me.” She obeyed instantly, her expression a cautious blank. “I’m very sorry that it hurt you. It won’t hurt like that again, I promise.”

“Yes, Sir.” A respectful, emotionless, and wholly annoying response.

Joseph frowned. He'd never wanted an automaton. Maybe what she needed was to experience some of the pleasures of sex. He wondered how responsive she'd be. Probably not very, given the fact that she was still hurting. And also given the fact that no one else in twenty-nine years had held much temptation for her. She'd been completely untried, and that didn't say much about her level of sexual interest.

But now he was curious and would have to find out. "Put your hands above your head." The wariness in her eyes spoke volumes, although she remained quiet and obeyed him. Joseph replaced the shackles he had just removed. He wanted no maidenly interference from her. Without saying a word, he set about testing her responses, gratified and pleased when his first taste of her blushing pink nipples tore a moan from her throat, which she quickly suppressed.

"No." He crisply swatted the breast he had just suckled, drawing a yelp from her. "If you find pleasure in what I'm doing to you, I want to hear it. If you find pain, I want to hear it. You are not to hide any of your responses, do you understand?" Joseph watched her swallow hard, but she did not answer him immediately, earning herself another sharp smack to her tender flesh.

"Aaiiiiiieeee! Yes, Sir, yes, Sir, I'm sorry!"

He returned to what he had been doing before as if the exchange had never happened, gently teasing and tugging that tight tip. Prima began squirming and he could hear her panting breath as she moaned lightly. Oh, he had been well and truly wrong about her! Joseph moved to the other nipple and gave it the same treatment while he used his fingers to worry the poor orphaned nub

Her response was volcanic – she bucked and twisted and her head moved restlessly back and forth . . . it was incredible to watch her come apart under his hands!

“Puh-puhleeeeeeezzee!” she moaned, not really knowing what she was asking for. “Wh -What are you doing do me?” Prima did not like this, not one bit. The pain she could tolerate. It was no more and no less than she had expected. It fit right into her knowledge of what was going to happen to her once she was left to any man’s mercy.

But this – this was entirely unexpected – and entirely unwanted! She couldn’t cope – couldn’t process what he was doing to her that was making her entire body ache all at once, but mostly at the apex between her thighs where he had so recently spent himself and brought her considerable pain. What was this?

Her father had not been able to speak to her of sex, but he had had his woman do it for him. Tyra had impressed on Prima that there would be pain, but she had never mentioned this mind-blowing pleasure.

Joseph’s mouth began a rapid descent down her tummy as he put himself back into that now disturbingly familiar position between her legs, but this time his head was where his male part had been, His hands crept under her to clutch her bottom and lift her hips, presenting her feminine secrets to him as if they were delicacies being offered up to a wrathful God. Two gel-slick fingers insinuated themselves into her sore passage, making her whine in an unbecoming manner while pulling at her bonds. “Ah, yes, Prima, you must be full before you can reach your pleasure. Full of me or my fingers or something else . . . but full and stretched. I know it hurts a little now, but you’ll soon forget the pain, I promise.”



Prima had her doubts, but when his lips captured a scrap of flesh she hadn't known she possessed until a few minutes ago and licked it over and over again, she ceased doubting him. He seemed to know her body better than she did, and he was using that knowledge to drive her towards something – there had to be an end to this frightening pleasure or she would go crazy! Even the slow, hard rhythm of those incessant fingers – in and out, in and out, stimulating her sore flesh, forcing her to accommodate his invasion, until even the pain seemed pleasurable – contributed to the fever of her flesh.

Joseph opened his mouth wide and settled it over her swollen clitty, suckling it in wetly, feeling it throb against his tongue. She was very, very close, he could feel it. Joseph redoubled his efforts and increased the strength of his thrusts until she screamed and sobbed her way over the edge. He was filled with an immense feeling of satisfaction as he made her ride out every last drop of that orgasm, keeping her writhing on his fingers and mouth until he thought she was spent.

Then, hard as a spike again, he indulged himself for the second time, knowing it would be the last for a while as he let her heal. Joseph couldn't believe it, but she even seemed to enjoy that. He caught her indrawn breath as he pressed into her slowly, but there were no tears and there were even a few moans when he began a hard-driving rhythm of thrusts, and when he trapped a nipple against his teeth. Joseph still found his release in record time, but he knew that that would change as his body began to realize that he could have her any time – and in any way – he wanted. It was an extra-added bonus that she was capable of extraordinary pleasure, and that would add to both her pleasure and her pain.



## Chapter Threë

The next night, she made a wonderful dinner for him, and he began to realize that he had gotten a bargain after all, even though he thought she had been somewhat distant towards him all day, reacting warily and almost frightened sometimes. Afterwards, he settled down at his desk, musing that another thing that had survived the planet-wide holocaust was paperwork. It was nearly seven when he realized that she was nowhere to be seen. He hadn't given her any orders about what she should be doing, and when he looked into the kitchen, it had been cleaned up from dinner. Prima was not in the den, or the living room, or his office. He finally found her only because he looked into the bedroom, expecting to see her asleep on the bed, but instead he heard soft whimpering from the attached bathroom.

"Prima?" The bathroom door was unlocked – it damned well better be, he thought errantly – and he entered to find her sitting on the commode, her face buried in her hands, sobbing as if her heart were going to break. It was his turn to swallow hard.

He reacted purely on instinct from the Before Time, gathering her up in his arms, quelling her struggles when she tried to resist, and carrying her into the bedroom to sit with her on his lap as he rested against the headboard.

Prima couldn't seem to stop crying – it was incredibly embarrassing to cry in front of the man who owned her now, body and soul, who could pleasure her body, make it surrender intimately, or punish her very severely. She just felt very out of control and very, very alone and unhappy, but how could she say that to him? And if she did somehow get up the nerve to do so,

would he punish her for her very thoughts? She didn't know him well enough to know the answers to her questions.

At first Joseph was beside himself, wondering if something was seriously wrong with her. As he held her, though, he asked all the pertinent questions he could come up with – are you sick? Do you hurt anywhere? She barely mumbled answers through the storm of tears, and it was her tone and demeanor that gave him more information than her replies. It had, indeed, been a long while since he'd been around a woman, and he was remembering that sometimes they cried for their own reasons – be it hormonal in cause or just emotional – reasons that no human male, even Einstein or Stephen Hawkins, could ever truly comprehend.

Satisfied that he had at least some inkling of what might be the problem, he found himself quite content to just hold her and rub her back, enjoying the softness of woman in his arms. When the sobs quieted to occasional hiccoughs, he offered up what he considered to be an exceptional personal sacrifice, especially since he did not owe her the obligation by any means and he knew that it might lead into areas of discussion that he would have preferred not to explore.

"Tell me why you were crying, Katherine Marie," he whispered against the sweet smelling baby hair at her temple, and she stiffened. Joseph frowned. Most women of his experience spent their lives waiting for their men to ask a leading question like that. Apparently she was not among them.

Her answer was bold, but not bratty, and made into the flannel of his shirt. "Am I to have no thoughts of my own, then?" she asked, holding her breath for his reply.

He frowned. What was with her? What was she thinking that she felt she needed to keep from him? "Answer my

question.” The command came out more harshly than he intended, but it did serve to prompt her.

“I – I,” she swallowed. “I’m just homesick.”

Understandable, but then a wholly unpleasant thought struck him. “Was there a man in the Northern Territories that you’re pining away for because he couldn’t afford the price your father put on you?”

“No.”

His hand went to her forehead, feeling it compulsively to hide a sudden flash of pure, unadulterated jealousy that almost knocked him on his butt for no discernable reason; he certainly knew he’d been her first in every way. “You’re sure there were no young bucks sniffin’ around you?”

“I’m sure.”

“You’re just missin’ your Pa?”

She nodded her head, which buried her face against the solid muscles of his chest, and he started rubbing her back again soothingly. Somehow, just drawing the clean, masculine scent of him into her body relaxed her, although she really felt it had no right to have that effect.

“Is there anything I can do to help?”

This brought her head up, her eyes connecting fleetingly with his, then turning demurely down. Sniffing a little, she answered, “No.”

Well, this Goddamn conversation is like pulling teeth, he thought. She was answering him as if each word cost a stripe across her bottom. Women. Who could tell what they wanted? And nowadays, few men even bothered to worry about it. He had gone well above and beyond the call of duty, and if she was one of those rare creatures – a woman who didn’t want to agonize over her feelings while her clueless mate listened with a

progressively more glazed-over expression – then he'd just count himself even more lucky at having acquired her.

She was turning out to be an exceptional investment in more ways than he had anticipated.

The next days passed more quickly than she would have liked, and before she knew it, it was the dreaded Friday evening. She had made him a steak dinner – he was one of the few people still in existence who had both a fridge and a freezer – as a matter of fact, he had several all full of choice meats – complete with baked potatoes and frozen corn. Prima's mouth watered, but she was not allowed to join him. Funny, it was less the denial of those foods that had become exotic in this day and age than it was the loss of the intimate companionship fostered while sharing the meal that bothered her, really. Joseph drew her out over their meals, sometimes making her laugh, his voice rich and low. She might have gotten a hard whippin' just before they sat down, but once it had been addressed by his big hand or one of the multitudes of implements he kept around his house just for use on her, it was truly forgotten.

Joseph knew that some of his attitudes towards her surprised her, especially given the current social norm. But he was generally a loaner, and didn't have many friends. It was only natural for him to converse with her. What was he going to do, sit across the table from her and ignore her?

She surprised him in turn, once she relaxed a little and realized that he was not going to jump down her throat for laughing or smiling. Prima had a college education, and could converse intelligently on a wide range of topics, and he encouraged her to talk to him freely at the dinner table, as long as she was respectful.

So as she stood facing the corner of the kitchen, her arms folded behind her, skirt pinned up to show her bare

bottom, she felt more than bereft of the meal, and more than humiliated at her position. She felt a loss of connection between herself and him that threatened the fragile intimacy that had grown between them. Oh, she had no illusions that he loved her or that he ever would love her. Theirs would never be that type of relationship. But somehow she felt he might like her a little, and she heartily enjoyed making him laugh and watching him smile. Those meager flashes of enjoyment were the only things keeping her sane at this point, considering that, as jovial as he could be, he could be just as ruthless if she stepped out of line.

Prima figured that, in the past two and a half days or so, she'd been spanked about twelve or fifteen times, and none of the punishments her father had given her could ever compare to the strength or viciousness of this man. Pa's health had been waning for quiet some time, and really hadn't spanked her much since she was a child. Even then, she knew that those sessions were nothing in comparison to the discipline she was receiving very regularly now.

"More water," came the gruff order from behind her. She scurried to the ancient fridge and grabbed the jug, pouring him another glass while standing at his elbow, then replacing the jug and positioning herself back in the corner.

Two heavy steps and a hard swat to her bottom made her cry out. "Arms back, girl, before I tie them there."

Prima hurriedly to comply, her bottom smarting as she heard him reclaim his seat. A few minutes later, "More potatoes."

She plopped a second good-sized helping of her own special recipe of parmesan-garlic mashed potatoes onto his empty plate, asked politely if that was enough, then, dismissed at his grunt, found her way back to the corner, arms folded nicely this time. But she couldn't quite keep herself from fidgeting nervously, wondering what the next few hours would bring. She

already found it extremely humiliating that he had thrown away all of her underwear – both bras and panties. Pa had thought it scandalous that a woman should go without undies, but, most women were not allowed to wear them any longer – although there wasn't a law against it yet. Prima felt terribly vulnerable to be totally naked under her shift – vulnerable to his paddle or her own hairbrush, or just to his wandering hands.

This morning, after she had just gotten the kitchen cleaned up from breakfast, he had come in and bent her over the very snack bar he was now eating at. Brushing up the skirt of the dress to bare her bottom, he had pressed his engorged self into her from behind, slowly though, as if he was concerned that she might not have healed quite yet but couldn't help himself, then he had run his hands up her sides to find her breasts, holding on to them tightly, pinching the nipples so that they hurt as he pumped into her warm sheath. As he thrust harder, his hands left her breasts to grab her arms and hold them back, clenching them tightly just above the elbow, pulling her into his every jab as if she liked it, wanted it.

And, to her own shame, she did, but she had to bite her lip to keep from making any noise, knowing she was violating his rule about not hiding a response from him. But it didn't seem right for her to respond to being raped so callously – to gain pleasure from it.

But, to her shame, she had.

When he'd finished, Joseph had patted her bottom dismissively, and walked away and she was left aching of her own accord, his creamy deposit leaking sullenly from her and she was not allowed to do anything about it.

Prima had spent the rest of the day trying not to cry again, knowing that she faced a lifetime of this, with his seed drying slowly between her legs as he contributed more to it



several other times throughout the day since she hadn't seemed to have had any pain from the first encounter today.

She was so lost in her thoughts that she didn't hear him get up, but rather felt that hand clench a whole butt cheek, making her jump. "Come back to the bedroom."

Turning, she saw the dinner dishes and hesitated, but Joseph said, "I'll do them tonight. You need to get your bottom warmed up good." He emphasized his words with a second whack to her butt, hurrying her along towards her fate.

Once in the bedroom, he put her back into a corner. Prima could hear him moving around the room, and it wasn't very long before he called her to him. There was what looked like one of those old gymnastic horses in the middle of the room, set to just about the right height for her to bend over.

After removing her clothing and putting on the soft leather collar she mostly wore to bed, Joseph sat down on the end of the bed, taking her two hands in his. "This is your weekly spanking. When that's done, I'm going to do a baseline examination on you, and then I'm going to put you to bed. This is going to be a very harsh spanking, and I want to let you know that you can yell all you like – there's no one around here to be disturbed by it – but I don't want to hear any words. No pleas for mercy, because there won't be any, no promises of better behavior. You can yell all you want, but don't talk or it'll go harder on you. I'm going to give you twenty with the cane, then thirty with the paddle, then forty with the rubber strap, and fifty with the bath brush, then I'm going to finish you off with twenty more of the cane."

Prima couldn't control a whimper at this pronouncement. She didn't even know if she could survive that much pain, but she was very afraid that she could.

“When the spanking is done, the examination will commence. During some of the exam, you will stand at attention in the middle of the room, with your fingers laced behind your head. Unless I move you, you are not to move. Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir,” she could barely hear her own voice.

“Some parts of the exam will be conducted on the bed, and during those times, even when you’re lying on your freshly striped butt, you will remain still, and you will move only when I move you. The exam won’t be easy for you, either, but you will obey me and endure it,” he said sternly. “When I’m done with the exam, I’ll put on your collar and cuffs and blindfold, and you’ll go to sleep.”

With no further ado, he bent her over the thick leather horse after putting a rounded pillow in front of her hips, attaching her wrists to the legs in front and her ankles to the legs in back, then drawing a strap tight around her waist. She was well and truly immobilized, her bottom sticking out as an obscene target that he intended on hitting over a hundred and fifty times. She heard an unfamiliar click and whirring, and a flash exploded in the background just seconds before the cane whistled through the air and landed on her upturned flesh in a soul-destroying rhythm. Thwack . . . . . thwack . . . . . thwack . . . . . thwack. There were about four seconds between each horrendous stroke. He was totally unhurried but as relentless as a metronome counting off the seconds. Joseph put his arm into it, creating perfect tracks on those previously creamy hillocks that had Prima screaming from the third strike – only because she’d drawn in her breath so completely from the first and second strokes that she couldn’t get a sound to come out of her throat. By the tenth she was struggling to get away from the searing pain, but, of course, she wasn’t going anywhere. She was there to

take her weekly spanking, and he had made sure that she was going to feel each and every stroke to its fullest extent.

By fifteen, she was out of breath again, and sure she was going to die of the fiery pain lancing through her bottom. But she remained alive and conscious – unfortunately – to hear that vicious instrument’s whistling descent and feel the unbearable sting of each connection with her already bruised and sore bottom until the full count had been met.

Then, nothing. She knew the implements he intended to use were already laid out. But he waited a full minute, as she sobbed inconsolably; before he began the count again with the next item – the eighteen inch oak paddle, with holes, of course. Joseph was so hard just from caning her that he thought he was going to cum in his pants without ever having been touched by anyone or anything. But when the paddled flattened those red fleshy cheeks for just the first of what would be thirty tremendous strokes and she screamed high and uncontrollably, he knew he could take much more – and that she could, also.

The paddle fell with the same relentless, remorselessly consistency as the cane had, only it was splatting against already irritated, welted flesh. Prima could not escape the pain that it created, all the way over those tender rounds and down the backs of her legs, but Joseph concentrated a lot of his swats on her sit spot, searing that vulnerable area until it was a deep, bruised red – smacking the same place over and over again while reveling in her animalistic cries of pain.

She hadn’t said anything, in truth she didn’t have a mind with which to formulate a word at this point – Prima was just a mass of angry swollen nerves, all of them located in her bum. Nothing else existed for her but the rise and fall of his arm and the crisp crack of wood against her flesh. It seemed he would

never stop, and, somewhere in this round, she screamed so hard she lost her voice.

And still the paddle fell.

When he finally stopped, she relaxed exhaustedly over the horse. Even though she knew it was useless to fight against the bonds, her body required that she do something to try to escape the pain he was inflicting on her, so she held herself completely tense during the entire episode. She lay there, spent, until she heard him walk up behind her. Reflexively, her body tensed again, but he did not spank her, instead he insinuated his fingers between her legs, right to the heart of her, searching and finding the evidence that he sought.

She was dripping wet.

Joseph had been thinking that he might relent a little, and not continue with the rest of the punishment, but her body had betrayed her. She might fight against it, and it certainly was hurting her, but her body craved his harsh discipline like it craved air.

With a renewed resolve, he picked up the thinnish rubber strap.

## Chapter Four

After the rubber strap fell the requisite forty times, he waited a minute, listening to her try to collect herself, unable to stop himself from rubbing his hand over the prominent bulge in his pants. He was right on the edge, shaking, and he could see that she echoed his involuntary movements, but for a different reason. The oval hardwood brush rose and fell on those lovely, 'angry cheeks fifty times, raising welts and causing bruises wherever it fell, adding to the misery of the one on the receiving end triple fold, but her cries and hoarse moans were music to his ears. At the thirtieth stroke, however, he stopped for just long enough to squat down behind her behind, looking closely for any signs of true problems, but there were none. This was obviously very, very hard on her, but she was, in reality, taking it very well.

So he finished the last twenty with the bath brush and picked up the cane, whisking it through the air while he made her wait for the last twenty strokes.

Just as he stood to one side to commence their delivery, he heard a rough whisper, "Please, no – "It was more like a prayer.

A prayer that would go unanswered but not unpunished. Joseph came around front to where her head hung down, noting the puddle of tears, etc, that had formed beneath her face. He squatted in front of her this time. "Now, I was just thinking how well you've done with this. And there you go making a liar out of me. Those two words just earned you ten extra strokes each, after the examination."

Prima lifted her head as far as she could and just wailed at that pronouncement, as much as she could, but the mournful sound changed immediately into a silent scream as the cane began its regular descent.

When he was finally through with that portion of her punishment, he removed her bonds, but Prima found she absolutely couldn't move. Amazingly, Joseph didn't force her, but rather massaged her back and legs gently until she felt she was ready, lending her his strength when she finally decided she could make it to the bed. Once there, he told her to stand, and she drew on all of her strength to do so. Joseph put away the horse, and called her to the bathroom, which Prima hobbled to very slowly. She was weighed and measured on an old fashioned scale like there used to be in doctors' offices. Then he required that she go back and stand where the horse had been.

"Attention!" he ordered, cracking his hand down hard on the front of her thigh, leaving a bright red print of his palm. Prima stood straight and stiff as best she could, remembering to lock her fingers behind her head. Her hair, which had been put in a ponytail while she was being punished, was loosened, and Joseph indulged himself for a moment by running his fingers through its thick mass. There was little in this life better than the feel of a woman's hair in your hands. Your own woman's hair was that much better. Your own woman's hair after she's just received a thorough blistering was unbelievable.

He began to check her out as if she were a horse he was going to buy or a woman at auction in the public square. He stood directly in front of her and looked her in the eye, and she looked back for longer than he was willing to tolerate, especially in a punishment situation. His fingers went immediately to her ample breasts, grasping each tender nipple between his thumb and index fingers, pinching and pulling hard, making her squirm

to try to remain in position while trying to escape the pain. “You forget yourself, woman. Don’t do it again,” he warned sternly.

He pulled her eyelids down and up, looked up her nose, which made her sneeze. He opened her mouth and touched her teeth, then made her stick her tongue out and say “ahhh.” He occasionally turned and she could hear him writing something down. Her ears were inspected and clucked over, and he noted that she still had three holes from the piercings that were allowed in the Before Time. He was surprised they had not healed over.

“Did your Pa allow you to wear earrings?” There were laws against that now. Very few women had any jewelry – it was all made for men now, or the gold melted down. Earrings were considered to be vainer than any woman was allowed to be.

“Y-yes, Sir.” That statement alone could result in a severe public caning for her and a hefty fine for her father.

Joseph merely grunted at her reply. His inquisitive fingers felt down her neck, and over her collarbone, noting a faded but angry-looking scar near her right shoulder. “What’s this?”

“I broke my collarbone, Sir.” He touch each of her arms down from their position one by one as his hands ran down each arm, noting her neatly trimmed nails and crooked pinky fingers, then replaced them so that they were laced behind her head again when he was done.

He looked up at her and she could see his fierce frown even out of the corner of her eye. “How’d you do that?”

Prima bit her lip. “I fell out of a tree when I was ten, Sir.”

“And what were you doing in a tree, Katherine?” She had noticed that when he was in “punishment mode” he was more likely to use her real name. He used “Prima” almost as an afterthought during everyday life, but, almost as if to emphasize

her naughtiness, he used her real name when he was correcting her.

“Following my best friend’s brother up it, Sir.”

Impulsively, he leaned forward and kissed the scar, as if kissing it “all better”. “I hope you got your bottom blistered well and good for that bit of naughtiness, Katherine.”

His attention turned to her breasts as if he hadn’t just kissed her tenderly. “What size bra did you wear?”

It had been so long that she had to think for a second. “Thirty-eight double-D, Sir.”

“Yes,” Joseph mused thoughtfully, hefting each as if it was a cantaloupe at the Marketplace. He pulled on each nipple, coaxing it to taut readiness then laving each with his broad wet tongue. Prima couldn’t help the shiver that ran through her at the pleasure he was creating, and her feet danced a little until he swatted each thigh crisply.

“Stand still. I do not like to have to repeat myself.”

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered, “I’m sorry, Sir.”

“You will learn, Katherine, you will learn.” He walked behind her and inspected her back poking and prodding at will, his hands squeezing their way over her bottom despite its swollen redness, or maybe because of it. She did very well at staying still she thought, especially considering how much his caresses hurt. His implements had also been used well on the backs of her thighs, and his fingertips explored each raised weal, then the backs of her knees and her calves.

Coming back around front, she was surprised when he skimmed over her pubic area to feel the muscles in her thighs, then down the front of her shins.

“Go lie on the bed on your back.”

That was easier said than done, but Prima managed it, hissing and whimpering when her abused butt made contact



with the rough chenille of the bedspread. He was writing something on a paper on a clipboard, throwing orders at her absently. "Put your butt on the edge of the bed, legs up and back, hands still laced."

Two thick slings of material were placed behind her knees, pulling them up and back almost to the point of discomfort, putting her privates on display to a most humiliating extent. Each of her hands was put into a leather mitten, then they were tied together above her head. He attached a short length to one of the rings of her collar that prevented her from lifting her head off the mattress. She would not be able to see what he was doing to her. A thick leather belt was wrapped around her waist and fastened to somewhere, she didn't know where, and she was, again, well and truly immobilized.

It was then that she heard a familiar "snap", but couldn't identify just what it was from. Joseph rolled a stool over to where she was on display, then lifted her hips and slid a plump pillow beneath them, giving him even easier access but scraping against the ragged flesh of her butt, making her moan and his male organ flex in response. The first thing he did after trimming down the hair on her pussy was to remove it – the hard way, with wax. She was soon screaming again, but this time the pain was in an entirely different area from her bottom. Every ounce of hair was gone from stem to stern. Then he wiped her down with an antiseptic, which stung a little, and rubbed in a soothing lotion. When he was done, he leaned forwards to inspect her minutely, holding her outer lips well apart. Her clit was already swollen and red, kind of like her bottom, and her honey fairly dripped out of her wonderful opening. Yes, she had had pain, but she had also liked it. How galling that must be.

Joseph couldn't resist pinching that impudent little clit hard, making her squirm a little, then he introduced the closed

blades of a cold metal speculum into her wet pussy. He saw no need for lubricant when she was so naturally moist. He opened it slowly, ratcheting it up a notch after continuing his minute examination of her crotch and casually rubbing his smooth fingertips over her even more distended clitty. When he heard her breath catch after opening the medium sized speculum another notch, he turned to a tray of instruments he had set up on her nightstand and inserted a very long thin paint brush, covering her vaginal walls with nothing more upsetting than water, this first time, and noting her sighs of pleasure. He switched brushes and took an even longer one to reach right up to her cervix, but was unhappy because he still couldn't see what he was doing – he had to do it by feel. So he listened to her moan and whimper as he opened the instrument two more notches, making her gape open nicely. He could see her cervix easily now, and he painted it, too, teasing it, watching her closely for any response. Some women barely felt anything around that area, but it was loaded with nerve endings. And apparently, judging by the way she almost arched off the bed, his little Katherine had an abundance of them that told her this was a very pleasant thing for him to do.

It wouldn't always be so, but this time he indulged himself – and her – a little, exchanging brushes again for a longer, thicker stiffer bristled one that he knew would stimulate her almost to the point of discomfort, and he adored it when she struggled against those tight bonds to try to dislodge his little toy. But of course she wasn't going anywhere just yet.

He took yet another brush and dipped it into a creamy white solution, bringing up a healthy glob and plopping it right down on her straining bud. The mixture was entirely his own, a little glycerin, a little hand cream, just the barest hint of cinnamon oil. He had, of course, tested it on himself, on his own

privates, and had achieved a very pleasant warmth throughout the area he'd swathed. He left that blob right there, seeping into that delicate flesh while he liberally painted the rest of her privates – except the outer areas he'd shaved – with that potion. The stimulation of the soft brush on her overheated flesh, combined with the not-unpleasant but demanding heat his mixture was bringing to her flesh was almost her undoing –

“Katherine,” his voice was sharp with command. “You are not to come under any circumstances. Do you understand me?”

He could barely hear her response. “Yes, Sir.” Oh, God, what if he kept doing this? How was she going to not come with all of this stimulation?

To her infinite relief, the speculum was removed and all that remained was the throbbing that built as the heat of the lotion intensified until he put his left hand on her tummy and slipped two gloved fingers of his right hand into her vagina, inserting them quickly and way up high. She wanted to arch both away from and into his thrust at the same time, but could do neither. Those two fingers barely fit, but he was able to locate that fleshy spot at the top of her passage and proceeded to manipulate her cervix with his rubber encased fingers as he listened to her breath become more and more uncontrollable. As he played with her internally, he pressed down on her tummy, feeling her womb with his fingers inside it, wishing it was his cock but knowing it soon would be.

Withdrawing suddenly, Joseph got up and adjusted her into the next position, which was on her knees over a bolster but still with her bottom very near the edge of the bed. She was rebound in very much the same way, again completely immobilized.

Attuned to her every movement and sound, Joseph realized as he resumed his seat on the rolling stool that she was crying. "Are you all right?" he asked.

She nodded her head as much as she was allowed. "Yes, Sir."

"Have I hurt you during this inspection?"

"No."

"Then why are you crying?"

"Be-because, Sir."

An answer specifically designed to annoy the one asking the question. "I'm not going to play games with you and you know that I dislike repeating myself."

Afraid of ending up with even more strokes of the hated cane, Prima answered truthfully, shamefully, "Because I know where you're going next, Sir."

Joseph actually smiled at her discomfort. "And where am I going to examine next, Katherine?"

Oh, God, he wasn't going to make her say it, was he?  
"My - my bottom, Sir."

"Your bottom?" she could hear him frowning. He deliberately laid his palm against a butt cheek. "I've already attended to your bottom, although we're not quite through there yet, are we, girl?"

If she blushed any redder, her face was going to rival the area under his hand, but at least he couldn't see it. But Katherine couldn't keep herself from struggling a little, and Joseph knew why. Humiliation usually made the body move to escape the source of the shame. But for her there would be no escaping this.

"So where am I going to explore next?" he pressed, making the squirm even more pronounced. "You're a smart girl. I'm sure you know the correct anatomical name."

“Yes, Sir, I do,” she squeezed out, not giving him an inch.

He almost smiled at her evasion. “And that would be?” he prompted, tapping a swollen hillock in warning.

“My - my anus.”

“That’s right, my girl. And there’s nothing you can do about it so you needn’t cry. You’ll be crying again soon enough.”

His offhand comments about the remaining punishment that awaited her when he was through with this shameful examination only made the tears fall faster as he reached for a tube of KY jelly. Now, when people were dropping like flies and everything was going to hell in a hand basket, some people were busy stealing TVs and DVDs and radios. Joseph had raided as many pharmacies as he could for both the medical and entertainment sundries he knew would soon be in short supply. It was a marvelous windfall that the woman he’d bought was a natural sensualist, and was almost always literally dripping with her own moisture.

But he knew the dangers of anal problems, and wanted to avoid those at all costs, so he lubed up a small anal speculum, then also left a dollop of it on her puckered pink hole, which made her jump in surprised. When he let the ends of the blades rest against her back entrance, he watched every muscle in her body tighten up. “Katherine, I want you to try to relax now. Tensing up’ll only make things harder on you.” Joseph rubbed the outside of her thigh absently. “I’m gonna open up your bottom hole with this thing the easy or the hard way; it don’t matter to me which way we do it. Might’s well make it easier on yourself. Be a good girl and bear down like you were going to the bathroom.” Wanting to please him but scared out of her wits that he was doing this humiliating thing to her, she did as she was told and tried to relax. “Arch your butt out more some more,

honey, and bear down real hard – this thing'll slip up in there nice and easy."

She began to cry in earnest as the cone shaped instrument was pressed into her, but Joseph didn't stop or even slow down. "That's it. Good girl." Once it was seated deep into her, he patted her flank just like she was a temperamental pet.

Then he began to splay it open wider and wider, making her sob loud and louder with the increased and unfamiliar pressure and discomfort. When he'd gotten most of the way to where he wanted, he stopped and repeated much the same things as he had done to her vagina. Joseph removed the speculum, only to replace the invasive presence of metal with that of his glove slick finger. It was, he knew, a much more intimate and shameful thing to have someone stick their finger up your bottom, much more so than to have to endure the touch of a sterile instrument. But her embarrassment was no concern of his. He pressed his thick finger into her anal opening up to his second knuckle, but she was resisting him, tightening that sphincter hard.

"Katherine Marie, bear down like a good girl." She was slow to respond, sobbing softly into the bedspread. "Open yourself up for me, girl. I own you," his voice was deliberately harsh. "and I will touch you any where I want, any way I want, any time I want. You'd better get used to this. I'm going to be inside of you in so many ways you haven't even thought about yet, and you can do nothing about it but submit, just like you submitted to me fucking your pussy with my fingers a few minutes ago and even moaned about it, and how you submitted to me blistering your butt not long ago with your honey drippin' down your legs while I laid into you good."

He had her pegged right down the line, she realized, relaxing a little against her will.

The rest of his finger popped in, and he began to work it all the way in and out of her. “That’s my good girl. You know what you need. Your Pa knew what you needed, too. You need a strong man – you’re not like the weak women nowadays. You need a man who’ll keep your bottom sore and striped, and your pussy and this pretty little asshole of yours full of his cum on a regular basis, all day long. Maybe even pleasure you every once in a while, if you’re good, but mostly just take you hard and long, just like you need to be whapped.”

Joseph didn’t know if he should, but then he said to hell with it. He put another glob of KY on his middle finger and put both of them against her already somewhat stretched hole. “Now. I’m gonna put two fingers into you right now, and I want you to welcome them like I told you to with the speculum – arch your back good and thrust your bottom out. Bear down and let me in, Katherine. It’ll be the easier for you.”

Katherine had never been so ashamed in all her life, but she did as he told her to, lifting and presenting her butt for his abuse as if she wanted it, but nothing happened.

“Ask me.”

Dumbfounded, she said, “I’m sorry, Sir?”

“Ask me to rape your ass with my fingers. Ask me nicely, or I’ll start adding strokes for every time you don’t do it well.”

“But – “ she was at a loss. Could he possibly humiliate her any more?

“That’s five more strokes.”

Those big thick fingers were still pressed against her entrance. “P-please, Sir, rape my – my ass with your fingers?” she parroted on a swell of sobs.

When she said it, he began to do it. “Keep your bottom up there, girl –present.”

Katherine arched her back until it began to ache, but that was nothing compared to the feeling of having her butt invaded by those two hard digits. And they just kept pressing and stretching. Joseph didn't stop until both fingers had delved completely into her, right up to his hand. Those fingers seemed like they were never still, wiggling and probing and exploring for the longest time while she wept into the already soaked quilt.

"Ah, yes, that's a good girl." Joseph was in his glory, and there was still more to come before he could take her and relieve this incredible ache. His of course, not hers.



## Chapter Five

When he was finally through exploring her intimately, he left her in her bonds rather than set up the horse again, which meant that she would take her last forty five strokes splayed obscenely, where the cane would most certainly catch even more tender bits of exposed flesh than it had before.

The cane was where he'd left it, and he retrieved it, saying, "I believe the count was forty-five when it could have been only twenty, am I right, Katherine?"

"Oh, God, yes, Sir," softly, reluctantly. She didn't want to believe that he was going to use that thing again on her already abused flesh.

"That's too bad. But hopefully you'll learn your lesson." He was in a hurry to get to her, but he still left the four seconds between strokes so that each had the proper time to sink into the recalcitrant woman's mind. There were fewer out and out screams this time, but louder, sobbing as each stroke hit its mark for the second time within the past hour and a half. He peppered down her thighs and then back up and over each cheek, always careful not to wrap, but inevitably hitting between her ass cheeks and making her yelp wonderfully.

He did the last twenty-five, which were extras for misbehavior, extra hard; so that she would learn that she did not want to earn any more added strokes in the future. She was almost out of her mind with the pain once he was through, and could barely hear him through the rushing in her ears. Joseph left her there to sob it out and straightened the room, then untied her and rebound her on her newly ignited bottom, wrists bound to the rings at the side of her collar, collar attached by a short leash

to the frame of the bed and her blindfold tightly in place. She wasn't going anywhere, except beneath him. He didn't bother to disrobe, only pulled out his tremendously swollen cock and jabbed it into her. He was thinking he had practically given himself a case of blue balls by denying himself to this point, but hearing her moan when he entered her, and reached beneath her to deliberately clench the ridges on her bottom that he had put there himself, forcing her naturally further onto his cock, he knew it had been worth it. He loved punishing her like this, he loved forcing her to submit to that humiliating exam and to the intimate invasion of his fingers into her most private areas, and he adored fucking her like this, hard and fast enough to keep her from really enjoying it, and grinding her sore butt into the bed at the same time.

Joseph came very quickly but explosively, spraying his juice all over the insides of her cunt, painting her for a second time that evening. He thought he might even faint – spots appeared before his eyes as he hyperventilated in his pleasure. He collapsed onto her for a few minutes, then moved to one side and simply breathed. Once he'd recovered, he got up and pressed a fairly good sized butt plug between those two ravaged cheeks as she moaned in protest.

Then he left her naked and bound in the dark room, the covers up to her waist, without so much as a word, her soft sobbing of humiliation and pain behind her pacifier making him hard again, impossibly, only minutes after he would have said he'd spent himself completely and been dead wrong.

Prima sometimes found herself staring at the man who was her owner, her master, her lover, her Daddy, and her husband all wrapped up in one tough, harsh, awkwardly caring man. He seemed to be perpetually in heat around her and there was never a moment – waking or sleeping when she was not in

danger of being mounted in one fluid motion, often waking just as he seated himself deeply inside her. And he was never really satisfied with her simply lying there and accepting his dominance – he enjoyed her pleasure at least as much as he enjoyed her pain, so he always made sure he roused her body to cleave to his by suckling gently on her nipples, or sometimes twisting and pinching them until she cried out, or tickling her clitty or raping her bottom. She never knew which approach he would take, not that it seemed to make any difference to her highly sensitized body.

The harsher his punishments, the more she seemed to crave his approval, and the more willing she was to accept his discipline – not that she truly had a choice. He took her whenever the urge struck him, in any way that pleased him at that moment. She'd been bent over and spread wide on his desk, over the snack bar where they ate, on the dining room table, the sofa in the living room, and the big butcher-block style coffee table, where he liked to tie her, naked and exposed, and tease her gently all day, taking her with as little thought as he relieved his bladder, keeping her sweet and wet with occasional long swipes at that prominent little bundle of nerves. He punished her in that position once – the only time he'd ever disciplined her when she hadn't done anything to deserve it.

She had been secured, face down on a fluffy comforter he always spread over the hard wood, for several hours already that morning when he came and sat near her head, gently stroking her hair. "Katherine?" He pressed a straw to her mouth so that she could drink the cool water he brought.

"Yes, Sir?" she answered, her tone carefully respectful. She stopped drinking, and after a moment he took the cup away.

“I’m going to do something now that I might repeat in the future, but I shouldn’t think too often – it goes against my grain to a certain extent, but I find myself somewhat curious.”

Prima did not like the sound of this.

“I’m going to punish you.”

She was confused and afraid, and pretty much desperate to avoid one of his spankings. “Have I misbehaved, Sir?”

Joseph sighed. “No, you haven’t. You’ve been very well behaved the past few days.”

“Is there something I’m not doing that I should be doing?” He could hear the fear in her voice as it became just a tad hysterical. “If there is I’d be glad to do it in the future – please don’t spank me for not doing what I didn’t know to do in the first place.”

“No, Katherine, there’s nothing you’re not doing,” he whispered, still stroking her hair. “I just want to spank you, and that’s what I’m going to do.”

He left her for a moment, during which time she began to shake with dread. It played havoc with her mind that he would do this to her. Katherine could almost – almost – make her mind come to terms with the idea that he would be disciplining her for the rest of her life for any infraction he deemed in her behavior – anything. She was still having problems with the idea of a severe, weekly punishment that would be administered regardless of her behavior. But to be punished as harshly as he always punished her, just because? She knew she could stand it!

But she was going to have to.

When he returned, he put a pillow in front of her hips and move the furniture so that she had a clear shot at her raised bottom. Then he put an antique, full-length mirror directly in front of her. Prima put her head down so that she didn’t have to look at herself. Somehow, if she didn’t actually see what she was

going through, part of her subconscious didn't have to acknowledge its reality.

But her owner wasn't about to put up with that. "No, no, no. I want you to see yourself getting spanked. I want you to watch me punishing you."

Oh, God, where did he come up with these horrible ideas? How could she possibly bear to both see and feel those vicious cracks against her bottom flesh?! That would make it twice as bad as it usually was, and she barely survived even his light spankings with her sanity still intact. This was psychological as well as physical torture, and she knew she had no choice but to obey him, or make it much, much worse on herself.

When she lifted her head and opened her eyes, she could see herself: naked, spread, and bound - hand and foot - breasts smooshed into the comforter, arms and legs pulling compulsively against the padded leather restraints. Joseph stood behind her, also watching her in the mirror, the prominent, ever-present bulge in his jeans growing even bigger. Behind him, on the couch, she could see the armload of implements he'd brought out to use on her - a thick, ruler paddle with blister-making holes down the center that he usually kept in his office and had used on her before, reducing her to tears in a matter of seconds; the dreaded solid wooden, oval bath brush; a leather strap that looked like a thick leather belt; a cane, which made her shudder; the thin rubber strap that bit into her flesh horribly but left no marks; and a birch switch that he usually looped over once, so that it left not one but two thready, red welts across her bare white bottom, setting her to howling so bad she usually lost her voice on the first stroke.

He came up beside her head and bent down, saying, “Open,” as he held something in his hand that looked like a horse’s bridle.

Katherine opened her mouth and accepted the thickly padded wooden dowel that functioned as a bit in her mouth. Joseph collected her hair to one side and fastened the gag very tightly around her head, then pulled her hair into a loose ponytail along her back. Feeling the inevitability of her impending agony and humiliation, and wanting desperately to escape it, Prima hung her head - while chewing aggravatedly at the bit - an act that was immediately punished by ten searing swats to her bottom.

“Head up, my girl,” Joseph coached her into position, then rigged something up that hooked from the back of the gag to the leather restraining belt she was wearing that would not allow her to lower her head even if she wanted to. She was reminded of a passage in the original “Black Beauty” that described horses during the Victorian era having to endure some type of harness that did something similar to them, requiring them to arch their necks for hours on end because it looked pretty. At least she was smart enough not to try the “close your eyes” idea, which would probably just piss him off royally and get her extra-added strokes.

“Very good.” He stood behind her again, running his hands all over her, eagerly, possessively, and watching the both of them in the mirror. Prima flushed pink with shame at the same time she shivered in anticipation of a very unpleasant afternoon at the mercy of this mercurial, merciless man.

Noting her shiver, Joseph turned up the heat, setting the timer to turn it down once they were into her discipline session, lest she become too hot and dehydrated. For a second, he squatted down behind her and explored her well-exposed

pussy. She was very tight and dry, obviously not looking forward to this. Katherine already knew how blisteringly hard he spanked. He couldn't say he felt the same – he knew there was already pre-cum on the broad head of his cock. Joseph watched her eyes in the mirror, seeing them grow round as he took her with his fingers, gauging just how sexually aroused she was as he rooted roughly around in her pussy, listening to her sexy whimper behind the bit-gag.

He stood and reached for the ruler paddle, touching it against her bottom almost gently as he said, "I want you to keep your eyes open, Katherine. And you can scream and cry and rant and rave and rail against me and cry for your mother – there will be no restrictions on how you express your pain this time – except, of course, disrespecting me and using bad language, the usual."

With that, he began, and Katherine had no choice but to both watch and feel each vicious, hard stroke as the burning quickly built in her bottom. She saw herself moaning at first, then as the paddle fell relentlessly against her unprotected rump in an inexorable cadence that was setting fire to her skin, moaning louder and more rapidly, crying of course, streams of tears pouring down her cheeks as she fought valiantly to free herself, or even just to avoid one blow, but to no avail. Crack. Crack. Crack. Every second or so, for what seemed like forever. Prima saw the aguish reflected in her face as her moans mutated into screams and muffled, unintelligible pleas for leniency that went unanswered, which was exactly what she expected. But she could no more stem flow of useless pleas than she could stem the tide of her tears.

Suddenly, Joseph stopped, practically mid-stroke, as if he'd had an idea. And it was another truly devious idea. Soon, though, he picked up the paddle again to renew its horrible

march up one cheek then down the other, down the back of one thigh and up the back of the other, concentrating ten or twelve shots in a row at her sit spot, then beginning the trek again – all while Prima enjoyed two views of her own torture, courtesy of a second full-length mirror that he positioned just so, where she could see the implement descending to her bottom, leaving a big red welt, then arcing quickly back to deliver the next devastating blow with the deft snap of his wrist.

It was awful – it was hideous – it was wholly obscene. Prima began to struggle wildly, driven practically insane by the shame of having to watch herself being paddled like a naughty little girl, as it was happening, as well as the searing agony of having to take the kind of torturous paddling Joseph dished out.

But, try as she might, she got nowhere, and all she succeeded in doing was exhausting herself. Joseph quietly went on to the next implement – the solid wooden bath brush. It was about eighteen inches long with a solid oval head that was approximately four inches by four inches. Katherine could do nothing but watch as that unforgiving, vicious implement bruised and tenderized her backside inch by square inch, the pain exploding in each heavily concentrated area where the head of the brush landed. She screamed and cried and wailed and moaned and no one heard her – no one but the man causing those unholy sobs. Somewhere, between the end of the paddle's reign of terror and the beginning of the brush's, she lost her voice entirely and then there was only the sharp crack of stiff, unforgiving wood biting repeatedly into swollen, soft, feminine flesh . . .

She saw him pick up the cane in the mirrors and lay a track down onto her butt cheeks – criss-crossing from the top of her left cheek down to the top of the back of her right thigh - without missing a beat between one implement and the other. A



loud, hoarse groan was torn from Prima's ravaged vocal chords with each stroke, her poor strained voice getting as bruised and beaten as her bottom. She watched as weal after weal appeared following each swift flick of his strong wrist; saw the welts rising on her already well-beaten bottom. She was a mass of agony, when he stopped and checked the condition of her bottom. Joseph came to her head, noting the pool of tears beneath her chin. He kissed her on the forehead in an almost tender gesture, saying, "I'm going to give you another round with the cane. This is the last one, for now."

A kind of tentative relief flooded her, but she chilled at the last two words of his statement. And then she saw him draw his arm back to begin her double dose of the cane, drawing it back so far it was almost as if he was swinging a golf club, and she knew this was going to be the worst yet.

And it was.

When he'd finished beating her, Joseph was so engorged he thought he didn't now how much control he had. He knelt behind Katherine and unzipped his fly, reaching between her legs with his fingers and finding an incredible amount of wetness there. She never failed to amaze him. Feeling strangely courteous towards her, he wet his fingers in her honey and brought it up to her clitty, watching her eyes close slowly in the mirror, then reopen as they were required to.

She wiggled tiredly, as if trying to avoid those rough fingers, "Please, Sir, I don't want -"

"Shh-shh-shh. You deserve this after all I've put you through. I'm going to pleasure you, honey. I'm gonna make you feel sooooo good after all that pain." Joseph wished she was on her back so that he could eat her greedily, but he promised himself he'd do that tonight. He settled for putting two fingers of his left hand into her wet, hot pussy the way he'd learned she

liked, fucking her steadily, deeply – hard, while the fingers of his right hand roamed over and over that bundle of nerves, marveling as it swelled up even more as if to greet him.

Katherine whispered a shameful moan at his ministrations. She didn't want to come; didn't want him to bring her to ecstasy after he'd hurt her so awfully. But in this she had no control, as she had no control over almost everything else in her life. She was subject as much to him pleasuring her as she was to him hurting her.

And her body seemed to crave both, much to her total humiliation.

He spread her wider, forcing her legs open around his, driving his hand further into the recesses of her body over and over, feeling the clenching tension as she drew inevitably closer and closer to her end. "That's it, Katherine. Surrender to me. You know you want to. You know you need the pain I give you just as much as the pleasure; both of them keep you in line like a good woman needs to be kept in her place – bottom weltd and bruised regularly, pussy full of cum or cock or fingers, or all three . . . there's nothing you can do about it anyway," he whispered, watching her breathing become more and more irregular as she fought herself and him and the physical gratification he relentlessly drove her towards.

Joseph had learned that she responded exceptionally well to his voice, so he continued to talk to her. "For me it's a tossup as to which one I like more – blistering your bare ass or pleasuring you till you blow apart like you do. I imagine neither one of them is really your favorite – even the pleasure comes at the price of your total submission, doesn't it?"

She began to emit what passed for a whine in rhythm with those fucking fingers as they plunged in and out and in and out . . . her body drawing taut with its pending implosion.

“That’s my good girl. I love owning you, Katherine Marie.” He moved over her, to get closer to her ear as he dragged those fingers over and over her swollen clitty and shoved his fingers deep into her upturned cunt. “I’m going to beat you like this again tomorrow, and then I’m going to pleasure you afterwards, like I am now. So you know what you can look forward later tomorrow afternoon. Another good, hard beating like you need. And then a good hard cum and fucking to go with it – “

Prima screamed with the strength of both her orgasm and her despair, but it came out more like a violent whisper. “Nononononono pleaaaaaseeee no not again noooooooooo!” He made her ride it out to the very end, forcing every bit of pleasure out of her before he relinquished possession of her private parts with his hands, reluctantly, and patted her back, then pistoned his swollen cock into her empty pussy with one massive thrust that made her contract anew.

Her still strong convulsions, tightening around his organ like a good woman’s mouth, brought him off within in minutes of entering her, milking him dry as he continued to hump her with a painfully erect, still throbbing penis.

Finally, he untied her, ungagged her and carried her into his room, tucking her under the covers on her tummy. She lay there, unmoving, but couldn’t seem to stop crying. Joseph got her a glass of water and two of those awful, big aspirin/sleeping potion suppositories, which he slipped into her behind before sitting beside her on the bed. Instead of fighting him or protesting a little, as she usually did, his insertion of the medicated bullets didn’t seem to register with her at all. It worried him that she was still sobbing like he’d ripped out her heart – and the hoarse croaking sound of it was tearing at his own heart. Joseph remained with her for a long while, rubbing

her back slowly and gently, and she did finally fall asleep after a long while of aching sobs.

## Chapter Six

He was as good as his word. Prima spent the rest of the day in bed, at his insistence. Whenever he approached her or even just came into the room, she eyed him warily, but he paid it no attention, feeling it was natural that she was a little fearful of him. Joseph was downright solicitous towards her, partly because he didn't like that look in her eye, partly out of a sense of guilt that niggled in the back of his mind, no matter how determinedly he tried to dismiss it. It was the lingering guilt that made him bring her dinner in bed and practically feed it to her even when she showed no interest in the steak and baked potato he'd cooked, knowing it especially was what she liked to eat. That night, once they were in bed with the lights out, it was one of the few nights he didn't require that she sleep bound. Instead he carefully fit himself around her, spoon fashion, his inevitable erection nuzzling the warm, welcoming crevice between two wonderfully swollen bottom cheeks, but he did not take her. He stroked her hair back from her face, rubbed up and down her arm slowly. But mostly Joseph just . . . held her. Tightly. Securely. So tightly and securely that Prima, who had been staring off into space, fighting off tears fairly successfully, lost her battle to keep the sobs back.

Why did he have to be nice to her now? If he'd continued to be a sadistic bastard, she could have built up a nice burning resentment towards him. Some of that was always in the back of her mind, anyway, always would be. Resentment that he owned her. Resentment that he could do this to her. Resentment that he made every decision for her, down to the most minute thing – limiting her ability to move, deciding what and when she

ate, taking away what should have been her choice about who could enter her body, where they could enter, and when.

But she lost it when he was nice to her. The bastard. He made her do it again, only this time his implement was subtly and insidiously cloaked as compassion. He made her totally lose her dignity and her control to him, crying so hard she hyperventilated and nearly fainted, while Joseph's heart was in his throat as he tried to calm her down. Finally, he made her breathe into a paper bag, all the while talking to her in a soft, gentle voice and looking gravely concerned.

But none of his concern and caring prevented him from doing to her exactly what he said he would the next afternoon: without a shred of compassion or human decency in evidence, he brought her back to the site of her greatest pain not twenty-four hours later, and repeated the whole experience, this time beating his sadistic tattoo on an already horribly swollen and bruised target.

He tied her a little differently the next time; the square, butcher-block style coffee table turned so that she could be tied over a corner with a pillow beneath her plump mons, raising her up as if she was asking for each searing stroke rather than cringing desperately from it. The mirrors, the uncomfortable gag and head harness – tied from the back and from each side this time so that she could not even turn her head - that forced her to watch the process of her own torture, and the pile of implements were all there. The pile had been cut in half, however, as Joseph had removed the implements he'd already used. The thick, broad leather strap, the thin rubber one, and . . . Prima shuddered as she watched him pick up the long, slim hickory switch, kept limber in water, and folded it over to form a loop that would lay a web of thin red welts all over her vulnerable, upturned bottom,

two at a time, and they would sting-itch unbearably for days afterwards, she knew from previous experience.

Of course, none of that made any difference to him. Joseph lay on the switch thickly over the still vivid reminders of yesterday's session. Her bottom was still swollen, the skin taut and easily branded by the slim tool of her agony, one weal above the other with each powerful laceration of bruised skin up and down her backside.

He didn't know what it was about this woman, but punishing her, having her, owning her, and controlling her kept him perpetually engorged. If he hadn't relieved himself with her as often as he did, he didn't know what he would have done. . Perhaps it was the owning of her, and it would have been the same with any woman. Perhaps, just perhaps, it was the woman herself, part of his mind pondered as his arm rose and fell without him.

But that would have been ascribing way too much importance to this one woman. Prima was a female, he'd bought and paid for her, and she was his to do with as he pleased with no politically correct police to tell him different. Frankly, despite her weekly and current trials, he was easier on her than most men in his position would be, but then, Joseph had never much liked the idea of being one of the masses.

When his mind returned to the wonderfully pleasant task before him, the force of his desire nearly made him explode in his pants. The sight of her curved, fleshy cheeks and legs – made more so by his previous attentions and already darkened in places with bruising, still welted all over from the cane and the ruler paddle's kiss - whipped repeatedly from just below the small of her back to just above the backs of her knees literally made his mouth water. She was screaming – well, screaming was relative considering she'd broken her voice yesterday, but he knew that

the croaks and cries that were emanating from that unbearably exciting leather getup he'd put on her head were the equivalent of screaming at the tops of her lungs if she'd been physically able to. Her incessant squirming, dancing undulations as she tried to avoid the kiss of the cruel thin lash made him want to mount her as he was punishing her, but he didn't want to have to go through the gyrations that would require.

No, he steeled himself to do one thing at a time, do it very, very well and very, very thoroughly, then move on to his sweet reward.

Joseph put the switch aside and picked up the thinnish rubber strap in one fluid motion, never missing a beat between one implement at the other. One minute her bottom was subjected to the lightish bite – in comparison – of the switch, and the next the fuller, harsher chunks-outta-your-ass feeling of that nasty, nasty rubber strap. He knew how a rubber strap felt on a bare bottom from personal experience. When he was growing up, long, long ago, well before all of the psychobabble about not spanking your children, Joseph had been subject to his father's unforgiving discipline – with rubber or leather straps, depending on what the old man got to first. Many was the night that Joseph was put to bed sobbing, on his tummy, bare bottomed, with his nightshirt tucked well above his bottom.

The rubber strap never failed to make his Prima sing from the get-go – it was almost as if she was an opera singer holding a mournful, keening note until it died out, only to be renewed with the next breath. Sometimes she was able to hold it longer than others, sometimes it started out as a heartfelt groan, sometimes it ended that way. With her ruined voice, it was almost an eerie sound, fit for Halloween. Joseph bet that two inch width of rubber ignited the itchy-stingies on the lattice of switch welts, as well as the leftover burning welts of the cane. He



knew that it set her to pulling at all of the well-anchored restraints. Joseph took a long moment and watched the play in the mirror in front of her, gaining enormous enjoyment from seeing her torment played out in her face, in her body language, her face a perfect portrait of pure misery, another puddle of tears flooding the table beneath her chin. He especially loved the fact that she couldn't turn away from the tableau but had to see each horrific stroke as it whistled towards the butt she offered him so nicely, and then she had to endure the resounding ache it created.

A thought struck him, and he knew that he had just found himself an extra-curricular project for sometime soon: she was lying on a table, which pressed her breasts up against her body and denied him the incredible, lascivious pleasure of watching them sway with each powerful smack across her bottom . . . or binding them tight . . . or clamping those impertinent raspberry nipples of hers and hanging weights, or maybe bells off the clamps . . .

Joseph hadn't thought he could get any harder than he already was, but his body proved him wrong when he thought about her breasts. His thoughts, however, did not lessen the force of his swing nor its hellish tempo. The rubber strap tore into Prima's nether cheeks and thighs again and again, leaving them a bright, angry, doubly swollen red. After he didn't know how many strokes, he stopped and clutched a well-roasted cheek in each hand, squeezing and cruelly rubbing his rough fingers over the raised welts. His greedy flesh-claim got him another mock-scream from that tightly bitted mouth as well as copious tears while she tried valiantly to arch away from him but could barely move a millimeter, he had bound her so tight.

Grabbing the big leather strap, he moved up to her head, kissing her forehead gently. "This is the second to last implement. I was going to stop after this, but I want to give you a

good hard caning once I'm through with the strap." Prima went through more wild and furious gyrations at his words, her eyes huge and tear-filled. Joseph patted her head in a pseudo-soothing manner, then returned to his place – and, he felt, it truly was the right place for him, and, although she'd probably never ever admit it, this was the right place for her, too. He gathered evidence to defend that idea by probing gently between Prima's legs, betwixt those two glowing globes, right into the heart of her heat – and into a veritable ocean of natural lubricant. Her outer lips were soft and blood-swollen, as was her not-so-little nerve bundle. Her body craved this the way his body craved giving it to her – so bad you think you're gonna die, so good you think it's gonna kill you.

The strap was just the right size for her bottom, covering almost all of it in one thunderous thuh-wack that threw her forward against her restraints, her rich cheek-flesh wobbling enticingly. She rocked back, meeting the next blow naturally, as if greeting the touch of a lover. Prima completely lost any coherence within the first three applications of stiff leather to soft, pliant skin, which was entirely understandable. Her mouth remained open throughout her appointment with the heavy strop, through each new bruise, each newly irritated welt, each brush of air that preceded each new, horrible burst of agony, poised open in a scream of traumatized silence. Joseph thought it was just the right size, but Katherine heartily disagreed; its width caused such overlapping that it was almost as if she was being strapped in exactly the same spot all the time, despite the fact that he was moving it up and down her body. Forgetting the severity of the implement, the sheer repetition of a full-force whacking of the same previously tenderized area . . . Prima went a little mad with it.

Time stood still for the both of them – all there was in their world was the rhythmic sounds of her thorough thrashing – Joseph’s greedy, unbearable pleasure at Prima’s unbearable anguish.

The strap fell to the floor after who knew how many solid, body-rocking cracks and Joseph made a thorough inspection of her skin before he picked up the cane, saying, “You’ll bear it.”

But Katherine’s mind literally exploded when she saw him pick up the new polyurethane cane that he had found on eBay. When he’d received it, she had eyed it warily, and he had casually informed her that it was the most severe cane he could find.

She’d lucked out and not had to bend over for a demonstration right then and there, but it looked like her luck had definitely run out.



## Chapter Seven

It was a long while later that he put her to bed on her tummy for the second day in a row. Joseph joined her, lying beside her to stroke the soft river of her hair and rub her back. Prima was awake and tried to turn her head away from him to look at the closet door, but he physically turned it back so that she was looking at him. She had cried so much she didn't have any tears left, although he had given her water periodically throughout. When he was done, he gave her a bottle full off cool spring water, and Katherine greedily drank it down.

That cane was the devil in plastic; Katherine was sure she'd have no fear of hell – she'd already been through it, twice. Unlike the rest of her trial by pain, as he whipped that rod down onto her butt cheeks, he talked to her, complimenting her on the way her bottom cheeks absorbed each blow, on the print pattern of welts the two sessions were making, on how sexy she looked with the bit-gag in her mouth and her head held up and immobile. He talked about how wet she got when he did this to her and how excited her response made him, and how excited just doing this to her made him – apparently her response to his abuse was an extra-added bonus he hadn't counted on.

Prima, however, considered her response to be humiliating in the extreme. When the last blow fell from the cane, she couldn't even comprehend that he'd stopped she was so hysterical from the pain. She was shaking and shivering and moaning an odd sound that was the only thing she could get out – it sounded surprisingly like when Papa's dog had tried to bark in her sleep; a pitiful, futile attempt to express her agony.

To her surprise and confusion, Joseph had remained behind her, stroking her back and flanks in a gentle, soothing motion. He popped up once quickly to offer her water, clean up the tears and wipe her face, then bumped up the heat since she was shivering – although he ascribed it more to pure reaction than to temperature. Joseph went back to stand behind her as he tried to calm her, watching her in the mirror just as avidly as he had when he was waling on her bottom.

When her breathing had calmed some and she was no longer shuddering and shaking, he squatted behind her still blatantly exposed derriere and began to rub his whole hand over her privates. His expression, as it was reflected in the mirrors, was one of pride of ownership. His fingers inevitably dipped between her inner lips, reveling in the copious moisture he found there. “Oh, baby, this is so good,” he whispered. “So good.”

Without another word, he unzipped his jeans and took his practically exploding cock out to place it at the entrance to her body while he rummaged behind him on the couch. It was tempting to drive into her there – very, very tempting indeed – but that was not what he wanted. Instead he put a dollop of lubricant on the already oozing head, barely able to stand the contact for long enough to do so, then put a larger blob on her puckered little flower.

Her response was instantaneous – as if he’d laid the crop to her bottom hole as opposed to something as innocuous as KY. Prima’s entire body stiffened, and he saw her eyes go very wide with fright as the realization of what he intended to do hit home, that her trial was not over; he had more humiliation and suffering for her to endure. She quickly used up what little strength she’d been able to build up in the short time since the beating had stopped, all while Joseph tried to calm and soothe her with his voice and his hands, but to no avail.

Quickly worn out, she was back to shivering and shaking and shuddering, a wild look in her eyes. His big hand roamed up and down the clean line of her back, marveling at the soft expanse of skin beneath the rough tips of his fingers. "Shh-shh-shh, now," he murmured. "Shhhhhh, Katherine. It's not going to be as bad as all that. I promise you'll enjoy it. You've earned some pleasure out of this." The expression on her face told him that she didn't believe that she could derive pleasure from what he intended to do to her body. He began moving back into place behind her, talking all the time. "I know this is one of your least favorite things, honey, but if you'll relax you might find it's at least tolerable." He massaged small of her back for a few seconds, then carefully framed her crease with his hands, pulling her cheeks apart as he heard a hiss of breath over the bit in her mouth. Joseph indulged himself in the view for a few seconds, then put the broad wet head of his member against her well-lubed butt and began pressing as he said, "Besides, I think you're protesting just a bit too much, don't you?"

It didn't matter whether Katherine protested or not; she was going to find his rigid pole up her bottom one way or the other.

"Relax, Katherine," Joseph cajoled in a soft voice that nearly broke with the pleasure of violating her almost virginal asshole. She was so tight around him; this was going to be embarrassingly short! "Arch your back and bear down. Make it easier on yourself."

Katherine wanted to cry and scream, but although she felt like she was crying, there were no more tears. Screaming was out of the question, also. All of this anguish and real way to express it. "Make it easier on yourself" sounded so right, so smart, but it smacked to her of . . . of participation. Of asking to be raped anally by his thick, long cock. Regardless of what she did

or didn't do, though, she could feel him making slow progress into her, still holding her spread apart and trying to encourage her to relax. Her body finally took over from her mind entirely and did as he suggested; her back arched all on its own and her sphincter opened more easily for him as she bore down.

"Good girl!" Joseph praised, his hips flexing, pressing to take advantage of her surprising surrender. He advanced carefully, not wanting to hurt her. "That's my good girl," he murmured as she continued to do as he had said.

When his balls met the sore backs of her thighs, and he was in her as deep as was humanly possible, he stopped, partly to try to keep control of himself, and partly to give her some time to adjust to his being buried inside her. Joseph leaned over to her ear, hearing another hissing intake of breath as his body and its crinkly hair rubbed over the oh-so-sensitive skin of her roasted bottom. She had stopped shaking and her breathing in general seemed okay. "See? It's not so bad." His left hand found its way beneath her hips to the front of her slit and her already slick button. When he started rubbing it, Katherine bucked back so hard against him he nearly came. A pained smile touched his lips as he watched her partly overt, partly internal struggle in the mirror: if she tried to avoid his fingers, she impaled herself on his cock. If she moved away from his cock, she moved against his eager fingers. "Caught between a rock and a hard place, aren't you, Prima my girl?" he asked softly, emphasizing the phrase "hard place" with a gentle flex of his hips, which, in turn, rubbed her against his fingers.

Her reactions amazed him, and this one was terribly raw as she caught her breath and issued one of those tortured moans. Joseph moved on her again, withdrawing a couple of inches, then relentlessly driving himself back into her. She shuddered and



closed her eyes, sighing raggedly as his fingers were dragged over her swollen clitty.

“Open your eyes, Katherine,” he warned and was obeyed with obvious reluctance. He could see that her pupils were dilated, see the sex flush creeping up her neck. She was definitely enjoying this! “Look at my eyes in the mirror and don’t stop looking until I tell you to.” This time, he backed almost all the way out and plunged all the way back in one stroke, making her moan almost silently and forget to keep eye contact with him as she tried to wiggle away. “Eyes!” he reminded sharply. “Don’t forget again, Prima.” In silent warning, his right hand found her blistered cheek and pinched her, hard.

The arching and writhing that that pinch caused made the both of them lose total control. She was moving herself unintentionally along his cock, and up against those tormenting fingers, then back and forth, and finally Joseph stopped trying to delay the inevitable and began to take her, roughly, as was his right. He left his fingers right where they were as he forced her to accept him up her bottom, using her and making her love it.

Katherine fought her orgasm as much as she could, but her body liked what he was doing to it – seeing him bent over her, humping her ass with brutal, powerful strokes – as he, in turn, watched himself rape her - and it was a losing battle, even when he was quite wild with her at the end. The final stroke was a second pinch for looking away that shouldn’t have sent her over the edge, but it did. It was the most humiliating thing to happen to her yet – beaten, blistered, bridled, fingered, and raped, her orgasm was so totally overwhelming that she fainted dead away.

Joseph knew what had happened to her but his heart leapt to his throat anyway when she went completely limp beneath him, until he recognized she had fainted. Her ultimate pleasure triggered his, and when he was through bathing her

insides with his cum, he withdrew, slowly, and cleaned up. Patting her cheek, he brought her around, then, after releasing her, he carried her to their room which was where they were now.

“Are you cold? Hot?” he asked solicitously.

She shook her head. It would be a while before her voice returned.

He disappeared for a few minutes, coming back with another bottle of water as well as a bowl of something, which he proceeded to feed to her as if she was a coddled child. Chocolate pudding. Her favorite. Katherine tried to take the spoon from him and do it herself, but he wouldn't allow it. When she was done, he gave her the water, which she gulped down gratefully.

Finished, she settled back on the mattress, her face towards him as he cleaned up then turned off the lights, pulled the shades and turned on a soft, relaxing CD. Finally he joined her again, pulled her tight into his arms and took up stroking her hair again. Her hair seemed to be somewhat of a fixation with him. Those spiky-fringed eyelids were sinking fast as her cheek pressed up against his warm chest, but before she fell asleep she would have sworn she heard him say, “You are the most amazing woman I've ever known. You are my treasure; you're worth everything I paid for you and more, and I'll never ever let you go.”

Prima was too sleepy to ponder the meaning of his words. They sounded nice and his voice soothed her, despite what his hands could do to her. She fell asleep with his gravelly tone resounding comfortingly in her ears.

## Chapter Eight

Joseph didn't even allow her out of bed until two days later because he was worried about her. When he did let her up, she was cautious as a long tailed cat in a room full of rocking chairs around him, all big-eyed and nervous every time he came near her. Joseph supposed it didn't help that he'd declared that she wasn't allowed to wear anything that covered her wonderful derriere for a while – not that she really wanted to have rough fabric scraping against her abraded skin, anyway, but Prima's sense of modesty ran deep. But he liked to look at her bottom, even though its ravaged condition pulled at something inside him, making him feel somewhat guilty though he knew there was no need of it.

Joseph was a man who'd been raised to curb his tremendous strength around women, to lend it if it was needed, but to never deliberately hurt a woman. His spanking tendencies in the Before Time conflicted with this philosophy, but then any spanking was entirely consensual or he was very careful not to do proceed. That road would have lead to a numbered orange jumper and an affectionate roommate named Bubba.

Things were radically different now, however. He had resisted a lot of the changes that he didn't agree with, and had ended up wealthy enough, somehow, that he could do so with relative immunity. But Prima . . . Katherine's presence in his life had changed things again, brought out things in himself – and not pleasant things – that he didn't necessarily want to recognize, like the fact that gazing at her well punished bottom kept him perpetually stiff and horny.

Even with several big, fluffy cushions he'd put on her chair, she couldn't sit down to eat. Joseph made sure she only did light duty – really only cooking for him – for several days afterwards, drank lots of fluid and took expensive Vitamin E capsules to help speed the healing of her rounded nates. Despite his somewhat clumsy attempts to care for her, Prima was skittish at best. Joseph felt like he was trying to coax a feral creature to eat out of his hand; she very carefully hadn't disobeyed any order he'd given her, but every time Prima had to get close to him she looked like a frightened rabbit, ready to flee at any second – not that there was anywhere for her to go. Conversely, he touched her more often – he probably had sex with her more when her bottom was sore than when it wasn't - hoping it would settle her. Joseph also consciously spent more time with her, reading to her and just holding her on his lap or playing cards with her as he let her stretch out on the couch on her tummy.

To his delight, he discovered that she knew how to play cribbage. Few men knew the game anymore, and even fewer women. She royally skunked him the first game, then gave him a deer in headlights look that blatantly said that she hadn't even considered the idea that she should let him win.

Joseph leaned over and caught her chin, tipping her face up to his so that she had to meet his eyes. "If I'd've wanted a lapdog, I'd've bought one. Beating the pants off me at cribbage is not disrespectful," he reassured her. "It's just humiliating!" he added with a rueful smile that he was glad to see her tentatively return. Katherine had been so subdued around him; he'd missed their lively conversations at dinner. Hopefully this was a sign that she was getting back to normal.

At breakfast one morning, he hit his head with a loud slap. "Dammit all to hell!"

Katherine looked at him questioningly. He didn't usually use any sort of profanity – well, except the word “fuck” around her . . . usually while he was doing it to her.

“I forgot that some of the guys I used to hang around with – they're coming over tonight for poker. We alternate monthly or so, and this is my night. Sonofabitch!”

As she cleaned their dishes, she croaked, “You don't sound very happy about it, Sir.”

Joseph leaned against the counter next to her, frowning and gulping down the last of his coffee. “They're old friends and business partners, some of them. I can't really cancel it, especially not on such late notice.” He looked down at her critically. “Are you up to it?”

Prima shrugged her shoulders, pleasantly surprised that he'd even asked. “I'm all right. What will you be needing, Sir?”

His gaze didn't waver as he looked into her clear hazel eyes, his own narrowing thoughtfully. “Are you telling me the truth, Prima, or what you think I want to hear?”

She gulped hard, but answered, “I'm telling you the truth.”

Joseph seemed to consider this carefully. “Maybe it would be best if I just did this myself and put you to bed early . . . but I really did want to show you off.” He put his mug down and wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, guiding her gently back against him until he heard the hiss of breath through her teeth when her bare bottom came in contact with his jeans. “Sore, baby?” Joseph pressed his lips against her temple tenderly.

Squirming a little, and blushing a lot, Katherine answered primly, “Yes, Sir.” Oh, God, she wished he wouldn't treat her so carefully sometimes – the contrast between the man who was holding her now and the man who lit into her bottom savagely two days in a row was too much for her to reconcile.

Which one was the real man? Why, when he was affectionate like this, treating her like he cared just a little bit about her, did she melt so quickly, forgetting the torment he'd put her through a short time ago? Her body remembered, and she was reminded in spades every time she tried to sit down. Her mind forgot almost instantaneously, it seemed. She couldn't even keep a decent grudge against him, to the point where it wasn't even him she was angry at – it was herself and her damned willingness to fall for him every time he did anything towards her that smacked of niceness and decency.

Maybe it was Stockholm Syndrome . . . but then she hadn't been kidnapped. This was her life.

Joseph turned her around within his arms, his lips caressing hers, teasing them into a soft, hot kiss. His next words amazed her. "I'm going to allow you to decide for yourself. I don't care one way or another; I would like to parade you in front of my friends because you're the most beautiful thing I've ever owned."

Katherine forgot herself and snorted when he used the word "beautiful" in relation to her, and Joseph wasn't going to put up with it.

He looked down at her from his towering height, frowning in that terribly intimidating manner he could adopt in a second. "Katherine Marie, you know how I feel about you denying that you're beautiful. You know that's naughty behavior and it could get you a spanking. You don't want a spanking, do you?"

Prima shook her head emphatically. No way did she want his broad palm blistering her bottom! But she could already feel her traitorous body preparing itself for him, just at those words. At the idea of being owned by him. At the way he treated her like a little girl when she was twenty-nine. Because he could spank her any time he wanted – and did, that her bottom

and her pussy and her breasts were no longer her own, no more than her pleasure or her pain was her own any longer.

"I can't hear you shaking your head, young lady," came the sharp reprimand.

"N-no, Sir. Please, I don't want a spanking!" Her words only confirmed that she had been regressed to the level of a five year old, pleading not to be punished on her bare bottom.

Joseph relented from his stern demeanor and hugged her to him, rocking slightly back and forth as he rubbed her back. "I don't want to have to spank you either, Katherine, but I will if you're naughty again." He moved away only enough to catch her cheeks between his palms. "You are my beautiful Prima." Joseph turned her head up so that she had to look into his eyes, then he kissed the tip of her nose.

"I don't care which one you pick - I'm thinking maybe you need to be put to bed early to do some more recovering rather than staying up way past your bedtime, running around and filling up everyone's beer mug all evening . . . What do you think?"

Katherine bit her lip, wondering if somehow he was trying to trick her into something. "May I ask you some questions?"

"Yes."

"If I choose the wrong thing, will I be punished?" Her eyes darted to his then down, fearfully.

Joseph sighed hard, running a hand through his hair, then caressing her cheek with his index finger. After a long, silent moment, he bent and picked her up in his arms, carrying her out into the den to sit on his lap with her cheek pressed against his chest, one hand stroking her hair, as always, the other lying possessively on the middle of her thigh. He set them to rocking,

and she instantly relaxed a notch. His reaction to her innocent query was another surprise. Prima waited for him to speak.

He seemed to be having some difficulty doing so. When he finally began, his voice was deep and hoarse. "The answer to your question is no. I know you may find this hard to believe, considering what I've put you through recently, but I'm not always looking for reasons to punish you. And I won't trick you into it getting a spanking, either. If you don't want to do this, then I'll just put you to bed early – which wouldn't be all that bad an idea. No negative consequences what so ever, I promise, baby."

Much less tense now at his reassurances, Prima asked, "What would you need me to do?"

"Just serve – make sure everyone's got whatever they drink, keep the snacks comin', maybe make some sandwiches or something. That's all I ever do for these guys."

"How many of them are there?"

"Five, plus me."

She was quiet for a few minutes, then asked, "May I help, please?"

"You're sure?"

"Yes, Sir."

Joseph's lips met her forehead in a delicate kiss. "Thank you," he said gravely.

They worked well together for the next several hours getting things ready. Prima whipped up a dip to go with the thousand-year-old cans of Pringles he had in the pantry, and made some pretty hors d'oeuvres using several cans of Spam. She was just a few steps from deluding herself into feeling like they were an old married couple that was doing some entertaining this evening, instead of a woman and her owner. Joseph was scrupulous about making sure that she didn't do too much – he



polished the big dining room table himself and brought in wood for the wood stove himself.

He did put her down for a nap about an hour and a half before the men were due, even though he had to practically pry her away from arranging the napkins and glasses and trying to make things all pretty.

"Ahem." He cleared his throat loudly, but she was so involved in what she was doing that she didn't even acknowledge him. Smiling slightly, Joseph tried again. "It's naptime for little girls in this house."

"Yes, Sir," she agreed, not looking at him once. She was still engrossed in the arrangement she was trying to create.

Not about to get angry at her when she was doing her best to help him, Joseph just grabbed her wrist and literally dragged her down the hall, a hunk of napkins still in her fingers, which he extracted as soon as they got to his room and threw on the dresser. In record time, she was tucked under the covers in the darkened room, and he was just about to put her pacifier in her mouth when she caught his thick wrist and turned her head.

"Sir?"

"Yes?"

"What should I wear tonight?" Katherine was thinking that she really didn't have anything that was particularly appropriate. He had given her some clothes - probably from a long lost girlfriend - but nothing that would impress his friends at all.

Joseph already had that covered. He stroked the hair away from her eyes. "I have something I think will be appropriate."

She toyed with the cuff of his shirt, trying but not succeeding to appear indifferent about the next question. "Will I have to be bare bottomed in front of them, Sir?" Her voice faded

to nothing on the “Sir” as her throat clenched tightly with nervousness. The idea of having to wear something like what he’d been having her wear lately – shirts that ended at her waist and left her entire bottom hanging out in the wind – around strange men . . .

“The no underwear rule remains in effect always, Katherine, you know that.” Her worried eyes met his for a second as she bit her lip. “But I think you’ll like what you’re going to be wearing.”

“Yes, Sir,” she whispered.

The pacifier was pressed into her mouth, and Joseph dropped a kiss on her forehead before he left the room, saying, “Sleep well.”

Katherine always swore she wouldn’t fall asleep during one of those babyish naps, but she always did anyway. His warm hand against her cheek woke her gently.

“Time to get up, Prima.”

Rubbing her eyes, Katherine sat up and pushed the covers back. Next to her on the bed was a very simple, pretty hunter green velour dress. It was done in the easy, comfortable swing style that was popular in the years before the Change, and it had a scoop neck and short sleeves.

“This is what I want you to put on.”

She fingered the beautiful fabric. “Yes, Sir,” she agreed, still sitting there.

A busy eyebrow rose. “Now.”

Prima glanced up at him, and, not liking that look, quickly took off the short blouse she’d been wearing, standing in front of him nude and blushing as always. The dress settled over her like a velvet cloud. It had been a very, very long time since she’d worn anything this nice. Joseph sat her down in front of

him and brushed out her long hair till it shone and she was almost asleep again. "Stand up."

She stood next to the bed as he looked her up and down, his hands running from shoulder to flank with obvious pride of ownership. Although the dress was naturally full, it was only about as long as a baby doll nightie, just barely covering the under curve of her bottom cheeks. The material folded onto his masculine wrist as one of his hand crept up under the skirt to explore her bare mound while the other kept her in place by its mere presence on her butt cheeks.

"Spread for me, Prima," came the husky command.

Like an obedient little girl, she did as she was told, moving her bare feet well apart, not wanting to have to be told a second time despite the deep sense of shame his casual handling of her could still inspire. A finger sought and found her little clitty, rubbing it with her own juices until she had to steady herself with a small hand on his broad shoulder.

"That's it." He adored watching her succumb to the demands he placed on her body. Flick, flick, flick. Dip down a little to get more of her honey, revel in her sharply drawn breaths and throaty moans. Joseph brought her close, very close, then stopped and smoothed down her dress as she gave him a glassy-eyed, unfocused look. "That's the way you should always look, Katherine. Like you're two strokes of your owner's finger away from satisfaction."

When his guests started to arrive, Prima stayed in the background as much as possible. They were not, as she had been imagining a few hours ago, lovers who were entertaining. She was surprised that he hadn't had a list of rules about how she was to behave in regards to his guests, but maybe that was because her role in tonight's event was clearly defined: serve, keep quiet, make yourself useful but not noticeable. She heard him greeting

them at the door, then they all trooped in to the dining room where the game would be played.

Katherine immediately brought artfully arranged trays of snacks to the room and put them out around the men, surrounding them in a perimeter of food using the ancient TV trays she'd found in the den. She heard the conversation stop when she entered the room the first time, and all eyes settled on her with great interest, which made her feel extremely awkward. The men settled into their chairs, but Joseph stood, pointing to each man as he spoke to her. "Prima, Mr. Bancroft will have a Bud, Mr. Kelly will have a glass of white wine, Mr. Randolph will have a Bud, and Mr. Rodriguez will have a glass of what's in the pitcher at the back of the refrigerator. I'll have some of what Mr. Rodriguez is having."

Having been a waitress for several summers in her previous life, she was able to remember correctly without having to ask him to repeat anything, dashing to the kitchen to serve them as quickly as possible. Prima half heard the conversation they were having, her ears perking at the mention of her name. The men congratulated Joseph on finally getting himself a woman, despite the fact that she was kind of "ripe". She frowned. Ripe? Was that good or bad? She tried to sniff her own under arm, wondering if she had body odor and didn't know it . . . When she returned to the gathering, the problem that was going to rise again and again during the evening became apparent from the start: every man she stood next to felt it was his right, no, his duty to feel her up. And Joseph either didn't see it or didn't care. Sometimes he had the manners of a gentleman. This apparently wasn't one of them. The last man she served, leaning over to putting his white wine down in front of him, was Mr. Kelly, a fat, balding little man with a perpetual cigar stub in the corner of his

mouth and small, pudgy fingers that groped her breasts painfully while Joseph's back was turned for a moment.

When she stood up, he forcibly turned her around and pulled up her dress, displaying her healing backside to everyone at the table – much to Prima's mortification, not that they all hadn't felt it up – and more – already. "Looks like someone's bitch had to be taught a lesson fairly recently." Letting go of her, he reached over and slapped Joseph on the arm. "Way to go, man!"

"Yeah," everyone at the table seemed to agree.

"You gotta make sure they don't get any uppity ideas in their heads right from the beginning, 'specially the older ones. They come with a lot of ideas beyond their place from the Before Time. Have to beat it outta them," Mr. Bancroft advised. "Or fuck it outta them." He looked around the table and winked big. "Or both."

Mr. Randolph's eyes roamed up and down her in a way that made her shiver. "You got yourself a looker there, though. Despite being long in the tooth."

"I don't fuck children," Joseph stated unequivocally.

Katherine congratulated herself on not rolling her eyes, thinking these men were what passed for powerful men nowadays? She shuddered, looked over the table again to make sure everyone's glass was full, then tucked herself into a corner of the room, trying to be as unobtrusive as possible.

"What're we playin' for tonight?" Mr. Kelly asked, clipping the end of a new cigar – finally. Prima made sure that she was there with a light before he could fish his own out of his pocket.

She replenished the hors d'oeuvres, which were being downed by the handful, then blended in with the woodwork again – except to Mr. Randolph, apparently, whose assessing eyes barely left her breasts and her pussy.

All eyes were on Joseph. "Services, I guess."

From what Prima could gather, they each played using their own monogrammed poker chips that represented hours of service – plumbing, carpentry, leather working, etc. Joseph offered his carpentry skills.

"Ante up." Everyone chipped in a white chip, which represented an hour of service.

After several hours of play, the room smelled of sweat and smoke. Katherine lit a stick of sandalwood incense then opened a window and turned the ceiling fan on low. Mr. Randolph hadn't taken his beady eyes off of her all evening, and his hands had been extremely busy, also, every time she refilled his drink – as had everyone else's. Her bottom had been pinched so many times she knew she sported another new layer of bruises.

When she'd returned to her little niche, she heard Randolph asked casually, "So, Joseph, what would it take to get you to bet a couple' hours worth of the services of your new slave? I'm sure if you've settled on her she's got to be a damned good hump."

The other men laughed, several commenting that "one pussy was just like the next." Joseph's fussiness about women was legendary in the region. He had some odd notions, but he was a damned fine businessman, and otherwise well respected in the community – such as it was.

OhGodohGodohGod, please don't let him do that to me! She prayed fervently. Still casually shuffling the cards, Joseph replied laconically, "She's not for sale or rent under any circumstances. I don't share well with others."

Katherine heaved a huge sigh of relief . . . until, an hour later, the men had gotten up to stretch a little and get some fresh air. Joseph was outside with several of them, and after cleaning up as much as possible and refreshing both the food and

everyone's drinks, she found herself entirely alone with the oily Mr. Randolph. He wasted no time in cornering her, his groping hands snaking themselves under her dress to squeeze and pinch her bottom cruelly, then up over her cringing tummy to crush her breasts together and upwards.

Her first instinct was to scream, which she did, as loudly as she could – which unfortunately wasn't very - but then Katherine didn't know if fighting off one of his friends who seemed intent on raping her would earn her a punishment, despite his comment earlier in the evening. A woman in this new world was nothing more than a brood mare, nothing more than a vessel for a man's spunk, a slave. Slaves had no right to fight. Men were the overseers with the whips and the paddles and long, thick organs with which to keep their women in line – hopefully pregnant, but definitely cowed.

Randolph's Budweiser breath sickened her as he slanted his open mouth across hers, his fingers digging nastily into the side of her jaw, forcing her lips apart for his tongue. His other hand pried open her thighs so that he could maneuver himself between her legs. Suddenly, his head was jerked back by his hair, and Joseph's huge fist drove itself into her attacker's nose, making him stumble back, clutching the now bloody mass in the middle of his face. Another fist slammed into his ribs. And then his jaw, and then his stomach. Rapid-fire, in the blink of an eye, Joseph's skill as an amateur heavyweight served him well.

Mr. Randolph was then hauled up from where he lay curled in a ball, trying to protect himself and not succeeding very well, only to have his arm bent behind his back at an acutely uncomfortable angle. Joseph turned to Katherine, who had sunk down onto the floor, her arms crossed protectively over her breasts, eyes wild. "Are you all right?" he asked in a clipped tone.

Forgetting that she was required to give him a verbal response, Katherine nodded her head slowly, and watched with a small sense of satisfaction as Randolph was force-marched out the door, then beaten all the way to his car.

That seemed to pretty much break up the party. The other men said their goodbyes quickly at that point, which was probably the smart thing to do considering the bloodlust in Joseph's eyes. No one really wanted to take on the big man – nobody with half a brain, anyway. And Terrance Randolph had never been accused of having half a brain. He'd not only pissed off one of the physically biggest men in the territory, who was not known to have the best of tempers, but he'd also lost a vital business partner. Not smart at all.

Katherine needed something to do or her mind was going to fall into insignificant little pieces at her feet. If she could just keep moving and not think about it, she'd be okay. So she got up and started to clean the rest of the mess. That's what Joseph found her doing after he closed and locked the front door and set the alarms – furiously bagging, packaging and wrapping everything within site. The dining room had already been completely cleaned. He knew what she was doing and even understood it.

Joseph's mind had been busy, too, torturing him for leaving her unprotected. If he could have reached, he'd have kicked himself in the butt. First and foremost she was his, and therefore his responsibility – not only to train and punish and fuck at will, but to take care of. He hadn't done that tonight. He'd left her wide open, alone, all five-foot-not-much, hundred-and-not-enough pounds of her. If it hadn't have been Randolph, it could have been any of the rest of them. He should never have gone outside. He'd made a vital error, and she was the one who paid for it.



He sighed, long and low, watching her buzzing around like a honeybee on speed, doing everything and anything she could not to think about what had happened. "Katherine," he said quietly, but she seemed not to hear him. Another attempt went unanswered, so he simply corralled her with his body, penning her into a corner of the snack bar with a hand on the counter on either side of her. She literally cringed away from him, almost dancing in place, desperate to keep moving, but not towards him. "Katherine. He's gone. You're safe. He'll never touch you again, I promise."

When she couldn't move or work, keep herself occupied, Prima started to shiver. "Th-they've all been t-touching m-me all n-night. W-when you weren't l-looking," she admitted.

"Dammit!" his fist crashed down on the counter next to her with a loud bang, making her jump and try to shy away from him, but there was nowhere to go. "None of them will be invited to this house again, Katherine, I promise."

She didn't seem any less agitated at his words. Joseph had the feeling that she didn't really even see him, she was so trapped in the trauma. So he grabbed what was left of his glass of white lightening, lifted her into his arms, and carried her into the den. She didn't fight him until he sat down, then she tried to vault off his lap. Joseph ended up subduing her carefully, pinning her arms to her sides and throwing his leg over hers. Then he put his glass to her lips and practically poured the fiery liquid down her throat, knowing that it was sure to relax her, even against her will. Sputtering and choking, Prima pulled against the bonds of his arms, but he refused to let her go.

Joseph set the chair to rocking very slowly, cuddling her even though she obviously didn't want to be cuddled. A few minutes later he gave her another couple of swallows from his glass, which she took much more obediently than before.

“There’s my girl,” he praised, then went back to rocking and cuddling her. Joseph downed the last few gulps of moonshine himself, then put the glass on the end table. His hand rubbed up and down her arm gently, undemandingly. At first she was stiff as a board against him, but eventually the liquor had the intended affect and she relaxed against him. His eyes flickered over the clock on the mantle. “It’s way past your bedtime, baby. Let’s get you tucked into bed, hmmm?”

He carried her all the way to the bedroom then set her down next to her side of the bed, undressing her gently as if she were his child rather than his slave. “Would you like a nightgown of some sort?”

If she had been in her right mind, Katherine would have at least raised an eyebrow at this question, remembering how vehemently he had denied her such a luxury when she’d asked about it on her first day with him. Instead she answered flatly, “I don’t care, Sir.”

A shiver of alarm went through him at her tone of voice and her words. His little prude liked nothing better than to cover herself whenever she could. Joseph opened his bureau drawer and took out the first t-shirt he could find. It would be ridiculously enormous on her, but he thought that something would be psychologically more comforting to her than nothing.

He held the collar open for her, pulling the shirt down over her head until he noticed something like a dark smudge on her face, along her jaw. Joseph caught her chin in his hand and turned her head so that he could look more closely. It was fingerprints. The bastard had marked her. His woman.

Holding the shirt around her neck, he inspected her skin minutely, finding more bruising on her breasts and at her inner thighs. He was intimately acquainted with every inch of her skin, and he knew none of these bruises were from him. Joseph’s jaw

clenched spasmodically, and his anger at himself and at Randolph and at all of the men at the game tonight must've been showing in his face when he came up from his squat to put her arms through the sleeves of the shirt. One look at his expression and Katherine's eyes grew huge, as if he had a paddle in each hand.

She tried to shrink away from him, but the bed was behind her and the strong moonshine had made her a little wobbly. Prima fell back onto her sore bottom, which set her to whimpering, then blubbering as he followed her down. "I didn't know if I should fight him. I didn't know what you would want. I didn't want to get another spanking for not doing as you wanted but I didn't know what you wanted me to do. What should I have done? What should I have done?"

Joseph wanted to hang himself, but Katherine came first and she needed reassurance from him. He would have to find a way to deal with his own guilt and culpability . . . somehow. "Sh-sh-sh, Katherine. Shhhhhh. It's okay, you were perfect, honey. You did well."

He just kept repeating those phrases over and over again as he tucked her under the covers. When his words began to sink into her alcohol-soaked brain, she stopped trying to get away from him and began to cling instead. Joseph had a hard time disengaging himself from her long enough to pull the shades and turn down the heat. When he left her she started to whimper, and she didn't stop until he got under the covers again. Katherine practically launched herself at him as soon as he turned towards her, but he absorbed both the physical and the mental shock of it with aplomb, and despite the circumstances, he relished the first time she'd turned to him for physical comfort.

She ended up sleeping in his arms, which Joseph adored. He got up with her when she got up to go to the

bathroom in the middle of the night, just to make sure everything was okay, then he gathered her back against him and she settled down to sleep immediately.

The next morning, around sunrise, he was wide awake, watching her sleeping like a baby in the soft dawn sun. Katherine turned her head in her sleep and revealed the extent of the bruising on her face, which made his blood run cold. He should have killed Terrance Randolph while he had the chance. Unable to help himself, Joseph dropped butterfly kisses along her slender jaw line, wanting to kiss it and make it better.

That delicate tickling feeling is what woke Prima. She opened her eyes and his face was inches above hers. “Good morning, Sir.”

Those unusually soft lips pressed to her temple. “Good morning, Katherine. How are you?”

“I’m fine, Sir, how are you?”

A rote answer was not what he wanted, but she was already sitting up on the edge of the bed. “What would you like for breakfast this morning, Sir?”

In one swift motion, she found herself on her back on the mattress, held against his side. “Nothing just yet. I want to talk to you about last night.”

As far as she was concerned, there wasn’t anything to talk about, but she had learned better than to say that. A wary look crept into her eyes. “Yes, Sir?”

“Firstly, I want to apologize to you for leaving you at Randolph’s mercy. It was my fault entirely and I am very, very sorry.”

How odd for her owner to apologize to her. Prima bet she was pretty much the only woman on the planet who’d had that happen.

“Secondly, I was also remiss in not telling you exactly where I stand on this: you are mine – only mine. I will never share you, or rent you, or sell you in any way.” He kissed her nose. “I’m much, much too selfish about you. And I don’t ever want you to worry about what you should do if you’re put in a situation like that again. I will do my damndest to make sure that it doesn’t happen, but if it should, you do whatever you need to do. If you can run, run. If you can fight, fight. If you can’t do either, then just try to live through it. I’ll come to you, I promise. And I will never, ever, ever punish you in regards to anything like this at all. It would never, ever, ever be your fault.”

Joseph had to stop for a few minutes to collect himself and his thoughts. When he began again, his voice was rougher than usual. “Thirdly, we’ll work on teaching you some basic self-defense stuff, just so that you have some ideas of how to get yourself out of a situation like that.”

“But – “ she stopped short.

He tipped her chin up so that she was looking at him. “But what? Tell me.”

“It’s against the law for me to hit a man.”

Joseph’s jaw twitched. “It’s against the law for one man to touch another man’s woman without his permission.” He barely ground the next few words out, “And I will never give my permission for that to happen. I promise you.” When she didn’t say anything, he prompted, “Do you understand?”

“Yes, Sir.”

He pulled her on top of him, arranging her comfortably on top of his hard body, a hand wandering slowly up and down her back beneath the shirt. “Now, when you said you were fine, were you telling me what you thought I wanted to hear, or were you being truthful?”

“Truthful,” her voice seemed to go higher sometimes when he questioned her on her behavior.

A smacking kiss landed on her forehead. “No after effects? Did he hurt you between your legs at all?”

She squirmed atop him, but settled when a large hand spread over her bare bottom. “No, Sir.”

Katherine heard him swallow hard before he said again, “I am so sorry, Katherine. It’s all my fault. I wouldn’t have anyone hurt you for the world.”

The words popped out of her mouth without a thought. “Except you.”

With a ragged sigh, he admitted the truth of her statement. “Yeah, except me. You belong to me – all of you, from the roots of your hair to your ingrown toenails, and all the wonderful acreage in between. Your cranky moods are mine to deal with, seeing to your health, providing you with food, dealing with your misbehaviors, fucking you, rocking you, touching you. It’s all mine – you’re all mine - and never anyone else’s.”

It was far from a declaration of love. But it was probably as close as he would come in this day and age.

God help her, it was exactly how she felt, too.

## Chapter Nine

Friday morning rolled around, and, despite the fact that she seemed to have recovered nicely from both his attentions to her bottom and the incident at the party, she seemed extremely tense this morning. Being somewhat dense with a lot of things on his mind, it took him till midway through the morning to realize what was making her act that way: tonight was a Punishment Night. Well, he thought, if he had ass cheeks that looked like hers did – still – he'd worry about getting another lickin', too!

He'd already decided that he would forego the spanking portion of this evening; Joseph wasn't stupid and didn't want to incur any sort of permanent damage to his property – even something as simple as a scar. Her skin was creamy, flawless perfection, and – despite her inevitable punishments – he would do whatever he could to keep it that way. Joseph went in search of his woman to tell her what he'd decided and hopefully ease her mind a little. Oh, it would probably only be a little, because she knew she would still have face the unknown about what he was going to do to her breasts . . . He smiled a bit to himself.

Where the hell was she? He wondered, checking the bedroom, the den, the kitchen, the bathroom, where he'd found her before . . . even his office, where she knew better to go without him. He found her outside in the backyard, on her hands and knees, viciously pulling weeds out of the garden he'd started many years ago and never kept up with. It was hopelessly overgrown. Prima was wearing only a simple, cotton smock top that ended at her waist, leaving her lower half exposed as he required. She was so involved in what she was doing that she

didn't even hear him approach, humming softly to herself and creating quite a pile of weeds to one side, her bottom dancing enticingly as she wrestled with the plants. She made him sweat even at a distance, dammit.

Joseph approached her quietly and landed behind her on his knees with his hand out, slipping it between her naturally spread legs and up into her moist crevice without so much as a word of warning. Prima squealed silently and tried to jump away from him, until his heavy hand caught her shoulder, pushing the top half of her body to the ground. "Put your arm under your head so your face doesn't get any dirtier than it already is, Katherine," he ordered, a slight reprimand in his tone. She was sweaty and had splotches of wet and dried mud on her cheeks and arms. Her knees looked like they belonged on a hard-playing six year old rather than a full-grown woman.

But she'd never looked sexier to him. She looked natural in this setting . . . and happy. And he adored having her bottom up out in the sunshine. His fingers tickled her special spot insistently, making her moan. Her lower registers had come back – her speaking voice was a couple of octaves lower than it usually was, but the upper ranges were slower in normalizing. God, he couldn't get over how responsive she was! Seconds after he'd begun to rub her little button, his hand was flooded with her warm juices.

He found he couldn't contain himself any longer – he wanted to be buried – deep – inside her. Quickly, Joseph adjusted himself out of the running shorts he'd been wearing around the house, grabbed her arm none-too-gently, wrapped his arm around her waist and lifted her off the ground. Mid-air, he barked out, "Spread your legs!" The second she complied, he let go of her and gravity impaled her on his rigid organ in one swift fall. Her face was priceless as she sank helplessly down over him,



her body forced to stretch to accommodate him, given no choice in the matter. Joseph reached up and brought her mouth down to his, his hands spread on her bare back under the top, working it up and off as his hips met hers and she slowly accepted his shaft into her pussy.

Katherine's pleased sigh as she was filled with him warmed his loins even further, but then she made a grab at her shirt, holding it down over her breasts in front. It had already gone over her head and she was Godiva-naked from behind, hair ribboning in waves down her back. "Katherine, let go," he ordered.

On moans of ecstasy from his hard riding, she moved with him sensuously, up and down at his behest, but Katherine did manage to give him a pleading look as he pulled on the shirt. She kept a slender hold on it, wanting to preserve some modesty and not wanting to be entirely nude out of doors.

Joseph knew how to solve this problem quickly enough, reaching around with one hand to where she straddled his hips and pinching a good hunk of sore bottom flesh, repeatedly, on each cheek until she gave up the shirt with a squeal that cracked before it was over. Her small hands flew back to rescue her poor butt, which gave him the opportunity to throw the smock well away from them before practically falling on the shy globes with his mouth and tongue, growling, "Naughty girl." His hands clenched her hips firmly, controlling their race towards pleasure while his lips feasted on the sun-kissed nipples, tugging and tonguing avidly as she arched under his oral lash and the undeniably wonderful feeling of being completely opened and filled, over and over.

Prima found her arms folded behind her back before she knew it, held there, useless, as Joseph took advantage of her

helplessness to force her further down on him with each stroke, increasing her enjoyment to a fever pitch.

Arching and moaning, filled to overflowing – almost to discomfort - nipples stiffened and aching from his zealous attentions, Katherine's breathing became incredibly heavy, and she thought she would expire from the heavy throb between her legs. "Please – Sir – I – I – I – can't – I can't – stand –" she barely got out through the pounding madness.

His response was to redouble his efforts, grinding his hips to hers as he ground out between clenched teeth, "Oh, you'll bear it, all right. You have no choice. Cum good for me, honey, or I'll fuck you until you do." Three more powerful, wild strokes all the way in and out of her and he knew he had her surrender. Her muscles tightened around him as she shimmied those beautiful breasts against his face. The low, sexy tone of his voice was a great tool in his arsenal to quell resistance from her. She succumbed to it almost as well as she succumbed to his touch. "That's it, Katherine. You know you want to. You know you have to. That's it. Come for me, baby. Cum hard for me."

And, like a trained poodle, she did as she was bid, groaning in ecstatic agony, gripping him internally like a fist, throwing her head back with the force of her orgasm. Katherine hated that her arms were held behind her during her orgasm, that he exerted his physical control over her even then. "That's it. That's my good girl." Tears burst from her eyes as her body continued to milk him, making his own end begin, squeezing the tribute from his penis to splash violently against her cunt walls again and again as his hips flexed uncontrollably, driving himself deep into her velvet depths.

His breath bellowing out of his lungs, Joseph tried to recover quickly but was not very successful. He couldn't believe what he'd done. He'd really only come out here to tell her about

this evening, but there was something about Katherine – when he got close to her his libido went crazy! He'd taken her in the dirt, for Chrissakes, when there were several comfortable beds not a hundred feet away! He was too old for this kind of teenage hormonal crap!

Prima tried to scramble off him, but the hand holding her wrists at the small of her back stilled her. She was crying, he could hear it. Joseph didn't know why she cried sometimes after the ultimate ecstasy, but she did, and he tried not to make a big deal about it. But he didn't like that she sometimes tried to get away from him, too. She tried to wiggle off to the other side, and he growled between puffs, "Stay!", pulling her down to him and arranging her on top of his chest, his hand buried in her hair.

"Please let me go!"

With an exasperated sigh, he asked, "What did I just say to you?" Silence. "Prima! Answer my question."

She seemed to be trying to make herself small on him, as if she didn't want him to notice her - like that could ever happen. "Y-you s-said to st-stay."

Her tears sometimes tore at him, and this was one of those times. Joseph kissed the top of her head. "And that's what I meant. Or do you want a spanking?"

An anguished cry greeted his question when his hand drifted down to cup a bottom cheek in warning, as she shook her head then buried her face in his chest hair, sobbing inconsolably.

His big, strong arms wrapped around her in a move that was supposed to be comforting, but all it did was make her cry harder. Women, he thought. They were just about the most contrary creatures on Earth!

Before she knew it, Katherine found herself back in their bedroom, on her tummy, even though it was ten in the morning, with Joseph sitting beside her on the bed, rubbing her back and

somewhat concerned. “I want you to take a nap.” He saw her small grimace and almost chuckled. “The reason I went out into the backyard was that I wanted to tell you something I’ve decided about tonight.”

She turned on her side towards him, and he knew he had her full attention. Katherine was silently chanting, praying, really, that he would call off her Punishment Night. It was the only humane thing to do, as far as she was concerned.

He stroked her ivory cheek with the backs of his fingers. “I’m going to eliminate the spanking portion of the punishment, in lieu of earlier this week. I want you to have some more time to heal.”

Prima swallowed hard. But she would be punished tonight – the litany of how the weeks would go was forever burned into her mind: a humiliating examination of all of her most private parts, then him “attending” to her breasts, the next week torturing her bottom hole, then spanking her the final week. And then the whole thing would begin again. Over and over. For the rest of her life.

Tonight, her breasts would be subject to his tender touch. Remembering what he had done to her butt, it was in her mind and halfway out her lips to beg him not to – to give her a reprieve. But she clamped her lips firmly shut. Katherine felt had done enough begging, and knew she would do more in the future; it was unavoidable considering the severity of his punishments. Each time it ate away at her. She thought she should be stronger than that.

Maybe it wouldn’t be so bad.

Yeah, right.

## Chapter Ten

That evening, she fixed his meal but spent her dinnertime in the corner, this time totally naked with her hands laced on the top of her head. She served him each time he demanded, then resumed her position. When Joseph was done, he got up and she followed him meekly into the bedroom, biting her lip all the way.

She was positioned near the end of the bed. A thick, polished wooden pole that had been well-padded to be even thicker had been bolted to the floor. Joseph stood her in front of it, then backed her against it, bringing her arms behind her back and pulling the elbows as closely together as he could to bind them. There was a deliberately placed swell in the padding behind her shoulder blades, and between that and how her elbows were tied, Prima was mortified at the way her breasts stuck out as if she was trying to attract his attention to them. Soft leather cuffs that were attached to the pole were wrapped around her wrists and buckled securely. In the front of the bottom of the pole, there were padded stocks for her ankles that would spread her legs obscenely. The stocks came apart while she was being placed in them, then locked together with a padlock on one side.

Joseph, who was a master carpenter among other things, had been a busy boy while he'd waited for his "package" to arrive.

He stood in front of her, drinking in the glory of having a woman – and his woman at that – trussed up like this, solely for his own enjoyment, his pleasure. She looked like a Serpieri illustration. His own real-life Druuna. His Prima was certainly built along those lines – curvy and firmly packed. Joseph couldn't

keep his hands to himself – not that he had to anyway - letting his palms caress from her shoulders down to cup those considerable titties that were calling to him, teasing him, distracting him with their wonderful prominence. His penis already tented his gym shorts long before he'd gotten her into the bedroom – the sight of her standing nude in the corner of his kitchen like a recalcitrant little girl, hands on her head, nipples peaked from the cold, had kept him aroused all through dinner. Looking at her, feeling her in his hands, smelling her hot woman's scent made him want to cream in his pants.

But there was work – correction – to be done to those fine, full breasts.

Hands on his hips, he considered what to do about her head. There was, of course, a stock piece for her neck, but he'd never really been satisfied with it. It was cumbersome, and he knew it would disturb the pretty, arched line of her body. And frankly he was nervous about things around her neck. It just didn't set right with him. Instead, he substituted what he already knew he loved the looks of: that sexy head-bridle thing.

When he presented the bit to her, the one that still retained the teeth marks she had put there less than a week ago, Prima out and out balked. She did not want that thing in her mouth again!

For a woman who was pretty well immobilized, she was doing a helluva lot of moving. "Katherine! Hold your head still!" His orders didn't even seem to faze her, and he could not tolerate that. Joseph dropped the bridle entirely, grabbed a nipple between his thumb and the side of each forefinger, pinching and twisting as hard as he could at the same time he lifted her breast away from her body just by the tips he was man-handling.

Prima screamed as well as she could, throwing her head back against the pole with the force of it. Basically, she'd never

really had much pain in her breasts; this was an entirely new and completely unwanted development for her. She didn't know how she was going to handle it. Katherine knew he was going to take her nipples clean off. And he just kept pinching. Wiggling and squirming only pulled against his hold, causing her more pain so she learned quickly to stand stock still and just bear it. He didn't need any help in the hurting her area.

After several long, torturous minutes, he pressed himself lewdly up against her, still keeping her titties high and tightly pinched. "Do you want to know how to get me to let go?" he asked gently.

She nodded, sobbing already and he hadn't even finished getting her set up.

He rolled her nipples harder as he spoke, watching her face squinch up with the pain he was causing and feeling her moving slightly to try to avoid the unavoidable. "Stand still!" he yelled, and she obeyed instantly. "Very good. You were a very naughty girl to fight against the bit. Maybe I'll have you wear it constantly for a week or so, and then you'll not be so naughty the next time I strap you into it, hmmmmmm?" This idea seemed to sober her. When he spoke again, his voice was soft. "This is what you need to do to get me to release these lovely little nips of yours –" he pulled each breast up even further. "You need to put your head back against the pole, and ask me – very, very politely – to put the bit in your mouth and buckle it tight. Then you need to open your mouth very, very wide – as wide as you can – and wait. If you've been polite enough, I'll do as you ask. If not, you'll have to wait until I give you permission to try again."

A whimper. It made his cock clench.

"Do you understand me?"

"Y-yesss, Sssir," shakily.

“Well, then?” He watched as she did exactly what he’d said, putting her head back against the pole.

“Sir, w-would you p-please put – put the bi-bit in my mouth, please, Sir, and buckle – buckle it tight?” her voice broke on the last word, rising as high as it could and then fading out completely. “Please?” Katherine was totally mortified. Her body flushed bright red with her embarrassment, not that it would deter him. Her feelings were not going to be taken into consideration, except her ability to feel searing pain.

Before he let those luscious globes down, he tweaked them viciously again, then let them fall as she squealed, but Prima kept her mouth open like a good girl. He secured her head with no further problems, pulling the bit cruelly into her mouth, forcing her lips awkwardly back. Then he put a blindfold on her, which seemed to make her a little crazy, wrestling against her bonds again. He just let her writhe and wriggle, thoroughly enjoying the show of bouncing female flesh as he brought a tray of utensils to the end of the bed, within easy reach.

Since this was her first time, he wasn’t going to do any play piercings. As breast punishments went, this would be a less exotic session, since he didn’t want to start out with the worst stuff. She would be brought along gradually. After all, they had the rest of their lives. And he already knew that her breasts were exceptionally sensitive. Even the easy stuff will be enough to make her howl.

A length of fairly thin rope was settled at the base of each breast then wrapped several times around the teat, tightly binding it and forcing it to jut painfully away from her body even more so than it had before, also making the unbound flesh unbearably taut. When he was done setting her up, there were very few parts of her body left that she could move, and he loved that idea. No interference, even very little writhing, nothing



defending the delightfully blushing, nude smorgasbord in front of him. Joseph's palms itched to cup her breasts, and, with minds of their own, they did. "Ahhh, Christ, Katherine, these – " he hefted them as if judging their weight – "are absolutely beautiful." He tipped them each up, squeezing gently then latching onto an only slightly plumped nipple to worry and lap and suck on it, entirely unimpeded, moving with undignified greed from one to the other, leaving a wet trail across the scented valley of her chest.

Oh, God, no! Blindfolded, her whole being was concentrating on every other sensory clue it could get. Her nipples were beginning to harden within the liquid cavity of his mouth, and she could feel the trickle of moisture starting already between her widely separated legs. Why oh why did she curse with a body that seemed to respond to anything he did to her – whether it was intensely painful or immensely pleasurable? If it came from him, her sex reveled in it, while the rest of her body twisted in misery. Katherine didn't want to acknowledge what he was doing one way or the other, but it seemed that, in some unconscious conspiracy between himself and her hormones, he denied her even the basic fantasy of trying to remain sexually neutral in the face of his abuse.

Her body betrayed and humiliated her each and every time.

The bit forced her lips back so severely and occupied so much of her mouth that she couldn't really form intelligible words, and, between the gag and the blindfold, moving her head much was completely out. All she could do was keen behind it what should have been the word "please" but it just came out sounding like "eeeeeee". Not that it mattered, anyway. Nothing she said or did would stop him from doing with her exactly as pleased.

And he pleased to hurt her.

When Joseph had those luscious nubs all hard and tight, he reached down to the tray and picked out two plastic clothespins. "Your nipples are big and swollen, honey. Do you like this?" A tiny, tiny shake of her head. His mouth made a total liar out of her, settling on each nipple ravenously, flicking and suckling until he could hear the rhythm of her breath change, and her wail had descended several octaves to an almost sexy moan. "I think you do, but you don't want to. I have something here you're probably not going to like. It's gonna hurt, and it's not supposed to arouse you, but we both know that that doesn't hold true with you, does it?"

He pulled on the nipple of her right breast just enough to give him something to clamp the clothespin onto. Then he opened its jaws wide, positioned it over its intended victim, and, as he eased it down onto that pale pink nub, he said, "Here it comes."

It settled picture perfect onto the plump tit, standing straight out from her breast.

The wail was back, louder and higher than before. Useless struggles only served to increase her suffering, jiggling the offended mound and waving the clothespin in the air. The second bit into her left one in just the same bondage-fantasy way, raising the volume of the wail but making it more intermittent as she struggled to deal with the harsh pinch. Joseph stepped back to admire his artistry, rubbing a hand over his erection casually at the sight. He took several steps closer, pressing himself against his woman. "Never had clamps put on your tits, Katherine?" She didn't really answer him – she couldn't, she was still trying to come to grips with what had a grip on two very tender portions of her anatomy. "Well, I don't think it's something you'll ever

quite get used to, really, but it is something you'll definitely become extremely familiar with it, shall we say?"

He lifted a breast in each hand, from the underside, the flattened nubs and their tormenters poking out between the thumb and forefinger of each hand as he shook her teats, gently at first, then with more force, making the pins wobble back and forth as far as they could while anchored firmly to her flesh. As he avidly watched, his hands cruelly squeezed and massaged and agitated her ample flesh, then his gaze flicked up to her face. Tears trickled from beneath the padded blindfold, dropping onto his field of play, and she was still testing her bonds as well as she could, just enough to make her look like she was writhing hotly to entice him.

Before he got too involved, he took a piece of slim rope and put it through the holes at the end of the clothespins, lacing them together and pulling them towards each other. Ahhhhhh. Another groan of misery. Music to his ears. Then he tied the whole contraption to an eyehook on the pole, lifting and suspending her breasts by the clamps on her nipples while she whimpered and cried.

In the spirit of starting easily, Joseph looked down at the tray of tools and selected a slim plastic rod that looked very much like a conductor's baton. Tying her titties back allowed him unrestricted access to a very neglected area of her breasts – the tender undersides. This was where he began to strike – short, sharp snaps of his wrist that left thinnish weals, reminding him of the pattern the switch had made on her bottom. Ignoring all of the useless sounds emanating from behind her headgear, he lost himself in whipping that magnificent pair with total abandon until the shy, vulnerable area was alive with red and pink trails. On occasion, he had missed his intended target and snapped the rod down onto a clothespin, or even once the bit of nipple flesh

just beneath the jaws of the clamp, making his woman keen again as loudly as she could, tears splashing down from her chin to wet those ripe, hanging melons.

By the time he finished, the undersides of both titties were alive with angry red lines, looking very sore and swollen. Joseph was extremely satisfied with his work. He put the baton down, and retied the rope that had been tied high on the pole. Instead, he pulled the rope that was still laced through the end of the clothespins down, forcing her nipples to point downwards as he threaded the rope between her pussy lips, making very sure that there was a rough piece of rope on either side of her already engorged clitty, then down over the entrance to her cunt, and then up in back over her little flowered hole, to be tied off very tautly to the pole.

Now every time Prima moved, the rope rubbed against both sides of the nub between her legs. She was mortified! And with the way he wielded that thin stick, there was no way in hell that she wouldn't try to move somehow.

Joseph sighed contentedly as he once again stood in front of Prima, baton in hand. "You are very, very wet, my girl. One would think that, despite all your moans and groans and screams and tears, that you enjoyed this." He had put the baton under his arm to hold it and was busily twisting the clothespins in place. "You can wail all you like, Katherine . . . well, as much as your head harness will allow. No one will help you. No one is going to save you from this. And as much as it's going to hurt you – and it will hurt a lot – you're pussy's gonna end up drenched as usual and ready to be fucked by me, your owner. Which is how it should be. For a virgin, I got myself quite a hot slut."

He brought the stick down smartly on the tops of both breasts at once, then set about searing each one individually for a while, occasionally bringing the unforgiving rod down on top of

each clothespin. Joseph laid into her breasts with a vengeance, smacking them until their swollen skin was fit to burst with the mass of flaming welts he'd created. Throwing the baton aside, he untied the rope that held pulled the clamps down and threw it to one side, grasped a breast roughly in each hand, crushing them and pressing them together, rubbing the marks he'd caused over the last half hour, jiggling those tortured little berries of hers good and hard. He was about ready to explode without even having touched himself.

He was able to back himself down a bit mentally, even though he leaned closer to her to whisper, "I'm gonna take the clothespins off your naughty little nipples. I'm going to take them off the hard way: I'm going to pull them off." Moans and groans and cracked little cries greeted Joseph's ears. "One at a time. And I want you to ask me to do it yourself. You can't talk, but I want you to shrug your shoulder. Whichever shoulder you shrug is the clamp I'm going to pull off. I won't do it until you ask me to, though. Don't make me stand here forever waiting for you, either, or you won't like the way I pick to get them off." He tweaked each aching point nastily. "Or maybe you would. But I want you to ask for it." He squeezed her boobs again rhythmically, making the clothespins bob up and down painfully. "Those clamps must be hurtin' you quite a bit by now, honey. You must be just about dying to get them off your poor little teats . . . hmmm?" She hated it when he used animal names for her parts! It was so humiliating. Joseph threaded a short length of rope through the holes at the end of each nipple, so he could use them almost like reins as he teased the clamps off her.

Oh, how right he was! It was bad enough that he'd bound her breasts, but those awful things he'd put on her very sensitive buds were horrible! She'd never be able to look at a clothespin the same way again without remembering how its

jaws felt squeezing down on her nipples! The pressure, the itchy-burn made her want to cut off her tips gladly to ease it. And then he had caned first the undersides then the tops, relentlessly, the same merciless way he plied her bottom with whatever implement was in his hand at the time, and she never knew where the next stroke was coming from. The occasional wayward strokes that hit those clamps nearly caused her to faint in agony, but she wasn't allowed that release from her suffering.

Now he was making her ask to have the clamps not taken off, but pulled off. If she knew him at all, he would do it slowly and torturously, millimeter by millimeter, so that she would experience the most pain possible. Sobbing defeatedly, she decided she might as well get it over with.

"Prima," he prompted her, "You're making me wait," he warned.

She moaned, then slowly raised her right shoulder in surrender. Katherine felt his hand on her upper arm.

"We'll do the right one first, then." She knew he had taken a hold of the rope, pulling it lightly as he spoke in an almost gentle tone. "Shrug your right shoulder again when you want me to begin."

Drawing a deep breath, Katherine moved her shoulder up and down.

"That's my good girl," his praise fell on deaf ears as he began tugging, tugging, tugging on that tender tip, pulling hard on the rope and yet the spring-pressured jaw was barely moving up her tit. He jerked harder, eliciting a wonderful throaty moan from his victim, then jerked again. The clamp was hanging at the very end of her nipple, where it probably hurt the very most. Joseph dropped the rope and gathered her breast in his hands, his mouth licking the exposed area of the abused nipple, mixing

her pain with pleasure as he very, very, very slowly made the rope taut again, removing the clamp with a small snap.

Tears flooded out of Prima's eyes at the rush of blood back into her bud, bathing her breasts and stinging the welts with their saltiness. Joseph had himself in his hands, almost willing to forgo the ending he'd planned and just cum on her tummy; he was so excited. But, as he reminded the sobbing woman, there was one more clamp to dislodge. Joseph took the reins to the other clamp in his hands. "Shrug your left shoulder like a good girl when you want me to start, Katherine."

How could she go through that again? But then how could she stand that undiluted pressure one more second? Crying inconsolably, she lifted her shoulder and immediately felt that horrible thing working its way torturously down the length of her compressed titty.

Joseph seemed to take longer with this one – moving the rope to the right and left, causing different parts of her nipple to feel the pinch of the clip. Finally, it fell off, and Joseph lips clamped down on the upturned bud just as the blood started to expand into it painfully, again making her experience both pain and pleasure at the same time.

He spent a long while nibbling and suckling at her, rubbing his face against her bound breasts. Then he straightened and reached down to the tray again. Seconds later, Katherine felt each nipple compressed again, this time with an even more biting pressure. What was he doing to her?! The stinging in her nipples was unbearable!!

Joseph moved a sturdy, broad step stool in front of Prima and stood on it. Just as he'd imagined, his cock was at just the perfect angle for what he wanted. His hands clasped her breast flesh again, wiggling her compressed tits. "How do you like the feeling now, Katherine? Do you know what this is?"

She didn't, but she knew he was going to tell her anyway.

"Lemme just check and see if you're really enjoying this session, shall we?" His thick fingers groped between her legs and there was nothing she could do about that, either. The middle and second fingers found their way into her. "Mmmmmmmmm. You are such a good girl to enjoy this as much as you do . . . although I imagine you find it quite humiliating to enjoy being tortured like this, hmmmmmm?" He fucked her roughly in and out then up over her clit then back in and out again. Joseph could hear her breathing change to an aroused pattern. "Oh, yes, you do love this, don't you? You love me treating your breasts harshly like this – did you know that, right now, you have two clothespins hanging off those gorgeous titties of yours? Only they've been modified just a little. At the ends that claim your tit nubs, I've put a patch Velcro on the top and bottom of the jaws of the clothespin. That's what's making them burn as well as hurt, honey. Doesn't it feel just awful? And you're loving it regardless, aren't you?" He brought her close, very close to orgasm, then stopped, which caused Prima to wail almost as loudly as she had when he'd struck her clothes-pinned nipples with the baton.

"No pleasure for you. Not on a punishment night. Naughty girls don't get to cum for their owners when they're being chastised for being bad." Joseph squirted a big gob of KY onto his engorged member as he stood with it level to her tautly swollen mammaries. Then he caught a handful of breast meat in each fist and squeeze them together, rubbing the insides of them against his cock, titty fucking her, rubbing brutally over the bruises and tracks from her punishment session with the baton. She tried to cringe away from him, but of course she couldn't – the hump of material between her shoulder blades forced her to arch into him. Prima was still wearing those devious Velcro



clothespins and as he leaned forward he crushed them at odd angles that caused her even more agony.

“Ahhhh, yesssss, you’d better pray I cum quick – those clamps are gonna stay on your tits until I’ve cum all over them,” he whispered hoarsely, knowing that it was going to be an extremely short wait. But he did try to drag it out as much as possible, teasing himself and punishing her as much as possible in the process.

Prima was out of her mind with the burning sensation the things hanging onto her nipples were causing. How did he come up with these things? How did he expect her to endure it?

Finally, she heard him cry out and felt a warm wetness between her breasts. Joseph laid his head against her shoulder, taking a minute to recover. “I imagine you’d like me to get those things off you, hmmm, Katherine?” he said, kissing her collarbone gently.

This time he didn’t fool around at all, but took them both off at once – and again Prima was subjected to wave after wave of pain as the blood throbbed back into those compressed, pinpricked areas. Joseph released her from her bondage, sat her on the edge of the bed, gave her something to drink, then lay her on her back and secured her wrists to the headboard above her head. He broke down the bondage apparatus and tucked it under the bed. Just as he was going to turn away and leave her for the rest of the evening until he came to bed much later, he mumbled sheepishly, “Forgot something,” and plopped a healthy dollop of Ben-Gay on each ravaged tip, rubbing it in quickly, but leaving a good portion there to sink in slowly over time.

Katherine was no longer gagged, and Joseph frankly enjoyed her sobs as that fiery cream settled into all of those raw crevices. Her cries and moans played in the background while he went about the room and cleaned up, then before he left he

secured her legs to the footboard and reached under her to put another generous dollop of the ointment on her bottom hole.

As he turned on the baby monitor, pulled the shades, turned up the heat – in more ways than one – and left the room, she was still moaning and begging him to have mercy, drumming her feet – which was all the movement she had in her legs – on the mattress in an anguished tattoo.

Smiling slightly, Joseph turned out the light and went to his office, leaving Prima to deal with her punishment as best she could as he became rock hard against listening to her torment several rooms away.

## Chapter Eleven

Several days later, Joseph surprised her by announcing that they were going into town after breakfast. He'd considered carefully whether or not to take her. It's not like he thought she was going to escape if he left her there; there was nowhere to go. She'd be caught before she made it off his property, probably, since he owned a tremendous amount of land around his house. Besides, Joseph didn't think she'd runaway from him, anyway. The penalties for runaways – and those who assisted them, if they could find someone – were extremely stiff. He didn't think she would want to risk fifty lashes on the tender skin of her back, given with the hapless woman stripped naked in the town square. If she did try to escape, and didn't make it off his land, she'd have to worry about his penalties to her bare bottom, the government be damned!

As he reached for another of the luscious spiced muffins she'd made for breakfast, he ordered without preamble, "Get on a longer dress – one that goes below your knee, and put on a pair of shoes."

Her eyebrow rose, but she did as she was told, reappearing at the snack bar in the plain dress she'd come to him in. Joseph grunted. The dress was like a sack; it did nothing for her, but then that suited his purpose.

Although she was dying of curiosity as to what had prompted him to send her to change clothes, she remained silent. He was dressed as he usually was – jeans, heavy work boots, white crew neck t-shirt under a plaid flannel shirt. Joseph rose, leaving the mess for her to clean while he grabbed a few things

from his office. A few minutes later, he stopped in the kitchen, looking at her pointedly. "Let's go."

Prima glanced up from where she was nearly up to her elbows in dishwater, but there was still the baking mess and the counters to wipe down . . . Tentatively, she asked, "It's okay that I'm – I'm not done cleaning?"

"You can finish that when we get back," he answered abruptly, holding out his hand to her as if she was a child, and she supposed, to him, she was, sort of. He grabbed a well worn cream colored cowboy hat on his way out and settled it on his head.

Prima dried her hands, smoothed her dress and put her small hand in his much bigger one. Joseph had a good sized truck, mid-sized in the Before Time, but considered huge now. Prima could barely remember how to open the door of a vehicle, it had been so long for her. When she shut the door, she bounced a little on the leather bench seat, looking around everywhere, wearing a big broad grin and giggling in delight. It was definitely a man's truck, and it smelled of him. There were rifles in the back window, a coffee mug sat in the holder, and she could see where his head rubbed against the roof of the truck.

Joseph was enchanted with her natural exuberance, and smiling indulgently. "Been a while since you've been in a truck, huh?"

Prima nodded. "Since I've been in any vehicle . . . except the FEMExpress van."

He winced at the mention of it, even now. "If you'd lived closer, I'd've come to get you myself, but I couldn't. I hate those damned cattle cars they run."

Katherine realized that he was probably just concerned about his considerable investment, and not actually her, but she was still amazed and somewhat touched that he would even

bother to think about how she'd been treated on her trip down to him.

"I was okay. It was long and it wasn't fun, but thanks to the fragile stickers, no one hurt me." She cleared her throat nervously. "Thank you for having me set to you that way; I know there were a lot of other girls who were . . . treated very badly en route."

He didn't know what to say to her thanks, so he pretty much ignored it. "Yeah, well, they locked your wrists so tight that when you got here they were swollen and bruised," he reminded her with a hard glance as he started the truck. "Seatbelt." She frowned the whole time she fastened it, as if what he'd demanded annoyed her. When she was done, he caught her eye, saying, "Any time you're in a moving vehicle that has seatbelts available, you'd better be wearing yours."

Prima gulped at that hard look. "Yes, Sir."

The ride into town was slow and somewhat arduous; the roads in general weren't very well taken care of and his road in particular wasn't because he liked to discourage both visitors and revenueurs alike. The main road was barely passable until they were actually in town. His first stop was his storefront, McDonough's. The employees inside practically snapped to attention when he walked in, and Prima found herself again uncomfortably inspected, strange male eyes giving her the once – and sometimes twice – over. She remained the required five paces behind him, eyes downcast respectfully. There were some customers in the store that Joseph obviously knew; he shook hands with a man who was about his size, whose woman stood well back from him, sporting what looked like a fresh black eye and split lip. The woman wouldn't meet Prima's eyes, but kept her head down at all times.

The gruff man commented on Joseph's latest acquisition, mentioning, as the men at the party had that night, that it was about time he got himself a wench to warm himself on come a cold winter's night.

Joseph chuckled and slapped the man on the shoulder, reminding the stranger about some parts that he needed to pick up for a generator he'd rented a while ago. Joseph took his leave of the man and walked to the back of the store to settle himself into the makeshift office in the backroom. He made no mention to her of what she was supposed to do, so Prima fit herself into a small corner of the room, trying to keep out of his way, watching everything that went on in the store with great interest, especially the women.

There was quite a bit of traffic in and out of Joseph's store – it was a popular place and provided a much needed service to the community in that it rented out on a daily, weekly, monthly or yearly basis the generators and batteries that ran most people's cars or lights. It was darned hard to get along without electricity, and Joseph's reasonable prices made sure that most people didn't have to, while making a tidy sum for himself. The morning spent at his store was an incredible eye-opener for Prima. She was just beginning to realize how cloistered she had been up in the mountains with her father. Not a lot about her life had changed, really, after the Plague had come. She no longer had to go to work, as a matter of fact women were barred by law from working at paying jobs not long after the devastation of the female population had become apparent to the powers that be. Her father had needed her, and she had simply returned to working the farm – granted on a much reduced level that what it had been. There was rarely call for her to go to town, so she stayed close to home, on Cassidy land, until Daddy saw fit to sell her away from him.

Katherine knew that her status had changed – long before Daddy had become infirmed, he had had to go to the county courthouse to register as her nearest and oldest male relative, paying a tidy sum to do so in an effort to keep her as safe as possible, even signing the document that changed her name from his mother’s name, Katherine Marie, to Prima, the preferred name for a first or only daughter. She had been sent to reeducation classes daily for three months afterwards, to which Daddy had had to drive her so that she could be certified as “reeducated”. She had argued with him every night about it, even to the point of earning herself a couple of hard strappings, but Mr. Cassidy had been firm. He was looking towards what there was of her future, and he didn’t like what he saw at all.

Dean Cassidy would do everything he could to help his daughter survive – if not survive well – after he was gone. And he had a dreadful feeling, considering the pains in his gut that kept him awake all night with their severity, that it might not be too long before that came to pass. He’d even made her go through the humiliation of being certified by the State as a virgin.

But Katherine had never been exposed to what she saw in McDonough’s store that day: well dressed, well-to-do men smoking cigars, carrying gold watches and wearing thick leather belts from which a “walkabout” small wooden or leather paddle would hang. Each man was more often than not followed around meekly by a woman on whom that no-nonsense paddle was used frequently and as casually as one would bat a fly, who wore a bedraggled dress that either made a horrendous display of whatever charms she possessed – blatantly advertising her availability for the right price – or one with holes that was much too lightweight for the temperature, and either no shoes or holey shoes that were held onto the woman’s foot with rubber bands or laces. Most of the women looked dirty, and a large percentage of

them sported bruises of some sort – maybe on their face, or arm, and one poor lady had noticeable fresh stripes from a switch on the backs of her calves.

Only one or two of them had babies or children, which the men were only too happy to show off, with exclamations if the child was a boy and explanations if it happened to be a girlchild, and thus less desirable.

Only the boys and men looked well taken care of. Little boys got everything, and were taught from their first breath that they had dominion over any woman, including their mothers and sisters. A mother could not discipline her own son, indeed, it was much more likely to be the other way around.

When Joseph left, Prima followed mindlessly, her brain trying to wrap itself around what she'd seen and fit it into her view of the world. Their next stop was what passed for a bank in the area, then they went to the general store, which had replaced those huge gourmet supermarkets that had grown up around the Yuppie culture like weeds. She only half heartedly watched what Joseph bought, knowing he was using her painstakingly made list of cooking necessities to gather the groceries she would need to make his meals for the next month.

Then he drifted over to the gardening aisle, such as it was, and loaded up on gardening utensils, seeds, fertilizers, etc. Joseph looked at her thoughtfully and asked, "Is there anything I've missed for you to put in a vegetable garden next spring?"

Katherine was floored, and completely delighted. She adored gardening, and had a prodigious green thumb. After making a cursory inspection of the supplies he'd piled into the cart, she answered, "No, I think that's everything." Prima took a step closer to him tentatively. "Thank you, Sir."



Joseph smiled down on her. "You're welcome. I expect to be tasting some of these veggies in your cooking next summer."

Her smile was blinding. "Oh, you will, Sir! You will!"

They stood at the counter and Joseph paid for his purchases as Katherine became distracted by the sounds of a woman being punished several aisles over. Apparently her owner had decided to get a new implement for the correction of his woman, and he was trying several of them out on her bare bottom before he decided which one to buy. Joseph, Katherine thanked God, had bypassed that aisle entirely.

Finally, everyone in the store heard a tremendous smack of leather on flesh, and a horridly loud, distressed shriek, and then the appearance, seconds later of a nattily dressed man holding a wicked looking leather strap in his hand as the poor, chastised woman had no recourse but to follow after him, sobbing just from the small amount she'd been given. Everyone in the store knew what she was going to be getting a much bigger dose of when they got home.

Joseph didn't pay any attention at all to the plight of the poor wench, as if he hadn't heard a thing even though there was no missing the plaintive cries of distress. Prima, on the other hand, was beginning to realize from the events of the day just how much she had to be grateful for.

Their last stop was her greatest fear: it was an implements store, Wench World, and Prima's legs shook as she walked in. In this huge room that was the size of a small banquet facility, there already were several women getting their bottoms warmed in plain sight as their owners "test drove" tools that might take up residence in the arsenal that kept their women in line. If a man didn't have his woman with him – which was rare, but it happened - the owner of the store would gladly call his own

wench to bend over for however long was necessary to convince the prospective customer that whatever implement he'd selected was sure to work wonders on his wayward girl.

There was an aisle dedicated just to wood – paddles and hairbrushes and bath brushes of every size and shape. Joseph didn't need any of those things – he could produce whatever he needed in his own workshop at home. Another aisle for canes and two full aisles for leather. Furniture took up the back wall, and there was even a section where one could buy horrible shapeless cheap cotton shifts – one size fits all, in relentlessly depressing, dull shades of blue and brown. Joseph looked over everything, but nothing apparently caught his eye until he stopped in front of a section labeled, horrifically enough, Enema Equipment.

Prima wanted to look anywhere but there, but then she also didn't want to look at the other women who were being bent over their owner's knees getting a hard licking in public in broad daylight, either, so she ended up staring at the floor. But she couldn't get away from the sounds of the other women's distress and indeed got so caught up in it that she began to flinch whenever the crack of implement against flesh was heard through the store.

Katherine was so engrossed in her empathetic feelings for the poor women who were being punished that Joseph had already gotten what he wanted and moved up the aisle, turning to say sharply, "Prima!"

Mortified at having made him need to correct her – even just verbally - in public, she scurried to catch up to him, apologizing softly when she was close enough. "I'm sorry, Sir."

He did not acknowledge her at all, simply paid for whatever it was that he wanted and left, leading them past the unhappy tableaux of several sobbing, welted bottoms. When they

were back in the truck, Prima latched her safety belt and said again, quietly, "I am sorry, Sir. I should have been paying more attention to you. I -"

Putting the truck in gear, Joseph interrupted her with, "You've never been in a place like that before, have you, girl?"

Katherine stared at the hands in her lap. "No, Sir."

"Well, you'll get used to it. It seems you're doin' a lot of firsts with me." To her immense relief, he did not seem to be angry at her breach of protocol. They drove through the center of town, past the Shrill Stocks in the Square.. Any man who decided that his woman needed a lesson or that her attitude was not befitting a woman in the new society could take her to the Square and lock her into the public stocks for as long as a week. Of course, he was responsible for her feeding and watering, as always, but none of the unfortunate females wore any clothing, and in the center of the circle that the seven stocks created was a container of implements that any man or boy could use at any time on any woman. Not to mention the fact that the Square was full of big hickory trees that provided an abundance of switches to anyone who might bother to cut one . . .

Four "older" women - probably around Prima's age or a little older - suffered there now, each of them getting a thrashing by a different man with a different implement on what looked like already well tended to flesh. Prima squirmed in sympathy. The stocks went around the woman's neck and wrists at once, then a set also captured her ankles and there was one at her waist, rendering her bent and immobile, but plenty vulnerable.

"You don't like seeing them like that, do you, Prima?" Joseph asked as he drove out of town.

She shuddered, but delayed her response, trying to decide what he might want to hear.

As if he'd read her mind, Joseph warned in a deep, throaty tone, "Tell me the truth."

"No, Sir, I don't."

"Frankly, I don't much either." His confession surprised her, but then he seemed to delight in saying things that would shock her. "To me, discipline is private, almost always."

"Yes, Sir." The vehemence of her answer let him know that she was in complete agreement.

"Now, take this morning when you failed in your duty to remain five paces behind me. When we're out and about, that shows respect for your leader, for your owner – not crowding him with your presence but keeping yourself available to him." He sounded very much like the man who had taught her re-education classes. "But getting too far behind not only leaves your owner in a lurch if he needs you, but it puts you at risk of being snatched out from under him by someone whose eye you catch who might not have a woman of his own."

She hadn't thought of that, and no Cultural Revolution class was going to mention anything to a woman about her having any sort of worth at all, beyond that of a baby factory.

He continued. "I could have put you in the stocks for a while this afternoon to teach you a lesson, but what lesson would you really be learning? To fear other men wielding painful corporal punishment instruments? To say nothing of the fact that I would never want my property on public display like that anyway." Joseph saw her shiver and turned up the heat in the cab. "I wouldn't put you in the stocks, but I might have dealt with it in the store, as discreetly as possible, and roasted your bottom for you with whatever implement was handy at the time."

Prima opened her mouth to thank him for not doing that, but he silenced her with a look.

“I don’t wear a walkabout like most men do, Prima, because I never expect you to misbehave in public. If you should again, you will not only get a very sound punishment wherever we may happen to be, but you will also get another, longer and harder one when we get home.” Joseph caught her eye. “Don’t make me regret not wearing a reminder to you on my belt. I will if I have to. You should know better than to misbehave in public. If you do, it’s as much my failure in training you as it is yours in the act itself. Are we quite clear on the subject?”

She swallowed hard, tears filling her eyes unbidden. “Y – Yes, Sir. I’m very, very sorry, Sir. It won’t happen again.”

“I know it won’t, Katherine. It was the newness of the situation and the distracting sounds of others getting their due as their owners’ judge necessary. Just remember that you must always look to me to lead you and guide you; you must always concentrate on me, and try to anticipate, as much as possible, my needs.” Joseph was thinking to himself that, in private, she already did that very well. His coffee cup was rarely even half-empty, she baked and cooked only to please him, she was careful to ask his permission for almost everything, and she obeyed him and adhered to his rules very well, especially when one took into consideration how freely she had lived even since the Cultural Revolution. Prima had not been at all used to being as controlled as she was as his woman, but she seemed to take to it rather well.

All in all, he was extremely satisfied with his purchase. Her error today was understandable, and he was willing to be generous and forgiving about it, especially in lieu of how hard she had been trying the past few weeks, and how happy he was with her overall.

When they arrived home, she helped him unload the truck, although he did not allow her to carry anything heavy. She brought things into the kitchen and put them away then finished

cleaning up from breakfast, putting on a fresh pot of coffee for him and fixing sandwiches for lunch. Prima went to ask him when he might like lunch, and saw him unloading all of the things he had bought for her garden, putting them safely away until the Spring planting season.

It made her feel guilty that he had bought her all those things and she had let him down, so instead of her question about lunch, she asked in a tiny voice, "Sir? I don't deserve those nice things you bought me for the garden . . ." leading towards the idea that he would probably want to take that stuff back.

Joseph finished putting away all of the gardening tools before he faced her. "Would it make you feel better if I punished you, honey?" He knew that Prima was well on her way to becoming a true submissive, one that craved punishments from her master for wrongdoing as much as pleasure from his hands.

He watched her bite her lower lip and start to say something, but she just couldn't seem to get it out. Instead she looked up at him with tears in her eyes in a silent plea for help. He kissed her gently on the forehead, then turned her around and patted her bottom, saying, "Go stand in the corner of the bedroom."

"Yes, Sir," she acknowledge tearfully, practically running to do his bidding.

Shaking his head, Joseph finished unloading the truck with a satisfied smile on his face, then made his way to their room, noting as he passed through the kitchen that lunch was pretty much ready. Katherine stood in the corner, hands on her head and her bottom well exposed. He could hear that she was already snuffling. Joseph crossed to her side of the room and called her gruffly out of the corner to stand before him. "You essentially asked for this punishment. I wasn't going to do it."

"Yes, Sir."

Regardless of that fact, he wasn't going to go easy on her, or it wouldn't mean anything to her. "Go get your hairbrush, little girl."

Oh, that awful thing! Katherine hated to be hairbrushed, but she wasn't going to disobey him again.

He took the brush from her and put it down next to his leg. "The way you acted was like a child – self-absorbed. You're not a child, you're a woman, and your sole purpose in this life is to see to me – to my pleasure, to my health, and to obey me in all things. How you behave or don't behave – especially in public – reflects on me, good or bad."

Just his words were making her bawl, without his having to touch her.

Joseph noticed this, marveling at the depth of her emotional response to him. "Katherine, I am very, very impressed that you asked for this punishment. But, having said that, since your behavior was childish, you're going to be punished like a child." He took her over his lap, rucking her dress well up her back and spanking her bottom with his hand. Its leathery palm was well suited to the purpose. Punishing feminine rounded cheeks up close and personal was incredibly appealing to him; it was something he did very well. It wasn't usual for him to scold, but this time he did, with the sole purpose of making the woman over his lap feel like a naughty little girl.

"How dare you embarrass me in public like that, making me have to call after you so that everyone in the store could hear how disobedient you were being? Rules are made for a reason, young lady, and I expect you to follow them or you're going to get your bratty little bottom roasted in the store and at home! I don't ever want to have to repeat this conversation. Am I making myself perfectly clear?"

Prima was reduced to a blubbering six year old just by the force of his hand and his lecture, but, as always, neither her crying nor her pleas had any effect on her punishment.

Joseph picked up the hairbrush. "I'm going to give you one hundred with your hairbrush in hopes that it'll make an impression on you. Then I'm going to put you to bed for the afternoon with no lunch."

The hairbrushing commenced immediately, the large head imprinting itself on her upturned cheeks and helplessly trapped legs. Prima pulled at the hold he had on her wrists but she was held fast, being well and truly punished like the naughty little girl he was portraying her as.

One hundred strokes with that evil instrument in his strong hand had her literally howling very early on, but Joseph was not deterred in the least. When he finally tucked her under the covers, she surprised him by throwing her arms around his neck and whispering a choppy thank you, despite how her poor bottom throbbed.

Parts of his hardened heart melted in that moment. Instead of just turning on the monitor and going out to have some lunch as he'd planned, Joseph stretched out on the side of the bed next to her, his big hand rubbing the small of her back. He pressed her pacifier into her mouth once her breathing returned to normal, loving the way she looked with it in her mouth and how she always suckled on it even though she professed not to like it. Prima snuggled close to him, on her tummy, even though he was the source of her discomfort. Joseph threaded his fingers through her hair absently, combing it away from her face.

She still seemed a little restless, and Joseph was considering giving her a couple of suppositories that would help her sleep, but then he decided just to remain with her for a while.



"I want you to relax and go to sleep now, Katherine. You've had a good whippin' and your bottom is going to be hot and hurtful for a while. Despite this one incident, which I know you will never repeat, I was very proud of you today when we went into town. Your behavior overall was exemplary, and I was very proud that I was your owner." Her breathing was becoming steadier in response to his comforting tone and words. "I know that seeing the other women being punished by their owners was upsetting to you, but you will see that again and you need to find a way to not let it bother you. Keep your attention on me and everything will be fine." His lips touched her forehead in a gentle kiss. "Sleep, little one. I'll wake you in a few hours."

He did settle two big suppositories deep into her bottom, rousing her to fuss at each uncomfortable, embarrassing invasion till he soothed her back to sleep, saying, "Just a little medication to help you sleep through the afternoon, Prima. That's a good girl. I'm going to put it deep into your bottom so you can't push it out." And he did, then plugged her well with a good sized butt plug. Joseph took a few minutes to enjoy the sight of those two sore red cheeks with the flange of the plug sticking out from between them . . .

Uncomfortably erect, he turned on the monitor and left her there, mostly asleep but moving restlessly because of the invader in her bottom. He left the room with a knowing smile on his lips, looking forward to waking her several hours from now.



## Chapter Twelve

Over the next few days, both Prima and Joseph each had a chance to consider how lucky they were. Joseph knew that he could well have ended up with a shrew who could barely tolerate his touch, or one who couldn't string two intelligent words together in a coherent sentence. Katherine's responses to him – physical, sexual, verbal, emotional, were, simply put, priceless. When he made her cum, when he came inside her, when he punished her, when she smiled at him . . . he felt like the king of the world. She genuinely tried to please him, and was a natural submissive. Heck, she already had him buying her gifts – well, gardening equipment anyway - to assuage his feelings of guilt over the harsh punishments he made her endure, and which he had no intentions of stopping.

If he'd met her in the Before Time, he would have asked her to marry him in a New York minute, and then he would have had to sweat her answer.

Nowadays, he already had her, and she could never get away from him and never be taken away from him.

Although Joseph kept her fairly busy, he still generally made her nap in the afternoons. Sometimes, after he put her down, it took her a little while to fall asleep, and for several days after their trip into town, all she could think about was how fortunate it was – relatively - that she had been bought by Joseph and not someone like the men she'd seen. At least she didn't have split lips or black eyes. Granted, she did have bruises, but they were on her bottom and the backs of her thighs, and generally not out there for everyone to see. If he made her show her

bottom, it was around the house and he was the only one who was going to be seeing it.

It was not easy to be a woman in this society at all – and it certainly wasn't easy to endure one of Joseph's punishments, regardless of how sexy he was or how much her body seemed to like it. Considering, though, what the law allowed him to do, and what other men were definitely doing without any conscience about it, he practically treated her with kid gloves. She got fed regularly, the same food as he ate. She had clothes, when he let her wear them, and shoes without holes. He'd taken her virginity as carefully as he could, and then had brought her to mind-blowing pleasure. Generally when Joseph spanked her she knew what she had done to deserve it – generally. Prima could never see him taking his fists to her in any way, shape, or form. Ever. He'd defended her honor from another man when he could just as easily have started charging or betting access to her body, he practically obsessed over her health, he adored her cooking, and had the best lap to curl up on, when she was allowed to . . . to say nothing of the sex. Even when she didn't want to, he took over her body and made it respond with incredible pleasure.

In the Before Time she'd always agreed with the "everyone is created equal, equal pay for equal work" sound byte. But, secretly, as soon as she'd gotten a hold of a computer with Internet access, the first thing she ever typed into a search engine was "sexual submission".

The phrase epitomized her current situation. She submitted to him sexually – and in every other way. She had no choice. There were times pre-plague that she had fantasized about exactly this type of situation – of course, with her own choice of man to submit to and her own rules . . . Its reality was quite sobering, especially when one was on the receiving end of any of those wicked implements of his. But . . . if she'd been given

a choice between submitting to someone like Randolph or someone like Joseph, she'd certainly choose Joseph, hands down, even knowing how severe and sometimes fickle his punishments were.

He certainly didn't love her, and his trip was definitely about control, but at least she got a bone-deep sexual thrill whenever he touched her, and his ego demanded that he satisfy her on a fairly regular basis.

She could have picked a much worse man to fall in love with, she supposed.

But love or not didn't count for much nowadays. Instead the keywords were obedience, submission, and in Joseph's household, orgasms.

All too soon, Katherine found herself in that unenviable position over the horse in the bedroom, bound wrist and ankle with a thick belt tight around her waist, the unlucky recipient of a Friday Night spanking prior to the "real" punishment. As he tied her down, Joseph had given her an idea what was coming up, his rough skinned hand tracing up the inside of her thigh, over her wobbling ass cheeks and up the curved line of her back. "God, I love to see you like this. Gets me incredibly hard." He stood between her widely spread legs and rubbed his erection against her defenseless bottom while holding her hips steady for his abuse.

She was neither gagged nor laryngitic, so when she moaned, it came out loud, and Joseph "mmmmmm"ed back at her. "I love making you moan and cry and scream . . ." He was dropping wet tongue-kisses all over her body, on whatever area caught his eye – the side of her breast, her shoulder blade, the back of her neck, making gooseflesh rise wherever he touched. He lifted her chin and kissed her deeply, hotly, as if he never wanted to stop.

Straightening, he said, "Better hadn't go down that road, right, Katherine? Or you'll never get what you're here for." But Joseph just couldn't resist the way those full breasts were hung down, their tips hard and ready for the taking. He bent down again and grabbed a teat in each hand, milking her very gently, pinching only enough to make her feel good . . . and he knew with his Prima, that wouldn't take long. Soon her breath was ragged and she struggled a little, jiggling her titty flesh against his hands. "Ahhh, baby, you like it when I play with your tits, don't you, hmmmm?"

Oh, God, she did, but she didn't want to! Afraid to not answer him, Katherine barely got out between heavy breaths, "Y-yes, Sir."

"Yessss." More tender torture until she tried to arch against his hands, seeking more, and Joseph chuckled softly, tweaking her twice more before rising. "But you like your spankings, too, Katherine. Your body does, anyway." Another knowing chuckle that made her blush, glad he couldn't see her fire-engine red face. He knew her too well. "Even if they're very severe," he continued, smacking the eighteen-inch solid wooden paddle against his own hand. "In fact, one could almost say that there was a direct correlation between how hard you're spanked and how much cream your little pussy produces. But then, your pussy produces cream for a lot of different reasons." He stood behind her, laying the wooden plank against its intended target. "It creams sometimes just when I speak to you, doesn't it?"

Prima whimpered. This was not the kind of thing she wanted to admit to him.

Slap. A precursor. A warning.

A whispered surrender. "Y-yes, Sir."

Joseph smiled. "It creams when I impose my will – send you to bed early, make you admit things to me that you don't

want to admit, put the pacifier in your mouth and a suppository up your bottom, doesn't it?"

No amount of twists or turns would allow her to escape this.

Slap. Slap. Deliberately kindling a fire in her nether cheeks.

"Y-yes, Sir." Barely intelligible through tears of mortification, rather than pain . . .for now.

"And when I pry your legs open and catch them over my shoulder as I slam into you – when I fuck you in your tight cunt, or your even tighter asshole . . ." Nosy fingers poked rudely at her two holes to emphasize his statement.

"Y-yes, Sir."

"It's one of your greatest gifts to me, and you have no control over the bestowing of it, do you, Katherine?"

Loud sobs burst from her throat, even though she knew she should be trying to answer him.

Three loud cracks made her hiss her breath in, long and low.

"NoSirNoSirNoSir!" she chanted, too late.

Joseph came to her head, unbuckling his belt and lowering his zipper. His erect cock rose impressively from the flaps of his jeans. "Lift your head, woman."

Still crying, Prima did as she was told and he slid his organ between her full, wet lips, filling her mouth, dominating it as he dominated everything else in her life. Her world consisted only of the thick, hard rod pushing into her mouth, slipping down her tongue. Joseph blotted out the light and, the way her mouth was being taken, all she could see was his genitals; she could feel his hand cupping the back of her head so that she could not avoid his invasion, rough fingers anchoring themselves in her hair. His flat tummy with its light fur butted her forehead

with each stroke. Large, firm testicles swung against her chin, tickling her with their wiry hair.

She knew she was not supposed to enjoy this, too. Oral sex had evolved into a method of humiliation, of control, but in truth it turned her on to turn him on. Katherine wrapped her tongue around his bulbous head experimentally, and Joseph arched, losing himself for a moment and moaning in a manner most unbecoming. "Do that again," he ordered hoarsely, and she did. She kept on doing it, bringing him off in record time, gulping down his tribute more because she was not given a choice than because she chose to. He was so far back in her mouth that there was nothing but a slightly salty taste of him before he withdrew.

Joseph didn't say a word from that point on during the spanking portion of her punishment. He just went to work on her bottom, punishing her severely, much more so than he had planned. She had unmanned him, almost embarrassed him with that curious little tongue of hers. Women weren't supposed to enjoy performing oral sex on a man – Lord knows, it was hard enough to find one to do it before everything went to hell in a hand basket. Women nowadays were subjected to it as they were subjected to many indignities, and it was a common form of punishment. He should have known that his little budding sensualist would take to that, too, in spades!

But she was not supposed to be in control of anything. Nothing. Especially not his pleasure! When he wanted pleasure from her, he'd take it. When he wanted to give her pleasure, he'd give it to her. Beyond that, he had better never catch her hands wandering where they shouldn't.

But . . . God, what any other man alive on this Earth today wouldn't give for a woman who enjoyed giving her owner oral pleasure!



When he'd finished ripening her butt cheeks with the paddle then the cane, then the rubber strap and then more of the cane, she was far from the temptress his mind had conjured. After a few minutes, Joseph helped her to the bed, putting her into that atrociously embarrassing position with her roasted bottom stuck way up in the air, but binding her so thoroughly that there was nothing she could do about it but wiggle a little, ineffectually. He took a seat on the rolling stool, pulling on sterile rubber gloves as her inadvertent performance continued. As he washed every millimeter of the luscious flesh before him, Joseph watched appreciatively from behind while she tried to settle into her new position, watching those rounded, reddened globes dance and clench, providing tantalizing glimpses of her little rosette while her pussy fairly gaped in front of him, dribbling her arousal between pouting lips even after it had been cleaned thoroughly.

"Settle down, Katherine. Things tonight will go much easier for you if you'd relax." One hand rested on a mottled cheek while his lips pressed to the dimple just above the start of her crease, tonguing it lewdly, reveling in her distressed cry. She tried to jerk away from him, but there was nowhere to go, and he merely followed her movements, cupping her pussy with his free hand, so that every time Prima flinched down and away from him she pressed herself into his palm and against those fingers that became instantly slick from her own juices.

"Puh- puhlease!"

His mouth slipped slowly, inexorably down into that vertical valley, settling determinedly over her little hole, stiff tongue working around it firmly, riding her squirms and arching expertly, frigging her little ripe clitty without missing a beat.

"Ahhhhnnnnnnnnnn - ahhhhhhhhhGawwwwwddddd!" Prima's moans rose and fell, and Joseph timed it perfectly,

withdrawing when she was just a few firm strokes away from culmination, causing a riot of cries and groans as her genitals swelled and ached in time with the blood that filled them rhythmically.

“Now,” Joseph said, reaching for the instruments he had already set up within easy reach. “Today you get your first cleansing enema, Prima. But I can promise you it will be far from your last. I’m gonna put two full quarts of my favorite recipe between your little cheeks, well up into your bottom. I’m gonna forcibly clean out your insides and fill you right up till your tummy looks like you’ve been bred and are nine months gone. You’re gonna cramp and plead and beg to relieve the pressure, but I’m going to make sure you can’t until I decide to let you, which will be a good long time, I can assure you.”

His words made her blood run cold.

Katherine felt a pressure against her anus as his fingers twisted the internal balloon of the Bardex nozzle he’d bought at Wench World the day they went. It had cost him a pretty penny, but she was worth it as far as he was concerned. Joseph would only use and buy the best for her. Granted, this was something that was going to contribute to her punishment, but then, better to have a sturdy, well made bladder full of air up your butt than one that was going to explode the first time it was used. She was emitting those incredible little whimpers that went directly to his cock as he pushed the folded rubber up inside her. It disappeared slowly . . . slowly, her pucker forced to grant it admittance whether she wanted to or not.

When it was fully seated within her, he gave the bulb a few squeezes, then pulled gently on the tube that stuck out of her bottom, seating the expanded bladder tightly against the inside of her sphincter. Then he blew up the second balloon, effectively trapping the apparatus inside her, the tube dangling out of her

butt to rest between her widely spread legs. Joseph hooked up the enema tube to the end of the Bardex, connecting it to the secret contents of the bulging red bag that hung just above her hip level.

Prima was sobbing softly, not enjoying the internal or external pressuring fullness of whatever it was that he had forced into her. She was still trying to get over how he had mouthed her bottom hole, and worse than that how much she had enjoyed it!

"You're gonna hear a little click, and then your medicine is going to flow into you," Joseph instructed. "If you start to cramp, I suggest that you breathe as if you're whelping – "What the hell would a woman who was a virgin when he got her know about how to breathe during labor? He thought, chiding himself. "Pant fast. It's about the only thing you can do to help – and that's not going to help much." He set the clamp on a medium flow, then he moved to sit up by her head. Joseph liked to watch her face – that's why he'd gotten so much enjoyment out of the mirrors he'd used while punishing her. He liked to see how she coped with the pain of her punishments, whether it was a paddling or an enema. The enema actually afforded him the ability to spend more time concentrating on her expressions, listening to how her breathing changed, hearing every little caught breath, every moan, every plaintive cry.

"Have you been given an enema before, Katherine?" he asked quietly, close to her ear, his lips tickling and making her flinch.

She was having a hard time, even now, dealing with the feeling of something foreign and not of her choice trickling into her that she couldn't stop. Something that he had no doubt made deliberately irritating. But he was speaking to her and would expect a response or she knew he wouldn't hesitate to bring out that wicked paddle again . . . "What?"

Joseph supposed he really should physically reprimand her for not paying more attention to him. She seemed to have a problem with that. But seeing as she had a punishment solution drizzling its way slowly into her bowels he supposed he would be generous. He let his tone drop as the fingers of one hand worked their way under her to capture a ripe bud and twirl it. "This is the second time you've had problems paying attention to me, isn't it, Katherine?"

Oh, God, where was he going with this? And did she really want to know? "Y-yes, Sir," she moaned, praying that he wasn't going to do what she thought he was going to do.

"I think I'll have to come up with something that will help you learn to concentrate, to focus all of your energies on me, where they're supposed to be."

Pinch, roll, tweak, pull. His fingers were driving her crazy.

"But not tonight. Later on. When you least expect it, I'll remind you, the hard way." He kissed her temple as she began to pant to weather the first series of intestinal cramps. "That's it, pant like a good girl, like you do when I fuck you. I'm just letting the enema do the fucking right now."

The cramps receded, sort of, and he went back to caressing her nipples. "Answer my question, Katherine."

Crap! What was the question? She couldn't think as she got fuller and fuller, and the pressure in her bottom mounted. What the hell had he asked? Oh, that was it! "Ahhhhhhyyes, I've had an enema before, Sir."

He smiled, knowing how hard she had had to think to come up with his question. "Who gave it to you?"

She was panting again, and he was demanding that she answer him.

“My – my – my – “ she took a short breath between each word. “my f-father – aaaaaaoooooohh! Stop the flow, oh please stop it!”

Joseph leaned closer again, whispering tenderly into her ear. “I don’t think so, Katherine. This is a punishment, after all. You’re going to lie there, all helpless and bound, and take whatever I put up into your bottom like a good girl. You have no other choice. That medicine is going to work its way up deep into your tummy, irritating everything in its path, making you writhe as if I was taking the cane to your sassy little ass again. I do enjoy how you dance while I whip you. I’m sure you’re gonna dance at least as much while you’re getting your anal medication.”

Tears traced down her cheeks at the horrible internal sensations. Joseph looked at the bag, seeing how much it had deflated, and made some adjustments in her position that allowed her big, full tummy to hang down, which helped somewhat. But that enema juice just kept coming, snaking its way into her, past the Bardex balloons that prevented her from expelling it. Katherine wailed with it, moaning and crying and begging just as he’d said she would, when she wasn’t panting. And then, as the grip of the enema worsened, she begged piteously even between pants.

“Ahhhhh-God-Oh-please-help-stop-it-hurtssssssmmmmmmeeeeee!”

When the bag was empty, she heard a click, and pulled against the restraints in anticipation of being let go to relieve herself. But no. Joseph reappeared at her head, putting a loudly ticking timer down on the nightstand where she could see it. He sat down next to her again, saying, “I’ll only make you hold it thirty minutes this time. Next time, it’ll be much longer.”

Despite the misery she was already in, Prima groaned loudly at his pronouncement that there was going to be a next time.

But Joseph was already on to other things. “Did you like it when your Father gave you an enema?”

“Noooooooooooo!” she fairly screamed at him, as if he was crazy.

Joseph chuckled lightly. “What did he put in your enema, do you know?”

“F-F-Fleet,” barely got out as she rode the wave of another series of cramps.

He nodded, then lay next to her shell ear, breathing her woman’s scent. “The one that’s at work inside you now has a small amount of liquid glycerin – to make it hard to hold - and some lemon juice, to increase the cramping, and some water and some salt to balance.” Joseph looked between her arms at her tummy, which, indeed, did resemble a full-term pregnancy. He reached down and for once ignored her hanging tits to grope her taut stomach, massaging and pushing at the full flesh he found, making her groan as he forcibly moved the water she held around in her intestines. “Next time I’m going to bring in a mirror and use a clear bucket up here, so that you have to watch the solution that’s causing you all of this suffering as it seeps into your body.”

It seemed like forever before the timer went off, but it finally did. And then, instead of crying from the pain and agony of it all, she wailed from relief, like a tortured Pavlov’s dog. After releasing her, Joseph gently lifted her as if she was a doll, carrying her into the bathroom to set her down about two feet from the toilet, still blocked by the internal and external bladders.

He slid her down in front of him, her full bottom against his full crotch, big hands splayed over her distended abdomen from behind as if he was cradling both the woman and the child

he loved very dearly. Joseph's lips were buried at her neck, just below her ear. "Put your hands on my head," he whispered as she writhed against him.

Katherine was in a world of internal hurt, and his order would make her arch, stretching the skin of her tummy even more taut and denying her the slight comfort derived from crouching as much as possible, forcing her to touch him. Her reluctant hands ended up buried in his thick hair, tight against his skull on either side.

She moaned and whimpered, trying to bend but knowing she wasn't allowed to and fearing his retribution if she disobeyed. Joseph's hands roamed her naked body at will, rubbing her tummy, milking her tits. "Now, before I let you go, let's see if your body likes this . . ." he turned her towards him and got down on his knees. "Spread your legs, Katherine. More. More."

By the time he was through making her display herself shamefully for him, she looked as if she was squatting to give birth. Then his mouth descended eagerly on her pussy, his tongue making the intimate discovery of her body's betrayal. He smiled against her, then licked his way to her lovely engorged clit, nibbling teasingly as two fingers worked their way into her tight chamber.

Despite the agony of her lower body – or because of it – she was ultra sensitive to his touch. His lips on her taut bud made her scream, her hips bucking against his head.

"Oh my God," he groaned when he heard her loud reaction to his attentions. "I can't believe you."

"Please! Please! Please let me go!"

He had been drowning in her, in her responses, in her body, in her pain and pleasure, and had made her wait longer for release than he had originally intended. The pressure inside her

must have been tremendous. Joseph deflated first the external balloon, then positioned her over the toilet and deflated the internal one, gently pulling it out of her and releasing a flood of Biblical proportions.

Joseph left her to clean up the bedroom. Expelling enemas had never been of much interest to him; he got his jollies from the administration of a punishment that meant the punishee's complete loss of control over a most basic function – in the least comfortable way imaginable. But she was in there for a terribly long time and he started to get worried. “Katherine?” he asked inquiringly as he came to stand in front of her. “Are you all right?”

She was sobbing even though she must've been feeling better. Her head was hung, hands balled up into fists on her thighs.

He tipped her chin up so that she had to look at him. “Answer me, little one.”

If Prima had been more herself and less concerned with her intestinal strife, she would have heard loud and clear the endearment he'd used. But she was too busy trying to keep her innards from ending up in the toilet bowl. “Uh – um – I – I'm gonna be okay, I guess.” She groaned and began to rock herself back and forth, clutching her stomach.

His hand moved from her chin to caress her cheek. “Poor baby. I guess that was quite an effective punishment.”

When she felt it was finally safe to leave the immediate vicinity of the toilet, Prima wandered into the bedroom, tears still leaking sullenly down her cheeks. Her side of the bed had been turned down, and Joseph appeared in the bedroom a few minutes after the toilet flushed, herding her into bed on her tummy. She looked utterly exhausted and white, and she was shaking like a leaf, her teeth chattering loudly.



“P-Please, Sir? May I ask a favor?”

Surprised and somewhat preoccupied by her pallor, Joseph answered absently, “Yes, you may.” On a hunch, he rescued the rectal thermometer and jar of Vaseline from his nightstand, then sat back down next to her.

“Please don’t tie me to the bed tonight?” She sounded inordinately worried.

Joseph patted her back reassuringly. “No, I won’t, Katherine. You may use the bathroom whenever you need it.”

A huge sigh of relief escaped her. “Thank you, Sir.”

“You’re very welcome,” he chuckled. “I don’t fancy cleaning up a mess.” Within a few seconds, she found herself on the receiving end of that rectal thermometer as he carefully eased it up into her abused bottom hole. Prima struggled a little, but Joseph put the pacifier in her mouth and rubbed her back, murmuring soothing nothings. When he read her temperature, he wanted to strangle himself.

One hundred and two degrees.

Why hadn’t he thought to check that first? But there had been no outward signs of illness – no sneezes, no nothing. Joseph was hyper aware of his woman’s behavior – good, bad, or indifferent. There was nothing about her that got by him – except this, apparently. He shook his head. She must be feeling awful, and all he’d done was compound it. “Katherine, do you feel all right?” he asked, snagging the pacifier out of her mouth but wearing it on his middle finger like a ring.

The look she gave him was as close to out and out disrespectful as she’d ever gotten. It was part incredulous and part sarcastic. But her tone was normal, if a little whiney as it was apt to be after a punishment session. “Not so good, Sir.”

He wanted to bang his head against a wall. “I’m sorry, Katherine. Is it the enema? Your temp is up a lot.”

As if he had just flipped a switch, Prima scrambled around him and headed off towards the bathroom, and he could hear the sounds of her retching a few seconds later. Then his heart stopped completely when he heard her small, distressed cry for help.

Joseph out and out ran into the bathroom. “What is it?” he demanded. He’d expected to see her hanging over the toilet, but she was sitting on it.

“Bowl!,” she fairly screamed between clenched teeth, feeling her stomach roil threateningly.

Joseph grabbed a wastebasket, and just in the nick of time, it seemed.

## Chapter Thirteen

When it got to be about three in the morning and she was still sick, Joseph called his physician. It seemed to him that she was getting worse as time progressed rather than better. He got up with her each time she made a dash for the bathroom, and it was killing him to see her so sick. House calls were no longer a thing of the past, especially not for someone with his clout, but 911 was. Joseph was extremely worried about the possibility of severe dehydration. Samuel Kramer wasn't happy at being called out of bed at this hour, but he came, and that was the important thing.

The second thing he wasn't happy about was that he was going to be treating a woman. There were gynarians that were trained specifically to help women through birth and pregnancy. Granted, they were little better than witch doctors. What medical knowledge there was in the Before Time had been largely lost. Most women never saw a doctor unless they were successfully bred, unless they were one of the unfortunates who became a part of the government's breeding program.

Dr. Kramer had been a doctor prior to the upheaval in all their lives. He knew what he was doing. He also knew that he could be jailed for treating a woman. His license clearly stated that he was only allowed to treat men. Any male patient of his that discovered that he had treated a woman would never call him again. But he and Joseph McDonough had struck a private deal that paid him well to be on call once his woman arrived. It was the closest thing to medical insurance there was.

Prima was given a careful examination, which she submitted to fretfully. Joseph tried to calm her as much as

possible. When Sam rolled his patient over to take her temperature, he saw the fresh cane marks, but made no comment. They were hardly unusual in this day and age. Her temp was still a hundred and two. Joseph explained what had happened prior to the vomiting, and Samuel grimaced.

He gave Katherine a fluid IV as well as a shot of something to settle her stomach, another to help with the dysentery, and still another something to work on her fever. She fell asleep as soon as the medications took effect. Joseph couldn't stop himself from rubbing his thumb absently over her cheek. As he packed stuff away, Sam gave Joseph some instructions. Prima was to have bed rest for at least three days, lots of fluids – juices and water – no milk. Bland diet for three days and lots and lots of sleep – no strenuous activity at all for one week.

“It's a good thing you called me. Your wench was seriously dehydrated.”

Although he really didn't want to leave her, even though she was sleeping, Joseph followed him out to the door, thanked him profusely, and reset the alarm system before practically sprinting back to Prima's side. She was still asleep. More to make himself feel better than for her sake, he dressed her in a pair of jammies, which he never allowed her to wear on normal occasions, then tucked her back under the covers. She never awoke. Joseph pulled her against him spoon fashioned, wrapping his big body around hers as if he could absorb some of her misery and take it on himself.

When she woke the first time after the doctor had visited, she fairly stumbled her way to the bathroom to pee, with Joseph hovering at her elbow just in case. He didn't even leave while she peed, which, if she had been fully awake, would have bothered her, not that she could have done anything about it. He helped her back into bed, settled her against his side, one arm

draped firmly across her back as she fell back into a deep, dreamless sleep practically before her cheek cuddled onto his chest.

Joseph inadvertently woke her during the administration of two of the suppositories that Sam had left. They contained phenegan, which would both prevent nausea and help her sleep. Katherine fussed a little to find him holding her tightly around the waist as the index finger of his right hand pressed the first bullet into her rectum. "Shhhhhh, Prima. This'll keep your tummy settled, hon," he kissed her bare flank as he positioned the second at the hole between her cheeks, then made that one disappear up inside her, too. Joseph pulled her pajama bottoms up, noting how young she looked in them. "You don't wanna be sick again, do you?" he asked rhetorically, pulling the bedcovers up over her shoulders.

She must really have felt rotten, because just his firm administration of those two suppositories made her sob pitifully. Joseph gathered her into his arms from behind, holding her gently and rocking her a bit. He'd noticed that when she'd felt really bad and been at her sickest, she'd rocked herself back and forth. It seemed to provide some amount of comfort, or maybe it was just a regressive thing. Prima sobbed softly, sounding as miserable as she probably felt. "My poor baby," he murmured, rubbing her arm. He was going to offer her the pacifier, which was sitting on her nightstand, but he thought he might wait for that, just in case she was still feeling any stomach upset.

It was mid morning before she woke again. Joseph had gotten up so as not to disturb her by thrashing around in the bed, but he'd put the monitor on so that he heard when she got up. He met her on the return trip from the bathroom to the bed; she was rubbing her eyes, which still looked glassy, and had the pj top halfway over her head.

He pulled it back down instead of off, which seemed to confuse her. "I'm sorry I overslept, Sir. What would you like for breakfast?" she asked, her voice still slurred with sleep.

Joseph smiled slightly as he corralled her back into bed. Stubborn wench! "I've already had breakfast."

Prima looked sickly appalled, biting her lip. Would she get a spanking because he'd had to make his own meal? She wondered fuzzily. Looking around with a puzzled expression, she wondered how she had ended up in bed again. She needed to get up . . .

She was trying to get out of bed again, but he put the kibosh on that by taking her over his knee.

Oh, God, he was going to spank her for not making his breakfast! Katherine began to struggle in earnest, but with a weakness that wore her out quickly.

Joseph didn't want to, but he had to yell at her to get her attention. "Katherine Marie! Stay still while I take your temp, or I will take the paddle to your naughty bottom!"

Temperature? He was going to take her temperature? Why? While she slowly put together the events of last night, which were largely a haze of stomach pains, he slipped the small glass tube into her. Prima began to fret and wiggle little, then she stopped abruptly. "I was sick last night, wasn't I?" she asked, sounding much less foggy.

He put his hand over her bottom, over the end of thermometer lest she decide to rid herself of it. "Yes, you were and are quite ill. You're going to spend the next several days right here in bed until I decide that you're well enough to get out of it. You're to sleep a lot and eat a bland diet and drink lots of fluids."

"But -"

"No buts, and I don't want to hear another word from you about it." He heard what might have been an exasperated

sigh as she pulled against his hold experimentally, then, having exhausted her meager reserves of strength, Katherine lay her cheek down on the bedspread in abject submission. Once the thermometer was extracted and read, two good-sized suppositories were lodged into her bottom as she whimpered at the invasion and blushed needlessly.

Then she was put back under the covers even though she didn't feel very tired. "I'll be right back with some broth and a bottle of spring water."

He was as good as his word, allowing her only sips of the water at first, but when that stayed down, he put a small mug of soup in front of her, but Katherine only played with it listlessly. Finally, exasperated, Joseph fed half of it to her, spoonful by spoonful. She knew better than to balk; his expression told her that he was not going to tolerate any guff from her about it. With a belly full of warm chicken soup, she was practically asleep for the last few sips, although she didn't want to be.

Joseph moved the tray of food away, and fussed with the bedclothes.

"But I'm supposed to take care of you," she mumbled plaintively, more than half-asleep.

His hand cupped her cheek. "I got along before you came, Katherine. I can get along for a week or so while you recover." A stranger would have called his tone lovingly indulgent.

She was asleep and offered no comment.

The next four or five days were horrible for Prima – easily worse than any that had come before.

Sam had called late that first day to check up on his unusual patient, and Joseph was very glad and relieved to report that she was doing much better, although she was sleeping a lot, which Sam assured him was just what her body needed to

recover. Joseph told him exactly what he was doing – keeping her in bed, feeding her broths and bland fare, giving her lots to drink. Since he had him right there, Joseph asked the doctor point blank what he had meant by ‘no strenuous physical activity’.

“Well, I meant that if you’re trying to breed her, give her the next four or five days off. Don’t fuck her, in other words.”

Joseph knew what he meant. “I just got her and I don’t have her on a breeding program, Doc. I’ll restrain myself. I was more wondering about spankings. Should I refrain from punishing her for a while?”

“More severe punishments, I’d have to say yes. She’s going tire easily and be much more emotional than usual – you know how bitches can be. I should think that light whippings would be okay, just don’t over do it.” Sam chuckled. “How much trouble can she get into when she’s in bed, anyway?”

A wry smile twisted Joseph’s mouth. “Oh, you’d be surprised by this one, Doc. She’s a handful.”

“Keeps you on your toes, does she?”

“Oh yeah.”

“Well, keep doing what you’re doing for another couple of days and she should be fine. Call me if there are any other problems.”

“I will, Doc. Thanks.”

Since he knew he could spank her without it being detrimental to her health, he did. There was no need for his discipline to be lax just because she was sick. She balked at suppository time first, and got herself a minor blistering with his hand, but by the sounds of the fuss she put up you would have thought he had taken after her with the cane. Once he’d made his point on her naughty bottom and seated those two pieces of medicine up inside her, he pulled her into his arms. Prima was practically hysterical and throwing hard, choking sobs that tore



him up. Her capacity for pain was always so huge that it startled him that a casual, hard spanking would affect her so. Sam really knew his stuff.

Joseph took to soothing her with pleasure. Sam had said not to fuck her, and he didn't say she couldn't cum – although, it pretty much went without saying nowadays. But an orgasm or two always put her to sleep. He couldn't think that it would harm her now. Katherine's soggy face was buried in his denim shirt, her body lying limply against his. Her pajama top had ridden up during her spanking, and Joseph took full advantage of that fact, pushing it up and over her breasts and latching eagerly onto one pink tip while his fingers pulled and rolled its twin gently, almost reverently. His other hand was far from lazy as it drifted purposefully down her bare tummy to delve under the elastic of her pajama pants. Katherine was so relaxed from the medications and a surfeit of sleep that all she could do was writhe sensuously at his touch. Joseph tipped her gently over onto her back, the hand between her legs capturing and holding her woman's center, just holding it for a while as his mouth was very busy elsewhere, licking her full breasts lavishly, then up over her collarbone, kissing the tiny scar there, nibbling the side of her neck and around her jaw line to claim her mouth in an overwhelming, possessive kiss.

Her sighs and moans and the whimpers coming from deep in her throat drove him crazy, as did the idea that he – the man, for God's sake – was not going to be allowed the sweet release that could be found by burying himself deep within her body. The feeling of denial, if uncomfortable, was . . . highly intriguing. But she was denied no such thing. And he was going to see to it that she enjoyed it at least as much as he would have. Joseph spent a long time kissing her, dotting the soft skin of her face with his kisses, suckling avidly at those wonderful breasts.

The hand over her moist garden stayed quiet and still despite the way she tried to rub against it.

Katherine was being driven slowly crazy by the ecstasy he called forth effortlessly from her well-trained body. She knew what he could do with that hand, if he'd only do it, already! Her nipples peaked, her breath unsteady, her body limp and unresisting in his arms. The fingers of that rogue hand began to wiggle, just a little, making her jump with that relatively innocent but promising contact. Joseph lay on his side, leaning over her on his elbow, avidly drinking in every change in expression, every nuance of her arousal.

When she would have spread her legs wide for him, and moved to do so in anticipation of his demand, Joseph murmured, "No, keep your legs together." His mouth caught a nipple and worried it, making her try to arch. "Stay as still as you can, Katherine," came the whispered order.

The quieter he wanted her to stay, the more impossible it became to comply – every nerve in her body was totally attuned to him, everything in her wanted to twist and buck and arch.

"Scream and moan all you like, but don't move. Just let me touch you and pleasure you. Don't use any more strength than you have to. Let it come to you and take you over. You're safe. I'm here." His hand stroked her forehead in a soothing but firm way, almost holding her head down, but not quite.

One lone finger parted her outer lips with excruciating slowness, and she couldn't control the cry that was torn from her as a part of him finally came into contact with her more riotous nerve endings, although he'd not even touched the center of her storm yet.

"I love it when you cry out. I adore your moans and your sobs and your enthusiastic agony . . ." he whispered. The finger remained in limbo as her nipples were suckled extravagantly,

pulled to twice their normal size by lips wrapped over teeth, then blown on to chill and tighten them further.

Finally, when she thought she'd fly apart without him, that teasing finger moved again, settling firmly onto her hugely swollen clit. That was all it took. He didn't move his finger, didn't rub her, didn't do anything, but Katherine nonetheless experienced the ultimate implosion, cumming within his sensual snare with a loud, ferocious scream that he drank into his mouth. His teeth nibbled her neck as she raged with pleasure within his arms, murmuring gentle reminders to try to stay as still as possible.

It was a monstrous ache. It tore her apart from the inside and crashed over her like a tsunami. She couldn't seem to stop contracting, and he wouldn't let her move in any way. Her little bud pulsed and pulsed and worked and worked, pumping out spasms of ecstasy that went on and on . . .

And then the finger moved down her tight crease just enough to wet itself in her pool of honey, then back up to ruthlessly coax another three more orgasms from her, until she lost her voice not from pain this time, but from her body's uninhibited submission to the supreme joy he conjured. When Joseph solemnly kissed her cheek and allowed her to fall asleep in his arms, she was shaking and blubbing and wrung out . . .

And still contracting on his finger.



## Chapter Fourteen

That scene was replayed innumerable times over the four – almost five days that Joseph kept her confined to the bed. He spanked her repeatedly, more so as she got better because she became so restless and, at times, out and out cranky, and he wanted her to realize that he wasn't going to tolerate that kind of behavior from her under any circumstances. Joseph took her temperature four times a day, always in the most humiliating way, and there were several times when she got herself a whipping because she forced the annoying little thing back out of her bum after he'd put it into her. His punishments – whether by hand like now or by implement – always had her regretting her actions, and these times were no different.

Once he'd gotten her all teary eyed and apologetic, he'd stick that awful thing back inside her, read it minutes later, then bring her off in all sorts of imaginative ways. One time he put a mentholated cream on her pussy. When she smelled it and felt the heat starting to build, she flashed to the Ben Gay he'd used on her before and nearly got hysterical. But Joseph held her down and grabbed her pussy with a hand he'd slathered with the stuff, making the heated ache worse as he fondled her. She waited for the unbearable burning she knew was coming, but it didn't. Instead, all she felt was his hot hand on her even hotter slickness, rubbing her very, very slowly. To compliment the warmth between her legs, he licked toothpaste onto her already erect nipples, holding her steady as she arched and ground into him. But he controlled when she climaxed, and he drew it out till she thought she'd burn up from the inside out.

Another time Prima awoke to find him already between her spread legs. The medications seemed to have both a sedative and a muscle relaxant effect, so Joseph busied himself trying to see how wide he could stretch that tight cunny of hers. It turned out not very wide, but that may well have had a lot to do with the size of his hand more so than anything else. Still, with a lot of KY and a rubber glove that had made her glazed eyes go wide at first, he'd gotten three fingers into her while she wiggled and squirmed like a wild thing, gulping air into her lungs and moaning with each firm advance of his hand into that relatively virgin territory. When she was full of him, as full as she could be right now, he bent forwards and licked her swollen flower enthusiastically, smiling when the bud literally jumped in his mouth.

"Oh God oh God oh God oh God," she chanted at the pleasure he wrought.

Still against her, he asked, "You like this, don't you?"

Like it? She was absolutely mindless – a seething mass of pulsating pleasure. Again. For the third time that day. She couldn't have uttered a coherent sentence if her life had depended on it.

Long moments of that thick tongue being dragged in agonizingly delightful increments up and over the focal point of her desire, then back down again until his lips surrounded her on either side, warm breath washing over her most sensitized inch.

Suckling her past his lips, he spoke, his voice reverberating against her. "Answer me, Katherine Marie."

"Aaaaaahhhhhh – please – don't – I – Gaaaawwwddd –  
“

"You like this, don't you?" he repeated doggedly.

"YEEEEEEEEESSSSSS!" she screamed, her hands clenching and unclenching in the bed sheets.

Joseph fucked her with his fingers, stretching her, possessing her most intimate area in every way imaginable, but he moved his mouth away long enough to ask, "And you like me using your cunt like this, don't you, you like being filled by my fingers and my cock . . .?"

Prima cried at the loss of his wonderfully talented tongue and lips, her hips rising, seeking his warmth again. "YESYESYESYESYES," her body did not allow her any dignity – it wanted what it wanted when it wanted it.

And it always, always craved Joseph.

Since he had her right where he wanted her, Joseph couldn't stop himself from slipping in the question, "And you like me owning you, too, don't you?", but he pretended complete indifference to her answer, his voice flat and unemotional. Her answer, of course, would have to be considered as given under duress of sorts, but it disturbed him how much he wanted her to say yes.

Cries and pleas for release did her no good; in fact they just seemed to make him mad. Those fingers drove into her relentlessly, forcing her open, stretching her mercilessly.

"Katherine! Tell me!" His lips flicked her button hard for a few agonizing seconds, then stopped. "Tell me!"

"Yesyesyes."

More teasing at the behest of his hands and mouth, stopping just short of fulfillment. "Yes what, Katherine? Say it and I'll let you cum. Say it," still completely neutral.

Her head whipped back and forth as she fought against admitting to him what she didn't want to admit to herself.

Tease, thrust, slow, languorous lick. "Do I punish you good and hard? Do I fuck you the same way? Do I keep you safe and protected? Do you eat good? Are you warm and safe in my bed, well-used and sore from it?" A forth finger was added to her

already overburdened pussy, forcibly pressed inside her, where only he had ever been. A low, sexy whisper. "Don't you want to come, Katherine Marie?" Her answering whimper came from the depth of her being. "Say it."

Tears flowed like rain down the sides of her face, into her hair. She couldn't fight him or herself any longer. "YESILIKEYOUOWNINGME!"

The elation he felt at her words nearly drove him to take her himself, but he refrained. Instead, he claimed her pussy almost reverently, suckling at her with unhurried motions calculated to give her the utmost pleasure.

When the tidal wave of sensations rolled through her, and the end was imminent, Katherine fought him, frightened at the intensity of what was coming. But Joseph would not let her avoid it, kept her trapped right where he wanted her, with him through it all as she issued a full-throated scream and arched against his avid mouth again and again, screaming and crying and begging even in the throes of the ecstasy.

Joseph wrung every last morsel of it from her with no compunction at all, feeling her shudder with each ebbing contraction. When there was no more to draw out of her, he withdrew his fingers, moving to her side with a self-satisfied smile on his face despite the way his cock throbbed against his zipper.

Katherine was devastated. Defeated. More mortified than she had ever been in her life. What had she just admitted to? How could she face what she had become? The horror built up inside her to an intolerable level, and when he stretched out next to her, she bolted from the bed, not stopping at the bedroom door, or even the door to the house. Her feet bare, but the rest of her covered by pajamas, she ran as if her life and her sanity depended on it.



And, in a way, it did.

Not believing that she would truly try to escape, Joseph didn't get up and run after her until he heard the door to the house open. Then he slipped quickly into a pair of sweats and his boots. He did have the presence of mind to stop and enter the code that would suspend the alarms, at least, then he simply loped along her tracks, knowing she wouldn't get far, more annoyed and surprised than angry at this point, but then he started to think. She was still weak from her illness, which made him frown at the thought that she might have a relapse because of this foolishness. Katherine was barefoot, and had headed into the woods that surrounded his compound. Another frown. There were broken bottles and burrs and pickers and thorns all around in the woods – her delicate skin could be torn up, she could trip and fall, twist her ankle, break her leg . . .

As his anger built, Joseph sped up his pursuit, concentrating how he was going to rip into her bottom once he got her back home where she belonged. If she'd hurt herself . . . Luckily, it didn't take him long to find her, at first he could just hear her crashing through the woods helter-skelter as if the Devil was pursuing her. He dismissed the idea that she might well assign that characterization to him. Then he caught the occasional flash of bright blonde hair through the trees and headed towards it, easily catching her around the waist and carrying her back to the house thrown over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

He couldn't believe it when he set her down in the bedroom and she bolted again, almost making it out into the yard. Well, he thought with a grimace, she didn't seem to have hurt herself at all during her flight through the woods. Joseph got to the front door just as she opened it and reached past her, slamming it shut. This time he was taking no prisoners. He

stripped her pajama pants down to her knees, turned her around, and bent her over his arm, and whacked her butt crisply to let her know of his displeasure. Joseph pushed her away from him, his face dark as night. "Get into that bedroom before I forget that you've been sick!" he ordered.

Katherine just stood there, shaking, tears streaming down her face, as they had been since he'd caught her.

"Move!"

She did move, but not in the way he expected: she fainted, dead away.

When she came to, Prima knew she was on the bed again, not bound by anything but his arm around her waist as he lay right next to her. "You're back," he announced to no one in particular, eying her curiously.

No more jammies – she was naked as the day she was born and so was he, but still the first thing she tried to do was get up. Joseph was prepared for that – he had never let himself be caught at a deficit twice until this incident – and he halted her progress just by tightening his arm. "Ah-ah-ahhhhh. You're being quite the little jack in the box today, aren't you? But not again."

Recognizing that she was well and truly caught, Prima sighed heavily and lay still on her back, eyes screwed shut.

"Why the sudden urge to depart, Katherine?"

Silence.

Joseph was stumped. What had happened to cause such an abrupt about-face in her temperament? She had never – even in the face of extremely harsh punishments – tried to leave. He thought back to what they had been doing before she bolted . . . he had been pleasuring her with his mouth, and his fingers, as he'd done many times before. He had been demanding answers from her to some pretty tantalizing questions, making her admit to him how much she enjoyed what he did to her . . . finally

extracting the ultimate confession: she liked being owned by him.

His own carefully suppressed elation at the time had overshadowed what must have been going through her mind. Joseph tried to put himself into Prima's shoes. He had forced her to admit out loud what her body already revealed to him faithfully, each and every time he came near her: that submitting to him made her hot, that even the most severe or embarrassing punishments made her hotter. That she enjoyed being fucked by him, and that all of this was basically okay with her – she liked it.

Joseph knew that those were things that he personally would have died before admitting if their roles had been reversed – but he had had her in a pretty delicate situation under duress . . . under the lash of his tongue on her most tender spot, seconds from coming but held in check by his greater strength, teased mercilessly and stretched full of his fingers. Joseph remembered her begging, pleading cries. He remembered taunting her, keeping her just short of completion for long, long moments until she said what he wanted to hear.

Unless it was more than that, and that's why she'd run from him.

Joseph caught her against him, hugging her hard.

Prima was totally confused. Shouldn't he be waling on her bottom by now? Tearing chunks out of her hide with that rubber strap or the wooden ruler, threatening millions of strokes with the cane? Why were his arms wrapped around her, holding her tight, offering comfort rather than chastisement? She'd run away from him. How come he wasn't punishing her?

She lay quietly in his embrace, neither participating nor struggling against it. Katherine didn't move until he started to kiss her, deep, drugging kisses that inevitably caused her natural moisture to flow. She turned her head away from his lips. "Please

don't!" In all the embarrassing, humiliating, and agonizingly painful things he'd done to her, and all of the begging she'd done despite promises to herself that she wouldn't, that whispered plea was the most desperate and the most humble she'd ever made.

And it worked, for the first time. Prima had no idea why, but Joseph stopped and cupped her head between his palms, forcing her to look at him.

He had decided that the best thing to do was confront the situation, head on, in hopes of preventing a repeat in the future. "It's okay. You don't have to run from me or fight me or yourself any more. You admitted it – you like being owned by me. I'm flattered. You turn me on, too, and I like owning you. I got way more than my money's worth with you."

His words had exactly the opposite effect from what he'd intended – she began to fight him actively, trying to push him away, her small hands dwarfed against his chest. Joseph was having a hard time not laughing at her, but he didn't because he knew she was serious in her intentions – that if she got away, she'd try to leave again, and he'd end up having to chase her down. So he subdued her as gently as he could, not wanting to hurt her or let her hurt herself. Katherine gave it a valiant try through a veil of tears. He had to admit she was a fighter; she wore herself out, kicking, wiggling, trying to dive out from under his arm . . . It finally ended up that the best thing he could do was lie on top of her, his hands pinning her flailing arms to her sides just above the elbows, so that she couldn't even bend her arms. His hips held her legs well apart and essentially ineffectual against him, but still she struggled as best she could until he gave up and entered her with his straining erection in one powerful flex of his hips, groaning as her sweet warmth closed around him.

This seemed to incense her. He'd never seen such an absolutely furious look on her face, but her renewed tussling –

which was easily dealt with – only made him start to fuck her with slow, gradual strokes.

“Aaaaaahhhggggggghhhhhhhh –  
doooooooooonnnnnnnn’tttttt!!!!”

But there was literally nothing she could do to stop his deliberate advance and retreat. Just to emphasize that fact, he reared back only long enough to pull her legs over his broad shoulders then settled down onto her again, rendering her at her most physically submissive without the use of one cuff or leather restraint, just the weight of his big muscular body.

Prima wailed again as he sank back into her, inch by excruciating inch - claiming her, exerting his rights over her, emphasizing his physical superiority - his dominance – and forcing her to offer herself up to be fucked by him, ripe and ready to accept his invasion, as always, despite her anger at herself and at him.

When he was as far inside her as he could get, he moved roughly side to side, making sure he’d plumbed every millimeter of her depths, that he filled every warm fold of flesh with his presence. “Look at me!” he ordered as he pulsed against her sharply.

Sullenly, reluctantly, her eyes met his.

Joseph began to ride her as he spoke in a guttural tone. “This is where you belong.” Thrust – retreat. “There’s no better place for you, Katherine Marie Cassidy, than here, being taken by a man – taken by me.” Plunge – withdraw. “Deal with it. Even in the Before Time, you’d’ve found yourself a man who could handle you like this – or you wouldn’t have been happy.” Flex – relax.

He could feel her muscles tightening around him involuntarily as her body betrayed her.

“No, no!” she fought him verbally, the only means left to her.

Very hard thrust, very slow withdrawal. “Don’t tell me ‘no’, woman! Don’t lie to me; don’t lie to yourself. You admitted it to me not an hour ago. You like being owned by me, with all of the pain and pleasure that being owned by me entails.”

“NO!” Every muscle she could command fought him, needing to prove that he was wrong, that she didn’t want to be controlled, be under his thumb, be under him, getting spanked and strapped and paddled and examined and orgasmed in his time, in his way, bound to obey his rules mentally and emotionally as well as physically. “Let me go!” Prima’s head whipped back and forth furiously in protest.

In answer, Joseph’s open mouth descended to her nipples, suckling each in turn . . . gently. Tenderly. With great, great care for her response and her pleasure, while the lower half of his body still stabbed into her, keeping her pinned to him and sexually primed for him.

His mouth partially full of her nipple, voice cajoling and soft, “There will never in your lifetime ever be a question of letting you go. If you run, I will find you.” It was a statement of pure fact. He would hunt her down to the ends of the Earth. “I will never let you go. I will use the last of every iota of strength in my body to keep you with me, and I hope my last breath is spent pouring my seed into you one last time. I’m stronger than you, and meaner by far. You can’t out-fight me, or outwit me, and no one out there will ever help you get away from me. There’s no avoiding it; I won’t let you. Your nipples are mine,” he licked and sucked the other one to prove his point. “And your lips,” he caught her thrashing head and took her mouth with his lips and tongue. “And your pussy.” Ten consciously pleasurable, deviously attentive strokes into her already receptive cunt. “And your

bottom, which I am going to wale the tar out of as soon as we've settled this.

"Every naughty, disobedient inch of you is mine, and as much as you might protest the fact, Katherine, you lost the battle for control of your body when your Father decided to sell you. I control you, physically, and that turns you on mentally, too, and you're having a very hard time with that for some reason. Why you don't just relax and accept it, I don't know. You could be getting the same kind of beatings as I give you, the same examinations and enemas and a good bit more fucking, from a man whose touch makes your skin crawl – who doesn't feed you, doesn't bathe himself or you, and who sells you to other men."

Prima was crying hysterically at the combination of his words and his actions. He was right, but she didn't want him to be right! "Nonononono," she sobbed.

Joseph took a deep breath, unable to stop himself from fucking her rhythmically any more than she could stop her hips from rising to meet each of his thrusts.

"It's okay that you love me, Katherine, even though you may not like what I do to you," he whispered into her ear, and she was eternally grateful that he couldn't see the truth on her face. "I know it's not easy for you to reconcile your love with the discipline and the punishments you receive from me; it probably never will be. But it's okay. None of us can control who or what we love."

It was as if she had needed his permission or society's permission in general. But once he'd said that, voicing her most frightening thought, her need to fight him went away. Disappeared, as if it had never been.

With that, he took her as he would have if they had been having sex in the old times, with every care and attention to heightening her pleasure as he rocked into her and kissed her

tears away. For the first time, she kissed him back and touched him of her own volition, running her hands up and down his back when he released her arms, burying her hand in his hair when he captured her mouth for a deep, wet kiss. Joseph groaned with pleasure at those small fingertips as they dragged their way over his flexing buttocks.

The build up was so deliberate and slow that she came apart in his arms at the end as he smothered her with himself, overwhelming her with his masculine touch and taste, bathing her with his tongue and, finally, his essence.

He remained on top of her, finding it was just this easy to keep her where she was supposed to be. Joseph laid his head on her breast. "No more running away from me," he scolded firmly. "Do you understand?"

On a surprisingly contended sigh, she answered dutifully, "Yes, Sir."

"You've got a good, hard punishment coming for all of your misbehaviors today, woman." He felt her bottom flinch as if he was already taking the paddle to it.

"Don't, Sir, please?"

His hand found its way up under her hip to grip a cheek as she tried unsuccessfully to wiggle away from him. "Yes, I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you a very sound whippin'. Can't let you get out of line like this and not make sure your bottom pays for it. Running way, telling me 'no', fighting me at every turn . . . I won't have it, Prima. You're just going to have to learn your lesson the hard way, like always."

He didn't see the small smile on her face at the comfort she found in his strictness, although her words were suitably contrite. "I'm sorry, Sir."

Joseph's mouth found a still peaked nipple and suckled on it lazily. "You will be, wench, I can promise you that."



Katherine was counting on it. She was already getting wet at the thought.

“After you spend one more day in bed.” He rolled to one side of her, his hand unerringly finding the evidence of her arousal. “I want to make sure that you didn’t give yourself a setback with your foolishness of tramping barefoot through the woods trying to escape from the place that has the best things for you – a wet pussy, a sore bottom, and a man who will make sure they both stay that way.”

What could she have been thinking? Katherine wondered as his fingers sank into her like he owned her.

And he did.

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