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# *Tria*

## *Chapter 1*

*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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She heard the sharp snip of the lock being cut as she knelt before him on his bed – one of the few times she was even allowed near it - then the thin brown leather band was removed and thrown away. It was the first time she'd felt nothing around her neck since she was eleven and got her first flow. Whereas when she'd first been fitted with it all those years ago, she'd pulled and tugged at it, and sworn that it had itched and she was allergic to it, she felt somehow bereft without it now, but it was the morning of her twenty fifth birthday and she was to be a part of the public auction that would be conducted in the square at ten. There were to be no reminders left on her of the one who had owned her until she was of an age to be bought.

Once the jomfru torque had been removed, she then presented herself to the hood – the only woman in the house who held any rank of a sort that was recognized by the male of the house. The females had their own ranks amongst themselves, but the Principal ignored them, as was his right. The hood removed the robe like covering that covered her completely, even to the tips of her toes, the style of which she'd been wearing since that same day fourteen years ago.

Abril was bathed en masse by all the women in the house – all five of them, as it was a smallish household – and every speck of her body hair was removed except that on her head, which had been allowed to grow since birth. By law, no woman could cut her hair except for reasons of disease, although it was unheard of to bring such a menial disobedience to the attention of the Greycoats. They weren't there to help a man control his women. Laws were there for men and things of their realm. Certainly not for women, except in matters of property disputes.

Such trivial matters were dealt with by the Principal within the walls of his own house, where his own rule was law. He would never let such a pitiful transgression against his authority to be brought to light in a court of law, regardless. That was what Downstairs was for.

She was made to lie back on the hood's bed – they had no decent bier for such ceremonies as this, there weren't enough of them to warrant it as far as the Principal was concerned – with her legs held up and spread by two of the women while a third assisted the hood and the fourth sat by her head, stroking her hair soothingly. Abril took little comfort, however. Nothing in her life had prepared her for the way she was being opened and exposed, but she knew better than to resist.

The fact that these women had helped raise her didn't make this any easier for her to endure. And she had been brought up the right way; the way that was endorsed by the

Government – with extreme modesty measures, with no male contact ever, except with the Principal and then only in the most chaste of ways even when it involved discipline. He was never to touch her otherwise. That was the realm of whoever bought her.

There she was, lying forcibly naked and spread, when she'd never once in her life not been covered by some sort of clothing. Even just changing from one robe to another was done by bringing the new robe up from the feet to the neck, then taking the old robe off over the head. Her whole body was blushing hot, she could feel it. And then the hood leaned forward and fit something into the leather and steel girdle that had been welded onto her so long ago, removing it in one motion and discarding it as casually as the Principal had her toque.

But she didn't stop there. Every inch of Abril's most intimate self was washed, very carefully and with disgraceful intimacy, with a soft cloth dipped in blenheim scented water. She was barely allowed to touch down there herself – only enough to clean herself up when needed, and during her twice weekly baths. The smell of that pungent flower filled the room as she was carefully dried and even more carefully pulled apart again. She knew vaguely what was happening down there from having seen the Procession occasionally herself on the rare occasions she was allowed into town. Her lips – inner and outer – were being painted a bright, gaudy red dust made from the clay that was available in the hills, all the way down to her bottom hole and up around the edges of her cheeks there.

When that was done, everyone helped her up, and her immediate reaction was to cover herself with both of her hands, but the hood merely nodded and her arms were held out from her sides so that she couldn't interfere with her preparations. At first, she was turned around, and she couldn't imagine what was going to be done to her, but then she felt the same brush strokes – only broader – painting her bottom. She'd forgotten that they were supposed to be accented as if she'd only recently been punished.

Not that she needed any help in that area. She was always getting it for something – usually speaking when she hadn't been spoken to, like she'd gotten yesterday morning. Her cheeks were probably still plenty rosy from that.

The hood was the only one of them that was allowed to sit at the table with him and even that was done somewhat grudgingly, and she was only actually allowed to eat after he'd taken his fill and left the table. Then she could eat what she wanted, keeping in mind that the others would eat whatever was left after her.

She hadn't meant to sass him – not at all. He'd called for a refill of his homemade wash at breakfast and she'd spilled some, which was enough to earn her a good hard spanking right there, but then she'd compounded her error by apologizing for it in her desperation to avoid a punishment, and she'd heard every female in the room – which was everyone because they were always all gathered to serve him and watch him eat before them – draw a gasping breath, knowing what she'd be subjected to from just that small lapse.

He hadn't even missed a bite, saying only one word as he swallowed that made the rest of the room shudder, "Downstairs."

She hadn't gotten any of the morning meal yesterday. He'd taken care of her before he left to go into town, and Abril was grateful for having made the error when he couldn't take the time to be as elaborate as he usually was, although she was the least punished of any of the females. The hood got it the worst of any of them; only partially because she also got punished when any of them misbehaved. The Principal seemed to enjoy punishing her, and there were many nights when the sounds of the poor woman's screams drifted up through the floorboards and lulled her to sleep.

She had left the table immediately, as required, and found her way down the creaky stairs to the most dreaded part of the house. She knew she was to arrange herself over the heavy oak table that served as one of the punishment tables. There were straps to be done at the middle of the table that would hold her hands still with her wrists above her head, as well as more straps around the legs of the table that would keep her legs from the kicking and twisting and writhing they wanted to do quite naturally, but whether or not he would use those would be entirely up to his own tastes at that moment.

The snaps that ran up the back of her robe were pulled apart up to her waist as she gathered the rough material in front of her, so that it wouldn't offer her any refuge and wouldn't get in his way. Then Abril had bent over the table, her backside completely exposed from waist to heels, to await his descent with her cheek on the hands she'd folded nervously under her head.

It wasn't long – she'd known it wouldn't be. He didn't get up until he absolutely had to, so he wouldn't have much time to punish her, thankfully, but that wasn't much comfort as she heard his boots clunking loudly down each step, knowing what was waiting for her at the end.

He didn't waste any time, walking over to the innocuous looking cabinet in which he kept such things and taking two things out. As soon as he hit the bottom stair, she had closed her eyes. She didn't want to see which adjuster he'd decided to use on her this time, and she already knew one of the things he was getting that he always insisted they all wear while they were being corrected.

She could hear him step closer to her, then felt the familiar blindfold as it was fitted over her eyes. He hadn't said anything to her, not one word, and experience told her that he wouldn't. He knew that she knew what she'd done wrong. There was no need in belaboring the point, as far as he was concerned.

He put the implement he'd chosen against her bottom, giving her as much of a warning as she was going to get that the ordeal was about to begin.

With the first stroke, she began a howl that didn't end until he turned away, leaving what had to have been the strap lying next to her, as it was her duty to put it away.

Abril was left there, trying to come to grips with the pain, trying to compartmentalize it and put it away, because she wasn't going to be allowed to wallow in this one spanking in any way – especially one that was so short.

It had only lasted twenty strokes. Less than ten minutes of his time, but a lifetime of remembrance for her. He'd laid that strap onto her with all of his strength, and he hadn't done it long enough that he would have been tired by the time he stopped. He knew exactly what he was doing. He knew how to inflict the maximum of pain in the minimum of time. She knew there were livid wheals and welts across her bottom from the kiss of the strap, but she had to stand back up, snap her robe back together and get upstairs to do her chores . . .

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# *Tria*

## *Chapter 2*

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She was turned around and the hood rose reaching out to cup one of her breasts gently, then suddenly pinching and pulling it hard to encourage it to pop. Once it had bloomed, she dusted it, too, with that awful powder, repeating her actions with Abril's other breast and nipple.

Finally, a veil was dropped down over her shoulders and that was exactly what it was – no more than a completely translucent veil of gossamer fabric that emphasized the nudity beneath it rather than hiding it from prying eyes. It was tied at the shoulders and cinched with a string at her waist.

There were crowds of just such eyes in her immediate future. Before she was put on the block, she and everyone else who had reached her twenty fifth birthday this month would be paraded through the town in just this thin covering, her hair down and brushed till it was shiny, hands bound to the sides of the platform on which she rode as a part of the cortege. They were displayed to the rabble before entering the auction hall – and those males who were permitted to enter were required to pay a hefty toll for the privilege of bidding on them, because they were virgins from well known house who could demand such a thing.

And it was worse than she'd imagined. The females of the house kissed her goodbye with tears in their eyes. She was the first of the house to do this, although there were several girls younger than she who would go through the same thing. The Principal helped her onto the ornate gold platform and secured her there, kneeling on a soft platform, her robe pulled taut against her body like a second skin and held there by her knees, her breasts swelling obscenely against the gossamer garment.

The trip into town was usually accomplished under tight wraps – when it was accomplished at all. This time all she could think about was how embarrassed she was – how humiliating it was to be exposed in such a vulgar fashion to all an sundry who lined the road – and they did – three and four deep, leering and jeering and drooling all over themselves and each other.

The crowds only got worse as they neared town. It was interesting to have the sea of males part for her, a mere female. But they did, most eagerly. Once they stopped, her wrists were released from the sides of the conveyance, but then were retied behind her.

Her Principal kept her wrists in his hand, controlling her as he guided her into the huge building and up onto a stage. He stood her on the fifth podium across the stage, wrapping two large manacles that were chained to the floor around her wrists, doing the same with the ones for her ankles. She could barely move, from both the short lengths of chain and the weight of them.

Each of the podiums around her were filled, slowly, and sometimes with females who were obviously not very happy about being there. She was amazed at the struggle some of them put up, knowing that if she'd resisted like that her Principal would have taken the leather paddle that always hung from his belt and corrected her long and hard, right then and there, witnesses and modesty be damned.

The rest of the auditorium filled very quickly, until the auctionees were completely outnumbered by the men in front of them, all prosperous and well to do, buttoned down as much as was possible, more restrained by far than the milling crowds they'd all just been paraded through, but they just managed to hide their lasciviousness a little more successfully than the rabble, with better clothes and more baubles. Abril was very thankful that her Principal had stayed with her, even though she couldn't touch him and he wasn't touching her. She could feel all of those male eyes on her – on the very prominent parts of her that had been rouged outrageously, and it made something strange happen to her body. She was terrified and uncomfortable, but she felt her breasts swelling with the attentions of all those strange males, and she was afraid that she was getting her flow – worried it would stain the pristine gown just as the vermillion had – because she was somehow dripping something from between those brightly stained lips, only it wasn't the right time for her show.

She couldn't dwell on her situation very long, because the proceedings started exactly as the bell ringer proclaimed ten.

The circus master, dressed all in red in contrast to the bevy of auctionees, stood center stage and called out, "Welcome to the April Circus, gentlemen. We have twelve beauties for you to bid on, each and every one would be a gem in your house, all from reputable Principals, each with a name for only the finest quality merchandise."

The first girl was escorted before the crowd, out onto a special walkway that brought her right into the midst of the men, who, as the morning wore on, managed to exert less and less control over their baser urges, despite the huge eunuch bouncers that surrounded and protected the stage. More than one potential owner found himself bodily thrown out of the building, forfeiting the large stake he had paid to enter it.

There were enormous amounts being paid for each female, more money than Abril had ever heard of in her life. She knew her Principal was a prominent man in town – even the men he passed always bowed to him, but she hadn't realized that, in being from his house, she would be able to command such a price. She hoped. She hoped she didn't disappoint him and bring only a pittance.

Before she knew it, well before she wanted it to, it was her turn. At least he was there to unbind her then rebind her with her wrists behind her back for the walk down the catwalk. Her Principal pushed her on ahead of him, which was entirely unnatural for a

female. No female ever walked in front of a male. It just wasn't done.

But there she was, tottering down the runway, absolutely terrified, looking right and left and seeing nothing but slaving men. He tugged on her wrists and made her stand at the end and turn around for them, then he made her bend over, and tugged her veil up over her legs and bottom to her hips, running his hand possessively over those already ruddy cheeks as if teasing them because they couldn't do the same unless they were the winning bidder. Abril thought she would die from the embarrassment. She started to struggle, just a bit, and his correction was immediate and fierce as he delivered four crashing blows to her cringing bottom, two to each cheek.

The crowd roared its approval as offers to assist him and tame her flew fast and furious. The crowd was driven to a fever pitch, which was exactly his intention. As they offered their esteemed advice, he calmly tugged down her covering and made her straighten, then took her arm rather forcefully and brought her back to her platform, leaving her to stand there docilely as he resumed his stance in front of her and the other girls were, in turn, brought before the eager bidders.

But none of them managed to cause the sensation she had – even the ones who had been struggling when they got there seemed somehow subdued by the situation. Abril wasn't sure whether that was good or bad.

Their display, however, only seemed to be the very beginning of their ordeal. Once everyone had had their turn, the ringleader asked those who wanted to examine the merchandise to form orderly lines at either end of the stage. Nearly every seat was drained of its occupant as the eager men queued up to get a closer look at the women they'd just been teased by.

Some of the Principals would actually let the gawkers touch their women, and when the first man approached Abril, she tried to cringe away, but couldn't. She didn't know what her Principal was going to allow. The idea of being touched by hundreds of grabby, groping men made her feel faint.

When the first male approached her – skirting everyone else and heading straight for her – Abril began to shake, the chains around her wrists rattling as if she was some sort of ghost. Her Principal put his hand on her shoulder to steady her and guide her down off her dais as he chatted up the prospect.

“Abril Mardi Denzelle. A natural blonde, sweet tempered, completely untouched, and kept to the old ways of modesty and honor in a maid.”

The man had seen at least fifty harvests, standing not nearly to Abril's shoulder as he chomped down on a chambrez cigar and squinted up at her. Abril could smell his sharp aroma from where she stood, just behind the men, as befitted her position. He apparently subscribed to the current fad thinking; that bathing stripped a person of layers of both insulation and inoculation against germs.

Rumor, innuendo, and snake oil merchants abounded since the Before Time. Modern medicine had been forgotten in favor of superstition and patent medicines.



Her Principal turned to her and said in a quiet, firm voice, “You stand still, girl.”

Abril did her best to do as she was told, especially when the man stood directly in front of her. Abril averted her eyes automatically, from years of training, trying to ignore those thick, stinky fingers as they descended on her face, pulling her eyelids up, then down, looking up her nose, and poking into her mouth, forcing her head back so that she had to show him that all of her teeth were healthy. She’d remembered being with her Principal when he’d bought a horse, and it was treated in much the same manner.

When the man had finished exploring her head – running his fingers through her hair as if checking for bugs, looking in her ears – he took a step back and nodded to Abril’s handler, who proceeded to slip the bow ties at her shoulders and let the thin veil of fabric fall away from her breasts to hang from the thin rope at her waist. The old man almost lost his cigar as he stood staring dumbly at her, and Abril shifted restlessly as he kept staring, but then, as her breasts bounced with each jerky, nervous movement and the buyer nearly began to drool right in front of her, she stopped moving and stood stock still, desperately wishing she was anywhere else – even strapped to the bench and getting a whipping. Anything would be better than this.

But the worst was yet to come. Not only was the smelly old man allowed to look at her breasts, he was allowed – even encouraged – to touch and play with the bounty that had just been revealed to him. At first his rough hands were almost reverent as he trailed the tips of them down the slope of each breast, but then he cupped them and squeezed hard enough to make her squeal, using his fingers and thumbs to pinch those ruby nipples that, for some reason, refused to shrink away from him as the rest of her was trying to do.

“Stand still, girl!”

Abril did her best to obey the sharp command, but once that awful male moved on to other helpless territory, another took his place, and another and another and another. Her nipples were so sore by the time everyone sat down again that she had disgraced herself and begun to cry as the last man came up to her, and she couldn’t stop herself from trying to twist away from him, even though he’d made no move to grab her as everyone else had this morning.

She got even more agitated when she saw out of the corner of her eye that her Principal was reaching for his leather paddle.

The man in front of her reached out to stay the Principal’s hand, though, and then he took the paddle into his own hand. It was as if it was happening to someone else as she saw her owner was complying with him entirely, deferring to him as if he was someone of great importance. She was forced to turn around as he yanked the veil up from where it had hung to the backs of her heels and rucked it up to her waist, where he held it in place by wrapping his arm around her, which also served to hold her tightly in place.

Abril was mortified to realize that the whole theatre had come to a screeching halt to witness her punishment. No other sound could be heard other than heavy breathing. All

eyes were on her and the tableau she presented, bright red bare bottom framed by the veil and awaiting a punishment delivered for the first time by a man other than her Principal.

She had always thought that the discipline she'd received before was the worst, harshest possible, but the stranger revised her opinion, and she wasn't quite sure what made it that way.

Perhaps it was the fact that he'd moved her owner entirely out of the way in favor of wrapping his own bulky, muscular arm around her, reaching down a bit to grab a hold on one of her breasts almost as good measure, to ensure she was completely immobile. A massive volley of furious swats began to hit her rear end that were at once both short and sharp, as well as deeply painful – and he didn't stop until he'd covered her entire bottom twice, then he moved on to the tender backs of her legs and set them aflame – drawing frantic, embarrassed sobs but absolutely no wiggles as he held her fast.

The only thing that Abril could think about was getting him to stop – somehow, even though he was doing essentially the same thing as her Principal had, it was a thousand times worse from this man. Maybe it was the fact that this man was her potential owner, and could possibly breed with her, depending on how deep his pockets were. Something was different. Perhaps it was because he'd so boldly reached down and grabbed the plump breast hanging within his reach, as if he'd already bought and paid for her. No one had ever touched her there – until this morning. And certainly no male, with his big, broad callused palm and fingers over that defenseless, ultra sensitive palmful of flesh, holding it, squeezing it, controlling her and not allowing her to escape his correction of her.

And most definitely feeling the way her burgeoning, obscenely red nipple popped out against his skin.

She'd not had much thought about the outcome of these proceedings – of this ritual - lately. She'd actually spent the past few months dreading it, but as it had drawn closer and closer, Abril had become fatalistic about it. She didn't want to leave the only home and family she'd known. She didn't want to go through this embarrassing and humiliating process, even though she'd known her fate since she could conceive of the concepts. She didn't want some total stranger to have the right of life or death over her, and, much worse than that as far as she was concerned, the right to touch and paw her as this man was.

Her mind had been mostly blank since this morning – she'd been observing things from afar with a morbid sense of curiosity, as if they were happening to a body she recognized, but certainly not hers. After all, she had no control over who she ended up with by this afternoon. It could be literally any man – fat, slim, old, young. She had tried very carefully not to think what he might be like, knowing that the reality would never be the same as what she imagined, and would, with her luck, be much worse.

But this man – this huge, oafish man's powerful spanking and intimate hold - made her very sure of one thing: she did not want to go home with him. Under any circumstances.

Having reduced her to gushing, hiccupping sobs in a matter of just a minute or so, he let her go so suddenly that she nearly fell flat on her face. Her breast felt the want of the warmth of his hand, wanting for some strange reason, to nestle there again as she tried to collect herself as best she could. Her Principal bid her straighten up and she did so, blushing even further at the applause from their eager audience. She quickly found herself bound again, but at least he'd decided not to continue to present her breasts to all and sundry.

But that man had stood right there during the entire process, not moving a muscle. She'd expected him to leave and go on to the next female, and perhaps do the same thing to her. But he just stood there. When she was restrained again, he stood directly in front of her, towering over her. Her entire field of vision, as she stared carefully at the ground, was filled up by him and his buckskins. Abril swallowed hard, realizing that her breathing was coming hard, and it wasn't just because she was trying to recover from the licking he'd just given her, either.

"Look at me."

Those were three words she'd never heard from anyone, much less a male. She wasn't supposed to look a male in the eye. It went against everything she was, everything she'd been taught so carefully.

So she bit her lip and remained with her head down, noting how worn his boots were . . . and how thick those calves were. They were easily bigger around than her thighs.

"I'm not going to say it again."

She was torn. She certainly didn't want another spanking. But what he was asking was wrong. Just wrong.

"Do as you're told, girl," her Principal prompted, and Abril couldn't believe what she was hearing. This was the person who had drilled it into her personally that she was never to meet the eyes of any male, and here he was telling her to do so in front of an auditorium full of witnesses.

Fearing any further hesitation, she began to raise her head, her eyes gliding naturally over his thick thighs and waist – although there wasn't an ounce of fat on her that she could see, and his clothing was not meant to cover or hide, but rather to be utilitarian. His hand – the one that had groped her breast – sat impatiently against his hip as her eyes widened at the expanse of his chest, and her neck craned as she saw his face for the first time, and her heart nearly stopped dead within her ribcage.

He was unbelievably beautiful. His thick, black hair was cut short in a manner that stated baldly that he didn't much care how it looked, but nonetheless it only added to his appeal. His skin was deeply tanned, brows dark and heavy, both of which only served to accentuate the sharp, stark blue eyes. His nose was long and bold, sitting above full, sensual lips that didn't look like they had done much smiling.

Abril blanched. He was nearly three times her size, and despite how incredibly

handsome he was – or maybe because of it - he looked utterly and completely ruthless, as if he wouldn't think twice about snapping a girl like her clean in two at a moment's notice.

Her eyes settled on his mouth. There was a cruelty in it, even though there was no hint of expression whatsoever on his face. Abril swallowed hard, her eyes darting only occasionally to his before they began sinking to the floor again.

He moved on without another word to give the next female the once over, and she was alarmed to realize that she felt somewhat bereft when he did.

She endured another hour or so of inspections by various types of men, most of whom didn't bother to conceal how they were drooling over her body, but her Principal never again let any other male actually see her breasts. Some of them asked, some didn't. Some wanted to take her into a back room and verify her virginity themselves, but he wouldn't allow it. His reputation and his word were enough, he said. Abril was never more grateful to hear him say anything.

The bidding began then, and slowly, sometimes excruciatingly slowly, each of the females around her was led off by her proud new owner. The amounts that were being paid for each one – in merchandise and barter – were incredible. Entire years' worth of food, barrels of propane and hundreds of generators and batteries. She was beginning to think that there wasn't going to be much left for these men to bid on her, when they finally got around to it.

But she was dead wrong.

By the time they got to her, she was shaking where she stood. She was the last one. They shone a spotlight on her that put the audience, who had crowded the stage as soon as the last of the others had been guided off, into shadows.

The opening bid for her was astronomical, and it skyrocketed from there to more goods and services than she had ever in her life heard of anyone owning. There were about ten men bidding for her seriously that eventually whittled away to two or three, then down to two. As the auctioneer repeated the top bid and reached for his gavel, glancing around for other bidders, but obviously extremely happy already with the outcome, another voice was heard from the back of the auditorium, preempting the usual "going once".

"I bid my own services for a year."

Abril had been looking for the stranger her Principal had deferred to, praying that he'd left already. She knew he hadn't bought anyone else, but she hadn't seen him since he'd fondled her.

A shudder ran through Abril at his voice. It was dark and ominous, just like him, full of promises of things she didn't want to know about herself – or him.

It seemed that she wasn't the only one who was uneasy around him – his bid caused

gasps and starts from the audience and everyone turned to try to see where he was, but he hung back, having no interest in the spotlight.

Somehow, whatever service he was offering seemed to trump everyone else. The other two bidders fell away quickly, almost falling over themselves in their hurry to do so. Abril wanted to scream at them – even though they were old men who were nowhere near as fair of face as the stranger was – that she'd do anything for them, anything at all, if they'd just rescue her from being bought by the hard man in buckskin who was leaning back against the wall of the hall, the smoke from his cigar curling around his head as if purposefully further shrouding him from view.

Before she knew it, the gavel had banged down three times in rapid succession, as the auctioneer cried, "Going, going, gone!" and her life, as she had known it, ended.

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# *Tria*

## *Chapter 3*

*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Just a few minutes later, she found herself standing outside in the street, next to a very well taken care of horse. Her new owner had wasted no time in bounding up to the stage and claiming her, exchanging whatever information was required with her Principal, who had let her go without so much as a backward glance. The stranger had produced a robe from somewhere, made of the same finely tanned skins as what he'd worn, and dropped it over her head, covering her from head to toe. It even had a hood, which he pulled up and secured around her face. If it hadn't been him doing it, Abril might even have felt somewhat secure for the first time in a very long while.

As it was, she did take some comfort from the protection the clothing he offered provided, but she certainly didn't relax her guard. She had no idea what was going to become of her, or where she was going to end up.

The only things she did know were that this man held some sort of power over even the richest of the rich within the community, and that, judging from the quick spanking he'd given her not long ago, she'd better do her best to obey him, not that she'd intended to rebel suddenly anyway.

He swung up into the saddle with an ease that bespoke years of doing just that, and leaned down to her, offering her his help in getting onto the horse.

Abril almost balked, automatically. Women did not ride horses. It was against the law, but more than that, it wasn't proper, and it gave them ideas above their stations. The idea had been drilled into her for so long she was having a hard time obeying him, and he leaned down a ways, so that his mouth was somewhat close to her ear, and said gruffly, "You'll pay for your hesitation. Don't think, just obey."

Apparently, he wasn't worried about the Greycoats. She put her trembling hand in his and let him lift her up in front of him. She'd been in his possession less than five minutes and she'd already earned another punishment. Sitting in the hard leather saddle in front of him reminded her of what she'd already received at his hands – the buckskin wasn't any sort of protection except from prying eyes.

He held her close to him as he guided the horse through town. Abril was surprised that – as powerful as he apparently was, he didn't have a motorcar. All of the rich, important men in town had them. They'd been status symbols in the Before Time, and they were even more so now.

Abril was not comfortable in the least, and began shifting around to try to find a better position, until he said two words in that commanding tone of his. "Be still."

She did exactly as she was told, holding herself starchily erect until her muscles would no longer tolerate it, and then yielding to the inevitable and leaning against him for support. Regardless, her butt was taking a beating without any help from him at all.

They rode all day and night for two days, stopping only very occasionally for food and to relieve themselves, which she was entirely mortified to find she was required to do in front of him. Abril struggled to do as he bade, taking comfort in the fact that at least her robe covered most of her. All he could really see was that she was squatting.

She didn't watch him at all, and was incredibly thankful that he hadn't forced her to do it. She could hear him, though, and that was quite bad enough.

He gave her jerky to chew on, which she'd heard about but never tasted. Her Principal had been a meat and potatoes man – because he could afford to be – and there was rarely any meat by the time everyone else had fed before her. It was salty and surprisingly tender and flavorful. He gave her water out of the same container he'd used himself. That was amazing to her. Females and males in her realm of knowledge did not share drinking facilities of any sort, much less drink directly from the same containers.

They didn't stop until just before dusk, when he gave a series of short, sharp whistles and approached a small bridge that was surrounded by armed men. Several of them opened a big gate, calling out greetings to the man who was apparently their boss, who grunted and rode on through the woods a good ways, at which point he stopped again and reached for her robe, removing it to tuck into a saddlebag, leaving the shredded tatters of the veil on the forest floor.

"You're on my land now. Whenever you're on my land, you'll always be naked."

They rode on again, and now she had even less protection against the hard saddle beneath her butt. Luckily, it wasn't very long before he reined the horse in again and slid down, then set her down in front of him, facing a huge log cabin mansion. She'd never seen a house so big. He busied himself taking care of the horse, removing all its tack and turning it loose in the corral with a generous portion of hay and oats.

Then he began to walk, and it took Abril just a bit to realize that she should be following him. His strides were so huge that she had to run to catch up, noting with a terrible disconcertion that her breasts bobbed up and down with each step in the most shameless manner, almost as badly as they had on that abominable horse.

It was the biggest house she'd ever seen, but she didn't have a chance to drink it all in

because she was spending all her time trying to keep up with him. She stepped into the kitchen just after him, almost missing the small, older woman at the wood stove in favor of the table across the room that was set with more food than she'd ever seen in her life – even when the Principal had sat down to gorge himself each night he didn't have the amount of food that was laid out here.

Her mouth began to water, but she knew it shouldn't. Her new owner wasn't likely to spend much time feeding her, and she certainly wasn't likely to get a taste of that bounty. There were things on that table that looked absolutely delicious – she recognized fresh, whole strawberries that were almost the size of her fist, a big roast sliced thing with gravy, and that was enough to drive her nearly crazy with hunger.

Another man appeared, though, and, having forgotten herself over the food, she accidentally looked him in the eye, then immediately brought her eyes to the ground, hoping she wasn't in for yet another spanking for her slip as she reflexively covered her privates and breasts. She'd expected other women, perhaps, but not another man.

The older woman came up beside her and practically herded her towards the table as if she was a lost sheep. "Sit down, girl. Have something to eat."

Everyone in the room was aware of the completely stunned look on her face. Abril was thinking there were two things wrong with what the woman had said – she could never eat before the males of the household, and she could never sit in a male's presence, unless invited to do so by the male.

So, since she didn't know if the woman was trying to trick her, and she didn't want to get into any more trouble, Abril stood exactly where she was, quiet as a mouse, hoping no one would notice her, somehow.

Her new owner addressed her from where he stood like a Sequoia across the room, his voice reverberating off the walls. "Abril, this is Lima. She is to be obeyed as you would - " he corrected himself grimly, "as you will learn to do me. However, right now we have another matter to attend to." He turned away, and she scurried behind him down a long hall, not even bothering to peer into the rooms on either side.

Thomas could hear her behind him, and he was somewhat surprised. She was so small and barely weighed a thing, it was amazing that she made any sound at all when she walked. He led the way into his huge bedroom. It had been an extravagance, especially in today's currency, but he was a big man, and he hated feeling cramped. The world was smaller now.

He snorted to himself. The world wasn't much of a world any more, since the Great Plague that wiped out most of the population of the world, beginning in the States and then being carried very rapidly to the four corners of the world courtesy of Americans' taste for travel.

Thomas could remember those days – he'd been in the military, of course. He'd never really not been in the military in his entire life. He'd seen and done some things – even



before the panic and the looting and the shooting began as people realized that they were next to bloat up and die with blood oozing from every orifice.

There were few survivors – and even fewer of those were women – that men had very quickly reverted to type and taken the remaining women completely under their control. Thomas couldn't say that he disagreed with the idea. The population had dwindled to such a point that the survivors needed to recolonize, badly, and they couldn't be much concerned about the Equal Rights Amendment or the human race would likely die out. History repeated itself, in the harshest manner possible, for the remaining females, who became little more than chattel and were valued for only two attributes – their purity and their ability to breed.

Communities with different traditions and customs sprung up all around what had been the U.S., but the common thread was the way women had almost immediately reverted to the status of property, chattel. Valuable, yes, but property nonetheless.

That was what had drawn him to the Circus in the first place, especially since it had been heavily advertised that Principal Hoffman was to present a girl. He was one of the best breeders in the world – his girls were biddable, well-trained, and completely pure.

They had also had the most successful pregnancies of almost any breeder in existence, and Thomas wanted a son.

He didn't hold with a lot of traditions – old or new. Thomas did what he wanted, plague or not. It had surprised a lot of people who knew him when he went into the military, and amazed them even more when he not only survived it, he thrived in it, becoming a retread officer after about eight years of being Uncle Sam's eyes, ears, and trigger finger all over the world. Even as an officer, he was still sent out into the field – they couldn't afford to lose him or his abilities, which had served him extremely well once all hell had broken loose.

He'd become something of a warlord hereabouts, had created the compound they were now in, and made a tidy sum by hiring himself out. Some parts of the world had fared much better than others after the sickness died down – those that weren't as developed as before hadn't had that much to lose, and they were now willing to pay top dollar for a man of Thomas's talents. Ironically, it was the U.S. that had paid the worst price in the loss people, technology, and infrastructure.

When the virulent strain finally died out, there were small enclaves dotting the landscape, but not much more than that. Most of the Northern cities were abandoned in favor of not having to deal with all that snow. He knew that they were on the northern boarder of Kentucky and Indiana – not that that mattered any more, really, except that he had specifically chosen a place that was less likely to be of interest to everyone else.

He wanted – and needed – his space, and generally he got it, except from the occasional idiot who took it into his head that he wanted to challenge Thomas, either for his abundant acquisitions or to sully his reputation somehow.

So far, Thomas had always come out on top.

He turned on the light provided by one of the many generators he'd acquired, then crossed the room and opened a door, holding it open for her to precede him into the smallish room. The door at the other end was locked, he'd made sure of that before he'd left, figuring that they would end up here relatively soon after they'd come home. He knew she was well schooled in the art of submission, but he also knew that she wouldn't know his ways and would inevitably do something that would earn her a disciplinary session – and a date with this room.

He certainly hadn't expected her to shy away from him onstage, but he was eternally grateful for it. Her misbehavior had given him the chance to pull her close to him, and tuck her under his arm for the punishment. It was when he'd felt her sore red nipple poking into his palm that his desire for her had solidified.

And now, here she was, in a room he'd designed for exactly this purpose as he'd built this house from the ground up with lumber from the forest that surrounded it. She was his to do with as he pleased.

And he pleased to hear her cry.

Abril followed him through a large bedroom that should have given her insight into where she'd end up: it was floor to ceiling mirrors, everywhere she looked, even on the ceiling. The only thing that obstructed her view of herself as she trailed after him was the occasional piece of heavy oak furniture. But he led the way into a smaller room, kind of like a small bedroom, that had doors at either end – and the farthest door had a mirror on it, so that she could watch herself in it as she approached. But it wasn't the doors that she paid attention to, really. It was the row upon row of implements that were hanging from the walls – each one looking more evil than the last. There were paddles of every size, shape, and make, crops and canes and belts and rulers and yardsticks. There was a bright red bag with a white hose, and shelves that lined the walls with strange looking things that were small at one end, but thicker at the other, then pinched off at the end into a flange of some sort, and they were all different colors – beautiful colors she'd never seen before. There were straps and harness type things like the ones she'd seen on horses, as well as the occasional brightly colored scarf or two.

It looked like Downstairs. But even when one was strapped over a horse or a table down there, one couldn't see all of the possible things that might be used on one, nor could one see one's reaction as they were being used, which was rapidly becoming the worst of all.

Mirrors weren't allowed in the Principal's house. He had a small one with which he shaved, but he kept it under lock and key. He didn't like his females to become vain. Besides, what she looked like didn't have any bearing on what she would become.

But nothing had prepared her for what she was seeing, especially since the man behind her was wasting absolutely no time in arranging her to his liking, pulling a padded horse type of thing out of the wall and arranging it sideways, where she noted to her disgust that there were also mirrors that showed her more than she'd ever wanted to see of herself, and what he was going to do to her.

She could see everything – there were even mirrors built into the bottom of the horse, so that she couldn't hide from herself and her reactions even when she hung her head down - and somehow that made it all just that much worse. Even if he just gave her a few taps, which was highly unlikely, seeing his strokes and watching the paddle – or whatever implement he chose – come crashing down onto her own bottom would be a horrendous torture, almost worse than the spanking itself.

She could already see her own frightened expression, and it was feeding on itself – the more she looked at it, and thus saw the reflection of both herself and what he was doing behind her – the more scare she became.

He'd selected a longish ruler from the wall and was thwacking it loudly against his palm, as if testing its mettle. Abril tugged at her bonds and found them more than adequate to keep her right where he wanted her. He didn't give her much time to come to grips with her position, though, after standing next to her for just a few seconds, gazing at the tableau in the mirrors, he brought that awful thing across the very tip top of her bottom, almost where the small of her back began, drawing his arm all the way back and laying into her hard.

There was nothing around to soundproof the room, so the ruler connecting with her backside sounded like a gunshot. Even though she was in the middle of an indrawn breath, she could see for herself the livid weal his efforts had produced, and somehow that only made it a million times worse.

And she knew she was in for a lifetime of punishments just like this. This was what he had chosen to do to punish her for her small hesitancy about getting onto the horse. What would he do if she ever actively disobeyed him – by omission or commission? Abril shuddered to think, and then shuddered again when she saw him drawing that massive arm of his back again.

Nothing she could do could truly brace her for the blows, though. Nothing could prepare her for what she was seeing, or what was being done to her. She'd been punished before – and well, she'd thought. But that was nothing to what she was experiencing now. Perhaps it had to do with a certain level of comfort achieved through familiarity, Abril didn't know. She didn't care. She just wanted to make it through however long he decided to create a basket weave pattern in red and white – mostly red - on her rounded bottom.

Even though she couldn't move a muscle, he'd put his big hand on the small of her back, and somehow that made her feel even that much more vulnerable, when it was the other hand, the one that held the stick, that she should have been worried about. But he was touching her – yet again – in a place where no one ever had before. Punishment sessions with her Principal were fairly ritualized and almost sterile. The majority of the contact was between her forcibly vulnerable self and the implement. He'd sometimes stood a good distance away from her, depending on the length of the implement.

But not here. She could feel two sets of heat on her backside – one from the contents of his right hand, and the other from the warmth of his left, his thumb resting in the

depression just where her cheeks began and split.

Abril pulled and tugged and squirmed, but got nowhere. She was trying to hold back her grunts and groans and the downright screams she wanted to emit, knowing there were others in the house and not wanting to disgrace him – or herself.

As he delivered blow after blow without so much as breaking a sweat and she hadn't made much more than a peep, a thought struck Thomas and he threw out almost casually without missing a beat, "You can scream as loud as you like, darlin'. Lima and Rook won't hear you. This room is sound proof."

Almost as soon as he said it, she became absolutely unable to stifle the groans and squeals, especially as he began to add a second layer of swats over the first, and began to speak to her as he punished. "You'll learn. If I have to do this – and a lot worse – twice a day for the rest of your life, you'll learn. When I tell you to do something, you do it. You are not in this world to think. That's what I'm here for. You're here to obey me – quickly and completely."

When her entire bottom had been roasted to a shade of neon red, he stopped, but he didn't look like he was done. He crouched down behind her and pulled apart those sore cheeks like he meant business, and he did. "Have you ever been touched here?"

Unused to being interrogated after a punishment, and barely beginning to recover from this most recent one, Abril answered hesitantly, "On my bottom?"

"In your bottom."

Her eyes flared just at the absurdity of the question. Why would he be asking her a question like that? Wouldn't the answer be obvious? "Uh, no?"

Thomas didn't like the way she answered. "Aren't you sure? And you are to address me at all times as 'Sir'."

"Yes, Sir," she said quickly. "And I'm sure, Sir." She wanted to say more, but didn't want to be accused of thinking too much.

"Well, you're about to be."

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*Tria*  
*Chapter 4*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Thomas looked at his new woman, spread out before him. He wasn't going to pamper her – not in this way, anyway. From the looks of her, and his knowledge of Hoffman's tightwad ways, she hadn't gotten a lot to eat – just enough to keep her from looking emaciated. He liked a little meat on his bones, and even if he didn't, he earned enough in food barter that they didn't need to worry about shortages any time soon. He'd have to fatten her up a little.

But that would happen gradually. Right now, she was standing in front of him with a newly reddened bottom, and a beautiful little flower that wanted its first plucking. He intended to give her something that would remind her that he expected instantaneous obedience, and this would do it with every move she made. As he was thinking, he was moving and adjusting her over the horse, tugging her forwards some after he'd raised her legs so that she was squatting some, and thrusting her bottom out most enticingly, as if she was asking for what she was about to receive.

He looked at his huge selection of plugs and took his time in the selection. When the plague had first hit, the losses of population had been so quick and rife that it hadn't taken long for rag tag survivors – some of whom would also go on to die of the disease; it just took a little longer to get to them – to begin looting for what they needed, or just wanted. Some people hit electronic stores and grocery stores. He'd done some of that. But the first place he'd looted was an adult store, and he'd hit every other one he could find after that. As a result, he had a massive collection of toys and implements – a literally unending one. And what he couldn't find, he could make, if need be, although he'd never found a lack.

Thomas had had women here before. None that he'd spent as much time or attention on as he'd spent on this one, but women he'd bought. They weren't a dime a dozen, though, and they were far from virgins. He'd paid their owners for the use of them in blocks of a couple of weeks or months at a time, then had turned them back to their rightful owners, usually better fed, quieter, and he dared say happier than when they'd arrived – if a bit abraded in various intimate areas.

This one – this one was special. She would be here permanently, and he could take his time with her. There was no need to rush into anything – not that he was going to be able to keep his genitals in line for very long, but he didn't have a "return by" date on an invoice staring him in the face. She wasn't going anywhere.

He chose the plug carefully. He had no doubt – from her previous owner's reputation as

well as his own inspection of the area – that she was completely virginal in every sense of the word. He didn't want to damage her in any way. What he would do to her might result in bruises and welts and angry red wheals, but it would never cause broken bones or do any sort of permanent harm.

So what he decided on was one of the smallest he owned, a pretty blue in color that would match her eyes – he chuckled at the idea of her eyes and her bottom matching. It was barely as thick as his pinky finger at the larger end, and had a small flange that almost resembled a flower. His mind reeled at the idea of having that winking at him from between her tight red cheeks all day . . .

In deference to her, and this being its maiden voyage into her, he coated it with a thin layer of lubricant, taking excruciating care not to put so much on that it would easily work its own way out. Then he stood for a moment, plug in hand, and just looked down at her, hardly believing that all this bounty was his.

Abril was sniffing and still sobbing slightly while she watched every move he made through the tears. She didn't know why he'd repositioned her in such an obscene manner, or why he was standing there, looking down at her outrageously displayed bottom while holding some sort of blue thing in his hand that looked like giant suppository.

He couldn't possibly be thinking of putting that thing in the same place as a suppository went, could he? She thought with alarm. It was much much too big!

But then he bent down and opened her cheeks even more than they were already pried apart just by how her legs were arranged, forcing her bottom hole into view in such detail that even she could see it for herself in the multiple reflections. She couldn't believe what she was seeing. It was a place on her person that she never expected to confront, yet here it was.

And there was that blue thing, heading toward her within that strong, tanned hand of his. She tried to squirm and wiggle away from it, but couldn't move a muscle – the leather straps that held her kept her right where he wanted her.

Thomas watched her eyes in the mirror as she realized what he was going to do, and how helpless she was to prevent it. "Oh, yes, Abril. This little blue plug is going to be your companion for the afternoon, or until I take it out. Once I get it seated deep inside you, we're going to go out and have something to eat, and then I'm going to talk to you about your rules for behavior, and then get you something to work on to keep you out of trouble for the rest of the day. Then we'll have dinner and go to bed."

The nose of the thing was pressing against the opening on her body that was made for the express purpose of getting things out of her body, and now here he was trying to introduce something into it, and it felt unbelievably shameful and strange. She was trying to resist it with all her might, clamping down on muscles there she'd never known she'd owned, not that it did her any good at all.

His hand rubbed the small of her back as he spoke and poked at the same time. "You

can't keep me out, Abril. You can't. And you shouldn't be resisting me, anyway. I'm your owner, and this is what I intend to do to you, and you should welcome it instead of earning yourself a session for fighting against me. I can see you're going to need another correction on top of the one you just got. Perhaps after dinner."

Abril couldn't absorb what she was hearing. Not only was she supposed to welcome her own degradation, but she had already, within the space of five seconds since the last one ended, gotten herself another spanking lined up. Already.

But he'd gone on to other things. "Arch your back and thrust your hips back. This is what I've decided is best for you, and you will not struggle against it."

It was the hardest thing Abril had ever done in her life. But she knew she had to do as she was told. Slowly, as reluctantly as she dared, she did as she was told, leaning back against the bonds that held her, arching her back and presenting her bottom to him as if it was seeking the violation he offered.

"That's it." He withdrew the plug all the way out, then introduced it again, earning a sharply drawn breath from her along with various aborted moans and grunts that grew louder and more frequent as he slowly, very, very slowly drove it into her, forcing her to open just that much more to accommodate its advance.

Thomas closed his eyes and drank in all of the signs of her distress, knowing that he was very close to unmanning himself just from her helpless whimpers and the occasional unsuppressable flinch or twitch away from that which was raping her nether hole. He hadn't meant to threaten – promise, he never threatened – another punishment so soon, but wouldn't retreat from it. It came out naturally, and he was a firm believer that things happened as they should. He knew it was a good idea to take a very firm hand with her – firmer than he would always take – at first, so that she wouldn't even think of misbehaving in the future.

But he didn't know if he could live through it. His dick was just about to burst in his pants, and, although he knew he could indulge himself with her right here, right now, he liked to deny himself. He'd been so looking forward to the Circus auction – certainly not the disgusting usual Circus Caesarea, where bets were made about when women were going to have babies, and whether or not those children were going to survive the process.

The only Circus he'd ever had any interest in was the monthly auction, and he'd known the rumor was true, that Principal Hoffman had a female he was going to present in April, and although he'd gone to other recent ones to indulge himself and almost tease himself with what he knew he couldn't have yet, he'd bided his time, knowing he could trump any other bid when Hoffman's wares were finally displayed.

Each moan, each groan flowed over him like an electric wave that set put every nerve in his body at attention, soaking in her humiliation, her shame, as he carefully fit the implement within that tight, tense spot, finally setting the flange against the contracted ring and setting off another chorus of embarrassed whimpers that nearly sent him over the edge.

“There.” He tapped the flange firmly, purposely making her start against her bonds, then reached down and turned the entire plug around within her. He was almost of a mind to make her ask him to do the entire process again, but he didn’t want to slicken the way too much for it to work its way out of her body, so he tucked that idea into the back of his head for another time.

Abril just lay there, defeated as he unlaced her wrists and ankles then exited the room without another word. She followed him hesitantly, hating the way walking felt now. He headed back to the kitchen, which was exactly where she didn’t want to him to go. Now she would not only have to deal with the weird way her body was being constantly invaded by that awful blue thing, but she would also have to deal with the knowledge that everyone else would see both that she had had to be corrected from the color of her cheeks, and also that he had shoved something up inside her that made her walk funny.

He sat down at the head of the table, and she took what she assumed to be her place against the wall, in case he needed something. But it seemed she was wrong again there. All doing that got her was a firm look with a cocked eyebrow. “How are you going to eat way over there?” he asked, and everyone turned to look at her.

It amazed her when she saw Lima take a seat next to her owner as if it was something she did every day. She knew her mouth was hanging open, and her bottom clenched almost painfully around its probe, but she kept waiting for her new owner to correct the female and he didn’t.

What he did was tell Abril to take the empty seat.

Thomas was quickly falling in love with watching this particular female’s face. It was incredibly unguarded and expressive. He could see exactly what she was thinking in it at any given time. She’d never be able to hide anything from him, and he liked that idea. There was no guile about her. She was fresh and clean.

For the time being.

At the very least, she was a blank slate on which he intended to write his passions.

She was hesitating again but not overtly. She was doing as she was told, just very slowly, as if she expected him to reach out and smack her for obeying him at any minute, when it was disobeying him that would get her into trouble. Always. He was a stickler for consistence, feeling it made a female feel safer and more attended to to have a concrete set of rules about her behavior.

Not that good behavior was going to ensure that she wasn’t going to be put over that horse, or the table they were sitting at right now, or his horse and get the whuppin of her life, just because he wanted to watch her try to squirm away as those inevitable tracks formed on her butt and she sobbed and mewled.

Abril had never in her life eaten with a man and now she was being expected to eat with two, without question. It just wasn’t done. She stood next to the chair for a micro



second, then pulled it out and sat down gingerly, for more reasons than just a societal hesitation at the act, or the way the rough wood of the simple chair dug into her sore, tender. Sitting down put her small weight and focused it on that small ring of flesh and how stretched it was, forcing that small invader even further into her from the sheer force of gravity. There was nothing she could do about it except try to shift and lean, all under everyone's watchful – in his case – and curious – in the case of the woman and the other man – eyes.

“Stop fidgeting,” was all he had to say to make her sit ramrod straight in her chair, regardless of how her butt was feeling.

The woman filled a plate and set it before her. Abril's eyes went perfectly round and her jaw dropped. There were things on that plate that she'd only heard tell of – like meat and potatoes and eggs. She was lucky to get the gristle from any slice of meat, and generally ended up eating only the vegetables no one else wanted as her meager meal.

This plate – her plate – was heaped high with eggs and potatoes and some sort of meat like something she'd never seen before. She sat there, staring at the food, her hand on her spoon, but she couldn't grasp that all of this was hers and hers alone to eat. It hadn't been picked over by five other people, and it didn't look like she needed to worry about anyone eating after her – everyone else was already eating their fill. Tears splattered down onto the table in big splotches as she stared at the food.

Thomas watched her, and knew what she was thinking, what she was crying about. He had no doubt that this was the first time in her life she'd had a full plate of food to herself. He shook his head, wondering at some of Hoffman's skinflint ways. But he didn't comfort her. It wouldn't do to coddle her too much in some ways. “Eat.”

She picked up her spoon, which he knew was the only utensil Hoffman allowed near his women, for fear they might harm themselves or others. He reached over and took the spoon away, putting the fork in her hand. “Use this.”

Dinner was a very awkward experience for Abril. She ate with her head down, concentrating on the food, which was the most delicious she had ever eaten in her life. She did her best not to squirm as gravity kept up an awful pressure on that obscenely stretched spot and the object her body was involuntarily try to shove further inside her.

She finished eating before he did, even though he'd cautioned her not to shovel it in in an unladylike manner. Thomas could see that table manners would need to be a part of her training as he molded her into the female he wanted her to be.

He leaned forward and told her to put her fork down. She complied, but slowly. She obviously wanted to continue eating, but feared for the condition of her bottom. Smart girl.

They ended up in his study. Her Principal had had a room like this room – although much darker and paneled. It was often where she was brought for punishment, and Abril had to wonder if that was why he was bringing her here. She noticed that he left the door wide open, and knew that it was a deliberate move – he wanted her to know

that, regardless of whatever her reaction was to what he did, be it that awful, unexpected and shameful pleasure he'd just introduced her to, or pain, she would know in the back of her mind that the two people out in the kitchen could pretty much hear any of her reactions – screams, moans, and guttural pleas for mercy.

He brought her around behind the big desk, to where he sank down into a large chair, then pulled her onto his lap. She was half ready to have to lie over his legs, but that wasn't how he positioned her.

Instead, he did something she never expected. He let – no, encouraged – her to lie against him, to relax and drape herself over his enormous strength and bulk, as if she was something to be treasured and not bought and sold, her golden head tucked beneath her chin, the only two signs of her slavery was the unnatural inhabitant of her bottom and the strong, thick fingers that circled her delicate wrist.

His deep, dark voice rumbled into her ears and beneath her whole nude body, his free hand coming up to cup her butt, his palm covering the flange, pressing rhythmically as he spoke.

“We will have the renaming ceremony this evening.” Every woman who was taken into a new house was renamed by her new owner. “I just wanted to give you some ground rules. I know they'll be more in the future, and things will be fine tuned, but these are the basic ones that you should learn and live by. I won't ever hesitate to correct you in whatever way I see fit, but I also won't limit myself to giving you pain only when you've disobeyed or broken some rule. I will do with your body as I please. It's mine – I bought it, and I can and will do with it as I please.”

Having her on his lap was much more intriguing than he expected – he wanted to brush the contents of his desk off and have at her right then and there – and who was going to stop him? Absolutely no one. But he didn't want to take her in a rush and have it over with before it had begun. He wanted to deflower her slowly, with purpose and intent, and he wanted the both of them to feel every inch of it along the way.

Few men would understand his self-denial, or the fact that he would nearly always insist that she reach her own culmination from his attentions. But then few men understood how much control – self control or that over others – there was in those two endeavors. He would never let his genitals dictate what he did. He controlled them, not the other way around.

And sexual satisfaction worked wonders as a control method for females. He'd known that even in the Before Time, when he was barely a man – he'd always made sure his girlfriends were satisfied – but in his own good time, and no amount of begging or pleading ever dissuaded him from his intent. They exploded only when he allowed them to, although he had thoroughly enjoyed dangling them at the very edge and denying them.

A shudder ran through his big body and he shifted her a bit away from his spiking erection and continued with his speech. “Your primary rule, as you may have noticed, is to obey me without question or hesitation. I will not tolerate even the slightest sign of

rebellion in you. You are not to think, merely to act on whatever orders you are given.”

She nodded against his chest, but he wasn't at all sure she really understood what he meant. It would take her quite a while and probably innumerable dances over that horse or elsewhere. It wouldn't make a whit of difference to him where she was, if she said or did something wrong, he was going to correct her as immediately as possible. She was going to get her second correction in as many hours when he was through enumerating her rules.

“Except in case of emergency or when you're pleading with me to spare your bottom or various other portions of your anatomy, which I probably will never do, you are to speak only when spoken to, and then you are never to use any sort of profanity what so ever. You will obey Lima and Rook the same way as you obey me. Lima cooks three meals a day for the men – I'm not always home for all of them, but we will always have a meal together in the evening, like tonight. You are to eat all of every meal she sets before you – although the only men you'll eat with are myself or Rook. You need some fattening; you're skin and bones.

“You'll have regular chores to do, and you'll help Lima as she needs it, and do whatever tasks I might assign you. But your first and foremost duty is to please me.”

Abril already knew that, although no one had really ever told her what to do to achieve that goal, beyond being meek and obedient and acquiescing without complaint to whatever her owner demanded of her. “Yes, Sir,” she answered quietly.

He liked that she'd said that. He liked the way it sounded on her lips, and to his ears. He liked the way she felt all curled up on his chest. But he had to admit, he preferred how she looked when that ruler was whistling through the air and making her scream and cry, or the way she arched her back to receive the plug up into her body, knowing how much she didn't want it there, really, but that he had the power to make her accept it whether she wanted it or not.

A stray thought occurred to Thomas, and he rearranged her on his lap so that she lay across his lap in an entirely different way from how she usually would, face up, so that he could follow the lean line of her near thigh to that slickened nest between her legs. She had been put through the appropriate ritual and there was no body hair left there, but he would always think of it as a nest. He almost preferred a slight downy covering there – made his fingers just that much slicker against her skin.

But it turned out that he didn't need any help in that area – he parted her naked lips and it was as if a dam burst onto his fingers.

He'd punished her well, and invaded her body with a foreign object and forced her to eat, naked with strangers, and even now, lying in his lap with that thing poking into her while a man she didn't know touched her intimately, and yet her body seemed to have heartily approved of every bit of it.

Abril lay there beneath his touch, filled with shame that he was touching her like this. Was this what was to become of her? Was she to spend her days on display in front of

complete strangers, forced to wear strange things up her bottom and suffer his hands touching her down there? And with those fingers of his poking gently at her and rubbing over a strange point between her legs that only he seemed to awaken for her?

Thomas smiled evilly at his discovery of her body's uninhibited response, keeping his hand in that warm wet spot – and just a tad higher – as he continued the lecture. “You’ll find that we don’t follow all the rules you were raised with, and that we have others you might not know about. Our customs and traditions aren’t exactly the same as those of the house of Hoffman, but you’ll adjust and learn, if you ever want to be able to sit comfortably again.”

“Y - yes, Sir.” Abril didn’t like what was happening to her. She felt as if she couldn’t catch her breath, and her nipples were hard. They usually only got all hard and tight when she was very cold – now they were almost unbearably so, and she wanted to rub her hands over them – worse than that she wanted him to rub his hands over them – but she didn’t want him to stop what he was doing long enough to reach up and do that. Whatever he was doing down there was alarming and enticing and shameful all at once, and the combination was driving her crazy, making her want to rub against him in a way that was so embarrassing she could barely think it, although her body was more than willing to do it.

“I will touch you whenever and wherever I want to, and you are never to resist me in any way. Resistance and disobedience will get you punished – and spanking is just the beginning of that. If I should ever find out that you’ve lied to me in any way, then you’ll spend at least a week bound hand and foot in that room where I spanked you, watching yourself getting corrected every hour on the hour, until you can’t tell where your butt begins and the cane or the paddle or the crop ends, among other things, like this right here, and a lot worse.” He tapped her plug firmly, making her catch her breath.

“In case you haven’t already guessed it, you are low man on the totem pole here. Rook or Lima can punish you if they feel you need it, too.”

She almost asked if she could ask a question, then thought better of it.

But he caught that slight movement. “You can always ask me questions, as long as they’re respectfully put. I won’t take any sort of sass from you, and I mean none.”

“I – I just wondered, Sir, why you would let another man touch me.”

Thomas smiled slightly. “Because Rook’s not a man.”

Abril was confused. He was a big guy – almost as big as the man who owned her, broad of chest and obviously well muscled, with a bit of a pot belly.

He was grinning at her puzzled look, but didn’t deign to explain. “Let’s just say that he wouldn’t be here if I didn’t trust him with your life and your virtue.” He cleared his throat and became serious again, tipping her face up so that she had to meet his eyes. “The way you can increase your rank here – pretty much the only way – is to give me a son. And we’re going to spend a lot of time trying to get one.”

One of the other reasons he'd set his sites on Hoffman's April female, was that he had an exceptional track record in a very tricky area – selling select females from a line of proven breeders. Every female he'd sold off had given her new owner a child within fifteen years – sometimes as soon as two or three years, and without all the life-threatening miscarriages that had become a depressing, discouraging fact since the Plague.

But he just knew that that wasn't going to happen with them. She was young and healthy and he was rarin' to go.

As a matter of fact, he thought, there was no reason why he couldn't combine the discipline she needed and an opportunity to indulge himself in her body, if just a little.

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# *Tria*

## *Chapter 5*

*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Thomas swiveled a bit in his chair and lifted her off of him and onto his desk. He'd envisioned taking her right there and then, sweeping his desk off with one arm and mounting her in one powerful stroke. But instead, he laid her back gently, carefully, trying to disturb things as little as possible. It was like a game to him. After this, the next time he looked at his desk when it was the way it always was, and he would see her lying there, spread open for him, her knees on his shoulders as he bent forward, tugged those roughed lips wide apart, and sealed his lips around her already stiff and throbbing clit.

Thomas knew that her startled, almost outraged growl would have been heard all over the house, and Lima and Rook would have had a very good idea what he was doing to his woman. He'd left the door open for just that purpose. Without a second's hesitation, he reached up and captured a nipple between each thumb and forefinger, pinching and tugging gently at first, then more firmly, imparting just the slightest touch of pain, but nothing that smacked of real discomfort.

He'd take care of that end of things in a moment, but right now he was enjoying the way she was sighing and moaning at his attentions. He loved the fact that she responded to him like this. This was a bonus he hadn't expected. He'd hoped, but he hadn't expected, even for the amount he'd paid for her. He expected that Hoffman was going to work him to the bone for her – and the man had a lot of enemies, especially within his trade. Thomas' winning bid would go a long way towards leveling the playing field for the man. He figured he'd be spending the year eliminating a lot of that man's competition and stealing the girls away.

And he was rapidly discovering that she was going to be well worth his efforts, whatever they ended up being. "Ah," he sighed, more to himself than to her, "I wish I had mirrors in here." He made a mental note to see that Rook put some in. He dearly wanted her to see herself as she came into her first pleasure, although he wasn't going to let her complete it right now, she was getting her first tastes of it beneath his mouth, but her head was hanging over the edge of the desk, and he couldn't see her expression. He wanted to see it himself, and to force her to see it also, to make her always confront and realize that whatever she was feeling – be it the depths of ecstasy or the height of pain, that it was at his behest, at his hands. Or mouth, as in this situation, he grinned as his tongue flicked out and licked that bud as it tried to hide between her full lips.

She didn't know if it was against his rules or not, but she couldn't keep herself from moaning, "Oh, Sir, please, I - " but she didn't know what she wanted from him, and she

knew it wasn't her place to ask for anything, regardless. She was there to be used, and to feel whatever he decided she should feel, nothing more, nothing less.

He didn't seem angry at her utterance, in fact his efforts, where his mouth met her most private place, redoubled, until she thought she was going die in some sort of violent implosion.

But then, just like that, he stopped and flipped her over, putting a hard hand at the small of her back to hold her down. He reached into the top drawer of the big mahogany desk and took out a smallish wooden paddle. If she hadn't had a good idea how it was going to be used, she might have marveled at the fine craftsmanship of the implement, but she didn't have any time to do so before he lit into her with it, saying in that deep, gravelly voice that nevertheless was entirely emotionless and all the more terrifying for that fact, "This is just a taste of what you're going to get. On a regular basis. Apparently, you're going to need pretty regular reminders of how I expect you to behave." She could hear the displeasure in his voice. "It appears that, although Principal Hoffman can apparently breed and keep pure some of the most fertile women left on Earth, but he can't teach them to behave worth beans."

The paddle was about ping pong sized, not much smaller than his hand when his fingers were spread, and taking up most of her cheek with each swat – over and over and over again, until she was so sore that she was sure that she was going to die if it descended again, but, of course, it did. Until her mind – and every other part of her body – was numb, except those parts he was tending to; her rounded rear and down the backs of her thighs, once pale white, the flesh never kissed by the sun now busied by wholly unforgiving wood. At least a sun burn would have just burned the first layer or two of skin.

The paddle, in his hands, burned and stung brain deep, helped by his hypnotic voice, pitched just low enough that she had to strain to hear him while she kicked her legs frantically until the first time her heel connected with that seared flesh. Then she had to settle for rocking and trying to slide away from him, which he'd stopped immediately by gathering her wrists at the small of her back in a no nonsense fashion.

He did manage, in general, to avoid hitting the flange of her plug as it nestled between her quickly reddening cheeks. When he did hit it, she'd start and arch and tug against his hold on her arms even more than she did when the paddle connected with yielding flesh instead of trying to drive that horrid thing further into her rectum.

"I don't mind if you're trying to avoid a spanking. That's just natural. Your body is probably always going to try to move away from correction, even when you know it's a necessary thing, something you need and crave and something that might even drive you to misbehave at some points, just until you learn that I'll always haul you back into line." The paddle rose and fell in its inexorable fashion as he spoke, mirroring his firmly delivered speech.

If she'd been in her right mind, she might have argued – at least to herself – that she could never imagine actually trying to provoke him into doing this.

“But when it’s just an invasion of any sort – when there’s no real pain to be cringing away from, just a bit of discomfort or stretching – that I expect you to control. And if you have to learn to do that the hard way, then that can be arranged. It’ll be your first real lesson from me.”

Abril’s eyes widened as she wondered what he’d considered these first two punishments to have been, but then she decided she didn’t really want to know the answer. All she wanted in the word right now was for the paddling to stop. She had been screaming and begging and crying so loudly that her voice was already ragged and hoarse, and his swats had only gotten increasingly, incrementally harder. He was a big, strong man with shoulders as broad as a barn. His spanking arm wasn’t likely to ever get tired.

“But for now, in another fifty strokes or so, and you’ll think twice about trying to squirm away from whatever I decide to press into you – for a while, at least.” With that pronouncement, she literally threw her head back and wailed, not caring that Lima and Rook could most definitely hear her, and knew exactly what was going on in this room, that her owner had her bent over his desk and held helpless as he paddled her until she was frantic with it.

But he caught her off guard by stopping for a moment, and reaching between the fleshy mounds he’d been setting ablaze to twist that well seated invader around one hundred and eighty degrees just to hear her whimpers of discomfort and note with not a little satisfaction that she didn’t flinch at all. She was trainable.

He pressed his fingers against the end, pumping it gently, rocking it back and forth while her bottom hole clenched tightly around it, trying valiantly – but unsuccessfully – to adjust to the changes he was causing. Then he twirled it back to its original spot, his genitals becoming harder and tighter with every pleading whimper.

“That’s it. You just lie there and take what I give you, Abril. That’s all you can do, anyway. Anything else’ll get you into more trouble than you’d ever want to think about.” His hands caressed her swollen butt, rubbing the irritated flesh in a possessive manner that held no ounce of soothing, but rather increased her discomfort, pulling and prying apart her flesh, which only served to remind her of her complete vulnerability as well as the presence of what felt like a thick pole in her bottom. “Spread your legs,” he ordered suddenly, smacking the inside of her legs sharply as she tried to comply as fast as she could, but apparently not fast enough for him. “More.” She yanked her own legs even further apart, nearly splitting herself in two in the process.

He sank down behind her and she heard a buckle clanking, then felt something strong and unyielding snake around her ankle, and when he did the same thing to her other ankle, it tugged her legs even further apart, so that the bottom half of her was completely splayed over the edge of his desk. He stood back a bit as if admiring the scene he’d created, then took something off his chair and had her stand up as best she could, so that he could put some sort of cushion in front of her private area, then made her bend over again, this time securing her wrists behind her back with some sort of leather thong.



Although they had yet to have the naming ceremony, he slipped a collar around her neck, and attached it tautly to the leg of the desk that was directly beneath her, ensuring that she could not lift her head so much as an inch. She was held fast – could barely move a muscle, trussed up to receive the second leg of his discipline.

But that wasn't what he immediately launched into. Instead, he sat down on his chair, behind her, and Abril, who still hadn't calmed down from the paddling he'd already done, was mortified to realize exactly what he had a bird's eye view of – her privates were on display for him, she knew, from stem to stern. "Man, that is a beautiful sight, Abril," he breathed as his hand came up to cup her there, where she was so untouched, so much a virgin – only less so since being in his care. "I love seeing you like this – I might just have to do this every once in a while, just tie you over my desk and stare at you." His fingers were itching to touch her though, and he knew that looking was never going to be the end of it. He wanted her more than he'd ever wanted anything in his life, and the temptation to throw caution to the wind was weighing more heavily on him than he'd expected. It had been a while. He'd been saving himself, not wanting to waste his seed on a female that wasn't his. He reached out and patted her backside, then let his fingers trail down her natural crease, over the flange, and up, a huge smile spreading over his face when he realized that she was still as wet as she'd been before.

It seemed that his female enjoyed a strict hand, as well as a full bottom. He'd be sure to remember that. He gave her a few lazy strokes over her extremely swollen little bud, watching her body shudder in involuntary reaction to his attentions.

But he didn't want to finish her off until later - until he'd claimed her formally, although he didn't much hold with all that ceremonial folderol.

He sat there watching her for a little while longer, until he thought his dick was going to bust his way through his jeans, then stood to the opposite side of her from where he'd stood before, taking up the paddle again in his other hand.

Abril realized with a sinking feeling that he was ambidextrous. He was going to give her those last fifty smacks with a completely fresh arm.

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# *Tria*

## *Chapter 6*

*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Abril desperately wanted to snuggle under the thick covers where she lay on his huge bed, but she knew she couldn't tolerate anything against or even over her rear. She had collapsed when he'd finally released her from her bonds, and he'd had to carry her out of his study. It had amazed her that he'd brought her into his own bedroom. She had vaguely thought as he'd set her down on the side of the bed that faced away from the door that she'd probably have her own bedroom, maybe in the basement or something, somewhere appropriate to her station within the house.

She'd looked around her a little as he fussed around her – tugging soft leather cuffs up from under the mirrored headboard and encircling her wrists with them, then clicking some sort of lock that held them in place – then lay her head down on a pillow that was as soft as a cloud. She'd never been allowed a pillow before. She'd had a rough cot in the back room, with a scratchy wool blanket.

“You're going to sleep here for the rest of her life – unless I decide to tie you up somewhere else. I want you close at hand so that I can keep track of where you are, and because when I have the urge, I don't want to have to go searching around the house for you. I want to roll over and slide into you and make you scream and ride me back, maybe even beg me to be harder on you.”

Thomas wasn't sure which one of them he was teasing the most – and then he realized, it certainly wasn't her – she had no idea what sex was, beyond the light touching he'd done. He stopped talking immediately when he realized was torturing himself more than her, and that wasn't the way things were supposed to be.

He'd paddled her bottom but good a few minutes ago, while she'd wailed and begged and cried and pleaded for mercy that he wasn't about to grant her. He certainly wasn't going to go soft on her at any time, even if she was with him for the next two hundred years, which was a distinct possibility since surviving the Plague had extended peoples' lifetimes, especially women, thankfully, since there were so few of them.

He needed – and she apparently also needed and craved, whether she knew it or not – to keep her strictly in line and not bend to any sort of female wiles or pleas for attention. He'd told her that she'd be getting fifty more, and that was how many she was getting, even if she fainted from it, which she seemed to be on the verge of, she was breathing so heavily.

Thomas reached into his desk drawer slowly, not interrupting the rhythm of the paddle as it cracked and smacked loudly against her already tenderized flesh, taking out a pad

of smelling salts just in case.

She couldn't cringe away from the implement of her correction – the pillow against the edge of the desk kept her bottom sticking out obscenely, as if it was reaching out for that horrid paddle, as if it was inviting the painful connection as it kissed every inch of her from the top curve of her cheeks down to just above the backs of her knees. And he was less careful this round about whether or not he hit the plug she was harboring inside her – in fact, sometimes it even seemed as if he was aiming for it in particular, landing several deliberate swats directly over the middle of her bottom, which made her strain and buck and writhe for a different reason than when the usual agonizing explosion rocked her bottom.

By the time he finished with her, calling out the last ten smacks himself and delivering each with a wide swing of his arm, she was a hot, angry red, and he knew she'd think twice about any sort of resistance in the future.

He took his time before releasing her, listening to her try to get her breathing under control, sniffing and snuffling and still occasionally tugging at the leather thongs he'd used to keep her in place. She almost tugged at his heart, but he squelched that immediately. He could not be soft with her. It wouldn't do either of them any good.

The paddle and smelling salts were tucked back into their cubbies in his desk, then he released first her ankles then her wrists, removing the generic collar and lead and stuffing them and the thongs into his pencil tray, cautioning her once when he started not to move until he told her to.

Abril didn't think she could move even if she wanted to, and she didn't. She laid her cheek on the desktop, noting that her copious tears had stained his desk pad.

“Up.”

She struggled to rise from the position he'd maneuvered her into, but her swollen legs would not longer hold her weight. Abril nearly collapsed into his arms, and it was only natural for him to swing her up in them and stalk out of the room.

It was almost as if Lima and Rook had been waiting for them to emerge from his study. Lima rushed to her, clicking her tongue, but she fell back at Thomas' glare. “She'll have no comfort from you, woman.” He transferred his gaze to Rook. “Or you either, for that matter. Is that completely understood?”

“Yes, Sir,” they chorused back.

He headed back to that awful bedroom of his, with the floor to ceiling mirrors – and even mirrors on the ceiling – and lay her down on his huge, soft bed. She felt as if she sank a mile into it, it was so soft and fluffy. But then, most two by fours seemed soft and fluffy compared to how she was used to sleeping.

He'd laid her on her side, so that the parts of her that were still burning and stinging wouldn't come in contact with anything that might aggravate their condition, and then

he'd anchored her wrists above her head gently, but securely, and touched her side almost comfortingly. He had hesitated a bit when he saw the darkening bruises from the time she'd spent pulling at the thongs holding her hands while she was over his desk. But he did what he felt needed to be done. "I want you to sleep. You've had an eventful couple of days." She was almost asleep as it was, but when she felt something being fitted over her face, she started out of her reverie. But there was no stopping him, no matter how uncomfortable she felt being deprived of her sight in an unfamiliar place. It wasn't as if he was going to let her go anywhere, anyway.

But being blindfolded just made her feel that much more vulnerable overall, and she began to sob again when she'd nearly stopped.

Thomas ignored her tears entirely as he slipped linked leather cuffs around her ankles that were attached to the frame of the bed below her. He didn't necessarily worry that she might try to escape, but he was determined to take a stern stance with her from the beginning, and he intended that she'd sleep this way – bound and helpless – every night for the rest of her life. It would become unusual for her to sleep free, and she'd soon adjust to the confinement, and he whispered exactly that into her ear before lying behind her and slipping that nasty blue plug out of her bottom so quickly that she caught her breath on a yelp.

She'd become used to being filled at his behest. She'd conformed to his requirements. It was what she did; what she would always do if she wanted to keep any part of her bottom in tact.

Although she chafed at what he had just revealed to her about what she could expect from her future with him, she was too tired to do much in the way of protesting, and fell asleep almost instantly as she heard him moving quietly around the room.

He woke her several hours later for dinner by removing her ankle cuffs, after spending a short amount of time admiring the picture she made lying there on his bed, bound hand and foot by leather cuffs that no matter how delicate they were – and these were as small as he could find in his stash – managed to play up the contrast between the rough black leather and her soft, milky white skin. She was his. He could barely wrap his mind around the fact that he wouldn't have to give her back in the coming days or weeks. She was his, and would always be here, completely available to him, for the rest of her life.

And tonight it would be made official with the naming – Covering – ceremony, where he would formally claim her as his own in front of witnesses, and she would be covered by him – figuratively, kept safe by his protection, then covered by him in a much more literal sense minutes later. He would cover her past – as if wiping it out – by giving her a name of his own choosing, reinforcing how completely he owned and controlled her. He made her change her complete identity. He was making her a real female, by word and deed. The only thing that could promote her even further as a woman – which wasn't very far but would be several steps above where she was in rank currently, which was at the bottom, where she belonged – was to give him a son.

At his insistence, she got up, a little unsteadily and followed him back to the dining room, where another feast was laid out before them. She took the same seat at least as

gingerly - or maybe more so than the last time – but only ate some of what was put before her.

“Clean your plate, Abril,” he cautioned, watching her carefully.

She did as she was told, but her stomach was still full from lunch. She’d never eaten so much food in her life.

When everyone was done, she was ordered to help Lima clean up the kitchen while he and Rook got things ready for the ceremony.

“Lima, Abril, come in here.”

The ceremony took place in his bedroom. Candles were lit all around the bed, which was the center of their relationship, the place where conception would take place – hopefully – the place where she was the most his and surrendered most completely to his will.

Thomas arranged Abril on the bed, this time locking her arms and legs spread eagled, and then replacing the blindfold again. She knew better than to protest, though. This was a solemn occasion, and although she knew that there would be a ceremony where she would receive her real female name from her owner, she didn’t know anything else that would go on beyond that.

Thomas took a long white taper in his hand and lit it off one of the others on the nightstand and came to stand at near her head, while Lima stood at her feet and Rook across from Thomas. “Abril Mardi Denzelle from the Hoffman House, I claim you in the Ryker name as my own, and your new name shall be Ryker’s Tria.” He rubbed a rough cloth over each of the nipples that had been so carefully painted by the hood, then did the same to her mons before he tipped the candle once over each breast, letting a drop of the liquid wax drip down directly onto each nipple as she yelped softly each time, then moving just a bit down the bed to land a bigger dollop onto her bare pubic area.

Then he reached beneath his own pillow and took out a slim but solid, velvet lined collar that fit her perfectly. As he closed the clasp that was designed never to come open again, he said, “I accept full, strict responsibility for you and any male progeny we might created together.”

Upon hearing those words, Tria knew that if she was ever to bear him a child, she would need to pray for a boy, because if it was a girl, she – like her mother before her – would be taken away to be raised in the strict, old fashioned way that she herself had been, until she came of an age to be sold at the monthly Circus.

She couldn’t see what was going on around her at all, although she could hear the whispered congratulations. He released her arms from the opposite bedposts, but not from their cuffs entirely, instead attaching a broad length of leather between them and arranging it behind her, so that when she had scrunched down on the bed and lay back, she was holding her own wrists tight to the bed by virtue of her own weight.

He also loosed each ankle, but then rebound her legs with leather lengths around the backs of her knees that seemed to come from behind her head, so as he very slowly tightened each of them in turn until her knees were nearly back far enough to touch her bed, then letting them loosen just a bit before securing them there. She could not close her legs for the next portion of the ceremony. She needed to be completely exposed and completely vulnerable to him – as she always should and would be.

Tria didn't know if Rook and Lima were still in the room. She sincerely hoped not, although she had a feeling they were. It was out of her control, regardless, but she had a feeling that she really didn't want to have an audience for what he was about to do, whatever it was. It was already incredibly embarrassing to be trussed up like a turkey. Those parts of her that neither she nor anyone else in her life had ever been able to touch were suddenly of a lot of interest to a lot of different people, and she thought she was probably going to go through the rest of her life with two sets of permanently red cheeks.

The next thing she felt was his warm chest pressing against her opened slit as he took a nipple between each thumb and forefinger and twisted them gently at first, then more firmly, plucking them away from her body as they grew and tightened with his caresses.

He began to grind himself against her, so that she could feel his rough chest hair against the tenderest parts of her. It shouldn't have felt good, but it did. And her body wanted much more than that.

"I own you, Tria." Pull, tug, twist hard, release. It was a rhythm of pain and pleasure that he repeated again and again on each of those swollen buds. "You're mine, now and forever, in the eyes of the law and these two witnesses, and by my own words, to do with as I please. You exist solely to please me in whatever way I see fit. There is nothing for you, no greater destiny, than to take me within your body and create life."

They were still there – they were watching her as he did these things to her body – as he slid down, dragging himself over her and causing her to leave a trail of her own juices on his chest before his mouth descended on her again, licking and flicking and suckling at her as if he was going to devour her whole.

And this time he didn't stop until he knew she was at the very outer edge of her completion. Of course, she had no idea that there was anything more than the teasing he'd been doing to her – his flicking tongue and his probing fingers having their way with her while she writhed beneath him, afraid and uncertain about what lay ahead, wondering if she'd spend the rest of her life in this agonizing ecstasy. Her nipples were hard peaked, breasts fuller and heaving while she tried to rub her crotch against anything in order to get some sort of relief from the raw pleasure she was feeling.

But he wouldn't let her. He knew how to bring her down just a bit, and reminding her of several things at once by saying, "Get me the plug."

Lima and Rook were watching it – watching her dance to his tune, watching his mouth defile her, seeing plainly how her back arched and her breasts vied for his attentions.

She should have been mortified; that knowledge should have been enough to make her stop feeling this way, to dampen the fires he'd stirred and fanned, but it wasn't.

But that terrible thing knocking at her back door was, and he knew it. Again, he applied just the barest of lubricant coatings and snubbed it against her pouting rosebud, then pressed it all the way inside her in one swift stroke. As pried apart as she was, there was no way for her to resist him anyway. She couldn't go anywhere he didn't want her to go.

And he wanted her right there, being raped by that awful piece of unyielding but not rigid silicon, watching as it disappeared up inside her, forcing her bottom hole to distend garishly to accept it just before it narrowed at the neck, before the flange settled into place between her cheeks as if it had never been away.

As if it belonged there.

"Whenever I take you, if I can remember to, you'll always be filled in both places. I want you to always be full. Until you're full of my baby, I'm going to keep you full down there one way or the other." She heard clothing of some sort fall to the floor, and felt him tug on her hips, pulling her legs back just another bit more as he brought her hips to meet his raging hard on at the edge of the bed. She heard him sigh heavily, "Ahh, Gods, you are perfect like this – spread to receive me, as you were meant to be."

She could feel something against her slit, against a place she hadn't known she owned until his fingers had found it this morning, but this wasn't his fingers because his hands were wrapped around her hips, using them as hand holds to keep her near him. But something else was pressing against her, and she was resisting him, although she wasn't trying to actively do so.

He pushed and leaned and wouldn't let her retreat, hurting her as the pressure built, but he wouldn't let her get away, kept pulling her towards him, forcing her to accept his invasion rather than retreat.

When he broke through that small barrier, drilling himself all the way into her with his first stroke, she screamed, and heard Lima and Rook's collective "ahhhh," even as he panted in her ear.

He levered himself off her almost immediately. She didn't know it, but he was showing his bloody member to the witnesses as proof of her virginity, and then they left silently, leaving the bedroom door wide open as he required as he filled her again, slipping inside her deliberately, watching her face avidly as he did so, as she opened herself to him for the first time. He didn't count the rending of her maidenhead. That was a necessary evil.

This was their ceremony. This was his true claiming of her. This was the way it should be.

Although she'd screamed when he'd filled her with himself that first time, the pain really hadn't been that bad, just somewhat stark and unexpected in that particular place. Now, though, he was doing it again, and it felt different. He was taking his time, stretching her open with something that felt like it was twice the size it had been,

although it didn't hurt anywhere near as much. In fact, it felt distressingly pleasant, even though the more he advanced into her, the more she could feel both how her reluctant flesh was being forced to open around him, as well as how that flesh was making her bottom feel just that much fuller, as if the plug, too, had somehow grown in size, and there was a fight for space going on inside her that she had absolutely no control over.

And he kept pressing and pushing, all the while keeping her hips still in front of him so that there was no way she could avoid what he was doing to her – how he was taking her, merging himself with her, and making her love it. Making her want it, making her wish she could arch her hips against him and take more of him into her at once.

But he was the one in control – he would always be the one in control, and he claimed her only by steady inches, watching her face, listening for the changes in her breathing that had gone from somewhat pained gasps at first, then changed slowly over to deeper moans tinged with fear. She still didn't know that there was any sort of end of this for her, and he was in no hurry to have her find it.

Finally, he was in her to the hilt, and wanted nothing more than to let go of himself right then and there. He had her. She was truly his, pinned beneath him, spread open for him, bound and kept just for him. But he didn't want to lose himself until he'd brought her to the ultimate pleasure for the first time.

And he wanted her to see who was forcing her there, along with her own reactions and facial expressions as she flew apart for the very first time in her life, at his behest. Thomas reached up and took the blindfold off her face, saying, "Open your eyes."

The light was soft enough with the candles that she did so without any pain.

"You are to keep your eyes open. I want you to look up at our reflections and don't look away until I tell you you can."

She could see herself in various poses around the room in her peripheral vision, upside down in the mirrored headboard, but the ceiling showed everything in stark reality, how part of her had become a part of him, how helpless she was to stop it, and how eager her body was to accept it.

He withdrew almost as slowly, all the way, then pressed the head of his cock against the bullet that was still inside her, rocking against it and making her groan with each sudden jerk of his hips. This time, when he pushed into her, he kept one hand on her hip, and the other on the stopper of that plug, manipulating it in and out of her as he began to pump his cock in and out of her pussy, until after the first few strokes, he even let go of her hip in favor of a well placed thumb, just the slightest bit above her clit, so that she would only get a taste of a touch every other stroke.

All of these sensations combined to drive her out of her mind. She literally thought she was going to go out of her mind. He was heaping pleasure upon pleasure, and some sort of bubble was building inside her, but they had nowhere to go. She couldn't see an end in sight . . . until he drove her to it.



More than anything, Tria wished her hands were free instead of trapped at her sides. She wished she could grab hold of his shoulders, or get a good grip on the bedspread – anything. She needed to hold onto something, but there was only him and the unbearable things he was doing to those shameful parts of her body.

And she was very certain that she was going to die of it if he didn't stop it soon. Very soon.

But he didn't stop, and she knew he wouldn't.

Suddenly, every inch of her flesh down there began to contract around the things that had been implanted in her, grasping at them greedily, sucking them in and holding them there, clamping down with everything she had as wave after wave of excruciating ecstasy rolled out of that stretched and filled center of her out to the very ends of her hair and the tips of her toes.

She couldn't help it – even if it got her another spanking, she had to scream, and she did. Even if Lima and Rook were still in the room, and she'd become so involved that she hadn't even looked for them in the mirrors, she didn't care. She had to let it go. She had to. It was too raw, too stark, to be kept in.

Thomas almost threw his head back and hollered with her when he saw how she responded to him – how she enjoyed her submission, her body reveling in it to the point where she cried out in pleasure as readily as she did in pain.

He rode her out, prying another two culminations out of her, once reaching beneath her to grip those still sore cheeks as he finally let himself loose, plunging hard against her, not being careful of his property, just blithely and blindly taking what he wanted, and what he wanted was to fuck her so hard her teeth rattled.

His triumphant scream topped hers several minutes later as he poured his seed into her as she experienced her last bit of pleasure and contracted around him, milking him involuntarily of the very last of himself.

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# *Tria*

## *Chapter 7*

*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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Tria's life settled into somewhat of a routine after her first eventful day with him. She was even getting used to sleeping bound, although it did take some time. She was certainly enjoying sleeping in a bed with fresh sheets and a fluffy comforter rather than a flimsy cot. Sir would usually get up very early, which mean that she got up very early, because he took her every morning, without fail. In fact, she thought that he probably indulged himself pretty much anytime he thought of it and she was within reach, but sometimes she only awoke as he was sliding something inside her – usually a plug, which he favored. He'd graduated her to a slightly larger one, and sometimes made her wear it all day. He did his best to keep his vow about making sure she was full to the brim every time he took her.

She couldn't avoid his possession even if she'd wanted to, although she wasn't at all sure she didn't want him to. The way her body acquiesced to his demands almost worried her. But then, he seemed very happy about the fact that her body welcomed him with its unusual explosions.

Sometimes, he didn't bother to flip her over, even, just slipping into her from behind after making sure that her bottom hole was filled almost to overflowing. He even made her wear a plug to bed at night occasionally, which saved him reaching for one early the next morning. Then he would reach around to grab her breasts and massage them painfully, twisting and pulling and tugging hard at her tips as he drove into her, using her breasts to keep her tight up against him, and pressing himself against her anal invader with each stroke.

And it didn't seem to matter what he did, or how hard he slammed into her, or how much he hurt her – her body loved it. It even loved the punishments that were so frequent and swift that the natural color of her bottom was getting to be rouge red. Although it had made her flush with mortification until she almost fainted the first time he made her bend over the table during dinner to receive fifty hard strokes of his belt for not eating all of her dinner, while Lima and Rook went on with their own meals as if a young woman wasn't crying and wailing into their food.

Lima had tried to be sympathetic, but only once. "Oh, you poor dear," she'd whispered.

But the Sir had ears like a cat, and he'd stopped immediately, looking at the older woman and asking, "If I ever hear you saying something like that again, woman, you'll get twice what I give her."

“Yes, Sir,” she’d answered, and immediately gone back to her soup.

When he’d finished blistering her bum, he’d made her sit down on it and finish another entire plate full of food.

One afternoon, he’d come home early from whatever it was that he did all day, and had brought her into his room. He didn’t approve of closed doors, so he left it wide open, so that all could see how he’d bound her this time: upside down by a spreader bar that kept her ankles far apart, but her cunny at just the right level for his mouth to ravage. He wouldn’t even have to bend in the least. She was laid out for him like a puffy, wet banquet, and he indulged himself completely once he’d decorated her breasts in a method designed to be exquisitely painful. Thomas liked the idea of making her fight her way through the pain in those tender titties of hers to get to paradise he was creating between her legs.

That made for a long, pleasurable afternoon for the both of them as he kept tipping the scales one way or the other. He’d found alligator clips in his bag of tricks, and at first deemed them to be too harsh, so he wrapped a few layers of velvet over her nipples, then clamped them onto those hardened peaks, gradually adding weights that dangled almost down to her ears, tugging them himself or forcibly moving her to make them that much more hurtful.

Eventually he ran out of weights and began to remove strips of velvet until those biting metal teeth were bare against her flesh. She wailed in protest, but he solemnly did what he wanted to do, paying her no never mind whatsoever as he calmly replaced each and every weight then applied the same tender loving care to the other nipple as she writhed spasmodically, which only added to her suffering all on her own. If she’d been able to stay still, the weights wouldn’t have swung so much and caused her so much discomfort.

But he didn’t tell her that. Instead, Thomas straightened and put himself at Heaven’s gateway, reaching down to a small table he’d set up next to him with some small extras he wanted to keep handy. The first thing he did was don a surgical glove with a loud snap as it settled around his wrist. Then he dipped his index and middle fingers into a jar of lubricating jelly he’d been saving for just such a time when he felt he wanted to indulge himself a little.

Just as his mouth was settling eagerly over her mound, in the unusual upside down position of having her clit at the bottom of his mouth rather than the top, his left hand pried her ass cheeks rudely apart, and, without warning, he stuffed his index finger, which was probably a little bigger than anything else she’d taken up there to this point, all the way up inside her, to his last knuckle.

He felt her jump, and heard her cry out once, then twice – once for the rude way he was raping her bottom hole, and then again because jumping made the weights on her nipples swing and tug abominably.

And yet . . . and yet . . . she wanted it. The only thing that would have made it more complete was if he’d striped her bottom viciously before he’d started this, and it was as

if he'd read her mind. He brought her close – he'd gotten agonizingly good at that in a relatively short amount of time. He could get her seconds away from that violently blissful conclusion, and back her off, usually by introducing some element of pain or discomfort somewhere else on her body that forcibly redirected the attentions of her body and mind.

The only time that didn't work was if he decided to move around behind her, and concentrate on her bottom hole. To Tria's complete mortification, he'd discovered that she was very anally oriented, which intrigued him to no end.

There was nothing he'd done to her so far that she hadn't come to crave. He'd often smiled at how naïve she was about what he did to her, and what he could do to her, and she spent most of her time with him blushing madly at everything he did. But her body rapidly came to crave it.

Even the punishments. It was a never ending source of embarrassment to her that when he took an implement to her bottom – or worse used his hand which generally put her in an even more intimate position over his lap – and reduced her to a howling, blubbing mass of agonized flesh from the top of her bottom down the backs of her thighs, he would reach between her legs every single time and come up with glistening fingers that he presented to her as proof of her body's betrayal, sometimes requiring her to lick her own juices off those huge thick fingers.

He'd never not found her dripping wet, regardless of the severity of the punishment. It got to the point where all he had to do was look at her through narrowed eyes from across the room and she would feel herself gush between her legs, and somehow, he knew it and would smile evilly, then excuse them from Lima and Rook's company to guide her down the hall by a breast, or a butt cheek.

And he adored finding innovative ways to truss her up – like this one. Thomas stepped back a second, just to admire his handiwork. Her legs were splayed, her pussy clean as a whistle, of course, and prominent for its swollen heat and rampant moisture.

Her arms were spread to mirror her legs, bound hooks he'd installed into the floor that could be installed and removed without marring the wood. He'd put a gag into her mouth, just for the fun of it, giving Lima and Rook muffled shrieks to strain for rather than the usual out and out yowling that came from this room when he brought her to it.

Although he didn't much hesitate to punish her regardless of where they were – she'd been spanked in every room of the house in a very short amount of time. Another part of her frequent punishments, she thought, was his easy access to her naked body. He'd never allowed her to be dressed in front of him or anyone else. He hadn't allowed her out of the house since he'd brought her there, and the temperature in the house was set so that she was comfortable nude. If he so much as saw one goose bump on her skin, he added more wood to the fire. Poor Lima and Rook were almost roasted out of house and home.

Despite the fact that Lima had quickly witnessed countless instances of him quite literally blistering her bottom, she had never again offered Tria the slightest bit of

sympathy. At least not while Sir was in the house. And even when he wasn't, any advice or empathizing she did was very guarded, as if she didn't quite trust Tria not to betray her. Tria had never seen Lima get punished, but that didn't mean she didn't. She was very obedient to Sir, and Tria often wondered just exactly what their relationship was.

But here and now, the only thing she was worried about was the fact that he had circled around behind her. That was never a good thing. When he went back there, she ended up with welts across her bottom. And, when he reached for the rope to the pulley that could raise or lower her, she knew that something bad was coming.

She knew she hadn't done anything wrong, but then, she didn't have to. All she had to do was be there, accessible to him, and she had no say in that matter. She was always available to him, and he could do with her as he pleased.

And sometimes, even when she'd just subjected her to a hard discipline session the night before – perhaps on a whim or maybe because she'd actually done something wrong – he'd do it again the next day, showing absolutely no mercy.

It had been two days since she'd been punished, and the only reason for that was because he'd been away. Although she knew that Rook was in charge while he was gone – her mind still could not wrap itself around the idea that Lima might also be in charge. She outranked Tria, but the younger woman simply could not believe that Lima might share in Rook's authority. Women did not have authority of any sort. Ranking within a household, yes, but not the ability to punish or create rules. That was a male's jurisdiction.

Neither of them had ever made a move towards her when the Sir was not in the house. Not that they would have needed to, really. She was an obedient female. That was the only thing she'd ever known. She could never conceive of actively resisting – the only instances when she had were more automatic reactions than anything else – not that he was interested in tolerating those, either. But she would follow whatever male authority figure was around, and that was Rook.

Despite the fact that Sir had made that cryptic comment about Rook not really being a man.

So the flesh of her backside was in a state that had become unusual for her – it wasn't bruised or ridged or even particularly red. It was, as he noticed when he stared at it from his position directly behind her, a blank slate.

Thomas reached out and touched her then with just the very tips of his fingers. Sometimes he still couldn't really believe she was his. His, and his alone. No other man in this world would ever know her the way he did, would ever do the things he'd done and would do to her in the future. No one else would ever sink into her as he did, while she lay beneath him, yielding her body to him, accepting his infringement on her very person, his invasion of her body . . . and usually surprising him when, no matter how hard he was on her either with an implement or his intruding cock, tiny whimpers escaped her lips that usually converted to long, low moans of complete delight at what

he was doing, regardless of how strict or depraved he was being with her.

He thought a moment, long and hard, looking at that blank canvas, the subtly filled out lines of her body. Good food and regular male attention was doing her a world of good. She had lost that near starvation look he detested and had filled out quite nicely – her breasts were at least a cup size larger than they had been when she'd arrived – not that sizes mattered much any more. Women nowadays never saw a bra, much less wore one. And she certainly was never going to know what one was if he had anything to do say about it.

And he had everything to say about every single aspect of her existence.

As he looked at those enticing hillocks, he decided that it was time to introduce her to the wonders of what had been a British school cane he'd collected even in the Before Time. He was sure he could find more in his travels, but he still had the original three he'd had from when he'd first realized that he enjoyed tanning female rear ends, which was early on in his life.

He was going to use the biggest of the three of them – the senior school cane – since she was a grown female, although he knew it was going to make her scream bloody murder with every stroke. There wasn't a person in the world – much less this house – that would ever come to her rescue. She was at his mercy, and he didn't have any.

Thomas knew that if she became pregnant – for which he tested her once a week – he would have to scale back his disciplinary tendencies considerably, and he was quite determined to indulge himself as much as he possibly could before then, despite the fact that it might take literally decades for her to get caught.

But for now, he indulged any interest that struck his fancy in regards to Tria. Everything he did only served to inflame his interest in her, whether she was writhing in pain or pleasure.

He'd left the blindfold off this time. She could never tell whether he was going to force her to witness her own degradation, or whether he was going to make her just that much more vulnerable to him and remove her ability to see what was coming. Tria couldn't decide which was worse. They were both nearly intolerable. She could see him go to the small room where he'd first punished her when he got her home, coming out with what looked like a long cream colored stick in his hand, flexing his wrist and swishing it around in the air, and she knew what sound fear made.

Tria knew he was going to use that vicious looking thing on her, and she wondered how she would survive it. Worse than that, she knew she would survive it.

He reached into his pocket and put some smelling salts packets on the dresser nearby, and she knew it was going to be even worse than she imagined, and that he wouldn't let her miss a second of it.

Thomas spent the afternoon torturing her, keeping her balanced precariously on that fine line between pleasure and pain. Six strokes comprised the first set of kisses he laid

against her newly rounder flesh, creating six angry red ridges, five horizontal and the sixth laid heavily, diagonally, across the others.

He was nothing if not a traditionalist.

Tria had lost every ounce of her breath when he created that first slice into her bottom, and the next five merely contributed to her breathlessness. She couldn't even scream; he lit into her too quickly, with no resting in between.

Just as quick as he started, though, he stopped and put the cane aside, coming around too the front of her and standing with his legs braced well apart so that he wouldn't obstruct her nearly three hundred and sixty degree view of what he was doing to her, and assaulting her as he had started to before, pressing his fingers past her behind's natural resistance to fill her up there, where it was least natural to do so but which he favored enormously. Then he reached out with his tongue alone, so that he was touching her in no other ways but to have those ramrod fingers prying her open while his tongue insistently sought out her most sensitive source of pleasure, flicking and stabbing and laving her until he ground a moan from her that was born of the ecstasy of his mouth rather than the ravages of her rump.

And when he'd brought her well along that path again, when she'd begun to groan consistently and deeply, becoming almost a growl in the back of her mouth, he reached around her to those still throbbing hillocks and grabbed them, rubbing his callused hand deliberately over those raised ridges he'd created himself, pinching and slapping them, forcing her even further into his mouth, making her endure the agony and the ecstasy at the same time, setting them warring within her as he loved to do.

When he could hear that what he was doing with his mouth was outstripping what he was doing with his hands, he left her and washed his hands carefully and quickly before standing behind her again and taking up the cane once more.

That went on for some time, until her whole backside was decorated with those throbbing railroad tracks up and down her rump and legs, and he put the cane aside for the last time and pressed a third finger into her bottom just to hear her reaction, then began pumping his coned fingers in and out of her vigorously as he took his place in front of her and suckled her back into his mouth like he meant it this time.

Tria was near to fainting, which seemed to be a condition he could inspire in her at will. But she knew that this time when his greedy lips captured her aching gem that it would finally end, and it did, with her hoarse screams of ultimate pleasure as he dragged his broad tongue up and down her slit and pumped his fingers in and out of her body, taking her hard, the way he knew she'd like it best.

But when her cries died down, something else happened that had never happened before. She dissolved into tears of incredible anguish, and he was nowhere near her by that point, having milked four hard orgasms from her spent body. He was busy lowering her down to the floor, where he very quickly released her arms and legs.

"What is it? Did I hurt you?" Thomas realized the absurdity of the question as soon as

it was out of his mouth – of course he'd hurt her. He trusted her to know exactly what he'd meant.

She seemed beyond answering him, though. As soon as he'd freed her, she'd turned onto her side and curled into a sobbing ball. For a moment, he just stood there and stared down at her, not liking the unfamiliar feeling of not knowing what to do next. He hated feeling out of his element in any way, shape, or form, and the fact that she was the one causing it was even less acceptable, as far as he was concerned.

Somehow, he decided he was over thinking the situation, and decided to follow his instincts. Thomas reached down and picked her up in his arms, crossing to the bed and laying her down on her side, facing his side of the bed, then climbing in front of her to pull her into his arms and just rock her until the storm subsided.

Besides the times when he'd instigated it with a pain she couldn't deal with in any other way, she hadn't cried at all, and it had surprised him. In his experience, pre and post plague, most women were a mass of almost unrestrained emotion. He almost smiled at how chauvinistic that sounded, but nowadays chauvinism wasn't just a state of mind; it was a state sanctioned religion.

He'd been surprised that she hadn't giving in to it before that. She'd been gently reared – relatively – and cloistered to an extreme extent all her life, and then suddenly thrust, naked, into the limelight for a day, then dragged off on horseback with a strange man to a strange home, where she was physically punished sometimes several times a day, and raped in various ways at any time of the day or night.

She hadn't owned her body while she was being raised by Hoffman, but here she'd lost even more control over herself – of even who was inside her, or how long or how hard. What little control she'd thought she'd had had dissolved in the wind as she was put on display for all those slaving, slobbering men. When he thought about it, even though he was one of them, his blood ran cold. As soon as he'd seen her, he'd known that he would have bid anything he owned, any service he could perform, in order to have her. She'd shone amongst that group like a diamond amidst ashes, and he was determined that she would be his.

Normally, he sold himself to the highest bidder, which usually ended up being foreign governments who prized his talents with a long range rifle – not small time business men like Hoffman, who, despite his reputation was hardly a big wheel in anything but his chosen little niche. Thomas couldn't imagine what he'd want with services such as his, but his was not to question why. He was just glad that it was enough to get him what he wanted.

And here she was, bawling in his arms as if her heart had been torn in two within her. He supposed he could order her not to cry, but he didn't want or need her to go all wiggy on her later on, because he'd spent his time trying to legislate her emotions. One of the few things he'd learn from his limited time within the realm of things feminine was that it was never a good idea – even in the case of being the final authority over a woman – to try to make them feel one way or another about anything.



He could do that – he could let her have her emotional displays, as long as they weren't too frequent or destructive to herself or his property. It would probably be good for her every once in a while to just let go and cry. He was prepared to hold her and almost comfort her, in his own way – but not forever.

Luckily for her, it didn't last that long. He'd pretty thoroughly exhausted her with his ministrations this afternoon, and she fell asleep in his arms. He decided he had work to do rather than letting himself hold her as she slept, so he carefully bound her, as she'd become used to while she slept, managing to do it stealthily enough that he didn't even wake her.

He left orders that she not be disturbed for any reason, and that if she woke she was not to be released by anyone but himself, which meant that she was to remain tied to the bed until he came home.

Thomas didn't really have anything else to do, so he took his big gelding out for a recreation ride, which he almost never did, mulling things over in his mind and keeping himself consciously away from her for a while. He recognized the fact that if he hung around her too much when she was all weepy like that, he might put himself in mortal danger of losing his heart to her, and he didn't intend to do that. It would make him weak, make him less likely to give her exactly what she needed – hard to bear, frequent punishments that made her truly regretful of what she'd done to earn them, or even just that she'd had the ill fortune to be purchased by him. It might make her a little more likely to pleasure her, although he didn't know if that was a possibility.

He liked the dualities of what he brought to her – he was her agony and ecstasy personified, and she never really knew what she was going to get from him. He'd adored pushing her past the tortured, bitten, and weighted nipples, the grossly stretched anal opening, and the welts and wheals he'd dealt her delicate skin to achieve the ultimate reward for enduring all of that. Four ultimate rewards, if he'd counted correctly.

Thomas knew she was capable of much more than that, but he was aware of the law of diminishing returns in regards to female orgasms. The first woman he'd slept with – a go getter real estate agent named Marianne, who was more than twenty years his senior – had taught him that even the most orgasmic women benefited from a little time between bouts to recoup. He'd been the first man in her life who had taken the time to see that she earned her own back while they were coupling, and he'd made sure that she'd always come to fruition at least three or four times whenever they were together, even though she could have exploded all afternoon long. Past that, she'd told him, was not much more of an event than a muscular contraction.

He'd taken Tria to the end of her rope one time, bringing her off so many times he'd lost count, but he'd found that it was the same for her. She was so sensitive that there was no build up, and he was nothing if not the king of build up. He'd denied himself for nearly a year before he'd gotten her, only deigning to satisfy himself by his own hand, and then only when he couldn't possibly stand it another minute longer.

He'd spent that time wishing he'd known what she looked like, but Hoffman would

never allow any pictures to be taken of his women. They were always beautiful – always had been – but nothing could have prepared him for Tria. Nothing.

And she would never – could never – know how close she had come – could come – to touching his heart.

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*Tria*  
*Chapter 8*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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They never discussed what happened to her sometimes. It was swept entirely under the rug by the both of them – Tria was entirely embarrassed, and knew that she should have been due a spanking about it for some reason or other, and Thomas just didn't want to think about it in any way, shape, or form, so he tucked it away.

What he didn't notice about himself and his behavior was that she had changed him, too. Not forcibly – she didn't have the physical power to force him to do anything. But Lima and Rook noticed it. He was there more, and wasn't taking absolutely every possible excuse to get away from this place. He'd always been a loner, and the older it got it seemed the worse it got. Sometimes they didn't see him for months on end, didn't know if he was alive or dead. Sometimes he came home injured and half dead.

But Lima new that, now that he had Tria, he was actually turning down work, and being very selective about what jobs he did accept, weighing, she imagined, just how long it was going to keep him away from Tria.

One evening, when he should have been working but was indulging himself in having the beautiful young woman stretched out across his lap, playing with her nipples and occasionally delving down between her legs to marvel at the copious fluids he found there, his conscience kicked in about the fact that he'd taken a particular man's merchandise in barter and hadn't done what he'd said he'd do yet. So he decided that he needed to go into the nearest town, which was about six miles to the west, and check out a dive that was often frequented by the worst of the worst, in order to gather some information he would need to track a certain thief's movements.

But he really didn't want to leave Tria. He couldn't help it. He didn't want to go. That had never happened to him before. He'd always loved his work – every single slimy, underhanded bit of it. But now, he'd rather be home, bringing her to tears one way or the other.

So he made the unusual, unheard of move of taking her with him. Lima was clearly outraged at the idea. He hadn't so much as let her out of the house, yet he was going to take her to the Skow? The only women who haunted that dive were those whose owners pimped them out by the hour, half hour, or minute, in some cases. Lima didn't worry for Tria's safety at all – she knew that Thomas would die before he'd let anything happen to either of them, and if there was one man left in the world who could pretty much guarantee the personal safety of anyone he chose to bestow his protection upon, it was Thomas.

He wouldn't hear a word against it, not that she'd dared to really say anything, just "tsked" occasionally under her breath and shook her head as she watched him get ready and lead Tria out the door, still completely naked but for her golden collar and leather cuffs he'd placed around her wrists and ankles.

Tria would probably never be comfortable on a horse, and riding in front of him didn't help. At least he did pull his cloak around her – it was somewhat chilly and damp outside. But that didn't stop her breasts from bouncing up and down against his hairy chest, rubbing her nipples almost raw by the time they made it into town.

He parked his horse at the hitching post next to several others and grabbed her hand, pulling her into the dimly lit room behind him. Tria's eyes took a while to adjust to the lack of lighting in the room, and when they did they went completely round. She'd never seen such a place in her life, and as she was perusing the place and its grimy occupants, they were all inspecting her right back, especially since she was one of only two women in the whole place, and she was the only naked person there.

Due to the shortage of women, there were several men in attendance that hadn't seen a naked woman this up close in years, and some of them were barely able to restrain themselves. One of them who was new to the area and obviously didn't know who it was that he'd be insulting by his action, absolutely couldn't, and reached out to touch her. Before he actually made contact with her, he found his arm bent backwards at an awkward, unnatural angle, and Tria actually heard the bones snap before Thomas let him go.

Once that happened, he didn't need to elaborate any further about what he would or would not tolerate in regards to his female. They could look and drool and fantasize all they wanted, but they most definitely could not touch.

He sat down at a table where he could put his back to the wall and watch everyone else come in. Tria stood next to his chair, trying desperately to forget the way all of those male eyes felt on her. It was shades of the Circus, only on a smaller and incredibly grimmer scale.

A drink appeared before him without his having to order it. In short order, the chairs at his table filled, with each occupant even more disheveled and unkempt than the last, and all of them eying her up and down as they quite literally drooled over their disgusting fantasies of what they would do to her if only she was available.

He was the only thing standing between them and her. But he was more than enough of a deterrent. No one wanted to see what he'd do to the next man that decided to take his life in his hands and try to touch something of he owned.

Tria could hear snippets of the quietly conducted conversations, and saw small slips of paper exchanged occasionally, but other than that she spent her time trying desperately to lean away from the men who surrounded her and towards Sir, who eyed her not so subtle movements with a small smile just before he pulled her closer to his side, which made Tria issue an audible sigh of relief.

But her relief was very short lived, because seconds after he'd wrapped his arm around her waist, he looked up at her and said in a very serious tone, "Turn around and bend over and grab your ankles. Don't let go."

She'd been with him long enough that she'd learned – the hard way – that even the slightest hesitation would earn her a searing punishment that she didn't want, and she certainly didn't want to find out whether he'd decide to give it to her here, or wait until they got home. So, although her eyes had again gone wide with surprise, she did exactly as she was told.

Thomas looked at the men sitting in front of him, watching them coolly as he said, "Spread your legs as far as you can."

Luckily for Tria, it was such tight quarters that she couldn't manage to comply very much, but certainly enough to make her face shine like a beacon of heat and light, not that anyone was paying that part of her any amount of attention what so ever. They were all too fascinated with the new, intimate parts of her that were put on such display. She was so wedged into place that she could actually feel the hot and heavy breath of the man she was closest to wafting over her privates, but he wisely kept his hands to himself.

"Now open yourself for me. Let the gentlemen get a peek at what they're missing." He didn't even look at her to see whether or not she obeyed him. He knew she would, and it was reflected in the eager faces of the men around him. They were so easily impressed and controlled – he had the information he wanted from them within a few seconds after she'd bent over, they were so distracted. Unfortunately, none of them were the actual target, and he had a feeling they were holding something back.

Thomas reached over to her absently, sure of enough of exactly where she was in relation to himself that he still hadn't looked over at her, but instead brailled his hand over her bottom then across to that perpetually moist, fleshy opening of hers, twirling his fingers around a little in her honey, then showing them to the men, who each took a good deep breath, hoping to catch even the slightest whiff of her scent on his fingers, which he then applied to her clit.

He commented casually for her ears only in a voice like liquid velvet that carried to everyone in the entire room as he continued to meet the eyes of the heavy breathing contingent before him, "If I think you're holding back, I'm going to flay your backside good, female. Do you understand me?"

A hush fell across the place. Everyone was waiting for her answer. Would she comply meekly, as she should? Or would he have to lay that thick belt of his across her nates before she fell into line? Bets were already being placed as to the outcome of this extremely interesting little tableau, and most of the men were betting that she'd damned well do as she was told. Ryker wasn't the kind of guy who'd put up with a woman who did any less than follow orders to the "T".

"Yes, Sir," came the timely, if somewhat reluctant, reply.

A cry went up from those men who had been idiot enough to bet against him, but it was virulently “shhhshed” by everyone else who was avidly watching the titillating drama as it unfolded.

They could all – well, almost all – see that he hadn’t needed any sort of lubrication beyond what she was producing naturally. Some of the men who were ogling her had females of their own at home, but none that were so obviously stimulated by what was happening to them, as this one was, even though she was undoubtedly embarrassed by it.

Tria was close to passing out, and he’d barely touched her. He hadn’t needed to. Her unusual position and being put on such excruciatingly detailed display seemed to have done the work for her, she was ashamed to admit. And now, having been told that she wasn’t allow to censure her responses to him, despite the fact that every man in the room would be eagerly watching as he pleased her with those big, insistent fingers of his, made the geyser between her legs gush just that much more. She was going to have to try not to soften each sigh, or dampen each moan, regardless of her audience.

She knew she was going to do as she was told – what other choice did she have – but she decided on her own to close her eyes before doing so.

Until he said, “And I want you to keep your eyes open.”

Tria bit her lip. There went her shred of salvation. She was going to have to see the faces – if upside down – of the leering group as they literally licked their lips at her predicament. Sir’s hand was fluttering over her, barely touching her, but hovering directly over her most pleasurable spot, touching it occasionally but only enough to tease. Still, she emitted a whimpering moan, and heard fifty male breaths being sucked in all at once.

Thomas thought he might let her off without getting her off, but then he decided that he wanted to make her come, to make her lose control in front of all these men, under his own hand. He started out deliberately slowly, not at all willing to rush it on any account, and kept his eyes on the men. Thomas knew just how dangerous this was – if the men realized that they could all easily have banded together and overpowered him and descended like the ravening beasts that they were on Tria, then they were both lost.

But they were too caught up in it now, all thinking with their dicks, like most men, including him at some points in his life – more often than not around her lately, although he had generally been better at ignoring his little head than most of his brethren, although he knew exactly what all these men were feeling. It was exactly what he’d begun experiencing the moment he’d laid eyes on her.

It was that undeniable combination of innocence and sexuality that she exuded unconsciously. She was so innocent – or had been until he’d gotten a hold of her – and yet her body knew exactly what she wanted from him – what his fingers could do for her as it strained and rose up and swelled to entice him.

Finally, after dipping them again into the wellspring of her juices, he settled his fingers

down on her thrumming, living flesh, rubbing all the way over her, down and back, just once. And when he stopped, she squeaked in protest, setting off another round of sighs and loud swallows from the peanut gallery.

While he was manipulating her outright and the men in front of him only slightly less obviously, he began to ask very pointed questions, and quickly accumulated the rest of the knowledge he needed to complete the task he'd been contracted for.

But he wasn't about to leave the men in the middle of things to dry hump each other and despoil the bathrooms with their seed, if any of them bothered to even make it there.

He stepped up his pace, his fingers vibrating their way up and over her, occasionally reaching down a bit to scoop some lubrication when he needed it, then trailing it up to the heart of her and rubbing the callused pads of his middle and index fingers over the very tip of her again and again.

Tria is closer to the end than she wants to admit, moaning softly at first, then, as he upped the ante and began to dedicate himself more fully to the task while still staring straight ahead at the men in front of him. "Ahhhhhhh, oh, please, Sir, ooooooooooooooh pleeeaaaassee!"

Thomas smiled broadly. He loved hearing her beg. "Are you asking me to stop - " He lifted his hand from her, holding it millimeters from her hot spot, " - or continue?"

Tria let out an anguished cry, after which every one waited with bated breath for her answer. "C- continue," she ground out, barely, softly.

"I didn't hear you. Speak up, or I'll take my belt off."

"Continue, continue," she nearly yelled, not wanting to be punished in front of this seething crowd any more than she wanted to be forcibly orgasmed for their amusement.

"Ask and ye shall receive," Thomas murmured sotto voce. But before he resumed his delicate symphony, he did one more thing designed to show the men before him exactly how well trained she was in so short a time. He dunked his thumb into her melting honey pot, and showed it to the crowd, then proceeded to present it against her sphincter and work it all the way into her while she grunted and groaned, but, of course, acceded to his advance and swallowed him whole.

To a loud chorus of exited "ahhhhs" and the occasional cry of male completion, he turned his hand slowly so that his fingers could get to their goal, and proceeded to stroke her wetly, fucking her furiously with his thumb all the while, making her wail and rock back and forth, riding his thumb unconsciously and panting heavily, until finally she had to scream with it as her entire body contracted around that offending digit and beneath the coaxing ones, as she heard and saw many of the males around her doing the exact same thing while watching her very public degradation.

He wouldn't let her off easy, either. He kept stroking and raping her vigorously until

she'd cycled through her pleasure three times, each louder than the last. By that time, Thomas was sure there wasn't a clean handkerchief – or hand for that matter – in the place, not that there had been one in the first place, however.

He kept her there, bent over, until he'd cleaned himself and her up thoroughly. He wasn't about to get up and go to the bathroom and leave her there, but as soon as he asked for a few warm, wet towels and some soap, twelve of them appeared at his side. He washed himself carefully and thoroughly first, then repeated the ritual on his well used and well behaved property, not allowing her to stand up until he was done, at which time he grabbed her hand and began to move them towards the door, to the cheers of the crowd. Every man wanted to pat him on the back for the wonderful job he'd done training his female. If they were willing to admit it, there wasn't a man in the place whose female would have been quite as well behaved.

They all followed the couple out to his horse, where he mounted then pulled her up in front of him and spurred his mount into a trot, draping his cape over her against the chill.

The talk about what he'd done to her was all over town. Lima was scandalized for her – well, as scandalized as she could be. Their owner wasn't as strict with her as he was with his new toy, but he could still swing an absolutely horrid paddle or cane, as evidenced by the almost constant condition of Tria's hindquarters.

Thomas was amused by the fuss. He was still getting congratulated by total strangers when he went into town several weeks later, and all that talk of that incident just served to give him a taste for her that needed to be sated. He fairly galloped back and hollered for her from outside, not wanting to dismount quite yet.

She came running, as well she should have. Lima came to stand on the porch and wring her hands at them, but Thomas paid her no attention as he galloped off with his prized held tight against his chest.

Tria had spent almost no time in the woods at all, and what time she had spent there was with him when he'd brought her home after purchasing her. She was curious about it, though, and looked avidly all around to see what she could see.

Thomas had noted that Tria seemed to like animals, and she exclaimed over every one she saw as he took her deeper and deeper into the woods – the chipmunks and red squirrels, and the strangely mutated gray squirrels, which had come to more closely resemble house cats than the rodents they were. Actual domestic cats had not fared well during the plague, nor had dogs, although they were both very slowly making a comeback.

He toyed with the idea of getting her a dog, and realized that it might well be a very good idea. If he or Rook wasn't around, the dog could be trained to protect her, and there were so few of them around nowadays that most people were quite afraid of them.

Having settled that in his mind, he chose a comfy looking spot with plenty of soft pine



needles and dismounted, then reached up to tug her down. He'd had some necessities packed in his saddle bags for just such a situation, and took out several lengths of leather as well as a pair of clothes pins that he'd strung together with heavy chain links designed to exert constant pressure once the pins had been affixed to various particularly interesting parts of her anatomy.

He threw the leather thongs down onto the ground, and undid his belt buckle. Tria bit her lip, knowing from those signs that her bottom was probably on the line. He walked over to her and prepared her nipples by forcing them into hard peaks, then rewarding their response by crushing them under the jaws of the modified clothes pins, then tugging them both at the same time using the chain until she cried out. They were well set and wouldn't come off easily, which was what he was looking for. She obeyed instantly when he ordered, "Grab a piece of that tree."

It was much too big for her to even get her arms around, but she did the best she could, flinching as the cold bark dug into her already painful breasts, flattening the pins and forcing her nipples to stretch and bend in a way nature never intended.

"Good girl." Those words of praise went right to her heart. He almost never gave praise, only severe correction, so that made his compliment that much more precious to her.

"I'm not going to bind you this time. We've been together long enough now that I expect that you know you're not to resist me, and you know exactly what will happen if you do. I'm going to do whatever I want to do with you, and you, of course, have nothing to say about it, and that is as it should be." She heard him unzipping his pants, then his hands began to roam over her body, down her flanks to cup her black and blue bottom and lift it, using her hips, to place her onto his already ragingly hard cock. Her weight did the rest, forcing her to take him inch by excruciatingly slow inch, until the rest of him dangled against her lips.

Tria couldn't believe that he was doing this out in the middle of the woods, where anyone could ride up on them. Granted, she knew that he owned all of the land around him for miles, but still. She was still having a hard time coping with what he did to her in front of Lima and Rook, and she was at least somewhat familiar with them now – and that somehow made it even worse that he had a tendency to reach over and press his fingers into her whenever he felt the urge, with no regard at all for who might be in the room with them. She had begun to realize that he often took her into the bedroom not out of any sense of decorum at all, but rather because that tended to be where all his equipment was. She was waiting for the day when he decided to mirror the whole house.

He always managed to shock and amaze her with the things he came up with to do to her. Several weeks ago, he had been getting her ready to be bathed. He did that himself every other evening, and Tria adored it. It made her feel treasured and cared for, even though she knew she was just another possession to him, no more or less important to him than his horse. It was the biggest tub she'd ever seen in her life, sunken into the floor in an alcove of his palatial bathroom.

The bathroom off the master bedroom was nearly as big as the bedroom itself, and most

of it was tub. It was practically a swimming pool, which was something Tria had only ever heard about and never seen. Her baths were long and luxurious, a combination of a bath and a massage. He also used the occasion to examine her in detail with slick, soapy fingers that probed into areas they already knew extremely well, sliding in and out of her with practiced ease, all the while watching her face avidly as she clung to the edge of the tub with her outstretched arms as best she could, unable to keep herself from throwing her wet head back and wailing her pleasure for everyone to hear.

But one night, he didn't stop there, with just washing her inside and out in the most intimate of areas on her body. He sluiced her down with fresh, clear water, making sure one particular nook and cranny was clean and free of soap, then bent her over the edge of the tub with her head down and her butt well presented to him, and kissed the top of her bottom crack, licking at it with his tongue while his hands got themselves nice and soapy again. One of them ended up deep inside her as he stretched her open to receive three of his fingers – making himself a mental note at the time that he wanted to train her to take his fist sometime soon – in her pussy, while the other claimed that impudent, constantly turgid spot.

It had taken every ounce of Tria's submission to remain in place as that tongue traveled the short distance boldly down her crack to a place where she would have sworn no one would ever put their mouth. But there he was, poking at her with his stiff tongue, licking around and around that still tight opening.

Thomas could feel how tight her muscles were clenched – all of them. He'd been very careful not to stretch her too much or too often. He didn't want to wear her out in any way, so there were certain chunks of time when he left this part of her body alone, and he was always excruciatingly careful not to tear her or cause any other problems there. He intended to make full use of her body for decades to come, and he didn't intend to cause it any irreparable damage along the way. He made her do exercises every night to keep herself tight, which he supervised very closely.

This was something he had wanted to do for a while, knowing how it would scandalize her, and that it might lead to a punishment if she balked, which would only add to his own amusement. So he kept a close eye on her, but she stayed quite quiet as his washed her there with his tongue, slowly and scrupulously while his hands made sure she loved every minute of it, despite any reservations she might have.

When he'd cleaned her intimately, he began to slowly stab into her, playfully at first, and then with much more intent and purpose, opening her just a little each time, making her squeal but not pull away, quickening the pace of how he was fucking her, in both places, and frigging her with his right hand furiously, until she uttered the words he had begun to require from her.

"P- please, Sir, may I c-come?"

His guttural "yes" had her convulsing wildly hard around his hand and his tongue within the next few seconds, then carrying her – still dripping wet in more than one way – to his bed to lay her down on her tummy and slick up his nearly spewing member, which he then presented to that spot he'd just defiled with his mouth.

It was the first time he'd taken her there, preferring not to waste his seed, but he couldn't deny himself. There was no reason to, he'd realized, when he could wake up in the middle of the night and press inside her. It wasn't his preferred method of taking her, it was just something he intended to indulge himself in on occasion.

She was still so tight that he could barely wedge his head against her opening, and he nearly lost control of himself right then and there. But he certainly wasn't going to let her get the better of him. He'd slicked himself up well, and knew that he could probably ram himself up inside her without creating any sort of permanent problem, but he didn't want to do that. He wanted her to feel every slow second of her subjugated body having to adjust around him as he fucked her in the ass.

It took a tremendous amount of self-control on his part not to give in along the way, but he made sure that it took him a very long time just to get the head in, which was the smallest part of him. He wasn't Guinness sized, but he wasn't "point and laugh" sized, either. He was about eight and a half inches long fully erect, which seemed to be a constant state around her, but he was pretty thick, especially at the base, he was about two inches around, and completely, unforgivingly rock hard, and he could see himself disappearing into him as she whimpered and squeaked. She had a death grip on handfuls of comforter and was panting as she tried to accustom herself to this new invasion technique of his.

But he didn't want her to become accustomed to it. He wanted her to find it hard to get comfortable, so he withdrew before he'd seated himself even half way yet, then snapped himself back into her, just a little further than he'd been before, and then repeated the action over and over, enjoying the way she squealed and arched, almost as if she was trying to entice him to put it to her, but of course she wasn't.

And of course, he would. And did, riding her hard and fast and unmercifully towards his own goal, but immeasurably pleased when he felt and heard the explosion she couldn't conceal from him.

He hadn't taken her that way since, or even touched her there much, wanting to give her time to recoup as he made her do her exercises every evening, some times three or four times before he'd let her drop off.

And now, pressed against that tree, her breasts aching from the punishers he'd attached to her hardened nipples, the bark digging into her tender flesh all over, she knew that that was what he was going to do to her again.

Tria had hated what he'd done – every bit of it, even though her body had loved it. It seemed like the worst thing he'd come up with to degrade and humiliate her, but she knew that she had no choice in the matter, that he owned her and could do anything he wanted to her at any time. But having his mouth there, on a place that was so . . . so much her own and absolutely no one else's. He'd claimed her there from the beginning with his fingers, but somehow that wasn't the same as feeling his lips and tongue with their hot wet kisses on that shameful part of her.

She'd been thankful when he hadn't wanted much to do with that part of her for a while; she'd needed some time to recover from being so grossly stretched, and she was painful there for a short time afterwards.

But now she was perfectly fine, and as he took his position behind her, she knew exactly what he was going to do.

This time, he was less gentle than he had been. Although he still slicked himself up like he had, he didn't take as much time entering her as he had. Instead, he poked just the head of himself into her at first, then slid all the way in in one brutal stroke.

Tria had nothing to grab onto, nothing to steady herself with, nothing to lean on to relieve the aching fullness he'd created. She was well and truly impaled, and felt as if he was going to split her in two, but then knowing that he wouldn't, that this was something she was going to be subjected to and would have to learn to submit to at a moment's notice, just like everything else he did to her. It was no different.

But it was. She wanted him out of her in the worst way, but knew she couldn't say or do anything that indicated it unless she wanted to end up with another blistering on top of the one she'd gotten last night for no particular reason.

It didn't even really hurt, after a while, not that he was giving her much of a chance to get used to it this time. In fact, she would have preferred if it had. It was worse than that, much worse. It felt good, and she didn't want it to. She had to endure it, and that was mortifying enough. The fact that her body seemed to love it as much as every other degrading and humiliating thing he did to her was just that much more cause for shame as far as she was concerned. And she couldn't seem to control her body and keep it from falling in love with every cruel, twisted thing he did to it, including this.

Thomas was busying himself snapping his hips hard up against her with each thrust, drawing himself completely out every time, then driving back into her in an uneven rhythm that had her groaning and gulping with each plunge. He liked keeping her off balance like this, making sure she never knew what to expect from him.

And he loved the fact that her body had taken to every little thing he'd done to it, even the harshest of punishments, or the most humiliating explorations of her person – like this. Taking her out in the open like this, on his land, forcing her to accept him in a very unnatural place on her person in the most natural of places he owned.

As he was pumping in and out of her, literally lifting her off her feet every time, so that she hung there on his cock for long seconds, all of her body weight concentrated in that very sensitive area, they each heard the sounds of a horse galloping up to them.

Tria wanted to stop, and Thomas knew it. Her seconds of hesitation would cost her later, and he knew he didn't even have to say it as he just continued to fuck her, not quickening his pace in the least as the rider drew up under the tree where she was being raped.

"You're in the wrong hole," the stranger man stated laconically.

“I’m right where I want to be at the moment.”

Tria knew she was being watched – could feel his eyes on her as he drove in and out of her. “Is that the best you can do?” he asked.

She could feel Thomas glaring at him. “Did you come out here to criticize my technique?”

“No. I’ll leave you to your feeble efforts. When you’re through with her, bring her to me.”

When she heard those words, Tria’s blood ran cold. He was going to pass her around to some strange man. She would have sworn that he wouldn’t have done that, he was so possessive of her, but apparently she was wrong.

He wasn’t through with her yet, though, and he wasn’t about to hurry on account of the stranger’s arrival, apparently. He made sure he brought them both to a screaming conclusion, and Tria was certain that the stranger hadn’t gotten far enough away by that point to not hear how he’d made her so crazy with pleasure that she lost complete control of herself.

And she was going to have to see him again in a few minutes.

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*Tria*  
*Chapter 9*  
*by Carolyn Faulkner*

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The man was waiting for them in the kitchen, having a cup of Lima's chicory coffee. He and Sir embraced like old friends, patting each other on the back and settling into the living room. "Doc, you old codger. How've you been?"

Tria took her usual place standing next to her owner, who did not invite her to sit as he would have if they had been alone. She stood proud and straight, her back stiff, breasts thrust forward prominently, not that they needed a lot of help to be prominent, especially not now after the months of good food he filled her belly with on a daily basis.

"Is she worth what you paid for her?"

"So far, yes. Even more so if she gets caught here, eventually."

"That's why you brought me out here into the middle of nowhere?"

Sir smiled. It was something he did so rarely that the sight of his teeth – so unusually bright and white – made her stare for a moment. "Yep. I want you to conduct a baseline examination of her. It's been more than six months of trying - "

"Which I'm sure you've been suffering through the entire time," came the sarcastic comment.

"Oh yeah."

"No signs of pregnancy, though? Nothing?"

"Nothing."

The older man sighed. "Well, let's get to it. I'd like to see if I can make the return trip before dark."

Sir chuckled. "You're such a tenderfoot. I had hopes you'd stay to supper, maybe vacation here for a few days?"

His friend snorted. "Not likely. Now, if you'd like to come into town, I'd be glad to show you a great time. But living like Daniel Boone here isn't my bag."

Tria found herself being tugged into his bedroom. It was the first time she'd seen him close the door, and that made her worry about what exactly was going to be done to her by this strange man. She'd been to doctors before – her Principal had made sure that she got her shots regularly and got a check up at least once a year. But that was it.

Somehow, she didn't think she'd be getting off that easy with this man.

Sir stood her in the middle of the room and took his place directly behind her, slipping a leg between her legs and forcing her to spread them as the other man opened a big black bag and donned a beige rubber glove on one hand with a startling snap. Sir pressed his mouth against her ear and whispered harshly, "It would be in your best interests to behave perfectly."

Out loud, he said, "Reach behind you and put your hands on me."

Tria did as she was told, and laid her hands on his sides, which forced her to arch her back and present her breasts almost obscenely as the older man approached.

She thought she'd been inspected on the block at the Circus, but she was wrong. He ran his fingers over her scalp, through to the ends of her hair. He looked in both ears, commenting that there was quite a bit of wax in there. He felt her glands at her throat, pulled her eyelids up and down, pressed on her cheekbones, and made her open her mouth and say "ahhhhhh.", and looked up her nose.

He felt her collarbones, and all the way down each arm, detailing every inch of her skin minutely, and checking every mole and café au lait spot, and bending each joint, then looking closely at the condition of her nails, which Sir required that she keep neatly trimmed.

Tria stood still when his attention turned to her breasts, and he hefted each of them, then conducted a through exam, poking and prodding and feeling and manipulating every inch of them, including her nipples, which, to her shame, peaked and hardened as he pinched them, hard. But this only made him chuckle and pat her on the cheek. "How cute! You've found a pain slut. I bet you never let her out of bed. I'm amazed she'd not pregnant yet."

"Not for lack of trying, let me tell you."

"How many times a week do you fuck her?" the man asked, writing down measurements and notes about her breasts on some chart, then moving down to her slightly rounded stomach and pressing and pushing there.

Sir snorted. "A week? How about a day? Sometimes up to four or five times a day."

His friend eyed him carefully. "And you're home enough to do that regularly?" he asked doubtfully.

Thomas tried not to look sheepish, but couldn't pull it off. "Well . . . yes."

The inspection stopped cold. “You’re home? You’ve grounded yourself? For her?”

Tria had never heard her owner so diffident. “Well, no, not really for her . . .”

“I’m amazed.”

Gone was the hesitation in his voice. “I want a son.”

The older man turned back to her, measuring the span of her hips and muttering, “Well, I hope for her sake that she gives you one.”

He didn’t stop at her stomach, using his gloved hand to literally feel up her pouting lips, and delving between lets that Sir required she spread even further as she leaned back against him, bringing out a middle finger that was dripping wet.

Her legs got the same treatment, and then she was laid back on the edge of the bed and given almost the same examination –until he got to her privates, where he donned a second glove. Sir crawled onto the bed behind her and lent a hand, pulling her back to his front and reaching down to grab her behind the knees, which he proceeded to pull so far back they almost met her ears.

The doctor reached into his bag and pulled out a small penlight, and stared down at her, running his fingers over her pubic mound and pressing, making Tria cry out. “Does that hurt?” he asked in a concerned voice, poking and prodding even more in that area.

“Uh – um - ” Tria didn’t want to say the wrong thing. She wasn’t even sure she should be answering him.

“Tell him.”

“Yes, Sir. It doesn’t hurt . . . I just . . . - ”

The doctor finished her sentence for her. “You have to pee.”

Tria nodded vehemently.

Thomas sighed audibly. “You’re just going to have to wait.”

“Yes, Sir.” She hadn’t expected anything different.

The doctor continued examining her, prying apart her lips and running his rubbery fingers over every inch of her, noting a mole here and a bump there, and commenting repeatedly about how wet she was throughout the whole thing as he nearly put his entire hand up inside her while rummaging about with his fingers while he was in there, as if he was trying to remodel in there.

When he leaned back, she thought it was going to be over, but instead he pressed something that was relatively small against her bottom hole, and popped it into her, following it in with most of his finger so that it was seated well up inside her. There



was no flange to hold it in, but she could feel something dangling from it outside her body.

Then he pressed something big into her kitty that kept her wide open and completely full, and it was so big that she wasn't sure it would ever come back out again. The last thing he produced was something small and pliant, that he fit over the bump at the top of her pubic area that was already primed and waiting for such attention.

But then he moved away again, and she was left somewhat bereft – and very wanting, lying there all spread apart by the solid wall of man behind her, held open for all of these invasions of her person. She wasn't at all prepared for what he came next.

He flipped three switches all at once, making Tria convulse at first, just trying to deal with all of the stimulation she was receiving at once. The bullet he'd put in her bottom was vibrating violently, dancing within her and bumping up against the vibrations from the monstrosity in her pussy as it pulsed in and out of her all on its own.

And whatever he'd put on her clit – it was devouring her whole. She was being blown apart from the inside, and the only human contact was behind her, holding her in place for it all, not letting her shaking legs come together as they wanted to all on their own, but instead prying them even further apart, until he lifted her bottom off the edge of the bed and gave the doc a bird's eye view of her pubic area as it convulsed and she hollered bloody murder while her obscenely distorted body contracted around its invaders and she danced to the tune he called with those tiny white controls.

"Is one enough?" he asked, his eyes locking with Thomas, who shook his head "no".

And so it went, all afternoon. She was brought to pleasure so many times she lost count, although there was no physical contact what so ever between her and the man who was providing her with that ecstasy. They were smart about it, though, giving her respite sometimes for whole minutes between one assault and the next. And the doctor was very careful to be as scientific as possible about it, recording everything he could and commenting in amazement on just how orgasmic she was, especially when the only probe he left in was the anal one.

Finally, as he removed all of the probes and took off his glasses, he said, "Well, as usual you fell into a bucket of shit and came out smelling like fucking roses." He went into the bathroom and washed his hands, then came out while still drying them on a towel. "I know you bought her for her breeding potential, but she's certainly right up your alley as far as your tastes run, isn't she? You got a bonus there, buddy. You're damned lucky. She could just as easily have been frigid as a turnip, like the majority of the females I see."

He piled his wares back into his bag and reached down to help Tria up, kissing the hand that he held before smiling at her and dropping it before Thomas could get too jealous.

Despite what he'd done to her, Tria liked him, somehow. And she didn't think she'd ever liked any male. She knew for certain that she didn't like her owner one iota – not that it mattered. Her body liked him plenty, unfortunately. It was always and forever

betraying her.

She saw the doctor with a casual regularity after that. Apparently he hadn't found any glaring reasons why she shouldn't be able to have a baby, although none appeared to be forthcoming, despite Sir's continuing, valiant efforts on that behalf. He still continued to test her at least once a week, even after his friend had a talk with him about ovulation happening only once a month.

They didn't generally receive a lot of visitors – the doc was the only person outside the four of them that Tria saw with any regularity. He'd taken her into town on a few rare occasions, but in general, she was nearly as cloistered now as she had been in her Principal's care.

And it wasn't until one cool, dark night when there came a knock at the door that she began to realize just how good she had it, despite the severity of the punishments.

Sir and Rook both went to see who was there, both taking up defensive stances by the door. "Who is it?" Sir hollered. Lima took Tria in her arms and kept her in the center of the room, away from the windows.

"It's Bud. Open up, man. I'm freezing my balls off out here."

"Bud? Bud Tracer?" The door was thrown open and a huge, sweaty, hairy man blew into the house, with a dirty, bedraggled woman dressed in rags cowered along behind him.

Tria was nude, as always, but she felt better about being naked than the other woman obviously did wearing tattered clothes that covered her from neck to foot. She wasn't an old woman – probably not a lot older than she was. It was just in the way she carried herself, schlepping around from one place to the other.

And the fact that her owner never addressed her in a voice any lower than a yell probably didn't help. She cowered like a mouse all the time, as if she was constantly trying to stay out of his line of vision, and thus out of his out of his notice and the reach of his fists.

She watched them as covertly as possible, and come to the belief that she had it extremely easy, in a lot of ways. She got spanked. She got caned. She had had more things put up inside her than she could even remember. But he had never once – and had already promised he wouldn't and she believed him completely – taken his fists to her.

The poor soul standing across from her was sporting a very obvious black eye. "Get over here, you!" came the careless order. She immediately moved onto all fours in front of the chair he had chosen, so that he could prop his feet up on her back.

Sir raised his arm – just that, nothing more, nothing less – and Tria walked slowly and gracefully over to his side, where she turned and stood as his hand settled onto her bottom in an intimate caress.

The stranger looked her up and down while Tria stared straight ahead. “So this is the one you paid so much for.” Sir nodded quietly. “Is she knocked up yet?”

“Not yet.”

He guffawed oafishly. “I’m not surprised. You always did pamper your women, even after the Great Plague. Pamperin’s the last thing they need. Females need to be taught their place and kept in it.”

Tria could feel Sir stiffen at that remark. “Tria knows exactly where she belongs and what I expect of her. She doesn’t need to know anything more than that.”

Bud eyed first the female, then his friend. “How much do you want for her?”

Tria began to shake beneath his hand, but was Sir’s turn to guffaw. “How much are you offering that you don’t have?”

The older man cackled. “You know me too well, Thomas. But seriously. What would you take for her?”

“She’s not even a proven breeder, Bud.”

Tria was terrified that he wasn’t immediately dismissing the offer. She did not want to be sold, most particularly to this man.

“Don’t matter. She’d bring a good price – not that you need the money.”

Sir leaned further back in his chair, trailing his fingers down her crack. “And you’d take your usual forty percent, I take it?”

“Of course. A man’s got to make a living.”

“Of course,” Sir agreed mildly. “Well, it’s a tempting offer, Bud, but she’d not for sale.” He could feel Tria heave a huge sigh of relief. “I intend to keep her at least until I’ve gotten a son or two off of her.”

“Why, that could be decades from now! You’ll be bored of her by then, mark my words.”

Sir patted Tria’s bottom possessively. “Oh, I doubt that.”

Lima served refreshments, and although she didn’t say a thing she let her disapproval of their visitor be quite felt. Sir gave Tria a few of the last bites of his cookies, earning a tsk from his friend. “Much too soft, I tell you. Much too soft.”

Meanwhile, his female had snuck a cookie off his own plate, which he had placed on the floor, but she wasn’t surreptitious enough not to get caught doing it. When he’d discovered what she’d done, he hauled her up and over his lap by her hair, giving Sir an

apologetic glance. “Sorry, but you understand. Must correct them when they misbehave. Can’t wait until later or she won’t realize what she’s done.”

With that explanation, he threw the poor wretch’s baggy dress up over her back, revealing a bottom that already had several tracks on it from a previous session. He was only using his hand, but he went at her at least as hard as Sir took after Tria. As she watched the spectacle of this poor woman getting her bottom smacked with more vigor than talent, Thomas watched her, then began to insinuate his fingers between her legs, whispering not very quietly for her to spread her legs enough to accommodate him more freely.

Tria gulped and did what was asked, hating the fact that he was going to find her wet again . . . still. For some reason she couldn’t fathom, watching that woman, whom she didn’t know the least thing about, get a licking from her owner that was pretty close to what she got from her own made her whole body contract when his fingers found her.

“That’s it. Isn’t it interesting to see someone else in that position for a change?” He had her so pegged she nearly lost her concentration. And she didn’t at all like that he knew her well enough to figure that out, but it seemed he did. “I’m going to take my belt to you later, you know. And I’m going to leave the door open so that they can hear exactly what I’m doing to you – every bit of it.” His fingers teased her, rubbing repeatedly then ducking away, or merely cupping her for a while as the other woman’s cries of discomfort increased considerably in volume, as did her level of excitement. “And I’m not going to let you enjoy yourself here too much.” He gave her a few more fast strokes, designed to get as much of a rise out of her in as short a time as he could, then he withdrew his hand entirely.

And he was just as good as his word, too. Less than an hour later, he had her singing each time the belt kissed her rump, and she knew that the two in the bedroom just down the hall were getting an earful of what she’d gotten earlier in the evening, although she figured that Bud’s female wasn’t getting anywhere near the amount of enjoyment out of her punishment that Tria had gotten from hers.

Aside from the occasional drop in friend, their lives were very settled, until the point when Doc arrived again and suggested something that he thought might help her conceive, and it involved a big red rubber bag that hung ominously above her head when he ordered her into the bed. The doc was still sitting in one of the chairs in the corner of the room, as if he was supervising the action.

Thomas had never given anyone an enema. It wasn’t that he was against them, particularly, he just wasn’t into them. But Doc seemed quite convinced that keeping her cleaned out would help her conceive. He’d never heard of such a thing, but he did trust his doctor, so he agreed to set up a schedule whereby she was given a high, hot, and helluva lot enema at least once a week.

Of course, Doc had also mentioned how interesting it might be for him to fill her up and make her hold it, or bring her off while she held it, or even follow it himself and make her take the both of them – him and the enema – at the same time.

He positioned her as the Doc had suggested, over several pillows in the middle of the bed. He'd also bound her, just in case she decided to run for some reason or another, which of course would earn her a good licking on top of a full bottom. Thomas filed that idea away for the future. This scenario was yielding all sorts of possibilities. He wondered why he hadn't thought of it before.

The big red bag was full to the brim with warm, slightly soapy water, and it was connected by a ribbed white tube to a special nozzle that Doc had gifted him with that was also a plug, so that she couldn't push it out of her even if she wanted to, which, of course, would also get her into trouble.

When he had her secured, with her bottom raised well into the air, he took the nozzle and put a small amount of lube on it, then exposed her little floret with the fingers of one hand while he pressed the plug into it with the other hand until that tight ring of flesh closed around the plug's thin neck. Just for the fun of it, he tugged it back and pushed it in more, using it to fuck her as much as it would allow without coming out, letting her reluctant moans wash over him.

He could hear Doc breathing heavily behind him and had a thought, looking back at where he stood at the end of the bed. "Are you sure this is going to help her get pregnant?" he accused without much venom.

Doc cleared his throat guiltily behind his hand, then admitted, "Well, it couldn't hurt to her cleaned out there on a regular basis. She's going to have to get one when she delivers, and she might as well get used to it."

Thomas looked back at Tria, who was trying not to arch into his tiny thrusts.

"Looks to me like she's enjoying it, so far," Doc commented in a strained tone.

He had to agree with that, but then, he hadn't begun the enema yet. He reached for the clamp on the white tube and opened it two clicks. Tria's moans only increased in volume at first, but then she began to beg him to stop.

She had been restrained and violated while blindfolded, and hadn't really understood what was going to happen. She only knew that he was forcing something new into her bottom. That was usually the extent of things – nothing had prepared her for the flood of warm, irritating water that coursed through her bowels, making her want to roll and writhe and do pretty much anything to get it out of her.

"P-please Sir – no – don't – pleeeaaase!"

"You might want to check her response . . ." Doc suggested gruffly, earning an irritated look from Thomas, from which he immediately backed away. Thomas was not the type of man anyone wanted to irritate – that way could lead to becoming very dead very quickly, and even as a longtime friend he had a great respect for the man and also a considerable concern for his own safety.

Doc couldn't believe this young woman. He had been privileged to see and pseudo

participate in some of the things that Thomas did to her, and he was amazed by her level of response to everything Thomas did to her – even his very severe punishments.

Thomas didn't know how he could possibly have gotten lucky enough to get her – someone who was turned on by everything he did to her – but he wasn't going to let her go to waste. He was going to use her as completely as he could, do literally everything he could think of to her, for his own amusement and to see the extent of her sexual drive.

She was his, and his alone. He would never share her with anyone, regardless of whether or not she gifted him with a son.

If she didn't breed eventually, he might consider getting another, but then he wasn't sure that that would be the right thing. The current fashion was to have several women if one could afford it – and he certainly could – but he didn't know if it was a hold over from the Before Time or not, but he worried that it would cause dissention in the ranks, and that was the last thing he needed.

He firmly believed that Tria and Lima got along because he'd never made a sexual move towards Lima – not that he would. She was old enough to be his mother several times over. And Rook never had sexual thoughts towards anyone, so he had no cause for jealousy there.

All in all, he didn't think he wanted to rock the boat, even if the possibility of a son was in the offing.

He'd just spend the rest of his life doing his level best to make sure that she got caught well and truly, and then was pampered to within an inch of her life while she carried and finally delivered his son.

Epilogue:

It was almost seven years before Tria became pregnant. Luckily, Thomas – as organized and anal as he was – had continued to test her every week, and he'd found out at the earliest possible point.

He was over the moon, and in a mood to indulge and spoil her. He took her into town and bought her whatever her heart desired, despite the fact that he knew he could no longer discipline her in the ways he always had, and that this meant nine long, dry months of tying her to his bed at night but not availing himself of her charms. He'd have to watch himself closely – sometimes he didn't even wake up really, anymore, just rolled over and planted himself within her, awakening mid plunge.

Thomas had sent Rook to fetch Doc, who examined her in the most minute detail – as usual – and pronounced her and the baby quite fit, as well as he could tell. He cautioned Thomas against letting her do much of anything, and advised that she be confined to bed for the duration.

Thomas could not imagine anything worse, personally, than not even being able to so much as get up and walk around. He vowed to amuse her as much as time would allow, and charged Lima and Rook with making sure she was as comfortable and content as possible in his absences, which were as few and far between as he could make them during that time.

When she was nearing her time, he installed Doc in one of the guest bedrooms, occupying all of his time and paying all of his fees in favor of not having to have Rook range far and wide in search of him when the time came.

The labor and delivery were atrocious – for Tria, but Doc would have bet that it was worse for Thomas, who was thinking how strange it was that he was so repulsed at the idea of her being in such pain, when he brought pain to her nearly every day she'd been with him, in one way or another.

Finally, he watched the baby slip from her body in a gush of blood and fluids, but he hadn't had a chance to see whether it was a son or not. The doc gave the child to Lima, who washed it carefully while he saw to Tria, then Lima gave the baby to Rook, the only male in the room who wasn't otherwise occupied, and Rook brought it to its father, as required, saying, "Your Son," as he placed the baby into Thomas' waiting arms.

Thomas wanted to scream with pride and love for the boy, but he somehow managed to keep it to a hugely broad grin. He looked down at the wrinkled, red bundle.

His son. The beginning of his dynasty.

In accordance with custom, he uttered the required words of acceptance. "This child is flesh of my flesh, blood of my blood. I claim him as my own and name him Trey."

Rook and Lima were astonished at Thomas' choice of name – that it was such an obvious tribute to his son's mother. They weren't at all sure that the Greycloths would allow him to keep such a name.

But then, he might well, considering his reputation.

Tria was exhausted, but when she looked up at the man who owned her, body and soul, who strapped her frequently to within an inch of her life, who brought her to earth shattering orgasms and made her hoarse from screaming in pain, who humiliated her and pampered and punished her, and the father of her only child.

And she knew with an absolute certainty like nothing she'd ever felt before that she loved him, despite and because of everything he'd done to and for her.

He bent down and whispered into her ear as he held their baby. "Thank you. But as soon as you're healed, as soon as the Doc says you're all right, you have a long few sessions coming with the strap and the paddle. You're not going to sit comfortably for weeks."

Tria beamed up at him, saying, "Yes, Sir."

