

# *The Novice's induction*

*by Sadyst 20/4/2009*

*Story codes: M/f, rape, torture.*

The slave's back was covered with the purple scars of the whip and the brands of the various gentlemen whos whim had been to own her as their own for a time. At the base of the neck, just between the shoulder blades, she wore the W-brand that S later learned marked her as a trusted servant and companion of the gentlemen, one of their whores. She was there to do their will, and had been set over her as her mistress, to train S in her duties, so she brought S to the centre of the room, arms chained behind her back, and stepped close to her. She wrapped her arms around S, her chains clinking slightly against S's. "Kiss me, my love" she whispered in her ear, and her lips sought S's. S did not know what to do, and was confused by the woman's passion for her; she turned her face away. "I have been made your mistress, you should not refuse me" she said, and tried again, her tongue trying to obtain admission to S's mouth, but it was not to be. And so she stepped back, annoyed. "Use her as you will, my masters, I will take her to her cell in the morning" said the mistress, and walked off, leaving S naked and alone in front of the men.

The gentlemen, too, were annoyed at her reluctance; she was dragged none too gently to the club's entrance hall where she was to greet the members. With some difficulty, she was lifted onto a short bench at a convenient height, such that her upper body was at the entrance just within the club, so that she could greet the members as they entered, whereas her lower half protuded into a dark room of the club on the other side of the wall. She was chained lying flat and face up; the hole in the wall was provided with boards that fitted tightly around her waist, such that she could not see the lower half of her body where it protuded into the dark inner bowels of the club. S's hands were shackled to her sides, her head tilted back over the edge of the bench to offer the gentlemen's cocks deep access into her throat, the deeper when members grasped her tits for purchase to thrust their cocks deep into her throat.

S realised that they intended to make use of her below as well; she could feel the preparations. Her legs were drawn up and wide apart, and shackled to rings up near the ceiling, spreading, displaying and making easily available that which the gentlemen might wish to use when, fortified with a brandy brought by the servants, they had recovered from taking their first pleasure with her at the entrance. The arrangement was well tested, and the means by which new slaves were introduced into the club; having impetuously shed their first offering into the woman's mouth at the entrance, it ensured that the members were subsequently able to address satisfactorily and thoroughly, without the embarrassment of prematurely shedding their further offering, the entrances to the woman that all members agreed were to be preferred, that is, those between her legs, and especially the tighter opening of the pair.

The evening started slowly as the members entered. At first, trying to please them, she played the whore as her mistress had told her to, willingly opening her mouth to suck their cocks, and despite herself enjoying the many unseen fingers which were probing her wettening cunt on the other side of the wall. The gentlemen were intent on taking their pleasure, since once they were hard within the haven of her mouth the gentle stroking of their cocks turned to a more insistent thrusting, that took them through her mouth and deep into her throat. Her head bent backwards, her hair falling between their legs, she could see little but their cock, balls and arse and, between their legs, some occasional glimpses of the gentlemen standing around. And as the harder strokes took their cocks deep into her, their balls, some dangling, others tight and hard, pressed against her nose. It was obvious that many of the gentlemen had relished their meeting with her, and perhaps saved themselves for her, since, in the main, it took few strokes before their shuddering cock left its contribution to her deep in her throat. Soon she discovered that on her back, if she did not wish to choke, as one gentleman had finished

with her she must close her mouth, and quickly gulp and swallow his present to her quickly, before opening it again for the next gentleman's use, as he took his place at her head. And as the gentlemen flowed into the club, standing around her so that she could greet them in this way, she diligently sucked and swallowed, sucked and swallowed, and she was so intent on catching her breath in between the strokes into her throat that blocked her windpipe that she thought little of the exploration of her body below.

And so it was that, without thinking, she farted. She did not know whether some man, hidden from her in the room beyond the wall, esconced between her legs, had taken the full stream of that which left her, but now she sensed a change in mood. The handling was rougher, the probing below more insistent, the attention transferred from teasing those feminine attributes at the front, to fingers probing the opening of the tight hole at the back. The honeymoon was over; the gentlemen now had

decided it was time for her complete submission to their will. Within, the chains were adjusted, her legs being pulled back to the wall and hence her hips being twisted upwards so that her anus was displayed to best advantage. Now, a blunt object depressed the slight concavity of the rosebud dimple of that most feminine and private opening, which she had never allowed to receive the attention of any man, or indeed even to be seen other than perhaps in some unguarded moment as she rose naked, satisfied and careless, from a lover's bed. Her mother, a

Riding the stable lads



woman of impeccable breeding who bedded her husband Sir R occasionally while satisfying herself with the attentions of the younger and fitter of the stable boys, had emphasised the importance of a woman keeping some areas of mystery for her eventual husband to discover. S's mysteries having been discovered by the same stable hands at an early age (and behind her back compared favourably with those of her mother), she felt that her subsequent prospects should have something withheld, for their eventual discovery when married. So she resolved not to turn her back on any lover; if she wanted him, he could serve face to face in the good missionary position, a tribute to Queen Victoria to match her status of partial virginity. Not for him that animal coupling with the stable boys, she on all fours in the straw, one behind her back as another coarsely held her as he had no doubt learnt to hold the mare as the stud stallion services her. When her father realised why there were so many horses yet so little riding (at least, that is, in the saddle) the boys were dismissed and the horses sold, and so she took to exploring the rich but dim boys her mother preferred. She decided that she would play the lady; never again would one mount her from behind, able to survey her and insert a finger into an area that her mother had told her was not for recreation, at least for her, S, and other ladies of her social order. (In private however, and unbeknownst to S at that time, she had agreed with Sir R that if he wanted to call a misbehaving skullery maid to his room at night, bend her over and bugger her, that was just how the lower orders had to serve and the girl should be grateful that she at least wouldn't be pregnant.) Her groomed, trimmed and pampered body could be seen without reference to a certain private area that in particular would remain hidden; one of the stable boys made a careless and ill-advised comment on how her inadequate use of the toilet paper that morning had left a certain deposit behind had detracted from her own vision of her flawless body; the boy was subsequently soundly thrashed by the head groom on a pretext and dismissed. So when she made love, she coupled with her lover face to face, her breasts on his chest, her arms and legs wrapped around him. As to a man entering by that way, she had no knowledge. One late night, esconced in her apartment in the city and

giggling with girl friends as they drank Bollinger, they swapped stories of their conquests, the stories becoming increasingly explicit as the drink took hold. S made a shocking discovery when her friend, a slim and aristocratic debutante, let slip that her *fiance*, a young Member of Parliament, exclusively made use of her bottom in the bedroom. He had, however, as a concession, agreed that he would fulfil his duties to her face-to-face as much as was necessary for the next generation of his dynasty to be conceived. She explained that she thought this was because that was the way he was accustomed to make use of the pretty young boys he had met and developed a friendship with in his time as a graduate at Oxford. How did she do it? Her friend misunderstood, she explained the graphic detail of how he sometimes liked her to stand and bend over her slim athletic body to hold her ankles for him, or sometimes on all fours on the bed, like a dog, with him whispering filth in her ear and she being expected to respond with filth of her own. She asked a different way; why did she let him use her in that way? She answered that while it did hurt from time to time, she simply lay back and thought of England, or rather the large tract of it that his family owned. The girls fell about laughing, and continued an intimate discussion of that oldest of English vices, buggery. S decided that this was not for her. When the world had fallen down around her ears, and later met the man who saved her and became as she thought her lover and saviour, but who she now knew as her Judas, her procurer to the club, she was therefore gratified to find that, other than an inspection from time to time, he appeared to have no particular interest in her anus. Little did she know that this was to preserve her value, since the gentlemen preferred to purchase property that was untrammelled by the attentions of others.

So to be required to provide whatever the gentlemen desired was new to her. Used to granting permission for the ways in which her body was to be used by any lover she took to bed, and not to being secured and having it used without reference to her, the insisting pressure was unwelcome, and unfamiliar; she wriggled slightly, and helped by some straying slippery wetness from her cunt it slipped sideways and away from that most intimate area. The relief was momentary however; a moment later she felt its owner pressing it into her again; once more, a small wriggle of her waist managed to dislodge it. The third time the owner of the cock - for of course she realised that it was such - managed to lodge its head more firmly in her anus. Perhaps the member was annoyed by her refusal to offer herself in this way; this time the assault was determined, and her wriggles availed her not at all since the head of the cock soon nestled in her outer passage, pressed firmly enough in to be secure. For a few seconds both she, and he on the other side of the wall set on invading her, rested motionless, the lull of that sort before the battle as the troops, assembled, face each other across the battlefield, waiting for the whistle that will unleash the storms of hell; suddenly she cried in outrage as without any further warning her tight and virgin arsehole that, unknown to her, was her Judas' ace card in obtaining the best price when selling her for the club for the gentlemen's amusement, was this time brutally pierced. Her body knotted rigid as she tensed in a pointless attempt to prevent the invasion; the muscles of her sphincter, now her only defence, fought hard against his advance into her and indeed served to impede it slightly, but their consequent tearing open seared her with pain, such that, perhaps, had her reaction been considered, she would have let him have freely what he was now taking by force. But then, perhaps, the gentlemen would not have paid for her; it was entirely possible that what they wanted was the sport of the event, her refusal to accept their will matched against their inevitable ability to impose that will on her. Then slight relief; the cock, its head breaking through her puny defences, advanced into her body; the muscles that had tried to impede it closed around its shaft, now traitorously holding it in place in its continued advance to claim the innermost recesses of her bowels. Her only movement were to wriggle her hips slightly; a futile attempt to evade the red hot poker she felt was being thrust up high inside her body. For a few seconds, she could not breathe; the gentlemen at the entrance, momentarily inspecting rather than using her, as they discussed some trivial aspect of her body, perhaps her breeding qualities or her udder capacity, noted her eyes roll upwards and her back arch. She took a long deep intake of breath; she wailed a long animal cry of pain and violation that was soon truncated by another cock that, its owner momentarily surprised, but now excited by her suffering, thrust equally brutally into her mouth and down her throat. Below, the cock drew back; as it left she closed behind, her bruised muscles tightening once more to speed the cock on its way back out of her. Perhaps she was spared? No, a renewed virile plunge ripped her sphincter open again, perhaps hurting even more this time, as no doubt encouraged by the first successful attempt the cock entered more forcefully, faster, and further this time. This time, it

penetrated deep through and into her, coming to a halt high within her body as the man's groin came to a halt with a thump against her bottom, and his balls squashed against the skin of her frenum. A moment's pause, a slight wriggle from side to side and up and down to stamp his ownership on her, and then, once more, the slow retreat until, with a wet kiss, his cock once again left her. For a minute, that seemed like an eternity, she was slowly and brutally buggered, each forceful stroke into her bowels followed by the same slow withdrawal from her, so that the inward stroke that followed could repeat the pain of the man's first entry into her. He knew his job; as he sensed the weakening of her muscles, she was allowed a few seconds more for her muscles to close up when he was withdrawn, so that his following advance into and through her anus had the greatest effect in ripping them open once more. And so, for a few long minutes, the man tore her open.

For a few blessed minutes, the torment ceased, as they inspected her, wiping away a few dribbles of brown that they had inadvertently dislodged from her, inspecting the hole they had so successfully opened up as a route into her bowels, checking for any remaining resistance with their fingers, running their fingers around the inside of her rectum to check for any sign of tearing that would inhibit their further use of her. After all, were they not enlightened men of science, who realise that they must take care of her? If split, they would of course stop and she would be allowed sufficient time to recover and the wound to heal before submitting herself to them once more. She felt a little hot fluid trickle from her anus; it was her own blood from small rips in her skin. Satisfied, the cock was replaced; a few further brutal thrusts and it twitched as, for the first time, her bowels took a member's deposit.

Any thought of relief were shortlived as this was simply the opening volley; another cock took its place, first in her cunt, and then transferred to behind. As the evening progressed, one member gave way to another; a succession of cocks, some wide, some thin, some long, some short, some driven hard, others slowly grinding her, but all culminated in the pulsing, twitching and squirting finale that indicated the member's discharge into her belly and bowels. Soon she realised, from the speed at which a cock was transferred from her cunt to arsehole, that the members were simply using her vagina to warm up, the best to attack the main object of their attentions, her anus. Some members regarded this as a convenient stepping stone, making use of its relative ease of access to harden their cocks, the best to penetrate her tighter hole to the rear, whereas others did not, preferring to transfer their attentions directly to the challenge in question, having perhaps had themselves hardened by the mouths of the gentlemen's more experienced slaves who were on hand for the purpose, and to join in the fun with their masters. None appeared to make use of her cunt for its own sake; she did not know (although her mistress later told her) that the club's members were brought together by their preference for the tighter hole that women possess in common with men.

Perhaps they had so far been kind to her so far, or perhaps less generously they did not wish to see her precipitously split by excessive stretching in the first instance, since this time within her vagina she felt a cock which greatly exceeded in girth and length that of that which took her virginity, or indeed anything that she had felt so far. It felt like.... she suddenly remembered an evening with the Judas who betrayed her, where he plied her with a dildo made of a stallion's cock, tanned, preserved and stuffed so that it was as erect as when the stallion had plunged it into his mare, the width of a man's wrist, the length of a man's arm, its leather darkened to a deep ebony by the women's juices that had seeped onto it from the many clefts it had split, and the tallow that was used to protect the leather and ease its passage into the tighter orifices it had to service. He made her open wide for it, crying filth like a whore, stretching her legs wide apart as she accepted its thrusting strokes deep into her cunt, moaning and twisting, arching her back, fighting the toy that he was wielding on her, until the blessed relief as she exploded, then exploded, then exploded once more, until she was left spent on the bed. And she did not know that it was the gentlemen's, and as he wielded it, some of the gentlemen with whom he was negotiating for her sale were watching from behind the panels of the wall, whispering to each other of her wantonness, and need for enslavement and the whip. And since the dildo was theirs, they now thought it proper to see that she learnt to ride it using the hole which would in future be used for her primary service to the gentlemen of the club.

And so, while at first she felt it at first tight within her front, as before, it was slipped out and pressed against her anus. The pressure built, and built, and.... The pain! She groaned as it forced her wide open, her anus stretched so wide by it that the gentlemen within noted to each other that her vagina was crushed sideways against her pubis, its entrance and labia flattened the wrong way, so that her slit ran across her body, around the dildo, rather than up-and-down as it should. It went in, and up, and up, and up. And it tore; the gentlemen knew how leather stuck to skin; after all, the saddles that were strapped to their horses were made of it precisely so that they could stay in the saddle. It stuck to her, as though it were trying as hard not to enter S as she had tried earlier to keep the man's cock out. But the men had strong arms, and the dildo was provided with a firm hand hold, and so they could easily use the force that was necessary to drive it into her. Yes, she knew it was that dildo, for no man was that long, felt so, could rise so high into her tender insides.... the pain in her tortured rectum was mixing with a sensation of immense fullness and aching pain within her flat stomach as her intestines were displaced within her abdomen. This time, she did not cry, she groaned from deep within; a pause then another low animal groan of deep and tortured pain. The men clustered around her torso excitedly exclaimed that they could see her flat stomach bulging slightly as the object was forced upwards into her, and when it was firmly within her, it was secured with fine cords so that the gentlemen could rest for brandy for some few minutes, and admire the way in which they had stretched her. For as one noted, and the others agreed, she looked well riding a horses' cock, and they wondered whether they should let one of their stallions service her in the flesh.

But those at the club entrance did not pause; her cries stifled by one cock or another to pathetic moans and gurgles, for a time she sobbed. It was becoming clear to her that she would not be spared; gradually the sobs subsided, resignation set in, and she acquired a look of serenity, the one that the gentlemen so liked to see in a slave's eyes as she finally submitted to the whip for them. No longer fighting, below she accepted the one cock after another that replaced that vile object that had stamped the gentlemen's ownership of her anus on her, that had now been withdrawn. Her body glistened with sweat; again and again she choked as yet another cock shot its load down her throat for her to gulp and add to her growing bellyfull of cum. Suck, swallow, suck, swallow. Below, she was still being repeatedly raped, mainly in her increasingly red and puffy back passage, where, thank God, numbness had replaced pain. However, between her legs, she could not retain their contributions so well as those which were entering her stomach; having retained some ability to close, and hence to keep the gentlemen's contributions within her body, for perhaps an hour at most, now her front and back orifices, now left gaping open by the gentlemen's attentions, were unable to retain the copious deposits left within, which consequently were flowing without restraint out of her, trickling down between the cheeks of her arse. Her skin burned as a flow of hot piss between her legs from some helpful gentleman washed some soil away; but yet another cock entered roughly into her to top up the contributions deep within her.

The queues of gentlemen waiting to welcome her were lengthening on both sides.

In the morning, the secretary peered over his glasses and without speaking handed a thick wad of money in an envelope to her Judas. "She will serve well" he said. "You may go". And he turned away and left without asking after her..

Later that morning, her mistress, summoned to take her to her cell, threw open double doors to enter the clubroom. S still knelt on a small stool where the club doctor had placed her for his convenience in inspecting her an hour or two before, her legs drawn up under her body, submissively bent over and holding the legs of the stool, her bottom high in the air and readily available for his inspection. She had rested there, crying out slightly at the pain as he pushed a speculum into her, tightening the screw and working her bottom open for his closer inspection despite her plaintive cries, commenting that her accessibility was much improved since he was now able to use the larger speculum, and could stretch open her arse to two inches with only modest force. But despite the openness of her arsehole, the copious deposits the gentlemen had left clinging to the walls of her bowels made it difficult to see any tears within. The doctor was thorough, and an imperfect inspection was clearly unacceptable. "There

is nothing for it", he said. "I cannot see well enough in there. " He removed the speculum, and indicated for S to rise from the stool, leading her through the doors of the room and along a corridor. Passing through another door, she entered a large shower room, uniformly covered on the walls and floor with white tiles, and provided with a sloping floor which discharged into a drain.. There were a line of shower heads, and various other pieces of equipment provided with taps, the purpose of which S. could not surmise. "Stand there" he said, pointing to a brass rail, rather like a section of a sturdy handrail, but somewhat lower, standing by itself near to the wall. Walking to some hooks near the door, he took down a waterproof cape and trousers that looked similar to the sou'westers that sailors wear. Having donned them, the doctor uncoiled a short length of hose pipe attached to taps on the wall; it terminated in a long thick brass nozzle, hollow to take the flow of water, and provided at its tip with a rounded end and flared at its base. Turning the tap on the wall, the doctor pointed the nozzle at the drain and adjusted the taps to set the flow that squirted from it and its temperature to his satisfaction. "Please part your legs, bend over, and hold the rail." S. did as she was told, and the doctor adjusted her stance, tapping her thighs to make her open her legs wider and pushing her shoulders down so that she was bent over rather more. "We must wash you out" he said, and so saying he put his left hand around her waist to prevent her from moving, and with his right hand thrust the brass nozzle firmly into S's arse until its flared base was pressed uncomfortably hard against the ring of her arsehole. S could feel the lukewarm water flowing into her; the doctor had set a copious flow and she could feel her belly swelling as she filled.

Soon, she felt uncomfortable; the sensation built to the unbearable need she had only once before felt when, waking in her school bed in the early hours of the morning with an urgent need to shit, she had arrived at the dormitory toilet to find it occupied by another, and spent a few nervous and painful minutes standing in front of the toilet door, and nervously hoping that no-one would come, for she had not, in her haste, bothered to put any clothes on. Hoping that she would not lose control of her bowels,

she could do nothing but wait while the older girl within, realising her pressing need from S's request to her from behind the door to make haste, laughed, and opened the door to tease S with the leisurely way in which she was relieving herself. For a few interminable minutes, she sat there, taking her time to bear downwards to pass each motion, each success being lauded by sitting there immovably for a minute or two. And when S anxiously asked if she had yet finished, she responded that she was not sure if there might yet be more waiting there for her to pass. S, uncomfortably standing on one leg then another, could do nothing but watch while she took her time in this way, in the pauses between passing motions amusedly asking in mock concern, as S's bowels made as much room as possible by passing gas in



Have you soiled yourself yet?

short squeaks and burbles from her behind, whether S had yet soiled herself. And even when she had fully relieved herself, she took her time to wipe herself afterwards, inspecting every piece of paper until she found they came away clean. Eventually, satisfied, she rose from the toilet and stood to let S, who was by this time squirming in severe pain, have her use of it. But not private use; she stood in the cubicle next to S and watched as she desperately sat on the toilet in front of her, laughing at her relief as her unstable load immediately burst from within her, chiding her for the unladylike noises and smells she was making. And as S, having spent herself, wiped herself clean, she stroked her hands

through her hair; when S was clean, she told her to stand, and to S's surprise, for she half expected some further trick, put her arms around her. S did not know what to make of this, but the girl was older, and much stronger, and had something of a reputation for bullying the other girls in the showers after Lacrosse, and so S did not have much choice other than to let her. She pulled S's head to hers, and tried to kiss her; S, confused, twisted her head away. So without further ado she pushed S hard against the wall, grasping a breast in one hand and her neck in the other, as this time she managed to kiss her, but S, while she did not turn away, did not respond to her, but just let her explore the inside of her mouth with her tongue. Suddenly annoyed by her reluctance, and observing that otherwise she would let it be known to all that she, S, had not only wantonly disported herself naked in front of her, but also had insisted that she should observe her as she displayed herself in this most private act, she walked away, telling S to follow her. She led her to her private room; her parents were rich landowners and could well afford to ensure she was well provided for. Esconcing S in her room, and twisting the key in the door to ensure they were not disturbed, she took S to her bed and lay with her, touching her all over, stroking her between her legs, until despite herself, S felt comfortable and warm with her and grew moist at her attentions. Sensing S's increasing enjoyment, she took the opportunity to instruct her carefully how she wanted her to satisfy her, holding her head firmly between her legs until she grew wet against S's tongue, and hot; her body stiffened, and finally shuddered as for the first time S brought a woman to a climax. But much to S's horror, her demeanour to her changed; she threw her out, saying she was a slut and a whore. And S, embarrassed, supposed that she must be right, and fled back to her room, keeping her secret to herself.

And so she recalled the sharp pain of the urgent need to shit that she was now feeling. The doctor used his left hand to press against her belly, which was now resembling that of a pregnant woman. While his intention was to test her tautness, and so not to overfill her, the additional load on her belly had the effect of causing S. a sharp pang of pain, and she cried out. "In pain? I think perhaps that is enough." And the doctor abruptly removed the nozzle. In the absence of the nozzle as a plug, there was no way in which S. could have retained the contents of her bowels, and indeed that is not what the doctor expected; there was no need for him to instruct her to discharge her bowels as the contents immediately jetted from her in an arc, spraying the tiled floor behind her with water tinged with red, which ran away down the drains, leaving the congealed contributions of the gentlemen, and occasional small brown lumps of her shit, sticking to the tiles. The torrent leaving S. was not the neat jet of the hosepipe, it had sprayed far and near, and side to side, and the final dribbles, well laden with soiling, ran down and stuck to her legs. And S. understood why the doctor, who was experienced in this requirement, had chosen to don waterproof clothes. For a moment, he used the continuing flow of the hosepipe to wash the floor behind her, and to hose down her bottom and legs, before thrusting it once again into her.

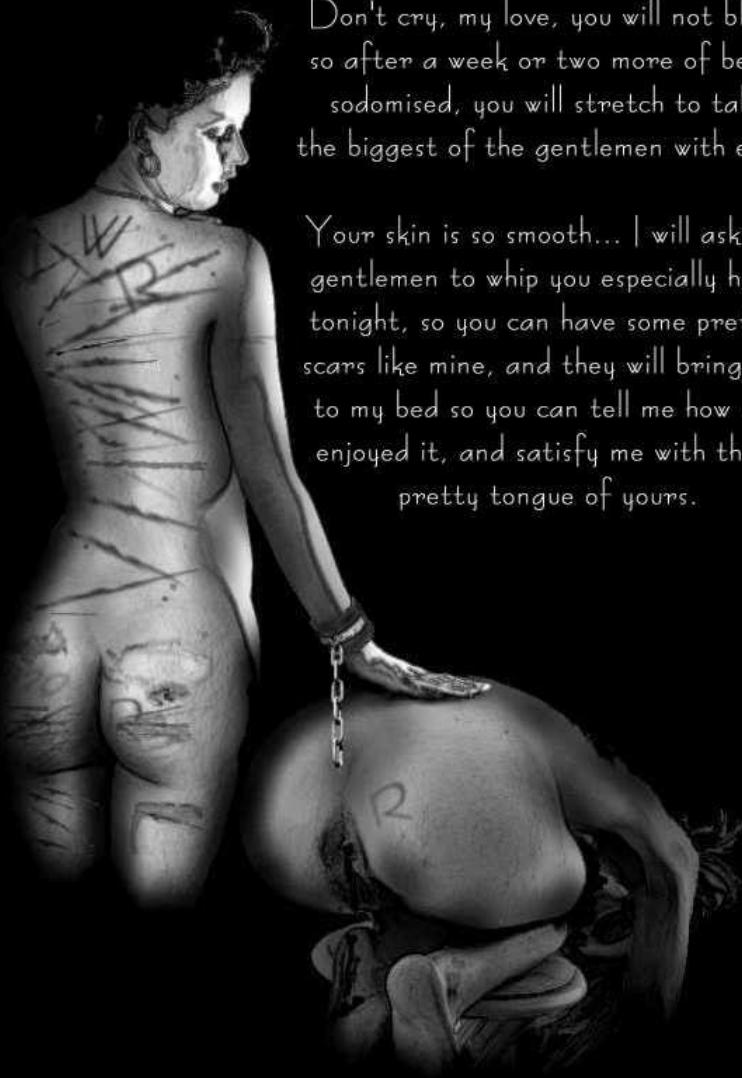
When, after three more fillings and releases, the flow from S at last ran clear, the doctor was content that she was clean behind. In the interests of thoroughness, he next thrust the nozzle into her cunt, turning the flow down somewhat but working it around so that the flow of water, spraying out of her cunt around the nozzle that was inserted in it, carried away the deposits that had been left in there. Finally, and as an afterthought, he washed her mouth; this was less a requirement of the gentlemen than for his own convenience if he decided that she should kiss him while offering the sexual favours that he felt were a reasonable recompense for his ministrations, as he knew it was common for a woman to be required to lick clean any cock that, withdrawn from her, had been left with a brown ring. When he announced that all three of her holes the gentlemen had used had been cleaned to his satisfaction, S. was seized with an overwhelming urge to stand under a hot shower of water, and wash the urine, semen and other detritus that covered her body and hair away. Would he let her clean herself up? The doctor did not suggest it, nor did S have the courage to ask, so she returned with him to the clubroom, her body still soiled and her hair matted from the gentlemen's attentions, and once again mounted the stool. Stretching her open again, he worked the speculum from one side to another, and up and down, looking deep within her now clean bowels and checking for any split that would require his further attention. Eventually, he was satisfied that while she bled slightly from many small

rips and tears, and especially from the skin of her rectum, she would heal; he withdrew the speculum and informed her of the good news.

As an employee of the gentlemen, he had not been present the previous evening; so satisfied that he had done his job and could now attend to recreation, he dropped his trousers. He did not want to use her from behind, having seen the cesspool that the gentlemen had turned her bowels into, but S was at the right height and angle that he could thrust his cock into her cunt, which had been less tended to, and little used as a receptacle for the gentlemen's semen, and hence was not in his view so spoiled by the evening's attentions. So he thrust at her, groaning slightly as within a minute or less he spent himself into her. He withdrew from her, and, telling her not to move, left the room. S knew to obey, so she had been there for some two hours; her knees aching where they rested on the hard stool, completely naked and not even chained, since she had now learnt that the gentlemen's will was paramount, and so chains were not needed to hold her in place. Her bruised tits hung loosely so that her sore nipples stroked the edge of the stool. When the mistress entered, the smell of the cheap French perfume, whore's perfume, that she wore as she was taken to her induction the previous night had been replaced by animal odours; sweat, uncleaned urinal where, released from her chains at the end of the night, she had knelt, head bowed, on the floor so that the gentlemen could relieve themselves over her face and hair and body, and one or two, commenting to each other that she would ake a good urinal, into her mouth. A sharp seaside smell of the many deposits of semen that had been left on her, and within her. But a rank undertone... what was that? Her mistress sniffed; she realised it is the sour smell of S's arse, the leaving card that remains hanging in the air when a woman has risen from the toilet and flushed all else away. And in confirmation, and despite trying to keep it within, S farted loudly once more; due to her position, the elevation of her arse, and her spread cheeks, the fart was deep, and loud, and resonant, and worthy of the pondorous farts of the mares who had drawn the family carriage in her heyday, when they had been fed on mouldy hay, and when, sitting in the carriage upright, and looking down on the general public around, she would ignore the street urchins who enquired from a safe distance as to whether it was the horse or her that had farted, and she would resolve to have the groom beaten for his ineptitude in the mattter of the horses' feed. And now, her mistress ignored her fart in much the same way that she had ignored that of her horses; she did not chastise S for being unladylike in front of her because she realised from her own experience that S would have no control in that respect until she had recovered for a day or two, and so neither of them spoke of her fart more, for being ladylike was not S's concern either at that moment.

A single drip fell from somewhere between S's legs. The mistress walked to her rear to see the damage to her; and as she surveyed the familiar signs of the gentlemen's work she was suddenly struck by a pang of remorse as she remembered how it was for her that first time. Blood was still oozing from her torn and puffy arsehole; it was trickling over her foot to join a small wet puddle lying on the floor. She put a hand low on her back, the short chain hanging from her handcuff stroking her gently between the cheeks of her bottom. She was shaking. "It will heal" she said, kindly. "Don't worry, you will not bleed so after a week or two more of being sodomised; you will stretch to take the biggest of the gentlemen with ease." And indeed, when the gentlemen played with S's mistress these days, and in their whimsy decided she required a dildo plied in her from behind as a gentleman mounted her from the front, she herself could readily take it with little more than a grunt and a slight widening of her legs. And when on occasion a gentlemen complained that due to her excessive slackness she had soiled herself behind as he pounded her from the front, she had learnt that as a

trusted whore to them she could take the liberty of teasing him. "It is in the hands of you gentlemen whether you wish for ease of access or cleanliness! You cannot have both!" she would say. And they would laugh, and ask another slave to wipe her clean as they continued.



Don't cry, my love, you will not bleed so after a week or two more of being sodomised, you will stretch to take the biggest of the gentlemen with ease.

Your skin is so smooth... I will ask the gentlemen to whip you especially hard tonight, so you can have some pretty scars like mine, and they will bring you to my bed so you can tell me how you enjoyed it, and satisfy me with that pretty tongue of yours.

"I love you" said S suddenly, from the bottom of her heart. "I am sorry I would not kiss you." She really meant it, although she did not know whether it was because she did, or because she had no choice. Her mistresses' hand stroked her back and slid down over the cheeks of her bottom, in a gesture of tenderness that would soon become the familiar intimate precursor to their lovemaking sessions, as her mistress comforted her after she returned missused by the gentlemen, and excitedly asked her to

tell her of the tortures they had decided to inflict on her that night, and encouraged her to bear their attentions, and indeed kneel in front of them and ask them to use her, or whip her, or tear her body, even harder, just as she, her mistress, had when she was learning to serve. And often when S returned she was already wet for her; S did not know that her mistress often steal to the door of the clubroom, stroking a finger between her legs as she heard S's moans and exclamations of filth as she vied with the others to be the dirtiest and most abandoned, and hence most favoured, of the gentlemen's whores, or crying out as she was encouraged in her duties with the whip, or, if they were displeased with her,

screaming as her nipples were crushed to within an ace of falling from her body by the gentlemen's severest tools. As her screams rose to a crescendo in the early hours of the morning, signalling the end of their use of her, her mistress would steal back to their room to avoid being discovered and whipped for her disobedience, and in excitement await S's return to her bed.

But all this was to come. As S now crouched in front of her, new to her duties, she knew not to touch her anus, which yesterday a pink rosebud, was now a sore, protruding, puffy ring. "I love you Mistress" S said again. "I have done your bidding". And her mistress knelt in front of S and turned her face upwards, her hands sliding behind S's head, pulling their mouths together, and this time their tongues entwined in a long and passionate kiss.

The mistress slowly stroked the skin of S's back. "Your skin is so smooth" she said, and so it was, apart from the slavemaster's "R" that had been burnt deep into the right cheek of her bottom after her inspection and acceptance for entry to the club. "The doctor says that you are young and fit, and will recover rapidly behind, provided you are not sodomised for several days. But tonight the gentlemen intend to whip you for the first time." She paused, and kissed her on the shoulder. "I have asked the gentlemen to whip you especially hard, so you can have some pretty scars like mine." She turned to show her, and placed S's hand on her back. Her skin was raised in hard purple welts, crisscrossing her back and running over the brandmarks that had been burnt into her both front and back. S was disgusted by the feel of her calloused skin, and sick at the thought that she would soon become disfigured like her, but she realised she could say nothing and did not remove the hand.

"I will ask them to bring you to my bed afterwards so you can tell me how you enjoyed it." She turned back to her and kissed her again, her tongue running over S's. She breathed into S's ear. "I still have my nipples and clitoris" she said. Some of the older slaves were missing one or another of these intimate parts, but S's mistress had always pleased the gentlemen, and so had been allowed to retain them. "Will you spend the night with me, and kiss my nipples, and then satisfy me with that pretty tongue of yours? Will you play it over me, my love, and tease me until you make me run with juices for you?". And it passed through S's mind that her mistress was excited by the thought of making love to her when she was returned moaning with pain, her back bleeding from the whipping she had received from the gentlemen, but what could she do? She was as much the plaything of her mistress as they both were that of the gentlemen of the club, and so she just nodded, and kissed her again.

(C) Sadyst 14/4/2009