

## Chapter 783

"Say 'I'm a harem-slut'," I mocked her. The humiliation-driven climax overwhelmed any semblance of self-control she might have retained.

I kept taking pictures and verbally tormenting her as I described each scene. Rhada began choking and jerking as if she was in a seizure. I was on her in a flash, pulling the gag off and pulling her wet, sweaty hair away from her face. I then cut off both vibrators and carefully removed them. It took her several minutes to recover enough to do anything.

"Kill me," she feebly pleaded. "Kill me and end my shame."

"I haven't finished tormenting you, Rhada," I replied compassionately. "A woman as proud, noble and fierce as you would never fold up after just one battle. Are you giving up?" The junior Indian struggled to focus on me.

"No," she croaked. I reached down, fondled her right breast then grabbed and pinched her nipple. Rhada winced.

"Do you surrender?" I taunted her. Rhada shook her head negatively. "Lucky for me, I have clamps, paddles and a crisp lash just for you." Rhada's eyes grew wider, her heart rate quickened and her jaw set.

(Later)

Rhada was splayed out on the bed, staring at the ceiling. With the raw, swollen appearance of her nipples, I didn't envy Rhada putting on her sports bra. She had raised lash marks over her buttocks, thighs and back. It had taken me a few tries to figure out what was a glare (not hard enough), an orgasmic squeal (right on the money) and 'Argh!' (too much).

She had carried a freight-load of sexual frustration into my apartment and I'd worked through a healthy dose of it. I had no illusions we were done. I did know we were done for the night, though. I put on some pajama shorts and left the room. When I came back, she propped herself up on both elbows and seethed hate/lust at me.

I tossed her clothes at her.

"Get dressed," I commanded. She exuded defiance. "In five minutes you are going to be on the street. If you want to be naked, that's on you. I'm finished with you." The last bit was like a slap to her face. "For tonight," I added. That did the trick. She wanted more of her Enslaved Amazon Rape fantasy.

Rhada dressed. She pretended not to notice me soaking up her beauty with undisguised hunger and I pretended not to notice her arousal under my gaze. When she finished, Rhada slipped to the edge of the bed and placed her feet on the floor. I handed her a glass of crushed ice. She had to be parched.

She drank and chewed on the ice while her eyes tried to gauge my mood. When she was mostly finished with the ice, I half turned and retrieved her blade - sheathed, of course. She appeared uncertain until I crossed my left arm level with my torso. I slapped the scabbard down on the arm, pommel toward Rhada. According to a movie I'd seen once, this was supposed to be the honorable thing to do.

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Rhada gingerly reached for the pommel as if expecting me to yank it away. Once she held the pommel, she took hold of the scabbard with the other hand and drew the blade. Finally she stood up.

"Give me the phone," she demanded.

"No," I replied in a bored tone.

"I'll kill you if you don't," she threatened.

"There are no pictures, Rhada," I let my eyes run over her body once more. "Every image of you that I need is right up here," I tapped my temple.

"The feel of your enticing flesh, your erotic sounds and your intoxicating scents are here if I need them and, if I want new ones, I'll hunt you down and make more," I licked my lips and grinned.

"Touch me again, I'll cut off your balls and burn them before your eyes," she threatened. I slapped the knife out of her hands, grabbed her upper arms and pulled her to me.

I savagely ripped a kiss from her lips, subduing her tongue and pressing her head back. I released her arms so that I could grasp her braid and a full ass cheek. Rhada groaned with a desperate hunger as she began humping me. I maneuvered her body around despite her grunted protests. Her head was forced around so I could maintain my kiss while I ground my cock against her ass.

Rhada tentatively stroked my hand holding her braid, suggestively leading my hand to her breasts. Feeling generous, I obliged and soon was mauling her right nipple through her silk blouse and bra. Right as I felt she was ready to gift me with one more orgasm, I pushed her face first on the bed. Her lustful gaze as she rolled over turned to frustration.

"Time for you to leave," I commanded. She slithered off the bed, gave me a hateful glare, retrieved her knife and stormed out of the room. I followed laconically along because Timothy was under the impression we both might not be dead soon. Sure enough, at the stairs, Rhada turned and presented me with this wistful smile then left.

I walked back into my abode. Timothy chuckled.

"I told you, Cáel," he rubbed it in. "Sometimes you pet that kitty and sometimes you spank it."

"For a man who truly appreciates a good phallus, you sure know a great deal about women's sexuality," I regarded my roomie as I sat beside him.

"Bro, you would be astounded by the number of female strangers who spill their deepest, darkest secrets, fantasies and desires the second they find out I'm gay," Timothy explained. "I guess they don't think I'll be judgmental, or jealous."

"So you are a gay man who is a closet heterosexual?" I joked. He punched me.

"Give away my secret and next time, the nutjob will come in to find you trussed up on the bed," he countered. My phone rang. It wasn't work so I didn't weep.

"Cáel Nyilas," I answered.

"Cáel, this is Odette. I didn't wake you did I?" she sounded chipper.*wW.N.eℓlwσ(·)m.Com*

"Wide awake. I just tossed an Indian princess out of place after a marathon S&M session," I responded with the truth dressed up like a lie. "Do you want to do something tonight?"*(w)W.(n)oVellw(σ)rm.cℓ@*

"What do you have in mind?" she teased. She had to be thinking the whole 'Indian Princess' thing was a joke - poor, naive girl.

"Before we make love, I'd like to give you a massage," I suggested.

"You think I have sex on the first date?" She wasn't pissed. They never were.

"Girls have sex, women make love and our first date should involve doing something that convinces you to want a second date," I suggested. "We can discuss where you want to go on the first date after your first orgasm." There was a long pause.

"Do you want me to come to your place?" she asked. I gave her my address. An added bonus was that I didn't have to worry about Buffy knowing where to pick me up in the morning.

"Few men who are not professional escorts are so confident they can nail a woman a day," Timothy laughed. I looked him over. I hadn't had sex - Sunday night, or Monday.

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"Bitch, help me clean my room. Half of Rhada is your fault after all," I grumbled. That led to the discussion that Rhada had peed on my bed, flipping it over wasn't nearly enough and that a wastebasket with tissue wads and used condoms probably wasn't the message I wanted to send to this latest conquest.

Don't get me wrong. I wanted a first and second date with Odette. Usually, somewhere along the line, each girl figured out I was nailing one, two, or three other women and they got pissed. Then came the screaming, crying, yelling and various insinuations about my parentage and anatomy. Finally there was the breakup sex, her hating me (and herself) for the break-up and then another round of break-up sex so she could convince herself we were done.

That was usually it, discounting the 'showing up drunk at my door' sex, the 'I'm lonely and it's your fault' sex, and the 'let's get back together' sex. I've taken back a lady who stabbed me so I clearly have no common sense or morals. It's my damn libido, I swear. I'm really not some asshole who never returns their call, makes them sleep in the wet spot, or ignores their litany of life's woes. I like to think I'm better than that.