

990

"I was waiting for you to request something perverse - something I wouldn't do to you," I explained. I punctuated that by pulling her shirt aside and biting down on her shoulder strong enough to leave deep indentations on her flesh.

"Aha!" she yelped. She still wasn't making the connection - how incredibly stubborn of her.

"Do you doubt my bravery?" She didn't respond, so I bit into and worried her left earlobe. "Do you doubt my dedication to the Host?"

"No," she moaned. "You are an excellent warrior."

"So we both agree I have earned the right to take you as my captive," I teased her.

"This is why I find your insolence to be so confusing," I kept up my routine. "It is almost as if you would rather be bound, whipped, beaten, spanked, bitten, lashed, covered with hot wax, blindfolded, and gagged instead of giving me my due obedience." Rhada's deep sensual moan was what I had been looking for. She spread her legs slightly then pushed her ass against my crotch.

"I am yours," she sniffled slightly. "You defeated me in battle and I can expect no other fate."

"Dates take off their clothes. Slaves strip before their masters," I related. Not true. I had enjoyed multiple stripteases in my time and even give a few. What Rhada wanted to know was that I hungered for her naked flesh.

"You are on top of me," she protested. I pulled her braid to the side and chomped down her right shoulder. That earned me another squeal. Rhada's initial efforts were frantic, inspired by her pain. Within seconds she recalled our shared moments and slowed down. She knew I liked to watch her clothes come off and go back on. I'm odd that way.

I rewarded her obedience with alternating kisses and nips to her freshly exposed flesh. As we progressed, Rhada became more insistent for sexual attention. Her finely honed thighs and abdominal muscles ground her buttocks against my cock in a continuous, circular motion. In our current state, she couldn't get her pants and panties off.

When I rolled off, Rhada shot me a worried look. First she flashed up fear because she mistook my look for one of anger. In a second, she keyed to my real mood. I was going to own her, stretch her to her limits and then take it one step further. I was going to use my war captive as I saw fit, rip my pleasure from her passion and break her doubts down to their foundations.

She shimmed out of her remaining clothing. I rummaged up the appropriate toys with a bit of an amused snort. Odette had organized the 'toy box' (including a bill for 'modernizing and updating' of my equipment.) What girl does that for a guy - categorize sexual aids she knows you are going to use on other women in your life?

"Loosen your braid," I directed her after I turned and soaked in the view. She was in the center of the bed, kneeling with her buttock resting on her heels. Rhada's hands rested just above the knees, her great brown eyes had more of their old spark to them. Part of that was caused by my words sinking into her psyche. The rest was her love affair with my physique. [Ww.n0velw.r1.com](#)

Me and all my scars, plus I had a new one for her to judge and appreciate.

"Small caliber round from a Seven Pillar's QCW-Type 05," I informed her. Amazons loved their weaponry and their martial exploits.

"Did you kill him?" she asked with her intensity overcoming her attempt at a demur nature.

"Him and a bunch of other guys," I chose to answer as she unbraided her silky, black hair that cascade down to the small of her back. I was the son of a Chicago working stiff, not some super-soldier.

"You fought for the Host and killed our enemies," she tried to ease my mind.

I wanted to feel bad about what had happened. The horror I had inflicted would never go away.

"Most of them were burned alive," I enhanced her experience by ripping open my own, fresh mental scar tissue. For Rhada, ruthlessness, martial valor and battlefield accomplishments were their own aphrodisiac.

In her translation of events, her captor had proven yet again he was a fearless, masculine champion - a lion-heart. I put one knee on the bed and waited. Rhada had to shuffle to me. It was interesting to see the magnetic effect of the three items I held in my casual grasp - a leather collar, a thin silver-coated chain and a pair of leather handcuffs. I motioned with the cuffs first.

I left it for her to discern my intention. I wanted her to put her wrists forward, yet I wanted to train her to know my wishes. Not only would it keep her mind and perceptions occupied, it would give her a needed sense of learning and broadening her education. It was a very subtle narrowing of the eyes that I used to tip her off.

She half-turned with her wrists at her back, caught my 'displeasure' and then extended her arms toward me. I cuffed her right wrist, then her left wrist and finally cinched them together with their two bronze links, all the while demanding she retain eye contact with me. With our silent measuring of our true grit, we established our positions.

Without that clash of wills, everything else would be tawdry trinkets of no value. As she accepted those bonds, she set aside her willingness to challenge me and embraced our new sense of harmony. A corner had been turned. Submission became the only outcome her destiny allowed. Mamitu, the Amazon belief that the Goddesses put nothing before the sisters that experience hadn't prepared them for.

Out of arrogance, she had struck me. Destiny had prepared me for the fight and I had won. In tribute to destiny, Rhada had acknowledged the lesson and was finally learning from it. I yanked her wrists up roughly until they were extended high over her head. Rhada kept them there, as I intended, because now was time for the collar.

This time she couldn't keep her eyes from flickering to the device until it passed beneath her chin. With the cuffs, I had been deliberate and relentlessly purposeful. The collar was an easy gesture - me exerting my rights as her captor and master, nothing more. I spared her a smile. Her dark brown-olive complexion, nearly black around the areola and nipple, was extended by the raising of the arms overhead for my viewing pleasure.

Lastly, there was the chain. It had clasps at both ends, so I hooked it around the single ring on the collar and pulled Rhada toward me. I feasted on her lips, touched tongue to tongue inside and outside our mouths, and ended up chewing her lower lip. As I pulled and plucked it with my teeth, my fingers began to coax a stiffening of her teats. [Ww.n0velw.r1.com](#)

Gentle caresses turned into vigorous touching that evolved into painful pinches between the thumb and forefinger and energetic plucking. I let my kisses migrate from her lips to nose (briefly) then her cheeks and the underside of her jawline. Rhada made a gasping-choking noise as I nibbled her flesh.

My distraction must have worked because she missed my hands moving down. The middle and forefinger of my left became a wedge working between her buttocks. With the right, I led with my middle finger, using my fore- and ring-fingers to part her labia. The clip-rings of the chain were secured on each thumb.

Her fluids turned her sex into warm molasses coating folds of molten tenderness. My solo probing finger didn't penetrate - not yet. I ran the length of her vulva vestibule, rubbing her vaginal and urethral openings. Rhada expressed a piteous whine as I stoked her sexual frustrations. I ratcheted up my torture when my left twin fingers reached her sphincter.

Tap the opening - tease her with false penetrations. My lips reached her neck right beneath her ear. I pulled in the flesh with a powerful suction, grabbing the tiny tip of taut flesh with my teeth. Her dolorous pleading ramped up as I delved my fingers in simultaneously. Rhada's anal ring pulsed, alternating between ushering my forefinger inside and resisted my progress.

I was breaching her defenses without lubrication. It was wiggling, tentative advancement on my part and sensations of extreme sensitivity on her part. By comparison, her vagina virtually sucked me in. Having been denied sex for so long (if you counted two weeks as long) all the while fantasizing to the point of tripwire anticipation, she was quickly rising to orgasm.

"Do not," I cautioned her. Rhada trembled. Her groans became guttural as she reached down into her physical conditioning to exhibit some control over her racing heart rate and labored breathing. Had I stopped my assault, she might have held out. I didn't. The task for us both was to push her past the point of control. She was going to lose, that was given. [Ww.n0velw.r1.com](#)

How she lost was the lesson. What level of stimulation was going to be too much? She fought it with every fiber of her being. She fought it for me. Rhada sweated profusely and vibrated like a gypsy tambourine. She could not win. She knew I never intended for her to win. But I wanted her to reach down deep and fight.

She would fail and I would punish her for her failure, but it would be a punishment that she felt was well-deserved, and she craved that. Even her failure was part of our dynamic - captor and captive. Pain with a purpose. Pain as a thread that united us. She could not wound herself the way I could. Everything she could inflict, she would sense and prepare for.

I provided torment from unexpected angles and stimuli in a myriad of forms. Everything faded until only the touch and the pleasure of the messenger remained.

"Urrahhh..." her opening declaration of the overwhelming tide was animalistic and desperate.

For fifteen seconds I continued to play with her as her climax turned upon itself, building and becoming more chaotic. In the back of my mind, I realized my sex play was being cruel to my neighbors. I had to hope the anonymous death threats would keep Mr. Fiennes at bay. [Ww.n0velw.r1.com](#)

I'd deal with my 'friendly' female neighbor later... once I figured out how to repay her for her patience and the cookies she'd sent over when I was ill. For Rhada, it was a temporary cessation of my sexual attention and allowing her to rest her body against mine. I admired her ability to hold her arms aloft. Still...

"You failed," I whispered into her ear. Rhada hiccupped. I dragged my fingers covered with her pussy juice up her pubic mount, abdomen, around the belly button and between her breasts. At the conclusion of the trip was the resounding 'click' of that end of the leash being attached to her collar. "I don't think you have been humble before me."

I looped the chain around her shoulder, then dragged it over her left breast. She shivered. My next stop was beneath her right breast. Her nipple seemed to swell up as I rubbed the other loop all over her areola. Next under the right mammary, then looping the chain around her right arm before reaching around the back and securing the second clasp.

It was both a symbol of her captivity and body ornamentation. The shiny silver links contrasted with her dusky, sweaty flesh.

"You are my captive, yet you insist in indulging your own pleasure before mine," I chastised her. "You know what that means," I added. Actually, we didn't know what that meant.