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It was an opportunity for me to get creative and for Rhada to let her imagination run wild. Her body could not recoil from what she could not sense coming. I was forever tricking and distracting her, letting her true passion burst forth from a discipline that would have constricted and strangled it.

By tying her down, I was setting her free. For the moment, freedom took the shape of a flogger. Rhada was turned to face the headboard, her handcuffed wrists secured to the suspension rig above my bed. She did not see the thick black satin sash that became her blindfold, or the twin blue sashes that I added to each carpus. She could only feel the light pressure on her cheekbones and wrists.

I pressed her legs apart by placing my knees between her calves. I was at her back. She could feel my engorged member, yet couldn't trap it with her thighs. It was not her toy to play with.

Rule one of flogging: no wrap around. Always know precisely where the tips of the lashes will fall. Don't get carried away. Always avoid unprotected bone structures.

Rhada craved that lash. It was right up there with dual penetration on her list of favorite things. Because of that, I draped the lash over first her right butt cheek, then her left. I let her feel the fibers of each 'tail' that completed the device. I considered it a re-introduction. Her tremors confirmed that her memories were exciting her. The first blow fell on her stomach between her belly button and rib cage.

I leaned to my right to make sure the tips came down between the abdominals and left oblique. Rhada yipped. On previous encounters I had used a ball gag on her. This time I wanted her to howl wantonly and let her bare her carnality as an open act of defiance to a world that tried to define her. The next strike was awkward. I planted in on the top of her right breast, close enough to the nipple to incite fear.

I pivoted, leaned back on my knees and brought the third blow down below her left shoulder blade. I got what I wanted. The fear of pain turned into the joy of torment. She was trying to twist her body to receive the next touch of the lash - wanting it. I denied her, choosing my own sites with care and with a deliberate desire to heighten the whirlwind of passion growing in her mind.

Gasps from the lash strikes turned into a constant, low, rumbling moan. When the pain elevated her to a detached state of being, I grabbed her hips, lifted her up and sat her back down on my cock. Rhada bucked up against me as my phallus penetrated her vagina. Her moan began as a piteous whine. She was so close once more. Rhada's energetic response to our coupling allowed me to free up my lash-hand.

Her thighs and calves flexed as she sought to bring me ever deeper inside. Her copious fluids were marking the impact of our flesh with a loud, sticky, slapping noise. The knob at the base of the lash gently caressed her hip. Ever so slowly, I let it travel along the crease between her abdomen and right thigh until its inevitable contact with her clitoral hood.

Rhada's gyrations became less rhythmic and more frantic. She was starting to come unglued. Her passion inflamed me. Both our bodies gleamed with the sheen of sweat. I felt my own release stirring. Moral crunch time. I wasn't wearing a condom and the pressure on me to bring daughters into my House lay heavily on my soul.

One final bizarre frontier.

"Rhada, have you named our daughter?" I rasped into her ear. I could still pull out and shoot my seed over her fantastic ass.

"Parvati," she hissed between gulps of air. No hesitation. More and more, we were children of the same Race.

She was ahead of me. Despite our child being a political disaster for both of us, she dreamed and her dreams were of a daughter named Parvati - a Hindi Mother Goddess. If we had a son... that thought was buried in my orgasm. I was still able to rub the lash knob down until it touched my thrusting penis and scrotum. [www.0001.com](http://www.0001.com)

From that position, I rose to coax her unshielded clit with the woven leathery surface. A few seconds of that, then I had to let go. My convulsions made it unsafe to keep the knob pressed against her sensitive tip. The knob... the feeling of my semen spilling forth over her womb... either or both brought her to completion.

Her howls turned into whimpers as we coasted down. Simultaneous orgasms? Hell, me cumming so soon in a sexual encounter... Kimberly trained me better than that. We had achieved an undeniable synchronicity, and that troubled me. Rhada and I were fucked up. We shouldn't keep running headlong toward any kind of relationship, yet here we were.

She was trying to maneuver her chin around her suspended arms in a blind attempt to kiss me. I met her half-way. I put the lash across her upper thighs then let it roll down. My left hand cupped her left breast, teasing up her nipple to an excited fit. My right cupped her vulva and gently massaged her sex.

"I'm far from being done with you," I growled between kisses. She buried that promise with her lips and tongue. As she broke the lip-lock, a secretive smile graced her lips. She had no idea that I caught it, so I could have let it slide. "I saw that," I said softly. Since she couldn't keep her happiness at bay, she chose to turn her head forward and lower her chin to her chest. Yes, I was going to have to get her for that.

(Revelations and continuations)

Rhada was a mess. I began working the vibrator out of her abused anal passage. She gave a feeble thrust of the hips to tell me that despite her hoarse voice, welts over some tender places and the whole room stinking of sweat, semen and vaginal fluids, she still wanted a few more seconds of artificial invigoration. I smacked her glowing backside with a light tap then removed our toy.

"No more for you," I scolded her. "We have company coming. And that means showering for us both and dressing for me." Rhada's limbs moved with leaden slowness as she propped herself up on her elbows and looked over her shoulder at me. Since I had not enlightened her about my plan, she was showing some deep anxiety - the 'can I escape notice before anyone else finds out' impulse. [www.0001.com](http://www.0001.com)

Rhada's efforts to right herself were painful to watch. I short-circuited her stress by sweeping her up in my arms 'bride-style' to her startled 'aha'. Making for the door was not on my agenda. Forcing her to make a choice was. A few playful swings and she smiled despite her desire to be dour. A few more twirls earned me a playful kick of the legs signaling the end of her muscle toxicity and a return to mobility.

Not a word was spoken. My intent was clear and I reinforced that by unclasping one end of her leash once she was back on her own two feet. We stood a few centimeters apart, close enough we could feel each other's heat. The chain was unwound from one shoulder, tugged beneath her breasts and finally the other shoulder came free. The moment of honesty was before her. I turned and walked to the door.

I tugged at the leash, but she would not move. I looked back to make some sense of her mood. Her eyes were downcast and her bound hands had risen up to grasp her collar and fiddle with the leash's clasp. I nearly blundered at that moment. I wanted to argue with her - to make my case for her confronting her desires. In hindsight, it was no longer my battle.

Two short breathes were followed by one very deep one. Rhada's hand fell to her side as she stepped toward me, eyes still downcast. I turned as if nothing had happened. The door opened and we stepped out... to multiple sets of eyes. My comrades hadn't given me four hours. No, they had sat in my cramped living room and listened to my sexual antics instead.

Undoubtedly there had been a running commentary, complete with peanut gallery. My friends were somewhat freaky - like me.

"Hey Rhada," the first one spoke. That was my fuck-buddy and Girl Friday - Odette Sievert. She already knew my captive Amazon's secret and the importance of keeping it hidden.

Sakuniyas had our sole chair. Timothy, Sovann Mean and Delilah shared our... new sofa... it had to be the sleeper-sofa Timothy had teased me about. Odette sat on the floor, back to the sofa, between Timothy's and Sovann's legs. Wieslawa was standing with her back to the support that separated the living room from our kitchenette.

Her look of astonishment said it all... a long time listening to sex taken to a whole new level she hadn't even imagined existed. Timothy gave me a low whistle. Two fingers - his bedroom. That was 'Bro'-speak for Miyako and Selena having crashed out on his bed... so I could keep track of where all my women were. By the way, gay guys are 'Bro's to [www.0001.com](http://www.0001.com)'

Liking dick does not stop them from having a dick and all the accompanying malfunctions associated with that affliction.

"Shower," I addressed to the room and off Rhada and I went. She was psychically numb when we made it to the bathroom.

She had been paraded forth on a chain, naked before strangers and stranger-Amazonas. I removed her chain first, letting it drag over her body. The cuffs came next. I handed them to Rhada, along with the chain and had her set them on the sink - her belongings, thus reinforcing it was her choice to let me be her master. The collar was waterproof, so it stayed on.

The hot water from the showerhead invigorated our flesh, washed away our sweat and misted up the bathroom with is vapor. There was no sex. Our contact was sensual and compassionate. Rhada unwound her fatigue and loosened her anxieties as I ran my hands over her bruised, lashed and tender flesh. I had her bathe me when I finished with her.

Once the shower was off, I opened the stall door, grabbed the first towel and gave it to Rhada. [www.0001.com](http://www.0001.com)

[OKH] "I love you," she murmured, her face half buried in the fabric. I retrieved the second towel and started to dry off.

[OKH] "There is no other in my life," I sighed. And there can be no such love in my life. Rhada, I confessed. "Twenty-four hours ago I nearly died. That is what most Amazons will think about. They will talk about the numbers I killed and the Amazon lives I saved. They will not dwell on Saku - that's Shamuramat, The Friendless, former Queen of Assyria and last surviving member of House Anat.

The only two things that I want to remember about today are you and her. You, because you make me feel something besides fear and confusion. With you, I feel... right." She snuggled into me, wrapping her arms tightly around my waist. "With Saku, it's the importance of a second chance. I think a lot of us need a second chance."

[OKH] "If you say so," she sighed happily. She hadn't gotten an 'I love you, too'. She had been given 'good'. For tonight, it was good enough. From the, it was a simple matter of drying off. I dried her back, Rhada dried mine.